



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

JOINT JR. RECITAL

FREYA SCHERLIE '16, MEZZO-SOPRANO

JANE GREY BROGDON '16, TENOR

DENES VAN PARYS, PIANO

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 2015
SCHNEEBECK CONCERT HALL
2 P.M.

"Deposit potentes" Johann Sebastian Bach
from *Magnificat*, BWV 243 (1685–1750)

"Ecco ridente in cielo" Gioacchino Rossini
from *Il barbiere di Siviglia* (1792–1868)

Jane Grey Brogdon, tenor

Ophelia-Lieder Johannes Brahms

I. Wie erkenn'ich dien Treulich (1833–1897)

II. Sein Leichenhemd weiss wie Schnee zu sehn

III. Auf morgen is Sankt Valentins Tag

IV. Sie tragen ihn auf der Bahre bloß

V. Und kommt er nicht mehr zurück?

Freya Scherlie, mezzo-soprano

Adelaide Ludwig van Beethoven

Wonne der Wehmut (1770–1827)

Jane Grey Brogdon, tenor

"Smanie implacabili" Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

From *Così fan tutte* (1756–1791)

Freya Scherlie, mezzo-soprano

Selections from *Tel jour telle nuit* Francis Poulenc

I. Bonne journée (1899–1963)

II. Une ruine coquille vide

IX. Nous avons fait la nuit

Jane Grey Brogdon, tenor

- Trois Chansons de Bilitis*..... Claude Debussy
 (1862–1918)
 I. La Flûte da Pan
 II. La Chevelure
 III. Le Tombeau des Naiïades
 Freya Scherlie, mezzo-soprano
- Four Burns Songs*..... Benjamin Britten
 (1913–1976)
 I. Afton Water
 II. Wee Willie
 III. The Winter
 IV. My Hoggie
 Jane Grey Brogdon, tenor
- Three Songs, Opus 45*..... Samuel Barber
 (1910–1981)
 I. Now have I fed and eaten up the rose
 II. A green lowland of pianos
 III. O boundless, boundless, evening
 Freya Scherlie, mezzo-soprano
- “Oh, false one, you have deceived me!” Sir Arthur Sullivan
 from *The Pirates of Penzance* (1842–1900)
 Jane Grey Brogdon, tenor
 Freya Scherlie, mezzo-soprano

***A reception will follow the recital
 in School of Music, Room 106.***

PERFORMERS

FREYA SCHERLIE '16, mezzo-soprano, is a vocal performance major with aspirations of performing on the operatic stage. She has been singing in choirs since she was 10 years old and studying voice since high school. In 2014 she was a finalist at Northwest Young Voices competition, and also has placed first at Tahoma NATS adjudication. Roles include the Third Lady in a scene from *Die Zauberflöte*, as well as Ragonde in *Le Comte Ory* with Puget Sound Opera Theater. Freya also enjoys playing the piano and fiddle, as well as horseback riding and playing with her cat, Smaug.

JANE GREY BROGDON '16, tenor, is a vocal performance major and an aspiring opera singer. She first developed a passion for theatrical singing by performing in various community theaters in and around her beloved hometown of Silverdale, Wash. More recently she has been an avid performer in the university's vocal music realm. Recent Puget Sound Opera Theater performances include the title role in *Le Comte Ory*, Nika Magadoff in a scene from *The Consul*, and Georg Zirschnitz in the Theatre Arts/School of Music co-production *Spring Awakening*. She also has had the pleasure of performing with the Tacoma Opera in their last two seasons. When she is not performing, she enjoys writing and playing video games.

PIANIST

DENES VAN PARYS, accompanist, collaborative artist, conductor, and composer, has led performances for numerous international opera companies, theaters, orchestras, and national tours. He received his Bachelor of Music degree in music theory and composition from Washington State University, and pursued graduate studies in opera and musical theater conducting at Ithaca College. He currently is the staff accompanist at Puget Sound.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Freya: I would like to thank my parents and family for supporting my decision to make a career out of singing, as well as giving me the rich musical background that has been so important. I would like to thank my voice teacher, Dr. Padula, for being so incredibly helpful as well as a great role model and a woman that I look up to and respect. I would like to thank my roommates, Brenna and Jenna, for putting up with my incessant singing. And finally I would like to thank my lovely boyfriend, Alex, for not only supporting me in my musical endeavors, but also, in every other aspect of my life. I love you all!

Jane: I would like to thank all of my friends for their undying support, in both my personal and musical life. You have given me so much confidence, and you have helped me love the strong woman and vocalist that I am today. Thank you also to Freya, for inspiring me with your dedication and skill on a daily basis. You are the perfect recital partner. Thank you Dr. Padula, for being not only the most incredible voice teacher I could ever ask for, but also a mentor, a dear friend, and an ideal to strive towards on my journey as a musician. Thank you Denes Van Parys for being a dazzling accompanist, and thank you for your friendship, your encouragement, and your invaluable coaching tips and stories. I am so glad whenever I get the chance to collaborate with you. Last but not least, thank you to my dedicated family, without whom I never would have come as far as I have today. Your support means the world to me.

PROGRAM NOTES

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750) was and is one of the most prolific and respected composers of the Baroque era and of all time. Born to a large German musical family, Bach's talents were nurtured from the beginning. Being the eighth youngest in his family, his older family members of all kinds taught him the musical skills that were a staple of the Bach family. At 14 he started studying at St. Michael's School of Music in Lüneburg, graduating within two years. During his lifetime, he held many jobs of musical prestige throughout Germany, including being a music director and composer for various royal figures, and cantor of the Thomasschule in Leipzig. During his career, he composed an incredible amount of music, including concertos, cantatas, masses, and passions, all of which are praised for their intricate complexity, meticulous counterpoint, and motivic organization.

Magnificat, BWV 243, is a musical setting of the biblical Canticle of Mary. It was composed in 1723 when Bach held the cantor position at Leipzig. In 1733 for the feast of Visitation, Bach produced a new version of the same work, but transposed

it into D Major from E-flat Major. The transposed work is more well known, and it is regularly performed to this day. **“Deposuit potentes”** is a piece from the 1733 edition, and utilizes a simple, yet powerful text set floridly. It is among the most quintessential and recognizable selections from the oratorio repertoire.

“Deposuit potentes”
from *Magnificat*, BWV 243

Deposuit potentes de sede
Et exaltavit humiles

“He has cast down the mighty”

He has cast down the mighty from their
thrones,
And raised high the lowly.

Gioacchino Rossini (1792–1868) was born into a musical and impoverished family, and grew up in a rich theatrical environment. Through training at the Bologna Philharmonic School, by age 15 he was well versed in violin, horn, harpsichord, singing, and had already composed his first opera seria. His vast talents made him a respectable accompanist, and soon after, a conductor. Rossini’s compositional style was particularly influenced by the German style, namely Mozart and Haydn. Due to the wild popularity of comic opera at the time, Rossini hopped on the opera buffa bandwagon posthaste. His use of unusual orchestrations and strange rhythms broke tradition and at first made singers indignant, but his fame quickly grew as he spent more time composing in the *opera buffa* genre, and he began composing for opera companies in major cities, such as Venice and Rome. ***Il barbiere di Siviglia*** premiered in Rome in 1816 and was tragically unsuccessful. However, it is now recognized as one of the most renowned and performed operas of all time.

“Ecco ridente in cielo” takes place at the beginning of Act I. Count Almaviva, under the guise of a poor student named Lindoro, gathers a band of musicians to serenade Rosina, the woman he is in love with, at her bedroom window. He compares her face to the beauty of a sunrise, as the dawn itself breaks over 18th-century Seville.

“Ecco ridente in cielo”
from *Il barbiere di Siviglia*

Ecco ridente in cielo
Spunta la bella aurora
E tu non sorgi ancora,
E puoi dormir così?
Sorgi, mia dolce speme.
Vieni bell’idol mio.
Rendi men crudo, oh Dio!
Lo stral che mi feri.
Oh, sorte! Oh, fortune!
Già veggio quell caro sembiante;
Quest’anima amante ottenne pietà!
Oh instante d’amore! Felice momento!
Oh dolce content
Che egual, no, non ha!

“Here, smiling in the sky”
from *The Barber of Seville*

Here, smiling in the sky
Appears the beautiful dawn
And you don’t arrive yet
And can sleep like that?
Arise, my sweet hope.
Come, my beautiful idol.
Make less painful, oh God,
The arrow that has wounded me.

Already I see that dear face;
This loving soul has won pity!
Oh instant of love! Happy moment!
Oh sweet contentment
Which has no equal- no!

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897) was one of the greatest composers of the Romantic era. He was a German nationalist known for his use of folklore in his compositions. He wrote many works including symphonies, concerti, choral pieces, and more than

200 songs. While his music was written during the Romantic era, it retains many of the influences of the Classical era tradition. While Brahms never wrote an opera, singers everywhere appreciate and love his sensitively written *Lieder*.

Ophelia-Lieder first appeared in a German language production of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* in Prague. The songs were first sung by actress, Olga Precheisen, without accompaniment. The accompaniment was only added to help Precheisen learn the pieces, but then later was kept for the purpose of concert performance. The simple melodies of the pieces better allow the actor to portray Ophelia's madness as she laments the death of her father.

Ophelia-Lieder

I.

Wie erkenn' ich dein Treulich

Vor den andern nun?
An den Muschelhut und Stab.
Und den Sandalschuh'n.
Er ist lange tot und hin,
Tot und hin, Fräulein!
Ihm zu Häupten ein Rasen grün,
Ihm zu Fuß ein Stein.

How should I your true love know

From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.
He is dead and gone,
Dead and gone, lady!
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

II.

Sein Leichenhemd weiß wie Schnee, zu seh'n

Geziert mit Blumensegen,
Das still betränt zum Grab mußst gehn
Von Liebesregen.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,

Larded with sweet flowers
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

III.

Auf morgen ist Sankt Valentins Tag,

Wohl an der Zeit noch früh,
Und ich 'ne Maid am Fensterschlag
Will sein eur Valentin.
Er war bereit, tät an sein Kleid,
Tät auf die Kammertür,
Ließ ein die Maid, die als 'ne
Ging nimmermehr herfür.

Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's Day

All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window
To be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door,
Maid Let in the Maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

Bei unserer Frau und Sankt Kathrein:
O pfui! was soll das sein?
Ein junger Mann tut's wenn er kann,
beim Himmel s'ist nicht fein.
Sie Sprach: eh' ihr gescherzt mit mir,
gelobtet ihr mich zu frein.
Ich brächs auch nicht, beim Sonnenlicht,
Warst du nicht kommen rein.

By Gis and Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't;
By cock they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed.
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

IV.

Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß,
Leider, ach Leider!
Und manche Trän' fiel in Grabes Schoß

They bore him barefaced on the bier;
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
And his grave rain'd many a tear.

'Nunter, hinunter!
Und ruft ihr ihn 'nunter.
Denn traut lieb Fränzel ist all meine Lust.

You must sing a-down a-down,
An you call him a-down-a
For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

V.

Und kommt er nicht mehr zurück?

Und kommt er nicht mehr zurück?
Er ist Tot, o weh!
In dein Todesbett geh,
Er kommt ja nimmer zurück.
Sein Bart war so weiß wie Schnee,
Sein Haupt dem Flachse gleich:
Er ist hin, er ist hin,
Und kein Leid bringt Gewinn:
Gott helf' ihm ins Himmelreich!

And he will not come again?

And he will not come again?
No, no, he is dead.
Go to thy death-bed:
He never will come again.
His beard was white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll,
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan;
God ha' mercy on his soul!

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770–1827) began studying music under his abusive father. As a child Beethoven was forced to spend the vast majority of his time practicing, and was beaten whenever he made the slightest mistake. In addition to his forcibly rigorous practice regime, he also was extremely musically talented. Beethoven moved to Vienna in 1792, dedicating himself to his musical craft, studying under Haydn and making a name for himself as an accomplished pianist. He worked with the most renowned musicians of the time to hone his compositional craft. Beethoven was highly critically acclaimed throughout his entire compositional career, his pieces spanning a wide variety of musical styles and genres, vocal and instrumental. He continued composing works still considered to be masterpieces even after the eventual almost complete loss of his hearing. Beethoven is considered by many to be one of the greatest composers of all time.

Adelaide is a work of German Lieder based on a poem by Friedrich von Matthison. It was composed in 1795 shortly after Beethoven completed his studies under Haydn. In this piece, the narrator sings of the woman they adore, describing beautiful scenes of nature that call out her name: Adelaide. The nature-based lyrics and text painting are hallmarks of the Romantic style, and the contrasting tempos of the piece's two sections heighten the dramatic tension. In the end the narrator can only dream of the unattainable Adelaide, as the piece ends with a bittersweet repetition of the adored ideal: Adelaide.

Adelaide

Poetry by Friedrich von Matthison

Einsam wandelt dein Freund
Im Frühlingsgarten
Mild vom lieblichen
Zauberlicht umflossen,
Das durch wankende Blütenzweige zittert,
Adelaide!

Alone does your friend wander
in the spring garden,
mildly encircled
by magic light
That quivers through blossoming boughs,
Adelaide!

In der spiegelnden Flut,
Im Schnee der Alpen,

In the mirroring stream,
in the snow of the alps,

In des sinkenden Tages Goldgewölke,
Im Gefilde der Sterne
Strahlt dein Bildnis,
Adelaide!

In the dying day's golden clouds,
In the fields of stars,
your image shines
Adelaide!

Abendlüftchen im zarten Laube flüstern,
Silberglöckchen des Mais im Grase säuseln,
Wellen rauschen und Nachtigallen flöten:
Adelaide!

Evening breezes whisper in the tender
leaves,
Silver lilies-of-the-valley rustle in the
grass,
Waves murmur and nightingales pipe:
Adelaide!

Einst, o Wunder!
Entblüht auf meinem Grabe
Eine Blume der Asche meines Herzens;
Deutlich schimmert auf jedem:
Purpurbättchen
Adelaide!

One day, oh wonder!
Upon my grave will bloom
A flower from the ashes of my heart;
And clearly on every purple leaf will
gleam
Adelaide!

Wonne der Wehmut is a song set to a sorrowful poem, typical of the style of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. It is the first of a set, *Drei Gesänge*, Opus 83. This piece is short and poignant, much like the poem itself. Although it is through composed in nature, the lyric "trocknet nicht" is always sung in the same rhythmic pattern, as the narrator begs their tears to not run dry. The sad, desperate lyrics, in tandem with the major key, gives the piece an enveloping, bittersweet mood.

Wonne der Wehmut

Poetry by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Trocknet nicht, trocknet nicht,
Tränen der ewigen Liebe!
Ach, nur dem halbgetrockneten Auge
Wie öde, wie tot die Welt ihm erscheint!

Trocknet nicht, trocknet nicht,
Tränen unglücklicher Liebe!

Delight of Melancholy

Do not run dry, do not run dry,
Tears of eternal love!
Even to the half-dry eye
How desolate and dead the world
appears!

Do not run dry, do not run dry,
Tears of unhappy love!

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791) is often considered to be one of the greatest composers in Western music history. He composed in every major style during his time and his works number more than 600. A child prodigy, Mozart was performing at locations such as the Bavarian court and the Imperial Court of Vienna at the age of 6. He received much of his training from his father, as well as Johann Christian Bach. Some of his most famous vocal works include his opera *Die Zauberflöte* and his *Requiem*.

"Smanie implacabili" is from Mozart's famous opera *Così fan tutte* (*Thus Do They All*) in which two men create an elaborate plan in order to test their fiancée's fidelity. "Smanie implacabili" occurs during Act I when Dorabella, one of the fiancées, discovers her lover is leaving for war. Unbeknownst to her, it is really part of her lover's plan to test her faithfulness.

**"Smanie implacabili"
from *Così fan tutte***

Libretto Lorenzo da Ponte

Ah scostati!
Paventa il tristo effetto
d'un disperato affeto!
Chiudi quelle finestre
Odio la luce, odio l'aria, che spiro

Odio me stessa! I
Chi schernisce il mio duol,
Chi mi consola?
Deh fuggi, per pietà, fuggi,
Lasciami sola. Leave me alone.
Smanie implacabili, che m'agitare
Dentro quest'anima più non cessate,
Finchè l'angoscia mi fa morir.
Esempio misero d'amor funesto,
Darò all'Eumenidi se viva resto
Col suno orribile de' miei sospir.

**"Torments implacable"
from *Thus Do They All***

Ah, move away!
Fear the sad effect
of a desperate affection!
Shut the windows,
I hate the light, I hate the air that I
breathe
hate myself!
Who mocks my pain,
Who will console me?
Oh, leave, for pity's sake, leave,

Torments implacable, that agitate me
Inside this soul, no more cease,
Until my anguish makes me die.
A miserable example of fateful love
I will give the Eumenides, if I live,
With the horrible sound of my sighs.

Francis Poulenc (1899–1963) was a French composer as well as an accomplished pianist. Hailing from a wealthy, business-oriented family, he was forbidden from studying at a school of music in college. Because of this, he was for the most part self-educated. He started studying composition as a student of Erik Satie, joining a group of five other French composers, altogether known as *Les Six*. At first Poulenc was known for his lighthearted compositional style. However, he eventually explored a more serious side, particularly in regard to his religious compositions. During his career, he composed in a variety of genres, including chamber music, choral repertoire, operas, and ballets, in addition to religious settings. While his works were enjoyed during his lifetime, his fame has exponentially increased during the 21st century and continues to grow.

Tel jour telle nuit is a song cycle of nine pieces published in 1937. It is set to a group of poems by Surrealist poet Paul Éluard, whose work was frequently set to music by Poulenc. At the time of its composition, Poulenc had an ongoing partnership with baritone Pierre Bernac, who advised him on vocal writing. The cycle's unpredictable harmonic structure is a perfect match for the vividly bizarre imagery portrayed in the text. When Poulenc and Bernac premiered the cycle, it was praised for being so different from Poulenc's usual lighthearted fare.

**I. Bonne journée
Poetry by Paul Eluard**

Bonne journée
J'ai revu qui je n'oublie pas
Qui je n'oublierai jamais
Et des femmes fugaces
dont les yeux me faisaient une haie
d'honneur
Elles s'enveloppèrent dans leurs sourires

A Good Day

A good day
I have again seen whom I do not forget,
Whom I shall never forget
And women fleeting by
Whose eyes formed for me a hedge of
honor
They wrapped themselves in their
smiles.

Bonne journée
J'ai vumés amis sans soucis
Les hommes ne pesaient pas lourd
Un qui passait
Son ombre changée en souris
Fuyait dans le ruisseau

A good day
I have seen my friends carefree,
The men were lightweight
One who passed by,
His shadow changed into a mouse
And fled into the gutter.

J'ai vu le ciel très grand
Le beau regard des gens privés de tout

I have seen the great wide sky,
The beautiful eyes of those deprived of
everything

Plage distante où personne n'aborde
Bonne journée qui commença mélancolique
Noire sous les arbres verts
Mais qui soudain trempée d'aurore

Distant shore where no one lands
A good day which began mournfully,
Dark under the green trees
But which suddenly drenched with
dawn

M'entra dans le coeur surprise.

Invaded my heart unawares.

II. Une ruine coquille vide **Poetry by Paul Eluard**

Une ruine coquille vide
Pleure dans son tablier
Les enfants qui jouent autour d'elle
Jont moins de bruit que des mouches

A Ruin, An Empty Shell

A ruin, an empty shell,
Weeps into its apron
The children who play around it
Make less sound than flies

La ruine s'en va à tâtons
Chercher ses vaches dans un pré
J'ai vu le jour je vois cela
Sans en avoir honte

The ruin goes groping
To seek cows in the meadow
I have seen the day,
I see that without shame

Il est minuit fleche
Dans un coeur à la portée
Des folâtres lueurs nocturnes
Qui contredisent le sommeil.

It is midnight
Like an arrow in a heart within reach
Of the sprightly nocturnal glimmerings
Which gainsay sleep.

IX. Nous avons fait la nuit **Poetry by Paul Eluard**

Nous avons fait la nuit
Je tiens ta main je veille
Je te soutiens
De toutes mes forces
Je grave sur un roc
L'étoile de tes forces

We have made night

We have made night
I hold your hand, I watch over you
I sustain you
With all my strength
I engrave on a rock
The star of your strength

Sillons profonds où la bonté
De ton corps germera
Je me répète ta voix cachée
Ta voix publique
Je ris encore de l'orgueilleuse
Que tu traits comme une mendicante
Des fous que tu respectes

Deep furrows where the goodness
Of your body will germinate
I repeat to myself your secret voice,
Your public voice
I laugh at the haughty woman
Whom you treat like a beggar
At the fools whom you respect

Des simples où tut e baignes

Et dans ma tête qui se met doucement
D'accord avec la tienne avec la nuit
Je m'émerveille de l'inconnue
Que tu deviens
Une inconnue semblable à toi
Semblable à tout ce que j'aime
Qui est toujours nouveau

The simple folk in whom you immerse
yourself

And in my head which gently begins
To harmonize with yours, with the night
I marvel at the stranger
That you become
A stranger resembling you,
Resembling all that I love
Which is ever new

Claude Debussy (1862–1918) was regarded as the leading composer of the Impressionistic style of music that developed in France in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. He was heavily influenced by the Symbolist painters and writers of the same time period. His style is characterized by use of nontraditional chromaticism and the whole-tone scale, as well as often an occasional absence of tonality. He was most well-known for his piano compositions, but he also composed instrumental works, songs, and a single opera.

Trois Chansons de Bilitis are a set of three songs based on the collection of erotic poetry by Pierre Louÿs with the same name, which was published in 1894 in Paris. Debussy happened to be a friend of Louÿs, and set three of the poems to music with female voice and piano. Each poem's musical setting paints an abstract picture of the happenings in each poem, while the music itself evades traditional harmonic analysis, typical in the style of Debussy.

I. La Flûte de Pan

Pour le jour des Hyacinthies,
il m'a donné une syrinx faite

de roseaux bien taillés,
unis avec la blanche cire
qui est douce à mes lèvres comme le miel.
Il m'apprend à jouer, assise sur ses genoux ;

mais je suis un peu tremblante.
il en joue après moi,
si doucement que je l'entends à peine.
Nous n'avons rien à nous dire,
tant nous sommes près l'un de l'autre ;
mais nos chansons veulent se répondre,
et tour à tour nos bouches
s'unissent sur la flûte.
Il est tard,
voici le chant des grenouilles vertes

qui commence avec la nuit.
Ma mère ne croira jamais
que je suis restée si longtemps
à chercher ma ceinture perdue.

Pan's Flute

For the festival of Hyacinthus
he gave me a syrinx, a set of pipes
made
from well-cut reeds joined
with white wax
that is sweet to my lips like honey.
He is teaching me to play, as I sit on his
knees ;
But I tremble a little.
He plays it after me, so softly
that I can scarcely hear it.
We are so close that we have
nothing to say to one another ;
but our songs want to converse,
and our mouths are joined
as they take turns on the flute.
It is late,
here comes the chant of the green
frogs,
which begins at dusk.
My mother will never believe
I spent so long
searching for my lost waistband.

II. La Chevelure

Il m'a dit: "Cette nuit, j'ai rêvé.
J'avais ta chevelure autour de mon cou.
J'avais tes cheveux comme un collier noir
autour de ma nuque et sur ma poitrine.

"Je les caressais, et c'étaient les miens; "
et nous étions liés pour toujours ainsi,
par la même chevelure, la bouche sur
la bouche,
ainsi que deux lauriers n'ont souvent
qu'une racine.

"Et peu à peu, il m'a semblé, "
tant nos membres étaient confondus,
que je devenais toi-même,
ou que tu entras en moi comme
mon songe."

Quand il eut achevé,
il mit doucement ses mains sur mes épaules,
et il me regarda d'un regard si tendre,
que je baissai les yeux avec un frisson.

III. Le Tombeau des Naiâdes

Le long du bois couvert de givre, je marchais;
Mes cheveux devant ma bouche
Se fleurissaient de petits glaçons,
Et mes sandales étaient Lourdes
De neige fangeuse et tassée.
Il me dit: "Que cherches-tu?"
Je suis la trace du satyre.
Ses petits pas fourchus alternant
Comme des trous dans un manteau blanc.
Il me dit: "Les satyres sont morts.
"Les satyres et les nymphes aussi.
Depuis trente ans, il n'a pas fait un hiver
terrible.
La trace que tu vois est celle d'un bouc.
Mais restons ici, où est leur tombeau.
Et avec le fer de sa houe il cassa la glace
De la source où jadis riaient les naiâdes.
Il prenait de grands morceaux froids,
Il regardait au travers.

The Hair

He told me "Last night I had a dream.
Your hair was around my neck,
it was like a black necklace
round my nape and on my chest.

I was stroking your hair, and it was my
own;
thus the same tresses joined us forever,
with our mouths touching,
just as two laurels often only have
one root.

And gradually I sensed
since our limbs were so entwined,
that I was becoming you,
and you were entering me like my
dream".

When he'd finished
he gently put his hands on my
shoulders,
and he gazed at me so tenderly
that I lowered my eyes, quivering.

The Tomb of the Water-Nymphs

I was walking along in the frosty
woods;
in front of my mouth
my hair blossomed in tiny icicles,
and my sandals were heavy
with muddy, caked snow.
He asked "What are you looking for?"
"I'm following the track of the satyr-
his little cloven hoofprints alternate
like holes in a white cloak."
He said: "The satyrs are dead.
"The satyrs and the nymphs as well.
In thirty years there hasn't been such a
winter.
That's the trail of a he-goat.
"But let's pause here, where their tomb is."
With his hoe he broke the ice
of the spring where the water-nymphs
used to laugh.
There he was, picking up large cold slabs
of ice,
and peering through them.

Benjamin Britten (1913–1976) was an English composer, conductor, and pianist. He is a prominent figure of 20th-century music. He honed his craft at Royal College of Music in London. He also studied under the tutelage of composer Frank Bridge. During his lifetime he composed in a wide variety of musical genres, including over a dozen large-scale operas. His vocal repertoire is some of the most renowned and respected of the 20th century. His works were frequently composed for his musical and life partner, tenor Peter Pears. As an accomplished pianist, he often performed his own works alongside Pears. Even after he grew too old to play piano, he continued composing music until his death.

Four Burns Songs is a group of songs published in 1978, arranged by Colin Matthews for voice and piano. The pieces were originally part of a larger work published in 1976 for harp and high voice, titled *A Birthday Hansel*. Like many Britten pieces, the cycle was specifically composed for Peter Pears. It is the last cycle that Britten ever composed. The songs are settings of Romantic Scottish poetry by Robert Burns. Each piece features vivid word painting that delicately evokes the text, but seamlessly fuses together Romantic poetry and modern music style.

I. Afton Water

Poetry by Robert Burns

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.
Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green crested lapwing, thy screaming forebear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering Fair.
Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As, gath'ring sweet flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave.
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet River, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

II. Wee Willie

Poetry by Robert Burns

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet,
Peel a willow-wand, to be him boots and jacket;
The rose upon the breer will be him trews and doublet.
Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet,
Twice a lily flower will be him sark and cravat;
Feathers of a flee wad feather, feather up his bonnet.
Wee Willie Gray.

III. The Winter

Poetry by Robert Burns

The winter it is past,
And the summer comes at last,

And the small birds, they sing on ev'ry tree;
Now ev'rything is glad,
While I am very sad
Since my true love is parted from me.
The rose upon the brier,
By the waters running clear,
May have charms for the linnet or the bee;
Their little loves are best,
And their little hearts at rest.
But my true love is parted from me,
But my true love is parted from me

IV. My Hoggie

Poetry by Robert Burns

What will I do gin my Hoggie die,
My joy, my pride, my Hoggie?
My only beast, I had nae mae,
And vow but I was voggie.
The leelang night we watch'd the fauld,
Me and my faithfu' doggie;
We heard nocht but the roaring linn,
Among the braes sae scroggie.
But the houlet cried frae the castle wa',
The blitter frae the boggie;
The tod reply'd upon the hill-
I trembled for my Hoggie.
When day did daw, and cocks did craw,
The morning it was foggie;
An unco tyke lap o'er the dyke,
And maist has killed my Hoggie.

Samuel Barber (1910–1981) was an American composer whose rich, lyrical, and complex compositions are still widely performed to this day. His music is a modern expression of the nostalgic Romantic trends composers were utilizing in the 20th century. Barber deeply loved vocal music, as well as poetry, and those loves are deeply reflected in his music. He received his education at the Curtis Institute of Music, and received two Pulitzer Prizes for his opera, *Vanessa*.

Three Songs, Opus 45 was premiered by baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau in 1974 and was written specifically for him. It was first performed at the Alice Tully Hall in New York. At this time in Barber's life, he was suffering from depression and alcoholism. The melancholic and lush overtones of the set reflect Barber's growing hardships, but still are reflective of his earlier composing style.

I. Now have I fed and eaten up the rose

Poetry by Gottfried Keller, translated by James Joyce

Now have I fed and eaten up the rose
Which then she laid within my stiff cold hand.
That I should ever feed upon a rose
I never had believed in liveman's land.

Only I wonder was it white or red
The flower that in the darkness my food has been.
Give us, and if Thou give, thy daily bread,
Deliver us from evil, Lord, Amen.

II. A green lowland of pianos

Text by Czeslaw Milosz, after the Polish of Jerzy Harasymowicz

in the evening
as far as the eye can see
herds
of black pianos
up to their knees
in the mire
they listen to the frogs
they gurgle in water
with chords of rapture
they are entranced
by froggish, moonish spontaneity
after the vacation
they cause scandals
in a concert hall
during the artistic milking
suddenly they lie down
like cows
looking with indifference
at the white flowers
of the audience
at the gesticulating
of the ushers
(black pianos, black pianos)

III. O boundless, boundless, evening

Text by Christopher Middleton, after the German of Georg Haym

O boundless, boundless, evening. Soon the glow
Of long hills on the skyline will be gone,
Like clear dream country now, rich-hued by sun.
O boundless evening where the cornfields throw
The scattered daylight back in an aureole.
Swallows high up are singing, very small.
On every meadow glitters their swift flight,
In woods of rushes and where tall masts stand
In brilliant bays. Yet in ravines beyond
Between the hills already nests the night.

Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842–1900) was an English composer known mainly for his operatic works with librettist Sir William Schwenk Gilbert. As a student, he studied at Leipzig, primarily trained in the style of Mendelssohn. He first started work as a young composer by writing hymns and parlor songs, holding a job as a church organist to pay the bills. He soon moved on to compose pieces for royalty. As he made a name for himself during this period of growth, he composed more ambitious

works, such as operas and ballets. When he started composing with Gilbert, his fame exponentially increased. The duo's Savoy operas are renowned to this day, by the public and by Sullivan's contemporaries. The Savoy works are quintessential to the operetta tradition, and Sullivan's beautiful, catchy melodies combined with Gilbert's brilliant satire help define the Victorian musical style.

Sir William Schwenk Gilbert (1836–1911) was an English dramatist, librettist, poet, and illustrator mainly known for his libretto work alongside Sir Arthur Sullivan. Previously a naval surgeon, Gilbert began writing during a time when the art of theater in England was in a state of ill repute. He joined German Reed Entertainments, a theater that sought to reform England's dramatic state by providing family-friendly productions. At German Reed, Gilbert thrived and developed his own style, and eventually stepped up to be a director as well. His organized, meticulous directing style combined with his hilarious, biting satire in his writing, made him a formidable force in the theater world. Once he joined forces with Sullivan, he acquired the theatrical respect he had been pining for. Sullivan's Victorian composition style was a perfect match for Gilbert's satire, and together the duo created some of the world's most famous and recognizable operettas.

“Oh, false one, you have deceived me!” takes place in Act I of ***The Pirates of Penzance***, when young Frederic finds out that middle-aged Ruth, his former nursery maid and lover, as well as the only woman he has ever seen, is not as beautiful as she led him to believe. The shocking truth is revealed to him when he spies a group of giggling maidens in the distance. Feeling betrayed he casts out Ruth, cursing her for her deceit.

“Oh, false one, you have deceived me!”
from *The Pirates of Penzance*
Libretto by Sir William Schwenk Gilbert

FREDERIC
Oh, false one, you have deceived me!

RUTH
I have deceived you?

FREDERIC
Yes, deceived me!
You told me you were fair as gold!

RUTH
And, master, am I not so?

FREDERIC
And now I see you're plain and old.

RUTH
I'm sure I'm not a jot so!

FREDERIC
Upon my innocence you play.

RUTH

I'm not the one to plot so.

FREDERIC

Your face is lined, your hair is grey.

RUTH

It's gradually got so.

FREDERIC

Faithless woman, to deceive me, I who trusted so!

RUTH

Master, master, do not leave me, hear me, ere you go!

My love without reflecting, oh, do not be rejecting!

Take a maiden tender, her affection raw and green,

At very highest rating, has been accumulating,

Summers seventeen.

Don't, beloved master, crush me with disaster.

What is such a dower to the dower I have here?

FREDERIC

Yes, your former master, saves you from disaster.

Your love would be uncomfortably fervid, it is clear,

RUTH

My love unabating,

FREDERIC

If, as you are stating,

RUTH

Has been accumulating,

FREDERIC

It's been accumulating,

RUTH

Forty-seven year,

FREDERIC

Forty-seven year!

RUTH

Forty-seven year!

FREDERIC

Faithless woman to deceive me, I who trusted so!

RUTH

Master, master, do not leave me, hear me ere you go!

UPCOMING ARTS AND LECTURES

Information: 253.879.3555 | pugetsound.edu/calendar

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All events free unless noted otherwise

Through Friday, May 15 Collins Memorial Library Exhibit: *Celebrating Puget Sound Theater*.

Saturday, April 25

5 p.m. Senior Recital: John Lampus, voice, Schneebeck Concert Hall.

7:30 p.m. Senior Recital: Jordan Eade, voice, Schneebeck Concert Hall.

Sunday, April 26

5 p.m. Joint Junior Recital: Alex Simon, voice, and Lauren Eliason, voice, Schneebeck Concert Hall.

7:30 p.m. Senior Recital: Zachary Hamilton, violin, Schneebeck Concert Hall.

Monday, April 27

7:30 p.m. Junior Recital: Larissa Freier, violin, Schneebeck Concert Hall.

MAY

Friday, May 1, 12:05 p.m. Performance: Organ at Noon, Joseph Adam, organist, Kilworth Memorial Chapel.

Friday, May 1, 4–6 p.m. Vocal Master Class by Freda Herseth '77, Hon.'01, vocal students from the studio of Dawn Padula, School of Music, Room L6.

Friday, May 1, 7:30 p.m. Performance: Jazz Orchestra, Tracy Knoop, director, Schneebeck Concert Hall.

Saturday, May 2

2 p.m. Junior Recital: Clara Fuhrman, violin, Schneebeck Concert Hall.

5 p.m. Junior Recital: Lexa Hospenthal, voice, Schneebeck Concert Hall.

7:30 p.m. Senior Recital: Akela Franklin-Baker, voice, Schneebeck Concert Hall.

Sunday, May 3, 2 p.m. Performance: Adelphian Concert Choir, Bruce Browne, conductor, with guest artist Freda Herseth '77, Hon.'01, Kilworth Memorial Chapel.

Sunday, May 3, 7:30 p.m. Joint Recital: Sophia El-Wakil '16, violin, and Nicolette Andres '15, violin, Schneebeck Concert Hall.

Monday, May 4, 6:30p.m. Performance: B-Natural Clarinet Ensemble, Jennifer Nelson, director, Wheelock Student Center.

Monday, May 4, 7:30 p.m. Performance: Percussion Ensemble, Gordon Robbe '11, director, Schneebeck Concert Hall.

Tuesday, May 5, 4 p.m. Lecture: "Don and Claire Egge Collection on China," by David Hull, Asian studies, part of the Behind the Archives Door Series, Archives and Special Collections, Second Floor, Collins Memorial Library.

Tuesday, May 5, 7:30 p.m. Performance: Chorale, *There is Sweet Music*, J. Edmund Hughes, conductor; and Dorian Singers, Kathryn Lehmann, conductor, Kilworth Memorial Chapel.

Wednesday, May 6, 4 p.m. Performance: Pops on the Lawn, Wind Ensemble with student conductors, Karlen Quad.

Wednesday, May 6, 7:30 p.m. Senior Recital: Will Delacorte, tenor, Schneebeck Concert Hall.

The School of Music at University of Puget Sound is dedicated to training musicians for successful music careers and to the study of music as a liberal art. Known for its diverse and rigorous educational program, personalized attention to students, the stature of its faculty, and the superior achievements in scholarship, musicianship, and solo and ensemble performance, the school maintains the highest professional standards while providing academic and performance opportunities to all university students. Through faculty, student, and guest artist colloquia, workshops, performances, and a vibrant Community Music Department, the School of Music enriches the cultural life of the campus and community.

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