



FACULTY  
RECITAL  
SERIES 2013-14

# AN EVENING OF VOCAL WORKS

FRIDAY, NOV. 22, 2013 | 7:30 P.M.  
SCHNEEBECK CONCERT HALL

Dawn Padula, mezzo-soprano  
Tanya Stambuk, piano  
and guest performers

David Requiro, cello, and  
the men of Voci d'Amici

Works by Handel, Schubert, Berlioz and Hoiby



UNIVERSITY of  
**PUGET  
SOUND**  
School of Music

As a courtesy to the performers and fellow audience members, please take a moment to turn off all beepers on watches, pagers, and cell phones.

Flash photography is not permitted during the performance.

Thank you.

# AN EVENING OF VOCAL WORKS

Dawn Padula, mezzo-soprano  
Tanya Stambuk, piano and harpsichord

FRIDAY, NOV. 22, 2013

“Lungi da voi, che siete poli,” HWV 126a . . . . . Georg Friedrich Handel  
Recit.: “Lungi da voi, che siete poli” (1685–1759)  
Aria: “Un affanno più tiranno di crudele lontanza”  
Recit.: “Ah! languide pupille, ah! labbri pallidetti”  
Aria: “Chi sa? Vi rivedrò, chi sa?”  
David Requiro, cello

Ständchen (“Zögernd, leise”), D.920, Opus post.135 . . . . . Franz Schubert  
(1797–1828)  
The Men of Voci d’Amici  
Steven Zopfi, director  
Will Delacorte ‘15, Austin Docter ‘17, Christopher Ellis ‘14, Connor Sleeper ‘16  
Alex Adams ‘14, John Lampus ‘15, Alex Simon ‘16, Matty Specht ‘17

*The Life of the Bee*, Opus 68 . . . . . Lee Hoiby  
I. Millennium Approaches (1926–2011)  
II. The Spirit of the Hive  
III. The Sting  
IV. The Queen  
V. The Swarm  
David Requiro, cello

## INTERMISSION

*Les nuits d’été*, Opus 7 . . . . . Hector Berlioz  
I. Villanelle (1803–1869)  
II. Le spectre de la rose  
III. Sur les lagunes  
IV. Absence  
V. Au cimetière  
VI. L’île inconnue

Reception following in School of Music, Room 106,  
sponsored by Sigma Alpha Iota women’s music fraternity.

## PERFORMERS

**DAWN PADULA**, mezzo-soprano, is director of vocal studies at University of Puget Sound. Previously Dr. Padula was assistant professor of voice and director of opera workshop at Sam Houston State University in Huntsville, TX.

Recent operatic performances include the roles of Ruth in *The Pirates of Penzance* (Tacoma Opera), Cherubino in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Suzuki in *Madama Butterfly*, Meg in *Falstaff*, Mercedes in *Carmen*, Dangeville in *Adriana Lecouvreur*, and The Third Lady in *Die Zauberflöte* (Opera in the Heights), the Gingerbread Witch in *Hansel and Gretel* (The Living Opera), Loma Williams in *Cold Sassy Tree*, Maddalena in *Rigoletto* (Amarillo Opera, Concert Opera of Seattle), Vera in Gene Murray's *The Wage of Sin* (Amarillo Opera—recorded for educational television), Isabella in *L'Italiana in Algeri*, Erika in *Vanessa*, and Marchesa Melibea in *Il Viaggio a Reims* (Moores Opera Center), Ragonde in *Le Comte Ory* (Manhattan School of Music Opera Theatre), and the Sorceress in *Dido and Aeneas* (Ars Lyrica Houston/Houston Chamber Choir). The Newport Classics label has released her performance as Bellino in *Casanova's Homecoming* with the Moores Opera Center. Dr. Padula also created the role of Hagga for the world premiere of Christopher Theofanidis' *The Thirteen Clocks* (Moores Opera Center) (also recorded for commercial release). For the Houston Grand Opera, Dr. Padula sang the role of Sappho in a reading and recording session of Mark Adamo's newest opera, *Lysistrata*, as well as participating in a recording of scenes from Daniel Catan's *Salsipuedes*, for their New Music Week. Her concert repertoire includes solo work in Duruflé's *Requiem*, Handel's *Messiah*, *Israel in Egypt*, and *Judas Maccabeus*, Vivaldi's *Gloria*, Mozart's *Requiem*, *Solemn Vespers*, and *Coronation Mass*, Debussy's *La Damoiselle Elue*, Brahms' *Alto Rhapsody*, Schubert's *Ständchen*, Beethoven's *Mass in C*, *Choral Fantasy*, and *Symphony No. 9*, Honnegger's *King David*, Bach's *Magnificat*, Bernstein's *Chicester Psalms*, Copland's *In the Beginning*, and Haydn's *Mass in the Time of War*. She has appeared as a soloist with several organizations, including Houston Symphony Orchestra, Oregon Symphony, Houston Masterworks Chorus, Houston Chamber Choir, Portland Symphonic Choir, Alamo City Men's Chorale, Sons of Orpheus Men's Ensemble, CANTARE Houston, Mercury Baroque, Woodlands Symphony Orchestra, Men's Consort of Houston, Symphony North of Houston, Black Note Ensemble, Bay Area Chorus, and Foundation for Modern Music. With Ars Lyrica Houston, she has portrayed the roles of both Tempo and Disinganno in the American premiere of the 1737 version of Handel's oratorio, *Il Trionfo del Tempo e delle Verità*, the role of Phoebus in Bach's *BWV 201*, a soloist in Jacquet de la Guerre's *Jephte*, as well as the title role of Cain in Scarlatti's *Il Primo Omicidio Overo*. She performed as the alto soloist in Penderecki's *Credo* with Houston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Maestro Jahja Ling of San Diego Symphony. In the spring of 2010, she performed as the alto soloist in Mozart's *Requiem* in Cleveland's famed Severance Hall to commemorate Kent State University's Centennial Celebration. Other recent performances include Weill's *Die Sieben Todsünden* with Col Canto Houston, Brahms' *Zwei Gesänge* with St. Cecilia Concert Series of Houston, and the alto soloist in Mozart's *Mass in C-Minor* with Oregon Symphony and Portland Symphonic Choir.

Dr. Padula holds a Bachelor of Music degree in vocal performance from Trinity University, a Master of Music degree in vocal performance from Manhattan School of Music, and a Doctorate of Musical Arts degree in vocal performance with a concentration in vocal pedagogy and voice science from University of Houston Moores School of Music.

**DAVID REQUIRO** is the Cordelia Wikarski-Miedel Artist in Residence at Puget Sound. He has garnered first prize awards at the Walter W. Naumburg International Violoncello Competition, Washington International, and Irving M. Klein International, string competitions, as well as a top prize at the Gaspar Cassado International Violoncello Competition, in Japan. Mr. Requiro has made concerto appearances with Tokyo Philharmonic, National Symphony, and Seattle Symphony orchestras, among others, and has been a featured soloist at venues including Carnegie Hall and The Kennedy Center. He has served as artist faculty at Giverny Chamber Music Festival, Bowdoin International Music Festival, Innsbrook Music Festival and Institute, Maui Classical Music Festival, Olympic Music Festival, and Center Stage Strings. He is a member of Jupiter Symphony Chamber Players in New York City.

**TANYA STAMBUK**, professor of piano, holds both bachelor's and master's degrees in music from The Juilliard School and a Doctorate of Musical Arts degree from Rutgers University. She has performed with the Orchestre de Toulouse in France, Virginia Symphony Orchestra, Chicago Civic Orchestra, Bergen Philharmonic, Lake Charles Symphony Orchestra, and Rapides Symphony Orchestra in Louisiana. Dr. Stambuk has been heard in recital at the Dubrovnik Summer Festival in Croatia, Robert Schumann Summer Festival in Germany, and Auditorio Nacional Carlos Alberto in Portugal. She has made guest appearances on radio in New York City, San Diego, Orlando, Moscow, and Croatia, and has appeared on the television program *In Praise of Women Pianists*. She has performed at the 92nd Street Y and Merkin Hall in New York City, Music Academy in Philadelphia, Phillips Collection in Washington, D.C., Dame Myra Hess Series in Chicago, Piano Series at San Diego Art Museum, and at Brigham Young University, Texas A & M University, and University of Hawai'i. She recorded the piano works of Norman Dello Joio on the Centaur label. At the composer's request, Dr. Stambuk premiered Norman Dello Joio's *Fantasy and Variations for piano and orchestra* in Florida. Dr. Stambuk is a Steinway Artist.

## **VOCI D'AMICI**

### **STEVEN ZOPFI, DIRECTOR**

Selected by audition from the Adelphian Concert Choir, Voci d'Amici is a small advanced vocal ensemble dedicated to exploring the music and craft of vocal chamber music. The ensemble performs without a conductor and its repertoire spans from chant to popular styles. Membership in this ensemble is highly competitive.

## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

### “Lungi da voi, che siete poli,” HWV 126a

#### Recit.:

Lungi da voi, che siete poli  
del mio pensier,  
languidi lumi come ognor mi consume,

fiero dolor tiranno, amor!  
Lo spieghi, amore, che di crudele affanno,  
a l'ultime agonie spinge il mio core.

Pallido nel sembiante tratto fuor di  
stesso,  
Talor doglioso amante, esclamo sospirando:  
E quando, o Cieli, e quando a goder tornerò,  
luci di belle?”

Ma il duol par che risponda:  
Soffri si rie procelle senza speme di calma,  
se lontane da te son le mie stelle.”

#### Aria:

Un affanno più tiranno di crudele lontananza,  
non si trova e non si dà.

E il mio core, che si muore,  
può ridir quanto s'avanza la sua  
fiera crudeltà.

#### Recit.:

Ah! languide pupille, ah! labbri pallidetti,  
Di teneri dilette, incapace son  
io da voi lontano.  
E confurore insano, qualor penso che a voi  
Mi tolse avverso fato, misero e disperato

Vorrei morir per vagheggiarvi almeno,  
Ombra di amore felice a cari lacci,

A lieti ardori in seno;

I long for you, who are distant  
and who strays from my thoughts.  
Languid enlightenment forever  
consumes me  
Love is a proud sorrowful tyrant!  
I say to you, my love, that the cruel  
breathlessness  
of the ultimate agony tugs at my heart.

My pale countenance has been me  
revealed.  
My sorrowful lover, sighing exclaimed:  
“And when, oh Heaven, will joy return,  
light of beauty?”

But the grief seems to respond:  
“You will suffer storms. The hope of  
calm  
is far from you, my star.”

A sorrow more cruel than the tyrant of  
distance  
is not found and does not exist.

And my heart, that dies for you,  
can complain because it knows fair  
cruelty advances

Ah! languid eyes, ah! pale lips,  
From you, tender beloved, I am  
incapable of being far.  
And with insane fury, I think of you.  
My fate is adverse, miserable, and  
desperate.

I wish for death as my final journey.  
Love casts a happy shadow over  
entwined loved ones,  
one of joyful ardor;

ma perchè spero un giorno tornarvi a riveder  
d'alta costanza sono esempio penoso  
in lontananza

but because I hope one day to return to  
see you again,  
the other reality is a painful reminder  
of the distance between us.

### **Aria:**

Chi sa? Vi rivedrò, chi sa?  
Il cor così mi dice, ed io meno infelice  
così voglio sperar; chi sa?  
E se non troverò fallace la speranza,  
vedrete la costanza di chi vi seppe amar.

Who knows? Will I see you again, who  
knows?  
My heart tells me so, and I, less  
sorrowful,  
would hope so; who knows?  
And if I find false hope,  
you will see the perseverance of one  
who knows love.

### **Ständchen**

**Text by Franz Grillparzer**

Zögernd leise  
In des Dunkels nächt'ger Stille  
Sind wir hier;  
Und den Finger sanft gekrümmt,  
Leise, leise,  
Pochen wir An des Liebchens Kammertür.

Doch nun steigend,  
Schwellend, schwellend,  
hebend Mit vereinter Stimme,  
laut Rufen aus wir hochvertraut:  
Schlaf du nicht,  
Wenn der Neigung Stimme spricht!

Sucht' ein Weiser nah und ferne  
Menschen einst mit der Laterne;  
Wieviel seltner dann als Gold Menschen,  
uns geneigt und hold?

Drum, wenn Freundschaft, Liebe spricht:  
Freundin, Liebchen, schlaf du nicht!  
Aber was in allen Reichen  
Wär' dem Schlummer zu vergleichen?

### **Serenade**

Hesitantly quiet  
in the dark of the night's stillness,  
we are here,  
and, our fingers softly bent,  
gently, gently  
we knock at the beloved's chamber  
door.

And now growing,  
swelling, swelling,  
with one combined voice,  
loudly we call with confidence;  
don't sleep  
when the voice of love speaks!

A wise man once looked near and far  
with a lantern for true human beings;  
how much more rare than gold are  
those people  
whom we like and find lovely?

So, when friendship and love speaks,  
my friend - my love - don't sleep!  
But what of all the riches  
could be as valuable as sleep?

Drum statt Worten und statt Gaben  
Sollst du nun auch Ruhe haben.  
Noch ein Grüßchen, noch ein Wort,

Es verstummt dir frohe Weise,  
Leise, leise,  
Schleichen wir uns,  
ja, schleichen wir uns wieder fort!

So instead of words and instead of gifts  
you should now also have rest.  
Just one more greeting, one more  
word;  
then our merry song for you falls silent.  
Quietly, quietly,  
we steal away,  
yes we steal away again!

## ***The Life of the Bee***

**Text by Jeffrey Beam**

### **I. Millennium Approaches**

That the world is painfully beautiful painfully sad  
That spent blossoms recall earth under which they once slept  
Remembering air into which they now fall

### **II. The Spirit of the Hive**

Back in the shaggy underbelly of the hive  
In the quick amber of the Queen's chamber the message passes,  
Testifies phenomena of order.  
Come.  
Come with me to the sweet chestnut flower, the viola and the fox-glove.  
Finger and invade the low-slung swinging willow.  
In circuitous dances it tumbles: the one prayer. Before and after.  
Precise as distance.

### **III. The Queen**

In collaboration with my others I build this hive.  
As I am Goddess, this, then, is my cathedral. Built of wax and lives.  
Of light and honey. It grows around me.  
My first sensation was of yellow: a hum forcing my skin to see.  
Since then I have sung the praises of this operation.  
And counted the mysteries.  
Storing my drooly jewels.

### **IV. The Sting**

With great stealth and smoke approach our dome.  
For if not, a flame, dry and burning,  
a dazzling destruction, only momentary, will greet you.  
You, who threaten, let this pin-prick, this red fever-bite, be a warning.  
In our Saracen tunnels, we hold our own, asking nothing.

### **V. The Swarm**

First, the miraculous droning,



sibilant dances directing and thumping, buzzing in the foundation,  
snipping and cutting green air.  
A great muffled drum, the chorus tenses.  
Its sibyls pour out in a drunken jet to sing it:  
the bee-flock, the thunder-polleners who tell exodus in a roaring tissue  
their matriarch with them throbbing.  
Exalt! Exalt! up to the pear tree.  
Then, from the mass molten with magnetism and cracks, a yawn explodes,  
up to the pear limb, and silences.  
Even now, scouts shuttle through the branches making fiery mummery to the sun:  
inciting compass.  
*This is a thing, some will say, men will not do.*

## **Les nuits d'été**

**Text by Théophile Gautier**

### **I. Villanelle**

Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,  
Quand auront disparu les froids,  
Tous les deux nous irons, ma belle,  
Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois.  
Sous nos pieds égrénant les perles

Que l'on voit, au matin trembler,  
Nous irons écouter les merles  
Siffler.

Le printemps est venu, ma belle;  
C'est le mois des amants béni;  
Et l'oiseau, satinant son aile,  
Dit vers au rebord du nid.  
Oh! Viens donc sur ce banc de mousse,  
Pour parler de nos beaux amours,  
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce:  
" *Toujours!* "

Loin, bien loin égarant nos courses,

Faisons fuir le lapin caché,  
Et le daim, au miroir des sources  
Admirant son grand bois penché;  
Puis, chez nous, tout heureux, tout aises,  
En paniers, enlaçant nos doigts,  
Revenons, rapportant des fraises,  
Des bois.

### **I. Villanelle**

When the new season ventures here,  
When it drives away the cold wind,  
Into the woods we shall go, dear,  
There lilies of the valley to find.  
Where, underfoot, dew shines like  
pearls  
Seen shimmering in the morning sun,  
We'll listen to the whistling blackbirds'  
New song.

The springtime has come, my darling,  
Tis the month that all lovers have blest;  
And the bird, his satin wings preening,  
Sings verses perched high on his nest.  
Oh! Come sit on the bank so mossy,  
We'll speak of our sweet loves all day,  
And you'll whisper to me so softly:  
" *Always!* "

We'll trod far off the footpath,  
wandering

And frightening the hare from his form,  
And a deer, at the mirror-like spring  
Admiring his great branching horns.  
Then, home again, all sound, all merry,  
Bringing baskets, our fingers entwined,  
Returning with fresh strawberries  
Grown wild

## II. Le spectre de la rose

Soulève ta paupière close  
Qu'effleure un songe virginal;  
Je suis le spectre d'une rose  
Que tu portais hier au bal.  
Tu me pris encore emperlée  
Des pleurs d'argent de l'arrosoir,  
Et parmi la fête étoilée  
promenas tout le soir.

Ô toi qui de ma mort fus cause,  
Sans que tu puisses le chasser,

Toutes les nuits mon spectre rose  
A ton chevet viendra danser.  
Mais ne crains rien, je ne réclame  
Ni messe ni *De profundis*;  
Ce léger parfum est mon âme,  
Et j'arrive du paradis.

Mon destin fut digne d'envie,  
Et pour avoir un sort si beau,  
Plus d'un aurait donné sa vie  
Car sur ton sein j'ai mon tombeau,  
Et sur l'albâtre où je repose  
Un poète avec un baiser  
Écrivit: "Ci-gît une rose  
Que tous les rois vont jalouser."

## III. Sur les lagunes

Ma belle amie est morte:  
Je pleurerai toujours;  
Sous la tombe elle emporte  
Mon âme et mes amours.  
Dans le ciel, sans m'attendre  
Elle s'en retourna;  
L'ange qui l'emmena  
Ne voulut pas me prendre.  
Que mon sort est amer!  
Ah! sans amour, en aller sur la mer!

La blanche créature  
Est couchée au cercueil.  
Comme dans la nature

## II. The Ghost of the Rose

Open those eyelids now closed,  
Soft-touched by a maiden's pure dream;  
I am the ghost of the rose  
That you wore to the ball yester-even.  
You pluckt me while yet I was pearly  
With the watering can's silvery tears,  
And about the glittering soirée  
Tu me  
You paraded me under the stars.

O to thou who brought about my death  
(For to chase death away you've no  
chance),

Every night my rose-colored wraith  
Will appear at thy bedside and dance.  
But fear not, for I am now owed  
Neither Mass nor *De profundis*.  
This fragile perfume is my soul,  
And I've arrived here from paradise.

My destiny was to be envied,  
And to suffer so lovely a fate  
More than one would gladly have died,  
For thy bosom became my grave;  
And on the alabaster where I repose  
The poet there with his soft kiss  
Has inscribed: "Here lies the rose  
Who made even emperors jealous."

## III. On the Lagoons

My beloved is dead:  
Evermore will I weep;  
Within her graveyard bed  
My soul, my love she'll keep.  
Heav'n-bound without me,  
she hath there return'd once more;  
The angel who her bore,  
Alas, would not bear me.  
My bitter destiny!  
Ah! Without love, to go once more to  
sea!

Wherefore the white creature  
Is in her coffin laid,  
And the whole of nature

Tout me paraît en deuil!  
La colombe oubliée  
Pleure et songe à l'absent;  
Mon âme pleure et sent  
Qu'elle est dépareillée.  
Que mon sort est amer!  
Ah! sans amour, en  
aller sur la mer!

Sur moi la nuit immense  
S'étend comme un linceul;  
Je chante ma romance  
Que le ciel entend seul.  
Ah! comme elle était belle  
Et comme je l'aimais!  
Je n'aimerai jamais  
Une femme autant qu'elle.  
Que mon sort est amer!  
Ah! sans amour, en aller sur la mer!

#### **IV. Absence**

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée!  
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,  
La fleur de ma vie est fermée  
Loin de ton sourire vermeil.

Entre nos cœurs quelle distance!

Tant d'espace entre nos baisers!  
Ô sort amer! ô dure absence!  
Ô grands désirs inapaisés!

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée!  
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,  
La fleur de ma vie est fermée  
Loin de ton sourire vermeil.

D'ici là-bas, que de campagnes,

Que de villes et de hameaux,  
Que de vallons et de montagnes,  
A lasser le pied des chevaux!  
Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée!  
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,

In mourning seems array'd.  
The dove cries out, forlorn:  
Of her now gone he dreams;  
Yet weeps my soul,  
which seems itself in pieces torn.  
My bitter destiny!  
Ah! Without love, to  
go once more to sea!

Night's vast sky hangs draping  
Like a death-shroud o'er me;  
My lovelorn song I sing  
Yet heard by heaven only.  
Ah! She indeed was fair,  
And I loved naught but her!  
I shall love no other  
As much: none doth compare.  
My bitter destiny!  
Ah! Without love, to go once more to  
sea!

#### **IV. Absence**

Return, return, my own beloved!  
Like a flower longing for sunlight,  
Thus is my life's flower now faded  
Far from thy rosy smile, e'er bright.

Between our hearts looms such a  
distance!

Vast space our kisses separates!  
O bitter fate! O cruelest absence!  
O great desire that ne'er abates!

Return, return, my own beloved!  
Like a flower longing for sunlight,  
Thus is my life's flower now faded  
Far from thy ruby smile, e'er bright.

'Twixt here and yon, the wide  
countryside,

And towns and villages impede;  
The valleys low and the mountains high  
Jade e'en the most surefooted steed!  
Return, return, my own beloved!  
Like a flower longing for sunlight,

La fleur de ma vie est fermée  
Loin de ton sourire vermeil.

### **V. Au cimetière**

Connaissez-vous la blanche tombe,  
Où flotte avec un son plaintif  
L'ombre d'un if?  
Sur l'if une pâle colombe,  
Triste et seule au soleil couchant,  
Chante son chant:  
Un air maladivement tendre,  
À la fois charmant et fatal,  
Qui vous fait mal  
Et qu'on voudrait toujours entendre;  
Un air comme en soupire aux cieux  
L'ange amoureux.

On dirait que l'âme éveillée'

Pleure sous terre à l'unisson  
De la chanson,  
Et du malheur d'être oubliée  
Se plaint dans un roucoulement  
Bien doucement.  
Sur les ailes de la musique  
On sent lentement revenir  
Un souvenir.  
Une ombre, une forme angélique,  
Passe dans un rayon tremblant,  
En voile blanc.

Les belles de nuit demicloses

Jettent leur parfum faible et doux

Autour de vous,  
Et le fantôme aux molles poses  
Murmure en vous tendant les bras:  
Tu reviendras!  
Oh! jamais plus près de la tombe,  
Je n'irai, quand descend le soir  
Au manteau noir,  
Écouter la pâle colombe  
Chanter sur la pointe de l'if  
Son chant plaintif.

Thus is my life's flower now faded  
Far from thy sunny smile, e'er bright.

### **V. At the Cemetery**

Knowest thou the tomb of white  
Whither wafts the sound of sorrow  
Neath th' yew's shadow?  
Upon the yew a pale dove lights;  
Sad and alone, to the western sun  
He sings his song:  
'Tis a morbid though tender air,  
Both at once charming and baneful,  
Seeming painful,  
Yet one we wish ever to hear—  
Like a heavenly air, sighed from above,  
Of th' angel's love.

Twould seem that the soul, now  
wakened,

Weeps from under the earth along  
With the dove's song,  
And mournful of being forsaken  
Laments with a cooing whimper,  
Softly whispered.  
On the wings of such music  
One feels returning yet slowly  
A memory.  
A shadow, its form angelic,  
Passes in a shimmering light,  
All veiled in white.

The moonflower's blossoms, half  
closed,

Breathe out their perfume, faint and  
sweet,

All around thee;  
And the softly amorphous ghost  
Murmurs to thee with arms out-thrust:  
"Return thou must!"  
Oh! Ne'er again would I closely move  
Nearby that tomb, as night lets fall its  
black'ning shawl,  
To listen to the pallid dove  
Singing there, from atop the yew,  
His plaintive tune.

## VI. L'île inconnue

Dites, la jeune belle,  
Où voulez-vous aller?  
La voile enfle son aile,  
La brise va souffler!

L'aviron est d'ivoire  
Le pavillon de moiré,  
Le gouvernail d'or fin;  
J'ai pour lest une orange,  
Pour voile une aile d'ange,  
Pour mousse un séraphin.

Dites, la jeune belle,  
Où voulez-vous aller?  
La voile enfle son aile,  
La brise va souffler!

Est-ce dans la Baltique,  
Dans la mer Pacifique,  
Dans l'île de Java?  
Ou bien est-ce en Norvège,  
Cueillir la fleur de neige,  
Ou la fleur d'Angsoka?

Dites, la jeune belle  
Où voulez-vous aller?

Menez-moi, dit la belle,  
A la rive fidèle"  
Où l'on aime toujours.  
—Cette rive, ma chère,  
On ne la connaît guère  
Au pays des amours.

Où voulez-vous aller?  
La brise va souffler!

## VI. The Unknown Island

Tell me, my dear young thing,  
Where might you wish to go?  
The sail unfurls its wing,  
The breeze begins to blow!

The oar's made of ivory  
The flag of silk moiré,  
A golden helm most fine;  
For ballast I have oranges,  
For sails, the wings of angels,  
For shipmate, a seraphim.

Tell me, my dear young thing,  
Where might you wish to go?  
The sail unfurls its wing,  
The breeze begins to blow!

Might it be the Baltic?  
Or the wide Pacific?  
To the Isle of Java?  
Or to Norway might we go  
To cull flowers in the snow,  
Or a bloom from Angsoka?

Tell me, my dear young thing,  
Where might you wish to go?

"Carry me," said the beauty,  
"To that shore where truly  
Love shall unchanging prove."  
—that certain shore, my dear,  
Is rarely known,  
I fear, In the realm of love.

Where might you wish to go?  
The breeze begins to blow!

## **FACULTY RECITALS 2013–14**

Friday, Nov. 8, 2013

### **Exploration**

Maria Sampen, violin; Oksana Ezhokina, piano, guest artist

Friday, Nov. 8, 2013

### **An Evening of Vocal Works**

Dawn Padula, mezzo soprano; Tanya Stambuk, piano

Sunday, Feb. 2, 2014 2 P.M.

### **Virtuosic Masterworks for Cello and Piano**

David Requiro, cello; Solon Gordon, piano, guest artist

Sunday, April 13, 2014 2 P.M.

### **The Passion of the Piano**

Duane Hulbert, piano

Saturday, April 19, 2014

### **Puget Sound Piano Trio**

Duane Hulbert, piano; Maria Sampen, violin; David Requiro, cello

## UPCOMING ARTS AND LECTURES

Information: 253.879.3555 | [pugetsound.edu/calendar](http://pugetsound.edu/calendar)

Puget Sound is committed to being accessible to all people. If you have questions about event accessibility, please contact 253.879.3236, [accessibility@pugetsound.edu](mailto:accessibility@pugetsound.edu), or [pugetsound.edu/accessibility](http://pugetsound.edu/accessibility)

### NOVEMBER

Monday, Nov. 25, 6 and 7:30 p.m. Two Student Chamber Music Concerts, David Requiro, director, Schneebeck Concert Hall. Free

### DECEMBER

Monday, Dec. 2, 7:30 p.m. Swope Lecture: "The New Religious Intolerance" by Martha Nussbaum, Schneebeck Concert Hall. Free but ticketed. Tickets available on Oct. 23. Tickets: available at Wheelock Information Center, 253.879.6013, and online at [tickets.pugetsound.edu](http://tickets.pugetsound.edu).

Friday, Dec. 6, 7:30 p.m. *Three Embraces*, Concert Band and Wind Ensemble, Gerard Morris, conductor, Schneebeck Concert Hall. Free

Saturday, Dec. 7, 7:30 p.m. and Sunday, Dec. 8, 2 p.m. *A Winter's Hope*, Adelphian Concert Choir and Voci d'Amici, Steven Zopfi, conductor, holiday concert, Kilworth Memorial Chapel. Tickets: \$8.50 general; \$4.50 seniors, students, military, Puget Sound faculty/staff/students, available at Wheelock Information Center, 253.879.6013, and online at [tickets.pugetsound.edu](http://tickets.pugetsound.edu), and at the door.

Sunday, Dec. 8, 7 p.m. Festival of Lessons and Carols, Kilworth Memorial Chapel. Free but please bring canned food donation.

Monday, Dec. 9, 6:30 p.m. Clarinet Ensemble Concert, Jennifer Nelson, director, Kilworth Memorial Chapel. Free

Monday, Dec. 9–Wednesday, Dec. 11, 5 p.m. Directing Class Festival of One Acts and Scenes, Norton Clapp Theatre, Jones Hall. Tickets: \$2 per night, sold only at the door.

Tuesday, Dec. 10, 7:30 p.m. Chorale, Steven Zopfi, conductor, and Dorian Singers, Kathryn Lehmann, conductor, Kilworth Memorial Chapel. Free

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 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.