



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

JOINT RECITAL
JORDAN EADE '15, SOPRANO
JOHN LAMPUS '15, BARITONE
DENES VAN PARYS, PIANO

SUNDAY, APRIL 27, 2014
SCHNEEBECK CONCERT HALL
5 P.M.

"Quia fecit mihi magna" from *Magnificat in D Major*..... Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685–1750)

John Lampus, baritone

"Và godendo" from *Serse*.....George Frideric Handel
(1685–1759)

Jordan Eade, soprano

"Bella siccome un angelo" from *Don Pasquale*.....Gaetano Donizetti
(1797–1848)

John Lampus, baritone

Walzer-Gesänge, Opus 6 Alexander von Zemlinsky
(1871–1942)

- I. Liebe Schwalbe
- II. Klagen ist der Mond gekommen
- III. Fensterlein, nachts bist du zu
- IV. Ich geh' des Nachts
- V. Blaues Sternlein
- VI. Briefchen schrieb ich

Jordan Eade, soprano

Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen..... Robert Franz
Er ist gekommen (1815–1892)

Für Musik
Im Herbst

John Lampus, baritone

From *Fêtes Galantes*..... Claude Debussy
En Sourdine (1862–1918)
Fantoches
Clair de Lune

Jordan Eade, soprano

L'absent.....Charles Gounod
O ma belle rebelle (1818–1893)
Venise

John Lampus, baritone

Four Early Songs.....Aaron Copland
Night (1900–1990)
A summer vacation
My heart is in the East
Alone

Jordan Eade, soprano

Selections from *Let Us Garlands Bring*Gerald Finzi
Come away, come away, death (1901–1956)
Who is Silvia?
O Mistress Mine
It was a lover and his lass

John Lampus, baritone

“Pa-pa-pa” from *Die Zauberflöte*.....Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)

Jordan Eade, soprano
John Lampus, baritone

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

VOCALISTS

JORDAN EADE '15, soprano, is a vocal performance major and studies with Dawn Padula. At Puget Sound she performed in the 2014 Opera Scenes production as Adele from *Die Fledermaus* and the Foreign Woman from *The Consul*. Her freshman year she was one of Major Gen. Stanley's daughters in *The Pirates of Penzance*. Jordan is a member of the Dorian Singers, and also is vice president of the Ritual of the Beta Delta chapter of Sigma Alpha Iota, International Music Fraternity. This summer Jordan will be attending the InterHarmony International Music Festival in Arcidosso, Italy (Tuscany).

JOHN LAMPUS '15, baritone, is a vocal performance major and studies with Dawn Padula. He played the Police Sergeant in the 2012 production of *The Pirates of Penzance*, and recently portrayed Papageno in a scene from *Die Zauberflöte* (Mozart), Baron Zeta in a scene from *The Merry Widow* (Lehar), and Snug/Lion in scenes from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Britten) in the spring 2014 Opera Scenes production.

John founded and serves as president of the Timbermen Barbershop Quartet, and also is president of the Music Education Club. Earlier in the year he served as the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Music Chair. John will be attending the InterHarmony International Music Festival in Arcidosso, Italy (Tuscany), this summer. He will be staying on campus for an extra semester to complete the requirements for the Music Education degree and hopes to become a professional choral director.

ACCOMPANIST

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

Jordan: Thank you to my family for enduring and supporting my nearly constant singing in your presence. Thank you Dr. Padula for being an incredible teacher and inspiring me with your vast knowledge, talent, and passion for music. Thank you Denes for sharing your incredible musicianship with me. Thank you John for sharing this day with me and for keeping me sane. Thank you Akela and Helen for being there for me since our first day at Puget Sound. Thank you to Maria, Emily, Bronwyn, and Whitney for respectively being my makeup, life, hair and photography gurus. Thank you to the Puget Sound music faculty/staff, Sigma Alpha Iota, and Vicki Melton.

John: Thank you to Albus, Hart, Lucy, BV, Goose, Tim, Woodsey, Swax, Locke, Aubs, Mere, Parker, Nickypoo, Meierwi, Natbug, Rach, Squid, Kvam, Curralurr, Nich, Julie, Cas, Dunc, YiaYia, Papou, Dean, George, Memmi, Grammy, Pappy, Linda, Juju, Sissy, Ev, Jimmy, Mom, Squirrely, Lauren, Fox, Jacob, Scott, Maddie, Stone, Tbro, Kennen, Heidi, Nadine, Hannah, Denes, BHaggs, Blumesy, Billster, Debbie, both Maxes, JD, Delacorte, Britt, and Bartlett for filling my life with laughter, love, and adventure. Thanks to Jordan for being my partner-in-crime, to Dr. Padula for being the closest thing to a Jedi Master I'll ever have, to Dr. Zopfi for not getting mad at me when I jello'd your stapler, and to Batman for being Batman.

PROGRAM NOTES

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)

Well known for his enrichment of established German styles through his mastery of counterpoint, harmonic organization, and the adaption of rhythms and forms, Bach's compositions are beloved for their intellectual depth, technical command, and artistic beauty. Bach's abilities as an organist were well known throughout Europe during his lifetime, although his legendary status did not begin to promulgate until the first half of the 19th century. He is now regarded as one of the mainstay composers of the Baroque period, and one of the greatest composers of all time.

The *Magnificat in D Major* is a well-known setting of the Magnificat text for five soloists, a five-part choir, and orchestra. While initially composed in E-Flat Major for

Christmas in 1723, the piece was later reworked into D Major in 1733 for the feast of Visitation. The Latin text is the canticle of Mary, mother of Jesus, as told in the Gospel of Luke. The work is divided into 12 movements that can be grouped into three sections, each beginning with an aria and concluding with a fugal chorus. **“Quia fecit mihi magna”** is the fifth movement and ends with the chorus “Freut euch und jubiliert.”

Quia fecit mihi magna

Quia fecit mihi magna

Qui potens est

Et sanctum nomen ejus

For he who is mighty

Has magnified me

And holy is his name

George Frideric Handel (1685–1759) was truly the first composer to write for the people, not solely for the church or a specific nobleman. Handel is one of the most celebrated composers of both his and our time because he used his adaptability to please an extraordinary number of diverse people. His compositions drew on English, German, Italian, and French music. He devoted 36 years of his life to composing and directing operas. The opera, ***Serse***, was first performed in London in 1738. The plot concerns the love triangle between the title character, King Serse, the object of his affections, Romilda, and the king’s brother, Arsamene.

In **“Và godendo,”** Romilda, the object of the King’s affections, is in a garden in the King’s Palace in Persia. Romilda is trapped in a situation where she loves one person, the king’s brother Arsamene, but is being pursued by another, the King. In this aria she sings about the victims of love, and compares them to a stream, which loves its freedom.

“Và godendo” from *Serse*

Và Godendo vezzoso e bello

Quel ruscello la liberta

E tra l’erbe con onde chiare

Lieto al mare correndo và

“Joyously”

Joyously, graciously and lovely goes

That free-flowing brook

And with clear waves running

Through the grass, merrily to the sea

Coming from a non-musical background, **Gaetano Donizetti** (1797–1848) was mentored by composer Simon Mayr, from whom Donizetti learned the arts of counterpoint and fugue. Donizetti went on to enroll at the Bologna Academy, where he wrote his first opera, *Il Pigmaliione*. Throughout his life, Donizetti wrote about 70 operas, 28 of which (including *Don Pasquale*) were composed during the composer’s residency in Naples.

Don Pasquale is a comic opera comprised of three acts, with a libretto by Angelo Anelli and was first performed on Jan. 3, 1843. Don Pasquale is a foolish man, determined to marry in his old age in order to produce an heir, and as such, Dr. Malatesta decides to humor him. In **“Bella siccome un angelo,”** the first aria of the opera, Dr. Malatesta describes an ideal woman for Pasquale to marry, noting she is an honest, sweet woman who is “beautiful as an angel.” When pressed, Malatesta reveals to Pasquale that the woman in question is in fact Malatesta’s sister.

**"Bella siccome un angelo"
from Don Pasquale**

Bella siccome un angelo
In terra Pellegrino
Fresca siccome un giglio
Che s'apre sul mattino,

Occhio che parla e ride
Sguardo che l cor conquide
Chioma che vince l'ebano,
Sorriso in cantator

Alma innocente, ingénue,
Che se medesma ignora
Modestia impareggiabile
Bonta che v'innamora.
Ai miseri pietosa
Gentil, dolce, amoroso!
Il ciel l'ha fatta nascere
Per far beato un cor!

"Beautiful as an angel"

Beautiful as an angel
On earth as a pilgrim
Fresh as a lily
That open on morning

Eyes that speak and laugh
Glances that conquer the heart
Hair that surpasses ebony
And an enchanting smile

A soul innocent and ingenuous
That ignores itself
Modesty incomparable
Goodness that makes one fall in love
To the poor piteous,
Gentle, sweet, loving!
Heaven made her be born
To make a heart beat!

Alexander von Zemlinsky (1871–1942) was born in Vienna in 1871. Zemlinsky continued the tradition of Viennese classicism and did not abandon tonality, despite the influence of one of his contemporaries, Richard Wagner. Zemlinsky was the counterpoint teacher of his future brother-in-law, Arnold Schoenberg, as well as of Alma Schindler, the future wife of Gustav Mahler. Zemlinsky wrote songs, chamber music, and four symphonies. During the rise of Hitler, Zemlinsky escaped to Prague and then eventually the United States, where he died in 1942.

In **Liebe Schwalbe**, the singer is addressing a swallow who is singing early in the morning. The singer feels it is the responsibility of the swallow to use its beautiful voice to wake sleeping lovers, so that they do not waste the day away. In the piano accompaniment, you can hear the swallow's twittering bird song, urging those who are sleeping to awaken.

Liebe Schwalbe

Liebe Schwalbe, kleine Schwalbe,
Du fliegst auf und singst so früh,
Streuest durch die Himmelsbläue
Deine süße Melodie.

Die da schlafen noch am Morgen,
Alle Liebenden in Ruh',
Mit dem zwitschernden Gesange
Die Versunk'nen weckest du.

Auf! Nun auf! ihr Liebesschläfer, Up!
Weil die Morgenschwalbe rief:
Denn die Nacht wird den betrügen,
Der den hellen Tag verschlief.

Dear Swallow

Dear Swallow, Small Swallow
You fly up and sing so early
Spreading through the blue heavens
Your sweet melody.

Those who are still sleeping
All lovers at Rest
With your twittering song
You awaken them from their slumber.

Now up! You sleeping lovers
The morning swallow is calling
For the night will cheat
Those who sleep away the bright day.

Klagen ist der Mond gekommen uses the image of the moon to express great longing for a person who is missing. The stars in the sky do not compare to the beauty of the missing person's eyes, and the heavens are empty without the radiance and light of the absent person.

Klagen ist der Mond gekommen

Klagen ist der Mond gekommen,
Vor der Sonne Angesicht,
Soll ihm noch der Himmel frommen,
Da du Glanz ihm nahmst und Licht

Seine Sterne ging er zählen,
Und er will vor Leid vergehn
Zwei der schönsten Sterne fehlen
Die in deinem Antlitz stehn

The moon has come lamenting

The moon has come lamenting
Before the gaze of the sun
What use to her are the heavens
If you have taken away her radiance and
Light

She went to count her stars
And she will die for Sorrow:
Two of the fairest stars are missing
Those that belong to your face

Fensterlein, nachts bist du zu is focused on the idea of a window and the mysteries that reside within it. The narrator has an insatiable curiosity as to what is inside the window and is attempting to convince it to open and reveal its mysteries.

Fensterlein, nachts bist du zu

Fensterlein, nachts bist du zu,
Thust auf dich am Tag mir zu Leide
Mit Nelken umringelt bist du;
O, öffne dich, Augenweide!

Fenster aus Köstlichem Stein
Drinnen die Sonne
Die Sterne da draussen

O Fensterlein Heimlich und klein
Sonne da drinnen und Rosen da draussen

Little window, by night you are shut
Little window, by night you are shut
And by day, to my sorrow, you are open
You are framed with carnations;
If you open, it would be welcome!

Window of precious stone
Within-Sunlight;
Without-Stars;

O secret window, secret and small
Sun within and roses without

In **Ich geh' des Nachts**, the narrator is desperately searching for her lover. As she searches, death comes to the singer and tells her that she will not find him because death has taken him. The narrator then continues to frantically look for her love, even though he is gone and the search is futile.

Ich geh' des Nachts

Ich gehe des Nachts,
Wie der Mond thut gehn,
Ich suche wo den geliebten sie haben

Da hab' ich den Tod, Den finstern gesehn,
Er Sprach: such nicht, ich hab' ihn begraben

I walk at night

I walk at night,
Following the moon;
I search for where they have taken my
love

But then I saw death, the dark one
He said: Stop searching—I have buried
him

Ich gehe des Nachts,
Wie der Mond thut gehn,
Ich suche wo den geliebten sie haben

I walk at night
Following the moon
I search for where they have taken my
love

In **Blaues Sternlein Blue little star**, the narrator is singing to a star and asking it not to reveal to everyone the secret of their love. The narrator is obviously very content with her love, and would like to keep the truth of her happiness between herself and the object of her affection.

Blaues Sternlein

Blaues Sternlein, du sollst schweigen
Das Geheimniss gieb nicht kund,
Sollst nicht allen Leuten zeigen
Unsern stillen Herzensbund

Blue little star

Blue little star, be silent–
Do not reveal the secret
Do not show everyone
The silent bond between our hearts

Mögen andre stehn in Schmerzen,
Jeder sage was er will
Sind zufrieden, unsre Herzen
Sind wir beide gerne still

Others may stand their sorrows
Let then say what they will:
Our hearts are satisfied
And we happily keep silent

Briefchen schrieb ich, I wrote letters is about the importance of unwavering perseverance, even in the event of difficulty. It is a triumphant, hopeful piece. In it the narrator explains that she wrote letters and they were blown away, or melted in her hands, but she implores her audience to understand that she will not give up, because whoever endures the struggle will be victorious in the end.

Briefchen schrieb ich

Briefchen schrieb und warf in den Wind Ich
Sie fielen ins meer und sie fielen auf stand
Ketten von Schnee und von Eise die bind'
ich,

I wrote letters

wrote letters and threw them into the
wind
They fell into the sea and they fell into
the sand
I make them into chains of snow and
ice

Die Sonne zer schmilst sie in meiner Hand
Maria, Maria du sollst er dir merken: Maria,
Am ende gewinnt wer dauert in Streit

and the sun melts them in my hands
Maria you must notice:
He who endures the struggle wins in
the end

Maria, Maria das sollst du bedenken Maria,
Es siegt wer dauert in Ewigkeit

Maria you must understand
He who endures in eternity is victorious

Robert Franz (1815–1892) is a German composer known primarily for his composition of lieder. Franz's early years were characterized by his parents' hostility towards his musical career. Eventually Franz was allowed to pursue his passion and moved to Dessau where he studied organ under Friedrich Schneider. In 1843 he published his first book of songs, which was promptly followed by 50 more books, containing a total of 250 songs.

Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen describes the narrator's ultimately futile pursuit of a lovely woman through his composition of small songs for her to hear. The songs are personified through their conversation with the narrator, refusing to reveal whether or not the woman reciprocates the narrator's affections.

Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen

Mach' ich die kleinen Lieder
Die heben ihr klingend Gefieder
Und flattern nach ihrem Herzen

Sie fanden den Weg zur Trauten
Doch kommen sie wieder und klagen
Und klagen, und wollen nicht sagen,
Was sie im Herzen schauten

Out of my great pain

I fashion little songs
They lift their vibrant feathers
And flutter to her heart

They found the way to beloved
But come they and complain
And complain and will not say,
What they saw in her heart

Er ist gekommen deals with the coming and going of a young, manly hero and the female narrator's fascination and inner anxiety in his presence. The fast accompaniment and cornucopia of words highlights the piece's frantic undertones, momentarily slowing to emphasize the narrator's internal resolution near the end of the piece.

Er ist gekommen in Sturm and Regen

Er ist gekommen in Sturm and Regen
Ihm schlug beklommen mein Herz
entgegen
Wie könnt ich ahnen, dass seine Bahnen
Sich einen sollten meinen Wegen?

Er ist gekommen in Sturm and Regen
Er hat genommen mein Herz verwegen
Nahm er das meine? Nahm ich das seine?
Die beiden kamen sich entgegen.

Er ist gekommen in Sturm and Regen
Nun ist entglommen des Frühlings Segen
Der Liebste zieht weiter, ich she'es heiter
Denn mein bleibt er auf allen, allen Wegen.

He came in storm and rain

He came in storm and rain
With apprehension my heart was
beating
How could I suspect, that his coming
Should our paths join?

He came in storm and rain
He boldly stole my heart
Did he take mine? Did I take his?
Both of them came together.

He came in storm and rain
Now has come Spring's bounty
The lover goes on, I watch serenely,
For he remains mine on every, every
path.

Für Musik is about love and how even in times of uncertainty, certain souls are drawn to one another. These souls are never truly alone because they have one another. The song was published in 1860. The piano accompaniment demonstrates contrapuntal interest and rich harmonic language.

Für Musik

Nun die Schatten dunkeln
Stern an Stern erwatch
Welch ein Hauch der Sehnsucht flutet durch
die Nacht

For Music

Now the shadows darken
Stars on stars awake
What a breath of longing floods through
the night

Durch das Meer der Traume
steuert ohne Ruh

Steuert meine Seele
Deiner Seele zu

Die sich dir ergeben
Nimm sie ganz dahin!
Ach, du weisst, dass nimmer
Ich mein eigen bin,
Mein eigen bin.

Through the sea of dreams
steering without rest,

steering my soul
towards your soul.

It shows itself to you,
Capturing you whole completely!
Ah, you know, that never
I am my own,
Am my own.

Im Herbst is a clear example of Franz's affinity for strophic art songs. He diverges the melody for the sake of text expression, and utilizes the form's limitations as a source for artistic expression. The text follows a scorned lover, lamenting how little meaning his life carries now that he is alone.

Im Herbst

Die Heide ist braun, einst bluhete sie rot

Die Brike ist kahl, grun war einst ihr Kleid

Einst ging ich zu zwei'n, jetzt geh' ich allein
Weh' über den Herbst und die gramvole
Zeit!

Oh weh, o weh!

Weh' über den Herbst und die gramvolle
Zeit!

Einst bluheten die Rosen, jetzt welken sie all'

Voll Duf war die Blume nun zog er heraus

Einst pfuckt ich zu zwein jetzt pfluck ich
allein

Das wird ein durrer, ein duftloser Strauss

Oh weh, oh weh!

Das wird ein durer, ein duftloser Strauss.

Die Welt is so od, sie war einst so schon,

Ich war einst so reich, so reich,
Jetzt bin ich voll Not!

Einst ging ich zu zwein, jetzt geh ich allein!
Mein Lieb ist falsh, o ware ich tot!

In Autumn

The heather is brown, once it bloomed
red

the brich is bare, green was once its
garment

Once walked I in a pair, now I go alone
Alas over Autumn and the sorrowful
time!

Alas! alas!

Alas over Autumn and the sorrowful
time!

Once blossomed the roses, now
withered are they all,

Full of fragrance was the flower, now it
faded away

Once I plucked in a pair, now I pluck
alone

That will be a withered, a scentless
bouquet!

Alas! alas!

That will be a withered, a scentless
bouquet.

The world is so bleak, it was once so
beauteous,

I once was so rich, so rich,
Now i am needy!

Once I walked in a pair, now I go alone!
My love is false, oh, were I dead!

Claude Debussy (1862–1918) was born August 22, 1862, in Saint-Germain-en-Laye, France, and died in 1918 in Paris. He was at the forefront of the musical impressionist movement and created pieces that were concerned with displaying the connection between the auditory and the visual. His music of delicate sounds and colors had an enormous influence on his contemporaries and the later generation of composers. This particular piece was set to text by French poet Paul Verlaine which concerned scenes and characters from the Italian Commedia dell'Arte, a type of Italian theater characterized by masks and improvisation. There are certain stock characters that appear regularly in the Commedia dell'arte and many of them are addressed in these songs.

En Sourdine was written as Paul Verlaine, the poet, was making his artistic movement toward symbolism. The piece concerns the idea of the stillness of night. In it two lovers are meeting in the quiet of the night, and are concerned with making sure their love does not disturb the peaceful environment. One lover sings to the other about the beauty of their joining and how it is enhanced by their tranquil surroundings.

En Sourdine

Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les braches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profound

Fondons nos ames, no scours
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbousiers.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton cour endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein

Laissons-nous persuader
Au soufflé berceur et doux
Qui Vient, à tes pieds, rider
Les ondes de gazons roux.

Et quand, solennel, le soir
Des chenes noirs tombera
Voix de notre desespoir
Le ressignol chantera.

Muted

Calm in the twilight
That are made by high branches
Let us soak our love
In this profound silence

Let us mingle our souls, our hearts
And our ecstatic senses
Among vague langours
Of the pines and the bushes

Close your eyes halfway,
Cross your arms on your breast
And from your sleeping heart
Chase away all plans forever

Let us abandon ourselves
To the breeze, rocking and soft,
Which comes to your feet to wrinkle
The waves of the auburn lawns.

And when, solemnly, the evening
From the black oaks falls,
The voice of our despair
The nightingale, will sing.

Fantoches describes a whimsical puppet show in the Commedia dell'Arte. The characters in the show are announced and their actions are described throughout the song. Scaramouch is a clown character who wears black and white and frequently has an extendable neck. Pulcinella always wears a white and black mask with a long, pointed, beak-like nose. Il Dottore, the doctor, is a disruptive, well-educated, busybody and his mask is unique because it is the only mask to cover only the eyes

and nose. The piece itself has a rapid, energetic accompaniment that represents the movement of the puppets and helps the singer to describe the fanciful storytelling that is occurring in the puppet show.

Fantoches

Scaramouche et Pulcinella,
Qu'un mauvais dessein rassembla,
Gesticulent noirs sous la lune, Gesticulate,

Cependant l'excellent docteur Bolonais
Cueille avec lenteur des simples
Parmi l'herbe brune

Lors sa fille, piquant minois,
Sous la charmille, en tapinois
Se glisse demi-nue,
En quete de son beau pirate espagnol,
Don't un langoureux rossignol
Clame la detresse a tue-tete.

Puppets

Scaramouche and Pulcinella,
Brought together by some evil scheme
black beneath the moon.

Meanwhile, the learned doctor
From Bologna slowly gathers
Medicinal herbs in the brown grass

Then his daughter with a sassy face
Sneaks underneath the arbor
Half naked, in quest
Of her handsome Spanish pirate,
Whose distress a languorous nightingale
Deafeningly proclaims.

Clair de lune is performed through the perspective of Harlequin, the most famous of the Commedia dell'Arte stock characters. He is easily recognizable because of his checkered costume. In this particular scene, Harlequin is standing and watching a masquerade. He explains that the moonlight reveals that underneath their masks, the party-goers are hiding their true sadness and melancholy.

Clair de lune

Votre ame est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques
et bergamasques,
Jouant du luth et sansant, et quasi
Tristes sous leurs deguisments fantasques!

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainquer et la vie opportune.
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire a leur Bonheur,

Et leur chanson se mele au clair de lune

Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rever, les oiseaux dans le arbres,

Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,

Les grands jets d'eay sveltes parmi
les marbres.

Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape
Charmed by masquers and revellers

Playing the lute and dancing and almost
Sad beneath their fanciful disguises!

Even while singing in a minor key
Of victorious love and fortunate living.
they do not seem to believe in their
happiness
and their song mingles with the
moonlight

the calm moonlight, sad and beautiful
which sets the birds in the trees
dreaming
and makes the fountains sob with
ecstasy
And tall slender fountains among
the marble statues.

Born in Paris, **Charles Gounod** (1818–1893) was best known for his *Ave Maria* as well his opera, *Faust*. The son of a pianist mother and artist father, Gounod studied the music of Palestrina and was introduced to the piano music of Johann Sebastian Bach by Fanny Mendelssohn. Having almost joined the priesthood in his early years, Gounod returned to his religious impulses in his later years, focusing on sacred music.

L'absent features poetry written by Gounod. It was composed as an apology to his wife after Gounod's affair with an Englishwoman was discovered. The legato vocal passages of extensive breadth are set above an expressive arpeggiated accompaniment. The arpeggiated pattern is used for subtle harmonic modulations that reemphasize the composer/narrator's sense of desperation and hope for forgiveness.

L'absent

O Silence des nuits don't la voix seule
douce,
Quand je n'ai plus sa voix,
Mysterieux rayons, qui glissez sur
la mousse
Dans l'ombre de ses bois,
Dites moi si ses yeuz, a l'heure ou tout
sommeille
Se reouvrent doucement
Et si ma bien aimee alors que moi je veille,

Se souvient de l'absent

Quand le lune est aux cieus, baignant
de sa umiere
Les grands bois est l'asure;
Quand des cloches du soir qui tintent la
priere
Vibre l'echo si pur,
Dites moi si son ame, un instant recueillie
Seleve avec leur chant
Et si de leurs accords la paisible harmonie

Lui rappelled l'absent!

The absent one

O Silence of the night, whose voice est
alone is sweet
When I no longer hear her voice,
Mysterious rays, gliding over
the moss
In the shade of the woods,
Tell me if her eyes, when all else sleeps

Open softly
And then if my beloved, when I am
waking,
Remembers the absent one

When the moon is in the heavens,
bathing with her light
The great forests and the sky
When the evening bells, tolling for
prayer
Awaken so pure an echo-
Tell me if her soul, musing for an instant
Raises her voice with their song
And if the peaceful harmony of their
sounds
Remind her of the absent one!

O ma belle rebelle is a lively tune with tongue-in-cheek undertones. The intense text is not to be taken at face value, but rather as one side of a flirtatious exchange. The term "rebel" serves less a strict classification, but rather, much more as a pet nickname as the narrator teases the woman he so desires.

O ma belle rebelle!

O ma belle rebelle!
Las! que tu m'es cruelle,
Ou quand d'une doux souris,

O my fine rebel!

O my fine rebel,
how cruel you are to me!
When you steal my spirit

Larron de mes esprits,
Ou quand d'une parole,
Mignardètement molle,
Ou quand d'une regard d'yeux
Fièrement gracieux,
Ou quand d'un petit geste,
Tout divin, tout céleste,
En amoureuse ardeur
Tu plonges tout mon coeur!
O ma belle rebelle!
Las! que tu m'est cruelle,
Quand la cuisant ardeur
Qui me brule le Coeur
Fait que je te demande,
A sa brûlure grande,
Un rafraichissement
D'un baiser seulement.
O! ma belle rebelle!
Las, que tu m'es cruelle,
Quand d'un petit baiser
Tu ne veux m'apaiser.

Me puisse-je un jour, dure!
Venger de ton injure;
Mon petit maître amour
Te puisse outrer un jour,
Et pour moi langoureuse
Il te fasse amoureuse
Comme il m'a langoureux
De toi fait amoureux.
Alors, par ma vengeance
Tu auras connaissance
Quel mal fait du baiser
Un amant refuser.

Venise was composed in 1842. Gounod arranged *Venise* for four-hand accompaniment and it is generally considered one of his finest melodies. The vibrant piano introduction alternates between a rapid 16th note feeling and a 6/8 rhythm that emphasizes the ebb and flow of the city's waters. Alfred de Musset's lyrics pay homage to the Venice of Monteverdi, illustrating the city at night and describing its beautiful and hidden delights.

Venise

Dans Venise la rouge,
Pas un bateau qui bouge,
Pas un pecheur dans l'eau, pas un falot!

La lune qui s'efface
Couvre son front qui passé
D'un nuage etoile demi-voile!

with a gentle smile,
Or when with a word
dainty and soft,
or with a glance of your eyes
full of proud grace,
or with a so divine,
so heavenly gesture,
you plunge my heart
into amorous flame!
O my fine rebel,
how cruel you are to me!
When the flames
which consume my heart
compel me to beg you
this great heat
to cool and slake
with but one kiss.
O my fine rebel,
how cruel you are to me,
when with one little kiss
you will not appease me.

If I could but one day
avenge your wronging of me,
if only my little master love
could provoke you one day
and make you fall
in love with me,
who am so langorous
being in love with you!
Then by my revenge
you would know
what it means to refuse
a kiss to a lover.

Venice

In Venice, the red
Not a boat is moving
Not a fisherman on the water, not a
lantern!

The waning moon
Covers her moving face
With a starry cloud half-veiled!

Tout se tait, fors le gardes
Aux longues hallebardes
Qui veillent aux reneaux dez arsenaux

Ah! Maintenant plus d'une
Attend, au clair de lune
Quelque jeune muguet, l'oreille au guet.

Sous la brise amoureuse
La Vanina reveuse
Dans son berceau flottant passe en chantant
Tandis que pour la fete
Narcisse qui s'apprete Narcissa
Met, devant, son miroir Le masque noir

Laissons la vieille horloge,
Au palais du vieux doge,
Lui compter de ses nuits les longs ennuis

Sur sa mer nonchalante
Venise l'indolente
Ne compte ni ses jours ni ses amours
Car Venise est si belle
Qu'une chaine sur elle
Semble un collier jete sur la beaute

All is silent, save for the guards
With their long halberds
Who keep watch over the battlements
of the arsenals.

Ah! Now more than one maid
Waits, in the moonlight
For some young gallant, straining her
ears.

Beneath the amorous breeze
Dreamy Vanina
In her floating cradle glides by, singing;
Meanwhile for the carnival
prepares herself
putting on, in front of her mirror, The
black mask.

Let us leave the old clock
At the venerable Doge's palace,
To count for him the boredom of his
longs nights.

On her carefree sea
Indolent Venice
Counts neither her days nor her loves
For Venice is so beautiful
That a chain thrown round her
Resembles a necklace adorning her
beauty

Aaron Copland (1900–1990) was born in Brooklyn, N.Y. Copland is remembered as the man who created the definitive American sound. Copland's later music is accessibly hopeful and somehow manages to create the auditory equivalent of the wide-open prairies of America. However, his early works were modernist, dissonant, and aurally complex. Nadia Boulanger, with whom he studied in Paris starting in 1921, directly influenced Copland's early compositional style. Copland described Paris at this time as, "an international proving ground for all of the newest tendencies in music." These pieces were composed during this early period in his compositional career.

In **Night**, the narrator is focused on the stillness and peacefulness of night. However, it is also about the emptiness of true quiet and how, even in the night the trees rustle, birds sing, and those that are half awake still stir.

Night

My heart is placid as the lake
Which softly flows 'neath starlit skies
And, as I walk faint melodies of night
Of things but half awake
Stand soothing to its very deeps:
It thrills and starts while mankind sleeps

The gentle murmur of the lake
Is silvered by a fountains play
A nightbird sings its tuneful lay
Full of the night's vast joy and ache.
A low wind sighs through ghostly trees
Which shiver in the dancing breeze

A summer vacation is about reminiscing about a time of absolute joy. However, it is also about the realization that moments of true happiness very quickly pass and become only memories.

A summer vacation

Days of joy how have ye fled?
Joy immortal are ye dead?
Is there nothing that can hold you?
Can my limp arms not enfold you?

Days of floating on the stream
Softly lapped as in a dream
With the white clouds swimming slowly
In an ether pure and holy!

My heart is in the East is composed of poetry based on a medieval, sacred Jewish poem. The original poem expresses the internal longing for the land of Jerusalem. Copland's interpretation of the piece, and Aaron Schaffer's updated poetry, is concerned with the idea of wishing for what that which you do not have, and being preoccupied with the thought of obtaining it.

My heart is in the East

While I in western lands do pine,
My heart is in the East!
How can I drink of food and wine?
When though art so oppress'd?

How can I vows and oaths repay
While Edon Zion holds,
While Arab's bond my land doth sway,
His chain me tight enfolds?

Th'abundance of this Spanish land
It is by naught to me
If I midst brimming tears
Thy strand, thy ruined strand could see.

The accompaniment in **Alone** is a rhythmic, continuous ticking which represents the time that is ticking away while the narrator is singing. In the piece, the singer remembers the love she used to have and comes to the conclusion that her love is gone and as time ticks away she will always be alone.

Alone

I shall never see your tired sleep in the bed that you made beautiful
Nor hardly ever be a dream that plays by your dark hair
Yet, I think I know your turning sigh
And your trusting arms abandonment
For they are the picture of my night
My night, that does not end.

Gerald Finzi (1901–1956) was a British composer well known for his composition of songs. Finzi studied under Ernest Farrar at Christ Church, High Harrogate. Farrar's death coupled with the loss of Finzi's three brothers damaged the composer's outlook on life, and it wasn't until Finzi began to study the poetry of Thomas Hardy that he began to regain his vigor for life. These poems were some of the first he set to music, all connected by the theme of childhood innocence being corrupted by adult experience. A majority of Finzi's songs deal with lamentation for the dead, and generally embody a melancholic feeling.

Let Us Garlands Bring contains five poems penned by William Shakespeare.

Come away, come away, death features an entrancingly poignant melody over a dirge-like accompaniment. The accompaniment eventually joins the vocals in expressing the same melancholy sentiment, providing colorful chords to highlight the disparity of the narrator's plight. After the narrator finishes singing, the accompaniment resumes its slow, solemn march, ending the piece with a hint of the vocalist's first motive.

Come away, come away, death

Come Away, Come Away, Death
And in sad cypress let me be laid
Fly away, fly away, breath
I am slain by a fair cruel maid
My shroud of white stuck all with you
Oh prepare it
My part of death no one so true did share it

Not a flower not a flower sweet
On my black coffin let there be strown
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse where my bones shall be thrown
A thousand, thousand sighs to save
Lay me, o where sad true lover never find my grave
To weep there!

Who is Silvia? provides a much lighter mood in Finzi's set, as the narrator describes his love for a beautiful woman named Silvia.

Who is Silvia?

Who is Silvia? What is she?
That all our swains commend her
Holy fair and wise is she the heaven such grace did lend her
That she might admired be

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness
Love doth to her eyes repair, to help him of his blindness
And being helped in habits there!

Then to Silvia let us sing that Silvia is excelling
She excels each mortal thing, upon the dull earth dwelling
To her let us garlands bring.

O Mistress Mine deals with the narrator's search for love. It is another cheery piece with a lively accompaniment, one that lies in a comfortable vocal register for a young baritone. The piece's two verses end on somber notes, noting the harsh reality of these happy times.

O Mistress Mine

O Mistress Mine, where are you roaming?
O stay, and hear, your true love's coming
that can sing both high and low.

Trip no further pretty sweetening;
Journey's end in lover's meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'Tis not here after;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:

In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me sweet and twenty;
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

It was a lover and his lass describes a couple's rowdy adventures in the heat of spring.

It was a lover and his lass

It was a lover and his lass
With a hey and a ho and a hey nonino
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In spring time, the only pretty ring time
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding
Sweet lovers love the spring

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino
These pretty country folks would lie
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding
Sweet lovers love the spring

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino no,
How that life was but a flower in spring time
the only pretty ring time
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding
Sweet lovers love the spring

And therefore take the present time
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, the only pretty ring time
When birds to sing hey ding a ding a ding
Sweet lovers love the spring.

A childhood prodigy, **Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart** (1756–1791) was proficient at both violin and piano from a very early age and began composing at the age of 5. Hired as a court musician in Salzburg, Austria, Mozart grew restless and eventually made his home in Vienna, where he composed a majority of his legendary works. Having composed more than 600 works, many of Mozart’s pieces are acknowledged as the greatest in their respective genres, establishing his reputation as one of the greatest composers who has ever lived.

Die Zauberflöte is an opera in two acts by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart to a German libretto by Emanuel Schikaneder. In the form of a Singspiel, a work with both singing and spoken dialogue, the opera premiered in 1791 at the Freihaus-Theater auf der Wieden in Vienna. This duet features one of the main characters, a mischievous and silly bird-catcher named Papageno, singing with his female counterpart and true love, the beautiful soprano, Papagena. In the **“Pa-pa-pa”** duet, the two have been finally reunited near the opera’s finale, and sing of the many children they will have.

**“Pa-pa-pa”
from *Die Zauberflöte***

PAPAGENO and PAPAGENA
Pa-pa-pa, pa-pa-pa. papageno
pa-pa-pa-, pa-pa-pa-, papagena,

PAPAGENO	
Bist du mir nun ganz ergeben,	Have you now yielded to me?

PAPAGENA	
Nun bin ich dir ganz ergeben.	Now I have yielded to you.

PAPAGENO	
Nun, so sei mein liebes Weibchen!	Now, then be my dear little wife!

PAPAGENA	
Nun, so sei mein Herzenstäubchen, Mein Herzenstäubchen!	Now, then be the dove of my heart, The dove of my heart!

PAPAGENO

Mein liebes Weibchen, mein
Herzenstäubche

PAPAGENO AND PAPAGENA

Welche Freude wird das sein,
Wenn die Götter uns bedenken,
Unsrer Liebe Kinder schenken
Unsrer Liebe Kinder schenken
So liebe kleine Kinderlein, Kinderlein,
Kinderlein, Kinderlein,
So liebe kleine Kinderlein,
Erst einen kleinen Papageno,
Dann eine kleine Papagena,
Dann wieder einen Papageno,
Dann wieder eine Papagena,
Papageno, Papagena, Papageno,
Es ist das höchste der Gefühle,
Wenn viele, viele, der pa-pa-pageno(a)
Der Eltern Sorgen werden sein.
Wenn viele, viele, der pa-pa-pageno(a)
Der Eltern Sorgen werden sein.

My dear little wife, dove of my heart,

What joy that will be
If the Gods think of us,
And give us children of our love
And give us children of our love
Such dear little children, little children,
Little children, little children,
Such dear little children.
First a little Papageno,
Then a little Papagena,
Then again a Papageno,
Then again a Papagena
Papageno, Papagena, Papageno,
It is the highest of feelings
If many (of them) to Papageno(a) will be
In the care of their parents.
If many to Papageno(a) will be
In the care of their parents.

UPCOMING ARTS AND LECTURES

Information: 253.879.3555 | pugetsound.edu/calendar

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APRIL

Sunday, April 27, 7:30 p.m. Student Recital: Alex Adams '14, bass-baritone, Schneebeck Concert Hall. Free

Wednesday, April 30, 7:30 p.m. Guest Performance: Grammy winning clarinet virtuoso, Eddie Daniels, with Jazz Band, Tracy Knoop, director, sponsored by ASUPS, Schneebeck Concert Hall. Tickets: \$10 general; \$4 Puget Sound Community with ID

MAY

Thursday, May 1, 5:30–7 p.m. Guest Lecture: "The Two Annas: Novels and a Memoir About the Caribbean Immigrant Experience," by Elizabeth Nunez, Rasmussen Rotunda, Wheelock Student Center. Part of The Caribbean Writer Series. Free

Friday, May 2, 7:30 p.m. Student Recital: Kyle Long '14, tenor, Schneebeck Concert Hall. Free

Saturday, May 3, 5 p.m. Joint Student Recital: Akela Franklin-Baker '15, soprano and Hannah Wynn '15, soprano, Schneebeck Concert Hall. Free

Saturday, May 3, 7:30 p.m. Student Recital: Maggie Manire '14, soprano, Schneebeck Concert Hall. Free

Sunday, May 4, 2 p.m. Joint Student Recital: Will Delacorte '15, tenor and Brady McCowan '15, saxophone, Schneebeck Concert Hall. Free

Sunday, May 4, 5 p.m. Joint Student Recital: Helen Burns '15, soprano and Jennifer Mayer '15, mezzo-soprano, Schneebeck Concert Hall. Free

Sunday, May 4, 7:30 p.m. Joint Student Recital: Chynna Spencer '15, mezzo-soprano and Glenna Toomey '15, piano, Schneebeck Concert Hall. 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.