



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

JOINT SENIOR/JUNIOR RECITAL

PATRICK ZIMMERMAN '19, BARITONE

MAXIMILIAN TAPOGNA '20, TENOR

JEFF CALDWELL, PIANO

SUNDAY, APRIL 14, 2019

SCHNEEBECK CONCERT HALL

7:30 P.M.

PROGRAM

“Arm, arm, ye brave!”George Frideric Handel (1756–1791)
from *Judas Maccabeus*, HWV 63

“Lord God of Abraham” from *Elijah*, MWV A25.....Felix Mendelssohn (1809–1847)

Patrick Zimmerman '19, baritone

Prologue.....Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)
from *The Turn of the Screw*

“Vainement, ma bien-aimée”Edouard Lalo (1823–1892)
from *Le roi d'Ys*

Maximilian Tapogna '20, tenor

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée.....Maurice Ravel (1875–1937)
I. Chanson Romanesque
II. Chanson épique
III. Chanson à boire

Patrick Zimmerman '19, baritone

“Una furtiva lagrima” from *L'elisir d'amore*.....Gaetano Donizetti (1797–1848)
La Danza.....Gioachino Rossini (1792–1868)
from *Soirées Musicales*

Maximilian Tapogna '20, tenor

“Largo al factotum” from *Il Barbiere Di Siviglia*.....Gioachino Rossini

Patrick Zimmerman '19, baritone

“Au fond du temple saint”Georges Bizet (1838–1875)
from *Les pêcheurs de perles*

Patrick Zimmerman '19, baritone and Maximilian Tapogna '20, tenor

Something's Coming.....Leonard Bernstein (1918–1990)
from *West Side Story*

Finishing the Hat.....Stephen Sondheim (b. 1930)
from *Sunday in the Park with George*

Waving through the Window.....Benj Pasek (b. 1985)/
from *Dear Evan Hansen* Justin Paul (b. 1985)

Maximilian Tapogna '20, tenor

Left Behind.....Duncan Sheik (b. 1969)/Steven Sater
from *Spring Awakening*

Stranger.....Andrew Lippa (b. 1964)
from *Big Fish*

She Cries.....Jason Robert Brown (b. 1970)
from *Songs for a New World*

Patrick Zimmerman '19, baritone

Lily's Eyes.....Lucy Simon (b. 1943)/Marsha Norman (b. 1947)
from *The Secret Garden*

Patrick Zimmerman '19, baritone and Maximilian Tapogna '20, tenor

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

PERFORMERS

Patrick Zimmerman will graduate in May of 2019 with a Bachelor of Science in physics and mathematics. He is a senior student of Dr. Dawn Padula and is the vice president of Adelpian Concert Choir. Patrick also performs with Voci d'Amici and Garden Level A Cappella. He won first place (2016, 2017, 2018) in the National Association of Teachers of Singing Tahoma Chapter competition and is a three-time recipient of the Lorraine Nelson Scholarship. He has performed with the School of Music Opera Theater in *Opera Scenes* (2017), and as the Baker in *Into the Woods* (2018). He also performed the role of Angel in the Theatre Arts/School of Music joint production of *RENT* (2016).

Maximilian Tapogna will graduate in 2020 with a Bachelor of Arts in theatre arts and a minor in music. Max studies under the tutelage of Dr. Dawn Padula and has performed with the Adelpian Concert Choir, Voci d'Amici, and Chorale ensembles. Roles with the Department of Theatre Arts are Toby Belch in *Twelfth Night* (2016); Yakov in *The Seagull* (2017); Charlie, in an excerpt *Seascape* by Edward Albee (2017); and Tiresias in *Antigone* (2018). With the School of Music Opera Theater, Max portrayed Cinderella's Prince/the Wolf in *Into the Woods* (2018). In the Theatre Arts/School of Music joint production of *The Threepenny Opera* (2019), Max portrayed Macheath. Last fall, Max directed Roberto Bolaño's *2666* "The Part about Amalfitano" (adapted by Robert Falls and Seth Bockley), which was included in the Director's Lab Festival at the Department of Theatre Arts. Max is a recipient of the Lorraine Nelson Scholarship.

ACCOMPANIST

Jeff Caldwell returns to Seattle after spending the past 13 years in New York City and now is working as a staff accompanist in the School of Music. He was on the faculty for the Juilliard School Drama Division as musical vocal coach, worked at NYU's Tisch School and CAP21 programs, and taught at AMDA as a voice teacher and staff accompanist. He played keyboard in the Broadway pit of *The Producers* and was a regular audition accompanist for Telsey + Company, especially for the Lincoln Center revival of *South Pacific* and its subsequent tours.

As a singer Caldwell performed with New York City Opera in the choruses of *Haroun and the Sea of Stories*, *La Fanciulla del West*, and *Cendrillon*; as well as with the New York Choral Artists with the New York Philharmonic and with the Vienna Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall.

He has enjoyed a revitalization of his opera directing career (which originally brought him to Seattle years ago) with the grass roots company Operamission and their Handel Project, and has directed the North American premieres of Handel's first two operas, *Almira* and *Rodrigo*.

He was a frequent music director for the songwriting team of Dan Martin and Michael Biello, especially their short film *Papa's Prince* and the marriage equality project *First Comes Love*.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Patrick: Patrick would like to thank his friends, family, and supporters for their influence and encouragement throughout the years. He is endlessly grateful to Dr. Dawn Padula for her invaluable instruction and support. Her support and expertise has given Patrick the tools for a lifetime of performance and singing—and her lessons have been incredible impactful. Patrick is thankful to his parents for encouraging him to perform from a very young age, and to his mentors for imparting not only lessons in music, but lessons in life. Finally, special thanks to Dr. Steven Zopfi, Sarah Harrison, Adam Cave, Linda Rediger, and Miguel Espinoza for their guidance over the years.

Maximilian: I would like to thank Dr. Padula for teaching me to love singing; Dr. Steven Zopfi for encouraging me to attend Puget Sound and giving me the opportunity to perform with more than one incredible ensemble; Geoff Proehl for his boundless wisdom and infinite heart; and my mom and dad for being such wonderful and endlessly loving people.

PROGRAM NOTES AND TRANSLATIONS

Written and compiled by Patrick Zimmerman and Maximilian Tapogna

George Frideric Handel (1685–1789), born in Germany and later naturalized as a British subject, is commonly regarded as one of the greatest composers from the Baroque era, both in his own time and since. At a young age, Handel's talent for the organ was noticed by Duke Johann Adolf I, who recommended he undertake musical instruction. Under the guidance of his only music teacher Friedrich Wilhelm Zachow, Handel received an education in German and Italian music of many different styles. Later, Handel went on to compose prolific works such as *Messiah*, *Water Music*, and ***Judas Maccabaeus***—an oratorio in three acts composed in 1746. Written as a complement to Prince William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, *Judas Maccabaeus* is easily one of Handel's most famous oratorios.

“Arm, arm ye brave” is a rousing aria situated in the first act of *Judas Maccabaeus*. At the top of the oratorio, a chorus of dejected Israelites mourn the tragic death of their leader, Mattathias. The Israelites soon decide that despair prevents them from fulfilling their destiny as God's chosen people, and morale drastically shifts. Simon, a son of Mattathias, names his brother Judas Maccabaeus as his father's successor and inspires the crowd with the recitative, “I feel the Deity within,” followed by the aria, “Arm, arm ye brave.”

“Arm, arm ye brave”
from *Judas Maccabaeus*
Libretto by Thomas Morell

Recitative

I feel the Deity within,
Who the bright cherubim between,
His radiant glory erst display'd!
To Israel's distressful pray'r
He hath vouch saf'd a gracious ear;
And points out Maccabaeus to their aid.
Judas shall set the captive free,
And lead us on to victory!

Aria

Arm, arm ye brave! A noble cause,
The cause of Heav'n your zeal demands.

In defense of your nation, religion, and laws,
Th'almighty Jehovah will strengthen your hands.

Arm, arm ye brave! A noble cause...

Felix Mendelssohn (1809–1847) was a German composer, pianist, organist, and conductor from the early Romantic period. During his time, he composed numerous symphonies, oratorios, and concertos. Born to an affluent Jewish family, Mendelssohn was later baptized as Reformed Christian. Mendelssohn was recognized early on as a musical prodigy and subsequently studied counterpoint and composition in Berlin with Carl Friedrich Zelter, who instilled in Mendelssohn a love for Baroque and early Classical music. For this reason, many of Mendelssohn's works follow the Bach tradition of tonal clarity and counterpoint. Throughout his career, Mendelssohn made ten visits to Britain, lasting about 20 months in total and leaving a heavy impact on British musical life. On one such visit, the Birmingham Triennial Music Festival commissioned Mendelssohn to write *Elijah* in 1846.

Composed in the style of both Handel and Bach, *Elijah* is an intensely dramatic oratorio chronicling the Biblical tale of Elijah from the Book of Kings. **“Lord God of Abraham”** is a pleading aria situated towards the end of part one of *Elijah*. The oratorio's story rests on God's promise to protect the people of Israel as long as they obey His commandments. When Ahab, king of Israel, takes the foreign princess Jezebel as his wife, he adopts her religion, worships the god Baal, and breaks God's covenant. Elijah then prophesies a drought to befall Israel as punishment for worshipping the false idol. After three years of drought, Elijah confronts Ahab and proposes a test to prove that God is the true God. Elijah and the prophets of Baal each place sacrificial steers of their altars but do not burn them. Instead, both the

prophets and Elijah pray to Baal and God respectively to light the sacrifices aflame. "Lord God of Abraham" is Elijah's prayer in the hopes that God may "shew this people that [he is] God."

**"Lord God of Abraham"
from *Elijah***

Libretto by Julius Schubring

Lord God of Abraham, Isaac and Israel,
this day let it be known that Thou art God,
and that I am Thy servant!

Lord God of Abraham!
Oh shew to all this people
that I have done these things according to Thy word.
Oh hear me, Lord, and answer me!

Lord God of Abraham, Isaac and Israel,
Oh hear me and answer me,
and shew this people that Thou art Lord God.
And let their hearts again be turned!

Benjamin Britten (1913–1976) was an important twentieth-century British composer. His operas are considered among the finest produced in the English language since Purcell. Before settling in London, Britten trained at the Royal College of Music and finished his studies in 1933. Upon graduating, Britten made a living composing incidental music for film, radio, and theatre; doing so allowed Britten to hone his skills as a music-dramatist. Based off the novel of the same title by Henry James, ***The Turn of Screw*** received its premiere at the Venice Biennale in 1954. Britten's music is set to a libretto by Myfawny Piper.

Prologue is situated, appropriately, at the beginning of *The Turn of the Screw*. In it, we learn that the opera is set in the English countryside. An unnamed governess has been employed to care for two orphaned children, and the eerie music suggests what the libretto does not state outright: *The Turn of the Screw* is a ghost story. Surprisingly, this *arioso* — an operatic number that is not fully aria or recitative, but something in between — was not originally part of the *The Turn of the Screw*, but added later to lengthen the opera. Britten's practical decision had greater effects. "Prologue" is a haunting number that provides succinct exposition while also establishing the opera's overarching, ghostly timbre.

Prologue

from *The Turn of the Screw*

Libretto by Myfawny Piper

It is a curious story.

I have it written in faded ink—

a women's hand,

governess to two children— long ago.

Untried, innocent,

she had gone first to see their guardian in London;

a young man, bold,

Off-hand and gay. . .

The children's only relative.

The children were in the country

with an old house keeper.

There had been a governess,

but she had gone.

The boy of course was at school,

but there was the girl,

and the holidays, now begun.

This, then would be her task.

But there was one condition:

he was so much engaged—

affairs, travel,

friends, visits,

always something

no time at all for the poor little things

she was to do everything

be responsible for everything

not to worry him at all

not to write, but to be silent,

and do her best.

She was full of doubts. . .

But she was carried away:

that he, so gallant and handsome,

so deep in the busy world,

should need her help.

At last, "I will," she said.

Edouard Lalo (1823–1892) was a nineteenth-century French composer. Active in Paris as a violin teacher and musician, Lalo struggled to gain notoriety as a composer for much of his life until the premiere of *Le roi d'Ys* in 1888, four years before his death. Although rarely performed today—except in historically-minded productions that seek to preserve semi-dormant operas— *Le roi d'Ys* is largely responsible for maintaining Lalo's reputation. Its subject matter is based upon a Breton legend about the drowned city of Ys, in modern day Brittany, France.

“Vainement ma-bien aimée” is a tenor aria frequently performed outside of *Le roi d’Ys*. The aria occurs in the third act of the opera, when the knight, Mylio, serenades his bride-to-be, Rozenn, on the morning of their wedding. Mylio attempts to coax Rozenn out of her bedchamber but her handmaid's object. Mylio proceeds to sing this aubade — a song or poem that is recited at dawn.

“Vainement ma-bien aimée”

from *Le roi d’Ys*

Libretto by Edouard Blau

Translation by Kathleen Ferrier

Puisqu’on ne peut flechir ces
jalouses gardiennes,
Ah! laissez-moi conter mes peines
Et mon emoi!

*Since these jealous guardians will not be
moved to mercy,
ah, let me tell you of my anguish
and my torment!*

Vainement, ma bien-aimée,
On croit me desesperer:
Pres de ta porte fermee.
Je veux encor demeurer!

*In vain, my beloved,
do I seem to despair:
next to your closed door
I am determined to stay!*

Les soleils pourront s’eteindre,
Les nuits remplacer les jours,
Sans t’accuser at sans me plaindre,

*Suns may be extinguished,
nights replace days,
but without blaming you and without
complaining,*

La je resterai toujours!

I shall stay here forever!

Je le sais, ton ame est douce,
Et l’heure bientot viendra,
Ou la main qui me repousse.
Vers la mienne se tendra!

*I know that you have a kind heart,
and the hour will soon come
when the hand which now pushes me away
will reach out towards mine!*

Ne sois pas trop tardive
A te laisser attendre!

*Do not delay too long
in allowing yourself to be won over by your
tender feelings;*

Si Rozenn bientot n’arrive,
Je vais, hélas, mourir!

*If Rozenn does not appear soon soon,
I, alas, shall die!*

Maurice Ravel (1875–1937) was widely regarded as France’s greatest living composer in the 1920s and 1930s. He, along with his elder contemporary Claude Debussy, is commonly associated with impressionism (though both composers rejected the term). Ravel attended France’s premier music college, the Paris Conservatoire, under the tutelage of Gabriel Fauré. However, Ravel’s musically and politically progressive outlook clashed with the Conservatoire’s conservative establishment, and he was eventually expelled. Always the severely self-critical perfectionist, Ravel composed fewer works than many of his contemporaries.

Incorporating elements of baroque, neoclassicism, and, in his later career, jazz, Ravel composed pieces for piano and chamber music, two piano concertos, ballet scores, two operas, and eight song cycles.

One such song cycle, *Don Quichotte à Dulcinée*, was commissioned by film director G. W. Pabst for the film version of *Don Quixote*. Due to Ravel's rapidly declining health, the song cycle was the last composition he ever produced.

Chanson romanesque is a lively piece that exploits alternating patterns of 6/8 and 3/4 meters to establish a jaunty Spanish *guajira* dance pattern. In the song, Don Quichotte expresses the lengths to which he would go to make his love known for Dulcinée. **Chanson épique** evokes an atmosphere of medieval Christian liturgy through parallel harmonies and Don Quichotte's fervent prayers to Saint George and Saint Michel. The accompaniment imparts a sustained urgency to the piece with the repeated Basque *zortziko* dance-rhythm. **Chanson à boire** is a jovial song through which a drunk Don Quichotte revels with flamenco vocals and garish laughter. A manic *jota* dance rhythm accompanies Quichotte's toasts to alcohol and the joys of drinking.

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée

Text by Paul Morand

English translation by Richard Stokes

I. Chanson Romanesque

Si vous me disiez que la terre
À tant tourner vous offensa,
Je lui dépêcherais Pança:
Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.

Si vous me disiez que l'ennui
Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d'astres,
Déchirant les divins cadastres,
Je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.

Si vous me disiez que l'espace
Ainsi vidé ne vous plaît point,
Chevalier dieu, la lance au poing.
J'étoilerais le vent qui passe.

Mais si vous disiez que mon sang
Est plus à moi qu'à vous, ma Dame,
Je blêmirais dessous le blâme
Et je mourrais, vous bénissant.

Ô Dulcinée.

I. Romantic Song

*Were you to tell that the earth
Offended you with so much turning,
I'd dispatch Panza to deal with it:
You'd see it still and silenced.*

*Were you to tell me that you are wearied
By a sky too studded with stars -
Tearing the divine order asunder,
I'd scythe the night with a single blow.*

*Were you to tell me that space itself,
Thus denuded was not to your taste -
As a god-like knight, with lance in hand,
I'd sow the fleeting wind with stars.*

*But were you to tell me that my blood
Is more mine, my Lady, than your own,
I'd pale at the admonishment
And, blessing you, would die.*

O Dulcinea.

II. Chanson épique

Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir
De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,
Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir
Pour lui complaire et la défendre,
Bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre
Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel

De la Madone au bleu mantel.

D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame
Et son égale en pureté
Et son égale en piété
Comme en pudeur et chasteté:
Ma Dame.

(Ô grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel)
L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,
Ma douce Dame si pareille
À Vous, Madone au bleu mantel!
Amen.

III. Chanson à boire

Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,
Qui pour me perdre à vos doux yeux
Dit que l'amour et le vin vieux
Mettent en deuil mon coeur, mon âme!

Je bois
À la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit...lorsque j'ai bu!

Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,
Qui geint, qui pleure et fait serment
D'être toujours ce pâle amant
Qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse!

Je bois
À la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit... Lorsque j'ai bu!

II. Epic Song

*Good Saint Michael who gives me leave
To behold and hear my Lady,
Good Saint Michael who deigns to elect me
To please her and defend her,
Good Saint Michael, descend, I pray,
With Saint George onto the altar*

Of the Madonna robed in blue.

*With a heavenly beam bless my blade
And its equal in purity
And its equal in piety
As in modesty and chastity:
My Lady.*

*(O great Saint George and Saint Michael)
Bless the angel watching over my vigil,
My sweet Lady, so like unto Thee,
O Madonna robed in blue!
Amen.*

III. Drinking Song

*A pox on the bastard, illustrious Lady,
Who to discredit me in your sweet eyes,
Says that love and old wine
Are saddening my heart and soul!*

*I drink
To joy!
Joy is the only goal
To which I go straight... when I'm... drunk!*

*A pox on the jealous wretch, dusky mistress,
Who whines and weeps and vows
Always to be this lily-livered lover
Who dilutes his drunkenness!*

*I drink
To joy!
Joy is the only goal
To which I go straight... when I'm... drunk!*

Gaetano Donizetti (1797–1848) was an Italian composer and dominant figure in opera during the first half of the nineteenth century. Born into a family of modest circumstances, Donizetti rose rapidly and brilliantly in the world of Italian opera, a result of his innate musical talents. Donizetti was a prolific composer, able to complete opera commissions quickly. Many of his operas remain some of the most frequently performed today. *L'elisir d'amore* is a comic opera in two acts. The work was composed in 1832 and received its premiere in Milan at the Teatro della Cannobiana.

“Una furtiva lagrima” is a popular Italian opera for tenor frequently performed on the concert stage. The aria is sung by the character, Nemorino, in act two of *L'elisir d'amore*. Nemorino has witnessed his love interest, Adina, weeping. Nemorino, who has just enlisted in the army, assumes Adina weeps for him. He sings of her “single furtive tear,” exclaims her beauty, and laments his situation.

“Una furtiva lagrima” from L'elisir d'amore (The Elixir of Love)
Libretto by Felice Romani

Una furtiva lagrima
negli occhi suoi spuntò:
Quelle festose giovani
invidiar sembrò.
Che più cercando io vo?
Che più cercando io vo?
M'ama! Sì, m'ama,
lo vedo, lo vedo.
Un solo istante i palpiti
del suo bel cor sentir!
I miei sospir confondere
per poco a' suoi sospir!
I palpiti, i palpiti sentir,
confondere i miei co' suoi sospir.
Cielo, si può morir;
di più non chiedo, non chiedo.
Ah, cielo! Sì può! Sì può morir!
Di più non chiedo, non chiedo.
Sì può morir! Sì può morir d'amor

*A furtive tear
in her eyes appeared:
Those festive young girls
she seemed to envy.
What more need I look for?
What more need I look for?
She loves me! Yes, she loves me,
I see it, I see it.
For a single instant the beats
of her beautiful heart to hear!
My sighs to blend
for a while with her sighs!
Her heartbeats, her heartbeats to hear,
my sighs with hers to merge.
Heavens! One could die!
More I cannot ask, I cannot ask.
Oh, heavens! One could, one could die!
More I cannot ask, I cannot ask.
One could die! One could die of love!*

Gioachino Rossini (1792–1868) was an Italian composer of opera and a contemporary of Donizetti. Rossini innovated the genre to a greater extent than any other Italian composer of his generation and was regarded by his peers this way. After spending his youth and prime composing opera after opera, Rossini abandoned the form for the last forty years of his life, though, he did not stop composing entirely.

La Danza was written in 1835 after Rossini had ceased to compose operas. It was included in *Soirées Musicales*, a collection of songs Rossini wrote while residing in Paris. It is set to a poem by Carlo Pepoli, which depicts a narrator observing a group of women dancing by the sea at night. As the dancing grows more frenzied, so does the song. The song is in “tarantella napoletana” form, a style characterized by a fast, up-beat tempo in a dotted-rhythm, and associated with Naples, spaghetti, and meatballs.

La Danza

from *Soirées Musicales*

Text by Carlo Pepoli

Translation by Johan Gaitzsch

Già la luna è in mezzo al mare,
mamma mia, si salterà!
L'ora è bella per danzare,

*Now the moon is over the ocean;
Mamma mia, we're going to leap!
The hour is beautiful for dancing,*

chi è in amor non mancherà.
Già la luna è in mezzo al mare,
mamma mia, si salterà!

*Anyone in love will not miss it.
Now the moon is over the ocean;
Mamma mia, we're going to leap!*

Presto in danza a tondo, a tondo,
donne mie venite qua,
un garzon bello e giocondo
a ciascuna toccherà,
finchè in ciel brilla una stella
e la luna splenderà.
Il più bel con la più bella
tutta notte danzerà.

*Soon we'll be dancing, round and round,
my ladies, come here,
A beautiful and playful lad
will have a turn with everyone.
As long as in heaven sparkles a star,
And the moonbeams will shine
The most beautiful boy and girl
will dance all night.*

Mamma mia, mamma mia,
già la luna è in mezzo al mare,
mamma mia, mamma mia,
mamma mia, si salterà.
]: Frinche, frinche, frinche,
frinche, frinche, frinche,
mamma mia, si salterà.

*Mamma mia, Mamma mia,
Now the moon is over the ocean;
Mamma mia, mamma mia,
Mamma mia, we're going to leap!
]: Faster, faster, faster,
faster, faster, faster,
Mamma mia, we're going to leap!*

La la ra la ra
la la la ra la!

*La la ra la ra
la la la ra la!*

Salta, salta, gira, gira,
ogni coppia a cerchio va,
già s'avanza, si ritira
e all'assalto tornerà. :]
Già s'avanza, si ritira
e all'assalto tornerà!

*Hopping, jumping, turning, spinning,
every couple have a turn,
now advancing, now receding,
and returns to the excitement.
Now advancing, now receding,
and returns to the excitement.*

Serra, serra, colla bionda,
colla bruna v'è qu'è e là
colla rossa v'è a seconda,
colla smorta fermo sta.
Viva il ballo a tondo a tondo,
sono un Re, sono un Pascià,
è il più bel piacer del mondo
la più cara voluttà.

Mamma mia, mamma mia,
già la luna è in mezzo al mare,
mamma mia, mamma mia,
mamma mia, si salterà.
Frinche, frinche, frinche,
frinche, frinche, frinche,

mamma mia, si salterà. :]

La la ra la ra
la la la ra la!

*Keep close, keep close with the blonde,
with the brunette go here and there,
with the redhead follow along.
with the pale one, keep still.
Long live dancing, round and round!
I am a king, I am a lord,
It is the world's greatest pleasure
The most beautiful delight!*

*Mamma mia, mamma mia,
now the moon is over the ocean;
Mamma mia, Mamma mia,
Mamma mia, we're going to leap!
Faster, faster, faster,
faster, faster, faster,*

Mamma mia, we're going to leap!

*La la ra la ra
la la la ra la!*

Gioachino Rossini (1792–1868) was an Italian composer who gained fame from his 39 operas which set completely new standards for both comic and serious opera. Born to musicians, Rossini began composing at the age of 12—his first opera was performed when Rossini was at the ripe age of 18. From 1810 to 1823, Rossini wrote a total of 34 operas for the Italian stage—a level of productivity that necessitated an almost formulaic approach to composition. In 1829, Rossini composed his last opera, though he continued to compose for the next 40 years of his life. The exact reason for Rossini's withdrawal from opera is unknown, though many attribute ill-health, fame, success, and the rise of Grand Opera.

Of the 39 operas composed by Rossini, the best-known is certainly ***Il Barbiere di Siviglia (The Barber of Seville)***. Composed in 1816 for Teatro Argentina in Rome, the opera follows story of the first of three plays by French playwright Pierre Beaumarchais (the second of which was the foundation for Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro*, composed 30 years earlier). Interestingly enough, the opera's premiere was a disaster—Rossini's rival Paisiello had composed an opera of the same name, and he, along with his followers, used mob mentality to get the crowd booing and jeering. However, the second performance of the opera was wildly successful! Now considered one of the greatest masterpieces of comedy in music, *Barbiere* follows the clever barber Figaro as he assists a disguised Count Almaviva in wooing the beautiful Rosina.

“Largo al factotum della città” is Figaro’s entrance onto the stage. The barber revels in his successful business, asserting that every person in the city wants and needs his services. In the middle of the aria is one of the most famous moments in opera, where Figaro mimics crowds of people calling out his name. As the aria progresses, Figaro becomes more and more frantic as his customers pull him in various directions and shower him with praise. Ultimately, he basks in his good fortune and claims himself to be the topman of the city.

“Largo al factotum della città”
from *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*
Libretto by Cesare Sterbini
English translation by Stephen
McCloskey

Largo al factotum della città.
Presto a bottega che l'alba e già.
Ah, che bel vivere, che bel piacere
per un barbiere di qualità!
Ah, bravo Figaro!
Bravo, bravissimo!
Fortunatissimo per verità!
Pronto a far tutto,
la notte e il giorno
sempre d'intorno in giro sta.

Miglior cuccagna per un barbiere,
vita più nobile, no, non si dà.
Rasori e pettini
lancette e forbici,
al mio comando
tutto qui sta.
V'è la risorsa,
poi, de mestiere
colla donnetta... col cavaliere...
Tutti mi chiedono, tutti mi vogliono,
donne, ragazzi, vecchi, fanciulle:
Qua la parruca... Presto la
barba...

Qua la sanguigna...
Presto il biglietto...
Qua la parruca, presto la barba,
Presto il biglietto, ehì!
Figaro! Figaro! Figaro!, ecc.
Ahime, che furia!
Ahime, che folla!
Uno alla volta, per carità!

“Make way for the handyman
of the city”
from *The Barber of Seville*

Make way for the handyman of the city.
Early in the workshop I arrive at dawn.
Ah, what a life, what a pleasure
For a barber of quality!
Ah, bravo Figaro!
Bravo, very good!
I am the luckiest, it's the truth!
Ready for anything,
night and day
I'm always on the move.

Cushier fate for a barber,
A more noble life cannot be found.
Razors and combs
Lancets and scissors,
at my command
everything is here.
Here are the extra tools
then, for business
With the ladies... with the gentlemen...
Everyone asks me, everyone wants me,
women, children, old people, young ones:
Here are the wigs... A quick shave of the
beard...

Here are the leeches for bleeding...
The note...
Here are the wigs, a quick shave soon,
The note, hey!
Figaro! Figaro! Figaro!, Etc..
Alas, what frenzy!
Alas, what a crowd!
One at a time, for goodness sake!

Figaro! Son qua.
Ehì, Figaro! Son qua.
Figaro qua, Figaro la,
Figaro su, Figaro giu,
Pronto prontissimo son come il fumine:
sono il factotum della citta.
Ah, bravo Figaro! Bravo, bravissimo;
a te fortuna non mancherà.

*Figaro! I'm here.
Hey, Figaro! I'm here.
Figaro here, Figaro there,
Figaro up, Figaro down,
Swifter and swifter I'm like a spark:
I'm the handyman of the city.
Ah, bravo Figaro! Bravo, very good;
Fortunately for you I will not fail.*

Georges Bizet (1838–1875) was a French Romantic era composer. He is best known for his operas, *Carmen* especially. Bizet was a precocious student at the Conservatoire de Paris. There, he won numerous prizes, including the prestigious Prix de Rome. After graduating, Bizet served in the National Guard during the Franco-Prussian war. Returning to Paris after the war, Bizet struggled to gain recognition. In the 1870s, Bizet began composing *Carmen*, and was convinced it was destined for failure. In actuality, *Carmen* has gone on to become one of the most frequently performed operas in the repertoire today, though, sadly, Bizet died of a heart attack three months after its premiere.

“Au fond du temple saint” is a duet from Bizet’s opera ***Les pêcheurs de perles***. It takes place during the first act of the opera, upon the return of Nadir to his homeland Ceylon. There he finds his old friend, Zurga, has been elected Fisher-King by the local fishermen. The two begin to reminisce—they were once in love with the same woman. “Au fond du temple saint” is the characters’ testament to their male friendship, valuing this bond as greater than a heterosexual romantic relationship.

“Au fond du temple saint”

from *Les pêcheurs de perles* (*The Pearl Fishers*)

Libretto by Eugène Cormon and Michel Carré

Translation by Neil Kurtzman

NADIR

Au fond du temple saint

Paré de fleurs et d'or,

Une femme apparaît!

Je crois la voir encore!

ZURGA

Une femme apparaît!

Je crois la voir encore!

NADIR

La foule prosternée

La regarde, étonnée,

Et murmure tous bas:

Voyez, c'est la déesse!

Qui dans l'ombre se dresse

NADIR

At the back of the temple,

decorated with flowers and gold,

a woman appears ...

I can still see her.

ZURGA

A woman appears ...

I can still see her.

NADIR

The prostrate crowd

looks at her amazed

and murmurs under her breath:

look, this is the goddess

looming up out of the shadow

Et vers nous tend les bras!
ZURGA
Son voile se soulève!
Ô vision! ô rêve!
La foule est à genoux!
NADIR ET ZURGA
Oui, c'est elle!
C'est la déesse plus charmante et plus
belle!
Oui, c'est elle!
C'est la déesse qui descend parmi nous!
Son voile se soulève et la foule est à
genoux!
NADIR
Mais à travers la foule
Elle s'ouvre un passage!
ZURGA
Son long voile déjà
Nous cache son visage!
NADIR
Mon regard, hélas!
La cherche en vain!
ZURGA
Elle fuit!
NADIR
Elle fuit!
Mais dans mon âme soudain
Quelle étrange ardeur s'allume!
ZURGA
Quel feu nouveau me consume!
NADIR
Ta main repousse ma main!
ZURGA
Ta main repousse ma main!
NADIR
De nos cœurs l'amour s'empare
Et nous change en ennemis!
ZURGA
Non, que rien ne nous sépare!
NADIR
Non, rien!
ZURGA ET NADIR
Jurons de rester amis!
Oh oui, jurons de rester amis!
Oui, c'est elle! C'est la déesse!

and holding out her arms to us.
ZURGA
*Her veil parts slightly;
what a vision, what a dream!
The crowd is kneeling.*
TOGETHER
*Yes, it is she, it is the goddess,
more charming and more beautiful;
yes, it is she, it is the goddess,
who has come down among us.*
*Her veil is parted,
and the crowd is kneeling.*
NADIR
*But through the crowd
she makes her way.*
ZURGA
*Already, her long veil
hides her face from us.*
NADIR
My eyes, alas, seek her in vain.
ZURGA
She flees!
NADIR
She flees!
*But what is this strange flame
which is suddenly kindled within my
soul!*
ZURGA
*What is unknown fire is destroying
me!*
NADIR
Your hand pushes mine away.
ZURGA
Your hand pushes mine away.
NADIR
*Love takes our hearts by storm
and turns us into enemies.*
ZURGA
No, let nothing part us!
NADIR
No, nothing!
TOGETHER
*Oh yes! Let us swear to remain
friends!*
We have seen her, she is the God

En ce jour qui vient nous unir,
Et fidèle à ma promesse,
Comme un frère je veux te chérir!
C'est elle, c'est la déesse
Qui vient en ce jour nous unir!

*who you are here today, and
we will keep you close to you!*

Oui, partageons le même sort,
Soyons unis jusqu'à la mort!

*Great Godness, heaven descended,
she today!
Now we are going to be alone,
never again to death!*

Leonard Bernstein (1918–1990) was a dominant figure in classical music during the twentieth century both in the United States and abroad. A polymath within in the field of classical music, Bernstein was active as a conductor, composer, pianist, and educator. Bernstein composed the music to a number of Broadway musicals, including *West Side Story*. Among the various achievements ***West Side Story*** brought to Broadway, Bernstein's score, along with the choreography of Jerome Robbins, is one of the finest.

Something's Coming occurs in the first act of *West Side Story* and is sung by Tony. The lyrics, written by Stephen Sondheim, instill a sense of hope in the audience, and convey Tony's optimism and desire to leave the Jets gang. "Something's Coming" is sung before the dance; Tony has not yet met Maria, and the song is a premonition for their union.

Something's Coming from *West Side Story*

Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim

Could be?
Who knows?
There's something due any day
I will know, right away
Soon as it shows
It may come cannonballing down through the sky
Gleam in its eye

Bright as rose
Who knows?
It's only just out of reach
Down the block, on the beach
Under a tree
I got a feeling there's a miracle due
Gonna come true, comin' to me
Could it be, yes it could
Something's comin', something good
If I can wait
Something's comin'

I don't know what it is
But it is gonna be great
With a click, with a shock
Phone'll jingle, door will knock
Open the latch
Something's comin'
Don't know when
But it's soon
Catch the moon
One handed catch
Around the corner
Or whistlin' down the river
Come on, deliver to me
Will it be, yes it will
Maybe just by holding still
It'll be there
Come on, something
Come on in
Don't be shy
Meet a guy
Pull up a chair
The air is humming
And something great is coming
I feel like drumming
And something great is coming
Who knows?
It's only just out of reach
Down the block, on a beach
Maybe tonight
Maybe tonight
Maybe tonight

Stephen Sondheim (b. 1930) is a giant of American musical figure and considered the finest lyricist of his generation. In adolescence, Sondheim was friends with Oscar Hammerstein II, and learned everything the great lyricist had to teach. Sondheim's career spans from the Golden Age of Broadway in the 1950's to today. As a lyricist, Sondheim is unparalleled in his ability to bring out the interior thoughts of a character—thoughts activated onstage in songs that burst with feeling. A frequent complaint from Sondheim's detractors is that the composer rarely produces a "humable tune." This is because Sondheim privileges character over melody. His songs frequently discover the interior source that is the kernel of a character's desires, and do so while retaining wonderful musicality, though not always in the way we expect.

Finishing the Hat is an excellent example of Sondheim's talents, situated in midway through the first act of Sondheim and James Lapine's musical ***Sunday in the Park with George***. The piece is sung by George, based off the French impressionist painter Georges Seurat. The subject of the musical is George's artistic process in painting *A Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte*, which he refers to throughout the song. The song delves into the ways art interferes with life, and vice versa.

Finishing the Hat
from *Sunday in the Park with George*
Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim

Mademoiselles...
You and me, pal...
Second bottle...
Ah, she looks for me...
Bonnet flapping...
Yapping...
Ruff!...
Chicken...
Pastry...
Yes, she looks for me-good.
Let her look for me to tell me why she left me-
As I always knew she would.
I had thought she understood.
They have never understood,
And no reason that they should.
But if anybody could...
Finishing the hat,
How you have to finish the hat.
How you watch the rest of the world
From a window
While you finish the hat.
Mapping out a sky.
What you feel like, planning a sky.
What you feel when voices that come
Through the window
Go
Until they distance and die,
Until there's nothing but sky
And how you're always turning back too late
From the grass or the stick
Or the dog or the light,
How the kind of woman willing to wait's
Not the kind that you want to find waiting
To return you to the night,

Dizzy from the height,
Coming from the hat,
Studying the hat,
Entering the world of the hat,
Reaching through the world of the hat
Like a window,
Back to this one from that.
Studying a face,
Stepping back to look at a face
Leaves a little space in the way like a window,
But to see-
It's the only way to see.
And when the woman that you wanted goes,
You can say to yourself, "Well, I give what I give."
But the women who won't wait for you knows
That, however you live,
There's a part of you always standing by,
Mapping out the sky,
Finishing a hat...
Starting on a hat..
Finishing a hat...
Look, I made a hat...
Where there never was a hat

Benj Pasek and Justin Paul (b. 1985/b. 1985) are a musical writing duo who have experienced a string of successes the past several years. Their musical ***Dear Evan Hansen*** brought them both Tony Awards in 2017, and has achieved great critical and commercial acclaim, even following the coattails of *Hamilton*. The pair met at University in Michigan, where they both studied musical theatre, but never were cast in prominent roles in the shows at school. In response, they turned to writing their own shows.

Waving through the Window takes place at the beginning of *Dear Evan Hansen* and is sung by Evan. The piece communicates Evan's insecurities and anxieties. He is a high school senior who is unable to fully express himself. The world looms large and Evan struggles to understand his place in it.

Waving through the Window **from *Dear Evan Hansen***

Music and lyrics by Benj Pasek and Justin Paul

I've learned to slam on the brake
Before I even turn the key
Before I make the mistake
Before I lead with the worst of me
Give them no reason to stare

No slipping up if you slip away
So I got nothing to share
No, I got nothing to say
Step out, step out of the sun
If you keep getting burned
Step out, step out of the sun
Because you've learned, because you've learned
On the outside, always looking in
Will I ever be more than I've always been?
'Cause I'm tap, tap, tapping on the glass
I'm waving through a window
I try to speak, but nobody can hear
So I wait around for an answer to appear
While I'm watch, watch, watching people pass
I'm waving through a window, oh
Can anybody see, is anybody waving back at me?
We start with stars in our eyes
We start believing that we belong
But every sun doesn't rise
And no one tells you where you went wrong
Step out, step out of the sun
If you keep getting burned
Step out, step out of the sun
Because you've learned, because you've learned
On the outside, always looking in
Will I ever be more than I've always been?
'Cause I'm tap, tap, tapping on the glass
Waving through a window
I try to speak, but nobody can hear
So I wait around for an answer to appear
While I'm watch, watch, watching people pass
Waving through a window, oh
Can anybody see, is anybody waving?
When you're falling in a forest and there's nobody around
Do you ever really crash, or even make a sound?
When you're falling in a forest and there's nobody around
Do you ever really crash, or even make a sound?
When you're falling in a forest and there's nobody around
Do you ever really crash, or even make a sound?
When you're falling in a forest and there's nobody around
Do you ever really crash, or even make a sound?
Did I even make a sound?
Did I even make a sound?
It's like I never made a sound
Will I ever make a sound?

On the outside, always looking in
Will I ever be more than I've always been?
'Cause I'm tap, tap, tapping on the glass
Waving through a window
I try to speak, but nobody can hear
So I wait around for an answer to appear
While I'm watch, watch, watching people pass
Waving through a window, oh
Can anybody see, is anybody waving back at me? (oh)
Is anybody waving?
Waving, waving, whoa-oh, whoa-oh

Duncan Sheik (b. 1969) is an American singer-songwriter and composer. Raised in Montclair, New Jersey, Sheik was taught piano by his Juilliard-trained grandmother from an early age. Sheik studied semiotics at Brown University, and subsequently moved to Los Angeles to pursue a career in songwriting. In 2006, Sheik wrote the music for ***Spring Awakening***, a critically acclaimed alternative-rock Broadway musical based on the German play of the same name. Set in late 19th century Germany, the musical explores the complexity and difficulty of teenage sexuality, suicide, and the harms that come with parental insecurity, miscommunication, and conservatism.

Left Behind (b. 1969) is a heartbreaking piece in which the bookish, progressive Melchior simultaneously mourns the loss of his best friend Moritz to suicide and scolds Moritz's parents for failing to notice and reach out to him. Melchior and all his classmates drop flowers into Moritz's casket as they walk by and reminisce on the various factors that led to his death.

Left Behind
from *Spring Awakening*
Lyrics by Steven Sater

You fold his hands and smooth his tie, you gently lift his chin.
Were you really so blind, and unkind to him?
Can't help the itch to touch, to kiss, to hold him once again.
Now to close his eyes—never open them....

A shadow passed, a shadow passed, yearning, yearning
For the fool it called a home.

All things he never did are left behind.
All the things his mama wished he'd bear in mind,
And all his dad had hoped he'd know.

The talks you never had, the Saturdays you never spent.
All the 'grown-up' places you never went.

And all of the crying you wouldn't understand.
You just let him cry, 'make a man out of him.'

A shadow passed, a shadow passed, yearning, yearning
For a fool it called a home.

All things he ever wished are left behind.
All the things his mama did to make him mind,
And how his dad had hoped he'd grow.

All things he ever lived are left behind.
All the fears that ever flickered through his mind.
All the sadness that he'd come to own.

A shadow passed, a shadow passed, yearning, yearning
For the fool it called a home.

And it whistles through the ghosts still left behind.
It whistles through the ghosts still left behind.
Whistles through the ghosts still left behind

Andrew Lipppa (b. 1964) is an American composer, lyricist, performer and producer. Born in Leeds, England, Lipppa emigrated to the Michigan in 1967—later he received a bachelor's in music education from the University of Michigan. After moving to New York to pursue positions in early music education, Lipppa eventually found his way into composition, where he wrote various musicals including *John & Jen*, *The Wild Party*, *The Addams Family*, and *Big Fish*. Based on the book and movie of the same title, the 2013 musical ***Big Fish*** chronicles the relationship between travelling salesman Edward Bloom and his adult son Will, who searches for the truth behind his father's outrageous tall tales.

Stranger is sung by Will Bloom shortly after discovering that his wife is pregnant with a son. Will sings of the wonder and mystery of his future child and the tumult of his relationship with his father, both of whom feel to Will like strangers. Ultimately, Will vows to use the birth of his song to strengthen his relationship with his father, as they can both connect over raising a child.

Stranger
From *Big Fish*
Lyrics by Andrew Lipppa

Stranger
I'm feeling stranger
Than I've ever felt before
And so much more

Different

Like something old has joined
With something new
But still feels true

I'm passing through a rite that every parent does
I'm walking on some shared familiar ground
Yet every step I take
Is not a step that was
And I've found
I like the sound of

Stranger

A child I've yet to meet
Becomes my everything
My song to sing
Father
And suddenly the weight of it is real
What do I feel
I feel connected
In a way I've never known
A line from dad to me to new-born son
So from today
I'll never make a choice alone
One for all
All for one

And when he's born
I'll teach him how to use his common sense
He'll listen and he'll learn and he'll excel
I'll tell my son
That life is lived in clear and present tense
Not only in the stories we can tell

My father told me stories
I could never comprehend
In every tale he'd claim to be the hero
I've tried to understand him
But I wonder if I can
Because after almost thirty years
I still don't know the man
I wish I knew the man

But he's a stranger
My father is a stranger I know very well
A puzzling shell
Hopeful
What's on its way may help us both to grow
But I don't know

I don't know when I'll understand
What made him wild
I don't know why he has the urge to fly
I want to face him like a man and not a child
So I'll try
I'll really try

And in time, my boy is sure to see
Brighter days for dad and me
We can do things better than before
So that strangers we will be no more

Jason Robert Brown (b. 1970) grew up in the suburbs of New York City, where his exposure to Broadway musicals like *Sunday in the Park with George* and *Sweeney Todd; The Demon Barber of Fleet Street* inspired Brown to join a rock band and become the next Billy Joel. After a two-year education at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York, Brown began his career in New York City as an arranger, conductor, and pianist. During this time, Brown composed ***Songs for a New World***, his first composition to be put to a major New York stage. Airing for a limited time off-Broadway, *Songs for a New World* is an abstract musical, a theatrical song cycle linked by a theme: "the moment of decision." Brown's signature pop-rock, lyrical flair creates a world in which characters are not literally connected, but undergo a developmental arc nonetheless.

She Cries, performed by Man 2, chronicles the power the woman he loves holds over him. He describes the push and pull of his desire to remain free from commitment while simultaneously being unable to escape the affections of his lover. Ultimately, when "she cries," he feels most powerless and realizes that he wants to stay with her forever.

She Cries
From *Songs for a New World*
Lyrics by Jason Robert Brown

There's a couple of things I've learned
On the many roads I've taken
Flames are not what get you burned-
It's the cold and the ice
Here's a piece of advice

That I got from a little bird:
The flames can get you stirred-
It's the cold that leaves you shaken

I don't like to philosophize
I just want to tell a story
Always leave when a woman cries
Never look in a woman's eyes
You'll get stuck with a high and rising fever-
And then you can't leave her
Please, don't wait man-
It's almost too late man...

She cries and you want to hold her
She lies and you want to run away
But just give her a minute
I promise you're in it to stay
She smiles and you'll stay forever
She screams, well, that's the price you pay
But there's no one can make you
Forget how you feel
For all she can take
You've got more there to steal
So you don't mind a bit of, um, surprise
And she cries

I don't like to admit I'm wrong
I believe in guts and glory
But it's time I should change my song-
I've been here just a bit too long
Always thought I was much too strong for hating
And still I keep waiting...
And while I'm resolving
That door keeps revolving

She cries and you want to hold her
She lies and you're half way out the door
But you never can do it
She'll make you go through it once more
She smiles and you'll stay forever
She sings- oh, she's got you now for sure
And each time that you swear
That you will not give in
She'll throw you a stare
That'll show you can't win

It's amazing how hard each man tries
But she cries

All of a sudden, you fall for her charms
You promise you'll stop all her tears
All of sudden, she's back in your arms
And the walls start closing
And blocking out the light
And changing all your dreams
And right before your eyes
She cries, and I don't know the answer!
She spies, and there's no place I can hide
When I look in the mirror
There's nothing but fear here inside
I run, and still she is right behind me
I fall- the chasm is too wide
So I'm stuck in this world of her magic mystique
Where I'll never be more than her toy of the week
But each time I prepare my goodbyes
Well, she catches me looking-
And she opens the floodgates-

And...she cries

Lucy Simon (b. 1943) began her musical career singing folk songs with her sister, Carol Simon. Born to a musical family in the Bronx, Simon recorded two albums as a solo artist and won a Grammy in the Best Recording for Children category for her second album, *In Harmony/A Sesame Street Record*. Simon made her Broadway debut with the 1991 musical ***The Secret Garden***, which she composed with playwright Marsha Norman. The show received seven Tony nominations, winning three and receiving critical acclaim. The story is set in the early 20th century. Mary Lennox, a ten-year-old British girl, is raised in the British Raj. When a cholera outbreak leaves her orphaned, she is sent to live in Yorkshire, England with relatives she has never met. There, her character blossoms as she and a young gardener bring life a neglected garden, as well as her sickly cousin and uncle.

Lily's Eyes is a duet between Mary's uncle, Archibald Craven, and his brother, Neville. Both characters are struck by how Mary's eyes resemble those of her late Aunt Lily, to whom Archibald was married, and with whom Neville, unbeknownst to Archibald, was secretly in love. Through Mary's eyes, Archibald is brought back to thoughts of his life with Lily, whereas Neville expresses his continued jealousy for the woman "who loved my brother, never me."

Lily's Eyes
from *The Secret Garden*
Lyrics by Marsha Norman

[NEVILLE]

Strangely quiet, but now the storm
Simply rests to strike again
Standing, waiting, I think of her
I think of her.

[ARCHIBALD]

Strange, this Mary, she leaves the room
Yet remains, she lingers on
Something stirs me to think of her
I think of her.

[NEVILLE]

From death she casts her spell
All night we hear her sighs
And now a girl has come
Who has her eyes.
She has her eyes.
The girl has Lily's hazel eyes.
Those eyes that saw him happy long ago.
Those eyes that gave him life
And hope he'd never known
How can he see the girl
And miss those hazel eyes?

[ARCHIBALD]

She has her eyes
The girl has Lily's hazel eyes.
Those eyes that closed and left me all alone.
Those eyes I feel will never ever let me go.
How can I see this girl who has her hazel eyes?
In Lily's eyes a castle
This house seemed to be.
And I, her bravest knight became
My lady fair was she.

[NEVILLE]

She has her eyes.
She has my Lily's hazel eyes.
Those eyes that loved my brother, never me.
Those eyes that never saw me.

Never knew I longed
To hold her close,
To live at last in Lily's Eyes.

[ARCHIBALD]

Imagine me, a lover...

[NEVILLE]

I longed for the day
She'd turn and see me standing there.

[ARCHIBALD AND NEVILLE]

Would God had let her stay.

[NEVILLE]

She has her eyes.
She has Lily's hazel eyes.
Those eyes that first I loved so.
How can I now forget that I dared
To be in love alive and whole
In Lily's eyes
In Lily's eyes.

[ARCHIBALD]

She has her eyes
My Lily's hazel eyes.
Those eyes that saw me
Happy long ago.
How can I now forget that once I dared
To be in love alive and whole
In Lily's eyes
In Lily's eyes.

UPCOMING SCHOOL OF MUSIC EVENTS

All events are free unless noted otherwise.

Wednesday, April 17

The Noon Recital Series

Short Performances by Puget Sound students
Schneebeck Concert Hall, noon

Thursday, April 18

Symphony Orchestra

Anna Wittstruck, conductor
Schneebeck Concert Hall, 7:30 p.m.

Friday, April 26

Wind Ensemble/Concert Band

Gerard Morris and Robert Rink, conductors
Schneebeck Concert Hall, 7:30 p.m.

Saturday, April 27

A Celebration of African-American Choral Music

Tony Leach, guest conductor
Kilworth Memorial Chapel, 7:30 p.m.

Sunday, April 28

Puget Sound Concerto Orchestra

Taylor Gonzales '17, conductor
Savannah Schaumburg '20, assistant conductor
Schneebeck Concert Hall, 2 p.m.

Monday and Tuesday, April 29-30

Chamber Music Concerts I and II

Alistair MacRae, director
Schneebeck Concert Hall, 7:30 p.m.

All listings are subject to change. For the most current information about upcoming arts events and lectures, visit pugetsound.edu/arts.

Puget Sound is committed to being accessible to all people. If you have questions about event accessibility, please contact 253.879.3931 or accessibility@pugetsound.edu, or visit pugetsound.edu/accessibility.

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.

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Community Music, a division of the School of Music, welcomes people of all ages and skill levels to be part of our campus community through music.

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