



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

SENIOR RECITAL  
JOHN LAMPUS '15, BARITONE  
DENES VAN PARYS, PIANO

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

"Et In Spiritum Sanctum" ..... Johann Sebastian Bach  
from *Mass in B Minor* (BMV 232) (1685–1750)

Bronwyn Hagerty, cello

"Papagena, Papagena, Papagena!" ..... Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
from *Die Zauberflöte* (1756–1791)

From *Sechs Gesänge*, Opus 154 ..... Louis Spohr (1784–1859)  
Abendfeier  
Jagdlied  
Der Erbkönig  
Der Spielmann und seine Geige

Clara Fuhrman, violin

**INTERMISSION**

From *Recueil de mélodies* ..... Emmanuel Chabrier (1841–1894)  
Villanelle des petits canards  
Les Cigales  
Ballade de gros dindons

From *Songs of Travel* ..... Ralph Vaughn Williams (1872–1958)  
Let Beauty Awake  
Youth and Love  
Whither Must I Wander  
I Have Trod the Upward and the Downward Slope

***A reception will follow the recital in School of Music, Room 114.***

## **PERFORMER**

**JOHN LAMPUS '15, baritone**, is a vocal performance major and studies with Dawn Padula. John played the Gouveneur in the 2015 Opera Theater Production of Rossini's *Le Comte Ory*, the Police Sergeant in the 2012 production of *The Pirates of Penzance* (Gilbert and Sullivan), as well as 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 2014 Opera Scenes production. He serves as the bass section leader for the Adelphian Concert Choir, sings in Voci d'Amici, and assists Dr. Edmund Hughes in Chorale. John is the founder and president of Timbermen A Cappella Quartet, president of the university's Collegiate Washington Music Educators Association Chapter, and a member of the Music Student Advisory Committee. He has twice served proudly as the music chair of the Washington Gamma Chapter of Sigma Alpha Epsilon. John will be staying on campus for fall semester to complete requirements in music education and plans to pursue a masters in choral conducting degree in fall 2016.

## **GUEST PERFORMERS**

**BRONWYN HAGERTY '15**, student of David Requiro and Meta Weiss, is majoring in cello performance.

**CLARA FUHRMAN '16**, student of Maria Sampen, is majoring in violin performance.

## **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**

First, I would like to thank everyone for coming to my senior recital. Thank you to Dr. Padula for your constant guidance and unwavering encouragement in helping me grow into the performer I am today; to Dr. Zopfi for being an invaluable choral inspiration before I even came to Puget Sound; to Denes Van Parys for being a passionate teacher and friend; and to Debbie Sanders, Jacob Herbert, and Dr. Tuomi, for helping me grow my musical passion during my high school years. Thank you to Alexander, Adrian, Charlie, Brandon, Tim, Michael, Shannon, Christy, Stephani, Jordan, Aubrey, Meredith, Will, Ryan, Nick, Bartie, and Parker for being my best friends. Thank you to SAE for allowing me to thrive among a group of men never content with mediocrity, and to my big fat Greek family for their loving support.

## 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 adaptation 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.

A complete setting of the Latin Mass Ordinary, Bach's **Mass in B Minor** was completed the year before his death and is comprised primarily of vocal music Bach had completed earlier in his career, albeit extensively revised. It has been continually praised as one of the greatest compositions in musical history. "**Et In Spiritum Sanctum**" is the seventh movement of the Credo and originally used wind instruments to represent the idea of the Holy Spirit as breath and wind.

### "Et in Spiritum Sanctum"

Et in Spiritum Sanctum,  
Dominum et vivificantem,  
Qui ex Patre Filioque procedit.

Qui cum Patre,  
et Filio simul adoratur et conglorificatur,  
Qui locutus est per Prophetas.

And in the Holy Spirit,  
the Lord and Giver of life,  
Who proceeds from the Father and the  
Son.

Who together with the Father  
and the Son is adored and glorified,  
And who spoke through the prophets.

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, 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 written in two acts by 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. In the last of his arias, Papageno the bird catcher despairs at having lost his beloved "little dove," Papagena, and contemplates suicide.

### "Papagena, Papagena, Papagena!" from *Die Zauberflöte*

Papagena! Papagena! Papagena!  
Weibchen! Täubchen! meine Schöne!

Vergebens! Ach sie ist verloren!  
Ich bin zum Unglück schon geboren!  
Ich lauderte, - und das war schlecht,  
Und drum geschieht es mir schon recht.  
Seit ich gekostet diesen Wein,

Papagena! Papagena! Papagena!  
Little wife! Hopeful dove! My beautiful  
one!

In vain! Ah! She is lost!  
I was born for misfortune!  
I chattered, - and that was bad,  
And therefore it serves me right.  
Since I tasted this wine,

Seit ich das schöne Weibchen sa,  
So brennts im Herzenskämmerlein,

So zwickt es hier, so zwickt es da.  
Papagena! Herzenstäubchen! Papagena!  
Papagena! Lebes Täubchen! Papagena!

'S ist umsonst! Es ist vergebens'  
Müde bin ich meines Lebens!  
Sterben macht der Lieb' ein  
Wenns im Herzen noch so brennt.

Diesen Baum da will ich zieren,  
Mir an ihm den Hals zuschnüren,  
Weil das Leben mir missfällt.  
Gute Nacht, du schwarze Welt!  
Weil du böse an mir handelst,  
Mir kein schönes Kind zubandelst,  
So ists aus, so sterbe ich,  
Schöne Mädchen, denkt an mich.

Will sich eine um mich Armen,  
Eh' ich hänge, noch erbarmen, Ere  
Wohl, so lass ich's diesmal sein!  
Rufet nur - ja, oder nein!  
Keine hört mich; alles stille!  
Also ist es euer Wille?  
Papagena, frisch hinauf! Ende deinen  
Lebenslauf.

Nun ich warte noch; es sei!  
Bis man zählt: Eins, zwei, drei!  
Nun wohl an, es bleibt da bei.  
Weil mich nichts zurücke hält,  
Gute Nacht, du falsche Welt!

Since I saw that beautiful little woman,  
It burns in the little chamber of my  
heart,  
So it tweaks here, so it tweaks there.  
My heart's little wife!  
Dear little dove!

It's all for nothing! It is in vain  
I'm tired of my life  
End Dying will make an end to love  
When it burns so in my heart.

That tree there I want to adorn,  
By tying my neck to it,  
Because life displeases me.  
Good night, you false world!  
Because you handled me wickedly,  
For me no beautiful children,  
So it's over, so I die  
Beautiful girls, think of me.

If any of them for me,  
I hang, have some compassion,  
I could actually let it all drop!  
Just call - yes, or no?  
No one hears me; all is still!  
So it is your will?  
Papagena, get going! Finish the run of  
your life

Now I will wait; may it be!  
Until one counts: One, two, three!  
Well on with it then, It will happen.  
Because nothing holds me back,  
Good night, you false world!

The inventor of both the violin chinrest and the orchestra rehearsal mark, violinist and composer **Louis Spohr** (1784–1859) was well regarded during his time as his music marked a critical position between Classicism and Romanticism. While his music fell into obscurity following his death, his works experienced a widespread revival throughout Europe in the late 20th century allowing his symphonies, operas, and chamber pieces to grace modern ears.

**Abendfeier** describes the singer taking delight in nature and realizes the greatness of God by directly experiencing His uncorrupted creations.

### **Abendfeier**

Leise schleich' ich mich am Abend  
In die Laube von Jasmin,  
Wenn die lauen Lüfte labend

In the evening I steal softly  
in the foliage of the jasmine,  
as the warm breezes refreshingly

Durch die grünen Blätter zieh'n.

through the green leaves moves.

Wenn der Mond in Silberhelle  
Sich dort spiegelt in der Flut,  
Plätschernd kräuselt sich die Welle,  
Und die ganze Schöpfung ruht.

When the moon in silvery brightness  
is mirrored in the waters,  
the waves ripple and splash,  
and all of creation rests.

Horch dem Lied der Philomele,  
o wie ist mir da so wohl,  
wie ist dann die ganze Seele  
mir von hoher Andacht voll!

I listen to the nightingales' song,  
Which is so pleasing to my senses,  
And into my mood falls  
Some melancholy because I exist!

Und es schweift mein Blick nach oben  
Zum besternten Himmelszelt;  
Meinen Schöpfer muss ich loben,  
Groß und schön ist Gottes Welt!

And my gaze turns upwards  
to the starry firmament;  
I will praise my creator,  
for great and beautiful is his world!

**Jagdlied**, literally "Hunting Song," is an energetic, uproarious tune that describes a group of jubilant men thrilled by the idea of hunting their prey and enjoying the beautiful nature surrounding them. The latter idea links this piece with *Abendfeier* even though *Jagdlied* employs a much more bombastic and gruff approach.

### **Jagdlied**

Seht ihr's dort funkeln in rosiger Pracht!

Do you see it sparkle there in ruddy  
splendor?

Es glänzet das Frührot so milde;

The rosy sunrise gently brightens the  
sky;

Auf, Brüder! munter! Diana lacht,  
Schon lebt's im Hain, im Gefilde.

Up, brothers! Diana laughs,  
Already the grove and field are alive.

Nicht länger gefrönet der schläfrigen Ruh,  
Die Jagd beut schönere Stunden,  
Wir eilen dem schattigen Walde zu,  
Umklafft von munteren Hunden.

In fetters of slumber no longer then lie,  
The hunt offers more beautiful hours,  
We hurry to the shady woods,  
Accompanied by baying hounds.

Schön schmeckt es im Grünen bei fröhlicher  
Rast,  
Viel besser als heim der Klause,  
Die schattige Eiche wird unser Palast,  
Und Frohsinn herrschet beim Schmause.

Our meal tastes good in the open as we  
take a cheerful rest,  
Much better than within four walls,  
The powerful oaks are our palace,  
And gladness crowns our carouses.

Uns spendet die Quelle den labenden Trank,

The brooklet will cool us with crystalline  
flood,

Es rufen die schallenden Hörner,  
Wir winden uns mutig zum buschigen Hang,

The horns call in chorus,  
We'll win to our rest through the maze  
of the wood,

Durch Brombeer, Ranken und Dörner.

Through mulberry, tendrils and briar.

Dort zeigt sich der Eber, der Hirsch mit  
Geweih,

There we will find the boar and the stag,

Und lauschet an rieselnder Quelle,  
Doch krachend trifft sie das tötende Blei,  
Stark schweissend blümt sich die Stelle.

As they near the bubbling spring,  
But the deadly lead hits them with a  
bang,  
Strong the animal lies on the spot.

Viel Freuden beut uns die herrliche Jagd,  
Sie macht uns so rüstig, so munter,  
Am Abend ist lustiges Waidwerk vollbracht,  
Froh geht's zur Heimat hinunter.

What joy the chase to its votaries leads,  
It makes us right lusty and cheery,  
By evening the hunt is over,  
Happily we head down towards home.

**Der Erbkönig** began as a poem by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe that depicts the death of a young boy by a supernatural being, the Elfking. The text has been employed by a multitude of classical composers for Lieder, the most famous of which is Schubert's energetically terrifying composition for tenor voice and piano. Spohr's composition is a bit more reserved and timid, putting the sense of terror and horror in the voice rather than the instrumentation.

### Der Erbkönig

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?

Who rides, so late, through night and  
wind?

Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;  
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,  
Er faßt ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

It is the father with his child.  
He has the boy well in his arm  
He holds him safely, he keeps him  
warm.

"Mein Sohn, was birgst du so schon dein  
Gesicht?"

"My son, why do you hide your face in  
fear?"

"Siehst, Vater, du den Erbkönig nicht?  
Den Erbkönig mit Kron und Schweif?"

"Father, do you not see the Elfking?  
"The Elfking with crown and cape?"

"Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif."

"My son, it's a streak of fog."

"Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!  
Gar schöne Spiele spiel' ich mit dir;  
Manch' bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand,  
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand.  
"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,

"You dear child, come, go with me!  
Very beautiful games I play with you;  
many a colourful flower is on the beach,  
" My mother has many a golden robe."  
"My father, my father, and hearest you  
not,

Was Erbkönig mir leise verspricht?"  
"Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind;  
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind.

What the Elfking quietly promises me?"  
"Be calm, stay calm, my child;  
"Through scrawny leaves the wind is  
sighing."

"Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?  
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;  
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn,  
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein.

"Do you, fine boy, want to go with me?  
My daughters shall wait on you finely;  
My daughters lead the nightly dance,  
" And rock and dance and sing to bring  
you in."

"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht?"

"My father, my father, and don't you see  
there

Dort Erbkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?

"The Elfking's daughters in the gloomy  
place?"

"Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh' es genau: "My son, my son, I see it clearly:  
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau." There shimmer the old willows so grey."

"Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne "I love you, your beautiful form entices  
Gestalt; me;  
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch' ich Gewalt." And if you're not willing, then I will  
use force."

"Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt faßt er mich an! "My father, my father, he's touching me  
now!  
Erkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!" The Elfking has done me harm!"

Dem Vater grauset, er reitet geschwind, It horrifies the father; he swiftly rides on,  
Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind, He holds the moaning child in his arms,  
Erreicht den Hof mit Müh' und Not; Reaches the farm with great difficulty;  
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot. In his arms, the child was dead.

**Der Spielmann und seine Geige** describes the singer's torturous descent into madness as he deals with the abandonment of his beloved. While the piece stays in the minor mode almost exclusively, the final section switches to major to reflect that the torture has ended and that the singer has found solace by embracing insanity. Insanity serves the singer's emergency exit.

### **Der Spielmann und seine Geige**

Vor Gottes Aug', dem Abendrot, Before God's eye, in the sunset,  
Gab sie mir Ring und Schwur; Gave she to me ring and vow,  
Der Ring zersprang, die Treu' ist tot, the ring is shattered, the fidelity is dead,  
Mir blieb die Sehnsucht nur. And I am left only with longing,

Ein Stutzer lockte schmückt und leicht A dandy lured impudently and lightly  
Mit süßem Flitterton; With a sweet, flippant tone;  
Sie folgte, lächelnd ward gereicht She followed him and smilingly gave away  
Mein brechend' Herz zum Lohn. My broken heart as a reward.

Durch schwarz' Gewölk die Sonne blinkt! Through black cloud the sun peers!  
Freud' steht mit Leid im Bund; Joy stands with sorrow in partnership;  
Mein Gram lebt ewig, nimmer sinkt, My grief lives eternally, never sinks,  
Sein Thron am bleichen Mund. Its throne on the pale mouth.

Lös', Geige, der Dämonen Schar, Set loose, fiddle, the demon hoard,  
Es winkt mein Zauberstab, It flashes my magic bow,  
Stürm, Wahnsinn, dunkles Schlangenhaar, Storm, madness, dark snake-hair,  
Sei meiner Leiden Grab! Be my sorrow's grave!

Doch leise, Äolsharfen gleich, But softly, like an Aeolian harp,  
Besänftigt sie mein Herz, it calms my heart,  
Ihr Seelenklang, an Balsam reich, you soulful sound, a balsam rich,  
Stillt meinen tiefen Schmerz. Stills my deep pain.

**Alexis Emmanuel Chabrier** (1841–1894) was a French Romantic composer known primarily for his orchestral work who also left behind a stunning repertoire of operas, songs, and piano music. In addition to being associated with some of the nation's most prestigious writers and painters, a wide range of composers considered some of his best work the beginning of modern French music.

**Villanelle des petits canards** is an upbeat Chabrier tune that challenges the performer to properly sing the French language in the appropriate legato feel over an incredibly staccato piano accompaniment. Similar to the other two songs in the set, this one describes the narrator's fascination with tiny ducks and their unwittingly charming nature.

### **Villanelle des petits canards**

Ils vont, les petits canards,  
Tout au bord de la rivière,  
Comme de bons campagnards!  
Barboteurs et frétilleurs,  
Heureux de troubler l'eau claire,  
Ils vont, les petits canards.

They go, the little ducks,  
All at the riverside,  
Like good country folk!  
Paddlers and wrigglers,  
Happy to trouble the clear water,  
They go, the little ducks,

Ils semblent un peu jobards,  
Mais ils sont à leur affaire,  
Comme de bons campagnards.

They seem a bit silly,  
But they are at their business,  
Like good country folk!

Dans l'eau pleine de têtards,  
Où tremble une herbe légère,  
Ils vont, les petits canards,

In the water full of tadpoles,  
Where light grass trembles,  
They go, the little ducks,

Marchant par groupes éparés,  
D'une allure régulière  
Comme de bons campagnards!

Marching in separate groups,  
In a regular pace  
Like good country folk!

Dans le beau vert d'épignards  
De l'humide cressonnière  
Ils vont, les petits canards,

In the pretty spinach green  
Of the humid cress-plot,  
They go, the little ducks,

Et quoiqu'un peu goguenards,  
Ils sont d'humeur débonnaire  
Comme de bons campagnards!

And what, then a bit of mocking,  
They are in a good-natured mood,  
Like good country folk!

Faisant, en cercles bavards,  
Un vrai bruit de pétaudière,  
Ils vont, les petits canards,

Making, in talkative circles,  
A true rucous of noise,  
They go, the little ducks,

Dodus, lustrés et gaillards,  
Ils sont gais à leur manière,  
Comme de bons campagnards!

Plump, glossy and energetic,  
They are merry with their manner,  
Like good country folk!

Amoureux et nasillards  
Chacun avec sa commère

Amorous and nasal,  
Each one with its hearsay,



Ils vont, les petits canards,  
Comme de bons campagnards!

They go, the little ducks,  
Like good country folk!

**Les Cigales** describes a Disney-like scenario where the narrator finds himself fascinated with the musicality and whimsical charm of small cicadas. The piano accompaniment acts as a stand-in for the cicadas with the dissonant staccato chords representing the insects' enchanting croons.

### Les Cigales

Le soleil est droit sur la sente,  
L'ombre bleuit sous les figuiers;  
Ces cris au loin multipliés,  
C'est midi, c'est midi qui chante.  
Sous l'astre qui conduit le chœur,  
Les chanteuses dissimulées is a chorus,  
Jettent leurs rauques ululées  
De quel infatigable cœur.

As the sun climbs higher and higher,  
patches of shade keep shrinking;  
and noise multiplies on every side:  
it is noon, summer noon is singing  
Directed by the blazing star  
who have rehearsed their parts,  
broadcasting a raucous cantata  
with resolute and tireless hearts

Les cigales, ces bestioles,  
Ont plus d'âme que les violes;  
Les cigales, les cigalons,  
Chantent mieux que les violons!

The cicadas, those tiny beasts,  
out-vibrato the loudest cellos.  
The cicadas, the cicadas,  
outperforms any violin!

S'en donnent-elles, les cigales,  
Sur les tas de poussière gris,  
Sous les oliviers rabougris  
Étoilés de fleurettes pâles.  
Et grises de chanter ainsi,  
Elles font leur musique folle;

They overdo it, the cicadas  
they indulgently wallow,  
in among the old olive-trees  
and the flowers of the dusty hollow.  
Enchanted with their power to sing,  
they press on with their crazy  
musicking.

Et toujours leur chanson s'envole  
Des touffes du gazon roussi!

Through the branches and browning  
grasses  
their unremitting song takes wing.

Aux rustres éparés dans le chaume,  
Le grand astre torrentiel,  
À larges flots, du haut du ciel,  
Verse le sommeil et son baume.  
Tout est mort, rien ne bruit  
Qu'elles, toujours, les forcenées,  
Entre les notes égrenées  
De quelque lointain angélus!

And since for the work-weary peasants  
the abundant sun of summer  
in ample waves from high above  
pours the magic potion of slumber.  
plus all is still, to mark this special hour  
except for these fanatics  
filling in the spaces between  
the chimes of the distant church tower!

**Ballade de gros dindons** serves as a slight contrast to the other pieces in this set in that the narrator doesn't consider the turkeys charming or cute but instead finds them somewhat foolish and mocks their shortcomings. The piece virtually does not deviate from the tune established in the first section aside from some various piano echoes and a change of harmony.

### **Ballade de gros dindons**

Les gros dindons, à travers champs,  
D'un pas solennel et tranquille,  
Par les matins, par les couchants,  
Bêtement marchent à la file,  
Devant la pastoure qui file,  
En fredonnant de vieux fredons,  
Vont en procession docile  
Les gros dindons!

Ils vous ont l'air de gros marchands,  
Remplis d'une morgue imbécile,  
De baillis rogues et méchants,  
Vous regardant d'un œil hostile;  
Leur rouge pendeloque oscille;  
Ils semblent, parmi les chardons,  
Gravement tenir un concile,  
Les gros dindons!

N'ayant jamais trouvé touchants,  
Les sons que le rossignol file,  
makes, Ils suivent, lourds et trébuchants,  
stumbling,  
L'un d'eux, digne comme un édile;  
Et, lorsqu'au lointain campanile,  
L'angélus fait ses lents din! dons!  
dong!" Ils regagnent leur domicile,  
Les gros dindons!  
Prud'hommes gras, leurs seuls penchants  
Sont vers le pratique et l'utile,  
Pour eux, l'amour et les doux chants,  
Sont un passe-temps trop futile;  
Bourgeois de la gent volatile,  
Arrondissant de noirs bedons,  
Ils se fichent de toute idylle,  
Les gros dindons!

The pump turkeys, across the fields,  
With steps solemn and tranquil,  
Every morning, every evening,  
Stupidly marching in a row,  
Before the shepherdess who spins,  
While humming old tunes,  
They go in a docile presentation  
The plump turkeys!

They look like wealthy merchants,  
Full of foolish arrogance,  
or haughty, spiteful magistrates  
Regarding you with a hostile eye,  
Their red pendants oscillate,  
They seem among the thistles,  
Gravely to hold council.  
The plump turkeys!

Having never been moved,  
By the sounds that the nightingale  
They follow, heavy and

One of them, dignified like an official;  
And when from the distant belfry,  
the Angelus makes its slow "ding!  
They return to their home,  
The plump turkeys!  
Pompous and fat, they are drawn only  
Toward the practical and the useful,  
for them, love and its sweet songs  
are a past-time to futile,  
bourgeois of the bird world,  
Rounded off with plump, black bellies,  
They care nothing at all for any love  
affair,  
The plump turkeys!

**Ralph Vaughn Williams** (1872–1958) was a prodigious English composer who wrote symphonies, opera, choral music, and even film scores. His music was known for its power and nobility, which subsequently helped define and represent the idea of "Englishness" in music.

***Songs of Travel*** is a song cycle of nine songs composed for baritone voice with texts from the Robert Louis Stevenson poetry collection of the same name. This set represented Vaughn Williams' first major attempt at songwriting that offers a British take on the typical wayfarer trope commonly seen in song cycles.

**Let Beauty Awake** features a legato yet burnished vocal line that soars over unending piano arabesques that hint at a French influence.

### **Let Beauty Awake**

Let Beauty awake in the morn from beautiful dreams,  
Beauty awake from rest!  
Let Beauty awake  
For Beauty's sake  
In the hour when the birds awake in the brake  
And the stars are bright in the west!

Let Beauty awake in the eve from the slumber of day,  
Awake in the crimson eve!  
In the day's dusk end  
When the shades ascend,  
Let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend,  
To render again and receive!

**Youth and Love** describes the traveler's pain as he departs from his lover while simultaneously revealing his inner excitement at his future travels, describing waterfalls, late adventures, and starry nights.

### **Youth and Love**

To the heart of youth the world is a highwayside.  
Passing for ever, he fares; and on either hand,  
Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,  
Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land  
Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.

Thick as stars at night when the moon is down,  
Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate  
Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,  
Cries but a wayside word to her at the garden gate,  
Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.

**Whither Must I Wander** is a strophic song that grew into one of Vaughan Williams' most recognizable tunes as the traveler's almost painful nostalgia is juxtaposed with the cycle of the seasons.

### **Whither Must I Wander**

Home no more home to me, whither must I wander?  
Hunger my driver, I go where I must.  
Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather;  
Thick drives the rain, and my roof is in the dust.  
Loved of wise men was the shade of my roof-tree.  
The true word of welcome was spoken in the door—  
Dear days of old, with the faces in the firelight,  
Kind folks of old, you come again no more.

Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces,  
Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child.  
Fire and the windows bright glittered on the moorland;  
Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild.

Now, when day dawns on the brow of the moorland,  
Lone stands the house, and the chimney-stone is cold.  
Lone let it stand, now the friends are all departed,  
The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of old.

Spring shall come, come again, calling up the moor-fowl,  
Spring shall bring the sun and rain, bring the bees and flowers;  
Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley,  
Soft flow the stream through the even-flowing hours;  
Fair the day shine as it shone on my childhood—  
Fair shine the day on the house with open door;  
Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney—  
But I go for ever and come again no more.

The ninth and final song of the cycle, **I Have Trod the Upward and the Downward Slope**, was published separately from the rest of the set when it was found by Vaughn Williams' wife, Urusla, shortly after his death. The song quotes multiple tunes from previous songs in the set and ends with the set's opening chords, which many have interpreted as the continuation of the traveler's never ending journey.

### **I Have Trod the Upward and the Downward Slope**

I have trod the upward and the downward slope;  
I have endured and done in days before;  
I have longed for all, and bid farewell to hope;  
And I have lived and loved, and closed the door.

Widely considered one of the greatest artists in American musical theater, **Stephen Sondheim**'s career has spanned 50 years. He has crafted gems such as *Sunday in the Park with George*, *Sweeney Todd*, *Company*, *Follies*, and *A Little Night Music*.

**Being Alive** appears at the end of *Company*'s second act sung by the show's main character, Robert, as he contemplates taking a chance at falling in love.

### **Being Alive**

Someone to hold you too close  
Someone to hurt you too deep  
Someone to sit in your chair  
And ruin your sleep  
And make you aware of being alive  
Make me alive, make me confused  
Mock me with praise, let me be used  
Vary my days, but alone is alone,  
not alive.  
Somebody hold me too close  
Somebody force me to care  
Somebody make me come through  
I'll always be there  
As frightened as you of being alive  
Being alive, being alive  
Make me alive, make me confused

Mock me with praise, let me be used  
Vary my days, but alone is alone,  
not alive  
Somebody crowd me with love  
Somebody force me to care  
Somebody let me come through  
I'll always be there  
As frightened as you to help us survive  
Being alive!

## UPCOMING ARTS AND LECTURES

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

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### All events free unless noted otherwise

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

### Sunday, April 26

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

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

**Monday, April 27, 7:30 p.m.** Junior Recital: Larissa Freier, violin, Schneebeck Concert Hall.

### MAY

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

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

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

**Friday, May 1, 7:30 p.m.** Saturday, May 2, 2 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. Theater: *Macbeth* by William Shakespeare, Andrew Lutfala '15, director, Loring Brock '15, dramaturg, Senior Theatre Festival 2015, Norton Clapp Theatre, Jones Hall. Tickets: \$8 general; \$6 sr. citizen, military, student, PS faculty/staff/student, available at Wheelock Student Center, 253.879.3100, and online at [tickets.pugetsound.edu](http://tickets.pugetsound.edu), and at the door.

### Saturday, May 2

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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