



School of Music

JOINT RECITAL

LAUREN PARK '16, SOPRANO MICHAEL STAHL '17, BARITONE

JINSHIL YI '15, PIANO

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 2016

SCHNEEBECK CONCERT HALL

7:30 P.M.

- Selections from *Dichterliebe* Robert Schumann
I. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai (1810–1856)
II. Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
III. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
IV. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh
V. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
VI. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
VII. Ich grolle nicht

Michael Stahl, baritone

- Drei Lieder der Ophelia*, Opus 67 Richard Strauss
I. Wie erkenn' ich mein Treulieb for andern nun? (1864–1949)
II. Guten Morgen, 's ist Sankt Valentinstag
III. Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß

Lauren Park, soprano

- Banalités* Francis Poulenc
I. Chanson d'Orkenise (1899–1963)
II. Hôtel
III. Fagnes des Wallonie
IV. Voyage à Paris
V. Sanglots

Michael Stahl, baritone

Aimons-nous Camille Saint-Saëns
"Le bonheur est chose légère"
from *Le timbre d'argent*
L'attente

Lauren Park, soprano

"When the Air Sings of Summer" Gian Carlo Menotti
from *The Old Maid and the Thief*
(1911–2007)

Michael Stahl, baritone

"Steal Me, Sweet Thief" Gian Carlo Menotti
from *The Old Maid and the Thief*

Lauren Park, soprano

Selections from *Songs of Travel*. Ralph Vaughan Williams
II. Let Beauty Awake (1872–1958)
IV. Youth And Love
VII. Whither Must I Wander?

Michael Stahl, baritone

Cantata John Daniels Carter
Prelude (1932–1981)
Rondo (Peter go ring dem bells)
Recitative (Sometimes I feel like a motherless child)
Air (Let us break bread together)
Toccata (Ride on King Jesus)

Lauren Park, soprano

The Song that Goes Like This Eric Idle
from *Spamalot* b. 1943

Lauren Park, soprano
Michael Stahl, baritone

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

VOCALISTS

LAUREN PARK '16, from Redmond, Wash., is pursuing a major in psychology with minors in music and religion. A voice student of Dawn Padula, she has performed the role of Isolier in Puget Sound's production of Gioachino Rossini's *Le Comte Ory*, as well as various roles in the Opera Scenes program. She currently performs with the Adelphian Concert Choir and the a cappella group What She Said, of which she serves as president. Lauren will be attending graduate school in the fall to pursue a Ph.D. industrial organizational psychology.

MICHAEL STAHL '17, baritone, is a voice student of Dawn Padula majoring in music with minors in mathematics and psychology. He recently performed the role of Mark in *RENT*, a co-production of the School of Music and Theatre Arts department. Last spring he played Raimbaud in the Opera Theatre's production of Gioacchino Rossini's *Le Comte Ory*. Michael sings in the Adelphian Concert Choir and the chamber group, Voci d'Amici. He is president and director of Garden Level, a tenor-bass a cappella group on the Puget Sound campus. Additionally he is co-president of Curtain Call, the school's musical theatre performing club. Michael spends his free time tutoring music theory and petting cats.

PIANIST

JINSHIL YI '15, holds three bachelor's degrees from University of Puget Sound in biochemistry, politics and government, and music, with a minor in mathematics. An avid collaborative pianist, Jinshil currently works as a staff accompanist at Puget Sound, and is in high demand for performances in the Tacoma-Seattle area. She is pianist and organist for several churches in her community. In addition Jinshil loves empowering and encouraging others to reach their fullest potential through her work as a freelance academic tutor, piano teacher, editor, and Korean-English interpreter.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Lauren: I am forever grateful to Dr. Padula for being a mentor and friend these past four years; always encouraging me to strive for excellence and celebrating my accomplishments, big or small. Thanks to all of my music instructors, past and present, including Steven Zopfi, Denes Van Parys, and Cherry van Overstraeten, as well as so many others. Michael, I am always in awe of your talent, and I am so happy to share this experience with you. I would also like to thank Jinshil Yi for her support and enthusiasm throughout this process. To my What She Said loves, thank you for sharing your music with me and inspiring me endlessly. To my friends, thank you for making Puget Sound a home and a family. Finally, thanks to Wyatt and my family for their unconditional love and encouragement—for you, I will always sing.

Michael: I wouldn't be where I am today without the unconditional support from my parents and my sister. Thank you for everything you have given me throughout my life. I would like to thank Dr. Padula for being a fantastic teacher, mentor, and inspiration for me in my time here, thus far. I also would like to thank Steven Zopfi, Rob Hutchinson, the School of Music, and Jill Denny for encouraging and supporting me as I have journeyed through the world of music. Jinshil, thank you for being a spectacular accompanist and an even better friend. To the members of Garden Level,

you all have a special place in my heart. Lauren, thank you for being a fantastic recital partner. Last, I would like to thank my friends for filling my life with joy and laughter; I truly cherish every one of you.

PROGRAM NOTES

Compiled by Michael Stahl and Lauren Park

Robert Schumann (1810–1856) is one of the most famous German composers from the Romantic era of music. He wrote exclusively for piano until he married Clara Schumann in 1840, when he turned to write many songs for voice and piano, including *Dichterliebe*. Schumann's style is recognized by the pieces expressing precise moments and their moods, which is unique to the romantic period. He had a tremendous output of pieces throughout his life, though his most successful works were centered around the piano, as that was his most familiar instrument. He died at the age of 46 after a slow failure of the nervous system. His life and compositions were influential to many late-romantic composers, such as Brahms, and are still relevant and thoroughly enjoyed today.

Dichterliebe, or *A Poet's Love*, was composed in 1840, with text by Heinrich Heine. It was written right after Robert and Clara had married, and is the most well-known song cycle by Schumann. Schumann mirrors the hypersensitive poetic affections in his music. The cycle centers on the narrator dreaming about love and spring, but in the end he wakes up and is forced to face the cold, dark reality.

I. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
als alle Knospen sprangen,
da ist in meinem Herzen
die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
als alle Vögel sangen,
da hab' ich ihr gestanden
mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

In the wonderfully fair month of May,
as all the flower-buds burst,
then in my heart
love arose.

In the wonderfully fair month of May,
as all the birds were singing,
then I confessed to her
my yearning and longing.

II. Aus meinen Tränen sprießen

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
viel blühende Blumen hervor,
und meine Seufzer werden
ein Nachtigallenchor,
und wenn du mich lieb hast,
Kindchen, schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
das Lied der Nachtigall.

From my tears spring
many blooming flowers forth,
and my sighs become
a nightingale choir,
and if you have love for me, child,
I'll give you all the flowers,
and before your window shall sound
the song of the nightingale.

III. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
die lieb't' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;
sie selber, aller Liebe Bronne, she herself,
ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,
I once loved them all in love's bliss.
I love them no more, I love only
the small, the fine, the pure, the one;
source of all love,
is rose and lily and dove and sun.

IV. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
so schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh!
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
so werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.

Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust,
doch wenn du sprichst: Ich liebe dich!
so muß ich weinen bitterlich.

V. Ich will meine Seele tauchen

Ich will meine Seele tauchen
in den Kelch der Lilie hinein;
die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.
Das Lied soll schauern und beben,
wie der Kuß von ihrem Mund',
den sie mir einst gegeben
in wunderbar süßer Stund'!

VI. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
da spiegelt sich in den
mit seinem großen
das große, heilige Köln.
Im Dom da steht ein Bildniß
auf goldenem Leder gemalt.
In meines Lebens Wildniß
hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.
Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein
um unsre liebe Frau; die Augen,
die Lippen, die Wänglein,
die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

VII. Ich grolle nicht

Ich grolle nicht,
und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
ewig verlor'nes Lieb! Ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht,

das weiß ich längst.

Ich grolle nicht,
und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
Ich sah dich ja im Traume,
und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,
und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frißt,
and saw the serpent that feeds on your heart,

When I look into your eyes,
then vanish all my sorrow and pain!
Ah, but when I kiss your mouth,
then I will be wholly and completely
healthy.

When I lean on your breast,
I am overcome with heavenly delight,
Ah, but when you say, "I love you!"
Then I must weep bitterly.

I want to plunge my soul
into the chalice of the lily;
the lily shall resoundingly exhale
A song of my beloved.
The song shall quiver and tremble,
like the kiss from her mouth,
that she once gave me
in a wonderfully sweet hour!

In the Rhine, in the holy stream,
Well'n there is mirrored in the waves,
Dome with its great cathedral,
Great holy Cologne.
In the cathedral, there stands an image
On golden leather painted.
Into my life's wilderness
It has shined in amicably.
There hover flowers and little angels
around our beloved Lady,
the eyes, the lips, the little cheeks,
They match my beloved's exactly.

I bear no grudge,
even as my heart is breaking,
Eternally lost love! I bear no grudge.
Even though you shine in diamond
splendor,
there falls no light into your heart's
night,

That I've known for a long time.

I bear no grudge,
even as my heart is breaking,
I saw you, truly, in my dreams,
and saw the night in your heart's cavity,
and saw the serpent that feeds on your
heart,

ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist. I saw, my love, how very miserable you are.
Ich grolle nicht. I bear no grudge.

Richard Strauss (1864–1949) was a leading German Romantic composer of the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Influenced by both W.A. Mozart and Richard Wagner, his work is largely regarded as an indispensable feature of the standard repertoire. His power of musical description and ability to convey psychological detail was unrivaled in his time, becoming fully evident as he employed the opera orchestra and its dramatic power for the concert hall. Strauss's legacy rests in the subtleties of his orchestration and his advanced harmonic style, both of which influenced the composers who followed him.

Drei Lieder der Ophelia, Opus 67, was created in 1918, featuring Ludwig Seeger's German translation of William Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. The song set chronicles Ophelia's heartbreaking descent into madness after the trauma of losing the two people she loves the most. Her mind unravels, speaking in nursery rhymes, and Strauss masterfully captures this progression using warped melodies with moments of shining tonal beauty to reference Ophelia's sweet temperament.

Wie erkenn' ich mein Treulib for andern nun? describes Ophelia's insanity through her inability to distinguish between her lover and her father, having lost both of them simultaneously. Ophelia says she will recognize her lover by his "cockle shell hat, and staff, and sandal shoon," items revered by religious pilgrims, and later worn by adventuring young lovers. Ophelia returns to a moment of lucidity at the end of the song, characterized by the sudden melodic phrase that contrasts from the rest of the work.

Wie erkenn' ich mein Treulib for andern nun

Poetry by William Shakespeare

Wie erkenn' ich mein Treulib
for andern nun?

An dem Muschelhut und Stab
und den Sandalschuhn.

Er ist tot und lange hin,
tot und hin, Fräulein!

Ihm zu Häupten grünes Gras,
ihm zu Fuß ein Stein.

Oh! Auf seinem Bahrtuch,
weiß wie Schnee,

viel liebe Blumen trauern.

Sie geh'n zu Grabe naß, o weh!
vor Liebesschauern.

How will I know my true love from all
others now?

By his cockle shell hat and his staff
and his sandals.

He is dead and long gone,
dead and gone, my lady!

At his head green grass,
and at his foot a stone.

O, ho! Upon his shroud,
white as snow,

many lovely flowers mourn.

They enter the grave wet – oh, woe!—
from tears of love.

Guten Morgen, 's ist Sankt Valentinstag is Ophelia's profession of guilt. Having rejected her love for Hamlet due to her father and brother's poor impressions of him, she sings this song, which portrays her father's idea of the Prince and his dishonorable traits. Ophelia alludes here to her suicide by mentioning the feast of St. Valentine, as well as St. Nicholas and St. Charity, two other martyrs of the Christian faith.

Guten Morgen, 's ist Sankt Valentinstag

Poetry by William Shakespeare

Guten Morgen, 's ist Sankt Valentinstag,

so früh vor Sonnenschein.
Ich junge Maid am Fensterschlag
will Euer Valentin sein.
Der junge Mann tut Hosen an,
tät auf die Kammer tür,
ließ ein die Maid,
die als Maid ging nimmermehr herfür.
Bei Sankt Niklas und Charitas!
ein unverschämt Geschlecht!
Ein junger Mann tut's, wenn er kann,
furwahr, das ist nicht recht. surely,
Sie sprach: Eh Ihr gescherzt mit mir,
verspricht Ihr mich zu frei'n.
Ich bräch's auch nicht

beim Sonnenlicht,]
Wärst du nicht kommen herein.

Good morning, it is Saint Valentine's
Day,

so early before sunlight.
I, a young maid knocking at the window,
want to be your valentine.
The young man put on his pants,
opened the chamber door,
let in the maid,
who left never to be a maid again.
By Saint Nicholas and Saint Charity!
an insolent gender!
A young man does it when he can,
this is not right.
She said: "Before you fooled me,
you promised to marry me."
[He said:] "I would not have broken [the
vow
in the morning's light,
Had you not come here."

Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß begins with a slow, mumbling melody from the piano, an artful allusion to the creek in which Ophelia commits suicide. As in Strauss's first song, Ophelia continues to confuse her lost father and Hamlet, now believing them both to be dead. Believing she will never see her father or lover again, she finalizes her decision to kill herself, and prays for their souls as she becomes at peace with her decision.

Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß

Poetry by William Shakespeare

Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß
leider, ach leider, den Liebsten!
Manche Träne fiel in des Grabes Schoß
fahr wohl, fahr wohl, meine Taube!
Mein junger frischer Hansel ist's,
der mir gefällt...
und kommt er nimmermehr?
Er ist tot, oh weh!
In dein Tottbett geh,
er kommt dir nimmermehr.
Sein Bart war weiß wie Schnee,
sein Haupt wie Flachs dazu.
Er is hin, er ist hin,
kein Trauern bringt Gewinn:
Mit seiner Seele Ruh
und mit allen Christenseelen!
Darum bet ich! Gott sei mit euch!

They carried him on the bare stretcher,
unfortunately, alas, my beloved!
Many tears fell into the grave's lap
Farewell, farewell, my dove!
It's my young, fresh Hansel,
who pleases me...
and he will never come back?
He is dead, oh woe!
Go to your deathbed,
he comes to you nevermore.
His beard was white as snow,
his head flaxen.
He is gone, he is gone,
no mourning will bring happiness:
Peace be with his soul
and with all Christian souls!
Therefore I pray: God be with you!

Francis Poulenc (1899–1963) is a 20th century French composer with a notable style. His music is commonly diatonic, and he had a gift for writing melodies both instrumentally and vocally. He produced both serious and non-serious music in a variety of styles. Poulenc wrote music for piano, choirs, chamber groups, opera, and voice. He was part of *Les Six*, a group of six famous French composers who worked in Montparnasse, Paris. Although he is often seen as unprogressive, Poulenc has had massive influence on 20th century music, specifically in the neoclassic genre.

Guillaume Apollinaire (1880–1918) was a French poet, playwright, short story writer, novelist, and art critic who coined the term Cubism and was a forefather of Surrealism. He helped shape the direction of French literature in the 20th century. He wrote plays, poetry, and other works of fiction in his life. Poulenc uses five of Apollinaire's poems in ***Banalités***.

Poulenc loved Apollinaire's texts and had planned to set them for some time before the ***Banalités*** was composed. He attempted to set each piece of text in a way that both honors and illuminates the poems as they originally were. Each piece has a contrasting mood that collectively reflects the artistic ideals of the early to mid-20th century.

Chanson d'Orkenise incorporates a proto-realist scene that tells a folk-like tale of guards standing at the gates of the town Orkenise, while watching people enter and exit with varying degrees of love in their lives.

I. Chanson d'Orkenise

Par les portes d'Orkenise
Veut entrer un charretier.
Par les portes d'Orkenise
Veut sortir un va-nu-pieds.
Et les gardes de la ville
Courant sus au va-nu-pieds:
"Qu'empportes-tu de la ville?"
"J'y laisse mon coeur entier."
Et les gardes de la ville
Courant sus au charretier:
"Qu'apportes-tu dans la ville?"
"Mon coeur pour me marier."
Que de coeurs dans Orkenise!
Les gardes riaient, riaient,
Va-nu-pieds, la route est grise,
L'amour grise, ô charretier.
Les beaux gardes de la ville
Tricotaient superbement;
Puis les portes de la ville
Se fermèrent lentement.

Through the gates of Orkenise
a carter wants to enter.
Through the gates of Orkenise
A tramp wants to leave.
And the guards of the town,
rush up to the tramp and ask:
"What are you taking from the town?"
"I'm leaving my whole heart behind."
And the guards of the town,
rush up to the carter and ask:
"What are you bringing into the town?"
"My heart to get married"
What a lot of hearts in Orkenise!
The guards laughed and laughed
Oh tramp, the road is dreary;
Oh carter, love is dreary.
The handsome guards of the town
knitted superbly;
Then the gates of the town
Slowly swung shut.

Hôtel has an immensely appealing text that Poulenc took advantage of by writing with musical imagery. The scene involves a lazy person staring out a window on a lazy, hot day while complaining about life's problems.

II. Hôtel

Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage,
Le soleil passe son bras par la fenêtre.

Mais moi qui veux fumer pour faire des
mirages
J'allume au feu du jour ma cigarette.

Je ne veux pas travailler - je veux fumer.

My room has the form of a cage.
The sun reaches its arm in through the
window
But I want to smoke and make shapes
in the air
And so I light my cigarette on the sun's
fire.
I don't want to work, I want to smoke.

Fagnes des Wallonie is a sweepingly fierce melody that tells the story of a traveler exploring the many joys and pains of nature. It has the same duple feeling as *Chanson d'Orkenise*.

III. Fagnes des Wallonie

Tant de tristesses plénières Prirent
mon coeur aux fagnes désolées
Quand las j'ai reposé dans les sapinières
Le poids des kilomètres pendant que râlait
le vent d'ouest.

J'avais quitté le joli bois
Les écureuils y sont restés
Ma pipe essayait de faire des nuages
Au ciel, Qui restait pur obstinément.
Je n'ai confié aucun secret sinon une
énigmatique

Aux tourbières humides
Les bruyères fleurant le miel
Attiraient les abeilles
Et mes pieds endoloris
Foulaient les myrtilles et les airelles
Tendrement mariée, Nord, Nord
La vie s'y tord en arbres forts et tors.

La vie y mord la mort À belles dents

Quand bruit le vent

So much deep sadness
seized my heart on the desolate moors
when I sat down weary among the firs,
unloading the weight of the kilometers
While the west wind growled.
I had left the pretty woods.
The squirrels stayed there.
My pipe tried to make clouds of smoke
In the sky, which stubbornly stayed blue.
I murmured no secret except an chanson
enigmatic song
which I confided to the peat bog.
Smelling of honey, the heather
was attracting the bees,
and my aching feet
trod bilberries and whortleberries.
Tenderly she is married, North! North!
There life twists in trees that are strong
and gnarled.
There life bites bitter death with greedy
teeth,
when the wind blows.

Voyage à Paris is a delightfully silly "carnival-esque" piece that is melodically tuneful and harmonically clownish. The text had entertained Poulenc since he was a teenager, with its wistful simplicity.

IV. Voyage à Paris

Ah! la charmante chose
Quitter un pays morose
Pour Paris
Paris joli
Qu'un jour dût créer l'Amour.

Ah, how delightful it is
to leave a dismal place
and head for Paris!
Beautiful Paris,
Which one day Love had to create!

Sanglots, following the flamboyant ending of *Voyage à Paris*, is arguably one of Poulenc's most moving vocal pieces. The speaker recalls their heartbreak and the joyous times that preceded it. The setting grows in intensity as the song progresses and the song concludes with a simple minor chord.

V. Sanglots

Notre amour est réglé par les calmes étoiles	Human love is ruled by the calm stars.
Or nous savons qu'en nous beaucoup	We know that within us many people
d'hommes respirent	breathe
Qui vinrent de très loin et sont un sous	Who came from afar and united
nos fronts	behind our brows.
C'est la chanson des rêveurs	This is the song of that dreamer
Qui s'étaient arraché le coeur	Who had torn out his heart
Et le portaient dans la main droite ...	and was carrying it in his right hand...
Souviens-t'en cher orgueil de tous ces	Remember, oh dear pride, all those
souvenirs	memories;
Des marins qui chantaient comme des	The sailors who sang like conquerors,
conquérants.	
Des gouffres de Thulé, des tendres cieux	the chasms of Thule, the tender skies of
d'Ophir	Ophir,
Des malades maudits, de ceux qui fuient	The accursed sick, the ones who flee
leur ombre	their own shadows,
Et du retour joyeux des heureux émigrants.	And the joyful return of the happy
	émigrants.
De ce coeur il coulait du sang	Blood was flowing from the heart;
Et le rêveur allait pensant	And the dreamer went on thinking
À sa blessure délicate ...	of his wound which was delicate...
Tu ne briseras pas la chaîne de ces causes...	You will not break the chain of those
	causes...
Et douloureuse et nous disait:	and painful; and he kept saying to us:
Qui sont les effets d'autres causes	which are the effects of other causes.
Mon pauvre coeur, mon coeur brisé	My poor heart, my heart which is
	broken
Pareil au coeur de tous les hommes...	like the hearts of all men...
Voici nos mains que la vie fit esclaves	Look, here are our hands which life
	enslaved.
...Est mort d'amour ou c'est tout comme	...has died of love or so it seems,
Est mort d'amour et le voici.	Has died of love and here it is.
Ainsi vont toutes choses	That is the way of all things.
Arrachez donc le vôtre aussi!	So tear your hearts out too!
Et rien ne sera libre jusqu'à la fin des temps	And nothing will be free until the end of
	time.
Laissons tout aux morts	Let us leave everything to the dead,
Et cachons nos sanglots.	and let us hide our sobbing.

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835–1921) was a French composer of the Romantic era. Composing his first work at the age of 3, and making his concert debut at age 10, Saint-Saëns was a musical prodigy. A balance between innovation and traditional form, and a sense of consistency, characterize his work. While this conservatism did not mark him a pioneer, he tirelessly defended the French tradition that may have

otherwise been overcome by the influences of other Romantic composers, and furthered the development of French music by creating an educational lineage to which both Gabriel Fauré and Maurice Ravel belong.

Aimons-nous provides a lush and dynamic landscape for the artful poetry of Théodore Faullin de Banville. When Saint-Saëns composed the song in 1892, he captured the meaning of the text with a delicate melody and an expert accompaniment, using the technique of text painting to mimic the images in the poem within the musical texture beneath the words. This can be best seen in the line “Ni le flot de la mer, ni l’ouragan des monts;” as the waves of the ocean are mirrored in the melody’s rhythm.

Aimons-nous

Poetry by Théodore Faullin de Banville

Aimons-nous et dormons	Let us love and sleep
Sans songer au reste du monde!	Without a care for the rest of the world!
Ni le flot de la mer,	Neither the waves of the ocean,
Ni l’ouragan des monts,	Nor the mountain storms,
Tant que nous nous aimons,	While we still love each other,
Ne courbera ta tête blonde,	Can bow your golden head,
Car l’amour est plus fort	For love is more powerful
Que les dieux et la Mort!	Than Gods and death!

Le soleil s’étendrait	The sun would extinguish its rays
Pour laisser ta blancheur plus pure,	To make your purity more pure,
Le vent que jusqu’à terre incline la forêt	The wind which inclines to earth the forest

En passant n’oserait	Would not in passing dare
Jouer avec ta chevelure,	To frolic with your hair,
Tant que tu cacheras	While you nestle
Ta tête entre mes bras!	Your head in my arms!

Et lorsque nos deux cœurs	And when our two hearts
S’en iront aux sphères heureuses	Shall ascend to heavenly spheres,
Ou les célestes lys	Where celestial lilies
Écloront sous nos pleurs,	shall open beneath our tears,
Alors, comme deux fleurs,	Then, like flowers,
Joignons nos lèvres amoureuses,	Let us join our loving lips,
Et tâchons d’épuiser	And strive to exhaust
La Mort dans un baiser!	Death in a kiss!

“Le bonheur est chose légère,” from Saint-Saëns’ first opera **Le timbre d’argent**, is a leisurely and lyrical proclamation of the fleeting nature of happiness. Saint-Saëns pairs a simple melody and light accompaniment to create a sense of childlike naiveté, which turns to a delightful and snarky wit in the last stanza.

“Le bonheur est chose légère”

from *Le timbre d’argent*

Poetry by Jules Barbier and Michel Carré

Le bonheur est chose légère,
Passagère,
On croit l’attendre, on le poursuit,
Il s’enfuit!

Helas!
Vous en voulez en autre que le nôtre;

Il faut à vos ardents desirs des plaisirs.
Dieu vous preserve
Des alarmes et des larmes
Qui peuvent assombrir le cours
Des beaux jours.

Si jamais votre coeur regrette la retraite
Qu’aujourd’hui vous abandonnez,
Revenez!
De tous les chagrins de votr’âme,
Je réclame,
Pour notre fidèle amitié,
La moitié.

Happiness is a light thing,
Passing,
One waits for it, pursues it,
It vanishes!

Alas!
You want in another what we have
together;
Your ardent desires require pleasures.
May God keep you
from alarms and tears
That could darken the course
Of your beautiful days.

If your heart ever misses the safe refuge
That you are giving up today,
Return!
Of all the disappointments in your soul,
I will claim,
For our faithful friendship,
Half.

L’attente is Saint-Saëns’ exciting setting of a poem written by his childhood hero, French poet Victor Hugo. The accompaniment is appropriately urgent, mimicking the gallop of a soldier’s horse as he returns from battle to the narrator, anxiously awaiting him. The narrator urges creatures of the forest to climb to the top of various structures and look out for the soldier and his smoking horse in a passionate and thrilling urgency.

L’attente

Poetry by Victor Hugo

Monte, écureuil, monte au grand chêne,
Sur la branche des cieux prochaine,
Qui plié et tremble comme un jonc.
Cigonges, aux vieilles tours fidèles,
Oh! Vole! et monte à tire d’aile
De l’église à la citadelle,
Du haut clocher au grand donjon.

Vieux aigle, monte de ton aire,
A la montagne centenaire
Que blanchit l’hiver éternel;
Et toi q’en ta couche inquiète,
Jamais l’aube ne vit muette,
Monte, monte, vive alouette,
Vive alouette, monte au ciel!

Climb, squirrel, climb high up the larch,
Onto the branch next to the skies,
That bends and shakes like a reed.
Stork, to the faithful old towers,
Oh! Fly! and fly on the wing
From the church at the citadel,
To the clock tower of the grand
dungeon.

Old eagle, rise up from your aerie,
To the centenary mountain
That whitens the eternal winter;
And you who are early to wake,
Never short of songs at daybreak,
Fly, fly, lively lark,
Lively lark, fly to the sky!

Et maintenant, du haut de l'arbre,
Des flèches de la tour de marbre,
Du grand mont, du ciel enflammé,
A l'horizon, parmi la brume,
Voyez-vous flotter une plume,
Et courir un cheval qui fume,
Et revenir mon bien-aimé?

And now, from the top of the tree,
The top of the marble tower,
The great mountain, the burning sky,
On the horizon, from the mist,
You see a pennant streaming,
And the running of a smoking horse,
And the return of the man I love?

Gian Carlo Menotti (1911–2007) was an Italian-American composer and librettist from Cadegliano, Italy. Menotti began his musical training at age 12 at the Verdi Conservatory in Milan, and later moved to the United States to enroll in Philadelphia's Curtis Institute of Music. His legacy stems from his operatic works; Menotti was a gifted lyricist, a master of orchestral composition, and had the uncanny ability to make opera graspable and pleasurable for those who previously disliked it. ***The Old Maid and the Thief*** is Menotti's radio opera commissioned by NBC, specifically composed for performance on the radio at its premiere in 1939. The opera tells the tale of a wanderer's visit to a small town, and the opera's success helped further establish Menotti's career in the United States.

"When the Air Sings of Summer" is Bob's aria, where he sings about his need to leave the house where he is temporarily staying, as driven by his wandering tendencies. He feels as if he is being kept in a cage, and therefore must escape. He is unaware of the fact that Laetitia is madly in love with him, or that his landlord, Miss Todd, is blaming him for her own crimes of theft. The simple message in this aria is expressed through a variety of passionate phrases of music and text.

**"When the Air Sings of Summer"
from *The Old Maid and the Thief***

Libretto by Gian Carlo Menotti

When the air sings of summer,
I must wander again
Sweet land-lord is the sky,
Rich house is the plain,
And to live is to wander
Through the sun and the rain
When the air sings of summer,
I must wander again
First you wander in youth and joy
Then you'll wander to still the fears in an old heart.
First you wander to find your love
Then you'll wander to hide your tears
For a wanderer must depart.
When a man owns a house he is a bird in a cage
Whose captivity pain is sweetened with age
Ah! The sharp joy of freedom
Is my loss and my gain
When the air sings of summer,
I must wander again.

“Steal Me, Sweet Thief” is Laetitia’s aria, expressing her love for Bob, the wanderer and thief. Laetitia and Miss Todd hoped to get rid of Bob by leaving out money for him to “steal”; expecting that he will leave their house once the money is gone. However, after a week, Bob has taken all of the money but hasn’t left, and Laetitia believes this is because he is in love with her. She falls in love with him, asking him to steal her away before time withers her youthful looks.

“Steal Me, Sweet Thief”
from *The Old Maid and the Thief*

Libretto by Gian Carlo Menotti

What a curse for a woman is a timid man!

A week has gone by,
he’s had plenty of chances,
but he made no advances.

Miss Todd schemes and labors to get him some money,
she robs friends and neighbors, the club and the church.

He takes all the money
with a smile that entrances,
but still makes no advances.

The old woman sighs and makes languid eyes.

All the doors are wide open,
all the drawers are unlocked!

He neither seems pleased or shocked.

He eats and drinks and sleeps,

he talks of baseball and boxing,
but that is all!

What a curse for a woman is a timid man!

Steal me, oh steal me, sweet thief,
for time’s flight is stealing my youth.

And the cares of life steal fleeting time.

Steal me, thief, for life is brief and full of theft and strife.

And then, with furtive step,
death comes and steals time and life.

Oh sweet thief, I pray make me die,
before dark death steals her prey.

Steal my lips, before they crumble to dust.

Steal my heart, before death must.

Steal my cheeks, before they’re sunk and decayed.

Steal my breath, before it will fade.

Steal my lips, steal my heart, steal my cheeks,

Steal, oh steal my breath,
and make me die before death will steal her prey.

Oh steal me!

For time’s flight is stealing my youth.

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958) is an English composer of Welsh descent who wrote many symphonies, operas, ballets, and chamber music. He was highly influenced by Tudor music and English folk songs. He started composing seriously relatively late in his life. In his late 30s, Maurice Ravel helped Williams clarify the textures in his music. His tendencies to write tonal melodies were countered by the push for atonality after his death, but his style has much more of an influence in the present.

Songs of Travel is a nine-part song cycle composed between 1901 and 1904. It was Williams's first expedition into songwriting, yet they are still performed quite often today. The character portrayed in this song cycle is a world-weary yet resolute traveler.

Let Beauty Awake is arabesque in its accompaniment and has a Gallic melody that helps to start the journey of the traveler. **Youth and Love** is a peaceful tune that marks a turning point in the traveler's relationship with the surrounding world.

Whither Must I Wander? is the most folk-like of the three, with its tuneful melody and strophic structure. It reminds us of how the world is renewed with each spring, yet the traveler cannot bring back the past.

II. Let Beauty Awake

Text by Robert Louis Stevenson

Let beauty awake in the morn
From beautiful dreams,
Beauty awake from rest!
Let beauty awake for beauty's sake
In the hour when birds awake in the brake
And 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!

IV. Youth And Love

Text by Robert Louis Stevenson

To the heart of youth the world is a highway side,
Passing forever, he fares;
And on either hand,
Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide
Nestle in orchard bloom,
And far on that level land
Call him with lighted lamp
In the eventide.
Thick as the 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,
Is gone.

VII. Whither Must I Wander?

Text by Robert Louis Stevenson

Home no more home to me,
Wither 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.
Lov'd by wise men was the shade of my roof
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 in 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 forever and come again no more

John Daniels Carter (1932–1981) was an accomplished African-American pianist and composer from St. Louis. Beginning as a gifted pianist at Oberlin College, Carter's transition to composing began during the 1950s, and music historians believe that his skill in composition must have been largely self-taught. He was quite influential, serving as composer in residence at the National Symphony in Washington, D.C.. His career was unfortunately riddled with instances of racism, fueled by the lack of representation of African-Americans in the classical music scene, especially by way

of composers. His rise to popularity was thus an important stepping-stone not only in the journey of classical music, but also in the arduous struggle of other African-American musicians hoping to share their work.

Cantata is without doubt Carter's best-known work, and is also his only work in print. It makes use of four well-known traditional African-American spiritual melodies, transforming them into a classical suite with unusual meter and tonality. The work further exemplifies Carter's identity as a pioneering African-American composer: at the time, other African-American composers attempted to stay away from this spiritual folk music. Carter took these songs for his own, altering the melodies and allowing for individual artistic interpretation on the part of the singer.

Prelude is an opening solo piano piece, creating a serious and contemplative mood that also serves to acclimate the audience's ear to Carter's unique harmonic style.

Rondo (Peter go ring dem bells) continues Carter's sense of urgency after a free flowing introduction. The piece is characterized by syncopation and lively rhythms, providing both a lively accompaniment to the joyous melody and a stark contrast to the urgency and sorrow of the text. This juxtaposition exposes the theme present through Carter's *Cantata*; eventually deliverance from oppression will come and freedom will prevail.

Rondo (Peter go ring dem bells)

Traditional text

Peter go ring dem bells.
Peter go ring dem bells.
Peter go ring a dem bells.
Oh Peter go ring a dem bells.
Bells! Bells! Bells! Bells!
Ring a dem bells.
Peter go ring a dem bells.
Oh Peter go ring a dem bells.
Oh Peter go ring a dem bells today.
Peter go ring a dem bells.
Oh Peter go ring a dem bells.
I heard from heaven today.
Wonder where my mother has gone?
Wonder where my mother has gone?
Wonder where my mother has gone?
Heard from heaven today.
Peter ring dem bells.
Peter ring dem bells.
Peter ring dem bells.
Ring a dem bells.
Bells! Bells! Bells! Bells!
Ring a dem, ring a dem bells!

Recitative (Sometimes I feel like a motherless child) is the most somber of Carter's *Cantata*, and Carter's most creative re-harmonization of the traditional text. The original text dates back to the era of slavery, when it was common practice to

sell the children of slaves away from their parents. Carter stays true to the text and alters only the melody for the entirety of the piece, with the exception of the final statement of “true believer.”

Recitative (Sometimes I feel like a motherless child)

Traditional text

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child.
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child.
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child,
a long way from home.
Sometimes I feel like I’m almost gone.
Sometimes I feel like I’m almost gone.
Sometimes I feel like I’m almost gone,
a long way from home.
True believer,
a long way from home,
a long way from home.

Air (Let us break bread together) utilizes a religious spiritual text that originated during the Underground Railroad, when a widespread group of people formed a secret organization to help slaves escape in the 19th century. The text refers to taking Communion (“let us break bread together on our knees” and “let us drink wine together on our knees”), and is accompanied by a recurring motif of tension and release in the piano.

Air (Let us break bread together)

Traditional text

Let us break bread together on our knees.
Let us break bread together on our knees.
When I fall on my knees
Wid my face to da rising sun,
Oh, Lord have mercy on me.
Let us drink wine together on our knees.
Let us drink wine together on our knees.
When I fall on my knees
Wid my face to da rising sun,
Oh, Lord have mercy on me.
Let us praise God together on our knees.
Let us praise God together on our knees.
When I fall on my knees
Wid my face to da rising sun,
Oh, Lord have mercy on me.
Amen, amen!

Toccata (Ride on King Jesus) is a kinetic and exciting setting to finish Carter’s *Cantata*. The text was a response to the mistreatment that slaves experienced at the hands of their slave masters, stating “no man can a-hinder” the slaves with Jesus on their side. The vocal line soars long and sustained above the rhythmic accompaniment that mimics the “milk-white horse” that Jesus rides upon.

Toccata (Ride on King Jesus)

Traditional text

Ride on King Jesus,
no man can a hinder me.
Ride on King Jesus, ride on,
no man can a hinder me.
He is King of Kings,
he is Lord of Lords.
Jesus Christ, first and last,
no man works like him.
King Jesus rides a milk white horse,
no man works like him.
The river of Jordan he did cross,
no man works like him.
Ride on King Jesus,
no man can a hinder me.
Ride on King Jesus, ride on,
no man can a hinder me.

Eric Idle (b. 1943) is an English comedian, actor, musician, and comedic composer. A member of the British surreal comedy group that created *Monty Python's Flying Circus* in 1969, Idle composed many of the group's most famous musical numbers. Idle created **Spamalot** in 2004, a musical comedy based on the 1975 film *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*. The production tells the story of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table as they set out on a quest for the Holy Grail.

The Song That Goes Like This (*Spamalot*) is a duet between the Lady of the Lake and Sir Galahad, a peasant whom she has just knighted. Idle satirizes the Broadway love duet in this piece, mimicking its usual form and pairing it with cheeky lyrics.

Once in every show
There comes a song like this
It starts off soft and low
And ends up with a kiss
Oh where is the song
That goes like this?
Where is it? Where? Where?

A sentimental song
That casts a magic spell
They all will hum along
We'll overact like hell
For this is the song that goes like this
Yes it is! Yes it is!

Now we can go straight
Into the middle eight
A bridge that is too far for me

I'll sing it in your face
While we both embrace
And then
We change
The key

Now we're into E!
hem That's awfully high for me
But as everyone can see
We should have stayed in D
For this is our song that goes like this!

I'm feeling very proud
You're singing far too loud
That's the way that this song goes
You're standing on my toes
Singing our song that goes like this!

I can't believe there's more
It's far too long, I'm sure
That's the trouble with this song
It goes on and on and on
For this is our song that is too long!

We'll be singing this til dawn
You'll wish that you weren't born
Let's stop this damn refrain
Before we go insane
For this is our song that ends like this!

UPCOMING ARTS AND LECTURES

All events free unless noted otherwise.

Ticketed = contact Wheelock Information Center, 253.879.3100,
or online at tickets.pugetsound.edu

E = exhibit F = film L = lecture M = music T = theater O = other

M SUNDAY, APRIL 3

Student Recitals

Schneebeck Concert Hall

2 p.m. Senior Recital: Freya Sherlie, mezzo-soprano

5 p.m. Senior Recital: Jane Brogdon, tenor

7:30 p.m. Recital: Minna Stelzner '16, saxophone

L MONDAY, APRIL 4

"Washi Arts"

Linda Marshall, expert in Japanese paper, tools, and supplies
for creative artists and businesses

Part of the Behind the Archives Door series

Collins Memorial Library, Second Floor, 4–5 p.m.

F MONDAY, APRIL 4

Touch of the Light from Taichung, Taiwan

Part of the Sister Cities International Film Festival

Rasmussen Rotunda, Wheelock Student Center, 7 p.m.

L TUESDAY, APRIL 5

"Unnatural Border: Race and Environment at the U.S.-Mexico Divide"

Mary Mendoza, University of Vermont

Part of the La Frontera: The U.S.-Mexico Border series

Wyatt Hall, Room 109

L THURSDAY, APRIL 7

"Unless the Indians are Willing: Flathead Resistance in the 1905 Journals of Abby Williams Hill"

Tiffany MacBain, assoc. professor, English department, and Laura Edgar, Abby Williams Hill
curator

Collins Memorial Library, 2nd floor, 7–8 p.m.

L THURSDAY, APRIL 7

"Inking Outside the Box: How to Find Editorial Work in Unexpected Places"

Mia Lipman, senior editor, Yesler Creative Agency; principal editor, *Dots & Dashes*

Thompson Hall, Room 193, 5–6:30 p.m.

M FRIDAY, APRIL 8

Symphony Orchestra

Wesley Schulz, conductor

Schneebeck Concert Hall, 7:30 p.m.

M SATURDAY, APRIL 9

Student Recitals

Schneebeck Concert Hall

2 p.m. Senior Recital: Jenna Tatyatrairong, clarinet

5 p.m. Senior Recital: Faithlina Chan, cello

7:30 p.m. Senior Recital: Anna Schierbeek, cello

F/L WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13

The Passages of Walter Benjamin, by Judith Wechlser, filmmaker

Film screening followed by lecture

Rausch Auditorium, McIntyre 003, 5–7 p.m.

M THURSDAY, APRIL 14

Wind Ensemble and Concert Band with guest artist Gail Williams, horn

Gerard Morris, conductor

Schneebeck Concert Hall, 7:30 p.m.

L THURSDAY, APRIL 14

“How Accurate are the Polls?” by Michael Artime, Ph.D., and Mike Purdy '76, M.B.A.'79

Part of the Who Will Win the White House? Series

McIntyre Hall, Room 103, 7–8:30 p.m.

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