



School of Music

SENIOR RECITAL

FREYA SCHERLIE '16, MEZZO-SOPRANO

ANGELA DRAGHICESCU, PIANO

SUNDAY, APRIL 3, 2016

SCHNEEBECK CONCERT HALL

2 P.M.

- "Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris" Antonio Vivaldi
from *Gloria* (1678–1741)
- "Esurientes implevit"
from *Magnificat*
- Bei dir ist es traut Alma Mahler
Die stille Stadt (1879–1964)
Ich wandle unter Blumen
Laue Sommernacht
- Cinco Canciones Negras* Xavier Montsalvatge
Cuba dentro de un piano (1912–2002)
Punto de habanera
Chévere
Canción de cuna para dormir a un negrito
Canto negro

INTERMISSION

- "Que fais-tu, blanche tourterelle?" Charles Gounod
from *Roméo et Juliette* (1818–1893)
- Chanson de Loïc Pauline Viardot
Fleur desséchée (1821–1910)
Les Filles de Cadix
- Cabaret Songs* Benjamin Britten
O tell me the truth about love (1913–1973)
Funeral Blues
Johnny
Calypso

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

VOCALIST

FREYA SCHERLIE '16, mezzo-soprano, studies voice with Dawn Padula. She is a vocal performance major with aspirations of performing on the operatic stage and teaching young singers. Freya has been singing in choirs since she was 10 years old, and studying voice since high school. In 2014 she was a finalist at Northwest Young Voices competition in Oregon, placing first at Tahoma NATS auditions in 2014, and she also received an honorable mention in 2016. Roles include the Third Lady and Third Spirit in W. A. Mozart's *The Magic Flute* as part of the Astoria Music Festival vocal apprentice program in 2015, as well as Ragonde in Gioacchino Rossini's *Le Comte Ory* at University of Puget Sound. Freya also enjoys playing the piano, fiddle, and flute, as well as horseback riding, knitting, and playing with her cat, Smaug.

PIANIST

ANGELA DRAGHICESCU earned her master's and bachelor's of musical arts degrees in piano performance at Louisiana State University, where she worked with Michael Girt and Willis Delony. Recently Dr. Draghicescu served as teaching assistant in the Collaborative Piano Program at The University of Texas at Austin, where she also completed her D.M.A. under the mentoring of Anne Epperson. She currently serves as staff collaborative pianist at Puget Sound.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I would like to thank my voice teacher and mentor, Dr. Padula, for all she has done to help me through my undergraduate experience. I would like to thank my family for supporting me in my decision to become a professional artist. Thanks to my boyfriend, Alex, for keeping me inspired and motivated to finish this degree! And thanks to my housemates for being the best girlfriends I could ask for, and for putting up with my singing in the shower.

PROGRAM NOTES AND TRANSLATIONS

Compiled by Freya Scherlie

Antonio Vivaldi (1678-1741) was a famous baroque composer, teacher, violinist, and priest. He is best known for his composition *The Four Seasons*. Other works include sacred choral works, oratorios, and more than 40 operas, very few of which are ever performed. He spent 29 years teaching at the Ospedale della Pietà, a home for orphaned girls. Despite his busy life and prolific career, he died in poverty in 1741. Vivaldi's **Gloria RV 589** is his most popular setting of the Gloria, and was written for the students at the Ospedale della Pietà, and is believed to have been composed in 1716. The Magnificat RV 611, composed in 1719, is not his most popular setting of the Magnificat text, but contains more arias than his previous settings.

"Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris" from Gloria

Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris,
Miserere nobis.

Who sits at the right hand of the Father,
Have mercy on us.

**“Esurientes implevit”
from *Magnificat***

Esurientes implevit bonis

Et divites dimisit inanes.

He has filled the hungry with good
things

And has sent the rich away empty.

Alma Mahler (1879–1964) was an Austrian socialite and composer. She was married to Gustav Mahler, another prominent composer, for five years. Mahler mainly wrote Lieder for voice and piano, only 17 of which survive. ***Fünf Lieder*** was published in 1911 and was the first set of Lieder Mahler published. Mahler’s compositional style features heavy use of chromatic scales and difficult leaps in the vocal line that lends itself well to the sensual poetry it accompanies.

Bei dir ist es traut

Bei dir ist es traut,
zage Uhren schlagen wie aus alten Tagen,
komm mir ein Liebes sagen,
aber nur nicht laut!

Ein Tor geht irgendwo
draußen im Blütentreiben,
der Abend horcht an den Scheiben,
laß uns leise bleiben,
keiner weiß uns so!

Die stille Stadt

Liegt eine Stadt im Tale,
Ein blasser Tag vergeht.
Es wird nicht lange dauern mehr,
Bis weder Mond noch Sterne
Nur Nacht am Himmel steht.

Von allen Bergen drücken
Nebel auf die Stadt,
Es dringt kein Dach, nicht Hof noch Haus,
Kein Laut aus ihrem Rauch heraus,
Kaum Türme noch und Brücken.

Doch als dem Wanderer graute,
Da ging ein Lichtlein auf im Grund
Und durch den Rauch und Nebel
Begann ein leiser Lobgesang
Aus Kindermund.

Ich wandle unter Blumen

Ich wandle unter Blumen
Und blühe selber mit;
Ich wandle wie im Traume,
Und schwanke bei jedem Schritt.

With you it is safe

With you it is safe,
Clocks strike as in days of old,
Come tell me words of love,
But not too loud!

A gate swing somewhere
Outside in the drifting blossoms,
Evening listens at the windowpane,
Let us remain silent,
No one knows we’re here!

The Silent City

In the valley lies a town,
A pale day passes.
Before long there will be
Neither moon or stars,
Only the night.

From the mountains
Mist covers the town,
Neither roof, nor courtyard, nor house,
Not a sound rises from the thick fog
Hardly a tower or a bridge.

As the wanderer arrived,
A little light flickered down below
And through the smoke and fog
Began a faint praise
From a child’s mouth.

I wander among the flowers

I wander among the flowers
And blossom along with them;
I wander like in a dream,
And sway with every step.

O, halt mich fest, Geliebte!
Vor Liebestrunkenheit
Fall ich dir sonst zu Füßen,
Und der Garten ist voller Leut.

Laue Sommernacht

Laue Sommernacht
Am Himmel stand kein Stern,
Im weiten Walde Suchten wir uns
Tief im Dunkel, Und wir fanden uns.

Fanden uns im weiten Walde
In der Nacht, der sternenlosen,
Hielten staunend uns im Arme
In der dunklen Nacht.

War nicht unser ganzes Leben
Nur ein Tappen, nur ein Suchen,
Da in seine Finsternisse
Liebe, fiel dein Licht.

Oh hold me tight, beloved!
Or drunk with love
I will fall at your feet,
And the garden is full of people.

Warm summer night

Warm summer night
Not a star in the sky,
In the wide forests we were searching
Deep in the dark, and we found
ourselves.

Found ourselves in the wide forest
In the night, the starless night,
Held each other, amazed, in our arms
In the dark night.

Was not our whole life
Only a fumble, just a search,
In its eclipses
Love, your light shone.

Xavier Montsalvatge (1912–2002) was one of the most influential composers of Catalan music in Barcelona, Spain. He studied violin and composition at Conservatori Superior de Música del Liceu. After his studies he joined the newspaper, *Destino*, in 1942 and became a music critic. He was awarded Spain's prestigious Premio Nacional de Música award for composition in 1985. He was heavily influenced by the lyricism of the West Indies, which can be heard especially in *Cinco Canciones Negras*.

Cinco Canciones Negras (Five Black Songs) is a set of five songs for mezzo-soprano that is Montsalvatge's most often performed cycle. It was inspired by the music of the West Indies and various poetry from Spain. This cycle represents the struggles of minorities during the late 19th and early 20th centuries. The harsh tone of some of the poems is heightened appropriately by the harmonic writing in the piano accompaniment.

Cuba dentro de un piano

Poetry by Rafael Alberti
Cuando mi madre llevaba un sorbete de,
fresa por sombrero
y el humo de los barcos aun era humo
de habanero.
Mulata vuelta bajera.
Cádiz se adormecía entre fandangos
y habaneras,
y un lorito al piano quería hacer de tenor.

Dime dónde está la flor que el hombre
tanto venera.
Mi tío Antonio volvía con su aire de
insurrecto.

Cuba inside a piano

When my mother wore strawberry
sherbet for a hat,
And the smoke from the ships was still
smoke from the cigars,
From Dark Vuelta Abajo leaves.
Cadiz went to sleep between fandangos
and habaneras
and a little parrot at the piano tried to
sing tenor.

Tell where the flower is that man so
intently worships.
My uncle Anthony returned with his
insurrectionist air.

La Cabaña y el Príncipe sonaban por los
patios del Puerto.
(Ya no brilla la Perla azul del mar de las Antillas.
(No more shines the blue pearl of the
Ya se apagó, se nos ha muerto).
Me encontré con la bella Trinidad.
Cuba se había perdido y ahora era verdad.

Era verdad, no era mentira.
Un cañonero huido llegó cantándolo
en guajiras.
La Habana ya se perdió. Tuvo la culpa...
el dinero
Calló, cayó el cañonero.
Pero después, pero ¡ah! después...
fue cuando al Sí lo hicieron YES.

Punto de habanera

Poetry by Néstor Luján

La niña criolla pasa con su miriña que
blanco ¡que blanco!
Hola, crespón de tu espuma,
¡marineros, contempladla!
Va mojadita de lunas que le hacen su
piel mulata.
Niña, no te quejes, tan solo por esta tarde.

Quisiera mandar al agua
que ne se escape de pronto de le cárcel
de tu falda.

Tu cuerpo enciera esta tarde Y
rumor de abrirse de dalia.
Niña, no te quejes, tu cuerpo de fruta está
dormido en fresco brocado.

Tu cintura vibra fina con la nobleza de
un látigo.

Toda tu piel huele alegre a limonal y
naranja.

Los marineros te miran y se te quedan
mirando.

La niña criolla pasa con su miriña que blanco
¡que blanco!

Chévere

Poetry by Nicolás Guillén

Chévere del navajazo,
se vuelve él mismo navaja:
Pica tajadas de luna,
mas la luna se le acaba;
pica tajadas de canto,

The Cabaña and the Principe resounded
through the patios near the harbor.
(No more shines the blue pearl of the
Antillean sea.)

I ran into beautiful Trinidad:
Cuba had been lost, and now it was
true,

Quite true, it was no lie.
A fleeing gunboat came in singing the
ale in guajiras,
Havana was already lost; money was to
blame.

The gunboat fell silent.
But it was later, ah, later
When they took "sí" and turned it into
"yes."

Point habanera

The creole girl goes by in her white
crinoline. How white it is!
Hey! The crepe of your foam.
Sailors, get a look at her!
She walks, moist from the droplets on
her dusky skin

Little girl don't fret, all alone this
evening.

I'd like to order the water
not to escape too soon from the prison
of your skirt.

our body encloses, this evening,
the murmur of a dahlia opening.
Little girl, don't fret. Your body is a fruit
asleep in the embroidered breeze.

Your waist quivers finely with the
mobility of a whip.

All your skin smells joyfully of lemon a
and orange trees.

The sailors look at you and they keep
looking at you.

The creole girl goes by in her white
crinoline. How white it is!

Chevere of the knife thrust
turns himself into a knife.
He cuts the moon up
but he runs out of moon;
he cuts shadows in slices,

mas el canto se le acaba;
pica tajadas de sombra,
mas la sombra se le acaba,
y entonces pica que pica
carne de su negra mala!

Canción de cuna para dormir a un negrito

Poetry by Ildelfonso Pereda Valdés

Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe, tan chiquito,
El negrito que no quiere dormir.

Cabeza de coco, grano de café,
Con lindas motitas, con ojos grandotes,

Como des ventanas que miran al mar.

Cierra los ojitos, negrito asustado;

El mandinga blanco te pue de comer.

¡Ya no eres esclavo!
Y si duermes mucho
El señor de casa promete comprar

Traje con botones para ser un "groom."

Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe, duérmete negrito,

Cabeza de coco, grano de café.

Canto negro

Poetry by Nicolás Guillén

¡Yambambó, yambambé!
Repica el congo solongo,
repica el negro bien negro;
congo solongo del Songo
baila yambó sobre un pie.

Mamatomba,
serembé cuserembá.

El negro canta y se ajuma,
el negro se ajuma y canta,
el negro canta y se va.
Acuememe serembó,
aé
yambó,
aé.

but he runs out of shadows;
he cuts songs up in slices
but he runs out of songs;
and then he slashes away
at the flesh of his bad black woman!

Lullaby to put to sleep a little black child

Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe, little tiny one,
Little black child who doesn't want to
sleep.

Coconut head, coffee bean,
With pretty freckles, with eyes wide
open
like two windows overlooking the sea.

Close your little eyes frightened little
black boy;

The white boogey-man is going to come
and eat you!

You're not a slave anymore!
And if you sleep a lot
the master of the house promises to
buy you
a suit with buttons so you can be a
groom.

Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe, sleep little black
one,

Coconut head, coffee bean.

Black song

Yambambó, yambambé!
The congo solongo struts by,
the very black man struts by.
the congo solongo Songo
dances the yambó on one foot.

Mamatomba
serembé cuserembá,

The black man sings and gets drunk,
the black man gets drunk and sings,
the black man sings and goes.
Acuememe serembó,
aé
yambó
aé.

Tamba, tamba, tamba, tamba,
tamba del negro que tumba;
tumba del negro, caramba,
caramba, que el negro tumba:
iyamba, yambó, yambambé!

Tamba, tamba, tamba, tamba,
tamba the black man staggers
the black man staggers, caramba,
caramba, the black man falls,
yamba, yambó, yambambé!

Charles Gounod (1818–1893) was a French composer who is most famous for his operas, in particular, his 1859 opera, *Faust*. He studied at the Paris Conservatoire, where he also won the Prix de Rome in 1839 for his cantata *Fernand*. He was particularly interested in the sacred music of Palestrina, and actually planned on joining the priesthood before he changed his mind.

His opera, *Roméo et Juliette*, premiered in 1867 at the Théâtre Lyrique. It remains one of Gounod's most popular operas to date, and is based on William Shakespeare's, *The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet*. "**Que fais-tu, blanche tourterelle?**" is sung by Stephano, Roméo's page who is looking for his master who has been inside the Capulet's house for a suspiciously long time.

"Que fais-tu blanche tourterelle?"

Depuis hier je cherche
en vain mon maître!
Est-il encore chez vous,
Mes seigneurs Capulet?
Voyons un peu si vos dignes valets
A ma voix ce matin
Oseront reparaitre.

Que fais-tu blanche tourterelle,
Dans ce nid de vautours?
Quelque jour, déployant ton aile,
Tu suivras les amours!
Aux vautours, il faut la bataille,
Pour frapper d'estoc et de taille
Leurs becs sont aiguisés!
Laisse-là ces oiseaux de proie,
Tourterelle qui fais ta joie
Des amoureux baisers!
Gardez bien la belle!
Qui vivra verra!
Votre tourterelle vous échappera,
Un ramier, loin du vert bocage,
Par l'amour attire,
A l'entour de ce nid sauvage
A, je crois, soupire!
Les vautours sont à la curee,
Leurs chansons, que fuit Cytheree,
Résonne a grand bruit!
Pendant en leur douce ivresse

**"What are you doing, white
turtledove?"**

Since yesterday I have searched
in vain for my master!
Is he still at your home
my lords Capulet?
Let us see if your worthy servants
at the sound of my voice this morning
will dare to reappear.

What are you doing, white turtledove
in this nest of vultures?
Someday, spreading your wings,
you will follow love!
The vultures need the battle
to strike, thrust, and cut
their sharp beaks!
Leave these birds of prey
turtledove, who finds your joy
from amorous kisses!
Guard the fair one well!
Whoever lives will see!
Your turtledove will escape from you!
A ring-dove, far from the green grove,
by love is drawn
all around this savage nest
I think sighs.
The vultures are scrambling,
their songs, from which Cytheria flees,
resound with grand resonance!
In the meantime, in their sweet
intoxication

Les amants content leurs tendresses
Aux astres de la nuit!
Gardez bien la belle!
Qui vivra verra!
Votre tourterelle vous échappera,

the lovers are share their tenderness
with the stars of the night!
Guard the fair one well!
Whoever lives will see!
Your turtledove will escape from you!

Pauline Viardot (1821–1910) was a French mezzo-soprano, teacher, and composer. She had an illustrious career as an operatic performer, with her debut role of Desdemona in Gioacchino Rossini's *Otello*, at age 18. An accomplished pianist, she composed in a number of genres including opera, choral, art song, and instrumental. Being a singer herself, Viardot was skilled at writing for the mezzo-soprano voice type, as is exemplified in this set of songs in the way that they showcase the most powerful tessitura of the mezzo-soprano voice.

Chanson de Loïc

Dès que la grive est éveillée,
Sur cette lande encore mouillée
Je viens m'asseoir,
Jusques au soir.
Grand mère, de qui je me cache, dit:

Loïc aime trop sa vache.
Hal la la la la ya la la la oh, nenni da!
Hal la la la la ya mais j'aime la petite Anna.

A son tour, Anna, ma compagne,
Conduit derrière la montagne,
Près des de sureaux,
Ses noirs chevreaux.
Si la montagne où je m'égare,
Ainsi qu'un grand nur nous sépare,
Sa douce voix,
Sa voix m'appelle au fond du bois.

Encore! encore! Anna, ma belle!
Anna, c'est Loïc qui t'appelle!
Encore un son de ta chanson.
La chanson que chantent les lèvres,
Lorsque pour a muser tes chèvres,
Hal la la la la ya la ra la ra, petite Anna,
Hal la la la la ya tu chantes gai taralla.

Mais quelle est, derrière la branche,
Cette fumée errante et blanche,
Qui doucement,
Vers moi descend?
Hélas! Cette blanche fumée,
C'est l'adieu de ma bien aimée,
L'adieu d'amour,
Qui s'élève à la fin du jour.

Loïc's Song

When the thrush is awake,
On this damp meadow
I just sit,
Until night.
Grandmother, who I'm hiding from,
says:
Loïc really likes his cow.
Hal la la la la ya la la la oh, nay da!
Hal la la la la ya, but I like little Anna.

In turn, Anna, my companion,
Lead behind the mountain,
Near the elderberry,
His black little children.
If the mountain is where I leave you,
And a big wall separates us,
Her soft voice,
Her voice is calling me back to the
woods.

Again! Again! Anna, my beloved!
Anna, it's Loïc who is calling you!
Again the sound of your song,
The song sung by your lips,
When it is amusement for your goats.
Hal la la la la ya la ra la ra, little Anna,
Hal la la la la ya you sing a gay tarantella.

But what is behind that branch,
This white and wandering smoke,
That gently,
Towards me falls?
Alas! This white smoke,
It's the farewell of my beloved,
The goodbye of love,
Which stands at the end of the day.

Adieu donc! Contre un vent farouche,
Au travers de mes doigts ma bouche
Dans ce ravin
L'appelle en vain
Déjà la nuit la lande,
Rentrons au bourg, vache gourmande,
Hal la la la ya la ya la la, o guilanla,
Hal la la la ya, Adieu donc! ma
petite Anna!

Fleur desséchée

Dans ce vieux livre l'on t'oublie,
Fleur sans parfum et sans couleur,
Mais une étrange rêverie,
Quand je te vois, emplis mon cœur.
Quel jour, quel lieu te virent naître?
Quel fut ton sort? qui t'arracha?
Qui sait? Je les connus peut-être,
Ceux dont l'amour te conserva!

Rappelais-tu, rose flétrie,
La première heure ou les adieux?
Les entretiens dans la prairie
Ou dans le bois silencieux?

Vit-il encor? existe-t-elle?
À quels rameaux flottent leurs nids!
Ou comme toi, qui fus si belle,
Leurs fronts charmants sont-ils flétris?

Les Filles de Cadix

Nous venions de voir le taureau,
Trois garçon, trois fillettes,
Sur la pelouse il faisait beau
Et nous dansions un bolero
Au son des castagnettes.
'Dites-moi, ce matin,
Si j'ai bonne mine,
Vous me trouvez la taille fine?...
Les filles de Cadix aiment assez cela!'

Et nous dansions un boléro,
Un soir c'était dimanche
Vers nous s'en vint un hidalgo,
Cousu d'or, la plume au chapeau,
Et le poing sur la hanche:
'Si tu veux,
Cet or est à toi.'
'Beau sire,
Passez votre chemin, beau sire...
Les filles de Cadix n'entendent pas cela!

Farewell! Against a fierce wind,
Through my fingers my mouth
In this ravine
The name in vain
Again the night the moor,
Let's return to town, greedy cow,
Hal la la la ya la la la la o guilanla,
Hal la la la ya, farewell my little Anna!

Desiccated Flower

In this old book you are forgotten,
Flower without color and without scent,
But a strange daydream,
When I see you, fills my heart.
What day, what place saw you born?
What was your fate? Who picked you?
Who knows? Perhaps I knew those
Who out of love, kept you!

Do you remember, withered rose,
The first hour of farewell?
The conversations in the meadow
Or in the silent woods?

Is he still alive? Does she still exist?
On what branches does their nest float?
Or like you, who used to be so lovely,
Are their charming looks faded?

The Girls of Cadix

We had seen the bull,
Three boys, three girls,
It was sunny on the lawn
And we danced a bolero
To the sound of the castanets.
'Tell me, this morning
If I look fine,
Do you find my waist thin?...
The girls of Cadiz like that very much!'

And we danced a bolero,
One Sunday evening
A gentleman came to us,
Dressed in gold, a feather in his hat,
And his hand on his hip:
'If you want,
This gold is yours.'
'Good sir,
Go on your way, good sir...
The girls of Cadiz are not like that!'

Benjamin Britten (1913–1976) was an influential 20th century British classical composer, as well as a conductor and pianist. Some of his famous works include the epic choral/orchestral work featuring vocal soloists, *War Requiem*, and his opera, *Peter Grimes*. He began composing at age 5, and is most well-known today as a composer of opera, of which he composed 16.

Britten's ***Cabaret Songs*** were produced over a two-year period with poet and frequent collaborator W.H. Auden, who was inspired by the Berlin cabaret scene. The songs were premiered by Hedli Anderson, an English singer and actor. The *Cabaret Songs* showcase a variety of musical styles from American folk, to polka, to opera, to cabaret. The varied subject matter allows the singer to explore differing emotional states, and Britten's setting of the poems is appropriately reflective of each poem's mood and story.

O tell me the truth about love

Some say love's a little boy,
And some say it's a bird,
Some say it makes the world go round,
Some say that's absurd,
And when I asked the man next door,
Who looked as if he kn
His wife got very cross indeed,
And said it wouldn't do.

Does it look like a pair of pyjamas,
Or the ham in a temperance hotel?
Does its odour remind one of llamas,
Or has it a comforting smell?
Is it prickly to touch as a hedge is,
Or soft as eiderdown fluff?
Is it sharp or quite smooth at the edges?
O tell me the truth about love.

I looked inside the summer-house;
It wasn't ever there;
I tried the Thames at Maidenhead,
And Brighton's bracing air.
I don't know what the blackbird sang,
Or what the roses said;
But it wasn't in the chicken-run,
Or underneath the bed.

Can it pull extraordinary faces?
Is it usually sick on a swing?
Does it spend all its time at the races,
or fiddling with pieces of string?
Has it views of its own about money?
Does it think Patriotism enough?
Are its stories vulgar but funny?
O tell me the truth about love.

Your feelings when you meet it,
I'm told you won't forget.
I've sought it since I was a child
And haven't found it yet.
I'm getting on for thirty-five
And still I do not know
What kind of creature it can be
That bothers people so.

When it comes, will it come without warning
Just as I'm picking my nose?
Will it knock on my door in the morning,
Or tread in the bus on my toes?
Will it come like a change in the weather?
Will its greeting be courteous or rough?
Will it alter my life altogether?
O tell me the truth about love.

Funeral Blues

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone.
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
Scribbling in the sky the message He is Dead,
Put crêpe bows round the white necks of the public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,
My working week and my Sunday rest
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought that love would last forever, I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now; put out every one,
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun.
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood;
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

Johnny

O the valley in the summer where I and my John
Beside the deep river would walk on and on
While the flowers at our feet and the birds up above
Whispered so soft in reciprocal love,
And I leaned on his shoulder; 'O Johnny, let's play':
But he frowned like thunder and he went away.

O the evening near Christmas as I well recall
When we went to the Charity Matinee Ball,
The floor was so smooth and the band was so loud

And Johnny so handsome I felt so proud;
'Squeeze me tighter, dear Johnny, let's dance till it's day':
But he frowned like thunder and he went away.

Shall I ever forget at the Grand Opera
When music poured out of each wonderful star.
Diamonds and pearls hung like ivy down,
Over each silver or golden silver gown;
'O John I'm in heaven, ' I whispered to say:
But he frowned like thunder and he went away.

O but he was as fair as a garden in flower,
As slender and tall as the great Eiffel Tower,
When the waltz throbbed out on the long promenade
O his eyes and his smile went straight to my heart;
'O marry me, Johnny, I'll love and obey':
But he frowned like thunder and he went away.

O last night I dreamed of you, Johnny, my lover,
You'd the sun on one arm and the moon on the other,
The sea it was blue and the grass it was green,
Every star rattled a round tambourine;
Ten thousand miles deep in a pit there I lay:
But he frowned like thunder and he went away.

Calypso

Driver drive faster and make a good run
Down the Springfield Line under the shining sun.

Fly like an aeroplane, don't pull up short
Till you brake for Grand Central Station, New York.

For there in the middle of the waiting-hall
Should be standing the one that I love best of all.

If he's not there to meet me when I get to town
I'll stand on the side-walk with tears rolling down.

For he is the one that I love to look on,
The acme of kindness and perfection.

He presses my hand and he says he loves me,
Which I find an admirable peculiarity.

The woods are bright green on both sides of the line,
The trees have their loves though they're different from mine.

But the poor fat old banker in the sun-parlour car
Has no one to love him except his cigar.

If I were the Head of the Church or the State,
I'd powder my nose and just tell them to wait.

For love's more important and powerful than
Ever a priest or a politician.

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

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.

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If you have questions about event accessibility, please contact 253.879.3236,
accessibility@pugetsound.edu, or pugetsound.edu/accessibility

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