



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

SENIOR RECITAL  
ALEX ADAMS '14, BASS-BARITONE  
DENES VAN PARYS, PIANO

SUNDAY, APRIL 27, 2014  
SCHNEEBECK CONCERT HALL  
7:30 P.M.

"Il faut passer tôt ou tard" from *Alceste* ..... Jean-Baptiste Lully  
"Bois épais" from *Amadis* ..... (1632–1687)  
with Aidan Meacham, cello

"Vi ravviso" from *La Sonnambula* ..... Vincenzo Bellini  
(1801–1835)

From *Vier ernste Gesänge*, Opus 121 ..... Johannes Brahms  
I. Denn es gehet dem Menschen ..... (1833–1897)  
III. Ich wandte mich  
IV. Wenn ich mit Menschen

**INTERMISSION**

"Vecchia zimarra" from *La Bohème* ..... Giacomo Puccini  
(1858–1924)

From *Three British Poems for Baritone and Piano* ..... Roger S. Keele  
I. Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night ..... b. 1955  
II. Fragment  
III. Titanic!

From *Carousel* ..... Richard Rodgers  
Soliloquy ..... (1902–1979)

## VOCALIST

**ALEXANDER ADAMS '14**, bass-baritone, is a student of Dawn Padula and is majoring in vocal performance. He enjoys singing in the Adelphian Concert Choir and Voci d'Amici, as well as the Timbermen Barbershop Quartet. Notable roles while at Puget Sound include Bottom/Pyramus in Britten's *Midsummer Night's Dream* in this year's Opera Scenes and Sergeant of the Police in *The Pirates of Penzance*. Next fall Alex will continue his education in the master's in vocal performance program at University of Southern California's Thornton School of Music.

## GUEST PERFORMER

**AIDAN MEACHAM '14**, cello, a student of David Requiro, is double majoring with a Bachelor of Music degree and Bachelor of Science degree in physics. As a musician and scholar, Aidan is interested in new works and the intersection of art, technology, and science, particularly with regard to the visual arts and computation.

## 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

Thank you Dr. Padula for teaching me all that you know about the art of singing. You have really helped me transform my voice into something I am proud of. Thank you to Denes Van Parys, accompanist extraordinaire, for putting up with several last minute run-throughs and various whimsical tempo changes. Lastly, thank you to my parents and family for being so supportive of me every step of the way.

## PROGRAM NOTES TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

**Jean-Baptiste Lully** (1632–1687) was a French composer born in Florence, Grand Duchy of Tuscany, and is considered the master of French baroque music. He is well known for creating the French-style of opera and the French overture, due to his distaste for the Italian conventions in opera.

*Alceste* is a *tragédie en musique* in a prologue and five acts, premiered in 1674 by the Paris Opera. A young king, Admetus, narrowly escapes death, but on one condition: he must substitute another's life for his own. There is a catch—the substitute must be a voluntary one. Alceste, wife of the king, volunteers herself in place of her husband. When the demi-god Heracles, also friend of Admetus, hears of Alceste's death, he

goes off to Hades to wrestle Death for the life of Alceste. Of course to do this one must cross the River Styx. Charon is the one in charge of ferrying souls across the river, and sings **"Il faut passer tôt ou tard"** as his introduction.

Il faut passer tôt ou tard,  
Il faut passer dans ma barque.  
On y vient jeune, ou viellard,  
Ainsi qu'il plaît à la Parque;  
On y reçoit sans égard  
Le berger & le monarque.

Il faut passer tôt ou tard,  
Il faut passer dans ma barque.  
Vous, qui voulez passer, venez,  
errants,  
Venez, avancez, tristes ombres;  
Payez le tribut que je prends,  
Ou retournez errer sur ces rivages  
sombres.

Il faut auparavant que l'on me satisfasse;  
On doit payer les soins d'un si  
pénible employ.  
Donne, passe, donne, passe.

He must go sooner or later,  
He must go in my boat.  
They come young, or old,  
Thus it pleases the Fates;  
They are received without regard  
The Berger & the monarch.  
He must go sooner or later,  
He must go in my boat.  
You who wish to pass, come, Mânes  
wandering shades,  
Come, advance, sad shadows;  
Pay the tribute that I take,  
Or return to roam the dark shores.

It is necessary that to satisfy me  
One must pay for the care of a  
painful job.  
Give, pass, give, pass.

**Amadis de Gaule** was composed in 1683 and also is a *tragédie en musique* in a prologue and five acts. Amadis, son of the King of Gall, is distraught that his love Oriane has been betrothed to the King of Rome. Act II is set in a forest where Amadis has wandered hoping to find peace and quiet in the shadow of the trees. He sings the monologue **"Bois épais"** as he tries to calm his sorrows.

Bois épais, redouble ton ombre;  
Tu ne saurais être assez sombre,  
Tu ne peux pas trop cacher  
Mon malheureux amour.  
Je sens un désespoir  
Dont l'horreur est extrême,  
Je ne dois pas plus voir ce que j'aime,  
Je ne veux plus souffrir le jour.

Deep woods, increase your shade;  
You could not be dark enough,  
You could not conceal too well  
My unhappy love.  
I feel a despair  
Whose horror is extreme,  
I am to see no longer what I love,  
I want no longer to bear the light of day.

**Vincenzo Bellini** (1801–1835) was an Italian composer best known for his operas. Verdi, Wagner, Liszt, and Chopin have all professed admiration for Bellini's long, arching melodies and skill at artfully matching text, music, and emotion.

**La sonnambula**, with its pastoral setting and story, became an immediate success with its premier in Milan in 1831. Act I opens in a village with a mill in the background. Count Rodolfo, returning to his childhood home, recalls distant memories in **"Vi ravviso."** He happens upon a wedding of a young couple and admires the lovely face of the bride, who reminds him of a girl he had loved long ago.

Vi ravviso, o luoghi ameni,  
In cui lieti, in cui sereni

I see you again, oh pleasant  
surroundings

Si tranquillo i di passai

Della prima gioventu!  
Cari luoghi, io vi trovai,  
Ma quei di non trovo piu!

Ma fra voi, se non m'iganno  
Oggi ha luogo alcuna festa?  
E la sposa? È quella?  
È gentil, leggiadra molto  
Ch'io ti miri.  
Oh!... il vago volto!...

Tu non sai con quei begli occhi  
Come dolce il cor mi tocchi,

Qual richiami ai pensier miei  
Adorabile beltà.  
Era dessa, qual tu sei,  
Sul mattino dell'età.

In which I so peacefully spent the happy  
and serene days  
of my early youth!  
Dear surroundings, I've found you,  
But those days I find no more!

But among you, if I'm not mistaken,  
Some celebration is taking place?  
And the bride – is it she?  
She's refined, very charming.  
Let me look at you!  
Oh, the lovely face!

You don't know how sweetly you  
touch my heart with those beautiful  
eyes,

What an adorable beauty you recall to  
my thoughts  
That one was, as you are,  
In the morning of her years!

**Johannes Brahms** (1833–1897) was a German composer and pianist of the Romantic era. He is most famous for his compositions for piano, orchestra, and the lieder, of which he composed more than 200 pieces. Brahms preferred absolute music that was not based on any scene or narrative, and consequently never wrote any operas.

**Vier ernste Gesänge (Four Serious Songs), Opus 121** is a song cycle composed in Vienna in 1896, the last song cycle that Brahms ever wrote. His friend Clara Schumann had suffered a stroke early in 1896 and he finished this set of songs in anticipation of her death. **Denn es gehet dem Menschen** and **Ich wandte mich** use text from the Old Testament and deal with the transience of life and the inevitability of death. **Wenn ich mit Menschen** uses text from the New Testament and focuses on three virtues—faith, hope, and love.

### **I. Denn es gehet dem Menschen**

Denn es gehet dem Menschen  
wie dem Vieh,  
Wie dies stirbt, so stirbt er auch;  
Und haben alle einerlei Odem;  
Und der Mensch hat nichts mehr  
denn das Vieh:  
Denn es ist alles eitel.

Es fährt alles an einen Ort;  
Es ist alles von Staub gemacht,  
Und wird wieder zu Staub.  
Wer weiß, ob der Geist des Menschen  
aufwärts fahre,  
Und der Odem des Viehes unterwärts  
unter die Erde fahre?

For that which befalleth the sons of  
men befalleth beasts;  
as the one dieth, so dieth the other;  
yea, they have all one breath;  
so that a man hath no preeminence  
above a beast:  
for all is vanity.

All go unto one place;  
all are of the dust,  
and all turn to dust again.  
Who knoweth the spirit of man that  
goeth upward,  
and the spirit of the beast that goeth  
downward to the earth?

Darum sahe ich, daß nichts bessers ist,  
Denn daß der Mensch fröhlich sei  
in seiner Arbeit;  
Denn das ist sein Teil.  
Denn wer will ihn dahin bringen,  
Daß er sehe, was nach ihm geschehen wird?

Wherefore I perceive that there is  
nothing better,  
than that a man should rejoice  
in his own works;  
for that is his portion:  
For who shall bring him to see what  
shall be after him?

## II. Ich wandte mich

Ich wandte mich und sahe an Alle,  
die Unrecht leiden unter der Sonne;

Und siehe, da waren Tränen derer,

Die Unrecht litten und hatten keinen Tröster;  
Und die ihnen Unrecht täten,  
waren zu mächtig,  
Daß sie keinen Tröster haben konnten.

So I returned, and considered all  
the oppressions that are done under the  
sun;  
and behold the tears of such as were  
oppressed,  
and they had no comforter;  
and on the side of their oppressors  
here was power;  
but they had no comforter.

Da lobte ich die Toten,  
Die schon gestorben waren  
Mehr als die Lebendigen,  
Die noch das Leben hatten;  
Und der noch nicht ist,  
ist besser, als alle beide,  
Und des Bösen nicht inne wird,  
Das unter der Sonne geschieht.

Wherefore I praised the dead  
which are already dead  
more than the living  
Yea, than both they,  
and which hath not yet been,  
better is he  
who hath not seen the evil work  
that is done under the sun.

## IV. Wenn ich mit Menschen

Wenn ich mit Menschen - und mit  
Engelzungen redete  
und hätte der Liebe nicht,  
so wäre ich ein tönend Erz  
oder eine klingende Schelle.

Though I speak with the tongues of  
men and of angels,  
and have not love,  
I am become as sounding brass,  
or a tinkling cymbal.

Und wenn ich weissagen könnte  
und wüßte alle Geheimnisse und  
alle Erkenntnis  
und hätte allen Glauben,  
also daß ich Berge versetzte,  
und hätte der Liebe nicht,  
so wäre ich nichts.

And though I have the gift of prophecy,  
and understand all mysteries, and  
all knowledge;  
and though I have all faith,  
so that I could remove mountains,  
and have not love,  
I am nothing.

Und wenn ich alle meine Habe den  
Armen gäbe  
und ließe meinen Leib brennen  
und hätte der Liebe nicht,  
so wäre mir's nichts nütze.

And though I bestow all my goods to  
feed the poor,  
and though I give my body to be burned,  
and have not love,  
it profiteth me nothing.

Wir sehen jetzt durch einen Spiegel in  
einem dunkeln Worte,

For now we see through a glass, darkly;

dann aber von Angesicht zu Angesichte.  
Jetzt erkenne ich's stückweise;  
dann aber werde ich erkennen,  
gleichwie ich erkennet bin.

but then face to face:  
now I know in part;  
but then shall I know even as also I am  
known.

Nun aber bleibt Glaube, Hoffnung, Liebe,  
drei;  
aber die Liebe ist die größte unter ihnen.

And now abideth faith, hope, love, diese  
these three;  
but the greatest of these is love.

**Giacomo Puccini** (1858–1924) was an Italian composer who has been called “the greatest composer of Italian opera after Verdi.” His early works were based on traditional late-romantic Italian opera conventions, but with his premier of *Tosca* in 1900 he ventured into *verismo*, a style of presentation that strives to depict life in opera in a more realistic light.

**La Bohème** is an opera in four acts based on a collection of stories by Henri Murger. The opera premiered in Turin in 1896, and since then has become one of the most frequently performed operas worldwide. At the very end of Act 4, Mimi has been overcome with an illness and is on her deathbed. Colline, a philosopher, offers to pawn his coat for money to buy medicine. In **“Vecchia zimarra”** Colline says goodbye to his old coat and thanks it for many years of warmth and many books carried in its pockets.

Vecchia zimarra, senti,  
io resto al pian,  
tu ascendere il sacro monte or devi.  
Le mie grazie ricevi.  
Mai non curvasti il logoro dorso ai  
ricchi ed ai potenti.

Old cloak, listen,  
I'm staying down here,  
you must ascend the sacred mountain.  
My thanks you receive.  
You never bowed your worn back to the  
rich and the powerful.

Passâr nelle tue tasche come in antri  
filosofi e poeti.  
Ora che i giorni lieti fuggîr, ti dico:

Pass in your cavernous pockets tranquilli  
peaceful philosophers and poets.  
Now that the happy days flee, I say to  
you

addio, fedele amico mio.  
Addio, addio.

Goodbye, My faithful friend.  
Goodbye, goodbye.

**Roger S. Keele** (b. 1955) is a contemporary composer who holds a Doctorate of Musical Arts degree in choral conducting from Moores School of Music at the University of Houston. He has composed several choral, instrumental, and solo voice works as well as a one-act opera titles *The Masque: A Grim Little Entertainment*, which was premiered in 2008.

**Three British Poems for Baritone and Piano** (1999)

**I. Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night** (poetry by Dylan Thomas) is set to a poem published in 1951 that was written for Thomas' dying father. The famous refrain “do not go gentle ... ” represents the struggle and anxiety of facing an inevitable death and the “rage against the dying of the light”—the frustration and helplessness at making change in the world before the end.

Do not go gentle into that good night,  
Old age should burn and rave at end of day;  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,  
Because their words had forked no lightning they  
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright  
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,  
Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight,  
Do not go gentle into that good night.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,  
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

**II. Fragment** (poetry by Wilfred Owen) contains lines on the death of a fellow British soldier during World War I. It is a depiction of a bewildered soldier's witness to the gruesome death of another. The onlooker feels a detachment of self as he watches the life drain from the eyes of his slowly departing friend.

I saw his round mouth's crimson deepen as it fell,  
Like a sun in his last deep hour;  
Watched the magnificent recession of farewell;  
Clouding, half gleam, half glower.  
And a last splendour burn the heavens of his cheek.  
And in his eyes, the cold stars lighting,  
very old and bleak, lighting in different skies.

**III. Titanic!** (poetry by Thomas Hardy) or *The Convergence of the Twain-Lines on the Loss of the Titanic* is a descriptive and colorful text set to a continuous bolero rhythm in the left hand of the piano throughout. The accompaniment provides the musical imagery as the narrator describes the wreckage of the RMS *Titanic* resting on the ocean floor. The second half of the song tells the tale of the fateful night when the ship collides with the iceberg and is split in two under its own weight while sinking.

Now let us take you into the depths of  
the Atlantic Ocean where lies ... Titanic!

In a solitude of the sea, deep from human vanity,  
And the pride of Life that planned her stilly couches she.  
Steel chambers, late the pyres of her salamandrine fires,  
Cold currents thrid and turn to rhythmic tidal lyres.

Over mirrors meant to glass the opulent  
The seaworm crawls grotesque, slimed, dumb, indifferent.

Jewels in joy designed to ravish the sensuous mind lie lightless,  
All their sparkles bleared and black and blind.  
Dim moon-eyed fishes gaze at the gilded gear and query,  
“What does this vain gloriousness down here?”

Well, while was fashioning this creature of cleaving wing,  
The Immanent Will that stirs and urges everything  
Prepared a mate, prepared a sinister mate  
For her so gaily great.

A Shape of Ice for the time far and dissociate  
And as the smart ship grew in stature, grace and hue,  
In shadowy silent distance grew the Iceberg too.  
Alien they seemed to be.

No mortal eye could see,  
The intimate welding of their later history.  
Or sign that they are bent by paths coincident  
On being anon twin halves of one august event.

No mortal eye could see,  
Till the Spinner of the Years said, “Now!”  
And each one hears, and consummation comes  
And jars two hemispheres!

**Richard Rodgers** (1902–1979) was an American composer of more than 43 Broadway musicals. He is the first person to have received an EGOT—an Emmy, a Grammy, an Oscar, and a Tony—the top show business awards in television, recording, movies, and Broadway, respectively. Rodgers is best known for his partnership with lyricist Oscar Hammerstein II with musicals such as *Oklahoma!*, *South Pacific*, and *The Sound of Music*.

***Carousel*** is the second musical produced by the Rogers & Hammerstein team, first performed on Broadway in 1945. A barker for a carousel, Billy Bigelow has attracted the attention of a young millworker, Julie, and their ensuing relationship causes them to be fired from both of their jobs. Julie and Billy eventually marry, but naturally find themselves in financial trouble. An old friend of Billy’s tries to recruit him to help with a robbery, but Billy refuses. Julie arrives later and tells Billy that she is pregnant. In **“Soliloquy”** Billy is overcome with happiness as he imagines the fun he will have with Bill Jr., until he realizes Bill might be a girl and “you’ve gotta be a father to a girl.” Reflecting on his lack of money, he finally decides to go along with the robbery.

I wonder what he'll think of me  
I guess he'll call me the "old man"  
I guess he'll think I can lick  
Ev'ry other feller's father  
Well, I can!  
I bet that he'll turn out to be  
The spittin' image of his dad  
But he'll have more common sense



Than his puddin-headed father ever had  
I'll teach him to wrestle  
And dive through a wave  
When we go in the mornin's for our swim  
His mother can teach him  
The way to behave  
But she won't make a sissy out o' him  
Not him! Not my boy! Not Bill!

Bill... My boy Bill  
(I will see that he is named after me, I will!)

My boy, Bill! He'll be tall  
And tough as a tree, will Bill!  
Like a tree he'll grow  
With his head held high  
And his feet planted firm on the ground  
And you won't see nobody dare to try  
To boss or toss him around!  
No pot-bellied, baggy-eyed bully  
Will boss him around.

I don't give a damn what he does  
As long as he does what he likes!  
He can sit on his tail  
Or work on a rail  
With a hammer, a-hammerin' spikes!  
He can ferry a boat on a river  
Or peddle a pack on his back  
Or work up and down  
The streets of a town  
With a whip and a horse and a hack.

He can haul a scow along a canal  
Run a cow around a corral  
Or maybe bark for a carousel  
Of course it takes talent to do that well.

He might be a champ of the heavyweights,  
Or a feller that sells you glue,  
Or President of the United States,  
That'd be all right, too  
His mother would like that  
But he wouldn't be President unless he wanted to be!  
Not Bill!

My boy, Bill! He'll be tall  
And as tough as a tree, will Bill!  
Like a tree he'll grow  
With his head held high  
And his feet planted firm on the ground

And you won't see nobody dare to try  
To boss him or toss him around!  
No fat-bottomed, flabby-faced,  
Pot-bellied, baggy-eyed bastard  
Will boss him around.

And I'm damned if he'll marry his boss' daughter  
A skinny-lipped virgin with blood like water  
Who'll give him a peck  
And call it a kiss  
And look in his eyes through a lorgnette...

Say, why am I talkin' on like this?  
My kid ain't even been born, yet!  
I can see him when he's seventeen or so,  
And startin' in to go with a girl  
I can give him lots of pointers, very sound  
On the way to get 'round any girl  
I can tell him ...  
Wait a minute!  
Could it be?  
What the hell!  
What if he is a girl?  
What would I do with her?  
What could I do for her?  
A bum with no money!  
You can have fun with a son  
But you gotta be a father to a girl  
She mightn't be so bad at that  
A kid with ribbons in her hair!  
A kind of neat and petite  
Little tin-type of her mother!  
What a pair!

My little girl  
Pink and white  
As peaches and cream is she  
My little girl  
Is half again as bright  
As girls are meant to be!  
Dozens of boys pursue her  
Many a likely lad does what he can to woo her  
From her faithful dad  
She has a few  
Pink and white young fellers of two or three  
But my little girl  
Gets hungry ev'ry night and she comes home to me!

I got to get ready before she comes!  
I got to make certain that she  
Won't be dragged up in slums  
With a lot o' bums like me  
She's got to be sheltered  
And fed and dressed  
In the best that money can buy!  
I never knew how to get money,  
But, I'll try, By God! I'll try!  
I'll go out and make it or steal it  
Or take it or die!

## UPCOMING ARTS AND LECTURES

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

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

### MAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Monday, May 5, 6:30 p.m.** Clarinet Ensemble, Jennifer Nelson, director, Wheelock Student Center, Rasmussen Rotunda. Free

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