

Faculty Recital Series

2009-2010 Season

Tuesday, March 30
Sara M. Snell Music Theater
7:30 PM

Voice Faculty Chamber Music Recital

Bereite dir, Jesu, noch itzo die Bahn (1723) J. S. Bach
from *Herz und Mund und Tat und Leben* (BWV 147) (1685-1750)

Auch mit gedämpften, schwachen Stimmen (1730)
from *Schwingt freudig euch empor* (BWV 36)
Kathleen A. Miller, Soprano
John Lindsey, Violin
Julie Miller, Harpsichord
Lydia Zervanos, Cello *
*Student

From *Sechs deutsche Lieder* (1837) Louis Spohr
Zwiegesang (1784-1859)
Wiegenlied (in drei Tönen)
Wach auf

Lorraine Yaros Sullivan, Mezzo Soprano
Julianne Kirk, Clarinet
Kathryn Koscho, Piano

A Clear Midnight (1998) Simon Sargon
A Song of Joys (b. 1938)
Nocturne
Dirge for Two Veterans
A Clear Midnight
O You Whom I Often
The Last Invocation

David Pittman-Jennings, Baritone
Kelly Drifmeyer, Horn
Julie Miller, Piano

Miss Alma Calls (1988) Lee Hoiby
from *Three Women: Scenes for soprano, clarinet, and piano*, Op. 45 (b. 1926)
Deborah Massell, Soprano
Raphael Sanders, Clarinet
Julie Miller, Piano

In order to ensure a pleasant concert experience for both performers and audience, please refrain from:

- Entering or leaving during the performance.
- Bringing food or drink into the concert hall.
- Taking flash photographs.
- Using electronic devices (please remember to turn off your cellular phone, pagers and watches that chime on the hour).

Children who are able to sit quietly during the performance are welcome to our concerts.

Tape/video recording of performances is strictly prohibited without permission of the performers!

Thank you!

Texts/Translations

Heart and Mouth and Deed and Life (BWV147)

Prepare the way to You now, Jesus

Prepare the way to You now, Jesus, my Saviour,
choose the believing soul and look upon me with eyes of mercy!

Soar in your joy (BWV 36)

Even with subdued, weak voices

Even with subdued, weak voices
Gods majesty is honoured.

For if only the spirit resounds,
there is such a cry to Him
that He himself hears it in heaven.

from *Six German Songs*

Duet

In a lilac bush a little bird sat
In the quiet, lovely May night,
Below in the high grass a maiden sat
In the quiet, lovely May night.

The girl sang: if only the bird would be quiet,
The bird sang: if only the girl would listen,
And over a long distance their duet rang out
The length of the moonlit valley.

What was the bird singing in the branches
Throughout that quiet, lovely May night?
And what, also, was the maiden singing
Throughout that quiet, lovely May night?

Of spring sunshine sang the little bird,
Of love's delight sang the maiden
How that song pierced my heart
I shall never forget my whole life long.

A Clear Midnight

This is thy hour O Soul, thy free flight into the wordless,
Away from books, away from art, the day erased, the lesson done,
Thee fully forth emerging, silent, gazing, pondering the themes thou
 lovest best,
Night, sleep, death and the stars.

O You Whom I Often

O you whom I often and silently come where you are that I may be with you,
As I walk by your side or sit near, or remain in the same room with you,
Little you know the subtle electric fire that for your sake is playing
 within me.

The Last Invocation

At the last, tenderly,
From the wall of the powerful fortress'd house,
From the clasp of the knitted locks, from the keep of the well-closed doors,
Let me be wafted.

Let me glide noiselessly forth;
With the key of softness unlock the locks - with a whisper
Set open the doors O soul.

Tenderly - be not impatient,
(Strong is your hold O mortal flesh,
Strong is your hold O love.)

Lullaby

All is still in sweet repose,
Therefore, my child, you must also sleep.
Outside only the wind rustles,
Sh, sh, sh, go to sleep, my child.

Close your little eyes,
Let them be two little buds.
Tomorrow when the sun shines,
They will blossom like flowers.

And I gaze at the little flowers,
And I kiss the little eyes,
And a mother's heart forgets
That outside it is spring.

Awaken

Why do you stand there so long brooding?
Ah, already so long is love awake!

Do you hear the ringing all around?
The birds are singing with sweet sounds.

From the stiff branches sprout tender little leaves,
Life flows through bough and twig.

Little drops surge from the forest hollows,
The little brook bounds with rushing power.

The heavens bow towards the clear waves,
The blueness wonderfully appears,

A bright flourish of shape and sound,
A perpetual yielding to a perpetual impulse.

Why do you stand there so long brooding?
Ah, already so long is love awake!

Do you hear the ringing all around?
Ah, already so long is love awake!

Program notes by Simon Sargon

I first purchased a pocket book containing the collected works of Walt Whitman in my teens, and from that point on had wanted to make a musical setting of his work. Like so many of his readers, I was bowled over by his energy and vitality, his fresh, bold approach to poetic forms, as well as his daring rejections of conventional thinking.

But it was not until many years later, when I conceived of *A Clear Midnight*, that I was able to select texts of Whitman, and found a way to weave them into a cycle that would complement in a musical way the scope and stature of this major American figure.

In choosing the six poetic texts, I tried to convey six of the important themes running through Whitman's oeuvre: his joyful and optimistic democratic outlook/ his worship and identification with nature; the profound effect the Civil War had upon him; his meditations on death; the homoeroticism underlying his work; and his passionate love of life.

The addition of the horn to the baritone and piano was a way of adding a whole new dimension to the musical texture. The treatment of the horn in the cycle is far beyond that of an obligato instrument. The horn is an equal player - even at times dominating the musical landscape. This is particularly true in the title song of the cycle, where the horn's rich and warm cantilena is an expression of the wordless ruminations of the poet at midnight. (Simon Sargon)

A Clear Midnight (Walt Whitman)

A Song of Joys

O to make the most jubilant songs!
Full of music - full of manhood, womanhood, infancy!
Full of common employments - full of grain and trees.

O for the voices of animals - O for the swiftness and balance of fishes!
O for the dropping of raindrops in a song!
O the joy of my spirit - it is uncaged - it darts like lightning!
O to have life henceforth a poem of new joys!

Nocturne

Press close bare-bosom'd night - press close magnetic nourishing night!
Night of south winds - night of the large few stars!
Still nodding night - mad naked summer night.

Smile O voluptuous cool-breath'd earth!
Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!
Earth of departed sunset - earth of the mountains misty-topt!
Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon just tinged with blue!
Earth of shine and dark, mottling the tide of the river!
Earth of the limpid gray of clouds brighter and clearer for my sake!
Far-swooping elbow'd earth - rich apple-blossom'd earth!
Smile, for your lover comes.

Dirge for Two Veterans

The last sunbeam
Lightly falls from the finish'd Sabbath,
On the pavement here, and there beyond it is looking,
Down a new-made double grave.

I see a sad procession,
And I hear the sound of coming full-key'd bugles,
All the channels of the city streets they're flooding,
As with voices and with tears.

For the son is brought with the father,
(In the foremost ranks fo the fierce assault they fell.
Two veterans son and father dropt together,
And the double grave awaits them.)

Now nearer blow the bugles,
And the drums strike more convulsive,
And the daylight o'er the pavement quite has faded,
And the strong dead-march enwraps me.

O strong dead-march you please me!
O moon immense with your silvery face you soothe me!
O my soldiers twain! O my veterans passing to burial!
What I have I also give you!

The moon gives you light,
And the bugles and the drums give you music,
And my heart, O my soldiers, my veterans,
My heart gives you love.