



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

**Jacob Dyksterhouse, bass-baritone**  
**Stephen Carey, piano**  
**Patrick Vu, narrator**

November 5, 2021

7:00 pm

PepsiCo Recital Hall

### **Program**

*Whither Must I Wander*, from *Songs of Travel*

Ralph Vaughan Williams  
(1872-1958)

*Jubilation*, a poem

Kelly Dyksterhouse  
(1975-present)

Read by Patrick Vu

*Quand la flamme de l'amour*, from *La Jolie Fille de Perth*

Georges Bizet  
(1838-1875)

*Vagabond*, from *Songs of Travel*

R. V. Williams

*Youth and Love*, from *Songs of Travel*

R. V. Williams

*Thus saith the Lord... But who may abide the day of His coming*, from *Messiah* George F.  
Handel

(1685-1759)

*Spread*, a poem

Kelly Dyksterhouse

Read by Patrick Vu

*Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen*, from *Rückert Lieder*

Gustav Mahler  
(1860-1911)

*Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child*

Harry T. Burleigh  
(1866-1949)

*In Dreams*, from *Songs of Travel*

R. V. Williams

<i>The Infinite Shining Heavens, from Songs of Travel</i>	R. V. Williams
<i>Ignite, a poem</i>	Jacob Dyksterhouse (1999-Present)
	Read by Patrick Vu
<i>Um Mitternacht, from Rückert Lieder</i>	Gustav Mahler
<i>Let Beauty Awake, from Songs of Travel</i>	R. V. Williams
<i>The Roadside Fire, from Songs of Travel</i>	R. V. Williams
<i>Ich atmet einen linden Duft, from Rückert Lieder</i>	Gustav Mahler
<i>Bright is the Ring of Words, from Songs of Travel</i>	R. V. Williams
<i>I've been in the Storm so Long</i>	H. T. Burleigh
<i>I have Trod the Upward and the Downward Slope</i>	R. V. Williams

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Degree in Voice Performance. Jacob Dyksterhouse is a student of Professor J. David Brock.

The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited.  
Please silence all electronic devices including watches, pagers, and phones.

## A Note from the Performer

The beginning of 2020 arrived with a sense of renewed hope for many. A new decade and a new beginning. Instead what came was something no one expected. A pandemic not seen since the 1920s, political turmoil that divided the country, and racial strife that divided it even more. What came from 2020 was the opposite of what was expected. A loss of hope.

Throughout the past year and a half many have felt further from their loved ones than ever before, despite the advances in technology. There was a sense of loneliness that was unbearable. How can I live in the world, but not be able to go into the world? Yet in this loneliness we have been bound together. Everyone experiencing the same thing. Now, as we near the end of 2021, there is once again a sense of hope. We have survived the quarantine, and we are attempting to work out our differences. If the pandemic has taught me anything, it is that I am never truly alone.

This recital is set as a portrayal of the past year and a half. I hope within it, you too will understand that you never walk alone.

*Whither Must I Wander* (1904)

Text by Robert Louis Stevenson

Music by Ralph Vaughan Williams

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958), was born in Down Ampney, UK, to a well-off family. His father died in 1875, and he was moved to Surrey, where he grew up. He attended the Royal College of Music and the Trinity College of Cambridge. Early in his life he studied under Charles Stanford and Hubert Parry, and later studied under Max Bruch and Maurice Ravel. Vaughan Williams' style is heavily influenced by English folk-song and Tudor music. He fought in the Great War, and his experiences in the War influenced his music after the war. Vaughan Williams married twice, his last marriage being 5 years before he died. He is one of the most well-known English symphonic composers, but his compositions spread to art songs, opera, ballet, and film scores.

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894), is one of the most well-known writers from the 19<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup> centuries. His best known works include *Treasure Island*, *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and *Kidnapped*. Stevenson was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, and attended Edinburgh University to earn an engineering degree. He never practiced as an engineer, and knew he wanted to be a writer. The *Songs of Travel* were written at the end of Stevenson's life, and were published in the year after he died. They were originally intended to be an extension of another of his works, *Underwoods* (1887). The *Songs of Travel* is an 85 page book, consisting of 44 poems. Vaughan Williams only used 9 of the poems for his 1904 set.

*Whither Must I Wander* is the 16<sup>th</sup> poem in Stevenson's set, and the 7<sup>th</sup> song in Vaughan Williams' set. The performer has chosen to make this song the opening song of the recital because the poem takes the reader through the entire journey, similar to a prologue. In the first verse, Stevenson writes that home is no longer home. The second verse is a verse of remembrance to how much the performer cherished his home. The final verse is about accepting that though home no longer is what it was, "spring shall come," and all will be right again, but it will never be the same as it was. Vaughan Williams utilizes shifts in dynamics to bring the reader to each place. This is most noticeable in the final verse of the song, which starts *pianissimo*, in a hopeful tone, and crescendos to *fortissimo* on the words, "fair shine the day on the house with open door." Vaughan Williams then writes *pianissimo* again when the performer realizes that he can never truly return to what was.

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

Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces,  
Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child.  
Fire and the windows bright glittered on the moorland;

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

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

*Jubilation* (2021)

Poem by Kelly Dyksterhouse

Kelly Dyksterhouse holds a BA from Wake Forest University and an MFA in Writing from the Vermont College of Fine Arts. She writes novels and short stories for children and young adults and poetry from her home in North Carolina and delights in art of all kinds. She is also a proud mother of two children, both who make music through singing, one of whom does so in front of people.

Light snakes through black night  
Crackling into a billion  
    oohhs and ahhs  
The earth reverberates with  
    promises and resolutions  
Fireworks brush the heavens  
Explosive palm branches welcoming  
A new year.  
    New decade.  
        New century.  
A new you, new me  
A twenty first century triumphal entry  
That age-old miscalculation  
    of hopes and dreams  
As triumphal entries are wont to be.  
Demanding hope  
    Though branches wilt and  
        fireworks fizzle and fade.

And Yet  
It only takes a single star to define the dark  
Light that needs no welcome  
    because it was already there.

*Quand la flamme de l'amour*, from *La jolie fille de Perth* (1867)

Libretto by Jules-Henri Vernoy  
Translation by Martha Gerhart

Music by Georges Bizet

Georges Bizet (1838-1875), was a French Romantic Era composer born in Paris, France to a musical family. Though his father was an amateur, his mother was a very well known pianist. He began at the Conservatoire de Paris at age 9, though the minimum age requirement was 10. While at the Conservatoire, Bizet studied under Pierre Zimmermann and Antoine Marmontel. Bizet did not have much success during his lifetime because of the public's preference towards Classical works rather than Romantic, though *La jolie fille de Perth* (1867) and *les pêcheurs de perles* (1863) gained popularity later in his life and are extremely popular today. His opera, *Carmen*, is one of the most well-known operas today and is performed all over the world.

Jules-Henri Vernoy (1799-1875) was a French Librettist based in Paris. Almost all of his Librettos are for *opéra comique*, and in 1829, Vernoy became the manager of the *Opéra-Comique* in Paris. By the end of his life, Vernoy had written over 70 stage pieces, and several novels, and he was very old-fashioned in his plot lines. He was affectionate of 18<sup>th</sup> century costumes and mannerisms, and this affection was reflected in his plots. Notable works of his include *L'éclair* (1835), *Giselle* (1841), and *La jolie fille de Perth* (1867).

*Quand la flamme de l'amour* is in the second act of *La jolie fille de Perth*, and is sung by the character Ralph, who is in love with Catherine Glover. He believes he has just seen Catherine get abducted by the Duke of Rothsay, and gets drunk out of sadness. This song is sung just before Ralph tells Henry, also in love with Catherine, about what he has seen. Ralph is a sappy drunk in this piece, and the "Tra la la"s that he sings are reminiscent of his crying over losing the girl he loves.

*La la la!... tra la la!... Tra la!*  
*Quand la flamme de l'amour*  
*brûle l'âme nuit et jour,*  
*pour l'étendre quelquefois,*  
*sans me plaindre moi je bois!*  
*Je ris! Je chante!*  
*Je ris, je chante et je bois!*  
*Tra la la la la!... Ah! Tra la la!...*  
*S'il es tune triste folie,*  
*c'est celle d'un pauvre amoureux*  
*qu'un regard de femme humilie,*  
*qu'un mot peut rendre malheureux,*  
*hélas!*  
*Quond on aime sans Espoir,*  
*Le ciel même deviant noir.*  
*Eh! l'hôtesse... mon flacon!*  
*Que j'y laisse ma raison!*  
*Tra la la la la!...*

La la la!... tra la la!... tra la!  
When the flame of love  
Burns the soul night and day,  
To quench it sometimes,  
Without complaining, me – I drink!  
I laugh! I sing!  
I laugh, I sing, and I drink!  
Tra la la la la! Ah! Tra la la!...  
If there exists a sorry folly,  
It's that of a poor lover  
Whom a woman's glance humbles...  
Whom a word can make unhappy –  
Alas!  
When one loves without hope,  
Heavens itself becomes gloomy.  
Hey, hostess... my bottle,  
So that I may leave my reason in it!  
Tra la la la la!...

*Vagabond* (1904)

Text by R. L. Stevenson

Music by R. V. Williams

*Vagabond*, is the first poem and first song in the *Songs of Travel*. In Stevenson's original publications, the words, "To an air of Schubert", are written under the title. It is not known if this means that Stevenson wrote this for Schubert, or if it is meant to be set to a song in Schubert's style. However, Vaughan Williams utilizes the text to his own unique setting. The piano reminds the listener of walking, with its rhythmic march in the left hand. This is the beginning of the performer's journey away from what he knew of as his home. The text of this poem is curious, as the performer seems to be convincing himself throughout that he doesn't need "wealth, hope, nor love", and instead craves the open road and being alone. The first time the second verse is sung, the performer is "seeking" for heaven, a place of rest. In the repetition of the second verse, the performer is "asking" for it, almost as if in prayer for relief, because he doesn't want to want "wealth hope or love", but realizes he can't help himself.

Give to me the life I love,  
Let the lave go by me,  
Give the jolly heaven above  
And the byway nigh me.  
Bed in the bush with stars to see,  
Bread I dip in the river—  
There's the life for a man like me,  
There's the life forever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,  
Let what will be o'er me;  
Give the face of earth around  
And the road before me.  
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,  
Nor a friend to know me;  
All I seek, the heaven above  
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me  
Where afield I linger,  
Silencing the bird on tree,  
Biting the blue finger.  
White as meal the frosty field—  
Warm the fireside haven—  
Not to autumn will I yield,  
Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late,  
Let what will be o'er me;  
Give the face of earth around,  
And the road before me.  
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,  
Nor a friend to know me;  
All I ask, the heaven above  
And the road below me.

*Youth and Love* (1904)

Text by R. L. Stevenson

Music by R. V. Williams

There are 2 poems titled *Youth and Love* in Stevenson's collection, though Vaughan Williams only uses the 2<sup>nd</sup>. This poem is the 3<sup>rd</sup> in Stevenson's set, but Vaughan Williams changes the order and makes it the 4<sup>th</sup> song in his set. Stevenson opens the text of the poem by speaking about how to the "heart of youth", everything is like a highway. The heart is quickly moving from one thing to the next on its journey through life. Vaughan Williams uses the music to feel like an irregular heartbeat, mixing simple and compound meter. This mixture continues throughout the song, and reflects that even when the heart finds something to latch on to, it has no choice but to continue on its path.

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 the 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.

*Thus saith the Lord... But who may abide the day of His coming?* From *Messiah* (1742)

Text by Charles Jennens

Music by George Frideric Handel

George F. Handel (1685-1759) was born in Saxony, Germany. He wished to study music early on in his life, but his father wouldn't let him because music wasn't a steady source of income. Though his father didn't approve of music, his mother was supportive. Handel's first teacher was Frideric Zachow, with whom he mastered organ composition. Handel studied law at the University of Halle, but wasn't a student for long. He accepted a job as a violinist at Opera's Goose Market Theater. His first opera composition was *Almira* (1705). In 1710, Handel moved to London. He composed *Rinaldo* (1710) 2 weeks after moving to London. Handel became a British citizen in 1726. Handel began to drift away from opera composition in the 1730s, and began writing oratorios instead. There are several reasons for this, but all stem from his father's original distaste of music, money. Opera in England was losing its luster, and oratorios were becoming extremely popular. The church also prohibited opera from being performed during lent, and oratorios were a steady source of income. Even in his adult days, Handel sought to prove his father wrong and make money through music. He completed his most famous work, *Messiah*, in 1742.

Charles Jennens (1700-1773) was a good friend of Handel's and helped with the libretti of his oratorios. He was raised in Leicestershire, England and went to Balliol College, Oxford, but didn't graduate. Jennens was a devout Christian, and had a deep understanding of the Bible. It was through this understanding that he helped write librettis for Handel's oratorios. Jennens helped to write *Saul* (1735-39), *Israel in Egypt* (1738-39), and *Messiah* (1741-42), among others. Jennens also understood music notation, and he helped correct Handel's notation and add bass figures into his pieces.

*Thus saith the Lord... But who may abide...*, is a recitative and aria combination from the beginning of the *Messiah*, being listed as numbers 5 and 6 respectively. *Thus saith the Lord* is taken from Haggai 2:6-7 and Malachi 3:1. Both are books of the Old Testament. The first half of the recitative stems from Haggai, and the ending comes from Malachi, but both are linked by the reference of a temple. The recitative connects to the aria, *But who may abide...*, perfectly because the text is Malachi 3:2. Handel speeds up the music as the performer sings about the "refiner's fire", signaling urgency in the performer, and the power of the Lord.

Thus saith the Lord, the Lord of hosts;  
Yet once a little while, and I will shake  
The heav'ns, and the earth, the sea, and the dry land;  
All nations, I'll shake,  
And the desire of all nations shall come:  
The Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple,  
Ev'n the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in:  
Behold, he shall come, saith the Lord of hosts.

But who may abide the day of His coming?  
And who shall stand when he appeareth?  
For he is like a refiner's fire.

*Spread*

Poem by Kelly Dyksterhouse

It is finished

It only took  
a single bite of the apple  
to mix the leaven of rights with  
a careless cough  
(or was it a thought?)

Whichever, a droplet's released.  
Inhaled, and takes root in your nose  
or eyes  
or mind.

And what began as a tiny red dot on the map  
(or was it a letter?  
A letter that formed  
A word that formed  
a 280-character thoughts?)

No matter, it multiplies.  
Radiates, creeps over the globe.  
It began in the far east, you know,  
(or was it in your heart?)

Regardless, shout it loud.  
So it becomes true until  
suddenly you realize there's  
no light, no breath, no room for  
apology  
respect  
thought  
apology respect thought  
apologyrespectthought  
A. R. T.

And the 2 ton stone rolls,  
settles,  
seals.  
And you are alone,  
Blinking in the dark,  
Entombed in your own experience.

*Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen* (1899-1901)

Text by Friedrich Rückert  
Translations by Edith Braun

Music by Gustav Mahler

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911) was an Austrian composer who held positions with the Vienna Court Opera, the New York Metropolitan Opera, and the Philharmonic Orchestra. He was born in Kaliste, Czech Republic and grew up in Jihlava. He began composing at 4, and gave his first recital at the age of 10. He entered the Vienna Conservatory at 15. When he was 42, he married Alma Schindler, another musician, and had 2 daughters. Mahler's work often focused on death and the afterlife, and *Rückert Lieder* is reflective of this. Mahler never composed an opera, and focused more on symphonic works, though he did compose choral literature as well.

Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866) was born in Schweinfurt, Germany and studied at universities in Würzburg and Heidelberg. In 1826, he served as a professor of Oriental languages at the University of Erlangen, and moved to Berlin to serve the same position there in 1841. Rückert knew 30 languages and translated many Oriental poems. His own works were set to music by famous composers such as Schubert, Clara Schumann, Brahms, and Mahler.

*Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen* is recognized as one of Mahler's most beautiful works. It is the 3<sup>rd</sup> song in the Rückert Lieder. Rückert's setting of the text is one of sadness and comfort. There is the sadness of being "lost to the world", and the comfort of being at rest in a "silent domain", where the performer lives "alone in [his] heaven". Mahler composes the piece to reflect these 2 emotions. This piece utilizes suspensions more than any other piece in the set. These suspensions represent the longing that the performer feels for the comfort of being alone, but also the sadness from being separated from the rest of the world. The dynamics of the piece never reach above *mezzo forte*, representing the calm that the singer feels throughout.

*Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen,  
Mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verdorben;  
Sie hat so lange nichts von mir vernommen.  
Sie mag wohl glauben, ich Zeit gestorben!  
Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen,  
Ob sie mich für gestorben hält.  
Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dagegen,  
Denn wirklich bin ich gestorben,  
Gestorben der Welt.  
Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgetümmel  
Und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet.  
Ich leb' allein in meinem Himmel  
In meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied.*

I have become lost to the world,  
On which I formerly wasted much time;  
It has heard nothing for so long from me,  
It may well believe that I have died!  
I do not care at all,  
If it considers me as dead.  
I also cannot contradict it,  
For really I have died,  
Died to the world.  
I have died to the world's turmoil  
And rest in silent domain.  
I live alone in my heaven,  
In my love, in my song.

*Sometimes I feel like a Motherless Child* (1918)

Text by an anonymous author

Music by Harry T. Burleigh

Harry T. Burleigh (1866-1949) was born in Erie, Pennsylvania, and was involved in music throughout his childhood. Burleigh was heavily involved in church music throughout his life, and sang in multiple church choirs growing up. He learned the African American spirituals from his mother, who he claimed was his first teacher. He worked as a doorman at the home of Elizabeth Russell in order to hear traveling musicians who passed through. He attended the National Conservatory of Music in New York, and studied with several renowned teachers. While at the conservatory, Burleigh became good friends with Antonín Dvořák, who encouraged him to arrange his own version of the spirituals. By the end of his career, Burleigh had composed over 200 American art songs, and was the first African American composer to be acclaimed for concert songs.

Burleigh's arrangement of *Sometimes I feel like a Motherless Child*, embodies the feeling that slaves felt as they worked on plantations. There was no true sense of home for them to return to, no safe place they could find a refuge. The melody Burleigh writes is slow and plodding, much like the performer is singing while walking around the fields. The final chord of the piece is a curious chord, as it does not fit the rest of the piece. The entirety of this arrangement is in D minor, reflecting the sadness in the singer's voice. The final chord is a D Major 7, ending the piece on a Picardy cadence. Burleigh does this to provide a sense of hope in the performer and listener. Home can be found, even if there is very little hope.

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child,  
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child,  
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child,  
A long ways from home, a long ways from home.

Sometimes I feel like I'm almos' gone  
Sometimes I feel like I'm almos' gone  
Sometimes I feel like I'm almos' gone  
A long ways from home, a long ways from home.

*In Dreams* (1904)

Text by R. L. Stevenson

Music by R. V. Williams

*In Dreams* is the 4<sup>th</sup> poem in Stevenson's set, and the 5<sup>th</sup> song in Vaughan Williams' set. The poem is about the love left behind in the previous song in the set, *Youth and Love*. The pulsing, off-beat notes are a reflection of the unsteadiness of the performer's heart beat. The performer believes the one he loved has forgotten all about him, the tokens of affection lay unremembered in her hand. But the performer remembers her. The juxtaposition of the off-beat piano, and the on-beat vocal line lend even more to the unsteadiness of the song, before the vocal line drops out leaving only the off-beat remaining.

In dreams, unhappy, I behold you stand  
As heretofore.  
The unremembered tokens in your hand  
Avail no more.

No more the morning glow, no more the grace,  
Enshrines, endears.  
Cold beats the light of time upon your face  
And shows your tears.

He came and went. Perchance you wept a while  
And then forgot.  
Ah me! But he that left you with a smile  
Forgets you not.

*The Infinite Shining Heavens* (1904)

Text by R. L. Stevenson

Music by R. V. Williams

*The Infinite Shining Heavens* is the 6<sup>th</sup> song in both Stevenson's and Vaughan Williams' sets. This is where the tone of the set changes from lost to found. Stevenson uses the metaphor of a falling star to symbolize rebirth, a commonality in 19<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup> century English literature. The song begins with the performer looking up to the heavens. Stevenson uses wordplay in saying the heavens "Rose". The use of a capital letter suggests the possibility of the love's name being mentioned for the first time. Stevenson says that the stars are "dumb and shining and dead". The stars had no use, other than their beauty, which was very dear to the performer. The falling star at the end of the piece represents the rebirth that the piano's continuous descending chords allude to throughout the piece.

The infinite shining heavens  
Rose and I saw in the night  
Uncountable angel stars  
Showing sorrow and light.

I saw them distant as heaven,  
Dumb and shining and dead,  
And the idle stars of the night  
Were dearer to me than bread.

Night after night in my sorrow  
The stars looked over the sea,  
Till lo! I looked in the dusk  
And a star had come down to me.

*Ignite*

Poem by Jacob Dyksterhouse

Fireworks have come,  
And gone.  
The light that ignited the Earth  
With excitement and hope,  
A hope still outstanding.

A cough to consume our minds  
One by one.  
What comes next  
When it ends  
If it ends?

Midnight has lasted for so long  
Seemingly longer than the other nights combined.

Yet as I look into the darkness  
I see a single star  
It grows brighter the longer I stare.

I squint.

Is that another?  
    And another?

A single star,  
multiplying its light.  
To extinguish the darkness  
As it expands in my sight.

*Um Mitternacht* (1899-1901)

Text by Friedrich Rückert  
Translations by Edith Braun

Music by Gustav Mahler

The beginning text of *Um Mitternacht* seems to contrast with the ending of *The Infinite Shining Heavens*, in that the text of *Um Mitternacht* states that there is darkness in the midnight that the performer is singing about. Mahler uses dynamics to compliment the text. When the performer sends his “thought out into the darkness” (*hab’ ich gedacht, hinaus in dunkle schranken*), the dynamics get louder, as if the performer is actually sending his thoughts during the song. Something similar happens when the performer is “[fighting] the battle” (*kämpft’ ich die Schlacht*) and Mahler hints at something bigger with the dynamics. This “bigger” event finally happens when the performer realizes he has no control over the events of his life, and must give all the power to the Lord. There is a switch from minor chords to major at this section as well. The performer proclaims that the Lord is on guard watching at midnight and will protect him.

*Um Mitternacht hab’ ich gewacht  
Und aufgeblickt zum Himmel;  
Kein Stern vom Sternengewimmel  
Hat mir gelacht um Mitternacht.  
Um Mitternacht hab’ ich gedacht  
Hinaus in dunkle Schranken.  
Um Mitternacht.  
Es hat kein Lichtgedanken  
Mir Trost gebracht um Mitternacht.  
Um Mitternacht nahm ich in acht  
Die Schläge meines Herzens;  
Ein einz’ger Puls des Schmerzens  
War angefacht um Mitternacht.  
Um Mitternacht kämpft’ ich die Schlacht,  
O Menschheit deiner Leiden;  
Nicht konnt’ ich sie entscheiden  
Mit meiner Macht um Mitternacht  
Um Mitternacht hab’ ich die Macht  
In Deine Hand gegeben;  
Herr! Herr über Tod und Leben,  
Du hältst die Wacht,  
Du, Du hältst die Wacht um Mitternacht!*

At midnight I have been awake and  
I looked up to the sky;  
No star amid the swarm of stars  
Has smiled at me at midnight.  
At midnight I have set my thoughts  
Out into dark confines.  
At midnight.  
No shining thought  
Has brought me consolation at midnight.  
At midnight I took account  
Of the beats of my heart;  
A single pulse of sorrow  
Was aflame at midnight.  
At midnight I fought the battle,  
Of humanity, of your suffering;  
I could not bring it to an end  
Withing my power at midnight.  
At midnight I have given the power  
Into your hands;  
Lord! Lord over life and death,  
You are standing on guard,  
You, you are on guard at midnight!

*Let Beauty Awake* (1904)

Text by R. L. Stevenson

Music by R. V. Williams

*Let Beauty Awake* is the 2<sup>nd</sup> song in Vaughan Williams' set, but the 9<sup>th</sup> song in Stevenson's set. The music in this song is reminiscent of rippling water before breaking the surface. This metaphor is also used for an awakening. The text speaks about the sun in the first verse, and the moon in the second. The moon's light shines on the earth because of the sun's reflection. As the sun's light "kisses" the moon, it receives the light and renders it on the world, providing light and hope through the darkest nights. It is no coincidence that the last note of the piece is also the highest note in the piece. The rebirth of hope and love has finally been accomplished.

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

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

*The Roadside Fire* (1904)

Text by R. L. Stevenson

Music by R. V. Williams

*The Roadside Fire* is a dialogue between 2 people who love each other. They make professions and promises that they know they cannot keep. Though the performer creates a song for his love that he will sing, and think of her fondly forever. This piece is the 11<sup>th</sup> song of Stevenson's set, but the 3<sup>rd</sup> song of Vaughan Williams' set. Vaughan Williams sets the piece as if travelling on a wagon, and the music reminds the listener of this. When the text begins to speak about music, the music gets much more lyrical. The performer creates his song that only he remembers, and only his love admires, but he must continue down his set path, and pass his "roadside fire".

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight  
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.  
I will make a palace fit for you and me  
Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,  
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom,  
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white  
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,  
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!  
That only I remember, that only you admire,  
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

*Ich atmet' einen linden Duft* (1899-1901)

Text by Friedrich Rückert  
Translations by Edith Braun

Music by Gustav Mahler

*Ich atmet' einen linden Duft* is the final song of the Rückert Lieder. It evokes the scent of a linden tree in the listener's mind. The vocal line calls back on itself multiple times throughout the piece, the most noticeable being the beginning of the second stanza calling back to the second line of the first stanza. The accompaniment in this piece is the most delicate of all the set, and reminds the listener of the fragrance of a linden tree blowing in the wind. Rückert associated this fragrance with love and home. There is some instability in the key throughout the second stanza, but Mahler resolves this with the final vocal cadence ending with a perfect authentic cadence. Mahler utilizes dynamic shifts, especially in the final transition to closure. The performer crescendos to the only *forte* of the piece when singing about his love, then grows suddenly quite when thinking about love's scent, ending the piece as calmly as it began.

*Ich atmet' einen linden Duft.  
Im Zimmer stand ein Zweig der Linde,  
ein Angebinde von lieber Hand.  
Wie lieblich war der Lindenduft.*

I breathed a gentle scent.  
In the room stood a bunch of linden,  
A gift from a dear hand.  
How lovely was the scent of linden.

*Wie lieblich ist der Lindenduft,  
Das Lindenreis brachst du gelinde!  
Ich atme leis im Duft der Linde  
Der Liebe linden Duft.*

How lovely is the scent of linden,  
The sprig of linden you gathered gently!  
I breathe softly amid the scent of linden  
Love's gentle scent.

*Bright is the Ring of Words* (1904)

Text by R. L. Stevenson

Music by R. V. Williams

*Bright is the Ring of Words* is the 14<sup>th</sup> song in Stevenson's set, and the 8<sup>th</sup> song in Vaughan Williams' set. Vaughan Williams music embodies the brightness of the text through his use of major chords throughout. Vaughan Williams' use of downward motion throughout the first verse is a foreshadowing of the singer dying at the end of the verse. As the text begins about the singer's grave, Vaughan Williams utilizes rolled chords, similar to *The Infinite Shining Heavens*. At the end of the piece, Stevenson writes about the lover "lingering and singing", drawing the listener's mind back to *The Roadside Fire* where the performer promises to sing a song that only the maid would remember. Vaughan Williams emphasizes this with downward motion in the melody, similar to that in *The Roadside Fire*.

Bright is the ring of words  
When the right man rings them,  
Fair the fall of songs  
When the singer sings them.  
Still they are carolled and said—  
On wings they are carried—  
After the singer is dead  
And the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies  
In the field of heather,  
Songs of his fashion bring  
The swains together.  
And when the west is red  
With the sunset embers,  
The lover lingers and sings  
And the maid remembers.

*I've Been in De Storm So Long* (1918)

Text by an anonymous author

Music by H. T. Burleigh

Burleigh's arrangement of *I've Been in De Storm So Long* has a much larger vocal range than *Sometimes I feel like a Motherless Child*. The higher range during the words, "Oh, give me little time to pray" is reflective of the tone of voice that begins when one is begging for relief from the "storm". The performer pleads more and more throughout the piece, getting louder and louder, but the final instance of the words "give me little time to pray" is *piano*. A final request. The accompaniment echoes this request in the final moments of the song. Though the song is in common time, the performance of this song is more representative of that of a recitative. The performer must gather his thoughts before each phrase, thinking of the tiredness he felt, and the prayer and acceptance he needs. The *piano* at the end is also a completion of his thought process, and he decides that prayer truly is what he needs.

I've been in de storm so long;  
I've been in de storm so long children;  
I've been in the storm so long,  
Oh, give me little time to pray.

Oh, let me tell my mother how I come along,  
Oh, give me little time to pray;  
With a hung down head an' a aching heart,  
Oh, give me little time to pray.

Oh when I get to heavn, I'll walk all about,  
Oh give me little time to pray.  
Dere'll be nobody dere to turn me out,  
Oh give me little time to pray.

*I have trod the upward and the downward slope* (1904)

Text by R. L. Stevenson

Music by R. V. Williams

The final song in Vaughan Williams' set, and the 22<sup>nd</sup> song in Stevenson's set, *I have trod the upward and the downward slope* is the perfect ending to a long road of traveling. Vaughan Williams recalls many of his compositions in this piece. The very beginning has a descending baseline similar to *The Infinite Shining Heavens*. After the performer stops singing, the main theme from *Bright is the Ring of Words* is heard in the accompaniment. The final 2 measures bring the listener all the way back to the beginning of the set with *Vagabond*'s march-like baseline. Throughout the song, the performer remembers all of the ups and downs he has been through. His life, and his loves. The *pianississimo* on the vocalist's final word ends the piece, as the performer truly is closing the door on his past life and looking forward towards the future.

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

## Special Thanks To

### **Patrick Vu**

Born in 1998, Patrick Vu is a senior from Allen, Texas and is currently pursuing a double major in Vocal Music Education and Music Composition at TCU. While Patrick enjoys composing music for instrumental chamber ensembles, he especially loves writing choral music and art song and has been commissioned by professionals across the DFW Metroplex and beyond including the Fort Worth Opera and the Savannah VOICE Festival. Patrick was named the winner of the student category for the 2020 TCU School of Music Call for Scores Competition with his Trumpet Fanfare; this piece will be premiered during the grand opening of the new TCU Music Center. He is also the winner of the Fall 2020 and Spring 2021 TCU 24-Hour Composition Competition. His music has been published by Alliance, Hinshaw, Gentry, and North Star Music.

Patrick was awarded the prestigious Presser Scholar by the university for his contributions to the TCU School of Music. Patrick is a TCU Chancellor's Scholar and represents both the School of Music and the John V. Roach Honors College as a student ambassador. Patrick studies voice with Dr. Corey Trahan and composition with Dr. Martin Blessinger.

### **Stephen Carrey**

Stephen Carey (Music Director/Pianist) is currently in his 3rd year, as the vocal coach for the TCU Opera Studio. In the 2020-2021 TCU school year, Mr. Carey served as music director, and pianist, for an online opera scenes program in the fall of 2020, and in the spring 2021 semester, served as music director, and pianist, for 4 one-act operas, consisting of Remove Shoes Before Entering (Michael Ching), The Island of Tulipatan (Offenbach), The Beautiful Bridegroom (Dan Shore), and The Four Note Opera (Tom Johnson). In the 2019-2020 TCU school year, Mr. Carey served as music director, conductor, and pianist, for a contemporary opera program, as well as music director, and conductor, for the world premiere of Evan Mack's opera, Yeltsin In Texas. In the 2018-2019 school year, Mr. Carey was the assistant music director of the UNT opera program, where he served as vocal coach in productions of Janacek's Cunning Little Vixen, and Puccini's Gianni Schicchi, and as music director, and conductor, for a concert production of Mozart's Cosi fan tutte. From the fall of 2012, through the spring of 2018, Mr. Carey served as the principal pianist/vocal coach, with Fort Worth Opera. From the fall of 2001, through the spring of 2012, Mr. Carey served as the assistant artistic director, chorus master, and rehearsal pianist/vocal coach for Opera Memphis. Mr. Carey has previously served on the artistic staffs of AIMS in Graz, Opera In The Ozarks, Ashlawn Opera, Chautauqua Opera, and Utah Festival Opera And Musical Theatre.

# Jacob Dyksterhouse

Jacob Dyksterhouse is a senior from Gastonia, North Carolina, pursuing a voice performance and history double degree at Texas Christian University. He currently studies voice with Professor J. David Brock. While at TCU, Jacob has performed in multiple operas, including as *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Britten) and *Falstaff* (Verdi). When he is back in North Carolina, Jacob is a regular performer at churches in the area. During the spring 2021 semester, Jacob worked with Professor David Gately, and Stephen Carrey to direct and stage the *Songs of Travel* (Vaughan Williams). This performance was broadcast on the TCU School of Music's YouTube page last spring. Jacob has been accepted to the American Institute of Musical Studies in Graz, Austria, and plans to attend the Lieder program during the summer of 2022.