



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

John Dubois, tenor
Andrew Walters, baritone
Maxim Kudaev, collaborative piano
Andrew Packard, collaborative piano

November 13, 2022

7:00 PM

Van Cliburn Concert Hall at TCU

Program

Se Equivocó la Paloma
La Rosa y el Sauce

Carlos Guastavino
(1912-2000)

John Dubois, tenor

“Come Paride Vezzoso” from *L’elisir d’amore*

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

Andrew Walters, baritone

Sure on this Shining Night

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Litany

John Musto
(b. 1954)

Soliloquy

John Wesley Work
(1871-1925)

John Dubois, tenor

**Ihr Bildnis
Sie liebten sich beide**

Clara Schumann
(1819-1896)

**Ich grolle nicht
Widmung**

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Andrew Walters, baritone

Selections from *Liederkreis*, Op. 39

Robert Schumann

In der Fremde
Mondnacht
Schöne Fremde
Frühlingsnacht

John Dubois, tenor

**The Drunken Old Fool
Farmer's Curst Wife**

Steven Mark Kohn
(b. 1957)

Andrew Walters, baritone

"Ecco Ridente in Cielo," from *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*

Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

John Dubois, tenor

"What You'd Call a Dream" from *Diamonds*

Craig Carnelia
(b.1949)

Andrew Walters, baritone

"Lily's Eyes" from *The Secret Garden*

Lucy Simon
(b.1942)

John Dubois, tenor
Andrew Walters, baritone

Mr. Dubois and Mr. Walters are students of Dr. Rodriguez.
The use of recording equipment or flash photography is prohibited.
Please silence all electronic devices including watches, pagers, and phones.

Program Notes

Se Equivocó la Paloma La Rosa y el Sauce

**Carlos Guastavino
(1912-2000)**

Born in Santa Fe, Argentina, Guastavino was a prominent composer of 20th century Latin American music. Known as "The Schubert of Argentina," he wrote over 300 works, including his most famous, *Canciones Populares Argentinas*, and toured China and the Soviet Union. Due to his decline in popularity, he stopped composing. After inspiration by Carlos Vilo, a chamber musician, he continued, due to Vilo's interest in his songs. *La Rosa y el Sauce* and *Se Equivocó La Paloma* are arguably his most famous art songs.

La Rosa y el Sauce, or the rose and the willow tree, talks about a willow tree that loves its partner the rose, but a coquettish girl steals it, leaving it lonely. The poet, Fernan Silva Valdes, is from Montevideo Uruguay, and was drawn to poetry during his youth. He was fascinated by Uruguayan music, collaborating with many composers in Uruguay, including Gerardo Matos Rodriguez. He also collaborated with tango pianist Ramón Collazo, creating the work, Agua Florida. After traveling to Buenos Aires, many other musicians caught attention to Silva Valdes' writing, including Carlos Gardel. He wrote the lyrics to the famous tango, *Adios Argentina*.

Se Equivocó la Paloma is about a dove who is wrong and mistaken in everything, but in a good way. The poet, Rafael Alberti, was a Spanish poet from Andalusia. He was influenced by the traditions of his town, Puerto de Santa Maria, and the sunlight and coast of southern Spain. He was attracted to painting after moving with his family to Madrid. However, he stuck with his poetry love, and later won Spain's National Literary Prize for his first collection, *Marinero en Tierra*.

I am fascinated by Latin American music, but mainly that of Argentina. Buenos Aires has the nickname, "the Paris of the Americas," because many of its traditions come from European immigrants. When thinking of Argentinian music, we tend to default to tango, but there are many beautiful classical songs from Argentina, and I am very excited to share the beauty of South America.

Se Equivocó la Paloma

The Dove was Wrong

Se equivocó la paloma.
Se equivocaba.

The dove was wrong.
She was mistaken.

Por ir al norte, fue al sur.
Creyó que el trigo era agua.

To travel north she flew south,
Believing the wheat was water.

Se equivocaba.

She was mistaken.

Creyó que el mar era el cielo;
que la noche, la mañana.
Se equivocaba.

Believing the sea was sky,
That the night was dawn.
She was mistaken.

Que las estrellas, rocío;
que la calor; la nevada.
Se equivocaba.

That the stars were dew,
That the heat was snowfall.
She was mistaken.

Que tu falda era tu blusa;
que tu corazón, su casa.
Se equivocaba.
(Ella se durmió en la orilla.
Tú, en la cumbre de una rama.)

Your skirt your blouse,
Your heart your home.
She was mistaken.
(She fell asleep on the shore,
You at the tip of a branch.)

Poem by Rafael Alberti

Translation by A.S Kline

La Rosa Y El Sauce

The Rose and the Willow Tree

La rosa se iba abriendo
Abrazada al sauce,
El árbol apasionada,
La amaba tanto!

The rose began to bloom
Embracing the willow tree
The passionate tree, passionately
It loved the rose so much.

Pero una niña, una niña coqueta
Pero una niña, una niña coqueta
Se la ha robado
Y el sauce desconsolado
La está llorando.
La está llorando.

But a little girl, a coquettish girl
But a little girl, a coquettish girl
Has stolen the rose
And the desolate willow tree
Is crying for the rose?
Is crying for the rose?

Poem by Fernán Silva Valdés

Translation by Lorena Paz Nieto

“Come Paride Vezzoso” from *L’elisir d’amore*

**Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)**

In the summer before the Fall 2020 semester, I received a text from Dr. Rodriguez asking me if I wanted to sing a challenging aria that would test my vocal and acting skills. I immediately

responded with, “Yes. I’m ready for the challenge.” He sent me the music to “Come Paride Vezzoso,” and I fell in love. This was my first “big boy” aria in college and was my first exposure to Bel Canto style singing. Other than “Si Trai Ceppi” by Handel, this was also one of the first times I was assigned coloratura repertoire. “Come Paride Vezzoso,” also known as Belcore’s Aria, depicts a scene where Belcore, a sergeant in the military, enters the lawn of Adina’s farm, and proceeds to engage with her, giving her flowers and explaining that it makes sense that she would be in love with him because of his militant power.

One of the biggest things Dr. Rodriguez and I have worked on over the course of these four years has been staying resonant throughout all registers of the voice. We discovered while working on this aria that as I approached Eb4, E4, and F4, the placement would fall back and lose resonance. By the end of the semester, I was more comfortable with the placement of those notes. Since that semester, I have made it one of my goals to start the semester every year, and every semester my resonance and range continue to grow. From sophomore year to now, the vocal growth is drastic. I’m thankful for Dr. Rodriguez pushing me to be my best every day.

Come Paride Vezzoso

Come Paride Vezzoso
porse il pomo alla più bella
mia diletta villanella,
io ti porgo questi fior.
Ma di lui più glorioso,
più di lui felice io sono,
poiché in premio del mio dono
ne riporto il tuo bel cor.

Veggio chiaro in quel visino
ch’io fo breccia nel tuo petto
Non è cosa sorprendente;
son galante, son sergente;
non v’ha bella che resista
alla vista d’un cimiero;
cede a Marte iddio guerriero,
fin la madre dell a’mor.

Libretto by Felice Romani

As Charming Paris

As Charming Paris
gave the apple to the most beautiful,
my darling rustic girl,
I give you this flower.
But more glorious than he,
I am happier than he,
because as for a reward for my gift
I carry off your lovely heart.

I see clearly in that little face
that I’ve reduced you to smithereens.
It’s not anything surprising,
I am gallant, I’m a sergent;
there is no beauty who can resist
the sight of military uniform;
to Mars, the god of war,
even the mother of love yielded.

Translation by Ann Feeny

Sure on this Shining Night

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Samuel Barber, a leading 20th century American composer, studied at the Curtis Institute of Music, where he met his partner, Giancarlo Menotti, making several trips with him to Europe, where he learned the European compositional style. Unfortunately, due to WWII, Barber was drafted into the army. During his service, he gained a connection to Fort Worth TX, being stationed at Carswell Air Force Base, currently known as the Naval Air Station Joint Reserve Base of Fort Worth. He was famous for compositions such as *Knoxville*, *Summer of 1915*, the opera *Antony and Cleopatra* (dedicated for the opening of New York's new Metropolitan Opera House), his *Violin Concerto*, and the *Adagio for Strings*.

Sure on this Shining Night is from Agee's poem collection, *Permit me Voyage*. The text talks about someone enjoying their last night of peace because their life will end the next day. I became familiar with this text during my freshman year of high school in community chorus. We sang Morten Lauridsen's setting of *Sure on this Shining Night*, but I did not understand its meaning at the time. After studying Barber's setting, and learning about his draft to the military, I cannot imagine what was going through his mind.

Sure on this Shining Night

Sure on this shining night
Of star made shadows round,

Kindness must watch for me
This side the ground.

The late year lies down the north.
All is healed, all is health.

High summer holds the earth.
Hearts all whole.

Sure on this shining night
I weep for wonder

Wandering far alone
Of shadows on the stars.

Poem by James Agee

“Litany,” from Shadow of the Blues

John Musto
(b. 1954)

John Musto is a modern Italian American self-taught composer from Brooklyn, New York. His musical studies continued at the Manhattan School of Music.

Litany is the second movement of his song cycle, *Shadow of the Blues*. It talks about gathering the people, and we will leave the scum of our weary land. The text is from Langston Hughes' poem, *Prayer*.

Langston Hughes was an African American poet from Missouri. He was mainly prominent during the Harlem Renaissance, where he used his poetry, plays, and essays to advocate for his people and his concerns about racial and social injustice. I sang this piece in 2021, during our studio recital of Social Issues, in dedication to my mother. She came to the US from Guatemala at 9 years old.

Prayer

Gather up
In the arms of your pity
The sick, the depraved,
The desperate, the tired,
All the scum
Of our weary city

Gather up
In the arms of your pity.
Gather up
In the arms of your love
Those who expect
No love from above.

Poem by Langston Hughes

Soliloquy

John Wesley Work
(1871-1925)

John Wesley Work was an African American composer from Nashville Tennessee. He was the son of a slave who became a church choir director and professor of music at Fisk University, the

first American university to offer degrees to people of color. Work's biggest project was researching and recording music of African American communities in the Mississippi-Delta region of the United States for the Smithsonian. He was able to record Blues artist, Muddy Waters, before he became prominent. While Work was known for arranging traditional African American spirituals, such as *This Little Light of Mine*, and *Go Tell it on the Mountain*, he was also known for writing American art songs.

Soliloquy suggests that even though life brings challenges, life is good.

No Fear

If death be only half as sweet
As life,
I will not fear.

I'll shed no tear,
Nor will I ask my friends to weep,
But quietly go, like melting snow
Upon a mountain's steep
Gray height.

Or, wafted gently on a breeze,
I'll drift away among the trees,
Like lovers' laughter
Echoing down a lane.

Or I will follow, willingly,
The soft spring rain
Around the river's bend.

I'll go as quietly as robins
At the summer's end.

If death be only half as sweet
As life,
I will not fear to go.

I love life so!

Poem by Myrtle Vorst Sheppard

Ihr Bildnis

Clara Schumann
(1819-1896)

Clara Schumann was a prominent pianist and composer that lived in the Romantic Era. While commonly known for her piano compositions, *Piano Concerto in A minor* and *Piano Trio in G minor*, Schumann also wrote vocal music. Her *Sechs Lieder, op. 13* is undoubtedly her most well-known song cycle. It was written as a present for her husband Robert and made up of poems by Heinrich Heine, Emmanuel Geibel, and Friedrich Rückert. "Ihr Bildnis," depicts a person yearning for his lost love as he gazes at her picture.

I was given "Ihr Bildnis" for my sophomore barrier and immediately fell in love with the composition. In the ten days I had to prepare the piece, I was amazed by the intricate harmonies Schumann uses in the accompaniment. The pensive nature of the piano in the prelude and postlude helps set the scene for the poem. While preparing this piece my sophomore year, I had never experienced true heartbreak in a romantic relationship, so I thought of the person I have lost that I loved the most in this life; my grandma. My grandma was my best friend growing up. From kindergarten to seventh grade, my grandma picked me up from school every day, and I often spent more time with her than I did with my immediate family. Her sudden death from a stroke, in 2013, was a shock to my family and true heartbreak. I can feel and understand the poet's struggle, as looking at pictures brings back all of the magical moments we share but leaves me with sorrow and sadness that my family lost her so young. I have programmed this piece for her, and I know she will be listening in heaven.

Ihr Bildnis

Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen
und starrte ihr Bildnis an,
und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmutsränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar

Auch meine Tränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab.
Und ach! Ich kann's nicht glauben,
Daß ich dich verloren hab!

Her Picture

I stood in dark daydreams
and gazed at her picture
and that beloved face
Began to slowly come to life.

Around her lips played
a wondrous laughing smile
and tears of sorrow
glistened in her fair eyes.

My tears also, flowed
down my cheeks
And ah! I cannot believe
That I have lost you!

Sie liebten sich beide

Since coming to college, I have fallen in love with the piano. This is due, in part, to my roommate and best friend, Coleton Evans. I get the pleasure of leading worship with Coleton every Sunday in Simple Worship at the Arborlawn United Methodist Church. He has such a talent for playing contemporary Christian music and impresses me every week. Hearing him and Nathan Gapanaga talk about and play progressions with secondary dominants, diminished sevenths, and dominant sevenths has me marveling over the instrument week in and week out. When I heard “Sie liebten sich beide” for the first time, I was just in awe of the piano accompaniment. So, due to my love for piano and for Clara Schumann, I programmed this piece.

“Sie liebten sich beide” is the second piece in Schumanns *Sechs Lieder, Op. 13*. The poem tells a story of two people who love each other, but die before sharing their true feelings. While the piece is not very long in duration, Schumann fills every second with back-and-forth restlessness. In every phrase, the accompaniment rises and falls with conflict. And while the poem gives us one story, Schumann’s accompaniment opens up the story to so much more. It’s made me ask so many questions. Were the two former lovers? What is their conflict and why will they not tell each other? Are they weary? Did they die in anguish? Schumann takes this seventy-five-second piece and packs it full with dissonance and angst. And just when you think there will be some sort of ending or resolve, she leaves the listener with one last question.

Sie liebten sich beide

Sie liebten sich beide, doch keiner
Wollt’ es dem andern gestehn;
Sie sahen sich an so feindlich,
Und wollten vor Liebe vergehen.

Sie trennten sich endlich und sah’n sich
Nur noch zuweilen in Traum
Sie waren längst gestorben
Und wussten es selber kaum.

They Loved One Another

They loved one another, but neither
wished to tell the other;
They gave each other such hostile looks,
yet nearly died of love.

In the end they parted and saw
each other but rarely in dreams
They died so long ago
and hardly knew it themselves.

Ich grolle nicht

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

For my recital, I knew that I wanted to sing a German song cycle. I had originally wanted to sing the entire *Sechs Lieder, Op.13* by Clara Schumann, but due to the requirements of the recital and the length of the cycle, that was not an option. Instead, I decided to build my own German song set featuring two of my favorite composers, Robert and Clara Schumann. In the spring of my junior year, I was assigned "Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome" by Robert Schumann, which is the sixth piece in his *Dichterliebe*. The cycle is a setting of 16 pieces set to the text of Heinrich Heine's *Lyrisches Intermezzo*. While trying to find good recordings of "In Rhein, im heiligen Strome," I stumbled upon a full recording of the entire *Dichterliebe*. I took notes on the pieces I liked, and out of the other fifteen, "Ich grolle nicht," was my favorite. The piece is the seventh song in the cycle, coming directly after "In Rhein, im heiligen Strome." The poem depicts a scene where a man has lost his love but bears no grudge because he knows that she has a miserable heart, not him. He does not bear a grudge because he knows he has to forgive her. It was her darkness that swallowed her.

While I don't have a specific experience with the story Heine depicts, the phrase "I bear no grudge" hits home with me. Anyone that is close to me knows my time at TCU has gone through lots of ups and lots of downs. I've lost friends, gained new ones, burned bridges, and built new ones. And yet through it all, I bear no grudge. Some might hold that grudge against me forever, but I bear no grudge. I'm reminded of Leviticus 19:18, "Do not seek revenge or bear a grudge against anyone among your people, but love your neighbor as yourself." I haven't always been the best neighbor, but I am growing and learning every day. I bear no grudge.

Ich grolle nicht

Ich grolle nicht
und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
Ewig verlornes Lieb! Ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht
Es fällt kein Strahl in Deines Herzens Nacht.

Das weiss ich längst.
Ich sah dich ja im Traume,
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume
Und sah die Schlang' die dir am Herzen frisst,
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.
Ich grolle nicht.

I bear no grudge

I bear no grudge,
though my heart is breaking
O love forever lost! I bear no grudge.
However you gleam in diamond splendor
No ray falls in the night of your heart

I've known that long.
For I saw you in my dreams,
and saw the night within your heart,
and saw the serpent gnawing at your heart;
I saw, my love, how pitiful you are.
I bear no judge.

Widmung

I first performed “Widmung” by Schumann in November of 2018 for my Nordan Scholar Audition at TCU. Three days before submissions were due, I realized I misread the audition requirements and needed another language piece. I picked up the piece on Wednesday and spent all day Thursday learning notes. Friday, I took a field trip to the zoo, and to help memorize the piece, I set the lyrics as my lock screen. That night, I recorded the pieces and finally submitted them at 11:50 pm after sitting in two different Starbucks trying to find service. I have such a vivid and fun memory of this piece I thought it would be fitting to bring it back for my senior recital.

“Widmung” was dedicated to his wife Clara for their wedding day. There are many beautiful moments in this piece from the extensive vocal lines, to the mood shift in the second section. However, one of the cool parts of this composition to me is where Robert pays homage to his contemporary Franz Schubert, by playing a variation of his famous “Ave Maria” in the postlude.

Widmung

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,
Du meine Wonn, ' O du mein Schmerz
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,
O du mein Grab, in das hinab
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab!

Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden,
Du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden.
Dass du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,
Du hebst mich liebend über mich,
Mein guter Geist, mein bess'eres ich!

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,
Du meine Wonn, ' O du mein Schmerz
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,
Mein guter Geist, mein bess'eres ich!

Dedication

You my soul, you my heart,
You my rapture, O you my pain,
You my world in which I live,
My heaven you, to which I aspire,
O you my grave, into which
My grief forever I've cosigned!

You are repose, you are peace,
You are bestowed on me from heaven.
Your love for me gives me my worth,
Your eyes transfigure me in mine,
You raise me lovingly above myself,
My guardian angel, my better self!

You my soul, you my heart,
You my rapture, O you my pain,
You my world in which I live,
My heaven you, to which I aspire,
My guardian angel, my better self!

Selections from *Liederkreis*

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

In der Fremde
Mondnacht
Schöne Fremde
Frühlingsnacht

Schumann was inspired to pursue music by that of Franz Schubert and studied piano with Friedrich Wieck, whose daughter, Clara, became Schumann's wife. We know Schumann today for his *Piano concerto in A minor*, *Symphony no. 3, "the Rhenish,"* and song cycles, *Liederkreis* and *Dichterliebe*.

Liederkreis is about a lonely traveler who experiences life challenges, and leaves home to find himself. The poetry is by Joseph von Eichendorff. The first movement, "In der Fremde," or "Foreign Land", begins in f sharp minor, setting us into his story. He lost his parents and has nowhere to go. In "Mondnacht" we begin seeing signs of hope. He sees a clear lit sky, giving him signs of hope. "Schöne Fremde," takes us into happiness, through an allegro tempo and the key of b major. The night gives him a message, through rustling trees and clear sky. It is a message of happiness over the horizon. The final selection, "Frühlingsnacht," spring is in the air, and all is well. In terms of the story, spring represents happiness.

I chose this song cycle because it reminds me of my personal journey at TCU. When I came here, I felt lonely, and started during COVID. I could not recognize anybody, nor get to know them properly. I felt no hope of finding my crowd, just as in *In der Fremde*. Later in the process, I bonded well with my music colleagues, my friends from TCU Catholic, and my brothers of Beta Upsilon Chi. With their support, I knew there was hope.

In der Fremde

Aus der Heimat hinter den Blitzen rot
Da kommen die Wolken her,
Aber Vater und Mutter sind lange tot,
Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr.
Wie bald, ach wie bald kommt die stille Zeit,
Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir
Rauscht die schöne Waldeinsamkeit,
Und keiner kennt mich mehr hier.

Poem by Joseph Von Eichendorff

In a Foreign Land

From my homeland, beyond the red lightning,
The clouds come drifting in,
But father and mother have long been dead,
Now no one knows me there.
How soon, ah! how soon till that quiet time
When I too shall rest
Beneath the sweet murmur of lonely woods,
Forgotten here as well.

Translation by Richard Stokes

Mondnacht

Es war, als hätt' der Himmel,
Die Erde still geküßt,
Daß sie im Blütenschimmer
Von ihm nun träumen müßt'.
Die Luft ging durch die Felder,
Die Ähren wogten sacht,
Es rauschten leis die Wälder,
So sternklar war die Nacht.
Und meine Seele spannte
Weit ihre Flügel aus,
Flog durch die stillen Lande,
Als flöge sie nach Haus.

Poem by Joseph von Eichendorff

Schöne Fremde

Es rauschen die Wipfel und schauern,
Als machten zu dieser Stund'
Um die halb versunkenen Mauern
Die alten Götter die Rund'.
Hier hinter den Myrtenbäumen
In heimlich dämmernder Pracht,
Was sprichst du wirr, wie in Träumen,
Zu mir, phantastische Nacht?
Es funkeln auf mich alle Sterne
Mit glühendem Liebesblick,
Es redet trunken die Ferne
Wie von künftigem großen Glück!

Poem by Joseph von Eichendorff

Frühlingsnacht

Überm Garten durch die Lüfte
Hört' ich Wandervögel zieh'n,
Das bedeutet Frühlingsdüfte,
Unten fängt's schon an zu blühen.
Jauchzen möcht' ich, möchte weinen,

Moonlit Night

It was as though Heaven
Had softly kissed the Earth,
So that she in a gleam of blossom
Had only to dream of him.
The breeze passed through the fields,
The corn swayed gently to and fro,
The forests murmured softly,
The night was so clear with stars.
And my soul spread
Her wings out wide,
Flew across the silent land,
As though flying home.

Translation by Richard Stokes

A Beautiful Foreign Land

The tree-tops rustle and shudder
As if at this very hour
The ancient gods
Were pacing these half-sunken walls.
Here beyond the myrtle trees
In secret twilight splendour,
What are you saying, fantastic night,
Obscurely, as in a dream?
The glittering stars gaze down on me,
Fierily and full of love,
The distant horizon speaks with rapture
Of some great happiness to come!

Translation by Richard Stokes

Spring Night

Over the garden, through the air
I heard birds of passage fly,
A sign that spring is in the air,
Flowers already bloom below.
I could shout for joy, could weep,

Ist mir's doch, als könnt's nicht sein!
Alte Wunder wieder scheinen
Mit dem Mondesglanz herein.
Und der Mond, die Sterne sagen's,
Und im Traume rauscht's der Hain
Und die Nachtigallen schlagen's:
Sie ist Deine, sie ist Dein!

Poem by Joseph von Eichendorff

For it seems to me it cannot be!
All the old wonders come flooding back,
Gleaming in the moonlight.
And the moon and stars say it,
And the dreaming forest whispers it,
And the nightingales sing it:
'She is yours, is yours!'

Translation by Richard Stokes

The Drunken Old Fool

Steven Mark Kohn

(b. 1957)

When planning out my recital, I wanted to find some type of variety in my selections and show off all the things I have been working on in my undergraduate time here at TCU. Of course, by giving the recital I would be showing my vocal training, but I wanted to also showcase my other talents. Acting is something that I have worked hard on over the course of these four years, and I wanted to find a fun English set to contrast the romantic poems of Heinrich Heine. After searching all summer, I stumbled upon, in my opinion, the hidden gems of American Folk Song; Stephen Mark Kohn's *American Folk Set*.

Kohn is a living composer who has compositions spanning both the 20th and 21st centuries. "The Drunken Old Fool" comes from his third volume. "The Drunken Old Fool" is about a man whose wife is committing adultery. Every night, he comes home drunk and miserable and finds a sign that his wife has been cheating on him, but she always has a clever way of covering it up. One of the cool parts of the piece to me are the modulatory moments in the times between the husband's statement and the wife's rebuttal. These passages resemble the wife thinking of answers and scattering to clear her name.

The Drunken Old Fool

Oh the old man, he came home one night as drunk as he could be.
He saw a coat upon the rack where his coat ought to be.
"My good wife, my dear wife, my darling wife," said he,
"whose coat is that upon the rack where my coat ought to be?"
"Oh, you old fool, you blind fool, you doddering fool," says she,
"it's nothing but a bed quilt me uncle sent to me."
"I've traveled the whole world over ten thousand times or more,
but buttons on a bed quilt I've never seen before!"

Oh, the old man he came home again as drunk as he could be.
He saw some boots beneath the bed where his boots ought to be.
“My good wife, my dear wife, my darling wife,” said he,
“whose boots are these beneath the bed where my boots ought to be?”
“Oh, you old fool, you blind fool, you doddering fool,” says she,
“it’s nothing but some milk jugs me uncle sent to me.”
“I’ve traveled the whole world over ten thousand times or more,
“but spurs upon some milk jugs I’ve never seen before!”

He stumbled home the next night, as drunk as he could be.
He saw a face between the sheets, where no face ought to be.
“My good wife, my dear wife, my darling wife,” said he,
“whose face is that between the sheets where my face ought to be?”
“Oh, you old fool, you blind fool, you doddering fool,” says she,
“It’s nothing but a cabbage head me uncle sent to me.”
“I’ve traveled the whole world over ten thousand times or more,
“but a mustache on a cabbage head? I’ve never seen before!”

Farmer’s Curst Wife

There were around two to three other pieces I had considered to pair with “The Drunken Old Fool,” but to fit my personality, I decided to stick with another high-energy piece. This piece tells a common tale about a husband against his wife. Kohn’s piece depicts a story where a husband sells his wife to the devil when he comes to Earth. When the two get down to Hell, the wife beats up the devil and he brings her back to her husband.

Farmer’s Curst Wife

There was an old man at the foot of the hill.
If he ain’t moved away, he’s a’ livin there still.
Sing hi diddle-i diddle-i fi diddle-i diddle-i day.

The devil he came to his house one day,
says “one of your fam’ly I’m gonna take away.”
Sing hi diddle-i diddle-i fi diddle-i diddle-i day.

“Take her, my wife, with all a’my heart,
and I hope by golly, you never part.”
Sing hi diddle-i diddle-i fi diddle-i diddle-i day.

The devil he put her up on his back
and off to Hell he went, clickety clack.
Sing hi diddle-i diddle-i fi diddle-i diddle-i day.

When he got her down to the gates of Hell,
he says, “punch up the fire we’ll scorch her well.”
Sing hi diddle-i diddle-i fi diddle-i diddle-i day.

In come a little devil draggin’ a chain.
She upped with a hatchet and split his brain!
Sing hi diddle-i diddle-i fi diddle-i diddle-i day.

Now nine little devils went climbin’ the wall
sayin “take her back, daddy! She’ll murder us all!
Sing hi diddle-i diddle-i fi diddle-i diddle-i
diddle-i diddle-i diddle-i diddle-i diddle-i
diddle-i diddle-i diddle-i diddle-i
diddle-i diddle-i diddle-i diddle-i day

The old man was a’ peepin’ out of a crack,
and he saw the old Devil come draggin’ her back.
Sing hi diddle-i diddle-i fi diddle-i diddle-i day.

Now, there’s one advantage women have over men.
They can all go to Hell! ...and come back, again.
Sing hi diddle-i diddle-i fi
diddle-i diddle-i diddle-i diddle-i
diddle-i diddle-i diddle-i day

“Ecco Ridente in Cielo,” from *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*

**Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)**

Gioachino Rossini was an Italian composer, known as the father of Bel Canto style. When moving to Napoli, he met soprano Isabella Colbran, and married her. During his time there, he took a side trip to Rome, and composed arguably his most famous opera, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. Later in his career, he and Isabella moved to France due to inspiration of the French musical style. While in Paris, he wrote other operas and major works, including *Guillaume Tell*, and *Messe Solenne*.

Ecco Ridente in Cielo, or “Lo in the smiling sky,” takes place in Act 1 and is Almoviva’s first serenade to Rosina. He sings it in the middle of the night in caution of being caught by Dr. Bartolo.

Il Barbiere di Siviglia is my favorite opera. I first saw the production with my grandfather at Fort Worth Opera in 2016. It was one of my fondest memories. In my grandfather’s honor, I want to dedicate this piece to him.

Ecco Ridente in Cielo

Ecco, ridente in cielo
spunta la bella aurora,
e tu non sorgi ancora
e puoi dormir così?

Sorgi, mia dolce speme,
vieni, bell'idol mio;
rendi men crudo, oh Dio,
lo stral che mi ferì.

Oh sorte! già veggo
quel caro sembiante;
quest'anima amantes
ottenne pietà.

Oh istante d'amore!
Oh dolce contento!
Felice momento
che eguale non ha!

Libretto by Cesare Sterbini

Lo in the Smiling Sky

Lo, in the smiling sky,
the lovely dawn is breaking,
and you are not awake,
and you are still asleep?

Arise, my sweetest love,
oh, come, my treasured one,
soften the pain, O God,
of the dart which pierces me.

Oh, joy! I now see
that dearest vision,
he has she taken pity
on this soul in love?

Oh, moment of love!
Oh, moment divine!

Translation by Samara Alves

“What You’d Call a Dream” from *Diamonds*

**Craig Carnelia
(b.1949)**

I’ve said this multiple times to multiple people and it is kind of the mantra I live by; “Baseball is my life, music is my passion.” Baseball and music have always been a part of my life, so I thought it would be fitting to program a song about baseball.

“What You’d Call a Dream” comes from the musical *Diamonds*. *Diamonds* is a musical revue about baseball, which means it is a collection of songs, dances, and scenes all related to baseball. The music and the lyrics are both written by Craig Carnelia. The piece depicts a scene where a man is dreaming he is playing baseball in the summer sun, his dad is there, and he wins the game for his team in the bottom of the ninth inning.

What You’d Call a Dream

There are two men out, and it’s in the ninth, and the score is four to three.
There’s a man on first, and a man at bat, and the man at bat is me.
And I’m sorta scared, and I’m sorta proud, and I’m stronger than I seem.
And I take a swing, and my dad is there, and it’s what you’d call a dream.

For the ball flies in the sun, and it sails off as I run,
The crowd is roaring, cheering as I go.
So are all the guys on the team.
And I run for home and we win the game and it’s what you’d call a dream.

And the sun shines like diamonds.
The summer sun shines like diamonds.
The summer sun high in a baseball sky shines like diamonds.
And the sun shines like diamonds.

There are two men out, and it’s in the ninth, and the score is four to three.
There’s a man on first, and a man at bat, and the man at bat is me.
And it’s what you’d call a dream.

“Lily’s Eyes” from *The Secret Garden*

**Lucy Simon
(b.1942)**

The Secret Garden is a musical adaptation of a 1911 novel written by Frances Burnett. The musical debuted on Broadway in 1991. This was Lucy Simon’s first ever Broadway composition, and it earned a nomination for the 1991 Tony Award for Best Original Score. At the time, Lucy was just the third woman ever to compose music on Broadway.

“Lily’s Eyes” is a duet between two brothers, Dr. Neville Craven and Archibald Craven, that happens near the end of Act I. The song reflects the love they both shared for Lily, which they are reminded of through Archibald’s ten-year-old niece Mary, who looks like Lily. For Archibald,

when Mary asks for a bit of earth, he is reminded of Lily because she would frequently garden. In the song, Archibald expresses the heartbreak he has had and the restlessness from being haunted by Lily's death. For Neville, the reminder of Lily brings out the confession that he too loved Lily and was jealous of his brother, as she loved Archibald over him.

Lily's Eyes

NEVILLE:

Strangely quiet, but now the storm
simply rests to strike again.
Standing waiting I think of her;
I think of her.

ARCHIBALD:

Strange, this Mary, she leaves the room,
Yet remains; she lingers on.
Something stirs me to think of her.
I think of her.

NEVILLE:

From death she casts her spell
All night we hear her sighs.
And now a girl has come
who has her eyes

She has her eyes.
The girl has Lily's hazel eyes
Those eyes that saw him happy long ago.
Those eyes that gave him life
And hope he'd never known.
How can he see the girl
And miss those hazel eyes?

ARCHIBALD:

She has her eyes.
The girl has Lily's hazel eyes.
Those eyes that closed and left me all alone.
Those eyes I feel will never ever let me go.
How can I see this girl who has her hazel eyes?

In Lily's eyes a castle
this house seemed to be
And I her bravest knight became
My lady fair was she.

NEVILLE:

She has her eyes
She has my Lily's hazel eyes.
Those eyes that loved my brother, never me.
Those eyes that never saw me
never knew I longed to hold her close,
to live at last in Lily's eyes.

ARCHIBALD

Imagine me a lover

NEVILLE:

I longed for the day
She'd turn and see me standing there.

NEVILLE:

Would God have let her stay.
She has her eyes
She has Lily's hazel eyes
Those eyes that first I loved so

How can I now forget
that I dared to be in love
alive and whole in Lily's eyes.
In Lily's eyes.

ARCHIBALD

Would God have let her stay.
She has my Lily's hazel eyes.
Those eyes that saw me
Happy long ago

How can I now forget
that once I dared to be in love,
alive and whole in Lily's eyes.
In Lily's eyes.