



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

**A Joint Senior Recital**

**Amber Bowen, mezzo-soprano**

**Kayden Burns, bass**

**Elijah Ong, piano**

**Andrew Packard, piano**

Friday, November 17, 2023

5:30 PM

Pepsico Recital Hall

**Program**

**“Sorge Infausta Una Procella”**

from, *Orlando*

George Frideric Handel

(1685-1759)

*Mr. Burns, bass*

*Mr. Packard, piano*

**“Illustratevi, O Cieli”**

from, *Il Ritorno d’Ulisse in Patria*

Claudio Monteverdi

(1567-1643)

**“Voce di Donna”**

from, *La Gioconda*

Amilcare Ponchielli

(1834-1886)

*Ms. Bowen, mezzo-soprano*

*Mr. Ong, piano*

***Liederkrantz für die Bassstimme, Op. 145***

I. Meeresleuchten

II. Im Sturme

App. Der Fiend

Carl Loewe

(1796-1869)

*Mr. Burns, bass*

*Mr. Packard, piano*

***Frauenliebe und Leben, Op. 42***

- I. Seit Ich Ihn Gesehen
- II. Er Der Herrlichste von Allen
- VII. An Meinem Herzen

Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)

*Ms. Bowen, mezzo-soprano*  
*Mr. Ong, piano*

**El Clavel del Aire Blanco**  
from, *Flores Argentinas*, no. 2  
**Se Equivoco la Paloma**

Carlos Guastavino  
(1912-2000)

*Mr. Burns, bass*  
*Mr. Packard, piano*

***Brief Pause***

***Considering Matthew Shepherd***

- Passion: No. 5, The Fence (Before)
- Passion: No. 7, The Fence (That Night)

Craig Hella Johnson  
(b. 1962)

**Litany**

from, *Shadow of the Blues*, no. 2

John Musto  
(b. 1954)

*Mr. Burns, bass*  
*Mr. Packard, piano*

**June**

Roger Quilter  
(1877-1953)

**Songs My Mother Taught Me**

Charles Ives  
(1874-1954)

**Send in the Clowns**

from, *A Little Night Music*

Stephen Sondheim  
(1930-2021)

*Ms. Bowen, mezzo-soprano*  
*Mr. Ong, piano*

**Being Alive**  
from, *Company*

Stephen Sondheim  
(1930-2021)

*Mr. Burns, bass*  
*Mr. Packard, piano*

**More**

Patrick Vu  
(b. 1998)

*Ms. Bowen, mezzo-soprano*  
*Mr. Ong, piano*

**When First You Sang**

Patrick Vu  
(b. 1998)

*Ms. Bowen, mezzo-soprano*  
*Mr. Burns, bass*  
*Mr. Packard, piano*

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Bachelor of Music Education.  
Amber Bowen is a student of Professor J. David Brock. Kayden Burns is a student of Dr. James Rodriguez.

The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited.

Please silence all electronic devices.

## “Sorge Infausta Una Procella”

**George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)**

Known predominantly for his composition of the popular oratorio *Messiah*, German born Handel also contributed several operas into the repertoire of the baroque era. In typical Opera Seria fashion, Handel’s *Orlando* centers around a story of unrequited love and the eventual madness it can cause. In the production, the titular character goes mad after his love for Queen Angelica goes unnoticed. Only the magician Zoroastro, the character who performs this aria in the final act, can restore his sanity through supernatural methods. This aria is structured in rondo form, with a return to the A section and additional ornamentation of the melody.

### **Sorge Infausta Una Procella**

Sorge infausta una procella,  
che oscar fa il ciel e il mare  
splende fausta poi la stella  
ch’ogni cor nè fà goder.

Può talor il forte errare  
ma risorto dal errore,  
quel che pria gli diè dolore,  
causa immenso il suo piacer.

Text by Grazio Braccioli (1682-1752)

### **Rough Tempests Arise**

Rough tempests arise  
which obscure heavens and seas.  
A brighter star does then impart its rays  
and gladdens every heart.

The strong may often err,  
but when they see their error,  
what was once a source of woe,  
then turns to joy.

Translation by opera-arias.com

## “Illustratevi, O Cieli”

from, *Il Ritorno d’Ulisse in Patria*

**Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)**

Claudio Monteverdi was an Italian composer and a crucial transitional figure between the Renaissance and Baroque eras of music. Monteverdi was a pioneer in many ways, bringing secular styles into religious compositions and leading in the development of the new musical genre of opera. *Il Ritorno d’Ulisse in Patria* is one of Monteverdi’s later works, adapting Homer’s epic poem, *The Odyssey*. After Odysseus’ journey, “Illustratevi, O Cieli” describes the joy of his return from the perspective of his wife, Penelope. Monteverdi utilizes renaissance techniques such as text painting with lines such as the murmuring musical gesture with the word “mormorando”, along with an abundance of melismatic passages that are more closely aligned with Baroque practices. This technique allowed Monteverdi to seamlessly bind established and new styles. *Il Ritorno d’Ulisse in Patria*, was the first libretto written by amateur poet Giacomo Badoaro, probably in an attempt to entice Monteverdi to return to Venetian opera with a theme resembling his journey away from home. Monteverdi took on the project, later completing the opera that remains a standard in today’s operatic literature.

## **Illustratevi, O Cieli**

Illustratevi, o cieli  
rinfioratevi, o prati!  
Aure, gioite!  
Gli augelletti cantando,  
i rivi mormorando,  
or si rallegrino!

Quell'erbe verdeggianti  
quell'onde sussurranti  
or si consolino,  
già ch'è sorta felice  
dal cenere trojan  
la mia fenice.

Text by Giacomo Badoaro (1602-1654)

## **“Voce di Donna”**

from, *La Gioconda*

Following Victor Hugo's play *Angelo, Tyrant of Padua* (1835), Amilcare Ponchielli's opera *La Gioconda* (1876) follows the story of Gioconda, a woman who loves her mother so much that she puts aside romantic rivalry to help the woman who saved her mother's life. The piece “Voce di Donna” takes place after Gioconda's blind mother, La Cieca, is ambushed in the town. People begin accusing her of witchcraft and a mob forms, stopped when a woman calls out for her release. Although La Cieca is blind and cannot see her face, she sings a song of gratitude for the voice of said woman who has saved her. In order to thank her, she gives Laura her rosary and a blessing. Ponchielli provides a Romantic interpretation of this song, making use of extended melodies, broad ranges of dynamic and tempo, along with an abundance of chromatic passing tones and appoggiaturas. The chromaticism throughout the piece is reflective of the transition into the late Romantic dramatic style that would soon enter the operatic stage.

## **Voce di Donna**

Voce di donna o d'angelo  
le mie catene ha sciolto  
mi vietan le mie tenebre  
di quella santa il volto.

## **Shine, Oh Heavens**

Shine, oh heavens;  
bloom again, oh meadows!  
Breezes, rejoice!  
The little singing birds,  
the murmuring brooks,  
let them now rejoice!

Those verdant grasses;  
those whispering waters,  
let them now be comforted  
since has happily risen  
from the ashes of Troy  
my phoenix.

Translation by Bard Suverkrop (b. 1951)

## **Amilcare Ponchielli (1834-1886)**

## **Voice of a Woman**

The voice of a woman or of an angel  
has released me from my bonds  
my blindness prevents me  
from seeing that blessed woman's face.

Pure da me non partasi,  
senza un pietoso don, no!

A te questo rosario  
che le preghiere aduna,  
io te lo porgo, accettalo,  
ti porterà fortuna.

Sulla tua testa vigili  
la mia benedizion.

Text by Arrigo Boito (1842-1918)

Yet I will not allow her to depart,  
Without receiving a pious offering, no!

This rosary is for you  
which joins all prayers,  
I give it to you, accept it,  
for it will bring you luck.

Upon your head watch over  
I place my blessing.

Translation by Bard Suverkrop (b. 1951)

***Liederkrantz für die Bassstimme, op. 145***

**Carl Loewe (1796-1869)**

This *Song Cycle for the Bass Voice* composed by Carl Loewe, or “The Schubert of North Germany”, is composed of five art songs with central themes of nature and love. The first piece centers around the poetic explanation of lights reflecting on a dark ocean, with the piano interludes symbolizing the churning waves. “Im Sturme” acts as a dialogue between two lovers and the comfort one finds with the other in sight. The final piece of the cycle “Der Feind” reveals the true predator to all woodland creatures to be man. As a whole, this cycle seems to symbolize the cyclical nature of life from death and peace in love.

**Meeresleuchten**

Wieviel Sonnenstrahlen  
fielen goldenschwer,  
fielen feurig glühend  
in des ew'ge Meer!

Und die Woge  
sog sie tief in sich hinab,  
und die Woge  
ward ihr wild lebendig Grab.

Nun in stiller Nächte heilger Feierstund'  
sprühen diese Strahlen  
aus des Meeres Grund.  
Leuchtend roll'n die Wogen  
durch die dunkle Nacht

**Ocean Lights**

How many sunbeams  
have fallen heavy as gold  
Fallen glowing like fire  
into the eternal sea!

And the waves  
have sucked them into the depths  
And the waves  
have become their wildly living tomb.

Only in the holy twilight hour of quiet nights  
These rays sparkle  
up from the sea's depths.  
The waves roll  
glowing through the dark night;

wunderbar durchglüht  
sie funkensprüh'nde Pracht.

Text by Carl Siebel (1836-1868)

### **Im Sturme**

Bangt dir, mein Lieb?  
Ich bin ja bei dir!  
Es braust das Meer und der Himmel ist dunkel.  
Siehst du den Leuchtturm, sein magisch Gefunkel?  
Bangt dir, mein Lieb?  
Ich bin ja bei dir!

Bangt dir, mein Lieb?  
Du bist ja bei mir!  
Die Wogen donnern, der Himmel erzittert!  
Ärmlicher Nachen! bist balde zersplittert!  
Bangt dir, mein Lieb?  
Du bist ja bei mir!

Text by Carl Siebel (1836-1868)

### **Der Feind**

Der Adler lauscht auf seinem Horst;  
der Keiler rauscht zur Kesselforst;  
das Kätzlein klinkt am Ast sich fest;  
der Wolf, er hinkt zum Felsenest;  
das Dammwild streicht zum Dickicht ein;  
der Fuchs still schleicht zum Bau hinein;  
aufstutzt, hinflitzt das scheue Reh;  
die Löffel spitzt der Has' im Klee;  
die Ente duckt im düstern Rohr,  
das Fischlein guckt nicht mehr hervor;  
und Alles schweigt im Hinterhalt!  
Der Mensch sich zeigt, geht durch den Wald.

Marvelously the gleaming beauty  
glows through them.

Translation by Maggie Evans

### **In the Storm**

Are you afraid, my love?  
I am with you!  
The sea roars and the sky is dark  
Do you see the lighthouse, its magic glow?  
Are you afraid, my love?  
I am with you!

Are you afraid, my love?  
You are here with me!  
The waves thunder, the sky trembles!  
Wretched skiff soon to be splintered!  
Are you afraid, my love?  
You are here with me!

Translation by Maggie Evans

### **The Predator**

The eagle listens in its aerie  
the boar crashes towards his woodland hollow  
the young cat clings firmly to the branch  
the wolf, he limps to his rocky lair  
the deer move into the thicket  
the fox slinks into his den  
alerted, the shy doe flits away  
the hare lifts his ears in the clover  
the duck seeks cover in the gloomy reeds  
the little fish doesn't peek anymore  
and everything is silent, hiding, and waiting  
Man appears, goes through the wood.

Text by Ernst Sherenberg (1839-1905)

Translation by Knut W. Barde

***Frauenliebe und Leben, Op. 42***

**Robert Schumann (1810-1856)**

*Frauenliebe und Leben* is a poetry cycle written by Adelbert von Chamisso in 1830 that follows the story of a woman's love from first sight to marriage, and continuing even after her partner's death. Robert Schumann set this cycle to music ten years later, in the same year he married his own love, Clara Wieck. While he was a prolific composer, Schumann had written almost exclusively for piano throughout his career. In 1840, however, Schumann wrote over 138 lieder (songs for voice and piano) leading musicologists today to refer to this period as his "liederjahr" or "lieder year". Lieder is often defined by a partnership between voice and piano which Schumann clearly implements through piano themes that alternate with vocal melodies along with extensive postludes that can be heard in each piece of this set.

**Seit Ich Ihn Gesehen**

**Since I First Saw Him**

Seit ich ihn gesehen,  
Glaup' ich blind zu sein;  
Wo ich hin nur blicke,  
Seh' ich ihn allein;

Since I first saw him,  
I believe I must be blind;  
wherever I look,  
I see only him;

Wie im wachen traume  
Schwebt sein bild mir vor,  
Taucht aus tiefstem dunkel,  
Heller, heller nur empor.

as if in a waking dream  
his image floats before me  
it rises from the deepest darkness  
brighter, ever brighter upward.

Sonst ist licht- und farblos  
Alles um mich her,  
Nach der schwestern spiele  
Nicht begehrt' ich mehr,

Everything else lacks light and color  
everywhere around me here,  
for my sister's games  
I have no desire any longer,

Möchte lieber weinen,  
Still im kämmerlein;  
Seit ich ihn gesehen,  
Glaup' ich blind zu sein.

I would rather weep,  
quietly in my little room;  
Since I first saw him,  
I believe I must be blind.

Text by Adelbert von Chamisso (1781-1838)

Translation by Bard Suverkrop (b. 1951)

**Er Der Herrlichste von Allen**

**He, the Most Wonderful of All**



Er, der herrlichste von allen,  
Wie so milde, wie so gut!  
Holde lippen, klares auge,  
Heller sinn und fester mut.

So wie dort in blauer tiefe,  
Hell und herrlich, jener stern,  
Also er an meinem himmel,  
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.

Wandle, wandle deine bahnen,  
Nur betrachten deinen schein,  
Nur in demut ihn betrachten,  
Selig nur und traurig sein!

Höre nicht mein stilles beten,  
Deinem glücke nur geweiht;  
Darst mich, niedre magd, nicht kennen,  
Hoher stern der herrlichkeit!

Nur die würdigste von allen  
Darf beglücken deine wahl,  
Und ich will die hohe segnen,  
Segnen viele tausendmal.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,  
Selig, selig bin ich dann;  
Sollte mir das herz auch brechen,  
Brich, O herz, was liegt daran?

Text by Adelbert von Chamisso (1781-1838)

### **An Meinem Herzen**

An meinem herzen, an meiner Brust,  
Du meine wonne, du meine lust!  
Das Glück ist die Liebe, die lieb' ist das glück,  
Ich hap's gesagt und nehm's nicht zurück.

Hap' übergücklich mich geschätzt

He, the most wonderful of all,  
How so gentle, how so good!  
lovely lips, clear eyes,  
Bright mind and steadfast courage.

Just as in the blue depths of heaven,  
the sun shines bright and glorious,  
likewise he is in my heaven,  
bright and glorious, lofty and distant.

Go, go your way,  
only to observe your radiance,  
only in humility to it observe,  
it is to be blissful and yet sad!

Hear not my silent prayer,  
which to your happiness alone is dedicated;  
you must me, lowly maid, not know,  
lofty star of glory!

Only the worthiest woman of all  
should be made happy by your choice,  
and I will that exalted one bless,  
bless many thousand times.

I will myself rejoice then and weep,  
blissful, blissful am I then;  
and should my heart also break,  
let it break, what does it matter?

Translation by Bard Suverkrop (b. 1951)

### **On My Heart**

On my heart, at my breast,  
you my delight, you my joy!  
the joy is the love, the love is the joy,  
I have said it and I take it not back.

I thought myself overjoyed

Bin übergücklich aber jetzt.  
Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt  
Das kind, dem sie die nahrung giebt;

Nur eine mutter wieß allein,  
Was lieben heißt und glücklich sein.  
O, wie bedaur' ich doch den mann,  
Der mutterglück nicht fühlen kann!

Du lieber, lieber engel, du  
Du schauest mich an und lächelst dazu!  
An meinem herzen, an meiner Brust,  
Du meine wonne, du meine lust!

Text by Adelbert von Chamisso (1781-1838)

but I'm only overjoyed now.  
Only she who nurses, only she who loves  
the child, to whom she gives nourishment;

Only a mother knows alone,  
what it means to love and to be happy.  
Oh how I pity though the man,  
who cannot feel mother's happiness

You dear, dear angel you,  
you look at me and smile!  
On my heart, at my breast,  
you my delight, you my joy!

Translation by Bard Suverkrop (b. 1951)

### **Selections by Carlos Guastavino**

### **Carlos Guastavino (1912-2000)**

The first selection by Argentinian composer Carlos Guastavino comes from a twelve piece cycle entitled *Flores Argentinas*. This cycle uses imagery of flowers native to Argentina in order to convey aspects of love. Text for all pieces in this cycle were provided by León Benarós, another Argentinian poet and lyricist of the 20th century. The second piece in this set, "Se Equivocó la Paloma", has text written by Spanish poet Rafael Alberti. Guastavino uses this text in a standalone song that pairs Alberti's paradoxical words with a repetitive lilting melody. Guastavino became a pioneer of Spanish art songs through his inclusion of stylistically Spanish elements into his pieces.

#### **El Clavel del Aire Blanco**

El clavel del aire blanco  
Es suspiro detenido,  
Que en el aire se hace flor  
Con el perfume más fino.

¡Ay, amor! ¡Ay, amor!  
La flor en la niña  
La flor en la niña  
La niña en la flor

Del clavel del aire blanco  
Nadie ofenda su blancura,

#### **The Carnation from the White Air**

The carnation from the white air  
Is a held sigh,  
That in the air becomes a flower  
With the finest perfume.

Ah, love! Ah, love!  
The flower on the girl  
The flower on the girl  
The girl in the flower.

Of the carnation from the white air  
No one must insult its whiteness,

Porque tiene el parecer  
De la inocencia más pura.

¡Ay, amor! ¡Ay, amor!  
La flor en la niña  
La flor en la niña  
La niña en la flor

Text by León Benarós (1915-2012)

### **Se Equivoco la Paloma**

Se equivocó la paloma.  
Se equivocaba.

Por ir al Norte, fue al Sur.  
Creyó que el trigo era agua.  
Se equivocaba.

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

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

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.

Text by Rafael Alberti (1902-1999)

### ***Considering Matthew Shepherd***

Because it resembles  
The most pure innocence

Ah, love! Ah, love!  
The flower on the girl  
The flower on the girl  
The girl in the flower.

Translation by Lorena Paz Nieto

### **The Dove was Wrong**

The dove was wrong.  
The dove was mistaken.

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

Believing the sea was sky,  
That the night was dawn.  
The dove was mistaken.

That the stars were dew,  
That the heat was snowfall.  
The dove was mistaken.

Your skirt, your blouse  
Your heart, your home  
The dove was mistaken.

She fell asleep on the shore,  
You at the tip of a branch.

Translation by Celal Kabadayi

### **Craig Hella Johnson (b. 1962)**

Composed by living American composer Craig Hella Johnson, this 3 part choral work tells the terrifyingly real story of Matthew Shepard, a gay college student at the University of Wyoming, who

was the victim of a tragic hate crime in 1998. Considering Matthew Shepard was first performed by Johnson's own ensemble Conspirare in 2016. The work incorporates many different styles of music, and uses text from sacred chants, Matt's own journal entries, newspaper clippings, and interviews with those close to Matthew. "The Fence (before)" is told from Matthew's perspective anxiously wondering what he'll be known for, while the song "The Fence (that night)" portrays Aaron Kriefels, the cyclist that found Matthew tied to the fence and left for dead. He commented that at first glance, he mistook Matthew's body for a scarecrow.

### **The Fence (Before)**

Out and alone  
on the endless empty prairie,  
the moon bathes me,  
the stars bless me,  
the sun warms me,  
the wind soothes me.  
Still, still, still,  
I wonder  
will I always be out here  
exposed and alone?  
Will I ever know why  
I was put here on this earth?  
Will somebody someday  
stumble upon me?  
Will anyone remember me  
after I'm gone?  
Still, still, still . . . I wonder.

Text by Lesléa Newman (b. 1955)

### **The Fence (That Night)**

I held him all night long  
He was heavy as a broken heart  
Tears fell from his unblinking eyes  
He was dead weight yet he kept breathing  
He was heavy as a broken heart  
His own heart wouldn't stop beating  
The cold wind wouldn't stop blowing  
His face streaked with moonlight and blood

I tightened my grip and held on  
The cold wind wouldn't stop blowing  
We were out on the prairie alone  
I tightened my grip and held on  
I saw what was done to this child  
We were out on the prairie alone  
Their truck was the last thing he saw  
I saw what was done to this child  
I cradled him just like a mother  
*Most noble evergreen, most noble evergreen, your roots in the sun . . .*  
Their truck was the last thing he saw  
Tears fell from his unblinking eyes  
I cradled him just like a mother  
I held him all night long  
*Most noble evergreen . . .*

Text by Lesléa Newman (b. 1955)

### **Litany**

**John Musto (b. 1954)**

“Litany” is the second song in Musto’s song cycle “Shadow of the Blues” composed in 1987. Musto uses text from Langston Hughes, a predominant black poet and social activist during the Harlem Renaissance. Litany’s text comes from Hughes’ poem “Prayer” published in his poetry collection *Fields of Wonder* in 1947. Musto’s addition of disjunct piano chords and a rhythmically irregular vocal line to the text provided by Hughes creates a desperate tone for the piece. “Litany” encapsulates the singer’s desire for black Americans, and in a broader context all marginalized communities, to find solace and comfort in the arms of God.

### **Litany**

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.

Text by Langston Hughes (1901-1967)

## **June**

**Roger Quilter (1877-1953)**

Roger Quilter was a distinguished English composer, most commonly known for his art songs. Having produced over 100 art songs throughout his career, Quilter's pieces are a staple of English art song repertoire. The piece "June" is set to the words of Nora Hopper, a prolific poet, who describes the intensity of the month of June. Quilter complements these words with rich, colorful sonorities representing the dark roses of June, a wide range of dynamics to represent the ends and new beginnings of the season, and full textured life of the poetry through music.

## **June**

Dark red roses in a honeyed wind swinging,  
Silk-soft hollyhock, coloured like the moon;  
Larks high overhead lost in light, and singing;  
That's the way of June.

Dark red roses in the warm wind falling,  
Velvet leaf by velvet leaf, all the breathless noon;  
Far off seawaves calling,  
That's the way of June.

Sweet as scarlet strawberry under wet leaves hidden,  
Honey'd as the damask rose, lavish as the moon,  
Shredding lovely light on things forgotten, hope forbidden,  
That's the way of June.

Text by Nora Hopper (1871-1906)

## **Songs My Mother Taught Me**

**Charles Ives (1874-1954)**

"Songs My Mother Taught Me" is an art song by American Composer Charles Ives from his extensive art song collection, *114 Songs*, that contains pieces for voice and piano. These songs range from satire, hymns, children's songs, romantic songs, and more, including techniques ranging from simple pieces to highly complex including atonal, polytonal, and tone cluster methods used in twentieth century

works. Ives' distinctive styles were not only present within his works, but also his career. Unlike many famous composers, Ives was also a founder of a successful insurance partnership. This dichotomy allowed Ives to compose what he wished, making room for the abundance of themes that he chose for his pieces. In 1895, Ives wrote "Songs My Mother Taught Me" with words from Czech poet Adolf Heyduk's famous poetry cycle *Gypsy Melodies*. His setting of the piece captures the sensitivity of recalling a bittersweet memory of a mother, modulating to a brighter tonality to highlight the joy of being able to share these memories with one's own children.

### **Songs My Mother Taught Me**

Songs my mother taught me  
in the days long vanished,  
Seldom from her eyelids  
were the teardrops banished.

Now I teach my children  
each melodious measure,  
Often tears are flowing  
from my memory's treasure.

Text by Adolf Heyduk (1835-1923)

### **Send in the Clowns**

**Stephen Sondheim (1930-2021)**

Stephen Sondheim is mainly known for his contributions to musical theater, and is considered to be the most influential composer-lyricist of the twentieth century. Sondheim began his career under the mentorship of Oscar Hammerstein II who opened the doors for Sondheim to enter the world of professional theater. He soon found himself as the lyricist for Leonard Bernstein's *West Side Story* (1957) followed by *Gypsy* in 1959. Still, Sondheim sought to produce musicals using both his lyrical and musical compositions. In 1962, he produced *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* which ran for almost 1,000 performances, winning the Tony Award for Best Musical. Sondheim continued to find success with his musicals even past his recent death with revivals of his musicals *Sweeney Todd*, *Company*, and his final work *Here We Are* that is being staged and produced as of September 2023.

"Send in the Clowns" was written by Stephen Sondheim for the Broadway musical *A Little Night Music*, premiered in 1973. The title is an English translation of Mozart's Serenade No. 13, *Eine kleine Nachtmusik*, and through this show, Sondheim showcases his extensive background with classical music, later being described as reminiscent of Mahler, Rachmaninoff, Liszt, and other famous composers of the Romantic and Impressionist Eras. The musical follows the romantic lives of several

couples, including the affair of Desirée and Fredrik. After years of rejecting marriage proposals, Desirée meets Fredrik again and decides that she is finally ready to marry him. This time, it is Fredrik that rejects her because he is in a marriage with a much younger woman. Desirée sings “Send in the Clowns” as a reflection on the ironies of her life along with its disappointments, full of feelings of anger that she must contain in front of Frederik. This piece was later popularized through covers by artists such as Frank Sinatra, Judy Collins, and Barbra Streisand to become a standard of musical theater and popular repertoire.

### **Send in the Clowns**

Isn't it rich?  
Are we a pair?  
Me here at last on the ground,  
you in midair...  
Send in the clowns.

Isn't it bliss?  
Don't you approve?  
One who keeps tearing around,  
one who can't move...  
Where are the clowns?  
Send in the clowns.

Just when I'd stopped opening doors,  
Finally knowing the one that I wanted was yours  
Making my entrance again with my usual flair,  
Sure of my lines, no one is there.

Don't you love farce?  
My fault I fear.  
I thought that you'd want what I want.  
Sorry, my dear.  
But where are the clowns?  
Quick, send in the clowns.  
Don't bother, they're here.

Isn't it rich?  
Isn't it queer?  
Losing my timing this late in my career?  
And where are the clowns?



There ought to be clowns.  
Well, maybe next year...

Text by Stephen Sondheim (1930-2021)

### **Being Alive**

**Stephen Sondheim (1930-2021)**

Sondheim's *Company* opened on Broadway in 1970 to critical acclaim. The show centers around Bobby celebrating his 35th birthday surrounded by his happily coupled-up friends. Bobby spends the majority of the show analyzing the relationships around him in order to determine the true purpose of love. The final number of the show concludes Bobby's arc with his final conclusions about relationships and their worth. Initially, the song appears to describe love pessimistically: stifling and demanding. However the latter half of the piece changes Bobby's perspective from observant of other relationships to introspective of his own desires for love. He states that "alone is alone, not alive". This statement confirms Bobby's opinion that love is what makes life worth living. No love is perfect, and that is what makes a relationship beautiful, living alongside another.

### **Being Alive**

Someone to hold you too close  
Someone to hurt you too deep  
Someone to sit in your chair  
To ruin your sleep  
Someone to need you too much  
Someone to know you too well  
Someone to pull you up short  
To put you through hell  
Someone you have to let in  
Someone whose feelings you spare  
Someone who, like it or not  
Will want you to share  
A little a lot  
Someone to crowd you with love  
Someone to force you to care  
Someone to make you come through  
Who'll always be there  
As frightened as you  
Of being alive  
Somebody hold me too close  
Somebody hurt me too deep

Somebody sit in my chair  
And ruin my sleep  
And make me aware  
Of being alive  
Somebody need me too much  
Somebody know me too well  
Somebody pull me up short  
And put me through hell  
And give me support  
For being alive  
Make me alive  
Make me confused  
Mock me with praise  
Let me be used  
Vary my days  
But alone  
Is alone  
Not alive  
Somebody crowd me with love  
Somebody force me to care  
Somebody let come through  
I'll always be there  
As frightened as you  
To help us survive  
Being alive

Text by Stephen Sondheim (1930-2021)

## **More**

**Patrick Vu (b. 1998)**

Patrick Vu is an award-winning composer and Texas Christian University alumnus whose music has been rapidly gaining popularity following his most recent ACDA and TMEA premieres as well as his 2023 ACDA Raymond Brock Prize for Student Composers with his piece “On the Hillside.” In 2020, musician and professor Janani Sridhar approached Vu to commission a piece for her husband’s birthday. “More” uses the poetry of Sridhar, describing how her love for her husband continues to grow “more” every day. Vu uses text painting to depict her depth of emotion through descending motives and dynamic growth to match the emotional growth in the text. Finally, the piece fades out with a delicate hum, gently leading the listener to barely hear the note fade out, imagining it to last forever.

## **More**

Why, hello there,  
Blue-eyed stranger with your freckled nose.  
Soft hair falling gently by your brows,  
Tiny lines crept by your eyes.  
Years in,  
You still take my breath away,  
More, every day.

Continuously startled by your kindness,  
I sink deep, deeper,  
Into the warmth of your honeyed love,  
Tracing your dotted skin  
That tells tales of your life,  
More,  
I want to build more with you.

Blue-eyed wand'rer,  
No place feels more like home  
Than in your arms.  
My heart, my love,  
My soul's keeper.  
Let's have more,  
More of us 'til the end of time.

Text by Janani Sridhar (b. 1989)

## **When First You Sang**

**Patrick Vu (b. 1998)**

“When First You Sang” by Patrick Vu is a setting of Gwendolyn Bennett’s poem “Your Songs” for mezzo-soprano and bass voices. Gwendolyn Bennett was a poet, writer, educator, and artist active during the Harlem Renaissance in Brooklyn, NY. Her poetry describes the arc of a relationship between two people from their meeting, growing love for one another, and separation. Vu begins the piece with a single voice and piano, introducing the mezzo voice to intertwine with the initial melody as if the singers meet even within the song. Throughout the piece, the voices overlap and weave about one another, ending with a unison melody as if the singers are once again alone.

## **Your Songs**

When first you sang a song to me  
With laughter shining from your eyes,  
You trolled your music liltedly  
With cadences of glad surprise.

In after years I heard you croon  
In measures delicately slow  
Of trees turned silver by the moon  
And nocturnes sprites and lovers know.

And now I cannot hear you sing,  
But love still holds your melody  
For silence is a sounding thing  
To one who listens hungrily.

Text by Gwendolyn Bennett (1902-1981)