



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

**Anna Morgan, soprano**  
**Edward Newman, piano**

Sunday, November 10, 2024

3:30 PM

PepsiCo Recital Hall

### **Program**

The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation

Henry Purcell  
(1659 – 1695)

*Dr. Joseph Butler, harpsichord*  
*Edna Rincon Jimenez, cello*

Selections by Samuel Barber

The Daisies

Sure on this Shining Night

A Green Lowland of Pianos

Samuel Barber  
(1910 – 1981)

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

Franz Schubert  
(1797 – 1828)

*Diego Torres, clarinet*

***Intermission, 10 minutes***

"Dis-moi que je suis belle" from *Thaïs*

Jules Massenet  
(1842 – 1912)

Selections from *Along the Field*

- II. Along The Field
- III. The Half-moon Westers Low
- IV. In The Morning
- VI. Good-bye

Ralph Vaughan Williams  
(1872 – 1958)

*Dr. Elisabeth Adkins, violin*

Selections by Richard Strauss

- Ich schwebe Op. 48, no. 2
- Einerlei Op. 69, no. 3
- Ruhe meine Seele Op. 27, no. 1
- Kling! Op. 48, no. 3

Richard Strauss  
(1864 – 1949)

Selections by Ricky Ian Gordon

- Joy
- A Horse With Wings

Ricky Ian Gordon  
(b. 1956)

Jazz Selections

- Autumn Leaves

Joseph Kosma  
(1905 – 1969)

- All the Things You Are

Jerome David Kern  
(1885 – 1945)

*Joseph Carter, piano*  
*Ashley Tyson, tenor saxophone*

Thank you to Twyla Robinson, for your guidance and wisdom in everything musical and not musical during my time at TCU. To my family, for your steady support and attendance to every band competition, choir concert, recital, and opera. To my friends, for being by my side as we all navigate the changes of our twenties together. And to my boyfriend, Justin, for supporting me in everything I do, for being my rock, and for flipping through German memorization flashcards with me until I had this recital memorized :) . I love you all.

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a MM in Vocal Pedagogy.

Anna Morgan is a student of Twyla Robinson.

The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited.

Please silence all electronic devices including watches, pagers, and phones.

## The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation

Henry Purcell

Henry Purcell is considered to be one of the most prolific composers in the Baroque period. Purcell was born in Westminster, London in England in 1659 where his father served as the master of choristers at Westminster Abbey. Following in his father's footsteps, Purcell served in several court positions at Westminster Abbey including: composer-in-ordinary for the violins, organist, organist at the Chapel Royal, Royal Instrument Keeper, Court harpsichordist, and finally Court composer<sup>1</sup>. Purcell wrote over 100 songs, his most known composition being his tragic opera, *Dido and Aeneas*<sup>2</sup>.

*The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation*, also referred to as "Tell me, tell me, some pitying angel" was published in 1693 as a part of Purcell's collection of sacred vocal works, *Harmonia Sacra*. This piece is a dramatization of Mary's thoughts and emotions in Luke 2:41-46<sup>3</sup>. Twelve-year-old Jesus has gone missing in Jerusalem and Mary spends three worrying days searching for him. This piece illustrates Mary's anxious thoughts as the style switches between a rhythmic dance and free recitative characteristic of sacred opera.

Tell me, tell me some, some pitying angel,  
Tell quickly, quickly, quickly say,  
Where, where does my soul's sweet darling stray,  
In tiger's or more cruel, more cruel cruel Herod's way?  
Ah, ah rather, rather let his little, little footsteps press  
Unregarded through the wilderness,  
Where milder, milder, where milder savages resort,  
The desert's safer, the desert's safer than a tyrant's court.  
Why, why, fairest object of my love,  
Why, why dost thou from my longing eyes remove?  
Was it, was it a waking dream that did fortell thy wondrous birth,  
Thy wondrous, wondrous birth?  
No vision, no, no vision from above?  
Where's Gabriel, where's Gabriel now that visited my cell?  
I call, I call, I call: Gabriel! Gabriel!  
He comes not.  
Flatt'ring, flatt'ring hopes, farewell flatt'ring hopes, farewell.  
Me Judah's daughters once caress'd,

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<sup>1</sup> "Purcell." *Classic FM*, [www.classicfm.com/composers/purcell/](http://www.classicfm.com/composers/purcell/)

<sup>2</sup> Westrup, Jack Allan. "Henry Purcell". *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 22 Apr. 2024, <https://www.britannica.com/biography/Henry-Purcell>.

<sup>3</sup> Dellal, Pamela. "Motet Notes - Purcell: The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation, Z. 196: Emmanuel Music." *Motet Notes | Emmanuel Music*, [www.emmanuelmusic.org/other-notes/purcell-the-blessed-virgins-expostulation](http://www.emmanuelmusic.org/other-notes/purcell-the-blessed-virgins-expostulation).

Call'd me of mothers the most, the most bless'd.  
Now fatal change, of mothers most distress'd.  
How, how shall my soul its motions guide?  
How, how shall I stem the various, various tide,  
Whilst faith and doubt my lab'ring soul divide?  
For whilst of thy dear, dear sight beguil'd,  
I trust the God, but oh! I fear, but oh! I fear the child.

## Selections by Samuel Barber

Samuel Barber

Born in 1910 in a suburb in West Chester, Pennsylvania, Barber began composing music at age seven. By age twelve he was given a position at the First Presbyterian Church as the organist. This position did not last long though, as the young musician refused to hold fermatas in hymns and responses. His musical journey continued in high school as he was driven to the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia to study voice, piano, and composition<sup>4</sup>. Barber continued on to have one of the most successful composition careers in the 20th century. He was one of very few composers at the time who could make a living off of his composing alone. Some of his most well-known works are *Adagio for Strings*, *Dover Beach*, and *Knoxville: Summer of 1915*.

“The Daisies” is a charming song written early in Barber’s career. It was written as a part of his *Three Songs, Op. 2* and the text was written by James Stephens. It was dedicated to Barber’s mother, Marguerite McLeod Beatty Barber (who went by Daisy), and one of its earliest performances was by his aunt, Louise Beatty Homer, who would become one of the leading contraltos of the Metropolitan Opera<sup>5</sup>. Another one of Barber’s more famous compositions is “Sure on this Shining Night” which was the third song in Barber’s *Four Songs op. 13*. The text was written by Pulitzer Prize-winning writer, James Joyce<sup>6</sup>. The piece has become extremely popular in both solo and choral arrangements and it remains a favorite among vocalists alike. A “Green Lowland of Pianos” was written in 1972 using an English translation of a Polish text by Jerzy Harasymowicz<sup>7</sup>. It features a playful melody accompanied by an exciting piano part to depict what pianos must do during performances and after hours.

## The Daisies

In the scented bud of the morning O,  
When the windy grass went rippling far!

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<sup>4</sup> “Samuel Barber, 1910-1981.” *The Library of Congress*, [www.loc.gov/item/n81015460/samuel-barber/](http://www.loc.gov/item/n81015460/samuel-barber/).

<sup>5</sup> Poxon, Stephanie. “The Daisies (Op. 2, No. 1).” *Song of America*, 17 Dec. 2017, [songofamerica.net/song/daisies-op-2-no-1/](http://songofamerica.net/song/daisies-op-2-no-1/).

<sup>6</sup> Poxon, Stephanie. “Sure on This Shining Night (Op. 13, No. 3).” *Song of America*, 24 June 2024, [songofamerica.net/song/sure-on-this-shining-night-op-13-no-3/](http://songofamerica.net/song/sure-on-this-shining-night-op-13-no-3/).

<sup>7</sup> DuBose, Joseph. “Classical Music: Baritone.” *Free Classical Music Online*, [www.classicalconnect.com/music/5774](http://www.classicalconnect.com/music/5774).

I saw my dear one walking slow  
In the field where the daises are.  
We did not laugh, and we did not speak,  
As we wandered happ'ly, to and fro,  
I kissed my dear on either cheek,  
In the bud of the morning O!  
A lark sang up, from the breezy land;  
A lark sang down, from a cloud afar;  
As she and I went, hand in hand,  
In the field where the daisies are.

### **Sure on this Shining Night**

Sure on this shining night  
Of starmade 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.

### **A Green Lowland of Pianos**

In the evening as far as the eye can see  
herds of black pianos  
up to their knees in the mire  
they listen to the frogs  
they gurgle in water  
with chords of rapture  
they are entranced by froggish, moonish spontaneity

after the vacation they cause scandals  
in a concert hall during the artistic milking

suddenly they lie down like cows  
looking with indifference  
at the white flowers of the audience  
at the gesticulating of the ushers

### **Der Hirt auf dem Felsen**

**Franz Schubert**

Franz Schubert was an Austrian early romantic-era composer famous for writing around six-hundred lieder and nine symphonies. Schubert was seen as a young musical prodigy, but he followed in his fathers footsteps to be a teacher. It was while he was teaching that he composed some of his most known works such as “Gretchen am Spinnrade” and one of his great song cycles, *Winterreise*<sup>8</sup>. Although Schubert died when he was only 31, there is no doubt that he created many of the most loved masterpieces of the late classical and early romantic periods.

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen is about a shepherd who stands on a remote cliff somewhere far away from home. The shepherd calls out for home and for his lover he left behind. Although he expresses his longing for the comforts of home, he is quite far away still and he begins to feel intense sadness. Both the repetition of the text and the periodical repetitions of the melody in the clarinet part create an echoing effect that emphasizes the shepherd's loneliness. This piece utilizes three different poems in its text. The first is "Der Berghirt" (The Mountain Shepherd) by Wilhelm Müller. The second poem is "Nächtlicher Schall" (Nightly Sound) by Varnhagen. This poem serves as the sad and longing section of the piece. Finally, Schubert concludes with "Liebesgedanken" (Love Thoughts) by Wilhelm Müller<sup>9</sup>.

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<sup>8</sup> “Franz Schubert (1797–1828): Composer: Biography, Music and Facts.” *Classic FM*, [www.classicfm.com/composers/schubert/](http://www.classicfm.com/composers/schubert/).

<sup>9</sup> Wren, Malcolm. “Der Hirt Auf Dem Felsen, D 965.” *Schubert Song Texts*, [www.schubertsong.uk/text/der-hirt-auf-dem-felsen/](http://www.schubertsong.uk/text/der-hirt-auf-dem-felsen/).

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh,  
Ins tiefe Tal hernieder seh  
Und singe,

Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Tal  
Schwingt sich empor der Wiederhall  
Der Klüfte.

Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,  
Je heller sie mir wiederklingt  
Von unten.

Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir,  
Drum sehn ich mich so heiß nach ihr  
Hinüber.

In tiefem Gram verzehr ich mich,  
Mir ist die Freude hin,  
Auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich,  
Ich hier so einsam bin.

So sehnend klang im Wald das Lied,  
So sehnend klang es durch die Nacht.  
Die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht  
Mit wunderbarer Macht.

Der Frühling will kommen,  
Der Frühling, meine Freud,  
Nun mach ich mich fertig  
Zum Wandern bereit.

The Shepherd on the Rock

When I stand on the highest cliff  
I look down into the deep valley  
And sing,

Far away out of the deep dark valley  
There soars up an echo  
From the ravines,

The further my voice reaches  
The brighter it resounds to me  
From below.

My beloved lives so far from me,  
So I feel such hot longing for her  
Over there!

I am eating myself up in deepest sorrow,  
Joy has abandoned me!  
There is no hope left for me on earth,  
I am so lonely here!

The song rang out in the forest with such  
longing,  
It rang out with such longing through the  
night;  
It draws hearts towards heaven  
With an amazing power.

Spring is going to come,  
Spring, my joy!  
I shall now prepare myself  
So that I am ready to travel.

*Translation: Malcolm Wren*

## “Dis-moi que je suis belle” from *Thaïs*

Jules Massenet

Jules Massenet was born in Montaud, France in 1842 to a modest middle-class family. He began studying compositions at the Paris Conservatoire at only eleven years old and he went on to have a very successful career. He composed twenty-four operas in his lifetime and *Manon* is considered to be his most famous work. Other stand-out works of his include *Le Jongleur de Notre-Dame*, *Werther*, and *Thaïs*. In fact, “Méditation” for violin and orchestra from *Thaïs* remains part of the standard violin repertory<sup>10</sup>.

*Thaïs* is an opera composed to a libretto by Louis Gallet and based on a novel by Anatole France. The story takes place in Alexandria, Egypt in the fourth century A.D. Athanaël, a monk, returns from Alexandria and admits to being disturbed by visions of a priestess of Venus named *Thaïs*, whom he had seen many years ago in his native city of Alexandria. The monk wishes to return to Alexandria and convert *Thaïs* to Christianity. He is ultimately successful and she converts on her deathbed<sup>11</sup>. In act II, *Thaïs* sings “Dis-moi que je suis belle” and expresses her fear of aging and losing her beauty. *Thaïs* prays to Venus in hopes that the goddess will keep her beautiful forever.

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<sup>10</sup> “Jules Massenet.” *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Encyclopædia Britannica, inc., 9 Aug. 2024, [www.britannica.com/biography/Jules-Massenet](http://www.britannica.com/biography/Jules-Massenet).

<sup>11</sup> Predota, Georg. “On This Day 16 March: Massenet’s *Thaïs* Was Premiered.” *Interlude*, 16 Mar. 2022, [interlude.hk/on-this-day-16-march-massenets-thais-was-premiered/](http://interlude.hk/on-this-day-16-march-massenets-thais-was-premiered/).



Dis-moi que je suis belle  
Et que je serai belle éternellement!  
Que rien ne flétrira les roses de mes lèvres,  
Que rien ne ternira l'or pur de mes cheveux!

Dis-le moi! Dis-le moi!  
Ah! Tais-toi, voix impitoyable,  
Voix que me dis: Thaïs, tu vieilliras!

Un jour, ainsi, Thaïs ne serait plus Thaïs!  
Non! Non! je n'y puis croire,  
Toi Vénus,  
Réponds-moi de ma beauté!  
Vénus réponds-moi de son éternité!  
Vénus, invisible et présente!  
Vénus, enchantement de l'ombre!  
Vénus! Réponds-moi!

Tell me I'm beautiful  
And that I will be beautiful forever!  
That nothing will wither the roses of my  
lips,  
That nothing will tarnish the pure gold of  
my hair!  
Tell me! Tell me!  
Ah! Shut up, pitiless voice,  
Voice that tells me: Thaïs, you will grow  
old!  
One day, Thaïs would no longer be Thaïs!  
No! No! I can't believe it,  
You Venus,  
Answer me for my beauty!  
Venus answer me of her eternity!  
Venus, invisible and present!  
Venus, enchantment of the shadow!  
Venus! Answer me!

*Translation: Anna Morgan*

### **Selections from *Along the Field***

**Ralph Vaughan Williams**

Ralph Vaughan Williams is considered to be one of the greatest English composers of the 20th century. Having written nine symphonies, concertos for piano, violin, oboe and tuba, five operas, chamber, ballet and film music, many songs and song cycles, and various choral works, he undoubtedly made his mark on the classical music canon. However, he had an impact on more than just classical music. In the early 20th century, he was one of the first people to travel into the English countryside and collect folk tunes and transcribe them. Many of these traditional songs would have been lost if it had not been for that work. From 1914-1916 Vaughan Williams served as a wagon orderly in the Royal Army Medical Corps. Then, he was made the leader of the Royal Garrison Artillery and found himself in charge of both guns and horses. It is said that the violence he experienced during the war greatly impacted his compositions<sup>12</sup>.

*Along the Field* is a song cycle for violin and soprano that consists of eight songs, all settings of text by A.E. Housman (1859 - 1936)<sup>13</sup>. "Along the Field" has a somber mood, and features long

<sup>12</sup> "A Short Biography." *Ralph Vaughan Williams Society*, 6 Aug. 2024, [rvwsociety.com/short-biography/](http://rvwsociety.com/short-biography/).

<sup>13</sup> Cummings, Robert. "Along the Field." *AllMusic*, [www.allmusic.com/composition/along-the-field-song-cycle-for-voice-violin-mc0002661179](http://www.allmusic.com/composition/along-the-field-song-cycle-for-voice-violin-mc0002661179).

stretches of unaccompanied singing. "The half-moon westers low," No. 3 in the set, tells of grieving over a deceased lover. It is a short, but ghostly piece, reflective of the text. "In the morning" is a livelier piece, also discussing lovers, where the violin and voice seemingly have separate melodies. "Goodbye," is the happiest song in the set. It dances along to a folk-like tune and tells of a love between two people that is unsuccessful.

### **Along The Field**

Along the field as we came by  
A year ago, my love and I,  
The aspen over stile and stone  
Was talking to itself alone.  
"Oh who are these that kiss and pass?  
A country lover and his lass;  
Two lovers looking to be wed;  
And time shall put them both to bed,  
But she shall lie with earth above,  
And he beside another love."

And sure enough beneath the tree  
There walks another love with me,  
And overhead the aspen heaves  
Its rainy-sounding silver leaves;  
And I spell nothing in their stir,  
But now perhaps they speak to her,  
And plain for her to understand  
They talk about a time at hand  
When I shall sleep with clover clad,  
And she beside another lad.

### **The Half-moon Westers Low**

The half-moon westers low, my love,  
And the wind brings up the rain;  
And wide apart we lie, my love,  
And seas between the twain.

I know not if it rains, my love,  
In the land where you do lie;  
And oh, so sound you sleep, my love.

You know no more than I.

### **In The Morning**

In the morning, in the morning,  
In the happy field of hay,  
Oh they looked at one another  
By the light of day.

In the blue and silver morning  
On the haycock as they lay,  
Oh they looked at one another  
And they looked away.

### **Good-bye**

Oh see how thick the goldcup flowers  
Are lying in field and lane,  
With dandelions to tell the hours  
That never are told again.  
Oh may I squire you round the meads  
And pick you posies gay?  
- 'Twill do no harm to take my arm.  
"You may, young man, you may."

Ah, spring was sent for lass and lad,  
'Tis now the blood runs gold,  
And man and maid had best be glad  
Before the world is old.  
What flowers to-day may flower to-morrow,  
But never as good as new.  
- Suppose I wound my arm right round -  
"'Tis true, young man, 'tis true."

Some lads there are, 'tis shame to say,  
That only court to thieve,  
And once they bear the bloom away  
'Tis little enough they leave.  
Then keep your heart for men like me  
And safe from trustless chaps.

My love is true and all for you.  
"Perhaps, young man, perhaps."

Oh, look in my eyes, then, can you doubt?  
- Why, 'tis a mile from town.  
How green the grass is all about!  
We might as well sit down.  
- Ah, life, what is it but a flower?  
Why must true lovers sigh?  
Be kind, have pity, my own, my pretty, -  
"Good-bye, young man, good-bye."

### **Selections by Richard Strauss**

### **Richard Strauss**

Richard Strauss was born into a family of musicians in 1864. Inspired by his parents, Strauss was composing pieces as early as age six. By the time he was eighteen years old, he had already composed 140 pieces. Among those, was his famous *Festive March for Large Orchestra*. Strauss had a successful career as a court music director. He was promoted as third Musical Director (Kapellmeister) at Meiningen and second Kappellmeister in Weimar in 1889. During this time, Strauss' fame as a composer grew with the premiers of *Don Juan* and *Macbeth*. Strauss began to push the boundaries in the opera world with the premiers of his operas *Salome* and *Elektra*<sup>14</sup>. Although there were mixed reviews from these works, they were largely responsible for his success.

"Ich schwebe" Op. 48, no. 2, was composed in 1890 to text by Karl Friedrich Henckell (1864-1929). The piece sounds like a lullaby with floating melodies. However, there is an interesting rhythmic feel due to the waltz-like melody against the syncopation in the piano lines. "Einerlei" Op. 69, no. 3 has a notable contrast between the melancholy text and the lilting melody caused by the triple meter. The text was written by German poet, Ludwig Achim von Arnim (1781 - 183). "Ruhe, meine Seele!", Op. 27, No. 1, is the first in his Four Last Songs set. The text was written by the poet Karl Henckell. Strauss presented this piece to his wife, soprano Pauline de Ahna, as a wedding gift in 1894. Although the accompaniment has complex harmonies and moves through various key centers, it finally rests in the key of C major at the end of the piece. This piece is important to me because it brought me a lot of peace in a very chaotic time. "Ruhe, ruhe, Meine Seele, Und vergiß, Was dich bedroht!" (Rest, rest, my soul, and forget what threatens you!). The final piece in this set "Kling!" Op. 48, no. 3, also utilized text by Karl Friedrich Henckell. This piece is an exclamation in every way. The piano line and the melody both depict a grand and triumphant feeling that goes along with the message of the text.

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<sup>14</sup> "Biography: Richard Strauss." Biography | Richard Strauss, [www.richardstrauss.at/biography.html](http://www.richardstrauss.at/biography.html).

### **Ich schwebe Op. 48, no. 2**

Ich schwebe wie auf Engelsschwingen,  
Die Erde kaum berührt mein Fuß,  
In meinen Ohren hör' ich's klingen  
Wie der Geliebten Scheidegruß.

Das tönt so lieblich, mild und leise,  
Das spricht so zage, zart und rein,  
Leicht lullt die nachgeklung'ne Weise  
In wonneschweren Traum mich ein.

Mein schimmernd Aug' -- indeß mich füllen  
Die süßesten der Melodien, --  
Sieht ohne Falten, ohne Hüllen  
Mein lächelnd Lieb' vorüberziehn

### **Einerlei Op. 69, no. 3**

Einerlei  
Ihr Mund ist stets derselbe,  
Sein Kuß mir immer neu,  
Ihr Auge noch dasselbe,  
Sein freier Blick mir treu;  
O du liebes Einerlei,  
Wie wird aus dir so mancherlei!

### **Ruhe meine Seele Op. 27, no. 1**

Nicht ein Lüftchen,  
Regt sich leise,  
Sanft entschlummert  
Ruht der Hain;  
Durch der Blätter  
Dunkle Hülle  
Stiehlt sich lichter  
Sonnenschein.

I float as if on angels' wings,  
My foot hardly touches the earth,  
In my ears I hear a sound  
Like my love's farewell greeting.

It sounds so sweetly, gently, softly,  
It speaks such tender, timid, pure words,  
The tune still sounds and lulls me gently  
Into bliss-laden dreams.

My glistening eyes—while I'm filled  
By the sweetest of melodies—  
See my love, without clothes or veil,  
Pass smiling by.

*Translation: Richard Stokes*

Sameness  
Her mouth is always the same,  
Its kiss is ever new,  
Her eyes remain the same,  
Their frank gaze true to me;  
O you dear sameness,  
The diversity that comes of you!

*Translation: Richard Stokes*

Not even  
A soft breeze stirs,  
In gentle sleep  
The wood rests;  
Through the leaves'  
Dark veil  
Bright sunshine  
Steals.

Ruhe, ruhe,  
Meine Seele,  
Deine Stürme  
Gingen wild,  
Hast getobt und  
Hast gezittert,  
Wie die Brandung,  
Wenn sie schwillt!  
Diese Zeiten  
Sind gewaltig,  
Bringen Herz und  
Hirn in Not—  
Ruhe, ruhe,  
Meine Seele,  
Und vergiß,  
Was dich bedroht!

### **Kling! Op. 48, no. 3**

Kling!...  
Meine Seele gibt reinen Ton.  
Und ich währte die Arme  
Von dem wütenden Harme  
Wilder Zeiten zerrissen schon.

Sing!  
Meine Seele, den Beichtgesang  
Wiedergewonnener Fülle!  
Hebe vom Herzen die Hülle!  
Heil dir, geläuterter Innenklang!

Kling!  
[Meine Seele, dein Leben  
Quellendes, frisches Gebild!  
Blühendes hat sich begeben  
Auf dem verdorrten Gefild.

Rest, rest,  
My soul,  
Your storms  
Were wild,  
You raged and  
You quivered,  
Like the breakers,  
When they surge!  
These times  
Are violent,  
Cause heart and  
Mind distress—  
Rest, rest,  
My soul,  
And forget  
What threatens you!

*Translation: Richard Stokes*

Ring!  
My soul gives forth a pure sound.  
And I imagined the poor thing  
Already torn apart  
By the furious outrages of frantic times.

Sing!  
My soul the confessional song  
Of exuberance reclaimed;  
Lift the pall from your heart.  
Hail to thee, chiming note within.

Ring!  
Ring out your life,  
Fresh, upwelling image.  
Blossoming has taken place  
Upon the withered field.

*Translation: Shawn Thuris*

Ricky Ian Gordon was born in 1956 in Oceanside, New York. He is most known for blurring the lines between classical art song and musical theater. Gordon has been given such honors as the 2003 Alumni Merit Award for exceptional achievement and leadership from Carnegie-Mellon University, A Shen Family Foundation Award, the Stephen Sondheim Award, The Constance Klinsky Award, awards from ASCAP, The National Endowment of the Arts, and The American Music Center. He has written many operas and song cycles, one of his most famous being *Green Sneakers for Baritone, String Quartet, Empty Chair and Piano* which has been described as a significant contribution to raising awareness of the AIDS crisis<sup>15</sup>.

“Joy” is the tenth and final song in the song cycle *Genius Child*. It was written in 1995 using text written by Langston Hughes. “Joy” has a relaxed and warm feel that nods to the characteristics of many jazz standards. This is appropriate, as the text was written in 1926. “A Horse with Wings” was also written in 1995 as a part of his song book with the same title, *A Horse With Wings*. The text was written by Gordon himself and is a beacon of hope. The text reflects someone who wants to believe that change and growth are possible, and that we are closer to a better tomorrow than we think we are. Gordon depicts much of the 21st century human experience in this piece.

### **Joy**

I went to look for Joy,  
Slim, dancing Joy,  
Gay, laughing Joy,  
Bright-eyed Joy—  
And I found her  
Driving the butcher’s cart  
In the arms of the butcher boy!  
Such company, such company,  
As keeps this young nymph, Joy!

### **A Horse With Wings**

I wanna cry.  
I wanna feel the world around me whirling by.  
I wanna cry for those that live,  
and those that die.  
You sing a lullaby.

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<sup>15</sup> “Ricky Ian Gordon” Ricky Ian Gordon, [www.rickyiangordon.com/bio/](http://www.rickyiangordon.com/bio/).

I wanna cry.  
I wanna pray,  
that all my wishes could come true after today,  
and should I put a word for you in,  
should I say  
an extra Kyrie?  
I wanna pray.  
I wanna lie.  
I wanna think that things are better  
than they are.  
I wanna think we've gotten further,  
and that far  
is just an inch away.  
I wanna lie.  
A horse with wings,  
I wanna think of things like that  
and other things.  
I want two brothers, one who laughs,  
and one who sings.  
I hope the future brings  
a horse with wings.  
I wanna know  
the things they told me way back then  
were really so.  
I wanna make a little mark before I go,  
not barely just get by,  
I wanna fly!

## **Jazz Selections**

### **Autumn Leaves**

**Joseph Kosma**

“Autumn Leaves” is the English version of the French song “Les Feuilles mortes” (“The Dead Leaves”) by Joseph Kosma in 1945. The original text was written by Jacques Prévert in French, and then written in English by Johnny Mercer. It first topped the billboard charts in 1955 with a piano version by Roger Williams. It has since become one of the most recorded jazz standards, with recordings by Bing Crosby, Doris Day, Nat King Cole, Frank Sinatra, Stan Getz, Vince Guaraldi, Bill Evans, John Coltrane and more.

The falling leaves drift by the window  
The autumn leaves of red and gold



I see your lips, the summer kisses  
The sun-burned hands I used to hold

Since you went away the days grow long  
And soon I'll hear old winter's song  
But I miss you most of all my darling  
When autumn leaves start to fall

The falling leaves drift by the window  
The autumn leaves of red and gold  
I see your lips, the summer kisses  
The sun-burned hands I used to hold

Since you went away the days grow long  
And soon I'll hear old winter's song  
But I miss you most of all my darling  
When autumn leaves start to fall

### **All the Things You Are**

**Jerome David Kern**

All the Things You Are was composed by Jerome David Kern for the musical *Very Warm for May* in 1939 with text written by Oscar Hammerstein II. It then appeared in the film *Broadway Rhythm* (1944), again in the Kern biopic *Till the Clouds Roll By* (1946). Popular recordings of the song include Judy Garland, Dizzy Gillespie with Charlie Parker, Charlie Parker with Miles Davis, Sarah Vaughan, Bill Evans Trio, Ella Fitzgerald, Barbra Streisand, and Michael Jackson.

You are the promised kiss of springtime  
That makes the lonely winter seem long.  
You are the breathless hush of evening  
That trembles on the brink of a lovely song.  
You are the angel glow that lights a star,  
The dearest things I know are what you are.  
Some day my happy arms will hold you,  
And some day I'll know that moment divine,  
When all the things you are, are mine!