



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

Some of Brock's Favorites

Caleb Gottry, bass
Casey McEvoy, tenor
Carson Scott, tenor
J. David Brock, piano

Thursday, April 3, 2025

8:30 p.m.

PepsiCo Recital Hall

Program

An Die Nachtigall

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Carson Scott, Tenor

Die Forelle

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Casey McEvoy, Tenor

Zueignung

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Casey McEvoy, Tenor

Widmung

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Caleb Gottry, Bass

In Diesen Heil'gen Hallen
From *Die Zauberflöte*

W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Caleb Gottry, Bass

Ideale

Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846-1916)

Casey McEvoy, Tenor

Verdi Prati
From *Alcina*

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Caleb Gottry, Bass

Brief Intermission

Anthem
From *Chess*

Benny Andersson
(b. 1946)

Carson Scott, Tenor

Why, God, Why
From *Miss Saigon*

Claude-Michel Schönberg
(b. 1944)

Carson Scott, Tenor

The Kite
From *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown*

Clark Gesner
(1938-2002)

Casey McEvoy, Tenor

Be Still As You Are Beautiful

John Duke
(1899-1984)

Carson Scott, Tenor

Were You There?

Arr. Moses Hogan
(1957-2003)

Caleb Gottry, Bass

I Am So Proud
From *The Mikado*

Arthur Sullivan
(1842-1900)

Carson Scott, Tenor
Casey McEvoy, Tenor
Caleb Gottry, Bass

Caleb Gottry, Casey McEvoy, and Carson Scott are students of Professor David Brock.
The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited.
Please silence all electronic devices including watches, pagers, and phones.

Program Notes, Texts, & Translations

An Die Nachtigall – Franz Schubert

Composed in 1816 as a part of Schubert's extensive Lieder repertoire, setting a poem by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, one of Schubert's personal favorite poets.

*Er liegt und schläft an meinem Herzen,
Mein guter Schutzgeist sang ihn ein;
Und ich kann fröhlich sein und scherzen,
Kann jeder Blum' und jedes Blatts mich
freun.*

*Nachtigall, ach! Nachtigall, ach!
Sing mir den Amor nicht wach!*

*He lies sleeping upon my heart;
my kind tutelary spirit sang him to sleep.
And I can be merry and jest,
delight in every flower and leaf.*

*Nightingale, ah, nightingale,
do not awaken my love with your singing!*

Die Forelle – Franz Schubert

Composed in 1817 originally as a standalone Lied and later made a part of the Trout Quintet, setting a poem by Christian Friedrich Daniel Schubart.

*In einem Bächlein helle,
Da schoß in froher Eil'
Die launische Forelle
Vorüber wie ein Pfeil.
Ich stand an dem Gestade
Und sah in süßer Ruh
Des muntern Fischleins Bade
Im klaren Bächlein zu.*

*Ein Fischer mit der Rute
Wohl an dem Ufer stand,
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute,
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.
So lang dem Wasser Helle,
So dacht ich, nicht gebricht,
So fängt er die Forelle
Mit seiner Angel nicht.*

*Doch endlich ward dem Diebe
Die Zeit zu lang. Er macht
Das Bächlein tückisch trübe,
Und eh ich es gedacht,
So zuckte seine Rute,
Das Fischlein zappelt dran,
Und ich mit regem Blute
Sah die Betrogene an.*

*In a limpid brook
the capricious trout
in joyous haste
darted by like an arrow.
I stood on the bank
in blissful peace, watching
the lively fish swim
in the clear brook.*

*An angler with his rod
stood on the bank
cold-bloodedly watching
the fish's contortions.
As long as the water
is clear, I thought,
he won't catch the trout
with his rod.*

*But at length the thief
grew impatient. Cunningly
he made the brook cloudy,
and in an instant
his rod quivered,
and the fish struggled on it.
And I, my blood boiling,
looked on at the cheated creature.*

Zueignung – Richard Strauss

Composed in 1883 as a part of Strauss' Op. 10, a collection of Lieder setting the poetry of Herman von Gilm, later orchestrated becoming one of Strauss' most beloved songs.

*Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle, Liebe
macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.*

*Yes, dear soul, you know
That I'm in torment far from you,
Love makes hearts sick –
Be thanked.*

*Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.*

*Once, revelling in freedom,
I held the amethyst cup aloft
And you blessed that draught –
Be thanked.*

*Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank!*

*And you banished the evil spirits,
Till I, as never before,
Holy, sank holy upon your heart –
Be thanked.*

Widmung – Robert Schumann

Composed in 1840 as a part of Myrthen, a song cycle written as a wedding gift for his wife, Clara, with Widmung copied in gold ink for the occasion.

*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' res Ich!*

*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 consigned!
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!*

In Diesen Heil'gen Hallen – W.A. Mozart

Composed in 1791 and originally sung by bass Franz Xaver Gerl, the original Sarastro.

The aria occurs in Act 2, Scene 1 of Die Zauberflöte. Sarastro has captured Pamina to protect her from her mother, the Queen of the Night. He explains that his temple is a place of wisdom and peace, where vengeance has no power, assuring her that neither her nor her lover will come to any harm.

*In diesen heil'gen Hallen,
Kennt man die Rache nicht. -*

*Within these sacred portals
revenge is unknown,*

*Und ist ein Mensch gefallen;
Führt Liebe ihn zur Pflicht.
Dann wandelt er an Freundeshand,
Vergnügt und froh ins bess're Land.*

*and if a man has fallen,
love guides him to his duty.
Then, with a friend's hand, he walks,
glad and joyful, into a better land.*

*In diesen heiligen Mauern
Wo Mensch den Menschen liebt,
Kann kein Verräther lauern,
Weil man dem Feind vergiebt.
Wen solche Lehren nicht erfreu'n,
Verdient nicht ein Mensch zu seyn.*

*Within these sacred walls,
where man loves fellow man,
no traitor can lurk,
because enemies are forgiven.
He who is not gladdened by such teachings
does not deserve to be a man*

Ideale – Francesco Paolo Tosti

Composed in 1882 for the salons of aristocracy, setting a poem by Carmelo Errico to a lilting and sentimental romanza.

*Io ti seguii come iride di pace
Lungo le vie del cielo:
Io ti seguii come un'amica face
De la notte nel velo.
E ti sentii ne la luce, ne l'aria,
Nel profumo dei fiori;
E fu piena la stanza solitaria di te,
dei tuoi splendori.
In te rapito,
Al suon de la tua voce,
Lungamente sognai;
E de la terra ogni affanno, ogni croce,
In quel giorno scordai.
Torna, caro ideal,
Torna un istante
A sorridermi ancora,
E a me risplenderà, nel tuo sembiante,
Una novella aurora.*

*I followed you, like the silent rainbow,
along the pathways in the heavens.
I followed you like a good star
through the veiled night.
I sensed you in the light, the air,
the perfume of the blossoms;
and the deserted chamber was imbued
with you and your radiance.
Infatuated with you,
I dreamed for long
of the sound of your voice,
forgetting all pain
and all earthly woe.
Return, dear image,
return again for an instant
and smile at me once more,
so that from your face will shine
A new dawn*

Verdi Prati – George Frideric Handel

Composed in 1735 and originally sung by castrato Giovanni Carestini, the original Ruggiero.

The aria occurs in Act 2, Scene 6 of Alcina. Ruggiero, under a sorceress's spell, has been living in an illusion. When his true love breaks the magic, he realizes the paradise around him is false (full of other disillusioned male souls) and will soon disappear.

*Verdi prati, selve amene,
perderete la beltà.
Vaghi fior, correnti rivi,
la vaghezza, la bellezza,
presto in voi si cangerà.
Versi prati, selve amene,
perderete la beltà.*

*Green meadows, pleasant woods,
You will lose your beauty,
Pretty flowers, flowing waters,
your beauty will quickly change.
Green meadows, pleasant woods,
You will lose your beauty.
And when the beloved vision will fade,*

*E cangiato il vago oggetto,
all'orror del primo aspetto
tutto in voi ritornerà.*

*everything will change
into the former horrible appearance.*

Anthem – Benny Andersson

Composed in 1984 and originally sung by Tommy Körberg, the original Anatoly in the West End production.

The song occurs in Act 1, Scene 7 of Chess. Anatoly, a Soviet chess champion, has just won a major match against an American opponent. Facing political pressure, he makes the shocking decision to defect from the USSR.

*No man, no madness
Though their sad power may prevail
Can possess, conquer, my country's heart
They rise to fail
She is eternal
Long before nations' lines were drawn
When no flags flew, when no armies stood
My land was born
And you ask me why I love her
Through wars, death, and despair
She is the constant, we, who don't care
And you wonder will I leave her
But how?
I cross over borders but I'm still there now
How can I leave her?
Where would I start?
Let man's petty nations tear themselves apart
My land's only borders lie around my heart*

Why, God, Why – Claude-Michel Schönberg

Composed in 1989 and originally sung by Simon Bowman, the original Chris in the West End production.

The song occurs in Act 1, Scene 5 of Miss Saigon. Chris, an American soldier in Vietnam, has just spent the night with Kim, a young bar girl. Conflicted by his growing feelings, he wonders how to move forward in unexpected love in a war-torn country.

*Why does Saigon never sleep at night?
Why does this girl smell of orange trees?
How can I feel good when nothing's right?
Why is she cool when there is no breeze?
Vietnam
You don't give answers, do you friend?
Just questions that don't ever end!
Why God?
Why today?
I'm all through here, on my way*

*There's nothing left here that I'll miss
 Why send me now a night like this?
 Who's the girl in this rusty bed?
 Why am I back in a filthy room?
 Why is her voice ringing in my head?
 Why am I high on her cheap perfume?
 Vietnam*

*Hey look, I mean you no offense
 But why does nothing here make sense?
 Why God?
 Show your hand
 Why can't one guy understand?
 I've been with girls who knew much more
 I've never felt confused before!
 Why me?
 What's your plan?
 I can't help her!
 No one can!*

*I liked my memories as they were
 But now I'll leave remembering her!
 When I went home before no one talked of the war
 What they knew from t.v
 Didn't have a thing to do with me
 I went back and re-upped
 Sure, Saigon is corrupt
 It felt better to be here driving for the embassy
 'Cos here if you can pull a string
 A guy like me lives like a king
 Just as long as you don't believe anything!
 Why God?
 Why this face?
 Why such beauty in this place?
 I liked my memories as they were
 But now I'll leave remembering her!
 Just her!*

The Kite – Clark Gesner

Composed in 1967 and originally sung by Gary Burghoff, the original Charlie Brown.

The song occurs in Act 1, Scene 3 of You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown. Charlie Brown is trying once again to fly a kite. When, as usual, it won't cooperate, he refuses to give up and fail as he so often had done.

*Little more speed, little more rope
 Little more wind, little more hope
 Gotta get this stupid kite to fly
 I gotta make sure it doesn't snag
 Doesn't droop, doesn't drag
 Gotta watch out for every little—oops!*

Little less speed, little more tack

*Little less rise, little more slack
Gotta keep my wits about me now
I gotta make sure it doesn't get the best of me
Till I get it in the air somehow*

*Millions of little kids do it every day
They make a kite and "poof"—it's in the sky
Leave it to me to have the one fool kite
Who likes to see a little kid cry*

*Little less talk, little more skill
Little less luck, little more will
Gotta face this fella eye to eye
Now that I've seen you chasing moles
Climbing trees, digging holes
Wrapping your string on everything passing by
Why not fly?*

Be Still As You Are Beautiful – John Duke

Composed in 1949 for concert recital performance, setting a poem by Patrick MacDonogh to a lyrical art song.

*Be still as you are beautiful,
Be silent as the rose;
Through miles of starlit countryside
Unspoken worship flows
To find you in your loveless room
From lonely men whom daylight gave
The blessing of your passing face
Impenetrably grave.*

*A white owl in the lichened wood
Is circling silently,
More secret and more silent yet
Must be your love to me.
Thus, while about my dreaming head
Your soul in ceaseless vigil goes,
Be still as you are beautiful,
Be silent as the rose.*

Were You There? – Arr. Moses Hogan

A traditional African American spiritual, arranged by Hogan in the late 20th century and dedicated to Dr. Benjamin Harlan.

*Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?*

Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?

*Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?*

I Am So Proud – Arthur Sullivan

Composed in 1885 and originally sung by George Grossmith, Rutland Barrington, and Frederick Bovill as the original Ko-Ko, Pooh-Bah, and Pish-Tush.

The trio occurs in Act 1, Scene 9 of The Mikado. Ko-Ko has been appointed to by the new Lord High Executioner. Unfortunately for him, that means he must execute someone or be executed himself... but he doesn't want that. So, him and his equally pompous friends try to make the execution seem like such an honor that someone else must have it. The comedically pompous "I would if I could" song ensues.

*[POOH-BAH]
I am so proud
If I allowed
My family pride
To be my guide
I'd volunteer
To quit this sphere
Instead of you
In a minute or two
But family pride
Must be denied
And set aside
And mortified
And mortified*

*[KO-KO]
My brain it teems
With endless schemes
Both good and new
For Titipu
For Titipu;
But if I flit
The benefit
That I'd diffuse
The town would lose!
Now every man
To aid his clan
Should plot and plan
As best he can*

*[PISH-TUSH]
I heard one day
A gentleman say
That criminals who
Are cut in two
Can hardly feel
The fatal steel
And so are slain
Are slain without much
pain
If this is true
It's jolly for you;
Your courage screw
To bid us adieu*

*[KO-KO]
And so
Although
I'm ready to go
Yet recollect
'Twere disrespect
Did I neglect
To thus effect
This aim direct
So I object —*

*[POOH-BAH]
And so
Although
I wish to go
And greatly pine
To brightly shine
And take the line
Of a hero fine
With grief condign
I must decline*

*[PISH-TUSH]
And go
And show
Both friend and foe
How much you dare
I'm quite aware
It's your affair
Yet I declare
I'd take your share
But I don't much care*

*[ALL]
To sit in solemn silence in a dull, dark dock
In a pestilential prison, with a life-long lock
Awaiting the sensation of a short, sharp shock
From a cheap and chippy chopper on a big black block!*