

# SCHOOL of MUSIC

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## ***Stories in Song*** **Voice Faculty Recital**



Saturday, March 7, 2020 | 8:00 PM

**Dr. Bobbie Bailey & Family Performance Center**  
**Audrey B. and Jack E. Morgan, Sr. Concert Hall**

# Program

## **"Prologue" from *The Turn of the Screw***

Music by Benjamin Britten

Libretto by Myfawny Piper

Dr. Nathan Munson, tenor

Dr. Eric Jenkins, piano

## ***Canticle II***

Music by Benjamin Britten

Text: anonymous

Todd Wedge, tenor

Heather Witt, mezzo-soprano

Dr. Eric Jenkins, piano

## **Selections by Franz Schubert**

***Ganymed*** (Johann Wolfgang van Goethe)

***Liebe schwärmt auf allen Wegen*** (Johann Wolfgang van Goethe)

***Gretchen am Spinnrade*** (Johann Wolfgang van Goethe)

***Die Forelle*** (Christian Schubart)

***Die junge Nonne*** (Jacob Nicolaus Craigher de Jachelutta)

Jana Young, soprano

Dr. Eric Jenkins, piano

## **Selections from *Dichterliebe***

Music by Robert Schumann

Poetry by Heinrich Heine

I. ***Im wunderschönen Monat Mai***

II. ***Aus meinen Thränen Spriessen***

III. ***Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne***

IV. ***Wenn ich deine Augen seh'***

V. ***Ich will meine Seele tauchen***

VI. ***Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome***

VII. ***Ich grolle nicht***

Dr. Nathan Munson, tenor

Dr. Eric Jenkins, piano

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## Selections from *Winterreise*

Music by Franz Schubert

Poetry by Wilhelm Müller

VI. ***Wasserflut***

VII. ***Auf dem Flusse***

XVIII. ***Der stürmische Morgen***

XXIV. ***Der Leierman***

Todd Wedge, tenor

Dr. Eric Jenkins, piano

# Program Notes

The Prologue from Britten's opera ***The Turn of the Screw*** serves an unusual function in an opera, providing background information on the story that is about to unfold, much like the setup to a campfire ghost story.

In its literal definition, the word "Canticle" refers to a hymn or chant that draws from biblical texts. However, Benjamin Britten's five canticles reflect both sacred and secular themes which are, in structure, more like cantatas than hymns.

Canticle II uses immediate consonance and dissonance as a means to evoke an ethereal atmosphere with which to tell the harrowing biblical story of Abraham and his beloved son, Isaac.

***Ganymed*** was written by Schubert in 1817 from a poem that dates back to 1774 in which the legend Ganymede, a beautiful Phrygian youth, was carried up to heaven by an eagle at the command of Zeus. In this song, Schubert successfully expresses Goethe's belief in the unity and goodness of nature.

***Liebe schwärmt auf allen Wegen*** comes from what is remaining of Schubert's ***Singspiel Claudine von Villa Bella***. In Schubert's opera, this song is sung by the heroine, Claudine.

***Gretchen am Spinnrade*** was written by Schubert in 1814 with a text from Goethe's *Faust* from a scene entitled "Gretchens Stube." In this masterpiece, Gretchen's uneasy foreboding comes from the fact that she has already given in to Faust's all-consuming love and she sees herself as the forlorn and jilted mother of his child.

Schubert's ***Die Forelle (The Trout)*** uses Christian Friedrich Schubart's poetry for this playful story about a trout darting happily and swiftly as an arrow. Published in 1782, Schubert omitted the last verses of the poem which advises rather pointedly for young girls to be on their guard against young men out "fishing."

**Die junge Nonne** was composed in 1825 with poetry by Jacob Nicolaus Craigher in which the poet expresses his desire for death as a refuge from the storms of life which was a popular theme in Schubert's poetic circle in Vienna. This iconic song represents Schubert's talent as a song-writer and composer with a keen dramatic sense for nocturnal scene painting and psychological depth.

These first seven movements from Schumann's song cycle **Dichterliebe** (literally "poet's love") speak to the varied emotions expressed through the entire range of romantic love, from pure ecstasy to absolute despair.

Schubert was still making edits to **Winterreise** shortly before his death and, sadly, never heard the entire cycle performed in public. In fact, with an opus of over 600 songs (lieder), it is quite possible that Schubert never heard a substantial amount of his work performed in public -- since his notoriety was not earned until after his death. Schubert was continuously battling adversity throughout his career: poverty, disease, and a looming feeling of failure. The 5'1" mastermind succumbed to his deteriorating health at the age of 31.

## Text & Translations

### "Prologue" from *The Turn of the Screw* - Britten / Piper

It is a curious story. I have it written in  
faded ink - a woman's hand, governess  
to two children - long ago.

Untried, innocent, she had gone first to  
see their guardian in London; a young  
man, bold, offhand and gay, the  
children's only relative.

The children were in the country with  
an old housekeeper. There had been a  
governess, but she had gone. The boy,  
of course, was at school, but there was  
the girl, and the holidays, now begun.  
This then would be her task. But there  
was one condition: he was so much  
engaged; affairs, travel, friends, visits,  
always something, no time at all for  
the poor little things

She was to do everything, be responsible  
for everything, not to worry him at all,  
no, not to write, but to be silent, and  
do her best. She was full of doubts. But  
she was carried away: that he, so gallant  
and handsome, so deep in the busy  
world, should need her help.

At last "I will", she said.

## **Canticle II - Britten / Anonymous**

God speaks (tenor and alto together):

Abraham, my servant, Abraham,  
Take Isaac, thy son by name,  
That thou lovest the best of all,  
And in sacrifice offer him to me  
Upon that hill there besides thee.  
Abraham, I will that so it be,  
For aught that may befall.

Abraham:

My Lord, to Thee is mine intent  
Ever to be obedient.  
That son that Thou to me hast sent  
Offer I will to Thee.

Thy bidding done shall be.

Abraham, turning him to his son Isaac, saith:

Make thee ready, my dear darling,  
For we must do a little thing.  
This woode do on thy back it bring,  
We may no longer abide.  
A sword and fire that I will take,  
For sacrifice behoves me to make;  
God's bidding will I not forsake,  
But ever obedient be.

Isaac:

Father, I am all ready  
To do your bidding most meekely,  
And to bear this wood full bayn am I,  
As you commanded me.

Abraham:

Now, Isaac son, go we our way  
To yonder mount if that we may.

Isaac:

My dear father, I will essay  
To follow you full fain.

Abraham:

O! My heart will break in three,  
To hear thy words I have pitye;  
As Thou wilt, Lord, so must it be,  
To Thee I will be bayn.  
Lay down thy faggot, my own son dear.

Isaac:

All ready, father, lo it is here.  
But why make you such heavy cheer?  
Are you anything adread?

Abraham:

Ah! Dear God! That me is woe!

Isaac:

Father, if it be your will,

**(Canticle II cont.)**

Where is the beast that we shall kill?

Abraham:

Thereof, son, is none upon this hill.

Isaac:

Father, I am full sore affeered

To see you bear that drawne sword.

Abraham:

Isaac, son, peace, I pray thee,

Thou breakest my heart even in three.

Isaac:

I pray you, father, layn nothing from me,

But tell me what you think.

Abraham:

Ah! Isaac, Isaac, I must thee kill!

Isaac:

Alas! Father, is that your will,

Your owne child for to spill

Upon this hilles brink?

If I have trespassed in any degree

With a yard you may beat me;

Put up your sword, if your will be,

For I am but a child.

Would God my mother were here with me!

She would kneel down upon her knee,

Praying you, father, if it may be,

For to save my life.

Abraham:

O Isaac, son, to thee I say

God hath commanded me today

Sacrifice, this is no nay,

To make of thy bodye.

Isaac:

Is it God's will I shall be slain?

Abraham:

Yea, son, it is not for to layn.

Isaac:

Father, seeing you muste needs do so,

Let it pass lightly and over go;

Kneeling on my knees two,

Your blessing on me spread. Abraham:

My blessing, dear son, give I thee

And thy mother's with heart free.

The blessing of the Trinity,

My dear Son, on thee light.

Come hither, my child, thou art so sweet,

Thou must be bound both hands and feet.

Isaac:

Father, do with me as you will,

I must obey, and that is skill,

Godes commandment to fulfil,

For needs so it must be.

Abraham:

Isaac, Isaac, blessed must thou be.

Isaac:

Father, greet well my brethren ying,  
And pray my mother of her blessing,  
I come no more under her wing,  
Farewell for ever and aye.

Abraham:

Farewell, my sweetë son of grace!

Isaac:

I pray you, father, turn down my face,  
For I am sore adread.

Abraham:

Lord, full loth were I him to kill!

Isaac:

Ah, mercy, father, why tarry you so?

Abraham:

Jesu! On me have pity,  
That I have most in mind.

Isaac:

Now, father, I see that I shall die:  
Almighty God in majesty!  
My soul I offer unto Thee!

Abraham:

To do this deed I am sorrye.

God speaks:

Abraham, my servant dear,  
Lay not thy sword in no manner  
On Isaac, thy dear darling.  
For thou darest me, well wot I,  
That of thy son has no mercy,  
To fulfil my bidding.

Abraham:

Ah, Lord of heaven and King of bliss,  
Thy bidding shall be done, i-wiss!  
A hornëd wether here I see,  
Among the briars tied is he,  
To Thee offered shall he be,  
Anon right in this place.  
Sacrifice here sent me is,  
And all, Lord, through Thy grace.

Abraham & Isaac:

Such obedience grant us, O Lord!  
Ever to Thy most holy word.  
That in the same we may accord  
At this Abraham was bayn;  
And then altogether shall we  
That worthy King in heaven see,  
And dwell with Him in great glorye  
For ever and ever. Amen.

## **Ganymed - Schubert / Goethe**

Wie im Morgenglanze  
Du rings mich anglühst,  
Frühling, Geliebter!  
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne  
Sich an mein Herz drängt  
Deiner ewigen Wärme  
Heilig Gefühl,  
Unendliche Schöne!  
Dass ich dich fassen möcht'  
In diesen Arm!  
Ach, an deinem Busen  
Lieg' ich, schmachte,  
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras  
Drängen sich an mein Herz.  
Du kühlst den brennenden  
Durst meines Busens,  
Lieblicher Morgenwind!  
Ruft drein die Nachtigall  
Liebend mach mir aus dem Nebelthal.  
Ich komm', ich komme!  
Wohin? Ach wohin?  
Hinauf! Hinauf strebt's.  
Es schweben die Wolken  
Abwärts, die Wolken  
Neigen sich der sehnenen Liebe.  
Mir! Mir!  
In euerm Schosse  
Aufwärts!  
Umfangend umfängen!  
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,  
Allliebender Vater!

How your glow envelops me  
in the morning radiance,  
spring, my beloved!  
With love's thousandfold joy  
the hallowed sensation  
of your eternal warmth  
floods my heart,  
infinite beauty!  
O that I might clasp you  
in my arms!  
Ah, on your breast  
I lie languishing,  
and your flowers, your grass  
press close to my heart.  
You cool the burning  
thirst within my breast,  
sweet morning breeze,  
as the nightingale calls  
tenderly to me from the misty valley.  
I come, I come!  
But whither? Ah, whither?  
Upwards! Strive upwards!  
The clouds drift  
down, yielding  
to yearning love,  
to me, to me!  
In your lap,  
upwards,  
embracing and embraced!  
Upwards to your bosom,  
all-loving Father!

## **Liebe schwärmt auf allen Wegen - Schubert / Goethe**

Liebe schwärmt auf allen Wegen;  
Treue wohnt für sich allein.  
Liebe kommt euch rasch entgegen;  
Aufgesucht will Treue sein.

Love wanders along every path  
Love roves everywhere;  
constancy lives alone.  
Love comes rushing towards you;  
constancy must be sought.



**Gretchen am Spinnrade -**  
Schubert / Goethe

Meine Ruh' ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer,  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.  
Wo ich ihn nicht hab'  
Ist mir das Grab,  
Die ganze Welt  
Ist mir vergällt.  
Mein armer Kopf  
Ist mir verrückt  
Mein armer Sinn  
Ist mir zerstückt.  
Meine Ruh' ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer,  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.  
Nach ihm nur schau' ich  
Zum Fenster hinaus,  
Nach ihm nur geh' ich  
Aus dem Haus.  
Sein hoher Gang,  
Sein' edle Gestalt,  
Seines Mundes Lächeln,  
Seiner Augen Gewalt.  
Und seiner Rede  
Zauberfluss.  
Sein Händedruck,  
Und ach, sein Kuss!  
Meine Ruh' ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer,  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.  
Mein Busen drängt sich  
Nach ihm hin.  
Ach dürft' ich fassen  
Und halten ihn.  
Und küssen ihn  
So wie ich wollt'  
An seinen Küssen,  
vergehen sollt!

**Gretchen at the spinning-wheel**

My peace is gone  
My heart is heavy;  
I shall never  
Ever find peace again.  
When he's not with me,  
Life's like the grave;  
The whole world  
Is turned to gall.  
My poor head  
Is crazed,  
My poor mind  
Shattered.  
My peace is gone  
My heart is heavy;  
I shall never  
Ever find peace again.  
It's only for him  
I gaze from the window,  
It's only for him  
I leave the house.  
His proud bearing  
His noble form,  
The smile on his lips,  
The power of his eyes,  
And the magic flow  
Of his words,  
The touch of his hand,  
And ah, his kiss!  
My peace is gone  
My heart is heavy;  
I shall never  
Ever find peace again.  
My bosom  
Yearns for him.  
Ah! if I could clasp  
And hold him,  
And kiss him  
To my heart's content,  
And in his kisses  
Perish!

## **Die Forelle - Schubert / 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.*

## **The trout**

*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.*

## **Die junge Nonne -**

Schubert / de Jachelutta

Wie braust durch die Wipfel der heu-  
lende Sturm!  
Es klirren die Balken, es zittert das  
Haus!  
Es rollet der Donner, es leuchtet der  
Blitz,  
Und finster die Nacht, wie das Grab!  
Immerhin, immerhin, so tobt' es auch  
jüngst noch in mir!  
Es brauste das Leben, wie jetzo der  
Sturm,  
Es bebten die Glieder, wie jetzo das  
Haus,  
Es flammte die Liebe, wie jetzo der  
Blitz,  
Und finster die Brust, wie das Grab.  
Nun tobe, du wilder, gewalt'ger Sturm,  
Im Herzen ist Friede, im Herzen ist  
Ruh,  
Des Bräutigams harret die liebende  
Braut,  
Gereinigt in prüfender Glut,  
Der ewigen Liebe getraut.  
Ich harre, mein Heiland, mit sehnen-  
dem Blick!  
Komm, himmlischer Bräutigam, hole  
die Braut,  
Erlöse die Seele von irdischer Haft.  
Horch, friedlich ertönet das Glöcklein  
vom Turm!  
Es lockt mich das süsse Getön  
Allmächtig zu ewigen Höh'n.  
Alleluia!

## **The young nun**

How the raging storm roars through  
the treetops!  
The rafters rattle, the house shudders!  
The thunder rolls, the lightning flashes,  
and the night is as dark as the grave.  
So be it, not long ago a storm still  
raged in me.  
My life roared like the storm now,  
my limbs trembled like the house now,  
love flashed like the lightning now,  
and my heart was as dark as the grave.  
Now rage, wild, mighty storm;  
in my heart is peace, in my heart is  
calm.  
The loving bride awaits the bride-  
groom,  
purified in the testing flames,  
betrothed to eternal love.  
I wait, my Saviour, with longing gaze!  
Come, heavenly bridegroom, take  
your bride.  
Free the soul from earthly bonds.  
Listen, the bell sounds peacefully from  
the tower!  
Its sweet pealing invites me  
all-powerfully to eternal heights.  
Alleluia!

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**Im wunderschönen Monat Mai -**

Schumann / Heine

*Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,  
Als alle Knospen sprangen,  
Da ist in meinem Herzen  
Die Liebe aufgegangen.  
Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,  
Als alle Vögel sangen,  
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden  
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.*

In the wondrous month of May,  
When all the buds burst into bloom,  
Then it was that in my heart  
Love began to burgeon.  
In the wondrous month of May,  
When all the birds were singing,  
Then it was I confessed to her  
My longing and desire.

**Aus meinen Tränen sprriessen -**

Schubert / Schubart

*Aus meinen Tränen sprriessen  
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,  
Und meine Seufzer warden  
Ein Nachtigallenchor.  
Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,  
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',  
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen  
Das Lied der Nachtigall.*

From my tears there will spring  
Many blossoming flowers,  
And my sighs shall become  
A chorus of nightingales.  
And if you love me, child,  
I'll give you all the flowers,  
And at your window shall sound  
The nightingale's song.

**Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube,  
die Sonne -** Schumann / Heine

*Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die  
Sonne,  
Die liebt' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.  
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine  
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die  
Eine;  
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,  
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.*

Rose, lily, dove, sun,  
I loved them all once in the bliss of  
love.  
I love them no more, I only love  
She who is small, fine, pure, rare;  
She, most blissful of all loves,  
Is rose and lily and dove and sun.

**Wenn ich in deine Augen seh' -**

Schumann / Heine

*Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',  
So schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh';  
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,  
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.  
Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,  
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;  
Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!  
So muss ich weinen bitterlich.*

When I look into your eyes,  
All my pain and sorrow vanish;  
But when I kiss your lips,  
Then I am wholly healed.  
When I lay my head against your breast,  
Heavenly bliss steals over me;  
But when you say: I love you!  
I must weep bitter tears.

**Ich will meine Seele tauchen -**

Schumann / Heine

*Ich will meine Seele tauchen  
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;  
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen  
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.  
Das Lied soll schauern und beben,  
Wie der Kuss von ihrem Mund,  
Den sie mir einst gegeben  
In wunderbar süsser Stund'.*

Let me bathe my soul  
In the lily's chalice;  
The lily shall resound  
With a song of my beloved.  
The songs shall tremble and quiver  
Like the kiss that her lips  
Once gave me  
In a wondrously sweet hour.

**Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome -**

Schumann / Heine

*Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,  
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n  
Mit seinem grossen Dome,  
Das grosse, heilige Köln.  
Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,  
Auf gold'nem Leder gemalt;  
In meines Lebens Wildnis  
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.  
Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein  
Um unsre liebe Frau;  
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wäng'lein,  
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.*

In the Rhine, in the holy river,  
Mirrored in its waves,  
With its great cathedral,  
Stands great and holy Cologne.  
In the cathedral hangs a picture,  
Painted on gilded leather;  
Into my life's wilderness  
It has cast its friendly rays.  
Flowers and cherubs hover  
Around Our beloved Lady;  
Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks  
Are the image of my love's.

**Ich grolle nicht - Schumann / Heine**

*Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz  
auch bricht,  
Ewig verlornes Lieb! ich grolle nicht.  
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamanten-  
pracht,  
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 Her-  
zen frisst,  
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend  
bist.  
Ich grolle nicht.*

I bear no grudge, though my heart is  
breaking,  
O love forever lost! I bear no grudge.  
However you gleam in diamond  
splendour,  
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 grudge.

## **Wasserflut** - Schubert / Müller

Manche Trän' aus meinen Augen  
Ist gefallen in den Schnee:  
Seine kalten Flocken saugen  
Durstig ein das heisse Weh.  
Wenn die Gräser sprossen wollen,  
Weht daher ein lauer Wind,  
Und das Eis zerspringt in Schollen,  
Und der weiche Schnee zerrinnt.  
Schnee, du weisst von meinem Seh-  
nen;  
Sag', wohin doch geht dein Lauf?  
Folge nach nur meinen Tränen,  
Nimmt dich bald das Bächlein auf.  
Wirst mit ihm die Stadt durchziehen,  
Muntre Strassen ein und aus;  
Fühlst du meine Tränen glühen,  
Da ist meiner Liebsten Haus.

Many a tear has fallen  
from my eyes into the snow;  
its cold flakes eagerly suck in  
my burning grief.  
When the grass is about to shoot  
forth,  
a mild breeze blows;  
the ice breaks up into pieces  
and the soft snow melts away.  
Snow, you know of my longing;  
tell me, where does your path lead?  
If you but follow my tears  
the brook will soon absorb you.  
With it you will flow through the town,  
in and out of bustling streets;  
when you feel my tears glow,  
there will be my sweetheart's house.

## **Auf dem Flusse** - Schubert / Müller

Der du so lustig rauschtest,  
Du heller, wilder Fluss,  
Wie still bist du geworden,  
Gibst keinen Scheidegruss.  
Mit harter, starrer Rinde  
Hast du dich überdeckt,  
Liegst kalt und unbeweglich  
Im Sande ausgestreckt.  
In deine Decke grab' ich  
Mit einem spitzen Stein  
Den Namen meiner Liebsten  
Und Stund' und Tag hinein:  
Den Tag des ersten Grusses,  
Den Tag, an dem ich ging,  
Um Nam' und Zahlen windet  
Sich ein zerbrochener Ring.  
Mein Herz, in diesem Bache  
Erkennst du nun dein Bild?  
Ob's unter seiner Rinde  
Wohl auch so reissend schwillt?

You who rippled so merrily,  
clear, boisterous river,  
how still you have become;  
you give no parting greeting.  
With a hard, rigid crust  
you have covered yourself;  
you lie cold and motionless,  
stretched out in the sand.  
On your surface I carve  
with a sharp stone  
the name of my beloved,  
the hour and the day.  
The day of our first greeting,  
the date I departed.  
Around name and figures  
a broken ring is entwined.  
My heart, do you now recognise  
your image in this brook?  
Is there not beneath its crust  
likewise a seething torrent?

### **Der stürmische Morgen -**

Schubert / Müller

Wie hat der Sturm zerrissen  
Des Himmels graues Kleid!  
Die Wolkenfetzen flattern  
Umher in mattem Streit.  
Und rote Feuerflammen  
Ziehn zwischen ihnen hin.  
Das nenn' ich einen Morgen  
So recht nach meinem Sinn!  
Mein Herz sieht an dem Himmel  
Gemalt sein eignes Bild –  
Es ist nichts als der Winter,  
Der Winter kalt und wild.

How the storm has torn apart  
the grey mantle of the sky!  
Tattered clouds fly about  
in weary conflict.  
And red flames  
dart between them.  
This is what I call  
a morning after my own heart.  
My heart sees its own image  
painted in the sky.  
It is nothing but winter –  
winter, cold and savage.

### **Der Leierman -**

Schubert / Müller

Drüben hinter'm Dorfe  
Steht ein Leiermann,  
Und mit starren Fingern  
Dreht er was er kann.  
Barfuss auf dem Eise  
Schwankt er hin und her;  
Und sein kleiner Teller  
Bleibt ihm immer leer.  
Keiner mag ihn hören,  
Keiner sieht ihn an;  
Und die Hunde knurren  
Um den alten Mann.  
Und er lässt es gehen  
Alles, wie es will,  
Dreht, und seine Leier  
Steht ihm nimmer still.  
Wunderlicher Alter,  
Soll ich mit dir gehen?  
Willst zu meinen Liedern  
Deine Leier drehn?

There, beyond the village,  
stands a hurdy-gurdy player;  
with numb fingers  
he plays as best he can.  
Barefoot on the ice  
he totters to and fro,  
and his little plate  
remains forever empty.  
No one wants to listen,  
no one looks at him,  
and the dogs growl  
around the old man.  
And he lets everything go on  
as it will;  
he plays, and his hurdy-gurdy  
never stops.  
Strange old man,  
shall I go with you?  
Will you turn your hurdy-gurdy  
to my songs?

# Biographies

## Jana Young



Jana Young, soprano is currently Associate Professor of Voice and Voice Area Coordinator at Kennesaw State University School of Music. Ms. Young enjoys an active career as a recitalist, clinician and teacher. Recent performances include Handel's Messiah, Haydn's Paukenmesse and the Lord Nelson Mass by Haydn. Ms. Young has premiered many works including Hervig's "Five Romantic Songs" and Sleeper's "Laundry Bag," a song

cycle for soprano and bassoon, and made her Carnegie hall debut in 2003 performing "Ariel: Five Poems of Sylvia Plath" for Ned Rorem's Birthday Celebration.

Ms. Young's students have been winners and finalists of numerous competitions, including the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions as well as in opera apprenticeship programs such as Santa Fe, Pittsburgh Opera and Sarasota Opera. She also has numerous students teaching in university voice and choral programs across the country.

Ms. Young is a member of NATS, Atlanta Opera Guild, and is currently on the voice faculty of the American Institute of Musical Studies in Graz, Austria.



## Dr. Nathan Munson



Dr. Nathan Munson, tenor, has been praised for his vocal beauty, and proven to be a versatile presence on the concert and operatic stage. He has sung leading and supporting roles with the Sarasota Opera, Hawaii Opera Theatre, the Atlanta Opera, Opera North, Piccola Opera San Antonio, Capitol City Opera, dell'Arte Opera, and the Illinois Opera Theatre. Roles include Beppe in *I pagliacci*, the Steersman in Wagner's *Der*

*fliegende Holländer*, Normanno in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Pedrillo in *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, El Dancaïre in *Carmen*, Rodolfo in *La bohème*, Roméo in *Roméo et Juliette*, Ferrando in *Così fan tutte*, Cassio in Verdi's *Otello*, and Dr. Baglioni in a world premiere revision of Daniel Catan's *La Hija di Rappaccini*.

In addition to his operatic appearances, Dr. Munson has been a frequent visitor to the concert stage. He made his Carnegie Hall debut as tenor soloist in Haydn's *Lord Nelson Mass*, and debuted with the Helena Symphony Orchestra as tenor soloist in Handel's *Messiah*. He has been a featured soloist in Orff's *Carmina Burana*, Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, Bruckner's *Te Deum*, Bach's *B-minor Mass and Magnificat*, and Mozart's *Requiem*. He has also been a featured soloist with the Kalamazoo Symphony Orchestra, Kentucky Symphony Orchestra, Hunstville Symphony, and the Georgia Symphony.

Dr. Munson can be heard on the world premiere recording of *The Golden Ticket* (Albany Records), and was a featured soloist in a Christmas Concert with the Atlanta Opera, which was recorded live for broadcast by WABE- Atlanta.

## Todd Wedge



Todd Wedge, tenor received his BM from the Oberlin Conservatory of Music and a MM from Northwestern University's Bienen School of Music. Before joining the voice faculty at KSU, Mr. Wedge was the Director of the Vocal Music Department at the San Francisco School of the Arts. He has been the recipient of awards from the Friends of Austria Lieder Competition, American Opera Society, and the Bel Canto Society.

In 2018, Professor Wedge was selected to participate in the NATS Intern Program in Boulder, CO. In 2013, Mr. Wedge was selected by the San Francisco Classical Voice as "Music Educator of the Year" which led to his being a semi-finalist for the GRAMMY foundation "Music Educator of the Year." In 2014, Mr. Wedge was nominated for the San Francisco Mayor's Teacher of the Year Award and was selected to be a National Endowment for the Humanities Summer Scholar in Vienna, Austria.

Mr. Wedge has served on the faculty at the University of Notre Dame School of Music and St. Xavier University after which he was invited to join the GRAMMY award-winning men's ensemble, Chanticleer. Mr. Wedge can be heard on the following albums: *And on Earth, Peace: A Chanticleer Mass*; *Let it Snow*; *The Best of Chanticleer*; *A Chanticleer Christmas*; *The Mission Road-Our Journey Back*; (DVD & CD), and *The Singing Life* (DVD).

Professor Wedge is frequently seen as a recitalist, guest conductor, lecturer, and clinician. He is an active member of The Voice Foundation, NATS, NAFME, and ACDA.

## Dr. Eric Jenkins



Pianist Eric Jenkins is a native of Portage, Wisconsin. Dr. Jenkins joined the School of Music at Kennesaw State University in 2018 as Staff Accompanist and Artist-in-Residence. He was previously on faculty at the University of Texas–Rio Grande Valley from 2014-2017 and Emory University from 2017-2018.

Dr. Jenkins completed his studies at Florida State University in 2013, obtaining both Master of Music and Doctor of Music degrees in Piano Performance: Accompanying and Chamber Music. He worked as a graduate assistant in accompanying and opera, and as music director with Florida State Opera Outreach.

He made his concerto debut in 2007, performing Benjamin Britten's Piano Concerto with the Calgary Philharmonic Orchestra. Dr. Jenkins has served as répétiteur and staff pianist for the American Institute of Musical Studies in Graz, Austria for several years, beginning in 2010. He has been active as a recitalist, collaborating with renowned instrumentalists and vocalists in the United States and internationally, throughout Canada, Austria, France, Turkey, and Cyprus.

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**Prof. Geo Sipp - Director, School of Art & Design**

**Prof. McCree O'Kelley - Interim Chair, Department of Dance**

**Dr. Leslie J. Blackwell - Interim Director, School of Music**

# Upcoming Events

## **Symphony Orchestra**

Sunday, 03/08/2020 at 8 pm

## **Helen Kim, violin and Robert Henry, piano**

Monday, 03/09/2020 at 8 pm

## **KSU Faculty Jazz Parliament**

Tuesday, 03/10/2020 at 8 pm

## **Duo Trompiano**

Wednesday, 03/11/2020 at 8 pm

## *arts* **KSU Presents: Afro-Cuban Jazz Artist Brenda Navarrete**

Saturday, 03/21/2020 at 8 pm

An emerging flagbearer among the vanguard of female Cuban musicians, Afro-Cuban singer, songwriter, and percussionist Brenda Navarrete combines a foundation of Latin jazz and Afro-Cuban influences with elements of contemporary world music, originality, and relentless energy to form her unique sound. Touring internationally and frequently collaborating with Cuba's notable music elite, the award-winning jazzista is perhaps best known for her skill on the batá, a drum traditionally used in Yoruban spiritual practices that women were once forbidden to play. Presented as part of Kennesaw State University's 2019-20 Year of Cuba.

## *arts* **KSU Presents: Atlanta Symphony Orchestra with Nicholas Carter, conductor, and Midori, violin**

Friday, 04/17/2020 at 8 pm

Dazzling audiences and critics alike since her celebrated debut at age 11, superstar violinist Midori performs Bartók's Violin Concerto No. 2. In a concerto peppered by the sounds of a Hungarian folksong, Midori showcases her graceful precision and intimate expression as one of the world's most acclaimed violinists. Making his Atlanta Symphony debut, Australian rising-star Nicholas Carter leads the orchestra in Haydn's Symphony No. 44 ("Trauersinfonie") before concluding the program with Prokofiev's wartime piece written in 1944 as Russian troops turned the tables on the German army: the massive and exhilarating Symphony No. 5.



[musicKSU.com](http://musicKSU.com)

# SCHOOL OF MUSIC FACULTY AND STAFF

Leslie J. Blackwell, *Interim Director*

## Brass and Percussion

Jason Casanova, *Tuba/Euphonium*  
Paul Dickinson, *Tuba/Euphonium*  
Tom Gibson, *Trombone*  
Brian Hecht, *Bass Trombone*  
John Lawless, *Percussion*,  
*Area Coordinator*

Doug Lindsey, *Trumpet*,  
*Area Coordinator*  
Ryan Moser, *Trumpet*  
Hollie Pritchard, *Trombone*  
Michael Stubbart, *Percussion*  
Mike Tiscione, *Trumpet*  
Richard Williams, *Horn*

## Strings

James Barket, *Double Bass*  
Elisabeth Remy Johnson, *Harp*  
Helen Kim, *Violin*, *Area Coordinator*  
Yinzi Kong, *Viola*  
Charae Krueger, *Cello*

Joseph McFadden, *Double Bass*  
Sean Thrower, *Classical Guitar*  
Kenn Wagner, *Violin*

## Woodwinds

Andrew Brady, *Bassoon*  
Kelly Bryant, *Flute*  
Barbara Cook, *Oboe*  
Robert Cronin, *Flute*  
Anthony Georgeson, *Bassoon*  
Cecilia Price, *Flute*  
Sam Skelton, *Saxophone*

Todd Skitch, *Flute*  
Christina Smith, *Flute*  
Justin Stanley, *Clarinet*  
Elizabeth Koch Tiscione, *Oboe*  
John Warren, *Clarinet*,  
*Area Coordinator*  
Luke Weathington, *Saxophone*

## Jazz

Justin Chesarek,  
*Jazz Percussion & Combos*  
Wes Funderburk, *Jazz Ensembles and*  
*Jazz Trombone*  
Karla Harris, *Vocal Jazz & Combo*  
Tyrone Jackson, *Jazz Piano & Combos*  
Marc Miller, *Jazz Bass & Combos*

Rob Opitz, *Jazz Ensembles and*  
*Jazz Trumpet*  
Sam Skelton, *Jazz Ensembles and*  
*Jazz Saxophone*, *Area Coordinator*  
Luke Weathington,  
*Jazz Saxophone & Combos*  
Trey Wright, *Jazz Guitar & Combos*,  
*Area Coordinator*

## Voice

Eileen Moremen  
Oral Moses  
Nathan Munson  
Valerie Walters

Todd Wedge  
Heather Witt  
Jana Young, *Area Coordinator*

## Piano

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Julie Coucheron  
Robert Henry, *Area Coordinator*  
Eric Jenkins,  
*Collaborative Piano Coordinator*

Huu Mai  
John Marsh  
Erika Tazawa, *Collaborative Piano*

## **Ensembles in Residence**

Georgia Youth Symphony  
Orchestra and Chorus  
KSU Community & Alumni Choir

KSU Faculty Chamber Players  
KSU Faculty Jazz Parliament  
Summit Piano Trio

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Nancy Conley, *Philharmonic Orchestra*  
David T. Kehler, *Director of Bands*  
Alison Mann, *Women's Choir*  
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Oral Moses, *Gospel Choir*

Nathaniel F. Parker, *Director of  
Orchestral Studies*  
Joseph Scheivert,  
*Assistant Director of Bands*  
Sam Skelton, *Director of Jazz Studies*  
Debra Traficante,  
*Associate Director of Bands*

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Charae Krueger, *String Chamber Music*  
Doug Lindsey, *Brass Chamber Music*

John Warren,  
*Woodwind Chamber Music*  
Trey Wright, *Jazz Combos*

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Charles R. Jackson  
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Terri Talley  
Paula Thomas-Lee  
Charles Tighe  
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Edward Eanes, *Area Coordinator*  
Heather Hart  
Kayleen Justus

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Jennifer Mitchell  
Harry E. Price  
Sean Thrower

## **Music Composition, Technology, & Theory**

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Steve Dancz, *Composition, Technology*  
Kelly Francis, *Music Theory*  
Chad Hunt, *Aural Skills*  
Tyrone Jackson, *Music Theory*  
Jennifer Mitchell, *Composition*

Laurence Sherr, *Composition, Technology,  
Bachelor of Arts Area Coordinator*  
Benjamin Wadsworth, *Music Theory  
Area Coordinator*  
Jeff Yunek, *Music Theory, Aural Skills  
Area Coordinator*

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