

Illinois State University

ISU ReD: Research and eData

School of Music Programs

Music

Fall 9-1-2017

Faculty Recital: Justin Vickers, Tenor R. Kent Cook & Geoffrey Duce, Piano

Justin Vickers Tenor
Illinois State University

R. Kent Cook Piano
Illinois State University

Geoffrey Duce Piano
Illinois State University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://ir.library.illinoisstate.edu/somp>



Part of the [Music Performance Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Vickers, Justin Tenor; Cook, R. Kent Piano; and Duce, Geoffrey Piano, "Faculty Recital: Justin Vickers, Tenor R. Kent Cook & Geoffrey Duce, Piano" (2017). *School of Music Programs*. 3907.
<https://ir.library.illinoisstate.edu/somp/3907>

This Concert Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Music at ISU ReD: Research and eData. It has been accepted for inclusion in School of Music Programs by an authorized administrator of ISU ReD: Research and eData. For more information, please contact ISUReD@ilstu.edu.

April 2015, Navona Records released *Full Fathom Five*, on which Vickers offered the first recording of Michael Tippett's harpsichord version of the *Songs for Ariel* with R. Kent Cook, as well as first performances on *The Fair Ophelia* (Navona, 2013) and *Shakespeare's Memory* (Navona, 2013); Vickers recorded the title role in Francis Thorne's *Mario and the Magician* (Albany Records). Forthcoming CD releases include *Hamlet* monologues by Joseph Summer, with pianist John Orfe; a disc of selected Scottish songs of Hamish MacCunn, Benjamin Britten, and Judith Weir, with Gretchen Church and Geoffrey Duce; and further recordings of Ivor Gurney, Tippett, Britten, and Priaux Rainier. Upcoming seasons feature the tenor in premières and recordings of multiple newly-commissioned song cycles by American composers John David Earnest, Martha Horst, Jerrold Morgulas, Thomas Schuttenhelm, Tony Solitro, David Vayo, and Zachary Wadsworth. As a frequent interpreter of Britten's music, Vickers has performed the orchestral song cycles, the Burns, Donne, Hardy, Hölderlin, and Michelangelo cycles, in addition to the *Canticles* and the *War Requiem*.

In spring 2017, the tenor performed American, British, and Canadian musical responses to World War I at the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C. During the summer of 2017, Vickers participated extensively in the Britten-Pears Foundation's 2017 exhibition – *Queer Talk: Homosexuality in Britten's Britain* – commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the partial decriminalization of homosexuality. There in Aldeburgh, England, Vickers appeared in recital with Karyl Carlson at Britten's home, The Red House, where he performed the world premiere of Zachary Wadsworth's *Secret Songs* (Edward Carpenter), a song cycle that the tenor commissioned for the anniversary of decriminalization; Vickers contributed a commissioned essay to the *Queer Talk* exhibition booklet: "The Indecency of the Closet"; and participated in an historic public reading of The Wolfenden Report (1957), the landmark social findings that anticipated decriminalization in Great Britain a decade later. In 2010, Vickers sang the first performance of Benjamin Britten's "Epilogue" (1943) to *The Holy Sonnets of John Donne*, using his own transcription from the composer's lost manuscript, which Vickers uncovered in the Britten-Pears Library; his article on the work is published in *The Musical Times* (December 2015) and an expanded version is forthcoming in Kate Kennedy's *Literary Britten* (Boydell and Brewer). Vickers is editor of and contributor to the recently published *Benjamin Britten Studies: Essays on An Inexplicit Art* with Vicki P. Stroehrer (Boydell and Brewer, 2017), with multiple articles, reviews, dictionary entries, and chapters at press. His current monograph project, *The Aldeburgh Festival of Music and the Arts: A History of the Britten Years, 1948–1976*, will be published by The Boydell Press to mark the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Aldeburgh Festival. Vickers holds his Doctor of Musical Arts in Performance and Literature from the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, where his 2011 dissertation on the genesis and compositional process of Tippett's *The Heart's Assurance* was awarded the 2014 Nicholas Temperley Prize for Excellence in a Dissertation. While at the University of Illinois, Vickers also completed the coursework for the Ph.D. in historical musicology, and has earned master's and bachelor's degrees in voice performance from the University of Kentucky and the University of Illinois, respectively. At Illinois State University, Vickers was co-director of the international *Benjamin Britten at 100: An American Centenary Symposium* (24–27 October 2013), where he is Artist Teacher of Voice and Associate Professor of Music. Please visit justinvickers.com

Illinois State University
College of Fine Arts
School of Music
finearts.illinoisstate.edu/music

Illinois State University
College of Fine Arts
School of Music

Charles W. Bolen Faculty Recital

Justin Vickers
Tenor

R. Kent Cook & Geoffrey Duce
Piano

Center for Performing Arts
Concert Hall
September 1, 2017
8:00 p.m.

This is the third program of the 2017–2018 season.

Justin Vickers, *tenor*
R. Kent Cook, *piano*
Geoffrey Duce, *piano*

Programme

Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo, Op. 22 (1940)

BENJAMIN BRITTEN
(1913-1976)

- XVI: "Si come nella penna e nell'inchiostro" (Michelangelo Buonarroti)
XXXI: "A che più debb'io mai l'intensa voglia"
XXX: "Veggio co' bei vostri occhi un dolce lume"
LV: "Tu sa, ch'io so, signor mie, che tu sai"
XXXVIII: "Rendete agli occhi miei, o fonte o fiume"
XXXII: "S'un casto amor, s'una pietà superna"
XXIV: "Spirto ben nato, in cui si specchia e vede"

Justin Vickers, *tenor*
R. Kent Cook, *piano*

Cikánské melodie, Op. 55 (1880)

ANTONÍN DVORÁK
(1841-1904)

- I. "Má píseň zas mi láskou zní" (Adolf Heyduk)
II. "Aj! Kterak trojhranec můj přerozkosně zvoní"
III. "A les je tichý kolem kol"
IV. "Když mne stará matka zpívá, zpívá učívá"
V. "Struna naladěna"
VI. "Široké rukávy"
VII. "Dejte klec jestřábu ze zlata ryzého"

Justin Vickers, *tenor*
R. Kent Cook, *piano*

FIFTEEN MINUTE INTERMISSION

Scotch Minstrelsy (1982)

JUDITH WEIR
(b. 1954)

- I. "Bessie Bell and Mary Gray"
II. "Bonnie James Campbell"
III. "Lady Isobel and the Elf-Knight"
IV. "The Gypsy Laddie"
V. "The Braes of Yarrow"

Justin Vickers, *tenor*
Geoffrey Duce, *piano*

Four Burns Songs, Op. 92 (1975)

BENJAMIN BRITTEN
(Arr. for piano by Colin Matthews, 1978)

- I. "Afton Water" (Robert Burns)
II. "Wee Willie Gray"
III. "The Winter"
IV. "My Hoggie"

Justin Vickers, *tenor*
Geoffrey Duce, *piano*

Texts

Benjamin Britten
Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo (Michelangelo Buonarroti)

Sonetto XVI

Si come nella penna e nell'inchiostro
E l'alto e'l basso e'l mediocre stile,
E ne' marmi l'imagin ricca e vile,
Secondo che'l sa trar l'ingegno nostro;
Così, signor mie car, nel petto vostro,
Quante l'orgoglio, è forse ogni atto umile:
Ma io sol quel c'a me propio è e simile
Ne traggio, come fuor nel viso mostro.
Chi semina sospir, lacrime e doglie,
(L'umor dal ciel terrestre, scietto e solo,
A' vari semi vario si converte),
Però pianto e dolor ne miete e coglie;
Chi mira altà beltà con sì gran duolo,
Dubbie speranze, e pene acerbe e certe.

Sonetto XXXI

A che più debb'io mai l'intensa voglia
Sfogar con pianti o con parole meste,
di tal sorte'l ciel, che l'alma veste,
ard'o per tempo, alcun mai non ne spoglia?
A che'l cor lass' a più morir m'invoglia,
S'altri pur dee morir? Dunque per queste
Luci l'ore del fin fian men moleste;
Ch'ogn'altro ben val men ch'ogni mia doglia.
Però se'l colpo, ch'io ne rub'e'nvolò,
Schifar non poss'; almen, s'è destinato,
Chi entreran fra la dolcezza e'l duolo?
Se vint'e pres'i'debb'esser beato,
Maraviglia non è se', nud'e solo,
Resto prigion d'un Cavalier armato.

Sonetto XXX

Veggio co' bei vostri occhi un dolce lume,
Che co' miei ciechi già veder non posso;
Porto co' vostri piedi un pondo a dosso,
Che de' mie zoppi non è già costume.
Volo con le vostr'ale senza piume;
Col vostr'ingegno al ciel sempre son mosso;
Dal vostr'arbitrio son pallido e rosso,
Freddo al sol, caldo alle più fredde brume.
Nel voler vostro è sol la voglia mia,
Imie' pensier nel vostro cor si fanno,
e'l vostro fiato son le mie parole.
Come luna da sè sol par ch'io sia;

Sonnet 16

*Just as there is a high, a low, and a middle style
in pen and ink, and as within the marble
are images rich and poor, according as our fancy
knows how to draw them forth;
so within your heart, dear love, there are perhaps,
as well as pride, some humble feelings;
but I draw thence only what is my desert
and like to what I show outside on my face.
Whoever sows sighs, tears and lamentations
(Heavens moisture on earth, simple and pure,
adapts itself differently to different seeds)
reaps and gathers grief and sadness:
whoever looks on high beauty with so great a grief
reaps doubtful hopes and sure and bitter pain.*

Sonnet 31

*Why must I go on venting my ardent desire
in tears and melancholy words,
if Heaven that dresses the soul in grief,
never, soon or late, allows relief?
Why should my weary heart long for death
since all must die? So to these eyes
my last hours will be less painful,
all my grief being greater than any joy.
If, therefore, I cannot avoid these blows,
nay, even seek them, since it is my fate, who is the one
that stands always between joy and grief?
If to be happy I must be conquered and held captive, no
wonder then that I, unarmed and alone,
remain the prisoner of a Cavalier-in-arms.*

Sonnet 30

*With your lovely eyes I see a sweet light
that yet with my blind ones I cannot see;
with your feet I carry a weight on my back
which with my lame ones I cannot;
with your wings I, wingless, fly;
with your spirit I move forever heavenward;
at your wish I blush or turn pale,
cold in the sunshine, or hot in the coldest winter.
My will is in your will alone,
my thoughts are born in your heart.
my words are on your breath.
Alone, I am like the moon in the sky*

Che gli occhi nostri in ciel veder non sanno
Se non quel tanto che n'accende il sole.

Sonetto LV

Tu sa' ch'io so, signor mie, che tu sai
Ch'ì venni per goderti più da presso;
E sai ch'ì' so, che tu sa' ch'ì' son desso:
A che più indugio a salutarci omai?
Se vera è la speranza che mi dai,
Se vero è'l buon desio che m'è concesso.
Rompassi il mur frall'uno e l'altro messo;
Chè doppia forza hann'ì celati guai.
S'ì amo sol di te, signor mie caro,
Quel che di te più ami, non ti sdegni;
Che l'un dell'altro spirto s'innamora.
Quel che nel tuo bel volto bramo e'mparo,
E mal compres' è degli umani ingegni,
Chi'l vuol veder, convien che prima mora.

Sonetto XXXVIII

Rendete a gli occhi miei, o fonte o fiume,
L'onde della non vostra e salda vena,
Che più v'innalza, e cresce, e con più lena
Che non è'l vostro natural costume.
E tu, fol'air, che'l celeste lume
Tempri a' tri sti occhi, de' sospir miei piena,
Rendigli al cor mio lasso e rasserena
Tua scura faccia al mio visivo acume.
Renda la terra i passi alle mie piante,
Ch'ancor l'erba germogli che gli è tolta;
E'l suono Ecco, già sorda a' miei lamenti;
Gli sguardi a gli occhi mie, tue luci sante,
Ch'io possa altra bellezza un'altra volta
Amar, po'che di me non ti contenti.

Sonetto XXXII

S'un casto amor, s'una pietà superna,
S'una fortuna infra dua amanti eguale,
S'un' aspra sorte all'un dell'altro cale,
S'un spirto, s'un voler duo cor governa;
S'un' anima in duo corpi è fatta eterna,
Ambo levando al cielo e con pari ale;
S'amor d'un colpo e d'un dorato strale
Le viscier di duo petti arda e discerna;
S'amar l'un l'altro, e nessun se medesimo,
D'un gusto e d'un diletto, a tal mercede,
C'a un fin voglia l'uno e l'altro porre;
Se mille e mille non sarien centesmo
A tal nodo d'amore, a tanta fede;
E sol l'isdegno il può rompere e sciorre?

*which our eyes cannot see
save that part which the sun illumines.*

Sonnet 55

*Thou know'st, beloved, that I know thou know'st
that I am come nearer to enjoy thee more;
and thou know'st that I know thou know'st
that I am still the same.
Why, then, do I hesitate to greet thee?
If the hope thou gives me is true,
If true the strong desire that is granted me,
the wall between us crumbles, for secret griefs
have double force. If I love in thee, beloved,
only what thou lovest most, do not be angry;
for so one spirit is enamoured of another.
That which in thy lovely face I yearn for and seek
to grasp, is but ill understood by human kind,
and he that would see it, first must die.*

Sonnet 38

*Give back to my eyes, you fountains and rivers,
the waves of those strong currents that are not yours
which make you swell and grow with greater power
than is your natural way. And thou, heavy air,
that dims the heavenly light to my sad eyes
so full of my sighs art thou, give them back
to my weary heart and lighten thy dark face
to my eye's keen sight.
Earth, give me back my footsteps,
that the grass may sprout again where it was trod;
and Echo, yet deaf to my laments, give back thy sound;
and you blest pupils give back to my eyes their glances;
that I another time may love another beauty, since with
me you are not satisfied.*

Sonnet 32

*If love be chaste, if pity heavenly,
if fortune equal between two lovers;
if a bitter fate is shared by both, and if one spirit,
one will rules two hearts; if in two bodies
one soul is made eternal, raising both
to heaven on the same wings;
if at one stroke and with a gilded arrow love burns
and pierces two hearts to the core; if in loving one
another, forgetting one's self, with one pleasure and one
delight there is such reward that both wills strive for the
same end; if thousands and thousands
do not make one hundredth part
to such a bond of love, to such constancy,
can, then, mere anger break and dissolve it?*

Sonetto XXIV

Spirto ben nato, in cui si specchia e vede
Nelle tuo belle membra oneste e care
Quante natura e'l ciel tra no' può fare,
Quand' a null' altra suo bell' opra cede;
Spirto leggiadro, in cui si spera e crede
Dentro, come di fuor nel viso appare,
Amor, pietà, mercè; cose sì rare
Che ma' furn' in beltà con tanta fede;
L'amor mi prende, e la beltà mi lega;
La pietà, la mercè con dolci sguardi
Ferma speranz' al cor par che ne doni.
Qual uso o qual governo al mondo niega,
Qual crudeltà per tempo, o qual più tardi,
C'a sì bel viso morte non perdoni?

Antonín Dvořák (1841–1904)
Cigánské melodie (Adolf Heyduk)

Má píseň zas mi láskou zní

Má píseň zas mi láskou zní,
dyž starý den umírá,
a chudý mech kdy na šat svůj
si tajně perle sbírá.

Má píseň v kraj tak toužně zní,
když svetem noha bloudí;
jen rodné pustý dálinou
zpěv volně z řáder proudí.

Má píseň hlučně láskou zní,
když bouře běží plání;
když těším se, že bídy prost
dlí bratr v umírání.

Aj! Kterak trojhranec můj přerokozně zvoní

Aj! Kterak trojhranec můj přerokozně zvoní,
jak cigána píseň, když se k smrti kloní!
Když se k smrti kloní, trojhran mu vyzvání.
Konec písní, tanci, lásce, bědování.
Konec písní, tanci, lásce, bědování.

Sonnet 24

*Noble soul, in whose chaste and dear limbs
are reflected all that nature and heaven
can achieve with us, the paragon of their works:
graceful soul, within whom one hopes and believes
Love, Pity and Mercy are dwelling,
as they appear in your face;
things so rare and never found in beauty so truly:
Love takes me captive, and Beauty binds me;
Pity and Mercy with sweet glances
fill my heart with a strong hope.
What law or earthly government,
what cruelty now or to come,
could forbid Death
to spare such a lovely face?*

Translation by Elizabeth Mayer and Peter Pears

My song resounds with love

*My song resounds with love
when the old day is dying;
it is sowing its shadows
and reaping a collection of pearls.*

*My song resonates with longing
while my feet roam distant lands.
My homeland is in the distant wilderness –
my song stirs with nationalism.*

*My song reverberates with love
while unplanned storms hasten.
I rejoice in the freedom that I no longer have
a part in the dying of a brother.*

Ah! Why is my three-cornered bell ringing?

*Ah! Why is my three-cornered bell ringing so
passionately? As a gypsy song – when death is
imminent – the death of a gypsy brings an end
to song, dance, love and all concerns!
To song, dance, love and all concerns!*

A les je tichý kolem kol

A les je tichý kolem kol,
jen srdce mír ten ruší,
a černý kouř, jenž spěchá v dol,
mé slze v lících, mé slze suší.

Však nemusí jich usušit,
necht' v jiné tváře bije.
Kdo v smutku může zazpívat,
ten nezhybnul, ten žije, ten žije!

Když mne stará matka zpívat, zpívat učívala

Když mne stará matka zpívat, zpívat učívala,
podivno, že často, často slzívala.
A teď také pláčem snědé líce mučím,
když cigánské děti hrát a zpívat učím!

Struna naladěna

Struna naladěna, hochu, toč se v kole,
dnes, snad dnes převysoko, zejtra zase dole!
Pozejtří u Nilu za posvátným stolem;
struna již, struna naladěna, hochu, toč se kolem!

Široké rukávy

Široké rukávy a široké gatě
volnější cigánu nežli dolman v zlatě.
Dolman a to zlato bujná prsa svírá;
pod ním volná píseň násilně umírá.
A kdo raduješ se, tvá kdy píseň v kvěť,
přej si, aby zašlo zlato v celém světě!

Dejte klec jestřábu ze zlata ryzého

Dejte klec jestřábu ze zlata ryzého;
nezmění on za ni hnízda trněného.
Komoní bujněmu, jenž se pustou žene,
zřídka kdy připnete uzdy a třemene.
A tak i cigánu příroda cos dala:
k volnosti ho věčným poutem, k volnosti ho
upoutala.

The forest is quiet all around

*The forest is quiet all around;
only the heart disturbs the peace.
As black smoke gushing,
tears flow down my cheeks and so they dry.*

*They need not dry –
let other cheeks feel them!
The one who can sing in sorrow
will not die, but lives and lives on.*

When my old mother taught me to sing

*When my old mother taught me to sing,
Strange that she often had tears in her eyes.
And now I also weep,
when I teach Gypsy children to play and sing.*

The string is taut!

*The string is taut – young man turn, spin, twirl!
Today reach the heights, tomorrow down again and
after tomorrow, at the Holy Table of the Nile.
The taut string is stretched – turn young man – turn
and twirl!*

Wide sleeves

*Wide sleeves and broad trousers give
more freedom than a robe of gold.
The robe of gold constricts the chest
and the song within the body dies.
He who is happy – his song blooms with the desire
that the whole world would lose its taste for gold.*

Given a cage of gold

*Given a cage to live in, made of pure gold,
the Gypsy would exchange it
for the freedom of a nest of thorns.
Just as a wild horse rushes to the wasteland,
seldom bridled and reined in,
so too the Romani nature has been given eternal
freedom!*

Translation by Gayle Royko Heuser and
Anna Majtas Royko

Judith Weir (b. 1954)
Scotch Minstrelsy

"*Scotch Minstrelsy* is a song cycle comprising settings of five (greatly abbreviated) Scottish ballads whose subject matter is almost exclusively violent happenings which take place against the beautiful background of the Scottish countryside. It was my intention to reflect this underlying irony in the way the words are set to music." – *Judith Weir*

I. Bessie Bell and Mary Gray

Bessie Bell and Mary Gray
They were two bonny lasses,
They biggit a bow'r on the banks of the river,
And theekit it over with rashes, O!

They theekit it over with rashes green,
They theekit it over with heather;
The plague came into the river bank,
And slew them both together.

II. Bonnie James Campbell

It's up in the highlands, along the sweet Tay,
Bonnie James Campbell rode many a day;
He saddled, he bridled, and gallant rode he,
And home came his good horse but never came he.

Out came his old mother a-crying full sair,
Out came his bonny bride, tearing her hair,
'My meadow lies green and my corn is unshorn
But bonny James Campbell will never return'.

Saddled and bridled and bootied rode he,
A plume in his helmet, a sword at his knee,
Empty his saddle all bloody to see,
O home came his good horse, but never came he.

III. Lady Isobel and the Elf-Knight

Fair Lady Isobel sits in her bower sewing,
There she heard the Elf-Knight blowing his horn.

'If I had yon horn that I hear blowing,
And yon Elf-Knight to sleep in my bosom'.

The maiden had scarcely these words spoken,
When in at her window the Elf-Knight has luppen.

'It's a very strange matter, fair maiden' said he,
'I canna blow my horn but ye call on me.

But will ye go to yon Greenwood side?
If ye canna gaing, I will cause you to ride'.

He leapt on a horse and she on another,
And they rode on to the greenwood together.

'Light down, light down, fair lady Isobel', said he,
'We are come to the place where you are to die'.

'Have mercy, have mercy kind sir on me,
Till once my dear father and mother I see'.

'Seven king's daughters here have I slain,
And you shall be the eighth of them'.

'O sit down a while, rest your head upon my knee,
That we may have some rest before I die'.

She stroked him so softly the nearer he did creep;
With a small secret charm she lulled him fast asleep.

With his own sword belt so softly she bound him;
With his own dagger so softly she killed him.

IV. The Gypsy Laddie

The gypsies came to our good lord's castle gates,
And O! but they sang sweetly, O!
They sang so sweet and complete
That down came our fair lady, O!

They gave to her the nutmeg brown,
They gave the finest ginger.
The gypsies saw her well-fared face,
And cast their glamour over her.

'Go take from me this silver cloak
And bring to me a plaidie.
I will forget my kith and kin,
And follow the gypsy laddie.

Last night I lay on a feather bed,
My wedded lord beside me;
Tonight I lie with stars and moon and sky;
Ah! Whatever shall betide me!

(Epilogue: The Lady leaves with the gypsies, and the Lord returns.)

'Go, saddle to me the black', he said,
'The brown rides never so speedy:
And I will neither eat nor drink nor sleep,
Till I avenge my lady'.

There were fifteen valiant gypsies,
They were black, O! but they were bonny.
They are all to be hanged on a tree
For stealing our good lord's lady.

V. The Braes of Yarrow

I dreamed a dreary dream last night
That filled my heart with sorrow:
I dreamt I pulled the heather green
Upon the braes* of Yarrow.

(hillside)

I dreamed a dreary dream last night,
That filled my heart with sorrow:
I dreamt my love came headless home,
Upon the braes of Yarrow.

O gentle wind that bloweth south,
to where my love repairerth;
Convey a kiss from her dear mouth,
And tell me how she fareth.

Benjamin Britten (Arr. for piano by Colin Matthews, 1978)
Four Burns Songs (Robert Burns)

These four songs are taken from *A Birthday Hansel*, Op. 92, for high voice and harp, which was composed at the special wish of Her Majesty The Queen for the seventy-fifth birthday of H.R.H. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, 4 August 1975.

I. Afton Water

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering Fair.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet River, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

II. Wee Willie Gray

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet,
Peel a willow-wand, to be him boots and jacket:
The rose upon the breer* will be him trews* and doublet,
The rose upon the breer will be him trews and doublet.

(brier) / (tartan trousers)

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet,
Twice a lily-flower will be him sark* and cravat;
Feathers of a flee wad* feather up his bonnet,
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet.

(shirt)
(would)

III. The Winter

The Winter it is past,
and the summer comes at last,
And the small birds, they sing on ev'ry tree;
Now ev'ry thing is glad,
while I am very sad,
Since my true love is parted from me.

The rose upon the brier,
by the waters running clear,
May have charms for the linnet or the bee;
Their little loves are blest,
and their little hearts at rest,
But my true love is parted from me.

IV. My Hoggie

What will I do gin* my Hoggie* die,
My joy, my pride, my Hoggie?
My only beast, I had nae mae,
And vow but I was vogie*.

(if) / (young sheep)

The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,
Me and my faithfu' doggie;
We heard nocht but the roaring linn*,
Amang the braes sae scroggie*.

(waterfall)
(rough and thorny)

But the howlet* cry'd frae the castle wa'.
The blitter* frae the boggie,
The tod* reply'd upon the hill—
I trembled for my Hoggie.

(owl)
(snipe)
(fox)

When day did daw, and cocks did craw,
The morning it was foggie;
An unco tyke lap* o'er the dyke,
And maist* has killed my Hoggie.

(fierce dog leapt)
(almost)

Performers

R. KENT COOK is Professor of Piano and Head of the Keyboard Department at Illinois Wesleyan University. He keeps an active schedule as soloist and chamber musician, having performed in venues throughout the United States and abroad. In Europe, he has performed in Austria, Bulgaria, the Czech Republic, England, France, Germany and Italy. Cook grew up in Texas, attended Baylor University, and received a Bachelor of Music in Piano Performance with honors under the guidance of Roger Keyes. He continued his studies at Indiana University Jacobs School of Music receiving both a MM and DM in Piano Performance. His mentors include the distinguished pianists Leonard

Hokanson, Eteri Andjaparidze, Michel Block, James Tocco, and Karen Shaw. He also worked with Herbert Seidel at the Hochschule für Musik in Frankfurt, Germany in 1992-93, when he was awarded a Fulbright Scholarship. He is active as an adjudicator throughout the Midwest and has given master classes across the U.S. During the summer he teaches at the Illinois Chamber Music Festival and the International Chamber Music Festival, based in Kyustendil, Bulgaria. Collaborations with tenor Justin Vickers have taken Cook to several noteworthy new music venues such as the RED NOTE New Music Festival at Illinois State University and the *Voices of This Generation Series* in Philadelphia. The duo has recorded songs by Michael Tippett, which were recently released on the Navona recording label. In Philadelphia they premièred the song cycle *War Wedding* in 2012, a dramatic work by American composer Tony Solitro setting the poetry of Welshman Alun Lewis. Recent performing highlights include solo recital appearances on the Kindred Arts Concert Series in Manteca, California and at the Atlantic Music Center in Orlando, Florida. He also appeared on Guest Artists Series at Butler University, James Madison University, Towson University, and Cleveland State University, where Cleveland Classical.com praised Cook for his "colorful and exquisitely voiced playing." Cook is also a member of the Jackson Trio with oboist Roger Roe and violist Michael Isaac Strauss. Last year they were featured in recitals at Indiana University, the Oberlin Conservatory, Roosevelt University, and Ball State University, and early next year, they are releasing a recording of early 20th-century music written for their unusual instrumentation. Additionally, Cook and Strauss have recorded music for viola and piano which has been released by Alfred publishing as Volume Nine of the Suzuki Viola School and includes the *Andante e Rondo ungarese* by C. M. Weber, the *Sonata for Viola and Piano* by J. N. Hummel, and the *Sonata in A minor, D. 821 "Arpeggione"* by Franz Schubert.

Pianist GEOFFREY DUCE is Assistant Professor of Piano at Illinois State University. He has performed in Carnegie Hall, Berlin's Philharmonie and Konzerthaus, London's Wigmore Hall, Manchester's Bridgewater Hall and Edinburgh's Queen's Hall, across Europe and in Japan, Hong Kong and Taiwan. Dr. Duce's career has featured both solo and collaborative performances. As a concerto soloist he has appeared with the Sinfonie Orchester Berlin, the Chattanooga and Olympia Symphony Orchestras, the Scottish Sinfonia, Edinburgh Philharmonic, New York Sinfonietta, and the Dundee Symphony Orchestra, and as a chamber musician and accompanist he has recorded for BBC Radio 3. He won the Young Artists Award from the National Federation of Music Societies, and was awarded the Prix de Piano at the American Conservatory in Fontainebleau, France. He has given masterclasses at institutions including Hawaii University, St. Thomas University in New Brunswick, Canada, Shorter and Darton Colleges, GA, the Academy of Music Northwest in Seattle, for the Orquesta Filharmónica in Bogota, Colombia and in the Middle East. During the summer of 2016 he was an International Visiting Faculty member at the University of Taipei, Taiwan. He recently won ISU's Research Initiative Award. Prior to his appointment at Illinois State University, he served on the faculty at the Manhattan School of Music and at Indiana University South Bend. Originally from Scotland, Dr. Duce initially studied at the Royal Northern College of Music and Manchester University before receiving a DAAD scholarship to the Universität der Künste, Berlin. He received his doctorate from the Manhattan School of Music. His principal teachers have included Phillip Kawin, Ferenc Rados, Klaus Hellwig and Renna Kellaway.

JUSTIN VICKERS, American lyric tenor, made his Carnegie Hall debut at the age of twenty-five with Opera Orchestra of New York. He has returned to the venue on multiple occasions as a principle artist singing both opera and oratorio, notably alongside Renée Fleming in *Lucrezia Borgia*, an opera Vickers performed in Boston and was again assigned for the Washington National Opera production with Fleming under the baton of Plácido Domingo. In addition to repeat solo performances at venues ranging from Alice Tully and Avery Fisher Halls at Lincoln Center, the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the 92nd Street Y, The Kennedy Center, and San Francisco's War Memorial Opera House, he has bowed at Moscow's International House of Music, Beijing's Forbidden City Concert Hall, Shenyang's Grand Theatre, Albania's National Opera House, Vienna's Stephansdom, and the Eisenstadt International Haydn Festival. With more than seventy standard leading tenor operatic and oratorio/concert roles, Vickers has also sung the world premières of operas by Daniel Catán, Seymour Barab, Alexander Zhurbin, Jerrold Morgulas, William Banfield, and Francis Thorne. In