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Morgen Cavanah

Annie Balabanian

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# Master's Voice Recital

## Morgen Cavanah, soprano

## Annie Balabanian, piano

April 21st, 2018 | 12:30pm  
Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall

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### Program

*Drei Gesänge von Goethe*, Op. 83. . . . . Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

Wonne der Wehmut  
Sehnsucht  
Mit einem gemalten Band

from *Sei Romanze*, (1838) . . . . .Giuseppi Verdi (1813-1901)

Non t'accostare all'urna  
More, Elisa, lo stanco poeta  
In solitaria stanza  
Perduta ho la pace

from *Sex digte af Henrik Ibsen*, Op.25. . . . .Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)

En Svane  
Stambogsrím  
Med en vandilje

*Poème d'un Jour*, Op. 21 . . . . . Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Rencontre  
Toujours  
Adieu

*Natural Selection* . . . . . Jake Heggie (b. 1961)

Creation  
Animal Passion  
Alas! Alack  
Indian Summer – Blue  
Connection

*Morgen is a student of Dr. Christopher MacRae.*  
*This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the Master of Music in Vocal Performance.*

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**Drei Gesänge von Goethe, Op. 83**

Known for being one of the most influential composers of classical music history, many people revere Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827) for his majestic symphonies, and for astonishingly being able to continue composing music after he lost his hearing later in life. These three songs were composed in 1810, during what is referred to as Beethoven's Middle Period.<sup>1</sup> During this era of his life, Beethoven penned many of his popular symphonies, including the famed Eroica, symphonies 1-6, and his only opera Fidelio.<sup>2</sup>

Based on the poetry of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832), the songs of Op. 83 were grouped together as a set by Beethoven himself; and were dedicated to Princess Caroline Kinsky at their publication in 1811. The themes of the work centers around the nostalgia that comes with unrequited love. In comparing these settings to the original poetry, it is clear that Beethoven changed the texts with repetition and insertion of alternate lines throughout the songs to better fit his musical interpretation of the poetry.

**Wonne der Wehmut**

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Trocknet nicht, trocknet nicht,  
Tränen der ewigen Liebe!  
Ach, nur dem halbgetrockneten Auge  
Wie öde, wie tot die Welt ihm erscheint!  
Trocknet nicht, trocknet nicht,  
Tränen unglücklicher Liebe!

**Delight in the Melancholy**

Dry not, dry not  
Ye tears of eternal love.  
Ah! Only the half-dried eye  
Can see how lonely,  
How dead this world appears  
Dry not, ye tears of unhappy love

<sup>1</sup> Cooper, Barry: *Beethoven*. (Master Musician Series, edited by Stanley Sadie, second edition). Oxford: 2008. Oxford University Press.

<sup>2</sup> *Thayer's Life of Beethoven*, edited by Elliott Forbes. Princeton: 1964. New Jersey Princeton University Press.

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**Sehnsucht**

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Was zieht mir das Herz so? Was zieht mich hinaus?  
Und windet und schraubt mich aus Zimmer und Haus?  
Wie dort sich die Wolken um Felsen verziehn?  
Da möcht' ich hinüber. Da möcht' ich wohl hin!

Nun wiegt sich der Raben geselliger Flug;  
Ich mische mich drunter und folge dem Zug.  
Und Berg und Gemäuer  
Umftittigen wir; Sie weilet da drunten;  
Ich spähe nach ihr.

Da kommt sie und wandelt; Ich eile sobald  
Ein singender Vogel zum buschigen Wald.  
Sie weilet und horchet und lächelt mit sich:  
"Er singet so lieblich, und singt es an mich."

Die scheidende Sonne verguldet die Höhn;  
Die sinnende Schöne, Sie läßt es geschehn  
Sie wandelt am Bache. Die Wiesen entlang,  
Und finster und finstret umschlingt sich der Gang;

Auf einmal erschein' ich ein blinkender Stern.  
"Was glänzet da droben, So nah und so fern?"  
Und hast du mit Staunen, Das Leuchten erblickt;  
Ich lieg dir zu Füßen, Da bin ich beglückt!

**Mit Einem Gemalten Band**

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Kleine Blumen, kleine Blätter  
Streuen mir mit leichter Hand  
Gute, junge Frühlings-Götter  
Tändelnd auf ein luftig Band.

Zephyr, nimm's auf deine Flügel,  
Schling's um meiner Liebsten Kleid;  
Und so tritt sie vor den Spiegel  
All in ihrer Munterkeit.

Sieht mit Rosen sich umgeben,  
Selbst wie eine Rose jung.  
Einen Blick, geliebtes Leben!  
Und ich bin belohnt genug.

Fühle, was dies Herz empfindet,  
Reiche frei mir deine Hand,  
Und das Band, das uns verbindet,  
Sei kein schwaches Rosenband!

**Longing**

What pulls at my heart so? What draws me outside?  
What wrenches and twists me out of house and home?  
How do the clouds on the cliffs disperse?  
I would like to be there with them. I would like it very much!

Now, as the ravens rock themselves in friendly flight;  
I mix myself in with them and follow their path as they circle above me.  
Mountains and ruins.  
There, she lingers below.  
I peer after her. I keep watching.

Then she begins wandering towards me;  
I hurry immediately, like a singing bird in the lonely forest.  
She lingers and listens, smiling to herself,  
"He sings so sweetly, and he's singing to me."

The setting sun gilds the heights.  
She sits in pensive beauty,  
Letting it happen. She wanders along the brook,  
Paths twisting darker and darker by the meadow.

At once I appear, like a glittering star.  
"What is glimmering up there, so near; yet, so far?"  
And when, with astonishment, you gaze upon my light,  
I will then lie at your feet, and lie happily there!

**With a Painted Ribbon**

Little flowers, little leaves  
Are light handedly strewn about  
By young Spring Gods  
With an airy ribbon.

Zephyr, take me up by your wings  
Wrap the ribbon around my sweetheart's dress  
So when she steps before a mirror  
She will see herself surrounded by tiny roses.

Herself, just as fresh as any young rose.  
Only one glance!  
I am rewarded enough to have one look at the love of my life!  
Just one!

If only you could feel what this heart feels,  
Give to me freely your hand,  
And only then the ribbon that binds us  
Be not merely a weak ribbon of roses.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> German Translations by Morgen Cavanah

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**Sei Romanze (1838)**

Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901), was a famous Romantic Era opera composer from Italy. Penning operas such as: *La Traviata*, *Nabucco*, *Il Trovatore*, and *Aida*, Verdi is often referred to as the greatest opera composer of the 19<sup>th</sup> Century. These songs are unique, as they actually sample melodic content from Verdi's own arias<sup>4</sup>. Musical themes in the third song, *In Solitaria Stanza*, were used in Leonora's aria, *Tacea la notte placida* from *Il Trovatore*.

When Verdi was 25 years old, these songs were purchased by the firm of Canti. Distributed in 1838, leading them to be some of the first songs that introduced Verdi to the Italian public. Presenting three common themes: unrequited love, loneliness, and death – the pieces interestingly parallel Verdi's tragic personal life, wherein his two infant children and wife died prematurely. Using texts from various poets, these themes are all alluded to in different ways throughout the songs but are always mentioned in each one. Using the poetry as a backbone, Verdi describes how a broken heart eventually lead to the suicide of the cycle's subject, a lonely poet.

**Non t'accostare allurna**

Text by Jacopo Vittorelli

Non t'accostare allurna,  
Ah che il mio rinserra,  
Questa pietosa terra  
È sacra al mio dolor.

Odio gli affanni tuoi; Ricuso i tuoi giacinti,  
Che giovano agli estinti  
Due lagrime, o due fior?  
Empia! Dovevi allora porgermi un fil d'aita,  
Quando traea la vita nell'ansia e nei sospir.  
A che d'inutil pianto assordi la foresta?  
Rispetta un'Ombra mesta. E lasciala dormir.

**More, Elisa, lo stanco poeta**

Text by Tommaso Bianchi

More, Elisa, lo stanco poeta  
E l'estremo origlier su cui more  
È quell'arpa che un tempo l'amore  
Insegnava al suo spirito gentil.  
More pago che pura risplenda  
Come quella d'un angiol del cielo;  
Giacerà senza frale e uno stello  
Fiorirà tra le corde d'april.  
Dono estremo, per te lo raccogli  
Senza insano dolor, senza pianto;  
Una lacrima cara soltanto,  
Solo un vale che gema fedel.  
Che quest'alma già lascia le care  
Feste, i canti le danze, gli amori,  
Come un'aura che uscendo dai fiori  
Odorosa s'effonda nel ciel.

**Do not approach the urn**

Do not approach the urn  
That encloses my bones and ashes.  
This holy ground  
Is sacred to my sorrow.

I hate your anguish; I refuse your hyacinths  
I do not want your tears.  
What use are two tears or two flowers to the dead?  
Wicked one! You should have then offered me a thread of help  
When my life was being pulled into the tomb of anxiety and sighing.  
Why do you deafen the forest with your useless crying?  
Respect the sad ghost and let it sleep.

**He dies, Elisa, the tired poet**

He dies, Elisa, the tired poet.  
The last comfort for he who dies is the harp  
Which at one time taught his gentle  
Spirit how to love.  
He dies satisfied that purity will shine  
As if an angel from heaven.  
He will lie down without frailty  
And a star will flower among the rains of April.  
This last gift you must gather  
Without insane sadness and crying  
Only one tear, my dear  
For the one that laments alone.  
This soul already leaves the dear feasts,  
the songs, dances, and glamour  
Like a breeze flowing through the fragrant flowers  
Pours out into heaven.

<sup>4</sup> Budden, Julian. "Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901) Songs." *VERDI: Songs*, Naxos, 1997.

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**In solitaria stanza**

Text by Jacopo Vittorelli

In solitaria stanza  
Langue per doglia atroce;  
Il labbro è senza voce,  
Senza respiro il sen.

Come in deserta aiuola,  
Che di rugiade è priva,  
Sotto alla vampa estiva  
Molle narcisso svien.

Io, dall'affanno oppresso,  
Corro per vie remote,  
E grido in suon che puote  
Le rupi intenerir:

Salvate, o Dei pietosi,  
Quella beltà celeste:  
Voi forse non sapreste  
Un'altra Irene ordir.

**Perduta ho la pace**

Text by Luigi Balestra

Perduta ho la pace, ho in cor mille guai;  
Ah, no, più non spero trovarla più mai.

M'è buio di tomba  
ov'egli non è;  
Senz'esso un deserto  
è il mondo per me.

Mio povero capo confuso travolto;  
Oh misera, il senno,  
il senno m'è tolto!

S'io sto al finestrello,  
ho gl'occhi a lui solo;  
S'io sfuggo di casa,  
sol dietro a lui volo.

Oh, il bel portamento;  
oh, il vago suo viso!  
Qual forza è nei sguardi,  
che dolce sorriso!  
E son le parole  
un magico rio;  
Qual stringer di mano,  
qual bacio, mio Dio!

Anela congiungersi  
al suo il mio petto;  
Potessi abbracciarlo,  
tenerlo a me stretto!  
Baciario potessi,  
far pago il desir!  
Baciario! e potessi  
baciata morir.

**In a solitary room**

In a solitary room,  
He languishes in horrible pain  
His mouth is silent  
His breast without breath

Like in a deserted flower bed  
That is deprived of dew  
Beneath the summer's blazing sun  
I wilt like a weak narcissus

I, oppressed from desire  
Run through life remotely  
I cry out in a sound that  
could crumble the cliffs

Save me, oh pious God!  
This heavenly beauty,  
Perhaps you might not know  
Another Irene to conspire against

**I have lost my peace**

I have lost my peace, in my heart are 1,000 woes;  
Ah, no, I can never more hope to find it

For me, it is the darkness of the tomb  
Where he is not  
Without him,  
My world is a desert

My poor head is confused & upset  
Oh misery! I am losing my mind  
All sensation is removed

When I look out the window,  
I am only looking for him  
If I leave the house  
It is only to search for him

Oh he is beautiful!  
So handsome a face!  
What a force it is  
Just to be in his glances!  
What a sweet smile!  
And his words are a magic river  
How strong his hand...  
His kiss...my God!...

If only I could breathlessly  
Press my breast to his  
If I could embrace him-  
Hold him to me tightly,  
If only I could kiss him  
To satisfy my desire  
Only to kiss him!  
To die from being kissed! <sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup> Translations by Bard Suverkrop, IPA Source

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**Sex digte af Henrik Ibsen, Op.25**

Edvard Grieg (1843-1907) is most commonly recognized as the composer of the Peer Gynt suites: featuring *The Hall of the Mountain King*; however, he was also a pioneer and a prolific composer of the Nordic Art Song Tradition.<sup>6</sup> Writing over 150 songs, Grieg found it important to carry on the tradition of Norwegian poetry in his compositions. These pieces are melodically simple, as Grieg strongly felt that the singer's ultimate goal was not to be showy with their abilities to sing with floridity or wide range, but merely to aide in the presentation of the poet's texts through song. In fact, Grieg said this of singer's in his diary, "*What are singers? Nothing but vanity, stupidity, ignorance and dilettantism. I hate them, every one of them.*"

These three songs are all from poetry written by Henrik Ibsen, in their original language of Norwegian. *En Svane* is one of Grieg's most popular songs, about the serenity of a silent swan who tragically dies. The second song, *Stambogstrim* talks of a star's blessing which perishes and cascades into the distance. Finishing with *Med en Vandlilje*, a tale of the Norwegian mytholgy of the fate of a waterlilly<sup>7</sup>. Legend states that if a musician accepts a waterlilly in order to gain musical talent, they are then cursed for life, losing the capability to find happiness or true love. Although it is has never been expressly stated, these songs were written during a period of mourning for Edvard Grieg, after the death of his only child<sup>8</sup>, leading one to believe that he chose these texts in remembrance of his daughter, Alexandra.

**En Svane**

Text by Henrik Ibsen

Min hvide svane  
du stumme, du stille,  
hverken slag eller trille  
lod sangrøst ane.

Angst beskyttende  
alfen, som sover,  
altid lyttende  
gled du henover.

Men sidste mødet,  
da eder og øjne  
var lønlige løgne,  
ja da, da lød det!

I toners føden  
du sluttet din bane.  
Du sang i døden;  
du var dog en svane!

**A Swan**

My swan, my pale one  
So silent, so still  
Neither war-bled nor trilled  
I have heard none

Taking care  
For the elf who sleeps  
Always listening,  
O'er water you're sweeping

But, at our parting when  
Vows and eyes  
Held secret lies  
Oh yes! You sang then!

As you died, you sang so sweetly  
upon death's pathway  
My little swan!  
You were a swan!

<sup>6</sup> Norheim, Oyvind. "Edvard Grieg (1843-1907) Songs." *Classical Music - Streaming Classical Music*, Naxos, 1996, [www.naxos.com/mainsite/blurbs\\_reviews.asp?item\\_code](http://www.naxos.com/mainsite/blurbs_reviews.asp?item_code).

<sup>7</sup> Grieg, Edvard, and Bradley Ellingboe. *Forty-Five Songs of Edvard Grieg*. Leyerle Publications, 1988.

<sup>8</sup> Hughes, Peter. "Edvard and Nina Grieg." *Edvard and Nina Grieg*, Unitarian Universalist History & Heritage Society (UUHHS), 4 Nov. 2004, [uudb.org/articles/edvardgrieg.html](http://uudb.org/articles/edvardgrieg.html).

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**Stambogsrim**

Text by Henrik Ibsen

Jeg kaldte dig mit lykkebud;  
Jeg kaldte dig min stjerne.  
Du blev da også, sandt for Gud,  
Et lykkebud, der gik gik ud;  
En stjerne, ja, et stjernesked,  
Der slukned i det fjerne.

**Med en Vandlilje**

Text by Henrik Ibsen

Se, Marie, hvad jeg bringer;  
blomsten med de hvide vinger.  
På de stille strømme båren  
svam den drømmetung i våren.

Vil du den til hjemmet vie  
fæst den på dit bryst, Marie;  
bag dens blade da sig dølgje  
vil en dyp og stille bølge.

Vogt dig, barn, for tjernets strømme.  
Farligt, farligt der at drømme!  
Nøggen lader som han sover;  
liljer leger ovenover.

Barn, din barm er tjernets strømme.  
Farligt, farligt der at drømme;  
liljer leger ovenover;  
nøggen lader som han sover.

**Album Lines**

I called you my bearer of good tidings,  
I called you my star  
You were sent by God to me,  
but my bearer of good tidings then went away.  
A star, cascading.  
That star died in the distance

**With a Waterlily**

See, Maria, what I'm bringing to you?  
Blooms of white in water  
On the silent water they're born  
Swimming dreamily this spring morn'

Will you consecrate it to the home?  
Maria, fasten it to your breast  
It then hides itself behind the leaves  
Born upon a deep and quiet wave

Watch yourself, child,  
for the streams currents  
are dangerous  
It is dangerous to dream

This water sprite pretends to be sleeping  
as lilies play on the surface  
Child, your bosom is the stream's current  
It is dangerous for you to dream!<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> Grieg, Edvard, and Bradley Ellingboe. *Forty-Five Songs of Edvard Grieg*. Translations, Bradley Ellingboe. Leyerle Publications, 1988.

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*Poème d'un Jour, Op. 21*

Known well for his composition of French melodie, Gabriel Faure (1845-1924) mastered the art of legato and beauty in his music. As a student of Camille Saent-Saens, his learned sensitivities for music and French language make his French melodies some of the most beautiful and popular of the repertoire.<sup>10</sup>

Composed in 1881, *Poème d'un Jour* (Op. 21) is a short cycle about a doomed relationship. The title, alludes to the fact that the entire love affair occurred over the span of a single day. *Rencontre* speaks of a lust-filled first meeting, *Toujours* of an earth shattering breakup, and *Adieu* of a short and final farewell.<sup>11</sup>

**Rencontre**

Text by Charles Jean Grandmougin

J'étais triste et pensif quand je t'ai rencontrée,  
Je sens moins aujourd'hui mon obstiné tourment;  
Ô dis-moi, serais-tu la femme inespérée,  
Et le rêve idéal poursuivi vainement?  
Ô, passante aux doux yeux, serais-tu donc l'amie  
Qui rendrait le bonheur au poète isolé,  
Et vas-tu rayonner sur mon âme affermie,  
Comme le ciel natal sur un coeur d'exilé?

Ta tristesse sauvage, à la mienne pareille,  
Aime à voir le soleil décliner sur la mer!  
Devant l'immensité ton extase s'éveille,  
Et le charme des soirs à ta belle âme est cher;  
Une mystérieuse et douce sympathie  
Déjà m'enchaîne à toi comme un vivant lien,  
Et mon âme frémit, par l'amour envahie,  
Et mon coeur te chérit sans te connaître bien!

**Toujours**

Text by Charles Jean Grandmougin

Vous me demandez de ma taire,  
De fuir loin de vous pour jamais,  
Et de m'en aller, solitaire,  
Sans me rappeler qui j'aimais!

Demandez plutôt aux étoiles  
De tomber dans l'immensité,  
À la nuit de perdre ses voiles,  
Au jour de perdre sa clarté,

Demandez à la mer immense  
De dessécher ses vastes flots,  
Et, quand les vents sont en démençe,  
D'apaiser ses sombres sanglots!

Mais n'espérez pas que mon âme  
S'arrache à ses âpres douleurs  
Et se dépouille de sa flamme  
Comme le printemps de ses fleurs!

**Encounter**

I was sad and pensive when I met you  
Today, I feel my suffering is less persistent  
Oh, tell me, could you be the one I hadn't even hoped for?  
The ideal dream I've pursued -in vain  
Oh, passerby with gentle eyes, could you be the friend  
Who restores happiness to the lonely poet  
And will you shine upon  
The small strength left within my exiled heart

Like the native sky your timid sadness,  
Shy, like my own loves to watch the sun set on the sea  
Your ecstasy is awakened before its vastness  
And the charm of the evening is dear to your lonely soul  
A mysterious and gently sympathy  
Already chains me to you like a loving my bond;  
And my soul trembles, overcome by my love  
My heart cherishes you, without even knowing you well

**Forever**

You're asking me to be silent,  
To flee from you forever  
And for me to go away -alone  
Without remembering my love

Ask rather the stars to fall  
Into the infinite night  
And lose their veils  
Ask the day to lose its light!

Demand the boundless sea  
to dry up its vast waters  
-and when the winds are raging  
Ask them to calm their dismal sobs

But do not hope that my soul  
Will tear itself from its bitter sorrows  
And shed its passion for her  
Like the springtime sheds its flowers

<sup>10</sup> Cornwell, Lauren, "Exploration of Fauré's "Poème d'un jour" Through Lecture and Recital" (2015). Honors Projects. 188.

<sup>11</sup> Lowen, Richard Allen. "Master's Recital and Program Notes." *Wichita State University*, 1971, [archive.org/stream/mastersrecitalpr00lowe/mastersrecitalpr00lowe\\_djvu.txt](http://archive.org/stream/mastersrecitalpr00lowe/mastersrecitalpr00lowe_djvu.txt)

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**Adieu**

Text by Charles Jean Grandmougin

Comme tout meur vite, la rose  
Déclose,  
Et les frais manteaux diaprés  
Des prés;  
Les longs soupirs, les bienaimées,  
Fumées!

On voit dans ce monde léger  
Changer,  
Plus vite que les flots des grèves,  
Nos rêves,  
Plus vite que le givre en fleurs,  
Nos cœurs!

À vous l'on se croyait fidèle,  
Cruelle,  
Mais hélas! les plus longs amours  
Sont courts!  
Et je dis en quittant vos charmes,  
Sans larmes,  
Presqu'au moment de mon aveu,  
Adieu!

**Farewell**

How quickly everything dies,  
the rose in bloom,  
the fresh colored mantle of the meadows,  
the long sighs of loved ones,  
Have gone up in  
Smoke

One sees in this fickle world  
Change more quickly  
Than waves upon the shore  
Our dreams fade more quickly  
Than the frost on flowers,  
On our hearts

I believed I would remain faithful to you  
But alas!  
Even the longest loves are  
-short  
And I say on my taking leave  
of your charms, without tears  
Almost at the moment of my vow,  
Goodbye...<sup>12</sup>

<sup>12</sup> Translations by Bard Suverkrop, IPA Source

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### Natural Selection

Jake Heggie (b. 1961) is a contemporary American composer, known well for his expansive addition to the vocal repertoire. As a contributor in both the realms of opera and art song in the 20<sup>th</sup> and 21<sup>st</sup> century, he is one of the only modern composers whose works are frequently performed on professional stages. Some of his most performed works being the operas *Dead Man Walking* and *Moby Dick*.

Composed in the late 1990s, Heggie penned these pieces when he was on staff with San Francisco Opera<sup>13</sup>. In this cycle, with texts by Gini Savage, a girl's life is chronicled through childhood into puberty as she discovers herself and her womanhood. Using different literary illusions— Goldilocks and the Three Bears, Tosca, Nibelungenlied, Tristan und Isolde, and Bluebeard's Tale – to name a few – Heggie successfully interprets different eras of a girlhood. From parental and sexual liberation to an unhealthy relationship and marriage, ending with eventual contentment with the fate of life<sup>14</sup>. Perhaps the most stunning aspect of this work by Heggie is his ability to shift the age of the subject by changing the weight and registration of the vocal line throughout the pieces. *Creation* begins with a higher and lighter air but is immediately shifted to weighty chesty range at the beginning of *Animal Passion*, with changes as needed throughout the conclusion of the cycle.

#### Program

Text by Charles and Gini Savage

Music by Jake Heggie  
Debut by the Arkansas Opera  
Elle is the name of the girl  
She is the name of the girl

Debut by the Arkansas Opera  
Debut by the Arkansas Opera  
A girl is the name of the girl  
A girl is the name of the girl

Debut by the Arkansas Opera  
Debut by the Arkansas Opera  
A girl is the name of the girl  
A girl is the name of the girl

Debut by the Arkansas Opera  
Debut by the Arkansas Opera  
A girl is the name of the girl  
A girl is the name of the girl

#### Program

Music by Jake Heggie  
Text by Gini Savage  
And the name of the girl  
And the name of the girl

And the name of the girl  
And the name of the girl  
And the name of the girl  
And the name of the girl

And the name of the girl  
And the name of the girl  
And the name of the girl  
And the name of the girl

And the name of the girl  
And the name of the girl  
And the name of the girl  
And the name of the girl

<sup>13</sup> Lessner, Joanne Sydney. "HEGGIE: Connection." *HEGGIE: Connection: Three Song Cycles*, Opera News, [www.operanews.com/Opera\\_News\\_Magazine/2015/3/Recordings/HEGGIE\\_Connection\\_Three\\_Song\\_Cycles.html](http://www.operanews.com/Opera_News_Magazine/2015/3/Recordings/HEGGIE_Connection_Three_Song_Cycles.html).

<sup>14</sup> Marchiafava, Kristen Bauer, "A Performance Guide To Jake Heggie's From 'The Book of Nightmares'" (2014). LSU Doctoral

We hope you enjoy today's performance.

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