

senior recital of  
**James Reese**  
student of Kurt R. Hansen

*with*

Alan Darling, piano

Charles Foster, piano

Xuan He, harpsichord

Russell Rybicki, horn

Danika Paskvan, violin

Megan Rohrer, violin

Kathryn Dark, viola

Henry Myers, cello

Brandon Acker, guitar

*and* Carey Goldenberg, Alexandra Urquiola

Nathan Ward, Michael Hawes

Hugo Wolf – Selections from *Mörike-Lieder* (1888)

Er ist's  
Auf ein altes Bild  
Fußreise

Ralph Vaughan Williams – Selections from *On Wenlock Edge* (1909)

From far, from eve and morning  
Oh, when I was in love with you  
Bredon Hill

Francois Poulenc – *Cinq poemes de Paul Éluard* (1935)

Peut-il se reposer celui qui dort  
Il la prend dans ses bras  
Plume d'eau Claire  
Rôdeuse au front de verre  
Amoreuses

–intermission–

Conner Vanderbeek – *the earth remains forever, but* (2014)

Megan Rohrer, violin  
Kathryn Dark, viola  
Henry Myers, cello  
Russell Rybicki, horn  
Charles Foster, piano  
\*premiere performance

Jean-Baptiste Lully – *Armide* (1686) Act V, Scene II: Renaud + Chor

Danika Paskvan and Megan Rohrer, violin  
Kathryn Dark, viola  
Henry Myers, cello  
Brandon Acker, guitar  
Xuan He, harpsichord  
Carey Goldenberg, Alexandra Urquiola, Nathan Ward, Michael Hawes, chorus

Claudio Monteverdi – *Zefiro torna* (1651)

Nathan Ward, tenor  
Brandon Acker, guitar  
Xuan He, harpsichord  
Henry Myers, cello

Hugo Wolf – Selection from *Mörike-Lieder* (1888)

Gebet (Prayer)

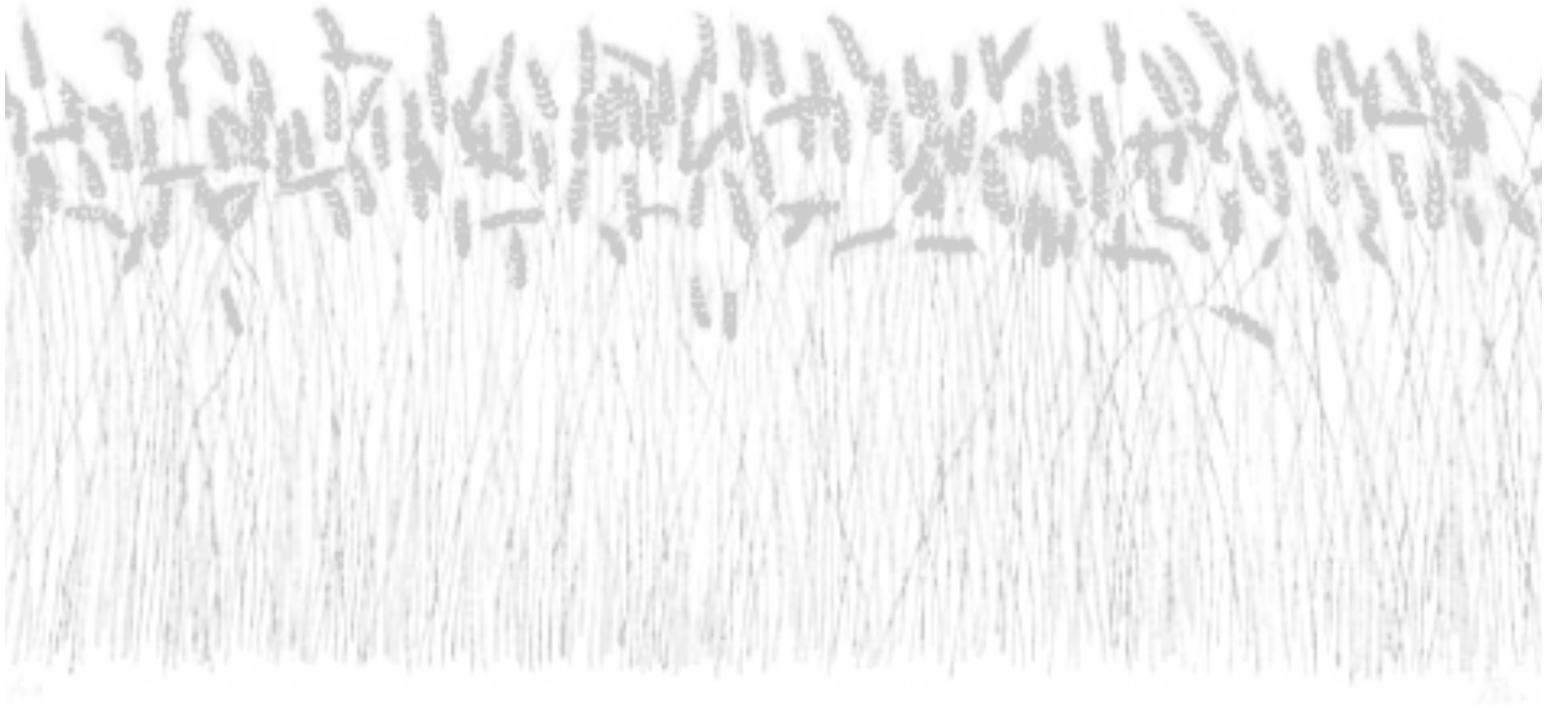
*Please hold applause until a set is complete. Thank you for coming!  
Join us for a reception in the lobby after the recital.*

Each work on the program tonight considers, in some way, the dependence on relationships for meaning. Without winter, there cannot be spring; without darkness, no light; without suffering, no joy. Without one, there cannot be the other.

It's fitting, then, that so much of my work tonight wouldn't be close to possible without the time, talent, and generosity of others. In plotting the course of this recital, I really hoped that a significant portion of the program would be collaborative. I never feel more at home than when nestled in the collaborative musical process, and I believe strongly that we make the most beautiful music when we trust in others to bring out the best in ourselves. I am immensely grateful for all of the musicians who are joining me tonight – they are a fantastically talented and bighearted crew.

Particular thanks also go to Kurt Hansen, who has been an unwavering pillar of support and enthusiasm for four years; to Dr. Donald Nally, who has opened up new musical worlds to me; to Alan Darling and Karina Kontorovitch, whose musical insights have been irreplaceable; to my friends in the voice class of 2015/16 who constantly inspire me with their intelligence, ability, and kindness; to my fantastic and patient roommates, Jacob and Stephen; and to Emily, who keeps me close to sane with Delbe's and an open ear. Thanks also to Ben Shahn, the artist who created the artwork for this recital's posters and program.

Most of all, thanks to my parents Ron and Sheila, as well as Mike and Maura, who have met 21 years of (progressively weirder and weirder) music in their ears with encouragement, patience, and love.



*Notes and Translations of Texts*

Hugo Wolf - *Mörike-Lieder*

Texts by Eduard Mörike

Mörike's texts and Wolf's settings share a similar charm and wonder on the surface. Beneath both, however, run a deep contemplation of and sentimentality for God, beauty, and a life of contentment. Wolf was a manic-depressive who spent much of his life in emotional extremes. His grasp of Mörike's desire to be overwhelmed neither by joy nor grief, but to live "in between," is obvious and powerful.

*Er ist's*

Spring lets her blue ribbon  
Flutter in the breeze again;  
Sweet, familiar scents  
Drift with promise o'er the land.  
Violets lie dreaming now,  
Soon to be awakened.  
—Listen, the sound of a harp,  
    so faint from so far!  
Spring, it is you!  
I can hear you coming!

*Auf eine altes Bild*

In a flowery green summer  
landscape,  
Near cool water, rushes and reeds,  
Behold, how the sinless Child  
Plays merrily on the Virgin's knee!  
And there in the woods serene,  
Ah, the cross's stem already  
greens!

*Fußreise*

When in the morning  
I sally forth with fresh-cut staff  
Through the woods,  
Up and over the hills:  
Then, like the bird in the bush  
That stirs and sings,  
Or the golden grape  
That feels the joy of being  
At break of dawn:  
So does this dear old Adam of mine  
Feel autumn's fever and that of spring,  
Divinely quickened,

That ne'er forgotten  
Pristine joy of paradise.  
You are not so bad, Lazy Adam,  
Like the strict teachers call you;  
You go on loving and praising,  
You sing and extol without end  
Your belov'd creator and sustainer  
As if each day were creation day renewed.  
May it be granted me,  
That my life be spent as if  
I were exacting a wanderer's sweat  
From a morning's march such as this!

*Gebet*

Lord, give me what Thou wilt,  
Be it happiness or woe;  
It is enough to know  
That both from Thine hands flow  
Would that Thou not wish

To overwhelm me  
With either joy or grief!  
Tis rather in between  
Where lies contentment sweet.

Ralph Vaughan Williams – *On Wenlock Edge*  
Texts from A.E. Housman – *A Shropshire Lad*

In *A Shropshire Lad*, A.E. Housman revealed an eerie foresight into the English mindset near the turn of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. The collection rather morbidly dwells on the deaths of young men and women and the temporary nature of life. Though published in 1896, the poems exploded in cultural relevance and popularity with the onset of the Second Boer War (1899) and the First World War (1914). Vaughan Williams' heartbreakingly simple, folk-like harmony conjures the yearning in Housman's texts for the simplicity of an idyllic, undisturbed life.

*From far, from eve and morning*

From far, from eve and morning  
And yon twelve-winded sky,  
The stuff of life to knit me  
Blew hither: here am I.  
Now – for a breath I tarry  
Nor yet disperse apart -  
Take my hand quick and tell me,  
What you have in your heart.  
Speak now, and I will answer;  
How shall I help you, say;  
Ere to the wind's twelve quarters  
I take my endless way.

*Oh, when I was in love with you*  
Oh, when I was in love with you,  
Then I was clean and brave,  
And miles around the wonder grew  
How well I did behave.  
And now the fancy passes by,  
And nothing will remain,  
And miles around they'll say that I  
Am quite myself again.

*Bredon Hill*

In summertime on Bredon  
The bells they sound so clear;  
Round both the shire they ring them  
In steeples far and near,  
A happy noise to hear.

But when the snows at Christmas  
On Bredon top were strown,  
My love rose up so early  
And stole out unbeknown  
And went to church alone.

Here of a Sunday morning  
My love and I would lie,  
And see the coloured counties,  
And hear the larks so high  
About us in the sky.

They tolled the one bell only,  
Groom there was none to see,  
The mourners followed after,  
And so to church went she,  
And would not wait for me.

The bells would ring to call her  
In valleys miles away:  
'Come all to church, good people;  
Good people, come and pray.'  
But here my love would stay.

The bells they sound on Bredon,  
And still the steeples hum.  
'Come all to church, good people.' –  
Oh, noisy bells, be dumb;  
I hear you, I will come

And I would turn and answer  
Among the springing thyme,  
'Oh, peal upon our wedding,  
And we will hear the chime,  
And come to church in time.

Francis Poulenc – Cinq poemes de Paul Éluard (Texts by Paul Éluard)

Poulenc's music in this set is unpredictable and, in moments, deeply unsettling. Yet at times it is wonderfully lyric; Poulenc credits these poems with "allowing lyricism to enter my vocal writing." The piano is the real star here, though; Poulenc wrote that his goal was to "give the piano the maximum with the minimum of means...In composing, I often thought of an exhibition of drawings by Matisse which retained nothing but the essential in a single outline (see bottom left)... Here, it is the piano reduced to the essential, that's all."

*I. Peut-il se reposer?*

Can he rest, this man who sleeps?  
He does not see the night, does not see the invisible  
He has thick covers  
and pillows of blood on pillows of mud  
His head is under the roofs, and his hands are  
closed upon the tools of weariness  
He sleeps to test his strength  
The shame of being blind in so great a silence.  
On the shores rejected by the sea  
He does not see the silent postures  
Of the wind which cause a man to enter his images  
When he is appeased  
A willing acceptance of sleep  
From one end to the other of death

*II. Il la prend dans ses bras*

He takes her in his arms  
Brilliant rays glimpsed for a moment  
On the shoulder blades, on the shoulder, on the  
breasts, then hidden by a cloud

She raises her hand to hear heart  
She grows pale she trembles  
Who has cried out?

But the other if he is still living  
Will be found in an unknown town.



*III. Plume d'eau Claire*

Jet of clear water fragile rain  
Freshness veiled with caresses  
With looks and with words  
Love that veils that which I love.

*IV. Rôdeuse au front de verre*

Prowler with a brow of glass  
Her heart inscribes itself on a black star  
Her eyes show her head  
Her eyes have the freshness of summer  
The heat of winter  
Her eyes light up full of laughter  
Her playful eyes win their share of clarity.

*V. Amoureuses*

They have haughty shoulders  
And a cunning air  
Or else looks that lead astray  
The confidence is in the chest  
At the height where the dawn of their breasts rise  
To strip the night.

Eyes to break stones  
Thoughtless smiles  
For each dream  
Squalls of cries of snow  
And uprooted shadows

They must be believed on kiss  
And on word and on look  
And to kiss only their kisses

I show only your face  
The great storms of your throat  
All that I know and all that I do not know  
My love your love your love your  
Love.

Conner Singh Vanderbeek – *the earth remains forever, but*  
Ecclesiastes 1: 4-8, 1 Corinthians 13

People come and people go,  
but the earth remains forever.  
The sun rises and the sun sets,  
and hurries back to where it rises.  
The wind blows to the south  
and turns to the north;  
round and round it goes,  
ever returning on its course.  
All streams flow into the sea,  
yet the sea is never full.  
To the place the streams come from,  
there they return again.

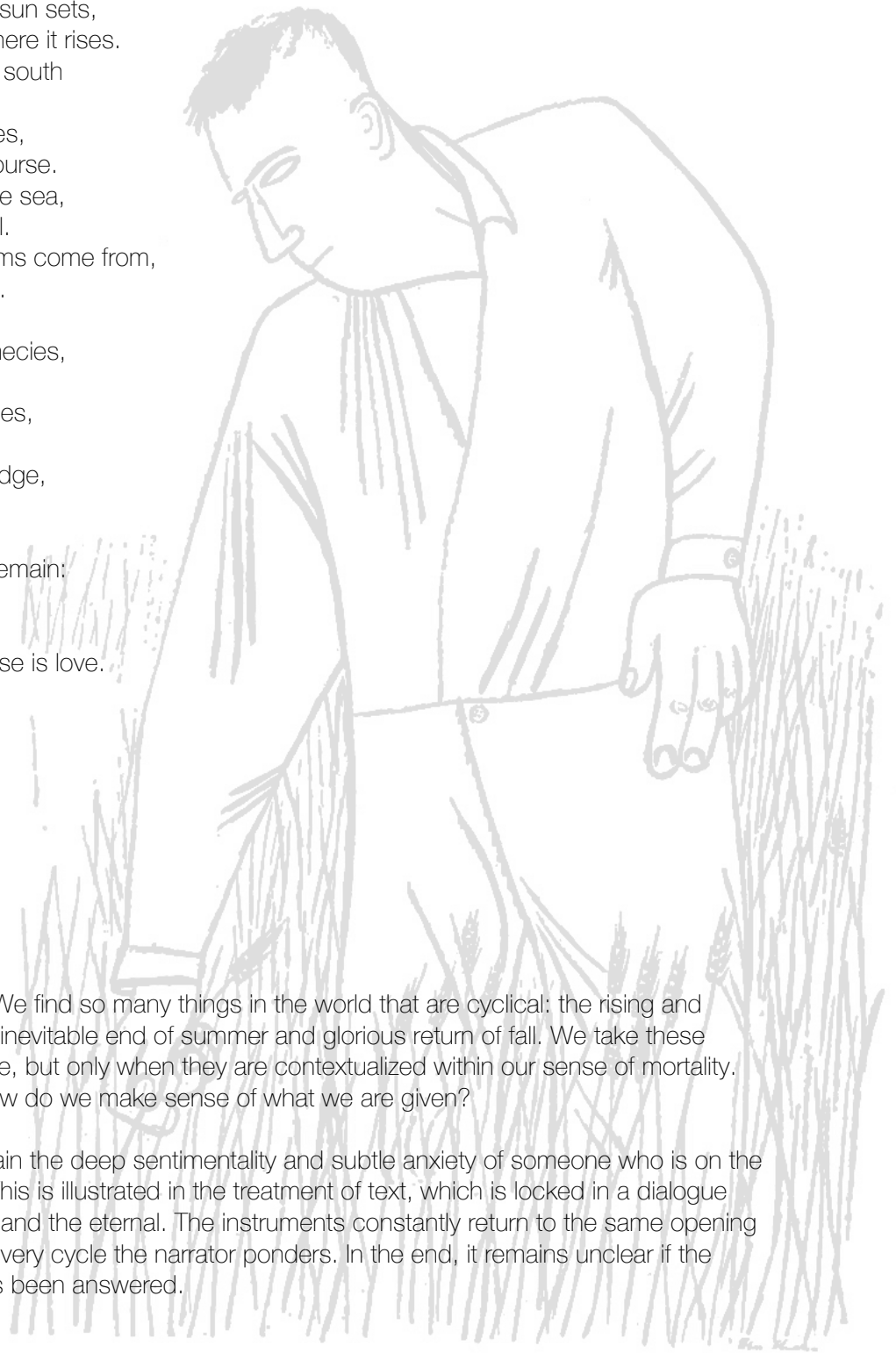
Where there are prophecies,  
they will cease;  
Where there are tongues,  
they will be stilled;  
Where there is knowledge,  
it will pass away.

And only these three remain:  
faith, hope and love.

But the greatest of these is love.

From the Composer: We find so many things in the world that are cyclical: the rising and setting of the sun, the inevitable end of summer and glorious return of fall. We take these events to be immutable, but only when they are contextualized within our sense of mortality. But if life must end; how do we make sense of what we are given?

These passages contain the deep sentimentality and subtle anxiety of someone who is on the cusp of finding God. This is illustrated in the treatment of text, which is locked in a dialogue between the temporal and the eternal. The instruments constantly return to the same opening material, locked in the very cycle the narrator ponders. In the end, it remains unclear if the narrator's question has been answered.



Jean Baptiste Lully – *Armide Act 4 Scene 2* (Phillipe Quinault, libretto)

In this elegant *passacaille*, “a troupe of fortunate lovers” joins Renaud in contemplating how Love compels beauty in the world around them. The beauty of the landscape, however, foreshadows ‘the winter of our years,’ and Renaud warns to make the best of the charms and happiness that come with love, as they are inevitably fleeting.

The pleasures have chosen as refuge  
These agreeable and quiet grounds,  
How charming are these haunts,  
For fortunate lovers!

It is love that keeps in its chains  
A thousand birds night and day in our woods.  
If love brought only sorrows  
Loving birds would not sing as much.

Young hearts, all is favorable to you,  
Make the best of a fleeting happiness.  
In the winter of our years, love reigns no more.  
The beautiful days we lose are lost forever.

The pleasures have chosen as refuge  
These agreeable and quiet grounds,  
How charming are these haunts,  
For fortunate lovers!

Claudio Monteverdi – *Zefiro torna*  
Text by Ottavio Rinuccini (late 16<sup>th</sup> century)

Monteverdi’s famous and wickedly fun tenor duet is one of the finest examples of the Italian master’s ability to paint text: inside the incessant *ciaccona* ground, one can hear the murmuring of wind among grasses, the peaks of mountains, and the echoes of valleys.

Return O Zephyr, and with gentle motion  
Make pleasant the air and scatter the grasses in waves  
And murmuring among the green branches  
Make the flowers in the field dance to your sweet sound;  
Crown with a garland the heads of Phylla and Chloris  
With notes tempered by love and joy,  
From mountains and valleys high and deep  
And sonorous caves that echo in harmony.  
The dawn rises eagerly into the heavens and the sun  
Scatters rays of gold, and of the purest silver,  
Like embroidery on the cerulean mantle of Thetis.  
But I, in abandoned forests, am alone.  
The ardour of two beautiful eyes is my torment;  
As my Fate wills it, now I weep, now I sing.