



Graduate Voice Recital

David Erik Peterson

Bass-baritone

assisted by **Charles Calhoun**, Piano

Saturday, May 14, 2016, 7pm at Lakeside Presbyterian Church

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of a Master of Music degree in vocal performance.

PROGRAM

"Deh viene alla finestra"

Don Giovanni's aria from *Don Giovanni* by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)

"Studia il passo... Come dal ciel precipita"

Banco's aria from *Macbeth* by Giuseppe Fortunino Francesco Verdi (1813–1901)

"Tutto è disposto ... Aprite un po' quegli occhi"

Figaro's aria from *Le nozze di Figaro* by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)

Lieder by Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

"Aus Heliopolis II" by Johann Mayrhofer (1787-1836)

"An die Musik" by Franz Adolf Friedrich Schober (1796-1882)

"Erlkönig" by Johann Wolfgang Goethe (1749–1832)

Four settings of "Le ciel est par-dessus le toit" by poet Paul Verlaine (1844–1896)

"Prison" by Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)

"D'une prison" by Reynaldo Hahn (1874–1947)

"Le ciel est par-dessus le toit" by Frederick Theodore Albert Delius (1862–1934)

"The sky above the roof" by Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)

Two settings of Haggai 2 : 6–7

"Thus saith the Lord" from *Messiah* by George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)

"Shake the heavens" from *El Niño* by John Coolidge Adams (1947)

~ *Intermission* ~

The House of Life by Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)

Sonnets by Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828–1882)

I. Love-sight

II. Silent noon

III. Love's minstrels

IV. Heart's haven

V. Death in love

VI. Love's last gift



SAN FRANCISCO
STATE UNIVERSITY

PROGRAM NOTES

I've arranged this recital by language. We'll start with Italian operatic arias, head north to Germany for Schubertian Lieder, and then travel west over the border to explore four different composers' settings of a Paul Verlaine poem that he wrote while in prison. From there, we'll leave mainland Europe and cross the English Channel for an extended stay in the United Kingdom.

Section one: I portray men from three different operas:

1. Don Giovanni: a libertine nobleman whose favorite pastime is seducing women.
2. Banco: Macbeth's friend and fellow Scotch general in the army of King Duncan. This opera is based on Shakespeare's demonstration of the effects of political ambition on those who seek power for its own sake. It seems appropriate in our current political landscape to look closely at themes such as this. Macbeth has murdered his king, and has Banco murdered at the close of this aria.
3. Figaro: Count Almaviva's servant and Susanna's fiancé. Figaro is angry, afraid that Susannah is having a secret affair with the Count.

Section two: Schubert was an extremely prolific writer of German Lieder. I chose "An die Musik" because of its beautiful simplicity, "Erlkönig" because it challenges me as a storyteller, and "Heliopolis" based on its lyrics. In my own songwriting, I strive to be the poet finding the right word because of the storm.

Section three: I first ran across Fauré's "Prison" in my undergraduate vocal studies at West Virginia University. I wrote at the time:

My younger brother is in prison right now. He received a three year sentence for sharing some of his marijuana with someone he thought was a friend. This person turned out to be a narc. Now taxpayers are funding my brother's stay in jail. I was also arrested, cuffed, and spent the night on cement slabs in holding cells when a friend of mine left a tiny amount of marijuana in my car and a cop found it when he pressured me into a search. The law labels us criminals. It is hard for me to have respect for such a law.

Section four: The prophet Haggai wrote the words that were canonized as scripture, translated into English, and used by Handel and Adams in their sacred oratorios *Messiah* and *El Niño*. Interestingly, both composers assigned the words to the bass voice.

This brings us to the second half of the program, Ralph Vaughan Williams's *The House of Life*, based on six (of 102) sonnets from Dante Gabriel Rossetti's sonnet-sequence of the same name. In my research, I found that Dante's younger brother, William Michael Rossetti, also his biographer, wrote a prose paraphrase of the entire sequence to help readers understand the sonnets. After the translation of the foreign language pieces in this printed program, I've included a selection from William's prose paraphrase of *The House of Life*.

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS



"Deh, vieni alla finestra" Don Giovanni's aria from Mozart's *Don Giovanni*

Deh, vieni alla finestra, o mio tesoro,
Deh, vieni a consolar il pianto mio.
Se neghi a me di dar qualche ristoro,
Davanti agli occhi tuoi morir vogl'io!

O come to the window, beloved;
O come and dispel all my sorrow!
If you refuse me some solace,
before you dear eyes I will die.

Tu ch'hai la bocca dolce più del miele,
Tu che il zucchero porti in mezzo al core!
Non esser, gioia mia, con me crudele!
Lasciati almen veder, mio bell'amore!

Your lips are sweeter than honey
your heart is sweetness itself:
then be not cruel, my angel,
I beg for one glance, my beloved



"Come dal ciel precipita" Banco's aria from Verdi's *Macbeth*

Studia il passo, o mio figlio...
Usciam da queste tenèbre...
Un senso ignoto
Nascer mi sento in petto,
Pien di tristo presagio e di sospetto.

Be careful how you go, o my son...
Let's go out from this darkness...
I feel something unknown
Growing in my heart,
Fraught with sad premonition and suspicion.

Come dal ciel precipita
L'ombra più sempre oscura!
In notte ugual trafissero
Duncan, il mio signor.
Mille affannose immagini
M'annunciano sventura,
E il mio pensiero ingombrano
Di larve e di terror.

How the shade falls from heaven
More and more obscure!
On such another night as this
They stabbed to death Duncan, my lord.
A thousand nightmares
Are foretelling me misfortune,
And are oppressing my mind
With ghosts and dread.

"Aprite un po' quegli occhi" Figaro's aria from Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro*

| | |
|---|---|
| Tutto è disposto: L'ora dovrebbe esser vicina; Io sento gente...è dessa! Non è alcun; Buia è la notte... Ed io comincio omai a fare Il scimunito mestiere di marito. Ingrata! Nel memento della mia cerimonia Ei godeva leggendo: E nel vederlo io rideva laughing Di me senza saperlo. Oh Susanna! Susanna! Quanta pena mi costi! Con quell'ingenua faccia, Con quegli occhi innocenti, Chi creduto l'avria? Ah! Che il fidarse a donna, è ognor follia. | Everything is set: the hour should be near; I can hear people... it is her! It's nobody; The night is dark... and I am just beginning to practice the stupid work of being a husband. You ungrateful! While remembering my ceremony he was enjoying in reading: And while I was seeing it I was at me without knowing it. Oh, Susanna! Susanna! What a great suffering you cost me! With your ingenuous face, with your innocent eyes, who would imagine it? Ah, that it's foul to trust in a woman. |
|---|---|

| | |
|--|--|
| Aprite un po' quegli occhi, Uomini incauti e sciocchi, Guardate queste femmine, Guardate cosa son! Queste chiamate dee Dagli ingannati sensi, A cui tributa incensi La debole ragion. Son streghe che incantano Per farci penar, Sirene che cantano Per farci affogar, Civette che allettano Per trarci le piume, Comete che brillano Per toglierci il lume. Son rose spinose Son volpi vezzose; Son orse benigne, Colombe maligne, Maestre d'inganni, Amiche d'affanni, Che fingono, mentono, Amore non senton, Non senton pietà, No, no, no, no no! Il resto no dico, Già ognuno lo sa. | Open your eyes, you incautious and stupid men Look at these women Look what they are! These you call goddesses with deceived senses, to whom the weak reason tributes incenses. They are witches who enchant only to make us pain, Sirens who sing to draw us, Owls who attract to take out our feathers Comets who shine to take our light away, they're thorny roses they're charming foxes they're benign bears, malign doves, masters in cheating friends of worries who pretend, lie, don't feel any love, don't feel any pity, no, no, no, no, no! I don't tell all the rest, anybody knows that. |
|--|--|



Franz Schubert

"Aus 'Heliopolis' (II)"

Fels auf Felsen hingewälzet,
Fester Grund und treuer Halt;
Wasserfälle, Windeschauer,
Unbegriffene Gewalt.

Rock heaved upon rock,
firm ground and true hold;
Waterfalls, windy shower,
incomprehensible power.

Einsam auf Gebirges Zinne,
Kloster wie auch Burgruine,
Grab' sie der Erinner'ung ein!
Denn der Dichter lebt vom Sein.

Alone on the pinnacle of a rocky crag,
there is a monastery and a castle ruin.
Engrave them on your memory!
For the poet lives on Existence.

Atme du den heil'gen Äther
Schling die Arme um die Welt,
Nur dem Würdigen, dem Großen
Bleibe mutig zugesellt.

Breathe the sacred ether,
fling your arms around the world -
only the worthy, the great
remain boldly joined.

Laß die Leidenschaften sausen
Im metallenen Akkord,
Wenn die starken Stürme brausen,
Findest du das rechte Wort.

Let passion roar
in metallic harmony -
when the strong storms bluster,
you will find the right word.

"An die Musik"

*Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,*

You, lovely art, in how many grey hours,
When life's mad tumult wraps around me,

*Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb' entzunden,
Hast mich in eine beßre Welt entrückt,
In eine beßre Welt entrückt!*

Have you kindled my heart to warm love,
Have you transported me into a better world,
Transported into a better world!

*Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf' entflossen,
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir*

Often has a sigh flowing out from your harp,
A sweet, divine harmony from you

*Den Himmel beßrer Zeiten mir erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir!*

Unlocked to me the heaven of better times,
You, lovely Art, I thank you for it!!
You, lovely art, I thank you!

“Der Erbkönig”

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
Er faßt ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht? -
Siehst, Vater, du den Erbkönig nicht?
Den Erbkönig mit Kron und Schweif? -
Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif. -

"Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel ich mit dir;
Manch bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand,
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand."

Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,
Was Erbkönig mir leise verspricht? -
Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind;
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind. -

"Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn,
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein."

Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort
Erbkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort? -
Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh es genau:
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau. -

"Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich Gewalt."
Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt faßt er mich an!
Erbkönig hat mir ein Leids getan! -

Dem Vater grauset, er reitet geschwind,
Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Mühe und Not;
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

Who's riding so late where winds blow wild
It is the father grasping his child;
He holds the boy embraced in his arm,
He clasps him snugly, he keeps him warm.

"My son, why cover your face in such fear?"
"You see the elf-king, father?"
He's near! The king of the elves with crown and train!"
"My son, the mist is on the plain."

'Sweet lad, o come and join me, do!
Such pretty games I will play with you;
On the shore gay flowers their color unfold,
My mother has many garments of gold.'

"My father, my father, and can you not hear
The promise the elf-king breathes in my ear?"
"Be calm, stay calm, my child, lie low:
In withered leaves the night-winds blow."

'Will you, sweet lad, come along with me?
My daughters shall care for you tenderly;
In the night my daughters their revelry keep,
They'll rock you and dance you and sing you to sleep.'

"My father, my father, o can you not trace
The elf-king's daughters in that gloomy place?"
"My son, my son, I see it clear
How grey the ancient willows appear."

'I love you, your comeliness charms me, my boy!
And if you're not willing, my force I'll employ.'
"Now father, now father, he's seizing my arm.
Elf-king has done me a cruel harm."

The father shudders, his ride is wild,
In his arms he's holding the groaning child,
Reaches the court with toil and dread. -
The child he held in his arms was dead.



"Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit" by poet Paul Verlaine

Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit,
Si bleu, si calme !
Un arbre, par-dessus le toit,
Berce sa palme.

The sky above the roof,
So blue, so calm!
A tree, above the roof,
Waves its crown.

La cloche, dans le ciel qu'on voit,
Doucement tinte.
Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on voit
Chante sa plainte.

The bell, in the sky I watch,
Gently rings.
A bird, on the tree I watch,
Plaintively sings.

Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, la vie est là
Simple et tranquille.
Cette paisible rumeur-là
Vient de la ville.

My God, my God, life is there
Simple and serene.
That peaceful murmur there
Comes from the town.

Qu'as-tu fait, ô toi que voilà
Pleurant sans cesse,
Dis, qu'as-tu fait, toi que voilà,
De ta jeunesse ?

O you, O you, what have you done,
Weeping without end,
Say, O say, what have you done
With all your youth?

THE HOUSE OF LIFE.

A PROSE PARAPHRASE.

I have more than once been told that the verses by my brother which compose (as he termed it) "a Sonnet-sequence," under the aggregate title of *The House of Life*, are very difficult of interpretation. Not long ago one of his most intimate friends put it to me pointedly in the phrase "They cannot be understood." I should like them to be understood; and, as I appear to myself to understand the great majority of their bulk and contents, I have thought it not inconsistent with respect to my brother's memory, and with a desire to extend the right estimate of his writings, that I should take it upon me to expound their meaning. This I have done in the form of a paraphrase in prose: following at no very great distance the actual diction of the sonnets, but amplifying here, and interpolating there, and from time to time commenting or discussing. The reader who goes through my paraphrase will, I think, acquit me of any attempt to "puff my brother": the expressions of critical opinion are of the fewest, and, such as they are, they scarcely bear any character of direct eulogy.

The view which I express of the meaning of the sonnets must be taken as simply my own view. I hardly think that my brother ever explained to me, or debated with me, the meaning of any one of them. He and I were wont to assume that there was between us a certain community of perception which would enable me to understand what he wrote, either immediately and with out close scrutiny of the details, or at any rate in the event of my applying myself seriously to a consideration of the written page. Most of the sonnets of *The House of Life* have naturally been familiar to me from an early date after they were composed. It is only now, however, and with a view to the present paraphrase, that I have weighed them minutely, line by line, phrase by phrase, and in the sum-total of each composition. This I have done with close and deliberate attention, and the result is before the reader. As might have been expected, I found that several things which I had hitherto regarded with vague and inexpress acquiescence, neither analysing nor pausing over them, were in fact charged with some particular significance, be it valuable or the reverse; and on the whole I now see more clearly than I ever did before the purport of the Sonnets, and whether that purport is important or unimportant.

Some while after I had begun this paraphrase I happened to be talking about it with Mr. Charles Fairfax Murray the painter, who saw a great deal of my brother at times, from about 1867 onwards; and I was pleased to learn from him that my brother had on one occasion expressed a certain inclination to write and publish some sort of exposition of *The House of Life*. But it was not at all in his line to set-to actually at such a task. No doubt he would never have done so, how ever long he might have lived; yet the fact that he had thought of it, as a thing not wholly foreign to his personal and literary liking, has made me view my own undertaking with the less mistrust.

I am aware that a prose paraphrase of poetry--and especially of poetry abstract in thought and ornate in structure, such as is frequent in *The House of Life*--is not only a prose performance, but a prosaic performance; unalluring to any reader, distasteful, or even intolerable and degrading, in the eyes of some readers. I know that what I have written in my paraphrase looks meagre and jejune; and that even the very words of the sonnets, transcribed verbatim, produce here a dulled and crippled effect. But, as I never expected to view my paraphrase with any feeling of self-applause, so I shall not be disconcerted by any censure which may be applied to its form or diction: content if some persons who are disposed to study Rossetti's poetry in an earnest and confiding spirit find that, after perusing the paraphrase, they apprehend the scope and meaning of the sonnets, or their literal phraseology, better than they did before.

Besides the charge of obscurity, an objection which I have sometimes heard raised against *The House of Life* is its want of absolute cohesion; the series, it is averred, does not form one consecutive poem, but only so many sonnets of sufficiently diverse subject matter, grouped together. Now this is abundantly true as a fact: whether it forms a solid objection either to the sonnets regarded as a series, or to the act of the author in thus combining them, is a question which readers will decide for themselves. The sonnets are mostly of the kind which we call "occasional"; some incident happened, or some emotion was dominant, and the author wrote a sonnet regarding it. When a good number had been written, they came to form, if considered collectively, a sort of record of his feelings and experiences, his reading of the problems of life--an inscribed tablet of his mind: then, but not before then, he began marshalling them together, and entitled them *The House of Life*. This is apparent enough on the face of his published books. In the volume named *Poems of 1870* there was a section termed *Sonnets and Songs towards a Work to be entitled The House of Life*: in his subsequent volume, *Ballads and Sonnets, 1881*, all the "songs" were excluded from *The House of Life*, and the series was completed by additional sonnets, as we now see the work. It may be true that he included in the series one or two compositions* which he would not have been disposed to publish at all unless as members of a sequence; but he certainly never professed, nor do I consider that he ever wished his readers to assume, that all the items had been primarily planned to form one connected and indivisible whole. The first part of the series, named *Love and Change*, has clearly some considerable amount of interdependence; the second part, *Change and Fate*, is wider and more diversified in its range, but it may reasonably be maintained that (to put the question at its lowest) the several sonnets gain rather than lose in weight of thought and in artistic balance by being thus associated.

* There are some remarks on this point in his article *The Stealthy School of Criticism*, written in 1871.

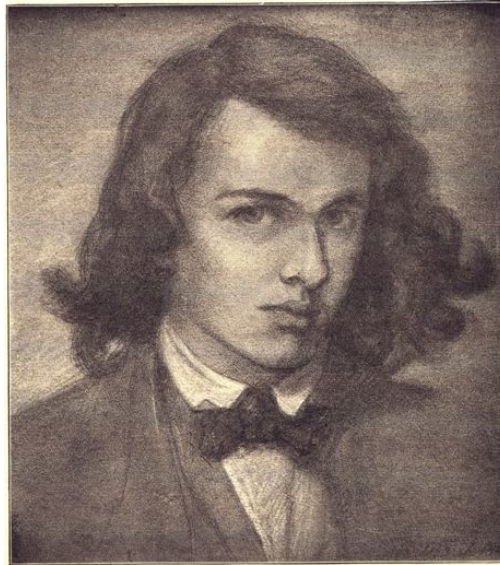
There is, I fancy, a prevailing impression that the tone of *The House of Life* is one of constant and little-mitigated gloom. I do not perceive this to be exactly correct. The tone is almost invariably solemn and exalted (terms which I here use not by way of laudation but to indicate a fact): the scale includes melancholy which hardly eludes despair; but it also includes happiness rising into rapture. I have been at the pains of inspecting the sonnets one by one in relation to this question; and I find 41 sonnets the essential tone of which is happy; 35 the essential tone of which is unhappy; and 26 which, though certainly not unemotional, may be termed neutral in regard to happiness or unhappiness. These figures make up the total number, which (including the proem-sonnet) is 102.

I am not aware that any question has been raised as to the meaning of the title *The House of Life*; nor did I ever hear any explanation of it from my brother. He was fond of anything related to astrology or horoscopy--not indeed that he ever paid the least detailed or practical attention to these obsolete speculations; and I understand him to use the term *The House of Life* as a zodiacal adept uses the term "the house of Leo." As the sun is said to be "in the house of Leo," so (as I construe it) Rossetti indicates "Love, Change, and Fate," as being "in the House of Life"; or, in other words, a Human Life is ruled and pervaded by the triple influence of Love, Change, and Fate.

Mr. Hall Caine is our authority for saying that Rossetti regarded as about the best sonnets of his series Nos. 55, 65, 86, and 101--*Still-born Love, Known in Vain, Lost Days, and The One Hope*. It would be rather tempting to me to debate this point; but, beyond remarking that the most disputable of the four appears to me to be *Known in Vain*, I forbear doing so.

THE HOUSE OF LIFE

A Sonnet is a moment's monument,
Memorial from the Soul's eternity
To one dead deathless hour. Look that it be,
Whether for lustral rite or dire portent,
Of its own arduous fulness reverent:
Carve it in ivory or in ebony,
As Day or Night may rule; and let Time see
Its Powering crest impearled and orient.
A Sonnet is a coin: its face reveals
The soul,--its converse, to what Power 'tis due:--
Whether for tribute to the august appeals
Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinue,
It serve, or, 'mid the dark wharf's cavernous breath,
In Charon's palm it pay the toll to Death.



D. G. ROSSETTI, 1847.

4. LOVESIGHT.

When do I see thee most, beloved one? Is it when, in daylight, the spirits of my eyes* solemnize, before thy face which is the altar of their cult, the worship of that Love which has been made known to me through thee? Or is it when in the hours of dusk, we two being alone, thy glimmering visage, hidden by twilight, is lying close-kissed and eloquent of voiceless replies, and when my soul only sees thy soul (for my eyes cannot then see thy bodily form) to be its own? But what of the possible time when I may have lost thee by death? O love, my love! if I then should see no more thyself, nor on earth thy shadow, nor in any spring or rivulet the reflection of thine eyes, how then, upon the darkening slope of life, would sound the ground-whirl of the dead leaves of Hope, and the wind of Death's imperishable wing?

* This is a Dantesque expression.

19. SILENT NOON.

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass; the finger-tips peep through the grass like rosebuds; your eyes have the smile of peace. The pasture gleams with light and lours with gloom, beneath billowing skies, whose clouds scatter, and then again amass. All round our nook of rest, as far as the eye can see, are fields of golden king-cups, having an edge of silver at the point where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn-hedge. It is visible silence, as still as the hour-glass. Deep in the blossoms, penetrated with sunlight, the dragonfly hangs, like a thread of blue which has been detached from the blue sky--a winged thread, emblem of the winged hour which has been dropped to us by divine grace from above. Oh let us clasp to our hearts, as a deathless boon, this hour, close-companioned and inarticulate, when the twofold silence of Nature and of ourselves was the song of love!

9. PASSION AND WORSHIP.

(The central idea of this sonnet may be thus defined: When love has passed from the stage of desire to the stage of fruition or possession, and when passion is the dominant emotion, that feeling of lowly homage which characterized the earlier stage of love still continues to subsist; it has its place, though it has become secondary to passion.)

A flame-winged hautboy-player (a personification of Passion of Love, or Passionate Love) brought a whitewinged harp-player (a personification of Love's Worship, or Deferential Love) to the spot where my Lady and I lay all alone, saying: "Behold, this minstrel is unknown and an intruder; bid him depart, for I am minstrel here. The only strains which are dear to Love's dear ones--to those who are united in heart and soul--are my own strains." Then I said to him, "Through the rapturous tones of thy hautboy, the harp of this harp-player still plays a plaintive strain to my Lady, and still she deems the cadence of it deep and clear." Then my Lady said: "Thou, Hautboy-player, art Passion of Love, and this Harp-player is Love's Worship. Love plights to me the music of both. Thy mastering music walks the sunlit sea--its tone is loud and triumphant, and it declares itself openly, as in the blaze of noon. But where wan water trembles in the grove, and the wan moon supplies all its light, this harp of the harp-player makes my name its voluntary"--it dedicates to me its music, low-toned, as in the dimness of seclusion.

22. HEART'S HAVEN.

Sometimes she is as a child within my arms, cowering beneath dark wings (of gloomy thought or apprehended misfortune) which love has to chase away, with still tears showering, and averted face inexplicably filled with faint alarms. And often, on the other hand, I crave her deep embrace as a refuge from the hurtling harms of my own spirit—her embrace, which is the fortified stronghold against all ills, and the sweet store of sovereign counter-charms. And Love, who is our light at night and our shade at noon, lulls us to rest with songs, and turns away from us all the shafts of shelterless tumultuous day. His face gleams through his chaunt, like the moon in her rising; and, as soft waters warble to the moon, so do our spirits, answering to the song of Love, chime one roundelay.

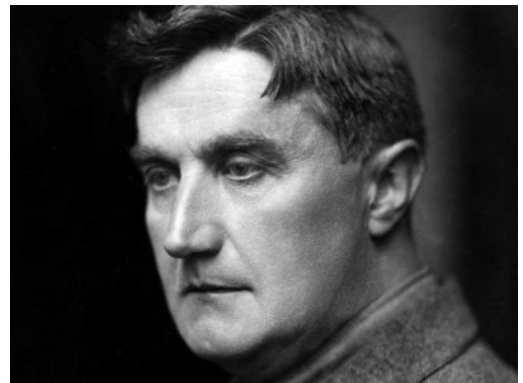
48. DEATH-IN-LOVE.

(In this sonnet the imagery is distinct, and the apologue is narrated unambiguously. The thing signified, however, may be less tangible, and open to some difference of interpretation. The title, Death-in-Love, must serve as our guide. It intimates that Earthly Love partakes of the nature of Death. Death dominates and concludes Earthly Love; Love is the thrall of mortality.)

In the retinue of Life came a figure who had the wings of Love, and who bore Love's gonfalon: the web of the gonfalon was fair, and nobly wrought thereon were the form and the hue of thee, O soul-sequestered face [face sequestered and isolated from all other faces by depth of soul, speaking through the features]. Bewildering sounds, such as those to which the Spring awakens, shook in the folds of that banner; and its power sped through my heart, trackless as that unrememberable hour when birth's dark portal groaned, and when all was new to the newborn spicity. But a veiled woman followed, and she caught the banner round its staff, making it furl and cling; she then plucked a feather from the wing of the flag-bearer, and she held that feather to his lips, which stirred it not with any breath of life. And she said to me: "Behold, there is no breath; I and this Love are one and the same, and I am Death."

59. LOVE'S LAST GIFT.

Love held forth to me his singer a glistening laurel-leaf, and said: "The rose-tree has flowers where with to lure the bee, and the apple-tree has fruits to vaunt; and golden shafts of corn are in the plummy sheaf of the great marshal of harvest-time, the year's chief, victorious Summer; aye, and beneath the warm sea strange secret grasses lurk unattainably between the filtering channels of sunken rock-reef. All these are blooms of my own; and to thee, while Spring and Summer were singing, did I give all sweet blooms of love. But now Autumn is pausing to listen, with some pang of those worse things of the impending Winter whereof the wind is moaning. This laurel alone dreads no winter-days. Take it as my last gift; in guerdon for that thy heart has sung my praise.



Ralph Vaughan Williams

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

David Erik Peterson – Bass-baritone

David Erik Peterson received his Bachelor of Music degree from West Virginia University. Some recent roles include Shakespeare in San Francisco Renaissance Voice's Boar's Head Festival, Antonio in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Somarone in *Beatrice and Benedick*, Judas in *Jesus Christ Superstar*, Balthazar in *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, Meister Spiegelblatt in *Houdini's Last Séance*, and Phoebus in *Dido and Aeneas*. He originated the roles of Jim Jones in *Heaven Down Here: A Peoples Temple Chamber Opera*, Jack Kerouac in *Ginsberg in Song*, and Darko in *How to Survive the Apocalypse: A Burning Opera*, which had a month-long sold-out run at Teatro ZinZanni San Francisco and reprised in Los Angeles, Las Vegas, and Black Rock City. In December 2015 he produced and sang in a one-on-a-part Handel's *Messiah* called "The Wine & Cheese Messiah" that will continue as an annual holiday tradition.

Living in Los Angeles after leaving the east coast, he focused on his progressive rock band Pattern Interrupt for several years. He co-wrote and produced the album *Music for the Inner Mission* and performed extensively in and around Los Angeles, while also serving as bass section leader for the Hollywood Master Chorale. Now firmly rooted in the SF Bay Area, he sings with Ragnar Bohlin's professional chamber choir Cappella SF, is the soloist for First Church of Christ, Scientist in Berkeley, and recently sang his fifth consecutive season with the San Francisco Symphony Chorus. He sings with the San Francisco Renaissance Voices and is a member of Gamelan X, "the Bay Area's own Funkadelic of ethnomusicology." (SF Bay Guardian)

Upcoming professional vocal engagements include:

Northern Lights: Choral Gems of Norway
TOMORROW! 5pm with Cappella SF
St. Matthew's Lutheran Church, 3281 16th Street, San Francisco, CA

Undercover Presents: An Encore Tribute to Radiohead's *Kid A*
June 3-5 with Gamelan X
The Independent, 628 Divisadero Street, San Francisco, CA

Boar's Head Festival – a special Berkeley Festival & Exhibition production
Monday, June 6 with San Francisco Renaissance Voices
St. Mark's Episcopal Church, 2300 Bancroft Avenue, Berkeley, CA

Handel's *Messiah*
December 2016 with Garrett County Choral Society
Oakland, Maryland

Charles Calhoun – Piano

Pianist Charles Calhoun is a much-sought-after concert accompanist and coach who specializes in repertoire for singers. His credits include the Edinburgh Festival, BBC Television, the Metropolitan Opera National Council and the Teatro Colón, Buenos Aires. He has served on the music staff of San Francisco Opera, Opera San José (California) and the Sacramento Opera Association, and has assisted in musical preparation of performances with the San Francisco Symphony, Berkeley Symphony, and Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra.

Mr. Calhoun's association with the Metropolitan Opera National Council came at the invitation of the celebrated mezzo soprano, the late Blanche Thebom. At her request he played for 16 seasons as official accompanist of the Pacific Region auditions, partnering all of the finalists in public performances in Herbst Theatre before juries which included such luminaries as Irene Dalis, Frederica von Stade, Donald Runnicles, and Patrick Summers.

A respected educator, Mr. Calhoun was invited by the Instituto Superior de Arte of the Teatro Colón as guest lecturer. There he taught a class of approximately 20 singers and 5 pianists in a course in recital, concert, and opera repertoire. He has taught a similar course at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, where he presently serves as Coach-Accompanist in the Voice Department.

Mr. Calhoun was for many years Associate Conductor and Accompanist for the San Francisco Boys Chorus, with whom he undertook five international tours performing in Europe, Asia, and Central America, in prestigious venues which included the Shanghai Concert Hall, the Glinka Capella and the Hermitage Theatre in St. Petersburg, the Aichi Exposition Choral Festival in Nagoya, the cathedrals of Notre Dame de Paris, Notre Dame de Chartres, La Major, Marseilles, Notre-Dame-Immaculée, Monaco, and St. John's Cathedral, Hong Kong.



