



University of Idaho
Lionel Hampton School of Music

Frank Bowers, baritone and guitar
Emily Bren, soprano
Peter Shelley, piano
Stuart Evans, piano

with

Zoë Miller, soprano

Thursday, April 13, 2023
6:00 p.m.
Haddock Performance Hall

Program

Frank Bowers and Peter Shelley

La Petite Pie **Igor Stravinsky**
(1882-1971)

***Songs of Travel* (1904)** **Ralph Vaughan Williams**
(1872-1958)

- I. The Vagabond*
- II. Let Beauty Awake*
- III. The Roadside Fire*
- IV. Youth and Love*
- V. In Dreams*
- VI. The Infinite Shining Heavens*
- VII. Whither Must I Wander*
- VIII. Bright Is the Ring of Words*

"Per queste tue manine" from *Don Giovanni* **Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart**
(1756-1791)

Zoë Miller, soprano

"Laue sommernacht" from *Fünf Lieder* (1911) **Alma Mahler**
(1879-1964)

Emily Bren and Stuart Evans

Verborgtheit **Hugo Wolf**
(1860-1903)

Teco, Si, Vengo Anch'io **Leonardo Vinci**
(1690-1730)

Blue Mountain Ballads **Paul Bowles**
(1910-1999)
Poet: Tennessee Williams

- I. *Heavenly Grass*
- II. *Lonesome Man*
- III. *Cabin*

"Voi che sapete" from *Le nozze di Figaro* **Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart**
(1756-1791)

Ouvre ton coeur **Georges Bizet**
(1838 – 1873)

"Memory" from *Cats* **Andrew Lloyd Webber**
(b.1948)

Frank Bowers, Program Notes & Translations

La Petite Pie - Igor Stravinsky (1882 - 1971)

This short song was originally published in 1922 in *Three Little Songs (from the recollections of my childhood)*. This arrangement, by Frank Bowers, includes some guitar, and is transposed down a third for a lower voice. The text is simple enough: a rhyme warning a magpie against hasty decisions. Will she listen?

Songs of Travel - Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872 - 1958)

Robert Louis Stevenson's collection entitled *Songs of Travel and Other Verses* was published in 1896 and included 44 poems exploring themes of travel, adventure, natural beauty and failed romance. Ralph Vaughan selected a number of these poems to be set to music between 1901 and 1904. The resulting song cycle - *Songs of Travel* - was first performed in 1908. The publishing history for this song cycle is somewhat interesting, as Williams' publisher declined to accept the entire cycle. Instead, eight songs were published in 3 groups: one song in 1902, three in 1905, and four in 1907. A ninth song entitled 'I Have Trod the Upward and Downward Slope' was discovered in Williams' papers after his death. The 'complete' cycle (all nine songs) was not published until 1960. This evening Frank and Peter will perform 8 of the 9 songs from *Songs of Travel*.

Laue Sommernacht - Alma Mahler (1879 - 1964)

When Alma Mahler died in 1964, Tom Lehrer described her obituary as "the juiciest, spiciest, raciest obituary that has ever been my pleasure to read." Mahler wrote nearly 50 songs for voice and piano and an unknown number of works in other genres. Of these only 17 have survived. *Laue Sommernacht*, which was published in 1910 as part of the song cycle *Fünf Lieder*, is a musical setting of the poem *Gefunden* by Otto Julius Bierbaum. The text describes a love searched for, found, and finally lost.

Per queste tue manine - from *Don Giovanni* - W.A. Mozart (1756 - 1791)

When *Don Giovanni* premiered in Prague in 1787 this duet between Leporello and Zerlina was not performed. Mozart added this piece to Act II of the opera for the Vienna premiere in 1788. Modern productions of *Don Giovanni* rarely include this duet. Here's the very complex deal: in the lead up to this point of the story, Don Giovanni dons Leporello's clothes and goes about his Libertine business which includes assaulting Zerlina's fiance Massetto. In this scene Zerlina has captured the cowardly Leporello and is prepared to exact her revenge. Will Leporello live to tell the tale?

Translations

La Petite Pie

Poet: Igor Stravinsky (1882 - 1971)

Pieau nid, tchi, tchi, tchi
Saute pas en bas ton nid.

Elle a sauté quand même,
Elle s'est cassé la tête.

Vite un bout de ficelle
Afin que sa tête tienne.

Magpie in her nest, tchi, tchi, tchi
Do not jump out of your nest.

She jumped anyway
She broke her head.

Quickly a piece of string
To hold up her head.

Laue Sommernacht

Poet: Otto Julius Bierbaum (1865 - 1910)

Laue Sommernacht: am Himmel
Stand kein Stern, im weiten Walde
Suchten wir uns tief im Dunkel,
Und wir fanden uns.

Fanden uns im weiten Walde
In der Nacht, der sternlosen,
Hielten staunend uns im Arme
In der dunklen Nacht.

War nicht unser ganzes Leben
So ein Tappen, so ein Suchen?
Da: In seine Finsternisse
Liebe, fiel Dein Licht.

Mild summer night, in the sky
There are no stars in the wide woods
We searched deep in darkness
And we found one another.

We found ourselves in the wide woods
In the night, the starless night,
in wonder, held in each other's arms
In the dark night.

Wasn't our entire life
Simply groping, simply searching
There, into its darkness
Tumbled your light, Love.

Per Queste Tue Manine

Librettist: Lorenzo Da Ponte (1749 - 1838)

LEPORELLO

Per queste tue manine
candide e tenerelle,
per questa fresca pelle,
abbi pietà di me!

ZERLINA

Non v'è pietà, briccone;
son una tigre irata,
un aspide, un leone
no, no, non v'è pietà.

LEPORELLO

Ah! di fuggir si provi...

ZERLINA

Sei morto se ti muovi.

LEPORELLO

Barbari, ingiusti Dei!
In mano di costei
chi capitar mi fe'?

ZERLINA

Barbaro traditore!
Lo lega con una corda,
e lega la corda all finestra.
Del tuo padrone il core
avessi qui con te.

LEPORELLO

Deh! non mi stringer tanto,
l'anima mia sen va.

ZERLINA

Sen vada o resti, intanto
non partirai di qua!

LEPORELLO

Che strette, o Dei, che botte!
beating
E giorno, ovver è notte?
Che scosse di tremuoto!
Che buia oscurità!

ZERLINA

Di gioia e di diletto
sento brillarmi il petto.

LEPORELLO

For these little hands of yours
candid and tender,
for this fresh skin,
have mercy on me!

ZERLINA

There is no pity, rascal;
I am an angry tiger
an asp, a lion
no, no there is mercy.

LEPORELLO

Ah! I must get away...

ZERLINA

You are dead if you move

LEPORELLO

Barbarians, unjust Gods!
In her hands,
what will happen to me?

ZERLINA

Barbarian traitor!
Bind him with a rope
and tie the rope to the window
Your master's heart
You had here with you.

LEPORELLO

Ah! Not so tight,
My soul is leaving.

ZERLINA

Then go or stay, meanwhile
You will not leave here

LEPORELLO

What squeezes, Gods, what a

Is it day, or is it night?
What trembling shocks!
What dark darkness!

ZERLINA

Of joy and of delight
I feel glow my chest

Così, così, cogli uomini,
così, così si fa.

Thus, thus, deal with men,
Like this, like this.

Emily Bren, Recital Notes

Verborgtheit by Hugo Wolf

A song of sadness and heartbreak, the singer is disenchanted with love and begs to be free of it. Verborgtheit was hugely popular during Wolf's lifetime, however, later in life Wolf expressed a disappointment in the massive following the song had. This song has influences from Schumann and Wagner, and the poetry is written by Eduard Morike.

Teco si, Vengo, Anchio by Leonardo Vinci

Leonardo Vinci, (not to be confused with Leonardo Da Vinci the famous renaissance painter) was most well-known for his operas, having written 40 or so. Comparatively very few of his works in other genres have been recovered. Vinci was an Italian composer born in Strongoli and studied in Naples at the Conservatorio dei Poveri di Gesu Criso under Gaetano Greco. The repeated theme in this piece is translated as "I'll Go With You" taken to mean 'I am in love with you and will go with you. Where you go.'

Blue Mountain Ballads by Paul Bowles

Written by Paul Bowles and poetry by Tennessee Williams: the Blue Mountain Ballads song cycle includes four pieces; Heavenly grass, lonesome man, cabin, and sugar in the cane. All together the pieces reflect a feeling of loneliness and longing for companionship. Paul Bowles (1910-1999) was an American composer, translator, and author. Bowles studied under Aaron Copland and began his music career in New York writing for Theatre productions.

Ouvre Ton Coeur By *Georges Bizet*

Bizet was a French composer and pianist though he rarely performed in public and instead committed himself to composing operas. Bizet's most notable work being Carmine, which was his last opera. After it's release Bizet believed the opera to be a complete failure. Bizet died of a heart attack only three months after its premier, never to know the incredible success it would prove to be. Ouvre Ton Coeur (1859 – 60) is a Bolero and in typical French form is a love song. The poem was written by Louis Delâtre.

Voi Che Sapete from *Le Nozze di Figaro* by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Voi Che sapete is a song about puberty, covering feelings of girl-craziness and bodily changes. Le Nozze di Figaro (the Marriage of Figaro) is one of Mozart's most famous operas. Unlike most composers before his time Mozart (1756-1791) did not write operas about Greek gods and goddesses or heroes of incredible strength; instead, Mozart chose to write operas about normal everyday people and the humor in their flaws.

Memory from *Cats* by Andrew Lloyd Webber

Memory is a musical theatre piece sang from the perspective of a once beloved cat who is reaching the end of her life and finds herself alone. In her final moments she reflects on the life she has lived. Memory is a hopeful and reflective piece maintaining a positive outlook even to the end. Andrew Lloyd Webber is an English composer. Webber has composed 21 total musicals and various other works and has received many awards for his musical accomplishments including a knighthood.

TRANSLATIONS AND NOTES BY EMILY BREN

Verborgenheit by Hugo Wolf

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!
Was ich traure, weiss ich nicht,
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;
Immerdar durch Tränen sehe
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.
Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst,
Und die helle Freude zücket
Durch die Schwere, so mich drücket
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.
Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Let, O world, O let me be!
Do not tempt with gifts of love,
Let this heart keep to itself
Its rapture, its pain!
I do not know why I grieve,
It is unknown sorrow;
Always through a veil of tears
I see the sun's beloved light.
Often, I am lost in thought,
And bright joy flashes
Through the oppressive gloom,
Bringing rapture to my breast.
Let, O world, O let me be!
Do not tempt with gifts of love,
Let this heart keep to itself
Its rapture, its pain!

Teco Si, vengo Anch'io by Leonardo Vinci

Teco si vengo anch'io e meco viene amore,
meco viene amor, si meco viene amor
non paventar mio cor non paventar no non
paventar mio cor

I'll come with you too
And with me comes love.
Yes! love comes with me.
Do not fear my heart.

Blue Mountain Ballads by Paul Bowles

I. Heavenly Grass

My feet took a walk in heavenly grass all day
while the lsky shown clear as glass.
My feet took a walk in heavenly grass all night
while the lonesome stars rolled past.
Then my feet came down to walk on earth
and my mother cried when she give me birth.
Now my feet walk far and my feet walk fast
But they still got an itch for heavenly grass.
Yes they've still got an itch for heavenly grass.

III. Cabin

The cabin was cozy, and hollyhocks grew bright
by the door till his whisper crept through.
The sun on the sill was yellow and warm till she
lifted the latch for a man or a storm.
Now the cabin falls to the winter wind and the
walls crept in where they kissed and sinned.
And the long white rain sweeps clean the room
like a white-haired witch with a long straw
broom.

II. Lonesome man

My chair rock rocks by the door all day but
nobody ever stops my way,
nobody ever stops my way.
My teeth chaw chaw on an old ham bone
and I do the dishes all alone,
I do the dishes all by my lone.
My feet clop clop on the hardware floor cause I
won't buy love from the hardware store,
I don't want love from the mercantile store.
Now the clock tick tocks by my single bed
and the moon looks down at me sleepless head,
while the moon grins down at an old fool's
head.

IV. Sugar in the cane

I'm red pepper in a shaker,
bread that's waiting for the baker.
I'm sweet sugar in the cane,
never touched except by rain.
If you touched me God save you,
these summer days are hot and blue.
I'm potatoes not yet mashed,
I'm a check that ain't been cashed.
I'm a window with a blind,
can't see what goes on behind.
If you did God save your sole,
these winter nights are blue and cold.

Ouvre ton Cœur by George Bizet

La marguerite a fermé sa corolle,
L'ombre a fermé les yeux du jour.
Belle, me tiendras-tu parole?
Ouvre ton cœur à mon amour.
Ouvre ton cœur, ô jeune ange, à ma flamme,
Qu'un rêve charme ton sommeil.
Je veux reprendre mon âme,
Comme une fleur s'ouvre au soleil!

The daisy has closed its petals,
darkness has closed the eyes of day,
will you, fair one, be true to your word?
Open your heart to my love.
Open your heart to my fire, young angel,
that a dream may charm your sleep –
I wish to recover my soul,
as a flower unfolds to the sun!

Voi che sapete by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Voi che sapete che cosa e amor,
Donne, vedete s'io l'ho nel cor.
Quello ch'io provo vi ridiro,
E per me nuovo, capir nol so.
Sento un affetto, pien di desir,
Ch'ora e diletto, ch'ora e martir.
Gelo e poi sento l'alma avvampar,
E in un momento torno a gelar.
Ricerco un bene fuori di me,
Non so ch'il tiene, non so cos'e.
Sospiro e gemo senza voler,
Palpito e tremo senza saper,
Non trovo pace notte ne di,
Ma pur mi piace languir così.

You who know what love is,
Ladies, see if I have it in my heart.
I'll tell you what I'm feeling,
It's new for me, and I understand nothing.
I have a feeling, full of desire,
Which is by turns delightful and miserable.
I freeze and then feel my soul go up in flames,
Then in a moment I turn to ice.
I'm searching for affection outside of myself,
I don't know how to hold it, nor even what it is!
I sigh and lament without wanting to,
I twitter and tremble without knowing why,
I find peace neither night nor day,
But still I rather enjoy languishing this way.

Memory from **Cats** by Andrew Lloyd Weber

Midnight, not a sound from the pavement,
has the moon lost her memory?
she is smiling alone.

In the lamp light the withered leaves collect at
my feet and, the wind begins to moan.

Memory, all alone in the moonlight,

I can smile at the old days,

I was beautiful then,

I remember the time I knew what happiness
was, let the memory live again.

Every streetlamp seems to beat a fatalistic
warning, someone mutters,
and a streetlamp gutters,
and soon it will be morning.

Daylight I must wait for the sunlight I must
think of a new life, and I mustn't give in.
when the dawn come tonight will be a memory
too let the memory live again.

Burnt out ends of smokey days, the stale cold
smell of morning.

A streetlamp dies, another night is over,
another day is dawning.

Touch me it's so easy to leave me all alone in
the memory of my days in the sun,
if you touch me, you'll understand what
happiness is. Look a new day has begun.