Upcoming VCU Music Events

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Piano Area Recital
Monday, April 3, 2017 at 7 p.m.
W.E. Singleton Center for the Performing Arts
Free admission

Women's Choir & Vocal Chamber Ensembles
Tuesday, April 4, 2017 at 7:30 p.m.
W. E. Singleton Center for the Performing Arts
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DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

GUEST ARTIST RECITAL

David Tayloe, tenor
Emily Yap Chua, piano

Thursday, March 30, 2017 at 7 p.m.
Sonia Vlahcevic Concert Hall
Virginia Commonwealth University
W.E. Singleton Center for the Performing Arts
922 Park Avenue | Richmond, VA

arts.vcu.edu/music

VCU Department of Music | School of the Arts | Virginia Commonwealth University
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Program

Purcell Realizations........................Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)
1. Hark the Ech’ing Air
2. Music For A While
3. I’ll Sail Upon the Dog Star
4. Sweeter Than Roses

Auf ein altes Bild.............................Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
Der Musikant
Verschwiegene Liebe
Verborgenheit
Der Feuerreiter

- INTERMISSION -

A Young Man’s Exhortation, op. 14......Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)
Part 1: Mane floreat et transeat
1. A Young Man’s Exhortation
2. Ditty
3. Budmouth Dears
4. Her Temple
5. The Comet at Yell’ham

Short Pause

Part 2: Vespere decidat induret et arescat
6. Shortening Days
7. The Sigh
8. Former Beauties
9. Transformations
10. The Dance Continued

8. Former Beauties
These market-dames, mid-aged, with lips thin-drawn,
And tissues sere,
Are they the ones we loved in years ago,
And courted here?
Are these the muslined pink young things to whom
We vowed and swore
In nooks on summer Sundays by the Froom,
Or Budmouth shore?
Do they remember those gay tunes we trod
Clasped on the green;
Aye; trod till moonlight set on the beaten sod
A satin sheen?
They must forget, forget! They cannot know
What once they were,
Or memory would transfigure them, and show
Them always fair.

9. Transformations
Portions of this yew
Is a man my grandsire knew,
Bosomed here at its foot:
This branch may be his wife,
A ruddy human life
Now turned to a green shoot.
These grasses must be made
Of her who often prayed,
Last century, for repose;
And the fair girl long ago
Whom I often tried to know
Maybe entering this rose.
So, they are not underground,
But as nerves and veins abound
In the growths of upper air,
And they feel the sun and rain,
And the energy again
That made them what they were!

10. The Dance Continued
Regret not me;
Beneath the sunny tree
I lie uncaring, slumbering peacefully.

Swift as the light
I flew my faery flight;
Ecstatically I moved, and feared no night.

I did not know
That heydays fade and go,
But deemed that what was would be always so.

I skipped at morn
Between the yellowing corn,
Thinking it good and glorious to be born.

I ran at eves
Among the piled-up sheaves,
Dreaming, 'I grieve not, therefore nothing grieves'

Now soon will come
The apple, pear, and plum,
And hinds will sing, and autumn insects hum.

Again you will fare
To cider-makings rare,
And junketings; but I shall not be there.

Yet gaily sing
Until the pewter ring
Those songs we sang when we went gipsying.

And lightly dance
Some triple-timed romance
In coupled figures, and forget mischance;

And mourn not me
Beneath the yellowing tree;
For I shall mind not, slumbering peacefully.
5. The Comet at Yell'ham

It bends far over Yell’ham Plain,
And we, from Yell’ham Height,
Stand and regard its fiery train,
So soon to swim from sight.

It will return long years hence, when
As now its strange swift shine
Will fall on Yell’ham; but not then
On that sweet form of thine.

6. Shortening Days

The first fire since the summer is lit, and
Who is this coming with pondering pace,
Will ever, after all.

Stand pollard willows, their twigs just
Like shock-headed urchins, spiny-haired,
And behind him on wheels, in readiness,

Who is this coming with pondering pace,
Black and ruddy, with white embossed,
And behind him on wheels, in readiness,

Little head against my shoulder,
Shy at first, then somewhat bolder,
And up eyed;

Little head against my shoulder,
Shy at first, then somewhat bolder,
And up eyed;

That there mingled with her feeling
Some sad thought she was concealing
- Not that she had ceased to love me.

That there mingled with her feeling
Some sad thought she was concealing
- Not that she had ceased to love me.

Hearts were victors; so I wondered
Why she sighed.

She could not disguise a passion,
Dread, or doubt, in weakest fashion
If she tried:

She could not disguise a passion,
Dread, or doubt, in weakest fashion
If she tried:

But she sighed.

But she sighed.

And up eyed;

And up eyed;

Yielded to the kiss I gave her;
But, she sighed.

But, she sighed.

That there mingled with her feeling
Some sad thought she was concealing
- Not that she had ceased to love me.

That there mingled with her feeling
Some sad thought she was concealing
- Not that she had ceased to love me.

Why she sighed.

Why she sighed.

So soon to swim from sight.

So soon to swim from sight.

A native of North Carolina, tenor DAVID TAYLOE has been praised for his “lovely tenor that sings with Mozartean finesse.” David has made appearances with the Santa Fe Opera, Opera Louisiane, Opera Birmingham, Piedmont Opera Company, the A.J. Fletcher Institute, LSU Opera, and Frost Opera Theater. His recent roles include Jason in Farbermann’s Medea, Albert in Albert Herring, Gastone in La Trattata, Student in Michael Torke’s Strawberry Fields, Rinaldo in Gianni Schicchi, Candide in Bernstein’s Candide, and Mozart in Rimsky-Korsakov’s Mozart and Salieri. He has performed as Obadiah in Elijah, the Evangelist in Bach’s St. Matthew Passion as well as the tenor soloist in the Magnificat, Handel’s Messiah, Haydn’s Creation, Lord Nelson Mass, Paukenmesse, and Theresianmesse, Schubert’s A-flat Mass, and Britten’s Serenade. Recently, he has been a finalist in the Oratorio Society of New York competition and in the American Bach Society competition.

An avid performer of art song, David has presented recitals across the United States, including a tour of Schubert’s Winterreise. David has collaborated with composers on their original work including Libby Larsen, Ben Moore, and Jake Runestad, and Thomas Sleeper, including the West Coast premiere of Ben Moore’s Dear Theo, the world premiere of A Page Out of Zen by Ryan Jesperson, and the world premiere of Thomas Sleeper’s Beatrice Bends for her Blue Ball.

Mr. Tayloe has performed with the Grammy nominated ensemble Seraphic Fire and the Santa Fe Desert Chorale, and Voices, among other professional ensembles. He has been a performer at the Magnolia Baroque Festival in North Carolina, the Duffy Composers Institute at the Virginia Arts Festival and was awarded the Stern Fellowship at Songfest in Los Angeles. He has collaborated with Martin Katz and participated in master classes with Graham Johnson, Renee Fleming, Wolfram Rieger, and Roger Vignoles.

David holds degrees from University of Miami and Louisiana State University, and the Eastman School of Music. In the fall of 2014, David joined the faculty of the University of Alabama as Assistant Professor of Voice. David is managed by Couret & Werner artist management - info at www.couretwerner.com.

Pianist EMILY YAP CHUA made her international solo debut at The Cultural Center of the Philippines in Manila, where she was described as “remarkably passionate .. vividly enchanting,” [The Daily Tribune] and praised for “tonal beauty and clarity,” “a graceful, effortless manner,” and a “vibrant, .. spirited and movingly expressive” performance. [The Philippine STAR]

An active soloist and chamber musician, her collaborations include performances with musicians of orchestras and institutions around the world, including recitals with members of the Cincinnati, San Francisco, Detroit, Nashville, Charlotte, and Virginia Symphony Orchestras. Her CD recording of the piano works of composer Kent Holliday, a project in collaboration with pianist Nicholas Ross, was released by Centaur Records in 2009. Upcoming appearances include recitals in Virginia, North Carolina, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Mississippi, Missouri, and California.

Chua earned the Bachelor of Arts degree in Music with minors in mathematics and dance from Florida State University. She earned both the Master of Music and Doctor of Musical Arts degrees in Piano Performance from the College-Conservatory of Music, University of Cincinnati. Dr. Chua is Department Chair and Professor of Music at Randolph College, where she has taught since 2002.
Notes on the Program

Purcell Realizations

These songs are arrangements only in the sense that Purcell provided the vocal part and a bass line, figured to indicate the harmony, leaving it to the continuo player to 'realize' the rest of the accompaniment—which is what Britten does. Obviously, this leaves plenty of scope for imagination on the part of the 'realizer' and Britten takes full advantage of this freedom, providing accompaniments that are distinctive, although always within the harmonic confines of the originals. As Britten wrote in the foreword to each publication of the songs, calling them performing editions 'for contemporary conditions': 'It is clear that the figured basses in Purcell's day were realized in a manner personal to the player. In these songs, the basses have also, inevitably, been realized in a personal way. But it has been the constant endeavor of the arranger to apply to these realizations something of that mixture of clarity, brilliance, tenderness and strangeness which shines out in all Purcell's music.'

Britten is always sensitive to the mood and musical character of each individual song. Above all, it is the essentially melodic nature of the realizations that most impresses; the way in which Britten constructs figures which take their cue from a Purcell motif and which form a delicious counterpoint to the vocal line, or the way in which he cheekily imitates vocal figures or highlights harmonic quirks. These songs demonstrate not just Britten's inventiveness but also his delight and sheer joy in the task of realizing such exquisite gems.

Hark! Hark the Echoing air
Hark! Hark the echoing air a triumph sings.
And all around pleas'd Cupids clap their wings

I'll Sail Upon the Dog Star
I'll sail upon the Dog Star, And then pursue the morning.
I'll chase the moon 'till it be noon.
But I'll make her leave her horning.

I'll climb the frosty mountain,
And there I'll coin the weather;
I'll tear the rainbow from the sky,
And tie both ends together.

The stars pluck from their orbs, too,
And crowd them in my budget!

Music For a While
Music for a while
Shall all your cares beguile:
Wond'ring how your pains were eas'd
And disclaiming to be pleas'd
Till Alecto free the dead
From their eternal bands,
Till the snakes drop from her head,
And the whip from out her hands.

Sweeter Than Roses
Sweeter than roses, or cool evening breeze
On a warm flowery shore, was the dear kiss,
First trembling made me freeze,
Then shot like fire all o'er.
What magic has victorious love!
For all I touch or see since that dear kiss,
I hourly prove, all is love to me.
A Young Man's Exhortation

Song-writing is at the heart of Finzi's output and he made a significant contribution to British twentieth-century music in this genre, especially the settings of Thomas Hardy, his favorite poet, whom he set more than any other. His volume of Hardy's Collected Poems was a treasured possession; as he wrote to a friend: 'If I had to be cut off from everything that would be the one book I should choose'. He felt an empathy with Hardy's bleak fatalism, his sense of transience, and his anger at the suffering that mankind inflicts on mankind. About Hardy he wrote tellingly: 'I have always loved him so much and from earliest days responded, not so much to an influence, as to a kinship with him.'

A Young Man's Exhortation was written between 1926-29 and was published in 1933 as opus 14 for tenor and piano. The song set is Finzi's only true song cycle, although he didn't call it a cycle. Finzi divided the set in to two halves of five songs each and included a subtitle for each half. Part I uses Psalm 89 the Vulgate: "Mane floreat, et transeat." The King James translation found in Psalm 90 for verse 6a says: "In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up." Part II of the set is subtitled: "Vespere decidat, induret et arescat" also from the Vulgate, Psalm 89. The King James translation found once again in Psalm 90 verse 6b says: "in the evening it is cut down, and withereth." The subtitles describe the content of the ten songs in that the first five represent youthful vigor whereas the second five represent memories and introspection.

1. A Young Man's exhortation

Call off your eyes from care
By some determined deftness; put forth joys
Dear as excess without the core that cloys,
And charm Life's lourings fair.

Exalt and crown the hour
That girdles us, and fill it with glee,
Blind glee, excelling saught could ever be,
Were heedfulness in power.

Send up such touching strains
That limitless recruits from Fancy's pack
Shall rush upon your tongue, and tender back
All that your soul contains.

For what do we know best?
That a fresh love-leaf crumpled soon will dry,
And that men moment after moment die,
Of all scope disposses.

If I have seen one thing
It is the passing preciousness of dreams;
That aspects are within us; and who seems
Most kingly is the King.

Wolf Songs

Hugo Wolf's career burned brightly for only a decade, from 1887 to 1897. Burning primarily in only one musical genre: lieder. But within that small realm, Wolf was a giant, considered by many to be the greatest exponent of the German song tradition after Schubert. By 1897, his genius flickered out in madness—the tragic denouement of a case of syphilis (Schubert's scourge as well) contracted years earlier. Wolf's passion for literature ultimately determined the direction in which his talent would flow.

Many musicians would rank Hugo Wolf as the greatest lieder composer after Franz Schubert. Prone to severe depression throughout his short life, he composed at white-heat speed during his more stable periods, producing songs at the rate of up to three per day. Responding to poetry with subtlety and insight, he molded his flexible vocal lines to the emotional nuances of the words rather than packaging them in standard strophic forms.

Great as he was in the intimate song world, Wolf longed to be something more. Writing to his friend Oskar Grohe in 1891, he cried out: "I really and truly shudder at the thought of my songs. The flattering recognition as 'songwriter' disturbs me down to the depths of my soul. What does it signify but the reproach that songs are all I ever write, that I am master of what is only a small-scale genre?" Wolf tried to break out with a large orchestral tone poem Penthesilea, but the work never made it past a disastrous rehearsal by the Vienna Philharmonic in 1885. His only completed opera, Der Corregidor, was dropped after its first performances in Mannheim in 1896.

Auf ein altes Bild (Mörike)

In grüner Landschaft Sommerflor,
Besie kühlern Wasser, Schilf, und Rohr,
Schau, wie das Knäblein Schindelos
Frei spielt auf der Jungfrau Schoß!
Und dort im Walde wonnesam,
Ach, grünnet schon des Kreuzes Stamm!

Der Musikant (Eichendorff)

Wandern lieb' ich für mein Leben,
Lebe eben wie ich kann,
Wollt ich mir auch Muhe geben,
Paßt es mir doch gar nicht an.

Schöne alte Lieder weiß ich;
In der Kälte, ohne Schuh,
Draußen in die Saiten reiß ich,
Weiß nicht, wo ich abends ruh!

Manche Schöne macht wohl Augen,
Meinet, ist geöffnet ihr sehr,
Wenn ich nur was wollte taugen,
So ein armer Lump ich war --

Mag dir Gott ein'n Mann bescheren,
Wohl mit Haus und Hof versehn!
Wenn wir zwei zusammen wären,
Möcht mein Singen mir vergehn.

To an Old Picture

In the green landscape of a blossoming summer,
Beside cool water, reeds, and canes,
Behold, how the sinless child
Plays freely on the virgin's knee.
And there, in the woods, blissfully,
Alas, growing already is the stem that will become the cross.

The Musician

I love the wandering life:
I live how I can.
If I were to trouble myself about anything, it would not suit me at all.

I know lovely old songs; in the cold, without shoes, I pluck my strings out there and do not know where I'll sleep in the evening!

Many a lovely girl makes eyes at me, as if to say she would like me well if I only made something of myself and were not such a poor beggar.

May God provide you with a husband, and a house and yard!
If we two were together, my singing would die.
Verschiedene liebe (Eichendorff)

Über Wipfel und Saaten
In den Glanz hinein -
Wer mag sie erraten,
Wer holte sie ein?
Gedanken sich wiegen,
Die Nacht ist verschwiegen,
Gedanken sind frei.

Errät es nur eine,
Wer an sie gedacht
Beim Rauschen der Haine,
Wenn niemand mehrwacht
Als die Wolken, die fliegen -
Mein Lieb ist verschwiegen
Und schon wie die Nacht.

Verborgenheit (Mörike)

Laß, o Welt, o laß mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebeschäden,
Laßt dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!
Was ich trauere, 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 zuckt
Durch die Schwere, [die] mich drücket,
Deftiglich in meiner Brust.

Laß, o Welt, o laß mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebeschäden,
Laßt dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Secret Love

Over treetops and corn
and into the splendor -
who may guess them,
who may catch up with them?
Thoughts sway,
the night is mute;
thoughts run free.

Only one guesses,
one who has thought of her
by the rustling of the grove,
when no one was watching any longer
except the clouds that flew by -
my love is silent
and as fair as the night.

Seclusion

Oh, world, let me be!
Entice me not with gifts of love.
Let this heart in solitude have
Your bliss, your pain!
What I mourn, I know not.
It is an unknown pain;
Forever through tears shall I see
The sun's love-light.
Often, I am scarcely conscious
And the bright joys break
Through the pain, thus pressing
Delightfully into my breast.

Oh, world, let me be!
Entice me not with gifts of love.
Let this heart in solitude have
Your bliss, your pain!

Der Feuerreiter (Mörike)

Sehet ihr am Fensterlein
Dort die rote Mütze wieder?
Nicht geheuer muss es sein,
Denn er geht schon auf und nieder.
Und auf einmal welch Gewühle
Bei der Brücke, nach dem Feld!
Horch! das Feuerglocklein geläutet:
Hintern Berg,
Hintern Berg
Brennt es in der Mühle!

Schaut da sprengt er wütend schier
Durch das Tor, der Feuerreiter,
Auf dem rippendüren Tier,
Als auf einer Feuerleiter!
Querfeldein! Durch Qualm und Schwüle
Rentet er schon, und ist am Ort!
Drüben schallt es fort und fort:
Hintern Berg,
Hintern Berg
Brennt es in der Mühle!

Der so oft den roten Hahn
Meilenweit von fern gerochen,
Mit des heiligen Kreuzes Span
Blaspheming addressed the fire—
Woh! der Feuerglocklein klinget aus.
Hinterm Berg,
Hinterm Berg
Brennt es in der Mühle!

Keine Stunde hielt es an,
Bis die Mühle borst in Trümmer;
Doch den kecken Reitersmann
Sah man von der Stunde nimmer.
Volk und Wagen im Gewühle
Kehrt heim von all dem Graus;
Auch der Glocklein klinget aus.
Oben im Kellerwande
Brennt's! —

Nach der Zeit ein Müller fand
Ein Gerippe samt der Muetzen
Aufrecht an der Kellerwand
Auf der beinern Maehre sitzen:
Feuerreiter, wie so kuehle
Reitet du in deinem Grab!
Husch! da faltet in Asche ab.
Ruhe wohl,
Ruhe wohl
Drunten in der Mühle!

The Fire Rider

There at the window
See that red cap again?
Something strange is going on,
See how it bobs up and down.
And suddenly what a tumult
At the bridge, where the field ends!
Listen! The fire bell clanging:
Behind the hill,
Behind the hill.
There's fire in the mill!

Look! He gallops stark mad
Through the gate, the Fire Rider,
On the scrawny-ribbed horse
Like on a Roman's ladder!
Cross-field! Through smoke and stuffy air
He rides on, reaches the spot!
While over there the bell keeps clanging:
Behind the hill,
Behind the hill.
There's fire in the mill!

He who so often sniffed
The red hen from miles around,
With the holy cross's beam
Blaspheming addressed the fire—
Woh! From the timber frame
The fiend grins to you in hell's red glow.
God have mercy on your soul!
Behind the hill,
Behind the hill.
He is raging in the mill!

It lasted but an hour
The mill collapsed in rubble;
But the brash horseman
Was never seen again.
Villagers and wagons in a flurry
Head for home, away from horror;
Even the bell's clang fades away.
Behind the hill,
Behind the hill.
'Tis on fire! —

Not long after a miller found
A skeleton with a cap
Upright at the cellar wall
Sitting on the bony mare:
Fire Rider, with what calmness
You ride in your grave!
Whoosh! Down it falls in ashes.
Rest you well,
Rest you well.
Down there in the mill!