

Paula Womble, Piano

Die Forelle

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Patricia Rosas, Soprano

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Schubert

Lisa Figel, Soprano

Frühlingsglaube

Schubert

Ganymed

Katherine Arthur, Soprano

Sonata in D Major, Op. 6

Allegro molto

Rondo

Ludwig van Beethoven
(1770-1827)

Emma Levine, Piano

Intermission

Flute Sonata

1. Allegro malinconico

2. Cantilena, assez lent

3. Presto giocoso

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Ashlee Chan, Flute

Old American Songs

Zion's Walls

Long Time Ago

Ching-A-Ring Chaw

Aaron Copland
(1900-1990)

Patricia Rosas, Soprano

Two Pieces for Bassoon and Piano (arr. Marco Rizo)

Vals Venezolano

Contradanza

Paquito D'Rivera
(born 1948)

Lisa Nauful, Bassoon

Franz Schubert—*Die Forelle, Gretchen am Sprinrade, Frühlingsglaube, Ganymed*

Although he later served as a torchbearer at Beethoven's funeral, Franz Schubert did not dare even to approach the great master on Vienna's sidewalks while it was home to both composers, because Schubert felt his works were so greatly overshadowed by the older man. Nevertheless, Schubert would single-handedly make the German art song, or Lied, an important genre; he contributed over 600 Lieder of his own during his short lifetime in the Romantic era. Born in Vienna on January 31, 1797, Schubert sang in choir and composed his first piece, *Fantasie in G* for piano duet, at age 13. By age 20, Schubert had composed five symphonies, over 300 solo songs, four masses, seven string quartets, several dozen partsongs, four Singspielen, and several other works—yet none had been published. In fact, only a third of Schubert's compositions were published during his lifetime. However, Schubert's works were presented at informal gatherings known as Schubertiads, where many of his songs and other pieces were enjoyed by friends. Sadly, though, Schubert contracted syphilis, and the last few years of Schubert's life were painful ones. He died in Vienna on November 19, 1828.

Known as Schubert's "little tyrant song" for the political subtext of the poem, *Die Forelle* (1817) depicts a playful trout in a stream that is caught by a greedy fisherman who cheats by muddying the water. The original poem by Christian Schubart had a moral in the final verse warning women to avoid "seducers with rods," but Schubert omitted that stanza. *Die Forelle* is a strophic song, so the same melody will return with different words for each verse. Although repeating the same melody does not allow the vocalist to do much word-painting, the accompanist can play a bigger role in setting the stage. At the start, the quick ascending notes depict the river and the slippery trout. In the third strophe, the accompaniment portrays the fisherman muddying the water. The vocal line and the accompaniment intensify to a climax as the fish is caught and the mood changes from light and summery to despairing. The mood

lightens once more as the accompaniment returns to the fast ascending notes, and the stream continues to flow on as before: life goes on, except for the poor trout.

Famous for its empathetic view of a woman's feelings, *Gretchen am Spinnrade* (1814) is based on Goethe's *Faust*. Hailed as new and powerful, *Gretchen am Spinnrade* was an important early example in the new genre of German Lieder. Gretchen is in love with Faust and sits at her spinning wheel, dreaming of him and his kiss. Like *Die Forelle*, this piece is also strophic, so the same vocal melody will return over and over for each of the verses. Here, the accompaniment depicts the spinning wheel, constantly whirling. The song begins in the darker minor mode, but shifts to major when Gretchen begins describing Faust's physical attributes. His good looks, however, are overshadowed by his embrace, and as Gretchen says "Kuss (kiss)," the vocal line lingers on that climactic moment while the accompaniment stops spinning— for Gretchen has stopped pedaling her spinning wheel. But as Gretchen returns to her work, the accompaniment resumes, allowing her to spin on and on and on.

Written in 1820, around the first anniversary of Schubert's contraction of syphilis, *Frühlingsglaube* successfully maintains an air of resolve. Translated as *Faith in Spring*, this song takes its text from a poem by Uhland. It is a very hopeful piece, regarding Spring as a new season not only in the year but in life. As in the two previous songs, it is also strophic, and it contains one of the most beautiful accompaniments ever written. The constant sixteenth-note line in the accompaniment's foundation represents the persistence of human nature; the constant flow of the melody in the accompaniment tries to capture the fertility of Spring.

Schubert enjoyed setting numerous poems by a single poet to song, and in 1817 Schubert returned to Goethe and composed *Ganymed*. It relates the Greek legend of Ganymede, who was a handsome young Phrygian youth carried up to Zeus to become the cup-bearer of the gods.

Unlike the previous songs, *Ganymed* is through-composed, meaning that there is no return to previous material. This freedom corresponds to Goethe's free-versed poem. As the piece progresses, four key changes occur, reflecting Ganymede being taken up into the clouds. In Goethe's poem, the myth is a metaphor for the unity and the goodness of nature. The keyboard's role is to portray the dancing wind, with running triplets, and the singing nightingale, depicted by trills. The ending is very dramatic with a florid vocal line in a higher register, representing the final ascent into heaven to be with the gods.

Beethoven—*Sonata in D Major*, Opus 6

It is a little-known fact that Beethoven— suffering from increasing deafness— actually chopped off the legs of his piano so his melodies would be amplified by the floorboards. Born in Bonn, Germany, and baptized on December 17, 1770, Beethoven would be the bridge from the Classical into the Romantic eras. Beethoven began music lessons from his father at an early age, and in 1792, he moved to Vienna to study with Haydn. He would remain there the rest of his life, except for a tour as a concert pianist in 1796. In 1801, Beethoven began noticing the onset of deafness and by 1808 he was completely deaf. Nevertheless, some of his greatest works were written from 1801 until his death twenty-six years later. Beethoven composed many genres of music, including symphonies, string quartets, concertos, and piano sonatas, and he was the dominant music figure of the nineteenth century. At his funeral in 1827, attendance at the masses numbered 10,000 people, and his death was mourned by thousands more.

Sonata in D Major, Opus 6, is from Beethoven's early years of composition, before his hearing loss had reached a crisis. This two-movement work was written for four-hand piano. The first movement, "Allegro molto," is in sonata form, a complex structure that involves multiple melodies in multiple keys. The most obvious characteristic of sonata form is that material

presented at the beginning will be developed in the middle and will return again at the end. The short-short-short-long opening of the *Sonata in D Major* is very recognizable for any listener familiar with Beethoven's *Symphony No. 5*. The duet is more like a conversation at times, with one part playing alone and then being answered by the other part playing alone. The second movement, "Rondo," is in rondo form, which can be diagrammed as ABACA. The material at the beginning recurs several times throughout the piece, and concludes the work as well. The repeated refrain is a very sweet melody; the contrasting material that is played in between the returning melody includes a shift to the minor mode and passages of running sixteenth-notes. This duet has been one of the most popular four-hand duets since its publication, charming audiences for over two hundred years.

Poulenc—*Flute Sonata*

Although described throughout his life as half-monk, half-rascal, Poulenc would have an enormous impact on the development of contemporary French music. Born in Paris on January 7, 1899, Poulenc began playing piano at age five. When he was fourteen, he began studying with Ricardo Viñes, who introduced him to the wider musical community, including composers such as Auric and Satie. In 1917, Poulenc's public début was noticed by renowned composer Igor Stravinsky, who helped the fledging composer publish his works. Poulenc's compositions, along with the works of fellow composers Milhaud, Auric, Honegger, Tailleferre, and Durey, were often performed in the art studio of his friend Émile Lejeune. This group of six composers became known as "Les Six," as they formed an extremely strong bond of friendship joined by their shared desire to be independent of German influence. Poulenc would remain a close part of this group for the rest of his life. Beginning in 1948 with his first tour of the United States, Poulenc began to gain international recognition, and would continue to tour the States regularly

for the next twelve years. Poulenc was a very driven and focused composer; he died of a heart attack in 1963.

In 1956, the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation in the United States, dedicated to promoting chamber music, requested that Poulenc compose a piece. He decided to complete a *Flute Sonata* he had started a few years earlier. The *Flute Sonata* is comprised of three movements: “Allegretto malinconico,” “Cantilena,” and “Presto giocoso.” The free, soaring mood of “Allegretto malinconico” is accomplished through flowing phrases connected by a rippling of notes, and a majestic middle section. This movement yields to the dark yet beautiful “Cantilena,” in which Poulenc the monk wrote breath-taking melodies that float on haunting harmonies. The victorious “Presto giocoso” is full of Poulenc’s rascally side, with spirited energetic sections contrasted with Chopin-like melodies. Throughout all three movements, motives are constantly passed between the flute and piano, as if the two instruments are conversing. The *Flute Sonata* is very “French” in style, as colors blend directly into one another, and Poulenc’s sonata contrasts noticeably with Schubert’s art songs. A review for *Le Figaro*, a French newspaper, wrote, shortly after its premiere, that the *Flute Sonata* is “a great melodic rainbow with a background touched up with subtle blue harmonies.”

Copland—*Zion’s Walls, Long Time Ago, Ching-A-Ring Chaw*

Born in Brooklyn, New York, on November 14, 1900, Aaron Copland would help create a true American style. Like many composers, Copland began music lessons at home at a young age. Aaron Copland then studied not only in the United States with Rubin Goldmark, but also abroad in Paris with Ricardo Viñes and Nadia Boulanger. While in Europe, Copland had the opportunity to explore the arts, meet many different composers, and see many varied scores. He became especially fond of Stravinsky and his ballets. Returning to the United States, Aaron

Copland gained popularity in the 1930s and 40s as his works began to win many awards, and was known as the most prominent American composer of his time by mid-1940s. In 1945, he won a Pulitzer Prize for his own ballet, *Appalachian Spring*. Copland received many other awards and nominations during his compositional career until he was diagnosed with Alzheimer's in 1972 and stopped composing. He died shortly after his 90th birthday on December 2, 1990.

Although originally a camp meeting spiritual, Copland's *Zion's Walls* is a grand and passionate folk-song arrangement for voice and piano. Written in 1952, it is part of a group of songs called *Old American Songs, Set Two*. It is in ternary form (ABA), so the opening material returns at the end. The revivalist and inspirational feeling is created by a lot of syncopation, meaning there is frequent emphasis on weak beats, giving *Zion's Walls* a rhythmic energy that would allow people to pick up their feet and sing at camp meetings. The accompaniment's melody during the opening stanza is taken up by the singer and becomes the vocal melody in the third stanza.

An endearing love song belonging to the first set of *Old American Songs, Long Time Ago* was written in 1950. This love song is in strophic form, so like *Gretchen Am Spinnrade*, the same melody will come back over and over with different words each time. Like *Zion's Walls*, it is also a folk song arrangement, with a beautiful vocal melody against a soft, warm background. The accompaniment provides much of the reminiscent and mellow mood of the song. As the singer sings "brighter," the music itself becomes brighter, with the melody leaping up to a higher register. When the vocalist sings "long time ago," the tempo stretches to make it feel like time is passing slowly.

Copland turned to a minstrel song, with text taken from the African American migration to Haiti, for *Ching-A-Ring Chaw* (1952), which also appears in set 2 of *Old American Songs*. Copland altered the words of the original version, removing all Negro dialect. It is playful and lively and has an “oom-pah” accompaniment that also sounds like banjos. The opening melody comes back every time “ching-a-ring” is sung, acting as the thread that ties the song together. Copland saves a barnyard-like surprise for the very end.

D’Rivera—“Vals Venezolano” and “Contradanza”

Known as the leading Latin American bop-saxophonist, Paquito D’Rivera was born in Havana, Cuba, in 1948. His father introduced him to jazz, and Paquito was immediately drawn to and influenced by the music of jazz musicians Benny Goodman, Charlie Parker, and Paul Desmond. In 1960, D’Rivera began studying clarinet and saxophone at the conservatory in Havana. He helped form the musical group Irakere in 1973, touring with them for seven years. This group played in a style of jazz, rock, and classical Cuban music. After quitting Irakere and defecting from Cuba, D’Rivera moved to New York, where he met and began playing with Dizzy Gillespie. In 1988, he helped Gillespie form Gillespie’s United Nation Orchestra and completely took it over four years later. 1996 brought D’Rivera his first Grammy for *Portraits of Cuba*, followed by several more nominations and awards over the years. Today, Paquito D’Rivera serves as the artistic director for both the world-renowned Festival Internacional de Jazz de Punta del Este in Uruguay, which has jazz hosted icons such as McCoy Tyner, and the Duke Ellington Jazz Festival in Washington, D.C., which celebrates the city’s diverse jazz history.

Similarly to the *Flute Sonata*, the Aspen Wind Quintet commissioned Paquito D’Rivera to write a work for them. The result, *Aires Tropicales*, a seven-movement work, premiered in New York in 1994. The jazzy Cuban style movements are “Alborada,” “Son,” “Habanera,” “Vals Venezolano,” “Dizzyness,” “Contradanza” and “Afro.” Subsequently, composer and arranger Marco Rizo arranged both “Vals Venezolano” and “Contradanza” for bassoon and piano. Dedicated to one of Venezuela’s most famous guitarists and composers, Antonio Lauro, the “Vals Venezolano” translates to “Venezuelan Waltz.” It is a ternary piece; its central B section is rhythmically similar to the bordering material, but explores different key areas. The waltz is heavily syncopated, and this rhythmic technique gives the piece its Latin sound.

“Contradanza” (Contradance) is a traditional Cuban dance dedicated to Ernesto Lecuona, a fellow Cuban composer. Like “Vals Venezolano,” “Contradanza” is in ternary form. The outer sections are in a minor mode, while the middle section is in a major mode and more rhythmically driven. Syncopation is also a very important attribute to this piece, and it helps to give the dance its driving rhythm. These two dances, as part of the *Aires Tropicales*, are among the most important repertoire for wind quintets across the nation, and these bassoon transcriptions enjoy a similar popularity.

Die Forelle

In einem Bächlein helle,
Da schoss in froher Eil
Die launische Forelle
Vorüber wie ein Pfeil.
Ich stand an dem Gestade
Und sah in süsser Ruh
Des muntern Fischleins Bade
Im klaren Bächlein zu.

Ein Fischer mit der Rute
Wohl an dem Ufer stand,
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute,
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.
So lang dem Wasser Helle,
So dacht ich, nicht gebricht,
So fängt er die Forelle
Mit seiner Angel nicht.

Doch endlich ward dem Diebe
Die Zeit zu lang.
Er macht das Bächlein tückisch trübe,
Und eh ich es gedacht,
So zuckte seine Rute,
Das Fischlein zappelt dran,
Und ich mit regem Blute
Sah die Betrogne an.

The Trout

In a limpid brooklet,
Merrily speeding,
A playful trout
Shot past like an arrow.
I stood on the bank,
Watching with happy ease
The lively little fish
Swimming in the clear brook.

A fisherman with his rod
Was standing there on the bank,
Cold-bloodedly watching
The fish dart to and fro . . .
"So long as the water remains clear,"
I thought, "He will not
Catch that trout
With his rod."

But at last the thief
Could wait no more.
With guile he made the water muddy,
And, ere I could guess it,
His rod jerked,
The fish was floundering on it,
And my blood boiled
As I saw the betrayed one.

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Meine Ruh' ist hin, mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer und nimmermehr.
Wo ich ihn nicht hab, ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn ist mir zerstückt.
Meine Ruh ist hin, mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer und nimmermehr.

Nach ihm nur schau ich zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh ich aus dem Haus.
Sein hoher Gang, sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln, seiner Augen Gewalt.

Und seiner Rede Zauberfluss,
Sein Händedruck, und ach, sein Kuss!
Meine Ruh' ist hin, mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer und nimmermehr.

Mein Busen drängt sich nach ihm hin.
Ach, dürft ich fassen und halten ihn!
Und küssen ihn, so wie ich wollt,
An seinen Küssen vergehen sollt!

Meine Ruh' ist hin, mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer und nimmermehr.

Gretchen at the Spinning-Wheel

My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,
I can never find peace, never again.
In his absence, I feel as if dead,
And the whole world is turned to gall.

My poor head is distracted,
My poor mind is shattered,
My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,
I can never find peace, never again.

For him alone I look out of the window,
For him alone I go out of the house.
His lofty carriage, his noble form,
The smile of his lips, the power of his glance.

And the magic flow of his speech,
The clasp of his hand, and oh! his kiss!
My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,
I can never find peace, never again.

My bosom yearns towards him,
Oh, might I grasp and hold him!
And kiss him all I could,
And on his kisses I would pass away!

My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,
I can never find peace, never again.

Frühlingsglaube

Die linden Lüfte sind erwacht,
Sie säuseln und wehen Tag und Nacht,
Sie schaffen an allen Enden.
O frischer Duft, o neuer Klang!
Nun, armes Herze, sei nicht bang!
Nun muss sich alles wenden.

Die Welt wird schöner mit jedem Tag,
Man weiss nicht, was noch werden mag,
Das Blühen will nicht enden;
Es blüht das fernste, tiefste Tal,
Nun, armes Herz, vergiss der Qual!
Nun muss sich alles wenden.

Faith In Spring

The mild breezes are awake,
They rustle and stir by day and night,
They are at work everywhere;
O fresh scent, o new sound!
Now, poor heart, be not afraid,
Now everything must change.

The world grows lovelier every day,
One cannot tell what yet may happen;
The flowering will not end;
The farthest, deepest valley blooms,
Now, poor heart, forget your pain!
Now everything must change.

Ganymed

Wie im Morgenglanze
Du rings mich anglühst,
Frühling, Geliebter!
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne
Sich an mein Herze
Drängt deiner ewigen Wärme
Heilig Gefühl,
Unendliche Schöne!

Dass ich dich fassen
Möcht in diesen Arm!

Ach, an deinem Busen
Lieg' ich und schmachte,
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras
Drängen sich an mein Herz.
Du kühlst den brennenden
Durst meines Busens,
Lieblicher Morgenwind,
Ruft drein die Nachtigall
Liebend nach mir aus dem Nebeltal.

Ich komm! Ich komme!
Ach! wohin? wohin?

Hinauf strebt's, hinauf!
Es schweben die Wolken
Abwärts, die Wolken
Neigen sich der sehnenen Liebe.
Mir! Mir!
In eurem Schosse
Aufwärts!
Umfangend umfassen!
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,
All-liebender Vater!

Ganymede

How in the morning radiance
You glow around me,
Spring, beloved!
With the thousandfold joy of love,
My heart is enveloped
By the blissful sensation
of your eternal warmth,
O, infinite beauty!

That I might clasp you
In my arms!

Ah, on your bosom
I lie, languishing,
And your flowers, your grass
Press against my heart.
You cool the burning
Thirst of my bosom,
Lovely morning breeze!
While the nightingale calls
To me tenderly from the misty vale.

I come, I come,
Whither, ah! whither?

Upwards, upwards I am driven!
The clouds float
Downwards; the clouds
Bend down towards my yearning love.
To me, to me!
In your lap
Upwards!
Embracing and embraced,
Upwards to thy bosom,
All-loving father!

Zion's Walls

Come fathers and mothers come,
Sisters and brothers come,
Join us in singing the praises of Zion,
The praises of Zion.

O fathers don't you feel determined
To meet within the walls of Zion,
We'll shout and go round,
We'll shout and go round,
We'll shout and go round,
We'll shout and go round the walls of Zion,
The walls of Zion.

Come fathers and mothers,
Come sisters and brothers,
Come join us in singing the praises of Zion.

Come fathers and mothers come,
Sisters and brothers come,
Join us in singing the praises of Zion.

O fathers don't you feel determined
To meet within the walls of Zion,
We'll shout and go round,
We'll shout and go round,
We'll shout and go round,
We'll shout and go round the walls of Zion,
The walls of Zion.

Long Time Ago

On the lake where droop'd the willow
Long time ago
Where the rock threw back the billow
Brighter than snow.

Dwelt a maid beloved and cherish'd
By high and low
But with autumn leaf she perish'd
Long time ago.

Rock and tree and flowing water
Long time ago
Bird and bee and blossom taught her
Love's spell to know.

While to his fond words she listen'd
Murmuring low
Tenderly her blue eyes glisten'd
Long time ago.

Ching-A-Ring Chaw

Ching-a-ring-a ring ching ching,
Ho-a ding-a ding kum larkee,
Ching-a-ring-a ring ching ching,
Ho-a ding kum larkee.

Brothers gather round,
Listen to this story,
'Bout the promised land,
An' the promised glory.

You don' need to fear,
If you have no money,
You don' need none there,
to buy you milk and honey.

There you'll ride in style,
Coach with four white horses,
There the evenin' meal,
Has one two three four courses.

Ching-a-ring-a ring ching,
ching-a ring ching,
Ho-a ding-a ding kum larkee,
Ching-a-ring-a ching,
Ho-a ding kum larkee.

Nights we all will dance,
To the harm and fiddle,
Waltz and jig and prance,
"Cast off down the middle."

When the mornin' come,
All in grand and splendour,
Stand out in the sun,
and hear the holy thunder.

Brothers hear me out,
The promised land's a comin',
Dance and sing and shout,
I hear them harps a-strummin'

Ching-a-ring ching ching,
ching-a-ring ching ching,
Ching-a-ching ching-a-ching

Ching-a-ching ching-a-ching,
Ching-a-ring-a ching ching
Ching-a-ring-a ching ching,
Ching-a ring-a ching-a ring-a
Ching-a ring-a
Ring ching ching ching Chaw.

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