

*Please be courteous to all performers and fellow audience members by noting that this performance is being audibly and visually recorded, and please turn off all electronic devices.*

*Kindly hold your applause until the conclusion of each of the six sets of music.*

## Notes, Texts, and Translations

### I

*Cigánské melodie, opus 55*

Antonín Dvořák  
(1841-1904)

The youngest of eight children in a modest Bohemian family, Dvořák entertained his friends and the public beginning at around age ten on the violin, playing mazurkas, polkas and waltzes. He was sent away at age fourteen to learn German, violin, piano, and counterpoint. Afterwards he played in bands for social occasions, but did not start composing until 1865. He is most famous for being a nationalistic composer of Czech music, mostly of symphonies.

Adolf Heyduk translated his original Czech poetry into German, to be set to music for premier by a German tenor. A year later Heyduk replaced the German text in Dvořák's music with the original Czech, which more suits the flow of the gypsy melodies. Dvořák was also a great musicologist, and was known to take a large phonograph into the Bohemian countryside to record folk tunes. Though each song contains a different feel, each evokes a gypsy freedom, whether slow or fast, joyful or mournful. Dvořák's mastery of song-writing in this particular cycle is noted in the various styles of piano accompaniments as well as the unique vocal lines.

### I

*Má píseň zas mi láskou zní,  
když starý den umírá,  
a chudý mech kdy na šat svůj  
si tajně perle sbírá.*

My song sounds of love  
when the old day is dying;  
it is sowing its shadows  
and reaping a collections of pearls.

*Má píseň v kraj tak toužně zní,  
když svetem noha bloudí;  
jen rodné pustý dálinou  
zpěv volně z ňader proudí.*

My song resonates with longing  
while my feet roam distant lands.  
My homeland is in the distant wilderness -  
my song stirs with nationalism.

*Má píseň hlučně láskou zní,  
když bouře běží plání;  
když těším se, že bídy prost  
dlí bratr v umírání.*

My song loudly resounds of love  
while unplanned storms hasten.  
I'm glad for the freedom that I no longer have  
a portion in the dying of a brother.

### II

*Aj! Kterak trojhranec můj přerokozně zvoní,  
jak cigána píseň, když se k smrti kloní!  
Když se k smrti kloní, trojhran mu vyzvání.  
Konec písni, tanci, lásce, bédování.*

Ah! Why is my three-cornered bell ringing so passionately?  
As a gypsy song when death is imminent -  
the death of a gypsy brings an end  
to song, dance, love and all concerns!

### III

*A les je tichý kolem kol,  
jen srdce mír ten ruší,  
a černý kouř, jenž spěchá v dol,  
mé slze v lících, mé slze suší.*

The forest is quiet all around;  
only the heart is disturbing the peace.  
As if black smoke is flowing,  
tears flow down my cheeks and so they dry.

*Však nemusí jich usušit,  
necht' v jiné tváře bije.  
Kdo v smutku může zapívat,  
ten nezhybnul, ten žije, ten žije!*

They need not dry -  
let other cheeks feel them.  
The one who can in sorrow sing  
will not die but lives and lives on.

## IV

*Když mne stará matka zpívat, zpívat učivala,  
podivno, že často, často slzivala.  
A teď také pláčem snědé líce mučím,  
když cigánské děti hrát a zpívat učím!*

When my old mother taught me to sing,  
Strange that she often had tears in her eyes.  
And now I also weep,  
when I teach gipsy children to play and sing!

## V

*Struna naladěna,  
hochu, toč se v kole,  
dnes, snad dnes převysoko,  
zejtra, zejtra, zejtra zase dole!*

The string is taut –  
young man turn, spin, twirl!  
Today reach the heights,  
tomorrow down again!

*Pozejtří u Nilu  
za posvátným stolem;  
struna již, struna naladěna,  
hochu, toč, hochu, toč se kolem!*

After tomorrow, at the Nile,  
at the holy table,  
The taut string is stretched –  
turn young man - turn and twirl!

## VI

*Široké rukávy a široké gatě  
volnější cigánu nežli dolman v zlatě.  
Dolman a to zlato bujná prsa svírá;  
pod ním volná píseň násilně umírá.  
A kdo raduješ se, tvá kdy píseň v kvěť,  
přej si, aby zašlo zlato v celém světě!*

Wide sleeves and wide trousers have  
more freedom than a robe of gold.  
The robe of gold constricts the chest  
and the song within the body dies.  
He who is happy - his song blooms with wishes  
that the whole world would lose its taste for gold.

## VII

*Dejte klec jestřábu ze zlata ryzého;  
nezmění on za ni hnízda trněného.  
Komoni bujnému, jenž se pustou žene,  
zřídka kdy připnete uzdy a třemene.  
A tak i cigánu příroda cos dala:  
k volnosti ho věčným poutem, k volnosti ho upoutala.*

Given a cage to live in made of pure gold,  
the Gypsy would exchange it  
for the freedom of a nest of thorns.  
Just as a wild horse rushes to the wasteland,  
seldom bridled and reined in,  
so too the gypsy nature has been given eternal  
freedom.

– translations by Gayle Royko Heuser

## II

*Cinq mélodies populaires grecques*

Maurice Ravel  
(1875-1937)

assisted by Keryn Wouden, harpist

Maurice Ravel was denied several prizes acknowledging his young talent while studying at the Paris Conservatoire. He was passed over five times for the prestigious ‘Prix de Rome,’ a scholarship award for outstanding artists created by Louis XIV. After five times he aged out of the competition, which caused wide criticism of the judges, resulting in a vast reorganization of the administration of the Paris Conservatoire. Today he is known as a splendid composer of French song, and also a master of orchestration.

At the Paris Conservatoire, French-born Greek Calvocoressi audited Xavier Leroux’s harmony class while Maurice Ravel studied in Gabriel Fauré’s composition class. They met at informal gatherings every Sunday at a mutual friend’s home and developed a strong friendship. In 1904, after both had traveled abroad, Calvocoressi requested that Ravel compose accompaniments for some Greek folk songs he had gathered to go along with a lecture. These songs are based on texts from Hubert Pernot’s “6 Chanson grecque de l’Ile de Chio.” Ravel omitted one because he did not care for the music he wrote for it, and published this cycle in 1909.

A young man runs up to the house of his bride on their wedding day, calling to her window with excitement.

*Chanson de la mariée*

*Réveille-toi, réveille-toi, perdrix mignonne,  
ouvre au matin tes ailes.  
Trois grains de beauté, mon coeur en est brûlé.  
Vois le ruban d'or que je t'apporte,  
pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux.  
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous marier:  
Dans nos deux familles, tous sont allies.*

Song to the bride

Wake up, wake up, pretty partridge,  
spread your wings to the morning.  
Three beauty spots – and my heart's ablaze.  
See the golden ribbon I bring you  
to tie round your tresses.  
If you wish, my beauty, let us marry!  
In our two families all are related.

Church bells ring from atop a hillside, carrying their sound over a graveyard where many brave soldiers are buried.

*Là-bas, vers l'église,  
vers l'église Ayio Sidéro,  
l'église, ô Vierge sainte,  
l'église Ayio Costannino,  
Se sont réunis, rassemblés en nombre infini,  
du monde, ô Vierge sainte!  
du monde tous les plus braves!*

Down there by the church,  
by the church of Saint Sideros,  
the church, o Holy Virgin,  
the church of Saint Constantine,  
are gathered together, buried in infinite numbers,  
the bravest people, O Holy Virgin,  
the bravest people in all the world!

A pompous lad promotes himself to a young Greek girl, whom he hopes to enjoy only for a short while. Both know he does not speak of real love, and perhaps are intrigued by the thought of a good time.

*Quel galant m'est comparable,  
d'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?  
Dis, dame Vassiliki?  
Vois, pendus à ma ceinture,  
pistolets et sabre aigu...  
Et c'est toi que j'aime!*

What gallant can compare with me  
among those seen passing by?  
Tell me, Mistress Vassiliki?  
See, hanging at my belt,  
pistols and sharp sword...  
And it's you I love!

A lentisk is a small shrub in Greece, mainly on the island of Chios, which produces aromatic resin. Here, women work in the fields, their bodies swaying to and fro in the sun during this harvest song.

*Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques*

*O joie de mon âme, joie de mon coeur,  
trésor qui m'est si cher;  
joie de l'âme et du coeur,  
toi que j'aime ardemment,  
tu es plus beau qu'un ange.  
O lorsque tu parais, ange si doux  
devant nos yeux,  
comme un bel ange blond,  
sous le clair soleil,  
Hélas, tous nos pauvres coeurs soupirent!*

Song of the lentisk gatherers

O joy of my soul, joy of my heart,  
treasure so dear to me;  
joy of the soul and of the heart,  
you whom I love with passion,  
you are more beautiful than an angel.  
Oh when you appear, angel so sweet,  
before our eyes,  
Like a lovely, blond angel,  
under the bright sun –  
Alas! all our poor hearts sigh!

This joyful song consists mostly of “tra-la-la” and is amidst a dance.

*Tout gai,  
ha, tout gai,  
belle jambe, tireli, qui danse;  
belle jambe, la vaisselle danse,  
Tra-la-la.*

So merry,  
ah, so merry;  
lovely leg, *tireli*, that dances,  
lovely leg, the crockery dances,  
tra-la-la.

– translations by Richard Stokes

## III

*Four Romances, opus 2*

Nikolai Andreyevich Rimsky-Korsakov  
(1884-1908)

Older brother Voin had militaristic plans for young Nikolai, who showed promise in every subject he studied growing up. When Nikolai's piano lessons were too frequent and seemed bothersome, Voin dismissed the tutor. Along came Balakirev, who volunteered to give Rimsky-Korsakov composition lessons, and who introduced him to other budding composers of the time: Cui and Mussorgsky. These four composers and Borodin became known as 'Moguchaya kuchka,' translated 'The Mighty Handful.' Known simply as 'The Five,' these leading nationalist composers created the Russian sound, and brought the music of Russia the acclaim of the rest of Europe.

The first song is based on a German text by Heinrich Heine (1797-1856), who wrote this particular poem as part of works begun in 1823, one year after the end of his two-year suspension from the University of Bonn for participating in a duel. It was published in his *Buch der Lieder* in 1827, and first established him as a poet.

*Shchekoju k shcheke ty mojej prilozhis':  
puskaj nashi sljozy sol'jutsja!  
I serdцем garyachemu serdtsu prizhmis':  
puszt plamjenjem obshim zazhgutsja!*

Oh lean thy cheek upon my cheek,  
that together our tears may flow!  
And to my heart press fast thy heart,  
that together their flames may glow.

*Kogda zhe v to plamja pol'jutsja rekoj  
i pyashie sljozy razluki  
ja krepka tvoi stan ax va tivshi rukoi,  
umru ot blazhenstva i muki.*

And when the stream of our tears shall flow  
where that mighty flame is burning,  
and when my strong arms round thy body I throw,  
I die of love's wild longing.

– translation by Charles Godfrey Leland

The text of this song is a poem by Aleksey Vasilyevich Koltsov (1808-1842), son of a Russian farmer. He bought and sold cattle alongside his father for a living, but kept his poetry writing secret. He is often called a "Russian Burns." Many a Russian poem title in his day was "Solovej" – nightingale. This bird appears in many European songs, and is a symbol of love. Its sound, though, is not a sweet and melodic tone as many assume, but a harsh, loud call that is more of a warning.

*Plenivshis' rozoj, solovej  
i den' i noch' pojot nad nej;  
no roza molcha pesnjam vnemlet...*

Infatuated by a rose, a nightingale  
sings over it day and night;  
but the rose listens to his song silently ...

*Na lire tak pevec inoj  
pojot dlja devy molodoj;*

With his lyre, a certain singer  
sings to a young maid;

*A deva milaja ne znajet --  
komu pojot, i otchego  
pechal'ny pesni tak jego?*

But the sweet maid does not know --  
to whom he sings; and why  
does his song sound so sad?...

– translation by Laura Prichard

Rimsky-Korsakov used Lev Aleksandrovich Mey's (1822-1862) drama to create a libretto for his first opera *Pskovitjanka (The Maid of Pskov)* in 1873. Later, Rimsky-Korsakov created a one-act opera *The Noblewoman Vera Sheloga*, using melodies he omitted from *The Maid of Pskov*. *The Noblewoman Vera Sheloga* was first performed in Moscow in 1898, and in 1901 was used as a prologue to *The Maid of Pskov*.

The first song of scene one is a lullaby by Vera to her infant daughter Olye. Vera's husband has been away at war for a year, and while gone, his wife has borne the child of Ivan the Terrible. She knows her husband is soon to return, and after this song, confesses to her sister about her fear, yet willingness to confess to him. Upon her husband discovering the child, Vera's sister throws herself on the child, claiming it for herself, saving Vera, and condemning herself as an unwed mother in a heart-wrenching scene before the curtain closes on this short work.

*Baju, bajushki, baju,  
baju Olen'ku moju!*

*Chto na zor'ke, na zare,  
o vesennej o pore,  
ptichki bozhiji pojut,  
v temnom lese gnezda v'jut.*

*Solovejko - solovej!  
Ty gnezda sebe ne vej:  
priletaj ty v nash sadok,  
pod vysokij teremok.*

*Po kustochkam poporkhat',  
spelykh jagod poklevat',  
solncem krylyshki prigret',  
Ole posenku propet'.*

Hush-a-bye, my little one,  
Hush-a-bye, for day is done!

Do you know what day will bring?  
Morning dew and flowers of spring,  
Birds above will sing their song  
After winter cold and long.

Nightingale, oh nightingale!  
Leave your shady woodland vale:  
Fly into our garden fair,  
Build your nest and tarry there.

You may pick our berries red,  
Or the sweet green leaves instead.  
Flutter, round our garden walls,  
Sing your song when darkness falls.

– translation by Stephen Muir

The text for the final song of the set is from the same collection of Heine's poems in the *Buch der Lieder*.

*Iz sljuz mojihk mnogo, maljutka,  
Rodilos' dushistykh cvetov;  
A vzdokhi moji prevratilis'  
V nemolknushchikh solov'jov.*

*Uzh tol'ko b menja poljubila  
Tebe i cvety ja otdam,  
I pesnjami stanut bajukat'  
Tebja solov'ji po nocham.*

Out of my tears and sorrows  
the blossoming flowers arise,  
and nightingales in choir  
are born of all my sighs.

Dear girl, if you will love me,  
those flowers to you I'll bring --  
and here before your window  
the nightingales will sing.

– translation by Louis Untermeyer

### *Ten-Minute Intermission*

## IV

*Four Songs for Voice and Violin*, opus 35

Gustav Holst  
(1874-1934)

assisted by **Julie Chang**, violinist

Holst attended the Royal College of Music in London, and studied composition with Stanford and Parry. He attended classes alongside Ralph Vaughan Williams, who became his closest friend and a great influence.

Texts for these songs come from an anthology of anonymous Medieval texts published in 1917, edited by Mary Segar. The editor writes: "Some of the lyrics were probably written by such young men as Chaucer's 'Clerk of Oxenford'; a few were perhaps written by professional minstrels, survivors of the tribe of 'gleeman' who sang, at each Anglo-Saxon noble's board, the doings of the great heroes of epic." Most were translated into turn-of-the-century English from their original Middle English, or other dialects from the twelfth through fifteenth centuries. *Four Songs* is made up of religious poetry, and calls for simple melodies with open intervals on the violin, an instrument Holst was uninterested in as a child.

**I**

Jesu Sweet, now will I sing  
 To Thee a song of love longing;  
 Do in my heart a quick well spring  
 Thee to love above all thing.

Jesu Sweet, my dim heart's gleam  
 Brighter than the sunnèbeam!  
 As thou wert born in Bethlehem  
 Make in me thy lovèdream.

1. also

**II**

My soul has nought but fire and ice  
 And my body earth and wood:  
 Pray we all the Most High King  
 Who is the Lord of our last doom,  
 That He should give us just one thing  
 That we may do His will.

**III**

I sing of a maiden  
 That matchless is.  
 King of all Kings  
 Was her Son iwis.<sup>1</sup>

He came all so still,  
 Where His mother was  
 As dew in April  
 That falleth on grass:

He came all so still,  
 To His mother's bower<sup>2</sup>  
 As dew in April  
 That falleth on flower.

1. certainly

2. pleasant, shady place

**IV**

My Leman<sup>1</sup> is so true  
 Of love and full steadfast  
 Yet seemeth ever new  
 His love is on us cast.

I would that all Him knew  
 And loved Him firm and fast,  
 They never would it rue<sup>2</sup>  
 But happy be at last.

He lovingly abides  
 Although I stay full long  
 He will me never chide  
 Although I choose the wrong.

1. lover (Christ)

2. regret

3. take back

Jesu Sweet, my dark heart's light  
 Thou art day withouten night;  
 Give me strength and eke<sup>1</sup> might  
 For to loven Thee aright.

Jesu Sweet, well may he be  
 That in Thy bliss Thyself shall see:  
 With love cords then draw Thou me  
 That I may come and dwell with Thee.

He came all so still,  
 Where His mother lay  
 As dew in April  
 That formeth on spray.

Mother and maiden  
 Was ne'er none but she:  
 Well may such a lady  
 God's mother be.

He says "Behold, my side  
 And why on Rood I hung;"  
 For my love leave thy pride  
 And I thee underfong<sup>3</sup>

I'll dwell with Thee believe,  
 Leman, under Thy tree.  
 May no pain e'er me grieve  
 Nor make me from Thee flee.

I will in at Thy sleeve  
 All in Thine heart to be;  
 Mine heart shall burst and cleave  
 Ere untrue Thou me see.

from *Peer Gynt*, opus 23  
XIX. Solveig's Sang

Edvard Grieg  
(1843-1907)

Norwegian playwright Henrik Ibsen loved and even obsessed over Goethe's *Faust*, saying he had "studied Goethe more closely than anyone suspected." He further remarked that *Faust's* "influence on the gestation and shaping of *Peer Gynt* can hardly be overestimated." Ibsen knew his dramatic poem about a selfish, young rogue in the Norwegian mountains needed assistance if it were to survive long term on the stage as a play. His nationalistic story was based on folktales and legends of an alleged real man named Peer Gynt from the area around the small village of Vinstra. In order to mount the production he called on composer Edvard Grieg, the musical director of a theatre in Christiania (now Oslo). The collaboration could not have come at a more opportune moment, as Grieg was struggling financially and artistically. The composer read Ibsen's play and deemed it "the most unmusical of subjects," and later claimed that he couldn't stand to listen to several of the melodies that he composed for it, most famously that of "In the Hall of the Mountain King." Perhaps the songs sung by the character Solveig were some of the most beloved of the work to him, because he composed those first.

Act four, scene ten of *Peer Gynt* shows a middle-aged Solveig sitting, spinning outside her hut, which decades ago, she and Peer claimed to live in forever. Peer unashamedly left Solveig to carry off his former girlfriend on her wedding day to another man, only to abandon her the next morning. He then rushed to the bedside of his dying mother Åse, who always had higher hopes for her wayward son. After her death, Peer abandoned Norway and traveled the world, as a rogue Onegin or Tom Rakewell, owned by nothing and no one. While he is away, Solveig sings of her undying hope that Peer will return to her, for she promised to always love and await him.

*Solveig's Sang*

*Kanske vil der gå både Vinter og Vår,  
og næste Sommer med, og det hele År;  
men engang vil du komme, det véd jeg visst;  
og jeg skal nok vente, for det lovte jeg sidst.*

*Gud styrke dig, hvor du i Verden går!  
Gud glæde dig, hvis du for hans Fodskammel står!  
Her skal jeg vente til du kommer igen;  
og venter du histoppe, vi træffes der, min Ven!*

Solveig's Song

Perhaps both winter and spring will pass,  
and next summer too and all the year;  
but some time you will come, I am sure;  
and I shall wait because I promised you.

May God support you wherever you are!  
May God give you joy, if you are standing at his feet!  
I shall wait here until you come again;  
and if you're waiting up there, it's there we'll meet, my  
friend!

– translation by William Jewson

from *Twelve Songs*, opus 33  
IX. Ved Rundarne

Aasmund Olavsson Vinje's poem beautifully expresses the landscape of a national park in Norway. Though neither this text nor music is from *Peer Gynt*, I have placed this song in the middle of Solveig's two melodies because of the striking similarities between this text and what Peer speaks upon his homecoming to Norway, where he left Solveig and his homeland behind. Peer ran around dazed and confused in the Rondane Mountains in Act II before he met the Mountain King and his trolls, and now sails through them as he returns after decades of gambling, trading slaves to America, and becoming a man of the world. His face is worn, his clothes are tattered, and he is still endlessly searching for money and amusement, throwing responsibility and decency to the wind.

If Peer were singing this text, I imagine he would be full of childhood memories of his mother, of a beautiful, young Solveig, and of course, his beloved Norway. His expression of said text would not be heart felt, but ridden with a small amount of guilt and a large amount of indifference, but one soft spot would be acknowledged by observance of the beauty of the magnificent landscape around him.

*Ved Rundarne*

*No ser eg atter slike Fjell og Dalar,  
som deim eg i min første Ungdom såg,  
og sama Vind den heite Panna svalar;  
og Gullet ligg på Snjo, som før det låg.  
Det er eit Barnemål, som til meg taler,  
og gjer meg tankefull, men endå fjåg.  
Med Ungdomsminne er den Tala blandad;  
det ströymer på meg, so eg knapt kan anda.*

*Ja, Livet ströymer på meg, som det ströymde,  
når under Snjo eg såg det gröne Strå.  
Eg dröymer no, som før eg alltid dröymde,  
når slike Fjell eg såg i Lufti blå.  
Eg glöymer Dagsens Strid, som før eg glöymde,  
når eg mot Kveld af Sol eit Glimt fekk sjå.  
Eg finner vel eit Hus, som vil meg hysa,  
når Soli heim til Notti vil meg lysa.*

## At the Rondane Mountains

Now I see the same mountains and valleys,  
as those I, in my young childhood, saw,  
and the same wind cools my heated brow,  
and gold lies on the snow, as before it lay.  
There is a childlike voice, which speaks to me,  
and makes me thoughtful, but still full of joy.  
With childhood memories is this speech blended;  
it streams over me, so I can barely understand.

Yes, life streams over me, as it streamed,  
when under the snow I saw the green straw.  
I dream now, as once I always dreamed,  
when such mountains I saw in the blue air.  
I forget the day's stress, as once I forgot it,  
when I, towards night, a glimmer of sun did see.  
I will well find a house, that will shelter me,  
as the sun, home for the night, will light my way.

– translation by Ingrid Olsson

from *Peer Gynt*, opus 23

XXVI. Solveig's Vuggevisse

Grieg's incidental music – what today is called a film score – to Ibsen's play ends with this lullaby sung by Solveig. Peer returns to the same hut where he left Solveig who is now old and gray, but her hope and love for him have not dwindled. He enters and thinks of his deceased mother, whom he seemed to have abandoned even before he left for other shores. As the sun rises, his delusional vision of Åse compels him to fall into Solveig's lap, where she gently and lovingly caresses him as if he never betrayed her. Her innocent acceptance of him comforts him when he has nothing else. In Ibsen's play the curtain falls at the end of this song, and the audience is left wondering if Peer has died, or if he has gone insane. There are no indications in Ibsen's play as to Peer's outcome. Surmise as you will, and consider one of Peer's final quotes before he entered Solveig's hut: "Paying for your birth with your life is costly. I want to climb up to the highest peak, I want to see the sun rise again; To view until I am tired the promised land, to let drifts of snow cover me up; You can write above me: "No one lies here", And then – after that; let things go as they will."

*Solveig's Vuggevisse*

*Sov du, dyreste gutten min!  
Jeg skal vugge dig, jeg skal våge.  
Gutten har siddet på sin moders fang.  
De to har leget hele livsdagen lang.  
Gutten har hvilet ved sin moders bryst  
hele livsdagen lang. Gud signe, min lyst!  
Gutten har ligget til mit hjerte tæt  
hele livsdagen lang. Nu er han så træt.  
Sov du, dyreste gutten min! Sov! Sov!  
Jeg skal vugge dig, jeg skal våge! Sov! Sov!*

## Solveig's Cradle Song

Sleep, my dearest boy!  
I shall rock you, I shall hold you.  
The child has sat on his mother's lap  
playing all the livelong day.  
The child has lain on his mother's breast  
all the livelong day. God bless you my dearest!  
The child has lain close to my heart  
all the livelong day. Now he is so tired.  
Sleep, my dearest boy! Sleep, sleep.  
I shall rock you. Sleep, sleep.

– translation by William Jewson



## VI

from *The Ballad of Baby Doe*  
Always through the changing

Douglas Moore  
(1893-1969)

The love story of Horace Tabor, “the Silver King” of the late 1800s mining boom in the west, and Elizabeth “Baby” Doe Tabor caused a scandal in its day. She, a 25-year-old divorcée from Wisconsin, moved out to Colorado to join the new excitement. She succeeded in her intention to meet 50-year-old millionaire Horace Tabor, and their love affair began. Horace left his stuffy wife Augusta and married Baby Doe in 1883, causing uproar nationwide in its own right, but also because he was campaigning for Governor of Colorado at the time. They lived in extreme opulence in the mining town of Leadville and Denver, Colorado until the silver standard collapsed, leaving them poor almost overnight. Horace died of appendicitis in 1899, leaving Baby Doe and their two daughters penniless. Baby Doe had many proposals to remarry, but remained faithful to the memory of her husband for the rest of her almost forty years of life. Despite others’ gossip and the widespread shunning of the couple because of their divorces and age difference, Horace and Baby Doe were really in love. She always believed in the “Matchless” mine that Horace left her, and lived in a pitiful one-room cabin in Leadville by herself above the mine for the rest of her life, estranged from both her daughters. “Always through the changing” is the final aria of the opera, when Baby Doe is old and gray. After almost forty years of living on the charity of others for food and firewood, she was found frozen to death on the floor of her cabin, the walls plastered with newspaper clippings attesting to her and Horace's opulent former lifestyle.

I had the breath-taking experience of visiting Baby Doe’s cabin last summer when I attended the Aspen Music Festival. It still exists in its original form above the Matchless Mine in Leadville, Colorado. A single stove was her only form of heat, a window was her view of the mine which sustained the glory of her former life, and the clippings on the wall told a story of the American dream that collapsed just as quickly as it rose.

*You are invited to gather in the lobby of Lutkin Hall for refreshments after the performance has concluded.*

*I would like to thank...*

*my God, who gave me a voice on-loan to sing with on earth, a mind to passionately seek knowledge, and a heart and soul to express the meaning of a love He has taught me through the sacrifice of His Son.*

*my parents, Calvin and Sherry Frazier, and my sister, Stella, for their undying love and support of me since I publicly sang my first solo note at church at age ten, and for believing I could come this far.*

*my Aunt Nora, who has been like a second mom to me, and has traveled great distances to see me perform.*

*Steve Smith, Richard Boldrey, Alan Darling, Ken Smith, Jesse Rosenberg, Stephen Alltop, Donald Nally, Elizabeth Buccheri, Michael Ehrman and the other brilliant professors at Northwestern that have given me opportunities, critiqued me, and influenced my growth as I have pursued this degree.*

*my fellow graduating master’s students for giving me a family away from home, especially Alan Taylor, who has been my best friend and musical colleague since our first year of college seven years ago.*

*my church family of Bruce Barber and the Cathedral Choir of St. James, Chicago, for giving me a laughing, loving circle of support, spirituality, and wonderful music making for the past two years.*

### About the Performers

**Sadie Frazier**, a native of Tampa Bay, Florida, received her bachelor's and master's of music education degrees from Samford University in Birmingham, Alabama. Sadie participated in the choruses of *Aida*, *Faust* and *Lucia di Lammermoor* with Opera Birmingham. She was a staff soprano at Mountain Brook Baptist Church and Cathedral Church of the Advent. Roles at Samford University include Ciesca in *Gianni Schicchi*, Sally in *Die Fledermaus*, Geraldine in *A Hand of Bridge*, and Doris in *Different Fields*. She traveled internationally with Samford's A Cappella Choir in Beijing, Rome, London, Cambridge, Paris, and Chartres. While at Northwestern, Sadie has studied voice with Steve Smith, and has participated in University Chorale, Baroque Music Ensemble, and Baroque/Contemporary Ensemble. Roles at Northwestern University include Mid-Aged Woman in John Musto's *Bastianello* and Rosasharn in Ricky Ian Gordon's *The Grapes of Wrath*. Other roles include Second Spirit in the Aspen Music Festival's production of *Die Zauberflöte* in 2012. She will begin doctoral studies at the University of Alabama in Tuscaloosa in the fall.

**Richard Boldrey**, a well known pianist, vocal coach, conductor, professor, and author, has been on the faculty of the University of Illinois, the University of Colorado, Boulder, the University of Iowa, and Northwestern. He has been employed by the Chicago Symphony Chorus, the Robert Shaw Chorale, Music of the Baroque, and Chicago Lyric Opera, working with many world-renowned musicians. Mr. Boldrey was Music Editor of *Singers' Edition*, a multi-volume opera anthology published by Pst...Inc., which also published his *Guide to Operatic Roles and Arias* and *Guide to Operatic Duets*. He has been a Professor at Northwestern University since 1995, where he coaches singers, teaches foreign language diction courses, and presents specialized courses in recitative, styles and performance practices, and the vocal *Fach* system. Mr. Boldrey currently serves as Music Director for Kol Zimrah (the Jewish Community Singers of Greater Chicago), and as Choir Director at Lakeside Congregation in Highland Park, Illinois.

**Keryn Wouden**, a native of Shawnee, Kansas, received her bachelor's degree in harp performance from Chapman University in Orange, California. Notable performances include Debussy's *Dances Sacree* in 2006 at Pittsburg University and Handel's *Concerto in Bb* at the 2007 ASTA National Orchestra Festival. In 2008, she won grand prize at the Orange County Harp Society Scholarship Competition, and has performed throughout the Midwest and West with organizations such as the Orange County Philharmonic Society, Sundance Summer Theater, and Anaheim Ballet Company. She currently studies with Liz Cifani at Northwestern for her master's degree. Keryn plays for several Northwestern ensembles and premiered Eliza Brown's new concerto for harp, *A Tune Refracted*, with the Contemporary Music Ensemble in 2012. She continues to teach and perform throughout the Chicagoland area.

**Julie Chang** graduated from Northwestern in 2011 with a bachelor's degree in violin performance. During her time of study, Julie was concertmistress of the Northwestern University Chamber Orchestra and first violinist of the Northwestern University Symphony Orchestra (NUSO). Under the tutelage of Almita Vamos, Julie received Honorable Mention in the Samuel and Elinor Thaviu Endowed Scholarship Competition and was a finalist of the 2011 Northwestern University Concerto Competition. She performed as a soloist with NUSO the following year. Julie also received a dual bachelor's degree in art history, complemented with positions at the Block Museum and the Art Institute of Chicago. She will attend a master's art history program at Christie's Education in London this fall.