

Please be courteous to all performers and fellow audience members by turning off all electronic devices.

Kindly hold your applause until the conclusion of each set of music.

You are invited to gather in the lobby for a reception after the conclusion of tonight's performance.

### **Program Notes, Texts and Translations**

#### **I**

#### *Ariettes oubliées*

Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

1. C'est l'extase langoureuse
2. Il pleure da mon coeur
3. L'ombre des arbres
4. Chevaux de Bois
5. Green
6. Spleen

French poet Paul Verlaine (1844-1896) wrote a collection of poems in 1874 entitled "Romances sans paroles" (Romances without words). Verlaine's symbolism, colors, and nuances inspired Debussy to write music for a few of the poems in 1885. He was then residing in Rome, separated from his lover Madame Vasnier, who remained in Paris. His longing for her inspired the painful settings of some of Verlaine's texts. It is possible that the last four songs of the collection were to be a present for her upon his return to Paris. The collection of songs was originally individually published in 1888 and entitled "Ariettes" (Airs), and was dedicated and sent to Madame Vasnier. The couple's separation for several years caused difficulty in their relationship, which ended in 1889. In 1903 he made a final dedication and a second publication entitled "Ariettes oubliées" (Forgotten airs), a title reminiscent of the collapse of their relationship years before. The new dedication was to famous Scottish-born soprano Mary Garden, who had recently premiered Debussy's opera *Pelléas et Mélisande*.

The style of composition in these songs compared to Debussy's previous output is more through-composed. Prior to this collection Debussy's settings of poetry were strophic, included more melismas, and sometimes repeated lines or stanzas of poetry that the poet did not. Verlaine's texts weighed heavily on Debussy, who used some operatic techniques while composing this set. The settings of texts are composed mostly syllabically, where one syllable is attached to one note. German *Lied* composers of the same era strove to stray from a more strophic way of composing, leading to the text being the main objective of the song, with the music serving it.

The first song of the cycle begins with a descending melody in the piano that characterizes the relaxation of two lovers in a languorous outdoor setting. The babbling brook and flowing breeze add to the calm stillness of the idyllic surrounding, as they envelop themselves in one another.

*C'est l'extase langoureuse,  
c'est la fatigue amoureuse,  
c'est tous les frissons des bois  
parmi l'étreinte des brises,  
C'est vers les ramures grises  
le chœur des petites voix.*

*O le frêle et frais murmure!  
cela gazouille et susurre,  
cela ressemble au cri doux  
que l'herbe agitée expire...  
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,  
le roulis sourd des cailloux.*

*Cette âme qui se lamente  
en cette plainte dormante,  
c'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?  
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,  
dont s'exhale l'humble antienne  
par ce tiède soir, tout bas?*

It is the languorous ecstasy,  
it is the fatigue after love,  
it is all the rustling of the wood,  
in the embrace of breezes;  
it is near the gray branches:  
a chorus of tiny voices.

Oh, what a frail and fresh murmur!  
It babbles and whispers,  
it resembles the soft noise  
that waving grass exhales.  
You might say it were, under the bending stream,  
the muffled sound of rolling pebbles.

This soul, which laments  
and this dormant moan,  
it is ours, is it not?  
Is it mine, tell me, and yours,  
whose humble anthem we breathe  
on this mild evening, so very quietly?

– translation by Emily Ezust

In the next song, the tedious patter of gentle rain on a hazy window pane is heard in the piano. The melancholy protagonist tries to ease her boredom as she wonders if her languor will ever cease. She cannot quite pin down the source of her sadness; perhaps it is loneliness. Debussy's melody comes to a halt in the middle of the third stanza as the protagonist jokes with herself in a recitative-like form, mocking her pain at "Quoi! nulle trahison...?" The melody and droplets of rain pick up again at the beginning of the fourth stanza, where she declares the worst part about being sad: not knowing fully why she is.

*Il pleure dans mon cœur  
comme il pleut sur la ville;  
quelle est cette langueur  
qui pénètre mon cœur?*

*Ô bruit doux de la pluie,  
par terre et sur les toits!  
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie,  
ô le chant de la pluie!*

*Il pleure sans raison  
dans ce cœur qui s'écoeure.  
quoi! nulle trahison? ...  
Ce deuil est sans raison.*

*C'est bien la pire peine,  
de ne savoir pourquoi  
sans amour et sans haine  
mon cœur a tant de peine!*

Tears fall within my heart  
Like the rain on the town;  
When did this langour start  
To take over my heart?

O sweet noise of the rain,  
on the earth and the roofs!  
For a heart that's in pain,  
O the noise of the rain!

It rains without a cause  
In this heart that's grown cold.  
What -- shouldn't it give you pause?  
This grief is without cause.

The worst of it is the sadness  
And the not knowing why,  
Without love's or hate's madness,  
My heart is full of sadness.

– translation by Leonard Lehrman

Debussy connected the next piece with an epigraph from *Cyrano de Bergerac's Lettres satiriques et amoureuses*. The text appears at the top of the score and is translated here: “The nightingale, which from the top of a branch looks down at its reflection, believes it has fallen into the river. It is at the top of an oak tree and yet is afraid of being drowned.” Verlaine’s protagonist stares into a deep unknown, afraid to move, as something she holds dear has been torn away from her.

*L'ombre des arbres dans la rivière embrumée  
meurt comme de la fumée,  
tandis qu'en l'air, parmi les ramures réelles,  
se plaignent les tourterelles.*

*Combien, ô voyageur, ce paysage blême  
mira blême toi-même,  
et que tristes pleuraient dans les hautes feuillées, -  
tes espérances noyées.*

Shadows of trees in the misty river bay  
dying, like smoke, fade away,  
while up above, there among the branches bent,  
the turtledoves lament.

How much, O traveler, to you this pale scene's connecting,  
your pallid self it is reflecting,  
and how sadly they cry, leaves so high and so cherish'd,  
your hopes that drown'd and perish'd.

– translation by Leonard Lehrman

Breaking the deep melancholy of the previous two songs, “Chevaux de bois” (wooden horses) is a vibrant depiction of a middle-class fair. The protagonist stumbles upon a noisy scene of a manually operated merry-go-round (turned by a handle), upon which rides screaming children, overweight mothers, and pickpockets. The nasal bellows of the carousel’s small wooden organ are depicted in the piano’s introduction. Stomach empty, head spinning, she describes in a whirling stupor the churning scene of the little village’s carnival.

*Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux de bois,  
tournez cent tours, tournez mille tours,  
tournez souvent et tournez toujours,  
tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.*

*L'enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche,  
le gars en noir et la fille en rose,  
l'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose,  
chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.*

*Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur cœur,  
tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois  
clignote l'œil du filou sournois,  
tournez au son du piston vainqueur!*

*C'est étonnant comme ça vous soûle  
d'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête  
bien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête,  
du mal en masse et du bien en foule.*

*Tournez, dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin  
d'user jamais de nuls éperons  
pour commander à vos galops ronds  
tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin.*

*Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme  
déjà voici que sonne à la soupe  
la nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe  
de gais buveurs que leur soif affame.*

*Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours  
d'astres en or se vêt lentement.  
L'église tinte un glas tristement.  
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours!*

Turn, turn, good horses of wood,  
turn a hundred turns, turn a thousand turns,  
turn often and turn always,  
turn, turn to the sound of the oboes.

The red-faced child and pale mother,  
the boy in black and the girl in pink,  
the one pursuing and the other posing,  
each getting a penny's worth of Sunday fun.

Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,  
while all around your turning  
squints the sly pickpocket's eye --  
turn to the sound of the victorious cornet.

It is astonishing how it intoxicates you  
to go around this way in a stupid circle,  
nothing in your tummy and an ache in your head,  
very sick and having lots of fun.

Turn, wooden horses, with no need  
ever to use spurs  
to command you to gallop around,  
turn, turn, with no hope for hay.

And hurry, horses of their souls--  
hear the supper bell already,  
the night that is falling and chasing the troop  
of merry drinkers, famished by their thirst.

Turn, turn! The velvet sky  
is slowly clothed with golden stars.  
The church bell tolls sadly.  
Turn, to the happy sound of drums.

– translation by John Glenn Paton

An eager lover brings home gifts to the beloved in another effort to please him. She has gone out in the early morning, and has returned with trifles which she lays at his feet. The text of the song is pleasant, but it is in a minor key, suggesting an impending loss in the couple's relationship. Though the giver is happy to do so, the listener has the sense that the lover is not always pleased. "Green" and the following and final song of the set, "Spleen," are a pair of poems subtitled "Aquarelles" from *Romances sans paroles* and contain their own small narrative.

*Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches  
et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.  
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches  
et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit doux.*

*J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée  
que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.  
Souffrez que ma fatigue, à vos pieds reposée,  
rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.*

*Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête  
toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers;  
laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,  
et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.*

Here are some fruit, some flowers, some leaves and some branches,  
and then here is my heart, which beats only for you.  
Do not rip it up with your two white hands,  
and may the humble present be sweet in your beautiful eyes!

I arrive all covered in dew,  
which the wind of morning comes to freeze on my forehead.  
Suffer my fatigue as I repose at your feet,  
dreaming of dear instants that will refresh me.

On your young breast allow my head to rest,  
still ringing with your last kisses;  
let it calm itself after the pleasant tempest,  
and let me sleep a little, since you are resting.

– translation by Emily Ezust

While "Spleen" may seem an unusual title, it was quite commonly used in Debussy's era of French song. Artists of this time believed that the center for all anguish in the body was the spleen, and therein was centered deep sorrow from love. The set concludes with the exhaustion of the poet in an outdoor setting that is very much the opposite of the idyllic surroundings of the lovers in the first song. The fear of abandonment places a heavy burden upon the protagonist's mind, as she considers the perfection of the love they have. She feels an impending end to their relationship, and gazes into the once-beautiful forest, now seen in a different light. The song concludes on two non-chord tones as she breathes out, "alas...!"

*Les roses étaient toutes rouges  
et les lierres étaient tout noirs.*

*Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges  
renaissent tous mes désespoirs.*

*Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre,  
la mer trop verte et l'air trop doux.*

*Je crains toujours, -- ce qu'est d'attendre  
quelque fuite atroce de vous.*

*Du houx à la feuille vernie  
et du luisant buis je suis las,*

*et de la campagne infinie  
et de tout, fors de vous, hélas !*

Around were all the roses red  
the ivy all around was black.

Dear, so thou only move thine head,  
shall all mine old despairs awake!

Too blue, too tender was the sky,  
the air too soft, too green the sea.

Always I fear, I know not why,  
some lamentable flight from thee.

I am so tired of holly-sprays  
and weary of the bright box-tree,

of all the endless country ways;  
of everything alas! save thee.

– translation by Corinne Orde

## II

from *12 Romances*, opus 14

1. Я жду тебя
2. Островок
7. Не верь мне друг!
11. Весенние Воды

Sergei Rachmaninov  
(1873-1943)

Rachmaninov's aristocratic upbringing allowed him to pursue music. He studied piano and composition at the Moscow Conservatory with Rubinstein and most notably Tchaikovsky. He worked with many great opera singers, whose voices inspired him to create the great *Romances* in various song cycles. This particular collection of songs was composed in 1896 amidst a particularly fruitful period in his musical output. The four songs chosen for this set of music are songs for soprano. Russian song collections were not necessarily compiled according to voice type or to poet, as is shown here. The world is fortunate to have recordings of Rachmaninov himself accompanying singers on his own songs, displaying his magnificent virtuosity.

Rachmaninov was able to flee to the United States right before the Russian revolution of 1917, which brought with it the collapse of Russian Romantic music. Eventually settling in California, Rachmaninov seemed drained of all inspiration, and admitted in an interview in 1934 that "far from my roots and my traditions, I can no longer find the desire to express myself."

Little is known about Russian critic and writer, Maria Avgustovna Davidova (1863 – after 1904). Her text about an expectant lover allows each stanza to grow in hope and anxiety, further expressed by the tenuto markings and fermatas Rachmaninov has placed in the music. The piano postlude is alive with triplet figures and a final hopeful ascent.

*Я жду тебя! Закат угас,  
и ночи тёмные покровы  
спустятся на землю готовы  
и спрятать нас.*

*Я жду тебя! Душистой мглой  
ночь напоила мир уснувший,  
и разлучился день минувший  
на век с землей.*

*Я жду тебя! Терзаясь и любя,  
считаю каждую мгновенья,  
полна тоски и нетерпенья.  
Я жду тебя!*

I wait for you! The sun has set  
night's dark covers  
are ready to descend  
and hide us.

I wait for you! With a fragrant mist,  
night suffused the sleeping world  
and the past day has bid  
farewell to earth.

I wait for you! Tormented and in love,  
I am counting each moment.  
Full of anguish and impatience  
I wait for you!

– translation by Ruslan Sviridov

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822) led a troubled life. He was expelled from Oxford in 1805 for publishing a pamphlet entitled, "The Necessity of Atheism." That same year, at age 19, he eloped with 16-year-old Harriet Westbrook and moved to England to write. Shelley's turbulent personal life found much-needed seclusion and rest upon the family's settlement by a lake. That small glimpse of peace in the country is given here in "The Isle." Shelley's original English poem serves as the translation. The Russian text was adapted from the original by poet Konstantin Dmitriyevich Balmont.

*Из моря смотрит островок,  
его зеленые уклоны  
украсил трав густых венки,  
фиалки, анемоны.  
над ним сплетаются листья,  
вокруг него чуть плещут волны.  
Деревья грустны, как мечты,  
как статуи, безмолвны.  
Здесь еле дышит ветерок,  
сюда гроза не долетает,  
и безмятежный островок  
всё дремлет засыпает.*

There was a little lawny islet  
by anemone and violet,  
like mosaic paven:  
and its roof was flowers and leaves  
which the summer's breath enweaves,  
where nor sun nor showers nor breeze  
pierce the pines and tallest trees,  
each a gem engraves; -  
girt by many an azure wave  
with which the clouds and mountains pave  
a lake's blue chasm.

Second cousin to the famous Russian novelist Leo Tolstoy, Count Aleksei Konstaninovich Tolstoy (1817 – 1875) led a privileged life at the courts of Tsars Nicholas I and Alexander II. In 1851, he met and fell in love with Sophia Andreyevna Miller, then the wife of a cavalry colonel. Miller, who spoke twelve languages, became Tolstoy's poetic inspiration, and he considered her his harshest critic and best friend. Two-thirds of Tolstoy's poetry was written during the late 1850's, while Miller endeavored to divorce. That process took more than a decade; Tolstoy and Miller were at last able to marry in 1863.

*Не верь мне друг, когда в избытке горя  
я говорю, что разлюбил тебя!  
В отлива час не верь измене моря,  
оно к земле воротится, любя.*

Don't believe, my friend, when in a surge of sorrow  
I say I don't love you any more!  
In the hours of ebb don't believe that the sea has betrayed -  
it will be back to the shore filled with love.

*Уж я тоскую, прежней страсти полный,  
мою свободу вновь тебе отдам.  
И уж бегут с обратным шумом волны  
издалека к любимым берегам.*

I'm already longing, full of the same old passion,  
I'll give my freedom back to you again,  
and now the waves are running back with roaring  
from a distance to the beloved shoreline.

Poet Fyodor Ivanovich Tyutchev (1803 – 1873) fell in love with Amalie von Lerchenfeld, but at their urging she married a considerably older, and more monied, baron. She and Tyutchev remained friends after she became a baroness and he the husband of a wealthy German widow. Upon his wife's death, Tyutchev married another young German widow, a baroness. Neither of his wives spoke Russian, and did not attempt to learn more than basic phrases, resulting in recurrent and deep solitariness for the poet. Such feelings often find expression in the juxtapositions of his poetry, where for example the cold and desolate winter gives way to exultant hope for the spring.

#### *Весенние Воды*

*Ещё в полях белеет снег,  
а воды уж весной шумят --  
бегут и будят сонный брег,  
бегут, и блиещут, и гласят...*

*Они гласят во все концы:  
"Весна идёт, весна идёт!  
Мы молодой весны гонцы,  
она нас выслала вперёд.*

*Весна идёт, весна идёт,  
и тихих, тёплых майских дней  
румяный, светлый хоровод  
толпится весело за ней!"*

#### Spring Waters

The fields are still covered with white snow.  
But the streams are already rolling in a spring mood,  
running and awakening the sleepy shore,  
running and glittering and announcing loudly.

They are announcing loudly to every corner:  
"Spring is coming, Spring is coming!  
We are the messengers of young Spring,  
she has sent us to come forward.

Spring is coming, Spring is coming!  
And the quiet, warm May days  
follow her, merrily crowded  
into the rosy, bright dancing circle."

– translations by Yuri Mitelman

## III

from *La bohème*

Mi chiamano Mimi

Giacomo Puccini

(1858-1924)

Puccini's tragic tale of bohemians living in the Latin Quarter of Paris near the turn of the last century is a staple of the standard operatic repertoire. His struggling characters and soaring arias combine to create a heart-wrenching romance.

After his roommate enters their cold apartment with an unexpected bounty of money from a sale, Rodolfo and he make plans with their friends for a fancy Christmas Eve dinner that evening in Paris. His friends leave to get a table whilst the poet Rodolfo stays behind to jot down some inspired words. His pretty neighbor Mimi knocks on the door, asking if he would light her candle on this frigid evening. Rodolfo is instantly taken with her, and sings a beautiful aria, proclaiming his passion as a poet. Once he has introduced himself Mimi does the same, shyly at first, but gets lost in her own passions as he did. She shows interest in him, but ends the aria with a charming, apologetic phrase, as she knows he has indulged her.

*Sì. Mi chiamano Mimi,  
ma il mio nome è Lucia.  
La storia mia è breve:  
A tela o a seta  
ricamo in casa e fuori.  
Son tranquilla e lieta,  
ed è mio svago far gigli e rose.  
Mi piaccion quelle cose  
che han sì dolce malia,  
che parlano d'amor, di primavera,  
che parlano di sogni e di chimere –  
quelle cose che han nome poesia.  
Lei m'intende?*

*Mi chiamano Mimi,  
il perché non so.  
Sola, mi fo il pranzo da me stessa.  
Non vado sempre a messa,  
ma prego assai il Signore.  
Vivo sola, soletta,  
là in una bianca cameretta;  
guardo sui tetti e in cielo.  
Ma quando vien lo sgelo  
il primo sole è mio...  
il primo bacio dell'aprile è mio!  
Germoglia in un vaso una rosa...  
foglia a foglia la spio!  
Così gentil il profumo d'un fior!  
Ma i fior ch'io faccio, ahimè!  
non hanno odore.*

*Altro di me non le saprei narrare.  
Sono la sua vicina che la vien fuori d'ora a importunare.*

Yes...they call me Mimi,  
but my name is Lucia.  
My story is brief:  
On linen or on silk  
I do embroidery at home and outside.  
I am quiet and cheerful,  
and my hobby is making lilies and roses.  
Those things give me pleasure  
which have so much sweet charm,  
which speak of love, of springtimes,  
which speak of dreams and of fantasies –  
those things which are called poetry.  
Do you understand me?

They call me Mimi.  
Why, I don't know.  
Alone, I make meals at home by myself.  
I do not always go to mass  
but I pray a great deal to the Lord.  
I live alone – all alone –  
there, in a clean little room;  
I look out on the rooftops and the sky.  
But when the spring thaw comes  
the early sun is mine...  
the first kiss of April is mine!  
A rose blooms in a vase...  
petal by petal I watch over it!  
How delicate, the scent of a flower!  
But the flowers that I make, alas,  
do not have fragrance!

I would not know how to tell you anything else about me.  
I am your neighbor who comes unexpectedly to interrupt you.

– translation by Martha Gerhart

**Intermission**

## IV

*Knoxville: Summer of 1915*

Samuel Barber

(1910-1981)

In the spring of 1947 Samuel Barber read Southern writer James Agee's prose in an anthology of publications of *The Partisan Reader*. Agee's autobiographical short story of a young boy relaxing with his family on a picturesque, dewy summer evening on the lawn of their Knoxville, Tennessee, home touched Barber and reminded him of his own childhood in Pennsylvania. At the time Barber had been looking for material for a large work for voice and orchestra, which soprano Eleanor Steber wanted to commission. The two events coincided nicely, and Barber composed the work quickly, but was not able to attend the premiere in Boston in April, 1948 because he was teaching overseas at the American Academy in Rome. Agee died in 1955, and his prose was added as a prologue to his famous novel *A Death in the Family*. Barber also wrote the piano reduction. Inscribed at the top of the score one finds a dedication to his then-recently-deceased father, along with the first line of Agee's text, which Barber chose to include but not set musically: "We are talking now of summer evenings in Knoxville, Tennessee in the time that I lived there so successfully disguised to myself as a child."

It has become the time of evening  
 when people sit on their porches,  
 rocking gently and talking gently  
 and watching the street and the standing up into their sphere of possession  
 of the trees, of birds' hung havens, hangars.

People go by; things go by.  
 A horse, drawing a buggy,  
 breaking his hollow iron music on the asphalt;  
 a loud auto; a quiet auto;  
 people in pairs, not in a hurry,  
 scuffling, switching their weight of aestival body,  
 talking casually, the taste hovering over them  
 of vanilla, strawberry, pasteboard and starched milk,  
 the image upon them of lovers and horsemen,  
 squared with clowns in hueless amber.

A streetcar raising its iron moan:  
 stopping, belling and starting; stertorous;  
 rousing and raising again its iron increasing moan  
 and swimming its gold windows and straw seats  
 on past and past and past,  
 the bleak spark crackling and cursing above it  
 like a small malignant spirit set to dog its tracks;  
 the iron whine rises on rising speed;  
 still risen, faints; halts;  
 the faint stinging bell;  
 rises again, still fainter,  
 fainting, lifting, lifts, faints foregone:  
 forgotten.

Now is the night one blue dew.  
 Now is the night one blue dew, my father has drained, he has coiled the hose.  
 Low on the length of lawns, a frailing of fire who breathes.  
 Parents on porches; rock and rock. From damp strings morning glories hang their ancient faces.  
 The dry and exalted noise of the locusts from all the air at once enchants my eardrums.

On the rough wet grass of the backyard  
 my father and mother have spread quilts.  
 We all lie there,  
 my mother, my father, my uncle, my aunt,  
 and I too am lying there ...  
 They are not talking much, and the talk is quiet,  
 of nothing in particular,  
 of nothing at all in particular,  
 of nothing at all.

The stars are wide and alive,  
 they seem each like a smile of great sweetness,  
 and they seem very near.

All my people are larger bodies than mine,  
 with voices gentle and meaningless  
 like the voices of sleeping birds.

One is an artist, he is living at home.  
 One is a musician, she is living at home.  
 One is my mother who is good to me.  
 One is my father who is good to me.

By some chance, here they are, all on this earth;  
 and who shall ever tell the sorrow  
 of being on this earth,  
 lying, on quilts, on the grass, in a summer evening,  
 among the sounds of the night.

May God bless my people, my uncle, my aunt, my mother, my good father,  
 oh, remember them kindly in their time of trouble;  
 and in the hour of their taking away.

After a little I am taken in and put to bed.  
 Sleep, soft smiling, draws me unto her:  
 and those receive me, who quietly treat me,  
 as one familiar and well-beloved in that home:  
 but will not, oh, will not,  
 not now, not ever,  
 but will not ever tell me who I am.

### About the Performers

Soprano **Sadie Frazier**, a native of Tampa Bay, Florida, received a bachelor's in vocal performance and masters of music education degrees from Samford University in Birmingham, under vocal studies with Paul Richardson and Sharon Lawhon. Roles at Samford University include Ciesca in *Gianni Schicchi*, Sally in *Die Fledermaus*, Geraldine in *A Hand of Bridge*, Rona in *The 25<sup>th</sup> Annual Putnam County Spelling Bee* and Doris in *Different Fields*. She traveled internationally with Samford's A Cappella Choir to Beijing, Rome, London, Cambridge, Paris and Chartres. While at Samford, Sadie won first place at the Alabama National Association of Teachers of Singing Annual Competition in 2008, and first place in women's voice at the Alabama Federation of Music Club's Biennial Collegiate Competition in 2010 and 2011. Sadie participated in the Omicron Gamma chapter of the Delta Omicron music fraternity and served as its music director in 2008 and 2009. Sadie sang in the chorus of Opera Birmingham's productions of *Aida*, *Faust* and *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

Sadie received a master's degree in voice and opera on a full scholarship from Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois in 2013. While at Northwestern Sadie studied voice with Steve Smith and participated in University Chorale, the Baroque Music Ensemble and the Baroque/Contemporary ensemble. She sang the roles of Mid-Aged Woman in John Musto's *Bastianello* and Rosasharn in Ricky Ian Gordon's *The Grapes of Wrath*, coached on both roles by the composers. Other roles include Second Spirit in the Aspen Music Festival Opera Theater Center's production of *Die Zauberflöte*. While in Chicago Sadie was a staff soprano at St. James Episcopal Cathedral.

Since returning to Alabama, Sadie has been a part of the Birmingham Chamber Chorus, and was the soprano soloist in the world premiere of Terre Johnson's work for soprano soloist, women's chorus and orchestra entitled *Missa Femina*. Sadie has is a professional chorister and vocal coach at Cathedral Church of the Advent in Birmingham and is in the second year of doctoral studies in voice under Dr. Susan Fleming and Dr. Susan Williams. This recital is given in partial fulfillment towards a doctorate of musical arts in vocal performance. She teaches voice and music history at Judson College in Marion, Alabama.

Pianist **Tracy Chang** was born in Taipei, Taiwan and has studied piano since the age of five. In 2009 she obtained her bachelor's degree in piano performance at the Tainan University of Technology, where she received awards for excellent academic performance from 2006-2008. She received her master's degree at Oklahoma City University. In 2012 she won the concerto competition, where she performed Saint-Saëns's *Piano concerto No. 2* with the OCU Symphony Orchestra. She is a second-year doctoral student in piano performance at the University of Alabama and studies with Dr. Kevin Chance.

*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 in church at the age of ten, and for believing I could come this far.*

*my loving family and friends in Florida and Alabama, especially my Aunt Nora who travels great distances to see me.*

*my wonderful boyfriend John, who always takes great delight in critically discussing music and the arts with me.*

*my teachers at Samford and Northwestern who instilled in me a love of learning and music, and pushed me to work hard and gain experience.*

*Drs. Susan Williams and David Tayloe for their expert teaching, coaching, insight and patience during the preparation of these works while my teacher Dr. Susan Fleming was on sabbatical.*

*my church family of the Cathedral Church of the Advent Choir in Birmingham for giving me a laughing, loving circle of support, spirituality, and wonderful music making for years. There will be many more to come!*