

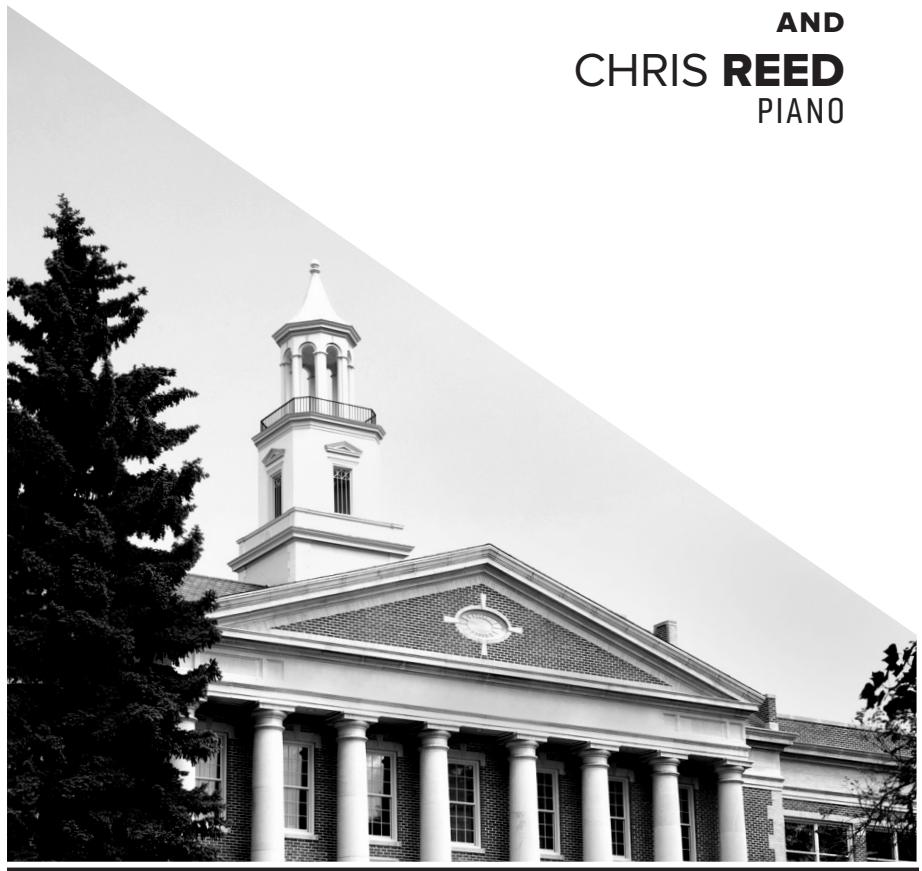
ORGAN RECITAL HALL / UNIVERSITY CENTER FOR THE ARTS

NOVEMBER 13 / 7:30 P.M.

"SONGS OF LOVE"

DR. TIFFANY **BLAKE**
SOPRANO

AND
CHRIS **REED**
PIANO



Colorado State University
SCHOOL OF MUSIC, THEATRE AND DANCE

TONIGHT'S PROGRAM

.....
Glückwunsch / **ERICH KORNGOLD (1897-1957)**

Alt-Spanisch

Was du mir bist?

Chanson triste / **HENRI DUPARC (1848-1933)**

Extase

Phidylé

Al amor / **FERNANDO OBRADORS (1897-1954)**

Del cabello mas sutil

Chiquitita la novia

INTERMISSION

Chanson perpétuelle / **ERNEST CHAUSSON (1855-1899)**

Michael Davis and Leslie Stewart, violins

Margaret Miller, viola and Barbara Thiem, cello

Amor / **WILLIAM BOLCOM (b. 1938)**

Johnnnny / **BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913-1976)**

The Seal Man / **REBECCA CLARKE (1886-1979)**

See How They Love Me / **NED ROREM (b. 1923)**

i carry your heart / **JOHN DUKE (1899-1984)**

Where the music comes from / **LEE HOIBY (1926-2011)**

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BIOGRAPHIES

TIFFANY BLAKE Praised by *Opera News Online* for her “truly virtuoso performance, immaculate tone, good support and breath to spare,” soprano, Dr. Tiffany Blake, received her D.M.A. in Vocal Performance, with a minor, in Opera Stage Direction from the Eastman School of Music, where she also earned her M.M. and was awarded the prestigious Performer’s Certificate. Dr. Blake’s operatic roles include Marguerite in *Faust*, the title role in Carlisle Floyd’s *Susannah*, Despina in *Cos fan tutte*, and Mercedes in *Carmen* among others. Solo engagements have included appearances with the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, Missouri Symphony Orchestra, and Opera Fort Collins. Dr. Blake has a special interest in song literature, and has given several recitals in Scotland, France, Salzburg, and across the U.S., including a radio broadcast for Opus: Classics Live NPR in Buffalo, New York, appearances with Chicago’s Arts at Large, and the Odyssey Chamber Music concert series in Columbia, Mo., and a vocal chamber music recital with Salzburg International Chamber Music Concerts. She has served on the faculties of the University of Missouri-Columbia, Syracuse University, Alfred University, and Sonoma State University. She currently serves as associate professor of voice, and director of the Charles and Reta Ralph Opera Program at Colorado State University in Fort Collins, Colo.

CHRISTOPHER REED, pianist, is currently on the faculty of Colorado State University where he serves as the voice and opera coach. Additionally, he is finishing his doctoral studies at the Eastman School of Music where he is highly active as a collaborator. A student of Dr. Jean Barr, Christopher is a two time prize winner of the Jesse Kneisel Lieder competition, and also served as a graduate opera coach for Eastman Opera Theater. Active as a recitalist, Christopher presents recitals with vocal partners across the United States. Most recently, he has performed at Colorado State University, Columbus State University, Missouri Southern State University, and the University of Alabama, as well as recitals across various locations in the Los Angeles area. Additionally, in 2014, he gave master classes at Missouri Southern State University and The University of Alabama. In the past summers, Christopher has been on faculty as a pianist and coach at the Taos Opera Institute. In 2013, Christopher was selected as a Marc and Eva Stern Fellow for Songfest where he had the privilege of working with pianists Graham Johnson, Martin Katz, and Margo Garrett. Christopher has also collaborated with Baritone John Seesholtz to present a lecture recital at the University of North Texas concerning works collected as part of the AIDS Quilt Songbook. He has also worked as a vocal coach with Wichita Grand Opera. Christopher received his Masters in Piano Accompanying and Chamber Music from Eastman, and his Bachelors in Piano Performance from Oklahoma State University where he was a student of Dr. Thomas Lanners.

Songs of Love

Certainly, as singers, we become accustomed to singing about love. Opera characters die, murder, steal and connive for the sake of love. Composers of art song have always been inspired by love. Every piece in this recital reflects many different aspects of love. I have sung some of them for many years and for some, their meaning has shifted as my life shifts and changes. For example, the John Duke setting of e.e.cummings’ “I carry your heart” has always elicited a strong response from me. When I left my home in California to go to school in New York, it meant keeping a piece of home in my heart; when I had children, it meant the feeling of a deep (frighteningly so!) love; and when my father passed away, it meant celebrating unconditional love in the midst of grief.

One of my favorite things about getting to do what I do every day in teaching and singing, is interacting with beautiful, evocative, interesting, colorful and sometimes just plain weird texts. If a song text doesn't speak to me, it is hard to do the song justice as I can only presume that it must have spoken to the composer, otherwise, why would they have chosen to spend creative energy in its setting? However, sometimes a mundane text can be elevated through its musical setting. For example, the text of Obradors' "Chiquitita la novia" is quirky at best, but Obradors, with his tongue firmly in his cheek, gives this diminutive text a magnificently grand setting.

I am at a place in my own creative life in which I get to choose the music I sing rather than having it assigned (sorry students!!!), and so these are all songs that hold a special place in my heart. Some I performed as a student for my own degree recitals (the Obradors and Chausson), others are pieces I return to again and again for their pure beauty (the Duparc) and some inspire deep feeling in me that I feel compelled to share (the Duke, Hoiby and Korngold). Thank you for giving me the opportunity to share this music! I hope you enjoy it as much as I do.

Translations:

Glückwunsch (Dehmel)

Ich wünsche dir Glück.
Ich bring dir die Sonne in meinem Blick.
Ich fühle dein Herz in meiner Brust;
es wünscht dir mehr als eitel Lust.

Es fühlt und wünscht: die Sonne scheint,
auch wenn dein Blick zu brechen meint.
Es wünscht dir Blicke so sehnsgeschäftslos,
als trügest du die Welt im Schoß.

Es wünscht dir Blicke so voll Begehrten,
als sei die Erde neu zu gebären.
Es wünscht dir Blicke voll der Kraft,
die aus Winter sich Frühling schafft.

Und täglich leuchte durch dein Haus
aller Liebe Blumenstrauß!

Alt-Spanisch (Koch)

Steht ein Mädchen an dem Fenster
in der Ferne schweift ihr Blick.
Blass ihr Wangen, schwer ihr Herze
singt sie von entzweigten Glück:
"Mein Lieb kehrt nicht zurück."

Der Abend dämmert sacht,
ein Stern ersehnt die Nacht.
Und im Winde klinget leise
eine bange Traummusik.
Wie in Echo tönt die Weise:
"Mein Lieb kehrt nicht zurück."

Congratulations

I wish you happiness.
Within my gaze, I bring you the sun.
I feel your heart within my breast;
it wishes you more than pure joy.

It feels and wishes: that the sun will shine,
even when your eyes are close to tears.
It wishes you a gaze so free of longing,
as if the world protected you in its womb.

It wishes you a gaze so full of wonder
as if the world were on the brink of creation.
It wishes you a gaze so full of strength,
that it can create a spring out of winter.

And every day may a bouquet of love
shine throughout your house.

Old Spanish Song

A young girl stands at her window
Her gaze reaches out into the distance.
Her cheeks are pale, her heart is heavy,
she sings of vanished love:
"My love has not returned."

The evening softly falls,
a star longs for night.
And in the wind gently rings
anxious, dreamy music.
Like an echo sounds the melody:
"My love has not returned."

Was du mir bist? (van der Straten)

Was Du mir bist?
Der Ausblick in ein schönes Land,
Wo fruchtbelad'ne Bäume ragen,
Blumen blüh'n am Quellenrand.

Was Du mir bist?
Der Sterne Funkeln, das Gewölk durchbricht,
Der ferne Lichtstrahl, der im Dunkeln spricht:
O Wanderer, verzage nicht!

Und war mein Leben auch Entzagen,
Glänzte mir kein froh' Geschick -
Was Du mir bist? Kannst Du noch fragen?
Mein Glaube an das Glück.

Chanson triste (Lahor)

Dan ton coeur dort un clair de lune,
un doux clair de lune d'été.
Et pour fui la vie importune,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

J'oublierai les douleurs passée,
Mon amour,
Quand tu berceras mon triste coeur
et mes pensées,
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.

Tu rendras ma tête malade
Oh! quelque fois sur tes genoux.
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous,

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesses,
Dan tes yeux alors je boirai
tant de baisser et de tendresses
Que, peut-être, je guérirai.

Extase (Lahor)

Sur un lys pâle mon coeur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort.
Mort exquise, mort parfumée,
Du souffle de la bien-aimée.
Sure ton sein pâle mon coeur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort.

What do you mean to me?

What are you to me?
The sight of a beautiful country
where fruit laden trees soar upwards,
where flowers bloom on the water's edge.

What are you to me?
Stars twinkling through breaking clouds,
A distant ray of light, speaking in darkness:
"O Wanderer, do not give up hope!"

And if my life were one of renunciation
and no good luck ever came my way,
What are you to me? Can you even ask?
You are my belief in happiness.

Sad Song

In your heart slumbers moonlight,
soft summer moonlight.
And in order to flee a stressful life,
I will drown myself in your light.

I will forget past sorrows,
my love,
when you cradle my sad heart
and my thoughts,
in the loving stillness of your arms.

You will let my wounded head,
ah, rest sometimes upon your knees,
and you will recite a ballad,
which seems to speak of us.

And in your eyes, full of sadness,
in your eyes then I will drink
so many kisses and tender caresses
that, perhaps, I shall be healed.

Ecstasy

Upon a pale lily, my heart sleeps
a sleep as sweet as death.
Exquisite death, death perfumed
by the breath of the beloved.
Upon your pale breast, my heart sleeps
a sleep as sweet as death.

Phydilé (de Lisle)

L'herbe est molle au sommeil
sous les frais peupliers,
Aux pentes des sources moussues,
Qui dans les prés en fleur
germant par mille issues,
Se perdent sous les noirs halliers.

Repose, ô Phidylé!
Midi sur les feuillages
Rayonne et t'invite au sommeil.
Par le trèfle et le thym,
seules, en plein soleil,
Chantent les abeilles volages.

Un chaud parfum circule
au détour des sentiers,
La rouge fleur des blés s'incline,
Et les oiseaux, rasant de l'aile la colline,
Cherchent l'ombre des églantiers.

Repose, ô Phidylé!
Mais, quand l'Astre,
incliné sur sa courbe éclatante,
Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,
Que ton plus beau sourire
et ton meilleur baiser
Me récompensent de l'attente!

Al Amor (di Castillejo)

Dame, Amor, besos sin cuento
Asido de mis cabellos
Y mil y ciento tras ellos
Y tras ellos mil y ciento
Y después...
De muchos millares, tres!
Y porque nadie lo sienta
Desbaratemos la cuenta
Y... contemos al revés.

Del cabello más sutil (Anonymous)

Del cabello más sutil
Que tienes en tu trenzado
He de hacer una cadena
Para traerte a mi lado.
Una alcaraza en tu casa,
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,
Para besarte en la boca,
Cuando fueras a beber.

Phydilé

The grass is soft for sleeping
under the cool poplars,
by the banks of the mossy springs,
which from the flowering meadows,
sprouting by the thousands,
disappear in the dark thickets.

Rest, oh, Phidylé!
High noon on the leaves
sparkles and invites you to sleep.
Amid the clover and the thyme,
all alone, in the full sun,
the bees hum in flight.

A warm perfume fills the air
about the winding paths,
the red flower of wheat droops,
the birds, grazing the hills with their wings,
seek the shade of the wild rose bushes.

Rest, oh, Phidylé!
But, when the sun,
descending in its dazzling arc,
will cool its smoldering heat,
let your loveliest smile
and your most tender kiss
reward me for waiting.

To the beloved

Give me, my love, kisses without number,
as the number of hairs on my head.
Give a thousand and a hundred after that,
after those a hundred and a thousand,
and then.....
many thousands, then three more!
And so no one feels badly,
let us forget the tally
and then count backwards!

From the softest hair

From the softest hair,
which you have in your braid,
I will make a chain
to pull you to my side.
A jug in your house,
sweet lady, I wish to be,
so I can kiss your lips
whenever you take a drink.

Chiquitita la novia (Dulce)

Chiquitita la novia,
Chiquitito el novio,
Chiquitita la sala,
Y el dormitorio,
Por eso yo quiero
Chiquitita la cama
Y el mosquitero.

Chanson perpétuelle (Cros)

Bois frissonnants, ciel étoilé,
Mon bien-aimé s'en est allé,
Emportant mon cœur désolé!

Vents, que vos plaintives rumeurs,
Que vos chants, rossignols charmeurs,
Aillent lui dire que je meurs!

Le premier soir qu'il vint ici
Mon âme fut à sa merci.
De fierté je n'eus plus souci.

Mes regards étaient pleins d'aveux.
Il me prit dans ses bras nerveux
Et me baissa près des cheveux.

J'en eus un grand frémissement;
Et puis, je ne sais plus comment
Il est devenu mon amant.

Je lui disais: « Tu m'aimeras
Aussi longtemps que tu pourras! »
Je ne dormais bien qu'en ses bras.

Mais lui, sentant son cœur éteint,
S'en est allé l'autre matin,
Sans moi, dans un pays lointain.

Puisque je n'ai plus mon ami,
Je mourrai dans l'étang, parmi
Les fleurs, sous le flot endormi.

Sur le bord arrêtée, au vent
Je dirai son nom, en rêvant
Que là je l'attendis souvent.

Et comme en un linceul doré,
Dans mes cheveux défaits, au gré
Du vent je m'abandonnerai.

The bride is tiny

The bride is tiny,
the groom is tiny,
the living room is tiny,
and so is the bedroom.
That is why I want
a tiny bed
and a mosquito net.

Perpetual song

Quivering woods, starry sky,
My beloved has left,
taking with him my desolate heart.

Winds, may your plaintive whispers,
and may your songs, charming nightingales,
go tell him that I am dying!

From the first night he came here,
my soul was at his mercy.
I no longer cared about pride.

My gaze was full of confession.
He took me into his nervous arms
and kissed my brow.

I trembled,
and then, I still don't know how,
he became my lover.

I told him: “You will love me
as long as you are able.”
I never slept well unless in his arms.

But he, feeling his heart grown cold,
departed a few mornings ago,
without me, to a distant land.

Since I no longer have my lover,
I will die in the pond, among
the flowers, under the sleeping stream.

When I come to the edge of the pond
I will speak his name, while dreaming,
at the place where I used to await him.

And as if in a golden shroud,
with my hair undone, to the will
of the wind, I will abandon myself.

Les bonheurs passés verseront
Leur douce lueur sur mon front;
Et les joncs verts m'enlaceront.

Et mon sein croira, frémissant
Sous l'enlacement caressant,
Subir l'étreinte de l'absent.

The happy times I have known will shed
their gentle light upon my forehead
and the green reeds will entwine me.

And my breast will believe, as it trembles
in the caressing embrace,
that it is in my beloved's embrace.

Amor (Weinstein)

It wasn't the policeman's fault
in all the traffic roar
instead of shouting halt
when he saw me
he shouted Amor.

Even the ice cream man
(free ice creams by the score)
instead of shouting Butter Pecan
one look at me
he shouted Amor.

All over town it went that way.
Everybody took off the day.
Even philosophers understood
how good was the good
'cuz I look so good!

The poor stopped taking less,
the rich stopped needing more.
Instead of shouting no and yes
both looking at me
shouted Amor.

My stay in town was cut short.
I was dragged to court.
The judge said I disturbed the peace
and the jury gave him what for!

The judge raised his hand
and instead of Desist and Cease
Judie came to the stand,
took my hand,
and whispered Amor.

Night was turning into day
I walked alone away
Never see that town again.
But as I passed the church-house door
instead of singing Amen
the choir was singing Amor.

Johnny (Auden)

O the valley in the summer where I and my John
Beside the deep river walked on and on
While the grass at our feet and the birds up above
Whispered so soft in reciprocal love,
And I leaned on his shoulder; 'O Johnny, let's play':
But he frowned like thunder and he went away.

O the evening near Christmas as I well recall
When we went to the Charity Matinee Ball,
The floor was so smooth and the band was so loud
And Johnny so handsome I felt so proud;
'Squeeze me tighter, dear Johnny, let's dance till day':
But he frowned like thunder and he went away.

Shall I ever forget at the Grand Opera
When music poured out of each wonderful star.
Diamonds and pearls hung like ivy down
Over each gold and silver gown;
'O Johnny I'm in heaven,' I whispered to say:
But he frowned like thunder and he went away.

O but he was as fair as a garden in flower,
As slender and tall as the great Eiffel Tower,
When the waltz throbbed out down the long promenade
O his eyes and his smile went straight to my heart;
'O marry me, Johnny, I'll love and obey':
But he frowned like thunder and he went away.

O last night I dreamed of you, Johnny, my lover,
You'd the sun on one arm and the moon on the other,
The sea it was blue and the grass it was green,
Every star rattled a round tambourine;
Ten thousand miles deep in a pit there I lay:
But you went away.

The Seal Man (Masefield)

And he came by her cabin to the west of the road, calling.

There was a strong love came up in her at that,
and she put down her sewing on the table, and "Mother," she says,
"There's no lock, and no key, and no bolt, and no door.

There's no iron, nor no stone, nor anything at all
will keep me this night from the man I love."

And she went out into the moonlight to him,
there by the bush where the flow'rs is pretty, beyond the river.

And he says to her: "You are all of the beauty of the world,
will you come where I go, over the waves of the sea?"

And she says to him: "My treasure and my strength," she says,
"I would follow you on the frozen hills, my feet bleeding."

Then they went down into the sea together,
and the moon made a track on the sea, and they walked down it;
it was like a flame before them. There was no fear at all on her;
only a great love like the love of the Old Ones,
that was stronger than the touch of the fool.

She had a little white throat, and little cheeks like flowers,
and she went down into the sea with her man,
who wasn't a man at all.

She was drowned, of course.
It's like he never thought that she wouldn't bear the sea like himself.
She was drowned, drowned.

See how they love me (Moss)

See how they love me – green leaf, gold grass,
swearing my blue wrists tick and are timeless.

See how it moves me – old sea, blue sea,
curving a half-moon round to surround me.

See how it loves me – high sky, blue sky,
letting the light be kindled to warm me.

But you rebuke me, oh Love –
Love that I only pursue.
See how they love me.

i carry your heart (cummings)

no fate (for you are my fate, my sweet) i want
no world (for beautiful you are my world, my true)
and it's you are whatever a moon has always meant
and whatever a sun will always sing is you

here is the deepest secret nobody knows
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud
and the sky of the sky of a tree called life; which grows
higher than soul can hope or mind can hide)
and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart

i carry your heart (i carry it in my heart)

Where the music comes from (Hoiby)

I want to be where the music comes from,
Where the clock stops, where it's now.
I want to be with the friends around me,
Who have found me, who show me how.

I want to sing to the early morning,
See the sunlight melt the snow.
And oh, I want to grow.

I want to wake to the living spirit
Here inside me where it lies.
I want to listen till I can hear it,
Let it guide me, and realize
That I can go with the flow unending,
That is blending, that is real,
And oh, I want to feel.

I want to walk in the earthly garden,
Far from cities, far from fear.
I want to talk to the growing garden
To the devas*, to the deer,
And to be one with the river flowing.
Breezes blowing, sky above,
And oh, I want love.

*nature spirits.

U P C O M I N G P E R F O R M A N C E S

MUSIC PERFORMANCES

Music in the Museum Series / Joel Bacon, Harpsichord / FREE	November 14, noon and 6 p.m.	GAMA, UCA
Classical Convergence Concert / Morgenstern Trio	November 14, 7:30 p.m.	ORH, UCA
Brass Area Recital / FREE	November 15, 7:30 p.m.	ORH, UCA
Jazz Ensembles Concert	November 16, 7:30 p.m.	GCH, UCA
Medieval Music Concert	November 16, 7:30 p.m.	ORH, UCA
Sinfonia Concert	November 17, 7:30 p.m.	GCH, UCA
Guest Artist Concert / Ad Hoc Cello Quartet / FREE	November 27, 7:30 p.m.	ORH, UCA
Graduate String Quartet Concert / FREE	November 28, 7:30 p.m.	ORH, UCA
Holiday Spectacular / dress rehearsal open to CSU students	November 29, 7 p.m.	GCH, UCA
Parade of Lights Preview / FREE	November 30, 6 p.m.	UCA
Holiday Spectacular / Public Performance	November 30, 7 p.m.	GCH, UCA

DANCE PERFORMANCES

Fall Dance Capstone Concert	December 8, 9, 7:30 p.m.	UDT, UCA
Fall Dance Capstone Concert	December 9, 2 p.m.	UDT, UCA

THEATRE PERFORMANCES

Love and Information by Caryl Churchill	November 18, 8 p.m.	UT, UCA
Freshman Theatre Project / FREE	December, TBD	ST, UCA

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