

### Upcoming Events at the University Center for the Arts

Tuesday, April 5—**Music: Voice Area Recital**  
7:30 p.m., Organ Recital Hall—FREE

Wednesday, April 6—**Dance: Spring Dance Tea**  
3:00-5:00 p.m., University Dance Theatre

Wednesday, April 6—**Music: Jazz Combos Concert**  
7:30 p.m., Griffin Concert Hall

Thursday, April 7—**Alumni Concert, Special Guest Chris Jusell, Violin**  
7:30 p.m., Organ Recital Hall

Thursday, April 7—**Creative Writing Reading Series**  
7:30 p.m., University Art Museum—FREE

Saturday, April 9—**Music: Cadena Quartet Concert**  
7:30 p.m., Organ Recital Hall

Sunday, April 10—**Music: Virtuoso Series Eric Hollenbeck, Percussion**  
7:30 p.m., Organ Recital Hall

April 13—23—**Theatre: Endgame by Samuel Beckett**  
University Theatre. See website for dates and times.

Thursday, April 14—**Avenir Museum Third Thursday Lecture Series**  
7 p.m., 136 UCA Annex—FREE

Thursday, April 14—**Music: Jazz Ensemble Concert**  
**with guest Dave Pietro, Saxophone**  
7:30 p.m., Organ Recital Hall

FREE Student Recitals

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**Colorado State University**  
SCHOOL OF THE ARTS

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COLORADO STATE UNIVERSITY  
SCHOOL OF THE ARTS  
MEET ME AT THE UCA  
SPRING 2011 CONCERT SEASON

## *Virtuoso Series Concert* *Tiffany Blake, Soprano* *with Caleb Harris, Piano*



Monday, April 4, 2011, 7:30 p.m.  
Organ Recital Hall, University Center for the Arts

**Colorado State University**  
SCHOOL OF THE ARTS

## Program

Enfant, si j'étais roi  
Oh! quand je dors

Franz Liszt  
(1811-1886)

Ständchen  
Ich trage meine Minne  
Muttertändelei  
Zueignung

Richard Strauss  
(1864-1949)

From *Rusalka*  
Píseň Rusalky o Měsíčku

Antonín Dvořák  
(1841-1904)

### Intermission

Siete canciones populares Españolas  
El paño moruno  
Seguidilla murciana  
Austuriana  
Jota  
Nana  
Canción  
Polo

Manuel de Falla  
(1876-1946)

from *A Sarah Binks Songbook*  
Reflections while translating Heine  
(Fantasia on a theme of R. Schumann)  
Hi, Sooky, Ho, Sooky (Valse Serenata)  
Elegy to a Calf (Lamento Pastorello)  
Ode to a Star (Etude Avant Garde)  
The Song of the Chore (Canzone Rustica)

John Greer  
(b. 1954)

*The Spring 2011 Probationary Class of Phi Mu Alpha Sinfonia Fraternity is proud to offer concessions before the performance and during intermission in the lobby outside the main entrance to Griffin Concert Hall. All proceeds go to local charities and probationary dues.*

## Performer Biographies

**Dr. Tiffany Blake**, praised by Opera News Online for her "...truly virtuoso performance....immaculate tone, good support and breath to spare.", received her DMA in Vocal Performance with a minor in Opera Stage Direction from the Eastman School of Music, where she also earned her MM and was awarded the prestigious Performer's Certificate. She received her BA from Sonoma State University in Northern California. In 2009 Dr. Blake was one of twelve interns chosen from applicants across the U.S. and Canada to participate in the prestigious NATS Internship Program.

Dr. Blake's operatic roles include the title role in Carlisle Floyd's *Susannah*, Despina in *Così fan tutte*, Mercedes in *Carmen*, the character of Anne Sexton in Conrad Susa's *Transformations*, Lady Saphir in *Patience*, Lucy in *The Telephone*, and Miss

## Program Notes and Translations

### Lyrics for "A Sarah Binks Songbook"

I. "You are like one flower, so swell, so good and clean, I look you on and longing, slinks me the heart between." I'm a genius, I'm a genius, what more can I desire, I toot upon my little flute, and twang upon my lyre; I dabble in oil paint, in cinnabar and ochre, at night I get dissipated, and play poker. In my little book, in my little book, I write verses, Sometimes they don't rhyme—curses! "Me is as if the hands I on head yours put them should, Praying that God you preserve, so swell, so clean and good."

II. Oh, I heard your voice at daybreak, calling loud and sweet and clear; I was hiding in the turnips with a cricket in my ear; a miller-moth in one ear, and a cricket in the other, but I heard your dear voice calling to the piglets and their mother; heard your own voice rising, falling, loud and long and sharp and shrill, calling; "Sooky, Sooky, Sooky!" to the piglets on the hill; "Hi, Sooky, Ho, Sooky, come and get your swill." Oh, I've hid among the turnips, and I've hid between the stooks, with barley barbs all down my back, and beetles in my boots; but I've seen you in the dwindling, and I've seen you in the rain, with an armful full of kindling, as you fell and rose again; I've seen you plodding through the dust and plugging through the wet, and at night against the window-blind, I've seen your silhouette; but "Sooky, Sooky, Sooky", I never can forget; "Hi, Sooky, Ho, Sooky, come and get your pep!" And oh, I think I'll hide again for just a sight of you, and hear your own sweet voice again call, "Sooky, Sooky, Soo, "Hi, Sooky, Ho, Sooky, come and get your stew, Sooky, come and get your goo, Sooky, Sooky Sooky, Sool!"

III. Oh calf, that gamboled by my door, who made me rich who now am poor, that licked my hand with milk bespread, of, calf, calf! Art dead, art dead? Oh calf, I sit and languish, calf, with somber face, I cannot laugh, can I forget thy playful bunts? Oh calf, calf, that loved me once! With mildewed optics, deathlike, still, my nights are damp, my days are chill. I weep again with doleful sniff, of, calf, calf, so dead, so stiff.

IV. Methought I heard the tinkling of a star my heart did wilt within, and wilting weeped, and sniveling tears did splash the little stones, and muffled sobs did make, and sobbing peeped. With red-rimmed eyes, and through the moist, damp-weep, I glanced aloft and hush, the twinkling star, no more descried, its tinkling it had ceased, resoundingly I blew my nose and sighed.

V. I sing a song of the simple chore, of quitting the downy bed at four, and chipping ice from the stable door— of the simple chore I sing! To the forty below at break of day, to climbing up and throwing down hay, to cleaning out and carting away a paean of praise I bring! Oh, it's time to milk or it's time to not, oh, it's time for breakfast and time I got the pot of coffee in the coffee pot— I sing of the chore, "Hurray!" Oh it's time for this and it's time for that, for mending unending and tending the brat, and it's time to turn in and put out the cat, tomorrow's another day!

## Program Notes and Translations

### A Sarah Binks Songbook

Based upon poems by a fictional poet (created by real-life poet, Paul Hiebert) from the Canadian province of Saskatchewan, these selections from John Greer's *A Sarah Binks Songbook* are full of irony and humor.

"There is no doubt," write Paul Hiebert of his whimsical creation poetess Sarah Binks, the Sweet Songstress of Saskatchewan, "that some of Sarah's finest work still lies buried among the Tax Sales and Mortgage Foreclosures." Know, among other things, for her "almost perfect" translations of German poetry, honours were showered upon her throughout her life from Quagmire to Hitching, from Pelvis and Detour to oak Bluff and Cactus Lake, culminating in that highest award in the bestowal of her province's people, the Wheat Pool Medal. "No other poet has caught in deathless lines so much of Saskatchewan's elusive spirit, the baldness of its prairies, the alkalinity of its soil, the richness of its insect life."

-J. Greer

John Greer is a Canadian composer, pianist, coach and conductor. The bulk of his training was as a performer: as a cellist and early music wind and string player, but primarily as a pianist whose consuming passion was always collaboration with singers. His first professional job was as a rehearsal pianist for the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, and this and his love of the theatre, eventually led him into the world of opera, coaching and eventually conducting. He has served on the faculties of the Eastman School of music, the University of Maryland and New England Conservatory.

## Performer Biographies cont'd

Pinkerton in *The Old Maid and the Thief*. Other solo engagements have included appearances with the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, Missouri Symphony Orchestra and Opera Fort Collins. She is a regular performer with the Odyssey Chamber Music concert series in Columbia, Missouri. Dr. Blake has a special interest in song literature, and has given several recitals in Georgia, New York, Illinois, Missouri and California, including a radio broadcast for Opus: Classics Live NPR in Buffalo, New York and an appearance with Chicago's Arts at Large.

She has served on the faculties of the University of Missouri-Columbia, Syracuse University, Alfred University and Sonoma State University. In addition to many opera scenes programs, Dr. Blake's directing credits include *La Cenerentola* and *A Little Night Music* for Colorado State Opera Theater, *Die Fledermans*, *Riders to the Sea*, *The Wandering Scholar*, *Suor Angelica*, *Dido and Aeneas*, *The Old Maid and the Thief*, *La Canterina* and highlights from *L'elisir d'amore* for the University of Missouri School of Music and *The Cradle will Rock* for the Eastman School of Music Opera Workshop.

**Caleb Harris** enjoys an active career as a pianist, chamber musician, conductor, and vocal coach. Possessing an unusually broad and diverse repertoire, Harris is equally at home at the keyboard or on the podium. He has appeared throughout the USA, Austria, Germany, France, Italy, and Asia at many prestigious venues including Carnegie Hall, Seiji Ozawa Hall at Tanglewood, and the National Concert Hall in Taipei, Taiwan.

In the 2008-2009 season, Harris performed with such notable musicians as violinist William Preucil, concertmaster of the Cleveland Orchestra, and tenor, Vale Rideout. The 2009-2010 season will include a solo recital at Oklahoma Baptist University, a series of performances with soprano, Tiffany Blake, a performance of Rachmaninoff's *Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini* with the University of Northern Colorado Orchestra, as well as multiple chamber music concerts. In addition, Harris will be the musical director and conductor for UNC Opera Theatre's production of Puccini's *Suor Angelica*.

As a vocal coach, musical director, or conductor, Harris has been involved with the preparation and performance of many operas. Recent productions include, Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Poulenc's *Dialogues of the Carmelites*, Stravinsky's *Renard*, Ravel's *L'enfant et les sortilege*, Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*, Mark Adamo's *Little Women*, Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel*, Massenet's *Cendrillon*, Busoni's *Turandot*, and Donizetti's *L'elisir d'amore* and Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. Throughout his opera career, he has worked closely with many musical luminaries including Robert Spano, Stephan Asbury, Neil Varon, William Weinert, Robert Page, Joel Smirnoff, Phyllis Curtin, Dawn Upshaw, Martin Katz, Kenneth Griffiths, Alan Smith, and Robert McIver.

Dr. Harris holds the Bachelor of Music degree, summa cum laude, from Oklahoma Baptist University and the Master of Music degree, Doctor of Musical Arts degree, and Performer's Certificate from the Eastman School of Music. He has studied piano extensively with Billie Jo Forney, Ronald Lewis and Douglas Humpherys.

## Program Notes and Translations

### Enfant, si j'étais Roi (Child, if I were King)

Child, if I were king I would give the empire, and my chariot, and my scepter, and my kneeling people, and my golden crown, and my porphyry baths, and my fleets that the sea could not hold, for one of your glances!

If I were God, earth and heaven with the waves, the angels, the demons bent before my law. And the chaos of the fertile deep, Eternity, space, the heavens and the worlds for a kiss from you!

### O quand je dors (Oh, when I slumber)

Oh, when I sleep, approach my bed, as Laura appeared to Petrarch; And as you pass; touch me with your breath... At once my lips will part!

On my sad face, where perhaps a dark dream has rested for too long a time, let your gaze lift it like a star... At once my dream will be radiant!

Then on my lips, where there flits a brilliance, a flash of love that God has kept pure, place a kiss, and transform from angel into woman... At once my soul will awaken!

### Ständchen (Serenade)

Open up, open, but softly my dear, so as to wake no one from sleep. The brook hardly murmurs, the wind hardly shakes a leaf on bush or hedge. So, softly, my maiden, so that nothing stirs. Just lay your hand softly on the door latch.

With steps as soft as the footsteps of elves, soft enough to hop over the flowers, Fly lightly out into the moonlit night, to come to me in the garden. The flowers are sleeping along the rippling brook, fragrant in sleep, only love is awake.

Sit, here it darkens mysteriously beneath the lindens, the nightingale over our heads shall dream of our kisses, and the rose, when it wakes in the morning, Shall glow from the wondrous passions of the night.

### Ich trage meine Minne (I carry my love)

I carry my love mute with delight, in my heart and in my mind with me wherever I go. Yes, that I have found you, you beloved child, that makes me joyful every day that is granted to me.

And no matter if the sky is gloomy, coal-black the night, brightly shines my love's gold-shining splendor. And even as the world lies through its sinfulness, and I am heavy-hearted, the evil must become blind from your snowy innocence.

### Muttertändelei (Mother-chatter)

But just look at my fair child, with such golden curly locks, blue eyes, red cheeks! My friends, have you such a one? My friends, no, you have not! But just look at my sweet child, fatter than a fat snail, sweeter than a sugar roll! My friends, have you such a one? My friends, no, you have not! But just look at my lovely child, not grumpy, not too particular! Always friendly, always merry! My friends, have you such a one? My friends, no, you have not! But just look at my pious child! No bitter shrew could be so loved by its mother. My friends, my friends would you like to have such a one? O, you certainly won't get mine! Just let a buyer come here once! A hundred thousand shiny thalers—all the gold in the world he would pay! But he certainly won't get mine! Let him buy somewhere else.

## Program Notes and Translations

### Zueignung (Dedication)

Yes, you know it, dearest soul, how I suffer far from you. Love makes the heart sick—give thanks.

Once I, drinker of freedom, held high the amethyst beaker, and you blessed the drink—give thanks.

And you exorcised the evils in it, until I, as I had never been before, Blessed, blessed sank upon your heart—give thanks.

### Píseň Rusalky o Měsíčku (Rusalka's Song to the Moon)

Dear Moon in the dark heavens, whose light we see all around us, who wanders over the wide world to peer into the dwellings of humans, stay still awhile and tell me where is my love?

Tell him, silvery moon, that I long to embrace him and, even if it is only a little while, ask him to sometimes think of me. Shine light upon him in the distance, tell him who waits for him here.

Oh, if a human soul can dream of me, let him remember me when he wakes.

O Moon, do not disappear!

### Siete Canciones

I. El Paño Moruno: On the fine cloth in the store there fell a stain. It sells for a lower price because it lost its value. Ay!

II. Seguidilla Muciana: Whoever has a glass roof shouldn't throw stones at his neighbour. Let us be muleteers; it could be that on the road we will meet! Because of your inconstancy I compare you to a peseta that passes from hand to hand; that finally becomes rubbed down, and believing it false, no one will take it.

III. Asturiana: To see if I could be consoled, I sought the comfort of a green pine. Seeing me weep, it wept. And the pine, since it was green, seeing me weep, wept too.

IV. Jota: They say that we don't love each other because they never see us talking, but they have only to ask your heart and mine. Now I bid you farewell, your house and your window, and your mother, even though she doesn't like it. Goodbye little girl, until tomorrow.

V. Nana: Sleep, little baby, sleep. Sleep, my soul. Sleep little star of the morning. Nanita, nana, nanita, nana. Sleep, little star of the morning.

VI. Canción: Because your eyes are traitors, I am going to bury them. You don't know how much it costs me, you don't know how painful it is to look at them. "Mother, I feel worthless." They say you don't love me, but you did love me. "Love has been lost in the air. Mother all is lost. It is lost, Mother."

VII. Polo: I am hiding an "Ay!". I am hiding a pain in my breast, that I will reveal to no one! Cursed love, cursed! And the one who gave it to me to learn! Ay!