

SCHOOL OF MUSIC, THEATRE, AND DANCE



VIRTUOSO

SERIES CONCERT

TIFFANY BLAKE

CSU FACULTY VOICE, SOPRANO

WITH **TIM BURNS**, PIANO

FEBRUARY 28, 2022



Colorado State University

P R O G R A M :

TIFFANY BLAKE, Soprano

With **TIM BURNS**, Piano

Monday, February 28, 7:30 p.m., Organ Recital Hall

Under the Greenwood Tree

Erich Korngold
(1897-1957)

Come Away, Death
Adieu, Good Man Devil

from *On Loving*

Sheila Silver (b. 1946)

Oh, she doth teach the torches to burn bright

Six Elizabethan Songs
(1927-2019)

Dominick Argento

Spring
Sleep
Winter
Dirge
Diaphenia
Hymn

Leslie Stewart, violin
Barbara Thiem, cello
Megan Lanz, flute
Pablo Dos Santos Hernandez, oboe

Intermission

Drei Ophelia Lieder

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Wie erkenn ich mein Treulieb vor andern nun?
Guten Morgen's ist Sankt Valentinstag
Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloss

Lady MacBeth

Thomas Pasatieri (b. 1945)

PROGRAM NOTES:

What can be said here about William Shakespeare that you don't already know? Despite having died more than 400 years ago (1616), Shakespeare's is a household name. His dramatic works are produced on stages across the world, festivals are dedicated to the performance of his works, and his timeless stories have been woven into the fabric of popular culture, most recently in the new Oscar-nominated adaptation of *West Side Story*, which is based upon his *Romeo and Juliette*.

This program includes pieces based upon texts spoken by characters in his plays. Many of them are actual texts of songs sung within the spoken drama. In Tudor and Stuart era plays, songs were most often given to minor characters (such as the first three songs on the program), like fools or servants. When songs were sung by lead characters, they most often depicted a descent into madness (as in the *Drei Ophelia Lieder*) where important moral truths were delivered as a character lost their inhibitions and wits.

The poets featured along with William Shakespeare in the *Six Elizabethan Songs* by Argento (Thomas Nash, 1567-c. 1601; Samuel Daniel, 1562-1619; Henry Constable, 1562-1613; 1572-1637) were all his contemporaries. Poets and playwrights, they contributed to the flowering of English written art during the reign of Queen Elizabeth the I.

Translations:

Even though all these works (aside from the German language translations of Ophelia's monologues in the Strauss) are in English, they still need to be translated for most of us! I have decided to include the original texts in this program, but will project English "translations" during the performance.

Songs by Erich Korngold:

Under the Greenwood Tree is taken from Shakespeare's romantic comedy *As you like it*. It is sung by a minor character and celebrates life in the countryside away from the hustle and bustle of the court.

Come Away, Death is from *Twelfth Night* and memorializes naive, innocent and, sadly, unrequited love.

Adieu, Good Man Devil, also from *Twelfth Night*, is sung by a fool.

Under the Greenwood Tree

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see Gross fools as he,
And if he will come to me.
Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me?

Come Away, Death

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown.
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

Adieu, Good Man Devil

I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,

Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain;
Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad;
Adieu, good man devil.

“O she doth teach the torches to burn bright” by Sheila Silver

These words are a soliloquy spoken by Romeo in Shakespeare’s *Romeo and Juliette*. They mark his first sighting of Juliette at a ball.

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night

Like a rich jewel in an Ethiopie’s ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o’er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I’ll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne’er saw true beauty till this night.

Six Elizabethan Songs by Dominick Argento

Spring

Thomas Nash

Spring, the sweet spring, is the year’s pleasant king,
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing:
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay:
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet:
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to witta-woo!
Spring, the sweet spring!

Sleep

Samuel Daniel

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my languish and restore the light,
With dark forgetting of my cares' return.
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventur'd youth;
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
Cease Dreams, th'imagery of our day desires,
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Never let the rising Sun approve you liars,
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

Winter

William Shakespeare

When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When Blood is nipped and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-who;
Tu-whit, tu-who: a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-who;
Tu-whit, tu-who: a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Dirge

William Shakespeare

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown.
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

Diaphenia

Henry Constable

Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
Heigh ho, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as my lambs
Are beloved of their dams:
How blest were I if thou would'st prove me.

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
Fair sweet, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power;
For dead, thy breath to life might move me.

Diaphenia, like to all things blessed,
When all thy praises are expressed,
Dear joy, how I do love thee!
As the birds do love the spring,
Or the bees their careful king,
Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

Hymn

Ben Jonson

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close:
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal-shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night—
Goddess excellently bright.

Drei Ophelia Lieder by Richard Strauss

These texts are taken from Shakespeare's tragedy, *Hamlet*. They trace Hamlet's love-interest, Ophelia's descent into madness. Yet from these soliloquies, the tragic truths at the heart of the play are laid bare: the murder of Hamlet's father and the subsequent usurpation of his throne, Hamlet's seduction and betrayal of Ophelia, and the accidental murder of her beloved father, Polonius, by Hamlet himself.

Wie erkenn ich mein Treulieb von andern nun

How should I my true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.

Guten Morgen's ist Sankt Valentinstag

Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's day.
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine;

Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't. if they come to 't,
By Cock they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed!
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An' thou hadst not come to my bed.

Sie trugen ihm auf der Bahre bloss

They bore him barefac'd on the bier:
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
And in his grave rained many a tear;
Fare you well, my dove!
For bonny sweet Robin
Is all my joy.
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed.
He will never come again.
His beard was as white as snow,
All Flaxen was his poll;
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan,
God ha' mercy on his soul!
And of all Christian souls!
I pray God. God be wi' ye!

Lady MacBeth by Thomas Pasatieri

This monodrama combines several scenes from Shakespeare's tragedy *MacBeth* in which Lady MacBeth, the wife of the soldier and lord, MacBeth, alternately reflects alone and converses with her husband.

After a battle in which the Scots, led by MacBeth, are triumphant, MacBeth comes upon three strange witches (of “Bubble, bubble toil and trouble” fame) who greet him as “King to be”. The remainder of the play follows MacBeth as he sets into motion disastrous and tragic machinations to bring these words to fruition. Goaded by his steely wife, Lady MacBeth, Macbeth murders the true king, Duncan. This dastardly deed is followed by several more murders as MacBeth struggles to maintain his ill-gotten status as King of the Scots. At every juncture, opposing his doubts and fears, Lady MacBeth pushes him along this path of treachery. Eventually guilt drives Lady MacBeth to insanity and MacBeth is defeated in a battle with the true heirs of the throne.

Act I, Sc. 5: Lady MacBeth receives word from MacBeth of the witches’ proclamation. She worries that he will not have the resolve necessary to murder Duncan and resolves to convince him.

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it!
Come to my woman’s breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature’s mischief!
Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark, To cry ‘Hold, hold!’

Act I, Sc. 5 continued: MacBeth arrives and expresses doubt in the plan.

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters.
To beguile the time, Look like the time.
Bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue.
Look like th’ innocent flower,
But be the serpent under ‘t.
He that’s coming
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This night’s great business into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our nights and days to come.

But screw your courage to the sticking place
And we’ll not fail.
When Duncan is asleep

(Where to the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him), his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only.

When in swinish sleep
Their drenchèd natures lies as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded Duncan?

Act I, Sc. 7: Lady MacBeth expresses her disdain when MacBeth tells her that he will not follow through with their plan.

And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely?

From this time
Such I account thy love.

Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valor
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat i' th' adage?

Act II, Sc. 2: Lady MacBeth exults alone in her chamber as MacBeth murders King Duncan.

That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold.
What hath quenched them hath given me fire.
Hark!—Peace.

It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night.
He is about it.

The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores.
I have drugged their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them
Whether they live or die.

Act II, Sc. 2 continued: MacBeth arrives, shaken by fear and guilt. Lady MacBeth is disgusted by his weakness when he refuses to return to the chamber to dispose of the murder weapons. She takes them herself, smearing Duncan's grooms with his blood, so they will appear guilty.

These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane, You do unbend your noble strength to think
So brainsickly of things.
Go get some water
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there.
Go, carry them and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures.
'Tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then!
Your constancy hath left you unattended.

Act V, Sc. 1: Lady MacBeth's own guilt has driven her to madness as she tries to remove the hallucination of Duncan's blood from her hands.

Out, damned spot, out, I say! One. Two.
Why then, 'tis time to do 't.
Hell is murky. Fie, my
lord, fie, a soldier and afeard? What need we fear
who knows it, when none can call our power to
account? Yet who would have thought the old man
to have had so much blood in him?

Here's the smell of the blood still. All
the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little
hand. O, O, O!

To bed, to bed. There's knocking at the
gate. Come, come, come, come. Give me your
hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to
bed, to bed.



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