UPCOMING FACULTY ARTIST SERIES EVENTS

Bill Dobbins, piano
Saturday, April 2, 2016
Hatch Recital Hall, 8:00 PM

Mikhail Kopelman, violin
Sunday, April 3, 2016
Kilbourn Hall, 3:00 PM

Jan Opalach, bass-baritone with Ksenia Leletkina, piano
Sunday, April 17, 2016
Kilbourn Hall, 3:00 PM

Robert Swensen, tenor
Saturday, April 23, 2016
Hatch Recital Hall, 6:00 PM

Tickets to all Faculty Artist Series events are $10 general admission and are free to U/R ID holders and current series subscribers.

Information about upcoming Eastman concerts and events can be found at:
www.esm.rochester.edu/concerts

Facebook: www.facebook.com/ConcertsAtEastman

Hatch Recital Hall fire exits are located along the right and left sides, and at the back of the hall. In the event of an emergency, you will be notified by the stage manager. If notified, please move in a calm and orderly fashion to the nearest exit.

Please note: The use of unauthorized photographic and recording equipment is not allowed in this building. We reserve the right to ask anyone disrupting a performance to leave the hall.

Restrooms are located on the main floor of Hatch Recital Hall. Fully-accessible restrooms are available on the first floor of the Eastman School. Our ushers will be happy to direct you to them.

Supporting the Eastman School of Music:
We at the Eastman School of Music are grateful for the generous contributions made by friends, parents, and alumni, as well as local and national foundations and corporations. Gifts and grants to the School support student scholarships, performance and academic facilities, educational initiatives, and programs open to the greater Rochester community. Every gift, no matter the size, is vital to enhancing Eastman’s commitment to excellence. For more information on making a gift, please visit www.esm.rochester.edu/giving or contact the Advancement Office by calling (585) 274-1040. Thank you!

EASTMAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC
FACULTY ARTIST SERIES

MARCH 2016

JONATHAN RETZLAFF, BARITONE

JENNIFER MCGUIRE, PIANO

Thursday, March 24, 2016
Hatch Recital Hall, 8:00 PM
PROGRAM

Music for awhile
Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

Not all my torments

I'll sail upon the Dog Star

Tre Sonetti di Petrarca
Franz Liszt
(1811-1866)

Pace non trovo
Benedetto sia 'l giomo
I' vidi in terra angelici costumi

INTERMISSION

Histoires naturelles
Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Le paon
Le grillon
Le cygne
text: Jules Renard
Le martin-pêcheur
Le pintade

Night and Day
Cole Porter
(1891-1964)

Goodbye little dream, goodbye

The Tale of the Oyster

I concentrate on you

Who Said Gay Paree?

Begin the Beguine

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

I'll concentrate on you
Whenever skies look gray to me
And trouble begins to brew,
Whenever the Winter winds become too strong,
I concentrate on you.

I'll concentrate on you
Whenever skies look gray to me
And trouble begins to brew,
Whenever the Winter winds become too strong,
I concentrate on you.

Who Said Gay Paree?
Who spread the rumour Paris was fun
Who had such fantasy
Who never knew Paris minus you
Who said gay Paree?

Who Said Gay Paree?
Who spread the rumour Paris was fun
Who had such fantasy
Who never knew Paris minus you
Who said gay Paree?

Begin the Beguine
When they begin the beguine
It brings back the sound of music so tender,
It brings back a night of tropical splendor,
It brings back a memory ever green.

Begin the Beguine
When they begin the beguine
It brings back the sound of music so tender,
It brings back a night of tropical splendor,
It brings back a memory ever green.

Who Said Gay Paree?
Oh yes, let them begin the beguine, make them play
Till the stars that were there before return above you,
Till you whisper to me once more,
"Darling, I love you!"
And we suddenly know, what heaven we're in,
When they begin the beguine

— from Can-Can (1953)

The Faculty Artist Series is generously supported by Patricia Ward-Baker.

Special Thanks to Russell Miller, Greg Machin, Fred Diengott and Arielle Nachtigal.
Night and Day

Like the beat, beat, beat, of the tom-tom;
When the jungle shadows fall,
Like the tick, tick, tick, of the stately clock as it stands against the wall,

Like the drip, drip, drip, of the raindrops
When the summer show'r is through;
So a voice within me keeps repeating you, you, you.

Night and day, you are the one
Only you beneath the moon, under the sun
Whether near to me or far
It's no matter darlin', where you are

I think of you night and day
Night and day, why's it so
That this longing for you, follows wherever I go
In the roaring traffic's boom

In the silence of my lonely room
I think of you night and day
Night and day, under the hide of me
There's an ooh, such a hungry yearning, burning inside of me

And this torment won't be through
Till you let me spend my life making love to you
Day and Night
Night and Day

—from Gay Divorcee (1934)

The Tale of the Oyster

Down by the sea lived a lonesome oyster,
Ev'ry day getting sadder and moister.
He found his home life awf'lly wet,
And longed to travel with the upper set.
Poor little oyster.

Fate was kind to that oyster we know,
When one day the chef from the Park Casino
Saw that oyster lying there,
And said "I'll put you on my bill of fare."

Lucky little oyster.

See him on his silver platter,
Watching the queens of fashion chatter.
Hearing the waves of millionaires
Discuss their marriages and their love affairs.
Thrilled little oyster.

See that bivalve social climber
Feeding the rich Mrs. Hoggenheimer,
Think of his joy as he gaily glides
Down to the middle of her gilded insides.
Proud little oyster.

After lunch Mrs. H. complains,
And says to her hostess, "I've got such pains.
I came to town on my yacht today,
But I think I'd better hurry back to Oyster Bay."

Scared little oyster.

Off they go thru the troubled tide,
The yacht rolling madly from side to side.
They're tossed about 'til that fine young oyster
Finds that it's time he should quit his cloister,
Up comes the oyster.

Back once more where he started from,
He murmured, "I haven't a single qualm,
For I've had a taste of society,
And society has had a taste of me."

Wise little oyster.

—from Red, Hot and Blue (1936)

Goodbye little dream, goodbye

I first knew love’s delight
When presto out of the blue
A dream appeared one night
And whispered "How do you do?"
I knew I was tempting fate,
But I took it straight to my heart.
My fears were right and now we must part.

Goodbye, little dream, goodbye,
You made my romance sublime
Now it's time to fly
For the stars have fled from the heavens

The moon’s deserted the hill
And the sultry breeze that sang in the trees
Is suddenly strangely still
It’s done, little dream, it’s done
So bid me a fond farewell
We’ve both had our fun
Was it Romeo or Juliet
Who said, when about to die?
Love is not all peaches and cream
Little dream, goodbye

—from Fifty Million Frenchmen (1929)
Jennifer McGuire is a pianist and vocal coach based in Nashville, Tennessee. She is Senior Lecturer in Collaborative Piano at the Blair School of Music at Vanderbilt University, a position created for her in 2010. She is also a coach and rehearsal pianist for the Vanderbilt Opera Theatre. McGuire is an active recitalist, with recent engagements at Symphony Space in New York City and the University of Memphis. She performs frequently throughout Nashville and at the Blair School. She is a core member of the Atlantic Ensemble, a chamber group regularly featured on the Accueil Musical de Saint-Merry concert series in Paris, France. The Atlantic Ensemble will be performing at both Saint-Merry and the American Church in Paris in May 2016.

McGuire has been a vocal coach and surtitle coordinator for Cincinnati Opera and Dayton Opera. She has also worked for the Nashville Opera and the Nashville Symphony Chorus, and is a regular staff pianist for the Metropolitan Opera National Council auditions. McGuire was a repetitor at the AIMS festival in Graz, Austria, from 2008-10. In 2014, she co-founded a mentoring program for young professional vocal coaches with the collaborative pianist Roger Vignoles. This program runs biannually at the Blair School of Music. In June 2016, McGuire will join the faculty of the Seagle Music Colony as principal coach for the premiere of the new American opera Roscoe. She will be coaching the soprano Deborah Voigt on the role of Veronica for the Albany Symphony’s concert version of Roscoe in October 2016.

McGuire holds a double Master of Music in piano performance and collaborative piano from the Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music. While there, she was awarded full collaborative piano assistantships in both art song and opera. She earned her Bachelor of Music in piano performance from Shorter College. As a sophomore at Shorter, McGuire was a national final list of the MTNA Collegiate Piano competition.

Le martin-pêcheur
Ça n’a pas mordu, ce soir, mais je rapporte une rare émotion.
Comme je tenais ma perche de ligne tendue, un martin-pêcheur est venu s’y poser.
Nous n’avons pas d’oiseau plus éclatant. Il semblait avoir une grosse fleur bleue au bout d’une longue tige. La perche pliait sous le poids.
Je ne respirais plus, tout fier d’être pris pour un arbre par un martin-pêcheur.
Et je suis sûr qu’il ne s’est pas envolé de peur, mais qu’il a cru qu’il ne faisait que passer d’une branche à une autre.

Le pintade
C’est la bossue de ma cour. Elle ne rêve que plais à cause de sa bosse.
Les poules ne lui disent rien: brusquement, elle se précipite et les harcèle.
Puis elle baisse sa tête, penche le corps, et, de toute la vitesse de ses pattes maigres, elle court frapper, de son bec dur, juste au centre de la roue d’une dinde. Cette poseuse l’agaçait.
Ainsi, la tête bleue, ses barbillons à vif, cardière, elle rage du matin au soir.
Elle se bat sans motif, peut-être parce qu’elle s’imagine toujours qu’on se moque de sa taille, de son crâne chauve et de sa queue.
Et elle ne cesse de jeter un cri discordant qui perce l’aire comme un pointe.
Parfois elle quitte la cour et disparaît.
Elle laisse aux volailles pacifiques un moment de répit.
Mais elle revient plus turbulente et plus criarde.
Elle laisse aux volailles pacifiques un moment de répit.
Et, frénétique, elle se vautre par terre.
Qu’a-t-elle donc ?
La slyrrisée fait une farce.
Elle est allée pondre son œuf à la campagne.
Je peux le chercher si ça m’amuse.
Et elle se roule dans la poussière.
Comme une bossue.

Le guinea fowl
She is the hunchback of my yard. She dreams only of wounds because of her hump.
The fowls say nothing to her: abruptly, she rushes at them and harasses them.
Then she lowers her head, leans her body, and speedily on her skinny legs, she runs to strike with her hard beak, the precise center of the turkey’s tail. That poser was annoying her.
Then, with her blue head, its wattles jiggling, fiercely, she rages from morning to night.
She fights without reason, perhaps because she is imagining always that they are laughing at her size, at her bald head and at her low tail.
And she ceases not to sound her discordant cry which pierces the air like a point.
At times she leaves the courtyard and disappears.
She allows the peaceful birds a moment of rest.
But she returns more turbulent and more shrill.
And, frantically, she wallows in the earth.
What is wrong with her?
The sly creature is acting out a farce.
She went to lay her egg in the country.
I may look for it if it amuses me.
And she rolls in the dust.
Like a hunchback.

**Le grillon**

C'est l'heure où, las d'errer, l'insecte nègre revient de promenade et répare avec soin le désordre de son domaine.

D'abord il ratisse ses étroites allées de sable.
Il lime la racine de cette grande herbe propre à le harceler. Il se repose.

Puis il remonte sa minuscule montre.

A-t-il fini ? Est-elle cassée ?
Il se repose encore un peu.

Il rentre chez lui et ferme sa porte.

Longtemps il tourne sa clé dans la serrure délicate. Et il écoute: point d'alarme dehors.

Mais il ne se trouve pas en sûreté.

Et comme par une chaînette dont la poulie grince, il descend jusqu'au fond de la terre.

On n'entend plus rien.

**Le cygne**

Il glisse sur le bassin, comme un traîneau blanc, de nuage en nuage. Car il n'a faim que des nuages floconneux qu'il voit naître, bouger, et se perdre dans l'eau.

C'est l'un d'eux qu'il désire. Il le vise du bec, et il plonge tout à coup son col vêtu de neige.

Puis, tel un bras de femme sort d'une manche, il retire.
Il n'a rien.

Il regarde: les nuages effarouchés ont disparu. Il ne reste qu'un instant désabusé, car les nuages tardent peu à revenir, et, là-bas, où meurent les undulations de l'eau, en voici un qui se reforme.

Doucement, sur son léger coussin de plumes, le cygne rame et s'approche. Il s'épuise à pêcher de vains reflets, et peut-être qu'il mourra, victime de cette illusion, avant d'attraper un seul morceau de nuage. Mais qu'est-ce que je dis ?

Chaque fois qu'il plonge, il fouille du bec la vase nourrissante et ramène un ver. Il engraisse comme une oie.

**The cricket**

It is the hour when, tired of travelling, the insect dark brown returns to the promenade and repairs with care the disorder of his domain.

First he rakes his narrow paths of sand.
He makes sawdust that he brushes aside at the threshold of his hideaway.

He files the root of the tall grass prone to harass him. He lies down.

Then he rewinds his miniscule watch.
Has he finished? Is it broken?
He rests again for a little while.

He returns home and closes the door.

A long while he turns the key in the delicate lock. Then he listens: nothing alarming outside.

But he does not feel safe.
And as by a little chain with a squeaking pulley, he descends into the depths of the earth. Nothing more is heard.

In the quiet countryside, the poplars stand up like fingers in the air and point at the moon.

**The swan**

He glides on the pond, like a white sleigh, from cloud to cloud. His only hunger is for the clouds of fleece that he sees appearing, moving, and disappearing in the water.

It is one of these that he desires. He takes aim with his beak, and he plunges suddenly his neck dressed in snow. Then, like a woman's arm appearing from a sleeve, he withdraws it.

He has nothing.

He looks: the clouds, startled, have disappeared. He remains for just an instant confused, for the clouds hesitate, but a little to return, and there, where die the undulations of the water, there is one that is reforming.

Softly, on his light cushion of feathers, the swan paddles and approaches. He is exhausted by fishing for vain reflections, and perhaps he will die a victim of this illusion, before having caught a single morsel of cloud.

But what am I saying?

Each time he plunges, he burrows with his beak to the nourishing silt and pulls out a worm. He grows fat like a goose.

**Music for awhile**

Music for awhile
shall all your cares beguile:
wond'ring how your pains were eas'd and disdaining to be pleased
t'il Alecto free the dead from their eternal bands.
T'il the snakes drop from her head and the whip from out her hands.

—Dryden and Lee

**Not all my torments**

Not all my torments can your pity move,
your scorn increases with my love.
Yet to the grave I will my sorrow bear;
I love, tho' I despair.

—Anonymous

**I'll sail upon the Dog Star**

I'll sail upon the Dog Star, and then pursue the morning,
I'll chase the moon till it be noon, but I'll make her leave her horning.
I'll climb the frosty mountain and there I'll coin the weather;
I'll tear the rainbow from the sky, and tie both ends together.
The stars pluck from their orbs, too, and crowd them in my budget!
And whether I'm a roaring boy, let all the nations judge it!

—d'Urfey
### TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

#### Pace non trovo

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<tr>
<td>Pace non trovo, e non ho da far guerra; e temo, et spero; et ardo, et son un ghiaicchio; et volo sopra il cielo, et giaccio in terra; et nulla stringo, et tutto 'l mondo abbraccio.</td>
<td>I find no peace, but I am not given to make war, I fear, I hope, and I burn, yet I am turned to ice: I fly up in the sky, while I lie on the ground; and I hold nothing, while I embrace the whole world.</td>
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#### Benedetto sia 'l giorno

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#### Le paon

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<td>It should certainly be married today. It should have been yesterday. In his colorful attire he was ready. He was awaiting only his fiancée. She did not come. She cannot be long.</td>
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#### The peacock

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<td>I' vidi in terra angelici costumi, E celesti bellezze al mondo sole; Tal che di rimembrar mi giova, e dole: Che quant'io miro, par sogni, ombre, e fumi.</td>
<td>I saw on earth angelic features, and heavenly beauties unequed in the world; such that I remember with pleasure and pain; as much as I look, they seem like dreams, shadows, and mists.</td>
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