

Music at Emory



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**2019
2020**

Songs of Struggle and Hope

**Bradley Howard, tenor
Lee D. Thompson, piano**

Sunday, January 19, 2020, 4:00 p.m.

Emerson Concert Hall
Schwartz Center for Performing Arts

arts.emory.edu

Program

"Comfort Ye and Ev'ry Valley" George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)
from *Messiah*

Er ist gekommen Clara Schumann (1819–1896)
A Letter from Five Poems of Emily Dickinson Lee Hoiby (1926–2011)
Songs from Dichterliebe Robert Schumann (1810–1856)
Ich will meine Seele tauchen
Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
Ich grolle nicht

Songs from Here and Gone Jake Heggie (b. 1961)
Because I liked you better
Stars
"Il mio tesoro" Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)
from *Don Giovanni*

Hold fast to dreams Florence Price (1887–1953)
Minstrel Man Margaret Bonds (1913–1972)
"Somewhere" Leonard Bernstein (1918–1990)
from *West Side Story*

"L'amour...Ah! Léve-toi, soleil" Charles Gounod (1818–1893)
from *Roméo et Juliette*

Våren Edvard Grieg (1843–1907)
Joy Ricky Ian Gordon (b. 1956)

Misalliance Michael Flanders (1922–1975)
Donald Swann (1923–1994)

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child arr. Moses Hogan
He's got the whole world in his hands arr. Moses Hogan

Texts and Translations

“Comfort Ye and Ev’ry Valley”

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people,
Saith your God.
Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem,
And cry unto her,
That her warfare is accomplished,
That her iniquity is pardoned.
The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness;
Prepare ye the way of the Lord;
Make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

Ev’ry valley shall be exalted, and ev’ry mountain and hill made low;
The crooked straight and the rough places plain.

—Isaiah 40: 1–3, 4

Er ist gekommen, op. 12, No. 2

Er ist gekommen
In Sturm und Regen,
Ihm schlug beklommen
Mein Herz entgegen.
Wie konnt’ ich ahnen,
Daß seine Bahnen
Sich einen sollten meinen Wegen?

He came
in storm and rain
my anxious heart
beat against his
How could I have known,
that his path
should unite itself with mine?

Er ist gekommen
In Sturm und Regen,
Er hat genommen
Mein Herz verwegen.
Nahm er das meine?
Nahm ich das seine?
Die beiden kamen sich entgegen.

He came
in storm and rain,
he boldly
stole my heart.
Did he steal mine?
Did I steal his?
Both came together.

Er ist gekommen
In Sturm und Regen.
Nun ist gekommen,
Des Frühlings Segen.
Der Freund zieht weiter,
Ich seh’ es heiter,
Denn er bleibt mein auf allen Wegen.

He came
in storm and rain,
Now has come
the blessing of spring.
My love travels abroad,
I watch with cheer,
for he remains mine, on any road.

—Rückert

A Letter from Five Poems of Emily Dickinson

You ask of my companions. Hills, sir, and the sundown, and a dog large as myself, that my father bought me. They are better than beings because they know, but do not tell; and the noise in the pool at noon excels my piano.

I have a brother and sister; my mother does not care for thought, and father, too busy with his briefs to notice what we do. He buys me many books, but begs me not to read them, because he fears they joggle the mind. They are religious, except me, and address an eclipse, every morning, whom they call their "Father."

But I fear my story fatigues you. I would like to learn. Could you tell me how to grow, or is it unconveyed, like melody or witchcraft?

Songs from Dichterliebe, op. 48, No. 5–7

Ich will meine Seele tauchen

Ich will meine Seele tauchen
in den Kelch der Lilie hinein,
die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.

I want to plunge my soul
into the chalice of the lily,
the lily shall resoundingly exhale
a song of my beloved.

Das Lied soll schauern und beben
wie der Kuß von ihrem Mund',
den sie mir einst gegeben
in wunderbar süßer Stund'!

The song shall quiver and tremble
like the kiss from her mouth,
that she once gave me
in a wonderfully sweet hour!

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
da spiegelt sich in den Well'n
mit seinem großen Dome
das große, heilige Köln.

In the Rhine, in the holy stream,
there is mirrored in the waves,
with its great cathedral,
great holy Cologne.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildniß
auf goldenem Leder gemalt.
In meines Lebens Wildniß
hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

In the cathedral, there stands an image
On golden leather painted.
Into my life's wilderness
it has shined in amicably.

Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein
um unsre liebe Frau;
die Auge, die Lippen, die Wänglein,
die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

There hover flowers and little angels
Around our lovely lady,
the eyes, the lips, the little cheeks,
they match my beloved's exactly.

Ich grolle nicht

Ich grolle nicht,
und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
Ewig verlorne Lieb! Ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst
in Diamantenpracht,
es fällt kein Strahl
in deines Herzens Nacht,
das weiß ich längst.
Ich grolle nicht,
und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
Ich sah dich ja im Traume,
und sah die Nacht
in deines Herzens Raume,
und sah die Schlang',
die dir am Herzen frißt,
ich sah, mein Lieb,
wie sehr du elend bist.
Ich grolle nicht.

I bear no grudge,
even when my heart is breaking,
eternally lost love! I bear no grudge.
Even though you shine
in diamond splendor,
there falls no light
into your heart's night,
that I've known for a long time.
I bear no grudge,
even when my heart is breaking.
I saw you, truly, in my dreams,
and saw the night
in your heart's space,
and saw the serpent
that feeds on your heart,
I saw, my love,
how very miserable you are.
I bear no grudge.

—Heine

Because I Liked You Better

Because I liked you better
Than suits a man to say,
It irked you, and I promised
To throw the thought away.
To put the world between us
We parted, stiff and dry;
'Good-bye,' said you, 'forget me.'
'I will, no fear,' said I.
If here, where clover whitens
The dead man's knoll, you pass,
And no tall flower to meet you
Starts in the trefoiled grass,
Halt by the headstone naming
The heart no longer stirred,
And say the lad that loved you
Was one that kept his word.

—A. E. Housman

Stars

Stars, I have seen them fall,
But when they drop and die
No star is lost at all
From all the star-sown sky.
The toil of all that be
Helps not the primal fault;
It rains into the sea,
And still the sea is salt.

—Housman

“Il mio tesoro” from *Don Giovanni*

Il mio tesoro intanto
andate a consolar,
E del bel ciglio il pianto
cercate di asciugare.

Ditele che i suoi torti
a vendicar io vado;
Che sol di stragi e morti
nunzio vogl'io tornar.

My treasure, meanwhile,
Go and console.
And from her beautiful eyes, the tears,
Try to wipe away.

Tell her that the wrongs against her,
I'm going to avenge,
That only of killing and death
As announcer will I return.

—Lorenzo Da Ponte

Dreams

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.

Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.

—Langston Hughes

Minstrel Man

Because my mouth
Is wide with laughter
And my throat
Is deep with song,
You do not think
I suffer after
I have held my pain
So long?

Because my mouth
Is wide with laughter,
You do not hear
My inner cry?
Because my feet
Are gay with dancing,
You do not know
I die?

—Langston Hughes

“Somewhere” from *West Side Story*

There’s a place for us
Somewhere a place for us
Peace and quiet and open air
Wait for us
Somewhere
There’s a time for us
Someday a time for us
Time together with time to spare
Time to learn, time to care
Someday, somewhere
We’ll find a new way of living
We’ll find a way of forgiving
Somewhere
There’s a place for us
A time and place for us
Hold my hand and we’re halfway there
Hold my hand and I’ll take you there
Somehow
Someday, somewhere

—Stephen Sondheim

“L’amour, l’amour! . . . Ah! Leve toi soleil” from *Roméo et Juliette*

Roméo: L’amour! L’amour! Oui,
son ardeur a troublé
tout mon être!

Romeo: Love! Love! Yes,
its intensity has disturbed
my very being!

(A light comes on in Juliet’s window.)

Mais quelle soudaine clarté
resplendit à cette fenêtre!
C’est là que dans la nuit
rayonne sa beauté!

But what sudden light
through yonder window breaks?
’Tis there that by night
her beauty shines!

Ah! lève-toi, soleil!
Fais pâlir les étoiles, Qui,
dans l’azur sans voiles,
Brillent aux firmament.
Ah! lève-toi! parais! parais!
Astre pur et charmant!
Elle rêve! elle dénoue une boucle
de cheveux qui vient caresse sa joue!

Ah, arise, o sun!
Turn pale the stars that,
unveiled in the azure,
do sparkle in the firmament.
Ah, arise! Appear! Appear,
thou pure and enchanting star!
She is dreaming, she loosens a lock
of hair which falls to caress her cheek.

Amour! Amour! porte-lui mes vœux!
Elle parle! Qu’elle est belle!
Ah! je n’ai rien entendu!
Mais ses yeux parlent pour elle,
et mon cœur a répondu!

Love! Love, carry my vows to her!
She speaks! How beautiful she is!
Ah, I heard nothing.
But her eyes speak for her
and my heart has answered!

Ah! lève-toi, soleil!, etc.

Ah, arise, o sun!, etc.

—based on Shakespeare’s *Romeo and Juliet*,
libretto by Jules Barbier and Michel Carré

Våren

Enno ein Gong fekk eg Vetren at sjå,
for Våren at røma;
Heggen med Tre som der Blomar var på,
eg atter såg bløma.
Enno ein Gong fekk eg Isen at sjå,
frå Landet at fljota,
Snjoen at bråna,
og Fossen i Å,
at fyssa og brjota.
Graset det grøne eg enno ein Gong,
fekk skoda med blomar.
Enno eg høyrde at Vårfuglen song,
mot Sol og mot Sumar.

Eingong eg sjølv i den vårlege Eim,
som mettar mit Auga,
Eingong eg der vil meg finna ein Heim,
og symjande lauga.
Alt det som Våren imøte meg bar,
og Blomen eg plukkad',
Federnes Ånder eg
trudde det var,
som dansad' og sukkad'.
Derfor eg fann
millom Bjørkar og Bar,
i Våren ei Gåta;
derfor det Ljod
i den Fløyta eg skar,
meg tyktest at gråta.

Joy

I went to look for Joy,
Slim, dancing Joy,
Gay, laughing Joy,
Bright-eyed Joy—
And I found her
Driving the butcher's cart
In the arms of the butcher boy!
Such company, such company,
As keeps this young nymph, Joy!

Spring

Once more I got to behold winter
Fleeing before the spring;
Hackberry trees covered by blooms,
I once more saw blooming.
Once more I got to behold the ice
Flowing from the land,
The snow softening,
and water fall into the river
Buzzing and bursting.
The green grass I once again got
To behold with blooms.
Still I heard the spring fowl sing,
To the sun and to summer.

One day I will in the springtime haze,
Which sates my eye,
One day, there will I find me a home,
And swim and bathe.
All with which the spring greeted me,
and the blooms I plucked,
I thought it was the spirits
of the forefathers,
That danced and sighed.
Therefore I found
between birches and bark,
A riddle in spring.
Therefore the sound
from the flute I carved,
Seemed to be weeping.

—Aasmund Olavsson Vinje

—Langston Hughes

Misalliance

The fragrant honeysuckle spirals clockwise to the sun,
And many other creepers do the same.
But some climb anti-clockwise, the bindweed does, for one,
Or Convolvulus, to give her proper name.
Rooted on either side a door, one of each species grew,
And raced towards the window-ledge above.
Each corkscrewed to the lintel in the only way it knew,
Where they stopped, touched tendrils, smiled, and fell in love.

Said the right-handed honeysuckle to the left-handed bindweed,
"Oh, let us get married, if our parents don't mind, we'd
Be loving and inseparable, inextricably entwined, we'd
Live happily ever after" said the honeysuckle to the bindweed.

To the honeysuckle's parents it came as a shock.
"The bindweeds," they cried, "are inferior stock!
They're uncultivated, of breeding bereft,
We twine to the right and they twine to the left."

Said the anti-clockwise bindweed to the clockwise honeysuckle,
"We'd better start saving, many a mickle macks a muckle,
Then run away for a honeymoon and hope that our luck'll
Take a turn for the better" said the bindweed to the honeysuckle.

A bee who was passing remarked to them then,
"I've said it before and I'll say it again,
Consider your offshoots, if offshoots there be,
They'll never receive any blessing from me."
"Poor little sucker, how will it learn,
When it is climbing, which way to turn?
Right, left, what a disgrace,
Or it may go straight up and fall flat on its face!"

Said the right-hand-thread honeysuckle to the left-hand-thread bindweed,
"It seems they're against us, all fate has combined.
Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Colombine,
Thou art lost and gone forever, we shall never intertwine."

Together, they found them, the very next day,
They had pulled up their roots and just shrivelled away.
Deprived of that freedom for which we must fight,
To veer to the left or to veer to the right!

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child
A long way from home, a long way from home
Sometimes I feel like I'm almost done
A long way from home, a long way from home.

He's got the whole world in his hands

He's got the whole world in His hands,

He's got all the power in His hands,
He's got the whole world in His hands

He's got you and me brother in His hands,
He's got you and me sister in His hands,
He's got the little baby in His hands,
He's got the whole world in His hands

He's got mother and father in His hands,
He's got the stars and the moon right in His hands,
He's got everybody in His hands,
He's got the whole world in His hands.

Performer Biographies



With a career spanning classical and modern choral works, solo recitals, and opera roles, tenor **Bradley Howard** has gained recognition as a multifaceted performer, performing under the batons of renowned conductors Seiji Ozawa, William Fred Scott, Christian Badaea, Riccardo Muti, Joesph Flummerfelt, Yoel Levi, John Mauceri, and Robert Spano. A passionate educator, he joined the faculty of Emory University as director of vocal studies in 2011 and also serves as part of the distinguished faculty of the Amalfi Coast Music Festival.

Howard began his career as a fellow at the Tanglewood Music Center, when his performance of Bob Boles in the 50th anniversary of Benjamin Britten's *Peter Grimes* brought him to the attention of famed conductor Seiji Ozawa. Further operatic successes include Tamino in *The Magic Flute*, Ferrando in *Così fan tutte*, Rodolfo in *La Bohème*, Beppe in *I Pagliacci*, Count Almaviva in *I Barbiere di Siviglia*, Peter Quint in Britten's *Turn of the Screw*, and Albert in *Albert Herring*. He has performed at various festivals including Spoleto, Chautauqua Opera, the Ohio Light Opera, Tanglewood Music Festival, and Breckenridge Music Institute.

Howard brings depth and excitement of an expansive repertoire to his solo recitals, handling the florid style of Bach and the fragmented tonalities of Britten and Menotti with equal aplomb. This season he will be touring with pianist Lee D. Thompson performing the recital “Songs of Love and War,” featuring songs by various composers. In addition to the recital, Howard will perform concerts on Emory’s campus including “The Bach Bowl” in February and, in May, he will join the Emory voice and piano faculty in a concert at Emory’s Carlos Museum.

Howard’s degrees in music and voice from Baylor University and the University of Cincinnati (UC) opened the doors to America’s musical stage. At UC he earned an MM in voice working with William McGraw, and a BM in voice at Baylor working with Joyce Farwell. Howard is an active adjudicator and clinician and has presented masterclasses and/or clinics at the University of Washington, Whitman College, Sam Houston State University, Emory University, Georgia State University, Valdosta State University, and the Ohio State University.



Active as a collaborative pianist and vocal coach, **Lee D. Thompson** currently teaches at the Ohio State University (OSU) School of Music in Columbus, Ohio. Prior to moving to OSU this past autumn, Thompson was on the music faculty of the University of Missouri–Kansas City Conservatory of Music. He is also professor of music, emeritus, at Whitman College, Walla Walla, Washington. As head of piano and accompanying studies there, he taught piano, accompanying, foreign language diction for singers, and courses in the history of music. Thompson served as a member of the summer music staff of the Santa Fe Opera 1996–2000. In 2000, he was appointed an American cultural ambassador by the State Department of the United States and he worked with the Mongolian National Opera as principal vocal coach for its first-ever English language production. Thompson has toured internationally as a collaborative artist, performing concerts in Vienna, London, Graz (Austria), Kunming (People’s Republic of China), Bucharest (Romania), and Canada.

Thompson holds a doctorate in musical arts from the College-Conservatory of Music, University of Cincinnati, as well as a master’s degree in music and a bachelor’s degree in music education from Baylor University.

Upcoming Music Events

Go to music.emory.edu to view the complete list of upcoming music events. Ticket prices are listed in the following order: Full price/Emory student price (unless otherwise noted as the price for all students). For more information, contact the Schwartz Center Box Office at 404.727.5050, or visit arts.emory.edu.

Friday, January 24, noon, Sonatas for Piano and Violin, ECMSA: Cooke Noontime Series, *Beethoven 2020*, Michael C. Carlos Museum, free

Friday, January 24, 8:00 p.m., Lomazov Rackers Piano Duo, Schwartz Center, Emerson Concert Hall, free

Saturday, January 25, 7:00 p.m., Emory Piano Competition Final Concert, Schwartz Center, Emerson Concert Hall, free

Friday, January 31, 7:00 p.m., *Pajama Concert*, ECMSA: Family Series, Michael C. Carlos Museum, free

Sunday, February 2, 4:00 p.m., *The Bach Bowl on Super Bowl Sunday*, Schwartz Center, Emerson Concert Hall, free

Friday, February 7, 8:00 p.m., Bob Mintzer and the Gary Motley Trio, Jazz Fest 2020, Schwartz Center, Emerson Concert Hall, \$20/\$5

Saturday, February 8, 8:00 p.m., Big Band Night, Jazz Fest 2020, Schwartz Center, Emerson Concert Hall, free: tickets required

Wednesday, February 12, 8:00 p.m., Emory Youth Symphony Orchestras, Schwartz Center, Emerson Concert Hall, free



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EVENT AND PROGRAM INFORMATION Available online at arts.emory.edu.

ACCESSIBILITY The Schwartz Center for Performing Arts is committed to providing performances and facilities accessible to all. Please direct accommodation requests to the Schwartz Center Box Office at 404.727.5050, or by email at boxoffice@emory.edu. For seating accommodations, please contact us at least 24 hours in advance of the event.

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TREE LIGHTS AND EXTERIOR ARCHITECTURAL BUILDING LIGHTS Made possible by a generous gift from Donna and Marvin Schwartz.

