



CARNEGIE HALL

120th Anniversary  
A Season to Celebrate

May/June  
2012

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# CARNEGIE HALL

presents

May/June 2012

2012–2013 Season 12

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Cover: Yehudi Menuhin, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Mstislav Rostropovich, Vladimir Horowitz, Leonard Bernstein, and Isaac Stern in 1976 at Carnegie Hall's *Concert of the Century*.

Photo courtesy of the Carnegie Hall Archives.

**PLAYBILL®**



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## From the Executive and Artistic Director

As we move into May, we welcome the return of *Spring For Music*, an innovative festival, now in its second year, designed to showcase the great depth of talent found among orchestras from all across North America, with six evenings of imaginative programming. The festival is at the heart of a rich month of musical offerings, joining many of the finest orchestras, chamber ensembles, and soloists performing today. It's a wonderful finale to an exciting season in which memorable concerts in our three halls have been complemented by an ever growing number of music education and community programs taking place across New York City and, increasingly, around the globe. It reflects Carnegie Hall's absolutely central commitment to offering the widest possible engagement with music.

Looking ahead to a new season, our mission continues to grow out of collaborating with great musicians of all musical genres to create a collection of concerts that explore the ideas that captivate them the most. Whether through next fall's citywide *Voices from Latin America* festival, celebrating the region's influence on global culture; fascinating series with Renée Fleming and Osvaldo Golijov; new discoveries through artist debuts; return visits by established favorites; or new initiatives such as the National Youth Orchestra of the United States of America, which comes together for the first time next summer, we want Carnegie Hall to be a place that always draws people together, making an inspiring contribution to people's lives through music.

Thank you for being with us today, sharing this musical experience with us. We hope to welcome you back often!

Share your thoughts.

Clive Gillinson  
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Sunday Evening, May 27, 2012, at 8:30  
Isaac Stern Auditorium / Ronald O. Perelman Stage

30th Anniversary Season  
1126th Concert Worldwide, 935th in New York, 509th in Carnegie Hall  
This season is dedicated to the memory of Dr. Virginia-Gene Rittenhouse,  
founder, New England Symphonic Ensemble

MidAmerica Productions and  
Peter Tiboris, *General Director and Artistic Director*

*present*

# CHORAL SPOTLIGHT SERIES

**SAVANNAH ARTS ACADEMY WOMEN'S CANTABILE, GA**  
**DIANE STALLINGS, *Conductor***

- |                                  |  |
|----------------------------------|--|
| Z. RANDALL STROOPE               | Dies Irae<br>NICHOLAS BAXTER, <i>Accompanist</i>               |
| DANIEL E. GAWTHROP<br>arr. Carey | Sing Me to Heaven  |
| TRADITIONAL<br>arr. Alsop        | Didn't my Lord Deliver Daniel                                  |
| AMERICAN FOLK<br>arr. Bennett    | My Johnny's a soldier<br>DESTINY REED, <i>Accompanist</i>      |
| VIJAY SINGH                      | Johnny Said No   |
| CARMICHAEL/MERCER<br>arr. Huff   | Skylark<br>DIANE STALLINGS, <i>Accompanist</i>                 |
| THIELE/WEISS<br>arr. Snyder      | What a Wonderful World   |
| PATTI DRENNAN                    | We are the Music Makers<br>NICHOLAS BAXTER, <i>Accompanist</i> |

**PLEASE SWITCH OFF YOUR CELL PHONES AND OTHER ELECTRONIC DEVICES.**

**SACRAMENTO CITY COLLEGE CHORALE, CA**  
**DOREEN IRWIN, Conductor**

DAVID C. DICKAU      If Music be the Food of Love  
text: Henry Hevening

FRANZ BIEBL      Ave Maria  
LARRY PETITE, *Soloist*

MOZART      Laudate Dominum from *Vesperae solennes*  
*de confessore*  
STEPHANIE BLACKWELL, *Soloist*

HOGAN      Hold On

RAY      Credo from *Gospel Mass*  
ADNIN SELBY, *Soloist*

STEFFE      Battle Hymn of The Republic  
arr. Wilhousky

*Intermission*

# NEW ENGLAND SYMPHONIC ENSEMBLE

**PRESTON HAWES, Artistic Director**

**DAVID CHASE, Guest Conductor**

**CAROLINE WORRA, Soprano**

**MARGARET MEZZACAPPA, Mezzo-soprano**

**CHAD JOHNSON, Tenor**

BRITTEN      *Spring Symphony*

**Part I** Allegro with slow introduction

Shine out, fair Sun (George Chapman)

The Merry Cuckoo (Edmund Spenser)

Spring, the Sweet Spring (Thomas Nashe)

The Driving Boy (John Clare)

The Morning Star (John Milton)

**Part II**

Welcome Maids of Honour (Robert Herrick)

Waters Above (Henry Vaughan)

Out on the lawn I lie in bed (W.H. Auden)



### Part III

The Affectionate Shepherd (Richard Barnefield)  
When Will my May Come  
Fair and Fair (George Peele)  
Sound the Flute! (William Blake)  
Spring (William Blake)

### Part IV Finale

London, to Thee I do present  
(Francis Beaumont/John Fletcher)  
Sumer is icumen in (13th-century round)

### Participating Chorus:

La Jolla Symphony Chorus, CA  
San Diego North Coast Singers, Encinitas, CA

# Notes ON THE PROGRAM

## SAVANNAH ARTS ACADEMY WOMEN'S CANTABILE, GA

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Tonight's program is selected from the works of American composers, with the background theme of Memorial Day. The opening selection, "**Dies Irae**," juxtaposes driving, accentuated rhythms appropriate to the drama of this text, with a pensive "Pie Jesu" prayer in the center.

The second selection, "**Sing Me to Heaven**," is a beautiful a cappella ode to the power of music in our lives—in comforting and winning hearts, mourning, and "bringing us to God."

The third selection, "**Didn't My Lord Deliver Daniel?**" a traditional Spiritual arranged by Jennifer Alsup King, asks us to ponder the question, "If he delivered Daniel, why not every man?"

"**My Johnny's a soldier**" is a compilation of three American folk songs arranged

by Catherine Bennett: "Johnny Has Gone for a Soldier," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again," and "The Cruel War." The next selection is yet another Johnny song, "**Johnny Said No**" by Vijay Singh (no, not the golfer), a folk-like piece that will make you smile.

For our next two pieces, our Skylarks vocal ensemble will perform their signature piece, "**Skylark**," with text by Savannah's own Johnny Mercer and music by Hoagy Carmichael. Then we will perform a piece composed by Billy Joel, "**Lullaby**," (arranged by Kirby Shaw).

Our last composition is "**We Are the Music-Makers**," with words by A. W. O'Shaughnessy (1844–81) and Patti Drennan and music by Patti Drennan—"Our voices, united, offer a gift of love."

—*Preceding notes by Diane Stallings*

## SACRAMENTO CITY COLLEGE CHORALE, CA "Favorites"

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Sacramento City College's program this evening showcases many of the styles and genres utilized in its performance tours.

The first piece on the program, "**If Music be the Food of Love**," by contemporary American composer, David Dickau, was co-commissioned as a special project of the Minnesota Music Educators Association and the American Choral Directors Association of Minnesota.

The second selection, "**Ave Maria**," by German composer, Franz Biebl (1906–2001), is an a cappella setting of two ancient texts from the Catholic Church—the "Angelus" and the "Ave Maria."

The third piece, "**Laudate Dominum**," is from Mozart's *Vesperae solennes de confessore*.

Moses Hogan (1957–2003), one of our nation's extraordinary musical talents, composed the fourth piece on the program, "**Hold On**."

Tonight's fifth selection is a work from the gospel repertoire, the "**Credo**" from Robert Ray's *Gospel Mass*. The final section, in honor of Memorial Day and all those men and women who have given their lives for this great nation, is "**The Battle Hymn of the Republic**."

—*Preceding notes by Doreen Irwin*

### **BENJAMIN BRITTEN** *Spring Symphony, Op. 44*

*Born November 22, 1913, in Lowestoft; died December 4, 1976, in Aldeburgh, England*

---

Benjamin Britten composed the *Spring Symphony* during a prolific period shortly after he completed his operas *Peter Grimes*, *The Rape of Lucretia*, and *Albert Herring*. Its composition was the result of a commission from the Boston Symphony's conductor Serge Koussevitzky, to whom it is dedicated. The premiere took place July 9, 1949, with Jo Vincent, Kathleen Ferrier, and Peter Pears performing with the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra in Amsterdam, under the direction of Eduard van Beinum.

The intensely difficult work, although titled "symphony," is only a symphony in an expanded understanding of the word; it is a dense work that contains many musical ideas and actually combines symphonic features with qualities

of the oratorio and of the song-cycle: the many performers it requires make possible a number of smaller combinations that are altered for each setting. In many ways the piece resembles a concerto for orchestra featuring the colors of different instrumental groups. Britten gave the work some of the qualities we associate with spring, including a sense of freshness, color, and spontaneity, appropriating texts that concern winter's departure and spring's renewal and rebirth. Britten used English lyric verse, and credited his inspiration to "a particularly lovely spring day in East Suffolk." Composed shortly after World War II, the *Spring Symphony* has been read as a symbol for England's emergence from the cold winter of World War into the spring of renewal, a time of new possibilities.



But 'mongst them all, which did Love's honour raise,  
No word was heard of her that most it ought,  
But she his precept proudly disobeys,  
And doth this idle message set at nought.

Therefore O love, unless she turn to thee  
Ere Cuckoo end, let her a rebel be.

**"Spring, the Sweet Spring"** (THOMAS NASHE, 1567–1601) from  
*Summer's Last Will and Testament*, soprano, alto, tenor, and mixed chorus

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!

**"The Driving Boy"** (GEORGE PEELE/JOHN CLARE, 1793–1864), soprano solo  
and children's choir

[Come queen of months in company  
Wi all thy merry minstrelsy  
The restless cuckoo absent long  
And twittering swallows chimney song  
And hedge row crickets notes that run  
From every bank that fronts the sun  
And swathy bees about the grass  
That stops wi every bloom they pass  
And every minute every hour  
Keep teasing weeds that wear a flower  
And toil and childhoods humming joys  
For there is music in the noise  
The village children mad for sport  
In school times leisure ever short  
That crick and catch the bouncing ball  
And run along the church yard wall  
Capt wi rude figured slabs whose claims  
In times bad memory hath no names  
Oft racing round the nookey church  
Or calling echos in the porch  
And jilting oer the weather cock  
Viewing wi jealous eyes the clock  
Oft leaping grave stones leaning hights  
Uncheckt wi mellancholy sights  
The green grass swelld in many a heap  
Where kin and friends and parents sleep  
Unthinking in their jovial cry

That time shall come when they shall lye  
As lowly and as still as they  
While other boys above them play  
Heedless as they do now to know  
The unconcious dust that lies below  
The shepherd goes wi happy stride  
Wi moms long shadow by his side  
Down the dryd lanes neath blooming may  
That once was over shoes in clay  
While martins twitter neath his eves  
Which he at early morning leaves]

The driving boy beside his team  
[Will oer the may month beauty dream]<sup>2</sup>  
And cock his hat and turn his eye  
On flower and tree and deepning skye  
And oft [bursts] loud in fits of song  
And [whistles] as he reels along  
Crack[ing] his whip in starts of joy  
A happy dirty driving boy

[The youth who leaves his corner stool  
Betimes for neighbouring village school  
While as a mark to urge him right  
The church spires all the way in sight  
Wi cheerings from his parents given  
Starts neath the joyous smiles of heaven

And sawns wi many an idle stand  
Wi bookbag swinging in his hand  
And gazes as he passes bye  
On every thing that meets his eye  
Young lambs seem tempting him to play  
Dancing and bleating in his way  
Wi trembling tails and pointed ears  
They follow him and loose their fears  
He smiles upon their sunny faces  
And feign woud join their happy races  
The birds that sing on bush and tree  
Seem chirping for his company  
And all in fancys idle whim  
Seem keeping holiday but him  
He lolls upon each resting stile  
To see the fields so sweetly smile  
To see the wheat grow green and long  
And list the weeders toiling song  
Or short not[e] of the changing thrush  
Above him in the white thorn bush  
That oer the leaning stile bends low  
Loaded wi mockery of snow  
Mozzld wi many a lushing thread  
Of crab tree blossoms delicate red  
He often bends wi many a wish  
Oer the brig rail to view the fish  
Go sturting by in sunny gleams  
And chucks in the eye dazzld streams  
Crumbs from his pocket oft to watch  
The swarming struttle come to catch  
Them where they to the bottom sile  
Sighing in fancys joy the while  
Hes cautiond not to stand so nigh  
By rosey milkmaid tripping bye  
Where he admires wi fond delight  
And longs to be there mute till night  
He often ventures thro the day  
At truant now and then to play  
Rambling about the field and plain  
Seeking larks nests in the grain  
And picking flowers and boughs of may  
To hurd awhile and throw away  
Lurking neath bushes from the sight  
Of tell tale eyes till schools noon night  
Listing each hour for church clocks hum  
To know the hour to wander home  
That parents may not think him long  
Nor dream of his rude doing wrong  
Dreading thro the night wi dreaming pain  
To meet his masters wand again  
Each hedge is loaded thick wi green  
And where the hedger late hath been  
Tender shoots begin to grow  
From the mossy stumps below  
While sheep and cow that tease the grain  
will nip them to the root again

They lay their bill and mittens bye  
And on to other labours hie  
While wood men still on spring intrudes  
And thins the shadow solitudes  
Wi sharpend axes felling down  
The oak trees budding into brown  
Where as they crash upon the ground  
A crowd of labourers gather round  
And mix among the shadows dark  
To rip the crackling staining bark  
From off the tree and lay when done  
The rolls in lares to meet the sun  
Depriving yearly where they come  
The green wood pecker of its home  
That early in the spring began  
Far from the sight of troubling man  
And bord their round holes in each tree  
In fancys sweet security  
Till startld wi the woodmans noise  
It wakes from all its dreaming joys  
The blue bells too that thickly bloom  
Where man was never feared to come  
And smell smocks that from view retires  
Mong rustling leaves and bowing briars  
And stooping lily of the valley  
That comes wi shades and dews to dally  
White beady drops on slender threads  
Wi broad hood leaves above their heads  
Like white robd maids in summer hours  
Neath umberellas shunning showers  
These neath the barkmens crushing treads  
Oft perish in their blooming beds  
Thus stript of boughs and bark in white  
Their trunks shine in the mellow light  
Beneath the green surviving trees  
That wave above them in the breeze  
And waking whispers slowly bends  
As if they mournd their fallen friends  
Each morning now the weeders meet  
To cut the thistle from the wheat  
And ruin in the sunny hours  
Full many wild weeds of their flowers  
Corn poppys that in crimson dwell  
Calld head achs' from their sickly smell  
And carlock yellow as the sun  
That oer the may fields thickly run  
And iron weed content to share  
The meanest spot that spring can spare  
Een roads where danger hourly comes  
Is not wi out its purple blooms  
And leaves wi points like thistles round  
Thickest that have no strength to wound  
That shrink to childhoods eager hold  
Like hair-and with its eye of gold  
And scarlet starry points of flowers  
Pimpernel dreading nights and showers



Oft calld the shepherwim  
Along the wheat when skys grow dim  
Wi clouds-slow as the gales of spring  
In motion wi dark shadow wing  
Beneath the coming storm it sails  
And lonly chirps the wheat hid quails  
That came to live wi spring again  
And start when summer browns the grain  
They start the young girls joys afloat  
Wi wet my foot its yearly note  
So fancy doth the sound explain  
And proves it oft a sign of rain  
About the moor 'mong sheep and cow  
The boy or old man wanders now  
Hunting all day wi hopful pace  
Each thick sown rushy thistly place  
For plover eggs while oer them flye  
The fearful birds wi teasing cry  
Trying to lead their steps astray  
And coying him another way  
And be the weather chill or warm  
Wi brown hats truckd beneath his arm  
Holding each prize their search has won  
They plod bare headed to the sun  
Now dames oft bustle from their wheels  
Wi childern scampering at their heels  
To watch the bees that hang and swive  
In clumps about each thronging hive  
And flit and thicken in the light  
While the old dame enjoys the sight  
And raps the while their warming pans  
A spell that superstition plans  
To coax them in the garden bounds  
As if they lovd the tinkling sounds  
And oft one hears the dinning noise  
Which dames believe each swarm decoys  
Around each village day by day  
Mingling in the warmth of may  
Sweet scented herbs her skill contrives  
To rub the bramble platted hives  
Fennels thread leaves and crimpld balm  
To scent the new house of the swarm  
The thresher dull as winter days  
And lost to all that spring displays  
Still mid his barn dust forc'd to stand  
Swings his frail round wi weary hand  
While oer his head shades thickly creep  
And hides the blinking owl asliretail,  
long a stranger, comes  
To his last summer haunts and homes  
To hollow tree and crevisd wall  
And in the grass the rails odd call  
That featherd spirit stops the swain  
To listen to his note again  
And school boy still in vain retraces  
The secrets of his hiding places

In the black thorns crowded cosp  
Thro its varied turns and stops  
The nightingale its ditty weaves  
Hid in a multitude of leaves  
The boy stops short to hear the strain  
And 'sweet jug jug' he mocks again  
The yellow hammer builds its nest  
By banks where sun beams earliest rest  
That drys the dews from off the grass  
Shading it from all that pass  
Save the rude boy wi ferret gaze  
That hunts thro evry secret maze  
He finds its pencild eggs agen  
All streakd wi lines as if a pen  
By natures freakish hand was took  
To scrawl them over like a book  
And from these many mozzling marks  
The school boy names them 'writing larks'  
Bum barrels twit on bush and tree  
Scarse bigger then a bumble bee  
And in a white thorns leafy rest  
It builds its curious pudding-nest  
Wi hole beside as if a mouse  
Had built the little barrel house  
Toiling full many a lining feather  
And bits of grey tree moss together  
Amid the noisey rooky park  
Beneath the firdales branches dark  
The little golden crested wren  
Hangs up his glowing nest agen  
And sticks it to the furry leaves  
As martins theirs beneath the eaves  
The old hens leave the roost betimes  
And oer the garden pailing climbs  
To scrat the gardens fresh turnd soil  
And if unwatchd his crops to spoil  
Oft cackling from the prison yard  
To peck about the houseclose sward  
Catching at butterflys and things  
Ere they have time to try their wings  
The cattle feels the breath of may  
And kick and toss their heads in play  
The ass beneath his bags of sand  
Oft jerks the string from leaders hand  
And on the road will eager stoop  
To pick the sprouting thistle up  
Oft answering on his weary way  
Some distant neighbours sobbing bray  
Dining the ears of driving boy  
As if he felt a fit of joy  
Wi in its pinfold circle left  
Of all its company bereft  
Starvd stock no longer noising round  
Lone in the nooks of foddering ground  
Each skeleton of lingering stack  
By winters tempests beaten black

Nodds upon props or bolt upright  
 Stands swarthy in the summer light  
 And oer the green grass seems to lower  
 Like stump of old time wasted tower  
 All that in winter lookd for hay  
 Spread from their batterd haunts away  
 To pick the grass or lye at lare  
 Beneath the mild hedge shadows there  
 Sweet month that gives a welcome call  
 To toil and nature and to all  
 Yet one day mid thy many joys  
 Is dead to all its sport and noise  
 Old may day where's thy glorys gone  
 All fled and left thee every one  
 Thou comst to thy old haunts and homes  
 Unnoticed as a stranger comes  
 No flowers are pluckt to hail the now  
 Nor cotter seeks a single bough  
 The maids no more on thy sweet morn  
 Awake their thresholds to adorn  
 Wi dewey flowers-May locks new come  
 And princifeathers clattering bloom  
 And blue bells from the woodland moss  
 And cowslip cucking balls to toss  
 Above the garlands swinging hight  
 Hang in the soft eves sober light  
 These maid and child did yearly pull

By many a folded apron full  
 But all is past the merry song  
 Of maidens hurrying along  
 To crown at eve the earliest cow  
 Is gone and dead and silent now  
 The laugh raisd at the mocking thorn  
 Tyd to the cows tail last that morn  
 The kerchief at arms length displayd  
 Held up by pairs of swain and maid  
 While others bolted underneath  
 Bawling loud wi panting breath  
 'Duck under water' as they ran  
 Alls ended as they ne'er began  
 While the new thing that took thy place  
 Wears faded smiles upon its face  
 And where enclosure has its birth  
 It spreads a mildew oer her mirth  
 The herd no longer one by one  
 Goes plodding on her morning way  
 And garlands lost and sports nigh gone  
 Leaves her like thee a common day  
 Yet summer smiles upon thee still  
 Wi natures sweet unalterd will  
 And at thy births unworshipd hours  
 Fills her green lap wi swarms of flowers  
 To crown thee still as thou hast been  
 Of spring and summer months the queen.

“The Morning Star” actually titled “Song on May Morning” (JOHN MILTON, 1608–74), mixed chorus

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,  
 Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her  
 The flowry May, who from her green lap throws  
 The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.  
 Hail bounteous May that dost inspire  
 Mirth and youth, and warm desire,  
 Woods and groves, are of thy dressing,  
 Hill and dale, doth boast thy blessing.  
 Thus we salute thee with our early Song,  
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

## Part II - Slow movement,

featuring alto and tenor solos, with references to the month of May:

“Welcome Maids of Honour” (ROBERT HERRICK, 1591–1764), alto

Welcome, maids-of-honour!  
 You do bring  
 In the spring,  
 And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,  
 Fresh and fair;  
 Yet you are  
 More sweet than any.

You're the maiden posies,  
 And so grac'd  
 To be plac'd  
 'Fore damask roses.

Yet, though thus respected,  
 By-and-by  
 Ye do lie,  
 Poor girls, neglected.



**“Waters Above”** (HENRY VAUGHAN, 1622–95), tenor

Waters above eternal springs!  
The dew that sivers the Dove’s wings!  
O welcome, welcome to the sad!  
Give dry dust drink, drink that makes glad!  
Many fair ev’nings many flowers  
Sweetened with rich and gentle showers,  
Have I enjoyed, and down have run  
Many a fine and shining Sun;  
But never, never, till this happy hour,  
Was blest with such an evening shower!

**“Out on the lawn I lie in bed”** (W.H. AUDEN, 1907–73), alto and mixed chorus  
From Auden, “A Summer Night,” (1933)

Out on the lawn I lie in bed,  
Vega conspicuous overhead  
In the windless nights of June,  
As congregated leaves complete  
Their day’s activity; my feet  
Point to the rising moon.

Lucky, this point in time and space  
Is chosen as my working-place,  
Where the sexy airs of summer,  
The bathing hours and the bare arms,  
The leisured drives through a land of farms  
Are good to a newcomer.

Equal with colleagues in a ring  
I sit on each calm evening  
Enchanted as the flowers  
The opening light draws out of hiding  
With all its gradual dove-like pleading,  
Its logic and its powers:

That later we, though parted then,  
May still recall these evenings when  
Fear gave his watch no look;  
The lion grieves loped from the shade  
And on our knees their muzzles laid,  
And Death put down his book.

### **Part III – Scherzo**

The third part looks forward to May and summer:

**“When will my May come”** (RICHARD BARNEFIELD, 1594), tenor

When will my May come, that I may embrace thee?  
When will the hower be of my soules joying?  
If thou wilt come and dwell with me at home,  
My sheepecote shall be strowed with new greene rushes  
Weele haunt the trembling prickets as they romed  
About the fields, along the hauthorne bushes;  
I have a pie-bald curre to hunt the hare,  
So we will live with daintie forrest fare.  
And when it pleaseth thee to walke abroad

Abroad into the fields to take fresh ayre,  
 The meades with Floras treasure should be strowde,  
 The mantled meadows, and the fields so fayre.  
 And by a silver well with golden sands  
 Ile sit me downe, and wash thine ivory hands.  
 But it thou wilt not pittie my complaint,  
 My teares, nor vowes, nor oathes, made to thy beautie:  
 What shall I do but languish, die, or faint,  
 Since thou dost scorne my teares, and my soules duetie:  
 And teares contemned, vowes and oaths must faile,  
 And where teares cannot, nothing can prevaile.  
 When will my May come, that I may embrace thee?

“Fair and Fair” (GEORGE PEELE, 1556–96), soprano and tenor

Fair and fair, and twice so fair,  
 As fair as any may be;  
 The fairest shepherd on our green,  
 A love for any lady.

Fair and fair, and twice so fair,  
 As fair as any may be;  
 Thy love is fair for thee alone,  
 And for no other lady.

My love is fair, my love is gay,  
 As fresh as bin the flowers in May,  
 And of my love my roundelay,  
 My merry, merry, merry roundelay.  
 Concludes with Cupid’s curse:  
 “They that do change old love for new  
 Pray gods they change for worse!”

My love can pipe, my love can sing,  
 My love can many a pretty thing,  
 And of his lovely praises ring  
 My merry, merry, merry roundelays  
 Amen to Cupid’s curse:  
 “They that do change old love for new  
 Pray gods they change for worse!”

“Sound the Flute!” (WILLIAM BLAKE, 1757–1827) from *Songs of Innocence and Experience*, male chorus, female chorus and children’s choir

Sound the Flute!	Little Boy,	Little Lamb,
Now [it’s] mute.	Full of Joy;	Here I am;
Birds delight	Little Girl,	Come and [lick
Day and Night;	Sweet and small;	My white neck;]
Nightingale	Cock does crow,	Let me pull
In the dale,	So do you;	Your soft Wool;
Lark in Sky,	Merry voice,	Let me kiss
Merrily, Merrily, Merrily,	Infant noise;	Your soft face;
To welcome in the Year.	Merrily, Merrily,	Merrily, Merrily,
	To welcome in the Year.	[We] welcome in the Year.



#### Part IV – Finale

“London, to Thee I do present” (FRANCIS BEAUMONT, 1584–1616 and JOHN FLETCHER, 1579–1625), soprano, alto, and tenor soli, mixed chorus, and children’s choir

London, to thee I do present the merry month of May;  
Let each true subject be content to hear me what I say:  
With gilded staff and cross’d scarf, the May-lord here I stand.  
Rejoice, oh, English hearts, rejoice! rejoice, oh, lovers dear!  
Rejoice, oh, city, town, and country! rejoice, eke every shire!  
For now the fragrant flowers do spring and sprout in seemly sort,  
The little birds do sit and sing, the lambs do make fine sport;  
And now the birchen-tree doth bud, that makes the schoolboy cry  
The morris rings, while hobby-horse doth foot it feateously;  
The lords and ladies now abroad, for their disport and play,  
Do kiss sometimes upon the grass, and sometimes in the hay;  
Now butter with a leaf of sage is good to purge the blood;  
Fly Venus and phlebotomy, for they are neither good;  
Now little fish on tender stone begin to cast their bellies,  
And sluggish snails, that erst were mewed, do creep out of their shellies;  
The rumbling rivers now do warm, for little boys to paddle;  
The sturdy steed now goes to grass, and up they hang his saddle;  
The heavy hart, the bellowing buck, the rascal, and the pricket,  
Are now among the yeoman’s peas, and leave the fearful thicket:  
And be like them, oh, you, I say, of this same noble town,  
And lift aloft your velvet heads, and slipping off your gown,  
With bells on legs, and napkins clean unto your shoulders tied,  
With scarfs and garters as you please, and ‘Hey for our town!’ cried.  
March out, and show your willing minds, by twenty and by twenty,  
To Hogsdon or to Newington, where ale and cakes are plenty;  
And let it ne’er be said for shame, that we the youths of London  
Lay thrumming of our caps at home, and left our custom undone.  
Up, then, I say, both young and old, both man and maid amaying,  
With drums, and guns that bounce aloud, and merry tabor playing!  
Which to prolong, God save our king, and send his country peace  
And root out treason from the land! And so, my friends, I cease.

#### “Sumer is icumen in” (13th-century round)

Sumer is icumen in,  
lhude singuccu.  
Groweth sed and bloweth med  
and springth the wode nu.  
Singuccu.

Awe bleteth after lomb,  
lhouth after calve cu.  
Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth,  
murrie singuccu.

Cuccu, cuccu,  
wel singes thu cuccu,  
ne swik thu naver nu.

# THE Artists

## SAVANNAH ARTS ACADEMY WOMEN'S CANTABILE, GA

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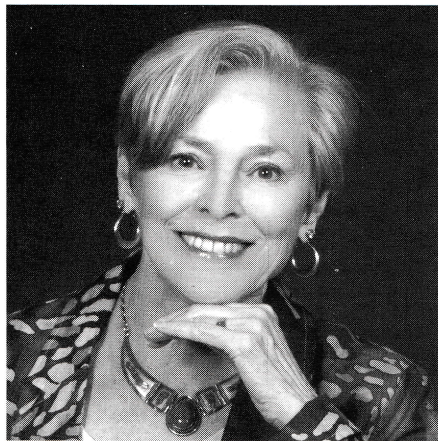
Savannah Arts Academy became the first dedicated performing and visual arts school in Savannah, Georgia, in 1998. Students concentrate in one of the arts majors: communication arts, dance, instrumental and/or vocal music, theater arts, or visual arts. In addition to its many distinctions in the arts, the school was named a Georgia School of Excellence for 2007 to 2011, one of *Newsweek's* Best American High Schools; the number

one high school in Georgia with SAT and ACT scores continuously exceeding state and national averages. The SAA Choir Department has been under the direction of Diane Stallings since 2002. In that time the choral department has grown from three to five choirs: SAA Chorale (mixed choir), Nova Singers, and Women's Cantabile (women's choirs), Skylarks, and Men's Ensemble (including two boys' quartets).

### DIANE STALLINGS, *Conductor*

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Diane Stallings earned a bachelor's degree in music education from Old Dominion University, and a master's in music education, with a vocal pedagogy emphasis, from the University of North Texas. Her conducting credits include the Summit Choral Society, Breckenridge Music Institute Orchestra, Summit Children's Chorale, and the Summit Chamber Ensemble. Her affiliations and awards include *Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities*; Phi Mu Alpha; University of North Texas; *Who's Who in American Business Women*; Mayor's Visiting Artist Award of Milan, Italy; Colorado Community Theater All-State Acting Award; Teacher of the Year; Savannah Arts Academy; and television station



WTOC's Top Teacher award. She is the junior choir director of St. John's Episcopal Church, and the director of the Savannah Arts Academy Choral Department.

## SACRAMENTO CITY COLLEGE CHORALE, CA

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The Sacramento City College Chorale, under the direction of Doreen Irwin, was formed in 1990 with the advent

of a new music building on the college campus. It is a credited evening class at a two-year community college. Its

membership ranges from 50 to 80 singers of all ages including students, full-time workers, and retirees. The choir performs at least five concerts per semester. The group also sings for community functions, and puts on a cabaret fund raiser, featuring soloists, every spring. Repertoire includes all genres of choral music: the classics, musical theater, gospel, spirituals, vocal

jazz, and miscellaneous octavos. Since 1996 members of the group have visited and performed in China, Israel, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Austria, France, Spain, Ireland, Wales, England, Scotland, Greece, Australia, and Argentina. Members of the choir also participated in two major works, Mozart's Requiem and John Rutter's *Magnificat* at Carnegie Hall.

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### **DOREEN IRWIN, *Conductor***

Doreen Irwin earned her B.A. and M.A. degrees in music education from the University of Portland, Oregon. She has been teaching at Sacramento City College since 1975. To date she has published 43 choral works. She also adjudicates at various choral and solo ensemble festivals. Every other year in the summer, she has taken her choir on performance tours to different countries. Ms. Irwin is a professional artist who has exhibited in solo and group shows with paintings of animals and people. An avid equestrienne, she raises and trains her own hunter/jumper show horses, and she is an active horse show judge.



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### **DAVID CHASE, *Guest Conductor***

David Chase is a graduate of Ohio State University, where he sang in a performance of Stravinsky's *Symphony of Psalms* conducted by the composer. He received his D.M.A. from the University of Michigan and served as conductor of the Grand Rapids Symphonic Choir while living in Ann Arbor. Since 1973 he has been a member of the music faculty of Palomar College in San Marcos, where he teaches music theory and history and conducts. His tenure with the La Jolla





Symphony Chorus has taken the chorus far outside the established choral repertory, presenting music that ranges from Broadway tunes, to music of early American composers, and to programs of Latin-American choral works. He has taken LJSC on

numerous tours to France, Germany, Italy, Austria, British Columbia, the Czech Republic, Poland, Mexico, and the Kingdom of Bhutan—where the LJSC became the first Western ensemble ever to perform in that remote Himalayan nation.

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### **CAROLINE WORRA**, *Soprano*

Soprano Caroline Worra has sung over 50 different operatic roles including 15 world and American premieres. Ms. Worra has worked with over 20 opera companies including The Metropolitan Opera, Lyric Opera of Chicago, Dallas Opera, Boston Lyric Opera, and spent six seasons at both Glimmerglass Opera and New York City Opera. Overseas she has performed as Anne Truelove in *The Rake's Progress* at Teatro Massimo Bellini in Catania, Sicily, and Jenny in *The Mines of Sulphur* at The Wexford Festival Opera in Ireland. She is a recipient of the Shoshana Foundation/Richard F. Gold Career Grant and has a doctor of music degree in vocal performance from Indiana University. Her upcoming engagements include Rosalinda in



*Die Fledermaus* with Opera Memphis; Countess in *Le nozze di Figaro* with El Paso Opera; *Liebeslieder Waltzes* with New York City Ballet; and Fiordiligi in *Così fan tutte* with Boston Lyric Opera.

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### **MARGARET MEZZACAPPA**, *Mezzo-soprano*

Winner of the 2012 Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions, Margaret Mezzacappa is a third-year resident artist at the Academy of Vocal Arts in Philadelphia. She received a B.M. in music performance from Baldwin-Wallace College Conservatory of Music. The Euclid, Ohio, native has won numerous other awards including the George London Award, George London Foundation Vocal Competition, 2012; Fourth Prize, Giulio Gari Foundation International Vocal Competition,

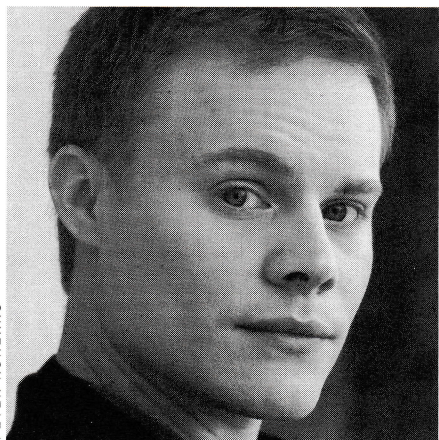


2011; Top Prize, Licia Albanese-Puccini Foundation International Vocal Competition, 2011; Second Prize, Palm Beach Opera Vocal Competition, 2011; Second Prize, Gerda Lissner Foundation International Vocal Competition, 2011; Third Prize,

Loren L. Zachary Society Vocal Competition, 2011; Recipient, Sergio Franchi Award, 2010; Grant, Loeb Foundation, 2010; Winner, Giargiari Bel Canto Competition, 2009; and the Winner, Baldwin-Wallace College Concerto Competition, 2008.

## CHAD JOHNSON, *Tenor*

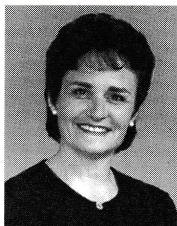
Tenor Chad Johnson has worked with such noted directors as Peter Sellars, Mark Lamos, and Diane Paulus. Career highlights include Ferrando in *Così fan tutte* (Tanglewood, under James Levine), Gérard in *Lakmé* (Minnesota and Florida Grand operas), Don Ottavio in *Don Giovanni* (New Orleans Opera), and Ruggero in *La rondine* (Lyric Opera San Diego). He recently sang Emilio in Mozart's *Il sogno di Scipione* (Gotham Chamber Opera), Duke in *Rigoletto* (Pensacola Opera), as soloist in concert (Alabama Symphony), in Mozart's Requiem (Modesto Symphony Orchestra), in a "pops" program (Long Beach Symphony), and Lysander in



PETER KONERKO

Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Boston Lyric Opera).

## PARTICIPATING DIRECTOR



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