


Presents a Faculty Recital:

*Stories of Love
and Loss*


JOYCE GUYER, *soprano*
CRAIG SHEPPARD, *piano*

7:30 PM
April 7, 2009
Meany Theater

CLASSICAL
KING FM 98.1
www.king.org

PROGRAMME

CD # 15,881

1 applause

2 AUF FLÜGELN DES GESANGES (Heinrich Heine)..... FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY (1809 -1847)

3 DER MOND (Emanuel von Geibel)

17:23 TOTAL

4 DIE LIEBENDE SCHREIBT (Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)

5 SULEIKA (Marianne v. Willemer)

6 ALLNÄCHTLICH IM TRAUME SEH ICH DICH (Heinrich Heine)

7 SCHILFLIED (Nikolaus Lenau)

8 applause

from THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF A WORLD WAR II BRIDE:

VIGNETTES: LETTERS FROM GEORGE TO EVELYN 16:45ALAN SMITH (b. 1955)

9 Prologue

I. Stationed in Europe:

10 I had seen fire

11 Good morning darling

12 I am still the busiest guy

13 ...the build up

II. Crossing the English Channel - Recitativo:

14 I am the only officer

III. France '44 - I survived the Normandy Invasion, D-Day:

15 Downpour of rain

16 The order of the day

17 It is still inconceivable

IV. Telegram - Schism

18 WESTERN UNION

19 Epilogue

INTERMISSION

20 applause

SIX MELODIES DU LIVRE POUR TOI (Marguerite Burnat-Provins) 17:38GUSTAVE FERRARI (1872-1948)

21 Je t'aime

22 Tu m'as dit

23 Maintenant je puis marcher légère

24 Tandis que la lune montait

25 J'ai mis entre mes lèvres

26 En te quittant

27 applause

AMERICAN LYRICS TIMOTHY HOEKMAN (b. 1954)

28 When June Is Here (James Whitcomb Riley)

29 The Philosopher (Edna St. Vincent Millay)

30 Mend the World (Louis Untermeyer)

31 Come Slowly, Eden (Emily Dickinson)

32 i am so glad and very (e.e. cummings)

33 - remarks - encore

34 encore 'Poem' Frank O'Hara/Christopher Berg (2:06)

Stories of Love and Loss

ON THE WINGS OF SONG (AUF FLÜGELN DES GESANGES)

On wings of song I carry you forth, my heart's beloved, forth to the fields of the Ganges.
I know there the loveliest place; there lies a red-flowering garden in the still moonlight;
The lotus flowers await their beloved little sister.

The violets giggle and cuddle, and gaze at the stars above,
The roses secretly tell each other fragrant fairy tales in the ear.
The gentle, wise gazelles leap past and listen, and in the distance murmurs the holy stream's waves.
Let us lie down there under the palm tree, and savor love and peace, and dream a blissful dream.

THE MOON (DER MOND)

My heart is like the dark night, when all the treetops rustle;
Then the moon rises in full splendor from the clouds, softly,
And see! The woods fall silent, intently listening.

The moon, the bright moon are you. In the fullness of your love,
Cast but one glance at me full of heavenly peace --
And see! This turbulent heart is at rest!

THE LOVING ONE WRITES (DIE LIEBENDE SCHREIBT)

One glance from your eyes into mine, one kiss from your mouth upon my mouth,
Whoever knows these things, as I do, can she find anything else enjoyable?

Far from you, estranged from my family, I can only let my thoughts go in a circle,
And always they fasten on that moment, that ~~one moment~~: then I begin to weep.

My tears dry up before I know it; his love, I think, comes to me in this stillness,
And should you not reach out into the distance, too?

Oh, hear the whisper of this breath of love; my only joy on earth is your desire,
Your friendship for me; give me a sign!

SULEIKA

Ah, for your moist wings, West wind, how much I envy you;
For you can bring him news of my suffering since we parted!
The movement of your wings awakens in my heart a muted longing,
The flowers, meadows, woods and hills, touched by your breath, stand in tears.

Yet your mild and gentle breeze cools my burning eyelids;
Ah, I must perish from sorrow, if I did not hope that I would see him again!
Hurry then, to my beloved, speak gently to his heart;
Yet avoid saddening him, and conceal from him my pain.

Tell him, but say it carefully: his love is my life.
A happy sensation of both his presence will give to me.

EACH NIGHT IN A DREAM I SEE YOU (ALLNÄCHTLICH IM TRAUME SEH ICH DICH)

Each night in a dream I see you, and see you give a friendly greeting,
And sobbing aloud I throw myself at your sweet feet.

You look at me wistfully and shake your blonde head.
From your eyes silently steal pearly teardrops.

You tell me secretly a hushed word, and give me a bouquet of cyprus.
I awake – and the bouquet is gone, and I have forgotten the word.

REED SONG (SCHILFLIED)

On the motionless pond, rests the bright moonlight,
Weaving its pale roses into the reeds' green wreath.

Stags roaming there by the hill, glance upward through the night;
At times the fowl stir about dreamily in the deep rushes.

Weeping I must lower my eyes; through the depths of my soul passes
A sweet remembrance of you, like a silent prayer at night!

From THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF A WORLD WAR II BRIDE

VIGNETTES: LETTERS FROM GEORGE TO EVELYN

Prologue:

Dearest...

Darling...

I. Stationed in Europe

December '42 England

I had seen fire go through the young pines in drought season. But it was no more swift than passion's blaze through us. Our hearts were rejoined and we were in each other's arms. We were pitiful in the bliss and pain of it – so lavish were our loves, so strong our need and right for each other and so vigorous and sentient our years.

You will remember, won't you?

6 April '44 England

The sun has just come up. It's a beautiful morning. The grassy downs are sparkling like myriads of diamonds. Sheep are placidly grazing around my tent, satisfied with the prospect of getting both food and drink the same mouthful and displaying their woolly youngsters with great pride.

From the top of our hill the great sea is as quiet as a lake. The anchored hulls of all the cargo ships are quietly swaying to and fro keeping rhythm with gentle swells that do not end in surf. This morning my heart goes out to you.

18 March '45 Germany [Along the Rhine, 6 days before his death]

I am still the busiest guy in the seven armies and the days and night run together and melt away with alarming speed. Still, each one that passes brings closer that time when my purgatory on earth shall be ended and I can enter into my heaven through the portals of your two lovely arms.

21 March '45 [three days before his death]

...the build up for the big push rapidly being completed.

II. Crossing the English Channel – Recitativo

10 March '44 [in the middle of the Channel for three days]

I am the only officer aboard from my outfit – the boys are at a high pitch and primed for action. I am not the big chap that you may have imagined...right now I feel very small and unfit, unequal to the task that is awaiting for me just beyond the horizon and I am guilty of hiding a great loneliness and not a little fear behind a demeanor of official bravado and I confess feeling very smug in your love. Shouldn't I feel more proud of attaining you than if I were the big, brave, invincible knight of your dreams?

III. France, having survived the Normandy Invasion, D-Day:

2 July '44

Downpour of rain-bombers-fighters-mud-shattered dwellings-dead livestock-uprooted trees –etc.

14 October '44

The order of the day is mud-mud-mud-- Thin slippery mud, thick sticky mud, French mud, German mud-- The rain is continuing unabated and the channel is pounding at its cliff confines as though it were possessed of the devil himself.

22 November '44

It is still inconceivable to me that you have chosen to share your life with me...a love which has given me new life, a new goal and a new approach to heaven.

IV. Telegram -Schism

WESTERN UNION 1945 APR 2 PM 6 24

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T.WA291 31 GOVT=WASHINGTON DC 2 753P

[MRS EVELYN HONTS-

141 VINE ST RENO NEV-]

THE SECRETARY OF WAR DESIRES TO EXPRESS HIS DEEP REGRET THAT YOUR HUSBAND 1LT HONTS GEORGE W WAS KILLED IN ACTION IN GERMANY 25 MAR 45 CONFIRMING LETTER FOLLOWS=

J A ULIO THE ADJUTANT GENERAL

24 45.

Epilogue

My heart, my mind, my soul is yours-

Love me-

Love me - I adore you -

Love me, too.

My best to everyone...

Must run now, my sweet -

Gotta run now baby

Love George

SIX MELODIES from MY JOURNAL FOR YOU:

I love you

No one taught me this word. I felt it come from the depths of my flesh, gathering my blood to my lips and flying away toward your youth and the fecund force which is in you.

I heard it leave your mouth with intoxication. It is a bird of gold which was poised upon my eyes so gently at first, and then so heavily that all my being was staggered.

And I collapsed into your arms, your large arms where I feel fragile and protected. The word which promises and which entrusts, the consecrated word burst out of our ardent life, hovering over our heads in a bright ray.

Sylvius, do you remember?

Then I saw the Hour passing by, the singular Hour, which smiled at us and raised in her hands a white stone. On her tunic one by one slowly the faces of the roses lost their petals. I saw that through my closed eyelids, my cheek supported against your heart which marks the dazzling seconds like a ruby pendulum.

You said to me and your voice trembled:

"I would like to close my eyes to everything and see nothing more but you."

Be then blind until death. I want my face inlaid into the depths of your loving eyes, and you will close them. Then, oh Sylvius, I will not be jealous anymore of the flower, the tree, the cloud where your glance rests with rapture. You will be unaware that a woman passes by, that she has soft hair, luminous hands, a heart that could love you.

My image will live upright in the closed sanctuary of your thoughts and the light will come to you from it, unto the most secret part of your soul.

Lean nearer, Sylvius, nearer, nearer still so that it is as I said.

Now I may walk as on air, I have put my life into the hands of my beloved. The roses have no more thorns, the roads have no more rocks, the sky no more clouds, the day no more heavy shadows.

Sing, my life, into the hands of my beloved!

I will await the spring, my mouth on his mouth, in summer I will sleep next to him under the trees, I will drink from his lips the juice of the autumn fruits, I will laugh at winter in his warm arms.

Unwind yourself, my life, into the hands of my beloved!

But I won't wait until our kisses fade, I will call upon Death sitting on the ruins, I will say to him:

Take us both at the same time, I will laugh at death in my lover's fervent arms.

Fall, my life, into the hands of my beloved!

While the moon rose, heavy and sad in the stormy sky, I was thinking:

There are no more words profound enough to describe our love. There are no more songs sweet enough to speak of the sadness, no more cries brilliant enough to proclaim our joy.

I will remain in front of you, my head straight, my hands calm, my knees tight together, and in the silence, I will look at you.

I placed between my lips a stem of grey wormwood, and I held on to the bitterness of it.

The sun has fled, the day appears silver, it rises in the valley, gathering an infinite sadness.

O Sylvius, I'm afraid; something is gone.

Someone has cut the branches of the oak, the magpies fight in the larches, and the wind in its passing throws a chill on me.

The meadows are mauve with the melancholy autumn flowers and I have gathered the veronica on the banks of a dry riverbed.

O Sylvius, I'm afraid, something is finished. Is it in you; is it in me?

I don't know anymore.

Come back. You will take me onto your lap; you will rock me as in former days, you know, with the words one says to very small children.

While leaving you I walked toward the sleeping lake where the ruin is mirrored. A solitary star fell there like a luminous stone, and the mists of evening floated, veils of the dead searching for a lost shape. Everything was sad, and huge and soft in the finishing evening.

O Sylvius! Why have we parted?

With the fogs your good-bye hovered, like a melancholy black bird, and the waves of your voice slid over the dreaming water that caused me to think about death.

For a long time I walked, the road was solitary; unconscious and miserable I sank down into the night. I had left my heart in your breast!

AMERICAN LYRICS

When June is Here (James Whitcomb Riley)

When June is here what art have we to sing
The whiteness of the lilies 'midst the green
Of noon-tranced lawns? or flash of roses seen
Like redbirds' wings? or earliest ripening
Prince Harvest apples, where the cloyed bees cling
Round winey juices oozing down between
The peckings of the robin, while we lean
In undergrasses, lost in marveling;
Or the cool term of morning; and the stir

Of odorous breaths from wood and meadow walks;
The Bobwhite's liquid yodel and the whirl
Of sudden flight; and where the milkmaid talks
Across the bars, on tilted barleystalks
The dewdrops' glint in webs of gossamer.

When June is here!

The Philosopher (Edna St. Vincent Millay)

And what are you that, wanting you,
I should be kept awake
As many nights as there are days
With weeping for your sake?

And what are you that, missing you,
As many days as crawl
I should be listening to the wind
And looking at the wall?

I know a man that's a braver man
And twenty men as kind,
And what are you, that you should be
The one man in my mind?

Yet women's ways are witless ways,
As any sage will tell,
And what am I that I should love
So wisely and so well?

Mend the World! (Louis Untermeyer)

Come back.

Let me give up this climb, these searches
In trackless time and overwhelming space;
Here are tall ghosts that once were elms and birches,
And this small field is a deserted place.

The fern you found will never learn to scatter
Its yield upon the ground that you have left; ~~~~~~~~~
The veery's round, high call will turn to chatter;
Sere are these acres, weary and bereft.

Against the skies earth rears its broken
scaffold,
Where night, so friendly once, is but a black
Stupendous ruin where the mind is baffled;
And the blind heart cries out its endless lack:

"Come mend the world! Come back!"

Come Slowly, Eden (Emily Dickinson)

Come slowly, Eden!
Lips unused to thee —
Bashful sip thy jessamines
As the fainting bee,

Reaching late his flower,
Round her chamber hums,
Counts his nectars —
Enters, and is lost in balms.

i am so glad and very (e.e. cummings)

i am so glad and very
merely my fourth will cure
the laziest self of weary
the hugest sea of shore

so far your nearness reaches
a lucky fifth of you
turns people into eachs
and cowards into grow

our cants were born to happen
our mosts have died in more
our twentieth will open wide
a wide open door

we are so both and oneful
night cannot be so sky
sky cannot be so sunful
i am through you so i

JOYCE GUYER

JOYCE GUYER, one of America's leading sopranos, has been a valued principal artist for eighteen seasons at New York's Metropolitan Opera, with roles such as *Susanna* in *LE NOZZE DI FIGARO*, *Sophie* in *DER ROSENKAVALIER*, *Sophie* in *WERTHER*, and *Pamina* in *DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE*. In the 1999 PBS broadcast of the Met's *LA CENERENTOLA*, she played wicked stepsister *Clorinda*.

Known throughout the U.S. and in Europe for her versatility on both the operatic and concert stage, Guyer has performed at Carnegie Hall, Weill Hall, and Avery Fisher Hall with such noted conductors as Sir Colin Davis, Wolfgang Sawallisch, Gerard Schwartz, and Robert Bass. She spent five years at the Bayreuther Festspiele as *Woglinde* and *Die Waldvogel* in James Levine's *RING CYCLE*, as well as appearing in *PARSIFAL*, conducted by Giuseppe Sinopoli. She has also performed in Nice, Lyon, Catania, and Oxford.

Guyer appeared with the New Orleans Opera singing *Gilda* (*RIGOLETTO*) in 2003 and the four heroines in *LES CONTES D'HOFFMANN* in 2004. Following a very well received *Susanna* in *FIGARO* with the Pittsburgh Opera in 2000, she moved to the role of *La Contessa* at the Glimmerglass Opera Festival in 2001, to critical acclaim.

Guyer can be heard on the DDG recordings of *LE NOZZE DI FIGARO*, *PARSIFAL*, and *IDOMENEO*, all conducted by James Levine; on the Newport Classic recording of *THE DEVIL & DANIEL WEBSTER*; on CDs of John Philip Sousa's Theatre & Parlor Songs by Premier Recordings; and in collaboration with noted French horn artist, David Jolley, a CD of music by French Romantic composers on Arabesque. Her new CD of French and English songs with harpist Anita Briggs will be released soon on an independent label.

CRAIG SHEPPARD

The Donald E. Petersen Endowed Professor of Piano at the School of Music of the University of Washington in Seattle, pianist CRAIG SHEPPARD has maintained a strong and enduring presence in the classical music world for nearly forty years, with his unique combination of ebullience and passionate energy, allied to a technical mastery and scholarly objectivity.

In May, 2008, he gave solo recitals and master classes in four major cities in The Peoples' Republic of China - Beijing, Shanghai, Xiamen and Shenzhen. In March 2008, Sheppard appeared once again in the Hunter Council Chambers of Victoria University in Wellington, New Zealand, performing Book II of Bach's Well Tempered Clavier, a work he recorded subsequently in Seattle's Meany Theater in April (released on Romeo Records, November, 2008). Sheppard has made seven trips to the Far East since June, 2002 - four to Japan, one to Taiwan, and one each to China and to Korea - giving lectures and concerts in major venues and universities in the region.

On May 18th, 2004, he wound up a seven-concert series in Seattle's Meany Theater that was dedicated to the 32 Beethoven Piano Sonatas, a popular series that met with great critical acclaim. In April 1999, he gave his long-awaited recital debut at the Berlin Philharmonic, also to great critical acclaim. In 1999, he was presented by the Seattle Symphony in a highly acclaimed series of lecture/recitals at the Benaroya Hall. He appeared with the Seattle Symphony in 1998 in their inaugural season at Benaroya, and was also previously featured with the orchestra in the opening concerts of the 1996-97 season at the Opera House, along with the violinist Midori.

Sheppard's repertoire is extensive, encompassing more than forty solo recital programs and sixty concerti. In the past several seasons, in addition to the both book of Bach's Well Tempered Clavier and the 32 Beethoven sonatas (in a series entitled Beethoven: A Journey, Sheppard's recital programs have included the complete Études of Chopin, Rachmaninoff, and Debussy, and such major works as the Goldberg and Diabelli Variations, the complete Schumann Novelettes, and Ravel's *Miroirs* and *Gaspard de la Nuit*. Over the years, his work with singers such as Victoria de los Angeles, Jos Carreras, and Irina Arkhipova; trumpeter Wynton Marsalis; and ensembles such as the Cleveland, Bartok, and Emerson string quartets, has also constituted an important and ongoing element in his musical life.