

# HOUGHTON COLLEGE

GREATBATCH SCHOOL OF MUSIC

presents

Andrew Reith, collaborative pianist

in

## *Suppose Sleep*

Assisted by

Kimberly Prins Moeller

Ellenore Tarr

Samuel Jenkins

Daniel Zambrano

Luke Ogden

Dianna Clem

Wesley Chapel

Center for the Arts

Monday, October 26, 2020

8:00 p.m.

# Program

*The audience is requested to hold applause until the performance concludes.*

## Prologue

Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson

Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

7. *Sleep is Supposed to Be*

Kimberly Prins Moeller, *mezzo-soprano*

## Bedtime Stories

La Courte Paille

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

1. *Le sommeil*

3. *La reine de coeur*

4. *Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu*

5. *Les anges musiciens*

Ellenore Tarr, *mezzo-soprano*

## Falling Asleep

*Circulo* Op. 91

Joaquin Turina (1882-1949)

1. *Amanecer*

2. *Mediodía*

3. *Crepúsculo*

Samuel Jenkins, *violin*

Daniel Zambrano, *cello*

## Dreams

*Die Nacht*

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

*Nacht und Träume*

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Luke Ogden, *tenor*

## Nightmares

*Erlkönig*

Carl Loewe (1796-1869)

*Herr Oluf*

Carl Loewe (1796-1869)

Luke Ogden, *tenor*

## Waking Up

*Sonata for Flute and Piano*

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

1. *Allegretto Malinconico*

2. *Cantilena: Assez lent*

3. *Presto Giocoso*

Dianna Clem, *flute*

# Program Notes

*This recital is dedicated to all of my fellow music students who deprive themselves of sleep to become better musicians.*

Tonight's recital is based on the theme of sleep portrayed by the programming of both instrumental and vocal music. Throughout the course of the performance, I challenge you to think of how you experience sleep. (What a profound thought for a college student!) What happens as you sleep?

This recital is divided into six sections and outlines a palindrome. It starts with an awake state and ends with the act of waking up.

Aaron Copland's *Sleep is Supposed to Be* has a text by Emily Dickinson.. This song uses sleep as a metaphor for death. Throughout the song, the song questions and references what sleep is. Where does sleep lead? Where does sleep end? An array of dynamic shifts, clashing harmonies and text painting posing several questions and thoughts to the listener. Forgetting the original context of death for a moment, I pose a question to you which is inspired by the title line: have you "supposed" sleep?

*La courte paille* is a cycle of seven songs by Francis Poulenc. The poet, Maurice Carême, wrote a lot of poetry for children (including a book entitled *Elephants*). These songs were premiered in 1961 by Colette Herzog and dedicated to Denise Duval. They were intended to be songs to be sung to her young son. This performance features four of the seven songs. These songs are children's stories which span a range of emotion from nonsensical, sad, sneaky and more. *Le sommeil* (Sleep) is the tale of a parent trying to comfort their child to get him to fall asleep. Rhythmic offbeats underscore the child being restless in bed and perhaps complicating the bedtime routine. *Le Reine de coeur* (Queen of Hearts) sings about the mysterious character of this royal figure. She does what she wishes while she lives in her frosted castle with stained glass windows. Who doesn't love a song about a cat? *Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu* regales a cat who laughs, sings and dances. *Les anges musiciens* (The Angel Musicians) pays homage to Mozart as if his music was played on a harp by angels...and on Thursday, too. Their music is sweet like the rain.

Due to Covid-19 restrictions, Joaquin Turina's *Circulo* is being performed via a pre-recorded performance. Turina was born in 1882 in Seville, Spain. He was viewed as an avant-garde Spanish composer. Claude Debussy said that his music had elements of "light and shade" which painted beautiful

images. He is known for the Spanish colors in his music with non-traditional titles to his movements. This work is broken into three movements translated as *Dawn*, *Midday* and *Dusk*. Imagine, as you listen, the activities that take place during morning, noon and night. Imagine also, as the day ends, getting tucked into bed and nodding off. From my perspective, Turina demonstrates this with slowing rhythms, gentle harmonies and finishing with B-flat minor-seven chords low D-flat octave. In my interpretation, this represents the final shutting of the eyes as one falls asleep.

In Hugo Wolf's *Die Nacht*, he writes about the night with a silent sea as a parallel for a canvas where an array of occurrences happen and if wishes are dream. In Franz Schubert's *Nacht und Träume* the images of dreams emerging from the moonlight and are beckoned to return when day breaks. The two lieder by Carl Loewe (a contemporary of Schubert) are programmed to represent nightmares. In both, *Erlkönig* and *Herr Oluf* the torturing, wicked and smooth character of the infamous Elf King are present. Throughout both lieder, and in a true contrast of good versus evil. Will the Erlkönig succeed in his plans of both child abduction and murder?

The program concludes with Francis Poulenc's *Flute Sonata*. While this work is not directly related to the idea of sleep, in my mind, these first two movements can be seen an extension of dreaming without words. Listen to the musical variety and the dream-like lush harmonic ideas. The third movement begins with a startling high A on the flute and a forte A Major chord from the piano. Perhaps this is the alarm clock going off and resulting in the sleeper's eyes popping open. A new day has begun.

## **Texts and Translations**

### **Sleep Is Supposed to Be**

Music: Aaron Copland

Text: Emily Dickinson

Sleep is supposed to be,  
By souls of sanity,  
The shutting of the eye.

Sleep is the station grand  
Down which on either hand  
The hosts of witness stand!

Morn is supposed to be,  
By people of degree,  
The breaking of the day.

Morning has not occurred!  
That shall aurora be  
East of Eternity;

One with the banner gay,  
One in the red array, -  
That is the break of day.

### **La courte paille**

Music: Francis Poulenc

Translations: Unknown

### **Le sommeil (Sleep)**

Sleep is on vacation.  
My God! Where has it gone?  
I've rocked my little one in vain;  
he cries in his crib,  
he's been crying since noon.  
Where has sleep put  
its sand and its wise dreams?

I've rocked my little one in vain;  
    he turns, all sweaty,  
    he sobs in his bed.  
Ah! return, return, sleep,  
on your beautiful race horse!  
In the black sky, the Big Bear  
    has buried the sun  
    and re-lit his bees.  
If baby doesn't sleep well,  
    he won't say "good morning,"  
    he won't say anything tomorrow  
to his fingers, to the milk, to the bread  
    that greet him with the day.

**La reine de coeur (The Queen of Hearts)**

Softly leaning  
on her window-panes of moon,  
the queen gestures to you  
with an almond flower.  
She is the Queen of Hearts.  
She can, if she wishes,  
    lead you in secret  
    into strange dwellings  
where there are no more doors,  
    or rooms, or towers,  
and where the young dead  
    come to talk of love.  
The queen salutes you;  
    hasten to follow her  
    into her hoar-frost castle  
with smooth stained-glass moon windows.

**Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu**

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu, bé!  
The cat has put on his boots;  
he goes from door to door,  
    playing, dancing,  
    dancing, singing -  
Pou, chou, genou, hibou.  
"You ought to learn to read,  
    to count, to write,"

everyone calls out to him.  
But rikketikketau,  
the cat bursts out laughing,  
returning to his castle:  
He is Puss in Boots!

### **Les anges musiciens (The Angel Musicians)**

Upon the threads of the rain  
the Thursday angels  
play on the harp for a long time.  
And beneath their fingers, Mozart  
tinkles, deliciously,  
in drops of blue joy  
since it is always Mozart  
which is played endlessly  
by the musician angels  
who, all day Thursday,  
make their harps sing  
the sweetness of the rain.

### **Die Nacht (The Night)**

Hugo Wolf

Translation: Richard Stokes

Night is like a silent sea,  
Joy and pain and lover's laments  
Mingle in such confusion  
In the gently lapping waves.

Wishes are like clouds,  
Sailing through the silent space,  
Who can tell in the warm breeze  
If they be thoughts of dreams?

Though I now close my heart and lips  
That love lamenting to the stars:  
Still in the depths of my heart,  
The waves pulse gently on.

## Nacht und Träume (Night and Dreams)

Franz Schubert

Translation: Richard Wigmore

Holy night, you sink down;  
dreams, too, float down,  
like your moonlight through space,  
through the silent hearts of men.  
They listen with delight,  
crying out when day awakes:  
come back, holy night!  
Fair dreams, return!

## Erlkönig (Elf King)

Carl Loewe

Translation: Richard Wigmore

Who rides so late through the night and wind?  
It is the father with his child.  
He has the boy in his arms;  
he holds him safely, he keeps him warm.  
'My son, why do you hide your face in fear?'  
'Father, can you not see the Erlking?  
The Erlking with his crown and tail?'  
'My son, it is a streak of mist.'  
'Sweet child, come with me.  
I'll play wonderful games with you.  
Many a pretty flower grows on the shore;  
my mother has many a golden robe.'  
'Father, father, do you not hear  
what the Erlking softly promises me?'  
'Calm, be calm, my child:  
the wind is rustling in the withered leaves.'  
'Won't you come with me, my fine lad?  
My daughters shall wait upon you;  
my daughters lead the nightly dance,  
and will rock you, and dance,  
and sing you to sleep.'  
'Father, father, can you not see  
Erlking's daughters there in the darkness?'



‘My son, my son, I can see clearly:  
it is the old grey willows gleaming.’  
‘I love you, your fair form allures me,  
and if you don’t come willingly,  
I’ll use force.’  
‘Father, father, now he’s seizing me!  
The Erlking has hurt me!’  
The father shudders, he rides swiftly,  
he holds the moaning child in his arms;  
with one last effort he reaches home;  
the child lay dead in his arms.

### **Herr Oluf (Sir Oluf)**

Carl Loewe

Translation: Richard Stokes

Sir Oluf rode far through the night  
Inviting his friends to his wedding;  
Elves were dancing on the green shore  
Erlking’s daughter holds out her hand.  
‘Welcome, Sir Oluf, come, dance with me,  
Two golden spurs I’ll give to thee.’  
‘I must not dance, I will not dance,  
For tomorrow is my wedding day.’  
‘Come closer, Sir Oluf, come dance with me,  
A silken shirt I’ll give to thee,  
A silken shirt so white and fine,  
My mother bleached it with moonshine.’  
‘I must not dance, I will not dance,  
For tomorrow is my wedding day.’  
‘Come closer, Sir Oluf, come dance with me,  
A heap of gold I’ll give to thee.’  
‘I’d gladly take a heap of gold,  
But I may not and must not dance.’  
‘And if, Sir Oluf, you’ll not dance with me,  
Disease and sickness shall follow thee.’  
She struck her hand across his heart,  
Never in his life did he feel such pain.  
She lifted him up onto his steed:  
‘Ride back to your worthy bride!’

And when at last he reached his home,  
His mother stood trembling outside the door.

‘Tell me, my son, tell me at once,

Why are you so pale and wan?’

‘And should I not be pale and wan?

I set foot in the Erlking’s realm.’

‘Tell me, my son, so beloved and dear,

What shall I say to your bride-to-be?’

‘Tell her I rode just now to the wood,

There to try my horse and hound.’

At early morn, when day had scarce dawned,

His bride arrived with the wedding throng.

They poured the mead, they poured the wine,

‘Where is Oluf, my husband-to-be?’

‘Sir Oluf rode just now to the wood,

There to try his horse and hound.’

The bride raised up the scarlet cloth,

There lay Sir Oluf, and was dead.

# THANK YOU!!

This recital has only happened with the help of a small army! Thank you to everyone below who gave selflessly of their time to participate this evening.

-My collaborators **Dr. Kimberly Prins-Moeller, Ellenore Tarr, Samuel Jenkins, Daniel Zambrano, Luke Ogden and Dianna Clem!** This recital literally would not have happened without you! Thank you for collaborating with me on this performance.

-**Dr. Timothy McGarvey** for approving every modification request so this endeavor could stay within the college policies with regard to the Covid-19 guidelines so that we could still have a wonderful recital!

-**Caleb Durant, Danielle Ferris, Michael Earle, Nico Seddio, Louis Schriver, Brendon Seney** and my undergraduate roommate, **James Gardner**, for helping produce the pre-recorded videos.

-**Dakota Hirsch** and **Jack Smith** for moving music stands, pianos and all of the equipment for Wind Ensemble!

-**Collin Zehr** for the wonderful photography and poster!

-**Derek Jacques, Aliza Brothers and Jonathan Hutmire** for your assistance in the tech booth.

-**Alicia McGeorge** and **Tom Finch** for their dedication to the School of Music in keeping it clean and operating at peak efficiency!

-**Dr. Soo Yeon Kim** for all of wonderful coaching on the Turina in the Chamber Ensemble class!

-**Dr. Sharon Johnson** for the wonderful teaching and coaching! Thank you for pushing me with this program and always encouraging every step of the way!

-Praise God from Whom all blessings flow!

Special thanks to the administration of Houghton College for its support  
of the Greatbatch School of Music.

Shirley A. Mullen, *President*  
Paul Young, *Provost and Dean of the Faculty*  
Dale Wright, *Chief Financial Officer*  
*Greatbatch School of Music Faculty, Staff and Administration*

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Andrew Reith is a student of Dr. Sharon Johnson. This recital is being  
performed in partial fulfillment for the Master of Music degree with dual  
concentrations in both Collaborative Piano and Choral Conducting.

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As a courtesy to the performers and your fellow audience members, please  
be certain that all cell phones, wristwatch alarms, and any other noisemakers  
are either turned off or set to silent. Please refrain from flash photography  
as well. Thank you for understanding.