

VOCAL ARTS DC

presents



WILL LIVERMAN, baritone

MYRA HUANG, pianist

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 2022 AT 7:30 PM

The John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts

David M. Rubinstein, *Chairman* • Deborah F. Rutter, *President*

Terrace Theater



Tuesday Evening, February 1, 2022, at 7:30

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and

Myra Huang, *Pianist*

CARL LOEWE “Erlkönig”
(1795-1869)

RICHARD STRAUSS “Wie sollten wir geheim sie halten”
(1864-1949) “Traum durch die Dämmerung”
 “Zueignung”

MAURICE RAVEL Don Quichotte à Dulcinée
(1875–1937) “Chanson romanesque”
 “Chanson épique”
 “Chanson à boire”

SERGEI RACHMANINOV “Sud’Ba”
(1873-1943)

Intermission

MICHAEL IPPOLITO The Long Year (*world premiere*)
(b. 1985) “Winter Night”
 “Spring Song”
 “The Fawn”
 “Mariposa”
 “If Still Your Orchards Bear”
 “The Oak Leaves”
 “The Buck in the Snow”

AMERICAN SPIRITUAL “All Night, All Day”
Arranged by Damien Sneed

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A complement of free tickets has been made available to students through a generous contribution to Vocal Arts DC by Susan and Daniel Joseph.

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Notes on the Program

By Arthur R. Smith

Baritone Will Liverman and pianist Myra Huang begin tonight's program with a very familiar text in an unfamiliar setting. Goethe's grim ballad "Erlkönig" from 1782 tells the story of a child on horseback with his father, speeding through the night. In each stanza the child is tempted by a spirt, the elf-king, whose, temptations increasingly terrify him.

As a lied, this is best known in the setting by Franz Schubert—one of his most harrowing works, complete with the driving fury of octaves that barrel down on the listener from the first measures. Carl Loewe (1796-1869), a song and ballad composer who was admired by Goethe, provides the version we hear tonight. Loewe creates an equally powerful picture—but drawn on a realistic scale, rather than the fantastical image in Schubert. Here the elf-king is embodied by beguiling arpeggios as the music pauses. And in another contrast, the end delivers its tragic shock softly.

We next turn to lieder by Richard Strauss (1864-1949), three works forming a triptych of three of the composer's modes. In "Wie solten wir geheim sie halten," from 1888, we get the ardent Strauss—the protagonist bursting with love that transforms nature into an emblem of a passion. Flowers, brooks, and trees fulfill their classic lieder duty of listening attentively. "Traum durch die Dämmerung" brings us murmurs at dusk—this almost seems a Strauss 'torch song,' the seductive melody unfolding over a gentle ripple of a piano line. The set closes with the composer in his "rapture" mode. "Zueignung" unfolds its affirmations in broadly sweeping melodies that unfold over an accompaniment that lacks nothing for passion of its own.

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937) wrote the set of *Don Quichotte à Dulcinée* songs intending them for use in a film of the Cervantes novel directed by G.W. Pabst. In the event, they were not used—

Pabst chose a set by Jacques Ibert which were performed by the great bass Feodor Chaliapin, who played the title character. Ravel's works have remained a concert favorite, however, with the light touch that French composers, going back at least to Bizet, bring to Spanish rhythms and themes. This is an elegant, and poetic Don Quichotte, whose exploits are somehow wise. These works from 1933 were the last Ravel wrote. He was already afflicted with the neurodegenerative disease that would rob him of his memory and motor control.

Feodor Chaliapin provides a link to the next work, Rachmaninov's "Fate," to a bleak narrative poem by Aleksey Apukhti. Sergei Rachmaninov (1873-1943) wrote this at the end of the 1890s for Chaliapin, and you'd have to look to the most tragic moments in Russian opera for its equal as a dramatic scena. The central musical idea is the opening motive of Beethoven's fifth symphony, which recurs throughout, except for a gentle lyrical moment in which happiness seems on the brink of possibility. But the "knock, knock, knock" insistently reminds that all happiness comes to an end. This theme resonated with Rachmaninov, who had already had great professional and personal setbacks, in particular the disastrous premiere of his first symphony.

Composer Michael Ippolito provides this note for his cycle *The Long Year*, a commission by Vocal Arts DC receiving its world premiere in this performance.

The Long Year is a set of seven songs to poetry by Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-1950). On the surface, this set is simply a collection of seasonal nature poems, arranged according to a calendar year (starting with winter, moving through spring, summer, and fall, and ending with winter). But beneath the surface, something seems to be wrong with the state of nature in these poems, or humanity's relationship to the

natural world. While Millay wrote these words in the first part of the twentieth century, I couldn't help reading our current climate collapse into these texts. Through that lens, these songs express my own longing for a return to a right relationship with the landscape, and other living beings, and with the weather and the progression of the seasons, but also my awareness that this relationship is irretrievably lost. The Long Year resides in this state of longing for something you know is gone forever.

The title comes from another poem, one of Millay's masterful sonnets:

*But you were something more than young and sweet
And fair — and the long year remembers you.*

The recital closes with an arrangement of a traditional spiritual by acclaimed multi-genre and multi-faceted musician Damien Sneed, "All Night All Day." Educated at Howard University, Peabody Conservatory and New York University, among other institutions, he is on the faculty of Manhattan School of Music, where he teaches courses in conducting, African-American music history, piano, voice, and composition, as well as leading ensembles. This is in addition to a career as a performer, conductor, arranger, and producer for arts organizations nation-wide including, to mention only a few, Houston Grand Opera, Jazz at Lincoln Center, Opera Theater of St. Louis, Carnegie Hall, and his own ensembles, including the 70-piece Chorale LeChateau. For more information visit www.damiensneed.com/

Texts and Translations

(Texts and translations have been supplied to Vocal Arts DC by the artist's management, and have not been edited or altered in any way.)

“Erlkönig”

CARL LOEWE (1795-1869)

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

“Erlkönig”

*Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind:
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
Er fasst ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.*

„Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?“
„Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron' und Schweif?“
„Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif.“

„Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel' ich mit dir;
Manch' bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand,
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand.“

„Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?“
„Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind:
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind.“

„Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Rein
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein.“

„Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort
Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?“
„Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh es genau:
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau.“

„Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich Gewalt.“
„Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt fasst er mich an!
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!“

*Dem Vater grauset, er reitet geschwind,
Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Mühe und Not:
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.*

“The Elf King”

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.

- English Translation © Richard Wigmore



Texts and Translations

“Wie sollten wir geheim sie halten”

RICHARD STRAUSS (1864-1949)

Text by Adolf Friedrich von Schack (1815-1894)

“Wie sollten wir geheim sie halten”

*Wie sollten wir geheim sie halten,
Die Seligkeit, die uns erfüllt?
Nein, bis in seine tiefsten Falten
Sei allen unser Herz enthüllt!*

*Wenn zwei in Liebe sich gefunden,
Geht Jubel hin durch die Natur,
In längern wonnevollen Stunden
Legt sich der Tag auf Wald und Flur.*

*Selbst aus der Eiche morschem Stamm,
Die ein Jahrtausend überlebt,
Steigt neu des Wipfels grüne Flamme
Und rauscht von Jugendlust durchbebt.*

*Zu höherm Glanz und Dufte brechen
Die Knospen auf beim Glück der Zwei,
Und süßer rauscht es in den Bächen
Und reicher blüht und reicher glänzt der Mai.*

“How could we keep it secret”

How could we keep it secret,
This bliss with which we're filled?
No, into its deepest recesses
Our hearts must be revealed to all!

When two souls have fallen in love,
Nature's filled with exultation,
And daylight lingers on wood and meadow
In longer hours of rapture.

Even the oak tree's rotten trunk,
That has survived a thousand years,
Sends fresh flaming green to its crown
And rustles with the thrill of youth.

The buds, seeing the lovers' bliss,
Flower more brightly and fragrantly,
And the brooks babble more sweetly,
And May gleams and blooms more lavishly.

“Traum durch die Dämmerung”

RICHARD STRAUSS (1864-1949)

Text by Otto Julius Bierbaum (1865-1910)

“Traum durch die Dämmerung”

*Weite Wiesen im Dämmergrau;
Die Sonne verglomm, die Sterne ziehn;
Nun geh' ich hin zu der schönsten Frau,
Weit über Wiesen im Dämmergrau,
Tief in den Busch von Jasmin.*

*Durch Dämmergrau in der Liebe Land;
Ich gehe nicht schnell, ich eile nicht;
Mich zieht ein weiches, samtnenes Band
Durch Dämmergrau in der Liebe Land,
In ein blaues, mildes Licht.*

“A Dream at Twilight”

Broad meadows in grey dusk;
The sun has set, the stars come out,
I go now to the loveliest woman,
Far across meadows in grey dusk,
Deep into the jasmine grove.

Through grey dusk into the land of love;
I do not go fast, I do not hurry;
I am drawn by a soft velvet ribbon
Through grey dusk into the land of love,
Into a gentle blue light.

Texts and Translations

“Zueignung”

RICHARD STRAUSS (1864-1949)

Text by Hermann von Gilm (1812-1864)

“Zueignung”

*Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle, Liebe macht die
Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.*

*Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnestest den Trank,
Habe Dank.*

*Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank!*

“Dedication”

Yes, dear soul, you know
That I'm in torment far from you,
Love makes hearts sick –
Be thanked.

Once, revelling in freedom,
I held the amethyst cup aloft
And you blessed that draught –
Be thanked.

And you banished the evil spirits,
Till I, as never before,
Holy, sank holy upon your heart –
Be thanked.

- All Strauss lieder English Translation © Richard Stokes



Don Quichotte à Dulcinée

MAURICE RAVEL (1875–1937)

Texts by Paul Morand (1888–1976)

“Chanson romanesque”

*Si vous me disiez que la Terre
A tant tourner vous offensa,
Je lui dépêcherais Pança:
Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.*

*Si vous me disiez que l'ennui
Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d'astres,
Déchirant les divins cadastres,
Je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.*

*Si vous me disiez que l'espace
Ainsi vidé ne vous plaît point,
Chevalier Dieu, la lance au poing,
J'étoilerais le vent qui passe.*

*Mais si vous disiez que mon sang
Est plus à moi qu'à vous ma Dame,
Je blémirais dessous le blâme
Et je mourrais vous bénissant.*

Ô Dulcinée...

Don Quixote to Dulcinea

“Romanesque Song”

Were you to tell that the earth
Offended you with so much turning,
I'd dispatch Panza to deal with it:
You'd see it still and silenced.

Were you to tell me that you are wearied
By a sky too studded with stars -
Tearing the divine order asunder,
I'd scythe the night with a single blow.

Were you to tell me that space itself,
Thus denuded was not to your taste -
As a god-like knight, with lance in hand,
I'd sow the fleeting wind with stars.

But were you to tell me that my blood
Is more mine, my Lady, than your own,
I'd pale at the admonishment
And, blessing you, would die.

O Dulcinea.

Texts and Translations

“Chanson épique”

*Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir
De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,
Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir
Pour lui complaire et la défendre,*

*Bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre
Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel
De la Madone au bleu mantel.*

*D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame
Et son égale en pureté
Et son égale en piété
Comme en pudeur et chasteté:
Ma Dame.*

*Ô grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel,
L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,
Ma douce Dame si pareille
A Vous, Madone au bleu mantel!*

Amen.

“Chanson à boire”

*Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,
Qui pour me perdre à vos doux yeux
Dit que l'amour et le vin vieux
Mettent en deuil mon cœur, mon âme !*

*Je bois à la joie !
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit...
Lorsque j'ai bu !*

*A la joie, à la joie !
Je bois à la joie !*

*Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,
Qui geint, qui pleure et fait serment
D'être toujours ce pâle amant
Qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse!*

“Epic song”

Good Saint Michael who gives me leave
To behold and hear my Lady,
Good Saint Michael who deigns to elect me
To please her and defend her,

Good Saint Michael, descend, I pray,
With Saint George onto the altar
Of the Madonna robed in blue.
With a heavenly beam bless my blade

And its equal in purity
And its equal in piety
As in modesty and chastity:
My Lady.

(O great Saint George and great Saint Michael)
Bless the angel watching over my vigil,
My sweet Lady, so like unto Thee,
O Madonna robed in blue!

Amen.

“Drinking song”

A pox on the bastard, illustrious Lady,
Who to discredit me in your sweet eyes,
Says that love and old wine
Are saddening my heart and soul!

I drink to joy!
Joy is the only goal
To which I go straight...
when I am...drunk!

To joy, to joy!
I drink to joy!

A pox on the jealous wretch, O dusky mistress,
Who whines and weeps and vows
Always to be this lily-livered lover
Who dilutes his drunkenness!



Texts and Translations

“Sud’Ba”

SERGEI RACHMANINOV (1873-1943)

Text by Aleksey Nikolayevich Apukhtin (1840-1893)

“Sud’Ba”

*S svoej poxodnoy klyukoj,
S svoimi mrachny'mi ochami
Sud`ba, kak groznyj chasovoj,
Povsyudu sleduet za nami.
Bedoj liczo eya grozit,
Ona v ugrozax posedela,
Ona uzh mnogix odolela,
I vse stuchit, i vse stuchit:
Stuk, stuk, stuk...
Polno, drug,
Bros` za schastiem gonyat`sya!
Stuk, stuk, stuk...
Bednyak sovsem obzhilsya s nej:
Ruka s rukoj oni gulyayut,
Sbirayut vmeste xleb s polej,
V nagradu vmeste golodayut.
Den` celyj dozhd` ego kropit,
Po vecheram laskaet v`yuga,
A noch`yu s gorya, da s ispuga
Sud`ba skvoz son emu stuchit:
Stuk, stuk, stuk...
Glyan`-ka, drug,
Kak drugie pozhivayut.
Stuk, stuk, stuk...
Drugie prazdnovat` soshlis`
Bogatstvo, molodost` i slavu,
Ix pesni radostno neslis`,
Vino smenilos` im v zabavu:
Davno uzh pir u nix shumit.
No smolkli vdrug bledneya gosti...
Rukoj, drozhashheyu ot zlosti,
Sud`ba v okoshko k nim stuchit:
Stuk, stuk, stuk...
Novy`j drug k vam prishyol,
Gotov`te mesto!
Stuk, stuk, stuk...
No est` zhe schast`e na zemle!
Odnazhdy, polnyj ozhidan`ya,
S vostorgom yuny'm na chele,
Prishyol schastlivecz na svidan`e.
Eshhyo odin on, vse molchit,
Zarya za roshhej potuxaet,*

“Fate”

With her walking stick
With her gloomy eyes,
Fate, like some grim sentry,
Pursues us everywhere.
Her face threatens us with woe,
Her threats have turned her hair all grey,
She has already prevailed over so many of us,
And still she keeps on knocking:
Knock, knock, knock...
Your time is up, my friend,
Enough of chasing after happiness!
Knock, knock, knock...
The poor man has come to know her well:
Hand in hand they walk,
Together they gather bread from the fields,
Yet their reward is to starve together.
Rain soaks him throughout the day,
In the evening, a blizzard caresses him,
And at night, in his woe and in his fear,
Fate comes knocking in his dreams:
Knock, knock, knock...
Just take a look, my friend,
How other people live.
Knock, knock, knock...
Other people gather to celebrate
Wealth, youth and fame,
Their joyful songs ring out,
Wine is poured for their delight:
Their noisy feast has gone on long.
When suddenly the guests fall silent and turn pale...
Quivering with malice,
Fate's hand knocks at the window:
Knock, knock, knock...
A new friend has arrived,
Set a place for her!
Knock, knock, knock...
Yet there is some happiness on earth!
Once upon a time, full of anticipation,
With youthful rapture across his face,
A lucky lad came to meet his sweetheart.
He's still alone, in the silence,
Twilight falls beyond the grove,

(continued on next page)

Texts and Translations

(continued from previous page)

*I solovej uzh zatixaet
A serdce b`yotsya i stuchit:
Stuk, stuk, stuk...
Mily`j drug,
Ty` pridyosh`-li na svidan`e?
Stuk, stuk, stuk...
No vot idyot ona,
I v mig lyubov`, trevoga, ozhidan`e,
Blazhenstvo, vse silos` u nix
V odno bezumnoe lobzan`e!
Nemaya noch` na nix glyadit,
Vsyo nebo zalito ognymi.
A kto-to tixo za kustami
Klyukoj dokuchnoyu stuchit:
Stuk, stuk, stuk...
Stary`j drug
K vam prishyol, dovol`no schast`ya!
Stuk, stuk, stuk...*

And the nightingale stills its song,
And his heart beats and pounds:
Knock, knock, knock...
Dear friend,
Will you come and meet me then?
Knock, knock, knock...
But here she comes,
And in an instance, love, anxiety, anticipation
And bliss all merge together for them
In a single frenzied kiss!
Night looks on in silence,
And the whole sky is flooded with lights.
Then quietly behind the bushes,
Someone knocks tiresomely with her stick:
Knock, knock, knock...
An old friend
Has come to see you. Enough of happiness!
Knock, knock, knock...

- English Translation © Philip Ross Bullock



The Long Year

MICHAEL IPPOLITO (b. 1985)

Texts by Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-1950)

“Winter Night”

Pile high the hickory and the light
Log of chestnut struck by the blight.
Welcome-in the winter night.

The day has gone in hewing and felling,
Sawing and drawing wood to the dwelling
For the night of talk and story-telling.

These are the hours that give the edge
To the blunted axe and the bent wedge,
Straighten the saw and lighten the sledge.

Here are question and reply,
And the fire reflected in the thinking eye.
So peace, and let the bob-cat cry.

Texts and Translations

“Summer Song”

I know why the yellow forsythia
Holds its breath and will not bloom,
And the robin thrusts his beak in his wing.

Want me to tell you? Think you can bear it?
Cover your eyes with your hand and hear it.
You know how cold the days are still?
And everybody saying how late the Spring is?
Well—cover your eyes with your hand—the thing is,
There isn't going to be any Spring.

No parking here! No parking here!
They said to Spring: No parking here!

Spring came on as she always does,
Laid her hand on the yellow forsythia,—
Little boys turned in their sleep and smiled,
Dreaming of marbles, dreaming of agates;
Little girls leapt from their beds to see
Spring come by with her painted wagons,
Coloured wagons creaking with wonder—

Laid her hand on the robin's throat;
When up comes you-know-who, my dear,
You-know-who in a fine blue coat,
And says to Spring: No parking here!

No parking here! No parking here!
Move on! Move on! No parking here!

Come walk with me in the city gardens.
(Better keep an eye out for you-know-who)
Did ever you see such a sickly showing?—
Middle of June, and nothing growing;
The gardeners peer and scratch their heads
And drop their sweat on the tulip-beds,
But not a blade thrusts through.

Come, move on! Don't you know how to walk?
No parking here! And no back-talk!

Oh, well,—hell, it's all for the best.
She certainly made a lot of clutter,
Dropping petals under the trees,
Taking your mind off your bread and butter.

Anyhow, it's nothing to me.
I can remember, and so can you.
(Though we'd better watch out for you-know-who,
When we sit around remembering Spring).

We shall hardly notice in a year or two.
You can get accustomed to anything.

Texts and Translations

“The Fawn”

There it was I saw what I shall never forget
And never retrieve.
Monstrous and beautiful to human eyes, hard to believe,
He lay, yet there he lay,
Asleep on the moss, his head on his polished cleft small ebony hooves,
The child of the doe, the dappled child of the deer.

Surely his mother had never said, “Lie here
Till I return,” so spotty and plain to see
On the green moss lay he.
His eyes had opened; he considered me.

I would have given more than I care to say
To thrifty ears, might I have had him for my friend
One moment only of that forest day:

Might I have had the acceptance, not the love
Of those clear eyes;
Might I have been for him in the bough above
Or the root beneath his forest bed,
A part of the forest, seen without surprise.

Was it alarm, or was it the wind of my fear lest he depart
That jerked him to his jointy knees,
And sent him crashing off, leaping and stumbling
On his new legs, between the stems of the white trees?

“Mariposa”

Butterflies are white and blue
In this field we wander through.
Suffer me to take your hand.
Death comes in a day or two.

All the things we ever knew
Will be ashes in that hour:
Mark the transient butterfly,
How he hangs upon the flower.

Suffer me to take your hand.
Suffer me to cherish you
Till the dawn is in the sky.
Whether I be false or true,
Death comes in a day or two.

Texts and Translations

“If Still Your Orchards Bear”

Brother, that breathe the August air
Ten thousand years from now,
And smell --- if still your orchards bear
Tart apples on the bough ---

The early windfall under the tree,
And see the red fruit shine,
I cannot think your thoughts will be
Much different from mine.

Should at that moment the full moon
Step forth upon the hill,
And memories hard to bear,
By moonlight harder still,

Form in the shadows of the trees, ---
Things that you could not spare
And live, or so you thought, yet these
Are gone, and you still there,

A man no longer what he was,
Nor yet the thing he'd planned,
The chilly apple from the grass
Warmed by your living hand ---

I think you will have need of tears;
I think they will not flow;
Supposing in ten thousand years
Men ache, as they do now.

“The Oak Leaves”

Yet in the end, defeated too, worn out and ready to fall,
Hangs from the drowsy tree with cramped and desperate stem above the ditch the last leaf of all.

There is something to be learned, I guess, from looking at the dead leaves under the living tree;
Something to be set to a lusty tune and learned and sung, it well might be;
Something to be learned – though I was ever a ten-o'clock scholar at this school –
Even perhaps by me.

But my heart goes out to the oak-leaves that are the last to sigh “Enough,” and lose their hold;
They have boasted to the nudging frost and to the two-and-thirty winds that they would never die,
Never even grow old.

(These are those russet leaves that cling
All winter, even into the spring,
To the dormant bough, in the wood knee-deep in the snow the only colored thing.

Texts and Translations

“The Buck in the Snow”

White sky, over the hemlocks bowed with snow,
Saw you not at the beginning of evening the antlered buck and his doe
Standing in the apple-orchard? I saw them. I saw them suddenly go,
Tails up, with long leaps lovely and slow,
Over the stone-wall into the wood of hemlocks bowed with snow.

Now lies he here, his wild blood scalding the snow.

How strange a thing is death, bringing to his knees, bringing to his antlers
The buck in the snow.

How strange a thing, — a mile away by now, it may be,
Under the heavy hemlocks that as the moments pass
Shift their loads a little, letting fall a feather of snow —
Life, looking out attentive from the eyes of the doe



ABOUT THE ARTISTS

credit Larrynx Photography



Called “a voice for this historic moment” (*The Washington Post*), baritone Will Liverman continues to bring his compelling performances to audiences nationwide. He stars in the

Metropolitan Opera’s reopening production of Terence Blanchard’s *Fire Shut Up In My Bones* in fall 2021, in addition to reprising his roles in *Akhnaton* (Horemhab) and *The Magic Flute* (Papageno) during the Met’s 21-22 season.

Following a summer at Opera Theatre of St. Louis and Aspen Music Festival, additional highlights of Will’s 2021-2022 season include the reprise of *Fire Shut Up in My Bones* with Lyric Opera of Chicago, *Spanish Inspirations* with Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Florence Price’s *Song to the Dark Virgin* with Chicago Sinfonietta, and Jonathan Dove’s *Flight* with Dallas Opera.

In February 2021, Cedille Records released his *Dreams of a New Day: Songs by Black Composers* with pianist Paul Sanchez. The album debuted at number 1 on the Billboard Traditional Classical chart and *The New Yorker* praised its “clarity, sensitivity, and barely contained heartbreak.” His album, *Whither Must I Wander*, with pianist Jonathan King, out January 2020 on Odradek Records, was named one of the *Chicago Tribune*’s “best classical recordings of 2020.”

Recent engagements include starring as the first ever Black Papageno in the Met Opera’s holiday production of *The Magic Flute*, in addition to appearing in the Met’s premiere of Philip Glass’ *Akhnaton* (Horemhab) and in Nico Muhly’s *Marnie* (Malcolm Fleet). He also recently appeared in *The Love of Three Oranges* (Pantalone) at Opera Philadelphia, in *Pagliacci* (Silvio) at Opera Colorado, in *La bohème* (Schaunard) with Santa Fe Opera, Dallas Opera, and Opera Philadelphia, and in *The Little Prince* (The Pilot) with Tulsa Opera. His new opera *The Factotum*, written together with DJ/recording artist K. Rico, was workshopped by the Lyric Opera of Chicago and the Ryan

Opera Center in winter 2020.

Will Liverman has performed the leading role of Figaro in Rossini’s *Il barbiere di Siviglia* with Seattle Opera, Virginia Opera, Kentucky Opera, Madison Opera and Utah Opera. He originated the role of Dizzy Gillespie in Charlie Parker’s *Yardbird* with Opera Philadelphia, in addition to performing the role with English National Opera, Lyric Opera of Chicago, Madison Opera, and at the Apollo Theater. Other highlights include *Fellow Travelers* (Tommy McIntyre) in Lyric Opera of Chicago’s production for its Lyric Unlimited initiative; *The Magic Flute* (Papageno) with Florentine Opera and Central City Opera; *La bohème* (Marcello) with Portland Opera; *The Rape of Lucretia* (Tarquinius) with Wolf Trap Opera; and *Jenůfa* (Foreman at the Mill) with Santa Fe Opera. He was also recently featured in the Sphinx Virtuosi concert at Carnegie Hall, in addition to appearing in Schubert’s *Die Winterreise* at The Barns at Wolf Trap Opera.

Will Liverman is the recipient of the 2020 Marian Anderson Vocal Award, as well as a 2019 Richard Tucker Career Grant and Sphinx Medal of Excellence. He concluded his tenure at the Ryan Opera Center at Lyric Opera of Chicago in 2015. He holds his Master of Music degree from The Juilliard School, and a Bachelor of Music degree from Wheaton College in Illinois.

Please visit www.willliverman.com for more information.

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

credit Shervin Lainez



Acclaimed by *Opera News* as being “among the top accompanists of her generation,” and “...a colouristic tour de force” by *The New York Times*, GRAMMY

Award®-nominated pianist Myra Huang performs in recitals and chamber music concerts around the world. Highly sought after for her interpretation of lieder and art song as well as her depth of musicianship and impeccable technique, she regularly performs with acclaimed opera singers around the world. This season, she performs recitals with singers Lawrence Brownlee, Michael Spyres, Sasha Cooke, Will Liverman, Joshua Hopkins, and Nicholas Phan.

Huang is the Head of Music of The Lindemann Young Artist Development Program at Metropolitan Opera. She has also served on the music staffs of the Washington National Opera, Houston Grand Opera, New York City Opera, and The Palau De Les Arts in Valencia, Spain. She worked closely with director Lorin Maazel and Zubin Mehta as an assistant conductor at the Palau De Les Arts. From 2011-2013, she served as the Head of Music Staff at New York City Opera. She served as staff pianist for The Operalia Competition from 2005-2020. Huang is the head coach at The Aspen Music Festival Opera Theater, and is on faculty of The Collaborative Piano department at The Manhattan School of Music this year.

Huang is an avid recitalist and recording artist. Her recordings have received critical acclaim from publications such as *The New York Times*, *Gramophone UK*, *Opera News*, and *The Boston Globe*. Her album *Gods and Monsters* with tenor Nicholas Phan was nominated for the “Best Classical Vocal Solo Album” category at the 2018 GRAMMY Awards®. Of this album, *Opera News* stated that “Huang matches the tenor with pianistic arsenal of colors and

attacks, controlled by her astonishing technique.” Other albums include *Illuminations*, *Winter Words* and *Still Falls the Rain* on the Avie label with Nicholas Phan, and *Paysages* on the Bridge label with soprano Susanna Phillips, all released to critical acclaim. Her newest album with tenor Nicholas Phan, *Clairières dans le ciel*, was also nominated for a GRAMMY Award® by the Recording Academy in the “Best Classical Vocal Solo Album” category this past 2021 season. Huang is a Steinway Artist.

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

credit Brio Yippan



Praised by *The New York Times* for his “polished orchestration” that “glitters, from big-shoulders brass to eerily floating strings,” Michael Ippolito’s music has been

performed by leading musicians in venues around the world. Drawing on a rich musical background of classical and folk music, and taking inspiration from visual art, literature and other art forms, he has forged a distinctive musical voice in a body of work spanning orchestral, chamber and vocal music.

His orchestral music has been conducted by Edo de Waart, Marin Alsop, Michael Francis, David Alan Miller, and Jeffrey Milarsky in performances by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Dallas Symphony Orchestra, San Diego Symphony Orchestra, Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra, Nashville Symphony, Florida Orchestra, Cabrillo Festival Orchestra, Albany Symphony Orchestra, and Juilliard Orchestra. His chamber music has been performed by the Attacca Quartet, Miró Quartet, Hub New Music, Altius Quartet, and Dinosaur Annex, among others, and his vocal music has been performed by sopranos Joëlle Harvey and Lindsay Kesselman, and mezzo-soprano Daveda Karanas.

He has received commissions from numerous organizations, including Carnegie Hall and The ASCAP Foundation, The Florida Orchestra, Chamber Music America, the University of Georgia Wind Ensemble, Staatstheater Darmstadt, and the New York Choreographic Institute.

He has received numerous awards, from the American Academy of Arts and Letters (Charles Ives Scholarship), The Juilliard School (Palmer Dixon Prize) and ASCAP (multiple ASCAP Plus Awards). His wind ensemble work *West of the Sun* was given an

honorable mention in the 2014 Frederick Fennell Prize and his String Quartet No. 3 “Songlines” was selected 2019 Call for Scores winner by the Tesla Quartet.

He was a composer fellow at the Aspen Music Festival and the *Cultivate* program at the Copland House in 2012. From 2004-2011, he was a participating composer and performer in MusicX, an innovative festival of new music in Cincinnati and Switzerland, where he worked as General Manager from 2008-2011. He has also participated in the “Upbeat Hvar” International Summer School in Croatia, Yiddish Summer Weimar in Germany and the Oregon Bach Festival’s Composers Symposium.

Ippolito is currently Associate Professor of Composition at Texas State University. He studied with John Corigliano at The Juilliard School and with Joel Hoffman and Michael Fiday at the Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music.



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Vocal Arts DC is one of America's leading presenters of concert song and is a vital force in the cultural life of the Washington metropolitan area. Vocal Arts works to keep alive the intimacy and conviviality that is the heritage of concert song through an annual recital series and through social and educational events that foster personal contact between performers and audience. Vocal Arts DC is a non-profit corporation, qualified under Section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code.

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† = Deceased

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Mini-series subscription packages, comprised of one ticket apiece to our two remaining concerts this season, are still available, and are priced at \$45 per ticket. For more details, visit our website at VocalArtsDC.org, or phone us at 202-669-1463. Single tickets, priced at \$50 each, are on sale at the Kennedy Center Box Office: charge by phone at 202-467-4600, or visit www.kennedy-center.org

Tuesday, March 15, 2022 at 7:30 pm

credit Jiyang Chen as photographer



THE GERALD PERMAN FUND FOR EMERGING ARTISTS DEBUT RECITAL

ELENA VILLALÓN, *soprano*

KATHLEEN KELLY, *pianist*

Still in her mid-20s and finishing an apprenticeship with the Houston Grand Opera studio, Cuban American soprano Elena Villalón is already generating buzz as a star on the rise. In addition to being a Grand Prize Winner of both the Metropolitan Opera Laffont Competition and Houston Grand Opera's Eleanor McCollum Competition in 2019, she is featured in a November 2021 "Keep Your Eye On" Opera News magazine feature. Her 2021-2022 season also includes a debut with The Dallas Opera as Tina in Jonathan Dove's *Flight*, Susanna in *Le nozze di Figaro* with Austin Opera and the world premiere of Joel Thompson's *The Snowy Day* and a role debut as Juliette in *Roméo et Juliette* with Houston Grand Opera.

Program to include selections by Hugo Wolf, Jean Sibelius and Sergei Rachmaninov, as well as works by prominent Latinx composers including Maria Grever, Xavier Montsalvatge and Federico Chapí, plus the premiere of a new work, "Si Hay Futuro," commissioned for Ms. Villalón from composer Reinaldo Moya.

"A stunning display of Villalón's vocal abilities, employing silvery tones and leaps of anguished color."

Operawire

Wednesday, April 6 at 7:30 pm

credit Bree/Anne Cloudius



THE GERALD AND ANN K. PERMAN MEMORIAL RECITAL

JAMIE BARTON, *mezzo-soprano*

JAKE HEGGIE, *composer and pianist*

Current Grammy nominee Jamie Barton was named Personality of the Year at the 2020 BBC Music Magazine Awards, and her many other prestigious accolades include being named Winner of both the Kennedy Center's Marian Anderson Award and the Richard Tucker Music Foundation Award. Her engagements this season include an acclaimed role debut as *Carmen* with Chicago Opera Theater and a return to the Metropolitan Opera as Eduige in Handel's *Rodelinda*.

Program to include selections by Henry Purcell, Franz Schubert, Johannes Brahms and Florence Price, as well as pieces by Mr. Heggie from their acclaimed 2020 PentaTone Classics album Unexpected Shadows.

"Opera's nose-studded rockstar." *The New York Times*

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