

Season 14: 2008-2009

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SCHOLA
CANTORUM
ON HUDSON

Deborah Simpkin King
Artistic Director & Founder

Schola Sings Solo

*Solos, Duets & Ensembles from Opera & Art Song
Music of Bizet, Puccini, Verdi, Leoncavallo,
Bernstein, Donizetti, Gershwin & more*

Tuesday, November 18, 2008 @ 8:00 PM

St. Paul Lutheran Church @ Jersey City, NJ

Saturday, January 31, 2009 @ 8:00 PM

First Presbyterian Church @ Ramsey, NJ

Saturday, February 7, 2009 @ 8:00 PM

St. John's in the Village Episcopal Church @ New York, NY

Saturday, February 21, 2009 @ 8:00 PM

St. Malachy's Church (The Actors' Chapel) @ New York, NY

Tuesday, April 21, 2009 @ 8:00 PM

St. Michael the Archangel Church @ Bayonne, NJ



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This evening's performance will be drawn from the repertoire on the following pages.

*Please silence all electronic devices. Please do not take flash photographs of the singers during the performance.
Thank you!*

IS IT EVER NOT ABOUT LOVE?

Definition, please...

Love in the Dictionary

Celius Dougherty (1902–1986)
text by Funk & Wagnall's Dictionary

Deborah Simpkin King, *mezzo-soprano*

"Love in the Dictionary," by American composer Celius Dougherty, is exactly that: an art-song setting of what one will find in *Funk & Wagnall's*. With the majority of our program focusing on different aspects of love, we thought it appropriate to begin with a review of its definition!

A strong, complex emotion,
Or feeling of personal attachment,
Causing one to appreciate,
Delight in,
Or crave the presence
Or possession of the object,
And to please and promote the welfare of that object.
Devoted affection

Or attachment;
Specifically, the feeling between husband and wife,
Brother and sister,
Or lover and sweetheart;
One who is beloved;
A sweetheart;
Animal passion;
The personification of the love passion: Cupid;
In some games, as tennis, nothing.

Earliest awareness...

When I was seventeen

Swedish folksong

Max Jefferson, *soprano*—SCH 2008–2009 Choral Scholar

In this Swedish folksong, the growing awareness of a young lady emerges through her responsiveness to the notion of love. When fourteen, she had not a care in the world—and an equally carefree refrain. By seventeen, however, she seems to know that something is missing, all of which is cleared up (in the third stanza) when love comes along to wreak havoc with her emotions. Don't miss the increasingly intense, even 'disturbed,' refrains following stanzas two and three.

Fourteen years I had seemed just to be,
little maiden so happy and so free;
never heard from a sweet heart of mine,
and never thought of a lover so fine.

Then one day I became seventeen,
bright the sun, cuckoos sang, and it was spring;
all was fair, earth so green, heaven blue,
yet there was something I missed all too true.

Yes, the days as they were have gone by,
sometimes tearful and sometimes glad am I.
Sometimes white is my cheek, sometimes red;
I care not whether I'm living or dead.

...and dreaming of...

“Willow,” from *The Ballad of Baby Doe* (1956)

Douglas Moore (1893–1969)

Lauren Patsos, *soprano*—Baby Doe

Baby Doe is new in Leadville, having just shaken off the dust of Central City and an unfortunate marriage. She sits in the hotel lobby late in the evening playing the piano and singing, not knowing that Horace Tabor, the silver tycoon to whom she will eventually be married, is listening.

Willow, where we met together;
Willow, when our love was new;
Willow, if he once should be returning,
pray tell him I am weeping too.

So far from each other,
while the days pass in their emptiness away.
Oh my love, must it be forever,
never once again to meet as on that day?
And never rediscover the way of telling, the way of knowing
all our hearts would say?

Gone are the ways of pleasure,
gone are the friends I had of yore.
Only the recollection fatal
of the word that was spoken nevermore.

Oh, Willow, where we met together;
Willow, when our love was new;
Willow, if he once should be returning,
pray tell him I am weeping too.

“O soave fanciulla,” from *La Bohème* (1896)

Giacomo Puccini (1858–1924)

Mary Ellen Assue, *soprano*—Mimi; Salvatore A. Diana, *tenor*—Rodolfo

La Bohème is set in the Latin Quarter of Paris during the 1830s. Rodolfo, the idealistic poet, falls in love with Mimi, a frail but resolute seamstress. Around their tender story, Puccini depicts the exuberant lives of struggling young artists expressing *joie de vivre*, love and, ultimately, heartbreak. Upon meeting, Rudolfo and Mimi sing *O soave fanciulla* (“Oh, sweet little lady”) to commemorate their newfound love.

Rodolfo
O soave fanciulla, o dolce viso di mite circonfuso alba lunar,

in te ravviso il sogno ch’io vorrei sempre sognar!

Mimi
(Ah, tu sol comandi, amor!)
R: Fremon nell’anima dolcezze estreme;
 Nel baccio freme amor!
M: (oh come dolci scendono le sue lusinghe al cor...
 Tu sol comandi, amor!)
 No, per pietà!

R: Sei mia! **M:** v’aspettan gli amici...
R: Già mi mandi via? **M:** Vorrei dir...ma non osso,
R: Di. **M:** Se venissi con voi?
R: Che? Mimi! Sarebbe così dolce restar qui. C’è freddo
 fuori.
M: Vi staro vicina! **R:** E al ritorno?
M: Curioso! **R:** Dammi il braccio, o mia piccina...

M: Obbedisco, signor! **R:** Che m’ami...di’...
M: Io t’amo.

Rodolfo e Mimi
Amor! Amor! Amor!

Rodolfo
Oh! sweet little lady! Oh, sweetest vision, with moonlight
 bathing your pretty face!
The dream that I see in you is the dream I’ll always dream!

Mimi
(Oh, you rule alone, Love!)
R: Deep in my soul trembles the deepest of passions;
 our kisses shudder with love!
M: (How gently now his words of praise make their way into
 my heart...You rule alone, oh love!)
 No, I beg you!

R: You’re mine now! **M:** Your friends are still waiting.
R: You’re sending me away so soon? **M:** I would like to say, but dare not...
R: Speak! **M:** What if I came with you?
R: What? Mimi! It would be nice if we could stay here;
 outside it’s cold.

M: I’ll stay close by you! **R:** And when we return?
M: Wait and find out! **R:** Take my arm, my dear
 young lady...
M: As you say, my dear sir... **R:** Tell me you love me!
M: I certainly do.

Rodolfo and Mimi
Love! Love! Love!

Love for a child

“Summertime,” from *Porgy and Bess* (1935)

George Gershwin (1898–1937)

Mary Ellen Assue, *soprano*—Bess

Porgy and Bess, set in the fictitious Catfish Row in the slums of Charleston, South Carolina, deals with African American life in the 1920s. The story follows Porgy, a crippled black man, and his attempts to rescue Bess from the clutches of Crown, her pimp, and Sportin’ Life, the drug dealer. This piece is sung multiple times throughout *Porgy and Bess*, first by Clara in Act I as a lullaby and soon after as a counterpoint to the craps game scene, in Act II in a reprise by Clara, and in Act III by Bess, singing to Clara’s baby.

Summertime, and the livin’ is easy.
Fish are jumpin’, and the cotton is high.
Your daddy’s rich, and your mamma’s good-lookin’.
So hush, little baby, don’t you cry.
One of these mornings you’re going to rise up singing,
then you’ll spread your wings and you’ll take to the sky.

But ‘til that morning, there’s a’nothing can harm you
with daddy and mamma standing by.
Summertime, and the livin’ is easy.
Fish are jumpin’, and the cotton is high.
Your daddy’s rich, and your mamma’s good-lookin’.
So hush, little baby, don’t you cry.

Desperation

Was soll der Zorn, mein Schatz, der dich erhitzt? (1896)

Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)

Caroline L. Sargent, *soprano*

This example of the German lieder tradition comes from Wolf’s well-known *Italienisches Liederbuch*. During the course of the 46-song cycle, a soprano and a baritone offer a series of “he-said-she-said” snapshots of their love affair as it runs its course from infatuation to estrangement to reconciliation. The composer, who longed to write opera, never succeeded as a composer of grand stage works. However, Wolf’s restless harmonies and the *gravitas* applied to his text-settings are now thought to represent the culmination of the 19th century lieder style. “Was soll der Zorn” is based upon a text from the Italian folk poetry tradition, entitled “Caro amor mio, non mi far l’adirato.”

Was soll der Zorn, mein Schatz, der dich erhitzt?
Ich bin mir keener Sünde ja bewußt,
Ach, lieber nimm ein Messer wohlgespitzt.
Und tritt zu mir, durchbohre mir die Brust.
Und taugt ein Messer nicht, so nimm ein Schwert,
Daß meines Blutes Quell gen Himmel fährt.
Und taugt ein Schwert nicht, nimm des Dolches Stahl
Und wasch in meinem Blut all meine Qual.

Why this rage, my love, that fires you so?
For I am aware of no offence.
Oh, rather take a keenly sharpened knife,
come to me, and plunge it in my breast.
And if a knife won’t do, then take a sword,
and let my blood spring heavenward.
And if a sword won’t do, take dagger’s steel,
and wash my torment in my blood.

And fury...

“Piangerò la sorte mia,” from *Giulio Cesare in Egitto*, HWV 17 (1724)

Georg Frideric Handel (1685–1789)

Maria Alu, *soprano*—Cleopatra

Giulio Cesare in Egitto (Julius Caesar in Egypt) is an *opera seria* in three acts. Cleopatra uses her womanly wiles to gain the throne of Egypt and to engage Julius Caesar in a torrid love affair. In Act III, her army has been defeated by the army of her brother, Tolomeo. She is imprisoned for scheming with Caesar, who will most likely be killed. In this aria, sung from her prison cell, Cleopatra contemplates her dour situation. She is sick with worry over the well-being of her Caesar, and determined to haunt her brother from the afterlife.

E pur così in un giorno
perdo fasti e grandezze? Ahi fato rio!
Cesare, il mio bel nume, è forse estinto;
Cornelia e Sesto inermi son, né sanno
darmi soccorso. O dio!
Non resta alcuna speme al viver mio.
Piangerò la sorte mia,
sì crudele e tanto ria,
finché vita in petto avrò.
Ma poi morta d'ogn'intorno
il tiranno e notte e giorno
fatta spettro agiterò.

Thus, in a single day,
Must I lose ceremony and greatness? Alas, wicked fate!
Caesar, my godlike beloved, is probably dead,
Cornelia and Sextus are defenseless
And cannot come to my aid. Oh god!
There is no hope left to my life.
I shall lament my fate,
So cruel and so pitiless,
As long as I have breath in my breast.
But when I am dead, wherever he goes,
Tyranny, night and day,
Everywhere I will agitate.

And disdain...

"Monica's Waltz," from *The Medium* (1946)

Gian Carlo Menotti (1911–2007)

Mary Ellen Assue, *soprano*—Monica

Menotti's *The Medium* is something of a cautionary tale, which had its genesis in a séance attended by the composer himself. In a squalid room of a house on the outskirts of town, adolescents Monica and Toby are playing with their toy puppet theatre. Monica is the daughter of Baba, a fraudulent medium, and is used to impersonating the dead and speaking or singing during Baba's séances. Toby is a mute boy who has been taken in by Baba. Monica sings an enticing waltz in an effort to cheer up the dejected Toby, only to cause him even greater emotional stress.

Bravo! And after the theater,
Supper and dance, Music!
Umpapa, umpapa,
Up in the sky
Someone is playing a trombone and a guitar,
Red is your tie,
And in your velveteen coat you hide a star.
Monica, Monica, dance the waltz.
Follow me, moon and sun,
Keep time with me, one two three one.
If you're not shy,
Pin up my hair with your star,
And buckle my shoe.
And when you fly,
Please hold on tight to my waist,
I'm flying with you. Oh!
Monica, Monica, dance the waltz,
Follow me, moon and sun, follow me.
What is the matter, Toby?
What is it you want to tell me?
Kneel down before me, and now, tell me...
Monica, Monica, can't you see
That my heart is bleeding, bleeding for you?
I loved you Monica, all of my life,

With all my breath, with all my blood.
You haunt the mirror of my sleep, you are my night.
You are my light and the jailer of my day.
How dare you, scoundrel, talk to me like that!
Don't you know who I am?
I am the Queen of Aroundel!
I shall have you put in chains!
You are my princess, you are my queen,
And I'm only Toby, one of your slaves,
And still I love you and always loved you
With all my breath, with all my blood.
I love your laughter, I love your hair
I love your deep and nocturnal eyes.
I love your soft hands, so white and winged,
I love the slender branch of your throat.
Toby, don't speak to me like that!
You make my head swim,
Monica, Monica, fold me in your satin gown.
Monica, Monica, give me your mouth,
Monica, Monica, fall in my arms!
Why, Toby, you're not crying, are you?
Toby, I want you to know
That you have the most beautiful voice in the world!

Disdain for all but freedom!

“The Vagabond,” from *Songs of Travel* (1904)

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)
text by Robert Louis Stevenson

Dorian Lake, *baritone*

Songs of Travel is a song cycle of nine songs, with texts selected from the Robert Louis Stevenson poetry collection of the same name. A jewel of the art song repertory, the cycle represents Vaughan Williams' first major foray into song-writing, offering a quintessentially British take on the “wayfarer cycle.” The persona depicted here, a world-weary yet resolute individual, shows neither the naivete nor the destructive impulses of similar wayfaring characters that had appeared in earlier cycles by Schubert and Mahler. “The Vagabond” introduces the traveler, with heavy “trudging” chords in the accompaniment, depicting a rough journey through the English countryside.

Give to me the life I love,
let the lave go by me.
Give the jolly heaven above,
and the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
bread I dip in the river—
there's the life for a man like me,
there's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
let what will be o'er me;
give the face of earth around,
and the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
all I seek, the heaven above,
and the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
where afield I linger,
silencing the bird on tree,
biting the blue finger.
White as meal the frosty field—
warm the fireside haven—
not to autumn will I yield,
not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late,
let what will be o'er me;
give the face of earth around,
and the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
all I seek, the heaven above,
and the road below me.

INTERMISSION

As undercurrent in military setting...

“Chacun le sait,” from *La Fille du Regiment* (1840)

Gaetano Donizetti (1797–1848)

Maria Alu, *soprano*—Marie

La fille du régiment (The Daughter of the Regiment) is an *opéra comique* in two acts written while the Italian composer was living in Paris. The opera tells the story of Marie, an orphan girl who was adopted by the 21st Regiment of the French Army. When Sergeant Sulpice questions Marie about a young man she has been seen with, she explains that he is Tonio, a local Tyrolean who once saved her life. Troops of the regiment arrive with a prisoner: this same Tonio, who says he has been looking for Marie. She steps in to save him, and while he toasts his new friends, Marie sings the regimental song.

Chacun le sait, chacun le dit,
 Le régiment par excellence
 Le seul à qui l'on fass' crédit
 Dans tous les cabarets de France...
 Le régiment, en tous pays,
 L'effroi des amants des maris...
 Mais de la beauté bien suprême!
 Il est là, il est là, il est là, morbleu!
 Le voilà, le voilà, le voilà, corbleu!
 Il est là, il est là, le voilà,
 Le beau Vingt-et-unième!
 Il a gagné tant de combats,
 Que notre empereur, on le pense,
 Fera chacun de ses soldats,
 A la paix, maréchal de France!
 Car, c'est connu le régiment
 Le plus vainqueur, le plus charmant,
 Qu'un sexe craint, et que l'autre aime.
 Il est là, il est là, il est là, morbleu!
 Le voilà, le voilà, le voilà, corbleu!
 Il est là, il est là, le voilà,
 Le beau Vingt-et-unième!

Everyone knows it, everyone says it,
 The regiment above all
 The only one to which everyone gives credit to
 In all the taverns of France...
 The regiment, in all countries,
 The terror of lovers of husbands...
 But definitely superior to those of beauty!
 It is there, it is there, it is there, the devil!
 Over there, over there, over there, by Jove!
 It is there, it is there, it is there,
 The handsome Twenty-first!
 It has won so many battles,
 That our emperor, one thinks,
 Will make every one of our soldiers
 Marshall of France in peace-time!
 For it's known that the regiment,
 The most victorious, the most charming,
 Is feared by one sex and loved by the other.
 It is there, it is there, it is there, the devil!
 Over there, over there, over there, by Jove!
 It is there, it is there, it is there,
 The handsome Twenty-first!

In familial reunion...

"Chi dal cielo," from *La Fida Ninfa*, RV 714 (1732)

Antonio Vivaldi (1678–1741)

Salvatore Basile, *bass-aritone*—Oralto

The action takes place on the island of Naxos. The first act opens as Oralto, a pirate king from Scyros returns, bringing three captives. At the conclusion of the first act, Oralto delivers his soliloquy on the nature of courage and fear.

Chi dal cielo ò dalla sorte
 fatto grande non si trova
 faccia sè col suo valor.
 tutto il mondo è del più forte.
 Alma vile a che mai giova
 povertà vien da timor.

He who is not born great by the will
 of heaven or of fate must achieve
 greatness on his own through courage.
 The whole world belongs to the bravest.
 A cowardly soul never succeeds;
 fear produces poverty.

In societal care...

Brother, Can You Spare a Dime? (1932)

Jay Gorney (1894–1990)

lyrics by E.Y. Harburg (1896–1981)

Salvatore Basile, *bass-baritone*

In the summer of 1932, down-and-out WWI vets organized a march to Washington. They had been promised veterans' cash bonuses in 1940; they requested that they get them early, since most of them were smacked flat by the Depression. Not only did Hoover not agree, but sent the U.S. Army to rout them out of DC; during this process, two babies were killed by tear-gas bombs. It was all covered in the papers, to national horror. Only three months later, Harburg saw the breadlines on NY streets, imagined a man who once had been successful and was now struggling, and wrote the song for his latest show, to be performed in a scene depicting one of those breadlines. The show didn't run, but the song instantly became a Depression anthem. Bing Crosby made a killing with it, in an economic climate in which few people had money to buy records.

They used to tell me I was building a dream,
 And so I followed the mob—
 When there was earth to plough or guns to bear
 I was always there—right there on the job.

They used to tell me I was building a dream
 With peace and glory ahead—
 Why should I be standing in line
 Just waiting for bread?

Once I built a railroad, made it run,
 Made it race against time.
 Once I built a railroad, now it's done.
 Brother, can you spare a dime?

Once in khaki suits, gee, we looked swell,
 Full of that Yankee Doodle-de-dum.
 Half a million boots when sloggin' through Hell,
 I was the kid with the drum.

Say, don't you remember? They called me Al—
 It was Al—all the time.
 Why don't you remember? I'm your pal!
 Buddy, can you spare a dime?

Betrayal and Heartbreak

Séparation

Frédéric Chopin (1810–1849)

text by Pauline Viardot, arr. (1821–1910)

Caroline L. Sargent, *soprano*; Maureen Dowdell, *mezzo-soprano*

This mazurka, of Polish dance origin, was originally composed by Chopin and subsequently arranged for voice by Pauline Viardot, an accomplished composer, mezzo-soprano, and pianist of the 1800s. “Séparation” is the sixth in a collection of her song transcriptions, which Chopin and Viardot performed in entirety on Chopin’s final recital in 1848. The text, different in each voice, underscores the subtle push/pull of this rhythmic style and expresses the dilemma of two lovers who must part, though unwillingly. Each attributes the necessary loss differently—one blames the separation on external fate, unexplained; the lower voice, on the other’s heartlessness.

1. Pars, et nous oublie;
 Pars, ne suis point mes pas
 2. Reste, O mon amie,
 Ou je suivrai tes pas

1. La fortune ennemie
 M'arrache de tes bras
 Las! en vain m'implore

2. Mon Coeur, ma vie
 S'en vont quand tu t'en vas
 Mais en vain t'implore

1 & 2. Celui qui t'adore
 Las! m'implore
 en vain

Mais t'implore
 Celui que—j'adore
 Celui—t'adore

1. J'avais su le charmer
 Ma vie était trop belle,
 Du sort la loi cruelle
 Me defend de aimer [Repeat]

2. Les Dieux qui pour charmer,
 T'ont fait naître si belle
 Ne veulent pas, cruelle,
 Que ton Coeur sache aimer [Repeat]

1. Leave, and forget us
 Leave, do not follow my steps
 2. Stay, oh my love,
 Or I shall follow your steps

1. The hostile fortune
 Tears me from your arms
 Alas! the one I adore implores me in vain

2. My heart, my life
 Leave me when you leave me
 But the one who loves you implores you in vain

1 & 2. The one who loves you
 Alas! implores me
 in vain

But I implore you
 The one I adore
 The one who adores you

1. I had known to charm him
 My life was too good,
 The cruel law of fate
 Forbids me to love him

2. The gods, in order to please
 Made you beautiful at birth
 But do not wish, cruel one,
 Your heart to know how to love

1. Pars et nous oublie,
Pars, ne suis point mes pas
Laisse ton amie S'arracher de tes bras
2. Reste, ou je suivrai tes pas
Car mon Coeur, ma vie
S'en vont quand tu t'en vas [Repeat]

1. Leave and forget us,
Leave, and do not follow my steps
Let your love tear herself from your arms
2. Stay, or I shall follow your steps
Because my heart, my life
Leave me when you leave me.

"Vesti la giubba," from *I Pagliacci* (1892)

Ruggiero Leoncavallo (1857–1919)

Salvatore A. Diana, *tenor*—Pagliacci

Canio, at the conclusion of the first act, has discovered his wife's infidelity. He decides that he must nevertheless prepare for his performance as Pagliaccio the clown, taking the attitude that "the show must go on." Often regarded as one of the most moving arias in the operatic repertoire, Canio's pain exemplifies the entire notion of the 'tragic clown': smiling on the outside but crying on the inside.

Recitar! Mentre preso dal delirio,
non so più quel che dico,
e quel che faccio!
Eppur è d'uopo, sforzati!
Bah! sei tu forse un uom?
Tu se' Pagliaccio!
Vesti la giubba, e la faccia infarina.
La gente paga, e rider vuole qua.
E se Arlecchin t'invola Colombina,
ridi, Pagliaccio, e ognun applaudirà!
Tramuta in lazzi lo spasmo ed il pianto
in una smorfia il singhiozzo e 'l dolor, Ah!
Ridi, Pagliaccio, sul tuo amore infranto!
Ridi del duol, che t'avvelena il cor!

To act! While out of my mind,
I no longer know what I say,
or what I do!
And yet it's necessary... make an effort!
Bah! Are you not a man?
You are Pagliaccio!
Put on your costume, powder your face.
The people pay to be here, and they want to laugh.
And if Harlequin shall steal your Columbine,
laugh, Pagliaccio, so the crowd will cheer!
Turn your distress and tears into jest,
your pain and sobbing into a funny face - Ah!
Laugh, Pagliaccio, at your broken love!
Laugh at the grief that poisons your heart!

"Amor, vida de mi vida," from *La Maravilla* (1941)

Federico Moreno Torroba (1891–1982)

Gilberto Gómez, *baritone*—Rafael

'La Maravilla' (The Marvel) is the stage name of a famous diva, whose daughter Emilia is torn between two loves; a wealthy industrialist, and Rafael, a poor but promising singer at Madrid's famous opera house, the *Teatro Real*. Believing that Emilia has chosen his rival, Rafael pours out his heartfelt grief, blaming her for playing him false—though by the end of the *zarzuela* the truth will have been unraveled, and the lovers reunited.

Adiós dijiste, se va mi vida.
Llorar quisiste por un amor que hay que olvidar.
Te vas riendo y yo me muero!us tecum.
Mi dolor es saber que no puedes llorar.
Refrain
Amor, vida de mi vida, qué triste es decirse adiós!
Te llevas la juventud de éste querer sin redención,
Amor que por el camino no puedes volver atrás.

Te ríes cuando sientes deseos de llorar.
Y pensar que te amé con alma y vida,
Y hoy te quieres burlar de mi dolor.

You said good-bye, so my life has gone.
You wanted to weep for a love that has to be forgotten.
You go away laughing and I am dying!
My sadness is to know that you cannot weep.
Refrain
Love, life of my life, how sad it is to say goodbye!
You leave our youthful love unredeemed,
A love which your destiny cannot return to you.
You laugh when you feel the wish to cry,
And to think that I loved you heart and soul,
And now you want to mock my grief.

Este amor que soñé no lo puedo callar.
Fueron falsas palabras, mentistes mil veces tu amor, mujer.

Refrain

This love that I dreamt of, I cannot suppress.
They were false words, you lied a thousand times in your
love, woman.

Refrain

What'll I do? (1923)

Irving Berlin (1888–1989)

Maureen Dowdell, *mezzo-soprano*

Written in 1923, "What'll I do?" was introduced in Irving Berlin's third *Music Box Revue*, and later used as the theme song in the 1974 film *The Great Gatsby*, starring Robert Redford.

Gone is the romance that was so divine,
'tis broken and cannot be mended.
You must go your way and I must go mine,
but now that our love dreams have ended...

Refrain

What'll I do when you are far away and I am blue,
what'll I do?
What'll I do when I am wond'ring who is kissing you,
what'll I do?

What'll I do with just a photograph to tell my troubles to?
When I'm alone with only dreams of you that won't come
true,
what'll I do?

Do you remember a night filled with bliss?
The moonlight was softly descending.
Your lips and my lips were tied with a kiss,
a kiss with an unhappy ending.

Refrain

"Porgi, amor, qualche ristoro," from *Le Nozze de Figaro*, K. 492 (1786)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1786)

Max Jefferson, *soprano*—Countess Almaviva

SCH 2008–2009 Choral Scholar

Le Nozze di Figaro (The Marriage of Figaro) is an *opera buffa* based upon a French stage comedy which explores the often contentious relationship between social classes. The action takes place during a single day at the palace of the Count Almaviva. The Count seeks to take the virtue of his wife's maid, Susanna, shortly before her anticipated marriage to his valet, Figaro. Despite his infidelities, the Countess still loves her husband, and her unhappiness colors this opening number of the second act.

Porgi, amor, qualche ristoro,
al mio duolo, a'miei sospir!
O mi rendi il mio Tesoro
o mi lascia almen morir.

O Love, give me some remedy,
for my sorrow, for my sighs!
Either give me back my darling,
or at least let me die.

Seduction and Bravado...

Habanera, from *Carmen* (1875)

Georges Bizet (1838–1875)

Deborah Simpkin King, *mezzo-soprano*—Carmen, and Company

In the Habanera, Bizet establishes Carmen as the gypsy girl, passionate yet fickle, quick to love and quick to tire, and all with a dash of fatalism that fearlessly flirts with death. The aria appears in Act I, as part of Carmen's rebuff to a group of men that presses her for her attention. Through the aria's expression of the vicissitudes of love, Carmen seeks the attention of the initially inattentive Don José, concluding by flinging a blood-red cassia flower at his feet. The Habanera is the first Cuban dance rhythm to be exported internationally.

Carmen:

L'amour est un oiseau rebelle
que nul ne peut apprivoiser,
et c'est bien en vain qu'on l'appelle,
s'il lui convient de refuser!

Rien n'y fait, menace ou prière,
l'un parle bien, l'autre se tait;
et c'est l'autre que je préfère,
il n'a rien dit, mais il me plaît.

L'amour! L'amour! L'amour! L'amour!

L'amour est enfant de Bohème,
il n'a jamais, jamais connu de loi,
Si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime,
Si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!

Chorus:

Prends garde à toi!

Carmen:

Si tu ne m'aimes pas,
tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime!

Chorus:

Prends garde à toi!

Carmen:

Mais si je t'aime,
si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!

L'oiseau que tu croyais surprendre
battit de l'aile et s'envola;

l'amour est loin, tu peux l'attendre;
tu ne l'attends plus, il est là.

Tout autour de toi, vite, vite,
il vient, s'en va, puis il revient;

tu crois le tenir, il t'évite,
tu crois l'éviter, il te tient!

L'amour! L'amour! L'amour! L'amour!

Carmen:

Love is like a rebellious bird
that no one quite knows how to tame.

Try to call it, you won't be heard
if to refuse you is its aim.

Nothing works, neither threat nor plea,
One man talks well, the other's mum.

And it's this one I'd rather see—
I like him though he's acting dumb.

Oh, love, yes love! Oh love, yes love!

Well, love is like a Gypsy child
that's never heard of any law or rule;
if you don't love me and I'm wild
about you, well, I say: look out, you fool!

Chorus:

Look out, you fool!

Carmen:

If you don't love me, you
don't love me and I'm wild about you!

Chorus:

Look out, you fool!

Carmen:

Mais si je t'aime,
si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!

The bird you thought you had caught
beat its wings and flew away...

Love stays away, you wait and wait;
when least expected, there it is!

All around you, swift, swift
it comes, goes; then it returns...

you think you hold it fast, it flees;
you think you're free, it holds you fast!

L'amour! L'amour! L'amour! L'amour!

Toreador Song, from *Carmen* (1875)**George Bizet (1838–1875)**

Gilberto Gomez, *baritone*—Escamillo
Carmen and Company

A torchlight procession brings the bullfighter Escamillo to the tavern of Lillas Pastia. The crowd toasts him, and he describes to his admirers the excitement and drama of the bullring. Through the bravado of his song, Carmen's attention begins to be turned from Don José, whom she had successfully bewitched, toward the handsome and equally fearless bullfighter—a passion for which she would ultimately pay with her life.

Undoubtedly one of the most popular operas in the repertory, *Carmen's* initial failure, at the *Opéra-Comique*, is historic, and apparently was a contributing factor in the composer's unhappy death three months after its premiere. Four months after Bizet's death, *Carmen* was produced in Vienna to great triumph.

Votre toast, je peux vous le rendre,
Señors, señors car avec les soldats
Oui, les Toreros, peuvent s'entendre ;
Pour plaisirs, pour plaisirs, ils ont les combats!
Le cirque est plein, c'est jour de fête!
Le cirque est plein du haut en bas;
Les spectateurs, perdant la tête,
Les spectateurs s'interpellent à grand fracas!
Apostrophes, cris et tapage
Pousses jusques à la fureur!
Car c'est la fête du courage!
C'est la fête des gens de coeur!
Allons! en garde! Allons! Allons! ah!

Refrain

Toréador, en garde! Toréador, Toréador!
Et songe bien, oui, songe en combattant
Qu'un œil noir te regarde,
Et que l'amour t'attend,
Toréador, L'amour t'attend!

Tout d'un coup, on fait silence,
on fait silence...ah ! que se passe-t-il?
Plus de cris, c'est l'instant!
Plus de cris, c'est l'instant!
Le taureau s'élance en bondissant hors du toril!
Il s'élance ! Il entre, il frappe ! un cheval roule, entraînant
un Picador,
"Ah ! bravo! Toro !" hurle la foule!
Le taureau va, il vient, il vient et frappe
encore!
En secouant ses banderilles,
Plein de fureur, il court! Le cirque est plein de sang!
On se sauve, on franchit les grilles!
C'est ton tour maintenant! allons!
En garde! allons! allons! Ah!

Refrain

Toréador, en garde! Toréador, Toréador!
Et songe bien, oui, songe en combattant
qu'un œil noir te regarde
Et que l'amour t'attend,
Toréador, l'amour, l'amour t'attend!
Toréador! Toréador! L'amour t'attend!

To your toast, I quite have the standing,
Sirs, sirs, to reply with great delight.
Yes, we Toreros have understanding
of you soldiers, for our pleasures are in the fight!
The ring is full, they're celebrating!
The ring is full from top to ground;
The crowd goes mad, edgy from waiting,
breaking into noisy arguments all around!
People shout, people yell and holler
With a din that tears the place apart!
They're celebrating men of valor!
Celebrating to brave of heart!
Let's go! On guard! Let's go! Let's go! Ah!

Refrain

Toreador, on guard! Toreador! Toreador!
And, as you fight, just think that from above
dark eyes send down their regard
with promises of love,
Toreador, with promises of love!

All at once the crowd is hushing,
the crowd is hushing...oh, what is happening?
No more shouts, this is it!
No more shouts, this is it!
Now the bull is rushing as it bounds into the ring!
He is rushing in! He's charging! A horse is falling, dragging
down a picador.
"Ah! Bravo! Toro!" the crowd is calling,
The bull goes on...he comes...he comes, charging once
more!
Now with his banderillas flailing,
Across the blood-filled ring he runs, he's full of rage!
People run...people climb the railing!
It's your turn for center stage!
Let's go! On guard! Let's go! Let's go! Ah!

Refrain

Toreador, on guard! Toreador! Toreador!
And, as you fight, just think that from above
dark eyes send down their regard
with promises of love,
Toreador, with promises of love!
Toreador! Toreador! Of love, of love!

About the Artists

Maria Alu, soprano, has been praised for her “lyrical grace” and “sparkling stage presence.” This season, she makes company and role debuts with the Taconic Opera as Monica in *The Medium* and with the Empire Opera covering Belinda in *Dido and Aeneas*. She will also be featured in concerts with the Annapolis Opera and South Mountain Theater Works. Past roles include The Queen of the Night (*The Magic Flute*), The Fairy Godmother (*Cendrillon*), and Diana (*Orpheus in the Underworld*), among others. The Hamilton, New Jersey native is a graduate of the New England Conservatory (M.M., 2005) and New York University (B.M., 2002), and a former apprentice artist at Utah Symphony and Opera.



Mary Ellen Assue, soprano, is a Silver Spring, Maryland native whose experience has led her to travels abroad where she gained her first professional music contract singing in Otsu, Japan. Since returning to the United States, she has worked as a teacher of piano and voice, and a singer of various styles of music, including commercial, jazz, concert, and opera.



Salvatore Basile, bass-baritone, was a soloist last season for Schola's performances of *Messiah*. He has performed principal roles in opera, concert, and theatre with organizations including Jupiter Symphony (Beethoven *Symphony #9*), Trinity Concerts (*Messiah*), Stamford Chorale (*Judas Maccabeus*, *Paukenmesse*), Berkshire Choral Festival (*The Gondoliers*), Caramoor Festival (*La Gazza Ladra*), Center for Contemporary Opera (New York premiere of Carlisle Floyd's *Markheim*), and New York Grand Opera (*Aroldo*). His performance in the premiere of *Nightingale: The Last Days of James Forrestal* prompted *Opera News* to write, “The production is rightfully centered around him.” Since 1998, Mr. Basile has been a soloist and cantor at St. Patrick's Cathedral. He can be heard on New World Records; and he can be seen (watch carefully) in *The Notorious Bettie Page*.



Salvatore A. Diana, tenor, is a native New Yorker, who sang his first roles at Wagner College in numerous productions, including *The Merry Widow* (Danilo), and *Tales of Hoffman* (Hoffman). After graduation, Mr. Diana appeared with the Liederkrantz Opera Company as Paquillo (*La Perichole*) and Jenik (*The Bartered Bride*). Mr. Diana has an active volunteer life. He serves on



the Board of the Cathedral of St. Patrick Young Singers and as Chairman of the Board for Schola Cantorum on Hudson. This is his ninth season singing with Schola. Prior to his appointment with the choir of St. John's in the Village, Mr. Diana sang at St. Patrick's Cathedral. His oratorio work has been well-received, particularly for multiple appearances as soloist in Bach's *Magnificat*. More recently, he was tenor soloist in the Sacred Music Chorale's concert of Handel's *Judas Maccabeus*. Last April, Mr. Diana participated in the Papal Visit as a chorister with the St. Patrick's Cathedral Choir, and he will appear with them next month in their annual live broadcast of the Christmas Eve Midnight Mass.

Maureen Dowdell, mezzo-soprano, began her vocal career at the age of three, performing holiday music while her mother accompanied on piano. She hasn't stopped singing since. A graduate of West Virginia University with a B.A. in Music, Ms. Dowdell has performed with the New York Grand Opera, Atlanta and Pittsburgh Opera Companies, and with the Atlanta Symphony



Orchestra Chorus under the direction of Robert Shaw. A member of Schola Cantorum on Hudson since last season, Ms. Dowdell also sings with Schola's subsidiary organizations, Schola Repertory Singers and Schola Sings Solo. She studies voice with Dr. King and coaches with Dr. Lisa Laskowich.

Gilberto Gómez, baritone, earned his Bachelor of Music in Voice Performance from Westminster Choir College of Rider University. Mr. Gómez's dramatic work includes performances with the Paper Mill Playhouse, Spoleto Opera Festival, and the Bard Music Festival, among many others. He has performed with major orchestras internationally, among them the New York Philharmonic. In 2005, he toured with artists Andrea Bocelli and Denyce Graves. He made his debut with the New York City Musical Theater Festival this fall playing the lead in a new musical, *Fairytale*. Mr. Gómez, who began his vocal training as a Choral Scholar with Schola Cantorum on Hudson, is pleased to have returned to its ranks as a conservatory graduate.



Max Glenn Jefferson, soprano, of Little Falls, NJ is Schola's Choral Scholar for the 2008–2009 season. Miss Jefferson has performed as a member of the Metropolitan Opera Children's Chorus for 6 years and 175 performances, and has studied oboe for five years and piano for seven years. Miss Jefferson has also been a part of the Hudson Opera's performances



About the Artists

of Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel*, and Puccini's *Trittico*. In addition, she has studied at the Eastern United States Music Camp for three summers, 2006–2008, functioning as counselor, vocal soloist, chorus member, EUSMC select choir member, and principal oboist in symphonic band, ensemble, and symphony orchestra. During the summer of 2008, Miss Jefferson also took part in Schola's "American Ambassadors" European tour. Miss Jefferson regularly performs as a soloist for presentations and functions hosted by her school, Montclair Kimberley Academy, where she is a junior.

Deborah Simpkin King, mezzo-soprano, is active as a conductor, singer, church musician, and teacher (www.DSKsing.com). Although her singing has largely been within the classical idiom, she has also performed music from the Broadway and popular genres. She is the alto voice in the vocal quartet, *Chantez!*, where she performs with Salvatore Diana, Schola Board Chairman. As



Artistic Director of Schola Cantorum on Hudson, Dr. King is honored to be sharing the recital stage with some of Schola's fine vocal artists.

Dorian Lake, baritone, is a working vocalist, percussionist, and composer/arranger within the NYC Tri-state area. He was born, raised, and still resides in Staten Island, NY, where he graduated with a B.A. in Music from Wagner College. Recruited by fellow alumnae of his alma mater, he is a new member of Schola Cantorum on Hudson.



Mr. Lake has a varied musical background, working with choirs both large and small, concert bands, orchestras, operas, plays and musicals (*Figaro*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*; *Hud*, *Hair*; and the Narrator in *Sid's Dream*, an off-Broadway play by playwright Colleen AF Venable), as well as smaller bands playing everything from Jazz to Pop and Rock (his band, *Heavy Weather*, just released a CD, *Miles of Mud*). His composing has led to several premieres, including pieces for concert band, choir and jazz band, and arranging pieces for small chamber and close-harmony jazz choirs. Mr. Lake's numerous musical endeavors have led to performances in venues as varied as CBGB's, B.B. King's, and Carnegie Hall. He is currently the Head Cantor at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Staten Island.

Lauren Patsos, soprano, is a graduate of Wagner College with a B.A. in music. Originally from Boonville, New York, Ms. Patsos now resides in Brooklyn. Currently, she is the Assistant Manager at the Turtle Bay location of Hands On! A Musical Experience. Ms. Patsos has studied voice with Dora Ohrenstein for the past five years. She continues to study with Ms. Ohrenstein with plans to attend graduate school for further study in opera and vocal performance.



Caroline L. Sargent, soprano, has been a singing member and soloist with Schola Cantorum on Hudson since its earliest beginnings in 1995. Ms. Sargent earned a Bachelor of Music degree in Vocal Performance from Wittenberg University in Ohio, and continued her vocal and dramatic studies at The Catholic University of America. An active church musician, she sings with the choir of The First Presbyterian Church of Ramsey, NJ and has sung extensively over the years as a section leader, soloist, and substitute for Episcopal and Catholic churches in New Jersey and New York. A student of Deborah Simpkin King, Ms. Sargent took First Place for the State of NJ in the Upper Adult Division of the 2002 Festival of the National Association of Teachers of Singing. An active volunteer with Schola Cantorum on Hudson, Ms. Sargent was a member of its Board of Directors for many years, serving as Chair of the Development Committee and, most recently, as Vice Chair of the Board. She is the Director of Advancement at Far Brook School in Short Hills, NJ.



Lisa Laskowich, accompanist, has performed on Broadway, Off-Broadway, and Off-Off Broadway, as well as with regional theaters in Chicago, Phoenix, and Baltimore. She has coached in France, Germany, and Austria, and is presently the Vocal Director of the Jakarta Summer Music Festival in Indonesia. Dr. Laskowich earned her doctorate from the Manhattan School of Music.



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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