



Recitacular

Program Notes and Acknowledgements

Henri Duparc Songs

Only 17 songs composed by Duparc survived, and had he had his way, we would have perhaps only 2 or 3. Fortunately, copies of songs dedicated to friends, family, and colleagues were kept for posterity as Duparc destroyed most of his output before he stopped composing completely in 1884. A debilitating illness made it difficult for him to compose and he was known for constantly revising in the most painstaking manner, never feeling his music truly worthy. The world would disagree with his self-critique. A pupil of Cesar Frank, his surviving songs are widely regarded as superior to most of his contemporaries, only matched by the later works of Gabriel Fauré. Put me in that camp. Although he is part of the French *melodie* tradition, it is easy to hear influences from Schubert, Liszt, early Wagner, and Gounod throughout his work. I only discovered the songs of Duparc last year and he immediately moved to the head of the class in my world. The seven that I've selected are presented in the order of their composition, 1868-1884.

Three Bites from the Big Apple (sort of)

The stage musical "On the Town" was inspired by "Fancy Free," a Jerome Robbins ballet about three sailors on shore leave in New York City. The stage version featured a wonderful Bernstein score that included "Lonely Town" sung by one of the sailors, Gabey, who is searching the city for *Miss Turnstiles*, a girl he saw on a subway poster bill. When MGM produced the musical as a Gene Kelly/Frank Sinatra vehicle in 1949, this song (along with most of the Bernstein numbers) was cut. As a fan of the movie version for many years, I was blissfully unaware of the existence of this song until Frank Sinatra sang it at a concert I attended in the late 70s. I hope you enjoy my arrangement of this little gem.

"Overs" (the *sort of* referenced above) is one of my all time favorite Paul Simon songs from my all time favorite Simon and Garfunkel album, "Bookends." Its passing mention of the New York Times is the connection to the other two songs in this set. I've given it a new reading with a special piano arrangement that was inspired by Simon's acoustic guitar version and Art Garfunkel's floating vocals on the bridge. (Note: if you listen closely to their recording, you'll hear Mr. Simon light up a cigarette just before he strums the opening chords – I've opted to leave that particular effect out today.)

Stephen Schwartz was on a bit of a roll, having two successful back-to-back debut musicals – "Godspell" and "Pippin" – concurrently running on Broadway when he was approached to compose songs for "The Magic Show." Rather than a traditional book-musical, "The Magic Show" was a star vehicle for Doug Henning, a popular magician at the time. Anyone who has ever dreamed to break out of their hometown and follow their dream should be able to relate to this final bite from the apple from that musical, "West End Avenue."

Just Jazz

I've wanted to do a set with a jazz combo here at ASU for the longest time. I'm so excited to finally be able to get back to the kind of music that gives me my greatest joy. The guys and I are going to take the room for a spin through some great material. So sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride!

Special thanks to

My collaborating musicians and friends:

Karen McCann and Michael Kocour, Piano
Jacob Lauxman, Guitar,
Andrew Schiller, Bass,
Matt Watson, Drum set,
John Hopkins, Percussion,
Alyson Friesen, Eric Christopher Perry, vocals*
Josh Hillman, Sound engineer

To my voice teacher extraordinaire – David Britton

And especially to my ever-supportive family, Carrie, Alee and Brenda. I love you!

And thanks to everyone for spending some of your Sunday with me and my friends!

Translations

Chanson Triste

Moonlight slumbers in your heart,
A gentle summer moonlight,
And to escape the cares of life
I shall drown myself in your light.

I shall forget past sorrows,
My sweet, when you cradle
My sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving calm of your arms.

You will rest my poor head,
Ah! sometimes on your lap,
And recite to it a ballad
That will seem to speak of us;

And from your eyes full of sorrow,
From your eyes I shall then drink
So many kisses and so much love
That perhaps I shall be healed.

Soupir

Never to see or hear her,
Never to name her aloud,
But faithfully always to wait for her
And love her.

To open my arms and, tired of waiting,
To close them on nothing,
But still always to stretch them out to her
And to love her.

To only be able to stretch them out to her,
And then to be consumed in tears,
But always to shed these tears,
Always to love her.

Never to see or hear her,
Never to name her aloud,
But with a love that grows ever more tender,
Always to love her.
Always!

Romance de Mignon

Do you know it, that radiant land where the gold
of fruits gleams in the branches?

A gentle zephyr perfumes the air and the laurel is
joined to the green myrtle
Do you know it, do you know it?
There, there my darling let us hasten to turn our
steps.

Do you know it, that wonderful place where
everything still speaks to me of our love, where
every object says to me with sorrow, "Who has
stolen your joy and happiness from?"
Do you know it, do you know it?
There, there my darling let us hasten to turn our
steps.

L'Invitation au voyage

My child, my sister,
Think of the sweetness of going there
To live together!
To love at leisure, to love and to die
In a country that is the image of you!

The misty suns of those changeable skies
Have for me the same mysterious charm
As your fickle eyes shining through their tears.

There, all is harmony and beauty,
Luxury, calm and delight.

See how those ships, nomads by nature,
Are slumbering in the canals.
To gratify your every desire
They have come from the ends of the earth.

The westering suns clothe the fields,
The canals, and the town
With reddish-orange and gold.
The world falls asleep
Bathed in warmth and light.

There, all is harmony and beauty,
Luxury, calm and delight.

Extase

On a pale lily my heart sleeps
A sleep as sweet as death
Exquisite death, death perfumed
By the breath of the beloved
On your pale breast my heart is sleeping
A sleep as sweet as death

Translations

Le manoir de Rosamonde

Love, like a dog, has bitten me
With its sudden, voracious teeth...
Come, the trail of spilt blood
Will enable you to follow my tracks.

Take a horse of good pedigree
And set off on the arduous route I took,
Through swamps and overgrown paths,
If that's not too exhausting a ride for you!

As you pass where I passed,
You will see that I travelled
Alone and wounded through this sad world,

And thus went off to my death
Far, far away, without ever finding
Rosemonde's blue manor-house.

La vie antérieure

For a long time I lived beneath the immense
porticoes
That the sea-suns dyed with a thousand rays,
And whose great columns, erect and majestic,
At night seemed just like basalt grottoes.

The rolling waves tossing the celestial images
Blended in a solemn and mystic way
The all-powerful chords of their rich music
Colored like the sunset reflected in my eyes

It is there, there that I lived in tranquil luxury
In the midst of the azure,
The waves and the wonders,
And the nude slaves imbued with fragrance

Who refreshed my brow with palm leaves,
And whose sole purpose was to bury
The agonizing secret that made me suffer.