

As The Spring Sleeps.. an autumn recital

Juliana Marin, soprano

Cari Shipp, flute

with **Julie Bernstein**, piano

BALTIMORE, MD

Roland Park Presbyterian Church

September 10, 2016

7:30 PM

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA

Christ Community Church

September 16, 2016

7:00 PM

PROGRAM

Ich folge dir gleichfalls
from St. John Passion, BWV 245

*Ich folge dir gleichfalls mit freudigen Schritten
Und lasse dich nicht,
Mein Leben, mein Licht.
Befördre den Lauf
Und höre nicht auf,
Selbst an mir zu ziehen, zu schieben, zu bitten.*

Aus Liebe
from St. Matthew Passion, BWV 244

*Aus Liebe will mein Heiland sterben,
Von einer Sünde weiß er nichts.
Daß das ewige Verderben
Und die Strafe des Gerichts
Nicht auf meiner Seele bliebe.*

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

*I follow you likewise with joyful steps
and do not leave you
my life, my light.
Bring me on my way
and do not cease
to pull, push and urge me on.*

Johann Sebastian Bach

*Out of love my Saviour is willing to die,
Though he knows nothing of any sin,
So that eternal ruin
And the punishment of judgment
May not rest upon my soul.*

Introduction and Variations on 'Trockne Blumen'

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Introduction

Theme

Variation I

Variation III

Variation V

Variation VI

Variation VII

*Ihr Blümlein alle,
Die sie mir gab,
Euch soll man legen
Mit mir ins Grab.*

*Wie seht ihr alle
Mich an so weh,
Als ob ihr wüßtet,
Wie mir gescheh?*

*Ihr Blümlein alle,
Wie welk, wie blaß?
Ihr Blümlein alle,
Wovon so naß?*

*Ach, Tränen machen
Nicht maiengrün,
Machen tote Liebe
Nicht wieder blihn.*

*Und Lenz wird
kommen,
Und Winter wird gehn,
Und Blümlein werden
Im Grase stehn.*

*Und Blümlein liegen
In meinem Grab,
Die Blümlein alle,
Die sie mir gab.*

*Und wenn sie wandelt
Am Hügel vorbei
Und denkt im Herzen:
Der meint' es treu!*

*Dann, Blümlein alle,
Heraus, heraus!
Der Mai ist kommen,
Der Winter ist aus.*

*All you little flowers,
That she gave me,
You shall lie
With me in my grave.*

*Why do you all look
At me so sadly,
As if you had known
What would happen to
me?*

*You little flowers all,
How wilted, how pale!
You little flowers all,
Why so moist?*

*Ah, tears will not make
the green of May,
Will not make dead love
bloom again.*

*And Spring will come,
And Winter will go,
And flowers will
grow in the grass.*

*And flowers will lie
in my grave,
all the flowers
That she gave me.*

*And when she wanders
Past the hill
And thinks in her heart:
His feelings were true!*

*Then, all you little
flowers,
Come out, come out,
May has come,
Winter is over.*

Songs and Sonnets to Ophelia

Jake Heggie (b. 1961)

I. Ophelia's Song

III. Not in a Silver Casket

IV. Spring

Ophelia's Song

text by Jake Heggie

*The hills are green, my dear one,
and blossoms are filling the air.
The spring is arisen and I am a prisoner there.*

*In this flowery field I'll lay me
and dream of the open air.
The spring is arisen and I am a prisoner there.*

*Taste of the honey. Sip of the wine.
Pine for a chalice of gold.
I have a dear one and he is mine.
Thicker than water. Water so cold.*

*In this flowery field I'll lay me
and dream of the open air.
The spring is arisen and I am a prisoner there.*

Not In a Silver Casket

text by Edna St. Vincent Millay

*Not in a silver casket cool with pearls
Or rich with red corundum or with blue,
Locked, and the key withheld, as other girls
Have given their loves, I give my love to you;
Not in a lovers'-knot, not in a ring
Worked in such fashion, and the legend plain—
Semper fidelis, where a secret spring
Kennels a drop of mischief for the brain:
Love in the open hand, no thing but that,
Ungemmed, unhidden, wishing not to hurt,
As one should bring you cowslips in a hat
Swung from the hand, or apples in her skirt,
I bring you, calling out as children do:
"Look what I have!—And these are all for you."*

Spring

text by Edna St. Vincent Millay

*To what purpose, April, do you return again?
Beauty is not enough.
You can no longer quiet me with the redness
Of little leaves opening stickily.
I know what I know.
The sun is hot on my neck as I observe
The spikes of the crocus.
The smell of the earth is good.
It is apparent that there is no death.
But what does that signify?
Not only under ground are the brains of men
Eaten by maggots.
Life in itself
Is nothing,
An empty cup, a flight of uncarpeted stairs.
It is not enough that yearly, down this hill,
April
Comes like an idiot, babbling and strewing flowers.*

Andante in C Major, K. 315/285e

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Dove Sono

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

from Le Nozze di Figaro, K. 492

*Dove sono i bei momenti
Di dolcezza e di piacer?
Dove andaro i giuramenti
Di quel labbro menzogner?
Perchè mai, se in pianti e in pene
Per me tutto si cangiò,
La memoria di quel bene
Dal mio sen non trapassò?
Ah! se almen la mia costanza,
Nel languire amando ognor,
Mi portasse una speranza
Di cangiar l'ingrato cor!*

*Where are the lovely moments
Of sweetness and pleasure?
Where have the promises gone
That came from those lying lips?
Why, if all is changed for me
Into tears and pain,
Has the memory of that goodness
Not vanished from my breast?
Ah! if only, at least, my faithfulness,
Which still loves amidst its suffering,
Could bring me the hope
Of changing that ungrateful heart!*

— *brief pause* —

Three Irish Folksong Settings (for voice and flute)

I. The Salley Garden

II. The Foggy Dew

III. She Moved Thro' The Fair

John Corigliano (b. 1938)

The Salley Gardens

text by William Butler Yeats

*Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;
She pass'd the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.*

*Down by the salley gardens my love and I did stand.
And on my leaning shoulder, she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.*

The Foggy Dew

anonymous

*A-down the hill I went at morn, a lovely maid I spied.
Her hair was bright as the dew that wets sweet Anner's verdant side.
"Now where go ye, sweet maid?" said I. She raised her eyes of blue
And smiled and said, "The boy I'll wed I'm to meet in the foggy dew!"*

*Go hide your bloom, ye roses red and droop ye lilies rare,
For you must pale for very shame before a maid so fair!
Says I, "Dear maid, will ye be my bride?" Beneath her eyes of blue
She smiled and said, "The boy I'll wed I'm to meet in the foggy dew!"*

*A-down the hill I went at mom, a-singing I did go.
A-down the hill I went at mom, she answered soft and low.
"Yes, I will be your own dear bride and I know that you'll be true."
Then sighed in my arms, and all her charms, they were hidden in the foggy dew.*

She Moved Thro' The Faire

text by Padraic Collum

*My young love said to me, "My mother won't mind,
And my father won't slight you for your lack of kine."
And she stepped away from me and this she did say,
"It will not be long love, 'till our wedding day:"*

*She stepp'd away from me and she went thro' the faire,
And fondly I watched her move here and move there,
And then she went homeward with one star awake,
As the swan in the evening moves over the lake.*

*Last night she came to me, she came softly in.
So softly she came that her feet made no din,
And she laid her hand on me and this she did say,
"It will not be long love, 'til our wedding day."*

Steal Me, Sweet Thief
from The Old Maid and the Thief

Gian Carlo Menotti (1911-2007)

*What a curse for a woman is a timid man!
A week has gone by,
he's had plenty of chances,
but he made no advances.
Miss Todd schemes and labors to get him some money,
she robs friends and neighbours, the club and the church.
He takes all the money
with a smile that entrances,
but still makes no advances.
The old woman sighs and makes languid eyes.
All the doors are wide open,
all the drawers are unlocked!
He neither seems pleased or shocked.
He eats and drinks and sleeps,
he talks of baseball and boxing,
but that is all!
What a curse for a woman is a timid man!*

*Steal me, oh steal me, sweet thief
For time's flight is stealing my youth.
And the cares of life steal fleeting time.
Steal me, thief, for life is brief and full of theft and strife.
And then, with furtive step,
death comes and steals time and life.
O sweet thief, I pray make me glow,
before dark death steals her prey.*

*Steal my lips, before they crumble to dust,
Steal my heart, before death must,
Steal my cheeks, before they're sunk and decayed,
Steal my breath, before it will fade.
Steal my lips, steal my heart, steal my cheeks,
Steal, oh steal my breath,
And make me die before death will steal her prey.
Oh steal me!
For time's flight is stealing my youth.*

Sonatine
Allegretto - Andante - Animé

Henri Dutilleux (1916-2013)

Flower Duet
from Lakmé

Léo Delibes (1836-1891)
Arranged by Jeanne Baxtresser
piano reduction by Margaret Baxtresser

*Sous le dôme épais
Où le blanc jasmin
À la rose s'assemble
Sur la rive en fleurs,
Riant au matin
Viens, descendons ensemble.*

*Doucement glissons de son flot charmant
Suivons le courant fuyant
Dans l'onde frémissante
D'une main nonchalante
Viens, gagnons le bord,
Où la source dort et
L'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.*

*Sous le dôme épais
Où le blanc jasmin,
Ah! descendons
Ensemble!*

*Sous le dôme épais
Où le blanc jasmin
À la rose s'assemble
Sur la rive en fleurs,
Riant au matin
Viens, descendons ensemble.*

*Doucement glissons de son flot charmant
Suivons le courant fuyant
Dans l'onde frémissante
D'une main nonchalante
Viens, gagnons le bord,
Où la source dort et
L'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.*

*Sous le dôme épais
Où le blanc jasmin,
Ah! descendons
Ensemble!*

*Under the thick dome where the white jasmine
With the roses entwined together
On the river bank covered with flowers laughing in the morning
Let us descend together!*

*Gently floating on its charming risings,
On the river's current
On the shining waves,
One hand reaches,
Reaches for the bank,
Where the spring sleeps,
And the bird, the bird sings.*

*Under the thick dome where the white jasmine
Ah! calling us
Together!*

*Under the thick dome where white jasmine
With the roses entwined together
On the river bank covered with flowers laughing in the morning
Let us descend together!*

*Gently floating on its charming risings,
On the river's current
On the shining waves,
One hand reaches,
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Where the spring sleeps,
And the bird, the bird sings.*

*Under the thick dome where the white jasmine
Ah! calling us
Together!*

Welcome | Who We Are | Thank You

Greetings, program reader. Welcome to our recital! We would like to say how proud we are of you. You are doing a thing right now! You made it out of the house and away from your couch and decided to witness Live Music. You made supporting us a priority and we cannot express enough how thankful we are for YOU! Performing is hard. Creating a concept, preparing the music, and processing emotions is all part of performing. To then share the finished product, consisting of treasured pieces of music, with an audience who is ready to receive beautiful music, is incredibly satisfying. Thank you for being a part of this experience with us.

I, **Juliana Marin**, am an arts administrator and voice teacher in the Baltimore area. I am a graduate of Towson University and The Peabody Conservatory with a concentration vocal performance. I have performed several roles at those educational institutions along with local area production companies. I have been fortunate enough to receive a variety of awards throughout my schooling and I have also dabbled in the world of music directing, conducting local productions of Pippin and Parade. Most recently, I have started singing with an ensemble in the northern Virginia area whose mission is to "reboot classical music" and bring Opera and American Songbook standards to new audiences.

I am very passionate about bringing music into the lives of young people. To know that I am a part in fostering appreciation of the arts and that I am teaching skills that can go beyond the music studio is incredibly rewarding! I want students to have fun exploring the depths of vocal music and to be bold by allowing something as personal as their voice to be heard.

When I am not singing, I am working. Several jobs. In fact, much of my work prevents me from singing. However, it's all part of a Master Plan to provide for my family by singing and teaching and being as creative as possible. After all this is done, in the few spare moments I have, I can be found decorating, keeping my nails on point, spending time with dear friends, playing Mass Effect 3, cooking, or watching BBC's Sherlock and episodes of Doctor Who repeatedly.

I want to extend a special thank you to my incredibly supportive husband, my sounding board of a brother, and my parents, who are my number one fans. Along with my lifelong friends, please know that you all are the reason I am still doing what I am doing. To all, please enjoy the performance!

Cari Shipp, a born and raised Texan, departed her beloved state to attend Interlochen Arts Academy for her senior year of high school. She was convinced that one more year of marching band simply would not do if she was to pursue a career in music. After Interlochen she returned to Texas for her undergraduate degree at the University of North Texas, and then headed to graduate school at a place she had dreamt of attending, complete with a romantic name and even more romantic staircase - The Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore, MD. After completing her Masters of Music in 2010, she moved to Charlottesville, VA but continued to operate a private studio in Baltimore as well as her budding studio in Charlottesville. In 2013 she was named principal of the Hunt Valley Symphony where she enjoyed the thrill of her life: performing the Mozart Flute Concert No. 1 with the symphony in 2015. She has also had some of her most memorable performances in recent years as a guest in the Opera on the James orchestra, as a guest soloist at Roland Park Presbyterian Church, and as part of the Tenebrae service at Christ Community Church.

Once Cari started playing the flute at the age of 11, her wide array of other interests began to slip into positions of "hobbies" and the flute took center stage (the place she craved to be most of all). Her visions of a concert flutist changed slightly the first time she played with a symphony orchestra her freshman year of high school. Sitting there in a small woodwind section playing the finale of Shostakovich's 5th Symphony Cari felt right at home. From that point forward an orchestral career was a must, but certainly without dimming her love of the solo flute repertoire. These pursuits have allowed her to share the stage with remarkable musicians, and more importantly, remarkable human beings. *{continued}*

She knew that private teaching would be an essential part of her career and welcomed the prospect but couldn't have known the call that teaching would have on her life. After her first year of teaching in 2006 she wrote the first editions of her own method books. She has expounded upon these method books and is continuously learning from her students. Her fascination with the learning process and how best to connect with each student is what keeps her in the studio. Having the privilege of spending individual time with developing young musicians (as her teachers did for her) is an honor equal to that of taking the stage to perform the great musical works.

Cari considers herself outdoorsy-light, frequently walking on the scenic trails in Charlottesville with her dog Sydney and occasionally cycling by the river. She also runs an Etsy shop featuring Biblical and bibliophile stationary which she hand letters. She lives for quiet moments with a book and a strong cup of coffee, preferably paired with the sunrise.

A note of thanks: I would like to thank Juliana Marin, the friend I was determined to have from our first day in graduate level music theory. Thank you for the laundry, the phone calls, and the jams. Thank you also to the incredible Julie Bernstein whose tremendous talent and spirit is a shining blessing to all who know you! I'm blessed to be counted in that number. Thank you especially to my parents, Bill and Judy Shipp, (as well as their parents who are listening from the best seats in the sky), who never scoffed at my aspirations but instead went above and beyond to enable me to accomplish them. To my friends, thank you hardly seems the right phrase. I once thought myself unable to be understood or appreciated but now I find, as Anne Shirley (you know, ...of *Green Gables*) said, "Kindred spirits are not so scarce as I used to think. It's splendid to find out there are so many of them in the world." Love to each and everyone one of you.

Julie Bernstein of Charlottesville, VA, hails from northern Illinois where she studied piano under the late Earl Ricker, her lifelong mentor and piano teacher. She attended Augustana College as the winner of the prestigious Deisenroth Music Scholarship where she continued her formal study in Piano Performance and ensemble work. She has also written and released four albums of original music spanning the genres from classical to yes, even light EDM.

Having studied music theory since kindergarten, Julie spends much of her creative time writing and arranging music for different ensembles and groups of musicians and singers. She writes for both classical and contemporary musicians and loves to see these two very different styles come together in performances. She has spent this last year writing and arranging music for a city-wide community concert in Charlottesville, the songs meant to serve as catalysts to facilitate collaborations across the disciplines and genres of the arts (including dance, visual arts, and spoken word) as well as facilitating new relationships and new ways of working together. When she is not playing music, Julie loves to spend time with her family and her two kittens.

Julie currently serves as the Worship Director at Christ Community Church where she focuses on training up the next generation of musicians, artists, and worship leaders.

Making these evenings possible: Cari and Juliana would like to thank Roland Park Presbyterian Church and Christ Community Church for opening their beautiful facilities to us. Making music in a welcoming and lovely space is a privilege we do not take for granted!

Thank you to David L. Marin, Alexis Causey, Emily Cartwright, and David Bauer for facilitating the running of the Baltimore recital and reception. Your support on and off the stage does not go unnoticed! Thank you to Ruth Berta and Roselita Berta for womanning the logistics of the Charlottesville recital and to Judy Shipp who flew the Charlottesville refreshments all the way from Texas and Vermont - even the cups are imported! Knowing trusted hands were at work in both locations is true gift!

And of course, the greatest appreciation to Julie Bernstein who took this project on as her own and made it far more beautiful than we could have without her. We are thankful for your time, wisdom, and talent and so grateful that you shared it with us!

We invite you to join us for a light refreshments!