Joseph Summer's The Shakespeare Concerts Series





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Ehe Fair Ophelia

is the second offering in Navona's THE SHAKESPEARE CONCERTS SERIES, consisting of diverse settings of Ophelia's mad scene and Gertrude's reflection on Ophelia's death from Shakespeare's *The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark* by Berlioz, Brahms, Schumann, Saint-Saëns, Strauss, Cage, and Summer. The parallax views of Ophelia experienced by the composers present the listener with an unusual opportunity to hear Ophelia in a three dimensional perspective. Is this tragic Shakespearean maiden mad because she's angry with those characters who inhabit her world, or should we be angry with those characters who inhibit her predilections, and thus have made mad the hapless heroine? The next offering in Navona's THE SHAKESPEARE CONCERTS SERIES is GODDESSES, featuring *The Tempest's* three goddesses: Juno, Ceres, and Iris in a setting of *Honour, Riches, Marriage-Blessing* by Joseph Summer. Other highlights are Andrea Chenoweth singing Ariel songs by Thomas Linley accompanied by Massachusetts' renowned period ensemble, Arcadia Players, under the direction of Ian Watson; mezzo-soprano Kellie Van Horn performing *Shall I compare Thee To A Summer's Day* with Jessica Lizak on flute; and *In The Old Age Black Was Not Counted Fair* with tenor Luke Grooms, baritone Paul Soper, and Clark Matthews on French horn.

Program Notes BY JOSEPH SUMMER

Introduction

There being a myriad of interpretations of the character of Ophelia from Shakespeare's *The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Demmark*, when it was time for me to create program notes for the 2012 concert, it seemed to me that like the program itself, within which seven composers' interpretations were realized, the program books should reflect this diversity; ergo, instead of creating a singular template from which every copy would be manufactured, I drew up many different versions. These variants consisted of four program notes versions, each one focusing on a different composer or theme; four slightly differing covers; random changes in accompanying illustrations and photographs; tiny alterations to the artist biographies; and different ordering of the pages. You can imagine that explaining the print job to the press would have been trying, so rather than go into detail, though Ron enjoyed receiving the gist, I simply told my printer to break the copying and collating into different tasks, between which I assisted in the mad reassembling of parts. The result was to my liking, as at the concert I was able to enjoy the diverse reactions to audience members as they discovered that their program books did not match those of their neighbors.

The content of the program for the 2012 concert is identical to this album, with two exceptions: the order and the inclusion in the concert of *Honour, Riches, Marriage-blessing*, a trio from The Tempest. The trio has nothing to do with Ophelia and is not included on this recording (though it will be offered in a future release.) Rather than craft a singular program book for the collection you now possess, I will share several versions of the program notes from the 2012 performance, below; beginning with one version, slightly abbreviated, in which Harriet Smithson became unduly emphasized.

Program Notes

(with an unwarranted emphasis on Harriet Smithson)

Beginning with To Be Or Not to Be in 1991, I began setting sundry soliloquies, scenes, and sonnets of Shakespeare to music. I was obsessed with the tragedy of Hamlet and along with four Hamlet and two Claudius arias created three Ophelia songs and the song about her death (There Is A Willow Grows Aslant a Brook), which in the play is spoken by Gertrude. Apparently, I'm not the first composer to take an interest in the bard's Hamlet, nor the most fanatical. That honor surely goes to Hector Berlioz. I remember an awkward incident as an undergraduate at Oberlin conservatory when I became mesmerized by a young soprano during her performance as Sophie in Strauss' Der Rosenkavalier. After her recital I asked her out, and she obliged. The date was enlightening. Halfway through I realized I had fallen in love with Sophie Fanninal from the opera, not the singer sitting across from me, glancing coquettishly. Oops. I can't claim that I extricated myself with great aplomb, but I did manage to avoid being either cruel or a cad. Berlioz, however, at least in the affairs of the heart, was no match for me and my powers of introspection. When he saw the actress Harriet Smithson portray Ophelia at the Odéon theater in 1827 he fell madly in love with her, and to his later regret, married her. Theirs was a brief and bad love affair (being much the better in Berlioz' opium fueled dreams, for which we thank him) but his ill-favored infatuation with Harriet was the catalyst for his life-long love of Shakespeare. (My wife, with whom I shared these notes in progress, just commented: "Do you think Berlioz was a treat?") Amongst his settings of Shakespeare are the dramatic symphony Roméo et

Juliette, the opera Béatrice et Bénédict, the King Lear Overture, the Fantasy on The Tempest from Lelio (the sequel to Symphonie Fantastique); and a funeral march for Hamlet. In 1842, Berlioz composed La Mort d'Ophélie, for voice and piano, two years after separating from Harriet Smithson. I'm sure a lesser intellect than Sigmund Freud would read some personal motivation into the composition celebrating the death of Ophelia. In 1848 he arranged the aria for female choir and orchestra. I'm not sure what motivated him to do that then, but in the same year he was thinking a lot about Hamlet. He wrote (to Pierre Duc):

I saw Hamlet recently. The new Hamlet, Brooke, is superb, much better than Macready or Kemble. What a world is that masterpiece, and what havoc that fellow makes in one's heart and soul! Shakespeare meant to depict the nothingness of life, the vanity of human designs, the tyranny of chance, and the indifference of fate or God towards what we call virtue, wickedness, beauty, ugliness, love, hate, genius, and folly. And he has cruelly succeeded. In the performance this time they had deigned to give us Hamlet as written, and almost uncut – an unusual thing in this country [he's writing from London] where one finds so many people who are superior to Shakespeare. For that matter they do the same to music: Costa has orchestrated and corrected for Covent Garden Rossini's Barber of Seville and Mozart's Figaro and Don Giovanni. The bass drum runs riot.

Elsewhere in the same letter the composer complains, "There is only one opera house in Paris, the Opéra, which is managed by a nitwit and is closed to me. Do you suppose that if Duponchel is dismissed they won't find twenty others like him?" In the same letter he also remarks, "I am preparing a concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, and the musicians, hearing of Jullien's bankruptcy and the loss it has involved me in, are insisting on playing for nothing." Berlioz was unhappy leaving London, and wrote a goodbye to the city, published in the Morning Post (July 1848) in which he concluded:

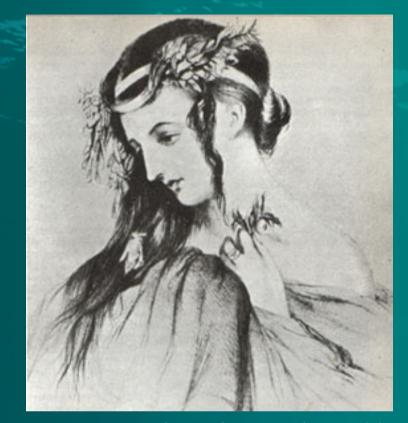
Our Muse, alarmed by the horrid clamour, which echoes from one end of the Continent to the another, seems at least assured of an asylum in England. The hospitality will be all the finer if the host never forgets that one of its sons was the greatest of all poets, that music is one of the forms of poetry, and that on the same freedom which is characteristic of Shakespeare's immortal conceptions depends the development of the music of the future. Farewell then, all of you who have treated me so cordially, I am desolate at leaving you, and I repeat involuntarily the sad and solemn words of Hamlet's father, "Farewell, farewell, remember me."

How wonderful, he's lecturing the British on Shakespeare's preeminence, probably because he was annoyed with the performances of the plays he had seen there in which there was drastic editing and rewriting. I'm always amazed at the colossal gall of those who offer Shakespeare in "modernized" (read: lazy) English. What comes over people that makes them think that makes sense? Does a composer contemplate setting *The Tempest*, for example, and thinks, "I'll change Shakespeare's words, and have my buddy write it better." (Incidentally, the concert at which the musicians played gratis: *a financial catastrophe*. It consisted of three movements from Berlioz' own *Harold In Italy*, the *Roman Carnival* overture, excerpts from *Faust*, two arias from operas not written by Berlioz (sung by two divas) and two movements from a Mendelssohn piano concerto.)



(A drawing of Harriet Smithson as Ophelia by Devéria and Boulanger)

Brahms set five Ophelia songs for Olga Precheisen, an actress performing the role, in German, in Prague. They were commissioned by her husband, the famous Viennese actor Joseph Lewinsky. The songs were lost after Brahms' death until 1934, unearthed by Karl Geiringer, a Viennese musicologist. Richard Strauss only required three songs to capture Ophelia's madness. I needed two. Camille Saint-Saëns chose the same route as Berlioz, setting a loose French translation of Gertrude's soliloquy: *There is a willow*



A drawing of Harriet Smithson as Ophelia

grows aslant a brook, and he used the same Ernest Legouvé poem as Berlioz did earlier, though Saint-Saëns *didn't* change the French poet's opening line "Au bord d'un torrent" to "Auprès d'un torrent," as Berlioz felt compelled to do. Perhaps Berlioz felt entitled to change Legouvé's opening line, as he had a personal relationship with him. In a letter to Legouvé in 1838 he complained about the premiere of his opera *Benvenuto Cellini* which had three desultory receptions before failing: "there are millions of wrong notes, wrong tempi, and especially wrong rhythms. This causes me so much irritation, so much torture. .." Schumann drew back from setting a translation. Rather, he opted to set an original German poem by Titus Ulrich which reflects on Gertrude's recounting of Ophelia's drowning in what seems to be a brook with waves. The notorious 20th century conceptual composer John Cage wrote music qua music before he found ways to confront audiences about the essence of music. His Ophelia, for solo piano, is regarded as a dance piece, though Cage never restricted it to that purpose...

Perhaps you'd enjoy another version of the program notes from that evening? Here's one in which Sarah Bernhardt becomes far more important a presence than I can justify. (Again, it is slightly abbreviated, as I am deleting the notes about the trio from The Tempest.)

Program Notes

(with an unwarranted emphasis on Sarah Bernhardt)

In the late 19th century, Samson and Cressonois, a duo of novices crafted what was meant to be an improved French translation of *Hamlet* for the stage, richly lambasted by *The New York Times* at its 1886 Paris debut with Sarah Bernhardt as Ophelia:

Why was [the new translation] made, and why was it accepted at the Porte St. Martin? Simply because Sarah Bernhardt wished to play the role of Ophelia. Has she succeeded in the part? Has she given us an embodiment of the pure maiden, whose soul, just opening to life, has the unconsciousness of an opening flower? No. Sarah Bernhardt conceives Ophelia as a dreamy, grimacing, and affected creature. . . an Ophelia whose every attitude is simply the voice, smile, and attitude of the Sarah of late years – the Sarah of the monotonous golden voice – now, alas! Sadly worn. . . Her makeup, too, was most unartistic. Her long blonde wig resembled the cheap accessory of a traveling waxwork show. . .

In 1899 Sarah revisited the play in a translated version by Marcel Schwob and Paul Morand, but this time she portrayed Hamlet rather than Ophelia (and you thought gender-bent Shakespeare was a new idea). The role reversal did not leave the critics speechless: "A woman is . . . no more capable of beating out the music of Hamlet than is a man of expressing the plaintive and half accomplished surrender of Ophelia." Sarah was one of history's most accomplished actresses. In 1882 she debuted Victorien Sardou's play *Fédora*, which was written for her. She played Princess Fédora, and wore a fedora which was a female fashion (curious and ironic that the fedora is now a male fashion accessory. Perhaps her casting herself as Hamlet caused a sexual identity disjuncture in space-time). In March of 1884, Richard Strauss attended Fédora and proclaimed that Sardou was "the greatest dramatist since Shakespeare," in a gushing letter to his wife. Shortly thereafter Strauss began work on his first tone poem, MacBeth - the tone poem becoming his signature contribution to the world of music. He set no other Shakespeare (perhaps due to the overwhelming shadow cast by Sardou, remembered now, maybe, for coining the word for the hat Indiana Jones wears) but for his three Ophelia Songs. They comprise the "snatches of old tunes," as Gertrude describes them later in the play, which Ophelia sings during her madness. Brahms set these snatches as well, for an actress, who performed them in Prague (in German). He separated them into five short arias. I first composed They Bore Him Barefaced On The Bier and later To My Sick Soul as part of my Oxford Songs collection before eventually incorporating them, relatively unchanged, though orchestrated, into my opera Hamlet.

Hector Berlioz and Camille Saint-Saëns both set a loose French translation of "There is a willow grows aslant a brook," (La mort d'Ophélie) by Ernest-Wilfred Legouvé; the former in the 1840's and the latter in the 1850's. Schumann's *Herzeleid* was published in 1852. Schumann chose a poem about the poem by Titus Ulrich, rather than a translation of the Shakespeare into German. When I first set *There is a willow grows aslant a brook*, for mezzo-soprano, piano, and harp; I didn't think deeply about the piece in the context of its orator: Gertrude. I just set the words as a description of the event, with little concern as to who was delivering the words; like-



wise: Berlioz, Saint-Saëns, and Schumann. But, when I embarked upon the creation of my opera Hamlet, I had to think about the song within the framework of the drama, and I found myself discomfited by the image of Gertrude, sans remorse or empathy, relating to Laertes this tale of his sister's suicide. I became convinced that this oddly distanced narrative would never have been delivered by Gertrude in "real life" (Never mind that the narration begs the question of Gertrude: "as she was afloat for so long in the brook singing her ditties, and you were, by your own testimony, right there to see and hear her; couldn't you have gone for help, if not wade in yourself and drag her out?). Therefore, in my opera, Gertrude never sings this aria. She does, of course, tell Laertes of his sister's death (which requires nothing other than setting the original text; as the willow song does not impart any information not present in the dialogue), but I couldn't dispense with this music altogether. I gave the Player Queen, the actress from the Mousetrap scene, this aria, out of place and time, sung as the middle section of a watery interlude in which I depict orchestrally Hamlet's abduction at sea by pirates and his eventual return to Denmark.

John Cage is known primarily for his ideas about music, less so for his music. However, he also had an influence on modern dance through his work with Merce Cunningham, who was also his lover (I once had lunch with Cage, and he spent most of it complaining about how little money Merce was allotting him during this particular tour, and also a lot of talk about mushrooms; but that conversation is best related elsewhere). *Ophelia* is not often heard, as it is a piece of pure piano music by Cage, with none of the alterations to the instrument or extra-musical elements for which Cage is notorious; an ungilded Cage, if you will. Not often set as an Ophelia song is her story about the dishabille Hamlet "He took me by the wrist," in which Ophelia tells her father about how she just had an encounter with an apparently discombobulated Hamlet and her apprehension of his love for her. Her father, Polonius, a caricature of Edward de Vere's dread guardian and father-in-law, William Cecil, sees Ophelia's story as information



to use against Hamlet. I composed the aria with my daughter, Eve, as the model for the young Ophelia, attempting to capture her style of story-telling at thesame age as Ophelia; and, naturally, I thought I'd serve as the mold for the impatient Polonius...

In another variant, I changed only one item in the "Sarah Bernhardt" program book. I dropped the Falkenberg Ophelia portrait, and replaced it with Evelyn DeMorgan's oil painting titled The Gilded Cage, The reasons are many, especially in regard madness in young women, understood differently during different periods; and, not incidentally, the painting serves as a marginal gloss on my pun about John Cage, videlicet: "an ungilded Cage."

Some concert goers received a fairly complete explanation for the contrasting program books, but those were relatively rare. I didn't

want every third or fourth attendee to receive one of these because I thought that if they were common it would seem as if I was simply trying to be a wiseacre. My intention wasn't to be such, at least not in all cases. The motivation was, as I have stated, to reflect the diversity of interpretation, which was the *sine qua non* of the evening's entertainment. I won't withhold the revelatory notes from you. Here are the notes about the program notes in other program books, as they appeared in a very few of the audience's hands, with the original footnotes:

Drafting program notes for The Fair Ophelia, I found myself lodged on the horns of a dilemma, specifically: what could I say that wouldn't be too perfunctory or too involved? I am loath to ape the pro forma lionization of composers, but my inclination to describe, for example, Berlioz as an opium smoking degenerate who stalked an actress while contemplating what he (correctly) deemed his own greatness prior to tossing off La mort d'Ophélie to commemorate his tossing off of his ailing trophy wife, seems snide and jejune (though also correct). You could find the basic information on all of this evening's composers on the internet, though I have to say some of the music is a little too obscure for Wikipedia, such as the five Brahms Ophelia songs, the most reliable information about which I found in a 1930s Montreal newspaper. My problem in regard to the program notes was aggravated by financial constraints. After loading the booklet with the texts (seven pages) and the artists' bios (another three) and the other necessities, I had only two pages left for program notes; two, because if I wanted just one more page, I'd have had to allocate money for four pages. After 16 pages, another page requires four more quarters of an 11 by 17 sheet; actually four more pages of program notes which I doubt more than a handful of people would read – and those that would be reading the hypothetical six pages of program notes during the concert, they aren't really enjoying the concert, I would think – so it seemed evident to me that

six pages of program notes was a bad idea – argal my solution: I would write different program notes for different patrons: ten different program books which are derived from three different covers and four different program notes. (It's ten as of yesterday, March 17, 2012, but that number doesn't actually include this as of now unfinished version – the eleventh through x variants – nor any possible future versions I invent in the next week.) In my first "Program Notes," written in February, I discuss Berlioz and his Ophelia muse (Harriet Smithson). For that I relied heavily on the letters of Berlioz as selected, edited, and translated by Humphrey Searle. If you are interested in Berlioz in his own snippy words, this is the source. The second "Program Notes" relates how the preeminent 19th century actress, Sarah Bernhardt might have influenced Strauss, just prior to his composition of MacBeth, following which he avoided Shakespeare entirely, until the composition thirty years later of his Opus 67, a set of six songs, the first three of which are relevant to our endeavors.

The multiplicity of opinions about Ophelia is reflected in this program tonight in the multiplicity of interpretations of Ophelia by the composers, and of course, is reflected in my decision to embrace a multiplicity of program books. Were there time and space to amply illustrate this overarching conceit, I would provide you with an unique program booklet for each of you audience members; a dialogue in which you and I - no, you and I and Miroslav Sekera and Andrea Chenoweth and Richard Strauss and Tomoka Howard and Edward de Vere all participate (as one example). Maybe the program notes should be more interactive, reflecting your ideas about Ophelia. Ideally, your thoughts could be incorporated into my music. No, that's the bailiwick of conceptual composers like John Cage, represented on tonight's program by the 1946 solo piano piece Ophelia, in which we have the opportunity to hear this composer's music without any of the extra-musical embellishments for which he was later to become so notorious. In one program variation, in which I discuss Cage, there appears the last painting of Evelyn De

Morgan in which she depicted youthful female hysteria, now called conversion syndrome, arguably evident in Ophelia's madness. I was just reading about the recent case of a group of teenage girls acquiring tics in LeRoy, New York, and I was taken aback by clinical psychologist Nancy Molitor's comment on the case. She commented that "teenage girls are very susceptible to drama." Rather dismissive, no? She hadn't met any of the afflicted young women, herself, but Ms. Molitor was not unwilling to disparage their plight. In Hamlet, Shakespeare depicts a teenage girl whose world is undone by the political intrigues of her overly-patronizing father Polonius; the much too contrived machinations of her self-obsessed and self-pitying paramour Hamlet; the emotional separation and physical distance of her feckless brother Laertes; and the disdain, disinterest, and disesteem of the peculiarly incestuous pair of Claudius and Gertrude. To Shakespeare, Ophelia's despair and confusion results in her traipsing about with (perhaps imaginary) nosegays while singing bawdy songs; dispensing ambiguously worded threats; and, eventually and finally: suicide. Are we meant to apprehend Ophelia as a teenage girl susceptible to drama? I won't speak for Saint-Saëns, or Brahms, or any of the other interpreters of Ophelia. The music will suffice.

For the marriage of his daughter Miranda to Ferdinand, Prospero managed to snag three guest divas to perform an epithalamion: the demigoddess Iris and the goddesses Ceres and Juno. My daughter, Eve, a few years ago, choreographed this scene for a performance in which she portrayed Ceres. To commemorate the upcoming marriage of my daughter Eve to Andrew Keefe, who she met in Worcester, I offer them my setting of a Tempest prothalamion.

I won't burden you with too many more variations, so I shall conclude with the program notes I titled "Rue, a theory."

Rue, A Theory

Indeed, la! without an oath, I'll make an end on't: By Gis and by Saint Charity, Alack, and fie for shame! Young men will do't, if they come to't; By Cock they are to blame.

For the sake of argument, let's agree that Ophelia and Hamlet have had sexual relations. It seems obvious, based on a number of comments made by both of them. For example, Ophelia sings "before you tumbled me, You promised me to wed: So would I ha' done, by yonder sun, An thou hadst not come to my bed," which is but one of a half dozen references she makes to sexual congress with Hamlet. The prince alludes to it as well, suggesting she has sinned, and rudely recommending she reside in a whorehouse. I believe those commentators who consider Ophelia virtuous are naïve. Even the rationale for barring her from a burial in sacred ground seems to be euphuistic. She committed suicide? What does Gertrude say about this so-called suicide? The queen relates how she fell into the brook, and then, while floating, "chanted snatches of old tunes," but that after some time, weighed down by her increasingly saturated clothes, she was pulled down beneath the water and drowned. Where's the suicide there? I imagine Gertrude, and Claudius, and Laertes, could easily have impressed upon the church the argument that there is absolutely no proof of suicide. Shakespeare heroines often speak of killing themselves, but Ophelia never does. Yet the queen (an apparent witness to Ophelia's death), the king, and Ophelia's brother don't insist that Ophelia be buried in hallowed ground. Perhaps the issue of Ophelia's virtuousness has nothing to do with her death.

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray love remember." Ophelia wants her "love," who is certainly Hamlet (who else?) to remember something. "And there is pansies, that's for thoughts." Pansies is thought. *Pensée* is French for thought, and Ophelia is no rustic, unschooled girl; she's the educated daughter of the king's principal advisor, a man who is eternally quoting philosophers and scientists, engaging in erudite discussions with nobility and his own family. There is no doubt that Ophelia speaks French. She wants Hamlet to remember something, and to think about it.

"There's rue for you, and here's some for me; we may call it herb-grace o' Sundays. O, you must wear your rue with a difference." Of all the flowers the deflowered Ophelia declaims, rue is the focus. She has three times more to say about it than any other. There's rue for Hamlet, but there's also rue for her. The rue for Hamlet is regret, but the rue for Ophelia is different, it's not just an herb, it's an herb of grace, for Sundays, the holy day.

Before there was the AMA, the medicinal properties of herbs were well known. In medieval Denmark most people would know that the plant rue had useful practical properties. A young woman like Ophelia might have consulted the *Tacuinum Sanitas*, a handbook on the maintenance of health (a Latin translation of the Taqwim al-Sihha, by Ibn Butlan) and read that rue sharpens eyesight and reduces flatulence; but that it also diminishes sperm. Without needing to resort to the Tacuinum Sanitas, Ophelia – and any other person of her time – would know that rue can cause blistering of the skin, especially during summer; but would Ophelia want Hamlet to think, want Hamlet to remember: that rue reduces flatulence? It seems likely, given the evidence of their sexual intercourse, and of the promise of marriage Hamlet has made; that Ophelia is referring to the very special usage of rue that medieval maidens would whisper to each other: rue as an abortifacient.

Does Hamlet know Ophelia was pregnant, and aborted their child? When Hamlet and Polonius are alone he says to the king's counselor, "If the sun breeds maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion, - Have you a daughter?" That's telling: Hamlet is speaking of "breeding" and interrupts his bizarre stream of consciousness to ask Polonius, absurdly, whether he has a daughter. When Polonius affirms that he has, Hamlet warns him, "Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing: but not as your daughter may conceive." What ?! Hamlet is cruelly mocking Polonius with the knowledge that he's impregnated his daughter while apprehending that Polonius will not understand his meaning. In this second scene from act II, Hamlet repeatedly reveals his thoughts to Polonius, but in a way that Polonius cannot comprehend, clothed as Hamlet's words are, in the camouflage of puns and erudite allusions. Hamlet is confident that his learning is so superior to Polonius that he can throw in Polonius' face the truth, knowing that the old man won't be able to recognize it. I think he realizes that his tactic is so successful, that in the midst of one particularly weird abstraction (sun bred maggots and god kissing carrion) he can just say flat out, in the light of the sun: I fornicated with your daughter and she became pregnant; and Polonius will not hear it.

In a theatrical aside, Polonius responds to Hamlet's candid comments on the gravid Ophelia. (Shakespeare wants the audience to understand that Polonius isn't hearing Hamlet's revelation.) "How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger ."

Lest we mistake the dialogue's meaning, it ends with Polonius remarking: "How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of." Is this not the bard speaking to us as Hamlet spoke to Polonius, through allusions, puns, and mockery? It's as if – like Hamlet to Polonius – Shakespeare is challenging us, his audience, to hear what is being said: "How **pregnant** (*emphasis mine*)... his replies are! (*exclamation Shakespeare's*) a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be **delivered** of."



Eests and Lyrics

He Took Me By The Wrist

Music by Joseph Summer

Text from *Hamlet*, Act II, Scene 1, with obbligato interjections by Polonius drawn from Act I, scene 3 and Act II, scenes 1-2; plus a brief intertextural invention

OPHELIA O my lord. O my lord!

POLONIUS How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?

OPHELIA O my lord. O my lord! I have been so affrighted.

POLONIUS With what, i' the name of God!

OPHELIA

My lord, as I was sewing in my closet, Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced; No hat upon his head; his stockings fouled, Ungartered, and down-gyved to his ankle...

POLONIUS

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy; For the apparel oft proclaims the man...

OPHELIA

Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other; And with a look so piteous in purport As if he had been loosed out of hell To speak of horrors, he comes before me.

POLONIUS Mad for thy love?

OPHELIA My lord, I do not know; But truly I do fear it.

POLONIUS What said he?

OPHELIA

He took me by the wrist and held me hard, Then goes he to the length of all his arm, And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow.

POLONIUS

Brevity is the soul of wit, And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes... This is the very ecstasy of love, Whose violent property fordoes itself And leads the will to desperate undertakings, As oft as any passion under heaven, That does afflict our natures. I am sorry –

OPHELIA

Long stayed he so...

POLONIUS

I am sorry that with better heed and judgment I had not coted him; I feared he did but trifle, And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!

OPHELIA

As I was sewing in my closet, Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced...

POLONIUS [But brief! Daughter, but brief!]

OPHELIA

At last, a little shaking of mine arm, And thrice his head thus waving up and down, He raised a sigh so piteous and profound... Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other; And with a look so piteous and profound As it did seem to shatter all his bulk And end his being. That done, he lets me go, And with his head over his shoulder turned, He seemed to find his way without his eyes; For out o' doors he went without their help, And to the last bended their light on me.

Five Ophelia Songs

Music by Johannes Brahms Texts from Hamlet, Act IV, Scene 5 German translation by Gerd Sievers

 Wie erkenn' ich dein Treulieb Vor den andern nun? An den Muschelhut und Stab Und den Sandalschuh'n.

> Er ist lange tot und hin, Tot und hin, Fräulein! Ihm zu Häupten ein Rasen grün, Ihm zu Fuß ein Stein.

 II. Sein Leichenhemd weiß wie Schnee zu sehn, Geziert mit Blumensegen, Das unbetränt zum Grab mußt gehn Von Liebesregen. How should I your true love know From another one? By his cockle hat and staff, And his sandal shoon.

He is dead and gone, lady, He is dead and gone; At his head a grass-green turf, At his heels a stone.

II. White his shroud as the mountain snow, Larded with sweet flowers; Which bewept to the grave did go With true-love showers. III. Auf morgen ist Sankt Valentins Tag, Wohl an der Zeit noch früh, Und ich 'ne Maid am Fensterschlag Will sein eur Valentin. Er war bereit, tät an sein Kleid, Tät auf die Kammertür, Ließ ein die Maid, die als 'ne Maid Ging nimmermehr herfür.

IV. Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß, Lieder, ach leider!
Und manche Trän' fiel in Grabes Schoß – Ihr müßt singen: «'Nunter!
Und ruft ihr ihn 'nunter.»
Denn traut lieb Fränzel ist all meine Lust.

V. Und kommt er nicht mehr zurück? Und kommt er nicht mehr zurück? Er ist Tot, o weh! In dein Todesbett geh, Er kommt ja nimmer zurück. Sein Bart war so weiß wie Schnee, Sein Haupt dem Flachse gleich: Er ist hin, er ist hin, Und kein Leid bringt Gewinn: Gott helf' ihm ins Himmelreich! III. To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day, All in the morning betime, And I a maid at your window, To be your Valentine. Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes, And dupp'd the chamber-door; Let in the maid, that out a maid Never departed more.

IV. They bore him barefaced on the bier; Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny; And in his grave rain'd many a tear – You must sing a-down a-down, An you call him a-down-a. For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

V. And will he not come again? And will he not come again? No, no, he is dead; Go to thy death-bed: He never will come again. His beard was as white as snow, All flaxen was his poll: He is gone, he is gone, And we cast away moan: God ha' mercy on his soul!

They Bore Him Barefaced On The Bier

Music by Joseph Summer Text from *Hamlet*, Act IV, Scene 5

OPHELIA

They bore him barefaced on the bier; Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny; And in his grave rain'd many a tear – Fare you well, my dove!

LAERTES

Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge, It could not move thus.

OPHELIA

You must sing a-down a-down, An you call him a-down-a. O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

LAERTES This nothing's more than matter.

OPHELIA

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember; and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

LAERTES

A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

OPHELIA

There's fennel for you, and columbines; there's rue for you, and here's some for me; we may call it herb-grace o' Sundays. O, you must wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy. I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died. They say he made a good end For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

LAERTES

Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself, She turns to favor and to prettiness.

OPHELIA

And will he not come again? And will he not come again? No, no, he is dead; Go to thy death-bed; He never will come again. His beard was as white as snow, All flaxen was his poll. He is gone, he is gone, And we cast away moan. God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God be wi' ye.

Three Ophelia Songs

Music by Richard Strauss Texts from Hamlet, Act IV, Scene 5 German translation by Ludwig Seeger

- Wie erkenn' ich mein Treulieb Vor andern nun? An dem Muschelhut und Stab Und den Sandalschuh'n. Er ist tot und lange hin, Tot und hin, Fräulein! Ihm zu Häupten grünes Gras, Ihm zu Fuß ein Stein. Oho! Auf seinem Bahrtuch, weiß wie Schnee, Viel liebe Blumen trauern. Sie gehn zu Grabe naß, O weh! vor Liebesschauern.
- II. Guten Morgen, 's ist Sankt Valentinstag So früh vor Sonnenschein.
 Ich junge Maid am Fensterschlag Will Euer Valentin sein.
 Der junge Mann tut Hosen an,
 Tät auf die Kammertür,
 Ließ ein die Maid, die als Maid
 Ging nimmermehr herfür.

- How should I your true love know From another one? By his cockle hat and staff, And his sandal shoon. He is dead and gone, lady, He is dead and gone; At his head a grass-green turf, At his heels a stone. White his shroud as the mountain snow, Larded with sweet flowers; Which bewept to the grave did go With true-love showers.
- II. To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day, All in the morning betime, And I a maid at your window, To be your Valentine. Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes, And dupp'd the chamber-door; Let in the maid, that out a maid Never departed more.

Bei Sankt Niklas und Charitas! Ein unverschämt Geschlecht! Ein junger Mann tut's wenn er kann, Fürwahr, das ist nicht recht. Sie sprach: Eh Ihr gescherzt mit mir, Verspracht Ihr mich zu frein. Ich bräch's auch nicht beim Sonnenlicht, Wärst du nicht kommen herein.

III. Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloss Leider, ach leider, den Liebsten! Manche Träne fiel in des Grabes Schoss -Fahr wohl, fahr wohl, meine Taube! Mein junger frischer Hansel ist's, Der mir gefällt – Und kommt er nimmermehr? Er ist tot, o weh! In dein Totbett geh, Er kommt dir nimmermehr. Sein Bart war weiss wie Schnee. Sein Haupt wie Flachs dazu. Er ist hin, er ist hin, Kein Trauern bringt Gewinn: Mit seiner Seele Ruh Und mit allen Christenseelen! Darum bet ich! Gott sei mit euch!

By Gis and by Saint Charity, Alack, and fie for shame! Young men will do't, if they come to't; By cock, they are to blame. Quoth she, before you tumbled me, You promised me to wed. So would I ha' done, by yonder sun, An thou hadst not come to my bed.

III. They bore him barefaced on the bier; Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny; And in his grave rain'd many a tear: -Fare you well, my dove! For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy. And will he not come again? And will he not come again? No. no. he is dead: Go to thy death-bed: He never will come again. His beard was as white as snow. All flaxen was his poll; He is gone, he is gone, And we cast away moan: God ha' mercy on his soul! And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God be wi'ye.

To My Sick Soul (Saint Valentine's Day)

Music by Joseph Summer Text from *Hamlet*, Act IV, Scene 5

GERTRUDE

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is, Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss: So full of artless jealousy is guilt, It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

[Enter OPHELIA]

OPHELIA Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

GERTRUDE How now, Ophelia!

OPHELIA

How should I your true love know From another one? By his cockle hat and staff, And his sandal shoon.

GERTRUDE Alas! sweet lady, what imports this song?

OPHELIA

Say you? nay, pray you, mark. He is dead and gone, lady, He is dead and gone; At his head a grass-green turf, At his heels a stone.

GERTRUDE Nay, but, Ophelia –

OPHELIA Pray you, mark. White his shroud as the mountain snow, –

[Enter CLAUDIUS]

GERTRUDE Alas! look here, my lord.

OPHELIA Larded with sweet flowers; Which bewept to the grave did go With true-love showers.

CLAUDIUS

How do you, pretty lady?

OPHELIA

Well, God 'ild you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord! we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

CLAUDIUS

Conceit upon her father.

OPHELIA

Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this: To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day, All in the morning betime, And I a maid at your window, To be your Valentine. Then up he rose and donn'd his clothes, And dupp'd the chamber door; Let in the maid, that out a maid Never departed more.

CLAUDIUS

Pretty Ophelia!

OPHELIA

Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on it: By Gis and by Saint Charity, Alack, and fie for shame! Young men will do't, if they come to't; By Cock they are to blame. Quoth she, before you tumbled me, You promised me to wed: So would I ha' done, by yonder sun, An thou hadst not come to my bed.

CLAUDIUS How long hath she been thus?

OPHELIA

I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it: and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night.

[Exit OPHELIA]

CLAUDIUS Follow her close: give her good watch, I pray you.

[Exit HORATIO]

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude! When sorrows come, they come not single spies, But in battalions.

CLAUDIUS

First, her father slain;

Next, your son gone; and he most violent author Of his own just remove: the people muddied, Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers, For good Polonius death; and we have done but greenly, In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor Ophelia Divided from herself and her fair judgement, Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts: Last, and as much containing as all these, Her brother is in secret come from France. Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds, And wants not buzzers to infect his car With pestilent speeches of his father's death; Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd, Will nothing stick our person to arraign In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude! this, Like to a murdering-piece, in many places Gives me superfluous death.

There Is A Willow Grows Aslant A Brook

Text from Hamlet, Act IV, Scene 7

There is a willow grows aslant a brook, That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream; There with fantastic garlands did she come, Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples, That liberal shepherds give a grosser name, But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them: There, on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke, <u>When down</u> her weedy trophies and herself

Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide; And, mermaid-like, awhile they buoyed her up: Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes, As one incapable of her own distress, Or like a creature native and indued Unto that element; but long it could not be Till that her garments, heavy with their drink, Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay To muddy death.

La Mort d'Ophélie (The Death of Ophelia)

Music by Hector Berlioz and by Camille Saint-Saëns Text by Ernest Legouvé (after Shakespeare) English translation by Percy Pinkerton

Au bord* d'un torrent, Ophélie Cueillait tout en suivant le bord, Dans sa douce et tendre folie, Des pervenches, des boutons d'or, Des iris aux couleurs d'opale, Et de ces fleurs d'un rose pâle, Qu'on appelle des doigts de mort. [Ah!]

Puis élevant sur ses mains blanches Les riants trésors du matin, Elle les suspendait aux branches, Aux branches d'un saule voisin; Mais, trop faible, le rameau plie, Se brise, et la pauvre Ophélie Tombe, sa guirlande à la main.

Quelques instants, sa robe enflée La tint encor sur le courant, Et comme une voile gonflée, Elle flottait toujours, chantant, Chantant quelque vieille ballade, Adown to the brook, fair Ophelia Did go in her grief and despair; Woodland blossoms into a garland Did she bind for her beauteous hair. Pretty crowflow'rs, daisies and lilies Pluck's she, besides those longer purples That our maids dead mens' fingers call. [Ah!]

Then, to the pendent willow branches. All her garlands strove she to hang, While many a melody forgotten So sadly, so sweetly she sang. But the willow, the envious willow was broken And Ophelia the hapless maiden, Fall, ah! fell in the brook!

Straightway, her garments wide outspreading Bore her a while upon the stream And, while floating ever she chanted E'en as a mermaid in a dream While she floated, ever she chaned Chantant ainsi qu'une naïade Née au milieu de ce torrent.

Mais cette étrange mélodie Passa rapide comme un son; Par les flots la robe alourdie Bientôt dans l'abîme profond; Entraïna la pauvre insensée, Laissant à peine commencée Sa mélodieuse chanson. [Ah!]

[*Berlioz: "Auprès"]

Snatches of tunes so sad, so mournful, Drifting a down the silver stream.

Ah! but too soon her song had ending; She sank at last beneath the wave. Soon her clothes with water all heavy, Drew her down alas! to her grave! Fair Ophelia thus lay a-dying, As ever singing, ever singing, She sank down at last 'neath the wave. [Ah!]

Herzeleid (Heart Suffering)

Music by Robert Schumann Text by Titus Ulrich English translation by Joseph Summer

Die Weiden lassen matt die Zweige hangen, Und traurig zieh'n die Wasser hin: Sie schaute starr hinab mit bleichen Wangen, Die unglückselge Träumerin. Und ihr entfiel ein Strauss von Immortellen, Er war so schwer von Tränen ja, Und leise warnend lispelten die Wellen: Ophelia, Ophelia! Descending the willow's weak limbs, Liquescent desolation flows Down-stream. Pale cheeks and eyes Down-cast; the hapless dreamer From her hands lets drop a spray Of immortelles, weighed down by heavy tears Softly, the waves whisper warning: Ophelia, Ophelia!



Biographies



Joseph Summer

Summer composes opera, song, and chamber music. His principal focus is a cycle of comic operas based on the bawdy stories of Boccaccio's *The Decameron*. These consist of four completed works: *And The Dead Shall Walk The Earth, Courting Disaster, Their Fate In The Hands Of The Friar*, and *Gianetta* The fifth in the series of seven is *Also Known As*, currently in progress. Other operas include, *The Tenor's Suite*, a one act tragedy based on *The Tenor* by Frank Wedekind, *Hippolytus*, a two act tragedy, and *Hamlet*, a three act setting that grew out of his secondary focus on the works of Edward De Vere. Summer has written more than 80 settings of scenes from De Vere's nonpareil plays and sonnets, collected in seven books titled *The Oxford Songs*. Currently Summer is completing a chamber opera setting of Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. The composer founded The Shakespeare Concerts in 2001 and serves as its executive director. His wife, Lisa, is a music therapist and author. They have one daughter, Eve, a stage director.

photo credit: WANG Bing



Kathryn Guthrie

Soprano Kathryn Guthrie is quickly becoming recognized as an artist of unusual artistic versatility. Her 2012 New York City Opera debut was in Rufus Wainwright's American première of Prima Donna as Marie, whose Act II aria "outshone any other single moment on stage" (The Huffington Post). She enjoys a continuing relationship with Rufus Wainwright, with whom she has joined for subsequent performances at Philadelphia's Kimmel Center and Madrid's Teatro Real.

Consequent performances with New York City Opera have included the VOX 2012 concert performing Osnat Netzer's *The Wondrous Woman Within*, and the educational production of Unsuk Chin's *Alice in Wonderland* as the Cheshire Cat. Prized roles with other companies include La Fée in *Massenet's Cendrillon*, Adele in Strauss' *Die Fledermaus*, Zerlina in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, and Romilda in Handel's *Xerxes* with the Arcadia Players and the Connecticut Early Music Festival. Ms. Guthrie was also a member of the Ravinia Festival's Steans Institute Program for Singers and Glimmerglass Opera's Young American Artists Program.

Ms. Guthrie is the recipient of awards from the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions, Houston Grand Opera, Palm Beach Opera, the Fort Worth Opera, and AIMS Graz. She holds a Master of Music from the Peabody Conservatory, where she received the Phyllis Bryn-Julson Award for Contemporary Music, and a Bachelor of Music from the University of Connecticut.



Miroslav Sekera

A child prodigy on violin and piano, Miroslav Sekera won numerous competitions on both instruments, gaining the attention of Milos Forman who cast him at the age of 6 as the child Mozart in the 1985 film *Amadeus*. Eventually, Sekera chose to concentrate on piano and in 1991 he won first prize in the Chopin Competitionat Mariánské Lázne. Other awards include first prizes in the National Competition of Czech Conservatories, the Baden Competition for Best Performance of a work by Leos Janacek, the 1999 Prague Academy of Music Arts, and the 2002 Johannes Brahms International Compe-

tition at Portschach, Austria. He has also given prize winning performances at the Gaillard International Piano Competition in France as well as the Nadezda-Sazinova Piano Competition. Sekera has performed solo recitals throughout the world, including Austria, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, France, the Caribbean, and Jakarta, Indonesia. A perennial artist with The Shakespeare Concerts, he participated in both the 2003 debut season and the inaugural 2005 recording *What A Piece Of Work Is Man*. In his many seasons with The Shakespeare Concerts, Sekera has premiered 11 compositions by Joseph Summer, including *The Dumb Show* in Boston in 2004.



Kellie Van Horn

Mezzo-soprano Kellie Van Horn debuted with The Shakespeare Concerts in 2006 and has returned each season since then. Over the years she has premiered twelve of Joseph Summer's works both in live performance and on recording. She is featured on the title track of *Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day* and can also be heard on *So Many Journeys*, both released by Albany Records. Since the Jordan Hall debut of The Shakespeare Concerts in 2007 Kellie has also presented her interpretations of Shakespearean settings by Berlioz, Korngold, Poulenc, Stravinsky, and Brahms.

Ms. Van Horn has sung with regional companies throughout the United States, including Sarasota Opera, Des Moines Metro Opera, Opera Theater of St. Louis, Opera Colorado, and Boston Midsummer Opera. Highlights among her operatic performances have been Charlotte (*Werther*) and Prince Orlofsky (*Die Fledermaus*) in Sarasota, the title role in *Carmen* with Commonwealth Opera (Northampton, MA), Hermia (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*) in Des Moines, and Anne Lindbergh in the world premiere of *Loss of Eden* (Cary John Franklin) in St. Louis. She also sang the role of Dido to great critical acclaim in a semi-staged concert performance of *Dido and Aeneus* for the Miami-based chamber choir Seraphic Fire. Elsewhere on the concert stage, Kellie has an affinity for operetta and cross-over repertoire, having appeared with the Orchestra Sinfonica di Milano as the title role in *La Périchole*, Lois Lane in *Kiss Me, Kate*, and the Old Lady in *Candide*. Ms. Van Horn holds a Master of Music degree from Yale University where she was a student of the late contralto Lili Chookasian.



John McGinn

Composer/pianist John McGinn served as music director (now emeritus) of The Shakespeare Concerts from 2003-08. He has performed throughout the United States and Europe and appeared on more than a dozen commercial recordings including the first two The Shakespeare Concerts albums (Albany), John Adams' opera *Nixon in China* with the Orchestra of St. Luke's *Nonesuch* and a critically acclaimed solo album, *The 20th Century Piano* (AmCam). McGinn received his undergraduate music degree from Harvard University and his doctorate in composition from Stanford University. Among his teachers are such noted composers as

Jonathan Harvey, Leon Kirchner, Ivan Tcherepnin and John Adams. His own works have won several honors and been performed at colleges and festivals nationwide. Recent premieres include a *Trio* (2013) for clarinet, violin and piano with colleagues at Austin College; a vocal setting of Yolanda Lockett's "It's a Letter" in *A River of Words Song Cycle* (2011), a collaborative cycle commissioned by baritone Bruce Cain and guitarist David Asbury and performed at more than a dozen venues including Washington D.C.'s Kennedy Center and the Library of Congress; and *Score for Score* (2009) for 20 players by the Inscape Chamber Orchestra of Bethesda, MD. As an arranger, McGinn has created piano reductions of several large-scale works including John Adams' *Nixon in China, The Death of Klinghoffer, Gnarly Buttons* and *Violin Concerto* and Christopher Rouse's Pulitzer-winning *Trombone Concerto*, all for publication by Boosey & Hawkes. McGinn currently serves as Associate Professor of Music (Theory/Composition) at Austin College in Sherman TX.



Justin Vickers

Justin Vickers, the American lyric tenor, has performed frequently at Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center, The Kennedy Center, Vienna's Stephansdom, Moscow's International House of Music, and Beijing's Forbidden City Concert Hall. He has been lauded for his "beautiful, crystalline tone" and "a marriage of both supple voice and striking good looks." In 2011–12 alone, Vickers appeared in China, Moscow, France, England, New York, Boston, and Philadelphia—in opera, concert, recital, and in the recording studio—singing literature ranging from Michael Tippett and Benjamin Britten to Verdi's *La traviata* and Joseph Summer's operatic setting of *Hamlet*.

Vickers was also pleased to première the song cycle he commissioned by American composer Tony Solitro, entitled *War Wedding*, setting the poetry of the Welsh poet Alun Lewis. With an operatic repertoire of more than 30 leading tenor roles, Vickers has performed the title role in Mozart's *Idomeneo*, Tamino in *Die Zauberflöte*, Belmonte in *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, Ferrando in *Cosi fan tutte*, Don Ottavio in *Don Giovanni*, Roméo in *Roméo et Juliette*, Rodolfo in *La bohème*, Rinuccio in *Gianni Schicchi*, Alfredo in *La traviata*, Cassio in *Otello*, Lennie in *Of Mice and Men*, both Gabriel von Eisenstein and Alfredo in *Die Fledermaus*, and the Italian Tenor in *Der Rosenkavalier*. He has created numerous roles in world premiere operas and symphonies, including Mario in Francis Thorne's *Mario and the Magician* (recorded for Albany Records); Giovanni in the revised version of Daniel Catán's *La hija de Rappaccini*, and the tenor in Alexander Zhurbin's *Fourth Symphony, City of the Plague*. Additional premières include Amedeo "Dedo" Modigliani in Jerold Morgulas's *Anna and Dedo* for the Moscow Chamber Opera (Arbat); Leo Stein in William Banfield's *Gertrude Stein Invents a Jump Early On*, and Virgil Thomson's *Capital Capitals*, taking on the verbose Capital II. Vickers earned his Doctor of Musical Arts in Performance and Literature from the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign where he is also completing his Ph.D in Musicology, writing about the history of Benjamin Britten's English Opera Group. Vickers is Assistant Professor of Voice at Illinois State University in Normal IL, and is co-organizer of "Benjamin Britten at 100: An American Centenary Symposium," which is the recipient of a Britten Award from the Britten-Pears Foundation in England.



Andrea Chenoweth

Andrea Chenoweth, soprano, is a two-time regional finalist in the Metropolitan Opera National Council auditions. She has appeared with the Cleveland Orchestra, the Dayton Philharmonic Orchestra, Cleveland Opera, Commonwealth Opera, Lyric Opera Cleveland, Dayton Opera, and Red. Chenoweth's recent operatic engagements include Lucia in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* and Fiordiligi in Mozart's *Così fan tutte* with Commonwealth Opera in Massachusetts. She has also performed the roles of Blondchen in Mozart's *Abduction from the Seraglio* with Lyric Opera Cleveland, Lìu for Cleveland Opera on Tour, and Madeline in the Ohio

professional premiere of Philip Glass's opera *The Fall of the House of Usher*. Her recent orchestral engagements include, Bach's *Magnificat* with the Cleveland Orchestra, concert performances of *Candide* with the Mansfield Symphony, Vaughan-William's *Dona Nobis Pacem*, Mozart's *c minor Mass*, and *Coronation Mass* with the Dayton Philharmonic, and the world premiere of *A Red Couch Floats in Lake Eric: A Symphony of Songs* by Jonathon Sheffer with Red. She recently toured Japan with Maestro Neal Gittleman, singing Handel's *Messiah* and Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* with the Telemann Chamber Orchestra. A proponent of new music, Chenoweth has worked with many living composers including Joseph Summer, Jonathon Sheffer, and Monica Houghton. An active recitalist, Chenoweth has performed at several institutions of higher education throughout Ohio, presenting full recitals, lecture/demonstrations, and masterclasses. She has performed outreach concerts under the auspices of Opera Cleveland. She was Lecturer in Voice at Baldwin-Wallace Conservatory of Music in Ohio for two years. She has twice participated in the Cleveland Art Song Festival where she has worked with such noted professionals as Stephanie Blythe, Warren Jones, Francois le Roux, Mikhail Hallak, Vladimir Chernov, and Anthony Dean Griffey. Chenoweth received her Master of Music in Voice from The Cleveland Institute of Music and her Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of Dayton. Her teachers include Ruth Golden, George Vassos, Ellen Shade, and Linda Snyder.



Chad Sloan

Baritone Chad Sloan is recognized as much for his warm, elegant vocalism as he is for deft interpretations of diverse characters. Recent concert and opera engagements include the role of Prosdocimo in Rossini's *Il Turco in Italia* for Tacoma Opera, Vaughan Williams' *Dona Nobis* Pacem (Lexington Philharmonic), and as the baritone soloist in the Bach *Magnificat* (Bach Festival Society). In the current season, he returns to Kentucky Opera to debut his Belcore in *L'elisir d'amore*, to Utah Opera for John Brooke in *Little Women*, and with the Bar Harbor Music Festival as Figaro in *Il barbiere di Siviglia*. Chad has appeared with the Wolf Trap Opera for two consecutive sum-

mers as a Filene Young Artist. In addition, he sang Laertes for the collaborative workshop of Herschel Garfein's *Rosencrantz & Guildenstern Are Dead* for American Opera Projects and Mark Morris, followed by the role of Rosencrantz for the orchestral performances of the opera with Boston Classical Orchestra. He is on the faculty at the University of Louisville.



Desiree Maira

Mezzo-soprano Desiree Maira's most recent performance was her revival of the title role in *Carmen* by Bizet with MetroWest Opera, directed by Eve Summer. In 2012, Maira debuted with Ash Lawn Opera in Charlottesville, Virginia singing Zita in *Gianni Schicchi*; Third Lady in *Die Zauberflöte*; and Alma Hix in *The Music Man*. Desiree has also performed with Cape Cod Opera, Opera Providence, Connecticut Early Music Festival, Seagle Music Colony and the New York Vocal Institute. Opera roles include Quickly in *Falstaff*, Orlofsky in *Die Fledermaus*, the title role and Amastre in *Serse*, Madame in *Cendrillon*, Second Lady in *The Magic Flute*, Dorabella in *Cosi fan tutte* and

Isabella in L'Italiana in Algeri. Music theater credits include Lucy in You're a Good Man Charlie Brown, Joanne in Godspell and Florinda in Into the Woods. Her oratorio performances include Haydn's Lord Nelson Mass; Mozart's Requiem and Vesperae solennes de Confessore; Handel's Messiah, Mendelssohn's Elijah and A Midsummer Night's Dream; and Vivaldi's Gloria.

Ms. Maira has been recognized in the Metropolitan Opera, Palm Beach Opera, Suncoast Opera, and Peter Elvins Competitions. She holds a Master of Music degree in Opera Performance from The Boston Conservatory and a Bachelor of Music degree in Vocal Performance from Stetson University. A student of Stephen O'Mara, she teaches at The Boston Conservatory and maintains a private voice studio, both in Boston and Wellesley.



Ian Watson

Ian Watson is a prominent figure at the highest levels of the international music scene, and played an important role in the British Baroque revival which brought such renowned orchestras into prominence as the Academy of St. Martin in the Fields, the English Chamber Orchestra, the English Baroque Soloists, the Monteverdi Choir and The Sixteen—all with whom he has performed as organist, harpsichordist, solo pianist, and/or director. Watson's versatility is revealed in the equal ease with which he performs the roles of orchestral conductor, choir director, organist, harpsichordist, pianist, teacher, and public speaker.

Among Watson's many prestigious conducting engagements are Monteverdi's *Vespers* at St. James's Palace in the presence of Her Majesty the Queen; Bach's *B Minor* Mass at the Rheingau Festival with the Academy of St. Martin in the Fields Orchestra and Chorus; the opening concerts of the newly renovated Châtelet Theater in Paris with the Scottish Chamber Orchestra; Christmas Eve at the Royal Albert Hall with the Mozart Festival Orchestra; Nigel Kennedy tours and video with the English Chamber Orchestra; and assistant conductor, continuo player, and soloist for Sir John Eliot Gardiner in the Bach Cantata Pilgrimage.



Executive Director Joseph Summer

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1 He Took Me By The Wrist

Joseph Summer Kathryn Guthrie, soprano (Ophelia); Miroslav Sekera, piano Text by Shakespeare

Johannes Brahms Kellie Van Horn, mezzo-soprano (Ophelia); John McGinn, piano Text by Shakespeare

3 They Bore Him Barefaced On The Bier...... 5:38 **Joseph Summer**

Kathryn Guthrie, soprano (Ophelia); Justin Vickers, tenor (Laertes); Miroslav Sekera, piano; Text by Shakespeare

Three Ophelia Songs (opus 67 #1-3) **Richard Strauss**

Andrea Chenoweth, soprano (Ophelia); Miroslav Sekera, piano Text by Shakespeare

- 5 Guten Morgen, 's ist Senkt Valentinstag 1:27

7 To My Sick Soul (Saint Valentine's Day)...... 14:06 **Joseph Summer**

Kathryn Guthrie, soprano (Ophelia); Chad Sloan, baritone (Claudius); Desiree Maira, mezzo-soprano (Gertrude); Miroslav Sekera, piano; Text by Shakespeare

8 There Is A Willow Grows Aslant A Brook4:33 **Joseph Summer**

Desiree Maira, mezzo-soprano (Gertrude); Miroslav Sekera, piano Text by Shakespeare

Hector Berlioz Kellie Van Horn, Mezzo-soprano; John McGinn, piano Text by Ernest Legouvé (after Shakespeare)

Camille Saint-Saëns Andrea Chenoweth, soprano; John McGinn, piano Text by Ernest Legouvé (after Shakespeare)

11 Herzeleid (Heart suffering)1:55 **Robert Schumann**

Andrea Chenoweth, soprano; John McGinn, piano

John Cage John McGinn, piano

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