

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY CHICAGO
DEPARTMENT OF FINE AND PERFORMING ARTS
presents

SENIOR RECITAL

Henry Fellerhoff, *baritone*

Cody Michael Bradley, *piano*

APRIL 1, 2022 | 7:00^{PM} CDT
PIANOFORTE CHICAGO

From the studio of Klaus Georg



Preparing people to lead extraordinary lives

PROGRAM

“Behold, I tell you a mystery...
The trumpet shall sound”
from *Messiah*, Part III

George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)

“Ruhe, Süßliebchen“
from *Die schöne Magelone*, op. 33

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

“Der Soldat II“
from *Eichendorff Lieder*

Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)

“Freundliche Vision”
from *5 Lieder*, op. 48

Richard Strauss (1864–1949)

Erlkönig, op. 1, d. 328

Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

“Come Paride vezzoso”
from *L'elisir d'amore*

Gaetano Donizetti (1797–1848)

INTERMISSION

“Vision fugitive”
from *Hérodiade*

Jules Massenet (1842–1912)

“Lydia”
from *2 Songs*, op. 4

Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)

“Prison”
from *2 Songs*, op. 83

Gabriel Fauré

“Fleur jetée”
from *4 Songs*, op. 39

Gabriel Fauré

Six Songs from 'A Shropshire Lad'
Loveliest of Trees
When I Was One-And-Twenty
Look Not In My Eyes
Think No More, Lad
The Lads in Their Hundreds
Is My Team Ploughing?

George Butterworth (1885–1916)

BIOGRAPHY AND PROGRAM NOTES

Henry Fellerhoff is a senior Vocal Performance and Computer Science double major who has been studying with Klaus Georg since 2018. He has been a member of University Chorale and Chamber Choir while at Loyola, and currently serves as music director for Loyolacappella. He has also composed an original piece to be performed with Loyola's Chamber Choir later in April. Henry would like to thank his family and friends for their support and encouragement during his time at Loyola. He would especially like to thank Klaus Georg and Kirsten Hedegaard for the advice, opportunities, and support they have given him over the past four years.

George Frideric Handel is a highly regarded Baroque composer of opera, oratorio, and instrumental works. Born in Germany, he showed a gift for music at an early age and worked as a composer in Hamburg and Italy before settling in London in 1712. He composed more than forty *opera seria* over many decades and draws influences from the German choral tradition as well as from composers of the Italian Baroque. *Messiah* is one of the most performed choral works in all of Western music, popular both now and during Handel's life. "The trumpet shall sound" occurs in Part III of the oratorio, which focuses on biblical material of redemption and judgement.

Johannes Brahms holds a special place as one of the great composers of the nineteenth century and of German song. Brahms composed approximately 380 songs for solo voice and small group, many of which were arrangements of folk and children's songs. He considered himself a self-taught composer and believed that the development of the music came first over the expression of the text. His music went on to inspire composers like Schoenberg, who praised his musical asymmetry and elasticity of form.

Hugo Wolf is a deeply impactful composer with a fascinating life. His primary goal while composing was to extract the essence of a piece's poetry and bind the words of the poem to the music. His works have been described as "poems for voice and piano" for this exact reason. He is self-taught and composed most of his pieces in the span of five years, completing over 200 songs during the period. While at times amazingly productive, he also struggled with depression. His life tragically ended in a sanitarium after relapsing due to mental instability.

Known primarily for his operas, Richard Strauss also composed over 100 *Lieder* for voice and piano. His songs feature passionate lyricism and richly textured accompaniments. While not featured in the program today, one of Strauss' greatest contributions to *Lied* was his development of songs with

orchestral accompaniment. Many of his songs for voice and piano can be found orchestrated as well.

Franz Schubert is one of the giants of German *Lieder*. Over the course of his relatively short life, Schubert wrote over 600 songs with text from roughly 90 poets. His music influenced the development of the French *mélodie* tradition, as well as the works of composers like Schumann, Loewe, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Liszt, Mahler, and Wolf. Although composed while he was just 18, *Erlkönig* remains one of Schubert's most performed pieces today. It features four distinct characters – narrator, father, son, and the Erlking – which are represented by a single vocalist. Over the course of the song, the sick son has increasingly vivid nightmares brought on by fever. The father tries to comfort his son, but to no avail: *Erlkönig* ends tragically with the son's death.

Donizetti is a giant of Italian opera. A leading composer of the *bel canto* opera style, he composed almost 70 operas over the course of his life. His two-act opera *L'elisir D'amore* is one of his most frequently performed operas. The aria "Come Paride vezzoso" occurs in Scene 1, Act 1 of the opera, in which the self-important soldier Belcore attempts to court Adina. Belcore is confident that no woman could resist a soldier, unaware of the fact that he will later have his marriage proposal rejected.

Massenet is a French composer of the Romantic era known for his operas. He was admitted to the Paris Conservatoire at a young age and composed prolifically throughout his life. He was the leading French composer of opera in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, with works that spanned a variety of styles and forms. His opera *Hérodiade* is a retelling of the story of John the Baptist, Salome, Herod Antipas and Herodias. The aria "Vision fugitive" comes in Act 2 of the opera, where Hérode has consumed a potion which gives him passionate visions of Salomé. A notable aspect of this aria is its beginning *recitative*, with a dramatic painting of the scene by both voice and piano that serves to bring the audience into the world of Hérode and his "fugitive visions".

Gabriel Fauré is one of the great composers of French song. He was an innovator, composing in a wide range of styles and exploring a wider range of emotion and a greater variety of musical textures than *mélodies* before. His works are nuanced and elegant, with a preference towards the sentiment rather than the literal interpretation of the words. Fauré wrote that he aims to "suggest the great mysteries in the clearest language". "Lydia", "Prison", and "Fleur jetée" span most of Fauré's composing career and represent a few of the many styles he is known for.

George Butterworth lived a tragically short life – he enlisted in the army at the outbreak of World War I and was killed in France in 1916. Heavily influenced by Ralph Vaughan Williams, his songs reflect the simplicity of English folk music while containing a surprising amount of depth and nuance. A gifted miniaturist, his songs are carefully crafted and meticulous. His song

cycle *Six Songs from 'A Shropshire Lad'* is unique for someone performing it as a young adult at this time in history, as it contains both explicit references to and overarching themes of being young, in one's early twenties, and grappling with senseless death and struggle.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Behold, I tell you a mystery...

1 Corinthians 15:51-54

Behold, I tell you a mystery;
we shall not all sleep,
but we shall all be chang'd in a moment,
in the twinkling of an eye,
at the last trumpet.

The trumpet shall sound,
and the dead shall be raised incorruptible,
and we shall be changed.
For this corruptible must put on incorruption,
and this mortal must put on immortality.

Ruhe, Süßliebchen

Johann Ludwig Tieck (1773–1853)

*Ruhe, Süßliebchen, im Schatten
Der grünen, dämmernden Nacht:
Es säuselt das Gras auf den Matten,
Es fächelt und kühlt dich der Schatten
Und treue Liebe wacht.
Schlafe, schlaf ein,
Leiser rauscht der Hain,
Ewig bin ich dein.*

Rest, my love, in the shade
Of green, darkening night;
The grass rustles on the meadow,
The shadows fan and cool thee
And true love is awake.
Sleep, go to sleep!
Gently rustles the grove,
Eternally am I thine.

*Schweigt, ihr versteckten Gesänge,
Und stört nicht die süßeste Ruh'!
Es lauschet der Vögel Gedränge,
Es ruhen die lauten Gesänge,
Schließ, Liebchen, dein Auge zu.
Schlafe, schlaf ein,
Im dämmernden Schein,
Ich will dein Wächter sein.*

Hush, you hidden songs,
And disturb not her sweetest repose!
The flock of birds listens,
Stilled are their noisy songs.
Close thine eyes, my darling,
Sleep, go to sleep;
In the twilight
I will watch over thee.

*Murmelt fort, ihr Melodien,
Rausche nur, du stiller Bach.
Schöne Liebesphantasien
Sprechen in den Melodien,
Zarte Träume schwimmen nach.
Durch den flüsternden Hain
Schwärmen goldne Bienenlein
Und summen zum Schlummer dich
ein.*

*Murmur on, you melodies,
Rush on, you quiet stream.
Lovely fantasies of love
do these melodies evoke:
Tender dreams swim after them.
Through the whispering grove
Swarm tiny golden bees
which hum thee to sleep.*

Der Soldat II

Joseph von Eichendorff (1788–1857)

*Wagen musst du und flüchtig erbeuten,

Hinter uns schon durch die Nacht hör'
ich's schreiten,
Schwing' auf mein Ross dich nur
schnell
Und küss' noch im Flug mich
wildschönes Kind,
Geschwind,
Denn der Tod ist ein rascher Gesell.*

*You must be bold and swift to seize
your prey,
Already I hear footsteps behind us in
the night,
Quickly leap up onto my horse

And kiss me as we flee, wild and lovely
child,
Make haste,
For Death is fleet of foot.*

Freundliche Vision

Otto Julius Bierbaum (1865–1910)

*Nicht im Schlafe hab' ich das geträumt,
Hell am Tage sah ich's schön vor mir:

Eine Wiese voller Margeritten;
Tief ein weißes Haus in grünen
Büschen;
Götterbilder leuchten aus dem Laube.

Und ich geh' mit Einer, die mich lieb
hat,
Ruhigen Gemütes in die Kühle
Dieses weißen Hauses, in den Frieden,
Der voll Schönheit wartet, daß wir
kommen.*

*I did not dream this while asleep;
I saw it fair before me in the light of
day:
A meadow full of daisies,
a white house deep in green bushes,
images of gods gleaming from the
leaves.
And I walk with one who loves me,

in a peaceful mood in the coolness
of this white house, in which peace
awaits our arrival, full of beauty.*

Eralkönig

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)

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

*Who rides so late through the night
and wind?
It is the father with his child.
He has the boy in his arms;
he holds him safely, he keeps him
warm.*

„Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang
dein Gesicht?“

„Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron' und
Schweif?“

„Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif.“

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

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

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

„Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du
nicht dort
Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?“

„Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh es
genau:
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau.“

„Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne
Gestalt;
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich
Gewalt.“

„Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt fasst er
mich an!
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!“

‘My son, why do you hide your face in
fear?’

‘Father, can you not see the Erlking?
The Erlking with his crown and tail?’

‘My son, it is a streak of mist.’

‘Sweet child, come with me.
I’ll play wonderful games with you.
Many a pretty flower grows on the
shore;
my mother has many a golden robe.’

‘Father, father, do you not hear
what the Erlking softly promises me?’
‘Calm, be calm, my child:
the wind is rustling in the withered
leaves.’

‘Won’t you come with me, my fine lad?
My daughters shall wait upon you;
my daughters lead the nightly dance,
and will rock you, and dance, and sing
you to sleep.’

‘Father, father, can you not see
Erlking’s daughters there in the
darkness?’

‘My son, my son, I can see clearly:
it is the old grey willows gleaming.’

‘I love you, your fair form allures me,
and if you don’t come willingly, I’ll
use force.’

‘Father, father, now he’s seizing me!
The Erlking has hurt me!’

*Dem Vater grauset, er reitet
geschwind,
Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,

Erreicht den Hof mit Mühe und Not:
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.*

The father shudders, he rides swiftly,
he holds the moaning child in his
arms;
with one last effort he reaches home;
the child lay dead in his arms.

Come Paride vezzoso

Act I, *L'elisir d'amore*

*Come Paride vezzoso
Porse il pomo alla più bella,
Mia diletta villanella,
Io ti porgo questi fior.
Ma di lui più glorioso,
Più di lui felice io sono,
Poiché in premio del mio dono
Ne riporto il tuo bel cor.*

As Paris vexatious
He put the apple to the most beautiful,
My beloved little villain,
I bring you these flowers.
But more glorious than him,
I am happier than he,
For in reward of my gift
I bring back your beautiful heart.

*Veggio chiaro in quel visino
Ch'io fo breccia nel tuo petto.
Non è cosa sorprendente;
Son galante, son sergente.*

I see clearly in that little face
That I make a breach in your breast.
It is not surprising;
I am gallant, I am a sergeant.

*Non v'ha bella che resista
Alla vista d'un cimiero;
Cede a Marte, Dio guerriero,
Fin la madre dell'Amor.*

There is no beauty that resists
At the sight of a crest;
She yields to Mars, warrior god,
Even the mother of Love.

Vision Fugitive

Act III, *Hérodiade*

*Ce breuvage pourrait me donner un tel
rêve!
Je pourrais la revoir...
Contempler sa beauté!
Divine volupté à mes regards promise!*

This drink could give me such a
dream!
I could see her again...
To contemplate her beauty!
Divine voluptuousness to my eyes
promised!

*Espérance trop brève
Qui viens bercer mon coeur
et troubler ma raison...
Ah! ne t'enfuis pas douce illusion!*

Hope too brief
That comes to rock my heart
and disturb my reason...
Ah! don't run away sweet illusion!

*Vision fugitive et toujours poursuivie
Ange mystérieux qui prend toute ma
vie...
Ah! c'est toi! que je veux voir
Ô mon amour! ô mon espoir!
Vision fugitive! c'est toi!*

Fugitive vision and always pursued
Mysterious angel who takes all my
life...
Ah! it is you! that I want to see
O my love! O my hope!
Fugitive vision! it is you!

*Qui prends toute ma vie!
Te presser dans mes bras!
Sentir battre ton coeur
D'une amoureuse ardeur!
Puis mourir enlacés...
Dans une même ivresse...
Pour ces transports... pour cette
flamme.
Ah! sans remords et sans plainte*

*Je donnerais mon âme
Pour toi mon amour! mon espoir!
Vision fugitive! c'est toi!
Qui prends toute ma vie!
Oui! c'est toi! mon amour!
Toi, mon seul amour! mon espoir!*

Lydia

*Lydia sur tes roses joues
Et sur ton col frais et si blanc,
Roule étincelant
L'or fluide que tu dénoues;*

*Le jour qui luit est le meilleur,
Oublions l'éternelle tombe.
Laisse tes baisers de colombe
Chanter sur ta lèvre en fleur.*

*Un lys caché répand sans cesse
Une odeur divine en ton sein;
Les délices comme un essaim
Sortent de toi, jeune déesse.*

*Je t'aime et meurs, ô mes amours.
Mon âme en baisers m'est ravie!
O Lydia, rends-moi la vie,
Que je puisse mourir toujours!*

Prison

*Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit,
Si bleu, si calme!
Un arbre, par-dessus le toit,
Berce sa palme.*

Who takes all my life!
To press you in my arms!
To feel your heart beat
Of a loving ardour!
Then to die embraced...
In the same intoxication...
For these transports... for this flame.

Ah! without remorse and without
complaint
I would give my soul
For you my love! my hope!
Fugitive vision! it is you!
Who takes all my life!
Yes! it is you! my love!
You, my only love! my hope!

Leconte de Lisle (1818–1894)

Lydia on your pink cheeks
And on your fresh and so white collar,
Rolls sparkling
The flowing gold that you unravel;

The day that shines is the best,
Let us forget the eternal grave.
Let your dove kisses
Sing on your blooming lip.

A hidden lily spreads unceasingly
A divine scent in your bosom;
Delights like a swarm
Come out of you, young goddess.

I love you and die, oh my loves.
My soul in kisses is ravished to me!
O Lydia, give me back my life,
That I may die forever!

Paul Verlaine (1844–1896)

The sky above the roof –
So blue, so calm!
A tree, above the roof,
Waves its crown.

*La cloche, dans le ciel qu'on voit,
Doucement tinte.
Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on voit
Chante sa plainte.*

*Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, la vie est là,
Simple et tranquille.
Cette paisible rumeur-là
Vient de la ville.*

*– Qu'as-tu fait, ô toi que voilà
Pleurant sans cesse,
Dis, qu'as-tu fait, toi que voilà,
De ta jeunesse?*

The bell, in the sky that you see,
Gently rings.
A bird, on the tree that you see,
Plaintively sings.

My God, my God, life is there,
Simple and serene.
That peaceful murmur there
Comes from the town.

O you, what have you done,
Weeping without end,
Say, what have you done
With your young life?

Fleur jetée

*Emporte ma folie
Au gré du vent,
Fleur en chantant cueillie
Et jetée en rêvant.
– Emporte ma folie
Au gré du vent!*

*Comme la fleur fauchée
Périt l'amour.
La main qui t'a touchée
Fuit ma main sans retour.
– Comme la fleur fauchée,
Périt l'amour!*

*Que le vent qui te sèche,
Ô pauvre fleur,
Tout à l'heure si fraîche
Et demain sans couleur!
– Que le vent qui te sèche,
Sèche mon cœur!*

Loveliest of trees

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Armand Silvestre (1837–1901)

Bear away my folly
At the whim of the wind,
Flower, plucked while singing
And discarded while dreaming.
Bear away my folly
At the whim of the wind!

Like a scythed flower
Love perishes.
The hand that touched you
Shuns my hand for ever.
Like a scythed flower
Love perishes!

May the wind that withers you,
O poor flower,
So fresh just now
But tomorrow faded,
May the wind that withers you,
Wither my heart!

Alfred Edward Housman (1859–1936)

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

When I was one-and-twenty

Alfred Edward Housman

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
“Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free.”
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
“The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
‘Tis paid with sighs a plenty
And sold for endless rue.”
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, ‘tis true, ‘tis true.

Look not in my eyes

Alfred Edward Housman

Look not in my eyes, for fear
They mirror true the sight I see,
And there you find your face too clear
And love it and be lost like me.
One the long nights through must lie
Spent in star-defeated sighs,
But why should you as well as I
Perish? Gaze not in my eyes.

A Grecian lad, as I hear tell,
One that many loved in vain,
Looked into a forest well
And never looked away again.
There, when the turf in springtime
flowers,
With downward eye and gazes sad,
Stands amid the glancing showers
A jonquil, not a Grecian lad.

Think no more, lad

Alfred Edward Housman

Think no more, lad; laugh, be jolly;
Why should men make haste to die?
Empty heads and tongues a-talking
Make the rough road easy walking,
And the feather pate of folly
Bears the falling sky.

Oh, 'tis jesting, dancing, drinking
Spins the heavy world around.
If young hearts were not so clever,
Oh, they would be young forever;
Think no more; 'tis only thinking
Lays lads underground.

The lads in their hundreds

Alfred Edward Housman

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come in for the fair,
There's men from the barn and the forge and the mill and the fold,
The lads for the girls and the lads for the liquor are there,
And there with the rest are the lads that will never be old.

There's chaps from the town and the field and the till and the cart,
And many to count are the stalwart, and many the brave,
And many the handsome of face and the handsome of heart,
And few that will carry their looks or their truth to the grave.

I wish one could know them, I wish there were tokens to tell
The fortunate fellows that now you can never discern;
And then one could talk with them friendly and wish them farewell
And watch them depart on the way that they will not return.

But now you may stare as you like and there's nothing to scan;
And brushing your elbow unguessed-at and not to be told
They carry back bright to the coiner the mintage of man,
The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

Is my team ploughing

Alfred Edward Housman

"Is my team ploughing,
That I was used to drive
And hear the harness jingle
When I was man alive?"

"Is my girl happy,
That I thought hard to leave,
And has she tired of weeping
As she lies down at eve?"

Ay, the horses trample,
The harness jingles now;
No change though you lie under
The land you used to plough.

Ay, she lies down lightly,
She lies not down to weep:
Your girl is well contented.
Be still, my lad, and sleep.

"Is football playing
Along the river-shore,
With lads to chase the leather,
Now I stand up no more?"

"Is my friend hearty,
Now I am thin and pine,
And has he found to sleep in
A better bed than mine?"

Ay, the ball is flying,
The lads play heart and soul;
The goal stands up, the keeper
Stands up to keep the goal.

Yes, lad, I lie easy,
I lie as lads would choose;
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,
Never ask me whose.

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