



Department of Music

presents

The Poppy Trio Chamber Trio Recital

featuring

Ninfa Garcia, voice and flute

Jeffrey Thomas, piano

Stephanie Bueche, clarinet

Dr. Min Sang Kim, director

5 p.m.

December 5, 2024

George and Sharon Mabry Concert Hall
Music/Mass Communication Building

—Program—

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

Franz Schubert
(1797 - 1828)

Vltava (“*The Moldau*”)

Bedřich Smetana
(1824 - 1884)
arr. Antanas Makšutis

Ariel

- I. Words
- II. Poppies in July
- III. The Hanging Man
- IV. Poppies in October
- V. Lady Lazarus

Ned Rorem
(1923 - 2022)

*Special thanks to our chamber coach, Dr. Min Sang Kim,
and to Dr. Spencer Prewitt and Dr. Jeffrey Wood.*

—Program Notes—

Franz Schubert (1797-1828) was a prolific Austrian composer most well-known for his lieder and chamber works. Despite only living to the age of 31, Schubert wrote well over 1,000 compositions, including 600 lieder.

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen/The Shepherd on the Rock, DV 965 (1828) is a Lied with for voice, clarinet, and piano that was written for a friend, soprano Anna Milder-Hauptmann, shortly before his death. The work derives text from the works of two German poets, Wilhelm Müller and Karl August Varnhagen von Ense. The poems tell the first-person narrative of a shepherd high up in the mountains waiting for springtime to come so he can rejoin his loved ones who live below. The shepherd expresses his longing for those he cannot reach, his despair that he may never reach them, and finally his joy and resolve that springtime will indeed arrive.

Bedřich Smetana (1824 - 1884) was Bohemian composer known for his operas and symphonic poems, many of which were nationalist in nature. One of his most famous works was *Má vlast*, a set of six symphonic poems that was composed over a period five years. By 1875, venereal disease had brought on deafness to Smetana, followed soon by blindness, hallucinations, and self-destructiveness that caused him to be institutionalized. He died in Prague in 1884.

Vltava (“The Moldau”) (1874) is a symphonic poem of *Má vlast* that has achieved the strongest independent life among the six poems, arranged today for flute, clarinet, and piano. This particular poem aurally depicts the Moldau, a river that runs through Bohemia. To quote poet-composer Václav Zelený: “This composition depicts the course of the Moldau. It sings of its first two springs, one warm the other cold, rising in the Bohemian Forest, watching the streams as they join and follows the flow of the river through fields and woods. a meadow where the peasants are celebrating a wedding. In the silver moonlight, the river nymphs frolic, castles, and palaces float past, and ancient ruins growing out of the wild cliffs. The Moldau foams and surges in the Rapids of St. John, then flows in a broad stream toward Prague. Vysehrad Castle appears (the four-note theme from the first of the six symphonic poems) on its banks. The river strives on majestically, lost to view, finally yielding itself up to the Elbe.”

Ned Rorem (1923 - 2022) was an American composer active throughout the twentieth and early twenty-first century. He is known for his art songs, of which he wrote over 500, and was known as the leading American composer of this genre. Rorem received an education from the Curtis Institute of Music, where he studied composition under Gian Carlo Menotti. He later became acquainted with and was mentored by Aaron Copland. Rorem graduated from Juilliard in 1948 with a Master of Music.

Ariel (1971) was written after Rorem returned to the U.S. from Europe. This cycle is set to five poems written by Sylvia Plath: “Words”, “Poppies in July”, “The Hanging Man”, “Poppies in October”, and “Lady Lazarus”. Rorem ordered these five poems in a symmetrical way, with poems one, three, and five having livelier tempi with complex rhythms and interlocking parts. These three poems are separated by numbers two and four, both involving a more lyrical melody and slow tempo. The last poem, “Lady Lazarus,” is perhaps the most complex of the poems set by Rorem and the most often performed movement.

—Translations—

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen by Franz Schubert

Wilhelm Müller – “Der Berghirt” (The Mountain Shepherd)	
Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh’, In’s tiefe Tal hernieder seh’, Und singe.	When, from the highest rock up here, I look deep down into the valley, And sing,
Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Tal Schwingt sich empor der Widerhall Der Klüfte.	Far from the valley dark and deep Echoes rush through, upward and back to me, The chasm.
Je weiter meine Stimme dringt, Je heller sie mir wieder klingt Von unten.	The farther that my voice resounds, So much the brighter it echoes From under.
Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir, Drum seh’n ich mich so heiß nach ihr Hinüber.	My sweetheart dwells so far from me, I long hotly to be with her. Over there.
Karl August Varnhagen von Ense – “Nächtlicher Schall” (Nightly Sound)	
In tiefem Gram verzehr ich mich, Mir ist die Freude hin, Auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich, Ich hier so einsam bin.	I am consumed in misery, Happiness is far from me, Hope has on earth eluded me, I am so lonesome here.
So sehndend klang im Wald das Lied, So sehndend klang es durch die Nacht, Die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht Mit wunderbarer Macht.	So longingly did sound the song, So longingly through wood and night, Towards heaven it draws all hearts With amazing strength.
Wilhelm Müller – “Liebesgedanken” (Love Thoughts)	
Der Frühling will kommen, Der Frühling, meine Freud’, Nun mach’ ich mich fertig Zum Wandern bereit.	The Springtime will come, The Springtime, my happiness, Now must I make ready To wander forth.

—Texts—

<p><u>Words</u></p>	
<p>Axes After whose stroke the wood rings, And the echoes! Echoes traveling Off from the center like horses.</p> <p>The sap Wells like tears, like the Water striving To re-establish its mirror Over the rock</p>	<p>That drops and turns, A white skull, Eaten by weedy greens. Years later I Encounter them on the road-</p> <p>Words dry and riderless, The indefatigable hoof-taps. While From the bottom of the pool, fixed stars Govern a life.</p>
<p><u>Poppies in July</u></p>	
<p>Little poppies, little hell flames, Do you do no harm?</p> <p>You flicker. I cannot touch you. I put my hands among the flames. Nothing burns</p> <p>And it exhausts me to watch you Flickering like that, wrinkly and clear red, like the skin of a mouth.</p> <p>A mouth just bloodied. Little bloody skirts!</p>	<p>There are fumes I cannot touch. Where are your opiates, your nauseous capsules?</p> <p>If I could bleed, or sleep! - If my mouth could marry a hurt like that!</p> <p>Or your liquors seep to me, in this glass capsule, Dulling and stilling.</p> <p>But colorless. Colorless.</p>
<p><u>The Hanging Man</u></p>	
<p>By the roots of my hair some god got hold of me. I sizzled in his blue volts like a desert prophet.</p> <p>The nights snapped out of sight like a lizard's eyelid : A world of bald white days in a shadeless socket.</p>	<p>A vulturous boredom pinned me in this tree. If he were I, he would do what I did.</p>
<p><u>Poppies in October</u></p>	
<p><u>Even the sun-clouds this morning cannot manage such skirts.</u> Nor the woman in the ambulance Whose red heart blooms through her coat so astound- ingly —</p> <p>A gift, a love gift Utterly unasked for By a sky</p>	<p>Palely and flamily Igniting its carbon monoxides, by eyes Dulled to a halt under bowlers.</p> <p>O my God, what am I That these late mouths should cry open In a forest of frost, in a dawn of corn- flowers.</p>

—Texts—

Ariel by Ned Rorem

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Lady Lazarus

<p>I have done it again. One year in every ten I manage it——</p> <p>A sort of walking miracle, my skin Bright as a Nazi lampshade, My right foot</p> <p>A paperweight, My face a featureless, fine Jew linen.</p> <p>Peel off the napkin O my enemy. Do I terrify?——</p> <p>The nose, the eye pits, the full set of teeth? The sour breath Will vanish in a day.</p> <p>Soon, soon the flesh The grave cave ate will be At home on me</p> <p>And I a smiling woman. I am only thirty. And like the cat I have nine times to die.</p> <p>This is Number Three. What a trash To annihilate each decade.</p> <p>What a million filaments. The peanut-crunching crowd Shoves in to see</p> <p>Them unwrap me hand and foot—— The big strip tease. Gentlemen, ladies</p>	<p>These are my hands My knees. I may be skin and bone,</p> <p>Nevertheless, I am the same, identical woman. The first time it happened I was ten. It was an accident.</p> <p>The second time I meant To last it out and not come back at all. I rocked shut</p> <p>As a seashell. They had to call and call And pick the worms off me like sticky pearls.</p> <p>Dying Is an art, like everything else. I do it exceptionally well.</p> <p>I do it so it feels like hell. I do it so it feels real. I guess you could say I've a call.</p> <p>It's easy enough to do it in a cell. It's easy enough to do it and stay put. It's the theatrical</p> <p>Comeback in broad day To the same place, the same face, the same brute Amused shout:</p> <p>'A miracle!' That knocks me out. There is a charge</p>	<p>For the eyeing of my scars, there is a charge For the hearing of my heart—— — It really goes.</p> <p>And there is a charge, a very large charge For a word or a touch Or a bit of blood</p> <p>Or a piece of my hair or my clothes. So, so, Herr Doktor. So, Herr Enemy.</p> <p>I am your opus, I am your valuable, The pure gold baby</p> <p>That melts to a shriek. I turn and burn. Do not think I underestimate your great concern.</p> <p>Ash, ash—— You poke and stir. Flesh, bone, there is nothing there——</p> <p>A cake of soap, A wedding ring, A gold filling.</p> <p>Herr God, Herr Lucifer Beware Beware.</p> <p>Out of the ash I rise with my red hair And I eat men like air.</p>
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—Upcoming Events—

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| Dec. 8 | Andrew Miller Sr. Viola Recital <i>in Heydel Hall</i> | 5:30 p.m. |
| Dec. 9 | Clarksville Youth Orchestra, a Community School of the Arts event | 7 p.m. |
| Dec. 10 | Antonio Witter Sr. Percussion Recital | 5:30 p.m. |

*All concerts & recitals are free and open to the public
in the George and Sharon Mabry Concert Hall
unless noted otherwise.*

If you would like to be added to the Department of Music patron database to be notified about future events, please send your name, address and email to music@apsu.edu or call 931-221-7818.

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