

Upcoming Events at KSU
in
Music

Friday, November 7
Richard Lalli, baritone
with David Watkins, piano
8:00 pm Music Building Recital Hall

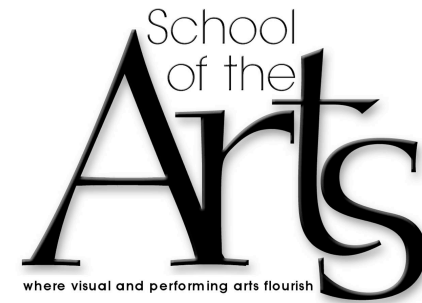
Saturday, November 8
Sean Osborne, clarinet
8:00 pm Music Building Recital Hall

Sunday, November 9
Trishla Wooten, soprano
Senior Recital
4:00 pm Music Building Recital Hall

Sunday, November 16
Kimberly Lemmick, flute
Senior Recital
3:00 pm Music Building Recital Hall

Tuesday, November 18
Mixed Chamber Recital
8:00 pm Music Building Recital Hall

Friday, November 21
Kennesaw State University
Guitar Ensemble
8:00 pm Music Building Recital Hall



Kennesaw State University
Department of Music
Musical Arts Series
presents

**Songs of
Samuel Barber
and
Ned Rorem**

Teresa Hopkin, soprano

with
Betty Anne Díaz, piano
Andre Gaskins, cello
Dr. Nick Norwood, poetry

Thursday, November 6, 2003
8:00 p.m.
Music Building Recital Hall

7th concert of the 2003/2004 Musical Arts Series season

Program

Sure on this shining night (James Agee)

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Remarks

Dr. Nick Norwood
Assistant Professor of English
Columbus State University

Last Poems of Wallace Stevens

Not Ideas about the Thing but the Thing Itself (b. 1923)
The River of Rivers in Connecticut
A child Asleep in Its Own Life
The Planet on the Table
The Dove in Spring
Interlude
Of Mere Being
A Clear day and No Memories

Ned Rorem

Hermit Songs

At Saint Patrick's Purgatory
Church Bell night
St. Ita's Vision
The Heavenly Banquet
The Crucifixion
Sea-Snatch
Promiscuity
The Monk and His Cat
The Praises of God
The Desire for Hermitage

Samuel Barber

Andre J. Gaskins currently serves as Assistant Professor of Cello at Columbus State University. He has served as the assistant to world-renowned cellist, Janos Starker, while pursuing graduate studies at Indiana University. Other faculty positions have included Eastern Illinois University, Earlham College and the Bravard Music Center. Solo appearances with orchestra have included performances with the Indianapolis Chamber Orchestra, the Fort Smith Symphony, the Carmel Symphony Orchestra and the Butler Symphony Orchestra. Most recently, he appeared in recital in Okinawa, Japan. This recital was also aired on NHK TV Japan. Additionally, Mr. Gaskins has been heard in recital in the cities of Indianapolis, Richmond, Cincinnati, Ann Arbor and Beijing, China. As a conductor, Gaskins has served as Music Director of the Earlham College Orchestra, Assistant Conductor of the Richard Symphony Orchestra and Conductor of the New World Youth Chamber Orchestra. His cello teachers have included Janos Starker of Indiana University, Helga Winold of Indiana University, Ardyth Alton of the Julliard School and William Grubb of Butler University. In addition to his classical background, Mr. Gaskins has recorded for a number of pop and folk music labels, as a featured cello soloist. Mr. Gaskins can be heard in the soundtrack for the PBS documentary, "For Gold and Glory." He also recorded as a featured soloist for the motion picture soundtrack, "Forgive Me Father." Solo appearances for the 2003-2004 season include a performance of Tan Dun's concerto setting of music from the motion picture soundtrack, "Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon" under the baton of Andrew King. Mr. Gaskins currently serves as the principal cellist of the Columbus Symphony Orchestra and the LaGrange Symphony Orchestra.

state and regional competitions, have received scholarships and assistantships to prestigious music institutions and festivals for continued study, and have sustained successful careers teaching and performing.

Prior to joining the faculty of the Schwob School of Music, Dr. Díaz taught in Atlanta at Georgia State University, where she launched and directed the Masters Degree in piano Pedagogy, at Kennesaw State University, and at the Georgia Academy of Music. She served as piano and chamber music instructor at the 2001 Georgia Governor's Honors Program. Dr. Díaz attributes her varied pedagogical and performance background to revered teachers with whom she studied, all of whom had active teaching, performing, and recording careers of international reputation. These teachers are: Edward Kilenyi and William Masselos, both with acclaimed solo careers; Menahem Pressler, pianist and founder of the world-famous Beaux Arts Trio (piano, violin, cello); Lee Luvisi, often called "the pianist's pianist," respected soloist, chamber musician, and founding member of the Lincoln Center Chamber Players, Nalo Tapia-Caballero, Chilean pianist and pedagogue and a first-generation student of Tobias Matthay; and Carolyn Bridger, esteemed chamber musician and director of the doctoral collaborative arts program at Florida State University.

Dr. Díaz has appeared in performance venues such as the Dame Myra Hess Series in Chicago, the Phillips Collection and Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D.C., throughout the United States, in Japan and Chile, and at national music conferences in this country. Her passion is collaborative performance; she appears frequently in concert with colleagues in the Schwob School of Music, playing a wide spectrum of styles and combinations, and she has concertized with renowned musicians such as violinist James Buswell and David Kim, flutist William Bennett, clarinetist Robert Spring, and pianist Charles Wadsworth. Dr. Díaz serves as coordinator of the keyboard area and of accompanying at the Schwob School of Music. She received the Doctor of Music in Piano Performance with Emphasis in Chamber Music and Vocal Accompanying from Florida State University in 2000.

Program Notes

The *Hermit Songs*, commissioned by the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation, were first performed by Leontyne Price, soprano, with the composer at the piano, at the Library of Congress, Washington, D.C., on October 30, 1953. They are settings of anonymous Irish texts of the eighth to thirteenth centuries written by monks and scholars, often on the margins of manuscripts they were copying or illuminating—perhaps not always meant to be seen by their Father Superiors. They are small poems, thoughts or observations, some very short, and speak in straightforward, droll, and often surprisingly modern terms of the simple life these men led, close to nature, to animals and to God. Some are literal translations and others, where existing translations seemed inadequate, were especially made by W.H. Auden and Chester Kallman. Robin Flower in *The Irish Tradition* has written as follows: "It was not only that these scribes and anchorites lived by the destiny of their dedication in an environment of wood and sea; it was because they brought into that environment an eye washed miraculously clear by a continual spiritual exercise that they, first in Europe, had that strange vision of natural things in an almost unnatural purity." From *Samuel Barber Collected Songs*, G. Schirmer, Inc., 1965

Song Texts

Sure on this shining night

Sure on this shining night
Of star-made shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me
This side the ground.
The late year lies down the north.
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth.
Hearts all whole.
Sure on this shining night
I weep for wonder wand'ring far alone
Of shadows on the stars.

Not Ideas about the Thing but the Thing Itself

At the earliest ending of winter,
In March, a scrawny cry from outside
Seemed like a sound in his mind.

He knew that he heard it,
A bird's cry, at daylight or before,
In the early March wind.

The sun was rising at six,
No longer a battered panache above snow...
It would have been outside.

It was not from the vast ventriloquism
Of sleep's faded papier-mâché...
The sun was coming from outside.

That scrawny cry—It was
A chorister whose preceded the choir.
It was part of the colossal sun,

Surrounded by its choral rings,
Still far away. It was like
A new knowledge of reality.

A Child Asleep in Its Own Life

Among the old men that you know,
There is one, unnamed, that broods
On all the rest, in heavy thought.

They are nothing, except in the universe
Of that single mind. He regards them
Outwardly and knows them inwardly,

The sole emperor of what they are,
Distant, yet close enough to wake
The chords above your bed to-night.

Teresa Hopkin is known throughout the Southeast on the opera and concert stage. Her critically acclaimed Atlanta Opera performances have included *La Bohème's* Mimi, the title role in *The Merry Widow* the Countess in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and Liu in *Turandot*.

On the concert stage, Ms. Hopkin has appeared with the Atlanta Symphony with conductors Robert Shaw and William Fred Scott, as well as with Orchestra Atlanta and the Columbus and LaGrange Symphonies. In addition, she has appeared with the Atlanta Opera Chorus in concert, Choral Guild of Atlanta, the Gay Men's Chorus, the Lanier Trio, the Emory Chamber Music Society of Atlanta, members of the Lincoln Center Chamber Music Society, the Columbus Civic Chorale. Ms. Hopkin has premiered works by American composers James Adler, Carl Boelter, Robert Boury, Steven Everett, Richard Hundley, and John Anthony Lennon.

Former director of vocal studies at Emory University, Ms Hopkin has served as Artistic Administrator of the Georgia State University Summer Opera Workshop and Vocal Coordinator of the Southeastern Music Center. As South Carolina and Florida Metropolitan Opera Auditions judge, she is a frequent adjudicator and master class teacher in Georgia. Her students currently sing throughout the United States and Europe. She has held various state offices for the Chapter of the National Association of teachers of Singing, and is a member of the National Music Honor Society *Pi Kappa Lambda*, The Voice Foundation, a research organization, and is academic advisor for the Schwob School of Music, at Columbus State University.

Ms. Hopkin can be heard on compact disc on the ACA Recording Troy Recording, and Kings Bishop labels.

Betty Anne Díaz, (BA Women's College of Georgia; MM Piano Performance and DM Piano Performance with Emphasis in Chamber Music and Vocal Accompanying, Florida State University; post-graduate studies, Indiana University; Aspen Music Festival) Betty Anne Díaz has taught piano and related courses at the university level for over thirty-five years. Her students have been recognized in

IX. The Praises of God

11th century

Translated by W. H. Auden

How foolish the man
Who does not raise
His voice and praise
With joyful words,
As he alone can,
Heaven's High King.
To Whom the light birds
With no soul but air,
All day, everywhere
Laudation sing.

X. The Desire for Hermitage

8th-9th century

Based on a Translation by Sean O'Faolain

Ah! To be all alone in a little cell with nobody near me;
beloved that pilgrimage before the last pilgrimage to Death.
Singing the passing hours to cloudy Heaven;
feeding upon dry bread and water from the cold spring.
That will be an end to evil when I am alone
in a lovely little corner among tombs
far from the houses of the great.
Ah! to be alone in a little cell,
to be alone, all alone:
Alone I came into the world,
alone I shall go from it.

The River of Rivers in Connecticut

There is a river this side of Stygia,
Before one comes to the first black cataracts
And trees that lack the intelligence of trees

In that river, far this side of Stygia,
The mere flowing of the water is a gayety,
Flashing and flashing in the sun. On its banks,

No shadow walks. The river is fateful,
Like the last one. But there is no ferryman.
He could not bend against its propelling force.

It is not to be seen beneath the appearances
That tell of it. The steeple at Farmington
Stands glistening and Haddam shines and sways.

It is the third commonness with light and air,
A curriculum, vigor, a local abstraction...
Call it, once more, a river, an unnamed flowing,

Space-filled, reflecting the seasons, the folk-lore
Of each of the senses; call it, again and again,
The river that flows nowhere, like a sea.

The Planet on the Table

Ariel was glad he had written his poems.
They were of a remembered time
Or of something seen that he liked.

Other makings of the sun
Were waste and welter
And the ripe shrub writhed.

His self and the sun were one
And his poems, although makings of his self,
Were no less makings of the sun.

It was not important that they survive,
What mattered was that they should bear
Some lineament or character,

Some affluence, if only half-perceived,
In the poverty of their words,
In the planet of which they were part.

The Dove in Spring

Brooder, brooder, deep beneath its walls —
A small howling of the dove
Makes something of the little there,
The little and the dark, and that
In which it is and that in which
It is established. There the dove

Makes this small howling, like a thought
That howls in the mind or like a man
Who keeps seeking out his identity

In that which is and is established...It howls
Of the great sizes of an outer bush
And the great misery of the doubt of it,

Of stripes of silver that are strips
Like slits across a space, a place
And state of being large and light.

There is this bubbling before the sun,
This howling at one's ear, too far
For daylight and too near for sleep.

VII. Promiscuity

9th century

I do not know with whom Edan will sleep,
but I do know that fair Edan will not sleep alone.

VIII. The Monk and His Cat

8th-9th century

Translated by W. H. Auden

Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are
Alone together,
Scholar and cat.
Each has his own work to do daily;
For you it is hunting, for me study.
Your shining eye watches the wall;
my feeble eye is fixed on a book.
You rejoice when your claws,
Entrap a mouse;
I rejoice when my mind
Fathoms a problem.
Pleased with his own art,
Neither hinders the other;
Thus we live ever
Without tedium and envy.
Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are
Alone together,
Scholar and cat.

IV. The Heavenly Banquet

*Attributed to Saint Brigid, 10th century
Translated by Sean O'Faolain*

I would like to have the men of Heaven in my own house;
with vats of good cheer laid out for them.
I would like to have the three Marys, their fame is so great.
I would like people from every corner of Heaven.
I would like them to be cheerful in their drinking,
I would like to have Jesus sitting here among them.
I would like a great lake of beer for the King of Kings.
I would like to be watching Haven's family
Drinking it through all eternity.

V. The Crucifixion

*From The Speckled Book, 12th century
Translated by Howard Mumford Jones*

At the cry of the first bird
They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!
Never shall lament cease because of that.
It was like the parting of day from night.
Ah, sore was the suffering borne
By the body of Mary's Son,
But sorer still to Him was the grief
Which for His sake
Came upon His Mother.

VI. Sea-Snatch

8th-9th century

It has broken us, it was crushed us, it has drowned us,
O King of the starbright Kingdom of Heaven;
the wind has consumed us, swallowed us,
as timber is devoured by crimson fire from Heaven.
It has broken us, it has crushed us, it has drowned us,
O King of the starbright Kingdom of Heaven!

O Mere Being

The palm at the end of the mind,
Beyond the last thought, rises
In the bronze décor,

A gold-feathered bird
Sings in the palm, without human meaning,
Without human feeling a foreign song.

You know then that it is not the reason
That makes us happy or unhappy.
The bird sings. Its feathers shine.

The palm stands on the edge of space.
The wind moves slowly in the branches.
The bird's fire-fangled feathers dangle down.

A Clear Day and No Memories

No soldiers in the scenery,
No thoughts of people now dead,
As they were fifty years ago,
Young and living in a live air,
Young and walking in the sunshine,
Bending in blue dresses to touch something,
Today the mind is not part of the weather.

Today the air is clear of everything,
It has no knowledge except of nothingness
And it flows over us without meanings,
As if none of us had ever been there before
And are not now: in this shallow spectacle,
This invisible activity, this sense.

Hermit Songs

I. At Saint Patrick's Purgatory

13th century

Translated by Sean O'Faolain

Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg!*
O King of the churches and the bells
Bewailing your sores and your wounds,
But not a tear can I squeeze from my eyes!
Not moisten an eye after so much sin!
Pity me, O King!

What shall I do with a heart that seeks only its own ease?
O only begotten Son by whom all men were made,
who shunned not the death by three wounds,
pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg
And I with a heart not softer than a stone!

II. Church Bell at Night

12th century

Translated by Howard Mumford Jones

Sweet little bell, struck on a windy night,
I would liefer keep tryst with thee
Than be
With a light and foolish woman.

***Loch Derg** (Red Lake) in County Donegal has been a place
of pilgrimage from very early times.

III. St. Ita's Vision

Attributed to Saint Ita, 8th century

Translated by Chester Kallman

"I will take nothing from my Lord," said she,
"unless He gives me his Son from Heaven

In the form of a Baby that I may nurse Him."
So that Christ came down to her
In the form of a Baby and then she said:
"Infant Jesus, at my breast,
Nothing in this world is true
Save, O tiny nursling, You.
Infant Jesus, at my breast,
By my heart every night,
You I nurse are not
A churl but were begot
On Mary the Jewess by Heaven's Light.
Infant Jesus, at my breast,
what King is there but You who could
Give everlasting Good?
wherefor I give my food.
Sing to Him, maidens, sing your best!
There is none that has such right
To your song as Heaven's King
Who every night
Is Infant Jesus at my breast."