

**Upcoming Events at KSU  
in  
Music**

**Monday, February 20**

Guest Performance

***Atlanta Symphony Brass Quintet***

8:00 pm Stillwell Theater

**Tuesday, February 21**

Kennesaw State University

***Orchestra***

8:00 pm Stillwell Theater

**Wednesday, February 22**

Kennesaw State University

***Wind Ensemble***

8:00 pm Stillwell Theater

**Thursday, February 23**

Kennesaw State University

***Jazz Ensemble***

8:00 pm Stillwell Theater

**Friday, February 24**

Guest Masterclass and Lecture

***Joseph Lin, violin***

12:00 pm Stillwell Theater

**Saturday, February 25**

COTA Premiere Series

***Joseph Lin, violin***

8:00pm Stillwell Theater

**Sunday February 26**

Faculty Recital

***Karen Parks, soprano***

3:00 pm Stillwell Theater

**Sunday March 5**

Masterclass and Guest Recital

***American Horn Quartet &***

***The Horns of the ASO***

4:00pm Masterclass

8:00 pm Recital

Stillwell Theater



Kennesaw State University  
Department of Music  
Musical Arts Series

presents

***A Faculty Recital***

***“A Cycle of Cycles”***

***Oral Moses, bass-baritone***

***Robert Henry, piano***

***Sunday, February 12, 2006***

***3:00pm***

***Stillwell Theater***

27th concert of the 2005/2006 Musical Arts Series season

## *Program*

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### **Die Winterreise Op. 89**

**Franz Schubert**  
(1797-1828)

#### **Gute Nacht**

A stranger I came, and a stranger I depart;  
May for me was prodigal with flowers.  
The girl spoke of love, her mother even of marriage--  
now the world is so gloomy, my path covered with snow.

I cannot choose the time for my journey;  
I must find my own way through this darkness.  
A shadow in the moonlight is my companion  
'and over the snowy meadows I follow the tracks of animals.

Why should I wait until they drive me out?  
Let prowling dogs howl before their masters' house!  
Love likes to rive ---  
God ordered it so --  
from one to another. Dear love, good-night!

I will not disturb your dream, it would be a shame to break your rest.  
You must not hear my footsteps -- softly, softly close the door!  
I only write as I leave -- "good-night" -- at your gate,  
so that you may see I thought of you.

#### **Die Wetterfahne**

The wind plays with the weathervane upon my fine sweetheart's house.  
So I thought I in my madness it flouted the poor fugitive.

He should have noticed sooner the emblem of the house;  
then he never would have sought a constant woman there.  
The wind plays inside with hearts just as on the roof, only not so loudly.  
What do they care for my sorrow?  
Their child is a rich bride.

#### **Gefrorene Tränen**

Frozen drops fall from my cheeks, and does it only now come to me  
that I have been weeping?

Ah tears, my tears, and are you then so lukewarm  
that you turn to ice like cool morning dew?

And yet you gush from the well of my glowing hot breast  
as though you would melt all the ice of winter.

## **Robert Henry**

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Born in Atlanta, Robert Henry began his musical studies at age seven and is passionate for the stage and studio, performing throughout the world as soloist, accompanist, and chamber musician.

Career highlights include critically-acclaimed solo debuts at the Kennedy Center and Carnegie Hall, and he recently presented his major orchestral debut with the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra. He presented the opening recital at the 2004 MTNA National Convention and will soon present his London debut in prestigious Wigmore Hall. Mr. Henry has enjoyed success in nearly every important piano competition in the world, winning the gold medal in four international piano competitions in the 2001-2002 season alone, awards which stand in addition to fourteen other first place awards throughout his career. Most recently, he coordinated and performed in the 'Pianists for New Orleans' tour of the United States.

Recently endorsed by Steinway Pianos, Mr. Henry has earned a reputation for giving stunning performances of the most demanding repertoire and for presenting often overlooked masterpieces to the public, be they by Bach or Boulanger. His next major project is recording the complete piano music of late American composer Robert Helps, and he is also preparing a staged and narrated production of the Franz Liszt's complete *Années de Pèlerinage*, a massive and most original undertaking. This summer, Mr. Henry will complete his doctoral studies at the University of Maryland. As an educator and pedagogue himself, Mr. Henry presents masterclasses, lectures, Youth Concerts, and is pleased to serve as Artist-in-Residence at both Georgia State and Kennesaw State Universities. He maintains his web-presence at [www.RobertHenry.org](http://www.RobertHenry.org). Robert and his wife Meryl make their home in the mountains of Jasper, Georgia.

Born in South Carolina he began his singing career as a member of the United States Seventh Army soldiers Chorus in Heidelberg, Germany and as a member of the famed **Fisk Jubilee singers** while attending Fisk University following his military career. Upon completion of his undergraduate studies he was awarded a Thomas J. Watson fellowship, which provided him the opportunity to return to Germany for further study in vocal performance and Opera with Elsa Domberger. Upon his return to the United States he attended the University of Michigan where he earned a Masters of Music and a Doctorate of Musical Arts Degree in Vocal Performance and Opera.

In 1986 as a recipient of a National Endowment for the Humanities Grant he co-authored a book entitled, "**Feel The Spirit-Studies in Nineteenth Century Afro-American Music**" published by Greenwood Press. In 1991 he was awarded a second National Endowment for the Humanities Grant to study the broad spectrum of American music.

As a solo recording artist for Albany Records his premiere CD, "**Deep River: Songs and Spirituals of Harry T. Burleigh.**" is featured in the PBS film documentary, "Antonin Dvorak in America." His second CD just recently released is, "**Amen! African-American composers of the Twentieth Century.**" He has collaborated with gospel artist, Babbie Mason on the CD/Video project, "Treasured Memories: A Celebration Of Our Gospel Music Heritage," documenting the rich legacy of Gospel Music. A second CD collaboration entitled, "**Third Day Offerings: A Worship Album,**" allowed him to record with Third Day, the contemporary Christian rock group which earned him his first gold record.

In addition to future concert and recital appearances he continues a busy schedule as guest lecturer and clinician for Gospel and Spiritual music workshops and conferences throughout the United States and Europe. He is **Professor of Voice and Music Literature** at Kennesaw State University in Kennesaw, Georgia.

## **Erstarrung**

I look in vain in the snow for a trace of her footprints,  
here where we two used to stroll across the meadow.

I want to kiss the ground, to penetrate the ice and snow  
with my hot tears until I see the earth.

Where will I find a blossom where will I find green grass?  
The flowers are withered, The sod looks so faded.

Shall I then take with me no souvenir from here?  
If my sorrows are silent, who will speak to me of her?

My heart is as if frozen, her cold image fixed within it;  
if my heart should ever thaw, her image also would melt.

## **Der Lindenbaum**

By the well in front of the gate there stands a linden tree,  
I dreamed in its shade many a sweet dream.

I carved in its bark many of fond word;  
in joy and in sorrow I always felt drawn to it.

I had a pass it again just now 'in the deep night,  
and even in the dark I closed my eyes.

And its branches rustled, as if they were calling to me,  
"Come here, friend, here you will find rest!"

The cold winds blew right into my face;  
my hat flew off my head, yet I did not turn back.

Now I am many hours distant from that spot,  
yet I always hear it rustling: "You would find rest there!"

## **Wasserflut**

Many tears from my eyes have  
fallen in the snow; its cold flakes  
thirstily drink up my hot misery.

When grass is ready to grow  
a gentle wind blows from thence,  
and the ice breaks into chunks  
and the soft snow melts.

Snow, you know of my longing;  
tell me, where does your course lead?  
Only follow my tears,  
and the stream will carry you away.

It will carry you through the town,  
in and out of the happy streets;  
if you feel my tears burning,  
that will be at my sweetheart's house.

### **Auf dem Flusse**

You that used to ripple so happily, clear, noisy stream,  
how quiet you have become!  
You give me no parting greeting.

With a hard, stiff crust  
you have covered yourself.  
You lie cold and motionless,  
stretched out in the sand.

In your shell I carve,  
with a sharp stone,  
the name of my sweetheart  
with the day and hour.

The day of our first greeting,  
the day of my departure --  
around the name and the figure  
is wound a broken ring.

My heart, in this brook  
do you now recognize your own image?  
Under its shell is it too so painfully swelling?

### **Rückblick**

The soles of my feet are burning, although I walk on ice and snow.  
I don't want to draw another breath until I can  
no longer see the towers.

I stumbled over every stone,  
so hurriedly did I leave the town; The crows threw down snow and  
hailstones on my head from every roof.

How differently you welcomed me, fickle town!  
At your shining windows  
the lark and the nightingale  
tried to outshine each other.

The rounded linden trees were blooming; the clear brooks  
rippled brightly, and ah, two girlish eyes glowed! --  
then it was all over with you, my boy!

### **Die Nebensonnen**

I saw three suns in the sky, and long and steadfastly I gazed at them.  
They stood there so fixedly, as if they could never leave me.

Ah! you are not my suns!  
You are shining into others' faces! Recently I too had three, but now  
the best two have set. I only wish the third would to down too! It  
would be better for me in darkness.

### **Der Leiermann**

Over beyond the village stands a hurdy-gurdy man, and with his numb  
fingers he grinds as best he can.

Barefoot on the ice, he moves to and fro, and his little tray is always  
empty.

Nobody cares to hear him, nobody looks at him, and the dogs snarl  
around the old man.

And he lets everything to as it will; he grinds, and his hurdy-gurdy is  
never silent.

Strange old man, shall I go with you?  
Will you grind out my songs on your hurdy-gurdy?

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### ***Oral Moses***

Oral Moses, bass-baritone performs regularly throughout the  
United States and Europe singing Opera, Oratorio and recitals  
with special emphasis on a wide variety of art song repertoire by  
African-American composers.

He has had numerous successes with Opera companies  
performing major roles in *Le Nozze de Figaro*, *Regina*, *La Bobeme*,  
*Albert Herring*, *Tremonisha*, *Rigoletto*, and *Die Zauberflöte* among  
many others. Symphonic engagements have included works with  
the Nashville Symphony, the Jackson Symphony, Detroit  
Symphony, Lansing Symphony, Tacoma Symphony and the  
Atlanta symphony. In 1983 he toured Eastern Europe, Poland,  
Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Austria and Berlin singing the role of  
Porgy in *Porgy and Bess*.

## **Täuschung**

A light dances cheerily before me; I follow it this way and that.

I follow it gladly, knowing all the while that it leads the wanderer astray. Ah, anyone as miserable as I gives himself willingly to the colorful deception that points beyond the ice, the night and its horror, to a bright warm house and a loving soul within -- only delusion is left for me!

## **Der Wegweiser**

Why do I avoid the highways  
that other wanderers travel and seek out hidden paths through snowbound  
rocky heights?

I have done nothing to make me avoid people-- what mad longing is it that  
drives me into the wilderness?

Guideposts stand along the road pointing to the towns, but I trudge  
ceaselessly on without rest, and seek rest.

One guidepost I see ever fixed before my eyes: I must travel a road by which  
no one has ever returned.

## **Das Wirtshaus**

Into a graveyard my  
way has led me. Here will I stop, I thought to myself.

The green memorial wreaths might well be the signs that invite weary  
travelers into the cool inn.

Are then in this house all the rooms taken? I am so weary I can hardly  
stand, and mortally wounded.

O pitiless inn, do you refuse to take me? Then on, ever on, my trusty staff!

## **Mut**

If snow flies in my face, I brush it off. If my heart speaks within me, I sing  
brightly and cheerfully.

I do not hear what it is saying to me; I have no ears. I do not feel the cause  
of its complaint -- complaining is for fools.

Gaily forth into the world, in spite of wind and weather! If there be no god  
on earth, then we ourselves are gods.

If I were to think of that day,  
I would want to go back again.  
I would want to go back  
and stand silent before her house.

## **Irrlicht**

Into the deepest rocky chasms  
a will-o'-the-wisp has lured  
me. How I shall find a way out does not greatly concern me.

I am used to going astray;  
every road leads to its destination: our joys, our sorrows,  
all are a will-of-the-wisp's game.

Through the dry bed of a mountain brook I take my way quietly  
down --every stream will reach the sea, every sorrow will find a grave.

## **Rast**

Now I notice for the first time how tired I am, as I lie down to rest;  
merely walking sustained me along the dreary path.

My feet did not seem tired, it was too cold to stop; my back felt no  
burden,  
the storm helped me along.

In a collier's little hut I have found shelter, but now my limbs will not  
rest because they ache so.

And you, my heart, in struggle and storm so fierce and so bold,  
only now, in the silence, feel the worm bestir itself with burning pangs!

## **Frühlingstraum**

I dreamed of colorful flowers  
such as bloom in May;  
I dreamed of green fields  
and the happy cries of birds.

And when the cocks crew I opened my eyes; it was cold and gloomy,  
and the ravens screamed from the roof.

But on the window panes who painted the leaves?  
Are you laughing at the dreamer who saw flowers in winter?

I dreamed of happy love,  
of a beautiful girl, of fondling and of kissing, of joy and bliss.

And when the cocks crew  
my heart awoke; now I sit here alone and think back over the dream.

I close my eyes again, my heart still beats ardently.  
When will the leaves turn green at the window? When will I hold you,  
sweetheart, in my arms?

### **Einsamkeit**

Like a murky cloud passing across the bright sky. when in the tops  
of the fir-trees a light breeze is stirring;

So I go on my way onward with dragging feet, amid the brightness  
and happiness of life, lonely and friendless.

If only the air were not so calm! If only the world were not so bright!  
While the storms were still raging I was not so miserable.

### ***Intermission***

### **Die Post**

Along the street a post-horn sounds.  
What is it that makes you so excited, my heart?

The mail coach brings no letter from you; why, then,  
are you so strangely vexed, my heart?

Oh, perhaps the mail man comes from the town where  
I had a sweetheart, my heart!

Would you like to have a look over there and ask how things  
are going, my heart!

### **Der greise Kopf**

The hoar-frost had given a white luster to my hair.  
I thought I was already an old man, and it made me very happy.

But soon it thawed away -- I again have black hair.  
hat a horror I have of my youth --how far it still is to the grave!

Between sunset and sunrise many a head has turned gray.  
Who would believe it? And mine has not changed during  
this whole journey!

### **Die Krähe**

A crow followed my out of the town; until now, ceaselessly, he has been  
flying about my head.

Crow, curious creature, won't you leave me alone? Do you mean, as prey,  
soon to seize upon my body?

well. I cannot go much farther on my staff. Crow, let me show at last  
faithfulness unto the grave!

### **Letzte Hoffnung**

Here and there upon the  
trees there is still a colored leaf to be seen. And by the trees I often stand  
musing.

I look at the one leaf and  
hang my hope upon it; if the wind plays with my leaf, I tremble all over.

Ah, and if the leaf falls to the ground, with it falls my hope. I myself sink  
with it to the earth and weep upon the grave of my hope.

### **Im Dorfe**

The dogs bark; their chains rattle; people are snoring in their beds.  
Dreaming of many things they do not have they refresh themselves both  
with the pleasant and the unpleasant.

And in the morning it is all gone. Ah well, they have enjoyed their  
portion, and hope to find what is still left over another time on their  
pillows.

Bark me on my way, watchdogs! Don't let me rest  
during the hours of sleep! I have come to the end of all dreaming-- why  
should I tarry among the sleepers?

### **Der stürmische Morgen**

How the storm has rent the gray mantle of heaven!  
Tatters of cloud drift about in weary strife.

And red streaks of lightning flash among them.  
This I call a morning after my own heart!

My heart sees in the heavens, painted, its own image ---  
it is nothing but the winter, the winter cold and wild!