FRAN G. ZARUBICK HONORS RECITAL

Sunday, May 15, 2022 • 3:00 pm
Leith Symington Griswold Hall

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)
Cello Suite No. 1, BWV 1007
  Prelude
  Minuet 1
  Minuet 2
  Luke Schroeder, guitar

Joseph Haydn (1732–1809)
Concerto in G Major, Hob. VIIa: 4
  Allegro Moderato

Francois Schubert (1808–1878)
The Bee
  Alan Stoupe, violin
  Vladimir Stoupe, piano

Ernest Chausson (1855–1899)
La Cigale (The Cicada)

Lee Hoiby (1926–2011)
“The Doe” from Songs for Leontyne

Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)
“Mein liebster ist so klein” from Italienisches Liederbuch

Sergey Rachmaninoff (1873–1943)
Margaritki (Daisies)

Joaquin Rodrigo (1901–1999)
Arbol
  Elisabeth Stevens, voice
  Ashley Lee, piano

Niccolo Paganini (1782–1840)
Variations on One String on a Theme by Rossini

Johann Sebastian Bach
Suite III, BWC 1009
  Alexander Yang, cello
  Narae Lee, piano

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Edward Elgar (1857–1934)
*Celllo Concerto in E minor, Op. 85*
  - Adagio
  - Moderato
  - Lento
  - Allegro Molto

  Liana Kai, cello
  Alan Lin, piano

François Morel (1926–2018)
*Etude de Sonorité No. 2*

  Andy Yoon, piano

Claude Debussy (1862–1918)
*Noël des enfants qui n’ont plus de maisons*

Franz Schubert (1797–1828)
*Die Forelle*

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)
*The Call*

  Joshua Bowden, voice
  Xinyue (Kim) Zang, piano

*Today’s performers are from the studios of Carol Cavey-Miles, Hyun-Sook Park, Devonna Rowe, Zoe Stewart, Christian Tremblay, and Alicia Ward.*
TRANSLATIONS

Lee Hoiby (1926–2011)
“The Doe” from Songs for Leontyne
Through the snow the graceful doe,
Gently slow, heel and toe, precisely so.
Through drift and blow of drift
And glow of moon and snow,
The leaping doe, her form and shadow.
Near pines, a row thatched with the snow
I watched the doe come and go,
And go!

Ernest Chausson (1855–1899)
La Cigale (The Cicada)
Oh Cicada, born in the good times,
On the green boughs, posed at dawn,
Content to drink a little dew,
And like a king, you sing all day long.
Entirely innocent, peaceful and without guile,
The happy laborer, sheltered by the oak,
Hears you from far away announcing the summer!
Apollo honors you as much as the Muses,
And Zeus has given you immortality!
Greetings, wise child of the ancient world,
Whose song invites us to close our eyes,
And who, under the heat of the Attic sun,
Having neither flesh nor blood,
Lives like the gods!

Joaquin Rodrigo (1901–1999)
Arbol
Tree, bloom me another dream,
the evening is deep red,
and you will be my trunk
and I will be your branch.
Tree, bloom me another dream,
during the dawn,
and I will be your arm,
white bark during the dawn,
white of fruit, red of flame.

Sergey Rachmaninoff (1873–1943)
Daisies
Oh, look, how many daisies, here and there.
They are blooming, there are many of them, an abundance.
They are blooming.
Their three-sided petals are like wings, like white silk.
In them is the summer power!
The joy of abundance, a flying regiment.
Prepare for the flowers, Earth, a drink out of dew,
sap to the stem...
Oh, maidens, oh, stars of daisies, I love you!

Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)
“Mein Liebster ist so klein”
My sweetheart is so small, that without stooping
He sweeps the floor for me with his locks.
When he went into the little garden to pick jasmine,
He was very frightened by a snail.
Then he went into the house to catch his breath,
And a fly knocked him over in a heap;
And when he stepped up to my little window,
A horsefly knocked him in his skull.
Cursed be all flies, gnats, and horseflies -
And all who have a tiny sweetheart from Maremma!
Cursed be all flies, gnats, and midges -
And all who must stoop so low for a kiss!

Elisabeth Stevens, voice
Noël des enfants qui n’ont plus de maisons
We’ve no houses anymore!
The enemy has taken everything,
everything, everything,
even our little beds!
They’ve burned the school and our teacher too.
They’ve burned the church and Mister Jesus
and the poor old man who couldn’t escape!
We’ve no houses anymore!
The enemy has taken everything,
everything, everything,
even our little beds!
Of course! Daddy’s at the war,
poor mother died!
Before seeing all this.
What are we to do?
Noël, little Noël, don’t visit them,
don’t visit them ever again,
punish them!
Avenge the children of France!
The little Belgians, the little Serbs,
and also the little Poles!
If we’ve forgotten any, forgive us.
Noël! Noël! And above all, no toys,
try to give us back our daily bread.
We’ve no houses anymore!
The enemy has taken everything,
everything, everything,
even our little beds!
They’ve burned the school and our teacher too.
They’ve burned the church and Mister Jesus
and the poor old man who couldn’t escape!
Noël! Hear us, we no longer have our little clogs:
but give victory to the children of France!

Die Forelle
In a limpid brook
the capricious trout
in joyous haste
darted by like an arrow.
I stood on the bank
in blissful peace, watching
the lively fish swim
in the clear brook.
An angler with his rod
stood on the bank,
cold-bloodedly watching
the fish’s contortions.
As long as the water
is clear, I thought,
he won’t catch the trout
with his rod.
But at length the thief
grew impatient. Cunningly
he made the brook cloudy,
and in an instant
his rod quivered,
and the fish struggled on it.
And I, my blood boiling,
looked on at the cheated creature.

Joshua Bowden, voice