



# Between Breath and Silence

a voice recital

Rachel Kibler, soprano

Julie Page, piano

Mike Doyle, clarinet

Leon Chodos, bassoon

Susan Swidnicki, oboe

Anita Miller, French horn

2 November 2025, 2pm, Salt Lake City, Utah

recorded and streamed by DB Productions Utah

## Program

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen Franz Schubert, 1797–1828

Rachel Kibler, soprano  
Mike Doyle, clarinet  
Julie Page, piano

I Never Saw Another Butterfly Lori Laitman, b.1955

1. The Butterfly
2. Yes, That's the Way Things Are
3. Birdsong
4. The Garden
5. Man Proposes, God Disposes
6. The Old House

Rachel Kibler, soprano  
Leon Chodos, bassoon

L'énamourée Reynaldo Hahn, 1874–1947  
Widmung Robert Schumann, 1810–1856

Rachel Kibler, soprano  
Julie Page, piano

Intermission (10 minutes)

Multitudinous Stars and Spring Waters Jenni Brandon, b.1977

Rachel Kibler, soprano  
Susan Swidnicki, oboe

To the Seasons Gina Gillie, b.1981

- I. To Summer
- II. To Autumn
- III. To Winter
- IV. To Spring

Rachel Kibler, soprano  
Anita Miller, French horn  
Julie Page, piano

*Please join the artists for a light reception in the Atrium after the recital.*

## Program Notes, Lyrics, and Translations

This program is about loss, change, and love. Between Breath and Silence is where music lives and where love burns, and it's where both hellos and goodbyes are spoken. This is a complicated program musically and thematically, with moments of soaring joy and desperate sadness. It's been a wonderful journey to prepare this, and I hope you enjoy it.

### Der Hirt auf dem Felsen (Shepherd on the Rock)

*Text by Wilhelm Müller and Karl August Varnhagen von Ense, translation by Richard Stokes*

Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh',  
In's tiefe Tal hernieder seh',  
Und singe,

When I stand on the highest rock,  
Look down into the deep valley  
And sing,

Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Tal  
Schwingt sich empor der Widerhall  
Der Klüfte.

From far away in the deep dark valley  
The echo from the ravines  
Rises up.

Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,  
Je heller sie mir wieder klingt  
Von unten.

The further my voice carries,  
The clearer it echoes back to me  
From below.

Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir,  
Drum seh'n' ich mich so heiß nach ihr  
Hinüber.

My sweetheart lives so far from me,  
Therefore I long so to be with her  
Over there.

In tiefem Gram verzehr ich mich,  
Mir ist die Freude hin,  
Auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich,  
Ich hier so einsam bin.

Deep grief consumes me,  
My joy has fled,  
All earthly hope has vanished,  
I am so lonely here.

So sehnend klang im Wald das Lied,  
So sehnend klang es durch die Nacht,  
Die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht  
Mit wunderbarer Macht.

The song rang out so longingly through the wood,  
Rang out so longingly through the night,  
That is draws hearts to heaven  
With wondrous power.

Der Frühling will kommen,  
Der Frühling, meine Freud',  
Nun mach' ich mich fertig  
Zum Wandern bereit.

Spring is coming,  
Spring, my joy,  
I shall now make ready to journey.

## **Der Hirt auf dem Felsen, Franz Schubert**

Composed in 1828 as his penultimate work, Schubert structured this duet between soprano and clarinet in three parts. In the first part, the shepherd sings about... singing. And then a little bit of longing. In the second part, with long phrasing, the shepherd sings about loneliness. So much loneliness. But the third part, back in a major key, brings with it the hope of spring and preparation to go wandering. The finale is even faster and more brilliant with words from the first part about the shepherd's voice echoing back clearly. The text painting in this section, with voices and echoes trading between the clarinet and soprano and colliding at times, is thrilling to sing. This piece is a showcase in clarinet virtuosity, and Mike does an excellent job of bringing technical excellence and expression to it.

## **I Never Saw Another Butterfly, Lori Laitman**

Terezin was considered the "jewel" of the Nazi concentration camp system, complete with an arts program for children and cultural events for all. As part of the arts program, the children wrote poetry and created drawings and paintings, many of which are still preserved. The poetry of this song cycle was composed by multiple children and (very) young adults. The ability to find beauty in the midst of such horror is both deeply unsettling and so very hopeful. Laitman initially composed this in 1995 for saxophone and soprano, but the depth that the bassoon brings to this is, to me, an improvement, and Leon performs this work with such musicality that expresses the intense emotion felt by these children.

### *1. The Butterfly*

The bassoon part in this movement mimics the motion of butterflies, rising and falling in different rhythms but always gracefully. The soprano line brings across the melancholy of not seeing butterflies in the ghetto. I really love the way Leon plays with the freedom of the bassoon line in this movement.

### *2. Yes, That's the Way Things Are*

This movement is sardonic and bitterly ironic. The bassoon holds echoes of klezmer music with its ornamentation, and the soprano slides in small ways and even octaves to highlight the sarcasm. It's a portrait of bitter anger at the injustice of an old man sitting in a "park" surrounded by cement walls, gumming hard crusts of bread.

### *3. Birdsong*

The soprano and bassoon get the most "duet-ty" in this movement, with long melodic lines that intertwine. For all the depression and anger of the rest of this work, this movement stands out as a message of beauty and hope. Despite oppression and imprisonment, it is still a wonderful thing to be alive.

### *4. The Garden*

The bassoon meanders through this movement, as a person might move through a garden. The text is short and bleak, and the soprano melody rises to a peak on "when the blossom comes to bloom", then takes a sharp dip in volume on the last line, fading away like the little boy.

### 5. *Man Proposes, God Disposes*

An even shorter movement, and so very intense. The bassoon sets the tone, with heavy accents on the beat. And the soprano brings in a loud, accented line as well, with slides to emphasize the intensity of the text.

### 6. *The Old House*

In this last movement, the bassoon is muted throughout and largely has a drone going. The soprano weaves in and out of the core bassoon note, sometimes ending in unison or a perfect fifth, sometimes ending in a minor second or something similarly discordant. This movement is the most dynamic (literally) of the song cycle, starting very soft, getting gradually louder and louder, and then diminishing to nothing at the end. It's a stark reflection of the bleakness and anger, using a deserted house as textual metaphor and sparse orchestration as music.

## **I Never Saw Another Butterfly**

### 1. The Butterfly

*Pavel Friedmann, 1942*

The last, the very last,  
So richly, brightly, dazzlingly yellow  
Perhaps if the sun's tears would sing against a  
white stone...

Such, such a yellow  
Is carried lightly way up high.  
It went away I'm sure because it wished to  
kiss the world goodbye.  
For seven weeks I've lived in here.  
Pinned up inside this ghetto  
But I have found my people here.  
The dandelions call to me  
And the white chestnut candles in the court.  
Only I never saw another butterfly.  
That butterfly was the last one  
Butterflies don't live in here,  
In the ghetto.

### 2. Yes, That's the Way Things Are

*M. Kosek, H. Lowy, Bachner*

In Terezin, in a so-called park  
A queer old grand-dad sits  
Somewhere there in the so-called park.

He wears a beard down to his lap  
And on his head a little cap,  
Hard crusts he crumbles in his gums  
He's got only one single tooth.  
My poor old man with working gums  
Instead of soft rolls, lentil soup,  
My poor old gray beard.

### 3. Birdsong

*Anonymous, 1941*

He doesn't know the world at all  
Who stays in his nest and doesn't go out  
He doesn't know what the birds know best.  
Nor would I want to sing about  
That the world is full of loneliness  
When dew drops sparkle in the grass  
And earth's a-flood with morning light.  
A black bird sings upon a bush  
To greet the dawning after night  
Then I know how fine it is to live, to live.  
Hey, try to open up your heart to beauty  
Go to the woods some day  
And weave a wreath of memory there.  
Then, if tears obscure your way  
You'll know how wonderful it is  
To be alive.

#### 4. The Garden

*Franta Bass*

A little garden,  
Fragrant and full of roses.  
The path is narrow  
And a little boy walks along it.  
A little boy, a sweet boy,  
Like that growing blossom.  
When the blossom comes to bloom,  
The little boy will be no more.

#### 6. The Old House

*Franta Bass*

Deserted here, the old house  
stands in silence, asleep.  
The old house used to be so nice,  
before, standing there,  
it was so nice.  
Now it is deserted,  
rotting in silence –  
What a waste of houses,  
a waste of hours.

#### 5. Man Proposes, God Disposes

*M. Kosek, H. Lowy, Bachner, 1944*

Who was helpless back in Prague, and who was rich  
before?  
He's a poor soul here in Terezin  
His body's bruised and sore.  
Who was toughened up before, he'll survive these days  
But who was used to servants, will sink into his grave.

#### **L'énamourée, Reynaldo Hahn**

This is an expressive piece, composed roughly in 1891, about love and loss, with the singer having lost their love and waiting to be reunited in death. There is also a refusal to accept the loss, dreaming repeatedly of caressing the hair of the departed. This is a strophic piece, happening in three verses, but each verse has a different rhythm to it, in how the singer enters or where the soaring bits start. It is a lovely piece to sing, sitting well in the voice, with the heavy lifting done by the piano in the form of sweeping arpeggios and grand chords.

#### **Widmung, Robert Schumann**

Schuman composed this piece in 1840 as part of a larger work (*Myrthen*) that was a wedding gift to his wife, Clara (a great composer in her own right). The text is about love and devotion, and the piano part emphasizes this with arpeggios that suggest the heart skipping along. The middle section broadens in line and also moves down to the lower register of the voice as the singer sings about the beloved being their quiet and peace. The return of the first four lines of the poem and the heart-skipping piano part ends the piece in a joyful expression of the beloved being everything to the singer.

## L'énamourée (My Beloved One)

*Text by Théodore Faullain de Banville, translation © by Peter Low, reprinted with permission from the LiederNet Archive*

Ils se disent, ma colombe,  
Que tu rêves, morte encore,  
Sous la pierre d'une tombe :  
Mais pour l'âme qui t'adore,  
Tu t'éveilles réanimée,  
Ô pensive bien-aimée !

Par les blanches nuits d'étoiles,  
Dans la brise qui murmure,  
Je caresse tes longs voiles,  
Ta mouvante chevelure,  
Et tes ailes demi-closes  
Qui voltigent sur les roses !

Ô délices ! je respire  
Tes divines tresses blondes !  
Ta voix pure, cette lyre,  
Suit la vague sur les ondes,  
Et, suave, les effleure,  
Comme un cygne qui se pleure !

They say, my dove,  
that you are still dead and dreaming  
beneath a tombstone;  
but you awaken, revived,  
for the soul that adores you,  
oh pensive beloved!

Through the sleepless nights,  
in the murmuring breeze,  
I caress your long veils,  
your swaying hair  
and your half-closed wings  
which flutter among the roses.

Oh delights! I breathe  
your divine blond tresses!  
Your pure voice, a kind of lyre,  
moves on the swell of the waters  
and touches them gently, suavely,  
like a lamenting swan!

## Widmung (Dedication)

*Text by Friedrich Rückert, translation by Richard Stokes*

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,  
Du meine Wonn', o du mein Schmerz,  
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,  
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,  
O du mein Grab, in das hinab  
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab!  
Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden,  
Du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden.  
Dass du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert,  
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,  
Du hebst mich liebend über mich,  
Mein guter Geist, mein bess'eres Ich!

You my soul, you my heart,  
You my rapture, O you my pain,  
You my world in which I live,  
My heaven you, to which I aspire,  
O you my grave, into which  
My grief forever I've consigned!  
You are repose, you are peace,  
You are bestowed on me from heaven.  
Your love for me gives me my worth,  
Your eyes transfigure me in mine,  
You raise me lovingly above myself,  
My guardian angel, my better self!

## Multitudinous Stars and Spring Waters

*Text by Meng Chu, Ping Hsin, Hsiung Hung, and Kuan Tao-Sheng (poems are separated by ---)*

In the sunny Spring of March and April,  
When water and grass are the same color,  
I met a young man dallying along the road,  
I'm sorry I didn't meet him earlier.

In the sunny Spring of March and April,  
When water and grass are the same color,  
I reach up and pick the flowers from the vines.  
Their perfume is like my lover's breath.

Four, now five years, I have expected you.  
During this long wait my love  
Has turned into sorrow.  
I wish we could go away, back to some lonely  
place,  
Where I could give my body  
Completely to your embraces.

(In the sunny Spring of March and April,  
When water and grass are the same color.)

---  
Bright moon-  
All grief, sorrow, loneliness completed-  
Fields of silver light-  
Who, on the other side of the brook  
Blows a surging flute?

---  
The orphan boat of my heart  
Crosses the unsteady, undulant,  
Ocean of Time.

---  
For you I have stored up an ocean of thought,  
Quiet, transparent, bright.  
Your arms encircle the city of sleep  
Of my far off, beautiful dreams.

A lamp shines faintly through a crescent  
window.  
It is your name, changed to gold and silver  
silk,  
That has wrapped me and entangled me  
With half a century.

An ocean of thoughts  
All stored in that quiet city moat -  
The most beautiful language,  
Sounds like beautiful flower petals,  
That fall and clothe my body with dream.

---  
These fragmented verses  
Are only drops of spray  
On the sea of knowledge.  
Yet they are bright shining  
Multitudinous stars, inlaid  
On the skies of the heart.

---  
Void only-  
Take away your veil of stars  
Let me worship  
The splendor of your face.

---  
You and I  
Have so much love,  
That it  
Burns like a fire,  
In which we bake a lump of clay  
Molded into a figure of you  
And a figure of me.  
Then we take both of them,  
And break them into pieces,  
And mix the pieces with water,  
And mold again a figure of you,  
And a figure of me.

I am in your clay.  
You are in my clay.

In life we share a single quilt.  
In death we will share one coffin.

### **Multitudinous Stars and Spring Waters, Jenni Brandon**

Brandon composed this work in 2018, using work from Chinese women poets reaching back to the third century, but mostly from the twentieth century, when women could finally share their poetry with more than just their husbands. This work is very much a duet between oboe and soprano, performing in the same register and expressing love and longing through the push and pull of the music. It's a tricky piece for both parts, but Susan plays this absolutely beautifully, taking what Brandon wrote and making it her own.

### **To the Seasons, Gina Gillie**

This work was written in 2009 for Gillie's doctoral dissertation in horn performance. She sets the poetry of William Blake, displaying the character of the seasons through delightful text painting. Anita is brilliant on horn, with warm tone and incredible facility on such a difficult instrument.

#### *I. To Summer*

The contrast between the intense rhythmic chords in the piano and the melodic lines in the voice and horn show the dichotomy between the burning heat of summer and the pleasantness that summer brings. The ensemble settles more on the pleasant side as the movement progresses, adding depth to the piano's chords to make them less intrusive and more celebratory.

#### *II. To Autumn*

The unaccompanied horn and voice lines bookend Autumn's song in the middle, which is meant to be reminiscent of a harvest festival.

#### *III. To Winter*

This one is a beast, just like winter can be. It is harsh and angular, only softening at the end as spring approaches. It gets wickedly fast at times, which makes me think of blizzards and the wind whipping around. This movement is all mood all the time.

#### *IV. To Spring*

Spring brings back melody and lightness to the work and the world. This movement is largely in four repeats of the melody, the first in the horn, the second in the voice, the third with the horn on melody and the voice on a descant, and those roles reversed for the fourth repeat. It's a lovely movement expressing the beauty of spring, though punctuated by sixteenth notes in a duet and an instrumental section in six eight that herald the oncoming of spring.

## To the Seasons

*Text by William Blake*

### I. To Summer

O thou who passest thro' our vallies in  
Thy strength, curb thy fierce steeds, allay the heat  
That flames from their large nostrils! thou, O Summer,  
Oft pitched'st here thy golden tent, and oft  
Beneath our oaks hast slept, while we beheld  
With joy, thy ruddy limbs and flourishing hair.

Beneath our thickest shades we oft have heard  
Thy voice, when noon upon his fervid car  
Rode o'er the deep of heaven; beside our springs  
Sit down, and in our mossy vallies, on  
Some bank beside a river clear, throw thy  
Silk draperies off, and rush into the stream:  
Our vallies love the Summer in his pride.

Our bards are fam'd who strike the silver wire:  
Our youth are bolder than the southern swains:  
Our maidens fairer in the sprightly dance:  
We lack not songs, nor instruments of joy,  
Nor echoes sweet, nor waters clear as heaven,  
Nor laurel wreaths against the sultry heat.

### II. To Autumn

O Autumn, laden with fruit, and stained  
With the blood of the grape, pass not, but sit  
Beneath my shady roof; there thou mayst rest,  
And tune thy jolly voice to my fresh pipe,  
And all the daughters of the year shall dance!  
Sing now the lusty song of fruits and flowers.

"The narrow bud opens her beauties to  
The sun, and love runs in her thrilling veins;  
Blossoms hang round the brows of Morning, and  
Flourish down the bright cheek of modest Eve,

Till clust'ring Summer breaks forth into singing,  
And feather'd clouds strew flowers round her head.

"The spirits of the air live on the smells  
Of fruit; and Joy, with pinions light, roves round  
The gardens, or sits singing in the trees."  
Thus sang the jolly Autumn as he sat;  
Then rose, girded himself, and o'er the bleak  
Hills fled from our sight; but left his golden load.

### III. To Winter

O Winter! bar thine adamantine doors:  
The north is thine; there hast thou built thy dark  
Deep-founded habitation. Shake not thy roofs  
Nor bend thy pillars with thine iron car.

He hears me not, but o'er the yawning deep  
Rides heavy; his storms are unchain'd, sheathed  
In ribbed steel; I dare not lift mine eyes;  
For he hath rear'd his scepter o'er the world.

Lo! now the direful monster, whose skin clings  
To his strong bones, strides o'er the groaning rocks:  
He withers all in silence, and in his hand  
Unclothes the earth, and freezes up frail life.

He takes his seat upon the cliffs, the mariner  
Cries in vain. Poor little wretch! that deal'st  
With storms; till heaven smiles, and the monster  
Is driven yelling to his caves beneath Mount Hecla.

### IV. To Spring

O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down  
Through the clear windows of the morning, turn  
Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,  
Which in full choir hails thy approach, O Spring!

The hills tell one another, and the listening  
Valleys hear; all our longing eyes are turn'd

Up to thy bright pavilions: issue forth  
And let thy holy feet visit our clime!

Come o'er the eastern hills, and let our winds  
Kiss thy perfumed garments; let us taste  
Thy morn and evening breath; scatter thy pearls  
Upon our lovesick land that mourns for thee.

O deck her forth with thy fair fingers; pour  
Thy soft kisses on her bosom; and put  
Thy golden crown upon her languish'd head,  
Whose modest tresses are bound up for thee.



## **Thank Yous**

To Zion Lutheran Church, for showing so much kindness over the past decade and letting me use this amazing space. A special shout-out to Tracy Hackworth, the office administrator!

To Daniel Tuutau and DB Productions Utah for recording this recital, as well as all the others I've done in Utah! It's been a fun ride, all caught on video!

To Annalise Ford and Carl Kibler, for putting together the excellent reception following the recital. And for telling me to stay out of it and let them handle it all.

To Aubrey Adams-McMillan, for teaching me for a decade now, always with patience, kindness, enthusiasm, and a certainty that I can improve.

To the musicians who agreed to come on this journey with me, for being absolutely incredible and also incredibly patient as we learned this rep together. And to Lee Livengood, for coaching some of us!

To the people who love me, for all your support from an early age (thanks, Mom!) to now. I'm so fortunate to be surrounded by people I trust, value, and care for deeply, and who do the same.

## Artist Bios

**Rachel Kibler** has been a musician in various forms her whole life, picking up singing in earnest in 2013. She has degrees in mathematics and music from Luther College, where her primary instrument was double bass. She currently studies with Dr. Aubrey Adams-McMillan in Salt Lake City. Rachel sings with the Utah Symphony Chorus (check out Faure's Requiem next weekend!) and the church choir here at Zion Lutheran, and she has sung with various choirs in the Salt Lake area since moving to Utah in 2015. The wildest singing experiences include singing with the Eagles for their concert in Salt Lake, and then eight days later, singing for a service at St. Peter's Basilica at the Vatican. Rachel works as a software tester and spends time outside of work speaking at conferences, knitting, and playing board games.

**Julie Page** is a collaborative pianist residing in Salt Lake City with her two young sons. An Oregon native, she holds a BA in Music from the University of Portland, as well as an MM in Piano Performance and Pedagogy and a DMA in Collaborative Piano from the University of Wisconsin-Madison. Julie is an active chamber musician and performs in a wide variety of settings. From January 2011 to October 2012, she was the pianist for the award-winning, Madison-based Ekaterinburg Classical Trio ("Kat Trio"), which toured around Wisconsin and across the United States. Julie currently works as a staff accompanist at Westminster University as well as an accompanist for several private voice and string studios in and around Salt Lake City. Her past teachers include Jeanne Schell, Linda Barker, Catherine Kautsky, Jessica Johnson, and Martha Fischer.

**Mike Doyle** is an experienced clarinetist who is proud to have recently made Salt Lake City his home. Doyle has performed with many of the country's best symphony orchestras, including the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, the Charleston Symphony Orchestra, the Milwaukee Ballet Orchestra, the IRIS Chamber Orchestra, and is currently a substitute with the Utah Symphony. Mike spent two summers as a fellow of the Tanglewood Music Center Orchestra, winning the prestigious Gino B. Cioffi Memorial prize. While a busy freelance clarinetist in the Chicago area, he performed with artists such as Andrea Bocelli, Art Garfunkel, Johnny Mathis, Il Divo, and many more. Doyle received his Master of Music degree from Northwestern University, where he studied with J. Lawrie Bloom and Russell Dagon, and his Bachelor of Fine Arts degree from Carnegie Mellon University, where he studied with Thomas D. Thompson. Other studies include Thomas Martin, David Samour, and Ronald Ackerman.

**Leon Chodos** is currently the Associate Principal bassoonist and contrabassoonist of the Utah Symphony. He has previously held positions with the Oregon Symphony, the Colorado Symphony and the San Jose Symphony (now called Symphony Silicon Valley). Mr. Chodos has performed with the Nova Chamber Music Series and performs regularly with the Logan Canyon Winds woodwind quintet which is composed of faculty from the Utah State University

music department. He also teaches bassoon as an adjunct professor of bassoon at Utah State University. Mr. Chodos received his bachelor's degree in bassoon performance from California State University, Northridge and his master's degree in bassoon performance from the University of Michigan.

**Susan Swidnicki** has had an extensive performing career as an oboist and was principal oboist for Ballet West, as well as an extra oboist with the Utah Symphony for many years.

She earned an M.M. in Oboe from St. Louis Conservatory of Music as well as an undergraduate degree in performance from the University of Utah. She has taught oboe for Westminster University and Utah State University, in addition to her private studio.

Susan is currently focusing on performing chamber music and her first love teaching music to children and teens. She is the music teacher for the McCarthey campus of Rowland Hall and the Director of music for children and youth at Zion Lutheran Church. She holds full Orff certification, full Kodaly certification and certification from the Smithsonian Multicultural Pedagogy course of the University of Washington.

**Anita Miller** is an accomplished French hornist, educator, and Alphorn player currently serving as Adjunct professor of horn at Utah Valley university, Principal Horn of Utah Chamber Artists, member of the ballet West orchestra, extra with the Utah Symphony and hornist for the professional wind quintet, Aspen Winds among her Utah accomplishments. In addition, Anita has worked with many orchestras all over the country including the Pittsburgh Symphony, New Jersey Symphony, New York Philharmonic, New World Symphony, and was third horn in the New Haven symphony, second horn at Radio City Music Hall, member of the BMI Big Band and taught at the Music Advancement Program at Juilliard. Fun fact - while being a successful freelancer in the New York City area, at one point, Anita covered 26 different horn books on Broadway at the same time. Anita is a graduate of The Juilliard school, where she studied with Jerome Ashby.