

# An Invitation to Bloom: a Voice Recital



Rachel Kibler, soprano

Annalise Ford, mezzo-soprano

26 March 2023, 3pm, Salt Lake City

# PROGRAM

Die Seele ruht in Jesu Händen  
from *Herr Jesu Christ, wahr' Mensch und Gott*, BWV 127 (1725)

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

Rachel Kibler, soprano  
Susan Swidnicki, oboe  
Leon Chodos, bassoon  
Melissa Livengood, piano

Seufzer, Tränen, Kummer, Not  
from *Ich hatte viel Bekümmernis*, BWV 21, Part I (1714)

Johann Sebastian Bach

Rachel Kibler, soprano  
Susan Swidnicki, oboe  
Leon Chodos, bassoon  
Melissa Livengood, piano

Vier Gesänge, op. 43 (1869)

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

1. Von ewiger Liebe
2. Die Mainacht

Annalise Ford, mezzo-soprano  
Melissa Livengood, piano

Jablko z klína (An Apple From the Lap), Op. 10 (1934-1936)

Vítězslava Kaprálová (1915-1940)

- I. Píseň na vrbovou píšťalku (Song on the willow pipe)
- II. Ukolébavka (Lullaby)
- III. Bezvětrí (Calm)
- IV. Jarní pouť (Spring fair)

Rachel Kibler, soprano  
Melissa Livengood, piano

Caro mio ben

Tommaso Giordani (c1733-1806)

Annalise Ford, mezzo-soprano  
Melissa Livengood, piano

L'invitation au voyage

Emmanuel Chabrier (1841-1894)

Rachel Kibler, soprano  
Leon Chodos, bassoon  
Melissa Livengood, piano

La lettre Jules Massenet (1842-1912), arr. Marc Vallon (b. 1955)  
Rachel Kibler, soprano  
Leon Chodos, bassoon  
Melissa Livengood, piano

Absence Georges Bizet (1838-1875), arr. Marc Vallon  
Rachel Kibler, soprano  
Leon Chodos, bassoon  
Melissa Livengood, piano

**INTERMISSION**

Sonnet 27 (premiere) Lloyd Livengood (b. 1994)  
Rachel Kibler, soprano  
Annalise Ford, mezzo-soprano  
Susan Swidnicki, oboe  
Leon Chodos, bassoon  
Melissa Livengood, piano

Bianca Among the Nightingales (premiere) Lloyd Livengood  
Rachel Kibler, soprano  
Miranda Livengood, guitar  
Melissa Livengood, piano

Change Upon Change (premiere) Lloyd Livengood  
Rachel Kibler, soprano  
Miranda Livengood, guitar  
Melissa Livengood, piano

Love Songs Jenni Brandon (b. 1977)  
I. Lullaby  
II. Song of Basket-Weaving  
III. Song of the Blue-Corn Dance  
IV. Love Song (Chippewa)  
V. Love Song from the Andes (Inca)  
VI. My Love Has Departed  
VII. Lullaby (Reprise)

Rachel Kibler, soprano  
Susan Swidnicki, oboe

Lily's Eyes

from *the Secret Garden* (1989)

Lucy Simon (1940-2022)

Rachel Kibler, soprano  
Annalise Ford, mezzo-soprano  
Melissa Livengood, piano

Please join us for a reception in the atrium following the recital.  
Thank you to Zion Lutheran Church for hosting this recital!

## Texts, Translations, and Notes

### Die Seele ruht in Jesu Händen

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

from *Herr Jesu Christ, wahr' Mensch und Gott*, BWV 127 (1725)

Die Seele ruht in Jesu Händen,  
Wenn Erde diesen Leib bedeckt.  
Ach ruft mich bald, ihr Sterbeglocken,  
Ich bin zum Sterben unerschrocken,  
Weil mich mein Jesus wieder weckt.

The soul rests in Jesus' hands,  
when earth covers this body.  
Ah, call me soon, you death-knell,  
I am unafraid of death,  
because my Jesus will awaken me again.

Translation by Pamela Dellal

This aria is part of a larger cantata composed by Bach in 1725. The original instrumentation has oboe, soprano, recorders, and strings. Here, the piano has the recorder part in the A section, ticking away like a clock, and the strings in the B section, mimicking funeral bells. Over this, the oboe soars, "like the meandering of the soul searching for eternal light", as Bernard Labadie put it. I love this piece for the interplay of oboe and voice, how we fit into each other's lines, and we find that death isn't the end.

### Seufzer, Tränen, Kummer, Not

Johann Sebastian Bach

from *Ich hatte viel Bekümmernis*, BWV 21, Part I (1714)

Seufzer, Tränen, Kummer, Not,  
Ängstlichs Sehnen, Furcht und Tod  
Nagen mein beklemmtes Herz,  
Ich empfinde Jammer, Schmerz.

Sighs, tears, grief, distress,  
Anxious yearning, fear and death  
Gnaw at my constricted heart;  
I feel misery, pain.

Translation by Michael Marissen and Daniel R.  
Melamed

This aria is the third movement of a larger cantata, and it is one of the first arias in an Italian style in Bach's cantatas. The instrumentation is sparse – soprano, oboe, and continuo, and the text painting is heavy in this, with suspensions and non-chord tones reflecting the lamenting. I've loved this piece for a long time precisely because of this text painting.

Vier Gesänge, op. 43 (1869)

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Von ewiger Liebe

Of Unending Love

Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald und in Feld!  
Abend schon ist es, nun schweiget die Welt.

Dark, how dark in wood and field!  
Evening has already fallen, and now the world is silent.

Nirgend noch Licht und nirgend noch Rauch,  
Ja, und die Lerche sie schweiget nun auch.

Nowhere is there light and nowhere is there smoke,  
Yes, and even the lark is now silent as well.

Kommt aus dem Dorfe der Bursche heraus,  
Gibt das Geleit der Geliebten nach Haus,

Out of the village there comes a young lad,  
Taking his sweetheart home,

Führt sie am Weidengebüsche vorbei,  
Redet so viel und so mancherlei:

He leads her past the willow bushes,  
Talking so much and about so many things:

„Leidest du Schmach und betrübtest du dich,  
Leidest du Schmach von andern um mich,

"If you suffer disgrace and feel dejected,  
If others shame you about me,

Werde die Liebe getrennt so geschwind,  
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.

Then let our love be sundered as swiftly,  
As quickly as we were united before.

Scheide mit Regen und scheide mit Wind,  
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.“

It will go with the rain, it will go with the wind,  
As quickly as we were united before."

Spricht das Mägdelein, Mägdelein spricht:  
„Unsere Liebe sie trennet sich nicht!

The maiden speaks, the maiden says:  
"Our love will not be sundered!

Fest ist der Stahl und das Eisen gar sehr,  
Unsere Liebe ist fester noch mehr.

Steel is strong, and iron is very strong;  
Our love is even stronger.

Eisen und Stahl, man schmiedet sie um,  
Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt sie um?

Iron and steel can be reforged,  
[But] our love - who could alter it?

Eisen und Stahl, sie können zergehn,  
Unsere Liebe muß ewig bestehn!“

Iron and steel can be melted down,  
[But] our love will exist forever!"

Text by August Heinrich Hoffmann von  
Fallersleben (1798-1874)

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## Die Mainacht

Wann der silberne Mond durch die Gesträuche blinkt,  
Und sein schlummerndes Licht über den Rasen streut,  
Und die Nachtigall flötet,  
Wandl' ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.

Überhüllet vom Laub, girret ein Taubenpaar  
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wende mich,  
Suche dunklere Schatten,  
Und die einsame Träne rinnt.

Wann, o lächelndes Bild, welches wie Morgenrot  
Durch die Seele mir strahlt, find' ich auf Erden dich?  
Und die einsame Träne  
Bebt mir heißer die Wang' herab.

Text by Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty (1748-1776)

## The May Night

When the silver moon twinkles through the bushes,  
And dusts the grass with its sleepy light,  
And the nightingale pipes like a flute,  
I wander mournfully from bush to bush.

Surrounded with leaves, a pair of doves coos  
Their delight to me, but I turn away,  
Seeking darker shadows,  
And a solitary tear flows.

O smiling image that, like the red light of morning,  
Shines through my soul, when will I find you on earth?  
And the solitary tear  
Trembles more warmly on my cheek.

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Von ewiger Liebe (Of Unending Love) and Die Mainacht (The May Night) comprise the first two pieces in Brahms' Op. 43 song set. The first piece is known for its bold imagery and deeply emotional qualities, which have made it one of Brahms' most popular pieces. The text by August Heinrich Hoffmann von Fallersleben recounts a meeting between two lovers in a simple folk style. The word painting is bold, and creates rich textures in the song. I chose this piece after falling in love with Jessye Norman's rendition last fall.

The second piece, Die Mainacht, is set to Ludwig Hölty's poem on loneliness and detachment. The singer describes her alienation by sharing her lonely observations in the woods:

When the silvery moon shines through the bushes and drops its drowsing light across the grass and the nightingale pipes, I sadly wander from bush to bush.

Protected by leaves, a pair of doves each coo their pleasure, but I turn away, a solitary tear falling.

When will the smiling vision that shines like the dawn be found here on Earth? That lonely tear now quivers more hotly down my cheek.

**Jablko z klína** (An Apple From the Lap), Op. 10 (1934-1936)

Vítězslava Kaprálová (1915-1940)

Píseň na vrbovou písňalku

Už na nás prší z jehněd pel  
a na kře letí jaro horempádem,  
zpod křídel kvočny vyletěl  
houf kuřat, pípajících hladem.

Bože, ať i to nejmenší z nich  
zrníčko najde na tvé jarní zemi!  
To jenom člověk v dobách zlých  
může se živit sny a nadějemi.

Ukolébavka

Tatínek přijde, snad již za chvílku,  
kde ho zas čerti berou!  
Cožpak mi musí každou vzpomínku  
ztrpčiti nedůvěrou?

Spi v krajkách jako brouček v kapradí,  
tma oči uzamyká.  
Tatínka nechme, ať si vyvádí,  
svět jeho je již jiný.  
Člověk i na pláč zvyká.

Bezvětrí

V bezvětrí starých ran,  
v krajkoví ctnostné špíny,  
pod křídlem líných vran,  
jež slétly do roviny,

žiji sny tesklivé:  
mrtvý se dívá z hlíny  
do světa na živé  
a na tančící stíny

v ulicích Ninive.

Song on the willow pipe

Already pollen from the catkin rains on us  
and Spring flies headlong on the ice floe,  
from under the wings of mother-hens  
a drove of chicks flew out, peeping from hunger.

God, let even the smallest one of hers  
find a little grain on Your spring earth,  
for only man can be nourished  
by dreams and hopes in cruel times.

Lullaby

Your daddy is coming, maybe at any moment,  
where the devil is he!  
I wonder, must he embitter my every memory  
with mistrust?

Sleep in your lace calmly, like a bug in a rug,  
darkness locks your eyes.  
Let's not mind daddy, let him have his good time,  
his world is now different.  
People even get used to crying.

Calm

In the calm of old wounds,  
in the lacy frills of virtuous dirt,  
under the wings of lazy crows,  
which flew down to the plains,

I live wistful dreams:  
The dead looks from the clay  
to the world at the living  
and at the dancing shadows

in the streets of Ninevah.

## Jarní pouť

Střelnice, houpačky a kolotoče  
probudily časně z jara spáče.  
Kde je má dýmka a mé zápalky,  
půjdu si koupit fialky.

Na střelnici je lev a šòura dýmek,  
za pět minut hotov je můj snímek,  
od polibků opuchlý mám ret,  
co vám budu o tom vyprávět.

Loďky na houpačkách mají jména:  
Marta, Marie, Helena, Zdena;  
miloval jsem v jiném pořadí,  
na posteli, v mechu, v prapradí.

Osud jinak rozhodil mně kartu:  
Zdenu, Helenu, Marii, Martu;  
jméno páté nevíme;  
pláči jí právě na klíně.

Každá přichází konec konců  
zmuchlaná trochu od milenců,  
od polibků opuchlý má ret,  
co mně bude o tom vyprávět.

Text by Jaroslav Seifert (1901-1986)

## Spring fair

Rifle ranges, swings, and carousels  
awoke the sleepers early in Spring.  
Where's my pipe and my matches,  
I'll go buy violets.

On the shooter is a lion and a string of pipes,  
in five minutes my snapshot is ready,  
I have lips swollen from kisses,  
but I don't have to tell you the details.

The little boats on the swings have the names  
Marta, Marie, Helena, Zdena;  
I loved them in a different order,  
on the bed, in the moss, in the ferns.

Fate dealt my cards differently,  
Zdena, Helena, Marie, Marta;  
the fifth name we don't know;  
I cry right now on her lap.

Each girl arrives after all  
tousled a little from their sweethearts,  
she has lips swollen from kisses,  
but she doesn't have to go into details.

Translations from the Kaprálová Society

Kaprállová lived only 25 years, but she composed prolifically. In *Jablko z klína* (an Apple from the Lap), she set four poems by Jaroslav Seifert, an acclaimed Czech poet and Nobel Prize winner in Literature. The poems and the settings are light at first glance, but there's something amiss. Kaprálová embraced post-Impressionism in three of these pieces (the third one has a strong atonal section that doesn't quite fit with this school), and you'll notice her use of bitonality, non-traditional root movements of chords, and departure from major and minor scales in favor of others. This song cycle is so satisfying to sing. The way the piano and the voice weave together and come apart is such a joy and, frankly, cool.

## Caro mio ben

Caro mio ben,  
credimi almen,  
senza di te  
languisce il cor.

Il tuo fedel  
sospira ognor.  
Cessa, crudel,  
tanto rigor!

Tommaso Giordani (c1733-1806)

My dear beloved,  
believe me at least,  
without you  
my heart languishes.

Your faithful one  
always sighs;  
cease, cruel one,  
so much punishment!

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Caro mio ben (My dear beloved) is thought to be composed by Italian native Tommaso Giordani. Unlike many arias of the time that came from operas, it was composed as a stand-alone concert piece for a London concert around 1782. The song is in modified ternary ABA form and recounts the suppressed desperation of a lover's languishing heart. It's a familiar tune to those in and outside of the classical music world, and it is nice and schmaltzy. Like me. (Rachel stepping in here: This piece is one of the first pieces singers learn, as it's quite accessible. When sung with good technique and musicianship, as Annalise sings it, it is elevated to a level you may not have heard before. We were playing around with a variety of Italian music, and when I heard Annalise sing this, there was magic in the air.)

### **L'invitation au voyage**

Emmanuel Chabrier (1841-1894)

Published 1870

Mon enfant, ma sœur,  
    Songe à la douceur  
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble;  
    -- Aimer à loisir,  
    Aimer et mourir  
Au pays qui te ressemble !  
    Les soleils mouillés  
    De ces ciels brouillés  
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes  
    Si mystérieux  
    De tes traîtres yeux  
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

My child, my sister,  
think of the sweetness  
of going there to live together!  
To love at leisure,  
to love and to die  
in a country that is the image of you!  
The misty suns  
of those changeable skies  
have for me the same  
mysterious charm  
as your fickle eyes  
shining through their tears.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,  
Luxe, calme et volupté.

There, all is harmony and beauty,  
luxury, calm and delight.

    Vois sur ces canaux  
    Dormir ces vaisseaux  
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;  
    C'est pour assouvir  
    Ton moindre désir  
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.  
    -- Les soleils couchants  
    Revêtent les champs,  
Les canaux, la ville entière,  
    D'hyacinthe et d'or;  
    -- Le monde s'endort  
Dans une chaude lumière.

See how those ships,  
nomads by nature,  
are slumbering in the canals.  
To gratify  
your every desire  
they have come from the ends of the earth.  
The westering suns  
clothe the fields,  
the canals, and the town  
with reddish-orange and gold.  
The world falls asleep  
bathed in warmth and light.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,  
Luxe, calme et volupté.

There, all is harmony and beauty,  
luxury, calm and delight.

Text by Charles Baudelaire (1821 - 1867)

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Note: although the translation says “my sister”, this is an address to a mistress, not a relative.

This piece is one of very few pieces written for voice and bassoon, and it was written before Chabrier became a full-time composer. Chabrier plays a lot in this with having the ninth of the chord present in different registers. The bassoon and the voice both have expansive ranges in this, with the soprano dropping an octave and a half towards the end of the piece and regularly making octave leaps. It's a beautiful piece made just a little haunting by the effect of the double reed. I chose this piece because I really wanted to try something with bassoon, and this is arguably the best composition for voice, bassoon, and piano out there. And then I fell in love with it.

### La lettre

Jules Massenet (1842-1912), arr. Marc Vallon (b. 1955)

Published 1907, arrangement published 2016

Je mets sur le papier luisant,  
Que me tendresse vous destine,  
Toute mon âme d'à présent,  
Fidèle, assouplie et câline.  
Je suis un peu grave, tandis  
Que s'allongent les lignes bleues,  
Telles de doux myosotis,  
Et qui vont parcourir des lieues  
Pour vous rejoindre enfin là-bas...  
Puis je souris, soudain songeuse,  
Avec des paroles tout bas,  
En pensant que la voyageuse,  
Si sage et froide sous ma main,  
Et d'elle longtemps caressée,  
Saura vous obliger, de main,  
A me donner votre pensée.  
Text by Catulle Mendès (1841-1909)

I put on the shining paper,  
Which is to convey to you my tenderness,  
All of my soul at present,  
Faithful, softened, and cuddly.  
I'm a little solemn, while  
The blue lines lengthen,  
Like soft forget-me-nots,  
And will run through the leagues  
To finally meet you over there...  
Then I smile, suddenly pensive,  
With gentle words,  
Thinking that the messenger pigeon,  
So wise and cold under my hand,  
And for a long time caressed by it,  
Will know how to oblige you, tomorrow,  
To give me your thought.  
Translation by Shane Ottman

Literature for voice and bassoon is... sparse. Marc Vallon, a bassoon professor and performer, took this song by Massenet (who is mostly known for opera) and pulled out part of the piano line for bassoon. The result is a richer setting where the vocal line still floats, kind of chant-like, on top of a mesmerizing texture. I love the poetry, and I love the simplicity of this setting.

## Absence

Georges Bizet (1838-1875), arr. Marc Vallon

Published 1873, arrangement published 2016

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée!  
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,  
La fleur de ma vie est fermée,  
Loin de ton sourire vermeil.

Return, return, my beloved!  
Like a flower far from the sun,  
The flower of my life is shut,  
Far from your rosy smile!

Entre nos cœurs tant de distance;  
Tant d'espace entre nos baisers.  
Ô sort amer! ô dure absence!  
Ô grands désirs inapaisés!

Between our hearts such distance!  
Such space between our kisses!  
O bitter destiny! O harsh absence!  
O great, unappeasable desires!

Au pays qui me prend ma belle,  
Hélas! si je pouvais aller;  
Et si mon corps avait une aile  
Comme mon âme pour voler!

To the land that has taken my love  
Ah! if only I could go;  
If only my body had wings  
With which to fly, like my soul!

Par-dessus les vertes collines,  
Les montagnes au front d'azur,  
Les champs rayés et les ravines,  
J'irais d'un vol rapide et sûr.

Over the green hills,  
Over mountains with azure brows,  
Over scraped fields and ravines,  
I would go in rapid and secure flight.

Le corps ne suit pas la pensée;  
Pour moi, mon âme, va tout droit,  
Comme une colombe blessée,  
T'abattre au rebord de son toit.

The body does not obey the thought;  
For me, my soul goes straight ahead  
And, like a wounded dove,  
Collapses upon the edge of her roof.

Et dis, mon âme, à cette belle:  
«Tu sais bien qu'il compte les jours!  
Ô ma colombe! à tire d'aile,  
Retourne au nid de nos amours.»

And say, my soul, to this beauty:  
"You know well that he is counting the days!  
O my dove! Take flight  
And return to the nest of our loves."

Text by Pierre-Jules-Théophile Gautier (1811-1872)

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Bizet composed this piece in honor of the poet's memory, and the heartbreak bleeds throughout, musically. Vallon pulled apart the piano part, giving the bassoon the duple melody that intertwines with the voice, and leaving the triplets in the piano. It's a breathless, romantic, wild ride.

**Sonnet 27** (premiere)

Lloyd Livengood (b. 1994)

Text by William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,  
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;  
But then begins a journey in my head,  
To work my mind, when body's work's expired:  
For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,  
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,  
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,  
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:  
Save that my soul's imaginary sight  
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,  
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,  
Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.

Lo! Thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,  
For thee and for myself no quiet find.

I asked Lloyd to write a duet for me, Annalise, double reeds, and piano. He chose this text because of the dichotomy of body and mind, choosing to reflect those in the vocal lines. The oboe and the bassoon get in on the action too, as the oboe shadows some of the soprano line in the second verse, and all of us come together in the third verse. The key changes for every four lines of text, rising higher twice and then settling into B major at the end, and I kind of imagine the poet just flopping onto the bed to try, once more, to sleep.

**Bianca Among the Nightingales** (premiere)

Lloyd Livengood

Text by Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806-1861)

The cypress stood up like a church  
That night we felt our love would hold,  
And saintly moonlight seemed to search  
And wash the whole world clean as gold;  
The olives crystallized the vales'  
Broad slopes until the hills grew strong:  
The fireflies and the nightingales  
Throbbled each to either, flame and song.  
The nightingales, the nightingales.

Upon the angle of its shade  
The cypress stood, self-balanced high;  
Half up, half down, as double-made,  
Along the ground, against the sky.  
And we, too! from such soul-height went  
Such leaps of blood, so blindly driven,  
We scarce knew if our nature meant

Most passionate earth or intense heaven.  
The nightingales, the nightingales.

We paled with love, we shook with love,  
We kissed so close we could not vow;  
Till Giulio whispered, 'Sweet, above  
God's Ever guarantees this Now.'  
And through his words the nightingales  
Drove straight and full their long clear call,  
Like arrows through heroic mails,  
And love was awful in it all.  
The nightingales, the nightingales.

O cold white moonlight of the north,  
Refresh these pulses, quench this hell!  
O coverture of death drawn forth  
Across this garden-chamber... well!  
But what have nightingales to do  
In gloomy England, called the free.  
(Yes, free to die in!...) when we two  
Are sundered, singing still to me?  
And still they sing, the nightingales.

Lloyd set this for soprano, guitar, and piano, which means I get to sing with his family! The text here is part of a much longer poem, we thought this would be sufficient. The melody in the vocal line is repetitive, with only a few variations. The interest is created by the layering of notes in piano and guitar, the guitar bringing back the nightingale song most. I love the simplicity of this setting.

**Change Upon Change** (premiere)

Lloyd Livengood

Text by Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Five months ago, the stream did flow,  
The lilies bloomed within the sedge;  
And we were lingering to and fro, —  
Where none will track thee in this snow,  
Along the stream, beside the hedge.  
Ah! sweet, be free to come and go;  
For if I do not hear thy foot,  
The frozen river is as mute, —  
The flowers have dried down to the root;  
And why, since these be changed since May,  
Shouldst *thou* change less than *they*?

And slow, slow as the winter snow,  
The tears have drifted to mine eyes;

And my two cheeks, three months ago,  
Set blushing at thy praises so,  
Put paleness on for a disguise.  
Ah! sweet, be free to praise and go;  
For if my face is turned to pale,  
It was thine oath that first did fail, —  
It was thy love proved false and frail!  
And why, since these be changed, I trow,  
Should I change less than *thou*?

Okay, okay, you know how good it feels to release hurt and anger and rage sometimes? Yeah, this piece is incredibly cathartic to sing. Lloyd set this for soprano, guitar, and piano. The rhythm in the vocal line switches back and forth between a half note followed by a quarter note and two dotted quarter notes, possibly to reflect the change that's been happening. In the second half of each verse, the singer becomes increasingly frustrated with her beloved, and the song rises in both pitch and volume. At the end, I shout. It's awesome.

As a note, Browning wrote two versions of this poem – Change on Change and Change Upon Change. They are almost identical, but there are a few words different, and this setting takes from both... for artistic effect.

## Love Songs

Jenni Brandon (b. 1977)

Published 2014

### I. Lullaby

Lullaby for children sung by the White Earth Chippewa and the Lac du Flambeau Chippewa as they rocked their children to sleep.

Ed. by Frances Densmore

### II. Song of Basket-Weaving

Kulasgh\*, Kulasgh, my mother,  
I sit at thy knee  
Weaving my basket of grasses,  
Weaving for my harvest of berries when the Ripe Days come.  
Thy fingers gently touch my hair with fragrance,  
Thy mouth drips a song, for the wind has kissed it –  
(Love sings in thy mouth!)

The soil listens and answers;  
I feel a stirring beneath me and hear buds opening,  
The river chants thy song and the clouds dance to it.  
Tonight the stars will float upon thy singing breath,  
Gleaming like slanting flocks above the sea.  
All the earth sings; and its voices are one song!

I alone am silent: I alone, a maid waiting him, the Fate,  
The Stirring One, the Planter of the Harvets,  
The Basket-Filler.

Kulasgh, Kulasgh, Mother!  
See how beautiful, how liberal, is my basket,  
How tightly woven for the waters of Love,  
How soft for the treading of children's feet,  
How strong to bear them up!

Kulasgh, Kulasgh, Mother, remember me –  
Ere the Sunset and the Dropping Leaf!

Interpretation by Constance Lindsay Skinner. \*Kulasgh, or Cedar Tree, considered the source of life by the British Columbian Coast Tribes, as it supplies all their necessities, even food in fish famine. From *The Path on the Rainbow*", edited by George W. Cronyn, 1918

### III. Song of the Blue-Corn Dance (Zuni)

Beautiful, lo, the summer clouds,  
Beautiful, lo, the summer clouds!  
Blossoming clouds in the sky,  
Like unto shimmering flowers,  
Blossoming clouds in the sky,  
Onward, lo, they come,  
Hither, hither bound!

(*This was apparently a work song sung by the women as they harvested the corn*). Translated by Natalie Curtis Burlin. From *The Path on the Rainbow*", edited by George W. Cronyn, 1918

### IV. Love Song (Chippewa)

Oh  
I am thinking  
Oh  
I am thinking  
I have found my lover  
Oh  
I think it is so!

Ed. by Frances Densmore. *Washington Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 45* (1910)

### V. Love Song from the Andes (Inca)

To this my song  
Thou shalt sleep.

In the dead of night  
I shall come.

Ed. by P. Ainsworth Means, *Ancient Civilizations of the Andes*, Charles Scribner & Sons, 1931

VI. My Love has Departed (Chippewa)

A loon  
I thought it was  
But it was  
My love's  
Splashing oar.

To Sault Ste. Marie  
He has departed.  
My love had gone  
On before me.  
Never again can I see him.

A loon  
I thought it was  
But it was never again  
Love's splashing oar.

Ed. by Frances Densmore, reworked by Jenni Brandon. *Washington Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 45* (1910)

VII. Lullaby (Reprise)

Brandon tells the story of a Native American woman in this song cycle. The woman starts by singing a lullaby to her child, and then she tells her child the story of herself. This cycle is only soprano and oboe, which can feel a little wild at times. The two lines are sometimes in thirds, sometimes in minor ninths, and often just alone, stretching and accelerating frequently. It's a very expressive piece with some moments of stunning beauty. Susan brought this song cycle to my attention, and when I heard it, I knew I wanted to perform it.

**Lily's Eyes**

from *the Secret Garden* (1989)

Lucy Simon (1940-2022)

Text by Marsha Norman (b. 1947)

NEVILLE:

Strangely quiet, but now the storm  
Simply rests to strike again.  
Standing, waiting, I think of her.  
I think of her.



ARCHIBALD:

Strange, this Mary, she leaves the room,  
Yet remains, She lingers on.  
Something stirs me to think of her.  
I think of her.

NEVILLE:

From death she casts her spell,  
All night we hear her sighs,  
And now a girl has come  
Who has her eyes.  
She has her eyes.  
The girl has Lily's hazel eyes,  
Those eyes that saw him happy long ago.  
Those eyes that gave him life  
And hope he'd never known.  
How can he see the girl  
And miss those hazel eyes?

ARCHIBALD:

She has her eyes.  
The girl has Lily's hazel eyes,  
Those eyes that closed and left me all alone.  
Those eyes I feel will never ever let me go!  
How can I see this girl who has her hazel eyes?  
In Lily's eyes a castle  
This house seemed to be,  
And I, the bravest knight, became,  
My lady fair was she.

NEVILLE:

She has her eyes.  
She has my Lily's hazel eyes.  
Those eyes that loved my brother-never me.  
Those eyes that never saw me,  
Never knew I longed  
To hold her close,  
To live at last in Lily's eyes!

ARCHIBALD:

Imagine me, a lover!

NEVILLE:

I longed for the day  
She'd turn and see me standing there.

NEVILLE:  
Would God have let her stay!  
She has her eyes.  
She has Lily's hazel eyes.  
Those eyes that saw me  
Happy long ago.  
How can I now forget  
That once I dared to be  
To be alive and whole  
In Lily's eyes,  
In Lily's eyes!

ARCHIBALD:  
Would God have let her stay!  
She has her eyes.  
My Lily's hazel eyes.  
Those eyes that first I loved so!  
  
How can I now forget  
That once I dared to be in love.  
Alive and whole  
In Lily's eyes,  
In Lily's eyes!

If you haven't heard the version of Lily's Eyes that Audra McDonald and Kelli O'Hara did, you should, and you'll understand why Annalise and I decided we needed to sing this. This song appears in the musical the Secret Garden, and it's been a favorite for men to sing since it debuted. Two brothers are confronted with their past when a girl arrives who has the same eyes as Archibald's dead wife, Lily, whom Neville also loved. The song is addictive to sing, and I tear up as soon as Annalise starts singing the chorus.

## Biographies

(some written by Rachel!)

**Rachel Kibler:** My mom instilled a love of music in me from a very early age, and I've sung in one form or another since I was a toddler. I have a music degree from Luther College, but my primary instrument was double bass, and it was those years that I sang the least. I started studying voice in earnest in 2013 with Sarah Tannehill Anderson. When I moved to Salt Lake City in 2015, I found Aubrey Adams-McMillan, and she gently brought me to the next level with her constant encouragement and helpful feedback. I'm currently studying with Michelle Pedersen, who is opening up my voice in ways I didn't think possible. I sing with the Westminster Chorale, and I am the cantor at my church (this church!). When I'm not making music, I work as a software tester for 1-800 Contacts, I knit, play board games (not as frequently as I'd like), and I'm pretty well-versed in scotch. I constantly look for more depth in my connections with people, and I believe that's something others value about me.

**Annalise Ford** is a lifelong choir nerd from Atlanta, Georgia. She's been an avid tour fiend since touring with the Atlanta Young Singers of Callenwolde (now Atlanta Young Singers) in Australia and New Zealand. She was actively involved with the choral ensembles at Agnes Scott College and sang with the Emory University Singers under Eric Nelson. Since moving to Salt Lake City, she has performed in several international tours with the Salt Lake Vocal Artists under the direction of Brady Allred, including as a featured soloist at the 11th World Symposium on Choral Music in Barcelona, Spain, the 50 Tolosako Abesbatza Lehiaketa in Tolosa, Spain, and the 2015 Internationale Chorbiennale in Aachen, Germany. She has also contributed to several solo and choral recording projects in Salt Lake

where she works as a professional freelance choir singer. For the last year, she has studied under the infamous Aubrey Adams-McMillan, and cannot express the joy and gratitude that this vocal exploration has brought to her life!

**Susan Swidnicki**, oboe, has spent the majority of her life scraping on reeds, playing the oboe and making music with children. In between, she has raised two wonderful kids, hiked, cooked a lot of good food and had some wonderful conversations with family and friends. Susan was a core member of the Ballet West Orchestra for 24 years (retiring as principal oboe last spring) and is an active freelance player and regular extra with the Utah Symphony. She directs music for children and youth at Zion Lutheran Church and is music teacher at the McCarthy Campus of Rowland Hall.

**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 comprised of faculty from the Utah State University music department. He also teaches bassoon as an adjunct professor of bassoon at Utah State University and Utah Valley University. Leon 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.

Performer, teacher, student, and composer, **Miranda Livengood** is multidisciplinary guitarist from Salt Lake City. With an extensive knowledge classical repertoire and a passion for rock n' roll, Miranda has fostered an exciting mix of creativity, professionalism, and spirit throughout her work. In 2019 she performed part of an excerpt from *The Barber of Seville* with Opera Singer Sunnyboy Dladla at the Teton Music Festival, and in 2021 she performed the whole excerpt with the Utah Opera at the Capitol Theatre. When she isn't playing guitar, Miranda teaches students how to rock at the Wasatch Music Coaching Academy, and occasionally works at Desert Edge Brewery, serving damn good beer.

**Melissa Livengood** and I have been collaborating for seven years. She's a fantastic pianist, a wonderful coach, and a great cheerleader. She pushes me to be a better musician and more of a soloist. Melissa has bachelor's degrees from Willamette University, a master's degree from the University of Oregon, and doctorate from the Catholic University of America. She works with musicians all over the area and has an active piano studio. Melissa is so kind and supportive, and I'm so lucky to work with her.

**Aubrey Adams-McMillan** (Annalise's teacher) enjoys an active career singing opera, musical theater, chamber music, art song, and symphonic works. She discovered her love for twentieth century music and collaborating with composers during her work with Claudio Abbado and the New York Philharmonic singing Schoenberg and Debussy. In her hometown she performs with the prestigious Utah Symphony, Intermezzo, Utah Opera, NOVA Chamber Music, Southwest Symphony, and Cathedral of the Madeleine concert series. She was the recipient of the Marian Anderson scholarship at Westminster Choir College, the Penrose Scholar at Central City Opera, and a two-time district finalist in the Metropolitan Opera competition and received the *encouragement award*. As a new Doctorate student at the University of Utah, Aubrey is a graduate teaching assistant with research interests ranging from phonation to vagal tone. In addition to teaching at the University of Utah, she has held a studio at Westminster College as an adjunct professor since fall of 2011. As the President of the Northern Utah chapter of the National Association of Teachers of Singing, Aubrey regularly

participates in clinician work with both master clinicians and cutting-edge researchers whose focus lies on improving the instruction of vocal studies.

**Michelle Marie Pedersen** (Rachel's teacher) is a brilliant soprano and a Doctoral candidate at the University of Utah. She just finished a run of Rigoletto at the Utah Opera as Giovanna, and she can be seen in the title role in the U Opera production of Suor Angelica in a few weeks. She also performs a healthy dose of musical theatre. Michelle has a studio with students of all ages, and everyone just seems to adore her.

**Lloyd Livengood** got his start in music young, as the child of two exceptional professional musicians. After learning piano and electric bass, he fell in love with voice while in university, and it became the focus his composition studies. While in University, he studied with Pamela Jones, Innes Thiebaut, Barlow Bradford, and Julie Wright-Costa.

I asked him why he keeps composing, and he responded, "I'm not sure why I keep composing. I think at a deeper level, I simply don't know what I would have without it."

About his works, "When composing, I try to pay attention to three main elements: texture, word painting, and cadences. Texture comes from the register of and spacing between the notes in a harmony. Word painting is self-explanatory, but it enhances the impact and meaning of the lyrics. Cadences are, to me, the destinations of compositions, the vista at the end of your journey. I like to think my cadencing is successful in this regard."

Lloyd has been a lot of fun to work with, and this latest batch of works are a pleasure to both listen to and perform.