

***Broadway United Methodist Church***

proudly presents

# The Muted Voice

Art Songs by Gay Composers and Gay Poets

Oliver Camacho

tenor

Eugenia Chang

piano

with

William Bouvel

tenor

Friday, April 29, 2011

7:30 p.m.

## **Welcome to Broadway's Performing Arts Series 2011.**

We hope you enjoy the program!

The artists would like to thank

Thomas Zoells and his staff at Pianoforte Chicago in The Fine Arts Building for generous use of the instruments and rehearsal space • Jason Grunebaum for lodging our international collaborator • Samuel-Hilaire Duplessis for honoring our collaboration by selecting it for this recital series • Alexia Rivera for editing and assembling the program notes

This recital is dedicated to the late Andy Karzas, a friend and an inspiration.



## ***Program***

### **Arrangements by Benjamin Britten**

The Trees they grow so high (*Somerset Folksong*)  
Three Purcell Realizations  
    Sound the trumpet  
    Evening Hymn  
    Lost is my quiet

### **Franz Schubert songs with texts by Johann Mayrhofer**

Nachtstück  
Lied eines Schiffers an die Dioskuren  
Memnon  
Der zürnenden Diana

**\*\*PAUSE\*\***

### **Canticle I "*My beloved is mine and I am his*" - Benjamin Britten**

### **Songs with texts by Paul Verlaine**

Offrande (Reynaldo Hahn)  
Clair de lune (Gabriel Faure)  
Prison (Gabriel Faure)  
L'Heure Exquise (Reynaldo Hahn)

### **Four songs from A.E. Housman's '*A Shropshire Lad*' by George Butterworth**

When I was one-and-twenty  
Look not in my eyes  
Is my team ploughing?  
The Lads in their hundreds

### **Benjamin Britten**

Mother Comfort  
O Waly, Waly (*Somerset Folksong*)  
Sweet Polly Oliver (*Old English tune*)

### **The Trees They Grow So High**

The trees they grow so high and the leaves they do grow green,  
And many a cold winter's night my love and I have seen.  
Of a cold winter's night, my love, you and I alone have been,  
Whilst my bonny boy is young, he's a-growing.  
    Growing, growing, whilst my bonny boy is young, he's a-growing.  
O father, dearest father, you've done to me great wrong,  
You've tied me to a boy when you know he is too young.  
    O daughter, dearest daughter, if you wait a little while,  
A lady you shall be while he's growing.  
    Growing, growing, a lady you shall be while he's growing.  
I'll send your love to college all for a year or two  
    And then in the meantime he will do for you;  
I'll buy him white ribbons, tie them round his bonney waist  
    To let the ladies know that he's married.  
    Married, married, to let the ladies know that he's married.  
I went up to the college and I looked over the wall,  
Saw four and twenty gentlemen playing at bat and ball.  
I called to my true love, but they would not let him come,  
All because he was a young boy and growing.  
Growing, growing, all because he was a young boy and growing.  
At the age of sixteen, he was a married man  
And at the age of seventeen he was a father to a son,  
And at the age of eighteen the grass grew over him,  
Cruel death soon put an end to his growing.  
Growing, growing, cruel death soon put an end to his growing.  
And now my love is dead and in his grave doth lie,  
The green grass grows o'er him so very, very high.  
    I'll sit and I'll mourn his fate until the day I die,  
And I'll watch o'er his child while he's growing.  
Growing, growing, and I'll watch o'er his child while he's growing.

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### **Three Purcell Realizations**

#### **Sound The Trumpet**

Sound the trumpet, sound the trumpet!  
Sound, sound, sound the trumpet till around  
You make the list'ning shores rebound.  
On the sprightly hautboy play  
    All the instruments of joy  
That skillful numbers can employ,  
To celebrate the glories of this day.

#### **Evening Hymn**

Now, now that the sun hath veil'd his light  
And bid the world goodnight;  
To the soft bed my body I dispose,  
But where shall my soul repose?

Dear, dear God, even in Thy arms,  
And can there be any so sweet security!  
Then to thy rest, O my soul!  
And singing, praise the mercy  
That prolongs thy days.  
Hallelujah!

#### **Lost is My Quiet**

Lost is my quiet for ever,  
Lost is life's happiest part;  
Lost all my tender endeavours,  
To touch an insensible heart.  
But tho' my Despair is past curing,  
And much undeserv'd is my fate,  
I'll show by a patient enduring  
My love is unmov'd as her hate

**Nachtstück (Nocturne)**

When mists spread over the mountains,  
and the moon battles with the clouds,  
the old man takes up his harp  
and walks into the wood, singing softly.

“O holy night:  
soon it will be done,  
soon I shall sleep  
the long sleep  
that will free me  
from all grief.”

Then the green trees rustle:  
“Sleep sweetly, good old man.”  
The swaying blades of grass whisper:  
“We shall cover your place of rest.”

And many a sweet bird calls:  
“O let him rest in his grassy grave!”  
The old man listens, the old man is silent.  
Death has beckoned to him.

**Lied eines Schiffers an die Dioskuren  
(A Seafarer's Song to the Dioscuri )**

Dioscuri, twin stars,  
Lighting the way for my boat,  
Upon the sea you comfort me  
With your calm, with your protection.

He who firmly trusts himself,  
Who faces the storm without fear,  
Still feels under your auspices  
Doubly courageous and twice blessed.

This oar with which I am rowing,  
Dividing the waves of the sea,  
I shall hang, once I have returned safely,  
On the pillars of your temple.

**Memnon**

Only once in the course of a day may I speak,  
Accustomed to be forever silent, and to mourn:  
When through the wall of mist born of the night  
Aurora's crimson rays tenderly break.

To mankind's ears my cries are harmonies.  
Because my agony is expressed in song,  
And I transfigure its harshness in the flame of poetry,  
They believe that joy flowers within me .

In me - toward whom death stretches out his arms,  
In whose deepest heart snakes writhe,  
Nourished by my painful suffering –  
And almost frenzied with the fury of an unfulfilled desire:

Oh to be one with you, goddess of the morning,  
And, far from this vain bustle,  
From spheres of noble freedom, spheres of pure love  
To shine down, as a silent, pale star.

**Der zürnenden Diana (To Diana in her Wrath)**

Yes, draw your bow to kill me,  
you heavenly goddess! You are even more lovely when  
flushed with anger.

I shall never regret that I saw you on the leafy shore,  
surpassing all the other nymphs as they bathed, spreading  
rays of light through the wilderness.

The image of you will give me pleasure,  
even in death. He to whom you revealed your glory  
will breathe more purely, more freely.

Your arrow found its mark,  
yet warm waves flow gently from the wound.

My failing senses still tremble  
at the vision of this last sweet hour.

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\*\*PAUSE\*\*

**Canticle I**

Ev'n like two little bank-divided brooks  
 That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams,  
 And having ranged and searched a thousand nooks  
 Meet both at length at silver-breasted Thames  
 Where in a greater current they conjoin,  
 So I my best beloved's am.  
 So he is mine!

Ev'n so we met and after long pursuit  
 Ev'n so we joined. We both became entire.  
 No need for either to renew a suit  
 For I was flax, and he was flames of fire.  
 Our firm united souls did more than twine.  
 So I my best beloved's am,  
 So he is mine.  
 If all those glittering monarchs, that command  
 The servile quarters of this earthly ball  
 Should tender in exchange their shares of land  
 I would not change my fortunes for them all;  
 Their wealth is but a counter to my coin:  
 The world's but theirs;  
 But my beloved's mine.

Nor time, nor place, nor chance, nor death  
 Can bow my least desires unto the least remove.  
 He's firmly mine by oath, I his by vow.  
 He's mine by faith and I am his by love.  
 He's mine by water, I am his by wine:  
 Thus I my best beloved's am,  
 Thus he is mine.  
 He is my altar, I his holy place,  
 I am his guest and he my living food.  
 I'm his by penitence, he mine by grace,  
 I'm his by purchase, he is mine by blood.  
 He's my supporting elm and I his vine:  
 Thus I my best beloved's am,  
 Thus he is mine.  
 He gives me wealth: I give him all my vows:  
 I give him songs, he gives me length of days.  
 With wreaths of grace he crowns my longing brows  
 And I his temples with a crown of praise,  
 Which he accepts: an everlasting sign  
 That I my best beloved's am,  
 That he is mine.

~ Francis Quarles

**Offrande (Offering)**

Here - some fruit, some flowers, some leaves and  
 branches,  
 And here - my heart which beats for you alone.  
 Do not rend it with your two pale hands,  
 But let it be a small gift, sweet to your beautiful eyes.

I arrive covered with dew,  
 Which the morning wind freezes upon my brow.  
 Suffer me in my fatigue to lie at your feet,  
 Dreaming of sweet moments that will revive me.

On your young bosom let my head rest,  
 Still filled with your last kisses;  
 Let my thoughts subside after such a wondrous storm  
 And let me sleep a little while you lie by my side.

**Clair de Lune (Moonlight)**

Your soul is a select landscape  
 Where charming masqueraders and bergamaskers go  
 Playing the lute and dancing and almost  
 Sad beneath their fantastic disguises.  
 All sing in a minor key

Of victorious love and the opportune life,  
 They do not seem to believe in their happiness  
 And their song mingles with the moonlight,  
 With the still moonlight, sad and beautiful,  
 That sets the birds dreaming in the trees  
 And the fountains sobbing in ecstasy,  
 The tall slender fountains among marble statues.

**Prison**

The sky is so blue, above the housetops, so calm!  
 A tree over the roofs stirs its branches.  
 The bell in the sky can be seen as it rings sweetly.  
 A bird in a tree can be seen singing its sad song.  
 My God, my God, there is life, simple and tranquil.  
 That peaceful rumbling comes from the village.  
 "What have you done, you there,  
 Weeping without end,  
 Tell, what have you done, you there,  
 With your youth?"

**L'Huere Exquise (The Exquisite Hour)**

The white moon shines in the woods.  
From each branch springs a voice beneath the arbor.  
Oh my beloved!

The pond reflects, like a deep mirror,  
The silhouette of the black willow where the wind weeps.  
Let us dream! It is the hour.  
A vast and tender calm  
Seems to descend from the firmament made iridescent by the stars. It is the exquisite hour!

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**When I was one-and-twenty**

When I was one-and-twenty I heard a wise man say,  
"Give crowns and pounds and guineas  
But not your heart away;  
Give pearls away and rubies  
But keep your fancy free."  
But I was one-and-twenty,  
No use to talk to me.  
When I was one-and-twenty I heard him say again,  
"The heart out of the bosom  
Was never given in vain; '  
Tis paid with sighs a plenty  
And sold for endless rue."  
And I am two-and-twenty,  
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

**Look Not in My Eyes**

Look not in my eyes, for fear  
They mirror true the sight I see,  
And there you find your face too clear  
And love it and be lost like me.  
One the long nights through must lie  
Spent in star-defeated sighs,  
But why should you as well as I  
Perish? gaze not in my eyes.  
A Grecian lad, as I hear tell,  
One that many loved in vain,  
Looked into a forest well  
And never looked away again.  
There, when the turf in springtime flowers,  
With downward eye and gazes sad,  
Stands amid the glancing showers  
A jonquil, not a Grecian lad.

**Is My Team Ploughing**

'Is my team ploughing,  
That I was used to drive  
And hear the harness jingle  
When I was man alive?'

Ay, the horses trample,  
The harness jingles now;  
No change though you lie under  
The land you used to plough.

'Is football playing  
Along the river shore,  
With lads to chase the leather,  
Now I stand up no more?'

Ay, the ball is flying,  
The lads play heart and soul;  
The goal stands up, the keeper  
Stands up to keep the goal.

'Is my girl happy,  
That I thought hard to leave,  
And has she tired of weeping  
As she lies down at eve?'

Ay, she lies down lightly,  
She lies not down to weep:  
Your girl is well contented.  
Be still, my lad, and sleep.

'Is my friend hearty,  
Now I am thin and pine,  
And has he found to sleep in  
A better bed than mine?'

Yes, lad, I lie easy,  
I lie as lads would choose;  
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,  
Never ask me whose.

### **The Lads in Their Hundreds**

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come in for the fair,  
There's men from the barn and the forge and the mill and the fold,  
The lads for the girls and the lads for the liquor are there,  
And there with the rest are the lads that will never be old.  
There's chaps from the town and the field and the till and the cart,  
And many to count are the stalwart, and many the brave,  
And many the handsome of face and the handsome of heart,  
And few that will carry their looks or their truth to the grave.  
I wish one could know them, I wish there were tokens to tell  
The fortunate fellows that now you can never discern;  
And then one could talk with them friendly and wish them farewell  
And watch them depart on the way that they will not return.  
But now you may stare as you like and there's nothing to scan;  
And brushing your elbow unguessed-at and not to be told  
They carry back bright to the coiner the mintage of man,  
The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

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### **Mother Comfort**

Dear, shall we talk or will that cloud the sky?  
Will you be Mother Comfort or shall I?  
If I should love him where would our lives be?  
And if you turn him out at last, then friendship pity me!  
My longing, like my heart, beats to and fro.  
Oh that a single life could be Yes and No.  
Will you be Mother Comfort or shall I?  
Ashamed to grant and frightened to refuse  
Pity has chosen: Power has still to choose.  
But darling, when that stretched out will is tired  
Surely your timid prettiness longs to be overpower'd?  
Sure gossips have this sweet facility  
To tell transparent lies and, without pain, to cry.  
Will you be Mother Comfort or shall I be Mother Comfort?  
Will you be Mother Comfort or shall I?

### **O Waly, Waly**

The water is wide I cannot get o' ver,  
And neither have I wings to fly.  
Give me a boat that will carry two,  
And both shall row, my love and I.  
  
O, down in the meadows the other day  
A-gathering flowers both fine and gay,  
A-gathering flowers both red and blue,  
I little thought what love can do.  
  
I leaned my back up against some oak  
Thinking that he was a trusty tree;  
But first he bended, and then he broke;  
And so did my false love to me.

A ship there is, and she sails the sea,  
She's loaded deep as deep can be,  
But not so deep as the love I'm in :  
I know not if I sink or swim.

O, love is handsome and love is fine,  
And love's jewel when it is new,  
But when it is old, it groweth cold,  
And fades away like morning dew.

### **Sweet Polly Oliver**

As sweet Polly Oliver lay musing in bed,  
A sudden strange fancy came into her head.  
"Nor father nor mother shall make me false prove,  
I'll 'list as a soldier, and follow my love."  
So early next morning she softly arose,  
And dressed herself up in her dead brother's clothes.  
She cut her hair close, and she stained her face brown,  
And went for a soldier to fair London Town.  
Then up spoke the sergeant one day at his drill,  
"Now who's good for nursing? A captain, he's ill."  
"I'm ready," said Polly. To nurse him she's gone,  
And finds it's her true love all wasted and wan.  
The first week the doctor kept shaking his head,  
"No nursing, young fellow, can save him," he said.  
But when Polly Oliver had nursed him back to life  
He cried, "You have cherished him as if you were his wife".  
O then Polly Oliver, she burst into tears  
And told the good doctor her hopes and her fears,  
And very shortly after, for better or for worse,  
The captain took joyfully his pretty soldier nurse.

## **Artist Biographies**

Described as "superbly stylish" by the Chicago Tribune, tenor **Oliver Camacho** specializes in 17th and 18th century repertoire, French mélodie, and the lieder of Schubert. He is a regular feature of the Piano-forte Foundation's Annual Schubertiade. Recently, he has participated in a fully staged productions of rare baroque operas *Almira* (Handel), *L'Europe Galante* (Campra), *La Calisto* (Cavalli) and *Die Schöne und Getreue Ariadne* (Conradi) at the Amherst Early Music Festival. He is a member of Chicago's premier chamber choir Bella Voce with which he has been heard as a soloist in Schütz's *Kleine Geistliche Konzerte* and the Monteverdi *1610 Vespers*. Oliver is the artistic director of The Opera Company ([www.theoperacompany.org](http://www.theoperacompany.org)) which presents vocal repertoire outside of the standard operatic canon combined with other disciplines of the theater such as clown, mask and dance. Oliver also co-hosts the acclaimed OperaNow Podcast ([www.operanowpodcast.com](http://www.operanowpodcast.com)).

**Eugenia Cheng** is a mathematician at the University of Sheffield, UK. She was previously on the Mathematics Faculty of the University of Chicago, during which time she gave a solo recital in the Piano-forteChicago recital series, numerous Lieder recitals and two concerts for the Auxiliary Board Chapter of the Lyric Opera; she also performed *La Traviata* with the Oak Park Village Players, and the three Schubert song cycles at Schubertiade Chicago at which she is still a regular performer. She recently performed *Winterreise* with Schubertiade regular Ryan de Ryke in London, Sheffield and Luxembourg. Eugenia studied with Christine Pembrige and Ronald Smith in the UK, and has been coached by Piers Lane, Bernard Roberts, Roger Vignoles, Robert Tear and Ian Bostridge. For more information, including Eugenia's Karaoke Lieder channel on YouTube, see <http://cheng.staff.shef.ac.uk/piano/> .

Tenor **William Bouvel** specializes in works of the Early Music and Baroque repertoires. Most recently he appeared as Acis in a performance of Handel's *Acis and Galatea* with Opera Lafayette in Washington DC. Other recent performances were in the Madison Early Music Festival's production of Monteverdi *Vespers* and in Chicago as the Evangelist in Bach's *Christmas Oratorio*. Particular fascination with the *Haute-Contre* roles of Louis XIV's France has led to performances of several Charpentier operas including an appearance as La Peinture in *Les Arts Florissants* at the Amherst Early Music Festival. He also enjoys experimental programs mixing baroque music and gesture with contemporary choreography and staging as produced by The Opera Company in Chicago. Upcoming performances include a solo recital of French *Haute-Contre* repertoire with Opera Lafayette in Washington D.C. this fall.

# Broadway United Methodist Church

## Weekly Sunday Events

8:45 am	Service of Prayer & Preaching <i>[Communion on 1st &amp; 3rd Sundays]</i>
9:45 am	Kaleidoscope Children's Choir
10:00 am	Coffee Hour
10:00 am	Education Hour
10:15 am	Children's Education Hour
11:00 am	Festival Service/Children's Church <i>[Communion on 1st Sundays]</i>
5:00 pm	Dignity Mass

## Wednesday Night Live!

5:30 pm	Sanctuary Prayer
6:00 pm	Guided Meditation
7:00 pm	Education Hour

More information at:  
[www.broadwaychurchchicago.org](http://www.broadwaychurchchicago.org)

*Next up on Broadway's Performing Arts Series 2011*

**PERFORMING ARTS SERIES 2011**



**Juliet Petrus, Soprano**  
with pianist Shannon McGinnis

**Children's Hour**  
**Friday, May 6, 7:30 PM**  
Broadway United Methodist Church  
3338 N. Broadway Chicago, IL 60657  
773.348.2679  
suggested donation \$10

# **BROADWAY**

## **UNITED METHODIST CHURCH**

### **BROADWAY'S MISSION STATEMENT**

“God calls Broadway United Methodist Church to be a faith community embracing the diversity of our Chicago neighborhood and larger community. We welcome all persons – celebrating the human family’s God-given diversity of race, age, gender, sexual orientation, and physical or mental capacity. We also welcome persons of all social and economic classes and faith backgrounds. At Broadway, we are accepted into God’s nurturing family, which invites us into spiritual growth through worship, study, mission, and social action. We are grateful for the opportunities God gives us to experience and share the love of Christ.”



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**[www.broadwaychurchchicago.org](http://www.broadwaychurchchicago.org)**

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Rev. Vernice Thorn, Associate Pastor  
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Tracy Nolan, Field Education Student  
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