

Saturday, March 9, 2013, 8pm
First Congregational Church

Nathan Gunn, *baritone*
Julie Gunn, *piano*

PROGRAM

- Franz Schubert (1797–1828) Die Taubenpost, D. 965a (1828)
Das Rosenband, D. 280 (1815)
Im Walde, D. 708 (1820)
Nachtviolen, D. 752 (1822)
Auf der Bruck, D. 853 (1825)
- Robert Schumann (1810–1856) Dichterliebe, Op. 48 (1840)
- Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
Aus meinen Tränen spriessen
Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
Ich will meine Seele tauchen
Im Rhein, im schönen Strome
Ich grolle nicht
Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen
Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen
Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen
Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
Ich hab' im Traum geweinet
Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich
Aus alten Märchen winkt es
Die alten, bösen Lieder

INTERMISSION

- Samuel Barber (1910–1981) With Rue My Heart Is Laden, Op. 2, No. 2 (1928)
Nocturne, Op. 13, No. 4 (1940)
Sure on This Shining Night, Op. 13, No. 3 (1938)
I Hear an Army, Op. 10, No. 3 (1936)

- Charles Ives (1874–1954) The Circus Band (1894)
Down East (1919)
Tom Sails Away (1917)
An Old Flame (1898)
General William Booth Enters into Heaven (1914)

- William Bolcom (b. 1938) Selections from *Cabaret Songs* (1977–1985)
- Song of Black Max
George
Fur (Murray the Furrier)
Over the Piano

Funded by the Koret Foundation, this performance is part of Cal Performances' 2012–2013 Koret Recital Series, which brings world-class artists to our community.

Cal Performances' 2012–2013 season is sponsored by Wells Fargo.

Franz Schubert (1797–1828) Five Songs

Johann Gabriel Seidl (1804–1875), teacher, curator, lawyer, censor, and prolific lyrical poet, had been a friend of Schubert since his youth. In 1824, he tried to persuade Franz to use an opera libretto of his titled *Der Kurze Mantel*, but was refused. Two years later, perhaps as consolation, Schubert set several of Seidl's poems for solo voice and for male chorus. In October 1828, when Schubert's health had nearly been sapped by the complications of syphilis that would end his life only a month later, he returned to Seidl's verses and made a setting of *Die Taubenpost* ("Pigeon-Post"). Soon after the composer's death, the Viennese publisher Tobias Haslinger, with the help of Schubert's devoted brother, Ferdinand, gathered together the 13 settings of poems by Heine and Rellstab that had occupied Franz during his last months, and placed *Die Taubenpost* at the end of the set as an epilogue. This collection of Schubert's final songs was published in 1829 with the conventional sentimental title *Schwanengesang* ("Swan Song").

Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock (1724–1803) was among Germany's most influential 18th-century poets and dramatists, cited by some as the founder of German literary Romanticism. Schubert was so stirred by Klopstock's *Odes* of 1771 that he wrote a poem in imitation of them while still in school. In 1815, that *annus mirabilis* when the 18-year-old Schubert composed some 200 separate works—the Second and Third Symphonies, a string quartet, two piano sonatas and four other large piano works, two Masses, four choral compositions, five operas, and 146 songs—he set nine of Klopstock's poems. *Das Rosenband* ("The Rose Garland," D. 280), which Klopstock addressed to his wife, Cidli, inspired one of Schubert's most pure and tender melodies.

The Schlegel brothers were among the outstanding literary figures of German Romanticism: August Wilhelm (1767–1845) as writer, aesthete, provocative champion of the most advanced artistic theories of the day, and translator of Shakespeare, Friedrich

(1772–1829) as linguist, philosopher, patriot, poet, and priest in the Catholic Church, which he believed united the ideals of religion and Romantic philosophy. Between December 1818 and December 1820, Schubert set some dozen of Friedrich's poems. The evocative nature scenes of Friedrich's *Im Walde* (D. 708, "In the Forest") inspired from Schubert one of his most spacious and ambitious songs, composed "as though the spirit of music had whirled him, breathless and half-conscious, into some supernormal state," wrote the late baritone and German *Lied* specialist Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau.

Johann Baptist Mayrhofer was born in Steyr in 1787, went to school in Linz, and moved to Vienna in 1810 to study law. He met Schubert four years later, and the two became close friends despite their contrasting characters—Mayrhofer was moody and melancholic; Schubert, ebullient and outgoing. Schubert was influenced both by Mayrhofer's thoughtfulness and by his knowledge of the classics, and he set some three-dozen of his poems during the next four years. They grew close enough personally that the composer moved into the poet's quarters late in 1818, but when the libertarian but congenitally contrary Mayrhofer accepted what seemed to be a deliberately self-flagellating post with the state censor's office in 1820 to make ends meet, Schubert moved out. Their friendship continued, however, and Schubert set nine more of Mayrhofer's verses, including the yearning setting of *Nachtviolen* in 1822 ("Dame's Violet," D. 752), which Schubert scholar Alfred Einstein called a "masterpiece of mysterious intimacy." Mayrhofer was deeply moved by Schubert's early death in 1828, and he largely gave up writing thereafter. He first tried to commit suicide in 1831, and finally succeeded five years later.

Ernst Konrad Friedrich Schulze lived, and made poetry, at the far edge of German Romanticism. Born in Celle in 1789 into a family of lawyers and booksellers, he was a difficult and uncommunicative child who retreated into literature and his own roiling feelings, which he began to shape into despairing, spectral, often cynical poems by the age of fifteen. His sexual awakening two years later, when he

went to Göttingen to begin his university studies, led to an obsessive attention—"stalking" Susan Youens called it in her study of *Schubert's Poets*—toward two sisters: first Cäcilie Tychsen, and, after she died of tuberculosis in 1812, her older sister, Adelheid. Schulze volunteered to fight against Napoleon in 1814, but his fragile health quickly forced him out of active duty. He died of tuberculosis in 1817; he was 28. Schulze recorded his intense feelings in enormous diaries and long poems throughout his brief life, a number of which were published posthumously in 1822 as the *Poetisches Tagebuch* ("Poetic Diary"). Schubert came to know this publication early in 1825—he had considered making an opera of Schulze's *Die bezauberte Rose* ("The Enchanted Rose") the year before, but nothing came of the idea—and he set ten of the poems during the following months. *Auf der Bruck* ("On the Bruck," D. 853) takes its title from a forested hilltop near Göttingen, a wild place in Schulze's day that is reflected in both the poem and Schubert's galloping setting of 1825.

Robert Schumann (1810–1856) Dichterliebe ("Poet's Love"), to texts by Heinrich Heine, Op. 48

Composed in 1840.

By 1840, Heinrich Heine, born in 1797 to Jewish parents in Düsseldorf, had been living for a decade in Paris. Though given an advantageous upbringing, he was a poor student, incapable of holding a regular job (he reluctantly converted to Protestantism in 1825 to try for work in the civil service, then closed to Jews, but never got a government position), and outspoken about what he saw as the repressive qualities of German life. He did, however, find success in writing, establishing his reputation with the 1823 *Lyrisches Intermezzo*, which tempered the sentimentality and folkish simplicity of much German Romantic poetry with a bittersweet irony and a sometimes corrosive wit. He devoted much time in the late 1820s to the four volumes of *Reisebilder* ("Pictures of Travel"), which wove

together autobiography, social criticism, and fiction. With his republican sympathies stirred by the July Revolution of 1830 in Paris, Heine moved to France the following year, writing political essays (some published in Karl Marx's newspaper *Vorwärts* ["Forward"]), studies of German culture (in French), and articles about French life and politics, in addition to collections of new, sharper-edged poems. Though he was largely confined to what he called his "mattress-grave" by paralysis, pain, and partial blindness apparently caused by venereal disease during the eight years before he died in Paris in February 1856, Heine continued to write, maintaining his standing as one of the day's most widely read but controversial authors.

Schumann met Heine only once, in Munich in May 1828, when 18-year-old Robert was touring the country before beginning his studies in Leipzig. Schumann expected the poet to be an "ill-tempered, misanthropic man," but instead found in him "a human Anacreon [an ancient Greek writer of love poems and drinking songs] who shook my hand in a most friendly way.... Only around his mouth is there a bitter, ironic smile; he laughs about the trivialities of life and is scornful about the pettiness of little people." Schumann's encounter with Heine remained a vivid impression when he selected 20 poems from the *Lyrisches Intermezzo* for the cycle *Dichterliebe* a dozen years later. (Four songs were eliminated before Peters published the first edition, in Leipzig in 1844.) The songs do not form a narrative, but instead comprise a series of images of nature and countryside in which the dream of love is disillusioned by the loss of love. Schumann's songs are remarkable not only for the way in which they allow the singer to plumb the moods and nuances of the words, but also for the importance they give to the piano, the composer's instrument, which distills the essence of each number in its often-lengthy postludes. "The role of the piano is well-defined," wrote Donald Ivey in his survey of the song literature. "It carries forward the musical movement, it engages in dialogue with the voice, and always it establishes a character of its own with bases in the poetic expression rather than merely

furnishing a harmonic support for the voice.” Such sensitivity to the indissoluble bonding of word and tone places Schumann upon the most rarified plateau of masters of the German *Lied*.

Samuel Barber (1910–1981) Four Songs

Samuel Barber’s four dozen songs extend across the whole of his career, from *A Slumber Song of the Madonna*, written when he was 15, to the Three Songs, Op. 45, of 1972, his next-to-last completed work. They distill the essence of his art—its lyricism, its precise contrapuntal interplay, its warmth of harmony, its exquisite sensitivity to the written word.

Barber composed *With Rue My Heart Is Laden* in 1928, when he was still a student at Curtis. The song sets a poignant verse about the loss of friends from youth from the collection *A Shropshire Lad* by the English poet Alfred Edward Housman. *With Rue My Heart Is Laden* was one of three songs from those years that was published in 1936 as Barber’s Op. 2 by G. Schirmer, beginning what became a lifelong association with that distinguished firm.

Nocturne (1940), the last of the Four Songs, Op. 13, sets a poem from a 1938 collection titled *The Carnival* by the American writer and translator Frederic Prokosch (1906–1989), whose peripatetic life provided him with the material for a dozen novels, including two bestsellers in the 1930s (*The Asiatics* and *The Seven Who Fleed*), several books of verse, and a memoir (*Voices*) that recounted his encounters with some of the day’s leading literary figures. Barber admitted that he was “not very keen” about Prokosch’s poem, which begins tenderly but becomes increasingly enigmatic, but said that “the music just popped out for it.”

Sure on This Shining Night (1938), the third of the Four Songs, Op. 13, sets a meditative verse that appeared in 1934 in *Permit Me Voyage*, the first published collection of poems by the American writer, journalist, and critic James Agee; Barber returned to Agee’s poetry a decade later for his *Knoxville: Summer of 1915*. *Sure on*

This Shining Night proved to be one of Barber’s most popular songs, and he orchestrated it for a broadcast appearance as conductor with mezzo-soprano Jennie Tourel and the CBS Symphony Orchestra on May 5, 1945, and arranged it for chorus and piano in 1961.

The Three Songs, Op. 10 (*Rain Has Fallen*, *Sleep Now*, and *I Hear an Army*), written in 1935–1936 to texts from James Joyce’s *Chamber Music* (1907, Joyce’s first published work), are exactly contemporary with Barber’s *Adagio for Strings*, and, though very different in mood and manner, share with that modern masterwork an uncanny ability to create both a carefully sculpted expressive world and a sure sense of musical line.

Charles Ives (1874–1954) Five Songs

Ives wrote more than 150 songs of widely varied character, ranging from German-style *Lieder* to French *chansons*, from sentimental ballads to philosophical tracts, many pilfering snippets of existing music and threading them together with his original strains. “A song has a few rights, the same as an ordinary citizen,” Ives propounded in the Postface to his collection of *114 Songs*, published (at his own expense) in 1922; it was the first of his music to see print. “If it feels like trying to fly where humans cannot fly—to sing what cannot be sung—to walk in a cave, on all fours—or to tighten up its girth in blind hope and faith, and try to scale mountains that are not—Who shall stop it!—In short, must a song always be a song!”

Ives wrote the text and music for *The Circus Band* in 1894, just after he had arrived as an undergraduate at Yale, already primed to defy the traditional modes of form, harmony, and expression advocated by his composition teacher, Horatio Parker. When he assembled his *114 Songs* in 1922, Ives placed this delightfully raucous evocation of childhood’s memory of a circus parade as the last of the 5 *Street Songs and Pieces*.

The phrase “down east” apparently originated with mariners sailing out of Boston to the

Maine coast, which is northeast and downwind from there. It has come to refer generally to the state of Maine, and in 1919 Ives used it as the title of *Down East* to trigger memories of his early years in New England. The song, a virtual microcosm of Ives’s creativity, begins with wandering, unsettled harmonies to evoke “visions of my homeland” (Ives also wrote the text) from which arises a newly created, hymn-like tune about “a village by the sea” that culminates in a quotation from the hymn *Nearer My God to Thee*.

The World War I song *Tom Sails Away* (1917), for which Ives wrote both text and music, expresses essential elements of his creative work: memory (though the song’s fraternal Tom is fictional), longing for the purer world of childhood, and sadness over the intrusion of powerful political forces into individual lives. A quotation at the song’s crucial moment transforms George M. Cohan’s popular *Over There* from march into lament.

Ives wrote *An Old Flame* to his own text around 1898, when such parlor songs were popular among his fellow undergraduates at Yale. He revised the song in 1901, after he had moved to New York following his graduation to join an insurance firm, and grouped it among the *Eight Sentimental Ballads* in *114 Songs*.

Upon the death in 1912 of “General” William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army, American writer Vachel Lindsay created a visionary poem imagining the religious man pounding “his big bass drum” to lead his “unwashed legions” into heaven, where they were transformed and “clad in raiment new.” Lindsay toured the country giving flamboyantly dramatic readings of his poem, *General William Booth Enters into Heaven*, and Ives encountered a notice of one such performance in *The Independent* of January 12, 1914. The report

included excerpts from the poem, and it was upon those verses that Ives composed one of his greatest songs, a distillation of his conviction that music could be an instrument of nearly religious power in raising the human spirit to transcendent heights.

William Bolcom (b. 1938) Selections from *Cabaret Songs*

William Bolcom epitomizes the “problem” facing the American composer at the start of the new millennium: how to respect the great traditions—European, American, ethnic, popular—on which our culture is founded while creating music that is new and vital. But every “problem” also offers a challenge and an opportunity, and Bolcom, like many of his colleagues, has created an exciting musical vocabulary that draws together the vast sweep of music old and new into a synthesis for our time. It is a job requiring talent, dedication, erudition, judgment, taste, and even humor. Bolcom brings to this task impeccable qualifications—training with distinguished (mostly French) teachers, including Milhaud, Messiaen, and Boulez; commissions from the NEA, the Guggenheim, and

Rockefeller foundations, and many other leading organizations, ensembles, and performers; a Pulitzer Prize in 1988 for his *Twelve New Etudes for Piano*; the National Medal of Arts in 2006; Professor of Composition at the University of Michigan from 1973 to 2008; recognition as the 2007 “Composer of the Year” by *Musical America*—as well as a thorough absorption of the entire gamut of traditional and modern concert styles, many species of world music, and the rich panoply of American jazz, folk, blues, rock,



Nathan Gunn

Illustration by Tom Bachstell

pop, and ragtime. Bolcom has gathered what he wished from this torrent of musical streams, and channeled it with masterful flamboyance into his own, personal idiom.

Playwright, poet, and Columbia faculty member Arnold Weinstein has collaborated with Bolcom on the “actor’s opera” *Dynamite Tonight!*, the music theater piece *Casino Paradise*, two full-scale works for Lyric Opera of Chicago (*McTeague* [1992] and *View from the Bridge* [1999]) and four sets of *Cabaret Songs*. In a preface to the *Cabaret Songs*, Weinstein wrote, “Norse-American William Bolcom the

composer studied with Roethke the poet, and before that, his feet barely hitting the pedals, Bill had played for the vaudeville shows passing through Seattle with such songs in the repertory as *Best Damn Thing Am Lamb Lamb Lamb*. Milhaud found Bill and brought him back alive to highbrow music, though he never lost his low-brow soul (neither did Milhaud). Operas later, we wrote these songs as a cabaret in themselves, no production ‘values’ to worry about. The scene is the piano, the cast is the singer.”

© 2013 Dr. Richard E. Rodda

Franz Schubert
Die Taubenpost

Text: Johann Gabriel Seidl

Ich hab’ eine Brieftaub’ in meinem Sold,
Die ist gar ergeben und treu,
Sie nimmt mir nie das Ziel zu kurz
Und fliegt auch nie vorbei.

Ich sende sie viel tausendmal
Auf Kundschaft täglich hinaus,
Vorbei an manchem lieben Ort,
Bis zu der Liebsten Haus.

Dort schaut sie zum Fenster heimlich hinein,
Belauscht ihren Blick und Schritt,
Gibt meine Grüsse scherzend ab
Und nimmt die ihren mit.

Kein Briefchen brauch ich zu schreiben mehr,
Die Träne selbst geb ich ihr,
Oh, sie verträgt sie sicher nicht,
Gar eifrig dient sie mir.

Bei Tag, bei Nacht, im Wachen, im Traum,
Ihr gilt das alles gleich,
Wenn sie nur wandern, wandern kann,
Dann ist sie überreich!

Sie wird nicht müd, sie wird nicht matt,
Der Weg ist stets ihr neu;
Sie braucht nicht Lockung, braucht nicht Lohn,
Die Taub’ ist so mir treu!

Drum heg ich sie auch so treu an der Brust,
Versichert des schönsten Gewinns;
Sie heisst—die Sehnsucht!
Kennt ihr sie? Die Botin treuen Sinns.

Schubert
Rosenband

Text: Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock

Im Frühlings Schatten fand ich sie,
Da band ich sie mit Rosenbändern:
Sie fühlt’ es nicht und schlummerte.

Ich sah sie an; mein Leben hing
Mit diesem Blick an ihrem Leben:
Ich fühlt’ es wohl und wusst’ es nicht.

The Pigeon-Post

I have a carrier-pigeon in my pay,
Devoted and true;
She never stops short of her goal
And never flies too far.

Each day I send her out
A thousand times on reconnaissance,
Past many a beloved spot,
To my sweetheart’s house.

There she peeps furtively in at the window,
Observing every look and step,
Conveys my greeting breezily,
And brings her back to me.

I no longer need to write a note,
I can give her my very tears;
She will certainly not deliver them wrongly,
So eagerly does she serve me.

Day or night, awake or dreaming,
It is all the same to her;
As long as she can roam
She is richly contented.

She never grows tired or faint,
The route is always fresh to her;
She needs no enticement or reward,
So true is this pigeon to me.

I cherish her as truly in my heart,
Certain of the fairest prize;
her name is—Longing!
Do you know her? The messenger of constancy.

Rosy Ribbons

In spring shade I found her,
And bound her with rosy ribbons:
She did not feel it, and slumbered on.

I looked at her; my life hung
With that gaze on her life:
I felt it well, but knew it not.

Doch lispelt' ich ihr sprachlos zu
Und rauschte mit den Rosenbändern.
Da wachte sie vom Schlummer auf.

Sie sah mich an; ihr Leben hing
Mit diesem Blick an meinem Leben,
Und um uns ward Elysium.

Schubert
Im Walde

Text: Friedrich von Schlegel

Windes Rauschen, Gottes Flügel,
Tief in kühler Waldesnacht,
Wie der Held in Rosses Bügel,
Schwingt sich des Gedankens Macht.
Wie die alten Tannen sausen,
Hört man Geisterwogen brausen.

Herrlich ist der Flamme Leuchten
In des Morgenglanzes Rot,
Oder, die das Feld beleuchten,
Blitze, schwanger oft von Tod.
Rasch die Flamme zuckt und lodert,
Wie zu Gott hinauf gefordert.

Ewig's Rauschen sanfter Quellen
Zaubert Blumen aus dem Schmerz,
Trauer doch in linden Wellen
Schlägt uns lockend an das Herz.
Fernab hin der Geist gezogen,
Die uns locken, durch die Wogen.

Drang des Lebens aus der Hülle,
Kampf der starken Triebe wild
Wird zur schönsten Liebesfülle,
Durch des Geistes Hauch gestillt.
Schöpferischer Lüfte Wehen
Fühlt man durch die Seele gehen.

Windes Rauschen, Gottes Flügel,
Tief in kühler Waldesnacht,
Freigegeben alle Zügel
Schwingt sich des Gedanken Macht,
Hört in Lüften ohne Grausen
Den Gesang der Geister brausen.

But I whispered wordlessly to her
And rustled the rosy ribbons.
Then she awoke from her slumber.

She looked at me; her life hung
With this gaze on my life:
And around us it became Elysium.

In the Forest

The rushing wind, the wings of God,
Deep in the cool forest night,
As with the hero in the horse's stirrups,
Thus does the power of thought soar.
As the old pine trees sigh,
Thus one hears the roar of the ghostly waves.

Magnificent is the glow from the flames
In the rosy light of morn,
Or the flashes that light up the fields—
Lightning, often pregnant with death.
Swiftly the flame flickers and blazes,
As if summoned upwards by God.

The eternal murmuring of gentle springs
Conjures flowers from sorrow;
Sadness yet in gentle waves
Beats enticingly against the heart.
The spirit is drawn far away
By those beckoning waves.

Life presses against its bonds,
Struggles with strong, wild urges
Toward the beautiful fulfillment of love,
Stilled by the breath of the spirit.
The creative breezes
One feels blowing through the soul.

The rushing wind, the wings of God,
Deep in the cool forest night,
Freed from all restraints
The power of thought soars,
We hear in the breezes, without fear,
The roar of the spirits' song.

Schubert
Nachtviolen

Text: Johann Baptist Mayrhofer

Nachtviolen, Nachtviolen!
Dunkle Augen, seelenvolle,
Selig ist es, sich versenken
In dem samtnen Blau.

Grüne Blätter streben freudig
Euch zu hellen, euch zu schmücken;
Doch ihr blicket ernst und schweigend
In die laue Frühlingsluft.

Mit erhabnen Wehmutsstrahlen
Trafet ihr mein treues Herz,
Und nun blüht in stummen Nächten
Fort die heilige Verbindung.

Schubert
Auf der Bruck

Text: Ludwig Rellstab

"Der Bruck" is a forested hilltop on the outskirts of Göttingen.

Frisch trabe sonder Ruh und Rast,
Mein gutes Ross, durch Nacht und Regen!
Was scheust du dich vor Busch und Ast
Und strauchelst auf den wilden Wegen?
Dehnt auch der Wald sich tief und dicht,
Doch muss er endlich sich erschliessen;
Und freundlich wird ein fernes Licht
Uns aus dem dunkeln Tale grüssen.

Wohl könnt ich über Berg und Feld
Auf deinem schlanken Rücken fliegen
Und mich am bunten Spiel der Welt,
An holden Bildern mich vergnügen;
Manch Auge lacht mir traulich zu
Und beut mit Frieden, Lieb und Freude,
Und dennoch eil ich ohne Ruh,
Zurück zu meinem Leide.

Denn schon drei Tage war ich fern
Von ihr, die ewig mich gebunden;
Drei Tage waren Sonn und Stern
Und Erd und Himmel mir verschwunden.
Von Lust und Leiden, die mein Herz
Bei ihr bald heilten, bald zerrissen
Fühlt ich drei Tage nur den Schmerz,
Und ach! die Freude musst ich missen!

Dame's Violet

Dame's violet!
Dark-eyed, soulful,
How blissful it is to sink
Into your velvety blue.

Green leaves strive cheerfully
To brighten you, to adorn you;
But you gaze at her earnestly and silently
In the mild spring breeze.

With sublime rays of melancholy
You have touched my heart sincerely,
And now blossoms on silent nights
our holy union.

On the Bruck

Trot briskly, without rest,
My good steed, through night and rain!
Why do you shy at bush and branch
And stumble on the wild paths?
Though the forest stretches deep and dense,
It must open out at last;
And a distant light will greet us cheerfully
From the dark valley.

Well could I fly over mountain and field
On your slender back
And enjoy the world's varied sport
And its fair vistas.
Many an eye smiles familiarly at me,
Bidding peace, love and joy;
And yet I hurry on without rest,
Returning to my sorrow.

For three days now I have been away
From her to whom I am forever bound;
For three days, sun and star
And earth and heaven have vanished for me.
Of the joy and sorrow that sometimes healed,
Sometimes tore apart my heart,
I have felt only pain for three days,
And oh! the joy I had to forego!

Weit sehn wir über Land und See
Zur wärmer Flur den Vogel fliegen;
Wie sollte denn die Liebe je
In ihrem Pfade sich betrügen?
Drum trabe mutig durch die Nacht!
Und schwinden auch die dunkeln Bahnen,
Der Sehnsucht helles Auge wacht,
Und sicher führt mich süßes Ahnen.

Robert Schumann

Dichterliebe

Texts: Heinrich Heine

1. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

2. Aus meinen Tränen sprissen

Aus meinen Tränen sprissen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer warden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

3. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
Die liebt' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;

Sie selber, aller Liebe Bronne,
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.
Ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine.

We see far over land and sea,
A bird flying to warmer pastures;
How then should love ever
Deceive itself along its course?
So trot bravely through the night!
Although the dark paths may fade,
The bright eye of longing still watches,
And sweet foreboding guides me safely on.

Poet's Love

In the wonderfully beautiful month of May,
When all the buds are bursting open,
There, from my own heart,
Bursts forth my own love.

In the wonderfully beautiful month of May,
When all the birds are singing,
So have I confessed to her
My yearning and my longing.

From my tears sprout forth
Many blooming flowers,
And my sighing become joined with
The chorus of the nightingales.

And if you love me, dear child,
I will send you so many flowers;
And before your window should sound
The song of the nightingale.

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,
I loved them all once in love's bliss.
I love them no more, I love only
The Small, the Fine, the Pure, the One;

She herself—the source of all love—
Is the rose, lily, dove, and sun.
I love only
The Small, the Fine, the Pure, the One.

4. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
So schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh;
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.

Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: Ich liebe dich!
So muss ich weinen bitterlich.

5. Ich will meine Seele tauchen

Ich will meine Seele tauchen
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.

Das Lied soll schauern und beben
Wie der Kuss von ihrem Mund',
Den sie mir einst gegeben
In wunderbar süßer Stund'.

6. Im Rhein, im schönen Strome

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n
Mit seinem grossen Dome
Das grosse, heil'ge Köln.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf goldnem Leder gemalt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein
Um unsre liebe Frau;
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein,
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

7. Ich grolle nicht

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht.
Ewig verlor'nes Lieb! Ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.
Das weiss ich längst.

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht.

When I gaze into your eyes,
All my pain and woe vanishes;
Yet when I kiss your lips,
I am made wholly and entirely healthy.

When I lay against your breast
It comes over me like longing for heaven;
Yet when you say, "I love you!"
I must cry so bitterly.

I want to dip my soul
Into the cup of the lily;
The lily should give resoundingly
A song belonging to my beloved.

The song should shudder and tremble
Like the kiss from her lips
That she once gave me
In a wonderfully sweet hour.

In the Rhine, in the holy stream
Is it mirrored in the waves—
With its great cathedral—
That great, holy city Cologne.

In the Cathedral stands an image
Painted on golden leather;
Into the wildness of my life
Has it shone, friendly.

Flowers and little cherubs hover
Around our beloved Lady;
The eyes, the lips, the cheeks—
They match my beloved's exactly.

I bear no grudge, even when my heart is breaking!
Love lost forever! I bear no grudge.
Although you shine in diamond splendor,
No beam falls into the night of your heart.
I will know that for a long time.

I bear no grudge, even when my heart is breaking!

Ich sah dich ja im Traume,
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frisst,
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.
Ich grolle nicht.

8. Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen

Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen,
Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,
Sie würden mit mir weinen,
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Und wüssten's die Nachtigallen,
Wie ich so traurig und krank,
Sie liessen fröhlich erschallen
Erquickenden Gesang.

Und wüssten sie mein Wehe,
Die goldenen Sternelein,
Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.

Sie alle können's nicht wissen,
Nur eine kennt meinen Schmerz;
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

9. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen,
Trompeten schmettern darein;
Da tanzt wohl den Hochzeitsreigen
Die Herzallerliebste mein.

Das ist ein Klingen und Dröhnen,
Ein Pauken und ein Schalmein;
Dazwischen schluchzen und stöhnen
Die lieblichen Engelein.

10. Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen,
Das einst die Liebste sang,
So will mir die Brust zerspringen
Von wildem Schmerzdrang.

Es treibt mich ein dunkles Sehnen
Hinauf zur Waldeshöh',
Dort löst sich auf in Tränen
Mein übergrosses Weh'.

I truly saw you in my dreams
And saw the night in the room of your heart,
And saw the snake that bites your heart;
I saw, my dear, how truly miserable you are.
I bear no grudge.

And if the blooms—the small ones—knew
How deeply wounded is my heart,
They would weep with me
To heal my pain.

And if the nightingales knew
How sad and ill I am,
They would let forth merrily
A refreshing song.

And if they knew my woe—
The little golden stars—
They would come down from their heights
And speak their consolation to me.

But all of them could not know this,
Only one knows my pain;
He himself has indeed torn,
Torn my heart in two.

There is a fluting and fiddling
With trumpets blaring in;
In a wedding dance, dances
She who is my heart's whole love.

There is a ringing and roaring,
A drumming and sounding of shawms,
In between which sob and moan
The lovely little angels.

I hear the dear song sounding
That once my beloved sang,
And my heart wants to burst so strongly
From the savage pressure of pain.

A dark longing is driving me
Up into the heights of the woods,
Where in my tears can be dissolved
My own colossal woe.

11. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,
Die hat einen andern erwählt;
Der andre liebt eine andre,
Und hat sich mit dieser vermählt.

Das Mädchen nimmt aus Ärger
Den ersten besten Mann,
Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;
Der Jüngling ist übel dran.

Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
Doch bleibt sie immer neu;
Und wem sie just passiert,
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

12. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
Geh' ich im Garten herum.
Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Ich aber wandle stumm.

Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Und schau'n mitleidig mich an:
Sei unsrer Schwester nicht böse,
Du trauriger blasser Mann.

13. Ich hab' im Traum geweinet

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du lägest im Grab.
Ich wachte auf, und die Thräne
Floss noch von der Wange herab.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumt', du verliessest mich.
Ich wachte auf, und ich weinte
Noch lange bitterlich.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du wär'st mir noch gut.
Ich wachte auf, und noch immer
Strömt meine Thränenflut.

A young man loved a girl
Who had chosen another man;
This other man loved yet another girl
And wed that one.

The first girl took out of spite
The first, best man
That happened into her path;
That young man is not well off.

It is an old story,
Yet it remains ever new;
And to he whom it has just happened,
It will break his heart in two.

On a shining summer morning
I wander around my garden.
The flowers are whispering and speaking;
I, however, wander silently.

The flowers are whispering and speaking,
And look at me sympathetically.
"Do not be angry with our sister,
You sad, pale man."

I wept in my dream—
I dreamed you lay in a grave.
I awoke, and my tears
Still flowed down my cheeks.

I wept in my dream—
I dreamed you had abandoned me.
I awoke and I cried
Bitterly for a long while.

I wept in my dream—
I dreamed you were still good to me.
I awoke, and still
Streams my flood of tears.

14. Allnachtlich im Traume seh' ich dich

Allnachtlich im Traume seh' ich dich
Und sehe dich freundlich grussen,
Und laut aufweinand sturz' ich mich
Zu deinen sussen Fussen.

Du siehest mich an wehmutiglich
Und schuttelst das blonde Kopfchen;
Aus deinen Augen schleichen sich
Die Perlenranentropfchen.

Du sagst mir heimlich ein leises Wort
Und gibst mir den Strauss von Zypressen.
Ich wache auf, und der Strauss ist fort,
Und's Wort hab' ich vergessen.

15. Aus alten Marchen winkt es

Aus alten Marchen winkt es
Hervor mit weisser Hand,
Da singt es und da klingt es
Von einem Zauberland;

Wo bunte Blumen bluhlen
Im gold'nen Abendlicht,
Und lieblich duftend gluhlen,
Mit brautlichem Gesicht;

Und grune Baume singen
Uralte Melodei'n,
Die Lufte heimlich klingen,
Und Vogel schmetter'n drein;

Und Nebelbilder steigen
Wohl aus der Erd' hervor,
Und tanzen luft'gen Reigen
Im wunderlichen Chor;

Und blaue Funken brennen
An jedem Blatt und Reis,
Und rote Lichter rennen
Im irren, wirren Kreis;

Und bunte Quellen brechen
Aus wildem Marmorstein.
Und seltsam in den Bachen
Strahlt fort der Widerschein.

Ach, konn't ich dorthin kommen,
Und dort mein Herz erfreu'n,
Und aller Qual entnommen,
Und frei und selig sein!

Nightly I see you in my dreams
And I see you greet me, friendly,
And crying out loudly, I throw myself
At your sweet feet.

You look at me sorrowfully
And shake your dear, blond head;
From your eyes sneak forth
The pearly teardrops.

You say a soft word to me secretly,
And give me a branch of the cypress;
I awake, and the branch is gone,
And I have forgotten the word.

From old fairy tales beckons
To me a white hand,
Where there is a singing and sounding
Of a magical land,

Where multicolored flowers bloom
In golden twilight,
And glow lovely and fragrant
With their bridal visage,

And where green trees sing
Primeval melodies;
Where breezes sound secretly,
And birds warble,

And mist-figures rise
From the earth
And dance airy round-dances
In an odd chorus,

And blue sparks burn
On every leaf and twig,
And red lights run
In a mad, chaotic circle,

And loud springs break
Out of wild marble stone,
And in the streams—oddly—
Shine forth the reflections.

Ah! If I could enter there
And indulge my heart,
And give up my agony,
And be free and holy!

Ach! jenes Land der Wonne,
Das seh' ich oft im Traum,
Doch kommt die Morgensonne,
Zerfliest's wie eitel Schaum.

16. Die alten, bosen Lieder

Die alten, bosen Lieder,
Die Traume bos' und arg,
Die lasst uns jetzt begraben,
Holt einen grossen Sarg.

Hinein leg' ich gar Manches,
Doch sag' ich noch nicht was;
Der Sarg muss sein noch grosser,
Wie's Heidelberger Fass.

Und holt eine Totenbahre
Und Bretter fest und dick;
Auch muss sie sein noch langer,
Als wie zu Mainz die Bruck'.

Und holt mir auch zwolf Riesen,
Die mussen noch starker sein,
Als wie der starke Christoph
Im Dom zu Koln am Rhein.

Die sollen den Sarg forttragen,
Und senken ins Meer hinab;
Denn solchem grossen Sarge
Gebuhrt ein grosses Grab.

Wisst ihr, warum der Sarg wohl
So gross und schwer mag sein?
Ich senkt' auch meine Liebe
Und meinen Schmerz hinein.

Ah! This is the land of bliss
That I see so often in a dream,
But when the morning sun comes,
It melts like mere froth.

The old, angry songs,
The dreams angry and wicked—
Let us now bury them.
Fetch a large coffin.

In it will I lay many things,
But I will still not say quite what.
The coffin must be still larger
As the cask in Heidelberg.

And fetch a death bier
And planks firm and thick;
They must be still longer
Than the bridge to Mainz.

And fetch me, too, twelve giants;
They must be still stronger
Than that strong St. Christopher
In the Cathedral to Cologne on the Rhine.

They should carry the coffin away
And sink it down deep in the sea,
Since such a great coffin
Deserves a great grave.

Do you know why the coffin
Must be so large and heavy?
I sank with it my love
And my pain, deep within.

Samuel Barber
With Rue My Heart Is Laden
Text: Alfred Edward Housman

With rue my heart is laden
 For golden friends I had,
 For many a rose-lipt maiden
 And many a lightfoot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping
 The lightfoot boys are laid;
 The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
 In fields where roses fade.

Barber
Nocturne
Text: Frederic Prokosch

Close, my darling, both your eyes,
 Let your arms lie still at last.
 Calm the lake of falsehood lies
 And the wind of lust has passed.

Waves across these hopeless sands
 Fill my heart and end my day,
 Underneath your moving hands
 All my aching flows away.

Even the human pyramids
 Blaze with such a longing now:
 Close, my love, your trembling lids,
 Let the midnight heal your brow.

Northward flames Orion's horn,
 Westward the Egyptian light.
 None to watch us, none to warn
 But the blind eternal night.

Barber
Sure on This Shining Night
Text: James Agee

Sure on this shining night
 Of starmade shadows round,
 Kindness must watch for me
 This side the ground.

The late year lies down the north.
 All is healed, all is health.
 High summer holds the earth.
 Hearts all whole.

Sure on this shining night I weep for wonder
 wand'ring far alone
 Of shadows on the stars.

Barber
I Hear an Army
Text: James Joyce

I hear an army charging upon the land,
 And the thunder of horses plunging, foam about
 their knees:
 Arrogant, in black armour, behind them stand,
 Disdaining the reins, with flutt'ring whips,
 the charioteers.

They cry unto the night their battlename:
 I moan in sleep when I hear afar their whirling laughter.
 They cleave the gloom of dreams, a blinding flame,
 Clanging, clanging upon the heart as upon an anvil.

They come shaking in triumph their long, green hair:
 They come out of the sea and run shouting by the shore.
 My heart, have you no wisdom thus to despair?
 My love, my love, why have you left me alone?

Charles Ives
The Circus Band
Text: Charles Ives

All summer long, we boys
 dreamed 'bout big circus joys!
 Down Main street, comes the band,
 Oh! "Ain't it a grand and glorious noise!"

Horses are prancing, knights advancing;
 Helmets gleaming, pennants streaming,
 Cleopatra's on her throne!
 That golden hair is all her own.

Where is the lady all in pink?
 Last year she waved to me I think,
 Can she have died? Can! that! rot!
 She is passing but she sees me not.

—Hear the trombones!

Ives
Down East
Text: Charles Ives

Songs! Visions of my homeland,
 come with strains of childhood,
 Come with tunes we sang in school days
 and with songs from mother's heart;
 Way down east in a village by the sea,
 stands an old, red farmhouse
 that watches o'er the lea;
 All that is best in me,
 lying deep in memory,
 draws my heart where I would be,
 nearer to thee.
 Ev'ry Sunday morning,
 when the chores were almost done,
 from that little parlor
 sounds the old melodeon,
 "Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee,"
 With those strains a stronger hope
 comes nearer to me.

Ives
Tom Sails Away
Text: Charles Ives

Scenes from my childhood are with me,
 I'm in the lot behind our house upon the hill,
 A spring day's sun is setting,
 mother with Tom in her arms
 is coming towards the garden;
 the lettuce rows are showing green.
 Thinner grows the smoke o'er the town,
 stronger comes the breeze from the ridge,
 'Tis after six, the whistles have blown,
 the milk train's gone down the valley
 Daddy is coming up the hill from the mill,
 We run down the lane to meet him
 But today! In freedom's cause Tom sailed away
 for over there, over there!
 Scenes from my childhood
 are floating before my eyes.

Ives
An Old Flame
Text: Charles Ives

When dreams enfold me,
 Then I behold thee,
 See thee, the same loving sweetheart of old.

Through seasons gliding,
 Thou art abiding
 In the depths of my heart untold;
 For I do love thee,
 May God above thee
 His guarding care unfold.
 Ah! could I meet thee,
 And have thee greet me,
 Come to me,
 Stand by me,
 Love me as yore,
 Sadness outdone then,
 New life would come then,
 Such joy never known before;
 For I do love thee,
 May God above thee,
 Bless thee ever more,
 God bless thee!
 Love, Bless thee! Love.

Ives
General William Booth Enters into Heaven
Text: Vachel Lindsay

Booth led boldly with his big bass drum—(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?) saints smiled gravely, and they said: "He's come." (Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?) Walking lepers followed, rank on rank, lurching bravoos from the ditches dank, drabs from the alleyways and drug fiends pale—minds still passion-ridden, soul-powers frail—vermin-eaten saints with mouldy breath, unwashed legions with the ways of Death—(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?) every slum had sent its half-a-score the round world over. (Booth had groaned for more.) Every banner that the wide world flies bloomed with glory and transcendent dies. Big-voiced lassies made their banjos bang, tranced, fanatical they shrieked and sang—"Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?" Hallelujah! Lord, it was queer to see bull-necked convicts with that land make free. Loons with trumpets blowed a blare, on, on upward thro' the golden air! (Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?) Jesus came from the court-house door, stretched his hands above the passing poor. Booth saw not, but led his queer ones round and round the mighty court-house square. Yet in an instant all that blear review marched on spotless, clad in raiment new. The lame were straightened, withered limbs uncurled, and blind eyes opened on a new, sweet world. (Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

William Bolcom
Song of Black Max*Text: Arnold Weinstein*

He was always dressed in black,
long black jacket, broad black hat,
sometimes a cape,
and as thin, and as thin as rubber tape:
Black Max.

He would raise that big black hat
to the big-shots of the town
who raised their hats right back,
never knew they were bowing to
Black Max.

I'm talking about night in Rotterdam
when the right night people of all the town
would find what they could
in the night neighborhood of
Black Max.

There were women in the windows
with bodies for sale
dressed in curls like little girls
in little dollhouse jails.
When the women walked the street
with the beds upon their backs,
who was lifting up his brim to them?
Black Max!

And there were looks for sale,
the art of the smile—
(only certain people walked that mystery mile;
artists, charlatans, vaudevillians,
men of mathematics, acrobatics, and civilians).

There was knitting-needle music
from a lady organ-grinder
with all her sons behind her,
Marco, Vito, Benno
(Was he strong! though he walked like a woman)
and Carlo, who was five.
He must be still alive!

Ah, poor Marco had the syph, and if
you didn't take the terrible cure those days you went
crazy and died
and he did.
And at the coffin
before they closed the lid,
who raised his lid?
Black Max.

I was climbing on the train
one day going far away
to the good old U.S.A.
when I heard some music
underneath the tracks.
Standing there beneath the bridge,
long black jacket, broad black hat,
playing the harmonica, one hand free
to lift that hat to me:

Black Max, Black Max, Black Max.

Bolcom
George*Text: Arnold Weinstein*

My friend George
used to say
"Oh call me Georgia, hon,
get yourself a drink,"
and sang the best soprano
in our part of town.

In beads, brocade and pins,
he sang it you happened in
through the door he never locked
and said, "Get yourself a drink,"
and sang out loud
till tears fell in the cognac
and the choc'late milk and gin
and on the beads, brocade and pins.

When strangers happened through
his open door,
George said, "Stay,
but you gotta keep quiet
while I sing
and then a minute after.
And call me Georgia."

One fine day
a stranger in a suit
of navy blue
took George's life
with a knife
George had placed
beside an apple pie he'd baked
and stabbed him in the middle
of *Un bel di vedremo*
which he sang
for this particular stranger
who was in the United States Navy.

The funeral was at the cocktail hour.
We knew George would like it like that.
Tears fell on the beads, brocade and pins
in the coffin
which was white
because George was a virgin.

Oh call him Georgia, hon,
get yourself a drink.
"You can call me Georgia, hon,
get yourself a drink!"

Bolcom**Fur (Murray the Furrer)***Text: Arnold Weinstein*

My Uncle Murray the furrer
was a big worrier
but he's no hurrier
not today.

He's good and retired now,
didn't get fired,
now fulfills his desires on half of his pay.

He eats in the best of dives
although he dines alone.
He buried two wonderful wives
and he still has the princess phone.

It's the best of all possible lives owning all that he
owns on his own.

You see, he never took off a lot,
and used to cough a lot,
fur in his craw from hot days in the store.

Worked his way up to the top.
Was the steward of the shop.
Has a son who is a cop
and he is free!

My Uncle Murray the retiree
loves this democracy
and says it very emphatically.
He lives where he wishes,
when he wants does the dishes,
eats greasy knishes,
yes siree! He is free!
No guilt, no ghost,
no gift for no host,
he goes, coast to coast,

coughing coughing.
My Uncle Murray the furrer
no, no worrier he.

Bolcom**Over the Piano***Text: Arnold Weinstein*

He sang songs to her over the piano.
Sang long songs to her over the piano.
Low slow songs, lusty songs of love.
Loving songs of long lost lust
just to her, just for her, over the piano.

Until at last at half past four
Ev'rybody out the door!
She asked him please play me one more.
Which he did and as he did
Slid off the bench and said to her over the piano
Goodbye.



M. Sharkey Photography

Nathan Gunn has made a reputation as one of the most exciting and in-demand baritones of the day.

He has appeared in internationally renowned opera houses such as the Metropolitan Opera, San Francisco Opera, Lyric Opera of Chicago, Royal Opera House (Covent Garden), Paris Opera, Bayerische Staatsoper, Glyndebourne Opera Festival, Theater an der Wien, Teatro Real in Madrid, and Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie in Brussels. His many roles include the title roles in *Billy Budd*, *Eugene Onegin*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and *Hamlet*; Guglielmo in *Così fan tutte*, the Count in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Tarquinus in *The Rape of Lucetia*, Malatesta in *Don Pasquale*, Belcore in *L'Elisir d'Amore*, and Ottone in *L'incoronazione di Poppea*.

A noted supporter of new works, Mr. Gunn most recently created the role of Paul in the world premiere of Daron Hagen's *Amelia* at the Seattle Opera. He also created the roles of Alec Harvey in André Previn's *Brief Encounter* at Houston Grand Opera, Father Delura in Peter Eötvös's *Love and Other Demons* at the Glyndebourne Opera Festival, and Clyde Griffiths in Tobias Picker's *An American Tragedy* at the Metropolitan Opera. In summer 2012, he creates the role of Yeshua in Mark Adamo's *The Gospel of Mary Magdalene* at San Francisco Opera, and in summer 2015 he will return to Santa Fe Opera for the premiere of Jennifer

Higdon's *Cold Mountain*. Because of this dedication to new works, Mr. Gunn was recently named Director of the American Repertoire Council at the Opera Company of Philadelphia, a steering council focused on advancing the company's American Repertoire Program which is committed to produce a new American work in ten consecutive seasons.

Also a distinguished concert performer, Mr. Gunn has appeared with the New York Philharmonic, Boston Symphony, Chicago Symphony, San Francisco Symphony, Pittsburgh Symphony, Cleveland Orchestra, Minnesota Orchestra, London Symphony, Münchner Rundfunkorchester, and the Rotterdam Philharmonic. The many conductors with whom he has worked with include Sir Andrew Davis, Sir Colin Davis, Christoph von Dohnányi, Christoph Eschenbach, Alan Gilbert, Daniel Harding, James Levine, Kurt Masur, Kent Nagano, Antonio Pappano, David Robertson, Donald Runnicles, Esa-Pekka Salonen, Robert Spano, Michael Tilson Thomas, and Mark Wigglesworth.

A frequent recitalist, Mr. Gunn has been presented in recital at Alice Tully Hall and by Carnegie Hall in Zankel Hall. He has also been presented by Roy Thomson Hall, Cal Performances, the Schubert Club, the Philadelphia Chamber Music Society, the Vocal Arts Society in Washington, D.C., the University of Chicago, the Krannert Center, the Wigmore Hall, and the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie. As a student, he performed in series of recitals with his teacher and mentor John Wustman that celebrated the 200th anniversary of Franz Schubert's birth.

Mr. Gunn has recently ventured outside the standard opera repertoire with appearances in performances of *Camelot* with the New York Philharmonic (broadcast live on PBS's *Great Performances*) and *Show Boat* at Carnegie Hall. He also appeared in the New York Philharmonic's 80th birthday gala celebration for Stephen Sondheim and appeared with the orchestra in an evening of Broadway classics with Kelli O'Hara. Other engagements have included appearances with Mandy Patinkin in

Rochester and at the Ravinia Festival; a series of cabaret shows at the famed Café Carlyle in New York City and at the Segerstrom Center for the Arts in Orange County; special guest artist in the Mormon Tabernacle Choir's annual *Christmas with the Mormon Tabernacle Choir and Orchestra at Temple Square*; and a performance of Sting and Trudie Styler's work *Twin Spirits* in the Allen Room at Jazz at Lincoln Center.

Mr. Gunn's solo album, *Just Before Sunrise*, was released on Sony/BMG Masterworks. Other recordings include the title role in *Billy Budd* with Daniel Harding and the London Symphony Orchestra (Virgin Classics), which won the 2010 Grammy Award; the first complete recording of Rogers & Hammerstein's *Allegro* (Sony's Masterworks Broadway), *Peter Grimes* with Sir Colin Davis and London Symphony Orchestra (LSO Live!) which was nominated for a 2005 Grammy Award, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* (Sony Classics), *Kullervo* with the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra (Telarc), and *American Anthem* (EMI). He also starred as Buzz Aldrin in *Man on the Moon*, an opera written specifically for television and broadcast on the BBC in the U.K. The program was awarded the Golden Rose Award for Opera at the Montreux Festival in Lucerne.

This season, Mr. Gunn returns to the Metropolitan Opera for *Le Comte d'Ory*, the Dallas Opera for *The Aspern Papers*, and the New York Philharmonic as Billy Bigelow in performances of *Carousel* that will be broadcast on PBS's *Live from Lincoln Center* series. He also appears in recital in Carnegie Hall's Zankel Hall, Boston's Jordan Hall, and in Chicago, Berkeley, Terra Haute, and Notre Dame.

Mr. Gunn was the recipient of the first annual Beverly Sills Artist Award, and was awarded the Pittsburgh Opera Renaissance Award. He is an alumnus of the Metropolitan Opera Lindemann Young Artists Program and was the winner of the 1994 Metropolitan Opera National Council Competition. Mr. Gunn is also an alumnus of the University of Illinois at Champaign-Urbana, where he is currently a professor of voice.

Nathan Gunn is represented by Opus 3 Artists, 470 Park Avenue South, Ninth Floor North, New York, New York 10016.

Julie Jordan Gunn is a pianist and arranger of music ranging from classical song recitals to cabaret evenings to Broadway-style concerts. She has appeared on many prestigious series over the last several years, including Carnegie Hall Pure Voice, Lincoln Center Great Performers, and Manhattan's legendary Café Carlyle. She has had the honor of sharing the recital stage with William Burden, Richard Croft, Michelle DeYoung, Elizabeth Futral, Yvonne Gonzales Redman, Mandy Patinkin, and her husband Nathan Gunn. Her arrangements of American songs have been programmed by orchestras throughout the United States and abroad.

Dr. Gunn also is on the faculty of the University of Illinois, where she teaches singers, pianists, and chamber musicians. She has served on the music staff at the Metropolitan Opera Young Artist Program, Wolf Trap Opera, Opera Theatre of Saint Louis, Southern Methodist University, Opera North, Theaterworks, Chicago Opera Theater, and Cincinnati Opera, and given master classes at universities and young artists' programs all over the United States, including the Ryan Young Artists' Program, the Houston Grand Opera Studio, the Steans Institute at Ravinia, the Aspen Festival, and the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music.

She lives in Champaign, Illinois, with her husband and five children.