

Gettysburg
COLLEGE

Sunderman Conservatory
of Music

SENIOR RECITAL

Es war einmal
(Once upon a time)

VIVIAN DAVENPORT
Soprano

featuring

DR. SCOTT CROWNE, *Piano*

GREER GARVER, *Piano*



SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 2025 • 7:00PM
PAUL RECITAL HALL
SCHMUCKER MEMORIAL HALL

I would like to dedicate my recital to my family who has always supported my dream to perform, particularly my mom and dad who volunteered at my theatrical productions, paid/drove me to voice lessons every week, and cheered me on even when my performance anxiety got the best of me. Also, a huge thank you to my sister, Evelyn, for letting me have “my thing”. I’d also like to dedicate this performance to my friends– Greer, Michael, my past and present Blue Notes housemates, Simon, Dylan and many more; you all have stood by me during my best and worst moments. I wouldn’t be performing up here if it weren’t for you all pushing me along. The biggest shoutout goes to my professors, teachers, and mentors. I wouldn’t be the musician I am today if it weren’t for all of you! Thank You. ♥

Cameras and recording devices often cause major distractions for musicians and audience members alike. Moreover, there are copyright issues to be considered. We ask that you not take pictures or record any concerts. An exception is made for family members of students performing a senior recital.

Always turn off your cell phone and refrain from talking during a performance. Food and drink are not permitted in Paul Recital Hall.

*Thank you for attending a Sunderman Conservatory of Music event.
We hope you return again and again to support Gettysburg College students,
Conservatory faculty, and visiting professional artists.*

PROGRAM

Love In The Dictionary.....Celius Dougherty (1902-1986)

12 romances, Op. 25.....Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)

V. Сирень

Always It's Spring.....Lee Hoiby (1926-2011)



Fêtes galantes.....Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

I. En Sourdine

II. Fantoches

La Sirène.....Georges Bizet (1838-1875)

Dr. Scott Crowne, *piano*

Clairières dans le ciel.....Lili Boulanger (1893-1918)

IX. Les lilas qui avaient fleuri

Greer Garver '25, *piano*



Mädchenblumen, Op. 22.....Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

I. Kornblumen

II. Mohnblumen

III. Epheu

IV. Wasserrose



A Vucchella.....Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)
Visione!

Sex Digte af Ibse, Op.25.....Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)

II. En Svane

IV. Med en Vandlilje

6 lieder, Op.13.....Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

- I. Ich stand in dunklen träumen
- II. Sie liebten sich beide
- III. Liebeszauber
- IV. Der mond kommt still gegangen
- VI. Die stille lotosblume



"Mein Liebeslied muss ein Walzer sein" from *The White Horse Inn*.....Robert Stolz (1880-1975)

"Home" from *Beauty and The Beast*.....Alan Menken (b. 1949)

12 romances, Op.14.....Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)

- XI. Весенние воды

Dr. Scott Crowne, *piano*

This recital is in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music Performance. Vivian is a student of Professor Jeffery Fahnestock.

PROGRAM NOTES

Celius Dougherty is an American classical pianist and composer best known for his tonal pieces influenced by folk songs. He studied piano with his mother, a music teacher and church musician, and composition at the University of Minnesota under Donald Ferguson. Dougherty was said to be a decent composer at seven years of age. After graduation, he continued his studies at the Juilliard School with Josef Lhevinne in piano and Rubin Goldmark in composition. He toured and recorded with prominent singers, such as Alexander Kipnis, Eva Gautier, and Povla Frijsch, who sang his songs. Dougherty and Vincenz Ruzicka formed a two-piano duo who premiered works by Stravinsky, Hindemith, Berg, and Schoenberg. He composed around 200 songs, sonatas for violin, piano, and piano duo in addition to an opera, a piano concerto, and a string quartet.

Love In The Dictionary, is an expressive and humorous 1950's art song using the dictionary definition of "love". This piece represents many Dougherty's songs as it displays optimism and humor; seen in songs like "The Lady Who Loved a Pig". The piano accompaniment is colored with crunchy jazz chords while the vocal line is expressive like golden age musicals. A mix that represents my musical background! Ultimately, this is a perfect piece to begin a fairy tale themed recital, as every story encounters love!

Love In The Dictionary

Love: A strong, complex emotion
Or feeling of personal attachment.
Causing one to appreciate,
Delight in, or crave the presence
Or possession of the object,
And to please and promote
The welfare of that object;
Devoted affection or attachment;
Specifically, the feeling between
Husband and wife; Brother and sister;
Or lover and sweetheart;
One who is beloved; A sweetheart;
Animal passion;
The personification of the love-passion;
Cupid;
In some games, as tennis, nothing.

Sergei Rachmaninoff was a composer, conductor, and a world-renowned pianist. He largely represented the Russian late romantic period with his attention to

yet he continued to create impactful works, including everything from operas to piano sonatas. Like most, he learned piano from his mother at a young age and eventually would study at the Moscow Conservatoire under the rigorous tutelage of Nikolay Zverev and the influence of Tchaikovsky. Late in his life he founded a publishing firm that published solely Russian works, which he dedicated to his daughters, called “TAIR”. At the end of his life he moved to America where he spoke out against the Soviet Union, resulting in his music being banned for two years by the Russian government.

“Сирень” was composed in the spring of 1902 after the success of Rachmaninoff’s second piano concerto. It’s important to note that Rachmaninoff found much influence by the nature that surrounded him in Novgorod as well as his residence in Ivanovka. The poetry, written by Ekaterina Beketova, depicts a glistening field of Lilacs where one shall happily rest. “Lilacs” has a flowing melody and a dreamy accompaniment that allows the image of sun shimmering upon a petal to truly come to life. The closing accompaniment mimics the opening with simple broken chords, resembling the sun shining on the meadow. The piano accompaniment also echoes the vocal melody to create a sort of euphoria.

Сирень

По утру, на заре,
По росистой траве,
Я пойду свежим утром дышать;
И в душистую тень,
Где теснится сирень,
Я пойду свое счастье искать...

В жизни счастье одно
Мне найти суждено,
И то счастье в сирени живёт;
На зелёных ветвях,
На душистых кистях
Моё бедное счастье цветёт...

The Lilacs

In the morning, at daybreak,
Over the dewy grass,
I will go to breathe in the crisp dawn;
And in the fragrant shades,
Where the lilacs crowd,
I will go to seek my happiness...

In life, only one happiness
Was fated for me to discover,
And that happiness lives in the lilacs;
On the green boughs,
On the fragrant bunches,
My poor happiness blossoms...

English translation © Philip Ross Bullock

Lee Hoiby was an American composer and pianist. Born in Madison, Wisconsin who began piano lessons at the age of five. Hoiby later studied composition at Mills College under Darius Milhaud and at the Curtis Institute of Music with Gian Carlo Menotti. Hoiby’s compositions flowered with warm lyricism, humor, and harmonic complexity. He became a well-known composer of varying repertoire, choral works, art songs, orchestral works and chamber pieces. One of his best-known works was his adaptation of Tennessee Williams play Summer and Smoke, where he received reviews that claimed his opera as “the finest to date”.

Always it's spring is a whimsical piece about a hidden city in the sky, where the moon is a hot air balloon soaring above. This piece originates from the poet e.e. cummings who is known for his playful imagination and sense of the impossible. The piece is filled with text painting within melody. For example, the word “higher” is ascending and the word “picked” is accented, creating an auditory image of one floating above the city and picking flowers out of a meadow.

Musically this piece is harmonically and texturally quite complex with its constant change in meter as well as key.

Always it's spring

Who knows if the moon's a balloon,
Coming out of a keen city in the sky—
Filled with pretty people?

And if you and I should get into it,
If they should take me and take you into their balloon,
Why then we'd go up higher with all the pretty people
Than houses and steeples and clouds:

Go sailing away and away sailing into a keen city
Which nobody ever visited,
Where always it's spring and everyone's in love
And flowers pick themselves.

Claude Debussy was a French impressionist composer, although he would have rejected such a claim, for his harmonic innovation, new musical colors, and eagerness to break away from Wagner's musical influence (usage of leitmotifs and strenuous musical technique). He began his piano lessons during the Franco Prussian War, when his family took refuge. He later entered the Paris Conservatoire in 1872 and was praised for his great ear and his impressive sight-reading abilities. Debussy was fond of all forms of art, especially literary, with which he wrote his own libretto and bonded with many symbolic poets. He had many close relations with other composers such as Satie, Ernest Chausson, and Stravinsky. Some of Debussy's celebrated compositions include his orchestral work *Prélude à l'Après-Midi d'un Faune* (1894), his opera *Pelléas et Mélisande* (1902), and his six-movement piano suite called *Children's Corner* (1908). Other than that, he had a messy way about him with regard to his love life and a bohemian career as an accompanist.

“En sourdine” and “Fantoche” are from the cycle *Fêtes galantes*, two books containing three songs each taken from a set of poetry by the acclaimed lyrical poet, Paul Verlaine. Debussy was a fond admirer of Verlaine and chose to take his work with him to Rome in 1880, where he began composing such a cycle for his mistress Marie Vasnier. However, Debussy transposed and edited this cycle from

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En sourdine

Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond.

Fondons nos âmes, nos cœurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbousiers.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton cœur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Laissons-nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et doux
Qui vient à tes pieds rider
Les ondes des gazons roux.

Muted

Calm in the twilight
Cast by lofty boughs,
Let us steep our love
In this deep quiet.

Let us blend our souls, our hearts
And our enraptured senses
With the hazy languor
Of arbutus and pine.

Half-close your eyes,
Fold your arms across your breast,
And from your heart now lulled to rest
Banish forever all intent.

Let us both succumb
To the gentle and lulling breeze
That comes to ruffle at your feet

Et quand, solennel, le soir
Des chênes noirs tombera,
Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.

The waves of russet grass.
And when, solemnly, evening
Falls from the black oaks,
The voice of our despair,
The nightingale shall sing.

English translation © Richard Stokes

Fantoches

Scaramouche et Pulcinella
Qu'un mauvais dessein rassembla
Gesticulent, noirs sous la lune.

Cependant l'excellent docteur
Bolonais cueille avec lenteur
Des simples parmi l'herbe brune.

Lors sa fille, piquant minois,
Sous la charmille, en tapinois,
Se glisse, demi-nue, en quête

De son beau pirate espagnol,
Dont un amoureux rossignol
Clame la détresse à tue-tête.

Puppets

Scaramouche and Pulcinella
Drawn together by some evil scheme,
Gesticulate, black beneath the moon.

Meanwhile the excellent doctor
From Bologna is leisurely picking
Medicinal herbs in the brown grass.

Then his daughter, pertly pretty,
Beneath the arbour, stealthily,
Glides, half-naked, in quest

Of her handsome Spanish pirate,
Whose grief a lovelorn nightingale
Proclaims as loudly as he can.

English translation © Richard Stokes

Georges Bizet was a French composer, pianist, and organist. He had a successful yet short career as he tragically passed from a heart attack. Bizet was born into a musical family and at the age of nine Bizet began his lessons at the Paris Conservatoire under Halévy and Gounod. Bizet loved Italy; he enjoyed their relaxed lifestyle and culture, represented in his compositions. He also won the Prix de Rome in 1857. He lived a lavish life, but with this came struggles so he turned to arranging to make a stable income. Bizet found great influence in Rossini, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Meyerbeer. Bizet wrote plenty of works through his short life, but his most popular, performed three months prior to his death, was his opera, *Carmen*. He was cherished for his attention to poetry and his bel canto aesthetic; with its emphasized beauty and brilliant vocal technique.

“La sirène”, originating from the opera *La Coupe du Roi de Thulé* (The Cup of the King of Thule), yet rewritten by Bizet with a new harmony, a piano accompaniment, and new text; is a romantic work about a mermaid who falls in love. The rewritten poetry is by Bizet’s dear friend, Catulle Mendès, known as “the man of letters”.

One could say this piece is inspired by Bizet's voyage along the Italian coast and perhaps he was charmed along the way. This piece fits within the recital with its resemblance of *Disney's*, "The Little Mermaid", a story of a mermaid who falls in love and becomes a princess. "La sirène" is now found within a set called, *Seize Mélodies*, and grouped by publisher Antony Chouden.

La sirène

Sous le flot qui déferle
J'habite un pays sans pareil
Où le ciel de corail vermeil
A pour lune une perle
Un rubis pour soleil!

Et pourtant sur la grève
Je viens chaque soir toute en pleurs
À cause...hélas! À cause d'un bel enfant qui rêve
Et qui passe en cueillant des fleurs.

Autre fois la Sirène heureuse
Sans aimer donnait de l'amour!
La séductrice enfin est amoureuse
La charmeresse est charmée à son tour,

Et le soir, sur la grève
Sans jamais voir mes pleurs
Le bel enfant qui rêve
Passe en cueillant des fleurs!
Hélas! Hélas! (ect.)

The Mermaid

Under the surging flood
I live in a country like no other
Where the ruby coral sky
Has a pearl for the moon
A ruby for sunshine!

And yet on the strike
I come every evening all in tears
Because...alas! Because of a beautiful
Child who dreams
And who passes by picking flowers.

Once upon a time the happy Mermaid
Without loving gave love!
The seductress is finally in love
The charmer is charmed in turn,

And in the evening, on the shore
Without ever seeing my tears
The beautiful child who dreams
Go by picking flowers!
Alas! Alas! (ect.)

Lili Boulanger, born into a musical family, is known for her symbolic compositions of the 20th century. She was a child piano prodigy, yet also learned to play cello, violin, and harp at the Paris Conservatoire. At the prime age of nineteen she won the Prix de Rome, being the first female to do so and with this fame she created a support network for musicians during WWI alongside her sister Nadia. Lili's life was cut short by her chronic illness creating a sense of loneliness and depression through her work. She composed plenty of works, from quartets to choral pieces and an opera, called *La princesse Maleine*. Many believed that Lili's works were quite complex and filled with secrets, her sister even stated that her compositional works were too hard to analyze. Lili's presence in the musical world was kept alive by her sister. Today we recognize Lili as a steppingstone for all women in music!

“Les lilas qui avaient fleuri” is the ninth piece from a cycle of thirteen poems called *Clairières dans le ciel* by the symbolist poet Francis Jammes. This cycle holds a lot of secrets as does most of Lili Boulanger’s pieces, but specifically this one has a connection to Lili’s love for the number thirteen. She chose a cycle of thirteen songs as her name has thirteen letters and she won the grand prize in 1913 seven days before her thirteenth birthday. While this is childish she was only but a child when she composed this cycle. Specifically, this song is about love, something Lili never got to experience, yet it seems that she dreamed to one day obtain it. The ninth song is filled with mystery within the rich eleventh chords, chromatism, and the vocal line that floats above the complex rolled chords.

Les lilas qui avaient fleuri

Les lilas qui avaient fleuri l’année dernière
Vont fleurir de nouveau dans les tristes
Parterres.
Déjà le pêcher grêle a jonché le ciel bleu
De ses roses, comme un enfant la Fête Dieu.
Mon cœur devrait mourir au milieu de ces
Choses
Car c’était au milieu des vergers blancs et
Roses
Que j’avais espéré je ne sais quoi de vous.
Mon âme rêve sourdement sur vos genoux.
Ne la repoussez point. Ne la relevez pas
De peur qu’en s’éloignant de vous elle ne
Voie
Combien vous êtes faible et troublée dans
Ses bras.

English translation © 2003 Faith J. Cormier

The lilacs which had flowered last year

The lilacs which had flowered last year
Shall flower again in melancholy beds.
Already the slender peach has strewn the
Blue sky
With its pinks, like a child at Corpus Christi.
My heart should die amid these things,
For it was amid the orchard’s whites and
Pinks
That I had hoped from you I know not what.
My soul dreams secretly upon your lap.
Do not reject it. Do not raise it up,
For fear that drawing away from you it
Might see
How frail you are and troubled in its arms.

Richard Strauss was a German composer and conductor of the late romantic era. He is known for his virtuosity in both his tone poems as well as operas, composing 214 vocal works throughout his prolific life. Strauss, born in Munich, began his musical tutoring at the age of four and composed his first piece at six. A man of talent, was mostly influenced by his father, who directed an orchestra and introduced him to artists’ works from Mozart, Schubert, and Beethoven. Strauss was very picky with his libretto, the people that he associated with, and most of all he required large instruments for the works that he intended to create. Strauss worked often with the librettist, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, seen within a variety of Strauss’ operas, such as *Elektra* (1909). Strauss, alongside four others, founded the Salzburger Festspiele (1920), a music and drama festival that still occurs today. Strauss composed sixteen operas up until his passing, most notably *Salome* (1905) and *Daphne* (1937). Important to note, that Strauss specialized in songs for the soprano voice as his wife was a soprano.

These four songs belong to a cycle called *Mädchenblumen* (flower girls) composed by Strauss between 1886 and 1888. Each piece depicts a detailed image of a particular wildflower in shape of a girl; “Kornblumen”(cornflowers), “Mohnblumen”(poppies), “Epheu”(ivy), and “Wasserrose”(water lilies). “Kornblumen” is rich and soars above the accompaniment as does the third song, “Epheu”. However, “Epheu” is complex with its wide vocal range and drawn-out melodic lines. The second piece, “Mohnblumen”, contrasts quite well with its playful demeanor and its bouncy articulations. Lastly, “Wasserrose” is unlike all four, as it foreshadows Strauss’ later musical era with its difficult technique. The last song truly encapsulates a serene setting with its broken chords in the accompaniment that resemble ripples in the water and its long phrases resembling the lengthy pale petals. Not to mention, Strauss creates a grand ending to the cycle with the change in key, meter, and the prolonged cadence. Of course it wouldn't be a Strauss piece without the drama.

Kornblumen

Kornblumen nenn ich die Gestalten,
Die milden mit den blauen Augen,
Die, anspruchslos in stillen Walten,
Den Tau des Friedens, den sie saugen
Aus ihren eigenen klaren Seelen,
Mitteilen allem, dem sie nahen,
Bewußtlos der Gefühlsjuwelen,
Die sie von Himmelshand empfahn.
Dir wird so wohl in ihrer Nähe,
Als gingst du durch ein
Saatgefilde,
Durch das der Hauch des Abends wehe,
Voll frommen Friedens und voll Milde.

Cornflowers

Cornflowers are what I call those girls,
Those gentle girls with blue eyes,
Who simply and serenely impart
The dew of peace, which they draw
From their own pure souls,
To all those they approach,
Unaware of the jewels of feeling
They receive from the hand of Heaven:
You feel so at ease in their company,
As though you were walking through a
Cornfield,
Rippled by the breath of evening,
Full of devout peace and gentleness.

Mohnblumen

Mohnblumen sind die runden,
Rotblutigen gesunden
Die sommersproßgebräunten,
Die immer froh gelaunten,
Kreuzbraven, kreuzfidelen,
Tanznimmermüden Seelen;
Die unter'm Lachen weinen
Und nur geboren scheinen,
Die Kornblumen zu necken,
Und dennoch oft verstecken
Die weichsten, besten Herzen,

Poppies

Poppies are the round,
Red-blooded, healthy girls,
The brown and freckled ones,
The always good-humoured ones,
Honest and merry as the day is long,
Who never tire of dancing,
Who laugh and cry simultaneously
And only seem to be born
To tease the cornflowers,
And yet often conceal
The gentlest and kindest hearts

Im Schlinggewächs von Scherzen;
Die man, weiß Gott, mit Küssen
Erstickten würde müssen,
Wär' man nicht immer bange,
Umarmest du die Range,
Sie springt ein voller Brander
Aufflammen auseinander.

Epheu

Aber Epheu nenn' ich jene Mädchen
Mit den sanften Worten,
Mit dem Haar, dem schlichten, hellen
Um den leis' gewölbten Brau'n,
Mit den braunen seelenvollen
Rehenaugen,
Die in Tränen steh'n so oft,
In ihren Tränen gerade sind
Unwiderstehlich;
Ohne Kraft und Selbstgefühl,
Schmucklos mit verborg'ner Blüte,
Doch mit unerschöpflich tiefer
Treuer inniger Empfindung
Können sie mit eigener Triebkraft
Nie sich heben aus den Wurzeln,
Sind geboren, sich zu ranken
Liebend um ein ander Leben:
An der ersten Lieb'umrankung
Hängt ihr ganzes Lebensschicksal,
Denn sie zählen zu den seltenen
Blumen,
Die nur einmal blühen.

Wasserrose

Kennst du die Blume, die
Märchenhafte,
Sagengefeierte Wasserrose?
Sie wiegt auf ätherischen, schlankem
Schafte
Das durchsicht'ge Haupt, das
Farbenlose,

As they entwine and play their pranks,
Those whom, God knows,
You would have to stifle with kisses,
Were you not so timid,
For if you embrace the minx,
She will burst, like smouldering timber,
Into flames!
Rippled by the breath of evening,
Full of devout peace and gentleness.

Ivy

But ivy is my name for those
Girls with gentle words,
With sleek fair hair
And slightly arched brows,
With brown soulful
Fawn-like eyes that well up
So often with tears— which are
Simply irresistible;
Without strength and self-confidence,
Unadorned with hidden flowers,
But with inexhaustibly deep,
True and ardent feeling,
They cannot, through their own
strength,
Rise from their roots,
But are born to twine themselves
Lovingly round another's life: —
Their whole life's destiny
Depends on their first love-entwining,
For they belong to that rare breed of
Flower
That blossoms only once.

Water-lily

Do you know this flower,
the fairy-like,
Water-lily, celebrated in legend?
On her ethereal,
slender stem
She sways her colourless transparent
Head;

Sie blüht auf schilfigem Teich im
 Haine,
 Gehütet vom Schwan, der umkreiset
 Sie einsam,
 Sie erschließt sich nur dem
 Mondenscheine,
 Mit dem ihr der silberne Schimmer
 Gemeinsam:
 So blüht sie, die zaub'rische
 Schwester der Sterne,
 Umschwärmt von der träumerisch
 Dunklen Phaläne,
 Die am Rande des Teichs sich sehnet
 Von ferne,
 Und sie nimmer erreicht, wie sehr sie
 Sich sehne.
 Wasserrose, so nenn'ich die schlanke,
 Nachtlocke'ge Maid, alabastern von
 Wangen,
 In dem Auge der ahnende tiefe
 Gedanke,
 Als sei sie ein Geist und auf Erden
 Gefangen.
 Wenn sie spricht, it's wie silbernes
 Wogenrauschen,
 Wenn sie schweigt, ist's die ahnende
 Stille der Mondnacht;
 Sie scheint mit den Sternen Blicke zu
 Tauschen,
 Deren Sprache die gleiche Natur sie
 Gewohnt macht;
 Du kannst nie ermüden, in's Aug' ihr
 Zu schau'n,
 Das die seidne, lange Wimper
 Umsäumt hat,
 Und du glaubst, wie bezaubernd von
 Seligem Grau'n,
 Was je die Romantik von Elfen
 Geträumt hat.

It blossoms on a reedy and sylvan
 Pond,
 Protected by the solitary swan that
 Swims round it,
 Opening only to the
 moonlight,
 Whose silver gleam it shares.

Thus it blossoms, the magical
 sister of the stars,
 As the dreamy dark moth, fluttering
 Round it,
 Yearns for it from afar at the edge of
 The pond,
 And never reaches it for all its
 Yearning: –
 Water-lily is my name for the slender
 Maiden with night-black locks and
 Alabaster cheeks
 With deep foreboding thoughts in her
 Eyes,
 As though she were a spirit
 Imprisoned on earth.
 Her speech resembles the silver
 Rippling of waves,
 Her silence the foreboding stillness
 Of a moonlit night,
 She seems to exchange glances with
 The stars,
 Whose language– their natures
 Being the same– she shares.
 You can never tire of gazing into her
 Eyes,
 Framed by her silken long lashes,

 And you believe, bewitched by their
 blissful grey,
 All that Romantics have ever dreamt
 About elves.

Francesco Paolo Tosti was a magnificent Italian composer as well as vocal teacher. He is known for his expressive and sweet melodic styles specifically within his ballads. His works were easily performed by vocalists because of their simplistic melodies, which is partly why they were cherished so. He learned violin and composition at the Naples Conservatory under Saverio Mercadante. He performed his own vocal works in Rome with the help of Giovanni Sgambati and caught the attention of Princess Margherita of Savoy, who later became Queen of Italy. Soon after, Princess Margherita of Savoy would become Tosti's first vocal student and appoint him as curator of the Musical Archives of the Italian Court. He later taught the entire English royal family how to sing and was officially hired as the vocal professor at RAM (Royal Academy of Music) in 1894. Right before retirement, in 1908, Tosti was knighted by King Edward VII!

A *Vucchella* is a romantic Neapolitan song about the beauty of a woman. This piece specifically talks about the desire for one's lips especially when they are dried from the bitter cold. The poetry was written by the popular Italian 19th century poet, Gabriele D'Annunzio who was also known for his several romantic affairs. This piece perfectly represents Tosti's salon repertoire with a passionate melodic line flowing above a supportive accompaniment.

A Vucchella

Sì, comm'a nu sciorillo
 Tu tiene na vucchella
 Nu poco pocorillo
 Appassuliatella.

Meh, dammillo, dammillo,
 -è comm'a na rusella-
 Dammillo nu vasillo,
 Dammillo, Cannetella!

Dammillo e pigliatillo,
 Nu vaso piccerillo
 Comm'a chesta vucchella,

Che pare na rusella
 Nu poco pocorillo
 Appassuliatella...

A sweet mouth

Yes, like a little flower,
 You have got a sweet mouth
 A little bit
 Withered.

Please give it to me
 It's like a little rose
 Give me a little kiss,
 Give, Cannetella!

Give one and take one,
 A kiss as little
 As your mouth

Which looks like a little rose
 A little bit
 Withered.

Visione! is an emotional piece about pleading for a taste of joy through the loss of a loved one. The text describes the hope to not lose the memory of your love with a symbol of heaven, displayed through the white butterflies. The poetry was once again written by the famous Gabriele D'Annunzio, a poet and soldier during WWI, who lost many people close to him. The music ebbs and flows as it resembles the emotional whirlwind one goes through when encountering death. This piece is vulnerable and allows for emoting, with its simple chordal accompaniment and soft dynamics.

Visione!

Il sole ride: le nubi serene
Vagan pe 'l cielo di cobalto a 'l vento:
Ed io mi sento il freddo ne le vene,
Ed io ne 'l cuore la morte mi sento!

Ma tu chi sei, gentile visione,
Che mi tendi così le braccia stanche?
Che mi sussurri l'ultima canzone
Ai fior de 'l campo, a le farfalle bianche?

Il sole ride; da le acacie in fiore
Viene per l'aure una fragrante ondata:
Ed io doman sarò ne 'l cupo orrore
De l'urna, sola, triste, assiderata!...

Ma tu anche là, fedele visione,
Mi tenderai così le braccia stanche?
Oh! Sì, ripeti l'ultima canzone
Ai fior de 'l campo, a le farfalle bianche!...

Vision!

The sun laughs: the clouds serene
They wander through the cobalt sky in the
Wind: And I feel the cold in my veins,
And I feel death in my heart!

But who are you, gentle vision,
Why are you holding out your tired arms to
Me like that? Let him whisper the last song to me.
To the flowers of the field, to the white butterflies?

The sun laughs; from the acacias in bloom
A fragrant wave comes through the air:
And tomorrow I will be in dark horror
Of the urn, alone, sad, frozen!...

But you too there, faithful vision,
Will you hold out your tired arms to me like
This? Oh! Yes, repeat the last song
To the flowers of the field, to the white butterflies!...

Translations by Vivian Davenport

Edvard Grieg was a leading Norwegian composer and virtuosic pianist. His work was often inspired by Norwegian folk songs which evidently helped establish the national identity of Norway. Grieg wrote plenty of music ranging from piano sonatas to symphony works and he wrote 181 songs for voice inspired by his lyric soprano wife. Grieg worked with many well-established composers of that time such as, Franz Liszt, Pyotr Tchaikovsky, Percy Grainger, and Rikard Nordraak (the composer of the Norwegian national anthem). Grieg lived a life filled with accomplishments, including his two honorary doctorates at the University of Cambridge (1894) and University of Oxford (1906). He passed due to lung and heart failure.

“Med en vandlilje” and “En svane” are pieces written by the world-renowned playwright and theatrical director, Henrik Ibsen. Ibsen was often influenced by his childhood within his writing, as he encountered some darkness through his wealth. However, for Grieg, these pieces I’d imagine are composed out of the loss of his child. “Med en vandlilje” is about the parallel between a floating flower and the flower laying upon a woman's bosom. These supposed flowers share a dark dream. The music within this piece is chromatic, yet charming. However, “En svane” is about the metaphoric swan who stands for the end of life. The music in “En svane” is peaceful with the minimal piano accompaniment and thrilling with its drastic dynamic changes.

Med en Vandlilje

Se, Marie, hvad jeg bringer;
Blomsten med de hvide vinger.
På de stille strømme båren
Svam den drømmetung i våren.

Vil du den til hjemmet vie
Fæst den på dit bryst, Marie;
Bag dens blade da sig dølge
Vil en dyp og stille bølge.

Vogt dig, barn, for tjernets strømme.
Farligt, farligt der at drømme!
Nøkken lader som han sover;
Liljer leger ovenover.

Barn, din barm er tjernets strømme.
Farligt, farligt der at drømme;
Liljer leger ovenover;
Nøkken lader som han sover.

With a Waterlily

Look, Mary, at what I'm bringing you:
A flower with white petals.
Carried by the tranquil current
It floated, heavy with dreams of spring.

Should you want to take it home,
Pin it on your chest, Marie;
Behind the leaves that conceal it
There will be a deep and quiet wave.

Beware, child, of the current of the lake.
It is dangerous, dangerous to dream there!
The Water-Sprite pretends to be asleep;
Lilies float above.

Child, your bosom is the current of the lake.
It is dangerous, dangerous to dream there!
Lilies float above;
The water-Sprite pretends to be asleep.

English translation © 2023 by Emily Ezust

En svane

Min hvide svane
Du stumme, du stille,
Hverken slag eller trille
Lod snagrøst ane.
Angst beskyttende
Alfen, som sover,
Altid lyttende
Gled du henover.

The Swan

My swan, my silent one,
With white plumage,
Your delightful songs,
No trill betrayed.
Fearfully mindful of
The elves in the dell,
You glided, listening,
Always in circles.

Men sidste mødet,
Da eder og øjne
Var lønlige løgne,
Ja da, da lød det!
I toners føden
Du sluttet din bane.
Du sang i døden;
Du var dog en svane!

And yet you forced
Our final parting
With false promises.
Yes, there, there you sang!
Singing, you closed
Your earthly course.
You died, faded away.
You were a swan nevertheless!

English translation © 2008 by C. Ersel King

Clara Wieck Schumann was born into a musical family; her father was a piano technician and teacher, and her mother was a talented pianist as well as soprano. Clara started her piano lessons at the age of five. She was taught how to play with a steady hand by her mother and learned auditory and notation-based understanding from her father. Her father and Leipzig's best musicians would eventually teach Clara everything there is to know about music, from composing, music theory, to conducting. Clara was a musical prodigy and had her first main stage performance at the age of nine. From then on Clara would tour around Europe and eventually began composing with the influence of Robert Schumann, who she would later marry. During her early life she grew close to many of the contemporary musicians during that time such as Felix Mendelssohn and Chopin. Throughout Clara's compositions, she displayed immense understanding of the voice and virtuosic whimsicality within the accompaniment.

These five songs are grouped together yet not originally written to be placed within such a set. This grouping of songs represents Clara's emotional state while married to Robert Schumann. "Ich stand in dunklen träumen" is about heartbreak; that moment of ruminating. "Sie liebten sich beide" is about being so used to the norm that you don't dream of the alternative. "Liebeszauber" which can be summarized as deception and/or manipulation within a relationship. "Der Mond kommt still gegangen" is describing the feeling of loneliness and personal isolation. "Die stille Lotosblume" is about being hurt while your partner continues to neglect you. Clara Schumann specifically made a stab at Robert in this piece with the text "Can you fathom the song?", as they use to analyze and critique each other's works. Ultimately, the text is complemented well with the lovely musical phrasing, specific choice of keys, and growing momentum with the added dynamic contrast.

Ich stand in dunklen träumen

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
Und starrte ihr Bildnis an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.

I Stood Darkly Dreaming

I stood darkly dreaming
And stared at her picture,
And that beloved face
Sprang mysteriously to life.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmutstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

About her lips
A wondrous smile played,
And as with sad tears,
Her eyes gleamed.

Auch meine Tränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab—
Und ach, ich kann's nicht glauben,
Dass ich dich verloren hab!

And my tears flowed
Down my cheeks,
And ah, I cannot believe
That I have lost you!

Sie liebten sich beide

They Loved One Another

Sie liebten sich beide, doch keiner
Wollt' es dem andern gestehn;
Sie sahen sich an so feindlich,
Und wollten vor Liebe vergehn.

They loved one another, but neither
Wished to tell the other;
They gave each other such hostile looks,
Yet nearly died of love.

Sie trennten sich endlich und sah'n sich
Nur noch zuweilen im Traum;
Sie waren längst gestorben
Und wussten es selber kaum.

In the end they parted and saw
Each other but rarely in dreams.
They died so long ago
And hardly knew it themselves.

Liebeszauber

Love's magic

Die Liebe saß als Nachtigall
Im Rosenbusch und sang;
Es flog der wunderschöne Schall
Den grünen Wald entlang.

Love, as a nightingale,
Perched on a rosebush and sang;
The wondrous sound floated
Along the green forest.

Und wie er klang, -da stieg im Kreis
Aus tausend Kelchen Duft,
Und alle Wipfel rauschten leis',
Und leiser ging die Luft;

And as it sounded, there arose a scent
From a thousand calyxes,
And all the treetops rustled softly,
And the breeze moved softer still;

Die Bäche schwiegen, die noch kaum
Geplätschert von den Höhn,
Die Rehlein standen wie im Traum
Und lauschten dem Getön.

The brooks fell silent, barely
Having babbled from the heights,
The fawns stood as if in a dream
And listened to the sound.

Und hell und immer heller floß
Der Sonne Glanz herein,
Um Blumen, Wald und Schlucht ergoß
Sich goldig roter Schein.

Brighter, and ever brighter
The sun shone on the scene,
And poured its red glow
Over flowers, forest and glen.

Ich aber zog den Wald entlang
Und hörte auch den Schall.
Ach! Was seit jener Stund' ich sang,
War nur sein Widerhall.

Der Mond kommt still gegangen

Der Mond kommt still gegangen
Mit seinem gold'nen Schein.
Da schläft in holdem Prangen
Die müde Erde ein.

Und auf den Lüften schwanken
Aus manchem treuen Sinn
Viel tausend Liebesgedanken
Über die Schläfer hin.

Und drunten im Tale, de funkeln
Die Fenster von Liebchens Haus;
Ich aber blicke im Dunklen
Still in die Welt hinaus.

Die stille Lotosblume

Die stille Lotosblume
Steigt aus dem blauen See,
Die Blätter flimmern und blitzen,
Der Kelch ist weiß wie Schnee.

Da gießt der Mond vom Himmel
All seinen gold'nen Schein,
Gießt alle seine Strahlen
In ihren Schoß hinein.

Im Wasser um die Blume
Kreiset ein weißer Schwan,
Er singt so süß, so leise
Und schaut die Blume an.

Er singt so süß, so leise
Und will im Singen vergehn.
O Blume, weiße Blume,
Kannst du das Lied verstehen?

But I made my way along the path
And also heard the sound.
Ah! All that I've sung since that hour
Was merely its echo.

The moon rises silently

The moon rises silently
With its golden glow.
The weary earth then falls asleep
In beauty and splendour.

Many thousand loving thoughts
From many faithful minds
Sway on the breezes
Over those who slumber.

And down in the valley
The windows sparkle of my beloved's house;
But I in the darkness gaze
Silently out into the world.

The silent lotus flower

The silent lotus flower
Rises out of the blue lake,
Its leaves glitter and glow,
Its cup is as white as snow.

The moon then pours from heaven
All its golden light,
Pours all its rays
Into the lotus flower's bosom.

In the water, round the flower,
A white swan circles,
It sings so sweetly, so quietly,
And gazes on the flower.

It sings so sweetly, so quietly,
And wishes to die as it sings.
O flower, white flower,
Can you fathom the song?

Robert Stolz, born into a musical family in Graz, was an Austrian composer of operettas, songs, and film music as well as conductor. He studied composition at the Vienna Conservatory with Robert Fuchs and Engelbert Humperdinck. He was contracted to conduct in many opera houses, but enjoyed the freedom of freelancing. Other than that, Stolz devoted his efforts to cabaret songs during his service in the army through WWI. Later, he would write popular operettas such as, *Die lustigen Weiber von Wien*. Stolz lived a prolific life but faced many challenges through the multiple wars. Today he is cherished in the city of Vienna, where his statue stands in the center of the Stadtpark.

From the operetta, *The White Horse Inn*, “Mein Liebeslied muss ein Walzer sein” is a flirty song about the famous viennese waltz, a dance you will encounter if you attend an Austrian ball. This song specifically is performed at the end of the comedic musical when the messy love birds all get married! The rhythm within this song resembles the beat of the waltz with a bit of syncopation. I chose this piece to signify my time abroad in Vienna, where I attended the ball at the Hofburg palace and enjoyed every bit of the Viennese culture; especially the Kaffeehaus’!

Mein Liebeslied muss ein Walzer sein My Love Song much be a Waltz

Was mein Herz zu sagen hat, fühlst auch du
Was die Uhr geschlagen hat, weisst auch du
Und hast du kein Ohr für mich,
finde ich keine Ruh
Drum hör zu, drum hör zu

What my heart has to say, you also feel
What the clock has struck, you also know
And if you have no ear for me,
I find no peace
So listen, so listen

Sag ich es in Prosa dir, klingt es kühl
Das ist nicht das recht’ Gefühl, mein Gefühl
Aber, wenn die Geige zärtlich für mich fleht
Wirst du gleich mich versteh’n

If I tell you in prose, it sounds cool
That’s not the right feeling, my feeling
But, When the violin begs tenderly for me
You’ll understand me right away

Mein Liebeslied muss ein Walzer sein
Voll Blütenduft und voll Sonnenschein
Wenn beim ersten du ich mich an dich
Schmiege’
Bracht mein Herz dazu süße Walzermusik

My love song must be a waltz
Full of floral scent of flowers and sunshine
When at first you and I
Snuggle up
My heart brings sweet waltz music.

Mein Liebeslied muss ein Walzer sein
Der süß berauscht, wie Champagnerwein
Und das Lied, das dir sagt ich bin dein
Kann doch nur ein Walzer sein
Kann doch nur ein Walzer sein
Und das Lied, das dir sagt, ich bin dein
Kann doch nur ein Liebeswalzer sein.

My love song must be a waltz
That intoxicates sweetly, like champagne
And the song that tells you I’m yours
Can only be a waltz
Can only be a waltz
And the song that tells you I’m yours
Can only be a love waltz.

Translations by Vivian Davenport

Alan Menken is an EGOT winning, American composer and conductor, best known for his work produced by Walt Disney's Animation Studio. He contributed to Disney films such as, *The Little Mermaid* (1989), *Aladdin* (1992), *Pocahontas* (1995), *Hercules* (1997), *Tangled* (2010), and more! Born in New York City into a Jewish family, Menken began his musical journey quite young. He studied music at NYU as well as the College of Arts and Science, yet prior to his musical study he intended to become a dentist like his father. Menken didn't achieve success until he was hand chosen to compose a musical adaptation of Kurt Vonnegut's novel *God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater*, and ever since that big break he has continued to succeed!

"Home" from Disney's *Beauty and the Beast* is sung by Belle, when she is locked away in the Beast's castle, after searching for her lost Father. Belle begins this piece scared and alone but overcomes her internal battle; finding hope for the future. I chose this musical theater piece as it was one of my first solos when beginning voice lessons many years ago. This song represents my musical growth over these 4 years at Gettysburg College.

"Весенние воды", poetry written by Feodor Tyutchyev, truly shows off the beauty and virtuosity of Rachmaninoff's compositions with its passionate vocal line and complex piano accompaniment. This piece is filled with text paintings of cascading waves and the blooming of spring! The poetry of this piece describes the arrival of spring and now signifies a happy ending in relation to my recital! They all lived happily ever after... The End!

Весенние воды

Ещё в полях белеет снег,
А воды уж весной шумят –
Бегут и будят сонный брег,
Бегут, и блещут, и гласят...

Они гласят во все концы:
«Весна идёт, весна идёт!
Мы молодой весны гонцы,
Она нас выслала вперёд.
Весна идёт, весна идёт,
И тихих, теплых майских дней
Румяный, светлый хоровод
Толпится весело за ней!...

Spring Waters

The fields are still covered with white snow.
But the streams are already rolling in a spring mood,
Running and awakening the sleepy shore,
Running and glittering and announcing loudly.

They are announcing loudly to every corner:
"Spring is coming, spring is coming!
We are the messengers of young spring,
She has sent us ahead,
Spring is coming, spring is coming!"
And the quiet, warm May days,
In a rosy, bright dancing circle.
Follow her, merrily crowded.

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UPCOMING SUNDERMAN CONSERVATORY EVENTS

- March 20 • 6:00pm *Clarinet Alone: Studio Recital* Schmucker Art Gallery
- March 21 • 7:00pm *Sr. Recital: Rock Braten, flute* Paul Recital Hall
- March 21 • 8:30pm *Sr. Recital: Kelsey Hull, flute* Paul Recital Hall
- March 22 • 7:00pm *Sr. Recital: Ana Griffin Morimoto, soprano* Paul Recital Hall
- March 23 • 2:30pm *Sr. Recital: Vivian Fritz, harp* Paul Recital Hall
- March 27 • 12:00pm *Notes at Noon: Audeamus* Musselman Library
- March 28 • 7:00pm *Songs of Support: A Sigma Alpha Iota Benefit Recital* Paul Recital Hall
- March 29 • 7:00pm *Sr. Recital: Greer Garver, piano* Paul Recital Hall
- March 29 • 8:30pm *Sr. Recital: Ethan Hankins, tuba* Paul Recital Hall
- March 30 • 2:30pm *Sr. Recital: Isaac Masters, cello* Paul Recital Hall
- April 4 • 8:00pm *Wind Symphony Concert* Majestic Theater
- April 5 • 8:00pm *Choir Concert* Christ Chapel
- April 6 • 2:30pm *Sr. Recital: Libby Carpenter, voice* Paul Recital Hall
- April 11 • 8:00pm *Sunderman Sings Voice Area Recital* Paul Recital Hall
- April 13 • 3:00pm *Symphony Band* Majestic Theater
- April 16 • 6:00pm *American Spiritual Ensemble* Christ Chapel
- April 18 • 8:00pm *Symphony Orchestra* Majestic Theater
- April 19 • 8:00pm *Jazz Ensemble* Majestic Theater
- April 25 • 7:30pm *Opera Workshop Performance* Majestic Theater
- April 26 • 7:30pm *Opera Workshop Performance* Majestic Theater
- April 27 • 7:00pm *Jazz Combo* Paul Recital Hall
- April 28 • 5:00pm *Wind Symphony Student Conductor Concert* Majestic Theater
- April 28 • 7:30pm *Gettysburg Flutes!* Paul Recital Hall
- May 1 • 6:30pm *Piano Citizens Recital* Paul Recital Hall



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