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Ann Ory Brown, Mezzo-Soprano; Mildred Andrews, Piano

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UNIVERSITY OF RICHMOND
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC CONCERT SERIES

Ann Ory Brown, *mezzo-soprano*
Mildred Andrews, *piano*

assisted by

Ed Mendenhall, *guitar*
Mary Hickey, *flute*
James Wilson, *cello*

October 17, 1993, 3:00 PM
North Court Recital Hall

Here is what the Richmond Times-Dispatch has to say about mezzo-soprano *Ann Ory Brown*:

"Impressive...She mastered the simplicity." Baba (*The Medium*) "...gave effective heart to this drama." Maurya (*Riders to the Sea*) "...used her voice convincingly." (in recital with Dalton Baldwin)

Ms. Brown is at home on the operatic as well as the concert stage. Her operatic roles include Baba (*The Medium*) and Madame Pernelle (*Tartuffe*) with the James River Chamber Opera, and Maurya (*Riders to the Sea*) and La Principessa (*Suor Angelica*) with the V.C.U. Opera.

She has appeared as soloist with the Richmond Sinfonia and CAFUR, the Virginia Choral Society, the Williamsburg Choral Guild, the Gloucester Choral Society, the Princeton Camerata, and the Westminster Choir. Ms. Brown was a member of the Chorus in Residence of the Spoleto Festival dei due Mondi, and in 1990 was named a fellow of the Aspen Music Festival.

Mildred Andrews was born in Dayton, Ohio where she started studying piano at the age of five. She graduated from the University of Michigan and then moved to California where she did graduate work with Lee Pattison, played concerts, was church organist, was accompanist for the Beverly Hills school system, and raised three children. For two years the family lived in Alaska where she worked with Robert Shaw. From 1968-88 she lived in Linz, Austria where she was a coach at the Linz Opera House, during which time she toured throughout Europe. Since 1989 she has lived in Toano, Virginia.

Edwin Mendenhall serves on the music faculty of University of Richmond and University of Virginia, and has joined the instrumental music staff at the Collegiate School to enhance their newly-endowed Fine Arts curriculum. He holds degrees in music education and performance from the University of Montevallo near Birmingham, Alabama, and Virginia Commonwealth University. He has also served on the faculty of the Governor's School for the Arts held each summer at the UR campus. Mr. Mendenhall has appeared as soloist, in chamber ensembles and pit orchestras in a wide array of performance situations. Since he came to Richmond in 1981 he has also joined together with flutist Susan West to comprise the eclectic guitar and flute duo, *Rhapsody in 2*.

Mary Hickey is an active freelancer in the Chicago area, performing with groups such as the Chicago Symphony and the Chicago Lyric Opera orchestra. For the past seven years she has been a member of the Grant Park Symphony Orchestra and on the faculty of the DePaul University School of Music.

A native of Ann Arbor, Michigan, *James Wilson* began cello studies at age 11 and went on to graduate from the University of Michigan, where, as a student of Jeffrey Solow, he was the recipient of the music school's highest honor. He continued his studies with Stephen Kates at the Peabody Institute of Music and was twice selected as a participant in the Piatigorsky Seminar for Cellists. Mr. Wilson has appeared as soloist with the Ann Arbor Symphony and has recorded for Access Records.

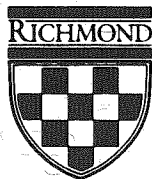
PROGRAM

- 1) It fell on a Summer's day
If thou longst so much to learn
Oft have I sighed
Never love unless you can
Ed Mendenhall, *guitar*
Thomas Campian
(1567-1620)
- 2) Arianna a Naxos
Recitative: Teseo mio ben!
Aria: Dove sei
Recitative: Ma, a chi parlo?
Aria: Ah che morir
Franz Joseph Haydn
(1732-1809)
- 3) Chansons Madécasses
Nahandove
Aoua!
Il est doux
Mary Hickey, *flute*
James Wilson, *cello*
Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

INTERMISSION

- 4) Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?
Das irdische Leben
Des Antonius von Padua Fischpredigt
Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen
Lob des hohen Verstands
Gustav Mahler
(1860-1911)
- 5) Instead of Words
Agnus
Sweet Suffolk Owl
Come ready and see me
Thomas Pasatieri
(b. 1945)
Richard Hundley
(b. 1931)

Next:
Guest Artist Recital:
Hesperus
American Roots Concert
November 4, 1993, 8:15 PM
North Court Recital Hall



UNIVERSITY OF RICHMOND
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TRANSLATIONS

Arianna a Naxos (synopsis)

Ariadne (Arianna) is the daughter of King Minos of Crete. The King exacts an annual tribute of youths and maidens from Athens. These boys and girls are sacrificed to the monster (half man, half bull) known as the Minotaur. Prince Theseus of Athens, (Teseo), determined to end the cruel custom, volunteers to go to Crete as a sacrificial victim. While there, Ariadne falls in love with him, and in return for his promise to marry her, she helps him to slaughter the Minotaur and escape.

On their way home to Athens, they stop at the isle of Naxos in the Aegean Sea. This scene begins with Ariadne awakening and discovering that Theseus is nowhere to be found.

Haydn

Cantata: Arianna a Naxos

Recitative: Teseo mio ben

Theseus, my love, where are you?
I thought you were beside me,
but a sweet, false dream deluded me.

Rosy dawn now spreads across the sky

and the grass and flowers are tinted
by Phoebus, rising from the sea
with golden locks.
Husband, beloved husband,
which way have you bent your steps?
Perhaps your noble courage has tempted you
to give chase to the wild beasts!
Ah, come here, dear love,
and I'll provide more welcome game
for your snares.
Ariadne's loving heart,
constant in its adoration,
you bind with an ever tighter bond,
and the flame of our passion
burns with increasing splendour.
I cannot bear to be parted from you
even for a moment.
Ah, for a glimpse of you, dear love,
I ache with longing.
My heart sighs for you.
Come to me, idol of my heart.

Aria: Dove sei

Where are you, my precious one?
Who has stolen you from my side?
If you return not,
I shall surely die,
I could not bear such grief.
If you are merciful, O Gods,
answer my prayers,
return my love to me.
Where are you, Theseus, where are you?

Recitative: Ma a chi parlo?

But who am I addressing?
Echo alone repeats my words.
Theseus cannot hear me;
Theseus makes no reply,
and the wind and the waves
carry my voice away.
He cannot be far from me.
If I climb upon that rock
that rears itself high
above all the rest,
I shall see him.
What is that? Alas! Oh woe is me!
That is an Argive ship!
Those men are Greek! Theseus!
He is at the prow!
Ah, I could be mistaken...
but no, it is no mistake.
He is fleeing, leaving me
abandoned here.
All hope is gone,
I have been played false.
Theseus! Theseus! Hear me! Theseus!
But alas, I am deluding myself!
The waves and the winds
are taking him from me for ever.
O Gods, you are unjust
if you punish not this traitor!
Ingrate! Why did I save you
from death?
So that you could desert me?
And what about your promises, your vows?
Forsworn and faithless man!
Have you the heart to leave me?

To whom can I turn?
From whom can I expect compassion?

My strength deserts me,
my foot falters,
and so bitter is this moment
that I can feel my heart
failing in my breast.

Aria: Ah, che morir

Ah, how willingly would I die
at such a dreadful time,
but an unjust heaven preserves me

to suffer this cruel torment.
Poor deserted woman,
I have none to console me;
The man I loved so much flees from me,
cruel and faithless.

Ravel

(Evariste-Désiré de Forges)
Chansons Madécasses (Songs of Madagascar)

Nahandove

Nahandove, O beautiful Nahandove! the bird of night
has begun its eerie calling, the full moon pours down
on my head, and the earliest dew moistens my hair.
This is the hour; who can be detaining you,
Nahandove, O beautiful Nahandove?

Our bed of leaves is ready; I have strewn it with
flowers and spice-odored herbs; it befits your charms,
Nahandove, O beautiful Nahandove!

She comes. I recognized the rapid breathing of one who
comes hurrying; I hear the rustling of the cloth
wrapped around her loins, it is she! it is Nahandove,
the beautiful Nahandove!

Oh, take breath, my young love, rest on my lap. How
bewitching your gaze, how live and deliciously your
breast stirs under the hand that presses it! You smile
now, Nahandove, O beautiful Nahandove!

Your kisses quiver their way to my heart; your caresses
bring fire to my every sense: enough! or I shall die!
Can one truly die of voluptuous pleasure, Nahandove, O
beautiful Nahandove?

Our pleasure passes in a flash. Now your sweet panting

grows gentler, your brimming eyes close, your head
droops in weariness, and our rapture gives way to
languor; yet never have you been so beautiful,
Nahandove, O beautiful Nahandove!

You leave me, and I shall languish alone in longing and
desire, languish thus until nightfall. You will come
back at nightfall, Nahandove, O beautiful Nahandove!

Aoua!

Aoua! Aoua! Beware of the white men, dwellers along
the shores! In our fathers' time, white men set foot on
this island. They were told: here is land, let your
women work it; be just, be good, make yourselves our
brothers.

The white men promised and yet were building
entrenchments. A menacing fort arose, with thunder
concealed in bronze mouths. Their priests tried to give
us a god we do not know; they ended by speaking of
submission and bondage. Death rather! The bloodbath
was long and terrible, yet for all the lightning bolts
they spewed out, slaying army after army, they
themselves were destroyed. Aoua! Aoua! Beware of
the white men!

Then we saw new tyrants, stronger even and in greater
numbers, plant their banners on our shores. The sky
took up our battle. It unleashed on them rains,
tempests, and poisonous winds. They are dead and
gone, and we live, and we live free. Aoua! Aoua!
Beware of the white men, dwellers along the shores!

Il est doux

It is good to lie down in the heat of the day under a
leafy tree, and to wait thus till the evening wind brings
a cooling breath.

Women, come to me. While I take my rest under a
leafy tree, delight my ear with your soothing voice.
Sing again the song of the young girl while she braids
her hair or, seated by the rice patch, chases off the
greedy birds.

The singing makes my heart glad. Dancing for me is
sweet almost as a kiss. Move slowly; let your steps
mime the poses of pleasure and the surrender to
voluptuous bliss.

The evening wind wakes, the moon begins to glimmer

through the trees on the mountain side. Go now,
prepare the meal.

Mahler

Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?
(des Knaben Wunderhorn)
Who Made Up This Little Song?

Up there on the mountain
In the high house! In the house!
There looks out a fine dear little maiden!
She is not at home there!
She is the innkeeper's little daughter!
She lives on a green heath!
My heart is sore!
Come, sweetheart, make it well!
Your dark brown eyes
Have wounded me
Your rosy mouth makes my heart hale.
Makes the young wise
Makes the dead come alive,
Makes the sick recover, makes the sick recover,
Recover indeed.
Who then has thought up this fine, fine little song?
Three geese brought it over the water.
Two gray and a white!
And whoever can't sing the little song,
They will whistle it for me! Indeed!

Mahler

Das Irdische Leben
(des Knaben Wunderhorn)
The Earthly Life

"Mother, oh mother, so hungry am I.
Give me bread, else I shall die!"
"Wait only! Wait only, my dear child!
Tomorrow we shall harvest so fast!"
And when the corn had been harvested,
The child still kept calling unendingly:
"Mother, oh mother, so hungry am I,
Give me bread, else I shall die!"
"Wait only, wait only, my dear child,
Tomorrow we shall thrash so fast!"
And when the corn had been thrashed,
The child still kept calling unendingly:
"Mother, oh mother, so hungry am I,
Give me bread, else I shall die!"
"Wait only, wait only, my dear child,
Tomorrow we shall bake so fast!"

And when the bread had been baked at last,
The child lay on the bier!

Mahler

Des Antonius von Padua Fischpredigt
(des Knaben Wunderhorn)
St. Anthony of Padua Preaches to the Fish

Antonius, for his sermon, finds the church empty.
He goes to the river and addresses the fishes,
who whisk their tails and gleam in the sun.
The spawning carp who have all come,
have their mouths gaping open, attentive and rapt.
Never was a sermon so pleasing to the fish.

The sharp-mouthed pike, continually fighting,
come hastily swimming to hear this devout man.
Those odd ones, the stockfish, perpetually fasting,
appear for the sermon.
Never was a sermon so pleasing to the stockfish.

The good eels and sturgeon who banquet like lords,
even they condescended to lend this sermon ear.
Crabs, and even turtles (slow at most times),
shoot up from below to hark to this voice.
Never was a sermon so pleasing to the crabs.

Fish great and small, distinguished and vulgar,
cock their heads back like intelligent creatures
at God's request, to hear this sermon.

The sermon is over, and away they each turn.
The pike remain thievish, the eels, very loving.
The sermon was pleasing. They all remain as they
were.
The crabs proceed backwards, the stockfish stay fat.
The carp, they feed amply, the sermon forgotten.
The sermon was pleasing. They all remain as they
were.

Mahler

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen
(Rückert)

I have become lost to the world,
On which I formerly wasted much time;
It has heard nothing for so long from me,
It may well believe that I have died!
I do not care at all,
If it considers me as dead.

I also cannot contradict it,
For really I have died,
Died to the world.
I have died to the world's turmoil
And rest in a silent domain.
I live alone in my heaven,
In my love, in my song.

Mahler

Lob des hohen Verstands
In praise of the Sublime Mind
(des Knaben Wunderhorn)

Once in a deep vale
Cuckoo and nightingale
Decided to make a bet:
To sing for the masterpiece,
Either won by art, either won by luck:
The victor would get the palm.
The cuckoo said: "if it pleases you,
I have chosen the judge,"
And named the donkey right away.
"Because he has two ears so big,
Ears so big, ears so big,
He can hear so much better
And will know what is right!"
They quickly flew before the judge.
And when the case was laid before him,
He decreed they should sing.
The nightingale sang forth so sweetly!
The donkey said: "You bewilder me!
You bewilder me! Ee-yah! Ee-yah!
I can't get it into my head!"
The cuckoo quickly started then
His song through Third and Fourth and Fifth. ...
The donkey liked it, he only said:
Wait! Wait! Wait! I will pass judgement now,
Pass it now.
Well have you sung, Nightingale!
But Cuckoo, you sing a fine anthem! A fine anthem!
And you stick to the rhythm full well, full well!
This I say from my sublime mind!
Sublime mind! Sublime mind!
And though it may cost an entire land,
By you I let it be won, be won!"
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Ee-yah!