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UNIVERSITY OF RICHMOND DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Jen Swegan

soprano

Dr. Joanne Kong, piano

Assisted by Dr. Jeffrey Riehl

Saturday, February 21, 2015 4:00 p.m. Perkinson Recital Hall



Program

Trois Chansons de Bilitis La Flûte de Pan La Chevelure Le Tombeau des Naïades

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Morgen! All mein Gedanken Ich schwebe Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

As Adam, Early in the Morning O You Whom I Often and Silently Come Youth, Day, Old Age, Night Ned Rorem (b. 1923)

Walt Whitman

Charles Ives (1874-1954)

Acknowledgments

The UR Music Department's generosity has made these four rich years of learning possible, and its faculty members have taken me seriously at every step. Dr. Cable is not only a wise, warm, compassionate teacher of singing but a mentor in the deepest sense. Dr. Kong is an insightful coach and a world-class collaborator, and Dr. Riehl's astounding eloquence has been as impactful to me as his choral artistry. Dr. Bennett and the Seventh Street congregation provide a valuable weekly dose of affirmation and good cheer. Dr. Tom Bonfiglio lent a hand with French diction, as did Tammi Reichel with German. The program notes have benefitted immensely from Dr. Fairtile's thoughtful feedback. My parents and grandparents continue to shape, encourage, and take care of me in ways that no written thanks can do justice. Without Sam's steadfast companionship, I would neither be who I am nor know what I'm singing about.

Please silence cell phones, digital watches, and paging devices before the recital.

Debussy's Trois Chansons de Bilitis

La Flûte de Pan

Pour le jour des Hyacinthies, il m'a donné une syrinx faite de roseaux bien taillés, unis avec la blanche cire qui est douce à mes lèvres comme le miel.

Il m'apprend à jouer, assise sur ses genoux; mais je suis un peu tremblante. Il en joue après moi, si doucement que je l'entends à peine.

Nous n'avons rien à nous dire, tant nous sommes près l'un de l'autre; mais nos chansons veulent se répondre, et tour à tour nos bouches s'unissent sur la flute.

Il est tard; voici le chant des grenouilles vertes qui commence avec la nuit. Ma mère ne croira jamais que je suis restée si longtemps à chercher ma ceinture perdue.

Pierre Louÿs

For Hyacinthus day he has given me a pipe made of well-cut reeds, bound with white wax that is sweet to my lips like honey.

He teaches me to play, sitting on his knee; but I am a little tremulous. He plays it after me, so softly that I scarcely hear it.

We have nothing to say, so close are we to each other; but our songs wish to respond and from time to time our mouths join on the flute.

It is late; here is the song of the green frogs that begins at nightfall. My mother will never believe that I have stayed so long to look for my lost girdle.

Trans. Pierre Bernac

Claude Debussy (1862-1919) is known for his impressionistic and often chromatic style. Wagner was a major influence early in his career, though by the time he began composing the *Chansons de Bilitis* in 1897 he had distanced himself from the Wagnerian aesthetic that was still popular among his contemporaries. Debussy's music also has roots in

Continued ...

his fascination with symbolism, a short-lived movement in French art and poetry that, in the words of François Lesure, espoused a "rejection of... realism and of overly clearcut forms, hatred of emphasis, indifference to the public, and a taste for the indefinite, the mysterious, even the esoteric." According to Mademoiselle Worms de Romilly, one of Debussy's pupils, he "always regretted not having worked at painting instead of music"— and his vivid visual sensibility is evident in what Susan Youens calls *Bilitis's* "painterly" imagery. Shortly after composing *Bilitis*, Debussy discovered Javanese gamelan music, and it became a key influence on the texture and tonality of his piano works. This mixed bag of aesthetic influences makes Debussy's music tonally challenging and richly evocative.

"La Flûte de Pan" is one of three chronological vignettes from the life of the fictional poet Bilitis, a recollection of her first romance. The poem is in four prose stanzas, but as Youens notes, one ordering principle is the preponderance of dark, sensually puckered "ou" vowels in the first three stanzas, then of more child like "ee" sounds after "Il est tard." The text is full of obvious sexual symbols (e.g. the flute, the lost girdle), though Debussy's chromatic setting of the third stanza lends the young lovers' encounter a not-so-obvious complexity. The piano is at its most painterly in "La Flûte," with opening runs that evoke the pan pipe and a repetitive gesture mimicking "le chant des grenouilles vertes" ("the song of the green frogs") that alerts Bilitis to the late hour. This sonic immediacy amplifies that of Louys's text, in which Bilitis switches from past to present tense in the third stanza, a blurring between reality/present and dream/ past that is characteristic of symbolist poetics. By resolving to the tonic at the end, though, Debussy resituates Bilitis's agitation ("Il est tard," "It is late") as a memory, recollected calmly from the present, which prepares us for a transition back into past tense in "La Chevelure."

La Chevelure

Il m'a dit: "Cette nuit, j'ai rêvé. J'avais ta chevelure autour de mon cou. J'avais tes cheveux comme un collier noir autour de ma nuque et sur ma poitrine.

Je les caressais, et c'étaient les miens; et nous étions liés pour toujours ainsi, par la même chevelure la bouche sur la bouche, ainsi que deux lauriers n'ont souvent qu'une racine.

Et peu à peu, il m'a semblé, tant nos membres étaient confondus, que je devenais toi-même ou que tu entrais en moi comme mon songe."

Quand il eut achevé, il mit doucement ses mains sur mes épaules, et il me regarda d'un regard si tendre, que je baissai les yeux avec un frisson.

Pierre Louÿs

He said to me: "Tonight I dreamed I had the tresses of your hair around my neck. I had your hair like a black necklace around the nape of my neck and on my breast.

I caressed it and it was my own; and we were united for ever thus, by the same tresses mouth upon mouth, as two laurels often have but one root.

And little by little, it seemed to me, so intermingled were our limbs, that I became part of you or you entered into me like my dream."

When he had finished, he put his hands gently on my shoulders, and he looked at me with so tender a look, that I lowered my eyes with a shiver.

Trans. Pierre Bernac

The poet Pierre Louys was close friends with Debussy for ten years, but Bilitis was their only collaboration that came to fruition. The three Louys poems that Debussy set come from a vast collection of erotic prose poems, also titled *Chansons de Bilitis*, which Louys pretended were the translated works of a newly discovered ancient Greek courtesan when he published them in 1894. Louys, who was well-versed in the classics, included allusions to other Greek poets, along with a list of "untranslated" poems, a fabricated account of Bilitis's life, and information about the made-up archaeologist who discovered her work. Even expert philologists were convinced of its authenticity. After Louys was exposed as a fraud, though, the poems retained literary significance in their own right. While Debussy's *Trois Chansons* recount Bilitis's early experiences with heterosexuality, the vast majority of Louys's Bilitis poems deal with Sapphic love. Half a century later, the collection attained cult status in underground queer circles, with the first lesbian civil rights organization in the U.S. naming itself the Daughters of Bilitis in 1955.

In "La Chevelure," Bilitis recalls her lover, Lykas, recounting a dream in which their bodies became so intertwined as to merge into one another. As William Gibbons points out, just as Lykas dreams of his body becoming Bilitis's, Bilitis "becomes" Lykas in "La Chevelure," quoting him

directly during almost all of the song. According to Gibbons, audience members in the late 1890s were likely to have read Louys's *Chansons* in its entirety. They would thus have known from other, more explicit poems that Bilitis and Lykas eventually consummate their love, and so would have understood Debussy's musical hints at physical union in "La Chevelure"— the vocal line's pitch and dynamics reach a distinct climax, for example, on "tu entrais en moi." Again, Bilitis's agitation in the final moments resolves to the tonic, even more strongly than in "La Flûte," after a brief piano coda, which lingers on each element of the motif that has repeated hypnotically throughout the piece. This resolution functions, as do the final piano measures in "La Flûte," to re-situate us temporally—Bilitis is not trembling now but calmly recalling her youth at the end of her life. By slowing and augmenting the song's primary piano motif at the end, Debussy evokes Bilitis poring over her experience, recounting it first as it occurred and then magnifying it with a lifetime's worth of reflection.

Le Tombeau des Naïades

Le long du bois couvert de givre, je marchais; mes cheveux devant ma bouche se fleurissaient de petits glaçons, et mes sandales étaient lourdes de neige fangeuse et tassée.

Il me dit: "Que cherches-tu?" — "Je suis la trace du satyre. Ses petits pas fourchus alternent comme des trous dans un manteau blanc." Il me dit: "Les satyres sont morts.

Les satyres et les nymphes aussi. Depuis trente ans il n'a pas fait un hiver aussi terrible. La trace que tu vois est celle d'un bouc. Mais restons ici, où est leur tombeau."

Et avec le fer de sa houe il cassa la glace de la source où jadis riaient les naïades. Il prenait de grands morceaux froids, et, les soulevant vers le ciel pâle, il regardait au travers.

Pierre Louÿs

Along the wood covered with frost, I walked; my hair, hanging down before my mouth, was bespangled with little icicles, and my sandals were heavy with muddy, packed snow.

He said to me: "What do you seek?"—"I follow the track of the satyr. His little cloven hoof marks alternate like holes in a white mantle." He said to

me: "The satyrs are dead.

The satyrs and the nymphs too. For thirty years there has not been so terrible a winter. The track that you see is that of a goat. But let us stay here, where their tomb is."

And with the iron of his spade he broke the ice of the spring where formerly the naiads had laughed. He took some big, cold pieces, and raising them towards the pallid sky, he looked through them.

Trans. Pierre Bernac

In "Le Tombeau des Naïades," the pastoral summer of "La Flûte" becomes a harsh, icy winter, a transformation in setting that corresponds to Bilitis's loss of innocence and the end of her relationship with Lykas. Throughout, the piano reiterates overlapping chromatic scales that evoke winter winds. Bilitis is searching for satyrs, the half-man/half-goat creatures often associated with the woodland revelry and pastoral music-making that characterize her idyllic youth in "La Flûte;" their death reinforces the end of Bilitis's childhood. Debussy once asserted that music should be "neither major nor minor," and "Le Tombeau" realizes that vision—its ominous winter landscape constantly shifts in mood (and mode). The phrase that begins with "Et mes sandales," for example, sounds positively cheery, but the tone immediately becomes somber again when Lykas begins to speak. The soaring vocal line and cascading piano chords in the final stanza are nothing short of ecstatic, and the voice's ascending arpeggio on "Il regardait au travers" evokes a gaze lifted upward.

Strauss: Three Not-So-Political Love Lyrics by German Political Poets

Morgen!

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen, und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde, wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde...
Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen, werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen, stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen, und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes Schweigen...

John Henry Mackay

Continued ...

And tomorrow the sun will shine again, and on the path I will take, it will unite us again, we happy ones, upon this sun-breathing earth...

And to the shore, the wide shore with blue waves, we will descend quietly and slowly; we will look mutely into each other's eyes and the silence of happiness will settle upon us...

Trans. Emily Ezust

Richard Strauss (1864-1949) was an eminent late Romantic composer, known best for his Lieder, operas, and orchestral tone poems. Much like Wagner, he found great success at the intersection between Germany's rich tradition of complex orchestration and the harmonic ambiguity that composers like Debussy had been pioneering elsewhere. Hitler valued Strauss's music, and the Third Reich appointed him president of the Reichmusikkammer without his consent. Strauss's beliefs were staunchly anti-Nazi, but he cooperated with the regime, both in order to protect Jewish relatives and to advocate for performances of banned composers, including Debussy. He met John Henry Mackay, a prominent anarchist thinker and poet, in 1894, during a phase of his Lieder-writing that Bryan Gilliam notes was marked by a preference for contemporary poetry. Mackay wrote homosexual and often pederastic love stories under a pseudonym, hoping thereby to promote wider understanding of "the nameless love" and make Germany a safer place for sexual minorities. Mackay scholar Hubert Kennedy suggests that even his love poems, including "Morgen!," deliberately obscure the gender of their addressees because they are covertly directed toward boys.

"Morgen!" is one of four songs Strauss wrote for his wife, the soprano Pauline de Ahna, as a wedding present. If you've never heard the song performed, you're probably sitting next to someone who has — it is one of Strauss's most enduringly popular vocal works. The piano plays through the majority of the song as an introduction, so that by the time the voice enters, the music has a cyclical familiarity that evokes tomorrows, the passing of days. At "stumm" ("speechless"), the piano switches from lilting arpeggios to sustained *pianissimo* chords, painting the hushed stillness that the text describes. The vocal line ends unresolved on the leading tone, and after a pregnant pause the piano arpeggios return, building upward to a rapturous final chord.

All mein Gedanken

All mein' Gedanken, mein Herz und mein Sinn, da, wo die Liebste ist, wandern sie hin. Gehn ihres Weges trotz Mauer und Tor, da hält kein Riegel, kein Graben nicht vor, gehn wie die Vögelein hoch durch die Luft, brauchen kein' Brücken über Wasser und Kluft, finden das Städtlein und finden das Haus, finden ihr Fenster aus allen heraus. Und klopfen und rufen: Mach auf, laß uns ein, wir kommen vom Liebsten und grüßen dich fein.

Felix Dahn

All my thoughts, my heart and my mind, wander there, to where my sweetheart is.

They follow their path despite wall and gate; they are held up by no bars and no ditches.

They travel like the birds high in the sky, requiring no bridge over water and chasm; they find the town and find the house, find her window out of all the others.

And they knock and call: Open, let us in! we come from your sweetheart and greet you kindly.

Trans. Emily Ezust

"All mein Gedanken" exemplifies Strauss's ambivalent association with Nazism. Its text is the work of Felix Dahn (1834-1912), an avid anti-Semite whose writing laid much of the groundwork for Nazi ideology. But Strauss's appreciation for Dahn's lyric poetry outweighed his political disagreement — he set "All mein' Gedanken" and four other poems in Schlichte Weisen in 1889, and used Dahn's texts in Mädchenblumen later that year. In rhyming couplets (of a variety that aspiring philologist Sam Crusemire tells me are "dactylic trimeter hypercatalectic"), the speaker anthropomorphizes his thoughts, sending them to convey greetings to the beloved. The metaphor is an odd one--the thoughts implore her to open her door to them, but what happens when they enter? Is the speaker perhaps expressing a desire for the beloved's permission to think about her in the first place? Regardless, Strauss's setting emphasizes the text's light-

Continued ...

hearted wandering, with a vocal line that journeys up and down an octave, often leaping in thirds, while describing the thoughts' journey. When they knock on the beloved's door, the voice and piano both illustrate the knock with an insistent, repeated rhythmic gesture.

Elisabeth Schumann, who performed *Schichte Weisen* with Strauss on tour in the U.S., recalls that "All mein' Gedanken" was a particular headache for the composer-pianist. According to a biography of Schumann by Gerd Puritz, the score for the song went missing just before a Pittsburgh concert, and while Strauss claimed to know it by heart, "he played such a hotchpotch of notes" that Schumann could hardly stay on key. In Detroit a few days later, they lost their luggage, including the "All mein' Gedanken" music. Strauss tried it from memory again, and Schumann recalls, "Already after the third bar he didn't know what he was doing any more and composed an entirely new song. I leapt along with him, the words fitted perfectly, no one in the audience suspected a thing.... After the group we couldn't stop laughing in the artists' room, and I asked him to write down the new 'All mein Gedanken' straightaway afterwards, but he replied: 'Oh, I've already completely forgotten it.' What a pity! I liked it much more than the original."

Ich schwebe

Ich schwebe wie auf Engelsschwingen, Die Erde kaum berührt mein Fuß, In meinen Ohren hör' ich's klingen Wie der Geliebten Scheidegruß.

Das tönt so lieblich, mild und leise, Das spricht so zage, zart und rein, Leicht lullt die nachgeklung'ne Weise In wonneschweren Traum mich ein.

Mein schimmernd Aug' -- indeß mich füllen Die süßesten der Melodien, --Sieht ohne Falten, ohne Hüllen Mein lächelnd Lieb' vorüberziehn.

Karl Henckell

I float as if on an angel's wings, my foot hardly touching the ground, I hear a lament resounding As if it were my love's farewell.

It resounds, so lovely, gentle and soft, It speaks to me, so shy, so frail and pure, The echo of the melody softly lulling Me into a blissful dream.

My gleaming eye, while basking In the sweetest of melodies Watches my smiling love go by Without any fabric's fold, any wraps.

Trans. Linda Godry

"Ich schwebe" comes from Strauss's Fünf Lieder (Op. 48, 1900), which deal mostly with blissful love and the daydreams it produces. Karl Friedrich Henckell (1864-1929) was a socialist revolutionary poet, though the nine of his poems that Strauss set were romantic ones. The love he expresses here may be more complicated than it first appears. At the end of the first stanza, the speaker hears a sound that seems to be "der Geliebten Scheidegruß" ("my love's farewell"). The entire second stanza is about that farewell sound, which lulls the speaker "into a blissful dream." It is within that dream, then, that in the third stanza the speaker sees the beloved "smiling...Without any fabric's fold, any wraps," (i.e. without clothes on, or perhaps just without deceit). One can read the poem, therefore, as one of lost love — the beloved has rejected and left the speaker, propelling him into a fantasy of uncomplicated bliss.

Strauss's setting, though, seems to encourage us to interpret it otherwise. "Ich schwebe" is by far the most tonally straightfoward of his three songs on this program, its harmonic center clearly defined throughout. The only tonally ambiguous passage spans from "Mein schimmernd Aug" to "die süßesten Melodien," perhaps to illustrate "the sweetest of melodies"— though that "melody" is the sound of the beloved's farewell in the first place. The rest of the song is unmistakably major-key, with a repeated lilting piano gesture that evokes floating. Strauss's untroubled setting suggests that the sound the speaker hears might not be the beloved's farewell after all — but the music's insistently blissful elegance takes on new significance if we read the poem as a spurned lover's act of denial.

Hankering, Gross, Mystical, Nude: Walt Whitman Songs

As Adam, Early in the Morning

As Adam, early in the morning,
Walking forth from the bower, refresh'd with sleep;
Behold me where I pass, hear my voice, approach,
Touch me, touch the palm of your hand to my Body as I pass;
Be not afraid of my Body.

Ned Rorem, born in Indiana in 1923, is best known for his masterful art songs. He also writes prolifically, publishing critical essays on music as well as his own diaries. His song settings range from Elizabethan sonnets to Frank O'Hara, but Walt Whitman's sensual, free-verse Leaves of Grass seems especially well suited to the chromatic, through-composed fluidity of Rorem's music. Whitman (1819-1892) is one of America's most important and — at least in his day — controversial poets. An admirer of Ralph Waldo Emerson, he saw himself as the answer to Emerson's call for "a true poet" to pioneer a distinctly American poetic practice. Leaves of Grass broke with traditional European approaches to rhyme and meter, but it challenged Emerson's thinking, as much as the rest of the country's, with its unabashed celebration of sexuality and the body. Criticized by many contemporaries for both his formal and topical transgressions, Whitman nevertheless continued to expand and republish Leaves of Grass from its first (selffunded) publication in 1855 until his death. With the help of Emerson's endorsement — "the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed" — the work achieved renown in literary circles as the first American epic.

According to Justin Kaplan, Whitman drew on the cadences of the Bible for Leaves of Grass's free-verse aesthetic. "As Adam" borrows from the Bible for both its imagery and its imperative mood — Whitman, who saw himself as a kind of Messiah for American poetry, creates a speaker who issues commands in the manner of the Old Testament God. This is the final poem in Book IV (out of XXXV), which follows on the heels of one of the work's most famous poems, the colossal "Song of Myself." The two poems share a tone of shameless self-aggrandizement, which is solidified even more transgressively in "As Adam," with the speaker likening himself to the Judeo-Christian father of all humankind. A bower is an outdoor shelter made of vines and branches, but in its more archaic usage it also means a lady's bedroom; in other words, while the speaker's self-comparison to Adam might espouse a kind of piety, it also subtly hints that any father of all humanity would have been just as embodied and sensual a

being as the speaker. The poem is thus a useful example of the subversive wit that made *Leaves of Grass* so divisive in the nineteenth century. Rorem sets the poem in long measures with a steady quarter-note pulse, evocative of a powerful figure walking. During the first two lines, the piano repeats the same descending progression in each measure, then inverts it into an ascending one to signal the change in mood at "Behold me where I pass." The initial descending pattern returns at "Touch me," lending the free-verse text a sense of symmetry.

O You Whom I Often and Silently Come

O you whom I often and silently come where you are that I may be with you, As I walk by your side or sit near, or remain in the same room with you, Little you know the subtle electric fire that for your sake is playing within me.

"O You Whom I Often and Silently Come" is one of the last poems in Book V of *Leaves of Grass*, just after the book that concludes with "As Adam." The vocal line cascades, leaping an octave at the beginning of each phrase and traversing that octave in small intervals, in a manner that could suggest either a breathless confession or, toward the end, coy secret-keeping. Like in "As Adam," the piano keeps a steady beat, though here its involvement is even more sparse, the better to showcase the voice's somersaulting. The text's breathless quality comes in part from its grammatical construction — in just one run-on sentence, the speaker's feeling seems to flow forth and Rorem's vocal line reflects its momentum. This grammatical exuberance also manifests in the wording of the first line, which seems almost to be missing a word, or to have spliced two clauses together. This departure from grammatical sense-making is perhaps part of Whitman's effort to distance himself from the poetic establishment, but it also dramatizes the speaker's earnestness.

Youth, Day, Old Age, and Night

Youth, large, lusty, loving—youth full of grace, force, fascination, Do you know that Old Age may come after you with equal grace, force, fascination?

Day full-blown and splendid--day of the immense sun, action, ambition, laughter,

The Night follows close with millions of suns, and sleep and restoring darkness.

Continued ...

Of these three Rorem settings, "Youth, Day, Old Age, and Night" sports the least active piano part and the most dramatic vocals. The piano begins with a rapid ascending motif that repeats each measure of the introduction, but when the voice enters, the piano supports it only with a single rolled chord per bar. The text is an apostrophic address, not to a young person, but to youth itself, celebrating old age and death in a manner that is consistent with Whitman's thinking elsewhere. In "Song of Myself," for example, he writes, "Has any one supposed it lucky to be born? / I hasten to inform him or her it is just as lucky to die, and I know it. / I pass death with the dying and birth with the new-wash'd babe, and am not contain'd between my hat and boots." After a song about sensual body-touching and another about the "electric fire" of romantic love, this piece reminds us that Whitman's reverence for the human body does not discriminate — its old age and demise are as praiseworthy as its "lusty" youth.

Charles Ives - Walt Whitman

Who goes there? hankering, gross, mystical, nude; How is it I extract strength from the beef I eat?

What is man anyhow? what am I? what are you?

All I mark as my own you shall offset it with your own, Else it were time lost listening to me.

Charles Ives (1874-1954) was an American composer with roots in New England, whose music challenged the prevailing American musical aesthetic just as Whitman challenged the poetic one. Ives was an admirer of the transcendentalist philosophy that sprang up primarily in New England, and he composed piano pieces dedicated to prominent transcendental thinkers. Biographer Jan Swafford calls him a "Walt Whitman of sound." Ives's is a far more chromatic, dense, and defiant interpretation of Whitman than any of Rorem's. There is a startling shift in musical mood from the first line to the second — a quasi-military marcato, rhythmic simplicity, and newly consonant tonality seem almost to paint the speaker's question as a ridiculous one, but a return to rhythmic and harmonic complexity on the next three questions lends them all a new urgency. The consonant harmonies and regular rhythms return for the final two lines, making the song not just tonally complex, but impossible to categorize — just when we think we recognize it as chromatic in a particular way, it jars us with a few bars of major-key simplicity. This

musical indefinability is in keeping with Whitman's famous assertion of his own indefinability, later in "Song of Myself": "Do I contradict myself? / Very well then, I contradict myself, / (I am large, I contain multitudes)."

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Jen Swegan is a senior double-majoring in Music and English. A Richmond Artist Scholar and a member of Phi Beta Kappa, she has performed at a national conference of the College Music Society, and presented musicological research on Handel at a regional American Musicological Society conference. At UR, she studies voice with Dr. Jennifer Cable and receives coaching from Dr. Joanne Kong. Jen has participated in master classes and coachings with Susanna Philips, Kate Lindsey, Matthew Worth, and Ken Merrill. In UR's 2013 Concerto Competition, she was one of two students awarded a solo performance with the University Symphony Orchestra. She is the soprano soloist at Seventh Street Christian Church, under Dr. Mary Beth Bennett's direction, in addition to performing with UR's Schola Cantorum.