

Seasons

Tregoney Shepherd
Soprano

Doctoral Recital

Organ Hall

April 20th, 2013 2:30 p.m.

ASU Herberger Institute
FOR DESIGN AND THE ARTS
ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

Program

with
Andria Fennig, piano

Oh! quand je dors

Franz Liszt
(1811-1886)

Lydia

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Beau Soir

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Knoxville: Summer of 1915

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

There will be a 10-minute intermission

Have a drink & a pee

Four Last Songs

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

with

Heidi Wright, violin

- ❖ Frithling
- ❖ September
- ❖ Beim Schlafengehen
- ❖ Im Abendrot

Der Rosenkavalier Trio

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

with

Alexis Davis Hazell, Mezzo Soprano
Diane Arnett Gardiner, Soprano

Oh! quand je dors

*Oh, when I sleep, approach my bed,
as Laura appeared to Petrarch;
and as you pass, touch me with your breath...
at once my lips*

will part!

*On my glum face, where perhaps
a dark dream has rested for too long a time,
let your gaze lift it like a star...
at once my dream*

will be radiant!

*Then on my lips, where there flits a brilliance,
a flash of love that God has kept pure,
place a kiss, and transform from angel into woman...
at once my soul
will awaken!*

Lydia

*Lydia, upon thy rosy cheeks
And o'er thy neck so cool and white,
Tumbles there a glittering liquid gold
Which, unbinding, thou dost set free.*

*The best is brought with each day's dawning;
So that we may forget the eternal grave,
Let now thy kisses, like kisses from a dove,
Sing forth from thy lips, sweet-blooming.*

*From a secret lily doth e'er radiate
A heavenly perfume from thy sacred heart,
And all teeming manner of delight
Dost from thou, young goddess, emanate.*

*I love thee and I die, O mes amour,
Thy kisses have my soul quelled with delight!
O Lydia, return my life,
That I might die, and still die evermore!*

Beau Soir

*When in the setting sun waters glow like red roses,
Feel a warm ripple flowing out across the fields.
Calm of evening a land of happiness discloses,
And rises to the troubled heart.*

*Let us taste all the utmost joy of life and being,
In this time of our youth while evening is in bloom.*

*For we shall all depart,
like yonder water flowing;
It to the sea, we to the tomb.*

Knoxville: Summer of 1915

*...It has become that time of evening when people sit on their porches, rocking
gently and talking gently and watching the street and the standing up into their
sphere of possession of the trees, of birds' hung havens, hangars. People go by;
things go by. A horse, drawing a buggy, breaking his hollow iron music on the
asphalt: a loud auto; a quiet auto; people in pairs, not in a hurry, scuffling,
switching their weight of aestival body, talking casually, the taste hovering over
them of vanilla, strawberry, pasteboard and starched milk, the image upon them
of lovers and horsemen, squared with clowns in hueless amber.*

*A streetcar raising its iron moan; stopping, belting and starting; stertorous;
rousing and raising again its iron increasing moan and swimming its gold
windows and straw seats on past and past and past, the bleak spark crackling and
cursing above it like a small malignant spirit set to dog its tracks; the iron whine
rises on rising speed; still risen, faints; halts; the faint ringing bell; rises again,
still fainter, fainting, lifting, lifts, faints foregone: forgotten. Now is the night one
blue dew.*

Now is the night one blue dew, my father has drained, he has coiled the hose.

Low on the length of lawns, a frailing of fure who breathes....

*Parents on porches: rock and rock. From damp strings morning glories hang
their ancient faces.*

*The dry and exalted noise of the locusts from all the air at once enchants my
eardrums.*

*On the rough wet grass of the back yard my father and mother have spread quilts.
We all lie there, my mother, my father, my uncle, my aunt, and I too am lying
there....They are not talking much, and the talk is quiet, of nothing in particular,
of nothing at all. The stars are wide and alive, they seem each like a smile of great*

*sweetness, and they seem very near. All my people are larger bodies than
mine...with voices gentle and meaningless like the voices of sleeping birds. One is
an artist, he is living at home. One is a musician, she is living at home. One is my
mother who is good to me. One is my father who is good to me. By some chance,
here they are, all on this earth, and who shall ever tell the sorrow of being on this
earth, lying, on quilts, on the grass, in a summer evening, among the sounds of the
night. May God bless my people, my uncle, my aunt, my mother, my good father,
oh, remember them kindly in their time of trouble; and in the hour of their taking
away.*

*After a little I am taken in and put to bed. Sleep, soft smiling, draws me unto her:
and those receive me, who quietly treat me, as one familiar and well-beloved in
that home: but will not, oh, will not, not now, not ever; but will not ever tell me
who I am.*

-- James Agee

Fritling - Spring

*In shadowy crypts
I dreamt long
of your trees and blue skies,
of your fragrance and birdsong.*

*Now you appear
in all your finery,
drenched in light
like a miracle before me.*

*You recognize me,
you entice me tenderly.
All my limbs tremble at
your blessed presence!*

September

*The garden is in mourning.
Cool rain seeps into the flowers.*

*Summertime shudders,
quietly awaiting his end.*

*Golden leaf after leaf falls
from the tall accacia tree.*

*Summer smiles, astonished and feeble,
at his dying dream of a garden.
For just a while he tarryies
beside the roses, yearning for repose.*

*Slowly he closes
his weary eyes.*

Beim Schlafengehen – When I Go to Sleep

*Now that I am wearied of the day,
my ardent desire shall happily receive*

the starry night

like a sleepy child.

Hands, stop all your work.

Brow, forget all your thinking.

All my senses now

yearn to sink into slumber.

And my unfettered soul

wishes to soar up freely

into night's magic sphere

to live there deeply and thousandfold.

Der Rosenkavalier Trio

Octavian:

Marie Therese

Marschallin:

I made a vow to love him rightly, as a good woman should. I promised even to love the love he bore another. But in truth, I did not think that this task would come so soon. Many things are ordained in this world that we should scarce believe could be, if we heard others tell of them; but the one whom they will someday wound believes in them, and knows not how. There stands the boy, and here stand I; and with his new-found love this day he will have happiness such as a man thinks is the best the world can give.

Sophie:

I feel as one at worship, holiest thoughts fill my soul; and yet I'm possessed by a thought most unholy and sinful. I don't understand what I feel. At this lady's fee I gladly would kneel, yet willingly would I harm her as well. For I feel that she gives him to me, and yet robs me of part of him. I'm strangely distraught. I wish to know everything, yet fear to know the truth—now longing to ask, now fearing. I am both hot and cold, and know only this one thing: that I love you.

Octavian:

What wondrous thing has come to pass? I would willingly ask her: Can it be? And it is just that question that I know I cannot ask her. I would willingly ask her: Why is my soul trembling so? Has a great wrong, a foul deed been done? And may not ask the question of her. And then I gaze on your dear face, Sophie, and see only you, know only you. And know only this one thing: that I love you.

Im Abendrot

*We have gone through sorrow and joy
hand in hand;*

*Now we can rest from our wandering
above the quiet land.*

Around us, the valleys bow;

the air is growing darker.

Just two skylarks soar upwards

dreamily into the fragrant air.

Come close to me, and let them flutter.

Soon it will be time for sleep.

Let us not lose our way

in this solitude.

O vast, tranquil peace,

so deep at sunset!

How weary we are of wandering---

Is this perhaps death?

Guest Biographies

Andria Fennig- pianist, received her doctorate of music in piano performance from Arizona State University in 2002. She served as a one-year Visiting Assistant Professor in Piano and Theory at the University of Hawaii, Manoa in 2001-02. Currently, Ms. Fennig resides in Phoenix, where she is performing extensively nationally and internationally in new music ensembles, Broadway theatre pits, and chamber music organizations. She is serving as Coach-Accompanist with the Arizona Opera Company performing for several educational outreach and fund-raising activities. Highlighted recent performances have included J.S. Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 5 with the Honolulu Symphony, Pictures at an Exhibition with the Phoenix Symphony, and at the PASIC International Conference in Columbus, Ohio. In addition to her classical endeavors, she also regularly performs as a pit musician for several Broadway touring productions including Wicked, Phantom of the Opera, Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat, and Altar Boyz. Ms. Fennig is an avid promoter and performer of avant-garde chamber repertoire performing regularly with KRUSTA, Crossing 32nd Street, and LINKS ensembles: three chamber ensembles devoted to the performance and appreciation of recently composed works for numerous instrumentation combinations. Ms. Fennig presently teaches a large studio of private pupils of all ages and abilities, and is a piano instructor at Mesa Community College.

Heidi Wright- is a native of Mesa, Arizona and began playing the violin and piano at an early age. She studied violin and harp performance at all of Arizona's Universities and completed degrees in Performance, Pedagogy, and Education. She has performed with numerous orchestras across Arizona and has taught in a variety of music schools and programs. As a Suzuki trained teacher, she maintains a large studio of violin and harp students. Heidi performs locally and internationally as a member of the Tetra String Quartet. She is a faculty associate at ASU, teaching chamber music.

Alexis Davis Hazell- is emerging as an active performer on the international opera stage. Her singing has earned accolades for the size and quality of her instrument, and the dramatic intensity she brings to the development of character. Alexis has sung in several European tours of the Gershwins' masterpiece *Porgy and Bess*. Some of these critically acclaimed performances were in collaboration with the Mikhailovsky Opera, the Moscow Philharmonic, and the Polish National Opera. She debuted as "Maria" at the Kuressaare Operadays Festival in Estonia, the Hamburg State Opera, the Festspielhaus of Baden-Baden, Dresden Semper Oper, and the Deutsch Oper am Rhein in Dusseldorf. Alexis holds a B. Mus. degree in Vocal Performance from Temple Univ. and M. Mus. degree from Arizona State Univ. Mrs. Davis Hazell is completing a Doctor of Musical Arts degree in Vocal Performance at ASU. She is also the Creative Director of Jazzoperetry, Inc.: the production company for the touring concert series *Earl & Alexis: AMERICAN SONGS*. As part of a busy concert schedule, regional guest appearances for Alexis include work with the Southern Arizona Symphony, ProArte Orchestra, Prescott Center for the Arts, Riznica, Phoenix Opera and Arizona Opera.

Diane Arnett Gardiner- Opera credits include Norina/Don Pasquale, Valencienne/The Merry Widow, Frasquita/Carmen, Donna Anna/Don Giovanni, Musetta /La Bohème, and Guilietta/The Tales of Hoffman. Oratorio credits include Handel, Bach, R. Vaughan Williams, Beethoven, and Poulenc. She has Performed as a soloist in the Sydney Opera House, Bolshoi Theater, Carnegie Hall, and the Salt Lake Tabernacle. As an Apprentice Artist with the Utah Opera Company Diane performed the Soprano role in the nationally broadcast Operamania and can also be seen each Thanksgiving as a soloist on PBS-TV's airing of The Thanksgiving of American Folk Hymns. Diane currently resides in east Mesa with her children (5 boys!) and her wonderfully supportive husband of 15 years where her leading role is that of homemaker and wife.

Acknowledgements

This recital has been a long time coming. I began my journey at ASU in 1991, after a 16 year hiatus, I returned to complete my Bachelors, Masters, and now (should the gods smile upon me) will complete my Doctorate in December of 2013.

I would like to thank my family and friends for always being supportive through the various twists and turns, life choices, and mad cap adventures that make up the last two decades of this journey. Thank you to DAVID BRITTON for the encouragement, humor, and willingness to come along for the ride. Of course thanks to DALE DREYFOOS for making my time here so pleasant and for our numerous coffee dates. WILLIAM REBER for the countless coachings and musical advice. A huge thanks to my mother, ANNIS SHEPHERD, for being a constant inspiration and fountain of love in my life.

I must also give a special acknowledgement to those who were an important part of this journey and are no longer with us. REN ANDERTON my accompanist for 20 years who helped select and rehearse the music for this recital. I love and miss you my dear friend. ARLENE & MAURICE BATEMAN, my loving aunt and uncle, who attended every performance I gave. "I still wear my winter jacket". ROBERT NUNES, you are a treasure and bless the lives of those around you.

I would like to dedicate this performance to my father DAVID SHEPHERD, who would have been so proud and excited to share this moment with me.

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Out of respect for the performers and those audience members around you, please turn all beepers, cell phones and watches to their silent mode. Thank you.
