



Arizona State University

School of Music

DOCTORAL RECITAL SERIES

MORY ORTMAN

PIANO ACCOMPANYING

assisted by

Amy Jo Arrington, soprano

Lynne Floyd, soprano

Kortney James, flute

Stefan Platamone, trumpet

KATZIN CONCERT HALL

Saturday, November 13, 1999 • 7:30 p.m.



PROGRAM

Sonata in e minor

Adagio ma non tanto
Allegro
Andante
Allegro

J.S. Bach
1685-1750

Kortney James, flute

Sonata for Trumpet and Piano (1995)

Lento-Allegro Molto
Allegretto
Allegro con fuoco

Eric Ewazen
b. 1954

Stefan Platamone, trumpet

****There will be a 10-minute intermission****

A Bouquet of Lieder

Blumengruss
Gleich und Gleich

Hugo Wolf
1860-1903

Schneeglöckchen
Du bist wie eine Blume
Röselein, Röselein!

Robert Schumann
1810-1856

Lynne Floyd, soprano

A Sarah Binks Songbook, Op. 9 (1988)

Reflections while translating Heine
(Fantasia on a theme of R. Schumann)
Hi Sooky, Ho Sooky, (Valse Serenata)
Ode to a Star (Arioso di camera)
The Song of the Chore (Canzone rustica)
Elegy to a Calf (Lamento pastorello)
Square Dance (Hoe-Down)

John Greer

Amy Jo Arrington, soprano

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This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the performance requirements
for the degree Doctor of Musical Arts in solo performance.

Mory Ortman is a student of Eckart Sellheim.

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ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

College of Fine Arts

School of Music

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EVENTS HOTLINE
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Translations and Program Notes

Sonata in e minor

J.S. Bach was by far the most prolific composer of the Baroque period, composing in all the musical forms of the day, with the notable exception of opera. Bach's chamber works include pieces for solo violin and cello, as well as sonatas for violin and harpsichord, for viola da gamba and harpsichord, and for flute and harpsichord. Like the sonata de chiesa (sonatas for church use), most of these were composed in four movements in slow-fast-slow-fast order. Among the distinguishing features of Bach's chamber sonatas are the combinations of instruments he employs, differing from those customary at the time of writing for one or two upper parts and continuo. Instead, Bach writes compositions for solo melodic instruments without accompaniment as well as works for violin, flute, or gamba with harpsichord obbligato, a concept which Bach developed from the trio sonata. This particular sonata was one of two that Bach composed for flute and thorough-bass, or basso continuo. Bach wrote this sonata (as well as a large portion of his chamber works) while he served as director of music for Prince Leopold of Anhalt at Cöthen (1717-1723).

Sonata for Trumpet and Piano

Eric Ewazen, born in 1954 in Cleveland, studied under Samuel Adler, Milton Babbitt, Warren Benson, Gunther Schuller, and Joseph Schwantner at the Eastman School of Music, Tanglewood, and The Juilliard School, where he has been a member of the faculty since 1980. A recipient of numerous composition awards and prizes, his works have been commissioned and performed by many chamber ensembles and orchestras in the US and overseas. The **Sonata for Trumpet and Piano** was written in 1995 and premiered at The International Trumpet Guild Convention by Chris Gekker in May of that year.

Andrew Thomas of The Juilliard School writes of Ewazen's style, "...in developing his own voice, he never lost a sense of the audience for whom he was composing. Vocal line is the key to understanding Eric's music. His works for voice and instruments sing with a breathing line that reveals a wide emotional range. Eric is interested in the psychological momentum of a piece. He builds expressive sections with meticulous control. In the rise and fall of tension, his music becomes intensely theatrical. He knows what a performer does, and what happens on stage. He knows deeply and directly how both music and performance affect the audience."

A Sarah Binks Songbook

John Greer currently serves as one of the music directors of the Eastman Opera Theatre at the Eastman School of Music in New York. In addition, he is highly respected as a vocal accompanist and coach. His compositions include solo vocal works, as well as works for chorus and childrens' choirs. His texts range from the Biblical and sublime to some that are perhaps a bit more whimsical, which may be the case with Sarah Binks, the sweet songstress of Saskatchewan. I would like to dedicate the performance of this cycle to my parents, who still work as farmers up in the cold north. Sarah's love of animals is paralleled only by my father's, who still gets misty-eyed every time he sells a load of cattle or is forced to say goodbye to a four-footed friend.

A Bouquet of Lieder

Blumengruss

Der Strauss, den ich gepflücket
Grüsse dich viel tausendmal!
Ich habe mich oft gebücket
Ach, wohl eintausendmal
Und ihn ans Herz gedrückt
Wie hunderttausendmal!

Gleich und Gleich

Ein Blumenglöckchen vom Boden hervor
War früh gesprosset in lieblichem Flor;
Da kam ein Bienchen und naschte fein:
Die müssen wohl beide für einander sein.

Schneeglöckchen

Der Schnee, der gestern noch in Flöckchen
Vom Himmel fiel,
Hängt nun geronnen heut als Glöckchen
Am zarten Stiel.
Schneeglöckchen läutet; was bedeutet's
Im stillen Hain?
O komm geschwind! Im Haine läutet's
Den Frühling ein.
O kommt, ihr Blätter, Blüt und Blume,
Die ihr noch träumt,
All zu des Frühlings Heiligtume!
Kommt ungesäumt!

Du bist wie eine Blume

Du bist wie eine Blume,
So hold und schön und rein;
Ich schau dich an, und Wehmut
Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.
Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände
Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt',
Betend, dass Gott dich erhalte
So rein und schön und hold.

Flower Greeting (Goethe)

May the bouquet I have plucked
Greet you many thousands of times!
I have bent often—
Ah, at least a thousand times,
And pressed it to my heart
Something like a hundred thousand!

The Ones Alike (Goethe)

A little flower bell sprouted forth
Early in lovely blossom;
There came a bee and nibbled enjoyingly.
They must have been made for each other.

Snowdrop (Rückert)

The snow, that only yesterday in little flakes
Fell from the sky,
Hangs now congealed, a little bell,
On tender stem.
Snowdrop, its little bell is ringing; what does it
Mean in the still wood?
Oh quickly come! There in the wood
It rings in spring.
Oh come you leaves, blossom and flower,
You that yet dream,
Come all into spring's holy bower!
Come, tarry not!

You Are Like a Flower (Heine)

You are like a flower,
So lovely and fair and pure,
I look at you, and sadness
Steals down into my heart.
I feel as if my hands
I should lay upon your head,
Praying that God may keep you
So pure and lovely and fair.

Röselein, Röselein!

Röselein, Röselein! müssen denn Dornen sein?
Schlief am schatt'gen Bächelein
Einst zu süßem Träumen ein,
Sah in goldner Sonne Schein,
Dornelos ein Röselein,
Pflückt es auch und küsst es fein;
"Dornloses Röselein!"
Ich erwacht und schaute drein:
"Hatt ich's doch! Wo mag es sein?"
Rings im weiten Sonnenschein
Standen nur Dornröselein!
Und das Bächlein lachte mein:
"Lass du nur dein Träumen sein!
Merk dir's fein, merk dir's fein,
Dornröslein müssen sein, müssen sein!"
thorns!"

Little Rose, Little Rose (Neun)

Little rose, little rose! Must there be thorns?
By the shady brooklet once
I fell asleep and dreamed sweet dreams,
In the sun's good light I saw
Without thorns a little rose.
I picked it too and gently kissed it:
"Little rose without thorns!"
I woke and looked around:
"I had it though, where can it be?"
All about in sunlight far
Only thorny roses bloomed!
And the brooklet laughed at me:
"Do not ever dream again!
Remember well, remember well,
Little roses must have thorns, must have

A Sarah Binks Songbook (Text from Sarah Binks by Paul Hiebert, 1947)

Reflections while translating Heine (Fantasia on a theme of Schumann)

You are like one flower,
So swell, so good, and clean,
I look you on and longing,
Slinks me the heart between:

*I'm a genius, I'm a genius,
What more can I desire,
I toot upon my little flute,
And twang upon my lyre;*

*I dabble in oil paint,
In cinnebar and ochre,
At night I get dissipated,
And play poker.*

*In my little book, in my little book,
I write verses,
Sometime they don't rhyme---
Curses!*

Me is as if the hands I
On head yours put them should,
Praying that God you preserve,
So swell, so clean, and good.

Hi, Sooky, Ho, Sooky (Valse Serenata)

Oh, I heard your voice at daybreak,
Calling loud and sweet and clear;
I was hiding in the turnips
With a cricket in my ear;
A miller-moth in one ear,
And a cricket in the other,
But I heard your dear voice calling
To the piglets and their mother;
Heard your own voice rising, falling,
Loud and long, and sharp and shrill,
Calling, "Sooky, Sooky, Sooky!"
To the piglets on the hill;
 "Hi, Sooky, ho Sooky,
 Come and get your swill!"

Oh, I've hid among the turnips,
And I've hid between the stooks,
With barley barbs all down my back,
And beetles in my boots;
But I've seen you in the dwindling.
And I've seen you in the rain,
With an armful full of kindling,
When you fell and rose again;
I've seen you plodding through the dust,
And plugging through the wet,
And at night against the window-blind,
I've seen your silhouette;
But "Sooky, Sooky, Sooky,"
I never can forget;
 "Hi Sooky, ho, Sooky,
 Come and get your pep!"

And oh, I think I'll hide again
For just a sight of you,
And hear your own sweet voice again
Call "Sooky, Sooky, Soo,
 "Hi, Sooky, ho, Sooky,
 Come and get the stew, Sooky,
 Come and get your gew, Sooky,
 Sooky, Sooky, Soo!"

Ode to a Star (Arioso di camera)

Me thought I heard the tinkling of a star,
My heart did wilt within, and wilting weeped,
And snivelling tears did splash the little stones,
And muffled sobs did make,
 and sobbing peeped.

With red-rimmed eyes, and through this
 moist, damp weep,
I glanced aloft, and hush, no more descried,
The tinkling star, its tinkling it had ceased,
Resoundingly I blew my nose and sighed.

The Song of the Chore (Canzone rustica)

I sing a song of the simple chore,
Of quitting the downy bed at four,
And chipping ice from the stable door---
 Of the simple chore I sing:
To the forty below at break of day,
To climbing up, and throwing down hay,
To cleaning out and carting away,
 A paean of praise I bring.

Oh, it's time to milk or it's time to not,
Oh, it's time for breakfast and time I got
The pot of coffee in the coffee pot--
 I sing of the chore, "Hurray!"
Oh, it's time for this and it's time for that,
For mending unending and tending the brat,
And it's time to turn in and put out the cat,
 Tomorrow's another day.

Elegy to a Calf (Lamento pastorello)

Oh calf, that gambolled by my door,
Who made me rich who now am poor,
That licked my hand with milk bespread,
Oh calf, calf! Art dead, art dead?

Oh calf, I sit and languish, calf.
With sombre face, I cannot laugh,
Can I forget thy playful bunts?
Oh calf, calf, that loved me once!

With mildewed optics, deathlike, still,
My nights are damp, my days are chill,
I weep again with doleful sniff,
Oh, calf, calf, so dead, so stiff.

Square Dance (Hoe-Down)

Sing ho, for the dance,
To shuffle and prance,
Sing "Ladies, do-si-do!"
 And fiddles engage,
With "Bird-in-the-cage,"
Sing, "Eleben-left!"—Sing ho!
Give me the square,
Where harmonicas blare,
 And the ladies are set for the swing---
And Squiffy Malarty
Has made up the party,
With a handkerchief tied to his wing:

 Swing Olga, swing Lena,
 Sing Kate and Katrina,
 Swing Gudrun, and Bjorg, and Gertrude,
 Swing heavy, swing hearty,
 Swing Squiffy Malarty,
 The life of the party---
 and stewed.

 Swing Daisy, swing Betty,
 Swing Maisie and Letty,
 Swing Mirabel, Margie, and Joy
 Swing Mrs. McGinty,
 Six feet and squinty,
 Two hundred and twenty---
 and coy.

Give me the dance,
Where the girls take a chance,
With seam and with button and string,
And swing them up higher,
Before they retire---
Sing ho, heigh-ho, for the swing!
Sing ho, for the swirls,
And the breathless girls,
With the swimming delight in their eyes---
Come smaller or taller,
Take off the collar---
Sing ho, for the exercise!