

THE BUTLER UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF MUSIC
presents

The
DUCKWALL
ARTIST *Series*

BUTLER
ARTS &
EVENTS
CENTER



SPRING 2024

**PIERROT DANCING IN THE MOONLIGHT,
AND OTHER MAD TALES**

**Sunday, April 28, 2024
7:30 P.M.
Shelton Auditorium**

PROGRAM

Kōjō no Tsuki (Moon over Ruined Castle)

Rentarō Taki (1879-1903)

Tamara Thweatt, *flute*

Un Joueur de flute berce les ruines (A flute player lullabies the ruins)

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Tamara Thweatt, *flute*

Clair de lune sur la mer (Moonlight on the Sea)

Charles Koechlin (1867-1950)

Tamara Thweatt, *flute*

Naked Souls

Richard Auldon Clark (b. 1964)

1. In the Desert, by Stephen Crane
2. The Pagan, by George Orwell
3. All Souls, by D. H. Lawrence

Oliver Worthington, *baritone*; Mélanie Clapiès, *violin*; Richard A. Clark, *viola*

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée, M.84. Poetry of Paul Morand

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

1. Chanson romanesque. Moderato
2. Chanson épique. Molto moderato
3. Chanson à boire. Allegro

Oliver Worthington, *baritone*; Amanda Hopson, *piano*

Pierrot Lunaire

Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)

Part 1

1. Mondestrunken (Drunk with Moonlight)
2. Colombine (Columbine)
3. Der Dandy (The Dandy)
4. Eine blasse Wäscherin (A Pallid Washerwoman)
5. Valse de Chopin
6. Madonna
7. Der kranke Mond (The Sick Moon)

Part 2

1. Nacht (Passacaglia) (Night)
2. Gebet an Pierrot (Prayer to Pierrot)
 3. Raub (Theft)
 4. Rote Messe (Red Mass)
 5. Galgenlied (Gallows Song)
 6. Enthauptung (Beheading)
 7. Die Kreuze (The Crosses)

Part 3

1. Heimweh (Homesickness)
2. Gemeinheit (Foul Play)
 3. Parodie (Parody)
4. Der Mondfleck (The Moon Spot)
 5. Serenade
6. Heimfahrt (Barcarole) (Journey Home)
7. O Alter Duft (O Ancient Fragrance)

Laura Storm and Chloe Boelter, *sopranos*

Tamara Thweatt, *flute and piccolo*

Steve Becraft, *clarinets*

Mélanie Clapiès, *violin and viola*

Sophie Benn, *cello*

Miho Sasaki, *piano*

Richard Auldon Clark, *conductor*

Directed and staged by Cynthia Pratt

Choreographed and performed by:

Taylor Butler, Meghan Fischbach, Henry Harte, Jo Henn, Meghan Hutto, Olivia Keith,
Olivia Throop, Natalia Velarde, and Beatrice Wooster

PROGRAM NOTES

Naked Souls Texts

In the Desert

by Stephen Crane

In the desert

I saw a creature, naked, bestial,
Who, squatting upon the ground,
Held his heart in his hands,
And ate of it.

I said, "Is it good, friend?"

"It is bitter—bitter," he answered;

"But I like it

"Because it is bitter,

"And because it is my heart."

Source: *Twentieth-Century American Poetry* (2004)

The Pagan

by George Orwell

So here are you, and here am I,
Where we may thank our gods to be,
Above the earth, beneath the sky,
Naked souls, alive and free.
The autumn wind goes rustling by
And stirs the stubble round our feet;
Out of the west it whispering blows,
Stops to caress and onward goes,
Bringing its earthy odours sweet.
See with what pride the setting sun
Kinglike in gold and purple dies.
And like a robe of rainbow spun
Tinges the earth with shades divine.
That mystic light is in your eyes
And ever in your heart will shine.

All Souls

by D. H. Lawrence

They are chanting now the service of All the Dead
And the village folk outside in the burying-ground
Listen—except those who strive with their dead,
Reaching out in anguish, yet unable quite to touch them:
Those villagers isolated at the grave
Where the candles burn in the daylight, and the painted wreaths
Are propped on end, there, where the mystery starts.

The naked candles burn on every grave.

On your grave, in England, the weeds grow.

But I am your naked candle burning,
And that is not your grave, in England,
The world is your grave.
And my naked body standing on your grave
Upright towards heaven is burning off to you
Its flame of life, now and always, till the end.

It is my offering to you; every day is All Souls' Day.

I forget you, have forgotten you.
I am busy only at my burning,
I am busy only at my life.
But my feet are on your grave, planted.
And when I lift my face, it is a flame that goes up
To the other world, where you are now.
But I am not concerned with you.
I have forgotten you.

I am a naked candle burning on your grave.

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée, M. 84. Poetry of Paul Morand
Don Quixote to Dulcinea – translated by Richard Stokes

Chanson romanesque

Si vous me disiez que la terre
À tant tourner vous offensa,
Je lui dépêcherais Pança:
Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.

Si vous me disiez que l'ennui
Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d'astres,
Déchirant les divins cadastres,
Je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.

Si vous me disiez que l'espace
Ainsi vidé ne vous plaît point,
Chevalier dieu, la lance au poing.
J'étoilerais le vent qui passe.

Mais si vous disiez que mon sang
Est plus à moi qu'à vous, ma Dame,
Je blêmirais dessous le blâme
Et je mourrais, vous bénissant.

Ô Dulcinée.

Chanson épique

Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir
De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,
Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir
Pour lui complaire et la défendre,
Bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre

Romantic song

Were you to tell that the earth
Offended you with so much turning,
I'd dispatch Panza to deal with it:
You'd see it still and silenced.

Were you to tell me that you are wearied
By a sky too studded with stars -
Tearing the divine order asunder,
I'd scythe the night with a single blow.

Were you to tell me that space itself,
Thus denuded was not to your taste -
As a god-like knight, with lance in hand,
I'd sow the fleeting wind with stars.

But were you to tell me that my blood
Is more mine, my Lady, than your own,
I'd pale at the admonishment
And, blessing you, would die.

O Dulcinea.

Epic Song

Good Saint Michael who gives me leave
To behold and hear my Lady,
Good Saint Michael who deigns to elect me
To please her and defend her,
Good Saint Michael, descend, I pray,

Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel
De la Madone au bleu mantel.

With Saint George onto the altar
Of the Madonna robed in blue.

D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame
Et son égale en pureté
Et son égale en piété
Comme en pudeur et chasteté:
Ma Dame.

With a heavenly beam bless my blade
And its equal in purity
And its equal in piety
As in modesty and chastity:
My Lady.

(Ô grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel)
L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,
Ma douce Dame si pareille
À Vous, Madone au bleu mantel!
Amen.

(O great Saint George and great Saint Michael)
Bless the angel watching over my vigil,
My sweet Lady, so like unto Thee,
O Madonna robed in blue!
Amen

Chanson à boire

Drinking song

Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,
Qui pour me perdre à vos doux yeux
Dit que l'amour et le vin vieux
Mettent en deuil mon cœur, mon âme !

A pox on the bastard, illustrious Lady,
Who to discredit me in your sweet eyes,
Says that love and old wine
Are saddening my heart and soul!

Je bois
À la joie !
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit ... lorsque j'ai bu !

I drink
To joy!
Joy is the only goal
To which I go straight... when I'm... drunk!

Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,
Qui geint, qui pleure et fait serment
D'être toujours ce pâle amant
Qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse !

A pox on the jealous wretch, O dusky mistress,
Who whines and weeps and vows
Always to be this lily-livered lover
Who dilutes his drunkenness!

Je bois
À la joie !
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit ...
Lorsque j'ai bu !

I drink
To joy!
Joy is the only goal
To which I go straight...
when I'm... drunk!

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

Pierrot Lunaire Texts

1. Mondestrunken

Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt,
Gießt Nachts der Mond in Wogen
nieder,
Und eine Springflut überschwemmt
Den stillen Horizont.

Gelüste schauerlich und süß,
Durchschwimmen ohne Zahl die
Fluten!
Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt,
Gießt Nachts der Mond in Wogen

1. Drunk with Moonlight

The wine we drink through the eyes
The moon pours down at night in waves,
And a flood tide overflows
The silent horizon.

Longings beyond number, gruesome sweet frissons,
Swim through the flood.
The wine we drink through the eyes
The moon pours down at night in waves.

The poet, slave to devotion,

nieder.

Der Dichter, den die Andacht treibt,
Berauscht sich an dem heiligen Tranke,
Gen Himmel wendet er verzückt
Das Haupt und taumelnd saugt und
schlüpft er
Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt.

2. Columbine

Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten,
Die weißen Wunderrosen,
Blühen in den Julinachten -
O brach ich eine nur!

Mein banges Leid zu lindern,
Such ich am dunklen Strome
Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten,
Die weißen Wunderrosen.

Gestillt wär all mein Sehnen,
Dürft ich so märchenheimlich,
So selig leis - entblättern
Auf deine braunen Haare
Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten!

3. Der Dandy

Mit einem phantastischen Lichtstrahl
Erleuchtet der Mond die krystallinen
Flacons
Auf dem schwarzen, hochheiligen
Waschtisch
Des schweigenden Dandys von Ber-
gamo.

In tönender, bronzener Schale
Lacht hell die Fontaine, metallischen
Klangs.
Mit einem phantastischen Lichtstrahl
Erleuchtet der Mond die krystallinen
Flacons.

Pierrot mit dem wächsernen Antlitz
Steht sinnend und denkt: wie er heute
sich schminkt?
Fort schiebt er das Rot und das Orients
Grün
Und bemalt sein Gesicht in erhabenem
Stil
Mit einem phantastischen Mondstrahl.

4. Eine blasse Wäscherin

Eine blasse Wäscherin
Wäscht zur Nachtzeit bleiche Tücher;
Nackte, silberweiße Arme

Drunk on the sacred liquor,
Enraptured, turns his face to Heaven
And staggering sucks and slurps
The wine we drink through the eyes.

2. Columbine

The moonlight's pale blossoms,
The white wonder-roses,
Bloom in July nights.
O could I pluck but one!

To soothe my deepest sorrow,
Through darkening streams I seek
The moonlight's pale blossoms,
The white wonder-roses.

All my longings would be satisfied,
Dared I as gently
As a fairy sprite to scatter
Over your brown tresses
The moonlight's pale blossoms.

3. The Dandy

With a ghostly light ray
The moon illumines the crystal flasks
Upon the dark altar-the holy Washbasin
Of the taciturn Dandy from Bergamo.

In the resonant bronze basin
The fountains laugh a metallic clangor.
With a ghostly light ray
The moon illumines the crystal flasks.

Pierrot with waxen complexion
Stands deep in thought: What makeup for today?
He shoves aside the red and oriental green
And paints his face in sublime style
With a ghostly light ray.

4. A Pallid Washerwoman

A pale washerwoman
Washes faded garments at nighttime.
Naked, silver-white arms

Streckt sie nieder in die Flut.

She stretches down into the flood.

Durch die Lichtung schleichen Winde,
Leis bewegen sie den Strom.
Eine blasse Wäscherin
Wäscht zur Nachtzeit bleiche Tücher.

Breezes tiptoe through the clearing,
Lightly ruffle the stream.
A pale washerwoman
Washes faded garments at nighttime.

Und die sanfte Magd des Himmels,
Von den Zweigen zart umschmeichelt,
Breitet auf die dunklen Wiesen
ihre lichtgewobnen Linnen -
Eine blasse Wäscherin.

And the gentle maid of heaven,
Softly fondled by the boughs,
Spreads her linen spun from moonbeams
Across the dusky meadows-
A pale washerwoman.

5. Valse de Chopin

Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts
Färbt die Lippen einer Kranken,
Also ruht auf diesen Tönen
Ein vernichtungssüchtger Reiz.

5. Chopin Waltz

As a bleached drop of blood
Stains a sufferer's lips,
So lurks within this music
The lure of annihilation.

Wilder Lust Accorde [stören]¹
Der Verzweiflung eisgen Traum -
Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts
Färbt die Lippen einer Kranken.

In untamed strains the chords disorder
Despair's icy dream-
As a bleached drop of blood
Stains a sufferer's lips.

Heiß und jauchzend, süß und
schmachtend,
Melancholisch düstrer Walzer,
Kommst mir nimmer aus den Sinnen!
Haftest mir an den Gedanken,
Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts!

Fierce, exulting, sweet, and yearning,
Melancholy dismal waltzes,
You cling to my consciousness,
You are borne on my thoughts
Like a bleached drop of blood.

6. Madonna

Steig, o Mutter aller Schmerzen,
Auf den Altar meiner Verse!
Blut aus deinen magren Brustern
Hat des Schwertes Wut vergossen.

6. Madonna

Ascend, O Mother of All Sorrows
The altar of my verses!
The sword's fury has drawn blood
From thy withered breasts.

Deine ewig frischen Wunden
Gleichen Augen, rot und offen.
Steig, o Mutter aller Schmerzen,
Auf den Altar meiner Verse!

Thy eternal open wounds
Are like eyes, red and open.
Ascend, O Mother of All Sorrows
The altar of my verses!

In den abgezehrten Händen
Hältst du deines Sohnes Leiche.
Ihn zu zeigen aller Menschheit -
Doch der Blick der Menschen meidet
Dich, o Mutter aller Schmerzen!

In thy shriveled hands
Thou holdest thy Son's body,
Revealed to all mankind-
But mankind's gaze is turned away
From thee, O Mother of All Sorrows.

7. Der kranke Mond

Du nächtig todeskranker Mond
Dort auf des Himmels schwarzem
Pfühl,
Dein Blick, so fiebernd übergroß,
Bannt mich wie fremde Melodie.

7. The Sick Moon

You dark moon, deathly ill,
Laid over heaven's sable pillow,
Your fever-swollen gaze
Enchants me like alien melody.

You die of insatiable pangs of love,

An unstillbarem Liebesleid
Stirbst du, an Sehnsucht, tief erstickt,
Du nächtig todeskranker Mond
Dort auf des Himmels schwarzem
Pfühl.

Den Liebsten, der im Sinnenrausch
Gedankenlos zur Liebsten schleicht,
Belustigt deiner Strahlen Spiel -
Dein bleiches, qualgebornes Blut,
Du nächtig todeskranker Mond.

8. Nacht (Passacaglia)

Finstre, schwarze Riesenfalter
Töteten der Sonne Glanz.
Ein geschlossnes Zauberbuch,
Ruht der Horizont - verschwiegen.

Aus dem Qualm verlornen Tiefen
Steigt ein Duft, Erinnerung mordend!
Finstre, schwarze Riesenfalter
Töteten der Sonne Glanz.

Und vom Himmel erdenwärts
Senken sich mit schweren Schwingen
Unsichtbar die Ungetume
Auf die Menschenherzen nieder...
Finstre, schwarze Riesenfalter.

9. Gebet an Pierrot

Pierrot! Mein Lachen
Hab ich verlernt!
Das Bild des Glanzes
Zerfloß - Zerfloß!

Schwarz weht die Flagge
Mir nun vom Mast.
Pierrot! Mein Lachen
Hab ich verlernt!

O gib mir wieder,
Roßarzt der Seele,
Schneemann der Lyrik,
Durchlaucht vom Monde,
Pierrot - mein Lachen!

10. Raub

Rote, fürstliche Rubine,
Blutge Tropfen alten Ruhmes,
Schlummern in den Totenschreinen,
Drunten in den Grabgewolben.

Nachts, mit seinen Zechkumpanen,
Steigt Pierrot hinab - zu rauben
Rote, fürstliche Rubine,
Blutge Tropfen alten Ruhmes.

Suffocated in longing,
You dark moon, deathly ill,
Laid over heaven's sable pillow.

The hotblooded lover
Slinking heedless to the tryst
You hearten with your play of light,
Your pale blood wrung from torment,
You dark moon, deathly ill.

8. Night

Giant black butterflies
Have blotted out the sunshine.
A closed book of magic spells,
The horizon sleeps-silent.

Vapors from lost abysses
Breathe out an odor, murdering memory.
Giant black butterflies
Have blotted out the sunshine.

And from Heaven earthward
Gliding down on leaden wings
The invisible monsters
Descend upon our human hearts...
Giant black butterflies.

9. Prayer to Pierrot

Pierrot! My laughter
I've unlearned.
The image of splendor
Melted away.

To me the flag waves black
Now from the mast.
Pierrot! My laughter
I've unlearned.

O give me back--
Horse-doctor to the soul,
Snowman of Lyric,
Your Lunar Highness,
Pierrot! my laughter.

10. Theft

Princely red rubies,
Bloody drops of ancient glory,
Slumber in the coffins,
Down there in the sepulchers.

Nighttimes, with his drinking buddies,
Pierrot climbs down-to steal
Princely red rubies,
Bloody drops of ancient glory.

Doch da - strauben sich die Haare,
Bleiche Furcht bannt sie am Platze:
Durch die Finsternis - wie Augen! -
Stieren aus den Totenschreinen
Rote, fürstliche Rubine.

11. Rote Messe

Zu grausem Abendmahle
Beim Blendeglanz des Goldes,
Beim Flackerschein der Kerzen,
Naht [sich Pierrot dem Altar.]²

Die Hand, die gottgeweihte,
Zerreißt die Priesterkleider --
Zu grausem Abendmahle
Beim Blendeglanz des Goldes.

Mit segnender Geberde
Zeigt er den bangen Seelen
Die tiefend rothe Hostie --
Sein Herz in blut'gen Fingern,
Zu grausem Abendmahle.

12. Galgenlied

Die dürre Dirne
Mit langem Halse
Wird seine letzte
Geliebte sein.

In seinem Hirne
Steckt wie ein Nagel
Die dürre Dirne
Mit langem Halse.

Schlank wie die Pinie,
Am Hals ein Zöpfchen -
Wollüstig wird sie
Den Schelm umhalsen,
Die dürre Dirne!

13. Enthauptung

Der Mond, ein blankes Türkenschwert
Auf einem schwarzen Seidenkissen,
Gespenstisch groß - dräut er hinab
Durch schmerzendunkle Nacht.

Pierrot irrt ohne Rast umher
Und starrt empor in Todesängsten
Zum Mond, dem blanken Tü-
rkenschwert
Auf einem schwarzen Seidenkissen.

Es schlottern unter ihm die Knie,
Ohnmächtig bricht er jäh zusammen.

But look-their hair stands on end,
Fear roots them to the spot:
Through the darkness-like eyes!-
Out of the coffins stare
Princely red rubies.

11. Red Mass

At the gruesome Eucharist,
In golden glitter,
In flickering candlelight,
To the altar comes-Pierrot!

His hand, consecrated to God,
Tears open the priestly robes
At the gruesome Eucharist,
In golden glitter.

Signing the cross,
He shows the suffering souls
The dripping red Host:
His heart-in bloody fingers-
At the gruesome Eucharist.

12. Gallows Song

The scrawny wench
With the long neck
Will be
His last lover.

Stuck in his brain
Like a nail is
The scrawny wench
With the long neck.

Thin as a pine tree,
Pigtail down her neck-
Lasciviously she'll
Embrace the knave,
The scrawny wench!

13. Beheading

The moon, a shining scimitar
On a black silk cushion,
Preternaturally large-glowers down
Through night's pall of sorrow.

Pierrot wanders about restlessly
And stares aloft in deadly fear
At the moon, a shining scimitar
On a black silk cushion.

His knees tremble,
He collapses senseless.
He fancies it's already whistling down

Er wähnt: es sause strafend schon
Auf seinen Sünderhals hernieder
Der Mond, das blanke Türkenschwert.

14. Die Kreuze

Heilige Kreuze sind die Verse,
Dran die Dichter stumm verbluten,
Blindgeschlagen von der Geier
Flatterndem Gespensterschwarme!

In den Leibern schwelgten Schwerter,
Prunkend in des Blutes Scharlach!
Heilige Kreuze sind die Verse,
Dran die Dichter stumm verbluten.

Tot das Haupt - erstarrt die Locken -
Fern, verweht der Lärm des Pöbels.
Langsam sinkt die Sonne nieder,
Eine rote Königskrone. -
Heilige Kreuze sind die Verse!

15. Heimweh

Lieblich klagend - ein krystallnes
Seufzen
Aus Italiens alter Pantomime,
Klingts herüber: wie Pierrot so holzern,
So modern sentimental geworden.

Und es tönt durch seines Herzens
Wüste,
Tönt gedämpft durch alle Sinne wieder,
Lieblich klagend - ein krystallnes
Seufzen
Aus Italiens alter Pantomime.

Da vergißt Pierrot die Trauermienen!
Durch den bleichen Feuerschein des
Mondes,
Durch des Lichtmeers Fluten - schweift
die Sehnsucht
Kühn hinauf, empor zum Heimathim-
mel
Lieblich klagend - ein krystallnes
Seufzen!

16. Gemeinheit!

In den blanken Kopf Cassanders,
Dessen Schrein die Luft durchzetert,
Bohrt Pierrot mit Heuchlermienen,
Zärtlich - einen Schädelbohrer!

Darauf stopft er mit dem Daumen
Seinen echten türkischen Taback
In den blanken Kopf Cassanders,
Dessen Schrein die Luft durchzetert!

In vengeance on his guilty neck,
The moon, the shining scimitar.

14. The Crosses

Poems are poets' holy crosses
On which they bleed in silence,
Struck blind by phantom swarms
Of fluttering vultures.

Swords have feasted on their bodies,
Reveling in the scarlet blood!
Poems are poets' holy crosses
On which they bleed in silence.

Dead the head, the tresses stiffened,
Far away the noisy rabble.
Slowly the sun sinks,
A red royal crown.-
Poems are poets' holy crosses.

15. Homesickness

Sweetly lamenting-a crystalline sigh
Out of the old Italian pantomime,
It resonates in our time: Why's Pierrot become
So wooden, so sentimental modern?

And it sounds through his heart's wasteland,
Sounds an undertone through all his senses,
Sweetly lamenting-a crystalline sigh
Out of the old Italian pantomime.

Then Pierrot forgets the mask of tragedy!
Through the moon's pale fireshine,
Through the sea's light-tide-sails his yearning
Bravely forth, heavenward home,
Sweetly lamenting-a crystalline sigh.

16. Foul Play

Into the gleaming pate of Cassander,
Who's crying bloody murder,
Pierrot drills with a disingenuous air,
Gently, with a trepan [skull-borer]!

Then tamps in with his finger
His genuine Turkish tobacco
Into the gleaming pate of Cassander,
Who's crying bloody murder.

Dann dreht er ein Rohr von Weichsel
Hinten in die glatte Glatze
Und behäbig schmaucht und pafft er
Seinen echten türkischen Taback
Aus dem blanken Kopf Cassanders!

17. Parodie

Stricknadeln, blank und blinkend,
In ihrem grauen Haar,
Sitzt die Duenna murmelnd,
Im roten Röckchen da.

Sie wartet in der Laube,
Sie liebt Pierrot mit Schmerzen,
Stricknadeln, blank und blinkend,
In ihrem grauen Haar.

Da plötzlich - horch! - ein Wispern!
Ein Windhauch kichert leise:
Der Mond, der böse Spötter,
Äfft nach mit seinen Strahlen -
Stricknadeln, blink und blank.

18. Der Mondfleck

Einen weißen Fleck des hellen Mondes
Auf dem Rücken seines schwarzen
Rockes,
So spaziert Pierrot im lauen Abend,
Aufzusuchen Glück und Abenteuer.

Plötzlich - stört ihn was an seinem An-
zug,
Er beschaut sich rings und findet richtig -
Einen weißen Fleck des hellen Mondes
Auf dem Rücken seines schwarzen
Rockes.

Warte! denkt er: das ist so ein Gipsfleck!
Wischt und wischt, doch - bringt ihn
nicht herunter!
Und so geht er, giftgeschwollen, weiter,
Reibt und reibt bis an den frühen Morgen
--
Einen weißen Fleck des hellen Mondes.

19. Serenade

Mit groteskem Riesenbogen
Kratzt Pierrot auf seiner Bratsche,
Wie der Storch auf einem Beine,
Knipst er trüb ein Pizzicato.

Plötzlich naht Cassander - wütend
Ob des nächtgen Virtuosen -
Mit groteskem Riesenbogen

Then screws a cherry pipestem
Into the bald spot behind
And smugly puffs away on
His genuine Turkish tobacco
From the gleaming pate of Cassander.

17. Parody

Knitting needles gleaming and flashing
In her gray hair,
The duenna sits there muttering
In her little red dress.

She's waiting in the arbor;
She loves Pierrot to distraction,
Knitting needles gleaming and flashing
In her gray hair.

Of a sudden-hark!-a whisper!
A breath of wind softly snickers:
The moon, wicked aping scoffer,
Beams down a simulacrum of
Knitting needles gleaming and flashing.

18. The Moon Spot

A white fleck of bright moon
On the back of his black coat,
Pierrot sets off one balmy evening,
To seek his fortune.

Suddenly something's awry in his toilette;
He casts about until he finds it-
A white fleck of bright moon
On the back of his black coat.

Drat! he thinks: a fleck of plaster!
Wipes and wipes, but-can't get it off!
So on he goes, his pleasure poisoned,
Till break of day, rubbing and rubbing
A white fleck of bright moon.

19. Serenade

With a grotesquely outsized bow
Pierrot scrapes on his viola.
Like a stork on one leg,
He plucks a doleful pizzicato.

Suddenly here's Cassander -- raging
At the nighttime virtuoso --
With a grotesquely outsized bow

Kratzt Pierrot auf seiner Bratsche.

Pierrot scrapes on his viola.

Von sich wirft er jetzt die Bratsche:
Mit der delikaten Linken
Faßt den Kahlkopf er am Kragen -
Träumend [spielt]¹ er auf der Glatze
Mit groteskem Riesenbogen.

He tosses the viola aside,
With his left hand delicately
Takes Sir Baldy by the collar --
Dreamily he plays on his pate
With a grotesquely outsized bow.

20. Heimfahrt Subtitle: Barcarole

Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder,
Seerose dient als Boot;
Drauf fährt Pierrot gen Süden
Mit gutem Reisewind.

20. Journey Home

Moonbeam is the rudder,
Waterlily serves as boat:
Thus Pierrot fares southward
On a fair following wind.

Der Strom summt tiefe Skalen
Und wiegt den leichten Kahn.
Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder,
Seerose dient als Boot.

The stream hums deep scales
And rocks the fragile craft.
Moonbeam is the rudder,
Waterlily serves as boat.

Nach Bergamo, zur Heimat,
Kehrt nun Pierrot zurück;
Schwach dämmert schon im Osten
Der grüne Horizont.
- Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder.

To Bergamo, to Homeland,
Pierrot now wends his way;
Faintly in the east
Glows the green horizon.
--Moonbeam is the rudder.

21. O alter Duft

O alter Duft aus Märchenzeit,
Berauschest wieder meine Sinne;
Ein närrisch Heer von Schelmerein
Durchschwirrt die leichte Luft.

21. O Ancient Fragrance

O redolence from fairytale times,
Bewitch again my senses!
A knavish swarm of silly pranks
Buzzes down the gentle breeze.

Ein glückhaft Wünschen macht mich
froh
Nach Freuden, die ich lang verachtet:
O alter Duft aus Märchenzeit,
Berauschest wieder mich!

A happy impulse calls me back
To joys I have long neglected:
O redolence from fairytale times,
Bewitch me again!

All meinen Unmut gab ich preis;
Aus meinem sonnumrahmten Fenster
Beschau ich frei die liebe Welt
Und träum hinaus in selge Weiten...
O alter Duft - aus Märchenzeit!

All my ill humors I've renounced;
From my sun-framed window
I behold untrammled the beloved world
And dream me out to blissful vistas...
O redolence from fairytale times.

Translation from the French by
Otto Erich Hartleben (1864 - 1905)

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ABOUT THE ARTISTS

TAMARA THWEATT



Tamara Thweatt serves as Principal Flute of the Indianapolis Chamber Orchestra and the Carmel Symphony Orchestra. She was formerly Piccolo and Third Flute of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, and has been a guest musician with the Chicago Symphony, National Symphony, Minnesota Orchestra, Detroit Symphony, and Indianapolis Symphony. Thweatt has appeared as soloist with the Bach Sinfonia of Washington, DC, the Pontiac Oakland Symphony, and the Charlotte, NC Symphony. As a Fulbright Scholar to England, Thweatt spent a year of intensive study in the studio of Trevor Wye and performed in Fulbright-sponsored recitals in London and Berlin. She holds a Doctorate from the University of Michigan, a Master's degree from Northwestern University, and a Bachelor's degree from Florida State University. Dr. Thweatt was formerly Assistant Professor of Flute at the University of Iowa, and is currently Instructor of Flute at the University of Indianapolis.

OLIVER WORTHINGTON



Dr. Oliver Worthington, baritone, has received international and regional acclaim for performances as an opera singer, oratorio soloist, and recitalist with organizations like Indianapolis Opera, Indianapolis Symphonic Choir, West Virginia Symphony, San Antonio Opera, San Antonio Symphony, Hill Country Lyric, Austin Opera, and Lone Star Lyric in roles ranging from *The Duke of Plaza Toro* to the *Verdi Requiem*. A champion of living composers, he frequently premieres new works and commissions works to include diverse representation and visibility in the art song repertoire. Dr. Worthington is the Vocal Area Coordinator and the Producing Director of Butler Opera Theatre at Butler University in Indianapolis. His directing credits include musicals and operas from old favorites to world-premieres in venues throughout the United States. He maintains a full schedule as an educator and performer and serves as the President of The Fritz and Lavinia Jensen Foundation (www.jensenfoundation.org), a non-profit dedicated to supporting the arts through cash prizes to young opera singers. Dr. Worthington is a graduate of Converse College (BM cum laude), The New England Conservatory of Music (MM with Academic Honors and Distinction in Performance), and The University of Texas at Austin (DMA). He recently collaborated with his Butler colleague Dr. Dana Zenobi to create the award-winning recording *Joys Abiding: Soprano and Baritone Duets by Historical Women Composers* at Navona Records, a division of PARMA Recordings. Contemporaneously, they published an annotated anthology of the scores using the same title through Classical Vocal Reprints.

MÉLANIE CLAPIÈS



Born in Paris, Dr. Mélanie Clapiès is a violinist and educator who enjoys a multifaceted career. In 2022, she joined the Butler string faculty as an Assistant Professor in Violin. She previously taught at the Conservatories in Toulon and Bordeaux as well as at the Ecole Normale de Musique in Paris. A soloist and dedicated chamber music player, she has participated in many festivals in the United States, France, the UK, Russia, Malta, Italy, Spain, and Algeria. Before moving to the United States, she regularly played with Paris Opera's orchestra, the conductorless ensemble Les Dissonances, and the period orchestra Le Cercle de l'Harmonie. Dr. Clapiès studied at the Conservatoires Nationaux Supérieurs de Musique in both Lyon and Paris. She received her M.M. and A.D. from the Yale School of Music where she studied with Syoko Aki, and completed a Doctoral degree at the Manhattan School of Music in the studio of Mark Steinberg.

RICHARD AULDON CLARK



Richard Auldon Clark is an American conductor specializing in music by contemporary composers. He is Conductor and music director of both the Manhattan Chamber Orchestra, which he founded in 1987, and the Butler Symphony Orchestra. He has premiered over 100 works and recorded over 40 CDs. His repertoire is of little known older works and new music by such composers as Randall Thompson, Victor Herbert, Michael Schelle, Henry Cowell, Alan Hovhaness, Lukas Foss, David Amram, Dave Soldier, Miho Sasaki, and Osvaldo Lacerda. He also performs music of earlier periods, including works by Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Ibert, Verdi, and others. He is founder / music director of the annual Finger Lakes Summer Chamber Music Festival in upstate New York.

AMANDA A. HOPSON



Dr. Amanda A. Hopson has worked collaboratively since the age of ten, and has performed and recorded with vocalists, instrumentalists, and choral groups for over forty years. Amanda was one of the early pianists for the Grammy-winning choir *Conspire*, and she has accompanied vocalists in masterclasses given by artists such as Frederica von Stade, Elly Ameling, Thomas Hampson, Nathan Gunn, Jake Heggie, Jason Robert Brown, and Laura Benanti. She relishes performing works by contemporary composers, and in 2013, she collaborated with tenor Kerry Jennings on a Centaur Records recording entitled *In My Memory: American Songs and Song Cycles*, featuring works by Libby Larsen, Tom Cipullo, Lori Laitman, and Richard Pearson Thomas. It is featured on Libby Larsen's website as the reference recording of her cycle *My Antonia*.

LAURA STORM



Soprano Laura Storm is a devoted pedagogue and an active performer of stage, concert, and chamber repertoire. Opera and musical theater highlights include the title role in Puccini's *Suor Angelica* at the Amalfi Coast Music Festival in Salerno, Italy; Rosalinda in *Die Fledermaus*; Alice Ford in *Falstaff*; The Governess in *The Turn of the Screw*; Penelope Pennywise in *Urinetown*; Desirée Armfeldt in *A Little Night Music*; and Nellie Forbush in *South Pacific*. Dr. Storm is a founding member of the Storm Trio, an ensemble specializing in music for soprano, clarinet, and piano which has performed throughout the United States including concerts in California, Nevada, Texas, Wisconsin, and Tennessee. Before joining the Butler faculty, Dr. Storm served as Professor of Voice at Henderson State University where her teaching duties included applied voice, vocal pedagogy, and lyric diction.

CHLOE BOELTER



Chloe Boelter is light lyric soprano who is adaptive and virtuosic, recognized for her "free and easy stage presence" and versatility among opera, early music, and modern compositions. Chloe earned her undergraduate degree in music from Butler University and her Master's degree in Voice from Indiana University. Her voice has reached halls and won awards in the Czech Republic, Italy, Vienna, and Brazil. She premiered new works as a featured soloist at the São Paulo Contemporary Composers Festival and with the PHACE Ensemble in Vienna. Rising composers she has presented world premieres with include Jens Ibsen's "Why won't you let me look right at you," and Hanna Benn with "Birds Calling." Chloe's upcoming roles include Belinda in *Dido and Aeneas*, and she will be covering Konstanze in *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* with Festival Napa Valley. Recent awards include two consecutive Encouragement Awards from the Metropolitan Opera Competition, and winning the Kentucky

Bach Choir Vocal Competition, which then granted her the position of guest soprano for their winter performance of Bach's *Christmas Oratorio*.

STEVE BECRAFT



Dr. Steve Becraft is a freelance performer and teacher based in Indianapolis, Indiana. From 2001 to 2022 he served as the tenured Professor of Clarinet and Saxophone at Henderson State University in Arkadelphia, Arkansas. As an orchestral clarinetist in Arkansas, Becraft performed Copland's *Appalachian Spring* with the Martha Graham Dance Company in Conway, Arkansas; as a substitute with the Arkansas Symphony; and as a member of the Pine Bluff Symphony. Previous orchestral positions include the Utah Festival Opera Orchestra, Tallahassee Symphony, Fresno Philharmonic, Reno Philharmonic, and the Northern Nevada Concert Orchestra. Since relocating to Indianapolis, he has performed with the Indianapolis Chamber Orchestra and on recordings for Alfred, Carl Fischer, and Hal Leonard Publishing. Becraft holds degrees from Florida State University (D.M.), the San Francisco Conservatory of Music (M.M.), and the University of Nevada, Reno (B.M.). His clarinet teachers include Frank Kowalsky, Rosario Mazzeo, David Ehrke, and Deborah Pittman.

SOPHIE L. BENN



Sophie L. Benn, PhD, enjoys a multifaceted career as a musicologist, cellist, and baroque cellist. She is an assistant professor of musicology at Butler University. For nearly a decade, she was a member of the musical community in Cleveland, Ohio, where she served as the principal cellist of the City Music Chamber Orchestra, co-directed Cleveland Uncommon Sound Project (CUSP), an organization dedicated to new and experimental music, and was a core member of Opus 216. In her academic work, Dr. Benn studies dance, performance practice, and modernisms in early twentieth-century France and the United States.

MIHO SASAKI



A native of Japan, composer, pianist and teacher Miho Sasaki has collaborated and performed with numerous orchestras, universities, and contemporary music festivals across the US and Asia, including the *Tokyo to New York* concert series, Bargemusic (Brooklyn), Queens (NY) New Music Festival, Aichi University of Music and Fine Arts in Japan and Manhattan Contemporary Chamber Ensemble. Sasaki was awarded a Creative Renewal Arts Fellowship from the Arts Council of Indianapolis which supported her performances and new compositions. As a winner of the Concerto Competition at Butler, she has recently performed Stravinsky's *Concerto for Piano and Wind Instruments* with the Butler University Wind Ensemble under the director of Michael Colburn, former Director of the United States Marine Band.

CYNTHIA PRATT

Cynthia Pratt, Professor of Dance, has been a member of the dance faculty at Butler University since 1994. She received her B.A. degree in Ballet from Virginia Intermont College in 1979 and her M.F.A. degree from Temple University in 1989. In addition, Cynthia is a Certified Movement Analyst and holds a degree from the Laban Institute for Movement Studies. Prior to joining the Butler dance faculty, Cynthia performed, taught, and choreographed in New York and Europe. Since moving to Indianapolis, Cynthia has choreographed many works for the Butler Ballet and has frequently worked as Guest Choreographer for Dance Kaleidoscope, Indiana's premier modern dance company. She is the recipient of numerous research and choreographic grants including being twice awarded the prestigious Indianapolis Arts Council Creative Renewal Grant, given to established and noteworthy artists in Indiana. Since 2004, Cynthia has been Artistic Director for Butler Chamber Dance, an innovative performing wing of the Butler Ballet Company. She continues to teach and choreograph on companies and in universities throughout the United States and abroad.

JCA LAND ACKNOWLEDGEMENT STATEMENT

We acknowledge that we gather here at Butler University on the traditional land of indigenous peoples including the Potawatomi, Miami, Delaware, and Shawnee. We honor with gratitude the land itself and the indigenous peoples past and present who have stewarded it throughout the generations. This calls us to commit to continuing to learn how to be better stewards of the land we inhabit, while also acknowledging that some were brought to this land not by choice.

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