



University of North Texas College of Music

Doctoral Recital | Thursday, March 27, 2025 | 5:00 p.m. | Recital Hall

Cecil Garrison, tenor

Chiao-Ju Hung, piano

Songs of the Clown, Op. 29 IEK 46 (1937) Erich Wolfgang Korngold
1. Come Away, Death (1897–1957)
2. O Mistress Mine Text by William Shakespeare
3. Adieu, Good Man Devil
4. Hey, Robin!
5. For the Rain, It Raineth Every Day

"Now the Great Bear and Pleiades,"
from *Peter Grimes*, Op. 33 (1945) Benjamin Britten
(1913–1976)
Text by Montagu Slater

"Is belief a gift?" from *Elmer Gantry* (2007) Robert Aldridge
(b. 1954)
Text by Herschel Garfein

Three Poems of Fiona MacLeod, Op. 11 (1918)..... Charles Tomlinson Griffes
(1884–1920)
1. The Lament of Ian the Proud
2. Thy Dark Eyes to Mine Text by William Sharp
3. The Rose of the Night

from American Folk Set (2000) Traditional
The Bachelor's Lay arr. Steven Mark Kohn
Wanderin' (b. 1957)
Hell in Texas

The Senator's Stump Speech (2006).....Steven Mark Kohn
Text by Noah "Soggy" Sweat

Program four hundred eighty-six of the 2024–2025 season
Photography and videography are prohibited

Program Notes, Texts and Translations

Songs of the Clown, Op. 29 IEK 46 (1937) | Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897–1957)

Text by William Shakespeare

Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* is a comedy of mistaken identity and romance, and interrupting the cast of noble characters is Feste; the court jester of Countess Olivia. Throughout the play he fulfills his duty of comedic commentary and performs five songs, sometimes at request of his superiors, other times to their annoyance. This diegetic music is commented upon by the characters, occasionally interrupted, and serves not to comment upon the concurrent drama but instead match its mood. There is some debate on the songs Shakespeare included in his plays, whether they are insertions of previously existing tunes or if the words were totally authored by Shakespeare and then set to music.

Erich Korngold sets all five of Feste's songs. The Austrian composer is known for his film scores, which he specialized in after immigrating to the United States. He approached film with similar dramatic adaptation styles as opera, and the treatment of the Shakespearean texts is witty, dramatic, and unobtrusive.

1. Come Away, Death opens the set, playing with major-minor shifts to subvert expectations of peace with melancholy. 2. O Mistress Mine has been set by a swath of composers, including the likes of Quilter, Finzi, and Hoiby. Korngold treats this and the final song in the set with a mix of direct repetition and modification. Here, the first two stanzas are repeated verbatim, the third with new music, and the final featuring return of the initial melody in the voice framed by a harmonically transformed piano part. 3. Adieu, Good Man Devil and 4. Hey, Robin are short jaunts, the former more declamatory than narrative, and the latter depicting a conversation between two characters; distinguishing them and their moods through major-minor shifts. 5. For the Rain, It Raineth Every Day closes the play, with Feste's song addressing the audience and ending the drama. Korngold chooses to use it for the same purpose in the set, and his rendition is composed to be a finale. It is the longest song of the set, presented in a modified strophic form with a derived chorus from a humorously over-repeated line "For the rain it raineth every day."

1. Come Away, Death

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
True lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

2. O Mistress Mine

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:

continued on following page

O, trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is this love? 'tis not hearafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:

And in delay there lies no plenty;
Then come and kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

3. Adieu, Good Man Devil

I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain;
Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad;
Adieu, good man devil.

4. Hey, Robin!

Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.
My lady is unkind, perdy.
Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me why is she so?
She loves another, another.

5. For the Rain, It Raineth Every Day

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
For the rain it raineth every day.

**"Now the Great Bear and Pleiades," from *Pefer Grimes*, Op. 33 (1945)
Benjamin Britten (1913–1976) | Text by Montagu Slater**

George Crabbe's 1840 poem *The Borough* depicts its titular fishing village in the form of 25 letters. The letters are of various lengths and subject matters, some poetic commentaries and other narratives of the goings-on of the village. The fisherman Peter Grimes is the subject of one of these letters. In both the play and opera, Grimes' conflict comes from the accidental death of multiple boy apprentices. Crabbe's narrative describes Grimes as a sort of mythological figure in the village, a bogeyman whose guilt is certain and whose actions are observed retrospectively with little sympathy.

Britten and Slater elevate and transform Grimes from a sadistic character on the periphery of a society into a sympathetic yet flawed protagonist, a victim of his circumstances and his own unstable reactions to the community treating him as a pariah. The opera begins with Grimes on trial for the death of his first apprentice, and though it is ruled as accidental, Grimes is certain that the populace will label him as a killer. It ends with a mob hunting a delirious Peter after they have discovered that he disposed of his new apprentice's body at sea following another accident.

This scene, of course, comes between these two events, and depicts Peter's growing mental unsteadiness and his estranged relationship with his community. Peter, having put away his boat in the rain, enters a tavern where village residents are sheltering from a storm, interrupting their jovial scene. Silence slowly falls as patrons notice his entry, and then he begins speaking philosophically, perhaps prophetically, about the relationship between man and nature, bewildering those around him.

Now the Great Bear and Pleiades where earth moves
Are drawing up the clouds of human grief
Breathing solemnity in the deep night
Who can decipher
In storm or starlight
The written character
Of a friendly fate
As the sky turns, the world for us to change?
But if the horoscope's bewildering
Like a flashing turmoil of a shoal of herring
Who can turn skies back and begin again

**"Is belief a gift?" from *Elmer Gantry* (2007) | Robert Aldridge (b. 1954)
Text by Herschel Garfein**

Sinclair Lewis' novel, *Elmer Gantry*, is a cynical and satirical criticism of religion in the United States in the early 20th century. The title character is a charlatan preacher, whose greed and lust is transformed into power seeking and corruption when tragedy falls. The novel was released to acclaim and controversy in 1927.¹

Robert Aldridge's 2007 opera adaptation of the novel has received notable acclaim and awards.² The scene depicted by this aria has Frank Schallard, a more sincere minister, confide a crisis of faith to Elmer. It centers around a quotation of the hymn "What a Friend we Have In Jesus" penned by Joseph Scriven and set to music by Charles Converse in 1870.³ Frank describes his desire for the faith described in the song, and jealousy over the ease his congregation can sing the song sincerely. As he speaks to Elmer, he interrupts himself by playing an onstage piano and singing portions of the hymn, eventually unable to carry on with the song.

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Is belief a gift?
How is conviction earned?
Fresh, boundless and unwavering faith,
Can that be learned?

I have craved belief.
Lasting conviction I have sought.
Yet doubts have flooded my heart, casting conviction out.

The faith I lack torments me
When I hear the faithful sing.
Singing of the friend they have in Jesus;
Eyes closed, rocking to and fro,
God's assurance surrounds them.
With a comfort I will never know.

What a friend we have in Jesus, all our sins and griefs to bear.
What a privilege to carry everything to God in prayer.

Is belief a gift?
How is conviction earned?
Fresh, boundless and unwavering faith,
Can that be learned?

I have craved belief.
Lasting conviction I have sought.
Yet doubts have flooded my heart, casting conviction out.

Days, I put to useful purpose,
Nights are hard to bear.
For then, their singing comes to haunt me,
Mocking me in all I do;
An old song about their old friend Jesus-
Laughable, yet true.

Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take *it to the Lord in prayer*.

But what if you can't pray?

Three Poems of Fiona MacLeod, Op. 11 (1918) | Charles Tomlinson Griffes (1884–1920) Text by William Sharp

William Sharp (1855–1905) was a Scottish writer of poetry, drama, and biographies who published both under his own name and the pen name Fiona MacLeod. The novels, poems, and plays written under this Celtic pseudonym tend toward the mystical.⁴

This mysticism is echoed in the work of Charles Griffes, American composer and student of Humberdinck, whose later works mirrored a fascination with Native American and Japanese music. The composer's main output was during the last 10 years of his life, where he approached polytonality and began breaking out of late-Romantic tendencies.⁵

This group of songs demonstrates both contributors' influences. Griffes illustrates a Celtic mysticism in *The Lament of Ian the Proud*, a reflective piece that reaches toward the past. The other two pieces depict romantic desire and fulfillment of that desire, but do so with less traditionally palatable harmonies, blending obscurity and sense of direction which is more distinctly presented in the orchestrated version of this cycle.

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1. The Lament of Ian the Proud

What is this crying that I hear in the wind?
Is it the old sorrow and the old grief?
Or is it a new thing coming, a whirling leaf
About the gray hair of me who am weary and blind?
I know not what it is, but on the moor above the shore
There is a stone which the purple nets of heather bind,
And thereon is writ: *She will return no more.*
O blown, whirling leaf, and the old grief,
And wind crying to me who am old and blind!

2. Thy Dark Eyes to Mine

Thy dark eyes to mine, Eilidh,
Lamps of desire!
O how my soul leaps
Leaps to their fire!

Sure, now, if I in heaven,
Dreaming in bliss,
Heard but a whisper,
But a lost echo even
Of one such kiss --

All of the Soul of me
Would leap afar --
If that called me to thee
Aye, I would leap afar
A falling star!

3. The Rose of The Night

The dark rose of thy mouth
Draw nigher, draw nigher!
Thy breath is the wind of the south,
A wind of fire,
The wind and the rose and darkness,
O Rose of my Desire!

Deep silence of the night,
Husht like a breathless lyre,
Save the sea's thunderous might,
Dim, menacing, dire,
Silence and wind and sea, they are thee,
O Rose of my Desire!

As a wind-eddy flame
Leaping higher and higher,
Thy soul, thy secret name,
Leaps thro' Death's blazing pyre,
Kiss me, Imperishable Fire, dark Rose,
O Rose of my Desire!

American Folk Set (2000) | Traditional, arr. Steven Mark Kohn (b. 1957)

Folk song by its nature is a liquid art form, open to change and adaptation. Their texts are prone to change, and tunes are easily adopted by hymns and anthems that become more recognizable than their origin. Though every adaptation has a chance to lose a quality of the original object, they also act to preserve it by making it palatable for a new audience.

These arrangements arose from a period in Steven Mark Kohn's career in which he turned a new focus on art song. This effort resulted in a 15 song set, composed of songs with which the composer claimed initial unfamiliarity. The result is a mixed group of touching and humorous songs that preserve the tunes while elevating them with alterations that enhance their musical depth.⁶

Some alterations come in the form of selection of verses, which create more succinct storylines, others from elaborate piano accompaniments. The set retains a folk-like quality in that it retells these songs in a modern musical vernacular, accessible to general audiences with complexity to entertain the more critical listener.

The Bachelor's Lay

As I was a-traveling one morning in May,
I heard an old bachelor beginning a lay:
"Oh I can't tell what the reason may be
that none of those girls will marry me

I've courted the rich and I've courted the poor,
I've often been snubbed at the meetinghouse door.
And I can't tell why the reason may be
that none of those girls will marry me.

I've offered them silver, I've offered them gold,
and many fine stories to them I have told.
But gold and silver won't do, I can see.
For none of those girls have married me.

I've been through the mountains, I've travelled the plains.
I courted the misses, I've courted the dames.
And I can't tell why the reason may be
that none of those girls will marry me.

I've sailed on the main and I've followed the coast,
no conquest of love can I honestly boast
And I can't tell what the reason may be
that none of those girls will marry me.

I've asked them to tell me what stood in their way,
and all of them answered, 'I'd rather not say.'
So, I can't tell why the reason may be
that none of those girls will marry me."

Go shave off your whiskers and powder your hair!
Go dress yourself up with the greatest of care.
Put on your broad sword and bright buckles, too,
if you want a young lady to marry you.

Wanderin'

I been a-wanderin' early, I been a-wanderin' late,
from New York City to the Golden Gate.
An' it looks like I'm never gonna cease my wanderin'

continued on following page

Been a-workin in the army, an' workin on the farm.
All I got to show for it is the muscle in my arm.
An' it looks like I'm never gonna cease my wanderin'.

There's snakes up on the mountain, and eels in the sea.
'Twas a red headed woman made a wreck of me.
An' it looks like I'm never gonna cease my wanderin'.

Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust.
If whiskey don't get you, then the woman must.
An' it looks like I'm never gonna cease my wanderin'.

Hell in Texas

Oh, the devil in Hell, they say he was chained.
And there for a thousand years he remained.
He never complained, no, nor did he groan,
but decided he'd start up a Hell of his own.
Where he could torment the souls of men,
free from the walls of his prison pen.
So, he asked the Lord if he had any sand
left over from making this great land.

The Lord said "Why yes, I have plenty on hand.
It's way down south on the Rio Grande.
But I've got to be honest the stuff is so poor
that I wouldn't use it for Hell anymore!"
So the devil went down to look over his truck.
It came as a gift so he figured he's stuck.
And when he examined it careful and well,
he decided the place was too dry for Hell.

Well, the Lord he just wanted the stuff off his hands,
so he promised the devil he'd water the land.
He had some old water that wasn't no use,
a rancid old puddle that stunk like the deuce!
The Lord he was crafty, the deal was arranged.
He laughed to himself as the deed was exchanged.
But the devil was ready to go with his plan
to make up a Hell, and so he began.

He scattered tarantulas over the roads,
put thorns on the cactus, and horns on the toads.
He sprinkled the sand with millions of ants,
so if you sat down you'd need soles on your pants!
He put water puppies in all of the lakes,
and under the rocks he put poisonous snakes.
He mixed all the dust up with jiggers and fleas,
hung thorns and brambles all over the trees.
The heat in the summer's a hundred and ten.
Not bad for the devil but way too hot for men!

And after he'd fixed things so thorny and well,
he said, "I'll be damned if this don't beat Hell!"
Then he flapped up his wings and away he flew,
and vanished from Earth in a blaze of blue!
So, if you ever end up in Texas, let me know if it's true.

The Senator's Stump Speech (2006) | Steven Mark Kohn | Text by Noah "Soggy" Sweat

Maintaining a sense of Americana, Kohn's setting of this 1952 speech by Mississippi judge and legislator Noah "Soggy" Sweat is an unserious concert aria. For the sake of the audience experience, the less informed of the twists and gags in this piece upon a first listen the better, caution must be taken not to spoil oneself by reading ahead of the singer's delivery. If anything should be known before listening, it is that humor has a place, even in politics.

I had not intended to discuss this controversial subject at this particular time. However, I want you to know that I do not shun controversy.

On the contrary, I will discuss any subject at any time, regardless of how fraught with controversy it may be.

You have asked me how I feel about whiskey.

All right. Here is how I feel about whiskey.

If, when you say whiskey, you mean the devil's brew, the poison scourge, the bloody monster that defiles innocence, dethrones reason, destroys the home, creates misery and poverty, yea, literally takes the bread from the mouths of little children!

If, when you say whiskey, you mean that evil drink that topples Christian men and women from the pinnacle of gracious, righteous living into the bottomless pit of degradation and despair and shame and helplessness and hopelessness, then I am against it!

But...

If, when you say whiskey, you mean the oil of conversation, the philosophic wine, the ale that is consumed when good fellows get together, that puts a song on their lips and laughter in their hearts and the warm glow of contentment in their eyes.

If you mean Christmassy cheer, if you mean the stimulating drink that puts the spring into some old gentleman's step on a frosty, crispy morning.

If you mean the drink which enables man to magnify his joy, his happiness, his pleasure and his love of life...and to forget, if only for a little while, life's great tragedies.

If you mean the drink, the sale of which pours into our treasuries untold millions of dollars, which are used to provide tender care for our little crippled children, our blind, our deaf, our pitiful aged and infirm; to build roads and hospitals and schools, then certainly I am for it.

This is my stand, I will not be swayed from it!

I will not detract from it! I will not compromise!

Thank you very much.

Endnotes

- 1) Lingeman, Richard. "Elmer Gantry." Encyclopedia of American Literature, by Inc. Manly, 3rd ed., Facts On File, 2013. Credo Reference,
- 2) Aldridge, R. (n.d.). Biography. Robert Aldridge: Composer. <https://www.robertlivingstonaldridge.com/biography.php>
- 3) Fenner, C. (2019, July 25). What a friend we have in Jesus. Hymnology Archive. <https://www.hymnologyarchive.com/what-a-friend-we-have-in-jesus>
- 4) Sharp, William. (2018). In P. Lagasse & Columbia University, The Columbia Encyclopedia (8th ed.). Columbia University Press. <https://search.credoreference.com/articles/Qm9va0FydGjJbGU6Njl2ODc1?aid=107761>
- 5) Griff es, Charles tomlinson. (2018). In P. Lagasse & Columbia University, The Columbia Encyclopedia (8th ed.). Columbia University Press. <https://search.credoreference.com/articles/Qm9va0FydGjJbGU6NjE3Mzl3?aid=107761>
- 6) Kohn, S. M. (n.d.). Biography. Steven Kohn. <http://www.stevenmarkkohn.com/about.html>