



# University of North Texas Texoma NATS Regional Conference

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Martin Luther Clark, tenor

Willem van Schalkwyk, piano

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Thursday, November 2, 2023  
8:00 pm  
Voertman Hall

# PROGRAM

Canticle I: My beloved is mine and  
I am his, Opus 40 (1947)..... Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)

An die ferne Geliebte, Opus 98 (1816)..... Ludwig van Beethoven (1770–1827)

- I. Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend
- II. Wo die Berge so blau
- III. Leichter Segler in den Höhen
- IV. Diese Wolken in den Höhen
- V. Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au
- VI. Nimm sie hin denn diese Lieder

Seven Elizabethan Lyrics, Opus 12 (1908)..... Roger Quilter (1877–1953)

1. Weep You No More
2. My Life's Delight
3. Damask Roses
4. The Faithless Shepherdess
5. Brown is My Love
6. By a Fountainside
7. Fair House of Joy

Five Songs of Laurence Hope (1915)..... Harry T. Burleigh (1866–1949)

1. Worth While
2. The Jungle Flower
3. Kashmiri Song
4. Among the Fuchsias
5. Till I Wake

Fantasy Or Love, *The Factotum* (2023)..... Will Liverman/DJ King Rico  
(b. 1988)/(b. 1989)

***Two hundred twentieth program of the 2023–2024 season  
Photography and videography are prohibited***

# PROGRAM NOTES

## **Canticle 1**

This gorgeous piece was written in 1947 with lyrics from "A Divine Rapture" by Francis Quarels. The text is based on The Song of Solomon in the Bible. Although through-composed, this piece can be split into four sections. One, being a flowing dream-like setting of two lovers becoming entangled and enthralled with one another by the melismas dancing between the chords of the piano. One can clearly see how the second is a recitative with a defiant intent exclaiming that the world as it is can be had by all but the unity between the two lovers will do more than suffice which sets up the third section with the energy for the Presto marking. There is a self-affirming tone as well as a public proclamation of how the two lovers belong to one another. It is certain Britten was reflective on his relationship with his partner, Peter Pears, which they had to keep secret by exchanging letters before the legalization of homosexual relationships in England in 1967. The tempo eases down in the final section full of warmth describing the beautiful spiritual union between the singer and his beloved.

## **An die ferne Geliebte**

As one of my favorite song cycles, this six-movement piece tells the story of two distant lovers longing to reunite. Although having many strophic lines there is not one stop in this work until the very end! The first movement, "Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend," begins on a hill setting the scenery and the speaker looking off into the distance in an effort to feel closer to the beloved. The text expresses the ache of being separated by mountain and valley and the lovers being too far away to even see each other. The second movement, "Wo die Berge so blau," sparks the speaker's imagination to describe an oasis location of the beloved as a peaceful valley where the wind gently blows the clouds across the sky and the warm sun glows giving relief to pain and torment. Gaily moving to "Leichte Segler in den Höhen" there is a little brook, and a bird there who is delegated with the task to fly the long distance in search of the far away lover with a message. This then moves us to the fourth movement, "Diese Wolken in den Höhen," as nearby birds, winds from the West, and clouds are summoned to help transport in flight. "Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au" speaks of two birds coming together raising their young almost as if the speaker is living vicariously through them. My favorite movement, "Nimm sie hin denn diese lieder," in beautiful E-flat Major gives comforting hope that the love mutually shared between the lovers finally lessens the distance between them.

## **Seven Elizabethan Lyrics**

Although some would consider this not to be a true song cycle, this collection of songs put together brings its listeners on a full length's journey. This cycle comprises more than one poet as its source of lyrics. Beginning with a minor mode, the poet looks over their beloved in an effort to reconcile their tears to peaceful sleep. Then showers them with compliments in eagerness to be in their presence once again. Once united, the poet tries to comprehend the sight of his beloved's lips sharing the color of the sweet damask roses. Things then take an unfortunate turn when the poet realizes their beloved has not been faithful and that their love was short lived. This propels the poet to find another love connection in "Brown is My Love" to which there's new excitement. Later, there's an odd realization that it might be less harmful to just experience love living in the moment rather than singing about it.

# PROGRAM NOTES

## Five Songs of Laurence Hope

Black American composer Henry T. Burleigh has been well known for his spiritual arrangements but was also very auxiliary to the development of American music. Antonín Dvořák even drew inspiration from Burleigh for some of his most popular works and felt led to say that Black music would be the basis of American classical music. Born under the name Adela Florence Cory Nicolson, she began writing her poetry with the pseudonym Laurence Hope in the 1900s. She later became well known as best-selling author Violet Nicolson.

This cycle begins with a self-asked question of whether the poet had been better off never having met their lover. The feeling of resolve results at the thought of having loved is worth the experience than having loved not at all. The storyline then moves into tender admiration of the lover only to realize that the thoughts and feelings of the lover are quite fleeting and easily distracted. The poet justly becomes angry and admits honest hurt of the wandering eye and attention in the "Kashmiri Song." The next movement begs the lover not to tempt the poet with its alluring charm and temptation of having a child, perhaps on account of the lover's fickle behavior. In the final movement, the poet projects to its final days wanting to remember the good times that were had in their final moments.

--*Martin Luther Clark*

# TEXT/TRANSLATIONS

## Canticle 1

Ev'n like two little bank-divided brooks,  
That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams,  
And having rang'd and search'd a thousand nooks,  
Meet both at length at silver-breasted Thames,  
Where in a greater current they conjoin:  
So I my best-beloved's am; so he is mine.

Ev'n so we met; and after long pursuit,  
Ev'n so we joyn'd; we both became entire;  
No need for either to renew a suit,  
For I was flax and he was flames of fire:  
Our firm-united souls did more than twine;  
So I my best-beloved's am; so he is mine.

If all those glitt'ring Monarchs that command  
The servile quarters of this earthly ball,  
Should tender, in exchange, their shares of land,  
I would not change my fortunes for them all:  
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin:  
The world's but theirs; but my beloved's mine.

Nor Time, nor Place, nor Chance, nor Death can bow  
My least desires unto the least remove;  
He's firmly mine by oath; I his by vow;  
He's mine by faith; and I am his by love;  
He's mine by water; I am his by wine,  
Thus I my best-beloved's am; thus he is mine.

He is my Altar; I, his Holy Place;  
I am his guest; and he, my living food;  
I'm his by penitence; he mine by grace;  
I'm his by purchase; he is mine, by blood;  
He's my supporting elm; and I his vine;  
Thus I my best beloved's am; thus he is mine.

He gives me wealth; I give him all my vows:  
I give him songs; he gives me length of days;  
With wreaths of grace he crowns my longing brows,  
And I his temples with a crown of Praise,  
Which he accepts: an everlasting sign,  
That I my best-beloved's am; that he is mine.

—Francis Quarles (1592–1644)

# TEXT/TRANSLATIONS

## **Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend**

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend  
In das blaue Nebelland,  
Nach den fernen Triften sehend,  
Wo ich dich, Geliebte, fand.

Weit bin ich von dir geschieden,  
Trennend liegen Berg und Tal  
Zwischen uns und unserm Frieden,  
Unserm Glück und unsrer Qual.

Ach, den Blick kannst du nicht sehen,  
Der zu dir so glühend eilt,  
Und die Seufzer, sie verwehen  
In dem Raume, der uns theilt

Will denn nichts mehr zu dir dringen,

Nichts der Liebe Bote sein?  
Singen will ich, Lieder singen,  
Die dir klagen meine Pein!

Denn vor Liebesklang entweicht  
Jeder Raum und jede Zeit,  
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht  
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!

## **Wo die Berge so blau**

Wo die Berge so blau  
Aus dem nebligen Grau  
Schauen herein,  
Wo die Sonne verglüht,  
Wo die Wolke umzieht,  
Möchte ich sein!

Dort im ruhigen Tal  
Schweigen Schmerzen und Qual  
Wo im Gestein  
Still die Primel dort sinnt,  
Weht so leise der Wind,  
Möchte ich sein!

Hin zum sinnigen Wald  
Drängt mich Liebesgewalt,  
Innere Pein  
Ach, mich zög's nicht von hier,  
Könnt ich, Traute, bei dir  
Ewiglich sein!

## **On the hill sit I, peering**

On the hill sit I, peering  
Into the blue, hazy land,  
Toward the far away pastures  
Where I you, beloved, found.

Far am I, from you, parted,  
Separating us are hill and valley  
Between us and our peace,  
Our happiness and our sorrow.

Ah! The look can you not see,  
That to you so ardently rushes,  
And the sighs, they blow away  
In the space that separates us.

Will then nothing more be able to  
reach you,  
Nothing be messenger of love?  
I will sing, sing songs,  
That to you speak of my pain!

For before the sound of love escapes  
every space and every time,  
And a loving heart reaches,  
What a loving heart has consecrated!

## **Where the mountains so blue**

Where the mountains so blue  
Out of the foggy gray  
Look down,  
Where the sun dies,  
Where the cloud encircles,  
I wish I were there!

There is the restful valley  
Stilled are suffering and sorrow  
Where in the rock  
Quietly the primrose meditates,  
Blows so lightly the wind,  
I wish I were there!

There to the thoughtful wood  
The power of love pushes me,  
Inward sorrow,  
Ah! This moves me not from here,  
Could I, dear, by you  
Eternally be!

# TEXT/TRANSLATIONS

## Leichte Segler in den Höhen

Leichte Segler in den Höhen,  
Und du, Bächlein klein und schmal,  
Könnt mein Liebchen ihr erspähen,  
Grüßt sie mir viel tausendmal.

Seht ihr, Wolken, sie dann gehen  
Sinnend in dem stillen Tal,  
Laßt mein Bild vor ihr entstehen  
In dem luft'gen Himmelssaal.

Wird sie an den Büschen stehen  
Die nun herbstlich falb und kahl.  
Klagt ihr, wie mir ist geschehen,

Klagt ihr, Vöglein, meine Qual.

Stille Weste, bringt im Wehen  
Hin zu meiner Herzenswahl  
Meine Seufzer, die vergehen  
Wie der Sonne letzter Strahl.

Flüstr' ihr zu mein Liebesflehen,  
Laß sie, Bächlein klein und schmal,  
Treu in deinen Wogen sehen  
Meine Tränen ohne Zahl!

## Diese Wolken in den Höhen

Diese Wolken in den Höhen,  
Dieser Vöglein muntrer Zug,  
Werden dich, o Huldin, sehen.  
Nehmt mich mit im leichten Flug!

Diese Weste werden spielen  
Scherzend dir um Wang' und Brust,

In den seidnen Locken wühlen.  
Teilt ich mit euch diese Lust!

Hin zu dir von jenen Hügeln  
Emsig dieses Bächlein eilt.  
Wird ihr Bild sich in dir spiegeln,  
Fließ zurück dann unverweilt!

## Light veils in the heights

Light veils in the heights,  
And you, little brook, small and narrow,  
Should my love spot you,  
Greet her, from me, many  
thousand times.

See you, clouds, her go then,  
Meditating in the quiet valley,  
Let my image stand before her  
In the airy heavenly hall.

If she near the bushes stands,  
Now that autumn is faded and leafless,  
Lament to her, what has happened  
to me,  
Lament to her, little birds, my suffering!

Quiet west, bring in the wind  
To my heart's chosen one  
My sighs, that pass  
As the last ray of the sun.

Whisper to her of my love's imploring,  
Let her, little brook, small and narrow,  
Truly, in your waves see  
My tears without number!

## These clouds in the heights

These clouds in the heights,  
These birds gaily passing,  
Will see you, my beloved.  
Take me with you on your light flight!

These west winds will play  
Joking with you about your cheek  
and breast,  
In the silky curls will dig.  
I share with you this pleasure!

There to you from this hill  
Busily, the little brook hurries.  
If your image is reflected in it,  
Flow back without delay!



# TEXT/TRANSLATIONS

## **Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au**

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au,  
Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so lau,

Geschwätzig die Bäche nun rinnen.

Die Schwalbe, die kehret zum  
wirtlichen Dach,  
Sie baut sich so emsig ihr  
bräutlich Gemach,  
Die Liebe soll wohnen da drinnen.

Sie bringt sich geschäftig von kreuz  
und von quer  
Manch weicherer Stück zu dem  
Brautbett hierher,  
Manch wärmendes Stück für die  
Kleinen

Nun wohnen die Gatten beisammen  
so treu,  
Was Winter geschieden, verband  
nun der Mai,  
Was liebet, das weiß er zu einen.

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au.  
Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so lau.

Nur ich kann nicht ziehen von hinnen.

Wenn alles, was liebet, der Frühling  
vereint,  
Nur unserer Liebe kein Frühling  
erscheint,  
Und Tränen sind all ihr Gewinnen.

## **May returns, the meadow blooms**

May returns, the meadow blooms,  
The breezes they blow so softly, so  
mildly,

Chattering, the brooks now run.

The swallow, that returns to her  
hospitable roof,  
She builds, so busily, her bridal  
chamber,  
Love must dwell there.

She brings, so busily, from all directions,

Many soft pieces for the bridal bed,

Many warm pieces for the little ones.

Now live the couple together so  
faithfully,  
What winter has separated is united  
by May,  
What loves, that he knows how to  
unite.

May returns, the meadow blooms,  
The breezes they blow so softly, so  
mildly,

Only I cannot go away from here.

When all that loves, the spring unites,

Only to our love no spring appears,

And tears are our only consolation.



# TEXT/TRANSLATIONS

## **Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder**

Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder,  
Die ich dir, Geliebte, sang,  
Singe sie dann abends wieder  
Zu der Laute süßem Klang.

Wenn das Dämmerungsrot dann zieht  
Nach dem stillen blauen See,  
Und sein letzter Strahl verglüheth  
Hinter jener Bergeshöh;

Und du singst, was ich gesungen,  
Was mir aus der vollen Brust  
Ohne Kunstgepräg erklingen,  
Nur der Sehnsucht sich bewußt:

Dann vor diesen Liedern weichet  
Was geschieden uns so weit,  
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht  
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht.

--Alois Jeitteles (1704–1858)

## **Take, then, these songs**

Take, then, these songs,  
That I to you, beloved, sang,  
Sing them again in the evenings  
To the sweet sounds of the lute!

When the red twilight then moves  
toward the calm, blue lake,  
And the last ray dies  
behind that hilltop;

And you sing, what I have sung,  
What I, from my full heart,  
Artlessly have sounded,  
Only aware of its longings.

For before these songs yields,  
What separates us so far,  
And a loving heart reaches  
For what a loving heart has  
consecrated.

--trans. Lynn Thompson

# TEXT/TRANSLATIONS

## Weep You No More

Weep you no more, sad fountains;  
What need you flow so fast?  
Look how the snowy mountains  
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!  
But my sun's heavenly eyes  
View not your weeping,  
That now lies sleeping,  
Softly, now lies  
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,  
A rest that peace begets;  
Doth not the sun rise smiling  
When fair at even he sets?  
Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes!  
Melt not in weeping,  
While she lies sleeping,  
Softly, now softly lies  
Sleeping.  
--Anonymous, sixteenth century

## My Life's Delight

Come, O come, my life's delight!  
Let me not in languor pine:  
Love loves no delay, thy sight  
The more enjoyed, the more divine.  
O come, and take from me  
The pain of being deprived of thee.

Thou all sweetness dost enclose,  
Like a little world of bliss:  
Beauty guards thy looks: the rose  
In them pure and eternal is.  
Come then! and make thy flight  
As swift to me as heavenly light!  
--Thomas Campion (1567–1620)

## Damask Roses

Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting,  
Which clad in damask mantles  
deck the arbours,  
And then behold your lips where  
sweet love harbours,  
My eyes present me with a  
double doubting;  
For, viewing both alike, hardly my  
mind supposes  
Whether the roses be your lips or  
your lips the roses.  
--Anonymous

## The Faithless Shepherdess

While that the sun with his beams hot  
Scorchèd the fruits in vale and  
mountain,  
Philon, the shepherd, late forgot,  
Sitting beside a crystal fountain,  
In shadow of a green oak tree,  
Upon his pipe this song play'd he:  
Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love,  
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love!  
Your mind is light, soon lost for new  
love.

So long as I was in your sight  
I was your heart, your soul, your  
treasure;  
And evermore you sobb'd and sigh'd  
Burning in flames beyond all measure:  
--Three days endured your love to me  
And it was lost in other three!  
Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love,  
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love!  
Your mind is light, soon lost for new  
love.  
--Anonymous

## Brown Is My Love

Brown is my Love, but graceful:  
And each renowned whiteness,  
Matched with her lovely brown loseth  
its brightness.

Fair is my Love, but scornful,  
Yet have I seen despisèd  
Dainty white lilies, and sad flowers well  
prizèd.  
--Anonymous

# TEXT/TRANSLATIONS

## By a Fountainside

Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time  
with my salt tears:  
Yet slower, yet; O faintly, gentle  
springs:  
List to the heavy part the music  
bears,  
Woe weeps out her division when  
she sings.  
Droop herbs and flowers,  
Fall grief in showers,  
Our beauties are not ours;  
Or, I could still,  
Like melting snow upon some craggy  
hill,  
Drop, drop, drop, drop,  
Since nature's pride is, now, a  
withered daffodil.  
—Ben Jonson (1572–1637)

## Fair House of Joy

Fain would I change that note  
To which fond Love hath charm'd me  
Long, long to sing by rote,  
Fancying that that harm'd me:

Yet when this thought doth come  
'Love is the perfect sum  
Of all delight!'  
I have no other choice  
Either for pen or voice  
To sing or write.

O Love! they wrong thee much  
That say thy sweet is bitter,  
When thy rich fruit is such  
As nothing can be sweeter.

Fair house of joy and bliss,  
Where truest pleasure is,  
I do adore thee:  
I know thee what thou art,  
I serve thee with my heart,  
And fall before thee.  
—Anonymous

## Worth While

I asked of my desolate shipwrecked  
soul  
"Wouldst thou rather never have met  
The one whom thou lovedst beyond  
control  
And whom thou adorest yet?"  
Back from the senses, the heart, the  
brain,  
Came the answer swiftly thrown,  
"What matter the price? We would  
pay it again,  
We have had, we have loved, we  
have known!"

## The Jungle Flower

Thou art one of the jungle flowers,  
strange and fierce and fair,  
Palest amber, perfect lines, and  
scented with champa flower.  
Lie back and frame thy face in the  
gloom of thy loosened hair;  
Sweet thou art and loved — ay,  
loved — for an hour.

But thought flies far, ah, far, to  
another breast,  
Whose whiteness breaks to the rose  
of a twin pink flower,  
Where wind the azure veins that my  
lips caressed  
When Fate was gentle to me for a  
too-brief hour.

# TEXT/TRANSLATIONS

## Kashmiri Song

Pale hands I loved beside the  
Shalimar,  
Where are you now? Who lies  
beneath your spell?  
Whom do you lead on Rapture's  
roadway, far,  
Before you agonise them in farewell?

Oh, pale dispensers of my Joys and  
Pains,  
Holding the doors of Heaven and of  
Hell,  
How the hot blood rushed wildly  
through the veins  
Beneath your touch, until you waved  
farewell.

Pale hands, pink tipped, like Lotus  
buds that float  
On those cool waters where we  
used to dwell,  
I would have rather felt you round  
my throat,  
Crushing out life, than waving me  
farewell!

## Among the Fuchsias

Call me not to a secret place  
When daylight dies away,  
Tempt me not with thine eager face  
And words thou shouldst not say.  
Entice me not with a child of thine,  
Ah, God, if such might be,  
For surely a man is half divine  
Who adds another link to the line  
Whose last link none may see.

Call me not to the Lotus lake  
That drooping fuchsias hide,  
What if my latent youth awakes  
And will not be denied?  
Ah, tempt me not for I am not strong  
(Thy mouth is a budded kiss)  
My days are empty, my nights are  
long.  
Ah, why is a thing so sweet so wrong,  
As thy temptation is?

## Till I Wake

When I am dying, lean over me  
tenderly, softly...  
Stoop, as the yellow roses droop  
In the wind from the south;  
So I may when I wake – if there be  
an awakening –  
Keep what lulled me to sleep –  
The touch of your lips on my mouth.  
--Laurence Hope (1865–1904)

## Fantasy Or Love

Standing here dreaming of my hand  
wrapped in yours.  
Enchanted by the songs you sang  
to me—  
a voice of an angel lifting me with  
melody.  
I remember when you starred in all  
the high school plays.  
You stole the show ev'ry time you  
walked on the stage.  
We shared so many laughs, such  
special memories from those days.  
Except the night we cried and held  
on to each other when I told you  
that I had to move away.  
I sometimes wonder if I should have  
stayed, oh so close.  
Was it fantasy or love?—I choose love.  
We went our different ways, the years  
passed by.  
She's never far from my mind.  
The warmth in her eyes, a smile  
that stops all time.  
A heart so gentle and kind, a beauty  
that words can't describe.  
She made me feel alive—was I crazy  
for ever leaving her side?  
Are all these things in life meant to  
happen by design?  
Should I have stayed and never said  
goodbye?  
Oh so close—Was it fantasy or love?  
I want love.  
--Will Liverman/DJ King Rico



# BIOGRAPHIES



# BIOGRAPHIES

**Martin Luther Clark** is praised by the *Chicago Tribune* for bringing “an extra frisson of vocal and dramatic vitality to everything [he] sang.” In the 2023–24 season, he sings his first performances of the title role of *Candide* with Madison Opera as well as returns to Lyric Opera of Chicago as Luis Griffith in *Champion*. He joins Dallas Opera as the Orderly in the world premiere of *The Diving Bell and the Butterfly* and sings Handel's *Messiah* with the South Dakota Symphony. His future engagements include debuts with Houston Grand Opera and Portland Opera. Last season he created the role of CJ in the world premiere of Will Liverman and DJ King Rico's highly-anticipated new opera, *The Factotum*. He also sang Tenor 3 in Davis' *X: The Life and Times of Malcolm X* with Detroit Opera and Opera Omaha as well as Rapunzel's Prince in *Into the Woods* with Tulsa Opera. In the summer, he returned to the Aldeburgh Music Festival to sing Britten's *Canticle II: Abraham and Isaac* and *Canticle V: The Death of Narcissus* in addition to William Croft's *A Hymn of Divine Musick*, realized by Britten. He also sang Master Slender in *Sir John in Love* as well as two concerts at the Bard Music Festival.

Previously at Lyric Opera of Chicago, where he was a member of the Ryan Opera Center, he sang the First Armed Man in *Die Zauberflöte* and Adult William and the Chicken Plucker in Blanchard's *Fire Shut up in my Bones* in addition to covering Malcolm in *Macbeth*. During COVID's hold on the industry, he also sang on a number of Lyric Opera of Chicago's digital programs, including *Larry Brownlee and Friends*, *The Next Chapter: Creating the Factotum*, *Sole e amore* (songs of Mascagni and Puccini), *Magical Musical Around the World*, and the company's annual *Rising Stars in Concert* in which he sang excerpts of *L'amico Fritz*.

He joined Washington National Opera as Man 2 on the recording of Tesori's *Blue*. He sang Borsa—whilst covering Duca—in *Rigoletto* and the Peasant Leader—whilst covering Lensky—in *Eugene Onegin* as a resident artist at Lyric Opera of Kansas City. While a student at the Curtis Institute of Music, he sang Don Ottavio in *Don Giovanni* and with Russian Opera Workshop he sang Count Vaudemont in *Iolanta* and King Charles VII in *Pikyovaya Dama*. On the concert stage, he joined the Kansas City Symphony as soloist in Beethoven's *Choral Fantasy* as well as sang Handel's *Messiah* at Opera North and Bach's *Mass in B minor* with the Highland Park Chorale.

Mr. Clark is a previous young artist of the Britten Pears Young Artist Program, George Solti Academia, and Central City Opera as well as a resident artist at Opera North and studio artist at Wolf Trap Opera. In addition, he sang numerous outreach performances of Nemorino in *L'elisir d'amore* with Dallas Opera while obtaining his bachelor of music at the University of North Texas. At UNT his performances included Don Ottavio in *Don Giovanni*, Tybalt in *Roméo et Juliette*, Chevalier de la Force in *Dialogues des Carmélites*, Frederic in *The Pirates of Penzance*, and Mack the Knife in *The Threepenny Opera*. Martin holds a master of music degree from the Curtis Institute of Music. He is a Richard F. Gold Career Grant recipient from the Shoshana Arts Foundation.

# BIOGRAPHIES

Applauded by the *Salt Lake City Tribune* for “maturity beyond his years” and “dizzying technical facility,” Namibian pianist **Willem van Schalkwyk** has concertized throughout the United States, Europe, South America, and Southern Africa - most recently in France and Mexico. Willem regularly returns to Namibia for concert appearances, and has performed the Rachmaninoff Third Piano Concerto and the Tchaikovsky First Piano Concerto with the Namibia National Symphony Orchestra, in addition to presenting a solo recital as part of the National Theatre of Namibia's 25-year anniversary. As collaborative artist Willem has performed with instrumentalists from the New York Philharmonic, the Chicago, San Francisco and Utah symphonies, as well as the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra. As vocal coach and pianist Willem has served with companies that include the Santa Fe Opera, Utah Opera, Taos Opera Institute, AIMS program in Austria, Arizona Opera, Opera Fort Collins, and Opera in the Ozarks. From 2014 until 2019, Willem was assistant professor of piano and opera/vocal coach at the University of Northern Colorado. Willem completed his doctor of musical arts degree in piano performance at the University of North Texas in 2009.





