

**An Evening of Art Song
Vienna Presbyterian Church
October 15, 2011**

**Danielle Talamantes, Soprano
with Joy Schreier, Piano
and special guest, Kerry Wilkerson, Baritone**

Heimliches lieben
Schwestergruss
An die Entfernte
Epistel an Herrn Joseph Spaun, Assessor in Linz

Franz Peter Schubert
(1797-1828)

~

Herbstlied
Abendlied
Maiglöckchen und die Blümelein

Felix Mendelssohn
(1809-1847)

~ **INTERMISSION** ~

Vola farfalletta
Adapted from Chopin's Étude Op. 25, No. 9

Miguel Sandoval
(1903-1953)

Nebbie

Ottorino Respighi
(1879-1936)

Serenata Francese
Les Deux Serenades

Ruggero Leoncavallo
(1857-1919)

Separazione
Folk Song from the collection of Guglielmo Cottrau

Giovanni Sgambati
(1841-1914)

Pastorella
Folk Song

Pietro Adolfo Tirindelli
(1858-1937)

~

Prelude to a Kiss
Do Nothin' till You Hear from Me
Sentimental Mood

Duke Ellington
(1899-1974)

Please kindly hold your applause until the completion of each set.

Program Notes

(credit: Terry Sisk)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Schubert was a native of Vienna, Austria, while the other great Viennese composers – Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven – were merely imports. Vienna at the turn of the 19th century gave him the advantage of growing up in the most fertile artistic environment of his era. Schubert's great legacy is his catalog of over 600 art songs. He elevated what had been a minor musical form to a new level of importance. He did not merely set song texts melodically, but sought to express the emotional and dramatic content of words – thus the piano became an equal partner to the voice. Schubert's ability to fuse poetry and music in such a way remains unsurpassed in musical history. All of Schubert's compositions are youthful works, because he died at the age of just thirty-one. His life was lived in constant, abject poverty, so much so that friends had to supply him with manuscript paper in order to compose. Worse, appreciation of his greatness did not blossom until after his death.

Heimliches Lieben (1827)

The flowing and simple melody of this song belies the passion smoldering just beneath the surface as the singer cannot reveal the secret love for whom she yearns.

Schwestergruss (1822)

A fascinating setting of constantly shifting parallel F# minor and major, this song speaks in two voices; one fearful of a mysterious apparition, the other is the spirit speaking of an afterlife filled with beauty and tranquility.

An die Entfernte (1822)

Is there ever a shortage of poetry comprised of romantic yearning? The juxtaposition of this soaring melody over extraordinarily simplistic accompaniment is striking. The listener can hear the downward spiral of despair in both the harmonic progression and in the singers repeated text, *O komm, Geliebte, mir zurück*.

Epistel an Herrn Joseph Spaun, Assessor in Linz (1822)

(A letter to the tax man in Linz: a farcical tale)

This is a unique song in Schubert's body of work. The title character was one of Schubert's best friends whose job resulted in a move to Linz. Schubert had written him a letter to which Spaun did not respond, and Matthäus von Collin, a mutual friend, wrote a poem parodying Spaun's "faithlessness" as a recitative and aria in the style of Italian opera. Schubert in turn set his friend's poem in authentic Italian style, full of over-the-top histrionics. The recitative reaches its height in a triumphant high C for the vocalist and then moves into an aria of extraordinary fury and pathos.

Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

German-born Mendelssohn also lived a short life – he was just 36 years old when he died. Prodigiously talented and from a privileged background, he was one of Europe's busiest musicians in the 1830s and 40s as a virtuoso pianist and prominent conductor of the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra. Mendelssohn's songs do not generally make it onto the list of his greatest works, but this has more to do with Schubert's overshadowing brilliance than any deficiency of Mendelssohn. Most of his songs are straightforward strophic settings of each verse, with a secondary piano accompaniment. These rarely performed duets feature Kerry Wilkerson, baritone.

Herbstlied (1845)

Abendlied (1837)

Maiglöckchen und die Blümelein (1844)

These composers of Italian art songs were active at the turn of the twentieth century. While one immediately thinks of opera as the finest achievement of Italian vocal music, there is a wealth of excellent non-operatic, often neglected repertoire. As a set, these pieces represent somewhat obscure, but rare gems of vocal writing.

Nebbie **Ottorino Respighi** (1879-1936)

There was more to Bolognese composer Respighi than “The Pines of Rome.” He was married to a soprano, and he wrote sixteen art songs as well as various cantatas, song cycles and numerous works for voice and orchestra. Written in 1906, with a masterful text by poet Ada Negri (1870-1945), “Nebbie” (Fog) depicts the powerful emotions of loneliness and despair.

Vola farfalletta **Miguel Sandoval** (1903-1953)

Based on Chopin’s “Butterfly” piano Étude, Op. 25 No. 9, “Vola farfalletta” (Little Butterfly) was a 1940 composition by Miguel Sandoval, who distinguished himself as a pianist, writer of film music and arranger of folk songs. The text of this novelty song is in Italian, although Sandoval was from Guatemala, in Central America.

Separazione **Giovanni Sgambati** (1841-1914)

Sgambati studied with Liszt in Rome and went on to champion German music to his fellow Italians. He was an internationally successful pianist and co-founder of the Liceo Musicale (later Conservatorio) di Santa Cecilia, a free school for poor music students in Rome. A largely forgotten composer today, his choral Requiem is nevertheless still used for Italian royal funerals. “Separazione” (parting) is an Italian folk song for which Sgambati wrote a piano accompaniment, resulting in this splendid arrangement in G-minor.

Serenata Francese **Ruggero Leoncavallo** (1857-1919)

Neapolitan by birth, Leoncavallo studied music in Naples and literature at Bologna, and seemed about to make a career as a librettist, until he struck gold with his opera Pagliacci, for which he wrote both music and text. “Serenata Francese” (French Serenade) is a delightful, thoroughly besotted ballad of love.

Pastorella **Pier Adolfo Tirindelli** (1858-1937)

Tirindelli was a professor of violin at the Venice Conservatory, assuming the directorship in 1893. In 1895 he moved to the United States to become Professor of Violin and Conducting at Cincinnati Conservatory, where he was conductor of the Conservatory Orchestra for over 25 years. He returned to Italy in 1922, concentrating his efforts on composition. The Lyric Opera Association “Pier Adolfo Tirindelli” was founded in 1981 for the purpose of collecting documents and manuscripts to further the historical and artistic importance of this neglected composer. “Pastorella” relates the tale of a shepherdess.

Duke Ellington (1899-1974) was a Washington, DC, native. Because of his impeccable manners, easy grace and dapper dress, his friends began calling him “Duke” (his given name was Edward Kennedy Ellington). As a teenager Ellington started to play piano in cafés and clubs in and around Washington, but his venues became more refined as he became established as a pianist and band leader for private society balls and embassy parties. He and his band thrived, performing for both African-American and white audiences, a rarity during those racially divided times. He relocated to New York City in the 1920s, and the rest is history. In the words of Bob Blumenthal of The Boston Globe, “In the century since his birth, there has been no greater composer, American or otherwise, than Edward Kennedy Ellington.”

Known primarily as a major figure in the history of jazz, blues and gospel music, it is less well known that Ellington wrote a considerable body of serious music, particularly film scores, sacred suites and classical compositions. He wrote an original score for Shakespeare's “Timon of Athens” at the Stratford Festival in Ontario, Canada (1963). Ellington went on to receive the Presidential Medal of Freedom in 1969 and the Legion of Honor by France in 1973, the highest civilian honors bestowed by both countries. At his funeral attended by 12,000 people at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Ella Fitzgerald summed up the occasion, “It's a very sad day. A genius has passed.” Ellington's reputation increased even after his death, when the Pulitzer Prize Board bestowed on him a special posthumous honor in 1999.

Prelude to a Kiss

In 1938 “Prelude to a Kiss” was adapted from a melody by alto saxophonist Otto “Toby” Hardwick. Lyrics were added by Irving Mills and Irving Gordon, and the resulting jazz ballad is by turns graceful, sensual, sultry, seductive, and tender. The chromatic nature of the song produces a plaintive sound, a sort of sad serenade. The words reflect the dramatic change in the musical mood of the bridge, which brings true emotional release, almost to the point of seeming celebratory.

Do Nothin' till You Hear from Me

This song was written in 1940 as an instrumental piece to highlight the playing of Ellington's lead trumpeter, Cootie Williams. The lyrics by Bob Russell were added in 1943, which resulted in the assessment by Philip Furia that this song is “probably the 'slangiest' pledge of romantic fidelity ever written.”

In a Sentimental Mood

This composition began as a 1935 big band jazz piece featuring alto sax player Otto “Toby” Hardwick. Lyrics were later written for the tune by Irving Mills and Manny Kurtz. In an age dominated by radio broadcasts, “In a Sentimental Mood” became the theme song for no fewer than nine radio shows. The combination of Ellington's music and the Kurtz/Mills lyrics has elicited high praise from music critics, among them “Simply the most beautiful song ever written” and “The perfect soundtrack for falling in love.”

Texts and Translations

Schubert

Heimliches lieben

Poem by von Klenke

O du, wenn deine Lippen mich berühren,
so will die Lust die Seele mir entführen.
Ich fühle tief ein namenloses Beben
den Busen heben.

Mein Auge flammt, Glut schwebt auf meinen Wangen;
es schlägt mein Herz ein unbekannt Verlangen;
mein Geist, verirrt in trunkner Lippen Stammeln
kann kaum sich sammeln.

Mein Leben hängt in einer solchen Stunde
an deinem süßen, rosenweichen Munde,
und will, bei deinem trauten Armumfassen,
mich fast verlassen.

O! daß es doch nicht außer sich kann fliehen
die Seele ganz in deiner Seele glühen!
Daß doch die Lippen, die voll Sehnsucht brennen,
sich müssen trennen!

Daß doch im Kuß' mein Wesen nicht zerfließet
wenn es so fest an deinen Mund sich schließet,
und an dein Herz, das niemals laut darf wagen
für mich zu schlagen!

When your lips touch me,
desire would bear my soul away;
I feel a nameless trembling
which swells my breast.

My eyes flame, a glow colors my cheeks;
my heart beats with an unknown longing;
my mind, lost in the stammering of my drunken lips
can hardly compose itself.

In such a moment my life hangs
on your sweet lips, soft as roses,
And, in your dear embrace,
life nearly deserts me.

Oh, would that my life could escape from itself,
my soul aflame in yours!
Oh, that lips burning with longing
must part!

Oh, that my being might not dissolve in kisses
when my lips are pressed so tightly to yours,
And to your heart, which might never dare
to beat aloud for me!

Schwestergruß

Poem by von Bruchmann

Im Mondenschein wall ich auf und ab,
seh' Totenbein' und stilles Grab.
In Geisterhauch vorüber schwebt's,
wie Flamm' und Rauch, vorüber bebt's;

Aus Nebeltrug steigt eine Gestalt,
ohn Sünd und Lug vorüberwallt,
das Aug so blau, der Blick so groß,
wie in Himmelsau, wie in Gottes Schooß;
ein weiß Gewand bedeckt das Bild,
in zarter Hand eine Lilie quillt,
in Geisterhauch sie zu mir spricht:

Ich wandre schon im reinen Licht,
seh' Mond und Sonn' zu meinem Fuß,
und leb' in Wonn', in Engelkuß,
und all die Lust, die ich empfind,
nicht deine Brust kennt, Menschenkind!

In the moonlight I drift up and down,
I see dead limbs and a still grave.
In the ghostly breeze something floats by,
like flame and smoke, it whispers past.

From the deceptive mists climbs a figure,
without sin or falsehood, and it drifts by.
Those eyes so blue, that gaze so great,
as in heaven's fields, as in God's lap!
A white gown covers the form;
from its tender hand springs a lily.
In a ghostly whisper she speaks to me:

I wander already in the pure light.
I see the moon and the sun at my feet,
and I live in bliss, with the kisses of angels;
and all the joy that I feel,
your heart cannot know, child of Mankind!

Wenn du nicht läßt den Erdengott,
bevor dich faßt der grause Tod.

So tönt die Luft, so saust der Wind,
zu den Sternen ruft das Himmelskind,
und eh' sie flieht, die weiß' Gestalt,
in frischer Blüt' sie sich entfalt':
in reiner Flamm' schwebt sie empor,
ohne Schmerz und Harm, zu der Engel Chor.
Die Nacht verhüllt den heiligen Ort,
von Gott erfüllt sing ich das Wort.

Unless you let go of this earthly god
before you are seized by terrible Death.

So the air resounds, so the wind whistles,
to the stars calls the child of heaven.
And before she flees, her white figure
in fresh flowers she enfolds.
In pure flames she floats up,
without pain or injury, to the angel's choir.
Night covers the holy place;
Inspired by God I sing the Word.

An die Entfernte

Poem by Goethe

So hab ich wirklich dich verloren?
Bist du, o Schöne, mir entflohn?
Noch klingt in den gewohnten Ohren
ein jedes Wort, ein jeder Ton.

So wie des Wandrers Blick am Morgen
vergebens in die Lüfte dringt,
wenn, in dem blauen Raum verborgen,
hoch über ihm die Lerche singt:

So dringet ängstlich hin und wieder
durch Feld und Busch und Wald mein Blick;
dich rufen alle meine Lieder;
O komm, Geliebte, mir zurück.

So have I truly lost you?
Have you, o fair one, fled from me?
Yet still I can hear in my accustomed ears
every word, every tone of your voice.

Just as the wanderer's gaze in the morning
searchingly pierces the heavens in vain
when, concealed in the blue expanse
high above, the lark sings to him:

So does my gaze anxiously search here and there,
through field and bush and forest,
singing to you through all my songs,
O come, my darling, back to me!

Epistel an Herrn Joseph Spaun,

Assessor in Linz

Poem by von Collin

(Recitativo)

Und nimmer schreibst du?
Bleibest uns verloren,
ein starr Verstummt, nun für ew'ge Zeit?
Vielleicht, weil neue Freunde du erkoren?
Wardst du Assessor denn am Tisch so breit,
woran beim Aktenstoß seufzt Langeweile,
um abzusterben aller Freudigkeit?
Doch nein, nur wir sind's.
Nur uns ward zuteile
dies Schweigen, dies Verstummen und Vergessen,
Armut und Not selbst an der kleinsten Zeile!
Für jeden bist du schriftkarg nicht gesessen;

(Recitativo)

Don't you ever write anymore?
Are you lost to us forever,
struck dumb, no time for us?
Perhaps because you have found new friends?
Or did you become a judge, sitting at your grand desk,
sighing with boredom over your files,
cutting yourself off from all happiness?
No need, it's just us.
Only we have had to suffer
this silence, this dumb forgetfulness,
not one single line item for the poor and needy!
Everyone has not been thus neglected;

für manchen kamen Briefe angefliegen,
und nach der Elle hast du sie gemessen;
doch uns, Barbar, hast du dein Herz entzogen!

(Aria)

Schwingt euch kühn, zu bange Klagen,
aus empörter Brust hervor,
und, von Melodien getragen,
wagt euch an des fernen Ohr!
Was er immer mag erwidern,
dieses hier saget doch;
Zwar vergessen, jenes Biedern
Denken wir in Liebe noch!

for some the letters come flooding in,
you must have measured them by the yard;
but from us, barbarian, you've turned your heart away!

(Aria)

You swing boldly, with fear of criticism,
you puff your indignant chest out,
and, borne on melodious wings,
dare to fly to that distant ear.
To which one can always answer and
to your protests simply say:
Though we are forgotten,
we still fondly remember the good fellow.

Mendlesohn

Herbstlied

poem by Klingemann

Ach, wie so bald verhallet der Reigen,
wandelt sich Frühling in Winterzeit!
Ach, wie so bald in trauerndes Schweigen
wandelt sich alle der Fröhlichkeit!

Bald sind die letzten Klänge verfliegen!
Bald sind die letzten Sänger gezogen!
Bald ist das letzte Grün dahin!
Alle sie wollen heimwärts ziehn!

Ach, wie so bald verhallet der Reigen,
wandelt sich Lust in sehndes Leid.

Wart ihr ein Traum, ihr Liebesgedanken?
Süß wie der Lenz und schnell verweht?
Eines, nur eines will nimmer wanken:
Es ist das Sehnen, das nimmer vergeht.

Ach, wie so bald verhallet der Reigen!
Ach, wie so bald in trauerndes Schweigen
Wandelt sich alle die Fröhlichkeit!

Oh, how soon the cycle ends,
Spring turns into wintertime!
Oh how soon all happiness
turns to sad silence!

The last sounds soon fade!
The last songbirds are soon flown!
The last green is soon gone!
They all want to return home!

Oh, how soon the cycle ends,
merriness turns to longing sorrow.

Were you a dream, you thoughts of love?
Sweet as spring and fast disappearing?
Only one thing will never wane:
The longing that never goes.

Ah, how soon the cycle ends!
Oh how soon all happiness
Turns to sad silence!

Abendlied

poem by Heine

Wenn ich auf dem Lager liege
in Nacht gehüllt,
so schwebt mir vor ein süßes,
anmutig liebes Bild!

Wenn mir der stille Schlummer
geschlossen die Augen kaum,
so schleicht das liebe Bild
hinein in meinen Traum!

Und mit dem Traum des Morgens
zerrinnt es nimmermehr:
Dann trag' ich es im Herzen
den ganzen Tag umher.

When I lie on the bed,
shrouded in night,
so floats before me a sweet,
lovely dear image.

When silent slumber
has barely closed my eyes,
so creeps the image quietly
into my dream.

And in the morning
it never fades away with the dream:
Then I carry it about with me in my heart
the whole day.

Maiglöckchen und die Blümelein

poem by von Fallersleben

Maiglöckchen läutet in dem Tal,
das klingt so hell und fein;
So kommt zum Reigen allzumal,

The lily rings in the valley
it sings so bright and delicately;
Come now to the ring,
you dear little flowers!

ihr lieben Blümelein!

Die Blümchen blau und gelb und weiß,
Die kommen all herbei,
Vergißmeinnicht und Ehrenpreis
und Veilchen sind dabei!

Maiglöckchen spielt zum Tanz im Nu
und Alle tanzen dann;
Der Mond sieht ihnen freundlich zu,
hat seine Freude dran.

Den Junker Reif verdroß das sehr,
Er kommt ins Tal hinein;
Maiglöckchen spielt zum Tanz nicht mehr,
fort sind die Blümelein.

Doch kaum der Reif das Tal verläßt,
Da rufet wieder schnell
Maiglöckchen zu dem Frühlingsfest
Und läutet doppelt hell.

Nun hält's auch mich nicht mehr zu Haus,
Maiglöckchen ruft auch mich:
Die Blümchen geh'n zum Tanz hinaus,
zum Tanze geh' auch ich!

The little flowers, blue, yellow and white,
they all gather round,
Forget-me-nots and speedwells
and violets join in!

In a trice, the lily begins to play
and they all dance;
The moon looks on happily,
enjoying it all.

Jack frost is very annoyed,
he arrives in the valley;
The lily plays no longer,
the little flowers are gone.

But scarcely has the frost left the valley
the lily quickly calls
the flowers back to the spring festival,
Ringing twice as brightly.

Now I can't stay at home either;
The lily-of-the-valley calls me;
The flowers are going to the dance
And I go too!

Vola Farfalletta

Miguel Sandoval

Vola farfalletta,
vola rapida leggera per i campi tutti in fior.
L'aria è profumata da le viole,
la natura sembra in festa
il creato canta l'inno de l'amor.

O dolce amor tu fai si che la vita
sia come il miel che racchiude ogni fior.
La natura c'invita tutti a goders,
a sorrider ognor!

Farfalletta che vai per i campi tra i fior,
porta un bacio per me al mio tesoro!
Vola farfalletta, vola va!

Fly little butterfly,
fly fast and light to all the flowers in the field.
The air is perfumed with violets,
nature is festive
as creation sings hymns of love.

Ah, sweet love you make life
surrounded by thorns feel as if enclosed by flowers.
Nature invites us all to enjoy,
to smile every moment!

Little butterfly, as you go in the fields and between the flowers,
take a kiss to my beloved!
Fly little butterfly, fly away!

Nebbie

Ottorino Respighi, poem by Ada Negri

Soffro, lontan lontano
le nebbie sonnolente
salgono dal tacente piano.

Alto gracchiando, i corvi,
fidati all'ali nere,
traversan le brughiere, torvi.

Dell'aere ai morsi crudi
gli addolorati tronchi
offron, pregando, i bronchi nudi.

Come ho freddo! Son sola;
Pel grigio ciel sospinto
un gemito destinato vola;

E mi ripete: Vieni;
è buia la vallata.
O triste, o disamata
Vieni! Vieni!

I suffer, far, far away
the sleeping fog
rises from the quiet plain.

Shrilly, cawing, the crows,
trusting their black wings,
traverse the moors, grimly.

To the raw bites of air
the sorrowful tree trunks
offer, praying, their bare branches.

How cold I am! I am alone;
Driven through the gray sky
a groan of the dead soars.

And repeats to me: Come;
The valley is dark.
Oh sad one, oh unloved one,
Come! Come!

Serenata Francese

Ruggero Leoncavallo, poem by E Collet

Nel chiaror di luna, mio gentil Pierrot,
La bionda e la bruna senza lume van,
se ne van, e in attesa ogni una dell'amante stan.
Nel chiaror di luna, mio gentil Pierrot.

Vuoi tu sulla duna ascoltare il mar?
L'onde a duna a duna sembran singhiozzar...
Nel chiaror di luna, mio gentil Pierrot.

Piú parolla al cuna to non sai trovar? Ne parlar!
Come me nessunna mai ti seppe amar.
Nel chiaror di luna, mio gentil Pierrot.

Piangi la sfortuna, che mi segue ognor.
Chi nel cuore a duna...tante pene muor!
Nel chiaror di luna, mio gentil Pierrot.

In the moonlight, my gentle Pierrot,
the blonde and the brunette walk without a light,
there they go, each of them awaiting a lover.
In the moonlight, my gentle Pierrot.

Won't you come sit in the dunes and listen to the sea?
The waves roll in and appear to sigh...
In the moonlight, my gentle Pierrot.

Lost for words now, are you? Don't speak!
No one loves you like I do!
In the moonlight, my gentle Pierrot.

You weep for my constant misfortune.
Deep in my heart...all that pain, I die!
In the moonlight, my gentle Pierrot.

Separazione

Giovanni Sgambati

Dolorosa spartenza, ah! Quanto e dura!
Quanto è grande per me la pena amara!

Painful separation, ah! How difficult and how great!
How enormous for me is this bitter pain!

Pastorella

Pietro Adolfo Tirindelli

Ahi, meschina pastorella,
Poverella ed infelice!
Vo tentar o genitrice, di recarmi alla città.
Tra la, la, la!

La città la dicon lieta,
certa mèta a gèmmie e onor;
Vo' cercar fra quell tesori pur la mia felicità.
Tra la, la, la!

Ma, ma se fola è quell tesoro,
se quell'oro fosse orpello,
il modesto mio paesello meno triste mi vedrà,
che a parlarti schietto è tondo,
credo il mondo ovunque eguale;
credo siaci il bene e il male,
qui da noi come in città;
Tra, la, la, la!

A shepherdess pities my sorrow,
vainly I try to smother my grief!
I will tempt my fortune, I will go to the city.
Tra la, la, la!

All is happy within the city,
gems and honors, laurels and pleasures;
I will seek amid these treasures the happiness for which I sigh.
Tra la, la, la!

But, should it be an empty story
and the gold merely tinsel,
then my modest village I shall view more contentedly.
The truth I will tell you plainly,
I believe in this world the good and evil are equal;
I believe you'll find in the end,
every town and village, too.
Tra la, la, la!

Duke Ellington

Prelude to a Kiss

If you hear a song in blue with a flower faded for the dew.
That was my heart serenading you, my prelude to a kiss.

If you hear a song that grows from my tender sentimental woes,
that was my heart trying to compose a prelude to a kiss.

Though it's just a simple melody, nothing fancy, nothing much.
You could turn it to a symphony; a Schubert tune with a Gershwin touch.

Oh, how my love song gently cries for the tenderness within your eyes.
My love's a prelude that never dies, a prelude to a kiss.

Do nothin' 'till you hear from me

Do nothin' 'till you hear from me. Pay no attention to what's said.
Why people tear the seam of anyone's dream is over my head.

Do nothin' 'till you hear from me. At least consider our romance.
If you should take the word of others you've heard, I haven't a chance.

True, I've been seen with someone new. But that does mean that I'm untrue?
When we're apart, the words in my heart, reveal how I feel about you.

Some kiss may cloud my revelry, and other arms may hold a thrill.
But please do nothin' 'till you hear it from me.
And you never will.

In a Sentimental Mood

In a sentimental mood I can see the stars come through my room.
And your loving attitude is like a flame that lights the gloom.

On the wings of every kiss drifts a melody so strange and sweet.
In this sentimental bliss, you make my paradise complete.

Rose petals seem to fall, it's all like dream to call you mine.
My heart's a lighter thing since you made this night a thing divine.

In a sentimental mood I'm within a world so heavenly.
For I never dreamt that you'd be loving sentimental me.

Having returned to her native Washington, DC area, **Danielle Talamantes** has quickly become one of the regions most sought after soloists. Appearing before sold out houses Ms Talamantes continues to garner the attention of a number of classical music organizations, symphonies, and opera companies. She recently debuted as Violetta in Verdi's *La Traviata* with Fremont Opera to the tune of rave reviews. She was also thrilled to fulfill her debut contract this past spring with the Metropolitan Opera covering the role of Najade in Strauss' *Ariadne auf Naxos*.

Recent concert performances featured Ms. Talamantes as soprano soloist with the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, National Philharmonic Chorale & Orchestra and the Oratorio Society of VA. She looks forward to making her debuts with the Nashville Symphony this December in Handel's *Messiah* and the Baltimore Choral Arts Society in May, 2012 in Mendelssohn's *Elijah*.

Ms Talamantes' recent competition honors include 1st place in the Irene Dalis Opera San Jose, Irma M Cooper Opera Columbus, XII Concurso de Trujillo, International Lotte Lehman Cybersing, NATSAA, and Vocal Arts Society Discovery Series Competitions; 2nd place in the National Opera Association and Liederkranz Competitions, 4th place in the Seoul International Music Competition, as well as advancing as a finalist in the Licia Albanese Puccini Competition, Giulio Gari Foundation, Gerda Lissner Foundation Competition and Semifinalist in the Domingo *Operalia* and Quasthoff *Das Lied* Competitions. Ms Talamantes holds degrees from Virginia Tech (B.A.) and Westminster Choir College (M.M.).

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Described by Plácido Domingo as an "orchestra at the piano" and hailed as a pianist who "really has it all – fiery technique and a rich, warm tone," **Joy Schreier** has been praised by *The Washington Post* as a "responsive accompanist" and an "ideal support" at the piano. She is credited as "providing much of the evening's musical nuance," "so noteworthy that the room seemed to vibrate from her depth and skill," and "perfection itself...the dream accompanist that a singer hopes to find at some point in one's lifetime."

Schreier has been presented in recital at Carnegie Hall – Weill Recital Hall, Lincoln Center, the White House, the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, the National Museum for Women in the Arts, the National Portrait Gallery, the Phillips Collection, the Cosmos Club, Strathmore Hall, the Embassies of Austria, Russia, Poland, Anderson House on Embassy Row and recital halls throughout the country. Internationally, she has performed in England, Scotland, Wales, France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Taiwan, and Hong Kong.

Currently the Keyboard Artist and Vocal Coach of the Cathedral Choral Society, Schreier has coached for the Washington National Opera Domingo-Cafritz Young Artist Program and served as official pianist for both the Washington International Voice Competition and Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions. Schreier received her Doctorate in Accompanying and Chamber Music in 2003 at the Eastman School of Music where she was the recipient of the Barbara Koeng Award for Excellence in Vocal Accompanying. Former teachers include Jean Barr, Ann Schein, and Laurence Morton.

Kerry Wilkerson is a current member of the United States Army Chorus. With over 20 years experience as a military musician he has performed in many of the most prestigious concert halls throughout the United States and Canada. In addition to his many military-related performances, Kerry is well known to Washington audiences through his solo recitals and regular guest appearances with organizations such as The National Philharmonic Chorale, The City Choir of Washington, The Oratorio Society of VA, and Choralis. He recently enjoyed advancing as a finalist in the 2010 Vocal Arts Society of Washington Discovery Series Competition.

Also an accomplished conductor, he serves as Assistant Director of Music Ministries at Vienna Presbyterian Church in Vienna, VA, where he oversees a growing worship ministry for teenagers; to include a Youth Orchestra & Chorus which he conducts. He has served as choral director at Bishop Ireton High School in Alexandria, VA, and as an adjunct professor of voice at George Mason University; teaching voice majors at the undergraduate and graduate level. He enjoys serving the DC Metropolitan area as a clinician and judge for various choral festivals. Wilkerson is a graduate of the University of North Carolina at Greensboro (B.M.) and George Mason University (M.A.).

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