



College of Music

UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO **BOULDER**

Faculty Tuesday Series

Transformations

Abigail Nims, mezzo-soprano
Jeremy Reger, piano

7:30 p.m. Tuesday, Oct. 3, 2017
Grusin Music Hall
Imig Music Building

Be engaged. Be inspired. Be here.
Be Boulder.

Program

Arianna a Naxos

Joseph Haydn (1732–1809)

Wiegenlied

Richard Strauss (1864–1949)

Nichts

Ich trage meine Minne

Wie solten wir geheim sie halten

— Intermission —

From the Diary of Virginia Woolf

Domenick Argento (b. 1927)

1. The Diary
2. Anxiety
3. Fancy
4. Hardy's Funeral
5. Rome
6. War
7. Parents
8. Last Entry

Text & Translations

Arianna a Naxos

(Anonymous)

Teseo mio ben, dove sei? Dove sei tu?
Vicino d'averti mi pareo,
ma un lusinghiero sogno fallace m'ingannò.
Già sorge in ciel la rosea Aurora,
e l'erbe e i fior colora Febo
uscendo dal mar col crine aurato.
Sposo, sposo adorato, dove guidasti il piè?
Forse le fere ad inseguir
ti chiama il tuo nobile ardor.
Ah vieni, ah vieni, o caro,
ed offrirò più grata preda a tuoi lacci.
Il cor d'Arianna amante, che t'adora costante,
stringi, stringi con nodo più tenace,
e più bella la face splenda del nostro amor.
Soffrir non posso d'esser da te divisa un sol istante.
Ah di vederti, o caro, già mi strugge il desio;
ti sospira il mio cor, vieni, vieni idol mio.

Dove sei, mio bel tesero, chi t'invola a questo cor?
Se non vieni, io già mi moro,
né resisto al mio dolor.
Se pietade avete, oh Dei, secondate i voti miei,
a me torni il caro ben.
Dove sei? Teseo!

Ma, a chi parlo?
Gli accenti Eco ripete sol.
Teseo non m'ode, Teseo non mi risponde,
e portano le voci e l'aure e l'onde.
Poco da me lontano esser egli dovia.
Salgasi quello che più d'ogni altro
s'alza alpestre scoglio; ivi lo scopriò.
Che miro? Oh stelle, misera me,
quest è l'argivo legno!
Greci son quelli!
Teseo! Ei sulla prora!
Ah m'ingannassi almen...
no, no, non m'inganno.
Ei fugge, ei qui mi lascia in abbandono.
Più speranza non v'è, tradita io sono.

Teseo, Teseo, m'ascolta, Teseo!
Ma oimè! vaneggio!
I flutti e il vento lo involano per sempre agli occhi miei.
Ah siete ingiusti, o Dei,
se l'empio non punite!
Ingrato!
(continued on next page)

Ariadne at Naxos

Theseus, my love, where are you?
I thought you were near,
But a false, alluring dream tricked me.
Already the rosy dawn rises in the sky
And plants and flowers are colored by Pheobus emerging
from the sea with golden hair.
Husband, dear husband, where do your steps take you?
Perhaps to hunt wild beasts
Your noble lord has called you.
Oh come, my dearest
And find in me a sweeter prey.
Let the heart of Ariadne who, constant, adores you,
bind with ever tighter bonds
and let the torch of our love shine more brightly.
Oh, the desire to see you, my love,
already takes hold of my heart;
My heart sighs for you, come, my beloved idol!

Where are you, my beautiful treasure? Who stole you from
my breast? If you do not come I shall die,
I cannot bear this grief.
If you are merciful, oh gods, hear my prayer,
let my dear one return to me.
Where are you, Theseus?

But to whom am I speaking?
Echo alone repeats my words
Theseus does not reply,
And the winds and the waves silence my voice.
He cannot be far away from me.
Let me climb the steepest and highest cliff:
There I will find him.
What do I see? O heavens! Woe is me!
That is the Argive ship!
Those are Greeks!
Theseus! He is at the prow!
Oh, I may be mistaken...
No, I am not mistaken.
He is escaping, and leaving me here, abandoned.
All hope is gone, I am betrayed.

Theseus! Hear me!
But alas, I am talking wildly!
The wind and waves swallow him from my sight.
Oh, you are unjust, gods,
if you do not punish this wicked man!
Ungrateful wretch!
(continued on next page)

Perchè ti trassi dalla morte
dunque tu dovevi tradirmi!
E le promesse, e i giuramenti tuoi?
Spergiuro, infido!
hai cor di lasciarmi.
A chi mi volgo, da chi pietà sperar?
Già più non reggo,
il piè vacilla, e in così amaro istante
sento mancarmi in sen
l'alma tremante.

A che morir vorrei in sì fatal momento,
ma al mio crudel tormento
mi serba in giusto ciel.
Misera abbandonata non ho chi mi consola.
Chi tanto amai s'invola barbaro ed infedel.

Wiegenlied

(Richard Dehmel)

Träume, träume, du mein süßes Leben,
Von dem Himmel, der die Blumen bringt.
Blüten schimmern da, die leben
Von dem Lied, das deine Mutter singt.

Träume, träume, Knospe meiner Sorgen,
Von dem Tage, da die Blume sproß;
Von dem hellen Blütenmorgen,
Da dein Seelchen sich der Welt erschloß.

Träume, träume, Blüte meiner Liebe,
Von der stillen, von der heil'gen Nacht,
Da die Blume seiner Liebe
Diese Welt zum Himmel mir gemacht.

Nichts

(Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg)

Nennen soll ich, sagt ihr, meine
Königin im Liederreich?
Toren, die ihr seid, ich kenne
Sie am wenigsten von euch.

Fragt mich nach der Augen Farbe,
Fragt mich nach der Stimme Ton,
Fragt nach Gang und Tanz und Haltung,
Ach, und was weiß ich davon!

Ist die Sonne nicht die Quelle
Alles Lebens, alles Lichts?
Und was wissen von derselben
Ich, und ihr, und alle? -- Nichts.

Why did I save you from death
for you to betray me?
And your promises? The vows you swore to me?
Faithless one! Deceiver!
Have you the heart to leave me?
To whom can I turn? From whom can I hope for pity?
I can no longer stand,
My foot gives way, and in such a bitter moment
I feel abandoned in my breast
by my trembling soul.

Ah, how I long to die at such a fateful moment,
But for my cruel torment
The unjust heavens preserve me alive.
Unhappy and abandoned, I have no one to console me,
My beloved has fled, cruel and disloyal.

Cradle Song

Dream, my sweet life,
Of heaven that brings the flowers.
Blossoms gleam there which live
By the song your mother sings.

Dream, bud of my anxiety,
Of the day the flower sprouted;
Of that bright blossom morning
When your soul opened to the world.

Dream, blossom of my love,
Of that silent, that holy night,
When the flower of his love
Made this world heaven for me.

Nothing

I should name, you say, my
queen in the realm of love?
You are fools, for I know
her less than you do.

Ask me about the color of her eyes;
ask me about the sound of her voice;
ask me about her gait and posture, and how she dances
ah, what do I know about it?

Is not the sun the source
of all life and all light?
And about this, what do
I and you and everyone know? Nothing.

Ich trage meine Minne

(Karl Henckell)

Ich trage meine Minne
Vor Wonne stumm
Im Herzen und im Sinne
Mit mir herum.
Ja, daß ich dich gefunden,
Du liebes Kind,
Das freut mich alle Tage,
Die mir beschieden sind.

Und ob auch der Himmel trübe,
Kohlschwarz die Nacht,
Hell leuchtet meiner Liebe
Goldsonnige Pracht.
Und liegt auch die Welt in Sünden,
So tut mir's weh,
Die arge muß erblinden
Vor deiner Unschuld Schnee.

Wie sollten wir geheim sie halten

(Adolf Friedrich von Schack)

Wie sollten wir geheim sie halten,
Die Seligkeit, die uns erfüllt?
Nein, bis in seine tiefsten Falten
Sei allen unser Herz enthüllt!

Wenn zwei in Liebe sich gefunden,
Geht Jubel hin durch die Natur,
In längern wonnevollen Stunden
Legt sich der Tag auf Wald und Flur.

Selbst aus der Eiche morschem Stamm,
Die ein Jahrtausend überlebt,
Steigt neu des Wipfels grüne Flamme
Und rauscht von Jugendlust durchbebt.

Zu höherm Glanz und Dufte brechen
Die Knospen auf beim Glück der Zwei,
Und süßer rauscht es in den Bächen,
Und reicher blüht und glänzt der Mai.

I Bear My Love

I bear my love
With rapture mute,
In heart and in thought
About me.
Yes, that I have found you,
Sweet child,
Will cheer me all the days
Which are allotted me.

And though skies be dim,
The night coal-black,
Bright shines the gold sun's splendor
Of my love.
And though the world may sinfully lie,
I'm sorry—
The bad world must be blinded
By your purity's snow.

How Should We Keep It Secret

How should we keep it secret,
The bliss with which we're filled?
No, to their deepest places,
Let be to all our hearts revealed.

When, in love, two find each other,
Nature's filled with jubilation,
And in longer hours of bliss
The day descends on wood and field.

Even from the oak's rotted trunk,
Surviving for a thousand years,
The leaves' green flame ascends anew,
Rustling, thrilling to youth's zest.

To heightened scent and gleam, buds
Burst at the happiness of the two,
And brooks murmur more sweetly,
And May shines and blossoms more richly.

From the Diary of Virginia Woolf

1. The Diary

April 1919

What sort of diary should I like mine to be? Something . . . so elastic that it will embrace anything, solemn, slight, or beautiful that comes into my mind. I should like it to resemble some deep old desk ... in which one flings a mass of odds and ends without looking them through. I should like to come back, after a year or two, and find that the collection had sorted itself and refined itself and coalesced, as such deposits so mysteriously do, into a mould, transparent enough to reflect the light or our life ...

2. Anxiety

October 1920

Why is life so tragic; so like a little strip of pavement over an abyss. I look down; I feel giddy; I wonder how I am ever to walk to the end. But why do I feel this: Now that I say it I don't feel it. The fire burns; we are going to hear the Beggar's Opera. Only it lies all about me; I can't keep my eyes shut. ... And with it all how happy I am—if it weren't for my feeling that it's a strip of pavement over an abyss.

3. Fancy

February 1927

Why not invent a new kind of play; as for instance: Woman thinks ...
He does.
Organ plays.
She writes.
They say:
She sings.
Night speaks
They miss

4. Hardy's Funeral

January 1928

Yesterday we went to Hardy's funeral. What did I think of? Of Max Beerbohm's letter ... or a lecture ... about women's writing. At intervals some emotion broke in. But I doubt the capacity of the human animal for being dignified in ceremony. One catches a bishop's frown and twitch; sees his polished shiny nose; suspects the rapt spectacled young priest, gazing at the cross he carries, of being a humbug ... next here is the coffin, an overgrown one; like a stage coffin, covered with a white satin cloth; bearers elderly gentlemen rather red and stiff, holding to the corners; pigeons flying outside ... procession to poets corner; dramatic "In sure and certain hope of immortality" perhaps melodramatic ... Over all this broods for me some uneasy sense of change and mortality and how partings are deaths; and then a sense of my own fame ... and a sense of the futility of it all.

5. Rome

May 1935

Rome: tea. Tea in café. Ladies in bright coats and white hats. Music. Look out and see people like movies ... Ices. Old man who haunts the Greco ... Fierce large jowled old ladies ... talking about Monaco. Talleyrand. Some very poor wispy women. The effect of dowdiness produced by wispy hair. Sunday café ... Very cold. The Prime Minister's letter offering to recommend me for the Companion of Honour. No.

6. War

June 1940

This, I thought yesterday, may be my last walk ... the war—our waiting while the knives sharpen for the operation—has taken away the outer wall of security. No echo comes back. I have no surroundings ... Those familiar circumvolutions—those standards—which have for so many years given back an echo and so thickened my identity are all wide and wild as the desert now. I mean, there is no "autumn", no winter. We pour to the edge of a precipice ... and then? I can't conceive that there will be a 27th June 1941.

7. Parents

December 1940

How beautiful they were, those old people—
I mean father and mother—how simple, how clear, how
untroubled. I have been dipping
into old letters and father's memoirs. He
loved her: oh and was so candid and
reasonable and transparent ... How serene
and gay even, their life reads to me: no
mud; no whirlpools. And so human—with
the children and the little hum and song
of the nursery. But if I read as a
contemporary I shall lose my child's vision
and so must stop. Nothing turbulent;
nothing involved; no introspection.

8. Last Entry

March 1941

No: I intend no introspection. I mark
Henry James' sentence: observe perpetually.
Observe the oncome of age. Observe greed.
Observe my own despondency. By that means
it becomes serviceable. Or so I hope. I
insist upon spending this time to the best advantage.
I will go down with my colours flying ... Occupation is
essential. And now
with some pleasure I find that it's seven;
and must cook dinner. Haddock and sausage meat. I
think it is true that one gains a
certain hold on sausage and haddock by
writing them down.

Biographies

Mezzo-soprano **Abigail Nims** has established herself as a musician of integrity and versatility, garnering praise for her performances of repertoire from the Baroque to contemporary premieres.

Acclaimed for her committed interpretations and tonal beauty in the concert repertoire, Ms. Nims has performed as soloist with renowned orchestras and festivals including the San Francisco Symphony, the Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra, the Detroit Symphony, the Baltimore Symphony, the São Paulo Symphony, Orquestra Sinfónica Nacional de México, Teatro Municipal, Santiago, Chile, Orchestra Sinfonica di Milano Giuseppe Verdi, Boston Baroque, the Bach Festival Society of Winter Park (FL), the Indianapolis Symphony, and the Masterworks Choir and Orchestra at Carnegie Hall. In Colorado, Ms. Nims has appeared as soloist with the Colorado Symphony, the Colorado Music Festival, the Colorado Springs Philharmonic, the Boulder Philharmonic, the Colorado MahlerFest, and is a regular soloist with the Colorado Bach Ensemble. On the opera stage, Ms.

Nims has appeared in leading roles with companies throughout the United States and abroad including Wexford Festival Opera, New York City Opera, Atlanta Opera, Palm Beach Opera, Florentine Opera, Gotham Chamber Opera, New Jersey Opera, Opera Grand Rapids, the Princeton Festival, Opera Delaware, and Opera North.

Her recordings include the role of Melanto in Boston Baroque's Grammy-nominated *Il ritorno d'Ulisse in patria* (Linn Records, 2015), the role of Veruca Salt in *The Golden Ticket* with Atlanta Opera (Albany Records, 2013), and Martin Bresnick's song cycle "Falling" on the composer's album *Every Thing Must Go* (Albany Records, 2011).

Originally from Delaware, Ohio, Ms. Nims holds degrees from Yale School of Music, Westminster Choir College, and Ohio Wesleyan University. She has received awards from distinguished foundations and institutions including the Fritz and Lavinia Jensen Foundation Competition, Santa Fe Opera, the Carmel Bach Festival, Yale School of Music, and the American Bach Society/Bach Choir of Bethlehem Competition. She was an Apprentice Singer at Santa Fe Opera for two summers, a Virginia B. Adams Fellow at the Carmel Bach Festival, and a young artist at Opera North. Prior to joining the faculty of CU-Boulder, Ms. Nims taught voice at the University of California, Berkeley and at Yale University.

Jeremy Reger comes to the voice department as vocal coach at the senior instructor level after holding the position of director of keyboard studies and collaborative arts at Christopher Newport University in Virginia. The international performer and educator says although the natural beauty of the region was a big draw, in the end it was the passion of the students and faculty at the College of Music that led him here. "There's something special going on here," says Reger. "The exceptional, creative, inspiring community created between faculty and students is palpable, and it's very exciting to be a part of it."

Teaching and mentorship are Reger's true passions and he's worked with some of the top vocal performers and coaches in the country, including at the Minnesota Opera, Indiana Opera Theater, the Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra and the Ann Arbor Opera. In summer 2014 he was a coach and performer at the Opera Studio de Recife in Brazil. Reger has also been on the faculty of Music Academy of the West, and worked for Virginia Opera. A strong supporter of local arts organizations, he has also played with the Virginia Symphony, the Williamsburg Symphonia and the Cantabile Singers Art Song Project. After traversing the western hemisphere, Reger says the University of Colorado was a natural choice for his next artistic adventure. "It's in the intersections of many art forms. How fortunate that we can see all the arts on display, working to create a great artistic community in Boulder." And of course, you can't discount the scenery. "I think it will be thrilling to take inspiration from the amazing surroundings in Boulder to help keep the repertoire passionate and vital."

Reger holds degrees from Cincinnati Conservatory of Music and the University of Michigan.

Musical Postcards

our next Faculty Tuesday concert

7:30 p.m., Tuesday, Oct. 10, 2017
Grusin Music Hall

Join Michael Thornton for a musical journey inspired by his travels. Music will be accompanied by images, creating a multisensory experience for the audience. The repertoire will represent travels to Europe, Africa and Asia with works by Schubert, Messiaen, Ewazen, Basler and more.



CU PERFORMING ARTS
music

Upcoming Faculty Tuesdays

Wind Camerata

7:30 p.m., Tuesday, Oct. 17, 2017
Grusin Music Hall
Ishikawa/Jennings/Cooper/Silver/Myer

Finnish Celebration

7:30 p.m., Tuesday, Oct. 24, 2017
Grusin Music Hall
Bird/Erhard/Hsu/Ishikawa/Korevaar/
McDonald/Rhodes/Silver/Thornton

Schubert and More!

7:30 p.m., Tuesday, Oct. 31, 2017
Grusin Music Hall
Wetherbee/Korevaar

Masques and Dances!

7:30 p.m., Tuesday, Nov. 7, 2017
Grusin Music Hall
Kellogg/Cooperstock/Hsu/Ishikawa/
Nims/Requiro/Rhodes/Silver/Spera

ClimateKeys

7:30 p.m., Tuesday, Nov. 14, 2017
Grusin Music Hall
Hsu/Cooperstock/Nims/Mestas

Signs Games+Messages

7:30 p.m., Tuesday, Nov. 28, 2017
Grusin Music Hall
Rhodes/Walther/Requiro/Korevaar

Legacies

7:30 p.m., Tuesday, Dec. 5, 2017
Grusin Music Hall
Hayghe/Rhodes/Requiro

Two Pianos +

7:30 p.m., Tuesday, Dec. 12, 2017
Grusin Music Hall
Nguyen/Lin/Hayghe/Thornton/Requiro/Weiss/
Tetreault/Kenzie

Learn more at colorado.edu/music

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