

*An Evening of  
Celebration  
And Remembrance*

**Donald Hartmann**

bass-baritone

**Nancy Davis**

piano

**Faculty Recital**

Friday, October 26, 2012

7:30 pm

Recital Hall

*"Artists inspire you, but that doesn't mean you want to copy what they do.  
There's something in the essence that carries over into your work.  
The result is an homage."\**

**I.**

**In Homage: Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (1925-2012)**

Der Alpenjäger  
Auf der Bruck  
Die Forelle  
Der Lindenbaum  
Der Tod und das Mädchen  
Der Doppelgänger  
Der Musensohn

**Franz Schubert**  
(1797-1828)

**II.**

**In Remembrance: Sean Daniel (1939-2011)**

Clair de lune  
Au Cimetière  
Lamento

**Gabriel Fauré**  
(1845-1924)  
**Henri Duparc**  
(1848-1933)

**III.**

**In Celebration: Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)**

*Selections from* **Folksong Arrangements: British Isles**  
The Miller of Dee  
The Foggy, Foggy Dew  
The Salley Gardens  
There's none to soothe  
Oliver Cromwell

**Benjamin Britten**

**IV.**

**In Celebration: Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)**

*Ella giammai m'amo*  
from **Don Carlo**

**Giuseppe Verdi**

*\*Aries Horoscope: August 28, 2012, Greensboro News and Record*

## Program Notes and Translations

### I.

As Paul Driscoll wrote in *Opera News*, "*It is impossible to overstate the importance of Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. His shadow is a long one: it is unlikely that any other artist will match the scope of his accomplishments.*" (August, 2012) Needless to say, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau was one of the most prolific artists in recording history. He was highly regarded for his interpretations of art song in German, French, and English, and he was an inspiration to hundreds! In addition to song music, he recorded opera and oratorio but oddly enough, never appeared in an opera production in the United States.

I had the opportunity of hearing Mr. Fischer-Dieskau in recital at the Kennedy Center in Washington, DC. As a freshman pianist at UNCG, I had no idea who this man was. However, at the insistence of my dearest friends, Sally and Willis Carmichael, a group of us drove to Washington to hear this artist sing an entire evening of Brahms Lieder. Our tickets cost \$8.00! It was an amazing concert. Afterwards, as we were leaving the Kennedy Center, I spotted this man in a tuxedo smoking a cigarette. It was Herr Fischer-Dieskau, or DFD as we called him! We went up to meet him, shook his hand, swooned as if he were a rock star, and got his autograph. Those of us in attendance will never forget that memorable evening.

At one point in his career, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau recorded all songs of Franz Schubert appropriate for male voice for Deutsche Grammophon. This immense project included almost 500 songs. To honor this legend, I begin tonight's program with a group of songs by Franz Schubert. The following translations are from **The Fischer-Dieskau Book of Lieder** with English translations by George Bird and Richard Stokes.

#### **Der Alpenjäger**

*Johann Mayrhofer*

Auf hohem Bergesrücken,  
Wo frischer alles grünt,  
Ins Land hinabzublicken,  
Das nebelleicht zerrinnt,  
Erfreut den Alpenjäger.

Je steiler und je schräger  
Die Pfade sich verwinden,  
Je mehr Gefahr aus Schlünden  
So freier schlägt die Brust.  
Er ist der fernen Lieben,  
Die ihm daheim geblieben,  
Sich seliger bewusst.

Und ist er nun am Ziele,  
So drängt sich in der Stille  
Ein süßes Bild ihm vor;  
Der Sonne goldne Strahlen,  
Sie weben und sie malen,  
Die er im Tal erkor.

#### **Auf der Bruck**

*Ernst Schulze*

Frisch trabe sonder Ruh und Rast,  
Mein gutes Ross, durch Nacht und Regen!  
Was scheust du dich vor Busch und Ast  
Und strauchelst auf den wilden Wegen?  
Dehnt auch der Wald sich tief und dicht,

#### **The Alpine Hunter**

On a lofty mountain ridge,  
where all is a fresher green,  
to gaze down on the land,  
vanishing light as mist,  
is the Alpine hunter's delight.

The steeper, more slanting  
the tracks wind,  
the greater the gorges' danger,  
the freer beats his heart.  
Of his distant love  
who remains at home,  
he thinks more blissfully.

His goal no sooner he reaches,  
then, before him in the silence,  
an image obtrudes that is sweet;  
the sun's golden rays,  
they form and picture  
his chosen one in the valley.

#### **On the Bruck**

Briskly without halt or rest,  
good horse, on through night and rain!  
Why shy at bush and branch,  
and on the wild paths stumble?  
Though the wood stretch deep and dense,

Doch muss er endlich sich erschliessen;  
Und freundlich wird ein fernes Licht  
Uns aus dem dunklen Tale grüssen.

Wohl könnt ich über Berg und Feld  
Auf deinem schlanken Rücken fliegen  
Und mich am bunten Spiel der Welt,  
An holden Bildern mich vergnügen;  
Manch Auge lacht mir traulich zu  
Und beut mir Frieden, Lieb und Freude,  
Und dennoch eil ich ohne Ruh,  
Zurück zu meinem Leide.

Denn schon drei Tage war ich fern  
Von ihr, die ewig mich gebunden;  
Drei Tage waren Sonn und Stern  
Und Erd und Himmel mir verschwunden.  
Von Lust und Leiden, die mein Herz  
Bei ihr bald heilten, bald zerrissen,  
Fühlt ich drei Tage nur den Schmerz,  
Und ach! Die Freude musst ich missen!

Weit sehn wir über Land und See  
Zur wärmer Flur den Vogel fliegen;  
Wie sollte denn die Liebe je  
In ihrem Pfade sich betrügen?  
Drum trabe mutig durch die Nacht!  
Und schwinden auch die dunkeln Bahnen,  
Der Sehnsucht helles Auge wacht,  
Und sicher führt mich süßes Ahnen.

### **Die Forelle**

*Christian Friedrich Daniel Schubart*

In einem Bächlein helle,  
Das schoss in froher Eil  
Die launische Forelle  
Vorüber wie ein Pfeil.  
Ich stand an dem Gestade  
Und sah in süßser Ruh  
Des muntern Fischleins Bade  
Im klaren Bächlein zu.

Ein Fischer mit der Rute  
Wohl an dem Ufer stand,  
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute,  
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.  
Solang dem Wasser Helle,  
So dacht ich, nicht gebricht,  
So fängt er die Forelle  
Mit seiner Angel nicht.

Doch endlich ward dem Diebe  
Die Zeit zu lang. Er macht  
Das Bächlein tückisch trübe,  
Und eh ich es gedacht,  
So zuckte seine Rute,  
Das Fischlein zappelt dran,  
Und ich mit regem Blute  
Sah die Betrog'ne an.

it must come at last to an end;  
and cheerfully will a distant light  
welcome us from the dark valley.

Over hill, over field well might I  
fly on your slender back,  
and in the pageant of the world,  
and in sweet images take delight;  
From many an eye I've a homely smile,  
an offer of peace and love and joy,  
and yet, without rest, I speed  
back to my sorrow.

For I have been three days away  
from her who holds me bound for ever,  
and for those three days sun and stars  
and earth and sky for me have vanished.  
Of the joy and sorrow, which with her  
now healed now rent my heart,  
I've felt for three days only pain,  
The joy, alas, I've had to forfeit!

Far over land and sea we watch  
the bird fly to a warmer meadow:  
how then should love ever be  
deceived in her own course?  
So bravely on then through the night!  
And if the dark tracks vanish too,  
the bright eye of longing is awake,  
sweet instinct will lead me sure.

### **The Trout**

In a clear brooklet,  
in lively haste,  
the wayward trout  
flashed arrow-like by.  
Standing on the bank,  
contentedly I watched  
the jolly little fish  
swimming the clear brook.

An angler, with rod,  
stood on the bank,  
cold-bloodedly noting  
the fish's twists and turns.  
As long as the water  
remains so clear, I thought,  
he'll never take the trout  
with his rod.

But at last the thief  
tired of waiting. Artfully  
he muddied the brooklet,  
and the next moment,  
a flick of the rod,  
and there writhed the fish;  
and I, with blood boiling,  
looked at the deceived one.

**Der Lindenbaum***Wilhelm Mühlher*

Am Brunnen vor dem Tore  
Da steht ein Lindenbaum;  
Ich träumt' in seinem Schatten  
So manchen süßen Traum.

Ich schnitt in seine Rinde  
So manches liebe Wort;  
Es zog in Freud' und Leide  
Zu ihm mich immer fort.

Ich musst' auch heute wandern  
Vorbei in tiefer Nacht,  
Da hab' ich noch im Dunkel  
Die Augen zugemacht.

Und seine Zweige rauschten,  
Als riefen sie mir zu:  
Komm her zu mir, Geselle,  
Hier find'st du deine Ruh!

Die kalten Winde bliesen  
Mir grad ins Angesicht;  
Der Hut flog mir vom Kopfe,  
Ich wendete mich nicht.

Nun bin ich manche Stunde  
Entfernt von jenem Ort,  
Und immer hör' ich's rauschen:  
Du fändest Ruhe dort!

**Der Tod und das Mädchen***Matthias Claudius**Das Mädchen:*

Vorüber, ach vorüber!  
Geh, wilder Knochenmann!  
Ich bin noch jung, geh, Lieber!  
Und rühre mich nicht an.

*Der Tod:*

Gib deine Hand, du schön und zart Gebild!  
Bin Freund und komme nicht zu strafen.  
Sei gutes Muts! Ich bin nicht wild,  
Sollst sanft in meinen Armen schlafen!

**Der Doppelgänger***Wilhelm Mühlher*

Still ist die Nacht, es ruhen die Gassen,  
In diesem Hause wohnte mein Schatz;  
Sie hat schon längst die Stadt verlassen,  
Doch steht noch das Haus  
Auf demselben Platz.

Da steht auch ein Mensch  
Und starrt in die Höhe,  
Und ringt die Hände  
Vor Schmerzengewalt;  
Mir graust es, wenn ich sein Antlitz sehe -  
Der Mond zeigt mir meine eigne Gestalt.

**The Linden Tree**

At the gate, by the fountain,  
stands a linden tree,  
in whose shade I dreamt  
so many a sweet dream.

In whose bark I carved  
so many a word of love;  
in joy and sorrow I was drawn  
to it again and again.

Today, too, I had to pass it,  
at dead of night,  
and though it was dark  
I closed my eyes.

And its boughs rustled,  
as in calling;  
Come, friend, here to me,  
here you shall find peace.

Chill blasts blew  
full into my face,  
my hat flew from my head,  
I did not turn.

Now, many an hour  
from that place,  
still I hear it rustling:  
There would you peace!

**Death and the Maiden***Maiden:*

Go by, oh go by,  
harsh bony Death!  
I am still young. Go, my dear,  
and do not touch me.

*Death*

Give me your hand, you fair gentle thing.  
A friend I am and do not come to punish.  
Be of good cheer. I am not harsh.  
In my arms shall you sleep soft!

**The Double**

Still is the night. The streets are at rest.  
Here is the house where my loved-one  
lived; long it is, since she left the town  
Yet the house still stands  
where it did.

A man stands there too,  
staring up,  
wringing his hands  
in agony;  
horror grips me, as I see his face  
the moon shows me my own self.

Du Doppelgänger, du bleicher Geselle!  
Was äffst du nach mein Liebesleid,  
Das mich gequält auf dieser Stelle  
So manche Nacht, in alter Zeit?

**Der Musensohn**

*Johann Wolfgang Goethe*

Durch Feld und Wald zu schweifen,  
Mein Liedchen weg zu pfeifen,  
So geht's von Ort zu Ort!  
Und nach dem takte reget  
Und nach dem Mass beweget  
Sich alles an mir fort.

Ich kann sie kaum erwarten,  
Die erste Blum' im Garten,  
Die erste Blüt am Baum.  
Sie grüssen meine Lieder,  
Und kommt der Winter wieder,  
Sing ich noch jenen Traum.

Ich sing ihn in der Weite,  
Auf Eises Läng und Breite,  
Da blüht der Winter Schön!  
Auch diese Blüte schwindet,  
Und neue Freude findet  
Sich auf bebauten Höhn.

Denn wie ich bei der Linde  
Das junge Völkchen finde,  
Sogleich erreg ich sie.  
Der stumpfe Bursche blät sich,  
Das steife Mädchen dreht sich  
Nach meiner Melodie.

Ihr gebt den Sohlen Flügel  
Und treibt durch Tal und Hügel  
Den Liebling weit vom Haus,  
Ihr lieben, holden Musen,  
Wann ruh ich ihr am Busen  
Auch endlich wieder aus?

Double! Pale companion!  
Why do you ape the torment of love  
that I suffered here  
so many a night in time past?

**Son of the Muses**

Through field and forest  
piping my song,  
is how I roam from place to place!  
And the whole world keeps time,  
and moves in rhythm with me.

Impatiently I await  
the first bloom in the garden,  
the first blossom on the tree.  
I greet them in my songs,  
and when winter returns,  
I still sing of them as a dream.

Far and wide I sing them,  
throughout the icy realm,  
Then winter blossoms fair!  
That flowering, too, passes,  
and new delight is found  
in the villages of the hills.

For when, by the lime tree,  
on young folk I chance,  
I rouse them in a trice.  
The bumpkin puffs his chest out,  
the prim maiden twirls  
in time to my melody.

You wing your favorite's feet,  
and over hill and dale  
drive him far from home.  
Dear, kindly Muses,  
when, on her bosom,  
shall I at last again find rest?

**II.**

Sean Daniel was one of many important and inspirational people in my life. He was my principle teacher/mentor during doctoral studies at the University of Oklahoma. Trust me, without his calm demeanor, motivation, and gentle but persistent encouragement, I would have never completed the degree program.

Professor Daniel was a captivating recitalist whose specialty was French *Mémoires*. He was also a successful painter, an avid golfer, and a terrific teacher. Those in his studio always looked up to him. After all, he was 6'7" tall! He developed a close personal and professional relationship with Gerard Souzay and Dalton Baldwin. In the 1980's, Sean made a recording of French music accompanied by Dalton Baldwin and coached by Gerard Souzay.

Sean encouraged me to sing more French literature. I had a tendency to sing a great deal of German repertoire, with a special fondness for Mahler. Sean jokingly would pronounce Mahler with a French accent, *Malheur*: the double entendre dutifully noted! The selections presented on tonight's program are among those heard on Sean's recording and ones in which I coached with him.

### Clair de lune

*Paul Verlaine*

Votre âme est un paysage choisi  
Que vont charmants masques et  
bergamasques,  
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi  
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques!  
Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur,  
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,

Ils not pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur

Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune!  
Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,  
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres,  
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,  
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les  
marbres.

### Au Cimetière

*Jean Richepin*

Heureux qui meurt ici,  
Ainsi que les oiseaux des champs!  
Son corps, près des amis,  
Est mis dans l'herbe et dans les chants.  
Il dort d'un bon sommeil vermeil,  
Sous le ciel radieux.  
Tous ceux qu'il a connus, venus,  
Lui font de longs adieux.  
A sa croix les parents, pleurants,  
Restent agenouillés;  
Et ses os, sous les fleurs, de pleurs  
Son doucement mouillés.  
Chacun, sur le bois noir,  
Peut voir s'il était jeune ou non,  
Et peut, avec de vrais regrets,  
L'appeler par son nom.  
Combien plus malchanceux sont ceux  
Qui meurent à la mé.  
Et sous le flot profond  
S'en vont loin du pays aimé!  
Ah! pauvres! qui pour seuls linceuls  
Ont les goémons verts,  
Où l'on roule inconnu, tout nu,  
Et les yeux grands ouverts!

### Lamento

*Théophile Gautier*

Connaissez-vous la blanche tombe  
Où flotte avec un son plaintif  
L'ombre d'un if?  
Sur l'if une pâle colombe,  
Triste et seule au soleil couchant,  
Chante son chant.  
On dirait que l'âme éveillée  
Pleure sous terre à l'unison  
De la chanson,  
Et du malheur d'être oubliée  
Se plaint dans un roucoulement,  
Bien doucement.  
Ah! jamais plus près de la tombe

### Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape  
Where charming masqueraders and dancers  
are promenading,  
Playing the lute and dancing, and almost  
Sad beneath their fantastic disguises!  
While singing in the minor key  
Of triumphant love, and the opportunistic  
life,  
They seem not to believe in their happiness,  
And their song blends with the moonlight!  
The quiet moonlight, sad and lovely,  
Which sets the birds in the trees dreaming,  
And makes the fountains sob with ecstasy,  
The tall slim fountains among the marble  
statues.

### At the Cemetery

Happy he who dies here,  
Like the birds of the fields!  
His body, beside his friends,  
Is laid in the grass amidst the songs.  
He sleeps a good and rosy sleep,  
Under the radiant sky.  
All those he has known come  
To bid him a long good-bye.  
At his cross his relatives, weeping,  
Remain on their knees;  
And his bones, under the flowers, with  
Tears are gently moistened.  
On the black headboard everyone  
Can see if he was young or not,  
And can, with true regret,  
Call him by his name.  
How much more unfortunate are they  
Who die upon the seas,  
And under the deep wave  
Go far from the beloved land!  
Oh! Poor ones! Who for their only shroud  
Have the green seaweeds,  
Where they roll, unknown, unclothed,  
And with eyes wide open!

### Lament

Do you know the white tomb  
Where with a plaintive sound floats  
The shadow of a yew-tree?  
On the yew-tree a pale dove,  
Sad and alone in the setting sun,  
Sings its song.  
One would say that the awakened soul  
Weeps under the earth in unison  
With the song,  
And of the misfortunes of having been  
forgotten  
Complaints, cooing very softly.  
Oh! never more near the tomb

Je n'irai, quand descend le soir  
Au manteau noir,  
Ecouter la pâle colombe  
Chanter, sur la branche de l'if,  
Son chant plaintif!

Shall I go, when evening descends  
With its dark mantle,  
To hear the pale dove  
Sing, on the branch of the yew-tree,  
Its' plaintive song!

### III.

Although I have never performed the solo song literature of Benjamin Britten prior to this evening's concert, I have had the opportunity to sing the role of Judge Swallow in his operatic masterpiece, *Peter Grimes*, and Superintendent Budd in the comic opera, *Albert Herring*. I asked my friend, mentor, and Britten scholar, Dr. Richard G. Cox, to add a few words to these program notes.

*"A number of early twentieth-century composers published settings of folksongs, usually the folksongs of their native country or neighboring ones. Some composers, including Bartók and Vaughan Williams, actually went into the countryside and collected these tunes themselves. And in most cases the composer attempted to set the tunes in a way that reflected their national origins. Benjamin Britten did none of these things. He began working on settings of English folksongs while he was living in the United States at the beginning of the 1940s, perhaps out of some sense of homesickness. His settings however are harmonically and even to some extent rhythmically in his own style, not necessarily that of traditional English music."*

Britten composed six volumes of folksong settings between 1942 and 1960. "Down by the Salley Gardens" and "Oliver Cromwell" come from Volume I ("Folksongs of the British Isles"), written in 1942. The other three on tonight's program come from Volume III, composed in 1946. These songs were written as recital material to be performed by the composer accompanying his lifelong companion the great tenor Peter Pears. The two artists performed them many times in England, Western Europe, and the United States, often as encores but sometimes as final groups on a recital. They also made recordings of many of these songs.

A couple of comments on individual pieces: "Down by the Salley Gardens" has a poem by the great Irish poet William Butler Yeats and a tune which is not an actual folksong but was written by the Northern Irish composer Herbert Hughes. The word "Salley" is probably derived from "salix," the Latin name for the weeping willow. An early recording made by Britten and Pears of "The Foggy, Foggy Dew" caused great consternation on the part of Pears' uncle, who wrote to his nephew urging him to destroy all copies of the recording because of the evil influence it might have on the youth of England. We hope this evil influence will not manifest itself on any members of tonight's audience."

As we approach the year 2013 and the centennial celebration of Benjamin Britten's birth, let's raise a glass of cheer. Happy 100th Birthday, Sir Benjamin.

#### **The Miller of Dee**

There was a jolly miller once lived on the river Dee;  
He worked and sung from morn till night, no lark more blithe than he.  
And this the burden of his song for ever used to be,  
*I care for nobody, no, not I, since nobody cares for me.*  
*I love my mill, she is to me like parent, child and wife,*  
*I would not change my station for any other in life.*  
*Then push, push, push the bowl, my boys, and pass it round to me,*  
*The longer we sit here and drink, the merrier we shall be.*  
So sang the jolly miller who lived on the river Dee;  
He worked and sung from morn till night, no lark more blithe than he.  
And this the burden of his song for ever used to be,  
*I care for nobody, no, not I, since nobody cares for me.*

#### **The Foggy, Foggy Dew**

When I was a bachelor I lived all alone, and worked at the weaver's trade  
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong, was to woo a fair young maid.  
I wooed her in the winter time, and in the summer too.



And the only, only thing I did that was wrong, was to keep her from the foggy,  
foggy dew.

One night she came to my bedside when I lay fast asleep  
She laid her head upon my bed and she began to weep.  
She sighed, she cried, she damn' near died, she said: *What shall I do?*  
So I hauled her into bed and I covered up her head, just to keep her from the foggy,  
foggy dew.

Oh I am a bachelor and I live with my son, and we work at the weaver's trade.  
And ev'ry single time that I look into his eyes, he reminds me of the fair young maid.  
He reminds me of the winter time, and of the summer too.  
And of the many, many times that I held her in my arms, just to keep her from the foggy,  
foggy dew.

### **The Salley Gardens**

*W. B. Yeats*

Down by the Salley gardens my love and I did meet,  
She passed the Salley gardens with little snow white feet.  
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree,  
but I being young and foolish with her did not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,  
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow white hand;  
She bid me take life easy as the grass grows on the weirs,  
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

### **There's none to soothe**

There's none to soothe my soul to rest,  
There's none my load of grief to share  
Or wake to joy this lonely breast,  
Or light the gloom of dark despair.

The voice of joy no more can cheer,  
The look of love no more can warm  
Since mute for aye's that voice so dear,  
And closed that eye alone could charm.

### **Oliver Cromwell**

Oliver Cromwell lay buried and dead,  
Hee-haw buried and dead,  
There grew an old apple tree over his head,  
Hee-haw over his head.

The apples were ripe and ready to fall;  
Hee-haw ready to fall;  
there came an old woman to gather them all,  
Hee-haw gather them all.

Oliver rose and gave her a drop,  
Hee-haw gave her a drop,  
which made the old woman go hippety hop,  
Hee-haw hippety hop.

The saddle and bridle, they lie on the shelf,  
Hee-haw lie on the shelf,  
if you want any more you can sing it yourself  
Hee-haw sing it yourself!

#### IV.

The year 2013 marks another milestone birthday for one of worlds' greatest composers, Giuseppe Verdi. As opera companies around the world make plans to celebrate Verdi's 200th birthday, I thought I would begin the celebrations with one of his most renowned bass aria from *Don Carlo*. During the 30-plus years that I have been singing professionally, I have had the opportunity to perform in *Don Carlo*, *Falstaff* (Falstaff and Pistola), *La Traviata* (Marquis and Grenvil), *Rigoletto* (Marullo and Monterone), *Simon Boccanegra*, *Otello* (Montano), and *Aida* (King), a role that I will reprise in North Carolina Opera's up-coming production in the Spring.

*Don Carlo* is associated with Verdi's middle period of composition and is based on Schiller's dramatic tragedy of the same title. The remarkable soliloquy, *Ella giammai m'amo*, opens Act IV. King Phillip is alone in his chambers lamenting his lost love, his lost youth and his waning political power.

##### *Ella giammai m'amo*

Ella giammai m'amo!  
No! quel cor chiuso è a me,  
Amor per me non ha!  
Io le rivedo ancor  
Contemprar trista in volto  
Il mio crin bianco  
Il di che qui di Francia venne.

Ove son?  
Quei doppier presso a finir!  
L'aurora imbianca il mio veron  
Già spunta il di!  
Passar veggio i miei giorni lenti!  
Il sonno, o Dio,  
Spari da' miei occhi languenti.

Dormirò sol nel manto mio regal  
Quando la mia giornata è giunta a sera,  
Dormirò sol sotto la volta nera  
Dormirò sotto la volta nera,  
Là nell'avello dell' Escorial.

Se il serto regal a me desse il poter  
Di leggere nei cor  
Che Dio può sol veder!

Se dorme il prence,  
Veglia il traditore;  
Il serto perde il re,  
Il consorte l'onore!

Her love was never mine!  
No! Her heart is not mine,  
She has no love for me!  
I saw her once again  
As she sadly regarded  
My white beard,  
The day when he from France came with  
her.  
Where am I?  
The torches are almost out!  
The gallery is growing light  
The dawn is near!  
How soon will my days have vanished!  
Slumber, O God!  
From these weary eyes long was banished.

There I shall sleep in royal state alone,  
When of my days the twilight shall have  
ended.  
There in the dark I'll slumber unattended,  
In the Escorial's gloomy vault of stone.

Could my royal crown only lend me the  
might to read every heart,  
That God alone can see aright!

While the prince slumbers,  
The traitor is awake;  
The King shall lose his crown,  
And his consort her honor!

## *Meet the Artists*

**Donald Hartmann** has been described as possessing a, "big, rich voice with an amazing timbre;" interpretative abilities as "hearty and dramatic;" vocal resonance as "ringing," "sepulchral," "richly focused;" and "the rubberiest face since Jim 'Hey Vern' Varney." Having performed in over 125 operatic productions, in over 50 operas singing over 60 different roles, he is a commanding leading man and "one of the best character singers on any opera stage anywhere" (Opera News). Engagements have included appearances with Opéra de Montreal, Madison Opera, Toledo Opera, Opera Carolina, Michigan Opera Theater, Nashville Opera, Piedmont Opera, and as Dr. Bartolo in both *Le Nozze di Figaro* and *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* for Opera Delaware.

In April 2009, he created the role of Howard in the world premiere of Libby Larsen's most recent opera, *Picnic*. In 2011-2012, Donald Hartmann sang Zuniga in *Carmen* with the newly formed North Carolina Opera in Raleigh, the Commendatore in Piedmont Opera's production of *Don Giovanni*, and Zaretsky in *Eugene Onegin* with Opera Carolina. In 2012- 2013, Donald will appear as the Sacristan in *Tosca* for Opera Carolina and the King in *Aida* for North Carolina Opera.

A concert recitalist and oratorio soloist, Donald Hartmann has sung with the renowned Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Beethoven Symphony #9 with New Mexico Symphony, the Verdi Requiem with the Eastern Philharmonic, Peabody Symphony, Plymouth Symphony, and a benefit performance conducted by Neeme Järvi. Other engagements include the Mozart Requiem with the Greensboro Symphony, the Ann Arbor Symphony Orchestra; Brahms' A German Requiem; Duruflé Requiem; Handel's Messiah; Haydn's Lord Nelson Mass and The Seasons. Donald received his BM in Piano Performance, and MM in Vocal Performance from UNCG and the DMA from the University of Oklahoma, graduating with Honors. He is a Professor of Voice in the Department of Performance Studies.  
[www.DonaldHartmann.com](http://www.DonaldHartmann.com)

**Nancy Davis**, a much sought-after accompanist, is known for offering a varied palette of colors and flare. Performing an average of 50 concerts a year, she has been heard on WFMT Radio in Chicago; in Wooster, Ohio as part of the First Friday concert series; in New York recitals with Phyllis Tektonidis and Edward Bach, with whom she has released a CD entitled *Contrast*; and in the North Carolina area with University of North Carolina-Greensboro faculty Randy Kohlenberg, Dennis AsKew, Deborah Egekvist, Donald Hartmann, and Lavone Tobin-Scott. A new CD project featuring Bach and Davis in sacred arrangements for trumpet and piano (*Glory to the Lord, My Shepherd*) was released in fall 2010. In addition, she has been actively involved in a number of other premieres: Vagn Holmboe's Sonata for Trombone and Piano with Carsten Svanberg, trombone; Sonata for Trombone and Piano by Eddie Bass, with Daniel Rice, trombone; and multiple premieres of works by David Gillingham. Mrs. Davis has participated in masterclasses with Martin Katz, Jean Barr, Barbara Lister-Sink, Julie DeRoches, Raaf Hekkema, Johnathan Helton, and Eugene Rousseau.

Mrs. Davis is one half of the duo piano team, *Music By Two*, with pianist Sharon Johnson. The duo has been heard in recitals on WFMT Radio in Chicago, at The Library of Congress, University of Maryland, University of North Carolina-Greensboro, Houghton College (New York), and the First Friday Series in Wooster, Ohio. *Music By Two* will release their first CD, *American Landscapes*, late this fall (2012).

Mrs. Davis received both the Bachelor of Music and the Master of Music in Piano Performance from the University of North Carolina-Greensboro. Her teachers have included Marvin Blickenstaff and George Kiorpes. She recently served as faculty/staff pianist for the UNCG School of Music as the Collaborative Artist in the choral department.