



---

**The University of Georgia**

---

**Hugh Hodgson School of Music**

**Doctoral Conducting Recital**

**Gregory W. Brown, *conductor***

**University of Georgia Concert Choir**  
**Allen Crowell, *director***  
**Ruth Fung, *keyboards***

8:00 pm

Monday, November 21, 2005

Ramsey Concert Hall

Performing Arts Center

Athens, GA

**Gregory W. Brown, conductor**  
**University of Georgia Concert Choir**  
**Allen Crowell, director**  
**Ruth Fung, keyboards**

**Monday, November 21, 2005**

**8:00 pm, Ramsey Concert Hall**

---

Selections from *The Harmony of Maine* (1794) Supply Belcher  
(1751–1836)  
1. Ecstasy  
2. Hallowell  
3. Plentitude  
4. Invitation

Lobet den Herrn, alle Heiden BWV 230 (ca. 1720's) J. S. Bach  
(1685–1750)  
1. Lobet den Herrn, alle Heiden  
2. Alleluja  
Ruth Fung, *organ*, Martin Gueorguiev, *cello*

*Drei Volkslieder* op. 49 (1948) Arnold Schoenberg  
(1874–1951)  
1. Es gingen zwei Gespielen gut  
2. Der Mai tritt ein mit Freuden  
3. Mein Herz in steten Treuen

Serenade to Music (1938) Ralph Vaughan Williams  
(1872–1958)  
Youngsook Oh, *soprano*, Augustus Godbee, *tenor*, Joseph Hitchcock, *tenor*,  
Russell Andrade, *tenor*, D. J. McIver, *tenor*, Dayna Koehn, *soprano*,  
Kelly Taft, *soprano*, Justin Nix, *baritone*, Benjamin DuPriest, *bass*,  
Joseph Hitchcock, *baritone*, Justin Birdsong, *baritone*, Mark Chilla, *bass*,  
Jamie George, *mezzo soprano*, Kathryn Sabol, *mezzo soprano*,  
Julia Butler-Mayes, *mezzo soprano*, Kelly Taft, *soprano*, Sarah Patsios, *alto*,  
Youngsook Oh, *soprano*

Selections from the Fernando Lopes-Graça  
(1906–1994)  
*Canções Regionais Portuguesas*  
1. O videira da trabona (1988)  
Charlotte Poss, *soprano*, David Gresham, *tenor*  
2. Agora, no São João (1954/58)  
Kelly Taft, Dayna Koehn, *soprano*  
Stephanie Mundy, *alto*, David Gresham, *tenor*  
3. As ricas saís são estas (1977)  
Kelly Taft, Dayna Koehn, *soprano*  
David Gresham, Myers Boicourt, *tenor*

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree Doctoral of Musical Arts in Conducting. Mr. Brown is a student of Professor Allen Crowell.*

*Organ courtesy of Widener and Company.*

## Program Notes . . .

New England composer **Supply Belcher** spent his early life in and around Boston, Massachusetts. As a tavern owner and host of many ‘sings’ he was likely to have been personally acquainted with the better known composer William Billings, although we have no proof of this. In 1785 Belcher moved away from the cultural center of the Boston Bay to the wilderness of Maine, a wilderness then still considered a district of Massachusetts. He eventually settled his family in Sandy River Township (now Farmington) in 1791 and became known as the town politician, teacher, musician, and even (on occasion) doctor. A 1796 performance of his works at Hallowell Academy earned him the nickname “the Handell [*sic*] of Maine” from the local newspaper.

The first three works presented this evening fall within the hymn style common in New England in the late 18th Century. What sets these works slightly apart, however, are the many instances in which the vocal lines follow a melodic logic that leads the ensemble into awkward harmonic areas and vertical clashes of a quality and degree not often seen in contemporary works. Another idiosyncratic aspect Belcher’s music is its rhythmic vitality, particularly evident in his use of the so-called ‘scotch-snap’ (an accented short note followed by a long one). The last of the four works is unusual even for Belcher and might best be described as a sort of backwoods madrigal, replete with charming word-painting and mild double entendre.

The authenticity of **Johann Sebastian Bach**’s motet *Lobet den Herrn, alle Heiden* has been viewed at times with some skepticism with regards to its authorship and/or original context. The first known edition of the piece dates from well after Bach’s death [Breitkopf (1821)] and is based on a now lost manuscript. Furthermore, some scholars note the piece’s relative dissimilarity to the other acknowledged motets of Bach. Despite these doubts, *Lobet den Herrn, alle Heiden* is now considered to be a genuine work of J.S. Bach, though many will admit the possibility that it is actually a portion of a lost cantata, rather than a motet.

The motet begins with two fugal sections that then combine into a loose double fugue, leading to a passage with broader lines in a more homophonic setting with many suspensions. The movement closes with another passage of counterpoint that cadences for a brief moment before commencing the short Alleluja which closes the piece.

**Arnold Schoenberg** is best known for his dodecaphonic compositions, but the *Drei Volkslieder* op. 49 does not fall into this category. The origins of these three settings can be traced back to the work of Carl Lütje, who gave Schoenberg the melodies and texts to many folk tunes in 1928. Schoenberg took four of these tunes and set them for voice and piano, shortly thereafter setting three others for chorus. In 1948, he returned to the original piano vocal settings and set three of them for chorus under the opus number 49.

The pieces display a rich polyphonic texture within a modal or perhaps ‘extended tonal’ harmonic language. Formally, the pieces display a marked simplicity, with the second and third settings set strophically. The first setting

is slightly more complex formally and consists of six verses set as paired strophes, each pair acting as a sort of ‘developing variation’ on the previous pair. The third setting, *Mein Herz in steten Treuen*, sets the melody as a cantus-firmus which is closely harmonized with motivically generated counterpoint. The modal sense and strophic setting contrast wonderfully with the rich harmony and finely wrought counterpoint, to create a set of pieces that are both clearly based on the models of the past and comfortably within the realm of the late Romantic.

**Ralph Vaughan Williams’** *Serenade to Music* was composed for the 1938 celebration of conductor Sir Henry J. Wood’s fifty years of professional conducting. The concert took place at the Royal Albert Hall and featured (among other things) Sergei Rachmaninov performing his own Second Concerto. The *Serenade to Music* was specifically tailored for sixteen well known British singers and features small solos for each singer. The text chosen for the work comes from the fifth act of William Shakespeare’s *The Merchant of Venice*, which begins with the lovers Lorenzo and Jessica sitting and enjoying the stillness of the Belmont night just prior to Portia and Nerissa’s return from Venice. This scene presents a contrast to Act IV’s hectic happenings in Venice, most notably the trial of Antonio with its infamous “pound of flesh.” This moment of quietude and soft music serves as the perfect companion for Vaughan Williams’ inspired vocal writing.

Though revered within Portugal, the vast body of **Fernando Lopes-Graça’s** work as a performer, teacher, critic, and composer is largely unknown to the rest of the world. The selections presented here represent only a small fraction of the *Canções Regionais Portuguesas* [Regional Portuguese Songs], a work containing over 240 harmonizations of Portuguese folk tunes. The works are grouped into 24 volumes compiled for the *Coro do Academia da Amadores da Música*, an amateur group in Lisbon that Lopes-Graça conducted for over 40 years. It is quite possible that the performances here tonight represent the first performance of these selections in the United States.

Most of the songs in the collection feature simple melodies treated in a wide variety of musical languages. Lopes-Graça was a follower of Béla Bartók, whose influence can be heard in some of the settings. *O vidiera da trabona* is a song from Trás-os-Montes, a region in the far northern mountainous region of Portugal. The name Trás-os-Montes literally translates to ‘behind the mountains’ and well describes the area’s isolation, a feature that has served to keep the population of this region (as well as their folk songs and traditions) relatively unchanged well into the twentieth century. *Agora, no São João* comes from the Minho region in the northwest corner of Portugal. Best known as the home of *Vinho Verde* (‘green wine’), Minho is a lush agricultural area, rich in grapes, corn, potatoes and other produce. The song presents a repetition of a single melodic idea set in four different ways and then repeated for the second verse. A short coda completes the work. As *ricas saís são estas* comes from the Alentejo region of central-southern Portugal, which is known for its wheat production. Lopes-Graça’s setting of the tune employs much parallel motion as it evokes the sense of spinning that lies in the song’s text.

## Texts and Translations . . .

*Lobet den Herrn, alle Heiden*  
Psalm 117: 1, 2a

*Lobet den Herrn, alle Heiden,  
und preiset ihn, alle Völker!  
Denn seine Gnade und Wahrheit  
waltet über uns in Ewigkeit.  
Alleluja.*

Praise the Lord, all you nations,  
and praise Him, all you people!  
For His grace and truth  
reign over us forevermore.  
Alleluia.

*trans.* Gordon Paine

### *Drei Volkslieder*

*1. Es gingen zwei Gespielen gut  
wohl üb'r ein Au, war grüne;  
die eine führt ein frischen Mut,  
die andre trauret sehre.*

### Three Folksongs

1. Two playmates walked across a field  
A pasture rich and green;  
One full of cheer, of spirit high  
The other full of sorrow.

*“Gespiele, liebste Gespiele mein,  
was traurest du so sehre?”  
“Wir zwei, wir han ein Knaben lieb;  
draus könn'n wir uns nicht teilen.”*

“My friend, oh dearest friend of mine,  
Why are you full of sorrow?”  
“We both do love a boy, so dear,  
Who we can't split between us.”

*“Und han wir zwei ein Knaben lieb,  
hilf Gott, was soll draus werden?”  
“So nimm du meines Vaters Gut,  
dazu mein Bruder zu eigen.”*

“And since we both do love one boy  
Dear Lord, where should this lead us?”  
“Then call your own my father's wealth  
And take my brother, too.”

*Der Knab unter ein Linden stund,  
er hört der Red ein Ende.  
“Hilfreiche Christ im Himmel hoch,  
zu welcher soll ich mich wenden?”*

The boy stood under a linden tree  
And heard their final words.  
“Christ, Lord of mercy, send your help,  
Who should I give my heart?”

*“Ich will die Reiche fahren lan,  
will b'halten die Säuberliche.  
Wir zwei, wir sind noch jung und  
stark,  
groß Gut wollen wir erwerben.”*

“The rich maid, I shall let her go  
And choose the poor, fair girl.  
We're both still young and full of  
strength  
Great wealth shall we acquire.”

*Gab ihr von Gold ein Ringelein  
an ihr schneeweißen Hände,  
“Sieh da, du feins brauns Mägdelein,  
von dir will ich nit wenden.”*

He slipped a little ring of gold  
Onto her snow-white hands,  
“Behold, you fine brown maid of mine,  
I'll never let you go.”

*(please wait to turn the page)*

2. Der Mai tritt ein mit Freuden,  
hinführt der Winter kalt;  
die Blümlein auf der Heiden  
blühen gar mannigfalt.

Ein edles Röslein zarte  
von roten Farben schön  
blüht in meins Herzen Garten;  
für all Blümlein ichs krön.

Für Silber und rot Golde,  
für Perlen, Edelstein  
bin ich dem Röslein holde,  
nichts Liebbers mag mir sein.

Ach Röslein, sei mein Wegwart,  
freundlichen ich dich bitt,  
mein Holderstock zu aller Fahrt,  
dazu Vergißmeinnicht.

3. Mein Herz in steten Treuen  
voll Hoffnung auf sie was,  
da sie mein Freud tut neuen  
heut und je länger je daß,  
Ihr Leib hat mich umfängen,  
wohin ich mich auch kehrt.  
Nach ihr steht mein Verlangen,  
all Sorge wär vergangen,  
hätt sie mir Gunst gewährt.

So bin ich sehr verführet  
durch ihre klugen Wort,  
mein Herz ohn Zweifel spüret,  
daß sie die Wahrheit spart  
zu mir ohn mein Verschulden,  
zwar ich es nie gedacht;  
es kommt von fremden Schulden,  
sollt ich ungnade dulden,  
ich hätt's in kleiner Acht.

Wie sie mir tat versprechen  
mit ihrem roten Mund,  
wollt sie ihr Lieb nicht schwächen,  
das tat sie wieder kund.  
Danach steht mein Beginnen  
und auch mein steter Mut;  
ich hoff, mir solls gelingen,  
die Zeit wohl hinzubringen,  
bis sie mein Willen tut.

2. Young May sets in with joy,  
Cold winter takes its leave;  
The heath is bathed in colors  
Of flowers manifold.

A little rose, so tender,  
So red and beautiful,  
Blooming in my heart's garden;  
My queen of every flower.

No silver or red gold,  
No pearls or precious stone  
Could ever match this flower,  
No dearer love I know.

Oh little rose, my guardian be,  
I humbly beg of you,  
My walking stick of elderwood,  
As well forget-me-not.

3. My heart forever faithful  
To her and full of hope,  
Since she my joy increases,  
Now, and I hope without end.  
Her love is always with me  
Wherever I may turn,  
Hers is my deepest yearning,  
All worries would have passed me  
If she had favored me.

She managed to seduce me  
With words so very wise,  
My heart quite clearly senses  
That she, without my fault,  
Withholds the truth from me,  
It never dawned on me;  
Not mine, but other's fault,  
Should I endure disgrace,  
I would not lose my faith.

With her red lips she promised  
That love she felt for me,  
A love as strong as ever,  
That's what she's always said.  
These words guide all my efforts,  
My steady mind as well;  
I hope I shall be able  
To pass the time serenely  
Until she's fully mine.

*Serenade to Music*

*The Merchant of Venice, Act V, scene i [Footnotes are taken from the Riverside Shakespeare.]*

[...]

LORENZO

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!  
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night  
**Become** the touches of sweet harmony. [*befit*]  
[Sit, Jessica.] Look how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:  
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still **quiring** to the young-eyed cherubins; [*singing in harmony*]  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But whilst this **muddy vesture of decay** [*i.e. mortal flesh*]  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. [*Enter Musicians*]  
Come, ho! and wake **Diana** with a hymn! [*here the moon goddess*]  
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,  
And draw her home with music. [*Musicians play*]

JESSICA

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

LORENZO

The reason is, your spirits are attentive:[...]  
The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night  
And his affections dark as **Erebus**: [*the hell of classical mythology*]  
Let no such man be trusted. [*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA*]

PORTIA

[...] Music! Hark!

NERISSA

It is your music, [madam], of the house.

PORTIA

[...] Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

NERISSA

Silence bestows that virtue on it, [madam.]

PORTIA

[...]How many things by season season'd are  
To their right praise and true perfection!  
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with **Endymion**  
[*a shepherd loved by the moon goddess, who caused him to be cast  
into a perpetual sleep in a cave on Mount Latmos.*]  
And would not be awaked. [*Music ceases*]

[...]

(please wait to turn the page)

Selections from *Canções Regionais Portuguesas*

1. *Ó videira da trabona,  
Deita vides, deita vides ao altare;  
Que sala tão espaciosa  
P'ró menino passeare.*

2. *Agora, no São João,  
É o tomar dos amores;  
'Stão os linhos pelos campos,  
Toda a terra tem flores.*

*No altar de São João,  
Nascem rosas amarelas;  
São João subiu ao céu,  
A pedir pelas donzelas.*

3. *As ricas saias são estas,  
As que mais bonitas são  
São estas as que se dançam  
Na noite de São João.*

*As moças do Alentejo,  
Em noites em que há luar,  
As nossas saias bordadas  
Não se cansam de dançar.*

*Quem a Portugal vier  
E não dançar esta moda,  
Não fica fazendo ideia  
Do que é a dança de roda.*

1. The grapevine of *trabona*  
Sends its shoots up to the altar;  
What a spacious room  
For the little boy to take a few steps.

2. Now, at the time of St. John's feast,  
Is when you fall in love;  
The fields are covered in flax,  
All of the earth has flowers.

On the altar of St. John,  
Yellow roses grow up;  
St. John ascended up to heaven,  
To petition on behalf of the maidens.

3. These are the beautiful skirts,  
These are the ones that are the most beautiful  
Because these are the skirts that dance  
On the night of St. John.

The girls of Alentejo,  
On nights when there is moonlight,  
In our embroidered skirts,  
Do not tire of dancing.

Whoever comes to Portugal  
And doesn't dance to this song,  
Won't have any idea  
What it is to dance the round dance.

**University of Georgia Concert Choir**, Prof. Allen Crowell, *director*

**Soprano**

Jamie Elizabeth George  
Lauren Elyse Haymore  
Dayna Koehn  
Youngsook Oh  
Kelli Ann Parker  
Cora Suzanne Palfy  
Charlotte Alice A. Poss  
Kathryn Ryan Sabol  
Katharine Solms  
Kelly Diane Taft

**Alto**

Bronwyn Averett  
Mallory Butler  
Julia McLean Butler-Mayes  
Allye Gray Gibbons  
Elizabeth Ramey Hargrett  
Colette Hartman  
Stephanie Mundy  
Sarah Patsios  
Liz Roach

**Tenor**

Russell Andrade  
John Myers Boicourt  
C. Augustus Godbee  
David Gresham  
Rand Lines  
DJ McIver  
Nigel Traylor

**Bass**

Justin Travis Birdsong  
Jeffrey Brumeloe  
Robert E. Carroll III  
Mark J. Chilla  
Wayne Kirby Duncan, Jr.  
Benjamin DuPriest  
Andrew Frazier  
Patrick Henry  
Joseph C. Hitchcock  
Benjamin Lars Johnson  
Yannick Morgan  
Justin Nix  
Christopher Bryant Williams