UNLV
UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA LAS VEGAS
College of Fine Arts - Department of Music
Proudly Welcomes
Special Guest Artists

Jessica Rivera,
soprano
with
Maryanne Kim,
piano
Todd Palmer,
clarinet

Wednesday Evening
February 25, 2008 7:30PM
Doc Rando Recital Hall
Beam Music Center, Room 118
4505 Maryland Parkway

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA LAS VEGAS
Hermit Songs, Op. 29

I. At Saint Patrick's Purgatory
II. Church Bell at Night
III. Saint Ita's Vision
IV. The Heavenly Banquet
V. The Crucifixion
VI. Sea-snatch
VII. Promiscuity
VIII. The Monk and his Cat
IX. The Praises of God
X. The Desire for Hermitage

Canlar de los Cantares

Part I
Part II

with Todd Palmer, clarinet

INTERMISSION

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen, D. 965
(The Shepherd on the Rock)

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

with Todd Palmer, clarinet

Ariettes oubliées, L. 60

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

I. C'est l'extase langoureuse
II. Il pleure dans mon cœur
III. L'ombre des arbres
IV. Chevaux de bois
V. Green
VI. Spleen

**PROGRAM SUBJECT TO CHANGE**

Ms. Rivera appears by arrangement with IMG Artists
Carnegie Hall Tower 152 West 57th Street, New York, NY 10019

www.imgartists.com
www.jessicarivera.com

JESSICA RIVERA

Jessica Rivera is quickly establishing herself as one of the most creatively inspired vocal artists of her generation. She made her acclaimed Santa Fe Opera debut in the summer of 2005 as Nuria in the world premiere of the revised edition of Osvaldo Golijov's Ainadamar. She reprised the role for the 2007 Grammy Award-winning Deutsche Grammophon recording with the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra under Robert Spano, and in the Peter Sellars staging at Lincoln Center in January 2006, as well as in performances at the Barbican Centre, and the Ojai and Ravinia Festivals. The artist's first performances of Margarita Xirgu in Ainadamar, a role created by Dawn Upshaw, occurred in the summer of 2007 at the Colorado Music Festival under the baton of Michael Christie.

Ms. Rivera joins the roster of the Metropolitan Opera in the current season for its new production of Doctor Atomic under the direction of Alan Gilbert. Other engagements of 2008-09 include concert performances of Doctor Atomic with Robert Spano and the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra, El Niño with David Robertson and the Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra, excerpts from Nixon in China with the Pittsburgh Symphony under the direction of John Adams, and A Flowering Tree with both the Tokyo Symphony Orchestra and the Los Angeles Philharmonic. She joins Miguel Harth-Bedoya and the Fort Worth Symphony as well as Michael Christie and the Phoenix Symphony for Mahler's Symphony No. 4, and appears as Micaëla in a concert performance of Carmen with Bramwell Tovey and the Los Angeles Philharmonic. Ms. Rivera also tours Spain in performances of Osvaldo Golijov's celebrated La Pasion según San Marcos with the Schola Cantorum de Caracas.

Ms. Rivera holds numerous titles of distinction including finalist awards in Plácido Domingo's 2004 Operalia World Opera Contest, the 2003 Metropolitan Opera National Council, the 2002 Monte-Carlo Voice Masters Competition, the 2002 Loren L. Zachary Competition and Young Artist of the Year - First Place Winner by NATS, Los Angeles chapter. She received a Master of Music in Vocal Arts from the USC Thornton School of Music, and a BA in Music from Pepperdine University.
MARYANNE KIM

Dr. Maryanne Kim, pianist and harpsichordist, is an active soloist and collaborative artist and has performed throughout the United States as well as in Canada, China and South Korea. She regularly performed with Musica Angelica, a Los Angeles based early music ensemble group, in various chamber music and orchestral concerts on the harpsichord and organ. Ms. Kim was awarded “Performer of the Year” by the Beverly Hills Outlook, which described her playing as “perfectly translucent, altogether exceptional and her solo moment was a thrilling and unforgettable tour de force.” In August of 2006, she premiered Ian Krouse’s song cycle, Invocation, with soprano Jessica Rivera in Los Angeles.

Born in Seoul, Korea, Maryanne Kim received her Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of California Los Angeles, graduating valedictorian in the School of Arts and Architecture. She also received her Master of Arts degree from the University of Michigan in Vocal Accompanying and Chamber Music. In 2007, she received her DMA from the Thornton School of Music at University of Southern California in Keyboard Collaborative Arts where she received the Koldofsky Scholarship and teaching assistantship. Her principal teachers include Alan Smith, Martin Katz and Ick Choo Moon.

During the 2005-2006 academic year, Ms. Kim was a full time lecturer at California State University of Bakersfield, and taught courses in theory, studio piano, accompanying and chamber music while taking an active part in the opera workshop as a coach/pianist. She has also worked as a coach and performed with Opera Idaho and as a staff pianist with San Francisco State University, Glendale City College and the Los Angeles Children’s Chorus, among others. Ms. Kim currently resides in Las Vegas, Nevada with her husband and son.

TODD PALMER

Having been involved in an array of creative and artistic presentations throughout his career, clarinetist Todd Palmer has appeared as soloist, collaborative artist, educator, and arranger in a variety of musical endeavors around the world. He has performed with the orchestras of Houston, Atlanta, St. Paul, Cincinnati, Montréal, and BBC Scotland, and with many of the world’s finest string ensembles, including the St. Lawrence, Brentano, Daedalus, Pacifica and Ying quartets. Alongside Ms. Rivera, Palmer has performed with sopranos Kathleen Battle, Renée Fleming, and Dawn Upshaw. He also appeared in the world premiere of Ricky Gordon’s Orpheus and Euridice with Elizabeth Futral at Lincoln Center in 2005. This work was released on Ghostlight Records, featuring the artists for whom it was written.

Since winning the Young Concert Artist International Auditions, Mr. Palmer has appeared in forty-eight states, Asia, Europe, and South and Central America. Mr. Palmer also works closely with composer Osvaldo Golijov and is regarded as the champion of his klezmer clarinet quintet, The Dreams and Prayers of Isaac the Blind. Palmer’s recording of this work with the St. Lawrence Quartet became a top-selling disc of 2002 and received two Grammy nominations in addition to the Netherlands’ Classical Prelude Award. More recently, Palmer gave the world premiere of David Bruce’s Gumboots at Zankel Hall with the St. Lawrence Quartet.

He has been a participant for fourteen years at Charleston South Carolina’s Spoleto Festival and for ten years as a member of the touring group, Spoleto Chamber Music. He has also attended Ravinia, Caramoor, Bridgehampton, El Paso, Portland, Vancouver and Marlboro Music festivals and received the Leonard Bernstein Fellowship while a performer at Tanglewood. He has held principal positions in the Minnesota and Orpheus Chamber orchestras, the Gotham Chamber Opera, and the Grand Teton Festival. Currently, he is principal in the Lincoln Center revival of Rodgers & Hammerstein’s South Pacific.

Many of Palmer’s arrangements have been performed throughout the country, including chamber versions of Debussy’s Première Rhapsodie, Weber’s Invitation to the Dance, and two suites from André Messager’s ballet, The Two Pigeons.

Recordings on EMI, DG, Koch and Ghostlight Records.
I. At Saint Patrick's Purgatory

13th century; after an anonymous Irish author. Translation by Sean O'Faolain, from *The Silver Branch*

Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg!
O King of the churches and the bells
Bewailing your sores and your wounds,
But not a tear can I squeeze from my eyes!
Not moisten an eye after so much sin!
Pity me, O King!
What shall I do with a heart that seeks only its own ease?
O only begotten Son by whom all men were made,
Who shunned not the death by three wounds,
Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg
And I with a heart not softer than stone!

II. Church Bell at Night

12th century; Translation by Howard Mumford James in *The Romanesque Lyric*

Sweet little bell, struck on a windy night,
I would liefer keep tryst with thee
Than be with a light and foolish woman

III. Saint Ita's Vision

Attributed to St. Ita, 8th Century; Translation, Chester Kallman

"I will take nothing from my Lord," said she,
"unless He gives me His Son from Heaven,
In the form of a Baby that I may nurse Him."
So that Christ came down to her
In the form of a Baby and then she said:
"Infant Jesus, at my breast,
Nothing in the world is true,
Save, O tiny nursling, You,
Infant Jesus, at my breast,
By my heart every night,
You I nurse are not
A churl but were begot
On Mary the Jewess by Heaven's Light.
Infant Jesus, at my breast,
What King is there but You who could
Give everlasting Good?
Wherefore I give my food.
Sing to Him, maidens, sing your best!
There is none that has such right
To your song as Heaven's King
Who every night
Is Infant Jesus at my breast.

IV. The Heavenly Banquet

Attributed to St. Brigid. 10th Century; Translation Sean O'Faolain in *The Silver Branch*

I would like to have the men of Heaven in my own house;
With vats of good cheer laid out for them.
I would like to have the three Marys, their fame is so great.
I would like people from every corner of Heaven.
I would like them to be cheerful in their drinking,
I would like to have Jesus sitting here among them.
I would like a great lake of beer for the King of Kings.
I would like to be watching Heaven's family
Drinking it through all eternity.

V. The Crucifixion

From *The Speckled Book*. 12th century; Translation by Howard Mumford Jones in *The Romanesque Lyric*

At the cry of the first bird
They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!
Never shall lament cease because of that.
It was like the parting of day from night.
Ah, sore was the suffering borne
By the body of Mary's Son,
But sorier still to Him was the grief
Which for His sake
Came upon His Mother.

VI. Sea-Snatch
8th-9th century; anonymous Irish author. Translated in Kenneth Jackson's A Celtic Miscellany
It has broken us, it has crushed us, it has drowned us,
O King of the starbright Kingdom of Heaven;
The wind has consumed us, swallowed us,
As timber is devoured by crimson fire from Heaven.
It has broken us, it has crushed us, it has drowned us,
O King of the starbright Kingdom of Heaven!

VII. Promiscuity
9th century; anonymous. Translated in Kenneth Jackson's A Celtic Miscellany
I do not know with whom Edan will sleep
But I do know that fair Edan will not sleep alone.

VIII. The Monk and His Cat
8th-9th century; Translated by W.H. Auden
Pangur, whit Pangur,
How happy we are
Alone together,
Scholar and cat.
Each has his own work to do daily;
For you it is hunting, for me study.
Your shining eye watches the wall;
My feeble eye is fixed on a book.
You rejoice when your claws
Entrap a mouse;
I rejoice when my mind
Fathoms a problem
Pleased with his own art,
Neither hinders the other;
Thus we live ever

Without tedium and envy.
Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are
Alone together,
Scholar and cat.

IX. The Praises of God
11th century; Translated by W.H. Auden
How foolish the man
Who does not raise
His voice and praise
With joyful words,
As he alone can,
Heaven's High king
To Whom the light birds
With no soul but air
All day, everywhere
Laudation sing.

X. The Desire for Hermitage
8th-9th century; Translation by Sean O'Faolain, from The Silver Branch
Ah! To be all alone in the little cell
With nobody near me;
Beloved that pilgrimage
Before the last pilgrimage to Death.
Singing the passing hours to cloudy Heaven;
Feeding upon dry bread
And water from the cold spring.
That will be an end to evil when I am alone
In a lovely little corner among tombs,
Far from the houses of the great.
Ah! To be all alone in the little cell,
To be alone, all alone:
Alone I came into the world,
Alone I shall go from it.
Cantar de los cantares
adaptado del Cantar de los cantares (versión Reina-Valera, 1960)
por Jessica Rivera y Ian Krouse

Primera Parte
Cantar de los cantares, el cual es de Salomón.

Mi amado descendió a su huerto, a las eras de las especias, para apacientar en los huertos, y para recoger los lírios.

¡Yo soy de mi amado, y mi amado es mío!

Levántate, Aquilón y ven, Austro; soplad en mi huerto, despírdanse sus aromas. Venga mi amado a su huerto, y córma de su dulce fruta.

¿O, si él me besara con besos de su boca! Porque mejores son tus amores que el vino. He comido mi panal y mi mel, mi vino y mi leche he bebido.

Como el manzano entre los árboles silvestres, así es mi amado entre los jóvenes; bajo la sombra del deseo me senté, y su fruto fue dulce a mi paladar.

¿Cuánto mejores que el vino tus amores, y el olor de tus ungüentos que todas las especias aromáticas! Me llevó a la casa del banquete, y su bandaera sobre mí fue amor. Su izquierda está debajo de mi cabeza y su derecha me abrace.

Mi amado habló, y me dijo: levántate, oh amiga mía, hermosa mía, y ven. Porque he aquí ha pasado el invierno, se ha mudado, la lluvia se fue; se han mostrado las flores en la tierra, el tiempo de la canción ha venido, y en nuestro país se ha oído la voz de la tortola.

Parte I
The song of songs, which is Solomon’s.

My beloved has gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies.

I am my beloved’s, and my beloved is mine!

Awake north wind; and come south wind; blow upon my garden, that the spices may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits.

Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, for your love is better than wine. I have eaten my honeycomb and my honey, I have drunk my wine and my milk.

As the apple tree among the trees of the forest, so is my beloved among the young men. In his shade I sat down and took great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.

How much better is your love than wine! And the fragrance of your perfume than any spice!

He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love. His left hand is under my head, and his right hand embraces me.

My beloved spoke, and said unto me, Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away. For behold, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;

the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the song has come, and the voice of the turtle dove is heard in our land.

Song of Songs
adapted from the Song of Songs by Jessica Rivera and Ian Krouse
English translation of the King James Version modified by Ian Krouse and Kristin Rothfuss

Paloma mía, que estás en los agujeros de la peña, en lo escondido de escarpados parajes, muéstrame tu rostro, hazme oír tu voz.

Segunda Parte
Huerto cerrado eres, hermana mía, esposa mía; fuente cerrada, fuente sellada.

Abríme, hermana mía, amiga mía; paloma mía, perfecta mía, porque mi cabeza está llena de rocío, mis cabellos de las gotas de la noche.

Mi amado metió su mano por la ventanilla, y mi corazón se conmovió dentro de mí. Yo me levanté para abrir a mi amado, y mis dedos mía, que corría sobre la manecilla del cerrojo.

Abrí yo a mi amado; su paladar, dulcísimo y todo él codiciable. Tal es mi amado, tal es mi amigo, oh doncellas de Jerusalén.

Huerto cerrado eres, hermana tuya, esposa tuya; fuente cerrada, fuente sellada.

Ponme como un sello sobre tu corazón, como una marca sobre tu brazo; porque fuerte es como la muerte el amor; duros como el Seol los celos; sus brasas, brasas de fuego, fuerte llamar.

¿Mi amado es mío, y yo suya!

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)
Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich stehe, In’s tiefe Tal hernieder seh’, Und singe.

Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Tal Schwingt sich empor der Widerhall Der Klöße. Je weiter meine Stimme dringt, Je heller sie mir wieder klingt Von unten.

O my dove, in the crevices of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see your expression, let me hear thy voice.

Part Two
A garden locked is my sister, my bride; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.

Open to me, my sister, my friend, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is drenched with dew, and my hair with the dampness of the night.

My beloved thrust his hand through the opening of the door, and my heart was moved for him. I arose to open to my beloved; my fingers with sweet-smelling myrrh, upon the handles of the lock.

I opened to my beloved; his mouth is full of sweetness: he is wholly desirable. This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.

A garden locked is your sister, your bride; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.

Set me as a seal upon your heart, as a seal upon your arm: for love is strong as death; jealousy is as severe as Sheol, its flashes are flashes of fire, the very flame of the Lord.

My beloved is mine, and I am his!
Ariettes oubliées (text by Paul Verlaine)

I. C'est l'extase langoureuse
C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
C'est vers les rameurs grises
Le chœur des petites voix.

My sweetheart dwells so far from me,
I hotly long with her to be
O'er yonder.

I. L'ombre des arbres
L'ombre des arbres dans la rivière embrumée
Meurt comme de la fumée,
Tandis qu'en l'air, parmi les ramures réelles,
Se plaignent les tourterelles.

The shadow of the trees in the misty river
fades and dies like smoke;
while above, among the real branches,
the doves are lamenting.

II. Il pleure dans mon cœur
Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville.
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur?

There is weeping in my heart
like the rain falling on the town.
What is this languor
that pervades my heart?

Oh, what a frail and fresh murmur!
It babbles and whispers,
That waving grass exhales.
You might say it were, under the bending stream,
The muffled sound of rolling pebbles.

Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s'écoeur.
Quoi! nulle trahison?
Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine,
De ne savoir pourquoi,
Sans amour et sans haine,
Mon cœur a tant de peine.

C'est la nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe
De gais buveurs, que leur soif affame.

Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,
while all around your turning
squints the sly pickpocket's eye—
turn to the sound of the victorious comet.

It is astonishing how it intoxicates you
to go around this way in a stupid circle,
nothing in your tummy and an ache in your head;
very sick and having lots of fun.

Turn, wooden horses, with no need
ever to use spurs
to command you to gallop around,
turn, turn, with no hope for hay.

And hurry, horses of their souls—
hear the supper bell already,
the night that is falling and chasing the troop
of merry drinkers, famished by their thirst.

Turn, turn! The velvet sky
is slowly clothed with golden stars.
The church bell tolls sadly.
Turn, to the happy sound of drums.
V. Green

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu’à vos yeux si beaux l’humile présent soit doux.

J’arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds reposée
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers;
Laissez-là s’apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.

VI. Spleen

Les roses étaient toutes rouges,
Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.
Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges,
Renaissent tous mes desespoirs.

Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre,
La mer trop verte et l’air trop doux;
Je crains toujours, ce qu’est d’attendre,
Quelque fuite atroce de vous!

Du houx à la feuille vernie,
Et du luisant buis je suis las,
Et de la campagne infinie,
Et de tout, fors de vous. Helas!

Here are some fruit, some flowers,
some leaves and some branches,
And then here is my heart, which beats
only for you.

Do not rip it up with your two white hands,
And may the humble present be sweet in your beautiful eyes!

I arrive all covered in dew,
Which the wind of morning comes to freeze on my forehead.

Suffer my fatigue as I repose at your feet,

Dreaming of dear instants that will refresh me.

On your young breast allow my head to rest,

Still ringing with your last kisses;

Let it calm itself after the pleasant tempest,

And let me sleep a little, since you are resting.

Around were all the roses red
The ivy all around was black.

Dear, so thou only move thine head,

Shall all mine old despairs awake!

Too blue, too tender was the sky,
The air too soft, too green the sea.

Always I fear, I know not why,

Some lamentable flight from thee.

I am so tired of holly-sprays
And weary of the bright box-tree,

Of all the endless country ways;

Of everything alas! save thee.
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