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Jonathan Mack
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CHAPMAN UNIVERSITY
School of Music

presents a

FACULTY RECITAL

Jonathan Mack, tenor

with guests

JoAnn Turovsky, harp

Alan Smith, piano

8:00 p.m. • March 4, 2003
Salmon Recital Hall

Music by Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Folksong Arrangements

Master Kilby
She's like the swallow
Bonny at morn
Lord, I married me a wife
Sweet Polly Oliver

Mr. Mack

Ms. Turovsky

The Holy Sonnets of John Donne, Op. 35

Oh my black Soule
Batter my Heart
O might those Sighs and Teares
Oh, to vex me
What if this present
Since she whom I loved
At the round Earth's imagined corners
Thou hast made me
Death be not proud

Mr. Mack

Mr. Smith

INTERMISSION

Canticle I, Op. 40

My Beloved Is Mine and I Am His

Mr. Mack

Mr. Smith

Canticle V, Op. 89

The Death of Saint Narcissus

Mr. Mack

Ms. Turovsky

Folksong Arrangements

Avenging and Bright
Sail on, Sail on
The Miller of Dee
The Brisk Young Widow
At the mid hour of night
The Sally Gardens
O the sight entrancing

Mr. Mack

Mr. Smith

FOLKSONG ARRANGEMENTS

Master Kilby

In the heat of the day when the sun shines so freely,
There I met Master Kilby, so fine and so gay.
Then I pulled off my hat and I bowed to the ground
And I said: "Master Kilby, pray where are you bound?"
"I am bound for the West, there in hopes to find the rest,
And in Nancy's soft bosom I will build a new nest.
And if I was the master of ten thousand pounds
All in gay gold and silver or in King William's crowns.
I would part with it all with my own heart so freely,
But it's all for the sake of my charming Nancy.
She's the fairest of girls, she's the choice of my own heart,
She is painted like wax-work in every part."

She's like the swallow

She's like the swallow that flies so high,
She's like the river that never runs dry,
She's like the sunshine on the lee shore,
I love my love and love is no more.
'Twas out in the garden this fair maid did go,
A picking the beautiful primrose;
The more she pluck'd the more she pulled
Until she got her apron full.
It's out of these roses she made a bed,
A stony pillow for her head.
She laid her down, no word did say,
Until this fair maid's heart did break.

Bonny at morn

The sheep's in the meadows, the kye's in the corn,
Thou's ower lang in thy bed, Bonny at morn.
Canny at night, bonny at morn,
Thou's ower lang in thy bed, Bonny at morn.
The bird's in the next, the trout's in the burn,
Thou hinders thy mother in many a turn.
Canny at night, bonny at morn,
Thou's ower lang in they bed, Bonny at morn.
We're all laid idle wi' keeping the bairn,
The lad win-not work And the las win-not lairn.
Canny at night, bonny at morn,
Thou's owner lang in they bed, Bonny at morn.

Lord! I married me a wife

Lord! Lord! Lord!

I married me a wife! wife! wife!

She gave me trouble all my life! life! life!

Made me work! work! work! work! work! in the cold rain and snow,
rain and snow, rain and snow.

Made me work in the cold rain and snow.

Lord! Lord! Lord! Lord!

Sweet Polly Oliver

As sweet Polly Oliver lay musing in bed,

A sudden strange fancy came in to her head.

"Nor father nor mother shall make me false prove,

I'll list as a soldier and follow my love."

So early next morning she softly arose,

And dressed herself up in her dead brother's clothes.

She cut her hair close, and she stained her face brown,

And went for a soldier to fair London Town.

Then up spoke the sergeant one day at his drill.

"Now who's good for nursing? A captain, he's ill."

"I'm ready," said Polly . . . to nurse him she's gone.

And finds it's her true love all wasted and wan.

The first week the doctor kept shaking his head,

"No nursing, young fellow, can save him," he said.

But when Polly Oliver had nursed him back to life,

He cried, "You have chrished him as if you were his wife."

O then Polly Oliver, she burst into tears,

And told the good doctor her hopes and her fears,

And very shortly after, for better or for worse,

The captain took joyfully his pretty soldier nurse.

THE HOLY SONNETS OF JOHN DONNE, OP. 35

Oh my blacke Soule!

Oh my blacke Soule! now thou art summoned

By sicknesse, death's herald, and champion;

Thou art like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done

Treason, and durst not turne to whence hee is fled,

Or like a thiefe, which tell death's doome be read,

Wisheth himselfe deliver'd from prison;

But damn'd and hal'd to execution,

Wisheth that still he might be imprisoned.

Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lacke'

But who shall give thee that grace to beginne?

Oh make thyselfe with holy mourning blacke,

And red with blushing, as thou are with sinne;

Or wash thee in Christ's blood, which hath this might

That being red, it dyes red soules to white.

Batter my heart

Batter my heart, three person'd God; for you
As yet but knocke, breathe, shine, and seeke to mend;
That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow me, and bend
Your force, to breake, blowe, burn and make me new.
I, like an usurpt towne, to another due,
Labour to admit you, but Oh, to no end,
Reason your viceroy in mee, mee should defend
But is captiv'd, and proves weake or untrue.
Yet dearly I love you and would be loved faine,
But am betroth'd unto your enemy;
Divorce mee, untie, or breake that knot againe,
Take mee to you, imprison mee, for I
Except you enthrall mee never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish mee.

Oh might those sighes and teares

Oh might those sighes and teares returne againe
Into my breast and eyes, which I have spent,
That I might in this holy discontent
Mourne with some fruit, as I have mourn'd in vaine;
In mine Idolatry what show'rs of rain
Mine eyes did waste? What griefs my heart did rent?

That sufferance was my sinne; now I repent
'Cause I did suffer, I must suffer paine.
Th'hydroptique drunkard, and night scouting thief,
The itchy lecher and self-tickling proud
Have the remembrance of past joyes, for relief
Of coming ills. To poore me is allow'd
No ease; for long, yet vehement grieve hath been
Th'effect and cause, the punishment and sinne.

Oh, to vex me

Oh, to vex me, contraries meet in one:
In constancy unnaturally hath begott
A constant habit; that when I would not
I change in vowes. and in devotione.
As humorous is my contritione
As my profane Love and as soone forgott:
As ridlingly distemper'd, cold and hott,
As praying, as mute; as infinite, as none.
I durst not view Heav'n yesterday; and today
In prayers, and flatt'ring speeches I court God:
Tomorrow I quake with true feare of his rod.
So my devout fitts come and go away,
Like a fantastique Ague: save that here
Those are my best dayes, when I shake with feare.

What if this present

What if this present were the world's last night?
Marke in my heart, O Soule, where thou dost dwell,
The picture of Christ crucified, and tell
Whether that countenance can thee affright,
Teares in his eyes quench the amazing light,
Blood fills his frownes, which from his pierc'd head fell.

And can that tongue adjudge thee into hell,
Which pray'd forgivenessse for his foes fierce spight?
No, no; but as in my Idolatrie
I said to all my profane mistrisses,
Beauty, of pity, foulennesse onely is
A sign of rigour; so I say to thee,
To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd,
This beauteous forme assures a piteous minde.

Since she whom I lov'd

Since she whom I lov'd hath pay'd her last debt
To Nature, and to hers, and my good is dead,
And her Soule early into heaven ravished,
Wholly on heavenly things my mind is sett.
Here the admyring her my mind did whett.
To seeke thee God; so streams do shewe their head;
But though I have found thee and thou my thirst hast fed,
A holy thirsty dropsy melts mee yett,
But why should I begg more love, when as thou
Dost wooe my soul for hers; off'ring all thine;
And dost not only feare lest I allow
My love to Saints and Angels, things divine,
But in thy tender jealousy dost doubt
Lest the world, Fleshe, yea, Devill putt thee out.

At the round earth's imagin'd corners

At the round earth's imagin'd corners, blow
Your trumpets, Angels, and arise, arise
From death, you numberless infinities
Of soules, and to your scatter'd bodies goe,
All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'er-throw,
All whom warre, dearth, age, agues, tyrannies,
Despaire, law, chance hath slaine, and you whose eyes
Shall behold God, and never taste death's woe.
But let them sleepe, Lord and mee mourne a space,
For, if above all these, my sinnes abound,
'Tis late to ask abundance of thy grace.
When we are there, here on this lowly ground,
Teach me how to repent; for that's as good
as if thou hadst seal'd my pardon, with thy blood.

About the Artists

Jonathan Mack graduated from the University of Southern California with degrees in French horn and voice. His career as a lyric tenor has taken him throughout the United States, Europe, and Australia as a recital, concert, and opera singer.

For four years, Mr. Mack lived in Germany with his family where he was the leading lyric tenor for the opera houses of Kiel and Dortmund. His guest engagements took him throughout West Germany and France.

Now in his seventeenth season with the Los Angeles Opera, Jonathan has performed over fifty roles, including Ferrando in Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, Kudrjas in Janacek's *Katya Kabanova*, Quint in Britten's *Turn of the Screw*, and Orpheus in Offenbach's *Orpheus in the Underworld*. Appearances with other companies include Belmont in Mozart's *Abduction* for Netherlands Opera, Lysander in Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* for Kentucky Opera, Bob Boles in Britten's *Peter Grimes* for Vancouver Opera, and the Steersman in Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* for Opera Columbus. Most recently he made his sixth appearance with the San Luis Obispo Mozart Festival singing Tamino in the *Magic Flute*. This season Mr. Mack appears in L.A. Opera's first production, Puccini's *Fanciulla del West*.

His concert work includes engagements with the London Symphony Orchestra, Chautauqua Festivals, the Carmel Bach Festival, the Los Angeles Philharmonic, and the Minnesota Orchestra with conductors including Giulini, Mehta, Previn, Boulez, Rattle, Hogwood, and Tilson-Thomas. Recent performances include a tour of the province of Quebec in Beethoven's ninth symphony with the Montreal Metropolitan and Frank Ticheli's *First Symphony* for Festival Miami which was nominated for a Pulitzer prize. He returns to Florida this summer for two weeks of concerts including Mozart's *Requiem*.

In demand as a studio singer, Jonathan can be heard on numerous soundtracks including *Jurassic Park*, *Amastid*, *Anastasia* and *Dinosaur*, and as a soloist on six recordings: Gagliano's *La Daphne* for ABC Records; choral lieder by Brahms and Schumann with the William Hall Chorale for Klavier Records; three recordings on the Nonesuch label: two with the Los Angeles Vocal Arts Ensemble of Brahms' *Liebeslieder Waltzes*, Rossini's *Sins of my Old Age*, and one with the Los Angeles Philharmonic under Andre Previn of William Kraft's *Contextures II*. Most recently on a Crystal CD, Mr. Mack recorded John Bigg's *Song of Laughter, Love, and Tears*.

Jonathan is on the voice faculty at the University of Southern California, Chapman University and Cal State University Long Beach.

Press quote: "He is instantly sympathetic, authoritative, and secure. He inflects every line with point and unexpected force, and he makes very word count. A sensitive actor, he is a musician of remarkable refinement and the owner of an extraordinarily pliant, sweet, and ever growing tenor."

Martin Bernheimer, *Los Angeles Times*

Joann Turovsky is principal harpist with the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, the Los Angeles Opera Orchestra, the Long Beach and Pasadena Symphonies, and is a member of the contemporary music ensemble XTET. She has been the Professor of Harp at the Thornton School of Music at the University of Southern California for the past 20 years. She is also on the faculty of the Colburn School of Performing Arts.

Ms. Turovsky has won numerous awards for both her solo and chamber repertoire interpretations. These include the first prize in the American Harp Society National Competition, Young Professional Division; first prize in the Coleman Competition for Chamber Music; prize winner at the Fifth International Harp Competition in Jerusalem, Israel; and numerous local awards from Mu Phi Epsilon, Sigma Alpha Iota, the Etude Music Club and the Young Musicians Foundation and is the Chairman of the American Harp Society National Competition.

Ms. Turovsky appears frequently as soloist with musical organizations throughout California and is busy in the motion picture and television industry. John Williams recently wrote a solo piece for her that was featured on the *Angela's Ashes* soundtrack. Her spare time is happily devoted to her cat and two border collies.

Alan Smith enjoys a reputation as one of the United States' most highly regarded figures in the field of collaborative artistry. His performing experiences have included associations in major musical venues with such musical personalities as bass-baritone, Thomas Stewart; soprano, Barbara Bonney; mezzo-soprano, Stephanie Blythe; violist, Donald McInnes; violinist, Eudice Shapiro; as well as the Los Angeles Chamber Virtuosi. Broadcasts of his performances, compositions and interviews have been aired on WQXR in New York City, KUSC in Los Angeles and North German Radio. His expertise and experience in song literature, chamber music and opera make him much sought after as an accompanist, coach, faculty colleague, teacher of master classes and adjudicator of area and international competitions. Dr. Smith serves as the director of the Keyboard Collaborative Arts Program at the Thornton School of Music of the University of Southern California, the oldest and largest program of its kind in the country. He has served for fourteen years as a member of the vocal coaching faculty at the Tanglewood Music Center in western Massachusetts, and has served as the Vocal Program Coordinator. His current and former students maintain important positions at Boston University, Baylor University, The Metropolitan Opera, Houston Grand Opera, Lyric Opera of Chicago, Los Angeles Opera, Sarasota Opera, Seoul National Conservatory, and the University of Southern California. Alan Smith's compositions for voice and piano have received performances in music centers on both the east and west coasts, including New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles and the Tanglewood Music Center. His latest commission was from the Tanglewood Music Center for a set of songs for a world premiere gala concert celebrating the eightieth birthday of American soprano, Phyllis Curtin. Dr. Smith is a contributor to *Piano and Keyboard* magazine and his articles and reviews on various aspects of collaborative artistry have appeared in the magazine, *The American Music Teacher*.

Thou hast made me

Thou hast made me, and shall thy work decay?
Repaire me now, for now mine end doth haste,
I runne to death, and death meets me as fast,
And all my pleasures are like yesterday;
I dare not move my dim eyes anyway,
Despaire behind, and death before doth cast
Such terror, and my feeble flesh doth waste
By sinne in it, which it t'wards Hell doth weigh;
Onely thou art above, and when t'wards thee
By thy leave I can looke, I rise againe;
But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
That not one houre myselfe I can sustaine;
Thy Grace may wing me to prevent his art,
And thou like Adamant draw mine iron heart.

Death be not proud

Death be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for, thou art not soe,
For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill mee.
From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do goe,
Rest of their bones, and souls deliverie.
Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings and desperate men,
And dost with poyson, warre, and sickness dwell,
And poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe as well
And better than thy stroake; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,
And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.

CANTICLE I, OP. 40 poem by Francis Quarles (after the *Song of Solomon*)

Ev'n like two little bank divided brooks
that wash the pebbles with their wanton streams
And having ranged and searched a thousand nooks
meet both at length at silver breasted Thames
Wherein a greater current they conjoin.
So I my best beloved's am, so he is mine!

Ev'n so we met and after long pursuit.
Ev'n so we joined, we both became entire.
No need for either to renew a suit for I was flax,
and he was flames of fire.
Our firm united souls did more than twine.
So I by best beloved's am, so he is mine.

If all those glittering monarchs,
that command the servile quarters of this earthly ball
Should tender in exchange their shares of land,
I would not change my fortunes for them all,
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin:
The world's but theirs; But my beloved's mine.

Nor time, nor place, nor chance, nor death
can bow my least desires, unto the least remove.
He's firmly mine by oath, I his by vow,
He's mine by faith, and I am his by love.
He's mine by water I am his by wine
Thus I my best beloved's am, Thus he is mine.

He is my altar, I his holy place.
I am his guest and he my living food.
I'm his by penitence, he mine by grace.
I'm his by purchase, his is mine by blood.
he's my supporting elm, and I his vine.
Thus I my best beloved's am, thus he is mine.

He gives me wealth, I give him all my vows.
I give him songs, he gives me length of days.
With wreaths of grace he crowns my longing brows.
And I his temples with a crown of praise which he accepts:
an everlasting sign
That I am my best beloved's am, that he is mine.

CANTICLE V: THE DEATH OF SAINT NARCISSUS poem by T.S. Eliot

Come under the shadow of this gray rock—
Come in under the shadow of this gray rock,
And I will show you something different from either
Your shadow sprawling over the sand at daybreak, or
Your shadow leaping behind the fire against the red rock:
I will show you his bloody cloth and limbs
And the gray shadow on his lips.

He walked once between the sea and the high cliffs
When the wind made him aware of his limbs smoothly passing each other
And of his arms crossed over his breast.
When he walked over the meadows
He was stifled and soothed by his own rhythm.
By the river
His eyes were aware of the pointed corners of his eyes
And his hands aware of the pointed tips of his fingers.

Struck down by such knowledge
He could not live men's ways, but became a dancer before God.
If he walked in city streets
He seemed to tread of faces, convulsive thighs and knees.
So he came out under the rock.

First he was sure that he had been a tree,
Twisting its branches among each other
And tangling its roots among each other.

Then he knew that he had been a fish
With slippery white belly held tight in his own fingers,
Writhing in his own clutch, his ancient beauty
Caught fast in the pink tips of his new beauty.

Then he had been a young girl
Caught in the woods by a drunken old man
Knowing at the end the taste of his own whiteness
The horror of his own smoothness,
And he felt drunken and old.

So he became a dancer to God.
Because his flesh was in love with the burning arrows
he danced on the hot sand
Until the arrows came.
As he embraced them his white skin surrendered itself to the redness of
blood, and satisfied him.
Now he is green, dry and stained
With the shadow in his mouth.

FOLKSONG ARRANGEMENTS

Avenging and Bright

texts by Thomas Moore

Avenging and bright fall the swift sword of Erin
On him who the brave sons of Usna betrayed!
For ev'ry fond eye which he waken'd a tear in.
A drop from his heart-wound shall weep o'er her blade.

By the red cloud which hung over Conner's dark dwelling,
When Ulad's three champions lay sleeping in gore
By the billows of war which so often high swelling.
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore!

We swear to avenge them! no joy shall be tasted.
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance be wreaked on the murderer's head!

Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall.
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes and affections.
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all.

Sail on, Sail on

text by Thomas Moore

Sail on, sail on, thou fearless bark,
Wherever blows the welcome wind;
It cannot lead to scenes more dark.
More sad than those we leave behind.

Sail on, sail on, through endless space,
Through calm, through tempest, stop no more.
The stormiest sea's a resting place
To him who leaves such hearts on shore.

Each smiling billow seems to say,
"Though death beneath our surface be,
Less cold we are, less false than they,
Whose smiling wrecked thy hopes and thee."

Or if some desert land we meet,
Where never yet false-hearted men
Profaned a world, that else were sweet,
Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

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 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 Brisk Young Widow

In Chester town there liv'd
A brisk young widow.
For beauty and fine clothes
None could excel her.
She was proper stout and tall,
Her fingers long and small,
She's a comely dame withall,
She's a brisk young widow.

A lover soon there came,
A brisk young farmer,
With his hat turn'd up all round,
Seeking to gain her.
"My dear, for love of you
This wide world I'd go through
If you will but prove true
You shall wed a farmer."

Says she: "I'm not for you
Nor no such fellow.
I'm for a lively lad
With lands and riches,
'Tis not your hogs and yowes
Can maintain furbelows,
My silk and satin clothes
Are all my glory."

"O madam, don't be coy
For all your glory.
For fear another day
And another story.
If the world on you should frown
Your top-knot must come down
To a Lindsey-woolsey gown.
Where is then your glory?"

At last there came that way
A sooty collier,
With his hat bent down all round,
He soon did gain her.
Whereat the farmer swore,
"The widow's mazed, I'm sure
I'll never court no more
A brisk young widow!"

At the Mid Hour of Night

text by Thomas Moore

At the mid hour of night when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we lov'd when life shone warm in thine eye;
And I think that if spirits can steal from the region of air,
To revisit past scenes of delight; thou wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remember'd even in the sky.

Then I'll sing the wild song, which once 'twas rapture to hear,
When our voices, both mingling, breathed like one on the ear,
And, as Echo far off thro' the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls
Faintly answering still the notes which once were so dear!

Down by the Sally Gardens

Down by the sally gardens my love and I did meet.
She passed the sally 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.

O the Sight Entrancing

text by Thomas Moore

O the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes in the gay wind dancing.
When hearts are all high beating,
And the trumpet's voice repeating
That song whose breath
May lead to death,
But never to retreating.
Then if a cloud comes over
The brow of sire or lover,
Think 'tis the shade
By vict'ry made,
Whose wings right o'er us hover.

Yet 'tis not helm or feather
For ask yon despot whether
His plumed bands
Could bring such hands
And hearts as ours together.
Leave poms to those who need 'em
Adorn but man with freedom,
And proud be braves
The gaudiest slaves
That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.
The sword may pierce the beaver,
Stone walls in time may sever,
'Tis mind alone,
Worth steel and stone,
That keeps men free for ever!