

PHOTOS BY M. SHARKEY STUDIO AND L. BRIAN STAUFFER



**NATHAN GUNN, BARITONE AND JULIE GUNN, PIANO  
WITH THE JUPITER STRING QUARTET**

Thursday, October 20, 2016, at 7:30pm  
Foellinger Great Hall

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# PROGRAM

## NATHAN GUNN, BARITONE AND JULIE GUNN, PIANO

### JUPITER STRING QUARTET

Nelson Lee, violin

Megan Freivogel, violin

Liz Freivogel, viola

Daniel McDonough, cello

*This performance will be presented with no intermission.*

Mark Adamo

(b. 1962)

*Aristotle* (2013)

Nathan Gunn, baritone

Jupiter String Quartet

Roger Quilter

(1877-1953)

*In the Highlands* (arr. Julie Gunn)

*Over the Land Is April* (arr. Julie Gunn)

Nathan Gunn, baritone

Julie Gunn, piano

Jupiter String Quartet

George Butterworth

(1885-1916)

*Six Songs from A Shropshire Lad* (1911)

Loveliest of trees

When I was one-and-twenty

Look not in my eyes

Think no more, lad

Is my team ploughing?

The lads in their hundreds

Nathan Gunn, baritone

Julie Gunn, piano

Joan Tower

(b. 1938)

*In Memory* (2002)

Jupiter String Quartet

Samuel Barber  
(1910-1981)

*Hermit Songs, Op. 29* (1953)  
At Saint Patrick's Purgatory  
Church Bell at Night  
Saint Ita's Vision  
The Heavenly Banquet  
The Crucifixion  
Sea-Snatch  
Promiscuity  
The Monk and His Cat  
The Praises of God  
The Desire for Hermitage  
Nathan Gunn, baritone  
Julie Gunn, piano

Ben Moore  
(b. 1960)

*Lake Isle of Innisfree* (arr. Julie Gunn)  
*When You Are Old* (arr. Julie Gunn)  
Nathan Gunn, baritone  
Julie Gunn, piano  
Jupiter String Quartet

Jennifer Higdon  
(b. 1962)

*Dooryard Bloom* (2005)  
Nathan Gunn, baritone  
Julie Gunn, piano  
Jupiter String Quartet

A co-presentation of Krannert Center and the School of Music



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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

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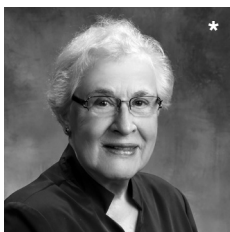
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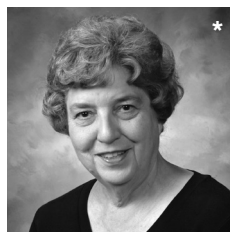
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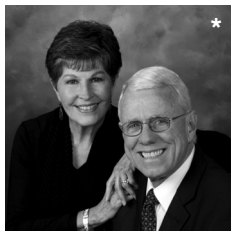


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# PROGRAM NOTES

The poet Billy Collins, one of America's most beloved writers, wrote a poem about the stages of life, called *Aristotle*. Typically funny, musical, and poignant, *Aristotle* traces the beginning, middle, and end of a life, with operatic, biblical, and poetic examples. We begin with this poem, set by Mark Adamo, as a sort of overture to the evening, introducing the phases of adolescence, mid-life struggle, and the "destination we cannot help imagining" that each of us experiences.

We begin and end with American poets: Collins, and the writer most associated with our national life, Walt Whitman. But the next poems are from Robert Louis Stevenson, who wrote *In the Highlands* and *Over the Land is April*, beautifully and nostalgically set by Roger Quilter. He speaks of his (imaginary) childhood in the highlands, where only important things happen: "Lo! for there, among the flowers and grasses, Only the mightier movement sounds and passes; Only winds and rivers, Life and death."

George Orwell once remarked, "In 1920, when I was about 17, I probably knew the whole of *A Shropshire Lad* by heart." Written by A.E. Housman, the texts of this collection, written in the late 19th century, came to express the feelings of a generation decimated by the First World War. George Butterworth, one of the most promising young British composers, set these poems to music in 1911. On the outbreak of World War I in 1914, he joined the Durham Light Infantry. He won the Military Cross and led a raid during the Battle of the Somme. The raid was successful, but Butterworth was killed by a sniper's bullet on

August 5, 1916. The poems lament the senselessness of war and the arbitrariness of young lives lost, but they also celebrate youth: "the lads that will die in their glory and never be old."

The more recent violence and heartbreak in our own country after the terror attacks on September 11, 2001, inspired American composer Joan Tower to write *In Memory*, her second String Quartet—a short but complex work addressing thoughts of death and loss, written in memory of an old friend. The piece was commissioned by, and is dedicated to, the Tokyo String Quartet, who first performed the piece in February 2002 at the 92nd Street Y, New York City.

Retreating from the struggle, we turn to Samuel Barber's settings of the writings of fifth-century Irish monks, who reflect on the world in an astonishing variety of ways: the amusing and short "Promiscuity," the tragic "Crucifixion," and at the heart of it, the desire for hermitage: "Alone I came into the world, alone I shall go from it." Along the way the monks praise beer, cats, and the Holy Family in what seems almost a microcosm of the larger world.

A more famous Irish poet, William Butler Yeats, also speaks of withdrawal as a metaphor for death in his *Lake Isle of Innisfree*. His peaceful cottage on the lake is always inside him: "While I stand on the roadway or on the pavements grey, I hear it in the deep heart's core." Ben Moore has set this poem and its equally famous sibling *When you are old* in a lyrical, peaceful contemplation of old age.

Finally, we turn to Walt Whitman's epic elegy, *When Lilacs last in the Dooryard Bloom'd*, written after the assassination of President Lincoln. Jennifer Higdon's setting, *Dooryard Bloom*, uses only the portion of the poem that is devoted to nature and death, removing the political references. The images "lilac and star and bird twined with the chant of [his] soul" are left as images that are almost musical in their power to evoke emotion.

Jennifer Higdon writes, "A near impossible task, to write about this piece of music. The explanation of [this] piece is extremely difficult, maybe not even possible, for the text discusses and explores so many aspects of grief and loss. I was moved by all of the stages of grief that Whitman examines in this poem, and I was struck by the fact that he captures the extreme range of emotions that we all must face at some point. My title, *Dooryard Bloom*, is a play of words on Whitman's title. A dooryard is defined as the yard next to the door of a house . . . which in this poem could mean many things . . . Is the yard the hereafter? Or is it a place leading to a passage? What is the bloom? The growth of a flower or a view of light? The lilacs blooming . . . are they representative of death or of life? Or of growth? Or of time passing . . . lilacs last. The beauty of music is the power to suggest things that even words might not convey. Therefore, take your own meaning from this piece, literally or emotionally or metaphorically . . . let it be your own dooryard."

—Program notes by Julie Gunn

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# TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

## ARISTOTLE\*

Music by Mark Adamo

Text by Billy Collins

This is the beginning.  
Almost anything can happen.  
This is where you find  
the creation of light, a fish wriggling onto land,  
the first word of *Paradise Lost* on an empty page.  
Think of an egg, the letter A,  
a woman ironing on a bare stage  
as the heavy curtain rises.  
This is the very beginning.  
The first-person narrator introduces himself,  
tells us about his lineage.  
The mezzo-soprano stands in the wings.  
Here the climbers are studying a map  
or pulling on their long woolen socks.  
This is early on, years before the Ark, dawn.  
The profile of an animal is being smeared  
on the wall of a cave,  
and you have not yet learned to crawl.  
This is the opening, the gambit,  
a pawn moving forward an inch.  
This is your first night with her,  
your first night without her.  
This is the first part  
where the wheels begin to turn,  
where the elevator begins its ascent,  
before the doors lurch apart.

This is the middle.  
Things have had time to get complicated,  
messy, really. Nothing is simple anymore.  
Cities have sprouted up along the rivers  
teeming with people at cross-purposes—  
a million schemes, a million wild looks.  
Disappointment unshoulders his knapsack  
here and pitches his ragged tent.  
This is the sticky part where the plot congeals,

where the action suddenly reverses  
or swerves off in an outrageous direction.  
Here the narrator devotes a long paragraph  
to why Miriam does not want Edward's child.  
Someone hides a letter under a pillow.  
Here the aria rises to a pitch,  
a song of betrayal, salted with revenge.  
And the climbing party is stuck on a ledge  
halfway up the mountain.  
This is the bridge, the painful modulation.  
This is the thick of things.  
So much is crowded into the middle—  
the guitars of Spain, piles of ripe avocados,  
Russian uniforms, noisy parties,  
lakeside kisses, arguments heard through a wall—  
too much to name, too much to think about.

And this is the end,  
the car running out of road,  
the river losing its name in an ocean,  
the long nose of the photographed horse  
touching the white electronic line.  
This is the colophon, the last elephant in the parade,  
the empty wheelchair,  
and pigeons floating down in the evening.  
Here the stage is littered with bodies,  
the narrator leads the characters to their cells,  
and the climbers are in their graves.  
It is me hitting the period  
and you closing the book.  
It is Sylvia Plath in the kitchen  
and St. Clement with an anchor around his neck.  
This is the final bit  
thinning away to nothing.  
This is the end, according to Aristotle,  
what we have all been waiting for,  
what everything comes down to,  
the destination we cannot help imagining,  
a streak of light in the sky,  
a hat on a peg, and outside the cabin, falling leaves.

## **IN THE HIGHLANDS**

Music by Roger Quilter

Text by Robert Louis Stevenson

In the highlands, in the country places,  
Where the old plain men have rosy faces,  
And the young fair maidens  
Quiet eyes;  
Where essential silence cheers and blesses,  
And for ever in the hill-recesses  
Her more lovely music  
Broods and dies—

O to mount again where erst I haunted;  
Where the old red hills are bird-enchanted,  
And the low green meadows  
Bright with sward;  
And when even dies, the million-tinted,  
And the night has come, and planets glinted,  
Lo, the valley hollow  
Lamp-bestarr'd!

O to dream, O to awake and wander  
There, and with delight to take and render,  
Through the trance of silence,  
Quiet breath!  
Lo! for there, among the flowers and grasses,  
Only the mightier movement sounds and passes  
Only winds and rivers,  
Life and death.

## **OVER THE LAND IS APRIL**

Music by Roger Quilter

Text by Robert Louis Stevenson

Over the land is April,  
Over my heart a rose;  
Over the high, brown mountain  
The sound of singing goes.

Say, love, do you hear me,  
Hear my sonnets ring?  
Over the high, brown mountain,  
Love, do you hear me sing?

By highway, love, and byway  
The snows succeed the rose.  
Over the high, brown mountain  
The wind of winter blows.  
Say, love, do you hear me,  
Hear my sonnets ring?  
Over the high, brown mountain  
I sound the song of spring,  
I throw the flowers of spring.  
Do you hear the song of spring?  
Hear you the songs of spring?

## **SIX SONGS FROM A SHROPSHIRE LAD**

Music by George Butterworth

Text by Alfred Edward Housman

### ***Loveliest of trees***

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now  
Is hung with bloom along the bough,  
And stands about the woodland ride  
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,  
Twenty will not come again,  
And take from seventy springs a score,  
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom  
Fifty springs are little room,  
About the woodlands I will go  
To see the cherry hung with snow

### ***When I was one-and-twenty***

When I was one-and-twenty  
I heard a wise man say,  
"Give crowns and pounds and guineas  
But not your heart away;  
Give pearls away and rubies  
But keep your fancy free."  
But I was one-and-twenty,  
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty  
I heard him say again,  
"The heart out of the bosom  
Was never given in vain;  
'Tis paid with sighs a plenty  
And sold for endless rue."  
And I am two-and-twenty,  
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

### ***Look not in my eyes***

Look not in my eyes, for fear  
They mirror true the sight I see,  
And there you find your face too clear  
And love it and be lost like me.  
One the long nights through must lie  
Spent in star-defeated sighs,  
But why should you as well as I  
Perish? Gaze not in my eyes.

A Grecian lad, as I hear tell,  
One that many loved in vain,  
Looked into a forest well  
And never looked away again.  
There, when the turf in springtime flowers,  
With downward eye and gazes sad,  
Stands amid the glancing showers  
A jonquil, not a Grecian lad.

### ***Think no more, lad***

Think no more, lad; laugh, be jolly;  
Why should men make haste to die?  
Empty heads and tongues a-talking  
Make the rough road easy walking,  
And the feather pate of folly  
Bears the falling sky.

Oh, 'tis jesting, dancing, drinking  
Spins the heavy world around.  
If young hearts were not so clever,  
Oh, they would be young for ever;  
Think no more; 'tis only thinking  
Lays lads underground.

### ***Is my team ploughing?***

"Is my team ploughing,  
That I was used to drive  
And hear the harness jingle  
When I was man alive?"

Ay, the horses trample,  
The harness jingles now;  
No change though you lie under  
The land you used to plough.

"Is football playing  
Along the river-shore,  
With lads to chase the leather,  
Now I stand up no more?"

Ay, the ball is flying,  
The lads play heart and soul;  
The goal stands up, the keeper  
Stands up to keep the goal.

"Is my girl happy,  
That I thought hard to leave,  
And has she tired of weeping  
As she lies down at eve?"

Ay, she lies down lightly,  
She lies not down to weep:  
Your girl is well contented.  
Be still, my lad, and sleep.

"Is my friend hearty,  
Now I am thin and pine,  
And has he found to sleep in  
A better bed than mine?"

Yes, lad, I lie easy,  
I lie as lads would choose;  
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,  
Never ask me whose.

### ***The lads in their hundreds***

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come in for  
the fair,  
There's men from the barn and the forge and the  
mill and the fold,  
The lads for the girls and the lads for the liquor  
are there,  
And there with the rest are the lads that will never  
be old.

There's chaps from the town and the field and the  
till and the cart,  
And many to count are the stalwart, and many the  
brave,  
And many the handsome of face and the  
handsome of heart,  
And few that will carry their looks or their truth to  
the grave.

I wish one could know them, I wish there were  
tokens to tell  
The fortunate fellows that now you can never  
discern;  
And then one could talk with them friendly and  
wish them farewell  
And watch them depart on the way that they will  
not return.

But now you may stare as you like and there's  
nothing to scan;  
And brushing your elbow unguessed at and not  
to be told  
They carry back bright to the coiner the mintage  
of man,  
The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

### ***HERMIT SONGS, OP. 29***

Music by Samuel Barber  
Texts from Anonymous Irish poetry

#### ***1. At Saint Patrick's Purgatory***

Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg!  
O King of the churches and the bells  
bemoaning 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 a stone!

#### ***2. Church Bell at Night***

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

### **3. Saint Ita's Vision**

"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 this 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."

### **4. The Heavenly Banquet**

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.

### **5. The Crucifixion**

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 sorer still to Him was the grief  
Which for His sake  
Came upon His Mother.

### **6. Sea-Snatch**

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!

### **7. Promiscuity**

I do not know with whom Edan will sleep,  
but I do know that fair Edan will not sleep alone.

### **8. The Monk and His Cat**

Pangur, white 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.

### **9. The Praises of God**

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 laudations sing.

### **10. The Desire for Hermitage**

Ah! To be all alone in a 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 a little cell, to be alone, all  
alone:  
Alone I came into the world  
alone I shall go from it.

### **THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE**

Music by Ben Moore  
Text by James Joyce

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles  
made:

Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the  
honey-bee;  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace  
comes dropping slow,  
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where  
the cricket sings;  
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple  
glow,  
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day  
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the  
shore;  
While I stand on the roadway, or on the  
pavements grey,  
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

### **WHEN YOU ARE OLD**

Music by Ben Moore  
Text by William Butler Yeats

When you are old and gray and full of sleep,  
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,  
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look  
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;  
How many loved your moments of glad grace,  
And loved your beauty with love false or true,  
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,  
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;  
And bending down beside the glowing bars,  
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled  
And paced upon the mountains overhead  
And hid his face among a crowd of stars.

### **DOORYARD BLOOM**

Music by Jennifer Higdon  
Text by Walt Whitman, from *When Lilacs Last in  
the Dooryard Bloom'd*

#### **1**

When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,  
And the great star early droop'd in the western  
sky in the night,  
I mourn'd, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning  
spring.

O ever-returning spring! trinity sure to me you bring;  
Lilac blooming perennial, and drooping star in the  
west,  
And thought of him I love.

**2**

O powerful, western, fallen star!  
 O shades of night! O moody, tearful night!  
 O great star disappear'd! O the black murk that  
 hides the star!  
 O cruel hands that hold me powerless! O helpless  
 soul of me!  
 O harsh surrounding cloud, that will not free my  
 soul!

**3**

In the dooryard fronting an old farm-house, near  
 the white-wash'd palings,  
 Stands the lilac bush, tall-growing, with heart-  
 shaped leaves of rich green,  
 With many a pointed blossom, rising, delicate,  
 with the perfume strong I love,  
 With every leaf a miracle—and from this bush in  
 the door-yard,  
 With delicate-color'd blossoms, and heart-shaped  
 leaves of rich green,  
 A sprig, with its flower, I break.

**4**

In the swamp, in secluded recesses,  
 A shy and hidden bird is warbling a song.

Solitary, the thrush,  
 The hermit, withdrawn to himself, avoiding the  
 settlements,  
 Sings by himself a song.

Song of the bleeding throat!  
 Death's outlet song of life—(for well, dear  
 brother, I know  
 If thou wast not gifted to sing, thou would'st  
 surely die.)

**7**

(Nor for you, for one, alone;  
 Blossoms and branches green to coffins all I  
 bring:  
 For fresh as the morning—thus would I carol a  
 song for you, O sane and sacred death.

All over bouquets of roses,  
 O death! I cover you over with roses and early  
 lilies;  
 But mostly and now the lilac that blooms the first,  
 Copious, I break, I break the sprigs from the  
 bushes;  
 With loaded arms I come, pouring for you,  
 For you, and the coffins all of you, O death.)

**9**

Sing on, there in the swamp!  
 O singer bashful and tender! I hear your notes—I  
 hear your call;  
 I hear—I come presently—I understand you;  
 But a moment I linger—for the lustrous star has  
 detain'd me;  
 The star, my departing comrade, holds and  
 detains me.

**10**

O how shall I warble myself for the dead one  
 there I loved?  
 And how shall I deck my song for the large sweet  
 soul that has gone?  
 And what shall my perfume be, for the grave of  
 him I love?

### 13

Sing on! sing on, you gray-brown bird!  
Sing from the swamps, the recesses—pour your  
chant from the bushes;  
Limitless out of the dusk, out of the cedars and  
pines.

Sing on, dearest brother—warble your reedy  
song;  
Loud human song, with voice of uttermost woe.

O liquid, and free, and tender!  
O wild and loose to my soul! O wondrous singer!  
You only I hear—yet the star holds me, (but will  
soon depart;)  
Yet the lilac, with mastering odor, holds me.

### 15

Then with the knowledge of death as walking one  
side of me,  
And the thought of death close-walking the other  
side of me,  
And I in the middle, as with companions, and as  
holding the hands of companions,  
I fled forth to the hiding receiving night, that talks  
not,  
Down to the shores of the water, the path by the  
swamp in the dimness,  
To the solemn shadowy cedars, and ghostly pines  
so still.  
Came the carol of the bird.

And the charm of the carol rapt me,  
As I held, as if by their hands, my comrades in the  
night;  
And the voice of my spirit tallied the song of the  
bird.

### 16

Come, lovely and soothing Death,  
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,  
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,  
Sooner or later, delicate Death.

Prais'd be the fathomless universe,  
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge  
curious;  
And for love, sweet love—But praise! praise! praise!  
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding  
Death.

Dark Mother, always gliding near, with soft feet,  
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest  
welcome?

Then I chant it for thee—I glorify thee above all;  
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed  
come, come unfalteringly.

Approach, strong Deliveress!  
When it is so—when thou hast taken them, I  
joyously sing the dead,  
Lost in the loving, floating ocean of thee,  
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O Death.

From me to thee glad serenades,  
Dances for thee I propose, saluting thee—  
adornments and feastings for thee;  
And the sights of the open landscape, and the  
high-spread sky, are fitting,  
And life and the fields, and the huge and thought-  
ful night.

The night, in silence, under many a star;  
The ocean shore, and the husky whispering wave,  
whose voice I know;  
And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-  
veil'd Death,  
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.  
Over the tree-tops I float thee a song!  
Over the rising and sinking waves—over the  
myriad fields, and the prairies wide;  
Over the dense-pack'd cities all, and the teeming  
wharves and ways,  
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee, O Death!

**17**

To the tally of my soul,  
 Loud and strong kept up the gray-brown bird,  
 With pure, deliberate notes, spreading, filling the  
 night.

Loud in the pines and cedars dim,  
 Clear in the freshness moist, and the swamp-  
 perfume;  
 And I with my comrades there in the night.

**19**

Passing the visions, passing the night;  
 Passing, unloosing the hold of my comrades'  
 hands;  
 Passing the song of the hermit bird, and the  
 tallying song of my soul,  
 (Victorious song, death's outlet song, yet varying,  
 ever-altering song,  
 As low and wailing, yet clear the notes, rising and  
 falling, flooding the night,  
 Sadly sinking and fainting, as warning and  
 warning, and yet again bursting with joy,  
 Covering the earth, and filling the spread of the  
 heaven,  
 As that powerful psalm in the night I heard from  
 recesses,)

**20**

Passing, I leave thee, lilac with heart-shaped  
 leaves,  
 I leave thee there in the dooryard, blooming,  
 returning with spring,  
 I cease from my song for thee;  
 From my gaze on thee in the west, fronting the  
 west, communing with thee,  
 O comrade lustrous, with silver face in the night.

**21**

Yet each I keep, and all, retrievements out of the  
 night;  
 The song, the wondrous chant of the gray-brown  
 bird,  
 And the tallying chant, the echo arous'd in my  
 soul,  
 With the lustrous and drooping star, with the  
 countenance full of woe,  
 With the lilac tall, and its blossoms of mastering  
 odor;  
 With the holders holding my hand, nearing the  
 call of the bird,  
 Comrades mine, and I in the midst, and their  
 memory ever I keep—for the dead I loved so well;  
 For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days and  
 lands—and this for his dear sake;  
 Lilac and star and bird, twined with the chant of  
 my soul,  
 There in the fragrant pines, and the cedars dusk  
 and dim.

## NATHAN GUNN

Nathan Gunn has made a reputation as one of the most exciting and in-demand baritones of the day. He has appeared in internationally renowned opera houses such as the Metropolitan Opera, San Francisco Opera, Lyric Opera of Chicago, Royal Opera House, Paris Opera, Bayerische Staatsoper, Glyndebourne Opera Festival, Theater an der Wien, Teatro Real in Madrid, and the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie. His many roles include the title roles in *Billy Budd*, *Eugene Onegin*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and *Hamlet*; Guglielmo in *Così fan tutte*, the Count in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Malatesta in *Don Pasquale*, Belcore in *L'Elisir d'Amore*, Ottone in *L'incoronazione di Poppea*, Tarquinius in *The Rape of Lucretia*, Danilo in *The Merry Widow*, and The Lodger in *The Aspern Papers*.

A noted supporter of new works, Mr. Gunn most recently created the role of Inman in Jennifer Higdon's *Cold Mountain* at the Santa Fe Opera. He also created the roles of Sid Taylor in Jake Heggie's *Great Scott*, James Dalton in Iain Bell's *The Harlot's Progress* at the Theater an der Wien, Yeshua in Mark Adamo's *The Gospel of Mary Magdalene* at the San Francisco Opera, Paul in Daron Hagen's *Amelia* at the Seattle Opera, Alec Harvey in André Previn's *Brief Encounter* at the Houston Grand Opera, Father Delura in Peter Eötvös' *Love and Other Demons* at the Glyndebourne Opera Festival, and Clyde Griffiths in Tobias Picker's *An American Tragedy* at the Metropolitan Opera. Because of this dedication to new works, Mr. Gunn held the title of Director of the American Repertoire Council at the Opera Company of Philadelphia, a steering council that focused on advancing the company's American Repertoire Program which was committed to produce a new American work in 10 consecutive

seasons. Mr. Gunn is working on a number of creative projects that will premier over the next three seasons, in which he is a collaborating artist with the creative teams. These include projects with producing companies such as the English National Opera, Pittsburgh Opera, and Beth Morrison Projects, and which are created with some of today's leading and cutting-edge composers.

Also a distinguished concert performer, Mr. Gunn has appeared with the New York Philharmonic, Boston Symphony Orchestra, Chicago Symphony Orchestra, San Francisco Symphony, Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, Cleveland Orchestra, Minnesota Orchestra, London Symphony Orchestra, Münchner Rundfunkorchester, and the Rotterdam Philharmonic Orchestra. The many conductors with whom he has worked with include Sir Andrew Davis, Sir Colin Davis, Christoph von Dohnányi, Christoph Eschenbach, Alan Gilbert, Daniel Harding, James Levine, Kurt Masur, Kent Nagano, Antonio Pappano, David Robertson, Donald Runnicles, Esa-Pekka Salonen, Robert Spano, Michael Tilson Thomas, and Mark Wigglesworth.

A frequent recitalist, Mr. Gunn has been presented in recital at Alice Tully Hall and by Carnegie Hall in Zankel Hall. He has also been presented by Roy Thomson Hall, Cal Performances, the Schubert Club, the Philadelphia Chamber Music Society, the Vocal Arts Society in Washington, DC, the University of Chicago, Krannert Center, the Wigmore Hall, and the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie. As a student, he performed in series of recitals with his teacher and mentor John Wustman that celebrated the 200th anniversary of Franz Schubert's birth.

Mr. Gunn has recently ventured outside the standard opera repertoire with appearances in performances of the title role in *Sweeney Todd* with the Houston Grand Opera, *Camelot* and *Carousel* with the New York Philharmonic (both broadcasted on PBS), and *Show Boat* at Carnegie Hall and the Lyric Opera of Chicago. He also appeared in the New York Philharmonic's 80th birthday gala celebration for Stephen Sondheim and appeared with the orchestra in an evening of Broadway classics with Kelli O'Hara. Other engagements have included appearances with Mandy Patinkin in Rochester, at Krannert Center, at the Ravinia Festival, and on tour in Australia and New Zealand; a series of cabaret shows at the famed Café Carlyle in New York City and at the Segerstrom Center for the Arts in Orange County; special guest artist in the Mormon Tabernacle Choir's annual *Christmas with the Mormon Tabernacle Choir and Orchestra at Temple Square*; and a performance of Sting and Trudie Styler's work *Twin Spirits* in the Allen Room at Jazz at Lincoln Center.

Mr. Gunn's solo album, *Just Before Sunrise*, was released on Sony/BMG Masterworks. Other recordings include the title role in *Billy Budd* with Daniel Harding and the London Symphony Orchestra (Virgin Classics), which won the 2010 Grammy Award; the first complete recording of Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Allegro* (Sony's Masterworks Broadway); *Peter Grimes* with Sir Colin Davis and London Symphony Orchestra (LSO Live!), which was nominated for a 2005 Grammy Award; *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* (SONY Classics); *Kullervo* with the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra (Telarc); and *American Anthem* (EMI). He also starred as Buzz Aldrin in *Man on the Moon*, an opera written specifically for television and broadcast on the BBC in the UK. The program was awarded the Golden Rose Award for Opera at the Montreux Festival in Lucerne.

This season, Mr. Gunn returns to the Theater an der Wien as the title role in *Don Giovanni*, makes his debut at the Netherlands Opera in the world premiere of Mohammed Fairouz's *The New Prince* based on Machiavelli's *The Prince*, joins the New York Pops for the opening of their annual Carnegie Hall concert series, and appears in recital in Tulsa, Ft. Worth, George Washington University in St. Louis, and at Krannert Center.

Mr. Gunn was the recipient of the first annual Beverly Sills Artist Award and was awarded the Pittsburgh Opera Renaissance Award. He is an alumnus of the Metropolitan Opera Lindemann Young Artists Program and was a winner of the 1994 Metropolitan Opera National Council Competition. Mr. Gunn is also an alumnus of the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, where he is currently a professor of voice and the General Director of Lyric Theatre @ Illinois. Mr. Gunn is a partner in the Los Angeles City Club, RVCC, which is a forward-thinking analog space for artists and entrepreneurs changing the downtown of Los Angeles.

## **JULIE GUNN**

Julie Gunn is a pianist, educator, and music director. She has appeared on many prestigious recital series, including the Carnegie Hall Pure Voice Series, Lincoln Center Great Performers, Boston's Jordan Hall, Brussels' Theatre de la Monnaie, San Francisco's Herz Hall, the 92nd Street Y, Toronto's Roy Thompson Hall, University of Chicago Presents, San Francisco Performances, Oberlin College, Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, Krannert Center for the Performing Arts, Ravinia Festival, Manhattan's legendary Café Carlyle, the Sydney Opera House, and the United States Supreme Court. She has been heard in recital with William Burden, Richard Croft, Elizabeth Futral, Isabel Leonard, Stefan Milenkovich, Kelli O'Hara, Mandy Patinkin, Yvonne Gonzales Redman, Michelle DeYoung, the Pacifica Quartet, and Nathan Gunn.

Director of Lyric Theatre Studies at the University of Illinois, she produces three mainstage operas or musical theatre works a year at Krannert Center for the Performing Arts. A faculty member at the School of Music, she enjoys teaching singers, pianists, chamber musicians, and songwriters. She has served on the music staff at the Metropolitan Opera Young Artist Program, Wolf Trap Opera, St. Louis Opera Theatre, Southern Methodist University, Opera North, Highlands Opera Studio, Theaterworks!, Chicago Opera Theater, and given masterclasses at universities and young artists' programs all over the United States, including the Ryan Young Artists' Program, Houston Grand Opera Studio, and Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, Santa Fe Opera, the Aspen Festival, the Interlochen Center for the Arts, and the Metropolitan Opera Guild, as well as tenures as artist-in-residence at Cincinnati Opera and the Glimmerglass Festival. She is the founder of the Illinois School of Music Academy, a program for talented pre-college chamber musicians and composers.

Dr. Gunn enjoys working at the intersection of different disciplines and collaborates with artists in the fields of theatre, dance, and design whenever possible. She is committed to new works and in recent seasons has been part of several world premieres, as a co-producer, a pianist, or as a conductor: *Twilight Butterfly* (Thomas), *Door-yard Bloom* (Higdon), *Polly Peachum* (Scheer/Van Horn), *Variations on a Summer's Day* (Meltzer), *Letters from Quebec to Providence in the Rain* (Gill), and *Bhutto* (Fairouz.)

In the upcoming season she looks forward to recitals and cabarets at Krannert Center (with the Jupiter Quartet.) the Van Cliburn series in Fort Worth, the DeBartolo Center at Notre Dame, Georgetown, and to conducting Adam Guettel's *Light in the Piazza* for Lyric Theatre @ Illinois.

She has published many arrangements of songs for piano, chamber groups, and orchestras, and

her arrangements have been heard at the Kennedy Center, Carnegie Hall, Chicago's Symphony Center, and London's Queen Elizabeth Hall.

## JUPITER STRING QUARTET

The Jupiter String Quartet is a particularly intimate group, consisting of violinists Nelson Lee and Meg Freivogel, violist Liz Freivogel (older sister of Meg), and cellist Daniel McDonough (husband of Meg, brother-in-law of Liz). As they enter their 14th year of making music together, the members of this tightly knit ensemble have firmly established their quartet as an important voice in the world of chamber music. In addition to their performing career, the Jupiters are the String Quartet-in-Residence at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, where they maintain private studios and run the string chamber music program.

In addition to its formal concert schedule, the Jupiter String Quartet places a strong emphasis on developing relationships with future classical music audiences through outreach work in schools and other educational performances. They believe that chamber music, because of the intensity of its interplay and communication is one of the most effective ways of spreading enthusiasm for "classical" music to new audiences.

It was early exposure to chamber music that brought these four musicians to form the Jupiter String Quartet. Meg and Liz grew up playing string quartets with their two brothers, Ben and J. Rehearsals were often quite raucous, but they grew to love chamber music during weekly coachings with Oliver Edel, a wonderful cellist who taught generations of students in the Washington, DC area. Nelson also comes from a musical family—both of his parents are pianists (his father also conducts) and his twin sisters, Alicia and Andrea, are both musicians. Although Daniel originally wanted to be a violinist, he ended up on the cello because the organizers of his first string

program declared that he had “better hands for the cello.” He remains skeptical of this comment (he was, after all, only five), but is happy that he ended up where he did.

The Jupiters studied with mentors from both the Cleveland and Takács quartets extensively in their earlier years and were lucky to find early success with several chamber music honors: grand prize in the Banff International String Quartet Competition in 2004, grand prize in the Fischoff National Chamber Music Competition in 2004, winner of the Young Concert Artists Competition in 2005, the Cleveland Quartet Award in 2007, and an Avery Fisher Career Grant in 2008. They were also members of the Lincoln Center Chamber Music Two Society from 2007-2010.

Today, the quartet concertizes across the United States, Canada, Europe, Asia, and the Americas. They relish the opportunity to perform in the world’s finest halls, including New York’s Carnegie Hall and Lincoln Center, London’s Wigmore Hall, Boston’s Jordan Hall, Mexico City’s Palacio de Bellas Artes, Washington, DC’s Kennedy Center and Library of Congress, Austria’s Esterhazy Palace, and Seoul’s National Arts Center and Sejong Chamber Hall. They have been enthusiastically received at many major music festivals, including the Aspen Music Festival (where they performed their first complete Beethoven quartet cycle), West Cork (Ireland) Chamber Music Festival, Caramoor International Music Festival, Music at Menlo, Maverick Concerts, Madeline Island Music Festival, Rockport Music Festival, the Banff Centre, Yellow Barn Festival, Skaneateles Festival, and the Seoul Spring Festival, among others.

The Jupiter String Quartet feels a strong connection to the core string quartet repertoire (recent projects have included Beethoven string quartet cycles at the Aspen Music Festival and the

Massachusetts Institute of Technology, as well as an upcoming Bartók cycle this season). They also frequently commission and premiere new works, including recent string quartets by Syd Hodkinson, Hannah Lash, and Dan Visconti, as well as a quintet (with vocalist Thomas Hampson) by Mark Adamo.

The quartet has recorded works by Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Shostakovich, and Britten for Marquis Records. American works by Barber, Seeger, and Gershwin were also recorded for iTunes in conjunction with the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center and Deutsche Grammophon. They also collaborated on a collection of works by Ravel (*Ravel: Intimate Masterpieces*) on the Oberlin College label and will soon be releasing a new CD on the Azica label that features the Dvořák “American” Quartet, a selection of African-American spiritual arrangements, and a quartet entitled *Ramshackle Songs* written for them by Dan Visconti. Finally, they will also be featured in a new CD of works by the composer Su Lian Tan.

The quartet chose its name because Jupiter was the most prominent planet in the night sky at the time of its formation and the astrological symbol for Jupiter resembles the number four. They are also proud to list among their accomplishments in recent years the addition of five quartet children—Pablo (6), Lillian (3), Clara (3), Dominic (1), and Felix (1). You may spot some of these miniature Jupiters in the audience or tagging along to rehearsals, along with their grandparent babysitters.