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**LAWRENCE BROWNLEE, TENOR**

Thursday, April 19, 2018, at 7:30pm

Foellinger Great Hall

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# PROGRAM

## LAWRENCE BROWNLEE, TENOR

Myra Huang, piano

Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)

### *Dichterliebe, Op. 48*

- I. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai (In the Wonderfully Beautiful Month of May)
- II. Aus meinen Tränen spriessen (From My Tears Will Spring)
- III. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne (The Rose, the Lily, the Dove, the Sun)
- IV. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh' (When I Look into Your Eyes)
- V. Ich will meine Seele tauchen (I Want to Bathe My Soul)
- VI. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome (In the Rhine, in the Holy River)
- VII. Ich grolle nicht (I Bear No Grudge)
- VIII. Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen (If the Little Flowers Knew)
- IX. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen (There Is Fluting and Fiddling)
- X. Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen (I Hear the Little Song Playing)
- XI. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen (A Boy Loves a Girl)
- XII. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen (On a Bright Summer Morning)
- XIII. Ich hab' im Traum geweinet (I Wept in My Dream)
- XIV. Allnächtlich im Traume (Every Night in My Dreams)
- XV. Aus alten Märchen winkt es (From Old Fairy-Tales It Beckons)
- XVI. Die alten, bösen Lieder (The Old, Angry Songs)

*20-minute intermission*

Tyshawn Sorey  
(b. 1980)

### *Cycles of My Being*

- I. Inhale, Exhale
- II. Whirlwind
- III. Hate
- IV. Hope
- V. Each Day I Rise, I Know

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*Lawrence Brownlee appears by arrangement with:*

MG Artists

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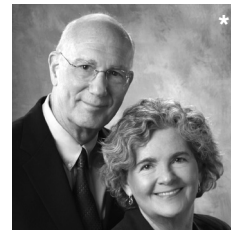
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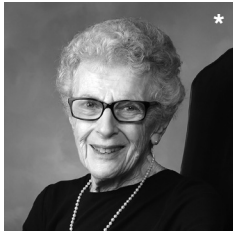
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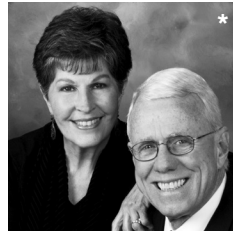
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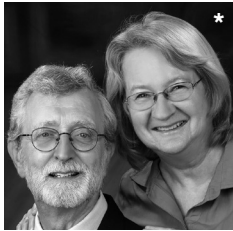
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# TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

*Dichterliebe, Op. 48*

Robert Schumann (1810–1856)

Text by Heinrich Heine (1797–1856)

## *I. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai*

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,  
Als alle Knospen sprangen,  
Da ist in meinem Herzen  
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,  
Als alle Vögel sangen,  
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden  
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen

## *II. Aus meinen Tränen spriessen*

Aus meinen Tränen spriessen  
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,  
Und meine Seufzer werden  
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,  
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',  
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen  
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

## *III. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne*

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,  
Die liebt' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.  
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine  
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;  
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,  
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.

## *IV. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'*

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',  
So schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh;  
Doch wenn ich küße deinen Mund,  
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.

*A Poet's Love*

## *I. In the Wondrously Beautiful Month of May*

In the wondrously beautiful month of May,  
As all of the buds burst into bloom,  
It was then that in my heart  
Love started to blossom.

In the wondrously beautiful month of May,  
When all the birds were singing,  
It was then that I confessed  
My desire and longing to her.

## *II. From My Tears Will Spring*

From my tears will spring  
Many blooming flowers.  
And my sighs will become  
A chorus of nightingales.

And if you love me, child,  
I will give you all of the flowers,  
And outside your window shall sound  
The song of the nightingale.

## *III. The Rose, the Lily, the Dove, the Sun*

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,  
I loved them all once in the spell of love.  
I now longer love them, I only love  
The small, the fine, the pure, the rare;  
She herself, the most life giving of all loves,  
Is the rose and lily and dove and sun.

## *IV. When I Look into Your Eyes*

When I look into your eyes,  
All my pain and despair vanishes;  
But when I kiss your lips,  
then completely healed.

Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,  
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;  
Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!  
So muß ich weinen bitterlich.

*V. Ich will meine Seele tauchen*

Ich will meine Seele tauchen  
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;  
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen  
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.

Das Lied soll schauern und beben  
Wie der Kuß von ihrem Mund,  
Den sie mir einst gegeben  
In wunderbar süßer Stund'.

*VI. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome*

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,  
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n  
Mit seinem großen Dome  
Das große, heil'ge Köln.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,  
Auf goldnem Leder gemalt;  
In meines Lebens Wildnis  
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein  
Um unsre liebe Frau;  
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein,  
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

*VII. Ich grolle nicht*

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,  
Ewig verlor'nes Lieb! Ich grolle nicht.  
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,  
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.  
Das weiß ich längst.

When I place my head on your breast,  
Heavenly bliss comes over me;  
But when you say: I love you!  
I must weep bitterly.

*V. I Want to Bathe My Soul*

I want to bathe my soul  
In the lily's chalice;  
The lily shall ring out  
With a song of my love.

The song shall tremble and pulse  
Like the kiss from her lips  
That she once gave to me  
In a wondrous, sweet hour.

*VI. In the Rhine, in the Holy River*

In the Rhine, in the holy river,  
There, reflected in the waves,  
With its great cathedral,  
The great, holy city of Cologne.

In the cathedral hangs a picture,  
Painted on gilded leather;  
Into my life's wilderness  
It has cast its friendly rays.

Flowers and angels hover  
Around our beloved Mother;  
Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks  
Are the same image as my love's.

*VII. I Bear No Grudge*

I bear no grudge, even though my heart is breaking,  
O eternally lost love! I bear no grudge.  
How you gleam in diamond splendour,  
No ray falls in the night of your heart.  
I've known that for a long time.

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,  
Ich sah dich ja im Traume,  
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,  
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frißt,  
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.  
Ich grolle nicht.

*VIII. Und wüßten's die Blumen*

Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen,  
Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,  
Sie würden mit mir weinen,  
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Und wüßten's die Nachtigallen,  
Wie ich so traurig und krank,  
Sie ließen fröhlich erschallen  
Erquickenden Gesang.

Und wüßten sie mein Wehe,  
Die goldenen Sternelein,  
Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,  
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.

Sie alle können's nicht wissen,  
Nur eine kennt meinen Schmerz;  
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,  
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

*IX. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen*

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen,  
Trompeten schmettern darein;  
Da tanzt wohl den Hochzeitsreigen  
Die Herzallerliebste mein.

Das ist ein Klingen und Dröhnen,  
Ein Pauken und ein Schalmey'n;  
Dazwischen schluchzen und stöhnen  
Die lieblichen Engelein.

*X. Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen*

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen,  
Das einst die Liebste sang,  
So will mir die Brust zerspringen  
Von wildem Schmerzdrang.

I bear no grudge, even though my heart is breaking,  
I saw you in my dreams,  
And saw the night in your heart's cavity,  
And saw the serpent that devours your heart,  
I saw, my love, how very miserable you are.  
I bear no grudge.

*VIII. If the Little Flowers Knew*

If the little flowers knew, the little ones,  
How deeply my heart is wounded,  
They would weep with me,  
To heal my pain.

If the nightingales knew  
How sad and sick I am,  
They would sing merrily,  
A refreshing song.

And if they knew of my pain,  
Those little golden stars,  
They would come down from on high,  
And comfort me with their words.

All of them cannot know,  
Only one knows my pain;  
She is the one who tore,  
Tore my heart in two.

*IX. There Is Fluting and Fiddling*

There is fluting and fiddling,  
Trumpets blare;  
That must be my dearest love  
Dancing at her wedding feast.

There's ringing and roaring,  
Drumming and piping;  
Interspersed with sobbing and moaning  
Are lovely little angels.

*X. I Hear the Little Song Playing*

I hear the little song playing,  
My beloved once sang,  
My heart bursts  
With the pressure of pain.



Es treibt mich ein dunkles Sehnen  
Hinauf zur Waldeshöh',  
Dort löst sich auf in Tränen  
Mein übergroßes Weh'.

*XI. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen*

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,  
Die hat einen andern erwählt;  
Der andre liebt eine andre,  
Und hat sich mit dieser vermählt.

Das Mädchen nimmt aus Ärger  
Den ersten besten Mann,  
Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;  
Der Jüngling ist übel dran.

Es ist eine alte Geschichte,  
Doch bleibt sie immer neu;  
Und wem sie just passiert,  
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

*XII. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen*

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen  
Geh' ich im Garten herum.  
Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,  
Ich aber wandle stumm.

Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,  
Und schau'n mitleidig mich an:  
"Sei unsrer Schwester nicht böse,  
Du trauriger blasser Mann."

*XIII. Ich hab' im Traum geweinet*

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,  
Mir träumte, du lägest im Grab.  
Ich wachte auf, und die Träne  
Floß noch von der Wange herab.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,  
Mir träumt', du verließest mich.  
Ich wachte auf, und ich weinte  
Noch lange bitterlich.

A dark longing drives me  
Up to the wooded heights,  
There dissolved in tears  
Is my overwhelming grief.

*XI. A Boy Loves a Girl*

A boy loves a girl  
Who instead chooses another;  
The other, in turn loves still another,  
And has married her.

The first girl, out of resentment,  
Takes the first man  
Who crosses her path;  
The boy is sick with pain.

It's an old story,  
But it remains eternally new;  
And he to whom it happens,  
It breaks his heart in two.

*XII. On a Bright Summer Morning*

On a bright summer morning  
I venture into the garden.  
The flowers whisper and talk,  
But I move about silently.

The flowers whisper and talk,  
And look at me with pity;  
"Do not be angry with our sister,  
You sad, pale man."

*XIII. I Wept in My Dream*

I wept in my dream,  
I dreamt you lay in your grave.  
I woke up, and tears  
Still flowed over my cheeks.

I wept in my dream,  
I dreamt you were betrayed.  
I woke, and I wept  
Long and bitterly.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,  
Mir träumte, du wär'st mir noch gut.  
Ich wachte auf, und noch immer  
Strömt meine Tränenflut.

*XIV. Allnächtlich im Traume*

Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich  
Und sehe dich freundlich grüßen,  
Und laut aufweinend stürz' ich mich  
Zu deinen süßen Füßen.

Du siehest mich an wehmütiglich  
Und schüttelst das blonde Köpfchen;  
Aus deinen Augen schleichen sich  
Die Perlentränenröpfchen.

Du sagst mir heimlich ein leises Wort  
Und gibst mir den Strauß von Zypressen.  
Ich wache auf, und der Strauß ist fort,  
Und 's Wort hab' ich vergessen.

*XV. Aus alten Märchen winkt es*

Aus alten Märchen winkt es  
Hervor mit weißer Hand,  
Da singt es und da klingt es  
Von einem Zauberland;

Wo bunte Blumen blühen  
Im gold'nen Abendlicht,  
Und lieblich duftend glühen,  
Mit bräutlichem Gesicht;

Und grüne Bäume singen  
Uralte Melodei'n,  
Die Lüfte heimlich klingen,  
Und Vögel schmetter'n drein;

Und Nebelbilder steigen  
Wohl aus der Erd' hervor,  
Und tanzen luft'gen Reigen  
Im wunderlichen Chor;

Und blaue Funken brennen  
An jedem Blatt und Reis,  
Und rote Lichter rennen  
Im irren, wirren Kreis;

I wept in my dream,  
I dreamt you were still good to me.  
I woke, and still always  
Flows my flood of tears.

*XIV. Every Night in My Dreams*

Every night in my dreams I see you,  
And see your friendly greeting,  
And loudly weeping, I throw myself  
At your sweet feet.

You look at me wistfully,  
Shaking your bond head;  
From your eyes trickle  
Teardrops like pearls.

You whisper secretly to me a soft word  
And give me a wreath of cypress.  
I wake up and the wreath is gone,  
And I have forgotten the word.

*XV. From Old Fairy-Tales It Beckons*

From old fairy-tales it beckons  
To me with a white hand,  
There it sings and sounds  
Of a magic land;

Where bright flowers bloom  
In golden twilight,  
And lovingly, fragrantly glow  
With a bride-like face;

And green trees sing  
Primeval melodies,  
Breezes secretly sound,  
And birds tweet in them;

And misty images rise up  
From the very earth,  
And dance airy dances  
In a fantastic chorus;

And blue sparks burn  
On every leaf and twig,  
And red fires glow  
In eerie, hazy rings;

Und laute Quellen brechen  
Aus wildem Marmorstein.  
Und seltsam in den Bächen  
Strahlt fort der Widerschein.

Ach, könnt' ich dorthin kommen,  
Und dort mein Herz erfreu'n,  
Und aller Qual entnommen,  
Und frei und selig sein!

Ach! jenes Land der Wonne,  
Das seh' ich oft im Traum,  
Doch kommt die Morgensonne,  
Zerfließt's wie eitel Schaum.

*XVI. Die alten, bösen Lieder*

Die alten, bösen Lieder,  
Die Träume bös' und arg,  
Die laßt uns jetzt begraben,  
Holt einen großen Sarg.

Hinein leg' ich gar manches,  
Doch sag' ich noch nicht, was;  
Der Sarg muß sein noch größer,  
Wie's Heidelberger Faß.

Und holt eine Totenbahre  
Und Bretter fest und dick;  
Auch muß sie sein noch länger,  
Als wie zu Mainz die Brück'.

Und holt mir auch zwölf Riesen,  
Die müssen noch stärker sein  
Als wie der starke Christoph  
Im Dom zu Köln am Rhein.

Die sollen den Sarg forttragen,  
Und senken ins Meer hinab;  
Denn solchem großen Sarge  
Gebührt ein großes Grab.

Wißt ihr, warum der Sarg wohl  
So groß und schwer mag sein?  
Ich senkt' auch meine Liebe  
Und meinen Schmerz hinein.

And loud springs gush  
From wild marble cliffs.  
And strangely in the streams  
The reflection shines on.

Ah, if I could reach that pace,  
And there ease my heart,  
And relieve all of my pain,  
And be free and blessed!

Ah! That land of bliss,  
I see it often in my dreams,  
But with the morning sun appears,  
It melts like mere foam.

*XVI. The Old, Angry Songs*

The old, angry songs,  
The angry and bitter dreams,  
Let us now bury them,  
Bring me a large coffin.

I have a great deal to put inside it,  
Though what I won't yet say;  
The coffin must be even larger  
Than the Heidelberg Toom.

And bring me a death-bier  
Made of boards firm and thick;  
It must be even longer  
Than the bridge in Mainz.

And bring me 12 giants,  
They must be even stronger  
Than the mighty Saint Christopher.  
In the Cathedral in Cologne on the Rhine.

They shall carry the coffin away,  
And sink it into the sea;  
For such a large coffin  
Deserves a large grave.

Do you know why the coffin  
Must be so large and heavy?  
I buried my love  
And my pain inside.

*Cycles of My Being*

Tyshawn Sorey (b. 1980)

Text by Terrance Hayes (b. 1971)

*I. Inhale, Exhale*

America—I hear you hiss and stare  
Do you love the air in me, as I love the air in you?  
Black boxes of cargo  
Black boxes in holes  
Hysteria, Hysteria—I hear you hiss and stare  
Black eyes and blackouts  
Blackjacks and nightmares  
America—do you care for me, as I care for you?  
Do you love the air in me, as I love the air in you?

*II. Whirlwind*

Lord, I'm trying to break myself open; this song of  
mine wants to be a whirlwind.  
You are both religion and assassin.  
I am both assassin and religion.  
My armor is made of flesh and spirit. I am your  
story. I am your lyric.  
Lord, I'm trying to break free of prison; this song  
of mine must become a weapon.  
You are both compass and situation.  
I am blindness, rumor, insight, vision.  
My courage is made of flesh and spirit. I am your  
story. I am your lyric.  
Lord, I'm trying to break free again.  
This song of mine is made of love and skin.  
This song of mine must become a weapon.  
This song must become a whirlwind.

*III. Hate*

Tell me, what causes one to hate?  
Hate takes on many shapes.  
It is subtle, overt, passive, often wrapped in  
disguise.  
Hate wears white sheets, black suits, high heels,  
and boots.  
Hate is powerful, all encompassing, and  
enrapturing.  
Tell me, could it be that you hate me because you  
hate yourself?  
The very essence of me you despise.  
But why, when I am in the state your ancestors  
helped create?  
. . . and that, being magnified, only breeds more  
hate.  
You don't know me. Still you hate me.  
Your contempt for me does not allow you to see  
me for who I am.  
I am God's creation, flesh personified, in His  
image.  
You hate the God in me, and the God awful too.  
You don't know me. Still you jeer me.  
Your hate becomes a shackle you cannot break.  
You nor I are born with hate, but hate flourished  
because you chose to cultivate your hatred.  
Your hate lies in wait until you choose to activate  
hate.  
Make no mistake, hate leaves carnage in its wake.  
I hate that your hate can decide my own fate.

#### *IV. Hope*

When walking, hope is a swagger  
When breathing, hope is oxygen  
When drunk, hope is wine  
When dirty, hope is water  
When unfilled, hope is a well  
When unwell, hope is medicine  
When impatient, hope is patience  
When lonely, hope is company  
When poor, hope is money  
When hungry, hope is meat  
When hunted, hope is a knife  
When sleeping, hope is a lullaby  
When angry, hope is a blade  
When wounded, hope is what heals me.  
When weary, hope is a hymn  
When uninspired, hope is vision  
When perplexed, hope is reason  
When unsettled, hope is peace  
When lost, hope is direction  
When frustrated, hope is calm  
When unsure, hope is certainty  
When worried, hope is serenity  
When betrayed, hope is forgiveness  
When depleted, hope is reserve  
When dancing, hope becomes grace  
When fatigued, hope is a second wind  
When dead, hope is life

#### *V. Each Day I Rise, I Know*

Each day I rise, place foot to floor the weight of  
consciousness I know.  
Each day I rise, I know . . . to always say hello.  
Sun glow tooth-snow hair flow  
Mirror blows a flute of crows  
Each morning glow at the window

I have something to praise  
Sunbreak toothpaste hair glaze  
Mirror gaze a flute of blue jays  
Moaning, amazing, and misbehaving  
Each day I rise, I know

I have something to love  
Sun-dusk toothbrush hairbrush  
Mirror blush a flute of thrushes  
Each day I rise, I know

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# PROGRAM NOTES

## ROBERT SCHUMANN

Born June 8, 1810, in Zwickau, Germany  
Died July 29, 1856, in Endenich, Bonn, Germany  
*Dichterliebe*, Op. 48

In the composition of art songs, Schumann was a successor to Schubert and a forerunner of such other greats in the genre as Hugo Wolf. Many of Schumann's songs came in one burst of creativity in 1840, during the first year of his marriage to Clara Wieck and before mental illness brought on by syphilis had completely enveloped him.

*Dichterliebe* also followed closely after his early and glorious piano writing that is reflected in the preludes and postludes that begin and end the songs. Despite these favorable conditions, the songs already contained much of what Schumann described as his "melancholy." Even his attraction to the particular poems of Henrich Heine (1797-1856), which he chose for *Dichterliebe*, suggests the later tragedy of his life. For example, in the solemn sixth song, "Ziemlich langsam," when the spurned lover gazes into the Rhine and speaks of his "life's wilderness," one cannot help but think of Schumann's own plunge into that river in an attempt at suicide.

Yet there is much more to the songs than a record of Schumann's mental tortures. They are, first of all, an example of his musical and literary genius, which he fused within the work. *Dichterliebe* (Poet's Love) is not merely a collection of songs. It is a unified work with a conscious musical development and a common story line that even suggests a tragic climax in the 13th of the 16 songs, "Ich hab' im Traum geweinet" (I Have

in My Dreams Wept) and a dénouement in the final three songs. In the penultimate song, the discouraged lover sees his imagined land of bliss melted away "like mere froth," and in the last song, all his sufferings are put into a large coffin that 12 giants will throw into the sea. Within that unity, however, we have great variety in tempo, harmony, and melody resulting in broad emotional expression. Governing all, of course, is the ultimate Romantic spirit that so marks all of Schumann's work.

The literary source for Schumann's *Dichterliebe*, Heinrich Heine, is a poet not always associated with Romanticism except in his first anthology *Buch der Lieder* (Book of Songs) published in 1827 and afterwards used by many composers for song settings. It was from Heine's *Lyric Intermezzo*, a collection of songs included in the *Book of Songs*, that Schumann drew his inspiration. While the *Book of Songs* established Heine as a fixture in German Romantic literature, his later work was more radical and even caused his self-exile to Paris in 1831 to escape German censorship. Often contradictory, ambivalent, and even savage, Heine's work nevertheless was greatly admired by Schumann who served it well in the treasured songs of *Dichterliebe*.

The work was written for soprano Wilhelmine Schröder but given its first public performance by baritone Harry Plunkett Greene and pianist Leonard Borwick on January 11, 1895, in St. James Hall, London.

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**TYSHAWN SOREY**

Born July 8, 1980, in Newark, New Jersey  
*Cycles of My Being*

The ideas, themes, and experiences that make up *Cycles of My Being* have been on my mind for quite some time. As I've watched men of color endure undeserved aggression, incarceration, brutality, and even death, I've been forced to consider my thoughts and questions around what it means to be a black man in America today, and how we as a people are viewed and treated.

Working with Terrance Hayes and Tyshawn Sorey—two extraordinarily insightful and talented black men at the pinnacle of their respective art forms—has allowed each of us to bring our different perspectives to this piece, and to find a common ground in both our shared cultural

history and the unique individual paths that have brought us to this point. Together, we have tried to create something that speaks to the day-to-day life of a black man in the United States, and the thoughts and questions he experiences as he moves through the world.

These are divided times. But the goal of this piece is neither to widen those rifts, nor to reopen old wounds; the goal is to foster mutual respect, understanding, and communication across races and generations. History unfolds in cycles, and with this work, we hope to balance the stark challenges of our present reality with a resolute resilience, and an unwavering hope for a better future.

*Lawrence Brownlee*

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# PROFILES

## LAWRENCE BROWNLEE, tenor

Hailed by the Associated Press as one of “the world’s leading bel canto tenors,” American-born Lawrence Brownlee captivates audiences and critics around the world. His voice, praised by NPR as “an instrument of great beauty and expression . . . perfectly suited to the early 19th century operas of Rossini and Donizetti,” has ushered in “a new golden age in high male voices” (*The New York Times*). In 2017, he received the Male Singer of the Year award from both the International Opera Awards and *Bachtrack*. His recording of *Virtuoso Rossini Arias* was nominated for a Grammy Award, and prompted *New Yorker* critic Alex Ross to ask “is there a finer Rossini tenor than Lawrence Brownlee?”

The 2017-18 season starts with operas of Rossini, beginning with his house debut at the Gran Teatre del Liceu Barcelona in *Il Viaggio A Reims*, followed by *Semiramide* at the Royal Opera House in London, and *Le Comte Ory* with Opernhaus Zürich. He will sing Bellini’s *I Puritani* in a return to Lyric Opera of Chicago, Strauss’ *Der Rosenkavalier* at the Bayerische Staatsoper (including a concert performance at Carnegie Hall), Donizetti’s *Don Pasquale* at Opéra National de Paris, and will join bass Eric Owens for a duo concert with the Celebrity Series of Boston.

The season includes the world premiere of *Cycles of My Being*, a song cycle centered around the African-American male experience in America. Tyshawn Sorey composed the music, with text by poet Terrance Hayes. The piece was commissioned by Carnegie Hall, Opera Philadelphia, Lyric Opera of Chicago, and is on tour to major venues around the United States,

including the world premiere in Philadelphia, followed by performances at New York’s Carnegie Hall and other US cities.

Brownlee has appeared on the stages of the world’s most prestigious opera houses, including the Metropolitan Opera, Teatro alla Scala, Chicago Lyric Opera, Bavarian State Opera, Royal Opera House Covent Garden, Vienna State Opera, Opera National de Paris, Opernhaus Zürich, San Francisco Opera, the Berlin State Opera, Teatro Real Madrid, Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie, Houston Grand Opera, and the festivals of Salzburg and Baden-Baden. Broadcasts of his operas and concerts—including his 2014 Bastille Day performance in Paris, attended by the French president and prime minister—have been enjoyed by millions.

Orchestral performances include the Berlin Philharmonic, Philadelphia Orchestra, Chicago Symphony, New York Philharmonic, Academia di Santa Cecilia, Boston Symphony, Cleveland Orchestra, San Francisco Symphony, and the Bayerische Rundfunk Orchestra, among others.

Brownlee’s critically acclaimed discography and videography are a testament to his broad impact across the classical music scene. His opera and concert recordings include *Il barbiere di Siviglia* with the Bayerische Rundfunk Orchestra, *Armida* at the Metropolitan Opera, Rossini’s *Stabat Mater* with Academia di Santa Cecilia, and *Carmina Burana* with the Berlin Philharmonic. He also released a disc of African-American spirituals entitled *Spiritual Sketches* with pianist Damien Sneed, which the pair performed at Lincoln Center’s American Songbook series, and which NPR praised as an album of “soulful singing” that “sounds like it’s coming straight from his



heart to yours." His newest album, *Allegro lo Son*, received a Critic's Choice from *Opera News*, among numerous other accolades.

Brownlee is the fourth of six children and discovered music when he learned to play bass, drums, and piano at his family's church in Youngstown, Ohio. He was awarded a Master of Music from Indiana University and went on to win a Grand Prize in the 2001 Metropolitan Opera National Council auditions. He is a champion for autism awareness through the organization Autism Speaks, and he is a lifetime member of Kappa Alpha Psi Fraternity Inc., a historically black fraternity committed to social action and empowerment.

#### **MYRA HUANG**, piano

Acclaimed by *Opera News* as being "among the top accompanists of her generation," and "... a colouristic tour de force," by *The New York Times*, Grammy-nominated pianist Myra Huang performs in recitals and chamber music concerts around the world. Highly sought after for her interpretation of lieder and art song as well as her depth of musicianship and impeccable technique, she regularly performs with acclaimed opera singers. Last season, she made her Wigmore Hall debut in London with tenor Nicholas Phan. She also toured with the Mariinsky Theater and Maestro Valery Gergiev throughout South America, performing as part of their art festival with bass Dmitry Grigoriev. This season, she performs recitals with singers Lawrence Brownlee, Nicholas Phan, Susanna Phillips, Eric Owens, Quinn Kelsey, and Marjorie Owens, at Carnegie Hall, Herbst Theatre, Boston Celebrity Series, Schubert Club, Gilmore Keyboard Festival, Shriver Hall, Park Avenue Armory, George London Foundation, and more.

Huang has served on the music staffs of the Washington National Opera, Houston Grand Opera, New York City Opera, and the Palau de les Arts in Valencia, Spain. She worked closely with Director Lorin Maazel and Zubin Mehta as an assistant conductor at the Palau De Les Arts. From 2011-13, she served as the head of music staff at New York City Opera. She is a staff pianist for the Operalia competition, directed by Placido Domingo, performing at opera houses around the world such as Teatro alla Scala (Milan), Royal Opera House (United Kingdom), National Centre for the Performing Arts (Beijing), and Teatro Real (Madrid). She regularly teaches at young artist programs throughout the United States to train young opera singers and pianists.

Huang is an avid recitalist and recording artist. Her recordings have received critical acclaim from *The New York Times*, *Gramophone UK*, *Opera News*, and *The Boston Globe*. Her most recent album *Gods and Monsters* with tenor Nicholas Phan was nominated for the "Best Classical Vocal Solo Album" category at the 2018 Grammy Awards. Of this album, *Opera News* stated, "Huang matches the tenor with pianistic arsenal of colors and attacks, controlled by her astonishing technique." Her next album, *Illuminations*, is on the Avie label with tenor Nicholas Phan, the award-winning Telegraph Quartet, and the chamber ensemble, The Knights. This album is scheduled to be released in April 2018. Other albums include *Winter Words* and *Still Falls the Rain* on the Avie label with Nicholas Phan, and *Paysages* on the Bridge label with soprano Susanna Phillips, all released to critical acclaim.