



ST. MATTHEW'S
CATHEDRAL
ARTS
2020-2021 SEASON

THE FACETS OF LOVE

A BENEFIT RECITAL FOR ST. MATTHEW'S CATHEDRAL ARTS

WITH

MICHELLE PEREZ

soprano

STEPHEN CAREY

piano

SUNDAY, MAY 2, 2021 • 3:00 PM

GREAT HALL

ST. MATTHEW'S EPISCOPAL CATHEDRAL

DALLAS, TEXAS

PROGRAM

A Mother's Love

Siete canciones populares Españolas (1914) Manuel de Falla (1876–1946)

5. *Nana*

Mariä Wiegenlied (Mary's Lullaby), Op. 76, No. 52 (1912) Max Reger (1873–1916)

Oración de las madres que tienen a sus hijos en brazos (1914) Manuel de Falla

Falling in Love

Je veux vivre (Juliette's Waltz) Charles-François Gounod (1818–1893)
from *Roméo et Juliette* (1867)

Canciones clásicas Españolas, Vol. 1 (1921) Fernando Obradors (1897–1945)

6. *Del cabello más sutil (Of the softest hair)*

Oh! Quand je dors (Oh! When I sleep), S. 282 (1842) Franz Liszt (1811–1886)

Dangerous Love

Piangerò la sorte mia (I will cry over my fate) George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)
from *Giulio Cesare* (1724)

Try Me, Good King: Last Words of the Wives of Henry VIII (2000) Libby Larsen (b.1950)

II. *Anne Boleyn*

III. *Jane Seymour*

IV. *Anne of Cleves*

The Hope of Love

Breathe Lin-Manuel Miranda (b.1980)
from *In the Heights* (2005)

with the assistance of Nicholas Garza, Brittini Kelly, Anna Clarkson, Nathan Gapanaga and Shannon Moriak

Journey to the Past Stephen Flaherty (b.1960)
from *Anastasia* (1997)

ARTIST'S STATEMENT

A Mother's Love

The opening set of songs depicts one of the most physical displays of maternal love: nursing a child to sleep. First in *Nana*, an Andalusian lullaby which portrays an intimate act, contrasted with the bright and sweet *Mariä Wiegenlied*. In the third song, *Oración de las madres que tienen sus hijos en brazos* (Prayer of the mothers who hold their children in their arms), Mary pleads that her son Jesus not become a “soldier,” foreshadowing his crucifixion in the moments of quiet comfort in his infancy. Heard by Spanish composer Manuel de Falla when he was a child, *Nana* is an Andalusian lullaby, as tender and soothing in its words as it is sad in the melody. The piano sets off a cradling movement, intertwining rhythms between left and right hands, reflective of the intertwining heartbeats of mother and child. Toward the end of the lullaby, the child stirs and there's a small crescendo to *mezzo-forte*, but it is quieted immediately, gradually soothing the child into sleep and leaving the mother carrying the weight of her own fears. German composer, teacher, and keyboardist Max Reger wrote his sweet Christmas lullaby for piano with words by Martin Boelitz. The song opens with a direct quotation of *Resonet in laudibus*, a 14th-century carol. De Falla's approach in the *Oración* reflects the sentiment of a Europe reeling from the First World War. His song is full of rich harmonies, with the piano working independently of the voice. The text is by poet María de Lejárraga (1874–1974), a confirmed and active feminist affiliated with the Spanish Socialist Party, which influenced her portrayal of Mary. Despite the drama of the second section, the musical atmosphere remains austere and prayerful.

Falling in Love

The thought of falling in love can be offsetting, intoxicating, and ephemeral. Beginning with Juliette's exuberant waltz, this group depicts three stages of falling in love and the delights of blissful envelopment, complete rapture and a foreshadowing of what is to come.

Dangerous Love

This set depicts a darker side of love, depicted first in Cleopatra's impassioned reflection on her impending doom, then in the words of three of the wives of King Henry the VIII. The Larsen selections describe three very different fates: Anne Boleyn, whose life ended on the executioner's block; Jane Seymour, who never lived to see happiness; and Anne of Cleves, who undoubtedly outsmarted them all. Composer Libby Larsen writes, “*Try Me, Good King* is a group of five songs drawn from the final letters and gallows speeches of Katherine of Aragon, Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, and Katherine Howard. Henry's sixth wife, Katherine Parr, outlived him and at last brought some domestic and spiritual peace to Henry's immediate family. Her written devotions are numerous and her role in the story of the six wives of Henry VIII is that of a peaceful catalyst. In these songs I chose to focus on the intimate crises of the heart that affected the first five of the six wives. In a sense, this group is a monodrama of anguish and power. I've interwoven a lute song into each piece, including John Dowland's *In darkness let me dwell* (Katherine of Aragon and Katherine Howard), Dowland's *If my complaints* (Anne Boleyn), Praetorius' *Lo, how a rose e'er blooming* (Jane Seymour), and Thomas Campion's *I care not for these ladies* (Anne of Cleves). These lute songs were composed during the reign of Elizabeth I, and while they are cast as some of the finest examples from that golden age, they also weave a tapestry of unsung words which comment on the real situation of each doomed queen.”

The Hope of Love

The final set takes a glimpse into the lives of two characters: Nina, who is facing her parents at home after dropping out of a prestigious university, and Anastasia, who begins a search to find her family. Both young women are in anxious anticipation, seeking the love and acceptance that only a family can give as they begin their new journeys.



I have endless gratitude for the teachers and mentors who have been so generous in sharing their knowledge during my time in Dallas and beyond. In particular, Dr. Jeffrey Snider, Dr. Jerry McCoy, Julie McCoy, Heidi Klein, Monica Awbrey and Keith Franks, who have so graciously assisted during my graduate studies audition process in the past year. I also want to thank Michie Akin and St. Matthew's Cathedral Arts for providing so many performance opportunities, especially this recital to benefit the work of my dear colleagues in the Cathedral Arts Choral Artists. Although leaving Dallas - my second home - will be difficult, I'm excited to begin studies towards a MM in Performance at Arizona State University next Fall. And I'll return. In the words of Wendy Wunder, “The magic thing about home is that it feels good to leave, and it feels even better to come back.” – Michelle Perez

THE ARTISTS

Soprano **Michelle Perez** currently serves as the associate director of choral activities at Mesquite High School and the Texas Music Educators Association Region III Vocal Chair. Originally from the Rio Grande Valley, Michelle has enjoyed performing throughout the U.S. and with professional local and liturgical choirs in the Dallas-Fort Worth area, including the St. Matthew's Cathedral Arts Choral Artists. A graduate of the University of North Texas, Michelle holds a Bachelor of Music in Choral Music Education. While at UNT, she studied with Alan McClung, Jerry McCoy, Jeffrey Snider, and Richard Sparks. As a member of UNT choirs, Michelle enjoyed a variety of national and international performance opportunities. Michelle will graduate this month with a Masters in Music Education from Southern Methodist University, and will pursue a Masters in Vocal Performance under a full scholarship to Arizona State University in the Fall of 2021.

Pianist **Stephen Carey** is a native of York, Pennsylvania. Stephen has his bachelor of music degree from West Virginia University, and his master of music degree from the University of Tennessee in Knoxville. Both of his degrees are in piano performance and collaborative piano. From the fall of 2001 through the spring of 2013, Mr. Carey worked for Opera Memphis, where he ultimately served as assistant artistic director, director of the young artist program, chorus master, assistant conductor, and rehearsal pianist/vocal coach. From the fall of 2013 through the spring of 2018, Mr. Carey worked for Fort Worth Opera, where he served as principal pianist and vocal coach. From the fall of 2018 through the spring of 2019, Mr. Carey served as the assistant music director for the opera program at the University of North Texas. In 2020 he joined the music faculty of the Seagle Festival, the premier opera and musical theater producing organization in the Adirondack region of upstate New York and the oldest summer vocal training program in the United States. Mr. Carey is currently the music director for the opera program at Texas Christian University.

THE CATHEDRAL ARTS CHORAL ARTISTS

The Cathedral Arts Choral Artists is an ensemble of exceptional professional vocalists residing in the Dallas-Fort Worth area. Their collective experience and superb musicianship contribute to a unique interpretation of many styles of choral music. These singers participate in a wide range of musical activity at St. Matthew's, from early music performance to jazz and musical theater. Founded in 2012 as a resident professional ensemble at Saint Matthew's Cathedral Arts, the Choral Artists sing for many Cathedral Arts events, including a regular Evensong series. Under the direction of Monica Awbrey, the ensemble is dedicated to preparing and presenting the best of the Anglican choral tradition. Their repertoire spans nearly 1000 years, ranging from Gregorian Chant to music of the 21st century. During the 2019-20 season their attention was directed to the past and present contributions of women composers, including the music of Hildegard of Bingen, Fanny Mendelssohn, Clara Schumann, Mary Howe, Lili Boulanger and Madeleine Dring, as well as works from a remarkable new generation of composers, including Cecilia McDowell, Eleanor Joanne Daley, Maggie Burk, Sarah MacDonald, Caroline Shaw, Sara Bareilles, Lori Laitman, Judith Weir and Libby Larsen. During the 2021-22 Cathedral Arts season the Choral Artists will explore little-known choral music of Black American composers. Your contribution to today's benefit recital is deeply appreciated.



As a center for the arts in Old East Dallas, St. Matthew's Cathedral Arts revives an ancient tradition of cathedral churches in proclaiming the presence of God through the beauty of human creativity, bringing vitality to St. Matthew's Cathedral, our neighborhood and greater Dallas.

Welcome to the ninth season of great performances, visual arts and educational events at St. Matthew's Cathedral Arts. Founded in 2011 as a center for arts, learning and community-building at historic St. Matthew's Episcopal Cathedral, Cathedral Arts has built an enduring link to Dallas' professional arts community. The Justus Sundermann Gallery, a gift of Sally Sundermann in honor of her son, hosts frequent public exhibits, lectures, concerts and receptions. In 2017, a major capital campaign provided a superb concert grand piano to the Great Hall in support of fine musical offerings. A professional chamber chorus, the Cathedral Arts Choral Artists, can be heard during a season of third Sunday Evensong services. Cathedral Arts resides at St. Matthew's as a self-supporting initiative, financially independent of the Cathedral and the Episcopal Diocese. Institutional underwriting includes deeply-appreciated grants from the Swiss Avenue Historic District and from donor-advised funds at the Communities Foundation of Texas. Individual donors sustain Cathedral Arts through the annual Pillars Campaign, North Texas Giving Day and the annual Gala and Silent Auction. Founding Artistic Director H. Michie Akin brings a lifetime of experience and leadership to Cathedral Arts, and an extraordinary group of volunteers lend their skills to the active Executive Committee, guiding the planning and execution of all Cathedral Arts programs. In keeping with its mission, virtually every Cathedral Arts event is open to the public at no charge. For more information and ways to participate in the growth of St. Matthew's Cathedral Arts, visit online at cathedralartsdallas.org.

COMING TO CATHEDRAL ARTS

Choral Evensong
with
The Cathedral Arts Choral Artists
Monica Awbrey, Director
and
Robert Price, Dean of the Cathedral
Sunday, May 16 at 4:00 pm
Cathedral

Cathedral Arts welcomes The Dallas Opera
in a new production for families and children
Jack and the Beanstalk
performed on the OperaTruck, an 18-wheel flatbed mobile stage
Sunday, May 23 at 3:00 pm
The Lawn of St. Matthew's Cathedral
Benefitting the St Matthew's Cathedral Food Pantry
Please bring chairs and non-perishable food condiments to donate!

LYRICS AND TRANSLATIONS

Nana

*Duérmete, niño, duerme,
duerme, mi alma,
duérmete, lucerito,
de la mañana.
Naninta, nana.
duérmete, lucerito
de la mañana.*

Manuel de Falla (1876–1946)

Sleep, little one, sleep,
sleep, my darling,
sleep, my little morning star.
Lullay, lullay,
sleep, my little morning star.

English translation by Jacqueline Cockburn and
Richard Stokes published in *The Spanish Song
Companion* (Gollancz, 1992)

Mariä Wiegenlied

*Maria sitzt im Rosenhag
Und wiegt ihr Jesuskind,
Durch die Blätter leise
Weht der warme Sommerwind.
Zu ihren Füßen singt
Ein buntes Vögelein:
Schlaf, Kindlein, süße,
Schlaf nun ein!*

Max Reger (1873–1916)

Mary sits by the rose bower
And rocks her little Jesus,
Softly through the leaves
The warm wind of summer blows.
A brightly coloured bird
Sings at her feet:
Go to sleep, sweet child,
It's time to go to sleep!

*Hold ist dein Lächeln,
Holder deines Schlummers Lust,
Leg dein müdes Köpfchen
Fest an deiner Mutter Brust!
Schlaf, Kindlein, süße,
Schlaf nun ein!*

Your smile is lovely,
Your happy sleep lovelier still,
Lay your tired little head
Against your mother's breast!
Go to sleep, sweet child,
It's time to go to sleep!

Translation by Richard Stokes, author of *The Book
of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

Oración de las madres que tienen a sus hijos en brazos

*¡Dulce Jesús, que estás dormido!
¡Por el Santo pecho, que te ha amamantado,
te pido que este hijo mío, no sea soldado!*

*¡Se lo llevarán, y era carne mía!
¡Me lo matarán, y era mi alegría!
Cuando esté muriendo, dirá: ¡Madre mía!,
y no sabré, ni la hora ni el día...*

*¡Dulce Jesús que estás dormido!
¡Por el Santo pecho que te ha amamantado,
te pido que este hijo mío, no sea soldado!*

Manuel de Falla

Sweet Jesus, you are sleeping!
By the holy breast that suckled you,
I pray that this my son not be a soldier!

They will take him away, and he was my
flesh!
They will kill him, and he was my happiness!
When he's dying he will say, "Mother of
mine!"
And I will not know the hour nor the day.

Sweet Jesus, you are sleeping!
By the holy breast that suckled you,
I pray that this my son not be a soldier!

Je veux vivre

*Je veux vivre
Dans ce rêve qui m'enivre
Ce jour encore,
Douce flamme
Je te garde dans mon âme
Comme un trésor!
Je veux vivre, etc.*

Charles-François Gounod (1818–1893)

I want to live
In this dream which intoxicates me
This day still,
Sweet flame
I keep you in my soul
Like a treasure!
I want to live, etc.

*Cette ivresse de jeunesse
Ne dure, hélas! qu'un jour!
Puis vient l'heure
Où l'on pleure.*

*Loin de l'hiver morose
Laisse moi, laisse moi sommeiller
Et respirer la rose,
Avant de l'effeuiller.
Ah! - Ah! - Ah!*

*Douce flamme!
Reste dans mon âme
Comme un doux trésor
Longtemps encore.
Ah! - Comme un trésor
Longtemps encore.*

*Del cabello más sutil
Del cabello más sutil
Del cabello más sutil
Que tienes en tu trenzado
He de hacer una cadena
Para traerte a mi lado.*

*Una alcarraza en tu casa,
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,
Para besarte en la boca,
Cuando fueras a beber.*

*Oh! Quand je dors
Oh! Quand je dors, viens auprès de ma
couche,
Comme à Pétrarque apparaissait Laura,
Et qu'en passant ton haleine me touche ...
Soudain ma bouche s'entr'ouvrira!
Sur mon front morne où peut-être s'achève
Un songe noir qui trop longtemps dura,
Que ton regard comme un astre se lève ...
Et soudain mon rêve rayonnera!
Puis sur ma lèvre où voltige une flamme,
Éclair d'amour que Dieu même épura,
Pose un baiser, et d'ange deviens femme ...
Soudain mon âme s'éveillera!*

This intoxication of youth
Lasts, alas, only for one day!
Then comes the hour
When one weeps.

Far from the morose winter
Let me, let me slumber
And inhale the rose,
Before plucking its petals.
Ah! - Ah! - Ah!

Sweet flame!
Stay in my soul
Like a sweet treasure
For a long time still.
Ah! - Like a treasure
For a long time still.

Translated by Lea Frey
(blfrey@earthlink.net)

Fernando Obradors (1897–1945)

Of the softest hair,
Of the softest hair
which you have in your braid,
I would make a chain
so that I may bring you to my side.

A jug in your home,
little one, I would like to be,
so that I may kiss your lips
each time you take a drink.

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Franz Liszt (1811–1886)

Ah, while I sleep, come close to where I lie,
As Laura once appeared to Petrarch,
And let your breath in passing touch me ...
At once my lips will part!

On my sombre brow, where a dismal dream
That lasted too long now perhaps is ending,
Let your countenance rise like a star ...
At once my dream will shine!

Then on my lips, where a flame flickers,
A flash of love which God himself has
purified,
Place a kiss and be transformed from angel
into woman ... At once my soul will wake!

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *The Book
of Lieder*, provided courtesy of Oxford Lieder
(www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)

Piangerò la sorte mia

*E pur così in un giorno
perdo fasti e grandezze? Ah! fato rio!
Cesare, il mio bel nume,
è forse estinto;
Cornelia e Sesto inermi son,
né sanno darmi soccorso. O dio!
Non resta alcuna speme al viver mio.*

*Piangerò la sorte mia,
sì crudele e tanto ria,
finché vita in petto avrò.
Ma poi morta d'ogn'intorno il tiranno e
notte e giorno fatta spettro agiterò.*

George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)

So it is thus that in one day I lose both
pomp and grandeur? Ah, cruel fate!
Caesar, my beautiful god,
is perhaps dead;
Cornelia and Sesto are powerless
and can't help me. O god!
There is no more hope in my life.

I will cry my fate,
so cruel and mean,
so long as I have life in my breast.
But then when dead, turned ghost,
I will haunt the tyrant both night and day.

translation by Alexandra Amati-Camperi

Try Me, Good King: Last Words of the Wives of Henry VIII

Libby Larsen (b.1950)

II. Anne Boleyn

“Try me, good king, let me have a lawful trial
and let not my enemies sit as my accusers and judges.

Try me, good king, let me receive an open trial
for my truth shall fear no open shame.

Never a prince had a wife more loyal, more loyal in all duty,
never a prince had a wife more loyal, more loyal in all true affection,
never a prince had a wife more loyal than you have found in Anne Bulen.
You have chosen me from low estate to be your wife and companion.

Do you not remember the words of your own true hand?

‘My own darling, I would you were in my arms
for I think it long since I kissed you, my mistress and my friend.’

Do you not remember the words of your own true hand?

Try me, good king, Try me.

If ever I have found favor in your sight,
if ever the name of Anne Bulen has been pleasing to your ears,
if ever I have found favor in the sight,

if ever the name of Anne Bulen has been pleasing to your ears,
let me obtain this request and my innocence shall be known.

Let me obtain this request and my innocence shall be cleared.

Try me. Try me. Try me. Good Christian people, I come hither to die and by the law I
am judged to die. I pray God, I pray God save the King.

I hear the executioner's good, and my neck is so little.

III. Jane Seymour

“Right, trusty and Well Beloved, we greet you well, for as much as be the inestimable
goodness of Almighty God, we be delivered of a prince, a prince.

I love the rose both red and white, to hear of them is my delight,
Joyed may we be, our prince to see, and roses three.

IV. Anne of Cleves

“I have been informed by certain lords of the doubts and questions which have been
found in our marriage. It may please your majesty to know that though this case be most
hard and sorrowful I have and do accept the clergy for my judges. So now the clergy
hath given their sentence, hath given their sentence. I approve. I neither can nor will
repute myself for your grace's wife, yet it may please your highness to take me for your
sister, your sister, for which I most humbly thank you.

Your majesty's most humble sister, Anne, daughter of Cleves.

Breathe

PIRAGUA GUY: *Sigue andando el camino por toda su vida. Respira.*

NINA: Breathe.

COMMUNITY: *Y si pierdes mis huellas que Dios te bendiga. Respira.*

NINA: This is my street. I smile at the faces I've known all my life. They regard me with pride and everyone's sweet.

They say, "You're going places!" So how can I say that while I was away I had so much to hide! "Hey guys, it's me! The biggest disappointment you know!"

The kid couldn't hack it. She's back and she's walkin' real slow. Welcome home. Just breathe.

COMMUNITY: *Sigue andando el camino por toda su vida. Respira.*

Y si pierdes mis huellas que Dios te bendiga. Respira.

NINA: As the radio plays old forgotten boleros, I think of the days when this city was mine. I remember the praise, "Ay, te adoro, te quiero." The neighborhood waved, and said, "Nina, be brave and you're gonna be fine!"

And maybe it's me, but it all seems like lifetimes ago.

COMMUNITY: *Te adoro. Te quiero. Respira! Respira!*

NINA: So what do I say to these faces that I used to know? "Hey, I'm home?"

NEIGHBOR LADY: *Mira, Nina.*

NINA: Hey...

COMMUNITY: *No me preocupo por ella.*

Lin-Manuel Miranda (b.1980)

NINA: They're not worried about me.

COMMUNITY: *Mira, allí esta nuestra estrella!*

NINA: They are all counting on me to succeed.

COMMUNITY: *Ella sí da la talla!*

NINA: I am the one who made it out!

The one who always made the grade. But maybe I should have just stayed home...

When I was a child I stayed wide awake. Climbed to the highest place on every fire escape, restless to climb.

I got every scholarship. Saved every dollar. The first to go to college. How do I tell them why I'm coming back home?

With my eyes on the horizon. Just me and the GWB, asking, "Gee, Nina, what'll you be?"

Straighten the spine. Smile for the neighbors. Everything's fine.

Everything's cool.

The standard reply:

"Lots of tests, lots of papers."

Smile, wave goodbye and pray to the sky, oh, god...

And what will my parents say?

COMMUNITY: Nina.

NINA: Can I go in there and say...

COMMUNITY: Nina...

NINA: "I know that I'm letting you down..."

ABUELA CLAUDIA: Nina...

NINA: Just breathe.

Journey to the Past

Heart, don't fail me now!
Courage, don't desert me!
Don't turn back now that we're here.
People always say life is full of choices.
No one ever mentions fear!
Or how the world can seem so vast
On a journey ... to the past.
Somewhere down this road
I know someone's waiting
Years of dreams just can't be wrong!
Arms will open wide.
I'll be safe and wanted
Fin'ly home where I belong.
Well, starting now, I'm learning fast
On this journey to the past
Home, Love, Family.

Stephen Flaherty (b.1960)

There was once a time
I must have had them, too.
Home, Love, Family,
I will never be complete
Until I find you...
One step at a time,
One hope, then another,
Who knows where this road may go
Back to who I was,
On to find my future.
Things my heart still needs to know.
Yes, let this be a sign!
Let this road be mine!
Let it lead me to my past
And bring me home...
At last!