

Musings of a Singing Mother



Anna E. White, soprano

Katie Fowler, mezzo-soprano

Will Hamilton, piano

Alex Glaubitz, cello (June 29th)

Faith Rohde, cello (July 27th)

Saturday, June 29th

7:30 PM

Medina United Methodist Church

Saturday, July 27th

7:30 PM

Aurora School of Music

Anna is a mother of three; ages 11, 6, and 4.

Katie is a mother of two; ages 6 and 3.

Anna and Katie met in the professional choral ensemble Cleveland Chamber Choir, four years ago. They both discovered that they each had young children (Katie was pregnant with her second and Anna had just had her third child). They also discovered that within the classical performing world, they both loved opera and art songs and both taught private voice lessons. They had the idea that it would be great to sing together, tying in their love for classical songs and motherhood. So just a short time later (three and a half years!) they created this classical cabaret.



PROGRAM

*There will be no formal intermission this evening.
Please feel free to move around as needed during the performance.*

- "Ah Guarda sorella" from *Così Fan Tutte* Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)
- "Près des ramparts de Séville" from *Carmen* Georges Bizet (1838–1875)
- "So anchio la virtù magica" from *Don Pasquale* Gaetano Donizetti (1797–1848)
- Süßer Freund from *Frauenliebe und Leben* Robert Schumann (1810–1856)
- Libera Me from *Requiem* Giuseppe Verdi (1813–1901)
- Du Bist Wie Eine Blume Robert Schumann (1810–1856)
- Wiegenlied from *5 Lieder* Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)
- Zdes' khorosho Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873–1943)
- Charm of Lullabies, op. 41 Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)
1. A Cradle Song
 2. The Highland Balou
 4. A Charm
 5. The Nurse's Song
- Miss Lucy Seymour Barab (1921–2014)
- Alas! Alack (parody) Jake Heggie (b. 1961)
- "Je veux vivre" from *Roméo et Juliette* Charles Gounod (1818–1893)
- "Till there was you" from *Music Man* Meredith Wilson (1902–1984)
- From The Book of Nightmares Jake Heggie (b. 1961)
1. The Nightmare
 2. In a Restaurant
 3. In My Father's Eyes (*July Recital Only*)
 4. Back You Go
- Duetto buffo di due Gatti (Comedic duet of the Cats) Gioachino Rossini (1792–1868)
- Brindisi from *6 Romanze* Giuseppe Verdi (1813–1901)
- "Sous le dôme épais" (Flower Duet) from *Lakmé* Léo Delibes (1836–1891)
- All the Things You Are Jerome Kern (1885–1945)
- "The Story Goes On" from *Baby* David Shire (b. 1937)
- Good Night Moon Eric Whitacre (b. 1970)

PROGRAM NOTES AND TRANSLATIONS

Ah! guarda, Sorella

from *Così Fan Tutte*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)

In the beginning of this opera, two sisters, Fiordiligi and Dorabella, sing the praises of their lovers, Guglielmo and Fernando and how their love for them is strong and true.

FIORDILIGI

*Ah, guarda, sorella,
Se bocca più bella,
Se petto più nobile
Si può ritrovar.*

Ah tell me sister,
If one could ever find
A nobler face,
A sweeter mouth.

DORABELLA

*Osserva tu un poco,
Che fuoco ha ne' sguardi!
Se fiamma, se dardi
Non sembran scoccar.*

Just look,
See what fire
Is in his eye,
If flames and darts
Do not seem to flash forth!

FIORDILIGI

*Si vede un sembiante
Guerriero ed amante.*

This is the face
Of a soldier and a lover.

DORABELLA

*Si vede una faccia
Che alletta e minaccia.*

This is a face
Both charming and alarming.

FIORDILIGI

Io sono felice.

I am happy

DORABELLA

Felice son io.

Happy am I

FIORDILIGI E DORABELLA

*Se questo mio core
Mai cangia desio,
Amore mi faccia
Vivendo penar.*

How happy I am!
If ever my heart
Changes its affection,
May love make me
Live in pain.

Près des ramparts de Séville (Seguidilla)

Bizet (1838–1875)

from *Carmen*

CARMEN

*Près des remparts de Séville,
Chez mon ami Lillas Pastia,
J'irai danser la séguedille
Et boire du Manzanilla!
J'irai chez mon ami Lillas Pastia.
Oui, mais toute seule on s'ennuie,
Et les vrais plaisirs sont à deux .
Donc pour me tenir compagnie,
J'emmènerai mon amoureux
Mon amoureux! ... Il est au diable
Je l'ai mis à la porte hier .
Mon pauvre coeur très consolable,
Mon coeur est libre comme l'air .
J'ai des galants à la douzaine,
Mais ils ne sont pas à mon gré;
Voici la fin de la semaine,
Qui veut m'aimer je l'aimerai.
Qui veut mon âme ... elle est à prendre .
Vous arrivez au bon moment,
Je n'ai guère le temps d'attendre,
Car avec mon nouvel amant
Près des remparts de Séville.
Chez mon ami Lillas Pastia,
J'irai danser la séguedille
Et boire du Manzanilla.
Oui, j'irai chez mon ami
Lillas Pastia!*

CARMEN

*Near the ramparts of Seville,
At my friend Lillas Pastia's,
I will dance the seguidilla
And drink Manzanilla!
I'll go to my friend Lillas Pastia's house.
Yes, but all alone one gets bored,
And the real pleasures are two.
So to keep me company,
I will take my lover
My lover! ... he has gone to the devil!
I threw him out the door yesterday.
My poor heart very consolable,
My heart is free like the air.
I have lovers by the dozen,
But they are not to my liking;
Here is the end of the week,
Who wants to love me I will love him.
Who wants my soul? It is for the taking.
You are arriving at the right moment,
I do not have time to wait,
Because with my new lover
Near the ramparts of Seville.
At my friend Lillas Pastia's,
I will dance the seguidilla
And drink Manzanilla.
Yes, I will go to
Lillas Pastia!*

So anch'io la virtù magica

from *Don Pasquale*

*"Quel guardo,
il cavaliere in mezzo al cor trafisse,
Piegò i ginocchio e disse:
Son vostro cavalier.
E tanto era in quel guardo
Sapor di paradiso,
Che il cavalier Riccardo,
Tutto d'amor conquiso,
Giurò che ad altra mai,
Non volgeria il pensier."*

Gaetano Donizetti (1797–1848)

*"That look,
pierced the knight in the middle of the heart,
He folded his body, bent at his knees and said
I am your knight.
And so it was in that look
a taste of paradise,
That the knight Richard,
Conquered by love,
Swore that never to another,
Woman would he ever think about."*

Continued on next page

Ah, ah!
 So anch'io la virtu magica
 D'un guardo a tempo e loco,
 So anch'io come si bruciano
 I cori a lento foco,
 D'un breve sorrisetto
 Conosco anch'io l'effetto,
 Di menzognera lagrima,
 D'un subito languor,
 Conosco i mille modi
 Dell'amorose frodi,
 I vezzi e l'arti facili
 Per adescare un cor.
 Ho testa bizzarra,
 son pronta vivace,
 Brillare mi piace scherzar:
 Se monto in furore
 Di rado sto al segno,
 Ma in riso lo sdegno fo presto a cangiar,
 Ho testa bizzarra,
 Ma core eccellente, ah!

Ah, ah!
 I too know the magical power
 of a look at the right time and place,
 I know how the heart burns
 in slow fires,
 of a brief smile
 I know the effect,
 Of lying tears,
 On a sudden languor,
 I know a thousand ways
 love can fraud,
 The charms and arts are easy
 To fool the heart.
 I have a bizarre mind
 I possess a ready wit,
 I like joking:
 If I get furious
 I'm rarely able to remain calm,
 But my disdain can soon turn to laughter,
 I have a bizarre mind
 But an excellent heart, ah!

Süßer Freund, du blickest

Robert Schumann (1810–1856)

*Süßer Freund, du blickest Mich verwundert an,
 Kannst es nicht begreifen, Wie ich weinen kann;
 Laß der feuchten Perlen Ungewohnte Zier
 Freudig hell erzittern in den Auge mir.*

Sweet friend, thou gazest upon me in wonderment,
 Thou canst not grasp it, why I can weep.
 Let the moist pearls unaccustomed adornment
 Tremble joyfull-bright in my eyes.

*Wie so bang mein Busen, wie so wonnevoll!
 Wüßt' ich nur mit Worten, wie ich's sagen soll;
 Komm und birg dein Antlitz hier an meiner Brust,
 Will in's Ohr dir flüstern alle meine Lust.*

How anxious my bosom, how rapturous!
 If only I know with words how I should say it.
 Come and bury thy visage here in my breast.
 I want to whisper in thy ear all my happiness.

*Weißt du nun die Thränen, die ich weinen kann?
 Sollst du nicht sie sehen, du geliebter Mann;
 Bleib' an meinem Herzen, fühle dessen Schlag,
 Daß ich fest und fester nur dich drücken mag.*

Knowest thou the tears that I can weep?
 Shouldst thou not see them, thou beloved man!
 Stay by my heart, feel its beat, that I may, faster and
 faster, hold thee!

*Hier an meinem Bette hat die Wiege Raum,
 Wo sie still verberge meinen holden Traum;
 Kommen wird der Morgen, wo der Traum erwacht,
 Und daraus dein Bildniß mir entgegen lacht*

Here at my bed the cradle shall have room
 Where it silently conceals my lovely dream;
 The morning will come where the dream awakes,
 And from there thy image shall smile at me.

Libera Me
from *Requiem*

Giuseppe Verdi (1813–1901)

*Libera me, Domine, de morte aeterna
in die illa tremenda
quando coeli movendi sunt et terra,
dum veneris judicare saeculum per ignem.
Libera me!*

Deliver me, O Lord, from eternal death
On that awful day
When the heavens and earth shall be shaken
And you shall come to judge the world by fire.
Deliver me!

Du bist wie eine Blume

Robert Schumann (1810–1856)

*Du bist wie eine Blume,
So hold und schön und rein;
Ich schau' dich an, und Wehmut
Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.
Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände
Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt',
Betend, dass Gott dich erhalte
So rein und schön und hold.*

You are like a flower,
So sweet and fair and pure;
I look at you, and sadness
Steals into my heart.
I feel as if I should lay
My hands upon your head,
Praying that God preserve you
So pure and fair and sweet.

Wiegenlied

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

*Guten Abend, gut' Nacht, mit Rosen bedacht,
mit Näglein besteckt schlupf' unter die Deck':
Morgen früh, wenn Gott will, wirst du wieder
geweckt.*

Good evening, good night, with roses bedecked,
With carnations covered slip under the blanket:
Early tomorrow; God willing, will you be woken
again.

*Guten Abend, gut' Nacht, von Eng'lein bewacht,
die zeigen im Traum dir Christkindleins Baum:
Schlaf' nun selig und süß, schau' im Traum's
Paradies.*

Good evening, good night, by angels guarded,
Who indicate to you by dream the Christ-child's tree:
Sleep now blissfully and sweetly, behold in dream's
paradise.

Zdes' khorosho

Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873–1943)

*Zdes' khorosho...
Vzgljani, vdali
Ognjom gorit reka;
Cvetnym kovrom luga legli,
Belejut oblaka.
Zdes' net ljudej...
Zdes' tishina...
Zdes' tol'ko Bog da ja.
Cvety, da stara ja sosna,
Da ty, mechta moja!*

All is well here...
Look, in the distance
The river glows like a fire;
The meadows are like a colorful carpet,
And there is the whiteness of clouds.
There is nobody here.
All is quiet...
Here I am alone with God.
And the flowers, and the old pine,
And you, my dream...

A Charm of Lullabies

Benjamin Britten (1913–1376)

1. A CRADLE SONG (*William Blake*)

Sleep! Sleep! Beauty bright,
Dreaming o'er the joys of night;
Sleep! Sleep! In thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.
Sweet Babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.
O, the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep.
When thy little heart does wake
Then the dreadful lightnings break,
From thy cheek and from thy eye,
O'er the youthful harvests nigh.
Infant wiles and infant smiles
Heav'n and Earth of peace beguiles.

2. THE HIGHLAND BALOU (*Robert Burns*)

Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald,
Hush, my sweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanronald!
Think of the great Ronald Clan!
Brawlie kens our wanton Chief
Splendidly goes our wanton chief
What gat my young Highland thief.
Who begot my young Highland thief.

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie!
Dear to me is your beautiful neck!
An thou live, thou'll steal a naigie,
And thou live, they'll steal a horse,
Travel the country thro' and thro'
Travel the country through and through,
And bring hame a Carlisle cow!
And bring home a Carlisle cow!

Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border
Through the lowlands, over the border,
Weel, my babie, may thou furder!
Well, my baby, may thou succeed!

Herry the louns o' the laigh Countrie
Hurry the boys of the low country,
Syne to the Highlands hame to me!
Since to the Highlands home to me!

4. A CHARM (*Thomas Randolph*)

Quiet, sleep! Or I will make
Erinys whip thee with a snake,
And cruel Rhadamanthus take
Thy body to the boiling lake,
Where fire and brimstone never slake;
Thy heart shall burn, thy head shall ache,
And every joint about thee quake;
And therefore dare not yet to wake!

Quiet, sleep! Quiet, sleep! Quiet!
Quiet, sleep! Or thou shalt see
The horrid hags or Tartary,
Whose tresses ugly serpents be,
And Cerberus shall bark at thee,
And all the Furies that are three
The worst is called Tisiphone,
Shall lash thee to eternity;
And therefore sleep thou peacefully
Quiet, sleep! Quiet, sleep! Quiet!

5. THE NURSE'S SONG (*John Philip*)

Lullaby baby,
Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may be.
Be still my sweet sweetening, no longer do cry;
Sing lullaby baby, lullaby baby.
Let dolours be fleeting, I fancy thee, I,
To rock and to lull thee I will not delay me.

Lullaby baby,
Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may be.
The gods be thy shield and comfort in need!
Sing lullaby baby
They give thee good fortune and well for to speed,
And this to desire I will not delay me.
Lullaby baby,
Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as my be.
Lullaby baby.

Miss Lucy

Seymour Barab (1921–2014)

written in the style of Donizetti

Miss Lucy had a baby
She named him Tiny Tim
She dropped him in the water
To see if he could swim. Ah!
He drank up all the water
He ate up all the soap
He tried to eat the bathtub
But it would not go down his throat.
Ah no! It would not go down his throat!

Miss Lucy called the doctor,
The doctor called the nurse,
The nurse called the lady with alligator purse.

In the walked the doctor,
In walked the nurse,
In walked the lady with the alligator purse.

“Measles,” said the doctor.
“Mumps,” said the nurse.
“A penny,” said the lady with the alligator
purse.

Miss Lucy gave a penny to the doctor.
The doctor gave a penny to the nurse.
The nurse gave a penny to the lady with the
alligator purse.

Out went the doctor,
Out went the nurse,
Out went the lady with the alligator purse!

Alas! Alack

Jake Heggie (b. 1961)

ORIGINAL LYRICS

Alas! Alack!

*I have a knack, for falling for the wrong man
Cavaradosi or Don Ottavio were just too tame
I never seem to want to stick to my own script
It's the chain smoking bad guy in leather
The one who'll ruffle my feathers
the most who gets me*

I fear it's alack-alas! Ah!

TODDLER VERSION

Alas! Alack!

My children are calling for me again!
Oh, it's my oldest who wants to know if she can
have a snack.

I never knew to be a mother means I have
My own restaurant with lots of orders
Not one thing I make for them will they like
Not one thing!
I fear it's alack-Alas! Ah!

Continued on next page

*As Tosca, I lost it over Scarpia
Not such a bad fella
He had the power and the steady job, the better tune
So when they asked me to pick up the knife
and dispatch him, I demurred.
Perhaps it was his theme song I preferred.
I know there's alack-Alas!*

*If I were Oberon, I'd choose Puck,
For Pamina, its Papagena
If I'm Brünnhilde it's bound to Wotan
On whom I'm stuck.
If Isolde were smitten by King Marke or Melot
Would it make her a zealot?
I know there's Alack-Alas!*

The toddler-as dramatic as an opera
She is so sweet at first.
She likes to come up and give me lots of kisses
But when she asks me to buy her that toy...and I
say "No"
It's the end of the world...for her...
And to be clear...the end for me!
I know there's alack-Alas!

Then there's the Baby-give me strength!
He's a darling boy who enjoys
3am parties with Mommy who loves him...
I know I do...
If I lie here and pretend I'm asleep will that work?
I just heard someone call me!
I know there's alack-Alas!

Je veux vivre

from *Roméo et Juliette*

Charles Gounod (1818–1893)

This French opera is based on Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet. Juliet's Waltz, as it is known, takes place in Act I during a grand party held by her family, the Capulets. She has yet to meet Romeo, and while not interested in any particular suitor, she is filled with excitement over what the night may hold for her and wants to relish the moment when her life is filled with hope and in her dreams it is eternally springtime!

*Dans le rêve qui m'enivre
Ce jour encor!
Douce flamme,
Je te garde dans mon âme
Comme un trésor!*

In the dream that exhilarates me
This day again!
Sweet flame,
I guard you in my soul
Like a treasure!

Till There Was You

from *Music Man*

Meredith Wilson (1902–1984)

There were bells on the hill, but I never heard them ringing.
No, I never heard them at all, till there was you.
There were birds in the sky, but I never saw them winging.
No I never saw them at all, till there was you.
And there was music and there were wonderful roses,
They tell me, in sweet fragrant meadows of dawn and dew.
There was love all around, but I never heard it singing.
No I never heard it at all, till there was you.

----- PAUSE -----

From The Book of Nightmares

Jake Heggie (b. 1961)

Text by Galway Kinnel

I. THE NIGHTMARE.

You scream, waking from a nightmare
When I sleepwalk
Into your room, and pick you up,
And hold you up in the moonlight, you cling to me
Hard,
As if clinging could save us. I think
you think
I will never die, I think I exude
to you the permanence of smoke or stars,
even as
my broken arms heal themselves around you.

II. IN A RESTAURANT

In a restaurant once, everyone quietly eating, you clambered up
on my lap; to all
the mouthfuls rising toward
all the mouths,
you cried
your one word, Caca! Caca! Caca!
And each spoonful
Stopped, a minute, in midair, in its withering
Steam.

III. IN MY FATHER'S EYES (*July Recital Only*)

In the light the moon
sends back, I can see in your eyes
the hand that waved once
in my father's eyes, a tiny kite
wobbling far up in the twilight of his last look;
and the angel
of all mortal things let's go the string.

IV. BACK YOU GO

Back you go into your crib.
The last blackbird lights up his gold wings: farewell.
Your eyes close inside your head,
In sleep. Already
In your dreams the hours begin to sing.
Little sleep's-head sprouting hair in the moonlight,
when I come back
we will go out together,
we will walk out together among
the ten thousand things,
each scratched too late with such knowledge,
the wages of dying is love.

Brindisi

from 6 Romanze

Giuseppe Verdi (1813–1901)

verse by Andrea Maffei

*Mescetemi il caffè!
Tu solo, o bicchiere,
Fra gaudi terreni
non sei menzognero,
Tu, vita de' sensi, letizia del cor.
Amai; m'infiammare due sguardi fatali;
Credei l'amicizia fanciulla senz'ali,
Follia de' prim'anni, fantasma illusor.
Mescetemi il caffè, letizia del cor.*

Pour me some coffee!
Only you, o glass,
of all the earthly pleasures, are not a liar.
You, life of the senses, joy of the heart.
I have loved; two fatal glances inflamed me;
I believed the friendship of the girl
without wings,
foolishness of youth, illusory imaginings.
Pour me some coffee, joy of the heart.

Sous le dôme épais (Flower Duet)

from *Lakmé*

Léo Delibes (1836–1891)

The opera “Lakmé,” takes place in 19th century India when many Hindus were forced by the British to practice their religion in secret. This duet appears near the beginning of Act I. Lakmé, the daughter of a Brahmin priest (soprano), and her servant Mallika (mezzo-soprano), are gathering flowers by a riverbank, reveling in the beauty around them.

LAKME

*Dôme épais le jasmin,
A la rose s'assemble,
Rive en fleurs frais matin,
Nous appellent ensemble.
Ah! glissons en suivant
Le courant fuyant:
Dans l'on de frémissante,
D'une main nonchalante,
Gagnons le bord,
Où l'oiseau chante, l'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.
Dôme épais, blanc jasmin,
Nous appellent ensemble!*

LAKME

Thick dome jasmine,
At the rose assembles,
Fresh flowering shore in the morning,
We call together.
Ah! slide next
The current running away:
In the quivering one,
With a nonchalant hand,
Let's win the edge,
Where the bird sings, the bird, the bird sings.
Thick dome, jasmine white,
Call us together!

MALLIKA

*Sous le dôme épais, où le blanc jasmin
A la rose s'assemble,
Sur la rive en fleurs riant au matin,
Viens, descendons ensemble.
Doucement glissons
De son flot charmant
Suivons le courant fuyant:
Dans l'on de frémissante,
D'une main nonchalante,
Viens, gagnons le bord,
Où la source dort
Et l'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.
Sous le dôme épais,*

MALLIKA

Under the thick dome, where the jasmine white
At the rose assembles,
On the bank in blooming laughing in the morning,
Come, let's go down together.
Gently gliding
From its charming flow
Let's follow the current running away:
In the quivering one,
With a nonchalant hand,
Come, win the edge,
Where the source is sleeping
And the bird, the bird sings.
Under a dome,

Continued on next page

*Sous le blanc jasmin,
Ah! descendons ensemble!*

LAKME

*Mais, je ne sais quelle crainte subite,
S'empare de moi,
Quand mon père va seul à leur ville maudite;
Je tremble, je tremble d'effroi!*

MALLIKA

*Pourquoi le Dieu Ganeça le protège,
Jusqu'à l'étang où s'ébattent joyeux
Les cygnes aux ailes de neige,
Allons cueillir les lotus bleus.*

LAKME

*Oui, près des cygnes aux ailles de meige,
Allons cueillir les lotus bleus.*

Under the jasmine white,
Ah! let's go down together!

LAKME

But, I do not know what sudden fear,
Take hold of me,
When my father goes alone to their cursed city;
I tremble, I tremble with terror!

MALLIKA

Why the God Ganeça protects him,
Up to the pond where frolic
Swans with snow wings,
Let's go pick the blue lotus.

LAKME

Yes, let's go where the swans are swimming,
Let's go pick the blue lotus.

All the Things You Are

Jerome Kern (1885–1945)

You are the promised kiss of springtime
That makes the lonely winter seem long.
You are the breathless hush of evening
That trembles on the brink of a lovely song.
You are the angel glow that lights a star,
The dearest things I know are what you are.
Someday my happy arms will hold you,
And someday I'll know that moment divine,
When all the things you are, are mine!

The Story Goes On

from *Baby*

David Shire (b. 1937)

So this is the tale my mother told me.
That tale that was much too dull to hold me.
And this is the surge and the rush she said would show
Our story goes on.
Oh, I was young, I forgot that things outlive me.
My goal was the kick that life would give me.
And now, like a joke, something moves to let me know
Our story goes on.
And all these things I feel and more,
My mother's mother felt, and hers before.
A chain of life begun upon the shore
Of some dark sea has reached to me.

Continued on next page

And now I can see the chain extending.
My child is next in a line that has no ending.
And here am I full of life, that her child will feel
When I'm long gone.
And thus it is our story goes on
And on and on and on...

Good Night Moon

Eric Whitacre (b. 1970)
Words by Margaret Wise Brown

In the great green room
There was a telephone and red balloon
And a picture of the cow jumping over the moon
And there were three little bears sitting on chairs,
And two little kittens, and a pair of mittens,
And a little toy house, and a young mouse,
And a comb and a brush, and bowl full of mush,
And a quiet old lady who was whispering "hush"

Goodnight room, goodnight moon,
Goodnight cow jumping over the moon,
Good night light and the red balloon,
Good night bears, goodnight chairs,
Goodnight kittens, goodnight mittens,
Goodnight clocks and goodnight socks,
Goodnight little house, goodnight mouse,
Goodnight comb and goodnight brush,
Goodnight nobody, goodnight mush,
And goodnight to the old lady whispering "hush"
Good night stars, goodnight air,
Goodnight noises everywhere.

PERFORMER BIOGRAPHIES

Katie Fowler, mezzo-soprano, has been acclaimed as "lovely of voice and every inch a charmer." Recent operatic roles include Lola in *Cavalleria Rusticana* with The Cleveland Opera, Hansel in *Hansel and Gretel* and Emma Jones in *Street Scene*, both with Nightingale Opera Theatre, and Stéphanie (cover) in Gounod's *Romeo et Juliette* with the Bar Harbor Music Festival in Bar Harbor, Maine. Ms. Fowler has been featured as Carmen in concert with the Heights Chamber Orchestra, as a soloist in Cleveland Opera Theater's *Opera for All* and *Opera Up Close*, as the alto soloist in Saint-Saëns's *Christmas Oratorio* with Kent State University and in Handel's *Messiah* with Bluffton University. She has been an active member of the Cleveland Chamber Choir since its inaugural season in 2015. She completed her Masters of Music in Voice Performance at Kent State University in May

of 2011. During her tenure at Kent, she was seen as Dido in Dido and Aeneas, Juno/Ino in Semele, Ida in Die Fledermaus, as well as the alto soloist for Handel's Messiah, Vivaldi's Gloria, and Benjamin Britten's Rejoice in the Lamb. Alongside her singing credits, Ms. Fowler has maintained a private voice studio since 2009 and joined the voice faculty at Aurora School of Music in 2016. Ms. Fowler resides in Kent, Ohio with her husband and two young daughters.

Anna E. White, soprano, is a Northeast Ohio native. She is a member and soloist within the Cleveland Chamber Choir and has been with CCC since its debut season in 2015. Anna has also had the privilege of singing with the Cleveland Orchestra Chorus, where, in addition to singing several choral works, she sang the role of Maidservant in Bach's St. John's Passion with the chorus and the Cleveland Orchestra at Severance Hall. She has also performed with the Cleveland Orchestra for Mozart's *Così fan Tutte* (opera chorus) alongside the Zurich Opera Company. Anna debuted with the Akron Symphony as Mustard-seed (Faerie One) in Mendelssohn's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and sang the title role of Della in David Conte's opera *The Gift of the Magi* with Great Lakes Light Opera (now a merger with Cleveland Opera Theater). Concert credits include soprano soloist for Vivaldi's Gloria, Haydn's Creation, and Handel's Messiah. Anna performs regularly in the Cleveland area, including singing for outreach events with Cleveland Opera Theater, and gala and fundraiser events at the Cleveland Museum of Art and various businesses in downtown Cleveland. She was most recently seen on the stage for Akron Symphony's concert version of *West Side Story*. In addition to performing, Anna maintains a private voice studio and has served extensively at the Aurora School of Music and Stagecrafters Youth Theatre as a substitute voice teacher. Anna received her bachelor's degree in vocal performance at Wheaton College Conservatory and resides in Medina, Ohio with her husband and three children.

Cellist **Alex Glaubitz** started his studies at the age of eleven in Falls Church, Virginia, under the guidance of Alice Vierra. Two years later, he started lessons with David Hardy, principal cellist of the National Symphony orchestra. Throughout middle and high schools, Alex studied chamber and orchestral music extensively – participating in master classes with the Emerson, Guarneri, and Borromeo Quartets, and serving as the rotating principal in the top orchestra of the American Youth Philharmonic Orchestras. Alex earned his Bachelor of Music degree from Peabody in 2013 under the direction of David Hardy and Master of Music from the Cleveland Institute of Music in 2015 under the direction of Mark Kosower. During his years in conservatory, Alex performed for various acclaimed solo artists, including Mischa Maisky, Pieter Wispelwey, and Alban Gerhardt. He also continued his study of chamber music, actively performing in chamber music throughout all of the six years. His summer studies include the National Repertory Orchestra, the National Orchestral Institute, in which he served as principal cellist for a concert, and the MISQA International String Quartet Academy, where he studied under the violinists of the Alban Berg Quartett. Alex currently teaches at the Aurora School of Music in Ohio and performs as a chamber musician and soloist in Northern Virginia and Cleveland.

Will Hamilton, pianist, graduated Summa Cum Laude with a B.M. in Collaborative Piano Performance and a B.A. in Spanish from the University of Akron. During his studies there, Will was selected as the 2010 Most Outstanding Piano Student at the undergraduate level, and the following year he became the 1st-place winner of the Marjorie Neville Collaborative Piano Competition at Central State University. He has worked as an independent and collaborative pianist in a variety of capacities, including opera and musical theater productions, competitions, concerts and recitals. Some of Will's more memorable performing experiences include his collaboration (2013-2016) with Broadway conductor Terry LaBolt and Emmy-winning, Tony-nominated director/choreographer George Pinney, during which he was credited as assistant musical director, score editor, rehearsal pianist, singer and actor for two musical productions debuts. For the last decade, Will has also worked in the Akron-Cleveland area as a pianist/organist at St. Francis de Sales Church, Bethany Lutheran Church, Lakemore United Methodist Church, and Temple Israel; as a salaried vocalist for the latter, as well as at Westminster Presbyterian Church and Park Synagogue; lastly as a freelance keyboardist/vocalist for weddings, bar/bat mitvahs, anniversaries, and other special occasions.

Originally from Louisville Kentucky, **Faith Rohde** currently lives in Berea, Ohio where she received her Bachelors of Music at Baldwin Wallace Conservatory of Music. With 10+ years of playing cello, she is looking forward to what the music industry holds for her and how she can shape the 21st century orchestra. Faith has studied cello with Robbin Chappars, Paul York, Anthony Kaiti, Jason Calloway, Natasha Farny, Dennis Parker, and Regina Mushabac. Faith has enjoyed four summers with the Sewanee Summer Music Festival working with world renowned conductors and a semi-professional orchestra. Faith is a cello teacher for the Kentucky Christian Strings Camp located in Louisville KY as well as a cello sectional coach for the Community Music School hosted by Baldwin Wallace Conservatory of Music. Faith has been in masterclasses coached by Ralph Curry from the Cleveland Orchestra, David Louwerson from Ensemble Variance, Bryan Dumm from the Cleveland Orchestra, Martha Baldwin from the Cleveland Orchestra, and Jason Calloway from the Amernet String Quartet. Faith will be continuing her studies at Colorado State University to receive her Masters in Cello Performance. In her free time, she enjoys good food and good hikes.