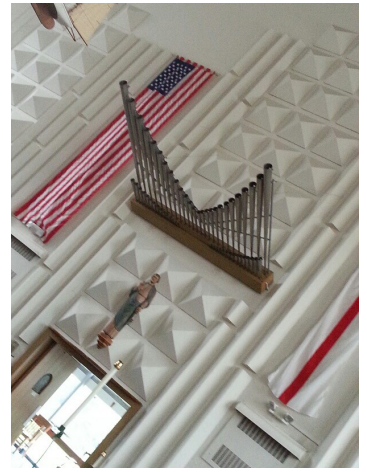


MUSIC AT ST. PETER'S

Presents

THE ART OF SONG



Victoria Wolfe, *Soprano*

Kristin Starkey, *Contralto*

Christopher Reames, *Tenor*

Matthew Ilardi, *Baritone*

Kanako Reames, *Piano*

Sunday, May 13, 2018
4 o'clock in the afternoon

Wine and Cheese Reception Immediately Following

Suggested Donation: \$20.00

\$15.00 students, seniors & AGO Members



ST. PETER'S BY~THE~SEA EPISCOPAL CHURCH

500 SOUTH COUNTRY ROAD, BAY SHORE, NEW YORK

631-665-0051 x. 124

I got rhythm from Girl Crazy (1930)

Music by George Gershwin (1898-1937) and lyrics by Ira Gershwin (1896-1983)

Days can be sunny, with never a sigh
Don't need what money can buy
Birds in the trees sing their day full of song
Why shouldn't we sing along?
I'm chipper all the day, happy with my lot
How do I get that way? Look at what I've got
I got rhythm, I got music
I got my gal
Who could ask for anything more?
I got daisies, in green pastures
I got my gal
Who could ask for anything more?
Old man trouble
I don't mind him
You won't find him 'round my door
I got starlight
I got sweet dreams
I got my gal
Who could ask for anything more ?

They can't take that away from me from Shall we Dance (1937)

Music by George Gershwin and lyrics by Ira Gershwin

Our romance won't end on a sorrowful note
Though by tomorrow you're gone;
The song is ended, but as the songwriter wrote
The melody lingers on
They may take you from me, I'll miss your fond caress
But though they take you from me, I'll still possess
The way you wear your hat
The way you sip your tea
The memory of all that
No, no, they can't take that away from me
The way your smile just beams
The way you sing off key
The way you haunt my dreams
No, no, they can't take that away from me
We may never, never meet again
On the bumpy road to love
Still, I'll always, always keep the memory of
The way you hold your knife
The way we danced till three
The way you changed my life
No, no, they can't take that away from me
No, they can't take that away from me

One for my baby (and one more for the road) from *The Sky's the Limit* (1943)

Music by Harold Arlen (1905-86) and lyrics by Johnny Mercer (1909-76)

It's quarter to three
There's no-one in the place
'Cept You and me.
So set 'em up Joe,
I've got a little story
I think you should know
We're drinking my friend,
To the end of a brief episode
Make it one for my baby, and one more
For the road
I've got the routine
Put another nickel in the machine
I'm feeling so bad
Can't you make the music easy and sad
I could tell you a lot
But you've gotta be true to your code
Just make it one for my baby, and one more
For the road
You'd never know it, but buddy I'm a kind of poet
And I got a lot of things I'd like to say
So when I'm gloomy, won't you listen to me
'Til it's talked away
Well, that's how it goes
And Joe I know you're getting anxious to close
And thanks for the cheer
I hope you didn't mind my bending your ear
But this touch that I've found
Must be drowned or it soon might explode
So make it one for my baby
And one more for the road.

Christopher Reames, *Tenor*

Music of Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)

Was I Not a Little Blade of Grass in the Meadow?

Text: Ivan Zakharovic Surikov (1841-1880)
trans. Sofia Peycheva

Was I not like grass in the lea?
Was I not growing like green grass?
They took me and cut me down.
Dried me away in the sun.
Oh, my misfortune!
Oh, my miserable fate!

Was I not like a guilden-rose in the lea?
Was I not growing beautifully in the lea?
They've broken my branches (and)
Tied them into bundles.
Oh, my misfortune!
Oh, my miserable fate?

Was I not my father's daughter?
Was I not my mother's little flower?
They took me against my will
[and] wedded me with a grey-haired, unloved man.
Oh, my misfortune!
Oh, my miserable fate!

Da vspomnila...prodrugi miliye (Pauline's Aria) from the Opera *Pique Dame* *The Queen of Spades*

Libretto: Modest Tchaikovsky (1850-1916)

'My darling friends, playful and free from care
With dance and song you gambol in the fields!
Like you, I too once lived in happy Arcady,
I too among those glades and fields, in life's morning,
Tasted moments of gladness.
Love, seen in golden dreams, promised me happiness,
But what was to be my portion in those happy spots?
A grave, a grave, a grave..."
I wonder what made me sing you such a
Melancholy song?
You, Liza, are already rather gloomy
Considering the day it is, just think!
You're engaged. just think!
And why are the rest of you all looking so gloomy
Let's have a jolly song, a Russian one,
In honour of the bridegroom and his bride.
Come on, I'll begin and you take it up!

Prostite vy, holmy polja rodnye
from Maid of Orleans

Text: Friedrich Schiller (1788-1805)

Forgive me hills, beloved fields;
Welcoming, peaceful, bright valley, forgive me!
Yoanna will not be seeing you again,
Forever she says her farewell!
My friendly fields, my trees, my loved ones,
Without me you will be blossoming and fading!
Oh my cool caves, my speedy currents,
I am leaving you and will never be back again!
These places where everything was healing,
You will be parted with me forever more;
You will be lost without faithful pastor.
I was destined to lead a different crowd
Along the fields of a murderous war.
That is what divine will had chosen,
And I am not driven by futile desires!
O God, my heart is opening to you!
It's sorrowful and suffering!

Kristin Starkey, *Contralto*

Songs of Samuel Barber and Ralph Vaughan Williams

Three Songs, Op. 45

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

1. Now Have I Fed and Eaten up the Rose

Text: James Joyce
from the German of Gottfried Keller

Now have I fed and eaten up the rose
Which then she laid within my stiffcold hand.
That I should ever feed upon a rose
I never had believed in liveman's land.

Only I wonder was it white or red
The flower that in the dark my food has been.
Give us, and if Thou give, thy daily bread,
Deliver us from evil, Lord, Amen.

2. The Green Lowland of Pianos

Text: Czeslaw Milosz
from the Polish of Jerzy Harasymowicz

in the evening
as far as the eye can see
herds of black pianos
up to their knees
in the mire
they listen to the frogs
they gurgle in water
with chords of rapture
they are entrance
by froggish, Moorish spontaneity
after the vacation
they cause scandals
in a concert hall
during the artistic milking
suddenly they lie down
like cows
looking with indifference
at the white flowers
of the audience
at the gesticulating
of the ushers

3. 'O boundless, boundless evening'

Text: Christopher Middleton
from the German of Georg Heym

O boundless, boundless evening. Soon the glow
Of long hills on the skyline will be gone,
Like clear dream country now, rich-hued by sun.
O boundless evening where the cornfields throw
The scattered daylight back in an aureole.
Swallows high up are singing, very small.
On every meadow glitters their swift flight,
In woods of rushes and where tall masts stand
In brilliant bays. Yet in ravines beyond
Between the hills already nests the night.

Two Songs *From Songs of Travel*

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)
Text: Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894)

5. In Dreams

In dreams unhappy I behold you stand
As heretofore:
the unremembered tokens in your hand
Avail no more.

No more the morning glow, no more the grace,
Enshrines, endears.
Cold beats the light of time upon your face
And shows your tears.

He came and went. Perchance you wept a while
And then forgot.
Ah me! but he that left you with a smile
Forgets you not.

7. Whither must I Wander?

Home no more home to me, whither must I wander?
Hunger my driver, I go where I must.
Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather:
Thick drives the rain and my roof is in the dust.
Loved of wise men was the shade of my roof-tree,
The true word of welcome was spoken in the door -
Dear days of old with the faces in the firelight;
Kind folks of old, you come again no more.

Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces,
Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child.
Fire and the windows bright glittered on the moorland;
Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild.
Now when day dawns on the brow of the moorland,
Lone stands the house and the chimney-stone is cold.
Lone let it stand, now the friends are all departed,
The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of old.

Spring shall come, come again, calling up the moorfowl,
Spring shall bring the sun and rain, bring the bees and flowers;
Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley,
Soft flow the stream through the even-flowing hours.
Fair the day shine as it shone on my childhood -
Fair shine the day on the house with open door;
Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney -
But I go forever and come again no more.

Matthew Ilardi, *Baritone*

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

Katherine of Aragon

“My most dear lord, king, and husband,
the hour of my death now drawing on,
the tender love I owe you forces
me to commend myself unto you
and to put you in remembrance of the health and welfare of your soul.
My most dear lord, king, and husband,
you have cast me into many calamities and yourself into many troubles.
For my part, I pardon you ev’rything
and I wish to devoutly pray God that He will pardon you also.
For the rest I commend unto you our daughter, Mary,
beseeching you to be a good father unto her.
Lastly I make this vow, that my eyes desire you
above all things, above all things.”

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.”

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.”

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.”

Katherine Howard

“God have mercy on my soul. Good people, I beg you pray for me.
By the journey upon which I am bound, I have not wronged the King.
Brothers, I have not wronged the King, I have not wronged the King.
But it is true that long before the King took me, I loved Thomas Culpepper.
I wish to God I had done as Culpepper wished me,
For at the time the King wanted me, Culpepper
urged me to say that
I was pledged to him.
Brothers, I wish to God I
had done as he wished me,
For at the time the King wanted me, Culpepper
urged me to say that
I was pledged to him.
If I had done as he wished me, I should not die this death, nor would he.
God have mercy on my soul
Ah, Good people I beg you pray for me.
Ah, I die a queen but I would rather die the wife of Culpepper.

Victoria Wolfe, *Soprano*

I. Spring

Text: Thomas Nashe (1567-1601)

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
Spring! The sweet Spring!

IV. Dirge

Text: William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
 Heigh ho, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as my lambs
Are beloved of their dams:
 How blest were I if thou would'st prove me.

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
 Fair sweet, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power;
 For dead, thy breath to life might move me.

Diaphenia, like to all things blessed,
When all thy praises are expressed,
 Dear joy, how I do love thee!
As the birds do love the spring,
Or the bees their careful king, --
 Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

Christopher Reames, *Tenor*

About the Artists:



Victoria Wolfe, *soprano*, is a popular soloist with orchestras and ensembles throughout the tri-state area. Ms. Wolfe has sung under the batons of Seiji Ozawa, Robert Spano, Julius Rudel, and Michael Tilson Thomas, and she is particularly known for specialization in contemporary music, having performed works by Lukas Foss, Anton Heiller, John Cage, Reynold Tharp, and many more composers representative of the 20th and 21st centuries. She is also in demand for her facility with Baroque works, particularly oratorio. Ms. Wolfe received her Bachelor of Music from Oberlin Conservatory and continued at Cincinnati Conservatory of Music for her graduate work. She was a finalist in Norway's Queen Sonia Competition and sang in Austria and Germany before returning to the United States to sing with the Tanglewood Music Center, Utah Opera, the Wildwood Opera Theater, The New York Chamber Opera, and Hudson Opera Theatre. Ms. Wolfe resides in Malverne, New York and currently studies with Frank Lopardo



Kristin Starkey, *contralto*, has been making a name for herself within the mezzo and contralto repertoire with her unique vocal quality and dynamic range. She has been reviewed as “a genuine plummy contralto that warmed the heart” (*Parterre Box*). This past January, Kristin sang with The Metropolitan Opera workshopping Matt Aucoin’s exciting new commission, *Eurydice*, as the role of Big Stone. In 2017, she debuted Lucretia in Stony Brook Opera’s *Rape of Lucretia* as well as the roles of Hate (*Armide*) with OperaNEO, Geneviève (*Pelléas et Mélisande*) with Stony Brook Opera, and Third Lady (*Die Zauberflöte*). Past credits include performances as Erda (*Das Rheingold*), La Cieca (*La Gioconda*) La Principessa (*Suor Angelica*) and Grimgerde (*Die Walküre*) with various companies. Kristin has been studying with Brenda Harris for the last five years while she works towards her Doctor of Musical Arts degree in Vocal Performance at Stony Brook University. She completed her Master of Music in Vocal Performance at Stony Brook University and Bachelor of Music in Music Education studying classical guitar at Long Island University.



Christopher Reames, *tenor*, is establishing an exciting and engaging career as a concert artist, recitalist, and dynamic performer on the operatic stage. He is a former finalist in national competitions with the Joy in Singing, NY Oratorio Society, Grand Concours de Chant, and N.A.T.S. organizations. Recent operatic performances include: *Die Fledermaus*, *Oberon*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *The Turn of the Screw*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Zaide*, and *Die Zauberflöte*. Recent concert performances include: *The Creation*, *Elijah*, *The Messiah*, J.S. Bach’s *Magnificat*, *Christmas Oratorio*, *St. John Passion*, and several sacred cantatas. Visit christopherreames.com for more information.



Matthew Ilardi, *baritone*, Despite nearly two decades of professional choral experience, today marks Matthew's debut recital. And what a joy for it to be at St. Peter's by-the-Sea, from where he has not only previously been on staff, but is also an alumnus. A choral scholar while attending Lehigh University, Matthew went on to sing with St Martin's Chamber Choir in Denver, and was also on staff at St John's in the Wilderness, the Episcopal cathedral there. Other notable groups from this portion of his life include Opera Colorado, Kantorei, and Boulder-based Ars Nova. He subsequently returned to Long Island, and found a place here as the bass section leader under Tom Bailey, before taking a hiatus for a few years. Matthew continues to sing locally as well as in New York, where he sang this season with Justin Bischof's Modus Singers and is expanding his versatility to include solo work, for example an upcoming performance of Gounod's St Cecilia Mass with the Northport Chorale.



Kanako Reames is a highly sought-after collaborative pianist and instructor specializing in educating the young pianist. Many of her students have won or placed in regional piano competitions. With more than a decade of teaching experience, she currently maintains a private piano studio, serves on the piano faculty at the Mahanaim School and Gracias Academy in Huntington, NY and collaborates with fellow musicians throughout Long Island, NY. Kanako formerly served as a collaborative artist at the University of Nevada and the Nevada School of the Arts, where she worked closely with both singers and instrumentalists. She is a recipient of the Felix Viscuglia Award for Best Instrumental Performer at the University of Nevada where she was also a winner of the University Concerto Competition and a winner of the Reno Chamber Orchestra Concerto Competition. Showing much promise as a young pianist, Kanako appeared as a soloist with the NHK Dan Yu Orchestra in Tokyo. Her formal musical study took place at the Toho Gakuen School of Music, the International Keyboard Institute, and the Toho Gakuen College of Music in Tokyo, from which she holds a Bachelor of Music degree. She also holds a Master of Music degree in piano performance from the University of Nevada, Las Vegas.

Music at St. Peter's Winter & Spring 2018

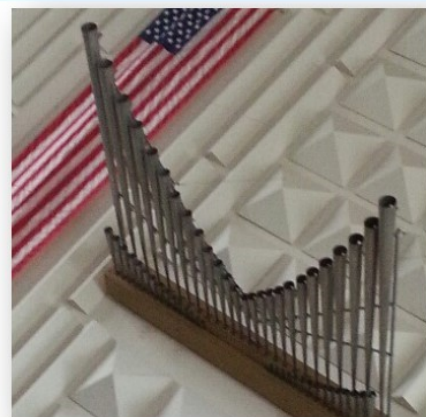
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CHRISTOPHER REAMES, TENOR

WITH

MAREK RACHELSKI, PIANO

MUSIC OF

BRAHMS, BRITTEN, POULENC, GINASTERA

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WITH JOSHUA REDMAN, CLARINET

SUGGESTED: \$20/\$15 STUDENTS AND SENIORS



SUNDAY, MAY 13 AT 4 PM

THE ART OF SONG

THE STAFF SINGERS OF ST. PETER'S

SUGGESTED: \$20/\$15 STUDENTS AND SENIORS

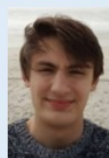


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SUNDAY, JUNE 10 AT 4 PM

ZACHARY SCHURMAN, ORGAN

ST. PETER'S ORGAN SCHOLAR

MUSIC OF ALAIN, BACH, BUXTEHUDE, MENDELSSOHN, AND MESSIAEN

SUGGESTED: \$20/\$15 STUDENTS AND SENIORS



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