



The Music Department Presents

REISENER

A **Senior Vocal Recital** performed by

Will Harmon '26, *Baritone*

with **Angelique Scully**, *piano*

Saturday April 11th, 4:00pm

Helen Filene Ladd Recital Hall

Zankel Music Center

PROGRAM

“Der Wanderer” Op.4 #1 by **Franz Schubert** (1797-1828), poetry by
Georg Philipp Schmidt (1766-1849)

“Irrlicht” & “Das Wirtzhaus”, from *Die Winterreise* Op. 89 #9 and
#21, by **Franz Schubert** (1797-1828)

“The Vagabond” and **“Bright is the Ring of Words”** from *Songs
of Travel*, composed by **Ralph Vaughan Williams** (1872-1958),
poetry by **R.L. Stevenson** (1850-1894)

“Ти просто скапб” (“Ty prosto skarb”) from *The Falcon* by
Dmytro Bortnyansky (1751-1825)

“Torna a Surriento”, composed by **Ernesto de Curtis** (1875-1937),
lyrics by **Giambattista de Curtis** (1860-1926)

INTERMISSION

PROGRAM

“Stardust” by **Hoagy Carmichael** (1899-1981)

“Fall In” by **Esperanza Spalding** (b. 1984)

“If Ever I Would Leave You” from *Camelot* by **Frederick Loewe** (1901-1988)

“Where is the Life that Late I Led?” from *Kiss me Kate* by **Cole Porter** (1891-1964)

“A Little Priest” from *Sweeney Todd* by **Stephen Sondheim** (1930-2021)

with **Julia Henslee ‘26**, Soprano

“Soliloquy” from *Carousel*, composed by **Richard Rogers** (1902-1979),
lyrics by **Oscar Hammerstein II** (1895-1960)

“Ordinary People” by **John Legend** (b. 1978)

PROGRAM NOTES

By Will Harmon

Der Wanderer

“The Wanderer” is a lied written in 1816 by Viennese composer Franz Schubert. The lyrics are lifted from a German poem by Georg Philipp Schmidt von Lübeck which describes a lonely homeless man’s search for a sense of belonging. The piece begins with the wanderer’s description of the scenery around him. Reflecting on his place in this bleak world, he identifies himself as a stranger, asking sorely where he belongs. Where is the land green with hope, the land which speaks his tongue? A ghostly murmur delivers the answer- “There, where you are not, is happiness.” Schubert’s accompaniment captures the aimless drag of the walker’s steps in a slow minor. In the middle of the piece, he transposes briefly to E Major to illustrate the brightness of the homeland the walker imagines. Ultimately, the lied returns to its trudging minor and comes to rest with a hopeless sigh. Schubert makes an interesting decision at the very end, closing the piece with a few bars in a major mode. This choice imbues this lied’s conclusion with a poignant tenderness that suggests a whisper of hope dwelling within our weary traveler. The emotionality of Schubert’s work is unlike any other.

Irrlicht

Irrlicht is the German name for the will-o’-the-wisp. Schubert’s “Irrlicht” is the ninth installment in his famous *Winterreise* song cycle, a set of 24 lieder which depict a dreary and emotional tale of a traveler’s slog through the European winter. The *Winterreise* cycle sets music to a group of poems by Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827). The will-o’-the-wisp is a mischievous woodland spirit appearing as a flickering blue flame that misleads ignorant travelers. At this moment in the cycle, the traveler is almost willingly misdirected by one of these creatures. Schubert illustrates this in an eerie, sparse minor backed by a playful triple meter.

Das Wirtzhaus

“The Inn” is the 21st of *Winterreise*’s 24 lieder. It is a slow, solemn composition that catalogues the traveler’s arrival at a graveyard, which he identifies as a place to rest. He gazes upon the funeral wreaths that decorate the cemetery and remarks that they seem like invitations into a cool inn. This is a significant moment in the poetry- it’s the first time in the entire cycle where the traveler is willing to accept death as his rest. He is nearing collapse, mortally wounded, and longing for repose. It appears that at long last he has reached his destination, but the inn turns him away, and he plods bitterly onward. Das Wirtzhaus is exhausted but resolute. Musically, it is simple, but proper articulation of this piece endows it with a depletedness that aptly complements the poetry.

The Vagabond

“The Vagabond” is the first piece in Ralph Vaughan Williams’ English art song collection *Songs of Travel*. *Songs of Travel* is set to a group of poems by Robert Louis Stevenson. The Vagabond opens the cycle on a spirited note- while Schubert’s traveler painfully succumbs to the unrelenting winter, the determined young nomad Stevenson describes pridefully embraces the wandering lifestyle. He proudly declares that he will not yield to the elements, and the life he desires is his for the taking. Vaughan Williams gives dynamic weight to the vagabond’s declarations, but also includes a middle section with a unique key center. This illustrates the potential instability of the vagabond lifestyle- proudly disregarded by the young nomad with a boisterous return to the home key of E flat major.

Bright is the Ring of Words

“Bright is the Ring of Words” celebrates the endurance of art beyond the life of its creator. Vaughan Williams decorates this wholesome poem with a peaceful melody in the (bright) key of C Major. Williams’ composition portrays a similar pride to the one boasted by our vagabond, but it comes from an aged perspective- all of the things he created and left behind on his lifelong journey will continue to propagate his legacy after his death.

Ти просто скарб

“Ty Prosto Skarb” translates from Ukrainian to “You are a Treasure.” This piece comes from Dmytro Bortnyansky’s three-act *opéra comique*: *The Falcon*. This opera follows the life of Federigo, a nobleman and falconer who loses all his assets in pursuit of the partnership of the wealthy widow Monna Giovanna. Federigo’s falcon is a valued companion, but Federigo reaches financial ruin so severe that he must take drastic measures to feed himself, and cooks his falcon for lunch. This aria is a letter of appreciation from Federigo to his falcon, thanking it for its loyalty and service. This lighthearted piece is written in a classical style that bolsters its comedic nature.

Torna a Surriento

“Return to Sorrento” is the quintessential Neapolitan art song. Composed in 1902 by the de Curtis brothers, this piece has been performed by the likes of Luciano Pavarotti among numerous other renowned Italian vocalists, and it is commonly accompanied by the dulcet tones of a symphony orchestra. This piece is a romantic tribute to the seaside town of Sorrento, enchanting the listener with the scent of oranges in the garden and the beauty of the sea. The pride of southern Italy is on full display in this classic ballad.

Stardust

“Stardust” is a member of the Great American Songbook likely familiar to many ears in the audience. Musicians such as Nat King Cole and Frank Sinatra have done iconic renditions of this piece. Written in 1927, the song was considered a standard by 1940, and it has since been recorded on upwards of 1,500 separate occasions by a laundry list of performers. The lyrics, written and added later by Mitchell Parish, lament the age-old tale of love lost.

Fall In

Esperanza Spalding is a Grammy-award-winning bassist and vocalist with a diverse repertoire of latin-inspired Jazz music. She was an impressive musician from a young age, performing as a violinist with the Chamber Music Society of Oregon at age 5. “Fall In” comes from her 2008 self-titled album *Esperanza*. This piece pairs Spalding’s smooth vocal timbre with tender chords and cascading arpeggios to illustrate the joyful uncertainty of falling in love. Spalding uses lots of rich imagery describing floating and falling to situate the

listener in an undefined space. When she encourages the listener to navigate this space without fear, the piano reaches a more structured melodic progression, suggesting that the unfamiliar road ahead will work itself out through the acceptance of falling in love.

If Ever I Would Leave You

“If Ever I Would Leave You” is a pure display of devotion lifted from the 1960 Broadway musical *Camelot*. This ballad is sung by Lancelot to Queen Guinevere amidst a passionately charged predicament. Lancelot, King Arthur’s right-hand-man, has fallen in love with Arthur’s wife, which she reciprocates. Both understanding the implications of this, their love remains unfulfilled, struggling to balance their loyalty to the king with their mutual feelings. Queen Guinevere attempts to cast Lancelot away, but he persists, asserting that he will never leave her, no matter the season.

Where is the Life that Late I Led?

This piece comes from *Kiss me Kate*, a clever 1948 musical depicting the production of Shakespeare’s *Taming of the Shrew*. The plot centers around the relationship between the two divorced lead actors in *Taming of the Shrew*, Fred and Lilli. Fred sings this piece as his character Petruccio, mourning the loss of his bachelorhood following his marriage with “the shrew,” Lilli. While marriage has its upsides, Fred is reluctant to leave his promiscuous lifestyle behind. He reviews his long list of lovers in this comedic reflection on the past.

A Little Priest

“A Little Priest,” adapted from Stephen Sondheim’s *Sweeney Todd*, is a dark but humorous commentary on social class. At the end of Act I, Mrs. Lovett and Sweeney Todd are deciding how to dispose of their murder victims and devise a way to benefit from a bad situation- they’ll use the bodies to fill Mrs. Lovett’s meat pies. Throughout the piece, Todd points out that this is a reversal of the norm- historically, the bottom ranks of the socioeconomic ladder serve the upper class, but in this case, “those up above serve those down below.” Sondheim uses cannibalism as a device to deliver social criticism in numerous witty moments throughout this piece.

Soliloquy

“Soliloquy” is an emotional rollercoaster that marks a pivotal moment in the life of carousel barker and protagonist Billy Bigelow. Billy is under financial stress, and he’s just learned that he is going to be a father. This number depicts Billy’s inner monologue considering the subject, following his progression from excitement and pride to the fear of the weight of responsibility. The pressure of having to provide financially for his child eventually propels him to make a series of bad decisions, so “Soliloquy” marks a major turning point in the plot of Rodgers and Hammerstein’s *Carousel*.

Ordinary People

“Ordinary People” was released in 2004 by singer-songwriter John Legend. This song offers the listener advice about maintaining a relationship beyond the novelty of the “honeymoon phase”. Legend wants us to acknowledge that all people come with flaws, and a relationship such as this one requires compromise, honesty, and acceptance. This also includes a broader message about life- nobody is perfect, and amidst all the hustle, it’s important to remember to “take it slow.” This will endure as a relevant reminder throughout the modern age; it’s easy to disregard the value of small moments as life whizzes by. We should all be reminded to show ourselves grace and compassion, because, after all, we’re just ordinary people, and we don’t always know which way to go.

TEXTS + TRANSLATIONS

Der Wanderer

Ich komme vom Gebirge her,
Es dampft das Tal, es braust das Meer.
Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,
Und immer fragt der Seufzer: wo?

Die Sonne dünkt mich hier so kalt,
Die Blüte welk, das Leben alt,
Und was sie reden, leerer Schall,
Ich bin ein Fremdling überall.

Wo bist du, mein geliebtes Land?
Gesucht, geahnt und nie gekannt!
Das Land, das Land, so hoffnungsgrün,
Das Land, wo meine Rosen blühn,

Wo meine Freunde wandeln gehn,
Wo meine Toten auferstehn,
Das Land, das meine Sprache spricht,
O Land, wo bist du?

Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,
Und immer fragt der Seufzer: wo?
Im Geisterhauch tönt's mir zurück:
„Dort, wo du nicht bist, dort ist das Glück!“

The Wanderer

I come from the mountains;
the valley steams, the ocean roars.
I wander, silent and joyless,
and my sighs for ever ask: Where?

Here the sun seems so cold,
the blossom faded, life old,
and men's words mere hollow noise;
I am a stranger everywhere.

Where are you, my beloved land?
Sought, dreamt of, yet never known!
The land so green with hope,
the land where my roses bloom,

Where my friends walk,
where my dead ones rise again,
the land that speaks my tongue,
O land, where are you?

I wander, silent and joyless,
and my sighs for ever ask: Where?
In a ghostly whisper the answer comes:
‘There, where you are not, is happiness!’

Irrlicht

In die tiefsten Felsengründe
Lockte mich ein Irrlicht hin:
Wie ich einen Ausgang finde
Liegt nicht schwer mir in dem Sinn.

Bin gewohnt das Irregehen,
‘S führt ja jeder Weg zum Ziel:
Unsre Freuden, unsre Leiden,
Alles eines Irrlichts Spiel!

Durch des Bergstroms trockne Rinnen
Wind' ich ruhig mich hin ab –
Jeder Strom wird's Meer gewinnen,
Jedes Leiden auch sein Grab.

Will-o'-the-Wisp

A will-o'-the-wisp enticed me
into the deepest rocky chasms;
how I shall find a way out
does not trouble my mind.

I am used to straying;
every path leads to one goal.
Our joys, our sorrows –
all are a will-o'-the wisp's game.

Down the dry gullies of the mountain stream
I calmly wend my way;
every river will reach the sea;
every sorrow, too, will reach its grave.

Das Wirtshaus

Auf einen Totenacker
Hat mich mein Weg gebracht.
Allhier will ich einkehren:
Hab' ich bei mir gedacht.

Ihr grünen Totenkränze
Könnt wohl die Zeichen sein,
Die müde Wanderer laden
In's kühle Wirtshaus ein.

Sind denn in diesem Hause
Die Kammern all' besetzt?
Bin matt zum Niedersinken
Bin tödlich schwer verletzt.

O unbarmherz'ge Schenke,
Doch weisest du mich ab?
Nun weiter denn, nur weiter,
Mein treuer Wanderstab!

The Inn

My journey has brought me
to a graveyard.
Here, I thought to myself,
I will rest for the night.

Green funeral wreaths,
you must be the signs
inviting tired travellers
into the cool inn.

Are all the rooms
in this house taken, then?
I am weary to the point of collapse,
I am fatally wounded.

Pitiless tavern,
do you nonetheless turn me away?
On, then, press onwards,
my trusty staff!

The Vagabond

Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above,
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river—
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.

Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above,
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger.
White as meal the frosty field—
Warm the fireside haven—
Not to autumn will I yield,
Not to winter even!

Bright is the Ring of Words

Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them,
Fair the fall of songs
When the singer sings them,
Still they are carolled and said—
On wings they are carried—
After the singer is dead
And the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies
In the field of heather,
Songs of his fashion bring
The swains together.
And when the west is red
With the sunset embers,
The lover lingers and sings
And the maid remembers.

Ти просто скарб

Ти просто скарб, о мій пташе
чудовий, Ти нам поживу несеш раз
у раз: Хоч я тобі віддячить не
готовий За те, що ти зробиш устиг
для нас. В мою оселю здобич ти
принносиш, Все бачиш ти, як мчиш у
вишині. Ще й ніколи ти подяки не
попросиш, Понад усе ти дорогий
мені.

Torna A Surriento

Guarda il mare com'è bello!
Spira tanto sentimento,
come il tuo soave accento
che me, desto, fa sognar.

Senti come lieve sale
dai giardini odor d'aranci:
un profumo non v'haeguale
per chi palpita d'amor!

E tu dici "Io parto, addio!"
T'alonta ni dal mio core;
questa terra del l'amore
hai la forza di lasciar?

Ma non mi fuggir,
non darmi più tormento
Torna a Sorrento,
non farmi morir!

Vedi il mare di Sorrento
che te soricela in fondo:
ohi ha girato tutto il mondo
non lo sa dimenticare.

Vedi come le Sirene
or ti guarda no incantate,
par che vogliano a te sola
dolci cose mormorar.

E tu dici "Io parto, addio!"
T'alonta ni dal mio core;
questa terra del l'amore
hai la forza di lasciar?

Ma non mi fuggir,
non darmi più tormento
Torna a Sorrento,
non farmi morir!

You are a Treasure

You are a treasure, my wondrous bird, You
bring us sustenance again and again.
Though I am not ready to repay you For all
you have managed to do for us. You carry
your catch into my dwelling, You see
everything as you soar in the heights. And
never once have you asked for thanks!
Beyond all things, you are most dear to me.

Return to Sorrento

Look at the sea, how beautiful it is,
It inspires so many emotions,
As do you, when you are remembered
Even awake you inspire dreams.

Look at this little garden
Smell the scent of these oranges,
No perfume more refined
Enters into your heart...

And you say: "I am leaving, goodbye."
You distance yourself from this heart...
From this land of love...
Do you have the heart to not return?

But do not leave me,
Do not give me this torment.
Come back to Surriento,
Make me live.

Look at the sea of Surriento,
What a treasure it is.
Even he who has travelled the whole world,
Has never seen a sea like this one.

Look at these gardens
That watch you, enchanted,
That love you so much...
They would like to kiss you.

And you say: "I am leaving, goodbye."
You distance yourself from this heart,
From this land of love,
Do you have the heart to not return?

But do not leave me,
Do not give me this torment.
Come back to Surriento,
Make me live.

Stardust

And now the purple dusk of twilight time
Steals across the meadows of my heart
High up in the sky, the little stars climb
Always reminding me that we're apart
You wander down the lane and far away
Leaving me a song that will not die
Love is now the stardust of yesterday
The music of the years gone by

Sometimes I wonder why I spend
The lonely night dreaming of a song
The melody haunts my reverie
And I am once again with you

When our love was new
And each kiss an inspiration
But that was long ago
Now my consolation
Is in the stardust of a song

Beside a garden wall
When stars are bright
You are in my arms
The nightingale tells his fairytale
A paradise where roses bloom
Though I dream in vain
In my heart it will remain
My stardust melody
The memory of love's refrain

Fall In

Don't worry if we fall in love
We will never touch the ground
Don't worry if we fall in love
We will never touch the ground
Just fall into a dream

They say if you die in a dream
You die in real life
Well I just died in your arms
Lost in your eyes
And I know this must be a dream
Cos I feel like I can fly to heaven

They say if you live in a dream
You're hopelessly lost
Well this ain't just any old dream

For our paths have crossed
And I may be hopelessly lost
But somehow I've managed to find heaven

And I won't worry if we fall in love
We will never touch the ground
Don't worry if we fall in love
We will never touch the ground
Just fall into a dream
La la la la la la
We will never fall in love

Don't worry if we fall in love
We will never touch the ground
Don't worry if we fall in love
We will never touch the ground
Just fall into a dream

If Ever I Would Leave You

If ever I would leave you, it wouldn't be in summer
Seeing you in summer, I never would go
Your hair streaked with sunlight, your lips red as flame
Your face with a luster that puts gold to shame

But if I'd ever leave you, how could it be in autumn
How I'd leave in autumn, I never would know
I've seen how you sparkle when fall nips the air
I know you in autumn and I must be there

And could I leave you
Running merrily through the snow

Or on a wintry evening
When you catch the fire's glow

If ever I would leave you, how could it be in springtime
Knowing how in spring I'm bewitched by you so
Oh, no, not in springtime, summer, winter, or fall
No, never could I leave you at all

If ever I would leave you, how could it be in springtime
Knowing how in spring I'm bewitched by you so
Oh, no, not in springtime, summer, winter, or fall
No, never could I leave you at all

Where is the Life that Late I Led?

Since I reached the charming age of puberty
And began to think of feminine curls
Like a show that's typically Shuberty
I have always had a multitude of girls
But now that a married man at last am I
How aware of my dear departed past am I

Where is the life that late I led?
Where is it now? Totally dead!
Where is the fun I used to find?
Where has it gone? Gone with the wind!
A married life may all be well
But raising an heir
Could never compare
With raising a bit of hell
So I repeat what first I said
Where is the life that late I...

In dear Milano, where are you Momo?
Still selling those pictures
Of the Scriptures
In the Duomo?
And Carolina, where are you, 'lina?
Still peddling your pizza
In the streets-a
Taormina?
And in Firenze, where are you Alice?
Still there in your pretty
Itty-bitty pity
Palace?
And sweet Lucretia, so young and gay
What scandalous doings
In the ruins
Of Pompeii

Where is the life that late I led?
Where is it now? Totally dead!
Where is the fun I used to find?
Where has it gone? Gone with the wind!
The marriage game is quite all right
Yes during the day
It's easy to play
But oh what a bore at night
So I repeat what first I said
Where is the life that late I...

Where is Rebecca? My Becky-wecky-oh
Could still she be cruising
That amusing
Ponte Vecchio?
Where is Fedora, the wild virago?
It's lucky I missed her
Gangster sister
From Chicago

Where is Venetia, who loved to chat so?
Could still she be drinking
In her stinking
Pink palazzo?
And lovely Lisa, where are you Lisa?
You gave a new meaning
To the Leaning
Tower of Pisa

Where is the life that late I led?
Where is it now? Totally dead!
Where is the fun I used to find?
Where has it gone? Gone with the wind!
I've oft been told of nuptial bliss
But what do you do
At quarter to two
With only a shrew to kiss?
So I repeat what first I said
Where is the life that late I led!

A Little Priest

[MRS. LOVETT]

That's all very well, but what are we gonna do about him?

[SWEENEY TODD]

Later on when it's dark, we'll take it to some secret place and bury him

[MRS. LOVETT]

Oh yeah. Of course we could do that

I don't 'spose he's got any relatives gonna come pokin' 'round lookin' for him

Seems a downright shame...

[TODD]

Shame?

[MRS. LOVETT]

Seems an awful waste...

Such a nice, plump frame

Wot's 'is name has...

Had...

Has

Nor it can't be traced...

Bus'ness needs a lift

Debts to be erased...

Think of it as thrift

As a gift

If you get my drift

Seems an awful waste...

I mean, with the price of meat

What it is

When you get it

If you get it...

[TODD]

Ah!

[MRS. LOVETT]

Good, you got it!

Take, for instance, Mrs. Mooney and her pie shop!

Bus'ness never better using only pussycats and toast!

Now a pussy's good for maybe six or seven at the most!

And I'm sure they can't compare as far as taste!

(simultaneously)

[TODD]

Mrs. Lovett, what a charming notion

[MRS. LOVETT]

Well, it does seem a waste...

[TODD]

Eminently practical

And yet appropriate as always!

[MRS. LOVETT]

Think about it...

[TODD]

Mrs. Lovett, how I've lived

Without you all these years, I'll never know!

How delectable!

Also undetectable!

[MRS. LOVETT]

Lots of other gentlemen'll

Soon be comin' for a shave

Won't they?

Think of

All them

Pies!

[TODD]

How choice!

How

Rare!

For what's the sound of the world out there?

[MRS. LOVETT]

What, Mr. Todd?

What, Mr. Todd?

What is that sound?

[TODD]

Those crunching noises pervading the air!

[MRS. LOVETT]

Yes, Mr. Todd!

Yes, Mr. Todd!

Yes, all around!

[TODD]

It's man devouring man, my dear!

[BOTH]

And/Then who are we to deny it in here?

[TODD, spoken]

These are desperate times

Mrs. Lovett, and desperate measures are called for

[MRS. LOVETT]

Here we are, now! Hot out of the oven!

[TODD]

What is that?

[MRS. LOVETT]

It's priest. Have a little priest

[TODD]

Is it really good?

[MRS. LOVETT]

Sir, it's too good, at least!

Then again, they don't commit sins of the flesh

So it's pretty fresh

[TODD]

Awful lot of fat

[MRS. LOVETT]

Only where it sat

[TODD, spoken]

Haven't you got poet, or something like that?

[MRS. LOVETT]

No, y'see, the trouble with poet is

'Ow do you know it's deceased?

Try the priest!

Lawyer's rather nice

[TODD]

If it's for a price

MRS. LOVETT]

Order something else, though, to follow

Since no one should swallow it twice!

[TODD, spoken]

Anything that's lean?

[MRS. LOVETT]

Well, then, if you're British and loyal

You might enjoy Royal Marine!

Anyway, it's clean

Though of course, it tastes of wherever it's been!

[TODD]

Is that squire, on the fire?

[MRS. LOVETT]

Mercy no, sir, look closer

You'll notice it's grocer!

[TODD, spoken]

Looks thicker

More like vicar!

[MRS. LOVETT]

No, it has to be grocer --

It's green!

[TODD]

The history of the world, my love --

[MRS. LOVETT]

Save a lot of graves

Do a lot of relatives favors!

[TODD]

Is those below serving those up above!

[MRS. LOVETT]

Ev'rybody shaves

So there should be plenty of flavors!

[TODD]

How gratifying for once to know

[BOTH]

That those above will serve those down below!

[TODD]

What is that?

[MRS. LOVETT]

It's fop

Finest in the shop

And we have some shepherd's pie peppered

With actual shepherd on top!

And I've just begun --

Here's the politician, so oily

It's served with a doily

Have one!

[TODD]

Put it on a bun

Well, you never know if it's going to run!

[MRS. LOVETT]

Try the friar
Fried, it's drier!

[TODD]

No, the clergy is really
Too coarse and too mealy!

[MRS. LOVETT]

Then actor
It's compacter!

[TODD]

Ah but always arrives overdone!

(spoken)

I'll come again when you have judge on the menu!

(sung)

Have charity towards the world, my pet!

[MRS. LOVETT]

Yes, yes, I know, my love!

[TODD]

We'll take the customers that we can get!

[MRS. LOVETT]

High-born and low, my love!

[TODD]

We'll not discriminate great from small!

No, we'll serve anyone

Meaning anyone

[BOTH]

And to anyone

At all!

Soliloquy

I wonder what he'll think of me
I guess he'll call me the "old man"
I guess he'll think I can lick every other fellow's father
Well, I can!

I bet that he'll turn out to be
The spittin' image of his dad
But he'll have more common sense
Than his puddin'-headed father ever had

I'll teach him to wrestle and dive through a wave
When we go in the mornings for our swim
His mother can teach him the way to behave
But she won't make a sissy out of him
Not him
Not my boy
Not Bill!

My boy, Bill
I will see that he's named after me, I will
My boy, Bill
He'll be tall and as tough as a tree, will Bill
Like a tree he'll grow with his head held high
And his feet planted firm on the ground
And you won't see nobody dare to try
To boss him or toss him around
No pot-bellied, baggy-eyed bully'll boss him around

I don't give a damn what he does
As long as he does what he likes
He can sit on his tail
Or work on a rail
With a hammer, a-hammerin' spikes

He can ferry a boat on a river
Or peddle a pack on his back
Or work up and down
The streets of a town
With a whip and a horse and a hack

He can haul a scow along a canal
Run a cow around a corral
Or maybe bark for a carousel
Of course it takes talent to do that well

He might be a champ of the heavyweights
Or a fellow that sells you glue
Or President of the United States
That'd be all right, too

His mother would like that
But he wouldn't be President unless he wanted to be
Not Bill

My boy, Bill
He'll be tall and as tough as a tree, will Bill
Like a tree he'll grow with his head held high
And his feet planted firm on the ground
And you won't see nobody dare to try
To boss him or toss him around
No fat-bottomed, flabby-faced
Pot-bellied, baggy-eyed bastard will boss him around

And I'm damned if he'll marry his boss's daughter
A skinny-lipped virgin with blood like water
Who'll give him a peck and call it a kiss
And look in his eyes through a lorgnette—
Say, why am I takin' on like this?
My kid ain't even been born yet!

I can see him when he's seventeen or so
And startin' in to go with a girl
I can give him lots of pointers, very sound
On the way to get 'round any girl
I can tell him—

Wait a minute
Could it be?
Oh, what the hell?
What if he is a girl?
Bill, oh Bill
What would I do with her?
What could I do for her?
A bum with no money

You can have fun with a son
But you gotta be a father to a girl
She mightn't be so bad at that
A kid with ribbons in her hair
A kind of meek and petite
Little tintype of her mother
What a pair!

My little girl
Pink and white
As peaches and cream is she
My little girl
Is half again as bright
As girls are meant to be

Dozens of boys pursue her
Many a likely lad
Does what he can to woo her
From her faithful dad
She has a few
Pink and white young fellows of two and three
But my little girl
Gets hungry every night
And she comes home to me

I gotta get ready before she comes
I gotta make certain that she
Won't be dragged up in slums
With a lot of bums like me
She's gotta be sheltered
And fed and dressed
In the best that money can buy
I never knew how to get money
But I'll try, by God, I'll try!
I'll go out and make it
Or steal it or take it
Or die!

Ordinary People

Girl, I'm in love with you
But this ain't the honeymoon
We're past the infatuation phase
We're right in the thick of love
At times we get sick of love
It seems like we argue every day
I know I misbehaved
And you've made your mistakes
And we both still got room left to grow
And though love sometimes hurts
I still put you first
And we'll make this thing work
But I think we should take it slow

We're just ordinary people
We don't know which way to go
'Cause we're ordinary people
Maybe we should take it slow

Take it slow, oh-oh, this time we'll take it slow
Take it slow, oh-oh, this time we'll take it slow

This ain't a movie, no
No fairytale conclusion, y'all
It gets more confusin' every day, oh
Sometimes it's Heaven sent
Then we head back to Hell again
We kiss, then we make up on the way
I hang up, you call
We rise and we fall
And we feel like just walkin' away
As our love advances
We take second chances
Though it's not a fantasy
I still want you to stay
We're just ordinary people
We don't know which way to go
'Cause we're ordinary people
Maybe we should take it slow

Take it slow, oh-oh, this time we'll take it slow
Take it slow, oh-oh, yeah, this time we'll take it slow
Take it slow

Maybe we'll live and learn
Maybe we'll crash and burn
Maybe you'll stay, maybe you'll leave, maybe you'll
return
Maybe another fight
Maybe we won't survive
Maybe we'll grow, we'll never know
Baby, you and I

We're just ordinary people
We don't know which way to go, yeah, hey
'Cause we're ordinary people
Maybe we should take it slow, hey, hey
We're just ordinary people
We don't know which way to go
'Cause we're ordinary people
Maybe we should take it slow

Take it slow, oh-oh, this time we'll take it slow
Take it slow, oh-oh, this time we'll take it slow
Take it slow, slow
This time we'll take it slow
Take it slow, oh
This time we'll take it slow

ABOUT

Will Harmon is a Psychology Major and Music Minor with a vocal concentration from Westport, Connecticut. His singing career began at Fairfield Country Day School under the tutelage of Mary Nelson and James Balmer. There, he sang in the school concert choir and was a member of the school acapella group, the Pinstripes. While his choral career ended after leaving FCDS, he continued to sing acapella into high school and college as a member of Phillips Academy's Yorkies and the Skidmore Bandersnatchers. It wasn't until Spring of 2023 when he began his solo career studying classical voice under Irina Petrik. Since then, he has performed with numerous Skidmore ensembles including Vocal Soul Collective with Dr. Floyd Ricketts, Cuban Music Ensemble with Prof. Jorge Gomez, and currently, is a member of VSC as well as Indian Music Ensemble with Prof. Veena Chandra. He has also performed at Skidmania 72', 73', and 74', and in his free time, serves as the co-president of Skidmore's found-object percussion group, Pulse.



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Finally, I would like to extend my gratitude to all of the people who supported me throughout this process. In particular, I'd like to highlight a few individuals who played a significant role in my development as a vocalist and the production of my recital.

First of all, I want to give a very special thank you to my voice instructor Irina Petrik. Irina has been my mentor at Skidmore College. She is a truly outstanding woman. At the moment, Irina is teaching voice full-time while commuting on a weekly basis to Virginia to earn her doctorate. That should give you some idea of what kind of person she is. And yet, despite being the busiest person that has ever lived, Irina is equally devoted to each one of her students. On countless occasions, she has sacrificed her elusive free time to offer me an extra lesson and ensure that I have myself together. She is a true pillar of pedagogy; she cultivates excellence with compassion. She has been my advocate to an extent that I have hardly deserved, and she is the reason I have the opportunity to sing today. Irina, it has been a joy and an honor to work with you. Thank you for everything you have done for me- as a student, vocalist, and human being. Our partnership has been an incredibly meaningful part of my college experience, and I hope I make you proud today.

I'd like to give another special thank you to my collaborative pianist Angelique Scully. Angelique juggles more music than I could've ever dreamed was possible, and does so seamlessly and professionally. She literally never misses a beat. She too has offered her free time to me on numerous occasions; I have been blessed to receive such grace and support from such an accomplished musician. Angelique, it has been my utmost pleasure getting to know you and performing with you. Your support has been instrumental (pun intended). Thank you for your patience and kindness throughout this process, I am endlessly appreciative of the work you've put in on my behalf.

I'd also like to thank my "partner in crime" Julia Henslee. It has been a pleasure to work with you on our duet and I'm honored to perform alongside such a talented vocalist.

Of course, I must extend my gratitude to my parents. Needless to say, none of this would be happening without you guys (for a number of reasons). I don't often say this to you, but I want you to know how proud I am to be a Harmon and a Stageman. Thank you, and I love you both very much.

I also want to thank my partner Bianca for her unwavering support. She truly might be my number one fan. Sorry Mom.

Lastly, I'd like to thank all of the administrative staff at the Zankel Music Center for hosting this event and making it all happen behind the scenes. To Zhenelle LeBel, Frank Moscowitz, Teresa Rockwell, Gavin Perrine, Vicki Tremper, and all of the Skidmore Music faculty and staff- thank you for all of your hard work managing this incredible program, and thank you for allowing me to share my voice.

And of course...

THANK YOU FOR BEING HERE!

UPCOMING EVENTS

Senior Voice Recital: Grace Higginbotham Saturday, April 11, 7:00pm

Skidmore in Concert: Young Kim & Skidmore Pianists Sunday, April 12, 3:00pm

21st Annual Skidmore String Festival w/Pacifica Quartet Saturday, April 18, 7:30pm

21st Annual Skidmore String Festival w/Pacifica Quartet & Skidmore Sunday, April 19, 2:00pm

Skidmore in Concert: Chorus Tuesday, April 21, 7:00pm

Skidmore in Concert: Big Band + Cuban Music Ensemble Friday, April 24, 7:00pm

Skidmore in Concert: Small Jazz Ensembles + Guitar Saturday, April 25, 12:00pm

Senior Violin Recital: Sruti Ramaswamy, Aili Teittinen-Gordon, and Kari Flowers Saturday, April 25, 4:00pm

Senior Violin Recital: Marlowe Jacques Saturday, April 25, 7:00pm

Skidmore in Concert: Concert Band Sunday, April 26, 1:00pm

Skidmore in Concert: Guitar Ensemble Sunday, April 26, 4:00pm

Skidmore in Concert: String Ensembles Sunday, April 26, 6:00pm

Skidmore in Concert: Global Music Showcase (Chinese + West African Ensembles) Monday, April 27, 7:00pm

Skidmore in Concert: Orchestra Wednesday, April 29, 7:00pm
