Eric Owens and Lawrence Brownlee
With pianist Craig Terry

WHEN:
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15,
7:30 PM

VENUE:
BING CONCERT HALL
Program

Lawrence Brownlee, tenor & Eric Owens, bass-baritone
Craig Terry, piano
Duo-Recital

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Non più andrai from Le Nozze di Figaro
Eric Owens

Gaetano Donizetti
Ah! mes amis, quel jour de fête! from La fille du regiment
Lawrence Brownlee

Giuseppe Verdi
Infelice! E tuo credevi from Ernani
Eric Owens

Gaetano Donizetti
Voglio dire, lo stupendo elisir from L’elisir d’amore
Lawrence Brownlee, Eric Owens

Gaetano Donizetti
Una furtiva lagrima from L’elisir d’amore
Lawrence Brownlee

Charles Gounod
Le veau d’or from Faust
Eric Owens

Georges Bizet
Je crois entendre encore from Les Pêcheurs de Perles
Lawrence Brownlee

Georges Bizet
Au fond du temple saint from Les Pêcheurs de Perles
Lawrence Brownlee, Eric Owens

INTERMISSION

Traditional Spirituals
All Night, All Day, arr. Damien Sneed
Lawrence Brownlee

Deep River, arr. Hall Johnson
Eric Owens

Come By Here, arr. Damien Sneed
Lawrence Brownlee

Give Me Jesus, traditional
Eric Owens

He’s Got the Whole World In His Hand,
arr. Margaret Bonds/Craig Terry
Lawrence Brownlee, Eric Owens

American Popular Songs
Song of Songs
Harold Vicars and Clarence Lucas, arr. Craig Terry
Lawrence Brownlee, Eric Owens

Lulu’s Back In Town
Harry Warren and Al Dubin, arr. Craig Terry
Lawrence Brownlee

Dolores
Frank Loesser and Louis Alter, arr. Craig Terry
Lawrence Brownlee, Eric Owens

Lollipops and Roses, Tony Velona
Eric Owens

Through the Years, Vincent Youmans
Lawrence Brownlee, Eric Owens

Gospel Favorites
I Don’t Feel No Ways Tired
Lawrence Brownlee

Peace Be Still
Eric Owens

Every Time I Feel the Spirit
Lawrence Brownlee, Eric Owens

PROGRAM SUBJECT TO CHANGE. Please be considerate of others and turn off all phones, pagers, and watch alarms. Photography and recording of any kind are not permitted. Thank you.
Non più andrai, farfallone amoroso,
notte e giorno d’intorno girando;
delle belle turbando il riposo
Narcisetto, Adoncino d’amor.

Non più avrai questi bei pennacchini,
quello cappello leggero e galante,
quella chioma, quell’aria brillante,
quello vermiglio donnesco color.

Tra guerrieri, poffar Bacco!
Gran mustacchi, stretto sacco.
Schioppo in spalla, sciabla al fianco,
collo dritto, muso franco,
un gran casco, o un gran turbante,
oltro onor, poco contante!
Ed invece del fandango,
una marcia per il fango.

Per montagne, per valloni,
con le nevi e i sollioni.
Al concerto di tromboni,
di bombarde, di cannoni,
che le palle in tutti i tuoni
all’orecchio fan fischiar.
Cherubino alla vittoria:
alla gloria militar!

You won’t go anymore, amorous butterfly,
Night and day flitting to and fro;
Disturbing beauties in their sleep
Tiny Narcissus, Adonis of love.

No more will you have these lovely feathers,
That light, gallant cap,
That hair, that brilliant countenance,
That womanly, red complexion.

Among soldiers, by Bacchus!
A great moustache, a tiny pack.
A rifle on your shoulder, a sabre at your side,
Standing up straight, hard faced,
A great helmet, or great turban,
A lot of honor, but a little pay!
And instead of dancing the fandango,
You dance a march through the mud.

Over mountains, through valleys,
With snow and burning sunshine.
To the sound of trumpets,
Of bombs, of cannons,
Which, at every beat, passing bullets,
Make your ears ring.
Cherubino, to victory:
To military glory!
“Ah! mes amis, quel jour de fête!” from La fille du régiment (Ah! My friends, what a happy day!)
Text by Jules-Henri Vernoy de Saint-Georges (1799–1875) and Jean-François Alfred Bayard (1796–1853)

Ah! Mes amis, quel jour de fête!  
Je vais marcher sous vos drapeaux.  
L’amour, qui m’a tourné la tête  
Désormais me rend un héros.  
Ah! Quel bonheur, oui, mes amis,  
Je vais marcher sous vos drapeaux!

Oui, celle pour qui je respire  
À mes voeux a daigné sourire  
Et ce doux espoir de bonheur  
Trouble ma raison et mon cœur! Ah!  
Ah! Mes amis, quel jour de fête  
Je vais marcher sous vos drapeaux.

Pour mon âme quel destin!  
J’ai sa flamme et j’ai sa main!  
Jour prospère! Me voici  
Militaire et mari!  
Ah! Pour mon âme quel destin!  
J’ai sa flamme et j’ai sa main.  Etc.

Giuseppe Verdi (1813–1901)
”Infelice! E tuo credevi“ from Ernani (Poor Wretch!...And you believed)
Text by Francesco Maria Piave (1810–1876)

Che mai vegg’io!  
Nel penetral più sacro di mia magione; presso a lei  
che sposa esser dovrà d’un Silva,  
due seduttori io scorgo?  

Entrate, olà, miei fidi cavalieri.  
Sia ognun testimon del disonore,  
dell’onta che si reca al suo signore.

Infelice!... e tuo credevi  
si bel giglio immacolato!...  
Del tuo crine fra le nevi  
piomba invece il disonor.  
Ah! perché l’etade in seno  
giouin core m’ha serbato!  
Mi dovevan gli anni almeno  
far di gelo ancora il cor.

Gaetano Donizetti (1797–1848)

“Ah! mes amis, quel jour de fête!” from La fille du régiment (Ah! My friends, what a happy day!)

Oh, my friends, what a happy day!  
I’m going to march beneath your colours,  
Love, that has turned my head,  
From henceforth will make me a hero.  
Oh, what joy yes, my friends,  
I’m going to march beneath your colours.

Yes, the girl I sigh for  
Has deigned to smile upon my wishes,  
And this sweet hope of happiness  
Unsettles my mind and my heart! Ah!  
I’m going to march beneath your colours.

What a fortune for my heart!  
I have her love and her hand!  
Oh, lucky day! Here am I,  
A soldier and a husband!  
I have her love and her hand.  Etc.

What is this I see!  
The innermost dark part of my home,  
That you the bridesmaid of Silva  
Is found with two seducers?

Entranced, my faithful knights,  
You both dishonorably witness,  
The shame that falls upon your lord.

Poor wretch!...And you believed  
Her to be a beautiful immaculate lily!  
Instead, dishonor swoops over  
your snow-white mane.  
Oh! Why, has life kept the heart  
Of a young man beating inside me!  
The years should have at least  
Turned my heart cold.
Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)
“Voglio dire, lo stupendo elisir” from L’elisir d’amore
Text by Felice Romani (1788–1865)

NEMORINO
Voglio dire... lo stupendo
Elisir che desta amore.

DULCAMARA
Ah! si, si, capisco, intendo.
lo ne son distillatore.

NEMORINO
E fia vero?

DULCAMARA
Si... se ne fa
gran consumo in questa età.

NEMORINO
Oh! fortuna!... e ne vendete?

DULCAMARA
Ogni giorno a tutto il mondo.

NEMORINO
E qual prezzo ne volete?

DULCAMARA
Poco, assai...

NEMORINO
Poco?

DULCAMARA
...cioè... secondo...

NEMORINO
Un zecchino... null’altro ho qua...

DULCAMARA
È la somma che ci va.

NEMORINO
Ah! prendetelo, dottore!

DULCAMARA
Ecco il magico liquore.

NEMORINO
Obbligato, ah! si, obbligato!
son felice, son contento;
elisir di tal bontà,
benedetto chi ti fa!
Obbligato, obbligato ecc.

DULCAMARA
Ah! Yes, yes, I understand.
I do the distilling.

NEMORINO
Can it be true?

DULCAMARA
Yes....I am the only oneWho can make this in large amounts.

NEMORINO
Oh! What fortune!....You sell it?

DULCAMARA
Every day around the world.

NEMORINO
And what is the price you want?

DULCAMARA
Soon, very....

NEMORINO
Soon?

DULCAMARA
....that is...second.....

NEMORINO
A zecchin....I don't have any more...

DULCAMARA
That is the price here.

NEMORINO
Ah! Take it, doctor!

DULCAMARA
Here is the magic liquor..

NEMORINO
Obliged, ah! Yes, obliged!
I'm happy, I'm content;
The elixir of goodness;
Blessed are you who makes it!
Obliged, obliged, etc.
DULCAMARA
(Nel paese che ho girato
più d’un gonzo ho ritrovato,
ma un uguale in verità
non si trova, non si dà.)

NEMORINO
Ehi! Dottore, un momentino...
In qual modo usar si puote?

DULCAMARA
Con riguardo, pian pianino
la bottiglia un po’ si scuote...
poi si stura, ma si bada
che il vapor non se ne vada.

NEMORINO
Ben...

DULCAMARA
Quindi al labbro lo avvicini...

NEMORINO
...ben...

DULCAMARA
...e lo bevi a centellini...

NEMORINO
...ben...

DULCAMARA
...e l’effetto sorprendente
non ne tardi a conseguir

NEMORINO
Sul momento?

DULCAMARA
A dire il vero,
necessario è un giorno intero.
(Tanto tempo sufficiente
per cavarmela e fuggir.)

NEMORINO
E il sapore?...

DULCAMARA
Eccellente...

NEMORINO
Eccellente?...

DULCAMARA
Eccellente...
(È Bordò, non Elisir.)

DULCAMARA
(In the country that I go round
More than a fool I have found,
But an equal in truth
One cannot be found.)

NEMORINO
Hey! Doctor, one moment…
In what way am I to take this?

DULCAMARA
With respect, very softly
Shake the bottle a little bit...
Then open, but pay attention
That the vapor does not go away.

NEMORINO
Well....

DULCAMARA
Bring it to your lips....

NEMORINO
...well....

DULCAMARA
...and drink a sip...

NEMORINO
...well.....

DULCAMARA
...and the surprising effect
Takes hold immediately

NEMORINO
At the moment?

DULCAMARA
To be honest,
We need a whole day.
(Sufficient time
Passing to flee.)

NEMORINO
And the flavor?...

DULCAMARA
Excellent...

NEMORINO
Excellent?....

DULCAMARA
Excellent...
(It’s Bordeaux, not elixir.)
NEMORINO
Obbligato, ah! sì, obbligato!
on felice, son beato;
elisire di tal bontà,
benedetto chi ti fa!
Obbligato, obbligato ecc.

DULCAMARA
(Gonzo eguale in verità
non si trova, non si dà.)
Giovinotto!... Ehi?... ehi?...

NEMORINO
Signore?

DULCAMARA
Sicuramente,
è un affar geloso assai:
impicciar se ne potria
un tantin l'Autorità.
Dunque, silenzio.

NEMORINO
Ve ne do la fede mia;
neanche un'anima il saprà.

DULCAMARA
Va', mortale fortunato;
un tesoro io t'ho donato:
tutto il sesso femminino
te doman sospirerà.

NEMORINO
Ah! dottor, vi do parola
ch'io berrò per una sola:
né per altra, e sia pur bella,
né una stilla avanzerà.

DULCAMARA
(Ma doman di buon mattino
ben lontan sarò di qua.)

NEMORINO
(A veramente amica stella
ha costui condotto qua.)

NEMORINO
Obbligato, ah! Yes, obliged!
I'm happy, I'm content;
The elixir of goodness;
Blessed are you who makes it!
Obliged, obliged, etc.

DULCAMARA
(An equal to this fool
Cannot be found.)
Young man!...Hey?... Hey?

NEMORINO
Sir?

DULCAMARA
Over this... silence... you know?
silence... silence.
Today the deal of love
Is a very jealous affair.

NEMORINO
Oh!

DULCAMARA
Surely,
It is a very jealous affair:
If the authorities discover
I am selling it, they will put me in jail.
Therefore, silence.

NEMORINO
You have my word:
Not a soul will know.

DULCAMARA
Go, happy mortal;
A treasure I have donated:
All the females
Tomorrow will sigh over you.

NEMORINO
Ah! Doctor, take my word
I'll drink for only one:
Not for another, and albeit beauty,
Not a drop will be left.

DULCAMARA
(But tomorrow morning
I will be far away from here..)

NEMORINO
(A truly friendly star
Has lead him here.)
**Gaetano Donizetti (1797–1848)**

“Una furtiva lagrima” from *L’elisir d’amore* (A single secret tear)

**Text by Felice Romani (1788–1865)**

- Una furtiva lagrima
  - negli occhi suoi spuntò: from her eye did spring:
  - Quelle festose giovani
  - invidiar sembrò. that laughingly passed her by.
  - Che più cercando io vu? What more searching need I do?
  - Che più cercando io vu? What more searching need I do?
  - M’ama! Sì, m’ama, io vedo. She loves me! Yes, she loves me, I see it. I see it.
  - Un solo instante i palpiti of her beautiful heart I could feel!
  - del suo bel cor sentir!
  - I miei sospir, confondere As if my sighs were hers,
  - per poco a’ suoi sospir! and her sighs were mine!
  - I palpiti, i palpiti sentir, The beating, the beating of her heart I could feel,
  - confondere i miei coi suoi sospir... to merge my sighs with hers...
  - Cielo! Si può morir! Heavens! Yes, I could die!
  - Di più non chiedo, non chiedo. I could ask for nothing more, nothing more.
  - Ah, cielo! Sì! Sì, può morir! Oh, heavens! Yes, I could, I could die!
  - Di più non chiedo, non chiedo. I could ask for nothing more, nothing more.
  - Si può morire! Si può morir d’amor. Yes, I could die! Yes, I could die of love.

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**Charles Gounod (1818–1893)**

“Le veau d’or” from *Faust* (The Golden Calf)

**Text by Paul Jules Barbier (1825–1901) and Michel Carré (1821–1872)**

- Le veau d’or est toujours debout! The calf of gold is still standing!
  - On encense sa puissance, One adulates his power,
  - On encense sa puissance, One adulates his power,
  - D’un bout du monde à l’autre bout! From one end of the world to the other end!
  - Pour fêter l’infâme idole, To celebrate the infamous idol,
  - Rois et peuples confondu, Kings and the people mixed together,
  - Au bruit sombre des écus, To the somber sound of golden coins,
  - Danse une ronde folle They dance a wild round
  - Autour de son piédestale, Around his pedestal
  - Autour de son piédestale, Around his pedestal
  - Et Satan conduit le bal, etc, etc. And Satan leads the dance, etc, etc.

- Le veau d’or est vainqueur des dieux! The calf of gold is the victor over the gods!
  - Dans sa gloire dérisoire, In its derisory (absurd) glory,
  - Dans sa gloire dérisoire, In its derisory (absurd) glory,
  - Le monstre abject insulte aux cieux! The abject monster insults heaven!
  - Il contemple, ô rage étrange! It contemplates, oh weird frenzy!
  - A ses pieds le genre humain, At his feet the human race,
  - Se ruant, le fer en main, Hurling itself about, iron in hand,
  - Dans le sang et dans la fange In blood and in the mire,
  - Où brille l’ardent métal, Where gleams the burning metal,
  - Où brille l’ardent métal, Where gleams the burning metal,
  - Et Satan conduit le bal, etc. And Satan leads the dance, etc.
Je crois entendre encore,  
Caché sous les palmiers,  
Sa voix tendre et sonore  
Comme un chant de ramier!  
O nuit enchanteresse!  
Diuin ravissement!  
O souvenir charmant!  
Folle ireuse! doux rêve!  
Charmant souvenir!

I still believe I hear  
hidden beneath the palm trees  
her voice, tender and deep  
like the song of a dove  
oh enchanting night  
divine rapture  
delightful memory  
mad intoxication, sweet dream.  
Charming memory.

Georges Bizet (1838–1875)  
"Je crois entendre encore" from Les Pêcheurs de Perles (I still believe I hear)  
Text by Eugène Cormon (1810–1903) and Michel Carré (1821–1872)

Au fond du temple saint  
Paré de fleurs et d’or,  
Une femme apparaît!  
Je crois la voir encore!  
Une femme apparaît!  
Je crois la voir encore!  
La foule prostrée  
La regarde, étonnée,  
Et murmure tous bas:  
Voyez, c’est la déesse!  
Qui dans l’ombre se dresse  
Et vers nous tend les bras!  
Son voile se soulève!  
Ô vision! ô rêve!  
La foule est à genoux!

At the back of the holy temple,  
decorated with flowers and gold,  
a woman appears!  
i can still see her!  
a woman appears!  
i can still see her!  
the prostrate crowd  
looks at her amazed  
and murmurs under its breath:  
look, this is the goddess  
looming up in the shadow  
and holding out her arms to us.  
her veil parts slightly.  
what a vision! what a dream!  
the crowd is kneeling.

Oui, c’est elle!  
C’est la déesse  
plus charmente et plus belle!  
Oui, c’est elle!  
C’est la déesse  
qui descend parmi nous!  
Son voile se soulève et la foule est à genoux!

Yes, it is she!  
it is the goddess,  
more charming and more beautiful.  
Yes, it is she!  
it is the goddess  
who has come down among us.  
her veil has parted and the crowd is kneeling.

Georges Bizet (1838–1875)  
"Au fond du temple saint" from Les Pêcheurs de Perles (At the back of the holy temple)  
Text by Eugène Cormon (1810–1903) and Michel Carré (1821–1872)
Mais à travers la foule
Elle s'ouvre un passage!
Son long voile déjà
Nous cache son visage!
Mon regard, hélas!
La cherche en vain!
   Elle fuit!
   Elle fuit!

But through the crowd
she makes her way.
Already her long veil
hides her face from us.
My eyes, alas!
Seek her in vain!
She flees!

Mais dans mon âme soudain
Quelle étrange ardeur s'allume!
Quel feu nouveau me consume!
Ta main repousse ma main!
De nos cœurs l'amour s'empare
   Et nous change en ennemis!
Non, que rien ne nous sépare!
   Non, rien!
   Jurons de rester amis!

But what is this strange flame
which is suddenly kindled in my soul!
What unknown fire is destroying me?
Your hand pushes mine away!
Your hand pushes mine away!
Love takes our hearts by storm
and turns us into enemies!
No, let nothing part us!
No, nothing!

Oui, c'est elle! C'est la déesse!
En ce jour qui vient nous unir,
   Et fidèle à ma promesse,
Comme un frère je veux te chérir!
   C'est elle, c'est la déesse
Qui vient en ce jour nous unir!
   Oui, partageons le même sort,
   Soyons unis jusqu'à la mort!

Let us swear to remain friends!
Oh yes, let us swear to remain friends!
Yes, it is her, the goddess,
who comes to unite us this day.
And, faithful to my promise,
I wish to cherish you like a brother!
It is her, the goddess,
who comes to unite us this day!
Yes, let us share the same fate,
let us be united until death!

—INTERMISSION—
Traditional Spirituals

“All Night, All Day”
arr. Damien Sneed (1979– )

All night, all day
Angels watchin’ over me my Lord
All night, all day
Angels watchin’ over me

All night, all day, Oh
Angels watchin’ over me my Lord
All night, all day
Angels watchin’ over me

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh, ooh

All night, all day
Angels watchin’ over me my Lord
All night, all day
Angels watchin’ over me
Angels watchin’ over me

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh, ooh
Angels watchin’ over me
“Deep River”


Deep river, my home is over Jordan,
Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into campground

Deep river, my home is over Jordan,
Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into campground

Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into campground
Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into campground

Deep river, I want to cross over
Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into campground
I wanna go

“Come By Here, Good Lord”

arr. Damien Sneed (1979– )

Come by here good Lord, come by here
Come by here good Lord, come by here
Come by here good Lord, come by here
Oh Lord, come by here

Somebody’s prayin’ Lord, come by here
Somebody’s prayin’ Lord, come by here
Somebody’s prayin’ Lord, come by here
Oh Lord, come by here

Somebody’s dyin’ Lord
Somebody’s dyin’ Lord
Somebody’s dyin’ Lord
Oh Lord, come by here

Somebody needs you Lord
Somebody needs you Lord
Somebody needs you, Lord, come by here
Oh Lord, come by here

Come by here good Lord, come by here
Come by here good Lord, come by here
Come by here good Lord, come by here
Oh Lord, come by here
Oh Lord, come by here
### “Give Me Jesus”

*Traditional*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>“Give Me Jesus”</th>
<th>In the morning when I rise</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Oh when I come to die</td>
<td>In the morning when I rise</td>
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<td>Give me Jesus</td>
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<td>Give me Jesus</td>
<td>You may have the world</td>
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<td>You may have the world</td>
<td>Give me Jesus</td>
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<td>Give me Jesus</td>
<td>Give me Jesus</td>
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<tr>
<td>I heard my mother say</td>
<td>I heard the mourner say</td>
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<td>You may have the world</td>
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<td>Give me Jesus</td>
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<td>Dark midnight was my cry</td>
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### “He’s Got the Whole World In His Hand”

*arr. Margaret Bonds/Craig Terry*

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<td>He’s got the woods and the waters in His hand</td>
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<td>He’s got the woods and the waters in His hand</td>
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<tr>
<td>He’s got the sun and the moon right in His hand</td>
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<tr>
<td>He’s got the whole world in His hand</td>
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<td>He’s got the birds and the bees right in His hand</td>
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<td>He’s got the birds and the bees right in His hand</td>
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<td>He’s got the beast of the field right in His hand</td>
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<td>He’s got the whole world in His hand</td>
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<td>He’s got you and me right in His hand</td>
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<td>He’s got you and me right in His hand</td>
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<td>He’s got everybody right in His hand</td>
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<td>He’s got the whole world in His hand</td>
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<td>He’s got the whole world in His hand</td>
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13
American Popular Songs

Harold Vicars (1876-1922)
“Song of Songs”
Text by Clarence Lucas (1866–1947), arr. Craig Terry

Do you recall that night in June when first we met
Do you remember, Love, the words we spoke
Have you forgotten all the tender vows we made
In the silent magical moonbeams' light
Gone are the golden dreams with summer roses
And all our tenderest vows were made, but to be broken

Song of songs, song of memory
And broken melody of love and life
Nevermore for me can that melody
Fill the heart with the joy once we knew

Harry Warren (1893–1981)
“Lulu’s Back In Town”
Text by Al Dubin (1891–1945), arr. Craig Terry

I gotta get my old tuxedo pressed
Gotta sew a button on my vest
’Cause tonight I've gotta look my best
Lulu’s back in town
Gotta get a half a buck somewhere
Gotta shine my shoes and slick my hair
Gotta get myself a boutonniere
Lulu’s back in town

Frank Loesser (1910-1969)
“Dolores”
Text by Louis Alter (1902–1980), arr. Craig Terry

How I love the kisses of Dolores
Aye aye aye Dolores
Not Marie or Emily or Doris
Only my Dolores

From a balcony above me
She whispers love me and throws a rose
Ah but she is twice as lovely
As the rose she throws

I would die to be with my Dolores
Aye aye aye Dolores
I was made to serenade Dolores
Chorus after chorus

Just imagine eyes like moon rise
A voice like music, lips like wine
What a break if I could make Dolores
Mine all mine
Tell her you care, each time you speak,
Make it her birthday each day of the week,
Bring her nice things, sugar and spice things,
Roses and lollipops,
And lollipops and roses.

One day she'll smile, next day she'll cry,
Minute to minute, you'll never know why!
Coax her, pet her, better yet get her,
Roses and lollipops,
And lollipops and roses.

We try acting grown up, but as a rule,
We're all little children, fresh from school.

So, carry her books, that's how it starts,
Fourteen to forty, they're kids in their hearts...
Keep them handy, flowers and candy,
Roses and lollipops,
And lollipops and roses.

Vincent Youmans (1898–1946)
“Through the Years”
Text by Edward Heyman (1907–1981), arr. Craig Terry

Through the years, I'll take my place beside you;
Smiling through the years.
Through your tears, I'll keep my place beside you;
Smiling through your tears.

I'll be near, no matter when or where;
Remember, what is mine I'll always share.

Through the night, I'll be a star to guide you;
Shining bright, the clouds may come and hide you.
Through the years, 'til love is gone
And time first disappears,
I'll come to you, smiling through the years.
“I Don’t Feel No Ways Tired”
traditional

I don’t feel no ways tired
I’ve come too far from where I started from
Nobody told me that the road would be easy
I don’t believe He brought me this far to leave me

“Peace Be Still”
traditional

Master, the tempest is raging
The billows are tossing high
The sky is o’er shadowed with blackness
No shelter or help is nigh
Carest Thou not that we perish?
How canst Thou lie asleep
When each moment so madly is threatening
A grave in the angry deep?
The winds and the waves shall obey my will, peace be still
Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea
Or demons or men or whatever it be
No water can swallow the ship where lies
The Master of ocean and earth and skies
They shall sweetly obey my will
Peace be still, peace be still
They all shall sweetly obey my will, peace, peace be still

“Every Time I Feel The Spirit”
traditional

Every time I feel the spirit moving in my heart, I will pray
Upon the mountain my Lord spoke
Out of His mouth came fire and smoke
Looked all around me, it looked so fine
Till I asked my Lord if all was mine.

Every time I feel the spirit moving in my heart, I will pray
Jordan river, is chilly an’ cold
It chills the body but not the soul
There ain’t but one train, upon this track
It runs to heaven, an’ right back.

Every time I feel the spirit moving in my heart, I will pray
Bass-baritone Eric Owens has a unique reputation as an esteemed interpreter of classic works and a champion of new music. Equally at home in orchestral, recital, and operatic repertoire, Mr. Owens brings his powerful poise, expansive voice, and instinctive acting faculties to stages around the world.

In the 2018–2019 season, Mr. Owens returns to Lyric Opera of Chicago to make his role debut as Wotan in David Pountney’s new production of Wagner’s Die Walküre. He also stars as Porgy in James Robinson’s new production of Porgy and Bess at Houston Grand Opera, and the Forester in Janáček’s The Cunning Little Vixen at the Glimmerglass Festival, where he served as Artist in Residence and Artistic Advisor. Concert appearances included Rossini’s Stabat Mater with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra conducted by Riccardo Muti, Verdi’s Requiem with both the National Symphony Orchestra led by Gianandrea Noseda and the Nashville Symphony Orchestra, and Mendelssohn’s Elijah with Music of the Baroque.

The 2016–2017 season featured Mr. Owens in his role debut as Wotan in David Pountney’s new production of Wagner’s Das Rheingold at the Lyric Opera of Chicago. He sang a trio of operas at the Metropolitan Opera that included the Met premiere of Kaijo Saariaho’s L’amour de Loin, a new production of Rusalka under Sir Mark Elder, and a revival of Idomeneo conducted by James Levine, all of which were broadcast through the Met’s Live in HD series. Concert highlights included joining Alan Gilbert and the New York Philharmonic for performances as Wotan in Das Rheingold and of Beethoven’s Ninth Symphony, which he also performed at the Cincinnati May Festival as its Artist in Residence, a gala celebrating the Metropolitan Opera’s Fiftieth Anniversary at Lincoln Center, and performances as Orest in Strauss’s Elektra at the Verbier Festival and Méphistophélès in Berlioz’s La Damnation de Faust with the New Zealand Symphony Orchestra. He also gave a recital at the Cleveland Art Song Festival, performed dual recitals with Susanna Phillips at the Washington Performing Arts and Lawrence Brownlee at the Lyric Opera of Chicago and William Jewell College, and appeared with the Chicago Symphony’s Negaunee Music Institute to present an interactive recital for incarcerated youth alongside Riccardo Muti and Joyce DiDonato.

Mr. Owens has created an uncommon niche for himself in the ever-growing body of contemporary opera works through his determined tackling of new and challenging roles. He received great critical acclaim for portraying the title role in the world premiere of Elliot Goldenthal’s Grendel with the Los Angeles Opera, and again at the Lincoln Center Festival, in a production directed and designed by Julie Taymor. Mr. Owens also enjoys a close association with John Adams, for whom he performed the role of General Leslie Groves in the world premiere of Doctor Atomic at the San Francisco Opera, and of the Storyteller in the world premiere of A Flowering Tree at Peter Sellars’s New Crowned Hope Festival in Vienna and later with...
the Los Angeles Philharmonic. Doctor Atomic was later recorded and received the 2012 Grammy for Best Opera Recording. Mr. Owens made his Boston Symphony Orchestra debut under the baton of David Robertson in Adam’s El Niño.

Mr. Owens’s career operatic highlights include Alberich in the Metropolitan Opera’s Ring cycle directed by Robert Lepage; Orest in Patrice Chereau’s production of Elektra conducted by Esa-Pekka Salonen at the Met; the title role of Der Fliegende Höllander and Stephen Kumalo in Weill’s Lost in the Stairs at Washington National Opera; his San Francisco Opera debut in Otello conducted by Donald Runnicles; his Royal Opera, Covent Garden, debut in Norma; Vodnik in Rusalka and Porgy in Porgy and Bess at Lyric Opera of Chicago; the title role in Handel’s Hercules with the Canadian Opera Company; Aida at Houston Grand Opera; Rigoletto, Il Trovatore, and La Bohème at Los Angeles Opera; Die Zauberflöte for his Paris Opera (Bastille) debut; the title role of Macbeth at the Glimmerglass Festival; and Ariodante and L’Incoronazione di Poppea at the English National Opera. He sang Collatinus in a highly-acclaimed Christopher Alden production of Britten’s The Rape of Lucretia at Glimmerglass Opera. A former member of the Houston Grand Opera Studio, Mr. Owens has sung Sarastro, Mephistopheles in Faust, Frère Laurent, and Aristotle Onassis in the world premiere of Jackie O (available on the Argo label) with that company. He is featured on the Nonesuch Records release of A Flowering Tree. Mr. Owens is an avid concert singer, who collaborates closely with conductors such as Alan Gilbert, Riccardo Muti, Esa-Pekka Salonen, Sir Simon Rattle, Donald Runnicles, and Franz Welser-Möst.

He has been recognized with multiple honors, including the Musical America’s 2017 “Vocalist of the Year” award, 2003 Marian Anderson Award, a 1999 ARIA award, second prize in the Plácido Domingo Operalia Competitio, the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions, and the Luciano Pavarotti International Voice Competition. In 2017, the Glimmerglass Festival appointed him as its Artistic Advisor.

A native of Philadelphia, Mr. Owens began his musical training as a pianist at the age of six, followed by formal oboe study at age eleven under Lloyd Shorter of the Delaware Symphony and Louis Rosenblatt of the Philadelphia Orchestra. He studied voice while an undergraduate at Temple University, and then as a graduate student at the Curtis Institute of Music. He currently studies with Armen Boyajian. He serves on the Board of Trustees of both the National Foundation for Advancement in the Arts and Astral Artistic Services. Starting in 2019, Mr. Owens becomes the co-chair of the Curtis Institute’s opera department.

Lawrence Brownlee, tenor

Named 2017 “Male Singer of the Year” by both the International Opera Awards and Bachtrack, American-born tenor Lawrence Brownlee has been hailed by The Guardian as “one of the world’s leading bel canto stars.” Brownlee captivates audiences and critics around the world, and his voice has been praised by NPR as “an instrument of great beauty and expression…perfectly suited to the early nineteenth century operas of Rossini and Donizetti,” ushering in “a new golden age in high male voices” (The New York Times). Brownlee also serves as Artistic Advisor at Opera Philadelphia, helping the company to expand their repertoire, diversity efforts and community initiatives.

The 2018-19 season starts with two evenings of duets with bass-baritone Eric Owens at the Van Cliburn Foundation, followed by a night of arias at Amsterdam’s famed Concertgebouw. Operatic engagements this season include two role debuts in North American houses, singing Nadir in Bizet’s The Pearl Fishers with Houston Grand Opera and Ilo in Rossini’s Zelmira with Washington Concert Opera, as well as returns to several international opera houses, performing in La Cenerentola at Opéra national de Paris, La sonnambula at Opernhaus Zürich and Deutsche Oper Berlin, and I Puritani at Opéra Royal de
Wallonie-Liège. His season also features a 17-stop US tour with bass-baritone Eric Owens performing at the Seattle Symphony, Philadelphia Chamber Music Society, the Los Angeles Philharmonic, and more, as well as a performance at Carnegie Hall in March 2019 with Jason Moran and Alicia Hall Moran as part of “Migrations: The Making of America — A Citywide Festival.”

Highlights from last season included returns to the Royal Opera House - Covent Garden, Opernhaus Zürich, Lyric Opera of Chicago, Bayerische Staatsoper, and Opéra national de Paris, as well as the world premiere and recital tour of a new song cycle, Cycles of My Being. The cycle centers on what it means to be an African American man living in America today, touching on the recent series of tragic deaths and the Black Lives Matter movement, and was composed by Tyshawn Sorey, with lyrics by Terrance Hayes, both of whom are MacArthur ‘Genius’ Grant Winners. Co-commissioned by Opera Philadelphia, Carnegie Hall, and Lyric Opera of Chicago's Lyric Unlimited, Cycles of My Being had its world premiere in Philadelphia before moving on to Chicago, San Francisco, Carnegie Hall and more. The piece was hailed by the San Francisco Chronicle as “a work of both anguish and optimism, at once accusatory and stirring...whose traversal feels like a descent into a maelstrom followed by the emergence out the other side”, while the Chicago Tribune praised how “Sorey’s music allows Brownlee to do what he does best — to soar effortlessly into the vocal stratosphere, nail perfectly placed high notes and invest them with expressive meaning.”

One of the most in-demand singers around the world, Brownlee has performed with nearly every leading international opera house and festival, as well as major orchestras including the Berlin Philharmonic, Philadelphia Orchestra, Chicago Symphony, New York Philharmonic, Accademia di Santa Cecilia, Boston Symphony, Cleveland Orchestra, San Francisco Symphony, and the Bayerische Rundfunk Orchestra.

In addition, Brownlee has appeared on the stages of the top opera companies around the globe, including the Metropolitan Opera, Teatro alla Scala, the Bavarian State Opera, Royal Opera House - Covent Garden, The Vienna State Opera, Opéra national de Paris, Opernhaus Zürich, the Berlin State Opera, the Gran Teatre del Liceu Barcelona, Teatro Real Madrid, Théâtre Royale de la Monnaie, and the festivals of Salzburg and Baden Baden. Broadcasts of his operas and concerts—including his 2014 Bastille Day performance in Paris, attended by the French President and Prime Minister—have been enjoyed by millions.

Brownlee’s latest album, Allegro Io Son, received a Critic’s Choice from Opera News, among numerous other accolades, and followed his previous Grammy-nominated release on Delos Records, Virtuoso Rossini Arias, which prompted New Yorker critic Alex Ross to ask “is there a finer Rossini tenor than Lawrence Brownlee?” The rest of his critically acclaimed discography and videography is a testament to his broad impact across the classical music scene. His opera and concert recordings include Il barbiere di Siviglia with the Bayerische Rundfunk Orchestra, Armida at the Metropolitan Opera, Rossini’s Stabat Mater with Accademia di Santa Cecilia, and Carmina Burana with the Berlin Philharmonic. He also released a disc of African-American spirituals entitled Spiritual Sketches with pianist Damien Sneed, which the pair performed at Lincoln Center’s American Songbook series, and which NPR praised as an album of “soulful singing” that “sounds like it’s coming straight from his heart to yours.”

Brownlee is the fourth of six children and first discovered music when he learned to play bass, drums, and piano at his family’s church in Youngstown, Ohio. He was awarded a Masters of Music from Indiana University and went onto win a Grand Prize in the 2001 Metropolitan Opera National Council auditions. Alongside his singing career, Brownlee is an avid salsa dancer and an accomplished photographer, specializing in artist portraits of his on-stage colleagues. A die-hard Pittsburgh Steelers and Ohio State football fan, Brownlee has sung the National Anthem at numerous NFL games. He is a champion for autism awareness through the organization Autism Speaks, and he is a lifetime member of Kappa Alpha Psi fraternity Inc., a historically black fraternity committed to social action and empowerment.

**Craig Terry, pianist**

Lauded for his “sensitive and stylish” (The New York Times) and “superb” (Opera News) playing, pianist Craig Terry enjoys an international career regularly performing with the world's
leading singers and instrumentalists. Currently Mr. Terry serves as Music Director of The Patrick G. and Shirley W. Ryan Opera Center at Lyric Opera of Chicago after having served for eleven seasons at Lyric as Assistant Conductor. Previously, he served as Assistant Conductor at the Metropolitan Opera after joining its Lindemann Young Artist Development Program. Mr. Terry has performed with such esteemed vocalists as Jamie Barton, Stephanie Blythe, Christine Brewer, Lawrence Brownlee, Nicole Cabell, Sasha Cooke, Eric Cutler, Danielle de Niese, Joyce DiDonato, Giuseppe Filianoti, Renée Fleming, Susan Graham, Denyce Graves, Bryan Hymel, Brian Jagde, Joseph Kaiser, Quinn Kelsey, Kate Lindsey, Ana Maria Martínez, Eric Owens, Ailyn Perez, Nicholas Phan, Susanna Phillips, Luca Pisaroni, Patricia Racette, Hugh Russell, Bo Skovhus, Garrett Sorenson, Heidi Stober, Amber Wagner, Laura Wilde, and Catherine Wyn-Rogers. He has collaborated as a chamber musician with members of the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, the Lyric Opera of Chicago Orchestra, the Gewandhaus Orchester, and the Pro Arte String Quartet.

Mr. Terry’s 2018-19 season recital performance schedule includes concerts in North America, Europe, Africa, and Australia with artists including Stephanie Blythe, Christine Brewer, Lawrence Brownlee, Jennifer Johnson Cano, Joyce DiDonato, Susan Graham, Ana Maria Martínez, Eric Owens, Nicholas Phan, Patricia Racette, Hugh Russell, and Heidi Stober. He is Artistic Director of “Beyond the Aria,” a highly acclaimed recital series now in its fifth sold-out season, presented by the Harris Theater in collaboration with the Ryan Opera Center and Lyric Unlimited. Mr. Terry’s discography includes three recently released recordings: “Diva on Detour” with Patricia Racette, “As Long As There Are Songs” with Stephanie Blythe, and “Chanson d’Avril” with Nicole Cabell. His latest recording project with Joyce DiDonato, “Songplay,” will be released by Warner Classics in November 2018.

Mr. Terry hails from Tullahoma, Tennessee, received a Bachelor of Music degree in Music Education from Tennessee Technological University, continued his studies at Florida State University and received a Masters of Music in Collaborative Piano from the Manhattan School of Music where he was a student of pianist Warren Jones.

Upcoming Events

Tickets and information: live.stanford.edu

Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra
Tales of Two Cities: Leipzig and Damascus
Mar 8 · 7:30PM
Bing Concert Hall

Oscar, With Love
A Tribute to the Late Oscar Peterson
Mar 22 · 7:30PM
Bing Concert Hall