



Peggy McNulty, Soprano

Gillian Cookson, Piano

*present*

# *A Voice Recital*

*to benefit the*

Northern Virginia

Music Teachers Association (NVMTA)

Voice Scholarship Fund



**Saturday, September 6, 2008**

**4 o'clock p.m.**

Epiphany United Methodist Church

1014 Country Club Drive, N.E.

Vienna, Virginia 22190

## About Peggy McNulty

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**Peggy McNulty**, a native of Berkeley, California, studied music at the University of California, the Juilliard School of Music, and Catholic University, where she received her Master of Music Degree. She is a performing member of the Friday Morning Music Club, a member of the National Association of Teachers of Singing, and the Northern Virginia Music Teachers Association. She teaches voice privately in her McLean studio. She is also a member of the Voice Care Network.

Ms. McNulty's performance career has been varied. She has held church soloist positions in Oakland, California; Washington, D.C.; and Arlington, McLean, and Springfield, Virginia, where she is currently a soloist for the First Church of Christ, Scientist. She has performed leading roles in *Iolanthe* and *The Gondoliers* by Gilbert and Sullivan, in *Semele* by Handel, in Britten's *Albert Herring*, and in the *Three Penny Opera*. In the Washington, D.C., area, she has given voice recitals at such places as The Arts Club, Meridian House, and the Anderson House Museum, and she has appeared as guest soloist with the McLean Symphony.

## About Gillian Cookson

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**Gillian Cookson** was born in England and received her early musical training at the Watford School of Music, studying piano, violin, and cello. While at the Royal Academy of Music in London, she received the L.R.A.M. degree and also the A.R.C.M. degree from the Royal College of Music.

Ms. Cookson pursues an active career as a vocal coach and accompanist in Washington, D.C. She is on the faculty of Westminster Choir College's summer program, "Master Teachers and Singers." She has performed, among other places, at the National Gallery, the Phillips Gallery, the Renwick Gallery, the Corcoran Gallery, and the Kennedy Center Concert Hall and Terrace Theater. She accompanied Frederica von Stade in recitals in New York and Washington and with Miss von Stade, when she made her European debut in 1985 at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, London, and the Teatro Real, Madrid.

# Program

## I

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Ch'io mai vi possa <i>Siroe</i>	GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL
Where'er you walk <i>Semele</i>	(1685–1759)
Mio caro bene! <i>Rodelinda</i>	

## II

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Minnelied <i>Tieck</i>	FELIX MENDELSSOHN
Neue Liebe <i>Lenau</i>	(1809–1847)
Schilflied <i>Lenau</i>	
Der Mond <i>Geibel</i>	
Frühlingsglaube <i>Ubland</i>	
Suleika II <i>Goethe</i>	
Frühlingslied <i>Heine</i>	

~ INTERMISSION ~

## III

### SONGS BASED ON ANCIENT CHINESE TEXTS

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A un Jeune Gentilhomme	ALBERT ROUSSEL
Amoureux Séparés	(1869–1937)
Réponse d'une Épouse Sage	
Return of Spring	GRANVILLE BANTOCK
The Old Fisherman of the Mists and Waters	(1868–1946)
Yung-Yang	
A Feast of Lanterns	

## IV

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Take, O Take Those Lips Away <i>William Shakespeare</i>	MRS. H.H.A. BEACH
	(1867–1944)
Be Still As You Are Beautiful <i>Patrick MacDonogh</i>	JOHN DUKE
Bells in the Rain <i>Eleanor Wylie</i>	(1899–1984)
The Mountains Are Dancing <i>e.e. cummings</i>	

~ RECEPTION IN FELLOWSHIP HALL ~

# Texts and Translations

## I

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GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL  
(1685–1759)

### **Ch'io mai vi possa**

*Siroe*

That I could ever cease to love you!  
Do not believe, O dearest eyes.  
Not even in jest will I deceive you.  
You were and are my love's flame  
And you will be, dearest eyes,  
My true love so long as I live.

### **Mio caro bene!**

*Rodelinda*

My beloved!  
I no longer know suffering and pain.  
I no longer have grief in my heart.  
Seeing you happy.  
I feel now in my heart  
That only love abides in it.

### **Where'er you walk**

*Semele*

Where'er you walk,  
Cool gales shall fan the glade;  
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade,  
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall  
Fan the glade; Trees, where you sit,  
Shall crowd into a shade.  
Where'er you tread, the blushing  
Flow'rs shall rise, and all things  
Flourish, where'er you turn your  
Eyes.

## FELIX MENDELSSOHN

(1809–1847)

**Minnelied**

Song of Admiration

*Tieck*

How so lovely sounds the spring,  
 And it kisses the tender flower',  
 As in the shade the finch sing',  
 And greets its nearby lover!

How the lights quivering stray,  
 And the grass looks to its greening,  
 How the pines reach up a long way,  
 And the linden flowers strewing!

In the linden fragrance so fair,  
 In the pines' loud rustling,  
 In the play of the summer air  
 She shines like a bride of Spring!

But forest sounds, birdsongs,  
 Flowers' fragrance, deter,  
 Light, darken – never can you all succeed  
 To be like her!

*Translation by Jack Lundin, Nov. 2007***Neue Liebe**

New Love

*Lenau*

In the moonlit wood,  
 I lately saw the elves riding,  
 I heard their horns resound,  
 I heard their bells ringing.

Their tiny white steeds  
 Had golden stags' antlers  
 And sped away like wild swans  
 Through the air.

The queen smiled and nodded,  
 Smiled as she rode by,  
 Does that signify my new love?  
 Or does it mean death?

**Schilflied**

Reed-song

*Lenau*

On the pond, the motionless pond,  
 Lingers the moon's graceful gleam,  
 Plaiting its pale roses  
 Into the reed's green garland.

Deer wander, there on the hill,  
 Gazing up into the night;  
 Winged creatures stir at times,  
 Dreamily, deep among the reeds.

Tearfully must my gaze be lowered;  
 Through the depths of my soul  
 Sweet thoughts of you pass  
 Like a silent evening prayer.

**Der Mond**

The Moon

*Geibel*

My heart is like the dark night,  
 When all the treetops rustle;  
 There rises the moon in full might  
 From out of the clouds so gentle –  
 And see! The forest is silent in deep quiet.

The moon, the bright moon  
 Are you in your fullness,  
 Throw one, one look on me  
 For full heavenly peace!  
 And see! This impetuous heart will cease.

*Translation by Jack Lundin, Nov. 2007*

**Frühlingsglaube**

Spring Faith

*Uhland*

Gentle breezes are awake,  
 Murmuring, stirring night and day,  
 Everywhere active, creative,  
 Oh fresh fragrance, oh new sounds!  
 Now, poor heart, be not afraid,  
 Now must all things, all things change.

Daily the world grows fairer,  
 What may yet come, we do not know,  
 To blooming there is no end;  
 The farthest, deepest valley blooms;  
 Now, poor heart, forget all torment.  
 Now must all things, all things change.

**Suleika II**

Zuleika II

*Goethe*

Ah, of your moist wings,  
 West Wind, how envious I am:  
 For to him you can bring news  
 Of what I suffer in separation!

The beating of your wings  
 Wakes silent longing in the breast;  
 Flowers, eyes, forest, hill  
 Are tearful where you breathe,

Yet your mind gentle wafting  
 Is cooling to sore eyelids;  
 Ah, for grief would I have to die,  
 Did I not hope to see him again.

Speed then to my beloved,  
 Speak softly to his heart;  
 But avoid troubling him,  
 And conceal from him my agony.

Tell him – but put it simply  
 That his love is my life,  
 And that the joyous feelings of both  
 Will his presence give me.

**Frühlingslied**

Springsong

*Lenau*

Through the dark wood  
 Goes sweet spring's morning hour;  
 Through the wood heaven wafts  
 A soft love song.

The green tree eavesdrops blissfully  
 And dips all its twigs  
 Into the beautiful spring dream,  
 Into the full circle of life.

A little flower blooms somewhere,  
 Drinking from the light dew;  
 In its hiding place it trembles happily.  
 The sky having remembered it.

In the secret leafy night,  
 The bird's heart is struck  
 By the magic power of love  
 And he sings a cherished wish.

Of all the happy spring events  
 Not a word of heaven is mentioned,  
 Only its silent, warming glance  
 Has inflamed happiness.

Thus in grim winter  
 Which held my soul in bondage,  
 Your glance so silent and warm  
 Reached through to me with the power of spring.

~ *Intermission* ~

## SONGS BASED ON ANCIENT CHINESE TEXTS

ALBERT ROUSSEL  
(1869–1937)

**A un Jeune Gentilhomme**

To a Young Gentleman

*H.P. Roché*

Don't come in, Sir, please, don't crush my ferns,  
Not that that would very much grieve me,  
But what would my father and mother say?  
And even if I love you,  
I dare not think what would happen.

Don't climb over my wall, Sir, please,  
Don't spoil my primulas,  
Not that that would very much grieve me,  
But, heavens, what would my brothers say?  
And even if I love you,  
I dare not think what would happen.

Stay outside, Sir, please, don't come through my  
shutter,  
Not that that would very much grieve me,  
But, heavens, what would people say:  
And even if I love you,  
I dare not think what would happen.

**Amoureux Séparés**

Separated Lovers

*H.P. Roché*

In the kingdom of Yen, a young gallant resides.  
In the kingdom of Chao, a lovely maiden dwells.  
Truth to tell, these realms are not very far apart.  
But a range of mountain peaks completely  
separates them.  
'You, clouds, carry me on your strong beasts,  
winds,  
Be my steeds and gallop!  
The clouds in the sky do not hear the voice,  
The changeful breeze rises and falls again,  
I am left with the bitter sorrow of my thoughts,  
Dreaming of the beloved whom I will never reach.

**Réponse d'une Épouse Sage**

Reply of a Virtuous Wife

*H.P. Roché*

Knowing, Sir, my married state,  
You have sent me two precious pearls,  
And I, understanding your love,  
Coldly placed them upon the silk of my dress.

For my house is of high lineage,  
My husband, captain of the King's Guard.  
And a man such as yourself ought to say:  
'The bonds of matrimony are not to be broken.'  
With the two pearls I send you back two tears,  
Two tears that I did not meet you sooner.

GRANVILLE BANTOCK

(1868–1946)

**Return of Spring**

*From the Chinese poet Ssu-K'ung Tu, A.D. 834-908*

A lovely maiden, roaming  
The wild dark valley through,  
Calls from the shining water lilies and lotus  
blue.

With leaves the peach trees are laden.  
The wind sighs through the haze,  
And the willows wave their shadows  
Down the oriole haunted ways.

As, passion-tranced I follow,  
I hear the old refrain of spring's eternal story,  
That was old – and is young again.

**The Old Fisherman of the Mists  
and Waters**

*From the Chinese poet Chang Chih-bo, circa A.D. 750*

The Lady Moon is my lover,  
My friends are the oceans four,  
The heavens have roofed me over,  
And the dawn is my golden door.  
I would liefer follow the condor  
Or the seagull, soaring from ken,  
Than bury my god-head yonder  
In the dust of the whirl of men.

**Yung-Yang**

*From the Chinese poet Po Chu-I, A.D. 772–816*

I was a child in Yung-Yang,  
A little child I waved farewell.  
After long years again I dwell –  
In world forgotten Yung-Yang.

Yet I recall my play-time,  
And in my dreams I see –  
The little ghosts of May time –  
Waving farewell to me.

My father's house in Yung-Yang  
Has fallen upon evil days.  
No kinsmen o'er the crooked ways  
Hail me, hail me as once in Yung-Yang.

No longer stands – the old Moot-hall,  
Gone is the market from the town;  
The very hills have tumbled down and  
Stoned the valleys in their fall.  
Only the waters of the Ch-in and Wei –  
Roll green and changeless as in days gone by.

**A Feast of Lanterns**

*From the Chinese poet Yuan Mei, A.D. 1715–1797*

In spring for sheer delight  
I set the lanterns swinging through the trees,  
Bright as the myriad argosies of night,  
That ride the clouded billows of the sky.

Red dragons leap – and plunge in gold and  
silver seas,  
And, O my garden gleaming cold and white,  
Thou hast outshone the far faint moon on high.

In spring for sheer delight  
I set the lanterns swinging through the trees.

MRS. H.H.A. BEACH  
(1867–1944)

**Take, O Take Those Lips Away**  
*William Shakespeare*

Take, O take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn,  
Take, O take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn, –  
And those eyes, the break of day  
Lights that do mislead the morn:  
But my kisses bring again.  
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

JOHN DUKE  
(1899–1984)

**Be Still As You Are Beautiful**  
*Patrick MacDonogh*

Be still as you are beautiful.  
Be silent as the rose;  
Through miles of starlit countryside  
Unspoken worship flows to find you  
In you loveless room  
From lonely men whom daylight gave  
The blessing of your passing face  
Impenetrably grave.

A white owl in the lichened wood  
Is circling silently.  
More secret and more silent yet  
Must be your love to me.  
Thus, while above my dreaming head  
Your soul in ceaseless vigil goes.  
Be still – as you are beautiful,  
Be silent was the rose.

**Bells in the Rain**  
*Eleanor Wylie*

Sleep falls, with limpid drops of rain,  
Upon the steep cliffs – of the town.  
Sleep falls; men are at peace again  
While the small drops fall softly down.

The bright drops ring like bells of glass –  
Thinned by the wind and lightly blown;  
Sleep cannot fall on peaceful grass  
So softly as it falls on stone.

Peace falls unheeded on the dead – asleep;  
They have had peace to drink;  
Upon a live man's bloody head –  
It falls most tenderly,  
I think.

## **The Mountains Are Dancing**

*e.e. cummings*

When faces called flowers float out of the ground,  
And breathing is wishing, and wishing is having,  
But keeping is downward and doubting and never,  
It's April, (yes, April, my darling) it's spring!  
Yes, the pretty birds frolic as spry as can fly,  
Yes, the little fish gambol as glad as can be,  
(Yes the mountains are dancing together.)

When every leaf opens without any sound,  
And wishing is having, and having is giving,  
But keeping is doting and nothing and nonsense,  
Alive, we're alive, dear, it's (kiss me now) spring!  
Now the pretty birds hover, so she and so he,  
Now the little fish quiver, so you and so I,  
(Now the mountains are dancing, – the mountains.)

When more than was lost has been found, has been found,  
And having is giving, and giving is living,  
But keeping is darkness and winter and cringing,  
It's spring, – (all our night becomes day.)  
O, it's spring!

All the pretty birds dive to the heart of the sky,  
All the little fish climb through the mind of the sea,  
(All the mountains are dancing,  
All the mountains are dancing, are dancing)

## *Thank You . . .*

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Among the NVMTA's annual judged competitions are the Vocal Achievement Awards for vocal students at the middle school, high school, and adult levels. Financial scholarships are awarded at these competitions for outstanding vocal achievement.

To learn more about the NVMTA, please visit their website: [www.NVMTA.org](http://www.NVMTA.org).

## *Acknowledgments*

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