

**Cheryl Seely Savage, soprano**

**Dr. SongHwa Chae, piano**

**May 5, 2026**

**7:30pm**

**All Faiths Chapel, Kansas State University**

**PROGRAM**

“Study Notes on a Practice Room” (poem) ..... Cheryl Seely Savage (b.1979)

“Cinq Mélodies Populaires Grecques” ..... Maurice Ravel (1875 – 1937)

- I. Chanson de la mariée
- II. Là-bas, vers l’église
- III. Quel galant m’est comparable
- IV. Chanson des cueilleuses de lentilles
- V. Tout gai!

“Lamento Della Ninfa” ..... Claudio Monteverdi (1567 – 1643)

- I. Non Havea Febo Ancora
- II. Amor
- III. Si Tra Sdegnosi

Anthony Belin, tenor; Trigg Galle, tenor; AJ Hoffman, bass;  
Merrick Figueroa, bass continuo; Dr. Chae, harpsichord

“Wir eilen mit schwachen” from *Jesu, der du meine Seele* ..... Johann Sebastian Bach (1685 - 1750)  
Dr. Jamie Bunce, mezzo-soprano

“The Blessed Virgin’s Expostulation” ..... Henry Purcell (1659 - 1695)  
realized by Benjamin Britten (1913 - 1976)

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"I Have Chosen the Arts" (poem) ..... Cheryl Seely Savage (b. 1979)

"Che Fiero Momento" from *Orfeo ed Euridice* ..... Christoph Willibald Gluck (1714 – 1787)

"Sull' Aria" from *Le Nozze de Figaro* ..... Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756 - 1791)  
Calista Stegner, soprano

"Moving to Scotland" (poem)..... Cheryl Seely Savage (b. 1979)

### Songs of Scotland

Hollis Hagenbuch, violin & Audrey Pickering, cello

"Ay Waking, O!" ..... Robert Burns (1759 – 1796)  
Arr. Joseph Haydn (1732 – 1809)

"Highland Lad my Love was Born" ..... Robert Burns  
Arr. Joseph Haydn

Dr. Jesus De Hoyos, baritone

"Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon" ..... Robert Burns (1759 – 1796)

"Baloo Baleerie" ..... Traditional Scots Lullaby

"Turn Ye To Me" from *Songs of the North*..... Christopher North (1785 – 1854)

"Joy (Alone)" from *Natural Selection*..... Jake Heggie (b. 1961)

*The language of music is common to all generations and nations;  
it is understood by everybody, since it is understood with the heart.*  
~ Gioacchino Rossini

## PROGRAM NOTES

### **“Study Notes on a Practice Room”** by Cheryl Seely Savage

I wrote this poem to help express the mixed emotions and experiences that come with the serious study of music at the collegiate level. Having spent nearly four decades practicing within the walls of practice rooms, recital halls, churches, and my own home, I understand, on a very deep level, what it feels like to sacrifice your time, sleep, sanity, and pride for the ability to perform music – and hopefully perform it well! Our practice rooms are, in essence, sacred spaces. *I have not published the words to this poem here, because it is still in the submission stage and will be published professionally at a later date.*

### **“Cinq Mélodies Populaires Grecques”** by Maurice Ravel

\*French text by Michel Dimitri Calvocoressi (1877-1944) based on a text in Greek from Volkslieder (folk songs).

“Five Popular Greek Songs” was composed by Ravel 1904 at the urgent request of Pierre Aubry, who wished to illustrate a lecture he was giving on Greek folksong. Initially given five folksongs from which to choose, Ravel supplied a piano accompaniment for them in only thirty-six hours. It can be argued that Ravel didn’t really “write” these songs, but perhaps they were “realized” by him. Although he didn’t provide the text, or even the melodies, it’s clear that Ravel had a hand in writing this music, as they are “essentially that of a miniaturist” and include “melodic repetition.” (Orenstein, p. 100).

#### **Chanson de la mariée**

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi, perdrix mignonne,  
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.  
Trois grains de beauté,  
mon cœur en est brûlé!

Vois le ruban d'or que je t'apporte,  
Pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux.  
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous marier!  
Dans nos deux familles, tous sont alliés!

#### **The Song to the Bride**

Awake, awake, my darling partridge,  
Open to the morning your wings.  
Three beauty marks;  
my heart is on fire!

See the ribbon of gold that I bring  
To tie round your hair.  
If you want, my beauty, we shall marry!  
In our two families, everyone is related!

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### Là-bas, vers l'église

*Là-bas, vers l'église,  
Vers l'église Ayio Sidéro,  
L'église, ô Vierge sainte,  
L'église Ayio Costanndino,  
Se sont réunis,  
Rassemblés en nombre infini,  
Du monde, ô Vierge sainte,  
Du monde tous les plus braves!*

### Quel galant m'est comparable

*Quel galant m'est comparable,  
D'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?  
Dis, dame Vassiliki?*

*Vois, pendus à ma ceinture,  
pistolets et sabre aigu...  
Et c'est toi que j'aime*

### Chanson des cueilleuses de lentillesques

*Ô joie de mon âme,  
Joie de mon coeur,  
Trésor qui m'est si cher ;  
Joie de l'âme et du cœur,  
Toi que j'aime ardemment,  
Tu es plus beau qu'un ange.  
Ô lorsque tu parais,  
Ange si doux  
Devant nos yeux,  
Comme un bel ange blond,  
Sous le clair soleil,*

*Hélas ! tous nos pauvres cœurs soupirent !*

### Tout gai!

*Tout gai! gai, Ha, tout gai!  
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse;  
Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse,  
Tra la la la la...*

### Yonder, by the Church

*Yonder, by the church,  
By the church of Ayio Sidero,  
The church, o blessed Virgin,  
The church of Ayio Costanndino,  
There are gathered,  
Assembled in numbers infinite,  
The world's, o blessed Virgin,  
All the world's most decent folk!*

### What Gallant Compares with Me?

*What gallant compares with me,  
Among those one sees passing by?  
Tell me, lady Vassiliki!*

*See, hanging on my belt,  
My pistols and my curved sword.  
And it is you that I love*

### The Song of the Girls Collecting Mastic

*O joy of my soul,  
joy of my heart,  
treasure which is so dear to me,  
joy of my soul and heart,  
you whom I love ardently,  
you are more handsome than an angel.  
O when you appear,  
angel so sweet,  
Before our eyes,  
Like a fine, blond angel,  
under the bright sun,  
Alas! all of our poor hearts sigh!*

### Everyone is Joyous!

*Everyone is joyous, joyous!  
Beautiful legs, tireli, which dance,  
Beautiful legs; even the dishes are dancing!  
Tra la la, la la la!*

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## “Lamento Della Ninfa” by Claudio Monteverdi

One of Monteverdi’s most popular madrigals, “The Nymph’s Lament” was published in 1638 in Monteverdi’s eighth book of Madrigals (only nine books survived history). He used the poetry of first known opera librettist Ottavio Rinuccino for this madrigal (as well as some of his other works, including his (mostly lost to us) opera, “L’Arianna”).

It is written for four voices and the text is divided into three small movements: the nymph lamenting her fate in the middle and the choir of pastori (shepherds; 2 tenors and 1 bass) on either side. The choir introduces and concludes the sad story of the nymph, and also take part in the lament, commenting (with compassion) the scene that takes place. Unlike the nineteen other works appearing in his eighth book, Monteverdi adds introductory notes to the *Lamento* specifying how it needs to be performed. Interestingly enough, when it comes to the nymph he writes “she has to sing according the her emotions” (*al tempo dell’affetto del animo*), while the pastori were expected to sing at a regular beat (*al tempo della mano*).

Monteverdi is known as the composer who was the link between the Renaissance and Baroque periods, and the *Lamento* shows this prolifically, as he uses a basso continuo line, something that is distinctive in the Baroque style. Although this song was published in 1638, it is actually unknown whether or not it was written earlier — some scholars surmise it could have been written as early as 1614. I believe it is important to note that between 1603 and 1630, death took Monteverdi’s daughter, wife, several singers, an assistant, and his brother. By 1632, he was ordained a Priest in the Catholic Church and set to writing music in earnest. Love and loss seemed to be a continuous theme in Monteverdi’s life and, not surprisingly, in his music.

*I’m so grateful to AJ, Anthony, Trigg, Merrick, and Dr. Chae for doing all the heavy lifting on this piece! I’d also like to thank Professor David Wood for ensuring the correct instrumentation and musicality of this piece would be realized. Thank you!*

### *I. Non Havea Febo Ancora*

*Non havea Febo ancora  
recato al mondo il dí,  
ch’una donzella fuora  
del proprio albergo uscí.*

*Sul pallidetto volto  
scorgeasi il suo dolor,  
spesso gli venia sciolto  
un gran sospir dal cor.*

*Sí calpestando fiori  
errava hor qua, hor là,  
i suoi perduti amori  
Cosi piangendo va:*

*The Sun had not brought  
The day to the world yet,  
When a maiden  
Went out of her dwelling.*

*On her pale face  
Grief could be seen,  
Often from her heart  
A deep sigh was drawn.*

*Thus, treading upon flowers,  
She wandered, now here, now there,  
And lamented her lost loves  
Like this:*

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## II. Amor

"Amor", dicea, il ciel  
mirando, il piè fermo,  
"dove, dov'è la fè  
ch'el traditor giurò?"

Miserella.

"Fa' che ritorni il mio  
amor com'ei pur fu,  
o tu m'ancidi, ch'io  
non mi tormenti più."

Miserella, ah più no, no,  
tanto gel soffrir non può.

"Non vo' più ch'ei sospiri  
se non lontan da me,  
no, no che i suoi martiri  
più non dirammi<sup>1</sup> affè.

Perché di lui mi struggo,  
tutt'orgoglioso sta,  
che sì, che sì se'l fuggo  
ancor mi pregherà?

Se ciglio ha più sereno  
colei, che'l mio non è,  
già non rinchiude in seno,  
Amor, sí bella fè.  
Ne mai sí dolci baci

da quella bocca havrai,  
ne più soavi, ah taci,  
taci, che troppo il sai."

O Love - she said,  
Gazing at the sky, as she stood -  
Where's the fidelity  
That the deceiver promised? -

Poor her!

- Make my love come back  
As he used to be  
Or kill me, so that  
I will not suffer anymore. -

Poor her! She cannot bear  
All this coldness!

- I don't want him to sigh any longer  
But if he's far from me.  
No! He will not make me suffer  
Anymore, I swear!

He's proud  
Because I languish for him.  
Perhaps if I fly away from him  
He will come to pray to me again.

If her eyes are more serene  
Than mine,  
O Love, she does not hold in her heart  
A fidelity so pure as mine.  
And you will not receive from those lips

Kisses as sweet as mine,  
Nor softer. Oh, don't speak!  
Don't speak! you know better than that!

### III. Si Tra Sdegnosi

*Si tra sdegnosi pianti  
spargea le voci al ciel;  
cosí ne' cori amanti  
mesce amor fiamma, e gel.*

*So amidst disdainful tears,  
She spread her crying to the sky;  
Thus, in the lovers' hearts  
Love mixes fire and ice*

### **“Wir eilen mit schwachen”** from *Jesu, der du meine Seele* by J.S. Bach

This duet comes from a chorale cantata cycle (Bach's second), written in 1724. The cantata was based on the 1641 hymn by Johann Rist, however, the text for this particular aria duet lists the lyrics as “anonymous.” The full cantata is structured into seven movements and the “Wir eilen mit schwachen” is the second. It's lively and quick, which matches the lyrics as they speak about hurrying forward towards Jesus for help. A fascinating discovery on part is that although Bach lists this as a soprano/alto duet, some of the most popular recordings have been for soprano/countertenor (they're worth a listen!).

*I am so very grateful to my dear, dear friend, Dr. Jamie Bunce, for agreeing to sing this with me!*

*Wir eilen mit schwachen, doch emsigen  
Schritten,  
O Jesu, o Meister, zu helfen zu dir.  
Du suchest die Kranken und Irrenden treulich.  
Ach höre, wie wir  
Die Stimmen erheben, um Hülfe zu bitten!  
Es sei uns dein gnädiges Antlitz erfreulich!*

*We hurry with weak yet eager steps,  
O Jesus, O Master, to you to help.  
You faithfully look for the sick and straying.  
Ah hear, as we  
raise our voices to pray for help!  
May your gracious countenance give us joy!*

### **“The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation”** by Henry Purcell, lyrics by Nahum Tate, modernly realized (piano accompaniment) by Benjamin Britten

Purcell wrote his imaginings of Mary, the Mother of Jesus, in 1693. Composed in a cantata style with five sections, it is one of his most famous devotional songs. The words by Nahum Tate (an Anglo-Irish poet and contemporary of Purcell who also wrote the libretto for Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*) were taken from the Gospel of St. Luke (chapter 2), which describe how twelve-year-old Jesus went missing. Mary is frantic until they finally locate Him inside the temple, teaching.

Tate's words and Purcell's music expertly take Mary's intensely mixed emotions and give life to her desperation at losing her son. As a mother, myself, I don't have to imagine what it feels like to lose a child — those feelings are full of panic, grief, hope, and abject fear! But unlike Mary, I didn't give birth to the Son of God, which (I imagine) gives an entirely new layer to the sentiment: "I trust the God, but oh! I fear the child."

*Side-note:* as I wrote in my poem "Study Notes on a Practice Room" — Purcell really *did* use the tritone frequently in his music (as he does in this song!). But he used it as a way to express intense emotion, as well as chromatic dissonance and musical tension. He seemed to relish in the use of such a unique interval (the tritone is an augmented 4<sup>th</sup> (or diminished 5<sup>th</sup>) and really was dubbed "the devil's interval" (for a variety of reasons). The interesting part is that Purcell used the tritone in his religious music, not only his secular works — which feels, perhaps, a little rebellious.

*Tell me, some pitying angel, quickly say,  
Where does my soul's sweet darling stray,  
In tiger's, or more cruel Herod's way?*

*Ah! rather let his little footsteps press  
Unregarded through the wilderness,  
Where milder savages resort:  
The desert's safer than a tyrant's court.*

*Why, fairest object of my love,  
Why dost thou from my longing eyes remove?*

*Was it a waking dream that did foretell  
Thy wondrous birth? no vision from above?*

*Where's Gabriel now that visited my cell?  
I call; he comes not; flatt'ring hopes, farewell.*

*Me Judah's daughters once caress'd,  
Call'd me of mothers the most bless'd.  
Now (fatal change!) of mothers most distress'd.*

*How shall my soul its motions guide?  
How shall I stem the various tide,  
Whilst faith and doubt my lab'ring soul divide?*

*For whilst of thy dear sight beguil'd,  
I trust the God, but oh! I fear the child.*

## INTERMISSION

### "The Arts" by Cheryl Seely Savage

This poem started as a memory. I am a professional collaborative pianist and years ago, I was at a competition when I overheard some vocal judges talking about a specific pianist. They were complaining because, "not only did she expect payment for learning the music, practicing with our vocalists, and then performing it, she wanted us to cover gas money for the two hours there and two hours back. Well, that was ridiculous! So we told her, 'no.'"

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This startled me! I thought about the 10,000 + hours I have spent practicing the piano, learning music, traveling to and from performances, and becoming a professional. I thought about how painstakingly all artists, writers, performers, and musicians learn their craft — and the vast amount of time and money they spend to be experts. And I thought, “Why does our society expect us to painstakingly give the world art, poetry, theater, and music, only to be offended when we ask them to compensate us for it?”

This poem is about how music and writing are a core part of who I am. But it’s also an appreciation and dedication to those who value the arts and are willing to pay what they are worth. (I have not published the words to this poem here, because it is still in the submission stage and will be published professionally at a later date.)

**“Che Fiero Momento”** from *Orfeo ed Euridice* by Christoph Willibald Gluck

By far Gluck’s most popular opera, *Orfeo ed Euridice* (Orpheus and Eurydice) tells the story of Orfeo’s famous attempted rescue of Eurydice from the underworld. Although influenced by French audiences (and later readapted to placate French tastes), Ranieri de’ Calzabigi (Italian) was the librettist for the opera, and it was first performed in Vienna, Austria in 1762 at the Burgtheater (German), primarily for the Empress Maria Theresa.

This specific aria is sung when Eurydice doesn’t understand why Orfeo refuses to look at her as he’s pulling her from the underworld (a stipulation in the “rescue” was that he cannot look at her). Assuming the worst (infidelity), she decides she would rather remain dead than continue back to the land of the living with him and his indifference.

*Che fiero momento,  
Che barbara sorte,  
Passar dalla morte  
A tanto dolor!*

*Avvezzo al contento  
D’un placido oblio,  
Fra queste tempeste  
Si per de il mio cor.  
Io vacillo, io tremo.*

*What a fierce moment,  
What a barbaric fate,  
To go from death  
To such pain!*

*Accustomed to the contentment  
Of peaceful oblivion,  
Among these storms  
My heart is lost.  
I falter, I tremble*

## **“Sull’Aria”** from *Le Nozze de Figaro* by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

*The Marriage of Figaro* was written in 1786 by Mozart and premiered the same year on May 1<sup>st</sup> at the Burgtheater in Vienna, Austria. The libretto is based on a 1784 stage comedy by Beaumarchais, *La folle journée, ou le Mariage de Figaro* ("The Mad Day, or The Marriage of Figaro"). It tells how the servants Figaro and Susanna succeed in getting married, foiling the efforts of their philandering employer Count Almaviva to seduce Susanna and teaching him a lesson in fidelity. Considered one of the greatest operas ever written, it is a cornerstone of the repertoire and appears consistently among the top ten in the *Operabase* list of most frequently performed operas.

In this scene, the Countess (wife of Count Almaviva) and Susanna (her servant) plot to catch the Count in his attempt at infidelity with Susanna. The Countess dictates a letter, which Susanna happily writes, as she is just as eager to be rid of the Count’s affections, for her love is for Figaro, only.

*I am so grateful to Calista Stegner for agreeing to reprise our performance from the Opera Scenes Workshop from our Fall 2025 semester!*

\*Although written in Italian, tonight the “Sull’Aria” will be sung in English:

### Recitative:

**Countess:** Isn’t that marvelous! What was the count’s reaction?

**Susannah:** Oh, he was so furious that he hardly could bear it!

**Countess:** Was he! So much the better for our intentions. And where is the appointment, which you proposed to give him?

**Susannah:** In the garden...

**Countess:** Be more specific. Write to him!

**Susannah:** But is that not too daring?

**Countess:** Do as I tell you — let all the blame fall on my shoulders. Write a message to Romeo!

### Aria:

**Susannah:** To Romeo...

**Countess:** When the breeze is gently blowing... **Susannah:** ...gently blowing...

**Countess:** And the evening shadows fall... **Susannah:** ...and the evening shadows fall...

**Countess:** In the groves where pines are growing... **Susannah:** Pines are growing?

**Countess:** In the grove where pines are growing. **Susannah:** In the grove where... pines are growing.

**Countess:** And the rest he will recall! **Susannah:** Yes, the rest he will recall...?

**Together:** And the rest he will recall

**Countess:** Let us read it together...

*Words repeat again in a similar fashion*

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## **“Moving to Scotland”** (poem) by Cheryl Seely Savage

The Welsh call it “hiraeth.” In German it’s “sehnsucht,” in Portuguese it’s “saudade,” and it’s “cianalas” in Scots Gaelic. But they all mean the same thing: a longing for a home you’ve never seen. I wrote this poem in an effort to express those feelings for my ancestral home. I don’t know why the pull to Scotland has been so specific — I have ancestors from other places — I only know I have felt it in my heart for as long as I can remember.

Ironically, I wrote this poem using a form called, “American Sentence,” which was developed by the American poet, Allen Ginsberg. He took the Haiku form and combined it into one sentence — each line is a 17-syllable sentence. I purposefully move away from that form in the last two lines, to give credence to stepping away from America and into Scotland. (*I have not published the words to this poem here, because it is still in the submission stage and will be published professionally at a later date.*)

## **“Ay wakin, O!”** by Robert Burns; arranged by Joseph Haydn

Most of Robert Burns songs were simply poems he set to old melodies and tunes, and quite often reflected his own experiences and interactions. Burns lived only a short 37 years — but during those years, he fathered twelve children with four women (his wife, Jean Armour, gave birth to nine of those children). His talent for writing passionate feelings about love, longing, and loss seems to have been autobiographical.

Fascinating, however, is that this particular song was written, in Burns’ own words, “for Chloris, on being ill.” Chloris referred to Jean Lorimer (not his wife), a friend to both Burns and his wife. He wrote about “Chloris” several times (starting when she was 16 years old), but there is no verifiable evidence that they ever had a physical relationship. Regardless, this beautiful arrangement by Joseph Haydn shares two things that Burns will always be remembered for: beautiful lyrics and capturing real human emotion. Enjoy!

*I want to thank my friend, Dr. Jesus De Hoyos, for singing this song (and the next!) with me. It has been an absolute privilege!*

**Verse 1**

*Ay waking, O!  
Waking ay and wearie,  
Rest I canna get  
For thinking on my dearie.  
O, this love, this love!  
Life to me how dreary!  
When I sleep I dream,  
O! when I wake I'm eerie,  
O this love, this love*

**Verse 2**

*Long, long the night,  
Heavy comes the morrow,  
While my soul's delight  
Is on her bed of sorrow  
Ev'ry hope is fled,  
Ev'ry fear is terror;  
Slumber ev'n I dread,  
Ev'ry dream is horror.  
O this love, this love!*

**Verse 3**

*Long, long the night,  
Heavy comes the morrow,  
While my soul's delight  
Is on her bed of sorrow.  
Can I cease to care,  
Can I cease to languish  
While my darling fair  
Is on the couch of anguish?  
O this love, this love!*

**Verse 4**

*Long, long the night,  
Heavy comes the morrow,  
While my soul's delight  
Is on her bed of sorrow.  
Hear me, Powers divine!  
Oh, in pity hear me!  
Take aught else of mine,  
But, my Chloris, spare me!  
Spare, O spare my love!*

**“A Highland Lad my Love Was Born” / “The White Cockade” by Burns/Haydn**

It was no secret that during the Jacobite uprisings of 1745, supporters of Bonnie Prince Charlie wore the white “cockade” (a ribbon in the shape of a rose) to show their loyalty to Scotland. And, as with most rebellions, the amount of Scottish music dedicated to independence from England at this time was significant.

Several versions of this particular ballad have emerged through the centuries, and when Joseph Haydn decided to add his arrangement to the mix, he chose these specific words and musical arrangement. Regardless of Haydn's use of Classical motifs, this song is still the story of a continuous fight against imperialism.

For a fun rendition, search for The Corries version of “The White Cockade” from 1968 and watch the video! *Interesting fact:* During the American Revolutionary War, soldiers wore the white cockade to represent their loyalty to the United States because, like the Jacobites who had been fighting not many decades earlier, they shared a similar feeling towards the British Empire.

**Verse 1**

*A highland lad my love was born,  
The lowland laws he held in scorn,  
But he still was faithful to his clan,  
My gallant braw John Highlandman*

**CHORUS**

*Sing hey, my braw John Highlandman,  
Sing ho, my braw John Highlandman,  
There's not a lad in a' the land  
Was match for my John Highlandman*

**Verse 2**

*With his philabeg and tartan plaid  
And good claymore down by his side,  
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,  
My gallant braw John Highlandman!*

**Verse 3**

*We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,  
And liv'd like lords and ladies gay;  
For a law land face he feared none,*

*My gallant braw John Highlandman!*

**CHORUS****Verse 4**

*They banish'd him beyond the sea,  
But ere the bud was on the tree,  
A down my cheeks the pearls ran,  
Embracing my John Highlandman.*

**Verse 5**

*But oh! They catch'd him at the last,  
And bound him in a dungeon fast;  
My curse upon them every one,  
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman!*

**CHORUS****Verse 6**

*And now a widow I must mourn  
Departed joys that ne'er return;  
No comfort but a hearty can,  
When I think on John Highlandman*

**CHORUS****"Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon" by Robert Burns**

Originally published as "The Banks o' Doon," Robert Burns wrote these words to the old Scottish tune, "Caledonian Hunt's delight." He wrote three variations of the words and all of them were published alongside each other in 1791.

It's the purpose of the poetry, however, that is so interesting. According to Robert Chambers, who published the book, "Scottish Songs" in 1829, Burns wrote this because there was "an unfortunate attachment between Miss K\_\_\_, a kinswoman of his friend Gavin Hamilton, and a Captain M'\_\_\_\_." After doing some more searching, I discovered Captain Andrew McDouall, the son of a wealthy family, seduced and abandoned Margaret (Peggy) Kennedy. She sued for declaration of marriage, but died prior to the case. However, one court still found her marriage claim valid, and McDouall was found to be the father of Peggy's daughter and ordered to provide for her — but it wasn't resolved until ten years after Peggy first sued.

*Fun fact:* Robert Burns actually met Peggy when she was 18 — he wrote another poem about her, called *Young Peggy Blooms*. It turns out that he had quite fond feelings for Peggy, but, according to his own admission, “wasted eight months of courtship” on her.

*Ye banks and braes o’ bonnie Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;  
How can ye chaunt, ye little birds,  
And I sae weary, fu’ o’ care!*

*Thou’lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,  
That wantons thro’ the flowering thorn:  
Thou minds me o’ departed joys,  
Departed -- never to return!*

*Aft hae I rov’d by bonnie Doon,  
To see the rose and woodbine twine;  
And ilka bird sang o’ its luve,  
And fondly sae did I o’ mine.*

*Wi’ lightsome heart I pu’d a rose,  
Fu’ sweet upon its thorny tree;  
And my fause luver stole the rose,  
But, ah! he left the thorn wi’ me.*

**“Baloo Baleerie,”** traditional lullaby (unknown) translated from the Scots Gaelic

Often referred to as the “Bressay Lullaby,” this traditional Scots lullaby is originally from the Shetland Islands (specifically, Bressay), an archipelago northeast of Scotland and the northern most tip of the United Kingdom. It is a lullaby is so old that most people claim they know the “real version” and there are dozens of various verses and lyrics. The melody itself has no known composer, although there have also been variations and arrangements composed over the centuries. However, all seem to agree on one thing: the Gaelic-speaking Scots believed in little, mischievous fairies and would sing them away to keep their sweet babies from harm.

*Baloo baleerie, baloo baleerie  
Baloo baleerie, baloo balee*

*Gang awa’ peerie faeries,  
Frae oor ben noo.*

*(Baloo...)  
Doun come the bonny angels,  
Tae oor ben noo.*

*(Baloo...)  
Sleep saft my baby,  
In oor ben noo.*

*Lullaby Baleerie*

*Go away, little fairies  
From our home, now*

*Down come the pretty angels  
To our home, now*

*Sleep soft, my baby  
In our home, now*

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**“Turn Ye To Me”** from *Songs of the North* by John Wilson, aka Christopher North

Christopher North is the pseudonym for John Wilson, a Scottish advocate, literary critic, author, poet, and professor of moral philosophy at the University of Edinburgh from 1820 – 1851. His most famous verse is “Turn Ye Tae Me,” about the longing someone feels to be reunited with their “Horo Mhairi du,” which means *black-haired Mary*. Being a poet, not a musician, it’s unlikely that Wilson set this poem to music. The melody was arranged for piano by the English composer Malcom Lawson and published in Macleod & Bouton’s *Songs of the North Vol. I* in 1870 — sixteen years after Wilson died. Regardless, Lawson’s composition coupled with Wilson’s words would become a favorite folksong that would see a huge revival a century later. Thanks to The Corries, Kenneth McKellar, and even The Robert Shaw Chorale, “Turn Ye to Me” has been solidified as a beloved Scots ballad worldwide.

*The stars are burning cheerily, cheerily;  
Horo, Mhairi dhu: turn ye tae me.  
The sea mew is moaning drearily, drearily;  
Horo, Mhairi dhu: turn ye tae me.*

*The waves are dancing merrily, merrily;  
Horo, Mhairi dhu, turn ye tae me.  
The seabirds are wailing wearily, wearily;  
Horo, Mhairi dhu: turn ye tae me.*

*Cold is the storm wind that ruffles his breast,  
But warm are the downy plumes lining his nest.  
Cold blows the storm there, soft falls the snow  
there;  
Horo, Mhairi dhu: turn ye tae me.*

*Hushed be thy moaning, lone bird of the sea:  
Thy home on the rocks is a shelter tae thee.  
Thy house the angry wave, mine but the lonely  
grave;  
Horo, Mhairi dhu: turn ye tae me.*

**“Joy (Alone)”** from *Natural Selection* by Jake Heggie, lyrics by Gini Savage

Famous contemporary composer, Jake Heggie, composed the song cycle, *Natural Selection*, with help from San Francisco Bay resident and poet, Gini Savage. Both the words and music in this song cycle were created specifically for the opera soprano, Nicolle Foland, who was housed in the San Francisco Opera at the time. The entire song cycle premiered on April 27, 1997 at the Old First Church in San Francisco with pianist, Donald Runnicles. This was Nicolle Foland’s San Francisco solo recital debut. According to Heggie’s release statements, this song cycle was “inspired by the stages of a young woman’s development.” There are five songs in the cycle: “Creation,” “Animal Passion,” “Alas! Alack!,” “Indian Summer – Blue,” and “Joy (Alone).”

When I found this song, I was stunned by how the words spoke to me personally. I found myself asking these questions: How did Jake Heggie and Gini Savage know I was raised near pine-filled mountains and sagebrush deserts? How did they know how much I love foxes and the unraveling of rivers? And how did they know the power of trees is the essence of joy in my heart? I knew I had to sing it. And regardless of the challenges, it has become almost like a prayer to me: "Unraveling of rivers, the power of trees... joy alone... joy alone... joy."

*the stunning silence of myself  
from the hearts of forests  
middle of mountains  
a late low sun rests her friendly hand  
on the crowns of uncompromised trees*

*a fox streaks across the sand and scented sagebrush  
a chatter of chipmunks scatters  
squirrels who stuff their briefcases for the winter  
blue collar workers long term plans  
the resinous crunch of orange pine needles  
warm under foot*

*a windfall of sweet cones  
joy alone*

*a startle of saplings  
the power of trees  
unraveling of rivers*

*joy alone  
joy*

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