



## Department of Music

presents

Jeffrey Thomas, piano

in a

Collaborative Piano Recital

with

Penelope Shumate, soprano

Kae George, flute

Min Sang Kim, countertenor

Daniel Ferguson, violin

Emily Sholar, horn

Ninfa Garcia, soprano

Steph Bueche, clarinet

Salem Bowman, mezzo-soprano

7:30 p.m.

September 19, 2024

George and Sharon Mabry Concert Hall  
Music/Mass Communication Building

## —Program—

“Tiger! wetze nur die Klauen” (1780)  
from Zaide, K. 344

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756 - 1791)

Penelope Shumate, soprano

Sonate pour flûte et piano, FP 164 (1957)  
I. Allegro malinconico  
II. Cantilena: Assez lent  
III. Presto giocoso

Francis Poulenc  
(1899 - 1963)

Kae George, flute

Twilight Butterfly (2013)

Augusta Read Thomas  
(b. 1964)

Min Sang Kim, countertenor

Trio für Klavier, Violine, und Horn, Op. 40 (1865)  
I. Andante

Johannes Brahms  
(1833 - 1897)

Daniel Ferguson, violin  
Emily Sholar, horn

Ariel: Five Poems of Sylvia Plath (1971)  
2. Poppies in July  
5. Lady Lazarus

Ned Rorem  
(1923 - 2022)

Ninfa Garcia, soprano  
Steph Bueche, clarinet

“Ah! stigie larve” (1733)  
from Orlando, HWV 31

Georg Friedrich Händel  
(1685 - 1759)

Salem Bowman, mezzo-soprano

*The recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements of the  
Bachelor of Music with a concentration in Keyboard Performance.*

## —Text and Translations—

### Tiger! wetze nur die Klauen

<p>             Tiger! wetze nur die Klauen,              freu' dich der erschlichenen Beut'.              Straß ein törichtes Vertrauen              auf verstellte Zärtlichkeit.              Komm' nur schnell und töt' uns beide,              saug' der Unschuld warmes Blut.              Tiger! reiß' das Herz vom Eingeweide              und ersätt'ge deine Wut. Tiger!              Ach mein Gomat! mit uns Armen              hat das Schicksal kein Erbarmen.              Nur der Tod endigt unsre herbe Not.              Tiger! wetze nur die Klauen...           </p> <p>Johann Andreas Schachtner (1731 - 1795)</p>	<p>             Tiger! sharpen your claws,              rejoice over the prey you have hunted down.              Punish a foolish trust              in a false love.              Come then quickly and kill us both,              lap up the warm blood of innocence.              Tiger! rip the heart from the entrails              and satiate your fury. Tiger!              Ah, my Gomas! with us poor-ones              has the fate no pity.              Only the death ends our bitter distress.              Tiger! sharpen your claws...           </p>
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### Twilight Butterfly

<p>             butterfly awake a heart               twilight moon              in the air              o glow and dance upon a soul               spanning time              starlights are ribbons              threads of memory              weaving and still               treasured heart              spiral ablaze              awake song              chant violets               silver moon will give peace again               up again arise butterfly              alight sky              ascend              chant wise choirs           </p>	<p>             as heart flutters              bells shine bright              moon marked              evening star               sing of harps              invisible gold gossamer harps               bells flash              awake a heart twilight butterfly              sky               Augusta Read Thomas (b. 1964)           </p>
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## Poppies in July

<p>Little poppies, little hell flames, Do you do no harm?</p> <p>You flicker. I cannot touch you. I put my hands among the flames. Nothing burns</p> <p>And it exhausts me to watch you Flickering like that, wrinkly and clear red, like the skin of a mouth.</p> <p>A mouth just bloodied. Little bloody skirts!</p>	<p>There are fumes I cannot touch. Where are your opiates, your nauseous capsules?</p> <p>If I could bleed, or sleep! - If my mouth could marry a hurt like that!</p> <p>Or your liquors seep to me, in this glass capsule, Dulling and stilling.</p> <p>But colorless. Colorless.</p> <p>Sylvia Plath (1932 - 1963)</p>
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## Lady Lazarus

<p>I have done it again. One year in every ten I manage it—</p> <p>A sort of walking miracle, my skin Bright as a Nazi lampshade, My right foot</p> <p>A paperweight, My face a featureless, fine Jew linen.</p> <p>Peel off the napkin O my enemy. Do I terrify?—</p> <p>The nose, the eye pits, the full set of teeth? The sour breath Will vanish in a day.</p> <p>Soon, soon the flesh The grave cave ate will be At home on me</p> <p>And I a smiling woman. I am only thirty. And like the cat I have nine times to die.</p> <p>This is Number Three. What a trash To annihilate each decade.</p>	<p>What a million filaments. The peanut-crunching crowd Shoves in to see</p> <p>Them unwrap me hand and foot— The big strip tease. Gentlemen, ladies</p> <p>These are my hands My knees. I may be skin and bone,</p> <p>Nevertheless, I am the same, identical woman. The first time it happened I was ten. It was an accident.</p> <p>The second time I meant To last it out and not come back at all. I rocked shut</p> <p>As a seashell. They had to call and call And pick the worms off me like sticky pearls.</p> <p>Dying Is an art, like everything else. I do it exceptionally well.</p> <p>I do it so it feels like hell. I do it so it feels real. I guess you could say I've a call.</p>
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It's easy enough to do it in a cell.  
It's easy enough to do it and stay put.  
It's the theatrical

Comeback in broad day  
To the same place, the same face, the same brute  
Amused shout:

'A miracle!'  
That knocks me out.  
There is a charge

For the eyeing of my scars, there is a charge  
For the hearing of my heart—  
It really goes.

And there is a charge, a very large charge  
For a word or a touch  
Or a bit of blood

Or a piece of my hair or my clothes.  
So, so, Herr Doktor.  
So, Herr Enemy.

I am your opus,  
I am your valuable,  
The pure gold baby

That melts to a shriek.  
I turn and burn.  
Do not think I underestimate your great concern.

Ash, ash—  
You poke and stir.  
Flesh, bone, there is nothing there—

A cake of soap,  
A wedding ring,  
A gold filling.

Herr God, Herr Lucifer  
Beware  
Beware.

Out of the ash  
I rise with my red hair  
And I eat men like air.

Sylvia Plath (1932 - 1963)

## Ah! stiglie larve

<p>Ah, Stiglie larve!          Ah, scelerati spettri,          che la perfida donna ora ascondete,          perchè al mio amor offeso,          al mio giusto furor non la rendete?</p> <p>Ah, misero e schernito!          L'ingrata già m'ha ucciso;          sono lo spirto mio da me diviso,          sono un'ombra          e qual'ombra adesso io voglio          varcar là giù ne' regni del cordoglio!</p> <p>Ecco la Stigia barca;          di Caronte a dispetto          già solco l'onde nere.          Ecco di Pluto le affumicate soglie,          e l'arso tetto.</p> <p>Già latra Cerbero          e già dell'Erebo          ogni terribile          squallida furia          sen viene a me!</p> <p>Ma la Furia,          che sol mi diè martoro, dov'è?          Questa è Medoro!          A Proserpina in braccio vedo che fugge,          or a strapparla io corro —          Ah! Proserpina piange?          Vien meno il mio furor,          se si piange all'inferno anco d'amore.</p> <p>Vaghe pupille, no, non piangete, no,          che del pianto ancor nel regno          può in ogn'un destar pietà.</p> <p>Vaghe pupille, no, non piangete, no!          Mà sì, pupille, sì piangete, sì,          che sordo al vostro incanto          ho un core d'adamanto,          nè calma il mio furor.</p> <p>Ma sì, pupille, sì piangete, sì.</p>	<p>Ah, Stygian shades!          Ah, fearful spectres,          who now hide that faithless woman,          why do you not give her up          to my offended love and righteous wrath?</p> <p>Wretched and scorned am I!          The ingrate has killed me;          I am but my spirit divided from myself,          I am a shade          and as a shade I wish to enter          the realm of the underworld!</p> <p>Behold the Stygian ferryboat;          In spite of Charon,          I plow the black waves.          Behold the soot-blackened doors          and the burnt roof of Pluto.</p> <p>Now Cerebus begins to howl,          and out of Hell          all kinds of          horrid Furies          come toward me!</p> <p>But where is the Fury,          who alone torments me, where is she?          There is Medoro!          To Proserpina's arms I see him flee,          now I run to pull her away —          Ah, Proserpina weeps?          Now my rage abates,          for I see that even in Hell one weeps for love.</p> <p>Beautiful eyes, do not weep,          even in this realm          weeping can call forth pity in anyone.</p> <p>Beautiful eyes, do not weep!          But yes, eyes, yes, do weep,          I am deaf to your spells,          I have an adamantine heart,          and my rage will not be quelled.</p> <p>But yes, eyes, yes, do weep.</p>
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## Upcoming Events

October 1	APSU Symphonic Band	7:30 p.m.
October 2	APSU Wind Ensemble	7:30 p.m.
October 8	APSU Student Recital APSU Woodwind Chamber Ensemble	12:45 p.m. 7:30 p.m.
October 10	APSU Student Recital APSU Orchestra	12:45 p.m. 7:30 p.m.

*Events listed above are held in the George and Sharon Mabry Concert Hall in the Music/Mass Communication Building and are free and open to the public, unless indicated otherwise.*

If you would like to be added to the Department of Music patron database to be notified about future events, please send your name, address and email to [music@apsu.edu](mailto:music@apsu.edu) or call 931-221-7818.

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