

FORBES CENTER FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS

**JAMES MADISON UNIVERSITY®**

School of Music

*presents*

# The Dream of Life

**Jamison Walker and Mark Markham**

Sunday, September 29, 2024

2 pm

Recital Hall



There will be a 10 minute intermission

# Program

Sieben frühe Lieder

Alban Berg  
(1885-1935)

1. Nacht
2. Schilflied
3. Die Nachtigall
4. Traumgekrönt
5. Im Zimmer
6. Liebesode
7. Sommertage

## Brief pause

Wesendonck Lieder (wwv91)

Richard Wagner  
(1813-1883)

Der Engel  
Stehe still!  
Im Treibhaus  
Schmerzen  
Träume

## 10 minute intermission

Vier letzte Lieder

Richard Strauss  
(1864-1949)

Frühling  
September  
Beim Schlafengehen  
Im Abentrot

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personal computers, and any other electronic devices.

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of this production is strictly prohibited  
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# Translations

## Berg: Seven Early Songs

### *Night*

The clouds darken the night and valley; the mists float above, the water rushing gently. Now all at once they unveil themselves: o listen! pay heed!

A broad land of wonder has opened up. Silver mountains rise up, fantastically huge, quiet paths lit with silver lead toward the valley from some hidden place; and the noble world is so dreamily pure. A mute beech tree stands by the path, black with shadows; a breeze from a distant, lonely grove wafts gently by.

And from the deep darkness of the valley flash lights in the silent night. Drink, my soul! Drink in this solitude! O listen! Pay heed!

### *The Reed Song*

Along a secret forest path I like to creep in the evening light; I go to the desolate, reedy banks, and think, my maiden, of you!

As the bushes grow dark, the reeds hiss mysteriously, and lament and whisper, and thus I have to weep and weep.

And I think that I hear wafting the gentle sound of your voice, and down into the pond sinks your lovely song.

### *The Nightingale*

It happened because the nightingale sang the whole night long; from her sweet call, from the echo and re-echo, roses have sprung up.

She was but recently a wild blossom, and now she walks, deep in thought; she carries her summer hat in her hand, enduring quietly the heat of the sun, knowing not what to begin.

It happened because the nightingale sang the whole night long; from her sweet call, from the echo and re-echo, roses have sprung up.

### *Crowned with Dreams*

That was the day of white chrysanthemums; I almost trembled before its glory... And then, then you came to me to take my soul. Deep in the night.

I felt so anxious, and you came so lovingly and gently; I had just been thinking about you in a dream. You came, and softly, like a fairy tale, the night resounded.

## Translations *continued*

### *In the room*

Autumn sunlight, the lovely evening peers so quietly in. A little red fire crackles in the stove and flares up. And with my head upon your knee, I am contented. When my eyes rest in yours, how gently do the minutes pass!

### *Ode to Love*

In the arms of love we fell blissfully asleep; at the open window the summer wind listened and carried the peacefulness of our breath out into the bright, moonlit night.

And out of the garden, feeling its way randomly, the scent of roses came to our bed of love and gave us wonderful dreams, dreams of intoxication, rich with yearning.

### *Summer Days*

Now the days drag through the world, sent forth from blue eternity; time dissipates in the summer wind. Now at night the Lord weaves with blessed hand wreaths of stars above the wandering wonderland. In these days, o my heart, what can your brightest wanderer's song then say about your deep, deep pleasure? In meadowsong the heart falls silent; now there are no words, and image upon image visits you and fills you entirely.

### **Wagner: Wesendonck Songs**

#### *The Angel*

In childhood's early days, I often heard them speak of angels who would exchange heaven's sublime bliss for the Earth's sun.

So that, when an anxious heart in dread is full of longing, hidden from the world; So that, when it wishes silently to bleed and melt away in a trickle of tears;

So that, when its prayer ardently pleads only for release, then the angel floats down and gently lifts it to Heaven.

Yes, an angel has come down to me, and on glittering wings it leads, far away from every pain, my soul now heavenward!

#### *Stand still!*

Roaring and rushing wheel of time, you are the measurer of Eternity; shining spheres in the wide universe, you who surround the world globe, eternal creation, halt! Enough development, let me be!

Cease, generative powers, the primal thoughts which you are ever creating! Slow your breathing, still your urge silently, only for a second long! Swelling pulses, fetter your

beating, end, o eternal day of willing! That in blessed, sweet forgetfulness, I may  
measure all my bliss!

When one eye another drinks in bliss, and one soul into another sinks, one nature in  
another finds itself again, and when each hope's fulfillment is finished, when the lips are  
mute in astounded silence, and no wish more does the heart invent, then man recognizes  
the sign of Eternity, and solves your riddle, holy Nature!

## **Translations *continued***

### ***In the greenhouse***

High-vaulted crowns of leaves, canopies of emerald, you children of distant zones, tell  
me, why do you lament?

Silently you bend your branches, draw signs in the air, and the mute witness to your  
anguish - A sweet fragrance - rises.

In desirous longing, wide you open your arms, and embrace through insane predilection  
the desolate, empty, horrible void.

I know well, poor plants, a fate that we share, though we bathe in light and radiance,  
our homeland is not here!

And how gladly the sun departs from the empty gleam of the day, he veils himself, he  
who suffers truly, in the darkness of silence.

It becomes quiet, a whispered stirring fills uneasily the dark room: heavy drops I see  
hovering on the green edge of the leaves.

### ***Dreams***

Tell me, what kind of wondrous dreams are embracing my senses, that have not, like  
sea-foam, vanished into desolate Nothingness?

Dreams, that with each passing hour, each passing day, bloom fairer, and with their  
heavenly tidings roam blissfully through my heart!

Dreams which, like holy rays of light sink into the soul, there to paint an eternal image:  
forgiving all, thinking of only One.

Dreams which, when the Spring sun kisses the blossoms from the snow, so that into  
unsuspected bliss they greet the new day,

So that they grow, so that they bloom, and dreaming, bestow their fragrance, these  
dreams gently glow and fade on your breast, and then sink into the grave.

## Translations *continued*

### **Strauss: Four last songs**

#### ***Spring***

In dusky vaults I have long dreamt of your trees and blue skies, of your scents and the songs of birds.

Now you lie revealed in glistening splendour, flushed with light, like a wonder before me.

You know me again, you beckon tenderly to me; all of my limbs quiver from your blissful presence!

#### ***September***

The garden is mourning, the rain sinks coolly into the flowers. Summer shudders as it meets its end.

Leaf upon leaf drops golden down from the lofty acacia. Summer smiles, astonished and weak, in the dying garden dream.

For a while still by the roses it remains standing, yearning for peace. Slowly it closes its large eyes grown weary.

#### ***Time for sleep***

Now that the day has made me so tired, my dearest longings shall be accepted kindly by the starry night like a weary child.

Hands, cease your activity, head, forget all of your thoughts; all my senses now will sink into slumber.

And my soul, unobserved, will float about on untrammelled wings in the enchanted circle of the night, living a thousandfold more deeply.

#### ***In the twilight***

Through adversity and joy. We've gone hand in hand; we rest now from our wanderings upon this quiet land.

Around us slope the valleys, the skies grow dark; two larks alone are just climbing, as if after a dream, into the scented air.

Come here and let them whirl past, for it will soon be time to rest; we do not wish to get lost in this solitude.

O wide, quiet peace, so deep in the red dusk... how weary we are of our travels; is this perhaps death?

## Biographies



Dr. Jamison Walker is a versatile and accomplished vocalist with a commanding vocal range and an extensive repertoire spanning opera, oratorio, musical theater, and pops. With performances in recital, opera, symphonic, and academic settings, he has captivated audiences nationally and internationally across the United States, Europe, and Asia.

Dr. Walker has recently performed roles such as Rodolfo and Luigi in Puccini's *La Bohème* and *Il Tabarro*, the title role in Mozart's *La Clemenza di Tito* and Tamino in *Die Zauberflöte*, the title roles in Gounod's *Faust* and *Romeo et Juliette*, as well as Leoncavallo's *Canio in Pagliacci*. In his recent solo concerts and oratorio performances, Dr. Walker has showcased a diverse repertoire, including the North American premiere of Erik Esenvalds' *The Passion according to Luke*, Beethoven's 9th Symphony and Choral Fantasy, Rossini's *Petite Messe Solennelle*, Rachmaninoff's *Vespers*, Bach's *St John's Passion* and *Magnificat*, Stainer's *The Crucifixion*, and Bruckner's *Te Deum*. His mastery of these works highlights his versatility and artistry as a leading tenor.

Prior to pursuing his musical education, Dr. Walker served as a Counterintelligence Agent and a soloist in the U.S. Army Bands, where he performed in numerous venues for the Signal Center of Excellence at Fort Gordon. This unique background adds depth and richness to his artistic journey, reflecting a dedicated pursuit of excellence both on and off the stage.



Pianist Mark Markham is best known around the world for his partnership with the soprano Jessye Norman. Starting in 1995 for twenty seasons, they gave nearly 300 performances in thirty countries, including recitals in Carnegie Hall, Chicago Symphony Hall, Davies Symphony Hall in San Francisco, the Concertgebouw in

Amsterdam, the Philharmonie in Berlin, La Palau de la Musica in Barcelona, London's Royal Festival Hall, the Musikverein in Vienna, the Salzburg Festival, Bunka Kaikan in Tokyo, the Seoul Arts Center, the Municipal Theater in Rio de Janeiro, Mann Auditorium in Tel Aviv, the Ancient Theatre of Epidaurus in Greece, the Baalbek Festival at the Temple of Bacchus in Lebanon, and at the 2002 Nobel Peace Prize presentation to President Jimmy Carter in Oslo.

This season with the Harrisburg Symphony Orchestra and Lincoln's Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Markham will perform the Concerto for the left hand by Maurice Ravel, honoring the 150th birthday of the great French composer. He will give solo recitals on the Market Square Concert Series in Harrisburg, as well as at the University of West Florida on the Kamerman Piano Series. This fall he will headline a gala fundraiser, "Mark Markham and Friends", for the Jessye Norman School of the Arts in Augusta, Georgia. He will be joined by soprano Karen Slack and tenor Limmie Pulliam. In February, he and Ms Slack will perform a recital entitled "Dream Variations" for the Lyric Opera of Chicago.

Born in Pensacola, Florida, Mr. Markham made his debut in 1980 as soloist with the New Orleans Symphony Orchestra and in the same year was invited by the renowned

## Biographies *continued*

Boris Goldovsky to coach opera at the Oglebay Institute. His teachers at the time, Robert and Trudie Sherwood, were supportive of all his musical endeavors from solo repertoire, vocal accompanying, and chamber music to Broadway and jazz. During the next ten years as a student at the Peabody Conservatory, where he received the BM, MM and DMA degrees in piano performance, this same support for the diversity of his musical gifts came from Ann Schein, a pupil of Mieczyslaw Munz and the great Artur Schnabel. While under her tutelage he won several competitions including the Munz Competition and the First Prize and the Contemporary Music Prize at the 1988 Frinna Awerbuch International Piano Competition in New York City. While still a student at the conservatory Mr. Markham toured with soprano Phyllis Bryn-Julson, a collaboration that resulted in critically acclaimed recordings of works by Messiaen, Carter, Dallapiccola, Schuller, and Wuorinen. In addition, he has toured the US, Europe, and Asia with countertenor Derek Lee Ragin and also performed with Gordon Hawkins, Karen Slack, Theodora Hanslowe, Christine Brewer, Steven Cole, Veronica Tyler, Curtis Bannister, Isabel Leonard, Limmie Pulliam, Eric Owens, Lise Davidsen, Leah Crocetto, Elizabeth DeShong, J'Nai Bridges and Vinson Cole. In 2017 he created the non-profit foundation **Singing in Sicily**, an intensive summer training program for young talented singers from around the world.

As a soloist Mr Markham has been presented in recital at Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall, Market Square Concerts in Harrisburg PA, the Getty Museum in Los Angeles, the Corcoran Gallery in Washington DC, the Spire Series in Baltimore, at First Plymouth Church in Lincoln, and at the Peabody Conservatory for the presentation of the Distinguished Alumni Award from The Johns Hopkins University in 2017. He has also performed as soloist with the Concert Artists of Baltimore, the Eastern Connecticut Symphony, the Pensacola Symphony Orchestra and Lincoln's Symphony Orchestra.

Much appreciated by the public for his improvisational skills, Mr. Markham performed at the Expo 2000 in Hannover, Germany, where he collaborated with Sir Peter Ustinov for a live television broadcast throughout the country. His gift for jazz has been recognized in the Sacred Ellington, a program created by Ms. Norman in which he served as pianist and musical director, which toured Europe, the Middle East and finished in 2009 with a performance at the Cathedral of St John the Divine in New York City. His recording with Jessye Norman of "Roots: My Life, My Song" was nominated for a Grammy Award.

Mr. Markham is a former faculty member of the Peabody Institute of The Johns Hopkins University, Morgan State University, the Norfolk Festival of Yale University and the Britten-Pears School of the Aldeburgh Festival in England. He has given master classes throughout the US, Europe and Asia and has been a guest lecturer for The Johns Hopkins University and the Metropolitan Opera Guild.

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