

John Sipher, a native of Roanoke, VA, currently performs as the principal trombonist of the Virginia Symphony Orchestra in Norfolk, VA. He completed his Bachelor's Degree in Music Education with a Jazz Studies minor from James Madison University and Master's of Music Degree in Trombone Performance at Yale University. Directly following his graduation from Yale, he became a trombone fellow with the New World Symphony. In 2009, John was appointed to the position of Principal Trombone in the Syracuse Symphony Orchestra until its collapse in 2011. John has also performed with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, Colorado Symphony Orchestra, and the Rochester Philharmonic among many others. He has had the pleasure of performing under the batons of Michael Tilson Thomas, Rafael Frubeck de Burgos, Leonard Slatkin, Sir Andrew Davis, Peter Oundjian, Marin Alsop, Vladimir Ashkenazy, and Gerard Schwartz. A musician with a diverse musical background, John is equally comfortable performing orchestral, chamber, jazz and commercial music. A proponent of new music, he is active in commissioning new pieces from living composers. John is also an accomplished teacher, serving on the faculty of Hamilton College as the trombone and low brass instructor in 2009-2011, and has presented master classes and recitals throughout the country. In his spare time, John loves playing the ukulele and guitar, running, cooking and hanging out with his dog, Django.

Adam Turner

The 2013-14 season marks Adam Turner's third season as Resident Conductor and Chorus Master of Virginia Opera, where he has conducted productions of *Carousel*, *Camelot*, and *The Mikado*. During the summer of 2013, Mr. Turner joined Seattle Opera as Assistant Conductor and Vocal Coach on Wagner's *Ring Cycle*. He has previously served as Conductor and Coach with Stadttheater Pforzheim in Germany, Assistant Conductor with Florida Grand Opera, Portland Opera, Syracuse Opera, and Hot Springs Music Festival, Resident Conductor of the Ash Lawn Opera Festival, and Associate Conductor with Central City Opera, where he has led performances of *Carmen*, *La bohème*, and *Oklahoma!* Upcoming conducting appearances include *Sweeney Todd* with Virginia Opera and a return to Central City Opera, leading performances of *The Marriage of Figaro* and *Dead Man Walking*.

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Guest Recital

John Sipher, Trombone
Adam Turner, Piano



**OLD DOMINION
UNIVERSITY**

I D E A FUSION

Diehn Fine and Performing Arts
Chandler Recital Hall

February 28, 2014

7:30 PM

PROGRAM

The program will be selected from the following pieces:

Carmen Fantasy I. Prelude to Act IV II. Seguidilla III. Intermezzo	Georges Bizet (1838-1875) Arranged by Robert Elkjer
Chansons de Don Quichotte I. Chanson du départ de Don Quichotte II. Chanson à Dulcinée III. Chanson du Duc IV. Chanson de la mort de Don Quichotte	Jacques Ibert (1890-1962)
Don Quichotte à Dulcinée I. Chanson Romanesque II. Chanson épique III. Chanson à boire	Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)
<i>- Intermission -</i>	
Hermit Songs The Monk and His Cat	Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
Smile, Theme from "MODERN TIMES"	Charles Chaplin (1889-1977)
Memories A. Very Pleasant B. Rather Sad	Charles Ives (1874-1954)
The Side Show	
Johanna	Stephen Sondheim (b. 1930)
Blue Valentines	Tom Waits (b. 1949)
Broken Bicycles	
Youkali	Kurt Weill (1900-1950)
Till There Was You	Meredith Wilson (1902-1984)

TRANSLATIONS

Youkali Is the land of our desires	Is the respect of all vows exchanged
Youkali Is happiness, pleasure	Youkali Is the land of love returned it is the hope that is in every human heart the deliverance we await for tomorrow
Youkali Is the land where we forget all our worries	Youkali Is the land of our desires Youkali is happiness, pleasure but it is a dream, a folly there is no Youkali
It is in our night, like a bright rift The star we follow It is Youkali	
Youkali Is the respect of all vows exchanged Youkali	
Is the land of love returned it is the hope That is in every human heart the deliverance we await for tomorrow	But it is a dream, a folly there is no Youkali Wilson - Till There Was You
Youkali Is the land of our desires Youkali is happiness, pleasure but it is a dream, a folly there is no Youkali	There were bells on a hill But I never heard them ringing No, I never heard them at all Till there was you There were birds in the sky But I never saw them winging No, I never saw them at all Till there was you Then there was music and wonderful roses They tell me in sweet fragrant meadows Of dawn and dew There was love all around But I never heard it singing No, I never heard it at all Till there was you Then there was music and wonderful roses They tell me in sweet fragrant meadows Of dawn and dew
And life carries us along Tediously, day by day but the poor human soul Seeking forgetfulness everywhere Has, in order to escape the world Managed to find the mystery In which our dreams burrow themselves In some Youkali Youkali	
Is the land of our desires Youkali Is happiness, pleasure Youkali	
Is the land where we forget all worries It is in our night, like a bright rift The star we follow It is Youkali, Youkali	There was love all around But I never heard it singing No, I never heard it at all Till there was you Till there was you

Waits: Blue Valentines

She sends me blue valentines
All the way from Philadelphia
To mark the anniversary
Of someone that I used to be
And it feels just like there's
A warrant out for my arrest
Got me checkin in my rearview mirror
And I'm always on the run
That's why I changed my name
And I didn't think you'd ever find me
here

To send me blue valentines
Like half forgotten dreams
Like a pebble in my shoe
As I walk these streets
And the ghost of your memory
Is the thistle in the kiss
And the burglar that can break a roses
neck
Its the tattooed broken promise
That I hide beneath my sleeve
And I see you every time I turn my back

She sends me blue valentines
Though I try to remain at large
They're insisting that our love
Must have a eulogy
Why do I save all of this madness
In the nightstand drawer
There to haunt upon my shoulders
Baby I know
Id be luckier to walk around everywhere
I go
With a blind and broken heart
That sleeps beneath my lapel

She sends me my blue valentines
To remind me of my cardinal sin
I can never wash the guilt
Or get these bloodstains off my handa
And it takes a lot of whiskey
To take this nightmares go away
And I cut my bleedin heart out every
night

And I die a little more on each St.
Valentines day
Remember that I promised I would
Write you...
These blue valentines
Blue valentines
Blue valentines

Waits: Broken Bicycles

Broken bicycles, old busted chains
With rusted handle bars, out in the rain
Somebody must have an orphanage for
All these things that nobody wants any
more

September's reminding July
It's time to be saying goodbye
Summer is gone, but our love will remain
Like old broken bicycles out in the rain

Broken bicycles, don't tell my folks
There's all those playing cards pinned to
the spokes
Laid down like skeletons out on the lawn
The wheels won't turn when the other has
gone

The seasons can turn on a dime
Somehow I forget every time
For all the things that you've given me will
always stay
Broken, but I'll never throw them away
Sweetly buried in your yellow hair!

Weill: Youkali

It was almost to the end of the world
That my wandering boat
Straying at the will of the waves
Led me one day
The isle is very small
But the kind fairy that lives there
Invites us
To take a look around

TRANSLATIONS

Ibert: Chanson du départ - Song of Leave-taking

This new chateau, this new edifice
All resplendent with marble and porphyry,
Where all the heavens enhance its beauty
It is a rampart, a fort against evil
Where the virtuous maiden dwells –
Whom the eye regards and the spirit admires,
(She) forces hearts to do her service.

It is a chateau whose nature is such that
none can approach
Unless he has saved his people from
great kings.
Victorious, valiant, and amorous –
Any unadventurous cavalier, not being these
Can never gain entrance.

Ibert: Chanson à Dulcinée - Song to Dulcinea

Ah, each day feels like a year when I do
not see my Dulcinee.
But...Love paints her visage, sweetening
my yearning
In the fountain and the cloud,
In every rainbow and every flower.

Ah, each day feels like a year when I do
not see my Dulcinee
Always close and always far away,
Star of my long wanderings –
Her breath floats to me upon the wind
When it passes through the jasmine.

Ah, each day feels like a year when I do
not see my Dulcinee...!

Ibert: Chanson du Duc - Song of the Duke

I want to sing here of the lady of my
dreams,
Whom I shall exalt far above this
(mundane) era of mud.
Her heart is a diamond, pure of deceit.
The rose pales next to her beauty.
For her I have attempted high adventure.
My arm has delivered the princess from
slavery.
I have conquered the sorcerer,
confounded the liars,
And crossed the Universe to render her
homage.
Lady for whom I travel - alone above the
earth,
Who is not a prisoner of illusions –
I uphold against all your unequalled
brilliance and your excellence.

Ibert: Chanson de la Mort de Don Quixote - Song of the death of Don Quixote

Don't cry, Sancho. Don't cry, my good
friend.
Your master is not dead - he is not far from
you.
He lives on a happy isle where all is pure
and without deceit –
On a marvelous isle where all will go one
day, my friend Sancho.
All the books are burned, and are but a
cup of cinders.
Of all the books I've read, one would have
sufficed for me to live by.
A phantom in life, and real in death –
Such is the strange fate of poor Don
Quixote

Ravel: Chanson Romanesque - Romanesque song

If you told me the eternal turning
Of the world, offended you.
I would send Panza:
You would see it motionless and silent.

If you told me you were bored by
the number of stars in the sky.
I would tear the heavens apart,
Erase the night in one swipe.

If you told me that the now-empty
space doesn't please you,
Chevalierdieu, with a lance at hand
I would fill the wind with stars.

But, my Lady, if you told me
that my blood is more mine than yours.

That reprimand would turn me pale
And, blessing you, I would die.
Virgin in the blue mantle.
Amen.

Ravel: Chanson épique - Epic song

Good Saint Michael, who gives me the
chance
to see my Lady and to hear her.
Good Saint Michael who deigns to choose
me
to please and defend her.
Good Saint Michael will you descend
With Saint George to the altar
Of the Virgin in the blue mantle.

With a beam from heaven, bless my
sword
And his equal in purity
And his equal in piety
As in modesty and chastity:
My Lady.

O Great Saint George and Saint Michael
The angel who guards my watch
My sweet Lady, so much like you

Ravel: Chanson à boire - Drinking song

Fig for the bastard, illustrious Lady
Who, for losing me in your sweet eyes

Tells me that love and old wine
Put my heart and soul in mourning.
I drink to pleasure!
Pleasure is the only goal,
To which I go straight...
When I've drunk!

Fig for the jealous, dark-haired mistress
who moans, who cries and swears
Always being the pallid lover,
Watering down his intoxication

I drink to pleasure!

Barber: The Monk and His Cat

Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are
Alone together, Scholar and cat.
Each has his own work to do daily;
For you it is hunting, for me, study.
Your shining eye watches the wall;
My feeble eye is fixed on a book.
You rejoice when your claws entrap a
mouse;
I rejoice when my mind fathoms a
problem.
Pleased with his own art
Neither hinders the other;
Thus we live ever
Without tedium and envy.
Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are,
Alone together, Scholar and cat.

TRANSLATIONS

Chaplin – Smile

Smile though your heart is aching
Smile even though it's breaking.
When there are clouds in the sky
you'll get by.
If you smile through your pain and sorrow
Smile and maybe tomorrow
You'll see the sun come shining through
For you.
Light up your face with gladness,
Hide every trace of sadness.
Although a tear may be ever so near
That's the time you must keep on trying
Smile, what's the use of crying.
You'll find that life is still worthwhile-
If you just smile.

Ives: Memories

A. Very Pleasant

We're sitting in the opera house;
We're waiting for the curtain to arise
With wonders for our eyes;
We're feeling pretty gay,
And well we may,
"O, Jimmy, look!" I say,
"The band is tuning up
And soon will start to play."
We whistle and we hum,
Beat time with the drum.
We're sitting in the opera house;
We're waiting for the curtain to arise
With wonders for our eyes,
A feeling of expectancy,
A certain kind of ecstasy,
Expectancy and ecstasy... Shhhhh!
"Curtain!"

B. Rather Sad

From the street a strain on my ear doth
fall,
A tune as threadbare as that "old red
shawl,"

It is tattered, it is torn,
It shows signs of being worn,
It's the tune my Uncle hummed from
early morn,
'Twas a common little thing and kind 'a
sweet,
But 'twas sad and seemed to slow up
both his feet;
I can see him shuffling down
To the barn or to the town,
A humming.

Ives: The Side Show

"Is that Mister Riley,
who keeps the hotel?"
is the tune that accomp'nies the trotting-
track bell;
An old horse unsound, turns the merry-
go-round,
making poor Mister Riley look a bit like a
Russian dance,
some speak of so highly,
as they do of Riley!

Sondheim: Johanna

I feel you, Johanna,
I feel you.
I was half convinced I'd waken,
satisfied enough to dream you.
Happily I was mistaken,
Johanna.
I'll steal you, Johanna,
I'll steal you.
I'll steal you, Johanna,
I'll steal you.
Do they think that walls could hide you?
Even now, I'm at your window.
I am in the dark beside you,
Buried sweetly in your yellow hair!
I feel you, Johanna,
and one day I'll steal you!
Till I'm with you then,
I'm with you there,
Sweetly buried in your yellow hair!