



# CONCERTS AT FIRST

PRESENTS



## AGNES VOJTKO, MEZZO-SOPRANO

WITH

BRAD SCHULTZ, COLLABORATIVE KEYBOARDIST

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 2022

3PM

Welcome to today's concert!

Concerts at First relies exclusively on the generous donations of the Friends of Concerts at First, in addition to offerings received at the door today. To help ensure the continuity of our series, thank you in advance for your generosity.

To make a secure PayPal donation, please visit [www.concertsatfirsteugene.com](http://www.concertsatfirsteugene.com), or use the QR code below



Artistic Director: Brad Schultz  
Board of Directors:  
Sheryl Aydelott, President  
George Hutto, Treasurer  
Marlene Barkhurst  
Shira Fadeley

CONCERTS AT FIRST

PO Box 765  
Eugene, OR 97440

[www.concertsatfirsteugene.com](http://www.concertsatfirsteugene.com)

# PROGRAM



Delizie contente from *Giasone*

Francesco Cavalli  
(1602-1676)

Que fiero costume from *Antigone*

Giovanni Legrenzi  
(1626-1690)

There, in myrtle shades reclined, from *Hercules*  
Begone, my fears, from *Hercules*

George F. Händel  
(1685-1759)

A Chloris

Reynaldo Hahn  
(1874-1947)

Nausikaa

Zoltán Kodály  
(1882-1967)

Epilogue: Penelope's Song

( *pause* )

John Musto (1954- )

Pie Jesu, from *Requiem*

Maurice Duruflé  
(1902-1986)

*Cuatro madrigales amatorios*

¿Con qué la lavaré?  
Vos me matásteis  
¿De dónde venís, amore?  
De los álamos vengo, madre

Joaquín Rodrigo  
(1901-1999)

Through the vineyard / Szőlőhegyen keresztül  
Where I go even the trees cry / Az hol én elmenyek...  
Let no one's young wife be sad / Ne búsuljon senki menyecskéje  
The heartless wife / A rossz feleség

Zoltán Kodály

( *pause* )

*Paper Wings*

Bedtime Story  
Paper Wings  
Mitten Smitten  
A Route to the Sky

Jake Heggie  
(1961- )

Amor

William Bolcom  
(1938- )

## FRIENDS OF CONCERTS AT FIRST

The Friends of Concerts at First believe in our mission to present affordable live concerts featuring world-class musicians and the finest repertoire of sacred and classical music for the cultural enrichment, education and enjoyment of all. If you would like to help us grow, we will happily receive your tax-deductible donation in the offering basket, by mail, or on our website.

(NOTE: **Please make your check payable to Concerts at First**).

We are grateful to the following individuals for their commitment to our 23rd season:

### **Angel** (\$1000 and above)

Adith Moursund

### **Benefactor** (\$500-\$999)

Nancie Fadeley

Shira Fadeley

Carol & Duane Hildebrand

Lanny & Judy Hochhalter

George Hutto

### **Patron** (\$100-\$499)

Miriam Aiken

Guy & Sheryl Aydelott

Scott & Marlene Barkhurst

Lawrence & Linda Beach

Mary Brooner

Doug & Yuelian Cone

Ruth Copely (in honor of Earle & Maryan Hanson)

Linda & John Cummins

Janice Friend

Jennifer Gordon

John & Heidi Hakes

Carol E. Johnson (in memory of Todd Johnson)

Camilla Pratt

Tom & Barbara Roberts

Brad & Matt Schultz

### **Sponsor** (\$50-\$99)

Donnie Byrd

Rev. Lawrence Crumb

Joan Dickey

Frank Hales & Gerald Miller

Susanne Giordano

Mary & Merril Schultz

Ann Turner & Steve Kuzma

## DONOR SPOTLIGHT



**ADITH MOURSUND** can always be found sitting in one of the pews close to the front of the sanctuary on Sunday mornings. She makes sure that she is there in time to hear the prelude on the organ.



Adith and her siblings, Elaine and Larry, loved growing up in Boulder, Colorado where her father was an elementary school teacher. In 1944, her family moved to Eugene. Her father became Director of Special Education with the 4J School District and held that position until he retired. They lived on Moss Street and, as luck would have it, a young man named Robert Moursund lived right across the street. Adith and Robert became friends, fell in love, and were married. Robert worked for Eugene 4J Schools as a vice-principal at Sheldon from 1965 to 1980, and at Churchill from 1980 to 1991. Robert died of a heart-attack in 1992.

Music has always been a big part of Adith's life. During her younger years, she played the piano, violin, viola, and enjoyed the percussion section in the marching band. Adith played in the Eugene Junior Symphony. She also played in the marching band in high school and at the University of Oregon. As she watches the UO Marching Band today, Adith admires their classy uniforms and, humorously, recalls the attire during her time in the band: any pants and shirts that were green and/or yellow.

Adith grew up in the Methodist Church and joined First United Methodist when her family moved to Eugene in 1944. The church choir was started in the old building on Willamette in 1948 and Adith sang in the choir for more than 40 years.

Over the years, she has been an active member of this congregation as a musician and a caring member of the United Women's Fellowship. Concerts at First is forever grateful to Adith for her generous financial gifts to the organ fund and Concerts at First.

Concerts at First relies on the generosity of Adith and other "Friends of Concerts at First" to fulfill our mission: bringing high caliber, affordable music performances for the entire community to enjoy. Your donations are tax deductible, and help ensure the continuity of this series for years to come. Financial gifts of any size are always welcome, as well as donations in memory or in honor of a loved one. See Artistic Director Brad Schultz for more information, or visit [www.concertsatfirsteugene.com](http://www.concertsatfirsteugene.com).

## TODAY'S PERFORMERS



Agnes Vojtko, Hungarian mezzo-soprano, has just moved to Eugene from Connecticut and is thrilled to present a recital at Concert at First. Agnes has established herself as a versatile and genuine artist both on the operatic and concert stage. Currently she is frequently engaged as a concert soloist. Recent appearances include Händel's Messiah and Mass in B Minor with Music Worcester and CONCORA, Händel's Messiah, Bach's St Matthew Passion and Christmas Oratorio with American Bach Soloists, Mass in B Minor and St. Matthew Passion and St John Passion with Dallas Bach Society and concerts with Houston Baroque and Mozart's Requiem with the Manchester Chorale. She also performed Mahler's Das Lied von der Erde (Schoenberg version) at UC Davis. Agnes has appeared with Austin Lyric Opera, Opera in the Heights and in Hungary with Ars Classica Chamber Opera and Budapest Chamber Opera. Agnes has earned her recognition at some of the most prestigious vocal competitions, including the Nyiregyhazi International Music Competition in Takasaki, Japan; the S. Mercadante International Singing Competition in Italy, the International Händel Competition in Hungary, the Händel Singing Competition in England, the Dallas Opera Guild, and the W. Stenhammar International Vocal Competition in Sweden. She has taught voice at Southwestern University and Collin College. She was the member of Schola Cantorum at the Cathedral of Saint Joseph in Hartford.

Brad Schultz is the Artistic Director for Concerts at First and serves as organist and choir director at First United Methodist Church in Eugene. He is also the rehearsal accompanist for the Eugene Concert Choir and teaches course in musicology and ethnomusicology at the University of Oregon. Prior to arriving in Eugene, Brad taught organ, church music and music history at Luther College in Decorah, Iowa. He holds a BA in tuba performance from Luther, a Master's Degree in organ performance from Emory University & Candler School of Theology in Atlanta, GA, and a PhD in Historical Musicology from the University of Oregon.

Heartfelt thanks also to Ivan Calderon-Arceo for running our livestream, and to George Hutto for running our supertitles today.

## UPCOMING EVENTS



### Advent Organ Recitals

**Friday, December 2, 12pm:** “The New Nordic,” 21st century compositions from Scandinavia with Brad Schultz and Friends

**Friday, December 9, 12pm:** “Advent in France,” music by Guilmant, Franck, Widor with Zachary Duell, Organist at Church of the Good Samaritan, Corvallis

**Friday, December 16, 12pm:** “German Carols Old & New” with Barbara Baird, Organist at First Congregational Church, Eugene and University of Oregon

**Friday, December 23, 12pm:** “An American Christmas” with Brad Schultz- Light lunch to follow in the Fellowship Hall

### Sunday, December 18, 3pm: The Oregon Brass Society

An annual holiday favorite, Oregon's only British-style brass band returns to Concerts at First! Led in this concert by Shira Fadeley, the all-volunteer ensemble is based in Eugene- Springfield and includes members from throughout western Oregon.

### Wednesday, February 8, 7pm: The St Olaf Choir

For more than a century, the St. Olaf Choir from Northfield, Minnesota has set the gold standard for choral singing, performing for millions around the world. Comprised of 75 mixed voices, the St. Olaf Choir is hailed as one of the nation's premier a cappella ensembles, renowned for its artistry and beauty of sound.

**\*Note: Tickets are required for this event, and sales are managed by St Olaf College, not Concerts at First. A link to advance online ticket sales can be found on our website, and tickets are available at the door.**

CAVALLI: Delizie contente from *Giasone*

Delizie contente, che l'alma beate fermate.  
Su questo mio core deh più,  
deh più non stillate le gioie d'amore.  
Delizie mie care, fermatevi qui:  
non so più bramare, mi basta così.  
In grembo agli amori fra dolci catene morir,  
morir mi conviene, dolcezza omicida a  
morte,

a morte mi guida, mi guida in braccio al mio  
ben.

Giaicinto Andrea Cicognini

LEGRENZI: Que fiero costume from  
*Antigone*

Che fiero costume  
D'aligero nume,  
Che a forza di pene si faccia adorar!  
E pur nell' ardore  
Il dio traditore  
Un vago sembiante mi fe' idolatrar.

Che crudo destino  
Che un cieco bambino  
Con bocca di latte si faccia stimar!  
Ma questo tiranno  
Con barbaro inganno,  
Entrando per gli occhi, mi fe' sospirar!  
Anon

HÄNDEL: There in myrtle shades reclined  
from *Hercules*

There in myrtle shades reclined,  
By streams that throu' Elysium wind,  
In sweetest union we shall prove Eternity of  
bliss and love, Eternity of bliss and love.

Joyful delights, making my soul blissful,  
come to an end.

On my very heart

do not trickle the joys of love any more.

Dear pleasures, come to an end now:

I cannot desire any longer, it is enough.

In Cupid's lap, in sweet chains I would like  
to expire.

Mortal sweetness, guide me to death  
in the arms of my beloved.

Bertram Kotttram

What bestial force  
This winged divinity possesses,  
Punishing you until you adore him!  
And still, in my burning passion  
This deceitful God  
Has made me idolize an enchanting face.  
How cruel fate is  
That a blind child



With a mouth full of milk can fill himself with  
pride!  
But this tyrant  
With barbaric trickery,  
Has passed through my eyes and made me  
sigh!

Nicholas Cornforth

HÄNDEL: Begone, my fears from *Hercules*

Begone, my fears, fly hence away,  
like clouds before the morning ray!  
My hero found with laurel crown'd,  
heav'n relenting, fate consenting,  
springing joys my griefs control,  
and rising transports swell my soul.

Thomas Broughton

HAHN: A Chloris

S'il est vrai, Chloris, que tu m'aimes,  
Mais j'entends, que tu m'aimes bien,  
Je ne crois point que les rois mêmes  
Aient un bonheur pareil au mien.  
Que la mort serait importune  
De venir changer ma fortune  
A la félicité des cieux!  
Tout ce qu'on dit de l'ambrosie  
Ne touche point ma fantaisie  
Au prix des grâces de tes yeux.  
Théophile de Viau

KODÁLY: Nausikaa

Állok künn a tengerpartján,  
Mélázok a vizeken,  
Merre mentél, hova tűntél,  
Te sokat tűrt idegen?  
Idelátszik Ithakának  
Fölszálló füstfellege,  
Hű feleség karja átfog,  
Bút, bajt feledsz engem vele.  
Hideg szél fuj Ithakából,  
Nem te küldted, borzogat,  
Állok künn a tengerpartján,  
S irigylem a holtakat.

Aranka Balint

MUSTO: Epilogue: Penelope's Song

### 7. Penelope's Song

Don't hurry home, love,

Don't hurry home.

I'm not finished Spinning and unspinning

Wings of spun gold, love

Stories never told, love

To Chloris

If it be true, Chloris, that you love me,  
(And I'm told you love me dearly),  
I do not believe that even kings  
Can match the happiness I know.  
Even death would be powerless  
To alter my fortune  
With the promise of heavenly bliss!  
All that they say of ambrosia  
Does not stir my imagination  
Like the favour of your eyes!

Richard Stokes

I am standing on the seashore  
contemplating the waters:  
Where did you go and disappear,  
you stranger who suffered so much?  
Rising smoke from Ithaka  
can be seen from here,  
there your faithful wife embraces you.  
You forget sadness, suffering - and me too.  
Cold wind blows from Ithaka,  
did you send it? It makes me shiver.  
I stand on the seashore

and I envy the dead.

Andrew Dienes

While you're away

I invent and re-invent

The world.

Don't hurry home, love

Don't hurry home.

I'm not finished

Spinning and unspinning

Steeds of pure light, love

Riding through the night, love

Don't hurry home, love

Don't hurry home.

Depart to alight

And alight to depart

I'm in love with beginnings.

Landing and leaving

Weaving unweaving

This nomad's heart

Needs to start

Love's journey again.

vos me habéis muerto.

Riberas de un río

ví moza vírgen,

Niña en cabello,

vos me matásteis,

Niña en cabello,

vos me habéis muerto.

### **RODRIGO: Cuatro madrigales amatorios**

#### **¿Con qué la lavaré?**

¿Con qué la lavaré

la tez de la mi cara?

¿Con qué la lavaré,

Que vivo mal penada?

Lávanse las casadas

con agua de limones:

lávome yo, cuitada,

con penas y dolores.

Don't hurry home, love.

Don't hurry home.

While you're away

I travel to the earth's

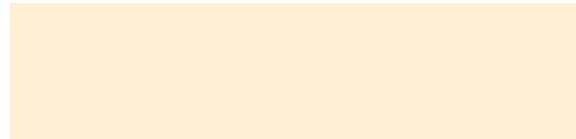
Endless end.

Denise Lanctot

#### **Vos me matásteis**

Vos me matásteis,

niña en cabello,



With what can I wash  
the skin of my face?  
With what can I wash it,  
I who live in torment?  
Married women wash  
with lemon water,  
But I, wretched woman,  
must wash with grief and sorrows.

Richard Stokes

You have slain me,  
girl with flowing hair,  
You have killed me.  
On the banks of a river I saw you,  
young maiden,  
Girl with the flowing hair,  
and you slew me,  
Girl with the flowing hair,  
you have killed me.

### **¿De dónde venís, amore?**

¿De dónde venís, amore?  
Bien sé yo de dónde.  
¿De dónde venís, amigo?  
Fuere yo testigo!

### **De los álamos vengo, madre**

De los álamos vengo, madre,  
de ver cómo los menea el aire.  
De los álamos de Sevilla,  
de ver a mi linda amiga.  
Unknown author  
KODÁLY: Szőlőhegyen keresztül

Szőlőhegyen keresztül  
Men a leány öccsöstül,  
Fehér nyaka gyöngyöstül,  
Kezkenője csipkéstül.  
Hej, ti-ni, ti-ni, ti-ni, ti-ni, ti-ni, din, din, don..

Hej, Jancsika, Jancsika,  
Mér nem nyőtté nagyobbra?  
Nyőtté vóna nagyobbra,  
Letté vóna katona.

Hej, ti-ni, ti-ni, ti-ni, ti-ni, ti-ni, din, din, don..

KODÁLY: Az hol én elmenyek

Az hol én elmenyek,

Még az fák es sirnak,

Gyenge ágairól

Levelek lehullnak.

Hulljatok levelek,

Rejtsetek el ingem,

Mert az en eldessem

Sirva keres ingem.

Where are you coming from, my love?

I know where from.

Where are you coming from, my friend? I  
would have liked to be there with you!

I have come from the poplars, mother,  
where I saw them sway in the breeze.

I have come from the poplars of Seville,  
where I saw my beautiful sweetheart.

Through the vineyard

Through the vineyard

Goes the girl with her young brother,

Pearls on her slender neck,

Her handkerchief made of lace.

Hej, ti-ni, ti-ni, ti-ni, ti-ni, ti-ni, din, din, don..

Hey Johnny, Johnny,

Why haven't you grown taller?

Had you grown taller.

You could have been a soldier.

Hej, ti-ni, ti-ni, ti-ni, ti-ni, ti-ni, din, din, don.

Wherever I go, Even the Trees Cry

Wherever I go,

Even the trees cry,

From their fragile branches

Their leaves are falling.

Fall leaves,

Hide me away,

Because my sweetheart

Is looking for me, weeping.

Sir az út előttem,

Bánkodik az ösveny,

Még az is azt mondja:

Áldjon meg az Isten!

Áldjon meg az Isten

Minden javaival,

Mint kerti violát

Drága illatokkal.

Minynyár otthon leszszek.``

„Jöjjön haza édes anyám,

Gyóntassuk meg édes apám!``

„Vár, lányom, egy kicsit,

Hadd táncójak egy kicsit...

KODÁLY: Ne búsuljon sënki mënyecskéje

Ne búsuljon sënki mënyecskéje,

Hogy az ura nem igën szépecske.

Ha mëghal is mëg ne haljon érte:

Mást hoz neki a tavaszi fecske.

My path ahead is in tears,

The trail behind is in sorrow,

Even though it tells me:

“God bless you!

God bless you

With all its goodness,

Like He blesses a garden violet

With the finest fragrances.

Nekëm olyan embërecske kéne,

Aki nekëm recefátyolt vënne,

Ëccër, kéccër jól mëgverëgetne:

Úgy belőlem, friss mënyecske lënne.

KODÁLY: A rossz feleség

Never need a young bride be downhearted

„Jöjjön haza édes anyám!

Mert beteg az édes apám!``

„Vár, lányom, egy kicsit,

Hadd táncójak egy kicsit,

Minynyár én is menyek,

Egygyet kettőt fordulok,

Never need a young bride be downhearted

Though her husband isn't young and handsome.

If he dies, die not of sorrow after him,

The spring will bring her a new husband!

I want a man young and handsome  
Rich enough to buy me lace veil,  
He would pat me once or twice:  
So I would become a fresh, new wife!

#### The Heartless Wife

“Please, come home, mother!  
My father is ill!”

“Wait a bit my daughter,  
Let me dance a little more,  
I will be right there,  
I just spin once or twice,  
And I will be right home.”

“Please, come home, mother,  
My father is ready for the last sacrament!”  
“Wait a bit my daughter,  
Let me dance a little more...”

„Jőjjön haza édes anyám,  
Meghót már az édes apám!``  
„Vár, lányom, egy kicsit,  
Hadd táncójak egy kicsit,

„Jőjjön haza édes anyám!

Eltemették édes apám!``

„Jaj! jaj! lepedőm,  
Szép fehér lepedőm!  
Mer'én urat még kapok,  
De lepedőt nem szabok;  
Mer én fonni nem tudok,  
Lepedőt sem csinállok!``

Folk text

HEGGIE: *Paper Wings*

#### 1.Bedtime Story

Soun, soun, beni, beni, soun, soun, beni  
doun. Ah!

It was a cold, cold night

So cold we had a fire.

A cold, cold night.

We sat and talked, all was safe and good.  
Then, something happened.

Something soft went by - A second's wait-

“Nothing there. It must have been a dream.”

Again a breeze, a tiny move -

What could it have been?

At last we looked and there, there stood a  
girls no more than three.

A blanket on her head, her eyes, she  
thought, we couldn't see.

Ah, but who? Oh, who was that girl?  
Oh, child...it was you!  
Oh, magic, magic child, you stayed, we  
smiled. Lisa. hm

"Please, come home, mother,  
My father has passed away!  
"Wait a bit my daughter,  
Let me dance a little more..."

"Please, come home, mother,  
My father has been buried!"  
"Ay, ay, my sheets,  
My pretty white bed sheets!  
Cause' I can always get another husband,  
But I won't cut a new bed-linen,  
Cause' I can't sew or seam,  
I can't make new sheets!  
Agnes Vojtko

## 2. Paper Wings

When I was young, I lived in Greece with  
my mother. That's right, Greece-

We lived in a house, a house with a great  
big balcony.

And Signorina, Signorina, Signorina- ah!  
was my nanny. Ah!

One day, Signorina made me wings out of  
paper-

That's right, paper wings-

And for days and says I pretended to fly, to  
fly over the rooftops of Athens.

## 3. Mitten Smitten

My uncle Tim, he once gave me some  
mittens. Ah –

They were from "Indya" and very special.  
Ah! But I was young and "d never seen  
anything like them.

Where were the fingers?

I put them on...

Strange...

## 4. A Route To the Sky

My mother taught me to fly not even  
knowing that she had done so.

I climbed on the roof –

A complicated route to the sky-

But the firemen got me down, oh, the  
firemen got me down! Ah!



Lisa was eight when she climbed through a  
window out onto the roof. Oh!

When I saw how she'd done it I nearly  
fainted,

So I went out after her.

"Lisa! Don't move"

Then we were both stuck.

Two trucks, an ambulance, two station  
wagons of rescue teams came to the house.

And the firemen got us down, oh, the  
firemen got us down.

Frederica Von Stade

BOLCOM: Amor

It wasn't the policeman's fault  
in all the traffic roar  
Instead of shouting halt when he saw me  
he shouted Amor.

Even the ice-cream man  
(free ice-creams by the score)  
Instead of shouting Butter Pecan one look  
at me  
he shouted Amor.

All over town it went that way  
Ev'rybody took off the day  
Even philosophers understood  
How good was the good 'cuz I looked so  
good!

The poor stopped taking less  
The rich stopped needing more.  
Instead of shouting no and yes  
Both looking at me shouted Amor.

My stay in town was cut short  
I was dragged to court.  
The judge said I disturbed the peace  
And the jury gave him what for!

The judge raised his hand  
And instead of Desist and Cease  
Judgie came to the stand, took my hand  
And whispered Amor.

Night was turning into day  
I walked alone away.  
Never see that town again.  
But as I passed the churchhouse door  
Instead of singing Amen  
The choir was singing Amor.

Arnold Weinstein