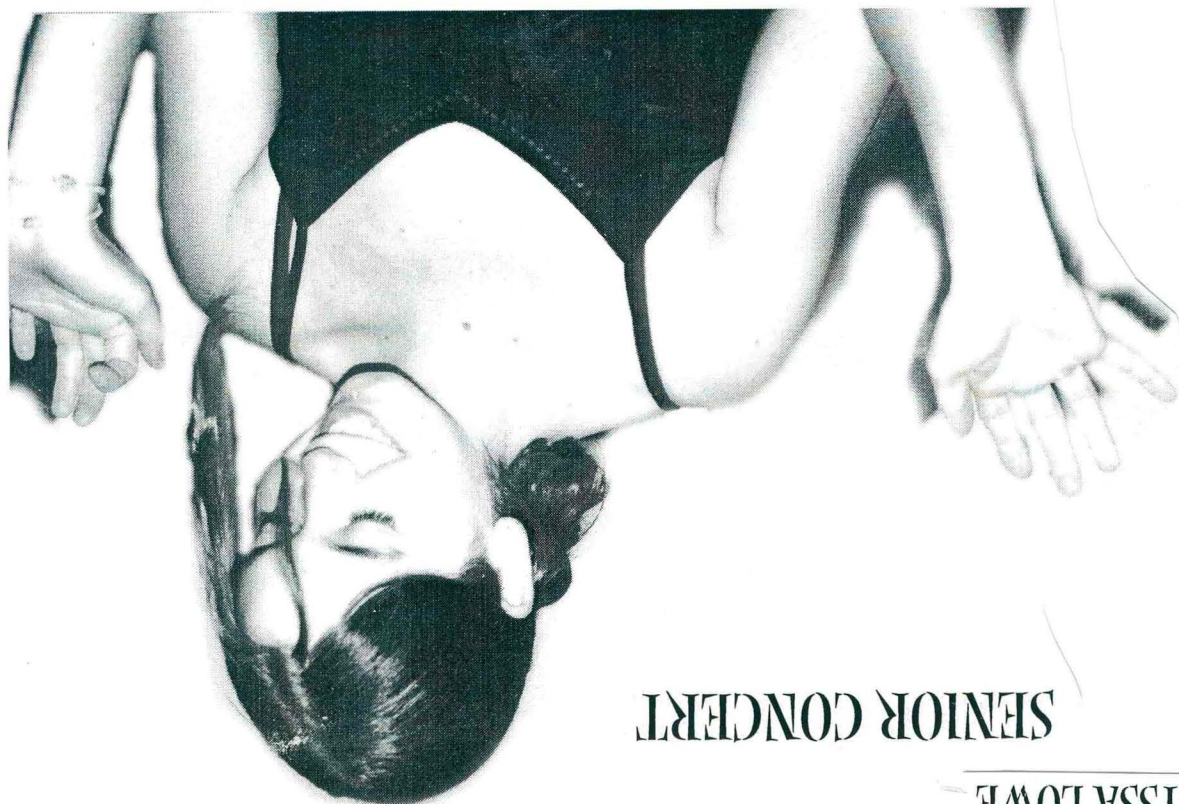


JUNE 3, 2002 8PM



SENIOR CONCERT

ALYSSA LOWE

THANK YOU TOM FOR TEACHING ME TO THINK LIKE A SINGER, LISA FOR ALL YOUR HARD WORK, ALL MY TEACHERS ESPECIALLY RON & MIRKA FOR HELPING ME BECOME THE PERSON I AM TODAY, HAILEY FOR EVERYTHING, LAUREN FOR LOVING ME, SIDUMO, JUNITA AND MY FRIENDS IN THE UPE CHOIR FOR SHARING THEIR BEAUTIFUL MUSIC WITH ME (WITHOUT YOU NONE OF THIS WOULD BE POSSIBLE), MOM DAD, AUNT NANCY AND UNCLE JOHN FOR GIVING ME TWO MOST CHERISHED GIFTS: YOUR LOVE AND MY EDUCATION

A VERY BIG THANK YOU TO ALL MY SINGERS. I REALLY ENJOYED SHARING THE MUSIC WITH YOU. THANKS TO SUE JONES FOR ALL THAT YOU DO FOR ALL OF US.

THANKS TO MARKAS FOR BEING THERE TO TAKE THIS PICTURE.

COVER PHOTO BY HAILEY HIGDON.
POSTER PHOTO BY LILLIE WALSH

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Alyssa Lowe
Senior Concert June 3, 2002
Lisa Lynch pianist

Four songs by Duparc:

"L'Invitation au Voyage"

"Extase"

"Le Manoir de Rosamonde"

"Chanson Triste"

"Salce, Salce"--from Verdi's *Otello*

In this aria, Desdemona has realized Otello plans to murder her. As she readies herself for her last evening with him, she talks to her lady in waiting. Most present in her mind is a song she remembers from her childhood, one her mother's broken-hearted maid sang, *a song of the Willow, un canzon del Salice*.

Three songs by Paul Boesing, words by W.H. Auden:

"Johnny"

"Funeral Blues"

"As I Walked Out One Evening"

"Songs My Mother Taught Me"--Dvorak

--Short Intermission--

Xhosa Traditionals

With:

Megan Banks
John Brauer
Kevin Casey
Bronwyn Davies-Mason
Paul Garcia
Amrita Lash
Kate Lundell
James Mutitu
Rob Roman
Amber Schermann
Jeremy Schulick
Rachel Shirk
Shannon West
Joe Westerlund

“Extase”

On a pale lily my heart is asleep
In a slumber sweet like death . . .
Exquisite death, death perfumed
By the breath of my beloved . . .
On your pale bosom my heart is asleep
In a slumber sweet like death . . .

“Le Manior de Rosamonde”

With its sudden and voracious teeth,
Like a dog love has bitten me.
If you follow my blood that was shed,
You could easily find my trail.
Take a horse of good breed,
Go and follow my arduous road,
Through pitfalls and lost trails,
If the chase will not make you weary!
Passing where I have passed,
You will see that alone and wounded
I traveled over this sorrowful world.
And thus wrought my own death
Far, far away, without discovering
The blue manor of Rosamonde.

“Chanson Triste”

In your heart there sleeps a moonlight,
A soft moonlight of summer.
And to escape this troublesome life
I shall drown myself in your light.
I shall forget the past sorrows, my love,
When you will cradle my sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving stillness of your arms!
You will let my wounded head,
Oh! sometimes rest on your knees,
And you will recite a ballad
That will seem to speak of us,
And in your eyes filled with sadness,
In your eyes then I shall drink
So many kisses and tender caresses
That perhaps I shall recover.

“Songs My Mother Taught Me”

Songs my mother taught me
In the days long vanished,
Seldom from her eyelids were the teardrops banished.
Now I teach my children
Each melodious measure;
Oft the tears are flowing,
Oft they flow from my memory's treasure.

L'Invitation au Voyage

My child, my sister,
Think how sweet it would be
To go down there and to live together,
To love free from care,
To love and to die
In the land that resembles you!
The moist suns
Of these misty skies,
To my mind, have the charm,
So mysterious,
Of your treacherous eyes,
Sparkling through their tears.
There everything is order and beauty,
Luxury, calm and pleasure!
See on these canals
The sleeping boats
That capriciously like to roam;
'Tis to satisfy
Your slightest wish
They have come from the ends of the world.
The setting suns
Again clothe the fields,
The canals, the whole town,
With hyacinth and gold;
The world falls asleep
In a warm light!
There everything is order and beauty,
Luxury, calm and pleasure