

YALE INSTITUTE OF SACRED MUSIC PRESENTS

YALE VOXTET

NICHOLAS MCGEGAN

Guest Artist and Fortepiano

KYLE ARTONE

Costume Designer

JAMES TAYLOR

Director

Regency Delights

MARCH 11, 2022

7:30 PM

MARQUAND CHAPEL



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Nicholas McGegan *Guest Artist and Fortepiano*
Kyle Artone *Costume Designer*
Yale Voxtet | James Taylor *Director*

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Ludwig van Beethoven, *Music, Love, and Wine*, Op. 108, No. 1

O let me music hear, night and day!

Let the voice and let the lyre

Dissolve my heart, my spirit's fire;

Music and I ask no more, night or day!

Love, music, wine agree, true, true, true!

Round then round the glass, the glee,

And Ellen in our toast shall be!

Love, music, wine agree, true, true, true!

Hence with this colder world, hence adieu!

Give me, give me but the while,

The brighter heav'n of Ellen's smile,

Love and then I ask no more, oh would you?

Love, music, wine agree...

Hence with this world of care, I say too;

Give me but the blissful dream,

That mingles in the goblet's gleam,

Wine and then I ask no more, what say you?

Love, music, wine agree...

Music may gladden Wine, what say you?

Tendrils of the laughing vine

Around the myrtle well may twine,

Both may grace the lyre divine, what say you?

Love, music, wine agree...

What if we all agree, what say you?

I will list the lyre with thee,

And he shall dream of love like me,

Brighter than the wine shall be, what say you?

Love, music, wine agree...

(William Smyth, 1765–1849)

Charles Dibdin, *The Joys of the Country*

Let bucks and let bloods to praise London agree,
Oh the joy of the country my jewel for me
Where sweet is the flow'r that the may bush adorns
And how charming to gather it but for the thorns
Where we walk o'er the mountains with health our cheeks glowing,
As warm as a toast honey when it ent snowing,
Where nature to smile when she joyful inclines,
And the sun charms us all the year round when it shines.

*Oh! the mountains and valleys and bushes,
The pigs and the screech owls and thrushes,
Let bucks and let bloods to praise London agree,
Oh the joys of the country my jewel for me.*

There twelve hours on a stretch we in angling delight,
As patient as Job tho' we ne'er get a bite.
There we pop at the wold ducks and frighten the crows,
While so lovely the icicles hang from our clothes.
There wid aunts and wid cousins and grandmothers talking
We are caught in the rain as we're all out a-walking
While the muslins and gauzes cling 'round each fair she
That they look all like Venuses sprung from the sea.

Oh! the mountains and valleys...

Then how sweet in the dog days to take the fresh air
Where to save you expense the dust powders your hair.
There pleasures like snowballs increase as they roll
And tire you to death – not forgetting the bowl,
Where in mirth and good fellowship always delighting
We agree, that is when we're not squabbling and fighting
Then wid toasts and pint bumpers we border the head
Just to see who most gracefully staggers to bed.

Oh! the mountains and valleys...

Ignatius Sancho, *Sweetest Bard*

Sweetest Bard that ever sung,
Nature's glory Fancy's child.
Never sure did witching tongue,
Warble forth such wood notes wild.

Come each muse and sister grace,
Loves and pleasures hither come;
Well you know this happy place,
Avon's Banks were once your home.

Bring the Laurel, bring the flowers,
Songs of triumph to him raise;
He united all your powers,
All uniting, sing his praise.

Charles Dibdin, *Lamplighter Dick*

I'm jolly Dick, the lamplighter;
They say the sun's my dad;
And truly I believe it, sir,
For I'm a pretty lad.
Father and I the world do light,
And make it look so gay;
The difference is, I lights by night,
And father lights by day.

But father's not the likes of I,
For knowing life and fun;
For I queer tricks and fancies spy,
Folks never show the sun.
Rouges, owls, and bats can't bear the light,
I've heard your wise ones say;
And so, d'ye-mind, I sees at night,
Things never seen by day.

At night men lay aside all art,
As quite a useless task;
And many face and many a heart
Will then pull off the mask;
Each formal prude and holy wight
Will throw disguise away,
And sin it openly all night,
Who sainted it all day.

Franz Joseph Haydn, *Hela'r Ysgyfarnog* (Hunting the Hare), Hob. XXXIb:33

Hence! away with idle sorrow!
Bane of life's uncertain hour!
Few the joys from time we borrow,
Hold them, while within your pow'r.
Hunt the hare o'er hills and valleys,
Cheerful wake the rising morn;
When she from her chamber sallies,
Greet her with the early horn!

Health, and peace, and spirits gaily
Temper'd by the buxom air;
While such blessings court you daily,
Why prefer dull pining care?
Hunt the hare o'er hills and valleys,
Cheerful wake the rising morn;
When she from her chamber sallies,
Greet her with the early horn!

Then when fast the sun descending
Seeks his chambers in the west,
Hasten where good cheers attending
Waits to welcome ev'ry guest:
While the goblet gaily quaffing,
Round and round you hunt the hare,
Toasting singing, jesting, laughing,
Drive away the demon care!

(attrib. "Mrs. Hunter")

Franz Joseph Haydn, *The Sutor's Daughter*, Hob. XXXIa, No. 198

Wilt thou be my Dearie?
When Sorrow wring thy gentle heart,
O wilt thou let me cheer thee!
By the treasure of my soul,
That's the love I bear thee!
I swear and vow that only thou
Shall ever be my Dearie!
Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shall ever be my Dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
Sayna thou'lt refuse me.
If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me;
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me:
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me!

(Robert Burns, 1794)

Ludwig van Beethoven, *Oh! Thou Art the Lad of My Heart*, Op. 108, No. 11

Oh! thou art the lad of my heart, Willy,
There's love, and there's life, and glee,
There's a cheer in thy voice, and thy bounding step,
And there's bliss in thy blithesome ee.
But, oh, how my heart was tried, Willy,
For little I thought to see,
That the lad who won the lasses all,
Would ever be won be me.

A-down this path we came, Willy
T'was just at this hour of eve;
And will he or will he not, I thought,
My fluttering heart relieve?
So oft as he paused, as we saunter'd on,
T'was fear and hope and fear;
But here at the wood, as we parting stood,
T'was rapture his vows to hear!

Ah, vows so soft thy vows, Willy,
Who would not, like me, be proud!
Sweet lark! with thy soaring echoing song,
Come down from thy rosy cloud.
Come down to thy nest, and tell thy mate,
But tell thy mate alone,
Thou hast seen a maid, whose heart of love,
Is merry and light as thine own.

(William Smyth)

Anonymous, *Somebody*

Were I obliged to bed my bread
And had not where to lay my head
I'd couch where yonder flocks are fed
And steal a look at somebody.
Poor dear Somebody. Dear sweet Somebody.

Ludwig van Beethoven, *No More, My Mary*, WoO 153/18

No more, my Mary, I sigh for splendor,
And riot's joys no longer prize:
On thee I muse in visions tender,
Or gaze on thy fond eyes.
Oh! not the sages with pendant pages,
'Tis thy soft smiles have made me wise.

For life's delusions of joy had reft me;
With sated heart I turn'd to pine
A faded world I thought was left me,
Tho' all its pleasure mine.
Oh! hours of folly! of melancholy!
How chang'd for bliss, for love like thine.

(*William Smyth*)

Mattia Vento, *Go and on My Truth Relying*

Go, and on my truth relying,
Comfort to your cares applying,
Bid each doubt and sorrow flying,
Leave to peace and love your breast.

Go and may the pow'rs that hear us
Still, as kind protectors near us,
Thro' our troubles safely steer us
To a port of joy and rest.

(*Isaac Bickerstaff, 1768*)

Hester Maria Park, *Breathe Soft Ye Winds*

Breathe soft ye winds, ye waters gently flow,
Shield her ye trees, ye flow'rs around her blow.
Ye swains, I beg you pass in silence by,
my love in yonder vale asleep doth lie.

(*Ambrose Philips, 1672–1749*)

Tommaso Giordani, *Queen Mary's Lamentation*

I sigh and lament me in vain
These walls can but echo my moan,
Alas! it increases my pain,
When I think of the days that are gone.
Thro' the grate of my prison I see,
The birds as they wanton in the air,
My heart how it pants to be free,
My looks they are wild with despair.

Above tho' opprest by my fate,
I burn with contempt for my foes,
Tho' fortune has alter'd my state,
She ne'er can subdue me to those;
False woman in ages to come,
Thy malice detested shall be,
And when we are cold in the tomb,
Some heart still will sorrow for me.

Ye roofs where cold damps and dismay,
With silence and solitude dwell,
How comfortless passes the day,
How sad tolls the evening bell;
The owls from the battlements cry,
Hollow winds seem to murmur around,
O Mary, prepare thee to die,
My blood, it runs cold at the sound.

(Anonymous)

John Wall Callcott, *Collins's Ode on the Death of Thomson*

In yonder grove a Druid lies
While slowly winds the stealing wave;
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
To deck its Poet's sylvan grave!

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp shall now be laid;
That he whose heart in sorrow bleeds
May love thro' life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here;
And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

But thou, lorn stream, when sudden tide,
Proud sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
Hence waft me from the green hill's side
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And see the fairest valley fade;
Dun night has the solemn view,
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Sweet Nature's Child, again adieu.

The genial meads, assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom;
Soft maids and village kinds shall dress,
With simple hands, thy grassy tomb,

Long, thy stone appointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes.
O! Vales and wild woods shall he say
In yonder grave your Druid lies!

(*William Collins, 1749*)

Stephen John Seymour Storace, *The Curfew Tolls the Knell of Parting Day*

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glim'ring landscape on the sight
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant fold.

(*Thomas Gray, 1750*)

Traditional Folksong, *The Slave's Lament*

It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthrall,
For the lands of Virginia,-ginia, O:
Torn from that lovely shore, and must never see it more;
And alas! I am weary, weary O.

All on that charming coast in no bitter snow and frost,
Like the lands of Virginia,-ginia, O:
There streams forever flow, and there flowers forever blow,
And alas! I am weary, weary O.

The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear,
In the lands of Virginia,-ginia, O;
And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter, bitter tear,
And alas! I am weary, weary O.

(attrib. Robert Burns, 1792)

William Jackson, *Time Has Not Thinned My Flowing*

Time has not thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor bent me his iron hand;
Ah! why so soon the blossom tear,
E'er Autumn yet the fruit demand!

Let me enjoy the cheerful day
'Til many a year has o'er me roll'd.
Pleas'd, let me trifle life away,
And sing of love e'er I grow old.

(James Hammond, 1710-1742)

Joseph Haydn, *Bannocks o' Barley Meal*, Hob. XXXIa:171

Argyle is my name, and you may think it strange
To live at a court, and yet never to change;
To faction, or tyranny, equally foe,
The good of the land's the sole motive I know.
The foes of my country and king I have faced,
In city or battle I ne'er was disgraced;
I've done what I could for my country's weal,
Now I'll feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

Ye riots and revels of London, adieu!
And folly, ye foplings, I leave her to you!

For Scotland, I mingled in bustle and strife;
For myself, I seek peace and an innocent life:
I'll haste to the Highlands, and visit each scene,
With Maggie, my love, in her rockley o' green;
On the banks of Glenary what pleasure I'll feel,
While she shares my bannock o' barley meal!

And if it chance Maggie should bring me a son,
He shall fight for his king, as his father has done;
I'll hang up my sword with an old soldier's pride —
O! may he be worthy to wear 't on his side.
I pant for the breeze of my loved native place;
I long for the smile of each welcoming face;
I'll aff to the Highlands as fast's I can reel,
And feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

(Alexander Boswell, 1775–1822)

Franz Joseph Haydn, *The Soldier Laddie*, Hob. XXXIa:6obis

Come, rest ye here, Johnie, what news frae the south?
Here's whey in a luggie to slocken your drowth,
Our soldiers are landed, my hopes are maist deeing,
I'm fear'd John to ask ye, is Jamie in being?
Aye troth, lass, they're landed, and hameward they're coming
In braw order marching, wi' fifing and drumming:
I sell't my grey plaid, my cauld winter's warm happin,
To cheer their leal hearts wi' a gill and a chappin.

Your father's gudebrither, the serjeant, wi' glee,
Pu'd a crown frae his pouch, and loud laughing, quo' he,
Ye're owr auld to list, or ye'd rug this fast frae me —
Mair drink here — “but, John, O nae word o' poor Jamie?”
The deil's i' the lassie, there's nought in her noddle
But Jamie, ay Jamie, she cares na ae boddle
For grey-headed heroes; weel, what should I say now,
The lad's safe and weel, and what mair was ye hae now?

He's weel! Gude be prais'd, my dear laddie is weel!
Sic news! hech man, John, ye're a sonsy auld cheel!
I'm dointed — I'm dais'd — its fu' time I were rinnin,
The wark might be done ere I think o' beginnin.
I'll rin like a mawkin, and busk in my braws,

And link ovr the hills where the caller wind blows,
And meet the dear lad, wha was true to me ever,
And dorty nae mair – O I'll part wi' him never!

(*Alexander Boswell*)

Charles Dibdin, *The Soldier's Adieu*

Adieu, adieu my only life
My honor calls me from thee
Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife
Those tears but I'll be come thee.
What though by duty I am call'd
Where thund'ring cannons rattle
Where valor's self might stand appall'd,
When on the wings of thy dear love
To heav'n above thy fervent orisons are flown
The tender pray'r thou putst up there
Shall call a guardian angel down
To watch me in the battle.

Enough with that benignant smile,
Some kindred God inspired thee,
Who saw thy bosom void of guile,
Who wondered and admired thee:
I go, assured my life adieu,
Though thund'ring cannons rattle,
Though murdering carnage stalk in view,
When on the wings of thy dear love,
To heav'n above thy fervent orisons are flown
The tender pray'r thou putst up there
Shall call a guardian angel down
To watch me in the battle.

Franz Joseph Haydn, *The Sailor's Song*, Hob. XXVIa, 31

High on the giddy bending mast
The seaman furls the rending sail
And fearless of the rushing blast
He careless whistles to the gale.
Rattling ropes and rollings seas
Hurly burly, hurly burly,
War nor death can him displease.

The hostile foe his vessel seeks
High bounding o'er the raging main.
The roaring cannon loudly speaks
'Tis Britain's glory we maintain.
Hurly burly, hurly burly,
War nor death can him displease.

Ludwig van Beethoven, *The Wandering Minstrel*, WoO 157/11

“I am bow'd down, with years, and fast flow my tears,
But I wander, I mourn not, your pity to win:
'Tis not age, want, or fame, I could poverty bear,
'Tis the shame of my heart that is breaking within.”

Thou art bow'd down with years, and fast flow thy tears,
But why dost thou wander no pity to win?
Were it age, were it care, we could soothe, we could share
But what is the shame thy sad bosom within?

“What peace hast thou known, since from me thou hast flown!
And, Eveleen, think but how wretched am I!
Oh let me but live thy fault to forgive,
Again let me love thee, and bless thee, and die!”

Oh cease then thy song, she has languished too long;
She hoped not thy smile of forgiveness to see:
She sunk at the word, thy voice when she heard
And she lives (if she lives) but for virtue and thee.

(*William Smyth*)

Ludwig van Beethoven, *The Return to Ulster*, WoO 152/1

Once again, but how chang'd, since my wand'rings began –
I have heard the deep voice of the Lagan and Bann,
And the pines of Clanbrassil sound to the roar
That wearies the echoes of fair Tullamore.
Alas! my poor bosom, and why shouldst thou burn!
With the scenes of my youth can its raptures return?
Can I live the dear life of delusion again,
That flow'd when these echoes first mix'd with my strain?

It was then that around me, though poor and unknown,
High spells of mysterious enchantment were thrown;
The streams were of silver, of diamond the dew,

The land was an Eden, for fancy was new.
I had heard of our bards, and my soul was on fire
At the rush of their verse, and the sweep of their lyre:
To me 'twas not legend, nor tale to the ear,
But a vision of noontide, distinguish'd and clear.

Oh! would it had been so, – not then this poor heart
Had learn'd the sad lesson, to love and to part;
To bear, unassisted, its burthen of care,
While I toil'd for the wealth I had no one to share.
Not then had I said, when life's summer was done,
And the hours of her autumn were fast speeding on,
“Take the fame and the riches ye brought in your train,
And restore me the dream of my spring-tide again.”

(*Sir Walter Scott, 1771–1832*)

Ludwig van Beethoven, *Wife, Children, and Friends*, WoO 152/19

When the black-letter'd list to the gods was presented,
(The list of what fate to each mortal intends)
At the long string of ills a kind Goddess retented
And slipped in three blessings – wife, children, and friends.

In vain surly Pluto maintained he was cheated;
For justice divine could not compass its ends:
The scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated,
For earth becomes heaven with wife, children, and friends.

The soldier whose deeds live immortal in story,
Whom duty to far distant latitudes sends,
With transport would barter whole ages of glory,
For one happy day with wife, children, and friends.

Though valor still glows in his life's waning embers,
The death-wounded tar who his colors defends,
Drops a tear of regret, as he, dying remembers
How blest was his home with wife, children, and friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish
The laurel which o'er her dead favorite bends;
O'er me wave the willow! and long may it flourish
Bedewed with the tears of wife, children, and friends.

Let us drink—for my song, growling graver and graver,
To subjects too solemn insensibly tends:
Let us drink—pledge me high—Love and Virtue shall flavor
The glass which I fill to wife, children, and friends.

(William Robert Spencer, 1770–1834)

Ignatius Sancho, *Friendship, Source of Joy*

When love that source of pleasing pains,
Triumphant in this bosom reigns,
Our cares increase
Then farewell peace,
Yet still, yet still we hug our chain.

Not so is friendship's gentle sway,
Mild and serene as dawning day;
Parent of smiles,
Our grief beguiles,
And drives each care away.

Let friendship then our thoughts employ,
For charming friendship ne'er can cloy;
Cupid no more
Wee'l the adore
Friendship, the source of joy.

(attrib. "A young Lady")

Thomas Arne, *Which Is the Properest Day to Drink?*

Which is the properest day to drink,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday?
Each is the properest day, I think,
Why should I name but one day?

Tell me but yours, I'll mention my day,
Let us but fix on some day.
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

Ludwig van Beethoven, *Come Fill, Fill My Good Fellow*, Op. 108, No. 13

Come fill, fill, my good fellow!
Fill high, high, my good fellow,
And let's be merry and mellow,

And let us have one bottle more,
When warm the heart is flowing,
And bright the fancy glowing,
Oh! shame on the dull would be going,
Nor tarry for one bottle more!

Come fill, fill, my good fellow...

My heart, let me but lighten,
And life, let me but brighten,
And care, let me but frighten –
He'll fly us with one bottle more!
By day, tho' he confound me,
When friends at night have found me,
There is paradise around me
But let me have one bottle more!

Come fill, fill, my good fellow...

So now, here's to the lasses!
See, see, while the toast passes,
How it lights up meaning glasses!
Encore to the lasses, encore.
We'll toast the welcome greeting
Of hearts in union beating,
And oh! for our next merry meeting,
Huzzah! then for one bottle more!

Come fill, fill, my good fellow...

(William Smyth)

Ludwig van Beethoven, *Auld Lang Syne*, WoO 156/11

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days o' lang syne?

*For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!*

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pa'd the gowans fine,
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear...

We twa hae paddled in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear...

(Robert Burns, 1788)

Ludwig van Beethoven, *Charlie Is My Darling*, WoO 157/3

*O Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling,
O Charlie is my darling,
The young chevalier.*

'Twas on a Monday morning,
When birds were singing clear;
That Charlie to the Highlands came,
The gallant chevalier.

O Charlie is my darling...

And many a gallant Scottish chief,
Came 'round their prince to cheer;
For Charlie was their darling,
The young chevalier.

O Charlie is my darling...

They wou'd na bide to chase the roes,
Or start the mountain deer;
But aff they march'd wi' Charlie,
The gallant chevalier.

O Charlie is my darling...

(based on text attrib. James Hogg and Carolina Oliphant)

INSTRUMENTALISTS

Fortepiano*

Nicholas McGegan

Violin

Gregory Lewis

Violoncello

Cat Slowik

*Extended Compass 6½-Octave Viennese Fortepiano by R. J. Regier

Bass-baritone **Benjamin Ferriby** developed an early appreciation for choral music during his boy chorister years with the Saint Thomas Choir of Men and Boys in New York City, then directed by John G. Scott. As a high school senior he sang with the Yale Camerata and the Camerata Chamber Singers under the direction of Marguerite L. Brooks. Ferriby earned a bachelor of music degree at DePauw University, where he also minored in Italian language studies. A New Haven native, Ferriby hopes that his Connecticut-located family will be able to attend some of his performances.

Christina “C” Han is a Korean-American soprano, keyboardist, and researcher specializing in early Western art music and the music of living, “global” composers. Born and raised in Queens, New York, they attended Fiorello H. LaGuardia High School of Music & Art and Performing Arts in Manhattan. They earned a bachelor of music in vocal performance from Westminster Choir College, studying with Margaret Cusack. A chorister and a creative recitalist, Han is at Yale to actively move the classical music scene away from its white supremacist and capitalist ideologies toward a safer space for people of color and other marginalized individuals, specifically, queer, non-Christian, transgender, neurodivergent, disabled, and unhoused people.

American tenor **Patrick McGill** has been hailed as having a “clear, round intonation” and a “glorious sound” (*Chronicle Journal*). He has been a summer fellow at Tanglewood and Banff, and has sung at the Montreal Symphony House, Salle Bourgie and Salle Wilfrid-Pelletier in Montreal, the National Arts Centre in Ottawa, Palais Montcalm in Québec, and Carnegie Hall. Although his focus has been early music, McGill’s performance career has encompassed opera, art song, oratorio, and chamber music. Past performances include Lurcanio in Handel’s *Ariodante*, Candide in Bernstein’s *Candide*, Normanno in Donizetti’s *Lucia di Lammermoor*, tenor soloist in Handel’s *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*, Torquemada in Ravel’s *L’heure espagnole*, and Gabriel von Eisenstein in Johann Strauss’s *Die Fledermaus*. McGill received his BM in vocal performance from the Boston Conservatory and his MM in early music performance from McGill University, where he studied with Ben Heppner and John Mac Master.

Hailing from Bellingham, Washington, mezzo-soprano **Molly McGuire** is an enthusiastic performer of all styles of classical voice repertoire. As a recent resident of Boston she has performed regularly with et al., the Cantata Singers, and the Choir of King's Chapel as both a chorus member and soloist. Outside of Boston, McGuire has performed with the VOCES8 Foundation, Bach Akademie Charlotte, Quintessence Choral Festival in Albuquerque, and the Des Moines Choral Festival. Recent performances include a staged production of *The Play of Daniel* with the Boston Camerata and Handel's *Solomon* with Cantata Singers.

Tenor **Matthew Newhouse** recently debuted at Carnegie Hall as winner of the Semper Pro Musica competition. He was also winner of the 2019 Texoma NATS regional competition. Newhouse participated in the VOCES8 US Scholar Programme and served as a teaching artist at the 2019 Quintessence Summer Choral Festival. He performed Bach's *Magnificat* with the Baylor Symphony Orchestra and Beethoven's *Choral Fantasy* with the New Mexico Philharmonic. Newhouse is inspired by Icelandic and Danish art song and strives to incorporate the repertoire into the classical music canon. Originally from Conroe, Texas, he earned his bachelor's degree from Baylor University.

Acclaimed for having a voice "perfectly suited to Baroque music" (*KCMetropolis*), baritone **Jared Swope** sings in a multitude of genres spanning early music, contemporary choral, oratorio, opera, and more. Recent solo engagements include Bach's cantata *Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme* with CORO Vocal Artists and *Mass in B Minor* with the JSB Ensemble, Handel's *Messiah* with the Spire Chamber Ensemble, and Telemann's *Johannespassion* with the JSB Ensemble. Swope has performed internationally with conductors Helmuth Rilling, Jos van Veldhoven, and Hans-Christoph Rademann. He can also be heard on recordings of Michael John Trotta's *Seven Last Words* and Chorosynthesis's *Empowering Silenced Voices*.

Members of the **Yale Voxtet** are current students of Professor James Taylor at the Yale Institute of Sacred Music and Yale School of Music, where they are candidates for graduate degrees in voice. The select group of singers specializes in early music, oratorio, and chamber ensemble. In addition to performing a variety of chamber music programs each year, the group sings, tours, and records as part of Yale Schola Cantorum.

Canadian violinist **Gregory Lewis** has established a reputation as an artist possessing "brilliant technique and control" (*Chronicle Journal*) and "wonderful musical personality" (*Winnipeg Free Press*). He has appeared as soloist with the Winnipeg Symphony, Kitchener-Waterloo Symphony, Thunder Bay Symphony, Consortium Aurora Borealis, and others. He is a prizewinner of the National Music Festival of Canada, Concours de musique du Canada, American Protégé International Piano and Strings Competition, Yale Chamber Music Competition, and the Virtuoso e Belcanto Violin Competition. Lewis received his education at the Colburn School, Yale University, and the University of Manitoba, studying with Martin Beaver, Ani Kavafian, Oleg Pokhanovski, and Olga Medvedeva. He is currently in the residency stage of his Doctor of Musical Arts degree at Yale. www.gregorylewisviolin.com.

Cat Slowik is a New Haven-based viola da gambist, cellist, and barytonist. Her teachers have included Rachel C. Young, Catharina Meints, and Kenneth Cooper. She holds a BA in art history and anthropology from Columbia University and is currently a doctoral candidate in historical musicology at Yale, where her dissertation, “Audile Techniques in Early Modern England,” explores ways of listening that were cultivated around English *cantus firmus* instrumental music. Slowik is a founding member of Hartford Baroque. She directs the Yale Consort of Viols and appears regularly with the Smithsonian Consort of Viols, the Smithsonian Chamber Players, Elm City Consort, and the Yale Collegium Musicum.

In his sixth decade on the podium, **Nicholas McGegan**—long hailed as “one of the finest baroque conductors of his generation” (*The Independent*) and “an expert in 18th-century style” (*The New Yorker*)—is recognized for his probing and revelatory explorations of music of all periods. Following a 34-year tenure as music director of Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra and Chorale, he is now music director laureate. He is also principal guest conductor of Hungary’s Capella Savaria. At home in opera houses, McGegan shone new light on close to twenty Handel operas as the artistic director and conductor at Germany’s Göttingen Handel Festival for twenty years (1991–2001), and the Mozart canon as principal guest conductor at Scottish Opera in the 1990s. He was also principal conductor of Sweden’s Drottningholm Court Theatre from 1993 to 1996.

Best known as a Baroque and classical specialist, McGegan’s approach—intelligent, infused with joy and never dogmatic, along with an ability to engage players and audiences alike—has made him a pioneer in broadening the reach of historically informed practice beyond the world of period ensembles to conventional symphonic forces. His guest-conducting appearances with major orchestras—including the New York, Los Angeles, and Hong Kong Philharmonics; the Chicago, Dallas, Milwaukee, Toronto, Sydney, and New Zealand Symphonies; the Philadelphia Orchestra; the Royal Northern Sinfonia and Scottish Chamber Orchestras; and the Amsterdam Concertgebouw—often feature Baroque repertoire alongside Classical, Romantic, Twentieth-century, and even brand-new works. He has led performances of Mendelssohn, Sibelius, Britten, Bach, and Handel with the Utah Symphony; Poulenc and Mozart with the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra; and the premiere of Stephen Hough’s *Missa Mirabilis* with the Indianapolis Symphony, paired with Haydn, Brahms, and Mendelssohn. He collaborates frequently with the Mark Morris Dance Group, including the premiere productions of Rameau’s *Platée* and Handel’s *Acis and Galatea*.

With an extensive repertoire ranging from the medieval period to the twenty-first century, tenor **James Taylor** devotes much of his career to oratorio and concert literature. As one of the most sought-after Bach tenors of his generation, he has performed and recorded extensively with many of today’s preeminent Bach specialists, including Nikolaus Harnoncourt, Philippe Herreweghe, René Jacobs, and Masaaki Suzuki. Since 1993, Taylor

has maintained a close relationship with conductor Helmuth Rilling and the International Bach-Academy Stuttgart, performing and teaching master classes worldwide. On several occasions, he has been a juror and consultant for the International Bach-Competition Leipzig. In 2008 he debuted with the New York Philharmonic under the direction of Kurt Masur, singing the role of the Evangelist in Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*. Taylor's career as an oratorio specialist has taken him throughout the United States, South America, Japan, Korea, and Israel, and to virtually all the major orchestras and concert halls of Europe. He is particularly proud to have performed Britten's *War Requiem* in the Munich Residence on the sixtieth anniversary of the end of World War II.

Taylor has recorded extensively on the Hänssler, harmonia mundi, Limestone, Naxos, and ArkivMusik labels. He joined the Yale faculty in 2005 and serves as coordinator for the voice program in Early Music, Art Song, and Oratorio.

The **Yale Institute of Sacred Music** is an interdisciplinary graduate center dedicated to the study and practice of sacred music, worship, and the arts. Institute students receive rigorous training for careers in performance, church music, pastoral ministry, the academy, and much more. The Institute sponsors several choruses, including the Yale Camerata and Yale Schola Cantorum. As a major arts presenter in New Haven, it offers a full schedule of concerts, art exhibitions, literary readings, lectures, conferences, and multimedia events during the year. For updated listings, visit the website at ism.yale.edu. To receive weekly e-mail messages about upcoming ISM events, write to ismevents@yale.edu. Include your mailing address if you would like to receive occasional mailings about the events calendar.





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