



Second Master of Music Recital

Wednesday, April 29, 2026

5:30pm, Kulas Hall

Morgan Potts, mezzo-soprano
Ellen Boll, piano

Nobles Seigneur, Salut! (1836)

Giacomo Meyerbeer
(1791–1864)

Fiançailles Pour Rire (1939)

La dame d'Andrée
Dans l'herbe
Il vole
Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant
Violon
Fleurs

Francis Poulenc
(1899–1963)

Sechs Lieder (1889)

Gruss
Dereinst, Gedanke mein
Lauf der Welt
Die verschwiegene Nachtigall
Zur Rosenzeit
Ein Traum

Edvard Grieg
(1843–1907)

~ INTERMISSION ~

Under the Harvest Moon (2023)

Under the Harvest Moon
Fog
Follies
Window
Monotone

Noah Whitaker
(b. 2002)

Poema en forma de canciones (1918)

Dedicatoria

Nunca olvida

Cantares

Los dos miedos

Las locas por amor

Joaquín Turina
(1882–1949)

Morgan Potts is a student of Mary Schiller.

Special thanks to collaborator, Ellen Boll, for her beautiful musicality and insight. I am also deeply grateful to Noah Whitaker for his heartfelt song cycle and constant love and support.

Thank you to my family for their unwavering encouragement, and to Dr. Schiller for her guidance and dedication to my growth.

PROGRAM NOTES

“Nobles Seigneurs, Salut!” from *Les Huguenots*

Les Huguenots, composed by Giacomo Meyerbeer (1791-1864), premiered in Paris in 1836. It is considered one of the best and most popular examples of a grand opera. In 1906, it became the first opera to be performed at the Paris Opera 1000 times, making it one of the most prominent works of the 19th century. The story is based on the historical events of St. Bartholomew’s day Massacre of 1572 where thousands of French protestants, called Huguenots, were killed by Catholics in order to maintain Catholic dominance. The opera is five acts; however, the fifth act is typically omitted due to the length of the opera. “Nobles seigneur, salut” occurs in the finale of act 1. This is the first time a female voice is heard in the opera, while the character is male. The role was originally written for soprano, however after 12 years, it was transposed for mezzo-soprano, where the role remains. This cavatina is sung by Urbain, the page of Queen Marguerite de Valois. Urbain is looking for Raoul, a Huguenot nobleman, to conduct a meeting with a noble lady whose name remains a secret.

Nobles seigneurs, salut!

Nobles seigneurs, salut!
Une dame noble et sage,
Dont les rois seraient jaloux,
M’a chargé de ce message,
Chevaliers, pour l’un de vous.
Sans qu’on la nomme, honneur ici
Au gentilhomme qu’elle a choisi!

Vous pouvez croire que nul seigneur
N’eut tant de gloire ni de bonheur.
Non, jamais! Ne craignez mensonge ou
piège,
Chevaliers, dans mes discours.
Or salut, que Dieu protège vos combats,
vos amours!
Or salut, chevaliers! Dieu protège vos
amours

Noble lords, greetings!

Noble lords, greetings!
A lady noble and wise,
Of whom the kings would be jealous,
Has charged me with this message,
Gentlemen, for one of you.
Without that one her names, all honor here
Goes to the gentleman whom she has
chosen!
You can believe that no gentleman
Has had such glory nor good fortune.
No, never! Do not fear lies or trap

Gentlemen, in my speech.
Now greetings, may God protect your
combats, your loves!
Now greetings, gentlemen! God protect
your loves!

***Fiançailles Pour Rire* by Francis Poulenc**

Francis Poulenc's *Fiançailles pour rire* is a set of six songs for voice and piano set to poetry by Louise de Vilmorin. Poulenc was one of the most distinctive voices in twentieth-century French music, and his art songs are defined by a deep sensitivity to text and careful attention to French prosody. His mélodies balance wit, irony, lyricism, and introspection, reflecting a remarkable ability to set poetic texts in a way that clarifies and intensifies their meaning for the listener. His song cycles and sets remain among the most frequently performed works in the French repertoire.

The songs in *Fiançailles pour rire* are not bound by a narrative, but are instead unified through their exploration of love in its many forms. Rather than presenting love as purely romantic or idealized, Poulenc and Vilmorin portray it through shifting emotional perspectives. The type of love varies from playful and flirtatious to fragile, distant, or absent and this constant fluctuation creates an image of love that is unstable and multifaceted. Poulenc often uses text painting to heighten both the humor and poignancy of each poem. The piano plays a central role, often providing commentary or subtly reinterpreting the vocal line. In most songs, the piano establishes the character. Listen for the continuous dialogue between voice, piano, and text, as the piano echoes the vocal line, interrupts it, or shifts the mood in unexpected ways.

I. La dame d'André

André ne connaît pas la dame
Qu'il prend aujourd'hui par la main.
A-t-elle un cœur à lendemains
Et pour le soir a-t-elle une âme?

Au Retour d'un bal campagnard
S'en allait-elle en robe vague
Chercher dans les meules la bague
Des fiançailles du hasard?

A-t-elle eu peur, la nuit venue,
Guettée par les ombres d'hier
Dans son jardin, lorsque l'hiver
Entraît par la grande avenue?

Il l'a aimée pour sa couleur,
Pour sa bonne humeur de Dimanche
Pâlira-t-elle aux feuilles blanches
De son album des temps meilleurs?

II. Dans l'herbe

Je ne peux plus rien dire
Ni rien faire pour lui.
Il est mort de sa belle
Il est mort de sa mort belle
Dehors

I. André's ladyfriend

*André does not know the woman
whom he took by the hand today.
Has she a heart for the tomorrows,
and for the evening has she a soul?*

*On returning from a coin try ball
did she go in her flowing dress
to seek in the hay stacks the ring
for the random betrothal?*

*Was she afraid, when night fell,
haunted by the ghosts of the past,
in her garden, when winter
entered by the wide avenue?*

*He loved her for her color,
for her Sunday good humor,
Will she fade on the white leaves
of his album of better days?*

II. In the grass

*I can say nothing more
nor do anything more for him.
he died for his beautiful one
he died a beautiful death
outside*

Sous l'arbre de la Loi
En plein silence
En plein paysage
Dans l'herbe.

*under the tree of the law
in deep silence
in open countryside
in the grass.*

Il est mort inaperçu
En criant son passage
En appelant,
en m'appelant.
Mais comme j'étais loin de lui
Et que sa voix ne portait plus
Il est mort seul dans la bois
Sous son arbre d'enfance.
Et je ne peux plus rien dire
Ni rien faire pour lui.

*He died unnoticed
crying out in his passing
calling,
calling me.
But as I was far from him
and because his voice no longer carried
he died alone in the woods
beneath the tree of his childhood
And I can say nothing more
nor do anything for him.*

III. Il vole

En allant se coucher le soleil
Se reflète au vernis de ma table

III. Stealing away

*As the sun is setting
it is reflected in the polished surface of my
table*

C'est le fromage rond de la fable
Au bec de mes ciseaux de vermeil.
Mais où est le corbeau ? Il vole.

*it is the round cheese of the fable
in the beak of my silver scissors.
But where is the crow? It flies.*

Je voudrais coudre mais un aimant
Attire à lui toutes mes aiguilles.
Sur la place les joueurs de quilles
De belle en belle passent le temps.
Mais où est mon amant ? Il vole.

*I should like to sew but a magnet
attracts all my needles.
On the square the skittle players
pass the time with game after game.
But where is my lover? He flies.*

C'est un voleur que j'ai pour amant,
Le corbeau vole et mon amant vole,
Voleur de cœur manque à sa parole
Et voleur de fromage est absent.
Mais où est le bonheur ? Il vole.

*I have a thief for a lover,
the crow flies and my lover steals,
the thief of my heart breaks his word
and the thief of the cheese is not here.
But where is happiness? It flies.*

Je pleure sous le saule pleureur
Je mêle mes larmes à ses feuilles
Je pleure car je veux qu'on me veuille
Et je ne plais pas à mon voleur.
Mais où donc est l'amour ? Il vole.

*I weep under the weeping willow
I mingle my tears with its leaves.
I weep because i want to be desired
and I am not pleasing to my thief.
But where then is love? It flies.*

Trouvez la rime à ma déraison
Et par les routes du paysage
Ramenez-moi mon amant volage
Qui prend les cœurs et perd ma raison.
Je veux que mon voleur me vole.

*Find the rhyme for my lack of reason
and by the roads of the countryside
bring me back my flighty lover
who takes hearts and drives me mad.
I wish that my thief would steal me.*

IV. Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant

Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant
Doux comme un gant de peau glacée
Et mes prunelles effacées
Font de mes yeux des cailloux blancs.

Deux cailloux blancs dans mon visage
Dans le silence deux muets
Ombrés encore d'un secret
Et lourds du poids mort des images.

Mes doigts tant de fois égarés
Sont joints en attitude saite
Appuyées au creux de mes plaintes
Au nœud de mon cœur arrêté.

Et mes deux pieds sont les montagnes
Les deux derniers monts que j'ai vus
A la minute où j'ai perdu
La course que les années gagnent.

Mon souvenir est ressemblant,
Enfants emportez-le bien vite,
Allez, allez ma vie est dite.
Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant.

V. Violon

Couple amoureux aux accents méconnus

Le violon et son joueur me plaisent.
Ah j'aime ces gémissements tendus
Sur la corde des malaises.
Aux accords sur les cordes des pendus
A l'heure où les Lois se taisent
Le cœur, en forme de fraise,
S'offre à l'amour comme un fruit inconnu.

VI. Fleurs

Fleurs promises, fleurs tenues dans tes bras,
Fleurs sorties des parenthèses d'un pas,

Qui t'apportait ces fleurs l'hiver
Saupoudrées du sable des mers ?
Sable de tes baisers, fleurs des amours
fanées

Les beaux yeux sont de cendre et dans la
cheminée
Un cœur enrubanné de plaintes
Brûle avec ses images saintes.

IV. My corpse is as limp as a glove

*My corpse is as limp as a glove
limp as a glove of glacé kid
and my two hidden pupils
make two white pebbles of my eyes.*

*Two white pebbles in my face
two mutes in the silence
still shadowed by a secret
and heavy with the burden of things seen.*

*My fingers so often straying
are joined in a saintly pose
resting on the hollow of my groans
at the center of my arrested heart.*

*And my two feet are the mountains
and last two hills I saw
at the moment when I lost
the race that the years win.*

*I still resemble myself
children bear away the memory quickly,
go, go my life is done.
My corpse is as limp as a glove.*

V. Violin

*Enamoured couple with the misprized
accents
the violin and its player please me.
Ah! I love these wailings long drawn out
on the cord of uneasiness.
In chords on the cords of the hanged
at the hour when the laws are silent
the heart, formed like a strawberry,
offers itself to love like an unknown fruit.*

VI. Flowers

*Promised flowers, flowers held in your arms
flowers spring up from the parenthesis of a
step,*

*who brought you these flowers in winter
powdered with the sand of the seas?
Sand of your kisses, flowers of faded loves*

*the beautiful eyes are ashes and in the
fireplace
a heart beribboned with sighs
burns with its treasured pictures.*

Sechs Lieder by Edvard Grieg

Edvard Grieg's *Sechs Lieder* is a set of art songs that reflects his distinctive synthesis of Norwegian folk influence and Romantic lyricism. Grieg is especially celebrated for his songs, and piano works, where he creates an intimate and expressive musical language marked by refined lyricism and emotional intimacy. His songs are often concise yet deeply expressive, distilling complex feelings into brief, concentrated music statements.

Although the song cycle is set to German text, the songs are shaped by Grieg's national musical language, drawing on folk-like melodies, modal inflections, and dance inspired rhythms. Across the cycle, Grieg's sensitivity to text is central to its expressive power, with musical gestures responding closely to poetic nuance. He frequently employs strophic form and its variants, reinforcing a folk-like quality that enhances the natural flow of the poetry. The piano functions as an equal partner to the voice, shaping the emotional atmosphere through flowing figurations, harmonic shifts, and expressive interludes between vocal phrases.

Gruss

Leise zieht durch mein Gemüt
Liebliches Geläute.
Klinge, kleines Frühlingslied,
Kling hinaus ins Weite.
Zieh hinaus, bis an das Haus,
Wo die Veilchen sprießen.
Wenn du eine Rose schaust,
Sag, ich lass' sie grüßen.

Dereinst, Gedanke mein

Dereinst,
Gedanke mein
Wirst ruhig sein.
Läßt Liebesglut
Dich still nicht werden:
In kühler Erden
Da schläfst du gut;
Dort ohne Liebe
Und ohne Pein
Wirst ruhig sein.

Was du im Leben
Nicht hast gefunden,
Wenn es entschwunden
Wird's dir gegeben.
Dann ohne Wunden
Und ohne Pein
Wirst ruhig sein.

Lauf der Welt

An jedem Abend geh' ich aus,

Greeting

*A sweet sound of bells
peals gently through my soul
Ring out, little song of spring,
ring out far and wide.
Ring out till you reach the house
where violets are blooming
and if you should see a rose,
send to her my greeting.*

One day, my thoughts

*One day,
my thoughts,
you shall be at rest.
Though love's ardour
gives you no peace,
you shall sleep well
in cool earth;
there without love
and without pain
you shall be at rest.*

*What you did not
find in life
will be granted you
when life is ended.
then, free from torment
and free from pain,
you shall be at rest.*

The Way of the World

Every evening I go out,

Hinauf den Wiesensteg.
Sie schaut aus ihrem Gartenhaus,
Es stehet hart am Weg.
Wir haben uns noch nie bestellt,
Es ist nur so der Lauf der Welt.

Ich weiß nicht, wie es so geschah,
Seit lange küß' ich sie,
Ich bitte nicht, sie sagt nicht: ja!
Doch sagt sie: nein! auch nie.
Wenn Lippe gern auf Lippe ruht,
Wir hindern's nicht, uns dünkt es gut.

Das Lüftchen mit der Rose spielt,
Es fragt nicht: hast mich lieb?
Das Röschen sich am Taue kühlt,
Es sagt nicht lange: gib!
Ich liebe sie, sie liebet mich,
Doch keines sagt: ich liebe dich!

Die verschwiegene Nachtigall

Unter den Linden,
An der Haide,
Wo ich mit meinem Trauten saß,
Da mögt ihr finden,
Wie wir beide
Die Blumen brachen und das Gras.
Vor dem Wald mit süßem Schall,
Tandaradei!
Sang im Tal die Nachtigall.

Ich kam gegangen
Zu der Aue,
Mein Liebster kam vor mir dahin.
Ich ward empfangen
Als ehre Fraue,
Daß ich noch immer selig bin.
Ob er mir auch Küsse bot?
Tandaradei!
Seht, wie ist mein Mund so rot!

Wie ich da ruhte,
Wüßt' es einer,
Behüte Gott, ich schämte mich.
Wie mich der Gute
Herzte, keiner
Erfahre das als er und ich—
Und ein kleines Vögelein,
Tandaradei!
Das wird wohl verschwiegen sein.

*Up the meadow path,
She looks out from her summer house,
Which stands close by the road.
We've never planned a rendezvous,
It's just the way of the world.*

*I don't know how it came about,
for a long time ive been kissing her,
I don't ask, she doesn't say yes!
But neither does she ever say no!
When lips are pleased to rest on lips,
We don't prevent it, it just seems good.*

*The little breeze plays with the rose,
It doesn't ask: do you love me?
The rose cools itself with dew,
It doesn't dream of saying: give!
I love her, she loves me,
But neither says: I love you!*

The Secretive Nightingale

*Under the lime trees
by the heath
where I sat with my beloved,
there you may find
how both of us
crushed the flowers and grass.
Outside the wood with a sweet sound,
Tandaradei!
the nightingale sang in the valley.*

*I came walking
to the meadow
my beloved arrived before me.
I was received
as a noble lady,
which still fills me with bliss.
Did he offer me kisses?
Tandaradei!
See how red my mouth is!*

*If anyone knew
how I lay there,
God forbid, I'd be ashamed.
How my darling hugged me,
no one shall know
but he and I –
and a little bird,
Tandaradei!
Who certainly won't say a word.*

Zur Rosenzeit

Ihr verblühet, süße Rosen,
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;
Blühet, ach! dem Hoffnungslosen,
Dem der Gram die Seele bricht!

Jener Tage denk' ich trauernd,
Als ich, Engel, an dir hing,
Auf das erste Knöspchen lauernd
Früh zu meinem Garten ging;

Alle Blüten, alle Früchte
Noch zu deinen Füßen trug
Und vor deinem Angesichte
Hoffnung in dem Herzen schlug.

Ihr verblühet, süße Rosen,
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;
Blühet, ach! dem Hoffnungslosen,
Dem der Gram die Seele bricht!

Ein Traum

Mir träumte einst ein schöner Traum:
Mich liebte eine blonde Maid;
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:

Die Knospe sprang, der Waldbach
schwoll,
Fern aus dem Dorfe scholl Geläut—

Wir waren ganzer Wonne voll,
Versunken ganz in Seligkeit.

Und schöner noch als einst der Traum
Begab es sich in Wirklichkeit—
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:

Der Waldbach schwoll, die Knospe sprang,

Geläut erscholl vom Dorfe her—
Ich hielt dich fest, ich hielt dich lang
Und lasse dich nun nimmermehr!

O frühlingsgrüner Waldesraum!
Du lebst in mir durch alle Zeit—
Dort ward die Wirklichkeit zum Traum,
Dort ward der Traum zur Wirklichkeit!

Time of Roses

*You fade, sweet roses,
my love did not wear you;
Ah! You bloom for one bereft of hope,
whose soul now breaks with grief!*

*Sorrowfully I think of those days,
when I, my angel, set my heart on you,
and waiting for the first little bud,
went early to my garden;*

*Laid all the blossoms, all the fruits
at your very feet
with hope beating in my heart
when you looked on me.*

*You fade sweet roses,
my love did not wear you;
Ah! You bloom for one bereft of hope,
whose soul no breaks with grief!*

A Dream

*I once dreamed a beautiful dream:
a blonde maiden loved me,
it was in the green woodland glade,
it was in the warm springtime:*

*The buds bloomed, the forest stream
swelled,
from the distant village came the sound of
bells –*

*We were so full of bliss,
so lost in happiness.*

*And more beautiful yet than the dream,
it happened in reality,
it was in the green woodland glade,
it was in the warm springtime:*

*The forest stream swelled, the buds
bloomed,
from the village came the sound of bells—
I held you fast, I held you long,
and now shall never let you go!*

*O woodland glade so green with spring!
You shall live in me for evermore—
There reality became a dream,
there dream became a reality!*

***Under the Harvest Moon* by Noah Whitaker**

“Noah Whitaker (born 2002 in Moultrie, GA) is a first year Master of Arts in Music Education student at Case Western Reserve University. In 2024, he graduated with a major in Music Composition under Dr. Laurence Sherr at Kennesaw State University (KSU).

Under the Harvest Moon is a song-cycle for mezzo-soprano and piano depicting themes of nature and industry while reflecting on ideals portrayed by the life of Carl Sandburg. There are moments expressing freedom within the American frontier and those demonstrating beauty, or lack thereof, in the face of modern developments. As a complete set, the cycle follows themes of nature and introspection while being occasionally interrupted by the scenes of modernism that have been integrated within our contemporary sensibilities.” – Noah Whitaker

I. Under the Harvest Moon

Under the harvest moon
When the soft silver
Drips shimmering
Over the garden nights,
Death, the gray mocker,
Comes and whispers to you
As a beautiful friend
Who remembers.

Under the summer roses
When the flagrant crimson
Lurks in the dusk
Of the wild red leaves
Love, with little hands,
Comes and touches you
With a thousand memories,
And asks you
Beautiful, unanswerable questions.

II. Fog

The fog comes
on little cat feet.

It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.

III. Follies

Shaken,
The blossoms of lilac
And shattered,
The atoms of purple.
Green dip the leaves,
Darker the bark,
Longer the shadows.

Sheer lines of poplar
Shimmer with masses of silver.
Ad down in a garden old with years
And broken walls of ruin and story
Roses rise with red rain-memories.
May!
In the open world
The sun comes and finds your face,
Remembering all.

IV. Window

Night from a railroad car window
Is a great, dark, soft thing
Broken across with slashes of light.

V. Monotone

The monotone of the rain is beautiful,
And the sudden rise and slow relapse
Of the long multitudinous rain.

The sun on the hills is beautiful,
Or a capture sunset sea-flung,
Bannered with fire and gold.

A face I know is beautiful—
With fire and gold of sky and sea,
And the peace of long warm rain.

Poema en forma de canciones by Joaquín Turina

Joaquín Turina was a native of Seville who spent significant time in Paris, where he absorbed influences from French composers, particularly Claude Debussy. While his style reflects this French impressionistic influence, Turina remained committed to the musical traditions of Spain, drawing on folk idioms, dance rhythms, and Andalusian musical colors. His works are often characterized by a vivid blend of styles to create music that is both expressive and distinctly national in character.

Poema en forma de canciones opens with the piano solo “Dedicatoria”, which establishes the atmosphere for the work as a whole. In keeping with Andalusian folk tradition, where a guitarist often introduces a song with an instrumental prelude, Turina uses this opening gesture to set the mood and establish the rhythmic character of what follows. Throughout the cycle, he uses recurring motives and carefully shaped tonal relationships to create a strong sense of unity across the songs. Voice and piano work in close partnership by creating a dialogue that enhances both the sensuality and introspective depth of the poetry. *Poema en forma de canciones* explores the shifting nature of love and human emotion. Turina’s setting emphasizes contrast and color. The cycle stands as a vivid example of early twentieth-century Spanish art song, unifying poetic expression with a distinctly national musical voice.

II. Nunca olvida...

Ya que este mundo abandono
antes de dar cuenta a Dios,
aquí para entre los dos
mi confesión te diré.

Con toda el alma perdono
Hasta a los que siempre he odiado.
¡A ti que tanto te he amado
Nunca te perdonaré!

III. Cantares

¡Ay!
Más cerca de mí te siento
Cuando más huyo de tí
pues tu imagen es en mí
Sombra de mi pensamiento.

¡Ay!
Vuelvemelo a decir
Pues embelesado ayer
Te escuchaba sin oír
Y te miraba sin ver
¡Ay!

II. Never Forget

*Now that I am leaving this world,
before accounting for myself to God,
here, between us two alone,
I will make my confession to you.*

*With all my heart I forgive
even those I've always hated.
but you that I've loved so much,
you I will never forgive!*

III. Folk-song

*Ay!
I feel you nearer to me
the further I fly from you,
for your image is part of myself,
like the shadow of my thought.*

*Ay!
Tell me again what you said,
since yesterday I was so ravished
that I listened to you without hearing you
and gazed at you without seeing you.
Ay!*

IV. Los dos miedos

Al comenzar la noche de aquel día
Ella lejos de mí,
¿Por qué te acercas tanto? Me decía,
Tengo miedo de tí.

Y después que la noche hubo pasado
Dijo, cerca de mí:
¿Porqué te alejas tanto de mi lado?
¡Tengo miedo sin tí!

V. Las Locas por amor

Te amaré, diosa Venus
si prefieres que te ame
mucho tiempo y con cordura
Y respondió la diosa de Citeres.

Prefiero como todas las mujeres
que me amen poco tiempo y con locura.

IV. The Two Fears

*At nightfall that day
far from me, she said:
"Why do you come so close?
I am afraid of you!"*

*But when the night was past,
close to me, she said:
"Why do you move so far from my side?
I am afraid without you!"*

V. Love-crazed Women

*I will love you, goddess Venus,
if you want me
to love you long and sagely.
To which the goddess of Cyntherea
replied:
"Like all women, I'd rather
be loved briefly and madly."*