SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

What I Did for Love

Kai Diamond, bass-baritone
Elijah Ong, piano & harpsichord

Friday, October 23rd, 2026 7:00pm PepsiCo Recital Hall

Program

But Who May Abide the Day of His Coming? (*Messiah*) George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Sixto Elizondo, double bass

Selections from *Liederkranz für die Bassstimme, Op. 145* Carl Loewe (1796-1869)

I. Meeresleuchten
II. Heimlichkeit
IV. Der Feind

Brief Intermission

Au crépuscule Ange Flégier
Apaisement (1846-1927)

Selections from *Five Millay Songs* H. Leslie Adams (1932-2024)

I. Wild Swans
II. Branch by branch
III. For you there is no song

What I Did for Love (*A Chorus Line*) Marvin Hamlisch (1944–2012)

Kaylynn Langham, Isabella Lopez, Danna Melendez,
Adrian Martinez, Will Moeller, Adam Arntson, chorus

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Bachelor's Degree of Music Education. Mr. Diamond is a student of Dr. James D. Rodriguez. The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited. Please silence all electronic devices including watches, pagers, and phones.

George Frideric Handel

George Frideric Handel (1685–1759) was one of the most well-known composers of the late Baroque period, best known for his prolific output of operas, oratorios, and instrumental works. Born in Germany, but spending much of his career in England, Handel became particularly renowned for his dramatic approach to Italian opera, and a new emerging style: the oratorio. *Messiah*, composed in 24 days in 1741, remains his most widely performed oratorio and tells the story of Christ through a series of Biblical texts.[1]

"But Who May Abide the Day of His Coming," sung by the alto or bass soloist, appears early in the oratorio, reflecting on the coming of the Messiah and the judgment that is to accompany it. Opening with a quiet, suspenseful character, the narrator asks, "But who may abide the day of his coming?" before a sudden shift into the prestissimo tempo, where the narrator answers the initial question. Handel employs virtuosic coloratura passages and an urgent, motoric accompaniment as a musical manifestation of the Messiah's inestimable power, as purifying as a "refiner's fire."

But who may abide the day of His coming?
And who shall stand when He appeareth?
For He is like a refiner's fire.

[1] "Handel [Händel, Hendel], George Frideric," *Grove Music Online*, 2001, accessed September 28, 2026.

Carl Loewe

Carl Loewe (1796-1869) was a German composer, conductor and tenor singer from the early Romantic period who was best known for his significant contributions to Lieder, art songs for solo voice and piano. He garnered great success touring Europe in the 1840s performing his own songs and was even hailed as "the North German Schubert" by audiences and critics. Loewe's compositional style blended lyrical melodies with theatrical storytelling, which he set to dramatic texts that often-featured supernatural elements, mythology, and folklore.[2]

Published in his final year of life in 1869, *Liederkranz für Bassstimme, Op.145***,** is a collection of five art songs with central themes of nature and love. The cycle opens with "Meeresleuchten," a poetic explanation of bioluminescence within the ocean at night, with the piano accompaniment imitating churning waves. The second song, "Heimlichkeit," reflects on the beauty of solitude and humility, comparing the heart's quiet growth to "the most beautiful rose" that blooms only in secrecy. "Der Feind" describes an array of woodland creatures retreating to their homes from an unknown predator, only for the final line of the poem to reveal that true predator to be man. Throughout this song cycle, Loewe draws upon the natural world as a metaphor for exploring the cyclical nature of life, death, beauty and love.

Meeresleuchten	**Ocean Lights**
Wieviel Sonnenstrahlen fielen goldenschwer, fielen feurig glühend in des ew'ge Meer!	How many sunbeams have fallen heavy as gold Fallen glowing like fire into the eternal sea!
Und die Woge sog sie tief in sich hinab, und die Woge ward ihr wild lebendig Grab.	And the waves have sucked them into the depths And the waves have become their wildly living tomb
Nur in stiller Nächte heilger Feierstund' sprühen diese Strahlen aus des Meeres Grund. Leuchtend roll'n die Wogen durch die dunkle Nacht wunderbar durchglüht sie funkensprüh'nde Pracht.	Only in the holy twilight hour of quiet nights These rays sparkle up from the sea's depths. The waves roll glowing through the dark night; marvelously the gleaming beauty glows through them.
Text by Carl Siebel (1836-1868)	*Translation by Maggie Evans*

[2] "Loewe, (Johann) Carl," *Grove Music Online*, 2001, accessed September 28, 2026.

Heimlichkeit

Mein Herz, o schließ dich ein!
Es nahn die Weihestunden!
Nur im Alleinesein
hast du dich selbst gefunden.

Knospe der Frühlingszeit!
verhüllt von weichem Mose!
Es blüht aus Heimlichkeit
die allerschönste Rose!

Text by Carl Siebel (1836-1868)

Secrecy

My heart, o lock yourself up!
The solemn hours approach!
Only in solitude
have you found yourself

Springtime bud!
Covered in soft moss!
Blooms in secrecy
the fairest of all roses

Translation by Maggie Evans

Der Feind

Der Adler lauscht auf seinem Horst;
der Keiler rauscht zur Kesselforst;
das Kätzlein klinkt am Ast sich fest;
der Wolf, er hinkt zum Felsennest;
das Dammwild streicht zum Dickicht ein;
der Fuchs still schleicht zum Bau hinein;
aufstutzt, hinflitzt das scheue Reh; die
Löffel spitzt der Has' im Klee;
die Ente duckt im düstern Rohr,
das Fischlein guckt nicht mehr hervor;
und Alles schweigt im Hinterhalt!
Der Mensch sich zeigt, geht durch den Wald

Text by Ernst Sherenberg (1839-1905)

The Predator

The eagle listens in its aerie
the boar crashes towards his woodland hollow
the young cat clings firmly to the branch
the wolf, he limps to his rocky lair
the deer move into the thicket
the fox slinks into his den
alerted, the shy doe flits away
the hare lifts his ears in the clover
the duck seeks cover in the gloomy reeds
the little fish doesn’t peek anymore
and everything is silent, hiding, and waiting
Man appears, goes through the wood.

Translation by Knut W. Barde

Ange Flégier

Ange Flégier (1846–1927) was a French composer, pianist, conductor, and music critic born in Marseille. He attended the Paris Conservatoire in 1866, where he studied composition with Ambroise Thomas. He gained recognition as a finalist in the 1869 Prix de Rome, a prestigious composition competition, after which he returned to Marseille, where he spent much of his career. Flégier composed approximately 350 works, of which a third were mélodies, another third for solo piano, and the final third consisting of chamber music, orchestral works, and several stage works. His mélodies are notable for their expansive piano accompaniments, which often create rich orchestral textures while supporting the voice. His close connection to the sea and his hometown of Marseille also influenced much of his musical output, particularly his *mélodies*.[3]

In "Au crépuscule," set to a poem by Jean Richepin, Flégier draws on his deep connection to the sea to paint a vivid portrait of an evening on the water. The piece follows an ABA form, beginning with a playful, rocking piano accompaniment that evokes a boat drifting peacefully on the water. Flowing arpeggios in the piano suggest the evening breeze as it glides across the dark waves. The second theme, less rhythmic, espressivo, introduces a woman with jet-black hair leaning over the water. Her sparkling jewels and the stars above are reflected in the water's surface, creating an enchanting image in which fantasy and reality seem to merge. As the opening theme returns, the piece gradually settles back into an atmosphere of carefree happiness.

In "Apaisement," set to Paul Verlaine's poem L'heure exquise, Flégier captures a serene, moonlit evening in the woods. The piano establishes a peaceful atmosphere through touches of alternating long and short notes, suggesting the nocturnal songs of birds or the rustling of leaves. Soft tremolos in the right hand reflect the gently lapping water of the pond. The final repetition of "c'est l'heure exquise" ('this is the exquisite hour') emphasizes the ephemeral quality of the scene, and the importance of fully savoring the present moment while it lasts.

Au crépuscule	**At Twilight**
Dans le silence Le bateau dort Et bord sur bord Il se balance.	In the silence The boat sleeps, And side by side It gently sways.
Seul à l'avant Un petit mousse D'une voix douce Siffle le vent.	Alone at the bow A young cabin boy With a gentle voice Whistles to the wind.
Au couchant pâle Et violet	In the pale And violet sunset,

[3] Hervé Oléon, "Ange Flégier and His Forgotten Mélodies," *Toccata Classics*, 2016, accessed September 28, 2026.

Flotte un reflet
Dernier d'opale.

Les flots déteints
Ont sous la brise
La couleur grise
Des vieux étains.

Alors la veuve
Aux noirs cheveux
Se dit: “Je veux
Faire l'épreuve”

De mes écrins
Dans cette glace.
Et la Nuit place
Parmi ses crins,

Sous ses longs voiles
Aux plis dormants,
Les diamants
De ses étoiles.

Text by Paul Richepin (1849–1926)

A final gleam
Of opal drifts.

The faded waves,
Beneath the breeze,
Take on the grey hue
Of old pewter

Then the widow
With raven hair
To herself says: “I wish
To try the look”

Of my jewels
In this mirror
And the night places
Admist her tresses

Beneath her long veils
With their still folds,
The diamonds
Of her stars.

Translation by Kai Diamond

Apaisement

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois.
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée…

Ô bien-aimée.

L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Ou le vent pleure…

Rêvons, c'est I'heure.

Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre

Consolation

The white moon
Gleams in the woods;
From every branch
There comes a voice
Beneath the boughs...

O my beloved.

The pool reflects,
Deep mirror,
The silhouette
Of the dim willow
Where the wind laments...

Let us dream, it is the hour.

A vast and tender
Consolation
Seems to lower

Du firmament
Que I'astre irise.

C'est l'heure exquise.

Text by Paul Verlaine (1844–1896)

From the firmament
The moon illumines...

This is the exquisite hour.

Translation by Kai Diamond

H. Leslie Adams

Born in Cleveland, H. Leslie Adams (1932-2024) was an American composer, pianist and educator who was best known for his art songs. Adams writes in a lyrical style that blends elements of jazz and African-American folksong with 20th century Western compositional techniques. Adams has written over forty songs for solo voice, including four song cycles, an opera, choral works, instrumental chamber works, and orchestral pieces.[4]

Written in 1960, *Five Millay Songs* was Adams' first song cycle, set to texts by American poet and playwright Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-1950). She received the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in 1923, one of the youngest poets ever to do so. She was a feminist and outspoken advocate for social justice, using her poetry to explore themes of love, loss, feminism, and the beauty of the natural world.

In "Wild Swans," the speaker observes a wedge of swans flying overhead, sparking an introspect into his own heart's unrest. The unrestrained freedom that the swans embody contrasts with the speaker's "house without air," a metaphor for his confining interior self; their cries echo a call to transcendence. He calls out to them for a final time, but the swans continue onward, leaving the speaker to confront his own need for change if he wishes to follow them. In "Branch by branch," the speaker looks upon a tree that has been died and wonders what has caused it to wither. He stands apart from the scene, awed and contemplative, but at a crucial moment enters the scene and takes a decisive action. "For you there is no song" explores profound grief in the wake of a broken relationship, and the speaker's inability to articulate his own pain. Overall, Adams' *Five Millay Songs* offer an introspective reflection on the human experience in times of transition and change.

Wild Swans

I looked in my heart while the wild swans went over
And what did I see I had not seen before?
Only a question less or a question more:
Nothing to match the flight of wild birds flying.

Tiresome heart, forever living and dying,
House without air, I lock your door.
Wild swans, come over the town, come over
The town again, trailing your legs and crying!

[4] Josephine Wright, "Adams, [Harrison] Leslie," *Grove Music Online*, 2001, accessed September 28, 2026.

Branch by branch

Branch by branch
This tree has died.
Green only
Is one last bough, moving its leaves in the sun.
What evil ate its root, what blight,
What ugly thing?
Let the mole say, the bird sing;
Or the white worm behind the shedding bark
Tick in the dark.

You and I have only one thing to do:
Saw the trunk through.

For you there is no song

For you there is no song,
Only the shaking of the voice that meant to sing,
The sound of the strong voice breaking.

Strange in my hand appears the pen,
And yours broken
There are ink and tears on the page.
Only the tears have spoken.

Text by Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892–1950)

Marvin Hamlisch

Marvin Hamlisch (1944–2012) was an accomplished American composer, pianist, and conductor best known for his work in film music and musical theatre. He found major success as a film composer in the 1960s and later became a prominent figure in musical theatre with his Tony Award and Pulitzer Prize-winning Broadway musical *A Chorus Line* (1975), written with lyricist Edward Kleban. The musical was met with widespread critical and audience acclaim, winning nine Tony Awards at the 1976 ceremony, along with the Pulitzer Prize for Drama.[5]

A Chorus Line follows a group of sixteen dancers auditioning for a Broadway musical, each asked by the director to share their lives, struggles, and dreams. The show was groundbreaking for its departure from traditional Broadway conventions of the time, shifting the focus away from glamorous stars and conventional plotlines to the lives of the ensemble dancers themselves. Inspired by real conversations with Broadway dancers, the musical brought an unprecedented sense of realism to the stage, exploring ambition, rejection, identity, and the sacrifices performers make for their careers. "What I Did for Love" occurs near the end of the show, after one of the dancers suffers an injury and is rushed to a nearby hospital. When asked, "If today was the day you had to stop dancing, what would you do," the dancers reflect on what they have given up and endured for their careers. The song is not simply about romantic love; instead, it expresses a deep devotion to performing and a willingness to accept the pain, uncertainty, and sacrifice that come with pursuing that love.

What I Did For Love

Kiss today goodbye
The sweetness and the sorrow
Wish me luck, the same to you
But I can't regret
What I did for love, what I did for love

Look, my eyes are dry
The gift was ours to borrow
It's as if we always knew
And I won't forget what I did for love

Gone, love is never gone
As we travel on
Love's what we'll remember

Kiss today goodbye,
And point me toward tomorrow.
We did what we had to do
Won't forget, can't regret,
What I did for love.

[5] "Timeline," *Marvin Hamlisch Official Website*, accessed September 30, 2026, https://marvinhamlisch.com/marvin-hamlisch-timeline/.

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