

The Trans-Nebraska Players



NMM



LIVE!

Sunday, March 30, 2025

National Music Museum • Janet Lucille Wanzek Performance Hall

Trans-Nebraska Players

Franziska Brech, Flute

David C. Neely, Violin; Clark Potter, Viola

Noah Rogoff, Cello; James Margetts, Piano

Vivian Klein and Michael Matthys, Readers

The Haunted Houses of the Vieux Carre (2013)

Maria Newman

1. Marie Lanaux

(b. 1962)

2. Marie Leveau

3. Dolphine LaLaurie

Intermission

"Shakespeare Reimagined"

Incidental Music to *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Op. 11

Felix Mendelssohn

Overture

(1809-1847)

Arranged J. Weiss

Excerpt from *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II, Scene 2

Romeo and Juliet: Fantasy Overture, TH42 ČW39

Peter I. Tchaikovsky

Love Theme

(1840-1893)

Excerpt from *Henry IV*, Part 2, Act I, Scene 2

Falstaff: Symphonic Study for Orchestra, Op. 68

Edward Elgar

Interlude I: Jack Falstaff, page to the Duke of Norfolk

(1957-1934)

Arr. C. Potter

Excerpt from *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I, Scene 3

Interlude II: Falstaff Dreams of England

Elgar

Excerpt from *Much Ado About Nothing* (song)

Much Ado About Nothing: Suite for Violin and Piano, Op. 11
III. Scene in the Garden

Erich Korngold
(1897-1957)

Excerpt from *The Merchant of Venice*, Act V, Scene 1

The Merchant of Venice: Masquerade Suite
Bourrée

Arthur Sullivan
(1842-1900)

Excerpt from *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III, Scene 2

Danse grotesque

Sullivan (Arr. C. Potter)

Excerpt from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act V, Scene 1

The Fairy Queen
(an adaptation of *Midsummer Night's Dream*) Z. 629
Act V: Chaconne ("Dance for the Chinese man and woman")

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)
Arr. Arne Dich

Excerpt from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act V, Scene 1

Incidental Music to *Midsummer Night's Dream*
Nocturne

Mendelssohn
Arr. H. Ritter/C. Potter

About the artists:

The Trans-Nebraska Players have been performing together since 2010 and, partly due to their slightly unusual instrumentation, have been active performing music that is not in the mainstream. They have premiered more than a half dozen pieces, resurrected works by the old masters and reconstructed existing pieces to work for the ensemble. TNP has already performed across Nebraska and in other exciting venues, including a recital of music by women composers at the Canadian Flute Association Convention in Toronto, and the premieres of Maria Newman's *Haunted Houses of the Vieux Carre* in New Orleans in 2013 and *Leyendas de la Mision San Diego de Alcala* in San Diego in 2016 at National Flute Association meetings. Ms. Newman has composed several pieces for the TNP, including music to the 1909 silent film, *They Would Elope*. TNP also commissioned Nebraska composer Daniel Baldwin to write *Polaris Rising* in 2016. In 2019, The Players performed a truncated version of the Shakespeare Reimagined concert at Churchill College Cambridge (UK) at the Musical Intersections in Practice International Conference.

Franziska Brech, a native of Munich, Germany, teaches flute, chamber music and German at the University of Nebraska at Kearney. She has performed and taught in Europe and the United States. Since 2010 she is a contributing author for the German flute magazine *Flöte aktuell*. In April of 2021, MVG Munich published her German translation of Marya Hornbacher's memoir, *Madness*.

James Margetts, piano, is Dean of Essential Studies and the School of Liberal Arts at Chadron State College. Prior to this appointment, Dr. Margetts taught piano and music theory at Chadron State. He holds degrees from Brigham Young University and the University of Cincinnati.

David C. Neely is Professor of Violin at the University of Nebraska – Lincoln. He has performed and taught throughout the United States and Europe since 1987. During the summer, Prof. Neely serves as artist/teacher at the Orfeo International Summer Music Festival in Vipiteno, Italy.

Clark Potter is a Professor of Viola at the University of Nebraska – Lincoln where he also teaches conducting and performance practice. He is principal viola of the Lincoln Symphony and conducts the Lincoln Youth Symphony.

Noah Rogoff is Associate Professor of Cello at the University of Nebraska at Kearney and the director of the UNK String Project. Described by the Boston Globe as a “talented, fine player”, he has performed and presented at festivals and conferences on four continents. In 2017-18, he was appointed Visiting Scholar at Cambridge University Faculty of Music and was an Artist By-Fellow of Churchill College, Cambridge, UK.

Program Notes for Shakespeare's Texts by Marguerite Tassi

If music be the food of love, play on.

These exuberant words from *Twelfth Night* reflect the pervasive influence of music in Shakespeare's writing for the theater. No wonder his plays have spurred countless composers to create orchestral music that artistically reimagines his lyric poetry and dramatic scenes. Our program brings together Shakespeare's words with some of the most wonderful music his plays have inspired over the years. Passages from the plays have been chosen to accompany the overtures, interludes, dances, nocturnes, and lyric themes of Shakespeare's musical inheritors.

The Fantasy Overture from Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet* may very well be as famous as Shakespeare's great tragedy, in part because the music's romanticism perfectly matches the poetry's unsurpassable lyricism. Text selections are drawn mostly from the famous balcony scene. Romeo's speech "O, she doth teach the torches to turn bright" is delivered when he first sees Juliet at the Capulet Ball, and then the dramatic poetry that follows gives voice to the lovers' youthful passion. Speeches from *2 Henry IV* have been chosen to give Elgar's Interlude I from his *Falstaff*, *Symphonic Study* a linguistically idiosyncratic taste of Falstaff's character. The colorful language of an aging Falstaff seems oddly suited to the melancholy of Elgar's piece. For Interlude II, speeches come from *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Falstaff decides to play the lover, even in his dotage, due to financial hardship. He woos two wealthy Windsor wives to great comedic effect. An unexpectedly lyric, bittersweet conclusion draws this comic passage to a close. Korngold's Garden Scene from *Much Ado about Nothing* contains tender nuances, which find their counterpart in Shakespeare's melancholic song, "Sigh no more." This song serves as a prelude in the play's garden scene, which concludes with Beatrice's speech of genuine surprise at the discovery of her hidden passion for Benedick. Sullivan's Masquerade Suite from his incidental music for *The Merchant of Venice* is concentrated on a lavish masque he imagined as the setting for the elopement of Shakespeare's lovers, Jessica and Lorenzo. He pictured a Venetian scene with the sounds of gondoliers' cries, a lover serenading his mistress, and dance music. The text selection here is drawn from Act five of the play where Jessica and Lorenzo share a playful, contemplative moment in the moonlight, rather like a serenading duet. Fittingly, there is a reference to the Music of the Spheres, and the lovers hear music playing nearby. The text selection for Purcell's Chaconne from *The Fairy Queen* features the Fairy King and Queen's blessings of the married couples at the end of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. For Mendelssohn's Nocturne from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Puck's speech introduces the music with a dark and moody invocation of the night and an image of fairies "Following darkness like a dream." Theseus and Hippolyta's dialogue follows, as a sublime articulation of the powers of the imagination and a vision of lovers' and theatergoers' "minds transfigured so together." Our evening comes full circle with Puck's words gently breaking the charm that has held us all together:

Marguerite Tassi is Professor of English Renaissance Literature and Shakespeare at the University of Nebraska at Kearney. She is the author of two books, *The Scandal of Images: Iconoclasm, Eroticism, and Painting in Early Modern English Drama* and *Women and Revenge in Shakespeare: Gender, Genre, and Ethics*. Her articles have appeared in scholarly journals such as *Comparative Drama* and *Explorations in Renaissance Culture*, as well as essay collections published by presses such as Classiques Garnier, Edinburgh Press, and Routledge. She is co-editor (with Dr. Carole Levin) of the series *New Interdisciplinary Approaches to Early Modern Culture* (published by Routledge), and editor of the book *Poetry for Kids: William Shakespeare*. She loves teaching Shakespeare workshops to high school students and acting as a dramaturg for theatrical productions of Shakespeare. She is thrilled to be serving as the text curator for *Shakespeare Reimagined*.

Vivian Klein, a central Iowa native, is finishing her senior year as a Musical Theatre major and dance minor at the University of South Dakota. Recent Shakespeare work includes a featured performance at the South Dakota Shakespeare Festival's annual "Wine With Will" Gala in Spring 2024, as well as playing Celia in USD's *As You Like It* in Fall 2023.

Michael Matthys has appeared in over 30 productions of Shakespeare, having played Mercutio five times, Romeo, Oberon, Angelo, Aufidius, Launcelot Gobbo, Florizel and many other roles. He has performed Shakespeare at the Guthrie, LA Shakespeare Festival, A Noise Within (including with the LA Philharmonic at the Hollywood Bowl!) the Rubicon. and with South Dakota Shakespeare Festival. Shakespeare is indeed his favorite playwright, and you can catch him this summer up in Grand Forks playing Touchstone in *As You Like It* with the North Dakota Shakespeare Festival.

Excerpt from *Romeo & Juliet*, Act II, Scene 2

ROMEO

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
As a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear--
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear.
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight,
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

ROMEO

But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.
. . . .
It is my lady, O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks yet she says nothing.
. . . 'Tis not to me she speaks.
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars
As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand.
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET

Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke. But farewell compliment.
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay,'
And I will take thy word. . . O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.
Or, if thou thinkest I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo, but else not for the world.

. . . I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st ere I was ware
My true-love passion. Therefore pardon me,

And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

. . . . Sweet, good night.

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night. As sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast.

Excerpt from *Henry IV*, Part 2, Act I, Scene 2

FALSTAFF

Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me. The
brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not
able to invent anything that tends to laughter more
than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only
witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other
men. I do here walk before thee like a sow that
hath o'erwhelmed all her litter but one.

. . . .

My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the
afternoon with a white head, and something a round
belly. For my voice, I have lost it with hallowing
and singing of anthems. To approve my youth
further, I will not. The truth is, I am only old in
judgement and understanding; and he that will caper
with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the
money, and have at him!

. . . .

A pox of this gout!—or a gout of this pox!—for
the one or the other plays the rogue with my great
toe. 'Tis no matter if I do halt; I have the wars
for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more
reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing:
I will turn diseases to commodity.

Excerpt from *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I, Scene 3

FALSTAFF

No quips now, Pistol! Indeed, I am in the waist two
yards about. But I am now about no waste; I am about
thrif. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's
wife. I spy entertainment in her. She discourses,
she carves, she gives the leer of invitation. I
can construe the action of her familiar style; and
the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished
rightly, is, 'I am Sir John Falstaff's.'

I have writ me here a letter to her—and here
another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good
eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious
oeillades; sometimes the beam of her view gilded my
foot, sometimes my portly belly. . . .

O, she did so course o'er my exteriors, with such a
greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did
seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! . . .
She is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will
be cheaters to them both, and they shall be
exchequers to me. They shall be my East and West
Indies, and I will trade to them both. Pistol, go bear thou
this letter to Mistress Page; and Nym, thou this to
Mistress Ford. We will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

. . . .

Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let
me die, for I have lived long enough. This is the
period of my ambition. O, this blessed hour!

The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute
draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me!

Excerpt from *Much Ado About Nothing* (song)

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more.
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into hey nonny, nonny.
Sing no more ditties, sing no more
Of dumps so dull and heavy.
The fraud of men was ever so
Since summer first was leafy.
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into hey nonny, nonny.

BEATRICE

What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band;
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly.

Excerpt from *The Merchant of Venice*, Act V, Scene 1

LORENZO

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn!
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

. . . note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.
Excerpt from *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III, Scene 2

PORTIA

Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them:
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream
And watery death-bed for him. He may win;
And what is music then? Then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,

With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live: with much, much more dismay
I view the fight than thou that makest the fray.

SONG

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell
I'll begin it,--Ding, dong, bell.

Excerpt from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act V, Scene 1

OBERON

Through the house give gathering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire:
Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

TITANIA

First, rehearse your song by rote
To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

OBERON

Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,

Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace;
And the owner of it blest
Ever shall in safety rest.
Trip away; make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

Excerpt from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act V, Scene 1

PUCK

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic: not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

THESEUS

'Tis strange what these lovers speak of,
More strange than true. I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover and the poet
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,
That is the madman. The lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The poet's eye, in fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy.

Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

HIPPOLYTA

But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigured so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images
And grows to something of great constancy,
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

Excerpt from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act V, Scene 1

PUCK

If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend:
if you pardon, we will mend:
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call;
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.