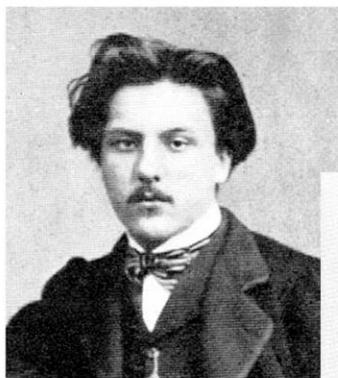
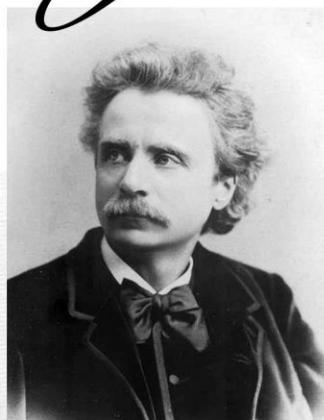


A Liszt for Liszt and other romanzes



*Franz Liszt, center
Gabriel Faure, top left
Edvard Grieg, top right*



*Claude Debussy, lower left
Dominick Argento, lower right*



Katarzyna Marzec-Salwinski
Piano

Rollin Wilber
Piano

Perry Brisbon
Tenor

Elisa Matthews
Soprano

Sunday, April 22, 2012 ~ 4 P.M.
4400 Dexter St., Roxborough

*Fine
Piano
Company*

Saturday, April 28th ~ 7 P.M.
6331 Lancaster Ave, Philadelphia

“A LUSZT FOR LISZT... AND OTHER ROMANZES”

program

- “Bell-Ringing” op.54 #6 (arranged for two pianos) Edvard Grieg
Katarzyna Marzec-Salwinski and Rollin Wilber, piano
- SPRING - poem by Aasmund Olavsson Vinje*
- “Once Upon a Time” from op.71 Grieg
Rollin Wilber, piano
- “Hochzeitstag auf Troidhaugen” (*Wedding Day at Troidhaugen*) op.65#6 Grieg
Katarzyna Marzec-Salwinski, piano
- “Ich Liebe Dich” (*I Love You*) from op.5 Grieg
Perry Brisbon, tenor
- “Melody” op.47 #3 Grieg
Rollin Wilber, piano
- Three songs from *Elizabethan Songs* Dominick Argento
Elisa Matthews, soprano and Katarzyna Marzec-Salwinski, piano
- “Spring”
- “Dirge”
- “Diaphenia”
- EXOTIC PERFUME - poem by Charles Baudelaire*
- “L’Isle Joyeuse” (*The Island of Pleasure*) Claude Debussy
Rollin Wilber, piano
- Three French songs Elisa Matthews, soprano and Rollin Wilber, piano
- “Beau Soir” (*Beautiful Evening*) Debussy
- “Mandoline” (*Mandolin*) Gabriel Faure
- “En Priere” (*In Prayer*) Faure
- ‘
- “Sposalizio” (*Marriage*) - from *Annees de Pelerinage, Second Year* Franz Liszt
Katarzyna Marzec-Salwinski, piano
- DU MEINE SEELE, DU MEIN HERZ - poem by Friedrich Ruckert*
- “Widmung” (*Dedication*) Robert Schumann/Liszt
Katarzyna Marzec-Salwinski, piano
- ‘
- “Puisqu’ici-bas toute Âme” (*As Each Soul Here Below*) - Duet Faure
Elisa Matthews, soprano, Perry Brisbon, tenor and Rollin Wilber, piano

~ ~ ~

Intermission

Part II - MUSIC BY FRANZ LISZT

“Funerailles - October 1849” (*Funerals*)

Katarzyna Marzec-Salwinski, piano

“Liebestraume” (*Dreams of Love*) - Three Nocturnes

Rollin Wilber, piano

EXALTED LOVE poem by Ludwig Uhland

Notturmo 1 - Andantino espressivo assai

HAPPY DEATH poem by Ludwig Uhland

Notturmo 2 - Quasi lento abbandonandosi

O LOVE FOR AS LONG AS YOU CAN! poem by Ferdinand Freiligrath

Notturmo 3 - Poco allegro, con effeto

“Tre sonetti del Petrarca” (*Three Sonnets of Petrarch*), arranged by Liszt for voice (Tenor) and Piano

Perry Brisbon, tenor and Katarzyna Marzec-Salwinski, piano

Sonnet 134 - “Pace non trovo”

Sonnet 61 - “Benedetto sia 'l giorno”

Sonnet 156 - “I' vidi in terra angelici costumi”

“Les Preludes” – written PREFACE to original orchestral score

“Les Preludes (d'après Lamartine)” - Symphonic Poem - arranged for Two Pianos by Liszt

Katarzyna Marzec-Salwinski and Rollin Wilber, piano

~~~~~fine~~~~~

*poetry readings by Elisa Matthews and Perry Brisbon*

## “A LUSZT FOR LISZT... AND OTHER ROMANZES”

program with translations, poems and prose

“Bell-Ringing” (arranged for two pianos)

Edvard Grieg

*SPRING - poem by Asmund Olavsson Vinje*

Once again, I have seen winter make way for spring;  
the hedgerows, which once bore flowers, I have seen blooming again.  
Once again, I have seen the ice flow off the land,  
the snows melt, and the rapids in the stream cascade and break.  
The grass becomes green and rich with flowers;  
again I have heard the spring bird sing to the sun and to summer.  
Again, I immerse myself in the spring-like vapour which fills my eyes,  
again I would find myself a home there and lie afloat.

Everything that spring has brought me, each flower I pick,  
I believe was the soul of a forefather, dancing and singing.  
Therefore I have found a riddle amidst birches and evergreens in spring;  
therefore the sound of the flute I have carved seems to me like weeping.

“Once Upon a Time”

Grieg

“Hochzeitstag auf Trolldhaugen” (*Wedding Day at Trolldhaugen*)

Grieg

“Ich Liebe Dich” (I Love You) – poem by Hans Christian Anderson

Grieg

*(original song translation from Danish)*

You have become the single thought of my thoughts,  
you are the first love of my heart.  
I love you as no one else here on Earth,  
I love you for time and eternity!

*(two-verse song text, German version)*

Du mein Gedanke, du mein Sein und Werden!  
De meines Herzens erste Seligkeit!  
Ich liebe dich wie nichts auf dieser Erden,  
Ich liebe dich in Zeit und Ewigkeit!

Ich danke dein, kann stets nur deiner denken,  
Nur deinem Glück ist dieses Herz geweiht;  
Wie Gott auch mag des Lebens Schicksal lenken,  
Ich liebe dich in Zeit und Ewigkeit.

“Melody” op.47 #3

Grieg

Three songs from *Elizabethan Songs*, for soprano

Dominick Argento

“ABOUT SPRING” text by Thomas Nashe (1567-1601), from *Summer's Last Will and Testament*

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;  
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,  
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,  
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherd pipes all day,  
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,  
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,  
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!  
Spring! The sweet Spring!

“DIRGE” – text by William Shakespeare (1564-1616) , from *Twelfth Night*,

Come away, come away, death,  
And in sad cypress let me be laid;  
Fly away, fly away, breath;  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
O prepare it!  
My part of death, no one so true  
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
On my black coffin let there be strown;  
Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:  
Lay me, O where  
Sad true lover never find my grave,  
To weep there!

“DIAPHENIA” text by Henry Constable (1562-1613)

Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly,  
White as the sun, fair as the lily,  
Heigh ho, how I do love thee!  
I do love thee as my lambs  
Are belovèd of their dams:  
How blest were I if thou would'st prove me.

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,  
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,  
Fair sweet, how I do love thee!  
I do love thee as each flower  
Loves the sun's life-giving power;  
For dead, thy breath to life might move me.

Diaphenia, like to all things blessèd,  
When all thy praises are expressèd,  
Dear joy, how I do love thee!  
As the birds do love the spring,  
Or the bees their careful king, --  
Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

---

*EXOTIC PERFUME* poem by Charles Baudelaire

When, both eyes closed, on a hot autumn night,  
I breathe in the fragrance of your welcoming heart,  
I see happy shores spread out before me,  
Blazing in the fire or a monotonous sun;  
A lazy isle to which nature has given  
Lonely trees, savory fruits,  
Men whose bodies are slender and vigorous,  
And women in whose eyes shines a surprising candor.

Guided by your fragrance to these charming moods,  
I see a port filled with sails and masts  
Still tired by the waves of the sea,  
While the perfume of the green tamarinds,  
That flows through the air, and fills my nose,  
Mingles in my soul to the sailors' song.

“L’Isle Joyeuse” (*The Island of Pleasure*)

Claude Debussy

Three French songs, for soprano

“BEAU SOIR” (“Beautiful Evening”) poem by Paul Bourget

Debussy

Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières sont roses  
Et qu’un tiède frisson court sur les champs de blé,  
Un conseil d’être heureux semble sortir des choses  
Et monter vers le coeur troublé.

When the rivers are rosy in the setting sun,  
And a warm shiver runs over the wheat fields,  
Advice to be happy seems to rise up from things  
And climb toward the troubled heart.

Un conseil de goûter le charme d’être au monde  
Cependant qu’on est jeune et que le soir est beau,  
Car nous nous en allons, comme s’en va cette onde:  
Elle à la mer, nous au tombeau.

Advice to taste the charm of being in the world  
While one is young and the evening is beautiful,  
For we are going away, as this stream goes away:  
The stream to the sea, we to the grave.

-----

“MANDOLINE” (Mandolin) poem by Paul Verlaine

Gabriel Faure

Les donneurs de sérénades  
Et les belles écouteuses  
Échangent des propos fades  
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

The givers of serenades  
And the lovely women who listen  
Exchange insipid words  
Under the singing branches.

C’est Tircis et c’est Aminte,  
Et c’est l’éternel Clitandre,  
Et c’est Damis qui pour mainte  
Cruelle fit maint vers tendre.

There is Thyrsis and Amyntas  
And there’s the eternal Clytander,  
And there’s Damis who, for many a  
Heartless woman, wrote many a tender verse.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,  
Leurs longues robes à queues,  
Leur élégance, leur joie  
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,

Their short silk coats,  
Their long dresses with trains,  
Their elegance, their joy  
And their soft blue shadows,

Tourbillonnent dans l’extase  
D’une lune rose et grise,  
Et la mandoline jase  
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Whirl around in the ecstasy  
Of a pink and grey moon,  
And the mandolin prattles  
Among the shivers from the breeze.

“EN PRIERE” (“In Prayer”) poem by Stephan Bordese

Si la voix d’un enfant peut monter jusqu’à Vous,  
    Ô mon Père,  
Écoutez de Jésus, devant Vous à genoux,  
    La prière!  
Si Vous m’avez choisi pour enseigner vos lois  
    Sur la terre,  
Je saurai Vous servir, auguste Roi des rois,  
    Ô Lumière!  
Sur mes lèvres, Seigneur, mettez la vérité  
    Salutaire,  
Pour que celui qui doute, avec humilité

Vous révère!  
Ne m’abandonnez pas, donnez-moi la douceur  
    Nécessaire,  
Pour apaiser les maux, soulager la douleur,  
    La misère!  
Révélez Vous à moi, Seigneur en qui je crois  
    Et j’espère:  
Pour Vous je veux souffrir et mourir sur la croix,  
    Au calvaire!

---

Listen to Jesus, kneeled before you,  
In prayer!  
If You have chosen me to teach your laws  
on earth,  
I will know how to serve You, noble King of kings, O  
Light!  
On my lips, Lord, place the salutary  
truth,  
In order that he who doubts should

with humility revere You!  
Do not abandon me, give me  
the necessary gentleness,  
To ease suffering, to relieve sorrow,  
the misery!  
Reveal Yourself to me, Lord, in whom I believe  
and hope:  
For You I wish to suffer and to die on the cross,  
at Calvary!

---

“Sposalizio” (Marriage) from *Annees de Pelerinage*, Second Year

Franz Liszt

*“DU MEINE SEELE, DU MEIN HERZ” poem by Friedrich Ruckert*

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,  
Du meine Wonn', o du mein Schmerz,  
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,  
Mein Himmel du, darin ich schwebe,

You are my joy, and oh! my pain,  
You are my world in which I live;  
My heaven, you, in which I float.

O du mein Grab, in das hinab  
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab!  
Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden,  
Du bist der Himmel, mir beschieden.

O you are my grave, into which  
I cast my eternal sorrow down.  
You are calmness, you are peace,  
You are given to me by heaven.

Daß du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert,  
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,  
Du hebst mich liebend über mich,  
Mein guter Geist, mein bessres Ich!

That you love me makes me worthy,  
Your gaze has transfigured me;  
Your love raises me higher,  
My good spirit, my better self!

---  
You are my soul, my heart,

“Widmung” (Dedication)

Robert Schumann/Liszt

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“Puisqu'ici-bas toute Âme” (As Each Soul Here Below) - Duet for Soprano and Tenor

Faure

Puisqu'ici-bas toute âme  
Donne à quelqu'un  
Sa musique, sa flamme,  
Ou son parfum;

Puisque, lorsqu'elle arrive  
S'y reposer,  
L'onde amère à la rive  
Donne un baiser;

Puisqu'ici toute chose  
Donne toujours  
Son épine ou sa rose  
A ses amours;

Je te donne, à cette heure,  
Penché sur toi,  
La chose la meilleure  
Que j'ai en moi!

Puisqu'avril donne aux chênes  
Un bruit charmant;  
Que la nuit donne aux peines  
L'oubli dormant.

Reçois donc ma pensée,  
Triste d'ailleurs,  
Qui, comme une rosée,  
T'arrive en pleurs!

Puisque l'air à la branche  
Donne l'oiseau;  
Que l'aube à la pervenche  
Donne un peu d'eau;

Reçois mes vœux sans nombre,  
O mes amours!

Reçois la flamme ou l'ombre  
De tous mes jours!

Mes transports pleins d'ivresses,  
Pur de soupçons,  
Et toutes les caresses  
De mes chansons!

Mon esprit qui sans voile  
Vogue au hazard,  
Et qui n'a pour étoile  
Que ton regard!  
Ma muse, que les heures  
Bercent rêvant  
Qui, pleurant quand tu pleures,  
Pleure souvent!

Reçois, mon bien céleste,  
O ma beauté,  
Mon coeur, dont rien ne reste,  
L'amour ôté!

-----

As each soul here below  
Someone has lent,  
Its music or its glow  
Or its own scent;

As all things here below  
To true love give  
A thorn, or else a rose,  
As they do live;

As April gives the oaks  
A charming sound;  
Night pain in kind sleep soaks,  
Our cares to drown.

As air the small bird lends  
Unto the branch  
Dawn dew the flowers sends,

Their thirst to quench;

As when dark waves reach land  
To take their rest,  
They leave upon the strand  
A sweet caress;

I give thee, at this hour,  
Bent over thee,  
The best that's in my power,  
The best in me!

I give my thoughts so true,  
Though sad they be,  
Like glistening drops of dew  
They fall on thee.

My vows uncounted claim  
My love, always.  
Receive the shade or flame  
Of all my days.

My wildest transports greet,  
Suspicious gone,  
And each caress so sweet  
Of this my song.

My spirit which, afar,  
Drifts on the sea,  
Its only gliding star  
The sight of thee.

My muse, rocked by the hours  
In dreamful sleep  
Combines her tears with yours.  
Full oft she weeps.

Take, heavenly creature,  
O, my beauty,  
My heart - its only feature  
My love for thee.

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intermission

Part II - music by Franz Liszt

“Funerailles” (*Funerals*) – sub-titled “October 1849”

“Liebestraume” (*Dreams of Love*) - Three Nocturnes

Notturmo 1 - *EXALTED LOVE* poem by *Ludwig Uhland* – Andantino espressivo assai

You lie inebriated in the arms of love,
Life's fruits call to you.
Only one glance has fallen upon me,
And yet I am richer than all of you.

Earthly fortune I gladly renounce,
And, like a martyr, look upwards,
Because above me, in the golden distance,
Heaven has opened.

Notturmo 2 - *HAPPY DEATH* poem by *Ludwig Uhland* – Quasi lento abbandonandosi

Dead was I
From love's rapture,
Buried lay I
In her arms,

Awakened was I
By her kisses,
Heaven saw I
In her eyes.

Notturmo 3 - *O LOVE FOR AS LONG AS YOU CAN!* poem by *Ferdinand Freiligrath* – Poco allegro, con effetto

O love for as long as you can!
O love for as long as you may!
The hour is coming, the hour is coming,
When you will stand by graves and weep!

And take care that your heart glows,
Nurture love, and protect love,
As long as another heart warmly beats
With love reciprocated.

“Three Sonnets of Francesco Petrarca,” arranged for voice (Tenor) and Piano by Liszt

SONNET #134 - “Pace non trovo”

Pace non trovo, e non ho da far guerra,
E temo, e spero, ed ardo, e son un ghiaccio:
E volo sopra 'l cielo, e giaccio in terra;
E nulla stringo, e tutto il mondo abbraccio.

I find no peace, but for war am not inclined;
I fear, yet hope; I burn, yet am turned to ice;
I soar in the heavens, but lie upon the ground;
I hold nothing, though I embrace the whole world.

Tal m'ha in prigion, che non m'apre, né serra,
Né per suo mi ritien, né scioglie il laccio,
E non m'uccide Amor, e non mi sferra;
Né mi vuol vivo, né mi trae d'impaccio.

Love has me in a prison which he neither opens nor
shuts fast;
he neither claims me for his own nor loosens my halter;
he neither slays nor unshackles me;
he would not have me live, yet leaves me with my
torment.

Veggio senz'occhi; e non ho lingua e grido;
E bramo di perir, e chieggo aita;
Ed ho in odio me stesso, ed amo altrui:

Eyeless I gaze, and tongueless I cry out;
I long to perish, yet plead for succour;
I hate myself, but love another.

Pascomi di dolor; piangendo rido;
Eguualmente mi spiace morte e vita.
In questo stato son, Donna, per Voi.

I feed on grief, yet weeping, laugh;
death and life alike repel me;
and to this state I am come, my lady, because of you.

SONNET #61 – “Benedetto sia 'l giorno”

Benedetto sia 'l giorno, e 'l mese, e l'anno,
E la stagione, e 'l tempo, e l'ora, e 'l punto
E 'l bel paese e 'l loco, ov'io fui giunto
Da duo begli occhi che legato m'anno;
E benedetto il primo dolce affanno
Ch'i' ebbi ad esser con Amor congiunto,
E l'arco e la saette ond' io fui punto,
E le piaghe, ch'infinno al cor mi vanno.

E benedette sian tutte le carte
Ov'io fama le acquisto, e il pensier mio
Ch'è sol di lei, si, ch'altra non v'ha parte.

Blessed be the day, the month, the year,
the season, the hour, the moment, the lovely scene,
the spot when I was put in thrall
by two lovely eyes which bind me fast.

Benedette le voci tante, ch'io
Chiamando il nome di Laura ho sparte,
E i sospiri e le lagrime e 'l desio.

And blessed be the first sweet pang
I suffered when love overwhelmed me,

the bows and arrows which stung me,
and the wounds which pierce to my heart.

Blessed be the many voices which have echoed
when I have called Laura's name,

SONNET #156 – "I vidi in terra angelici costumi"

I' vidi in terra angelici costumi,
E celesti bellezze al mondo sole;
Tal che di rimembrar mi giova, e dole:
Che quant'io miro, par sogni, ombre e fumi.

E vidi lagrimar quei duo bei lumi,
Ch'han fatto mille volte invidia al sole;
Ed udi' sospirando dir parole,
Che farian gir i monti, e stare i fiumi.

Amor! senno! valor, pietate e doglia
Facean piangendo un più dolce concento
D'ogni altro, che nel mondo udir si soglia.

Ed era il cielo all'armonia sì intento,
Che non si vedea in ramo mover foglia,

the sighs and tears, the longing;

and blessed be all those writings
in which I have spread her fame, and my thoughts,
which stem from her and centre on her alone.

Tanta dolcezza avea pien l'aere e 'l vent
I once beheld on earth celestial graces
And heavenly beauties scarce to mortals known
Whose memory lends nor joy nor grief alone
But all things else bewilders and effaces
I saw how tears had left their weary traces
Within those eyes that once like sunbeams shone
I heard those lips breathe low and plaintive moan
Whose spell might once have taught the hills their
places
Love, wisdom, courage, tenderness and truth
Made ill their mourning strains more high and dear
Than ever wove sweet sounds for mortal ear
And heaven seemed listening in such saddest ruth
The very leaves upon the boughs to soothe
Such passionate sweetness filled the atmosphere

"Les Preludes" - PREFACE to original orchestral score (probably written by Liszt.)

"What else is life but a series of preludes to that unknown hymn, the first and solemn note of which is intoned by Death? Love is the enchanted dawn of all existence; but what fate is there whose first delights of happiness are not interrupted by some storm, whose fine illusions are not dissipated by some mortal blast, consuming its altar as though by a stroke of lightning? And what cruelly wounded soul, issuing from one of these tempests, does not endeavor to solace its memories in the calm serenity of rural life?"

"Nevertheless, man does not resign himself for long to the enjoyment of that beneficent warmth which he first enjoyed in Nature's bosom, and when the 'trumpet sounds the alarm' he takes up his perilous post, no matter what struggle calls him to its ranks, that he may recover in combat the full consciousness of himself and the entire possession of his powers."

"Les preludes (d'après Lamartine)" symphonic poem - arranged for Two Pianos by Liszt

fine



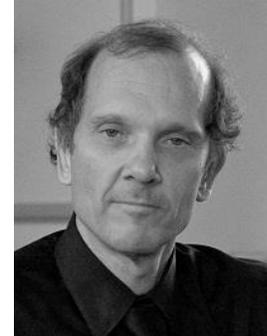
Katarzyna Marzec-Salwinski, Piano

Katarzyna was born in Czestochowa (Poland), and made her debut as a soloist with the Czestochowa Philharmonic Orchestra in Rachmaninov's Second Piano Concerto in 1992. She continued her piano studies at the Academy of Music in Cracow, while simultaneously studying Musicology at the Jagiellonian University. Upon receiving Master of the Arts in Piano Performance, she moved to the United States, where she worked intensively with Pawel Checinski at the Chicago College of Performing Arts.

Katarzyna has performed as a soloist with orchestras and various chamber ensembles in Europe, throughout the United States, in the Middle East and in Japan; performances include a devilishly difficult Second Piano Concerto by Prokofiev, with Maestro Luis Biava and TUSO. Katarzyna has been particularly active as a performer of contemporary music, with several premieres in her career. Following her interest in literature and its connections to music, she was involved in a field of the Polish modern art song, both in making arrangements and performing. This earned her several awards (for the best accompaniment in 1994, for the best collaborative artist in 1995). Katarzyna has appeared in several concert series, among others "Mostly Music at NEIU" in Chicago and "Concerts at One" in New York, and performed live for radio and television.

Currently Ms. Salwinski serves as an Artist-In-Residence at the Ethical Society of Philadelphia, and at the International Institute for Culture. Her students won competitions and performed at Carnegie Hall and Kimmel Center. Currently, she is completing the Doctor of Musical Arts Degree under the guidance of Harvey Wedeen at Temple University, and recently has joined the faculty of Nelly Berman School of Music in Haverford, PA.

For more information about Katarzyna, please visit www.KatarzynaMarzec.com



Rollin Wilber, Piano

Rollin was raised in the New York area, within an extended family of professional musicians (father 1st Horn with the NY Philharmonic; mother, 1st Horn with the New York City Ballet Orchestra). He began piano studies at age eight with his grandmother, a rare female concert violinist in 1900, and started performing publicly at the age of 16. He graduated from high school one year early and began studies with Temple University's Maryan Filar, internationally acclaimed pianist and Chopin interpreter. He went on to attend the 1980 International Chopin Piano Competition in Warsaw, Poland.

He has been an active recitalist for the last forty years, including many concerto solos with local orchestras. His background is extensive in chamber music and accompanying; he performed regularly with his own piano-violin-cello trio in the 1990's. He teaches piano, and is a composer of piano and vocal works, and written works performed for the theater. He created his own series of dramatic narratives within a music recital, presented as "Stories in Concert", and developed original seminars called the "Art of Listening" series (exploring the language of expression in live music).

Most recently, he has helped to develop a series of salon-styled concerts (as a founder of Fine Art Piano Company) with creative programming, and goals of deepening of audience involvement, musical understanding and education in performance.

For more information about Rollin, please visit www.RollinWilber.com



FINE ART PIANO COMPANY

We are a core group of performers devoted to bringing creative and informative music concert programs in absorbing ways for listening audiences of all kinds. We continue to grow as an ensemble of individual classical musicians, and to promote the intimate "salon" spirit of closely sharing music in a meaningful manner.

For more information about Fine At Piano Company, please visit www.FineArtPianoCompany.com or call 215.803.9725



Perry Brisbon, Tenor

Perry Brisbon has enjoyed both national and international success as an Operatic Tenor. Having performed in such roles as Tamino in “Die Zauberflote”, Hoffmann in “Tales of Hoffmann”, Sportin’ Life in “Porgy and Bess”, Tchechalinsky in “Pique Dame” Joe in “Carmen Jones”, and Zoogy in “Romulus Hunt”, Brisbon presents a distinctive ability to capture audiences with his vivid character portrayals. Mr. Brisbon rendered stellar performances with the Orlando Opera Company, Edmonton Opera (Alberta Canada), Opera Ebony/Opera North, The Metropolitan Opera Guild, The Kennedy Center, Lake George Opera Festival, the Bienale Festival of Munich, Germany, as well as Ashlawn Opera Festival. Equally comfortable in recital and oratorio, he has appeared as soloist with the Philadelphia Orchestra, the South New Jersey Symphony Orchestra and the Lancaster Symphony among others. Honors include: Winner of the Luciano Pavarotti/Opera Company of Philadelphia International Voice Competition, recipient of the Richard Gold Memorial Award of the Shoshona Foundation, winner of the National Society of Arts and Letter Award, Mid. Atlantic Region, Twice winner of the Mario Lanza Competition, recipient of the Licia Albanese-Puccini Grant, recipient of the Philadelphia Music Foundation Grant, and winner of the W. Russell Johnson award. Most recently, Mr. Brisbon has been featured in the acclaimed book by author, Elaine Mack: Black Classical Musicians of Philadelphia.



Elisa Matthews, Soprano

Hailed by The Philadelphia Inquirer as "a standout" and The Delco Times as "masterful", soprano Elisa Matthews is recognized for her "clear, lovely voice" and "natural stage presence". Recently she received a Barrymore nomination for her performance of Meg in the musical **Little Women** (Bristol Riverside Theatre). Favorite roles include Susanna in **Le Nozze di Figaro**, Zerlina in **Don Giovanni** (Opera Delaware), Guenevere in **Camelot**, Valencienne in **The Merry Widow** (Ohio Light Opera), Eliza in **My Fair Lady** (Media Theatre) and Johanna in **Sweeney Todd** (Arden Theatre).

Equally at home on the concert stage, Elisa has performed concerts and recitals throughout the Philadelphia area and beyond. Recently she was soprano soloist in Mozart’s **Exultate Jubilate** (Immaculata Symphony), Rutter’s **Requiem** (Delaware Valley Chorale), Brahms' **Ein Deutches Requiem** (Williamsport Civic Chorus) and in various concerts with Peter Nero and the Philly Pops and The Ocean City Pops. She holds a master of music degree from Penn State University and studies voice with Dr Thomas Houser.

For more information about Elisa, please visit www.ElisaMatthews.com