

November 18th, 2018
Schroeder Hall, GMC
2PM

Strong Enough:
Songs of grief and joy

Extase

Music: Henri Duparc 1874, rev. ca.1884

Lyrics: Henri Cazalis, as Jean Lahor

Arr: Christa Durand

Text:

Sur un lys pâle mon cœur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort:
Mort exquise, mort parfumée
Du souffle de la bien-aimée:
Sur ton sein pâle mon cœur dort...

Translation:

On a pale lily my heart sleeps
A sleep as sweet as death:
Exquisite death, scented death
From the breath of the beloved:
On your pale breast my heart sleeps ...

Les chemins de l'amour

Music: Francis Jean Marcel Poulenc (1940)

Lyrics: Jean Marie Lucien Pierre Anouilh

Text:

Les chemins qui vont à la mer
Ont gardé de notre passage,
Des fleurs effeuillées
Et l'écho sous leurs arbres
De nos deux rires clairs.

Hélas! des jours de bonheur,
Radiieuses joies envolées,
Je vais sans retrouver traces
Dans mon cœur.

Chemins de mon amour,
Je vous cherche toujours,
Chemins perdus, vous n'êtes plus
Et vos échos sont sourds.
Chemins du désespoir,
Chemins du souvenir,
Chemins du premier jour,
Divins chemins d'amour.

Si je dois l'oublier un jour,
La vie effaçant toute chose,
Je veut, dans mon cœur, qu'un souvenir repose,
Plus fort que l'autre amour.
Le souvenir du chemin,
Où tremblante et toute éperdue,
Un jour j'ai senti sur moi
Brûler tes mains.

Translation:

The paths that go to the sea
Have remembered our journey:
The flowers have faded
But our laughter
still echoes under the trees.
Alas! The days of happiness
and radiant joy have passed.
I search for traces of those days in my heart.

Paths of my love,
I'm always looking for you,
Lost Paths, you are no longer
And your echoes are deaf.
Paths of despair,
Paths of memory,

Paths of the first day,
Divine paths of love.

If I have to forget one day,
Life effacing everything,
I want to keep one memory in my heart,
Stronger than all others;
The memory of the path,
Where trembling,
I felt your burning hands on my skin.

To My Beloved Son
Music: Matt Arnerich (2016)
Lyrics: A. R. Amons

Text:
The blackberries that ripened soon after you left are ripening again
And thunderstorms after the broken-down winter are rolling here again
I keep looking for the season that will bring you home
I don't know how many times I've put in the seed,
watered the plants, counted the blossoms

I felt a funeral in my brain
Music: Aaron Copland (1950)
Lyrics: Emily Dickinson
From: Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson song cycle

Text:
I felt a funeral in my brain,

And mourners to and fro,

Kept treading, treading, till it seemed

That sense was breaking through.

And when they all were seated
A service like a drum
Kept beating, beating, till I thought
My mind was going numb.

And then I heard them lift a box,
And creak across my soul
With those same boots of lead, again.
Then space began to toll

As all the heavens were a bell,
And Being but an ear,
And I and silence some strange race,
Wrecked, solitary, here.

Heart, We will forget him
Music: Aaron Copland (1950)
Lyrics: Emily Dickinson
From: Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson song cycle

Heart, we will forget him,
You and I tonight
You will forget the warmth he gave,
I will forget the light
When you have done, pray tell me
That I my thoughts may dim.
Haste! Lest while you're lagging,
I may remember him.

{5 Minute Stretching Break}

Sonata for Cello and Piano, (2017)

Matthew Arnerich, (b: 1986)

Mov. I Moderato

Mov. II Adagio

Mov. III Andante con moto

Dedicated to Jeremy Hoffman, in memory of Zach

The Sonata for cello and piano in d minor was finished in autumn of 2017. The piece is a meditation on the loss of a loved one. The first movement sets a tone of introspection and nostalgia. The piano is in perpetual motion underneath a singing cello line with shades of impressionism. The second movement opens with a lengthy melody that rises to the upper register of the cello. It is contrasted with a stormy section that gradually descends to the lowest registers of both instruments. The final movement opens with a bitter melody for solo cello. This melody is taken up by the piano and repeated nearly thirty times in succession. The music expresses all the emotions of the grieving process; denial, anger, bargaining, depression, and acceptance. On that note of acceptance the piece ends, but it does not have an ending.

{15 Minute Intermission}

Let Beauty awake

From: Songs of Travel

Music: Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Lyrics: Robert Louis Stevenson

Let Beauty awake in the morn from beautiful dreams,

Beauty awake from rest!

Let Beauty awake

For Beauty's sake

In the hour when the birds awake in the brake

And the stars are bright in the west!

Let Beauty awake in the eve from the slumber of day,

Awake in the crimson eve!

In the day's dusk end

When the shades ascend,

Let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend,

To render again and receive!

Schilflied

Music: Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy (1842)

Text: Nikolaus Lenau

Text:

Auf dem Teich, dem Regungslosen,
Weilt des Mondes holder Glanz,
Flechtend seine bleichen Rosen
In des Schilfes grünen Kranz.

Hirsche wandeln dort am Hügel,
Blicken durch die Nacht empor;
Manchmal regt sich das Geflügel
Träumerisch im tiefen Rohr.

Weinend muß mein Blick sich senken;
Durch die tiefste Seele geht
Mir ein süßes Deingedenken,
Wie ein stilles Nachtgebet.

Translation:

The moon shines on the motionless pond

Around the pond roses are braided into wreathes of green.

Deer walk and graze on the hill.

Once in a while the ducks stir the reeds with their dreams.

Weeping, I lower my gaze from the moon.

Sweet thoughts of you stir my deepest soul like a prayer,

In the silent night.

Les Roses d'Ispahan

Music: Gabriel Fauré (1885)

Lyrics: Leconte de Lisle

Text:

Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur gaine de mousse,

Le jasmins de Mossoul, les fleurs de l'oranger,

Ont un parfum moins frais, ont une odeur moins douce,

Ô blanche Leïlah! que ton souffle léger.

Ta lèvre est de corail et ton rire léger

Sonne mieux que l'eau vive et d'une voix plus douce.

Mieux que le vent joyeux qui berce l'oranger,

Mieux que l'oiseau qui chante au bord d'un nid de mousse.

Ô Leïlah! depuis que de leur vol léger

Tous les baisers ont fui de ta lèvre si douce

Il n'est plus de parfum dans le pâle oranger,

Ni de céleste arôme aux roses dans leur mousse.

Oh! que ton jeune amour ce papillon léger

Revienne vers mon cœur d'une aile prompte et douce.

Et qu'il parfume encor la fleur de l'oranger,

Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur gaine de mousse.

Translation:

The roses of Isfahan in their green moss, the jasmine of Mosul, the orange tree blossoms, have a scent less fresh, Oh Leylah, than your light breath.

Your coral colored lips and your light laugh

sound better than a babbling stream,

better than the joyful wind that cradles the orange tree,

better than the bird that sings at the edge of its nest.

O Leylah! since you left,

All kisses have fled.

The scent has left the blossoms of the pale orange tree,

And the roses in their moss.

Oh! That your love return to my heart like a butterfly with swift and gentle wings.

And return the scent of the orange blossom and the roses in the moss.

Lake Isle of Innisfree

Music: Richard Evans (2003)

Lyrics: William Butler Yeats

Text:

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

My Mother's Irises

Music: Brian Wilson (2016)

Text: David Kherdian

My mother's irises along the Southern wall of our home,
Planted before I was born,
Lent their fragrance to my early risings
Their yellow and purple faces opening to the sun

and throwing open the window to inhale the early morning air
I felt their radiance
I felt their radiance
Radiance
Enter my life.

Zueignung

Music: Richard Strauss in 1885

Lyrics: Hermann von Gilm

Text:

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank.

Translation:

Yes, you know it, dear soul,
That it is torment to be away from you
Love makes the heart ache.
Thank you.

Once I held up the amethyst cup
and you blessed it.
Thank you.

And you released me
Until I became someone anew
And I sank upon your heart
Thank you.

Sure on this shining night
op. 13, Four songs for voice and piano
Music: Samuel Barber 1910 - 1981
Lyrics: James Agee

Sure on this shining night
Of star-made shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me
This side the ground.
The late year lies down the north.
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth.
Hearts all whole.
Sure on this shining night I weep for wonder wandering far alone
Of shadows on the stars.