



Poets in Song

A Book of Words



Created and edited by David Trippett

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A Book of Words



The SongFest Book of Words, a visionary project of Graham Johnson, will be inaugurated by SongFest in 2008. The *Book* will be both a handy resource for all those attending the master classes as well as a handsome memento of the summer's work.

The texts of the songs performed in classes and concerts, including those in English, will be printed in the *Book*. Translations will be provided for those not in English. Thumbnail sketches of poets and translations for the *Echoes of Musto in Lieder, Mélodie and English Song* classes, compiled and written by David Trippett will enhance the *Book*.

With this anthology of poems, participants can gain so much more in listening to their colleagues and sharing mutually in the insights and interpretative ideas of the group. There will be no need for either participating singers or members of the audience to remain uninformed concerning what the songs are about.

All attendees of the classes and concerts will have a significantly greater educational and musical experience by having word-by-word details of the texts at their fingertips.

It is an exciting project to begin building a comprehensive database of SongFest song texts. Specific repertoire to be included will be chosen by Graham Johnson together with other faculty, and with regard to choices by the performing fellows of SongFest 2008. All 2008 performers' names will be included in the *Book*.

SongFest Book of Words devised by Graham Johnson
Poet biographies by David Trippett
Programs researched and edited by John Steele Ritter

Poets in Song

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Pepperdine University and SongFest *present*

ALL CONCERTS FREE

SongFest 2008 CONCERTS

Rosemary Hyler Ritter
Founder/Artistic Director

Melanie Emelio
Director Apprentice Program

Public concerts featuring the **Stern Fellows** and **Apprentices**
in Raitt Recital Hall, Pepperdine University.



ECHOES OF MUSTO WITH GRAHAM JOHNSON & THE COMPOSER

Within the context of the German, French and English repertoires

Thursday, June 5, 2008 • 7:00 pm



THE BOOK OF UNCOMMON PRAYER

by John Musto

West Coast premiere with Stern Fellows singers and pianists in recital.

Also: "An American Songbook," featuring favorites from Gershwin, Porter, Bernstein, Kern,
and others, with Musto at the piano accompanying selected Stern Fellows singers.

Friday, June 6, 2008 • 7:00 pm



A VISIT WITH EMILY

by Tom Cipullo

Monday June 9, 2008 • 7:00 pm



NEW AMERICAN VOICES

directed by Paul Sperry

Tuesday, June 10, 2008 • 7:00 pm

A concert of New American songs presented by the SongFest Apprentices



The SACRED CANTATAS of J.S. BACH

directed by John Harbison

Saturday, June 14, 2008 • 7:00 pm

with *soprano* Kendra Colton; *violinists* Rose Mary Harbison and Mary Beth Woodruff and *oboist* Peggy Pearson

Performers will include Stern Fellows and all Bach faculty



EVENING AT THE OPERA

Kristof Van Gryspeer, *Music Director* • Mark Lamanna, *Stage Director*

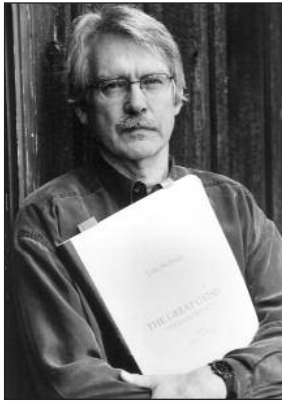
Monday, June 16, 2008 • 7:00 pm

A program of staged opera scenes presented by the SongFest Apprentices

INFORMATION: songfest@earthlink.net • www.songfest.us • (310) 384-3706

JOHN HARBISON – SONGFEST 2008 DISTINGUISHED FACULTY

(b. 1938)



John Harbison, composer, is one of America's most distinguished artistic figures. Among his principal work are four string quartets, five symphonies, the cantata *The Flight Into Egypt*, which earned him a Pulitzer Prize in

1987, and three operas, including *The Great Gatsby*, commissioned by The Metropolitan Opera and premiered to great acclaim in December 1999.

Harbison's music is distinguished by its exceptional resourcefulness and expressive range. He has written for every conceivable type of concert performance, ranging from the grandest to the most intimate, pieces that embrace jazz along with the pre-classical forms. He is considered to be "original, varied, and absorbing – relatively easy for audiences to grasp and yet formal and complex enough to hold our interest through repeated hearings – his style boasts both lucidity and logic" (*Fanfare*). Harbison is also a gifted commentator on the art and craft of composition and was recognized in his student years as an outstanding poet (he wrote his own libretto for *Gatsby*). Today, he continues to convey, through the spoken word, the multiple meanings of contemporary composition.

Several major works have recently premiered: *Symphony No. 5*, commissioned by the Boston Symphony Orchestra; *Cortege*, for six percussionists; *Milosz Songs*, commissioned by the New York Philharmonic for long-time Harbison champion Dawn Upshaw; the *Concerto for Bass Viol*, commissioned by the International Society of Double Bassists for a consortium of fifteen major orchestras; *But Mary Stood: Sacred Symphony for Soprano, Chorus, and Strings* for the

Cantata Singers of Boston; and the sinfonietta *Umbrian Landscape* for the Chicago Chamber Musicians. Last season also saw first performances of *Deep Dances*, *Abu Ghraib*, for cello and piano (for the Rockport Festival), *Crane Sightings*, for violin and strings (Tanglewood), and the New York premiere of *Mottetti di Montale* (Carnegie Hall).

Among other recent works are the motet *Abraham* (commissioned for the Papal Concert of Reconciliation in Rome in 2004), *Requiem* (for the Boston Symphony Orchestra), *Four Psalms* (commissioned by the Israeli Consulate) for the Chicago Symphony to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the founding of the State of Israel.

Harbison's *Montale Sketches* was released on the Albany label in January 2008, and his ballet *Ulysses* (BMOP Sound) in February. Several new recordings were released last season, among them: *The Rewaking* (*String Quartets with Soprano, Bridge*); *Partita* (*American Orchestral Works*, Cedille), nominated for a Grammy Award; *John Harbison: Chamber Music* (Naxos); *Music of John Harbison, Volume 1* (*Bridge*); and *The Amelia Trio: Music of John Harbison* (Naxos). Other recent rerecordings include: *Motetti di Montale* (Koch), also a Grammy nominee, *Symphony No. 3* (Oehms Classics: Levine/Munich), *String Quartet No. 4* (Koch), the *Viola Concerto* (Albany), the *Cello Concerto* (Albany), *Four Psalms and Emerson* (New World), and *Variations, Four Songs of Solitude*, and *Twilight Music* (Naxos). The Musica Omnia double album of works for string quartet, was named one of top ten classical CDs of the year by *The New York Times*.

Harbison has been composer-in-residence with the Pittsburgh Symphony, the Los Angeles Philharmonic, the Tanglewood, Marlboro, and Santa Fe Chamber Music Festivals, SongFest at Pepperdine, and the American Academy in Rome. His music has been performed by many of the world's leading ensembles, including the

Metropolitan Opera, Chicago Lyric Opera, New York Philharmonic, Boston Symphony, Chicago Symphony, Los Angeles Philharmonic, Lincoln Center Chamber Players, the Santa Fe and Aspen festivals, among others.

As conductor, Harbison has led a number of leading orchestras and chamber groups. From 1990 to 1992 he was Creative Chair with the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, conducting music from Monteverdi to the present. In 1991, at the Ojai Festival, he led the Scottish Chamber Orchestra. Former music director of the Cantata Singers in Boston, Harbison has conducted many other ensembles, among them the Los Angeles Philharmonic, the Boston Symphony, and the Handel and Haydn Society. For many years he was principal guest conductor of Emmanuel Music in Boston, leading performances of Bach cantatas, 17th-century motets, and new music. In November he became Acting Artistic Director of Emmanuel Music.

Harbison was born in Orange, New Jersey on 20 December 1938 into a musical family. He was improvising on the piano by five years of age and started a jazz band at age 12. He did his undergraduate work at Harvard University and earned an MFA from Princeton University. Following completion of a junior fellowship at Harvard, Harbison joined the faculty at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology where, in 1984, he was named Class of 1949 Professor of Music; in 1994, Killian Award Lecturer in recognition of “extraordinary professional accomplishments;” and in 1995 he was named Institute Professor, the highest academic distinction MIT offers to resident faculty. He has

also taught at CalArts and Boston University, and in 1991 he was the Mary Biddle Duke Lecturer in Music at Duke University. Furthering the work of younger composers is one of Harbison’s prime interests, and he serves as president of the Aaron Copland Fund for Music.

In 1998, Harbison was named winner of the Heinz Award for the Arts and Humanities, a prize established in honor of the late Senator John Heinz by his wife Teresa to recognize five leaders annually for significant and sustained contributions in the Arts and Humanities, the Environment, the Human Condition, Public Policy and Technology, and the Economy and Employment. He is the recipient of numerous other awards, among them the Distinguished Composer award from the American Composer’s Orchestra (2002), the Harvard Arts Medal (2000), the American Music Center’s Letter of Distinction (2000), the Kennedy Center Friedheim First Prize (for his *Piano Concerto*), a MacArthur Fellowship (1989), and the Pulitzer Prize (1987). He also holds four honorary doctorates.

Much of Harbison’s violin music has been composed for his wife Rose Mary, with whom he serves as artistic director of the annual Token Creek Chamber Music Festival on the family farm in Wisconsin, where much of his music has been composed. In recent years Harbison has revived his career as a jazz pianist, composer, and arranger. Early on the founder-leader of the Harbison Heptet (1952-1956) and sideman in many other groups, he took a jazz sabbatical for four decades, returning in 2003 to found the Token Creek Jazz Ensemble.

JOHN HARBISON – NORTH AND SOUTH (Texts by Elizabeth Bishop)

Monday, 2 June 2008, 7:00-9 p.m. - Master Class

Book I

John Harbison (b. 1938)

from Songs for a Colored Singer (Ballad for Billie I)

A washing hangs upon the line,
but it's not mine.
None of the things that I can see
belong to me.
The neighbors got a radio with an aerial;
we got a little portable.
They got closet space;
we got a suitcase.

I say, "LeRoy, just how much are we owing?
Something I can't comprehend,
the more we got the more we spend. . . ."
He only answers, "Let's get going."
LeRoy, you're earning too much money now.

I sit and look at our backyard
and find it very hard.
What have we got for all his dollars and cents?
—A pile of bottles by the fence.
He's faithful and he's kind,
but he sure has an inquiring mind.
He's seen a lot; he's bound to see the rest,
and if I protest

LeRoy answers with a frown,
"Darling, when I earns I spends.
The world is wide; it still extends. . .
I'm going to get a job in the next town."
LeRoy, you're earning too much money now.

Late Air

From a magician's midnight sleeve
the radio-singers
distribute all their love-songs
over the dew-wet lawns.
And like a fortune-teller's
their marrow-piercing guesses are whatever you believe.

But on the Navy Yard aerial I find
better witnesses
for love on summer nights.
Five remote red lights
keep their nests there; Phoenixes
burning quietly, where the dew cannot climb.

Breakfast Song

My love, my saving grace,
your eyes are awfully blue.
I kiss your funny face,
your coffee-flavored mouth.
Last night I slept with you.
Today I love you so
how can I bear to go
(as soon I must, I know)
to bed with ugly death
in that cold, filthy place,
to sleep there without you,
without the easy breath
and nightlong, limblong warmth
I've grown accustomed to?

-Nobody wants to die,
tell me it is a lie!
But no, I know it's true.
It's just the common case;
there's nothing one can do.
My love, my saving grace,
your eyes are awfully blue,
early and instant blue.

Book II

John Harbison (b. 1938)

from Songs for a Colored Singer (Ballad for Billie II)

The time has come to call a halt;
and so it ends.
He's gone off with his other friends.
He needn't try to make amends,
this occasion's all his fault.
Through rain and dark I see his face
across the street at Flossie's place.
He's drinking in the warm pink glow
to th'accompaniment of the piccolo.*

The time has come to call a halt.
I met him walking with Varella
and hit him twice with my umbrella.
Perhaps that occasion was my fault,
but the time has come to call a halt.

Go drink your wine and go get tight.
Let the piccolo play.
I'm sick of all your fussing anyway.
Now I'm pursuing my own way.
I'm leaving on the bus tonight.
Far down the highway wet and black
I'll ride and ride and not come back.
I'm going to go and take the bus
and find someone monogamous.

The time has come to call a halt.
I've borrowed fifteen dollars fare
and it will take me anywhere.
For this occasion's all his fault,
The time has come to call a halt.

*jukebox

Song

Summer is over upon the sea.
The pleasure yacht, the social being,
that danced on the endless polished floor,
stepped and side-stepped like Fred Astaire,
is gone, is gone, docked somewhere ashore.

The friends have left, the sea is bare
that was strewn with floating, fresh green weeds.
Only the rusty-sided freighters
go past the moon's marketless craters
and the stars are the only ships of pleasure.

"Dear, My Compass..."

Dear, my compass
still points north
to wooden houses
and blue eyes,

fairy-tales where
flaxen-headed
younger sons
bring home the goose,

love in hay-lofts,
Protestants, and
heavy drinkers...
Springs are backward,

but crab-apples
ripen to rubies,
cranberries
to drops of blood,

and swans can paddle
icy water,
so hot the blood
in those webbed feet.

—Cold as it is, we'd
go to bed, dear,
early, but never
to keep warm.

North and South

Program Notes

North and South is a cycle of six settings of poems by Elizabeth Bishop (1911-1979). It is divided into two books, each of similar proportion. Book One, dedicated to Lorraine Hunt Lieberson, begins with the first of Bishop's *Four Songs for a Colored Singer*. In an interview with Ashley Brown, Bishop said, "I was hoping someone would compose the tunes for them. I think I had Billie Holiday in mind. I put in a couple of big words must because she sang big words well . . . As for music in general; I'd love to be a composer." After this rhetorical opening comes a setting of a typically elusive love-and loneliness Bishop incantation, "Late Air." The third song, "Breakfast Song," was never published. It was transcribed, in progress, by Lloyd Schwarz during a visit to Bishop's hospital room during one of her last illnesses.

Book Two, dedicated to Janice Felty, begins

with another, even more emphatic, declamation from *Songs for a Colored Singer*. It is followed by "Song," a poem from the time of *North and South*, Bishop's first book, but published later. Finally, another very private lyric, "Dear, My Compass...", which was discovered by Lloyd Schwarz in an inn in Ouro Preto, Brazil, an 18th century mountain town where Bishop bought a house in 1965. Schwarz writes, "Here is the unmistakable voice of Elizabeth Bishop, here the fairy-tale vividness and coloring-book clarity of images...; the geographical references – and restlessness – of the world traveler, the delicate yet sharply etched jokes ...the apparent conversational casualness disguising the formality of the versification; the understated yet urgent sexuality; even the identification with animals."

— John Harbison

ECHOES OF MUSTO WITH GRAHAM JOHNSON & THE COMPOSER

Within the context of the German, French and English repertoires

Thursday, June 5, 2008 • 7:00 pm

TWO BY FROST: (Robert Frost)

Nothing Gold can stay

Schubert: Alte Liebe rostet nie (Mayrhofer)

Schubert: Erster Verlust (Goethe)

The Rose family (Eugene O'Neill)

Schumann: Meine Rose (Lenau)

Schubert: Die Rose (Schlegel)



CANZONETTAS

Western Wind

Schubert: Suleika II (Marianne von Willemar)

All Night by the Rose

Peter Warlock: The Bailey beareth the bell away (trad.)

The Silver Swan (Orlando Gibbons)

Schubert: Schwanengesang (Senn)



SHADOW OF THE BLUES (Langston Hughes)

Silhouette

Litany

Wolf: Gebet (Mörike)

Island

Schubert: Selige Welt (Senn)

Gounod: Ou voulez-vous aller? (Gautier)

Berlioz: L'île inconnue (Gautier)

Could be

Debussy: Spleen (Verlaine)



RECUERDO (Edna St. Vincent Millay)

Last Song (Louise Bogan)

Wolf: Lebewohl (Mörike)



DOVE STA AMORE (Carl Sandburg)

Sea Chest

Fauré: Les Berceaux (Sully Prudhomme)

How many Little Children Sleep

Schumann: Muttertraum (Andersen/Chamisso)



ENOUGH ROPE (Dorothy Parker)

The Sea

Fauré: Au cimetière (Richepin)

QUIET SONGS

Intermezzo

[Schumann: So wahr die Sonne scheint (Rückert)]

Quiet Song (Eugene O'Neill)

Schubert: Der Winterabend (Leitner)

A Christmas Carol (Edna St Vincent Millay)

Debussy: Noël des enfants qui n'ont plus de maisons

Palm Sunday: Naples

John Ireland: 'Santa Chiara, Palm Sunday, Naples'

(Symons)

Lullaby

Benjamin Britten: The Nurse's Song (Phillip)



PENELOPE (Denise Lanctot)

Prologue

Duparc: Au pays où se fait la guerre (Gautier)

Weaving Song

Schubert: Gretchen am Spinnrade (Goethe)

Schumann: Spinnerlied

Fauré: Dans le pénombre (Van Lerberghe)

Noel Coward: Spinning Song

Epithalamium

Schumann: Der Nussbaum (Mosen)



VIVA SWEET LOVE

Rome: In the Café

Argento: Rome (Virginia Woolf)

You came as thought

Schubert: Sehnsucht (Seidl)

Schumann: Mein schöner Stern (Rückert)

I stop writing the Poem (Tess Gallagher)

Walton: Wapping Old Stairs (trad.)



LAMENT (Edna St Vincent Millay)

Schumann: Nun hast Du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

(Chamisso)



OLD PHOTOGRAPH

Fauré: Soir (Samain)

Dans la Nymphée (Van Lerberghe)

ECHOES OF MUSTO: CLASS I

Wednesday, 28 May 2008, 9:30 a.m.-Noon

[1] “How Many Little Children Sleep” (Agee)

Dove Sta Amore (1993), John Musto (b. 1954)

Hannah Fuerst, soprano; Pantelis Polychronidis, piano

How Many Little Children Sleep

How many little children sleep
To wake, like you, only to weep:
How many others play who will
Like you, and all men, weep and kill.
And many parents watch and say,
Where they weep, where they play,
“By all we love, by all we know,
It never shall befall them so.”
But in each one the terror grows
By all he loves, by all he knows,
“Soon they must weep; soon they shall kill.
No one wills it, but all will.”
But in each one the terror moves
By all he knows, by all he loves,
“Soon they will weep; soon they will kill.
No one wills it, but all will.”

—James Agee



James Agee

(b. Knoxville, 27 November 1909, d. New York, 16 May 1955). American novelist, screenwriter, journalist, and film critic. Agee's career as a movie scriptwriter was curtailed by alcoholism; his most famous collaborations were *The African Queen* (1951), and *The Night of the Hunter* (1955). Agee began writing for *Fortune* and *Time* magazines immediately following graduation from Harvard, and was perhaps best known during his lifetime as a film critic.



- 1919 began what would become a lifelong friendship with an Episcopal priest, Father Jame Harold Flye at Saint Andrews School for Mountain Boys '28-32 undergraduate studies at Harvard University, editor-in-chief of the *Harvard Advocate*
- 1934 published only volume of poetry: *Permit Me Voyage* (Yale series of younger poets)
- 1942 became film critic for *Time*
- 1948 became freelance writer (championing Charlie Chaplin's *Monsieur Verdoux* [1947], among other films)
- 1951 first of a number of heart attacks, which claimed his life four years later (aged 45)

During his lifetime, Agee enjoyed only modest public recognition, but since his death his literary reputation has grown. In 1957 his novel, *A Death in the Family* (which was based on the events surrounding his father's death), was published posthumously and in 1958 won the Pulitzer Prize for fiction. Samuel Barber has set several of his texts to music.

[2] “Old Photograph” (MacLeish)

The Book of Uncommon Prayer, John Musto (b. 1954)
Stephen Ng, tenor; Justyna Chesy-Parda, piano

Old Photograph

There she is. At Antibes I'd guess
by the pines, the garden, the sea shine.

She's laughing. Oh, she always laughed
at cameras. She'd laugh and run
before that devil in the lens could catch her.
He's caught her this time though: look at her
eyes – her eyes aren't laughing.

There's no such thing as a fragrance in a photograph
but this one seems to hold a fragrance –
fresh-washed gingham in a summer wind.

Old? Oh, thirty maybe. Almost thirty.
This would have been the year I went to Persia –
they called it Persia then – Shiraz,
Bushire, the Caspian, Isfahan.
She sent me the news in envelopes lines in blue.
The children were well. The Murphys were angels:
they had given her new potatoes as sweet as peas
on a white plate under the linden tree.
She was singing Melisande with Croiza –
“mes longs cheveux.” She was quite, quite well..
I was almost out of my mind with longing for her ...

There she is that summer in Antibes –
laughing

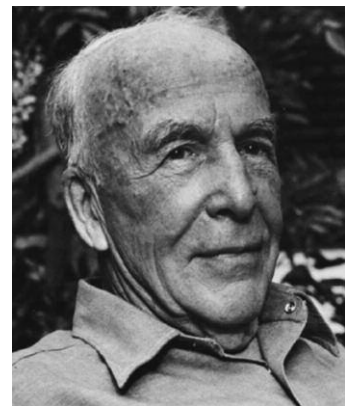
with frightened eyes.

—Archibald MacLeish

**Archibald MacLeish**

(b.7 May 1892, d. 20 April 1982). A modernist American poet, writer, librarian of congress, and thrice winner of the Pulitzer Prize. MacLeish greatly admired T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound, and espoused his modernist credentials most lucidly in his poem “Ars Poetica” with the line: “A Poem should not mean, but be.”

He studied English at Yale (graduating Phi Beta Kappe), before moving on to Harvard Law School. During the Great War he served as an ambulance driver and artillery captain; MacLeish's service was willingly undertaken, though he later lauded a generic “dissenter” as “every human being at those moments of his life when he resigns momentarily from the herd and thinks for himself.” Though he initially practiced law, MacLeish moved to Paris in 1923, joining an expat community that included Gertrude Stein and Ernest Hemingway. Shortly after returning to America in 1928, he worked for *Fortune Magazine* until 1939 when President Roosevelt appointed him Librarian of Congress. Following his directorship of the Office of Facts and Figures during World War II, he taught at Harvard until 1962, when he retired (but continued to lecture at Amherst College until 1967). His relation vis-à-vis “facts” was ambivalent; they are interwoven with his worldview, as he once famously wrote: “We are deluged with facts, but we have lost, or are losing, our human ability to feel them. Which means that we have lost or are losing our ability to comprehend the facts of our experience.”



[3] “Sea Chest” (Sandburg)

Dove Sta Amore (1993), John Musto (b. 1954)

Shannon Kauble, soprano; Katarzyna Wieczorek, piano

Sea Chest

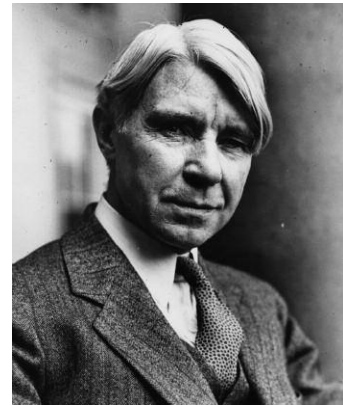
THERE was a woman loved a man
as the man loved the sea.
Her thoughts of him were the same
as his thoughts of the sea.
They made an old sea chest for their belongings
together.

—*Carl Sandburg*

Carl Sandburg

(b. 6 January 1878, d. 22 July 1967). American poet, balladeer, folklorist, novelist, and historian. Famous for writing: “I am my own god and therefore every day is MY day,” Sandburg’s poetry has been viewed as “indubitably American,” and largely focuses on the region and culture of Chicago, Illinois, where Sandburg worked as reporter for the *Chicago Daily News*.

He won two Pulitzer Prizes (for his biography of Lincoln, and his complete poetry), and a Grammy Award for his (spoken) performance with the New York Philharmonic of Copland’s *Lincoln Portrait* in 1959. His *Rootabaga Stories*, written for his three daughters, were born of Sandburg’s desire for “American fairy tales” to match American childhood. Accordingly, they are characterized by skyscrapers, trains, corn fairies and the “Five Marvelous Pretzels.” In addition, Sandburg was a member of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP), and a major contributor to the Civil Rights Movement.



[4] “Muttertraum” (Andersen/Chamisso)

Robert Schumann (1810-1856), Op. 40, No. 2

Adrienne Pardee, mezzo-soprano; Hye Jung Shin, piano

Muttertraum

Die Mutter betet herzig und schaut entzückt
Auf den schlummernden Kleinen.
Er ruht in der Wiege so sanft und traut.
Ein Engel muß er ihr scheinen.

Sie küßt ihn und herzt ihn, sie hält sich kaum.
Vergessen der irdischen Schmerzen,
Es schweift in die Zukunft ihr Hoffnungsraum.
So träumen Mütter im Herzen.

Der Rab indes mit der Sippschaft sein
Kreischt draußen am Fenster die Weise:
Dein Engel, dein Engel wird unser sein,
Der Räuber dient uns zur Speise.

—Adelbert von Chamisso

A Mother's Dream

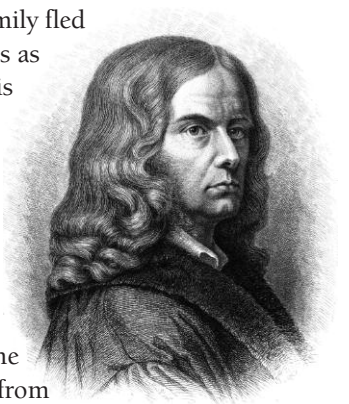
The mother prays sweetly and gazes with delight
upon her slumbering little one.
He rests in his cradle, so tender and cozy.
He must seem an angel to her.

She kisses him and hugs him, she cannot restrain herself.
Forgetting all earthly pain,
her hopeful dreams wander into the future.
Thus do mothers dream in their hearts.

The raven meanwhile, with its clan,
shrieks a tune outside the window
your angel, your angel will be ours,

Adelbert von Chamisso

(b. 30 January 1781, d. 21 August 1836). A German poet and botanist, whose family fled Paris for Berlin following the French revolution. Though initially more famous as a Botanist than a writer, his poetry has endured. Of particular historical value is his cycle *Frauenliebe und -leben* (1830) which was famously set to music by Schumann, Loewe, and Lachner. As a writer, Chamisso was effectively cut off from his native tongue aged eleven; his works often deal with gloomy or repulsive subjects; even in his lighter and gayer productions there is an undertone of sadness or of satire. Initially, Chamisso had a successful career in the Prussian military (rising from ensign to Lieutenant), though came of age during a time of its most spectacular defeat by Napoleon (1806), partaking in the army's treasonable capitulation at Hamelin that year. As a botanist aboard the Russian ship *Rurik* between 1815-18, he named some new species of flower from San Francisco's Pacific Bay area after the ship's entomologist, his friend J. F. von Eschscholtz. In turn, Eschscholtz named a variety of plants—genus *Camissonia*—after Chamisso.



[5] Soir (Samain)

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924), Op. 83, No. 2

Rachel Calloway, mezzo-soprano; Carolyn Goff, piano

Soir

Voici que les jardins de la nuit vont fleurir
Les lignes, les couleurs, les sons deviennent vagues.
Vois, le dernier rayon agonise à tes bagues,
Ma sœur, entends-tu pas quelque chose mourir?...

Mets sur mon front tes mains fraîches comme une eau pure,
Mets sur mes yeux tes mains douces comme des fleurs;
Et que mon âme où vit le goût secret des pleurs,
Soit comme un lys fidèle et pale à ta ceinture.

C'est la Pitié qui pose ainsi son doigt sur nous;
Et tout ce que la terre a de soupirs qui montent,
Il semble qu'à mon cœur enivré, le racontent
Tes yeux levés au ciel, si tristes et si doux.

—Albert Samain

Evening

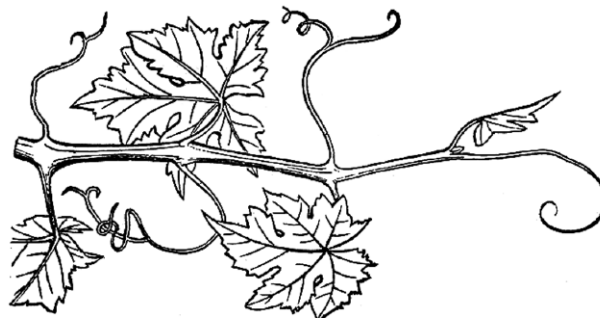
Now the gardens of the night begin to flower.
Lines, colors, sounds begin to blur.
See the last rays fade on your rings.
Sister, do you not hear something die?...

Place your hands, cool as pure water, on my brow,
Place on my eyes your hands as sweet as flowers,
And let my soul, with its secret taste of tears,
Be like a lily at your waist, faithful and pale.

It is Pity which thus places its finger upon us;
And all the sighs that rise from the earth
Seem uttered to my enraptured heart
By your eyes raised towards the sky, so sadly and so sweetly!

Albert Samain

(b. 3 April 1858, d. 18 August 1900). A French symbolist poet and writer. He moved to Paris in 1880, where he began socializing with the literary avant-guard, and began publicly reciting his poems at *Le Chat Noir*. His poetry was strongly influenced by Baudelaire, often striking a morbid and elegiac tone. Another influence was the playfully ambiguous imagery of Verlaine. Samain published only three volumes of verse: *Le jardin de l'enfante* (1893); *Aux flancs du vase* (1898); and *Le Chariot d'or* (1901). The first of these made his name as a writer, and the last appeared posthumously, only after he had succumbed to tuberculosis.



[6] “Dans la Nymphée” (Lerberghe)Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924), *Le jardin clos*, op. 106 , No. 5

Katharine Dain, soprano; David Trippett, piano

Dans la Nymphée

Quoique tes yeux ne la voient pas,
 Pense, en ton âme, qu'elle est là,
 Comme autrefois divine et blanche.

Sur ce bord reposent ses mains.
 Sa tête est entre ces jasmins;
 Là, ses pieds effleurent les branches.

Elle sommeille en ces rameaux.
 Ses lèvres et ses yeux sont clos,
 Et sa bouche à peine respire.

Parfois, la nuit, dans un éclair
 Elle apparaît les yeux ouverts,
 Et l'éclair dans ses yeux se mire.

Un bref éblouissement bleu
 La découvre en ses longs cheveux;
 Elle s'éveille, elle se lève.

—Charles van Lerberghe

In the grotto

Though your eyes do not see her,
 Think, in your soul, that she is there,
 Divine and pristine, as of old.

Her hands rest on this bank,
 Her head is among these jasmine,
 There her feet brush the boughs.

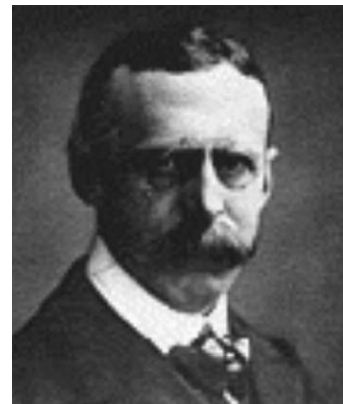
She sleeps amid these branches.
 Her lips and eyes are closed
 And her mouth is scarcely breathing.

Sometimes, at night, like lightning
 She appears with open eyes,
 The lightening mirrored in her eyes.

A brief blue glare
 Reveals her with her long tresses;
 She awakes, she rises.

Charles van Lerberghe

(b. 21 October 1861, d. 26 October 1907). Belgian poet, short-story writer, and playwright whose reputation rests largely on two collections of poems—*Entrevisions* (1898; “Glimpses”) and *La Chanson d’Ève* (1904; “The Song of Eve”)—that exemplify his lyrical talent and idealistic outlook. Although his first poems had been published 12 years earlier, Van Lerberghe did not issue a collection until *Entrevisions*. This consists of 64 poems, some written in free verse. Influenced by Henri Bergson's theory of duration, these poems explore themes of transience and beauty through vague, indistinct images of the natural world. Though not regarded as belonging to the first order of symbolist poets, Lerberghe undoubtedly holds a vital mantle as the final example of a successful poet in the Symbolist tradition.



[7] “Les berceaux” (Sully-Prudhomme)

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924), Op. 23, No. 1

Neil Aronoff, bass-baritone; Sahar Nouri, piano

Les berceaux

Le long du quai les grands vaisseaux,
Que la houle incline en silence,
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux
Que la main des femmes balance.

Mais viendra le jour des adieux,
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,
Et que les homes curieux
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent.

Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,
Fuyant le port qui diminue,
Sentent leur masse retenue
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

—Sully Prudhomme

The cradles

Along the quay the great ships,
Listing silently with the surge,
Pay no heed to the cradles
Rocked by women's hands.

But the day of parting will come,
For it is decreed that women shall weep,
And that men with questing spirits
Shall seek enticing horizons.

And on that day the great ships,
Leaving the dwindling harbor behind,
Shall feel their hulls held back
By the soul of the distant cradles.

René-Francois-Armand (Sully) Prudhomme

(b. 16 March 1839, d. 6 September 1907). A French poet and essayist, winner of the first Nobel Prize for literature (1901). He originally studied to be an engineer, and in writing poetry, Prudhomme declared his intent to create scientific poetry for modern times. His 4000-line epic *Le Bonheur* (1888) conveyed a Faustian search for love and knowledge, and documents his ambitious attempt to create a so-called “scientific-philosophic” poem. In character sincere and melancholic, Prudhomme was a member of the Parnassus school, although at the same time, he was not faithful to the Parnassian ideals of classical elegance, preferring to depict his own subjective introspections. In his ideal of restoring classical standards of elegance in poetry, Prudhomme was deeply influenced by the Roman poet and philosopher Lucretius (99-55 B.C.), whose Epicurian work *On the Nature of Things* he translated. He fought in the Franco-Prussian war in 1870, and suffered a stroke that year which partially paralyzed his lower body. In 1881, Prudhomme was elected to the French Academy and in 1886, he was among the contributors to the anthology *Le Parnasse contemporain*, though his most famous poem is perhaps “The Broken Vase,” an allegory for delicate sympathies, whose final verse reads: “Often, too, the hand one loves / May lightly brush against the heart / And bruise it. / Slowly then across that heart / A hidden crack will spread / And love's fair flower perish.”



ECHOES OF MUSTO: CLASS II

Thursday, 29 May 2008, 9:30 a.m.-Noon

[1] “Gebet” (Mörike)

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903) *Mörike-Lieder*, No. 28

Awet Andemicael, soprano; Pantelis Polychronides, piano

Gebet

Herr! Schicke was du willst,
Ein Liebes oder Leides;
Ich bin vergnügt, daß beides
Aus deinen Händen quilt.

Wollest mit Freuden
Und wollest mit Leiden
Mich nicht überschütten!
Doch in der Mitten
Liegt holdes Bescheiden.

—Eduard Mörike

Prayer

Lord! Send what Thou wilt,
delight or pain;
I am content that both
flow from Thy hands.

May it be Thy will neither with joys
nor with sorrows
to overwhelm me!
For midway between
lies blessed moderation.

Eduard Mörike

(b. 8 September 1804, d. 4 June 1875). German Romantic poet, novelist, prose writer, and member of the so-called Swabian school centered around Ludwig Uhland. Dubbed “Goethe’s spiritual son,” Mörike’s lyric poetry pivots between the Classical and Romantic tradition around 1800 and the flourishing of the modernist lyric around 1900. He is most famed for his lyric verse, but also produced prose works that have retained their significance as masterful contributions to modern German narrative

He studied theology in Tübingen, and subsequently became a Lutheran pastor. Autobiographical and superficial textual facts might support the view of Mörike as a provincial poet, confined to his pastor’s life in the rustic areas of his native Württemberg and representative of a *Biedermeier* tendency to resign passively in the face of authority and complexity and to retreat to the safe spheres of the rural or village homeland, the domestic and natural circle. Yet he shares with other enduring writers of the *Biedermeier* generation a self-critical awareness of the complexities and dangers that lurk behind the impression of idyllic simplicity.

Mörike’s poems are mostly lyric, though often humorous. In addition to verse, he wrote Lieder similar in form and conception to Goethe’s, and published a collection of hymns, odes, elegies and idylls of the Greeks and Romans, entitled *Klassische Blumenlese* (1840). His novel *Mozart on the Way to Prague* (1856) ranks as one of the most complex and compelling in an illustrious tradition of German *Künstlersromane* (artist stories) after Goethe’s *Wilhelm Meister* and before Mann’s *Death in Venice*. In 1851, Mörike became professor of German literature at the Katharinestift in Stuttgart.



[2] “Selige Welt” (Senn)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828), D743

John Kapusta, baritone; Daniel Padgett, piano

Selige Welt

Ich treibe auf des Lebens Meer,
Ich sitze gamut in meinem Kahn,
Nicht Ziel, noch Steuer, hin und
her,
Wie die Strömung resist, wie die Winde gahn.

Eine selige Insel sucht der Wahn,
Doch eine ist es nicht.
Du lande gläubig überall an,
Wo sich Wasser an Erde bricht.

—Johann Senn

Blessed World

I drift upon life's sea,
I sit comfortably in my boat,
Without destination, without tiller, moving
to and fro
As the current takes me, as the winds blow.

Folly seeks a blessed isle,
But no such isle exists.
Be trusting, land whatever
Water breaks against the shore.

Johann Senn

(b. 1 April 1795, d. 30 September 1857). German political activist and lyric poet of the *Vormärz* period. From 1807 he lived in Vienna, and together with Schubert, Senn was a pupil at the Vienna *Stadtkonvikts* boarding school. Along with his musical fellow student, the poet Johann Mayrhofer, the lawyer Franz von Bruchmann, the painter Josef Kupelweiser, and the doctor Baron Ernst von Feuchtersleben, he formed a circle of early Romantic German liberals whose political idealism was staunchly opposed to Metternich's reactionary regime with its spy networks and censorship. Senn was also a member of one of the many left-wing student groups banned in Austria. Accordingly, he was arrested in 1820 on account of his revolutionary ideals and imprisoned for a year; thereafter he rose to the rank of lieutenant during his eight years of military service in Tirol. He is perhaps best known as the author of *Schwanengesang* and *Selige Welt*, which Schubert set to music. There is a street named after him in Innsbruck, where he died.



[3] “L’île inconnue” (Gautier)Hector Berlioz (1803-1869), *Les Nuits d' Été*, op. 7, No. 6

Cabiria Jacobson, mezzo-soprano; Sohjun Jun, piano

L’île inconnue

Dites, la jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?
La voile ouvre son aile,
La brise va souffler!

L'aviron est d'ivoire,
Le pavillon de moiré,
Le gouvernail d'or fin;
J'ai pour lest une orange,
Pour voile une aile d'ange,
Pour mousse un séraphin.

Dites, la jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?
La voile ouvre son aile,
La brise va souffler!

Est-ce dans la Baltique,
Dans la mer Pacifique,
Dans l'île de Java?
Ou bien est-ce en Norvège,
Cueillir la fleur de neige
Ou la fleur d'Angsoka?

Dites, la jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?

Menez-moi, dit la belle,
À la rive fidèle
Où l'on aime toujours.
--Cette rive, ma chère,
On ne la connaît guère
Au pays des amours.

Où voulez-vous aller?
La brise va souffler.

—Théophile Gautier

The unknown isle

Tell me, pretty young maid,
Where is it you would go?
The sail is billowing,
The breeze about to blow!

The oar is of ivory,
The pennant of watered silk,
The rudder of finest gold;
For ballast I've an orange,
For sail an angel's wing,
For cabin-boy a seraph.

Tell me, pretty young maid,
Where is it you would go?
The sail is billowing,
The breeze about to blow!

Perhaps the Baltic,
Or the Pacific
Or the isle of Java?
Or else to Norway,
To pluck the snow flower
Or the flower of Angsoka?

Tell me, pretty young maid,
Where is it you would go?

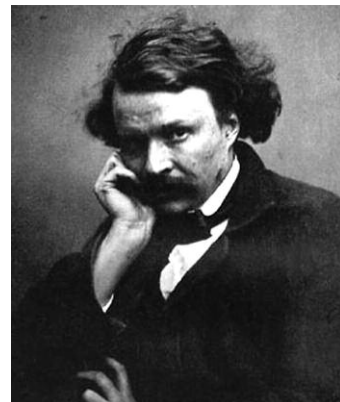
Take me, said the pretty maid,
To the shore of faithfulness
Where love endures forever.
--That shore, my sweet,
Is scarce known
In the realm of love.

Where is it you would go?
The breeze is about to blow!

Théophile Gautier

(b. 30 August 1811, d. 23 October 1872). French poet, dramatist, novelist, journalist, and literary critic. An ardent defender of Romanticism, he remains a point of reference for a host of later literary traditions, including Parnassianism, Symbolism, Decadence, Modernism, and was esteemed by such varied writers as Baudelaire, Flaubert and Wilde. He spent the majority of his career as a journalist at *La Presse* and later on at *Le Moniteur universel*.

Gautier began writing poetry as early as 1826 but the majority of his life was spent as a contributor to various journals, mainly for *La Presse*, which also gave him the opportunity for foreign travel and meeting many influential contacts in high society and in the world of the arts. Gautier



travelled widely, including exploration of Spain, Italy, Russian, Egypt and Algeria. His many travels inspired such writings as *Voyage en Espagne* (1843), *Trésors d'Art de la Russie* (1858), and *Voyage en Russie* (1867). Considered by many as being some of the best travel literature from the nineteenth century, Gautier's prose is often written in a more personal style; it provides a window into his own tastes in art and culture.

Shortly after leaving school, Gautier met Victor Hugo who became a major influence on him and is credited for giving Gautier—an aspiring painter at the time—an appetite for literature. In the aftermath of the 1830 Revolution, Gautier began to frequent meetings of *Le Petit Cénacle*, a group of artists who met in the studio of Jehan Du Seigneur. The group was a more irresponsible version of Hugo's *Cénacle*, and consisted of such artists as Gérard de Nerval, Alexandre Dumas (père), Petrus Borel, Alphonse Brot, Joseph Bouchardy and Philothée O'Neddy. *Le Petit Cénacle* soon gained a reputation for extravagance and eccentricity, but also as a unique refuge from society.

Though Gautier did not consider himself to be dramatist (more of a poet and storyteller), he wrote all or part of nine different plays between 1839-50. This is striking given that during the French Revolution, many theatres were closed down and plays were therefore scarce.



Two of Gautier's most famous works were:

Albertus (1831), published in 1832, is a long narrative poem of one hundred and twenty-two stanzas, each consisting of twelve lines of alexandrine (twelve-syllable) verse, except for the last line of each stanza, which is octosyllabic. *Albertus* is a parody of Romantic literature, especially of tales of the macabre and the supernatural. The poem tells a story of an ugly witch who magically transforms at midnight into an alluring young woman. *Albertus*, the hero, falls deeply in love and agrees to sell his soul.

Émaux et Camées (1852) was published when Gautier was touring the middle east and is considered to be his supreme poetic achievement. The title reflects Gautier's abandonment of the romantic ambition to create a kind of 'total' art, one that involves the emotional participation of the reader, in favor of a more modern approach which focuses more on the form instead of content of the poetic composition. This started off as a collection of 18 poems in 1852 but further editions contained up to 37 poems.

[4] "Où voulez-vous aller?" (Gautier)

Charles-François Gounod (1818-1893)

Andrew Fuchs, tenor; Emily Murphy, piano

Text as per *L'île inconnue* (No. 3, above)

[5] “Spleen” (Verlaine)Claude Debussy (1862-1918), *Ariettes oubliées*

Heather Karwowski, soprano; Robert Mollicone, Jr., piano

Spleen

Les roses étaient toutes rouges

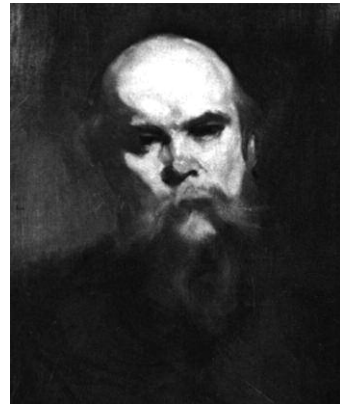
Et les lierres étaient tout noirs

Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges,
Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tender.
Le mer trop verte et l'air trop doux.Je crains toujours,—ce qu'est d'attendre!
Quelque fuite atroce de vous.Du houx à la feuille vernie
Et du luisant buis je suis las,Et de la champagne infinie
Et de tout, fors de vous, hélas!

—Paul Verlaine

SpleenAll the roses were red
And the ivy was all black.Dear, at your slightest move,
All my despair revives.The sky will be too blue, too tender,
The sea too green, the air too mild.I always fear—oh to wait and wonder!
One of your agonizing departures.I am weary of the glossy holly,
Of the gleaming box-tree too,And the boundless countryside
And everything, alas, but you!**Paul-Maire Verlaine**

(b. 30 March 1844, d. 8 January 1896). French poet associated with the Symbolist movement, considered to be one of the greatest *fin de siècle* writers. In Verlaine's works two impressions predominate: that only self is important, and that the function of poetry is to preserve moments of extreme sensation and unique impressions. In contrast to the apparent “vagueness” of his poetry, Verlaine showed a consummate craftsmanship in his compositions, using simple, musically inspired language. He maintained the outward form of classical poetry, but his work also opened the way for free verse. Though initially influenced by Parnassien movement, he later came to be regarded as representative of the artistic “decadence” that later characterized nineteenth-century Paris.



His first published collection of poetry was *Poèmes saturniens* (1866), which established his prominence. Shortly thereafter, he joined the civil service, and in 1870 married Mathilde Mauté, for whom he wrote *La bonne chanson* (subsequently set to music by Fauré). After only one year of marriage, however, he fell in love with the young poet Arthur Rimbaud, who was seventeen, and for whom Verlaine effectively abandoned his new wife (and baby). His relationship with Rimbaud ended on 12 July 1873 when Verlaine, drunk and desolate, tried to shoot Rimbaud in the wrist after a quarrel. He was jailed for 18 months.

Meanwhile, following the outbreak of war with Bismarck's unified Germany, he joined the 160th battalion of the *Garde nationale*, turning communal in 1871, when he became head of the Central Committee of the Paris Commune.

Verlaine used the expression *poète maudit* (“accursed poet”) in 1884 to refer to a number of poets like Stéphane Mallarmé and Arthur Rimbaud who had fought against poetic conventions and suffered social



rebuke or were ignored by the critics. But with the publication of Jean Moréas' *Symbolist Manifesto* in 1886, it was the term symbolism which was most often applied to the new literary environment. Along with Verlaine, Mallarmé, Rimbaud, Paul Valéry, Albert Samain and many others began to be referred to as "Symbolists". These poets would often invoke belief in the ideas of will, fatality and unconscious forces, and used themes of sex (such as prostitutes), the city, irrational phenomena (delirium, dreams, narcotics, alcohol), and sometimes a vaguely medieval setting.

To be clear, "symbolism" in late nineteenth-century poetry implied the use of subtle suggestion instead of precise statement, evocation of moods and feelings through the *timbre*, assonance and aural implication of words, repeated sounds, and the cadence of verse, as well as metrical innovation.

In his last years, Verlaine wasted whatever royalties he earned on two middle-aged female prostitutes with whom he lived alternately, while remembering to praise the beauty of each. He also frequented a gay man, Bibi-la-Purée, who was an "occasional thief." Despite his fame, Verlaine died in poverty at the age of 52.



[6] "Litany" (Hughes)

Shadow of the Blues (1986), John Musto (b. 1954)
Tyler Thompson, baritone; Carolyn Goff, piano

Litany

Gather up
In the arms of your pity
The sick, the depraved,
the desperate, the tired,
All the scum of our weary city
Gather up
In the arms of your pity.
Gather up
In the arms of your love –
Those who expect
No love from above.

—Langston Hughes

[7] "Island" (Hughes)

Shadow of the Blues (1986), John Musto (b. 1954)
John Kapusta, baritone; David Trippett, piano

Island

Wave of sorrow
Do not drown me now:

I see the island
Still ahead somehow.

I see the island
And its sands are fair:

Wave of sorrow
Take me there.

—Langston Hughes



[8] "Could Be" (Hughes)

Shadow of the Blues (1986), John Musto (b. 1954)
Jazimina MacNeil, mezzo-soprano; Kyung-A Yoo, piano

Could Be

Could be Hastings Street,
Or Lenox Avenue,
Could be Eighteenth & Vine
And still be true.
Could be Fifth & Mound,
Could be Rampart.
When you pawned my watch
You pawned my heart.
Could be you love me,
Could be [that] you don't.
Might be that you'll come back,
Like as not you won't.
Hastings Street is weary,
Also Lenox Avenue.
Any place is dreary
Without my watch and you.

—Langston Hughes

Langston Hughes

(b. 1 February 1902, d. 22 May 1967) American poet, novelist, playwright, short story writer, and columnist. Hughes' life and work were enormously influential during the Harlem Renaissance of the 1920s. Though first published in *The Crisis* (1921), the verse that would become Hughes' signature poem, *The Negro Speaks of Rivers*, appeared in his first book of poetry *The Weary Blues* in 1926. That year, Hughes wrote what would be considered the manifesto for his work, and that of his contemporaries entitled *The Negro Artist and the Racial Mountain*, whose opening lines read: "The younger Negro artists who create now intend to express / our individual dark-skinned selves without fear or shame."

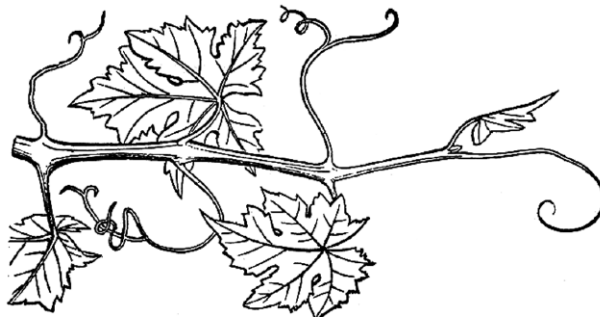
His main concern was to uplift his people, of whom he judged himself an adequate appreciator, and whose strengths, resiliency, courage, and humor he wanted to record as part of the general American experience. In his work he confronted racial stereotypes, protested at social conditions, and arguably expanded African America's image of itself; a "people's poet" who sought to reeducate both audience and artist by realizing the theory of the "black aesthetic."



His first novel, *Not Without Laughter* (1930), won the Harmon Gold Medal for literature. Hughes' first collection of short stories followed in 1934 with *The Ways of White Folks*. These stories were a series of vignettes characterizing the simultaneously humorous and tragic interactions between whites and blacks. Overall, however, they are marked by Hughes' pessimism about race relations, as well as a sardonic realism.

In 1935 he received a Guggenheim Fellowship, and in 1938, established the *Harlem Suitcase Theater* followed by the *New Negro Theater* in 1939 in Los Angeles, and the *Skyloft Players* in Chicago in 1941. Although Hughes was offered numerous teaching positions during this time he seldom accepted.

During the mid 1950s and 1960s, Hughes' popularity among the younger generation of black writers varied as his reputation increased worldwide. With the gradual advancement of racial integration, many black writers considered his writings of black pride and its corresponding subject matter out of date. Some even considered him a "racial chauvinist." In 1960, the NAACP awarded Hughes the Spingarn Medal for distinguished achievements by an African American, and in 1961 Hughes was inducted into the National Institute of Arts and Letters.



ECHOES OF MUSTO: CLASS III

Friday, 30 May 2008, 9:30 a.m.-Noon

[1] “Nothing Gold Can Stay” (Mörike)

Two by Frost (1982); John Musto (b. 1954)

Sarah Schafer, soprano; Radha Upton, piano

Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leaf's a flower;
But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf.
So Eden sank to grief,
So dawn goes down to day.
Nothing gold can stay.

—Robert Frost

[2] “The Rose Family” (Mörike)

Two by Frost (1982); John Musto (b. 1954)

Barrett Radzium, tenor; Ashley Garafalo, piano

The rose is a rose,
And was always a rose.
But now the theory goes
That the apple's a rose,
And the pear is, and so's
The plum, I suppose.
The dear only knows
What will next prove a rose.
You, of course, are a rose—
But were always a rose.

—Robert Frost



Robert Frost

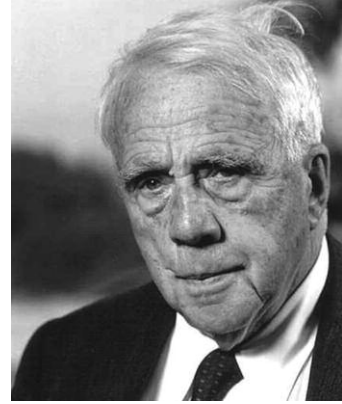
(b. 26 March 1874, d. 29 January 1963). American poet, regarded for realistic depictions of rural life and his command of colloquial speech. Frosts' work frequently employs themes from the early 1900s rural life in New England, using the setting to examine complex social and philosophical themes. During his lifetime, he won four Pulitzer Prizes. His epitaph reads, “I had a lover's quarrel with the world.”

Though a native of California, he is associated with New England. After attending Dartmouth College, he sold his first poem, “My Butterfly: An Elegy” (published in the November 8, 1894 edition of the *New York Independent*) for fifteen dollars.

Following his marriage at Harvard to Elinor Miriam White, Grandfather Frost purchased a farm for the young couple in Derry, New Hampshire, shortly before his death. Frost worked on the farm for nine years. He would write early in the mornings, producing many of the poems that would later become famous. His attempts at farming were unsuccessful, however, and Frost returned to education as a English teacher.



In 1912 he sailed with his family to the UK, living first in Glasgow, then Beaconsfield (near London), where he made some important acquaintances, including Edward Thomas, T.E. Hulme, and Ezra Pound. A year later, his first book of poetry, *A Boy's Will*, was published. Amid the ravages of the Great War, Frost returned to America in 1915, launching an expansive career of writing, teaching, and lecturing. Aged 86, he spoke at President Kennedy's inauguration on 20 January 1961, such was his national recognition.



Frost wrote many popular and oft-quoted poems including “After Apple-Picking”, “The Road Not Taken”, “Home Burial” and “Mending Wall.” At times bittersweet, sometimes ironic, or simply marveling at his surrounding, his work seemed often to reflect a personal life that was plagued with grief and loss. His father died of tuberculosis in 1885, when Frost was 11, leaving the family with just eight dollars. Frost's mother died of cancer in 1900. In 1920, Frost had to commit his younger sister, Jeanie, to a mental hospital, where she died nine years later. Frost, his mother, and his wife all suffered from bouts of depression. His daughter Irma was committed to a mental hospital in 1947. And yet, months after Frost's death, President Kennedy declared: “The death of Robert Frost leaves a vacancy in the American spirit ... His death impoverishes us all; but he has bequeathed his Nation a body of imperishable verse from which Americans will forever gain joy and understanding.”



[3] “The Sea” (Parker)*Enough Rope* (1985); John Musto (b. 1954)

Sarah Elizabeth Bach, soprano; Emily Murphy, piano

Who lay against the sea, and fled,
 Who lightly loved the wave,
 Shall never know, when he is dead,
 A cool and murmurous grave.

But in a shallow pit shall rest
 For all eternity,
 And bear the earth upon the breas
 That once had worn the sea.

—Dorothy Parker

Dorothy Parker

(b. 22 August 1893, d. 7 June 1967) American writer, poet known for caustic wit, and a sharp eye for twentieth-century urban foibles. Parker survived three marriages (two to the same man) and several suicide attempts, but grew increasingly dependent on alcohol. Although she would come to dismiss her own talents and deplore her reputation as a “wisecracker,” her literary output and her sparkling wit have endured long past her death.



Parker sold her first poem to *Vanity Fair* in 1914, and only months later was hired as an editor for *Vogue*. She was also a founding member of the *Algonquin Round Table* (1919-29). From 1925 she wrote for the *New Yorker* (its first year), where Parker became famous for her short, viciously humorous poems, many about the perceived ludicrousness of her many (largely unsuccessful) romantic affairs and others wistfully considering the appeal of suicide. In the 1920s alone she published some 300 poems and free verses in outlets including the aforementioned *Vanity Fair*, *Vogue*, “The Conning Tower” and *The New Yorker* along with *Life*, *McCall’s* and *The New Republic*.

Parker’s first collection of poetry, *Enough Rope*, sold 47,000 copies, and was reviewed in *The Nation* as “caked with a salty humor, rough with splinters of disillusion, and tarred with a bright black authenticity.”

Between 1934-49 Parker wrote screenplays and song lyrics in Hollywood (receiving two Academy Award nominations), though her left-wing politics ultimately landed her on the Hollywood blacklist.

In her will, she bequeathed her estate to the Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. foundation. Following King’s death, her estate was passed on to NAACP, who designed a memorial garden for Parker’s ashes with a plaque that reads:

“Here lie the ashes of Dorothy Parker (1893–1967) humorist, writer, critic. Defender of human and civil rights. For her epitaph she suggested, ‘Excuse my dust’. This memorial garden is dedicated to her noble spirit which celebrated the oneness of humankind and to the bonds of everlasting friendship between black and Jewish people.”

[4] “Alte Liebe rostet nie” (Mayrhofer)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828), D477

Hannah Fuerst, soprano; Katarzyna Wieczorek, piano

Alte Liebe rostet nie

Alte Liebe rostet nie,
Hört ich oft die Mutter sagen;
Alte Liebe rostet nie,
Muß ich nun erfahrend klagen.

Wie die Luft umgibt sie mich,
Die ich einst die Meine nannte,
Die ich liebte ritterlich,
Die mich in die Ferne sandte.

Seit die Holde ich verlor,
Hab' ich Meer und Land gesehen, —
Vor der schönsten Frauen Flor
Durfte ich unerschüttert stehen.

Denn aus mit ihr Bildnis trat,
Zürnend, wie zum Kampf mit ihnen;
Mit dem Zauber, den sie hat,
Mußte sie das Spiel gewinnen.

Da der Garten, dort das Haus,
Wo wir oft so traulich kos'ten!
Seh' ich recht? sie schwebt
heraus—
Wird die alter Liebe rosten?

—Johann Mayrhofer

Old Love never tarnishes

Old love never tarnishes,
I often heard my mother say—
Old love never dies,
With experience I must now sadly agree.

She envelops me like the air,
She whom I once called my own,
Whom I loved chivalrously,
Who send me into the wide world.

Since I lost my beloved
I have travelled on sea and land—
Before the fairest flower of womanhood
I could only stand unmoved.

For her image arose from within me,
Angrily, as if in opposition to them;
With the magic she possesses
She had to win the contest.

There is the garden, there the house
Where we once caressed so lovingly!
Am I seeing things? She glides out
Towards me—
Will old love never die?

Johann Mayrhofer

(b. 3 November 1787, d. 5 February 1836) Austrian poet, censor, and close friend of Schubert. He studied theology and law in Vienna, and became acquainted with Schubert in 1814, with whom he shared an apartment between 1818-21. Altogether, Schubert set 47 of Mayrhofer's poems and two stageworks, the *Singspiel Die Freune von Salamanca* (1815) and opera *Adrast*, neither of which met with any lasting success. A collection of Mayrhofer's poetry appeared in 1824, and in 1829 he published his “Memories of Franz Schubert” from which much of what is now known about Schubert's circle and the Schubertiads is derived. Mayrhofer took his own life at the age of 48.



[5] “Erster Verlust” (Goethe)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828), D226

Joseph DeSota, tenor; Ashley Garafalo, piano

Erster Verlust

Ach, wer bringt die schönen Tage,
 Jene Tage der ersten Liebe,
 Ach, wer bringt nur eine Stunde
 Jener holden Zeit zurück!
 Einsam nähr ich meine Wunde,
 Und mit stets erneuter Klage
 Traur ich nur verlorne Glück.
 Ach, wer bringt die schönen Tage,
 Jene holde Zeit zurück!

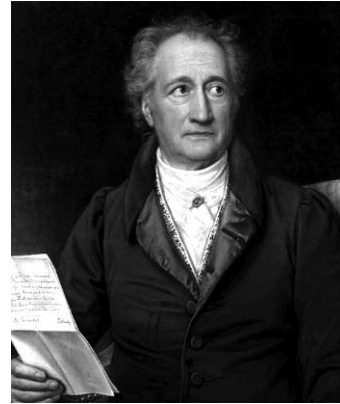
—Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

First Loss

Ah, who will bring back those fair days,
 Those days of first love?
 Ah, who will bring back but one hour
 Of that sweet time?
 Alone I nurture my wound
 And, forever renewing my lament,
 Mourn my lost happiness.
 Ah, who will bring back those fair days,
 That sweet time?

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

(b. 28 August 1749, d. 22 March 1832) German writer, poet, dramatist, scientist, philosopher. Dubbed by George Eliot “Germany’s greatest man of letters ... the last true polymath to walk the earth,” his literary oeuvre encompasses poetry, theology, philosophy, and science. His towering influence on nineteenth-century German culture is perhaps comparable only to Hegel in its breadth and magnitude. Goethe is considered by many to be the most important writer in the German language and tout court one of the most important thinkers in Western culture.

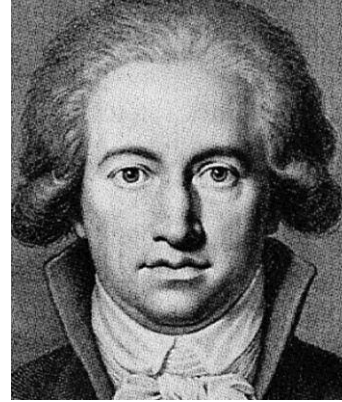


Goethe’s two-part drama *Faust* (1808) is perhaps his most enduring work, and has inspired numerous musical realizations in opera, oratorio, and symphony from composers such as Spohr and Boito to Wagner, Mahler, and Schnittke. *Faust* became the Ur-myth of many figures in the 19th century. Later, a facet of its plot, i.e., of selling one’s soul to the devil for power over the physical world, took on increasing literary importance and became a view of the victory of technology and of industrialism, along with its dubious human expenses. Beethoven declared that a “Faust” Symphony would be the greatest thing for Art. Liszt and Mahler both created symphonies in whole or in large part inspired by this seminal work, which would give the 19th century one of its most paradigmatic figures: Doctor Faustus. The *Faust* tragedy/drama was written in two parts published decades and is often called “*Das Drama der Deutschen*” (*The drama of the Germans*).

His *Bildungsroman* *Wilhelm Meister’s Apprenticeship*, and his epistolary novel *The Sorrow of Young Werther* (1774) influenced countless artists, the latter even reportedly driving a host of young men to impassioned suicide. Goethe admitted that he “shot his hero to save himself”: a reference to Goethe’s own near-suicidal obsession with a young woman during this period, an obsession he quelled through the writing process. The novel remains in print in dozens of languages and its influence is undeniable; its central hero, an obsessive figure driven to despair and destruction by his unrequited love for the young Lotte, has become a pervasive literary archetype.

As the co-leader, with Schiller, of Weimar Classicism, he originated the concept of *Weltliteratur*, and occupies a fertile nexus of aesthetics between *Empfindsamkeit* and *Sturm und Drang*, between Enlightenment and Romanticism. His poetry served as a model for the movement known as *Innerlichkeit* (“inwardness”), and was set to music by almost every major Austro-German composer in the long nineteenth-century from Mozart to Mahler. Goethe’s most prominent inheritor in this respect was arguably Heinrich Heine.

His work on plant morphology and theory of color (refuting Newtonian optics) were profoundly influential for A. B. Marx's conception of sonata form as well as Darwin's evolutionary theory, and Beethoven's instrumental *Klangfarbe* aesthetic, respectively. Goethe was, in fact, the first to systematically study the physiological effects of color, and his observations on the effect of opposed colors led him to a symmetric arrangement between light and shadow of his color wheel, "for the colors diametrically opposed to each other ... are those which reciprocally evoke each other in the eye."



Goethe remains a household man of letters, and his epigrams are still in usage include:

- i) "Against criticism a man can neither protest nor defend himself; he must act in spite of it, and then it will gradually yield to him"
- ii) "Divide and rule, a sound motto; unite and lead, a better one",
- iii) "Enjoy when you can, and endure when you must"
- iv) "In the beginning was the deed!"



[6] “Meine Rose” (Lenau)

Robert Schumann (1810-1856), Op. 90, No. 2

Hyunju Song, soprano; Robert Mollicone, Jr., piano

Meine Rose

Dem holden Lenzgeschmeide,
Der Rose, meiner Freude,
Die schon gebeugt und blasser
Vom heißen Strahl der Sonnen,
Reich’ ich den Becher Wasser
Aus tiefem Bronnen.

Du Rose meines Herzens!
Vom stillen Strahl des Schmerzens
Bist du gebeugt und blasser;
Ich möchte die zu Füßen,
Wie dieser Blume Wasser,
Still meine Seele gießen!
Könnst’ ich dann auch nicht sehen
Dich auferstehen.

—Nikolaus Lenau

My Rose

To spring’s lovely jewel,
to the rose, my delight,
bowed and made paler
by the sun’s torrid beam,
I bring water in this beaker
from the deep well.

You, rose of my heart,
by pain’s secret beam
are you bowed and made paler;
would I might at your feet,
as water to this flower,
silently pour forth my soul!
Even though I might not then
see you rise again.

Nikolaus Lenau

(b.25 August 1802, d. 22 August 1850) Hungarian-Austrian poet. His fame rests mainly upon his shorter poems; even his epics are essentially lyric in quality. He is the greatest modern lyric poet of Austria, and the typical representative in German literature of that pessimistic *Weltschmerz* which, beginning with Lord Byron, reached its culmination in the poetry of Giacomo Leopardi.

After attending Vienna University (1819), Lenau studied Hungarian law at Bratislava, then spent four years qualifying in medicine. An inheritance from his grandmother enabled him to jettison his legal career, and devote all his time to poetry. He published his first poems in *Aurora* (1827), and his first volume *Gedichte* in 1832. He traveled to America (Baltimore) later that year, but returned to Germany in 1833. It was his *Faust* (1836), not Goethe’s, that inspired Liszt’s four *Mephisto Waltz* compositions.



Lenau’s poem “Herbst” is archetypal of his style, and expresses the sadness and melancholy he felt after his sojourn in the United States and his strenuous travels across the Atlantic to return to Europe. In it, he mourns the loss of youth, the passing of time and his own sense of futility. The poem culminates with the speaker dreaming of death as a final escape from emptiness.

[7] “Die Rose” (Schlegel)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828). D745

Jillian Stout, soprano; Radha Upton, piano

Die Rose

Es lockte schöne Wärme,
Mich an das Licht zu wagen,
Da brannten wilde Gluten;
Das muß ich ewig klagen.
Ich konnte lange blühen
In milden, heitern Tagen;
Nun muß ich frühe welken,
Dem Leben schon entsagen.

Es kam die Morgenröte,
Da ließ ich alles Zagen
Und öffnete die Knospe,
Wo alle Reize lagen.
Ich konnte freundlich duften
Und meine Krone tragen,
Da ward zu heiß die Sonne,
Die muß ich drum verklagen.

Was soll der milde Abend?
Muß ich nun traurig fragen.
Er kann mich nicht mehr retten,
Die Schmerzen nicht verjagen.
Die Röte ist verblichen,
Bald wird mich Kälte nagen.
Mein kurzes junges Leben
Wollt' ich noch sterbend sagen.

—Karl Wilhelm Friedrich Schlegel

The Rose

Lovely warmth tempted me
To venture into the light.
There fires burned furiously;
I must for ever bemoan that.
I could have bloomed for long
In mild, bright days.
Now I must wither early,
Renounce life prematurely.

The red dawn came,
I abandoned all timidity
And opened the bud
In which lay all my charms.
I could have spread sweet fragrance
And worn my crown ...
Then the sun grew too hot—
Of this I must accuse it.

Of what avail is the mild evening?
I must now ask sadly.
It can no longer save me,
Or banish my sorrows.
My red coloring is faded,
Soon cold will gnaw me.
As I die I wished to tell once more
Of my brief young life.

Karl Wilhelm Friedrich Schlegel

(b. 10 March 1772, d. 12 January 1829) German poet, critic, scholar, and philologist. Schlegel is one of quintessential and founding members of German Romanticism. He studied law at Göttingen and Leipzig, but as early as 1797 demonstrated his scholarly, literary directions by publishing *The Greeks and Romans*, followed a year later by *The History of the Poetry and Romans*. Thereafter he lectured at the University of Jena where he co-founded the *Athenaeum* journal, to which he contributed aphorism and essays that have come to define German Romanticism. In 1802 he went to Paris, where he lectured on philosophy and Oriental studies, some results of which he embodied in an epoch-making book, *On the Language and Wisdom of India* (1808). A year later, he was appointed imperial court secretary to archduke Charles in Vienna.

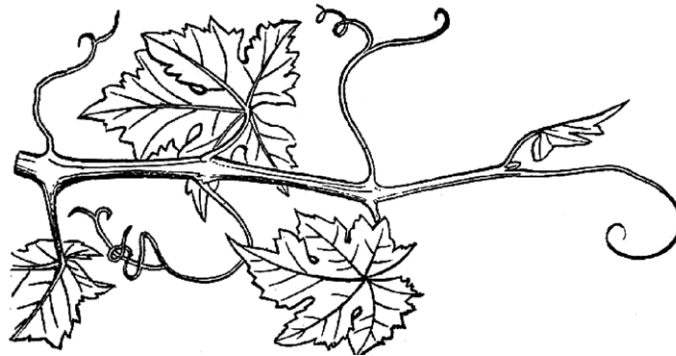


In his criticism, Schlegel develops an aesthetic standard that is perhaps best expressed by his claim that “criticism is not to judge works by a general ideal, but is to search out the *individual* ideal of every work.” Stylistically, Schlegel and the Romantics also made much of the notions of the literary fragment, the concept of irony, and of wit and allegory, as well as a revised notion of the literary genres.



The fragment is among the most characteristic figures of the Romantic movement. Although it has predecessors in writers like Chamfort (and earlier in the aphoristic styles of moralists like Pascal and La Rochefoucauld), the fragment as employed by Schlegel and the Romantics is distinctive in both its form (as a collection of pieces by several different authors) and its purpose. For Schlegel, a fragment as a particular has a certain unity (“[a] fragment, like a small work of art, has to be entirely isolated from the surrounding world and be complete in itself like a hedgehog,” *Athenaeum* fragment 206), but remains nonetheless fragmentary in the perspective it opens up and in its opposition to other fragments. Its “unity” thus reflects Schlegel’s view of the whole of things not as a totality but rather as a “chaotic universality” of infinite opposing stances.

Together with his older brother, August Wilhelm, a permanent place in the history of German literature belongs to Friedrich Schlegel as the critical leader of the Romantic school, which derived from him most of its governing ideas as to the characteristics of the middle ages, and as to the methods of literary expression. One such is irony: “Philosophy is the true home of irony, which might be defined as logical beauty,” Schlegel writes in *Lyceum* fragment 42: “for wherever men are philosophizing in spoken or written dialogues, and provided they are not entirely systematic, irony ought to be produced and postulated.”



[8] “Au cimetière” (Richepin)

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924), Op. 55

Neil Aronoff, bass-baritone; Anne-Marie Bernard, piano

Au cimetière

Heureux qui meurt ici
Ainsi
Que les oiseaux des champs!
Son corps près des amis
Es mis
Dans l’herbe et dans les chants.

Il dort d’un bon sommeil
Vermeil
Sous le ciel radieux.
Tous ceux qu’il a connus,
Venus,
Lui font de longs adieux.

À sa croix les parents
Pleurants
Restent agenouillés;
Et ses os, sous les fleurs,
De pleurs
Sont doucement mouillés.

Chacun sur le bois noir
Peut voir
S’il était jeune ou non,
Et peut avec de vrais
Regrets
L’appeler par son nom.

Combien plus malchanceux
Sont ceux
Qui meurent à la mé,
Et sous le flot profond
S’en vont
Loin du pays aimé!

Ah! pauvres, qui pour seuls
Linceuls
Ont les goëmons verts
Où l’on roule inconnu,
Tout nu,
Et les yeux grands ouverts.

—Jean Richepin

In the graveyard

Happy he who dies here
Even
As the birds in the fields!
His body near his friends
Is laid
Amid the grass, amid the songs.

He sleeps a good sleep,
Crimson
Beneath the radiant sky.
All those he has known
Are come
To bid him a long farewell.

By the cross his weeping
Crimson
Remain kneeling,
And his bones beneath the flowers
With tears
Are greatly watered.

On the black wood all
Can see
If he was young or not,
And can with true
Regret
Call him by his name.

How much more unfortunate
Are they
Who die at sea,
And beneath deep waters
Drift
Far from their beloved land!

Ah! poor souls! whose only
Shroud
Is the green seaweed,
Where they roll unknown,
Unclothed,
And with wide-open eyes.

Jean Richepin

(b. 4 February 1849, d. 12 December 1926) French poet, novelist and dramatist who examined the lower levels of society in sharp, bold language. As Émile Zola revolutionized the novel with his naturalism, Richepin did the same for French poetry during that period.

A play, *L'Étoile*, written by him in collaboration with André Gill, was produced in 1873; but Richepin was virtually unknown until the publication, in 1876, of a volume of verse entitled *Chanson des gueux*, when his outspokenness resulted in his being imprisoned and fined for *outrage aux mœurs*.

The same quality characterized his succeeding volumes of verse: *Les Caresses* (1877), *Les Blasphèmes* (1884), *La Mer* (1886), *Mes paradis* (1894), *La Bombarde* (1899). His novels have developed in style from the morbidity and brutality of *Les morts bizarres* (1876), *La Glu* (1881) and *Le Pavé* (1883) to the more thoughtful psychology of *Madame André* (1878), *Sophie Monnier* (1884), *Cisarine* (1888), *L'Aîné* (1893), *Grandes amoureuses* (1896) and *La Gibasse* (1899), and the more simple portrayal of life in *Miarka* (1883), *Les Braves Gens* (1886), *Truandailles* (1890), *La Miseloque* (1892) and *Flamboche* (1895).

His plays, though occasionally marred by his characteristic proneness to violence of thought and language, constitute in many respects his best work. Most were produced at the *Comédie française*. He also wrote *Miarka* (1905), adapted from his novel, for the music of Alexandre Georges, and *Le mage* (1891) for the music of Jules Massenet.



ECHOES OF MUSTO: CLASS IV

Saturday, 31 May 2008, 9:30 a.m.-Noon

[1] “Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan” (Chamisso)

Robert Schumann (1810-1856) *Frauenliebe und -leben*, op. 42, no. 8

Jazimina MacNeil, mezzo-soprano; Justyna Chesy-Parda, piano

VIII

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan,
Der aber traf,
Du schläfst, du harter, unbarmherz'ger Mann,
Den Todesschlaf.

Es blicket die Verlass'ne vor sich hin,
Die Welt is leer.
Geliebet hab' ich und gelebt,
ich bin nicht lebend mehr.

Ich zieh' mich in mein Inn'res still zurück,
Der Schleier fällt;
Da hab' ich dich und mein verlor'nes Glück,
Du meiner Welt.

—Adelbert von Chamisso

VIII

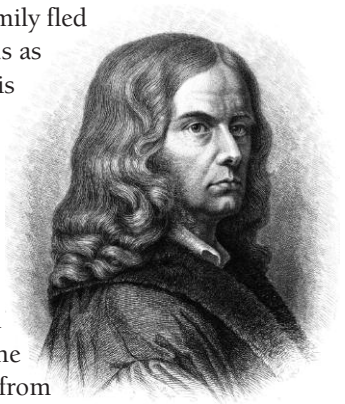
Now you have caused me my first pain,
but it has struck me hard.
You, harsh, pitiless man are sleeping
the sleep of death.

The deserted one stares ahead,
The world is void.
Loved have I and lived,
I am living no longer.

Quietly I withdraw into myself,
the veil falls;
there I have you and my lost happiness,
my world.

Adelbert von Chamisso

(b. 30 January 1781, d. 21 August 1836). A German poet and botanist, whose family fled Paris for Berlin following the French revolution. Though initially more famous as a Botanist than a writer, his poetry has endured. Of particular historical value is his cycle *Frauenliebe und -leben* (1830) which was famously set to music by Schumann, Loewe, and Lachner. As a writer, Chamisso was effectively cut off from his native tongue aged eleven; his works often deal with gloomy or repulsive subjects; even in his lighter and gayer productions there is an undertone of sadness or of satire. Initially, Chamisso had a successful career in the Prussian military (rising from ensign to Lieutenant), though came of age during a time of its most spectacular defeat by Napoleon (1806), partaking in the army's treasonable capitulation at Hamelin that year. As a botanist aboard the Russian ship *Rurik* between 1815-18, he named some new species of flower from San Francisco's Pacific Bay area after the ship's entomologist, his friend J. F. von Eschscholtz. In turn, Eschscholtz named a variety of plants—genus *Camissonia*—after Chamisso.



[2] "Sehnsucht" (Seidl)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828), D879

Lauren Edwards, mezzo-soprano; Kathryn Christensen, piano

Sehnsucht

Die Scheibe friert, der Wind ist rauh,
Der nächt'ge Himmel rein und blau.
Ich sitz' in meinem Kämmerlein
Und schau' ins reine Blau hinein!

Mir fehlt etwas, das fühl' ich gut,
Mir fehlt mein Lieb, das treue Blut;
Und will ich in die Sterne she'n,
Muss stets das Aug' mir übergeh'n!

Mein Lieb, wo weilst du nur so fern,
Mein schöner Stern, mein Augenstern?
Du weisst, dich lieb' und brauch' ich ja,
Die Träne tritt mir wieder nah.

Da quält' ich mich so manchen Tag,
Weil mir kein Lied gelingen mag,
Weil's nimmer sich erzwingen last
Und frei hinsäuselt, wie der West!

Wie mild mich's wieder grad' durchglüht!
Sieh' nur, das ist ja schon ein Lied!
Wenn mich mein Loz vom Liebchen warf,
Dann fühl' ich, dass ich singen darf.

—Johann Gabriel Seidl

Longing

The window pane freezes, the wind is harsh
The night sky clear and blue.
I sit in my little room
Gazing out into the clear blueness.

Something is missing, I feel only too well;
My love is missing, my true love.
And when I look at the stars
My eyes constantly fill with tears.

My love, where are you, so far away,
My fair star, my darling?
You know that I love you and need you;
Again tears well up within me.

For many a day I have suffered
Because no song of mine has turned out well,
Because none can be forced
To murmur freely, like the west wind.

How gentle the glow that again warms me!
Behold—a song!
Though my fate cast me far from my beloved,
Yet I feel that I can still sing.

Johann Gabriel Seidl

(b. 21 June 1804, d. 18 July 1875) Austrian archeologist, poet, storyteller, and dramatist. Best known for writing the lyrics "Gott erhalte, Gott beschütze unsern Kaiser" to Haydn's theme forming the Austrian National Anthem.

Seidl studied law, though abandoned this path out of financial necessity following his father's death, and began teaching at the Gymnasium in Cilly. In 1840 he became curator at the coin and antiquities museum (Münz- und Antikenkabinett) in Vienna. A little later he was appointed censor of books, an office which he filled until 1848. From 1856 until 1871, he was responsible for the treasury. He spent most of his life in Vienna and died there in 1875. Besides his scientific studies, Seidl published numerous poems and short stories, including the first poems by Nikolaus Lenau. Many of his poems were set to music by Schubert and Loewe. Besides having written poems in standard German, Seidl also wrote in the Austrian dialect.



Seidl was a prolific poet and author, and the enumeration of his works occupies twenty-five pages in Godeke's "Grundriss". Only a few, however, have an interest for modern readers. Of the numerous collections of poems the "Bifolien" are still of interest, but his novels, sixty in number, are long forgotten. For drama he had no talent, however much he strove after the palm of dramatic poetry. His best compositions are his dialectic poems, "Flinserln", of which many have become real folksongs of Austria. But his name remains immortally linked with his adaptation of the Austrian national anthem.

[3] “Mein schöner Stern” (Rückert)

Robert Schumann (1810-1856), Op. 101, No. 4

Stephen Ng, tenor; Radha Upton, piano

Mein schöner Stern, ich bitte dich,
 O lasse du dein heitres Licht
 Nicht trüben durch den Dampf in mir,
 Vielmehr den Dampf in mir zu Licht,
 Mein schöner Stern, verklären hilf!

My lovely star, I beg you,
 do not let your bright light
 be dulled by the gloom in me,
 but rather, lovely star, help
 to transfigure my gloom into light!

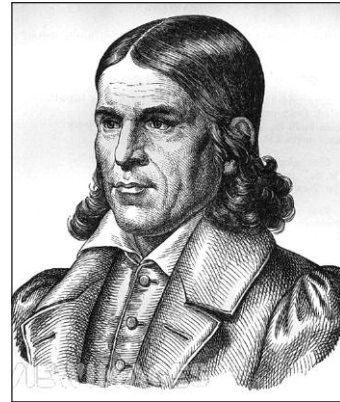
Mein schöner Stern! ich bitte dich,
 Nicht senk' herab zur Erde dich,
 Weil du mich noch hier unten siehst,
 Heb' auf vielmehr zum Himmel mich,
 Mein schöner Stern, wo du schon bist!

My lovely star, I beg you,
 do not come down to earth
 because you still see me below here,
 but instead raise me up to heaven,
 My lovely star, where you already are!

—Friedrich Rückert

Friedrich Rückert

(b. 16 May 1788, d. 31 January 1866) German poet, translator and professor of Oriental languages. Educated at the Universities of Würzburg and Heidelberg, between 1816-17 he worked on the editorial staff of the *Morgenblatt* at Stuttgart. Between 1820-26 he lived in Coburg, after which he was appointed professor of Oriental languages at the University of Erlangen. In 1841, he took up a similar post in Berlin.



When Rückert began his literary career, Germany was engaged in her life-and-death struggle with Napoleon; and in his first volume, *Deutsche Gedichte* (German Poems), published in 1814 under the pseudonym Freimund Raimar, he gave, particularly in the powerful *Geharnischte Sonette* (*Sonnets in Arms/Harsh Words*), vigorous expression to the prevailing sentiment of his countrymen. During 1815 to 1818 appeared Napoleon, *eine politische Komödie in drei Stücken* (*Napoleon, a Political Comedy in Three Parts*)—only two parts were published; and in 1817 *Der Kranz der Zeit* (*The Wreath of Time*).

Rückert, who was master of thirty languages, made his mark chiefly as a translator of Oriental poetry and as a writer of poems conceived in the spirit of Oriental masters. Much attention was attracted by a translation of *Hariris Makamen* in 1826, *Nal und Damajanti*, an Indian tale, in 1828, *Rostem und Suhrab*, *eine Heldengeschichte* (*Rostem and Suhrab, a Story of Heroes*) in 1830, and *Hamasa, oder die ältesten arabischen Volkslieder* (*Hamasa, or the Oldest Arabian Folk Songs*) in 1846.

After his death many poetical translations and original poems were found among his papers, and several collections of them were published. Rückert had a splendor of imagination which made Oriental poetry congenial to him, and he has seldom been surpassed in rhythmic skill and metrical ingenuity. There are hardly any lyrical forms which are not represented among his works, and in all of them he wrote with equal ease and grace.

[4] “Wapping Old Stairs” (anon.)

William Walton (1902-1983), *A Song for the Lord Mayor's Table*, No. 3
Emily Albrink, soprano; Carolyn Goff, piano

Your Molly has never been false, she declares,
Since last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs,
When I swore that I still would continue the same,
And gave you the 'bacco box', marked with your name.

When I pass'd a whole fortnight between decks with you,
Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of the crew?
To be useful and kind, with my Thomas I stay'd,
For his trousers I wash'd, and his grog too I made.

Though you threaten'd, last Sunday, to walk in the Mall
With Susan from Deptford, and likewise with Sal,
In silence I stood your unkindness to hear,
And only upbraided my Tom, with a tear.

Why should Sal, or should Susan, than me be more priz'd?
For the heart that is true, Tom, should ne'er be despis'd;
Then be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake,
Still your trousers I'll wash, and your grog too I'll make.

—Anonymous

[5] “Rome song” (Woolf)

Dominick Argento (b. 1927) *From the Diary of Virginia Woolf*
Rachel Calloway, mezzo-soprano; Justyna Chesny-Parda, piano

Rome

May, 1935

Rome: tea. Tea in cafe. Ladies in bright coats
and white hats. Music. Look out and
see people like movies...Ices. Old man who
haunts the Greco... Fierce large jowled
old ladies...talking about Monaco.
Talleyrand. Some very poor black wispy
women. The effect of dowdiness produced
by wispy hair. Sunday cafe...Very cold.
The Prime Minister's letter offering to
recommend me for the Companion of Honor.
No.

—Virginia Woolf

Virginia Woolf

(b. 25 September 1882, d. 28 March 1941) English Novelist and essayist regarded as one of the foremost modernist literary figures of the twentieth century.

During the interwar period, Woolf was a significant figure in London literary society and a member of the Bloomsbury Group. Her most famous works include the novels *Mrs Dalloway* (1925), *To the Lighthouse*



(1927), and *Orlando* (1928), and the book-length essay *A Room of One's Own* (1929) with its famous dictum, "a woman must have money and a room of her own if she is to write fiction."

Woolf began writing professionally in 1905, initially for the *Times Literary Supplement* with a journalistic piece about Haworth, home of the Brontë family. Her first novel, *The Voyage Out*, was published in 1915 by her half-brother's imprint, Gerald Duckworth and Company Ltd. Woolf went on to publish novels and essays as a public intellectual to both critical and popular success. Much of her work was self-published through the Hogarth Press.



Woolf is considered one of the greatest innovators in the English language. Her novels are highly experimental: a narrative, frequently uneventful and commonplace, is refracted—and sometimes almost dissolved—in the characters' receptive consciousness. Intense lyricism and stylistic virtuosity fuse to create a world overabundant with auditory and visual impressions. In her works she experimented with stream-of-consciousness, the underlying psychological as well as emotional motives of characters, and Woolf's reputation declined sharply after World War II, but her eminence was re-established with the surge of Feminist criticism in the 1970s.

Perhaps Woolf's most famous novel is *To the Lighthouse* (1927). This is set on two days ten years apart. The plot centers around the Ramsay family's anticipation of and reflection upon a visit to a lighthouse and the connected familial tensions. One of the primary themes of the novel is the struggle in the creative process that beset painter Lily Briscoe while she struggles to paint in the midst of the family drama. The novel is also a meditation upon the lives of a nation's inhabitants in the midst of war, and of the people left behind.



[6] “Lament” (Millay)*Single Songs*; John Musto (b. 1954)

Rachel Traughber, soprano; Robert Mollicone, Jr., piano

Lament

Listen, children:

Your father is dead.

From his old coats

I'll make you little jackets;

I'll make you little trousers

From his old pants.

There'll be in his pockets

Things he used to put there,

Keys and pennies

Covered with tobacco;

Dan shall have the pennies

To save in his bank;

Anne shall have the keys

—Edna St. Vincent Millay

Edna St. Vincent Millay

(b. 22 February 1892, d. 19 October 1950) American lyrical poet, playwright, known for her unconventional, bohemian lifestyle and many love affairs. She used the pseudonym Nancy Boyd for her prose work.

Millay, who was bisexual, had relationships with several other students during her time at Vassar, then a women's college. In January 1921 she went to Paris, where she met sculptor Thelma Wood, with whom she had a romantic relationship. During her years in Greenwich Village and Paris she also had many relationships with men, including the literary critic Edmund Wilson, who unsuccessfully proposed marriage to her in 1920.

In 1923, she married Eugen Jan Boissevain (Born: 20 May 1880, Amsterdam; Died: 29 August 1949, Boston, Mass.), then the 43-year-old widower of labor lawyer and war correspondent Inez Milholland.

Boissevain greatly supported her career and took primary care of domestic responsibilities. They lived near Austerlitz, New York, at a farmhouse they named Steepletop.

Millay's marriage with Boissevain was an open one, with both taking other lovers. Millay's most significant other relationship during this time was with the poet George Dillon, fourteen years her junior, for whom a number of her sonnets were written. Millay also collaborated with Dillon on *Flowers of Evil*, a translation of Charles Baudelaire's *Les Fleurs du mal*.

She won the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in 1923, for *The Harp-Weaver, and Other Poems* (the first woman to receive this award). In 1943 she was awarded the Frost Medal for her lifetime contribution to American poetry.

One of her best-known poems is “First Fig” from *A Few Figs from Thistles* (first published in 1920):

My candle burns at both ends;

It will not last the night;

But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends—

It gives a lovely light!

Many, however, consider “Renascence” and “The Ballad of the Harp-Weaver” to be her finest poems.

Thomas Hardy is once supposed to have said that America had two great attractions: the skyscraper and the poetry of Edna St. Vincent Millay.



[7] “You came as a thought” (Laughlin)*Viva Sweet Love* (2004); John Musto (b. 1954)

Neil Aronoff, bass-baritone; Anne-Marie Bernard, piano

You Came as a Thought

When I was past such thinking
 You came as a song when I had
 Finished singing you came when
 The sun had just begun its setting
 You were my evening star.

—James Laughlin

James Laughlin

(b. 30 October 1914, d. 12 November 1997) American poet and publisher, who founded New Directions Publishers.

Laughlin's family had made its fortune with the Jones and Laughlin Steel Company, founded a generation earlier by his grandfather, and this wealth would partially fund Laughlin's future endeavors in publishing. As Laughlin once wrote, “none of this would have been possible without the industry of my ancestors, the canny Irishmen who immigrated in 1824 from County Down to Pittsburgh, where they built up what became the fourth largest steel company in the country. I bless them with every breath.”



Ezra Pound famously told him: “You’re never going to be any good as a poet. Why don’t you take up something useful?” Pound suggested publishing, and when Laughlin returned to Harvard, he used money from his father to found New Directions in a barn on his Aunt Leila's estate in Norfolk, Connecticut.

But he continued to write. Laughlin's style is marked by striking simplicity; Laughlin himself had stated: “They mean what they say, and I don’t decorate [my poems] in any way. They are very simple statements of what I want to get across.” Several of his works were patently autobiographical. Laughlin's son committed suicide by stabbing himself multiple times in the bathtub. Laughlin later wrote a poem about this, called *Experience of Blood*, in which he expresses his shock at the amount of blood in the human body. And despite the horrific mess left as a result, Laughlin reasons that he cannot ask anyone else to clean it up, “because after all, it was my blood too.”

Perhaps Laughlin's most anthologized works is “Step on His Head”, a poem about his relationship with his children, and the reversal of responsibility.

[8] “I Stop Writing the Poem” (Gallagher)

The Book of Uncommon Prayer; John Musto (b. 1954)

Emily Albrink, soprano; Tomasz Lis, piano

I Stop Writing the Poem

to fold the clothes. No matter who lives
or who dies, I’m still a woman.
I’ll always have plenty to do.
I bring the arms of his shirt
together. Nothing can stop
our tenderness. I’ll get back
to the poem. I’ll get back to being
a woman. But for now
there’s a shirt, a giant shirt
in my hands, and somewhere a small girl
standing next to her mother
watching to see how it’s done.

—Tess Gallagher

Tess Gallagher

(b. 1943) American poet, author of naturalistic, introspective verse about self-discovery, womanhood, and family life.

Gallagher studied under Theodore Roethke at the University of Washington (B.A., 1968; M.A., 1970) before attending the University of Iowa Writers’ Workshop (M.F.A., 1974). Her first full-length volume of verse, *Instructions to the Double* (1976), is a confessional work, for which she won the Ellison Award for “best book of poetry published by a small press.” Other awards include a fellowship from the Guggenheim Foundation, two National Endowment for the Arts Awards, and the Maxine Cushing Gray Foundation Award.

Her most recent work, *Distant Rain* (2006), is a conversation between Tess and Jackuchō Setouchi, a Buddhist nun from Kyoto, which took place after the death of Raymond Carver.



[9] “Rome in the Café” (Laughlin)

Viva Sweet Love (2004); John Musto (b. 1954)

Joseph DeSota, tenor; Cheryl Lemmons, piano

Rome: In the Café

She comes at eleven every morning
To meet a man who makes her cry
They sit at a table in the back row
Talking very earnestly and soon
She begins to cry he holds her
Hand and reasons with her & she
Orders a brandy and gulps it
Down then she makes her face
New and goes home yes I think
That she knows that I come just
To watch her & wait for the day
When he does not come at all.

—James Laughlin

ECHOES OF MUSTO: CLASS V

Sunday 1 June 2008, 1:30-4 p.m.

[1] “Prologue” (Denise Lanctot)

Emily Albrink, soprano; Cheryl Lemmons, piano

From the wanderer’s cup I drink Me, Penelope, Penelope,
The ever patient wife.
Traveling in my mind outwitting place and time
Never far behind the world’s greatest wanderer My husband, Ulysses.

Appearances can deceive: As I sit here and I weave And unweave,
Weave And unweave, this coat.
As I sit here and I spin, Then unspin, spin Then unspin, spin, Then unspin,
Spin, then unspin, this golden thread.

They all think I’m mad.
“She’s gone off her head!”
as you did when we parted When I smiled at you and said:
“*Absence is a lack of Imagination.*”

Come, dearest husband, It’s time for bed.

—Denise Lanctot

[2] Epithalamium (Denise Lanctot)

Megan Berti, mezzo-soprano; Pantelis Polychronides, piano

In my father’s orchard Beneath a lilac tree Love unfurled When you pulled my ribbon free.
My braid came undone Buttons parted ways The fire of your promises set my skin ablaze.
I drank your thirsty kisses Full-bodied wine Imagining with ev’ry sip You’d be forever mine.
And when it was over You whispered in my ear “You are all *my* world Whether far or near.” In my
father’s orchard.

—Denise Lanctot

[3] Weaving Song (Denise Lanctot)

Rachel Calloway, mezzo-soprano; Cheryl Lemmons, piano

Loneliness unravels Distance disappears When I weave this coat For you, Ulysses.
I wander as I weave And weave and weave And wander more My journey, love, will never end ‘Til you
wander through my door.
Imagining this thread An endless silken strand Cleaves my heart to yours In some far and foreign land.
A road is like a thread A filament of flight.
I’m a highwire wanderer On the edge of sheer delight.
A wander as I weave And weave and weave And wander more My journey, love, will never end ‘Til you
wander through my door.
Suddenly you awake and sense that I am there: A breath, a thread, a whisper, a strand of golden hair.
I wander as I weave And weave and weave And wander more My journey, love, will never end ‘Til you
wander through my door.
Loneliness unravels – distance disappears When I weave this coat For you, Ulysses.

—Denise Lanctot

Denise Lanctot renamed Didi Balle in 2003, was educated in New York's Tisch School of Arts. As writer and director, Balle's credits include numerous commissions, broadcasts and productions of her work for radio, musical theater and opera, which have been performed by companies from New York City Opera to The Manhattan Rhythm Kings, in venues from Lincoln Center to the Barbican Center for the Arts in London, and broadcast live from BBC to NPR. Her print work includes publication of cover stories, articles and reviews in national magazines from *Cosmopolitan* to *New Age/Body and Soul*. She's conducted hundreds of hour-long audio interviews with best-selling authors for Recorded Books audio books on CD.



She is also a professional newspaper editor and has worked as a contributing editor for *The New York Times* Syndicate since 1998 to the present. She worked for many years in the Syndicate's Manhattan offices, and now telecommutes from her new home in the Pacific Northwest.

[4] 'Au pays où se fait la guerre' (Gautier)

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Jazimina MacNeil, mezzo-soprano; Katarzyna Wieczorek, piano

Au pays où se fait la guerre
Mon bel ami s'en est allé.
Il semble à mon coeur désolé
Qu'il ne reste que moi sur terre.
En partant au baiser d'adieu,
Il m'a pris mon âme à ma bouche...
Qui le tient si longtemps, mon Dieu?
Voilà le soleil qui se couche,
Et moi toute seule en ma tour
J'attends encore son retour.

Les pigeons sur le toit roucoulent,
Roucoulent amoureusement,
Avec un son triste et charmant;
Les eaux sous les grands saules coulent...
Je me sens tout près de pleurer,
Mon coeur comme un lys plein s'épanche,
Et je n'ose plus espérer,
Voici briller la lune blanche,
Et moi toute seule en ma tour
J'attends encore son retour...

Quelqu'un monte à grands pas la rampe...
Serait-ce lui, mon doux amant?
Ce n'est pas lui, mais seulement
Mon petit page avec ma lampe...
Vents du soir, volez, dites-lui
Qu'il est ma pensée et mon rêve,
Toute ma joie et mon ennui.
Voici que l'aurore se lève,
Et moi toute seule en ma tour
J'attends encore son retour.

—Théophile Gautier

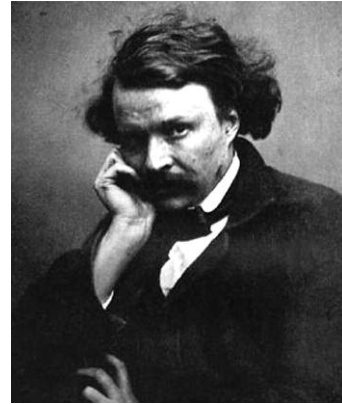
To the country where war is waged
My beautiful love departed.
It seems to my desolate heart
That I alone remain on earth.
When leaving, at our kiss goodbye,
He took my soul from my mouth...
Who is holding him back so long, O God?
There is the sun setting.
And I, all alone in my tower,
I still await his return.

The pigeons on the roof are cooing,
Cooing lovingly
With a sad and charming sound;
The waters under the large willows flow...
I feel ready to cry;
My heart, like a full lily, overflows
And I no longer dare to hope.
Here gleams the white moon.
And I, all alone in my tower,
I still await his return.

Someone is climbing the ramp with heavy steps.
Could it be him, my sweet love?
It isn't him, but only
My little page with my lamp.
Evening winds, veiled, tell him
That he is my thoughts and my dream,
All my joy and my longing.
Here is the dawn rising.
And I, all alone in my tower,
I still await his return.

Théophile Gautier

(b. 30 August 1811, d. 23 October 1872). French poet, dramatist, novelist, journalist, and literary critic. An ardent defender of Romanticism, he remains a point of reference for a host of later literary traditions, including Parnassianism, Symbolism, Decadence, Modernism, and was esteemed by such varied writers as Baudelaire, Flaubert and Wilde. He spent the majority of his career as a journalist at *La Presse* and later on at *Le Moniteur universel*.



Gautier began writing poetry as early as 1826 but the majority of his life was spent as a contributor to various journals, mainly for *La Presse*, which also gave him the opportunity for foreign travel and meeting many influential contacts in high society and in the world of the arts. Gautier travelled widely, including exploration of Spain, Italy, Russian, Egypt and Algeria. His many travels inspired such writings as *Voyage en Espagne* (1843), *Trésors d'Art de la Russie* (1858), and *Voyage en Russie* (1867). Considered by many as being some of the best travel literature from the nineteenth century, Gautier's prose is often written in a more personal style; it provides a window into his own tastes in art and culture.

Shortly after leaving school, Gautier met Victor Hugo who became a major influence on him and is credited for giving Gautier—an aspiring painter at the time—an appetite for literature. In the aftermath of the 1830 Revolution, Gautier began to frequent meetings of *Le Petit Cénacle*, a group of artists who met in the studio of Jehan Du Seigneur. The group was a more irresponsible version of Hugo's *Cénacle*, and consisted of such artists as Gérard de Nerval, Alexandre Dumas (père), Petrus Borel, Alphonse Brot, Joseph Bouchardy and Philothée O'Neddy. *Le Petit Cénacle* soon gained a reputation for extravagance and eccentricity, but also as a unique refuge from society.

Though Gautier did not consider himself to be dramatist (more of a poet and storyteller), he wrote all or part of nine different plays between 1839-50. This is striking given that during the French Revolution, many theatres were closed down and plays were therefore scarce.

Two of Gautier's most famous works were:

Albertus (1831), published in 1832, is a long narrative poem of one hundred and twenty-two stanzas, each consisting of twelve lines of alexandrine (twelve-syllable) verse, except for the last line of each stanza, which is octosyllabic. *Albertus* is a parody of Romantic literature, especially of tales of the macabre and the supernatural. The poem tells a story of an ugly witch who magically transforms at midnight into an alluring young woman. *Albertus*, the hero, falls deeply in love and agrees to sell his soul.

Émaux et Camées (1852) was published when Gautier was touring the middle east and is considered to be his supreme poetic achievement. The title reflects Gautier's abandonment of the romantic ambition to create a kind of 'total' art, one that involves the emotional participation of the reader, in favor of a more modern approach which focuses more on the form instead of content of the poetic composition. This started off as a collection of 18 poems in 1852 but further editions contained up to 37 poems.

[5] “Der Nussbaum” (Mosen)

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Jazimina MacNeil, mezzo-soprano; Katarzyna Wieczorek, piano

Der Nußbaum

Es grünet ein Nussbaum vor dem Haus,
Duftig, luftig breitet er blättrig die Äste aus.

Viel liebliche Blüten stehen dran;
Linde Winde kommen, sie herzlich zu umfahn.

Es flüstern je zwei zu zwei gespaart,
Neigend, beugend zierlich zum Kusse die.
Häuptchen zart

Sie flütern von einem Mäglein, das
Dächte die Nächte und Tage lang,
Wusste, ach, selber nicht was.

Sie flütern, wer mag verstehn so gar
Leise Weise? Flüstern von Bräut' gam
Und nächstem Jahr.

Das Mägdlein horchet, es rauscht im Baum;
Sehend, wähnend sinkt es lächelnd in
Schlaf und Traum.

—Julius Mosen

The Walnut tree

Green before the house a walnut stands.
spreading, fragrant, airy, its leafy branches

Many lovely blossoms it bears;
gentle winds visit them with loving embrace.

Paired together, they whisper,
gracefully inclined delicate heads to.
kiss.

Whisper of a maiden who
night and day pondered, ah, and knew
not what.

Whisper—who can understand so
soft a song?—of a husband-to-be, of
Next year.

The maiden listens, the tree rustles;
yearning, hoping, she sinks, smiling,
into sleep and dreams.

Julius Mosen

(b. 8 July 1803, d. 10 October 1867) German poet and author. He trained as a lawyer (Jena and Leipzig), but thereafter focused on literary work.

In 1831 Mosen's *Lied vom Ritter Wahn* showed much literary promise. This was followed by the more philosophical *Ahasvar* (1838), and by a volume of poems, *Gedichte* (1836, 2nd ed., 1843), among which *Andreas Hofer* and *Die letzten Zehn vom vierten Regiment* became popular. He wrote the historical plays *Heinrich der Fünfte* (Leipzig, 1836), *Cola Rienzi*, *Die Bräute von Florenz*, *Wendelin und Helene* and *Kaiser Otto III* (the four last being published in his *Theater* 1842), and a politico-historical novel, *Der Kongress von Verona* (1842), which was followed by a charming collection of short stories (*Bilder im Moose*, 1846).



In 1844 Mosen accepted the appointment of dramaturge at the Court Theatre in Oldenburg, but he was soon afterwards stricken with paralysis, and after remaining an invalid for many years, died at Oldenburg in 1867. His later works of note include *Die Dresdner Gemäldegalerie* (1844), and the tragedies *Herzog Bernhard* (1855) and *Der Sohn des Fürsten* (1858).

[6] “Gretchen am Spinnrade” (Goethe)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828), D118

Emily Albrink, soprano; Tomasz Lis, piano

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Meine Ruh' is thin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab',
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergält.
Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.

Nach ihm nur schau' ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh' ich
Aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt.

Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluß.
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach, sein Kuß!

Mein Busen drängt sich
Nach ihm hin.
Ach dürft' ich fassen
Und halten ihn.

Und küssen ihn,
So wie ich wollt',
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt'!

—Johan Wolfgang von Goethe

Gretchen at the Spinning-wheel

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I shall never, never again
Find peace.

Wherever he is not with me
Is my grave,
The whole world
Is turned to gall.
My poor head
Is crazed,
My poor mind
Is shattered.

I look out to the window
Only to seek him,
I leave the house
Only to seek him.

His fine gait,
His noble form,
The smile of his lips,
The power of his eyes.

And the magic flow
Of his words,
The pressure of his hand
And, ah, his kiss!

My bosom yearns
For him.
Ah, if only I could grasp him
And hold him.

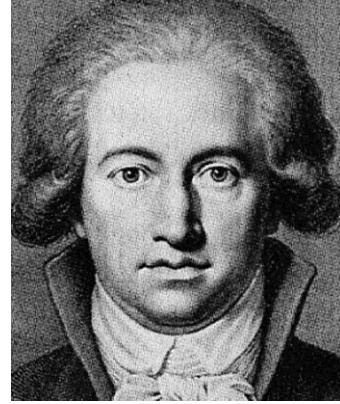
And kiss him
As I would like,
I should die
From his kisses!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

(b. 28 August 1749, d. 22 March 1832) German writer, poet, dramatist, scientist, philosopher. Dubbed by George Eliot “Germany’s greatest man of letters ... the last true polymath to walk the earth,” his literary oeuvre encompasses poetry, theology, philosophy, and science. His towering influence on nineteenth-century German culture is perhaps comparable only to Hegel in its breadth and magnitude. Goethe is considered by many to be the most important writer in the German language and tout court one of the most important thinkers in Western culture.

Goethe’s two-part drama *Faust* (1808) is perhaps his most enduring work, and has inspired numerous musical realizations in opera, oratorio, and symphony from composers such as Spohr and Boito to Wagner,

Mahler, and Schnittke. *Faust* became the Ur-myth of many figures in the 19th century. Later, a facet of its plot, i.e., of selling one's soul to the devil for power over the physical world, took on increasing literary importance and became a view of the victory of technology and of industrialism, along with its dubious human expenses. Beethoven declared that a "Faust" Symphony would be the greatest thing for Art. Liszt and Mahler both created symphonies in whole or in large part inspired by this seminal work, which would give the 19th century one of its most paradigmatic figures: Doctor Faustus. The Faust tragedy/drama was written in two parts published decades and is often called "*Das Drama der Deutschen*" (*The drama of the Germans*).



His *Bildungsroman* *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, and his epistolary novel *The Sorrow of Young Werther* (1774) influenced countless artists, the latter even reportedly driving a host of young men to impassioned suicide. Goethe admitted that he "shot his hero to save himself": a reference to Goethe's own near-suicidal obsession with a young woman during this period, an obsession he quelled through the writing process. The novel remains in print in dozens of languages and its influence is undeniable; its central hero, an obsessive figure driven to despair and destruction by his unrequited love for the young Lotte, has become a pervasive literary archetype.

As the co-leader, with Schiller, of Weimar Classicism, he originated the concept of *Weltliteratur*, and occupies a fertile nexus of aesthetics between *Empfindsamkeit* and *Sturm und Drang*, between Enlightenment and Romanticism. His poetry served as a model for the movement known as *Innerlichkeit* ("inwardness"), and was set to music by almost every major Austro-German composer in the long nineteenth-century from Mozart to Mahler. Goethe's most prominent inheritor in this respect was arguably Heinrich Heine.

His work on plant morphology and theory of color (refuting Newtonian optics) were profoundly influential for A. B. Marx's conception of sonata form as well as Darwin's evolutionary theory, and Beethoven's instrumental *Klangfarbe* aesthetic, respectively. Goethe was, in fact, the first to systematically study the physiological effects of color, and his observations on the effect of opposed colors led him to a symmetric arrangement between light and shadow of his color wheel, "for the colors diametrically opposed to each other ... are those which reciprocally evoke each other in the eye."

Goethe remains a household man of letters, and his epigrams still in usage include:

- i) "Against criticism a man can neither protest nor defend himself; he must act in spite of it, and then it will gradually yield to him"
- ii) "Divide and rule, a sound motto; unite and lead, a better one",
- iii) "Enjoy when you can, and endure when you must"
- iv) "In the beginning was the deed!"

[7] Die Spinnerin (Heyse)

Robert Schumann (1810-1856), Op. 107, No. 4
Victoria Browsers, soprano; Daniel Padgett, piano

Die Spinnerin

Auf dem Dorf in den Spinnstuben
Sind lustig die Mädchen.
Hat jedes seinen Herzbuben,
Wie flink geht das Rädchen!

Spinnt jedes am Brautschatz,
Dass der Liebste sich freut.
Nicht lange, so gibt es
Ein Hochzeitsgeläut!

Kein' Seel', die mir gut ist,
Kommt mit mir zu plaudern;
Gar schwül mir zu Mut ist,
Und die Hände zaudern.

Und die Tränen mir rinnen
Leis übers Gesicht.
Wofür soll ich spinnen,
Ich weiss es ja nicht!

—Paul Heyse

At the Spinning-wheel

Each of the village girls sits in her room,
Happy at her spinning-wheel.
Each has her sweetheart;
How briskly the wheels turn!

Each is spinning her wedding dress
To please her true lover;
before long there'll be
Wedding bells.

But no friend comes
to talk with me;
I sit in sad despair,
And my hands falter.

And the tears silently run
Down over my cheeks.
Why should I go on with my spinning?
I cannot tell.

Paul Johann Ludwig von Heyse

(b. 15 March 1830, d. 2 April 1914) German author, translator, and academic.

Educated in Berlin and Bonn, where he studied classical languages, and later romance languages. Afterwards, he translated many Italian poets. He also wrote short stories and published several novels, the most famous being *Kinder der Welt* ("Children of the World", 1873). In Berlin he was member of the poets' society "Tunnel über der Spree", in Munich together with Emanuel Geibel and others in the poets' society "Krokodil" (Crocodile).

He wrote books, poems, and about 60 dramas. The sum of Heyse's many and varied productions has made him a dominant figure among German men of letters. He was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1910 "as a tribute to the consummate artistry, permeated with idealism, which he has demonstrated during his long productive career as a lyric poet, dramatist, novelist and writer of world-renowned short stories". Heyse is the second oldest laureate in literature, after Theodor Mommsen. He was made a nobleman by the King of Bavaria in 1910. His complete works were published in fifteen volumes in 1924, ten years after his death.



[8] “Dans le pénombre” (Lerberghe)

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924), *Le Jardin clos*

Stephen Lancaster, baritone; Pantelis Polychronides, piano

À quoi, dans ce matin d'avril,
Si douce et d'ombre enveloppée,
La chère enfant au cœur subtil
Est-elle ainsi tout occupée?

With what, this April morning,
So sweet and swathed in shadow,
Is the dear and tender-hearted girl
So preoccupied?

Pensivement, d'un geste lent,
En longue robe, en robe à queue,
Sur le soleil au rouet blanc
À filer de la laine bleue.

Pensively and slowly,
In a long flowing robe,
Spinning blue wool
On the sun's white wheel,

À sourire à son rêve encore,
Avec ses yeux de fiancée,
À travers les feuillages d'or
Parmi les lys de sa pensée.

Still smiling at her dream
With the eyes of one betrothed,
Across the golden foliage
Among the lilies of her thought.

—Charles Van Lerberghe

Charles van Lerberghe

(b. 21 October 1861, d. 26 October 1907). Belgian poet, short-story writer, and playwright whose reputation rests largely on two collections of poems—*Entrevues* (1898; “Glimpses”) and *La Chanson d’Ève* (1904; “The Song of Eve”)—that exemplify his lyrical talent and idealistic outlook. Although his first poems had been published 12 years earlier, Van Lerberghe did not issue a collection until *Entrevues*. This consists of 64 poems, some written in free verse. Influenced by Henri Bergson’s theory of duration, these poems explore themes of transience and beauty through vague, indistinct images of the natural world. Though not regarded as belonging to the first order of symbolist poets, Lerberghe undoubtedly holds a vital mantle as the final example of a successful Symbolist poet.



[9] Spinning Song

Noël Coward (1899-1973)

Jillian Stout, soprano; Tomasz Lis, piano

Spinning song

Here at my spinning wheel I stay
While the robin sings 'Ho' on the
Orchard bough,
Where be my love who rode
away,
Where be he, be he now? ...
—Noël Coward

Noël Peirce Coward

(b. 16 December 1899, d. 26 March 1973) English actor, playwright and composer of popular music. He was arguably the first Brit pop star, the first ambassador of “cool Britannia.”

Coward was on stage by the age of six, and writing his first drama ten years later. A visit to New York in 1921 infused him with the pace of Broadway shows, and he injected its speed into British drama and music to create a high-octane rush for the jazz-mad, dance-crazy 1920s. Coward's style was imitated everywhere, as otherwise quite normal Englishmen donned dressing gowns, stuck cigarettes in long holders and called each other “dahling”; his revues propagated the message, with songs sentimental (“A Room With A View,” “I'll See You Again”) and satirical (“Mad Dogs and Englishmen,” “Don't Put Your Daughter On the Stage, Mrs. Worthington”).



His between-the-wars celebrity reached a peak in 1930 with “Private Lives,” by which time he had become the highest earning author in the western world. With the onset of World War II he redefined the spirit of the country in films such as *This Happy Breed* (1944), *In Which We Serve* (1942), *Blithe Spirit* (1945) and, perhaps most memorably, *Brief Encounter* (1945). In the postwar period, Coward, the aging Bright Young Thing, seemed outmoded by the Angry Young Men, but, like any modern pop star, he reinvented himself as a hip cabaret singer. By the 1960s, his reappraisal was complete, and his “Hay Fever” was the first work by a living author to be produced at the National Theatre. He was knighted in 1970, and died in his beloved Jamaica on 26 March 1973. Since his death, his reputation has grown. There is never a point at which his plays are not being performed, or his songs being sung.

A playwright, director, actor, songwriter, filmmaker, novelist, wit, his early writings were mainly short songs and sketches for the revue shows popular in the 1920s, but even his early works often contained touches of the genius to come (“Parisian Pierrot” 1923). He went on to write and star in his own revues, but the whiff of scandal was never far away, such as that from the drug addict portrayed in “The Vortex.” Despite his obvious homosexual lifestyle he was taken to the hearts of the people and soon grew into one of the most popular writer/performers of his time.

ECHOES OF MUSTO: CLASS VI

Sunday 1 June 2008, 7:30-9 p.m.

Quiet Songs (1990) No. 1-5 by John Musto (b. 1954)

[1] “Quiet Song” (O’Neill)

Katharine Dain, soprano; Kyung-A Yoo, piano

Quiet Song

Here
Is home.
Is peace.
Is quiet.
Here
Is love
That sits by the hearth
And smiles into the fire,
As into a memory of happiness,
As into the eyes of quiet.
Here
Is faith
That can be silent.
It is not afraid of silence.
It knows happiness
Is a deep pool
Of quiet.
Here
Sadness, too,
Is quiet.
Is the earth’s sadness
On autumn afternoons
When days grow short,
And the year grows old,
When frost is in the air;
And suddenly one notices
Time’s hair
Has grown whiter.
Here
Where is here?
In my heart
Within your heart
Is home.
Is peace.
Is quiet.

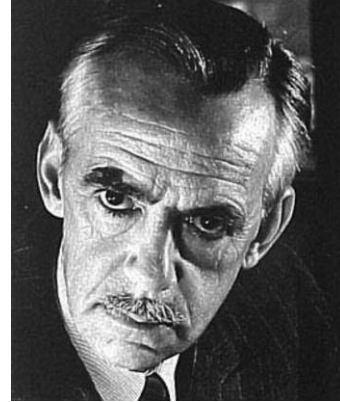
—Eugene O’Neill



Eugene O’Neill

(b. 16 October 1888 – d. 27 November 1953) A Nobel-prize winning American playwright, through whose efforts the American theatre came of age during the 1920s, developing into a cultural medium that could take its place with the best in American art. He saw the theatre as a valid forum for the presentation of serious ideas. Imbued with the tragic sense of life, he aimed for a contemporary drama that had its roots in the most powerful of ancient Greek tragedies; in short, a drama that could rise to the emotional heights of Shakespeare.

His plays were the first to introduce into American drama the techniques of realism, associated with Chekhov, Ibsen, and Strindberg. His plays were among the first to introduce speeches in the American vernacular. They involve characters who inhabit the fringes of society, engaging in depraved behavior, where they struggle to maintain their hopes and aspirations but ultimately slide into disillusionment and despair. O'Neill wrote only one comedy (*Ah, Wilderness!*): all his other plays involve some degree of tragedy and personal pessimism.



His first published play, *Beyond the Horizon*, opened on Broadway in 1920 to great acclaim, and was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for Drama. His best-known plays include “*Anna Christie*” (Pulitzer Prize 1922), *Desire Under the Elms* 1924, *Strange Interlude* (Pulitzer Prize 1928), *Mourning Becomes Electra* 1931, and his only comedy, *Ah, Wilderness!*, a wistful re-imagining of his own youth as he wished it had been. In 1936 he received the Nobel Prize for Literature. After a ten-year pause, O'Neill's now-renowned play *The Iceman Cometh* was produced in 1946. The following year's *A Moon for the Misbegotten* failed, and did not gain recognition as being among his best works until decades later.

O'Neill was married to Kathleen Jenkins from 2 October 1909 to 1912, during which time they had one son, Eugene Jr. (b. 1910). In 1917, O'Neill met Agnes Boulton, a successful writer of commercial fiction, and they married in 12 April 1918. In 1943, O'Neill disowned his daughter Oona for marrying the English actor, director and producer Charlie Chaplin when she was 18 and Chaplin was 54. He never saw Oona again. He also had distant relationships with his sons, Eugene O'Neill Jr., a Yale classicist who suffered from alcoholism, and committed suicide in 1950 at the age of 40, and Shane O'Neill, a heroin addict who also committed suicide.

[2] “Intermezzo” (Burton)

Victoria Browsers, soprano; Daniel Padgett, piano

Intermezzo

You are with me
And I am with you
I surely would die
If that were not true.

—Amy Elizabeth Burton



[3] “Christmas Carol: (To Jesus On His Birthday)” (Millay)

Hyunju Song, soprano; Soyeon Kim, piano

Christmas Carol (To Jesus On His Birthday)

For this your mother sweated in the cold,
 For this you bled upon the bitter tree:
 A yard of tinsel ribbon bought and sold;
 A paper wreath; a day at home for me.
 The merry bells ring out, the people kneel;
 Up goes the man of God before the crowd;
 With voice of honey and with eyes of steel
 He drones your humble gospel to the proud.
 Less than the wind that blows
 Are all your words to us you died to save.
 O Prince of Peace! O Sharon's dewy Rose!
 How mute you lie within your vaulted grave.
 The stone the angel rolled away with tears
 Is back upon your mouth these thousand years.

—Edna St. Vincent Millay

Edna St. Vincent Millay

(b. 22 February 1892, d. 19 October 1950) American lyrical poet, playwright, known for her unconventional, bohemian lifestyle and many love affairs. She used the pseudonym Nancy Boyd for her prose work. Millay, who was bisexual, had relationships with several other students during her time at Vassar, then a women's college. In January 1921 she went to Paris, where she met sculptor Thelma Wood, with whom she had a romantic relationship. During her years in Greenwich Village and Paris she also had many relationships with men, including the literary critic Edmund Wilson, who unsuccessfully proposed marriage to her in 1920.

In 1923, she married Eugen Jan Boissevain (Born: 20 May 1880, Amsterdam; Died: 29 August 1949, Boston, Mass.), then the 43-year-old widower of labor lawyer and war correspondent Inez Milholland. Boissevain greatly supported her career and took primary care of domestic responsibilities. They lived near Austerlitz, New York, at a farmhouse they named Steepletop.



Millay's marriage with Boissevain was an open one, with both taking other lovers. Millay's most significant other relationship during this time was with the poet George Dillon, fourteen years her junior, for whom a number of her sonnets were written. Millay also collaborated with Dillon on *Flowers of Evil*, a translation of Charles Baudelaire's *Les Fleurs du mal*.

She won the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in 1923, for *The Harp-Weaver, and Other Poems* (the first woman to receive this award). In 1943 she was awarded the Frost Medal for her lifetime contribution to American poetry.

One of her best-known poems is “First Fig” from *A Few Figs from Thistles* (first published in 1920):

My candle burns at both ends;
 It will not last the night;
 But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends—
 It gives a lovely light!

Many, however, consider “Renascence” and “The Ballad of the Harp-Weaver” to be her finest poems. Thomas Hardy is once supposed to have said that America had two great attractions: the skyscraper and the poetry of Edna St. Vincent Millay.

[4] “Lullaby” (Adams)

Lauren Edwards, mezzo-soprano; Kathryn Christensen, piano

Lullaby

Hush, lullay,
 Your treasures all
 encrust with rust.
 Your trinket pleasures
 fall
 To dust.
 Beneath the sapphire arch
 Upon the grassy floor
 Is nothing more
 To hold.
 And play is over old.
 Your eyes
 In sleepy fever gleam,
 Your lids droop
 To their dream.
 You wander late alone,
 The flesh frets on the bone,
 Your love fails
 In your breast.
 Here is the pillow.
 Rest.

—Léonie Adams

**Léonie Adams**

(b. 9 December 1899, d. 27 June 1988) American poet, consultant, editor, and educator, whose verse interprets emotions and nature with an almost mystical vision.

Adams was given a strict upbringing in Brooklyn (not allowed to travel on the subway until she was 18!), and studied at Barnard College. In 1924, she became the editor of *The Measure*, and published her first volume of poetry: *Those Not Elect*, in 1925. Throughout the 1920s, she served in editorial capacities for both Wilson Publishing and The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Between 1930s-60s, Adams taught English at various colleges and universities including Douglass College (then known as the New Jersey College for Women), the University of Washington, the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, Columbia University, and Sarah Lawrence College.

From 1948–49, Adams was the Poetry Consultant for Library of Congress (now the U.S. Poet Laureate). Her collections of poetry are *Poems: A Selection* (1954), which received the Bollingen Prize (a joint-winner with Louise Bogan); *This Measure* (1933); *High Falcon and Other Poems* (1929); and *Those Not Elect* (1925). In 1974, Adams was awarded an Academy Fellowship from the Academy of American Poets.

Scholars have not tended to divide Adams' style into different “periods” over her lifetime, but an initial “shy wonder” at the world (perhaps due to her strict upbringing) did eventually develop into an “intense” and “almost devotional” lyricism. Her rich descriptions demonstrate great delicacy of perception and an exalted spirit. In this regard, she bears comparison with Henry Vaughan and 17th century metaphysical poetry, especially in her near-religious ecstasy.



[5] "Palm Sunday: Naples" (Symons)

Paula Downes, soprano; David Trippett, piano

Palm Sunday: Naples

Because it is the day of Palms,
 Carry a palm for me,
 Carry a palm in Santa Chiara,
 And I will watch the sea.
 I sit and watch the little sail
 Lean side-ways on the sea,
 The sea is blue from here to Sorrento
 And the sea-wind comes to me.
 I see the white clouds lift from Sorrento
 And the dark sail lean upon the sea.
 I have grown tired of all these things.
 And what is left for me?
 I have no place in Santa Chiara,
 There is no peace upon the sea;
 But carry a palm in Santa Chiara,
 Carry a palm for me.

—Arthur Symons

Arthur Symons

(b. 28 February 1865, d. 1945) Welsh poet, critic, translator, and editor.

Symons was educated privately, spending much of his time in France and Italy. In 1884-1886 he edited four of Bernard Quaritch's *Shakespeare Quarto Facsimiles*, and in 1888-1889 seven plays of the "Henry Irving" *Shakespeare*. He became a member of the staff of the *Athenaeum* in 1891, and of the *Saturday Review* in 1894, but his major editorial feat was his work with the short-lived *Savoy*.



His first volume of verse, *Days and Nights* (1889), consisted of dramatic monologues. His later verse is influenced by a close study of modern French writers, of Charles Baudelaire and especially of Paul Verlaine. As a regular guest at Mallarmé's Tuesday Evenings, Symons was perfectly positioned to serve as a middleman between the French avant-garde and their British and American cousins. He wrote critical appreciations of those writers whom he did not translate, thus introducing an entire generation of European writers and artists to the English-speaking world. In his own verse, Symons reflects French tendencies both in the subject-matter and style of his poems, in their eroticism and their vividness of description. Symons contributed poems and essays to the *Yellow Book*, including an important piece which was later expanded into his (almost astonishingly important) book, *The Symbolist Movement in Literature*, which would have a major influence on William Butler Yeats and T. S. Eliot. From late 1895 through 1896 he edited, along with Aubrey Beardsley, *The Savoy*, a literary magazine which published both art and literature. Noteworthy contributors included Yeats, George Bernard Shaw, and Joseph Conrad.

In 1902 Symons made a selection from his earlier verse, published as *Poems*. He translated from the Italian of Gabriele D'Annunzio *The Dead City* (1900) and *The Child of Pleasure* (1898), and from the French of Émile Verhaeren *The Dawn* (1898). To *The Poems of Ernest Dowson* (1905) he prefixed an essay on the deceased poet, who was a kind of English Verlaine and had many attractions for Symons. In 1909 Symons suffered a psychotic breakdown, and published very little new work for a period of more than twenty years.

[6] “So wahr die Sonne scheint” (Rückert)

Robert Schumann (1810-1856) *Liebesfrühling*, Op. 37, No. 12

Rachel Calloway, mezzo-soprano; Stephen Lancaster, baritone; David Trippett, piano

So wahr die Sonne scheint,
So wahr die Wolke weinet,
So wahr die Flamme sprüht,
So wahr der Frühling blüht;
So wahr hab' ich empfunden,
Wie ich dich halt' umwunden:
Du liebst mich, wie ich dich,
Dich lieb' ich, wie du mich.

Truly as the sun shines,
truly as the cloud weeps,
truly as flame flashes,
truly as spring blossoms;
as truly I did feel
holding you embraced:
you love me, as I you,
you I love, as you me.

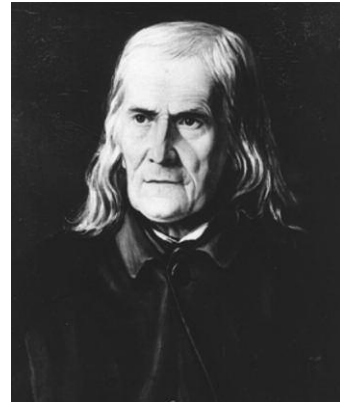
Die Sonne mag erscheinen,
Die Wolke nicht mehr weinen,
Die Flamme mag versprühn,
Der Frühling nicht mehr blühen!
Wir wollen uns umwinden
Und immer so empfinden;
Du liebst mich, wie ich dich,
Dich lieb' ich, wie du mich.

The sun may cease to shine,
the cloud may weep no more,
the flame may flash and die,
The spring—blossom no more!
Let us embrace
and so feel forever;
you love me, as I you,
you I love, as you me.

—Friedrich Rückert

Friedrich Rückert

(b. 16 May 1788, d. 31 January 1866) German poet, translator and professor of Oriental languages. Educated at the Universities of Würzburg and Heidelberg, between 1816-17 he worked on the editorial staff of the *Morgenblatt* at Stuttgart. Between 1820-26 he lived in Coburg, after which he was appointed professor of Oriental languages at the University of Erlangen. In 1841, he took up a similar post in Berlin.



When Rückert began his literary career, Germany was engaged in her life-and-death struggle with Napoleon; and in his first volume, *Deutsche Gedichte* (German Poems), published in 1814 under the pseudonym Freimund Raimar, he gave, particularly in the powerful *Geharnischte Sonette* (*Sonnets in Arms/Harsh Words*), vigorous expression to the prevailing sentiment of his countrymen. During 1815 to 1818 appeared Napoleon, *eine politische Komödie in drei Stücken* (*Napoleon, a Political Comedy in Three Parts*)—only two parts were published; and in 1817 *Der Kranz der Zeit* (*The Wreath of Time*).

Rückert, who was master of thirty languages, made his mark chiefly as a translator of Oriental poetry and as a writer of poems conceived in the spirit of Oriental masters. Much attention was attracted by a translation of *Hariris Makamen* in 1826, *Nal und Damajanti*, an Indian tale, in 1828, *Rostem und Suhrab, eine Heldengeschichte* (*Rostem and Suhrab, a Story of Heroes*) in 1830, and *Hamasa, oder die ältesten arabischen Volkslieder* (*Hamasa, or the Oldest Arabian Folk Songs*) in 1846.

After his death many poetical translations and original poems were found among his papers, and several collections of them were published. Rückert had a splendor of imagination which made Oriental poetry congenial to him, and he has seldom been surpassed in rhythmic skill and metrical ingenuity. There are hardly any lyrical forms which are not represented among his works, and in all of them he wrote with equal ease and grace.

[7] “Noel des enfants qui n’ont plus de maisons” (Debussy)

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Megan Aylward, soprano; Hye Jung Shin, piano

Noel des enfants qui n’ont plus de maisons

Nous n’avons plus de maisons!

Les ennemis ont tout pris,
tout pris, tout pris,
jusqu’à notre petit lit!

Ils ont brûlé l’école et notre maître aussi.

Ils ont brûlé l’église et monsieur Jésus-Christ

Et le vieux pauvre qui n’a pas pu s’en aller!

Nous n’avons plus de maisons.

Les ennemis ont tout pris,
tout pris, tout pris,
jusqu’à notre petit lit!

Bien sûr! papa est à la guerre,

Pauvre mama nest morte!

Avant d’avoir vu tout ça.

Qu’est-ce que l’on va faire?

Noël! Petit Noël! N’allez pas chez eux,

N’aller plus jamais chez eux,

Punissez-les!

Vengez les enfants de France!

Les petits Belges, les petits Serbes,

Si nous en oublions, pardonnez-nous.

Noël! Noël! Surtout, pas de joujoux,

Tâchez de nous redonner le pain quotidien.

Nous n’avons plus de maisons.

Les ennemis ont tout pris,
tout pris, tout pris,
jusqu’à notre petit lit!

Ils ont brûlé l’école et notre maître aussi.

Ils ont brûlé l’église et monsieur Jésus-Christ

Et le vieux pauvre qui n’a pas pu s’en aller!

Noël! Ecoutez-nous, nous n’avons plus de petits sabots:

Mais donnez la victoire aux enfants de France!

—Claude Debussy

A carol for homeless children

We’ve no houses any more!

The enemy have taken everything,
everything, everything
even our little beds!

They’ve burned the school and our teacher too.

They’ve burned the church and Mister Jesus

And the poor old man who couldn’t escape!

We’ve no houses any more!

The enemy have taken everything,
everything, everything
even our little beds!

Of course! Daddy’s at the war,

Poor mother died!

Before seeing all this.

What are we to do?

Noël, little Noël, don’t visit them,

don’t visit them ever again.

Punish them!

Avenge the children of France!

The little Belgians, the little Serbs,

If we’ve forgotten any, forgive us.

Noël, Noël, and above all, no toys,

Try to give us back our daily bread.

We’ve no houses any more!

The enemy have taken everything,
everything, everything
even our little beds!

They’ve burned the school and our teacher too.

They’ve burned the church and Mister Jesus

And the poor old man who couldn’t escape!

Noël! Hear us, we no longer have our little clogs:

But give victory to the children of France!

[8] “The Nurse's Song” (Phillip)

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976), *A Charm of Lullabies*, op. 41, No. 5
Rachel Calloway, mezzo-soprano; Tomasz Lis, piano

The Nurse's Song

Lullaby baby,
Lullaby baby,
Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may be.
Lullaby baby!

Be still, my sweett sweeting, no longer do cry;
Sing lullaby baby, lullaby baby.
Let dolours be fleeting, I fancy thee, I ...
To rock and to lull thee I will not delay me.

Lullaby baby,
Lullabylabylaby baby,
Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may be
Lullabylabylaby baby
The gods be thy shield and comfort in need!
The gods be thy shield and comfort in need!
Sing Lullaby baby,
Lullabylaby baby

They give thee good fortune and well for to speed,
And this to desire ... I will not delay me.
This to desire ... I will not delay me.

Lullaby lullabylaby baby,
Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may be.
Lullabylabylabylaby baby.

—John Phillip

[9] “Santa Chiara, Palm Sunday, Naples” (Symons)

John Ireland (1879-1962)
Stephen Lancaster, baritone; Radha Upton, piano

Sante Chiara, Palm Sunday, Naples

Because it is the day of Palms,
Carry a palm for me,
Carry a palm in Santa Chiara,
And I will watch the sea.
I sit and watch the little sail
Lean side-ways on the sea,
The sea is blue from here to Sorrento
And the sea-wind comes to me.
I see the white clouds lift from Sorrento
And the dark sail lean upon the sea.
I have grown tired of all these things.
And what is left for me?
I have no place in Santa Chiara,
There is no peace upon the sea;
But carry a palm in Santa Chiara,
Carry a palm for me.

—Arthur Symons



ECHOES OF MUSTO: CLASS VII

Monday, 2 June 2008, 10:00 a.m.-12:30 p.m.

[1] “Suleika II” (Willemer/Goethe)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828), D717

Hae Jin Song, soprano; Tomasz Lis, piano

Ach, um deine feuchten Schwingen,
West, wie sehr ich dich beneide:
Denn du kannst ihm Kunde bringen
Was ich in der Trennung leide!

Die Bewegung deiner Flügel
Weckt im Busen stilles Sehnen;
Blumen, Auen, Wald und Hügel
Stehn bei deinem Hauch in Tränen.

Doch dein mildes sanftes Wehen
Kühlt die wunden Augenlieder;
Ach, für Leid müsst' ich vergehen,
Hofft' ich nicht zu sehn ihn wieder.

Eile denn zu meinem Lieben,
Spreche sanft zu seinem Herzen;
Doch vermeid' ihn zu betrüben
Und verbirg ihm meine Schmerzen.

Sag ihm, aber sag's bescheiden:
Seine Liebe sei mein Leben,
Freudiges Gefühl von beiden
Wird mir seine Nähe geben.

—Marianne von Willemer

Ah, west wind, how I envy you
Your moist wings;
For you can bring him word
Of what I suffer separated from him.

The motion of your wings
Awakens a silent longing within my breast.
Flowers. Meadows, woods and hills
Grow tearful at your breath.

But your mild, gentle breeze
Cools my sore eyelids;
Ah, I should die of grief
If I had no hope of seeing him again.

Hasten then to my beloved,
Speak softly to his heart;
But be careful not to distress him,
And conceal my suffering from him.

Tell him, but tell him humbly,
That his love is my life,
And that his presence will bring me
A joyous sense of both.

Marianne von Willemer

(b. 20 November 1784, d. 6 December 1860) Austrian actress and dancer, and the only muse of Goethe's to have co-authored a work of poetry with him.

Marianne von Willemer was 31 when she fell in love with the 66 year old Goethe. By then, he believed that there would be only world literature (*Weltliteratur*) in the future, not national literature. He was reading oriental poets when he transformed his love for Marianne into the “West Eastern Divan” and included - anonymously - Marianne von Willemer's inspired poems. She never published literature under her own name during her lifetime.



[2] “Schwanengesang” (Senn)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828), D744

Min Sang Kim, countertenor; Sohjun Jun, piano

Schwanengesang

“Wie klag’ ich’s aus, das
 Sterbegefühl,
 Das auflösend durch die Glieder
 Rinnt,
 Wie sing’ ich aus, das Werdegefühl,
 Das erlösend dich, o Geist, anweht.”

Er klagt’, er sang,
 Vernichtungsbang,
 Verklärungsfroh,
 Bis das Leben floh.
 Das bedeutet das Schwanen Gesang!
 —Johann Senn

Swan song

“How shall I lament the presentiment of
 death,
 The dissolution that flows through my
 limbs?
 How shall I sing of the feeling of new life
 That redeems you with its breath, o spirit?”

It lamented, it sang,
 Fearful of extinction,
 Joyously awaiting transfiguration,
 Until life fled.
 That is the meaning of the swan’s song!

Johann Senn

(b. 1 April 1795, d. 30 September 1857). German political activist and lyric poet of the *Vormärz* period. From 1807 he lived in Vienna, and together with Schubert, Senn was a pupil at the Vienna *Stadtkonvikts* boarding school. Along with his musical fellow student, the poet Johann Mayrhofer, the lawyer Franz von Bruchmann, the painter Josef Kupelweiser, and the doctor Baron Ernst von Feuchtersleben, he formed a circle of early Romantic German liberals whose political idealism was staunchly opposed to Metternich’s reactionary regime with its spy networks and censorship. Senn was also a member of one of the many left-wing student groups banned in Austria. Accordingly, he was arrested in 1820 on account of his revolutionary ideals and imprisoned for a year; thereafter he rose to the rank of lieutenant during his eight years of military service in Tirol. He is perhaps best known as the author of *Schwanengesang* and *Seglige Welt*, which Schubert set to music. There is a street named after him in Innsbruck, where he died.



[3] “Lebe wohl” (Mörike)Hugo Wolf (1860-1903); *Mörike-Lieder*, No. 36

Stephen Lancaster, baritone; Pantelis Polychronides, piano

Lebe wohl

Leb wohl!—Du fühlst nicht,
 Was es heist, dies Wort der Schmerzen;
 Mit getrostem Angesicht
 Sagtest du's und leichtem Herzen.
 Lebe wohl!—Ach, tausendmal
 Hab ich mir es vorgesprochen.
 Und in nimmersatter Qual
 Mir das Herz damit gebrochen.

—Eduard Mörike

Farewell

Farewell!—You do not feel
 what it means, this word of pain;
 with hopeful face
 you spoke it, and light heart.
 Farewell!—Ah, thousand times
 I have said that to myself.
 And in insatiable agony
 have broken my heart.

Eduard Mörike

(b. 8 September 1804, d. 4 June 1875). German Romantic poet, novelist, prose writer, and member of the so-called Swabian school centered around Ludwig Uhland. Dubbed “Goethe’s spiritual son,” Mörike’s lyric poetry pivots between the Classical and Romantic tradition around 1800 and the flourishing of the modernist lyric around 1900. He is most famed for his lyric verse, but also produced prose works that have retained their significance as masterful contributions to modern German narrative



He studied theology in Tübingen, and subsequently became a Lutheran pastor. Autobiographical and superficial textual facts might support the view of Mörike as a provincial poet, confined to his pastor’s life in the rustic areas of his native Württemberg and representative of a *Biedermeier* tendency to resign passively in the face of authority and complexity and to retreat to the safe spheres of the rural or village homeland, the domestic and natural circle. Yet he shares with other enduring writers of the *Biedermeier* generation a self-critical awareness of the complexities and dangers that lurk behind the impression of idyllic simplicity.

Mörike’s poems are mostly lyric, though often humorous. In addition to verse, he wrote Lieder similar in form and conception to Goethe’s, and published a collection of hymns, odes, elegies and idylls of the Greeks and Romans, entitled *Klassische Blumenlese* (1840). His novel *Mozart on the Way to Prague* (1856) ranks as one of the most complex and compelling in an illustrious tradition of German *Künstlersromane* (artist stories) after Goethe’s *Wilhelm Meister* and before Mann’s *Death in Venice*. In 1851, Mörike became professor of German literature at the Katharinestift in Stuttgart.

[4] “The Bayly Berith the Bell Away” (15th century)

Peter Warlock (1894-1930)

Hannah Fuerst, soprano; Katarzyna Wieczorek, piano

The Bayly Berith the Bell Away

The maidens came when I was in my mother's bow'r;

I had all that I would.

The bailey beareth the bell away;

The lily, the rose, the rose I lay.

The silver is white, red is the gold;

The robes they lay in fold.

The bailey beareth the bell away;

The lily, the rose, the rose I lay.

And through the glass window shines the sun.

How should I love, and I so young?

The bailey beareth the bell away;

The lily, the rose, the rose I lay.

—15th Century

[5] “Western Wind” (anon.)

Peter Warlock (1894-1930)

Hannah Fuerst, soprano; Katarzyna Wieczorek, piano

Western Wind

Western wind when will thou bloe

The small rain down can rain?

Christ if my love were in my arms,

And I in my bed again.

—Anonymous

[6] “The Silver Swan” (Gibbons)

Canzonettas (1984); John Musto (b. 1954)

Adrienne Pardee, mezzo-soprano; Pantelis Polychronides, piano

The Silver Swan

The silver swan

Who living had no note,

When death approached,

Unlocked her silent throat;

Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,

Thus sung her first and last,

And sung no more.

“Farewell, all joys, Oh death

Come close mine eyes.

More geese than swans now live,

More fools than wise.”

—Anonymous



Orlande Gibbons

(25 December 1583, d. 5 June 1625) English composer and organist

Educated at King's College, Cambridge, Gibbons spent his entire working life as organist at the Chapel Royal. One of the most versatile English composers of his time, Gibbons wrote a quantity of keyboard works, around thirty fantasias for viols, a number of madrigals (the best-known being *The Silver Swan*), and many popular verse anthems. His choral music is distinguished by his complete mastery of counterpoint, combined with his wonderful gift for melody.

**[6]"Last Song"** (Bogan)

Recuerdo (1988); John Musto (b. 1954)

Stephen Lancaster, baritone; Pantelis Polychronides, piano

A Last Song

Goodbye, goodbye!

There was so much to love, I could not love it all;

I could not love it enough.

Some things I overlooked, and some I could not find.

Let the crystal clasp them

When you drink your wine, in autumn.

—Louise Bogan

Louise Bogan

(b. 11 August 1897, d. 4 February 1970) America Poet, journalist, and critic, who believed that "lyric poetry if it is at all authentic...is based on some emotion—on some occasion, on some real confrontation."

Bogan was considered not only an iconoclast, but also a moralist with a rather neurotic mind. One of her admirers, a certain W. H. Auden, referred to her as "one of the four American Poets" and wondered whether her neglect from the critics would keep her from realizing her own talent. But her poetry was published in the *The New Republic*, the *Nation*, *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, *Scribner's* and *Atlantic Monthly*. Her "Collected Poems: 1923-1953" won her the Bollingen award in 1955 as well as an award from the Academy of American Poets in 1959, and she was the poetry reviewer of *The New Yorker* from 1931 until 1969, when she retired. She was a strong supporter, as well as a friend, of the poet Theodore Roethke.



Most of her work was published before 1938. This includes *Body of This Death* (1923), *Dark Summer* (1929) and *The Sleeping Fury* (1937). She also translated works by Ernst Jünger, Goethe, and Jules Renard. Later in Bogan's life, a volume of her collected works, *The Blue Estuaries: Poems 1923-1968*, was published with such poems as "The Dream" and "Women". "The terrible beast that no one may understand, came to my side and put down his head in love" is one of the many ways *In late 1969*, shortly before her death, she ended her thirty-eight year career as a reviewer for the *New Yorker* stating, "No more pronouncements on lousy verse. No more hidden competition. No more struggling not to be a square." Bogan appears, at the last, to be an optimist, writing without irony that "I cannot believe that the inscrutable universe turns on an axis of suffering; surely the strange beauty of the world must somewhere rest on pure joy!"

[7] “All Night by the Rose” (anon.)

Canzonettas (1984); John Musto (b. 1954)

Abigail Levis, mezzo-soprano; Ashley Garafalo, piano

All Night by the Rose

All night by the rose, rose,
All night by the rose I lay;
Dared I not the rose steal,
And yet I bare the flow’r away.

—*Anonymous*



JOHN MUSTO – COMPOSER-IN-RESIDENCE

Composer, Pianist



Photo by Christian Steiner

Though now known as one of our busiest opera composers, John Musto's reputation as a master of the concert song has long been secure, both as composer and as a performer at the piano. His highly refined

playing is featured in song recitals (often with the soprano Amy Burton), chamber music, concertos, and solo works. His interpretations of his own music and that of other composers are rivaled by his extraordinary gifts as an improviser. Critics often point out that this combination of abilities, so common in the virtuosi of the 18th and 19th centuries, finds a rare exponent in John Musto.

It has been asserted his feat of premiering two of his own piano concertos in one season is the first such accomplishment since Beethoven's unveiling of his own first and second concertos. In the past four years, he has seen the production of three new operas (one of them already given a second new production), with a fourth currently being composed for the Opera Theater of St. Louis and Wolftrap Opera. The latter theater had also commissioned his first opera, *Volpone*, whose success was a highlight of the 2004 season. That comic opera's second production was quickly followed by the premiere last November of the genial drama *Later the Same Evening* at the National Gallery of Art in Washington and the University of Maryland Opera Theater, the co-commissioners of the work. That enthusiastically received, innovative work will have its New York premiere in December at the Manhattan School of Music. Only four months after that Washington premiere, New York and Caramoor audiences saw the lively new one-act comedy, *Bastianello*, commissioned to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the New York Festival of Song. While the earlier operas had been characterized

by their colorful orchestration, the NYFOS work explored the potential of two concert-grand pianos as luxurious and eloquent pit instruments.

All these operas involve collaboration with the librettist Mark Campbell. A master both of light verse and affecting prose, Campbell is a creator who understands the forms that give composers the best opportunities for effective stage works. The new commission for St. Louis and Wolf Trap will set Mark Campbell's libretto, *A Visitor from Rome*, based on a satirical play of Gogol. It will see its first performances in June of 2010.

Recent recordings include the revelatory chamber-music release from the Copland House, the first stand-alone collection of Musto songs and a recording of the opera *Volpone* – the latter two for September release. A much-requested recording of both piano concertos, with the composer as soloist, is also in the queue.

Musto's new *Improvisation and Fugue* for piano will be featured in June at the fourth New York Piano Competition, which commissioned it, and the release of the song recordings will be the occasion for Peer Music's fall publication of Musto's collected songs for voice and piano.

Besides being a guest composer during the coming summer at the Ravinia Festival (where he will coach singers in his songs) and SongFest at Pepperdine University (which will see the West-Coast premiere of his cycle *The Book of Uncommon Prayer*), an active concert schedule includes scheduled appearances around the United States and in Europe, playing repertory extending from Bach keyboard works to the Gershwin Piano Concerto – and, as always, appearing as pianist in his own extravagantly varied songs.

John Musto, amidst all this activity, is at home on the Upper West Side of Manhattan with his wife, Amy Burton of the Metropolitan and New York City opera companies, and their teenage son, Joshua, an avid guitarist.

CONCERT

Friday, June 6 • 7:00 p.m.

The Book of Uncommon Prayer

1. Confitébor/Bleach My Bones

Confitébor tibi in cithara,
Deus, Deus meus:
Quare tristis es,
Anima mea,
Et quare conturbas me?

[I will praise Thee upon the harp,
a God, my God.
Why art thou sad, my soul,
And why dost thou trouble me?]

—Psalm 42

Bleach my bones
and twine my hair
when I am gone
feed my flesh to pigeons
or jackals
or the old men
who need to warm
themselves
but first grant me
this: let one day
the shadow lift
that binds
my soul to sadness.

—Katherine Mosby

2. Teach me the beauty

Teach me the beauty
of my emptiness:
the white sky
not even a crow
will mark with its
jagged flight
or fierce cry.
Fill the hollows
of my ribs with wind
until they ring
like drained glasses
rubbed into song.

—Katherine Mosby

3. I Stop Writing the Poem

I stop writing the poem
to fold the clothes. No matter who lives
or who dies, I'm still a woman.
I'll always have plenty to do.
I bring the arms of his shirt
together. Nothing can stop
our tenderness. I'll get back
to the poem. I'll get back to being
a woman. But for now,
there's a shirt, a giant shirt
in my hands, and somewhere a small girl
standing next to her mother
watching to see how it's done.

—Tess Gallagher

4. Help me to laugh

Help me to laugh
with so much heart
I shake the trees
and tremble the quiet
pools. Surprise
the old carp
and warblers
with my joy.
Multiply my delights
till they surround
me like an echo
revolving
in a gorge.

—Katherine Mosby

5. Old Photograph

There she is. At Antibes I'd guess
by the pines, the garden, the sea shine.

She's laughing. Oh, she always laughed
at cameras. She'd laugh and run
before that devil in the lens could catch her.
He's caught her this time though: look at her
eyes – her eyes aren't laughing.

There's no such thing as a fragrance in a
 photograph
 but this one seems to hold a fragrance
 fresh-washed gingham in a summer wind.
 Old? Oh, thirty maybe. Almost thirty.
 This would have been the year I went to Persia –
 They called it Persia then – Shiraz,
 Bushire, the Caspian, Isfahan.
 She sent me the news in envelopes lined in blue.
 The children were well. The Murphys were angels:
 they had given her new potatoes as sweet as peas
 on a white plate under the linden tree.
 She was singing Melisande with Croiza –
 “mes longs cheveux.” She was quite, quite well.
 I was almost out of my mind with longing for her
 ...

There she is that summer in Antibes –
 laughing
 with frightened eyes.

—Archibald MacLeish

6. The Two Priests/Music and Drum

Man in the West
Man in the East
 Man lives best
 Who loves life least,
 Says the Priest in the West.

Man in the flesh
Man in the ghost
 Man lives best
 Who fears death most,
 Says the Priest in the East.

Man in the West
Man in the East
Man in the flesh
Man in the ghost
 Man lives best
 Who loves life most,
 Who fears death least,
 Says Man to the Priest
 In the East, in the West.

—Archibald MacLeish

When men turn mob
 Drums throb:
 When mob turns men
 Music again.

When souls become Church
 Drums beat the search:
 When Church becomes souls
 Sweet music tolls.

When State is the master
 Drums beat disaster:
 When master is man
 Music can.

Each to be one,
 Each to be whole,
 Body and soul,
 Music's begun.

—Archibald MacLeish

7. Let sing the bedsprings

Let sing the bedsprings
 the choirboys
 and mating cats.
 Ring all the bells
 and raise the blinds:
 Let this feeling
 overflow
 and swell the room
 with light.

—Katherine Mosby

8. San Jose Symphony Reception

(in flagrante delicto)

The bald man in plaid playing the harpsichord
 stopped short and sidled over
 to the sideboard
 and copped a piece of Moka
 on a silver plate
 and slid back and started playing again
 some kind of Hungarian rhapsodate
 while the lady in the green eyeshades
 leaned over him exuding
 admiration and lust
 Half-notes danced & tumbled
 out of his instrument
 exuding a faint odor of
 chocolate cake
 In the corner I was taking
 a course in musical destruction
 from the dark lady cellist
 who bent over me with her bow unsheathed
 and proceeded to saw me in half
 As a consequence my pants fell right off

revealing a badly bent trombone which
 even the first flutist
 who had perfect embouchure
 couldn't straighten out

—Lawrence Ferlinghetti

9. For I have come so long

For I have come
 so long without
 a sign
 into my path
 shed moments
 like the shake
 of leaves
 in handfuls
 ripe and random,
 a little grace
 the comfort
 of this gift.

—Katherine Mosby

10. Calypso

Dríver drive fáster and máke a good rún
 Down the Springfield Line únder the shining sún.

Fly like an áeroplane, don't pull up shórt
 Till you bráke for Grand Céntral Státion New Yórk.

For thére in the míddle of thát waiting-háll
 Should be standing the óne that Í love best of áll.

If he's nót there to méet me when Í get to tówn,
 I'll stánd on the síde-walk with téars rolling dówn.

For hé is the óne that Í lóve to look ón,
 The ácme of kindness and pérfectión.

He présses my hánd and he sáys he loves mé,
 Which I find an admiráble pecúliarity.

The wóods are bright gréen on both sídes of the líne;
 The trées have their lóves though they're different
 from mine.

But the póor fat old bánker in the sún-parlor cár
 Has nó one to lóve him excépt his cigár.

If Í were the héad of the Chúrch or the Státe,
 I'd pówder my nóse and just téll them to wáit.

For lóve's more impórtant and pówerful thán
 Éven a príest or a pólitician.

—W. H. Auden

11. Chorale: Breathe on the Living

Breathe on the living,
 They are numb.
 The dead have tidings,
 These have none.

Stones roll off graves,
 Men rise not.
 Your Son was saved,
 Ours cry out.

Send down a light,
 All's dark here.
 And prove not your love,
 As men have done.

—Kenneth Patchen

12. Words To Be Spoken

*for Baoth Wiborg son of Gerald and Sara Murphy
 who died in New England in his sixteenth year and
 a tree was planted there*

O shallow ground
 That over ledges
 Shoulders the gentle year,

Tender O shallow
 Ground your grass is
 Sisterly touching us:

Your trees are still:
 They stand at our side in the
 Night lantern

Sister O shallow
 Ground you inherit
 Death as we do.

Your year also The
 young face,
 The voice – vanishes.

Sister O shallow
 Ground
 let the silence of
 Green be between us
 And the green sound.

—Archibald MacLeish

13. Some Last Words

1.

It is easier for a needle to pass through a camel
 Than for a poor man to enter a woman of means.
Just go to the graveyard and ask around.

2.

Eventually, you slip outside, letting the door
 Bang shut on your latest thought. What was it,
 anyway?
Just go to the graveyard and ask around.

3.

“Negligence” is the perfume I love.
 o Fedora. Fedora. If you want any,
Just go to the graveyard and ask around.

4.

The bones of the buffalo, the rabbit at sunset,
 The wind and its double, the tree, the town ...
Just go to the graveyard and ask around.

5.

If you think good things are on their way
 And the world will improve, don't hold your
 breath.
Just go to the graveyard and ask around.

6.

You over there, why don't you ask if this is the
 valley
 Of limitless blue, and if we are its prisoners?
Just go to the graveyard and ask around.

7.

Life is a dream that is never recalled when the
 sleeper awakes.
 If this is beyond you, Magnificent One,
Just go to the graveyard and ask around.

—Mark Strand

14. Angels have I none/The Phoenix Prayer

Angels have I none
 nor hope enough
 to fill this length of day
 yet will my heart
 rush
 at a swell of geese
 arising
 and the bells
 dispersing evensong
 like smoke
 in the thickening air.

A gentle stirring
 like the flutters
 of birds
 filling the garden
 like vowels
 swelling in the mouth
 tentative kisses
 these unfinished prayers:
 Do not break my heart.

—Katherine Mosby

15. Keep Watch

Keep watch
 with those who work,
 or watch,
 or weep this night,
 and give your angels
 charge over those who sleep.

Now that we come
 to the setting of the sun,
 and our eyes behold
 the vesper light,
 stay with us,
 for evening is at hand
 and our work is done.

Yours is the day,
 yours also the night;
 darkness is not dark
 to you.

Guide us waking,
 and guard us sleeping;
 that awake
 we may watch,
 and asleep
 we may rest in peace.

—The Book of Common Prayer

The Book of Uncommon Prayer

Program Notes

The Book of Uncommon Prayer is a title borrowed from the handsome volume of poetry by poet/novelist Katherine Mosby. The poems are short, eloquent meditations, exhortations, and uncompromising glimpses of the self in which she formulates, in her own words, “A form of prayer broad enough to include people who can’t name their god.” Ms. Mosby’s poems provided me with portals to related poems, and with an adhesive to bind the cycle together. There is no through line in the piece: the juxtaposition of texts is purely associative. This cycle is thus a meditation on a meditation, touching on some of the things for which we pray: sacred, secular, and seemingly quite profane.

The *Confitebor* is two verses from Psalm 42, but appears here in Latin because it is part of the opening prayers of the Ordinary of the Mass. Its last line, “Why are thou sad, my soul, and why dost thou trouble me?” and that of *Bleach my bones* “Let one day the shadow lift that binds my soul to sadness” intersect at a fundamental unease in the human condition.

Teach me the beauty and *I Stop Writing the Poem* stand in stark contrast to each other, the one describing an inner wilderness, the other domestic routine, but there is a lesson learned in both. The emptiness of the self is echoed in the emptiness of the shirt, arms in a folded embrace, foreshadowing the death of the poet’s husband from a long illness.

Help me to laugh and *Old Photograph* share laughing as a theme, but the laughter of MacLeish’s young woman (his wife Ada, an operatic soprano) is forced. She seems to be saying to the lens, “Ne me touchez pas”, the first words we hear Melisande utter in the forest. The main tune of the song, a quotation of “Mes longs cheveux descendent jusqu’au seuil de la tour” and other musical snippets from Debussy’s opera, “Pelleas et Melisande” make up the accompaniment to the song. The couple alluded to in the poem, Gerald and Sara Murphy, were wealthy arts patrons (Gerald being an accomplished painter) who lived for a time as expatriates in a chalet in Cap d’Antibes that they dubbed “Villa America”. They regularly played host to Picasso, Hemingway, Dos Passos, the Fitzgeralds and the MacLeishes, and many other creative luminaries of the early twentieth century.

Archibald MacLeish’s *The Two Priests* and *Music and Drum* are two poems put together in one setting. The anti-clerical, anti-establishment tone is refreshing, coming from a lawyer who served as assistant director of the Office of War Information from 1942-1943. He also served as assistant secretary of state for cultural and public affairs, and wrote speeches for Franklin Roosevelt.

The decidedly secular exhortations of *Let sing the bedsprings* serve as prelude to Ferlinghetti’s lusty, beat hallucination, *San Jose Symphony Reception*. This scene well could be a circle of the Inferno, its frustrated denizens forever on the make.

Two poems of journey follow: *For I have come so long* is accompanied by variations over a repeating 12-note bass figure, suggesting weary travel, never arriving. *Calypso* was commissioned and premiered by the New York Festival of Song some years ago as part of its *American Love Songs*, and has found a home in this cycle.

The next three poems share the grave as their subject, albeit in very different ways. Much of Kenneth Patchen’s poetry speaks of the horrors of war, and *Breathe on the Living* was penned during or just after World War II. It is set as a chorale. Archibald MacLeish’s *Words to Be Spoken* is inscribed, “For Baath Wiborg, son of Gerald and Sara Murphy, who died in New England in his sixteenth year and a tree was planted there.” He died in 1935 of meningitis. Mark Strand’s brilliantly nihilistic *Some Last Words*, which begins with a rude mangling of one of Jesus’ parables, is a wry allusion to the *Seven Last Words of Christ*.

Hope, and the opening music returns in *Angels have I none* and *The Phoenix Prayer*, two poems by Katherine Mosby, the latter being the last poem in the volume.

As the piece began with a standard prayer, it ends with *Keep Watch*, the text culled from the Anglican *Book of Common Prayer*. This song is dedicated to the memory of the late Josephine Blier. A short postlude recalls some earlier musical thoughts, but ruminates predominantly on the initial question, “Why are thou sad, my soul, and why dost thou trouble me?”

— John Musto

CONCERT

Monday, June 9 • 7:00 p.m.

A Visit with Emily

by Tom Cipullo

1. Cavatina

If I read a book and it makes my whole body so
cold no fire ever can warm me
I know that is poetry. If I feel physically as if the
top of my head were taken off, I know that is
poetry. These are the only way I know it. Is there
any other way?

2. Arietta parlante

Dear Friend, Your letter gave no Drunkenness,
because I tasted Rum before Domingo comes but
once yet I have had few pleasures so deep as your
opinion, and if I tried to thank you, my tears
would block my tongue. If fame belonged to me, I
could not escape her if she did not, the longest day
would pass me on the chase and the approbation
of my Dog would forsake me. Then My Barefoot
rank is better.

3. Aria

Fame is a fickle food
Upon a shifting plate
Whose table once a
Guest but not
The second time is set.

Whose crumbs the crows inspect
And with ironic caw
Flap past it to the
Farmer's Corn —
Men eat of it and die.

4. Moto perpetuo

Fame is the one that does not stay —
Its occupant must die
Or out of sight of estimate
Ascend incessantly —
Or be that most insolvent thing
A Lightning in the Germ —
Electrical the embryo
But we demand the Flame

5. Arietta

Fame is a bee.
It has a song —
It has a sting —
Ah, too, it has a wing.

6. Quodlibet I

Fame is a fickle food [...]
Fame is the one that does not stay — [...]
Fame is a bee. [...]

7. Arioso

Could you believe me without? I had no portrait,
now, but am small, like the wren; and my hair is
bold, like the chestnut bur; and my eyes, like the
sherry in the glass, that the guest leaves. Would
this do just as well?

8. Aria di campane

Dear Friend, I will be at home and Glad. I think
you said the fifteenth. The incredible never
surprises us because it is incredible.

9. Recitative

A large country lawyer's house, brown brick, with
great trees and a garden, I sent up my card. A
parlor dark and cool and stiffish, a few books and
engravings and an open piano Malbone and
OutDoor Papers among other books. A step like a
pattering child's in entry and in glided a little plain
woman with two smooth bands of reddish hair and
a face a little like Belle Dove's; not plainer, with no
good feature, in a very plain and exquisitely clean
white piqué and a blue net worsted shawl. She
came to me with two day lilies which she put in
sort of a child-like way into my hand and said,
"These are my introduction" in a soft breathless
child-like voice and added under her breath
"Forgive me if I am frightened; I never see
strangers and I hardly know what I say," but she
talked soon and thenceforward continuously and
deferentially. Sometimes stopping to ask me to
talk instead of her but readily recommencing.

10. Catch

"Women talk: men are silent: that is why I dread
women."

11. Chaconne

Your thoughts don't have words every day
They come a single time
Like signal esoteric sips
Of the communion Wine
Which while you taste so native seems
So easy so to be
You cannot comprehend its price
Nor its infrequency.

12. Coranto

Forbidden fruit a flavor has
That lawful orchards mocks;
How luscious lies the pea within
The pod that Duty locks!

13. Passacaglia

When I said I would come again sometime, she
said, "Say in a long time, that will be nearer."
When I said I would come again sometime, she
said "Say in a long time. Sometime is nothing."

14. Trio

If you were coming in the fall,
I'd brush the summer by
With half a smile and half a spurn,
As housewives do a fly.

If I could see you in a year,
I'd wind the months in balls,
And put them each in separate drawers,
For fear the numbers fuse.

If only centuries delayed,
I'd count them on my hand,
Subtracting till my fingers dropped
Into Van Diemen's land.

If certain, when this life was out,
That yours and mine should be,
I'd toss it yonder like a rind,
And taste eternity.

But now, uncertain of the length
Of this that is inbetween,
It goads me, like the goblin bee,
That will not state its sting.

15. Cantilena I

When you wrote you would come in November,
it would please me it were November then, but

time has moved, You went with the coming of the
Birds, they will go with your coming, but to see
you is so much sweeter than Birds. I could excuse
the spring.

16. Cantilena II

As imperceptibly as Grief
The Summer lapsed away—
Too imperceptible at last
To seem like Perfidy—

A Quietness distilled
As Twilight long begun,
Or Nature spending with herself
Sequestered Afternoon—

The Dusk drew earlier in—
The Morning foreign shone—
A courteous, yet harrowing Grace,
As Guest, that would be gone—

And thus, without a Wing
Or service of a Keel
Our Summer made her light escape
Into the Beautiful.

17. Aria

Wonder -- is not precisely Knowing
And not precisely Knowing not --
A beautiful but bleak condition
He has not lived who has not felt --

Suspense -- is his maturer Sister --
Whether Adult Delight is Pain
Or of itself a new misgiving --
This is the Gnat that mangles men --

18. Aria

Whether they have forgotten
Or are forgetting now
Or never remembered —
Safer not to know —

Miseries of conjecture
Are a softer woe
Than a Fact of Iron
Hardened with I know —

19. Quodlibet II

Wonder – is not precisely Knowing [...]

Whether they have forgotten [...]

20. Hymn

We never know how high we are
Till we are called to rise;
And then, if we are true to plan,
Our statures touch the skies.

[The heroism we recite
Would be a daily thing,
Did not ourselves the cubits warp
For fear to be a king.]

If I read a book and it makes my whole body so
cold [...]

21. Epilogue

Nature, the gentlest mother,
Impatient of no child,
The feeblest or the waywardest,—
Her admonition mild

In forest and the hill
By traveller is heard,
Restraining rampant squirrel
Or too impetuous bird.

How fair her conversation,
A summer afternoon,—
Her household, her assembly;
And when the sun goes down

Her voice among the aisles
Incites the timid prayer
Of the minutest cricket,
The most unworthy flower.

When all the children sleep
She turns as long away
As will suffice to light her lamps;
Then, bending from the sky,

With infinite affection
And infiniter care,
Her golden finger on her lip,
Wills silence everywhere.

CONCERT

Tuesday, June 10 • 7:00 p.m.

American Song is Alive and Well

The Metropolitan Tower

We walked together in the dusk
To watch the tower grow dimly white,
And saw it lift against the sky
Its flower of amber light.

You talked of half a hundred things,
I kept each little word you said;
And when at last the hour was full,
I saw the light turn red.

You did not know the time had come,
You did not see the sudden flower,
Nor know that in my heart Love's birth
Was reckoned from that hour.

—Sara Teasdale

Why We Have Cats

That bitch, the woman
who lived next door,
took it on the lam
to Arizona and left
five cats.

Don't tell me
she took two cats,
a dog and two kids,
because she left
five cats.

If nobody wants them,
they're going to the pound
because I can't stand them
hanging around,
crying from hunger
and having no place to go.

What did she think life was:
a Learning Experience?

—Alice Wirth Gray

A Working Woman

Your mother works for a living.
One day I have chickens, and the next day feathers.
These days I'm driving a stage-coach.
For a while I worked in Russell's saloon.
But when I worked there all the virtuous women
planned to run me out of town,
so these days I'm driving a stage-coach.
I'll be leaving soon to join Bill Cody's Wild-West Show.
I'll ride a horse bare-back, standing up,
shooting my Stetson hat twice,
throwing it into the air and landing on my head.
These are hectic days, like hell let out for noon.
I mind my own bus'ness, but remember
the one thing the world hates is a woman
who minds her own bus'ness.
All the virtuous women have bastards and shotgun weddings.
I have nursed them through childbirth and my only pay
is a kick in the pants when my back is turned.
These other women are pot bellied, hairy legged
and they look like something the cat dragged in.
I wish I had the pow'r to damn their souls to hell!
Your mother works for a living.

—Calamity Jane

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The Apple's Song

Tap me with your finger,
 rub me with your sleeve,
 hold me, sniff me, peel me
 curling round and round
 till I burst out white and cold
 from my tight red coat
 and tingle in your palm
 as if I'd melt and breathe
 (a living pomander)
 waiting for the minute
 of joy when you lift me
 to your mouth and crush me
 and in taste and fragrance
 I race through your head
 my dizzy dissolve.
 I sit in the bowl
 in my cool corner
 and watch you as you pass
 smoothing your apron,
 are you thrifty yet?
 My eyes are shinging.
 —Edwin Morgan

Briefly It Enters, and Briefly Speaks

I am the blossom pressed in a book,
 found again after two hundred years...
 I am the maker, the lover, and the keeper...

When the young girl who starves
 sits down to a table
 she will sit beside me...

I am the food on the prisoner's plate...

I am water rushing to the well-head,
 filling the pitcher until it spills...

I am the patient gardener
 of the dry and weedy garden...

I am the stone step,
 the latch, and the working hinge...

I am the heart contracted by joy...
 the longest hair, white
 before the rest...

I am there in the basket of fruit
 presented to the widow...

I am the musk rose opening
 unattended, the fern on the boggy summit...

I am the one whose love
 overcomes you, already with you
 when you think to call my name...
 —Jane Kenyon

Adolescence

There was to be a dancing school.... I was to go to
 it.... I think I rather looked forward to it...I wore my
 eighth grade graduation dress, the one with much
 lace insertion in it.-and I felt stout and dumpy in it.
 Mother took me down there....we went on a street
 car...it was in the ballroom of the Grand Hotel....
 Nobody danced with me, unless led up forcibly by
 Mrs. Kingsly, the teacher, a large colorless woman
 with huge feet and a stentorian voice. We stood in a
 row behind her and copied her steps. Then the boys
 went to one side and the girls to the other. The
 whistle blew: "Boys choose partners." No one chose
 me.... They streamed across to this side and that of
 me. No one looked at me and came straight up. No
 one chose me. What made it worse was that Mother
 was there.... This dancing school suffering was to
 last two or three years. Mother was so very kind and
 not in the least bit domineering. I do not know why
 she persisted in doing this to me. She did though.
 —Brenda Uhland

Blue

This is what I want to do
 my heart
 is sit real still with you.

After all that cruising
 in, around, and out of town,
 put them down who dared refuse me
 and the same old line I threw
 ah but up up up I grew

and now all I want to do
 my heart
 is sit real still with you.

After all that screeching
 talking fast and slowing down
 only now and then to reach you
 when you'd let me know I knew
 that what I preach is none too true
 that's why all I want to do
 my heart
 is sit real still with you.

(Cause I do know this about people
 and I DON'T mean some:
 awfully smart people
 are often awful dumb!
 Aren't we?
 We just don't realize
 that behind the eyes,
 behind the mind,
 you find
 the sweetest brilliance
 and a stillness of such blue
 that --)

that's why all I want to do
 my heart
 is sit real still with you.

Ah so sweetly down the hill

That is what I want to do
 sweet soul
 is sit real still with you.

—Arnold Weinstein

The Pocketbook

"Fluid Italian suede
 in garnet,"
 I memorize
 the Bergdorf Goodman
 catalogue,
 the blonde with garnet lips
 carrying my pocketbook
 against her slim hip.
 370 dollars.
 Half a rent check,
 one chunk of my daughter's
 college.
 After weeks of foreplay
 I sell out my family,
 dial the toll-free number.
 It's miraculously
 easy, just "ten-working-days"
 and here it is, nestled
 in a silk carrying-case.
 For days I hide it
 behind the recliner
 playing *peek-a-boo*,
 trying it out when my husband's
 not home.
 Nothing else in my life's
 this beautiful.
 To keep it
 I would have to buy
 silk suits, tweed coats,

a silver Porsche,
 house on Park Avenue.
 My shoulders are unworthy
 of the strap
 in wine-red suede,
 I would have to have inches
 surgically added to my height.
 "American women carry
 their souls
 in their pocketbooks,"
 Edgar Allen Poe said.
 Not just my soul
 my money,
 my identity,
 my credit cards.
 This pocket book soft and red
 like a womb,
 room where I would
 carry myself in comfort,
 be my own mother,
 be drunk with color.
 370 dollars.
 I could sell my wedding ring,
 break into neighbors
 houses,
 after two years
 in the women's correctional facility
 there it would be
 waiting for me,
 fluid Italian suede
 in garnet,
 big enough to carry
 the collected works of Poe,
 o my fair sister, o my soul.

—Marilyn Kallet

Song

Is it dirty
 does it look dirty
 that's what you think of in the city

does it just seem dirty
 that's what you think of in the city
 you don't refuse to breathe do you

someone comes along with a very bad character
 he seems attractive. is he really. yes. very
 he's attractive as his character is bad. is it. yes

that's what you think of in the city
 run your finger along your no-moss mind
 that's not a thought that's soot

and you take a lot of dirt off someone

is the character less bad. no. it improves constantly
 you don't refuse to breathe do you

—Frank O'Hara

Over the Fence

Over the fence –
 Strawberries – grow –
 Over the fence –
 I could climb – if I tried, I know –
 Berries are nice!

But – if I stained my Apron –
 God would certainly scold!
 Oh, dear, – I guess if He were a Boy –
 He'd – climb – if He could!

—Emily Dickinson

Waterbird

Water bird, water bird
 gently afloat,
 know you my yearning
 for places remote?

Water bird, water bird
 under the sea,
 keep you a kingdom
 for sleepers like me?

—James Purdy

A Literary Dinner

Come here, said my hostess, her face making room
 for one of those pink introductory smiles
 that link, like a valley of fruit trees in bloom,
 the slopes of two names.
 I want you, she murmured, to eat Dr. James.

I was hungry. The doctor looked good. He had read
 the great book of the week and had liked it, he said
 because it was powerful. So I was brought
 a generous helping. His mauve-bosomed wife
 kept showing me, very politely, I thought,
 the tenderest bits with the point of her knife.
 I ate--and in Egypt the sunsets were swell;
 the Russians were doing remarkably well;
 Had I met a Prince Poprinsky, whom he had known
 in Caparabella, or was it Mentone?
 They had traveled extensively, he and his wife;
 her hobby was People; his hobby was Life.
 All was good and well cooked, but the tastiest part
 was his nut-flavored crisp cerebellum. The heart
 resembled a shiny brown date,
 and I stowed all the studs on the edge of my plate.

—Vladimir Nabokov

My Best Beloved

Ev'n like two little bank dividing brooks
 That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams,
 And having ranged and searched a thousand nooks
 Meet both at length at silver breasted Thames
 Where in a greater current they conjoin,
 So I my best beloved's am,
 So he is mine!

Ev'n so we met and after long pursuit
 Ev'n so we joined. We both became entire.
 No need for either to renew a suit
 For I was flax, and he was flames of fire.
 Our firm united souls did more than twine.
 So I by best beloved's am,
 So he is mine!

Nor time, nor place, nor chance, nor death
 Can bow my least desires unto the least remove.
 He's firmly mine by oath, I his by vow.
 He's mine by faith and I am his by love,
 He's mine by water, I am his by wine:
 So I my best beloved's am,
 So he is mine!
 Francis Quarles
 The Crane at Gibbs Pond
 The boy stood by the darkening pond
 watching the other shore.
 Against pines,
 a ghostly crane floated
 from side to side,
 crooning. Maybe
 its mate had drowned. Maybe
 its song lamented
 the failing sun. Maybe
 its plaint was joy,
 heart-stricken praise
 for its place of perfect loneliness. Maybe,
 hearing its own echoing,
 taking its own phantom gliding
 the sky mirror of the pond
 for its lost mother in her other world,
 it tried to reach her
 in the only way it could. Maybe,
 as night diminished
 all but the pond's black radiance,
 the boy standing there
 knew he would some day sing
 of the crane, the crane's song,
 and the soulful water.

—William Heyen

It's All I Have to Bring Today

It's all I have to bring today --
 This, and my heart beside --
 This, and my heart, and all the fields --
 And all the meadows wide --
 Be sure you count -- should I forget
 Some one the sum could tell --
 This, and my heart, and all the Bees
 Which in the clover dwell.

—Emily Dickinson

Poem

Lana Turner has collapsed!
 I was trotting along and suddenly
 it started raining and snowing
 and you said it was hailing
 but hailing hits you on the head
 hard so it was really snowing and
 raining and I was in such a hurry
 to meet you but the traffic
 was acting exactly like the sky
 and suddenly I see a headline
 LANA TURNER HAS COLLAPSED!
 there is no snow in Hollywood
 there is no rain in California
 I have been to lots of parties
 and acted perfectly disgraceful
 but I never actually collapsed
 oh Lana Turner we love you get up

—Frank O'Hara

The Second Law

Beside the bed
 I watch
 His hindered face
 The dented cheeks lifting
 And falling
 Scarcely perceived with the stoking,
 The curbed breathing.
 I hold a mug of black
 Coffee fresh from the nurse's station heat
 Is working its
 Arduous way through the glazed China wall
 To my cold hand.
 Soon
 It is too hot
 To hold,
 I put it down
 And I take
 The colder hand in mine
 And I wonder
 If it is taking any warmth
 From mine
 Or if his chill alone

Is oozing
 Through the wall of our grip our
 Holding on. I
 Stand outside the bars through which the gaze clings
 And the stubble crowning the sheet.
 And the jailed
 Knowing letting him letting him, letting him,
 letting him
 Go.

—Stephen Sandy

Infrastructure

I'm not sure about the Lincoln Tunnel
 A tile here, tile there picked clean off the wall.

I'm not sure about the first glass of water you get
 From that too busy coffee shop on the corner of
 Fifth and Second
 It's from that cloudy glass and lunch tray tower
 That's been sitting behind the counter all day.

I'm not sure about wearing shorts
 On the subway
 And taking a seat.

I'm not sure about taking the Times off the top of
 the stack
 Outside the newsstand.

I'm not sure just how clean the toilet is
 In a house where everything is so organic
 They don't use Lestoil to wash the floor.

But I'm really not sure when I step down
 The sidewalk will meet my feet.

I'm not sure.
 I've got a history in this city.
 —Barbara Worton

The Mystery

Your eyes drink of me,
 Love makes them shine,
 Your eyes that lean
 So close to mine.

We have long been lovers,
 We know the range
 Of each other's moods
 And how they change;

But when we look
 At each other so
 Then we feel

How little we know;

The spirit eludes us,
Timid and free—
Can I ever know you
Or you know me?

—Sara Teasdale

Screw Spring

Screw spring.
I'm the only thing not blooming.
The arrowhead plant,
so carelessly potted,
is growing goddammit.
Even the jonquils,
bought for one dinner,
are not quite dead.
Under the bed
the dust is as thick
as wool on spring sheep,
which are undoubtedly
grazing where
grass is growing
at an enviable rate.

Screw spring.
My boyfriend's taken
to getting up early.
He goes out
to see plants
pushing their way
out of the ground,
and flowering,
and sits by some chartreuse tree
in the sun,
breathing air
as sweet as berry wine,

watching girls pass.
Their faces are rested
from sleeping alone all winter.

Screw spring.
I wish it were winter,
when the world's
this one room.
These walls, this bed
do
not
grow.

—William Hoffman

The Sick Wife

The sick wife stayed in the car
while he bought a few groceries.
Not yet fifty
she had learned what it's like
not to be able to button a button.

It was the middle of the day –
and so only mothers with small children
or retired couples
stepped through the muddy parking lot.

Dry cleaning swung and gleamed on hangers
in the cars of the prosperous.
How easily they moved –
with such freedom,
even the old and relatively infirm.

The windows began to steam up.
The cars on either side of her
pulled away so briskly
that it made her sick at heart.

—Jane Kenyon

On the Block: *Mantel Clock, Imitation Sèvres*

Time, passing, glances at the clock
Perhaps with pity – who's to say?
Still rose and ormolu, its hands
Clasped in dismay...

"Stay then, thou art so fair," he smiles,
To put the pretty thing at ease.
"I will, I have," the latter sighs.
"Now what, please?"

Teach me to tick without the touch
I took my life from – ah, those years!"
It's dusk; the dial brims with faint
Firefly tears.

The arbiter reviews a face
Flawless in its partial knowing:
"Child think well of me, or try.
I must be going."

—James Merrill

Touch Me

Summer is late, my heart.
 Words plucked out of the air
 some forty years ago
 when I was wild with love
 and torn almost in two
 scatter like leaves this night
 of whistling wind and rain.
 It is my heart that's late,
 it is my song that's flown.
 Outdoors all afternoon
 under a gunmetal sky
 staking my garden down,
 I kneeled to the crickets trilling
 underfoot as if about
 to burst from their crusty shells;
 and like a child again
 marveled to hear so clear
 and brave a music pour
 from such a small machine.
 What makes the engine go?
 Desire, desire, desire.
 The longing for the dance
 stirs in the buried life.
 One season only,
 and it's done.
 So let the battered old willow
 thrash against the windowpanes
 and the house timbers creak.
 Darling, do you remember
 the man you married? Touch me,
 remind me who I am.

—Stanley Kunitz

Jenny Wren

Jenny, Jenny, Jenny Wren
 Your tree house has been put up again.
 Ah, in spite of nothing and in spite of never
 We must go forward in view of nothing but better.
 Come back, dear Wren,
 Your tree house has been put up again.

—James Purdy

CONCERT

Saturday, June 14 • 7:00 p.m.

Sacred Cantatas of J.S. Bach

BWV 9 Es ist das Heil uns kommen her

Duett S A

Herr, du siehst statt guter Werke
Auf des Herzens Glaubensstärke,
Nur den Glauben nimmst du an.
Nur der Glaube macht gerecht,
Alles andre scheint zu schlecht,
Als daß es uns helfen kann.

Duet S A

Lord, you behold, instead of good works,
the heart's strength of faith,
only faith do You receive.
Only faith justifies,
all else appears too meager
to be able to help us.

BWV 38 Aus tiefer Not schrei ich zu dir

Terzett S A B

Wenn meine Trübsal als mit Ketten
Ein Unglück an dem andern hält,
So wird mich doch mein Heil erretten,
Daß alles plötzlich von mir fällt.
Wie bald erscheint des Trostes Morgen
Auf diese Nacht der Not und Sorgen!

Aria (Trio) S A B

When my troubles like chains
link one misfortune to another,
then my Savior will rescue me,
so that it all suddenly falls from me.
How soon the morning of comfort appears
after this night of anguish and worry!

BWV 47 Wer sich selbst erhöhet, der soll erniedriget werden

Arie S

Wer ein wahrer Christ will heißen,
Muß der Demut sich befeßen;
Demut stammt aus Jesu Reich.
Hoffart ist dem Teufel gleich;
Gott pflegt alle die zu hassen,
So den Stolz nicht fahrenlassen.

Aria S

Who wishes to be called a true Christian
must diligently practice humility;
Humility originates from Jesus' kingdom.
Arrogance is like the devil;
God teaches everyone to hate it,
so that pride does not prevail.

BWV 58 Ach Gott, wie manches Herzeleid II

Arie S

Ich bin vergnügt in meinem Leiden,
Denn Gott ist meine Zuversicht.
Ich habe sichern Brief und Siegel,
Und dieses ist der feste Riegel,
Den bricht die Hölle selber nicht.

Aria S

I am cheerful in my sorrow,
for God is my confidence.
I have the certain letter and seal,
and this is the secure bolt,
that even Hell itself cannot break.

BWV 63 Christen, ätzt diesen Tag

Duett S B

Gott, du hast es wohl gefügt,
Was uns itzo widerfährt.
Drum laßt uns auf ihn stets trauen
Und auf seine Gnade bauen,
Denn er hat uns dies beschert,
Was uns ewig nun vergnügt.

(Duet) S B

God, you have well accomplished,
what now has happened to us.
Therefore let us always trust in Him
and rely upon His grace,
for He has bestowed this upon us,
which now will delight us for ever.

BWV 68 Also hat Gott die Welt geliebt

Arie S

Mein gläubiges Herze,
 Frohlocke, sing, scherze,
 Dein Jesus ist da!
 Weg Jammer, weg Klagen,
 Ich will euch nur sagen:
 Mein Jesus ist nah.

Aria S

My faithful heart,
 delight, sing, play,
 your Jesus is here!
 Away with sorrow, away with lamenting,
 I will only say to you:
 my Jesus is near.

BWV 78 Jesu, der du meine Seele

Duett S A

Wir eilen mit schwachen, doch emsigen Schritten,
 O Jesu, o Meister, zu helfen zu dir.
 Du suchest die Kranken und Irrenden treulich.
 Ach höre, wie wir
 Die Stimmen erheben, um Hülfe zu bitten!
 Es sei uns dein gnädiges Antlitz erfreulich!

Duet S A

We hasten with weak, yet eager steps,
 O Jesus, o Master, to You for help.
 You faithfully seek the ill and erring.
 Ah, hear, how we
 lift up our voices to beg for help!
 Let Your gracious countenance be joyful to us!

BWV 84 Ich bin vergnügt mit meinem Glücke

Arie S

Ich esse mit Freuden mein wenig Brot
 Und gönne dem Nächsten von Herzen das Seine.
 Ein ruhig Gewissen, ein fröhlicher Geist,
 Ein dankbares Herze, das lobet und preist,
 vermehret den Segen, verzuckert die Not.

Aria S

I eat my little bit of bread with joy
 and heartily leave to my neighbor his own.
 A peaceful conscience, a happy spirit,
 a thankful heart, that gives praise and thanks,
 increases its blessing, sweetens its need.

BWV 93 Wer nur den lieben Gott läßt walten

Duett S A

Er kennt die rechten Freudesstunden,
 Er weiß wohl, wenn es nützlich sei;
 Wenn er uns nur hat treu erfunden
 Und merket keine Heuchelei,
 So kömmt Gott, eh wir uns versehn,
 Und lasset uns viel Guts geschehn.

Duet S A

He knows the right time of joy,
 He knows well, when it is necessary;
 If only He has found us faithful
 and detects no hypocrisy,
 then God comes, before we are aware of Him, and
 allows much good to befall us.

BWV 120 Gott, man lobet dich in der Stille

Arie S

Heil und Segen
 Soll und muß zu aller Zeit
 Sich auf unsre Obrigkeit
 In erwünschter Fülle legen,
 Daß sich Recht und Treue müssen
 Miteinander freundlich küssen.

Aria S

Prosperity and blessing
 at all times must and shall
 depend upon our government
 in desired fullness,
 so that righteousness and faithfulness must kiss
 each other lovingly.

BWV 125 Mit Fried und Freud ich fahr dahin

Duett T B

Ein unbegreiflich Licht erfüllt den ganzen Kreis der
 Erden.
 Es schallet kräftig fort und fort
 Ein höchst erwünscht Verheißungswort:
 Wer glaubt, soll selig werden.

Duet T B

An unfathomable light fills the entire orb of the
 earth.
 Ringing powerfully through and through
 is the most highly desired assurance:
 whoever believes shall be blessed.

BWV 140 Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme

Duett S B (Dialogue - Seele, Jesus)
 Mein Freund ist mein,
 -und ich bin sein,-
 die Liebe soll nichts scheiden.
 Ich will mit dir
 -du sollst mit mir-
 im Himmels Rosen weiden,
 da Freude die Fülle, da Wonne wird sein.

Duet S B (Dialogue - Soul, Jesus)
 My Friend is mine,
 - and I am yours, -
 love will never part us.
 I will with You
 - you will with Me -
 graze among heaven's roses,
 where complete pleasure and delight will be.

BWV 140 Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme

Duett S B (Dialogue - Seele, Jesus)
 Wenn kömmst du, mein Heil?
 - Ich komme, dein Teil. -
 Ich warte mit brennenden Öle.
 Eröffne den Saal
 - Ich öffne den Saal -
 zum himmlischen Mahl.
 Komm, Jesu.
 - Ich komme, komm, liebliche Seele. -

Duet S B (Dialogue - Soul, Jesus)
 When will You come, my Savior?
 - I come, as Your portion. -
 I wait with burning oil.
 Now open the hall
 - I open the hall -
 for the heavenly meal.
 Come, Jesus!
 - I come, come, lovely soul! -

BWV 147 Herz und Mund und Tat und Leben

Chor
 Herz und Mund und Tat und Leben
 Muß von Christo Zeugnis geben
 Ohne Furcht und Heuchelei,
 Daß er Gott und Heiland sei.

Chorus
 Heart and mouth and deed and life
 must give testimony of Christ
 without fear or hypocrisy,
 that He is God and Savior.

BWV 165 O heiliges Geist- und Wasserbad

Arie T
 Jesu, meines Todes Tod,
 Laß in meinem Leben
 Und in meiner letzten Not
 Mir für Augen schweben,
 Daß du mein Heilschlänglein seist
 Vor das Gift der Sünde.
 Heile, Jesu, Seel und Geist,
 Daß ich Leben finde!

Aria T
 Jesus, death of my death,
 may during my life
 and in my last agony
 this hover before my eyes;
 that You are my little serpent of healing
 against the poison of sin.
 Heal, Jesus, soul and spirit,
 so that I may find life!

BWV 186 Ärgre dich, o Seele, nicht

Arie S
 Die Armen will der Herr umarmen
 Mit Gnaden hier und dort;
 Er schenket ihnen aus Erbarmen
 Den höchsten Schatz, das Lebenswort.

Aria S
 The Lord will embrace the poor
 with mercy here and there;
 He sends them, out of compassion,
 the highest treasure, the Word of Life.

BWV 187 Es wartet alles auf dich

Arie S
 Gott versorget alles Leben,
 Was hienieden Odem hegt.
 Sollt er mir allein nicht geben,
 Was er allen zugesagt?
 Weicht, ihr Sorgen, seine Treue
 Ist auch meiner Eingedenk
 Und wird ob mir täglich neue
 Durch manch Vaterliebs Geschenk.

Aria S
 God takes care of every life
 which draws breath here below.
 Would He not give to me alone
 what He has promised to all?
 Worries, be gone! His faithfulness
 is my one and only thought,
 and is renewed for me daily
 through the many gifts of a Father's love.

THE SINGERS

Emily Albrink
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Neil Aronoff
Sarah Elizabeth Bach
Megan Berti
Victoria Browers
Rachel Calloway
Samuel Cook
Katharine Dain
Joseph DeSota

Paula Downes
Hayden Eberhart
Lauren Edwards
Andrew Fuchs
Hannah Fuerst
John Kapusta
Heather Karwowski
Shannon Kauble
Stephen Lancaster
Abigail Levis

Jazimina MacNeil
Stephen Ng
Adrienne Pardee
Hyunju Song
Hae Jin Song
Jillian Stout
Tyler Thompson
Rachel Traugher
Nathan Troup

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Justyna Chesy-Parda
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Ashley Garofalo
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Cheryl Lemmons

Tomasz Lis
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Emily Murphy
Sahar Nouri
Daniel Padgett
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Hye Jung Shin

David Trippett
Radha Upton
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Julia Wade
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