



Visiting Artist Series presents

DAWN UPSHAW, SOPRANO

with Gilbert Kalish, piano



March 5, 2017 . 3PM
GILDENHORN RECITAL HALL
at The Clarice

ARTIST PARTNER PROGRAM

VAS
VISITING ARTIST SERIES

PROGRAM

Visiting Artist Series presents

DAWN UPSHAW, soprano
with **Gilbert Kalish, piano**

This performance will last approximately 1 hour 30 minutes.

*Join the artists for a conversation with the audience
following the performance. Program subject to change.*

<i>Im Frühling</i>	Franz Schubert
<i>Geheimes</i>	(1797-1828)
<i>Gretchen am Spinnrade</i>	
<i>Lied der Mignon (Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt)</i>	
<i>Rastlose Liebe</i>	
<i>Nocturne-Based on Raga Jog</i>	Sheila Silver
(2014)	(b.1946)
	<i>Mr. Kalish</i>
<i>Histoires Naturelles</i>	Maurice Ravel
	(1875-1937)
1. <i>Le paon</i>	
2. <i>Le grillon</i>	
3. <i>Le cygne</i>	
4. <i>Le martin-pêcheur</i>	
5. <i>La pintade</i>	

INTERMISSION

<i>June Twilight</i>	Rebecca Clarke
<i>Infant Joy</i>	(1886-1979)
<i>The Tiger</i>	
<i>A Dream</i>	
<i>The Cloths of Heaven</i>	
<i>Fekete föd</i>	Béla Bartók
<i>Annyi bánat a szüvemen</i>	(1881-1945)
<i>Régi keserves</i>	
<i>Eddig való dolgom</i>	
<i>'Hatforintos' nótá</i>	
<i>Black Max</i>	William Bolcom
<i>Toothbrush time</i>	
<i>Waitin'</i>	
<i>George</i>	

Franz Schubert – Goethe Lieder

Despite the success of his symphonies, chamber music, and piano music, it could readily be argued that Franz Schubert's (1797–1828) most masterful work came in his *lieder*. In his short life he wrote nearly 600 songs, either as individual stand-alone pieces or as part of larger cycles. One of the most salient features of these *lieder* is the relationship between piano and voice. More than any composer who preceded him, Schubert put the two parts on equal footing. It is perhaps best not to think of the *lieder* of Schubert as a solo vocal work accompanied by piano, but rather as a duet between the two.

Throughout his *lieder* catalog, Schubert routinely returned to the texts of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Beginning with *Gretchen am Spinnrade*, which he wrote on 19 October 1814, Schubert would eventually set sixty-eight poems by the Romantic poet. In addition to *Gretchen*, four of Schubert's other Goethe-*lieder* are represented on tonight's program. Particularly notable in the *lieder* of Schubert, and these in particular, are his use of the piano as an instrument of illustration.

In *Gretchen*, for instance, the spinning of the wheel at which Gretchen sits is portrayed in the right hand, while the rhythm of the left hand mimics that of the foot peddle that drives the motion forward. As Gretchen reaches moments of heightened emotion, she loses herself in thought and the motion of the wheel slows and stops. Schubert has effectively written a miniature music-drama in the space of a short *lied*.

Sheila Silver – Nocturne

Sheila Silver (b. 1946) has made a name for herself as a composer of music with broad intercultural touchstones. The American, who studied with György Ligeti before earning her doctorate in composition from Brandeis, often combines elements of, say, Buddhist chants, American jazz, Jewish chants, and Indian ragas with more typically Western classical styles. From the Western canon, Silver claims as influences Igor Stravinsky, Béla Bartók, and Claude Debussy, among others.

The piece at hand was a co-commission of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center and was premiered by Gilbert Kalish in April 2015. The work is based on the Hindustani raga Jog. The piano is, by dint of being tuned to a Western system, incapable of perfectly replicating the raga, which relies on microtonal pitches. In this work Silver adapts the raga to fit the piano and serve as inspiration while still keeping the source material in the foreground.

Maurice Ravel – Histoires Naturelles

The *Histoires Naturelles* began as a book of thirty-six poems about animals by the French poet Jules Renard (surprisingly, given his name, none of the poems were about a fox). The work was a poetic bestiary of sorts, telling stories of different animals. They are light-hearted and anthropomorphize the animals in what Maurice Ravel called

"direct, clear language" and "profound hidden poetry." After being tempted by the poems for a number of years, Ravel finally selected five to set to music for a premiere in 1907.

For his cycle, Ravel chose songs about the peacock, cricket, swan, kingfisher, and guinea fowl. In keeping with the simple, straightforward language of the poetry, Ravel chose to set the language such that word endings were clipped as they would be in natural speech rather than perfectly enunciated, as was expected in art song. The piano accompaniments echo this colloquial language by striving to depict the animals themselves. The peacock, adorned in his finery, is accompanied by music that seems to hark from the traditional French operatic overture. The cricket is given grace notes that can only be heard as cricket-like.

This combination of text-setting and music sharply divided the audience at the work's premiere. Some were happy to see the relative informality of the music while others, including the composer's mentor Gabriel Fauré, were less delighted with the break from tradition.

For his part, the poet was nonplussed with the arrangements. In recounting a conversation with Ravel, Renard said "I told him I knew nothing about music, and asked him what he had been able to add to *Histoires naturelles*. He replied, 'I did not intend to add anything, only to interpret them. 'But in what way?' 'I have tried to say in music what you say with words, when you are in front of a tree, for example. I think and feel in music, and should like to think I feel the same things as you.'"

Rebecca Clarke – Songs

Rebecca Clarke (1886–1979) was an English-American violist and composer. In the first half of her life, she was a pioneering woman who helped to break gender barriers in both performance and composition. In 1912, she became one of the first females in a fully professional ensemble when she joined the Queen's Hall Orchestra in London. After that she toured extensively, most notably in a 1923 trip that saw her go around the world through the British colonies.

The five songs presented tonight are drawn from more than fifty that she composed between 1903 and 1954. In her song settings Clarke drew on a wide range of texts, from Goethe to Khayyám to Dowland and numerous additional others in between. A *Dream* and *The Cloths of Heaven* are by the Irish poet W. B. Yeats, while English poets are represented on tonight's program in William Blake's *The Tiger* and *Infant Joy* and John Masefield's *June Twilight*.

Clarke's musical language can be strikingly chromatic at times, as especially heard in *The Tiger*. The song is aggressively dark and seems to veer towards the Expressionist soundscape of Schoenberg at times. It was written over the course of four years during Clarke's romance with John Goss (to whom *June Twilight* was dedicated). Over that time, it was relentlessly revised to reach the final form heard tonight.

Béla Bartók – Folksongs

Béla Bartók (1881–1945) was a composer stuck between worlds. He is known equally for his forward-looking modernist pieces that set the tone for what Twentieth-Century music could be and for his settings of Eastern European (especially Hungarian) folk songs. Some of his most interesting compositional efforts came about at the confluence of these two streams of thought, as heard in a few of his folk song settings presented this evening.

In the half decade before the outbreak of World War I in Europe, Bartók spent time collecting folk songs in what is now Hungary, Slovakia, Romania, Bulgaria, and more. His extensive work in the Carpathian Basin, as that region is known, exposed him to a wide variety of folk styles. The songs on tonight's program present a range of styles from the Magyars—a group who began in the Ural Mountains before migrating westward to Hungary in the 9th century—to more recent Hungarian folk music.

William Bolcom – Cabaret Songs

William Bolcom (b. 1938) is one of the most prolific American composers alive. He began his formal compositional training at the University of Washington when he was just 11 years old, and since then has gone on to compose nine symphonies, eleven string quartets, four violin sonatas, three operas, more than seventy-five songs, and numerous other works. His efforts have been rewarded with a Pulitzer Prize (in 1988 for *12 New Etudes for Piano*) and a National Medal of Arts in 2006.

The Cabaret Songs are drawn from four volumes composed between 1963 and 1996. The texts were written by Bolcom's frequent collaborator Arnold Weinstein, but the genesis of the songs stems from Bolcom's relationship with mezzo-soprano Joan Morris. In 1975 the pair were married, and they have spent decades collaborating on explorations of the history of American popular song. In many of their efforts, they have recorded and performed the music of other American compsoers, such as Henry Russell and Henry Clay Work, but the Cabaret Songs represent an attempt to create their own piece of that same history.

By their very nature cabaret songs make demands on performers that go beyond traditional art songs. Gone are the grace and restraint of lied, replaced by bawdy humor, lilting piano lines, and singing that flows seamlessly between spoken word, growling, and crooning. Perhaps the most famous example of cabaret music comes from Kurt Weill's musical setting of Bertolt Brecht's *The Threepenny Opera* from which comes the standard *Mack the Knife*.

The subject matter of the four songs chosen tonight is widely varied, from the mafioso-like Black Max in the song of the same name, to the disenchantment of the morning after a fling, to the crossdressing opera singer Georgia in *George*. Just as the subject material spans a wide range so, too, does the musical style, which can go from flamboyant to reflective in only a few measures.

Joining a rare natural warmth with a fierce commitment to the transforming communicative power of music, **Dawn Upshaw** has achieved worldwide celebrity as a singer of opera and concert repertoire ranging from the sacred works of Bach to the freshest sounds of today. Her ability to reach to the heart of music and text has earned her both the devotion of an exceptionally diverse audience, and the awards and distinctions accorded to only the most distinguished of artists. In 2007, she was named a Fellow of the MacArthur Foundation, the first vocal artist to be awarded the five-year “genius” prize, and in 2008 she was named a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts & Sciences.

Her acclaimed performances on the opera stage comprise the great Mozart roles (Susanna, Ilia, Pamina, Despina, and Zerlina) as well as modern works by Stravinsky, Poulenc, and Messiaen. From Salzburg, Paris and Glyndebourne to the Metropolitan Opera, where she began her career in 1984 and has since made nearly 300 appearances, Dawn Upshaw has also championed numerous new works created for her including *The Great Gatsby* by John Harbison; the Grawemeyer Award-winning opera, *L'Amour de Loin* and oratorio *La Passion de Simone* by Kaija Saariaho; John Adams's Nativity oratorio *El Niño*; and Osvaldo Golijov's chamber opera *Ainadamar* and song cycle *Ayre*.

It says much about Dawn Upshaw's sensibilities as an artist and colleague that she is a favored partner of many leading musicians, including Gilbert Kalish, the Kronos Quartet, James Levine, and Esa-Pekka Salonen. In her work as a recitalist, and particularly in her work with composers, Dawn Upshaw has become a generative force in concert music, having premiered more than 25 works in the past decade. From Carnegie Hall to large and small venues throughout the world she regularly presents specially designed programs composed of lieder, contemporary works in many languages, and folk and popular music. She furthers this work in master classes and workshops with young singers at major music festivals, conservatories, and liberal arts colleges. She is Artistic Director of the Vocal Arts Program at the Bard College Conservatory of Music, and the Head of the Vocal Arts Program at the Tanglewood Music Center.

A five-time Grammy Award winner, Dawn Upshaw, most recently received the 2014 Best Classical Vocal Solo Grammy for Maria Schneider's *Winter Morning Walks* on the ArtistShare Label. She is featured on more than 50 recordings, including the million-selling Symphony No. 3 by Henryk Gorecki for Nonesuch Records. Her discography also includes full-length opera recordings of Mozart's *Le nozze di Figaro*; Messiaen's *St. Francois d'Assise*; Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*; John Adams's *El Niño*; two volumes of Canteloube's *Songs of the Auvergne*, a dozen recital recordings, and an acclaimed three-disc series of Osvaldo Golijov's music for Deutsche Grammophon.

Dawn Upshaw holds honorary doctorate degrees from Yale, the Manhattan School of Music, the Juilliard School, Allegheny College, and Illinois Wesleyan University. She began her career as a 1984 winner of the Young Concert Artists Auditions and the 1985 Walter W. Naumburg Competition, and was a member of the Metropolitan Opera Young Artists Development Program.

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

CAMPUS & COMMUNITY ENGAGEMENT

Through his activities as performer and educator, **Gilbert Kalish** has become a major figure in American music making. A native New Yorker, Mr. Kalish studied with Leonard Shure, Julius Hereford and Isabelle Vengerova. He is a frequent guest artist with many of the world's most distinguished chamber ensembles. He was a founding member of the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, a pioneering new music group that flourished during the 1960's and '70's. He is noted for his partnerships with other artists, including cellists Timothy Eddy and Joel Krosnick, soprano Dawn Upshaw, and, perhaps most memorably, his thirty-year collaboration with mezzo-soprano Jan DeGaetani.

Mr. Kalish leads a musical life of unusual variety and breadth. As educator he is Leading Professor and Head of Performance Activities at the State University of New York at Stony Brook. From 1968-1997 he was a faculty member of the Tanglewood Music Center and served as the "Chairman of the Faculty" at Tanglewood from 1985-1997. He often serves as guest faculty at distinguished music institutions such as the Banff Centre and the Steans Institute at Ravinia, and is renowned for his master class presentations.

Mr. Kalish's discography of some 100 recordings encompasses classical repertory, 20th Century masterworks and new compositions. Of special note are his solo recordings of Charles Ives' Concord Sonata and Sonatas of Joseph Haydn, an immense discography of vocal music with Jan DeGaetani and landmarks of the 20th Century by composers such as Carter, Crumb, Shapey and Schoenberg. In 1995 he was presented with the Paul Fromm Award by the University of Chicago Music Department for distinguished service to the music of our time.

Please join us for a Q&A with the artists after today's performance. Tomorrow morning at 10am, Gil Kalish will be teaching a masterclass for UMD piano students here in Gildenhorn and Dawn Upshaw will be teaching one for UMD voice students in room 2170, here in The Clarice. If you are interested in being in the audience for either class, please email Jane Hirshberg at janeh22@umd.edu.

Tonight's program is sponsored in part by a generous gift by Charlie Reiher and Monna Kauppinen in honor of the Orlando victims, survivors, and families.

Dawn Upshaw has recorded extensively for the Nonesuch label. She may also be heard on Angel/EMI, BMG, Deutsche Grammophon, London, Sony Classical, Telarc, and on Erato and Teldec in the Warner Classics Family of labels.

Colbert Artists Management, Inc. – www.colbertartists.com
307 Seventh Avenue, Suite 2006, New York, NY 10001

Im Frühling

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Still sitz' ich an des Hügels Hang,
der Himmel ist so klar,
das Lüftchen spielt im grünen Tal.
Wo ich beim ersten Frühlingsstrahl
einst, ach so glücklich war.

Wo ich an ihrer Seite ging
so traulich und so nah,
und tief im dunkeln Felsenquell
den schönen Himmel blau und hell
und sie im Himmel sah.

Sieh, wie der bunte Frühling schon
aus Knosp' und Blüte blickt!
Nicht alle Blüten sind mir gleich,
am liebsten pflückt ich von dem Zweig,
von welchem sie gepflückt!

Denn alles ist wie damals noch,
die Blumen, das Gefild;
die Sonne scheint nicht minder hell,
nicht minder freundlich schwimmt im Quell
das blaue Himmelsbild.

Es wandeln nur sich Will und Wahn,
es wechseln Lust und Streit,
vorüber flieht der Liebe Glück,
und nur die Liebe bleibt zurück,
die Lieb und ach, das Leid.

O wär ich doch ein Vöglein nur
dort an dem Wiesenhang
dann blieb ich auf den Zweigen hier,
und säng ein süßes Lied von ihr,
den ganzen Sommer lang.

Geheimes

Franz Schubert

Über meines Liebchens Äugeln
Stehn verwundert alle Leute
Ich, der Wissende, dagegen,
Weiß recht gut, was das bedeute.

Denn es heißt: ich liebe diesen
Und nicht etwa den und jenen.
Lasset nur, ihr guten Leute,
Euer Wundern, euer Sehnen!

Ja, mit ungeheuren Machten
Blicket sie wohl in die Runde;
Doch sie sucht nur zu verkünden
Ihm die nächste süße Stunde.

(In Spring)

Text by Ernst Konrad Friedrich Schulze (1789-1817)

Quietly I sit on the hill's slope.
The sky is so clear;
a breeze plays in the green valley
where I was at Spring's first sunbeam
once - ah, I was so happy;

Where I walked at her side,
So intimate and so close,
and deep in the dark rocky spring
was the beautiful sky, blue and bright;
and I saw her in the sky.

Look how colorful Spring already
looks out from bud and blossom!
Not every blossom is the same for me:
I like best to pick from the branch
from which she picked hers.

For all is as it was back then:
the flowers, the field;
the sun does not shine less brightly,
nor does the stream reflect any less charmingly
the blue image of the sky.

The only things that change are will and illusion:
Joys and quarrels alternate,
the happiness of love flies past
and only the love remains –
The love and, ah, the sorrow.

Oh, if only I were a little bird,
there on the meadow's slope –
then I would remain here on these branches
and sing a sweet song about her
the whole summer long

(Secret)

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Everyone is astonished
At the look my sweetheart makes;
But I, who understand,
Know quite well what they mean.

For they say: I love him,
Not this one or that one.
So, good people cease
Your wondering and your longing!

Indeed, she may well look about her
With a mighty powerful eye,
But she seeks only to give him a foretaste
Of the next sweet hour.

TEXT/TRANSLATIONS

Gretchen am Spinnrade

(*Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel*)

Franz Schubert

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Meine Ruh ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab,
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt,
Mein aremer 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.

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

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

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

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.

Where I do not have him,
That is the grave,
The whole world
Is bitter to me.

My poor head
Is crazy to me,
My poor mind
Is torn apart.

For him only, I look
Out the window
Only for him do I go
Out of the house.

His superior walk,
His noble air,
His smiling mouth,
His compelling eyes,

And his words--
their magic flow,
His handclasp,
and ah! his kiss!

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.

My bosom urges itself
toward him.
Ah, might I grasp
And hold him!

And kiss him,
just as I liked,
and in his kisses
I should die!

Lied der Mignon (Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt)

Song of Mignon (Only one who knows longing)

Franz Schubert

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
 Weiß, was ich leide!
 Allein und abgetrennt
 Von aller Freude,
 Seh ich ans Firmament
 Nach jener Seite.
 Ach! der mich liebt
 und kennt,
 Ist in der Weite.
 Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
 Mein Eingeweide.
 Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
 Weiß, was ich leide!

Only one who knows longing
 Understands what I suffer!
 Alone and separated
 From all joy,
 I look to the heavens
 Towards the other side.
 Oh! the one who loves a
 nd knows me,
 Is far away.
 I feel dizzy, and it burns
 my insides.
 Only one who knows longing
 Understands what I suffer!

Rastlose Liebe

(Restless Love)

Franz Schubert

Dem Schnee, dem Regen,
 Dem Wind entgegen,
 Im Dampf der Klüfte,
 Durch Nebeldüfte,
 Immer zu! Immer zu!
 Ohne Rast und Ruh!

 Lieber durch Leiden
 Möcht ich mich schlagen,
 Als so viel Freuden
 Des Lebens ertragen.
 All das Neigen
 Von Herzen zu Herzen,
 Ach, wie so eigen
 Schaffet das Schmerzen!

 Wie soll ich fliehen?
 Wälderwärts ziehen?
 Alles vergebens!
 Krone des Lebens,
 Glück ohne Ruh,
 Liebe, bist du!

Into snow, into rain,
 into wind, headlong,
 through the gorges' fog,
 through mist,
 ever on! Ever on!
 No halt, no rest!

 Through affliction
 sooner I'd battle,
 than so many joys
 of life endure.
 All this inclining
 of heart for heart,
 ah, how strangely
 it creates pain!

 How shall I flee?
 Make for the woods?
 All is in vain!
 Diadem of life,
 joy without rest,
 that, Love, are you!

Histoires naturelles

Ravel

Text by Jules Renard (1864-1910)

1. *Le Paon*

Il va sûrement se marier aujourd’hui.
Ce devait être pour hier.
En habit de gala, il était prêt
Il n’attendait que sa fiancée.
Elle n’est pas venue.
Elle ne peut tarder.
Glorieux, il se promène
avec une allure de prince indien
et porte sur lui les riches présents d’usage.

L’amour avive l’éclat de ses couleurs
et son aigrette tremble comme une lyre.
La fiancée n’arrive pas.
Il monte au haut du toit
et regarde du côté du soleil.
Il jette son cri diabolique:
Leon! Léon!
C'est ainsi qu'il appelle sa fiancée.
Il ne voit rien venir et personne ne répond.
Les volailles habituées
ne lèvent même point la tête.
Elles sont lasses de l’admirer.
Il redescend dans la cour,
si sûr d'être beau
qu'il est incapable de rancune.
Son mariage sera pour demain.
Et, ne sachant que faire
du reste de la journée,
il se dirige vers le perron.
Il gravit les marches,
comme des marches de temple,
d'un pas officiel. Il relève sa robe
à queue toute lourde des yeux
qui n'ont pu se détacher d'elle.
Il répète encore
une fois la cérémonie.

Natural Histories

Ravel

Text by Jules Renard (1864-1910)

1. *The Peacock*

He surely will be getting married today.
It should have been yesterday.
Dressed for a gala, he was ready.
He was only waiting for his fiancée.
She didn't come.
She tarried.
Magnificent, he strolled
with the allure of an Indian prince
and brought the customary rich presents.

Love kindled a burst of colors
and his aigrette quivered like a lyre.
His fiancée does not arrive.
He climbs to the top of the roof
and from its edge beholds the sun.
He sounds his diabolical cry:
"Leon! Leon!"
Thus does he call his fiancée.
He sees nothing come, and no one answers.
The birds, accustomed to this,
do not even raise their head.
They are bored of admiring him.
He comes down and enters the courtyard,
so sure of his own beauty
that he is incapable of rancor.
His wedding will be tomorrow.
And, not knowing what to do
for the rest of the day,
he heads toward the porch.
He climbs its stairs,
like the stairs of the temple,
with an officious tread. He picks up
his tailed robe so heavy from eyes
that cannot detach themselves.
He repeats the ceremony
one more time.

2. Le Grillon

C'est l'heure où, las d'errer,
l'insecte nègre revient de promenade
et répare avec soin le désordre de son domaine.
D'abord il ratisse ses étroites allées de sable.
Il fait du bran de scie qu'il écarte
au seuil de sa retraite.
Il lime la racine de cette grande herbe
propre à le harceler.
Il se repose.
Puis il remonte sa minuscule montre.
A-t-il fini? est-elle cassé?
Il se repose encore un peu.
Il rentre chez lui et ferme sa porte.
Longtemps il tourne sa clef
dans la serrure délicate.
Et il écoute: Point d'alarme dehors.
Mais il ne se trouve pas en sûreté.
Et comme par une chaînette
dont la poulie grince,
il descend jusqu'au fond de la terre.
On n'entend plus rien.
Dans la campagne muette,
les peupliers se dressent comme des doigts
en l'air et désignent la lune.

3. Le Cygne

Il glisse sur le bassin, comme un traîneau blanc,
du nuage en nuage. Car il n'a faim que des
nuages floconneux
qu'il voit naître, bouger, et se perdre dans l'eau.
C'est l'un d'eaux qu'il désire.
Il le vise du bec, et il plonge tout
à coup son vol vêtu de neige.
Puis, tel un bras de femme sort d'une
manche, il le retire.
Il n'a rien. Il regarde: les nuages effarouchés
ont disparu.
Il ne reste qu'un instant désabusé,
car les nuages tardent peu à revenir,
et, là-bas, où meurent les ondulations de l'eau,
en voici un qui se reforme.
Doucement, sur son léger coussin de plumes,
le cygne rame et s'approche...
Il s'épuise à pécher de vains reflets,
et peut-être qu'il mourra, victime de cette
illusion,
avant d'attraper un seul morceau de nuage.
Mais qu'est-ce que je dis? Chaque fois qu'il
plonge,
il fouille du bec la vase nourrissante et
ramène un ver.
Il engrasse comme une oie.

2. The Cricket

It is the hour when, bored with wandering,
the black insect returns to the promenade
and tidies up his domain.
First he rakes his narrow sandy paths.
He makes sawdust that he piles
on the threshold of his hideaway.
He files the root of the tall grass,
appropriate for attacking with.
He rests.
Then he mounts once more his minuscule watch.
Has he finished? Is it broken?
He rests again for a little while.
He returns home and closes his door.
A long while he turns the key
in the delicate lock.
Then he listens; nothing alarming outside.
But he does not find security.
And, like a small chain
whose teeth a pulley gnashes,
he descends into the depths of the earth.
He no longer hears anything.
In the mute countryside,
the poplars stand erect like fingers in the air,
pointing toward the moon.

3. The Swan

He glides upon the basin, like a white sleigh,
from cloud to cloud. For he is hungry only for
the snowy clouds that he sees born, move,
and become lost in the water.
He desires to grab one from the waters.
He aims with his beak, and he plunges suddenly,
his flight dressed in snow.
Then like a woman's arm emerging from a
sleeve, he withdraws.
He has nothing. He sees: the scared clouds
have disappeared.
He stays disenchanted only a moment,
for the clouds tarry a little before returning,
and, over there, where the water's
undulations die,
here is one forming anew.
Softly, on his little pillow of feathers,
the swan paddles and approaches...
He tires himself out fishing for vain
reflections,
and perhaps he will die, victim of this illusion,
before catching a single piece of cloud.
But what am I saying? Each time he plunges,
he digs with his beak into nourishing silt and
returns with a worm.
He fattens himself like a goose.

4. Le Martin-Pêcheur

Ça n'a pas mordu, ce soir,
mais je rapporte une rare émotion.
Comme je tenais ma perche de ligne tendue,
un martin-pêcheur est venu s'y poser.
Nous n'avons pas d'oiseau plus éclatant.
Il semblait une grosse fleur bleue
au bout d'une longue tige.
La perche pliait sous le poids.
Je ne respirais plus, tout fier d'être pris
pour un arbre par un martin-pêcheur.
Et je suis sûr qu'il ne s'est pas envolé de peur,
mais qu'il a cru qu'il ne faisait que passer
d'une branche à une autre.

5. Le Pintade

C'est la bossue de ma cour.
Elle ne rêve que plaies à cause de sa bosse.
Les poules ne lui disent rien:
Brusquement, elle se précipite et les harcèle.
Puis elle baisse sa tête, penche le corps,
et, de toute la vitesse de ses pattes maigres,
elle court frapper, de son bec dur,
juste au centre de la roue d'une dinde.
Cette poseuse l'agaçait.
Ainsi, la tête bleuie, ses
barbillons à vif,
cocardière, elle rage du matin au soir.
Elle se bat sans motif,
peut-être parce qu'elle s'imagine
toujours qu'on se moque de sa taille,
de son crâne chauve et de sa queue basse.
Et elle ne cesse de jeter un cri discordant
qui perce l'aire comme un pointe.
Parfois elle quitte la cour et disparaît.
Elle laisse aux volailles pacifiques
un moment de répit.
Mais elle revient plus turbulente et plus criarde.
Et, frénétique, elle se vautre par terre.
Qu'a-t-elle donc? La sournoise fait une farce.
Elle est allée pondre son oeuf à la campagne.
Je peux le chercher si ça m'amuse.
Et elle se roule dans la poussière comme une
bossue.

4. The Kingfisher

Nothing bit this evening,
but I felt once more a rare emotion.
As I held my pole with line out,
a kingfish landed on it.
There is no more striking bird.
It seemed like a giant blue flower
at the end of a long stem.
The pole bent under its weight.
I dared not breathe, proud to have been taken
for a tree by a kingfisher.
And I was certain that he did not take off
from fear, but because he believed he was
only passing from one branch to another.

5. The Guinea Fowl

It is my beloved hunchback.
She only dreams of cankers because of her hump.
The hens do not speak to her.
Abruptly, she bolts and attacks.
Then she lowers her head, bends her body,
and speeding her skinny legs,
she strikes quickly with her strong beak,
aiming for a turkey in the middle of the circle.
That showoff gets on her nerves.
Thus, with her blue-stained head, its
plumage frayed,
she rages from dawn till dusk.
She fights without cause,
perhaps because she imagines
that she is being mocked because of her size,
because of her bald head, and her low tail.
And she continually sounds a discordant cry
that pierces the air like a knife.
At times she leaves the courtyard and disappears.
She gives the peaceful birds
a moment's respite.
But she returns, more turbulently and more shrill.
And, frenetically, she sprawls out on the ground.
What is she doing? The cunning prankster -
she left to lay an egg in the country.
I can find it if I choose.
And she rolls around in the dust like a
hunchback.

Rebecca Clarke Songs

June Twilight

John Masefield

The twilight comes; the sun dips down and sets, The boys have done play at the nets. In a warm golden glow The woods are steeped. The shadows grow; The bat has cheeped. Sweet smells the new-mown hay; The mowers pass Home, each his way, through the grass. The night-wind stirs the fern, A night-jar spins; The windows burn In the inns. Dusky it grows. The moon! The dews descend. Love, can this beauty in our hearts end?

Infant Joy

William Blake

"I have no name: I am but two days old." What shall I call thee? "I happy am, Joy is my name." Sweet joy befall thee! Pretty Joy! Sweet Joy, but two days old. Sweet Joy I call thee: Thou dost smile, I sing the while, Sweet joy befall thee!

The Tiger

William Blake

Tyger Tyger, burning bright, In the forests of the night; What immortal hand or eye, Could frame thy fearful symmetry? In what distant deeps or skies Burnt the fire of thine eyes? On what wings dare he aspire? What the hand, dare seize the fire? And what shoulder, & what art, Could twist the sinews of thy heart? And when thy heart began to beat, What dread hand? & what dread feet? What the hammer? what the chain, In what furnace was thy brain? What the anvil? what dread grasp, Dare its deadly terrors clasp! When the stars threw down their spears And water'd heaven with their tears: Did he smile his work to see? Did he who made the Lamb make thee? Tyger Tyger burning bright, In the forests of the night: What immortal hand or eye, Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

A Dream

William Butler Yeats

I dreamed that one had died in a strange place Near no accustomed hand; And they had nailed the boards above her face, The peasants of that land, And, wond'ring, planted by her solitude A cypress and a yew: I came, and wrote upon a cross of wood, Man had no more to do: "She was more beautiful than thy first love, This lady by the trees:" And gazed upon the mournful stars above, And heard the mournful breeze.

The Cloths of Heaven

William Butler Yeats

Had I the [heavens']¹ embroidered cloths Enwrought with golden and silver light The blue and the dim and the dark cloths Of night and light and the half-light, I would spread the cloths under your feet: But I, being poor, have only my dreams; I have spread my dreams under your feet; Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

Fekete föd

Fekete föd, fehér az én zsebkendőm,
Elhagyott a legkedvesebb szeretőm.
Úgy elhagyott, hogy még meg sem siratott,
Erzi szívem, nemsokára meghalok.

Annyi bánat a szüvemen

Annyi bánat a szüvemen
Kétrét hajlott az egeken.
Ha még egyet hajlott volna:
Szüvem ketté hasadt volna.
Én elmegyek közületek,
Isten maradjon veletek.

Tölem több panaszt nem hallasz,
Kit hallottál, avval maradsz.

Régi keserves

Olyan árva vagyok, mint út mellett az ág,
Kinek minden ember nekimegyen s levág;
Az én életemnek és most úgy vagyon sorsa,
Mer bokros búbánat azt igen futkossa.

Hervadni kezdettem, mint ősszel a rózsa,
Kinek nincsen sohitt semmi pártfogója;
Addig menyek, addig a kerek ég alatt,
Valamíg megnyugszom fekete föd alatt.

Eddig való dolgom

Eddig való dolgom a tavaszi szántás,
Kertekbe, rétekbe füvet lekaszálgás;
Immár ökröm hejjin lovam a nyeregbé,
Szíjostorom hejjin kantárszár kezembé.

Eljött már az a nap, melyben kell indulni,
Hazámtól, hazámtól bús szivvel távozni,
Kedves szüleimtől sirva elbúcsuzni,
Kedves hitestársam árván itt kell hagyni.

Black Soil

Black soil, white handkerchief,
The one who loved me once has left me lonely now.
Silent, tearless, so true lovers part.
I feel the chill of death upon my breaking heart.

So much sorrow lies on my heart

So much sorrow lies on my heart.
It covers the heavens twice over.
Had it covered them one more time,
My heart would have broken in two.
Now I'm going to leave you
May God remain with you,

You will hear no more complain from me,
What you heard will be all there is.

Old Lament

I am as lonely as the bough along the road
Which everyone stumbles into and cuts off;
The destiny of my life now is just the same,
Because it is interwoven with thorny grief.

I began to whither like the rose in autumn,
Who has no patron ever anywhere;
I will keep going under the firmament,
Until I get rest under the black earth.

Up Until Now

Up until now my work was ploughing in the springtime,
Mowing grass in gardens, mowing grass on meadows;
Now, instead of oxen, a horse I have saddled,
Instead of my leatherwhip now I hold the bridle.

Now, folks, the day has come when I have to set out,
With a heavy heart to leave my house, my country,
Tearfully I take leave of my beloved parents,
And leave you behind unprotected, my dearest maid.

"Hatforintos" nóta
A cseroldalt összejártam,
Sehol párom nem találtam.

Ez a hatforintos nóta,
Kinek tetszik, járja réa,
járja réa.

Kinek nincsen hat forintja,
Erre bizony nem jarhatja:
Hat forintját ki sajnálja,
Erre bizony ne is járja,
ne járja.

Eddig vendég jől mulattál,
Ha tetszenék elindulnál!
Uccu gazda, kerülj botra,
A vendéget indítsd útra.

Hej,
Kinek nincsen hat forintja,
Erre bizony nem jarhatja,
Erre bizony, erre ne is járja!

"Six-Forints" Song
I have roamed the oak hill,
But nowhere did I find my mate.

This is the six-forint song,
Whoever likes it should dance,
should dance to it.

Whoever has no six forints,
Cannot dance to this:
Whoever grudges his six forints,
Should not even try to dance to this,
to this.

So far you have had a good time, guest,
If you please you might start on your way!
Up, host, take to the stick,
Put the guest on his way.

Hey,
Whoever has no six forints,
Cannot dance to this,
Should not even try to dance to this

Song of Black Max

William Bolcom (b. 1938)

Text by Arnold Weinstein (1927-2005)

He was always dressed in black,
long black jacket, broad black hat,
sometimes a cape,
and as thin, and as thin as rubber tape:
Black Max.

He would raise that big black hat
to the big-shots of the town
who raised their hats right back,
never knew they were bowing to
Black Max.

I'm talking about night in Rotterdam
when the right night people of all the town
would find what they could
in the night neighborhood of
Black Max.

There were women in the windows
with bodies for sale
dressed in curls like little girls
in little dollhouse jails.

When the women walked the street
with the beds upon their backs,
who was lifting up his brim to them?

Black Max!
And there were looks for sale,
the art of the smile --
(only certain people walked that mystery mile:
artists, charlatans, vaudevillians,
men of mathematics, acrobatics and civilians).
There was knitting-needle music from a lady organ-grinder
with all her sons behind her,
Marco, Vito, Benno
(Was he strong! Though he walked like a woman)
and Carlo, who was five.
He must be still alive!
Ah, poor Marco had the syph, and if
you didn't take the terrible cure those days
you went crazy and died and he did.
And at the coffin
before they closed the lid,
who raised his lid?
Black Max!
I was climbing on the train
one day going far away
to the good old U.S.A.
when I heard some music
underneath the tracks.
Standing there beneath the bridge,
long black jacket, broad black hat,
playing the harmonica, one hand free
to lift that hat to me:
Black Max, Black Max, Black Max.

*Toothbrush Time***William Bolcom**

Text by Arnold Weinstein

It's toothbrush time,
Ten a.m. again and toothbrush time
Last night at half past nine it seemed O.K.
But in the light of day not so fine at toothbrush time
Now he's crashing round my bathroom
Now he's reading my degree,
Perusing all my pills
Reviewing all my ills
And he comes out smelling like me
Now he advances on my kitchen
Now he raids every shelf
Till from the pots and pans and puddles and debris
Emerges three eggs all for himself
Oh, how I'd be ahead if I'd stood out of bed;
I wouldn't sit here grieving
Waiting for the wonderful moment of his leaving
At toothbrush time, toothbrush time,
Ten a.m. again and toothbrush time
I know it's sad to be alone
It's so bad to be alone,
Still I should've known
That I'd be glad to be alone.
I should've known, I should've known!
Never should have picked up the phone and called him.
"Hey, uh, listen, uhm Uh, I've got to, uh...
Oh, you gotta go too?
So glad you understand.
And..." By the way, did you say
Nine tonight again?
See you then.
Toothbrush time!

*Waitin'***William Bolcom**

Text by Arnold Weinstein

Waitin waitin
I've been waitin
Waitin waitin all my life.
That light keeps on hiding from me,
But it someday just might bless my sight.
Waitin waitin waitin

George

William Bolcom

Text by Arnold Weinstein

My friend George, used to say:

"Oh call me Georgia, Hon, get yourself a drink."

And sang the best soprano

In our part of town.

In beads, brocade, and pins,

He sang if you happened in

Through the door he never locked

And said "Get yourself a drink" and sang out loud

Till tears fell in the cognac

And the chocolate milk and gin

And all the beads and brocade and pins

When strangers happened through his open door

George said, "Stay, but yuh gotta keep quiet!

While I sing" and then a minute after.

"And call me Georgia."

One fine day a stranger in a suit of navy blue

Took George's life with a knife George had placed beside an
apple pie he'd baked.

And stabbed him in the middle of "Un bel di vedremo".

As he sang for this particular stranger who was in the
United States Navy.

The funeral was at the cocktail hour.

We knew George would like it like that.

Tears fell on the beads, brocade and pins in the coffin which was white.

Cause George was a virgin.

Oh call him Georgia, "Hon, get yourself a drink.

You can call me Gerogia Hon, get yourself a drink!"



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