

Franz Schubert text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
Willkommen und Abschied

Es schlug mein Herz, geschwind zu Pferde!
Es war getan fast eh' gedacht.
Der Abend wiegte schon die Erde,
Und an den Bergen hing die Nacht;
Schon stand im Nebelkleid die Eiche,
Ein aufgetürmter Riese, da,
Wo Finsterniss aus dem Gesträuche
Mit hundert schwarzen Augen sah.

Der Mond von einem Wolkenhügel
Sah kläglich aus dem Duft hervor,
Die Winde schwangen leise Flügel,
Umsausten schauerlich mein Ohr;
Die Nacht schuf tausend Ungeheuer,
Doch frisch und fröhlich war mein Mut:
In meinen Adern welches Feuer!
In meinem Herzen welche Glut!

Dich sah ich, und die milde Freude
Floss von dem süßen Blick auf mich;
Ganz war mein Herz an deiner Seite
Und jeder Atemzug für dich.
Ein rosenfarbnes Frühlingswetter
Umgab das liebliche Gesicht,
Und Zärtlichkeit für mich – Ihr Götter!
Ich hofft' es, ich verdient' es nicht!

Doch ach, schon mit der Morgensonne
Verengt der Abschied mir das Herz:
In deinen Küssen welche Wonne!
In deinem Auge welcher Schmerz!
Ich ging, du standst und sahst zur Erden,
Und sahst mir nach mit nassem Blick:
Und doch, welch Glück, geliebt zu werden!
Und lieben, Götter, welch ein Glück!

Welcome and Farewell

My heart pounded, hurry, to the horse!
It was done almost before the thought.
Evening already cradled the earth,
And night clung to the hills;
The oak tree loomed in its misty cloak,
A towering giant, there,
Where darkness peered from the bushes
With a hundred black eyes.

The moon gazed from a bank of clouds
Mournfully through the haze,
The winds softly beat their wings,
And murmured eerily about my ears;
Night brought forth a thousand monsters,
Yet I was buoyant and cheery:
In my veins, what fire!
In my heart, what ardor!

I saw you, and the gentle joy
Of your sweet gaze flooded over me;
My heart was completely at your side
And every breath I took for you.
A rosy tint of spring
Framed her lovely face,
And tenderness for me – O gods!
This I had hoped but never deserved!

But alas, already with the morning sun,
Parting constricts my heart:
In your kisses, what delight!
In your eyes what pain!
I left, you stood and gazed down,
And gazed tearfully at me:
And yet, what joy to be loved!
And to love, O gods, what joy!

Franz Schubert texts: Marianne von Willemer

Suleika I

Was bedeutet die Bewegung?
Bringt der Ost mir frohe Kunde?
Seiner Schwingen frische Regung
Kühlt des Herzens tiefe Wunde.

Kosend spielt er mit dem Staube,
Jagt ihn auf in leichten Wölkchen,
Treibt zur sichern Rebenlaube
Der Insekten frohes Völkchen.

Lindert sanft der Sonne Glühen,
Kühlt auch mir die heißen Wangen,
Küsst die Reben noch im Fliehen,
Die auf Feld und Hügel prangen.

Und mir bringt sein leises Flüstern
Von dem Freunde tausend Grüsse;
Eh' noch diese Hügel düstern,
Grüssen mich wohl tausend Küsse.

Und so kannst du weiter ziehen!
Diene Freunden und Betrübten.
Dort wo hohe Mauern glühen,
Dort find' ich bald den Vielgeliebten.

Ach, die wahre Herzenskunde,
Liebeshauch, erfrishtes Leben
Wird mir nur aus seinem Munde,
Kann mir nur sein Atem geben.

Suleika II

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 Augenlider;
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.

Suleika I

What does this stirring portend?
Does the east wind bring me glad tidings?
The refreshing motion of its wings
cools the heart's deep wound.

It plays gently with the dust,
throwing it up in light clouds,
and drives the happy swarm of insects
to the safety of the vine leaves.

It gently tempers the burning heat of the sun,
and cools my hot cheeks;
even as it flies it kisses the vines
that adorn the fields and hillsides.

And its soft whispering brings me
a thousand greetings from my beloved;
before these hills grow dark
I shall be greeted by a thousand kisses.

Now as you go on your way,
and serve the happy and the sad;
there, where high walls glow,
I shall soon find my dearly beloved.

Ah, the true message of the heart,
the breath of love, renewed life
will come to me only from his mouth,
can be given to me only by his breath.

Suleika II

Ah, West Wind, how I envy you
for your moist wings;
for you can bring him word
of what I suffer, separated from him.

The movement of your wings
awakens a silent longing in my breast.
Flowers, meadows, woods and hills
grow tearful at your breath.

Yet your mild, gentle breeze
cools my aching eyelids;
ah, I should die of grief
if I had no hope of seeing him again.

Hurry 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 modestly,
that his love is my life,
and that his presence will bring me
a joyous sense of both.

Michael Robert Smith text: Wallace Stevens
Peter Quince at the Clavier – *World Premiere*

I

Just as my fingers on these keys
Make music, so the selfsame sounds
On my spirit make a music, too.

Music is feeling, then, not sound;
And thus it is that what I feel,
Here in this room, desiring you,

Thinking of your blue-shadowed silk,
Is music. It is like the strain
Waked in the elders by Susanna:

Of a green evening, clear and warm,
She bathed in her still garden, while
The red-eyed elders, watching, felt

The basses of their beings throb
In witching chords, and their thin blood
Pulse pizzicati of Hosanna.

II

In the green water, clear and warm,
Susanna lay.
She searched
The touch of springs,
And found
Concealed imaginings.
She sighed,
For so much melody.

Upon the bank, she stood
In the cool
Of spent emotions.
She felt, among the leaves,
The dew
Of old devotions.

She walked upon the grass,
Still quavering.
The winds were like her maids,
On timid feet,
Fetching her woven scarves,
Yet wavering.

A breath upon her hand
Muted the night.
She turned—
A cymbal crashed,
And roaring horns.

III

Soon, with a noise like tambourines,
Came her attendant Byzantines.

They wondered why Susanna cried
Against the elders by her side;

And as they whispered, the refrain
Was like a willow swept by rain.

Anon, their lamps' uplifted flame
Revealed Susanna and her shame.

And then, the simpering Byzantines
Fled, with a noise like tambourines.

IV

Beauty is momentary in the mind—
The fitful tracing of a portal;
But in the flesh it is immortal.

The body dies; the body's beauty lives.
So evenings die, in their green going,
A wave, interminably flowing.
So gardens die, their meek breath scenting
The cowl of winter, done repenting.
So maidens die, to the auroral
Celebration of a maiden's choral.

Susanna's music touched the bawdy strings
Of those white elders; but, escaping,
Left only Death's ironic scraping.
Now, in its immortality, it plays
On the clear viol of her memory,
And makes a constant sacrament of praise.

Johannes Brahms text: anonymous

Sandmännchen

Die Blümelein sie schlafen
Schon längst im Mondenschein,
Sie nicken mit den Köpfen
Auf ihren Stengelein.
Es rüttelt sich der Blütenbaum,
Es säuselt wie im Traum:
Schlafe, schlafe, schlaf du, meine Kindelein!

Sandmännchen kommt geschlichen
Und guckt durchs Fensterlein,
Ob irgend noch ein Liebchen
Nicht mag zu Bette sein.
Und wo es nur ein Kindchen fand,
Streut er ihm in die Augen Sand.
Schlafe, schlafe, schlaf du, meine Kindelein!

Sandmännchen aus dem Zimmer,
Es schläft mein Herzchen fein,
Es ist gar fest verschlossen
Schon sein Guckäugelein.
Es leuchtet morgen mir Willkomm
Das Äugelein so fromm!
Schlafe, schlafe, schlaf du, meine Kindelein!

Johannes Brahms text: Georg Scherer

Wiegenlied

Guten Abend, gut' Nacht,
Mit Rosen bedacht,
Mit Nägelein besteckt
Schlupf' unter die Deck'.
Morgen früh, wenn Gott will,
Wirst du wieder geweckt.

Guten Abend, gut' Nacht,
Von Englein bewacht!
Die zeigen im Traum
Dir Christkindleins Baum:
Schlaf' nun selig und süß,
Schau im Traum's Paradies.

Little Sandman

The little flowers have long been
Asleep in the moonlight,
They nod their heads
On their little stems.
The blossoming tree quivers,
Rustling as though in a dream:
Sleep, sleep, my little child!

The little sandman sneaks up
And peers through the window,
To see if there is still a little darling
Who won't go to bed.
And wherever he finds such a child,
He scatters sand in his eyes.
Sleep, sleep, my little child!

The sandman has left the room,
My little darling is fast asleep,
His little eyes
Are already firmly closed.
His innocent little eyes will shine again
To greet me in the morning!
Sleep, sleep, my little child!

Lullaby

Good evening, good night,
Canopied with roses,
Bedecked with carnations,
Slip under the covers.
Tomorrow morning, if God wills,
You will wake again.

Good evening, good night,
Watched over by angels!
In your dreams they will show you
The Christmas tree:
Sleep now sweetly and blissfully,
Behold paradise in your dreams.

Nadia Boulanger music & text

Soir d'hiver

Une jeune femme berce son enfant.
Elle est seule, elle pleure, mais elle chante,
Car il faut bien qu'il entende
la chanson douce et tendre pour qu'il s'endorme.

"Voici Noël, mon petit enfant bleu*.
Les cloches sonneront
pour que tu sois joyeux."

Celui qu'elle aime est parti...
et la chanson s'arrête!

Elle dit:
"Où est-il à cette heure?
Entend-il ma voix?
et sait-il que je vis?"

Elle pleure si simplement
que le coeur en a mal.
Elle regarde son fils
et cherche s'il ressemble
à celui qu'elle attend inlassablement,
de toute son âme, de toute sa tendresse!

Elle pleure, mais elle espère!
Elle entend de loin la Victoire,
elle devine la lutte sans merci,
mais elle croit à la Justice,
elle sait que toute une vie s'est donnée,
joyeuse et fière, et elle attend,
Auprès de ce berceau si petit,
qui tient le coeur d'un homme.

**likely in reference to the blue uniform of the French soldiers of
the First World War*

Nadia Boulanger text: Maurice Maeterlinck

Cantique

À toute âme qui pleure,
à tout péché qui passe,
J'ouvre au sein des étoiles
mes mains pleines de grâces.

Il n'est péché qui vive
quand l'amour a parlé;
Il n'est âme qui meure
quand l'amour a pleuré...

Et si l'amour s'égare
aux sentiers d'ici-bas,
Ses larmes me retrouvent
et ne s'égare pas.

Winter Evening

A young woman rocks her child.
She is alone, she weeps, but she sings,
For he must hear
the sweet and tender song, so as to fall asleep.

"Christmas is here, my little blue* child.
The bells will ring
and fill you with joy."

The man she loves has left...
and the song stops!

She says:
"Where is he at this hour?
Does he hear my voice?
And does he know that I'm alive?"

She weeps so simply
that it hurts the heart.
She looks at her son
to see if he resembles
the man for whom she waits tirelessly,
with all her soul, with all her tenderness!

She weeps, but she hopes!
She hears Victory from afar,
she surmises that it is a merciless struggle,
yet she believes in Justice,
she knows that a whole life, happy and proud,
has been sacrificed, and she waits,
next to this tiny cradle,
that holds a man's heart.

Hymn

To every weeping soul,
To every sin inflicted,
I open amongst the stars
My hands full of grace.

No sin lives
When love has spoken;
No soul dies
When love has wept...

And if love strays
On the paths of the earth,
Its tears will find me
And not go astray.

Aaron Copland text: traditional

The little horses

Hush you bye,
Don't you cry,
Go to sleepy little baby.
When you wake,
You shall have,
All the pretty little horses.
Blacks and bays,
Dapples and grays,
Coach and six-a little horses.
Blacks and bays,
Dapples and grays,
Coach and six-a little horses.

Hush you bye,
Don't you cry,
Go to sleepy little baby.
When you wake,
You'll have sweet cake and
All the pretty little horses.
A brown and gray and a black and a bay and a
Coach and six-a little horses.
A black and a bay and a brown and a gray and a
Coach and six-a little horses.

Hush you bye,
Don't you cry,
Oh you pretty little baby.
Go to sleepy little baby.
Oh you pretty little baby.

Aaron Copland text: Traditional/Shaker.

Simple Gifts

'Tis the gift to be simple, 'tis the gift to be free,
'Tis the gift to come down, where we ought to be,
And when we find ourselves in the place just right,
'Twill be in the valley of love and delight.

When true simplicity is gain'd,
To bow and to bend we shan't be ashamed,
To turn, turn will be our delight
Till by turning, turning we come round right.

Aaron Copland text: Emily Dickinson

Nature, the gentlest mother

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.

Aaron Copland text: traditional

I bought me a cat

I bought me a cat, my cat pleased me,
I fed my cat under yonder tree.
My cat says fiddle eye fee.

I bought me a duck, my duck pleased me,
I fed my duck under yonder tree.
My duck says, "Quaa, quaa", ...

I bought me a goose, my goose pleased me,
I fed my goose under yonder tree.
My goose says, "Quaw, quaw", ...

I bought me a hen, my hen pleased me.
I fed my hen under yonder tree.
My hen says, "Shimmy shack, shimmy shack", ...

I bought me a pig, my pig pleased me.
I fed my pig under yonder tree.
My pig says, "Griffey, griffey", ...

I bought me a cow, my cow pleased me.
I fed my cow under yonder tree.
My cow says "Moo, moo", ...

I bought me a horse, my horse pleased me.
I fed my horse under yonder tree.
My horse says, "Neigh, neigh", ...

I bought me a man, my man pleased me.
I fed my man under yonder tree.
My man says, "Honey, honey", ...