


RIDER UNIVERSITY
Westminster Choir College
presents...



New York | Paris
A Tribute to
Dalton Baldwin

LINDSEY CHRISTIANSEN ART SONG FESTIVAL 2021

JJ Penna, piano

Saturday, April 24 at 7:30 p.m.
Sunday, April 25 at 2 p.m.

Program

Soir

Gabriel Fauré
(1845–1924)
Text: Albert Samain

L'horizon chimérique

Fauré
Text: Jean de La Ville de Mirmont

La mer est infinie
Je me suis embarqué
Diane, Séléne
Vaisseaux, nous vous aurons aimés

Vocalise-étude

James Harris, *baritone*

Fauré

Art Song Festival Beginnings: Daniel Pratt, WCC Faculty 1973–1987 & 1999–2003

Selections from *La chanson d'Ève*

Fauré
Text: Charles van Lerberghe

II. Prima verba
III. Roses ardentes
IV. Comme Dieu rayonne
VII. Dans un parfum de roses blanches
X. Ô mort, poussière d'étoiles

Chloe Crosby, *soprano*

A Reflection: Dr. Akiko Hosaki, pianist

Attente

Lili Boulanger
(1893–1918)
Text: Maurice Maeterlinck

Reflets

Boulanger
Text: Maeterlinck

Dans l'immense tristesse

Boulanger
Text: Bertha Galeron de Calone

Amia Langer, *soprano*

Miroirs Brûlants

Francis Poulenc
(1899–1963)
Text: Paul Eluard

Tu vois le feu du soir...
Je nommerai ton front...

Program

Susie Asado

Virgil Thomson
(1896–1989)
Text: Gertrude Stein

Preciosilla

Thomson
Text: Stein

Krista Hastings, *soprano*

A Reflection: Elisabeth Stevens, soprano—*A Walk Among the Linden Trees*

Early In The Morning

Ned Rorem
(b. 1923)
Text: Robert Hillyer

Little Elegy

Rorem
Text: Elinor Wylie

Visits To St. Elizabeths (Bedlam)

Rorem
Text: Elizabeth Bishop

I Will Always Love You

Rorem
Text: Frank O'Hara

Pippa's Song

Rorem
Text: Robert Browning

Victoria Vasquez, *soprano*

A Reflection: Dr. Martin Néron, pianist

Selections from *Fiançailles pour rire*

Poulenc
Text: Louise de Vilmorin

La Dame d'André

Dans l'herbe

Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant

Violon

Fleurs

Yingxi Liu, *soprano*

Reflections: Antoine Palloc, pianist and Norah Amsellem, soprano

Program

Selections from *I Will Breathe a Mountain*

Pity Me Not Because the Light of Day
The Crazy Woman
The Bustle in a House
How to Swing Those Obbligatos Around
Nevermore Will the Wind

William Bolcom
(b. 1938)

Text: Edna St. Vincent Millay

Text: Gwendolyn Brooks

Text: Emily Dickinson

Text: Alice Fulton

Text: H.D.

Mala Weissberg, *mezzo-soprano*

A Reflection: Lorraine Nubar, soprano & teaching partner

Selections from *Cabaret Songs*

Can't Sleep
Waitin
Amor

Bolcom

Text: Arnold Weinstein

Amanda Duspiva, *soprano*

From *Our Town*

Emily's Aria

Rorem

Text: J. D. McClatchy—Adapted from the Thornton Wilder play

Krista Hastings, *soprano*

Reflections and Tributes in Order of Appearance

Daniel Pratt, baritone and Westminster Choir College Faculty 1973–1987 & 1999–2003

Dr. Akiko Hosaki '98, pianist, Westminster Choir College Voice/Piano faculty, and alumna

Elisabeth Stevens '04, soprano and Westminster Choir College alumna

Dr. Martin Néron, pianist, Westminster Choir College Voice/Piano faculty

Antoine Palloc '92, pianist and Westminster Choir College alumnus

Norah Amsellem '94, soprano and Westminster Choir College alumna

Lorraine Nubar, soprano, Voice Faculty New England Conservatory, Bard College Conservatory, and the Juilliard School

Texts and Translations

Group I

Soir (Samain)

*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 pâle 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.*

L'horizon chimérique (Mirmont)

I. La mer est infinie

*La mer est infinie et mes rêves sont fous.
La mer chante au soleil en battant les falaises
et mes rêves légers ne se sentent plus d'aise
de danser sur la mer comme des oiseaux soûls*

*Le vaste mouvement des vagues les emporte,
la brise les agite et les roule en ses plis;
Jouant dans le sillage, ils feront une escorte
aux vaisseaux que mon cœur dans leur fuite a suivis.*

*Ivres d'air et de sel et brûlés par l'écume
de la mer qui console et qui lave des pleurs,
Ils connaîtront le large et sa bonne amertume;
Les goëlands perdus les prendront pour des leurs.*

II. Je me suis embarqué

*Je me suis embarqué sur un vaisseaux qui danse
et roule bord sur bord et tanguet et se balance.
Mes pieds ont oublié la terre et ses chemins;
Les vagues souples m'ont appris d'autres cadences
plus belles que le rythme las des chants humains.*

*À vivre parmi vous, hélas! avais-je une âme?
Mes frères, j'ai souffert sur tous vos continents.
Je ne veux que la mer, je ne veux que le vent
pour me bercer, comme un enfant, au creux des lames.*

*Hors du port qui n'est plus qu'une image effacée,
Les larmes du départ ne brûlent plus mes yeux.
Je ne me souviens pas de mes derniers adieux...
Ô ma peine, ma peine, où vous ai-je laissée?*

Evening

Now the gardens of Night begin to flower.
Lines, colours, and sounds begin to blur.
See the last rays fade on your rings.
Sister, can 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 that lays thus its finger on us;
And all the sighs that rise from the earth
Seem uttered to my enraptured heart
By your sad sweet eyes raised to the skies.

I. The sea is infinite

The sea is infinite and my dreams are wild.
The sea sings to the sun as it beats the cliffs
and my light dreams could not be more pleased
to dance on the sea like drunken birds.

The vast movement of the waves carries them away,
The breeze ruffles and rolls them in its folds;
playing in their wake, they will form an escort
for the ships that my heart has followed in their flight.

Drunk with the air and the salt and stung by the foam
of the sea that consoles and washes away tears,
They will know the open sea and its strong brine;
The lost seagulls will take them for their own.

II. I have embarked

I have embarked on a ship that dances
and rolls side to side and pitches and rocks.
My feet have forgotten the earth and its paths;
the supple waves have taught me other rhythms
much lovelier than the tired rhythms of man's song.

To live among you, alas! did I have the heart?
My brothers, I have suffered on all your continents.
I only want the sea, I only want the wind
to cradle me like a child in the hollow of the waves.

Far from the port, which is no more than a fading image,
the tears of parting no longer sting my eyes.
I no longer remember my last farewells...
Oh, my pain, my pain, where have I left you?

Texts and Translations

III. Diane, Séléné

*Diane, Séléné, lune de beau métal,
qui reflète vers nous, par ta face déserte,
dans l'immortel ennui du calme sidéral,
le regret d'un soleil dont nous pleurons la perte.*

*Ô lune, je t'en veux de ta limpidité
injurieuse au trouble vain des pauvres âmes,
et mon cœur, toujours las et toujours agité,
Aspire vers la paix de ta nocturne flamme.*

IV. Vaisseaux, nous vous aurons aimés

*Vaisseaux, nous vous aurons aimés en pure perte;
le dernier de vous tous est parti sur la mer.
Le couchant emporta tant de voiles ouvertes
que ce port et mon cœur sont à jamais déserts.*

*La mer vous a rendus à votre destinée,
au delà du rivage où s'arrêtent nos pas.
Nous ne pouvions garder vos âmes enchaînées;
il vous faut des lointains que je ne connais pas.*

*Je suis de ceux dont les désirs sont sur la terre.
Le souffle qui vous grise emplit mon cœur d'effroi,
Mais votre appel, au fond des soirs, me désespère,
car j'ai de grands départs inassouvis en moi.*

Group II

La chanson d'Ève (Charles van Lerberghe)

II. Prima verba

*Comme elle chante
Dans ma voix,
L'âme longtemps murmurante
Des fontaines et des bois!*

*Air limpide du paradis,
Avec tes grappes de rubis,
Avec tes gerbes de lumière,
Avec tes roses et tes fruits;*

*Quelle merveille en nous à cette heure!
Des paroles depuis des âges endormies
En des sons, en des fleurs,
Sous mes lèvres enfin prennent vie.*

*Depuis que mon souffle a dit leur chanson,
Depuis que ma voix les a créées,
Quelle silence heureux et profond
Nait des leurs âmes allégées!*

III. Diana, Selena

*Diana, Selena, moon of beautiful metal,
reflecting on us from your deserted face,
in the immortal monotony of a distant star's calm,
the regret of a sun of whom we mourn the loss.*

*Oh moon, I begrudge you of your limpidity,
mocking the striving vain of poor souls,
and my heart, ever weary and ever restless,
yearns for the peace of your nocturnal flame*

IV. Ships, we have loved you to no avail

*Ships, we have loved you to no avail;
The last of you has departed on the sea.
The sunset has carried away many spread sails
that this port and my heart are forever deserted.*

*The sea has returned you to your destiny,
beyond the shores where our footsteps end.
We could not keep your souls enchained,
You require some distances that I know nothing of.*

*I am of those whose desires are on the land.
The wind that elates you fills my heart with dread,
but your call at nightfall makes me despair,
For I have vast unappeased adventures within me.*

II. The first words

*How it sings
In my voice,
The constantly murmuring soul
Of the springs and woods!*

*Clear air of paradise
With your ruby grape-clusters,
With your sheafs of light,
With your roses and your fruits;*

*How we marvel at such a moment!
Words that had slumbered for aeons
Finally come to life on my lips
As sounds, as flowers.*

*Since my breath uttered their song,
Since my voice created them,
What deep and blissful silence
Is born from their unburdened souls!*

Texts and Translations

III. *Roses ardentes*

*Roses ardentes
Dans l'immobile nuit,
C'est en vous que je chante,
Et que je suis.*

*En vous, étincelles,
À la cime des bois,
Que je suis éternelle,
Et que je vois.*

*Ô mer profonde,
C'est en toi que mon sang
Renaît vague blonde,
Et flot dansant.*

IV. *Comme Dieu rayonne...*

*Comme Dieu rayonne aujourd'hui
Comme il exulte, comme il fleurit
Parmi ces roses et ces fruits!*

*Comme il murmure en cette fontaine!
Ah! Comme il chante en ces oiseaux...
Qu'elle et suave son haleine
Dans l'odorant printemps nouveau!*

*Comme il se baigne dans la lumière
Avec amour, mon jeune dieu!
Toutes les choses de la terre
Sont ses vêtements radieux.*

VIII. *Dans un parfum de roses blanches*

*Dans un parfum de roses blanches
Elle et assise songe;
Et l'ombre est belle comme s'il s'y mirait un ange.*

*L'ombre descend, le bosquet dort;
Entre les feuilles et les branches,
Sur le paradis bleu s'ouvre un paradis d'or.*

*Une voix qui chantait, tout à l'heure, murmure.
Un murmure s'exhale en haleine, et s'éteint.*

Dans le silence il tombe des pétales...

III. *Fiery roses*

*Fiery roses
In the motionless night,
It is in you that I sing
And have my being.*

*It is in you, gleaming stars
High in the forests
That I am eternal
And given sight.*

*O deep sea,
It is in you that my blood
Is reborn, white wave
And dancing tide.*

IV. *How radiant is God*

*How radiant is God today,
How he exults and blossoms
Among these roses and fruits!*

*How he murmurs in this fountain!
Ah! How he sings in these birds...
How sweet is his breath
In the new fragrant spring!*

*How he bathes in light
With love, my young god!
All earthly things
Are his radiant garments.*

VIII. *Amid the scent of white roses...*

*Amid the scent of white roses
She sits and dreams;
And the shade is fair, as if an angel were mirrored there.*

*Darkness falls, the grove sleeps;
Among the leaves and the branches,
A golden paradise opens out over the blue.*

*A voice which sang but now, now murmurs.
A murmur is breathed, and dies away.*

In the silence, petals fall...

Texts and Translations

X. Ô mort, poussière d'étoiles

Ô mort, poussière d'étoiles,
Lève-toi sous mes pas!

Viens, ô douce vague qui brille
Dans les ténèbres;
Emporte-moi dans ton néant!

Viens, souffle sombre où je vacille,
Comme une flamme ivre de vent!

C'est en toi que je veux m'étendre,
M'éteindre est me dissoudre,
Mort, où mon âme aspire!

Viens, brise-moi comme une fleur d'écume.
Une fleur de soleil à la cime
Des eaux,

Et comme d'une amphore d'or
Un vin de flamme et d'arome divin,
Épanche mon âme
En ton abîme, pour qu'elle embaume
La terre sombre et le souffle des morts.

X. O death, dust of stars

O death, dust of stars,
Rise up where I tread!

Come, gentle wave that shines
In the darkness:
Bear me off into your void!

Come, dark sigh in which I tremble,
Like a wind-intoxicated flame!

It is in you that I wish to be absorbed,
To be extinguishes and dissolved,
Death, to which my soul aspires!

Come, break me like a flower of foam,
A speck of sun in the crest
Of the waves,

And like a golden amphora's
flaming wine of heavenly fragrance,
Pour my soul
Into your abyss, that it might perfume
The dark earth and the breath of the dead.

Group III

Attente (Maurice Maeterlinck)

Mon âme a joint ses mains étranges
À l'horizon de mes regards ;
Exaucez mes rêves épars
Entre les lèvres de vos anges!

En attendant sous mes yeux las,
Et sa bouche ouverte aux prières
Éteintes entre mes paupières
Et dont les lys n'éclosent pas ;

Elle apaise au fond de mes songes,
Ses seins effeuillés sous mes cils,
Et ses yeux clignent aux périls
Éveillés au fil des mensonges.

Expectation

My soul has joined its strange hands
On the horizon of my gazes;
You fulfill my scattered dreams
Between the lips of your angels

Waiting under my weary eyes,
And mouth open in prayers
Extinguished between my eyelids
And with the not-blooming lily;

She pacified at the bottom of my dreams
Her breast stripped beneath my eyelashes,
And her eyes blinked at the perils
Awakened to the thread of lies.

Texts and Translations

Reflets (Maurice Maeterlinck)

*Sous l'eau du songe qui s'élève
Mon âme a peur, mon âme a peur.
Et la lune luit dans mon cœur
Plongé dans les sources du rêve !*

*Sous l'ennui morne des roseaux.
Seul les reflets profonds des choses,
Des lys, des palmes et des roses
Pleurent encore au fond des eaux.*

*Les fleurs s'effeuillent une à une
Sur le reflet du firmament.
Pour descendre, éternellement
Sous l'eau du songe et dans la lune.*

Dans l'immense tristesse (Bertha Galeron de Calone)

*Dans l'immense tristesse et dans le lourd silence,
Un pas se fait entendre, une forme s'avance,
Et vers une humble tombe elle vient se pencher -
O femme, en ce lieu saint, que viens-tu donc chercher?*

*Pourquoi viens-tu troubler la paix du cimetière?
As-tu donc un trésor caché sous quelque pierre,
Ou viens-tu mendier, à l'ombre des tombeaux,
Pauvre vivante, aux morts, un peu de leur repos?*

*Non, rien de tout cela jusqu'ici ne l'amène,
(La lune en cet instant éclairait cette scène,)
Et ce que cette femme, (hélas! le cœur se fend,)
Ce que cette femme vient chercher, c'est un frêle et gracieux
enfant,*

*Qui dort sur cette tombe, et qui, dans sa chimère,
Depuis qu'il a vu là disparaître sa mère,
Doux être! s' imagine en son naïf espoir
Qu'elle n'est que cachée et qu'il va la revoir.*

*Et l'on dirait, le soir, en vision secrète,
Lorsque le blond enfant sent s'alourdir sa tête,
Et que sa petite âme est lasse de gémir,
Que sa mère revient chanter pour l'endormir.*

Reflections

Under the water from a dream that rises
My soul is afraid, my soul is afraid.
And the moon shines in my heart
Plunged into the spring from my dream!

Under the mournful boredom of reeds.
Only the profound reflection of things,
Of lilies, of palms and of roses
Weep still at the bottom of the waters.

The flowers pluck their leaves off one by one
On the reflection of the heavens.
To descend, eternally
Under the water of the dream and in the moon.

In the immense sadness

In the immense sadness and in the heavy silence,
One step made itself heard, a form advances,
And at a humble grave she comes to lean over -
O woman in this holy place, what do you come to look for?

Why have you come to disturb the peace of the cemetery?
Have you then a hidden treasure under some stone,
Or do you come to beg, at the shade of the tombs,
Poor living woman, to the dead, a little bit of their rest?

No, nothing of that brings her here.
(The moon in this instant illuminated the scene,)
And what this woman, (Alas! The heart splits itself open,)
What this woman comes to search for, it is a fragile and
graceful child,

Who sleeps on this grave, and who, in his pipe dreams,
Since who he had seen disappear there was his mother,
Sweet being! He imagines in his naive hope
That she is only hidden and that he goes to see her again.

And they say, the evening, in a secret vision,
When the blond child feels his head hang heavily,
And that his little soul is tired of whining,
That his mother returns to sing him to fall asleep.

Group IV

Miroirs Brûlants (Paul Eluard)

I. Tu vois le feu du soir...

*Tu vois le feu du soir qui sort de sa coquille
Et tu vois la forêt enfouie dans sa fraîcheur*

*Tu vois la plaine nue aux flancs du ciel traînard
La neige haute comme la mer
Et la mer haute dans l'azur*

*Pierres parfaites et bois doux secours voilés
Tu vois les villes teintées de mélancolie
Dorée des trottoirs pleins d'excuses
Une place où la solitude a sa statue
Souriante et l'amour une seule maison*

*Tu vois les animaux
Sosies malins sacrifiés l'un à l'autre
Frères immaculés aux ombres confondues
Dans un désert de sang*

*Tu vois un bel enfant quand il joue quand il rit
Il est bien plus petit
Que le petit oiseau du bout des branches*

*Tu vois un paysage aux saveurs d'huile et d'eau
D'où la roche est exclue où la terre abandonne
Sa verdure à l'été qui la couvre de fruits*

*Des femmes descendant de leur miroir ancien
T'apportent leur jeunesse et leur foi en la tienne
Et l'une sa clarté la voile qui t'entraîne
Te fait secrètement voir le monde sans toi.*

I. You see the evening fire...

You see the evening fire leaving its shell
and you see the forest buried in its coolness

you see the bare plain on the flanks of the loitering sky
the snow as high as the sea
and the sea high in the azure

perfect stones and sweet woods veiled secours
you see the towns tinted with gilded
melancholy pavements full of excuses
a square in which solitude has its smiling
statue and love a single house

you see the animals
malicious doubles sacrificed the one to the other
immaculate brothers with confused shadows
in a desert of blood

you see a handsome child as he plays as he laughs
he is much smaller
than the little bird of the tip of the branches

you see a landscape with savours of oil and water
from which the rock is excluded where the earth abandons
its verdure to the summer which dresses her with fruit

women descending from their ancient mirror
bring you their youth and their faith in your own
and one her brightness veils her which engages you
makes you secretly see the world without you.

Texts and Translations

II. Je nommerai ton front...

*J'en ferai un bûcher au sommet de tes sanglots
Je nommerai reflet la douleur qui te déchire
Comme une épée dans un rideau de soie*

*Je t'abattraï jardin secret
Plein de pavots et d'eau précieuse
Je te ligoterai de mon fouet*

*Tu n'avais dans ton cœur que lueurs souterraines
Tu n'auras plus dans tes prunelles que
du sang
Je nommerai ta bouche et tes mains les dernières
Ta bouche écho détruit tes mains monnaie de plomb
Je briserai les clés rouillées qu'elles commandent*

*Si je dois m'apaiser profondément un jour
Si je dois oublier que je n'ai pas su vaincre
Qu'au moins tu aies connu la grandeur de ma haine.*

II. I shall nominate your brow...

I shall make a stake of it at the summit of your sobs
I shall nominate reflection the pain which tears you
like a sword in a curtain of silk

I shall lay you to waste secret garden
full of poppies and precious water
I shall bind you with my whip

you had nothing but subterranean glows in your heart
you will no longer have anything but blood in the pupils of
your eyes

I shall nominate your mouth and your hands the last
your mouth echo destroyed your hands coins of lead
I shall shatter the rusted keys that they command

if I am some day to appease myself profoundly
if I am to forget that I was never able to win
let you at least have known the magnitude of my hatred.

Group V

Susie Asado (Gertrude Stein)

Sweet sweet sweet sweet sweet tea.
Susie Asado.

Sweet sweet sweet sweet sweet tea.
Susie Asado.

Susie Asado which is a told tray sure.
A lean on the shoe this means slips slips hers.
When the ancient light grey is clean it is yellow, it is a silver seller.
This is a please this is a please there are the saids to jelly.
These are the wets these say the sets to leave a crown to Incy.
Incy is short of incubus.

A pot. A pot is a beginning of a rare bit of trees. Trees tremble,
the old vats are in bobbles, bobbles which shade and shove and
render clean, render clean must.

Drink pups.
Drink pups drink pups lease a sash hold, see it shine and a bobolink
has pins. It shows a nail.

What is a nail. A nail is unison.
Sweet sweet sweet sweet sweet tea.

Texts and Translations

Preciosilla (Gertrude Stein)

Cousin to Clare washing.

In the win all the band beagles which have cousin lime sign and arrange a weeding match to presume a certain point to exstate to exstate a certain pass lint to exstate a lean sap prime to and shut shut is life.

Bait, bait tore, tore her clothes, toward it, toward a bit, toward a sit, sit down in, in vacant surely lots, a single mingle, bait and wet, wet a single establishment that has a lily lily grow. Come to the pen come in the stem, come in the grass grown water.

Lily wet lily wet while. This is so pink so pink in stammer, a long bean which shows bows is collected by a single curly shady, shady get, get set wet bet.

It is a snuff a snuff to be told and have can wither, can is it and sleep sleeps knot, it is a lily scarf the pink and blue yellow, not blue not odor sun, nobles are bleeding bleeding two seats two seats on end. Why is grief. Grief is strange black. Sugar is melting. We will not swim.

Preciosilla.

Please be please be get, please get wet, wet naturally, naturally in weather. Could it be fire more firier. Could it be so in ate struck. Could it be gold up, gold up stringing, in it while while which is hanging, hanging in dingling, dingling in pinning, not so. Not so dots large dressed dots, big sixes, less laced, less laced diamonds, diamonds white, diamonds bright, diamonds in the in the light, diamonds light diamonds door diamonds hanging to be four, two four, all before, this bean, lessly, all most, a best, willow, vest, a green guest, guest, go go go go go go, go. Go go. Not guessed. Go go.

Toasted susie is my ice-cream.

Group VI

Early In The Morning (Robert Hillyer)

Early in the morning
Of a lovely summer day

As they lowered the bright awning
At the outdoor café.

I was breakfasting on croissants
And café au lait

Under greenery like scenery
Rue François Premier.

They were hosing the hot pavement
With a dash of flashing spray

And a smell of summer showers
When the dust is drenched away

Under greenery like scenery
Rue François Premier.

I was twenty and a lover
And in Paradise to stay

Very early in the morning
Of a lovely summer day.

Little Elegy (Elinor Wylie)

Without you
No rose can grow;
No leaf be green
if never seen
Your sweetest face;

No bird have grace
Or power to sing;
Or anything
Be kind, or fair,
And you nowhere.

Texts and Translations

Visits To St. Elizabeths (Bedlam) (Elizabeth Bishop)*

This is the house of Bedlam.

This is the man
that lies in the house of Bedlam.

This is the time
of the tragic man
that lies in the house of Bedlam.

This is a wristwatch
telling the time
of the talkative man
that lies in the house of Bedlam.

This is a sailor
wearing the watch
that tells the time
of the honored man
that lies in the house of Bedlam.

This is the roadstead all of board
reached by the sailor
wearing the watch
that tells the time
of the old, brave man
that lies in the house of Bedlam.

These are the years and the walls of the ward,
the winds and clouds of the sea of board
sailed by the sailor
wearing the watch
that tells the time
of the cranky man
that lies in the house of Bedlam.

This is a Jew in a newspaper hat
that dances weeping down the ward
over the creaking sea of board
beyond the sailor
winding his watch
that tells the time
of the cruel man
that lies in the house of Bedlam.

This is a world of books gone flat.
This is a Jew in a newspaper hat
that dances weeping down the ward
over the creaking sea of board
of the batty sailor
that winds his watch
that tells the time
of the busy man
that lies in the house of Bedlam.

This is a boy that pats the floor
to see if the world is there, is flat,
for the widowed Jew in the newspaper hat
that dances weeping down the ward
waltzing the length of a weaving board
by the silent sailor
that hears his watch
that ticks the time
of the tedious man
that lies in the house of Bedlam.

These are the years and the walls and the door
that shut on a boy that pats the floor
to feel if the world is there and flat.
This is a Jew in a newspaper hat
that dances joyfully
down the ward
into the parting seas of board
past the staring sailor
that shakes his watch
that tells the time
of the poet, the man
that lies in the house of Bedlam.

This is the soldier home from the war.
These are the years and the walls and the door
that shut on a boy that pats the floor
to see if the world is round or flat.
This is a Jew in a newspaper hat
that dances carefully down the ward,
walking the plank of a coffin board
with the crazy sailor
that shows his watch
that tells the time
of the wretched man
that lies in the house of Bedlam.

*modelled on the English nursery rhyme, *This is the house that Jack built*, the poem refers to the confinement between 1945 and 1958 of Ezra Pound in St Elizabeths Hospital, Washington, D.C. The nursery rhyme style gives an unusual effect to the strange or unsettling descriptions of a psychiatric hospital in the poem. Ezra Pound was documented many times, especially in his radio broadcasts during the war, as being anti-semitic and a nazi sympathizer. - he also was friends with members of the KKK - and along with this, this poem definitely has undercurrents and remnants of people suffering from mental illness as a result of WWII - thus the widowed Jewish man in a newspaper hat that mimics what might have been worn in a concentration camp or even as his only way to publicly identify himself as Jewish - as if it were a yarmulke - a symbol of his belief in God. In reacting to one specific person's situation, the narrator in this poem (essentially Bishop herself) seems to express a sense of human empathy that is sometimes lacking in her more cerebral poems, a realization both of the heights to which individual humans can rise and of the depths to which they can sink.

Texts and Translations

I Will Always Love You (Frank O'Hara)

I will always love you
though I never loved you
a boy smelling faintly of heather
staring up at your window
the passion that enlightens
and stills and cultivates,
gone while I sought your face
to be familiar in the blueness
or to follow your sharp whistle
around a corner into my light
that was love growing fainter
each time you failed to appear

I spent my whole self searching
love which I thought was you.
It was mine so very briefly
and I never knew it, or you went
I thought it was outside disappearing
but it is disappearing in my heart
like snow blown in a window
to be gone from the world
I will always love you.

Pippa's Song (Robert Browning)

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearl'd;
The lark's on the wing;

The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven-
All's right with the world!

Group VII

From *Fiançailles pour rire* (Louise de Vilmorin)

I. La Dame d'André

*André ne connaît pas la dame
Qu'il prend aujourd'hui par la main.
A-t-elle un coeur à lendemains,
Et pour le soir a-t-elle une âme?*

*Au retour d'un bal campagnard
S'en allait-elle en robe vague
Chercher dans les meules la bague
Des fiançailles du hasard?*

*A-t-elle eu peur, la nuit venue,
Guettée par les ombres d'hier,
Dans son jardin, lorsque l'hiver
Entrait par la grande avenue?*

*Il l'a aimée pour sa couleur,
Pour sa bonne humeur de Dimanche.
Pâlira-t-elle aux feuilles blanches
De son album des temps meilleurs?*

I. Andre's lady

Andre does not know the lady
whose hand he takes today in marriage.
Does she have a heart for tomorrows
And in the evening does she have a soul?

Coming back from a country dance
did she go off in a light dress
to look in the grinding stones for the ring
of a chance engagement?

Was she afraid once the night came,
threatened by the shadows of yesterday,
in her garden, when the winter
entered through the grand avenue?

He had loved her for her complexion,
for her good Sunday humor.
Will she pale at the white leaves
of her album of better times?

Texts and Translations

II. Dans l'herbe

*Je ne peut plus rien dire
Ni rien faire pour lui.
Il est mort de sa belle
Il est mort de sa mort belle
Dehors
Sous l'arbre de la Loi
En plein silence
En plein paysage
Dans l'herbe.
Il est mort inaperçu
En criant son passage
En appellant, en m'appelant.
Mais comme j'étais loin de lui
Et que sa voix ne portait plus
Il est mort seul dans les bois
Sous son arbre d'enfance.
Et je ne peux plus rien dire
Ni rien faire pour lui.*

IV. Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant

*Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant
Doux comme un gant de peau glacée
Et mes prunelles effacées
Font de mes yeux des cailloux blancs.*

*Deux cailloux blancs dans mon visage,
Dans le silence deux muets
Ombres encore d'un secret
Et lourds du poids mort des images.*

*Mes doigts tant de fois égarés
Sont joints en attitude sainte
Appuyés au creux de mes plaintes
Au nœud de mon cœur arrêté.*

*Et mes deux pieds sont les montagnes,
Les deux derniers monts que j'ai vus
À la minute où j'ai perdu
La course que les années gagnent.*

*Mon souvenir est ressemblant,
Enfants emportez-le bien vite,
Allez, allez, ma vie est dite.
Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant.*

II. In the grass

I can say nothing more
Do nothing more for him.
He died for his fair one
He died a fair death
Outside
Beneath the tree of Justice
In utter silence
In open country
In the grass.
He died unnoticed
Crying out as he passed away
Calling, calling me
But since I was far from him
And since his voice no longer carried
He died alone in the woods
Beneath his childhood tree
And I can say nothing more
Do nothing more for him.

IV. My cadaver is soft like a glove

My cadaver is soft like a glove
Soft like a glove of frozen skin
and my erased pupils
make white pebbles out of my eyes.

Two white pebbles in my face
In the silence, two deaf-mutes
shadowed still by a secret
and heavy with the dead weight of images.

My oft-wandering fingers
press together in a saintly pose
on the hollow of my laments
at the knot of my stopped heart.

And my two feet are mountains
the last hills that I saw
in the minute that I lost
the race that the years had gained.

My memory is life-like,
Children, carry it away quickly.
Go on, Go on, my life is spoken for.
My cadaver is soft like a glove.

Texts and Translations

V. Violon

*Couple amoureux aux accents méconnus
Le violon et son joueur me plaisent.
Ah! j'aime ces gémissements tendus
Sur la corde des malaises.
Aux accords sur les cordes des pendus
À l'heure où les Lois se taisent
Le cœur, en forme de fraise,
S'offre à l'amour comme un fruit inconnu.*

VI. Fleurs

*Fleurs promises, fleurs tenues dans tes bras,
Fleurs sorties des parenthèses d'un pas,
Qui t'apportait ces fleurs l'hiver
Saupoudrées du sable des mers?
Sable de tes baisers, fleurs des amours fanées
Les beaux yeux sont de cendre et dans la cheminée
Un cœur enrubanné de plaintes
Brûle avec ses images saintes.*

Group VIII

From *I Will Breathe a Mountain*

Pity me not because the light of day (Edna St. Vincent Millay)

Pity me not because the light of day
At close of day no longer walks the sky;
Pity me not for beauties passed away
From field and thicket as the year goes by;
Pity me not the waning of the moon,
Nor that the ebbing tide goes out to sea,
Nor that a man's desire is hushed so soon,
And you no longer look with love on me.

The Crazy Woman (Gwendolyn Brooks)

I shall not sing a May song.
A May song should be gay.
I'll wait until November
And sing a song of gray.
I'll wait until November
That is the time for me.

The Bustle in a House (Emily Dickinson)

The Morning after Death
Is solemnest of industries
Enacted upon Earth –
The Sweeping up the Heart
And putting Love away
We shall not want to use again
Until Eternity –

V. Violin

Loving couple of misapprehended sounds
Violin and player please me.
Ah! I love these long wailings
Stretched on the string of disquiet,
To the sound of strung-up chords
At the hour when Justice is silent
The heart, shaped like a strawberry,
Gives itself to love like an unknown fruit.

VI. Flowers

Promised flowers, flowers held in your arms,
Flowers from a step's parentheses,
Who brought you these flowers in winter
Sprinkled with the sea's sand?
Sand of your kisses, flowers of faded loves
Your lovely eyes are ashes and in the hearth
A moan-beribboned heart
Burns with its sacred images.

This have I known always:
Love is no more
Than the wide blossom which the wind assails,
Than the great tide that treads the shifting shore,
Strewing fresh wreckage gathered in the gales:
Pity me that the heart is slow to learn
What the swift mind beholds at every turn.

I'll go out in the frosty dark
And sing most terribly.
And all the little people
Will stare at me and say,
"That is the Crazy Woman
Who would not sing in May."

Texts and Translations

How to Swing those Obligatos around (Alice Fulton)

He had shag hair & a boutique.
In the bar he told me I had too much class
to be a telephone operator & I told him
he should have been thirty in 1940:
a gangster with patent leather shoes
to shine under girl's skirts & a mother
who called him sonny. He should have
crashed a club where they catered
to the smart set, disposing of
the bouncer with You spent three months
in a plaster cast the last time
you tangled with me & I should have been
the singer in tight champagne
skin waiting for him to growl

I don't know how to begin
this beguine but you certainly know how to
swing those obligatos around & we
would fox-trot till a guy
he knew from Sing Sing cut in.
& he said he loved old flicks
I should come up to his place & see
the art deco ashtrays on his shag rug
that I shouldn't waste myself
at Bell tel but marry him
& take his business calls &
I said How many years do you get
if they give you life

The Sage (Denise Levertov)

The cat is eating the roses:
that's the way he is.
Don't stop him, don't stop
the world going round,
that's the way things are.
The third of May
was misty; fourth of May
who knows. Sweep
the rose-meat up, throw the bits
out in the rain.

He never eats
every crumb, says
the hearts are bitter.
That's the way he is, he knows
the world and the weather.

Never more will the wind (H.D., pen name for Hilda Doolittle)

Never more will the wind
cherish you again,
never more will the rain.

Never more
shall we find you bright
in the snow and wind.

The snow is melted,
the snow is gone,
and you are flown:

Like a bird out of our hand,
like a light out of our heart,
you are gone.

Group IX

From Cabaret Songs (Arnold Weinstein)

Can't Sleep

Can't sleep dreaming of you dreaming of me turning to you woken by me.
Hush now, don't cry.
All I was doing was dreaming.

Texts and Translations

Waitin

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

Amor

It wasn't the policeman's fault in all the traffic roar
Instead of shouting halt when he say me he shouted

Amor

Amor, Amor, Amor

Even the icecream man (free ice creams by the score)

Instead of shouting Butter Pecan one look at me

He shouted

Amor

Amor, Amor

All over town it went that way

Ev'rybody took off the day

Even philosophers understood

How good was the good 'cuz I looked so good!

The poor stopped taking less,

The rich stopped needing more.

Instead of shouting no and yes

Both looking at me shouted

Amor

(Scatting)

My stay in town was cut short

I was dragged to court.

The judge said I'd distrubed the peace and the jury gave
him what for!

The judge raised his hand

And instead of Desist and Cease

Judgie came to the stand, took my hand, and whispered
amor,

Amor, Amor, Amor,

Night was turning into day

I walked alone away.

Never see that town again.

But as I passed the church house door

Instead of singing Amen

The choir was singing Amor

(Scatting)

Amor, Amor, Amor, Amor.

Group X

From *Our Town* (J. D. McClatchy—Adapted from the Thornton Wilder play)

Emily's Aria

Take me back. Take me back up the hill.

Take me back to my grave.

Wait! One more look.

Goodbye. Goodbye, world.

Goodby, Grover's Corners.

Mama, Papa, goodbye.

Goodbye to ticking clock,

to mama's hollyhocks,

to coffee and food, to gratitude.

Goodbye, goodbye, world.

Goodbye to ironed dresses,

to George's sweet caresses,

to my wedding ring, oh! Ev'rything.

Goodbye. Goodbye, world.

Does anybody ever realize life while they live it,
every minute of it, every moment of it?

Oh, earth, you are too magical

for anyone to know your miracle!

Oh, take me back.

Take me back up the hill.

About the Artists, Acknowledgments

JJ PENNA

JJ PENNA has performed extensively with a variety of eminent singers, including Kathleen Battle, Harolyn Blackwell, Measha Brueggergosman, David Daniels, Denyce Graves, Ying Huang, Susan Narucki, Roberta Peters, Florence Quivar, and Andreas Scholl. He has held fellowships at the Tanglewood Music Center, Banff Center, Norfolk Chamber Music Festival, Music Academy of the West, and San Francisco Opera's Merola Opera Program. He received his training under Martin Katz, Margo Garrett, and Diane Richardson. Devoted to the teaching of classical song literature, he has been on the faculties of the Yale University School of Music, the Norfolk Chamber Music Festival, the Bowdoin Festival, Westminster Choir College, and Vancouver International Song Institute. He currently teaches at the Juilliard School, the Steans Institute of the Ravinia Festival, the Renee Fleming Song Studio at Carnegie Hall, and the New England Conservatory.

DALTON BALDWIN AND WESTMINSTER CHOIR COLLEGE

The name Dalton Baldwin is synonymous with the finest performances of Art Song. He was the collaborator of choice of the many of the world's great song interpreters: Jessye Norman, Gerard Souzay, Ellie Ameling, Teresa Berganza, Jose Van Dam, Felicity Lott, Nicolai Gedda, William Parker and Frederica von Stade.

His enormous discography of over 100 recordings includes the first complete song recordings of Ravel, Fauré, Debussy, and Poulenc as well as countless other disks. Westminster's Talbott Library has more than 20 entries in his name.

One of the great good fortunes of Westminster Choir College is that in the 1970's Dalton Baldwin decided to invest his time in teaching our students and faculty about the glories of art song. He began bringing the most famous interpreters of the art to Westminster for Art Song Festivals in the summer – among them Gérard Souzay, Ellie Ameling, and Pierre Bernac.

He also began coaching our students during the school year. His comprehensive knowledge of song literature and incomparable sense of style and taste helped to form generations of Westminster students, singers and pianists alike. His excitement about young talent and his eagerness to encourage gifted students helped to launch many performing careers.

His passion for music, and in particular for poetry and song, and the depth of his knowledge and experience, all of which he was so eager to share with us, continue to inspire faculty and students more than words can express.

THE LINDSEY CHRISTIANSEN ART SONG FESTIVAL FUND

Established to honor the life and legacy of Professor Lindsey Christiansen, this fund sustains the study and performance of art song at Westminster Choir College. Contributions may be made online at rider.edu/artsongfestivalfund or sent to:

Westminster Choir College
of Rider University
Attn: Art Song Festival
2083 Lawrenceville Road
Lawrenceville, NJ 08648

Professor of Voice at Westminster Choir College for 40 years, from 1977 to 2017, and Chair of the Voice Department for 18 years, Lindsey Christiansen passed away in 2017. She specialized in German lieder and was a life-long student and lover of the music of Franz Schubert. She was an exceptional voice teacher and a demanding professor of song literature classes, where she instilled in countless students a love for song.

2021 LINDSEY CHRISTIANSEN ART SONG FESTIVAL COMMITTEE

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J J Penna, *artistic programming director*

PRODUCTION TEAM

Nick Karalexis
Dayne Lewis
Carolyn Sauer
Matthew Wade



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Westminster
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2083 Lawrenceville Road
Lawrenceville, NJ 08648-3099

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