

# The Ph.D./D.M.A. Programs in Music

November 7th, 2022 6:00 p.m.

*Baisley Powell Elebash Recital Hall*



## Jennifer Roderer, mezzo-soprano Albin E. Konopka, piano

If music be the food of love, Z.379c (1695/real. 1945)\*      Henry Purcell  
The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation, Z.196 (1693, real. 1947)\*      (1659–95)  
\*Realized by Benjamin Britten (1913–76)

*Am Bache*, Op. 20 (1859)      Josephine Lang  
*Leb' wohl, du schöne Welt*, Op. 29, no.1(1862)      (1815–80)  
*Sie liebt mich!* Op. 33, no.4 (1840)

*Reflets* (1911)      Lili Boulanger  
*Le Retour* (1912)      (1893–1918)

*J'ai frappé* (1922)      Nadia Boulanger  
*Soir d'hiver* (1915)      (1887–1979)

### INTERMISSION

*Sieben Frühe Lieder* (1907)      Alban Berg  
1. *Nacht*      (1885–1935)  
2. *Schilflied*  
3. *Die Nachtigall*  
4. *Traumgekrönt*  
5. *Im Zimmer*  
6. *Liebesode*  
7. *Sommertage*

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the D.M.A. degree.  
Please switch off your cell phones and refrain from taking flash pictures.

*The Nightingale* (1976)

Vivian Fine  
(1913–2000)

Down by the Salley Gardens (2007)

Ellen Mandel

To an Isle in the Water (2007)

(living)

Come My Way, Go Yours (The Byelaws) (2012)

### Notes on the Program

“If music be the food of love, play on;” These words of the smitten Duke Orsino in William Shakespeare’s *Twelfth Night* inspired Col. Henry Heveningham (1651-1700) to write his poem. This evening, I will sing **Henry Purcell’s** (1659-1695) third version of “If music be the food of love,” a freer, arioso style song full of melismas and tempo changes, in contrast with the earlier, strophic versions. The Blessed Virgin’s Expostulation contains the subheading: (When our Saviour at twelve years of age had withdrawn himself, etc. Luke 2.v.42.) The text of this song is based on Luke’s Gospel in the New Testament in which Jesus disappears in Jerusalem, only to be found later in the Temple among the priests. This sacred song of Purcell is a scene of protest in which Mary experiences a crisis of faith. She is terrified by the disappearance of her young son but feels obligated to temper her fears with the belief that this is all part of God’s plan. The text is by Nahum Tate (1652-1715), Purcell’s librettist for *Dido and Aeneas*. Benjamin Britten (1913-1976) was a great champion of Purcell’s music and performed the composer’s songs extensively, often with his lifelong partner, tenor Peter Pears (1910-1986). Britten realized the figured bass of Purcell’s songs adding his signature drama and complexity and was responsible for a great resurgence of interest in Purcell’s music. I chose these Britten realizations because their pianistic beauty and because they break through the boundaries of historically informed performance practice, yet somehow maintain the dignity and formality I associate with Purcell.

**Josephine Lang** (1815-1880) was a prolific composer and gifted pianist. Felix Mendelssohn was struck by the young Lang’s talent, as were Clara and Robert Schumann, who helped Lang get her music published. She once stated, “my songs are my diary,” and indeed jotted down notes about her life and feelings in the upper margins of her manuscripts. The words for “Am Bache” was written by Lang’s husband during their marriage. “Leb wohl, du schöne Welt” is from *Lieder des Leids* (Songs of Sorrow), settings of the poems of Dr. Albert Zeller, the director of the asylum where Lang’s son Felix was institutionalized and, unfortunately where he died, likely suffering from mental illness. “Sie liebt mich!” is from Johann von Goethe’s *Erwin und Elmire* (1775), a *Singspiel* that was set to music by various composers (Mozart’s “Das Veilchen” is taken from the piece). In this song, Erwin is giddy with joy that Elmire loves him, but the somewhat repetitive and fragmentary nature of the vocal line and the constant running eighth notes suggest a healthy dose of anxiety.

**Lili** and **Nadia Boulanger** were brilliant sisters in a musical family. Both young women studied at the Paris Conservatoire and were gifted composers. **Lili Boulanger** (1893-1918) was the

first woman to win the Prix de Rome for her cantata *Faust et Hélène* in 1913. She died from intestinal tuberculosis at the age of 24. Both of the songs I have programmed by Lili Boulanger are wonderfully evocative. “Reflets” is a setting of Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian playwright of *Péleas et Mélisande*. The light, impressionistic mood transforms into a slow, modal plaint. “Le Retour” perfectly captures the seafaring Odysseus as he voyages home to Ithaca. The easy, rocking rhythmic pattern in the piano’s left hand and rhapsodic joy of the song’s middle section bely the hero’s struggles - so he must be close!

**Nadia Boulanger** (1887-1979) was six years older than Lili. Nadia was grief-stricken following her sister’s death, but continued to compose and conduct major orchestras, often programming her and Lili’s music. However, Nadia often stated that she believed her own composing was inferior to her sister’s. Nadia Boulanger became a famously sought-after teacher, working with many great composers and musicians, including Elliott Carter, Walter Piston, Quincy Jones, and Albin E. Konopka, my amazing pianist this evening! Despite her modesty, Nadia Boulanger composed with great depth, the jazz-like (not unlike in *Maiden Voyage* of Herbie Hancock), hammering chords of “J’ai frappé” lead up to a heartbreaking ending. The composer used her own text for “Soir d’hiver” which tells the story of an abandoned mother and baby during Christmastime. The young mother refuses to give in to despair, and I wonder if Boulanger was sharing an experience that helped to inspire her own strength.

**Alban Berg** (1885-1935) composed the songs that became *Sieben Frühe Lieder* between 1905 and 1908, while he was a student of Arnold Schoenberg. These songs, which he also scored for orchestra, contain the sweep and lushness of Romantic music with a modernist touch. In “Nacht,” Berg uses the whole tone scales that were so in vogue at the time. “Schilflied” contains a postlude in which Berg rhythmically notates the *ritardando* by extending the length of the repeated, final note of the song. “Die Nachtigall” and “Im Zimmer” are both traditional and comforting yet they use a recurring theme that is constantly transformed, a feature of all of these songs. “Traumgekrönt” and Liebesode are deeply sensual, using octaves to heighten romantic power. “Sommertage.” provides a powerful ending to the set, conveying an awe and reverence for nature. Although challenging, these songs are also generous, giving the singer a wealth of moods and colors to draw upon, as well as opportunities to show off.

**Vivian Fine** (1913-2000) was yet another musical prodigy. Born in the Windy City, she won a scholarship from the Chicago Music College at the age of 5. She studied, as a young teen, with Ruth Crawford and moved to New York where she became a member of Aaron Copland’s Young Composers’ Group and studied with Roger Sessions. A prolific composer, producer and teacher, Vivian Fine founded the American Composers Concordance. Written for mezzo-soprano accompanying herself on percussion, *The Nightingale* (1976) is based on the myth of Philomel, who was raped by Tereus, son of Ares and King of Thrace. This myth has been retold throughout the years and Fine uses fragments from various poets and her music to summon the transformed Philomel. The nightingale was created as an answer to brutality and suffering, yet her song is an object of desire.

**Ellen Mandel** is an award-winning composer and musical director. Besides the music for over eighty plays, she has also composed for film, cabaret, dance, comedy acts and has written the words and music for several children’s musical shows. When I was fortunate enough to discover her art songs, I was moved by their beauty and service to the text. “Down by the Salley Gardens” and “To an Isle in the Water” are settings of W.B. Yeats (1865-1939). Both songs capture the magical lilt of Yeats but with an American flair. “Come My Way, Go Yours” is a bluesy setting of “The Byelaws” by British poet Glyn Maxwell (b. 1962). This song is reminiscent of Britten’s Cabaret Songs, and it will be my cheeky, unresolved send-off for my third and final DMA recital at the Graduate Center.

## About the Artists

DMA candidate **Jennifer Roderer** has most recently performed with the Metropolitan Opera as Giovanna in *Rigoletto* and La duègne in Alfano's *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Other recent performances include Marfa in Rothschild's *Violin* with American Symphony Orchestra, Shifrah Puah in *Enemies*, *A Love Story* for Palm Beach Opera, *Kabanicha* in *Kat'a Kabanova* for Spoleto USA, *Quickly* in *Falstaff* at Chautauqua Opera, and *Mrs. Lovett* in *Sweeney Todd* for Syracuse Opera.

Jennifer performed a diverse array of roles during her years at New York City Opera, such as Lady Angela in *Patience*, Junon in Mark Morris' production of *Plateé*, Jade Boucher in *Dead Man Walking*, as well as Cecilia March in *Little Women* on NYCO's tour of Japan. Favorite roles include the Witch in *Hansel and Gretel* (NYCO, Opera Company of Philadelphia, Utah Opera, Tulsa Opera, Phoenix Symphony and Opera Roanoke) Mrs. Grose in *Turn of the Screw* (Lyric Opera of Kansas City, Toledo Opera and Lorin Maazel's Chateauville Foundation) and Amneris in *Aida* (Opern Air Gars in Austria, New Jersey Festival Orchestra, Opera Illinois and Berkeley Opera).

Other opera performances include Jennifer's critically acclaimed debut at the Teatro Colón in Buenos Aires as Fricka in *Die Walküre*, conducted by Charles Dutoit. Other credits in the German repertoire include Waltraute in *Die Walküre* for Lyric Opera of Chicago and Seattle Opera, *Rosswaise* in *Die Walküre* at Opera Pacific, *Flowermaiden* in *Parsifal* with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, conducted by Pierre Boulez, *Klementia* in *Sancta Susanna* with the American Symphony Orchestra, *Gertrude* in *Hänsel und Gretel* with New Jersey Symphony and several orchestral concerts with the Wagner Society of Washington D.C.

On the concert stage, Jennifer performed solos in Verdi's *Requiem* with the Berkshire Choral Festival at Terezín, Handel's *Messiah* with the Jacksonville Symphony, Bach's B minor Mass and Dvorák's *Requiem* with the Berkshire Choral Festival, *Les noces* with the Los Angeles Master Chorale, Horatio Parker's *Hora Novissima* with the Pacific Chorale and Symphony, Mozart's *Requiem* with the New Jersey Symphony, and Beethoven's *Symphony No. 9* with the Los Angeles Philharmonic at the Hollywood Bowl.

Jennifer has given recitals for the Wagner Society of New York, the Austrian Cultural Forum and the Saratoga Arts Festival and received grants from the William Matheus Sullivan Musical Foundation, Opera Buffs of Southern California, and the Wagner Societies of New York, Washington D.C. and Los Angeles. She won the Arthur E. Walters Memorial Award from Opera Index and First Place in the Opera Guild of Southern California Competition. Born in Illinois and raised in Los Angeles, she holds a Bachelor of Music degree from the University of Southern California and a Master of Arts in Vocal Performance from Hunter College. At Hunter and here at the Graduate Center, Jennifer has studied voice with Professor Susan Gonzalez.

Pianist **Albin E. Konopka** has enjoyed an international career, spanning 40 years, as a pianist, producer, composer, musical director, vocal and dance arranger, and orchestrator. Albin is currently the music supervisor and arranger for the new musical *Come Get Maggie*. His most recent credits include pianist for *King Lear* (with Glenda Jackson), *Wicked*, *Amazing Grace* and *Billy Elliot* on Broadway, and associate musical director on the National Tours of *A Gentleman's Guide to Love and Murder* and *Anything Goes*. Albin speaks 5 languages and has performed in 26 countries. He music directed Suites by Sondheim in Bucharest, *Lies My Father Told Me* in Montreal, Quebec, where he also orchestrated *The Jazz Singer*, and he has been music supervisor/director for numerous productions of *A Chorus Line* in many countries and languages. He was the music director, arranger

and orchestrator for a musical in Spanish *No Volveré*, *La Cage Aux Folles* in Italy and toured the globe with Liza Minelli. Producing credits include *Magic in the Mirror* in Korea, *Smart Women*, *Foolish Choices* in Tokyo, and two shows for the White House.

Albin's musical, *The "Gay No More" Telethon* was performed in the 2008 NYC Fringe Festival and he has written two other shows: *Ambra* (in Italian) and *She Shtups To Conquer!* Albin's classical New York engagements include music directing a condensed version of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* with New York Lyric Opera and recitals in New York, Los Angeles and Copenhagen with Metropolitan Opera mezzo-soprano Jennifer Roderer and international opera singers Elsebeth Dreisig and Ivan Dimitrov.

Albin was born in Los Angeles, where he received his Bachelor of Music in piano from Immaculate Heart College. He holds a Master of Music in Piano from The Juilliard School and won the Debussy Grant, enabling him to study with Nadia Boulanger in Paris. Albin has taught music theory and was a staff pianist at AMDA, coached opera and musical theater at Hunter College and is currently a collaborative pianist and coach at Barnard College.

## Texts and Translations

### **If music be the food of love**

Henry Heveningham (1651-1700)

If music be the food of love,  
Sing on till I am fill' d with joy;  
For then my list' ning soul you move  
To pleasures that can never cloy.  
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare  
That you are music ev' rywhere.  
Pleasures invade both eye and ear,  
So fierce the transports are, they wound,  
And all my senses feasted are,  
Tho' yet the treat is only sound,  
Sure I must perish by your charms,  
Unless you save me in your arms.

### **The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation**

Nahum Tate (1652-1715)

Tell me, some pitying angel, quickly say,  
Where does my soul's sweet darling [stray]<sup>1</sup>,  
In tiger's, or more cruel Herod's way?  
Ah! rather let his little footsteps press  
Unregarded through the wilderness,  
Where milder savages resort:  
The desert's safer than a tyrant's court.  
Why, fairest object of my love,  
Why dost thou from my longing eyes remove?  
Was it a waking dream that did foretell  
Thy wondrous birth? no vision from above?  
Where's Gabriel now that visited my cell?  
I call; he comes not; flatt'ring hopes, farewell.

Me Judah's daughters once caress'd,  
Call'd me of mothers the most bless'd.

Now (fatal change!) of mothers most distress'd.

How shall my soul its motions guide?  
How shall I stem the various tide,  
Whilst faith and doubt my lab'ring soul divide?

For whilst of thy dear sight beguil'd,  
I trust the God, but oh! I fear the child.

**Am Bache**

Christian Reinhold (1813-56)

Am Bache sitz' ich lange Zeit  
Und lausche,  
Ob er vor lauter Seligkeit  
So rausche.

Er weiß wohl was ein liebend Herz  
Mag sinnen,  
Wie eigen Lust sich eint mit Schmerz  
Darinnen.

Das singt er nun im Morgenwind  
So helle.  
Vom Kuß der Sonne trunken rinnt  
Die Welle.

Im süßen Schauer küssen sich  
Die Bäume,  
Ich seh's mein Kind, und denk' an dich  
Und träume.

**Leb' wohl, leb'wohl du schöne Welt**

Albert Zeller (1804-77)

Leb wohl, leb wohl, du schöne Welt!  
Mein Herz ist müd' und schwer;  
Lebt Alle wohl auf Wiedersehn,  
Fahrt wohl, ich kann nicht mehr!

Du heilig Land das mich geliebt  
Und tausendfach erfreut,  
Mir einen Gott und Himmel gab  
Und süßes Weh und Leid,

Und manche sel'ge Menschenbrust  
An meine Brust gelegt,  
In leichtem Spiel, in hohem Ernst  
Mich namenlos bewegt,

Den Hut der Freiheit auf das Haupt,  
Den Stab mir in dir Hand,  
Zu herrschen und zu [wallen]1 gab  
Froh über Meer und Land!

Leb wohl, leb wohl, du heilige Welt,  
Die mir den Heiland gab,  
Und Sühne in mein reuig Herz,  
Unsterblichkeit ins Grab!

**By the Brook**

Trans. Sharon Krebs and Harald Krebs © 2006

By the brook, I sit a long time  
and listen,  
Whether it is pure joy that makes it  
murmur so,

It knows well what a loving heart  
ponders,  
How strangely pleasure and pain are joined  
within it!

It sings brightly of these things in the morning  
breeze.  
The wave flows, drunk from the kiss  
of the sun!

Sweetly trembling, the trees kiss  
each other!  
I see this, my child, and think of you,  
and dream!

**Farewell, farewell, you beautiful world!**

Trans. Sharon Krebs and Harald Krebs © 2006

Farewell, farewell, you beautiful world!  
My heart is exhausted and heavy;  
Farewell to all of you until we meet again,  
Farewell, I can endure no more!

Farewell, you holy land that loved me  
And gave me a thousand joys,  
Gave me a God and a Heaven,  
And sweet pain and sorrow,

And placed many a blessed human breast  
Against my breast,  
And in easy play, in high seriousness,  
Unutterably moved me,

You gave me the hat of freedom on my head,  
The staff in my hand,  
To reign and govern happily  
On sea and land!

Farewell, farewell, you holy world,  
Which gave me the Saviour,  
And reparation into my contrite heart,  
And immortality into the grave!

Er ging im Tode mir voran,  
Er reich mir seine Hand! --  
Die Kluft ist tief, mein Gang ist Nacht,  
Hinüber in sein Land!

He went before me into death,  
May He give me His hand! --  
The abyss is deep, my path is night  
Across into His land!

**Sie liebt mich!**

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)  
supplemented by Josephine Lang

Sie liebt mich!  
Welch schreckliches Beben!  
Fühl' ich mich selber?  
Bin ich am Leben?  
Sie liebet mich!

Ach, kann die Seele dich denn erfassen,  
Glück ohne Name kann ich dich lassen!  
Einmal erwacht! Glück ohne Name!  
Sie liebt mich!

Ach, rings so anders! Bist du's noch, Sonne?  
Bist du's noch, Hütte? Trage die Wonne, Seliges  
Herz!  
Sie liebt mich!

**She loves me!**

Trans. Jennifer Roderer

She loves me!  
What terrible trembling!  
Am I feeling myself?  
Am I living?  
She loves me!

Everything is so different! Is that you, sun?  
Is that you, hut?  
Deal with the joy, blessed heart!  
She loves me!

Ah, can you understand this soul then?  
Happiness without name, could I ever abandon  
you?  
She loves me!

### **Reflets**

Maurice Maeterlinck (1862 - 1949)

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 le 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.

### **Le Retour**

Georges Delaquys (1880-1970)

Ulysse part la voile au vent,  
Vers Ithaque aux ondes chéries,  
Avec des bercements la vague roule et plie.  
Au large de son cœur la mer aux vastes eaux  
Où son œil suit les blancs oiseaux  
Egrène au loin des pierreries.

Ulysse part la voile au vent,  
Vers Ithaque aux ondes chéries!

Penché œil grave et cœur battant  
Sur le bec d'or de sa galère  
Il se rit, quand le flot est noir, de sa colère  
Car là-bas son cher fils pieux et fier attend  
Après les combats éclatants,  
La victoire aux bras de son père.  
Il songe, œil grave et cœur battant  
Sur le bec d'or de sa galère.

Ulysse part la voile au vent,  
Vers Ithaque aux ondes chéries.

### **Reflections**

Trans. © Richard Stokes

Beneath the water of the dream that rises,  
My soul is afraid, my soul is afraid.  
And the moon shines into my heart  
That is bathed in the dream's source!

Beneath the sad tedium of the reeds,  
Only the deep reflection of things,  
Of lilies, palms and roses,  
Still weep on the water's bed.

One by one the flowers shed their leaves  
Upon the firmament's reflection  
To descend, eternally,  
Beneath the dream's water and into the moon.

### **The Return**

Trans. © Richard Stokes

Ulysses sets out, sails to the wind,  
Towards Ithaca on beloved waves,  
Which rise and fall and sway.  
Before the open sea of his heart, the vast ocean,  
Where his eyes follow the white birds,  
Scatters in the distance precious jewels.

Ulysses sets out, sails to the wind,  
Towards Ithaca on beloved waves.

Leaning, with serious gaze and beating heart,  
On the golden prow of his boat,  
He laughs at his anger, when black waves threaten,  
For yonder his dear, devout and proud son awaits,  
After astounding victories,  
his triumphant father.  
He dreams, with serious gaze and beating heart,  
By the golden prow of his boat.

Ulysses sets out, sails to the wind,  
Towards Ithaca on beloved waves.



### **J'ai frappé**

Jean-François Bourguignon (1748-1811)

Ma main a frappé les portes closes  
Et d'autres mains au loin ont répondu.  
Mon front a frappé les portes closes  
Et d'autres fronts au loin ont répondu.  
Mon cœur a frappé les portes closes  
Mais l'écho de mon cœur seul a répondu.

### **Soir d'hiver**

Nadia Boulanger (1887-1979)

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 cœur 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 cœur d'un homme.

### **I have knocked**

Trans. Jennifer Roderer

My hand has knocked on closed doors  
and other hands from afar have answered.  
My forehead has struck closed doors  
And other foreheads from afar have answered.  
My heart has struck closed doors,  
But only the echo of my has answered.

### **Winter Evening**

Trans. Jennifer Roderer

A young woman rocks her baby,  
She is alone, she weeps, but she sings,  
Because he must hear the sweet and tender song to  
fall asleep.  
"It is Christmas, my little blue infant,  
The bells rings  
so you can be joyful."  
The one who she loves has left . . .  
And the song stops!  
She says:  
"Where is he right now?  
Can he hear my voice?  
Does he know that I'm alive?"  
She weeps so simply  
That it breaks the heart.  
She looks at her son  
And searches for a resemblance  
To the one who she tirelessly waits for  
With all of her soul, and all of her affection.  
She weeps but she hopes,  
She hears Victory in the distance,  
She understands the merciless struggle,  
But she believes in justice,  
She knows that an entire life was given,  
Joyous and proud, and she waits,  
By this cradle so tiny,  
That holds the heart of a man.

## Sieben frühe Lieder

### Nacht

Carl Hauptmann (1858-1921)

Dämmern Wolken über Nacht und Tal.  
Nebel schweben. Wasser rauschen sacht.  
Nun entschleiert sich's mit einem Mal.  
O gib acht! gib acht!  
Weites Wunderland ist aufgetan,  
Silbern ragen Berge traumhaft groß,  
Stille Pfade silberlicht talan  
Aus verborg'nem Schoß.  
Und die hehre Welt so traumhaft rein.  
Stummer Buchenbaum am Wege steht  
Schattenschwarz – ein Hauch vom fernen Hain  
Einsam leise weht.  
Und aus tiefen Grundes Düsterheit  
Blinken Lichter auf in stummer Nacht.  
Trinke Seele! trinke Einsamkeit!  
O gib acht! gib acht!

### Schilflied

Nikolaus Lenau (1802-50)

Auf geheimem Waldespfade  
Schleich' ich gern im Abendschein  
An das öde Schilfgestade,  
Mädchen, und gedenke dein!  
Wenn sich dann der Busch verdüstert,  
Rauscht das Rohr geheimnisvoll,  
Und es klaget und es flüstert,  
Daß ich weinen, weinen soll.  
Und ich mein', ich höre wehen  
Leise deiner Stimme Klang,  
Und im Weiher untergehen  
Deinen lieblichen Gesang.

### Das Nachtigall

Theodor Storm (1817-88)

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall  
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;  
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,  
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall  
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.  
Sie war doch sonst ein wildes Blut,

## Seven Early Songs

### Night

Trans. © Richard Stokes

Clouds loom over night and valley.  
Mists hover, waters softly murmur.  
Now at once all is unveiled.  
O take heed! take heed!  
A vast wonderland opens up,  
Silvery mountains soar dreamlike tall,  
Silent paths climb silver-bright valleywards  
From a hidden womb.  
And the glorious world so dreamlike pure.  
A silent beech-tree stands by the wayside  
Shadow-black – a breath from the distant grove  
Blows solitary soft.  
And from the deep valley's gloom  
Lights twinkle in the silent night.  
Drink soul! drink solitude!  
O take heed! take heed!

### Reed Song

Trans. © Richard Stokes

Along a secret forest path  
I love to steal in the evening light  
To the desolate reedy shore  
And think, my girl, of you!  
When the bushes then grow dark,  
The reeds pipe mysteriously,  
Lamenting and whispering,  
That I must weep, must weep.  
And I seem to hear the soft sound  
Of your voice,  
And your lovely singing  
Drowning in the pond.

### The Nightingale

Trans. © Richard Stokes

It is because the nightingale  
Has sung throughout the night,  
That from the sweet sound  
Of her echoing song  
The roses have sprung up.  
She was once a wild creature,

Nun geht sie tief in Sinnen;  
Trägt in der Hand den Sommerhut  
Und duldet still der Sonne Glut  
Und weiß nicht, was beginnen.  
Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall  
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;  
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,  
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall  
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

### **Traumgekrönt**

Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926)

Das war der Tag der weißen Chrysanthemen, –  
mir bangte fast vor seiner Pracht ...  
Und dann, dann kamst du mir die Seele nehmen  
tief in der Nacht.  
Mir war so bang, und du kamst lieb und leise, –  
ich hatte grad im Traum an dich gedacht.  
Du kamst, und leis wie eine Märchenweise  
erklang die Nacht ...

### **Im Zimmer**

Johannes Schlaf (1862-1941)

Herbstsonnenschein.  
Der liebe Abend blickt so still herein.  
Ein Feuerlein rot  
Knistert im Ofenloch und loht.  
So! – Mein Kopf auf deinen Knie'n. –  
So ist mir gut;  
Wenn mein Auge so in deinem ruht.  
Wie leise die Minuten ziehn! ...

### **Liebesode**

Otto Erich Hartleben (1864-1905)

Im Arm der Liebe schliefen wir selig ein.  
Am offenen Fenster lauschte der Sommerwind,  
und unsrer Atemzüge Frieden  
trug er hinaus in die helle Mondnacht. –  
Und aus dem Garten tastete zagend sich  
Ein Rosenduft an unserer Liebe Bett  
Und gab uns wundervolle Träume,  
Träume des Rausches – so reich an Sehnsucht!

Now she wanders deep in thought;  
In her hand a summer hat,  
Bearing in silence the sun's heat,  
Not knowing what to do.  
It is because the nightingale  
Has sung throughout the night,  
That from the sweet sound  
Of her echoing song  
The roses have sprung up.

### **Crowned with dreams**

Trans. © Richard Stokes

That was the day of the white chrysanthemums –  
Its brilliance almost frightened me ...  
And then, then you came to take my soul  
at the dead of night.  
I was so frightened, and you came sweetly and  
gently,  
I had been thinking of you in my dreams.  
You came, and soft as a fairy tune  
the night rang out ...

### **In the room**

Trans. © Richard Stokes

Autumn sunshine.  
The lovely evening looks in so silently.  
A little red fire  
Crackles and blazes in the hearth.  
Like this! – With my head on your knees. –  
Like this I am content;  
When my eyes rest in yours like this.  
How gently the minutes pass!

### **Ode to love**

Trans. © Richard Stokes

In love's arms we fell blissfully asleep.  
The summer wind listened at the open window,  
and carried the peace of our breathing  
out into the moon-bright night. –  
And from the garden a scent of roses  
came timidly to our bed of love  
and gave us wonderful dreams,  
ecstatic dreams – so rich in longing!

### Sommertage

Paul Hohenberg (1884-1944)

Nun ziehen Tage über die Welt,  
gesandt aus blauer Ewigkeit,  
im Sommerwind verweht die Zeit.  
Nun windet nächtens der Herr  
Sternenkränze mit seliger Hand  
über Wander- und Wunderland.  
O Herz, was kann in diesen Tagen  
dein hellstes Wanderlied denn sagen  
von deiner tiefen, tiefen Lust:  
Im Wiesensang verstummt die Brust,  
nun schweigt das Wort, wo Bild um Bild  
zu dir zieht und dich ganz erfüllt.

### Summer days

Trans. © Richard Stokes

Days, sent from blue eternity,  
journey now across the world,  
time drifts away in the summer wind.  
The Lord at night now garlands  
star-chains with his blessed hand  
across lands of wandering and wonder.  
In these days, O heart, what can  
your brightest travel-song say  
of your deep, deep joy?  
The heart falls silent in the meadows' song,  
words now cease when image after image  
comes to you and fills you utterly.

### The Nightingale

Text by John Keats, T.S. Eliot, John Lyly, Richard Barnfield, and the Encyclopedia Britannica

Jug jug jug terew, terew, terew, terew,  
chooc chooc chooc, chooc,  
terew, she cries, terew, terew, tuh, shh  
terew, she cries, tuh, shh  
what bird so sings, jug jug jug, jug, terew, tuh shh  
what bird so sings yet so does wail,  
jug jug jug jug jug, terew.  
Yet there the nightingale filled all the desert with inviolable voice.  
terew, terew, terew,  
jug jug jug jug,  
and still she cried,  
ah...ah...  
filled all the desert, filled all the desert,  
the nightingale,  
filled all the desert.  
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves,  
The grass, the thicket and the fruit tree wild;  
White hawthorne and the pastoral eglantine.  
I cannot see what flow'rs are at my feet,  
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs.  
KKKKK, KKKKK, tuh, shhh tuh, shhh,  
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves,  
The grass, the thicket and the fruit tree wild;  
White hawthorne and the pastoral eglantine.  
Philomel, Philomel, Philomel, Philomel,  
tandaradei, tandaradei,  
fie fie fie,  
how she would cry,  
terew, terew, terew, terew, terew, terew, terew,  
by and by, by and by, by and by,  
Philomel with melody sing in our sweet lullaby,

tandaradei, tandaradei,  
Still wouldst thou sing and I have ears in vain,  
while thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad in such an ecstasy!  
Towards the end of summer the nightingale disappears to its African winter haunts,  
the nightingale, the nightingale,  
The voice I hear this passing night was heard in ancient days,  
the nightingale,  
Was it a vision or a waking dream?  
Fled is that music,  
do I wake or sleep?

### **Down by the Salley Gardens**

William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;  
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.  
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;  
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.  
In a field by the river my love and I did stand,  
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.  
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;  
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

### **To an Isle in the Water**

William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)

Shy one, shy one,  
Shy one of my heart,  
She moves in the firelight  
pensively apart.  
She carries in the dishes,  
And lays them in a row.  
To an isle in the water  
With her would I go.  
She carries in the candles,  
And lights the curtained room,  
Shy in the doorway  
And shy in the gloom;  
And shy as a rabbit,  
Helpful and shy.  
To an isle in the water  
With her would I fly

## **The Byelaws**

Glyn Maxwell (b.1962)

Never have met me, know me well,  
tell all the world there was little to tell,  
say I was heavenly, say I was hell,  
harry me over the blasted moors  
    but come my way, go yours.

Never have touched me, take me apart,  
trundle me through my town in a cart,  
figure me out with the aid of a chart,  
finally add to the feeble applause  
    and come my way, go yours.

Never have read me, look at me now,  
get why I'm doing it, don't get how,  
other way round, have a rest, have a row,  
have skirmishes with me, have wars,  
    O come my way, go yours.

Never have left me, never come back,  
mourn me in miniskirts, date me in black,  
undress as I dress, when I unpack pack  
yet pause for eternity on all fours  
    to come my way, go yours.

Never have met me, never do,  
never be mine, never even be you,  
approach from a point it's impossible to  
at a time you don't have, and by these byelaws  
    come my way, go yours.