

Sunday, October 31
Helen M. Hosmer Hall
7:30 PM

In order to ensure a pleasant concert experience for both performers and audience, please refrain from:

- Entering or leaving during the performance.
- Bringing food or drink into the concert hall.
- Taking flash photographs.
- Using electronic devices (please remember to turn off your cellular phone, pagers and watches that chime on the hour).

Children who are able to sit quietly during the performance are welcome to our concerts.

Tape/video recording of performances is strictly prohibited without permission of the performers!

Thank you!

A Celebration of the Seasons in Song

Jill Pearson, Soprano

François Germain, Piano

Kimberley Bouchard, Reader

Summer

L'été

Cécile Chaminade
(1857-1944)

Feldeinsamkeit

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Colombine

Poldowski
(1879-1932)

Sommerfäden

Franz Schreker
(1878-1934)

Kiss me Again

Victor Herbert
(1859-1924)

Autumn

Automne

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Jabberwocky

Lee Hoiby
(b. 1926)

Уж ты, нива моя!

Sergei Rachmaninoff
(1873-1943)

hist wist

Paul Siskind
(b. 1962)

Γειά σας τριαντάφυλλα και γιασεμιά

Manolis Kalomiris
(1883-1962)

Allerseelen

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Intermission

Winter

Carolina Cabin	Jean Berger (1909-2002)
Soir d'hiver	Nadia Boulanger (1887-1979)
Nixe Binsefuß	Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
Schneeglöckchen	Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
Danse macabre	Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)
A Christmas Carol	Tom Lehrer (b. 1928)

Spring

Jarní	Vítězslava Kaprálová (1915-1940)
Spring is like a perhaps hand	Dominick Argento (b. 1927)
Отчего?	Pyotr Il'yich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)
Frühlingsglaube	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Pastorale	Georges Bizet (1838-1875)
Se saran rose	Luigi Arditi (1822-1903)

Pastorale (Regnard) “Pastoral”

One day in spring, All along an orchard,
Colin goes singing, In order to relieve his pains:
“My shepherdess, my shepherdess, tra la la la,
Let me steal a tender kiss!”

The beautiful girl instantly answers her shepherd:
“While singing, do you want to steal a kiss?
No Colin, no Colin, tra la la la,
No, no, Colin, don't take it, I'll give it to you!”

Se saran rose (Mazzoni) “If it is a rose”

If it is a rose, it will bloom,
And I will tell you that I love you in a year,
If with the first rosebud
you will ask me to be your wife.

Or that is worth, of what yours is worth to say,
that for me you want to die? Ah!

If you are a butterfly, I am not your flower,
and I do not want you to give kisses to others,
don't speak to me of other loves,
that is what I learned from Mama. Ah!

Now let me frolic,
And come dance with me,
Ah yes, ah! come dance!

Feel how sweet intoxication overwhelms the soul,
You hate that celestial music,
Come that time passes in a flash;
Let's dance, that other doesn't matter to me.

Believe we will speak of love in a year,
And if it is a rose, it will bloom.
We will speak of love in a year,
And if it is a rose, it will bloom.
If it is a rose, it will bloom!

Program Notes

“To the attentive eye, each movement of the year has its own beauty, and in the
fame field it beholds, every hour, a picture which was never seen before and
which shall never be seen again.”

Ralph Waldo Emerson

As we begin our celebration of the seasons through music and poetry, you might
be wondering how this program came to be. Why the seasons? There are two
reasons. First, I find comfort, peace, and a sense of connection when I am out in
the natural places left on our planet. In fact, I find a great deal of joy in
observing the seasons. The perpetual change and wonder of each bud and
snowflake give me endless hope. Second, literal discussions of and imagery
about nature and the seasons abound in song literature. There was a seemingly
endless amount of repertoire to choose from. While that made programming a
bit overwhelming, it made the end result very interesting and diverse. We hope
you enjoy it.

Summer

Here is a little forest
Whose leaf is ever green;
Here is a brighter garden,
Where not a frost has been;
In its unfading flowers
I hear the bright bee hum;
Prithee, my brother,
Into my garden come!

Emily Dickenson

Chaminade was composing by 8 and it was Bizet who encouraged her family to
nurture the young talent. She began a performing career as a pianist by age 18
and toured internationally often performing her own compositions. Many of her
works were quite popular in her lifetime and she was honored several times by
the French government. **Brahms** began his music studies under his father and
was actively performing by his teens. As a composer, his symphonies, chamber
works, songs, piano, and choral pieces are all some of the most significant in the
repertoire. **Poldowski** was the pen name used by Irene Regine Wieniawski,
daughter of Henryk Wieniawski, a famous Polish violinist and composer. She
was born in Brussels and began her studies in the Brussels Conservatory. She
married a British nobleman, Sir Aubrey Dean Paul, and is primarily known as a
composer of song those she did compose in other genres. **Schreker** was an
Austrian composer, teacher, and conductor of Jewish decent. He was thriving as
an educator in Berlin when the Nazi rise to power began.

He was forced to resign from his posts and suffered a serious heart attack soon after the Nazis gained control. He composed operas, orchestral, chamber, piano, and vocal pieces. The Irish-born **Herbert** is best known for his operettas, though he was also active as a cellist and conductor. He also composed pieces for orchestra, band, piano, chorus, and about 80 songs. Also of note, his wife, Therese Förster, was a well-known singer at the Metropolitan Opera.

L'été (Guinand) "Summer"

Ah! sing, sing,
Mad warbler, cheerful lark, happy finch, sing, love!
Perfume of roses, freshly bloomed,
Give back our woods, our more fragrant woods!

Sun that gilds the sycamores,
Full of rustling seed pods,
Pours over its joy, let everything drown
In your resplendent rays.

Breath that passes in spaces
Sowing the hope of one day of summer.
That your breath gives the plain
More brightness and more beauty.

In the prairie, calm and in bloom,
Hear you these words so soft.
The charmed soul, the beloved wife
Bless the sky close to the husband!

Feldeinsamkeit (Allmers) "Field-solitude"

I rest quietly in the high green grass
And, for a long time, send my gaze upward,
crickets swarm around me without pause,
by heaven's blue wonderfully surrounded.

The beautiful white clouds drift on,
through the deep blue like beautiful silent dreams,
I feel as though I have died long ago,
and happily travel with them through unending spaces.

Jarní (Kripner) "Spring"

The day with butterflies, with sun and flowers,
with the rejoicings of children's play
flashes to us from spiderwebs, from spiderwebs.

Birds in the heights drew to the north.
Soon, however, they turned into drops of silver,
which fell in silence to the earth,
---- tears of your fading love.

The day with butterflies, with sun and flowers,
with the rejoicings of children's play
flashes to us from spiderwebs, from spiderwebs.

Отчего? (Mei after Heine) "Why?"

Why, in springtime, is the rose
in full bloom grown pale?
Why has the blue violet
among the blades of green grass grown mute?
Why does the song of the bird,
heaven bound, sound so sad?
Why does the dew hang like a funeral pall
over the meadows?
Why does the morning sun
seem as cold and dark as in winter?
Why is the whole earth dank
and gloomier than the tomb itself?
Why do I myself also grow more mournful
and sickly day after day?
Why, oh tell me, please,
have you abandoned and forgotten me?

Frühlingsglaube (Uhland) "Faith in Spring"

The soft breezes are awakened,
They whisper and blow day and night,
they work everywhere,
O fresh scent, o new sound!
Now, poor heart, don't be afraid.
Now everything, everything must change.

The world grows more beautiful each day,
One cannot know what is yet to come,
The flowering refuses to end, it will not end.
Even the deepest, most distant valley is in flower.
Now, poor heart, forget your torment.
Now everything, everything must change.

But shh! Suddenly the dance is ended,
They jostle and take flight - the cock has crowed;
Ah! beautiful night for the underlings!
And long live death and equality!

Spring

Come, fill the Cup, and in the Fire of Spring
The Winter Garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To fly – and Lo! The Bird is on the Wing.

Omar Khayyám

Kaprálová was a Czech composer who studied at the Brno Conservatory, the Prague Conservatory and finally in Paris with Martinů. By the age of 23, she was known internationally, appearing in London as a guest conductor of her own works with the BBC Orchestra. Her extremely promising career was cut short when she died of tuberculosis at the age of 25. **Argento** has worked actively as both a composer and teacher throughout his career. His awards include a Fullbright fellowship, two Guggenheim fellowships, an award from the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and a Pulitzer Prize in Music in 1975 for the song cycle *From the Diary of Virginia Woolf*. **Tchaikovsky** was well educated, well traveled, and well read. A wealthy widow, Nadezhda von Meck, largely supported his career as a composer. The two never met, but had an extensive epistolary relationship. He is best known for his orchestral and piano works, ballets, and operas. His songs, though lesser known, are gradually becoming a more vital part of the vocal repertoire. **Schubert** is perhaps best known for his songs, though he made significant contributions to orchestral, chamber, and piano music. He composed over 600 songs and is generally considered the father of the German Lied. He began the transition of the piano from simple accompaniment to a representation of emotional undercurrents. **Bizet** was born to a very musical family and began his studies at the Paris Conservatory at the age of 9. He won several prizes while at the conservatory, including the Grand Prix de Rome in 1857. His opera *Carmen* is perhaps one of the best-known operas in existence. **Arditi** was an Italian composer and conductor who began his studies under Vaccai at the Milan Conservatory. He focused primarily on his conducting career, working in Italy, Havana, the U.S., Canada, and across Europe, often conducting the premieres of other composers' new works. He composed operas and orchestral pieces as well as songs.

Colombine (Verlaine) “Colombine”
Leander the fool,
Pierrot who with a hop of a flea leaps the bush,
Cassandre under his pointed hood,
Harlequin also, this swindler so fantastic,
in his crazy costumes, eyes shining under his mask.
--Do, mi, sol, mi, fa--

All the world come, laugh, sing and dance
in front of the beautiful, mischievous child
whose perverse eyes, as the green eyes of pussies,
guard her charms and say: " Paws off! "
--They continue!--

Fateful path of the stars, oh tell me towards which gloomy or cruel disaster the
relentless child,
agile and raising her skirts, the rose in her cap,
leads her herd of suckers!

Sommerfäden (Leen) “Summer Veils”
When the summertime ends,
shining in twilight,
Autumn's blessing in her hands,
Mother Nature quietly wanders through the glade.

And with gentle words of love
she widely scatters
white, soft veils of summer
throughout nature.

The summer veils waft through the countryside,
quietly they drift near and float away,
devout wishes, sent quietly,
want give them instruction.

The veils float to the place where,
my loyal beloved with stars for eyes
greet me near and far;
Summer veils hovers there.

And Mother Nature smiles quietly,
and the summer-veils draw
their mysterious journey
shimmering to the lovers.

Autumn

“Winter is an etching, spring a watercolor, summer an oil painting
and autumn a mosaic of them all.”

Stanley Horowitz

Fauré began his musical studies early and was active as a composer, pianist, organist and teacher throughout his life. His songs bear a particular significance to the development of the French *melodie* showing an innovation and diversity of style that continually evolved. **Hoiby** began his musical career as a concert pianist. His path diverged to composition when he began studying with Gian Carlo Menotti at the Curtis Institute of Music in 1949. His compositions include songs and operas, as well as choral, orchestral, chamber and keyboard works. **Rachmaninoff** was a Russian composer, pianist, and conductor. His compositions include operas, choral, orchestral, chamber, keyboard, and solo vocal works. Because of his own skill at the piano, his piano parts are particularly appealing and, in vocal and keyboard works alike, envelop the listener in a beauty that is unique to him alone. **Siskind**, with degrees in composition and theory, has a vast and diverse body of compositions including works for orchestra, band, choir, chamber ensemble, keyboard, the stage, and solo voice.

He has received numerous national awards and is currently a Professor at the Crane School of Music as well as an active composer. **Kalomiris** was a Greek composer, teacher and administrator. During his career, he studied in Vienna and his first teaching post was in Russia. Despite his international experiences, his music is considered a prime example of the Greek National School. Additionally, he is one of the most well-known Greek composers, both within and outside Greece. **R. Strauss** led an active musical life as both a composer and a conductor. He conducted symphonies and opera companies across Europe and the U.S. Along with the over 100 Lieder, he composed operas, orchestral, piano, and chamber pieces.

Schneeglöckchen (Rückert) “Snowdrops”

The snow, that only yesterday
in little flakes fell from heaven,
hangs now, frozen, as little bells
today on fragile stem.

The snowdrop bell rings,
what does it mean in the silent glade?
O come quickly!
In the glade it rings in Spring.

O come you leaf, bloom and flower,
you that still dream
all you of Spring’s holy kingdom
come without delay!

Danse macabre (Lahor) “Macabre Dance”

Tap, tap, tap - Death rhythmically,
Taps a tomb with his heel,
Death at midnight plays a gigue,
Tap, tap, tap, on his violin.

The wind of Winter blows, the night is dark,
The lime-trees groan aloud;
White skeletons flit across the gloom,
Running and leaping under their big shrouds.

Tap, tap, tap, everyone’s astir,
One hears the bones of the dancers knock,
A lustful couple sits down on the moss,
As if to savor past delights.

Tap, tap, tap, Death continues,
Endlessly scraping his shrill instrument.
A veil has slipped! The dancer’s naked!
Her partner clasps her amorously.

They say the lady is a baroness or marchioness,
And the callow gallant a poor wheelwright.
Horror! And look, now she’s giving herself,
As if the bumpkin were a baron!

Tap, tap, tap, what a dance!
Circles of corpses all holding hands!
Tap, tap, tap, in the throng you can see
King and crook dancing together!

She says: "Where is he at this hour? Does he hear my voice?
Does he know that I live?" She cries so simply that her heart breaks.
She looks at her son and searches to see if he resembles the one
whom she waits for tirelessly with all her soul, with all her tenderness!

She cries, but she hopes! She hears from afar the victory,
she imagines the merciless struggle, but she believes in justice,
She knows one life, joyous and proud, itself is given for all, and she waits,
close to his cradle so small, which holds the heart of a man.

Nixe Binsefuß (Möricke) "Water Nymph Sedgefoot"

The water sprite's little daughter is dancing
on the ice in the full moon's light,
she sings and laughs without fear
well past the fisherman's house.

"I am the maiden Sedgefoot,
and I indeed must tend my fish,
my fish are in the box, they are cold fasting;
because my box is of Bohemian glass,
I count them everyday.

Isn't that so, fisher-moppet?
yes, you old drip,
can't you understand winter?
Come to me with your nets!
I want to rip them apart!

Your daughter in fact is pious and good,
her sweetheart of good hunting-blood.
Therefore I hang, as the wedding bouquet,
a little wreath of rushes outside the house,
and a pike of solid silver,
originating from King Arthur,
one dwarf 'Goldsmith's' masterpiece,
whoever has it, it brings empty luck:
it can be scaled year after year,
for five hundred little pennies in cash.

Farewell, my child! Farewell, for today!
The morning-cock in the village cries."

Automne (Silvestre) "Autumn"

Autumn of foggy sky, of distressing horizons,
of rapid sunsets, of pale dawns;
I watch flowing like torrential water,
your melancholy days.

My thoughts carried away on the wing of regrets,
as if our past age could be reborn!
Wander, dreaming on the enchanted hillsides,
where once, my youth smiled!

I feel, in the clear sun of victorious memory,
Flowing roses, reflowering in bouquets,
and tears welling-up, in my eyes, Which in my heart
my twenty years had forgotten!

Уж ты, нива моя! (Tolstoy) "Oh, my field"

Oh, my field, my beloved field,
I cannot harvest you in one full sweep,
I cannot tie you into a single sheaf...

Oh, my thoughts, my sad thoughts,
I cannot cast you off my shoulders,
I can't express you in words alone!

Was it not over you, my field, that the wind blew ardently,
Bent your grasses to the very earth,
Blew the ripened seeds all around...

How widely you have scattered,
Oh, my thoughts,
Where a sad thought fell
There grew the cruel grass of sorrow,
Bitter grief appeared. Ah! Ah!

Γειά σας τριαντάφυλλα και γιασεμιά (K. Palamas) “Hello, Roses and Jasmines”

Hello Roses and Jasmines!
Bring me to the rock’s cyclamen.
The swallow of my hut is gone.
Give me an anemone of the valley.
The sun-born summery weather is gone too.
Welcome to the clouds and the north wind!
St. George¹ left, the April’s grace...
Glory to his brother the Rider²
autumn-like on his horse,
he passes by and love is his face.

Allerseelen (von Gilm) “All-souls day”
Lay on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring inside the last red asters,
and let us speak again of love,
as once in May.

Give me your hand, that I may press it secretly;
and if someone sees us, it's all the same to me.
Just give me one of your sweet glances,
as once in May.

Today each grave is fragrant and blossoms
with flowers; one day in the year are the dead free.
Come to my heart, that I can have you again,
as once in May.

¹ Celebrated on May 1st.

² St. Demetrios the Rider, celebrated on Oct. 26th

Winter

“I prefer winter and fall, when you feel the bone structure of the landscape –the loneliness of it – the dead feeling of winter. Something waits beneath it – the whole story doesn’t show.”

Andrew Wyeth

Berger was born in Germany to French parents and became a naturalized U.S. citizen in 1943. Throughout his career he worked as a conductor, teacher, and composer, specializing in choral music. This particular song comes from a group of four songs that use the poetry of Langston Hughes. **N. Boulanger** was born in Paris to a very musical family. Both she and her sister, Lili, began their musical studies with their mother. Nadia won multiple prizes while studying at the Paris Conservatory under well-known composers, including Fauré. However, she is best known as one of the most influential composition instructors of the 20th century. Her students included Aaron Copland, George Gershwin, and Elliot Carter. **Wolf** displayed musical gifts at an early age. However, he was dismissed from the Vienna conservatory (disciplinary problems) and began a string of music related jobs. None lasted very long, but Wolf was blessed with numerous wealthy and influential friends who offered him both financial and professional support. His songs are considered some of the most challenging and rewarding of the German repertoire. **Schumann** began his studies in law at the University of Leipzig. While there, he studied piano with his future father-in-law, Friedrich Wieck. Because Schumann suffered from a nervous disorder, Wieck attempted to prevent Schumann from marrying his daughter, Clara. Clara and Robert went to court to overcome her father’s objections and marry. He is known not only for his songs, but also for his piano, orchestral, and chamber works. **Saint-Saëns** began his musical studies with a great-aunt. He was so gifted on piano, that he began performing before the age of 5. He was not only a skilled pianist, but also a well-respected composer, often appearing as a conductor of his own works. He received international recognition in his lifetime, even being named a Grand-Croix, the highest rank, in the Legion of Honor. **Lehrer** was a math professor at Harvard when he began writing and performing his satirical songs. He wrote and recorded nearly 40 songs between 1953 and 1965. Amazingly, the humor is still fresh today and his music is still available in print and recording.

Soir d’hiver (N. Boulanger) “Winter Evening”

A young woman rocks her child. She is alone, she cries, but she sings, Because he needs to hear the soft and tender song so that he falls asleep. "Here is Christmas, my small blue child. The bells will sound so that you will be happy."

The one that she loves left...and the song stopped.