



Evening Concert Series

2012-2013 Season

Sara M. Snell Music Theater

Sunday, March 17, 7:30 PM

Women Composers Concert

Fanfare for a Learned Man

Libby Larsen
(b. 1950)

Donna di Musica
Bethany Gilbert and Kristina Packer, Trumpet
Shannon Zaykoski, Horn
Melisa Baena, Trombone
Casey Nidetch, Tuba

Le couteau

Nadia Boulanger
(1887-1979)

Jeffrey Kerr, Tenor
Jean Goloski, Piano

Nachgefühl

Elise Müller
(1782-1849)

Amanda Cosette, Soprano
Betsy Kepes, Piano

Sometimes

Margaret Ruthven Lang
(1867-1972)

Tom Lawton, Baritone
Tina Packer, Piano

Irish Love Song

Margaret Ruthven Lang
(1867-1972)

Jaclyn Randazzo, Soprano
Amanda Cosette, Soprano
Cheyenne Bauer, Mezzo-Soprano
Nelly Case, Piano

Prelude

Rebecca Clarke
(1886-1979)

Katie Raftery, Clarinet
Stephanie Vitkun, Viola

Raga for Two Harps, Op. 41

Caroline Lizotte
(b. 1969)

Katherine Berquist, Harp
Michaela Davis, Harp

Intermission

Greyed Sonnets (1975)

Judith Lang Zaimont
(b. 1945)

- II. Let it be forgotten
- IV. Love's Autumn
- V. Entreaty

Kathleen Miller, Soprano
Nancy Hull, Piano

Im Prater

Mathilde von Kralik
(1857-1944)

Donald George, Tenor
Nelly Case, Piano

Dream Variations:
Minstrel Man

Margaret Bonds
(1913-72)

Song to the Dark Virgin

Florence Price
(1887-1953)

Lonel Woods, Tenor
Julie Miller, Piano

Dancing Solo

Libby Larsen
(b. 1950)

- I. With Shadows
- IV. Flat Out

Katie Raftery, Clarinet

Texts and Translations

Nachgefühl by Else Müller

Wenn die Reben wieder blühen,
Rühret sich der Wein im Fasse,
Wenn die Rosen wieder glühen,
Weiß ich nicht, wie mir geschieht.

Tränen rinnen von den Wangen,
Was ich tue, was ich lasse,
Nur ein unbestimmt Verlangen
Fühl ich, das die Brust durchglüht.

Und zuletzt muß ich mir sagen,
Wenn ich mich bedenk und fasse,
Daß in solchen schönen Tagen
Doris einst für mich geblüht.

Afterglow (poet unknown)

When the grapes bloom again,
The wine moves in the barrels,
When the roses glow again,
Then I don't know, what happens to me.

Tears pour down my cheeks,
What I do, what I don't do
Only an undefinable something
Do I feel in my heart

And finally I have to say to myself
When I am thoughtful and calm
That on such beautiful days
Damien once was burning for me.

Sometimes by Margaret Ruthven Lang (text by Thomas S. Jones)

Across the fields of yesterday
He sometimes comes to me,
A little lad just back from play—
The lad I used to be.

And yet he smiles so wistfully
Once he has crept within,
I wonder if he hopes to see
The man I might have been.

Irish Love Song by Margaret Ruthven Lang (poet unknown)

O the time is long, Mavourneen*,
Till I come again, O Mavourneen;
An' the months are slow to pass, Mavourneen,
Till I hold thee in my arms, O Mavourneen!

Shall I see thine eyes, Mavourneen,
Like the hazel buds, O Mavourneen;
Shall I touch thy dusky hair, Mavourneen,
With its shim'r'in glint o' gold, O Mavourneen

O my love for thee, Mavourneen,
Is a bitter pain, O Mavourneen;
Keep thy heart aye true to me, Mavourneen,
I should die but for thy love, O Mavourneen.

*Mavourneen means "my beloved" in Irish

From **Greyed Sonnets** (1975) by Judith Lang Zaimont

II. Let it be forgotten (text by Sara Teasdale)

Let it be forgotten as a flower is forgotten,
 Forgotten as a fire that once was singing gold.
Let it be forgotten forever and ever.
 Time is a kind friend, he will make us old.

If anyone asks, say it was forgotten,
 Long and long ago.
As a flower, as a fire, as a hushed foot-fall
 In a long forgotten snow.

IV. Love's Autumn (text by Edna St. Vincent Millay)

Loving you less than life, a little less
 Than bitter-sweet upon a broken wall
Or brushwood smoke in autumn, I confess
 I cannot swear I love you not at all.
For there is that about you in this light –
 a yellow darkness, sinister of rain -
Which sturdily recalls my stubborn sight
To dwell on you, and dwell on you again.
 And I am made aware...
 remembering in that way
Your brown hair grows about your brow and cheek,
 And what divine absurdities you say:
 Till all the world, and I, and surely you,
Will know I love you, whether or not I do

V. Entreaty (text by Christina Rossetti)

Come to me in the silence of the night;
 Come in the speaking silence of a dream;
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
 As sunlight on a stream;
 Come back in tears,
O memory, hope, love of finished years.

Oh dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
Whose waking should have been in Paradise,
Where souls brimfull of love abide and meet;
Where thirsty longing eyes
Watch the slow door
That opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
My very life again though cold in death:
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:
Speak low, lean low,
As long ago, my love, how long ago!

Im Prater

(text by Richard von Kralik)

In dem Prater auf der Wiese,
auf der Freudenau,
Brachten mir vom Paradiese
Botschaft Blumen blau.
Und sie sagten: von der Freude
Sind wir hergesandt,
Krieg zu künden allem Leide
über alles Land:
Aber Segen und Verzeihen,
Allem, was sich freut.
Darum eile, dich zu freuen
mit der Liebsten heut!

At the Prater

(The amusement park in Vienna)

At the Prater on the meadow,
on the field of happiness
Brought from paradise,
Tidings with blossoms of blue
And they said:
We have been sent by happiness
In order to declare war
on sorrow everywhere in the country.
But blessings and forgiveness
to all that are happy
Therefore hurry, and be happy
with your loved one today!

Song to the Dark Virgin by Florence Price (text by Langston Hughes)

Would that I were a jewel, a shattered jewel
That all my shining brilliants might fall at thy feet, Thou dark one.
Would that I were a garment, A shimmering silken garment,
That all my folds might wrap about thy body, Absorb thy body,
Hold and hide thy body, Thou dark one.
Would that I were a flame, But one sharp leaping flame
To annihilate thy body, Thou dark one.

PROGRAM NOTES

Fanfare for a Learned Man celebrates the life and achievements of Dr. James Billington, Librarian of Congress and mentor to hungry minds wherever they present themselves. The work pays tribute to a man who, in the words of composer Larsen, “has wisely and graciously stewarded the United States’ intellectual life, creating a welcoming atmosphere for discovery and debate of the issues of our time.” As Billington was well sought after for his knowledge of Russian culture, Larsen has woven into the fabric of the music a portion of the Cossack Dance from Tchaikovsky’s opera *Mazepa*, a favorite opera of Billington.

Libby Larsen is a classical composer who resides in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Born in Wilmington, Delaware, she grew up in Minnesota and received her education at the University of Minnesota. Among her works is the opera *Frankenstein: The Modern Prometheus*. In 1973, she became one of the founding members of the Minnesota Composers Forum, later renamed the American Composers Forum. She is one of perhaps two dozen composers, male and female, across the U.S. whose compositions are so well received that she makes her living entirely from commissions.

Margaret Ruthven Lang was a member of the so-called Second New England School, a group of composers centered in Boston at the turn of the 20th century. She composed over 200 songs altogether but also was the first woman composer to have a work (The Dramatic Overture) performed by a major American symphony orchestra, namely, the Boston Symphony, in 1893. In 1967 the orchestra performed a concert in honor of her 100th birthday.

Lang stopped composing in 1919 and was gradually forgotten. Much of her music she inexplicably destroyed. We have none of her orchestral works, but most of her 200 songs remain in libraries. Tonight we will hear her most popular song which sold over 120,000 copies—a big number for the time—Irish Love Song, which deals with the Irish having to leave their loved ones behind in Ireland during the great famines of the 19th century. So popular was the song that she arranged it for a trio of women's voices and piano. There is also a band arrangement that John Philip Sousa made and a chamber orchestra arrangement by Lang herself.

Rebecca Clarke wrote her viola sonata for a 1919 competition sponsored by Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge. The blind competition was open to all composers from the “allied countries.” The committee was tied in choosing a winner between this work and the Suite for Viola and Piano of Ernest Bloch. Mrs. Coolidge herself cast the deciding vote in favor of the Bloch. As Richard Stock, a member of the jury and the conductor of the Chicago Symphony at the time said in a letter to Mrs. Coolidge later, “we both know what would have happened had it gone the other way,” meaning that her competition, which was world-famous, would have been discredited. It is very possible that Mrs. Coolidge knew which piece was Rebecca’s, as they were good friends, and that she made the choice because of the views about women at the time.

Mathilde von Kralik was a classmate of Mahler at the Vienna Conservatory (no mean feat in those days) with Bruckner as a teacher. The poem of this song about having fun with someone you love in the Prater, the big amusement park in Vienna, is by her brother Richard von Kralik, who was quite famous until his death and then forgotten. Richard was the husband of Maria Pauline Sophie von Flattich, and this poem comes from a group of poems he wrote about their love. Maria Pauline Sophie von Flattich was the niece of Martin Niemöller whose words "*First they came for the communists, ... Then they came for the Jews*" are famous. Richard von Kralik's nephew Heinrich Kralik was Director of the Radio; the Nazis forbade him from working during the war but after the war he began having Mahler played again on the Radio and in public. Mathilde's music is late Romantic and a seeming mix of Mahler and Richard Strauss. This Lied is a waltz tune reminiscent of Vienna and Johann Strauss.

Margaret Bonds was one of the first black composers and performers to gain fame in the United States. Having studied both piano and composition at Juilliard, she often set texts by Harlem Renaissance poet Langston Hughes.

Florence Price became nationally recognized in 1932, when her contest-winning Symphony in E Minor earned her the prestige of being the first African-American woman to gain acceptance as a serious composer. She sought to imitate European models and at the same time reflect the African-American experience. Her compositions include art songs, arrangements of spirituals, works for chorus, four symphonies, piano and organ works, chamber works, and concertos for piano and violin.

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 completely turn off any devices that make sounds or have glowing screens).

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

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

Thank you!

In Case of Fire Emergency

Leave the building immediately by walking to the nearest safe exit. Once outside, please move fifty feet away from the building and safely away from emergency traffic. Do not return to the building until authorities indicate that it is safe to do so.

Please bear with us during the construction phase of the new Performing Arts Building. Parking is limited in front of Snell Theater. Additional parking may be found in Lot 2 or Lot 1, near the front entrance of Raymond Hall.