

Of Time and Love

Alta M. Boover, contralto
John Madison, viola
Mary Siciliano, piano

Tuesday, June 15, 2021 at 7:30 p.m.

Varner Recital Hall

PROGRAM

<i>Two Songs Op. 91</i> Gestillte Sehnsucht Rückert Geistliches Wiegenlied	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897) text by Frederick text by Lope de Vega
<i>Cantata No. 4, op. 44</i> Tyr'd with all these (Sonnet 66) Shakespeare	Nicolas Bacri (b. 1961) text by William
<i>Of Time and Love, Cantate No. 8, op. 145c</i> Shakespeare When I have seen (Sonnet 64) Since Brass Nor Stone (Sonnet 65) Against My Love (Sonnet 63)	text by William
<i>Quatre Poèmes, Op. 5</i> (1861-1935) La Cloche fêlée Baudelaire Dansons la gigue Le son du cor s'afflige vers les bois Sérénade	Charles Martin Loeffler text by Charles text by Paul Verlaine text by Verlaine text by Baudelaire

TRANSLATIONS

Two Songs, Op. 91

Gestille Sehensucht Stilled Longing

Text by Friedrich Rückert

Translation by Emily Eszust

Steeped in a golden evening glow,
how solemnly the forests stand!
In gentle voices the little birds breathe
into the soft fluttering of evening breezes.
What does the wind whisper, and the little birds?
They whisper the world into slumber.

You, my desires, that stir
in my heart without rest or peace!
You longings that move my heart,
When will you rest, when will you sleep?
By the whispering of the wind, and of the little birds?
You yearning desires, when will you fall asleep?

Alas, when no longer into the golden distance
does my spirit hurry on dream-wings,
when no more on the eternally distant stars
does my longing gaze rest;
Then the wind and the little birds
will whisper away my longing, along with my life.

Geistliches Wiegenlied Sacred Cradle Song

Text by Emanuel von Geibel

Translation by Lawrence Snyder and Rebecca Plack

You who hover
Around these palms
In night and wind,
You holy angels,
Silence the treetops,
My child is sleeping.

You palms of Bethlehem
In the roaring wind,
How can you today
Bluster so angrily!
O roar not so!

Be still, bow
Softly and gently;
Silence the treetops!
My child is sleeping.

The child of heaven
Endures the discomfort,
Oh, how tired he has become
Of earthly sorrow.
Oh, now in sleep,
Gently softened,
His pain fades,
Silence the treetops!
My child is sleeping.

Fierce cold
Comes rushing,
How shall I cover
The little child's limbs?
O all you angels,
You winged ones
Wandering in the wind.
Silence the treetops!
My child is sleeping.

William Shakespeare Sonnet 66

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill.
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

Sonnet 64

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-ras'd
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,
Increasing store with loss and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminare,
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

Sonnet 65

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wrackful siege of batt'ring days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall time's best jewel from time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

Sonnet 63

Against my love shall be as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crushed and o'erworn;
When hours have drained his blood and filled his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travelled on to age's steepy night;
And all those beauties whereof now he's king
Are vanishing, or vanished out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

La Cloche felée The Cracked Bell

Translations by Alta Dantzler

It is bitter and sweet, during the nights of winter
To listen, near the fire that flickers and smokes,
To the distant memories which slowly rise
With the sound of the bells which sing in the mist.

Quite happy is the bell with its vigorous throat
which, despite its old age, alert and faithful,
sends forth its religious cry
Like an old soldier on watch in his tent!

Me, my soul is cracked, and when in her troubles
she wants her songs to fill the cold night air,
It often happens that her voice is too weak.

It seems like the thick rattle of the death cry
of a wounded man who was forgotten
by a large lake of blood, under a pile of bodies
and who dies, unmoving, with immense effort.

Dansons la gigue!
Dance the gig!

I loved above all her pretty eyes
more clear than the stars in the heavens
I loved her mischeivous eyes

She had ways of really devastating a poor lover
which were really charming

But I find even better the kiss of her mouth in bloom
before she would die on my heart

I remember the hours and the encounters
And they were the very best of my good days

Dance the gig!

Le son du cor

The sound of the horn mourns towards the woods
With an orphan-like grief
it has come to die at the bottom of the hill
among the wandering breezes of the woods.

The soul of the wolf cries in this voice
which rises along with the setting sun
with an agony that seems soothing
and which delights and distresses at the same time.

To make this drowsy lament even better
the snow falls in long drifts across the
blood-red sunset

And the air seems to be an Autumn sigh
as it is gentle on this monotonous evening
where the slow landscape pampers itself.

Sérénade

Like the voice of a dead man that would sing
from the bottom of his grave
Mistress, listen to my voice, shrill and harsh,
as it rises to your retreat.

Open your soul and your ear to the sound of my mandoline!
For you I made this cruel and affectionate song!

I will sing of your eyes of gold and onyx
Pure of all shadows.
Then the Lethe of your breast,
Then the Styx of your dark hair.

Then I will praise, highly,
As it well deserves
this blessed flesh whose opulent perfume
Returns to me on sleepless nights.

And finally I will sing of the kiss
of your red lips
and your sweetness which will make a martyr of me.
My Angel! My Scourge!

Open your soul and your ear to the sound of my mandoline!
For you I made this cruel and affectionate song!