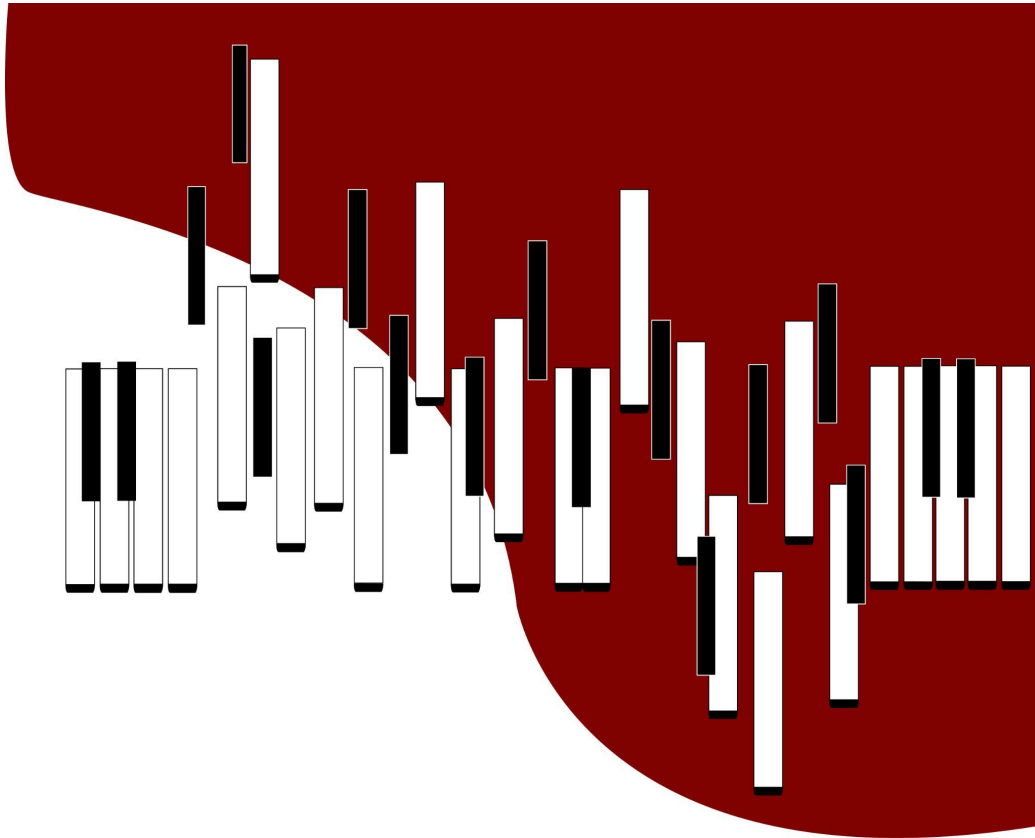


The Collaborative Piano Institute | Vocal Academy present

Starry Nights Featured Recital



Jesse Blumberg, baritone & Martin Katz, piano

June 23, 2022 at 7 PM Recital Hall, School of Music,  
Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, LA

Orpheus

Ivor Gurney (1890-1937)  
Text by William Shakespeare

L'horizon chimérique

La mer est infinie

Je me suis embarqué

Diane, Séléné

Vaisseaux, nous vous aurons aimés en pure perte

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Text by Jean de la Ville de Mirmont

The Poet and His Song

Florence Price (1887-1953)  
Text by Paul Laurence Dunbar

From Mörike-Lieder

Der Jäger

Denk' es, o Seele!

Heimweh

Zur Warnung

An die Geliebte

Abschied

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Text by Eduard Mörike

The Time to Begin

Ben Moore (b. 1960)  
Text by Giuseppe Verdi

PAUSE

Sharing Solitude\*

Whitney E. George (b. 1986)

Text by Bea Goodwin

Tel jour telle nuit

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Bonne journée

Text by Paul Éluard

Une ruine coquille vide

Le front comme un drapeau perdu

Une roulotte couverte en tuiles

A toutes brides

Une herbe pauvre

Je n'ai envie que de t'aimer

Figure de force brûlante et farouche

Nous avons fait la nuit

A Lesson in Music\*

Tom Cipullo (b. 1956)

Text by Alastair Reid

**\*World premiere**

## Orpheus

William Shakespeare

Ivor Gurney

Orpheus with his lute made trees  
And the mountain tops that freeze  
Bow themselves when he did sing.  
To his music, plants and flowers ever sprung,  
As sun and showers  
There had made a lasting spring.  
Everything that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea  
Hung their heads and then lay by.  
In sweet music is such art,  
Killing care and grief of heart,  
Fall asleep or hearing, die

## The Illusory Horizon, op. 118

(Jean De la ville de Mirmont

Gabriel Fauré

### THE SEA IS INFINITE

The sea is infinite and my dreams are crazy.  
The sea sings to the sun, beating at the cliffs,  
And my airy dreams feel only the joy  
Of dancing on the sea like drunken birds.

The motion of the waves carries them away,  
The breeze shakes and rolls them in its folds;  
Playing in the wake, they form an escort  
To the ships my heart has followed in their flight.

Tipsy on air and salt and burned by the foam  
Of a sea that consoles them and washes away their tears,  
They will know the ocean and its good bitterness;  
The errant seagulls will take them for their own.

### **I HAVE SET SAIL**

I have set sail on a ship that dances  
And rolls side to side, pitching and swaying.  
My feet have forgotten the ground and its ways;  
The supple waves have taught me other rhythms,  
Lovelier than the weary rhythm of human songs.

Living among you, did I have a soul?  
My brothers, I have suffered on all your continents.  
I want only the sea, only the wind,  
To rock me like a baby in the furrows of the waves.

Out of port, which is nothing but a faded image,  
My farewell tears no longer burn my eyes.  
I do not remember anything of my last goodbyes.  
O my sadness, where have I left you?

### **DIANE, SÉLÉNÉ**

Diane, Séléné, moon of beautiful metal,  
Who reflects toward us with your empty face,  
In the eternal tedium of the quiet stars,  
The regret of a sun whose loss we mourn.

O moon, I am envious of your clarity,  
Insulting to the useless turmoil of poor souls,  
And my heart, always weary and restless,  
Aspires to the peace of your nocturnal flame.

### **SHIPS, WE LOVED YOU TO NO PURPOSE**

Ships, we loved you to no purpose;  
The last of you has departed on the sea.  
The setting sun has carried off so many sails  
That this port and my heart are empty forever.

The sea has returned you to your destiny  
Beyond the shore where our steps end.  
We could not keep your souls enchained;  
You must have distance, which I do not know.

I am one of those whose wishes are on land.  
The breeze which intoxicates you fills me with fear.  
But your call in the dead of night makes me desperate,  
Because I have great departures unsatisfied in me.

### **The Poet and his Song**

(Paul Lawrence Dunbar)

Florence Price

---

A song is just a little thing  
And yet what joy it is to sing!  
In hours of toil it gives me zest,  
And when at last I long for rest  
When cows come home along the bars  
And in the fold I hear the bell!  
At night the shepherd herds this stars,  
I sing my song and all is well.

My days are never filled with ease.  
I till my ground and prune my trees.  
When ripened gold is all the grain  
I labor hard and toil and sweat.  
While others dream within the dell.  
But even while my brow is wet  
I sing my song and all is well!

Sometimes the sun unkindly hot,  
My garden makes a desert spot;  
Sometimes a blight upon the tree  
Takes all my fruit away from me  
And then with throes of bitter pain  
Rebellious passions rise and swell...  
But life is more than fruit or grain,  
And so I sing, and all is well



From **Mörike Lieder**

Eduard Mörike

Hugo Wolf

---

**THE HUNTER**

Three days of non-stop rain, no sunshine as yet:

Three whole days without a good word from my love's mouth.

She defied me and I her; which is just what she wanted.

It's gnawing at my heart all this sulking and grumbling.

So welcome to the joy of the hunt to thunderstorms and to rain!

My hot breast is well wrapped up, ready to exult in taking you on!

Now she'll be sitting at home laughing  
and joking with her brothers and sisters;

but I am in the woods at night  
listening to the whispers of the old leaves.

Now she'll be sitting and crying her eyes out.

She'll be in her little room with her cares;

But I am cozy like a wild animal hidden in the darkness.

There is no stag or fawn anywhere. A shot to kill time.

A healthy bang and an echo  
refreshes you deep down inside the body.

But as the thunder dies away in the valleys and all around  
A sudden pain overwhelms me, and my heart sinks to the depths.

She defied me and I her which is just what she wanted.  
It's gnawing at my heart all this sulking and grumbling.

So, get up! To my love's house to put my arms round her waist,  
"Dry my wet locks. Kiss me and take me back!"

### **CONSIDER THIS, MY SOUL!**

A little fir-tree flourishes, who knows where, in the wood;  
A rosebush, who can tell in what garden?  
They are selected already, Consider, o soul,  
To take root and grow on your grave.

Two black ponies graze on the pasture,  
They return back to town with lively leaps.  
They will go step by step with your corpse;  
Perhaps, perhaps even before the shine on their horseshoes  
Loses its sparkle.

## **LONGING FOR HOME**

The world becomes more different with every step  
That takes me farther away from my beloved;  
My heart -- it will not go any farther with me.  
Here the sun shines coldly upon the land,  
Here everything seems unfamiliar to me,  
Even the very flowers along the stream!  
Every thing has so strange a look, so wrong a face.  
The stream murmurs and speaks:  
"Poor boy, come along beside me -  
You see forget-me-nots here as well!"  
Yes, they are beautiful everywhere,  
but these are not anything like the ones at home.  
Onward, always onward!  
My eyes spill over.

## **A WARNING**

Once after a merry night I was oddly awakened one morning:  
Thirst (but not for water), pounding blood,  
feeling disturbed and sentimental;  
Almost poetically, yes, I begged my Muse for a song.  
Pretending pathos, she mocked me, giving me this contemptible  
piece of trash:

"A nightingale is singing by the waterfall;  
And another bird as well, who signs his name Wendehals,  
Johann Jakob Wendehals;  
who dances by the plants of the aforesaid waterfall."  
And so it continued, and I grew ever more anxious.  
Now I sprang up: Wine! That would rescue me!  
Mark you well, you tearful singers,  
When you have a hangover, don't ask the Gods for inspiration.

### **TO THE BELOVED**

When, from the deep calm I feel at seeing your image,  
I mutely take delight in your high worth,  
Then I properly hear the gentle breathing  
Of the angel that is disguised within you.  
And an astounded, questioning smile springs  
To my lips, as I wonder: is it a deceiving dream,  
That now, in you, to my eternal pleasure,  
My boldest wish - my only wish - is fulfilled?  
To the depths my senses fall;  
I hear in the nocturnal distance of divinity  
The melodious roaring of the stream of fate.  
Dazed, I turn my eyes upwards then,  
Toward the heavens, and there all the stars are smiling;  
I kneel to listen to their song of light.

## **FAREWELL**

Without knocking, a gentleman comes visiting me one evening:

"I have the honor to be your critic!"

Immediately he takes the light in his hand,

Gazes long at my shadow on the wall,

Stepping close and then stepping back: "Now, my good young man,

Kindly see how your nose looks from the side!

You must admit that it is a protuberance."

This? Good gracious - so it is!

My word! I never imagined - my whole life long -

That such a world-sized nose I wore on my face!

The man said various other things about this and that,

And on my honor, I remember no more;

Perhaps he thought I should give him a confession.

Finally he stood up and I lit his way out.

As we stood at the top of the stairs,

I gave him, cheerfully, a small kick

From behind, on the backside,

And by God! what a jolting, tumbling, and hobbling!

The equal have I never seen, my whole life long,

Of a man going down the stairs so quickly!

## The Time to Begin

Giuseppe Verdi

Ben Moore

*A letter of January 1871 to Francesco Florimo, translated and adapted by the composer*

Now the time to begin—

A single doorway opens to the rooms within,  
Where the pages of music life, waiting, silent, patient,  
(Oh, for the sweet possibilities! The song unsung!)

But now the labor at hand:

An empty canvas waiting for the work to start,  
The work to form a plan  
Or vision that looks to the past and looks ahead.

Dear Florimo,

If anything could flatter my vanity, it is the invitation  
To become Director of the Conservatory in Naples.

But it would be impossible.

Still, it would have been an honor to instruct the students.

I should have been able to stand with one foot in the past

And the other in the future—

For I'm not afraid of "the music of the future."

I should have said to the young pupils:

Practice the fugue constantly, persistently,  
Till your hands are supple and strong enough

To bend the music to your will.  
Then lay your hand on your heart, and write!  
So, my dear Florimo,  
Will you express to your colleagues my deep regrets?  
Let us turn back to the old masters;  
Progress will be the result.

### **Sharing Solitude\***

Bea Goodwin

Whitney E. George

I share my thoughts of solitude with strangers side to side.  
Oh, I feel it all carved in the ribcage of a concert hall.  
Nobody knows it's me who wrote the story that they see.  
People count on poets as people count on priests.  
Whispering our sins back and forth, between the curtains,  
A confession that we share: the joy, the pain trapped in the air.

Turn on the lights and we'll see better than before.  
From pen to paper and the curtain falls.

I hope you saw your mother; I hope you saw your God.  
I hope you saw you're not alone.

Nobody knows it's me as I watch you applaud.

**\*World premiere**

## As the Day, So Is the Night

Paul Eluard

Francis Poulenc

---

### GOOD DAY!

Good day!

I've seen again whom I don't forget, whom I'll never forget.  
And some fleeing women whose eyes make a hedge of honor.

They wrap themselves in their smiles.

Good day!

I've seen my carefree friends, men who weigh very little.  
One passed by, his shadow changed into a mouse fleeing in the  
gutter.

I've seen the huge sky,  
The lovely look of those deprived of everything.  
Distant beaches where no one approaches.

Good day!

A day which began sadly, black under the green trees,  
But which suddenly, immersed in dawn,  
Entered into my heart by surprise.



## **A RUIN OF AN EMPTY SHELL**

A ruin of an empty shell weeps into its apron.

The children who play around her make less noise than flies.

The ruin goes away, gropingly, to seek her cows in a meadow.

I've seen the day; I see it without shame.

It is midnight like an arrow in a heart

At the gate of playful rays which contradict sleep.

## **MY BROW, LIKE A LOST FLAG**

My brow, like a lost flag, I hold you when I am alone.

In cold streets, in dark rooms, crying miserably.

I don't want to release your bright, complicated hands,

Born in the mirror of my own.

All the rest is perfect; all the rest is more useless than life.

Destroy the earth under your shadow.

A sheet of water near your breasts, where one sinks like a stone.

### **A CARAVAN, COVERED IN TILES**

A caravan, covered in tiles; a dead horse; a child ruler.  
With a brow blue with hatred, of two breasts beating on him  
Like two fists.

This melodrama tears reason out of my heart.

### **AT FULL SPEED**

At full speed, you whose ghost prances all night on a violin,  
Come, reign in the forests!

The hurricane's winds seek their path by your home.  
You are not one of those of whom people create desires.  
Come, drink a kiss here.  
Give in to the fire which makes you desperate!

### **A POOR GLADE OF GRASS**

A poor wild blade of grass appeared in the snow.  
It was health itself.  
My mouth was amazed by its pure flavor.  
It was faded.

## **I ONLY WANT TO LOVE YOU**

I only want to love you.

A storm fills the valley; a fish fills the river.

I have created you to the size of my solitude.

The whole world to hide itself, day and night to understand itself,

To see nothing more in your eyes

Than my thoughts and a world in your image,

And days and nights ordered by your eyes.

## **A BURNING WILD FIGURE**

A burning wild figure, black hair and gold running to the south,

In nights corrupted, now swallowed by an impure star

In an unshared bed.

The veins in your temple, like the ends of breasts,

Life rejects itself.

Nothing can burst your eyes, to drink their splendor nor their tears.

Over them, blood triumphs for itself.

Intractable,

huge and useless,

this health builds a prison.

## **WE HAVE MADE THE NIGHT**

We have turned out the light.

I hold your hand; I watch.

I support you with all my strength;

I engrave on a rock the star of your strength

Deep furrows where the goodness of your body germinates,

I tell myself again: your hidden voice, your public voice.

I laugh again at how you treat the proud one as a beggar,

At the fools whom you respect, the simple ones in whom you  
immerse yourself.

And in my head, which puts itself gently in agreement with yours,

With the night.

I am astonished at the unknown person you become,

An unknown who resembles you, who resembles all that I love,

Who is always new.

## **A Lesson in Music\***

Alastair Reid

Tom Cipullo

---

Play the tune again:

But this time

With more regard for the movement at the source of it

And less attention to time.

Time falls curiously in the course of it.

Play the tune again:

Not watching your fingering,

But forgetting,

Letting flow the sound till it surrounds you.

Do not count or even think.

Let go.

Play the tune again:

But try to be nobody, nothing,

As though the space of the sound were your heart beating,

As though the music were your face.

Play the tune again:

It should be easier

To think less every time of the notes, of the measure.

It is all an arrangement of silence.

Be silent, and then play it for your pleasure.

Play the tune again:

And this time, when it ends,

Do not ask me what I think.

Feel what is happening strangely in the room

As the sound glooms over You, Me, Everything.

Now, play the tune again.

**\*World premiere**



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