

VOICES OF CHANGE

JOHN CORIGLIANO JOHN CORIG
BERNHARD HEIDEN BERNHARD I
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**TEXAS
PREMIERES**

CARUTH AUDITORIUM
MONDAY, MARCH 19, 8:30

VOICES OF CHANGE

Richard Giangiulio	guest conductor
Linda Anderson Baer	soprano
Jo Boatright	piano
Harvey Boatright	flute
Matitiahu Braun	viola
Roger Bryant	tenor
Bruce Faulconer	synthesizer
Douglas Howard	percussion
John Myers	cello
Sandra Powell	clarinet
Ross Powell	clarinet
Jan Sloman	violin
Eva Sloman	violin
Christine Hamilton Smith	soprano
Charles Veazey	oboe
Joseph White	contrabass

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This program is being broadcast by KERA-FM.

Program cover design: Melissa Farrar

The Voices of Change

Ross Powell, Director
Harvey Boatright, Vice President
Sandra Powell, Secretary
Jo Boatright, Treasurer
Joseph White, Administrative Director

Meadows School of the Arts
Division of Music
692-3189

TEXTS

Bernhard Heiden

Sonnets of Louise Labe

I.

I was foretold that on a certain day
I would fall fatally in love with one
Whose face had been described to me, though none
Had painted him. I knew him by the first ray
Of light and seeing him enthralled with me,
I felt compassion for his mournful state.
And forced my heart to work so ardently
That I loved him the same. We shared our fate.
Who would have dreamed that something that was born
Of destiny and Heaven could be bad.
But when I see the misty landscape mad
With punishing winds, storms, unrelenting strife,
I think that powers out of Hell have torn
The world and schemed the shipwreck of my life.

II.

I live, I die, I burn myself and drown.
I am extremely hot in suffering cold.
My life is soft and hardness uncontrolled
When I am happy then I ache and frown
Sometimes I am laughing while I cry
And in my pleasure I endure deep grief.
My joy remains and slips out like a thief.
Suddenly I am blooming and turn dry.
So love inconstantly leads me in vain.
And when I think my sorrow has no end,
Unthinkingly I find I have no pain.
But when it seems that joy is in my reign
And an ecstatic hour is mine to spend
He comes and I, in ancient grief descend.

III.

I flee the city, temples and each place
Where you took pleasure in your own lament,
Where you used every forceful argument
To make me yield what I could not replace.
Games, masques, tournaments bore me and I sigh
Knowing no beauty that is not of you.
And so I try to kill my passion too,
Forcing another image to my eye,
Hoping to break away from tender thought.
Deep in the woods I found a lonely trail
And after wandering in a maze, I sought
To put you wholly out of mind, I fail.
Outside my body only can I love
Or else in exile like a fugitive.

IV.

As soon as I lie down on my soft bed,
Trying to vanish into wanted sleep,
My sad feelings overcome me and sweep
Me out toward you to whom I am wildly led.
When I suppose that on my tender breasts

I hold the darling face I longly tried
To find, for whom openly I have sighed,
I break, I sob, and then my soul protests.
O gentle sleep, O night of ecstasy!
Pleasure, repose, immense tranquillity.
Let each night be an agent that will tie
Me to my dream and yet, if my poor soul
Truly is doomed to play a loveless role,
arrange, at least, for it to have its lie.

V.

What good is it to me, what good if long ago
You eloquently praised my golden hair,
Compared my eyes and beauty to the flare
Of two suns where, you say, Love bent the bow,
Sending the darts that needled you with grief.
Where are your tears that faded in the ground
Your death. by which your constant love is bound
In oaths and honor now beyond belief.
Your brutal goal was to make me a slave
Beneath the ruse of being served by you.
Pardon me, Friend, and for once hear me through'
I am outraged with anger and I rave.
Yet I am sure, wherever you have gone,
Your martyrdom is hard as my black dawn.

Dominick Argento

To Be Sung Upon The Water
(William Wordsworth)

I.

As one who hangs down-bending from the side
Of a slow-moving boat, upon the breast
Of a still water, solacing himself
With such discoveries as his eye can make
Beneath him in the bottom of the deep,
Sees many beauteous sights--weeds, fishes, flowers,
Grots, pebbles, roots of trees, and fancies more,
Yet often is perplexed and cannot part
The shadow from the substance, rocks and sky,
Mountains and clouds, reflected in the depth
Of the clear flood, from things which there abide
In their true dwelling. now is crossed by gleam
Of his own image, by a sunbeam now,
and wavering motions sent he knows not whence,
Impediments that make his task more sweet,
Such pleasant office have I long pursued
Incumbent o'er the surface of past time.

II.

Clouds, lingering yet, extend in solid bars
Through the grey west, and lo: these waters, steeled
By breezeless air to smoothest polish, yield
A vivid repetiton of the stars,
Jove, Venus, and the ruddy crest of Mars
Amid his fellows beauteously revealed
At happy distance from earth's groaning field,
Where ruthless mortals wage incessant wars.
Is it a mirror,--or the nether Sphere
Opening to view the abyss in which she feeds

And I rose
In rainy autumn
And walked abroad in a shower of all my days.
High tide and the heron dived when I took the road
Over the border
And the gates
Of the town closed as the town awoke.

A springful of larks in a rolling
Cloud and the roadside bushes brimming with whistling
Blackbirds and the sun of October
Summery
On the hill's shoulder,
Here were fond climates and sweet singers suddenly
Come in the morning where I wandered and listened
To the rain wringing
Wind blow cold
In the wood faraway under me.

Pale rain over the dwindling harbour
And over the sea wet church the size of a snail
With its horns through mist and the castle
Brown as owls
But all the gardens
Of spring and summer were blooming in the tall tales
Beyond the border and under the lark full cloud.
There could I marvel
My birthday
Away but the weather turned around.

It turned away from the blithe country
And down the other air and the blue altered sky
Streamed again a wonder of summer
With apples
Pears and red currants
And I saw in the turning so clearly a child's
Forgotten mornings when he walked with his mother
Through the parables of sunlight
And the legends of the green chapels.
And the twice told fields of infancy
That his tears burned my cheeks and his heart
Moved in mine.
These were the woods the river and sea
Where a boy
In the listening
Summertime of the dead whispered the truth of his joy
To the trees and the stones and the fish in the tide.
And the mystery
Sang alive
Still in the water and singingbirds.

And there could I marvel my birthday
Away but the weather turned around. And the true
Joy of the long dead child sang burning
In the sun.

It was my thirtieth
Year to heaven stood there then in the summer noon
Though the town below lay leaved with October blood.
O may my heart's truth
Still be sung
On this high hill in a years' turning.

Hither, like yon ancient Tower
Watching o'er the River's bed,
Fling the shadow of thy power,
Else we sleep among the dead;
Thou who trod'st the billowy sea,
Shield us in our jeopardy!
Guide our Bark among the waves;
Through the rocks our passage smooth;
Where the whirlpool frets and raves
Let Thy love its anger soothe;
All our hope is placed in Thee;
Miserere Domine!

VII

Sweet are the sounds that mingle from afar,
Heard by calm lakes, as peeps the folding star,
Where the duck dabbles 'mid the rustling sedge,
And feeding pike starts from the water's edge,
Or the swan stirs the reeds, his neck and bill
Wetting, that drip upon the water still;
And now, on every side, the surface breaks
Into blue spots, and slowly lengthening streaks;
Here, plots of sparkling water tremble bright
With thousand thousand twinkling points of light;
And now the whole wide lake in deep repose
Is hushed, and like a burnished mirror glows.

VIII

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
this Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.--Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

Poem In October
(Dylan Thomas)

John Corigliano

It was my thirtieth year to heaven
Woke to my hearing from harbour and neighbourwood
And the mussel pooled and the heron
Priested shore
The morning beckon
With water praying and call of seagull and rook
And the knock of sailing boats on the net webbed wall
Myself to set foot
that second
In the still sleeping town and set forth.

My birthday began with the water-
Birds and the birds of the winged trees flying my name
Above the farms and the white horses

Her own clam fires. But list! a voice is near;
Great Pan himself low-whispering through the reeds,
'Be thankful, thou; for, if unholy deeds
Ravage the world, tranquillity is here!

III

Lutes and voices down th' enchanted woods
Steal, and compose the oar-forgotten floods,
While Evening's solemn bird melodious weeps,
Heard, by star-spotted bays, beneath the steeps;
Slow glides the sail slong th' illumined shore,
And steals into the shade the lazy oar.
Soft bosoms breathe around contagious sighs,
And amorous music on the water dies.

IV

Fair is the Swan, whose majesty, prevailing
O'er breezeless water, on Locarno's Jake,
Bears him on while proudly sailing
He leaves behind a moon-illumined wake;
--Behold!--as with a gushing impulse heaves
That downy prow, and softly cleaves
The mirror of the crystal flood,
Vanish inverted hill, and shadowy wood,
And pendent rocks, where'er, in gliding state,
Winds the mute Creature without visible Mate
Or Rival, save the Queen of night
Showering down a silver light,
From heaven, upon her chosen Favourite!

V.

O glide, fair stream! for ever so,
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
Till all our minds for ever flow
As thy deep waters now are flowing.
Vain thought! --Yet be as now thou art,
That in thy waters may be seen
The image of a poet's heart,
How bright, how solemn, how serene!
Now let us, as we float along,
For him suspend the dashing oar;
And pray that never child of song
May know that Poet's sorrows more.
How calm! how still! the only sound,
The dripping of the oar suspended!

VI

Jesu! bless our slender Boat,
By the current swept along;
Loud its threatenings--let them not
Drown the music of a song;
Breathed thy mercy to implore,
Where these troubled waters roar!
Saviour, for our warning, seen
Bleeding on that precious Rood;
If, while through the meadows green
Gently wound the peaceful flood,
We forgot Thee, do not Thou
Disregard Thy Suppliants now!

- I. It is too late to guard now
 thetime for questions long since past
 anger musters no more glorious fireworks
 trickles away into a quiet faded whisper
 fear itself has become obsolete
- II. The pills and potions
 instruments lined up
 prepared to terminate
 what I did not begin
 or choose
 I cannot forfeit nor endure
 pills potions instruments
 begged borrowed needed
 craved
 demanding to be counted accounted for
 used or acquitted they stare into me
 and I immobile wait
 perhaps because
 I am already dead
- III. They say that it will not be long
 they look grey and guilty
 if I could comfort
 tell them that I have known
 for long
 a very long time
 and wished it might be sooner
 because the waiting hurts
 so much more than the going
 the waiting blurs the gold and crimsons
 dims green grass scent
 and voice of mourning dove
 the waiting hurts
 the going is a simple
 as a soft casual touch
- IV. Vandal Rapist Pillager
 life be damned
 death be damned
 I spit on all your broken promises
 I did not chose my moment
 It chose me
 it owes me my proper time
 if I must die now
 I fling the wasted pieces
 of my life
 at death
 if I must go now
 I shall go blazing cursing
 screaming damnation
 into eternity

WE'VE HAD A GOOD SEASON!

This year your Voices of Change has presented:

- . Six diverse programs
- . Two world premieres
- . Six broadcasts over KERA-FM
- . Thirty-two Dallas premieres
- . and is formulating plans to record two works by Paul Cooper in the Spring

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PROGRAM

Bernhard Heiden

Sonnets of Louise Labé

- I. I was foretold
- II. I live, I die
- III. I flee the city
- IV. As soon as I lie down...
- V. What good is it to me...

Linda Anderson Baer, soprano

Dominick Argento

To Be Sung Upon The Water

- I. Prologue: Shadow And Substance
- II. The Lake At Evening
- III. Music On The Water
- IV. Fair Is The Swan
- V. In Remembrance Of Schubert
- VI. Hymn Near The Rapids
- VII. The Lake At Night
- VIII. Epilogue: De Profundis

Linda Anderson Baer, soprano

INTERMISSION (Fifteen Minutes)

John Corigliano

Poem in October
(Dylan Thomas)

Roger Bryant, tenor
Joseph White, conductor

Paul Cooper

(World Premiere)

Coram Morte

- I. It is too late...
- II. The pills and potions
- III. They say it will not be long...
- IV. Vandal! Rapist! Pillager!

Christine Hamilton Smith, soprano
Richardangiulio, conductor

V O I C E S O F C H A N G E

presents

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