

present...

JASON VIEAUX | Guitar
SASHA COOKE | Mezzo-SopranoSaturday, April 8, 2023 | 7:30pm
Herbst Theatre**From Spain to Sondheim****MANUEL DE FALLA** **Siete canciones populares españolas***El paño moruno
Seguidilla murciana
Asturiana
Jota
Nana
Canción
Polo***PAT METHENY** **Four Paths of Light***
*Movement 2***PETER SCOTT
LEWIS** **What Day is It Now?
Going Out to Meet the Moon Whales****JAYME OVALLE** **Azulão****HEITOR
VILLA-LOBOS** **Bachianas No. 5**
*Aria: Cantilena***INTERMISSION**

**ANTONIO CARLOS
JOBIM** *(arr. Dyens)* **A Felicidade***

FRANZ SCHUBERT **Gretchen am Spinnrade
Schlummerlied
Nacht und Träume
Auf dem Wasser zu singen**

**STEPHEN
SONDHEIM** **Children will listen
Losing my mind**

**LENNON/
MCCARTNEY** **I will
Julia**

**Jason Vieaux, guitar solo*

Jason Vieaux is represented by Jonathan Wentworth Associates, Ltd.
6118 40th Avenue, Hyattsville, MD 20782-3012 jwentworth.com

Sasha Cooke is represented by IMG Artists
Pleiades House, 7 West 54th Street, New York, NY 10019 imgartists.com

ARTIST PROFILES

Jason Vieaux is San Francisco Performances current Guitarist-in-Residence and appears on the Guitar Series for the third time. He made his SF Performances' debut in October 2017. San Francisco Performances presents Sasha Cooke for the third time, having made her SF Performances' debut in January 2014.



Grammy-winner **Jason Vieaux**, “among the elite of today’s classical guitarists” (*Gramophone*), is described by NPR as “perhaps the most precise and soulful classical guitarist of his generation”.

Jason’s multiple appearances for San Francisco Performances, Caramoor Festival, Ravinia Festival, PCMS, 92nd Street Y, Domaine-Forget, and many others, have helped to cement his reputation as one of the world’s leading guitarists. Other overseas performance venues include Amsterdam’s Concertgebouw, Seoul Arts Center, Shanghai Concert Hall, Sala Sao Paolo, and Teatro Colon in Buenos Aires. Jason Vieaux has performed as soloist with over 100 orchestras, including Cleveland, Toronto, Houston, Nashville, and Orchestra of St. Luke’s, working with renowned conductors such as Giancarlo Guererro, Jahja Ling, Gerard Schwarz, and Michael Stern.

Vieaux has a strong presence on radio and streaming services. In 2022, his long-awaited *Bach Volume 2: Works for Violin* was released in April 2022 on Azica Records to critical acclaim. *Shining Night*, a CD from Avie Records featuring his duo with violinist Anne Akiko Meyers, was re-

leased in May. His Sony Classical recording of Michael Fine’s *Concierto del Luna* for flute and guitar (with flutist Alexa Still) is yet another 2022 release. Vieaux recently recorded Pat Metheny’s *Four Paths of Light*, a solo work dedicated to him by Pat for Metheny’s 2021 album *Road To The Sun*.

Jason’s passion for new music has also fostered premieres from Jeff Beal, Avner Dorman, Vivian Fung, Pierre Jalbert, Jonathan Leshnoff, David Ludwig, Mark Mancina, Dan Visconti, and many more. *The Huffington Post* declared his Grammy-winning 2014 solo album *Play* “part of the revitalized interest in the classical guitar.”

Vieaux’s multiple appearances over the years with Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Music@Menlo, Eastern Music Festival, PCMS, etc., have forged his reputation as an in-demand chamber musician. Regular collaborators include the Escher String Quartet, Grammy®-winning mezzo-soprano Sasha Cooke, violinist Anne Akiko Meyers, Grammy-winning harpist Yolanda Kondonassis, and accordion/bandoneon virtuoso Julien Labro.

As a teacher, Vieaux co-founded the guitar department at the Curtis Institute of Music in 2011 (with David Starobin) and has taught at the Cleveland Institute of Music for 25 years. Jason’s online Guitar School for ArtistWorks Inc. has hundreds of subscribers from all over the world. He plays a guitar by Gernot Wagner, 2013, made in Frankfurt.



Two-time Grammy® Award-winning mezzo-soprano **Sasha Cooke** has been called a “luminous standout” by the *New York Times* and “equal parts poise, radiance

and elegant directness” by *Opera News*. Ms. Cooke has sung at the Metropolitan Opera, San Francisco Opera, English National Opera, Seattle Opera, Opéra National de Bordeaux, and Gran Teatre del Liceu, among others, and with over 80 symphony orchestras worldwide frequently in the works of Mahler. This season marks Ms. Cooke’s appointment at the Music Academy of the West as Co-Director of the Lehrer Vocal Institute.

Ms. Cooke opens the 2022–23 season with a return to Houston Grand Opera in her role debut as Thirza in the company’s new production of Dame Ethel Smyth’s *The Wreckers* conducted by Patrick Summers. On the concert stage, she performs throughout the U.S. and abroad: in Mahler’s *Das Lied von der Erde* with Houston Symphony conducted by Juraj Valčuha; Elgar’s *The Dream of Gerontius* with Wiener Konzerthaus; Michael Tilson Thomas’ *Meditations on Rilke* with the New York Philharmonic conducted by the composer; Mahler’s *Symphony No. 3* with New Zealand Symphony Orchestra alongside Gemma New; and Mozart’s *Requiem* with the Concertgebouw Orchestra conducted by Klaus Mäkelä and later with Nashville Symphony. She debuts with Orchestra dell’Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia in Mahler’s *Symphony No. 3* conducted by Sir Antonio Pappano, and the Utah Symphony in Mendelssohn’s *Elijah*, which she later performs with NDR Elbphilharmonie Orchestra under the baton of Alan Gilbert. She makes returns to Chicago Symphony for works by Vivaldi, to Philadelphia Orchestra for Handel’s *Messiah* and to Kansas City Symphony for Hindemith’s *When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom’d*. Special collaborations on the recital stage include Jake Heggie’s *Intonations: Songs for the Violins of Hope with Music of Remembrance*; recitals with guitarist Jason Vieaux at San Francisco Performances and Round Top Festival; and a recital at Kaufman Music Center, alongside pianist Kirill Kuzmin featuring *how do I find you*, a collection of words and music created in 2020 that was recorded and released on the Pentatone label in January 2022.

presents...

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SASHA COOKE | Mezzo-Soprano

Saturday, April 8, 2023 | 7:30pm

Herbst Theatre

From Spain to Sondheim

Program Notes, Texts, and Translations

Please hold your applause until the end of each set. Please turn pages quietly.

Siete canciones populares españolas (Seven Popular Spanish Songs)

MANUEL DE FALLA

(1876–1946)

Falla moved from Madrid to Paris in 1907, but he returned to Spain at the beginning of World War I. His *Siete canciones populares españolas* (Seven Popular Spanish Songs), completed in Paris in 1914, was the final work he composed before his departure, and it comes from a period of unusual creativity: *El Amor Brujo* would follow in 1915 and *Nights in the Gardens of Spain* in 1916. In arranging the collection of songs, Falla took the unaccompanied melodic line of seven Spanish popular or folk songs and harmonized them himself, occasionally rewriting or expanding the original melodic line to suit his own purposes. Several years later the Polish violinist Paul Kochanski arranged six of the songs (with the approval of the composer) for violin and piano under the title *Suite Populaire Espagnole*, and the work has become more familiar in this version than in the original. This recital offers the rare opportunity to hear Falla's original settings.

The first two songs both come from the province of Murcia in southeast Spain. “El paño moruno” or “The Moorish Cloth” (*Allegretto vivace*) is based exactly on the famous song, while “Seguidilla murciana” is built on repeated phrases and quick harmonic shifts. “Asturiana” is a grieving tune from Asturia, a province in the northwest part of Spain; the vocal line floats above a quiet sixteenth-note accompaniment. “Jota” has become the best-known of the seven songs. A jota is a dance in triple time from the Aragon region of northern Spain, sometimes accompanied by castanets. Slow sections alternate with fast here, and the accompaniment imitates the sound of castanets. “Nana” is an arrangement of an old Andalusian cradle song; Falla said that hearing this melody sung to him by his mother was his earliest memory. “Canción” is a subdued love song that repeats one theme continuously. A polo is a specific form: an Andalusian folksong or dance in 3/8 time, sometimes with coloratura outbursts and explosive intrusions from the guitar. This particular “Polo,” while based on Andalusian elements, is largely Falla's own composition.

El paño moruno

Al paño fino, en la tienda,
una mancha le cayó.
Por menos precio se vende,
porque perdió su valor.
¡Ay!

The Moorish cloth

On the delicate fabric in the shop
there fell a stain.
It sells for less
for it has lost its value
Ay!

Seguidilla murciana

Cualquiera que el tejado
tenga de vidrio,
no debe tirar piedras
al del vecino.
Arrieros semos;
¡puede que en el camino,
nos encontremos!
Por tu mucha inconstancia,
yo te comparo
con peseta que corre
de mano en mano;
Que al fin se borra,
y créyendola falsa
nadie la toma!

Text by Anonymous

Seguidilla from Murcia

People who live
in glass houses
shouldn't throw stones
at their neighbour's.
We are drovers;
it may be
we'll meet on the road!
For your many infidelities
I shall compare you
to a peseta passing
from hand to hand,
till finally it's worn down –
and believing it false
no one will take it

Translation © Jacqueline Cockburn

Asturiana

Por ver si me consolaba,
arrimeme a un pino verde,
Por verme llorar, lloraba.
Y el pino como era verde,
por verme llorar, lloraba!

Text by Anonymous

Asturian Song

To see if it might console me
I drew near a green pine.
To see me weep, it wept.
And the pine, since it was green,
wept to see me weeping!

Translation © Jacqueline Cockburn

Jota

Dicen que no nos queremos,
porque no nos ven hablar.
A tu corazón y al mío
se lo pueden preguntar.
Ya me deposite de tí,
de tu casa y tu ventana.
Y aunque no quiera tu madre.
Adiós, niña, hasta mañana.

Text by Anonymous

Jota

They say we're not in love
since they never see us talk;
let them ask
your heart and mine!
I must leave you now,
your house and your window,
and though your mother disapprove,
goodbye, sweet love, till tomorrow.

Translation © Jacqueline Cockburn

Nana

Duérmete, niño, duerme,
duerme, mi alma,
duérmete, lucerito,
de la mañana.
Naninta, nana.
duérmete, lucerito
de la mañana.

Text by Anonymous

Lullaby

Sleep, little one, sleep,
sleep, my darling,
sleep, my little
morning star.
Lullay, lullay,
sleep, my little
morning star.

Translation © Jacqueline Cockburn

Canción

Por traidores, tus ojos,
voy a enterrarlos.
No sabes lo que cuesta
»del aire«.
Niña, el mirarlos
»Madre, a la orilla«.
Dicen que no me quieres,
ya me has querido.
Váyase lo ganado,
»del aire«.
Por lo perdido,
»Madre, a la orilla«.

Text by Anonymous

Song

Since your eyes are treacherous,
I'm going to bury them;
you know not what it costs,
'del aire',
dearest, to gaze into them.
'Mother, a la orilla.'
They say you do not love me,
but you loved me once.
Make the best of it
'del aire',
and cut your losses,
'Mother, a la orilla.'

Translation © Jacqueline Cockburn

Polo

¡Ay!
Guardo una pena en mi pecho
que a nadie se la diré.
¡Malhaya el amor, malhaya
y quien me lo dió a entender!
¡Ay!

Text by Anonymous

Polo

Ay!
I have an ache in my heart
of which I can tell no one.
A curse on love, and a curse
on the one who made me feel it!
Ay!

Translation © Jacqueline Cockburn

Four Paths of Light

(composed for & dedicated to Jason Vieaux)

PAT METHENY

(B. 1954)

Guitar legend Pat Metheny is a master technician, an improviser of extraordinary, natural fluidity, and a composer with a gift for exquisite melodies. And his albums—whether performed solo or by the acclaimed Pat Metheny Group—are modern-day masterpieces. But on his March 2021 release *Road to the Sun*, he takes a step back. Here, he entrusts performances of two classical chamber works to guitarist friends and colleagues Jason Vieaux and the Los Angeles Guitar Quartet. The album's first work—the four-movement solo guitar suite *Four Paths of Light*—was written by Metheny for fellow American guitarist Vieaux, who Metheny has admired for years. "I'd heard of Jason before I was even aware that he knew of me," Metheny tells Apple Music. "He kind of burst onto the scene as a significant new voice, and I was immediately impressed not just by his brilliant playing, but how he could play complicated things in a simple way. To me, he has the right mix of skills, but with a soul thing going on too."

Four Paths of Light is a technical tour de force, but a work, too, of thrilling rhythmic drive and intense beauty. "I wanted to offer Jason something that would take advantage of his strengths, and also challenge him," reveals Metheny. "I think when you write music for somebody, or you bring somebody into your band who is very talented, you have an obligation not just to utilize what they can do, but to take them someplace they had maybe never been before."

Movement 2. "Playing in the adagio style that you hear in this movement is something that Jason is really good at, and it was a pleasure for me to know that he would have an immediate understanding of how to do it. At the same time, it's one of those pieces where you have a melody on top, and it has to sing above this accompanying, almost left-hand piano writing. It's hard to get that balance. I worked up a version of this movement in a band setting, with a quartet that I was playing with at the time, and it worked great. Which was a little bit of a surprise for me, as I wasn't really thinking of it like that."

Source: Pat Metheny's Apple Editor's Notes

What Day Is It Now? Going Out to Meet the Moon Whales

PETER SCOTT LEWIS

(B. 1953, San Rafael)

San Francisco-based composer Peter Scott Lewis graduated from the Yale School of Music and the San Francisco Conservatory of Music; his teachers included Andrew Imbrie, Jacob Druckman, and Morton Subotnik. Lewis has made his career not just as a composer, but as a guitarist (he also plays clarinet), conductor, and producer. His music, which has been performed in the United States, Europe, and Japan, has been recorded on a number of different labels. Lewis has served as composer-in-residence at Seattle's Intiman Theater and the Festival of New American Music.

Lewis composed his *Three Songs of Ish River* in 1976–78, when he was in his mid-twenties, and this recital offers the first two of those songs. The name “Ish River” was coined by the poet Robert Sund to refer to the part of the Washington coast where he lived for many years. Sund (1929–2001) was not only a poet but also a painter, musician, and calligrapher, and he is the author of the first of the *Three Songs from Ish River*. “What Day Is It Now?” gets an extremely active setting from Lewis, with the soprano's line virtually declaimed over a dynamic guitar accompaniment.

Paulé Barton was born in 1916 in Haiti, though he was expelled by the Duvalier administration and thereafter made his life on various islands in the Caribbean, where he raised goats and wrote magical folk tales. In sharp contrast to “What Day Is It Now?”, “Going Out to Meet the Moon Whales” gets a much gentler setting, as suits its text.

What Day Is It Now?

What day is it now?
Like a star on a moonlit river, my life
graced by an element simple as water,
I move with love and care
where old meanings grow full,
and others lose their hold
Slowly, I release myself.
From corridors of used and vacant buildings,
I release myself.
The jailor,
Shuffling his feet and jingling some keys,
walks farther and farther away,
then disappears.
As though we had made an agreement,
I turn and walk away.
I've wanted to do this all my life!

Text by Robert Sund

Going Out to Meet the Moon Whales

It was time:
high in the round fruit trees
we saw them passing under the moon.
The manta rays lining up
to slowly flap their wings.
Then we floated out
on the manta waves.
There was no time
we were happier.
Whales, look
I have not died too young:

I floated out
in a wooden boat
I was born in fifty years ago,
when the moon whales were swimming here.

Text by Paulé Barton

Azulão

JAIME OVALLE

(1894–1955)

Jaime Ovalle was a Brazilian poet and composer. Though trained as a guitarist, he was entirely self-taught as a composer. Ovalle composed some large-scale works for orchestra, but his reputation rests on his song “Azulão,” which sets a brief text by the Brazilian poet Manuel Bandeira (1886–1968). That title means “bluebird,” and in this wistful love song, that bird becomes the vehicle by which the poet sends a message to his estranged lover. Ovalle's setting is very brief (the song is only 16 measures long), but its quiet beauty has made it a great favorite of sopranos the world over, and it has been frequently recorded.

Azulão

Vai, azulão, azulão companheiro, vai!
vai ver minha ingrata.

Diz que sem ela o sertão não é mai sertão!
Ai!, azulão, vai contar, companheiro, vai!

Text by Manuel Bandeira

Bluebird

Go bluebird, my buddy, go!
Go and see my ungrateful love

Say that without her the sertão* is no longer the sertão!
Go and tell her, my companion, go!

*arid region in Northeastern Brazil

Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5

Aria: "Cantilena"

HEITOR VILLA-LOBOS

(1887–1959)

Throughout his prolific career, Heitor Villa-Lobos was pulled between two powerful musical forces. The first was the native music of Brazil. Villa-Lobos claimed that he had "learned music from a bird in the jungles of Brazil," and the sounds of folk-tunes, native instruments, and Brazilian street dances echo through his series of *Choros* and many other works. The other force was the great tradition of European classical music, which pulled Villa-Lobos as irresistibly as had the song of that jungle bird: among his 2,000 compositions are 12 symphonies, 17 string quartets, and numerous concertos and other formal works. At the heart of his love for "classical" music was his reverence for the works of J.S. Bach.

Villa-Lobos was able to fuse these passions in his series of *Bachianas Brasileiras*, nine quite different pieces written for various instrumental and vocal combinations between 1930 and 1945. Each piece shows the two influences on Villa-Lobos, combining Bach-like music (the opening movement titles come from the baroque: *Prelude*, *Toccata*, and so on) with movements based on Brazilian folk-songs and dances.

Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5, the most famous of the series, was written in two distinct sections: the opening movement dates from 1938, the second from 1945. This music is scored for an ensemble of eight cellos (the cello was Villa-Lobos' own instrument) and a solo soprano, who is responsible for a sharply-varied vocal line. The "Aria: Cantilena" opens with pizzicato cellos, and over this strumming sound the soprano enters with her high, flowing melody; one of those haunting themes that—once heard—can never be forgotten. Her text is at first wordless—it is a vocalise—and this melody is soon picked up and repeated by a solo cello. But now comes a complete surprise: the soprano next sings a song in Portuguese by Ruth Valadares Corrêa about the beauties (and, strangely, the tensions) of the twilight. The opening movement is rounded off by a return of the opening wordless melody, but now the soprano hums it rather than singing.

Aria: "Cantilena"

Tarde uma nuvem rósea lenta e transparente.
Sobre o espaço, sonhadora e bela!
Surge no infinito a lua docemente,
Enfeitando a tarde, qual meiga donzela
Que se apresta e a linda sonhadoramente,
Em anseios d'alma para ficar bela
Grita ao céu e a terra toda a Natureza!
Cala a passarada aos seus tristes queixumes
E reflete o mar toda a Sua riqueza...
Suave a luz da lua desperta agora
A cruel saudade que ri e chora!
Tarde uma nuvem rósea lenta e transparente
Sobre o espaço, sonhadora e bela!

Text by Ruth Valadares Corrêa

Aria

Afternoon, a rosy, slow and transparent cloud
in the air, dreamy and beautiful!
The Moon sweetly emerges into infinity,
Decorating the afternoon like a gentle maiden
Who dreamily prepares herself to be gorgeous
With an anxious soul to keep herself beautiful.
All of nature shouts to the Sky and to the Earth!
Flocks of birds hush to its complaints
And the Sea reflects its great splendor..
Softly in the light of the moon now awakes
Cruel longing that laughs and cries.
Afternoon, a rosy, slow and transparent cloud
in the air, dreamy and beautiful...

Translation: Laura Claycomb

INTERMISSION

A Felicidade

ANTÔNIO CARLOS JOBÍM (arr. Roland Dyens)
(1927–1994)

Antônio Carlos Jobím is widely considered as the most important innovator of the Brazilian bossa nova style. Several years before his collaboration with Stan Getz would propel him to international fame, Jobím wrote much of the score for the award-winning film *Opheo Negro* (Black Orpheus). This modern take on the classic tragedy of Orpheus and Eurydice is set in Brazil and opens with the song “A Felicidade” and the line that sets the tone for the plot: “Sadness has no end; happiness does.”

“A Felicidade” would go on to be one of Jobím’s many hits and has been arranged and recorded by many artists. The present arrangement by French guitarist Roland Dyens has become popular for its infectious groove and flashy flourishes, while retaining the catchy lyricality of the original song.

—Program note by Erik Mann

Four Songs

FRANZ SCHUBERT
(1797–1828)

Schubert composed “Gretchen am Spinnrade” (“Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel”) on October 19, 1814. As Gretchen spins, she thinks of Faust, who is coming to seduce her. She is restless, troubled, anxious, out of control, and she knows it—“Meine Ruh is hin,” the song begins: “My peace is gone.” The piano’s steady oscillation is the sound of the spinning wheel, and it is a reassuring sound—sort of. Because it is the piano that tells the tale here, capturing the emotion in a way that the words sometimes do not. Its shifts of key and changes of dynamic all underline the meaning in subtle ways, and at the climax of the song—when Gretchen thinks of Faust’s kiss—it stops completely: she’s overcome, and the wheel resumes its spinning falteringly as she collects herself. In its dramatic sense, insight into emotion, compression, and intensity, “Gretchen am Spinnrade” is a masterpiece. Schubert was all of 17 years old when he wrote it.

“Schlummerlied,” perhaps better known under the title “Schlaflied” was composed in January 1817, the month Schubert turned 20. As its name implies, the song is a lullaby: standing by a river, the boy is cured of all pain and drifts asleep by his mother’s side. The poised 12/8 meter of this strophic song suggests some of the soothing rocking motion we expect from a “sleep song.”

The prelude to “Nacht und Träume” (1822) sets the delicate, suspended mood of this song perfectly; the accompaniment looks ominously “black” on the page, but so restrained is the smoothly-rocking pattern of sixteenth notes that the vocal line seems to float above this glowing accompaniment. Matthäus von Collin’s magical evocation of night and the ineffable, unknowable world of dreams seems an almost pure statement of romantic sentiment. Half a century later, Gabriel Fauré would get at exactly this same sensation in a very different song, “Après un rêve.”

Schubert composed “Auf dem Wasser zu singen,” probably in 1823, on a text by the German poet Friedrich Leopold zu Stolberg. That poem creates the almost perfect romantic situation: the speaker sits in a rowboat, lightly rocked by the waves, as the setting sun turns everything softly red, and in the midst of this moment of glowing beauty, he is suddenly reminded of his mortality. This is one of Schubert’s greatest songs: the gently flowing sixteenths give us the rocking of the boat in the flickering sunlight, and across the song’s three stanzas the vocal line moves effortlessly between major and minor keys as the singer reflects on the evanescence of the beauty around him—and of himself.

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.
Wo ich ihn nicht hab'
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.
Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.
Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.
Nach ihm nur schau' ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh' ich
Aus dem Haus.
Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt.
Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluss.
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach, sein Kuss!
Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.
Mein Busen drängt sich
Nach ihm hin.
Ach dürft' ich fassen
Und halten ihn.
Und küssen ihn
So wie ich wollt'
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt'!

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Gretchen at the spinning-wheel

My peace is gone
My heart is heavy;
I shall never
Ever find peace again.
When he's not with me,
Life's like the grave;
The whole world
Is turned to gall.
My poor head
Is crazed,
My poor mind
Shattered.
My peace is gone
My heart is heavy;
I shall never
Ever find peace again.
It's only for him
I gaze from the window,
It's only for him
I leave the house.
His proud bearing
His noble form,
The smile on his lips,
The power of his eyes,
And the magic flow
Of his words,
The touch of his hand,
And ah, his kiss!
My peace is gone
My heart is heavy;
I shall never
Ever find peace again.
My bosom
Yearns for him.
Ah! if I could clasp
And hold him,
And kiss him
To my heart's content,
And in his kisses
Perish!

Translation © Richard Stokes

program continues on next page →

Schlaflied "Schlummerlied"

Es mahnt der Wald, es ruft der Strom:
„Du liebes Bübchen, zu uns komm!“
Der Knabe kommt, und staunend weilt,
Und ist von jedem Schmerz geheilt.
Aus Büschen flötet Wachtelschlag,
Mit ihren Farben spielt der Tag;

Auf Blümchen rot, auf Blümchen blau
Erglänzt des Himmels feuchter Tau.
Ins frische Gras legt er sich hin,
Lässt über sich die Wolken ziehn,
An seine Mutter angeschmiegt,
Hat ihn der Traumgott eingewiegt.

Text by Johann Mayrhofer

Sleep Song "Slumber Song"

The woods exhort, the river cries out:
'Sweet boy, come to us!'
The boy approaches, marvels and tarries,
and is healed of all pain.
The quail's song echoes from the bushes,
the day makes play with shimmering colours;

on flowers red and blue
the moist dew of heaven glistens.
He lies down in the cool grass
and lets the clouds drift above him;
nestling close to his mother
he is lulled to sleep by the god of dreams.

Translation © Richard Wigmore

Nacht und Träume

Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;
Nieder wallen auch die Träume,
Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,
Durch der Menschen stille Brust.
Die belauschen sie mit Lust;
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:
Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht!
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

Text by Matthäus von Collin

Night and Dreams

Holy night, you sink down;
dreams, too, float down,
like your moonlight through space,
through the silent hearts of men.
They listen with delight,
crying out when day awakes:
come back, holy night!
Fair dreams, return!

Translation: Richard Wigmore

Auf dem Wasser zu singen

Mitten im Schimmer der spiegelnden Wellen
Gleitet, wie Schwäne, der wankende Kahn;
Ach, auf der Freude sanft schimmernden Wellen
Gleitet die Seele dahin wie der Kahn;
Denn von dem Himmel herab auf die Wellen
Tanzet das Abendrot rund um den Kahn.
Über den Wipfeln des westlichen
Haines Winket uns freundlich der rötliche Schein;
Unter den Zweigen des östlichen Haines
Säuselt der Kalmus im rötlichen Schein;
Freude des Himmels und Ruhe des
Haines Atmet die Seel' im errötenden Schein.
Ach, es entschwindet mit tauigem Flügel
Mir auf den wiegenden Wellen die Zeit.
Morgen entschwinde mit schimmerndem Flügel
Wieder wie gestern und heute die Zeit,
Bis ich auf höherem strahlendem Flügel
Selber entschwinde der wechselnden Zeit.

Text by Friedrich Leopold Graf zu Stolberg-Stolberg

To be sung on the water

Amid the shimmer of the mirroring waves
the rocking boat glides, swan-like,
on gently shimmering waves of joy.
The soul, too, glides like a boat.
For from the sky the setting sun
dances upon the waves around the boat.
Above the tree-tops of the western grove
the red glow beckons kindly to us;
beneath the branches of the eastern grove
the reeds whisper in the red glow.
The soul breathes the joy of heaven,
the peace of the grove, in the reddening glow.
Alas, with dewy wings time vanishes from
me on the rocking waves.
Tomorrow let time again vanish with
shimmering wings, as it did yesterday and today,
until, on higher, more radiant wings,
I myself vanish from the flux of time.

Translation: © Richard Wigmore

Children will listen Losing my mind

STEPHEN SONDHEIM

(1930–2021)

Stephen Sondheim hardly needs introduction, and the two songs on this recital come from two of his most famous musicals. “Children will listen” comes from the very end of *Into the Woods*, initially produced in San Diego in 1986 and then on Broadway the following year. At the end of this musical conflation of several famous fairy tales involving children, the cast joins together to sing this warning to be alert to what one says or does around children, for “children will listen,” and the impact may last forever.

“Losing my mind” comes from Sondheim’s *Follies*, which premiered on Broadway in 1971. *Follies* tells of the reunion of former chorus girls at a theater where they had performed many years earlier. That theater is slated to be demolished, and now these women confront the present and their past. *Losing my mind* is sung by one of them, Sally Durant Plummer, who has re-fallen in love with Ben, her lover from long ago. Now she is obsessed with memories of that love.

Children will listen

Careful the things you say
Children will listen
Careful the things you do
Children will see and learn
Children may not obey, but children will listen
Children will look to you for which way to turn
To learn what to be
Careful before you say “Listen to me”
Children will listen

Careful the wish you make
Wishes are children
Careful the path they take
Wishes come true, not free
Careful the spell you cast
Not just on children
Sometimes the spell may last
Past what you can see
And turn against you
Careful the tale you tell
That is the spell
Children will listen

Losing My Mind

The sun comes up, I think about you.
The coffee cup, I think about you.
I want you so, it’s like I’m losing my mind.

The morning ends, I think about you.
I talk to friends, and think about you,
And do they know, it’s like I’m losing my mind.

All afternoon, doing every little chore
The thought of you stays bright.
Sometimes I stand in the middle of the floor
Not going left, not going right.

I dim the lights, and think about you.
Spend sleepless nights, and think about you.
You said you loved me, or were you just being kind?
Or am I losing my mind?

I want you so, it’s like I’m losing my mind.
Does no one know, it’s like I’m losing my mind.

All afternoon, doing every little chore
The thought of you stays bright.
Sometimes I stand in the middle of the floor,
Not going left, not going right.

I dim the lights, and think about you.
Spend sleepless nights to dream about you.
You said you loved me, or were you just being kind?
Or am I losing my mind? It’s like I’m losing my mind.

program continues on next page →

I will

PAUL McCARTNEY

(B. 1942)

Julia

JOHN LENNON

(1940–1980)

John Lennon and Paul McCartney do not need introduction, either. Both these songs come from the Beatles' *White Album*, released in November 1968 (that album is actually titled *The Beatles*, but its completely white gatefold packaging has earned it the inescapable nickname *The White Album*). This was a period of increasing tension among the members of the band, and they broke up the following year. Although these two songs are usually attributed to Lennon-McCartney, each song is the work of one individual.

"I will" was written by Paul McCartney, who actually sang and played all the instruments in separate sessions, and those tracks were then overlaid for the final recording. This is a gentle, almost understated love song that rides along its lovely main theme. Of this tune, McCartney is reported to have said much later: "It's still one of my favourite melodies that I've written. You just occasionally get lucky with a melody and it becomes rather complete and I think this is one of them; quite a complete tune."

John Lennon wrote and sang *Julia*, which is a tribute to his mother Julia Lennon, who was killed in an auto accident when John was only 17. Their relation was at times difficult, and—ten years after her death—Lennon reached back across that decade to remember her, gently and fondly.

—Vocal program notes by Eric Bromberger

I will

Who knows how long I've loved you
You know I love you still
Will I wait a lonely lifetime
If you want me to, I will

For if I ever saw you
I didn't catch your name
But it never really mattered
I will always feel the same

Love you forever and forever
Love you with all my heart
Love you whenever we're together
Love you when we're apart

And when at last I find you
Your song will fill the air
Sing it loud so I can hear you
Make it easy to be near you
For the things you do endear you to me
Ah you know I will
I will

Julia

Half of what I say is meaningless
But I say it just to reach you, Julia
Julia, Julia
Ocean child calls me
So I sing the song of love
Julia
Julia, seashell eyes
Windy smile calls me
So I sing the song of love Julia
Her hair of floating sky is shimmering
Glimmering in the sun
Julia, Julia
Morning moon touch me
So I sing the song of love
Julia
When I cannot sing my heart
I can only speak my mind
Julia
Julia, sleeping sand, silent cloud
Touch me
So I sing a song of love
Julia
Hmm, hmm, hmm
Calls me
So I sing the song of love for
Julia, Julia, Julia



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November 2

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Conor Hanick | Piano
November 8

Leila Josefowicz | Violin
John Novacek | Piano
February 24

Pekka Kuusisto | Violin
Gabriel Kahane | Piano
May 3

Saturday Mornings

Alexander String Quartet
Robert Greenberg
October 28, November 11,
January 27, March 2 & 23, and
April 27

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Gabriel Kahane | Piano
Roomful of Teeth
January 25

Gabriel Kahane | Piano
Roomful of Teeth and
Attacca Quartet
January 26

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Kevin Miller | Piano
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Ilker Arcayürek | Tenor
Simon Lepper | Piano
March 21

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Stephanie Jones
October 7

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April 16

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February 15

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Stephen Waarts | Violin
Juho Pohjonen | Piano
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