

**Alex Richardson** tenor  
**Brandon Eldredge** piano

**David Felberg, Megan Holland** violins  
**James Holland** cello  
**Sam Brown** bass

October 14, 2018

#530

# chatter SUNDAY

music  
worth  
talking  
about

## String Sonata in D “Il Tempesta” (1804)

Gioachino Rossini (1792–1868)

## Margaret Randall Spoken Word

Margaret Randall is a feminist poet, writer, photographer and social activist. Born in New York City in 1936, she has lived for extended periods in Albuquerque, New York, Seville, Mexico City, Havana, and Managua. Shorter stays in Peru and North Vietnam were also formative. In the turbulent 1960s she co-founded and co-edited *EL CORNO EMPLUMADO / THE PLUMED HORN*, a bilingual literary journal which for eight years published some of the most dynamic and meaningful writing of an era. From 1984 through 1994 she taught at a number of U.S. universities.

Margaret was privileged to live among New York's abstract expressionists in the 1950s and early '60s, share the rebellion of the Beats, participate in the Mexican student movement of 1968, live in Cuba during the second decade of that country's revolution (1969–1980), reside in Nicaragua during the first four years of the Sandinista project (1980–1984), and visit North Vietnam during the heroic last months of the U.S. American war in that country (1974). Her four children—Gregory, Sarah, Ximena and Ana—have given her ten grandchildren: Lia, Martin, Daniel, Richi, Sebastian, Juan, Luis Rodrigo, Mariana, Eli, and Tolo. And her first great grandchildren, Guille and Emma. She has lived with her life companion, the painter and teacher Barbara Byers, for thirty-one years, and they were finally able to marry in 2013.

## Celebration of Silence :: Two Minutes

## L'invitation au voyage (1870)

Henri Duparc (1848–1933)

## Verzagen op.72, no.4 (1876–77)

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

## La Gita in Gondola from Soirées musicales, no.7 (1830–35)

Gioachino Rossini (1792–1868)

## Seascape from On This Island, op.11, no.3 (1937)

Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)

## Joy, Shipmate, Joy! from Songs of Faith, op.97, no.6 (1906)

Charles Villiers Stanford (1852–1924)

*In celebration of the great  
Italian game of bocce.*

## Nancy and Warren Brakensiek

*Ball Blaster Babes Bocce*

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[barblevito@gmail.com](mailto:barblevito@gmail.com)

## CHATTER SUNDAY

50 weeks every year at 10:30am  
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## chatter SUNDAY

Sun, Oct 21 at 10:30am at Las Puertas

Works by **Wollschleger, Beglarian,**  
**Richards, Greenhoe** and **Hege**  
Performed by **Loadbang** with the  
**Chatter String Orchestra**

**V.B. Price** Spoken Word

## chatter CABARET

Sun, Nov 25 at 5:00pm at the Albuquerque Museum

Works by **Bach, Glass** and **Korngold**  
Performed by **Shields, Ukens, Hamm,** and **Gordon**

More info at [ChatterABQ.org](http://ChatterABQ.org)

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## **Invitation to voyage**

(text: Charles Baudelaire)

My child, my sister,  
think of the sweetness  
of going there to live together!  
To love at leisure,  
to love and to die  
in a country that is the image of you!

The misty suns  
of those changeable skies  
have for me the same  
mysterious charms  
as your fickle eyes  
shining through their tears.

There, all is harmony and beauty,  
luxury, calm and delight.

See how on the canals  
these vessels are sleeping,  
while their desire is for adventure;  
It is to gratify your every desire  
that they've come from the ends of the earth.

The setting suns  
clothe the fields,  
the canals, and the whole town  
with hyacinth and gold.  
The world falls asleep  
bathed in warmth and light.

There, all is harmony and beauty,  
luxury, calm and delight.

## **Verzagen**

(text: Karl von Lemcke)

I sit by the shore of the rushing sea  
And there I search for peace;  
I look at the drifting waves,  
With a dull resignation.

The waves are rushing to the shore,  
They foam and vanish again;  
The clouds, the winds above,  
They come and blow away.

Be still, impetuous heart,  
And be resigned in peace,  
Let the waves and winds console you;  
Why do you weep?

## **La Gita in Gondola**

(text: Carlo Pepoli)

Fly, quick little boat  
row, row, o boatman

now that my sweet Elvira  
is in my arms, defy the sea!

The lagoon shimmers in calm  
Not a sail is in view  
The pale moon crosses the sky  
Everything invites our sighs.

row, row, o boatman...

If love invites you to a kiss  
Don't be afraid my precious one,  
You will realize that life exists  
Only in the kiss of love.

But already a soft breeze  
Sweetly ripples the sea  
Come, Elvira, to my heart  
Come and discover how it beats!

Row, row o boatman...

## **Seascape**

(text: W.H. Auden)

Look, stranger, at this island now  
The leaping light for your delight discovers,  
Stand stable here  
And silent be,  
That through the channels of the ear  
May wander like a river  
The swaying sound of the sea.

Here at the small field's ending pause  
Where the chalk wall falls to the foam, and its tall ledges  
Oppose the pluck  
And knock of the tide,  
And the shingle scrambles after the sucking surf, and the gull lodges  
A moment on its sheer side.

Far off like floating seeds the ships  
Diverge on urgent voluntary errands;  
And the full view  
Indeed may enter  
And move in memory as now these clouds do,  
That pass the harbor mirror  
And all the summer through the water saunter.

## **Joy, Shipmate, Joy!**

(text: Walt Whitman)

Joy, shipmate, joy!  
(Pleas'd to my soul at death I cry,)  
Our life is closed, our life begins,  
The long, long anchorage we leave,  
The ship is clear at last, she leaps!  
She swiftly courses from the shore,  
Joy, shipmate, joy.