

**James T Shields** bass clarinet  
**Meagan Brus** soprano  
**Conor Hanick** piano

August 11 2013

#269

**Dowser** for bass clarinet and electronics (2007)  
**Nathan Davis** (b1973)

## Hakim Bellamy poet

As the inaugural Poet Laureate of Albuquerque, NM (2012-2014), Hakim Bellamy is a national and regional Poetry Slam Champion, and holds three consecutive collegiate poetry slam titles at the University of New Mexico. His poetry has been published in Albuquerque inner-city buses and numerous anthologies. Bellamy was recognized as an honorable mention for the University of New Mexico Paul Bartlett Ré Peace Prize for his work as a community organizer and journalist in 2007, and was awarded the Emerging Creative Bravos Award by Creative Albuquerque this year. Recently, Bellamy was named *Local iQ's* "Best Poet" for the fourth consecutive year on their annual Smart List, and he has been named "Best Poet" in the *Weekly Alibi's* annual Best of Burque poll every year since 2010. He is the co-creator of the multimedia Hip Hop theater production *Urban Verbs: Hip-Hop Conservatory & Theater* that has been staged throughout the country. He facilitates youth writing workshops for schools and community organizations in New Mexico and beyond. Having recently released his first book, *Swear*, Hakim is currently finishing his MA in Communications and Journalism Department at the University of New Mexico. He is the proud father of a 5 year-old miracle and is the founding president of Beyond Poetry LLC.

## Celebration of Silence :: Two Minutes

**Dichterliebe** :: The Poet's Love Opus 48 (1840)  
**Robert Schumann** (1810-1856)

*Dichterliebe* is the best-known song cycle of Robert Schumann. The texts for the 16 songs come from the *Lyrisches Intermezzo* of Heinrich Heine, composed 1822-1823.

Please see translations on the back of this program.

**About Meagan Brus:** Known for her consistently dynamic performances, Ms. Brus' rising career has included many operatic roles and concerts, both in the United States and abroad. She started her 2012 season by creating the role of Ophelia in the World Premiere performance of Carson Kievan's opera *Hamlet*, with the original Shakespearean text. Her interpretation of this work caused Lawrence Budman of the South Florida Classical Review to write, "Meagan Brus nearly stole the show as Ophelia with her flawless coloratura and compelling portrait of emotional disintegration." Immediately following her performance of Ophelia, Ms. Brus recorded and performed the premiere of Jeremy Beck's song cycle *Songs of Love and Remembrance*, which was specifically written for her. Continuing her year of 20th-century music, Ms. Brus performed Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire* celebrating the centennial of its premiere with both MusicIC in Iowa City, Iowa, and again with Chatter in Santa Fe and Albuquerque.

CHATTER **SUNDAY CABARET**  
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**20-21** CHATTER **SUNDAY**  
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**MUSIC WORTH TALKING ABOUT**

*Today's performance is sponsored by Janet & Bob Ford in celebration of Janet's birthday anniversary. Janet's musical experience began in Mason City, Iowa (Meredith Willson's River City) and continues today with all of the Chatters. She still plays clarinet for her own enjoyment.*

## Slow Down, Albuquerque . . .

*Finding Solace in Stillness in the Age of Twitter*

**Thur, Aug 15 @ 6pm** at The Albuquerque Museum  
Morton Feldman and John Tavener (Free)

**Fri, Aug 16 @ 7pm** at The Kosmos (refreshments)  
Morton Feldman (\$20/Two for \$9)

**Sun, Aug 18 @ 10:30am** at The Kosmos  
Franz Schubert (\$15/\$9)

## CHATTER CABARET

Sunday, August 25 @ 5pm

**James D'León** guest pianist

Compositions by

**Felix Mendelssohn | John Corigliano**

**Federico Mompou | Isaac Albeniz | Franz Liszt**

Tickets now on sale at [ChatterChamber.org/cabaret](http://ChatterChamber.org/cabaret)

Chatter is grateful for the support of the



# Dichterliebe :: The Poet's Love

Music by Robert Schumann. The texts for the 16 songs come from the *Lyrisches Intermezzo* of Heinrich Heine, composed 1822–1823.

## 1 **Im wunderschönen Monat Mai**

In beautiful May, when the buds sprang, love sprang up in my heart. In beautiful May, when the birds all sang, I told you my suffering and longing.

## 2 **Aus meinen Tränen sprießen**

Many flowers spring up from my tears, and a nightingale choir from my sighs. If you love me, I'll pick all the flowers for you, and the nightingale will sing at your window.

## 3 **Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne**

Joyfully I used to love the rose, lily, dove and sun. Now I love only the little, the fine, the pure, the One: you yourself are the source of them all.

## 4 **Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'**

When I look in your eyes all my pain and woe fades; and when I kiss your mouth I become whole. When I recline on your breast I am filled with heavenly joy; and when you say, 'I love you', I weep bitterly.

## 5 **Ich will meine Seele tauchen**

want to bathe my soul in the chalice of the lily; and the lily, ringing, will breathe a song of my beloved. The song will tremble and quiver, like the kiss of her mouth which in a wondrous moment she gave me.

## 6 **Im Rhein, im heiligen Strom**

In the Rhine, in the sacred stream, great holy Cologne with its great cathedral is reflected. In it there is a face painted on golden leather, which has shone into the confusion of my life. Flowers and cherubs float about Our Lady; the eyes, lips and cheeks are just like those of my beloved.

## 7 **Ich grolle nicht**

I do not chide you, though my heart breaks; love forever lost to me! Though you shine in a field of diamonds, no ray falls into your heart's darkness. I have long known it. I saw the night in your heart, I saw the serpent that devours it. I saw, my love, how empty you are.

## 8 **Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen**

If the little flowers only knew how deeply my heart is wounded, they would weep with me to heal my suffering, and the nightingales would sing to cheer me, and even the starlets would drop from the sky to speak consolation to me; but they can't know, for only One knows, and it is she that has torn my heart asunder.

## 9 **Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen**

There is a playing of flutes and violins and trumpets, for they are dancing the wedding dance of my best beloved. There is a thunder and booming of kettledrums and shawms. In between, you can hear the good cupids sobbing and moaning.

## 10 **Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen**

When I hear that song which my love once sang, my breast bursts with agony. Dark longing drives me to the forest hills, where my overwhelming woe pours out in tears.

## 11 **Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen**

A youth loved a maiden who chose another; the other loved another girl and married her. The maiden married, from spite, the first and best man that she met with; the youth was sickened at it. It's an old story, yet always new: And to he whom it has just happened, it will break his heart in two.

## 12 **Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen**

On a sunny summer morning I went out into the garden; the flowers were talking and whispering, but I was silent. They looked at me with pity, and said, 'Don't be cruel to our sister, you sad, palid man.'

## 13 **Ich hab' im Traum geweinet**

I wept in my dream, for I dreamt you were in your grave; I awoke and tears ran down my cheeks. I wept in my dream, thinking you had abandoned me; I awoke, and cried long and bitterly. I wept in my dream, dreaming you were still good to me; I awoke, and my floods of tears poured forth.

## 14 **Allnächtlich im Traume**

I see you every night in dreams with your friendly greeting, and crying out loudly I throw myself at your sweet feet. You look at me sorrowfully and shake your fair head; from your eyes trickle pearly tear-drops. You say a gentle word to me and give me a sprig of cypress; I awaken, and there is no sprig, and I have forgotten what the word was.

## 15 **Aus alten Märchen winkt es**

The old fairy tales tell of a magic land where great flowers shine in the golden evening light, where trees speak and sing like a choir, and springs make music to dance to, and songs of love are sung such as you have never heard till wondrous sweet longing infatuates you! Oh, could I only go there, and free my heart, and let go of all pain, and be blessed! Ah! I often see that land of joys in dreams; then comes the morning sun, and it vanishes like smoke.

## 16 **Die alten, bösen Lieder**

The old bad songs, and the angry, bitter dreams, let us now bury them; bring a large coffin. In it I shall lay many things, I shall not yet say what. The coffin must be bigger than the cask at Heidelberg. And bring a bier of stout, thick planks, they must be longer than the bridge at Mainz. And also bring me twelve giants, who must be mightier than the Saint Christopher in the cathedral at Cologne. They must carry the coffin and throw it in the sea, because a coffin that large needs a large grave in which to put it. Do you know why the coffin must be so big and heavy? I will put my love and my pain into it.