

John Tiranno tenor
Jesse Tatum flute
Judith Gordon piano

September 19, 2021

#641

chatter music worth talking about SUNDAY

Warble (2008)

Lee Hyla (1952–2014)

Megan Baldrige Spoken Word

Megan Baldrige has written 12 books of poetry published by Poetry Playhouse Publications in Placitas. She likes to complain in poetry (who doesn't?) about unprecedented presidents and about her dog's behavior with raccoons. She has just published a book of poetry about gardening in New Mexico and promises to read a poem about the Miller moths, skinks and toad who sequestered alongside her during the pandemic. Three of her books have received awards from the NM/AZ Book Awards.

Celebration of Silence :: Two Minutes

Dichterliebe op.48 (1840)

Robert Schumann (1810–1856)

- I Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
- II Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
- III Die Rose, die Lilie
- IV Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
- V Ich will meine Seele tauchen
- VI Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
- VII Ich grolle nicht
- VIII Und wüssten's die Blumen
- IX Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen
- X Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen
- XI Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
- XII Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
- XIII Ich hab' im Traum geweinet
- XIV Allnächtlich im Traume
- XV Aus alten Märchen winkt es
- XVI Die alten, bösen Lieder

Celebrating the life of Kirsten Anderson, who loved so many things (learning, books, music, friends, Chatter, and family)!

Chatter Day Sponsorships! An opportunity to celebrate, honor, commemorate!

Contact Barb Leviton
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CHATTER SUNDAY

50 weeks every year at 10:30am
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chatter SUNDAY

Sun, Sept 26 at 10:30am at Las Puertas

Works by **Verdi, Shostakovich** and **Mahler**

Performed by **Tiranno, Young, Holland** and **Stojanovska**

Damien Flores Spoken Word

chatter (in)SITE

Sat, Oct 9 at 10:30am at SITE Santa Fe

Works by **Milhaud** and **Jalbert**

Performed by **Lau, Tatum, Brooks, Rogers, Cornelius, Gullickson, Marquardt, M.Holland, Fredenburgh, J.Holland, Brown** and **Felberg**

Don Zancanella Author

Chatter is grateful for the support of New Mexico Arts, a Division of the Department of Cultural Affairs

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I In the wondrous month of May

In the wondrous month of May,
When all the buds burst into bloom,
Then it was that in my heart
Love began to burgeon.
In the wondrous month of May,
When all the birds were singing,
Then it was I confessed to her
My longing and desire.

II From my tears there will spring

From my tears there will spring
Many blossoming flowers,
And my sighs shall become
A chorus of nightingales.
And if you love me, child,
I'll give you all the flowers,
And at your window shall sound
The nightingale's song.

III Rose, Lily, Dove, Sun

Rose, lily, dove, sun,
I loved them all once in the bliss of love.
I love them no more, I only love
She who is small, fine, pure, rare;
She, most blissful of all loves,
Is rose and lily and dove and sun.

IV When I look into your eyes

When I look into your eyes,
All my pain and sorrow vanish;
But when I kiss your lips,
Then I am wholly healed.
When I lay my head against your breast,
Heavenly bliss steals over me;
But when you say: I love you!
I must weep bitter tears.

V Let me bathe my soul

Let me bathe my soul
In the lily's chalice;
The lily shall resound
With a song of my beloved.
The songs shall tremble and quiver
Like the kiss that her lips
Once gave me
In a wondrously sweet hour.

VI In the Rhine, in the holy river

In the Rhine, in the holy river,
Mirrored in its waves,
With its great cathedral,
Stands great and holy Cologne.
In the cathedral hangs a picture,
Painted on gilded leather;
Into my life's wilderness
It has cast its friendly rays.

Flowers and cherubs hover
Around Our beloved Lady;
Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks
Are the image of my love's.

VII I bear no grudge

I bear no grudge, though my heart is breaking,
O love forever lost! I bear no grudge.
However you gleam in diamond splendour,
No ray falls in the night of your heart.
I've known that long.
For I saw you in my dreams,
And saw the night within your heart,
And saw the serpent gnawing at your heart;
I saw, my love, how pitiful you are.
I bear no grudge.

VIII If the little flowers knew

If the little flowers knew
How deeply my heart is hurt,
They would weep with me
To heal my pain.
If the nightingales knew
How sad I am and sick,
They would joyfully make the air
Ring with refreshing song.
And if they knew of my grief,
Those little golden stars,
They would come down from the sky
And console me with their words.
But none of them can know;
My pain is known to one alone;
For she it was who broke,
Broke my heart in two.

IX What a fluting, what a scraping

What a fluting, what a scraping,
With trumpets blaring in;
That must be my dearest love
Dancing at her wedding feast.
What a clashing, what a clanging,
What a drumming, what a piping;
And the lovely little angels
Sobbing and groaning in between.

X When I hear the little song

When I hear the little song
That my love once sang,
My heart almost bursts
With the wild rush of pain.
A dark longing drives me
Out to the wooded heights,
Where my overwhelming grief
Dissolves in tears.

XI A boy loves a girl

A boy loves a girl

Who chooses another;
He in turn loves another
And marries her.
The girl, out of pique,
Takes the very first man
To come her way;
The boy is badly hurt.
It is an old story,
Yet remains ever new;
And he to whom it happens,
It breaks his heart in two.

XII One bright summer morning

One bright summer morning
I walk around the garden.
The flowers whisper and talk,
But I walk silently.
The flowers whisper and talk,
And look at me in pity:
'Be not angry with our sister,
You sad, pale man.'

XIII I wept in my dream

I wept in my dream;
I dreamt you lay in your grave.
I woke, and tears
Still flowed down my cheeks.
I wept in my dream;
I dreamt that you were leaving me.
I woke, and wept on
Long and bitterly.
I wept in my dream;
I dreamt you loved me still.
I woke, and still
My tears stream.

XIV Nightly in my dreams

Nightly in my dreams I see you,
And see your friendly greeting,
And weeping loud, I hurl myself
Down at your sweet feet.
Wistfully you look at me,
Shaking your fair little head;
Stealing from your eyes
Flow little tears of pearl.
You whisper me a soft word
And hand me a wreath of cypress.
I wake, the wreath is gone,
And I cannot remember the word.

XV From Fairy Tales of Old

A white hand beckons
From fairy tales of old,
Where there are sounds and songs
Of a magic land;
Where brightly coloured flowers

Bloom in the golden twilight,
And glow sweet and fragrant
With a bride-like face;
And green trees
Sing primeval melodies,
Mysterious breezes murmur,
And birds too join in warbling;
And misty shapes rise up
From the very ground,
And dance airy dances
In a strange throng;
And blue sparks blaze
On every leaf and twig,
And red fires race
Madly round and round;
And loud springs gush
From wild marble cliffs.
And strangely in the streams
Reflections shine on and on.
Ah, could I but reach that land,
And there make glad my heart,
And be relieved of all pain,
And be blissful and free!
Ah, that land of delight,
I see it often in my dreams,
But with the morning sun
It melts away like mere foam.

XVI The bad old songs

The bad old songs,
The bad and bitter dreams,
Let us now bury them.
Fetch me a large coffin.
I have much to put in it,
Though what, I won't yet say;
The coffin must be even larger
Than the vat at Heidelberg.
And fetch a bier
Made of firm thick timber:
And it must be even longer
Than the bridge at Mainz.
And fetch for me twelve giants;
They must be even stronger
Than Saint Christopher the Strong
In Cologne Cathedral on the Rhine.
They shall bear the coffin away,
And sink it deep into the sea;
For such a large coffin
Deserves a large grave.
Do you know why the coffin
Must be so large and heavy?
I'd like to bury there my love
And my sorrow too.