



Matthew Worth, *baritone*

Faculty Artist Series

Friday, October 22, 2021, 7:30 PM

Barbro Osher Recital Hall

with

Kevin Korth, *piano*

A Question of Light

- I. The Light of Coincidences (Magritte)
- II. Eccentric Flint (Maya c. AD 600–900)
- III. Yellow Flowers in a Vase (Caillebotte)
- IV. Place de la Concorde (Mondrian)
- V. El Hombre (Tamayo)
- VI. Watch (Murphy)

Jake Heggie
(b. 1961)

Six Haiku

- I. Sparrow
- II. Butterfly
- III. Cicadas
- IV. Moon
- V. Frog
- VI. Peonies

Vivian Fung
(b. 1975)

Amauta

Jimmy Lopez Bellido
(b. 1978)

-Intermission-

*Cameras, recording equipment, food and drink are not permitted in Conservatory performance halls.
Please turn off all cell phones and other electronic equipment before the performance begins.
A mask must be worn at all times.*

Selections from *Songs of Cifar and the Sweet Sea* Gabriela Lena Frank
XVIII. Primer parte: El rebelde (b. 1972)
XVIII. Segund parte: Tomasito, el cuque

Everyone Sang David Conte
I. Homecoming (b. 1955)
II. Entrance
III. Quilt
IV. Everyone Sang

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Texts and Translations

Jake Heggie

Poetry by Gene Scheer

A Question of Light

Based on artworks in the permanent collection of the Dallas Museum of Art

The Light of Coincidences (Magritte)

Who are you?
Will you come out of the shadows?
Not to kiss, but to be kissed.
Not to choose, but to be chosen.
To be born in a baptism of light.

It is midnight.
Clouds shroud the moon and stars
drenched in black velvet.

A candle, placed on a table,
with indiscriminate ecstasy,
touches everything it can find
with a question of light:

Who are you?

Eccentric Flint

(Eccentric Flint depicting a crocodile canoe with passengers,
Maya, c. A.D. 600–900)

Carve away—what does not bring me closer to the sky.
All that slows—the current racing towards what cannot die.

The fertile dust of starlight
never quite dissolved
The bloom of endless echo
a chord yet unresolved.

Texts and Translations

Over and under, over and under,
We are more than the things we pray.
Over and under, over and under,
through the waves of the Milky Way.

A grammatical constellation
A syntactical splash of sparks
As the stars undulate the heavens
Twisting into question marks

And you wonder where you're going.
Where did it all begin?
Does the voyage to each destination
Take me back to a place I've already been?

Over and under, over and under,
We are more than the things we pray.
Over and under, over and under,
through the waves of the Milky Way.

Yellow Flowers in a Vase (Caillebotte)

Five days after his father died
While the flowers that filled the house
We're being thrown away
He sat alone and stared
At the one remaining bouquet

Once yellow blooms, with melancholic grace
We're draining, bleeding towards the color
Of bone, clay and cloud
And suddenly, he spoke his secret out loud

“In the war, thirty years ago, I was so scared
When I raised my arms to surrender.
There were two hundred of us.
I was one of only fourteen who survived.”

Texts and Translations

He spoke of his friends, and before he walked away, said:

“I remember all of them...all of them.”

On the cold, marble table, several more petals

Had fallen from the stem.

Place de la Concorde (Mondrian)

It's a map, a grid, where nothing's been plotted,

A vigorous pulse where everything's knotted!

A woven dynamic, a mysterious chord,

An echo, a whisper at the Place de la Concorde.

Come away, Oh Beauty,

Come away, come away.

Somethin's 'bout to happen

On the Champs-Elysees!

No story, no glory, no fable to share.

Pull every thread till there's nothing to wear!

In a pocket, in a corner, in the wink of an eye,

Something is hidden you cannot deny.

In between all the lines, where the rainbow is stored,

A memory, a heartbeat at the Place de la Concorde.

Come away, Oh Beauty,

Come away, come away.

Somethin's 'bout to happen

On the Champs-Elysees!

El Hombre (Tamayo)

¿Y que voy a besar?

¿Y que voy a tocar?

¿Y cuando cruzara mi espiritu?

Texts and Translations

There are no borders in the sky.
No one owns the stars above.
No walls divide us from each other
Or tell us what deserves our love.

Will you reach beyond the weight of history?
Beyond the prison of low esteem,
Where the journey starts in clay and shadows
But ends wherever you choose to dream?

¿Y que voy a besar?
¿Y que voy a tocar?
¿Y cuando cruzara mi espiritu?

Watch (Murphy)

One more story?
One more song?
I don't think so.
Do you know what time it is?

Look at my watch.
What do you see?
The big hand is—here
And the little hand is—there
And that means it's—somebody's bedtime.

What?
Oh. You're right! It stopped.
No. It's still your bedtime.
Time never really stops.

Between the hours run the minutes
Look! The second hand is chasing them away.
Between the seconds is infinity:
Everything you didn't get to do today.

Texts and Translations

Time doesn't stop
If I don't wind my watch.
Nobody knows where it comes from
Or why it floats away.

There go the hours and the minutes
They scatter not matter what we do
But, according to my watch, when you wake up
You'll have all the time in the world
Waiting for you.

Vivian Fung

Six Haiku for Voice and Piano

English translations by Vivian Fung with Akeme Reeves

*Ware to kite
asobe ya oya no
nai suzume*

Come with me and play,
Motherless, Fatherless
Sparrow

- Issa (1763–1827)

*Oki yo oki yo
waga tomo ni sen
neru kochō*

Wake up, wake up,
Sleepy butterfly
Come, let us be friends!

- Bashō (1644–1694)

*Shizukasa ya
iwa ni shimiiru
semi no koe*

The stillness-
Voices of the cicadas
Penetrate the rocks.

- Bashō

Texts and Translations

*Mizu no tsuki
mondori utte
nagarekeri*

Moon in the water
Turned a pirouette
And floated away.

- Ryōta (1707–1787)

*Sono koe de
hitotsu odore yo
naku kawazu*

With that voice,
Come, give me a little dance,
Croaking frog!

- Issa

*Botan saite
atari in hana no
naki gotoshi*

When the peonies bloomed,
All the other flowers
Seemed to vanish

- Kiitsū (1856–1933)

Jimmy Lopez Bellido

Amauta

*Setenta y siete años
Tenías, gran Amauta
La tarde en que mis pasos
Siguieron por tu senda.*

Seventy seven years old
You were, great Amauta
The afternoon my steps
Followed on your footsteps.

*La joven arrogancia
Cerró, erguida,
Las puertas a tu juicio,
Mi mente at us palabras.*

Youthful arrogance
Closed, proudly
The doors to your judgement,
My mind to your words.

*El tiempo, sin embargo,
Maestro inquebrantable,
Posó-ahora humilde-
Mi mano entre tus manos.*

Time, however,
Inexorable teacher,
Placed—now humbled—
My hand between your hands

Texts and Translations

*Abrióse entonces
Ante mi vista
De luz y de destellos,
Un mundo otrora oculto;
El reino del sonido.*

Then opened
before my eyes,
Of light and flashes,
A once hidden world;
The kingdom of sound.

*Fluyó ininterrumpida
Desde lo más profundo
La fuente incorruptible
La onda, el pulso, el timbre
La reverberación más pura.*

Flowed, continuous,
From the greatest depths,
The incorruptible source
The wave, the pulse, the timbre
The most pure reverberation.

*Enrique, sabio, dínos:
¿Qué ven tus ojos, vats?
¿Qué enciende tu intelecto?*

Enrique, wise one, tell us:
What do your eyes see, seer?
What ignites your intellect?

*¿Será la torre armónica?
¿O el rítmico camino?
¿El gran telar melódico?
¿El don contrapuntístico?*

Is the harmonic tower?
Or the rhythmical path?
The great melodic loom?
The gift of counterpoint?

*Tus labios we rehúsan
A develar misterios.
Tus manos reticentes
A capturar silencios.
Tu mente, sin embargo,
Inspira aún legiones
Que heredan tu legado;
Que te honran, gran pionero.*

Your lips refuse
To reveal mysteries.
Your hands reluctant
To capture rests.
Your mind, however,
Still inspired legions
That inherit your legacy;
That honor you, great pioneer.

*Iluminaste un siglo,
Mil vidas transformaste.
Tesoro incalculable,
De una nación orgullo.*

You illuminated a century,
Transformed a thousand lives.
Inestimable treasure,
Pride of a nation.

Texts and Translations

*Mas cuando yo te observo
No veo sino al hombre que
Alimentó mis ansias
De de linear arpeggios,
De subyugar galante
Los seductores ecos,
Los nientes susurrantes;
Y que avivó en mi seno
El fuego creativo;
Que cultivó en mi alma
Y cosechó radiante
La vibración eterna.*

But when I look at you
I only see the man who
Fed my desire
To draft arpeggios,
The subjugate, gallantly,
The seductive echoes,
The whispering nientes;
And who stirred in my bosom
The creative fire;
Who cultivated in my soul
And reaped, radiant,
The eternal vibration.

*Enrique, di, profeta:
¿Qué escuchan tus oídos?
¿Qué escuchan, Enrique?*

Enrique, tell us, prophet:
What do your ears listen to?
What do they listen to, Enrique?

Gabriela Lena Frank

Songs of Cifar and the Sweet Sea

XVIII. Primer parte: El Rebelde

*Todavía al aurora
no despierta el corazón
de los pájaros y ya Cifar
tira la red en el agua oscura.
Sabe que es la hora
de la sirena y no teme
el silencio.
Cifar espera la señal
en la lejanas serranías.
Antes del alba encenderán
sus fogatas los rebeldes.
Les lleva peces
y armas*

XVIII. First Part: The Rebel

Dawn has still not
awakened the heart
of the birds, and already Cifar
casts his net into the dark water.
He knows it is the hour
of the siren, and he is not afraid
of the silence.
Cifar waits for a signal
from the faraway mountains.
Before daybreak the rebels will
fire up their bonfires.
He takes them fish
and weapons

Texts and Translations

XVIII. Segund parte:
Tomasito, el cuque

*“¿En qué lancha las llevaron?
¡Contesta, Tomás, contesta!
¿Desde cuál isla zarparon?
¡Jodido, Tomás, contesta!
“¿A quiénes las entregaron?
¡Hijo de puta, Tomás!
¿Quiénes llevaron las armas?
¡Cabrón, contesta, Tomás!”
Pero no habla Tomás.
¡Qué huevos de hombre. No habla!
¡Ya nunca hablará Tomás!*

XVIII. Second part:
Thomas, the cook

*“What boat did they carry them in?
Answer, Tomás, answer!
From which island did they sail?
Damn it, Tomás, answer!
Who did they deliver them to?
Son of a whore, Tomás!
Who carried the weapons?
You bastard, answer, Tomás!”
But Tomás won’t talk.
What balls on this guy! He doesn’t talk!
Now Tomás will never talk again!*

David Conte

Everyone Sang

Homecoming

A. E. Stallings

It was as if she pulled a thread,
Each time he saw her, that unraveled
All the distance he had traveled
To sleep at home in his own bed,
Or sit together in a room
Spinning yarns of monster, wars,
The hours counted by the chores.
He loved to watch her at the loom:
The fluent wrists, the liquid motion
Of small tasks not thought about,
The shuttle leaping in and out,
Dolphins sewing the torn ocean.

Texts and Translations

Entrance

Rainier Maria Rilke

Translation by Dana Gioia

Whoever you are: step out of doors tonight,
Out of the room that lets you feel secure,
Infinity is open to your sight.

Whoever you are.

With eyes that have forgotten how to see
From viewing things already too well-known,
Lift up into the dark a huge, black tree
And put it in the heavens: tall, alone.

And you have made the world and all you see.
It ripens like the words still in your mouth.
And when at last you comprehend its truth,
Then close your eyes and gently set it free.

Quilt

Diane Thiel

At night this quiet covers me,
Grown ragged on the center seam,
Dividing all this history.

I touch the patches always known,
The ones they wrapped me in, passed down
For far too long for anyone

To still remember what was cut,
That it was once a blouse, a skirt
She wore the night he took her heart.

I touch the fields I thought I knew
And smooth the places healed into
Each other, at the ridges sewn

Texts and Translations

With careful secrets mouthed for all
The years she couldn't tell a soul.

Everyone Sang

Siegfried Sassoon

Everyone suddenly burst out singing;
And I was filled with such delight
As prisoner birds must find in freedom,
Winging wildly across the white
Orchards and dark-green fields; on- on- and out of sight.

Everyone's voice was suddenly lifted;
And beauty came like the setting sun.
My heart was shaken with tears, and horror
Drifted away..O, but Everyone
Was a bird; and the song was wordless;
The singing will never be done.