

JANUARY 17, 2024 | 7:00 PM | THE LINDEMANN PERFORMING ARTS CENTER

JULIA BULLOCK CLASSICAL SINGER
BRETTON BROWN PIANO



PROGRAM

Samuel Barber

My Lizard (Wish for a Young Love)
Nuvoletta
The Daisies

Connie Converse

(arr. by Bretton Brown)

Talkin' Like You (Two Tall Mountains)
I Have Considered the Lilies

Francis Poulenc

Kurt Weill

Poulenc

Weill

Non monsieur, mon mari...
Complainte de la Seine
Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant
Song of the Hard Nut
The Princess of Pure Delight
Ballade vom ertrunkenen Mädchen

Richard Strauss

Drei Lieder der Ophelia
I. Wie erkenn' ich mein Treulieb
II. Guten Morgen, 's ist Sankt Valentinstag
III. Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß

Negro/Black Spiritual

(arr. by H. T. Burleigh)

Deep River

INTERMISSION

Composer unknown

"Introduction"
from the 1965 Marian Anderson album
Jus' Keep On Singin'

Alban Berg

Altenberg Lieder
I. Seele, wie bist du schöner
II. Sahst du, nach dem Gewitterregen
III. Über die Grenzen des All
IV. Nichts ist gekommen
V. Hier ist Friede

Rodgers & Hammerstein

from *The Sound of Music & South Pacific*
The Sound of Music
A Wonderful Guy
Twin Soliloquies/Some Enchanted Evening
Cockeyed Optimist
You've Got To Be Carefully Taught
Dites-moi
Bali Ha'i: Lonely Island
Happy Talk

Something Good
Climb Ev'ry Mountain

Mary Rodgers

from *Once Upon a Mattress*
Happily Ever After

Bob Dylan

(arr. inspired by Odetta)

Masters of War

Antonín Dvořák

(arr. by Odetta)

Going Home

Elizabeth Cotten

Freight Train

C. Austin Miles

(arr. inspired by Elizabeth Cotten)

When I Get Home

Connie Converse

(arr. by Bretton Brown)

How Sad, How Lovely

This performance is approximately 2 hours including a 15-minute intermission.

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

JULIA BULLOCK



Photo by Allison Michael Orenstein

Combining versatile artistry with a probing intellect and commanding stage presence, American classical singer Julia Bullock has headlined productions and concerts at preeminent arts institutions worldwide.

This season, she makes debuts at New York's Metropolitan Opera in *El Niño* and Barcelona's Gran Teatre del Liceu in the European premiere of *Antony & Cleopatra*. She previously debuted at Covent Garden in *Theodora*, San Francisco Opera in the world premiere of *Girls of the Golden West*, Santa Fe Opera in *Doctor Atomic*, Festival d'Aix-en-Provence in *The Rake's Progress*, and English National Opera, Teatro Real and Bolshoi Theatre in the title role of *The Indian Queen*. Other operatic highlights include the world premieres of *Upload* at Dutch National Opera and *Fire Shut Up in My Bones* at Opera Theatre of Saint Louis.

In concert, she has appeared with the world's foremost orchestras, including the New York Philharmonic, Boston Symphony, Los Angeles Philharmonic, NHK Symphony, Bavarian Radio Symphony, NOR Elbphilharmonie Orchestra, Deutsches Symphonie-Orchester and London Symphony Orchestra, while recital highlights include appearances at New York's Carnegie Hall, Boston's Celebrity Series, Washington's Kennedy Center, London's Wigmore Hall, and Concertgebouw in Amsterdam.

Her signature projects include *Perle Noire: Meditations for Josephine*, conceived in collaboration with Peter Sellars, Tyshawn Sorey and Claudia Rankine; *Five Freedom Songs*, developed with Jessie Montgomery; and *History's Persistent Voice*, which combines the songs of enslaved people with new music by Black women. Released by Nonesuch, Bullock's solo album debut, *Walking in the Dark*, was featured in the *New York Times*'s "Best Classical Music Tracks of 2022" and *NPR*'s 20 "Best Albums of 2022."

Her growing discography also includes the soundtrack of Amazon Prime Video's *The Underground Railroad* and Grammy-nominated recordings of *West Side Story* and *Doctor Atomic*. An innovative and in-demand curator, Bullock's past positions include collaborative partner of Esa-Pekka Salonen and Artist-in Residence of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, the San Francisco Symphony and London's Guildhall School.

Committed to integrating community activism with her musical life, she is a prominent voice for social consciousness and change.

BRETTON BROWN



Photo by Arthur Moeller

Japanese American pianist Bretton Brown enjoys a diverse career as song accompanist, chamber musician, and coach. He lives in London and made his debut there in 2016 accompanying Renée Fleming at Wigmore Hall. Further recital appearances include the Amsterdam Concertgebouw, the Festival d'Aix-en-Provence, and the Edinburgh International Festival. In 2023/24, he tours the US with Julia Bullock and the UK with Hera Hyesang Park. His season began at the Festival d'Aix-en-Provence, where he prepared the world premiere of *Picture a day like this*, the newest opera by Sir George Benjamin and Martin Crimp.

Brown has worked closely with George Benjamin for over a decade. He was répétiteur/coach for the world premiere of *Lessons in Love and Violence* (Royal Opera House, Covent Garden) and subsequent productions across Europe, and the American and Canadian premieres of *Written on Skin*. He has also performed as a guest artist with the Mahler Chamber Orchestra, including at the BBC Proms, the Berliner Philharmonie, and the Hamburg Elbphilharmonie, with Benjamin conducting.

In 2024, Brown joins Dutch National Opera as répétiteur/coach for the world premiere of Ellen Reid's *The Shell Trial*. He has also prepared the world premiere of *Zauberland*, written for Julia Bullock, for le Théâtre des Bouffes du Nord in Paris, and he assisted Renée Fleming in the preparation of André Previn's final work, *Penelope*.

Committed to the development of younger artists, Brown is on faculty at Guildhall School of Music & Drama in London where he teaches pianists, coaches singers, and has curated several innovative song projects. He has been a visiting professor at Oberlin and guest teacher of the Conservatorium van Amsterdam. Beginning in summer 2024, he will lead the resident artist program of the Lakes Area Music Festival in Minnesota.

Raised in Kentucky, Brown studied at Yale, the New England Conservatory, and Juilliard. He won prizes for music and poetry at Yale, the Henri Kohn Memorial Award from Tanglewood, and Juilliard's Richard F. French Prize for his dissertation on the life and music of Gustav Holst. He is a finisher of the New York City Marathon.

TEXT/TRANSLATIONS

All translations by Julia Bullock unless otherwise indicated.

Poem by Theodore Roethke (1908–1963)

Original title “My Lizard (Wish for a Young Wife)” from *The Far Field* (1964)

Music by Samuel Barber (1910–1981)

from *Despite and Still*, Op. 41 (1968–1969)

MY LIZARD (WISH FOR A YOUNG LOVE)

My lizard, my lively writher,
May your limbs never wither,
May the eyes in your face
Survive the green ice
Of envy’s mean gaze;
May you live out your life
Without hate, without grief,
And your hair ever blaze,
In the sun, in the sun,
When I am undone,
When I am no one.

Text by James Joyce (1882–1941)

from *Finnegans Wake* (1939)

Music by Samuel Barber

Op. 25 (1947)

NUVOLETTA

Nuvoletta in her light dress, spunn of sisteen shimmers,
was looking down on them, leaning over the bannistars
and list’ning all she childishly could....

She was alone. All her nubied companions were asleeping with the squir’ls....

She tried all the winsome wonsome ways her four winds had taught her. She tossed her sfumastelliacious hair like *la princesse de la Petite Bretagne* and she rounded her mignons arms like Missis Cornwallis-West and she smiled over herself like the image of the pose of the daughter of the Emperour of Irelande and she sighed after herself as were she born to bride with Tristis Tristor Tristissimus. But, sweet madonine, she might fair as well have carried her daisy’s worth to Florida....

Oh, how it was duusk. From Vallee Maraia to Grasy-a-plaina, dormi-must echo! Ah dew! Ah dew! It was so duusk that the tears of night began to fall, first by ones and twos, then by threes and fours, at last by fives and sixes of sevens, for the tired ones were wecking; as we weep now with them.

O! Par la pluie....

Then Nuvoletta reflected for the last time in her little long life
and she made up all her myriads of drifting minds in one. She cancelled all her engauzements.

She climbed over the bannistars; she gave a chilyd cloudy cry:

Nuée! Nuée! A light dress fluttered. She was gone.

Poem by James Stephens (1880–1950)

from *Here are Ladies* (1913)

Music by Samuel Barber

from *Three Songs, Op. 2* (1927)

THE DAISIES

In the scented bud of the morning O,
When the windy grass went rippling far!
I saw my dear one walking slow
In the field where the daisies are.

We did not laugh, and we did not speak,
As we wandered happ'y, to and fro,
I kissed my dear on either cheek,
In the bud of the morning O!

A lark sang up, from the breezy land;
A lark sang down, from a cloud afar;
As she and I went, hand in hand,
In the field where the daisies are.

Connie–Elizabeth Eaton–Converse (1924–disappeared 1974)

Arrangements by Bretton Brown (b. 1986)

TALKIN' LIKE YOU (TWO TALL MOUNTAINS)

In between two tall mountains
There's a place they call Lonesome
Don't see why they call it Lonesome;
I'm never lonesome when I go there.

See that bird sittin' on my windowsill?
Well, he's sayin' whip-poor-will
All the night through.

See that brook runnin' by my kitchen door?
Well, it couldn't talk no more
If it was you.

Up that tree there's sort of a squirrel thing
Sounds just like we did when we were quarreling.
In the yard I keep a pig or two
They drop in for dinner like you used to do.

I don't stand in the need of company
With everything I see
Talkin' like you.

Up that tree there's sort of a squirrel thing
Sounds just like we did when we were quarreling.
You may think you left me all alone
But I can hear you talk without a telephone.

See that bird sittin' on my windowsill?
Well, he's sayin' whip-poor-will
All the night through.

Just, whip-poor-will
All the night through...

In between two tall mountains
There's a place they call Lonesome
Don't see why they call it Lonesome;
I'm never lonesome now I live there.

I HAVE CONSIDERED THE LILIES*

I have considered the lilies,
They never toil they only bloom,
They never feel chilly or tired or silly
And they don't need much room.

I have considered the lilies,
I have considered how they grow,
Tell me, tell me how to be a lily,
If you know...

***this is an excerpt of the complete song, which Converse herself said had a Biblical inspiration (Matthew 6:28 – 'Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow.')**

**Based on Guillaume Apollinaire's (1880–1918)
play of the same name (written 1903)
Music and libretto by Francis Poulenc (1899–1963)
from *Les mamelles de Tirésias*
(written 1945, first performed 1947)**

"NON, MONSIEUR MON MARI..."

Non, Monsieur mon mari! Non, Monsieur mon mari!
Vous ne me ferez pas faire ce que vous voulez.
Je suis féministe, je suis féministe,
Et je ne connais pas l'autorité de l'homme.
Du reste, je veux agir à ma guise.
Il y a assez longtemps que les hommes font ce qui leur plaît.
Après tout, je veux aussi aller me battre contre les ennemis.

J'ai envie d'être soldat
Un', deux, un', deux!
Je veux faire la guerre et non pas faire des enfants.
Non, Monsieur mon mari, vous ne me commanderez plus!
Ce n'est pas parce que vous m'avez fait la cours
dans le Connecticut, dans le Connecticut,
que je dois vous faire la cuisine à Zanzibar.
–Vous l'entendez, il ne pense qu'à l'amour.

Mais tu ne te doutes pas, imbécile,
qu'après avoir été soldat, je veux être artiste,
je veux être aussi député, avocat, sénateur,
ministre, président de la chose publique.
Et je veux médecin physique ou bien psychique,
diafoier à mon gré l'Europe et l'Amérique!
Faire des enfants, faire la cuisine!
Non, c'est trop.
Je veux être mathématicienne, groom dans les restaurants,
petit télégraphiste, et je veux, s'il me plaît,
entrettenir à l'an cette vieille danseuse qui a tant de talent.
–Vous l'entendez, il ne pense qu'à l'amour!

Mais il me semble que la barbe me pousse!
Ma poitrine se détache!
Ah! Ah, ah, ah, ah...
Envolez-vous, oiseaux de ma faiblesse.

from *The Teats of Tiresias*

NO, MISTER MY HUSBAND

No, mister husband! No, my husband!
You will not make me do what you want.
I'm a feminist, I'm a feminist,
And I do not acknowledge the authority of men.
Besides, I want to behave as I please.
Men have done as they pleased for a long time.
After all, I also want to go fight against the enemy.

I wish to be a soldier,
One, two, one, two!
I want to make war, not babies.
No sir, my husband, you will not command me any more!
Just because you courted me
in Connecticut, in Connecticut
Doesn't mean that I should cook for you in Zanzibar.
–You hear him, he only thinks of love...

But do not doubt, imbecile,
that after being a soldier, I want to be an artist,
I also want to be a deputy, lawyer, senator,
minister, president of public service.
And I want to be a physical or psychiatric doctor,
famous from Europe to America.
Making babies, making food!
No, it's too much.
I want to be a mathematician, a bellboy in restaurants,
a little telegram operator, and I want, if I so choose,
to continually engage that old dancer, who had such talent.
–You hear him, he only speaks of love!

But it seems as if my beard is growing!
My bosom is detaching!
Ah! ah, ah, ah...
Fly away you, birds of my feebleness.

Comme c'est joli les appas féminins,
c'est mignon tout plein, on en mangerait!
Comme c'est joli
Ah! ah, ah, ah, ah....

Mais, trêve de bêtises, ne nous livrons pas à l'aéronautique,
il y a toujours quelque avantage à pratiquer la vertu.
Le vice est après tout une chose dangereuse.
C'est pourquoi il vaut mieux sacrifier une beauté
qui peut-être une occasion de péché.

Débarrassons-nous de nos mamelles...

Mais qu'est-ce à dire?
Non seulement la barbe me pousse,
mais ma moustache aussi!
Eh diable, j'ai l'air d'un champ de blé
qui attend la moissonneuse mécanique.
Je me sens viril en diable. Je suis un étalon.
De la tête aux talons me voilà taureau!
Me ferai-je toréro?

Mais n'évalons pas mon avenir au grand jour,
Héros, cache tes armes,
et toi, mari moins viril que moi,
fais tout le vacarme que tu voudras!

Text by Maurice Magre (1877–1941)
Kurt Weill (1900–1950)

COMPLAINTÉ DE LA SEINE (1934)

Au fond de la Seine, il y a de l'or,
Des bateaux rouillés, des bijoux, des armes.
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des morts.
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des larmes.

Au fond de la Seine, il y a des fleurs;
De vase et de boue elles sont nourries.
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des cœurs
Qui souffrirent trop pour vivre la vie.

Et puis des cailloux et des bêtes grises...
L'âme des égouts soufflant des poisons.
Les anneaux jetés par des incomprises,
Des pieds qu'une hélice a coupés du tronc.

Et les fruits maudits des ventres stériles,
Les blancs avortés que nul n'aima.
Les vomissements de la grand' ville...
Au fond de la Seine, il y a cela...

Ô Seine clémente où vont les cadavres,
Ô lit dont les draps sont faits de limon,
Fleuv' des déchets, sans fanal, ni hâvre,
Chanteuse berçant, la morgue et les ponts,

How pretty are the feminine charms,
It's so cute, one would eat it!
How pretty...
Ah! ah, ah, ah....

But, stop this foolishness, let's not lose ourselves in
aeronautics. There is always some advantage to practicing
virtue. Vice is, after all, a dangerous thing.
That's why it would be better to sacrifice a beauty
which can be an occasion of sin.

Let us dispose of our breasts...

But what did you say?
Not only am I sprouting a beard,
but my mustache also!
Ah devil, I look like a field of corn
that waits for the mechanical harvester.
I feel diabolically virile. I am a stallion.
From my head to my horns I am a bull!
Shall I be a toreador?

But let's not reveal my great future plans.
Heroes, hide your weapons,
and you, husband, less virile than I,
make all the racket you want!

Translation by Julia Bullock

LAMENT OF THE RIVER SEINE

At the bottom of the Seine, there is some gold,
rusting boats, jewels, some weapons.
At the bottom of the Seine, there are dead bodies.
At the bottom of the Seine, there are tears.

At the bottom of the Seine, there are flowers;
from sludge and mud they are nourished.
At the bottom of the Seine, there are the hearts
that suffered too much from living life.

And then the stones and the gray beasts...
The soul of the sewers, blowing out poison.
Rings thrown away by those misunderstood,
feet that a propeller cut off from their trunk.

And the accursed fruits from sterile wombs,
the pale-white abortions that no one loved.
The vomit of the big city...
At the bottom of the Seine, it is there...

Oh, forgiving Seine where the cadavers* go,
Oh, bed with the sheets made from silt,
river of waste, without beacon, nor haven,
Lulling singer, the morgue and bridges,

Accueill' le pauvre, accueill' la femme,
Accueill' l'ivrogne, accueill' le fou,
Mêle leurs sanglots au bruit de tes lames,
Et porte leurs cœurs, et porte leurs cœurs
et porte leurs cœurs, parmi les cailloux.

Au fond de la Seine, il y a de l'or,
Des bateaux rouillés, des bijoux, des armes.
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des morts.
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des larmes.

Poetry by Louise de Vilmorin (1902–1969)
Music by Francis Poulenc
from *Fiançailles pour rire* (1939)

MON CADAVRE EST DOUX COMME UN GANT

Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant
Doux comme un gant de peau glacée
Et mes prunelles effacées
Font de mes yeux des cailloux blancs.

Deux cailloux blancs dans mon visage
Dans le silence deux muets
Ombres encore d'un secret
Et lourds du poids mort des images.

Mes doigts tant de fois égarés
Sont joints en attitude sainte
Appuyés au creux de mes plaintes
Au nœud de mon cœur arrêté.

Et mes deux pieds sont des montagnes,
Les deux derniers monts que j'ai vus
À la minute où j'ai perdu
La course que les années gagnent.

Mon souvenir est ressemblant,
Enfants emporte-le bien vite,
Allez, allez, ma vie est dite.
Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant.

Welcome the poor one, welcome the woman,
welcome the drunkard, welcome the insane,
mix their sobs with the sound of your waves
and carry their hearts
among the rocks...

At the bottom of the Seine, there is some gold,
rusting boats, jewels, some weapons.
At the bottom of the Seine, there are dead bodies.
At the bottom of the Seine, there are tears.

***cadavers or corpses**
Translation by Julia Bullock

From *Engagement for Laughs*

MY CADAVER IS SOFT LIKE A GLOVE

My cadaver* is soft like a glove
Soft like a glove of frozen skin
and my effaced pupils
make my eyes white stones.

Two white stones in my face
In the silence, two speechless persons
shadowed again by a secret
and heavy with the dead weight of images.

My fingers so often lost
Are joined together in a saintly attitude
Pressed on the cavity of my complaints—
at the knot of my stopped heart.

And my two feet are mountains
the last two hills [peaks] that I saw
At the minute I lost
the race that the years won.

My memory is similar,
Children, carry it away quickly.
Go, go, my life is spoken for.
My cadaver is soft like a glove.

***cadaver or corpse**
Translation by Julia Bullock

**Original German text by Bertold Brecht (1898–1956)
& Elizabeth Hauptmann (1897–1973)
Music by Kurt Weill (1900–1950)
from *Happy End* (1928)**

**Sung English text based on version by
Michael Feingold (1945–2022)
re-worked by Julia Bullock**

SONG OF THE HARD NUT

If you want to have a big man,
start by learning to be tough,
cause you'll never hit the jackpot,
til you like the goings rough.
All the little men below you
can be blown away like fluff,
if they realize when they know you,
you won't take their f-ckin' stuff.

Just don't get soft, honey,
No, never get soft, honey,
just keep on pounding him
right where it hurts the most.
And if a little man's big noise
should cause a drama
don't let it get you down,
I mean, you're not his mama!

Just don't get soft, baby,
For God's sake never get soft, baby,
No ifs or buts, go on and kick 'em in the guts,
Yeah, kick 'em in the nuts.

**Ira Gershwin (1896–1983)
from *Lady In The Dark* (1941)**

THE PRINCESS OF PURE DELIGHT

The Prince in orange and the Prince in blue,
And the Prince whose raiment was of lavender hue.
They sighed and they suffered and they tossed at night
For the neighboring Princess of pure delight!
Who was secretly in love with the minstrel.

Her father, the King, didn't know which to choose,
There were two charming Princes he'd have to refuse.
So he called for the dean of his sorcerers and
Inquired which one was to win her hand.
Which they always did in those days.

"My King here's a riddle, you test them tonight,
'What word of five letters is never spelled right,
What word of five letters is always spelled wrong?'
The one who can answer will be wedded ere long.
That will be twenty gulden, please."

The King called the three and he told them the test,
The while his fair daughter kept beating her breast.

He put them the riddle, they failed as he feared.
Then all of a sudden the minstrel appeared!
Quite out of breath!

"I'll answer that riddle" cried the singer of song,
"What's never spelled right in five letters is 'wrong,'
And it's right to spell 'wrong' W-R-O-N-G.
Your Highness, the Princess belongeth to me!
And I love her anyway."

"Be off with you villain", the King cried in rage,
"For my Princess a Prince, not a man from the stage!"
"But Sire," said the minstrel "'Tis love makes me say,
No King who's a real King treats lovers this way."

"And if you're no real King, no Princess is she,
And if she's no Princess then she can wed me."
"By gad", cried his highness, "You handsome young knave,
I fear you're right!" and his blessing he gave.
And the trumpeter began to trumpet!

The Princess then quickly came out of her swoon,
And she looked at her swain and her world was in tune.
And the castle soon rang with cheer and with laughter,
And of course they lived happily ever after.

Text by Bertolt Brecht (1898–1956) in 1919
Music by Kurt Weill (1900–1950)
from *Das Berliner Requiem* (1928)

BALLADE VOM ERTRUNKENEN MÄDCHEN

Als sie ertrunken war und hinunter schwamm
Von den Bächen in die größeren Flüsse
Schien der Opal des Himmels sehr wundersam
Als ob er die Leiche begütigen müsse.

Tang und Algen hielten sich an ihr ein
So dass sie langsam viel schwerer ward.
Kühl die Fische schwammen an ihrem Bein
Pflanzen und Tiere beschwerten noch ihre letzte Fahrt.

Und der Himmel ward abends dunkel wie Rauch
Und hielt nachts mit den Sternen das Licht in Schweben.
Aber früh ward er hell, dass es auch
Noch für sie Morgen und Abend gebe.

Als ihr bleicher Leib im Wasser verfaulet war
Gesah es (sehr langsam), dass Gott sie allmählich vergaß.
Erst ihr Gesicht, dann die Hände und ganz zuletzt erst ihr Haar.
Dann ward sie Aas in Flüssen mit vielem Aas.

BALLAD OF THE DROWNED MAIDEN

When she drowned and swam down
From the streams into the larger rivers
The opal of the sky seemed wondrously strange
As if it had to comfort the corpse.

Kelp and algae held onto her
So she slowly became much heavier.
The fish swam chillingly at her leg
Plants and animals still weighed down her last journey.

And the sky was dark like smoke in the evening
And at night it held light from the stars in suspension.
But soon, the sky lightened so that for her
There would still be morning and evening.

As her pale body rotted in the water
It happened (very slowly), that God gradually forgot her.
First her face, then her hands and finally her hair.
Then she became carrion in the rivers amongst many carrion.*

***cadaver, corpse or decaying flesh**
Translation by Julia Bullock

William Shakespeare (1564–1616)
from *The Tragedy of Hamlet,*
Prince of Denmark (1599–1601)

Shakespeare in German translation
(1868)
Karl Joseph Simrock (1802–1876)
Richard Strauss (1864–1949)

German to English Translation
by **Julia Bullock**

Act IV, Scene V

DREI LIEDER DER OPHELIA (1918)

THREE SONGS OF OPHELIA

I.

How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass green turf,
At his heels a stone.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.

II.

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber-door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't;
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed.
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

I.

Wie erkenn' ich mein Treulieb
Vor andern nun?
An dem Muschelhut und Stab
Und den Sandalschuh'n.

Er ist tot und lange hin,
Tot und hin, Fräulein!
Ihm zu Häupten grünes Gras,
Ihm zu Fuß ein Stein. O-ho!

Auf seinem Bahrtuch, weiß wie Schnee,
Viel liebe Blumen trauern:
Sie gehn zu Grabe naß, o weh,
Vor Liebesschauern.

II.

Guten Morgen, 's ist Sankt Valentinstag
So früh vor Sonnenschein.
Ich junge Maid am Fensterschlag
Will Euer Valentin sein.
Der junge Mann tut Hosen an,
Tät auf die Kammertür,
Ließ ein die Maid, die als Maid
Ging nimmermehr herfür.

Bei Sankt Niklas und Charitas!
Ein unverschämt Geschlecht!
Ein junger Mann tut's wenn er kann,
Fürwahr, das ist nicht recht.
Sie sprach: Eh Ihr gescherzt mit mir,
Verspracht Ihr mich zu frein.
Ich bräch's auch nicht beim Sonnenlicht,
Wärst du nicht kommen herein.

I.

How shall I know my true love
From another one?
From his ear cap and staff
And his sandal shoes.

He is dead and long gone,
Dead and gone, Lady!
At his head, green grass,
At his feet, a stone. Oh!

Atop his shroud, white as snow,
Many beloved flowers lament.
They go to the grave, wet
With love's showers.

II.

Good morning, it is St. Valentine's Day
Earlier than the sunshine,
I, a young maid, beat at your window,
Want to be your Valentine.
The young man put his pants on,
Opening the chamber door
Let in the maid,
That left a maid no more.

By Saint Nicholas and Charity!
What an unashamed sex!
A young man does it when he can,
Forsooth, this is not right.
She said: Before you joked with me,
You promised to marry me.
I would not have broken that promise
in the sunlight,
if you had not come in.

III.

They bore him barefaced on the bier;
 Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
 And in his grave rain'd many a tear: –
 Fare you well, my dove!

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.
 And will he not come again?
 And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead:
 Go to thy deathbed:
 He never will come again.
 His beard was as white as snow,
 All flaxen was his poll:
 He is gone, he is gone,
 And we cast away moan:
 God ha' mercy on his soul!
 And of all Christian souls,
 I pray God. God b' wi' you.

III.

Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloss
 Leider, ach leider, den Liebsten!
 Manche Träne fiel in des Grabes Schoss
 Fahr wohl, fahr wohl, meine Taube!

Mein junger frischer Hansel ist's,
 Der mir gefällt –
 Und kommt er nimmermehr?

Er ist tot, o weh!
 In dein Totbett geh,
 Er kommt dir nimmermehr.
 Sein Bart war weiss wie Schnee,
 Sein Haupt wie Flachs dazu.
 Er ist hin, er ist hin,
 Kein Trauern bringt Gewinn:
 Mit seiner Seele Ruh
 Und mit allen Christenseelen!
 Darum bet ich! Gott sei mit euch!

III.

They carried him on the bare bier
 Unfortunately, ah unfortunately, the beloved!
 Many tears fell in the grave's womb.
 Fare well, fare well, my dove!

My young fresh Hansel it is
 who pleases me –
 And will he never come again?

He is dead, oh!
 To your deathbed go,
 He comes to you no more.
 His beard was as white as snow,
 His head was more flaxen.
 He is gone, he is gone,
 No amount of mourning brings benefit:
 Let his soul rest
 And let that be for all Christian souls!
 For that I pray! God be with you!

Traditional Negro/Black American Spiritual
Text developed by enslaved people (first published 1867)
Arrangement by H. T. Burleigh (1866–1949) in 1916

DEEP RIVER

Deep river, my home is over Jordan.
 Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into campground.
 Oh, don't you want to go to that gospel feast?
 That promised land, where all is peace?

Text and music most likely a joint collaboration between
Marian Anderson (1897–1993) and Hall Johnson (1888–1970)
featured on Marian Anderson's album *Jus' Keep on Singin'* (1965)

INTRODUCTION

Mmmm...
 I done come a long ways,
 and I got a long, long ways to go.
 Mmmm...

Words from postcards by Peter Altenberg (1859–1919)

Music by Alban Berg (1885–1935)

**from *Fünf Orchesterlieder nach Ansichtskarten*
von Peter Altenberg, Op. 4 (1911/12)**

I. SEELE, WIE BIST DU SCHÖNER...

Seele, wie bist du schöner, tiefer, nach Schneestürmen.
Auch du hast sie, gleich der Natur.
Und über beiden liegt noch ein trüber Hauch,
eh' das Gewölk sich verzog!

II. SAHST DU NACH DEM GEWITTERREGEN...

Sahst du nach dem Gewitterregen den Wald?!?!
Alles rastet, blinkt und ist schöner als zuvor.
Siehe, Fraue, auch du brauchst Gewitterregen!

III. ÜBER DIE GRENZEN DES ALL...

Über die Grenzen des All blicktest du sinnend hinaus;
Hattest nie Sorge um Hof und Haus!
Leben und Traum vom Leben – plötzlich ist alles aus.
Über die Grenzen des All blickst du noch sinnend hinaus!

IV. NICHTS IST GEKOMMEN

Nichts ist gekommen, nichts wird kommen für meine Seele.
Ich habe gewartet, gewartet, oh, gewartet! –
Die Tage werden dahinschleichen, und umsonst wehen
meine aschblonden seidnen Haare um mein bleiches Antlitz!

V. HIER IST FRIEDE

Hier ist Friede. Hier weine ich mich aus über alles!
Hier löst sich mein unfaßbares, unermeßliches Leid,
das mir die Seele verbrennt.
Siehe, hier sind keine Menschen, keine Ansiedlungen.
Hier ist Friede! Hier tropft Schnee leise in Wasserlachen...

**from *Five Orchestral Songs after Picture Postcards*
by Peter Altenberg**

SOUL, YOU'RE MORE BEAUTIFUL

Soul, you're more beautiful, deeper, after snowstorms.
Like nature, you also have storms.
And over both there still lies a blurred haze,
before the clouds disperse!

HAVE YOU SEEN AFTER THE THUNDEROUS RAINSTORM...

Have you seen the woods after the thunderous rainstorm?!?!
Everything rests, glistens and is more beautiful than before
See, Woman, you also need thunderous rainstorms.

BEYOND THE BORDERS OF ALL...

Beyond the borders of all, you gaze in thought.
You never cared about house and home!
Life and the dream of life – suddenly it's all over.
Beyond the borders of all, you reflect.

NOTHING HAS COME

Nothing has come, nothing will ever come for my soul.
I have waited, waited, oh, waited! –
The days will creep past, and with no consequence
my ash-blonde silken hair blows over my pallid face.

HERE IS PEACE

Here is peace. Here I can cry over it all.
Here the unfathomable immeasurable pain,
that burns my soul, unravels.
See, here there are no people, no settlements.
Here is peace! Here the snow drips gently into pools of water.

Translations by Julia Bullock

RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN

Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II (1895–1960)

Music by Richard Rodgers (1902–1979)

from *The Sound of Music* (1959)

THE SOUND OF MUSIC

The hills are alive
With the sound of music,
With songs they have sung
For a thousand years.
The hills fill my heart
With the sound of music –
My heart wants to sing
Ev'ry song it hears.

My heart wants to beat
Like the wings of the birds that rise
From the lake to the trees.
My heart wants to sigh
Like a chime that flies
From a church on a breeze,

To laugh like a brook
When it trips and falls
Over stones in its way,
To sing through the night
Like a lark who is learning to pray!

I go to the hills
When my heart is lonely;
I know I will hear
What I've heard before –
My heart will be blessed
With the sound of music,
And I'll sing once more.

from *South Pacific* (1949)

A WONDERFUL GUY

I expect every one
Of my crowd to make fun
Of my proud protestations of faith in romance.

And they'll say I'm naive
As a babe to believe
Any fable I hear from a person in pants.

Fearlessly I'll face them and argue their doubts away.
Loudly I'll sing about flowers and spring.
Flatly I'll stand on my little flat feet and say,
Love is a grand and a beautiful thing!

I'm not ashamed to reveal
The world-famous feeling I feel.

I'm as corny as Kansas in August,
I'm as normal as blueberry pie!
No more a smart little girl with no heart,
I have found me a wonderful guy!

I am in a conventional dither
With a conventional star in my eye,
And you will note
There's a lump in my throat
When I speak of that wonderful guy.

I'm as trite and as gay
As a daisy in May,
A cliché coming true!
I'm bromidic and bright
As a moon-happy night
Pouring light on the dew.

I'm as corny as Kansas in August,
High as a flag on the Fourth of July!
If you'll excuse
An expression I use,
I'm in love with a wonderful guy!

from *South Pacific*

**TWIN SOLILOQUIES/
SOME ENCHANTED EVENING**

Wonder how I'd feel,
Living on a hillside,
Looking on an ocean,
Beautiful and still.

This is what I need,
This is what I've longed for,
Someone bright* and smiling
Climbing up my hill...

Some enchanted evening
You may see a stranger,
You may see a stranger
Across a crowded room.

And somehow you know,
You know even then,
That somewhere you'll see her again and again.

Some enchanted evening
Someone may be laughing,
You may hear her laughing
Across a crowded room –

And night after night,
As strange as it seems,
The sound of her laughter will sing in your dreams.

from *South Pacific*

COCKEYED OPTIMIST

When the sky is a bright canary yellow
I forget ev'ry cloud I've ever seen –
So they call me a cockeyed optimist,
Immature and incurably green!

I have heard people rant and rave and bellow
That we're done and we might as well be dead –
But I'm only a cockeyed optimist,
And I can't get it into my head.

Who can explain it?
Who can tell you why?
Fools give you reasons –
Wise men never try.

Some enchanted evening,
When you find your true love,
When you feel her call you
Across a crowded room –

Then fly to her side
And make her your own,
Or all through your life you may dream all alone.

Once you have found her,
Never let her go.
Once you have found her,
Never let her go!

***change from original “young” to “bright”**

I hear the human race
Is falling on its face
And hasn't very far to go,
But ev'ry whip-poor-will
Is selling me a bill
And telling me it just ain't so!

I could say life is just a bowl of Jell-O
And appear more intelligent and smart,
But I'm stuck like a dope
With a thing called hope,
And I can't get it out of my heart!
Not this heart!

from *South Pacific*

YOU'VE GOT TO BE CAREFULLY TAUGHT

You've got to be taught to hate and fear,
You've got to be taught from year to year,
It's got to be drummed in your dear little ear –
You've got to be carefully taught!

You've got to be taught to be afraid
Of people whose eyes are oddly made,
And people whose skin is a different shade –
You've got to be carefully taught.

You've got to be taught before it's too late,
Before you are six or seven or eight,
To hate all the people your relatives hate –
You've got to be carefully taught!
You've got to be carefully taught!

from *South Pacific*

DITES-MOI

Dites-moi
Pourquoi
La vie est belle?

Dites-moi
Pourquoi
La vie est gai?

Dites-moi
Pourquoi,
Chère mad'moiselle,

Est-ce que
Parce que
Vous m'aimez?

Translation by Julia Bullock

TELL ME

Tell me
Why
Life is beautiful

Tell me
Why
Life is good?

Tell me
Why
Dear lady

Is it
Because
You love me?

from *South Pacific*

BALI HA'I: LONELY ISLAND*

Most people live on a lonely island
Lost in the middle of a foggy sea.
Most people long for another island,
One where they know they would like to be.

Someday you'll see me,
Floatin' in the sunshine,
My head stickin' out
From a low-flyin' cloud;
You'll hear me call you,
Singin' through the sunshine,
Sweet and clear as can be:

"Come to me,
Here am I,
Come to me!"

from *South Pacific*

HAPPY TALK*

Happy talk,
Keep talkin' happy talk,
Talk about things you'd like to do.
You've got to have a dream;
If you don't have a dream,
How're you gonna have a dream come true?

Talk about a moon
Floatin' in the sky,
Lookin' like a lily on a lake;
Talk about a bird
Learnin' how to fly,
Makin' all the music she can make.

Talk about a boy
Sayin' to a girl:
"Golly, baby! I'm a lucky cuss!"
Talk about a girl
Sayin' to a boy:
"You and me are lucky to be us!"

Your own special hopes,
Your own special dreams,
Bloom on the hillside
And shine in the streams.

If you try,
You'll find me
Where the sky meets the sea;
"Here am I,
Your special island!
Come to me, come to me!"

***The original text, which includes a stereotypical imitation of a non-native English speaker's accent, has been modified.**

Happy talk,
Keep talkin' happy talk,
Talk about things you'd like to do.
You've got to have a dream;
If you don't have a dream,
How're you gonna have a dream come true?

If you don't talk happy
An' you never have a dream,
Then you'll never have a dream come true.

***The original text, which includes a stereotypical imitation of a non-native English speaker's accent, has been modified.**

from *The Sound of Music*

SOMETHING GOOD

Perhaps I had a wicked childhood,
Perhaps I had a miserable youth.
But somewhere in my wicked, miserable past,
There must have been a moment of truth.
For here you are, standing there, loving me,
Whether or not you should.
So somewhere in my youth or childhood,
I must have done something good.
Nothing comes from nothing,
Nothing ever could.
So somewhere in my youth or childhood,
I must have done something good.

from *The Sound of Music*

CLIMB EV'RY MOUNTAIN

Climb ev'ry mountain,
Search high and low,
Follow ev'ry byway,
Every path you know.

Climb ev'ry mountain,
Ford ev'ry stream,
Follow ev'ry rainbow
Till you find your dream.

A dream that will need all the love you can give
Ev'ry day of your life for as long as you live.

Climb ev'ry mountain,
Ford ev'ry stream,
Follow ev'ry rainbow
Till you find your dream.

**Adaptation from Hans Christian Andersen's
"The Princess and the Pea" (1835)
Lyrics by Marshall Barer (1923–1998)
Music by Mary Rodgers (1931–2014)
from *Once Upon a Mattress* (1959)**

HAPPILY EVER AFTER

*And so young Prince Waldere,
after having slain the dragon Fafner,
rescued the Princess Grigga,
and together they mounted his horse Trigga,
and rode off to the castle Wunderbar,
where they were married and lived happily ever after.
Well I'm glad.*

They all lived happily, happily, happily ever after
The couple is happily leaving the chapel eternally tied.
As the curtain descends there is nothing but loving and laughter
When the fairy tale ends the heroine's always a bride.

Ella the girl of the cinders
Did the wash and the walls and the winders
But she landed a prince who was brawny and blue-eyed and blond
Still I honestly doubt that she could ever have done it without that
Crazy lady with the wand – Cinderella had outside help!

I've got no one but me!
Fairy godmother, godmother, godmother, where can you be?
I haven't got a fairy godmother. I haven't even got a godmother.
I have a mother: a plain, ordinary woman.

Snow White was so pretty they tell us
That the queen was insulted and jealous
When the mirror declared that Snow White was the fairest of all.
She was dumped on the border
But was saved by some men who adored her
Oh, I grant you they were small
But there were seven of them, practically a regiment
I'm alone in the night
By myself not a dwarf, not an elf, not a goblin in sight.

That girl had seven determined little men
working day and night just for her.
Oh sure, the queen gave her a poisoned apple. Even so...
She lived happily, happily, happily ever after
A magical kiss counteracted the apple eventually.

Though I know I'm not clever
I'll do what they tell me I hafta
I want some happily ever after to happen to me.

Rapunzel had platinum tresses
That were double the length of her dresses
She was kept in a tower for years
by a wicked old witch.
'Til one night in despair, down
She scrambled by letting her hair down –
That's what I call quite a switch!
I wonder... No, that'll never do –

I'll be finished before I begin
And besides I don't want to get out –
I want to get in!

I want to live happily, happily, happily ever after.
I want to walk happily out of a chapel eternally tied
For I know that I'll never live happily ever after
'Til after I'm a bride
Then I'll be happily happy!
Yeah, happily happy!
And thoroughly satisfied!

MASTERS OF WAR (1962-1963)

Original melody from traditional folk tune “Nottamun Town”

– connected with family of Jean Ritchie (1922–2015)

Original lyrics by Bob Dylan (b. 1941)

– further edited by Odetta Holmes (1930–2008) and Julia Bullock (b. 1986)

Arrangement (2022) inspired by Odetta Holmes version (1965)

– developed by Julia Bullock & Christian Reif

Now you masters of war
You that build all the guns
You that build the death planes
You that build all the bombs
You that hide behind walls
You that hide behind desks
I just want you to know
I can see through your masks.

You that never done nothin'
But build to destroy
You play with our world
Like it's your little toy
You put a gun in our hands
And you hide from our eyes
And you turn and run farther
When the fast bullets fly.

Like a Judas of old
You lie, you deceive
World war can be won
You want us to believe
But we see through your eyes
And we see through your brains
Like we see through the water
That runs down the drains.

You fasten the triggers
For the others to fire
Then sit back and watch
When the death count gets higher
You hide in your mansion
As the young people's blood
Flows out of their bodies
And is buried in the mud.

And that's the worst fear
That can ever be hurled
Fear to bring children
Into the world.
So for threatening my baby
Unborn and unnamed
You ain't worth the blood
That runs in your veins.

Let me ask you one question
Is your money that good?
Will it buy you forgiveness
Do you think that it could?
I think you will find
When your death takes its toll
All the money you made
Will never buy back your soul.

Maybe that's your worst fear...
which can never, ever be hurled.

“Goin’ Home” (1922) by William Arms Fisher (1861–1948)
Based on a melody from Symphony No. 9–
From *the New World* (1893) by Antonín Dvořák (1841–1904)
1960 recorded arrangement by Odetta (1930–2008)

GOING HOME

Goin’ home, goin’ home,
I am goin’ home.

It’s not far, just close by,
I’m goin’ home.

Mmmmm...
Through an open door;

Goin’ home, goin’ home,
I am goin’ home.

Mother’s there,
Father too;
Lots of folks [fools] I knew.

Goin’ home, goin’ home,
I am goin’ home.

Lyrics and music by Elizabeth Cotten (1893–1987)

FREIGHT TRAIN (between 1904–12)

Freight train, freight train, run so fast
Freight train, freight train, run so fast
Please don’t tell what train I’m on
They won’t know what route I’m goin’.

When I’m dead and in my grave
No more good times here I crave
Place the stones at my head and feet
And tell them all I’ve gone to sleep.

When I die, oh bury me deep
Way down on old Chestnut Street
So I can hear old Number Nine
As she comes rolling by.

Freight train, freight train, run so fast
Freight train, freight train, run so fast
Please don’t tell what train I’m on
They won’t know what route I’m goin’.

C. Austin Miles (1868–1946)
Arrangement inspired by Elizabeth Cotten

WHEN I GET HOME

When I get home, when I get home
My sorrow will be over when I get home
When I get home, when I get home
My sorrow will be over when I get home.

I shall have a crown to wear when I get home
I shall lay my burdens down when I get home
Spare the robes of glory, I shall sing a story
Of the one who brought me, when I get home.

When I get home, when I get home
My sorrow will be over when I get home
When I get home, when I get home
My sorrow will be over when I get home.

Connie Converse (1924–disappeared 1974)

Arrangement by Bretton Brown (b. 1986)

HOW SAD, HOW LOVELY

How sad, how lovely
How short, how sweet
To see that sunset
At the end of the street.

And the day gathered in
To a single light
And the shadows rising
From the brim of the night.

Too few, too few
Are the days that will hold
Your face, your face
In a blaze of gold.

How sad, how lovely
How short, how sweet
To see that sunset
At the end of the street.

And the lights going on
In the shops and the bars
And the lovers looking
For the first little stars.

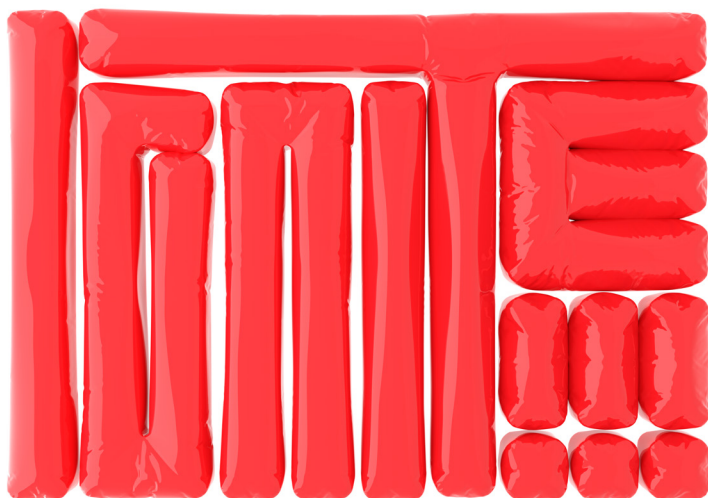
Like life, like a smile,
Like the fall of a leaf,
How sad, how lovely
How brief.

ABOUT BROWN ARTS INSTITUTE



Photo by Iwan Baan

Established in 2021, Brown Arts Institute (BAI) is a university-wide research enterprise and catalyst for the arts at Brown that creates new work and supports, amplifies, and adds new dimensions to the creative practices of Brown's arts departments, faculty, students, and community. Through year-round programming, research-focused courses, initiatives, collaborations, and partnerships, along with rigorous artistic and academic programs, BAI commissions and presents new work on campus, across Providence, Rhode Island, and beyond, from students, faculty, and on-campus arts groups, as well as in collaboration with forward-focused visiting artists and other performing arts organizations.



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