



Department of Music

presents

Chamber Trio Recital

with

Martha Guevara, violin

Noah Wright, clarinet

Luke Anderson, marimba

and

Ninfa Garcia, soprano

Stephanie Bueche, clarinet

Jeffrey Thomas, piano

Directed by

Dr. Emily Crane

Dr. Min Sang Kim

5 p.m.

April 25, 2024

George and Sharon Mabry Concert Hall
Music/Mass Communication Building

—Program—

And Legions Will Rise (2001)

Kevin Puts
(b. 1972)

Martha Guevara, violin
Noah Wright, clarinet
Luke Anderson, marimba

6 Deutsche Lieder, Op. 103 (1837)

I. Sei still mein Herz
III. Sehnsucht

Louis Spohr
(1784-1859)

Ninfa Garcia, soprano
Stephanie Bueche, clarinet
Jeffrey Thomas, piano

Ariel (1971)

II. Poppies in July
V. Lady Lazarus

Ned Rorem
(1923-2022)

Ninfa Garcia, soprano
Stephanie Bueche, clarinet
Jeffrey Thomas, piano

—Texts and Translations—

Sei still mein Herz

Ich wahrte die Hoffnung tief in der Brust,
Die sich ihr vertrauend erschlossen,
Mir strahlten die Augen voll Lebenslust,
Wenn mich ihre Zauber umflossen,
Wenn ich ihrer schmeichelnden Stimme gelauscht,
Im Wettersturm ist ihr Echo verrauscht,
Sei still mein Herz, und denke nicht dran,
Das ist nun die Wahrheit, das Andre war Wahn.

Die Erde lag vor mir im Frühlingstraum,
Den Licht und Wärme durchglühte,
Und wonnetrunken durchwallt ich den Raum,
Der Brust entsproßte die Blüte,
Der Liebe Lenz war in mir erwacht,
Mich durch rieselt Frost, in der Seele ist Nacht.
Sei still mein Herz, und denke nicht dran,
Das ist nun die Wahrheit, das Andre war Wahn.

Ich baute von Blumen und Sonnenglanz
Eine Brücke mir durch das Leben,
Auf der ich wandelnd im Lorbeerkranz
Mich geweiht dem hochedelsten Streben,
Der Menschen Dank war mein schönster Lohn,
Laut auf lacht die Menge mit frechem Hohn,
Sei still mein Herz, und denke nicht dran,
Das ist nun die Wahrheit, das Andre war Wahn.

I once harbored hope deep in my breast
Which, trusting, unlocked to her;
My eyes were radiant with joie de vivre
While her magic encircled me.
But when I harkened to her beguiling voice
The echo died away in the storm.
Be still, my heart, and give it no thought:
This now is reality, the rest was delusion.

Earth lay before me in a spring dream
Suffused with warmth and light,
And drunk with joy I wafted through space,
Blossoms burst forth from my breast;
Love's springtime awakened in me.
Now frost shudders through me; in my soul it is night.
Be still, my heart, and give it no thought:
This now is reality, the rest was delusion.

Out of sunshine and flowers I built myself
A bridge through life
Passing over which, laurel-crowned,
I devoted myself to the noblest of strivings.
Man's gratitude was my finest reward;
The crowd laughs aloud now with impudent scorn.
Be still, my heart, and give it no thought:
This now is reality, the rest was delusion.

Sehnsucht

Ich blick' in mein Herz und ich blick' in die Welt,
Bis von schwimmenden Auge die Thräne mir fällt,
Wohl leuchtet die Ferne mit goldenem Licht,
Doch hält mich der Nord -- ich erreiche sie nicht --
O die Schranken so eng, und die Welt so weit,
Und so flüchtig die Zeit!

Ich weiß ein Land, wo aus sonnigem Grün
Um versunkene Tempel die Trauben glühn,
Wo die purpurne Woge das Ufer beschäumt,
Und von kommenden Sängern der Lorbeer träumt;
Fern lockt es und winkt dem verlangenden Sinn,
Und ich kann nicht hin.

I look in my heart and I look at the world
Till out of my [burning]1 eyes a tear falls.
Though the distance glows with golden light,
The north wind tells me I shall not reach it.
Ah! How narrow our confines, how wide the world,
And how fleeting is time!

I know a land where in sun-filled greenery
Grapes gleam among sunken temples,
Where the purple wave covers the shore with foam
And laurels dream of singers to come.
It lures from afar and beckons my longing soul,
And I cannot go there!

—Texts and Translations—

O hätt' ich Flügel, durch's Blau der Luft
Wie wollt' ich baden im Sonnenduft!
Doch umsonst! Und Stunde auf Stunde entflieht --
Vertraure die Jugend -- begrabe das Lied --
O die Schranken so eng, und die Welt so weit,
Und so flüchtig die Zeit!

If I had wings to fly through the blue
How I would wish to bathe in sun's fragrance!
But in vain! Hour flees upon hour;
Pass your youth in mourning, bury your song.
Ah! How narrow our confines, how wide the world
And how fleeting is time!

Poppies in July

Little poppies, little hell flames,
Do you do no harm?

You flicker. I cannot touch you.
I put my hands among the flames. Nothing burns

And it exhausts me to watch you
Flickering like that, wrinkly and clear red, like the skin of a mouth.

A mouth just bloodied.
Little bloody skirts!

There are fumes I cannot touch.
Where are your opiates, your nauseous capsules?

If I could bleed, or sleep!
If my mouth could marry a hurt like that!

Or your liquors seep to me, in this glass capsule,
Dulling and stilling.

But colorless. Colorless.

—Texts and Translations—

Lady Lazarus

<p>I have done it again. One year in every ten I manage it----</p> <p>A sort of walking miracle, my skin Bright as a Nazi lampshade, My right foot</p> <p>A paperweight, My face a featureless, fine Jew linen.</p> <p>Peel off the napkin O my enemy. Do I terrify?----</p> <p>The nose, the eye pits, the full set of teeth? The sour breath Will vanish in a day.</p> <p>Soon, soon the flesh The grave cave ate will be At home on me</p> <p>And I a smiling woman. I am only thirty. And like the cat I have nine times to die.</p> <p>This is Number Three. What a trash To annihilate each decade.</p> <p>What a million filaments. The peanut-crunching crowd Shoves in to see</p> <p>Them unwrap me hand and foot The big strip tease. Gentlemen, ladies</p>	<p>Dying Is an art, like everything else, I do it exceptionally well.</p> <p>I do it so it feels like hell. I do it so it feels real. I guess you could say I've a call.</p> <p>It's easy enough to do it in a cell. It's easy enough to do it and stay put. It's the theatrical</p> <p>Comeback in broad day To the same place, the same face, the same brute Amused shout:</p> <p>'A miracle!' That knocks me out. There is a charge</p> <p>For the eyeing of my scars, there is a charge For the hearing of my heart---- It really goes.</p> <p>And there is a charge, a very large charge For a word or a touch Or a bit of blood</p> <p>Or a piece of my hair or my clothes. So, so, Herr Doktor. So, Herr Enemy.</p> <p>I am your opus, I am your valuable, The pure gold baby</p> <p>That melts to a shriek. I turn and burn. Do not think I underestimate your great concern.</p>
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—Texts and Translations—

<p>These are my hands My knees. I may be skin and bone,</p> <p>Nevertheless, I am the same, identical woman. The first time it happened I was ten. It was an accident.</p> <p>The second time I meant To last it out and not come back at all. I rocked shut</p> <p>As a seashell. They had to call and call And pick the worms off me like sticky pearls.</p>	<p>Ash, ash --- You poke and stir. Flesh, bone, there is nothing there----</p> <p>A cake of soap, A wedding ring, A gold filling.</p> <p>Herr God, Herr Lucifer Beware Beware.</p> <p>Out of the ash I rise with my red hair And I eat men like air</p>
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Upcoming Events

Apr. 25	Canaan Fain Gr. Percussion Recital	7:30 p.m.
Apr. 28	America's Haydn Festival <i>Tickets required: Gateway Chamber Orchestra</i> <i>APSU Students enter free with student ID</i>	4 p.m.
	Halie Jones Sr. Saxophone Recital <i>in Recital Hall</i>	7:30 p.m.

Events listed above are held in the George and Sharon Mabry Concert Hall in the Music/Mass Communication Building and are free and open to the public, unless indicated otherwise.

If you would like to be added to the Music Department patron database to be notified about future events, please send your name, address and email to music@apsu.edu or call 931-221-7818.

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