

A Voice of One's Own

The Cornell Vocal Program Celebrates International Women's Day

May 8, 2021
7:30 PM

*Students of
Tamara Acosta, Lucy Fitz Gibbon, Ricardo Lugo, Gary Mouldsdale, and Patrice Pastore
with
pianists Mary Holzhauer, Ryan McCullough, Cheryl Tan, and Richard Valitutto*

- I. "Leave Crete" – *Chariessa* (1978) Sheila Silver
(b. 1946)
Lucy Fitz Gibbon & Ryan McCullough
- Nous nous aimerons tant – *Clairières dans le ciel* (1914) Lili Boulanger
(1893-1918)
Amy Crouch & Ryan McCullough
- Liebst du um Schönheit (1840) Clara Schumann
(1819-1896)
Wynne Williams-Ceci & Cheryl Tan*
- Was weinst du, Blümlein? (1853), Op. 23 no. 1
Emily Pollack & Cheryl Tan
- Auf einem grünen Hügel (1853), Op. 23 no. 4
Caroline Hinrichs & Cheryl Tan
- Geheimes Flüstern hier und dort (1853), Op. 23 no. 3
Die gute Nacht, die ich dir sage (1841)
Lucy Fitz Gibbon & Cheryl Tan
- Til mit Hjertes Dronning (*To the Queen of My Heart*) Agathe Backer Grøndahl
(1847-1907)
Catherine Hendicott & Richard Valitutto

* Cheryl Tan performs on a Rodney Regier copy (2000) of a Conrad Graf fortepiano (Vienna, 1824)

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| Dawn's Awakening | Jason Ling & Ryan McCullough | Florence Price (1887-1953) |
| An April Day | Harris Erdman & Ryan McCullough | |
| Out of the South Blew a Wind | Caroline Lui & Ryan McCullough | |
| The Glory of the Day Was in Her Face | Maddy Potter & Ryan McCullough | |
| The Retort* | Brian Rappaport & Ryan McCullough | |
| My Neighbor | Fengrui Zhan & Ryan McCullough | |
| Bewilderment | Michelle Dominguez & Ryan McCullough | |
| We Have Tomorrow | Sophia Handley & Ryan McCullough | |
| To My Little Son | Tamara Acosta & Mary Holzhauer | |
| Weary Traveler | William Prevor & Ryan McCullough | |
| I Am Bound for the Kingdom | Delia Ofori & Ryan McCullough | |
| Resignation | Melissa Gao & Ryan McCullough | |
| I Can't Remember Love | Heather Hamann & Antonin Combet | Anna Hauss (b. 1986) |
| Mama | Maria Oprea | Maria Oprea |

* Unpublished song engraved for this performance by Lucy Fitz Gibbon from a manuscript held in the Florence Beatrice Smith Price Collection at the University of Arkansas.

Texts & Translations

"Leave Crete" (Chariessa) – Sheila Silver

Sappho (c. 630 – c. 570 BCE)

Mary Barnard (1909-2001), translator

Leave Crete and come to us
waiting where the grove is
pleasantest, by precincts

sacred to you; incense
smokes on the altar, cold
streams murmur through the

apple branches, a young
rose thicket shades the ground
and quivering leaves pour

down deep sleep; in meadows
where horses have grown sleek
among spring flowers, dill

scents the air. Queen! Cyprian!
Fill our gold cups with love
stirred into clear nectar

Nous nous aimerons tant – Lili Boulanger

Francis Jammes (1868-1938)

Nous nous aimerons tant que nous tairons nos mots,
en nous tendant la main, quand nous nous reverrons.
Vous serez ombragée par d'anciens rameaux
sur le banc que je sais où nous nous assoirons,

Donc nous nous assoirons sur ce banc, tous deux seuls.
D'un long moment, ô mon amie, vous n'oserez...
Que vous me serrez douce et que je tremblerai...

We will love each other so deeply that we fall silent,
Clasping hands in greeting when we meet again.
You will be shadowed by ancient branches
on the bench where I know we will sit,

So we will sit on this bench, we two alone.
For a long time, oh my beloved, you will not dare...
How gently you will hold me, how I will tremble...

Selected songs by Clara Schumann

Liebst du um Schönheit

Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!

Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr!

Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe.
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar.

Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar.

If you love for beauty's sake,
Oh, do not love me!
Love the sun,
With her golden hair!

If you love for youth's sake,
Oh, do not love me!
Love the spring,
Who is young each year!

If you love for riches' sake,
Oh, do not love me.
Love the mermaid,
With her shining pearls.

If you love for love's sake,
Oh, love me!
Love me always,
As I love you forever.

Was weinst du, Blümlein?

Hermann Rollett (1819-1904)

Was weinst du, Blümlein,
Im Morgenschein?
Das Blümlein lachte –:
Was fällt dir ein!

Ich bin ja fröhlich,
Ich weine nicht, –
Die Freudenthräne
Durch's Aug' mir bricht! –

Du Morgenhimmel!
Bist blutig roth,
Als läge deine Sonne
Im Meere todt?

Da lacht der Himmel
Und ruft mich an:
Ich streue ja Rosen
Auf ihre Bahn! –

Und strahlend flammte
Die Sonn hervor,
Die Blumen blühten
Freudig empor.

Des Baches Wellen
Jauchzten auf,
Und die Sonne lachte
Freundlich darauf!

Why do you cry, little flower,
In the morning sunshine?
The little flower laughed:
What do you mean?

I am truly happy,
I do not weep –
These are tears of joy
Which fall from my eyes!

You, morning sky!
Are you blood-red,
Because your sun lies
Dead in the sea?

Then the sky laughed
And called down to me:
I strew flowers
Along her path!

And radiantly aglow
The sun appeared,
The flowers bloomed
With joy abounding.

The waves in the brook
Gurgled with delight
And the sun laughed
Cheerfully above.

Auf einem grünen Hügel

Hermann Rollett

Auf einem grünen Hügel
Da steht ein Röslein hell,
Und wenn ich roth, roth Röslein seh' –
So roth wie lauter Liebe –
Möcht' weinen ich zur Stell'!

Auf einem grünen Hügel
Da stehn zwei Blümlein blau,
Und wenn ich blau, blau Blümlein seh' –
So blau, wie blaue Äuglein,
Durch Thränen ich sie schau'!

Auf einem grünen Hügel
Da singt ein Vögelein;
Mir ist's, als säng's: Wer niemals Leid –
Recht großes Leid erfahren,
Wird nie recht glücklich sein!

On a green hill
Grows a bright rosebud,
And when I see this red, red rosebud –
As red as pure Love –
I want to weep on the spot!

On a green hill
Grow two little blue flowers,
And when I see the blue, blue flowers –
As blue as two little eyes –
I see them through tears!

On a green hill
Sings a little bird;
It is as if it sings: Whosoever never grieves –
Who never knows great sorrow,
Will never truly be happy!

Geheimes Flüstern hier und dort

Hermann Rollett

Geheimes Flüstern hier und dort,
Verborgnes Quellenrauschen –
O Wald, o Wald, geweihter Ort,
Laß mich des Lebens reinstes Wort,
In Zweig und Blatt belauschen!

Und schreit' ich in den Wald hinaus,
Da grüßen mich die Bäume.
Du liebes, freies Gotteshaus,
Du schließt mich mit Sturmgebraus
In deine kühlen Räume!

Was leise mich umschwebt, umklingt, –
Ich will es treu bewahren,
Und was mir tief zum Herzen dringt,
Will ich, vom Geist der Lieb' beschwingt,
In Liedern offenbaren!

Secret whispers here and there,
Hidden, rushing springs –
Oh woods, oh woods, oh holy place,
Let me overhear in leaf and twig
Life's purest word!

And striding out into the wood,
There the trees greet me.
You dear, limitless house of God,
You embrace me with raging storms
In your cool expanses!

What around me softly floats, softly sounds –
I will safeguard it,
And what penetrates deep in my heart,
I will, moved by the spirit of love,
Disclose through song!

Die gute Nacht, die ich dir sage

Friedrich Rückert

Die gute Nacht, die ich dir sage,
Freund, hörst du!
Ein Engel, der die Botschaft trage
Geht ab und zu.

Er bring
t sie dir und hat mir wieder
Den Gruß gebracht:
Dir sagen auch des Freundes Lieder
Jetzt gute Nacht.

The good night which I bid you,
Friend—may you hear it!
An angel, who brings this greeting,
Flits back and forth.

He brings my message to you, and
Has returned the greeting:
Your friend's songs now
Wish you good night.

Til mit Hjertes Dronning ("To the Queen of my Heart") – Agathe Backer Grøndahl
Christian Preetzmann (1822 - 1893), adaptation of Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792 - 1822)

Skal vi vandre en Stund
I den dæmrende Lund,
Medens Fuldmaanen hist holder Vagt,
Jeg vil hviske, min Skat,
I den kølige Nat,
Hvad jeg aldrig ved Dagen fik sagt.

Jeg ved Stjernenes Skjær,
Skal betro Dig en Hær
Af Tanker, som aldrig fik Ord,
Imens Nathimlens Glands,
Som en sølverne Krands,
Om din luftige Skjønhed sig snor.

Og naar Maanen fra Sky
Over Marker og By
Udgyder sin sølverne Flod,
Vil mig fængsle dens Skin
Paa din Pande, din Kind,
Vil jeg knæle iløn ved din Fod.

Lad os sværme en Stund
Da ved Sø og i Lund,
Medens Fuldmaanen hist holder Vagt!
Jeg vil hviske, min Skat!
I den kølige Nat,
Hvad jeg aldrig ved Dagen fik sagt.

Shall we roam, my love,
To the twilight grove,
When the moon is rising bright?
Oh, I'll whisper there,
In the cool night air,
What I dare not in broad daylight!

I'll tell thee a part
Of the thoughts that start
To being when thou art nigh;
And thy beauty, more bright
Than the stars' soft light,
Shall seem as a weft from the sky.

When the pale moonbeam
On tower and stream
Sheds a flood of silver sheen,
How I love to gaze
As the cold ray strays
O'er thy face, my heart's throned queen!

Oh, come then, and rove
To the sea or the grove,
When the moon is rising bright,
And I'll whisper there,
In the cool night air,
What I dare not in broad daylight.

Selected songs by Florence Price

Dawn's Awakening

James Joseph Burke (1836-1928)

I stood on a hill at daybreak and watched the rising sun.
I saw the night in its passing and the day that had just begun.
I stood on a hill at morningtide and watched the break of day.
I saw the stars in the heavens, as they faded slowly away.
I saw the sun in its splendor rise over the hazy mists,
I felt the warmth of its shining rays, as the earth it fondly kissed.
I saw the sheep and the shepherd rise from a night of repose.
I saw all the beauties of nature and the dew shine like pearls on the rose.
I saw the fields and the forest, I saw the river below,
I saw the ships in the harbor, and wondered wither they'd go,
I saw in the distance a city where slumbered the wicked and just.
Close by on the hillside a graveyard where soon must mingle their dust.
I saw the church in the valley where worshipped the old and the young.
And I heard the bells in its tow'r as a heav'nly anthem they sang.
I listened again for the voices that rang in praise of our Lord,
The hilltops echoed the music with hosannas in sweetest accord.

An April Day

Joseph Seamon Cotter Jr. (1895-1919)

On such a day as this I think,
On such a day as this,
When earth and sky and nature's whole
Are clad in April's bliss;
And balmy zephyrs gently waft
Upon your cheek a kiss;
Sufficient is it just to live
On such a day as this.

Out of the South Blew a Wind

Fanny Carter Woods (1882-1948)

Out of the South blew a soft sweet wind;
And on its breath was a song
Of fields and flowers and leafy bowers,
And bees that hum all day long.

Out of the South blew a soft low wind;
On its wings was a joy of a dream,
And it hovered so near I was sure I could hear
The call of woodland and stream.

Out of the South blew a soft sweet wind;
And on its breath was a song.

The Glory of the Day Was in Her Face

James Weldon Johnson (1871-1938)

The glory of the day was in her face,
The beauty of the night was in her eyes.
And over all her loveliness, the grace
Of Morning blushing in the early skies.

And in her voice, the calling of the dove;
Like music of a sweet, melodious part.
And in her smile, the breaking light of love;
And all the gentle virtues in her heart.

And now the glorious day, the beautiful night,
The birds that signal to their mates at dawn,
To my dull ears, to my tear-blinded sight
Are one with all the dead, since she is gone.

The Retort

Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872-1906)

"Thou art a fool," said my head to my heart,
"Indeed, the greatest of fools thou art,
To be led astray by the trick of a tress,
By a smiling face or a ribbon smart;"
And my heart was in sore distress.

Then Phyllis came by, and her face was fair,
The light gleamed soft on her raven hair;
And her lips were blooming a rosy red.
Then my heart spoke out with a right bold air:
"Thou art worse than a fool, O head!

My Neighbor

Paul Laurence Dunbar

My neighbor lives on the hill,
And I in the valley dwell,
My neighbor must look down on me,
Must I look up?—ah, well,
My neighbor lives on the hill,
And I in the valley dwell.

My neighbor reads, and prays,
And I—I laugh, God wot,
And sing like a bird when the grass is green
In my small garden plot;
But ah, he reads and prays,
And I—I laugh, God wot.

His face is a book of woe,
And mine is a song of glee;
A slave he is to the great “They say,”
But I—I am bold and free;
No wonder he smacks of woe,
And I have the tang of glee.

My neighbor thinks me a fool,
“The same to yourself,” say I;
“Why take your books and take your prayers,
Give me the open sky;”
My neighbor thinks me a fool,
“The same to yourself,” say I.

Bewilderment

Langston Hughes (1902-1967)

I ask you this:
Which way to go?
I ask you this:
Which sin to bear?
Which crown to put
Upon my hair?
I do not know,
Lord God,
I do not know.

We Have Tomorrow

Langston Hughes

We have tomorrow
Bright before us
Like a flame.

Yesterday
A night-gone thing,
A sun-down name.

And dawn-today
Broad arch above the road we came.

To My Little Son

Julia Johnson Davis (1889-1961)

In your face I sometimes see
Shadowings of the man to be,
And eager, dream of what my son
Will be in twenty years and one.

But when you are to manhood grown,
And all your manhood ways are known
Then shall I, wistful, try to trace
The child you once were in your face?

Weary Traveler

Traditional

Let us cheer the weary traveler
Along the heavenly way.
I'll take my gospel trumpet
And I'll begin to blow
And if my Saviour helps me,
I'll blow wherever I go.
And brothers, if you meet with crosses
And trials on the way,
Just keep your trust in Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.

I Am Bound for the Kingdom

Traditional, as sung by Malinda Carter

I am bound for the Kingdom.
Glory in my soul!
If you get there before I do,
Glory in my soul,
Look out for me, I'm a comin' too
Glory in my soul.

Resignation

Florence Price (1887-1953)

My life is a pathway of sorrow;
I've struggled and toiled in the sun
with hope that the dawn of tomorrow
would break on a work that is done.
My Master has pointed the way,
he taught me in prayer to say:
"Lord, give us this day and our daily bread."
I hunger, yet I shall be fed.
My feet, they are wounded and dragging;
My body is tortured with pain;
My heart, it is shattered and flagging,
What matter, if, Heaven I gain.
Of happiness once I have tasted;
'Twas only an instant it paused
tho' brief was the hour that I wasted
For ever the woe that it caused
I'm tired and want to go home.
My mother and sister are there;
They're waiting for me to come
Where mansions are bright and fair.

I Can't Remember Love – Anna Hauss

William Horberg (b. 1958)

I remember springtime
I remember when it rained
I remember night time
The happiness and pain
I remember you
But I can't remember love
When I do, when I do
I remember nature
And many other things
I remember Big Joe Turner
What he sounds like when he sings
I remember you
But I can't remember love
When I do, when I do
Was it only yesterday
Or many moons ago?
When I turned and walked away
Where, oh, where did it go?
I remember as a child
I played with kings and queens
I remember growing older
Losing childish things
I remember you
Yet, I want to remember love
And I do

Mama – Maria Oprea

Maria Oprea (in her translation from Romanian)

When I left I didn't know
that the world was burnt and broken
I am drowning in this sea
of thoughts best left unspoken
But you will remain my foundation
And your memory my power.

*Take me back, God, please take me back
To hear the crickets in the grass
And 'Mama' as she calls me
Take me back, how I long to go back
To hide away in the barn
And watch the ducklings grow
Again!*

I longed to fly to the sky
But all I got was pain and bruises
I tried to work my way above
But the water pushed me downhill
And still you rock is my anchor
And your sweet words will guide me

Now my will is not strong enough
To keep the river inside my eyelids
I want you warm, sweet home
And your green backyard
I want to help you feed the hen and dogs
To brush your snowy hair
To kiss your cheek.