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Faculty Recital: Timothy Bostwick, Baritone; Elizabeth Thompson, Voice; Michael McAndrew, Pianist; March 21, 2023

Timothy Bostwick Baritone

Elizabeth Thompson Voice

Michael McAndrew Pianist

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He holds additional degrees from Binghamton University (MM), where he studied composition with Daniel Thomas Davis and collaborative piano with Joel Harder, and Moravian College (BM), where studied composition with Larry Lipkis and Sean O' Boyle, piano with Barbara Thompson, and collaborative piano with Graeme Burgan. He is currently Instructor of Collaborative Piano, Theory, and Opera Workshop Musical Director at Lamar University in Beaumont, Texas.

Elizabeth Thompson made her debut to Bloomington-Normal audiences as the mezzo-soprano soloist in Beethoven's *9th Symphony* with the Illinois Symphony Orchestra (2018). Since then, she has been a featured soloist in Mahler's *Rückert Lieder*, Haydn's *Mass in Time of War*, and Tippett's *A Child of Our Time* with the ISU Symphony Orchestra and Daugherty's *Songs from a Silent Land* with the ISU Wind Symphony. An art song enthusiast, Thompson performs recital and chamber works on a regular basis. In fall 2023, she will be premiering a new song cycle for voice, clarinet, and piano by composer Griffin Candey on texts by Jewish-Hungarian poet Hannah Szenes. Operatic highlights include leading roles in *Carmen* (Carmen), *Florencia en El Amazonas* (Rosalba), *Maria Stuarda* (Mary Stuart), *Die Zauberflöte* (Zweite Dame), *Suor Angelica* (Suor Angelica), *Le Nozze di Figaro* (Countess, Cherubino), and *The Consul* (Magda Sorel).

Thompson earned a Doctor of Musical Arts degree from the University of Illinois in 2015 and has received awards through the Orpheus National Vocal Competition and the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions. A student-centric teacher, she emphasizes skills which provide a technical foundation to support thoughtful dramatic communication and longevity of the vocal instrument. Thompson is an active member in the Pan American Vocology Association (PAVA) and the National Association of Teachers of Singing (NATS). At the 2020 Central Region NATS conference, her lecture *VoceVista: A Pedagogue's Tool from the Pandemic Toolbox* was a featured presentation. An iteration of her current research, *Emotional Trauma and the Singing Voice*, was selected for presentation at the 2021 Central Region NATS conference. Thompson teaches Applied Voice and Vocal Pedagogy at Illinois State University and serves as the Voice Area Studio Coordinator.

**Illinois State University
Wonsook Kim College of Fine Arts
School of Music**

**Faculty Recital
with featured guests**

**Timothy Bostwick, *Baritone*
Elizabeth Thompson, *Voice*
Michael McAndrew, *Pianist***

**Center for the Performing Arts
March 21, 2023
Tuesday Evening
7:00 p.m.**

This is the one hundred and thirteenth program of the 2022-2023 season.

Program

Please silence all electronics for the duration of the concert. Thank you.

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen, Op. 13 Warum Willst du and're fragen, Op. 12 Oh weh des Scheidens, das er tat	Clara Schumann (1819-1896)
Timothy Bostwick, <i>baritone</i> Michael McAndrew, <i>pianist</i>	
Le retour	Lili Boulanger (1893-1918)
Écoutez la chanson bien douce	Nadia Boulanger (1887-1979)
Elizabeth Thompson, <i>voice</i> Michael McAndrew, <i>pianist</i>	
Volkslied Ich hab' in deinem Auge, Op. 13 Lorelei	Clara Schumann
Timothy Bostwick Michael McAndrew	
L'énamourée	Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)
Canción del carretero	Carlos López Bucharcho (1881-1948)
Olas gigantes	Joaquín Turina (1882-1949)
Elizabeth Thompson Michael McAndrew	
O Tod, wie bitter bist du, Op. 121	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Der Mond kommt still gegangen, Op. 13 An einem lichten Morgen, Op. 23	Clara Schumann
Timothy Bostwick Michael McAndrew	
I want to die while you love me Love, let the wind cry	Undine Smith Moore (1904-1989)
Elizabeth Thompson Michael McAndrew	

Timothy Bostwick as an avid performer, Mr. Bostwick, baritone, has been applauded as an “impressive and impactful voice” in *Hansel und Gretel* and described in his role as Figaro in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* as “Pure comic joy.” Recently, he returned to his alma mater, Drake University, to perform the title role in Verdi’s *Falstaff* and the titular role in *Gianni Schicchi* at Eastern Illinois University. Having lived in New York City, he performed roles including Belcore in *L’Elisir d’Amore* and Schaunard in *La Boheme* with Amore Opera and Germont in *La Traviata*. Once back in the midwest, he has continued to perform including Chucho in *Lucrezia* (Bolcom), Father in *Hansel and Gretel* and recently debuted the role of Saul in the new opera, *The Psalm of Silence*. Recently, he assisted in debuting Chicago Fringe Opera’s *La Jetée*.

Previously, he has performed Wolf’s *Italienisches Liederbuch* and his American Art Song recital, *Songs of Democracy*. Other roles include: Alfio in *Cavalleria Rusticana*, Barone di Trombonok in *Il Viaggio a Reims*, Top in *The Tender Land*, Marullo in *Rigoletto*, and the title roles in *Gianni Schicchi* and *Le Nozze di Figaro*. He returned to Des Moines as Escamillo in *Carmen* to the Opera Project Des Moines and as Fiorello in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* at Sugar Creek Opera.

In addition, Mr. Bostwick holds degrees from Drake University, the Conservatory of Music of Brooklyn College, and is currently completing his doctoral studies at the University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign.

Michael N. McAndrew maintains an active schedule as a collaborative pianist and vocal coach, currently as coaching staff for Songe d’été en musique in Quebec, Canada and DuoMotive with flutist, Michelle Li. He has also played with Opera Saratoga, Lyric Theatre @ Illinois, Springfield Symphony Orchestra (OH), Central Illinois Youth Chorus, Summer Harmony Men's Chorus, Tri-Cities Opera, Binghamton Community Orchestra, Penn State Scranton Chorale, the Foothills Opera Experience, and All Score Urbana. He has worked with artists such as Phil Woods, Randy Brecker, Bob Dorough, the Momenta Quartet, Michelle DeYoung, Julian Ovenden, Jeffrey Biegel, Jacqueline Horner-Kwiatek, Jeffrey Wahl, Julie and Nathan Gunn, Ricardo Herrera, Audrey Vallance, Marc Webster, Joshua Glasner, and Maryte Bizinkauskas. Michael was also founder and director/pianist of the Night of Stars concert series, which fundraised for several organizations in the Southern Tier area of New York.

He received his DMA from the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, studying collaborative piano with Casey Robards and Michael Tilley, and composition with Carlos Carrillo.

Program Notes and Translations

Notes by the performers, translations as indicated

Clara Schumann (1819-1896) represented a renaissance musician of her period. Not only was she a pianist of extraordinary skill and musicianship, Clara is also responsible for editing many of her husband's works and compiling them into the editions we know today. Though composition was more of a hobby, her skill at unifying voice—and other instruments—and piano is extraordinary.

Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen

Und starrte ihr Bildniß an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.

I stood in gloomy daydreams
and gazed at her portrait,
and that well-beloved countenance
began furtively to come to life.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmuthstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

About her lips there seemed to glide
a wondrous smile,
and, as if they were about to fill with nostalgic tears,
her eyes glistened.

Auch meine Thränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab --
Und ach, ich kann es nicht glauben,
Daß ich Dich verloren hab'!

And my tears flowed
down my cheeks --
and ah, I cannot believe
that I have lost you!

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Warum willst du and're fragen

Die's nicht meinen treu mit dir?
Glaube nicht, als was dir sagen
Diese beiden Augen hier!

Why will you question others,
Who are not faithful to you?
Believe nothing but what
Both these eyes say!

Glaube nicht den fremden Leuten,
Glaube nicht dem eignen Wahn;
Nicht mein Tun auch sollst du deuten,
Sondern sieh die Augen an!

Believe not strange people,
Believe not peculiar fancies;
Even my actions you shouldn't interpret,
But look in these eyes!

Schweigt die Lippe deinen Fragen,
Oder zeugt sie gegen mich?
Was auch meine Lippen sagen,
Sieh mein Aug', ich liebe dich!

Will lips silence your questions,
Or turn them against me?
Whatever my lips may say,
See my eyes: I love you!

Translation from German (Deutsch) to English copyright © 1996 by [David Kenneth Smith](#)

O weh' des Scheidens, das er tat

Da er mich ließ im Sehnen!
O weh' des Bittens, wie er bat,
Des Weinens seiner Thränen!

O pain of parting, which he caused,
That he has left me yearning!
O pain of pleading, as he pled,
Of teardrops of his weeping!

Er sprach zu mir: Dein Trauern laß!
Und schied doch selbst in Schmerzen.
Von seinen Tränen ward ich naß,
Daß kühl mir's ward im Herzen.

He said to me: "Your mourning leave!"
But left, himself in grieving.
His parting teardrops left me wet,
And in my heart, a shiver.

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The **Boulanger** sisters, Lili and Nadia, are represented in these two song selections: "Le retour" by the younger sister, Lili (1893-1918), and "Écoutez la chanson bien douce" by the older Nadia (1887-1979). Although plagued by health problems which eventually led to her premature death at age 24, Lili made no small impact on the discipline, winning the Prix de Rome for music in 1913 (the first woman to do so). Nadia adored her younger sister and, though a recognized composer herself, gave up composing soon after Lili's death. Nonetheless, she went on to become one of the most respected and far-reaching composition teachers of the 20th century.

Lili Boulanger, "Le retour" (1912)

Poetry by Georges Delaquys, English translation by Richard Stokes

Ulysse part la voile au vent,
Vers Ithaque aux ondes chéries,
Avec des bercements la vague roule et plie.
Au large de son coeur la mer aux vastes eaux
Où son oeil suit les blancs oiseaux
Egrène au loin des pierreries.

Ulysses sets out, sails to the wind,
Towards Ithaca on beloved waves,
Which rise and fall and sway.
Before the open sea of his heart, the vast ocean,
Where his eyes follow the white birds,
Scatters in the distance precious jewels.

Ulysse part la voile au vent,
Vers Ithaque aux ondes chéries!

Ulysses sets out, sails to the wind,
Towards Ithaca on beloved waves.

Penché oeil grave et coeur battant
Sur le bec d'or de sa galère
Il se rit, quand le flot est noir, de sa colère
Car là-bas son cher fils pieux et fier attend
Après les combats éclatants,
La victoire aux bras de son père.
Il songe, oeil grave et coeur battant
Sur le bec d'or de sa galère.

Leaning, with serious gaze and beating heart,
On the golden prow of his boat,
He laughs at his anger, when black waves threaten,
For yonder his dear, devout and proud son awaits,
After astounding victories,
his triumphant father.
He dreams, with serious gaze and beating heart,
By the golden prow of his boat.

Ulysse part la voile au vent,
Vers Ithaque aux ondes chéries.

Ulysses sets out, sails to the wind,
Towards Ithaca on beloved waves.

Nadia Boulanger, "Écoutez la chanson bien douce" (1905)

Poetry by Paul Verlaine, English translation by Richard Stokes

Écoutez la chanson bien douce
Qui ne pleure que pour vous plaire,
Elle est discrète, elle est légère :
Un frisson d'eau sur de la mousse!

Listen to the very soft song
that weeps solely to please you,
it is discreet, it is delicate,
a quivering of water over moss.

La voix vous fut connue (et chère ?)
Mais à présent elle est voilée
Comme une veuve désolée,
Pourtant comme elle encore fière,

That voice was known to you (and dear?)
but at present it is veiled
like a distressed widow,
yet like her it is still proud.

Et dans les longs plis de son voile,
Qui palpite aux brises d'automne.
Cache et montre au cœur qui s'étonne
La vérité comme une étoile.

And in the long folds of its veil,
which flutters in the autumn breezes,
it hides and reveals to the astonished heart
the truth like a shining star.

Elle dit, la voix reconnue,
Que la bonté c'est notre vie,
Que de la haine et de l'envie
Rien ne reste, la mort venue.

It says, that recognized voice,
that goodness is our very life,
that nothing remains of hate and envy
after death has come.

Elle parle aussi de la gloire
D'être simple sans plus attendre,
Et de noces d'or et du tendre
Bonheur d'une paix sans victoire.

It speaks also of the glory
of being simple without expecting more,
and of golden weddings and the tender
happiness of peace without victory.

Accueillez la voix qui persiste
Dans son naïf épithalame.
Allez, rien n'est meilleur à l'âme
Que de faire une âme moins triste !

Welcome that voice as it persists
in its simple wedding-song.
Yes, welcome it, nothing is better for the soul
than to make a soul less sad!

Elle est en peine et de passage,
L'âme qui souffre sans colère,
Et comme sa morale est claire !...
Écoutez la chanson bien sage.

Suffering without anger, that soul
is in trouble and in transit.
And the voice's moral is so clear!...
Listen to the very wise song.

Clara Schumann
Volkslied

Es fiel ein Reif in der Frühlingsnacht,
Es fiel auf die zarten Blaublümelein:
Sie sind verwelket, verdorrt.

There fell a frost on a night of Spring,
it fell on the delicate blossoms blue:
the blossoms withered, and drooped.

Ein Jüngling hatte ein Mädchen lieb;
Sie flohen heimlich von Hause fort,
Es wußt' weder Vater noch Mutter.

A young man once loved a maiden fair;
in secret they ran away from home,
unknown to their father or mother.

Sie sind gewandert hin und her,
Sie haben gehabt weder Glück noch Stern,
Sie sind verdorben, gestorben.

They wandered aimless here and there,
they had neither luck nor aiding star,
they met their ruin, they perished.

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Ich hab' in deinem Auge, Op. 13

Der ewigen Liebe gesehen,
Ich sah auf deinen Wangen einmal
Die Rosen des Himmels stehn.

Und wie der Strahl im Aug' erlischt,
Und wie die Rosen zerstieben,
Ihr Abglanz, ewig neu erfrischt,
Ist mir im Herzen geblieben.

Und niemals werd' ich die Wangen sehn
Und nie in's Auge dir blicken,
So werden sie mir in Rosen stehn
Und es den Strahl mir schicken.

In your eyes I have seen
The beam of eternal love,
I once saw upon your cheeks
The roses of heaven.

And as the beam in your eyes fades,
And as the roses scatter,
Their reflection, ever refreshed anew,
Has remained within my heart.

And I shall never see your cheeks
And never look into your eyes,
But that your cheeks will be full of roses for me,
And your eyes will be sending me the beam of love.

Translation from German (Deutsch) to English copyright © 2020 by Sharon Krebs

Lorelei

Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten,
Daß ich so traurig bin;
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Im Abendsonnenschein.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
Dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei;
Das hat eine wundersame,
Gewaltige Melodei.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei gethan.

I'm looking in vain for the reason
That I am so sad and distressed;
A tale known for many a season
Will not allow me to rest.

Cool is the air in the twilight
And quietly flows the Rhine;
The mountain top glows with a highlight
From the evening sun's last shine.

The fairest of maiden's reposing
So wonderously up there.
Her golden treasure disclosing;
She's combing her golden hair.

She combs it with comb of gold
And meanwhile sings a song
With melody strangely bold
And overpoweringly strong.

The boatman in his small craft
Is seized with longings, and sighs.
He sees not the rocks fore and aft;
He looks only up towards the skies.

I fear that the waves shall be flinging
Both vessel and man to their end;
That must have been what with her singing
The Lorelei did intend.

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Born in South America to a Venezuelan mother and a Jewish, German-born father, **Reynaldo Hahn** (1874-1947) writes with a musical language that is definitively Parisian. A composer, singer, and conductor, Hahn considered attention to text and poetry paramount to his vocal writing, basing his career out of France. He maintained a notable friendship with the prolific writer Marcel Proust – with whom he had a romantic relationship for a time – who saw the composer much as his muse. In this selection, melancholic longing for the departed one's beloved is prescient. The sparse piano writing still richly supports the expressive and pensive vocal lines.

Reynaldo Hahn, "L'Énamourée" (c. 1891)

Poetry by Théodore de Banville, English translation by Richard Stokes

Ils se disent, ma colombe,
Que tu rêves, morte encore,
Sous la pierre d'une tombe:
Mais pour l'âme qui t'adore,
Tu t'éveilles ranimée,
Ô pensive bien-aimée!

They say, my dove,
that you are still dead and dreaming
beneath a tombstone;
but you awaken, revived,
for the soul that adores you,
oh pensive beloved!

Par les blanches nuits d'étoiles,
Dans la brise qui murmure,
Je caresse tes longs voiles,
Ta mouvante chevelure,
Et tes ailes demi-closes
Qui voltigent sur les roses!

Through the sleepless nights,
in the murmuring breeze,
I caress your long veils,
your swaying hair
and your half-closed wings
which flutter among the roses.

Ô délices ! je respire
Tes divines tresses blondes!
Ta voix pure, cette lyre,
Suit la vague sur les ondes,
Et, suave, les effleure,
Comme un cygne qui se pleure!

Oh delights! I breathe
your divine blond tresses!
Your pure voice, a kind of lyre,
moves on the swell of the waters
and touches them gently, suavely,
like a lamenting swan!

Argentinian composer **Carlos López Buchardo** (1881-1948) is one of the names on this program perhaps lesser-known to a North American audience. Although, like Hahn, he studied in Paris during the *belle époque*, López Buchardo returned to his native Buenos Aires where he became a seminal figure in establishing and leading several national, musical institutions. Much of his compositional writing was for the voice, and his songs romanticize distinctive folk idioms of Argentina.

Carlos López Buchardo, "Canción del carretero" from *Seis Canciones al estilo popular* (1924)

Poetry by Gustavo Caraballo, English translation by Charles Johnston

En las cuchillas se pone el sol;
las golondrinas han vuelto ya,
y por la senda del campo verde
un carretero cantando va:

On the mountaintops the sun is setting;
The swallows have already returned,
And along the track in the green countryside
Comes a carter, singing as he goes:

"Alma de mi alma, ¡como lloré!
bajo este cielo lleno de sol,
cuando agitastes en la tranquera
tu pañuelito diciendo adiós.

'Heart of my hearts, how I wept
Under this sun-kissed sky
When, standing at the fence, you waved
Your little handkerchief to say goodbye!

¡Ay, paisanita! Vuelve a mi amor.
Sin ti, mi vida no puede estar.
Las madresevas se han marchitado
y las calandrias no cantan ya.

'Alas, charming peasant girl! Come back to me, my love.
Without you I cannot live.
The honeysuckles have withered
And the calandra larks no longer sing.

¡Ay, paisanita! Vuelve a mi amor.
Hecha tapera la casa está,
y entre los sauces llora el remanso
porque tus labios no cantan más."

'Alas, charming peasant girl! Come back to me, my love.
The house is nothing but a ruin
And among the willows the pool weeps
Because your lips no longer sing.'

En las cuchillas se ha puesto el sol
mientras la tarde muriendo está;
y así cantando va el carretero
las desventuras de su cantar.

On the mountain tops the sun has set
As the afternoon draws to a close;
And so the carter walks on, singing
His song of misfortune.

Spanish composer **Joachín Turina** (1882-1949) studied composition in Paris, like Hahn and Bucharado. His style falls somewhere between those of his contemporaries on this program: utilizing the forms and structures of turn-of-the-century European classical music while still expressively exploring the national influences of *zarzuela* and *sevillanismo*. Turina's songs are notoriously demanding of the pianist and virtuosic for the voice. "Olas gigantes" is taken from a set of three songs with poetry by Spanish literary figure Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer (*Tres poemas*, opus 81).

Joachín Turina, "Olas gigantes," from Op. 81 (1933)

Poetry by Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer, English translation by Richard Stokes

Olas gigantes que os rompéis bramando
En las playas desiertas y remotas,
Envuelto entre las sábanas de espuma,
¡Llevadme con vosotras!

Vast waves, breaking with a roar
on deserted and distant strands,
shroud me in a sheet of foam,
bear me away with you!

Ráfagas de huracán, que arrebatáis
Del alto bosque las marchitas hojas,
Arrastrando en el ciego torbellino,
¡Llevadme con vosotras!

Hurricane gusts, snatching
the tall wood's withered leaves,
dragging all along in dark turbulence,
bear me away with you!

Nubes de tempestad que rompe el rayo
Y en fuego ornáis las desprendidas orlas,
Arrebatado entre la niebla oscura,
¡Llevadme con vosotras!

Storm clouds rent by lightning,
with your edges bordered in fire,
snatch me up in a dark mist,
bear me away with you!

Llevadme, por piedad, adonde el vértigo
Con la razón me arranque la memoria.
¡Por piedad! ... ¡Tengo miedo de quedarme
Con mi dolor a solas, con mi dolor a solas!

Bear me away, I beg, to where vertigo
eradicates my memory and reason...
Have mercy... I dread being left
alone in my grief!

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897) wrote the *Vier Ernste Gesänge* shortly after Clara Schumann's death. Though they are inscribed to Max Klinger, Brahms famously wrote to Clara's daughter that they were "a funeral offering to your beloved mother."

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

O Tod, wie bitter bist du,

Wenn an dich gedenket ein Mensch,
Der gute Tage und genug hat
Und ohne Sorge lebet;
Und dem es wohl geht in allen Dingen
Und noch wohl essen mag!
O Tod, wie bitter bist du.

O Tod, wie wohl tust du dem Dürftigen,
Der da schwach und alt ist,
Der in allen Sorgen steckt,
Und nichts Bessers zu hoffen,
Noch zu erwarten hat!
O Tod, wie wohl tust du!

Clara Schumann

Der Mond kommt still gegangen,

Mit seinem goldnen Schein,
Da schläft in holdem Prangen
Die müde Erde ein.

Und auf den Lüften schwanken
Aus manchem treuen Sinn
Viel tausend Liebesgedanken
Über die Schläfer hin.

Und drunten im Thale, da funkeln
Die Fenster von Liebchens Haus;
Ich aber blicke im Dunkeln
Still in die Welt hinaus.

An einem lichten Morgen,

Da klingt es hell im Thal:
Wach' auf, du liebe Blume,
Ich bin der Sonnenstrahl!

Erschließe mit Vertrauen
Dein Blütenkammerlein
Und laß die heiße Liebe
Ins Heiligtum hinein.

O death, how bitter you are
when a man thinks of you,
one who has good days and enough,
who lives without cares
who is doing well in all things
and who can eat well -

O death, how bitter you are.
O death how good you feel to one that is needy,
who is weak and old
and who is full of care
and has nothing better to hope for
or to expect.
O death, how good you feel.

The moon so peaceful rises
with all its golden shine,
here sleeps in lovely glitter
the weary earth below.

And on the breezes waft down
from many faithful hearts
true loving thoughts by the thousand
upon the sleeping ones.

And down in the valley, there twinkle
the lights from my lover's house;
but I in darkness still look out -
silent - into the world.

On morning bright and shining,
there rings clear through the vale,
"Wake up, beloved flower,
I am the ray of sun!

"Now open confidently
your little blossom heart
and let my burning love-beams
into your holy shrine.

Ich will ja nichts verlangen
Als liegen dir im Schoos,
Und deine Blüte küssen --
Eh sie verwelkt im Moos.

"I nothing more require
than to lie upon your chest
and on your bloom lay ki ses
'till in the moss you droop.

Ich will ja nichts begehren,
Als ruhn an deiner Brust,
Und dich dafür verklären
Mit sonnenheller Lust!

"I nothing more desire
than to sleep up on your breast
and thus I will transform you
with sunshine's shining joy."

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Undine Smith Moore (1904-1989), long lauded as 'the Dean of Black Women Composers,' described herself as "a teacher who composes, not simply a composer who teaches." An American hailing from Virginia, she studied at Fisk University before going to Julliard. This duality of teaching and composing defined her entire professional life. Always a dedicated teacher – which included founding the Black Music Center at Virginia State University – her compositional style was influenced by the romanticism of composers such as Johannes Brahms and Samuel Barber as well as Black American spirituals and the artists of the Harlem Renaissance.

Undine Smith Moore, "I want to die while you love me" (1975)

Poetry by Georgia Douglas Johnson

I want to die while you love me,
While yet you hold me fair,
While laughter lies upon my lips
And lights are in my hair.

I want to die while you love me
Oh, who would care to live
Till love has nothing more to ask
And nothing more to give!

I want to die while you love me
I could not bear to see
The glory of this perfect day
Grow dim or cease to be.

I want to die while you love me,
And bear to that still bed,
Your kisses turbulent, unspent
To warm me when I'm dead.

"Love let the wind cry... How I adore thee" (1961)

Based on poetry of Sappho:

Love let the wind cry
On the dark mountain,
Bending the ash trees
And the tall hemlocks
With the great voice of
Thunderous legions,
How I adore thee.

Let the long rhythm
Of crunching rollers,
Breaking and bursting
On the white seaboard
Titan and tireless,
Tell, while the world stands,
How I adore thee.

But, more than all sounds,
Surer, serener,
Fuller of passion
And exultation,
Let the hushed whisper
In thine own heart say,
How I adore thee.

Let the hoarse torrent
In the blue canyon,
Murmuring mightily
Out of the gray mist
Of primal chaos
Cease not proclaiming
How I adore thee.

Love, let the clear call
Of the tree cricket,
Frailest of creatures,
Green as the young grass,
Mark with his trilling
Resonant bell-note,
How I adore thee.