

Upcoming Concerts

Please join us for our final concert program in this landmark tenth season. Our special final concert will be given in Merkin Hall and will include past favorites by Josquin, Monteverdi, Schütz, Schein, Schoenberg, Gabus, Lauridsen, and Parker, a reprise of our commissions by Lisa Bielawa and Elliot Z. Levine, and the premiere of our commission by David Lang.

GALA CONCERT

Sunday, May 8, 2005 Brooklyn (St. Boniface Oratory)
Sunday, May 15, 2005 Manhattan (Merkin Hall)

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10TH ANNIVERSARY SEASON

CERDDORION

VOCAL ENSEMBLE

Kristina Boerger

Artistic Director

PRESENTS

A Path of Good Things



Sunday, February 27, 2005 - 4:00 p.m.
Plymouth Church of the Pilgrims
75 Hicks Street
Brooklyn, New York

Saturday, March 5, 2005 - 8:00 p.m.
Church of St. Luke in the Fields
487 Hudson Street
Manhattan, New York

CERDDORION

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Nadia DiGiallonardo
Franny Geller
Bonny Hart
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Leighanne Saltsman
Ellen Schorr

ALTOS

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Kristina Boerger

KRISTINA BOERGER received her formative musical training from pianist Annie Sherter and holds the D.M.A. in Choral Conducting and Literature from the University of Illinois. Having served on the faculties of Lake Forest College and the Millikin University School of Music, she currently lectures in music history at Barnard College. She has been a guest conductor, adjudicator, and ensemble clinician in several U.S. cities, in Quebec City, and in Mar del Plata, Argentina.

As Founding Director of AMASONG: Champaign-Urbana's Premier Lesbian/Feminist Chorus (a community ensemble of 60 voices) Dr. Boerger conducted and produced two award-winning compact discs, appeared in several national venues, and toured the Czech Republic. Her work with this group is the subject of the documentary film *The AMASONG Chorus: Singing Out*, which has been touring festivals in the U.S., Canada, Europe, and Australia, and which was broadcast nationally on PBS this past June as the last installment of the season's Independent Lens series.

As a singer in a variety of styles, Dr. Boerger has appeared on stage with the Vox Vocal Ensemble, The King's Noyse, and Urban Bush Women, and on recording projects by Bobby McFerrin, Pan Morigan, and Early Music New York. She was recently featured as a soloist in a concert of premieres at Merkin Hall and heard in the recorded incidental music for Bartlett Sherr's production of *Pericles* at BAM. She is a regular member of the acclaimed early music ensemble Pomerium and of The Western Wind, a sextet renowned for its performing, recording, and educational activities.

This is Dr. Boerger's fifth season as Artistic Director of Cerddorion.

Program

Please reserve your applause until the end of each set.

Un soir de neige
De grandes cuillers de neige
La bonne neige
Bois meurtri
La nuit le froid la solitude



My Shepherd Will Supply My Need
Traditional Southeastern hymn tune
Arr. Virgil Thomson (1896 – 1989)

Psalm 23
Phillip Cheab, guest conductor



Un prodigio les canto:
from Four Villancicos of Sor Juana de la Cruz

- I Pues está tiritando
- II Pues mi Dios
- III Aguas puras del Nilo



The 23rd Psalm
Sound Canticle on Bay Psalm 23



Sept Chansons
La blanche neige
A peine défigurée
Par une nuit nouvelle
Tous les droits
Belle et ressemblante
Marie
Luire

Program Notes

Welcome to the second concert in Cerddorion's tenth season. This year, as we celebrate our history, we also bend our efforts toward a lively future for our ensemble in particular and the choral art in general. Each of our programs this season includes favorite selections from past seasons and the premiere of a work commissioned to commemorate this anniversary. Our November concert featured the premiere of Lisa Bielawa's arresting *Lamentations for a City*. Tonight we premiere the first three movements of Elliot Z. Levine's *Un prodigio les canto*. For our May concert in Merkin Hall, we will reprise both of these new works, as well as premiering a piece by David Lang that is currently in progress. It has been exciting to watch this year's programs take shape around the contributions of the composers writing for us.

Two settings of Psalm 23 made several singers' lists of favorite repertoire from past seasons. One of them happened to be the setting by Elliot Z. Levine, so tonight seemed the perfect occasion to present them both among a variety of treatments of this favorite text. Poulenc's *Un soir de neige* is another reprise for longtime members of Cerddorion, and several singers have had the *Sept chansons* on their wish lists for some time. With these two sets we frame an evening of tracks through snow, earthward journeys, and fluvial currents, searching in all of these for a *path of good things*.

"Having verse set to music is like looking at a painting through a stained-glass window." This harsh indictment was issued by poet and aphorist Paul Valéry, a younger contemporary of Francis Poulenc. But without poetry, where does the composer turn who loves the voice, who would comment on his world? Poulenc was born in 1899 into a Paris that was emerging as the cultural capital of the West, drawing together an international community of poets, composers, painters, choreographers, and other artists in a creative ferment whose fruits defined many of the aesthetic and philosophical trends of the new century. Poulenc was most humbly proud of his associations with several poets, including Max Jacob, Guillaume Apollinaire, Jean Cocteau, Louise de Vilmorin, and Louis Aragon, whose verses he used in stage works, choral repertoire, and his extensive corpus of solo song. Before setting the work of living poets, he strove to hear them read their work, in order to discover their verse's unique musical attributes of tone and rhythm.

It was Paul Éluard for whom Poulenc had the greatest affinity. He once confessed that he hoped to be eulogized as Éluard's greatest interpreter. And indeed, in 1946 Éluard thanked Poulenc for revealing to him the lyricism of his own poetry. In 1943, during the Nazi occupation of France, Poulenc composed *Figure humaine*, a choral cantata on Resistance texts of Éluard that were published pseudonymously and subsequently banned. Only after Liberation Day could the cantata be performed in the open, but Poulenc read its words and played its music to himself every day during the war, finding that its "integrity and faith" gave him hope even in his most despairing moods. *Un soir de neige*, also composed during the Occupation to poems of Éluard, offers more an act of submission than a declaration of resistance. Nature provides the metaphor for the dark

Cerddorion

CERDDORION IS A MIXED chamber choir dedicated to outstanding performances of the best choral music. Now in its tenth season, it has become one of the most admired ensembles in the thriving New York choral music scene. As befits its name (*cerddorion* is Welsh for "musicians"), the ensemble aspires to musicianship in its fullest sense, using the human voice to explore and fulfill the expressive potential of the art. Audiences have come to know Cerddorion for its interpretive depth as well as its technical excellence, in repertoire that spans the chamber choral literature, from Medieval polyphony to new compositions. Past programs have focused on Josquin; Monteverdi; early American hymns and spirituals; double-choir works by Bach and Schütz; Brahms, Schubert, and Rheinberger; Delius, Elgar, and other post-Romantics; Hindemith and his contemporaries; and living composers including Robert Dennis, Tom Shake, and Giles Swayne.

Since its founding in 1995 by Susanne Peck, Cerddorion has attracted significant recognition and numerous invitations to collaborate with other prestigious artists. In 1998 and 1999, the group served as the resident teaching ensemble for the Dennis Keene Choral Festival in Kent, Connecticut. With the acclaimed early music ensemble Concert Royal, Cerddorion performed Bach's *Cantata 140* and Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*. In 2001, Cerddorion lent its "ethereal sounds" (*Dance Insider*, 10/10/01) to *The War Council*, part of a site-inspired work produced by Dancing in the Streets in Brooklyn, in the first of several collaborations with the Christopher Caines Dance Company.

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Marie

Vous y dansiez petite fille
Y danserez-vous mère-grand
C'est la maclotte qui sautille
Toutes les cloches sonneront
Quand donc reviendrez-vous Marie

Des masques sont silencieux
Et la musique est si lointaine
Qu'elle semble venir des cieus
Oui je veux vous aimer mais vous aimer à peine
Et mon mal est délicieux

Les brebis s'en vont dans la neige
Flocons de laine et ceux d'argent
Des soldats passent et que n'ai-je
Un coeur à moi ce coeur changeant
Changeant et puis encore que sais-je

Sais-je où s'en iront tes cheveux
Crépus comme mer qui moutonne
Sais-je où s'en iront tes cheveux
Et tes mains feuilles de l'automne
Que jonchent aussi nos aveux

Je passais au bord de la Seine
Un livre ancien sous le bras
Le fleuve est pareil à ma peine
Il s'écoule et ne tarit pas
Quand donc finira la semaine
Quand donc reviendrez-vous Marie...
—*Guillaume Apollinaire (1880 – 1918)*

Luire

Terre irréprochablement cultivée,
Miel d'aube, soleil en fleurs,
Coureur tenant encore par un fil au dormeur.
(Noeud par intelligences)
Et le jetant sur son épaule:
Il n'a jamais été plus neuf,
Il n'a jamais été si lourd.
Usure, il sera plus léger,
Utile.
Clair soleil d'été avec,
Sa chaleur, sa douceur, sa tranquillité.
Et vite,
Les porteurs de fleurs en l'air touchent de la terre.
—*Paul Éluard (1895-1952)*

Marie

You danced there as a little girl
Will you dance there as a grandmother
It's the hopping folk dance
All the bells will ring
When will you ever return Marie

The masks are silent
And the music is so far off
That it seems to come from the heavens
Yes I want to love you but love you just barely
And my pain is delectable

The ewes go off into the snow
Flakes of wool and some of silver
Soldiers go by and if only I had
My own heart this changing heart
Changing and then again what do I know

Do I know where your hair will go
Nappy as the sheeplike sea
Do I know where your hair will go
And your hands like leaves of autumn
Bestrewn with our promises too

I was walking by the Seine
An old book under my arm
The river is like my pain
It flows and does not dry up
When will this week ever end
When will you ever return Marie...

To gleam

Faultlessly cultivated earth,
Dawn honey, sun in bloom,
Runner still connected by a thread to the sleeper.
(Tied by understanding)
And throwing him over his shoulder:
He has never been newer,
He has never been so heavy.
Worn, he will become lighter,
Useful.
Bright sun of summer with,
Its warmth, its softness, its stillness.
And quickly,
The flower-carriers in the air touch some earth.

time. Winter is beautiful and punishing, and even the last survivor must die. But everything natural is in its right place. Hope and renewal are implicit.

One of the texts used most often in the West to provide hope to its readers is the 23rd Psalm. Patients headed for surgery intone it before being anaesthetized, airline passengers recite it feverishly during turbulence, and mourners force its words past their lips on the days when their cups are the emptiest. Tonight, in the hands of four U.S. composers, the Psalm takes four different shapes of comfort.

Virgil Thomson, born in 1896, did as every serious composer of his time did: went to Paris, studied with Nadia Boulanger, and met with the “hot” artists of the time, including Jean Cocteau, Erik Satie, Igor Stravinsky, and Les Six (a cadre of avant-garde composers of which Poulenc was a member). Under the influence of Satie and Les Six he developed a style marked by clarity, simplicity, humor, and irony. With his legendary collaborator Gertrude Stein—another American artist seeking the moral freedom and creative stimulation of the new Paris—he created his most famous works, the operas *Four Saints in Three Acts* and *The Mother of Us All*. In “My Shepherd Will Supply My Need,” Thomson puts his simplicity at the service of a distinctly American sound, harmonizing a southern hymn tune whose text is a paraphrase of Psalm 23. The arrangement is purely diatonic and strictly strophic; no dissonance or other compositional device is adopted to paint words such as “death” or “foes.” The result communicates a straightforward assurance, a complete and uncomplicated faith.

Elliot Levine’s setting is the only one heard tonight that reproduces the language of the most familiar English translation of the Psalm. It is also the only one that is through-composed. It opens in a carefree, lilting triple meter suggesting a popular tune. By the seventh measure, however, it jumps by a pivot tone to an unexpected harmony. And so the piece progresses, nimbly visiting several key areas and keeping mostly to triads and seventh chords. A canon on the last line of the Psalm leads into the “Amen,” which is based on the opening phrase. Levine, more than Thomson, gives us the sense that even for the faithful there are challenges to negotiate, but the final message is the same: all will be well in the end.

Composer, orchestral conductor, and extraordinary vocalist Bobby McFerrin was born in New York City to two classical singers. A ten-time Grammy winner, he is one of the most creative musicians on the contemporary scene, earning recognition for his solo, *a cappella* work, his vocal ensemble improvisations with Voicestra, and creative collaborations with masters of other instruments, including Yo-Yo Ma and Chick Corea. About his body of sacred music, he says: “One of the simplest and most direct ways of praying and meditating is through singing, and singing in community is exceptionally powerful.” His 23rd Psalm, which appears on his recording *Medicine Music*, enjoys wide use in church services and other community gatherings. Dedicating the piece to his mother, McFerrin makes a surprising paraphrase of the original text, exalting the Lord and Shepherd of the Psalm as “She.” There are no “rod and staff” in this poem, though all other lines of the Psalm are recast in simple and rhyming language. McFerrin concludes with the

lesser doxology, in which he identifies the Trinity as the Mother, the Daughter, and the Holy of Holies. The musical material consists of three phrases, recurring in a fixed pattern. The style, reminiscent of Anglican chant, delivers most of the text on “reciting chords” that lead to medial or terminal cadences. The transparent harmonies and predictable repetitions imbue the piece with a deep sense of serenity.

Gregg Smith has long been one of the most recognized names in choral music in the United States. He earned his BA in music at UCLA, studying composition with Schoenberg disciple Leonard Stein, and his MM in composition under the primary tutelage of Lukas Foss. While still a graduate student, he earned his first choral job as director of a Japanese Methodist choir. His next project was to create his professional group, The Gregg Smith Singers, which preëminent American ensemble celebrates its 50th anniversary this year. It was in the 1970s that he and his ensemble became permanent residents of New York.

Smith estimates that he has composed some 350 vocal works, for his own group and for ensembles throughout the country. His works have been premiered by the ensembles of Ithaca College (where in the 1960s he was director of choral activities), the Texas Boys’ Choir, the Brooklyn Philharmonic, the New York Gay Men’s Chorus, Voices of Ascension, the Cathedral Choral Society of Washington DC, the Central Park East School, the Evergreen Chorale (Colorado), and more. His awards include Chorus America’s Margaret Hillis Award for excellence in choral conducting, the Louis Botto award for entrepreneurial spirit, and the American Composers Alliance’s Laurel Leaf Award for distinguished achievement in fostering and encouraging American music. His recordings with the Gregg Smith Singers include numerous original works, folk repertoire from the United States, and Venetian polychoral music of the early Baroque.

Sound Canticle on Bay Psalm 23 is one of The Gregg Smith Singers’ signature works and is being sung tonight as one of the favorites from a former Cerddorion season. Like the Thomson and the McFerrin, it uses a paraphrased text. It opens in G major with solo voices, presenting first the melody alone and then a simple, four-part, diatonic harmonization. The initial role of the rest of the ensemble, split into two choruses, is to echo each phrase ending. The first permutation of the material involves transpositions of each harmonized phrase to E major and C major, both sounding concurrently in the double choir against the quartet’s original phrases in G major. In a subsequent verse, the double choir takes over the G-major material, while the soloists adopt polytonal imitation. By the surprising and luminous chords of the final phrase, the listener’s ears have learned the piece’s harmonic language; though there is no triad to be found, the effect is one not of dissonance but rather of a consonance so new and expansive as to belong to the realm of Spirit, an eternal and inevitable calm that the music has allowed us to glimpse for a moment.

The composer of tonight’s featured premiere, Elliot Z. Levine (b.1948), has been the baritone for the Western Wind Vocal Ensemble since its inception in 1969. He has appeared as a soloist with such groups as Musica Sacra, the Rome Opera, La Fenice, the Mannes Camerata, Music at

Tous les droits

Simule

L’ombre fleurie des fleurs suspendues au printemps,

Le jour le plus court de l’année et la nuit esquimau.

L’agonie des visionnaires de l’automne,

L’odeur des roses, la savante brûlure de l’ortie.

Etends des linges transparents,

Dans la clairière de tes yeux.

Montre les ravages du feu, ses oeuvres d’inspiré,

Et le paradis de sa cendre,

Le phénomène abstrait luttant

Avec les aiguilles de la pendule.

Les blessures de la vérité, les serments qui ne plient pas,

Montre-toi,

Tu peux sortir en robe de crystal,

Ta beauté continue.

Tes yeux versent des larmes, des caresses, des sourires.

Tes yeux sont sans secret, sans limites.

—*Paul Éluard (1895-1952)*

Belle et ressemblante

Un visage à la fin du jour,

Un berceau dans les feuilles mortes du jour.

Un bouquet de pluie nue,

Tout soleil caché.

Toute source des sources au fond de l’eau.

Tout miroir des miroirs brisés.

Un visage dans les balances du silence.

Un caillou parmi d’autres cailloux

Pour les frondes des dernières lueurs du jour.

Un visage semblable à tous les visages oubliés.

—*Paul Éluard (1895-1952)*

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Imitate

The blooming shade of flowers hung from spring

The shortest day of the year and the Eskimo night.

The death pangs of autumn’s seers,

The scent of roses, the skillful sting of nettles

Spread out transparent linens,

In the clearing of your eyes.

Show the devastation of fire its inspired deeds,

And the heaven of its ash

The abstract phenomenon wrestling

With the hands of the clock.

The wounds of truth, the unbending oaths,

Show yourself,

You can come out in a crystal dress,

Your beauty goes on.

Your eyes shed tears, caresses, smiles.

Your eyes are without secret, without limits.

Beautiful and resembling

A face at the end of the day,

A cradle in the dead leaves of the day.

A clutch of naked rain,

Any sun hidden.

Any spring of the springs down in the water.

Any mirror of shattered mirrors.

A face in the scales of silence.

A pebble among other pebbles

For the slings of the last rays of the day.

A face like all forgotten faces.

SEPT CHANSONS

La blanche neige

Les anges, les anges dans le ciel
L'un est vêtu en officier
L'un est vêtu en cuisinier
Et les autres chantent

Bel officier couleur du ciel
Le doux printemps longtemps après Noël
Te médaillera d'un beau soleil

Le cuisinier plume les oies
Ah ! tombe neige
Tombe et que n'ai-je
Ma bien-aimée entre mes bras.
—*Guillaume Apollinaire (1880 – 1918)*

A peine défigurée

Adieu tristesse.
Bonjour tristesse.
Tu es inscrite dans les lignes du plafond.
Tu es inscrite dans les yeux que j'aime.
Tu n'es pas tout à fait la misère,
Car les lèvres les plus pauvres te dénoncent
Par un sourire.
Bonjour, tristesse.
Amour des corps aimables.
Puissance de l'amour
Dont l'amabilité surgit.
Comme un monstre sans corps.
Tête désappointée.
Tristesse, beau visage.
—*Paul Éluard (1895-1952)*

Par une nuit nouvelle

Femme avec laquelle j'ai vécu,
Femme avec laquelle je vis,
Femme avec laquelle je vivrai,
Toujours la même,
Il te faut un manteau rouge,
Des gants roug' un masque rouge,
Et des bas noirs.
Des raisons, des preuves,
De te voir toute nue.
Nudité pure, ô parure parée
Seins, ô mon cœur.
—*Paul Éluard (1895-1952)*

SEVEN SONGS

The white snow

The angels, the angels in the sky
One is dressed like an officer
One is dressed like a cook
And the others are singing

Handsome sky-colored officer
Mild spring long after Christmas
Shall decorate you with a fine sun

The cook is plucking his geese
Ah ! fall, snow
Fall and if only I had
My beloved in my arms

Scarcely disfigured

Good bye sadness
Hello sadness
You are inscribed in the lines of the ceiling
You are inscribed in the eyes I love
You are not quite misery,
Since even the poorest lips condemn you
With a smile
Hello, sadness
Love of beloved bodies
Power of love
Whose claim to love surges out
Like a monster without a body
Disappointed head
Sadness, beautiful face

On a new night

Woman with whom I have lived,
Woman with whom I live,
Woman with whom I shall live,
Always the same,
You must have a red coat,
Red gloves a red mask,
And black stockings.
Motives, proof,
To see you completely naked.
Pure nakedness, O adorned adornment
Breasts, O my heart.

Ascension, the Ensemble for Early Music, and the Folger Consort. He recently was the Bass soloist in Bach's B Minor Mass with the Kalamazoo Bach Festival. He received his M.M. from the Manhattan School of Music and his B.A. from Queens College, pursuing further studies in music education at the Orff School in Salzburg, conducting with Robert Hickok, and composition with Robert Starer at Brooklyn College. He has been awarded five Meet-the-Composer Grants. For 25 years he has been a conductor and coach at Western Wind Workshops at such institutions as Dartmouth and Smith Colleges and the University of Massachusetts, as well as at American Choral Directors Association conferences around the country. He has been composer-in-residence at the Church of St. Thomas More in N.Y.C. and the schools of Delmar, NY. Levine is published by Harold Flammer Inc., E.Henry David, Plymouth, Colla Voce, Willis Music Co, and Shadow Press.

One of Levine's greatest gifts as a composer is that when he writes with specific performers in mind, he chooses texts that he knows touch their particular interests. After receiving the offer from Cerddorion to write for us, he spent many months searching for the "right" poems until with great excitement he came across villancico texts of Sor Juana Inez de la Cruz.

Sor Juana was born in 1648 to an unwed mestizo woman in Mexico. She was literate by age three, and by age seven she was already planning to acquire an education at Mexico University by dressing in men's clothes. As a teenager she was reading philosophical and theological tomes in Latin and earning a reputation as a prodigy and a beauty. At age 16, she was presented to the court of the Viceroy, where she won the affections of his wife, entering into her service and living at court for four years. Having no wealth of her own, and flatly refusing to marry, she exercised her last viable option for securing a life of learning and creativity, which was to enter the convent of San Jerónimo, where she remained until her death in 1695. At the convent, she had her own library and study. She held regular *tertulias* from behind her convent bars with learned men of the court and of the university, whom she also bested when brought before them to demonstrate her learning. She wrote many poems and plays, excelled at music, and studied all branches of knowledge. In 1680 she established a friendship with the new vicereine María Luisa, whom she addressed as "Lisi" in numerous love poems. When this regal couple departed in 1688, Sor Juana lost their protection and came under fierce misogynist attacks. The archbishop in particular accused her of undue secularism in her studies and writings. By the time she died of the plague at age 46, she had been forced to renounce her writings and sell off her library.

Tonight we perform three of Elliot Z. Levine's four settings of villancico texts by Sor Juana. About the music, the composer writes:

"I have been aware of the brilliant life of Sor Juana for over fifteen years. A composer friend has written an opera about her life which will be done some time soon by the N.Y. City Opera. What has impressed me about her life was her quest for self-fulfillment and a thirst to learn and transcend traditional gender roles in 17th-century Mexico. After reading many different poems (She was very prolific.), I decided on these Villancico texts from 1691, which were designed for music of her time that is still lost. I was attracted by their

vivid imagery. These poems leapt off the page and demanded music out of me.

Two of the poems I chose are Christmas texts and two are for St. Catherine of Alexandria. I think Sor Juana identified with St. Catherine, who converted many Romans (including the Emperor's wife) and dazzled a court of scholars convened to discredit her. As Catherine was about to be tortured on the wheel, it flew apart; after this she was beheaded. Sor Juana, while a young lady-in-waiting at the court in Mexico City, was tested by a group of scholars on her prodigious knowledge of Latin, Greek, philosophy and theology. I would recommend browsing the Dartmouth College Web site www.dartmouth.edu/~sorjuana/. There is also an impressive biography by Octavio Paz.

In these pieces I have tried to capture some of the flavor of Spanish and Latin-American 17th century music while using a conservative contemporary harmonic language. I was intrigued by the challenge of writing for double chorus and having the conductor sing. It is one of life's great pleasures to be a colleague of Kristina Boerger in the Western Wind Vocal Ensemble. Her beautiful, clear singing and clear musical concepts inspired me to write these pieces for Cerddorion."

At the close of our concert, we are in the snow once again with Poulenc. This is the snow of Apollinaire's goose feathers plucked and discarded by an angel dressed as a chef, the snow of Éluard's Eskimo night, the soldiers and the ewes going by in the snow where a man contemplates his solitude. Poulenc wrote his *Sept chansons* in 1922 immediately following his first choral effort, the "Chanson a boire." As in *Le bestiaire* of 1920—a set of solo songs to Apollinaire texts—Poulenc demonstrates his early command over the miniature form. Many of the hallmarks of his style are already clearly present here: short phrases that rotate back on themselves and repeat like wheels, sometimes with tiny chromatic alterations; the sudden emergence of ravishingly jazzy sonorities; and abrupt juxtapositions of unrelated material. The imaginations of the chosen poets range wide, adorned here in new colors by Poulenc's voice. Valéry's indictment notwithstanding, we hope you will be charmed by the *chansons*, and we thank you for spending your evening with us.

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PSALM XXIII (*Bobby McFerrin*)

The Lord is my Shepherd, I have all I need,
She makes me lie down in green meadows,
Beside the still waters, She will lead.
She restores my soul, She rights my wrongs,
She leads me in a path of good things,
And fills my heart with song.

Even though I walk, through a dark and dreary land,
There is nothing that can shake me,
She has said, She won't forsake me,
I'm in Her hand.

She sets a table before me,
In the presence of my foes,
She anoints my head with oil,
And my cup overflows.

Surely, surely goodness and kindness will follow me,
All the days of my life,
And I will live in Her house,
Forever, forever and ever.

Glory be to our Mother, and Daughter,
And to the Holy of Holies,
As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be,
World, without end. Amen.

PSALM XXIII (*Gregg Smith*)

The Lord to me a shepherd is, want therefore shall not I,
He in the folds of tender grass doth cause me down to lie.
To waters calm me gently leads,
Restore my soul doth He,
He doth in paths of righteousness for his name's sake lead me.

Yea, though in valley of death's shade,
I walk, none ill I'll feare,
Because thou art with me thy rod and staff my comfort are.
For me a table thou hast spread,
In presence of my foes,
Thou dost anoint my head with oyle,
My cup it overflows.

Goodness and mercy surely shall,
All my days follow me,
And in the Lord's house I shall dwell
So long as day shall be.

III. Aguas puras del Nilo

(Estrillo)

Aguas puras del Nilo,
parad, parad,
y no le llevéis
el tributo al Mar,
pues él vuestras dichas
puede envidiar.

¡No, no, no corráis,
pues ya no podéis
aspirar a más!
¡Parad, parad!

(Coplas)

Soseiga, Nilo undoso,
tu líquida corriente;
tente, tente,
párate a ver gozoso
la que fecundas, bella,
de la tierra, del Cielo, Rosa, Estrella.

Tu corriente oportuna,
que piadoso moviste,
viste, viste,
que de Moisés fue cuna,
siendo arrullo a su oído
la onda, la espuma, el tumbo y el sonido...

No en frágil hermosura,
que aprecia el loco abuso,
puso, puso
esperanza segura,
bien que excedió su cara
la de Ruth, Bethsabe, Tamar, y Sara.

A ésta, Nilo sagrado,
tu corriente sonante
cante, cante,
y en concierto acordado
tus ondas sean veloces
sílabas, lenguas, números, y voces.

III. Pure waters of the Nile

(Refrain)

Pure waters of the Nile,
subside, subside,
do not carry
the tribute out to sea,
for the sea may envy you
your blessings.

No, cease your coursing,
for you could not
hope for a greater joy than this!
Subside, subside!

(Verses)

Billowy Nile,
slow your current down;
hold still, hold still,
stop yourself to gaze with pride
on the one whom you nourish, beautiful one
of the earth, of Sky, Rose, Star.

Awed, you moved your
timely current,
you see, you see,
that was Moses's cradle,
lulling his ear
with wave and foam, ripple and hum.

Not in fragile beauty,
so wrongly prized,
did she place
sure hope,
yet of face she was fairer
than Ruth, Bathsheba, Tamar, and Sarah.

To her, sacred Nile,
may your sounding current
sing, sing,
and in tuned accord
may your waves be swift
syllables, tongues, measures, and voices.

Texts & Translations

UN SOIR DE NEIGE

I. De grandes cuillers de neige

De grandes cuillers de neige
Ramassent nos pieds glacés
Et d'une dure parole
Nous heurtons l'hiver têtu
Chaque arbre a sa place en l'air
Chaque roc son poids sur terre
Chaque ruisseau son eau vive
Nous nous n'avons pas de feu

II. La bonne neige

La bonne neige le ciel noir
Les branches mortes la détresse
De la forêt pleine de pièges
Honte à la bête pourchassée
La fuite en flèche dans le coeur
Les traces d'une proie atroce
Hardi au loup et c'est toujours
Le plus beau loup et c'est toujours
Le dernier vivant que menace
La masse absolue de la mort

III. Bois meurtri

Bois meurtri
bois perdu d'un voyage en hiver
Navire où la neige prend pied
Bois d'asile bois mort
où sans espoir je rêve
De la mer aux miroirs crevés
Un grand moment d'eau froide a saisi les noyés
La foule de mon corps en souffre
Je m'affaiblis je me disperse
J'avoue ma vie j'avoue ma mort j'avoue autrui.

IV. La nuit le froid la solitude

La nuit le froid la solitude
On m'enferma soigneusement
Mais les branches cherchaient leur voie dans la
prison
Autour de moi l'herbe trouva le ciel
On verrouilla le ciel
Ma prison s'écroula
Le froid vivant le froid brûlant m'eut bien en main
—*Paul Éluard (1895-1952)*

A SNOWY EVENING

I. Great snowy spoons

Great snowy spoons
Pick up our icy feet
And with a harsh word
We confront stubborn winter
Each tree has its place in the air
Each rock its weight on the earth
Each stream its living water
But we have no fire

II. The good snow

The good snow, the black sky
The dead branches, the pain
Of the forest full of traps
Shame to the hunted creature
Flight like an arrow in its heart
The tracks of a ferocious prey
Onward, wolf, and it's always
The finest wolf and it's always
The last one alive threatened by
The absolute weight of death

III. Bruised Woods

Bruised woods,
lost woods of a winter's journey
Ship where the snow takes hold
Sheltering woods, dead woods,
where without hope I dream
Of the sea with its gutted mirrors
A surge of cold water gripped the drowned
Making the crowd of my body suffer
I grow weak, I am scattered
I confess my life, I confess my death, I confess the
other

IV. Night cold loneliness

Night cold loneliness
They locked me in carefully
But the branches were seeking their way into the
prison
Around me grass found the sky
They locked and bolted the sky
My prison crumbled
The living cold the burning cold had me right in its
hand

MY SHEPHERD WILL SUPPLY MY NEED *(Virgil Thomson)*

My Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his Name.
In pastures fresh he makes me feed
Beside the living stream.
He brings my wand'ring spirit back
When I forsake his ways.
He leads me for his mercy's sake
In paths of truth and grace.

When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay.
One word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.
Thy hand in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread.
My cup with blessing overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days.
O may thy house be my abode
And all my work be praise.
There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come.
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

PSALM XXIII *(Elliot Z. Levine)*

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul.
He guideth me in straight paths for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil, for thou art with me;
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies;
Thou hast anointed my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;
And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever. Amen.

UN PRODIGIO LES CANTO:

from **FOUR VILLANCICOS OF SOR JUANA DE LA CRUZ** *(Elliot Z. Levine)*

I. Pues está tiritando

Pues está tiritando amor en el hielo
y la escarcha y la nieve me lo tienen preso,
¿quién le acude?
¡El agua!
¡La tierra!
¡El aire!
¡No, sino el fuego! Pues al niño fatigan sus penas y males,
y a sus ansias no dudo que alientos le falten,
¿quién le acude?
¡El fuego!
¡La tierra!
¡El agua!
¡No, sino el aire!

Pues el niño amoroso tan tierno se abrasa,
que respira en volcanes diluvios de llamas,
¿quién le acude?
¡El aire!
¡El fuego!
¡La tierra!
¡No, sino el agua!
Si por la tierra el niño los cielos hoy deja,
y no halla en qué descance su cabeza en ella,
¿quién le acude?
¡El agua!
¡El fuego!
¡El aire!
¡No, mas la tierra!

II. Pues mi Diós

Pues mi Diós ha nacido a penar, déjenle velar.
Pues está desvelado por mí, déjenle dormir.
Déjenle velar, que no hay pena, en quien ama,
como no penar.

Déjenle dormir, que quien duerme,
en el sueño se ensaya a morir.
Silencio, que duerme.
Cuidado, que vela.
¡No le despierten, no!
¡Sí le despierten, sí!

¡Déjenle velar!
¡Déjenle dormir!

I. Since Love is shivering

Since Love is shivering in the ice,
and hoarfrost and snow have ringed him round,
who will come to his aid?
Water!
Earth!
Air!
No, none but Fire! Since the Child is assailed by pains and ills,
and is surely breathless before his woes,
who will come to his aid?
Fire!
Earth!
Water!
No, none but Air!

Since the tender, loving Child burns with fever
unto breathing volcanic torrents of flame,
who will come to his aid?
Air!
Fire!
Earth!
No, none but Water!
If today the Child leaves the heavens for the earth,
and he finds no place there to rest his head,
who will come to his aid?
Water!
Fire!
Air!
No, rather Earth!

II. Since my God

Since my God was born to pain, let him wake.
Since he's wakeful for me, let him sleep.
Let him wake, for there is no pain, in the one who
loves, like not feeling pain.

Let him sleep, for he who sleeps
practices in dreams for death.
Be silent, for he sleeps.
Take care, for he wakes!
Do not wake him, no!
You must wake him, yes!

Let him wake!
Let him sleep!