

CERDDORION

vocal ensemble

Kristina Boerger
Artistic Director

presents

Monteverdi & the Moon

Tuesday, April 23, 2002 - 8:00 p.m.
Park Slope United Methodist Church
6th Avenue & 8th Street
Brooklyn, New York

Sunday, April 28, 2002 - 8:00 p.m.
Church of St. Luke in the Fields
487 Hudson Street
New York, New York

CERDDORION

SOPRANOS

Prentice Clark
Panny King
Marilyn Lenat
Eva Lund
Wendy Reitmeier
Jeanette Rodriguez
Ellen Schorr

TENORS

David Deschamps
Philip Gallo
Frederick Irwin
Steve Parkey
Dale Rejtmar

ALTOS

Judith Cobb
Susan Glass
Kate Kurz
Deborah Malamud
Cathy Markoff
Myrna Nachman

BASSES

Peter Cobb
Norman Holman
Jerry Nussenblatt
Togu Oppusunggu
Ron Scheff

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Upcoming Season

We hope that you will join us for our 2002-03 season.
For details, please watch your mail or visit us at www.cerddorion.org.

Cerddorion

Now in its seventh season, Cerddorion (the name means “musicians” in Welsh) has become one of the most admired ensembles in the thriving New York choral music scene.

As the group’s name suggests, Cerddorion aspires to musicianship in its fullest sense, using the human voice to explore and fulfill the expressive potential of the art. Audiences have quickly come to know Cerddorion for its interpretive depth as well as its technical excellence.

Cerddorion’s repertoire spans the choral literature, from the early Renaissance to new works. Past programs have focused on Josquin Desprez; 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 20th-century New York City composers.

Since its foundation, Cerddorion has attracted significant recognition and numerous invitations to collaborate with other prestigious artists. In August 1998 and August 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 has performed Bach’s *Cantata 140* and Purcell’s *Dido and Aeneas*. Last October Cerddorion lent its “ethereal sounds” (*Dance Insider*, 10/10/01) to a performance with Christopher Caines Dancers, produced by Dancing in the Streets and Dana Salisbury.

Robert Page, director of the Mendelssohn Choir of Pittsburgh and professor of Music at Carnegie Mellon University, has called Cerddorion “a chamber ensemble where ‘ensemble’ is the key word. The sheen, the matching of sounds is a joy to hear...whether it be Poulenc, Britten, Hindemith, Elgar or Victoria.”



Cerddorion rehearses at the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer in the East Village. We gratefully thank Father Ronald Bonneau and the church staff for their generosity in allowing us regular use of their magnificent mid 19th Century Baroque-Romanesque sanctuary.

Program

Non mi è grave il morire

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

Filli cara e amata

*Ellen Schorr, Deborah Malamud,
David Deschamps, Philip Gallo, Togu Oppusunggu*

Tutte le bocche belle

Messa a quattro voce di cappella

- I. Kyrie
- II. Gloria
- III. Credo
- IV. Sanctus
- V. Agnus Dei

*

See the Moon (*World Premiere*)

Tom Shake (b.1957)

- I. My heart is like the autumn moon
- II. There’s a clear wind among these bunched cliffs
- III. Far, far, the mountain path is steep
- IV. See the moon’s bright blaze of light
Marilyn Lenat, soloist

*

Man in the Moon

Robert Dennis (b.1933)

- I. Brainy Teacher
Prentice Clark, Philip Gallo, soloists
- II. Wait A While Yet
Susan Glass, Jude Cobb, Myrna Nachman, Marilyn Lenat, soloists
- III. The Man in the Moon
Kate Kurz, Ellen Schorr, Marilyn Lenat, soloists
- IV. The Covetous Man
- V. In April

The program will be performed without intermission

A program entitled “Monteverdi and the Moon” ought rightly to involve cycles, and so we begin and end this evening singing the words of discontented lovers. Our opening selections come from Monteverdi’s first two books of madrigals, published in 1587 and 1590. These early efforts in his career bear dedications to his teacher Marc’ Antonio Ingegneri, the *maestro di cappella* in the cathedral of Monteverdi’s hometown of Cremona. It was not until the 24-year-old Monteverdi’s third of nine madrigal books was underway that he had received his first professional appointment—as *suonatore di vivuola* (violin player) in Mantua.

Music publishers in the 16th century found a ready market for madrigal collections among the upper classes, for whom the skill of sightsinging had become a requisite social grace; to sing madrigals together at a dinner party was considered a choice form of entertainment. The mature Italian madrigal developed in response to a revival of interest in the Medieval verse of Petrarch, whose poetic forms and language style were imitated by a flurry of Renaissance poets. The classic madrigal poem—crafted in lines of seven or eleven syllables—treated the turbulent emotions provoked by romantic love and thus challenged composers to develop new expressive techniques. These included sudden harmonic shifts, a free alternation between polyphony and homophony, and rhythmic settings that closely approximate natural speech cadences. All these characteristics are heard in each of the madrigals presented tonight, though when viewed against the techniques of Monteverdi’s later madrigals, their employment here may seem rather conservative.

Monteverdi’s career developed contemporaneously with a rapid rise in the professionalization of singers. These new virtuosi were drawn to the madrigal genre, demanding its increased complexity and dramatization, with the result that the genre became the first to develop a significant passive audience. Perusing the evolution of the madrigal throughout Monteverdi’s nine books, one sees clearly his responses to this demand: the eventual incorporation of *basso continuo* supported extended and virtuosic solo passages, and the latest books contain phrases whose difficulty still challenges the best singers today. Of course, the ultimate response to singers demanding rapt audiences and listeners demanding dazzling singing was the *dramma per la musica*, or opera, which emerged in Monteverdi’s lifetime. His *L’Orfeo* is the earliest extant opera. Monteverdi’s gift for experimental and extravagant writing in these secular genres found its way into his sacred output as well, most especially in his *Vespro della Beata Vergine* of 1610. Aficionados familiar with the vocal pyrotechnics and instrumental splendor of the *Vespro* may be surprised by the simplicity of the Mass presented tonight. Composed in 1641 but published only posthumously, this *a cappella* setting maintains a simple, four-voice texture throughout. The use of choral homophony is restricted to selected passages in the lengthy Gloria and Credo texts. Its harmonic language avoids the unprepared dissonances for which Monteverdi had become (in)famous many years earlier. The work is remarkable, then, for the beauty created through such chastity and economy of means. This offering from the last productive period of Monteverdi’s life provides a fitting complement to the youthful madrigals with which we began, representing in a sense what is both the beginning and the end point in the full circle of the master’s career.

-Kristina Boerger

Kristina Boerger

An accomplished singer, conductor, choral arranger, and composer, Kristina Boerger comes from Champaign-Urbana, where she earned a D.M.A. in choral conducting and literature from the University of Illinois. Currently a professor of Music History at Barnard College, Dr. Boerger has also served on the faculties of Lake Forest College and Millikin University. She has been a guest conductor, adjudicator, and ensemble clinician in several U.S. cities, in Québec City, and in Mar del Plata, Argentina.

As Founding Director of AMASONG, an ensemble for 60 women’s voices, Dr. Boerger has conducted and produced two award-winning compact disc recordings, appeared in several national venues, and toured the Czech Republic. Her work with AMASONG is the subject of a documentary currently in production for broadcast on public television.

Dr. Boerger received her formative musical training from pianist Annie Sherter. Ensembles throughout the country sing her choral arrangements and compositions. In 2000, she won the GLAMA for Best Composition.

As a singer in a variety of styles, she has appeared on stage and on disc with The Tallis Scholars, The King’s Noyse, Rocky Maffit, Pan Morigan, and Urban Bush Women, as well as in oratorio and Baroque opera roles with B.A.Ch. and Concerto Urbano.

She currently performs as a soprano with the acclaimed early music ensemble Pomerium and with the Western Wind Vocal Ensemble, a sextet renowned for its performing, recording, and music education activities.

V. In April

*A very direct passionate lyric taken from the Harley Manuscript (ca. 1350),
although the poet seems to anticipate being rejected.*

In April, when, as all can hear, the nightingale is singing.
When with leaf and grass and blossom, woods are green and springing.
Then love into my heart its spear so keen and sharp is flinging.
Night and day it drinks my blood: with woe my heart is stinging.

All this year I've been in love, and I can love no more:
My sighing for your grace was endless, lover I adore.
But love is yet no nearer me, and that afflicts me sore.
Sweet darling, I have loved you long, so hear me, I implore.

Sweet darling, let me beg from you a single loving speech,
For while I live, no other girl would I in love beseech.
With love of yours, beloved sweet, more blisses I might reach:
A loving kiss from your dear mouth would be my curing leech!

Sweet darling let me beg from you a single loving favour:
If you love me as men say, and I but dimly savour,
And if you wish it, give your love a far more open flavour,
For I am so obsessed with you, my sickened spirits quaver.

From Lincoln, Lindsey, Lound, Northampton, round for many a mile,
I've never seen a prettier girl who could my heart beguile.
Sweet darling, let me beg you, be my lover for a while.
My woe in song I must lament
To her who caused my discontent.

Non mi è grave il morire

Text: B. Gottifredi

Non mi è grave il morire
Anzi il viver m'annoia
Donna per aquetar vostro desire
Sapend'esser voler vostro ch'io moia

Ben morrei più contento
S'io fossi inanzi a voi di vita spento
Et vi vedess'a sorte
Lagrimar per pietà de la mia morte.

Filli cara e amata

Text: A. Parma

Filli cara e amata
Dimmi per cortesia
Questa tua bella bocca non è mia?
Ahi! non rispondi ingrata,

E col silenzio nieghi
D'ascoltar i miei prieghi
Piacciati almen se taci
D'usar in vece di risposta i baci.

Dying does not trouble me

Trans.: Daniela Noe

Dying does not trouble me.
To the contrary, it is living that disturbs me.
Lady, to quench your desire,
Knowing it to be your will that I die,

I should die much happier
If my life were extinguished before you
And I might see you perchance
Shed tears of pity over my death.

Dear and beloved Filli

Trans.: Daniela Noe

Dear and beloved Filli,
Be so kind as to tell me:
Is this, your beautiful mouth, not mine?
Ah, ingrate, you do not respond!

And with your silence you decline
To attend to my pleas.
May it please you at least, if you keep silence,
To employ, in lieu of an answer, kisses.

Tutte le bocche belle

Text: Alberti

Tutte le bocche belle
In questo nero volto
Ai baci sfida
La mia nemica infida

Restarvi i baci impressi
Quasi amorose stelle
Nel vago oscuro velo
Onde s'amat' il cielo

O perchè non poss'io
Cangiar m'in lui
Ch'intorna'a gl'occhi miei
Per mille baci mille stell'havrei.

All the beautiful mouths

Trans.: Daniela Noe

My treacherous enemy
Challenges all the beautiful mouths
In this black visage
To kisses.

The kisses remain engraved
Like loving stars
On the fair, dark veil
In which the sky covers itself.

O, why can I not
Become the sky,
That around my eyes
I might have for a thousand kisses,
a thousand stars.

Wherever he is, on high or much higher,
Alive on the moon, and born there and bred,
He leans on his fork like a weary grey friar,
A crooked old idler half crippled with dread.

It's long since we saw him, and if you inquire,
You'll find that his searching for thorns hasn't sped.
The bailiff has spotted him hacking down briar,
And taken a pledge that he'll bother his head.

The fellow won't listen, though loudly I cry.
I reckon he's deaf: Devil take him, I say!
In spite of my bellows, he just won't try,
He hasn't a clue about justice's way.
Hi! Hubert, you stockinged old magpie, hi!
There's a gorge busy gobbling you! Get clear away!
My teeth grind with rage as I get no reply,
And the chap won't show up before dawn of the day.

IV. The Covetous Man

A reflection of the traditional church's disdain for earthly riches.

He's all alone and has other:
No son, no sister and no brother.
He's no child of good upbringing:
To his work he's always clinging.

He only thinks about himself,
And sweats and toils for private pelf.
Day and night, alone at tith.
He lets his soul be clad in filth.

He's all alone and has no other.



For many times we groan and sigh,
when signals from his glinty eye
make you beat our backs.
For you and he are of one mind,
and daily you are close combined
to give us mighty whacks!

II. Wait A While Yet

The poet's adaptation of an excerpt from St. Augustine's Confessions.

Lord, you called to me,
But I gave no reply.
But slowly, sleepily,
“Wait a while yet! Wait a little!”
But “yet” and “yet” goes on and on,
And “wait a little” grows too long.

III. The Man in the Moon

The Man in the Moon was imagined to be the unfortunate (but widely celebrated!) underdog of the period: a poacher on a rich man's land.

The Man in the Moon can stand or stride.
And on a forked stick a bundle he bears.
Much wonder it is that he doesn't slip-slide:
For fear of a fall he shudders and veers.
By the freezing of frost he is heavily tried.
His clothing gets ripped when his thorn-faggot tears.
And only that burden of thorn can decide
When he bends down and sits, or what clothing he wears.

What route do you think that the weird chap takes?
One foot is behind and the other before,
He moves not a yard by the effort he makes!
Such a slow-moving fellow the world never saw!
He's out in the field and fiddling with stakes,
And wants to find thorns to strengthen his door:
The day will be lost if his double-edged ax
Won't chop him a load to bundle and store.

Messa a quattro voce di cappella

Kyrie

Kyrie eleison
Christe eleison
Kyrie eleison

Lord, have mercy
Christ, have mercy
Lord, have mercy

Gloria

Gloria in excelsis Deo; et in terra pax
hominibus bonae voluntatis.
Laudamus te; benedicimus te;
Adoramus te; glorificamus te.
Gratias agimus tibi propter magnam gloriam tuam,
Domine Deus, Rex caelestis,
Deus Pater omnipotens.

Glory to God in the highest and on earth
peace to people of good will.
We praise thee, we bless thee,
we adore thee, we glorify thee.
We give thanks to thee for thy great glory.
Lord God, heavenly King,
God the Father almighty.

Domine Fili unigenite Jesu Christe;
Domine Deus, Agnus Dei,
Filius Patris, qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis;
qui tollis peccata mundi,
suscipe deprecationem nostram;
qui sedes ad dexteram Patris,
miserere nobis.

Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son
of the Father. Lord God, Lamb of God,
Son of the Father: Thou who takest away
the sins of the world, have mercy on us.
Thou who takest away the sins of the
world, receive our prayer.
Thou who sittest at the right hand of the
Father, have mercy on us.

Quoniam tu solus sanctus:
tu solus Dominus:
tu solus altissimus,
Jesu Christe: cum Santo Spiritu,
in gloria Dei Patris. Amen.

For Thou alone art holy,
Thou alone art the Lord,
Thou alone art the most high,
Jesus Christ: with the Holy Spirit
in the Glory of God the Father. Amen.

Credo

Credo in unum Deum
Patrem omnipotentem, factorem coeli et terrae
visibilium omnium et invisibilium.

I believe in one God
the almighty Father, maker of heaven and
earth, of all that is seen and unseen.

Et in unum Dominum Jesum Christum,
Filius Dei unigenitum.
Et ex Patre natus ante omnia saecula.
Deum de Deo, Lumen de lumine,
Deum verum de Deo vero.
Genitum, non factum,
Consubstantialem Patri,
Per quem omnia facta sunt:
Qui propter nos homines
Et propter nostram salutem
Descendit de caelis.

And in one Lord Jesus Christ,
Only-begotten Son of the Father,
Born of the Father before all ages.
God from God, light from light,
True God from true God.
Begotten, not made,
Of one being with the Father,
By whom all things were made:
Who for all people
And for our salvation
Came down from heaven.

Et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto
Ex Maria Virgine:
Et homo factus est.
Crucifixus etiam pro nobis:
Sub Pontio Pilato
Passus et sepultus est.
Et resurrexit tertia die
Secundum scripturas,
Et ascendit in caelum:
Sedet ad dexteram Patris.
Et iterum venturus est cum gloria
Judicare vivos et mortuos
Cujus regni non erit finis.

And of the Holy Ghost
was made flesh from the Virgin Mary:
And was made man.
He was crucified for us:
Under Pontius Pilate,
He suffered and died.
And He rose again on the third day,
According to the Scriptures,
And ascended into heaven:
He is seated at the right hand of the Father.
And He will come again in glory
to judge the living and the dead
Whose kingdom shall have no end.

Et in spiritum Sanctum Dominum et
Vivificantem, qui ex patre filioque
Procedit. Qui cum patre et Filio simul
Adoratur et conglorificatur; qui
Locutus est per Prophetas; et in unam
Sanctam catholicam et apostolicam
Ecclesiam. Confiteor unum baptismum
In remissionem peccatorum.
Et expecto resurrectionem mortuorum.
Et vitam venturi saeculi. Amen.

And I believe in the Holy Ghost,
The Lord and giver of life, Who proceedeth
from the Father and the Son.
Who with the Father and the Son together is
worshipped and glorified,
Who spake by the Prophets.
And I believe in one Holy Catholic
and Apostolic Church. I acknowledge
one Baptism for the remission of sins.
And I await the resurrection of the dead,
and the life of the world to come. Amen.

In 1978, the Western Wind Ensemble commissioned the song cycle *Man in the Moon*. The five poems date from ca. 1250 - ca. 1410 and they describe some of the characters and concerns—both worldly and spiritual—familiar to the everyday folk of that time. Originally written in older forms and dialects of English, the texts were translated into modern English by Brian Stone.

Robert Dennis

Robert Dennis's recent commissions and performances include pieces composed for the Denver Project, the New York City Opera, the Western Wind Ensemble, the Jubal Trio, the American Brass Quintet, Calliope, the New York Women's Chorus, and the Lincoln Center Institute. His music for orchestra has been performed by the Cleveland, Chicago, and Louisville Symphony Orchestras. Mr. Dennis has also composed extensively for theater and film, including scores for productions at (among others) the Arena Stage, the Guthrie Theater, and Circle in the Square. Three of his eight scores composed for the Pilobolus Dance Theater were performed on the PBS series "Dance in America." Mr. Dennis was composer-in-residence for the Western Wind Vocal Ensemble in 1990-91, and 1996-97. He has written eight pieces for the group, including *Man in the Moon*.

I. Brainy Teacher

When a master of the arts received his degree, he was traditionally given a birch rod, which he was expected to use on his students.

Brainy teacher! Is it your
desire to beat us daily more?
(like a bloomin' lord!)
We'd rather leave your school for good
and learn another livelihood,
than jump to your bossy word!

But if we caught you, with God's will,
at the stones beside the mill,
or by the crabapple tree,
We'd scar you once upon the skin
for every swishing: then your kin
would give you sympathy!

And if the Devil, he's your puck,
waved his claw to bring you luck,
you'd get it then worse still.
If he prayed one word for you,
we'd knock him down and belt him too!

Not spare you at his will.

III. Far, far, the mountain path is steep

Text: Shib-te,

Trans.: James Sanford & J.P. Seaton

far, far, the mountain path is steep
thousands of feet up, the path is dangerous and narrow
on the stone bridge the moss and lichen green
from time to time, a sliver of cloud flying
cascades hang like skeins of silk
image of the moon from the deep pool shining
once more to the top of Flowering Peak
there waiting, still
the coming of the solitary crane

IV. See the moon's bright blaze of light

Text: Shib-te,

Trans.: James Sanford & J.P. Seaton

see the moon's bright blaze of light
a shining lamp, above the world
full glistening and hanging in vast void
that brilliant jewel, its brightness through the mist

some people say it waxes, wanes
theirs may but mine remains
as steady as the Mani Pearl
this light knows neither day nor night

Sanctus

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus,
Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua.
Hosanna in excelsis.
Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.
Hosanna in excelsis.

Holy, holy, holy,
Is the Lord God of Hosts.
Heaven and earth are full of thy glory.
Hosanna in the highest.
Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna in the highest.

Agnus Dei

Agnus Dei,
qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis.
Dona nobis pacem.

Lamb of God,
who takest away the sins of the world,
have mercy on us.
Grant us peace.



S*ee the Moon* is a cycle of four short pieces that are thematically organized around images of the moon from Chinese Ch’an (Zen) Buddhist poetry. A recurrent theme in classical Chinese poetry, the moon is particularly important in poems with Buddhist influence, where the full moon often symbolizes enlightenment.

The texts chosen for these pieces are taken from English translations of the poems of Han-Shan and Shih-te, two legendary figures from the T’ang Dynasty (618-907 CE). Han-Shan (which translates as “Cold Mountain” was an eccentric hermit living in the T’ien T’ai mountains. He and Shih-te (“The Foundling”), a kitchen worker at a nearby monastery, were companions who often spent their evenings together writing poetry and looking at the moon.

Musically, the structure of these four pieces mixes stasis and motion, using harmonies alternately spare and dense; sometimes the effect is spacious and open, sometimes bunched and close. In the first piece, *My heart is like the autumn moon*, two musical themes are interwoven. After the wordless expression of the first theme, the second theme sets the whole text of the poem, which likens the human heart to the autumn moon (a full moon): bright, incomparable, and inexplicable. The first theme then returns in counterpoint, with fragments of the poem being sung by various sections of the chorus. Finally, the two themes are woven together, with the first theme being sung by the basses and tenors in parallel fifths, and the second theme being carried in harmony by the altos and sopranos.

The second piece, *There’s a clear wind among these bunched cliffs*, is a fairly straightforward presentation of the text of the poem from beginning to end. The broad, slow movement of the music reflects the poem’s image of a solitary old man gazing at the moon from cold and misty cliffs. Harmonic changes drive the music forward, often using stacked intervals of fourths and fifths, sometimes combined in very open chords, other times combined in chords that are quite harmonically tight.

In its opening section, *Far, far, the mountain path is steep* adapts the music to the text, which describes a dangerous, narrow mountain path. The musical passage, dangerous and narrow as well for the singers to negotiate, leads into an idyllic alto melody, describing the path’s beauty, despite (or, perhaps, because of) its danger. The whole chorus then joins in and the combined voices bring the piece to a climax, singing of the “image of the moon from the deep pool shining.” Finally, a musical regrouping, which leads to the not quite consonant final chord, represents the still, but seemingly unfulfilled state the poet describes awaiting, upon a mountain peak, the appearance of a solitary crane.

The final piece, *See the moon’s bright blaze of light*, opens with an ostinato passage sung by the basses and tenors. Just as this repeated pattern forms the foundation for this fourth piece, the text of this passage “see the moon” thematically underlies not only this piece, but also the entire cycle.

Musical intervals of fourths and fifths set the primary tone of this ostinato, combining with the slow, repeated rhythm to produce an almost ritualistic quality.

A soprano solo expresses the image of the moon as glorious lamp above the world, a brilliant jewel that shines through earthly mist. As the full chorus enters during a musically transitional passage, the text contrasts the usual image of the moon, that of constant change, with the poet's symbolic image of the moon as transcendentally steady and not subject to opposites such as day and night. Closing out the fourth piece as well as the cycle, the ostinato "see the moon" theme returns, leaving the listener with the symbolism of enlightenment as the work's final image.

-Tom Shake

Tom Shake

Born in Syracuse, New York, Tom Shake has been composing and arranging music for a variety of ensembles since young adulthood, writing works which were performed by school, civic, and professional ensembles while in high school and college. Largely self-taught, he also learned much about music theory and composition from his late father, J. Curtis Shake, who was a music professor at Syracuse University. While Mr. Shake's early works were entirely instrumental, his interest in choral composition dates from the early 1990's. His compositions and arrangements have been performed internationally by various church, community, and educational groups, including such groups as the Boston-area Mystic Chorale, New York's Cerddorion Vocal Ensemble, Tokyo's Harmonia, and the New England Close Harmony Ensemble. Several of his choral compositions are published by E. Henry David (Theodore Presser) and Mark Foster Music (Shawnee Press). He is currently active as a singer, composer, arranger, and vocal ensemble coach in the Boston area.

I. My heart is like the autumn moon

Text: Han-Shan

Trans.: Arthur Tobias

My heart is like the autumn moon
perfectly bright in the deep green pool
nothing can compare with it
you tell me how it can be explained.

II. There's a clear wind among these bunched cliffs

Text: Han-Shan

Trans.: Arthur Tobias

There's a clear wind among these bunched cliffs
the cold mist flows freely without a fan
the bright moon shines from its cage of white clouds
I'm sitting here all by myself one old man.

Please turn page silently