



SCHOOL OF
MUSIC, THEATRE & DANCE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

PAIGE GADBOIS, SOPRANO

LYDIA QIU, PIANO

Songs of Solace

Sunday, April 2, 2023

Moore Building, Britton Recital Hall

2:00 PM

City Called Heaven

“Remembering my mother, Marion Frances Duncan”

Arr. Norah Duncan IV

(b. 1952)

Le rossignol des lilas

Reynaldo Hahn

(1874-1947)

Die Nachtigall

from *Sieben frühe Lieder*

Alban Berg

(1885-1935)

Пленившись розой, соловей

from *Four Romances*

Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov

(1844-1908)

King David

Herbert Howells

(1892-1983)

Kdyz mne stará matka

from *Cigánské Melodie (Gypsy Songs)*

Antonín Dvořák

(1841-1904)

New Words

from *In the Beginning*

Maury Yeston

(b. 1945)

Goodnight Moon

Eric Whitacre

(b. 1970)

Intermission

Take My Mother Home

from *Honey and Rue*

André Previn

(1929-2019)

Freundliche vision

Ich Schweben

Morgen

Richard Strauss

(1864-1949)

City Called Heaven

Remembering my father, Ric Gadbois

Arr. Josephine Poelinitz

(b.1942)

Chorus:

Danielle Casós, Brooke Fox,
Amy Helms, Sadie Huizen, Darla Lowe,
Leslie Meloni, Xavier Perry, Celeste Reyes,
Noah Rogers, Napoleon Stone,
Anja Strandberg, Emma Taranko,
Spencer VanDellen

*Presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree Master of Music;
this program was drafted and created by the artist in support of their performance
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City called Heaven

I am a poor pilgrim of sorrow
I'm tossed in this wide world
No hope have I for tomorrow
I've started to make heaven my home.

My mother has reached that pure glory
My father's still walking in sin
My brothers and sisters won't own me,
'Cause I'm tryin' to get in.

Sometimes I'm tossed and driven, Lord
Sometimes I just don't know where to roam
I've heard of a city called heaven
I'm trying to make heaven my home

Le rossignol des lilas

Ô premier rossignol qui viens
Dans les lilas, sous ma fenêtre,
Ta voix m'est douce a reconnaître!
Nul accent n'est semblable au tien!
Fidèle aux amoureux liens,
Trille encor, divin petit être!
Ô premier rossignol qui viens
Dans les lilas, sous ma fenêtre!
Nocturne ou matinal, combien
Ton hymne à l'amour me pénètre!
Tant d'ardeur fait en moi renaître
L'écho de mes avrils anciens,
Ô premier rossignol qui viens!

- Léopold Dauphin

The Nightingale among the lilac

O first nightingale to appear
Among the lilac beneath my window,
How sweet to recognize your voice!
No song is the same as yours!
Faithful to the bonds of love,
Trill away, divine little being!
O first nightingale to appear
Among the lilac beneath my window!
Night or morning—O how
Your hymn to love strikes to my heart!
Such ardor re-awakens in me
The echo of my ancient Aprils,
O first nightingale to appear!

Die Nachtigall

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süßsen Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.
Sie war doch sonst ein wildes Blut,
Nun geht sie tief in Sinnen;
Trägt in der Hand den Sommerhut
Und duldet still der Sonne Glut
Und weiß nicht, was beginnen.
Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süßsen Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

- Theodor Storm

The Nightingale

It is because the nightingale
Has sung throughout the night,
That from the sweet call
Of her echoing song
The roses have sprung up.
She was once a wild creature,
Now she wanders deep in thought;
Carries in her hand a summer hat,
Enduring in silence the sun's heat,
Not knowing what to do.
It is because the nightingale
Has sung throughout the night,
That from the sweet call
Of her echoing song
The roses have sprung up.

Пленившись розой, соловей

Plenivšis' rozoj, solovej
I den' i noč' poët nad nej;
No roza molča pesnjam vnemlet...
Na lire tak pevec inoj
Poët dlja devy molodoj
On strast'ju plamennoj sgoraet
A deva milaja ne znaet
Komu poët on? otčego Pečal'ny pesni tak ego?

- Aleksey Vasil'yevich Kol'tsov

Nightingale Charmed by the Rose

Infatuated by a rose, the nightingale;
Both day and night sings to her,
But the rose just listens in silence.
Thus on his lyre a certain lover sings for a young
maiden
But the beloved maiden does not know to whom
he sings,
Nor why his songs are so melancholy.

King David

King David was a sorrowful man:
No cause for his sorrow had he;
And he called for the music of a hundred harps
To ease his melancholy.
They played till they all fell silent: played and play sweet did they;
But the sorrow that haunted the heart of King David
They could not charm away.
He rose; and in his garden walked by the moon alone,
A nightingale hidden in a cypress tree, Jargoned on and on.
King David lifted his sad eyes into the dark-boughed tree --
"Tell me, thou little bird that singest, Who taught my grief to thee?"
But the bird in no-wise heeded;
And the king in the cool of the moon
Hearkened to the nightingale's sorrowfulness,
Till all his own was gone
- *Walter de la Mare*

Když mne stará matka

Když mne stará matka zpívat, zpívat učivala,
podivno, že často, často slzivala.
A ted' také pláčem snědě lice mučím,
když cigánské děti hrát a zpívat učím
- *Adolf Heyduk*

New Words

Look up there, high above us,
In a sky of blackest silk.
See how round, like a cookie
See how white as white as milk.
Call it, "the moon" my son,
Say "moon"
Sounds like your spoon, my son,
Can you say it?
New word today say "moon"

Near the moon brightly turning,
See those shining sparks of light?
Each one new, each one burning
Through the darkness of the night.

We call them "stars", my son,
Say "stars"

That one is Mars, my son.

Can you say it?

New word today: say "stars"

As they blink all around us,
Playing starry-eyed games,
Who would think it astounds us
Simply naming their names?

Turn your eyes from the skies now.

Turn around and look at me.

There's a light in my eyes now,

And a word for what you see.

We call it "love", my son.

Say "love"

So hard to say, my son. It gets harder.

New words today, we'll learn to say.

Learn "moon", learn "stars", learn "love"

Songs my mother taught me

When my old mother taught to sing,
It's strange that often tears welled in her eyes.
Now I also torment my tan cheeks by
weeping,
When teaching the children to sing and play.

Goodnight Moon

In the great green room
There was a telephone
And a red balloon
And a picture of the cow jumping over the
moon
And there were three little bears sitting on
chairs
And two little kittens, and a pair of mittens
And a little toy house, and a young mouse
And a comb and a brush
And a bowl full of mush
And a quiet old lady who was whispering
"hush"

Goodnight room

Goodnight moon

Goodnight cow jumping over the moon

Goodnight light and the red balloon

Goodnight bears, goodnight chairs

Goodnight kittens, goodnight mittens

Goodnight clocks, and goodnight socks

Goodnight little house

Goodnight mouse

Goodnight comb, and goodnight brush

Goodnight nobody, goodnight mush

And goodnight to the old lady whispering

"hush"

Goodnight stars

Goodnight air

Goodnight noises everywhere

- *Margaret Wise Brown*

Take My Mother Home

My lady rides a Tennessee stud with a tiny whip in her hand. The afternoon sky is kind to her and the wind is in love with her veil. Her coat is as red as her heart. The spurs on her heels glint like knives where the mesh of the stud is soft

Take my mother home; take my mother on home
I ain't free; never mind about me
Take my mother home
Take my father home; let my father see his home
I ain't free; don't worry about me
Take my father home
Take my sister home; lead my sister home
I ain't free; forget about me
Take my sister home
Take my brother home; show him the way to get home
I ain't free; it don't matter about me
Take my brother home

I wish I had me a fast-footed horse; a veil to wrap my mind. I wish I had me a tiny little whip and a heart that could close like a coat

Take my baby home; take my baby home
I ain't free and I never will be
Take my pretty baby on home
Home. Home...
I can stay here all alone
If you take my mother home
- Toni Morrison

Freundliche Vision

Nicht im Schlafe hab ich das geträumt,
Hell am Tage sah ich's schön vor mir:
Eine Wiese voller Margeritten;
Tief ein weißes Haus in grünen Büschen;
Götterbilder leuchten aus dem Laube.
Und ich geh' mit Einer, die mich lieb hat
Ruhigen Gemütes in die Kühle
Dieses weißen Hauses, in den Frieden,
Der voll Schönheit wartet, daß wir kommen.
- Otto Julius Bierbaum

Ich schwebe

Ich schwebe wie auf Engelsschwingen,
Die Erde kaum berührt mein Fuß,
In meinen Ohren hör' ich's klingen
Wie der Geliebten Scheidegruß.
Das tönt so lieblich, mild und leise,
Das spricht so zage, zart und rein,
Leicht lullt die nachgeklung'ne Weise
In wonneschweren Traum mich ein.
Mein schimmernd Aug' -- indeß mich füllen
Die süßesten der Melodien, --
Sieht ohne Falten, ohne Hüllen
Mein lächelnd Lieb' vorüberziehen
- Karl Friedrich Henckell

Friendly Vision

I did not dream it in my sleep,
In broad daylight I saw it fair before me:
A meadow full of daisies;
A white house deep in green bushes;
Statues of gods gleaming from the foliage.
And I walk with one who loves me,
My heart at peace, into the coolness
Of this white house, into the peace,
Brimming with beauty, that awaits our
coming.

I float

I float as if on angels' wings,
My foot hardly touches the earth,
In my ears I hear a sound
Like my love's farewell greeting.
It sounds so sweetly, gently, softly,
It speaks such tender, timid, pure words,
The tune still sounds and lulls me gently
Into bliss-laden dreams.
My glistening eyes—while I'm filled
By the sweetest of melodies—
See my love, without clothes or veil,
Pass smiling by.

Morgen

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde...
Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten,
wogenblauen,
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,

Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,

Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes
Schweigen...

- John Henry Mackay

Tomorrow

And tomorrow the sun will shine again
And on the path that I shall take,
It will unite us, happy ones, again,
Amid this sun-breathing earth...
And to the shore, wide,
with waves of blue,
We shall quietly and slowly descend,

Speechless we shall gaze into each other's
eyes,

And the speechless silence of bliss shall fall
on us...

City Called Heaven

I am a pilgrim of sorrow
I'm left in this wide world alone
I ain't got no hope for tomorrow
I'm trying to make it, make heaven my home

Sometimes I'm tossed and I'm driven, Lord
Sometimes I just don't know which way to turn
I heard of a city called heaven
I'm trying to make it, make heaven my
Home.

Program Notes:

This program, titled *Songs of Solace*, highlights the role of song in healing from loss, grief, and sorrow. I find a natural catharsis in the musical expression of such emotions.

All relate in their own unique ways to these characters and stories, yet we've seen this music connect people from all walks of life. Love and loss are universal. Creating this program has been healing for me. I hope listening to it will be the same for you.

If grief is 'love enduring', let this recital be an expression of love for all those we've loved and lost and a means of finding community with the ones they've left behind.