

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

BEYOND THE YEARS

Karen Slack, soprano | Joseph Li, piano

Luminary Arts Center | January 14, 2025 | 7:00PM

Kaddish from *Deux mélodies hébraïques*

Maurice Ravel

Text from an anonymous Yiddish source

English Translation by Richard Stokes

Yithgaddal weyithkaddash scheméh rabba be'olmâ
Diverâ 'khire' outhé veyamli'kh mal'khouté behayyé'khön,
ouvezome'khôu ouve'hayyé de'khol beth yisraël
ba'agalâ ouvizman qariw weimrou: Amen.

Yithbara'kh Weyischtaba'h weyith paêr weyithromam
weyithnassé weyithhaddar weyith'allé weyithhallal
scheméh dequoudschâ beri'kh hou, l'êla ule'êla
min kol bir'khatha weschiratha touschbehatha
wene'hamathâ daamirân ah! Be'olma ah!
We imrou: Amen.

May thy glory, O King of Kings, be exalted, O thou
who art to renew the world and resurrect the dead.
May thy reign, Adonai, be proclaimed by us, the sons of Israel,
today, tomorrow, forever. Let us all say: Amen.

May thy radiant name be loved, cherished, praised, glorified.
May it be blessed, sanctified, exalted, thy name which soars
above the heavens, above our praises, above our hymns,
above all our benisons. May merciful heaven grant us
tranquillity, peace, happiness. Ah!
Let us all say: Amen

Die Liebe hat gelogen, Op. 23, No. 1, D. 751

Franz Schubert

Text by August von Platen

English Translation by Richard Stokes

Die Liebe hat gelogen,
Die Sorge lastet schwer,
Betrogen, ach! Betrogen
Hat alles mich umher!

Love has lied,
Sorrow oppresses me,
I am betrayed, ah, betrayed
By all around!

Es rinnen helle Tropfen
Die Wange stets herab,
Laß ab, laß ab zu klopfen,
Laß ab, mein Herz, laß ab!

Hot tears keep flowing
Down my cheeks,
Beat no more, my heart,
Wretched heart, beat no more!

Gretchen am Spinnrade Op. 2, D. 118

Franz Schubert

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

English Translation by Richard Stokes

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab'
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Nach ihm nur schau' ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh' ich
Aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt.

Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluss,
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach, sein Kuss!

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Mein Busen drängt sich
Nach ihm hin.
Ach dürft' ich fassen
Und halten ihn,

Und küssen ihn
So wie ich wollt',
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt'!

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy;
I shall never
Ever find peace again.

When he's not with me,
Life's like the grave;
The whole world
Is turned to gall.

My poor head
Is crazed,
My poor mind
Shattered.

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy;
I shall never
Ever find peace again.

It's only for him
I gaze from the window,
It's only for him
I leave the house.

His proud bearing,
His noble form,
The smile on his lips,
The power of his eyes,

And the magic flow
Of his words,
The touch of his hand,
And ah, his kiss!

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy;
I shall never
Ever find peace again

My bosom
Yearns for him.
Ah! if I could clasp
And hold him,

And kiss him
To my heart's content,
And in his kisses
Perish!

Der Tod und das Mädchen Op. 7, No. 3, D. 531

Franz Schubert

Text by Matthias Claudias

English Translation by Richard Wigmore

DAS MÄDCHEN

Vorüber, ach, vorüber!

Geh, wilder Knochenmann!

Ich bin noch jung, geh, Lieber!

Und rühre mich nicht an.

DER TOD

Gib deine Hand, du schön und zart Gebilde!

Bin Freund und komme nicht zu strafen.

Sei gutes Muts! Ich bin nicht wild,

Sollst sanft in meinen Armen schlafen!

THE MAIDEN

Pass by, ah, pass by!

Away, cruel Death!

I am still young; leave me, dear one,

and do not touch me.

DEATH

Give me your hand, you lovely, tender creature.

I am your friend, and come not to chastise.

Be of good courage. I am not cruel;

you shall sleep softly in my arms.

The Dawn's Awake

Florence Price

Text by Otto Leland Bohanan

The Dawn's awake!

A flash of smoldering flame and fire

Ignites the East. Then, higher, higher

O'er all the sky so gray, forlorn,

The torch of gold is borne.

The Dawn's Awake!

The dawn of a thousand dreams and thrills.

And music singing in the hills

A paeon of eternal spring

Voices the new awakening.

The Dawn's awake!

Whispers of pent up harmonies,

With the mingled fragrance of the trees;

Faint snatches of half-forgotten song-

Fathers! Torn and numb-

The boon of light we craved, awaited long,

Has come, has come!

Bright be the Place

Florence Price

Text by Lord Byron

Bright be the place of thy soul!
No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er burst from its mortal control
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.
On earth thou wert all but divine,
As thy soul shall immortally be;
And our sorrow may cease to repine,
When we know that thy God is with thee.
Light be the turf of thy tomb!
May its verdure like emeralds be:
There should not be the shadow of gloom
In aught that reminds us of thee.
Young flowers and an evergreen tree
May spring from the spot of thy rest:
But nor cypress nor yew let us see;
For why should we mourn for the blest?

Ships That Pass in the Night

Florence Price

Text by Laurence Dunbar

Out in the sky the great dark clouds are massing;
I look far out into the pregnant night,
Where I can hear a solemn booming gun
And catch the gleaming of a random light,
That tells me that the ship I seek is passing, passing.
My tearful eyes my soul's deep hurt are glassing;
For I would hail and check that ship of ships.
I stretch my hands imploring, cry aloud,
My voice falls dead a foot from mine own lips
And but its ghost doth reach that vessel, passing, passing.
O Earth, O Sky, O Ocean, both surpassing,
O heart of mine, O soul that dreads the dark!
Is there no hope for me? Is there no way
That I may sight and check that speeding bark
Which out of sight and sound is passing, passing?

I Remember

Florence Price

Text by Louise Charlotte Wallace

Never shall the sun pour light on a yellow flow'r,
But I see thy hair!
Never again September's sky
but the blue of thine eyes returning;
Never, never the surging warmth of fire
here on my hearth-stone burning,
But I remember thee!
I remember thee and my desire!

Sacrament

Florence Price

Text by Don Vincent Gray

I watched in awe as rumbling clouds
Dropped torrents on the prostrate earth
I waited, half-afraid half-proud
To watch the miracle, the miracle of birth
I waited, I wandered in the starry dark
To let its singing bear me up;
In dewy morning calm
I held communion in a lily's cup.

Winter Idyl

Florence Price

Text by David Morton

The dry-lipped grass curls back
And bares the pitted stones,
And the tree, in its new lack,
Bares, now, its angular bones.
Man looks – and looks away
From earth to a bleak sky,
Where, high above the day,
Where high above the sky
The last geese, going by,
Pass the horizon's rim;
And man, remembering where
A door will welcome him,
Turns in the darkening air,
And takes him there.

The Sum

Florence Price

Text by Paul Laurence Dunbar

A little dreaming by the way,
A little toiling day by day;
A little pain, a little strife,
A little joy, and that is life.
A little short-lived summer's morn,
When joy seems all so newly born,
When one day's sky is blue above,
And one bird sings,
-and that is love.
A little sickening of the years,

The tribute of a few hot tears
Two folded hands, the failing breath,
And peace at last,
-and that is death.
Just dreaming, loving, dying, so,
The actors in the drama go-
A flitting picture on the wall,
Love, Death, the themes; (and that is all) but is
that all?

Beyond the Years

Florence Price

Text by Paul Laurence Dunbar

I.
Beyond the years the answer lies,
Beyond where brood the grieving skies
And Night drops tears.
Where Faith rod-chastened smiles to rise
And doff
its fears,
And carping Sorrow pines and dies—
Beyond the years.

II.
Beyond the years the prayer for rest
Shall beat no more within the breast;
The darkness clears,
And Morn perched on the mountain's crest
Her form uprears—
The day that is to come is best,
Beyond the years.

III.
Beyond the years the soul shall find
That endless peace for which it pined,
For light appears,
And to the eyes that still were blind
With blood and tears,
Their sight shall come all unconfined
Beyond the years.

There Be None

Florence Price

Text by Lord Byron

There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters
(Is) thy sweet voice to me:
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming:

And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright charm o'er the deep;
Whose breast is gently heaving,
As an infant's asleep:
So the spirit bows before thee;
To listen and adore thee;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

Youth

Florence Price

Text by Georgia Douglas Johnson

The dew is on the grasses, dear,
The blush is on the rose
And swift across our dial-youth,
A shifting shadow goes.
The primrose moments, lush with bliss.
Exhale and fade away
Life may renew the Autumn time,
But nevermore the May!

Spring

Florence Price

Text by Florence Price

There are promise and pleasure and hope in the spring,
That beckon and reckon the future, I know.
The bud and the bee, swaying low on the lea;
The dove coming late to his nesting mate.
In a dream of ecstasy.

There are laughter and magic and joy in the spring,
That capture, enrapture my heart, I know.
A lilt on the breeze, that is toss'd by the trees,
Which doth for me weave like a thrush at eve
A song of ecstasy.

Ah! There are madness and gladness and nothing of sadness.
That will me and thrill me and fill me, I know.
Life and its weal are to give and to feel
With the soul that can ache, the heart that can break
With a pain of ecstasy.

Pittance

Florence Price

Text by Don Vincent Gray

We have enough the gale that blusters at the door
And whips up froth along the shore is lost on us
The walls are thin, but warm within and held against the dim
We have enough though shelves be bare of things to eat,
The stove is cheery? With the heat which fills the house.
The love of brother cradles here and love is life and life is dear
We have enough.

What Do I Care for Morning

Florence Price

Text by Helene Johnson

What do I care for morning,
For a shivering aspen tree,
For sun flowers and sumac
opening greedily?

What do I care for morning,
For the glare of the rising sun,
For a sparrow's noisy prating,
For another day begun?

Give me the (beauty of) evening,
The cool consummation of night,
And the moon like a love-sick lady,
Listless and wan and white,

Give me a little valley
Huddled beside a hill,
Like a monk in a monastery,
Safe and contented and still,

Give me the white road glistening,
A strand of the pale moon's hair,
And the tall hemlocks towering
Dark as the moon is fair.

Oh what do I care for morning,
Naked and newly born-
Night is here, yielding and tender-
What do I care for dawn!