

The Curtis Institute of Music

Roberto Díaz, President

This recital will be available online for free streaming
and download on Saturday, May 16.

Visit www.instantencore.com/curtis after noon and enter this
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May09CTour

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onto your computer.

Next Season at Curtis

Visit www.curtis.edu this summer for details on the 2009–10
Curtis Symphony Orchestra, Curtis Opera Theatre, Alumni
Recital Series, and more.

Subscriptions go on sale June 1 online and through the
Curtis Ticket Office, 215-893-7902.

2008–09 Student Recital Series

The Edith L. and Robert Prostkoff Memorial Concert Series



One-Hundredth Student Recital

Curtis On Tour: European Tour Preview, Part II

Friday, May 15 at 8 p.m.

Field Concert Hall



“The Daisies,” Op. 2, No. 1

Samuel Barber ('34)

“With rue my heart is laden,” Op. 2, No. 2

(1910–81)

“Sure on this shining night,” Op. 13, No. 3

“Nocturne,” Op. 13, No. 4

“Monks and Raisins,” Op. 18, No. 2

Hermit Songs, Op. 29, selections

The Monk and His Cat

The Crucifixion

“I hear an army,” Op. 10, No. 3

Adrian Kramer, baritone

Mikael Eliassen, piano

Fantasia

Irving Fine

Adagio ma non troppo

(1914–62)

Scherzo: Allegro molto ritmico

Lento assai tranquillo

Nikki Chooi, violin

Roberto Díaz, viola

Natalie Helm, cello

Come up from the fields, father
(world premiere)

Richard Danielpour
(b. 1956)

Commissioned for Curtis On Tour by The Curtis Institute of Music
with generous support from Nancy and Alan Manocherian and Shirley
Manocherian

Adrian Kramer, baritone
Roberto Díaz, viola
Mikael Eliassen, piano

INTERMISSION

Aftermath

Ned Rorem ('44)
(b. 1923)

The Drum
Tygers of Wrath
The Fury of the Aerial Bombardment
The Park
Sonnet LXIV
On His Seventy-Fifth Birthday
Grief
Remorse for Any Death
Losses
Then

Adrian Kramer, baritone
Nikki Chooi, violin
Natalie Helm, cello
Mikael Eliassen, piano



Photographic and recording equipment may not be used in Field Concert Hall.
This evening's program is being recorded for broadcast on WHYY-TV
(Channel 12) and will also be seen on Y Arts, WHYY's cable service (Channel
257), as part of *On Stage at Curtis*, which airs on Wednesdays at 8 p.m., Fridays
at 9 p.m., and Sundays at 7 p.m.

Performers

Nikki Chooi, from Victoria, British Columbia, is a student of Ida
Kavafian and Joseph Silverstein and entered Curtis in 2007.

Natalie Helm, from Louisville, Ky., is a student of Peter Wiley and
entered Curtis in 2006.

Adrian Kramer, from Guelph, Ontario, is a student of Marlena
Kleinman Malas and entered Curtis in 2006.

Roberto Díaz (Viola '84), president, faculty

Mikael Eliassen, artistic director of vocal studies and the Curtis
Opera Theatre

If students study with more than one faculty member, their teachers are listed
alphabetically.

The Student Recital Series is managed by Hugh Sung, director of instrumental
accompaniment and student recitals, and Matthew Barker, concert office
administrator.



This is the final performance
of the 2008–09 Student Recital Series.
The 2009–10 series begins on Monday, October 12 at 8 p.m.

One-Hundredth Student Recital
Curtis On Tour: European Tour Preview, Part II
Friday, May 15, 2009, at 8 p.m.
Field Concert Hall

Program Notes

Richard Danielpour

Come up from the fields, father

Come up from the fields, father is a setting of a Walt Whitman poem that is almost like an operatic scene; it involves the narrative of a family that discovers through a letter that their only son has been killed in the war. While in this instance Whitman was referring to the Civil War, the narrative is remarkably timely and, while Whitman is essentially using a particular idea/image, he is able to imbue it with the universal, largely through the presence of the silently suffering mother in the poem. The part of the solo obbligato viola is a metaphor in music for the presence of this mother of the deceased young man in Whitman's work.

I was attracted to the idea of this setting after seeing in the *New York Times* the faces of recently killed soldiers in the war in Iraq. May this be a reminder that many young men and women are *still* there and that many at home feel that it is high time that these fine soldiers are at long last brought back to their beloved families.

—Richard Danielpour, Spring 2009

Ned Rorem

Aftermath

In the wake of the September 11th shock, I asked what a thousand other composers must have asked: what is the point of music now? But it soon grew clear that music was the only point. Indeed, the future will judge us, as it always judges the past, by our art more than by our armies—by construction more than by destruction. The art, no matter its theme or language, by definition reflects the time: a waltz in a moment of tragedy, or a dirge during prosperity, may come into focus only a century later.

My need though, as I pondered this instantly and forever changed world—with the Twin Towers in ruins and the Middle East in sorrow—was to reflect the immediate through the choice of texts.

As a Quaker I was raised to believe that there is no alternative to peace. Perhaps it's wrong, perhaps right, but I am not ashamed of this belief. As with war, so with love. Seven decades of observation has shown that love has as many definitions as there are definers. Having lost a great love three years ago, my mood at the close of my life is one of quizzical melancholy. As to whether that mood seems reflected in these songs is not for me to say here in words. Music speaks for itself.

—Ned Rorem, Winter 2001–02

Texts

Please wait for the conclusion of each selection before turning the page. Thank you.

Music by Samuel Barber

“The Daisies,” Op. 2, No. 1

Text by James Stephens

In the scented bud of the morning oh,
when the windy grass went rippling far!
I saw my dear one walking slow
In the field where the daisies are.

We did not laugh, and we did not speak,
As we wandered happ'ly, to and fro,
I kissed my dear on either cheek,
In the bud of the morning oh!

A lark sang up, from the breezy land;
A lark sang down, from a cloud afar;
As she and I went, hand in hand,
In the field where the daisies are.

“With rue my heart is laden,” Op. 2, No. 2

Text by A. E. Housman

With rue my heart is laden
For golden friends I had,
For many a roselipt maiden
And many a lightfoot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping
The lightfoot boys are laid;
the roselipt girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade.

“Sure on this shining night,” Op. 13, No. 3

Text by James Agee

Sure on this shining night
Of starmade shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me
This side the ground.
The late year lies down the north.
All is healed, all is health.

High summer hold the earth. Hearts all whole.

Sure on this shining night
I weep for wonder wand'ring far alone
Or shadows on the stars.

“Nocturne,” Op. 13, No. 4

Text by Frederic Prokosch

Close my darling both your eyes,
Let your arms lie still at last.
Calm the lake of falsehood lies
And the wind of lust has passed,

Waves across these hopeless sands
Fill my heart and end my day,
Underneath your moving hands
All my aching flows away.

Even the human pyramids
Blaze with such a longing now:
Close, my love, your trembling lids,
Let the midnight heal your brow.

Northward flames Orion's horn,
Westward th' Egyptian light.
None to watch us, none to warn

“Monks and Raisins,” Op. 18, No. 2

Text by José García Villa

I have observed pink monks eating blue raisins.
And I have observed blue monks eating pink raisins.
Studiously have I observed.

Now this is the way a pink monk eats a blue raisin;
Pink is he and it is blue and the pink swallows the blue.
I swear this is true.

And the way a blue monk eats a pink raisin is this:
Blue is he and it is pink and the blue swallows the pink.
I swear this is true.

Indeed I have observed and myself partaken
Of blue and pink raisins.
But my joy was different:
My joy was to see the blue and the pink counterpointing.

“The Monk and His Cat,” from *Hermit Songs*, Op. 29

Text adapted by W. H. Auden from original (anonymous)

Pangur, white Pangur, how happy we are
Alone together, scholar and cat.
Each has his own work to do daily;
For you it is hunting, for me study.

Your shining eye watches the wall;
My feeble eye is fixed on a book.
You rejoice when your claws entrap a mouse;
I rejoice when my mind fathoms a problem.

Pleased with his own art, neither hinders the other;
Thus we live ever without tedium and envy.
Pangur, white Pangur, how happy we are
Alone together, scholar and cat.

Pangur, white Pangur, how happy we are.

“The Crucifixion,” from *Hermit Songs*, Op. 29

Text adapted by Howard Mumford Jones from original (anonymous)

At the cry of the first bird
They began to crucify Thee, oh swan!
Never shall lament cease because of that.
It was like the parting of day from night.
Ah, sore was the suffering borne by the body of Mary's son,
But sorer still to Him was the grief which for His sake
Came upon His Mother.

“I hear an army,” Op. 10, No. 3

Text by James Joyce

I hear an army charging upon the land,
And the thunder of horses plunging foam about their knees:
Arrogant, in black armor, behind them stand,
Disdaining the reins, with flutt'ring whips, the charioteers.

They cry unto the night their battlename:
I moan in sleep when I hear afar their whiling laughter.
They cleave the gloom of dreams, a blinding flame,
Clanging, clanging upon the heart as upon an anvil.

They come shaking in triumph their long, green hair:
They come out of the sea and run shouting by the shore.
My heart, have you no wisdom thus to despair?
My love, my love, my love, why have you left me alone?

Come up from the fields, father

Music by Richard Danielpour ~ Text by Walt Whitman

Come up from the fields father, here's a letter from our Pete,
And come to the front door mother, here's a letter from thy dear son.

Lo, 'tis autumn, lo, where the trees, deeper green, yellower and redder,
Cool and sweeten Ohio's villages with leaves fluttering in the moderate wind,
Where apples ripe in the orchards hang and grapes on the trellis'd vines,
(Smell you the smell of the grapes on the vines? Smell you the buckwheat where the bees were lately buzzing?)
Above all, lo, the sky so calm, so transparent after the rain, and with wondrous clouds,
Below too, all calm, all vital and beautiful, and the farm prospers well.

Down in the fields all prospers well, but now from the fields come, father, come at the daughter's call,
And come to the entry, mother, to the front door come right away.

Fast as she can she hurries, something ominous, her steps trembling,
She does not tarry to smooth her hair nor adjust her cap.

Open the envelope quickly,
Oh *this* is not our son's writing, yet his name is sign'd,
Oh a strange hand writes for our dear son, Oh stricken mother's soul!
All swims before her eyes, flashes with black, she catches the main words only,
Sentences broken, *gunshot wound in the breast, cavalry skirmish, taken to hospital, at present low, but will soon be better.*

Ah now the single figure to me, amid all teeming and wealthy Ohio with all its cities and farms,
Sickly white in the face and dull in the head, very faint,
By the jamb of a door leans.

Grieve not so, dear mother (the just-grown daughter speaks through her sobs,
The little sisters huddle around speechless and dismay'd),
See, dearest mother, the letter says Pete will soon be better.

Alas poor boy, he will never be better (nor may-be needs to be better, that brave and simple soul),
While they stand at home at the door he is dead already,
The only son is dead.

But the mother needs to be better,
She with thin form presently drest in black,
By day her meals untouch'd, then at night fitfully sleeping, often waking,
In the midnight waking, weeping, longing with one deep longing,
O that she might withdraw unnoticed, silent from life escape and withdraw,
To follow, to seek, to be with her dear dead son.

Aftermath

Music by Ned Rorem

“The Drum”

Text by John Scott of Amwell

I hate that drum’s discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To thoughtless youth its pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace and glittering arms;
And when Ambition’s voice commands,
To march, and flight, and fall in foreign lands.

I hate that drum’s discordant sound,
Parading round, and round and round:
To me it talks of ravaged plains,
And burning towns, and ruined swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows’ tears, and orphans’ moans;
And all that Misery’s hand bestows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

“Tygers of Wrath”

Text by William Blake, John Marston, A. E. Housman, and Matthew Arnold

The tygers of wrath are wiser than the horses of
instruction.

There is no spark of reason in the world
And all is raked in ashy heaps of beastliness.

We for a certainty are not the first
Have sat in taverns while the tempest hurled
Their hopeful plans to emptiness, and cursed
Whatever brute and blackguard made the world.

That is not what man hates,
Yet he can curse but this.
Harsh Gods and hostile Fates
Are dreams: this only is.

“The Fury of the Aerial Bombardment”

Text by Richard Eberhart

You would think the fury of aerial bombardment
Would rouse God to relent; the infinite spaces
Are still silent. He looks on the shock-pried faces.
History, even, does not know what is meant.

You would feel that after so many centuries
God would give man to repent; yet he can kill
As Cain could, but with multitudinous will,
No farther advanced than in his ancient furies.

Was man made stupid to see his own stupidity?
Is God by definition indifferent, beyond us all?
Is the eternal truth man’s fighting soul
Wherein the Beast ravens in its own avidity?

Of Van Wettering I speak, and Averill,
Names on a list, whose faces I do not recall
But they are gone to an early death, who late in school
Distinguished the belt feed lever from the belt holding pawl.

“The Park”

Text by John Hollander

Here on these benches in the wan sun
Ancient couples sit and wait for death.
They absorb what they can of the wide
Field of uncaring life around them.
I shall never have grown into old
Winter with you now: has time robbed me
Of waiting with you here, or spared me?

Sonnet LXIV

Text by William Shakespeare

When I have seen by Time’s fell hand defaced
The rich proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the wat’ry main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat—
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

“On His Seventy-Fifth Birthday”

Text by Walter Savage Landor

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife,
Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life.
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

“Grief”

Text by Elizabeth Barrett Browning

I tell you, hopeless grief is passionless;
That only men incredulous of despair,
Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air
Beat upward to God’s throne in loud access
Of shrieking and reproach. Full desertness,
In souls as countries, lieth silent-bare
Under the blanching, vertical eye-glare
Of the absolute Heavens. Deep-hearted man, express
Grief for thy Dead in silence like to death—
Most like a monumental statue set
In everlasting watch and moveless woe
Till itself crumble to the dust beneath.
Touch it; the marble eyelids are not wet:
If it could weep, it could arise and go.

“Remorse for Any Death”

Text adapted by W. S. Merwin from original by Jorge Luis Borges

Free of memory and hope,
unlimited, abstract, almost future,
the dead body is not somebody: it is death.
Like the God of the mystics,
whom they insist has no attributes,
the dead person is no one everywhere,
in nothing but the loss and absence of the world.
We rob it of everything,
we do not leave it one color, one syllable:
Here is the yard which its eyes no longer take up,
there is the sidewalk where it waylaid its hope.
It might even be thinking
what we are thinking
We have divided among us, like thieves,
the treasure of nights and days.

“Losses”

Text by Randall Jarrell

It was not dying: everybody died.
It was not dying: we had died before
In the routine crashes—and our fields
Called up the papers, wrote home to our folks,
And the rates rose, all because of us.
We died on the wrong page of the almanac,
Scattered on mountains fifty miles away;
Diving on haystacks, fighting with a friend,
We blazed up on the lines we never saw.
We died like aunts or pets or foreigners.
(When we left high school nothing else had died
For us to figure we had died like.)

In our new planes, with our new crews, we bombed
The ranges by the desert or the shore,
Fired at towed targets, waited for our scores—
And turned into replacements and woke up
One morning, over England, operational.

It wasn’t different: but if we died
It was not an accident but a mistake
(But an easy one for anyone to make).
We read our mail and counted up our missions—
In bombers named for girls, we burned
The cities we had learned about in school—
Till our lives wore out; our bodies lay among
The people we had killed and never seen.
When we lasted long enough they gave us medals;
When we died they said, “Our casualties were low.”

They said, “Here are the maps”; we burned the cities.

It was not dying—no, not ever dying;
But the night I died I dreamed that I was dead,
And the cities said to me: “Why are you dying?
We are satisfied, if you are; but why did I die?”

“Then”

Text by Muriel Rukeyser

When I am dead, even then,
I will still love you, I will wait in these poems,
When I am dead, even then
I am still listening to you.
I will still be making poems for you
out of silence;
silence will be falling into that silence,
it is building music.