

Artist Series

Women on the Verge
Expectations and Desires

Friday, October 26, 2018 at 3:40pm
Lagerquist Concert Hall, Mary Baker Russell Music Center

Pacific Lutheran University
School of Arts and Communication / Department of Music presents

Artist Series

Women on the Verge *Expectations and Desires*

featuring
Emily Martin, *soprano*
Elizabeth McDonald, *soprano*
Kathryn Tremills, *piano*

Friday, October 26, 2018 at 3:40pm
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Welcome to Lagerquist Concert Hall.
Please disable the audible signal on all watches, pagers and cellular phones for the duration of the concert.
Use of cameras, recording equipment and all digital devices is not permitted in the concert hall.

PROGRAM

- Four Mignon Songs**.....**Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)**
Heiss mich nicht reden Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
So last mich scheinen
Kennst du das Land
- Au pays où se fait le guerre** **Henri Duparc (1848-1933)**
Poetry by Théophile Gautier
- Blue of the Distance** **Emilie LeBel (b. 1979)***
Found text
- I Never Saw a Moor** **Richard Pearson Thomas (b. 1957)+**
Poetry by Emily Dickinson
- That I did always love**..... **Logan Skelton (b. 1961)+**
Poetry by Emily Dickinson
- Let Evening Come**..... **Robert Spillman (b. 1936)+**
Poetry by Jane Kenyon
- A Birthday** **Robert Aldridge (b. 1954)+**
Poetry by Christina Rossetti

**Canadian Composer*
+*American Composer*



Canada Council
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Expectations and Desires

Women on the Verge was formed with the desire to tell the stories of women's lives - stories that explore the depths of what it means to be a woman both in the past and in the present day - stories of celebration and condemnation, expectations and desires, motherhood and loss, marriage and betrayal and redemption. These are the stories of extraordinary women living everyday lives.

Text and Translations

Four Mignon Songs

Mignon I (Heiß mich nicht reden)

Heiß mich nicht reden, heiß mich schweigen,
Denn mein Geheimnis ist mir Pflicht,
Ich möchte dir mein ganzes Innre zeigen,
Allein das Schicksal will es nicht.

Bid me not speak, bid me be silent!
For my secrecy is my duty.
I would fain show you all that is within me;
fate alone does not will it.

Zur rechten Zeit vertreibt der Sonne Lauf
Die finstre Nacht, und sie muß sich erhellen,
Der harte Fels schließt seinen Busen auf,
Mißgönnt der Erde nicht die tiefverborgnen
Quellen.

At the right time the sun's course drives away
the dark night, and it must grow bright;
the hard rock opens its bosom,
does not begrudge the earth her deep-hidden
springs.

Ein jeder sucht im Arm des Freundes Ruh,
Dort kann die Brust in Klagen sich ergießen,
Allein ein Schwur drückt mir die Lippen zu,
Und nur ein Gott vermag sie aufzuschließen.

Each of us seeks rest in the arms of a friend;
there the heart can pour out its grief.
An oath alone seals my lips,
And only a god can open them.

Mignon II (Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt)

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiß, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude,
Seh ich ans Firmament
Nach jener Seite.
Ach! der mich liebt und kennt,
Ist in der Weite.
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiß, was ich leide!

Only he who knows the longing
Knows what I suffer!
Alone and cut off
from all gladness,
I gaze at the firmament
On yonder side.
Ah! He who loves and knows me
is far away.
I am tottering, and burn
in my vitals.
Only he who knows longing
knows what I suffer!

Mignon III (So laßt mich scheinen)

So laßt mich scheinen, bis ich werde,
Zieht mir das weiße Kleid nicht aus!
Ich eile von der schönen Erde
Hinab in jenes feste Haus.

So let me appear until I am so;
do not take off the white robe from me!
I am hurrying from the lovely earth
down into that solid house.

Dort ruh' ich eine kleine Stille,
Dann öffnet sich der frische Blick;
Ich laße dann die reine Hülle,
Den Gürtel und den Kranz zurück.

There I shall rest awhile in silence,
then a fresh view will open out;
then I shall leave the pure veil,
the sash and the wreath behind me.

Und jene himmlischen Gestalten
Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib,
Und keine Kleider, keine Falten
Umgeben den verklärten Leib.

And those heavenly forms
do not speak of man or of woman,
and no garments, no drapery,
swathe the transformed body.

Zwar lebt' ich ohne Sorg' und Mühe,
Doch fühlt' ich tiefen Schmerz genug.
Vor Kummer altert' ich zu frühe;
Macht mich auf ewig wieder jung!

Though I lived without the sorrow or strain
Yet I felt enough of deep pain
With grieving I grew old too early;
make me forever young again!

Mignon (Kennst du das Land)

Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühen,
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühen,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.

Do you know the land where the lemons bloom?
The golden oranges gleam among dark leaves.
A gentle wind blows from the dark sky,
the myrtle grows quietly, the laurels tall.
Do you really know it?
There! There
I long to go with you, O my beloved.

Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach.
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer, ziehn.

Do you know the house? Its roof rests on Pillars,
the hall gleams, the room glitters
And images of marble stand and look at me;
What have they done to you, my poor child?
Do you really know it?
There! There
I long to go with you, O my protector.

Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg?
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg;
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut;
Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut!
Kennst du ihn wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Geht unser Weg! O Vater, laß uns ziehn!

Do you know the peak and it's cloudy track?
The mule picks its way in the mist.
In caves dwell the old brood of dragons.
The rock falls sheer, and over it billows.
Do you really know it?
There! there
Lies our way! O father, let us go there.

-Translation by Graham Johnson

Au pays où se fait la guerre

Au pays où se fait la guerre
Mon bel ami s'en est allé.
Il semble à mon coeur désolé
Qu'il ne reste que moi sur terre.
En partant au baiser d'adieu,
Il m'a pris mon âme à ma bouche...
Qui le tient si longtemps, mon Dieu?
Voilà le soleil qui se couche,
Et moi toute seule en ma tour
J'attends encore son retour.

To the country where war is waged
My beautiful love departed.
It seems to my desolate heart
That I alone remain on earth.
When leaving, at our kiss goodbye,
He took my soul from my mouth...
Who is holding him back so long, O God?
There is the sun setting.
And I, all alone in my tower,
I still await his return.

Les pigeons sur le toit roucoulent,
Roucoulent amoureusement,
Avec un son triste et charmant;
Les eaux sous les grands saules coulent...
Je me sens tout près de pleurer,
Mon Coeur comme un lys plein s'épanche,
Et je n'ose plus espérer,
Voici briller la lune blanche,
Et moi toute seule en ma tour
J'attends encore son retour...

The pigeons on the roof are cooing,
Cooing lovingly
With a sad and charming sound;
The waters under the large willows flow...
I feel ready to cry;
My heart, like a full lily, overflows
And I no longer dare to hope.
Here gleams the white moon.
And I, all alone in my tower,
I still await his return.

Quelqu'un monte à grands pas la rampe...
Serait-ce lui, mon doux amant?
Ce n'est pas lui, mais seulement
Mon petit page avec ma lampe...
Vents du soir, volez, dites-lui

Someone is climbing the ramp with heavy steps.
Could it be him, my sweet love?
It isn't him, but only
My little page with my lamp.
Evening winds, veiled, tell him

Qu'il est ma pensée et mon rêve,
Toute ma joie et mon ennui.
Voilà que l'aurore se lève,
Et moi toute seule en ma tour
J'attends encore son retour...

That he is my thoughts and my dream,
All my joy and my longing.
Here is the dawn rising.
And I, all alone in my tower,
I still await his return.

Blue of the Distance

Disperses

that colour of horizons
away

moved

this scattered light

far edge

anything far

desire
is full of endless distances

longing

a tremendous yearning
distances you never arrive in

This distance

though I do not live there
the far seeps
desire

each other are not separated

desire is for
longing

look across the distance

this distance

each other separated

the far seeps

Perspective
giving depth

dimension

toward the horizon

that extends beyond

incongruously

pulling
is the near

Blue horizon at the back
more distant than another

most distant
atmosphere

persisted

edges into something

distance
far becomes

not

the same place

reflection

Floated
floating

reflection

miles and miles
reflection

find another way forward

Sometimes

sometimes

sometimes

sometimes
pressed way

lost
dislocation

everything else falls away
sometimes
sometimes

how

far away
lost

moorings of time
staring back, staring back

Lost

sometimes

fade crumble disappear

losing
things cannot be moved

scatters

my memory

Forces

grown fainter with time

life of memory
smaller

smaller

more and more, more and more

more and more
faded
going back

only faraway in time and space

No distance

Absent

comes with time
texture of longing

sorrow

closer and closer

usual state is far away
dissolved

far
lost

lost, far away
seemed great distance away
but near
some things are not lost

only so long as they are distant.

I Never Saw a Moor

I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.

Let Evening Come

Let the light of late afternoon
shine through chinks in the barn, moving
up the bales as the sun moves down.

Let the cricket take up chafing
as a woman takes up her needles
and her yarn. Let evening come.

Let dew collect on the hoe abandoned
in long grass. Let the stars appear
and the moon disclose her silver horn.

Let the fox go back to its sandy den.
Let the wind die down. Let the shed
go black inside. Let evening come.

To the bottle in the ditch, to the scoop
in the oats, to air in the lung
let evening come.

Let it come, as it will, and don't
be afraid. God does not leave us
comfortless, so let evening come.

That I did always love

That I did always love,
I bring thee Proof;
That til I loved
I did not love, enough.

That I shall always
I offer thee
That love is life
And life hath immortality

This, dost thou doubt, sweet?
Then have I
Nothing to show
But Calvary.

A Birthday

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a water'd shoot;
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.

About the Performers



Women on the Verge was formed in 2016 by American soprano Emily Martin, Canadian soprano Elizabeth McDonald and Canadian pianist Kathryn Tremills. The trio is connected by the performers' mutual desire to explore the common thread of women's lives through the millennia, including their strengths, struggles, and collective experiences. Their concerts are a forum to share information and experiences, to explore their knowledge and understanding of the music and text, and provide the audience an opportunity to learn about and reflect on situations and issues that have confronted women for a lifetime. During the 2018-19 season the trio will be singing these stories in London, UK,

Reykjavik, Iceland, throughout Alberta including Calgary, Edmonton, Grande Prairie, and Lethbridge, Toronto, and Seattle.

American soprano **Emily Martin** has regularly received acclaim for her "enchanting iridescence", and has been called "dramatically energetic and skillful" for her operatic performing in opera houses across the US including The Santa Fe Opera, Palm Beach Opera, Opera Nevada, and the Chautauqua Opera. Emily has graced the stage of Carnegie Hall in Handel's *Messiah* and has presented solo recitals across the US and Canada. Assistant Professor at Bucknell University and Director of the Bucknell Opera Theatre, Emily regularly teaches and directs around the United States. As a certified yoga teacher (RYT) she has taught multiple singer and musician wellness classes and has presented on her wellness research at the Performing Arts Medical Association National Conference and the NATS National Conference.

www.emilycmartin.com

Canadian soprano **Elizabeth McDonald** has a diverse career as a performer and teacher. She performed as a young artist with the Santa Fe Opera as well as the Canadian Opera Company, where she made her mainstage debut as Elettra in Mozart's *Idomeneo*. A member of the voice faculty at the University of Toronto, Elizabeth is a regular guest clinician at programs across Canada including the Toronto Children's Chorus, the Ontario Youth Choir, Cowtown Summer Opera Academy (COSA) and Canadian Opera Arts Academy (COAA) and has served as an adjudicator for the 2018 Canadian National Music Festival. Her students have won major awards including the Metropolitan Opera National Council Competition, the Canadian Opera Company Centre Stage Competition, the Eckhardt-Gramatté Competition and have been featured on the 2016 and 2017 CBC's annual list "Hot 30 Under 30 Classical Musicians." www.fromthevoiceof.ca

Canadian pianist **Dr. Kathryn Tremills'** extensive performing career has taken her to the stages of Roy Thomson Hall, Koerner Hall, the Ottawa Chamber Music Festival, Off Centre Music Salon, the Canadian Art Song Project, Richard Bradshaw Amphitheatre Thursday Noon Concerts, and Pro Musica Detroit. A three time Canada Council Grant recipient, she has appeared as a soloist with numerous orchestras in North America, and has served as musical staff at the Canadian Opera Company, and the Toronto Children's Chorus. Kathryn is a Sessional Lecturer at the University of Toronto, and serves on the faculty at the Centre for Opera in Sulmona, Italy (COSI) and Canadian Operatic Arts Academy (COAA).

www.kathryntremills.com



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