

ABBHEY CHURCH EVENTS

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2014-2015 Season



Mischa Bouvier

Baritone

Yegor Shevtsov

Piano

PROGRAM

- På Norges nøgne fjelde Edvard Grieg
Lauf der Welt (1843-1907)
Hun er saa hvid
En svane
Jägerlied
- Coh, Op. 8, no. 5 ("A dream") Sergei Rachmaninoff
В молчаньи ночи тайной, Op. 4, no. 3 (1873-1943)
("In the silence of the secret night")
Островок, Op. 14, no. 2 ("The isle")
Отрывок из А. Мюссе, Op. 21, no. 6 ("Fragment from Musset")
- Liebesbotschaft..... Franz Schubert
Im Abendrot (1797-1828)
Der Erlkönig
Der Jüngling an der Quelle
Auf der Bruck

INTERMISSION

- Op. 10 Samuel Barber
Rain has fallen (1910-1981)
Sleep now
I hear an army
- The Salley gardens arr. Benjamin Britten
Lord! I married me a wife (1913-1976)
Music for a while
Oliver Cromwell
O waly, waly
- The side show Charles Ives
The cage (1874-1954)
Tom sails away
Memories (A. Very pleasant B. Rather sad)

Mischa Bouvier is a winner of the Concert Artists Guild International Competition
and is represented by

Concert Artists Guild, 850 Seventh Ave, PH-A, New York, NY 10019 (www.concertartists.org)

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11th April 2015
8:00 p.m.

Saint Martin's Abbey
Lacey, Washington

About the Artists

Praised by *The New York Times* for his “rich timbre” and “fine sense of line,” **Mischa Bouvier** is a winner of the 2010 CAG Victor Elmaleh Competition. “Mischa Bouvier’s rich baritone voice...and his refined artistry” (*Boston Musical Intelligencer*), make an immediate impact combined with his keen musicality and remarkable communicative powers.

Orchestral highlights in 2014-15 include: return engagements for Handel’s *Messiah* with the Alabama Symphony and Atlanta Baroque Orchestra and a debut with the Stamford Symphony (CT) for Mozart’s *Requiem*. He also continues his annual seasonal appearances with the American Bach Soloists (Polyphemus in *Acis & Galatea*) and Bach Collegium San Diego (Handel’s *La Resurrezione*), and regular appearances with the vocal ensemble TENET, including Monteverdi’s Vespers in NYC and Boston, and Jesus in Bach’s *St. Matthew Passion* at the Casals Festival in Puerto Rico.

Other international appearances include Holland’s Maastricht Musica Sacra Festival with the vocal ensemble Cut Circle and Paris with the Mirror Visions Ensemble. Mischa’s featured recitals for 14-15 include the Chamber Music society of Little Rock, Abbey Church Events (WA) and Art Trail Gallery (SC), and special performances with the Mimesis Ensemble at Weill Recital Hall and a Baroque Holiday program with Close Encounters with Music in Great Barrington, MA.

In 2013-14, Mischa made his Alice Tully Hall debut with Musica Sacra singing the New York premiere of Jocelyn Hagan’s *amass* and also his debut with his hometown Alabama Symphony Orchestra (*Messiah*). Other recent highlights are: Orchestra of St. Luke’s and Musica Sacra at Carnegie Hall in Bach’s *St. Matthew Passion* (bass soloist); New York’s St. Thomas Church Choir (*St. John Passion* - bass soloist / Pilate); Princeton Glee Club (Fauré’s *Requiem* and Vaughan Williams’s *Five Mystical Songs*); American Bach Soloists (*Magnificat*, Handel’s *Apollo and Dafne* and *Messiah* and Lotti’s *Mass for Three Choirs*); Bach Collegium San Diego (Mozart’s *Requiem*); Columbus Symphony (Brahms’ *Requiem*); Pittsburgh’s Chatham Baroque (*St. John Passion* - bass soloist / Pilate); NYC’s ‘Sacred Music in a Sacred Space’ (*St. Matthew Passion* - bass soloist / Pilate); and the Colorado Symphony in Denver & Beaver Creek (*Messiah*).

Recent recitals with pianist Yegor Shevtsov include a southern tour with performances on the Macon Concert Series and Clemson University’s

Utsey Chamber Music Series at the Brooks Center for the Performing Arts, as well as the Baldwin-Wallace Art Song Festival, Trinity Church's "Concerts at One," and the Music Room at the Lindberg Farm. His debut at Carnegie Hall's Weill Recital Hall featured new works by four emerging composers, including world premieres by Bryan Page and Yotam Haber, and songs by Ted Hearne and Gabriel Kahane.

An advocate for new music, Mischa has given several NYC performances of Mohammed Fairouz' *Furia*, including a new orchestral version with the Knights, and he is featured on a CD of Fairouz's opera *Sumeida's Song* (Bridge): "...a soothing, cavernous baritone that can soar to heights of lyric beauty..." (*Opera News*). He has sung Lori Laitman's *Men With Small Heads*, Paul Moravec's *Songs of Love and War* and the world premiere of Charles Fussell's cycle *Venture* during Tanglewood's Festival of Contemporary Music. He sings regularly with the TENET vocal ensemble, which was recently featured in a special Arvo Pärt program at Zankel Hall at Carnegie Hall (in a series curated by David Lang).

Recent roles include Moneybags Billy in Weill's *The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny* at Tanglewood with casting by James Levine; Lucifero in Handel's *La Resurrezione* with American Bach Soloists' Academy and the Baroque Band in Chicago; and Betto in Puccini's *Gianni Schicchi* with the Dupage Opera Theatre. Other roles performed include Malatesta in *Don Pasquale*, Le médecin in Debussy's *Pelléas and Mélisande*, Enrico in Haydn's *L'isola Disabitata*, Bardolph and Chief Justice in Gordon Getty's *Plump Jack*, Leporello in Mozart's *Don Giovanni* and Belcore in Donizetti's *L'elisir d'amore*. He made his professional musical theater debut with the Boston Pops under the baton of Keith Lockhart singing Jigger Craig in Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Carousel* in 2007 (now available on CD).

Mr. Bouvier has performed with a wide array of ensembles including Anonymous 4, the Mark Morris Dance Group, American Handel Society, New Mexico Symphony Orchestra, Boston Symphony Orchestra, Five Boroughs Music Festival, Long Island Philharmonic, Metropolis Ensemble and Christopher Williams Dance. He has collaborated with Sting on *Songs from the Labyrinth* in Los Angeles.

Mischa Bouvier received his B.M. from Boston University and his M.M. from the University and Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music. He participated in training programs at the Lyric Opera Cleveland, Internationale Meisterkurse für Musik, Carmel Bach Festival and Tanglewood Music Festival.

Pianist **Yegor Shevtsov** enjoys a multi-faceted career as a solo performer, chamber musician, recording artist, collaborator and educator. His performances have been singled out for their “Mozartean elegance,” “perfect lucidity” (*The New York Times*) and “superb musicianship” (*The Miami Herald*). His recent notable engagements have included appearances as a concerto soloist at Symphony Space (New York), Tokyo Bunka Kaikan (Japan), the National Theater in Taipei (Taiwan), and Auditorio de Ciudad de León (Spain). Yegor Shevtsov’s numerous solo recitals have included music spanning four hundred years of keyboard music, from Rameau and Scarlatti to many composers of his own generation. His recent recording of the piano music of Claude Debussy and Pierre Boulez was selected by rhapsody.com as one of the top 25 classical albums of 2013.

Yegor Shevtsov’s most significant artistic associations have been with Mischa Bouvier, an award-winning baritone; Mark Morris, a world-renowned choreographer; Red Light New Music, a ground-breaking contemporary music collective; New World Symphony, America’s orchestral academy founded by Michael Tilson Thomas; American Ballet Theatre, one of the world’s premier ballet companies; avant-garde composers Reiko Fuyting, Yoav Gal, Andrew Noble and Scott Wollschleger. Yegor Shevtsov has also appeared in concert with members of many renowned ensembles, such as the American String Quartet, Mivos Quartet, International Contemporary Ensemble, Bang on a Can, red fish blue fish, Alarm Will Sound, Argento Ensemble, Wet Ink Ensemble and Manhattan Sinfonietta, among others. Among the composers who have heard Yegor Shevtsov perform their works are Pierre Boulez, John Luther Adams, Elliott Carter, Charles Wuorinen, Steve Reich and George Crumb.

Yegor Shevtsov has been coached by some of the world’s finest musicians, such as Daniel Barenboim in his Beethoven Sonata Workshop at Carnegie Hall, Emmanuel Ax, Claude Franck, Garrick Ohlsson, James Levine, Ursula Oppens, Carol Wincenc, Martin Katz, Jeffrey Swann, Andre-Michel Schub, Craig Rutenberg, Dawn Upshaw, Christine Brewer and Yo-Yo Ma.

Yegor Shevtsov is on the faculty of the Manhattan School of Music and the MSM Precollege Division. He currently studies flamenco in the studio of Soledad Barrio. More information on yegorshevtsov.com.



Translations

På Norges nøgne fjelde

På Norges nøgne fjelde
en gran så ensom står.
Den slumrer; et snehvidt lagen
omkring den Vinteren slår.

Den drømmer om en palme,
der fjernt i morgenland
sørger forladt og stille
i ørkenens hede sand.
(Heinrich Heine, trans. John Olaf Paulsen)

Lauf der Welt

An jedem Abend geh' ich aus
Hinauf den Wiesensteg.
Sie schaut aus ihrem Gartenhaus,
Es stehet hart am Weg.
Wir haben uns noch nie bestellt,
Es ist nur so der Lauf der Welt.

Ich weiß nicht, wie es so geschah,
Seit lange küsst' ich sie,
Ich bitte nicht, sie sagt nicht: ja!
Doch sagt sie: nein! auch nie.
Wenn Lippe gern auf Lippe ruht,
Wir hindern's nicht, uns dünkt es gut.

Das Lüftchen mit der Rose spielt,
Es fragt nicht: hast mich lieb?
Das Röschen sich am Tau kühlte,
Es sagt nicht lange: gib!
Ich liebe sie, sie liebet mich,
Doch keines sagt: ich liebe dich!
(Johann Ludwig Uhland)

Hun er saa hvid

Hun er saa hvid, min Hjertenskjær,
et mere hvidt ej findes der;
jeg elsker hende, ej det sker,
at jeg kan elske hende mer!

Nu er hun død, min Hjertenskjær,
langt mere hvid hun smilerder!
Nu er hun død, o Hjertegru!
Og mer jeg elsker hende nu!
(Hans Christian Andersen)

On a barren northern hill

On a barren Norwegian mountain
stands a lonely fir tree.
He slumbers, coated in a
snow-white winter blanket.

He is dreaming of a palm tree,
far away in a sunny land,
that mourns alone and in silence
in a sandy desert moor.

The way of the world

Each evening I go out
And walk the meadow-path.
She looks out from her garden house
That stands near the trail.
We never question this,
It's just the way of the world.

I don't know how it happens,
But I give her a long kiss.
I don't ask, and she doesn't say 'yes,'
But she also never says 'no!'
If lips like to rest on lips,
We don't stop them, but instead take pleasure in it.

As the little breeze plays with the rose,
It doesn't ask 'do you love me?'
The grasses are cooled by the dew,
They don't often say 'stop!'
I love her, and she loves me,
But neither says 'I love you!'

She is so white

She is so white, my heart's true love,
A purer white you will not find;
I love her so. It is impossible
To love her more!

Now that she is dead, my heart's true love,
Even purer white, she smiles from afar!
Now that she is dead, o heart's horror!
I love her now even more!

En svane

Min hvide svane, du stumme, du stille,
hverken slag eller trille lod sangrøst ane.

Angst beskyttende alfen, som sover,
altid lyttende gled du henover.

Men sidste mødet, da eder og øjne
var lønlige løgne, ja da, da lød det!

I toners føden du slutted din bane.
Du sang i døden; du var dog en svane!
(Henrik Ibsen)

Jägerlied

Kein' bess're Lust in dieser Zeit,
als durch den Wald zu dringen,
wo Drossel singt und Habicht schreit,
wo Hirsch' und Rehe springen.

O säss' mein Lieb' im Wipfel grün,
tät' wie 'ne Drossel schlagen!
O spräng' es, wie ein Reh' dahin,
daß ich es könnte jagen!
(Johann Ludwig Uhland)

Сон

И у меня был край родной;
Прекрасен он!
Там ель качалась надо мной...
Но то был сон!

Семья друзей жива была.
Со всех сторон
Звучали мне любви слова...
Но то был сон!
(Heinrich Heine, adapt. Fyodor Kuzmych Teternikov)

The swan

My white swan, you silent, you still one,
neither warble nor trill betrayed a hidden
singing voice.

Anxiously guarding the sleeping water elf,
you listened silently as you glided over the water.

But at our last meeting, when vows and eyes
held secret lies, yes, then, then you sang!

As your tone was born, you ran your course.
You sang your death. You were indeed a swan!

The hunter's song

At times like this, there is no better pleasure
then to pass through the woods,
where thrushes sing and hawks scream,
where doe and stag leap!

Oh, how I'd love to be in the green treetops,
up where the thrush cries out!
Oh, if I could leap like a deer to the treetops
I could hunt him!

A dream

Once I had a wonderful motherland;
it is beautiful there
there a fir tree swayed over me...
but it was a dream!

My family of friends was alive.
From all around
love's words we spoken to me...
But it was a dream!

В молчаньи ночи тайной

О, долго буду я, в молчаньи ночи тайной,
Коварный лепет твой, улыбку,
Взор случайный,
перстам послушную волос густую прядь
Из мыслей изгонять, и снова призывать;

Шептать и поправлять былые выраженья
Речей моих с тобой, исполненных смущенья,
И в опьянении, наперекор уму,
Заветным именем будить ночную мглу.

О, долго буду я, в молчаньи ночи тайной,
Заветным именем будить ночную мглу
(Afanasiy Fet)

Островок

Из моря смотрит островок,
Его зеленые уклоны
Украсил трав густых венков,
Фиалки, анемоны.
Над ним сплетаются листья,
Вокруг него чуть плещут волны.
Деревья грустны, как мечты,
Как статуи, безмолвны.
Здесь еле дышит ветерок,
Сюда гроза не долетает,
И безмятежный островок
Всё дремлет, засыпает.
(Percy Bysshe Shelley, trans. Konstantin Balmont)

Отрывок из А. Мюссе

Что так усиленно сердце больное бьётся,
И просит, и жаждет покоя?
Чем я взволнован испуган в ночи?
Стукнула дверь застав и заноя.
Гаснущей лампы блеснули лучи...
Боже мой! Дух мне в груди захватило!
Кто-то зовёт меня, шепчет уныло...
Кто-то вошёл...?
Моя келья пуста, нет никого,
Это полночь пробило...
О, одиночество, о нищета!
(Charles Alfred de Musset, trans. Alexey Apoukhtin)

In the silence of the secret night

O, long into the secret night will I
keep banishing from thoughts and then recalling
your cruel chatter, smile,
an occasional glance, a thick lock of hair,
so pliable to touch;

Whispering and correcting old endearments
my speech to you, full of embarrassment.
And intoxicated, against reason,
with a cherished name I will wake the darkness.

O, in the silence of the secret night,
with a cherished name I will wake the darkness.

The isle

There was a little lawny islet
By anemone and violet,
Like mosaic, paven:
And its roof was flowers and leaves
Which the summer's breath enweaves,
Where nor sun nor showers nor breeze
Pierce the pines and tallest trees,
Each a gem engraven; --
Girt by many an azure wave
With which the clouds and mountains pave
A lake's blue chasm.
Sinks into my quiet window!

Fragment from Musset

Why is my sick heart beating so,
yearning, wishing for peace?
What frightens me about the night?
I hear the door slamming and groaning.
A light flashing, then fading...
my God! My breath is seized up!
Someone is calling me, whispering sadly...
has someone entered...?
My cell is empty, no one out there
midnight has struck...
o loneliness, o poverty!

Liebesbotschaft

Rauschendes Bächlein, so silbern und hell,
Eilst zur Geliebten so munter und schnell?
Ach, trautes Bächlein, mein Bote sei du;
Bringe die Grüße des Fernen ihr zu.

All' ihre Blumen, im Garten gepflegt,
Die sie so lieblich am Busen trägt,
Und ihre Rosen in purpurner Glut,
Bächlein, erquicke mit kühlender Flut.

Wenn sie am Ufer, in Träume versenkt,
meiner gedenkend, das Köpfchen hängt;
tröste die Süße mit freundlichem Blick,
denn der Geliebte kehrt bald zurück.

Neigt sich die Sonne mit röthlichem Schein,
Wiege das Liebchen in Schlummer ein.
Rausche sie murmelnd in süße Ruh,
Flüstre ihr Träume der Liebe zu.
(Ludwig Rellstab)

Im Abendrot

O wie schön ist deine Welt,
Vater, wenn sie golden strahlet!
Wenn dein Glanz herniederfällt
Und den Staub mit Schimmer malet,
Wenn das Rot, das in der Wolke blinkt,
In mein stilles Fenster sinkt!

Könnt ich klagen, könnt ich zagen?
Irre sein an dir und mir?
Nein, ich will im Busen tragen
Deinen Himmel schon allhier.
Und dies Herz, eh' es zusammenbricht,
Trinkt noch Glut und schlürft noch Licht.
(Karl Gottlieb Lappe)

Love's message

Murmuring brooklet, so silver and bright,
Hurry to my beloved so fast and light,
O, friendly brooklet, be my messenger,
Bring my distant greetings to her.

All the flowers, cultivated in her garden,
which she so sweetly bears on her bosom,
and her purple-hued roses,
brooklet, refresh them with cooling flow.

When on the bank, deep in dreams,
she remembers me and hangs her head,
comfort my sweetheart with a friendly glance,
for her beloved will soon return.

When the sun sets with a red glow,
rock my loved one to sleep.
Murmur for her in sweet repose,
And whisper dreams of love to her.

At Dusk

O how beautiful is your world,
Father, when with golden beams it shines!
When your splendor descends
And paints the dust with a shimmering glow,
When the red, which flashes in the clouds,
Sinks into my quiet window!
How can I complain, how can I hesitate?

How could anything be amiss between you
and me?
No, I will carry in my breast
Your Heaven for all times.
And this heart, before it breaks down,
Shall drink the glow and sip the light.

Der Erbkönig

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
Er faßt ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

“Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein
Gesicht?”-
“Siehst, Vater, du den Erbkönig nicht?
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron' und Schweif?”
“Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif.”

“Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel ich mit dir;
Manch bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand,
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand.”

“Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,
Was Erlenkönig mir [leise]7 verspricht?”
“Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind:
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind.”

“Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein.”

“Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du
nicht dort
Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?”
“Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh es genau:
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau.”

“Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne
Gestalt;
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich
Gewalt.”
“Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt faßt er mich an!
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!”

Dem Vater grauset's, er reitet geschwind,
Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Müh' und Not:
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.
(Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)

The Elf-king

Who rides, so late, through night and wind?
It is the father with his child.
He has the boy well in his arm.
He holds him safely, and keeps him warm.

“My son, why do you hide your face in fear?”
“Father, do you not see the Elf-king?
The Elf-king with crown and cape?”
“My son, it is a streak of fog.”

“You, dear child, come, go with me!
I will play beautiful games with you;
my strand is full of colorful flowers,
and my mother has many a golden robe.”

“My father, my father, hear you not
what the Elf-king quietly promises me?”
“Be calm, stay calm, my child;
it is just the wind sighing through the withering
leaves.”

“Do you, fine boy, want to go with me?
My daughters shall wait on you finely;
they shall lead you in nightly dancing,
rocking and singing you to sleep.”

“My father, my father, don't you see over there
the Elf-king's daughters in that gloomy place?”
“My son, my son, I see it clearly:
it is the old, gray willows shimmering.”

“I love you, and I am charmed by your beauty;
and if you're not willing, then I will take you
by force!”
“My father, my father, he is seizing me now!
The Elf-king is hurting me!”

The horrified father rides on swiftly,
holding the moaning child in his arms.
He reaches the farm with great difficulty;
in his arms, the child is dead.

Der Jüngling an der Quelle

Leise rieselnder Quell!
Ihr wallenden flispernden Pappeln!
Euer Schlummergeräusch
wecket die Liebe nur auf.

Linderung sucht' ich bei euch
und sie zu vergessen, die Spröde.
Ach, und Blätter und Bach
seufzen, Luise, Luise!
(Johann Gaudenz Freiherr von Salis-Seewis)

Auf der Bruck

Frisch trabe sonder Ruh und Rast,
Mein gutes Roß, durch Nacht und Regen!
Was scheust du dich vor Busch und Ast
Und strachelst auf den wilden Wegen?
Dehnt auch der Wald sich tief und dicht,
Doch muß er endlich sich erschliessen;
Und freundlich wird ein fernes Licht
Uns aus dem dunkeln Tale grüßen.

Wohl könnt ich über Berg und Feld
Auf deinem schlanken Rücken fliegen
Und mich am bunten Spiel der Welt,
An holden Bildern mich vergnügen;
Manch Auge lacht mir traulich zu
Und beut mit Frieden, Lieb und Freude,
Und dennoch eil ich ohne Ruh,
Zurück zu meinem Leide.

Denn schon drei Tage war ich fern
Von ihr, die ewig mich gebunden;
Drei Tage waren Sonn und Stern
Und Erd und Himmel mir verschwunden.
Von Lust und Leiden, die mein Herz
Bei ihr bald heilten, bald zerrissen
Fühlt ich drei Tage nur den Schmerz,
Und ach! die Freude muß ich missen!

Weit sehn wir über Land und See
Zur wärmer Flur den Vogel fliegen;
Wie sollte denn die Liebe je
In ihrem Pfade sich betrügen?
Drum trabe mutig durch die Nacht!
Und schwinden auch die dunkeln Bahnen,
Der Sehnsucht helles Auge wacht,
Und sicher führt mich süßes Ahnen.
(Ernst Konrad Friedrich Schulze)

The youth at the spring

Softly trickling spring
and rustling poplars!
Your drowsy sounds
will surely wake my love.

I was hoping you'd help me
forget her indifference.
Ah! Instead every sound is a sigh
for her, my Louise, my Louise!

At the Bruck river

Trot briskly without rest or relief,
my good horse, through night and through rain!
Why do you shy away from bush and tree
branch,
and stumble on the wild paths?
Though the forest stretches deep and dense,
it must eventually open up;
and with kindness, a distant light
will greet us from the dark valley.

Over mountain and field
I can fly on your slender back
and enjoy the world's fun
and its colorful images.
Many an eye laugh intimately at me,
with peace, love and joy;
and yet I hurry, without rest,
headed back to my grief.

For three days now I have been far away from her,
her to whom I am eternally bound;
for three days the sun, stars,
earth and the heavens have been missing for me.
From the delight and grief, my heart,
which she had healed, has torn again.
And for three days I have felt only pain,
and, oh, the joy I was missing!

Over land and sea,
we see the birds flying to warm pastures;
how then could love
ever deceive itself in its path?
So trot bravely through the night!
Although the dark tracks may fade,
the bright eye of yearning still watches,
and sweet foreboding guides me safely.

Rain has fallen

Rain has fallen all the day.
O come among the laden trees:
The leaves lie thick upon the way
Of mem'ries.
Staying a little by the way

Of mem'ries shall we depart.
Come, my beloved, where I may
Speak to your heart.
(James Joyce)

Sleep now

Sleep now, O sleep now,
O you unquiet heart!
A voice crying "Sleep now"
Is heard in my heart.

The voice of the winter
Is heard at the door.
O sleep, for the winter
Is crying "Sleep no more."

My kiss will give peace now
And quiet to your heart -
Sleep on in peace now,
O you unquiet heart!
(Joyce)

I hear an army

I hear an army
I hear an army charging upon the land,
And the thunder of horses plunging, foam about their knees:
Arrogant, in black armour, 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 whirling 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, why have you left me alone?
(Joyce)

The Salley gardens

Down by the Salley gardens my love and I did meet;
she passed the Salley gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;
but I, being young and foolish, with her did not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
and on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;
but I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

(William Butler Yeats)

Lord! I married me a wife

Lord! I married me a wife!
She gave me trouble all my life!
Made me work in the cold rain and snow.

(Traditional)

Music for a while

Music for a while
shall all your cares beguile:
wond'ring how your pains were eas'd
and disdain'g to be pleas'd
till Alecto free the dead
from their eternal bands,
till the snakes drop from her head,
and the whip from out her hands.

(John Dryden)

Oliver Cromwell

Oliver Cromwell lay buried and dead,
hee-haw, buried and dead,
there grew an old apple-tree over his head,
hee-haw, over his head.

The apples were ripe and ready to fall,
hee-haw, ready to fall,
there came an old woman to gather them all,
hee-haw, gather them all.

Oliver rose and gave her a drop,
hee-haw, gave her a drop,
which made the old woman go hippety hop,
hee-haw, hippety hop.

The saddle and bridle, they lie on the shelf,
hee-haw, lie on the shelf,
if you want any more you can sing it yourself,
hee-haw, sing it yourself.

(Traditional)

O waly, waly

The water is wide I cannot get o'er,
and neither have I wings to fly.
Give me a boat that will carry two,
and both shall row, my love and I.

O, down in the meadows the other day,
a-gathering flowers both fine and gay,
a-gathering flowers both red and blue,
I little thought what love can do.

I leaned my back up against some oak
thinking that he was a trusty tree;
but first he bended, and then he broke;
and so did my false love to me.

A ship there is, and she sails the sea,
she's loaded deep as deep can be,
but not so deep as the love I'm in:
I know not if I sink or swim.

O! love is handsome and love is fine,
and love's a jewel while it is new;
but when it is old, it groweth cold,
and fades away like morning dew.
(Traditional)

The side show

"Is that Mister Riley, who keeps the hotel?"
is the tune that accomp'nies the trotting-track bell;
an old horse unsound, turns the merry-go-round,
making poor Mister Riley look a bit like a Russian dance,
some speak of so highly, as they do of Riley!
(Charles Ives)

The cage

A leopard went around his cage from one side back to the other side;
he stopped only when the keeper came around with meat;
a boy who had been there three hours began to wonder,
"Is life anything like that?"
(Ives)

Tom sails away

Scenes from my childhood are with me,
I'm in the lot behind our house upon the hill,
a spring day's sun is setting,
mother with Tom in her arms
is coming towards the garden;
the lettuce rows are showing green.
Thinner grows the smoke o'er the town,
stronger comes the breeze from the ridge,
'tis after six, the whistles have blown,
the milk train's gone down the valley.
Daddy is coming up the hill from the mill,
we run down the lane to meet him.
But today, in freedom's cause Tom sailed away
for over there, over there, over there!
Scenes from my childhood
are floating before my eyes.
(Ives)

Memories (A. Very pleasant B. Rather sad)

We're sitting in the opera house;
we're waiting for the curtain to arise
with wonders for our eyes;
we're feeling pretty gay,
and well we may,
"o, Jimmy, look!" I say,
"the band is tuning up
and soon will start to play."
We whistle and we hum,
beat time with the drum.

We're sitting in the opera house;
we're waiting for the curtain to arise
with wonders for our eyes,
a feeling of expectancy,
a certain kind of ecstasy,
expectancy and ecstasy... Sh's's's.

From the street a strain on my ear doth fall,
a tune as threadbare as that "old red shawl,"
it is tattered, it is torn,
it shows signs of being worn,
it's the tune my Uncle hummed from early morn.
'Twas a common little thing and kind 'a sweet,
but 'twas sad and seemed to slow up both his feet;
I can see him shuffling down
to the barn or to the town,
a humming.
(Ives)

Saint Martin's Abbey was founded in 1895 by the Benedictine monks of Saint John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minnesota. The Benedictines are a monastic order of the Roman Catholic Church. Today, as in years past, the Benedictine monks of Saint Martin's Abbey pray, work and live together in community, seeking God and responding to Him in their life of prayer. The monk is a man who seeks in the monastery an environment in which he might live the Christian life to the fullest. Under the leadership of their elected abbot, the monks of Saint Martin's Abbey gather together for common prayer several times daily in the Abbey Church, and individually spend time each day in private prayer and spiritual reading.

For centuries, the apostolate of education has characterized many Benedictine communities as their principal work. The monks of Saint Martin's, together with their lay colleagues, are involved in a wide variety of work within Saint Martin's University as administrators, auxiliary personnel, teachers and counselors and in work within the Abbey. They also are engaged in pastoral ministry in parishes and health-care facilities of the Pacific Northwest. The principle of "unity in diversity in Christ" is as characteristic of the Benedictine community of Saint Martin's Abbey today as it was at the time of its founding over a century ago.

In the spirit of the fifteen hundred-year-old Benedictine tradition of nurturing the arts and learning, the monastic community of Saint Martin's Abbey established in 1980 an annual music and lecture series which brings gifted musicians and recognized academics to the Abbey Church. Since its establishment, Abbey Church Events has presented several Pacific Northwest debuts, among which was that of soprano Dawn Upshaw in 1990. Among many other luminaries, Abbey Church Events has presented pianist Richard Goode; The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center; pianist/scholar Charles Rosen; soprano Benita Valente; poet Jane Hirshfield; theologians Monica Hellwig, Walter Brueggmann and Peter E. Fink; and Musicians from Marlboro.

Abbey Church Events lectures and concerts are offered free to the public. The series is underwritten by the interest on a small endowment established by Saint Martin's Abbey, as well as by freewill offerings, bequests, and occasional grants. During the 2014-2015 season we are especially grateful for donations received in memory of Louise Tamblyn, the continued support of Olympia Federal Savings, a gift from an anonymous friend of Abbey Church Events, and support from The Coca-Cola Foundation, as well as for special services provided by Alpha Sigma Chi.

www.stmartin.edu/abbey/church_events.htm

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