

In Need of Music

ANN MOSS, SOPRANO JUSTIN OUELLET, VIOLA
CHERYL CELLON LINDQUIST, PIANO

BRICUSSE & NEWLEY	Pure Imagination (1971)
STEPHEN SONDHEIM	I Remember (1966)
VARTAN AGHABABIAN	Two Bishop Songs (2010) One Art In Need of Music
JAKE HEGGIE	Sweet Light (<i>Winter Roses</i> , 2004)
JOHANNES BRAHMS	Sonata Op. 120 No. 1 in f minor (1894) Mvt. 2 “Andante un poco adagio”
NANCY BACHMANN	The Dragonfly (<i>Transient Butterfly</i> , 2023)
V. AGHABABIAN	The Mirror (<i>When We Were Very Young</i> , 2002) A Milkweed (<i>Two Songs</i> , 2001)
GRAHAM SOBELMAN	Let Evening Come (2014)
MANCINI & MERCER	Moon River (1960)
JOHN WOODS DUKE	Three Sonnets of Edna St. Vincent Millay (1959) Sweet sounds, o beautiful music Time does not bring relief Thou famished grave



2PM, SUNDAY APRIL 14TH, THE HOME OF STAN & CHERYL LINDQUIST, DALLAS, TX

One Art — poem by Elizabeth Bishop

The art of losing isn't hard to master;
so many things seem filled with the intent
to be lost that their loss is no disaster.

Lose something every day. Accept the fluster
of lost door keys, the hour badly spent.
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

Then practice losing farther, losing faster:
places, and names, and where it was you meant
to travel. None of these will bring disaster.

I lost my mother's watch. And look! my last, or
next-to-last, of three loved houses went.
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

I lost two cities, lovely ones. And, vaster,
some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent.
I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster.

—Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture
I love) I shan't have lied. It's evident
the art of losing's not too hard to master
though it may look like (*Write it!*) like disaster.

In Need of Music — Bishop

I am in need of music that would flow
Over my fretful, feeling fingertips,
Over my bitter-tainted, trembling lips,
With melody, deep, clear, and liquid-slow.
Oh, for the healing swaying, old and low,
Of some song sung to rest the tired dead,
A song to fall like water on my head,
And over quivering limbs, dream flushed to glow!

There is a magic made by melody:
A spell of rest, and quiet breath, and cool
Heart, that sinks through fading colors deep
To the subaqueous stillness of the sea,
And floats forever in a moon-green pool,
Held in the arms of rhythm and of sleep.

Dr. Vartan Aghababian began piano studies at age eight and soon after started composing. His grammar school years were infused with Orff Schulwerke and Dalcroze Eurhythmics; his private studies were augmented to include recorder, oboe and English Horn, voice and dance. His experience includes performances in choirs, orchestras, wind ensembles, solo and chamber performances. He studied with William Bolcom and Leslie Bassett during his undergraduate years (BM, 1987) at University of Michigan and afterwards with James Hartway at Wayne State University. After receiving a diploma in film scoring (1992) from Berklee College of Music, he moved to Los Angeles pursue a career as a film music editor with Warner Brothers Studios. Following the two years in southern California, he returned to Boston to work as a freelance composer, scoring short documentary films and composing on commission. He completed his master's degree in composition (MM, 2002) at the Longy School of Music studying with Eric Sawyer. He completed his doctoral studies in composition at Boston University (DMA, 2008) studying with Samuel Headrick. His music has been performed across the United States, in Asia and Europe.

Dr. Aghababian is a member of the music theory and composition faculties at Boston University, MIT and Winchester Community Music School, where he also conducts a chamber orchestra. He is a three year former faculty member at BU Academy, a seven year former faculty member at South Shore Conservatory, and a twelve year former faculty member at Longy School of Music, and was Composer in Residence for the Recuerdo vocal ensemble for seven years. He teaches privately, lectures publicly and continues to compose on commission.

Sweet Light— poem by Raymond Carver

After the winter, grieving and dull,
I flourished here all spring. Sweet light
began to fill my chest. I pulled up
a chair. Sat for hours in front of the sea.
Listened to the buoy and learned
to tell the difference between a bell
and the sound of a bell. I wanted
everything behind me. I even wanted
to become inhuman. And I did that.
I know I did. (She'll back me up on this.)
I remember the morning I closed the lid
on memory and turned the handle.
Locking it away forever.
Nobody knows what happened to me
out here, sea. Only you and I know.
At night, clouds form in front of the moon.
By morning they're gone. And that sweet light
I spoke of? That's gone too.

The Dragonfly — Edna St. Vincent Millay

I wound myself in a white cocoon of singing,
All day long in the brook's uneven bed,
Measuring out my soul in a mucous thread;
Dimly now to the brook's green bottom clinging,
Men behold me, a worm spun-out and dead,
Walled in an iron house of silky singing.
Nevertheless at length, O reedy shallows,
Not as a plodding nose to the slimy stem,
But as a brazen wing with a spangled hem,
Over the jewel-weed and the pink marshmallows,
Free of these and making a song of them,
I shall arise, and a song of the reedy shallows!

American composer Jake Heggie is best known for *Dead Man Walking* (2000), the most widely performed new opera of the last 20 years, with a libretto by Terrence McNally, and his critically acclaimed operas *Moby-Dick* (2010), *Three Decembers* (2008), and *It's a Wonderful Life* (2016), all with libretti by Gene Scheer. In addition to 10 full-length operas and numerous one-acts, Heggie has composed more than 300 art songs, as well as concerti, chamber music, choral, and orchestral works. His compositions have been performed on five continents, and he regularly collaborates with some of the world's most beloved artists as both composer and pianist.

"I have been fortunate in my life to have had three overlapping but distinct careers in music. As a younger woman I enjoyed freelancing as a pianist and singer; performing chamber music, solo and duo recitals, coaching, and doing some part time college teaching. Later I took a full time position as music professor at Los Medanos Community College, where I headed the piano, theory, and recital programs. Now, retired from teaching, I am turning my focus to composing, a long-neglected love. My lifelong experience as a performer has given me a great respect for the discipline, imagination, and dedication required to bring any piece of music to performance level. When I compose, the performers and the listeners are always close to my heart. Musical composition for me is an act of deep and honest communication. I sincerely desire that my muse will spark the muse of others."

—Nancy Bachmann

The Mirror — poem by A. A. Milne

Between the woods the afternoon
Is fallen in a golden swoon,
The sun looks down from quiet skies
To where a quiet water lies,
And silent trees stoop down to trees.

And there I saw a white swan make
Another white swan in the lake;
And, breast to breast, both motionless,
They waited for the wind's caress. . .
And all the water was at ease..

A Milkweed — poem by Richard Wilbur

Anonymous as cherubs
Over the crib of God,
White seeds are floating
Out of my burst pod.
What power had I
Before I learned to yield?
Shatter me, great wind:
I shall possess the field

Let Evening Come — poem by Jane Kenyon

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.

Graham Sobelman is a music director, pianist, and composer residing in Northern California. His compositions include Love Is Eternal (a song-cycle with British lyricist David Kent), a trio of choral pieces premiered by Sacramento choral ensemble RSVP (A Dozen Fires Alight) with lyricist Omari Tau, & many other art songs using the poems of Emily Dickinson, Robert Frost, William Shakespeare, and others. He has also written underscoring for A Tale of Two Cities and Orlando for Saclmpulse Theatre and the score for short film, Lily. He was commissioned in 2012 to write a piece for the Sacramento Gay Men's Chorus - "Voices Carry." Songs From Eagle Pond (featuring Graham's compositions using poetry by Jane Kenyon and Donald Hall) had its first concert reading in Andover, NH in October 2022.

Three Sonnets of Edna St. Vincent Millay

I

Sweet sounds, oh, beautiful music, do not cease!
Reject me not into the world again.
With you alone is excellence and peace,
Mankind made plausible, his purpose plain.
Enchanted in your air benign and shrewd,
With limbs a-sprawl and empty faces pale,
The spiteful and the stingy and the rude
Sleep like the scullions in the fairy-tale.
This moment is the best the world can give:
The tranquil blossom on the tortured stem.
Reject me not, sweet sounds; oh, let me live,
Till Doom espy my towers and scatter them,
A city spell-bound under the aging sun.
Music my rampart, and my only one.

III

Thou famished grave, I will not fill thee yet,
Roar though thou dost, I am too happy here;
Gnaw thine own sides, fast on; I have no fear
Of thy dark project, but my heart is set
On living - I have heroes to beget
Before I die; I will not come anear
Thy dismal jaws for many a splendid year;
Till I be old, I aim not to be eat.
I cannot starve thee out: I am thy prey
And thou shalt have me; but I dare defend
That I can stave thee off; and I dare say,
What with the life I lead, the force I spend,
I'll be but bones and jewels on that day,
And leave thee hungry even in the end.

II

Time does not bring relief; you all have lied
Who told me time would ease me of my pain!
I miss him in the weeping of the rain;
I want him at the shrinking of the tide;
The old snows melt from every mountain-side,
And last year's leaves are smoke in every lane;
But last year's bitter loving must remain
Heaped on my heart, and my old thoughts abide.
There are a hundred places where I fear
To go,—so with his memory they brim.
And entering with relief some quiet place
Where never fell his foot or shone his face
I say, "There is no memory of him here!"
And so stand stricken, so remembering him.

Composer and Pianist John Woods Duke, born in Cumberland, MD in 1899, is best known for his prodigious output of art songs. As a student at Peabody, Duke studied composition and theory under Gustav Strube and piano with Harold Randolph (whose own tutors had included Clara Schumann, and Franz Liszt). Duke graduated in 1918, and, in the midst of wartime, volunteered his services to the Student Army Training Corps at Columbia University. In 1923, he accepted a position on the music faculty at Smith College in Northampton, MA, where he would serve as Professor until 1967. In 1927 he took a year's sabbatical to work with Nadia Boulanger in Paris and Artur Schnabel in Berlin. Returning to the United States, he spent a summer at the Yaddo artists' colony in Saratoga Springs, NY. Following his retirement from Smith, Duke received the Peabody Alumni Association Award for Distinguished Service in the field of music.