



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

2019 Winners' Recital
***Jim and Charlotte Norcop Prize in Song & Gwendolyn Williams Koldofsky
Prize in Accompanying***

Katy Clark, soprano and Jialiang Zhu, piano

Thursday, March 24 at 7:30 pm | Walter Hall

PROGRAM

Ronde d'amour	Cécile Chaminade (1857-1944)
Chanson de neige	
Ma première lettre	
L'été	
The Cherry Blossom Wand	Rebecca Clarke (1886-1979)
The Cloths of Heaven	
The Aspidistra	
Lethe	
Seal Man	
<i>—Pause—</i>	
Ruby Throated Moment	Emily Doolittle (b. 1972)
<i>Four Seasons Ballade</i>	Alice Ping Yee Ho (b. 1960)
1. Spring	
2. Summer	
3. Autumn	
4. Winter	
<i>Tanzer Lieder</i>	Ana Sokolovic (b. 1968)
1. Sur une étoile	
2. Stimmen	
3. Dezember	
4. Wishing Well	
5. Last Song	

We wish to acknowledge this land on which the University of Toronto operates.

For thousands of years it has been the traditional land of the Huron-Wendat, the Seneca, and the Mississaugas of the Credit.

Today, this meeting place is still the home to many Indigenous people from across Turtle Island and we are grateful to have the opportunity to work on this land.

BIOGRAPHIES

Soprano **Katy Clark** has sung as a soloist with companies across North America including the Amici Chamber Ensemble, the Kitchener-Waterloo Symphony, the Windsor Symphony, Michigan Opera Theatre, and the Elora, Indian River, and Stratford Summer Music Festivals. As a chorister, she works regularly with The Elora Singers, the Tafelmusik Chamber Choir, Opus 8, and the Canadian Opera Company Chorus. Katy was the 2019 winner of the Jim and Charlotte Norcop Prize in Song, and was a recipient of the 2017/18 Rebanks Family Fellowship and International Performance Residency. She is a DMA candidate at the University of Toronto, where she studies with Prof. Nathalie Paulin, and holds a Masters degree in Voice Performance from the University of Michigan. Katy teaches Singing and Voice Pedagogy at McMaster University. In addition to her work as a performer and teacher, Katy is the founder and artistic producer of the London-based opera company Village Opera.

Chinese pianist **Jialiang Zhu** passionately embraces vocal collaboration, chamber music, and solo music. In 2021, she participated in the recording of Chinese-Canadian composer Alice Ping Yee Ho's album A Woman's Voice. Her research in Chinese art song has led to a lecture recital at the University of Toronto with both native and non-native Chinese-speaking vocalists, presentations at multiple institutions, and an article in the Art Song Canada Winter 2022 Issue. She was the winner of the 2018 Gwendolyn Williams Koldofsky Prize in Accompanying. An enthusiastic chamber musician, she co-founded the Bedford Trio with violinist Alessia Disimino and cellist Andrew Ascenso in 2016. They are the inaugural Irene R. Miller Piano Trio in Residency at the U of T's Faculty of Music. As a featured soloist, she performed Beethoven's Choral Fantasy with conductor Trevor Dearham and York Chamber Ensemble. Jialiang completed her Bachelor in Piano Performance and Masters in Piano Performance and Pedagogy with the late Prof. Marietta Orlov at U of T. She is continuing to pursue her Doctor of Musical Arts Degree at U of T under the tutelage of Prof. Lydia Wong.

JIM AND CHARLOTTE NORCOP PRIZE IN SONG

The annual prize was established in 2009 and is awarded to the singer at the Faculty of Music showing the most promise in performance of the song literature. Past winners have been Leslie Ann Bradley, Geoffrey Sirett, Aviva Fortunata Wilks, Andrew Haji, Charles Sy, Jennifer Krabbe, Emily D'Angelo, Joel Allison, Simona Genga, Korin Thomas-Smith and Alex Hetherington.

GWENDOLYN WILLIAMS KOLDOFSKY PRIZE IN ACCOMPANYING

The annual prize was established in 2011 and is awarded to the collaborative pianist at the Faculty of Music showing the most promise in performance of the song literature. Past winners include Susan Black, Narmina Afandiyeva, Ivan Jovanovic, Lara Dodds-Eden, Sonya Sim, Mélisande Sinsoulier, Jialiang Zhu, Joy Lee and Dakota Scott-Digout.

Gwendolyn Williams was born November 1, 1906 in Bowmanville, Ontario. She studied piano in Toronto with Viggo Kihl. At 17, she went to London where she studied piano with Tobias Matthay and ensemble playing and accompanying with Harold Craxton. Later, she spent several months in Paris studying French repertoire with Marguerite Hasselmans. When she was 20, she returned to Canada and was plunged almost immediately into an accompanying career when the great Canadian soprano, Jeanne Dusseau asked Mrs. Koldofsky to play for her. One musical engagement led to another at an exhilarating pace. A year after her return to Canada, she met and married the violinist Adolph Koldofsky. For the next quarter century, she accompanied all of her husband's solo recitals and played every form of chamber music with him on concert stages around the world. In 1945, the couple moved to Los Angeles, where Mrs. Koldofsky was engaged to teach accompanying at the School of Music of the University of Southern California. She taught accompanying, song literature and chamber music at USC from 1947 to 1988. She was also a longtime member of the faculty of the Santa Barbara Music Academy of the West, where she served as director of vocal accompanying from 1951 to 1989. She judged competitions, lectured and taught master classes for accompanists, singers and ensembles throughout the United States and Canada. Among her many students were mezzo-soprano Marilyn Horne, pianist Martin Katz and soprano Carol Neblett. For more than 40 years, Koldofsky appeared as an accompanist throughout the world, working with such distinguished artists as Rose Bampton, Suzanne Danco, Herta Glaz, Mack Harrell, Marilyn Horne, Jan Peerce, Hermann Prey, Peter Schreier, Martial Singher and Eleanor Steber. She assisted Lotte Lehmann on many tours during the latter's last eight years of performing and for 11 years was Lehmann's accompanist and coach-assistant at the Music Academy of the West. Gwendolyn Williams Koldofsky died November 12, 1998 in Santa Barbara at the age of 92.

PROGRAM NOTES

Katy Clark

“Ronde d’amour,” “Chanson de neige,” “Ma première lettre,” and “L’été”— Cécile Chaminade

French composer and pianist Cécile Chaminade has experienced a resurgence of popularity in the twenty-first century. Despite critical and commercial success during her lifetime, Chaminade was condemned as a composer of “salon music” in the latter part of the twentieth century, a fact which can more likely be attributed to her sex than to any shortcoming in her compositions. Chaminade composed more than one hundred songs for voice and piano, including the four presented on this program. Each of these songs expresses a different perspective on the passage of time and the development of experience. “Ronde d’amour” brims with the innocent hope that love will grow like flowers in a garden. It features pitter-patter-like text setting for the voice, contrasted with rustic dance rhythms and pedal harmony in the piano. In “Chanson de neige,” the speaker recognizes that illusions are as fleeting as the falling snow, but nonetheless remains beguiled by their beauty. The delicate textures and light chromaticism in this song recall Chaminade’s solo piano works. “Ma première lettre” demonstrates Chaminade’s sensitive instinct for text setting, the rhythm and inflection of the text subtly reinforced by simple shifts in harmony. “L’été” is a tour-de-force for the voice, showcasing effervescent coloratura passages. It returns to the youthful optimism of “Ronde d’amour,” inviting the listeners to sing, love, and enjoy the beauty of summer.

“The Cherry-Blossom Wand,” “The Cloths of Heaven,” “The Aspidistra,” “Lethe,” and “The Seal Man”— Rebecca Clarke

British-American composer Rebecca Clarke wrote nearly 60 songs over the course of her career. This program features a cross section of songs exploring the continuum of innocence and experience. “The Cherry-Blossom Wand” (1927) features text by modernist poet Anna Wickham. Clarke’s enigmatic setting encapsulates the contradictions between lightness, flippancy, and the knowledge of mortality present in the text. Its exploitation of speech rhythm and impressionistic harmonic colour recall Debussy, and are occasionally interrupted by sparse, recitative-like passages. “The Cloths of Heaven” (1912) was first published in 1920 as part of a set of two songs on texts by Yeats (the other being “Shy One.”) In its use of chromaticism, dissonance, and quartal harmony, “The Cloths of Heaven” marks a stark departure from the parlour songs that made up much of Clarke’s early output. Its sophistication and sensitivity to the text foreshadow the style of Clarke’s later songs. “The Aspidistra” (1929), written on a humorous text by British painter Claude Flight, parodies the parlour song style that typified Clarke’s early art songs. An aspidistra, a tropical potted plant, was a staple in nineteenth-century English decor, and became synonymous with the stodginess of Victorian bourgeois society. It seems fitting that Clarke would choose the by-then-outmoded waltz form to set a text about the death of an old-fashioned houseplant. “Lethe” (1941) was one of the five mythological rivers of the Greek underworld, and

anyone who drank from its waters would experience complete forgetfulness. Edna St. Vincent Millay's poem of the same name expresses a desire to numb the pain of aging and lost love by drinking from the river of oblivion. Critics have speculated that this poem may reflect upon Millay's personal struggles with addiction. The stark chromaticism of Clarke's setting echoes the troubling mood of the text. Clarke inserted a quotation from the prelude to *Tristan und Isolde* in the final stanza of the poem, reinforcing the desire for release from the world's torment as expressed in Wagner's opera. "Seal Man" (1922) was one of Clarke's favourite compositions, and has become one of her most frequently performed. It derives its text from a short story by English poet John Masefield, from his maritime collection *A Mainsail Haul*. "A Seal Man" tells a folk tale of the selkies, mythical creatures who were part seal, part man, from the point of view of an old Irish woman. Clarke experimented extensively with speech rhythms and inflection in her setting of this text, alternating long recitative-like passages with sweeping lyricism to reflect the narrative arc.

Ruby Throated Moment— Emily Doolittle

Canadian-born, Scotland-based composer Emily Doolittle (1972-) has a profound research interest in zoomusicology, the study of the relationship between animal songs and human music making. She has spent time as the composer-in-residence at the Max Planck Institute for Ornithology in Seewiesen, Germany. This fascination with birds and birdsong pervades *Ruby Throated Moment*, a song for solo high soprano, written for Wendy Humphries with text by Kitchener-based poet Rae Crossman. The poem describes a longing to live for a moment suspended in the hovering state of a hummingbird, and Doolittle's setting of the text is intermingled with long vocalizations that imitate birdcalls.

Crossman names R. Murray Schafer's outdoor operas as having a strong influence on his poetry. Indeed, his poem "One Ruby Throated Moment" was published in 2007 as part of a larger work inspired by Crossman's experiences as a participant in the premiere of Schafer's outdoor opera *And Wolf Shall Inherit the Moon*. ¹ Doolittle dedicated this piece to "Wendy Humphries, Rae Crossman, and the Wolves," a term used to describe the artists who worked on "The Wolf Project," or the development of *And Wolf Shall Inherit the Moon*. Schafer's influence can be seen in the use of silence and unmeasured time in *Ruby Throated Moment*. Doolittle's tempo marking indicates that it should be performed "very freely in all aspects, always taking into account the acoustic environment." Indeed, the acoustic space almost acts as a duet partner to the singer, with silence, echo, and space playing a key role in the performance of the piece.

Four Seasons Ballade— Alice Ping Yee Ho

In 2013, Hong Kong-born Canadian composer Alice Ping Ye Ho (1960-) was inspired by the work of T'ang dynasty poet Li Bai to write a suite of pieces for violin or erhu and piano. This

¹ Rae Crossman, "One Ruby Throated Moment," *The New Quarterly* 101, Winter 2007, <https://tnq.ca/story/notes-wild-account-words-music-r-murray-schafers-wolf-shall-inherit-moon/>.

work, entitled *Four Seasons Ballade*, was based upon Li Bai's *Ballad of Four Seasons*, a cycle of four poems which explore themes of femininity, war, and nobility of spirit over the course of the four seasons. In 2016, Ho re-arranged this work as a song cycle for tenor and piano, incorporating Li Bai's poetry into the soaring melodic lines of each piece. Ho also envisioned the work for soprano and piano, and "Spring" from this version of the cycle was premiered by Katy Clark at the University of Toronto in 2019. This is the premiere recording of the song cycle.

Each of Li Bai's *Ballads of Four Seasons* depicts women of virtue, courage, and fidelity from Chinese mythology and history. "Spring" references the legend of Lo Fo, a young beauty who rebuffs the advances of a high public official out of loyalty to her husband. She is approached by a Prince while collecting mulberry leaves to feed her silkworms, but sends him away in his coach and five. "Summer" references the legendary character of Xi Shi, one of the greatest beauties in ancient Chinese mythology. During a war between two rival states, she was sent as a gift to the king of the opposing army in order to distract him from his duties. The plot was successful—the king was so distracted by her beauty that he brought ruin and defeat upon his people. However, disgusted by the intrigue and excesses of the victorious army, Xi Shi ran away with the new king's top advisor. They lived out their days roaming in the mist on Mirror Lake in a fishing boat, occasionally spotted by villagers. The theme of war recurs in "Ballad of an Autumn Midnight." Li Bai wrote is "Ballad of Four Seasons" during a period of war for the T'ang dynasty, but in this poem, he hearkens back to the Han dynasty's war with the Hu people. He describes the crescent moon hanging over the city of Chang'an, where the women left behind by their soldier husbands wash their laundry. The autumn wind blows to their husbands who guard the Jade Gate, or "Yumenguan," on the northern border. The speaker of the poem longs for peace so that the soldiers, including her own husband, can return home. The final piece in this cycle, "Winter," depicts a woman working through the night to complete a winter cloak for her husband. Despite the fact that her cold fingers can barely hold on to the scissors, she presses on to finish the cloak before the courier leaves for the mountains of Lin Tao, where her husband is posted. The theme of war pervades this poem, and Li Bai once again features the struggles and heroism of a woman operating in a world run by men.

Tanzer Lieder— Ana Sokolovic

Ana Sokolovic (1968-) is a Serbian-Canadian composer whose music has become recognized worldwide for its imaginative approach to rhythm, colour, and storytelling. Her 2004 song cycle *Tanzer Lieder* was commissioned by Trio Phoenix and Ingrid Smithüsen, with support from the Canada Council for the Arts. It appears in two versions, one for soprano, piano, cello, and flute, which was recorded under the ATMA label by Florie Valaquette and the Ensemble contemporain de Montréal on the 2019 album *Sirènes*. The other version for soprano and piano, which was published simultaneously, has never been recorded.

Sokolovic selected poems from Austrian poet Francisco Tanzer's 2001 collection *Blätter*. Tanzer lived from 1921-2003, and his poems have been set by composers such as Sofia Gubaidulina,

John Cage, and Edison Denisov. Alfred Schnittke set Tanzer's poetry in his 1980 work *Three Madrigals for Soprano and Five Instruments*, including "Sur une étoile," which also appears in Sokolovic's cycle. In the program note to the published volume of *Tanzer Lieder*, Sokolovic wrote "I chose the text for its poetic richness and intimate atmosphere, which I needed after having finished my first opera."

Tanzer's poetry expresses an intensely personal depiction of the inner voice responding to the outer world. Whether reflecting upon personal relationships, the passage of time, or the tension between the inner and outer life, Tanzer's text gives voice to acutely private moments of individual emotion through explorations of dualism and opposition. Each of the poems selected by Sokolovic expresses the tension found in varying dualities— heaven and earth, the inner and the outer, summer and winter, the past and the future, age and youth. Sokolovic chose poems that appear in German, French, and English, sometimes employing all three languages in a single poem. Tanzer's multilingual approach to poetry speaks to the universality of the experiences and emotions expressed in the text.

Sokolovic sets these texts using a wide palette of compositional techniques. There are moments of atonality and pronounced modernist aesthetic, as found in the extensive use of sprechstimme in "Stimmen." Moments are richly chromatic and lyrical, as seen in "Sur une étoile" and "Dezember." "Last Song" contrasts the sweeping, lyrical lines of the vocal part with the sparseness and harmonic emptiness of the piano part. "Wishing Well" expresses Sokolovic's wry sense of humour, featuring the relentless rhythmic drive of the "continuum" of time, constantly pressing forward, and the re-creation of sound effects, such as a dog barking, and a siren.

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Translations

Ronde d'amour

Ah! si l'amour prenait racine,
J'en planterais dans mon jardin
Pour que ma petite voisine,
Respirant la fleur assassine,
Sentît son coeur battre soudain.
Ah! si l'amour prenait racine,
J'en planterais dans mon jardin.

J'en planterais le long des routes,
J'en mettrais pour tous et pour toutes,
J'en mettrais assez pour chacun,
Et je resterais aux écoutes,
Attendant qu'il passât quelqu'un.
Ah! J'en planterais le long des routes,
J'en mettrais assez pour chacun.

Les garçons cueilleraient la plante,
Les filles souriraient mieux;
Avec une douceur brûlante,
Les doigts unis, la voix tremblante,
Ils s'embrasseraient sur les yeux.
Les garçons cueilleraient la plante,
Les filles souriraient mieux.

Chanson de neige

Ô neige, blanche neige
Qui fais l'horizon gris,
Pourquoi te sourirai-je?
Pourquoi te sourirai-je,
Si tu ne me souris?

Round of Love

Ah! If love could take root
I would plant it in my garden
So that my little neighbour,
Upon smelling the dangerous flower,
Would feel her heart flutter suddenly.
Ah! If love could take root,
I would plant it in my garden.

I would plant it along the paths,
I would plant it for one and all,
I would plant enough for everyone,
And I would wait and listen,
Waiting for someone to pass by.
Ah! I would plant it along the path,
I would plant it for one and all.

The boys would pick the plant,
The girls would give their best smiles;
With a burning sweetness,
Joining fingers, a trembling voice,
They would embrace with their eyes.
The boys would pick the plant,
The girls would give their best smiles.

Snow Song

Oh snow, white snow,
Who makes the horizon grey,
Why do I smile at you?
Why do I smile at you,
When you do not smile at me?

Nos illusions éperdues
Tombent comme tes papillons
Et virevoltent sous la nue,
À l'heure où nous nous éveillons.

Elles dansent comme des folles,
À la moindre note du vent,
Mais s'abattent, tristes et molles,
Pour fondre, pour fondre lamentablement.

Ô neige, blanche neige
Qui fais l'horizon gris,
Pourquoi te sourirai-je?
Pourquoi te sourirai-je,
Si tu ne me souris?

Ma première lettre

Hélas! que nous oublions vite ...
J'y songeais hier en trouvant
Une petite lettre écrite
Lorsque je n'étais qu'une enfant.

Je lus jusqu'à la signature
Sans ressentir le moindre émoi,
Sans reconnaître l'écriture,
Et sans voir qu'elle était de moi.

En vain je voulus la relire,
Me rappeler, faire un effort ...
J'ai pu penser cela, l'écrire,

Mais le souvenir en est mort!

Ô la pauvre naïve lettre,
Ecrise encor si gauchement ...
Mais j'y songe, c'était peut-être
Ma première, un événement!

Jadis à ma mère ravie
Je l'ai montrée en triomphant.
Est-il possible qu'on oublie
Sa première lettre d'enfant!

Our bewildered illusions
Fall like your butterflies
And twirl under the cloud
At the moment when we awaken.

They dance like fools,
At the least touch of wind,
But fall, sad and soft,
To melt, to melt sadly.

Oh snow, white snow,
Who makes the horizon grey,
Why do I smile at you?
Why do I smile at you,
When you do not smile at me?

My First Letter

Alas! How quickly we forget...
I thought yesterday upon finding
A little letter written
When I was no more than a child.

I read to the signature
Without recalling the least emotion,
Without remembering the writing,
And without recognizing that it was from me.

In vain I wanted to reread it,
To remind myself, to make an effort ...
That I could have thought things things,
written them down,
But the memory of it was dead!

Oh, the poor innocent letter,
Written so crudely ...
But when I think of it, this could have been
My first letter, a great event!

Long ago, thrilled,
I showed it to my mother in triumph.
Is it possible one could anyone forget
The first letter they wrote as a child!

Et puis le temps vient où l'on aime,
Et l'on écrit . . . et puis un jour,
Un jour on l'oubliera de même,
Sa première lettre d'amour!

L'été

Ah! chantez, chantez,
Folle fauvette,
Gaie alouette,
Joyeux pinson, chantez, aimez!
Parfum des roses,
Fraîches écloses,
Rendez nos bois, nos bois plus embaumés!
Ah! chantez, aimez!

Soleil qui dore
Les sycomores
Remplis d'essains tout bruisants,
Verse la joie,
Que tout se noie
Dans tes rayons resplendissants.
Ah! chantez, aimez...

Souffle, qui passes
Dans les espaces
Semant l'espoir d'un jour d'été.
Que ton haleine
Donne à la plaine
Plus d'éclat et plus de beauté.
Ah! chantez, chantez!

Dans la prairie
Calmé et fleurie,
Entendez-vous ces mots si doux.
L'âme charmée,
L'épouse aimée
Bénit le ciel près de l'époux!
Ah! chantez, aimez...

And then you fall in love,
And you write... and then one day,
One day one will forget in the same way
Your first love letter!

Summer

Ah! Sing, sing,
Mad warbler,
Gay lark,
Joyful finch, sing, love!
Fragrance of roses,
Freshly opened,
Return to our woods, our balmier woods!
Ah! Sing, love!

Sun who gilds
The sycamore trees
Full of murmuring swarms,
Pour out joy,
So that everyone may drown
In your resplendent rays.
Ah! Sing, love...

Breath, which passes
Through spaces
Sowing the hope of a summer day,
Your breath
Gives to the plains
Greater brightness and greater beauty.
Ah! Sing, sing!

In the prairie,
Calm and blooming,
Hear its soft words.
The charmed soul,
The beloved wife
Blessed by heaven next to her husband!
Ah! Sing, love...

Cherry Blossom Wand— Anna Wickham

I Will pluck from my tree a cherry-blossom wand,
And carry it in my merciless hand,
So I will drive you, so bewitch your eyes,
With a beautiful thing that can never grow wise.

Light are the petals that fall from the bough,
And lighter the love that I offer you now;
In a spring day shall the tale be told
Of the beautiful things that will never grow old.

The blossoms shall fall in the night wind,
And I will leave you so, to be kind:
Eternal in beauty, are short-lived flowers,
Eternal in beauty, these exquisite hours.

I will pluck from my tree a cherry-blossom wand,
And carry it in my merciless hand,
So I will drive you, so bewitch your eyes,
With a beautiful thing that shall never grow wise.

Aedh Wishes for the Cloths of Heaven— W.B. Yeats

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half-light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

The Aspidistra— Claude Flight

I had an aspidistra
'Twas growing in a pot
'Twas old and green and dusty
A living, lingering blot
I took away its curtains
Which were the creature's pride
I took away its curtains
And the aspidistra died

Lethe— Edna St. Vincent Millay

Ah, drink again
This river that is the taker-away of pain,
And the giver-back of beauty!

In these cool waves
What can be lost?—
Only the sorry cost
Of the lovely thing, ah, never the thing itself!

The level flood that laves
The hot brow
And the stiff shoulder
Is at our temples now.

Gone is the fever,
But not into the river;
Melted the frozen pride,
But the tranquil tide
Runs never the warmer for this,
Never the colder.

Immerse the dream.
Drench the kiss.
Dip the song in the stream.

The Seal Man— John Masefield

And he came by her cabin to the west of the road, calling.
There was a strong love came up in her at that,
and she put down her sewing on the table, and "Mother," she says,
"There's no lock, and no key, and no bolt, and no door.
There's no iron, nor no stone, nor anything at all
will keep me this night from the man I love."

And she went out into the moonlight to him,
there by the bush where the flow'rs is pretty, beyond the river.
And he says to her: "You are all of the beauty of the world,
will you come where I go, over the waves of the sea?"
And she says to him: "My treasure and my strength," she says,
"I would follow you on the frozen hills, my feet bleeding."

Then they went down into the sea together,
and the moon made a track on the sea, and they walked down it;
it was like a flame before them. There was no fear at all on her;
only a great love like the love of the Old Ones,
that was stronger than the touch of the fool.
She had a little white throat, and little cheeks like flowers,
and she went down into the sea with her man,
who wasn't a man at all.
She was drowned, of course.
It's like he never thought that she wouldn't bear the sea like himself.
She was drowned, drowned.

One Ruby Throated Moment— Rae Crossman

if only for one
ruby-throated moment
your life could hover

rapid
radiant
rare

you would never let the quiver
out of your bloodstream

seek always the nectar
you sensed was there

if only for one
ruby-throated moment
your heart could beat

a hundred thrilling times

a hundred exclamations
a hundred revelations
a hundred prayers

if only for one
ruby-throated moment
you could drink
from the chalice of the sun

Ballad of Four Seasons

Poetry by Li Bai

Translated by Witter Bynner²

Spring

The lovely Lo Fo of the western land
Plucks mulberry leaves by the waterside.
Across the green boughs stretches out her white hand; In golden sunshine her rosy robe is dyed.
"my silkworms are hungry, I cannot stay.
Tarry not with your five-horse cab, I pray."

Summer

On Mirror Lake outspread for miles and miles,
The lotus lilies in full blossom teem.
In fifth moon Xi Shi gathers them with smiles,
Watchers o'erwhelm the bank of Yuoye Stream.
Her boat turns back without waiting moonrise
To royal house amid amorous sighs.

A Song of an Autumn Midnight

A slip of the moon hangs over the capital;
Ten thousand washing-mallets are pounding;
And the autumn wind is blowing my heart
For ever and ever toward the Jade Pass....
Oh, when will the Tartar troops be conquered,
And my husband come back from the long campaign!

Winter

The courier will depart next day, she's told.
She sews a warrior's gown all night.
Her fingers feel the needle cold.
How can she hold the scissors tight?

² Li Bai, *Ballad of Four Seasons*, in *The Chinese Translations* trans. Witter Bynner (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1982), 39-42.

Tanzer Lieder

Poetry by Francisco Tanzer³

Translations by Katy Clark

1. Sur une étoile

Nous	Nous	Nous
nous	nous	nous
sommes	sommes	sommes
rencontrés	rencontrés	séparés
sur une étoile	sur une étoile	tu vas
nous	nous	rester
avons	avons	ma mère
bu	vu	et moi
le vin	le ciel	ton père
d'une autre vie	de toutes	sur
maintenant	couleurs	une étoile
il faut	tu as été	maintenant
casser	ma soeur	il faut
le	et moi	revenir
verre	ton frère	sur terre

³ Francisco Tanzer, *Blätter* (Düsseldorf: Grupello, 2001).

1. On a star

We	We	We
met	met	have
each	each	separated
other	other	from each other
on a star	on a star	you will
we	we	remain
have	have	my mother
drunk	seen	and I
the wine	the sky	your father
of another life	in every	on
now	colour	a star
the	you have been	now
glass	my sister	one must
must	and I	return
be broken	your brother	to earth

2. Stimmen

Stimmen	Stimmen
immer	jedes
wieder	einzelnen
Stimmen	anders
hören	und
sehen	gleich
sich	zu messen
fragen	am Sein
ob außen	ich
und	und
innen	Du
überein	stimmen
stimmen	das Leben
	stimmen
	verstummen

2. Voices

Voices
forever
again
Voices
to hear
to see
to ask
oneself
whether outside
and
inside
exist
in harmony

Voices
each one
individual
different
and
the same
on comparing
to Being
I
and
You
correspond
life
agrees
falls silent

3. Dezember

Aus dir
spricht
Winter
auch
in
Sommernächten
seine
klare
Sprache
Dezember
formte
dein Kristall

Aus dir
erklingen
dunkle
Töne
die
sich
mit
hellen
Paaren
schwarze
tasten
versenken
sich in
unberührten
Schnee

In Dir
reift
langsam
schon
die Liebe
noch kennt
mann nicht
die Farbe
Deines
Schleiers
ob schwarz
ob weiss
Dezember
schürt
das Feuer

3. December

Winter	Dark	Within you
speaks	tones	love
through you	ring out	already
even	from you	ripens
on	that	slowly
summer nights	match	no one
your clear	bright	knows
December	with	yet
language	dark	the colour
forms	to feel	of your
your crystal	to sink	veils
	into	whether black
	untouched	or white
	snow	December
		stokes
		fire

4. Wishing Well

After	Would	Sweet music	After
twenty	Shakespeare	has gone	playing
years	be living	through	all over
of fears	today	many	the states
and cheers	hearing	stages	and
of tears	continuum	having	part of
of joy	play ...	its rages	the globe
and sorrow	he would	and sages	continuum
we wish	surely	continuum	with
continuum	find	shunning	pieces
to continue	ways	fashions	in and out
tomorrow	to have	with passion	of tune
and	the ensemble	is fulfilling	is about
tomorrow	excel	its aims	to bring
and	in his	regardless	music
tomorrow	plays	of names	to the moon

5. Last Song

I. Maintenant

Nous marchons
au bord de la mer
et tu chantes
chante
que tu ne voies
que je pleure
que je meurs
tenant ta main
maintenant

II. For a moment

We are walking
along the sea
and you are
singing
keep smiling
so you
don't see
how different
we are
the past
and the future
are holding
hands
for a moment

III. Verschieden

Du bist jung
ich bin alt
wir gehen
am Meer entlang
und Du singst
Deine Lieder
singe sie
immer wieder
damit Du
nicht merkst
wie verschieden
wir sind
Du bist
am Anfang
ich bin
am Ende

5. Last song

I. Now

We walk
along the sea
and you are singing
a song
so that you don't see
that I am crying
that I am dying
holding your hand
now

II. For a moment

We are walking
along the sea
and you are
singing
keep smiling
so you
don't see
how different
we are
the past
and the future
are holding
hands
for a moment

III. Different

You are young
I am old
we walk
along the sea
and you sing
your songs
sing them
over and over
so that you
don't realize
how different
we are
You are
at the beginning
I am
at the end

