

Nightingale

VOCAL ENSEMBLE

dreams

FEBRUARY 12 @ 8 PM

ST. PETER'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH | CAMBRIDGE

FEBRUARY 13 @ 6 PM

ALL SAINTS PARISH | BROOKLINE

CO-ARTISTIC DIRECTORS

BEN PERRY & LAURA NEVITT

MUSIC BY

**WHITACRE, HAUKOOS, HILL,
JACKSON, NEVITT, & WEIR**



\$20 SUGGESTED DONATION

Nightingale Vocal Ensemble

Dreams

February 12, 2022
St. Peter's Episcopal Church
Cambridge, MA

February 13, 2022
All Saints Parish
Brookline, MA

REPERTOIRE

Leonardo Dreams of His Flying Machine
Eric Whitacre

the small, Slow flood which slides between
Laura Nevitt

Exile Meditations no. 3
Gabriel Jackson

A Little Lovely Dream
Edie Hill

Dream of a Speeding Train
John Haukoos

a blue true dream of sky
Judith Weir

COLLABORATORS ON DREAMS

DANCERS

Olivier Besson and Chloe Chua

NIGHTINGALE VOCALISTS

Madison Spahn
Regina Stroncek
Olivia de Geofroy
Rebekah Schweitzer
Hannah Carlson
Kelvyn Koning
Laura Nevitt
Cara Bender
Emerald Barbour
Rachael Murray
Melanie Donnelly
Daniel Esteban Lugo
Jay Verchin
Kartik Aaysola
Grant Yosenick
William Farrell
Benjamin Perry
Eric Ritter
Kirby Stalley
Nicholas Ford
John Moorman
Juan Suarez

Artistic Directors

Laura Nevitt and Benjamin Perry

This program is supported in part by a grant from the **Brookline Commission for the Arts**, a local agency, which is supported by the **Massachusetts Cultural Council**, a state agency.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

El Sueño (Dream) - poem by Jorge Luis Borges (1899 - 1986)

Spanish:

Si el sueño fuera (como dicen) una
tregua, un puro reposo de la mente,
¿por qué, si te despiertan bruscamente,
sientes que te han robado una fortuna?
¿Por qué es tan triste madrugar? La hora
nos despoja de un don inconcebible,
tan íntimo que sólo es traducible
en un sopor que la vigilia dora
de sueños, que bien pueden ser reflejos
truncos de los tesoros de la sombra,
de un orbe intemporal que no se nombra
y que el día deforma en sus espejos.
¿Quién serás esta noche en el oscuro
sueño, del otro lado de su muro?

English:

If dreaming really were a kind of truce
(as people claim), a sheer repose of mind,
Why then if you should waken up abruptly,
Do you feel that something has been stolen from you?
Why should it be so sad, the early morning?
It robs us of an inconceivable gift,
So intimate it is only knowable
In a trance which the nightwatch gild with dreams,
Dreams that might very well be reflections,
Fragments from the treasure-house of darkness,
From the timeless sphere that does not have a name
And that day distorts in its mirrors.
Who will you be tonight in your dreamfall
Into the dark, on the other side of the wall?

Leonardo Dreams of His Flying Machine - Eric Whitacre

Libretto by Charles Anthony Silvestri (Italian fragments taken from the notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci)

Soloists Hannah Carlson and Eric Ritter

Leonardo Dreams of his Flying Machine...

Tormented by visions of flight and falling
More wondrous and terrible each than the last
Master Leonardo imagines an engine
To carry a man up into the sun...

And as he's dreaming the heavens call him
"Leonardo. Leonardo, vieni á volare".
("Leonardo. Leonardo, come fly".)
L'uomo colle sua congegiate e grandi ale
(A man with wings large enough and duly connected)
Facciendo forza contro alla resistente aria
(Might learn to overcome the resistance of the air.)

Leonardo Dreams of his Flying Machine...
As the candles burn low he paces and writes
Releasing purchased pigeons one by one
Into the golden Tuscan sunrise...

And as he dreams, again the calling
The very air itself gives voice:
"Leonardo. Leonardo, vieni á volare".
("Leonardo. Leonardo, come fly".)
Vicina all'elemento del fuoco...
(Close to the sphere of elemental fire...)

Scratching quill on crumpled paper
Rete, canna, filo, carta (Net, cane, thread, paper.)
Images of wing and frame and fabric fastened tightly
...sulla suprema sottile aria
(...in the highest and rarest atmosphere.)

Master Leonardo Da Vinci Dreams of his Flying Machine...
As the midnight watchtower tolls
Over rooftop, street and dome
The triumph of a human being ascending
In the dreaming of a mortal man

Leonardo steels himself
Takes one last breath
And leaps...

Dream of the Butterfly - Chuang Tzu

"Once upon a time, I, Chuang Tzŭ, dreamt I was a butterfly, fluttering hither and thither, to all intents and purposes a butterfly. I was conscious only of following my fancies as a butterfly, and was unconscious of my individuality as a man. Suddenly, I awaked, and there I lay, myself again. Now I do not know whether I was then a man dreaming I was a butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly dreaming I am a man. Between a man and a butterfly there is necessarily a barrier. The transition is called the transmigration of the soul - or reincarnation after death"

the small, Slow flood which slides between - Laura Nevitt

Poems: "Cambridge in the Long" by Amy Levy (1861-1889)

"a thin, iron string" by Laura Nevitt

Octet Madison Spahn, Rebekah Schweitzer, Olivia de Geofroy, Hannah Carlson, Kelvyn Koning, Cara Bender, Rachael Murray, Melanie Donnelly

"Cambridge in the Long" - Amy Levy

Where drowsy sound of college-chimes
Across the air is blown,
And drowsy fragrance of the limes,
I lie and dream alone.

A dazzling radiance reigns o'er all -
O'er gardens densely green,
O'er old grey bridges and the small,
Slow flood which slides between.

This is the place; it is not strange,
But known of old and dear. -
What went I forth to seek? The change
Is mine; why am I here?

Alas, in vain I turned away,
I fled the town in vain;
The strenuous life of yesterday
Calleth me back again.

And was it peace I came to seek?
Yet here, where memories throng,
Ev'n here, I know the past is weak,
I know the present strong.

This drowsy fragrance, silent heat,
Suit not my present mind,
Whose eager thought goes out to meet
The life it left behind.

Spirit with sky to change; such hope,
An idle one we know;
Unship the oars, make loose the rope,
Push off the boat and go...

Ah, would what binds me could have been
Thus loosened by a touch!
This pain of living is too keen,
Of loving, is too much.

“a thin, iron string” - Laura Nevitt

Clanking of beer bottles, from a crowded kitchen.
Typical college Thursday night.

You...brown eyes.
Dazzling intoxicating brown eyes.

Why are you ignoring me?
Why are you drinking? Dancing?
To remember or forget?

I can't forget.
You're burrowed in me, sick from years of denial.

Your lips, tart with lime;
your smile, soft and simple.

I sang, hoping you'd notice.
I looked, but you weren't watching.
This is a callous loop to keep drowning in.
I left this town. Why am I here?

I promised myself I'd moved on from yesterday's longings -
Futile, but old and dear. A vague tune I can't quite recall...

Your eyes finally catch mine - I feel you in my bones,
deep as silver, heavy as gold, liquid copper running through my veins
But the timing's off.
Your attention feels stale and fickle. A few years too late.

Only a thin string binds us now, but it seems I cast it of iron.
Everything is hazy and drowsy.
But it still hurts to look at you.
Here, even just living bites and gnaws at me,
chipping me away,
but I've grown dull to its keen prick.

Break the tie that binds.
The pain of loving is too much.

Nav sava kapa (Exile Meditations, III) - Gabriel Jackson

Lyrics by Rūta Skujiņa (1907-64) English translation by Rita Rudusa

Quartet Rebekah Schweitzer, Olivia de Geofroy, William Farrell, Juan Suarez

No grave of your own.
No cross of your own,
Not even a name...
As if you had neither
Been born nor died
Only owls cry mockingly,
Ravens, scavenger birds
In the dark woods.
Only wolves howl
In winter blizzard.
Northern lights rise skyward
In their fiery cloaks,
Searching for your name.
Not finding one.

The Awakening - Poem by James Welden Johnson (1871 - 1983)

I dreamed that I was a rose
That Grew beside a lonely way,
close by a path none ever chose
And there I lingered day by day.

Beneath the sunshine and the show'r
I grew and waited there apart,
Gathering perfume hour by hour,
And storing it within my heart

Yet, never knew,
Just why I waited there and grew.
I dreamed that you were a bee
That one day gaily flew along,
You came across the hedge to me,
And sang a soft, love-burdened song.

You brushed my petals with a kiss,
I woke to gladness with a start,
And yielded up to you in bliss
The treasure fragrance of my heart;
And then I knew
That I had waited there for you.

A Little Lovely Dream - Edie Hill

Text by Sarojini Naidu

Quintet Regina Stroncek, Emerald Barbour, Kartik Ayyasola,
Grant Yosenick, John Moorman

From groves of spice,
O'er fields of rice,
Athwart the lotus stream,
I bring for you,
Aglint with dew,
A little lovely dream.

Sweet, shut your eyes,
The wild fireflies
Dance through the fairy neem;
From the poppybole
For you I stole
A little lovely dream.

Dear eyes, good night,
In golden light
The stars around you gleam;
On you I press
With soft caress
A little lovely dream.

Dream of a Speeding Train - John Haukoos

Lyrics by John Haukoos

Septet Jay Verchin, Daniel Lugo, William Farrell, Eric Ritter,
Juan Suarez, Kirby Stalley, Nicholas Ford

A train speeding across the way
A paralyzing choice
The endless forest blurring, pushing, swirling
To the right lies Augustine that shining city of gold
Cold and triumphant
Those who strive to live there
Something more and other than human
And to the left is Fordham
A something or other village where people wave hello
On Cold nights they band together
On Cold nights they share what they have
A single path remaining
The options draw to a close

There's no way back
Nowhere to go
Mourn what you've lost
You'll never be that person again
Sleep is no escape
From the passage of time

a blue true dream of sky - Judith Weir

(i thank you God for this most amazing) Poem by e. e. Cummings
(1894 - 1962)

Trio Madison Spahn, Emerald Barbour, and Melanie Donnelly

i thank You God for this most amazing
day: for the leaping greenly spirits of trees
and a blue true dream of sky; and for everything
which is natural which is infinite which is yes
(i who have died am alive again today,
and this is the sun's birthday;
this is the birth of day, of life, of love and wings:
and of the great happening inimitably earth)
how should tasting touching hearing seeing
Breathing any-lifted from the no
of all nothing-human merely being
doubt unimaginable You?
(now the ears of my ears awake and
now the eyes of my eyes are opened)

Thank you for joining Nightingale for DREAMS.

To support us, please visit www.NightingaleVocalEnsemble.com/give

Special Thanks
Saint Peter's Episocopal Church and All Saints Parish.

Program art by Nathan Halbur