

*Nightingale*

VOCAL ENSEMBLE

# mythology OF THE PLANETS

**NOVEMBER 20 @ 8 PM**

ST. PETER'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH | CAMBRIDGE

**NOVEMBER 21 @ 6 PM**

PARISH OF ALL SAINTS, ASHMONT | BOSTON

CO-ARTISTIC DIRECTORS

**BEN PERRY & LAURA NEVITT**

MUSIC BY

**TAVENER, MILHAUD, OSTRZYGA,  
LABARR, KONING, THOMPSON, & TAKACH**



**\$20 SUGGESTED DONATION**

Nightingale Vocal Ensemble

# Mythology of the Planets

November 20, 2021  
St. Peter's Episcopal Church  
Cambridge, MA

November 21, 2021  
Parish of All Saints, Ashmont  
Boston, MA

## REPERTOIRE

The Eternal Sun

John Tavener

Mythweaver

Kelvyn Koning

Naissance de Venus

Darius Milhaud

Mars' Song

Stefan Thompson

Jupiter

Michael Ostrzyga

Helios: IV. Saturn

Timothy Takach

The Wisdom of the Moon

Susan LaBarr

# Featuring Nightingale Artists

Rose Hegele  
Madison Spahn  
Olivia de Geofroy  
Hannah Carlson  
Kelvyn Koning  
Emerald Barbour  
Melanie Donnelly  
Maria Whitcomb  
Rachael Murray  
Laura Nevitt  
Kartik Aaysola  
Daniel Esteban Lugo  
William Farrell  
William Benoit  
Sullivan Hart  
Ben Perry  
Eric Ritter  
Kirby Stalley  
Nicholas Ford  
John Moorman

Projection  
Chad Dorsey

Audio  
Gabriel Muenzer

Video  
Julie Richardson

# POEMS, TEXTS, AND TRANSLATIONS

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## SUN

### *The Rising of the Sun*

Painting by François Boucher (1703-1770)

### *Evadne*

Poem by Hilda Doolittle (1886-1961)

I first tasted under Apollo's lips,  
Love and love sweetness,  
I, Evadne;  
My hair is made of crisp violets  
Or hyacinth which the wind combs back  
Across some rock shelf;  
I, Evadne,  
Was a mate of the God of light.

His hair was crisp to my mouth,  
As the flower of the crocus,  
Across my cheek,  
Cool as the silver-cress  
On Eros bank;  
Between my chin and throat,  
His mouth slipped over and over.

Still between my arm and shoulder,  
I feel the brush of his hair,  
And my hands keep the gold they took,  
As they wandered over and over,  
That great arm-full of yellow flowers.

*The Eternal Sun*

Text by Frithjof Schuon

Music by John Tavener (1944-2013)

In the sky shines the sun which God conceived  
As the image of another Sun, whose light  
No earthly eye can reach - Earth cannot see Divine Mystery.

The sun's splendour, standing proudly in the sky,  
Is not eternal - see how it sets.

## MERCURY

*The Souls of Acheron*

Painting by Adolf Hiremy-Hirschl

*Mercury, The God of Luck*

Poem by Maxwell S. Gemmell

Dancing swift and silly,  
Whimsical Will' of the Wisp,  
Light Spirit of the Morning Dawn;  
Swiftly thou pines,  
To fill the coffers of Bank Fortuna.  
Gold is thine Element,  
Greed thy Vice.

Fleeting quietly through a wet dark night,  
Robin Goodfellow is that thee I spy?  
Over the rainbow his hoard he keeps.  
Fly, Fairy Fly!  
Quick is thine essence,  
And hollow thy name.  
The top hat  
On the fat cat.  
Thus is your visage,  
Charming sprite!

Jolly and free you fly!

Come back! Come back!  
Yells the gambler,  
The thief, the wolf  
Humankind.

Joyful and silly you may be,  
Hermes! I call forth thee,  
And arrest thine deception hence.  
Forever to spin,  
Such is thine fate.  
Wheel of Fortune's Kin.  
Thou shalt never know Love,  
Save for that which glows brightest.

*Mythweaver (2021)*

Text and music by Kelvyn Koning (b. 1994)

Who are they who stories tell  
of gods and mortal folk as well?  
The one with wingéd foot and helm  
with messages for ev'ry realm,  
The herald of eternal springs,  
a nightingale who, longing, sings:

"How beautiful the feet  
of the peaceful ones who greet!  
And how beautiful the song  
that the peoples pass along!"

Who are we who weaveth myths  
and poetry like silversmiths?  
The ones with tales of love and youth  
that look to stars for light and truth,  
The keepers of the human heart  
till Hermes leads us to depart.

# VENUS

## *Birth of Venus* (1480s)

Painting by Sandro Botticelli (1445-1510)

## *Naissance de Vénus*

Text by Jules Supervielle

Music by Darius Milhaud (1892-1974)

### I. Les Heures

Voyez l'onde qui se teint de rouge,  
Comme elle bouillonne !  
C'est le sang d'Uranus  
Qui tomba du haut du ciel  
Comme dans l'eau le fer rouge,  
Il fait un long bruissement  
Regardez,  
Sans tenir compte des lentes coulées  
humaines  
Une Vierge nait soudain de la vague  
féconde  
Déesse,  
Elle est déesse écumeuse  
Et dans ses yeux  
À distance de caresse  
Sont les grandes profondeurs qui se  
dérobaient à nous au secret de l'océan.

### II. Vénus

Je sors du marin murmure  
Avec paroles à la bouche  
Je nais fille déjà grande  
Et je vous regarde en face  
Ruisselante de beaux jours que je n'aurai  
pas vécu  
Je suis là de plus en plus comme un cœur  
touché d'amour  
Et mon cœur est plein de lignes  
Filles de mon harmonie.

### III. Le Vent

Naviguant sur votre conque,  
Laissez le jeune homme Vent vous pousser  
vers le rivage  
Où vous appellent les Heures  
Née de la mer  
C'est sur terre que vous attend l'avenir  
Et précieuse comme l'air  
Rien en vous ne peut finir.

### IV. Les Heures

Voici la Terre et ses arbres  
Voici la Terre et ses hommes  
Et leurs têtes bourdonnantes  
Comme le haut des forêts  
Approchez,  
Voici venir d'insolites messagers  
Et pour mieux vous adorer  
Le passereau se fait cygne  
Et le cygne devient ange  
Et la colombe, colombe !

### I. The Hours

See the wave that stains itself in red,  
How it bubbles!  
It is the blood of Uranus  
Which fell from the sky  
Like in the water the red(-hot) iron  
It makes a long murmur  
Look,  
Without considering the slow human flow  
A Virgin is suddenly born from the fertile  
wave  
Goddess,  
She is a goddess made of foam  
And in her eyes  
At a distance from tenderness  
Are the vast depths that hid from us the  
secret of the ocean

### II. Venus



I come out of the marin murmure  
With words on my mouth  
I am born girl already grown  
And I look at you head on  
Dripping with  
beautiful days that I will have never  
experienced  
I am here more and more like a heart  
touched by love  
And my heart is full of lines  
Daughters of my harmony.

III. The Wind  
Navigating on your conch shell  
The young man Wind pushes you towards  
the shore  
Where the Hours beckon to you  
Born of the sea  
It's on earth where destiny awaits you  
And precious like the air  
Nothing in you can finish/end.

IV. The Hours  
Here is the Earth and her trees  
Here is the Earth and her people  
And their heads buzzing  
Like the top of the forests  
Come closer,  
Here come strange harbingers  
And to better love/adore you  
The passerine fashions itself into a swan  
And the swan becomes angel  
And the dove, dove!

# MARS

## *Mars with Cupid* (1649)

Painting by Giovanni Francesco Barbieri (1591-1666)

## *Mars: Ode* (2017)

by Saili Katebe (The Blissful Nomad)

Your face forever flushed a royal crimson,  
Your heart forever ready to brace the fight.  
A man at arms, the ward of godly might.

Phobos and Deimos follow and echo your iron will,\*  
They march for a thousand leagues to feed you life.  
Armored to the hilt holding your place in swollen nights.

We listen for coming glory in the tremors of your spear,  
That summit of your Olympus that is the envy of your peers.  
Your secret love for Venus showed your skill in love and war,  
Though your size may strike us slight, your power harbors more.  
Those torrents of raging mists rouse your passion for the fray,  
Through the vigor of our Ares we live to fight another day.

(\**The two moons of mars*)

## *Mars' Song* (2021)

Text and music by Stefan Thompson (b. 1987)

War! More war! Give me War!  
Combatting, fighting, struggles, raging;  
Attacking, plaguing, foes enraging!  
Clashing, slashing, pain, tormenting;  
Affliction rising, hurt, blood shedding!  
Desolation, desperation,  
Torture, sadness, tribulation!  
Confiscation, destitution,  
Sorrow, trouble, deprivation!  
Repressing, crushing, overturning,  
Dominating, overwhelming,  
Silencing, suppressing stifling,

Intimidating, overpowering war!

I give myself to war,  
My challenge and my creed!  
I raise my shield and sword,  
An army trails my lead!  
I wait to sound the battle cry,  
As terror, dread, and pain draw nigh!

I marvel at pain.  
But if I seek peace, could I command an infantry?  
Could I bear immortality?  
Could "Guardian" be my name?  
But if I seek war,  
Olympus' gates will welcome me;  
Unspoiled my honor rests with me;  
Destruction is my gain.

Ruin. Peace. Devastation or peace?  
Devastation or...

Torture, anger, overthrowing,  
Stripping, seizing, loss, distressing war!  
Demolition, subjugation,  
Dispossession, devastation!  
War!

## JUPITER

### *Jupiter Enthroned*

Painting by Heinrich Friedrich Füger (1751-1818)

### *Holy Cosmos*

Poem by Nathalie Handal

We've been told space  
Is like two dark lips colliding  
Like science fiction  
It outlines a small cosmos  
Where fear hides in a glow

Where negative space  
Becomes a place for wishing  
A constellation of hazy tunes  
Of faint sharp vowels  
A glossary of meteors  
A telescope to god  
A cold bright white  
Maybe distance damages us  
Maybe Jupiter  
Will suddenly surprise us  
With a notion of holiness  
But instead an old planet  
Takes over all the space  
And we are reminded  
Of the traces of fire  
In our gaze  
Defining our infidelities

**Jupiter**

Music by Michael Ostrzyga

*\*(Text is the names of Jupiter)*

Jupiter  
Optimus  
Maximus  
Majestatis  
Dyaus  
Pitar  
Celestial God  
Et emitte caelitus lucis tuae radium  
Caelestis  
Fulgurator  
Victor  
Lucetius  
Pluvius  
Latarius  
Stator  
Feretrius  
Terminus  
Tonans  
Summanus.  
Rex tremendae Majestatis

# SATURN

## *Saturn with a Scythe, Sitting on a Stone and Clipping Cupid's Wings*

Painting by Ivan Akimov (1744-1814)

## *On Time*

Kahlil Gibran (1883-1931)

And an astronomer said, Master, what of Time?  
And he answered:  
You would measure time the measureless and the immeasurable.  
You would adjust your conduct and even  
Direct the course of your spirit according to hours and seasons.  
Of time you would make a stream upon whose bank you would sit and watch its flowing.

Yet the timeless in you is aware of life's timelessness,  
And knows that yesterday is but today's memory and tomorrow is today's dream.  
And that that which sings and contemplates in you is still dwelling within the bounds  
Of that first moment which scattered the stars into space.

Who among you does not feel that your power to love is boundless?  
And yet who does not feel that very love, though boundless,  
Encompassed within the centre of his being, and moving not  
from love thought to love thought, nor from love deeds to other love deeds?  
And is not time even as love is, undivided and spaceless?

But if in your thought you must measure time into seasons, let each season encircle all the  
other seasons, and let today embrace the past with remembrance and the future with longing.

## *Helios IV: Saturn (Longing for Infinity)*

Text by Charles Anthony Silvestri

Music by Timothy Takach

When I was nine years old,  
I first looked through a telescope,

And what i saw astounded me:  
Floating in the inky black,  
The orb of Saturn, like pearl,  
Encircle in its perfect rings.  
So small it seemed, and yet as large  
As almost a thousand Earths;  
So close, and yet so very far away.

The sight awoke in me  
A longing for infinity  
And all its wonders;  
The spinning planets, burning stars;  
Galaxies of endless worlds  
Hurling headlong through the void;  
The many-colored nebulae-  
Graveyards of exploded stars,  
And nurseries of the new;  
The universe extending  
In ever-widening spheres  
Of color, light, and energy;  
An endless source of wonder and humility.

This journey through infinity  
Began for me when I first beheld  
The icy rings of Saturn  
From a field on Earth  
That summer evening  
When I was nine years old.

# MOON

## *Diana and Endymion*

Painting by Francesco Trevisani (1656-1746)

## *A Hymn to the Moon*

Poem by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu

Thou silver deity of secret night,  
Direct my footsteps through the woodland shade;  
Thou conscious witness of unknown delight,  
The Lover's guardian, and the Muse's aid!  
By thy pale beams I solitary rove,  
To thee my tender grief confide;  
Serenely sweet you gild the silent grove,  
My friend, my goddess, and my guide.  
E'en thee, fair queen, from thy amazing height,  
The charms of young Endymion drew;  
Veil'd with the mantle of concealing night;  
With all thy greatness and thy coldness too.

## *The Wisdom of the Moon*

Text by Jan Richardson

Music by Susan LaBarr (b. 1981)

(God of the two lights,)  
I love the sun,  
Its revealing brilliance,  
Its lingering warmth;  
But in the dark of night,  
Let me learn  
The wisdom of the moon,  
How it waxes and wanes  
But does not die,  
How it gives itself  
To shadow,  
Knowing it will emerge whole  
Once more.

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May we all learn the wisdom of the moon, and the other celestial bodies as well.  
Thank you for joining Nightingale on this journey through the Mythology of the Planets!

Join us for:

*"Dreams"* on February 12th and 13th, 2022

*"Ocean"* on April 23rd and 24th, 2022.

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