



New Amsterdam Singers

Passion and Protest

Music of Eastern Europe

Friday, March 1, 2013 at 8pm
Sunday, March 3, 2013 at 4pm

The Church of the Holy Trinity
316 East 88th Street

New Amsterdam Singers
Clara Longstreth, Music Director
Max Blum, Assistant Conductor
Pen Ying Fang, Pianist

Six Hungarian Songs

Béla Bartók (1881-1945)

Huszárnóta (Hussar); Ne hagyj itt (Only tell me); Leánynéző (Courting);
Párnás táncdal (Pillow dance); Bolyongás (Wandering);
Resteknek nótája (The loafer)

Cantemus!

Lajos Bárdos (1899-1986)

Max Blum, conductor

Women's voices

Fölszállott a páva (The peacock)

Zoltán Kodály (1882-1969)

Max Blum, conductor

Le forgeron (The blacksmith)

Franz Liszt (1811-1886)

Scott Wilson (Friday), Max Blum (Sunday), tenor; Rick Bonsall, bass

Men's voices and piano

Zauberspruch den Liebsten zu beschwören

Petr Eben (1929-2007)

(Magic incantation to weave a spell around the beloved)

Robin Beckhard, soprano;

Laura Klein, Emily Speer, Ellen Stark (Friday),

Kate Leahy, Barbara Zucker-Pinchoff, Vera Sziklai (Sunday), trio

Festive (from *Where the Wind Is Blowing*)

Alla Borzova (b. 1961)

Intermission

Unsere Liebe (Our love)

Einojuhani Rautavaara (b. 1928)

Meine Liebe (My love); Dann, in jeder Nacht (Then, that night);

Der Brief (The letter); Flüstern (Whispering)

Four Madrigals on Moravian Folk Songs

Bohuslav Martinů (1890-1959)

Am Donaustrom (On the Danube)

Ej, steht ein Wäldchen (There stands a wood)

Auf der Erde hat nichts Weile (On earth nothing lingers)

Ilona van Tuinen, soprano

Glaubst du dass ich wohl nichts wüsste (Do you think I know nothing?)

The Chamber Chorus

Four Songs

Sergei Taneyev (1856-1915)

Izvechnosti muzika (Suddenly music sounded)

The Ruins of a Tower

Ah, Behold the Dark of Night

Voskhod solntsa (Sunrise)

Please turn off all phones and other devices during the performance.

Program Notes, Texts and Translations

This concert is devoted to music from Eastern Europe – the third such program NAS has sung in the past twenty years. There is no mystery here – these countries have traditions of folk and choral music that are inexhaustible. The countries included today are Hungary, the Czech Republic, Belarus, Finland and Russia. The folk heritage is very important to many of the composers, but in the works on today's program there are none actually using folk melodies. Rather, three of the sets are based on folk poetry, the others on works of contemporary poets.

We have adopted a pragmatic, though inconsistent, policy on languages: we sing some in the original language, some in an English translation, and some – apologetically – in German, if that is how the work was published.

We begin with Hungary. At the beginning of the 20th century, Hungarian musical culture was divided into two camps, with the German romantic tradition practiced by trained musicians in one camp, and the nationalist tradition represented in the art songs of semi-dilettante composers in another. Kodály espoused neither cause, but undertook with Bartók, whom he first met in 1902, an exhaustive study of Hungarian folk music that culminated in a massive collection published in six volumes. In a 1952 preface to one of these, Kodály wrote:

"It was a frequent system in our past scientific life to manufacture themes based on inadequate and spurious material. The exact communication of material was relegated to the background. How much badly communicated material had to be published again! The most excellent theory tumbles down like a house of cards under the weight of a single new date. The theories grow obsolete, the well-communicated material never."

While Kodály was chiefly interested in transcribing Hungarian melodies, Bartók collected those of neighboring countries as well. By 1918 Bartók had amassed 2,721 Hungarian, 3,500 Romanian, and 3,000 Slovak tunes. Kodály and Bartók wandered from village to village, coaxing peasants to sing for their gramophones. They transcribed the melodies into modern notation in exact detail, and then categorized them by subject (children's songs, seasonal songs, wedding songs, pairing songs, and laments). The laments were long, without repeated sections, and unusually complex, requiring many slurs, grace notes, triplets, quintuplets, and septuplets to render their rhythms accurately.

Some of Kodály's reverence for the pure folk material is evident in his description of Hungarian folk music:

"Like our language, our music is laconic and lapidary; a series of masterpieces, small in size but of great weight ... themes, consisting of few notes, which, as though they had been carved in stone, have weathered the storms of centuries. There is such a finality about their form that they have not changed in a thousand years."

An important figure in music education as well as ethnomusicology, Kodály developed a system for teaching music that is widely used and much admired in Europe and the United States.

Though he shared Kodály's dedication to ethnomusicology, Bartók had an extensive career as a concert pianist, and composed music rooted in both the Hungarian folk and Western art music traditions. Born a year apart, Bartók and Kodály were friends and collaborators, each admiring the other's compositions.

Bartók emigrated to the United States in 1940, where he died in 1945. Kodály remained in Hungary throughout the war, and worked actively until his death at the age of 85 in 1967. Bartók is considered a major 20th-century composer, along with Stravinsky and Schoenberg, but Kodály may have more long-term influence through his system of music education, despite his lesser stature among the composers of this century.

Bartók

Six Hungarian Songs

We begin with five short songs for women's or children's voices from Bartók's monumental work, *Twenty-seven Choruses*, written in 1935. While he wrote this after much of his research into folk music, it is one of only three of his many choral works not to use folk melodies. He wanted to condense the intellectual essence of his music into a single choral work with built-in restrictions. Thus the works are largely contrapuntal, and based on both ancient melodic modes and some of the odd scale patterns of peasant music found in Eastern Europe. Bartók himself called this set "a very important work of mine." We have chosen six songs, whose moods range from jaunty to plaintive, sweetly moralizing to sad or silly.

Huszárnóta

*Ez a falu be vagyon kerítve,
De ha lehet, kimegyek belőle!
Kinek tetszik, csak maradjon benne,
Sej haj, nem törődöm véle!*
*Huszárossan ülök a nyeregben,
Ezer pengő vagyon a zsebembe.
Édes lovam, ne félj, itt nem hagylak,
Sej, haj, széna lesz meg abrak.*

Ne hagyj itt!

*Csak azt mondd meg, rozsám,
Melyik úton megy el,
Felszántanám én azt,
Aranyos ekével.*
*Be is vetem én azt
Szemen szedett gyönggyel
Be is boronálom
Sűrű könnyeimmel.*

Leánynéző

*Arany-ezüstért, cifra ruháért,
Leányt el ne végy koszorujáért.
Inkább szeressed jámborságáért,
Előttem való szép járásáért.*
*Ne nézz a lányka táncos lábára,
Ne hajolj az ő mézes szavára,
Figyelemmel légy indulatára,
Tanulj szert tenni szíve titkára.*

Hussar

Round this town are fences tall and stout,
No fence will keep me from getting out.
He who likes it, he's welcome to stay,
Hey, hey, I'll be up and on my way!
See how straight we proud hussars ride,
Hear my bright coins clink at my side.
Sweet horse, no fear, I won't leave you
here, oh,
No, no, there'll be corn and oats for you.

Only tell me

Only tell me, dear one,
By which road you leave me,
Tell me, and I'll plough it
With a golden plough share;
I shall sow it also,
with fine pearls I'll sow it;
And that road I'll harrow
with my sad tears falling.

Courting

Don't you ever take a girl
For gold and silver, for fancy dresses,
But rather love her for her mildness,
And her becoming gait before your eyes.
Never look at her dancing feet,
Don't give in to her honeyed words,
Heed the moods of her heart,
Try and learn the secrets of her heart.

Párnás tancdal

*Pusztá malomba
Cserfa gerenda,
Rajta sétikal
Bagoly asszonyka.*

*Utána sétál
Fehér gerlice:
– Miért sírsz, mért sírsz te
Bagoly asszonyka?*

*– Hogy is ne sírnék,
Fehér kis gerle:
Honn felejtettem
Záros ládámat.*

*Benn felejtettem
Gyöngyös pártámat,
Jaj Gyöngyös pártám,
Szép záros ládám!*

*Pusztá malomba
Cserfa gerenda,
Rajta sétikal
Fehér gerlice.*

*Utánna sétál
Bagoly asszonyka:
– Miért sírsz, miért sírsz te
Fehér gerlice?*

*– Hogy is ne sírnék,
Bagoly asszonyka:
Honn felejtettem
Rengő bölcsőmet,*

*Rengő bölcsőmet
Síró gyermekemet,
Jaj, rengo bölcsőm,
Síró gyermekem.*

Bolyongás

*Vad erdőben járok, járok éjszaka,
Ide kerget engem szívem fájdalma,
Vad erdőben járok egyedül,
Rajtam az isten sem könyörül.*

*Házam volt elégett, ezt bánom,
Szőlőm volt, elpusztult, sajnálom,
Lovam volt, ellopták, az is tör,
Rózsám volt, elvitték, ez megöl!*

*Amióta az én rózsám elveszett,
Szomorúan töltöm én az életemet,
Vad erdőben járok egyedül,
Rajtam az isten sem könyörül.*

Pillow dance

There's an oak-beam
In a deserted mill,
That's where an owl-woman
Is taking a walk.

A white dove is walking
After her:
– Why do you cry,
You owl-woman?

– How could I not cry,
You white dove:
I have left at home
My little case with a lock.

In it I have left
My pearly headwear,
Oh, my pearly headwear,
Oh my case with a lock!

There is an oak-beam
In a deserted mill,
That's where a white dove
Is taking a walk.

The owl-woman is walking
After him:
– Why do you cry you little
White dove?

How could I not cry,
You owl-woman,
I have left at home
My shaking cradle,

In the rolling cradle,
My weeping child,
Oh, my shaking cradle
Oh, my weeping child.

Wandering

I wander in the wild forest at night,
The woe of my heart is driving me here,
I wander in the wild forest alone,
Not even God will have mercy on me.

I had a house, it's burnt, pity,
I had a vineyard, it's ruined, pity,
I had a horse, it's stolen, pity,
I had a lover, she's gone, this kills me!

Ever since my lover was taken from me,
I have been living a sad life,
I wander in the wild forest alone,
Not even God will have mercy on me.

Resteknek nótája

Vasárnap bort inni
Hétfőn nem dolgozni,
Kedden lefeküdni,
Szereclán felkelni,

Csütörtök táncolni,
Pénteken számolni,
Szombaton kérdezni:
Mit fogunk dolgozni?

Jo nótá, szép nótá,
Resteknek nótája,
Más csak hadd dolgozzon,
Ő meg csak mulasson!

The loafer

Sunday you sip brandy,
Monday bed's just dandy,
Tuesday a man must seek rest,
Wednesday one might get dressed.

Thursday you dance lightly,
Friday you dream brightly
Saturday you will say,
"What work is there this day?"

Oh, jolly song, good song,
Song of the gay loafer!
Let others groan and work,
He loafs the whole day long.

Bárdos

Cantemus!

Lajos Bárdos was a composer, choral educator and musicologist who lived a generation after Bartók and Kodály, and is considered a worthy successor to them. Through his work as a conductor, he raised the standard of Hungarian choral singing to an international level. His principal compositions are stage and choral works which make much use of folk materials. For "Cantemus," Lajos Bárdos wrote his own Latin text, a secular song in praise of singing. This reflects his life work with the Singing Youth movement and his work as a choral conductor, as well as a composer and publisher of the works of Kodály and Bartók.

Cantemus, quia cantare bonum est.

Cantemus, quia cantare iucundum est.

Cantemus, quia cantare amantis est.

Let us sing, because it is good to sing.

Let us sing, because it is a pleasure to sing.

Let us sing, because it is in your heart to sing.

Kodály

Fölszállott a páva

Zoltán Kodály wrote "Fölszállott a páva" in 1937, a year after his *Te Deum* (written for the 250th anniversary of the re-capture of Buda from the Turks), and before his *Concerto for Orchestra* for the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. He was 55, and had recently started the Singing Youth movement on a national scale. His comprehensive summary of Hungarian folk melodies was also published in 1937.

This work lies on the border between folk and composed art. Kodály uses a poem written by Endre Ady in 1907, which quotes a folk song at the beginning and end. Kodály's music is original but is also based on a folk melody. The song is a passionate ode to freedom, meaningful to people in a small country that in 1937 was under authoritarian rule and fearful of Nazi dictatorship. The first lines imagine a prisoner in a small village's town hall/prison seeing peacocks fly above, a sign of freedom.

In 1937 Kodály wrote orchestral variations on the same tune for the 50th anniversary of the Concertgebouw, one of many commissions.

Fölszállott a páva

"Fölszállott a páva a vármegye-házára
Sok szegény legénynek szabadulására."

Kényes, büszke pávák, Nap-szédítő
tollak,

Hirrel hirdessétek: másképpen lesz
holnap.

Másképpen lesz holnap, másképpen lesz
végre,

Új arcok, új szemek kacagnak az égre.

Új szelek nyögetik az ős, magyar fákat,
Várjuk már, várjuk az új magyar
csodákat.

Vagy bolondok vagyunk s elveszünk egy
szálíg,

Vagy ez a mi hitünk valóságra válik.

Vagy lesz új értelmük a magyar ígéknek,
Vagy marad régiben a bús, magyar élet.

Vagy láng csap az ódon, vad

vármegye-házra,

Vagy itt ül a lelkünk tovább leigázva.

"Fölszállott a páva a vármegye-házára
Sok szegény legénynek szabadulására."

– Endre Ady

The peacock

"A peacock takes its perch upon the
country hall;

A sign that freedom comes to many folk
in thrall."

Let the proud, frail peacock, whose
feathers daze the sun,

Proclaim that tomorrow here all will be
undone.

Tomorrow all will change, be changed at
last.

New eyes in new battles will turn with
laughter to the skies.

New winds will make laments in the old
Magyar trees,

While we await, await new Magyar
mysteries.

Either we all are fools, and to a man shall
die,

Or else this faith of ours will prove it
does not lie.

Either in Magyar words new meanings
will unfold

Or the sad Magyar life will linger as of
old.

Either the ancient hall will fall from the
flame's stroke,

Or our souls will sit here, bound in the
ancient yoke.

"A peacock takes its perch upon the
country hall;

A sign that freedom comes to many folk
in thrall."

– translation by Sir Maurice Bowra

Le forgeron

Liszt

A century earlier, Franz Liszt wrote an unusual piece for men's voices and piano, "Le forgeron," another song of protest. The radical philosophy behind "Le forgeron" is probably what caused the work to be concealed for about a century, with scarcely a word of its existence mentioned in Liszt's biographies. In our day Liszt is known for his piano works and symphonic poems, but he wrote much choral music, including harmonically adventurous works for men's chorus that stand in marked contrast to the more standard hunting and drinking songs of the day.

Born in a small town in Hungary, Liszt moved with his family to Vienna when he was ten, and to Paris two years later. During his teens he toured as a pianist, became seriously ill, had many religious doubts, but also thought of joining the church. His spiritual father was Abbé Hugues-Félicité de Lamennais, a French priest/politician who was eventually excommunicated for his socialist views. His poem "Le forgeron" perfectly represents these views.

This is among the first art songs in the history of music to describe the plight of the working class. Lamennais laments not only the workers' poverty but their environmental degradation as well, pointing out that "the bud has blossomed and the fragile reed reclines on the water, but our lungs are deluged morning and night by flame, smoke and dust!" Liszt originally wrote the work for men's chorus, soloists, and piano (1845), and later made an orchestration of it. The orchestral version has never been published, and the original version waited over a century for its premiere, in Budapest in 1961. The piano depicts the jangle of iron as the singers have a recurring refrain, "Frappons, frappons!" ("Strike, strike!"). Most of the pathos of the story, which reminds one of a Victor Hugo novel, is borne by the tenor and bass soloists.

*Le fer est dur, frappons, frappons!
Le soleil s'est levé si beau;
il inondait de sa splendeur les monts, les
plaines, les bois, les lacs.
Mais non pour nous, serfs de la faim!
Le fer est dur, frappons, frappons!*

*Au dehors une fraîche brise
caresse les fleurs,
courbe les joncs sur le bord des eaux;
Ici notre poitrine haletante,
aspire un air embrasé.
Heureux, qui voit le soleil!
Heureux, que sent passer sur son front
la fraîche brise.
Le fer est dur, frappons, frappons!*

*Mon vieux père épuisé par
les ans et le labour,
attend dans sa pauvre cabane
le pain que lui gagneront mes bras.
Le fer est dur, frappons, frappons!*

*Mes petits enfants et leur mère se disent:
"Qu'il tarde longtemps!
Quand il reviendra, nous mangerons!"
Le fer est dur, frappons, frappons!*

*Couverts de haillons, presque nus,
qui les vêtira cet hiver!
Où trouveront-ils un refuge,
lorsque la pluie glacée tombera,
lorsque sifflera le vent du nord!
Le fer est dur, frappons, frappons!*

*Celui qui me vend pour quelques jour
le seul abri qu'ils aient
en ce monde, me dit hier:
"Le terme est échu, paye, ou va t'en!"
Le fer est dur, frappons, frappons!
Oh, que la vie est rude!*

The iron is hard; strike, strike!
The sun has risen so beautifully;
It floods with its splendor the mountains,
the plains, the forests, the lakes.
But not for us, slaves of hunger!
The iron is hard; strike, strike!

Outside, a cool breeze
caresses the flowers,
curves the rushes on the water's edge;
Here our heaving chests
Breathe air that's on fire.
Happy is he who sees the sun!
Happy is he who feels on his forehead
the cool breeze.
The iron is hard; strike, strike!

My aged father, exhausted by
his years and his toil,
Awaits in his poor hut
the bread that my arms will earn.
The iron is hard; strike, strike!

My little children and their mother say:
"He is delayed so long!
When he returns we will eat!"
The iron is hard; strike, strike!

Covered in rags, almost naked,
Who will clothe them this winter?
Where will they find refuge
when the icy rain falls,
when the north wind blows?
The iron is hard; strike, strike!

He who rents to me for a few days
the only shelter they have
in this world, told me yesterday,
"Your time is up; pay or get out!"
The iron is hard; strike, strike!
Oh, how rough life is!

*Mais l'amour l'adoucit.
Que ses maux sont nombreux!
mais le courage les dompte.
Courage donc, frères,
ne cédon pas, luttons, oui, luttons.
luttons en hommes. Dieu sera pour nous,
il nous regarde d'en haut.
La peine aujourd'hui,
demain le repos,
a nos fils un avenir meilleur!
Le fer est dur, frappons, frappons!
Dieu nous regarde d'en haut!*

– Hugues-Félicité de Lamennais

But love sweetens it.
How many are its evils!
But courage subdues them.
So, courage, brothers,
do not give in; let's fight, yes fight.
Fight like men. God is with us,
He looks on from above.
Today we suffer pain,
tomorrow we rest;
for our sons, a better future!
The iron is hard; strike, strike!
God looks on from above!

Zauberspruch den Liebsten zu beschwören

Eben

Petr Eben, born in Bohemia in 1929, was the most important Czech composer of his day. Writing music in every form except opera, he has had commissions and performances throughout Europe, Britain, the United States, Japan, and Australia, and has directed music festivals in Prague and Leipzig. He also taught at Charles University in Prague, and at the College of Music in Manchester, England.

During the German occupation of Czechoslovakia, Petr Eben, then in his teens, was sent to Buchenwald, where he spent the last two years of the war. When he returned to Prague, he studied piano, organ, and composition at the Prague Academy of Music, where he later became professor of composition.

Eben's individuality as a composer may be traced to his childhood surroundings, the renaissance town of Český Krumlov, which stimulated his interest in medieval and renaissance literature and his penchant for stylized archaism. "Zauberspruch den Liebsten zu beschwören" is a clear example of conscious borrowing from the past. Written in 1957 on an old Czech text, the a cappella work uses the 12th-century technique of organum (two voices moving in exactly parallel motion), and the 15th-century cadences of Dufay. The piece is written in arch form: A B C D E C B A. The soprano soloist carries the voice of the girl asking help of the sun to win her beloved. The negative, or menacing, parts of the incantation are given to the full chorus ("let him never eat, never drink, never sleep"), while the more positive, enticing parts are given to a trio of soloists ("let him love her more than all women").

*Leuchte, du mein lieber junger Morgen,
doch du, klarer Tau des Himmels, fall
nicht nieder,
und du, helle Sonne, geh nicht auf,
schein nicht auf Berge, nicht in Täler,
und nicht auf den Kreuzweg!
Sonne, Sonne, scheine nur allein
auf den lieben Allerliebsten mein,
der von Gott mir ist gegeben,
der mir soll im Herzen leben.*

*O Sonne mein, scheine auf den Liebsten,
und wenn du ihm siehst,
so entflamme du das Herz ihm,*

Give forth your light, oh early morning,
but you, clear dew of heaven, do not
fall,
and you, bright sun, do not rise,
shine not on hills, nor on valleys,
nor on the crossroads!
Sun, sun, shine only
on my dearest beloved,
whom God has given to me,
and who shall always live in my heart.
Oh sun, shine on my beloved,
and when you see him,
set his heart aflame,

*auf dass er fürder könne nimmer essen,
 nimmer trinken, nimmer schlafen,
 nimmer fröhlich sein!
 Soll nur an mich denken,
 soll sich zu mir lenken.*

*Eine Stunde soll ihm keine Stunde sein,
 die lieb ihm waren, sollen lieb ihm
 nimmer sein,
 die eigne Schwester sei ihm nicht mehr
 Schwester, und sein Bruder sei ihm nicht
 mehr Bruder, seine Mutter nicht mehr
 Mutter und sein Vater nicht mehr Vater!
 Nichts soll ihm lieb sein auf der Welt,
 als nur die Eine, die ihm auserkorn.*

*Sie soll ihm lieb sein, mehr als alles in
 der Welt,
 als die schönen Jungfräulein,
 als die Witwen ohne Zahl,
 als die Frauen allzumal.*

*Sie soll ihm lieb sein über alle
 Königinnen in der Welt
 über alle Kaiserinnen,
 über Gold und Edelstein,
 Honigseim und Diamant.
 Hinter Bergen weilt er, soll
 geschwind sie überschreiten,
 wenn uns Wasser trennt, soll
 geschwind er's überqueren,
 und wenn ihn Gitter von Eisen halten,
 soll er sie geschwind zerbrechen.
 Zögern nimmer soll er und sich nicht
 verweilen, soll nur immer zu mir eilen,
 ohne Zögern, ohn Verweilen
 her zu mir eilen!*

Festive

Alla Borzova used a poem by Maxim Tank in Belarussian for her cycle *When the Wind Is Blowing*. Today we sing the fifth movement, "Festive," in an English translation by Ann Michael. The cycle won the 1997 All-Union Composition Competition in Russia.

Born in Minsk, Belarus, Borzova came to the United States in 1993, and has won many awards, residencies, and performances here. In 2009 the Detroit Symphony under Leonard Slatkin issued a CD devoted to her work. In 2002 NAS sang the world premiere of Borzova's "The Ballad of Barnaby" on a text by Auden.

*So that among us no quarrel may enter,
 so that we prosper and revel in plenty.
 Raise high the glasses!*

*so that he can no longer eat,
 nor drink, nor sleep,
 nor be happy.
 He shall only think of me, his thoughts
 shall revolve around me only.*

*An hour shall no longer be an hour for
 him, those he cared for he shall not care
 for anymore,
 his own sister shall not be a sister
 anymore, nor his brother a brother,
 nor his mother a mother,
 nor his father a father!
 He shall not care for anything in the
 world, except the one who is destined to
 be his.*

*Her he shall love more than anything in
 the world,
 more than the lovely young virgins,
 more than all the widows,
 more than all women.*

*He shall love her more than all the
 queens in the world,
 all the empresses,
 gold and jewels,
 honey nectar and diamonds.
 If he is behind mountains, he
 shall hurriedly climb them,
 if water parts us, he shall
 quickly swim across,
 and if iron gates bar him,
 he shall smash them.
 No longer shall he hesitate and wait,
 but shall rush to me
 without hesitation, without delay
 rush here to me!*

Borzova (b. 1961)

*Strike tambourines, raise your joyful
 voices!
 Here's to a long, happy life! To Beauty!*

*Come! Pour us more wine!
Never may clouds cover up the sunshine
leaving us hopeless, adrift, and lonely.
Let fame and fortune follow us always!
Never give sorrow a chance to kindle.*

– Maxim Tank

*Let us drink buckets!
Let us raise barrels with wine and
singing!
Open the door for Spring's arrival.
Drink up the sunlight!*

– translation by Ann Michael

Unsere Liebe

Rautavaara

Einojuhani Rautavaara is the most prominent Finnish composer since Sibelius. After early studies in Helsinki, he came to New York City to study at the Juilliard School with Persichetti, and at Tanglewood with Copland and Sessions. He first came to international attention when he won a composition prize in 1954. Since then he has written eight symphonies, several concerti, choral works, sonatas, string quartets, and operas. He has had many works recorded, and won a Grammy for his seventh symphony, *Angel of Light*.

Rautavaara experimented with serial techniques early in his career, but abandoned them in the 1960s. His later works often have a mystical element. This is the fourth of his works NAS has performed.

Rautavaara has written that he and the poet, Lassi Nummi, who were born on the same day, were in the habit of sending their new works to one another. By a happy coincidence, Rautavaara received a collection of German translations of Nummi's poems while searching for a text for a piece commissioned by the Mädchenchor Hannover girls' choir. "These poems have a deep personal significance for me; they inspired their own music," Rautavaara said. The cycle, *Wenn sich die Welt auftut*, is the original version from 1996. In 2010 the composer made a mixed choir version of four movements, calling the new work, *Unsere Liebe*. The composer also explains that the second and fourth movements are based on a freely transformed tone row. The third is varied by galloping triplet rhythms. NAS presents the U.S. premiere of this SATB piece today.

Meine Liebe

*Meine Liebe ist keine grosse Liebe.
Ich erfasse sie mit einem Blick.
Ich sehe ihre Umrisse.
Ich sehe ihre hellen Konturen
gegen das Licht,
wenn du vor meine Hütte stehst,
an den Türpfosten gelehnt,
wenn du dein kleines, blondgelocktes
Lied singst
ich sehe ihre Umrisse, sehe sie ganz;
grenzenlos ist sie nicht.
Ihre Grenzen sind gegen das Licht zu
sehen.
Sie steht an der Tür meine Hütte und
singt.
Und die ganze Liebe der Welt
steht leise singend mit klaren Umrissen,
an der Tür meine Hütte.*

My love

*My love is not a big love.
I can see it all at a glance.
I can see its outline.
I can see its bright contours
against the light,
when you stand at my cottage,
leaning against the doorpost,
when you sing your little curly-blond
song –
I see its outline, I see all of it;
it's not boundless.
Its boundaries can be seen against the
light.
It stands at the door of my cottage and
sings.
And all the love in the world
stands softly singing, with bright
outlines, at the door of my cottage.*

Dann, in jener Nacht

*Dann, in jener Nacht
wenn du mich lieben willst um
Mitternacht,
Weck mich!
Unsere Laken sind kühl,
weiss wie draussen der Schnee
in der dämmrigen Landschaft.
Vielleicht habe ich gewartet,
bin vielleicht des Wartens müde –
Komm!
Erstarre nicht unter der Welt
wie ein schwarzer, alleinstehender
Baum.*

*Komm! Weck mich!
Lass mich erwachen
durch Alter und Tod hindurch,
und erwache selbst.
Komm wie der Schnee,
vereine du uns mit der Welt!
Ein Tasten und Stammeln
mag unsere Liebe sein.
Durch die Welt hindurch ist es Liebe,
wenn du es willst,
wenn du mich weckst,
wenn Mitternacht ist,
wenn sich die Welt auf tut.
Komm!*

Der Brief

*Es ist sehr heiss.
In den Ritzen der Mauern
zirpen die Grillen.
Leer sind die glutheissen Strassen,
still der Markt, tot das Licht.
Das Gras wächst über die Mauern,
begrabt sie unter seinen Wellen
Die Hitze frisst sich in den Sand.
Nachts brennt der Mond die Wände
weiss.
Erinnerungen sickern aus den Zweigen.
Die Zikade singt im Schatten.
Wovon? Für wen?
Um Mitternacht öffnen sich die Türen.
Die Häuser leer, stumme Türen.
Verrückte Schatten fliehen durch die
Gassen.
Der Mond scheint in die öden Gassen.
Es ist still hier, seit du weg bist.*

Then, that night

*Then, that night
when you want to love me in the middle
of the night,
Wake me!
Our sheets are cool,
white like the snow outside
in the dusky landscape.
Perhaps I've been waiting,
perhaps I'm tired of waiting –
Come!
Don't be frozen in place in the world
like a black tree standing all by itself.*

*Come! Wake me!
Let me awaken
throughout old age and death,
and awaken yourself.
Come like the snow,
unite us with the world!
Fumbling and stuttering
might our love be.
Throughout the world it's love,
when you want it,
when you wake me,
when it's the middle of the night,
When the world opens itself.
Come!*

The letter

*It is very hot.
In the cracks of the walls
the crickets chirp.
Empty are the glowing-hot streets,
quiet is the market, dead is the light.
Grass grows over the walls,
burying them beneath its undulations.
The heat gobbles up the dust.
At night the moon burns the walls white.*

*Memories seep from the tree branches,
The cicadas sing in the shadows.
Sing of what? Sing for whom?
At midnight, the doors open.
The houses empty, the doors silent.
Crazy shadows flee through the alleys
The moon shines in the empty alleys.
It has been quiet here, since you've been
gone.*

Flüstern

*Wenn die Welt vorbei ist,
nehme ich deinen kleinen Knochenkopf
und durch den Sand spüren meine
Schläfen dein Liebkosen.
So schlafen wir,
und die Stimme der Kiefern wacht,
und der Sand wacht und schläft,
und umarmt uns sanft.
Wir schlafen durch Sand
und Sand und Wasser
und Sand;
hindurch bis zum Ende der Welt
wir schlafen.
Wir schlafen allen Sand
und alle Tränen und alles Meer.
Wir schlafen die Kiefern,
die kleine Hütte,
bis zum Erlöschen der Kerze.*

– Lassi Nummi

Whispering

When the world is over,
I shall take your small bony head
and through the sand my temples shall
feel your caresses.
Thus shall we sleep,
and the pine trees' voices will waken,
and the sand will wake and sleep,
and softly embrace us.
We shall sleep through sand
and sand and water
and sand;
until the end of the world
we shall sleep.
We shall sleep all the sand
and all the tears and all the sea.
We shall sleep the pine trees,
the small cottage,
until the candle goes out.

Four Madrigals on Moravian Folk Songs

Martinů

Unlike fellow Czech Petr Eben, who lived almost his whole life in Prague, Bohuslav Martinů was a refugee, living abroad from the age of 33. Though enormously influenced by the folk poetry and music of his homeland, he was unable to return, first because of the Nazis and later because of the Communists. Martinů was born in a village of Bohemia. His father was watchman of the church tower, and from age seven the young Martinů climbed 193 steps down from his home to the street to attend school and take violin lessons. He started to compose as early as age 10, and at 16 entered the Prague Conservatory to study violin. Not a diligent student, he abandoned formal education by 1910. He toured Europe as a violinist in a Czech orchestra, taught music, and eventually settled in Paris in 1923, where he quickly achieved some success as a composer. After a neoclassical period, he was again influenced by his sense of Czech nationalism, making frequent use of folkloric subjects in his music.

Blacklisted by the Nazis in 1940, Martinů left Paris and wandered through France, eventually getting to Lisbon. By 1941 he was finally able to leave for New York. Despite initial difficulties in the United States (he spoke no English and possessed only a handful of his many scores), he won a commission from Koussevitsky, which led to his first symphony. For the next four years he lived in the Northeast, hoping to return to Prague after the war. He was invited to become professor of composition in Prague, but the Communist takeover of 1947-48 made his return impossible. After accepting a teaching position at Princeton University for three years, he lived in Nice, returned to the United States to teach at the Curtis Institute, and later took a professorship at the American Academy in Rome. A prolific composer, Martinů left six symphonies, a wealth of chamber and vocal works, sixteen operas, and much choral music. He died in Switzerland in 1959, never having returned to Czechoslovakia.

In his last year Martinů wrote the set of madrigals to Moravian folk poetry that we hear today. This is the seventh set of madrigals for a variety of ensembles that

Martinů wrote, all based on two volumes of Bohemian and Moravian folk poetry that the composer carried with him through all his travels. Another Czech composer, Janáček, characterized the rhythm of Moravian folk songs as "freely spaced in time and bound only by the word." Martinů's entire work reflects a special rhythmic tension derived from this heritage.

It is curious that the word "madrigal" appears in the title of four non-vocal chamber works as well as in the vocal cycles. What attracted Martinů in the Renaissance madrigal was the free horizontal part-writing (as opposed to the 19th-century practice of determining individual lines by harmony). We can certainly hear the freedom of each individual line in the set of four short pieces for five voices. The German publisher Bärenreiter brought out this set with a German translation by Kurt Honolka; they have since been published in Czech. We sing them today in German.

"Am Donaustrom," the first of the set, is a happy song in which the boy gets the girl of his choice, swimming to victory. The music contains several unusual modulations (key changes) and rhythmic shifts. The next, "Ej, steht ein Wäldchen," is a melancholy dialogue of longing. Here especially, Martinů uses dissonance as a byproduct of the individual vocal lines – for example, a scale passage for sopranos from high G to low G, while the basses sing the same scale in contrary motion, with inevitable clashes in the middle.

The third piece, "Auf der Erde," is unlike the others. Not a love song of any kind, the poem is a reflection on mortality and the Last Judgment. A soloist carries a free, melancholy line, with minimal support from other voices until the chorale-like final phrase. In "Glaubst du dass ich wohl nichts wüsste?", the poet's mood shifts from confrontational ("I know you have betrayed me") to cavalier ("I'll find another") to self-pity ("I always came to you in rain and all seasons"). Martinů uses an unusual key progression in the first verse, from A-flat major to B-flat major, with a sudden, sneaky return to A-flat for the second verse.

Am Donaustrom

*Dort am breiten Donaustrom,
viele junge Burschen stehn
und zu den Mädchen über dem Wasser
sehn.*

*Wer als erster dort hinüberschwimmt,
kriegt das allerschönste Kind.
Hej! Heja-hej!*

*Ein junger Mann, der fasste sich ein
Herz,
sprang kopfüber in die Fluten,
und schwamm zum andern Ufer mit
gutem Mut.*

*Er steig dort drüben schnell ans Land,
stimmt ein frohes Liedchen an.*

*Hoja, Burschen, stimmt nur mit mir
ein!*

Das Mädal hier ist nun mein.

On the Danube

There on the broad stream of the
Danube
many young lads stand
and look over the water toward the girls.
Whoever swims over there first
gets the loveliest girl.
Hey! Hiya hey!

A young man who captured a girl's
heart
sprang headfirst into the deep stream
and swam to the other bank with good
courage.

Over there he climbed quickly onto
land, and sang a cheerful song:

Hey, boys just sing with me!
The girl here is mine now.

Ej, steht ein Wäldchen

Ej, steht ein Wäldchen oder zwei.

Ej, steht ein Mädchen dort am Wald.

*Ej, "Wenn ich das doch wüsst',
wer wohl meine roten Wangen küsst?"*

*Ej, "Schade, schad' für dich und mich,
schade, du nur kannst dafür.*

*Ej, liessest mich nicht zu dir ein,
ej, liessest mich steh'n vor der Tür."*

Auf der Erde hat nichts Weile

Auf der Erde hat nichts Weile,

Alles ist vergebens.

*Wie die Stunden gehn die Jahre
dieses kurzen Lebens.*

*Sagt dann Amen der Tod,
tritt die tiefzerknirschte Seele
vor den Richter.*

*Dann wird jeder ganz genau wissen
wie es drüben aussieht.*

*Wer dann gute Taten mitbringt,
dem wird's drüben gut geh'n.*

*Doch die bösen Taten werden uns
verraten ewig verdammen. Amen.*

Glaubst du, dass ich wohl nichts wüsste?

Glaubst du, dass ich wohl nichts wüsste?

*Wenn ich auch gar nichts sage,
weiss ich doch was du dir denkst,
wem du dein Herz wohl schenkst;
glaub mir, ich weiss alles das.*

*Kenne schon seit langer Zeit
deine falsche Heimlichkeit;*

du hast mich verraten,

suchst dir eine and're.

Such du immer, mich schert es nimmer!

*such eine and're immer,
das soll mich wenig kümmern.*

*Geht der Schatz mir davon,
find ich ein' andern schon.*

Das soll mich wenig kümmern.

*Meine Liebste, denk doch dran,
was ich einst für dich getan,*

im Winter, im Sommer,

auch im grössten Regen

*kam ich immer zu meiner Liebsten,
zu dir.*

There stands a wood

Ai, there stands a little woodland or two.

Ai, there stands a maiden in the wood.

Ai, "If only I knew
who will kiss my red cheeks?"

Ai, "What shame for you and me,
shame that's due to you alone.

Ai, you won't let me in,

ai, you let me stand before the door."

On Earth nothing lingers

On the earth nothing lingers,
all is in vain.

Like hours do the years
of this short life go by.

Saying "so be it" then to death,
the deeply penitent soul steps
before the Judge.

Then will each one know exactly
how it looks over there.

He who brings along good deeds,
it will go well with him there.

But evil deeds will
reveal us eternally damned. Amen.

Do you think I know nothing?

Do you think I know nothing?

Even though I say nothing at all,
I know very well what you're thinking,
and to whom you've given your heart.
Believe me, I know all that.

I have known for a long time
your false secrecy;

you have betrayed me,

you're looking for another girl.

Look forever, I'll never care!

Look for another girl forever;

that will trouble me very little.

If my darling goes from me,

I'll find another right away.

That will trouble me very little.

My darling, just think a bit

what I have done for you,

in winter, in summer,

even in driving rain,

I always came to my love; to you.

Four Songs

Fifty years before Martinů wrote the *Madrigals on Moravian Folk Songs*, Sergei Taneyev wrote an impressive collection of a cappella choruses, his Opus 27 (c. 1909). Today we sing three from this set, and another freestanding work, two in English, two in Russian. Amy Kaiser, editor and translator of several of Taneyev's works, writes:

Sergei Ivanovich Taneyev (1856-1915) was an important Russian choral composer whose music is largely unknown in this country. Renowned in Russia as a composer, Taneyev was also a respected theorist, concert pianist, critic, and teacher. Taneyev studied with Tchaikovsky, and succeeded him in 1878 as professor at the Moscow Conservatory, eventually becoming the Conservatory's Director. A musical conservative, he was a friend of Tolstoy and a man of broad intellectual interests. Counterpoint was a specialty, and his treatise on it is considered one of the most important ever published.

The *Twelve Choruses*, Opus 27, all a cappella, were composed in 1909 to poems by one of Taneyev's favorite poets, Yakov Peetrovich Polonsky. Consisting of a progression of four choruses for four voices (SATB.), four choruses for five voices (SATTB), two for six voices (SSATTB), and two for eight (SATB/SATB), Opus 27 does not appear to have been intended for performance as a cycle. The pieces were dedicated to the newly formed chorus of the Moscow School for Workers, and were premiered, several at a time, in 1911, 1915, 1916, and 1921. Polonsky's poems, all written in the 1840s and 1850s, are at times symbolic and mystical, and rich in imagery and onomatopoeic sounds.

We begin with the lyrical, five-voice No. 7 from Op. 27, "Suddenly Music Sounded." Taneyev has chosen a rather unusual voicing, S.A.T.T.B., that is, with divided tenors. The piece begins and ends in a moderate tempo; the middle section moves faster, and employs the lively cross-rhythm, or syncopation, that Taneyev favored in many works.

"The Ruins of a Tower" is a remarkable musical response to a remarkable poetic vision in which a tower is imagined as remembering the clatter of horses, the flashing of trophies, amid sea breezes – perhaps a scene from an earlier century. "Ah, Behold the Dark of Night" is all atmosphere, with night mists and veiled moon expressed in soft staccato singing. "Sunrise" begins soft, with a restrained tempo, before daybreak. Then come the first rays of light, and an accelerando leading to a brilliant chorale and "the sun's triumphant rising."

Iz vechnosti muzyka

Iz vechnosti muzyka vdrug razdalas',
i v beskonechnost' ona polilas',
i khaos ona na puti zakhvatila.
I v bezne, kak vikhr', zakruzhylis' svetila.
Pevuchei strunoi kazhdyi luch ikh drozhit.
I zhizn', probuzhdennaya etoyu drozh'yu,
lish' tol'ko tomu i ne kazhetsa lozh'yu,
kto slyshit poroy etu muzyku Bozh'yu
kto razumom svetel,
v kom serdtse gorit.

– Yakov Polonsky

Suddenly music sounded

Suddenly music sounded out of
eternity, and it streamed forth into
infinity, capturing Chaos along the way.
And in the abyss, great lights began to
whirl about.
Each ray trembles like a tuneful string.
Awakened by this trembling,
life appears not to be a lie only to those
who on occasion hear this Divine
music, whose mind is enlightened,
and whose heart burns ardently.

– translation by V. Morosan

The Ruins of a Tower

*The ruins of a tower, an eagle's abode,
an old weathered rock lifts them high up above,
and deeply bent over the bottomless sea,
it stoops like an old man who carries his load.
The tow'r for a long time looks sadly below,
deep into the canyons with wind whistling through;
the tower is list'ning. The tower can hear
the neighing of horses and clatter of hooves.
The old weathered rock gazes down to the deep
where breezes are swaying and blowing the sea,
and sees there, in glowing mirage o'er the wave,
astir brightly flashing, the trophies of war.
The ruins of a tower, an eagle's abode,
an old weathered rock lifts them high up above.*

– Yakov Polonsky; translation by Amy Kaiser

Ah, Behold – The Dark of Night

*Ah, behold – the dark of night in the valley deep below!
Under mist that's lightly floating in the dreaminess of dusk
dimly shines the silver lake.
And the moon is pale and hidden by a cloudy curtain grey,
then it travels, without cover,
walking through the sky and sending all its radiant silver light.*

– Yakov Polonsky; translation by Amy Kaiser

Voskhod solntsa

*Molchit somnitel'no Vostok,
povsyudu chutkoe molchan'e. . . .
Chto eto? Son il' ozhidan'e,
i blizok den' ili dal'ek?
Chut'-chut' beleet temya gor,
eshchë v tumane les i doly,
spyat goroda i dremlyut sely.
No k nebu podymite vzor. . . .
Smotrite: polosa vidna,
i, slovno skrytoi strast'yu rdeya,
ona vsë yárcñe, vsë zhiveye —
vsya razgoraetsya ona —
eshchë minuta, i vo vsei
neizmerimosti efirnoi
razdastsya blagovest vsemirnyi
pobednykh solnechnykh luchei.*

– F. I. Tiutchev

Sunrise

*The East is doubtful, silent.
Everything is keenly quiet.
What is it? Dream or expectation?
Is day distant or near?
The mountains' napes are barely white.
Mist still lies on woods and dales.
Towns sleep. Hamlets doze,
but just look up. . . .
Look: see the band of light which seems
to glow with hidden passion.
Brighter, more alive,
burning right through,
Another moment – across
the boundless skies
a universal pealing heralds
the sun's triumphant rising.*

– translation by Frank Jude

Notes © Clara Longstreth

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NAS Restricted Endowment Fund

At the conclusion of our thirtieth-anniversary capital campaign, NAS established a restricted endowment fund to help provide a steady source of income and stability in future years. Thanks to the generosity of more than a hundred donors, we achieved a sizable beginning principal balance. Additional gifts by check, stock transfer, or bequest are most welcome.

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Music by New Yorkers on poems both strong and stirring,
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About the Artists

The NEW AMSTERDAM SINGERS, now in its forty-fifth year, is known for the breadth and variety of its repertoire. Specializing in a cappella and double chorus works, the chorus sings music ranging from the 16th century through contemporary pieces, including many it has commissioned. Recent world premieres include compositions by Jacob Avshalomov, Behzad Ranjbaran, Alla Borzova, Alexander Dmitriev, Charles Fussell, Katherine Hoover, Paul Alan Levi and Ronald Perera. New York City premieres include works by Adolphus Hailstork, Matthew Harris, Kirke Mechem and Daniel Pinkham, and more than twenty others.

NAS has performed with the New York Philharmonic under Leonard Bernstein, at Alice Tully Hall as a guest of Clarion Concerts, and with the American-Russian Youth Orchestra under Leon Botstein at Tanglewood and Carnegie Hall. In 1999, NAS appeared with Anonymous Four and the Concordia Orchestra in Richard Einhorn's *Voices of Light* at Avery Fisher Hall, under Marin Alsop. In 2006 NAS performed *Voices of Light* at the Winter Garden of the World Financial Center, with Anonymous Four and the Ensemble Sospeso under David Hattner, for broadcast on WNYC's "New Sounds."

NAS appears internationally under Ms. Longstreth's direction. The chorus has sung at the Irakleion Festival in Greece; the Granada Festival in Spain; the International Choral Festival at Miedzyzdroje, Poland; the Festival of the Algarve in Portugal; Les Chorégies d'Orange in France; and the Llangollen International

Musical Eisteddfod in Wales. More recently the chorus appeared in Turkey, Scandinavia, Croatia, Spain, Russia and the Baltics, and Argentina and Uruguay. In 2010 NAS was pleased to receive permission from the State and Treasury Departments to tour Cuba on a cultural visa. In 2013 NAS will be performing in South Africa.

CLARA LONGSTRETH has conducted New Amsterdam Singers since its formation in 1968. She has served on the faculty of Rutgers University, where she conducted the Voorhees Choir of Douglas College. A student of conductor G. Wallace Woodworth at Harvard University, Ms. Longstreth trained for her master's degree at the Juilliard School under Richard Westenburg. Further study included work with Amy Kaiser and Semyon Bychkov at the Mannes College of Music, and with Helmuth Rilling at the Oregon Bach Festival.

In 1997, Ms. Longstreth guest-conducted the Limón Dance Company in performance with NAS and the Riverside Choir. In 2000 she conducted NAS and the Mannes College Orchestra in the folk opera *Down in the Valley* during Symphony Space's "Wall to Wall Kurt Weill" program. In 2005 she conducted the Park Avenue Chamber Symphony in a joint performance with NAS of Paul Alan Levi's *Mark Twain Suite*. She is a frequent guest conductor at the annual Messiah Sing-In at Avery Fisher Hall and at the summer sings of the West Village Chorale, the New York Choral Society and other choruses. In February 2006 Ms. Longstreth presented a lecture-demonstration on "Adventures in Programming" at the Eastern Division Convention of the American Choral Directors Association. In 2007 she was engaged to serve as consultant on contemporary music to Hunter High School under a new program funded by the New York State Music Fund. In 2009 she received an Alumnae Recognition Award from Radcliffe College for her founding and longtime direction of New Amsterdam Singers.

Ms. Longstreth has served as adjudicator of choral festivals, conducted the Riverdale Country School choral groups for many years, and conducted the Juilliard Chorus and Orchestra at Alice Tully Hall. Of Ms. Longstreth's programs, Allan Kozinn wrote in the *New York Times*: "When a director takes up the challenge of building a cohesive program around a broad theme, we are reminded that programming can be an art."

MAX BLUM is very happy to be working with the New Amsterdam Singers. He recently finished his Master's degree in Choral Conducting at the Yale School of Music, where he studied with Masaaki Suzuki, Marguerite Brooks, and Jeffrey Douma. In 2011 he taught and directed a Chinese middle school choir in Xiuning, China, and led performances at cathedrals and concert halls across Europe, including an Evensong at the Berliner Dom, as the Assistant Conductor of the Yale Glee Club. Last January, he began his new position as Adjunct Professor of Choral Music at Quinnipiac University.

PEN YING FANG studied with Paul Hoffmann and Barbara Gonzalez-Palmer, earning a BM and MM in Piano, at Rutgers University. Ms. Fang has accompanied many prominent artists in master classes, including Keith Underwood, Evelyn Glennie, Brian Macintosh, and Christopher Arneson. In 2007 she played at the Florence Voice Seminar in Florence, Italy. Currently she serves as a staff accompanist at Westminster Choir College in Princeton, New Jersey, and teaches piano students in the central New Jersey area.