

SYMPHONY NUMBER ONE

Jordan Randall Smith, Music Director

Presents

BEETHOVEN'S KITCHEN

An die Musik

Wednesday, May 18, 6:00pm

Leave This Cavern of the Mind

The Old Men Admiring Themselves In The Water
A Deep-Sworn Vow and A Drinking Song
His Dream
Into The Twilight

16 Minutes

Andrew Posner
(b.1993)

Text by William Butler Yeats

3 Songs About Words

Words
On Hearing A Very Famous Man Speak Profoundly
Please Take My Words

12 Minutes

Jeremy Gill
(b.1975)

Text by Lucy Miller Murray

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen (The Shepherd on the Rock)

18 Minutes

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)
Text by Wilhelm Muller

Laura Whittenberger | soprano
Melissa Lander | clarinet
Wan-Chi Su | piano

*Special thanks to our founding sponsors for bringing Symphony Number One to life.
Join them and help Symphony Number One SHARE THE LIGHT. Visit www.symphonynumber.one to learn more.*

Afterwards, join us for the afterparty at FLAVOR restaurant!
15 E. Centre Street (just two blocks north and around the corner)

Leave This Cavern of the Mind

Text: William Butler Yeats

1. The Old Men Admiring Themselves in the Water

I heard the old, old men say,
'Everything alters,
And one by one we drop away.'
They had hands like claws, and their knees
Were twisted like the old thorn-trees
By the waters.
I heard the old, old men say
'All that's beautiful drifts away
Like the waters.'

2. A Deep-Sworn Vow and A Drinking Song

Others because you did not keep
That deep-sworn vow have been friends of mine;
Yet always when I look death in the face,
When I clamber to the heights of sleep,
Or when I grow excited with wine,
Suddenly I meet your face.

3. His Dream

Wine comes in at the mouth
And love comes in at the eye;
That's all we shall know for truth
Before we grow old and die.
I lift the glass to my mouth,
I look at you, and I sigh.

4. Into the Twilight

Out-worn heart, in a time out-worn,
Come clear of the nets of wrong and right;
Laugh heart again in the gray twilight,
Sigh, heart, again in the dew of the morn.

Your mother Eire is always young,
Dew ever shining and twilight gray;
Though hope fall from you and love decay,
Burning in fires of a slanderous tongue.

Come, heart, where hill is heaped upon hill:
For there the mystical brotherhood
Of sun and moon and hollow and wood
And river and stream work out their will;

And God stands winding His lonely horn,
And time and the world are ever in flight;
And love is less kind than the gray twilight,
And hope is less dear than the dew of the morn.

3 Songs with Words

Text: Lucy Miller Murray

1. Words

Sit there, listen, listen to my voice
Sit there and be silent, love;
Ask me nothing, let me pound
My heart against your door;
Listen love, but do not open
Lest I should falter, fly in fear.

2. On Hearing a Very Famous Man Speak Profoundly

I sat complacent on that tin chair
And heard the ancient scholar say
That what is real we cannot know for certain
But only hope to feel at times it's insufficient shade;
And all about me the learned heads would nod
In blind agreement of despair that knew itself
As innocent pattering upon paneled walls
That dulled its awful content and held mute
the bleating heart.
Yet all this while I longed to press my lips upon your ear
And tell you of the drab, unconscious sparrow
That stared unblinking through the pane,
A gray bird on a gray bush, unconcerned, but there.

3. Please Take My Words

Please take my words
And turn them into song,
Do not leave them in a dusty drawer
For someone else to find
When we are done.

Please take my words
And turn them into song—
Give them your long crescendos,
Your subtle harmonies,
And your gentle ritards.

Please take my words
And turn them into song,
And if you do,
I shall be a child
Let loose among bells.

The Shepherd on the Rock

Text: Wilhelm Muller

When, from the highest rock up here,
I look deep down into the valley,
And sing,
Far from the valley dark and deep
Echoes rush through,
upward and back to me,
The chasm.
The farther that my voice resounds,
So much the brighter it echos
From under.
My sweetheart dwells so far from me,
I hotly long to be with her over there.
I am consumed in misery,
Happiness is far from me,
Hope has on earth eluded me,
I am so lonesome here.
So longingly did sound the song,
So longingly through wood and night,
Towards heaven it draws all hearts
With amazing strength.

The Springtime will come,
The Springtime, my happiness,
Now must I may ready, to wander forth.