

APPARITION | April 16, 8pm  
Laszlo Z. Bitó Conservatory Performance Space

**Katherine Lerner Lee, *soprano***  
**TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS**

Peace on Earth (2019)

Juliana Hall (b. 1958)  
William Carlos Williams (1883-1963)

The Archer is wake!  
The Swan is flying!  
Gold against blue  
An Arrow is lying.  
There is hunting in heaven—  
Sleep safe till tomorrow.

The Bears are abroad!  
The Eagle is screaming!  
Gold against blue  
Their eyes are gleaming!  
Sleep!  
Sleep safe till tomorrow.

The Sisters lie  
With their arms intertwining;  
Gold against blue  
Their hair is shining!  
The Serpent writhes!  
Orion is listening!  
Gold against blue  
His sword is glistening!  
Sleep!  
There is hunting in heaven—  
Sleep safe till tomorrow.

*Haugtussa, Op. 67* (1895)

Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)  
Arne Garbourg (1851-1924)

**I. Det syng**

Å veit du den Draum og veit du den Song,  
so vil du Tonarne gøyma;  
og gilja det for deg so mang ein Gong,  
rett aldri so kan du det gløyma.  
Å hildrande du! med meg skal du bu,  
i Blåhaugen skal du din Skylvrockk snu.

Du skal ikkje faela den mjuke Nott,  
då Draumen slaer ut sine Vengjer,  
i linnare Ljos en Dagen hev ått  
og Tonar på mjukare Strengjer.

**The enchantment**

If you know the dream and you know the song,  
You will hide its notes;  
And if it enchants you long enough,  
Before long, you'll never forget it.  
Oh, you illusion! You shall live with me,  
In Blåhaugen you shall spin the silver wheel.

You shall not fear the soft night,  
when dreams outstretch their wings  
in gentler light than day has  
and play tones on softer strings.

Det voggar um Li, det svaevest av Strid,  
og Dagen ei kjenner den Saele-Tid.

Du skal ikkje raeddast den Elskhug vill,  
Som syndar og graet og gløymer;  
Hans Famn er heit og hans Hug er mild  
Og Bjønnen arge han tøymer.

## II. Veslemøy

Ho er mager og myrk o mjå  
med brune og reine Drag  
og Auge djupe og grå'  
og stilslegt, drøymande Lag.

Det er som det halvt um halvt  
låg ein Svevn yver heile ho:  
i Rørsle, Tale og alt  
ho hev denne døyvde Ro.

Under Panna fager men låg  
lyser Augo som bak ein Eim;  
det er som dei stirande såg  
langt inn i ein annan Heim.

Berre Barmen gjeng sprengd og tung  
og det bivrar um Munnen bleik.  
Ho er skjelvande sped og veik  
midti det ho er ven og ung.

## III. Blåbaer-Li

Nei sjå, kor det blåner her!  
No må me roa oss, Kyra!  
Å nei, slike fine Baer, og dei, som det berre kryr'a!  
Nei Maken eg hev kje set!  
Sumt godt her er då tillfjells.  
No vil eg eta meg mett; her vil eg vera til Kvelds!

Men kom no den Bjønnen stor!  
Her fekk bli Rom åt oss baa.  
Eg torde kje seia eit Ord til slik ein røsjeleg Vaa.

The hill is cradled, strife is forgotten,  
and day does not know this blissful hour.

You shall not be frightened of love's wild desires,  
as it sins and weeps and forgets;  
its embrace is hot yet its temper is mild  
and it can tame the angry bear.

## Veslemøy

She is lean and dark and slim  
with tanned skin and clear features  
and deep, gray eyes  
and a quiet, dreamy manner.

It is as if, now and then,  
there lies a sleep over her entire being.  
In movement, speech and in everything about her,  
she has a gentle peace.

Under a beautiful but heavy brow  
radiate her eyes as if from behind a mist;  
it is as if they stared and saw  
far into another world.

But her breast is tense and heavy  
and her pale mouth trembles.  
She is shiveringly delicate and weak  
yet she is fair and young.

## Blueberry Slope

Now look, how blue it is here!  
Now we can relax, cows!  
Oh, never have I seen such fine berries, and so many!  
I have never seen anything like them!  
Some things are good, here in the mountains.  
Now I will eat until I'm full, I'll be here all day!

But now comes the big bear!  
There is room for both of us here.  
I would not dare to say anything to such a husky daredevil.

Eg sa berre: ver so god!  
No må du kje vera bljug!  
Eg lét deg so vael i Ro:  
Ta for deg et ter din Hug.

Men var det dem Reven rau,  
so skuld' han få smaka Staven:  
eg skulde banka han dau,  
um so han var Bror til Paven.  
Sligt skarve, harmelegt Sleng!  
Han stel både Kje og Lam.  
Men endå so fin hang gjeng,  
hev korkje Agg hell Skam.

Men var det den stygge Skrubb,  
so arg og so hol som Futen,  
eg tog meg ein Bjørkekubb  
og gav han ein god på Snuten.  
Han reiv sund Sauer og Lam for Mor mi so trådt og tidt;  
Ja sant! Um han berre kom, skuld' han so visst få sitt.

Men var det den snilde Gut der burte frå Skare-Brote,  
han fekk vel ein på sin Trut,  
men helst på ein annan Måte.  
Å Tøv, kva tenkjer eg på!  
Det lid nok på Dagen alt..  
Eg må til Buskapen sjå;  
ho "Dokka" drøymer um Salt.

#### IV. Møte

Ho sit ein Sundag, lengrande i Li:  
det strøymer på med desse søte Tankar,  
og Hjerta fullt og tungt i Barmen bankar,  
og Draumen vaknar, bivrande og blid.  
Då gjeng det som ei Hildring yver Nuten:  
ho raudner heit; der kjem den vene Guten.

Burt vil ho göyma seg i Örka brå  
men stoggar tryllt og Augo mot han vender;  
dei tek einannan i dei varme Hender  
og stend so der og veit seg inkje Råd.

I would say, "Help yourself!  
Don't be shy!  
I will let you choose in peace:  
take for yourself, whatever you'd like.

But if it were the red fox,  
he would get a taste of the rod:  
I would beat him to death,  
even if he were the Pope's brother.  
He's such a despicable, harmful Devil!  
He steals both kid and lamb.  
But he still struts proudly,  
having neither fear nor shame.

But were it the wicked wolf,  
as angry and mean as the tax collector,  
I would grab a birch branch  
And hit him right on the snout.  
He rips apart my mother's sheep and lambs, again and again;  
Yes indeed! If he came to the berries, he would regret it.

But were it that clever boy from far off Skare-Brote,  
He'd get one on the lips, indeed,  
but hopefully in a different manner.  
What nonsense, what am I thinking of!  
The day is getting on...  
I must tend to my cattle,  
"Dokka" is dreaming about salt!

#### The Tryst

She sits one Sunday, full of longing, on the hill:  
her mind flowing with sweet thoughts,  
and her heart beats full and heavy in her bosom,  
and a dream awakens, trembling and gentle.  
Suddenly, as an apparition on the hill,  
she blushes hotly; then the handsome boy appears.

She wants to hide amid her confusion,  
but she pauses, bewitched, and turns her eyes toward him;  
they take one another in each other's warm hands,  
and stand there, hardly knowing what to do.

Då bryt ho ut i dette Undringsord:  
“Men snille deg då... at du er så stor!”

Og som det lid til svale Kveldings Stund,  
alt meir og meir i Lengt dei saman sökjer.  
Og brådt um Hals den unge Arm seg krökjer  
og öre skjelv dei saman Munn mot Munn.  
Alt svimrar burt.  
Og der i kvelen varm i heite Saele  
söv ho i hans Arm.

## V. Elsk

Den galne Guten min Hug hev dåra;  
eg fangen sit som ein Fugl i Snåra;  
den galne Guten, han gjeng so baus;  
han veit at Fuglen vil aldri laus.

Å gjev du batt meg med Bast og Bende,  
Å gjev du batt meg, so Bandi brende!  
Å gjev du drog meg so fast til deg,  
at heile Verdi kom burt for meg!

Ja kund' eg trolle og kund' eg hekse,  
eg vilde inn i den Guten veksa,  
eg vilde veksa meg i deg inn  
og vera berre hos Guten min.

Å du som bur meg i Hjarta inne,  
du Magti fekk yver alt mit Minne;  
Kvart vesle Hugsviv som framum dreg,  
det berre kvisrar um deg, um deg.

Um Suli lyser på Himlen blanke,  
no ser ho deg, det er all min Tanke;  
um Dagen dovnar og Skoming fell:  
skal tru han tenkjer på meg i Kveld?

## VI. Killingdans

Å hipp og hoppe og tipp og toppe på denne Dag;  
å nipp og nappe og tripp og trappe i slikt eit Lag.  
Og det er Kjael-i-Sol, og det er Spel-i-Sol,  
og det er Titr-i-Li, og det er Glitr-i-Li,

Then she bursts out in wonderment:  
“But how lovely it is that you are so tall!”

And as it becomes the cool evening time,  
more and more longingly they reach for each other.  
And suddenly he reaches his arm around her neck  
and trembling together, they kiss.  
Everything fades away.  
And in the evening warmth, in ecstasy,  
she sleeps in his arms.

## Love

The crazy boy has bewitched my mind;  
I'm a prisoner, like a bird in a cage;  
the crazy boy, he walks so proudly;  
because he knows that his bird will never escape.

Oh, if only you would bind me with hemp and straw,  
Oh, if only you would bind me so tightly that it burns!  
Oh, if only you would draw me so close to you,  
that the whole world would disappear!

Yes, if I could cast spells, magic and hexes,  
I would live inside this boy,  
I would live completely inside of him  
and be only with my love.

Oh you, who hold me inside your heart,  
you wield your power over all my memories,  
every small thought which drifts past,  
whispers only of you...

When the sun shines in the sky,  
she shines only on you, who are all my thoughts;  
when day fades and twilight falls:  
Will he be thinking of me this evening?

## Kidlings' Dance

Oh hip, oh hop, and trip and trop today;  
Oh nip and nap and trip and trap just this way.  
And it's a caress in the sun, and it's a play in the sun,  
And it's a song on the hill, and it's a clang on the hill,

og det er Kjaete og Lurvelaete  
ein Solskinsdag.

Å nupp i Nakken, og stup i Bakken og tipp på Tå;  
å rekk i Ringen og svipp i Svingen og hopp-i-hå.  
Og det er Sleik-i-Sol, og det er Leik-i-Sol.  
og det er Glim-i-Li, og det er Stim-i-Li,  
og det er Kvitte og Bekkje-Glitter  
og lognt i Krå.

Å trapp og tralle og Puff i Skalle, den skal du ha!  
Og snipp og snute, og Kyss på Trute, den kan du ta.  
Og det er Rull-i-Ring, og det er Sull-i-Sving,  
Og det er Lett-på-Tå, og det er Sprett-på-Tå,  
og det er hei-san og det er hopp-san og tra-la-la!

## VII. Vond dag

Ho reknar Dag og Stund og seine Kveld  
til Sundag kjem: han hev so trufast lova,  
at um det regnde småstein yver Fjell,  
so skal dei finnast der i "Gjaetarstova".  
Men Sundag kjem og gjeng med Regn og Rusk;  
ho eismal sit og graet attunder Busk.

Som Fuglen, sårad under varme Veng,  
Så Blode tippar, lik den heite Tåre,  
ho dreg seg sjuk og skjelvande i Seng,  
og vrid seg Notti lang i Gråten såre.  
Det slit i Hjarta og det brenn på Kinn.  
No må ho døy; ho miste Guten sin.

## VIII. Ved Gjaetle-Bekken

Du surlande Bekk, du kurlande Bekk  
Her ligg du og kosar deg varm og klår.  
Og sprytar deg rein og glid yver Stein,  
Og sullar so godt og mullar so smått.  
Og glitrar i Soli med mjuke Bår.  
Å her vil eg kvila, kvila.

And it's longing and commotion  
On a sun-filled day.

Oh, nip in the neck and fall on the field and tip-toe,  
Oh, reach in the ring and swing and hop and a ho.  
And it's fun in the sun, and it's play in the sun,  
And it's glimmering and it's shimmering on the hill,  
And it's twittering and the brook glittering  
And a peaceful day.

Oh, step and stop, and cuff on the head!  
Oh, snip and snap, and a kiss on the lips for you.  
And it's a roll in the ring and a sing on the swing,  
And it's light on the toes, and it's spritely on the toes.  
And it's a skip along and it's a hop along and tra-la-a!

## Hurtful Day

She thinks for days and hours and late at night,  
until Sunday comes, he had so faithfully promised,  
That even if it rained pebbles over the hills,  
so would they meet, there in "Gjaetarstova".  
But Sunday came and went with rain and storm;  
she sits and weeps under a bush.

Like a bird, wounded under its warm wing,  
blood drips like hot tears,  
she pulls herself sick and shivering into bed,  
and tosses herself nightlong in wounded sobs.  
Her heart labors and her cheeks burn.  
Now must she die, she has lost her lover.

## At the brook

You chattering brook, you curving brook,  
here you lie and nestle, warm and clear.  
You spray yourself clean and glide over stones,  
you hum so beautifully and murmur so softly.  
You glitter in the sunlight with smooth waves.  
Oh, here I will rest.

Du tiklande Bekk, du sikklande Bekk,  
her gjeng du so glad i den ljose Li.  
Med Klunk og med Klukk, med Song og med Sukk,  
med Sus og med Dus gjennom lauvbygd Hus,  
med underlegt Svall og med Svaeving blid.  
Å her vil eg drøyma, drøyma.  
Du hullande Bekk, du sullande Bekk,  
Her fekk du Seng under Mosenmjuk.  
Her drøymer du kurt og gløymer deg burt  
og kviskrar og kved i den store Fred,  
med Svaling for Hugsott og Lengting sjuk.  
Å her vil eg minnast, minnast.

Du vildrande Bekk, du sildrande Bekk,  
kva tenkte du alt på din lange Veg?  
Gjennom aude Rom? Millom Busk og Blom?  
Når i Jord du smatt, når du fann deg att?  
Tru nokon du såg so eismal som eg?  
Å her vil eg gløyma, gløyma.

Du tislande Bekk, du rislande Bekk,  
du leikar i Lund, du sullar i Ro.  
Og smiler mot Sol og læer i dit Skjol  
og vandrar so langt og lærer so mangt...  
Å syng kje um det, som tenkjer no.  
Å lat meg få blunda, blunda.

You tickling brook, you trickling brook,  
you pass happily through the bright hill.  
With gulps and clinking, with song and sighing,  
with swooshing and rustling throughout your leafy house,  
with wondrous swell and gentle swaying.  
Oh, here I will dream.  
You humming brook, you murmuring brook,  
you made a bed under the soft moss.  
You dream briefly and you forget yourself completely  
and whisper and chant in this vast peace,  
with a salve for pain and longing sickness.  
Oh, here I will remember.

You wandering brook, you silvering brook,  
what do you think about while on your long journey  
through barren places? through bushes and flowers?  
when you crept down beneath the earth, and returned?  
Have you ever seen anyone as lonely as I?  
Oh, here I will forget.

You wandering brook, you gurgling brook,  
you play in the grove, you ripple in peace,  
and smile towards the sun and laugh in its shelter.  
You wander so far and learn so much...  
Oh, do not sing of what I'm thinking about now.  
Oh, let me sleep.

“L'eraclito amoroso,” from *Cantate, Ariette e Duetti, op. 2*

Barbara Strozzi (1619 - 1977)

Anonymous

Udite amanti la ragione, oh Dio!  
Ch'a lagrimar mi porta:  
Nell'adorato e bello idolo mio,  
Che si fido credei, la fede è morta.

Listen, lovers, to the reason - oh, God!  
for which tears transport me:  
in my beloved and beautiful idol,  
whom I believed faithful, faith is dead.

Vaghezza ho sol di piangere,  
Mi pasco sol di lagrime,  
Il duolo è mia delizia  
E son miei gioie i gemiti.

I am charmed only by weeping,  
I am nourished only by tears,  
Pain is my delight  
And my moans are my joys.

Ogni martire aggradami,  
Ogni dolor diletissimi,  
I singulti mi sanano,

Every anguish gratifies me,  
every sorrow delights me,  
my sobs heal me,

I sospir mi consolano.

Ma se la fede negami  
quell' incostante e perfido,  
almen fede serbatemi  
sino alla morte, O lagrime!

Ogni tristezza assalgami,  
Ogni cordoglio eternisi,  
Tanto ogni male affligami  
Che m'uccida e sotterrimi.

my sighs console me.

But if he denies me faithfulness,  
he who is fickle and treacherous,  
serve me faithfully, at least  
until death, oh grief!

Each tear soothes me,  
my mourning is eternal,  
each wound ails me so much  
that it kills and buries me.

*Apparition* (1987)

George Crumb (1929-2022)

Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

**I. The night in silence under many a star...**

The night in silence, under many a star;  
The ocean shore, and the husky whispering wave,  
whose voice I know  
And the soul turning to thee, o vast and well-veil'd Death.  
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

**II. When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd...**

When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,  
I mourned and yet shall mourn with ever returning spring

**III. Dark mother, always gliding near with soft feet...**

Dark mother, always gliding near with soft feet  
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?  
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all  
I sing thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come unfalteringly.

**IV. Approach, strong deliveress!**

Approach, strong Deliveress!  
When it is so – when thou hast taken them, I joyously sing the dead,  
Lost in the loving, floating ocean of thee,  
laved in the flood of thy bliss, O Death.

**V. Come lovely and soothing death...**

Come lovely and soothing death,  
undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving  
in the day, in the night, to all, to each,  
sooner or later, delicate death.