

the way home
Gregory Feldmann, baritone
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Texts and Translations

Der Wanderer- Franz Schubert
Poem from Georg Lübeck

Ich komme vom Gebirge her;
Es dampft das Tal, es braust das Meer.
Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,
Und immer fragt der Seufzer, wo?
Immer wo?

Die Sonne dünkt mich hier so kalt,
Die Blüte welk, das Leben alt.
Und was sie reden, leerer schall:
Ich bin ein Fremdling überall.

Wo bist du, mein geliebtes Land?
Gesucht, geahnt, und nie gekannt.
Das Land, so hoffnungsgrün,
Das Land, wo meine Rosen blühn,

Wo meine Freunde wandelt gehn,
Wo meine Tote auferstehn,
Das Land, das meine Sprache spricht,
O Land, wo bist du?

Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,
Und immer fragt der Seufzer, wo?
Immer wo?

Im Geisterhauch tönt's mir zurück:
"Dort, wo du nicht bist, dort ist das Glück."

L'horizon chimérique- Gabriel Fauré
Poems by Jean de la ville de Mirmont

La mer est infinie

La mer est infinie et mes rêves sont fous.
La mer chante au soleil en battant les falaises
Et me rêves légers ne se sentent plus d'aise
De danser sur la mer comme des oiseaux souïs.

Le vaste mouvement des vagues les emporte,
La brise les agite et les roule en se plis;
Jouant dans le sillage ils feront une escorte

The wanderer

I come from the mountains,
The valley steams, the sea roars.
I wander silent, am less and less happy,
And constantly my sighs ask, where?
Always where?

The sun seems to me so cold here,
The blossoms faded, life old.
And men's words are hollow noise:
I am a stranger everywhere.

Where are you, my beloved country?
Sought for, yearned for, and never known.
The land, so green with hope,
The land where my roses bloom,

Where my friends walk,
Where my dead rise again,
The land where my language is spoken,
O land, where are you?

I wander silent, am less and less happy,
And constantly my sighs ask, where?
Always where?

In a ghostly whisper the reply calls to me:
"There, where you are not, is happiness."

The chimeric horizon

The sea is infinite

The sea is infinite and my dreams are wild.
The sea sings to the sun and beats the cliffs
And my light dreams are no longer content
To dance on the sea like drunken birds.

The vast movement of the waves carries my dreams
away, The breeze stirs and rolls them in its folds,
Playing in the wake, they make an escort

Aux vaisseaux que mon coeur dans leur fuite a suivis.

Ivres d'air et de sel et brûlés par l'écume
De la mer qui console et qui lave les pleurs,
Il connaîtront le large et sa bonne amertume,
Les goëlands perdus les prendront pour des leurs.

Je me suis embarqué

Je me suis embarqué sur un vaisseau
qui danse, et roule bords sur bords, et tange et se balance.
Mes pieds ont oubliés la terre et ses chemins.
Les vagues souples mont apris d'autre cadences plus belles que le rythme las des chants humains.

A vivre parmi vous, hélas, avais j'une âme?
Mes frères, j'ai souffert sur tous vos continents
Je ne veux que la mer, je ne veux que le vent
Pour me bercer, comme un enfant, aux creux des lames.

Hors du port, qui n'est plus qu'une image effacée,
Les larmes du départ ne brûlent plus mes yeux.
Je ne me souviens pas de mes derniers adieux,
O ma peine, ou vous ai-je laissée?

Diana, Séléné

Diana, Séléné, lune de beau métal
Qui reflètes vers nous par ta face déserte,
Dans l'immortel ennui du calme sidéral,
Le regrets d'un soleil dans nous pleurons la perte.

O lune, je t'en veux de ta limpidité,
Injurieuse au trouble vains des pauvres âmes,
Et mon coeur, toujours las et toujours agité
Aspire vers la paix de ta nocturne flamme.

Vaisseaux, nous vous aurons aimés

Vaisseaux, nous vous aurons aimés en pure perte,
Le derniers de vous tous et parti sur la mer.
Le couchant emporta tant des voiles ouvertes
Que se port, et mon coeur sont a jamais déserts.

La mer vous en rendus a votre destinée
Au de la du rivage où s'arrêtent nos pas,

For the ships, whom my heart has followed on their flight.

Drunk on air and salt, and burned by the foam of a sea that consoles and wipes away tears,
they know the open sea and its good bitterness,
the lost seagulls will mistake my dreams for their own.

I have embarked

I have embarked on a ship
That dances and rolls side to side, and pitches and balances again.
My feet have forgotten the land and its ways.
The supple waves teach me other cadences
More beautiful than the weary rhythms of human songs.

To live among you, alas, had I a soul?
My brothers, I have suffered on all of your continents. I want nothing but the sea, and the wind
To rock me like a child in the trough of its waves.

Far from port, which is no more than a faded image,
The tears of departure no longer burn my eyes.
I no longer remember my last goodbyes,
Oh my pain, where have I left you?

Diana, Selene

Diana, Selene, moon of beautiful metal,
That reflects to us, in your deserted face,
In the eternal monotony of sidereal calm
The regrets of a sun for whose loss we weep.

O moon, I covet your clarity,
Injurious to the vain efforts of pour souls,
And my heart, forever weary and restless
Aspires to the peace of your nocturnal flame.

Ships, we have loved you to no avail

Ships, we have loved you to no avail,
The last of you have departed upon the sea.
The setting sun has carried out so many open sails
that this port and my heart are forever deserted.

The sea has restored you to your destiny
Beyond the shore where our steps must end,

Nous ne pouvions gardés vos âmes enchainées
Il vous faut des lointains que je ne connais pas.

Je suis de ceux dont les désirs sont sur la terre...

Le souffle qui vous grise emplis mon cœur d'effroi,
Mais votre appel, au fond du soir me désespère,

Car j'ai de grands départs inassouvis en moi.

Čtyři písně na slova čínské poezie- Pavel Haas

Czech Translations by Bohumil Mathesius
(1888-1952)

Zaslech jsem divoké husy

Poem by Wei Yingwu (active 8th century)

Domov je tam,
daleko, daleko
Daleko tam, daleko tam.
mělo bys domů,
zbloudilé srdce!
Daleko tam domov.

Za cizí noci,
v podzimním dešti,
když nejvíce studil smutku chladný van:

ve vysokém domě svém
zaslech jsem křik divokých husí:
právě přiletly.

Domov je daleko tam.

V Bambusém háji

Poem by Wang Wei (699-761 AD)

V bambusech nejsou lidé,
v bambusech sedím sám.
Tu na loutnu zahraju tiše,
tu sobě zahvívám.

Kdo, řekněte lidé, kdo ví,
kde v bambusech sedím sám?
Kde v bambusech sedím sám a na východ
srpečku luny bambusem pírám.

Daleko měsíc je domova

Poem by Zhang Jialing (673-740 AD)

We could not keep your spirits captive,
You need distant places that I do not know.

I am one whose desires are on land...

The breeze which intoxicates you fills my heart with
fright, But your call, in the depth of evening makes
me despair,
For I have great departures unfulfilled within me.

Four Songs on Chinese Poetry

I heard the cry of wild geese

My home is there,
Far, far away,
So far away.
You should go home,
Lost, wandering heart!
My home is so far away.

In foreign darkness,
Autumn rain falling,
The coldest moment of the sad night wind:

From the height of my strange home
I hear the cry of wild geese:
They've just flown in.

My home is so far away.

In the bamboo grove

The bamboos screen no people,
The bamboos only hide me alone.
Now I play a soft tune on my lute
Or whistle a quiet tone.

Who, tell me good people, who knows
Where the bamboos hide me, just me?
In the bamboos all alone, in the east
I see a sickle moon through overgrown bamboos.

Far is my home, O Moon

Z temného moře vyrůstá měsíc,
v daleké, zemi teď rozkvétá též.

Láska svůj truchlí daremný sen,
čeká na vzdálený večer.
Jasněji měsíc svítí v hoře mé.
Oblékám noční šat, chladné je jíní.

Ruce mé, kterak jste prázdné,
řici to všechno!

Spánku, sen dej mi o návratu domů!

Spánku, sen nemůžeš dát --
mě toužení stále mne budí...

Probděná noc

Poem by Chan I

Větre se bambus houpá,
na kámen měsíce sed.
Do chvění Mléčné dráhy stín
divoké kachny vzlét.

Na naše shledání myslím.
Víčka má mívá sen.

Zatím co radostí zpívám,
Strak repot vzbouzí den!

Auf der Bruck- Schubert
Poem from Ernst Schulze

Frisch trabe sonder Ruh und Rast,
Mein gutes Ross, durch Nacht und Regen!
Was scheust du dich vor Busch und Ast
Und strauchelst auf den wilden Wegen?
Dehnt auch der Wald sich tief und dicht,
Doch muss er endlich sich erschliessen,
Und freundlich wird ein fernes Licht
Uns aus dem dunkeln Tale grüssen.

Wohl könnt' ich über Berg und Feld
Auf deinem schlanken Rücken fliegen
Und mich am bunten Spiel der Welt,
An holden Bildern mich vergnügen.
Manch Auge lacht mir traulich zu
Und beut mir Frieden, Lieb' und Freude.
Und dennoch eil' ich ohne Ruh

The moon glows from the black darkness of the sea,
In that far land, it is blossoming too.

Love laments its hollow dream,
It waits for a far off evening.
The moon shines brighter through my tears
I put on night clothes, rimefrost chills so much.

Hands of mine, that are so empty
To say everything!

Sleep, give me a dream of going back home!

Sleep, you can give me no dream--
My yearning keeps me awake.

A sleepless night

Bamboos swaying in the wind,
The moon sits on hard stone.
Shadow of wild ducks flying fast
Across the Milky Way.

I am thinking of our meeting again.
My dream like a quivering sun's ray.

And now, while I sing for joy,
The magpie's chatter awakens the day!

On the bridge

Trot briskly without pause or rest,
My good horse, through night and rain!
Why do you shy at bush and branch
And stumble on the wild path?
Though the wood stretches deep and dense
It surely must open up
And kindly, a distant light
Will greet us out of the dark valley.

I can fly well over mountain and field
On your smooth back.
And I behold the colorful play of the world,
And enjoy its fair sights.
Many eyes smile at me invitingly
And offer me peace, love, and joy
And still I hurry without rest

Zurück zu meinem Leide.

Denn schon drei Tage war ich fern
Von ihr, die ewig mich gebunden,
Drei Tage waren Sonn' und Stern
Und Erd' und Himmel mir verschwunden.
Von Lust und Leiden, die mein Herz
Bei ihr bald heilten, bald zerrissen,
Fühlt' ich drei Tage nur den Schmerz,
Und ach! die Freude musst' ich missen!

Weit sehn wir über Land und See
Zur wärmern Flur den Vogel fliegen;
Wie sollte denn die Liebe je
In ihrem Pfade sich betrügen?
Drum trabe mutig durch die Nacht!
Und schwinden auch die dunkeln Bahnen,
Der Sehnsucht helles Auge wacht,
Und sicher führt mich süßes Ahnen.

Mother of Exiles- Iván Enrique Rodríguez
Texts from *The New Colossus* by Emma Lazarus
The Star-Spangled Banner by Francis Scott Key
On the Declaration of Universal Human Rights
by Eleanor Roosevelt

Give me your tired, give me your poor...

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gate shall stand
a mighty woman with a torch whose flame
is the imprisoned lightning and her name,
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
glows worldwide welcome...

...a home and a country should leave us no more
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps
pollution. No refuge could save the hireling or slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth
wave o'er the land of the free...

...her mild eyes command

Back to my pain.

For three days I was away
From her, to whom I'm eternally bound,
For three days the sun and stars
And earth and heaven vanished from me.
For joy and pain, my heart
By her was healed and torn,
I felt for three days only the pain,
And ah, the joy I must have missed!

Far above we see over land and sea
The birds fly to warmer pastures.
How then should love ever
Be betrayed on its path?
Then trot bravely through the night!
And if the dark paths should vanish,
Yearning's bright eye awakens
And sweet foreboding guides me safely onward.

the air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
“Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!” cries she
with silent lips. “Give me your tired, your poor,
your huddled masses yearning to be free,
the wretched refuse of your teeming shore,
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me.
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!”

The central fact is that humans are fundamentally
moral beings. That the light that we have is
imperfect does not matter so long as we are always
trying to improve it. Through that golden door, we
are all equal. We all must have the freedom to
develop our full stature and raise human dignity.

Let us look deep into our souls,
There is so much to be done.

“8980”

Words and music by Gabriel Kahane

The flag was torn on a Tuesday tug of war.
I was standing there in tatters
when the carney took the floor.
Left my cell phone for a suitcase,
Checked the pockets for a clue.
There was an atlas—it reminded me of you.

Chinese Dragon inches toward the boarding gate.
Found my seat and told a joke to break the ice
But it broke too late.
The punchline shattered on the carpet;
All our faces turned to shale
Up the Hudson for a furlough to the rail.

8980 on an overnight train
Crawling back toward the national pain.
I’m a city boy swimming in the Laramie plain,
Looking for something—what it is?
And I just wanna talk to you.

Smoke break, breathing North Dakota in the snow.
Is difference only distance from the people I don’t
know?

'Cause here I am with strangers singing four part
harmony
Of a pasture undivided to the sea.

8980 on an overnight train
Crawling back toward the national pain.
I'm a city boy swimming in the Laramie plain,
Looking for something—what it is?
And I just wanna talk to you.

Last light sinking in an unfamiliar bed.
Crooked shoulder, crooked conversation
Running through my head.
Gonna count the trees and taillights
Til the hour I'm left to dream
Of that pasture undivided to the sea.

Something There for the Future- Shawn Chang
Words from Renea Bush

It's round like a ring that is not supposed to be
broken, like a marriage.
I saw light shine through it,
I saw things through it.

Looking through different glasses,
Sometimes a kaleidoscope
Expanding and changing
Like the world does all the time.

Different views, different centuries,
Different eras, different times

I found it fascinating how it looks in the daytime
Where you can look right across the water from
there and see the Terrace and the Rotunda.

I found it fascinating how it looks at night—
It had different feelings for me
Throughout various years of my life,
Because if you drive by at night
And you're a kid it can be a little scary, a little
spooky,
But you can look at it on a bright, sunny day

With leaves in fall coming down.

When there's a storm overhead, but you see it there.
When sunlight, moonlight is out,
It's a beautiful, beautiful thing.

It's high up on a hill as the church.
It was put there many years ago
To show what people felt—
Work, grit, determination,
Creativity, inventions,
Education through a nation.

When you walk through places
I hope it hits you in your spirit
And you feel something for the past,
You leave something for now,
And put something there for the future.

And that will heal all this,
Will make it work.

Everything is New- Matthew Ricketts
Text from Tom Coote

I grew up in Detroit, a child of the '60s.
We had some classical music,
We had the Detroit Symphony,
And of course, Detroit was Motown:
Aretha Franklin, the Supremes, Stevie Wonder...
(Those people all were local)

Mom took me to the youth concert
And sang in the church choir,
And I remember rehearsals and whatnot,
And wanting very early to play piano.

And they took me when I was five
To my grandmother's church before service started.
I was going to take lessons from the organist,
And they let this little five year old kid
Sit at this big five rank organ
And just pound away and make sounds and
whatnot.

It's a very vivid memory,
And I guess that you could say
That's the start of my life as a pianist,
And I originally wanted to play organ.
But I was told very firmly
That I had to learn piano,
And it never got far beyond that.

And then came to New York for music school,
And here I still am.

Dear Harp of my Country- arr. Benjamin Britten
Poem from Thomas Moore

Dear Harp of my Country, in darkness I found thee.
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long.
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound
thee,
And gave all thy chords to Light, Freedom, and
Song.

The warm lay of love and the light tone of gladness
Have wakened thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill,
But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of
sadness,
That even in thy mirth, it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country, farewell to thy numbers!
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine.
Go sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers
Til touched by some hand less unworthy than mine.

If the pulse of the Patriot, Soldier, or Lover
Have throbbed at our lay, tis thy glory alone.
I was but as the wind passing heedlessly over
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.