

# Salon à Trois

ANN MOSS, SOPRANO   HILLARY NORDWELL, PIANO  
JUSTIN OUELLET, VIOLA

FANNY HENSEL (1805–47)	Nachtwanderer, Op. 7 No. 1 Frühling, Op. 7 No. 3
CÉCILE CHAMINADE (1857–1944)	Au pays bleu L'été
AMY BEACH (1867–1944)	Chanson d'Amour
NANCY BACHMANN	The Dragonfly (Transient Butterfly, 2023)
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REBECCA CLARKE (1886–1979)	Sonata for Viola and Piano, Mvt. 3 (1919)
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4PM, SUNDAY, MAY 12   ST. ANDREW'S LUTHERAN CHURCH  
BELLEVUE, WA

# Salon à Trois

## TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

### Nachtwanderer — poem by Joseph von Eichendorff

Ich wandre durch die stille Nacht,  
Da schleicht der Mond so heimlich sacht  
Oft aus der dunkeln Wolkenhülle,  
Und hin und her im Tal,  
Erwacht die Nachtigall  
Dann wieder alles grau und stille.

I wander through the silent night,  
where the moon slips softly and secretly  
often out of the dark cloud covering,  
and here and there in the valley  
the nightingale wakens,  
then again everything is gray and still.

O wunderbarer Nachtgesang,  
Von fern im Land der Ströme Gang,  
Leis Schauern in den dunkeln Bäumen --  
Irrst die Gedanken mir,  
Mein wirres Singen hier,  
Ist wie ein Rufen nur aus Träumen.

O wonderful night song;  
from far away the stream's path  
is a light shuddering in the dark trees,  
you distract my thoughts,  
my crazy singing here  
is like a call only out of dreams.

### Frühling — Eichendorff

Über'n Garten durch die Lüfte  
Hört' ich Wandervogel ziehn,  
Das bedeutet Frühlingsdüfte,  
Unten fängt's schon an zu blühen.

Above the gardens and across the sky  
I heard migrating birds passing;  
that meant that spring was in the air;  
below, things already begin to bloom.

Jauchzen möcht' ich, möchte weinen,  
Ist mir's doch, als könnt's nicht sein!  
Alte Wunder wieder scheinen  
Mit dem Mondesglanz herein.

I could rejoice, I could weep -  
I feel as though it cannot be!  
Old wonders appear again  
with the moonlight.

Und der Mond, die Sterne sagen's,  
Und im Träumen rauscht's der Hain,  
Und die Nachtigallen schlagen's:  
Sie ist deine! Sie ist dein!

And the moon and stars say it,  
and in a dream the grove murmurs it,  
and the nightingales sing it:  
she is yours! She is yours!



## Au pays bleu — poem by Charles Fustero

C'était là bas, au pays clair, tout baigné d'or,  
Dans l'infini délicieux j'errais encor,  
Je vis soudain devant mes pas ma fiancée,  
Un être doux, tout doux de voix et de pensée.

C'était là bas, au pays clair, au pays bleu,  
A deux genoux, la contemplant je fis l'aveu,  
C'était là bas au pays clair, au pays bleu.  
En s'adorant on se sentait auprès de Dieu.

Des fleurs naissaient pour embaumer notre passage,  
les muguets blancs ne mouraient pas dans son corsage  
Nous écoutions au fond des bois gémir le cor  
C'était là bas au pays clair tout baigné d'or.

C'était là bas, au pays bleu de mon matin,  
Au pays bleu dont j'ai perdu le nom lointain,  
L'âme était gaie, et la beauté coulait des lèvres,  
L'âme était gaie, ni d'ésespoirs,  
ni trahisons, ni lourdes fièvres.

C'était là bas, jeunesse en fleur de ma jeunesse.  
Ce temps rêvé, que faire hélas pour qu'il renaisse!  
L'âme du monde en ce temps là riait encore  
C'était là bas au pays clair tout baigné d'or.

It was there, in the bright land, in golden light,  
I wandered around in the endless deliciousness,  
Suddenly I saw a few steps ahead my fiancée,  
A being so sweet, sweet in voice and in mind.

It was there, in the bright land, in the blue land,  
Contemplating it on my knees I made a vow,  
It was there, in the bright land, in the blue land.  
By contemplating it, one felt close to God.

The flowers only grew to scent our way,  
the lilies of the valley didn't wilt on her bodice.  
Deep in the woods we listened to the trunks groan.  
It was there, in the bright land, in golden light.

It was there, in the blue land of of my youth,  
In the blue land whose name I forgot long ago.  
My soul was carefree, beauty ran from my lips,  
My soul was carefree, without despair,  
nor betrayal, nor obsession.

It was there, in the prime of my youth,  
Those dreamy days, what I'd give to relive them!  
Then the world was all smiles for me  
It was there, in the bright land, in golden light.

## L'Été — poem by Édouard Guinand

Ah! chantez, chantez,  
Folle fauvette, Gaie alouette,  
Joyeux pinson, chantez, aimez!  
Parfum des roses, Fraîches écloses,  
Rendez nos bois plus embaumés!  
*Ah! chantez, aimez!*

Soleil qui dore Les sycamores  
Remplis d'essains tout bruisants,  
Verse la joie, Que tout se noie  
Dans tes rayons resplendissants. *Ah!...*

Souffle, qui passes Dans les espaces  
Semant l'espoir d'un jour d'été.  
Que ton haleine Donne à la plaine  
Plus d'éclat et plus de beauté. *Ah!...*

Dans la prairie Calme et fleurie,  
Entendez-vous ces mots si doux.  
L'âme charmée, L'épouse aimée  
Bénit le ciel près de l'époux! *Ah!...*

Ah, sing, sing,  
foolhardy warbler, happy lark,  
joyous chaffinch, sing and love!  
Scent of roses, freshly released,  
Make our woods more fragrant!  
*Ah! sing and love!*

Sun that gilds the sycamores  
Filled with noisy swarms,  
Pour forth joy, let all drown  
in your resplendent rays. *Ah!...*

Breeze that passes in the spaces  
Sowing the hope of a summer day:  
Let your breath give to the meadow  
More brightness and more beauty. *Ah!...*

In the prairie calm and flourishing,  
Do you hear such sweet words?  
The charmed soul, the beloved wife  
the heavens bless next to her husband! *Ah!...*

## Chanson d'Amour — poem by Victor Hugo

L'aube naît, et ta porte est close!  
Ma belle, pourquoi sommeiller?  
À l'heure où s'éveille la rose  
Ne vas-tu pas te réveiller?  
Ô ma charmante, écoute ici  
L'amant qui chante et pleure aussi!

Toute frappe à ta porte bénie.  
L'aurore dit: Je suis le jour!  
L'oiseau dit: Je suis l'harmonie!  
Et mon cœur dit: Je suis l'amour!

Je t'adore, ange, et t'aime, femme.  
Dieu qui pour toi m'a complété  
A fait mon amour par ton âme,  
Et mon regard pour ta beauté!

Dawn approaches, and your door is closed!  
My beauty, why are you sleeping?  
At the hour when the rose awakens,  
are you not also going to awaken?  
Oh my charming one, listen here  
to the lover who sings and also weeps!

Everything knocks at your blessed door.  
Dawn says, "I am the day!"  
The bird says, "I am harmony!"  
And my heart says, "I am love!"

I adore you, angel, and love you, woman,  
God, who made me for you,  
made my love for your soul,  
and my gaze for your beauty!



"I have been fortunate to have had three overlapping but distinct careers in music. As a younger woman I enjoyed freelancing as a pianist and singer; performing chamber music, solo and duo recitals, coaching and part time teaching. Later I took a full time position as music professor at Los Medanos Community College, heading the piano, theory, and recital programs. Now, retired from teaching, I have turned my focus to composing, a long-neglected love. My lifelong experience as a performer has given me a great respect for the discipline, imagination, and dedication required to bring a piece of music to performance level. When I compose, the performers and the listeners are always close to my heart. Musical composition for me is an act of deep and honest communication. I sincerely desire that my muse will spark the muse of others." —Nancy Bachmann

### **The Dragonfly** —poem by Edna St. Vincent Millay

I wound myself in a white cocoon of singing,  
All day long in the brook's uneven bed,  
Measuring out my soul in a mucous thread;  
Dimly now to the brook's green bottom clinging,  
Men behold me, a worm spun-out and dead,  
Walled in an iron house of silky singing.

Nevertheless at length, O reedy shallows,  
Not as a plodding nose to the slimy stem,  
But as a brazen wing with a spangled hem,  
Over the jewel-weed and the pink marshmallows,  
Free of these and making a song of them,  
I shall arise, and a song of the reedy shallows!

## **A Milkweed**

— poem by **Richard Wilbur**

Anonymous as cherubs  
Over the crib of God,  
White seeds are floating  
Out of my burst pod.  
What power had I  
Before I learned to yield?  
Shatter me, great wind:  
I shall possess the field

**The Avowal — poem by Auguste Villiers de  
l'Isle-Adam, translated by Richard Wilbur**

I have lost the wood, the heath,  
Fresh Aprils long gone by...  
Give me your lips, their breath  
Shall be the forest's sigh.

I have lost the sullen Sea,  
Its glooms, its echoed caves;  
Speak only: it shall be  
The murmur of the waves.

By royal grief oppressed  
I dream of a vanished light...  
Hold me; in that pale breast  
Shall be the calm of night.

Dr. Vartan Aghababian began piano studies at age eight and soon after started composing. His grammar school years were infused with Orff Schulwerke and Dalcroze Eurhythmics; his private studies were augmented to include recorder, oboe and English Horn, voice and dance. His experience includes performances in choirs, orchestras, wind ensembles, solo and chamber performances. He studied with William Bolcom and Leslie Bassett at University of Michigan and with James Hartway at Wayne State University. Upon receiving a diploma in film scoring from Berklee College of Music, he moved to Los Angeles pursue a career as a film music editor with Warner Brothers Studios. After two years in southern California, he returned to Boston to work as a freelance composer, scoring short documentary films and composing on commission. He completed his master's degree in composition at the Longy School of Music, studying with Eric Sawyer. He completed his doctoral studies in composition at Boston University, studying with Samuel Headrick. His music has been performed across the United States, in Asia and Europe. Dr. Aghababian is a member of the music theory and composition faculties at Boston University, MIT and Winchester Community Music School, where he also conducts a chamber orchestra.



British-American composer Rebecca Clarke wrote the Sonata for Viola and Piano in 1919. She had moved to the United States in 1916, after her father disowned her. Internationally renowned as a viola virtuoso, she was one of the first female professional orchestral players. Clarke's Viola Sonata first gained recognition upon its submission to a composition competition sponsored by Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge. Of 72 entries, Clarke's Sonata tied for 1st place with a piece by Ernest Bloch. Despite all the judges favoring Clarke, Bloch was declared the winner — it was decided that awarding Clarke the prize would smack of favoritism on Coolidge's part. Some also suspected that the name "Rebecca Clarke" was a pen-name of a male composer, as few imagined the possibility of a competent woman writing such music. The Sonata was well received at its premiere, at the Berkshire Music Festival in 1919. Along with the Piano Trio of 1921 and the Rhapsody for cello and piano of 1923, it represents the zenith of Clarke's compositional career. The final movement, Adagio, is both pensive and sensual in its language. However, Clarke works in a special surprise: a segue into a restatement of themes from the 1st movement. The sonata ends in a lush and brilliant pyrotechnical display, showing off the ranges of both viola and piano.

### **Liebeszauber — poem by Emanuel von Geibel**

Die Liebe saß als Nachtigall  
Im Rosenbusch und sang,  
Es flog der wundersüße Schall  
Den grünen Wald entlang.

Now Love once like a nightingale  
in rosebush perched and sang;  
with sweetest wonder flew the sound  
along the woodland green.

Und wie er klang, da stieg im Kreis  
Aus tausend Kelchen Duft,  
Und alle Wipfel rauschten leis',  
Und leiser ging die Luft;

And as it rang, there rose a scent  
from ring of thousand buds,  
and all the treetops rustled soft,  
and softer blew the air;

Die Bäche schwiegen, die noch kaum  
Geplätschert von den Höh'n,  
Die Rehlein standen wie im Traum  
Und lauschten dem Getön.

The brooklets silenced, scarcely come  
by splashing from the heights,  
the fawns stood still as if in dream  
and listened to the tone.

Und hell und immer heller floß  
Der Sonne Glanz herein,  
Um Blumen, Wald und Schlucht ergoß  
Sich goldig rother Schein.

And bright and ever brighter flowed  
the sunbeams down inside,  
'round blossoms, wood and gorge it gushed  
with golden red sunshine.

Ich aber zog den Weg entlang  
Und hörte auch den Schall --  
Ach, was seit jener Stund' ich sang,  
War nur sein Wiederhall.

I walked along the path that day  
and also heard that sound.  
Alas! what ever since I've sung  
was just its echo faint.

### **Ich hab' in deinem Auge — poem by Friedrich Rückert**

Ich hab' in deinem Auge den Strahl  
Der ewigen Liebe gesehen,  
Ich sah auf deinen Wangen einmal  
Die Rosen des Himmels stehn

In your eyes I have seen  
The beam of eternal love,  
I once saw upon your cheeks  
The roses of heaven.

Und wie der Strahl im Aug' erlischt,  
Und wie die Rosen zerstieben,  
Ihr Abglanz, ewig neu erfrischt,  
Ist mir im Herzen geblieben.

And as the beam in your eyes fades,  
And as the roses scatter,  
Their reflection, ever refreshed anew,  
Has remained within my heart.

Und niemals werd' ich die Wangen sehn  
Und nie in's Auge dir blicken,  
So werden sie mir in Rosen stehn  
Und es den Strahl mir schicken.

And I shall never see your cheeks  
And never look into your eyes,  
But that your cheeks will be full of roses for me,  
And your eyes will be sending me the beam of love.

## Die stille Lotosblume — Geibel

Die stille Lotosblume  
Steigt aus dem blauen See,  
Die Blätter flimmern und blitzen  
Der Kelch ist weiß wie Schnee.

Da gießt der Mond vom Himmel  
All' seinen gold'nen Schein,  
Gießt alle seine Strahlen  
In ihren Schooß hinein.

Im Wasser um die Blume  
Kreiset ein weißer Schwan,  
Er singt so süß, so leise  
Und schaut die Blume an.

Er singt so süß, so leise  
Und will im Singen vergehn --  
O Blume, weiße Blume,  
Kannst du das Lied verstehn?

The quiet lotus blossom  
sprouts from the pond so blue,  
its leaves all glimmer and sparkle,  
its bud is white as snow.

The moon pours down from heaven  
all of its golden shine,  
pours all its golden moonbeams  
into her blossom heart.

In water 'round the blossom  
circles the whitest swan  
it sings so sweet, so softly  
and gazes on the bloom.

It sings so sweet, so softly  
and would but perish in song.  
O blossom, whitest blossom,  
can you conceive the song?



### Once I Was

— poem by Ricky Ian Gordon

Once I was, I was, I was,  
there were ribbons in my hair  
There were leaves of streaming  
gold everywhere  
If a boy said, "Hello", I would hide,  
trembling so, trembling so  
Now I barely know what the meaning of 'No' is.  
Now I am, I am, I am  
past an audience I stare  
What is gold is how the lights touch my hair  
All the boys turn to men,  
all the leaves change again,  
Still I answer, "Yes" though  
I know what will happen  
As these phases come and go  
Music tells me what I need to know

Ricky Ian Gordon was born on May 15, 1956 in Oceanside, NY and raised on Long Island. After studying piano, composition, and acting, at Carnegie Mellon University, he settled in New York City, where he quickly emerged as a leading writer of vocal music that spans art song, opera, and musical theater. Mr. Gordon's songs have been performed and or recorded by such internationally renowned singers as Renee Fleming, Dawn Upshaw, Nathan Gunn, Judy Collins, Kelli O'Hara, Audra MacDonald, Kristin Chenoweth, Nicole Cabell, the late Lorraine Hunt Lieberson, Frederica Von Stade, Nadine Sierra, Andrea Marcovicci, Harolyn Blackwell, and Betty Buckley, among many others. Among his honors are an OBIE Award, the 2003 Alumni Merit Award for exceptional achievement and leadership from Carnegie-Mellon University, A Shen Family Foundation Award, the Stephen Sondheim Award, The Gilman and Gonzalez-Falla Theater Foundation Award, The Constance Klinsky Award, many awards from ASCAP, of which he is a member, The National Endowment of the Arts, and The American Music Center. Mr. Gordon's works are published by Williamson Music, Carl Fischer Music, and Presser Music and available everywhere.

## A Horse with Wings — Gordon

I wanna cry.  
I wanna feel the world around me  
whirling by.  
I wanna cry for those that live, and  
those that die.  
You sing a lullaby.  
I wanna cry.  
I wanna pray,  
that all my wishes could come true  
after today,  
and should I put a word for you in,  
should I say  
an extra Kyrie?  
I wanna pray.  
I wanna lie.  
I wanna think that things are better  
than they are.  
I wanna think we've gotten further,  
and that far  
is just an inch away.  
I wanna lie.  
A horse with wings,  
I wanna think of things like that  
and other things.  
I want two brothers, one who laughs,  
and one who sings.  
I hope the future brings  
a horse with wings.  
I wanna know  
the things they told me way back then  
were really so.  
I wanna make a little mark  
before I go,  
not barely just get by,  
I wanna fly!

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## The Curse — Millay

Oh, lay my ashes on the wind  
That blows across the sea.  
And I shall meet a fisherman  
Out of Capri,

And he will say, seeing me,  
"What a Strange Thing!  
Like a fish's scale or a  
Butterfly's wing."

Oh, lay my ashes on the wind  
That blows away the fog.  
And I shall meet a farmer boy  
Leaping through the bog,

And he will say, seeing me,  
"What a Strange Thing!  
Like a peat-ash or a  
Butterfly's wing."

And I shall blow to your house  
And, sucked against the pane,  
See you take your sewing up  
And lay it down again.

And you will say, seeing me,  
"What a strange thing!  
Like a plum petal or a  
Butterfly's wing."

And none at all will know me  
That knew me well before.  
But I will settle at the root  
That climbs about your door,

And fishermen and farmers  
May see me and forget,  
But I'll be a bitter berry  
In your brewing yet.

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## One Art — poem by Elizabeth Bishop

The art of losing isn't hard to master;  
so many things seem filled with the intent  
to be lost that their loss is no disaster.

Lose something every day. Accept the fluster  
of lost door keys, the hour badly spent.  
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

Then practice losing farther, losing faster:  
places, and names, and where it was you meant  
to travel. None of these will bring disaster.

I lost my mother's watch. And look! my last, or  
next-to-last, of three loved houses went.  
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

I lost two cities, lovely ones. And, vaster,  
some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent.  
I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster.

—Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture  
I love) I shan't have lied. It's evident  
the art of losing's not too hard to master  
though it may look like (*Write it!*) like disaster.

Graham Sobelman is a music director, pianist, and composer residing in Northern California. His compositions include *Love Is Eternal* (a song-cycle with British lyricist David Kent), a trio of choral pieces premiered by Sacramento choral ensemble RSVP (*A Dozen Fires Alight*) with lyricist Omari Tau, & many other art songs using the poems of Emily Dickinson, Robert Frost, William Shakespeare, and others. He has also written underscoring for *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Orlando* for SacImpulse Theatre and the score for short film, *Lily*. He was commissioned in 2012 to write a piece for the Sacramento Gay Men's Chorus - "Voices Carry." *Songs From Eagle Pond* (featuring Graham's compositions using poetry by Jane Kenyon and Donald Hall) had its first concert reading in Andover, NH in October 2022.

## In Need of Music — Bishop

I am in need of music that would flow  
Over my fretful, feeling fingertips,  
Over my bitter-tainted, trembling lips,  
With melody, deep, clear, and liquid-slow.  
Oh, for the healing swaying, old and low,  
Of some song sung to rest the tired dead,  
A song to fall like water on my head,  
And over quivering limbs, dream flushed to glow!

There is a magic made by melody:  
A spell of rest, and quiet breath, and cool  
Heart, that sinks through fading colors deep  
To the subaqueous stillness of the sea,  
And floats forever in a moon-green pool,  
Held in the arms of rhythm and of sleep.



## Let Evening Come — poem by Jane Kenyon

Let the light of late afternoon  
shine through chinks in the barn, moving  
up the bales as the sun moves down.

Let the cricket take up chafing  
as a woman takes up her needles  
and her yarn. Let evening come.

Let dew collect on the hoe abandoned  
in long grass. Let the stars appear  
and the moon disclose her silver horn.

Let the fox go back to its sandy den.  
Let the wind die down. Let the shed  
go black inside. Let evening come.

To the bottle in the ditch, to the scoop  
in the oats, to air in the lung  
let evening come.

Let it come, as it will, and don't  
be afraid. God does not leave us  
comfortless, so let evening come.