Program

1. And Not Cry Out ('95)      Diane Wong
   David Gibson, cello

2. Squirrel and Surrounding Terrain ('96)
   Erica Beloungie
   Melissa Hughes, flute

3. India Mist (From Feb. 5 On) ('96)      Cybele
   Cybele, piano

4. Recuerdo ('20)  Edna St. Vincent Millay
   What Lips My Lips Have Kissed ('23)
   recited by Elizabeth Williamson
   Leah Muir, piano

5. Sie transit Vana et brevis ('96)      Rebekah Pym
   Bennington Chorus
   Diana Ditmore
   Ann McMullen
   Rebekah Pym
   Keri Towne
   David Gibson, cello
   *interval

6. Bi-Goh (Elegy) ('95)      Yung Wha Son
   David Gibson, cello

7. A Chantar
   La Comtesse de Dia (b. 1140)
   Lisa Paul, alto recorder
   Rebekah Pym, soprano recorder

8. When Soul is Joined to Soul (Op. 62)
   Amy Beach
   poem by Elizabeth Barrett Browning
   Rebecca Zafonte, soprano
   Rebekah Pym, piano

   Nina Sterghiou - First Room
   Marianne Finckel - Second Room
   Diane Wong - Third Room
   Michelle Dawillier - Fourth Room
Program Notes

1. (...And Not Cry Out...) Written in solitude after Karen. This wouldn't/couldn't have happened without Yung Wha-- huge thanks, in hopes of closure, someday. --D.Wong

3. (India Mist) A constant struggle to accept mystery without question. On February 5, '96, in Delhi, a man whom I had seen only in the dreams I had during my first night in India (a week earlier) walked into the inner sanctum of the temple I was at. After eight hours of deliberation, I introduced myself. Yes, Kishi, "...perhaps that plane is more interesting, anyway..." Dedicated to the dreams that India mist has enlivened within me... for better or worse! --Cybele

5. (Sic transit vana et brevis)
Sic transit vana et brevis
gloria mundi et quae
oniginem suam traxit
ex alto non fluxa
sed aeterna et quae
sanctorum est gloria divina
semper crescit eundo.

So passes the hollow, short-lived glory of this world; yet that glory which has its source on high, not passing but eternal, that divine glory which is the saints', increases ever in its course.

--I was just thinking about heaven--
--Thanks to Ed, David, Allen, and the Chorus --R.Pym


7. (A Chantar) Very few poems survive that we know were written by female troubadours, and this is the only one for which we also have her melody.

Besides her location in Dia, all of the biographical information of the Comtessa is sparse and disputed. --L.Paul

8. (When Soul is Joined to Soul)
Oh, wilt thou have my hand,
Dear, to lie along in thine in thine?
As a little stone in a running stream,
it seems to lie and pine.
Now drop the poor pale hand,
Dear, unfit to plight with thine.
Oh wilt thou have my cheek,
Dear, drawn closer to thine own?
My cheek is white, my cheek is worn,
by many a tear run down.
Now leave a little space, Dear,
lest it should wet thine own.
Oh, must thou have my soul,
Dear, commingled with thy soul?
Red grows the cheek
and warm the hand,
the part is in the whole!
Ah! Nor cheeks nor hands keep separate,
When soul is joined to soul, is joined to soul.

Provençal lyrics:

A chantar m'es al cor que non deurie
tant mi rancun lui a qui sui amia
et si l'am mais que nule ren qui sie;
non mi val ren ni belat ni contesie
ne ma bontaz ne monpres ne monsen;
altresi sui enganade et tragide
qu'eusse fait vers cele desavence.

in English:

I must sing of things I'd rather not, so bitter do I feel toward him whom I love more than anything. With him my mercy and fine manners, my beauty, virtue, and intelligence are worthless, for I've been tricked and betrayed as if I were loathsome.