CHANSONS MADECASSES

NAHANDOAVE

NAHANDOAVE, O LOVELY NAHANDOAVE!
The nocturnal bird has begun its cries; 
A full moon shines overhead, 
And the restless dew moistens my hair. 
It's the hour—why can delay you,
NAHANDOAVE, O LOVELY NAHANDOAVE!
The bed of leaves is prepared; 
I have strung it with flowers and sweet-smelling herbs, 
It is worthy of your caresses, NAHANDOAVE...; 
She comes. I have returned and the inhaled breathing 
Caused by a quick step; 
I hear the rustling of the loin-cloth which swathes her; 
'Tis she, NAHANDOAVE, O LOVELY NAHANDOAVE! 
O again your breath, my young friend! 
Rest yourself on my knees; 
Now you wantings your face, how vivified and delicious the movement 
Of your breast beneath the hand that presses it! 
Your smile, NAHANDOAVE, O LOVELY NAHANDOAVE! 
Your kisses penetrate to the soul; 
Your caresses set all my senses ablaze; 
Stop or I shall die, O one die, of voluptuousness, 
NAHANDOAVE, O LOVELY NAHANDOAVE! 
Pleasure passe's like lightning; your gentle breathing weakens, 
Your moist eyes close, your head hangs heavy, 
And your transports fade away in languor, 
Never were I so beautiful; 
NAHANDOAVE, O LOVELY NAHANDOAVE! 
You leave, and I will languish in regrets and desires; 
I will languish until the evening; 
You will return this evening; 
NAHANDOAVE, O LOVELY NAHANDOAVE!

IL EST DOUX...

AQUA! AQUA! MISTRUST THE WHITES, DWELLERS ON THE COAST. 
FROM THE TIME OF OUR FATHERS, WHITE'S DESCENDED ON THIS ISLAND. 
THEY WERE TWO HERE ABANDONED;
LET OUR WOMENFOLK WORK THEM, 
BE JUST, BE GOOD, AND BECOME OUR BROTHERS. 
THE WHITES PRFESS, AND YET THEY MADE SUPPRESSIONS. 
A MUSICAL FORT WAS ERECTED, 
THUNDER WAS ENSLAVED IN 
THE BRONZE MOUTH OF THE CANNON; 
THEIR PRIESTS WANTED TO GIVE US A GOD 
WHOM WE DID NOT KNOW; 
THEY TAUGHT AT LEAST OBEDIENCE 
AND SLAVERY; 
RATHER, DEATH! 
THE CARRIAGE WAS LONG AND TERRIBLE; 
BUT DESPITE THE THUNDERBOLTS 
WHICH THEY STORMED, 
AND WHICH CRUSHED WHALE ARMS, 
THEY WERE ALL EXTERMINATED. 
AQUA! AQUA! MISTRUST THE WHITES! 
WE HAVE SEEN NEW TYRANTS, 
STRONGER AND MORE NUMEROUS, 
PLANTING THEIR PAVILION ON THE STRAND; 
HEAVEN HAS FOUNT FOR US! 
IT HAS CAUSED EARS, 
TEMPESTS AND POISONED WINDS TO FALLEN UPON THEM. 
THEY ARE NO MORE, 
AND WE ARE ALIVE AND FREE. 
AQUA! AQUA! MISTRUST THE WHITES, DWELLERS ON THE COAST...
**THIS IS A SENIOR CONCERT BY**

**JANET GILLESPIE**

**116 FOR NONET (1986)**

LYNN BUCK, FLUTE
GUNNAR SCHONBECK, CLARINET
KATE BRANDT, VIOLIN
JOHN SWAN, VIOLIN
JACOB GLICK, VIOLA
ELIZABETH BRUNTON, CELLO
MICHAEL SEVERENS, CELLO
MAX WEISS, CELLO
DANIEL GORN, CONTRABASS
JANET GILLESPIE, CONDUCTOR

**ELLEN'S ARIA** from **PETER GRIMES**

Benjamin Britten

JANET GILLESPIE, SOPRANO
WILLIE FINCKEL, PIANO

**I WONDER ABOUT THE TREES** (1984)

LIONEL NOWAK

JANET GILLESPIE, SOPRANO
JACOB GLICK, VIOLA

**WE TWO** (1986)

JANET GILLESPIE, SOPRANO
PETER GOLUB, PIANO

**"WE TWO"**

WE TWO ARE LEFT:
I WITH SORROW REVEAL
DISTASTE AND Bitterness;
YOU WITH SORROWFUL
TAKE MY HANDS;
THOUGH EFFICIENCY
YOU SCALD THEIR WEAR.
AS A BOW, LINED WITH EMBERS,
WHERE THE DROOP
GREAT PETALS OF WHITE ROSE,
FORCED BY THE HEAT
TOO SOON TO BREAK.

WE TWO ARE LEFT:
AS A BLANK WALL, THE WORLD,
EARTH AND THE MEN WHO TALK,
SAYING THEIR SPACE OR LIFE
IS GOOD AND GRACIOUS,
WHEN EYES BLANK
AS THAT BLANK SURFACE
THEIR IGNORANCE MISTAKES
FOR FINAL SHELTER
AND A RESTING PLACE.

WE TWO REMAIN:
YET BY WHAT MIRACLE,
SEARCHING WITHIN
THE TANGLES OF MY BRAIN,
I ASK AGAIN,
HAVE WE TWO MET WITHIN
THE MAZE OF DAEDAL PATHS
IN-WOUND AND CLEVERous STONE,
WHERE I ONCE STOOD ALONE?

- H.D. (Hilda Doolittle)

**DREI GESÄNGE, OP. 48**

**SUMMER WEARINESS**

JUST WHEN YOU THINK
IT'S ETERNAL NIGHT,
AN EVENING ARRIVES BEARING KISSES
AND STARS.

JUST WHEN YOU THINK
IT'S ALL, ALL OVER,
IT'S SUDDENLY LIKE CHRISTMAS EVE
OR A LOVELY DAY IN MAY.
SO THANK GOD, AND BE STILL
THAT YOU'RE STILL ALIVE AND KISS;
THERE HAVE TO DIE
WITHOUT A STAR.

**DEATH**

IT'S ALL THE SAME,
WHAT'S THE POINT?!
THIS ONE IS HAPPY,
THAT ONE IS MAD.

WHAT'S THE POINT?!
IT'S ALL THE SAME,
THIS ONE'S FOUND HAPPINESS
AND I'VE FOUND NONE.

**GIRL'S SONG**

THE SUN IS SHINING SO BRIGHTLY,
I'M TIRED, BUT I HAVE TO GO TO THE OFFICE,
AND I'M ALWAYS SO SAD,
IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I'VE BEEN HAPPY.

I DON'T KNOW I CAN'T SAY
WHY THINGS ARE ALWAYS SO HARD FOR ME
ALL THE OTHER GIRLS
GO ABOUT LAUGHING AND CAREFREE.

MAYBE I'LL JUST JUMP IN THE WATER!
OH, IT'S ALL THE SAME TO ME!

**ONE DAY A PIMP CAME AROUND
AND ONE THERE WAS A SUMMER.**

I WANT TO GO INTO A CLOISTER AND PRAY
FOR OTHERS, SO THEY MIGHT HAVE
A BETTER LIFE
THAN HAD MY POOR HEART;
NO STAR, NO PRAYER CAN HELP IT!

- JACOB HARINGER

(TRANS.: JANET GILLESPIE)
Fantasy for Clarinet + Piano (1987)  Janet Gillespie  Claudia Friedlander, Clarinet  Peter Golub, Piano

Chansons Mâdecasses  Maurice Ravel

- N'ahandoù
- Aoua!
- Il est doux...

Janet Gillespie, Soprano  Lynn Buck, Flute/Piccolo  Michael Finckel, Cello  Willie Finckel, Piano

Stage Manager: Chrissy Campanella
Ushers/Running Crew: Dina Emerson + Daisy White
Hospitality: A.M. Russ & Friends
Wardrobe + Styling: Lydia Vivante + Alix Bailey
Poster + Program: Art - Katrina Leestma  Design - Janet Gillespie

Video + Audio Record: Curt Catallo + Kaleb Quenk

Heart-Felt Thanks To: Frank Baker, Michael Downs, Remy Charlip, Allen Shawn, Vivian Fine, Mr. Jeffrey Levine, Willie Finckel, Mike Finckel, Peter Golub, Jack Glück, Lionel Nowak, Milford Graves, Gunnar Schonbeck, Reinhard Mayer, Joan Friedman, A.M. Russ, Chrissy Campanella, Dina Emerson, Daisy White, Curt Catallo, Kaleb Quenk, Katrina Leestma, Lydia Vivante, Alix Bailey, Lynn Buck, Kate Brandt, Elizabeth Brunton, Claudia Friedlander, Dan Gorn, Michael Severens, John Swan, Max Weiss, Susannah Waters, Daisy Goodman, Carol + Walt + Michael Hoesh, Jack Harney, Brian Mindlin, Jim Fournier, my family out west, and the rest of my truly wonderful friends!

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Peter Grimes (1945)

This opera is based on a poem by George Crabbe entitled The Borough. Peter is a simple fisherman in a small village on the east coast of England who has his sights set on improving his lot, both financially and romantically (he plans to propose to the widowed schoolmistress, Ellen Orton). Yet Peter's temper is as fiery as his drive, as tumultuous as the sea which rages around him. All the village knows of his harsh treatment of the young apprentice boy, and when the child dies of dehydration (according to Peter) in a storm at sea, all suspect Peter of murder. Ellen Orton is the only one who shows the scathing gossip and sees good in the man. One day Ellen takes the new apprentice for a walk along the shore and notices a tear in his shirt. Upon further investigation a large bruise is discovered on the boy's neck. The woman sprints in profound sadness and disappointment, realizing that Peter has resumed his abusive behavior. Ellen Banishes her area to the silent boy in the baizlet of the town church. The organ of which discordantly punctuates her song as an eerie reminder of a society anxious to judge and, inevitably, condemn.

Britten had a particular talent for composing vocal music and opera. His operas, especially the first, Peter Grimes—helped revitalize English opera, languishing since the time of Purcell.

Arnold Schönberg (1874-1951)

Drei Gesänge, Op. 48 (1933)

Schönberg wrote the Drei Gesänge in January to February of 1933, concurrent with Hitler's rise to power. These were the last pieces he composed before fleeing Berlin in March 1933. They were published much later, in 1949; evidently he forgot about these songs until he had been in America for several years.

The songs are based on twelve-tone rows, and in this respect serve as a prototype for later vocal works. Schönberg's students Berg and Weber had written songs several years earlier which employed twelve-tone methods, yet the Drei Gesänge are remarkable for their strict adherence to, and lyrical expression of, the principle of dodecaphony.

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Chansons Mâdecasses (1925)

In 1925 Ravel was commissioned by Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge (who also commissioned works by Schoenberg, Stravinsky, etc.) to write a song cycle for voice, flute, cello, & piano. He chose to set three native Madagascan poems translated into French in 1927 by the Creole poet Evariste-Desire de Paulmy. Coolidge planned a grand première of the cycle for Coolidge's 70th birthday, but at that time Ravel suffered a stroke. He recovered, however, and composed the model song, "Jouba." After repeated calls from the audience and the musical decided to play the song a second time, and the (minor) composer León Moreau jumped up and shouted: "Monsieur León Moreau Sten va. He does not wish to listen again to such words while our country is fighting Morocco!"
SEVERAL IN THE AUDIENCE AGREED, AND SOMETHING OF A RIOT EN-
SUED. MOREAU DEPARTED WITH A
SMALL GROUP OF SYMPATHIZERS,
AND "AVAIL" WAS REPEATED AND
ENTHUSIASTICALLY APPLAUDED.
THROUGHOUT THE SCENE RAVEL SAT
QUIETLY AT THE PIANO, NONPLUSED,
AND THE RESULT OF THE AFFAIR WAS
MERELY TO INCREASE HIS AVAIL-
ABILITY AND THE SUCCESS OF THE ENTIRE
CYCLE, WHICH PREMIERED THE
FOLLOWING JUNE. RAVEL CON-
FESSED TO HIS BROTHER THAT
THE CHANSONS MADELEINES
WAS HIS FAVORITE WORK, ALONG
WITH SHEHERAZADE.

OF SOME OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES
RAVEL WROTE: "HOW CAN ONE
COMPOSE MUSIC BY LOGICAL
SYLLOGISMS OR MATHEMATICAL
FORMULAE? IF ONE DOES, IT
LOSES ITS MOST DISTINCTIVE
QUALITY AS THE EXPRESSION OF
HUMAN FEELINGS. MUSIC SHOULD
ALWAYS BE FIRST EMOTIONAL,
AND ONLY THEN INTELLECTUAL."

AT THE SAME TIME, HE WAS
FASCINATED BY ALL TYPES OF
MUSIC, AND SINGLED OUT
CHANSONS MADELEINES AS A
WORK HE COULD NOT HAVE COM-
POSED WITHOUT THE EXAMPLE
OF SCHÖNBERG.

"I WONDER ABOUT THE TREES"

I WONDER ABOUT THE TREES.
WHY DO WE WISH TO BEAR
FOREVER THE NOISE OF THESE
MORE THAN ANOTHER NOISE
SO CLOSE TO OUR DWELLING PLACE?
WE SUFFER THEM BY DAY
TILL WE LOSE ALL MEASURE OF PACE,
AND FIXITY IN OUR JOYS,
AND ACQUIRE A LISTENING EYE:
THEY ARE THAT SPEAKS OF GOING
BUT NEVER GETS AWAY;
AND THAT TALKS NO LESS FOR KNOWING;
AS IT GROWS WISER AND OLDER,
THAT NOW IT MEANS TO STAY.
MY FEET TWIST AT THE FLOOR
AND MY HEAD SWAYS TO MY SHOULDER
SOMETIMES WHEN I WATCH TREES SWAY,
FROM THE WINDOW OR THE DOOR.

I SHALL SET OUT FOR SOMEWHERE,
I SHALL MAKE THE RECKLESS CHOICE
SOME DAY WHEN THEY ARE IN VOICE
AND TOSSING SO AS TO SCARE
THE WHITE CLOUDS OVER THEM ON.
I SHALL HAVE LESS TO SAY,
BUT I SHALL BE GONE.

— ROBERT FROST

SUITE FOR CELLO QUARTET (1986)

JANET GILLESPIE

ELIZABETH BRUNTON, Cello
MICHAEL FINCKEL, Cello
MICHAEL SEVERENS, Cello
MAX WEISS, Cello

DREI GESÄNGE, op. 48

ARNOLD SCHÖNBERG

JANET GILLESPIE, SOPRANO
ALLEN SHAWN, PIANO

"TANGO" FOR VIOLIN + PIANO (1987)

JANET GILLESPIE

KATE BRANDT, VIOLIN
ALLEN SHAWN, PIANO