

Red House Recital: Somnia

Marta Fontanals-Simmons mezzo-soprano

Lana Bode piano

Texts and Translations

John Cage (1912–1992) <i>Dream</i> (1948)	
<i>Spoken: Federico García Lorca</i> (1898–1936) <i>Remanso ('Backwater')</i> • translation: Odaline de la Martinez	
Ya viene la noche. Golpean rayos de luna Un árbol grande se abriga con palabras de cantares. Si tú vinieras a verme por los senderos del aire. Me encontrarías llorando. Ya viene la noche.	Night is coming. The rays of the moon are knocking A large tree wraps up itself with words of songs. If you would come to see me through paths of air. You will find me crying. Night is coming.
Frederic Mompou (1893–1987) <i>Damunt de tu només les flors (Combat del Somni: 'Dream combat', 1942–8)</i> • words: Josep Janés (1913–1959) • translation: Josep Ramon I Olive	
Damunt de tu només les flors Eren com una ofrena blanca: La llum que daven al teu cos Mai més seria de la branca; Tota una vida de perfum Amb el seu bes t'era donada. Tu resplendies de la llum Per l'esguard clos atesorada. iSi hagués pogut ésser sospir De flor! Donar-me, com un lliç, A tu, perquè la meva vida S'anés marcint sobre el teu pit. I no saber mai més la nit, Que al teu costat fóra esvaïda.	Above you naught but flowers. They were like a white offering: The light they shed on your body will nevermore belong to the branch. An entire life of perfume was given to you with their kiss. You were resplendent in the light, treasured by your closed eyes. Could I have been the sigh of a flower! Given myself as a lily, to you, so that my life might wither over your breast. Nevermore to know the night, vanished from your side.
George Crumb (1929–2022) <i>Night (Three Early Songs, 1947)</i> • words: Robert Southey (1774–1843)	
Night How beautiful is night! A dewy freshness fills the silent air; No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain Breaks the serene of heaven: In full-orbed glory yonder Moon divine	

<p>Rolls through the dark-blue depths. Beneath her steady ray The desert circle spreads, Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky. How beautiful is night!</p>	
<p>Frederic Mompou Aquesta nit un mateix vent (Combat del Somni) • words: Josep Janés (‘Tonight the same wind’) • translation: Josep Ramon I Olive</p>	
<p>Aquestra nit un mateix vent I una mateixa vela encesa Devien dur el teu pensament I el meu per mars on la tendresa Es torna música i cristall.</p> <p>El bes se'ns feia transparència - Si tu eres l'aigua, jo el mirall - Com si abracéssim una absència.</p> <p>¿El nostre cel fóra, potser, Un somni etern, així, de besos Fets melodia, i un no ser De cossos junts i d'ulls encesos Amb flames blanques, i un sospir D'acariciar sedes de llir?</p>	<p>Tonight the same wind and the same gleaming sail are bearing your thoughts and mine across seas where tenderness turns to music and crystal.</p> <p>Our kiss became transparent – if you were the the water, I was the mirror – it was as though we embraced a void.</p> <p>Is our heaven, perhaps, an eternal dream of kisses made melody – an incorporeal union, with burning eyes and white flames and a sigh as if caressing silken lilies?</p>
<p>Nico Muhly (b.1981) Quiet Music (2005)</p>	
<p><i>Spoken:</i> Astrid Andersen (1915–1985) Hestene står i regnet (‘Horses standing in the rain’) translation: Annabelle Despard</p>	
<p>Hestene står i regnet Når mitt sinn er fylt av drømmer, mere dunkle, mere fjerne enn min tanke kan forklare, mere ville, mere hete enn mitt hjerte kan forstå, vil jeg bare stå i regnet slik som hester står i regnet på en bred og saftig slette mellom tunge fjell, som her. Stå og kjenne kroppen suge dette svale, sterke, våte, som i strie strømmer siler over ansikt, hår og hender. Likne skogen der den suger, som et barn, av himlens bryster. Likne sletten, full av sødme, sitrende av fromt begjær. Slik som hester står i regnet, lutende, med våte flanker, og lar duft av muld og væte drive sterkt og søtt i sinnet, vil jeg stå og bare være og la himmel-yret falle, inntil tanken fri for feber følger drømmene til klarhet i en steil og stille ro.</p>	<p>Horses standing in the rain When my mind is filled with dreams, vagner, more distant than my thought can explain, wilder, more heated than my heart can understand, all I want is to stand in the rain like horses standing in the rain on a lush and sweeping plain between the heavy hills, like here. To stand and feel my body sucking this wetness, cool and strong, streaming down in torrents over my face, my hair and hands. Being like the forest sucking as an infant from the breasts of heaven. Like the plain, full of sweetness, quivering with mild desire. Like horses standing in rain, bowed with wet flanks, letting the scent of loam and wetness drift strong and sweet through the mind, all I want is to stand and be letting the heaven-drizzle trickle, until my thought fever-free follows my dreams to clarity in a stubborn silent calm.</p>
<p>Ethel Smyth (1858–1944) Requiés (Three Moods of the Sea, 1913) • words: Arthur Symons (1865–1945)</p>	

<p>Requies O is it death or life that sounds Like something strangely known In this subsiding out of strife, This low sea monotone?</p> <p>A sound scarce heard through sleep Murmurs as the August bees That fill the forest hollows deep About the roots of trees.</p> <p>O is it death or life, or is it Hope or memory That quiets all things with this breath Of the eternal sea?</p>	
<p>Frederic Mompou Ara no sé si et veig, encar (Combat del Somni) • words: Josep Janés (‘I know not now whether I can still see you’) • translation: Josep Ramon I Olive</p>	
<p>Ara no sé si et veig, encar. Els ulls et miren, i voldria que aixó fos veure’t. Si sabia que et veig i et sé, com fóra avar</p> <p>de poder dir que cap mirall del món, ni l’aigua més serena no et saben dir; que sols alena un pit que estimi el que el cristall</p> <p>no veu ni diu! Si fos així! Que tu només fossis en mi! Lluny dels meus ulls, tan limitada,</p> <p>tan reduïda a gest, a esguard, a imatge, a veu, que jo fos part de tu, vivent per ma mirada.</p>	<p>I know not now whether I can still see you. My eyes gaze upon you, and I wish that I could see you. If I could see and know you, how eager I should be</p> <p>to be able to say that no mirror in the world, nor the calmest water can speak of you; for a soul that loves is nourished only by that which the glass</p> <p>neither sees nor reflects! If only it were so! Would that you were in me! Far away from my eyes, so small,</p> <p>so diminished your gesture, your glance, your image, your voice, that I were part of you, living through my gaze.</p>
<p>Frederic Mompou Fes-me la vida transparent (Combat del Somni) • words: Josep Janés (‘Make my life transparent’) • translation: Josep Ramon I Olive</p>	
<p>Fes-me la vida transparent, com els teus ulls; torna ben pura la mà meva, il al pensament duu-m’hi la pau. Altra aventura no vull, sinó la de seguir l’estela blanca que neixia dels teus camins. I no llanguir per ser mirall d’uns ulls. Voldria ser com un riu oblidatís que es lliura al mar, les aigües pures de tota imatge amb un anheli de blau. I ser llavors feliç de viure lluny d’amors obscures amb l’esperança del teu cel.</p>	<p>Make my life transparent, like your eyes; make my hand wholly pure, and to my thoughts bring peace. I desire no other adventure than to follow the white wake created by your passage, nor to languish for being the mirror of your eyes. I would wish to be like an oblivious river that abandons itself to the sea, the pure waters of every image, yearning for the blue. And to be happy then, living far from dark loves with hope for your heaven.</p>
<p>Natalie Klouda (b.1984) Dream Morphing (Nightscapes 2020)</p>	
<p>Ingrid Stölzel (b.1971) Darest thou now, O Soul (Soul Journey, 2014) • words: Walt Whitman (1819–1892)</p>	

<p>Darest thou now, O soul, Walk out with me toward the unknown region, Where neither ground is for the feet nor any path to follow? No map there, nor guide, Nor voice sounding, nor touch of human hand, Nor face with blooming flesh, nor lips, nor eyes, are in that land.</p> <p>I know it not, O soul, Nor dost thou, all is a blank before us, All waits undreamed of in that region, that inaccessible land.</p> <p>Till when the ties loosen, All but the ties eternal, Time and Space, Nor darkness, gravitation, sense, nor any bounds bounding us.</p> <p>Then we burst forth, we float, In Time and Space, O soul, prepared for them, Equal, equipt at last, (O joy! O fruit of all!) them to fulfil, O soul.</p>	
<p>Hans Eisler (1898–1962) Und endlich stirbt die Sehnsucht doch (1953) • words: Richard Engländer (1889–1966) (‘And in the end love dies away’) • translation: Lana Bode</p>	
<p>Ich Wollte mein Gedicht Könnte singen. Denn ich höre eine Stimme, immer wieder eine Stimme hinter den Wörtern, nach denen ich suche, die nach mir suchen. Wörter, die nichts mehr wiegen, leicht sind leichter geworden sind aud der Suche nach einer Stimme ihrer Stumme, die das Schweigen bricht, endlich bricht.</p>	<p>I wished my poem could sing. Because I hear a voice, always again a voice behind the words, for that which I am searching for is also searching for me. Words, that weigh nothing, are light and have become lighter in the search for a voice, their voice, which breaks the silence, breaks endlessly.</p>
<p>Hans Eisler (1898–1962) Und endlich stirbt die Sehnsucht doch (1953) • words: Richard Engländer (1889–1966) (‘And in the end love dies away’) • translation: Dina Levias</p>	
<p>Und endlich stirbt die Sehnsucht doch Wie Blüten sterben im Kellerloch, die täglich auf ein bißchen Sonne warten. Wie Tiere sterben, die man lieblos hält, Und alles Unbetreute in der Welt!</p> <p>Man fragt nicht mehr: “Wo wird sie sein?” Ruhig erwacht man, ruhig schläft man ein. Wie in verwehte Jugendtage blickst du zurück Und irgend jemand sagt dir leise: “s ist dein Glück!”</p> <p>Da denkt man, daß es vielleicht wirklich so ist, Wundert sich still, daß man doch nicht froh ist..</p>	<p>And in the end love dies away, as flowers wilt, when in a lightless place in vain to glimpse the sunshine's rays. It dies, as animals for whom we have no feelings, and all the world's love-starved and neglected beings.</p> <p>No longer do I fret, “Where will she be?” I wake up peacefully, and peacefully I sleep. As I look back to bygone youthful years I hear a whisper in my ears: "this is a lucky turn for you".</p> <p>and think, maybe it is truly so. Still, quietly I wonder: but where is the joy ?</p>
<p>Peter Liebeson (1946–2011) Atmen, du unsichtbares Gedicht! (Rilke Songs, 2001) • words: Rainer Maria Rilke (1875–1926) (‘Breathing! You invisible poem!’) • translation: Marta Fontanals-Simmons</p>	
<p>Atmen, du unsichtbares Gedicht! Immerfort um das eigne Sein rein eingetauschter Weltraum. Gegengewicht, in dem ich mich rhythmisch ereigne.</p> <p>Einzig Welle, deren allmähliches Meer ich bin; sparsamstes du von allen möglichen Meeren, -- Raumgewinn.</p> <p>Wieviele von diesen Stellen der Räume waren schon innen in mir. Manche Winde sind wie mein Sohn.</p> <p>Erkennst du mich, Luft, du, voll noch</p>	<p>Breathing! You invisible poem! Continual pure exchange of world-space with your own being. Counterweight in which I rhythmically beat.</p> <p>Single wave, whose gradual sea I am: most economical or all possible Seas, – Space gain.</p> <p>How many of these parts of Space were already within me. Some winds are like my son.</p> <p>Do you recognise me, air, you still full of places</p>

<p>einst meiniger Orte ? Du, einmal glatte Rinde, Rundung und Blatt meiner Worte.</p>	<p>once mine? You, once smooth bark trunk and leaf of my words.</p>
<p>Spoken: Lou Harrison (1917–2003) May Rain • words: Elsa Gidlow (1898–1986)</p>	
<p>May rain falls quietly, More quietly on the heart than love's words Or the peace of love's sleep</p> <p>Scented with wet plum bloom And singing, May rain comes down And none knows how deep</p> <p>Is earth's content, How deep, how deep is earth's joy in this rain Down to her deep root;</p> <p>And the seed is content, The exploring root, the bulb slow swelling And the triumphant shoot</p>	
<p>Ethel Smyth After Sunset (Three Moods of the Sea) • words: Arthur Symons</p>	
<p>After Sunset The sea lies quieted beneath The after sunset flush That leaves upon the heap'd grey clouds The grapes faint purple blush.</p> <p>Pale, from a little space in heaven Of delicate ivory. The sickle moon and one gold star Look down upon the sea.</p>	
<p>George Crumb Wind Elegy (Three Early Songs) • words: Sara Teasdale (1884–1933)</p>	
<p>Wind Elegy Only the wind knows he is gone, Only the wind grieves, The sun shines, the fields are sown, Sparrows mate in the eaves; But I heard the wind in the pines he planted And the hemlocks overhead, "His acres wake, for the year turns, But he is asleep," it said.</p>	
<p>Frederic Mompou Jo et pressentia com la mar (Combat del Somni) • words: Josep Janés</p>	
<p>(‘I sensed you were like the sea’)</p> <p>Jo et pressentia com la mar I com el vent, immensa, lliure, Alta, damunt de tot atzar I tot destí. I en el meu viure,</p> <p>Com el respir. I ara que et tinc Veig com el somni et limitava. Tu no ets un nom, ni un gest. No vinc A tu com a la imatge blava</p> <p>D'un somni humà. Tu no ets la mar, Que és presonera dins de platges, Tu no ets el vent, pres en l'espai.</p> <p>Tu no tens límits; no hi ha, encar, Mots per a dir-te, ni paisatges Per ser el teu món - ni hi seran mai.</p>	<p>I sensed you were like the sea, and like the wind, immense, free, towering above all hazard and all destiny. And in my life</p> <p>like breathing. And now that I have you, I see how limiting my dream had been. You are neither name or gesture. Nor do I come to you as a hazy image</p> <p>of a human dream. You are not the sea, which is confined between beaches, you are not the wind, caught in space.</p> <p>You are boundless; there are as yet no words to express you, nor landscapes to form your world – nor will there ever be.</p>