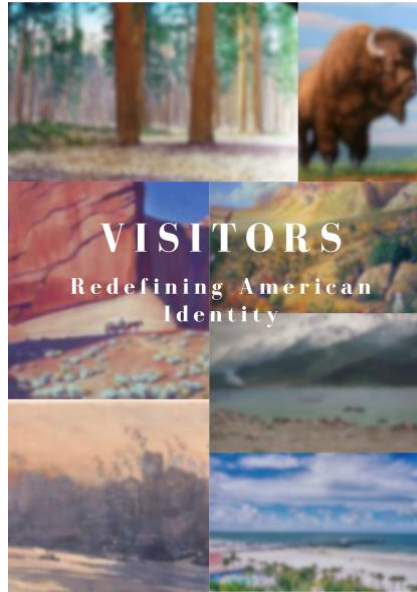


Visitors

An American Song Recital

Redefining American Identity through the Immigrant Experience



Sarah Nalty, soprano
Abbeagael Greene, mezzo-soprano
Jun Yang, tenor
Nomin Samdan, piano

in collaboration with



Old Dutch Church, Kingston, NY
Tuesday, November 28, 2023, 8pm

Land Acknowledgement

It is with gratitude and humility that we acknowledge that we are learning, speaking and gathering on the ancestral homelands of the Munsee and Muhheaconneok people, who are the indigenous peoples of this land. Despite tremendous hardship in being forced from this land, today their community resides in Wisconsin and is known as the Stockbridge-Munsee Community. We pay honor and respect to their ancestors past and present as we commit to building a more inclusive and equitable space for all.

In exploring themes of immigration, physical land, and homeland, we must also recognize that we stand on stolen land. Within our performance, we have included poems from living Indigenous poets from tribes and nations across the country. We encourage our audience to engage with their words, continue to seek out work by Indigenous authors and artists, and consider the land you stand on in your day-to-day lives.

About This Recital

Visitors seeks to reframe notions of American identity through the lens of the immigrant experience. Tonight's music includes a vast diversity of language, geography and time period, and features works by American composers with texts by non-American poets, songs by immigrant composers, as well as readings of poetry by Native American authors. This concert highlights the variety of languages, cultures and traditions that come together to make up America, with a special emphasis on how those who are often "othered" are interwoven into the fabric of American society and form an invaluable part of our arts and cultural landscape.

The Reher Center for Immigrant Culture and History was founded in 2002 out of the former Reher's Bakery in Kingston's historic Rondout neighborhood. Left untouched since the 1980's, the Center restored the Jewish bakery's storefront to its 1950's appearance, and now leads educational tours about the workings of Reher's Bakery and the history of the family and the immigrant community in Kingston. Through events and exhibitions in their gallery space, The Reher Center amplifies immigrant voices across history and provides a place for the community to come together and share their experiences.

The **Graduate Vocal Arts Program** at **Bard Conservatory** is a unique Master of Music program in Vocal Arts. Created to prepare the young singer for the special challenges of pursuing a professional life in music in the 21st century, this two-year MM degree program balances a respect for established repertory and expressive techniques with the flexibility and curiosity needed to keep abreast of evolving musical ideas. Students work on operatic, art song, chamber music, and new music repertoire throughout the coursework of the program. Operatic repertoire is studied and performed throughout the curriculum and in fully staged productions at the Richard B. Fisher Center for the Performing Arts. The program also includes a strong practical component, with seminars and classes on career skills led by some of the leading figures in arts management and administration.

Program

-Connection to Physical Land-

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Robert Southey (1774-1843)

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The Earth

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On the Seashore of Endless Worlds

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Sappho (c. 610-570 BCE)

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A Farewell to Land

-Homeland-

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What I Believe

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Do not go, my love

John Harbison
Mirabai

Why Mira Can't Go Back to Her Old House

Mikhl Gelbart (1889-1962)
Mordkhe Gebirtig (1877-1942)

Es brent

Ofer Ben-Amots (b. 1955)
Miriam Raymond

Sivda de mi chikes

Alan Louis Smith (1955-2023)
compiled by Paul E. Sigrist

Max S.
from *Vignettes: Ellis Island*

-short pause-

-New Home, the USA-

Layli Long Soldier (b. 1973)

Obligations 2

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H.T. Burleigh (1866-1949)
W.E. Henley (1849-1903)

The spring, my dear, is no longer spring

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H.T. Tsiang (1899-1971)

Sacco, Vanzetti

Alan Louis Smith (1955-2023)
compiled by Paul E. Sigrist

Catherine
Anna
From *Vignettes: Ellis Island*

Rebecca Clarke (1886-1979)
W.B. Yeats (1865-1939)

The Cloths of Heaven

-Homesickness and Hope-

Joan Naviyuk Kane (b. 1977)

Visitors

Kurt Weill (1900-1950)
Walter Mehring (1896-1981)

Wie lange noch

Jihyun Kim (b. 1989)
Ishion Hutchinson (b. 1983)

Moved by the Beauty of Trees

Tania León (b. 1943)
Carlos Pintado (b. 1974)

Mi amor es

Lazar Weiner (1897-1982)
H. Leivick (1888-1962)

Ergets vayt

Lazar Weiner
L. Magister (1887-1965)

A nigun

Program Notes

Section 1: Connection to Physical Land

Night

George Crumb (1929-2022)
Robert Southey (1774-1843)

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
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!

Night is the first of **George Crumb's** *Three Early Songs*, composed when he was just 17 years old. Crumb published these songs at the young age of eighteen, and while they are not as angular as many of his later works, they are representative of the distinct way in which Crumb would play with time and silence as text-painting elements throughout his career. The text, written by 18th-century English Poet Laureate **Robert Southey**, reflects on the beauty of the moon shining down onto the darkened Earth. Southey describes a glittering and beautiful night, whose “dewy freshness fills the silent air.” Phrases filled with action are contrasted by a beautiful stillness depicted in the poetry, indicating the steadfastness of the beauty of night. Within the context of this program, “Night” serves as a beautiful reminder: no matter where on Earth you stand, you will always admire the same moon as those you love most.

The Earth (1997)

Navarre Scott Momaday (b. 1934)
Kiowa Nation

Once in his life a man ought to concentrate his mind upon the remembered earth, I believe. He ought to give himself up to a particular landscape in his experience, to look at it from as many angles as he can, to wonder about it, to dwell upon it.

He ought to imagine that he touches it with his hands at every season and listens to the sounds that are made upon it. He ought to imagine the creatures there and all the faintest motions of the wind. He ought to recollect the glare of noon and all the colors of the dawn and dusk.

For we are held by more than the force of gravity to the earth. It is the entity from which we are sprung, and that into which we are dissolved in time. The blood of the whole human race is invested in it. We are moored there, rooted as surely, as deeply as are the ancient redwoods and bristlecones.

From The Man Made of Words. Copyright ©1997 by N. Scott Momaday.

Kiowa poet **Navarre Scott Momaday** is a Pulitzer Prize-winning author and poet. Momaday was raised on the Navajo, Apache, and Jemez Pueblo territories in the southwest; his parents both taught on the reservation; his father also worked as a professional artist, and his mother was a writer. His book *House Made of Dawn* (1968) established Momaday as a leading figure in American literature and won the Pulitzer Prize for Fiction. Momaday has since used his success as a way to shed light on the many Indigenous authors and poets sharing their ancestral stories through the forms of classical literature and poetry. In addition to the Pulitzer Prize, Momaday has also received a National Medal of the Arts and a Guggenheim Fellowship in recognition of his work as an artist and poet; he is Regents Professor of the Humanities at the University of Arizona (Professor Emeritus), where he has been teaching since 1982.

**On the Seashore of Endless Worlds
(1914)**

**John Alden Carpenter (1876-1951)
Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941)**

On the seashore of endless worlds children meet.
The infinite sky is motionless overhead and the restless water is boisterous. On the
seashore of endless worlds the children meet with shouts and dances.
They build their houses with sand and they play with empty shells. With withered leaves
they weave their boats and smilingly float them on the vast deep. Children have
their play on the seashore of worlds.
They know not how to swim, they know not how to cast nets. Pearl fishers dive for pearls,
merchants sail in their ships, while children gather pebbles and scatter them again.
They seek not for hidden treasures, they know not how to cast nets.
The sea surges up with laughter, and pale gleams the smile of the sea-beach. Death-dealing
waves sing meaningless ballads to the children, even like a mother while rocking her
baby's cradle. The sea play with children, and pale gleams the smile of the sea-beach.
On the seashore of endless worlds children meet. Tempest roams in the pathless sky, ships
get wrecked in the trackless water, death is abroad and children play. On the
seashore of endless worlds is the great meeting of children.

John Alden Carpenter was among the first composers to incorporate jazz and ragtime influences within his music as he looked to capture an "American Sound." He was also inspired by the modern music of his time, as well as the French Impressionism movement, which he leans heavily into with this composition. **Rabindranath Tagore** was a very influential Indian writer, notably the first non-European author to win a Nobel Prize in Literature (1913). In **On the Seashore of Endless Worlds**, Carpenter evokes a very natural vocal melody line from Tagore's poetry while allowing the piano to bloom, covering a wide range of notes with its wave-like motions. The tenderness of the vocal line allows for a full and bright sound and encourages the piano to support the painting of the scene within the text. The combination of the poetry and music captures the youthful energy of children who gather and spend their time in a familiar place, creating a community with each other called home.

The Clouds (1982)
from *Mirabai Songs*

John Harbison (b. 1938)
Mirabai (1498-1547)
trans. By Robert Bly (1926-2021)

When I saw the dark clouds, I wept, O Dark One, I wept at the dark clouds.
Black clouds soared up, and took some yellow along; rain did fall, some rain fell long.
There was water east of the house, west of the house; fields all green.
The one I love lives past those fields; rain has fallen on my body, on my hair, as I wait in the
open door for him.
The Energy that holds up mountains is the energy Mirabai bows down to.
He lives century after century, and the test I set for him he has passed.

Mirabai was a 16th century mystic poet in medieval India. She became ostracized by her family and contemporary society after refusing to commit *sati*, or burning herself alive on her husband's funeral pyre after his death in battle. Forced into an earthly marriage, she instead devoted herself to Krishna, whom she declared as her true husband. Her religious beliefs and practices led to years of persecution, and she survived multiple assassination attempts by her husband's family. Mirabai's devotional poems and hymns to Krishna are used by Hindus to this day, and today she is recognized as a saint and folk legend. **John Harbison's** *Mirabai Songs*, from which two selections will be presented tonight, were written in 1982 using a translation from the original Rajasthani by Robert Bly. **The Clouds** depicts Mirabai's longing for Krishna (the "Dark One") and her connection to him through the land and nature around her. She evokes the rain, water, fields, and mountains around as the energy that carries Krishna's spirit to her. As people, our connection to the land around us can have strong spiritual meaning, and can reach far beyond the reaches of time and place.

**Love Let the Wind Cry... How I Adore
Thee! (1961)**

Love let the wind cry
On the dark mountain,
Bending the ash trees
And the tall hemlocks
With the great voice of
Thunderous legions,
How I adore thee.

Let the hoarse torrent
In the blue canyon,
Murmuring mightily
Out of the gray mist
Of primal chaos
Cease not proclaiming
How I adore thee.

Let the long rhythm
Of crunching rollers,
Breaking and bursting
On the white seaboard
Titan and tireless,
Tell, while the world stands,
How I adore thee.

**Undine Smith Moore (1904-1989)
Sappho (c.610-570 BCE)**

Love, let the clear call
Of the tree cricket,
Frailest of creatures,
Green as the young grass,
Mark with his trilling
Resonant bell-note,
How I adore thee.

But, more than all sounds,
Surer, serener,
Fuller of passion
And exultation,
Let the hushed whisper
In thine own heart say,
How I adore thee.

Undine Smith Moore's Love Let the Wind Cry is a triumphal proclamation of a devout and all-consuming love, illustrated through lush depictions of natural phenomena.

Sappho's poetry is full of natural imagery: the poet speaks of a love that bends the trees and rivals the thunder in its loud proclamation, and the alliteration peppered throughout the poetry functions in a way that is onomatopoeic, allowing the singer to serve as both emotional narrator and demonstrator of natural phenomena. Smith Moore's compositional style is lush and Romantic, reminiscent of Mahler and Strauss' Lieder. In this program, *Love Let the Wind Cry* reinforces the concept of connection between physical land and our emotions. We approach this text as a love letter not just to one person, but to a physical location- an admiration for the physical landscape of home that is greater than any barrier one could fathom.

A Farewell to Land (1925)

Charles Ives (1874-1954)
Lord Byron (1788-1824)

Adieu, adieu! My native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The Night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon Sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land – Good Night!

Quintessentially American composer **Charles Ives**, largely unknown during his career, is today recognized as a developer of American modernism. Born in Danbury, CT, he was active in his community, writing hymns for the local church and fight songs for the Yale University football team. During the day, he was a run of the mill insurance salesman, but as a composer, he embraced techniques of bi-and polytonality, cluster chords, and the incorporation of American folk and popular music. **Lord Byron** was a leading Romantic poet in England, known for his longer narrative poems, like *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, from which **A Farewell to Land's** text is excerpted. In the work, Harold, a young man disillusioned with life, seeks purpose and distraction in "foreign lands". As he travels, he contemplates each land's past and present, and the long reaches of war and renewal. It is an example of the "Byronic Hero", "hich'strongly influenced European Romanticism. Ives' atonal writing begins softly, brea"Ing 'ut Into the chaotic ocean waves, before ending at the very bottom of the singer's range. We close our first section here, as we can experience feelings of melancholy and chaos when beginning our journey away from the ground we call home.

Section 2: Homeland

What I Believe (2019)

Kimberly Blaeser (b. 1955)
White Earth Ojibwe Nation

after Michael Blumenthal

I believe the weave of cotton
will support my father's knees,
but no indulgences will change hands.

I believe nothing folds easily,
but that time will crease—
retrain the mind.

I believe in the arrowheads of words
and I believe in silence.

I believe the rattle of birch leaves
can shake sorrow from my bones,
but that we all become bare at our own pace.

I believe the songs of childhood
follow us into the kettles of age,
but the echoes will not disturb the land.

I believe the reach of the kayak paddle
can part the blue corridor of aloneness,
and that eyes we see in water are never our own.

Poem copyright ©2019 by Kimberly Blaeser, "What I Believe" from Copper Yearning, (Holy Cow! Press, 2019.)

Kimberley Blaeser is a poet, journalist, naturalist, and professor. An enrolled member of the Chippewa White Earth Nation, Blaeser actively champions the work of other Indigenous artists as the founding director of *In-Na-Po* (Indigenous Nation Poets). Much of Blaeser's work exists in a hybrid form, combining visual arts and words to create picto-poems, ekphrastic pieces, extended narratives, haiku poems, and many pieces that incorporate the Anishinaabe language. She was the former Wisconsin Poet Laureate and has received many honors, including a Lifetime Achievement Award from the Native Writers' Circle of America. Her hybrid visual poems have been included in many prolific gallery exhibits, including "Ancient Lights" and "Nomorestolensisters."

My Native Land (1897)

Charles Ives (1874-1954)
Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)
trans. Unknown

My native land now meets my eye,
The old oaks raise their boughs on high,
Violets greeting seem,
Ah! 'tis a dream.

And when in distant lands I roam,
My heart will wander to my home;
While these visions and fancies teem,
Still let me dream.

It is speculated that **Charles Ives** composed **My Native Land** as a part of an assignment during his first several years while studying at Yale University. Ives, who is considered to be one of the greatest American composers, is very generous with his signature experimental harmonies within the piece. The text is a translation of **Heinrich Heine's** poetry by an unknown poet. Heine was a very influential German poet and writer within the Romantic Era. His poetry was widely used by composers such as Schubert and Schumann for Lieder. Ives, using a translation of Heine's poem, gives a rich sound within the piano line, filling every space with tight harmonies which elevate the rather simple vocal line. This produces a very r'solu'e and nostalgic sound, reflecting one's pride of their homeland and their desire to dream about their home while traveling in lands far away.

Do not go, my love (1917)

Richard Hageman (1881-1966)
Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941)
trans. Unknown

Do not go, my love, without asking my leave.
I have watched all night, and now my eyes are heavy with sleep;
I fear lest I lose you when I am sleeping.
I start up and stretch my hands to touch you.

I ask myself, "Is it a dream?"
Could I but entangle your feet with my heart,
And hold them fast to my breast!
Do not go, my love, without asking my leave.

Do not go, my love serves as a nod to the perspective of family and friends left behind when one leaves their “native land.” In this song, we shift our attention to the feelings of those left behind. Poet **Rabindranath Tagore**, whose work was championed by many prolific poets, including William Butler Yeats, shares the story of a pleading lover, begging their paramour to stay for the very last time. Dutch-born composer **Richard Hageman** creates a dialogue between the piano and the voice; every time the voice sings “Do not go my love/without asking my leave,” the piano answers with a similar melodic motif. Hageman chooses to emphasize this line in the voice through an increased level of volume, and emphasizes the piano response by urging the pianist to play with a weightier sound. However, this pattern is broken in the final repetition of this phrase; instead of the singer’s volume increasing, this final plea is sung more quietly than any other words in the piece. The weight in the piano remains, and illustrates for this listener a final plea met with heavy footsteps, a shut door, and a sense of emptiness as the one we love leaves for a new life without us.

Why Mira Can’t Go Back to Her Old House (1982)
from *Mirabai Songs*

John Harbison (b. 1938)
Mirabai (1498-1547)
trans. By Robert Bly (1926-2021)

The colors of the Dark One have penetrated Mira’s body; all the other colors washed out.
Making love with the Dark One and eating little, those are my pearls and my carnelians.
Meditation beads and the forehead streak, these are my scarves and my rings.
That’s enough feminine wiles for me. My teacher taught me this.
Approve me or disapprove me: I praise the Mountain Energy night and day.
I take the old ecstatic path. I don’t steal money. I don’t hit anyone.
What will you charge me with? I have felt the swaying of the elephant’s shoulders;
And now you want me to climb on a jackass? Try to be serious.

For notes on **John Harbison** and **Mirabai**, see page 9. The third movement in Harbison’s *Mirabai Songs* cycle, **Why Mira Can’t Go Back to Her Old House** sees Mirabai reckoning with her devotion to Krishna and her religious practices as they conflict with the norms of the society around her. She bemoans the “feminine wiles” expected of her and questions how her actions warrant any disapproval, while challenging that she has felt spiritual experiences beyond what her detractors could imagine. When talking about one’s relationship to home through the lens of the immigrant experience, it necessitates confronting the reasons one has to leave. Like Mirabai in the 16th century, many immigrants are forced to leave their homes due to persecution based on religion, spirituality, and gender, despite the strong connection they may have to their homeland.

Es brent (1946)

Es brent, briderlech, es brent!
 Unser orem shtetl nebech brent!
 Beize vintn mit yirgozn
 Brechn, brenen un tzeblozn,
 Altz arum shoin brent. Es brent!

Un ir shteit un kukt azoi zich
 Mit farleigte hent,
 Un ir shteit un kukt azoi zich
 Vi unzer shtetl brent.

Es brent, briderlech, es brent!
 Unser orem shtetl nebech brent!
 S'hobn shoin faier tzungen
 S'gantze shtetl aingeshlungen,
 Altz arum shoin brent. Es brent!

Un ir shteit un kukt azoi zich...

Es brent, briderlech, es brent!
 Di hilf iz nor in aich gevent.
 Az dos shtetl iz aich taier,
 Nemt di keilim, lesht dos faier,
 Lesht dos faier mit aign blut,
 Bavaizt az ir es kent! Es brent!

Shteit nit, brider, ot azoi zich
 Mit farleigte hent;
 Shteit nit, brider, lesht dos faier,
 Vail unzer shtetl brent! Es brent!

Mikhl Gelbart (1889-1962)
Mordkhe Gebirtig (1877-1942)

It's burning, brothers, it's burning!
Our poor shtetl is burning!
Angry winds with anger
Tear, break and blow
Everything around is already burning. It's burning!

And you stand and look around
With folded hands,
And you stand and look around
Our shtetl is burning!

It's burning, brothers, it's burning!
Our poor shtetl is burning!
Already have tongues of fire
Swallowed up the whole shtetl,
Everything around is already burning. It's burning!

And you stand and look around...

It's burning, brothers, it's burning!
Help only comes from you alone.
If this shtetl is dear to you,
Take up arms, douse the fire,
Douse the fire with your own blood,
Show you know this city! It's burning!

Don't just stand there, brothers,
With folded hands;
Don't stand, brothers, douse the fire,
Because our shtetl is burning! It's burning!

Born outside Łódź, Poland, **Mikhl Gelbart** immigrated to the United States in 1912, where he worked as a teacher and music director for the Arbeter Ring (Workmen's Circle), a NYC Jewish and Yiddish cultural organization still in operation today. He wrote more than 120 Yiddish songs in his lifetime, and helped further Yiddish culture by teaching and compiling children's songbooks. **Mordkhe Gebirtig** was a Kraków-born poet who began acting and writing prior to WWI. In the late 1930s, his work became strongly influenced by pogroms and rising antisemitism in Europe. **Es brent**, his best-known work, was written in 1938 in response to pogroms in Przytyk and Brisk (Brest). He performed it in coffeehouses in Poland before it was targeted by censors in 1939. Gebirtig was murdered in 1942 by Nazi fire while en route to the Bełżec extermination camp. 123,868 Jewish refugees immigrated to the United States to escape the Holocaust, but due to xenophobia and antisemitism, hundreds of thousands of others were denied entry.

Sivdá de mi chikes (2010)

Sivdá de mi chikés vini a toparte,
Sivdá de mi chikés torní a ti.
Kalejas konosidas ulvidadas,
En tram i en metró yo vini akí.
En el lugar ke era la mi kaza
Amigos i vizinos no stan mas.
A mí sólo mirando la ventana
Me paresió de ver papá i mamá.

La fabriká de dulses sta serrada,
El panadero pan no aze mas.
Golor sientto de pan i chikolata,
Savor de mi chikés al paladar.
Sólo la meaná st'a índá avierta.
Ya sto burracha mizmo sin entrar.
"Sinyora, kualo bushkas?" me
demandan.
"Yo bushko mi chikés ke no sta mas".

Rekordos tanto dulses i keridos.
El tiempo se kedó ay para mí.
Sivdá de mi chikés vini a toparte,
Sivdá de mi chikés torní a ti.

Ofer Ben-Amots (b. 1955) Miriam Raymond

*City of my youth, I come to you.
City of my youth, I have returned.
Streets once known and now forgotten,
I arrive by tram and by train.
In the place where my house stood
The friends and neighbors have since gone.
But when I look out the window
I can almost see my father and mother.*

*The candy factory is now closed,
The baker no longer bakes his bread.
I smell the scent of bread and chocolate,
I savor the returning tastes of my childhood.
Only the bar remains,
I am already drunk without entering.
"Ma'am, what are you looking for?" they ask me.
"I am looking for my childhood that is no
longer."*

*Memories, sweet and precious
Yes, time has remained for me.
City of my youth, I come to you.
City of my youth, I have returned.*

Ofer Ben-Amots is a leading composer currently working in the United States, specializing in writing classical music in the Jewish tradition. Originally from Haifa, Israel, Ben-Amots was a doctoral student of George Crumb at the University of Pennsylvania and sits on the board of the Milken Archive, an organization dedicated to the preservation of Jewish art and poetry. **Sivdá de mi chikés** is a poem by little-known poet **Miriam Raymond**. In this piece, the poet visits her home searching for the sounds, smells, sights, and even tastes of childhood. The poet reminisces that while her friends and neighbors are gone, she can almost picture her parents in the window. Amongst feelings of nostalgia, there is a bitter-sweet joy the poet expresses throughout the piece- it is good to be home, even if home is not the same as when you left. Ben-Amots sets this poem strophically, using the piano to help change the mood from the first two verses into the third and final verse. The tempo is a light waltz for most of the piece, until the final verse, where Ben-Amots slows the tempo and prolongs certain words indefinitely, to allow the feelings of nostalgia peppered throughout the piece to take a greater presence in the music. The combination of music and poetry creates an atmosphere that is neither blatantly joyful nor gratuitously sad; rather, it is simply a reflection of how time changes the places we love most.

Max S. (1999)
from *Vignettes : Ellis Island*

Alan Louis Smith (1955-2023)
compiled by Paul E. Sigrist

We looked at the Statue of Liberty. When we saw it, we were surprised. Number one, who did it? Who put it up there?

That was the first question that came to a person's mind
But outstretched. I mean, the whole thing gave you a feeling of relaxation of something good. All our life we didn't see that. Nobody stretched out a hand to you. Nobody said a good word to you. We came from a war-torn country...

Alan Louis Smith's *Vignettes: Ellis Island*, composed as a birthday present to American mezzo-soprano Stephanie Blythe, derives its text from a series of interviews conducted by **Paul E. Sigrist**. Each song is titled after one of the interviewees, who are all sharing the stories of their first days in the United States. **Max S.** is the 17th song within **Alan Louis Smith's** *Vignettes: Ellis Island*. This piece describes Max Schnapp's first reactions to seeing the Statue of Liberty. At first, her thoughts are filled with questions of how and who put the statue where it stands? She goes on to speak within her interview about the harsh nature of her wartorn country and her hope a"d an'Icipation of the good things to come in the United States. Smith gives the piano line with grand chords while the vocal line floats above comfortably in a speaking manner. To imitate speaking, Smith freely gives additional beats to measures.

-brief pause-

Section 3: New Home

Obligations 2 (2018)

Layli Long Soldier (b. 1973)
Oglala Lakota Nation

As we
embrace resist
the future the present the past
we work we struggle we begin we fail
to understand to find to unbraid to accept to question
the grief the grief the grief the grief
we shift we wield we bury
into light as ash
across our faces

Layli Long Soldier, "Obligations 2" from New Poets of Native Nations. Copyright © 2018 by Layli Long Soldier.

Author and poet **Layli Longsoldier** received a BFA from the Institute of American Indian Arts and graduated from Bard College with Honors, receiving an MFA with honors. Her first full collection, *Whereas* (2017) received the National Book Critics Circle Award and was a finalist for the National Book Award. She is the poetry editor for Kore Press and received a Lannan Literary Fellowship for Poetry. Longsoldier is a citizen of the Oglala Lakota Nation and is currently based in Santa Fe, NM.

Départ (1952)

Mon amie, il faut que je parte.
Voulez-vous voir
l'endroit sur la carte?
C'est un point noir.

En moi, si la chose
bien me réussit,
ce sera un point rose
dans un vert pays.

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926)

My dear, I must leave.
Do you want to see
The place on the map?
It is a black spot

In me, if the right
things happen,
It will be a pink spot
In a green country

Samuel Barber was not only a leading American composer of the 20th Century, but was also known as a pianist, baritone, and a conductor. Barber does not shy away from using experimental and modernistic musical styles but also incorporates traditional styles from the 19th century. **Rainer Maria Rilke** was a writer active within the Modernist movement who was known for his exploration of Mysticism, rejection of Christianity, and life and death. Though most of his works were intense and in German, Rilke wrote a contrastingly graceful collection called *Poème Français*, towards the end of his life. Barber uses these poems within his *Mémoires Passagères* paying homage to the styles of the French Mélodie, dedicating it to the piano vocal duo of Francis Poulenc and Pierre Bernac. The departure from one's home and loved one is presented within the dissonance of the piano line as well as the tritone that starts the vocal melody and returns throughout. The poetry is evident that the departee is actively speaking with a beloved and within the second half of the piece, Barber writes glissandos before each vocal line to reflect the imagination and this hopefulness that once one leaves, they will find fulfillment in their new home, turning once a black mark on the map into a pink one, in a green new land.

**The spring, my dear, is no longer spring
(1914)**

**H.T. Burleigh (1866-1949)
W.E. Henley (1849-1903)**

The spring, my dear,
is no longer spring
Does the blackbird sing
what he sang last year?
Are the skies the old
immemorial blue?
Or am I, or are you,
Grown Cold?

Though Life be change,
It is hard to bear
When the old sweet air
Sounds forced and strange.
To be out of tune,
Plain You and I...
It were better to die,
And soon!

William Ernest Henley was an English poet and writer. Remembered mostly for his 1875 poem "Invictus", Henley's poetry was influenced by his health issues throughout his life. Dealing with Tuberculosis of the bone, he would lose his left leg at a very young age and would spend a lot of time in hospitals and seeking medical help. Henley's writing not only reflected resilience and religious suffering, but also a certain joy of living and change. The poem **Harry Burleigh** sets to music explores change and experiencing springtime in a new environment. Burleigh, a composer, arranger and baritone, is widely known for making black American music available to the classical music world and was the first black composer to shape the developing American music. He composed the collection *Two poems by W. E. Henley* in a moment of his life when was obsessing over opera music, specifically Tristan and Isolade. Burleigh within this piece experiments with motifs, highlighting a short melody that is repeated throughout. This melody grows and he develops it within both the piano and vocal parts to create a sense of familiarity, as one feels when Spring returns each year. However, as Spring may feel different in a different place, Burleigh in the second verse changes keys and develops the motif in a new way to share the experience of change.

Sacco, Vanzetti (1932)

**Ruth Crawford Seeger (1901-1953)
H.T. Tsiang (1899-1971)**

Note: this piece contains insensitive language

Fast! Fast!
One year has passed!
Dead! Dead!
You will never be reborn!
Who said
There will be a resurrection?
Why didn't we see any of those gentlemen
Who were willing to take your places?
The real meaning of "death" --
You knew it.
Still you paid with your life for your class!
Sacrifice!
That was real sacrifice!

Look at your enemies.
They are fishing,
Smiling,
Murdering,
As ever.
Shameful!
It is an eternal disgrace to us all.

Before your death
Did not millions promise --
To do "this" or "that"
If you should die?
Now
One year has passed.
What about "this" and what about "that"?

Petitions?
Protests?
Telegrams?
Demonstrations?
Strikes?
Oh! They may rekindle the cold ashes of our
two martyrs.
But they can never soften the murderer's
heart!
Tears?
Sighs?
Complaints?
And the like?

Oh! They may expect the embraces of your
dear mothers,
They can never get pardon from the blood
thirsty masters.

Have you ever seen sheep and pigs
Being dragged to slaughter?
How pitifully they shriek!
How terribly they tremble
Yet men enjoy their delicious flesh
Just the same!
Sheep! Pigs! Foreigners! Workers!
Your sweat is fertile,
Your blood is sweet,
Your meat is fresh!

Oh, Vanzetti!
You did say:
"I wish to forgive some people for what they
are now doing to me".
Certainly, you can forgive them as you like,
But you are the Wop, the fish peddler, the
worker,
And haven't anything in the bank.
Isn't it a great insult
To say "forgive" to your honorable master?

Oh, Sacco!
You did say:
"Long live anarchy",
But you should not forget,
That when you climb up to heaven
You must use the ladder!

Oh Martyrs!
Dead! Dead!
You are dead,
Never, never
To live again.
Fast! Fast!
One year has passed!
But years and years,
Years are piling up immortal bricks

Of your lofty monument.

Oh martyrs!

Look at the autumn flowers:

They are dying!

Dying! Dying!

But

The trees, the roots from which

The flowers are blooming

Never, never die!

When the spring comes

We shall again see the pretty flowers

Blooming,

Perfuming,

Saluting the warm sun,

Wrestling with the mild wind

and kissing the charming butterflies.

Oh martyrs!

Dead, dead! You are dead!

But

Your human tree and your human root

Are budding,

Blooming,

Growing!

Listen to the war cries of your living
brothers!

This is the incense

We are burning

To you.

Ruth Crawford Seeger was a prominent early American modernist composer, part of the “ultramodernists”. Despite becoming the first female composer to receive a Guggenheim Fellowship, she struggled to obtain publishing for her music because of her gender. In the 1930s, she shifted from composition to folk music preservation, working with the Archive of American Folk Song at the Library of Congress. **Hsi Tseng Tsiang** was born in Jiangsu Province, China. Strongly influenced by the tumultuous political situation in his home country, he became a staunch leftist after the Chinese Revolution of 1911. He moved to the US in 1926 to attend Stanford and later Columbia. He continued his political and revolutionary activities stateside, finding writing to be the best outlet to express his ideas and make change. His works focus largely on the experiences of Chinese-Americans, immigrants and the working class. In his later life, he worked in Hollywood, appearing in the film *Ocean’s Eleven* (1960). The highly political **Sacco, Vanzetti** was written in 1928 as a response to the execution of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, two Italian immigrant anarchists convicted of murder during a robbery gone wrong in Braintree, MA. The trial was deemed unfair and strongly influenced by anti-immigrant and anti-leftist biases. Convicted in 1921, the pair were eventually executed seven years later, despite numerous appeals and discrepancies in the evidence. H.T. Tsiang wrote this poem a year after the execution, challenging those who have become apathetic to the cause, and hailing Sacco and Vanzetti as martyrs for other immigrants and working class people.

from *Vignettes: Ellis Island* (1999)

Alan Louis Smith (1955-2023)
compiled by Paul E. Sigrist

Catherine

When we came to America, my mother complained, 'My God, I thought America was supposed to be something great. They have gaslights here. We had electric lights in Italy.

Anna

I came in my mother's apartment and she had lace curtains. We didn't have that in Europe. And I was just admiring these lace curtains. They were so beautiful. And my mother said, 'There are cookies in the kitchen. When you want, you just go and help yourself...' And she gave me her nightgown, a big nightgown, and I put it on...

I got up a six o' clock in the morning and then went into the kitchen and I got myself four big cookies and then I put them on my lap...and I'm eating my cookies and admiring those curtains and my mother peeked in my bedroom...and I was so embarrassed that I had these cookies in my lap, and I was so hungry for cookies.

She said 'Don't be embarrassed, just eat them, eat all that you want...'

I was in heaven.

In **Catherine**, found in section four of **Alan Louis Smith's** *Vignettes*, Catherine's mother is lamenting the lack of technological advances in the USA compared to her home in Italy. She complains that their home in the United States has gas lighting, while her home in Italy used lights powered by electricity. Smith sets Catherine's story with humor; the song starts out with grandeur provided by an ascending vocal line and large, full chords in the piano. The music soon turns comical as Catherine's mother complains, "They have gaslights here [in the US]—we had electric lights in Italy!"

In direct contrast to Catherine's bombastic and funny recollection of her mother, **Anna** is a poignant story about a mother's love. Anna shares that when she first arrived in the United States, she was enthralled by her mother's beautiful curtains and comfortable nightgown. She recalls sneaking into the kitchen early in the morning to eat some cookies; when caught by her mother, Anna feels embarrassed, but her mother encourages her: "Eat all that you want." Alan Louis Smith sets Anna's story with tender music, peppering the vocal line with melodic motifs found in common nursery rhymes. The use of recitative within this piece adds to the conversational feel of the song, and the rocking texture in the piano accompaniment gives the piece similar qualities to a lullaby. This may seem like a song about cookies, but it is actually the story of a family reunited, and a child experiencing her mother's love for the first time since her beloved mother left their homeland for the United States of America.

The Cloths of Heaven (1912)

Rebecca Clarke (1886-1979)
W.B. Yeats (1865-1939)

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

Anglo-American composer **Rebecca Clarke** was born in England to an American father and a German mother. A viola virtuoso, she pioneered the viola as a respected solo instrument. Despite her talents, she struggled for legitimacy as a composer due to her gender, even having a first prize revoked after it was deemed “inconceivable” for a woman to write as well as her. Regardless, she continued to champion women in music, writing many pieces for all-female chamber orchestras to play. Claiming both British and American citizenship throughout her life, she permanently settled in the United States after WWII. **The Cloths of Heaven** showcases Clarke’s signature style, which combines elements of Impressionism, influenced by Debussy, and a quintessentially British style, influenced by traditional tunes from the British Isles. Her she uses the poetry of Irish poet **W.B. Yeats**, who was instrumental in the Irish Literary Revival. The vulnerability and hopeful optimism of this song represents that of many immigrants who arrive in the United States, often with “only their dreams,” but have hopes of creating a new life. However, what some may lack in material wealth, they are rich in spirit and hope for the future.

Section 4: Homesickness and Hope

Visitors (2021)

Joan Naviyuk Kane (b. 1977)
Inupiaq Nation

Every door stands an open door:
our human settlements all temporary.

We share together the incidental shore
and teach the young to tend the lamp's wick,

weary of anyone small enough to bar our entry.

Poem copyright ©2021 by Joan Naviyuk Kane, "Visitors" from Dark Traffic (University of Pittsburgh Press, 2021.)

Inupiaq poet **Joan Naviyuk Kane** is a lyrical poet who draws inspiration from themes of movement and the natural world of her homeland in Anchorage, Alaska. Her collection *Hyperboreal* (2013) was chosen by Arthur Sze for the Donald Hall Prize in Poetry. She is also a recipient of the Creative Vision Award from United States Artists, and has received fellowships from the Native Arts and Cultures Foundation, the Rasmuson Foundation, the Alaska State Council on the Arts, the School for Advanced Research, Harvard's Radcliffe Institute, and the Guggenheim Foundation.

Wie lange noch? (1944)

Kurt Weill (1900-1950)
Walter Mehring (1896-1981)

Ich will's dir gestehen
Es war eine Nacht
Da hab ich mich willig
Dir hingegeben
Du hast mich gehabt
Mich von Sinnen gebracht.
Ich glaubte, ich könnte
Nicht ohne dich leben

*I will confess to you
There was one night
I gave myself
To you willingly
You took me
And drove me out of my mind.
I believed, I could
Live without you*

Du hast mir das Blaue von Himmel
versprochen
Und ich habe dich wie 'nen Vater gepflegt
Du hast mich gemartert, hast mich
zerbrochen
Ich hätt dir die Erde zu Füßen gelegt

*You have promised me blue skies
And I have treated you like a father
You have tortured me, you have
broken me
I would've laid the Earth at your feet.*

Sieh mich doch an!
Sieh mich doch an!
Wann kommt der Tag,
an dem ich dir sage: es ist vorbei!
Wann kommt der Tag,
Ach, der Tag nach dem ich bange?
Wie lange noch?
Wie lange noch?
Wie lange?

*Look at me!
Just look at me!
When will the day come
When I say to you: it is over!
When will the day come
Ah, the day that I fear?
How much longer?
How much longer?
How long?*

Ich hab dir geglaubt
Ich war wie im Wahn
Von all deinen Reden
Von deinen Schwüren
Was immer du wolltest
Das hab ich getan
Wohin du auch wolltest
Da ließ ich mich führen

*I have believed in you
I was insane
From all your words
From your promises
Whatever you wanted
I did it
Wherever you wanted
I let myself be led.*

Kurt Weill's *Wie lange noch* was originally set with different text and was titled "Je ne t'aime pas." While both pieces deal with betrayal and heartbreak, this text by **Walter Mehring** is clear in its references to the Nazi Regime and its leader. Mehring, a prominent Jewish-German before the Nazi Regime, his writings were banned and even burned by the Nazis, causing him to flee Germany first to Vienna then to France. His works include lyrics for cabaret songs as well as satire and poetry for many German magazines and newspapers. Kurt Weill, who also fled Germany during the Nazi's rise to power, ended up in the United States where he continued to compose music. It was after his arrival in the U.S. that Weill changed the lyrics of "Je ne t'aime pas" to the words of Mehring. This cabaret influenced piece has a very supportive yet simple piano part, allowing the text to deliver the emotions of betrayal.

Moved by the Beauty of Trees

Jihyun Kim (b. 1989)
Ishion Hutchinson (b. 1983)

The beauty of the trees stills her;
she is stillness staring at the leaves,

still and green and keeping up the sky;
their beauty stills her and she is quiet

in her stare, her eyes' long lashes curve
and keep, her little mouth opens

and keeps still with its quiet for the beauty
of the trees, their leaves, the sky

and its blue quiet, very still and quiet;
her looking eyes wide, deep, silent

hard on the trees and the beauty of the sky,
the green of the leaves.

Moved by the Beauty of Trees is a piece by composer **Jihyun Kim**, with poetry by **Ishion Hutchinson**. Hutchinson is a poet originally from Jamaica, currently based at Cornell University as a professor of Creative Writing and Poetry. He is also a well-known essayist, appearing in many important publications. **Jihyun Kim** has premiered pieces in many prestigious venues, including the Aspen Music Festival, Tanglewood New Fromm Players, and the Da Capo Chamber Players. Within the context of the fourth section of our recital, we view this piece from the lens of someone who has moved to the US and is now watching their child view this home with fresh eyes, admiring the way they take in the beauty of the world around them and watching them form a strong attachment to the first physical land that they can call their "home."

Mi amor es (2015)

Tania León (b. 1943)
Carlos Pintado (b. 1974)

Celosa y fiel,
—concubina del tedio
Mi sombra amante.

*Jealous and faithful,
—concubine of tedium
My loving shadow.*

No pasa el tiempo
en el reloj de arena,
pasan tus ojos.

*Time does not pass
in the hourglass,
but your eyes pass.*

Fugaz crepúsculo
que alumbra por las tardes
lámpara breve.

*Fleeting twilight
that illuminates in the evenings
brief lamp.*

Amante ciego:
un espejo en el agua,
ah, sed del sueño.

*Blind lover:
a mirror in the water,
ah, thirst of dreams.*

El viento sabe
—exégeta intranquilo
Lo que callamos.

*The wind knows
—restless interpreter
What we keep silent.*

Que el día tenga noche, y que la noche tenga
un día,
Yo llevo mi amor a competir con el tiempo
y de él se aparta el tiempo asustado.

*Let the day have night, and let the night have
a day,
I carry my love to compete with time
and from my love time turns away,
frightened.*

Yo llevo mi amor a competir con el mar
y es más fuerte mi amor que es plenitud de
aguas en acecho.

*I carry my love to compete with the sea
and my love is stronger than the sea, full of
prowling waters.*

Tania León's evocative setting of **Carlos Pintado's** poem **Mi amor es** is a celebration of love that transcends the ocean, the land, and even time itself. "Mi amor es" is a love letter from the poet to their beloved. When they are together, time ceases to pass and even the ocean fears the power of their love. León sets this text to a "quasi-habñera" beat, with a melodic line that dances up and down the staff as the singer boasts of their eternal, all-consuming love. "Mi amor es" serves as a powerful reminder that true love can surpass any physical distance or passage of time, and that those we love will always hold love for us, no matter how many years pass until we see them again.

Ergets veyt (1936)

Ergets veyt, ergets veyt
 Ligt dos land, dos farbotene,
 Zilb'rlk bloen di berg
 Nokh fun keynem batrotene;
 Ergets tif, ergets tif
 In der erd ayngknotene,
 Vartn oytsres oyf undz,
 Vartn oytsres farshotene.

Ergets veyt, ergets veyt
 Ligt aleyn a gefangener,
 Oyf zayn kop shtarbt di shayn
 Fun der zun der fargangener;
 Ergets voglt ver um
 Tif in shney a farshotener,
 Un gefint nit keyn veg
 Tsu dem land dem farbotenem.

Lazar Weiner (1897-1982)**H. Leivik (1888-1962)**

*Somewhere far, Somewhere far
 Lies the forbidden land
 The mountains bloom silver,
 Undiscovered by anyone
 Somewhere deep, Somewhere deep
 Buried in the deep
 Treasures await us
 Shadowed treasures await*

*Somewhere far, Somewhere far
 A prisoner lies alone
 On his head, the light is dying
 From the sun of the past
 Somewhere you wave around
 Deep in the snow,
 A shadowy one, and offered no way
 To the forbidden land*

Lazar Weiner was born in Cherkasy, Ukraine, and studied at the State Conservatory in Kyiv. He immigrated to the United States at age 17 due to rising antisemitism. Finding his first job in the US as a silent film accompanist, he discovered a prowess for collaborative piano. He became acquainted with Yiddish poets and musicians through Jewish cultural groups in Brooklyn, and later became music director of the Central Synagogue in Manhattan. He wrote over 200 Yiddish art songs, and is credited with elevating the genre to new heights. He sets **H. Leivik's** poetry "Ergets Veyt" to music to express the loss of his homeland and how distant and forbidden this land is to him. Weiner leans heavily into styles of the Romantic Era and of Lieder. The piano part is very present and chromatic, while the vocal line is very melodic and has a strong opera influence. Leivik's poetry, heavily influenced by his imprisonment by the government and abuse throughout his life, deals with exile and sickness.

A nigun (1937)

Iz a kabtsn amol gevezn,
flegt er nor mit got zikh krign.
vunder iber vunder hot mit im getrofn,
ven er hot gezungen ot aza min nigun:
tshiri-bim, bam, bam! ...

Hot fun nign zikh vayn gegosn,
hot er zup nokh zup geshlungen,
vunder iber vunder hot mit im getrofn,
ven er hot gezungen, ot aza min nigun:
tshiri-bim, bam, bam! ...

Zingt der yid un s'gist mesikes,
iz er azh fun freyd geshprungen.
vunder iber vunder hot mit im getrofn,
ven er hot gezungen, ot aza min nigun:
tshiri-bim, bam, bam! ...

Lazar Weiner (1897-1982)
L. Magister (1887-1964)

*Once there was a beggar,
He used to quarrel only with God.
Miracle upon miracle found him,
When he sang this very melody:
Tshiri-bim, bam, bam...!*

*Wine poured from the melody,
He swallowed sip after sip,
Miracle upon miracle found him,
When he sang this very melody:
Tshiri-bim, bam, bam...!*

*The Jew sings and out poured sweetness
So that he jumped for joy
Miracle upon miracle found him,
When he sang this very melody:
Tshiri-bim, bam, bam...!*

For notes on **Lazar Weiner**, see the previous page. Leibush Lehrer, here writing under the pen name **L. Magister** was born in Warsaw, Poland before immigrating to New York. Initially working in agricultural cooperatives, he wrote song lyrics in his free time, and occasionally published poetry in Yiddish papers across Europe. In the US, he taught at Jewish schools and founded multiple Jewish youth institutes and summer camps (including Camp Boiberik in Rhinebeck), with the aim of promoting Judaism as a culture, not just a religion. He was also a co-founder of the American branch of the YIVO Institute. **A nigun**, published in 1940, is one of Lazar Weiner's most popular songs. Recalling the Yiddish folk music tradition, it employs a wordless refrain that conjures the joy of song. The subject of the poem, like that of immigrants to the United States, finds joy amongst hardship through music and cultural heritage. Through widespread immigration, the United States is now home to cultures and traditions from all over the world.

About the Performers

Soprano **Sarah Nalty** is a passionate performer whose varied and international repertoire ranges from the United States to China to Ukraine. This coming season features appearances as Rosa in Rumshinsky's Yiddish operetta *Shir Hashirim* with YIVO Institute in NYC, as Minerve in *Orphée aux enfers* with Bard Conservatory, and Saariaho at Bard's annual Kurtág Festival. Previous highlights include Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater* at Bard, Mozart and Fanny Mendelssohn with period instruments at the BB Chamber Music Collective Festival, and Elle in *La voix humaine* with New England Conservatory. A frequent recitalist, she has performed in numerous *Liederabende* in the Hudson Valley, Boston, and Graz, Austria, and often programs under-performed repertoire from the Eastern European canon. While attending the American Institute of Musical Studies (AIMS), she was recognized with the Harold Heiberg Liedersänger Preis for her performances. Sarah is currently completing her Master's at Bard Conservatory, and holds a Bachelor's degree from New England Conservatory.

In every performance, mezzo-soprano **Abbegael Greene** delivers "deep emotional intimacy with her velvet voice" (*The Millbrook Independent*). Upcoming performances alto soloist include Ethyl Smyth's rarely performed *Mass in D*, and the role of L'Opinion Publique in Offenbach's *Orphée aux enfers*. Recent appearances include the title role in Gilbert and Sullivan's *Iolanthe* with The Orchestra Now and Dorabella in Mozart's *Così fan tutte* with RWU Opera Theater. In concert, Ms. Greene has appeared as alto soloist in Mozart's *Vesperae solennes de confessore* with Bard College Conservatory, J.S. Bach's *Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit* with the Bard College Baroque Ensemble, and Handel's *Messiah* with the Roberts Wesleyan University Symphony Orchestra. As an recitalist, Ms. Greene has appeared as a part of Rose Chancler's *Piano by Nature* series and renowned composer Joan Tower's *Music Alive!* recitals of 20th and 21st century music. Ms. Greene is a current student in the Bard College Conservatory Graduate Vocal Arts Program, where she studies with Stephanie Blythe, Kayo Iwama, Erika Switzer, and Lorraine Nubar.

Jun Mo Yang is a tenor with a passion to explore and share all kinds of music. Through his programming, he shines light on music and art of the past in order to spotlight the brilliance and artistry of these works in the present. Upcoming performances include Ethyl Smyth's *Mass in D*, and the role of Orphée in Offenbach's *Orphée aux enfers*. Recently, Jun has appeared as Curio in a film production of Antonio Sartorio's *Giulio Cesare in Egitto*, and as part of the chorus in Verdi's *Rigoletto* with Resonance Works. In concert work, he participated as a soloist in Mozart's *Vesperae solennes de confessore* with Bard College Conservatory and *Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit*. Jun holds a Bachelor's of Fine Arts from Carnegie Mellon University and is currently completing his master's degree at the Bard College Conservatory Graduate Vocal Arts Program, where he studies with Richard Cox, Stephanie Blythe, Kayo Iwama, Erika Switzer.

Born into a family of musicians, pianist **Nomin Samdan** made her first public appearance at the age of 7 in her native country, Mongolia. Since then, her career as a soloist, collaborator, and educator has brought her to stages spanning the continents of Europe, Asia, and North America. Recent professional appointments include a position on the piano faculty of the Mongolian State Conservatory and as pianist for the Mongolian State Opera and Ballet House. A long-time admirer of contemporary music, Ms. Samdan has premiered vocal works by Juliana Hall, Michael Finnissy, and Dennis Báthory-Kitz, as well as the opera *Alice: An Operatic Wonderland* by Amy Scurria. Ms. Samdan received her B.Mus and Graduate Performance Diploma in Piano Performance from Boston Conservatory at Berklee under the guidance of YaFei Chuang, and also holds a M.M. in Collaborative Piano from Boston University. She is in her second year of the Bard College-Conservatory Collaborative Piano Fellowship.