

致敬百年惠特曼 - 哥大仲夏独唱会

Venue and Time:

Columbia Global Center Beijing 哥大全球中心

北京市海淀区中关村西区善缘街 1 号立方庭西门 1 层 26 号

6:30 p.m. - 8 p.m. August 11, 2024 (SUN)

Agenda

- 6:30 p.m. – 6:35 p.m. 欢迎致辞，介绍嘉宾，哥大全球中心
Opening remarks by CGCBJ
- 6:35 p.m. – 6:45 p.m. 主题分享
Introduction of the program idea by Mike He
- 6:45 p.m. – 7:10 p.m. 演唱：致敬影响惠特曼的音乐家们
Part I: Those who influenced Whitman (about 25 minutes)
- 7:10 p.m. – 7:35 p.m. 传记 《沃尔特惠特曼的美国》中惠特曼与音乐之关系介绍
Introduction of the linkage between Whitman and music in *Walt Whitman's America: A Cultural Biography* by Yuefeng Lu
- 7:35 p.m. – 8:00 p.m. 演唱: 惠特曼及他的传奇
Part II: Whitman and his legacy (about 25 minutes)
- 8:00pm - 返场
Encores

哥大全球中心公众号



哥大全球中心小助手



A Tribute to Walt Whitman: Inspirations and Legacy in Classical Vocal Repertoire

Mike He, bass-baritone
Jingyi Song, pianist

Columbia Global Center Beijing
Sunday, August 11, 2024
6:30 pm

Two Opera Arias

La calunnia
Infelice! E tuo credevi

Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)
Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

Three German Lieder

An die Musik
Die Krähe
Wandrer's Nachtlied II

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Two Oratorio Arias

Lord God of Abraham (from *Elijah*)
Vertilge sie, Herr Zebaoth (from *St. Paul*)

Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

Intermission

Selections from Songs of Travel

The Vagabond
Let Beauty Awake
Bright is the Ring of Words

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Four Art Songs by Ned Rorem

Sometimes with One I Love
Gliding O'er All
To the Willow-tree
Look Down, Fair Moon

Ned Rorem (1923-2022)

Three American Art Songs

Oh Captain! My Captain!
To What You Said...
Walt Whitman in 1989

Kurt Weill (1900-1950)
Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)
Chris DeBlasio (1959-1993)

<p>La calunnia (Cesare Sterbini) La calunnia è un venticello, un'auretta assai gentile che insensibile, sottile, leggermente, dolcemente, incomincia a sussurrar.</p> <p>Piano piano, terra terra, sottovoce, sibilando, va scorrendo, va ronzando; nelle orecchie della gente s'introduce destramente, e le teste ed i cervelli fa stordire e fa gonfiar.</p> <p>Dalla bocca fuori uscendo lo schiamazzo va crescendo, prende forza a poco a poco, vola già di loco in loco; sembra il tuono, la tempesta che nel sen della foresta va fischiando, brontolando e ti fa d'orror gelar.</p> <p>Alla fin trabocca e scoppia, si propaga, si raddoppia e produce un'esplosione come un colpo di cannone, un terremoto, un temporale, un tumulto generale, che fa l'aria rimbombar.</p> <p>E il meschino calunniato, avvilito, calpestato, sotto il pubblico flagello per gran sorte a crear.</p>	<p>The Calumny Calumny is a little breeze, a gentle zephyr, which insensibly, subtly, lightly and sweetly, commences to whisper.</p> <p>Softly softly, here and there, sottovoce, sibilant, it goes gliding, it goes rambling. Into the ears of the people, it penetrates slyly and the head and the brains it stuns and it swells.</p> <p>From the mouth re-emerging the noise grows crescendo, gathers force little by little, runs its course from place to place, seems the thunder of the tempest which from the depths of the forest comes whistling, muttering, freezing everyone in horror.</p> <p>Finally with crack and crash, it spreads afield, its force redoubled, and produces an explosion like the outburst of a cannon, an earthquake, a whirlwind, a general uproar, which makes the air resound.</p> <p>And the poor slandered wretch, vilified, trampled down, sunk beneath the public lash, by good fortune, falls to death.</p>
<p>Infelice! E tuo credevi (Francesco Maria Piave) Infelice!... e tuo credevi sì bel giglio immacolato!... Del tuo crine fra le nevi piomba invece il disonor.</p> <p>Ah! perché l'etade in seno giovin core m'ha serbato! Mi dovevan gli anni almeno far di gelo ancora il cor.</p>	<p>Unhappy man! You thought this lovely was yours Cruel fortune, to dream that ever Such a fair one could love me truly!... For a graybeard love is never! Foul dishonor, or mine instead!</p> <p>Ah, but why, when I was aging, did my heart still beat so youthful? Years at least should calm the raging fire that fevers my heart and head.</p>
<p>An Die Musik (Franz Adolf Friedrich von Schober)</p>	<p>To Music</p>

<p>Du holde Kunst, in wie viel grauen Stunden, Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt, Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb entzunden, Hast mich in eine beßre Welt entrückt.</p> <p>Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf entflossen, Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir, Den Himmel beßrer Zeiten mir erschlossen, Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür.</p>	<p>Oh sacred art, how oft in hours blighted, While into life's untamed cycle hurled, Hast thou my heart to warm love reignited To transport me into a better world!</p> <p>So often has a sigh from thy harp drifted, A chord from thee, holy and full of bliss, A glimpse of better times from heaven lifted. Thou sacred art, my thanks to thee for this.</p>
<p>Die Krähe (Wilhelm Müller) Eine Krähe war mit mir Aus der Stadt gezogen, Ist bis heute für und für Um mein Haupt geflogen.</p> <p>Krähe, wunderliches Tier, Willst mich nicht verlassen? Meinst wohl bald als Beute hier Meinen Leib zu fassen?</p> <p>Nun, es wird nicht weit mehr gehen An dem Wanderstabe. Krähe, lass mich endlich sehn Treue bis zum Grabe!</p>	<p>The Crow A crow has come with me from the town, and to this day has been flying ceaselessly about my head.</p> <p>Crow, you strange creature, will you not leave me? Do you intend soon to seize my body as prey?</p> <p>Well, I do not have much further to walk with my staff. Crow, let me at last see faithfulness unto the grave.</p>
<p>Wandrer's Nachtlied II (Johann Wolfgang von Goethe) Über allen Gipfeln Ist Ruh', In allen Wipfeln Spürest du Kaum einen Hauch; Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde. Warte nur, balde Ruhest du auch.</p>	<p>Wanderer's nightsong II Over every mountain-top Lies peace, In every tree-top You scarcely feel A breath of wind; The little birds are hushed in the wood. Wait, soon you too Will be at peace.</p>
<p>Lord God of Abraham (Julius Schubring) Draw near, all ye people, come to me! Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and Israel; this day let it be known that Thou art God, and I am thy servant!</p> <p>Lord God of Abraham! O shew to all this people that I have done these things, according to Thy word! O hear me, Lord, and answer me!</p> <p>Lord God of Abraham, Isaac and Israel; O hear me and answer me; and shew this people that Thou art Lord God;</p>	

<p>and let their hearts again be turned!</p>	
<p>Vertilge sie, Herr Zebaoth (Julius Schubring) Vertilge sie, Herr Zebaoth, wie Stoppeln vor dem Feuer! Sie wollen nicht erkennen, dass du mit deinem Namen heißest Herr allein, der Höchste in aller Welt.</p> <p>Lass deinen Zorn sie treffen, Verstummen müssen sie!</p>	<p>Consume them all, Lord Sabaoth Consume them all, Lord Sabaoth, consume all these Thine enemies. Behold, they will not know Thee, that Thou, our Great Jehovah, art the Lord alone, the Highest over all the world.</p> <p>Pour out Thine indignation, And let them feel Thy power.</p>
<p>The Vagabond (Robert Louis Stevenson) Give to me the life I love, Let the lave go by me, Give the jolly heaven above, And the byway nigh me. Bed in the bush with stars to see, Bread I dip in the river— There's the life for a man like me, There's the life for ever.</p> <p>Let the blow fall soon or late, Let what will be o'er me; Give the face of earth around, And the road before me. Wealth I seek not, hope nor love, Nor a friend to know me; All I seek, the heaven above, And the road below me.</p> <p>Or let autumn fall on me Where afield I linger, Silencing the bird on tree, Biting the blue finger. White as meal the frosty field— Warm the fireside haven— Not to autumn will I yield, Not to winter even!</p>	
<p>Let Beauty Awake (Robert Louis Stevenson) Let Beauty awake in the morn from beautiful dreams, Beauty awake from rest! Let Beauty awake For Beauty's sake In the hour when the birds awake in the brake And the stars are bright in the west!</p> <p>Let Beauty awake in the eve from the slumber of day, Awake in the crimson eve! In the day's dusk end When the shades ascend, Let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend,</p>	

<p>To render again and receive!</p>	
<p>Bright is the Ring of Words (Robert Louis Stevenson) Bright is the ring of words When the right man rings them, Fair the fall of songs When the singer sings them, Still they are carolled and said— On wings they are carried— After the singer is dead And the maker buried.</p> <p>Low as the singer lies In the field of heather, Songs of his fashion bring The swains together. And when the west is red With the sunset embers, The lover lingers and sings And the maid remembers.</p>	
<p>Sometimes with One I Love (Walt Whitman) Sometimes with one I love, I fill myself with rage, for fear I effuse unreturn'd love; But now I think there is no unreturn'd love — the pay is certain, one way or another; I loved a certain person ardently, my love was not return'd; Yet out of that I have written these songs.</p>	
<p>Gliding O'er All (Walt Whitman) Gliding o'er all, through all, Through Nature, Time, and Space, As a ship on the waters advancing, The voyage of the soul—not life alone, Death, many deaths I'll sing.</p>	
<p>To the Willow-tree (Robert Herrick) Thou art to all lost love the best, The only true plant found, Where-with young men and maids distress'd, And left of love, are crown'd.</p> <p>When once the lover's rose is dead, Or laid aside forlorn: Then willow garlands 'bout the head Bedew'd with tears are worn.</p> <p>When with neglect, the lover's bane, Poor maids rewarded be, For their love lost, their only gain Is but a wreath from thee.</p>	

<p>And underneath thy cooling shade, When weary of the light, The love-spent youth and lovesick maid Come to weep out the night.</p>	
<p>Look Down, Fair Moon (Walt Whitman) Look down, fair moon and bathe this scene, Pour softly down night's nimbus floods, on faces ghastly, swollen, purple; On the dead, on their backs, with their arms toss'd wide, Pour down your unstinted nimbus, sacred moon.</p>	
<p>Oh Captain! My Captain! (Walt Whitman) O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done; The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won; The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting, While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring: But O heart! heart! heart! O the bleeding drops of red, Where on the deck my Captain lies, Fallen cold and dead.</p> <p>O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells; Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills; For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding; For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning; Here Captain! dear father! This arm beneath your head; It is some dream that on the deck, You've fallen cold and dead. My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still; My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will; The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done; From fearful trip, the victor ship, comes in with object won; Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells! But I, with mournful tread, Walk the deck my Captain lies, Fallen cold and dead.</p>	
<p>To What You Said (Walt Whitman) To what you said, passionately clasping my hand, this is my answer: Though you have strayed hither, for my sake, you can never belong to me, Nor I to you, Behold the customary loves and friendships the cold guards</p>	

<p>I am that rough and simple person I am he who kisses his comrade lightly on the lips at parting, And I am one who is kissed in return, I introduce that new American salute Behold love choked, correct, polite, always suspicious Behold the received models of the parlors — What are they to me? What to these young men that travel with me?</p>	
<p>Walt Whitman in 1989 (Perry Brass) Walt Whitman has come down today to the hospital room; he rocks back and forth in the crisis; he says it's good we haven't lost our closeness, and cries as each one is taken.</p> <p>He has written many lines about these years: the disfigurement of young men and the wars of hard tongues and closed minds.</p> <p>The body in pain will bear such nobility, but words have the edge of poison when spoken bitterly. Now he takes a dying man in his arms and tells him</p> <p>how deeply flows the River that takes the old man and his friends this evening. It is the River of dusk and lamentation.</p> <p>"Flow." Walt says. "dear River, I will carry this young man to your bank. I'll put him myself on one of your strong, flat boats, and we'll sail together all the way through evening."</p>	