



A Garden's Time Piece

Trumpet Songs.....Jennifer Higdon (b. 1962)

Morning Opens

To Home

in our quiet...

Hop & Toe Dance

Threaded

Breaking

Ryan Berndt, *trumpet*
Talar Khosdeghian, *piano*

Four Songs for Voice and Violin.....Gustav Holst (1874 - 1934)

I. Jesu Sweet

II. My soul has nought but fire and ice

III. I sing of a maiden

IV. My Leman is so true

Alicia Berneche, *soprano*
Caroline Rothstein, *violin*

A Garden's Time Piece.....Susan Kander (b. 1957)

- I. Today's the day
- II. April rain
- III. There are glories
- IV. The end of summer
- V. There is a madness
- VI. A feather pierces the snow
- VII. Oak leaves sit in snow
- VIII. Today's the day (reprise)

Alicia Berneche, *soprano*
Caroline Rothstein, *violin*

Trio for Trumpet, Violin, and Piano.....Eric Ewazen (b. 1954)

- I. Andante
- II. Allegro molto
- III. Adagio
- IV. Allegro molto

Ryan Berndt, *trumpet*
Caroline Rothstein, *violin*
Talar Khosdeghian, *piano*

Texts

Trumpet Songs

Poems by Jennifer Higdon

MORNING OPENS

The morning opens like a flower from night
I see the stars go to sleep in the light
and as I walk into the morning air thinking of you
in cracks of sidewalks I pick up flowers moist with
truth

I amble on now through rainbows from sprinklers
I cross the street and wave to neighbors and strangers
I feel I'm floating and I'm flying, I'm the flower from
the night
slowly opens, feels the sun's rays, from your morning
light

A window opens, your face comes in sight
I wave good morning, your face beaming bright
I feel my day start from the sunshine in you
the flowers open in love and morning's light dew

TO HOME

strings in sweet air
the pines do sing
under pointed lights of stars
my heart has wings

for my love has crossed my path
ahead of me tonight
as we wander through the woods
under moon and evening's light

IN OUR QUIET...

Now I lay me down to sleep
in our quiet safety...
Peaceful clock and shadows mark
the timelessness of our love...
Your warmth and our dreams
dance together tonight...
And I can drift into your arms
knowing...knowing...knowing
The quilt connects us both
but heart connects us all...
And I reach out to feel you
Just as our souls once did...
in our quiet safety.

HOP & TOE DANCE

Hop & Toe Dance, heel and sing
a sprightly jig my sweetheart brings

to fly & light upon the clouds
I rise to leap, jump and dance out loud

you ask, I see, of what is this?
from me, I cry, it was a kiss

and then you see, I fly like doves
I spring up skywards, I'm in love

THREADED

threaded days like stems of roses
crawl, entwine in sunray poses
we rock in song on wood-crossed floors
in tip-toe dancing with love-struck chords

threaded nights
stars like pearls
shift night-time rays
in love we curl

we sing a dance
in whispered needs
a loving flower
a rose's seed

BREAKING

Floating down
Through clouds wet with dark
My hands outstretch to feel
Where I will grasp a limb to
Stop my falling down,
My falling down heavily down
And the grace of your hand
Grips my soul
Pulling up gently
Through breaking rays
In the gray dappled sky
And the rain becomes
Dew as I grasp you

Four Songs for Voice and Violin
Poems from "A Medieval Anthology"

JESU SWEET

Jesu Sweet, now I will sing
To Thee a song of love longing;
Do in my heart a quick well spring
Thee to love above all thing.

Jesu Sweet, my dim heart's gleam
Brighter than the sunnebeam!
As thou wert born in Bethlehem
Make in me thy love dream.

Jesu Sweet, my dark heart's light
Thou art day withouten night;
Give me strength and eke might
For to loven Thee aright.

Jesu Sweet, well may he be
That in Thy bliss Thyself shall see:
With love cords then draw Thou me
That I may come and dwell with Thee.

MY SOUL HAS NOUGHT BUT FIRE AND ICE

My soul has nought but fire and ice
And my body earth and wood:
Pray we all the most High King
Who is the Lord of our last doom,
That He should give us just one thing,
That we may do His will.

I SING OF A MAIDEN

I sing of a maiden
That matchless is.
King of all Kings
Was her Son iwis¹.
He came all so still
Where His mother was
As dew in April
That falleth on grass:

He came all so still
To his mother's bower
As dew in April
That falleth on flower:
He came all so still

¹ iwis = certainly

Where His mother lay
As dew in April
That falleth on spray.

Mother and maiden
Was ne'er none but she:
Well may such a lady God's mother be.

MY LEMAN IS SO TRUE

My Leman² is so true
Of love and full steadfast
Yet seemeth ever new.
His love is on us cast.

I would that all Him knew
And loved Him firm and fast,
They never would it rue
But happy be at last.

He lovingly abides
Although I stay full long.
He will me never chide
Although I choose the wrong.

He says 'Behold my side
And why on Rood³ I hung;
For my love leave thy pride
And I thee underfong⁴.'

I'll dwell with Thee believe,
Leman, under Thy tree.
May no pain e'er me grieve
Nor make me from Thee flee.

I will in at Thy sleeve
All in Thine heart to be;
Mine heart shall burst and cleave
Ere untrue Thou me see.

² leman = a lover or sweetheart

³ rood = crucifix

⁴ underfong = to receive

A Garden's Time Piece

Poems by Leslie Laskey

TODAY'S THE DAY

Today's the day
I wanted to call.

Today's the day
there are crocuses.

APRIL RAIN

April rain
 puddles
 of violets
 splashed
 on walks
tattooed
 with shadows
 of new leaves...
memories
 for other seasons.

The days are young with spring
and filled with ancient longings.
Morning glories
the acrobats
climb to the
dizzy heights
clamoring for
the sun.

THERE ARE GLORIES

There are glories
 unfelt within each day
 unseen hands
that tip the bowl of a leaf
 and spill crystal into crowns.
Breath that dances on
 fragile stems
 to sway the coloured burdens
 of summer.

THE END OF SUMMER

Time Time
The end of summer
trumpeted in on the slow winds -
Time Time
A leaf floating to the earth

 races to catch its shadow.
Time Time
The sun,
A garden's time piece.

THERE IS A MADNESS

There is a madness
to the October winds
a racing, racing
trying to remember,
trying to remember July.
Will we only have order when next we see snow?

A FEATHER PIERCES THE SNOW

A feather pierces the snow;
what a hard garden this January makes.

OAK LEAVES SIT IN SNOW

Oak leaves
sit in snow
looking to applaud their
followers —
the new spring buds.

TODAY'S THE DAY

Today's the day
I wanted to call.
Today's the day
remembering a day
when I could
say there are
crocuses.