



## 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 iwis<sup>1</sup>.  
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

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<sup>1</sup> 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 Leman<sup>2</sup> 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 Rood<sup>3</sup> I hung;  
For my love leave thy pride  
And I thee underfong<sup>4</sup>.'

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.

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<sup>2</sup> leman = a lover or sweetheart

<sup>3</sup> rood = crucifix

<sup>4</sup> 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.