

ANIMA MUNDI PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS

The
Heart of Humanity
Concert Series
2020-21 Season

Sky and All

Estelí Gomez and
Colin Davin in recital

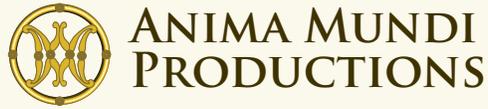
Program notes, texts, and translations

541-833-3066

HumanityTickets.com



ANIMA MUNDI
PRODUCTIONS



Anima Mundi Productions presents

The
Heart of Humanity
Concert Series
2020-21 Season

Sky and All

Estelí Gomez and Colin Davin in recital

Program notes, texts, and translations

This production is part of our 2020-21 Heart of Humanity concert series.

Learn more and explore all our programs at: [HumanityTickets.com](https://www.humanitytickets.com)

A Message from the Artistic Directors

The second season of our Heart of Humanity concert series celebrates the beauty of our natural world and inspires us to nurture the preciousness of all life on earth. As the relationship between humanity and our environment stands at a perilous crossroads, the regenerative power of the arts is

more important than ever. Music, poetry, and the visual arts have the unique ability to reconnect us with our hearts, returning us to a state of peaceful equilibrium within ourselves and our community. Only then can we work together in common purpose to become better stewards of our planet.

Ethan Gans-Morse and Tiziana DellaRovere

Founders, Artistic Directors of Anima Mundi Productions

This program was made possible by Coronavirus Relief Cultural Support funding from the Oregon Legislature, the Oregon Cultural Trust, and the Jackson County Cultural Coalition, with additional support from the Oregon Community Foundation, the Miller Foundation, and the Oregon Arts Commission

Nature photography courtesy of Aaron Moffatt

PROGRAM

PART 1

Excerpt from *The Peace of Wild Things* by Wendell Berry

Greetings (*Walker Songs*) - Tim Brady

From Requiem (*Three Rilke Songs*) - Libby Larsen

Romance de los pinos - Federico Moreno-Torroba

I am no Artist - Becca Stevens

Azulão - Jayme Ovalle (arr. Colin Davin)

Blackbird - Paul McCartney and John Lennon (arr. Estelí Gomez & Colin Davin,
Spanish translation by Bob Gómez)

El Pastor - Miguel and José Castilla (arr. Estelí Gomez & Colin Davin)

Cucurrucucú Paloma - Tomás Méndez (arr. Estelí Gomez & Colin Davin)

PART 2

Excerpt from *The Peace of Wild Things* by Wendell Berry

Lavished in Glory (*Walker Songs*) - Tim Brady

If I Had Grown Up (*Three Rilke Songs*) - Libby Larsen

Aranci in fiore - Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco

O kühler Wald - Johannes Brahms (arr. Colin Davin)

Response to Criticism - Becca Stevens

Annie's Song - John Denver (arr. Estelí Gomez & Colin Davin)

PART 3

Excerpt from *The Peace of Wild Things* by Wendell Berry

For you the Night is Still - Becca Stevens

I Am, You Anxious One (*Three Rilke Songs*) - Libby Larsen

Sérénade Florentine - Henri Duparc (arr. Colin Davin)

Estrellita - Manuel María Ponce (arr. Celil Refik Kaya)

Thunderwhirl (*Walker Songs*) - Tim Brady

Ária from *Bachianas Brasileiras* No. 5 - Heitor Villa-Lobos

An Evening Hymn - Henry Purcell (arr. Colin Davin)

Greetings (*Walker Song*)

Tim Brady

Poetry by John C. Walker

I have music in my ears
I have pictures in my head
Angels catch the crippled when they stumble and fall
If you should listen to me listen to my thoughts
It seems I can reach you then I'm doing alright

From "Requiem" (*Three Rilke Songs*)

Libby Larsen

Poetry by Rainer Maria Rilke

I'll simply watch the animals,
That their way of turning may glide into my joints
I will live briefly within their eyes that suddenly retain me
And lose me, slowly, calmly

I'll make the gardeners repeat by heart
Names of flowers
Many flowers
And bring back in pots of proper names
The remnants of a hundred perfumes.

I will buy fruit
And that country,
Sky and all will live again.

Romance de los pinos (instrumental)

Federico Moreno-Torroba

I Am No Artist

Becca Stevens

Poetry by Jane Tyson Clement

No true desire burns within me now
I am no artist, lonely and supreme
Fulfilled within myself
Needing no hand
No hand to touch
No eyes to smile
No lips to speak
I am no artist

The wind blows in the pines and I am sad
Wanting your presence here
The bluejay flies over the ruffling water to the hill
Lonely and dark and scattered yet with leaves

I'd ask you why
This bird will never go South
When the prophesying geese honk past into a sunny heaven
Why stay here?
Where snow blind in icy dawn is still
Where their strong blue wings to bear you out into a wide sky
Into a singin' land

Needing no hand to touch
No eyes to smile
No lips to speak
I am no artist

I'd ask you that
And wait for your reply
Knowing your wisdom must exceed my own

The wind blows in the pines and I am sad
Wanting your presence here
Now I know

I am no artist
Lonely and supreme
Needing no hand to touch
No eyes to smile
Only your lips
Your presence here

Would seem to send me winging
Southward, mile on mile

I am no artist

Azulão

Jayme Ovalle

Vai, Azulão, Azulão, companheiro, vai!
Vai ver minha ingrata,
Diz que sem ela
O sertão não é mais sertão!
Ai! Vãa Azulão,
Vai contar companheiro, vai!

Go bluebird, my companion, go!
Go see my ungrateful love,
Say that without her
The desert is no longer the desert!
Alas, fly bluebird,
Go and tell her, companion, go!

Blackbird

Paul McCartney and John Lennon

Spanish translation by Bob Gómez

Pájaro en la oscuridad
Toma estas alas quebradas y
Vuela ya
Sólo esperabas el momento de volar

Bird in the darkness
Take these broken wings and
Fly now
You were only waiting for this moment to arise

Blackbird singing in the dead of night
Take these sunken eyes and learn to see
All your life
You were only waiting for this moment to be free

Pájaro negro cantando en la oscuridad
Toma estos ojos ciegos y aprende a ver
Por toda la vida
Sólo esperabas este momento para liberarte

Vuela ya
Canta ya
Hacia la luz de la oscuridad

Fly now
Sing now
Into the light of the darkness

Pájaro en la oscuridad

Bird in the darkness

Estos ojos ciegos pueden ver
Más allá
Este es el momento de tomar tu libertad
Este es el momento de tomar tu libertad
You were only waiting for this moment to be free

These blind eyes can see
Beyond
This is the moment to claim your freedom
This is the moment to claim your freedom
Sólo esperabas este momento para liberarte

El Pastor

Miguel and José Castilla

El pastor

Va el pastor con su rebaño
Al despuntar la mañana,
Bajando por el sendero
De la sierra a la pradera.

Va musitando sus quejas
Con su flautín de carrizo,
Seguido por sus ovejas
Como si fuera un hechizo.

El flautín...
Del pastor...
Ay, ay, ay...
Canta así...

El pastor ya va de vuelta,
Pues el sol se está ocultando,
Va subiendo por la cuesta
Para guardar su rebaño.

Con su flautín va llamando
Una a una sus ovejas
Y les va comunicando
Sus voces y sus tristezas.

El flautín...
Del pastor...
Ay, ay, ay...
Canta así...

The shepherd

The shepherd goes with his flock
at the break of dawn
Going down through the path
from the mountains to the meadow.

He goes whispering his complaints
with his little flute of reed-grass,
Followed by his sheep
as if it were a magic spell.

The little flute...
of the shepherd...
Ay, ay, ay...
Sings like this...

The shepherd is now returning,
since the sun is now sinking
He goes climbing up the slope
to restore his flock to their home.

With his little flute he calls out
to each sheep one by one
And he goes communicating to them
their voices and their sorrows.

The little flute...
of the shepherd...
Ay, ay, ay...
Sings like this...

Cucurrucucú Paloma

Tomás Méndez

Dicen que por las noches
no más se le iba en puro llorar;
dicen que no dormía,
no más se le iba en puro tomar.
Juran que el mismo cielo
se estremecía al oír su llanto,
cómo sufrió por ella,
y hasta en su muerte la fue llamando.

Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay lloraba,
ay, ay, ay, ay, ay gemía.
Las piedras jamás, paloma
Que van a saber de amores.

Que una paloma triste
muy de mañana le va a cantar,
a su casita sola
con sus puertitas de par en par.
Juran que esa paloma
no es otra cosa más que su alma,
que todavía la espera
a que regrese la desdichada.
Cucurrucucú, paloma,
cucurrucucú, no llores.
Ay ay ay ay ay, lloraba
De pasión mortal moría

They say that every night
he did nothing else but cry;
they say he didn't sleep,
but did nothing else but drink.
They swear that even the night skies
shuddered with pity to hear his cries;
How he suffered for her,
and even in death he kept calling out to her.

Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, he cried,
ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, he whimpered.
The stones will never know, dove,
What could they understand about love?

And they say a mourning dove sad and lonesome
in the very early morning goes to sing to her
at her little empty house
with its little paired doors;
They swear that that dove
is nothing else but his soul,
that still waits for her
—the unfortunate one—to return to him.
Cucurrucucú, paloma!
cucurrucucú, don't cry!
Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, he cried,
from mortal passion died.

Lavished in Glory

Tim Brady

Poetry by John C. Walker

Lavished in glory

The mountain singing echoes to heal me

Try on your knees

My way of tears

All I so want is to ask what would become of so fine a hurt

Won't you be overheard company

"What can I do to heal"

Love is a "Bow your head and pray" thing

Fill me with the one foolish thing that's been done

once before by his very own hand

His song fill'd with love made the mountain ring

I should be satisfied for the one upbringing

Name the sigh

Won't you be over

Lavished in glory

The mountain singing echoes to heal me

Try on your knees

If I Had Grown Up (*Three Rilke Songs*)

Libby Larsen

Poetry by Rainer Maria Rilke

If I had grown up in a land where days were free from care and hours were delicate,
Then I would have contrived a splendid feast for you,
And not have held you in the way I sometimes do, tightly, in fearful hands
There I would have been bold to squander you like a boundless presence
Like a ball I would have flung you among all tossing joys so one might catch you,
And if you seemed to fall with both hands high would spring toward you,
You thing of things!

I would have let you flash forth like a sword.
From the most golden of all rings
I would have taken your fire and reset it in a mounting that would hold it over whitest hand.

I would have pointed you
Not on a well, but in the very heaven from verge to verge
And would have shaped you as a giant would
You as a mountain
As a blazing fire
As the simoon grown from desert's surge
Or it may be in very truth
I found you once.

My friends are far away,
I scarcely hear their laughter anymore.
And you, you have fallen from the nest
A fledgling yellow clawed, with big eyes.

I grieve for you. In my broad hands your tininess is lost.
And from the well I lift a drop upon my finger
Intent if you'll stretch a thirsty throat for it,
Then I hear your heart and mine beating
And both with fear.

Aranci in fiore (instrumental)

Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco

O kühler Wald

Music by Johannes Brahms

Poetry by Clemens Brentano

O kühler Wald

O kühler Wald,
Wo rauschest du,
In dem mein Liebchen geht?
O Widerhall,
Wo lauschest du,
Der gern mein Lied versteht?

Im Herzen tief,
Da rauscht der Wald,
In dem mein Liebchen geht,
In Schmerzen schlief der Widerhall,
Die Lieder sind verweht.

O cool forest

O cool forest,
in which my beloved walks,
Where are you murmuring?
O echo,
Where are you listening,
Who would understand my song?

Deep in the heart,
That is where the forest murmurs,
In which my beloved walks,
The echo fell asleep in sorrow,
The songs have blown away.

Response to Criticism

Becca Stevens

Poetry by Jane Tyson Clement

Do it the way you will
I only know
That it was right for me
To do it so

Take any two right hands and clench them tight,
They will not grasp a rod with equal might
Nor will they be alike when in repose
Two bushes never bear the selfsame rose

So leave me scope for some experiment
So leave me scope for some experiment
Leave me scope for some experiment
Leave me scope for some experiment

In finding out just what the good Lord meant
In finding out just what the good Lord meant
Finding, finding out
In finding out just what the good Lord meant

When he created in my patient mother this untried soul that's me and is no other.

Annie's song

John Denver

You fill up my senses
Like a night in a forest
Like the mountains in springtime
Like a walk in the rain
Like a storm in the desert
Like a sleepy blue ocean
You fill up my senses
Come fill me again

Come, let me love you
Let me give my life to you
Let me drown in your laughter
Let me die in your arms
Let me lay down beside you
Let me always be with you
Come, let me love you
Come love me again

Let me give my life to you
Come, let me love you
Come love me again

You fill up my senses
Like a night in a forest
Like the mountains in springtime
Like a walk in the rain
Like a storm in the desert
Like a sleepy blue ocean
You fill up my senses
Come fill me again

For you the Night is Still

Becca Stevens

Poetry by Jane Tyson Clement

For you the night is still;
the moonlight on the hill
shall come no more. And I
whose life was touched with flame,
if I stay not the same
because the flame must die,
you will not know.

For me the night will change,
the moonlight not be strange,
nor silvered hill. And you
whose life was turned to dark
sleep on and do not mark
if this small heart stay true,
if love will go.

For me it is to keep
the beauty, while you sleep
unsullied peace. And I
who cannot stay the years
nor live them all in tears
must watch the vision die
unchecked and slow.

I Am, You Anxious One (*Three Rilke Songs*)

Libby Larsen

Poetry by Rainer Maria Rilke

I am, you anxious one

Do you not hear me rush to claim you with each eager sense?

And now my feelings have found wings,

And circling whitely fly about your countenance.

And here my spirit in its dress still stands before you,

Oh, do you not see?

In your glance does not my Maytime prayer

Grow to ripeness as upon a tree?

Dreamer, it is I who am your dream

But when you wake, I am your will

And master of all pleasure and I grow to a sphere,

Like stars poised high and still

With time's sing'lar city stretched below.

Sérénade florentine

Henri Duparc

Poetry by Henri Cazalis

Sérénade florentine

Étoile, dont la beauté luit
Comme un diamant dans la nuit,
Regarde vers ma bien-aimée
Dont la paupière s'est fermée,
Et fais descendre sur ses yeux
La bénédiction des cieux.

Elle s'endort : par la fenêtre
En sa chambre heureuse pénètre ;
Sur sa blancheur, comme un baiser,
Viens jusqu'à l'aube te poser,
Et que sa pensée alors rêve
D'un astre d'amour qui se lève.

Florentine Serenade

Star whose beauty shines
like a diamond in the night
Look upon my beloved
whose eyelids are shut
and upon her eyes let fall
the benediction of the skies.

She sleeps... Through the window,
enter her happy chamber;
upon her whiteness, like a kiss,
rest until sunrise
so that she may dream
of a star of love that is rising.

Estrellita (instrumental)

Manuel María Ponce (arr. Celil Refik Kaya)

Thunderwhirl

Tim Brady

Poetry by John C. Walker

Thunderwhirl

A time to be sowing

To feel someone who cares,

Thunderwhirl

I still don't know secrets under

that old story under

Thunderwhirl

Colder than crystalline love

The rule of life is;

What distance said to me

Like the waves on the living sea

Listen to me

Listen to my prayer

Listen to me

What distance said to me

A time to be sowing

To feel someone who cares,

I still don't know secrets under

that old story under

Thunderwhirl

Colder than crystalline love

The rule of life is;

Like the waves on the living sea

Love has found you scared

Thunderwhirl

Luminous apologizing

Colder than crystalline love

Thunderwhirl

Ária from Bachianas Brasileiras

Heitor Villa-Lobos

Poetry by Ruth V. Corrêa

Tarde uma nuvem rósea lenta e transparente.
Sobre o espaço, sonhadora e bela!
Surge no infinito a lua docemente,
Enfeitando a tarde, qual meiga donzela
Que se apresta e a linda sonhadoramente,
Em anseios d'alma para ficar bela
Grita ao céu e a terra toda a Natureza!
Cala a passarada aos seus tristes queixumes
E reflete o mar toda a Sua riqueza...
Suave a luz da lua desperta agora
A cruel saudade que ri e chora!
Tarde uma nuvem rósea lenta e transparente
Sobre o espaço, sonhadora e bela!

Afternoon, a rosy, slow and transparent cloud
in the air, dreamy and beautiful!
The Moon sweetly emerges into infinity,
Decorating the afternoon like a gentle maiden
who dreamily prepares herself to be gorgeous
with an anxious soul to keep herself beautiful.
All of nature shouts to the Sky and to the Earth!
Flocks of birds hush to its complaints
and the Sea reflects its great splendor...
Softly in the light of the moon now awakes
cruel longing that laughs and cries.
Afternoon, a rosy, slow and transparent cloud
in the air, dreamy and beautiful...

An Evening Hymn

Henry Purcell

Poetry by William Fuller

Now, now that the sun hath veil'd his light
And bid the world goodnight;
To the soft bed my body I dispose,
But where shall my soul repose?
Dear, dear God, even in Thy arms,
And can there be any so sweet security!
Then to thy rest, O my soul!
And singing, praise the mercy
That prolongs thy days.
Hallelujah!

Esteli Gomez

Soprano

Praised for her "clear, bright voice" (New York Times) and "artistry that belies her young years" (Kansas City Metropolis), soprano Estelí Gomez is quickly gaining recognition as a stylish interpreter of early and contemporary repertoires. In January 2014 she was awarded a Grammy with contemporary octet Roomful of Teeth, for best chamber music/small ensemble performance; in November 2011 she received first prize in the Canticum Gaudium International Early Music Vocal Competition in Poznan, Poland.

Estelí can be heard on the Seattle Symphony's 2017 recording of Nielsen's Symphony No. 3, on the first track of Silkroad Ensemble's Grammy-winning 2016 album *Sing Me Home*, and on Roomful of Teeth's self-titled debut album, for which composer Caroline Shaw's *Partita for 8 Voices* was awarded the 2013 Pulitzer Prize.



Highlights of her 2019-21 season included: further performances of Vivier's *Kopernikus* directed by Peter Sellars; recordings of Nico Muhly's *How Little You Are* as soprano soloist with *Conspirare*; the role of Queen Apetebí in Louis Aguirre's *Ebbó* with AS/COA; solo appearances with the Indianapolis Baroque Orchestra, Winston-Salem Orchestra, Alchymy Viols, Kingsbury Ensemble, Yarn/Wire, and Tesseract Baroque; teaching residencies at University of Oregon, Peabody, McGill, Rutgers, and Oregon Bach Festival; and concerts at Lincoln Center, the Kennedy Center, and the Guggenheim, with additional tours throughout Europe, New Zealand, and Australia, with Roomful of Teeth.

Originally from Watsonville, California, Estelí received her Bachelor of Arts with honors in music from Yale College, and Master of Music from McGill University, studying with Sanford Sylvan.

Estelí is thrilled to be teaching at Lawrence University as assistant professor of voice, in addition to continuing her work as a performer. She is also a proud member of Beyond Artists, a coalition of artists who donate a percentage of their concert fees to organizations they care about. She is currently donating to RAICES and the Texas Civil Rights Project.

Colin Davin

Guitar

Hailed as “the real thing, a player with a virtuoso’s technique, a deeply expressive musicianship, and a probing imagination” (American Record Guide) who “has the distinct ability to wring the depths of expressiveness from all that he plays” (Classical Guitar Magazine), and for his “precision, musical intelligence and passion” (Cleveland Classical), guitarist Colin Davin has emerged as one of today’s most dynamic artists. Recent highlights include concertos with the Wisconsin Chamber Orchestra, Aiken Symphony Orchestra, New Mexico Philharmonic, Lake Placid Sinfonietta, Lakeside Symphony Orchestra, Champaign-Urbana Symphony Orchestra, and Richmond Symphony; collaborations with Sharon Isbin at the 92nd Street Y, Chautauqua Institution, and Baltimore Classical Guitar Society; and performances with violinist Tessa Lark and cellist Edward Arron.

In 2015, Colin appeared as a featured musical guest on the final season of *The Late Show with David Letterman* alongside the late Jessye Norman. He has performed across the world, including at Carnegie Hall, Alice Tully Hall, the Metropolitan Museum of Art (on historic instruments from the museum’s collection), New York Philharmonic Ensembles, the ELLNORA Festival at the University of Illinois, the Alhambra Palace in Granada, the Paris Conservatoire, the Fringe Fringe in Dubai, and venues throughout the United States and Canada. His collaborators include GRAMMY Award winning soprano Estelí Gomez and Dallas Symphony Orchestra principal harpist Emily Levin. He has been a regular guest artist at the Aspen Music Festival, and has four times been a guest teacher at the Afghanistan National Institute of Music in Kabul, Afghanistan.



Colin’s solo recording, “The Infinite Fabric of Dreams” has been praised as “some of the finest interpretations I’ve heard... achingly beautiful... a thoughtful, perceptive interpretation, filled with details often missed” (American Record Guide) and “a first-rate disc... Davin knows the pieces deeply and delivers virtuosic and exciting performances... state of the art” (Soundboard Magazine).

An active player in the American contemporary music scene, he has performed with Contemporaneous, Talea Ensemble, Nu Deco Ensemble, Present Music, Axiom, Aspen Contemporary Ensemble, ensemblenewSRQ, and Mimesis Ensemble. Colin has premiered dozens of new works, and currently operates the Century Guitar Project, an initiative that promotes new repertoire for the guitar through commissioning, performance, and recording.

Colin Davin is co-head of the guitar department at the Cleveland Institute of Music. In demand for his insights in masterclasses and lectures, he has been invited to teach in a guest capacity at institutions including The Juilliard School, the Peabody Institute, Oberlin Conservatory, University of Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music, Arizona State University, and the Aspen Music Festival and School. He has won numerous prizes in international competitions and was a two-time finalist in the Guitar Foundation of America International Concert Artist Competition. He holds a Master of Music from The Juilliard School, where he studied with Sharon Isbin; a Bachelor of Music from the University of Southern California with William Kanengiser; and underwent preparatory studies at the Cleveland Institute of Music with Jason Vieaux.