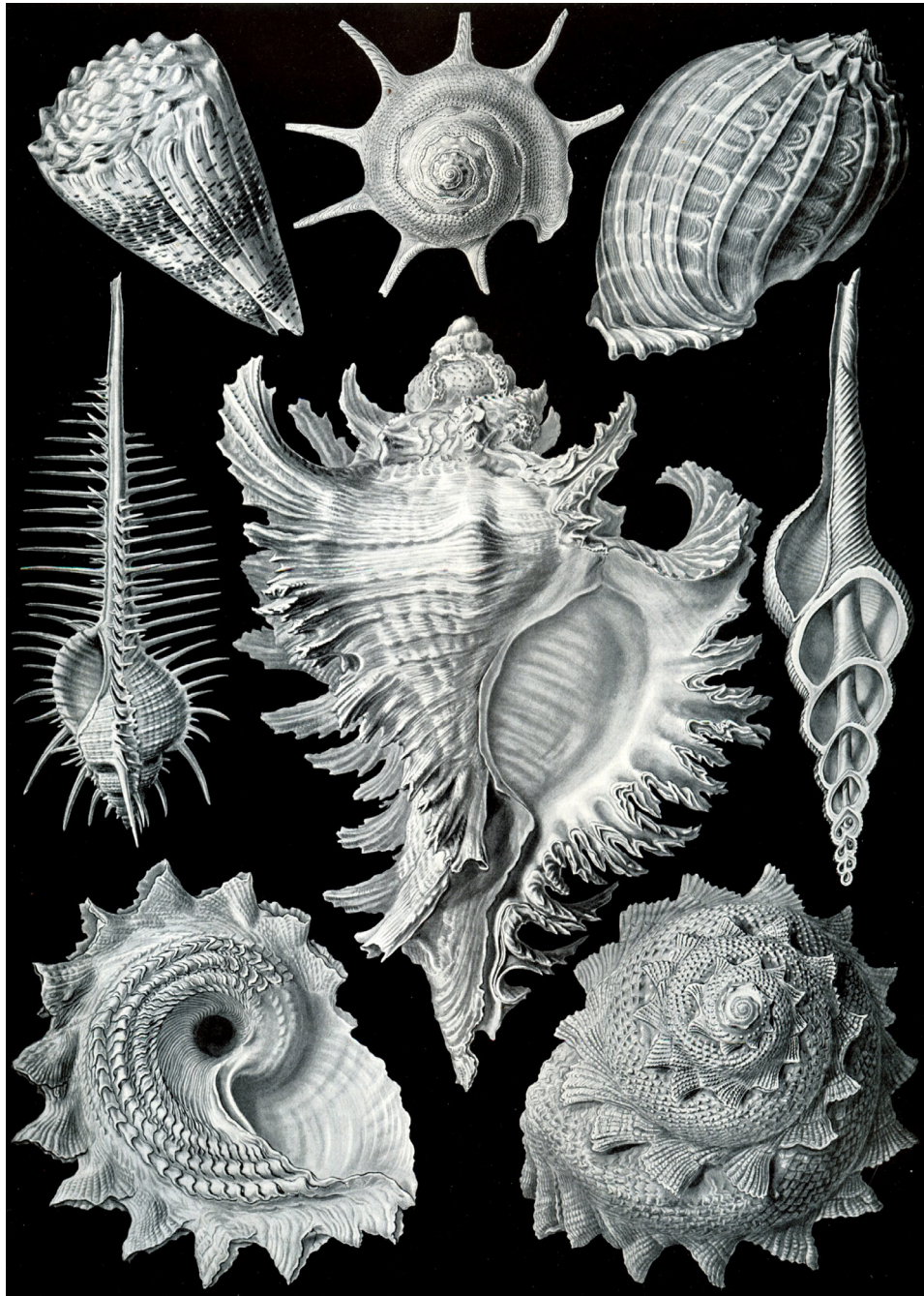


CELEBRATING THE CHALLENGER EXPEDITION:
DEEP SEA TO DEEP LEARNING

7:30pm August 11 2022



Mary Hubbell, soprano
Kristine Gether, alto
Yang Liu, piano
Jiayan Sun, piano





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PROGRAM

L'invitation au voyage	Henri Duparc (1848–1933)
Reflets Le retour	Lili Boulanger (1893–1918)
from <i>Préludes</i> Ondine (Book 2, no. 8) Ce qu'a vu le vent d'Ouest (Book 1, no. 7)	Claude Debussy (1862–1918)
	
Wasserfahrt	Felix Mendelssohn (1809–1847)
Auf dem Wasser zu singen	Franz Schubert (1797–1828)
Wie Schnee	Gregory W. Brown (*1974)
Laue Sommernacht Bei dir ist es traut	Alma Mahler (1879–1964)
Arabesken über "An der schönen blauen Donau" von Johan Strauss	Adolf Schulz-Evler (1852–1905)
	
Beside the sea Song to the Dark Virgin	Florence Price (1887–1953)
<i>To the Bleak Shore</i> Time does not bring relief Ebb I Shall Go Back Again	Gregory W. Brown
Dazzling Light (premiere)	Gregory W. Brown

L'invitation au voyage

(Charles Baudelaire 1821–1867)

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble;
— Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble!
Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.
Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.
— Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
— Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.

*My child, my sister,
think of the sweetness
of going there to live together!
To love at leisure,
to love and to die
in a country that is the image of you!
The misty suns
of those changeable skies
have for me the same
mysterious charm
as your fickle eyes
shining through their tears.*

*There, all is harmony and beauty,
luxury, calm and delight.
See how those ships,
nomads by nature,
are slumbering in the canals.
To gratify
your every desire
they have come from the ends of the earth.
The westering suns
clothe the fields,
the canals, and the town
with reddish-orange and gold.
The world falls asleep
bathed in warmth and light.*

*There, all is harmony and beauty,
luxury, calm and delight.*

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Reflets

(Maurice Maeterlinck 1862–1949)

Sous l'eau du songe qui s'élève
Mon âme a peur, mon âme a peur.
Et la lune luit dans mon cœur
Plongé dans les sources du rêve!

Sous l'ennui morne des roseaux.
Seul le reflet profond des choses,
Des lys, des palmes et des roses
Pleurent encore au fond des eaux.

Les fleurs s'effeuillent une à une
Sur le reflet du firmament.
Pour descendre, éternellement
Sous l'eau du songe et dans la lune.

*Under the rising water of the dream,
My soul is afraid, my soul is afraid.
And the moon shines in my heart
Plunged into the well-springs of the dream!*

*Under the mournful boredom of the reeds,
Only the profound reflection[s] of things,
Of lilies, of palms, and of roses,
Still weep at the bottom of the waters.*

*The flowers drop their petals one by one
On the reflection of the sky
In order to sink eternally
Under the water of the dream and into the moon.*

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Le retour

(Georges Delaquys 1880–1970)

Ulysse part la voile au vent,
Vers Ithaque aux ondes chéries,
Avec des bercements la vague roule et plie.
Au large de son cœur la mer aux vastes eaux
Où son œil suit les blancs oiseaux
Egrène au loin des pierreries.

Ulysse part la voile au vent,
Vers Ithaque aux ondes chéries!

Penché œil grave et cœur battant
Sur le bec d'or de sa galère
Il se rit, quand le flot est noir, de sa colère
Car là-bas son cher fils pieux et fier attend
Après les combats éclatants,
La victoire aux bras de son père.
Il songe, œil grave et cœur battant
Sur le bec d'or de sa galère.

Ulysse part la voile au vent,
Vers Ithaque aux ondes chéries.

*Ulysses leaves with wind in his sails,
Towards the cherished waves of Ithaca,
With rocking motions the billow rolls and folds.
To the offing of his heart the sea of vast waters,
Where his eye follows the white birds,
Drops away in the distance into faraway jewels.*

*Ulysses leaves with wind in his sails,
Towards the cherished waves of Ithaca!*

*Leaned over with a solemn eye and beating heart
On the golden bill of his galley
He laughs, when the surging tide is black, at his anger
Because over there his dear son, pious and proud, waits
After the clamoring battles,
For victory at the arm of his father.
He dreams, with a solemn eye and beating heart,
On the golden bill of his galley.*

*Ulysses leaves with wind in his sails,
Towards the cherished waves of Ithaca.*

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Wasserfahrt

(Heinrich Heine 1797–1856)

Ich stand gelehnet an den Mast,
Und zählte jede Welle.
Ade! mein schönes Vaterland!
Mein Schiff, das segelt schnelle!

Ich kam schön Liebchens Haus vorbei,
Die Fensterscheiben blinken;
Ich seh mir fast die Augen aus,
Doch will mir niemand winken.

Ihr Tränen, bleibt mir aus dem Aug',
Daß ich nicht dunkel sehe.
Du armes Herze brich mir nicht
Vor allzugroßem Wehe.

*I stood leaning against the mast
and counted every wave.
Adieu, my fair fatherland!
My ship, it sails so swiftly!*

*I passed my fair sweetheart's house,
the windowpanes flashing;
I almost stared my eyes out,
but no one waved to me.*

*You tears, stay away from my eyes,
for you make it too dark to see.
My sick heart, do not break
from this overwhelming grief.*

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Auf dem Wasser zu singen

(Friedrich Leopold, Graf zu Stolberg-Stolberg 1750–1819)

Mitten im Schimmer der spiegelnden Wellen
Gleitet, wie Schwäne, der wankende Kahn;
Ach, auf der Freude sanftschimmernden Wellen
Gleitet die Seele dahin wie der Kahn;
Denn von dem Himmel herab auf die Wellen
Tanzt das Abendroth rund um den Kahn.

Ueber den Wipfeln des westlichen Haines
Winket uns freundlich der röthliche Schein;
Unter den Zweigen des östlichen Haines
Säuselt der Kalmus im röthlichen Schein;
Freude des Himmels und Ruhe des Haines
Athmet die Seel' im erröthenden Schein.

Ach, es entschwindet mit thauigem Flügel
Mir auf den wiegenden Wellen die Zeit.
Morgen entschwinde mit schimmerndem Flügel
Wieder wie gestern und heute die Zeit,
Bis ich auf höherem strahlenden Flügel
Selber entschwinde der wechselnden Zeit.

*In the middle of the shimmer of the reflecting waves
Glides, as swans do, the wavering boat;
Ah, on joy's soft shimmering waves
Glides the soul along like the boat;
Then from Heaven down onto the waves
Dances the sunset all around the boat.*

*Over the treetops of the western grove
Waves, in a friendly way, the reddish gleam;
Under the branches of the eastern grove
Murmur the reeds in the reddish light;
Joy of Heaven and the peace of the grove
Is breathed by the soul in the reddening light.*

*Ah, time vanishes on dewy wing
for me, on the rocking waves;
Tomorrow, time will vanish with shimmering wings
Again, as yesterday and today,
Until I, on higher more radiant wing,
Myself vanish to the changing time.*

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Wie Schnee

(Kurt Kramer 1945–2008)

DU KAMST WIE SCHNEE, GANZ LEISE
ZART UND DENNOCH WIRKLICHKEIT
UND NAHMST MICH AN DER HAND UND
FÜHRTEST MICH
LANGE TAGE, DIE IM FLUG VERGINGEN,
STUNDEN VOLLER GLÜCK.

DER WIND VERBIEGT DIE BLUMEN,
DIE ICH DIR NIE SCHENKTE,
ZU KRUMMEN STÄNGELN OHNE BLÄTTER,
DER WIND FEGT DIE GEDANKEN FORT,
DIE ICH ZU DIR LENKTE.
DU GINGST WIE SCHNEE.

DIE SONNE HOLTE DICH ZURÜCK.
DOCH WENN ICH MEINE AUGEN SCHLIESSE,
MUSS ICH AN DICH DENKEN
WIE AN EIN WUNDERBARES, FERNES LAND.
DER DUFT DER BLUMEN, FRÜHLING.
LANG IST MEIN WINTER, DOCH IRGENDWANN,
VIELLEICHT HAT MICH EIN
SONNENSTRAHL ERREICHT,
DER DICH MIR WIEDERBRINGEN WIRD.
DU KAMST WIE SCHNEE.

*You came like snow, all quiet
tender and yet real
and took me by the hand and
led me,
long days in flight passed,
hours of happiness.*

*The wind bends the flowers,
That I never gave you,
to crooked stalks without leaves,
the wind blows thoughts further,
which I send to you.
You went like snow.*

*The sun brought you back.
But when I close my eyes,
I must think of you
like a wonderful, distant country.
The scent of flowers, spring.
Long is my winter, but sometime,
maybe a ray of
sunshine has reached me,
which will bring you back.
You came like snow.*

Laue Sommernacht

(Otto Julius Bierbaum 1865–1910)

Laue Sommernacht: am Himmel
Stand kein Stern, im weiten Walde
Suchten wir uns tief im Dunkel,
Und wir fanden uns.

Fanden uns im weiten Walde
In der Nacht, der sternenlosen,
Hielten staunend uns im Arme
In der dunklen Nacht.

War nicht unser ganzes Leben
Nur ein Tappen, nur ein Suchen?
Da: In seine Finsternisse
Liebe, fiel Dein Licht.

*Mild summer night, in the sky
There are no stars; in the wide woods
We searched deep in the darkness
And we found ourselves.*

*We found ourselves in the wide woods,
In the night, the starless night;
We held ourselves in wonder in each other's arms
In the dark night.*

*Was not our entire life
Simply groping, simply searching?
There, into its darkness
Tumbled your light, Love.*

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Bei dir ist es traut

(Rainer Maria Rilke 1875–1926)

Bei dir ist es traut,
zage Uhren schlagen wie aus alten Tagen,
komm mir ein Liebes sagen,
aber nur nicht laut!

Ein Tor geht irgendwo
draußen im Blütentreiben,
der Abend horcht an den Scheiben,
laß uns leise bleiben,
keiner weiß uns so!

*I am at ease with you,
faint clocks strike as from olden days,
Come, tell your love to me,
But not too loud!*

*Somewhere a gate moves
Outside in the drifting blossoms,
Evening listens in at the window panes,
Let us stay quiet,
So no one knows of us!*

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Beside the sea

(Paul Laurence Dunbar 1872–1906)

If you could sit with me beside the sea to-day,
And whisper with me sweetest dreamings o'er and o'er;
I think I should not find the clouds so dim and gray,
And not so loud the waves complaining at the shore.
If you could sit with me upon the shore to-day,
And hold my hand in yours as in the days of old,
I think I should not mind the chill baptismal spray,
Nor find my hand and heart and all the world so cold.
If you could walk with me upon the strand to-day,
And tell me that my longing love had won your own,
I think all my sad thoughts would then be put away,
And I could give back laughter for the Ocean's moan!

Song to the Dark Virgin
(Langston Hughes 1901–1967)

Would
That I were a jewel,
A shattered jewel,
That all my shining brilliants
Might fall at thy feet,
Thou dark one.

Would
That I were a garment,
A shimmering, silken garment,
That all my folds
Might wrap about thy body,
Absorb thy body,
Hold and hide thy body,
Thou dark one.

To the Bleak Shore
(Edna St. Vincent Millay 1892–1950)

1.
Time does not bring relief; you all have lied
Who told me time would ease me of my pain!
I miss him in the weeping of the rain;
I want him at the shrinking of the tide;
The old snows melt from every mountain-side,
And last year's leaves are smoke in every lane;
But last year's bitter loving must remain
Heaped on my heart, and my old thoughts abide.
There are a hundred places where I fear
To go,—so with his memory they brim.
And entering with relief some quiet place
Where never fell his foot or shone his face
I say, "There is no memory of him here!"
And so stand stricken, so remembering him.

2. **Ebb**
I know what my heart is like Since your love died:
It is like a hollow ledge Holding a little pool
Left there by the tide,
A little tepid pool,
Drying inward from the edge.

3.
I shall go back again to the bleak shore
And build a little shanty on the sand,
In such a way that the extremest band
Of brittle seaweed will escape my door
But by a yard or two; and nevermore
Shall I return to take you by the hand;
I shall be gone to what I understand,
And happier than I ever was before.

Would
That I were a flame,
But one sharp, leaping flame
To annihilate thy body,
Thou dark one.

The love that stood a moment in your eyes,
The words that lay a moment on your tongue,
Are one with all that in a moment dies,
A little under-said and over-sung.
But I shall find the sullen rocks and skies
Unchanged from what they were when I was young.

Dazzling Light

Henry Nottidge Moseley (1844–1891)

excerpt from *Notes By A Naturalist On The Challenger* (1879)

We frequently enjoyed the sight of brilliant red sunsets.

Then the bergs directly between the observer and the illuminated sky show a hard, almost black outline. Bergs lying on the horizon, right and left of the setting sun, reflect the light from their entire faces, or from those parts of their faces which lie at the necessary angle. Hence, bright red bergs, and also fantastic red forms, due to reflection from very uneven surfaces, appear on the horizon. Bergs that are nearer take a salmon tint.

In one remarkably brilliant sunset, just before the lower limb of the sun reached the horizon, it was of a brilliant golden-yellow, which lit up the spars and shrouds of the ship with a dazzling light. Later on, the horizon became excessively dark. Above it was a streak of golden light, succeeded by a band of green sky, the two colours being separated by a narrow horizontal violet cloud. Above the green were dark clouds lighted up with bright crimson at the edges. The bergs reflected the crimson and yellow light, and assumed the brightest hues.



Danish born contralto, **Kristine Gether**, studied Musicology and Italian at the University of Copenhagen before embarking upon her vocal studies. She earned her masters degree from the Royal Conservatory in the Hague, Holland, subsequently continuing as a private student with Anna Larsson. With her dark, rich contralto and strong musicality, Kristine is in demand in a wide variety of settings and has performed throughout Europe on prominent stages such as *Muziekgebouw aan 't IJ* in Amsterdam, the Staatsoper in Vienna and the Royal Opera in Copenhagen. Most recently she appeared as The Mother in “Elverskud” by Niels W. Gade and as Alto soloist in “Drei geistliche Lieder” by F. Mendelssohn, but among many others appearances also include the solo parts in masses, oratorios, passions and cantatas by J.S. Bach and Händel, the Requiems by Mozart Duruflé and Lotti, “Kindertotenlieder” and “Symphony nr. 2” by G. Mahler and contemporary music such as “Le voci sottovetro” by Sciarrino. Future engagements include a revisit with Rachmaninov’s *Vespers*. Since

2016 Kristine Gether is a member of the Danish National Concert Choir and she is a frequent guest with groups such as the National Vocal Ensemble and the chorus of the Danish Royal Opera.

Mary Hubbell, described in the New York Times as “a soprano with a sweetly focused tone,” holds degrees from Boston College; the University of California, Santa Barbara; the Royal Conservatory in The Hague; and a DMA from The Graduate Center of the City University of New York. In the Netherlands, she was a frequent soloist with early music ensembles, and often appeared at the contemporary venues of the Young Composer’s Festival in Apeldoorn and the Gaudeamus Festival in Amsterdam. In 2016, she appeared as Katherine Wright in Jocelyn Hagen’s dance opera *Test Pilot* in Minnesota. She gave the New York premiere of Gregory W. Brown’s cantata *Caliban in After-Life* at the Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall in March 2017. Ms. Hubbell is an adjunct faculty member of UMass-Amherst.



Pianist **Yang Liu**’s attracts worldwide audiences with her profound musicianship and extraordinary virtuosity. “Her performance was incredibly expressive... effortlessly moving from delicate flourishes to pounding intensity...” (Toronto Star). She has performed extensively throughout the US, Europe, and China at numerous prominent venues, and has won many prestigious competitions, including the First Prize of the Toronto International Piano Competition, First Prize of the Chopin International Piano Competition in Hartford, Second Prize of the Serge & Olga Koussevitzky Young Artist Awards, among others. She is a member of the Musicians Club of New York. Ms. Liu received both Bachelor and Master of Music degrees from The Juilliard School, Masters of Musical Arts degree from Yale School of Music, and is currently finishing her Doctoral of Musical Arts degree at Peabody Conservatory. In 2022, Naxos Records released her album “Schubert: German Dances, Ländler, and Écossaises”, presenting Schubert’s dances on both a modern piano and a fortepiano.

Praised by the New York Times for his “revelatory” performances, pianist **Jiayan Sun** has performed with the Cleveland Orchestra, the Hallé Orchestra, the Chinese and RTÉ National Symphony Orchestras, the Fort Worth and Toledo Symphony Orchestras, the Toronto and Aspen Concert Orchestras. In addition to capturing major prizes in the Leeds, Cleveland, Dublin, and Toronto international piano competitions, playing early keyboard instruments and studying historical performance practice have played a significant role in Mr. Sun’s musical activities, with critically acclaimed appearances with the American Classical Orchestra in Alice Tully Hall. Hailing from Yantai, China, Mr. Sun received the Doctor of Musical Arts degree from The Juilliard School under the tutelage of Yoheved Kaplinsky and Stephen Hough. Currently Assistant Professor of Music and the Associate Chair for Performance Activities at Smith College, he has performed Beethoven’s complete piano sonatas, in addition to presenting recital series devoted to the works by Schubert and Chopin.



Composer **Gregory W. Brown**’s music has been heard on American Public Media’s *Performance Today*, BBC Radio, Minnesota Public Radio, Kansas Public Radio, and Danish National Radio; his *Missa Charles Darwin* received its European debut in March 2013 at the Dinosaur Hall of Berlin’s *Museum für Naturkunde*. Brown’s works have been performed across the United States and Europe — most notably at Cadogan Hall in London, the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam, and Carnegie Hall in New York City. His latest major work — *Fall & Decline* — was released on Navona Records in 2021.

