Empyrean Ensemble presents

Contemporary Chamber Works featuring

UC Davis student performers

PROGRAM

The motorcycle boy in the west coast for percussion trio
   Derek Kwan, Megan Shieh, Chris Froh

DIVA! for four violas
   1. Epilogue
   Kimberlee Uwate, Holly Harrison, Zoe Kemmerling, Katie Miller

Movement of Varied Moments for flute and vibraphone
   Ralph Shapey (1921–2002)
   Amy Kuo, flute; Derek Kwan, vibraphone

Selections from Pierrot Lunaire

1. Monodrunk (Mondestrunken)
   The wine which through the eyes we drink
   Flows nightly from the moon in torrents;
   And as a spring-tide overflows
   The far and distant land.
   Desires terrible and sweet
   Unnumbered drift in floods abounding.
   The wine which through the eyes we drink
   Flows nightly from the moon in torrents.
   The poet, in an ecstasy,
   Drinks deeply from the holy chalice.
   To heaven lifts up his encircled arms
   And, reeling quails and drains down
   The wine which through the eyes we drink.

4. A Chlorotic Laundry Maid
   Eine blasse Wascherin
   A chlorotic laundry maid
   Washes nightly white silk garments;
   Naked, snow-white silvery forearms
   Stretches downward to the flood.
   Through the glade gentle breezes.
   Softly playing o'er the stream.
   A chlorotic laundry maid
   Washes nightly white silk garments.
   And the gentle maid of heaven.
   By the branches softly fondled.
   Spreads on the dusky meadows
   All her moonlight-bewoven linen
   A chlorotic laundry maid.

6. Madonna
   Rise, O mother of all sorrows,
   From the alter of my verses!
   Blood pours forth from thy lean bosom
   Where the sword of frenzy pierced it.
   Thy forever gaping gashes
   Are like eyelids, red and open.
   Rise, O mother of all sorrows,
   From the alter of my verses.
   In the lacerated arms
   Holdst thou thy Son's holy body,
   Manifesting Him to mankind—
   Yet the eyes of men avert themselves,
   O mother of all sorrows!

7. The Ailing Moon (Der kranke Mond)
   You ailing, death-awaiting moon,
   You die, your longing deep concealed,
   Lures me, like strange enchanting song.
   With unrequited pain of love
   You die, your longing deep concealed,
   You ailing, death-awaiting moon,
   High upon heaven's dusty couch.
   The lover, stirred by sharp desire
   Who reckless seeks for love's embrace
   Exults in your bright play of light
   Your pale and pain-begotten flood.
   You ailing, death-awaiting moon.

8. Night (Nacht)
   Heavy, gloomy giant black moths
   Massacred the sun's bright rays;
   Like a close-shut magic book
   Broods the distant sky in silence.
   From the mists in deep recesses
   Rise up scents, destroying memory.
   Heavy, gloomy giant black moths
   Massacred the sun's bright rays;
   And from heaven earthward bound
   Downward sink with somber pinions.
   Unperceived, great hoards of monsters
   On the hearts and souls of mankind... Heavvy, gloomy giant black moths.

10. Loof (Raub)
   Ancient royalty's red rubies,
   Bloody drops of antique glory,
   Slumber in the hollow coffins
   Buried in the vaulted caverns.
   Pierrot descends to ravish
   Ancient royalty's red rubies.
   Bloody drops of antique glory.
   But there every hair a-bristle,
   Livid fear turns them to statues:
   Through the murky gloom, like eyes—
   Glaring from the hollow coffins.
   Ancient royalty's red rubies.

12. Song of the Gallows (Galgenlied)
   The haggard harlot8 with scraggy gizzard
   Will be his ultimate paramour.
   Through all his thoughts there sticks like a gimlet
   The haggard harlot with scraggy gizzard.
   Thin as a rake, round her neck a pigtail,
   Joyfully she embraces the rascal,
   The haggard harlot.

21. O Ancient Scent (O alter Duft)
   O ancient scent from far-off days,
   Intoxicate me again.
   A merry swarm of idle thoughts
   Pervades the gentle air.
   A happy whim makes me aspire
   To joys which I too long neglected.
   O ancient scent from far-off days
   Intoxicate me again.
   Now all my sorrow is dispelled,
   And from my sun-encircled casement
   I view again the lovely world.
   And dream beyond the fair horizon.
   O ancient scent from far-off days!

noon concert

noon concert series supported by Ed and Elen Witter

This concert is being recorded professionally for the university archive. Please remain seated during the music,
remembering that distractions will be audible on the recording. Please deactivate cell phones, pagers, and wristwatches.
Flash photography and audio and video recording are prohibited during the performance.

12:05 pm, Thursday, 15 May 2008
Room 115, Music Building

EMPYREAN ENSEMBLE COACHES
Ellen Ruth Rose, viola Tod Brody, flute Chris Froh, percussion
Laurie San Martin, director

PIERROT LUNAIRE TEXT

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Original collection of French poems by Albert Giraud
German translation by Eric Harleben
English translation of Schoenberg's selection by Cecil Gray