

FACULTY ARTIST SERIES

BROCK TJO SVOLD, PIANO

Monday, February 19, 2024
Kilbourn Hall
7:30 PM



EASTMAN
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
UNIVERSITY of ROCHESTER

PROGRAM

Clairières dans le ciel: The Legacies of Lili and Nadia Boulanger

Clairières dans le ciel (Francis Jammes)

Lili Boulanger
(1893-1918)

Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie
Elle est gravement gaie
Parfois, je suis triste
Un poète disait
Au pied de mon lit
Si tout ceci n'est qu'un pauvre rêve
Nous nous aimerons tant
Vous m'avez regardé avec toute votre âme
Les lilas qui avaient fleuri
Deux ancolies
Parce que j'ai souffert
Je garde une médaille d'elle
Demain fera un an

Alexandra Rose Hotz, soprano

INTERMISSION

Psaume 129

Lili Boulanger

S Joshua Sheppard, baritone

Cantique (Maurice Maeterlinck)

Nadia Boulanger
(1887-1979)

Ilda (Albert Samain)

Écoutez la chanson bien douce (Paul Verlaine)

Élégie (Albert Samain)

Rose Kearin, soprano

PROGRAM

Trois pièces pour violoncelle et piano

Nadia Boulanger

Modéré

Sans vitesse et à l'aise

Vite et nerveusement rythmé

Ryan Hardcastle, viola

Indra - Hommage à Lili Boulanger (2017)

Camille Pépin

(b. 1990)

Chihiro Kakishima, violin

PROGRAM NOTES

This program is a result of my gradual discovery of the incredible music of Lili and Nadia Boulanger. As a music student, I knew the story of Lili's life (1893-1918), the prodigious composer who won one of music's top prize, the Prix de Rome, as the first woman to do so in 1913. She was only 19 years-old. Her story is one of great triumph and of great tragedy, as she became ill and died at the young age of 24. Her older sister, Nadia (1887-1979), was also a composer who went on to teach many of the 20th century's greatest musicians, including Aaron Copland, George Gershwin, Elliott Carter, Daniel Barenboim, Philip Glass, Quincy Jones, Astor Piazzolla, John Eliot Gardiner, Virgil Thompson, and Eastman's own George Walker.

While I knew them by name, it took time for me to explore and appreciate their music. I remember hearing Lili's monumental song cycle *Clairières dans le ciel* for the first time when I was about 21, just about the same age that Lili was when she wrote this piece. I was moved to tears realizing that such profound music could flow out of someone that was as naive to the world as I was. Several years later (just a few months ago, in fact), I heard Lili's Psalm 129 for orchestra and baritone chorus. I was completely shocked by its power and the story of resilience that it tells, and how Lili's music is the perfect vessel to deliver it in.

This program is not meant to be strictly biographical, yet I couldn't help but notice the contrast in the texts that Lili chose to set. In the final song of *Clairières dans le ciel*, an excerpt from the text translates: "I seem to feel a weeping within me, a heavy, silent sobbing, someone who is not there... Nothing more. I have nothing more, nothing to sustain me."

Lili's *Psalm 129* couldn't be more different. Here, we see Lili as a fighter and a victor in the midst of great suffering. The psalm reads: "They have greatly oppressed me from my youth, let Israel say: they have greatly oppressed me from my youth, but they have not gained victory over me. Plowmen have plowed my back and made their furrows long. But the Lord is righteous; he has cut me free from the cords of the wicked."

Pairing these two of my favorite works seems natural. They represent Lili's unbelievable genius and tenacity in the face of horrific suffering. Musically, you will hear influences of other French composers of the time, yet there is a fire and intensity unique to Lili. I hope that the sharpness and directness of her music will leave you as stunned as it has left me.

PROGRAM NOTES

Nadia was deeply impacted by the premature death of her sister. In fact, it is believed that Lili's death may have been what put Nadia primarily on the path of an educator, rather than composer. Even though Nadia's name is mostly associated with music education, her own compositions are grossly under-appreciated. I chose four of her songs with poetry I would imagine might describe her feelings for Lili. *Cantique* reads that "No sin can live when Love has spoken; no soul can die when Love has wept." *Ilda* describes a beautiful girl, sad with passion, and *Écoutez* teaches us to "Listen to the very sweet song... It is in pain and passing through, the soul that suffers without anger, and how clear is its morality. Listen to the very wise song." Finally, *Élégie* mourns for those of us left on Earth who no longer get to say our loved ones' names.

On this program, Nadia's songs and three pieces for viola and piano have a softness to them that strikes the heart in a very different way from the drama and intensity of Lili's music. All four of her songs were written when she was quite young and before Lili's death, but I find that they still reflect the love of a wise, older sister.

Camille Pépin is a living French composer who chose to dedicate *Indra* to Lili Boulanger. She writes of the piece:

"When Claire Bodin [artistic director of the Présences Féminines festival] asked me to write a piece in tribute to a woman composer of the past, I chose to pay tribute to Lili Boulanger (1893–1918). An outstanding composer and orchestrator, she was also a very beautiful woman, generous, and courageous, working behind the front lines for the benefit of civilians and soldiers mobilized during the First World War—all the while battling illness and continuing to compose. The first woman composer to win the Grand Prix de Rome in 1913, she opened a previously unknown path for women. Her success sheds light on the presence of women in a field hitherto "reserved" exclusively for men. To pay tribute to Lili Boulanger is not only to pay tribute to the incredible woman and musician that she was, but also to this path that she opened to women composers of future generations.

I chose to write a piece inspired by Hindu mythology, in homage to her *Vieille Prière Bouddhique* (Old Buddhist Prayer), a work she completed in March 1917. *Indra* was premiered in March 2017—one hundred years after the genesis of Lili Boulanger's composition!

PROGRAM NOTES

Indra is the god of war and storm. Its attributes are lightning and rainbow. Endowed with magical powers, Indra confronts the snake Vrtra that holds back the celestial waters, thus making the world suffer from a great drought. Indra enters into a combat with the snake and delivers water from the sky by piercing the clouds. This is the myth that was my source of inspiration.

I wanted to write a piece that was rhythmic, forceful, and dynamic, to pay tribute to the strength and courage of Lili Boulanger as a woman artist. Paying tribute to her today without taking into account her status as a woman is a luxury that we cannot yet afford. What's more, I found it quite natural to choose this vigorous theme for a work dedicated to the pianist Célia Oneto Bensaïd and the violinist Raphaëlle Moreau who gave its premiere.

The whole challenge of this work was to represent this power and determination: how to depict the vivacity and exaltation of the storm—of this combat—using only two instruments?

And so I structured the piece by alternating agitated and pulsating episodes—warrior-like—with lighter and dance-like episodes—lively, airy. I looked for martial sounds by thinking of the work in truly “orchestral” terms like horn calls or bass drum accents. A brief episode of flute-like colors against the twinkle of the harp—magical and incantatory—evokes Indra’s magical powers, before returning to the pulsing agitation of the opening.” —Camille Pépin (translated by Michail Sklansky)

— *Brock Tjosvold*

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Clairières dans le ciel

Francis Jammes

Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie

Elle était descendue au bas
de la prairie
et, comme la prairie
était toute fleurie
de plantes dont la tige aime
à pousser dans l'eau,
ces plantes inondées
je les avais cueillies.
Bientôt, s'étant mouillée,
elle gagna le haut
de cette prairie-là
qui était toute fleurie.
Elle riait et s'ébrouait
avec la grâce dégingandée
qu'ont les jeunes filles
trop grandes.
Elle avait le regard qu'ont
les fleurs de lavande.

Elle est gravement gaie

Elle est gravement gaie.
Par moments son regard
se levait comme pour surprendre
ma pensée.
Elle était douce alors
comme quand il est tard
le velours jaune et bleu
d'une allée de pensées.

Parfois, je suis triste

Parfois, je suis triste.
Et, soudain, je pense à elle.
Alors, je suis joyeux.
Mais je redeviens triste

Clearings in the Sky

Trans. Richard Stokes, adapted by Brock Tjosvold

She had reached the low-lying meadow

She had reached
the low-lying meadow,
and, since the meadow
was all a-blossom
with plants that like
to grow in water,
these flooded flowers,
I had picked.
Soon, soaking wet,
she reached the top
of that meadow
which was in full bloom.
She was laughing and gasping
with the gawky grace
of young girls
who are too tall.
Her eyes looked like
lavender flowers.

She is solemnly cheerful

She is solemnly cheerful.
At times she looked up,
as if to catch
my thoughts.
She was gentle then,
like at dusk
the yellow-blue velvet
of a path of pansies.

Sometimes I am sad

Sometimes I am sad.
And suddenly, I think of her.
Then, I am overjoyed.
But I grow sad again,

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

de ce que je ne sais pas
combien elle m'aime.
Elle est la jeune fille
à l'âme toute claire,
et qui, de dans son cœur,
garde avec jalousie
l'unique passion
que l'on donne à un seul.
Elle est partie avant
que s'ouvrent les tilleuls,
et, comme ils ont fleuri
depuis qu'elle est partie,
je me suis étonné de voir, ô mes amis,
des branches de tilleuls
qui n'avaient pas de fleurs.

Un poète disait

Un poète disait
que lorsqu'il était jeune,
il fleurissait des vers
comme un rosier des roses.
Lorsque je pense à elle,
il me semble que jase
une fontaine intarissable
dans mon cœur.
Comme sur le lys
Dieu pose un parfum d'église,
comme il met du corail
aux joues de la cerise,
je veux poser sur elle, avec dévotion,
la couleur d'un parfum,
qui n'aura pas de nom.

Au pied de mon lit

Au pied de mon lit,
une Vierge négresse
fut mise par ma mère.
Et j'aime cette Vierge
d'une religion un peu italienne.

because I do not know
how much she loves me.
She is the girl
with the limpid soul,
and who, in her heart,
guards with jealousy
the unrivaled passion
garnered for one alone.
She went before
the limes had blossomed,
and since they flowered
after she had gone,
I was astonished to see, my friends,
lime-tree branches
devoid of flowers.

A poet said

A poet said
that when he was young
he blossomed with verse,
like rose-trees with roses.
When I think of her,
it seems to me there is
an inexhaustible fountain
in my heart.
As on the lily,
God bestowed the scent of church
and how he placed coral
on the cheeks of the cherry,
I wish to place, devotedly, on her
the color of a scent
that shall have no name.

At the foot of my bed

At the foot of my bed,
A black virgin
was placed by my mother.
And I love this Virgin
with its faintly Italian religion.

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Virgo Lauretana,
debout dans un fond d'or,
qui me faites penser
à mille fruits de mer
que l'on vend sur les quais
où pas un souffle d'air
n'émeut les pavillons
qui lourdement s'endorment,
Virgo Lauretana,
vous savez qu'en ces heures
où je ne me sens pas digne
d'être aimé d'elle
c'est vous dont le parfum
me rafraîchit le cœur.

Si tout ceci n'est qu'un pauvre rêve

Si tout ceci n'est qu'un pauvre rêve,
et s'il faut que j'ajoute dans ma vie,
une fois encore,
la désillusion aux désillusions;
et, si je dois encore,
par ma sombre folie,
chercher dans la douceur
du vent et de la pluie
les seules vaines voix
qui m'aient en passion;
je ne sais si je guérirai, ô mon amie...

Nous nous aimerons

Nous nous aimerons tant
que nous tairons nos mots,
en nous tendant la main,
quand nous nous reverrons.
Vous serez ombragée
par d'anciens rameaux
sur le banc que je sais
où nous nous assoierons.

Virgo Lauretana,
standing on a gold background,
you make me think
of a thousand fruits de mer
sold on quaysides
where no breath of air
stirs the flags
which fall listlessly asleep;
Virgo Lauretana,
you know that at such hours
when I feel myself unworthy
of her love,
it is your scent
that refreshes my heart.

If all this is but a poor dream

If all this is but a poor dream,
and if I must add to my life,
once more
disillusion to disillusion;
and if I must once more,
in my dark folly,
seek in the sweetness
of the wind and rain
to find the only vain voices
that adore me;
I do not know, if I shall heal,
sweetheart...

We shall love each other

We shall love each other so,
that we shall be silent
as we hold out hands
when we next meet.
You will be shaded
by old branches
on the bench where I know
we shall both sit down.

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Donc nous nous assoierons
sur ce banc tous deux seuls...
D'un long moment, ô mon amie,
vous n'oserez...
Que vous me serez douce
et que je tremblerai...

And so we shall sit down
on this bench, we two alone...
For a long while, my friend,
you will not dare...
How gentle you will be with me
and how I shall tremble...

Vous m'avez regardé avec toute votre âme

Vous m'avez regardé
avec toute votre âme.
Vous m'avez regardé longtemps
comme un ciel bleu.
J'ai mis votre regard
à l'ombre de mes yeux...
Que ce regard était passionné
et calme...

You gazed at me with all your soul

You gazed at me
with all your soul.
You gazed at me long
like a blue sky.
I set your gaze
in the shade of my eyes...
How this was passionate
and calm...

Les lilas qui avaient fleuri l'année dernière

Les lilas qui avaient fleuri
l'année dernière
vont fleurir de nouveau
dans les tristes parterres.
Déjà le pêcher grêle
a jonché le ciel bleu
de ses roses,
comme un enfant la Fête-Dieu.
Mon cœur devrait mourir
au milieu de ces choses
car c'était au milieu
des vergers blancs et roses
que j'avais espéré
je ne sais quoi de vous.
Mon âme rêve sourdement
sur vos genoux.
Ne la repoussez point.
Ne la relevez pas
de peur qu'en s'éloignant de vous
elle ne voie combien vous êtes faible
et troublée dans ses bras.

The lilacs which had flowered last year

The lilacs which had flowered
last year
shall flower again
in melancholy beds.
Already the slender peach
has strewn the blue sky
with its pinks,
like a child at Corpus Christi.
My heart should die
amid these things,
for it was amid
the orchard's whites and pinks
that I had hoped from you
I know not what.
My soul dreams secretly
upon your lap.
Do not reject it.
Do not raise it up,
for fear that drawing away from you
it might see how frail you are
and troubled in its arms.

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Deux ancolies

Deux ancolies
se balançaient sur la colline
et l'ancolie disait à la sœur
l'ancolie:
Je tremble devant toi
et demeure confuse.
Et l'autre répondait:
Si dans la roche qu'use
l'eau, goutte à goutte,
si je me mire, je vois
que je tremble,
et je suis confuse comme toi.
Le vent de plus en plus
les berçait toutes deux,
les emplissait d'amour
et mêlait leurs cœurs bleus.

Parce que j'ai souffert

Parce que j'ai souffert,
ma mésange bénie,
je sais ce qu'a souffert l'autre:
car j'étais deux...
Je sais vos longs réveils
au milieu de la nuit
et l'angoisse de moi
qui vous gonfle le sein.
On dirait par moments
qu'une tête chérie,
confiante et pure,
ô vous qui êtes la sœur des lins
en fleurs et qui parfois
fixez le ciel comme eux,
on dirait qu'une tête inclinée
dans la nuit
pèse de tout son poids,
à jamais, sur ma vie.

Two columbines

Two columbines
swayed on the hill
and one columbine said to its sister
columbine:
I tremble before you
and am abashed.
And the other replied:
If in the rock, worn away
with water, drop by drop,
I observe myself, I see
that I tremble,
and feel, like you, abashed.
The wind with increasing might
rocked both of them,
filled them with love
and mingled their blue hearts.

Through what I've suffered

Through what I've suffered,
my blessed blue-tit,
I know what another has suffered:
for I was two...
I know of your long vigils
at the dead of night
and anguish
that swells your breast.
It is as though at times
a cherished face,
trusting and pure
O you the sister of flowering flax
who at times, like the flax,
stares at the sky –
as though a bowed head
at night
were bearing down with all its weight
for evermore, on my life.

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Je garde une médaille d'elle

Je garde une médaille d'elle
où sont graves une date
et les mots: prier, croire, espérer.
Mais moi, je vois surtout
que la médaille est sombre:
son argent a noirci
sur son col de colombe.

Demain fera un an

Demain fera un an
qu'à Audaux je cueillais
les fleurs dont j'ai parlé,
de la prairie mouillée.
C'est aujourd'hui
le plus beau jour des jours de Pâques.
Je me suis enfoncé
dans l'azur des campagnes,
à travers bois, à travers prés,
à travers champs.
Comment, mon cœur,
n'es-tu pas mort depuis un an?
Mon cœur,
je t'ai donné encore ce
calvaire
de revoir ce village
où j'avais tant souffert,
ces roses qui saignaient
devant le presbytère,
ces lilas qui me tuent
dans les tristes parterres.
Je me suis souvenu
de ma détresse ancienne,
et je ne sais comment
je ne suis pas tombé
sur l'ocre du sentier,
le front dans la poussière.
Plus rien. Je n'ai plus rien,
plus rien qui me soutienne.

I keep a medallion of her

I keep a medallion of her, engraved
with a date
and the words: pray, believe, hope.
But most of all I see
that the medallion is wan:
the silver has darkened
on her dove-neck.

Tomorrow will be a year

Tomorrow will be a year
since at Audaux I picked
those flowers I mentioned
from the damp meadow.
Today is the most
beautiful of Easter days.
I plunged deep
into the blue countryside,
across woods, across meadows,
across fields.
How is it, O heart,
you did not die a year ago?
O heart,
once more I've caused you this
Calvary
of seeing again this village
where I suffered so,
the roses which bled
before the vicarage,
the lilacs that kill me
in their melancholy beds.
I recalled
my old anguish
and do not know
why I did not fall
on the ochre path,
Headlong in the dust.
Nothing more. I have nothing more,
nothing to sustain me.

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Plus rien.

Pourquoi fait-il si beau
et pourquoi suis-je né?
J'aurais voulu poser
sur vos calmes genoux
la fatigue qui rompt mon âme
qui se couche
ainsi qu'une pauvre
au fossé de la route.

Dormir. Pouvoir dormir.

Dormir à tout jamais
sous les averses bleues,
sous les tonnerres frais.

Ne plus sentir.

Ne plus savoir votre existence.

Ne plus voir cet azur
engloutir ces coteaux
dans ce vertige bleu
qui mêle l'air à l'eau,
ni ce vide où je cherche
en vain votre présence.

Il me semble sentir
pleurer au fond de moi,
d'un lourd sanglot muet,
quelqu'un qui n'est pas là.

J'écris.

Et la campagne est sonore de joie.

«Elle était descendue au bas
de la prairie,
et comme la prairie
était toute fleurie.»

Plus rien. Je n'ai plus rien,
plus rien qui me soutienne.

Nothing more.

Why is the weather so fair
and why was I born?

I would have wished to place
on your quiet lap
the fatigue which breaks my soul
as it lies

like a poor woman
by the roadside ditch.

To sleep. To be able to sleep.

To sleep forever more
beneath blue showers,
beneath fresh thunder.

To no longer feel.

Be no longer aware that you exist.

To no longer see this blue sky
swallow up these hills
in this reeling blue
which mingles air and water,
nor this void where I search
for you in vain.

I seem to feel
a weeping within me,
a heavy, silent sobbing,
someone who is not there.

I write.

And the countryside is loud with joy.

'She had reached
the low-lying meadow,
and like the meadow
was all a-blossom.'

Nothing more. I have nothing more,
nothing to sustain me.

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Psaume 129

From the Old Testament

1 Ils m'ont assez opprimé
dès ma jeunesse.
Qu'Israël le dise:

2 ils m'ont assez opprimé
dès ma jeunesse.
Mais ils ne m'ont pas vaincu.

3 Des laboureurs ont
labouré mon dos.
Ils y ont tracé de larges sillons.

4 L'Éternel est juste.
Il a coupé
les cordes des méchants.

5 Qu'ils soient confondus
et qu'ils reculent,
tous ceux qui haïssent Sion.

6 Qu'ils soient comme l'herbe
des toits qui sèche
avant qu'on ne l'arrache.

7 Le laboureur
n'en remplit point sa main.
Celui qui lie les gerbes
n'en charge point son bras.

8 Et les passants ne disent point :
Que la bénédiction de l'Éternel
soit avec vous.
Nous vous bénissons
au nom de l'Éternel.

Psalm 129

Based on the New International Version

1 They have greatly oppressed me
from my youth,
let Israel say:

2 they have greatly oppressed me
from my youth,
but they have not triumphed over me.

3 Plowmen have
plowed my back
and made their furrows long.

4 But the LORD is righteous;
he has cut me free
from the cords of the wicked.

5 May they be ashamed
and turn back,
all who hate Zion.

6 May they be like grass
on the roof, which withers
before it can grow;

7 with it the reaper
cannot fill his hands,
nor the one who gathers
fill his arms.

8 May those who pass by not say,
“The blessing of the Lord
be upon you;
we bless you
in the name of the Lord.”

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Cantique

Maurice Maeterlinck

A toute âme qui pleure,
A tout péché qui passe,
J'ouvre au sein des étoiles
Mes mains pleines de grâces.

Il n'est péché qui vive,
Quand l'amour a parlé,
Il n'est âme qui meure,
Quand l'amour a pleuré.

Et si l'amour s'égare
Aux sentiers d'ici-bas,
Ses larmes me retrouvent
Et ne s'égarent pas.

Ilda

Albert Samain

Pâle comme un matin
de septembre en Norvège,
Elle avait la douceur
magnétique du nord;
Tout s'apaisait près d'elle
en un tacite accord,
Comme le bruit des pas
s'étouffe dans la neige.

Son visage,
par un étrange sortilège,
Avait pris dès l'enfance
et gardait sans efforts
Un peu de la beauté sublime
qu'ont les morts;
Et le rire semblait
près d'elle sacrilège.

Canticle

Trans. Richard Stokes

To all weeping souls,
To all fleeting sins,
I open, cradled by stars,
My hands full of grace.

No sin can live
When Love has spoken,
No soul can die
When Love has wept.

And if Love goes astray
On terrestrial paths,
Its tears will find me
And not go astray.

Ilda

Trans. Lucy Mauro

Pale as a September
morning in Norway,
She had the magnetic
sweetness of the north;
All things calmed down beside her
in a silent agreement,
Like the sound of footsteps
muffled in the snow.

Her face,
by a strange spell,
Had taken since childhood
and kept effortlessly
A bit of the sublime beauty
that the dead have;
And laughter seemed
near her a sacrilege.

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Triste avec passion,
sur l'eau de ses grands yeux
Le songe errait
comme un rameur silencieux.
Tout ce qui la touchait
s'imprégnait d'un mystère.

Sad with passion,
on the water of her wide eyes
The dream wandered
like a silent rower.
Everything touching her
was immersed in a mystery.

Et si douce,
enroulant ses boucles à ses doigts,
Avec une pudeur farouche
de sa voix,
Elle vivait pour la volupté
de se taire.

And so gentle,
wrapping her curls around her fingers,
With the shy modesty
of her voice,
She was living for the delight
of staying silent.

Écoutez la chanson bien douce
Paul Verlaine

Listen to the very sweet song
Trans. Lucy Mauro

Écoutez la chanson bien douce
Qui ne pleure que pour vous plaire,
Elle est discrète, elle est légère:
Un frisson d'eau sur de la mousse!

Listen to the very sweet song
Which cries only for your pleasure,
It is discreet, it is light:
A shiver of water on the moss!

La voix vous fut connue
(et chère?)
Mais à présent elle est voilée
Comme une veuve désolée,
Pourtant comme elle encore fière,

The voice was known to you
(and dear?)
But now it is veiled
Like a desolate widow
Yet like her, it is still proud,

Et dans les longs plis de son voile,
Qui palpite
aux brises d'automne
Cache et montre au cœur
qui s'étonne
La vérité comme une étoile.

And in the long folds of her veil,
Which flutter
in the autumn breezes.
Hides and shows to the heart
which is surprised,
The truth like a star.

Elle dit, la voix reconnue,
Que la bonté c'est notre vie,
Que de la haine et de l'envie
Rien ne reste,
la mort venue.

It says, the voice recognized,
That goodness is our life,
That of hatred and of envy
Nothing remains,
once death has come.

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Elle parle aussi de la gloire
D'être simple
sans plus attendre,
Et de noces d'or
et du tendre
Bonheur d'une paix
sans victoire.

It speaks also of the glory
To be simple
without more expectation,
And weddings of the gold
and the tender
Happiness of a peace
without victory.

Accueillez la voix qui persiste
Dans son naïf épithalame.
Allez, rien n'est meilleur à l'âme
Que de faire une âme moins triste!

Welcome the voice that persists
In its innocent epithalamium.
Come, nothing is better for the soul
Than to make a soul less sad!

Elle est en peine et de passage,
L'âme qui souffre sans colère,
Et comment sa morale est claire!
Écoutez la chanson bien sage.

It is in pain and passing through,
The soul that suffers without anger,
And how clear is its morality
Listen to the very wise song.

Élégie

Albert Samain

Une douceur splendide et sombre
Flotte sous le ciel étoilé.
On dirait que là-haut dans l'ombre
Un paradis s'est écroulé.

Et c'est comme l'odeur ardente,
L'odeur fiévreuse
dans l'air noir
D'une chevelure d'amante
Dénouée à travers le soir.

Tout l'espace languit de fièvres.
Du fond
des coeurs mystérieux
S'en viennent mourir sur les lèvres
Des mots qui font fermer les yeux.

Elegy

Trans. Lucy Mauro

A sweetness splendid and somber
Floats under the starry sky.
It looks as if above in the shadow
A paradise has collapsed.

And it is like the ardent fragrance,
The feverish fragrance
in the black air
Of a lover's hair
Unraveled through the night.

All space languishes in fevers.
From the depths
of the mysterious hearts
Coming to die on the lips
Words which closed the eyes.

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Et de ma bouche
où s'évapore
Le parfum des bonheurs derniers
Et de mon coeur vibrant encore
S'élèvent de vagues pitiés.

And from my mouth,
where evaporates
The scent of the past pleasures
And from my still vibrant heart
Arises vague pities.

Pour tous ceux-là, qui, sur la terre
Par un tel soir
tendant les bras
N'ont point dans leur coeur solitaire
Un nom à sangloter tout bas.

For all of those, who, on earth
By such an evening
arms outstretched
Have not in their lonely heart
A name to sob quietly.

MEET THE ARTIST

In demand as both an instrumental and vocal collaborator, pianist **Brock Tjosvold** has performed throughout the United States with many up-and-coming musicians, as well as established ensembles. Prior to joining the faculty at Eastman, Brock was Assistant Professor of Vocal Coaching & Accompanying at the Crane School of Music at SUNY Potsdam, where he was music director and vocal coach of the Crane Opera Ensemble. Under his musical direction, the Crane Opera Ensemble won first place in their division of the 2022-23 National Opera Association Production Competition



During his time as a DMA student at Eastman, Brock won the Ann C. Fehn Memorial Award (1st Prize Pianist) at the 2021 Jessie Kneisel Lieder Competition. He was also awarded the 2020 Excellence in Accompanying Award. Brock has performed extensively around the nation in prestigious venues and festivals, such as the Grand Teton Music Festival, where he is the collaborative pianist for Donald Runnicles Musical Arts Scholarship Competition. Additionally, he has performed at Carnegie Hall with clarinetist Amy Humberd. Other collaborations have included notable singers such as Anthony Dean Griffey and Donald George.

Brock has performed in professional orchestras such as the Albany Symphony Orchestra, New World Symphony, and Battle Creek Symphony Orchestra. He was also the principal keyboardist for the 2017 National Repertory Orchestra, where he was a soloist performing Shostakovich's Piano Concerto No. 2. Other concerto experience includes Berg's Kammerkonzert for violin, piano, and winds, Jolivet's Concertino for trumpet, strings, and piano, and Schumann's Piano Concerto in A minor, Op. 54 as a national finalist in the Coeur d'Alene Symphony Orchestra Competition.

He has attended many of the top summer music festivals on full fellowship, including Music Academy of the West and the Aspen Music Festival and School, studying with Jonathan Feldman and Rita Sloan respectively. Brock was a Tomita Young Artist for Finger Lakes Opera in 2020 and continues to play for them regularly. He served as a pianist for

MEET THE ARTIST

many masterclasses with the Art Song Preservation Society of New York in 2022. As an undergraduate, he also attended SongFest, where he studied with Martin Katz and Margo Garrett. He has received several honors, including a Presser Undergraduate Scholar Award, Outstanding Graduate from the University of Wyoming College of Arts and Sciences, and winning the Wyoming MTNA piano duo competition.

New music continues to be a large part of Brock's career. He has worked with several living composers, including Jennifer Higdon, Libby Larsen, John Musto, Ben Moore, John Luther Adams, Charles Wuorinen, and Nina C. Young, in addition to student composers while in school. While at Eastman, he has performed with Musica Nova, the resident new music ensemble. In September 2022, Brock led workshops of four new operas as part of the Domenic J. Pellicciotti Opera Composition Prize at the Crane School of Music.

Currently the music director at First Universalist Church of Rochester, Brock enjoys playing organ and directing the choir in addition to his work as a pianist. He has formerly been the organist at Liberty Christian Church (Martinsville, IN) and St. Matthew's Episcopal Cathedral (Laramie, WY).

Brock began his primary musical training at the age of six with Patricia Randolph, later earning a bachelor's degree in piano performance from the University of Wyoming, magna cum laude, under the tutelage of Dr. Theresa Bogard. He previously completed his master's degree at the University of Michigan with Martin Katz and a Performer's Certificate at the Jacobs School of Music at Indiana University, studying with Anne Epperson and Kevin Murphy. Brock received his DMA in Piano Accompanying and Chamber Music from the Eastman School of Music, studying with Dr. Jean Barr and Dr. Andrew Harley. In addition to his primary studies, he received a minor in sacred music and a minor in solo piano, studying with Dr. Douglas Humphrys.

We acknowledge with respect the Seneca Nation, known as the "Great Hill People" and "Keepers of the Western Door" of the Haudenosaunee Confederacy. We take this opportunity to thank the people whose ancestral lands the Eastman School of Music of the University of Rochester currently occupies in Rochester, New York.

UPCOMING EASTMAN SERIES CONCERTS

Tickets for all series concerts can be purchased at EastmanTheatre.org

KILBOURN CONCERT SERIES

Lady Blackbird

Kilbourn Hall

Thursday, February 22, 2024 at 7:30 PM

Introducing Lady Blackbird - a bold, effervescent West Coast-based vocalist who has burst onto the jazz scene, harnessing the energy of Billie Holiday and Chaka Khan to create her unique style.

KILBOURN CONCERT SERIES

Steven Isserlis, cello and Connie Shih, piano

Kilbourn Hall

Sunday, February 25, 2024 at 3:00 PM

Acclaimed worldwide for his profound musicianship and technical mastery, British cellist Steven Isserlis enjoys a unique and distinguished career as a soloist, chamber musician, educator, author and broadcaster. As a concerto soloist, he appears regularly with the world's leading orchestras and conductors, including the Berlin Philharmonic, National Symphony Orchestra Washington, London Philharmonic and Zurich Tonhalle orchestras.

UPCOMING STUDENT ENSEMBLE CONCERTS

All student performances are free unless otherwise noted.

OSSIA

Kilbourn Hall

Tuesday, February 20, 2024 at 7:30 PM

Eastman New Jazz Ensemble

Kilbourn Hall

Wednesday, February 21, 2024 at 7:30 PM

Eastman Wind Orchestra

Kodak Hall at Eastman Theatre

Friday, February 23, 2024 at 7:30 PM

Music of Husa, Yurko, McCune, Stucky, and Sierra



For the most up to date information on Eastman concerts and events, scan this code to visit our online calendar.



EASTMAN
SCHOOL OF MUSIC

UNIVERSITY *of* ROCHESTER