

As I Ebb'd with
the Ocean of Life

Special thanks to Ray Lustig



URochester
Eastman School of Music



from the studio of Anthony Dean Griffey

Andrew Puschel with Calvin Guse
tenor piano

mane floreat

“collige virgo rosas”

La Bonne Chanson, op. 61 (Paul Verlaine)

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

- I. Une Sainte en un auréole
- II. Puisque l'aube grandit
- III. La lune blanche luit dans les bois
- IV. J'ai presque peur en vérité
- V. J'allais par des chemins perfides

“hinc illae lacrimae”

Malia (Rocco Emmanuel Pagliara)
A Vucchella (Gabriele D'Annunzio)
Aprile (Pagliara)

Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846-1916)

In van preghi, no. 3 (D'Annunzio)
from *Quattro canzoni d'Amaranta*

- Intermission -

vespere decidat

“ad multos annos”

A Young Man's Exhortation, op. 14 (Thomas Hardy)

Gerald Finzi
(1901-1956)

- VI. Shortening Days
- VII. The Sigh
- VIII. Former Beauties
- IX. Transformations
- V. The Dance Continued

“memento mori”

the lines below (Walt Whitman)

Raymond Lustig
b. 1972

Lauren Edwards, violin
Jay Kline, clarinet
Annaliese White, double bass

Why this program? I am not one for flashy, technically demanding music, and while these pieces have their moments, the real challenge is telling a story spanning decades in only 50 minutes of music. A through-story exists in this music, asking a listener to journey through time with the protagonist as he is pushed and pulled by life events and the emotions that govern the universe.

Fauré's composition presents the innocence and anxiety that come with youth. The future is left uncertain, and the present is fleeting as a young man is pushed from one place to another in both emotion and literal space. Eventually united with his love, one can only wonder what the future holds.

Of course, the future comes more quickly than any of us desire. Tosti's compositions are often seen as standard literature for a student. His works are gorgeous compositions with beautiful setting of the language, especially true with this set. While not a song cycle, these Tosti songs continue the story of the protagonist as he grows up alongside his wife. The air around her seems to tremble, even as her lips begin to dry and creases appear on her face. And though the energy of youth exists in memory, the present, in time, brings loss.

Finzi and Hardy can only be described as a perfect match. Finzi's easy counterpoint was like a magnet to the poems of Hardy. Finzi's music came from man in his youth; Hardy's poetry from a man well-lived. Bereft of youth and left only with the memories of old love and once-fair women, the protagonist determines he has lived a life worth living. He need not fear the end, as he has loved and been loved.

But what comes after? When we are set beneath the earth and our sins are taken by its cool embrace—what then? Whitman's poem, or the fragments present here, admits that we are insignificant in the vast tides of the universe. It is a crisis of identity, much like the conversation regarding the afterlife. I ask you to contemplate, for one moment, the life you have lived.