

# Sweet Solitude Program (edited 06.06.2009)

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## First half: part 1

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- [Hermit songs](#)

Nicole Jordan (soprano) & Christian Faddegon (pianist)

Composer: Samuel Barber (March 9, 1910 – January 23, 1981)

[Hermit Songs](#): these songs are based on texts of 8<sup>th</sup> and 13<sup>th</sup> c. monks and scholars found scribbled in the margins of illuminations.

### [1. At Saint Patrick's Purgatory](#)

*Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg!*

*O King of the churches and the bells*

*bewailing your sores and your wounds,*

*but not a tear can I squeeze from my eyes!*

*Not moisten an eye after so much sin!*

*Pity me, O King!*

*What shall I do with a heart that seeks only its own ease?*

*O only begotten Son by whom all men were made,*

*who shunned not the death by three wounds, pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg*

*and I with a heart not softer than a stone!*

### [2. Church Bell at Night](#)

*Sweet little bell, struck on a windy night,*

*I would liefer keep tryst with thee*

*than be with a light and foolish woman.*

### [3. Saint Ita's Vision](#)

*"I will take nothing from my Lord," said she,*

*"unless He gives me His Son from Heaven*

*In the form of a Baby that I may nurse Him".*

*So that Christ came down to her*

*in the form of a Baby and then she said:*

*"Infant Jesus, at my breast,*

*Nothing in this world is true*

*Save, O tiny nursling, You.*

*Infant Jesus at my breast,*

*By my heart every night,*

*You I nurse are not a churl*

*But were begot on Mary the Jewess*

*By Heaven's light.*

*Infant Jesus at my breast,*

*What King is there but You who could*

*Give everlasting good?*

*Wherefore I give my food.*

*Sing to Him, maidens, sing your best!*

*There is none that has such right*

*To your song as Heaven's King*

*Who every night*

*Is Infant Jesus at my breast".*

### [4. The Heavenly Banquet](#)

*I would like to have the men of Heaven in my own house;*

*with vats of good cheer laid out for them.*

*I would like to have the three Mary's,  
their fame is so great.  
I would like people from every corner of Heaven.  
I would like them to be cheerful in their drinking.  
I would like to have Jesus sitting here among them.  
I would like a great lake of beer for the King of Kings.  
I would like to be watching Heaven's family  
Drinking it through all eternity.*

#### 5. The Crucifixion

*At the cry of the first bird  
They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!  
Never shall lament cease because of that.  
It was like the parting of day from night.  
Ah, sore was the suffering borne  
By the body of Mary's Son,  
But sorer still to Him was the grief  
Which for His sake  
Came upon His Mother.*

#### 6. Sea-Snatch

*It has broken us, it has crushed us,  
it has drowned us, O King of the starbright  
Kingdom of Heaven!  
The wind has consumed us, swallowed us,  
as timber is devoured by crimson fire from Heaven.  
It has broken us, it has crushed us,  
it has drowned us, O King of the starbright Kingdom of Heaven!*

#### 7. Promiscuity

*I do not know with whom Edan will sleep,  
but I do know that fair Edan will not sleep alone.*

#### 8. The Monk and his Cat

*Pangur, white Pangur,  
How happy we are  
Alone together, Scholar and cat.  
Each has his own work to do daily;  
For you it is hunting, for me study.  
Your shining eye watches the wall;  
my feeble eye is fixed on a book.  
You rejoice when your claws entrap a mouse;  
I rejoice when my mind fathoms a problem.  
Pleased with his own art  
Neither hinders the other;  
Thus we live ever  
without tedium and envy.  
Pangur, white Pangur,  
How happy we are  
Alone together, Scholar and cat.*

#### 10. The Desire for Hermitage

*Ah! To be all alone in a little cell  
with nobody near me;  
beloved that pilgrimage before the last pilgrimage to death.  
Singing the passing hours to cloudy Heaven;  
Feeding upon dry bread and water from the cold spring.  
That will be an end to evil when I am alone  
in a lovely little corner among tombs  
far from the houses of the great.*

*Ah! To be all alone in a little cell, to be alone, all alone:  
Alone I came into the world  
alone I shall go from it.*

## First half: part 2

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- *An 8-letter word*  
Pelopre (spoken word) & Christian Faddegon (piano)  
Composer: Diego Soifer (1981 - )

**-PAUSE-**  
*15 minutes*

## Second half: part 1

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- *Desde Afuera,*  
Theodora Stepancic (piano) & Orlando Velazquez (percussion)  
Composer: Diego Soifer (1981 - )

## Second half: part 2

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- *Selected songs of Samuel Barber*  
Nicole Jordan (Soprano) & Christian Faddegon (piano)  
Composer: Samuel Barber (March 9, 1910 – January 23, 1981)

### Solitary Hotel

Text by James Joyce (1882-1941), from *Ulysses*.

*Solitary hotel in a mountain pass.  
Autumn. Twilight. Fire lit.  
In dark corner young man seated.  
Young woman enters.  
Restless. Solitary. She sits.  
She goes to window. She stands.  
She sits. Twilight. She thinks.  
On solitary hotel paper she writes.  
She thinks. She writes. She sighs.  
Wheels and hoofs. She hurries out.  
He comes from his dark corner.  
He seizes solitary paper.  
He holds it towards fire. Twilight.  
He reads. Solitary. What?  
In sloping, upright and backhands:  
Queen's hotel, Queen's hotel, Queen's ho . . .*

### The secrets of the old

Text by William Butler Yeats (1865-1939), from *The Tower*

*I have old women's secrets now*

*That had those of the young;  
Madge tells me what I dared not think  
When my blood was strong,  
And what had drowned a lover once  
Sounds like an old song.*

*Though Marg'ry is stricken dumb  
If thrown in Madge's way,  
We three make up a solitude;  
For none alive today  
Can know the stories that we know  
Or say the things we say:*

*How such a man pleased women most  
Of all that are gone,  
How such a pair loved many years  
And such a pair but one,  
Stories of the bed of straw  
Or the bed of down.*

[O boundless, boundless evening](#)

Text translated by Christopher Middleton, from the German of George Heym

*O boundless, boundless evening.  
Soon the glow  
Of long hills on the skyline will be gone.  
Like clear dream country now, rich-hued by sun.*

*O boundless evening where the cornfields throw  
The scattered daylight back in an aureole.  
Swallows high up are singing, very small.  
On every meadow glitters their swift flight,  
In woods of rushes and where tall masts stand  
In brilliant bays.*

*Yet in ravines beyond  
Between hills already nests the night.*

[Sure on this Shining Night](#)

Text by James Agee (1909-1955), from *Permit Me Voyage*

*Sure on this shining night  
Of starmade shadows round,  
Kindness must watch for me  
This side the ground.  
The late year lies down the north.  
All is healed, all is health.  
High summer holds the earth.  
Hearts all whole.  
Sure on this shining night  
I weep for wonder  
wandering far alone  
Of shadows on the stars.*