1992-02-24

David Leisner and Friends: chamber music with guitar, February 24, 1992

—Boston University School of Music Presents—

FACULTY RECITAL

DAVID LEISNER AND FRIENDS

chamber music with guitar

February 24, 1992
Monday, 8:00 p.m.

Tsai Performance Center
685 Commonwealth Avenue

PROGRAM

Sexteto Mistico (1917) — Heitor Villa-Lobos (1887-1959)

Fenwick Smith, *flute* Ann Rosandich, *oboe*
Kenneth Radnofsky, *alto saxophone* Thomas Stumpf, *celeste*
Elizabeth Morse, *harp*

Partita in A minor, BWV 1013 — Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)
arr. D. Leisner

Allemande
Courante
Sarabande
Bourrée Anglaise

Romeo and Juliet (1977) — Ned Rorem (b. 1923)

I ne're saw true beauty till this night
Queen Mab hath been with you
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night
O serpent heart . . .
. . . sad hours seem long
. . . it was the nightingale
Come weep with me
. . . empty tigers
. . . never was a story of more woe

Fenwick Smith, *flute*

—Intermission—

Heaven's River (R. Tagore) (1991) * — David Leisner (b.1953)

*This is the premier performance of the work.

The Boat
Light
To the Stream

Georgianna Nyman Aronson, *soprano* Abigail Aronson, *guitar*

Serenata Concertante, Op. 105 — Anton Diabelli (1781-1858)

Andante Sostenuto—Allegro moderato
Adagio non tanto—Scherzo—Trio
Allegro non tanto

Fenwick Smith, *flute* Steven Ansell, *viola*

TEXTS TO *HEAVEN'S RIVER*

The Boat

EARLY in the day it was whispered that we should sail in a boat, only thou and I, and never a soul in the world would know of this our pilgrimage to no country and to no end.

In that shoreless ocean, at thy silently listening smile my songs would swell in melodies, free as waves, free from all bondage of words.

Is the time not come yet? Are there works still to do? Lo, the evening has come down upon the shore and in the fading light the seabirds come flying to their nests.

Who knows when the chains will be off, and the boat, like the last glimmer of sunset, vanish into the night?

Light

LIGHT, my light, the world-filling light, the eye-kissing light, heart-sweetening light!

Ah, the light dances, my darling, at the center of my life; the light strikes, my darling, the chords of my love; the sky opens, the wind runs wild, laughter passes over the earth.

The butterflies spread their sails on the sea of light. Lilies and jasmines surge up on the crest of the waves of light.

The light is shattered into gold on every cloud, my darling, and it scatters gems in profusion.

Mirth spreads from leaf to leaf, my darling, and gladness without measure. The heaven's river has drowned its banks and the flood of joy is abroad.

To the Stream

THE day is no more, the shadow is upon the earth. It is time that I go to the stream to fill my pitcher.

The evening air is eager with the sad music of the water. Ah, it calls me out into the dusk. In the lonely lane there is no passer-by, the wind is up, the ripples are rampant in the river.

I know not if I shall come back home. I know not whom I shall chance to meet. There at the fording in the little boat the unknown man plays upon his flute.

Rabindranath Tagore
(*Gitanjali*, 1916)