

**Baltimore Concert Opera and OperaDelaware present  
SUNDAY ARTIST SPOTLIGHT**

**Hannah Ludwig, mezzo-soprano  
Laura Ward, piano  
“Songs from a Distance”**

***Prologue, Invocation of the Art***  
**An die Musik**

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

***Chapter 1, The Self-Collapse***  
**From the Diary of Virginia Woolf**

Dominick Argento  
(1927-2019)

1. The Diary (April, 1919)
2. Anxiety (October, 1920)
3. Fancy (February, 1927)
4. Hardy’s Funeral (January, 1928)
5. Rome (May, 1935)
6. War (June, 1940)
7. Parents (December, 1940)
8. Last Entry (March, 1941)

***Chapter 2, The Sickness***

**To Music, to becalm His Fever**  
From “Folksongs from Another World”

Benjamin C.S. Boyle  
(b. 1979)

***Chapter 3, The Division***

**Shadow of the Blues**

1. Silhouette
2. Litany
3. Island
4. Could Be

John Musto  
(b. 1954)  
poetry by Langston Hughes  
(1902-1967)

***Chapter 4, The Loss***

**Der Tod und das Mädchen**  
**Im Abendrot**

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

***Epilogue***

**How can I keep from singing**

Traditional hymn  
arr. John Conahan

**Artists' note:** "Songs from a Distance" is one perspective of a performer in crisis. Based on observations over the time in the pandemic, this program is designed to reflect the impacts on a performer's mental health, their community, the city in which they reside, and the loss of loved ones and friends. The separation between performers and the stage means a loss of their purpose, spirituality, and passion. In addition to the performance, this program will provide mental health resources and sources to donate to artist relief funds.

PLEASE SEE AVAILABLE RESOURCES BELOW

### **Mental Health:**

#### **Backline**

<https://backline.care/>

#### **Open Path Collective**

<https://openpathcollective.org/>

#### **Better Help**

<https://www.betterhelp.com/>

#### **Psychology Today**

<https://www.psychologytoday.com/us/therapists>

Support Groups:

<https://www.psychologytoday.com/us/groups>

#### **Open Counseling**

<https://www.opencounseling.com/>

For additional recommendations on finding affordable mental health care, please watch our video,

***Here For You: Finding Low-Cost, Affordable Mental Health Resources***, here:

<https://www.facebook.com/1374330330/videos/10217652195001380/>

### **National helplines:**

**If your life or someone else's is in imminent danger, please call 911.**

**National Suicide Prevention Lifeline:** 1-800-273-TALK (8255)

If you are in crisis and need immediate help, please call.

**Crisis Text Line:** Text GOT5 to 741741

An anonymous texting service available 24/7. Starting a conversation is easy.

**SAMHSA Disaster Distress Helpline: 1-800-985-5990**

Provides 24/7 crisis counseling and support to people experiencing emotional distress related to natural or human-caused disasters.

**Domestic Violence:** 1-800-799-SAFE(7233)

Advocates are available 24/7 to talk to anyone who is experiencing domestic violence, looking for information or questioning unhealthy aspects of their relationship.

## Text and Translations

### An die Musik (Franz Schubert)

Poet: Franz von Schober

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,  
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,  
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb entzunden,  
Hast mich in eine bessere Welt entrückt!

O sublime art, in how many gray hours,  
when the wild tumult of life ensnared me,  
have you kindled my heart to warm love,  
have you carried me away to a better world!

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf entflohen,  
Ein süßes, heiliges Akkord von dir  
Den Himmel besserer Zeiten mir erschlossen,  
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!

Often a sigh, escaped from your harp,  
a sweet, solemn chord from you,  
has opened the heaven of better times for me—  
o sublime art, I thank you for it!

### From the Diary of Virginia Woolf (Dominick Argento)

1. What sort of diary should I like mine to be? Something... so elastic that it will embrace anything, solemn, slight or beautiful that comes into my mind. I should like it to resemble some deep old desk... in which one flings a mass of odds and ends without looking them through. I should like to come back, after a year or two, and find that the collection had sorted itself and refined itself and coalesced, as such deposits so mysteriously do, into a mould, transparent enough to reflect the light of our life...
2. Why is life so tragic; so like a little strip of pavement over an abyss. I look down; I feel giddy; I wonder how I am ever to walk to the end. But why do I feel this: Now that I say it I don't feel it. The fire burns; we are going to hear the Beggar's Opera. Only it lies all about me; I can't keep my eyes shut. ...And with it all how happy I am—if it weren't for my feeling that it's a strip of pavement over an abyss.

3. Why not invent a new kind of play; as for instance:

Woman thinks...

He does.

Organ plays.

She writes.

They say:

She sings

Night speaks

They miss

4. Yesterday we went to Hardy's funeral. What did I think of? Of Max Beerbohm's letter... or a lecture... about women's writing. At intervals some emotion broke in. But I doubt the capacity of the human animal for being dignified in ceremony. One catches a bishop's frown and twitch; sees his polished shiny nose; suspects the rapt spectacled young priest, gazing at the cross he carries, of being a humbug... next here is the coffin, an overgrown one; like a stage coffin, covered with a white satin cloth; bearers elderly gentlemen rather red and stiff, holding to the corners; pigeons flying outside... procession to poets corner; dramatic "In sure and certain hope of immortality" perhaps melodramatic... Over all this broods for me some uneasy sense of change and mortality and how partings are deaths; and then a sense of my own fame... and a sense of the futility of it all.

5. Rome: tea. Tea in café. Ladies in bright coats and white hats. Music. Look out and see people like movies... Ices. Old man who haunts the Greco... Fierce large jowled old ladies... talking about Monaco. Talleyrand. Some very poor black wispy women. The effect of dowdiness produced by wispy hair. Sunday café... Very cold. The Prime Minister's letter offering to

recommend me for the Companion of Honour.  
No.

6. This, I thought yesterday, may be my last walk... the war—our waiting while the knives sharpen for the operation—has Taken away the outer wall of security. No echo comes back. I have no surroundings ... Those familiar circumvolutions—those standards—which have for so many years given back an echo and so thickened my identity are all wide and wild as the desert now. I mean, there is no “autumn”, no winter. We pour to the edge of a precipice... and then? I can't conceive that there will be a 27th of June 1941.
7. How beautiful they were, those old people— I mean father and mother—how simple, how clear, how untroubled. I have been dipping into old letters and father's memoirs. He loved her: oh and was so candid and reasonable and transparent... How serene and gay even, their life reads to me: no mud; no whirlpools. And so human—with the children and the little hum and song of the nursery. But if I read as a contemporary I shall lose my child's vision and so must stop. Nothing turbulent; nothing involved; no introspection.
8. No: I intend no introspection. I mark Henry James' sentence: observe perpetually. Observe the income of age. Observe greed. Observe my own despondency. By that means it becomes serviceable. Or so I hope. I insist upon spending this time to the best advantage. I will go down with my colours flying... Occupation is essential. And now with some pleasure I find that it's seven; and must cook dinner. Haddock and sausage meat. I think it is true that one gains a certain hold on sausage and haddock by writing them down.

**To Music, to becalm His Fever** (Benjamin C.S. Boyle)

Poet: Robert Herrick

Charm me asleep, and melt me so  
With thy delicious numbers,  
That, being ravish'd, henc I go  
Away in easy slumbers.  
Ease my sick head,  
And make my bed,  
Thou power that canst sever  
From me this ill,  
And quickly still,  
Though thou not kill  
My fever.

Thou sweetly canst convert the same  
From a consuming fire  
Into a gentle licking flame,  
And make it thus expire.  
Then make me weep  
My pains asleep;  
And give me such reposes  
That I, poor I,  
May think thereby  
I live and die  
'Mongst roses.

Fall on my like the silent dew,  
Or like those maiden showers  
Which, by the peep of day, do strew  
A baptism o'er the flowers.  
Melt, melt my pains  
With thy soft strains;  
That having ease me given  
With full delight  
I leave this light,  
And take my flight  
For Heaven.

## Shadow of the Blues (John Musto)

Poet: Langston Hughes

1. Southern gentle lady,  
Do not swoon.  
They've just hung a black man  
In the dark of the moon.

They've hung a black man  
To a roadside tree  
In the dark of the moon  
For the world to see  
How Dixie protects  
Its white womanhood.

Southern gentle lady,  
Be good!  
Be good!

2. Gather up  
In the arms of your pity  
The sick, the depraved,  
The desperate, the tired,  
all the scum  
Of our weary city.

Gather up  
In the arms of your pity.  
Gather up  
In the arms of your love—  
Those who expect  
No love from above.

3. Wave of sorrow,  
Don not drown me now:

I see the island  
Still ahead somehow.

I see the island  
And its sands are fair:

Wave of sorrow,  
Take me there.

4. Could be Hastings Street,  
Or Lenox Avenue,  
Could be 18th & Vine  
And still be true.

Could be 5th & Mound,  
Could be Rampart:  
When you pawned my watch  
You pawned my heart.

Could be you love me,  
Could be that you don't.  
Might be that you'll come back,  
Like as not you won't.

Hastings street is weary,  
Also Lenox Avenue.  
Any place is dreary  
Without my watch and you.

**Der Tod und das Mädchen** (Franz Schubert)

Poet: Matthäus von Collin

[Das Mädchen]

Vorüber, ach vorüber  
Geh, wilder Knochenmann!  
Ich bin noch jung! Geh, Lieber,  
Und rühre mich nicht an!

[The Maiden]

Pass by, pass by,  
go, horrible skeleton!  
I am still young! Go good man,  
and do not touch me!

[Der Tod]

Gib deine Hand, du schön und zart Gebild!  
Bin Freund und komme nicht zu strafen.  
Sei gutes Muts! Ich bin nicht wild!  
Sollst sanft in meinen Armen schlafen!

[Death]

Give me your hand, lovely and gentle creature!  
I am your friend, and do not come to punish you.  
Be of good cheer! I am not fierce!  
You shall sleep softly in my arms!

**Im Abendrot** (Franz Schubert)

Poet: Karl Lappe

O wie schön ist deine Welt,  
Vater, wenn sie golden strahlet,  
Wenn dein Glanz hernieder fällt,  
Und den Staub mit Schimmer malet;  
Wenn das Rot, das in der Wolke blinkt,  
In mein stilles Fenster sinkt.

O how beautiful is Thy world,  
Father, when it shines like gold;  
when Thy radiance descends  
and paints the dust with splendor;  
when the red that gleams in the clouds  
falls upon my silent window.

Könnst' ich klagen, könnt' ich zagen,  
Irre sein an Dir und mir?  
Nein, ich will im Busen tragen,  
Deinen Himmel schon allhier,  
Und dies Herz, eh' es zusammenbricht,  
Trinkt noch Glut und schlürft noch Licht.

Could I complain, could I waver,  
doubt Thee and myself?  
No, I will carry in my breast  
Thy heaven even here;  
and this heart, ere it fails,  
Shall still drink in the warm and relish in the  
light.

\*German Translations: *The Ring of Words, An Anthology of Song Texts*, Phillip L. Miller



### **How can I keep from singing (traditional)**

My life flows on in endless song above Earth's lamentation.  
I hear the sweet though far-off song that hails a new creation.  
Through all the tumult and the strife, I hear the music calling.  
It finds an echo in my soul.  
How can I keep from singing?

And should my joy and comforts fade, the melody is living.  
Amid the darkness gath'ring round, songs in the night are giving.  
No storm can shake my inmost calm, while to that refuge clinging.  
It casts a healing gentle balm.  
How can I keep from singing?

I lift my eyes, the cloud grows thin, I see the bluest ceiling,  
Upon this path I now begin, the choice in love revealing.  
This youth reclaims my haggard heart, a fountain ever springing,  
And of this world I am a part.  
How can I keep from singing?