

*LUTHER COLLEGE'S*  
***WOMEN COMPOSERS' FESTIVAL 2000***



*Clara Schumann*

***Saturday, November 18 at 2:00 PM***  
*Jenson Recital Hall*  
*Luther College*  
*Decorah, Iowa*

LUTHER COLLEGE'S DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC  
AND  
THE LECTURES AND FINE ARTS' COMMITTEE

PRESENTS

**MUSIC BY WOMEN COMPOSERS**

- There is No Rose* (Motet à 7v, 1997) Bonnie Miksch (b. 1970)  
Collegium Musicum Singers  
Kirstina Rasmussen\*\*, conductor
- Two Songs from *The Cliff's Edge (Songs of a Psychotic)* Margaret Garwood (b. 1927)  
O Thou twin-blossoming Rose! (Schizophrenia)  
The Child in the Sunlight Dancing (Hebephrenia)  
Lindsey Harman, soprano  
Jessica Paul\*, piano
- Three Songs from *Five Betjeman Songs* Madeleine Dring (1923-1977)  
Upper Lambourne  
Business Girls  
Songs of a Nightclub Proprietress  
Christine Seitz\*, soprano  
Jessica Paul\*, pianist
- Allow my heart to ache* for amplified voice and tape (1999) Bonnie Miksch  
Bonnie Miksch\*\*, voice
- Stimme der Glocken* Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel (1805-1847)  
*Liebst du um Schönheit* Clara Schumann (1819-1896)  
Angela Freese, mezzo-soprano  
Jessica Paul\*, piano

- Concerto for Flute and Orchestra* (1963) Emma Lou Diemer (b. 1927)  
 Movement I: Moderately fast, accented  
 Arick Anderson, flute  
 Scott Pauli, piano
- Three Songs Rebecca Clarke (1886-1979)  
 The Cloths of Heaven  
 Down by the Salley Gardens  
 Infant Joy  
 Jennifer Boyd, mezzo-soprano  
 Jessica Paul\*, piano
- Of Life's Love* (1997) Kirstina Rasmussen (b. 1977)  
 The Shrine  
 I am not Yours  
 Come  
 If I must go  
 Mitra Sadeghpour\*, soprano  
 Jessica Paul\*, piano
- solstice* for amplified voice, didgeridoo, and tape (2000) Bonnie Miksch  
 Bonnie Miksch\*\*, voice and didgeridoo

\* on faculty at Luther College

\*\* guest scholar at *Women Composers' Festival 2000*

## ***BIOGRAPHY OF FESTIVAL SCHOLARS/PERFORMERS***



**Bonnie Miksch** (b. 1970) is an ear-oriented composer and performer whose music explores elements from instruments, voices, and computer processed sounds. Her works evoke the subtle landscapes of intimacy, ritual, improvisation, and dreams. Her computer music has been heard in Montreal, Beijing, Thessaloniki, Tokyo, and throughout the United States, and her acoustic music has been performed by the Columbus Women Composers' Orchestra, the University of Cincinnati's Women's Chorus, Collegium Musicum of Luther College, and the Choir of St. Peter in Chains Cathedral. She received her B.M. in Composition from Syracuse University and her M.M. and D.M.A. in Composition with a cognate in Computer Music from the University of Cincinnati's College-Conservatory of Music. Some of her teachers include Mara Helmuth, Allen Sapp, Andrew Waggoner, and Pauline Oliveros. She has received grants from Meet the Composer and Art Works to involve the community and public schools in her creative work. In 1998, she joined the faculty at Mercer University in Macon Georgia as Assistant Professor of Music Theory, Composition, and Computer Music.



**Kirstina Rasmussen** (b. 1977) came to Luther College from Boston University, where she studied choral conducting under Ann Howard Jones. While completing her masters degree at Boston University, she worked with the choirs as both a conductor and accompanist, and also taught ear-training. She received the distinction of "Outstanding Merit" from the choral department at BU for two consecutive years. Her undergraduate work was done at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles, where she studied composition with Morten Lauridsen. She continues to stay active as a composer; her pieces have been performed by choirs at USC, Cal State LA, Boston University, and Harvard University. Her works have been published in the Roger Wagner Choral Series, which is distributed by Theodore Presser. Originally from Cedar Rapids, IA, Kirstina is a visiting instructor of music at Luther College, where she conducts Pike Kor and teaches ear-training and conducting classes.

These events were made possible through the generous support of the Luther College Lectures & Fine Arts, Women's Studies, and the Humanities Division Speaker's Fund.



Concert organized by Leon W. Couch III and Jessica Paul.  
Program design by Leon W. Couch III.  
Advertising and poster design by Julie Strom.

***PROGRAM NOTES, TEXTS, AND***

# TRANSLATIONS

## *There is no Rose* by Bonnie Miksch

The text for "There is no rose" comes from an old Medieval carol. Since music in this time period was rarely written down, carols were usually strophic, in verses, with a refrain. In Ms. Miksch's piece, the word 'Alleluia' symbolizes the refrain. Every verse starts out with the same melody line, even though the harmonies around that line change. Each verse has more embellishment and more non-chord tones than the last, increasing the harmonic tension. The verses rise a whole-step in pitch throughout the piece as well, helping to further increase the tension. Ms. Miksch also makes use of imitation throughout the piece, giving it an older feel. In the first verse, the first soprano introduces the melody while the second sings the same line with an extra passing-tone starting two measures after the first soprano. This canon-like device is used throughout the song with some modification.

*Kaddee Crottier*

### **Ther is no rose of swych vertu**

Ther is no rose of swych vertu  
As is the rose that bar Jesu:  
Alleluya!

For in this rose conteynyd was  
Heven and erthe in lytyl space,  
Res miranda!

Be that rose we may weel see  
That he is God in personys thre,  
Pari forma.

The Aungelys sungyn the sheperdes to,  
'Gloria in escelcis Deo.'  
Gaudeamus.

Leve we al this wordly merthe,  
And folwe we this joyful berthe;  
Transeamus.

### **There is no Rose** (traditional 15<sup>th</sup> c carol)

There is no rose of such virtue  
As is the rose that bare Jesu:  
Alleluia.

For in that rose contained was  
Heaven and earth in little space:  
Res miranda.

By that rose we may well see,  
That he is God in persons three:  
Pari forma.

The angels sung the shepherds too,  
Gloria, Gloria in Excelsis Deo;  
Gaudeamus.

Leave we all this worldly mirth,  
And follow we this joyful birth;  
Transeamus

### ***The Cliff's Edge (Songs of a Psychotic)* by Margaret Garwood**

Margaret Garwood (b. 1927) is one of the most successful American opera composers alive today. Her stage works have received full productions in New York, Philadelphia and the West Coast. Her song cycles have also been performed throughout North America and Europe.

In *The Cliff's Edge (Songs of a Psychotic)*, a song cycle for voice and piano, she sets five poems by Eithne Tabor, a woman who was committed to a mental hospital when she was eighteen years old. The first two movements presented here, "O thou twin-blossoming rose (Schizophrenia)" and "The child in the sunlight (Hebephrenia)," are sung without pause. All five songs together represent, according to Margaret Garwood, "the descent of a woman into madness." *Joshua Shank*

#### **O thou twin-blossoming rose! (Schizophrenia) (Eithne Tabor)**

What seeds of the unreal produced thee?  
And what the fatal germ sending thy roots,  
thy reaching, rambling stem on the strange, twisted path of this thy life?

Aye, 'mongst thine interfolded petals ere they had burst to bloom.  
Aye, 'mongst thine interfolded petals the golden heart already lay blasted.

Before the sun had crimson'd thee thou had'st borne,  
ah, not a lovely flower but a thorn.

#### **The Child in the Sunlight Dancing (Hebephrenia) (Eithne Tabor)**

The child in the sunlight dancing plays with the tenuous beams.  
Life with stern step advancing breaks not her web of dreams.  
Laughter, a silver fountain leaps with her to the light,  
Oh, child of the mist-veiled mountain, know you not it is night?

### ***Five Betjeman Songs* by Madeleine Dring**

The English composer Madeleine Dring (1923-1977) began to show great musical talent from an early age. At ten, Dring won a violin scholarship to the junior department of the Royal College of Music. While in school, she also studied voice, piano, and composition. A senior college scholarship enabled Dring to continue her composition studies under Howells and Vaughan Williams. Dring wrote works for orchestra, piano, voice, and several chamber ensembles. She became acknowledged as a composer with the ability to write in many different musical styles and genres. Her talent at and feel for composing in diverse styles became exceptionally important when writing for the voice. Dring set texts of poets such as Shakespeare and Herrick to music. Among her most well-known works are her settings of five poems by the twentieth-century Englishman, John Betjeman.

*Tana Field*

**Upper Lambourne** (John Betjeman)

Up the ashtree climbs the ivy,  
Up the ivy climbs the sun,  
With a twenty-thousand pattering  
Has a valley breeze begun,  
Feathery ash, neglected elder,  
Shift the shade and make it run.

Shift the shade toward the nettles,  
And the nettles set it free  
To streak the stained Cararra headstone  
Where, in nineteen-twenty-three,  
he who trained a hundred winners  
Paid the final  
Entrance fee.

Leathery limbs of Upper Lambourne,  
Leathery skin from sun and wind,  
Leathery breeches, spreading stables,  
Shining saddles left behind -  
To the down the string of horses  
Moving out of sight and mind.

Feathery ash in leathery Lambourne  
Waves above the sarsen stone,  
And Edwardian plantations  
So coniferously moan  
As to make the swelling downland  
Far surrounding seem their own.

**Song of a Nightclub Proprietress** (John Betjeman)

I walked into the nightclub in the morning,  
there was Kummel on the handle of the door,  
the ashtrays were unemptied,  
The cleaning unattempted,  
And a squashed tomato sandwich on the floor.

I pulled aside the thick magenta curtains  
So Regency, so Regency, my dear  
And a host of little spiders  
Ran a race across the ciders  
To a box of baby 'pollies by the beer.

Oh sun upon the summergoing bypass  
Where ev'rything is speeding to the sea,

**Business Girls** (John Betjeman)

From the geyser ventilators  
Autumn winds are blowing down  
On a thousand business women  
Having baths in Camden Town.

Wastepipes chuckle into runnels,  
Steam's escaping here and there,  
Morning trains through Camden cutting  
Shake the Crescent and the Square.

Early nip of changeeful autumn,  
Dahlias glimpsed through garden doors,  
At the back precarious bathrooms  
Jutting out from upper floors,

And behind their frail partitions,  
Business women lie and soak,  
Seeing through the draughty skylight  
Flying clouds and railway smoke.

Rest you there, poor unbelov'd ones  
Lap your loneliness in heat.  
All too soon the tiny breakfast,  
Trolleybus and windy street!

(continued on next page)

And wonder beyond wonder  
that here where lorries thunder  
The sun should ever percolate to me.

When Boris used to call in his Sedanca,  
When Teddy took me down to his estate,  
When my nose excited passions,  
And my clothes were in the fashion,  
When my beaux were never cross if I was late,

There was sun enough for lazing upon beaches  
There was fun enough for far into the night;  
But I'm dying now and done for,  
What on earth was all the fun for?  
I am ill and old and terrified and tight.

***Allow my heart to ache* by Bonnie Miksch**  
*for amplified voice and tape*

This piece is based on a poem by Michael Barnhart written in response to the sudden death of our composition teacher and friend, Allen Sapp, in January of 1999. The music aspires to capture the sincerity and beauty of his words.

*Bonnie Miksch*

**Allow my heart to ache** (Michael Barnhart)

Allow my heart to ache  
for the world that could be  
and to mourn the death of beauty  
and to spend my time among the haunted  
in search of Her.

Gods pour me out  
until only an empty vessel remains  
to host for a time  
some corpuscle of your Infinity.

***Stimme der Glocken* by Fanny Mendelssohn Hansel**

During the Romantic Era not one, but two brilliantly gifted composers were born with the name of Mendelssohn. The most well-known is Felix Mendelssohn. The less familiar, but no-less talented is his older sister, Fanny Mendelssohn Hansel (1805-1847). Her obscurity is not an accident. Both her father, Abraham, and her brother opposed publication of her works. Despite encouragement from

her mother, Lea, and her husband, Wilhelm Hensel, many years passed after her father's death before she found courage to publish music under her own name, which then her brother warmly supported. Unfortunately, Hensel died only nine months after approval from Felix. Of her hundreds of compositions, few were published during her life.

Fanny and the rest of her siblings received their first piano lessons from their mother, who had studied under a student of J. S. Bach. While traveling in Italy with her husband and family, she formed a friendship with Charles Gounod and introduced the music of J. S. Bach to him, resulting in Gounod's famous *Ave Maria*. Fanny was musically active until the day of her death. While practicing at the piano, she suffered a brain hemorrhage and died later that evening.

Hensel's music is unavoidably received with prejudice, as she is compared with her brother whose works have been heard and loved for years. Although their works understandably share similar characteristics, they differ with their own unique and wonderful styles. *Adam Noel*

**Stimme der Glocken** (Nikolaus Lenau)

Den glatten See kein Windeshauch verknittert.  
 Das Hochgebirg, die Tannen, Klippen, Buchten,  
 Die Gletscher, die von Wolken nur besuchtenglaciers  
 Sie spiegeln sich im Wasser unzersplittert.  
 Das dürre Blatt vom Baume hörbar zittert,  
 Und hörbar rieselt nieder in die Schluchten  
 Das kleinste Steinchen, das auf ihren Fluchten  
 Die Gemse schnell, wenn sie den Jäger wittert.  
 Horch! Glocken, aus der weiten Ferne tönend,  
 Den Gram mir weckend und zugleich versöhnend,  
 Daß aus dem Tode neues Leben blühe.  
 Das Läuten mahnt mich leise an den Frieden,  
 Der von der Erd' auf immer ist geschieden  
 Schon in der ersten Paradiesesfrühe.

**Voice of the Bells**

No breath of wind disturbs the smooth lake.  
 The high peaks, the firs, crags, inlets,  
 that no one visits but the clouds  
 they all are mirrored in the water unbroken  
 The withered leaf audibly trembles on the tree,  
 and audibly sends down into the ravines  
 the smallest pebble that in its flight  
 the chamois sends as she senses a hunter.  
 Listen! Bells sounding from the far distance,  
 awakening my grief and reconciling at the same time:  
 New life can blossom out of death.  
 The ringing reminds me quietly of the peace  
 that went out of the Earth forever  
 already on a morning in Eden.

***Liebst du um Schönheit* by Clara Schumann**

Clara Schumann (1819-1896), the wife of Robert Schumann and accomplished composer and pianist, began her musical career early in her life. By age nine, Clara Schumann was playing virtuoso music and by age eleven, she was composing, all the while maintaining a meek attitude. Clara Schumann gave the gift of three songs to her husband at Christmas, 1840. *Liebst du um Schönheit* was included in a set of four poems given to Robert Schumann on the occasion of his birthday, June 8, 1841.

**Liebst du um Schönheit (Friedrich Rückert) If you love for Beauty**

Liebst du um Schönheit, o nicht mich liebe!	If you love for beauty, do not love me!
Liebe die Sonne, sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!	Love the sun, with her golden hair!
Liebst du um Jugend, o nicht mich liebe!	If you love for youth, do not love me!
Liebe den Frühling, der jung ist jedes Jahr!	Love the spring, who is young every year!
Liebst du um Schätze, o nicht mich liebe!	If you love for riches, do not love me!
Liebe die Meerfrau, sie hat viel Perlen klar.	Love the mermaid, who has many shining pearls.
Liebst du um Liebe, o ja, mich liebe!	If you love for love, o yes, love me!
Liebe mich immer, dich lieb'ich immer dar!	Love me ever, I'll love you always!

**Concerto for Flute and Orchestra by Emma Lou Diemer**

*Concerto for Flute and Orchestra*, originally composed for Mark Thomas, presents an interest challenge for the solo flutist. The call for rapid change and movement in rhythm, tonality, and legato line demands strict attention from both the performer and listener. The sonata form of the first of three movements offers a development containing some new themes and a cadenza before delving into the coda.

*Peter Hoelsing*

**Three Songs by Rebecca Clarke**

Rebecca Clarke (1886-1979) is considered one of the most important British female composers from the first half of the twentieth century. She was principally known as a leading violist of her time, but her composition skill created a reputation as as one of the most interesting and independent British composers of either gender during her lifetime. She concentrated on the areas of chamber music and song. During World War I, Clarke discovered her own unique style. Her *Viola Sonata* won worldwide recognition, and it tied for first place at the 1919 Coolidge Competition after entering under a male pseudonym. The success she received from this composition (after it was revealed that she was a female composer) initiated her most creative period which lasted until the late 1920's. At the beginning of World War II, Clarke resided in New York, unable to return to England. She eventually settled in the USA and married pianist James Friskin in 1944. Since her death in 1979, interest has increased with the publication of her early works. Her expressive range from extreme simplicity to ambitious sophistication of texture occur in her numerous songs for voice and piano, three of which you will here today.

*Adam Noel*

**The Cloths of Heaven (W. B. Yeats) Down by the Salley Gardens (W. B. Yeats)**

Had I the heavens embroidered cloths  
Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;  
Enwrought with golden and silver light      She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.  
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths      She bid me take love easy as the leaves grow on the tree;  
Of night and light and the half-light      But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.  
I would spread the cloths under your feet  
But I being poor have only my dreams      In a field by the river my love and I did stand,  
I have spread my dreams under your feet      And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.  
Tread softly      She bid me take life easy as the grass grows on the weirs;  
Because you tread on my dreams.      But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

**Infant Joy (William Blake)**

“I have no name:  
I am but two days old.”  
What shall I call thee?

“I happy am,  
Joy is my name”  
Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty Joy!  
Sweet joy, but two days old.

Sweet joy I call thee:  
Thou dost smile, I sing the while,  
Sweet joy befall thee!



***Of Life's Love* by Kirstina Rasmussen**

Kirstina Rasmussen (b. 1977), who joined the Luther College faculty in Fall 2000, composed *Of Life and Love*, settings of four poems by Sara Teasdale, in the summer of 1997 while pursuing a Bachelor of Music with a major in Composition at the University of Southern California. The four poems, entitled "The Shrine," "I am not Yours," "Come," and "If I Must Go" respectively, deal with what Rasmussen describes as "the many facets of love," ranging from introspectiveness to excitement to longing. The work conveys these emotions through its many rhythmic changes, dynamic contrasts, and tempo variances. Each movement conveys a meaning that can only truly be appreciated by an attentive listening.

*Mark Anderson*

**The Shrine** (Sara Teasdale)  
There is no lord within my heart  
Left silent as an empty shrine,  
Where roses and myrtle intertwine  
Within a place apart.

No god is there of carven stone  
To watch with still approving eyes;  
My thoughts, like steady incense rise,  
I dream and weep alone.

But if I keep my alter fair,  
One morning I shall lift my head  
From roses deftly garlanded  
To find the god is there.

**Come** (Sara Teasdale)  
Come, when the pale moon like a petal  
Floats in the pearly dusk of spring,  
Come with arms outstretched to take me,  
Come with lips pursed up to cling.

Come, for life is a frail moth flying  
Caught in the web of the years that pass,  
And soon we two, so warm and eager,  
Will be as the gray stones in the grass.

**I am not Yours** (Sara Teasdale)  
I am not yours, not lost in you,  
Not lost, although I long to be  
Lost as a candle lit at noon,  
Lost as a snowflake in the sea.

You love me, and I find you still  
A spirit beautiful and bright,  
Yet I am I, who long to be  
Lost as a light is lost in light.

Oh plunge me deep in love--put out  
My senses, leave me deaf and blind,  
Swept by the tempest of your love,  
A taper in a rushing wind.

**If I Must Go** (Sara Teasdale)  
If I must go to heaven's end  
Climbing the ages like a stair,  
Be near me and forever bend  
With the same eyes above me there;  
Time will fly past us like leaves flying.  
We shall not head, for we shall be  
Beyond living, beyond dying,  
Knowing and know unchangeably.

*solstice* by **Bonnie Miksch**  
*for amplified voice, didgeridoo, and tape*

Although this song contains no text, the following poem serves as program notes. *Bonnie Miksch*

Sacred day, full of flame and long desires,  
immersed in rapture and a thousand songs,  
you bring a flurry of foreseen fulfillments,  
a burst of brilliance to our cheeks,  
a breath of eagerness to rouse our hearts.