

conText presents

# Distant Visions

Mary Hubbell, *soprano*

Alice Jones, *flute*

from *Corbeille de fruits*  
Écoute, mon coeur

André Caplet (1878–1925)  
*Rabindranath Tagore* (1861–1941)

The Singer

Michael Head (1900–1976)  
*Bronnie Taylor* (1921–1991)

*Three Irish Folksong Settings*

The Salley Gardens  
The Foggy Dew  
She moved through the fair

John Corigliano (b. 1938)  
*William Butler Yeats* (1865–1939)  
*Anonymous*  
*Padraic Colum* (1881–1972)

from *Haï-kaï d'Occident*

Veux-tu me rejouer, ma mie  
O la tristesse des airs gais  
Écoutez la chanson

Louis de Crèvecoeur (1878–1972)  
*Maurice Heim* (1885–1957)

Deux poèmes de Ronsard  
Rossignol, mon mignon  
Ciel, aer, et vens

Albert Roussel (1869–1937)  
*Pierre de Ronsard* (1524–1585)

cuncta fluunt

Inés Thiebaut (b. 1979)  
*Ovid* (43 BCE–17/18 CE)

“Starfishing” from *#tinyefforts2021*  
“The people could fly” from *#tinyefforts2020*

Alice Jones (b. 1982)

*Deux ciels*

Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit  
Aurore

Gregory W. Brown (b. 1974)  
*Paul Verlaine* (1844–1896)  
*Armand Silvestre* (1837–1901)



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# Texts and Translations



## **Écoute, mon coeur**

*Rabindranath Tagore*

Écoute, mon coeur;  
Dans cette flûte chante  
La musique du parfum des fleurs sauvages,  
Des feuilles étincelantes  
Et de l'eau qui brille;  
La musique d'ombres,  
Sonores d'un bruit d'ailes et d'abeilles.  
La flûte a ravi son sourire  
Des lèvres de mon ami  
Et le répand sur ma vie.

## *Listen, My Heart*

*Listen, my heart;  
To the flute singing  
The music of the perfume of wild flowers,  
The sparkling leaves  
And the brilliant water;  
The music of the shadows,  
The clamoring sounds of wings and bees.  
The flute brings a smile of delight  
To the lips of my lover  
That spills upon my life.*

## **Haï-kaï d'Occident**

*Maurice Heim*

Veux-tu me rejouer, ma mie,  
Le vieil air qui m'a fait pleurer?  
Déjà, sur la terre endormie,  
L'ombre descend à pas feutrés.  
Par les espaces éthérés,  
Nos âmes vont rêver la vie:  
Veux-tu me rejouer, ma mie,  
Le vieil air qui m'a fait pleurer?

*Do you want me to play again, my little one,  
the old air that made me cry?  
Already, over the sleeping earth  
evening descends on tiptoe.  
Through ethereal spaces  
our souls will dream life:  
Do you want me to play again, my little one,  
The old air that made me cry?*

## **O la tristesse des air gais:**

Chantez, chanteuses, dansez, danseuses:  
Lèvres rouges et doigts bagués,  
Ambre des chairs, or du champagne,  
Rires, parfums âmes et corps  
Sont un tourbillon qu'accompagne la mort.

*Oh sadness of joyful tunes:  
Sing, singers, dance, dancers:  
Red lips and adorned fingers,  
Amber of flesh, gold of champagne.  
Smiles, perfumes, souls and bodies  
Are the whirlwind that accompany death.*

## **Écoutez la chanson de la ville qui s'endort**

Rumeur confuse où tout se fond:  
Vaste mélodie aérienne  
sous l'immensité du ciel d'or  
Écoutez la vie qui passé:  
Danse lente au royaume de la mort.  
Riez, pleurez, aimez.  
Comédie et tragédie:  
Cendres et remords...

*Listen to the song of the old town that sleeps  
Confused rumbling where everything blends:  
Vast floating melody  
in the immensity of the sky of gold  
Listen to the life that passes:  
Dancing slowly to the kingdom of death.  
Laugh, cry, love.  
Comedy and tragedy:  
Ash and remorse...*

## Deux poèmes de Ronsard

*Pierre de Ronsard*

Rossignol mon mignon, qui dans cette saulaie  
Va seul de branche en branche à ton gré voletant,  
Et chantes à l'envie de moi qui vais chantant  
Celle qu'il faut tousjours que dans la bouche j'aie.

Nous soupirons tous deux, ta douce vois s'essaie  
De sonner l'amitié d'une qui t'aime tant,  
Et moi, triste, je vais la beauté regrettant  
Qui m'a fait dans le coeur une si algre plaie.

Toutes-fois, Rossignol, nous différons d'un point:  
C'est que tu es aimé, et je ne le suis point,  
Bien que tous deux ayons les musiques pareilles:

Car tu fléschis t'amie au doux bruit de tes sons,  
Mais la mienne qui prend à dépit mes chansons,  
Pour ne les écouter se bouche les oreilles.

Ciel, aer et vens, plains et mons découvers,  
Tertres fourchus et forêts verdoyantes,  
Rivages tors, et sources ondoyantes,  
Taillis rasés et vous bocages verts:

Antres moussus à demi-front ouvers,  
Prés, boutons, fleurs et herbes rousoyantes,  
Coutaus vineus, et plages blondoyantes,  
Gâtine, Loire, et vous mes tristes vers:

Puis qu'au partir, rongé de soin et d'ire,  
À ce bel oeil, l'Adieu je n'ai sceu dire,

Qui près et loin me détient en émoi,

Je vous suppli, Ciel, aer, vens, mons, et plaines,  
Taillis, forêts, rivages et fontaines,  
Antres, prés, fleurs, dites-le lui pour moi.

## Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, Book XV: "Pythagoras' Teachings: The Eternal Flux"

Et quoniam magno feror aequore plenaque ventis  
vela dedi: nihil est toto, quod perstet, in orbe.  
cuncta fluunt, omnisque vagans formatur imago;  
ipsa quoque adsiduo labuntur tempora motu,  
non secus ac flumen; neque enim consistere flumen  
nec levis hora potest: sed ut unda inpellitur unda  
urgeturque prior veniente urgetque priorem,  
tempora sic fugiunt pariter pariterque sequuntur  
et nova sunt semper

*Nightingale, my pretty, who in this willow grove  
Goes alone from branch to branch in your own flighty way,  
And sings as well as I who go singing  
That which must always come from my mouth.*

*We sigh together, your sweet voice trying  
To express the friendship of one who loves you so much,  
And I, sad, I go longing for that beauty  
That makes in my heart so bitter a wound.*

*However, Nightingale, we differ in one respect:  
It is that you are loved, and I am not loved at all,  
Even though both of us may make similar music.*

*For you sway your sweetheart with the sweetness of your sounds,  
But my sweetheart, who is annoyed by my songs,  
Plugs up her ears so not to hear them.*

*Heaven, sky, and wind, plains and bare mountains,  
Branches, knolls and verdant forests,  
Twisted shores, and undulating springs,  
Cut thickets and you green groves:*

*Moss-lined caverns with half-opened mouths,  
Fields, buds, flowers, and rustic herbs,  
Wine-rich hills, and flaxen beaches,  
Gâtine, Loire, and you my sad verses:*

*Since at the parting, gnawed by care and ire,  
To those beautiful eyes, the good-bye that I  
could not bring myself to say,  
Who far and near keeps me filled with emotion:*

*I beg you, Heaven, air, wind, mountains, and plains,  
Thickets, forests, shores and fountains,  
Caverns, fields, flowers, tell her for me.*

*Since I have embarked on the wide ocean, and given full sails to  
the wind, I say there is nothing in the whole universe that persists.  
Everything flows, and is formed as a fleeting image. Time itself,  
also, glides, in its continual motion, no differently than a river. For  
neither the river, nor the swift hour can stop: but as wave impels  
wave, and as the prior wave is chased by the coming wave, and  
chases the one before, so time flees equally, and, equally, follows,  
and is always new.*

## Deux ciels

### Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit,

*Paul Verlaine*

Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit,  
Si bleu, si calme!  
Un arbre, par-dessus le toit,  
Berce sa palme.

La cloche, dans le ciel qu'on voit,  
Doucement tinte.  
Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on voit  
Chante sa plainte.

Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, la vie est là  
Simple et tranquille.  
Cette paisible rumeur-là  
Vient de la ville.

Qu'as-tu fait, ô toi que voilà  
Pleurant sans cesse,  
Dis, qu'as-tu fait, toi que voilà,  
De ta jeunesse?

### Aurore

*Armand Silvestre*

Des jardins de la nuit s'envolent les étoiles,  
Abeilles d'or qu'attire un invisible miel,  
Et l'aube, au loin tendant la candeur de ses toiles,  
Trame de fils d'argent le manteau bleu du ciel.

Du jardin de mon cœur qu'un rêve lent enivre  
S'envolent mes désirs sur les pas du matin,  
Comme un essaim léger qu'à l'horizon de cuivre,  
Appelle un chant plaintif, éternel et lointain.

Ils volent à tes pieds, astres chassés des nues,  
Exilés du ciel d'or où fleurit ta beauté  
Et, cherchant jusqu'à toi des routes inconnues,  
Mêlent au jour naissant leur mourante clarté.

*Over the roof, the sky is  
So blue, so calm!  
Above the roof, a tree  
Waves its foliage.*

*In the sky one can see the bell  
Softly ringing.  
On the tree one can see a bird  
Singing its lament.*

*My God, my God, life is there,  
Simple and tranquil.  
This peaceful rumor there  
Comes from the town.*

*What have you done, o you there,  
Weeping without end,  
Tell me, what have you done, you there,  
With your youth?*

*The stars fly away from the gardens of night  
like golden bees attracted by invisible honey;  
and dawn in the distance, stretching her clear canvas,  
weaves with silver threads the blue cloak of the sky.*

*My desires fly off at morning's approach  
out of the dream-drunk garden of my heart  
like a wafting swarm summoned to the red-tinged horizon  
by a chant that is plaintive, eternal and far.*

*They fly to your feet, stars expelled from on high,  
exiled from the golden sky in which your beauty blossoms;  
and, seeking uncharted roads to travel to where you are,  
they mingle their dying light with the awakening day.*



Raised in Austin, TX, **Alice Jones** welcomes new listeners into the world of music through music creation, education, and collaboration. She was praised by Mario Davidovsky as “the flute player who could really play” and *Fanfare Magazine* called her 2017 album with Ensemble 365 “pretty music faultless... required listening.” Her composition projects include the #tinycollections series, as well as recent commissions from Gaudete Brass, Decoda, Amity Trio, Millikin University, Knoxville Symphony Orchestra, and the Phoenix Orchestra (Boston). In 2018 she was named to the inaugural CreateNYC Leadership Accelerator cohort by the NYC Department of Cultural Affairs. Alice teaches flute in Juilliard’s Music Advancement Program and Luzerne Music Center. In 2020, she became the Assistant Dean of Community Engagement and Career Services at The Juilliard School. Alice graduated from Yale University, SUNY Purchase, and the CUNY Graduate Center. She lives in New York City, where, when she’s not musicking, she’s likely walking her dogs or making ice cream.

**Mary Hubbell**, described in the *New York Times* as “a soprano with a sweetly focused tone,” enjoys performing a wide variety of music, including art song, chamber music, and oratorio. She holds degrees from Boston College; the University of California, Santa Barbara; the Royal Conservatory in The Hague; and The Graduate Center of the City University of New York. While living in the Netherlands, she was a frequent soloist with early music ensembles, and often appeared at the contemporary venues of the Young Composer’s Festival in Apeldoorn and the Gaudeamus Festival in Amsterdam. She enjoys living and performing in western Massachusetts, where she lives with her husband, composer Gregory W. Brown.