

# New Voices

Martha Guth, soprano  
Tyler Duncan, baritone  
Erika Switzer, piano



Texts, Translations & More!

debut atlantic



début atlantique

## Dichterliebe, Op. 48

### Op. 48, No. 1

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,  
als alle Knospen sprangen,  
da ist in meinem Herzen  
die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,  
als alle Vögel sangen,  
da hab' ich ihr gestanden  
mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

### Op. 48, No. 2

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen  
viel blühende Blumen hervor,  
und meine Seufzer werden  
ein Nachtigallenchor,

und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,  
schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',  
und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen  
das Lied der Nachtigall.

### Op. 48, No. 3

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die  
Sonne,  
die lieb' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.  
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine  
die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die  
Eine;  
sie selber, aller Liebe Bronne,  
ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.

### Poem I

In the wonderfully fair month of May,  
as all the flower-buds burst,  
then in my heart  
love arose.

In the wonderfully fair month of May,  
as all the birds were singing,  
then I confessed to her  
my yearning and longing.

### Poem II

From my tears spring  
many blooming flowers forth,  
and my sighs become  
a nightingale choir,

and if you have love for me, child,  
I'll give you all the flowers,  
and before your window shall sound  
the song of the nightingale.

### Poem III

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,  
I once loved them all in love's bliss.  
I love them no more, I love only  
the small, the fine, the pure, the one;  
she herself, source of all love,  
is rose and lily and dove and sun.

**Op. 48, No. 4**

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',  
so schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh!  
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,  
so werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.

Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,  
kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust,  
doch wenn du sprichst: Ich liebe dich!  
so muß ich weinen bitterlich.

**Op. 48, No. 5**

Ich will meine Seele tauchen  
in den Kelch der Lilie hinein;  
die Lilie soll klingend hauchen  
ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.

Das Lied soll schauern und beben,  
wie der Kuß von ihrem Mund',  
den sie mir einst gegeben  
in wunderbar süßer Stund'!

**Op. 48, No. 6**

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,  
da spiegelt sich in den Well'n  
mit seinem großen Dome  
das große, heilige Köln.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildniß  
auf goldenem Leder gemalt.  
In meines Lebens Wildniß  
hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein  
um unsre liebe Frau;  
die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein,  
die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

**Poem IV**

When I look into your eyes,  
then vanish all my sorrow and pain!  
Ah, but when I kiss your mouth,  
then I will be wholly and completely  
healthy.

When I lean on your breast,  
I am overcome with heavenly delight,  
ah, but when you say, "I love you!"  
then I must weep bitterly.

**Poem V**

I want to plunge my soul  
into the chalice of the lily;  
the lily shall resoundingly exhale  
a song of my beloved.

The song shall quiver and tremble,  
like the kiss from her mouth,  
that she once gave me  
in a wonderfully sweet hour!

**Poem VI**

In the Rhine, in the holy stream,  
there is mirrored in the waves,  
with its great cathedral,  
great holy Cologne.

In the cathedral, there stands an image  
on golden leather painted.  
Into my life's wilderness  
it has shined in amicably.

There hover flowers and little angels  
around our beloved Lady,  
the eyes, the lips, the little cheeks,  
they match my beloved's exactly.

**Op. 48, No. 7**

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz  
auch bricht,  
ewig verlor'nes Lieb! Ich grolle nicht.  
Wie du auch strahlst in  
Diamantenpracht,  
es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens  
Nacht,

das weiß ich längst.

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz  
auch bricht.

Ich sah dich ja im Traume,  
und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens  
Raume,  
und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen  
frißt,  
ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend  
bist.

Ich grolle nicht.

**Op. 48, No. 8**

Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen,  
wie tief verwundet mein Herz,  
sie würden mit mir weinen  
zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Und wüßten's die Nachtigallen,  
wie ich so traurig und krank,  
sie ließen fröhlich erschallen  
erquickenden Gesang.

Und wüßten sie mein Wehe,  
die goldenen Sternelein,  
sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,  
und sprächen Trost mir ein.

Die alle können's nicht wissen,

**Poem VII**

I bear no grudge, even as my heart is  
breaking,  
eternally lost love! I bear no grudge.  
Even though you shine in diamond  
splendor,  
there falls no light into your heart's  
night,

that I've known for a long time.

I bear no grudge, even as my heart is  
breaking.

I saw you, truly, in my dreams,  
and saw the night in your heart's cavity,  
and saw the serpent that feeds on your  
heart,

I saw, my love, how very miserable you  
are.

I bear no grudge.

**Poem VIII**

And if they knew it, the blooms, the  
little ones,  
how deeply wounded my heart is,  
they would weep with me  
to heal my pain.

And if they knew it, the nightingales,  
how I am so sad and sick,  
they would merrily unleash  
refreshing song.

And if they knew my pain,  
the golden little stars,  
they would descend from their heights  
and would comfort me.

nur Eine kennt meinen Schmerz;  
sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,  
zerrissen mir das Herz.

**Op. 48, No. 9**

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen,  
Trompeten schmetternd darein.  
Da tanzt wohl den Hochzeitreigen  
die Herzallerliebste mein.

Das ist ein Klingen und Dröhnen,  
ein Pauken und ein Schalmei'n;  
dazwischen schluchzen und stöhnen  
die lieblichen Engelein.

**Op. 48, No. 10**

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen,  
das einst die Liebste sang,  
so will mir die Brust zerspringen  
von wildem Schmerzdrang.

Es treibt mich ein dunkles Sehnen  
hinauf zur Waldeshöh',  
dort lös't sich auf in Tränen  
mein übergroßes Weh'.

**Op. 48, No. 11**

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,  
die hat einen Andern erwählt;  
der Andre liebt' eine Andre,  
und hat sich mit dieser vermählt.

Das Mädchen nimmt aus Ärger  
den ersten besten Mann  
der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;  
der Jüngling ist übel dran.

All of them cannot know it,  
only one knows my pain,  
she herself has indeed torn,  
torn up my heart.

**Poem IX**

There is a fluting and fiddling,  
and trumpets blasting in.  
Surely, there dancing the wedding  
dance  
is my dearest beloved.

There is a ringing and roaring  
of drums and shawms,  
amidst it sobbing and moaning  
are dear little angels.

**Poem X**

I hear the little song sounding  
that my beloved once sang,  
and my heart wants to shatter  
from savage pain's pressure.

I am driven by a dark longing  
up to the wooded heights,  
there is dissolved in tears  
my supremely great pain.

**Poem XI**

A young man loves a girl,  
who has chosen another man,  
the other loves yet another  
and has gotten married to her.

The girl takes out of resentment  
the first, best man  
who crosses her path;  
the young man is badly off.

Es ist eine alte Geschichte  
doch bleibt sie immer neu;  
und wem sie just passiert,  
dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

It is an old story  
but remains eternally new,  
and for him to whom it has just  
happened  
it breaks his heart in two.

**Op. 48, No. 12**

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen  
geh' ich im Garten herum.  
Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,  
ich aber wandle stumm.

**Poem XII**

On a shining summer morning  
I go about in the garden.  
The flowers are whispering and  
speaking,  
I however wander silently.

Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,  
und schau'n mitleidig mich an:  
Sei uns'rer Schwester nicht böse,  
du trauriger, blasser Mann.

The flowers are whispering and  
speaking,  
and look sympathetically at me:  
"Do not be angry with our sister,  
you sad, pale man."

**Op. 48, No. 13**

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,  
mir träumte du lägest im Grab.  
Ich wachte auf, und die Träne  
floß noch von der Wange herab.

**Poem XIII**

I have in my dreams wept,  
I dreamed you lay in your grave.  
I woke up and the tears  
still flowed down from my cheeks.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,  
mir träumt' du verließest mich.  
Ich wachte auf, und ich weinte  
noch lange bitterlich.

I have in my dreams wept,  
I dreamed you forsook me.  
I woke up and I wept  
for a long time and bitterly.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,  
mir träumte du wär'st mir noch gut.  
Ich wachte auf, und noch immer  
strömt meine Tränenflut.

I have in my dreams wept,  
I dreamed you still were good to me.  
I woke up, and still now  
streams my flood of tears.

**Op. 48, No. 14**

Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich,  
und sehe dich freundlich grüßen,

**Poem XIV**

Every night in my dreams I see you,  
and see your friendly greeting,

und lautaufweinend stürz' ich mich  
zu deinen süßen Füßen.

and loudly crying out, I throw myself  
at your sweet feet.

Du siehest mich an wehmütiglich,  
und schüttelst das blonde Köpfchen;  
aus deinen Augen schleichen sich  
die Perlenttränentropfchen.

You look at me wistfully  
and shake your blond little head;  
from your eyes steal forth  
little pearly teardrops.

Du sagst mir heimlich ein leises Wort,  
und gibst mir den Strauß von  
Zypressen.  
Ich wache auf, und der Strauß ist fort,  
und's Wort hab' ich vergessen.

You say to me secretly a soft word,  
and give me a garland of cypress.  
I wake up, and the garland is gone,  
and the word I have forgotten.

### Op. 48, No. 15

Aus alten Märchen winkt es  
hervor mit weißer Hand,  
da singt es und da klingt es  
von einem Zauberland';

### Poem XV

From old fairy-tales it beckons  
to me with a white hand,  
there it sings and there it resounds  
of a magic land,

wo bunte Blumen blühen  
im gold'nen Abendlicht,  
und lieblich duftend glühen  
mit bräutlichem Gesicht;

where colorful flowers bloom  
in the golden twilight,  
and sweetly, fragrantly glow  
with a bride-like face.

Und grüne Bäume singen  
uralte Melodei'n,  
die Lüfte heimlich klingen,  
und Vögel schmetternd drein;

And green trees sing  
primeval melodies,  
the breezes secretly sound  
and birds warble in them.

Und Nebelbilder steigen  
wohl aus der Erd' hervor,  
und tanzen luft'gen Reigen  
im wunderlichen Chor;

And misty images rise  
indeed forth from the earth,  
and dance airy reels  
in fantastic chorus.

Und blaue Funken brennen  
an jedem Blatt und Reis,

And blue sparks burn  
on every leaf and twig,

und rote Lichter rennen  
im irren, wirren Kreis;  
Und laute Quellen brechen  
aus wildem Marmorstein,  
und seltsam in den Bächen  
strahlt fort der Widerschein.

Ach! könnt' ich dorthin kommen,  
und dort mein Herz erfreu'n,  
und aller Qual entnommen,  
und frei und selig sein!

Ach! jenes Land der Wonne,  
das seh' ich oft im Traum,  
doch kommt die Morgensonne,  
zerfließt's wie eitel Schaum.

#### Op. 48, No. 16

Die alten, bösen Lieder,  
die Träume bö's und arg,  
die laßt uns jetzt begraben,  
holt einen großen Sarg.

Hinein leg' ich gar manches,  
doch sag' ich noch nicht was.  
Der Sarg muß sein noch größer  
wie's Heidelberger Faß.

Und holt eine Totenbahre,  
von Bretter fest und dick;  
auch muß sie sein noch länger  
als wie zu Mainz die Brück'.

Und holt mir auch zwölf Riesen,  
die müssen noch stärker sein  
als wie der starke Christoph  
im Dom zu Köln am Rhein.

and red lights run  
in crazy, hazy rings.  
And loud springs burst  
out of wild marble stone,  
and oddly in the brooks  
shine forth the reflections.

Ah! If I could enter there  
and there gladden my heart,  
and have all anguish taken away,  
and be free and blessed!

Oh, that land of bliss,  
I see it often in dreams,  
but come the morning sun,  
and it melts away like mere froth.

#### Poem XVI

The old, angry songs,  
the dreams angry and nasty,  
let us now bury them,  
fetch a great coffin.

In it I will lay very many things,  
though I shall not yet say what.  
The coffin must be even larger  
than the Heidelberg Tun.

And fetch a death-bier,  
of boards firm and thick,  
they also must be even longer  
than Mainz's great bridge.

And fetch me also twelve giants,  
who must be yet mightier  
than mighty St. Christopher  
in the Cathedral of Cologne on the  
Rhine.

Die sollen den Sarg forttragen,  
und senken in's Meer hinab;  
denn solchem großen Sarge  
gebührt ein großes Grab.

They shall carry the coffin away,  
and sink it down into the sea,  
for such a great coffin  
deserves a great grave.

Wißt ihr warum der Sarg wohl  
so groß und schwer mag sein?  
Ich senkt' auch meine Liebe  
Und meinen Schmerz hinein.

How could the coffin  
be so large and heavy?  
I also sank my love  
with my pain in it.

## **Earthquakes & Islands** **Poetry by Robin Richardson**

### **1. Meditations Before And After Living**

Burn down the house you hoped to own  
Delight in the monsters you create  
Remember you are here by choice  
You are the master and sole inhabitant of your face  
You are an old ghost  
A very old ghost  
The accidents that made you made your terrors too  
Memory need not be correct to be true

### **2. Reddened By Hammer**

The adorable expression  
of my enemy  
asleep beside me  
while our tumors tug  
like unborn sons.

### **3. Future Perfect**

You musing on the birch, its curve.  
You said some boy'd been swinging  
though we knew it was the frost.

Our pond is neither metaphor nor  
science; but the flat round fact of itself,

still, as living comes and goes inside it.

That's how I inhabit you, a thoughtless ebb  
but true. It's Sunday, early spring, or  
is that just the way it seems?

Our leisurely return to what we were  
pre-claustrophobia of form and 5am alarm.  
You're so damn strong. Our ancient

incarnations having hobnobbed clean  
across Pangaea, then come back to now,  
to sit and see our past lives in the clouds.

#### **4. Without a Roof**

Good god I'm gorgeous, open  
on the operating table, so impeccably pink  
pearl you could drape me on a hotel heiress,  
make a mint. It is a costly transformation:

girl to goddess, curve to cosmic pin-up,  
star-strong in a homemade opal aristocracy.  
The ring, I mean. The one he gave me days  
before I lifted like some unfeeling winged

thing on a plane that didn't crash.  
What's worse, I'm well, not huffy, hidden  
from the day, not having ended anyone,  
unsympathetic in the most exquisite way.

Nude, open on a billboard in the Amazon  
as pythons crawl inside to please.  
He disapproves: the carefree sovereignty,  
almost anorexic silhouette. They say

it's tactless to be happy, living is an exercise  
in letting go, existence as a river runs  
its course regardless of our ripples, but  
they're wrong. I'm running with it wrapped

around me, a translucent, minnow-print  
kimono, full of flow, and following  
a pathless cut through careless wood.  
There's freedom in the things that no one knows.

### **5. My Voice, in My Mouth**

I want to get close to a lion, which sucks because the only way  
I know of getting close to a lion is to let him eat me. Each inch  
he takes will bring me closer to my goal weight. He'd paw  
my petticoat aside, tell lies. A daydream in the oncologist's  
waiting room; calm as a hyena in holding before supper. Supple  
janitor insists the syringe isn't his. Tread marks up his arm  
resemble ink rings of a rained-on postcard. I think the  
magazines have SARS. Boy beside me – otter-anxious, swings his  
legs beneath the seat as if such swinging could out-squirm  
leukemia. Look where the flatscreen frames our favourite  
terrorist all warm- eyed in his soft-serve turban. He's so  
handsome, trumps my lion, who is arched gymnastic at the  
check-in, flirting with a nurse in zebra scrubs. Her skin sheened  
in sanitizer. I'll don my dead aunt's wig, Obama's desert wrap,  
or wizard's cap. This planet is a slacker: pass sun, collect two  
hundred awkward interactions. Fact is we're an itch and gone as  
quick. Our sleeps each studded with a constellation burned out  
bright as myth.

### **6. All the Grey Areas are God**

The secret service has my address,  
want to see me settle down.  
They say my king is licking  
someone else to sleep.

If I'm a terrorist it is because  
I love the way a plane looks  
in the scrapbook of a kid:  
all fire engine red and crass  
as kid's stuff often is.

I'm not afraid to die. I am

afraid the secret service  
will forget me when I'm gone;  
Their cameras the stuff of prayer:  
be seen and know you're there.

### **7. Aurora Borealis**

Black dome of our Subaru to keep  
the galaxy from breaking in  
with all its scope and cause for craned necks.

It wasn't love, not really. We played  
castle while a tremor took the ground  
around us to unspeakably appealing hells.

As the body rests, feet up, fresh manicured  
and cramped, the spirit lags in veto  
of this scene. What is a body jilted

by its source? What is a source if not  
the keeper of its art? I have been sculpted  
to a crown, then found too heavy, and removed.

### **8. Go by Contraries**

I think about our plane crash, how beautiful  
he is in spark and open sky. As I adjust, mid-fall  
to curve, as if it mattered, to a cloud,  
I see our daughters lean away from bodies  
they won't occupy. I mean I wish I'd met him  
in the restroom of that plane, made babies.  
All the brooks run west as if they knew we'd stop  
to quarrel, civil as we drop to break  
against their bridges. It was the threat  
of fall that got me pausing, thinking less  
of marriage, more of what the sky feels  
as it ushers us through being. Being  
is our birthright, sure, but being piggybacks us  
seriously, sadly, to its edge and shrugs.

The following is excerpted from Mr. Staniland's journal while composing the work:

### **Meditations Before and After Living**

I loved the idea of trill and how it fit the text: A trill can be both meditative and exciting/terrifying, and the duality of a 2 note trill nicely mirrors the concepts of before and after, suggested in the title of the poem. So off I went and wrote a piano part made up almost entirely of trills (!) that crossfade and dovetail, creating a somewhat unusual piano texture that is both melodic and harmonic.

### **Reddened by Hammer.**

This text is so dark. I have written a very minimal piano part to set a poetic background for this very short text, "Reddened by Hammer." It is so spare I am almost uncomfortable, and I have to actively resist the urge to complicate it. I seek clarity and long line above all else... The piano hammer is the propelling heartbeat of this song.

### **Future Perfect**

I chose to set the text twice again, reflecting on both the title 'future' and the last line of the poem 'past lives in the clouds.' It seemed to me to suggest that it made sense to have an A B A' form where the A sections could relate to one another in a past/future sense.

### **Without a Roof**

In this poem, I love the tension created by the use of strophic-like structure and the lines of thought that refuse to be contained within those structures. It reminds of watching a figure skater flirt with the edges of the rink. I really worked to access and maximize this tension in the setting. As with the other pieces, I challenged my self to seek clarity and simplicity: the rhythmic profile is basic (though rubato), with no difficult rhythms typical of new music. The ensemble is always clear – call/response, or unison, solo, or, at the end, contrapuntal.

### **My Voice, in My Mouth**

This poem is the last one in Robin's book *Knife Throwing Through Self Hypnosis*, which is the only poem so far that is not from her new collection. The piano part is meant to represent the lion. Big fat clusters, as though the lion paws the keyboard. Many musical motifs are revisited here – the repeated note (D) and heavy clusters recall "Reddened by Hammer." In the daydream-like sections, I bring back Eb major 7 sonority, which is the same daydream chord / clouds in future perfect. I also use spoken (or rather, shouted) text, as in future perfect. It is fun to make these connections – it gives what can be sometimes arbitrary choices (like key or note choice) more profundity. I suppose that is the magic of a cycle vs a song.

### **All the Grey Areas are God**

This is the shortest one yet, around a minute or two.... It is scherzo-like in character, even though it is on the darker side. There is an Ivesian quality to this song, especially in the clashing harmonies, where Tyler sings soaring major 3rds about minor chords. The piano freely mixes minor 9ths with triads without reconciling them at all. It is kind of an impression of loneliness I feel in the text.

### **Aurora Borealis**

This is a short song using a highly chromatic melody that treats the texts in strophic manner, as it is presented in written form. The poetry follows an irregular syllabic count for the 4 verses. Since 12 was the maximum number of syllables, I use, for the first time in this cycle, an overt 12 note series. This song retains its minimal approach and is set very low in the voice. We jump right in to the 12 note ostinato, instantly bewildered, like looking up and all-of-a-sudden seeing the magnificent sky with all its stars and auroras caused magnetic storms (something we see in the northern parts of Canada quite frequently). The piano frames the vocal line by supporting each downbeat, while playing a pointillistic ostinato high in the piano, meant to depict stars overhead.

## Go By Contraries

The piece is held together by a [D#] pedal, and is somewhat antiphonal, with lots of call/response. The singers sing almost entirely in thirds, except at key points, making a very consonant, if haunting feeling that is reminiscent of early music. After many experiments and after studying other precedents (notably Schumann's Dichterliebe: song 16) I chose to write a piano postlude of sorts, revisiting musical and thematic material from previous movements that did not seem quite resolved yet. Rather than label it as a new movement, it is appended to Go by Contraries. Despite my best laid plans, it struck me as rather odd to end a song cycle on an instrumental moment, so after the piano interlude I chose to repeat the sung lines from Go By Contraries, but overtop of a new accompaniment comprised of revisited material from earlier songs. It seemed like the natural and organic choice given that I had repeated whole swaths of text in both "Reddened by Hammer" and "Future Perfect." The result is a dramatic closing movement that feels like the right way to end the cycle.

## Creative Team Biographies:

### Andrew Staniland, composer

Described as a "new music visionary" (National Arts Centre), composer **Andrew Staniland** has established himself as one of Canada's most important and innovative musical voices. His music is performed and broadcast internationally and has been described by Alex Ross in the New Yorker Magazine as "alternately beautiful and terrifying". Among other accolades, Andrew is the recipient of two Juno nominations for Dark Star Requiem in 2017, was awarded the Terra Nova Young Innovators Award in 2016, was the National Grand Prize winner of EVOLUTION (presented in 2009 by CBC Radio 2/Espace Musique and The Banff Centre), and was the recipient of the Karen Keiser Prize in Canadian Music in 2004. As a leading composer of his generation, Andrew has been recognized by election to the Inaugural Cohort of the College of New Scholars, Artists and Scientists Royal Society of Canada.

Andrew was an Affiliate Composer to the Toronto Symphony Orchestra (2006-09) and the National Arts Centre Orchestra (2002–04), and has also been in residence at the Centre du Creation Musicale Iannis Xenakis (Paris, 2005). Recent commissioners include the National Arts Centre Orchestra, the Brooklyn Art Song Society, cellist Frances-Marie Uitti, and Les Percussions de Strasbourg. Andrew also performs as a guitarist and with new media (computers and electronics).

Andrew is currently on faculty at Memorial University in St John's Newfoundland, where he founded MEARL (Memorial ElectroAcoustic Research Lab). At MEARL, Andrew leads a cross-disciplinary research team that has produced the innovative Mune digital instrument: [www.munemusic.com](http://www.munemusic.com)

**Robin Richardson, poet & illustrator**

Robin Richardson is the author of two collections of poetry, and is Editor-in-Chief at *Minola Review*. Her work has appeared in Salon, Poetry Magazine, The Walrus, Hazlitt, and Tin House, among others. She holds an MFA in Writing from Sarah Lawrence College, has won the Fortnight Poetry Prize in the U.K., The John B. Santorini Award, Joan T. Baldwin Award, and has been shortlisted for the CBC, Walrus, and ARC Poetry Prizes, among others. Richardson's latest collection, *Sit How You Want*, is forthcoming with Véhicule Press.