

# Crossing The Space Between Us

*Faculty Artist Recital*

**Hazel Dean Davis, horn**

**RAHA Duo: Amelia Hollander Ames, viola | Elaine Rombola Aveni, piano**

**Nick Auer, horn**

**Poetry readings by Moon Hackbarth-Davis and Steve Hackbarth**

**Eclogue (Elegy), Op. 12**

Théodore Akimenko

**Songs of the Wolf**

Andrea Clearfield

1. *Wolf Night*
2. *La Loba*

**The Stone and the Milkweed \*World Premiere**

Jonathan Bailey Holland

The commission of "The Stone and the Milkweed" is made possible thanks to the generous contributions of Steve Eddins, Aaron Jophlin, Hazel Davis, and Steve Hackbarth along with grants from the Arlington Commission for Arts & Culture, The Longy School of Music, and Brevard Music Center.

**The Sleepers for viola and piano \*World Premiere**

Matthew Aucoin

*Co-commissioned by RAHA Duo and Con Vivo Music*

**Amour Bénis**

Jules Massenet

**Bad Neighbours**

Catherine Likhuta

Friday, April 15, 2022 • 7:30 pm • Edward M. Pickman Hall  
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## SONGS OF THE WOLF

Manfred Fischbeck

Snow night came  
Unannounced  
A sea of doves  
Descended from everywhere  
A white feast of silence  
The never resting  
The asking ran home  
Stumbling and snowblind  
Knocked at the door  
Abandoned  
The father house of dreams  
Hours of dog sleep  
Hours of listening into the darkness  
On softly ringing chains of waking  
Dying wind  
Plays on the sinking forest organs  
Echoes echoes  
The songs of the wolf

## Sleepers (Excerpt)

Walt Whitman

The new-born emerging  
From the gates, and the dying emerging from gates,

The night pervades them and infolds them,  
I stand in the dark with drooping eyes by the  
Worst suffering and

The most restless,  
I pass my hands soothingly to and fro a few  
Inches from them,  
The restless sink in their beds, they fitfully sleep.

The earth recedes from me into the night,  
I saw that it was beautiful, and I see that  
What is not the earth is  
beautiful

## Amours Bénis

Jules Massenet

Une aube fraîche... et printanière,  
Avril ou Mai,  
Je ne sais plus,  
Des pleurs ont mouillé ma paupière,  
Nos regards se sont confondus.  
Un jour d'été, par la colline,  
Vers le ciel nous montions tous deux ;  
Mon cœur battait... heure divine !  
Tu m'as fait tes premiers aveux.  
Par un crépuscule d'automne,  
Nos baisers ont chanté très doux,  
Caressant l'aïeule bretonne  
Qui dormait, rêvait près de nous,  
Aveux, baisers, fleurette éclose  
Pour qui je tremble et je pâlis,  
Dans son berceau l'enfant repose :  
Nos amours ont été bénis.

## Two Voices in a Meadow

Richard Wilbur

A MILKWEED  
Anonymous as cherubs  
Over the crib of God,  
White seeds are floating  
Out of my burst pod.  
What power had I  
Before I learned to yield?  
Shatter me, great wind:  
I shall possess the field.

## A STONE

As casual as cow-dung  
Under the crib of God,  
I lie where chance would have me,  
Up to the ears in sod.  
Why should I move? To move  
Befits a light desire.  
The sill of Heaven would founder  
Did such as I aspire.

A fresh dawn... and spring,  
April or May,  
I do not know anymore,  
Tears wet my eyelid,  
Our eyes met.  
One summer day, by the hill,  
Towards the sky we both ascended;  
My heart was beating... divine hour!  
You made your first confession to me.  
On an autumn twilight,  
Our kisses sang very sweet,  
Caressing the Breton grandmother  
Who slept, dreamed near us,  
Confessions, kisses, flower blooming  
For whom I tremble and turn pale,  
In his cradle the child rests:  
Our loves have been blessed.