

Transformation | Maya Johnson

Merriam Webster defines transformation as an act, process or instance of transforming or being transformed. Transform is defined as to change in outward form or appearance of or in character or condition.

Everyone and every living thing goes through transformations. The most obvious being the physical and mental changes one experiences from child to adult.

There can be small changes throughout larger ones.

How do we deal with these ongoing and constant transformations? Everyone's perspective and experiences of smaller, personal transformations differently.

Because nothing in life is really stagnant, which is the element that makes life interesting.

Orange Dawn (1992/2005/2009) – Ian Clarke (1964)

Orange Dawn was originally inspired by the vision of a dawn scene in the Great Rift Valley of East Africa. Awakening exotic animal life was envisaged silhouetted against a dramatic rising sun. In the opening and closing sections alternative fingerings are used to help create a mysterious earthly quality to the sound.

The natural transformations of the earth from day to night and night into day, are common yet naturally beautiful transformations that are unique between each time and place they occur. Even though we experience them frequently, they are never dull to watch.

“and still... and still...” (2022/23) – Christina J. George (b.1996)

Violin Partita No. 2 in D minor, BWV 1004 (1723) — Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

Historians speculate that Bach composed this piece after returning from a trip and found out that his wife Maria Barbara had died. In a review Michael Markham points out that “there is no evidence that Bach himself considered the chaconne to encode an entire vista of the universe or to sound out his own emotional depths. Of course emotions could be depicted and messages delivered. But musicians of Bach's generation did not need to feel an emotion in order to depict it. In his book, Bernard Chazelle believes that Bach's chaconne is not powerful because he himself is grieving but rather that it conveys a more universal and complicated message of essentially human grief.

Three Irish Folksong Settings (1988) — John Corigliano (b. 1938)

In these collection of folk songs, Corigliano wanted to explore the more poetic side of Irish flute music in these settings of folk or folk-like texts by W.B Yeats, Padraic Colum, and an anonymous author.

1. *The Salley Garden*

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;  
She pass's the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.  
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;  
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did stand.  
And on my leaning shoulder, she laid her snow-white hand.  
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;  
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

— William Butler Yeats

2. *The Foggy Dew*

A-down the hill I went at morn, a lovely maid I spied.  
Her hair was bright as the dew that wets sweet Anner's verdant side.  
"Now where go ye, sweet maid?" Said I. She raised her eyes of blue  
And smiled and said, "The boy I'll wed I'm to meet in the foggy dew!"

Go hide your bloom, ye roses red and droop ye lilies rare,  
For you must pale for very shame before a maid so fair!  
Says I, "Dear maid, will ye be my bride?" Beneath her eyes of blue  
She smiled and said, "The boy I'll wed I'm to meet in the foggy dew!"

A-down the hill I went at morn, a-singing I did go.  
A-down the hill I went at morn, she answered soft and low.  
"Yes, I will be your own dear bride and I now that you'll be true."  
Then sighed in my arms, and all her charms, they were hidden in the foggy dew.

— Anonymous

3. *She Moved Thro' The Fair*

My young love said to me, "My mother won't mind,  
And my father won't slight you for your lac of kine."  
And she stepped away from me and this she did say,  
"It will not be long love, 'till our wedding day:"

She stepp'd away from me and she went thro' the fair,  
And fondly I watched her move here and move there,  
And then she went homeward with one star awake,  
As the swan in the evening moves over the lake.

Last night she came to me, she came softly in.  
So softly she came that her feet made no din,  
And she laid her hand on me and this she did say,  
"It will not be long love, 'til our wedding day."

— Padraic Colum

Introduction and Variations on a Theme, *Ihr Blumlein Alle*, Op. 160 (1824) — Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

This piece by Schubert takes his eighteenth song out of his song cycle *Die schone Mullerin* or "Trockne Blumen" (Dry Flowers) as the melodic basis for these variations. For the song cycle overall, Schubert took a collection of poems by contemporary German lyric poet Wilhelmina Muller. The poems are images drawn from the prevailing German Romantic tradition: a solitary wanderer seeking solace, affirmation and redemption in the world, Nature in full bloom, with the ever encroaching gloom of helplessness and despair.

At this point in the story right before *Trockne Blumen*, the journeyman miller has already lost the competition against the hunter for the favor of the beautiful miller's daughter. The bouquet that the desired woman recently gave him has dried up and he now sees his only possibility in suicide.

Ferdinand Pagner, a flutist and friend of Schubert, commissioned the set of variations specifically on "Trockne Blumen" after hearing a performance of the song cycle.

Withered flowers

All you little flowers,  
The one she gave to me,  
You shall be laid  
To the grave it's me.

How do you all look  
Hurt me so much,  
As if you knew,  
What happened to me?

All you little flowers,  
How withered, how pale?  
All you flowers,  
Wet from what?

Oh, making tears  
Not May green,  
Making dead love  
Not blooming again.

And Lenz will come,  
And winter will be gone,  
And become little flowers  
Standing in the grass,

And little flowers lie  
In my grave,  
All the flowers,  
The one she gave me.

And when she walks  
Past the hill,  
and think in your heart:  
“He means it faithfully

Then all the flowers,  
Out, out!  
May is coming,  
Winter is over.