

Recital

Friday, October 4, 2024  
7:00PM

**BLACK REFLECTIONS:**  
*Art Songs of Black Composers*

*Cailin Marcel Manson, baritone*  
*Christina Wright-Ivanova, piano*

Six Sorrow Songs

**Samuel Coleridge-Taylor (1875 – 1912)**  
*Poetry by Christina Rossetti*

- I. *Oh what comes over the sea*
- II. *When I am dead, my dearest*
- III. *Oh, Roses for the flush of youth*
- IV. *She sat and sang alway*
- V. *Unmindful of the Roses*
- VI. *Too late for Love*

*Pause*

Border Line

**Robert Owens (1925 – 2017)**  
*Poetry by Langston Hughes*

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|------------------------------|----------------------------|
| I. <i>Border Line</i>        | IX. <i>Grave Yard</i>      |
| II. <i>Night: Four Songs</i> | X. <i>Convent</i>          |
| III. <i>Dustbowl</i>         | XI. <i>Poppy Flower</i>    |
| IV. <i>Burden</i>            | XII. <i>Gypsy Melodies</i> |
| V. <i>One</i>                | XIII. <i>Montmartre</i>    |
| VI. <i>Beale Street</i>      | XIV. <i>Fragments</i>      |
| VII. <i>Gifts</i>            | XV. <i>Desert</i>          |
| VIII. <i>Circles</i>         | XVI. <i>The End</i>        |

*Pause*

Saracen Songs

**Henry Thacker Burleigh (1866 – 1949)**  
*Poetry by Fred G. Bowles*

- I. *Almona*
- II. *O, Night of Dream and Wonder*
- III. *His Helmet's Blaze*
- IV. *I Hear His Footsteps, Music Sweet*
- V. *Thou Art Weary*
- VI. *This is Nirvana*
- VII. *Abmed's Song of Farewell*

## Artist Biographies

**Baritone Cailin Marcel Manson**, a Philadelphia native, has enjoyed an international career as an operatic/concert soloist, conductor, and master teacher with many organizations, including the Radio-Sinfonieorchester Stuttgart, Taipei Philharmonic, Bayerische Staatsoper - Münchner Opernfestspiele, Choral Arts Society of Philadelphia, Chamber Orchestra of Philadelphia, Teatro La Fenice, Teatro San Carlo, Konservatorium Oslo, and the Conservatoire de Luxembourg.

He has also been a guest cantor and soloist at some of the world's most famous churches and cathedrals, including Notre Dame, Sacré-Coeur, and La Madeleine in Paris, San Marco in Venice, Santa Maria del Fiore in Florence, San Salvatore in Montalcino, Santa Maria Maggiore and San Giovanni in Laterano in Rome, Thomaskirche and Nikolaikirche in Leipzig, and Wieskirche in Steingaden.

Mr. Manson has built a sterling reputation over an extensive 20-year career, encompassing both baritone and tenor repertoire, for his exceptional musicianship, keen dramatic instincts, and vocal flexibility. Critics have praised his performances roles as "arresting" and "revelatory," making consistent note of his "ringing projection," "commanding presence," and "ability to bring the internal drama of the music to life."

Mr. Manson has held positions as Music Director of the Vorarlberger Musikfest (Bregenz, Austria), Music Director and Conductor Laureate of the Chamber Symphony of Atlantic City, Artistic Director and Conductor of the Montgomery County Youth Orchestra, Chair of Vocal Studies at the Hazleton Conservatory for the Performing Arts, as Director of Music at The Putney School, and as Music Director of the Bennington County Choral Society in Vermont and The Keene Chorale in New Hampshire. He was also a member of the faculty of both the Vermont Governor's Institute on the Arts and the Performing Arts Institute of Wyoming Seminary.

Mr. Manson is currently Professor of Practice and Director of Music Performance at Clark University, Chair of Vocal Studies at the Longy School of Music of Bard College, Music Director of Opera Vermont, Artistic Consultant and Conductor for MidAmerica Productions and Mid Am International, and Artistic Director and Chief Executive Officer of the New England Repertory Orchestra.

Mr. Manson studied vocal performance at Temple University, and opera performance and orchestral conducting at the Universität Mozarteum Salzburg.

**Christina Wright-Ivanova**, hailed by critics as "a brilliant pianist" (Wiener Zeitung, Vienna) with a "warm and reassuring sound" (Boston Intelligencer) is currently Associate Professor of Music and Coordinator of Keyboard Studies at Keene State College. She also serves as the Interim Artistic Director for the Redfern Arts Center. For the past nine years, she has been serving as the Artistic Director for the North End Music & Performing Arts 'Winter Concert Series' in Boston.

Dr. Wright-Ivanova is on faculty at the Summer Institute for Contemporary Performance Practice (New England Conservatory) and has premiered over 125 works by living composers. She has performed solo and collaborative new works throughout the US, and recent international concert performances at the Berlin Art Song Festival, Teatro Sociale in Como, Reaktorhalle (Munich), Humboldt University, École Normale Supérieure Lyon, Joanneumsviertel Museum, Amici della Musica Paisello Concert Hall (Lucera), and Schloss Frohnburg (Salzburg).

As a chamber musician, she has been heard in over 25 countries throughout North & South America, UK, Europe, Asia and Australia, and enjoys frequent performances with musicians from leading orchestras in the US. She collaborates frequently with singers from the Metropolitan Opera, Deutsche Oper Berlin, and several leading opera houses around the world, and has been the official pianist for the Metropolitan Opera Auditions. With her 'duo au courant' partner, mezzo-soprano Stephanie Weiss, she tours regularly, presenting Art Song with a focus on issues of immigration, social justice and peace.

## Texts

### Coleridge-Taylor: Six Sorrow Songs (Christina Rossetti)

#### Oh what comes over the sea

*Shoals and quicksands past;  
And what comes home to me,  
Sailing slow, sailing fast?  
A wind comes over the sea  
With a moan it its blast;  
But nothing comes home to me,  
Sailing slow, sailing fast?  
Let me be, Let me be,  
For my lot is cast,  
Land or sea, all's one to me,  
And sail it slow or fast.  
Let me be, Let me be.*

#### When I am dead, my dearest,

*Sing no sad songs for me;  
Plant thou no roses at my head,  
Nor shady cypress tree:  
Be the green grass above me  
With show'rs and dewdrops wet:  
And if thou wilt, remember,  
And if thou wilt, forget.  
I shall not see the shadows,  
I shall not feel the rain;  
I shall not hear the nightingale  
Sing on as if in pain:  
And dreaming through the twilight  
That doth not rise nor set,  
Haply I may remember,  
And haply may forget.*

#### Oh, Roses, for the flush of youth,

*And laurel for the perfect prime;  
But pluck an ivy branch for me  
Grown old before my time.  
Oh, violets for the grave of youth,  
And bay for those dead in their prime;  
Give me the wither'd leaves I chose  
Before in the old time.*

#### She sat and sang alway

*By the green margin of a stream  
Watching the fishes leap and play  
Beneath the glad sunbeam.  
I sat and wept alway  
Neath the moon's most shad'ny beam,  
Watching the blossoms of the May  
Weep leaves into the stream.*

*I wept for memory;  
She sang for hope that is so fair;  
My tears were swallowed by the sea,  
Her songs died on the air.*

#### Unmindful of the roses,

*Unmindful of the thorn,  
A reaper tired reposes  
Among his gather'd corn:  
So might I till the morn!  
Cold as the cold Decembers,  
Past as the days that set,  
While only one remembers,  
And all the rest forget,  
But one remembers yet.*

#### Too late for Love, too late for joy,

*Too late, too late!  
You loitered one the way too long,  
You trifled at the gate:  
Th'enchanting dove upon her branch  
Died without a mate;  
Th'enchanting princess in her tower  
Slept, died behind the grate;  
Her heart was starving all this while:  
You made it wait.  
Ten years ago, five years ago,  
One year ago,  
E'en then you had arrived in time,  
Though somewhat slow;  
Then you had known her living face  
Which now you cannot know.  
The frozen fountain would have leaped,  
The buds gone on to blow,  
The warm south wind would have awaked  
To melt the snow.  
You should have wept her yesterday,  
Wasting upon her bed.  
But wherefore should you weep today  
That she is dead?  
Lo, we who love, weep not today,  
But crown her royal head.  
Let be these poppies that we strew,  
Your roses are too red:  
Let be these poppies, not for you  
Cut down and spread.  
You should have wept her yesterday.*

## Owens: Border Line (Langston Hughes)

### Border Line

*I used to wonder  
about living and dying –  
I think the difference lies  
between tears and crying.  
I used to wonder  
about here and there –  
I think the distance  
is nowhere.*

### Night: Four Songs

*Night of the two moons  
and the seventeen stars,  
Night of the day before yesterday  
and the day after tomorrow,  
Night of the four songs unsung:  
Sorrow! Sorrow!  
Sorrow! Sorrow!*

### Dustbowl

*The land wants me to come back  
to a handful of dust in autumn,  
To a raindrop  
in the palm of my hand  
in spring.  
The land wants me to come back  
to a broken song in October,  
To a snowbird on the wing.  
The land wants me to come back.*

### Burden

*It is not weariness  
that bows me down  
But sudden nearness  
to song without sound.*

### One

*Lonely as the wind  
on the Lincoln Prairies.  
Lonely as a bottle of likker  
on a table  
all by itself.*

### Beale Street

*The dream is vague  
And all confused  
with dice and women  
and jazz and booze.  
The dream is vague  
without a name,  
yet warm and wavering  
and sharp as flame.  
The loss*

*of the dream  
leaves nothing  
the same.*

### Gifts

*To some people  
Love is given  
To others  
Only heaven.*

### Circles

*The circles spin round  
and the circles spin round  
and meet their own tail.  
Seasons come, seasons go,  
the years build their bars  
till we're in jail.  
Like a squirrel in a cage --  
for the jail is round --  
we sometimes find  
ourselves upside down.*

### Grave Yard

*Here is that sleeping place,  
Long resting place,  
No stretching place,  
That never-get-up-no-more  
Place  
is here.*

### Convent

*Tell me,  
is there peace behind  
your high stone walls?  
Peace where no worldly duty calls?  
Or does some strange  
insistence beckon  
with a challenge that appalls?*

### Poppy Flower

*A wild poppy flower  
Withered and died.  
The day-people laughed –  
But the night-people cried.  
A wild poppy flower  
Withered and died.*

### Gypsy Melodies

*Songs that break  
And scatter out of the moon.  
Rockets of joy  
dimmed too soon.*

**Montmartre**  
Pigalle:  
A neon rose  
in a champagne bottle.  
Pigalle.  
At dawn  
The petals fall.

**Fragments**  
Whispers  
of springtime.  
Death in the night.  
A song  
with too many  
Tunes.

**Desert**  
Anybody  
Better than  
Nobody.

In the barren dusk  
Even the snake  
That spirals  
Terror on the sand –  
Better than nobody  
In this lonely  
Land.

**End**  
There are  
No clocks on the wall,  
And no time,  
No shadows that move  
From dawn to dusk  
Across the floor.  
There is neither light  
Nor dark  
Outside the door.  
**There is no door!**

## Burleigh: Saracen Songs (Fred G. Bowles)

**I.**  
**Almona.** *Almona, awake!*  
The magic of the starlight is broken;  
The desert is flooded with gold,  
The gates of the East are now open.  
Come, Queen of the desert, why sleep?  
Thy beauty the day must adorn.  
Why slumberest thou, and so deep?  
*Almona, Almona, tis morn!*

**II.**  
**O night of dream and wonder,**  
The sun indeed is high;  
My soul shall cast asunder  
Love's last long doubting sigh.  
My tent no more a prison,  
All fear and waiting past;  
Love's sun hath truly risen,  
For Love hath come at last!

**III.**  
Be thou mine eyes!  
I cannot see;  
The vision dies;  
Who comes to me?  
His horse's tread,  
**His helmet's blaze,**  
His lifted head;  
Ah! Day of days!

**IV.**  
**I hear his footsteps, music sweet,**  
As long ago they came;  
One moment and we truly meet,  
Ah, better love than fame!  
A sun that sheds consuming fire,  
A torch that blows to flame,  
Is not more fierce than my desire  
That kindles at his name!

**V.**  
*Ab, my love, but **thou art weary,***  
Thou hast ridden far and long,  
And the mountain paths were dreary,  
Let me cheer with meat and song  
Thou, my lord, and I, thy lover,  
I, most tender, thou, most brave,  
Never did the twilight cover  
Such a master, such a slave.  
*Ab, my love!*

**VI.**  
Never forgotten that one day,  
Never forgotten Love's sweet way!  
Cruel was Fate;  
Not yet too late,  
Never shall Fate now say us "Nay."  
Is it a dream? Never to part!  
Shall I awake with sudden start,  
Never to know  
You lov'd me so;

*Never to know your gentle heart?  
Now is the day with beauty rife,  
Peace after war, calm after strife;  
Fate was unkind,  
Fate now is blind:  
**This is Nirvana!** This is life!  
That one day!*

**VII.**

***Farewell,** farewell to all!  
Sunlight and twilight,  
The hour belov'd of Allah.  
Farewell, farewell the Desert;  
Farewell, Life and Love,  
And thou, Almona!  
Never so stately a star  
Rode the fair mansions of Heav'n;  
Gods gather'd beauties afar,  
Mine at her dark eyes were giv'n:  
Matchless in beauty and grace,  
Perfect in body and soul.  
Deserts shall dream of her face,  
Long as the ages shall roll.  
Here in the heart of the hills,  
Mark how a Saracen fell!  
Love! How it stifles and kills;  
Ah, my Almona, farewell!*