

Program Notes

The Lark Ascending

He rises and begins to round,
He drops the silver chain of sound,
Of many links without a break,
In chirrup, whistle, slur and shake.

For singing till his heaven fills,
'Tis love of earth that he instills,
And ever winging up and up,
Our valley is his golden cup
And he the wine which overflows
to lift us with him as he goes.

Till lost on his aerial rings
In light, and then the fancy sings.

Se Eu Quiser Falar Com Deus (English Translation)

If I want to speak with God	Palaces, and the grandiose castles
I have to be alone	Of my dreams
I have to turn off the light	I have to see my sadness
I have to quiet my voice	I have to humble myself
I have to find peace	And despite my small size
I have to loosen the knots of my	Find joy in my heart
Shoes, of my tie	If I want to speak with God
(of my) Desires, and fears	I have to be adventurous
I have to forget the date	I have to look to heaven
I have to lose track of time	With no safety strings attached
I have to have empty hands	I have to say goodbye to the world
Have my body and soul naked	Turning away, walking
If I want to speak with God	Decisively on the road
I have to accept the pain	To find nothing,
I have to eat the bread	Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing
That the devil made	Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing
I have to be like a dog	Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing
And lick the floors of the	That I thought I would find

Unconditional Surrender

Proverbs 3:5-6

Trust in the Lord with all your heart
and lean not on your own understanding;
in all your ways submit to him,
and he will make your paths straight.

Cállice (English Translation)

Father, take this chalice from me
Father, take this chalice from me
Father, take this chalice from me
Of blood red wine

How to drink of this bitter beverage
Swallow the pain, swallow the tur-
moil
Though the night is silent, the pain in
my chest is loud
Silence in the city is not heard
What's worth it to me to be the son
of the saint
It'd be better to be the son of
another
Another reality that is less dead
So many lies, so much brute force

How difficult it is to wake up silent
If in the dead of the night I'm injured
I want to cast an inhumane scream
Which is a way to be heard
All this silence baffles me
Baffled, I remain attentive

In the bleachers, ready at any moment
To see the monster of the lagoon
emerge

Very fat, the pig no longer walks
Overused, the knife no longer cuts
How hard it is, Father, to open the door
This word trapped in my throat
This homeric inebriation in the world
What good is it to have good will
When the chest pain stops, there's the
head
Of the drunken downtown

Maybe the world's not small
Neither is life a consummated fact
I want to invent my own sin
I want to die of my own poison
I want to completely lose your mind
And for my head lose your sanity
I want to smell the smoke of diesel oil
Get drunk until someone forgets me

The Baal Shem Suite

Ernest Bloch composed his *Baal Shem, Three Pictures from Hassidic Life* in 1923. Through this piece, among others composed in the same period, he established his personal voice as deeply rooted in the Jewish musical tradition. However, he did not attempt to achieve that through a conscious absorption of Jewish folk elements, but rather it was a result of the very organic manifestation of his own Jewish musical identity. "What interests me," wrote Bloch, "is the Jewish soul, the enigmatic, ardent, turbulent soul that I feel vibrating throughout the Bible...it is all this that I endeavor to hear in myself and to transcribe into my music; the venerable emotion of the race that slumbers way down in our souls."

Vidui, the title of the suite's first movement, refers to the remorseful confessional section of the Yom Kippur liturgy during which the worshippers enumerate collectively a catalogue of transgressions committed or likely to have been committed during the preceding year by them, or by the Jewish people individually or collectively. The second movement, *Nigun*, is the most familiar of all three and is sometimes programmed on its own. The Hebrew "niggun" is a generic term simply meaning "melody" or "tune." As Erik Levi writes, "*Nigun* is the most extrovert composition. Here, Bloch attempts to recreate the feeling of ecstatic religious chanting through a highly charged and ornate melodic line that rises to a fever pitch of spiritual intensity before dying away to a gentle close." The final section of *Baal Shem, Simchat Torah*, is infused in all rites of Jewish worship with rejoicing over the gift of the Torah and its teachings. It was inspired by the moment when Moses handed down the torch to the children of Israel, and it is a lively, optimistic, and exhilarating piece.

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