

Excessive Noise: Fine Arts Library Concert Series

"Orient-Occident"
with special guest, Prof. Kirsten Cather

Saturday, March 28th 2015, 6:00 PM

Fine Arts Library at University of Texas at Austin

Songs from the Chinese

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

- I. The Big Chariot
- II. The Old Lute
- III. The Autumn Wind
- IV. The Herd-boy
- V. Depression
- VI. Dance song

Page Stephens, *mezzo-soprano*
Chad Ibison, *guitar*

Soliloquy – Wings

Kay (Yuanyuan) He (b.1985)

Shih-Wen Fan, *clarinet*

Pakistani folk and Sufi music

musicians from National Academy of Performing Arts, Karachi:
Muhammad Ahsan, *voice/guitar*; Muhammad Waqas *tabla/percussion*; Yousuf Nisar *voice*;
Kashan Khan; *guitar*

a short presentation on cultural exchange between Japan and the West

Prof. Kirsten Cather – Department of Asian Studies, University of Texas at Austin

Kaidan

Russell Podgorsek (b.1980)

- I. "Yon"
- II. *Inori – komoriuta – Bon odori*
- III. *Shjukunichi*

Charles Chadwell V and Nathan Mertens, *alto saxophone*

Songs from the Chinese

I. The Big Chariot (from "The book of songs")

Don't help on the big chariot;
You will only make yourself dusty.
Don't think about the sorrows of the world;
You will only make yourself wretched.
Don't help on the big chariot;
You won't be able to see for dust.
Don't think about the sorrows of the world;
Or you will never escape from your despair.
Don't help on the big chariot;
You'll be stifled with dust.
Don't think about the sorrows of the world;
You will only load yourself with care.

II. The Old Lute (Po Chü-i)

Of cord and cassia-wood is the lute
compounded;
Within it lie ancient melodies.
Ancient melodies weak and savourless,
Not appealing to present men's taste.
Light and colour are faded from the jade
stops;
Dust has covered the rose-red strings.
Decay and ruin came to it long ago,
But the sound that is left is still cold and clear.
I do not refuse to play it, if you want me to;
But even if I play people will not listen.
How did it come to be neglected so?
Because of the Ch'iang flute and the zithern of
Ch'in.

III. The Autumn Wind (Wu-ti)

Autumn wind rises;
White clouds fly,
Grass and trees wither;
Geese go south.
Orchids all in bloom;
chrysanthemums smell sweet.
I think of my lovely lady;
I never can forget.
Floating pagoda boat crosses Fên River;
Across the midstream white waves rise.
Flute and drum keep time, to sound of
rower's song;

Amidst revel and feasting sad thoughts come;
Youth's years how few, age how sure!
Youth's years how few, age how sure!

IV. The Herd-Boy (Lu Yu)

In the southern village the boy who minds the
ox
With his naked feet stands on the ox's back.
Through the hole in his coat the river wind
blows;
Through his broken hat the mountain rain
pours.
On the long dyke he seemed to be far away;
In the narrow lane suddenly we were face to
face.
The boy is home and the ox is back in its stall;
And a dark smoke oozes through the thatched
roof.

V. Depression (Po Chü-i)

Turned to jade are the boy's rosy cheeks;
To his sick temples the frost of winter clings.
Do not wonder that my body sinks to decay;
Though my limbs are old, my heart is older
yet.

VI. Dance Song (from "The book of songs")

The unicorn's hoofs! The unicorn's hoofs!
The duke's sons throng, the duke's sons
throng.
Alas for the unicorn! Alas for the unicorn!
Alas!
The unicorn's brow! The unicorn's brow!
The duke's kinsmen throng.
The duke's kinsmen throng.
Alas for the unicorn! Alas for the unicorn!
Alas!
The unicorn's horn! The unicorn's horn!
The unicorn's horn!
The duke's clans-men throng.
The duke's clans-men throng.
Alas for the unicorn!
Alas!

Translated from the Chinese by Arthur Waley