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"somewhere i have never travelled"
from *SOMETIMES I FEEL ALIVE*

somewhere i have never travelled, gladly beyond
any experience, your eyes have their silence:
in your most frail gesture are things which enclose me,
or which i cannot touch because they are too near

your slightest look easily will unclose me
though i have closed myself as fingers,
you open always petal by petal myself as Spring opens
(touching skillfully, mysteriously) her first rose

or if your wish be to close me, i and
my life will shut very beautifully, suddenly,
as when the heart of this flower imagines
the snow carefully everywhere descending;

nothing which we are to perceive in this world equals
the power of your intense fragility: whose texture
compels me with the colour of its countries,
rendering death and forever with each breathing

(i do not know what it is about you that closes
and opens; only something in me understands
the voice of your eyes is deeper than all roses)
nobody, not even the rain, has such small hands

"somewhere i have never travelled, gladly beyond" from
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DER PANTHER (*THE PANTHER*)
No. 11 from *RILKE SONGS*

Sein Blick ist vom Vorübergehn der Stäbe
so müd geworden, daß er nichts mehr hält.
Ihm ist, als ob es tausend Stäbe gäbe
und hinter tausend Stäben keine Welt.

Der weiche Gang geschmeidig starker Schritte,
der sich im allerkleinsten Kreise dreht,
ist wie ein Tanz von Kraft um eine Mitte,
in der betäubt ein großer Wille steht.

Nur manchmal schiebt der Vorhang der Pupille
sich lautlos auf—. Dann geht ein Bild hinein,
geht durch der Glieder angespannte Stille—
und hört im Herzen auf zu sein.

Rainer Maria Rilke (1875–1926)

*After endless paces back and forth, along the iron bars,
Before his tired eyes, every image turns to mist.
He feels that in his world, there only are a thousand bars,
And beyond those thousand bars, no world exists.*

*Smooth, puissant, and confident steps compose his elegant pace,
Which neverendlingly circles within the most limited lap,
Moves within a confining center, like a powerful dance of grace,
In which a tired, yet mighty will cannot take even one step.*

*Only at times, the pupil's veil
Is raised without a sound—an image then can enter.
Silently fluttering through his tightened limbs' strain,
Until it meets its end, at the heart's very center.*

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DAS EINHORN (THE UNICORN)
No. VI from RILKE SONGS

Der Heilige hob das Haupt, und das Gebet
fiel wie ein Helm zurück von seinem Haupte:
denn lautlos nahte sich das niegeglaubte,
das weiße Tier, das wie eine geraubte
hülflöse Hindin mit den Augen fleht.

Der Beine elfenbeinernes Gestell
bewegte sich in leichten Gleichgewichten,
ein weißer Glanz glitt selig durch das Fell
und auf der Tierstirn, auf der stillen, lichten,
stand, wie ein Turm im Mond, das Horn so hell,
und jeder Schritt geschah, es aufzurichten.

Das Maul mit seinem rosagrauen Flaum
war leicht gerafft, so daß ein wenig Weiß
(weißer als alles) von den Zähnen glänzte;
die Nüstern nahmen auf und lechzten leis.
Doch seine Blicke, die kein Ding begrenzte,
warfen sich Bilder in den Raum,
und schlossen einen blauen Sagenkreis.

Rainer Maria Rilke (1875–1926)

*The saint raised his eyes and like a helmet from his head,
A praying chant fell down, because without a sound
The unbelievable white animal approached this very ground.
The creature that like an abducted, helpless hind
Silently pleads with her eyes.*

*In delicate balances the ivory frame of
Its gentle limbs moved
A white gleam glowed holy on its coat so smooth
And on the animal's forehead still and light
Stood like a tower in moonlight the horn so bright,
And with every step it was proudly brought back into sight.*

*The mouth with its fluff of pinkish-gray,
Was slightly opened that a spec of white,
(Whiter than anything) sparkled from its teeth,
The nostrils sniffed and breathed away.
But its glances, by nothing earthly impeded
Cast images into the round
And a blue saga-circle was completed.*

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"COME, MY DARK-EYED ONE"
No. 5 from COME, MY DARK-EYED ONE

Come, my dark-eyed one, come and show your kindness,
Weave a nest for yourself in the depth of my pupils.
Turn the garden of my heart into a flowerbed, for the blossom that is your face,
And the rest your slender form so like the sapling in the garden that is my heart.

Alī-Shīr Nava'ī (1441–1501)

"SHALL WE, TOO, RISE FORGETFUL FROM OUR SLEEP"
No. 7 from COME, MY DARK-EYED ONE

Shall we, too, rise forgetful from our sleep,
And shall my soul that lies within your hand
Remember nothing, as the blowing sand
Forgets the palm where long blue shadows creep
When winds along the darkened desert sweep?
Or would it still remember, tho' it spanned
A thousand heav'ns, while the planets fanned

The vacant ether with their voices deep?
Soul of my soul, no word shall be forgot,
Nor yet alone, beloved, shall we see
The desolation of extinguished suns,
Nor fear the void where thro' our planet runs,
For still together shall we go and not
Fare forth alone to front eternity.

Love and Death by Sara Teasdale (1884–1933)

“somewhere i have never travelled”
 from *Sometimes I Feel Alive*
 for SATB Chorus unaccompanied

E. E. Cummings

Julian Wachner

Lento ♩ = 56
p dolce, molto espressivo ed rubato

Soprano
 some-where i have nev-er trav-elled, glad-ly be-yond an-y ex-pe-ri-ence,

Alto
 some-where i have nev-er trav-elled, glad-ly be-yond an-y ex-pe-ri-ence,

Tenor
 some-where i have nev-er trav-elled, glad-ly be-yond an-y ex-pe-ri-ence,

Bass
 some-where i have nev-er trav-elled, glad-ly be-yond an-y ex-pe-ri-ence,

Keyboard
 (for rehearsal only)

Lento ♩ = 56

3

your eyes have their si - lence: ...ges - ture

your eyes have their si - lence: ...ges - ture

8 your eyes have their si - lence: in your most frail - ges - ture...

your eyes have their si - lence: in your most frail - ges - ture...

mp

6

p *poco rit.*

...close me, or which i can-not touch...

mf 3

are things which en-close me, or which i can-not touch be-cause they are too near

p

...close me, or which i can-not touch...

p

...close me, or which i can-not touch...

poco rit.

9 *a tempo*

mp

...though i have closed my - self as fin - gers,

mp

...though i have closed my - self as fin - gers,

mf 3

your slight-est look eas-i-ly will un - close me... _____

mf 3

your slight-est look eas-i-ly will un - close me... _____

a tempo

12 *mf*

you o - pen al - ways pet - al by pet - al my - self as Spring o - pens... her first rose —

p

...(touch - ing skil - ful - ly, mys - te - rious - ly)

p

8 ...(touch - ing skil - ful - ly, mys - te - rious - ly)

p

...(touch - ing skil - ful - ly, mys - te - rious - ly)

15 *mf*

— ...i and my life will shut ver - y beau - ti - fully, sud - den - ly,

mf

3 or if your wish be to close me,

mf

8 or if your wish be to close me,

mf

3 or if your wish be to close me,

p

Commissioned by the Newton Choral Society, David Carrier, Music Director,
in honor of their twenty-fifth anniversary season.

Rilke Songs

II. Der Panther

Im Jardin des Plantes, Paris

for SATB Chorus (divisi) unaccompanied

Rainer Maria Rilke (1875–1926)

Julian Wachner

Triste ♩ = 56

mp

Soprano

pp Sein Blick ist vom Vor-ü-ber-gehn der Stä-be so müd ge-

Alto

Ah

Tenor

pp

Bass

pp

Ah

Piano
(for rehearsal only)

Triste ♩ = 56

5

word-en, daß er nichts mehr hält. Ihm ist, als ob es

9

pp *unis.*

taus-end Stä-be gö-be und hint-er taus-end Stä-ben kei-ne Welt. Ah _____

pp

Ah _____

mp

Der wei-che

mp *unis.*

Der wei-che

13

Gang ge-schmei-dig stark-er Schrit-te, der sich im al-ler-klein-sten Krei-se

Gang ge-schmei-dig stark-er Schrit-te, der sich im al-ler-klein-sten Krei-se

17

dreht, ist wie ein Tanz ³ von Kraft um ei ³ - ne

dreht, ist wie ein Tanz ³ von Kraft um ei ³ - ne

21

A bit slower

mf

Nur manch-mal schiebt der Vor-hang der Pu-

mf unis.

Nur manch-mal schiebt der Vor-hang der Pu-

mf

Mit-te, in der be-täugt ein groß-er Wil-le steht.

Nur manch-mal schiebt der Vor-hang der Pu-

mf

Mit-te, in der be-täugt ein groß-er Wil-le steht.

Nur manch-mal schiebt der Vor-hang der Pu-

A bit slower

Commissioned by the Newton Choral Society, David Carrier, Music Director,
in honor of their twenty-fifth anniversary season.

Rilke Songs

VI. Das Einhorn

for SATB Chorus (divisi) unaccompanied

Rainer Maria Rilke (1875–1926)

Julian Wachner

Quasi andante, dolce, like a remembrance ♩ = 56

Soprano *mp* *molto legato*
Der Hei-li-ge hob das Haupt, — und das Ge-bet — fiel wie ein Helm zu-rück von

Alto *mp* *molto legato*
Der Hei-li-ge hob das Haupt und das Ge - bet — fiel wie ein Helm zu-rück von

Tenor *mp* *molto legato*
Der Hei-li-ge hob das Haupt und das Ge - bet — fiel wie ein Helm zu-rück von

Bass *mp* *molto legato*
Der Hei-li-ge hob das Haupt und das Ge-bet — fiel wie ein Helm zu-rück von

Quasi andante, dolce, like a remembrance ♩ = 56

Piano
(for rehearsal only)



4

sei-nem Haup-te: denn laut-los nah-te sich das nie-ge glaub-te, *mf* das wei-ße Tier, *p* das wie ei-ne ge

sei-nem Haup-te: denn laut-los nah-te sich das nie-ge glaub-te, *mf* das wei-ße Tier, *p* das wie ei-ne ge

sei-nem Haup-te: denn laut-los nah-te sich das nie-ge glaub-te, *mf* das wei-ße Tier, *p* das wie ei-ne ge

sei-nem Haup-te: denn laut-los nah-te sich das nie-ge glaub-te, *mf* das wei-ße Tier, *p* das wie ei-ne ge

3

8

raub-te hül-flo-se Hind-in mit den Aug-en fleht. *mp* Der Bei-ne

raub-te hül-flo-se Hind-in mit den Aug-en fleht. *mp* Der Bei-ne elf - en -

raub-te hül-flo-se Hind-in mit den Aug-en fleht.

raub-te hül-flo-se Hind-in mit den Aug-en fleht.

Simply, molto legato

3

S elf - - en - bei-ner-nes Ge - stell... in leich-ten Gleich-ge - wich -

A bei-ner-nes Ge-stell be - weg-te sich in leich - ten Gleich-ge - wich -

S *p* ten, *mp* ...lich-ten, stand,

A *p* ten, *mf* ...auf der still-en, -

T *mf dolce* ...ein weiß-er Glanz glitt se-lig durch das Fell und auf der Tier - stirn, *mp*

B *mf dolce* ...ein weiß-er Glanz glitt se-lig durch das Fell und auf der Tier - stirn, *mp*

17 *mp* wie ein Turm im Mond, das Horn so hell, und je-der Schritt ge-schah, es auf-zu-rich - ten. *mf quasi rubato*

mp wie ein Turm im Mond, das Horn so hell, und je-der Schritt ge-schah, es auf-zu-rich - ten. *mf quasi rubato*

mp wie ein Turm im Mond, das Horn so hell, ah. *p unis.*

mp wie ein Turm im Mond, das Horn so hell, ah. *p*

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Come My Dark-eyed One was commissioned by the Back Bay Chorale of Boston to celebrate the Chorale's 35th anniversary.
Made possible by the generosity of Judy Foreman, in memory of Tom Deutsch, the work was premiered under
the direction of Scott Allen Jarrett with Arianna Zukerman, soprano and David Kravitz, baritone
at Sanders Theater, Harvard University, May 16th, 2009

“Come, My Dark-Eyed One”

Movement No. 5 from *Come, My Dark-Eyed One*
for SATB Chorus and Piano

Alī-Shīr Nava’ī (1441-1501)

Julian Wachner
Piano arrangement by
A. Douglas Biggs

Lento e dolce con rubato ♩ = 72

Soprano Alto
Come,

Tenor Bass
Come,

Piano
p *mp*
Leg. ad lib.

S A
come, my dark-eyed one, come and show your kind - -

T B
come, my dark-eyed one, come and show your kind - -

6

10

ness, come and show your kind

ness, come and show your kind

15

mp molto legato

mp molto legato

ness, Weave a nest for your - self in the depth of my pu - pils.

ness, Weave a nest for your - self in the depth of my pu - pils.

Poco più mosso ♩ = 88

appassionata

19

mf *f*

Ped.

24

mp cresc.

ff

Tempo I (♩ = 72)

28

p *mf* *p*

mp *f* *p*

Come,

come,

Come,

come,

Tempo I (♩ = 72)

p *mp*

Red. ad lib.

32

mf *f* *mp* (*mp*)

come, my dark-eyed one, come, my dark-eyed one, come —

mf *f* *mp* (*mp*)

come, my dark-eyed one, come, my dark-eyed one, come —

mf *mp*

37

Poco meno mosso ♩ = 60
unis.

— and show your kind - - ness,

— and show your kind - - ness,

Poco meno mosso ♩ = 60
(mp)
p
Ped.

41

mp misterioso (no breath)

S Turn the gar-den of my heart in-to a flow-er-bed,

mp misterioso (no breath)

A Turn the gar-den of my heart in-to a flow-er-bed,

mp misterioso (no breath)

T Turn the gar-den of my heart in-to a flow-er-

mp misterioso (no breath)

B Turn the gar-den of my heart in-to a flow-er-

mp

simile

44

for the blos - som — that is your face, — And the rest your slen - der

for the blos - som — that is your face, — And the rest your slen - der

bed, for the blos - som — that is your face, — And the rest your

bed, for the blos - som — that is your face, — And the rest your

cresc.

46

f ma dolce *pp* **Molto sostenuto**

form so — like the

f ma dolce *pp* *unis. (pp)*

form so — like the

pp *unis. (pp)*

slen - der form so — like the

pp *(pp)*

slen - der form so — like the

Molto sostenuto

f *dim.* *pp*

Red. *Red. ad lib.*

Come, My Dark-Eyed One was commissioned by the Back Bay Chorale of Boston to celebrate the Chorale's 35th anniversary. Made possible by the generosity of Judy Foreman, in memory of Tom Deutsch, the work was premiered under the direction of Scott Allen Jarrett with Arianna Zukerman, soprano and David Kravitz, baritone at Sanders Theater, Harvard University, May 16th, 2009

“Shall we, too, rise forgetful from our sleep”
Movement No. 7 from
Come, My Dark-Eyed One
for SATB Chorus unaccompanied

Sara Teasdale (1884–1933)

Julian Wachner (b. 1969)

Andante teneramente, molto rubato ♩ = 44

mp

Soprano
Shall we, too, rise — for - get - ful from our sleep,

mp

Alto
Shall we, too, rise — from our sleep,

mp

Tenor
Shall we, too, rise — from our sleep,

mp

Bass
Shall we, too, rise from our sleep,

Andante teneramente, molto rubato ♩ = 44

Piano
(for rehearsal only)

6 Simply

And shall my soul that lies with - in your hand Re-mem-ber

unis. And shall my soul, _____ with - in your hand Re-mem-ber

that lies with - in your hand Re -

that lies with - in your hand Re -

Simply

noth - ing, as the

noth - ing, as the blow - ing

mem - ber noth - ing, as the blow - ing sand _____

mem - ber noth - ing, as the blow - ing sand _____ For - gets the

pp

pp

pp

pp

12

mf

blow - ing sand _____ For-gets the palm where

mf

sand _____ For-gets the palm where long _____

mf

8 _____ For-gets the palm _____ where long _____ blue

mf

palm where long _____ blue shad - ows



14

mp

long _____ blue shad-ows creep When winds a-long the dark-ened des-ert sweep?

p

_____ blue shad - ows creep, ah _____

p

8 shad - ows creep, _____ ah _____

p

creep, ah _____



17 $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$ **Piu agitato** $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

mf Or would it still re - mem - ber, tho' it

mf Or would it still re - mem - ber, tho' it

mf Or would it still re - mem - ber, tho' it

mf Or would it still re - mem - ber, tho' it

$\text{♩} = \text{♩}$ **Piu agitato** $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

20 **(non accelerando)**
crescendo poco a poco

spanned A thou - sand heav'ns while the plan - ets fanned The va - cant

crescendo poco a poco

spanned A thou - sand heav'ns, with their

crescendo poco a poco

spanned A thou - sand heav'ns, with their

crescendo poco a poco

spanned A thou - sand heav'ns, with their

(non accelerando)