

Curtis on Tour Preview Concert

Sunday, July 14 at 3 p.m. | Field Concert Hall

“I Hate Music!”

Music and lyrics by Leonard Bernstein (Conducting '41)

I hate music!

But I like to sing: la dee da da dee; la dee da dee.

But that's not music, not what I call music.

No, sir. Music is a lot of men in a lot of tails,
making lots of noise like a lot of females.

Music is a lot of folks in a big dark hall,
where they really don't want to be at all.

With a lot of chairs and a lot of airs, and a lot of furs and diamonds!

Music is silly! I hate music!

But I like to sing: la dee da da dee: la dee da dee: la dee da dee.

“Dream with Me” from *Peter Pan*

Music and lyrics by Bernstein

Dream with me tonight.

Tonight and every night,

wherever you may chance to be.

we're together, if we dream the same sweet dream.

And though we may be far apart,

Keep me in your heart

And dream with me.

The kiss we never dared

We'll dare in dreaming

The love we never shared

Can still have meaning.

If you only dream a magic dream

With me tonight

Tonight and every night

Wherever you may chance to be

Close your lovely eyes and dream with me.

The kiss we never dared

We'll dare in dreaming

The love we never shared

Can still have meaning.

If you only dream a magic dream

With me tonight

Tonight and every night

Wherever you may chance to be

Close your lovely eyes and dream with me.

“Somewhere” from *West Side Story*

Music by Bernstein • Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim

There’s a place for us,
Somewhere a place for us.
Peace and quiet and open air
Wait for us, somewhere.

There’s a time for us,
Some day a time for us,
Time together with time to spare,
Time to learn, time to care.

Some day,
Somewhere,
We’ll find a new way of living,
We’ll find a way of forgiving.
Somewhere,
Somewhere...

There’s a place for us,
A time and place for us.
Hold my hand and we’re halfway there.
Hold my hand and I’ll take you there
Somehow,
Some day,
Somewhere!

“Thy Love”

Music by Samuel Barber (’34) • Text by Elizabeth Barrett Browning

If thou wouldst love me, let it be for naught
Except love’s sake only.
Do not say, “I love her for her smile—
her way of speaking gently.
For these things, in themselves, below’d may
Be changed, or changed for thee;
But love me for love’s sake
That ever more,
Thou mayst love on
Thou mayst love on
Through love’s eternity.

“Of That So Sweet Imprisonment”

Music by Barber • Text by James Joyce

Of that so sweet imprisonment
My soul, dearest, is fain—
Soft arms that woo me to relent
And woo me to detain.
Ah, could they ever hold me there
Gladly were I a prisoner!

Dearest, through interwoven arms
By love made tremulous,
That night allures me where alarms
Nowise may trouble us;
But sleep to dreamier sleep be wed
Where soul with soul lies prisoned.

“Nocturne”

Music by Barber • Text by Frederic Prokosch

Close my darling both your eyes,
Let your arms lie still at last.
Calm the lake of falsehood lies
And the wind of lust has passed,
Waves across these hopeless sands
Fill my heart and end my day,
Underneath your moving hands
All my aching flows away.

Even the human pyramids
Blaze with such a longing now:
Close, my love, your trembling lids,
Let the midnight heal your brow,
Northward flames Orion’s horn,
Westward th’ Egyptian light.
None to watch us, none to warn
But the blind eternal night.

“Alleluia”

Music by Ned Rorem (’44)

Alleluia!

“Der Hirt auf dem Felsen”

Music by Franz Schubert

Text by Wilhelm Müller and August

Varnhagen von Ense

Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh’,
In’s tiefe Tal hernieder seh’,
Und singe,

Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Tal
Schwingt sich empor der Widerhall
Der Klüfte.

Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
Je heller sie mir wieder klingt
Von unten.

Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir,
Drum seh’n ich mich so heiß nach ihr
Hinüber.

In tiefem Gram verzehr ich mich,
Mir ist die Freude hin,
Auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich,
Ich hier so einsam bin.

So sehnend klang im Wald das Lied,
So sehnend klang es durch die Nacht,
Die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht
Mit wunderbarer Macht.

Der Frühling will kommen,
Der Frühling, meine Freud’,
Nun mach’ ich mich fertig
Zum Wandern bereit.

“Shepherd on the Rock”

Translation by Richard Stokes

When I stand on the highest rock,
Look down into the deep valley
And sing,

From far away in the deep dark valley
The echo from the ravines
Rises up.

The further my voice carries,
The clearer it echoes back to me
From below.

My sweetheart lives so far from me,
Therefore I long so to be with her
Over there.

Deep grief consumes me,
My joy has fled,
All earthly hope has vanished,
I am so lonely here.

The song rang out so longingly through the wood,
Rang out so longingly through the night,
That is draws hearts to heaven
With wondrous power.

Spring is coming,
Spring, my joy,
I shall now make ready to journey.