



School of

Music

College of Arts and Sciences

WASHINGTON STATE UNIVERSITY

Friday, October 30, 2020

3:10 pm

Recording Studio

Washington State University

School of Music

Presents

Anya Guadamuz, Mezzo-Soprano

And

Kristina Gaumnitz, Mezzo-Soprano

Elena Panchenko, piano

Joint Senior Recital

*In partial fulfillment for the requirement
of a Bachelors of Music Degree*

Program

Caro Bella
from *Giulio Cesare* (1724)

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Selections from *Dichterliebe*.

- I. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
- II. Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
- III. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
- IV. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh
- V. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
from *Dichterliebe* (1840)

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Selections from *Mörrike-Lieder*.

35. Frage und Antwort
46. Gesang Weylas
from *Mörrike Lieder* (1888)

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Mélodies by Georges Hüe

Brises d'autrefois
Les Clochettes des Muguets
J'ai pleuré en rêve

Georges Hüe
(1858-1948)

Métamorphoses

1. Reine des mouettes
2. C'est ainsi que tu es
3. Paganini

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Selections from *Songs of Perfect Propriety*

Symptom Recital
Men
Coda

Seymour Barab
(1921-2014)

Memories

Sycamore Trees
Will There Really be a Morning?

Ricky Ian Gordon
(1956-)

This concert was presented via livestream in accordance with restrictions related to the containment of COVID-19. No audience was present at the time of this performance.

PROGRAM NOTES

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759): Caro Bella from the Opera, *Giulio Cesare* was composed in 1724 by George Friedrich Handel, the libretto was written by Nicola Francesco Haym who had worked extensively with Handel throughout the Baroque era. Handel was a prominent Baroque composer who was well known for his operas, oratorios, and concerti. During his career he composed over forty opera series, including *Giulio Cesare*. In Caro Bella we see a call and response between Cleopatra and Cesare, a common theme in Baroque music. There is also a lightness and lilt all throughout the piece.

Giulio Cesare follows the newly victorious Cesare and Cleopatra after they liberate Egypt between 49-45 BC. Being the penultimate piece in the opera this is the first time Cleopatra and Cesare see each other since their separation. The first words spoken between the two of them is “Caro!” “Bella!” which means “My dear!” and “My lovely.” Once reunited, Cesare makes Cleopatra Queen of Egypt and they profess their love for one another throughout the piece, Caro Bella.

Robert Schumann (1810-1856): was a prolific German composer of the Romantic era. Schumann was known for his highly expressive and nostalgic approach to composition and as a result produced many solo piano works, lieder, chamber music, and symphonies. Robert Schumann initially studied piano until a tragic hand incident caused him to lead a career in composition. These five selections are the first lieder that appear in Schumann’s famous song cycle, *Dichterliebe* Op. 48. *Dichterliebe*, “A Poet’s Love,” contains 16 lieder in its entirety and is set to the poetry of Heinrich Heine.

This song cycle was composed during Schumann’s *liederjahr*, 1840, along with many of his other famous works. Schumann’s marriage to pianist Clara Schumann has been described as the catalyst for the creative surge that Schumann experienced in 1840. An element that really distinguishes this song cycle is how the piano and voice work concurrently to tell two parts of the same story. In the first lied, we are emersed in the blooming of spring alongside the blooming of a new love. Although the text is filled with hope and quite joyful, piano seems to behave in a contrary manner. The piano plays an important role within the song cycle as it provides additional commentary to the text as well as omens for the fate of the blossoming love. Schumann combines harmonic elements that speak for themselves under the colorful and expressive poetry of Heine, to produce music that elicits feelings of nostalgia, deep lament, and naive joy.

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903): “Frage und Antwort” and “Gesang Weylas” both come from Hugo Wolf’s larger set, *Mörike-Lieder*, a forty-three-piece song book based on the poetry by Eduard Friedrich Mörike. Hugo Wolf was an Austrian composer during the late Romantic era, well known for his German lied, free rhythms, beautiful melodies, and chromaticism. Wolf began studying at the Vienna Conservatory until the age of 17, this is where he met Richard Wagner and eventually Johannes Brahms, both encouraging of his music. The poetry written by Mörike parallels Wolf’s musical characteristics, such as free rhythms; and his poetry was very imaginative. Mörike wrote both songs ten years apart in between 1828-1838 and they were not officially published until the completion of Wolf’s *Mörike-Lieder* in 1888.

“Frage und Antwort” has an uneasiness to it, and a sense of mysticism. This piece is about asking questions and wanting answers, while knowing that there are some questions that can never be answered. The piano lulls back and forth with chromaticism in every measure until the second half. This is where the uneasiness dissipates with the poetry saying, “You might as well try to halt the wind in full career!” which is accompanied by a humbled but triumphant piano line. In “Gesang Weylas” we see a similar lull in the piano as we are taken over the sparkling waves to an ancient, beautiful island where gods, fairies, and Weyla, the Goddess of Orplid reside. Wolf sets the piano and the vocal line in such a simple but effective way, where the voice almost feels like it is floating or gliding on waves above the piano line.

Georges Hüe (1858-1948): was French composer of the later Romantic era. Georges Hüe drew a lot of inspiration from French impressionists of the time like Claude Debussy. During Hüe's developing years as a young composer, he took guidance from Charles Gounod and César Franck. Hüe's musical career took him in many different directions, primarily finding success in the production and composition of operas. Hüe's most successful work with the public was *Dans l'ombre de la cathédrale*, whose topical plot was driven by the conflicting ideals of socialism and Catholicism. Because Hüe spent time crafting his style of impressionism, he became less popular over his career due to the ever-changing aesthetic demands of the time.

The first song, "Brises d'autrefois," invites us into a dream world highlighted by the olfactory senses. We remember faint memories of love, deconstructed into familiar scents, visions, sounds, and tastes. In the second song, "Les Clochettes de Muguet," similar senses are brought up. We hear Hüe's creative approach to text painting through the peppy, buoyant, tunes from the piano indicating the sounds of bells coming from lilies of the valley far ahead in the distance. The last song jolts us awake into despair, when we realize that those senses were fleeting either in a memory or a dream. In the first two songs, we experience a moment of time stretched out to explore abstract elements that aid in the recall of wonderful memories. In the last piece however, instead of expanding the idea of love, Hüe expands the feeling of grief and overwhelms the music with sorrowful chords and climaxes.

Although these three melodies are stand-alone works by Hüe, the first two cast a dreamy tone as if set in the best recollection of a memory. Like the fragile, impermanent nature of dreams, we awake in the last *mélodie* to find ourselves in a deeply saddened state of longing. We wish to relive the love we once shared with a departed loved one, if even for a second.

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963): Francis Poulenc was a prominent French composer during the early Twentieth century, well known for many genres of music but was wonderfully versed in French *mélodie*. Poulenc worked closely with Pierre Bernac, a famous French baritone and expert on French diction for 25 years, which I believe was a major influence on how he composed. Poulenc composed the song cycle *Métamorphoses* in 1943. All three of the poems were written by Louise de Vilmorin, a poet who was well known for her imaginative, intricate poetry, and wordplay.

"Reine des Mouettes" is a quick, bright song with constant sixteenth notes in the piano throughout, accompanied with the vocal line which Poulenc has set to follow the quick rhythm but contrasts this quick pace when the French poetry reaches 'Sou les brumes mousselines.' There is a stabilization in the quick rhythms as the voice performs eighth notes against the piano's sixteenth. This piece is beautifully quick but is over far too soon. The second piece of the *Métamorphoses* is "C'est ainsi que tu es," which is exceptionally beautiful. The poetry is titled 'Le portrait' and it takes a look at the beauty of a human just as they are. Both Poulenc and Pierre Bernac have expressed that this piece should be true, and completely sung without a need to impress or show off, similar to the poetry, which celebrates you just as you are. The third and final piece in this set is "Paganini," consisting of a flurry of violin impressionism with piano and vocal virtuosity. The poetry is various snapshots of a seaside castle which all begin with the word 'violin.' This string of poetry takes us to the end of the set with a quick and declarative ending.

Seymour Barab (1921-2014): was a celebrated composer of contemporary American music. Barab's compositional style is colored brightly by absurdities, satire, and whimsy. Barab's works include several operas, art songs as well as instrumental and chamber music. He is best known for his fairy tale operas such as *Chanticleer* and *Little Red Riding Hood*. Seymour Barab was born in Chicago to Polish immigrant parents who valued the study and appreciation of music. Because of his support network, Barab was able to take piano lessons from a young age that would soon introduce him to working in music by being a church organist. As Barab grew into his identity as a musician, in college he and a few fellow composers founded the New Music Group of Chicago which brought them together to perform, compose, and appreciate the new musical creations sprouting around them. Barab soon became a lifelong supporter, performer, composer, and celebrator of contemporary music as he grew out of playing the concerto and sonata repertoire that was expected from a

young pianist. In 1950's Barab accepted a position at the New England Conservatory of Music, this position amplified his creative intuition as they were so focused on performing repertoire that you would not hear anywhere else. Today, we will be listening to selections from Barab's song book, *Songs of Perfect Propriety*.

These songs cast a very cynical tone as they are set to the poetry of the legendary Dorothy Parker. Dorothy Parker was a celebrated satirist, poet, and critic. She was outspoken and frequently commented on urban foibles; this fueled a large portion of her creative content. Parker grew up in the upper west end of New York and attended a Roman Catholic elementary despite her Jewish and Protestant background at home. Parker's sharp wit can be seen even at the young age of nine when Parker openly referred to the concept of Immaculate Conception as "spontaneous combustion" in front of her very pious class. Dorothy Parker's writing career started when she sold her first poem to Vanity Fair in 1914. Months later she was hired as an editorial assistant at Vogue and her career took off from there. Dorothy Parker's career eventually led her to Hollywood where she involved herself in many projects such as co-writing the script for *A Star is Born* (1937).

The songs chosen for this recital are colored with cynical feminist commentary, from the perspective of a woman navigating the enigma of heterosexual relationships and the arbitrary yet absurd expectations of society.

Ricky Ian Gordon (1956-): "Sycamore Trees" and "Will There Really be a Morning?" are both composed by Ricky Ian Gordon, a Contemporary living composer who grew up in Long Island, New York. His music bridges the gap between art song and Broadway music, and this is very evident in both of these pieces with the syncopation and leaping vocal lines. Gordon studied at Carnegie Mellon University where he began composing; he continues to compose music around the globe.

"Sycamore Trees" comes from his own musical titled *Sycamore Trees*. This is an autobiographical musical on Gordon's upbringing in a Long Island suburb after World War II, following key issues within his family during the 20th century. Gordon's childhood has also been documented in a book by Donald Katz called *Home Fires*. The piece "Sycamore Trees" is an honest and contemplative look at our pasts and how we process moving on with our life while we face the past. At the end of the piece after all of the recalling of the past and the syncopation within the piano and the voice, we look to the future and are left with a sense of calmness.

In the last piece, "Will There Really be a Morning?" we are faced with the question that a lot of us are asking right now. What is 'Morning,' what defines a day? As humans we have curiosity, the need and want to have an answer to our call for hope. This poetry was written by Emily Dickinson who struggled with mental health and this poetry is so delicately set to the music. Gordon plays with the sense of longing as there are leaps of minor thirds and sevenths that are only resolved by the next phrase. This lack of stability in such a beautifully melodic song leaves me contemplating and thinking about the poetry even more. Where does the place called 'morning' lie? At the end of the recital there is almost a deceptive ending as the piano ends with a question both lyrically and melodically.

Translations

Caro Bella from *Giulio Cesare*

Italian:

Caro!
Bella!
Piu amabile belta,
Mai non si troera
Del tuo bel volto.

In te/In me non splendera
ne amor de fedelta
Da te/da me disciolto.

English:

My dear!
My beauty!
Beauty more worthy of love
Will never be found
Than your beautiful face.

In me/you there will not shine
either love or constancy
Separate from you/me.

Selections from *Dichterliebe*

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

German:

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen

English:

In the wonderful month of May,
When all the buds were springing,
Into my heart the burning
Bright arrow of love came winging.

In the wonderful month of May,
when all the birds were singing,
I told her of my yearning,
my longing and heart-wringing.

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen

German:

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
Schenk ich dir die Blumen all,
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

English:

Out of my tears of yearning
The blossoming of flowers throng,
And all my sighs are turning
To nightingales in song.

And if you love me, dear,
I'll give you those blossoms pale,
And outside your window you'll hear
The song of the nightingale.

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

German:

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
Die liebt ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;
Sie selber, aller Liebe Bronne,
Ist Rose und Lilje und Taube und Sonne.

English:

The rose, the lily, the sun, and the dove,
I loved them all once, with the rapture of love.
I love them no more, they cannot outshine one
My fair one, my rare one, my fine one, divine one
She herself is love's source and the spirit of
The rose, the lily, the sun, and the dove.

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh

German:

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh,
So schwindet all mein Leid und Weh;
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
So werd ich ganz und gar gesund.

Wenn ich mich lehn an deine Brust,
Kommst über mich wie Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: Ich liebe dich!
So muß ich weinen bitterlich.

Ich will meine Seele tauchen

German:

Ich will meine Seele tauchen
In den Kelch der Lilje hinein;
Die Lilje soll klingend hauchen
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.

Das Lied soll schauern und beben
Wie der Kuß von ihrem Mund,
Den sie mir einst gegeben
In wunderbar süßer Stund.

English:

When I am gazing in your eyes,
Then all my pain and sorrow flies;
And when I kiss your lips, my soul
Becomes completely healed and whole.

And when I lie upon your breast
My godlike joy is mightiest;
But when you say 'I love you!' – see,
Then I must weep, and bitterly.

English:

Oh, let me plunge my heart
Deep, deep in the lily's cup
And hear, from its inmost part,
A song for my love breathe up.

That song will tremble and quiver
Like the kiss on her red mouth-flower
That once she let me give her,
One wonderfully sweet hour.

Selections from Mörike-Lieder

Frage und Antwort

German:

Fragst du mich, woher die bange
Liebe mir zum Herzen kam,
Und warum ich ihr nicht lange
Schon den bitteren Stachel nahm?

Sprich, warum mit Geisterschnelle
Wohl der Wind die Flügel rührt,
Und woher die süsse Quelle
Die verborgnen Wasser führt?

Banne du auf seiner Fährte
Mir den Wind in vollem Lauf!
Halte mit der Zaubergerte

Du die süssen Quellen auf!

English:

You ask me where it came from,
This timid love that entered my heart,
And why I did not long ago
Draw its bitter sting?

Tell me, why with ghostly speed
The wind whirrs its wings,
And from where the sweet spring
Draws its hidden waters?

You might as well try to halt
The wind in full career!
Or conjure with a magic wand

The sweet springs to be still!

Gesang Weylas

German:

Du bist Orplid, mein Land!
Das ferne leuchtet;
Vom Meere dampfet dein besonnerter Strand
Den Nebel, so der Götter Wange feuchtet.

Uralte Wasser steigen
Verjüngt um deine Hüften, Kind!
Vor deiner Gottheit beugen
Sich Könige, die deine Wärter sind.

English:

You are Orplid, my land!
That shines afar;
Your sunlit shore sends up sea –
Mists, that moisten the cheeks of the gods.

Ancient waters climb,
Rejuvenated, child, about your waist!
Kings, who attend you,
Bow down before your divinity.

Mélodies by Georges Hüe

Brises d'Autrefois

French:

Les étoffes au mur tendues
S'allument au soleil couchant
Et ta voix douce est comme un chant
Plein de paroles entendues
Autrefois, au soleil couchant.

Dans les parcs où nous promenâmes,
L'orgueil d'un jeune enchantement,
Dans la croyance du serment
Dont nous avon lié nos âmes
ô le suprême enchantement!
Il passe dans te lourdes tresses

English:

The fabrics on the wall
Light up in the setting sun.
And your soft voice is like a song
Full of words heard
Formerly, at sunset.

In the parks where we walked,
The pride of a young enchantment,
In the belief of the oath
Whose souls we had bound
O the supreme enchantment!
It goes through your heavy braids

Un parfum subtil et connu;
Tout à l'heure il m'est revenue
Au cœur de très lentes caresses
De ce parfum cher et connu.

C'était l'odeur des fleurs mourantes.
Roses, lilas, lys, et jasmin
Que, parmi les anciens chemins,
Apportaient les brises errantes
Sur ces lilas et ces jasmins.

A subtle and well-known fragrance;
Earlier it came back to me
At the heart of very slow caresses
Of this dear and famous perfume.

It was the smell of dying flowers.
Roses, lilac, lily, and jasmine
That among the old ways
Brought the wandering breezes
On those lilacs and jasmines.

Les Clochettes des Muguets

French:

Les clochettes des muguets
Frisonnantes sous las brise,
Carillonnent de légers,
Discrets et subtils parfums.

Je les écoute, un à un,
Doucement je les respire;
Ils ont l'arôme si fin
De ton l'éclat radieux
Et fleurant bon de tes yeux;

Les clochettes des muguets,
Frisonnantes sous la brise,
Carillonnent de légers,
Discrets et subtils parfums.

J'ai pleuré en rêve

French:

J'ai pleuré en rêve
Je rêvais que tu étais morte
Je m'éveillai, et les larmes
Coulèrent de mes joues.

J'ai pleuré en rêve

English:

The little bells of the lily-of-the-valley,
quivering in the breeze,
chime peals of light,
Discreet and subtle scents.

I listen to them, one by one,
softly I breathe them in;
they have the delicate aroma
of your beaming smile
they have the radiant smile
and blossoming goodness of your eyes

The little bells of the lily-of-the-valley,
quivering in the breeze,
chime peals of light,
Discreet and subtle scents.

English:

I cried in a dream
I dreamt that you were dead
I woke up, and the tears
Flowed from my cheeks.

I cried in a dream

Je rêvais que tu me quittais
Je m'éveillai, et je pleurai
amèrement longtemps après.

I dreamt that you were leaving me
I woke up and cried
Bitterly long after.

J'ai pleuré en rêve
Je rêvais que tu m'aimais encore
Je m'éveillai, et le torrent
de mes larmes coule toujours.

I cried in a dream
I dreamt that you still loved me
I awoke, and the torrent
My tears still flow.

Métamorphoses

Reine des mouettes

French:

Reine des mouettes, mon orpheline
Je t'ai vue rose, je m'en souviens
Sous les brumes mousselines
De ton deuil ancien.

English:

Queen of seagulls, my little orphan,
I recall you blushing pink,
Beneath the muslin mists
Of your ancient sorrow.

Rose d'aimer le baiser qui chagrine
Tu te laissais accorder à mes mains
Sous les brumes mousselines
Voiles de nos liens.

Blushing pink at the kiss which provokes you,
You surrendered to my hands
Beneath the muslin mists,
Veils of bond between us.

Rougis, rougis mon baiser te devine
Mouette prise aux noeuds des grands chemins.

Blush, blush, my kiss finds you out,
Seagull caught where great highways meet.

Reine des mouettes, mon orpheline
Tu étais rose,
accordée à mes mains
Rose sous les mousselines
Et je m'en souviens.

Queen of seagulls, my little orphan,
You blushed pink, surrendered to my hands,
Pink beneath the muslin
And I recall the moment.

C'est ainsi que tu es

French:

Ta chair d'âme mêlée
Chevelure emmêlée,
Ton pied courant le temps,
Ton ombre qui s'étend
Et murmure à ma tempe.

English:

Your flesh, mingled with soul,
Your tangled hair,
Your feet pursuing time,
Your shadow which stretches
And whispers close to my temple.

Voilà, c'est ton portrait,
C'est ainsi que tu es
Et je veux te l'écrire
Pour que la nuit venue
Tu puisses croire et dire
Que je t'ai bien connue.

There, that is your portrait,
That is how you are,
And I shall write it down for you
So that when night comes,
You may believe and say
That I knew you well.

Paganini

French:

Violon hippocampe et sirène
Berceau des coeurs coeur et berceau
Larmes de Marie-Madeleine
Soupir d'une Reine
Écho

Violon orgueil des mains légères
Départ à cheval sur les eaux
Amour chevauchant le mystère
Voleur en prière
Oiseau

Violon femme morganatique
Chat botté courant la forêt
Puits des vérités lunatiques
Confession publique
Corset

Violon alcool de l'âme en peine
Préférence. Muscle du soir
Épaule des saisons soudaines
Feuille de chêne
Miroir

Violon chevalier du silence
Jouet évadé du bonheur
Poitrine des mille présences
Bateau de plaisance
Chasseur

English:

Violin sea-horse and siren,
Cradle of hearts heart and cradle
Tears of Mary Magdalene
A queen's sigh
Echo

Violin pride of delicate hands
Departure on horseback over the waters
Love astride mystery
Thief at prayer
Bird

Violin morganatic wife
Puss-in-Boots ranging the forest
Well of capricious truths
Public confession
Corset

Violin alcohol of the troubled soul
Preference muscle of the evening
Shoulders of sudden seasons
Oak-leaf
Mirror

Violin knight of silence
Toy escaped from happiness,
Breast of a thousand presences
Pleasure-boat
Hunter.

Selections from Songs of Perfect Propriety

Symptom Recital

English:

I do not like my state of mind
I'm bitter, querulous, unkind!
I hate my legs!
I hate my hands!
I do not yearn for lovelier lands.

I dread the dawn's recurrent light
I hate to go to bed at night
I snoot at simple, earnest folk
I cannot take the simplest joke.

I find no peace in paint or type,
My world is but a lot of tripe.
I'm disillusioned, empty breasted
For what I think I'd be arrested
I am not sick,
I am not well.
My quondam dreams are shot to hell!

My soul is crushed,
My spirit sore,
I do not like me anymore...

I cavil, quarrel, grumble, grouse,
I ponder on the narrow house,
I shudder at the thought of men...

gasp

I'm due to fall in love again!

Men

English:

They hail you as their morning star,
Because you are the way you are.
If you return the sentiment,
They'll try and make you different.

And once they have you safe and sound,
They want to change you all around.
Your moods and ways they put a curse on,
They'd make of you another person.

They cannot let you go your gait,
They influence and educate.
They'd alter all that they admired,
They make me sick, they make me tired.

Coda

English:

There's little in taking or giving
There's little in water or wine
This living, this living, this living
Was never a project of mine

Oh, hard is the struggle, and sparse is
The gain of the one at the top
For art is a form of catharsis
And love is a permanent flop
And work is the province of cattle
And rest's for a clam in a shell

So I'm thinking of throwing the battle
Would you kindly direct me to hell?

Memories

Sycamore Trees

English:

There are thoughts that I seize about sycamore trees,
Which had lined every street that I knew.

They were there from the start, lining streets, taking
part, In our heart as they grew, while we grew.

Sycamore trees. Gathering light, nursing the birds
singing into the night.

Together we grew and took flight.

There are things that I feel as the ringing bells peal,
And the leaves ford a hard autumn rain.

There are streets that are sweet, where the bowed
branches meet, Meet and mirror the beauty and
pain.

Sycamore trees, growing so tall, I saw your
inception you saw me so small.

Together we rise as we fall.

I am hard for I know, that wherever you go,
You are faced with a view quite the same.
Nothing hurts half as much as the spirit you touch,
Wearing clothes in a shell with your name.

Sycamore tree, keeper of days.

Days that I watch, disappear in a haze.

A setting suns final blue blaze.

There are thoughts I seize, about sycamore trees.
Which have lined every street that I've known.

There a child, here a man. Life unfolds like a fan.
Soon a tree standing next to a stone.

Shedding its leaves.

Why does the past leave me crying in heaves?

Will There Really be a Morning?

English:

Will there really be a "Morning"?
Is there such a thing as "Day"?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like Water lilies?
Has it feathers like a Bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I have never heard?

Oh some Scholar! Oh some Sailor!
Oh some Wise Men from the skies!
Please to tell a little Pilgrim
Where the place called "Morning" lies!