



UND MUSIC

Justin Montigne, voice and **Ling Lo**, piano

Mémoires Passagères: Songs of Longing and Belonging

February 22, 2026 | 4:30 pm

Josephine Campbell Recital Hall | Hughes Fine Arts Center

Mémoires Passagères, Op. 27 (1951)

- I. Puisque tout passe
- II. Un cygne
- III. Tombeau dans un parc
- IV. Le clocher chante
- V. Départ

Samuel Barber (1910–1981)

Rainer Maria Rilke (1875–1926)

Song-Lost World: Six Songs of Yone Noguchi (2020)

- I. Song in Air
- II. Under the Moon
- III. In the Fog
- IV. At Night
- V. My Song is Sung
- VI. My dreams rise when the rain falls

Jodi Goble (b. 1974)

Yone Noguchi (1875–1947)

Märzveilchen, Op. 40 No. 1

Robert Schumann (1810–1856)
Hans Christian Andersen (1805–1875)

Geheimes Flüstern hier und dort, Op. 23 No. 3

Clara Schumann (1819–1896)
Hermann Rollett (1819–1904)

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer, Op. 105 No. 2

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)
Hermann Lingg (1820–1905)

Des Sennen Abschied, Op. 79 No. 23

Robert Schumann (1810–1856)
Friedrich Schiller (1759–1805)

To digte af Tove Ditlevsen (2010)

I. Så tag mit Hjerte
II. Mit Hjerte er blevet borte

Mari Ésabel Valverde (b. 1987)
Tove Ditlevsen (1917–1976)

If You Can Find Me, I'm Here from *Evening Primrose* (1966)

Stephen Sondheim
(1930–2021)

Growing Up from *Merrily We Roll Along* (1981)

Make the Most of Your Music from *Follies* (London, 1987)

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Texts and Translations

*Puisque tout passe,
faisons la mélodie passagère;
celle qui nous désaltère
aura de nous raison.*

Since all things are fleeting,
let's make a fleeting melody;
the one that quenches our thirst
will have reason over us.

*Chantons ce qui nous quitte
avec amour et art;
soyons plus vite
que le rapide départ.*

Let us sing of what leaves us
with love and art;
let us be faster
than the swift departure.

*Un cygne avance sur l'eau
tout entouré de lui-même,
comme un glissant tableau;
ainsi à certains instants
un être que l'on aime
est tout un espace mouvant.*

A swan glides on the water
completely surrounded by itself,
like a gliding painting;
thus at certain moments,
a loved one
is an entire moving space.

*Il se rapproche, doublé,
comme ce cygne qui nage,
sur notre âme troublé ...
qui à cet être ajoute
la tremblante image
de bonheur et de doute.*

It draws near, doubled,
like the swimming swan,
over our troubled soul ...
which adds to this being
the trembling image
of happiness and doubt.

*Dors au fond de l'allée,
tendre enfant, sous la dalle,
on fera le chant de l'été
autour de ton intervalle.*

Sleep at the end of the path,
tender child, beneath the slab;
we will sing the song of summer
around your space.

*Si une blanche colombe
passait au vol là-haut,
je n'offrirais à ton tombeau
que son ombre qui tombe.*

If a white dove
were to fly overhead,
I would offer at your tomb,
only its falling shadow.

*Mieux qu'une tour profane,
je me chauffe pour mûrir mon carillon.
Qu'il soit doux, qu'il soit bon
aux Valaisannes.*

Better than a secular tower
I warm up to perfect my carillon.
May it be sweet, may it be good
to the women of Valais.

Texts and Translations

*Chaque dimanche, ton par ton,
je leur jette ma manne;
qu'il soit bon, mon carillon,
aux Valaisannes.*

*Qu'il soit doux, qu'il soit bon;
samedi soir dans les channes
tombe en gouttes mon carillon
aux Valaisans des Valaisannes.*

*Mon amie, il faut que je parte.
Voulez-vous voir
l'endroit sur la carte?
C'est un point noir.*

*En moi, si la chose
bien me réussit,
ce sera un point rose
dans un vert pays.*

Song in Air

Like a rainbow,
All the colour, all the music,
And all the touch,
She suddenly rises
Over the breast of shadow :
How the world turns to a song!
She is liberation and life.
Hers is a nerve-thrill,
Not a thought nor truth;
Mystically
She breathes in and out
Art (let me call it so);
And when she more suddenly falls,
What a song-lost world!

Every Sunday, tone by tone,
I throw them my manna;
may my carillon be good
to the women of Valais.

May it be sweet, may it be good;
into their mugs on Saturday nights
falls my carillon drop by drop,
to the men and women of Valais.

My love, I have to leave.
Would you care to see
the place on the map?
It's a black dot.

Within me, if things
work out, it will be
a pink mark
in a green land.

Under the Moon

There is nothing
Like the moon-night when the rich noble
stars
And maiden roses interchange their long
looks of love.
There is nothing like the moon-night
When I raise my face from the land of
loss
Unto the golden air, and calmly learn
How perfect it is to grow still as a star.
There is nothing like the moon-night
When I walk upon the freshest dews,
And amid the warmest breezes,
With all the thought of God
And all the bliss of man, as Adam
Not yet driven from Eden, and to whom
Eve was not yet born. What a bird
Dreams in the moonlight is my dream:
What a rose sings is my song.

Texts and Translations

In the Fog

When I am lost in the deep body
of the mist on the hill,
The world seems built
with me as its pillar!
Am I the god upon the face of the deep,
deepless, deepness in the Beginning?

At Night

At night the Universe grows lean,
sober-faced, of intoxication,
The shadow of the half-sphere
curtains down closely against my world,
like a doorless cage,
and the stillness chained
by wrinkled darkness strains
throughout the Universe to be free.
Listen, frogs in the pond,
(the world is a pond itself)
cry out for the light, for the truth!
The curtains rattle ghostlily along,
bloodily biting my soul,
the winds knocking on my cabin door
with their shadowy hands.

My song is sung

My song is sung, but a moment...
The song of voice is merely the body,
(the body dies,)
And the real part of the song, its soul,
remains after it is sung:
Yea, it remains in the vibration
of thy waves of heart-sea
Echoing still my song,
And through my soul thou soarest
Out of thy dust and griefs.

My dreams rise when the rain falls

My dreams rise when the rain falls: the sudden
songs
Flow about my ears as the clouds in June;
And the footsteps, lighter than the heart of
wind,
Beat, now high, then low, before my dream-
flaming eyes.
"Who am I?" said I. "Ghost of abyss,"* a Voice
replied,
"Piling an empty stone of song on darkness of
night,
Dancing wild as a fire, only to vanish away."

*Der Himmel wölbt sich rein und blau,
Der Reif stellt Blumen aus zur Schau.*

The heaven arches above, pure and blue,
and the frost displays its flowers.

*Am Fenster prangt ein flimmernder Flor.
Ein Jüngling steht, ihn betrachtend, davor.*

Shimmering floral pattern on the window.
A young man stands in front, considering.

*Und hinter den Blumen blühet noch gar
Ein blaues, ein lächelndes Augenpaar.*

And behind the flowers blooms
A blue, laughing pair of eyes.

Texts and Translations

Märzveilchen, wie jener noch keine gesehn!
Der Reif wird angehaucht zergehn.

March violets, like never before seen!
The frost will melt with a breath.

Eisblumen fangen zu schmelzen an,
Und Gott sei gnädig dem jungen Mann!

Frosted flowers are beginning to melt,
And God, have mercy on this young man.

*Geheimes Flüstern hier und dort,
Verborg'nes Quellenrauschen,
O Wald, o Wald, geweihter Ort,
Laß mich des Lebens reinstes Wort,
in Zweig und Blatt belauschen!*

Secret whisperings here and there,
Hidden, murmuring springs,
O forest, O forest, consecrated place,
Let me listen in bough and foliage
To life's most pure word!

*Und schreit' ich in den Wald hinaus,
Da grüßen mich die Bäume,
Du liebes, freies Gotteshaus,
Du schließt mich mit Sturmgebraus
In deine kühlen Räume!*

And when I walk out into the forest,
I am greeted by the trees,
You fair, unfettered house of God,
You enfold me with your howling storm
In your cool spaces!

*Was leise mich umschwebt, umklingt,
Ich will es treu bewahren,
Und was mir tief zum Herzen dringt,
Will ich, vom Geist der Lieb' beschwingt,
In Liedern offenbaren!*

What gently floats and sounds round me,
I want to keep true,
And what presses deeply on my heart,
I will, invigorated by the spirit of love,
Express in song!

*Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer,
Nur wie Schleier liegt mein Kummer
Zitternd über mir.
Oft im Traume hör' ich dich
Rufen drauß vor meiner Tür:
Niemand wacht und öffnet dir,
Ich erwach' und weine bitterlich.*

My slumber grows ever quieter,
My sorrow lies like a veil,
Trembling over me.
I often hear you in dreams
Calling out at my door,
No one wakes and opens for you,
I wake and weep bitterly.

*Ja, ich werde sterben müssen,
Eine Andre wirst du küssen,
Wenn ich bleich und kalt.
Eh' die Maienlüfte wehn,
Eh' die Drossel singt im Wald:
Willst du mich noch einmal sehn,
Komm, o komme bald!*

Yes, I have to die,
You will kiss another
When I am pale and cold.
Before May breezes blow,
Before the thrush sings in the woods;
If you want to see me once more,
Come, oh come soon!

Texts and Translations

*Ihr Matten, lebt wohl,
Ihr sonnigen Weiden!
Der Senne muß scheiden,
Der Sommer ist hin.*

You meadows, farewell,
You sunny pastures!
The herdsman must depart,
Summer is over.

*Wir fahren zu Berg,
wir kommen wieder,
Wenn der Kuckuck ruft,
wenn erwachen die Lieder,
Wenn mit Blumen die Erde sich kleidet neu,
Wenn die Brunnlein fließen
im lieblichen Mai.*

We'll return to the mountains,
we'll come again,
When the cuckoo calls,
when songs awaken,
When earth is dressed with new blooms,
When the springs are flowing
in lovely May.

*Ihr Matten, lebt wohl,
Ihr sonnigen Weiden!
Der Senne muß scheiden,
Der Sommer ist hin.*

You meadows, farewell,
You sunny pastures!
The herdsman must depart,
Summer is over.

*Så tag mit Hjerte i dine Hænder,
men tag det varsomt og tag det blidt,
det røde Hjerte nu er det dit.
Det slår så roligt, det slår så dæmpet,
for det har elsket og det har lidt,
nu er det stille nu er det dit.
Og det kan såres og det kan segne,
og det kan glemme og glemme tit,
men glemmer aldrig at det er dit.
Det var så stærkt og så stolt, mit Hjerte,
det sov og drømte i Lyst og Leg,
nu kan det Knuses men kun af dig.*

Then take my heart into your hands
But take it delicately and take it gently
The red heart – now it is yours.
It beats so calm, it beats so faintly,
Because it has loved and it has suffered
Now it is quiet – now it is yours.
And it can be wounded and it can sink,
and it can forget and forgets often
But never forgets that it is yours.
It was so strong and so proud, my heart
It slept and dreamed in pleasure and play
Now it can be crushed – but only by you.

Translated by John Andert © 2013

Texts and Translations

*Mit hjerte er blevet borte,
kan ingen finde det til mig?
Det var er rødt lille hjerte,
let at gøre fortræd.
Jeg var så bange for sorgen
og bygged en mur omkring det
af kolde og hårde
sten for at skåne det røde hjerte.
Men jeg kunne ikke græde,
og jeg kunne ikke elsker,
og da jeg rev muren ned,
var mit hjerte borte.
Nu går jeg min ungdoms veje
og leder blandt sten og snavs
efter de brændende tårer,
efter den lidende længsel,
efter mit levende hjerte.*

My heart has gone missing
can no one find it for me?
It was a red little heart
easy to hurt.
I was so afraid of grief
and built a wall around it
of cold and hard
stones to spare the red heart.
But I could not cry
and I could not love
and when I tore down the wall,
my heart was gone.
Now I walk the road's of my youth
and look among the rocks
and dirt after the burning tears
after the suffering, longing
for my living heart.

Translated by John Andert © 2013

If You Can Find Me I'm Here

Is it done?
Are they gone?
Am I alone?

I'm alone
It's done
They're gone
I'm a genius
Charles, you are an unadulterated genius
You are an indisputably extraordinary —
What was that?

Not a thing—you're a fool
You are alone
And it begins

Careful, careful
Mustn't get excited
Mustn't overdo it
Softly, tiptoe—
You'll get used to it in no time

Look at it:
Beautiful!
What a place to live
What a place to write!
I shall be inspired
I shall turn out elegies and sonnets
Verses by the ton
At last I have a home
And nobody will know
No one in the world
Nobody will know I'm here

I am free
I am free!

Goodbye, my friends, and good riddance
Pardon, while I disappear
Come see me soon in my hideaway—
If you can find me, I'm here

Texts and Translations

Farewell you bloodsucking landlords
Pouring your threats in my ear
Good luck forever to you and yours
If you can find me, I'm here

And I'll stay
Cozily hiding by day
During the day I'll resign
Waiting till you go away
But at nine
Master of all I survey
Everything gets to be mine
To own
Mine to use
Mine to write all the poems I choose
All alone, only me and my muse
And forty pianos and ten thousand shoes!

Farewell, Neanderthal neighbors
Swilling your pretzels and beer
Fair-weather friends,
will you miss me now?
If you can find me, I'm here

Goodbye despoilers of beauty
Ruin another career
When you wake up with one genius less
If you can find me, I'm here

And I'm free
Free as a bird in a tree
Free as the slippers I wear
(Free with a year's warranty)
Free as air
All of these products and me
All that I ask is a chair
That tilts
Books to read
Light refreshment before I proceed
And a blazer or maybe a tweed
The barest essentials a poet would need

Live in your barbarous jungle
Screaming for ways to get clear
When all the screaming has died away
Come and visit my hideaway
I will be glad to provide a way
If you can find me—
I'm here...

Growing Up

Thanks, old friends...
Keep reminding me...
Frank's old friends
Always seem to come through
Frank will, too...

So, old friends
Now it's time to start growing up
Taking charge
Seeing things as they are
Facing facts
Not escaping them
Still with dreams
Just reshaping them
Growing up...

Charley is a hothead
Charley won't budge
Charley is a friend

Charley is a screamer
Charley won't bend
Charley's in your corner

Mary is a dreamer
Mary's a friend
Mary is a nudge

Mary is a purist
Charley's a judge
Charley is a dropout
Everything's a "copout"

Texts and Translations

Why is it old friends
Don't want old friends to change?
Every road has a turning
That's the way you keep learning

So, old friends
Don't you see we can have it all
Moving on
Getting out of the past?
Solving dreams
Not just trusting them
Taking dreams
Readjusting them

Growing up
Growing up...

Trying things
Being flexible
Bending with the road
Adding dreams
When the others don't last
Growing up
Understanding that growing never ends
Like old dreams—
Some old dreams—
Like old friends.

Make the Most of Your Music

How
Do you come
Out of numbingly humble beginnings
And get to be me?
How
Do a few
Little doodly-doodles
Turn into a beautiful symphony?

Can you make what is merely so-so
Into something big league?
Take a tip from a virtuoso
(Me, Tchaikovsky and Grieg):

What you do is construct yourself
By the way you conduct yourself
You don't have to disclose yourself—
Compose yourself

Find your tune
Set your key
Claire de lune
It may never be
But make the most of the music
That is yours

If your range
Isn't great
You can change
It, just modulate
Make the most of the music
That is yours
Till it soars!

Compose
Add to your theme till it grows
Nothing extreme:
Say, a note of disdain
Here and there—
Gives the refrain
A certain flair

Compose!
Add to the gleam
Till it glows
Gathering steam
With a note of success—
Flaunt your talents
A note of distress
Though, to stress the balance—

Texts and Translations

Compose!
Don't lose the pace of your bass notes
And when you have to erase notes
Replace them with grace notes

Like a note of wit
To give it style
A note of glitter
A note of guile
A note of tact
A note of friction
A note of fact
In amongst the fiction
And to counteract
Any contradiction
A note or two of complete conviction—

Compose! Compose! Compose!

Comes the day
All too soon
You may just
Have to trust your tune
Make the most of your music
And who knows?
You may even get to like
What you compose!