Forever

A recital with James Littlewood (Trombone) and Jenny Lu (Piano)

Alto Horn Sonata - Paul Hindemith
The Posthorn (Dialogue)

Horn Player:

Is not the sounding of a horn to our busy souls
(even as the scent of blossoms wilted long ago,
or the discolored folds of musty tapestry,
or crumbling leaves of ancient yellowed tomes)
like a sonorous visit from those ages
which counted speed by straining horses' gallop,
and not by lightning prisoned up in cables;
and when to live and learn they ranged the countryside,
not just the closely printed pages?
The cornucopia's gift calls forth in us
a pallid yearning, melancholy longing.

Pianist:

The old is good not just because it's past, nor is the new supreme because we live with it, and never yet a man felt greater joy than he could bear or truly comprehend. Your task it is, amid confusion, rush, and noise to grasp the lasting, calm, and meaningful, and finding it anew, to hold and treasure it.

Navždy (Forever)

Divoké husy táhnou k jihu nekdo odejde a za se vráti, Nekdo odejde a už se nevráti. Nevim, jeli nekde nebe krásnejsi než u nás, ale vice hvezd bys nenapočital když je noc jasná

Navždy (Forever)

Wild geese are flying south
Someone will leave and again will return
Someone will leave and will never return.
I don't know if somewhere the sky
is more beautiful than here
but here you would not count any where more stars
when the night is clear, clear

Withering Grass

The voice said, "Cry out!"

And he said, "What shall I cry?"

"All flesh is grass,

And all its loveliness is like the flower of the field.

The grass withers, the flower fades,

Because the breath of the Lord blows upon it;

Surely the people are grass.

The grass withers, the flower fades,

But the word of our God stands forever."

Isaiah 40: 6-8

The Snow It Melts the Soonest

Oh, the snow it melts the soonest when the winds begin to sing, And the corn it ripens fastest when the frost is settling in, And when a young man tells me my face he'll soon forget, Before we'll part, I'll wage a croon, he's fain to follow't yet.