



AMITY TRIO

The Dance Goes On

March 23, 2022
5:00pm ET

On imagination.....Alice Jones (b.1982)

Dancing with Myself.....Barbara York (1949-2020)

Arioso Glorioso

Dr. Richard White, tuba

All Else Above.....Carrie Magin (b. 1981)

I Said to Love

Hap

Between Us Now

Amity Trio

Katie Dukes, soprano
Dr. Michael Walker, horn
Kimberly Carballo, piano
With guest
Dr. Richard White

On Imagination

Phillis Wheatley Peters

... How bright their forms!

... To tell her glories...
Ye blooming graces, triumph in my song.

Now here, now there,

Imagination! who can sing thy force?
Soaring through air ...

And leave the rolling universe behind: ...
From star to star,
Measure the skies!

... There in one view we grasp the mighty whole,
Joy rushes on the heart
A pure stream of light overflows the skies.
The monarch of the day,
And all the mountains tipped with radiant gold.

Winter austere forbids me to aspire.
Northern tempests...
Chill the tides.
... Cease then, my song, cease

I said to Love

Thomas Hardy

I said to Love,
"It is not now as in old days
When men adored thee and thy ways
All else above;
Named thee the Boy, the Bright, the One
Who spread a heaven beneath the sun,"
I said to Love.

I said to him,
"We now know more of thee than then;
We were but weak in judgment when,
With hearts abrim,
We clamoured thee that thou would'st please
Inflict on us thine agonies,"
I said to him.

I said to Love,
"Thou art not young, thou art not fair,
No faery darts, no cherub air,
Nor swan, nor dove
Are thine; but features pitiless,
And iron daggers of distress,"
I said to Love.

"Depart then, Love! . . .
- Man's race shall end, dost threaten thou?
The age to come the man of now
Know nothing of? –
We fear not such a threat from thee;
We are too old in apathy!
Mankind shall cease.--So let it be,"
I said to Love.

Hap

Thomas Hardy

If but some vengeful god would call to me
From up the sky, and laugh: "Thou suffering thing,
Know that thy sorrow is my ecstasy,
That thy love's loss is my hate's profiting!"

Then would I bear it, clench myself, and die,
Steeled by the sense of ire unmerited;
Half-eased in that a Powerfuller than I
Had willed and meted me the tears I shed.

But not so. How arrives it joy lies slain,
And why unblooms the best hope ever sown?
–Crass Casualty obstructs the sun and rain,
And dicing Time for gladness casts a moan. . . .
These purblind Doomsters had as readily strown
Blisses about my pilgrimage as pain.

Between us now

Thomas Hardy

Between us now and here –
Two thrown together
Who are not wont to wear
Life's flushest feather –
Who see the scenes slide past,
The daytimes dimming fast,
Let there be truth at last,
Even if despair.

So thoroughly and long
Have you now known me,
So real in faith and strong
Have I now shown me,
That nothing needs disguise
Further in any wise,
Or asks or justifies
A guarded tongue.

Face unto face, then, say,
Eyes mine own meeting,
Is your heart far away,
Or with mine beating?
When false things are brought low,
And swift things have grown slow,
Feigning like froth shall go,
Faith be for aye.