



*Into
Eternity*
A CONCERT OF
ART SONG

ANNE FUCHS
SOPRANO

LYNDSAY MOY
MEZZO-SOPRANO

DANIEL NARDUCCI
BARITONE

MARIA LYAPKOVA
PIANIST

SUNDAY, JUNE 4, 2023 | 4 PM
INDIANAPOLIS HEBREW CONGREGATION

PROGRAM

"Early in the Morning"

Ned Rorem

"What if Some Little Pain"

"The Lordly Hudson"

Daniel Narducci

"Spring and Fall"

"Stopping by the Woods on Snowy Evening"

Lyndsay Moy

"September Song" from *Knickerbocker Holiday*

Kurt Weill

"Youkali"

Anne Fuchs

"Beat! Beat! Drums!"

"Speak Low" from *One Touch of Venus*

"Thousands of Miles" from *Lost in the Stars*

Daniel Narducci

From *Nightsongs*

H. Leslie Adams

I. "Prayer"

III. "The Heart of a Woman"

IV. "Night Song"

Lyndsay Moy

From *On the Town*

Leonard Bernstein

"Lonely Town"

Daniel Narducci

"Carried Away"

Daniel Narducci & Anne Fuchs

"Spring Will Come Again" from *The Skin of Our Teeth*

Daniel Narducci & Lyndsay Moy

From *Hebrew Love Songs*

Eric Whitacre

I. "Temuná"

III. "Laróv"

V. "Rakút"

Anne Fuchs & Joe Wiegand, violin

World Premiere of "Into Eternity"

Lori Laitman

Lyndsay Moy

"Somewhere" from *West Side Story*

Leonard Bernstein

TEXT & TRANSLATIONS

"Early in the Morning"

Robert Silliman Hillyer, Author

Early in the morning
Of a lovely summer day
As they lowered the bright awning
At the outdoor café
I was breakfasting on croissants
And café au lait
Under greenery like scenery
Rue François Premier
They were hosing the hot pavement
With a dash of flashing spray
And a smell of summer showers
When the dust is drenched away
Under greenery like scenery
Rue François Premier
I was twenty and a lover
And in Paradise to stay
Very early in the morning
Of a lovely summer day

"What if Some Little Pain"

Edmund Spenser, Author

What if some little pain the passage have,
That makes frail flesh to fear the bitter wave?
Is not short pain well home, that brings long ease,
And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave?
Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Ease after war, death after life doth greatly please.

"The Lordly Hudson"

Paul Goodman, Author

"Driver, what stream is it?"
I asked, well knowing
it was our lordly Hudson
hardly flowing ...

("The Lordly Hudson," cont.)

"It is our lordly Hudson
hardly flowing," he said,
"under the green-grown cliffs."

Be still, heart!
No one needs your passionate suffrage
to select this glory-
this is our lordly Hudson
hardly flowing under the green-grown cliffs.

"Driver has this a peer
in Europe or the East?"

"No, no!" He said.
Home! Home!
Be quiet, heart!
This is our lordly Hudson
and has no peer
in Europe or the East;
this is our lordly Hudson
hardly flowing
under the green-grown cliffs
and has no peer
in Europe or the East;
be quiet, heart!
Home! Home!

"Spring and Fall"

Gerard Manley Hopkins, Author

to a young child

Márgarét, áre you gríeving
Over Goldengrove unleaving?
Leáves like the things of man, you
With your fresh thoughts care for, can you?
Ah! ás the heart grows older
It will come to such sights colder
By and by, nor spare a sigh
Though worlds of wanwood leafmeal lie;
And yet you will weep and know why.
Now no matter, child, the name:
Sórrów's spríngs áre the same.
Nor mouth had, no nor mind, expressed
What heart heard of, ghost guessed:
It ís the blight man was born for,
It is Márgarét you mourn for.

"Stopping by the Woods on a Snowy Evening"

Robert Frost, Author

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farm-house near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sounds the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

"September Song"

Maxwell Anderson, Librettist

Oh, it's a long long while from May to December
But the days grow short when you reach September
When the autumn weather turns the leaves to flame
And you ain't got time for waiting game

When days dwindle down to a precious few
September November,
And these few precious days I'll spend with you
Those precious days I'll spend with you

When you meet with the young men early in the Spring
They court you with song and rhyme
They woo you with pearls and a clover ring
But if you imagine the goods they bring
They have little to offer but the songs they sing
And the plentiful waste of time of day
A plentiful waste of time

"Youkali" (English translation)

Roger Fernay, Author

It is almost at the end of the world,
my vagabond boat,
wandering at the will of the sea,
led me there one day.

The island is entirely small,
but the fairy who dwells there
invite politely invites us to tour it.

Youkali,
it is the land of our desires,
it is happiness, it is pleasure,
it is the land one leaves all his worries,
it is, in our night, like a sunny spell,
the star that one follows,
it's Youkali.

It is the respect of all of the exchanged vows,
it is the land of the beautiful shared loves,
it is the hope
that is in the heart of all humans,
the deliverance
that we all are waiting for until tomorrow,
but it is a dream, a folly,
there is no Youkali!

And life drags us along,
weary, daily,
but the poor human soul,
seeking obliviously everywhere,
has known how to find the mystery
in order to leave the earth,
where our dreams are buried
in some Youkali.

"Beat! Beat! Drums!"

Walt Whitman, Author

Beat! beat! drums! – blow! bugles! blow!
Through the windows – through doors –
burst like a ruthless force,
Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation,
Into the school where the scholar is studying;
Leave not the bridegroom quiet –
no happiness must he have now with his bride, ...

("Beat! Beat! Drums!," cont.)

Nor the peaceful farmer any peace,
ploughing his field or gathering his grain,
So fierce you whirr and pound, you drums -
so shrill you bugles blow.

Beat! beat! drums! - blow! bugles! blow!
Over the traffic of cities -
over the rumble of wheels in the streets;
Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses?
No sleepers must sleep in those beds -
No bargainers bargains by day -
no brokers or speculators - would they continue?
Would the talkers be talking?
would the singer attempt to sing?
Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case
before the judge?
Then rattle quicker, heavier drums -
you bugles wilder blow.

Beat! beat! drums! - blow! bugles! blow!
Make no parley - stop for no expostulation,
Mind not the timid - mind not the weeper or prayer,
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man,
Let not the child's voice be heard,
nor the mother's entreaties,
Make even the trestles to shake the dead
where they lie awaiting the hearses,
So strong you thump O terrible drums -
so loud you bugles blow.

"Speak Low"

Ogden Nash, Librettist

Speak low when you speak, love,
Our summer day withers away
Too soon, too soon.

Speak low when you speak, love,
Our moment is swift, like ships adrift,
We're swept apart too soon.

Speak low, darling speak low,
Love is a spark lost in the dark,
Too soon, too soon,
I feel wherever I go
That tomorrow is near, tomorrow is here
And always too soon. ...

("Speak Low," cont.)

Time is so old and love so brief,
Love is pure gold and time a thief.
We're late darling, we're late,
The curtain descends, ev'rything ends
Too soon, too soon,
I wait darling, I wait
Will you speak low to me,
Speak love to me and soon.

"Thousand of Miles"

Maxwell Anderson, Librettist

How many miles to the heart of a child?
Thousands of mile, thousands of miles.
When he lay on your breast, he looked up and smiled
across tens of thousands, thousands of miles.


Each lives alone in a world of dark,
Crossing the skies in a lonely arc,
Save when love leaps out like a leaping spark
over thousands, thousands of miles.

Not miles, or walls, or length of days,
Nor the cold doubt of midnight can hold us apart.
For swifter than wings of the morning,
The pathways of the heart.

How many miles to the heart of a son?
Thousands of miles, thousands of miles.
Farther off than the rails or the roadways run
across tens of thousands, thousands of miles.

The lines on the map stretch far and thin,
To the streets and days that close him in,
But then as of old he turns around to grin
over thousands, thousands of miles

Not miles or walls or length of days,
Nor the cold doubt of midnight can hold us apart.
For swifter than wings of the morning,
The pathways of the heart
Over tens of thousands of miles.



"Prayer"

Langston Hughes, Author

I ask you this:
Which way to go?
I ask you this:
Which sin to bear?
Which crown to put
Upon my hair?
I do not know,
Lord God,
I do not know.

"The Heart of a Woman"

Langston Hughes, Author

The heart of a woman goes forth with the dawn,
As a lone bird, soft winging, so restlessly on,
Afar o'er life's turrets and vales does it roam
In the wake of those echoes the heart calls home.

The heart of a woman falls back with the night,
And enters some alien cage in its plight,
And tries to forget it has dreamed of the stars
While it breaks, breaks, breaks on the sheltering bars.

"Night Song"

"Interim" by Clarissa Scott Delany, Author

The night was made for rest and sleep,
For winds that softly sigh;
It was not made for grief and tears;
So then why do I cry?

The wind that blows through leafy trees
Is soft and warm and sweet;
For me the night is a gracious cloak
To hide my soul's defeat.

Just one dark hour of shaken depths,
Of bitter black despair-
Another day will find me brave,
And not afraid to dare.

"Lonely Town"

Betty Comden & Adolph Green, Librettists

Gabey's comin', Gabey's comin' to town.
So what? Who cares?
Back on the ship it seemed such a snap;
You'd tap a girl on the shoulder,
She'd turn around,
And she'd say: "I love you."
But once on shore, it's not such a snap;
You get the cold shoulder,
The old run-around,
You're left with no one but you.
Gabey's comin', Gabey's comin' to town.

A town's a lonely town,
When you pass through
And there is no one waiting there for you,
Then it's a lonely town.
You wander up and down,
The crowds rush by,
A million faces pass before your eye,
Still it's a lonely town.

Unless there's love,
A love that's shining like a harbor light,
You're lost in the night;
Unless there's love,
The world's an empty place
And every town's a lonely town.

"Carried Away"

Betty Comden & Adolph Green, Librettists

CLAIRE:
Modern man, what is it?
Just a collection of complexes
and neurotic impulses
that occasionally break through

OZZIE:
You mean sometimes you blow your top, like me?

CLAIRE:
I do. I try hard to stay controlled
But I get carried away,
Try to act aloof and cold,
But I get carried away.

("Carried Away," cont.)

BOTH:

Carried away, carried away,
You/I get carried, just carried away!

CLAIRE:

When I sit and listen to a symphony
Why can't I just say the music's grand?
Why must I leap upon the stage hysterically?
They're playing pizzicato,
And everything goes blotto,
I grab the maestro's stick and start in leading the band!

BOTH:

Carried away, carried away,
You/I get carried, just carried away!

OZZIE:

And when I go to see a moving picture show,
And I'm watching actors in a scene,
I start to think what's happening is really so.
The girl, I must protect her.
The villain don't respect her.
I leap to her defense and knock a hole right through the
screen!

BOTH:

Carried away, carried away,
You/I get carried, just carried away! ...

OZZIE:

I try hard to keep detached,
But I get carried away.
Try to act less booby-hatched,
But I get carried away. ...

BOTH:

Carried away, carried away,
You/I get carried, just carried away!

OZZIE:

When shopping I'm a sucker for a bargain sale.
If something is marked down upon a shelf,
My sense of what is practical begins to fail;
I buy one, then another,
Another, then another,
I buy the whole store out and I'm in business for myself! ...

("Carried Away," cont.)

BOTH:

Carried away, carried away,
You/I get carried, just carried away!

CLAIRE:

And when I go to see my friends off on a train,
Golly, how I hate to see them go.
For then my love of travelling I can't restrain.
The time has come for parting,
The train's already starting,
I hop a freight and in a flash I'm off to Buffalo!
We get carried, just carried away!

BOTH:

Carried away, carried away,
We get carried, just carried away!

"Spring Will Come Again"

Betty Comden & Adolph Green, Librettists

Winds may blow and snows may snow
and clouds may come and hide the moon.

Still we know that someday soon,
Spring will come again.
Summer has to follow.
Birds will come again,
nesting in the hollow.

Once again, we'll know all we know
That after winter comes spring.

"Temuná" (English translation)

Hila Plitmann, Author

A picture is engraved in my heart;
Moving between light and darkness:
A sort of silence envelopes your body,
And your hair falls upon your face just so.

"Laróv" (English translation)

Hila Plitmann, Author

"Mostly," said the roof to the sky,
"the distance between you and I is endlessness;
But a while ago two came up here,
And only one centimeter was left between us."

"Rakút" (English translation)

Hila Plitmann, Author

He was full of tenderness;
She was very hard.
And as much as she tried to stay thus,
Simply, and with no good reason,
He took her into himself,
And set her down
In the softest, softest place.

"Into Eternity"

Vilma Grunwald, Author

Translated by Frank Grunwald

You, my only one, dearest, in isolation we are waiting for darkness. We considered the possibility of hiding but decided not to do it since we felt it would be hopeless. The famous trucks are already here and we are waiting for it to begin. I am completely calm. You – my only and dearest one, do not blame yourself for what happened, it was our destiny. We did what we could. Stay healthy and remember my words that time will heal – if not completely – then – at least partially. Take care of the little golden boy and don't spoil him too much with your love. Both of you – stay healthy, my dear ones. I will be thinking of you and Misa. Have a fabulous life, we must board the trucks.

Into eternity, Vilma

"Somewhere"

Stephen Sondheim, Librettist

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, someday a time for us.
Time together with time to spare
Time to learn, time to care.

Someday, somewhere,
We'll find a new way of living,
We'll find a way of forgiving, 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, Someday, Somewhere!

BEHIND "INTO ETERNITY"



Pictured: Vilma and John Grunwald

Jewish American composer Lori Laitman was first introduced to Frank Grunwald in March 2022, during Indianapolis Opera's double bill of Hans Krasa's *Brundibar* and Laitman's Holocaust-themed oratorio *Vedem*. She recalls, "What a privilege to meet Frank, hear his story, and learn about his mother's extraordinary letter, which is the basis for this song."

In December 1943, Dr. Kurt Grunwald, his wife Vilma and their two sons, John and Miša (later Frank), were transported from Terezin to Auschwitz. They were able to live together for several months in a family camp. But in July 1944, the Nazis ended the family camp arrangement. Kurt was sentenced to work. Both John (16) and Miša (11), as well as hundreds of other children, were selected to be killed in the gas chamber. Miša escaped death thanks to a German prisoner who quickly placed him into a group of older children chosen for labor. However, John, who had a limp, was selected for death. Their mother Vilma, who could not imagine her son facing the gas chamber alone, opted to accompany him. She penned this letter to Kurt on July 11, 1944, while waiting for the trucks to take them to the gas chambers.

Kurt and Miša survived the Holocaust and emigrated to the United States. Frank did not read the letter until after after his father's death in 1967, and years later, he donated it to the US Holocaust Memorial Museum.

In Frank's words, "When I did eventually read it, I found it really disturbing because I was immediately in her situation. But I was also amazed about how positive and how calm she was in the letter. My mother's brave words lacked any anger or hatred towards the Nazis and instead was just so positive. She was more interested in my father's life and in my life than in her own terrifying situation."

The letter is also significant as the only artifact at the museum which represents or resonates the full emotion and mental health of a prisoner just before their death.

THE ARTISTS



ANNE FUCHS

Soprano Anne Fuchs has enjoyed an international performance career of operatic, contemporary, and musical theater repertoire. She jumped into her European debut on two days' notice as Papagena in *Die Zauberflöte* and was then offered a guest contract with the Oldenburgisches

Staatstheater, performing playful roles including Papagena, Ida, and Adele (cover) in *Die Fledermaus* in Oldenburg, Germany. Other European highlights include a televised production of *Così fan tutte* as Fiordiligi with the Lyric Opera Studio of Weimar, Germany, a sound project entitled *Notte Splendida Notte* in Rome, Italy, for the International Year of Astronomy, and performances as a featured artist with Palazzo Ricci opera studio in Tuscany.

A Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions Regional Finalist at the age of 20, Anne performed leading soprano roles including Lucia, Elvira, Adina, Pamina, Santuzza, and Rosalinde with South Bend Lyric Opera, Opera Theater of Pittsburgh, Queens Opera Association, Rising Star Singers, Lexington Opera Society, Westminster Opera Theater, and University of Kentucky Opera Theater. She was a featured soprano soloist with the Lancaster Symphony Orchestra, Delaware Valley Philharmonic Orchestra, Sinfonietta Nova, and the Grammy-award-winning contemporary choir, The Crossing, of which she was a featured performer and Artistic Board member.

Anne loves unique musical experiences. Some favorites include being a "Diva" with the Queens Opera Association's touring soprano trio, The Three Divas, appearing with the National Accordion Symphony Orchestra, and performing with her family band, Jukefox Duo. Anne is now based in Indy and is thrilled to continue working with the Indianapolis Opera.



LYNDSAY MOY

Mezzo-soprano LYNDSAY MOY is an Indianapolis native and serves as the Director of Education & Community Engagement of Indianapolis Opera. Lyndsay is a leading artist with the company, an alumna of the IO Resident Artist Program, and has appeared in several IO productions, most

recently as Netter Fowler in Rodgers & Hammerstein's *Carousel* this past May. With IO, she has also portrayed Bloody Mary in Rodgers & Hammerstein's *South Pacific*, Kate Pinkerton in Puccini's *Madame Butterfly*, and the Housekeeper in Leigh's *Man of La Mancha*.

Other operatic roles include Maurya (Vaughan-Williams' *Riders to the Sea*), Marcellina (Mozart's *Le nozze di Figaro*), Fidalma (Cimarosa's *Il matrimonio segreto*), Mère Marie (Poulenc's *Dialogues of the Carmelites*), Zita (Puccini's *Gianni Schicchi*), L'Architecture (Charpentier's *Les Arts Florissants*), L'écureuil (Ravel's *L'enfant et les sortilèges*), and La Badessa (Puccini's *Suor Angelica*), among others. Lyndsay holds a Master of Music in Voice from The Cleveland Institute of Music, as well as a Bachelor of Music in Voice and Bachelor of Arts in Painting from DePauw University. During her training at CIM, she received the Frederick B. Prentice Award for Excellence in Voice, and at DePauw, the prestigious Performer's Certificate, along with four first-place awards from the NATS Great Lakes Region competition.

Regionally, Lyndsay has also regularly appeared as an alto soloist in concert works, including Handel's *Messiah*, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, Vivaldi's *Gloria*, Haydn's *Lord Nelson Mass*, Beethoven's *Mass in C Minor* and *Choral Fantasy*, and most recently, Christopher Tin's *The Drop That Contained the Sea*. She currently serves as Education & Community Engagement Director for Indianapolis Opera and resides locally with her husband and two border terriers.



DANIEL NARDUCCI

Classic American Baritone Daniel Narducci is a multi-faceted artist whose talents have been captured through live stage presentations, recordings, documentaries, and television. Since his professional debut with the Cincinnati Pops Orchestra under the direction of Rich Kunzel, Mr. Narducci has

appeared with many of the world's most prestigious orchestras, including the Cleveland Orchestra, Philadelphia Orchestra, Boston Pops, Dallas Symphony, Naples Philharmonic, Chicago Symphony, Rochester Philharmonic, Baltimore Symphony, Toronto Symphony, Houston Symphony, and the Detroit Symphony.

Mr. Narducci's television appearances have reached audiences worldwide. His historic performance with the Cincinnati Pops Orchestra at the Great Hall of the People in Beijing was filmed for nationwide broadcast in China. Mr. Narducci's other television appearances include co-starring with Frederica von Stade and the Naples Philharmonic Orchestra in a program broadcast internationally by PBS entitled *Pops at the Phil: A Century of Broadway*.

Daniel Narducci's combined talents have been seen on operetta and musical theatre stages throughout North America and Europe. He made his New York City debut at Alice Tully Hall with the Collegiate Chorale Bass in *An Evening of American Operetta*. Mr. Narducci portrayed Old Deuteronomy in the 10th anniversary production of *Cats* in Hamburg, Germany, and he played the role of Lancelot during two national tours of *Camelot*, most notably opposite Robert Goulet's King Arthur. He later "ascended to the throne" as King Arthur in Indianapolis Opera's production of *Camelot*.

On the operatic stage, Narducci's recent appearances include Marcello in *La Bohème* with the Indianapolis Opera, Sharpless in *Madama Butterfly* with the Canton Symphony, Silvio in *I Pagliacci* with Opera Santa Barbara, and Mercutio in Gounod's *Roméo Et Juliette* with the Cleveland Opera.



MARIA LYAPKOVA

A native of Moscow, Russia, Pianist Dr. MARIA LYAPKOVA has appeared at international music festivals including the Aspen Music Festival & School (United States), Spotlight on Young Musicians (France), and the Music of Norway (Norway/Russia). An accomplished collaborative pianist, she has

performed with principals of leading orchestras such as the San Francisco Ballet Orchestra, the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra, and The Bolshoi Theatre. Maria has previously held collaborative pianist positions at a number of institutions including Stephen F. Austin State University, the University of Alabama at Birmingham, and The Young Actors Musical Theatre of Moscow. A pianist, keyboardist, and educator, Dr. Lyapkova feels equally at home performing on modern piano and period instruments including harpsichord and fortepiano. Her experience and knowledge encompass a large repertoire with a special interest in historical performance and new music. In continuing her doctoral research project, Maria made the first recording of the sonatas for keyboard and obligato violin by German composer A. F. Titz on a historical fortepiano. As a proponent of new music, she has worked with prominent composers such as Gunther Schuller, Joseph Schwantner, and Bair Dondokov. Dr. Lyapkova performs guest artist recitals and presents masterclasses for piano and collaborative piano across the country. Her previous engagements include Northern Kentucky University, University of Central Florida, and the University of Tampa. A passionate teacher, Maria is dedicated to guiding and educating young musicians. Many of her students have received honors and awards at district and state festivals. In addition, she is an active member of the Music Teachers National Association (MTNA) and participates as a judge for local festivals and competitions. Maria Lyapkova received her Doctor of Musical Arts degree in Collaborative Piano from The University of Texas at Austin and a Master of Music degree in Piano Performance and Historical Performance from the Moscow State Tchaikovsky Conservatory.

SPECIAL THANKS:

INDIANAPOLIS HEBREW CONGREGATION
for hosting today's concert

FRANK GRUNWALD
for your friendship and for allowing us a part in
sharing your family's story

LORI LAITMAN
for your talent, mentorship, and trust

ROGER MANNING (@PHOTOPROBONO)
for donating hours of photography services to the
IO's Education Department

JOE WIEGAND, VIOLINIST

Joe Wiegand is from Noblesville, IN and has been playing violin for most of his life. He studied oboe performance at the Jacobs School of Music at Indiana University before pursuing a law degree. He currently work for the Court of Appeals of Indiana and lives in Indianapolis, IN.

INDYSTAR
for covering today's world premiere
of "Into Eternity"

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