



McGill



Schulich School of Music
École de musique Schulich

Salle Tanna Schulich Hall

527, rue Sherbrooke ouest, Montréal, QC

Billetterie / Box Office: 514-398-4547

www.mcgill.ca/music

Le samedi 2 novembre 2019
à 19h30

Schulich en Concert

Saturday, November 2, 2019
7:30 p.m.

Schulich in Concert

ASPIRATIONS

(*textes / texts*)

The Bird With The Coppery, Keen Claws

Wallace Stevens

Above the forest of the parakeets,
A parakeet of parakeets prevails,
A pip of life amid a mort of tails.

(The rudiments of tropics are around,
Aloe of ivory, pear of rusty rind.)

His lids are white because his eyes are blind.

He is not paradise of parakeets,
Of his gold ether, golden alguazil,
Except because he broods there and is still.

Panache upon panache, his tails deploy
Upward and outward, in green-vented forms,
His tip a drop of water full of storms.

But though the turbulent tinges undulate
As his pure intellect applies its laws,
He moves not on his coppery, keen claws.

He munches a dry shell while he exerts
His will, yet never ceases, perfect cock,
To flare, in the sun-pallor of his rock.

Limpidity of Silences

Kenneth Patchen

In a limpidity of silences
Speaks what is unanswerable
And is answered.

In a limpidity of silences
The laurelled heads turn
Away from death

And away from life and all
Other trivial little dissolutions.

In a limpidity of silences
Sleep the laurelled heads.

The silences
Speak around us forever; yet

None

Knows what is said.

In a limpidity of silences

Reality speaks...

Perhaps of a maskshroud

Cast over laurelled heads



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The Music of Life

(excerpt from *The Music of Life* - Hazrat Inayat Khan)

Besides the beauty of music, there is the tenderness, which brings life to the heart.

For a person of fine feelings, of kindly thought, life in this world is very trying.

It is jarring, and it sometimes has a freezing effect.

It makes the heart so to speak frozen.

In that condition one experiences depression, and the whole of life becomes distasteful;

the very life that is meant to be heaven becomes a place of suffering.

If one can focus one's heart on music, it is just like warming something that was frozen.

The heart returns to its natural condition, and the rhythm regulates the beating of the heart, which helps to restore health of body, mind and soul, and bring them to their proper tuning.

The joy of life depends upon the perfect tuning of mind and body.