Sueños Nocturnos por la paz

Night Dreams for Peace

Ivy Walz, *mezzosoprano*
Becca Zeisler, piano
Texas Tech University

31 ENERO 2026
Sábado, **13:30 h**

Auditorio Blas Galindo

CENTRO NACIONAL DE LAS ARTES

Night Dreams for Peace

Ivy Walz, *mezzosoprano*
Becca Zeisler, piano

Three Dream Songs, Op. 53 (1996) — **Lowell Liebermann** (b. 1961)
Ardella

To Say Before Going to Sleep (2000) — **Jake Heggie** (b. 1961)

Four Night Songs (1985) — **Madeleine Dring** (1923 - 1977)
Holding the Night
Separation

Three Dream Songs, Op. 53 (1996) — **Lowell Liebermann**
I Dream a World

Welcome to Gun town (2022) — **Maria Thompson Corley** (b. 1966)

Cut My Shadow (2011) — **Jonathan Dove** (b. 1959)
Song of the Dry Orange Tree

Ask the Moon (2005) — **Tom Cipullo** (b. 1956)

Cinco canciones con los ojos cerrados — **Miguel A. Roig – Francoli** (b. 1953)
1. *Ya no hay luz en el mundo*
2. *Estrellas de la infancia*
3. *Me queda este silencio*
4. *Creí que me habia ido*
5. *Adiós, palabra, adiós*

Three Dream Songs, Op. 53 (1996) — **Lowell Liebermann**
Dream

Shadow Dream (1999) — **Scott Wheeler** (b. 1952)

Night Dreams (2006) — **Judith Cloud** (1954 – 2023)
Variations on the Word Sleep

Aubade with a Chance of Rain (2023) — **Tom Cipullo**

Texts

Ardella:
Poem by **Langston Hughes** (1902 – 1967)

I would liken you
To a night without stars
Were it not for your eyes.
I would liken you
To a sleep without dreams
Were it not for your songs.

To Say Before Going to Sleep:
Poem by **Rainer Maria Rilke** (1875 – 1926),

I would like to sing someone to sleep,
have someone to sit by and be with.
I would like to cradle you and softly sing,
be your companion while you sleep or wake.
I would like to be the only person in the house who knew:
the night outside was cold.
And would like to listen her to you
and outside to the world and to the woods.

(Translation to English by Albert Ernest Flemming)

Holding the Night:
Words by **Michael Armstrong** (1923 – 2000)

Holding the night in the palm of my hand –
Feeling its blackness as the wind streams, streams
To the edge of the gulf to fall through unknown trees.
This moment has always been ours when the tips of our fingers touch.
Enclosing the gift of a hidden moon floating beyond the clouds.

I Dream a World:
Poem by **Langston Hughes** (1902 – 1967)

I dream a world where man
No other man will scorn,
Where love will bless the earth
And peace its paths adorn
I dream a world where all
Will know sweet freedom's way,
Where greed no longer saps the soul
Nor avarice blights our day.
A world I dream where black or white,
Whatever race you be,
Will share the bounties of the earth
And every man is free,
Where wretchedness will hang its head
And joy, like a pearl,
Attends the needs of all mankind-
Of such I dream, my world!

Texts Continued

Welcome to Guntown

Poem by **AddieRose Brown**

Welcome to Guntown,
where we tell it like it is,
where the most prominent building
is a funeral biz.
Here the rain runs red
off each undeserving head,
but never you fear --
for we don't see colour here...
Blinded by the bright face of Bureaucracy
that laments and condoles,
beaming through the wrinkles of complacency,
seamlessly filling its sovereign roles.
Welcome to Guntown,
where we keep everything unlocked,
and though infants go hungry,
the armory is fully stocked.
Just one word of warning
to those who breathe the air:
We're told it always seems to bear
the metallic taste of fear.
So welcome to Guntown:
The safest place to be is here.

Song of the Dry Orange Tree

Poem by **Federico Garcia Lorca** (1898 – 1936),
Trans. By **Gwynne Edwards**

Woodcutter.
Cut my shadow.
Free me from the anguish
of seeing myself fruitless.
Oh, why was I born among mirrors?
The day moves around me,
and the night reflects me in each of its stars.
Ah!
I want to live but not to see myself.
And I shall dream
that my leaves and birds
are turned into ants and hawks.

Texts Continued

Ask the Moon – Poem: Why Are Your Poems so Dark?

by **Linda Pastan** (1932 – 2023)

Why are your perms so dark?
Isn't the moon dark too,
most of the time?
And doesn't the white page
seem unfinished
without the dark stain
of alphabets?
When God demanded light,
he didn't banish darkness.
Instead, he invented
ebony and crows
and the small mole
on your left cheekbone.
Or did you mean to ask "
Why are you sad so often?"
Ask the moon.
Ask what it has witnessed.

Cinco canciones con los ojos cerrados (Five Songs with Closed Eyes)

Antonio Colinas
(translations by **Miguel A. Roig-Francolí**)

I (English)
There is no more light in the world.
All light is within us.
All light is between our eyebrows,
in that center or still point
from which eternal time
is observing us.
That light that is
all lights
and in which rests
the word, more alive
for being dead.
Don't forget the word without letters,
that which half-opens walls
and is an arrow toward the abyss
of light.
Don't forget the word
which still yells its silence.
I close my eyes.
The cypress trembles.

I (Spanish)
Ya no hay luz en el mundo.
Toda la luz está en nuestro interior.
Toda la luz está entre nuestras cejas,
en ese centro o punto
donde un tiempo eterno
nos está contemplando.
Esa luz que ya es
todas las luces
y en la que descansa
la palabra más viva
por muerta.
No olvidéis la palabra sin letras,
la que entreabre muros
y es flecha hacia el abismo
de la luz.
No olvidéis la palabra
que aún grita su silencio.
Cierro los ojos.
Tiembla el ciprés.

II (English)

If this year that has just begun
I do not return to you,
you stars of my childhood,
if I am not faithful to you,
come to me in a cascade
of fire,
or in frozen clusters
of light,
to scorch the briars
already black down here
(our daily death).
And for one more year,
throughout the night,
in silence,
may the wellspring return to its origin
my light to your light.

III (English)

This silence remains
in order to forget silences.
This silence saves me
from darker silences.
Of silence is the blood made
that poisons silence.
I breathed silences,
but I was not breathing.
But today it is silence
which is breathing me.
And if so much silence
should not silence death,
here comes the scent,
the murmur of water,
the snow of your snow
(“little one of my dreams,
across your skin the doves…”).
While I close my eyes
I listen to the nightingale
making the silence drunk.

II (Spanish)

Si este año que comienza
no volviese a vosotras,
estrellas de la infancia,
si no os fuese fiel,
venid a mí en cascada
de fuego,
o en helados racimos
de luz,
para abrasar las zarzas
ya negras de aquí abajo
(nuestra muerte diaria).
Y que otro año más,
noche arriba,
en silencio,
el manantial regrese a su origen
mi luz a vuestra luz.

III (Spanish)

Me queda este silencio
para olvidar silencios.
Me salva este silencio
de silencios más turbios.
De silencio es la sangre
que envenena el silencio.
Respiraba silencios,
pero no respiraba.
Mas hoy es el silencio
el que a mí me respira.
Y si tanto silencio
no acallase a la muerte,
aquí llega el aroma,
el murmullo del agua,
la nieve de tu nieve
(“pequeña de mis sueños,
por tu piel las palomas…”).
Mientras cierro los ojos
escucho al ruiseñor
embriagando el silencio.

IV (English)

I thought I was gone,
but no, I was here
in the light of my land
and in your light.
The blue colors were burning again.
I looked at each thing but I could not see.
Pure sounds—I could not hear you.
All scents
were now a single scent
and I suddenly found myself speaking alone
in front of that immense mountain
which was so lonely!
I am silent again
in the secret
of interior light,
into that type of knowledge
which, knowing, does not know.
And blue was white,
and white was blue,
and you were not you any more and yet you were.
I close my eyes.
I will forget until the end
in the abyss.

V (English)

Farewell, word, farewell.
I close my lips, I close
this last page
and I leave you in the night of the book,
for I am going to listen
to the light in the silence.
Word, you kept me
entangled in your web
of questions and shadows,
in you I bled and suffered.
As of today, almost all things
will be more beautiful without that chain
of the word which defines and binds,
and which, sometimes, even takes away the air
so that I cannot breathe.
The river of this book overflows.
Farewell, word, my body
will be much lighter
when I close my eyes
and I do not read, nor see any more.
Once I close my lips
and do not pronounce you any more,
I will feel how I'm spoken to
by that time which plunges into pure sleep.
Farewell, word, I will feel
on my face a light
which, without speaking,
listens to me and pronounces me.

IV (Spanish)

Creí que me había ido,
pero no, estaba aquí
en la luz de mi tierra
y en tu luz.
Ardían los azules otra vez.
Miraba cada cosa y no veía.
Puros sonidos: no lograba oíros.
Ya todos los aromas
eran un solo aroma
y me hallé de repente hablando a solas
frente a aquel monte inmenso
¡que se hallaba tan solo!
Mudo otra vez
en el secreto
de la luz interior,
en ese tipo de saber
que, sabiendo, no sabe.
Y el azul era el blanco,
y el blanco era el azul,
y tú ya no eras tú y sí eras tú.
Cierro los ojos.
Olvidaré hasta el fin
en el abismo.

V (Spanish)

Adiós, palabra, adiós.
Cierro los labios, cierro
esta última página
y te dejo en la noche del libro,
pues me voy a escuchar
la luz en el silencio.
Palabra: me tenías
enredado en tu trama
de preguntas y sombras,
en ti sangraba y me dolía en ti.
Casi todas las cosas, desde hoy,
serán más bellas sin esa cadena
de la palabra que define y ata,
y que, a veces, hasta se lleva el aire
que respirar no puedo.
Ya pasa desbordado el río de este libro.
Adiós, palabra, el cuerpo
pesará mucho menos
cuando cierre los ojos
y no lea, y no vea.
Cuando cierre los labios
y ya no te pronuncie,
sentiré cómo me habla
ese tiempo que abisma en sueño puro.
Adiós, palabra, voy
a sentir en el rostro una luz
que, no hablando,
me escucha y me pronuncia.

Texts Continued

Dream

Poem by **Langston Hughes** (1902 – 1967)

Last night I dreamt
This most strange dream,
And everywhere I saw
What did not seem could ever be:
You were not there with me!
Awake,
I turned
And touched you
Asleep,
Face to the wall.
I said
How dreams
Can lie!
But you were not there at all!

Shadow Dream

Words by **Colin Morton** (b. 1948)

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the shadow of your sleeping body spins a web of dreams in the moonlight
your sleeping body spins a web of dreams in shadow of the moonlight
in the web of dreams moonlight spins the shadow of your sleeping body
the moonlight of dreams spins a web in the shadow of your sleeping body
in the shadow of dreams
your sleeping body spins a web of moonlight.

Variations on the Word Sleep

Poem by **Margaret Atwood** (b. 1939)

I would like to watch you sleeping,
which may not happen.
I would like to watch you,
sleeping. I would like to sleep
with you, to enter
your sleep as its smooth dark wave
slides over my head
and walk with you through that lucent
wavering forest of bluegreen leaves
with its watery sun & three moons
towards the cave where you must descend,
towards your worst fear
I would like to give you the silver
branch, the small white flower, the one
word that will protect you
from the grief at the center
of your dream, from the grief
at the center. I would like to follow
you up the long stairway
again & become
the boat that would row you back
carefully, a flame
in two cupped hands
to where your body lies
beside me, and you enter
it as easily as breathing in
I would like to be the air
that inhabits you for a moment
only. I would like to be that unnoticed
& that necessary.

Texts Continued

Aubade with a Chance of Rain

Poem by **Danusha Laméris** (b. 1971)

There is a bed in each of us,
a bed of memory,
bed of damp grass,
of straw,
mattress tucked against the wall,
or spread out under the stars.
Bed of the beloved.
Bed of small deaths
The sheets smoothed just so.
And all around the world,
someone is about to rise from it.
To lift a head from the pillow,
Slip into a robe,
duck under the low arched door.
Let there be a faint sun,
a cloudy sky.
Let the two lovers linger there
For the time it takes to write this poem.
Let the bed be soft as down,
as the milky seeds of dandelions.
It is almost but not quite time to go.
The sky is dark.
Let no one they love try to look for them.
Let the children if there are children, sleep.
Let the sirens, quiet, the guns rest,
poised in their chambers,
the bombing, cease.
And when the lovers rise,
as they must,
as they must,
may the rain fall and soften,
soften their return.

Seleccionar las obras para este programa ofreció una oportunidad para adentrarme en el vasto y rico territorio del lied contemporáneo. A medida que exploraba, surgieron temas ligados a las reflexiones nocturnas y a la presencia de la luna, evocadas por una amplia variedad de compositores y poetas. Uno de los ejes centrales del programa es la luna como testigo eterno: presencia silenciosa ante nuestro nacimiento, nuestra vida y nuestra muerte. De esta búsqueda emergió una historia de conexión; primero desde un ámbito íntimo y personal, luego a través de la empatía frente a desafíos y tensiones, la opresión y la confusión, para finalmente desembocar en un anhelo por los espacios más suaves de la existencia, aquellos que se hallan en el vínculo humano, el consuelo y el descanso. En última instancia, una reflexión sobre la paz.

Ivy Walz

Dr. Ivy Walz is a distinguished mezzo-soprano and a dedicated scholar of vocal literature. As a specialist in art song, she has been invited to perform at prestigious venues and festivals including the International Music by Women Festival, Fall Island Vocal Arts Seminar, Finger Lakes Chamber Ensemble, SongFest, Cincinnati Song Initiative, Denver Art Song Project, Civic Morning Musicals, and Middlebury Song Fest. She is particularly recognized for her advocacy of works by contemporary American composers, a focus that permeates her recital programs. A recent collaboration was with Professor Donna Loewy from the College Conservatory of Music on a recital program titled Serenade for Peace, a curation of modern American and English art song on nocturnal contemplations of connection, love, displacement, and the tensions of violence in society. This program includes the world premiere of the cycle Look Twice by composer Juliana Hall and poet Antigoni Gaitana. This season Walz will perform a solo recital at the Centro Nacional de las Artes (CENART) in Mexico City. She is also actively involved in recording projects, including the premiere recording of Look Twice.

Walz enjoys a robust concert soloist career, and has been engaged with the Eastern Connecticut Orchestra, the Orchestra of the Southern Finger Lakes, Akron Symphony, Symphoria, the Binghamton Philharmonic, the Cayuga Chamber Orchestra. She specializes mainly in oratorio repertoire, but her engagements represent a vast portfolio for early Baroque to modern works.

Walz has distinguished herself as a versatile artist, performing principal roles and contributing to the professional opera choruses of esteemed companies, including the Spoleto Festival, Cincinnati Opera, Syracuse Opera, Des Moines Metro Opera, Resonance Works, and Tri-Cities Opera. She completed four seasons as a Resident Artist with Tri-Cities Opera, where she interpreted numerous mezzo-soprano roles with artistry and acclaim.

Walz is an accomplished vocal pedagogue with over 25 years of experience in higher education and community engagement. She is deeply committed to inclusive excellence in music education, fostering artistry across all vocal styles through a foundation of healthy, sustainable technique. Her distinguished career spans teaching in competitive academic environments and community organizations, equipping her with a profound understanding of diverse learner needs. Walz integrates evidence-based pedagogies and holistic approaches to vocal development, emphasizing longevity, expressive artistry, joy, and overall well-being. Her mentorship has guided students toward thriving careers as performers, educators, and leaders in the arts. Currently, she is an Associate Professor of Voice at the Texas Tech School of Music where she is also the Associate Dean for Faculty, Research, Creativity & Outreach at the J.T. & Margaret Talkington College of Visual & Performing Arts at Texas Tech. Her activism of the arts spans not only her active performing record and her dedication to teaching, but also her demonstrated academic leadership in areas of faculty success, outreach and engagement, and research and innovation.

Dr. Walz is a member of the National Association of Teachers of Singing (NATS). She is an invited presenter for the 2026 National Conference. She is also a member of the College Music Society (CMS) and is currently co-leading the cohort series Cultivating Academic Leadership.

Dr. Walz holds a Doctor of Musical Arts (DMA) from the College Conservatory of Music at the University of Cincinnati, Master of Music (MM), and Bachelor of Music (BM) from Ithaca College.

Becca Zeisler

Becca Zeisler is a Senior Lecturer and Coordinator of Collaborative Piano at Texas Tech University specializing in instrumental collaboration where she performs in recital with students and faculty. She also has a focus on Ballet accompaniment and spends summers in Houston with the Houston Ballet improvising for class.

Becca has previously been on staff as a pianist at the Boston Ballet and Boston University Tanglewood Institute. Becca received her Master’s degree from Boston University in Collaborative Piano and her Bachelor’s degree from the University of Massachusetts, Amherst.

Ivy Walz

La Dra. Ivy Walz es una distinguida *mezzosoprano* y especialista en literatura vocal, reconocida por su trabajo en la difusión y fortalecimiento del *art song* a nivel internacional. Ha sido invitada a participar en festivales y foros de alto prestigio, como el International Music by Women Festival, Fall Island Vocal Arts Seminar, Finger Lakes Chamber Ensemble, SongFest, Cincinnati Song Initiative, Denver Art Song Project, Civic Morning Musicals y Middlebury Song Fest. Su labor destaca especialmente por la promoción de obras de compositoras y compositores estadounidenses contemporáneos, línea curatorial que guía muchos de sus recitales. Recientemente colaboró con la profesora Donna Loewy (College-Conservatory of Music) en *Serenade for Peace*, un programa de canción artística estadounidense e inglesa que reflexiona sobre la conexión humana, el amor, el desplazamiento y las tensiones de la violencia en la sociedad. El recital incluye el estreno mundial del ciclo *Look Twice*, de Juliana Hall y Antigoni Gaitana. Esta temporada, la Dra. Walz ofrecerá un recital solista en el Centro Nacional de las Artes (Cenart) en la Ciudad de México y participa en la grabación inaugural de *Look Twice*.

Con una sólida trayectoria como solista, se ha presentado con la Eastern Connecticut Orchestra, la Orchestra of the Southern Finger Lakes, Akron Symphony, Symphoria, la Binghamton Philharmonic y la Cayuga Chamber Orchestra. Aunque su especialidad es el repertorio de oratorio, su actividad artística abarca desde el Barroco temprano hasta obras contemporáneas.

La Dra. Walz ha desarrollado una carrera versátil en la ópera, interpretando roles principales y colaborando con compañías de renombre como el Spoleto Festival, Cincinnati Opera, Syracuse Opera, Des Moines Metro Opera, Resonance Works y Tri-Cities Opera, donde completó cuatro temporadas como Artista residente.
Con más de 25 años de experiencia, es una reconocida pedagoga vocal comprometida con la excelencia inclusiva y la formación de cantantes en diversos estilos musicales. Su enfoque integra pedagogías basadas en evidencia y prácticas holísticas que promueven la técnica saludable, la expresión artística, la longevidad vocal y el bienestar integral. Su trabajo docente y de mentoría ha impulsado a estudiantes hacia carreras destacadas en el ámbito artístico y académico. Actualmente es Profesora asociada de voz en la Texas Tech School of Music y funge también como Decana asociada de la Faculty, Research, Creativity & Outreach en el J.T. & Margaret Talkington College of Visual & Performing Arts de Texas Tech University.

Su compromiso con las artes se refleja en su actividad como intérprete, educadora y líder académica, impulsando iniciativas de vinculación, participación comunitaria, investigación e innovación artística. La Dra. Walz es miembro de NATS y ponente invitada para la Conferencia Nacional 2026, además de ser integrante de CMS, donde codirige la serie Cultivating Academic Leadership. Es egresada del College-Conservatory of Music de la University of Cincinnati (DMA) y de Ithaca College (MM y BM).

Becca Zeisler

Becca Zeisler es Profesora titular y Coordinadora de Piano Colaborativo en Texas Tech University, donde se especializa en la colaboración instrumental y se presenta habitualmente en recital junto a estudiantes y profesorado. Su trayectoria también incluye un fuerte enfoque en el acompañamiento para *ballet*; cada verano colabora con el Houston Ballet, donde improvisa para las clases de técnica, aportando sensibilidad musical y versatilidad interpretativa.

Anteriormente formó parte del equipo pianístico del Boston Ballet y del Boston University Tanglewood Institute, dos instituciones reconocidas por su excelencia en la formación dancística y musical.

Zeisler obtuvo su Maestría en Piano Colaborativo en Boston University y su Licenciatura en Música en la University of Massachusetts, Amherst. Su trabajo refleja un compromiso artístico profundo con la colaboración interdisciplinaria, el acompañamiento dancístico y la formación musical de jóvenes intérpretes.

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