

CENTER FOR THE PERFORMING AND CINEMATIC ARTS

Boyer College of Music and Dance

Faculty Recital:

Lawrence Indik, baritone

Charles Abramovic, piano

Wednesday, September 10, 2025 at 7:30 PM

Rock Hall Auditorium

1715 N. Broad Street

Philadelphia, PA 19122

Program

Hineni 5786	Lawrence Indik (b.1959)
Warnung	Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
Richard II Quarante from <i>Quatre chants de la France malheureuse</i>	George Auric (1899-1983)
Zog nit kein mol	lyrics by Hirsh Glick (1922-1944) on a tune by Dmitri and Danill Pokrass
So Pretty	Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)
Sim	Lawrence Indik
An Old Man's Winter Night	Marcus DeLoach (b.1974)
With Rue My Heart Is Laden	Michael L. Klein (b.1962)
Broken Flutes	Maurice Wright (b.1949)
I. Ballade of Broken Flutes	
II. Miniver Cheevy	
III. The World	
Collapsed	Charles Abramovic (b.1955)

The use of photographic, audio and video recording is not permitted.

Please turn off all electronic devices.

Fifth performance of the 2025-2026 season.

Texts and Translations

Hineni 5786

Lawrence Indik
on a traditional Jewish prayer

Here I am,
deficient in good deeds,
trembling
and afraid,
in fear of the One who abides amid the prayers of Israel.
I have come to stand before You and plead on behalf of Your people, Israel,
who have sent me, as unfit and unworthy as I am.
I beseech You, God of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of Jacob,
Oh God, oh God,
God of mercy and grace, God of Israel,
God, frightening and awesome -
may this path on which I tread -
to stand and beseech mercy for myself, and those who send me - come to
success.
Do not let them be punished for my failings, do not hold them guilty for my
sins,
for I have sinned and transgressed. Let them not be ashamed of me and I not be
ashamed of them. Receive my prayer as a prayer of one wise and decent, of kind
ways, great experience, of sweet voice and bound up in the ways of creation.
Hold back Satan, so they may not impede me.
Pour out love towards us. Wipe away our sins in love.
And overturn all our woe and pain,
the woe and pain of all Israel, into joy and delight, life and peace. Love truth
and peace.
Place no stumbling block before my prayer.
May it be Your will, God,
God of Abraham, God of Isaac and God of Jacob, the great mighty and awesome
God, God on high, the One Who Will Be That Will Be,
may each of the Angels who receive prayer bring my prayers before the seat of
Your glory
and spread them before You
for the sake of all the just, kind, pure and decent,
and for the sake of the glory of Your great and awesome name,
for You are the One who hears the prayers of Your people Israel in mercy.
Blessed are you the One who hears prayer.

Warnung (Warning)

Robert Schumann
poetry by Gustav Pfarrius

Es geht der Tag zur Neige,
Der Licht und Freiheit bot,
O schweige, Vöglein, schweige,
Du singst dich in den Tod.

The day is declining
That offered light and freedom;
Be silent, little bird,
You are singing yourself into death.

Die Winde nächtlich rauschen,
Die Blätter zittern bang,
Den Feinden, die drin lauschen,
Verrät dich dein Gesang.

The night winds stir,
The leaves tremble in fear;
Your song betrays you
To your enemies that listen therein.

Glutäugig durchs Gezweige
Der finstre Schuhu droht:
O schweige, Vöglein, schweige,
Du singst dich in den Tod!

The burning eyes of the screech-owl Glower
their menace through the branches;
Be silent, little bird,
You are singing yourself into death.

Richard II Quarante

George Auric
poetry by Louis Aragon

Ma patrie est comme une barque
Qu'abandonnèrent ses hâleurs
Et je ressemble à ce monarque
Plus malheureux que le malheur
Qui restait roi de ses douleurs

My homeland is like a boat
Abandoned by its haulers,
And I resemble that monarch
More unhappy than unhappiness,
Who remained king of his sorrow.

Vivre n'est plus qu'un stratagème
Le vent sait mal sécher les pleurs
Il faut hair tout ce que j'aime
Ce que je n'ai plus donnez-leur
Je reste roi de mes douleurs

To live is nothing but a stratagem,
The wind poorly knows how to dry tears,
One must hate what I love,
Give away what I no longer have,
I remain king of my sorrow.

Le coeur peut s'arrêter de battre
Le sang peut couler sans chaleur
Deux et deux ne fassent plus quatre
Au Pigeon-Vole des voleurs
Je reste roi de mes douleurs

The heart can stop beating,
The blood can flow without warmth,
Two and two no longer make four,
In the "fly pigeon" of the thieves,
I remain king of my sorrow.

Que le soleil meure ou renaisse
Le ciel a perdu ses couleurs
Tendre Paris de ma jeunesse
Adieu printemps du Quai-aux-Flours
Je reste roi de mes douleurs

Fuyez les bois et les fontaines
Taisez-vous oiseaux querelleurs
Vos chants sont nés en quarantaine
C'est le règne de l'oiseleur
Je reste roi de mes douleurs

Il est un temps pour la souffrance
Quand Jeanne vint à Vaucouleurs
Ah! coupez en morceaux la France
Le jour avait cette pâleur
Je reste roi de mes douleurs

Whether the sun dies or is reborn,
The sky has lost its colors,
Tender Paris of my youth,
Farewell spring of the Flower Quay,
I remain king of my sorrow.

Flee the woods and fountains,
Be silent, quarrelsome birds,
Your songs are placed under quarantine,
It is the reign of the birdcatcher,
I remain king of my sorrow.

There is a time for suffering,
When Joan came to Vaucouleurs.
Ah, tear France into pieces,
The day had that paleness,
I remain king of my sorrow.

Zog nit kein mol

זאָג נישט קיין מאָל, אַז דו גייסט דעם לעצטן וועג,
באַטש הימלען בליינענע פֿאַרשטעלן בלויע טעג.
קומען וועט נאָך אונדזער אויסגעבענקטע שעה –
ס'וועט אַ פּויק טאָן אונדזער טראַט: מיר זײַנען דאָ!

פֿון גרינעם פֿאַלמענלאַנד ביז ווייסן לאַנד פֿון שניי,
מיר קומען אָן מיט אונדזער פֿיין, מיט אונדזער וויי,
און וווּ געפֿאַלן ס'איז אַ שפּריץ פֿון אונדזער בלוט,
שפּראַצן וועט דאָרט אונדזער גבורה, אונדזער מוט!

ס'וועט די מאָרגןזון באַגילדן אונדז דעם היינט,
און דער נעכטן וועט פֿאַרשווינדן מיט דעם פֿיינט,
נאָך אויב פֿאַרזאַמען וועט זיין אין דעם קאַיאָר –
ווי אַ פֿאַראַל זאָל גיין דאָס ליד פֿון דור צו דור.

דאָס ליד געשריבן איז מיט בלוט, און נישט מיט בליי,
ס'איז נישט קיין לידל פֿון אַ פֿויגל אויף דער פֿרײַ,
דאָס האָט אַ פֿאַלק צווישן פֿאַלדליקע ווענט
דאָס ליד געזונגען מיט נאָגאַנעס אין די הענט.

טאָ זאָג נישט קיין מאָל, אַז דו גייסט דעם לעצטן וועג,
באַטש הימלען בליינענע פֿאַרשטעלן בלויע טעג.
קומען וועט נאָך אונדזער אויסגעבענקטע שעה –
ס'וועט אַ פּויק טאָן אונדזער טראַט: מיר זײַנען דאָ!

lyrics by Hirsh Glick on a tune by Dmitri and Danill Pokrass

Never say that you're going your last way
Although the skies filled with lead cover blue days
Our promised hour will soon come
Our marching steps ring out: 'We are here!'

From green lands of palm to lands with white snow
We come with our pain and our woes
And from where a spurt of our blood falls
Will sprout our strength and our courage

Today the morning sun will accompany us
And the night will fade away with the enemy
But if the sun waits to rise
Like a password this song will go from generation to generation

This song is written with blood and not with lead
It's not a tune sung by birds in the wild
This song was sung by people amidst collapsing walls
Sung with pistols in their hands

So never say that you're going your last way
Although the skies filled with lead cover blue days
Our promised hour will soon come
Our marching steps ring out: 'We are here!'

So Pretty

Leonard Bernstein

text by Betty Comden and Adolph Green

We were learning in our school today
All about a country far away
Full of lovely temples painted gold,
Modern cities, jungles ages old.
And the people are so pretty there,
Shining smiles and shiny eyes and hair.
Then I had to ask my teacher why
War was making all those people die.
They're so pretty, so pretty.
Then my teacher said and took my hand,
"They must die for peace you understand."
But they're so pretty, so pretty.
I don't understand.

Sim

Lawrence Indik

setting of a traditional Jewish prayer

שִׁים שְׁלוֹם (baolam) טוֹבָה וּבְרָכָה
חַן וְחֶסֶד וְרַחֲמִים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל עַמָּךְ
בְּרַכְנוּ, אֲבִינוּ, כָּלנוּ בְּאַחַד בָּאוֹר פְּנִיךָ
כִּי בָאוֹר פְּנִיךָ נִתְּנָה לָנוּ יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ
תּוֹרַת חַיִּים וְאַהֲבַת חֶסֶד וְיִדְּעָהּ וּבְרָכָה וְרַחֲמִים
וְחַיִּים וְשְׁלוֹם
וְטוֹב בְּעֵינֶיךָ לְבָרֵךְ אֶת עַמָּךְ יִשְׂרָאֵל בְּכָל עֵת וּבְכָל
שָׁעָה בְּשְׁלוֹמָךְ

Place peace (in the world), goodness, blessing,
grace, lovingkindness, and mercy unto us and
on all Israel, your people
Bless us, our Father, even all of us together,
with the light of thy countenance
for by the light of thy countenance thou hast
given us, O Lord our Father,
Torah of life, and love, lovingkindness, and
charity, and blessing and mercy, and life and
peace
And may it be good in thine eyes to bless your
people Israel at all times and every hour with
peace.

An Old Man's Winter Night

Marcus DeLoach
text by Robert Frost

All out of doors looked darkly in at him
Through the thin frost, almost in separate stars,
That gathers on the pane in empty rooms.
What kept his eyes from giving back the gaze
Was the lamp tilted near them in his hand.
What kept him from remembering what it was
That brought him to that creaking room was age.
He stood with barrels round him—at a loss.
And having scared the cellar under him
In clomping there, he scared it once again
In clomping off;—and scared the outer night,
Which has its sounds, familiar, like the roar
Of trees and crack of branches, common things,
But nothing so like beating on a box.
A light he was to no one but himself
Where now he sat, concerned with he knew what,
A quiet light, and then not even that.
He consigned to the moon,—such as she was,
So late-arising,—to the broken moon
As better than the sun in any case
For such a charge, his snow upon the roof,
His icicles along the wall to keep;
And slept. The log that shifted with a jolt
Once in the stove, disturbed him and he shifted,
And eased his heavy breathing, but still slept.
One aged man—one man—can't fill a house,
A farm, a countryside, or if he can,
It's thus he does it of a winter night.

With Rue My Heart Is Laden

Michael L. Klein
text by A. E. Houseman

With rue my heart is laden
For golden friends I had,
For many a rose-lipt maiden
And many a lightfoot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping
The lightfoot boys are laid;
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade.

Ballade of Broken Flutes

Maurice Wright

text by Edward Arlington Robinson

In dreams I crossed a barren land,
A land of ruin, far away;
Around me hung on every hand
A deathful stillness of decay;
And silent, as in bleak dismay
That song should thus forsaken be,
On that forgotten ground there lay
The broken flutes of Arcady.

The forest that was all so grand
When pipes and tabors had their sway
Stood leafless now, a ghostly band
Of skeletons in cold array.
A lonely surge of ancient spray
Told of an unforgetful sea,
But iron blows had hushed for aye
The broken flutes of Arcady.

No more by summer breezes fanned,
The place was desolate and gray;
But still my dream was to command
New life into that shrunken clay.
I tried it. Yes, you scan to-day,
With uncommiserating glee,
The songs of one who strove to play
The broken flutes of Arcady.

So, Rock, I join the common fray,
To fight where Mammon may decree;
And leave, to crumble as they may,
The broken flutes of Arcady.

Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn,
Grew lean while he assailed the seasons;
He wept that he was ever born,
And he had reasons.

Miniver loved the days of old
When swords were bright and steeds were prancing;
The vision of a warrior bold
Would set him dancing.

Miniver sighed for what was not,
And dreamed, and rested from his labors;
He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot,
And Priam's neighbors.

Miniver mourned the ripe renown
That made so many a name so fragrant;
He mourned Romance, now on the town,
And Art, a vagrant.

Miniver loved the Medici,
Albeit he had never seen one;
He would have sinned incessantly
Could he have been one.

Miniver cursed the commonplace
And eyed a khaki suit with loathing;
He missed the mediæval grace
Of iron clothing.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought,
But sore annoyed was he without it;
Miniver thought, and thought, and thought,
And thought about it.

Miniver Cheevy, born too late,
Scratched his head and kept on thinking;
Miniver coughed, and called it fate,
And kept on drinking.

The World

Maurice Wright
text by Edward Arlington Robinson

Some are the brothers of all humankind,
And own them, whatsoever their estate;
And some, for sorrow and self-scorn, are blind
With enmity for man's unguarded fate.

For some there is a music all day long
Like flutes in Paradise, they are so glad;
And there is hell's eternal under-song
Of curses and the cries of men gone mad.

Some say the Scheme with love stands luminous,
Some say 't were better back to chaos hurled;
And so 't is what we are that makes for us
The measure and the meaning of the world.

Collapsed

Charles Abramovic
poetry by Frank O'Hara

Lana Turner has collapsed!
I was trotting along and suddenly
it started raining and snowing
and you said it was hailing
but hailing hits you on the head
hard so it was really snowing and
raining and I was in such a hurry
to meet you but the traffic
was acting exactly like the sky
and suddenly I see a headline
LANA TURNER HAS COLLAPSED!
there is no snow in Hollywood
there is no rain in California
I have been to lots of parties
and acted perfectly disgraceful
but I never actually collapsed
oh Lana Turner we love you get up!

About the Artists

LAWRENCE INDIK, baritone, has appeared in numerous opera, symphony, and recital performances. A strong proponent of contemporary music, he has performed over 80 world premieres. He serves as High Holy Days cantorial soloist at Congregation Temple Beth Ahm Synagogue.

An active vocal pedagogue and researcher, Indik's articles have appeared in the National Association of Teachers of Singing Journal of Singing. His book, *On the Boundaries of Singing*, rigorously explores the meeting places of science and art in the craft of singing. He also regularly lectures and gives master classes on the application of vocal pedagogy and vocal science to singing.

Indik continues to enjoy the many successes of his students, past and present, who have pursued their solo music careers in such institutions as the Metropolitan Opera, Aspen Opera, Central City Opera, Central Florida Lyric Opera, Florida Grand Opera, Lake George Opera, Wolf Trap, Chautauqua Opera, Glimmerglass Opera, Dayton Opera, Pittsburgh Opera, Madison Opera, Naples Opera, New York City Opera, Covent Garden, Welsh National Opera, Dallas Opera, Des Moines Metro Opera, Opera Omaha, Utah Festival Opera, Rochester Opera, San Francisco Opera, Opera Saratoga, Palm Beach Opera, Chicago Lyric Opera, Cincinnati Opera, Arizona Opera and on and off Broadway. They have also pursued careers as music educators, music therapists, cantors, music administrators, vocal therapists and conductors.

Indik received his bachelor of arts in mathematics cum laude from Harvard University, a master's in opera performance from the Temple University Boyer College of Music and Dance and a DMA from the Manhattan School of Music. His teachers included Margaret Hoswell, Philip Cho, John Henry Funk and Adele Addison. He is currently an Associate Professor (Practice) in the Department of Vocal Arts at Temple University.

CHARLES ABRAMOVIC has won critical acclaim for his international performances as a soloist, chamber musician, and collaborator with leading instrumentalists and singers. He has performed a vast repertoire not only on the piano, but also the harpsichord and fortepiano. Abramovic made his solo orchestral debut at the age of fourteen with the Pittsburgh Symphony. Since then he has appeared as soloist with numerous orchestras, including the Baltimore Symphony, the Colorado Philharmonic, the Florida Philharmonic, and the Nebraska Chamber Orchestra. He has given solo recitals throughout the United States, France and Yugoslavia. He has also appeared at major international festivals in Berlin, Salzburg, Bermuda, Dubrovnik, Aspen and Vancouver.

Abramovic has performed often with such stellar artists as Midori, Sarah Chang, Robert McDuffie, Viktoria Mullova, Kim Kashkashian, Mimi Stillman and Jeffrey Khaner. His recording of the solo piano works of Delius for DTR recordings has been widely praised. He has recorded for EMI Classics with violinist Sarah Chang, and Avie Recordings with Philadelphia Orchestra principal flutist Jeffrey Khaner. Actively involved with contemporary music, he has also recorded works of Milton Babbitt, Joseph Schwantner, Gunther Schuller and others for Albany Records, CRI, Bridge, and Naxos.

Abramovic has taught at Temple since 1988. He is an active part of the musical life of Philadelphia, performing with numerous organizations in the city. He is a core member of the Dolce Suono Ensemble, and performs often with Network for New Music and Orchestra 2001. In 1997 he received the Career Development Grant from the Philadelphia Musical Fund Society, and in 2003 received the Creative Achievement Award from Temple University. His teachers have included Natalie Phillips, Eleanor Sokoloff, Leon Fleisher, and Harvey Wedeen.

Boyer College of Music and Dance

The Boyer College of Music and Dance offers over 500 events open to the public each year. Students have the unique opportunity to interact with leading performers, composers, conductors, educators, choreographers and guest artists while experiencing a challenging and diverse academic curriculum. The Boyer faculty are recognized globally as leaders in their respective fields. Boyer alumni are ambassadors of artistic leadership and perform with major orchestras, opera and dance companies, teach at schools and colleges and work as professional music therapists, choreographers and composers. Boyer's recording label, BCM&D records, has produced more than thirty recordings, five of which have received Grammy nominations.

boyer.temple.edu

The Center for the Performing and Cinematic Arts

The Center for the Performing and Cinematic Arts consists of the Boyer College of Music and Dance, School of Theater, Film and Media Arts, the George and Joy Abbott Center for Musical Theater and the Temple Performing Arts Center. The School of Theater, Film and Media Arts engages gifted students with nationally and internationally recognized faculty scholars and professionals. A hallmark of the School of Theater, Film and Media Arts is the Los Angeles Study Away program, housed at historic Raleigh Studios. The George and Joy Abbott Center for Musical Theater engages visiting performers, guest artists, set designers, playwrights and other Broadway professionals. The Temple Performing Arts Center (TPAC), a historic landmark on campus, is home to a state-of-the-art 1,200 seat auditorium and 200 seat chapel. More than 500 concerts, classes, lectures and performances take place at TPAC each year.

arts.temple.edu

Temple University

Temple University's history begins in 1884, when a young working man asked Russell Conwell if he could tutor him at night. It wasn't long before he was teaching several dozen students—working people who could only attend class at night but had a strong desire to make something of themselves. Conwell recruited volunteer faculty to participate in the burgeoning night school, and in 1888 he received a charter of incorporation for "The Temple College." His founding vision for the school was to provide superior educational opportunities for academically talented and highly motivated students, regardless of their backgrounds or means. The fledgling college continued to grow, adding programs and students throughout the following decades. Today, Temple's more than 35,000 students continue to follow the university's official motto—*Perseverantia Vincit*, or "Perseverance Conquers"—with their supreme dedication to excellence in academics, research, athletics, the arts and more.

temple.edu

Temple University 2025-2026

Upcoming Events

Rite of Swing Jazz Café: Tim Brey Quintet

Tim Brey, piano

John Swana, EVI

Elijah Jamal Balbed, saxophone

Alex Claffy, bass

Mekhi Boone, drums

Thursday, September 11 at 4:30 PM

Temple Performing Arts Center Lobby

World Music Lecture-Performance: gamin and Hyun-Jin Cha

Between Breaths: A Sonic Memoir

Thursday, September 11 at 7:30 PM

Temple Performing Arts Center

CPCA Open Mic and Cabaret

Wednesday, September 17 at 4:30 PM

Temple Performing Arts Center Lobby

Rite of Swing Jazz Café: Jeff Dalton Sextet

Thursday, September 18 at 4:30 PM

Temple Performing Arts Center Lobby

Rite of Swing Jazz Café: Lucas Brown Organ Quartet

Lucas Brown, organ

Mike Cemprola, saxophone

Elijah Cole, guitar

Doug Hirlinger, drums

Thursday, September 25 at 4:30 PM

Temple Performing Arts Center Lobby

Temple University Symphony Orchestra

José Luis Domínguez, conductor

Michael Fahrner, euphonium

COPLAND *El Salón México*

GREGSON Euphonium Concerto

MUSSORGSKY-RAVEL *Pictures at an Exhibition*

Thursday, September 25 at 7:30 PM

Temple Performing Arts Center

World Music Lecture-Performance: Philly Trad

Irish music in the Philadelphia area

John McGillian, button accordion

Allyn Miner, fiddle, concertina, banjo

Eamon Kelly, bouzouki

Friday, September 26 at 7:30 PM

Temple Performing Arts Center

Reflection:Response Guest Artist: Reggie Wilson

The acclaimed performer and choreographer brings his solo work, *Introduction*

Friday, September 26 at 7:30 PM

Saturday, September 27 at 7:30 PM

Temple University New Music Ensemble

Andrew Desiderio, conductor

Monday, September 29 at 7:30 PM

Rock Hall Auditorium

Dance Studies Colloquium: Adrian Guo-Silver (Columbia University)

“From ‘Peasant Soul’ to Gender Critique and Back: Reading Choralities in Nijinska’s *Les Noctes*”

Tuesday, September 30 at 5:00 PM

Temple Performing Arts Center Chapel

Temple University Wind Symphony

“Roots and Revelations”

Patricia Cornett, conductor

Jillian Laakso, graduate student conductor

Steve Wilson, saxophone

SCHOENBERG *Cool Cat*

SIMON *Sweet Chariot*

CHILDS Concerto for Saxophone

GERSHWIN arr. KRANCE Second Prelude

THOMAS *Come Sunday*

Friday, October 3 at 7:30 PM

Temple Performing Arts Center

All events are free unless otherwise noted. Programs are subject to change without notice.

For further information or to confirm events, please call 215.204.7609

or visit www.boyer.temple.edu.