

David Kidwell ([see his website](#)) has been Music Director and Conductor of the Holyoke Civic Symphony since 1997, and also conducts the Guilford Festival Orchestra in Vermont, as well as numerous guest conducting engagements. In addition to his orchestra duties, Kidwell is Minister of Music at the Edwards Church of Northampton. He has studied conducting at the Tanglewood Music Center, the South Carolina Conductors Institute, and privately with Melvin Strauss. He is also an active composer whose works have been performed throughout the United States, and has been published by Micropress, Lorenz, and MMB Music. Kidwell holds a bachelor's degree in music from Mary Washington College and a master's in composition from The Hartt School.

English translation from Louis Untermeyer, from his *Poems of Heinrich Heine : three hundred and twenty-five poems* (New York, Henry Holt, 1917).

Sturm	Storm
<p>Es wütet der Sturm, Und er peitscht die Wellen, Und die Well'n, wutschäumend und bäumend, Türmen sich auf, und es wogen lebendig Die weißen Wasserberge, Und das Schifflein erklimmt sie, Hastig mühsam, Und plötzlich stürzt es hinab In schwarze, weitgähnende Flutabgründe -</p>	<p>The storm rages now And whips the waves, And the waters, boiling and furious, Tower into a moving waste Of white and flowing mountains. And the ship climbs them Sharply, painfully; And suddenly plunges down, Into a black and yawning chasm of flood.</p>
<p>O Meer! Mutter der Schönheit, der Schaumentstiegenen! Großmutter der Liebe! schone meiner! Schon flattert, leichenwitternd, Die weiße, gespenstische Möwe, Und wetzt an dem Mastbaum den Schnabel, Und lechzt, voll Fraßbegier, nach dem Herzen, Das vom Ruhm deiner Tochter ertönt, Und das dein Enkel, der kleine Schalk, Zum Spielzeug erwählt.</p>	<p>O Sea! Mother of Venus, born of your quickening foam, Grandmother of Love! Help me! Already, light of wing, and smelling for corpses, The white and ghostly sea-mew hovers And whets its bill on the mast-head, And lusts to feed on my heart Which rings with the praise of thy daughter; The heart that thy grandson, the little scamp, Has taken for a plaything.</p>
<p>Vergebens mein Bitten und Flehn! Mein Rufen verhallt im tosenden Sturm, Im Schlachtlärm der Winde. Es braust und pfeift und prasselt und heult, Wie ein Tollhaus von Tönen! Und zwischendurch hör ich vernehmbar Lockende Harfenlaute, Sehnsuchtwilden Gesang, Seelenschmelzend und seelenzerreißend, Und ich erkenne die Stimme.</p>	<p>Fruitless my prayers and entreaties. My cry dies in the rushing storm, In the alarum of the wind. It roars and rattles and whistles and wails-- A madhouse of sounds! And between times I can hear, far off but distinctly, Magical harp-tones, Passionate singing, Soul-melting and soul-tearing-- And I know the voice ...</p>
<p>Fern an schottischer Felsenküste, Wo das graue Schlößlein hinausragt Über die brandende See, Dort, am hochgewölbten Fenster, Steht eine schöne, kranke Frau, Zartdurchsichtig und marmorblaß, Und sie spielt die Harfe und singt, Und der Wind durchwühlt ihre langen Locken, Und trägt ihr dunkles Lied Über das weite, stürmende Meer.</p>	<p>Far on the rocky coast of Scotland Where an old gray castle Juts into the boiling sea; There, at a high-arched window, A woman stands, lovely and sick at heart, Delicate-featured and marble-pale. And she plays on the harp and sings; And the storm tosses her long hair, And she carries her dark song Over the wide and darkening sea.</p>