

Program

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| Sei Ariette, Op. 95 | | Mauro Giuliani (1781-1829) |
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| III. Quando sará quel dí | | |
| 12 Ariettes Italienes sur motifs de Rossini | | Ferdinando Carulli (1770-1841) |
| VII. Gia la notte s'avvicina | | |
| VIII. Amene selve | | |
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| Heidenröslein | | Franz Schubert (1797-1828) |
| Ständchen | | arr. David Jacques |
| An die Musik | | |
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| Maria Luisa | | Julio Sagreras (1879-1942) |
| Nostalgia | | |
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Texts and Translations

Ombre amene

Poetry by: Pietro Metastasio (1698-1792)

Ombre amene,
amiche piante,
il mio bene,
il caro amante,
chi mi dice ove n'andò?

Zeffiretto lusinghiero,
A lui vola messaggero,
Dì'che torni e che mi renda
Quella pace che non ho.

Quando sarà quel dì

Poetry by: Pietro Metastasio

Quando sarà quel dì,
ch'io non ti senta in sen
sempre tremar così,
povero core?

Stelle, che crudeltà!
un sol piacer non v'è,
che quando mio si fa
non sia dolore.

Già la notte s'avvicina

Poetry by: Pietro Metastasio

Già la notte s'avvicina:
vieni, o nice, amato bene,
a la placida marina
le fresch' aure a respirar.

Non sa dir che sia diletto
chi non posa in queste arene,
or che un lento zeffiretto
dolcemente increspa il mar.

Translation by: Amy Pfimmer

Gentle shadows,
friendly forests,
my beloved
dearest lover,
who can tell me, where did he go?

Flattering little breezes
fly to him with a message.
Tell him to return, and give me
the peace that I no longer have.

Translation by: Bard Suverkrop

When will the day come
when I do not
always feel this trembling,
poor heart?

Stars, now cruel!
a sun appeals no more
than when mine are made,
it is not in vain.

Translation by: Margaret Smythe

Already night is approaching,
come, my beloved,
to the calm seascape
let us breathe the fresh zephyrs.

No one can say that he is loved
unless he stands on these sands
now that a slow little breeze
gently ripples the sea.

Amene selve

Poetry by: Pietro Metastasio

Amene selve, amiche piante
l'amato bene, il caro amante
l'amato bene, il fido amante
chi mi dice dove ando?

Zefiretto lusinghiero
a lui volta messaggiero,
Dille che torni e che mi renda
quella pace che non ho

Heidenröslein

Poetry by: Johann von Goethe (1749 – 1832)

Sah ein Knab' ein Röslein stehn,
Röslein auf der Heiden,
War so jung und morgenschön,
Lief er schnell es nah zu sehn,
Sah's mit vielen Freuden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein roth,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Knabe sprach: ich breche dich,
Röslein auf der Heiden!
Röslein sprach: ich steche dich,
Daß du ewig denkst an mich,
Und ich will's nicht leiden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein roth,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Und der wilde Knabe brach
's Röslein auf der Heiden;
Röslein wehrte sich und stach,
Half ihr doch kein Weh und Ach,
Mußt' es eben leiden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein roth,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Ständchen

Poetry by: Ludwig Rellstab (1799-1860)

Leise flehen meine Lieder
Durch die Nacht zu Dir;
In den stillen Hain hernieder,

Beautiful woods, friendly forests,
beloved, dearest lover,
beloved, trusty lover
who can tell me, where did he go?

Flattering little breezes
fly to him with a message.
Tell her to return, and give me
the peace that I no longer have.

Roseblossom

Translation by: Walter Meyer

Passing lad a rose blossom spied,
Blossom on the heath growing,
'Twas so fair and of youthful pride,
Raced he fast to be near its side,
Saw it with joy o'erflowing.
Blossom, blossom, blossom red,
Blossom on the heath growing.

Said the lad: I shall pick thee,
Blossom on the heath growing!
Blossom spoke: Then I'll prick thee,
That thou shalt ever think of me,
And I'll not be allowing.
Blossom, blossom, blossom red,
Blossom on the heath growing.

And the lusty lad did pick
The blossom on the heath growing;
Blossom, in defense, did prick,
'Twas, alas, but a harmless nick,
Had to be allowing.
Blossom, blossom, blossom red,
Blossom on the heath growing.

Serenade

Translation by: Michael P. Rosewall

My songs beckon softly
through the night to you;
below in the quiet grove,

Liebchen, komm' zu mir!

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen
In des Mondes Licht;
Des Verräthers feindlich Lauschen
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.

Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?
Ach! sie flehen Dich,
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen
Flehen sie für mich.

Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,
Kennen Liebesschmerz,
Rühren mit den Silbertönen
Jedes weiche Herz.

Laß auch dir die Brust bewegen,
Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend harr' ich Dir entgegen;
Komm', beglücke mich!

An die Musik

Poetry by: Franz Schober

Du holde Kunst, in wie viel grauen Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb
entzunden,
Hast mich in eine bessere Welt entrückt.

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf entflossen,
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir,
Den Himmel besserer Zeiten mir erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür.

Autumn Evening

Poetry by: Arthur Maquarie (1874-?)

The yellow poplar leaves have strown
Thy quiet mound, thou slumberest
Where winter's winds will be unknown;
So deep thy rest,
So deep thy rest.

Come to me, beloved!

The rustle of slender leaf tips whispers
in the moonlight;
Do not fear the evil spying
of the betrayer, my dear.

Do you hear the nightingales call?
Ah, they beckon to you,
With the sweet sound of their singing
they beckon to you for me.

They understand the heart's longing,
know the pain of love,
They calm each tender heart
with their silver tones.

Let them also stir within your breast,
beloved, hear me!
Trembling I wait for you,
Come, please me!

To Music

Translation by: Walter Meyer

Oh sacred art, how oft in hours blighted,
While into life's untamed cycle hurled,
Hast thou my heart to warm love reignited
To transport me into a better world!

So often has a sigh from thy harp drifted,
A chord from thee, holy and full of bliss,
A glimpse of better times from heaven lifted.
Thou sacred art, my thanks to thee for this.

Sleep on, my love, thy dreams are sweet,
If thou hast dreams: the flowers I brought
I lay aside for passing feet,
Thou needest nought,
Thou needest, needest nought.

The grapes are gather'd from the hills,
The wood is piled, the song bird gone,
The breath of early evening chills;
My love, my love, sleep on;
My love, my love, sleep on.

Poema

Poetry by: Leo Brouwer

Cuando yo me muera
enterradme con mi guitarra
bajo la arena
Cuando yo me muera
Entre los naranjos
y la yerba buena

Cuando yo me muera
Enterrademe si quieres
en una veleta
Cuando yo me muera

El mirar de la maja

Poetry by: Fernando Periquet (1873-1940)

¿Por qué es en mis ojos
tan hondo el mirar
que a fin de cortar
desdenes y enojos
los suelo entornar?
¿Qué fuego dentro llevarán
que si acaso con calor
los clavo en mi amor
sonrojo me dan?

Por eso el chispero
a quien mi alma dí
al verse ante mí
me tira el sombrero
y dícame así:
"Mi Maja, no me mires más

A Poem

When I die
bury me with my guitar
under the sand
When I die
Between the orange trees
and the mint leaves

When I die
Bury me if you wish
in a little boat
When I die

The Gaze of the Beloved

Translation by: Pamela Narbona Jerez

Because my eyes
hold such an intense gaze
in order to avoid
disdain and fighting
I tend to look away
What fire do they carry inside,
that with only a little passion,
when I look at my lover,
they cause me to blush?

That's why this fiery man
to whom I gave my soul
when standing in front of me
tosses a hat my way
and says to me:
"my love, do not look at me anymore

que tus ojos rayos son
y ardiendo en pasión
la muerte me dan."

for your eyes are lightning
and burning in desire
they give me death."

Asturiana

Poetry by: Anonymous

Translation by: Claudia Landivar Cody

Por ver si me consolaba,
Arrime a un pino verde,
Por ver si me consolaba.

To see whether it would console me,
I drew near a green pine,
To see whether it would console me.

Por verme llorar, lloraba.
Y el pino como era verde,
Por verme llorar, lloraba.

Seeing me weep, it wept;
And the pine, being green,
seeing me weep, wept.

El que quisiera amando

Poetry by: Anonymous

Translation by: Suzanne Rhodes Draayer

El que quisiera amando
vivir sin pena,
ha de tomar el tiempo
conforme venga

He who wants to love
yet live without sorrow,
has to take time
as it comes.

Quiera querido,
y si te aborrecieren
haga lo mismo

One wants to be loved,
and if they hated you for it
do the same.