Midnight

Gone are the years of my youth,
Gone is the fire in my soul.
Empty my heart, empty my life,
Now only the waiting.
I can remember days full of sunlight,
Of joy, of laughter.
I can remember blessed moments,
Time shared, lives joined.
Gone are the things that I cherished,
Gone all my dreams!
Empty my thoughts and the hours they used to fill,
Now only a blank wall!
I can remember vows made in faith,
In warmth, in passion!
I can remember each word of our pledge,
Our trust or promise! Now lost.
Each tender moment I spent,
Waiting the sound of your voice!
For gone is my love,
Gone my only love!

Bereft

By his bedside I sat with love in my heart,
As I had sat long ago.
In childhood to beam sleep to his eyes.
But now to hold back the last sleep.
My son, departing for lands uncharted!
My Boy! His life an unvoiced thought,
His future lost in the mist!
I hoped, though there was no hope,
Too soon his last breath came,
And part of me died too!

Text: Verna Arvey

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Pier Lamia Porter

soprano

with

Michelle Lee, piano

Featuring

Sandro Ladu, violin
Christina Riegert, violin
John Pollock, viola
Roberto Chavez, cello
Blake Riley, bass
Gina Bombola, harp

Thursday, April 8, 2010
6:00pm
Doc Randol Recital Hall
Beam Music Center

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From the Heart of a Woman

Abendempfindung
W. A. Mozart (1756-1791)
Gina Bombola, harp

Obsession

Perduta ho la pace
Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

Callejero
Enrique Granados (1867-1916)

Plainte d’amour
Pauline Viardot-Garcia (1821-1910)

Yearning

Intorno all’idol mio
Marco Antonio Cesti (1623-1669)

Oh! Quand je dors
Franz Liszt (1811-1886)

Les Filles de Cadix
Leo Delibes (1836-1891)

Pause

Anguish

Die Mainacht
Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Olas gigantes
Manuel de Falla (1876-1946)

Watch and Pray
Undine Smith Moore (1904-1989)

From the Hearts of Women
Little Mother
William Grant Still (1895-1978)

Mid tide
Sandro Ludy, Christina Riegert, Violin

Coquette
John Pollock, Viola

Bereft
Robert Chavez, Cello

Text: Joachim Heinrich Campe
Translation: Pier Lania Porter

Program Notes and Translations

Mozart completed "Abendempfindung" on June 24, 1787. Although this piece was written in the eighteenth century, it's through composed melody and sentimentality fast forwards into the nineteenth century; rendering Franz Schubert a foundation to build upon. During an evening, the narrator contemplates the passing of time and life. She then speaks of her own death and asks the listener to shed a tear for her, which will become the most beautiful pearl in her crown.

Abendempfindung
Abend ist's, die Sonne ist verschwunden,
Und der Mond strahlt silberglanz;
So entflieht des Lebens schönesten Stunden,
Fliehn vorüber wie im Tanz.

Bald entflieht des Lebens bunte Szene,
Und der Vorhang rollt herab;
Aus ist unser Spiel, des Freundes Träne
Fließet schon auf unser Grab.

Bald vielleicht (mir weht, wie Westwind leise,
Eine stille Ahnung zu),
Schließ ich dieses Lebens Pilgerreise,
Fiege in das Land der Ruh!

Werdet ihr dann an meinem Grabe sehn,
Trauernd meine Asche sehn,
Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch erscheinen
Und will himmelfahrt euch wehn.

Schenk auch du ein Tränen mir
Und pflichte mir ein Veilchen auf mein Grab,
Und mit deinem reichen Blicke
Sieh dann sanft auf mich herab.

Weht mir eine Träne, und ach! schäm'e
Dich nur nicht, sie mir zu wehn;
Oh, sie wird in meinem Diademe
Dann die schönste Perle sein!

Evening Impression
It is evening, the sun has disappeared,
and the moon radiates silver-light;
thus flees life's most beautiful hours,
fly by as in the dance.

Soon escapes life's colorful scene,
and the curtain rolls down;
Ended has our play, the friend's tear
Flows already upon our grave.

Soon perhaps, (a gentle West wind blows to me)
A silent foreboding;
I end this life's pilgrimage,
Fly into the land of rest!

Will you then at my grave cry,
Gaze mournfully my ashes
Then, o friends, will I appear to you
And will send heaven to you

Give also you a little tear to me
And pick me a violet for my grave,
And with your soulful glance
Look then gently down on me.

Dedicate a tear to me, and ah!
But be not ashamed to dedicate it to me;
Oh, it will in my tiara
Then the most beautiful pearl be!
In 1911, Enrique Granados' recognition as a composer was eternally established with the success of his piano suite *Goyescas*. "Calljéco" is a song taken out of the Colección de Tonadillas written in 1910; inspired by the paintings of Francisco Goya. *Tonadilla* is a term derived from *tonada*, a song of theatrical character. The vocal phrases are firmly rooted in Spanish vocal traditions and the guitar is graphically illustrated in the piano.

Pauline Viardot-Garcia was the daughter of two opera singers, Manuel Garcia and Joaquina Garcia-Stichéns. After her father's early death she studied voice with her mother and piano with Franz Liszt. Madame Viardot, as she called herself from that time forward, had one of the most exciting careers in music history. She wrote more than 100 songs, four operettas, one opera, many piano works, and two volumes of violin music. *Plaine d'amour* is an arrangement of Chopin's Mazurka #1 in F-sharp minor, op. 6 no. 1.

**Perduta ho la pace**

Perduta ho la pace,
ho in cor mille guai;
Ah, no, più non spero
trovarla più mai.

M'è buio di tomba
ov'egli non è;
Senz'esso un deserto
è il mondo per me.

Mio povero capo
così troppo dolce;
Oh misera, il senno,
il senno m'è tolto!

Perduta ho la pace,
ho in cor mille guai;
Ah, no, più non spero
trovarla più mai.

S'io sto al finestrello,
ho gli occhi a lui solo;
S'io fuggo di casa,
sol dio sei a lui solo.

Oh, il bel portamento;
oh, il vago suo viso;
Qual forza è nei raggi,
dolce sorriso!

E son le parole
un magico rio;
Qual stringer di mano,
qual bacio, mio Dio!

Perduta ho la pace,
ho in cor mille guai;
Ah, no, più non spero
trovarla più mai.

I Have Lost the Peace

I have lost the peace
I have in my heart one thousand woes;
Ah, no, I can hope
To find it never again.

Everywhere he is not
Is like a tomb;
Without him the world
Is a desert for me.

My poor head
Is confused, upset;
Oh misery, my senses,
My senses are gone!

I have lost the peace
I have in my heart one thousand woes;
Ah, no, I can hope
To find it never again.

I Analía congiungersi
All' suo il mio petto;
Potessi abbracciarlo,
tenerlo a me stretto!

Baciarlo potessi,
far pago il desiderio!
Baciarlo? potessi
baciata morir.

Text: Luigi Balestra

Calljéco

Dos horas ha que calljéco
pero no veo,
nerviosa ya, sin calma,
al que le di confianza
ela alma.

No vi hombre jamás
que mintiera más que el majo
que hoy me engañá;
mas no lo he de valer
pues siempre fui mujer de maña
y, si es menester,
correré sin parar,
tras él, entera España.

Text: Fernando Periquet

Plaine d'amour

Chère âme, sans toi j'expire,
Pourquoi taire ma douleur?
Mes larmes veulent sourire
Mes yeux disent mon malheur.
Hélas! Loin de toi j'expire,
Que ma cruelle peine,
De ton âme hauteaine
Désarme la rigueur.

Cette nuit dans un rêve,
Je croyais te voir;
Ah, soudain là nuit s'achève,
Et s'enfuit l'espoir.

Je veux sourire
Hélas! La mort, la mort est dans mon coeur.

Text: Louis Pomey

Love's Lament

Dear soul, without you I die,
Why silence my sorrow?
My eyes want to smile
My tears speak my misfortune.
Alas! Far from you I die.

May my cruel pain,
Disarm the harshness
Of your haughty soul.

Tonight in a dream,
I believed I saw you;
Ah, suddenly the night is over,
And hope flies away.

I want to smile
Alas! Death, death is in my heart.

Translation: Pier Lamia Porter

Translation: Pier Lamia Porter

Translation: Pier Lamia Porter
Yearning

Antonio Cesti was one of the most celebrated of the mid-seventeenth century generation of Italian operatic composers. As a tenor he was regarded as "the glory and splendor of the secular stage." Cesti's Oronotae, one of the most celebrated operas of the seventeenth century, is considered a significant antecedent of eighteenth-century opera buffa. In the aria "Intorno all' idolo mio" from the end of Act II, Oronotae, Queen of Egypt, sings of her love for the sleeping painter Aldoro. The smooth melodic line carries a sensuous melancholy, intensifying periodically by a dissonant leap.

Written in 1842 and revised the following decade, "Oh! quand je dors" was the first of seven poems of Victor Hugo that Franz Liszt would set between 1842 and 1849. Liszt had already known Victor Hugo in 1827 and invited him to his concerts. Liszt's close association with poets are evident in the large amount of music that is based on literature. The first version of "Oh! quand je dors" was published in Berlin in 1844, along with two other Hugo settings, "Enfants, si j'étais roi" and "Et s'il est un charmant gazon!"; the three were again published together in their second versions in 1859.

Born in France, Léo Delibes received his early training with his mother and uncle. He is best known for his popular opera Lakmé and as the first composer to write music of high quality for the ballet. His songs, demonstrate his integral melodic gift and his flair for bringing out the best elements of the voice, writing with grace and attractive rhythms to bring the text vividly to life. The accompaniment for "Les Filles de Cadix" in D minor is a kind of Spanish trumpet-call dance melody, changing to a steady guitar strum as the voice enters. The introduction to this piece bears a striking resemblance to the gypsy song "Les tringles des sœurs" from George Bizet's Carmen.

Intorno all' idolo mio

Intorno all' idolo mio spirate pur, spirate,
Aure, aure soavi e gracie,
E nelle guancie elette
Baciatelo per me,
Cortesi, cortesi auretute!

Al mio ben, che riposa
Su l'ali della quiete,
Grati, grati sogni assistete
E il mio racchiuso ardore
Svelate gli per me,
O larve, o larve d'amore!

Text: Anonymous

Sur mon front morne où peut-être s'achève
Un songe noir qui trop longtemps dura,
Que ton regard comme un astre se lève...
Soudain mon rêve
Rayonnera! Ah!

Puis sur ma lèvre voilie une flamme,
Éclair d'amour que Dieu même épura,
Pose un baiser, et d'ange deviens femme...
Soudain mon âme
S'éveillera!

Text: Victor Hugo

Le Filles de Cadix

Nous venions de voir le taureau,
Trois garçons, trois fillettes,
Sur la pelouse il faisait beau,
Et nous dansions un bolero
Au son des castagnettes;
Dites-moi, voisin,
Si j'ai bonne mine,
Et si ma basquine va bien, ce matin,
Vous me trouverez la taille fine?
Ah! ah!
Les filles de Cadix aiment assez cela
Et nous dansions un bolero
Un soir était dimanche,
Vers nous s'en vient un hidalgo
Coussu d'or, la plume au chapeau,
Et la poignée sur la hanche:
Si tu veux de moi,
Brune au doux sourire,
Tu n'as qu'à le dire,
C'est-à-dire toi.
Passez votre chemin, beau sire,
Ah! Ah!
Les filles de Cadix n'entendent pas cela.

Text: Louis Charles Alfred de Musset

The Girls of Cadiz

We had just seen the bull,
Three boys, three young girls,
On the grass it was nice
And we danced a bolero
to the sound of castanets:
Tell me, neighbor,
whether I have a nice face
And if my skirt looks alright this morning
You think I have a slender waist?
Ah! ah!
The girls of Cadiz like that well enough

And we dance a bolero
One evening it was Sunday,
To us comes up a hidalgó,
Sewn with gold, a feather in his hat,
And his list on his hip
"If ever you want me"
Brunette with the soft smile,
You only have to say so
This gold is yours
Go on your way, handsome sire
Ah! Ah!
The girls of Cadiz don't understand that.

Text: Louis Charles Alfred de Musset

Translation: Pier Lamia Porter

Oh! When I sleep

Oh, when I sleep, approach my bed,
As Laura appeared to Petrarch;
And as you pass, touch me with your breath...
Suddenly my lips
Will part!

Anguish

"Die Mainacht" is the second song of Johannes Brahms' Vier Gesange, Op. 43 collection. These four pieces have become among Brahms' most famous and often performed songs. In "Die Mainacht" the singer is describing her alienation as she wanders miserably from bush to bush in the moonlight; the piano introduction establishes the sense of lack of direction. Johann Voss edited Ludwig Hölty's text and Brahms used 3 out of the 4 verses.
Manuel de Falla is widely regarded as the most distinguished Spanish composer of the early twentieth century. Falla's reputation is based primarily on two lavish works by the Iberian ballet scores: *El amor bruja* (Love the magician) and *El Sombrero de tres picos* (The Three-Cornered Hat). With its broad, melodic phrases and arioso vocal style, *Olas gigantes* could easily be mistaken for a German art song.

Often referred to as the “Dean of Black Women Composers,” Undine Smith Moore was a notable and prolific composer of the 20th century. She began studying piano at the age of 9, and at the age of 20 became the first graduate of Fisk University in Nashville, Tennessee, to receive a scholarship to Juilliard. Moore is best known for her choral works, including *Scenes from the Life of a Martyr*, a 16-part oratorio based on the life of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., which was nominated for a Pulitzer Prize. She was awarded honorary degrees by Virginia State College (1972) and Indiana University (1976).

Die Mainacht

Wann der hellere Mond durch die Gestirne blanks,  
Und sein schlummerndes Licht über den Rasen streut  
Und die Nachtigall fliet,  
Wand’ ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.

Überhütet von Laub girret ein Täuberpaar  
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wende mich,  
Suche dunklere Schatten,  
Und die einsame Thräne rinnt.

Wann, o läschnelndes Bild, welches wie Morgengrot  
Durch die Seele mir strahlt, und ich auf Erden dich’,  
Und die einsame Thräne  
Bebt mir heiser die Wang’ herab!

Text: Ludwig Holtz

The May Night

When the silvery moon through the huckleberry flashes,  
And its slumbering light over the lawn spreads,  
And the Nightingale sings,  
I wander sadly from bush to bush.

Covered over by leaves coos a pair of doves  
Its enchantment to me, but I turn myself,  
Seek darker shadows,  
And the lonely tear floats.

When, oh smiling image, which like morning glow  
Shines through my soul, do I find you on earth?  
And the lonely tear floats  
Trembles hotter down my cheek!

Translation: Pier Laming Porter

Olas gigantes

Olas gigantes que os rompéis bramando  
En las playas desiertas y remotas,  
Envelopado entre las sábanas de espuma,  
¡Llevadme con vosotras!

Ráfagas de huracán, que arrebatáis  
Del alto bosque las marchitas hojas,  
Arrastrando en el ciego torbellino,  
¡Llevadme con vosotras!

Nubes de tempestad que rompe el rayo  
Y en fuego orna las desprendidas orlas,  
Arrebatado entre la niebla oscura,  
¡Llevadme con vosotras!

Gigantic Waves

Gigantic waves that break roaring  
In the remote and deserted beaches,  
Enveloped among blankets of foam...  
Take me with you!

Blasts of the hurricane that tear  
From the high woods the shriveled leaves,  
Dragging them along in the blind whirlwind.  
Take me with you!

Storm clouds broken by lightning  
And in fire decorating the broken surf  
Snatched from the dark sky...  
Take me with you!

Text: Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer

Llevadme, por piedad, adonde el vértigo  
Con la razón me arranque la memoria.  
¡Por piedad! ... ¡Tengo miedo de quedarme  
Con mi dolor a solas, con mi dolor a solas!

Take me, for pity's sake, to where vertigo  
Can tear out memory and reason.  
For pity's sake! I am afraid to remain  
With my grief alone, with my grief alone!

Translation: Pier Laming Porter

Watch and pray

Mama, is Massa goin' to sell us tomorrow?  
Yes, Yes, Yes.  
Oh watch and pray,  
Is he a-goin' to sell us down to Georgia?  
Yes, yes, yes.  
Oh! down to Georgia,  
Watch and pray. Oh mama  
Don't you grieve after me.  
Oh, watch and pray.

From the Hearts of Women

Best known for his orchestral works, African American composer William Grant Still also composed at length for the voice: nine operas, several choral pieces and many vocal solos and duets. Composed in 1959, the four songs in *From the Hearts of Women* are distinctly different from Stills other song cycle *Songs of Separation*, composed in 1949. For the earlier cycle he engaged texts by five male poets to describe the various emotions of a person at the end of a romantic relationship. For the text of his second cycle he asked his wife Verna Arey, for a description of the feminine emotional landscape. She takes a “verbal snapshot” of four very diverse women of various ages. In *From the Hearts of Women*, one woman paints sketches of four very different women: a child playing with her doll, a middle aged woman, a coquette and a mourning mother.

Little Mother

Little Mother

Babysweetheart, baby darling, baby on my knee!  
My sweetheart, little angel, by my side the night long.  
Little playmate, dear companion, with me through the day.  
Cause I love you, you will listen to the things I tell you.  
Baby please don’t be naughty now.  
You’ll get a spanking if you are bad!  
Mommy tells you, “Be good.”  
Stop your crying, and you’ll get a reward.”  
Daddy says you’re only a rag doll,  
But I know better.  
Now go to sleep, and when you wake up,  
We’ll have more fun together.

Coquette

Coquette

By the sea, in the streets, at the ball.  
I go forth with romance, wanting fun.  
With a word, with a glance, with a gesture,  
I’m seeking someone to adore me.  
When I find him I’ll greet him with pleasure,  
When I greet him I’ll wait for his amuse.  
For in this game we’re partners,  
In this gay game of flirtation.  
In the spring, in the fall, in the summer  
I go forth with romance, wanting fun.  
In the light, in the dark, reach the moon,  
I’m seeking someone to adore me.  
When I find him I’ll join him in merriment.  
In that moment I’ll lose far afield.  
For in this game I seek new partners,  
Since the game is worth more than the prize.