The University of Nevada Las Vegas
College of Fine Arts
Department of Music

Presents

A FESTSCHRIFT RECITAL

Celebrating Dr. Carol Kimball's 36 years at The University of Nevada, Las Vegas 1972-2008 and to honor her retirement from the Department of Music.

Saturday, 29 March 2008
7:00 P.M.
Doc Rando Recital Hall
Beam Music Center
Tonight’s Artists and Distinguished Guests

The program tonight features members of the UNLV vocal faculty, colleagues, and students and former students of Carol Kimball.

The UNLV Vocal Faculty:

Dr. Tod Fitzpatrick, baritone
Dr. Alfonse Anderson, tenor
Professor Christine Seitz, soprano
Professor David Weiller, Director of Choral Studies

Juline Barol-Gilmore, mezzo-soprano
D.M.A. program, UNLV

Serdar Ilhan, baritone
D.M.A. program, UNLV

Michael Cochran, tenor
Arsenia Soto, soprano

Veera Khare Asher, soprano
D.M.A. program, UNLV

Polya Bankova, pianist
Nevada School of the Arts; M.M., UNLV.

Dr. Wanda Brister, mezzo-soprano
Voice faculty, Florida State University; D.M.A. UNLV

Jennifer Bryant, soprano
M.M., UNLV; post-graduate studies in voice

Dr. Judith Cloud, mezzo-soprano, composer
Voice faculty, Coordinator of Vocal Studies; Northern Arizona University,
Artist-in-residence

Jeanette Fontaine, mezzo-soprano
B.M., M.M., UNLV; D.M.A. program, University of South Carolina

Debra Greschner, soprano
Vocal faculty Lamar University; M.M., UNLV; book reviewer The Journal of Singing

Dr. Jennifer Grim, flute
Music faculty, UNLV; Director, flute program

Carolyn Villavicencio Grossmann, pianist
M.M., piano, UNLV. Adjunct piano faculty, UNLV.

Amy Hunsaker, soprano
D.M.A. program, UNLV

Lori Laitman, distinguished American composer, Artist-in-residence

Dr. Robert Mills, pianist
Artist-in-Residence; Music faculty, Arizona State University - Lyric Opera coach/accompanist.

Valeria Ore, mezzo-soprano
B.M., piano; M.M., piano/voice, UNLV

Debra Siebert, mezzo-soprano
D.M.A. program, UNLV

Roza Tulyaganova, soprano
B.M., UNLV; M.M. Manhattan School of Music; D.M.A. program,
Manhattan School of Music

Eric Whitacre, composer
B.M., UNLV; M.M. The Juilliard School; UNLV Outstanding Alumni Award;
Grammy Award nominee

Garold Whisler, pianist. UNLV Outstanding Alumni Award
Formerly with New Orleans Opera Company, Virginia Opera

~ Flowers provided by Enchanted Florist ~
- PROGRAM -

Sonnet
Judith Cloud, mezzo-soprano
Robert Mills, piano

- REMARKS – Dr. Kenneth Hanlon, Professor of Music -

Les roses d'Ispahan
Fantoches (from Fêtes galantes)
Debra Greschner, soprano
Robert Mills, piano

Seien wir wieder gut (from Ariadne auf Naxos)
Wanda Brister, mezzo-soprano
Robert Mills, piano

Rivolgete a lui lo sguardo (from Così fan tutte)
Serdar Ilhan, baritone
Robert Mills, piano

Apparition
Jennifer Bryant, soprano
Robert Mills, piano

C (from Fêtes galantes)
Voyage à Paris (from Banalités)
Arsenia Soto, soprano
Carolyn Villavicencio Grossmann, piano

Fylgia
I skogen
Debra Siebert, mezzo-soprano
Robert Mills, piano

Svegliatevi nel core (from Giulio Cesare)
Jeanette Fontaine, mezzo-soprano
Robert Mills, piano
* Quatre mélodies de Ronsard
Quand je te vois, seule....
Bonjour, mon cœur
À sa guitare
Je suis homme, né pourmourir

Tod Fitzpatrick, baritone
Robert Mills, piano
*Written for and dedicated to Carol Kimball. First performance

Sure on This Shining Night
Christine Seitz, soprano
Carolyn Villavicencio Grossmann, piano

- INTERMISSION -

- REMARKS: Jonathan Good, Department of Music Chair -

Last Night the Rain Spoke to Me (from Early Snow)
Veera Khare Asher, soprano
Carolyn Villavicencio Grossmann, piano

* The Silver Swan
Juline Barol-Gilmore, mezzo-soprano
Jennifer Grim, flute
Lori Laitman, piano
* Written for and dedicated to Carol Kimball. First performance

* Dreaming
Veera Khare Asher, soprano; Juline Barol-Gilmore, mezzo-soprano,
Alfonse Anderson, tenor; Serdar Ilban, baritone
Lori Laitman, piano
*First performance of the quartet version of this song

- REMARKS: Professor Virko Baley, Distinguished Professor of Music -
La rosa y el sauce

Amy Hunsaker, soprano
Polya Bankova, piano

To bylo ranyeyu vesnoy

Michael Cochran, tenor
Carolyn Villavicencio Grossmann, piano

Ne poy. krasavitsa, pri mne
Zdes’ khorosho

Roza Tulyaganova, soprano
Garold Whisler, piano

Zabyt’ tak skoro

Valeria Ore, mezzo-soprano
Garold Whisler, piano

Nessun dorma (from Turandot)

Alfonse Anderson, tenor
Garold Whisler, piano

Five Hebrew Love Songs

Temuná
Kalá kallá
Lárov
Éyze shéleg!
Rakút

The UNLV Chamber Chorale:
Kailee Ann Albitz, Stephen D. Bachicha, Michael Elliot, Grant Davis, April Rose Drohn, Rachel Espil, Edina Flaathen, Alanna E. Gallo, Daniel Joly, Andy Kim, Cecilia López, Tim Mellon, Amanda J. Mura, Maureen Seymour, Brandon Teal, Christina Williams, Michael P. Woxland
David Weiller, conductor
Valeria Ore, piano
Sonnet
I am in need of music that would flow
Over my fretful, feeling finger-tips,
Over my bitter-tainted, trembling lips,
With melody, deep, clear, and liquid-slow.
Oh, for the healing swaying, old and low,
Of some song sung to rest the tired dead,
A song to fall like water on my head,
And over quivering limbs, dream flushed to glow!

There is a magic made by melody:
A spell of rest, and quiet breath, and cool
Heart, that sinks through fading colors deep
To the subaqueous stillness of the sea,
And floats forever in a moon-green pool,
Held in the arms of rhythm and of sleep.

- Elizabeth Bishop

Les roses d'Ispahan
Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur gaine de mousse,
Les jasmines de Mosoul, les fleurs de l'oranger
Ont un parfum moins frais, ont une odeur moins douce,
O blanche Leilah, que ton souffle léger.

Ta lèvre est de corail, et ton rire léger
Sonne mieux que l'eau vive et d'une voix plus douce,
Mieux que le vent joyeux qui berce l'oranger,
Mieux que l'oiseau qui chante au bord d'un nid
de mousse....

O Leilah! Depuis que de leur vol léger
Tous les baisers ont fui de ta lèvre si douce,
Il n'est plus de parfum dans le pale oranger,
Ni de céleste arome aux roses dans leur mousse...

Oh! que ton jeune amour, ce papillon léger,
Reviennent vers mon cœur d'une aile prompte et douce,
Et qu'il parfume encore les fleurs de l'oranger,
Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur gaine de mousse!

- Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle

The Roses of Isfahan
The roses of Isfahan in their mossy sheaths
The jasmines of Mosul, the orange blossom
Have a fragrances less fresh and a scent less sweet,
O pale Leilah, than your soft breath!

Your lips of coral and your light laughter
Rings brighter and sweeter than running water,
Than the blithe wind rocking the orange-tree boughs,
Than the singing bird by its mossy nest...

O Leilah, ever since on light wings
All kisses have flown from your sweet lips,
The pale orange-tree fragrance is spent,
And the heavenly scent of moss-clad roses.

Oh! may your young love, that airy butterfly,
Wing swiftly and gently to my heart once more,
To scent again the orange blossom,
The roses of Isfahan in their mossy sheaths!
Fantoches
Scaramouche et Pulcinella
Qu’un mauvais dessein rassembla
Gesticulent, noirs sous la lune.

Cependant l’excellent docteur
Bolonnaïs cueille avec lenteur
Des simples parmi l’herbe brune.

Lors sa fille, piquant minois,
Sous la charmille, en tapinois,
Se glisse, demi-nue, en quête
De son beau pirate espagnol,
Dont un amoureux rossignol
Clame la détresse à tue-tête.
- Paul Verlaine

Marionettes
Scaramouche and Pulcinella,
Drawn together by some evil scheme,
Gesticulate, black beneath the moon.

Meanwhile the excellent doctor
From Bologna is leisurely picking
Medicinal herbs in the brown grass.

Then his daughter, pertly pretty,
Beneath the arbor, stealthily,
Glides, half-naked, in quest
Of her handsome Spanish pirate,
Whose grief a lovelorn nightingale
Proclaims as loudly as he can.
-Translations above by Richard Stokes
In: Johnson, The French Song Companion

Seien wir wieder gut. The Composer’s aria from Ariadne auf Naxos

Der Komponist:
Seien wir wieder gut.
Ich sehe jetzt alles mit anderen Augen!
Die Tiefen des Daseins sind unermesslich!
Mein lieber Freund!
Es gibt manches auf der Welt,
Das läßt sich nicht sagen.
Die Dichter unterlegen ja recht gute Worte,
Jedoch—Mut ist in mir, Mut, Freund!
Die Welt ist lieblich
Und nicht fürchterlich dem Mutigen.
Was ist denn Musik?
Musik ist eine heilige Kunst, zu versammeln
alle Arten von Mut wie Cherubim
um einen strahlenden Thron,
und darum ist sie die heilige unter dem Künsten!
Die heilige Musik!
- Hugo von Hofmannsthal

The Composer:
Let’s make up!
I see everything differently now!
Who can understand the depths of existence?
My dear friend,
There is not much in the world
That cannot be put into words.
Poets set down excellent words, yes, excellent
And yet—I am filled with courage, my friend
The world is delightful
And not fearful to the bold man.
What is music, then?
Music is a sacred art,
that brings together all men of courage,
like cherubim around a shining throne,
and for this reason it is the most holy of the arts!
Holy music!

Rivolgete a lui lo sguardo. Guglielmo’s aria from Cosi fan tutte

Guglielmo:
(a Fiordiligi)
Rivolgete a lui lo sguardo
e vedrete come sta:
tutto dice: “Io gelo, io ardo
idol mio, pietà, pietà.”
(a Dorabella)
E voi, cara, un sol momento
il bel ciglio a me volgete,
e nel mio ritroverete
quel che labbro dir non sa.

Guglielmo:
(to Fiordiligi)
Turn your gaze on him
and you will see how he is;
everything says: “I freeze, I burn,
my idol, have pity, have pity.”
(to Dorabella)
And you, dear, for only a moment
turn your lovely eyes to me,
and in mine you will discover
what these lips cannot say.
An impassioned Orlando
is nothing compared to me'
A Medoro with wounded heart
Against him, I count as nothing.
My sighs are flames,
His desire is of bronze.
If we were speaking of merits
I am certain, and he is certain
that no equals can be found
from Vienna to Canada.

For riches we are both Croesus
for beauty both Narcissus;
in love, Mark Anthony
compared to us would look foolish.
We are stronger than a Cyclops,
in writing, Aesop's equals.
If we dance, Pick yields to us
so gentle and nimble are our steps.

If we sing, with one single trill
we'd put the nightingale to shame;
and we have other assets
that are known to no one.

(The Ladies leave angrily.
Guglielmo, with great joy)

Good, good, they hold firm,
They are gone and I am joyful!
Heroines of constancy,
Images of faithfulness.

- Trans. by Serdar Ilban

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Apparition
La lune s’attristait. Des séraphins en pleurs
Révant, l’archet aux doigts, dans le calme des fleurs
Vaporeuses, tiraient de mourantes violes
De blancs sanglots glissant sur l’azur des corolles.
— C’était le jour béné de ton premier baiser.
Ma songerie aimant à me martyriser
S’enivrait savamment du parfum de tristesse
Que même sans regret et sans déboire laisse
La cueillaison d’un Rêve au cœur qui l’a cueilli.

J’errais donc, l’œil rivé sur le pavé vieilli.
Quand avec du soleil aux cheveux, dans la rue
Et dans le soir, tu m’es en riant apparue
Et j’ai cru voir la fée au chapeau de clarté
Qui jadis sur mes beaux sommeils d’enfant gate
Passait, laissant toujours de ses mains mal fermées
Neiger de blancs bouquets d’étoiles parfumées.
- Stéphane Mallarmé

Apparition
The moon was saddened. Seraphim in tears
dreaming, bows at their fingers, in the calm of filmy flowers
Threw dying violas of white sobs
sliding over the blue of corollas.
It was the blessed day of your first kiss;
My reverie, loving to torture me,
wisely imbibed its perfume of sadness
That even without regret and without setback
leaves the gathering of a dream within the heart that
gathered it.

I wandered then, my eye riveted on the aged cobblestones
When, with light in your hair, in the street
and in the evening you appeared to me smiling
and I thought I had seen the fairy with a hat of light
who passed in my sweet dreams as a spoiled child
always dropping from her carelessly closed hand
a snow of white bouquets of perfumed stars.

- Trans. by Laura Claycomb
C.
I have crossed the bridges of Cé
it is there that it all began
a song of bygone days
tells of a wounded knight
of a rose on the carriage-way
and an unlaced bodice
of the castle of a mad duke
and swans on the moats
of the meadow where comes dancing
an eternal betrothed
and I drank like iced milk
the long lay of false glories
The Loire carries my thoughts away
with the overturned cars
and the unprimed weapons
and the ill-dried tears
O my France o my forsaken France
I have crossed the bridges of Cé.

*Les Ponts-de-Cé, near Angers, have been the scene of repeated conflicts from the Roman period on. In May 1940 thousands of French men and women fled over the bridge to escape the advancing Germans. (from: Johnson, *The French Song Companion*)

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**Voyage à Paris**

Ah! la charmante chose
Quitter un pays morose
   Pour Paris
   Paris joli
   Qu’un jour
Dut créer l’Amour
   - Guillaume Apollinaire

**Trip to Paris**

Ah! how charming
To leave a dreary place
   for Paris
   delightful Paris
   that once upon a time
Love must have created
   - Translations above by Winifred Radford
   In: Bernac: *The Interpretation of French Song*

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**Guiding spirit**

O guiding spirit, fleet me not,
when I am drawn to darkness,
o noble shadow, leave me not,
when my lowly thoughts blot out your purity,
floating in beauty and starlight
and with dreams of light before my eyes
so near me, but yet so far away
like the distant, distant sky,
so sought after, so inaccessible,
o maiden, aching and yearning for beauty,
o being, wrapped in life’s finest shimmering silver cloth
with happy features and with skin like
shimmering roses.
O guiding spirit, flee me not,
o noble shadow, leave me not,
you, my aching yearning for beauty,
who in my sorrow-filled day 
Are my comforting protection against the darkness of night.

-In the Forest
O wild, white orchid, how lovely to meet you, 
standing in the grass
sighing forth your perfume, 
your innermost being, at sunset.

O thrush, how wonderful to hear your song 
as you sit in a high fir tree, looking around
in the evening, shouting out with joy
At the dawn that you feel coming.

Teach me, wild white orchid, to embrace sorrow 
patiently as you when all joy has ended!
Thrush, teach me to sing as happily as you
Of my faith in happier times!

-Svegliatevi nel core. Sesto’s aria from Giulio Cesare

Awaken in my heart
the wrath of an offended soul,
so I may wreak upon a traitor
My bitter vengeance!
The ghost of my father 
hastens to my defense, 
saying: “From you, 
my son, strength is expected.”

-Quatre mélodies de Ronsard

I.
When I see you sitting all by yourself, 
engrossed in your thoughts, 
with your head somewhat lowered, 
withdrawn from the crowd and from me, 
then I often want to greet you, to interrupt 
your moodiness; but my weakened voice, 
excessively fearful, stays back 
in my mouth, leaving me mute.

I cannot stand the brilliance of your appearance;
my soul quivers timorously in my body;
my tongue and voice do not function.

Only my sighs, only my sad face 
speak for me; and such passion 
gives sufficient evidence of my love.

-Trans. by Peter Low
II.
Bonjour mon coeur,
Bonjour ma douce vie,
Bonjour mon œil
Bonjour ma chère amie!

Hé! bonjour, ma toute belle,
Ma mignardise,
Bonjour, mes délices,
Mon amour,
Mon doux printemps,
Ma douce fleur nouvelle,
Mon doux plaisir,
Ma douce colombelle,
Mon passereau, ma gente tourterelle!
Bonjour ma douce rebelle.

III.
Ma guitare, je te chante,
Par qui seule je déçois,
Je déçois, je romps, j’enchant
Les amours que je reçois.

Au son de ton harmonie
Je rafraîchis ma chaleur,
Ma chaleur, flamme infinie,
Naissante d’un beau malheur.

IV.
Je suis homme, né pour mourir
Je suis bien sûr que du trépas
Je ne me saurais secourir
Que poudre je n’aîle là-bas.
Je connais bien les ans que j’ai;
Mais ceux qui me doivent venir,
Bons ou mauvais, je ne les sais,
Ni quand mon âge doit finir.

Pour ce fuyez-vous-en, émoi,
Qui rongez mon cœur à tous coups,
Fuyez-vous-en bien loin de moi,
Je n’ai que faire avec vous.
Au moins avant que trépasser,
Que je puisse à mon aise un jour
Jouer, sauter, rire et danser
Avec Bacchus et Amour.

II.
Good day, my heart;
Good day, my charming maiden!
Good day, my own!
Good day, my flower, love laden!

Ah, good day, my gentle sweetheart,
My nymph enchanting, good day,
Mine eyes’ delight, my dear love,
My tender bud, my fresh and gentle spring flower,
My singing bird, my turtle dove in rose bower,
My winsome maid, my heart’s delight and longing.
Good day, my sweet, my tyrant love.
- Trans. by Miriam Chase

III.
My guitar, I sing to you
Whom alone I disappoint
I disappoint, I break, I enchant
The loves that I receive.

At the sound of your harmony
I refresh my warmth
My warmth, an infinite flame
Born of a beautiful unhappiness.
- Trans. by Victoria de Menil

IV.
I am a man born to die.
I am certain that
I cannot save myself from death,
from descending into death.
Well I know the years I have had,
but those that are to come,
good or bad, I do not know,
nor when my age shall end.

Flee, confusion
that gnaws at my heart at all costs.
Flee far from me.
I have nothing to do with you,
unless, before I die,
some day I may
play and jump, laugh and dance,
with Bacchus and Love.
- Trans. by Faith Cormier

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Sure On This Shining Night
Sure on this shining night of star-made shadows 'round
Kindness must watch for me this side the ground.
The late year lies down the North
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth
Hearts all whole.
Sure on this shining night I weep for wonder
Wand'ring far alone, of shadows on the stars.
- James Agee

- INTERMISSION -

Last Night the Rain Spoke to Me
Last night
the rain
spoke to me
slowly, saying,
what joy
to come falling
out of the brisk cloud,
to be happy again
in a new way
on the earth!
That's what it said
as it dropped,
smelling of iron,
and vanished
like a dream of the ocean
into the branches
and the grass below.
Then it was over.
the sky cleared.
I was standing
under a tree.
The tree was a tree,
with happy leaves,
and I was myself,
and there were stars in the sky
that were also themselves
at the moment,
at which moment
my right hand
was holding my left hand
which was holding the tree
which was filled with stars
and the soft rain—
imagine! Imagine
the long and wondrous journeys
still to be ours.
- Mary Oliver

The Silver Swan
The silver swan, who living had no note,
When death approach'd, unlock'd her silent throat;
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,
Thus sung her first and last, and sung no more.
Farewell, all joys, O Death, come close mine eyes;
More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.
- Orlando Gibbons
Composer’s note: When I first began composing for voice, my friend and colleague, Lauren Wagner, encouraged me to write a funny encore song. The result was Dreaming. This is one of the few songs for which I wrote my own lyrics. — Lori Laitman

Dreaming
Some prefer coffee
Some prefer tea
Some prefer chocolate
But not me

The one thing that we truly savor
Doesn’t come in any flavor.

The item that we really crave
Starts with “R” and ends with “ave”
So much fun to clip and save
We’re dreaming of a great review!

Big fat titles, dark and bold
Surely worth my weight in gold,
So sweet to hug and hold,
We’re dreaming of a great review!

Ooh, it gives me such a thrill to read that
I possess a voice so captivating and rare,
And to learn of all that I can do
Sends chills right up and down my derriere!

Doesn’t matter if it’s true,
Think of all that it can do,
If it stinks, we’ll down a few,
’Cause we’re dreaming of a great, first-rate review!

La rosa y el sauce
La rosa se iba abriendo
Abrazada al sauce,
El arbol apasionado
La amaba tanto!

But a coquettish little girl
has plucked and stolen the rose
And the willow, devastated
Is grieving for the rose.

La rosa
Se iba abriendo
Abrazada al sauce,
El arbol apasionado
La amaba tanto!

Pero una niña una niña conqueta
Sela ha robado,
Y el sauce desconsolado
La está llorando.

— Francisco Silva

To bylo ranveyu vesnoy
To bylo ranveyu vesnoy
Trava edva vskhodila
ruchii tvekli, nye paril znoi,
i zelen roshch skvozila,
truba pstushya po utru
yeschyo nye pela zvonko,
i v zavitkakh yeshchyo boru
bil paporotnik tonki;
to bylo ranveyu vesnoy
v teni beryoz to bilo,
koşda sulibkoi predo mnoi
ti ochi opustila...

The rose and the willow
The rose was blooming
near the willow
The willow, passionately
Loved her so much!

But a coquettish little girl
has plucked and stolen the rose
And the willow, devastated
Is grieving for the rose.

It was in the early spring
It was in the early spring,
the grass was barely showing,
the stream was flowing, the air mild;
the trees were turning green;
In the early morning
the shepherd’s pipe as yet was silent,
ferns were still tightly furled
in the pinewoods.
It was in the early spring,
and in the shade of the birch trees
when, with a smile,
you lowered your eyes before me...
O zhizni! O les! O solntsa svet!
O yunosti! O nadezhdi!
I plakal ya pered toboi,
na lik tvoi glyadya mili.
To bylo ranyeyu vesnoy
v teni beryoz to bilo!
To bilo v utro nashikh let!
O schastye! O slyoz! 
O lyest! O zhizn!
O solntsa svyet!
O svyezhi dukh beryoz!
-Alexei Tolstoy

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Oh, do not sing to me
Oh, do not sing to me, fair maiden,
those songs from sorrowful Georgia:
they recall to me
another life and distant shores.

Alas! your cruel singing
stirs up all my memories
of the steppes, of night, of moonlight
shining on a poor, distant girl.

Seeing you, I can forget
that sweet and fateful vision;
but when you sing
she rises up again before me.

Oh, do not sing to me, fair maiden,
those songs from sorrowful Georgia:
they recall to me
another life and distant shores.
-Trans. © Decca

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It is beautiful here
It is beautiful here...
Look, in the distance
the river gleams like fire;
the meadows are like a colorful carpet,
white clouds sail above.

There is no-one here...
here silence reigns...
here I am alone with God.
The flowers and the ancient pine,
and you, my dream!
-Trans. © Decca
To forget so soon
To forget so soon, dear God,
all the happiness of our past life!
All our encounters, our conversations!
To forget so soon, to forget so soon!

To forget the excitement of the first days,
of our meetings under shady branches!
The wordless exchange of our glances,
To forget so soon, to forget so soon!

To forget how the full moon
gazed at us through the window,
how the curtain softly swayed....
To forget so soon, to forget so soon, so soon!

To forget love, forget the dreams
forget your vows—do you remember, do you remember?
taken in the somber hours of night!
To forget so soon, to forget so soon!
Dear God!

-Aleksey Apukhtin

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Nessun dorma. Calaf's aria from Turandot

Nessun dorma, Nessun dorma!
Tu pure, O Principessa,
nella tua fredda stanza,
guardi le stelle
che tremano d'amore e di speranza.
Ma il mio mistero e chiuso 'in me,
il nome mio nessun sapra!
No, no, sulla tua bocca lo dirò'
quando la luce splendra'!
Ed il mio bacio scioglierà il silenzio
che ti fa mia!
Dilegua, o notte!
Tramontate, stelle!
All'alba vincero'!

No one sleeps! No one sleeps!
You too, O Princess!
in your chaste room
are watching the stars
that tremble with love and hope!
But my secret lies hidden within me,
no one shall discover my name!
Oh no, I will reveal it only on your lips,
when daylight shines forth
and my kiss shall break
the silence which makes you mine!
Depart, oh night!
Fade away, you stars!
At dawn I shall win!

-Trans. by Jason Siegal
Temuná
A picture is engraved in my heart;
Moving between light and darkness:
A sort of silence envelops your body,
And your hair falls upon your face just so.

Kalá kallá
Light bride
She is all mine,
And lightly
She will kiss me!

Lárov
"Mostly," said the roof to the sky,
"the distance between you and I is endlessness;
But a while ago two came up here,
and only one centimeter was left between us."

Éyze shéleg!
What snow!
Like little dreams
Falling from the sky.

Rakút
He was full of tenderness;
She was very hard,
And as much as she tried to stay thus,
Simply, and with no good reason,
He took her into himself,
And set her down
In the softest, softest place.

- Hila Plitmann