

LA MI SOLA, LAUREOLA

La mi sola, Laureola
La mi sola, sola, sola,
Yo el cautivo Leriano
Aun que mucho estoy ufano
Herido de aquella mano
Que en el mundo es una sola.
La mi sola, Laureola
La mi sola, sola, sola.

AL AMOR

Dame, Amor, besos sin cuento
Asido de mis cabellos
Y mil y ciento tras ellos
Y tras ellos mil y ciento
Y después.....
De muchos millares, tres!
Y porque nadie lo sienta
Desbaratemos la cuenta
y.....contemos al revés.

DEL CABELLO MÁS SUTIL

Del cabello más sutil
Que tienes en tu trenzado
He de hacer una cadena
Para traerte a mi lado.
Una alcarraza en tu casa,
chiquilla, quisiera ser,
Para besarte en la boca,
Cuendo fueras a beber.

COPLAS DE CURRO DULCE

Chiquitita la novia,
Chiquitita la novio,
Chiquitita la sala'
Y er dormitorio,
Por eso yo quiero
Chiquitita la cama
Y er mosquitero

MY AND ONLY, LAUREOLA

My only, Laureola
My only, only, only one.
I, the captive Leriano,
Am so proud
To be wounded by the hand,
The only hand in the world.
My only Laureola,
My only, only, only one.

TO THE BELOVED

Give me, love, kisses without number,
As the number of hairs on my head,
And give me a thousand and a hundred,
And a hundred and a thousand after that,
And after those.....
many thousands....give me three more!
And so that no one feels bad...
Let us tear up the tally
and begin counting backwards!

OF THE SOFTEST HAIR

Of the softest hair
Which you have in your braid,
I would make a chain
So that I may bring to my side.
A jug in your home,
Little one, I would like be...
So that I may kiss you
Each time you take a drink.

TINY IS THE BRIDE

Tiny is the bride,
Tiny is the groom,
Tiny is the living room,
Tiny is the bedroom.
That is the why I want
A tiny bed with a
Mosquito net.

Translation by Alice Rogers-Mendoza



Presents

A Doctoral Recital

Pei-Ning Ku

Soprano

with

Maryanne Kim, piano

Mauricio Villazon, cello

Friday, March 5, 2010

7:30pm

Doc Rando Recital Hall
Beam Music Center

~ Program ~

The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation Henry Purcell
(1859-1695)

'Misera, dove son! Ah! Non son io che parlo' W. A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Selections from *Brentano Lieder* Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

An die Nacht
Ich wollt' ein Sträusslein binden
Säusle, liebe Myrthe
Amor

Intermission

Quatre chansons de jeunesse Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Pantomime
Clair de lune
Pierrot
Apparition

Songs About Spring Dominick Argento
(b. 1927)

who knows if the moon's a balloon
Spring is like a perhaps hand
in Just- spring
in Spring comes
when faces called flowers float out of the ground

Selections from *Canciones clásicas Españolas* Fernando Obradors
(1897-1945)

La mi sola, Laureola
Al amor
Dos cantares populares
Coplas de curro dulce

Pei-Ning Ku is a student of Dr. Tod Fitzpatrick. This recital is offered in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Doctor of Musical Arts Degree.

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

THE BLESSED VIRGIN'S EXPOSTULATION

Purcell was one of the most significant composers of the Baroque period. He was a master at setting the English language to music. His songs exhibit human emotion through dramatic expression. His musical style includes recitative, florid passages, and frequent tempo changes to express the text.

Tell Me, Some Pitying Angel is a dramatic piece for solo soprano that includes recitative and aria. The text by Nahum Tate refers to the biblical story found in Luke Chapter 2 that tells of the time when Mary couldn't find Jesus because he had stayed behind at the temple to talk to the Elders. He was just a young boy, and the distress of his mother is well documented in this poem. Purcell masterfully captures the moment with this poignant setting.

Tell me, tell me, some, some pitying angel,
Tell quickly, quickly, quickly say,
Where, where does my soul's sweet darling stay,
In tiger's, or more cruel, more cruel, cruel Herod's way?
Ah! ah! rather, rather let his little little footsteps press
Unregarded through the wilderness, where milder, milder,
Where milder savages resort:
The desert's safer, the desert's safer than a tyrant's court.
Why, why, fairest object of my love, why, why does thou from my longing eyes remove?
Was it, was it a waking dream that did foretell
Thy wondrous birth, thy wondrous, wondrous birth?
No vision, no, no, no vision from above?
Where Gabriel, where's Gabriel now, that visited my cell?
I call, I call, I call "Gabriel! Gabriel! Gabriel!"; he comes not;
Flat'ring, flat'ring hopes, farewell, farewell, farewell, flat'ring hopes, farewell.
Me Judah's daughters once caress'd
Call'd me of mothers the most, the most, the most bless'd;
Now (fatal change!), now (fatal change) of mothers, of mothers most, most distress'd.
How, how, how shall my soul its motions guide,
How, how, how, how shall I stem, how shall I stem the various, various tide,
Whilst faith and doubt my lab'ring soul divide?
For whilst of thy dear, dear sight beguil'd, I trust the God, but oh!
I fear, but oh! oh! I fear the child.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1750-1819)

MISERA, DOVE SON!...AH!NON SON IO CHE PARLO, K. 369

Shortly after the blazing success of *Idomeneo* in Munich, Mozart composed this concert aria for the Countess Josepha von Paumgarten. The text is from Metastasio's libretto for the opera *Ezio*, which was also set as a complete opera by G.F. Handel. The aria represents Fulvia's torment from her father's betrayal which has led to her husband's incarceration. Tortured by grief and despair, she wishes to join her beloved Ezio in death.

Scena:

Son queste ch'io respiro?
Per le strade m'aggiro
Di Tebe e d'Argo? O dalle greche sponde,
Di tragedie feconde,
Le domestiche furie
Vennero a questi lidi,
Della prole di Cadmo, e degli Atridi?
Là, d'un monarca ingiusto
L'ingrata crudeltà m'empie d'orrore,
D'un padre traditore
Qua la colpa m'agghiaccia:
E lo sposo innocente ho sempre in faccia.
Oh immagini funeste!
Oh memorie! Oh martire!
Ed io parlo, infelice, ed io respiro.

Scena:

Where am I, wretched as I am?
Is this the air of the Tiber which I breathe?
Am I wandering along the streets
Of Thebes and Argos?
Or have the furies of the house
Of Atreus
And Cadmus
Come from the shores of Greece
So rich in Tragedy
To these very shores?
There the wicked cruelty
Of an unjust ruler fills me with horror:
Here I ever see before me
The guilt of the treacherous father
That makes me shudder,
And the innocent bridegroom.
Oh, what mournful images!
Oh, memories! Oh, suffering!
And I, wretched woman, still speak?
And I still breath?

Aria:

Ah! non son'io che parlo,
È il barbaro dolore
Che mi divide il core,
Che delirar mi fa.
Non cura il ciel tiranno
L'affanno, in cui mi vedo:
Un fulmine gli chiedo,
E un fulmine non ha.

Aria:

Ah! it is not I who speaks,
It is the dreadful grief
Which rends my heart,
Which makes me lose my wits.
Cruel Heaven does not care
About the grief which assails me.
I beg it for a shaft of lightning,
But it has no lightning for me.

Translation: Gery Bramall

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

BRENTANO LIEDER

Richard Strauss was a German composer of the late Romantic and early modern eras, particularly of operas, *Lieder* and tone poems. Strauss was also a prominent conductor. In 1916, after he composed *Ariadne auf Naxos* on a trip to Scandinavia in 1917, Strauss met soprano Elisabeth Schumann, whose talent inspired Strauss to return to composing *Lieder*.

For the text of his first *Lied* in twelve years, Strauss turned to the collection of German folk poetry, *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, collected by Clemens Brentano and Achim von Arnim. Mahler's nine settings of these poems were already well known when Strauss approached the material, though the collection was very popular and known in its own right. Strauss took six poems from Brentano for this cycle, the *Brentano Lieder*. Though written for Elisabeth Schumann, there is no evidence that she ever performed the cycle in its entirety.

AN DIE NACHT

Heilige Nacht! Heilige Nacht!
Sternengeschloßner Himmelsfrieden!
Alles, was das Licht geschieden,
Ist verbunden,
Alle Wunden
Bluten süß im Abendrot.

Bjelbogs Speer, Bjelbogs Speer
Sinkt ins Herz der trunkenen Erde,
Die mit seliger Gebärde
Eine Rose
In dem Schoße
Dunkler niedertaucht.
Heilige Nacht! züchtige Braut, züchtige Braut!
Deine süße Schmach verhülle,
Wenn des Hochzeitsbechers Fülle
Sich ergießet;
Also fließet
In die brünstige Nacht der Tag!

TO THE NIGHT

Holy night! Holy night!
Star-enclosed sky-peace!
Everything that light divided
is connected;
all wounds
bleed sweetly in evening's red glow.

Bjelbog's spear, Bjelbog's spear
sinks into the heart of the drunken Earth,
which, with a blissful gesture,
dips a rose
in the womb
of dark desires.
Holy night! Demure bride, demure bride!
Hide your sweet shame
when the wedding goblet's fullness
is poured out;
thus flows,
into the lustful night, day!

Translation by John Glen Paton

ICH WOLLT EIN STRÄUSSLEIN BINDEN I WOULD HAVE MADE A BOUQUET

Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden,
Da kam die dunkle Nacht,
Kein Blümlein war zu finden,
Sonst hätt ich dir's gebracht.

I would have made a bouquet
but dark night arrived
and there was no little flower to be found,
or I would have brought it.

Da flossen von den Wangen
Mir Tränen in den Klee,
Ein Blümlein aufgegangen
Ich nun im Garten seh.

Das wollte ich dir brechen
Wohl in dem dunklen Klee,
Doch fing es an zu sprechen:
»Ach, tue mir nicht weh!

Sei freundlich im Herzen,
Betracht dein eigen Leid,
Und lasse mich in Schmerzen
Nicht sterben vor der Zeit!«

Und hätt's nicht so gesprochen,
Im Garten ganz allein,
So hätt ich dir's gebrochen,
Nun aber darf's nicht sein.

Mein Schatz ist ausgeblieben,
Ich bin so ganz allein.
Im Lieben wohnt Betrüben,
Und kann nicht anders sein

SÄUSLE, LIEBE MYRTHE

Säusle, liebe Mirte!
Wie still ist's in der Welt,
Der Mond, der Sternenhirte
Auf klarem Himmelsfeld,
Treibt schon die Wolkenschafe
Zum Born des Lichtes hin,
Schlaf, mein Freund, o schlafe,
Bis ich wieder bei Dir bin!

Säusle, liebe Mirte
Und träum' im Sternenschein,
Die Turteltaube girrte
Ihre Brut schon ein.
Still ziehn die Wolkenschafe
Zum Born des Lichtes hin,
Schlaf, mein Freund, o schlafe,
Bis ich wieder bei dir bin!

Hörst du, wie die Brunnen rauschen?
Hörst du, wie die Grille zirpt?
Stille, stille, laßt uns lauschen,
Selig, wer in Träumen stirbt;

Then down my cheeks flowed
tears onto the clover -
I saw that one small flower had sprouted up
now in the garden.

I wanted to pick it for you
deep in the dark clover,
but it began to speak:
"Ah, do not harm me!

"Be kind-hearted,
consider your own grief,
and do not let me
die in agony before my time!"

And if it had not spoken so,
in the garden all alone,
I would have plucked it for you,
but now that cannot be.

My sweetheart has not come,
I am so entirely alone.
In love dwells tribulation,
and it can be no different.
Translation by Emily Ezust

WHISPER, DEAR MYRTLE

Rustle, dear myrtle!
How quiet it is in the world,
the moon, the shepherd of the stars
in the bright field of heaven,
is driving the cloud-sheep already
to the spring of light;
sleep, my friend, o sleep,
until I am with you again!

Whisper, dear myrtle!
and dream in the starlight;
the turtledove has cooed
her brood to sleep.
Quietly the cloud-sheep float
toward the spring of light;
sleep, my friend, o sleep,
until I am with you again!

Do you hear how the fountains roar?
Do you hear how the cricket twitters?
Hush, hush, let us listen.
Blessed is he who dies in his dreams;

Selig, wen die Wolken wiegen,
Wem der Mond ein Schlaflied singt;
Oh! wie selig kann der fliegen,

Dem der Traum den Flügel schwingt,
Daß an blauer Himmelsdecke
Sterne er wie Blumen pflückt;
Schlafe, träume, flieg, ich wecke
Bald Dich auf und bin beglückt!

AMOR

An dem Feuer saß das Kind
Amor, Amor
Und war blind;
Mit dem kleinen Flügel fächelt
In die Flammen er und lächelt,
Fächle, lächle, schlaues Kind.

Ach, der Flügel brennt dem Kind!
Amor, Amor
Läuft geschwind!
"O wie mich die Glut durchpeinet!"
Flügelschlagend laut er weinet;
In der Hirtin Schoß entrinnt
Hülfeschreiend das schlaue Kind.

Und die Hirtin hilft dem Kind,
Amor, Amor
Bös und blind.
Hirtin, sieh, dein Herz entbrennet,
Hast den Schelm du nicht gekennet.
Sieh, die Flamme wächst geschwinde.
Hüt dich vor dem schlaunen Kind!

Achille-Claude Debussy (1862 -1918)

QUATRE CHANSONS DE JEUNESSE

Debussy is not only among the most important of all French composers; he was also a central figure in European music at the turn of the twentieth century. In the text *On the Interpretation of the Méloides of Claude Debussy*, Jane Bathori states the following: "In May of 1926, the *Revue Musicale* issued a supplement under the title "La Jeunesse de Debussy" (Debussy's Early Years) containing four unpublished songs taken from the composer's manuscripts set to the poetry

Blessed is he whom clouds cradle,
to whom the moon sings a lullaby;
Oh! how blissfully can he fly,

he who brandishes wings in his dreams,
so that on the blue roof of Heaven
he may pick stars like flowers;
sleep, dream, fly - I will awaken
you soon and you will be happy!
Translation by Emily Ezust

CUPID

By the fire sat the child
Cupid, Cupid
and was blind;
with his little wings he fans
into the flames and smiles;
Fan, smile, wily child!

Ah, the child's wing is burning!
Cupid, Cupid
runs quickly.
O how the burning hurts him deeply!
Beating his wings, he weeps loudly;
To the shepherdess's lap runs,
crying for help, the wily child.

And the shepherdess helps the child,
Cupid, Cupid,
naughty and blind.
Shepherdess, look, your heart is burning;
You did not recognize the rascal.
See, the flame is growing quickly.
Save yourself, from the wily child!
Translation by John Glen Paton

of Verlaine, Banville, and Mallarmé. These songs included a first version of "Clair de Lune" and "Pantomime" to Verlaine texts, as well as "Pierrot" of Théodore de Banville. The fourth song, "Apparition" is set to a poem of Mallarmé."

PANTOMIME

Pierrot, qui n'a rien d'un Clitandre,
Vide un flacon sans plus attendre,
Et, pratique, entame un pâté.

Cassandre, au fond de l'avenue,
Verse une larme méconnue
Sur son neveu déshérité.

Ce faquin d'Arlequin combine
L'enlèvement de Colombine
Et pirouette quatre fois.

Colombine rêve, surprise
De sentir un coeur dans la brise
Et d'entendre en son coeur des voix.

CLAIR DE LUNE

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques,
Jouant du luth et dansant, et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques!

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune.
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur,
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,

Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver, les oiseaux [dans]¹ les arbres,
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.

PIERROT

Le bon Pierrot, que la foule contemple,
Ayant fini les noces d'Arlequin,
Suit en songeant le boulevard du Temple.
Une fillette au souple casaquin
En vain l'agace de son oeil coquin;

PANTOMIME

Pierrot, who is nothing like Clitandre,
empties a bottle without ado,
and, ever practical, cuts into a pâté.

Cassandre, at the end of the avenue,
sheds an concealed tear
for his disinherited nephew.

That impertinent Harlequin schemes
the abduction of Columbine
and whirls around four times.

Columbine dreams, surprised
at feeling a heart in the breeze
and at hearing voices in her heart.

Translated by Laura Claycomb

MOONLIGHT

Your soul is a chosen landscape
charmed by masquers and revellers
playing the lute and dancing and almost
sad beneath their fanciful disguises!

Even while singing, in a minor key,
of victorious love and fortunate living
they do not seem to believe in their happiness,
and their song mingles with the moonlight,

the calm moonlight, sad and beautiful,
which sets the birds in the trees dreaming,
and makes the fountains sob with ecstasy,
the tall slender fountains among the marble statues!

Translated by Peter Low

PIERROT

Good old Pierrot, at whom the crowd gapes,
having concluded Harlequin's wedding,
walks along the Boulevard du Temple, lost in thought.
A girl in a supple garment
vainly teases him with a mischievous look;

Et cependant mystérieuse et lisse
Faisant de lui sa plus chère délice,
La blanche lune aux cornes de taureau
Jette un regard de son oeil en coulisse
À son ami Jean Gaspard Debureau.

And meanwhile, mysterious and smooth,
taking her sweetest delight in him,
the white moon, bull-horned,
throws a furtive glance
at her friend Jean Gaspard Debureau.

Translated by Bertram Kottman

APPARITION

La lune s'attristait. Des séraphins en pleurs
Rêvant, 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 béni 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 coeur qui l'a cueilli.
J'errais donc, l'oeil 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 gâté
Passait, laissant toujours de ses mains mal fermées
Neiger de blancs bouquets d'étoiles parfumées.

APPARITION

The moon was saddened. Seraphims 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 gathering heart.
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.

Translated by Laura Claycomb

Dominick Argento (b. 1927)

SONGS ABOUT SPRING

Argento is a leading composer of lyric opera and choral music in the United States. Among his most prominent pieces are the operas *Postcards from Morocco*, *Miss Havisham's Fire*, and *The Masque of Angels*. Well-known song cycles include *Six Elizabethan Songs* and *From the Diary of Virginia Woolf*, the latter of which earned him the Pulitzer Prize for Music in 1975. Argento's music combines tonality, atonality and a lyrical use of twelve-tone writing. He is particularly well-known for his sensitive settings of complex, sophisticated texts, such as his setting of e. e. cummings's poetry for his song cycle, *Songs About Spring*.

WHO KNOWS IF THE MOON'S A BALLOON

who knows if the moon's
a balloon, coming out of a keen city
in the sky--filled with pretty people?
(and if you and i should

get into it, if they
should take me and take you into their balloon,
why then
we'd go up higher with all the pretty people

than houses and steeples and clouds:
go sailing
away and away sailing into a keen
city which nobody's ever visited, where

always
it's
Spring) and everyone's
in love and flowers pick themselves

IN JUST SPRING

in Just-
spring when the world is mud-
luscious the little lame balloonman

whistles far and wee

and eddy and bill come
running from marbles and
piracies and it's
spring

when the world is puddle-wonderful

the queer
old balloonman whistles
far and wee
and betty and isbel come dancing

from hop-scotch and jump-rope and

it's
spring
and
the
goat-footed

balloonman whistles
far
and
wee

SPRING IS LIKE A PERHAPS HAND

Spring is like a perhaps hand
(which comes carefully
out of Nowhere) arranging
a window, into which people look (while
people stare
arranging and changing placing
carefully there a strange
thing and a known thing here) and

changing everything carefully

spring is like a perhaps
Hand in a window
(carefully to
and fro moving New and
Old things, while
people stare carefully
moving a perhaps
fraction of flower here placing
an inch of air there) and

without breaking anything.

IN SPRING COMES

Spring comes (no one asks his name)

A mender of things

With eager fingers (with patient eyes)

Renewing remarking what otherwise we should

Have thrown away (and whose brook bright flower soft bird quick voice loves
children and sunlight and mountain) in april (but if he should

Smile) comes nobody'll know.

WHEN FACES CALLED FLOWERS FLOAT OUT OF THE GROUND

when faces called flowers float out of the ground
and breathing is wishing and wishing is having-
but keeping is downward and doubting and never
-it's april (yes, april; my darling) it's spring!
yes the pretty birds frolic as spry as can fly
yes the little fish gambol as glad as can be
(yes the mountains are dancing together)

when every leaf opens without any sound
and wishing is having and having is giving-
but keeping is doting and nothing and nonsense
-alive; we're alive, dear: it's (kiss me now) spring!
now the pretty birds hover so she and so he
now the little fish quiver so you and so i
(now the mountains are dancing, the mountains)

when more than was lost has been found has been found
and having is giving and giving is living-
but keeping is darkness and winter and cringing
-it's spring (all our night becomes day) o, it's spring!
all the pretty birds dive to the heart of the sky
all the little fish climb through the mind of the sea
(all the mountains are dancing; are dancing)

FERNANDO OBRADORS (1897-1945)

SELECTIONS FROM CANCIONES CLÁSICAS ESPAÑOLAS

Fernando Jaumandreu Obradors was a Spanish composer who was taught piano by his mother, but taught himself composition, harmony and counterpoint. Between 1921 and 1941 he wrote four volumes of arrangements of classic Spanish poetry. One of the poems, "La casada infiel", was written by his friend Garcia Lorca. Although he wrote many works for the theatre, none have held their place in the repertoire. He is best known for "*Canciones clásicas españolas*", a song-cycle. Many of his contemporaries left Spain to find fame in France, but Obradors remained true to his Catalan roots.