Program Notes

**Guajira**
from *Seis canciones populares españolas*
*Traditional Spanish text*

Cuando yo tranquilía estaba sin tener ningún cariño
Quisiste que te quisiera y te quise con delirio
Y te seguiré queriendo hasta después de la muerte.
No creas que esto es mentira que después también se quiere.
Yo te quiero con el alma y el alma nunca se muere.

**Guajira**
*Translated by Dora Huestis*

When I was peaceful without having any affection
You wanted me to love you and I loved you madly!
And I will keep loving you until after death.
Do not believe that our love is a lie.
I love you with my soul and the soul never dies.

**Emiliana de Zubeldía** was a Spanish composer born in Salinas de Oro, Navarra, a rural municipality in Spanish Basque Country.¹ A precocious musician, she studied at Orfeón Pamplonés and the Conservatorio de Música y Declamación de Madrid before moving to Paris. At the Schola Cantorum de Paris, she studied with the director himself, Vincent d’Indy. He encouraged her to look towards nationalistic source materials²; this is seen in the reharmonization of folk songs present in *Seis canciones populares españolas*. During a time of limited legal protection and economic opportunities for women, Emiliana was nothing short of extraordinary. She undertook many concert tours in the United States and Central America,³ eventually settling in Mexico and establishing herself at the Universidad de Sonora in Hermosillo, where she would teach for over 40 years. *Guajira*, the second song in *Seis canciones populares españolas*, is a musical style derived from the Cuban “punto cubano” widely interpolated into Spanish *zarzuela* and flamenco during the late 19th century.⁴ Featuring a 6/8 to 3/8 alternation, this dancing rhythm accompanies a sweet and disarming declaration of love.

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² Ibid.
An die Entfernte

Text by Nikolaus Lenau (1802-1850)

I pick this rose here
To the Distant One

Translated by Bard Suverkrop

Text by J.L. Ferdinand von Deinhardstein

(1794-1859)

Lovers should never dare
to be separated any further
than a blooming rose
Can be carried by hand;
Or (further) than the nightingale
brings straw to its nest,
or (further) than its sweet singing
can be carried by the west wind.

Dieze Rose pflück’ ich hier
In der fremden Ferne,
Liebes Herze, dir, ach dir,
Brächt’ ich sie so gerne!
Doch bis ich zu dir mag ziehen
Viele weite Meilen,
Ist die Rose längst dahin;
Denn die Rosen eilen.

This rose I pick here
In the foreign land,
Dear heart, to you, oh to you,
I would so gladly bring it!
But by the time I could travel to you,
many long miles,
the rose would long since be dead;
for the rose’s life is over quickly.

Nie soll weiter sich in’s Land
Lieb’ von Liebe wagen,
Als sich blühend in der Hand
Lässt die Rose tragen;
Oder als die Nachtigall
Halme bringt zum Neste,
Oder als ihr süßer Schall
Wandert mit dem Weste.

Lovers should never dare
to be separated any further
than a blooming rose
Can be carried by hand;
Or (further) than the nightingale
brings straw to its nest,
or (further) than its sweet singing
can be carried by the west wind.

Nur den Abschied schnell genommen,
Nicht gezaudert, nicht geklagt,
Schneller als die Tränen kommen,
Losgerissen, unverzagt.

Leave quickly,
do not linger, do not lament;
faster than the tears can come,
tear yourself away without flinching.

Aus den Armen losgewunden,
Wie dir’s in der Brust auch brennt,
Was im Leben sich gefunden,
Wir dim Leben auch getrennt.

Disentangle from each other’s arms,
no matter how much your breast burns;
that which is found in life,
will be separated in life.

Sollst du tragen, must du tragen,
Trage nur mit festem Sinn,
Deine Seufzer, deine Klagen
Wenn in die Lüfte hin.

If you are to endure, if you must endure,
Only endure it with a steadfast resolve;
your sighs, your laments
are blown away in the breezes.

Soll der Schmerz dich nicht bezwingen,
So bezwinge du den Schmerz,
Und verwelkte Blüten schlingen
Frisch sich um dein wundes Hertz.

If pain does not defeat you,
then you defeat the pain;
and wilted flowers shall entwine
themselves around your wounded heart.
Josephine Lang was a German composer, singer, pianist, and teacher. Hailing from a highly musical family, her mother was her first teacher of music. Lang’s first compositions date back to 1828, and in 1830 she met Felix Mendelssohn, who taught her theory. In 1841, Lang became engaged to the poet Christian Reinhold Köstlin (1813-1856). She had met him in 1840 and between July and August set 41 of Köstlin’s poems to music. After her husband’s death in 1856, Lang returned to composition, and with the help of friends, found publishers. Lang wrote, “my songs are my diary.” Her songs often deal with themes of love or nature, both of which are visible in Den Abschied schnell genommen and An die Enfernte. Den Abschied schnell genommen is a stoic parting of lovers ripped from each other’s arms. An die Enfernte also has themes regarding the separation of lovers but is a sweet request to return to the narrator’s arms.

Per la più vaga e bella
from La liberazione di Ruggiero dall’isola d’Alcina;
text by Ferdinando Saracini (1583-1640)

For the most charming and lovely
Translated by Bard Suverkrop

For the most charming and lovely terrestrial star, that today may obscure the golden rays of the sun, my heart was burning; Love/Cupid was laughing, desirous to observe with satisfaction the my torment. But having mocked me, (Cupid) soon repented, and with her pity he heals my heart. I therefore attest for whomever does not believe it, that Cupid alone is the god of every delight.

Francesca Caccini was an Italian composer and singer. She was the first woman known to have composed opera and was probably the most prolific composer of her time. She was the elder daughter of Giulio Caccini, a musician in the Medici court. In addition to training in singing, guitar, harp, and keyboard, she also received a literary education. Francesca received her first independent job offer from Queen Maria de Medici of France during her family’s time at the French court in 1604-5. From 1607 to 1627 Caccini served the Medici’s as a singer, teacher, and composer, becoming, in the 1620s, the highest paid musician on the Medici payroll. Her one surviving opera, La liberazione di Ruggiero dall’isola d’Alcina, was performed on February 3, 1625, at the Villa Poggio Imperiale in honor of the Polish Prince Władysław’s visit for carnival. Her score for the opera was published in 1625 under the protection of Florence’s Regent Archduchess Maria Magdalena of Austria, who had commissioned the work. The opera explores women’s relationship to the wielding of power through a plot that pits a good, virtuous sorceress in competition with an evil, sexually alluring sorceress for control over a young knight. “Per la più vaga e bella” is a shepherd’s aria.

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6 Ibid.
7 Ibid.
8 Ibid.
9 Ibid.
10 Oxford Music Online.
11 Ibid.
12 Ibid.
Vanne felice rio
Text by Pietro Metastasio (1698-1782)

Vanne felice rio, vanne superbo al mar!
Ah potess’io cangiar teco mia sorte!
Or or tu bagnerai quei vezzosetti rai
che volgon la mia vita e la mia norte.

Go happy river
Translated by Thomas Gregg

Go happy river, go proudly to the sea!
Ah could I change with you my fate!
Soon you will bathe those charming eyes
that envelope my life and my death.

Louise Reichardt was a German composer and singing teacher. The daughter of J.F. Reichardt and his first wife, the composer Juliane Reichardt, Louise was educated by her father. She knew many of the philosophers and poets of the German Romantic era, and literary figures, such as the Grimm brothers, frequented her home in Giebichenstein and admired her song settings. In 1809 she moved to Hamburg, where she supported herself as a singing teacher, composer, and director of a women’s chorus. She composed more than 90 songs and choruses, both sacred and secular. “Vanne felice rio” is a beautiful song set in ternary form, with a return to an entreaty to the sea to continue upon its path, even though the narrator will be dead.

Spleen
Text by Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Les roses étaient toutes rouges
et les lierre était tout noirs.
Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges,
renaisson tous mes désespoirs.

Le ciel était torp bleu, torp tendré,
La mer trop verte et l’air trop doux.
Je crains toujours, ce qu’est d’attendre
quelque fuite atroce de vous.

Du houx à la feuille vernie
et du luisant buis je suis las,
et de la campagne infinie
et de tout, fors de vous, Hélas!

Bad humor
Translated by Bard Suverkrop

The roses were all red
and the ivy was all black.
Dearest, at your slightest move,
all my despair returns.

The sky was too blue, too tender,
the sea too green and the air too mild.

I always fear, to wait and wonder,
some terrible departure of yours.

Of the holly with the leaves glossy
and of the shiny boxwood I am weary,
and of the infinite countryside
and of everything, except of you, Alas!

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14 Ibid.
| **L’heure exquise**  
*Text by Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)* | **The exquisite hour**  
*Translated by Bard Suverkrop* |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| La lune blanche  
Luit dans les bois;  
De chaque branche  
Part une voix  
Sous la ramée…  
“O bien aimée.”  

L’étang reflète,  
Profond miroir,  
La silhouette  
Du saule noir  
Où le vent pleure.  
Rêvons, c’est l’heure.  

Un vaste et tendre  
Apaisement  
Semble descendre  
Du firmament  
Que l’astre irise.  

C’est l’heure exquise. | The white moon  
shines in the woods;  
from each branch  
comes a voice  
beneath the boughs…  
“Oh my beloved.”  

The pool reflects,  
deep mirror,  
the silhouette  
of the black willow  
where the wind weeps.  
Let us dream, it is the hour.  

A vast and tender  
appeasement/calming  
seems to descend  
from the sky  
that the moon illuminates.  

It is the exquisite hour. |

| **Colombine**  
*Text by Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)* | **Colombine**  
*Translated by Bard Suverkrop* |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Léandre le sot,  
Pierrot qui d’un saut  
de puce franchit le buisson,  
Cassandre sous son capuce,  
Arlequin aussi  
Cet aigrefin si fantasque  
Aux costumes fous,  
Les yeux luisants sous son masque,  
Do, mi, sol, mi, fa,  
Tout ce monde va!  

Rit, chante et danse devant  
une belle enfant méchante  
Dont les yeux pervers comme les yeux vertes des chattes  
Gardent ses appas et dissent: “à bas les pattes!”  

Eux ils vont toujours!  
Fatidique cours des astres,  
O dismoi vers quels mornes ou cruels desastres  
L’implacable enfant, prestes et relevant sa jupe  
La rose au chapeau  
Conduit son troupeau de dupes? | Leander the fool,  
Pierrot, who, with the hop  
of a flea jumps over the bushes,  
Cassandra under his hooded cloak,  
Harlequin also,  
that trickster so fantastic/bizarre  
in his wild costume,  
his eyes gleaming behind his mask,  
Do, mi, sol, mi, fa,  
All the world goes!  

Laugh, sing and dance before  
the lovely, naughty child  
whose wicked eyes of cats  
withhold their charms and say: “Hands off!”  

They will go on forever!  
Like the fateful course of stars,  
Oh! Tell me toward what gloomy or cruel disasters  
is the unstoppable child, who agilely lifts her skirts  
with a rose in her hat  
leading her band of fools? |
Lady Dean Paul Poldowski was a Polish composer. Born Irena Regina Wieniawska, the daughter of violinist Henryk Wieniawski and Isabella Hampton, she studied at the Brussels Conservatory, as well as London and Paris, and chose the pseudonym of Poldowski under which she published her music. Later she studied with Vincent d’Indy, who was also the teacher of Emiliana de Zubeldía, at the Schola Cantorum in Paris. French influences are predominant in her music, with many of her vocal pieces set to Paul Verlaine’s poetry. Charming and expressive, her compositions set the text alive with nuance and delicacy. Note the minor tonality in Spleen that expresses the narrator’s heartache for the loss of her lover and the subsequent ruined memories of her most beloved place. Poldowski’s sweeping arpeggiation in L’heure exquise is evocative of the forest at night and a secret tryst. Yet none demonstrate Poldowski’s playfulness more so than in Colombine. The syncopated rhythms keep the narrator on her toes as she recounts the merry band of fools.

La speranza al cor mi dice
Text by Pietro Metastasio (1698-1782)

La speranza al cor mi dice
che sarò felice ancor
ma la speme ingannatrice
poi mi dice il mio timor.

Hope tells my heart
Translated by Bard Suverkrop

Hope tells my heart
that I will be happy again
but hope is a deceiver
then my fear speaks to me.

Isabella Colbran was a Spanish soprano and composer. In 1801, she moved to Paris, where she had a warm reception at the court of Napoleon. She was greatly admired in Italy for the brilliance and power of her voice and the command of her stage presence. From 1811 to 1821 she was the prima donna of the Teatro S Carlo, Naples. A highly dramatic singer who excelled in tragedy, she strongly influenced the operas that Rossini composed for Naples. Between 1815 and 1823 Rossini composed 18 operas for her, and they were married in 1822 after living together for some years. “La speranza al cor mi dice” was the first in the collection of her songs dedicated to the Empress of Russia. Set in ternary form, the text ends with a lively repetition of “that I will be happy again,” impressing upon the listeners the narrator’s confidence in love’s power.

Morirò
Poet unknown

Morirò, morirò, sarai contenta,
Più non la sentirai, l’afflicetta voce!

Quattro campane sentirai suonare,
‘Na piccola campana a bassa voce.

Quando la sentirai l’morto passare,
Fatti di fuera che quello son io!

I shall die
Translated by John Glenn Paton

I shall die, I shall die, you will be happy,
more not it you will hear, the afflicted voice!

Four bells you will hear sounding,
a little bell with quiet voice.

When it you hear the dead man to pass,
put yourself outside, because that one am I!

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16 Ibid.
17 Ibid.
18 Ibid.
19 Ibid.
Pauline Viardot was a French singer and composer of Spanish origin. Her father was the elder Manuel García, a world-renowned pedagogue, her mother María Joaquina Sitches, her brother the younger Manuel García, and her sister María Malibran. Viardot not only inspired composers such as Chopin, Berlioz, Meyerbeer, Gounod, Saint-Saëns, Liszt, Wagner, and Schumann with her vocal gifts, but collaborated on the composition of roles created especially for her as well. Among her ardent admirers was George Sand, who depicted Viardot as the heroine of her novel Consuelo (1842). Viardot’s first engagement in Paris was at the Théâtre Italien, where she met her husband Louis Viardot, who, 21 years her senior, gave up his lucrative post and accompanied her on concert tours throughout Europe. From 1843 to 1846 she sang with the opera at St. Petersburg, where she met the writer, Ivan Turgenev, who became her lover and confidant. The three maintained a ménage a trois that lasted until 1883 when both men died, coincidentally in the same year. Viardot’s songs as a composer mirror her forceful personality and colorful life. “Morirò” is a dramatic declaration of one’s own death. Listen for the chiming bells in the piano accompaniment that precede the second verse.

Jim (Who ran away from his Nurse, and was eaten by a Lion)
from Four Cautionary Tales and a Moral
Text by Hilaire Belloc (1870-1953)

There was a boy whose name was Jim; His friends were very good to him. They gave him tea, and cakes, and jam, And slices of delicious ham.

They read him stories through and through, And even took him to the Zoo -- But there it was the dreadful fate Befell him, which I now relate.

You know – at least you ought to know, For I have often told you so – That children never are allowed to leave their nurses in a crowd; This was Jim’s especial foible, He ran away – (when he was able,) And on this inauspicious day He slipped his hand and ran away!

He had not gone a yard when bang! With open jaws, a Lion sprang, And hungrily began to eat The boy: beginning at his feet. Now, just imagine how it feels When first your toes and then your heels, And then by gradual degrees, - Your shins and ankles, calves and knees, Are slowly eaten, bit by bit. No wonder Jim detested it, No wonder that he shouted “Hi!”

The honest keeper heard his cry, Tho’ very fat he almost ran To help the little gentleman. “Ponto!” he cried, with angry frown,- “Let go, sir! Down, sir! Put it down!”—But when he bent him over Jim, The honest keeper’s eyes were dim. The Lion having reach’d his head, The miserable boy was dead!

When nurse informed his parents, they were more concerned than I can say: His mother, as she dried her eyes, Said, “Well- it gives me no surprise, He would not do as he was told!”

His father, (who was self-controlled,) Bade all the children round attend To James’s miserable end, And always keep ahold of Nurse For fear of finding something worse.

21 Oxford Music Online.
23 Ibid.
Liza Lehmann was an English soprano and composer. Daughter of Amelia Lehmann, a teacher, composer, and arranger of songs, and Rudolf Lehmann, a German painter, she studied singing in London, and composition in Rome, Wiesbaden, and London. She debuted as a recitalist in 1885 and received encouragement from Joseph Joachim and Clara Schumann. In 1894, she retired from the stage when she married Herbert Bedford, a painter and composer, and instead focused on composition. A witty and humorous composer, “Jim” is a parody of the cautionary tales told to children, set to the poetry of Hilaire Belloc, and hilariously warns children against straying from their nurses (lest they be eaten by a lion.)