



Echoes of Love and Longing

Master's Recital

Thursday, March 6th, 2024 | 8:00pm | Hemmle Recital Hall

Ana Paola Vergara, *Soprano*
William Averill, *Harpsichord*
Warner Nuñez, *Piano*

She loves and she confesses too
Oh, fair Cedaria
From Rosy Bowers

Henry Purcell
(1659 - 1695)

Malvina

S'io t'amo

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797 - 1848)
Teresa Seneke
(1848 - 1875)

Vier Lieder
I. Tristan
II. Sonett
III. Einsame Nacht
IV. Die Nacht

Klaus Miehling
(b. 1963)

Intermission

L'Orpheline du Tyrol
La Grande Coquette

Gioacchino Rossini
(1792 - 1868)

From Op. No. 6
Why?
None but the lonely heart
From Op. 28
Why did I dream of you?

Pyotr Tchaikovsky
(1840 - 1893)

La Mi Sola
Del Cabello más sutil
El Vito

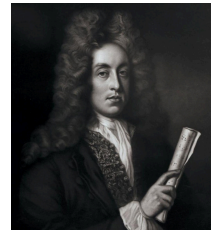
Fernando Obradors
(1897 - 1945)

Henry Purcell

Henry Purcell (1659 – 1695) was an English composer of the Baroque period mostly known for his art songs and opera *Dido and Aeneas*. During his lifetime he worked privately for the higher class as well as for the church. His line of work led him to compose several types of music, and not just vocal, and through his work he showed deep admiration for the past. This can be more noticeable when looking at the poetry and stories of his art songs.

The Baroque period was quite short in comparison to other time periods in History. This movement originated in Italy and focused on the ornamentation and exaggeration within art. Baroque art was meant to appeal to people's emotions as well as intellect. This style also reflected on how the high society wished to be viewed, through its ornamentation it depicted the richness and power of those in charge of the music being composed.

During Purcell's lifetime, there was no opera in London, which made him one of the pioneers for the combination of theatre and music. After composing *Dido and Aeneas* he continued to work for theatres until his death. *From Rosy Flowers* depicts a mad scene within the play sang by the soprano and it was composed on Purcell's deathbed as a replacement for another piece in the first of Dufey's plays. It remains to this day the highest regarded piece within this set, and is notoriously famous for being Purcell's last work.



She loves and she confesses too

Abraham Cowley

She loves and she confesses too,
There's then at last no more to do;
The happy work's entirely done,
Enter the town which thou hast won;
The fruits of conquest now begin,
Lo, triumph, enter in.

What's this, ye Gods! What can it be?
Remains there still an enemy?
Bold Honour stands up in the gate,
And would yet capitulate.
Have I o'ercome all real foes,
And shall this phantom me oppose?

Noisy nothing, stalking shade,
By what witchcraft wert thou made,
Thou empty cause of solid harms?
But I shall find out counter charms,
Thy airy devilship to remove
From this circle here of love.

Sure I shall rid myself of thee
By the night's obscurity,
And obscurer secrecy;
Unlike to ev'ry other spright
Thou attempt'st not men to affright
Nor appear'st but in the light.

Oh! fair Cedaria

Anonymous

Oh! fair Cedaria, hide those eyes
That hearts enough have won;
For whosoever sees them dies,
And cannot ruin shun.

Such beauty and charms are seen
United in your face,
The proudest can't but own you queen
Of beauty, wit and grace.

Then pity me, who am your slave,
And grand me a reprieve;
Unless I may your favour have,
I can't one moment live.

From Rosy Bow'rs

Thomas d'Urfey

From rosy bow'rs where sleeps the god of Love,
Hither, ye little waiting Cupids, fly:
Teach me in soft, melodious songs to move,
With tender passion, my heart's darling joy.

Ah! let the soul of music tune my voice,
To win dear Strephon, who my soul enjoys.

Or if more influencing
Is to be brisk and airy,
With a step and a bound,
And a frisk from the ground,
I will trip like any fairy.

As once on Ida dancing,
Were three celestial bodies,
With an air and a face,
And a shape, and a grace,
Let me charm like Beauty's goddess.

Ah! 'tis all in vain,
Death and despair must end the fatal pain,
Cold despair, disguis'd, like snow and rain,
Falls on my breast!

Bleak winds in tempests blow,
My veins all shiver and my fingers glow,
My pulse beats a dead march for lost repose,
And to a solid lump of ice, my poor fond heart is
froze.

Or say, ye Pow'rs, my peace to crown,
Shall I thaw myself or drown?
Amongst the foaming billows,
Increasing all with tears I shed,
On beds of ooze and crystal pillows,
Lay down my lovesick head.
Say, say, ye Pow'rs, my peace to crown,
Shall I thaw myself or drown?

No, I'll straight run mad,
That soon my heart will warm;
When once the sense is fled,
Love has no pow'r to charm.

Wild thro' the woods I'll fly,
Robes, locks shall thus be tore;
A thousand deaths I'll die
Ere thus in vain adore

Gaetano Donizetti and Teresa Seneke

Gaetano Donizetti (1797 - 1848) was an Italian belcanto opera composer whose numerous operas in both Italian and French represent a transitional stage in operatic development between Rossini and Verdi.

In 1844, when Donizetti composed "Malvina," he was living in Paris. The next year he had a heart attack and returned home to Bergamo, where he died.

This song, described as a *scena drammatica* (dramatic scene), was dedicated originally to Giovannina de Ster-lich and published by Edition Schoenberger, Paris. The present edition is based on a later publication by Giraud in Naples with Italian and French texts, rededicated to the French singer Ida Bertrand, whom Donizetti must have heard and admired in Paris. She was described by the famous vocal teacher and theoretician, Heinrich Panofka, as "one of the most outstanding real deep contralto voices of her generation."

The next year he had a heart attack and returned home to Bergamo where he died. He lingered on until April 8, 1848, a victim of general paralysis of the syphilitic insane, deprived of willpower, speech, and physical control.



Teresa Seneke (1848 – November 1875) was an Italian composer who is best known for her opera *Le Due Amiche* (*The Two Friends*).

La Palestra Musicale was a music magazine that was published seven times a year from 1866 to 1872 by Moreo of Milan. In 1871 the publishers decided to include short musical works in the magazine and to publish the same works simultaneously as separate numbers. Some music lovers collected the pieces and had them bound into volumes. The song that was chosen to inaugurate the new series on February 1, 1871, was "S'io l'amo?" by Teresa Senekè. The reason for this choice was that Senekè had composed an extremely successful opera, *Le due Amiche*.

Little is known about Senekè's life, except that she was born in Chieti in Tuscany; her name suggests that her family was Jewish. During her short life she composed works for voice, piano, and instrumental ensembles.

Social conditions have made it almost impossible for an Italian woman to make herself known only as a composer, and most of the composers of these operas were first and foremost prominent performing artists. Women did, however, write and perform an enormous quantity of chamber music, songs, and piano pieces. The quality of these works differs in no way from those written by their male contemporaries, and some of the songs became "best sellers."

Donizetti

Anonymous

Dal dì che un'altra ti fu più bella,
La vita io sento da me fuggir.
Or che Malvina non è più quella,
Malvina brama solo morir.

Pur la sua voce anco t'implora,
Non per cercarti l'antico amor,
Ma per vederti, vederti ancora,
Pria que la copra l'eterno roorer.

T'affretta adunque, la mote appressa:
Vieni a vedere chi muor per te.
Chi per te muore, trafitta e oppressa
Di duol, di pianto, d'amor, di fé.

Ma non l'ambascia dell'agonia,
Non della morte l'altro pallor.
A te diranno, ch'ella moria,
D'amor, di pianto, e di dolore.

Sol quando fioca, smarrita, errante,
Più l'orme tue non conterà.
Sol quando al raggio del tuo sembiante,
Ogni sua fibra più fremerà.

Quando il mio labbro non più nomarti,
Né potrà il ciglio seguirti ancora.
Quando il mio cuore potrà più amarti,
Avrà la vita compita allora.

Malvina sol vuol vederti ancora...

From the day in which you loved another,
My life began to cease.
Now that Malvina is no longer your favorite,
Malvina wishes only to die

Her voice implores you yet again,
Not for the return of your love,
But to see you see you once more,
Before she descends into eternal horror.

Hurry, her death is near:
Come and see her who dies for you,
Who dies abandoned and oppressed
With sorrow, tears, love and faith.

But when you see her anguish,
See her pale complexion,
You will know that she is dying
Of love, tears and sorrow.

Only when she is fragile, lost and wandering,
Will she no longer follow your shadow,
Whenever she sees your likeness,
She will tremble violently.

When my lips no longer call your name,
When my eyes see you no longer,
When my heart stops loving you,
Then my life will have ended

Malvina only wants to see you once more...

Translation: Adkins Chiti et al. - Alfred Publishing

S'io t'amo?

Teresa Seneke

Chieder dovresti all'esule
Se anela al suol natale;
Al fior se spera un'aura;
Se gli'angeli aman Dio.

Ma non dovresti chiedermi
S'ardo per te d'amore.
Mel devi in fronte leggere,
Se non mel poui nel cor.

Un guardo sol confondere,
Due vite può due cor;
Può farci eguali agli angeli,
Un bacio sol d'amor.

Ama! La terra è un carcere
Se non l'irradia amore.
Ama! La vita è strazio
A chi non arde in core.

Se Dio ti diede un'anima
Se un cor ti diede Iddio,
Volle calmar gli spasimi
Dell'alma e del cor mio.

Un guardo sol confondere,
Due vite può due cor;
Può farci eguali agli angeli,
Un bacio sol d'amor.

Ask the exile,
If he longs for his homeland;
The flower if she hopes for a breeze,
If the angels love God.

But you shouldn't ask me
If I burn with love for you;
You can read it on my face
If you can't read it on my heart.

One look can change
Two lives and two hearts;
A single kiss,
Renders us equals to the angles

Love! This life is a prison
When there is no love.
Love! Life is a torment
For those who have no love.

If God gave you a soul,
If he gave you a heart,
These were to calm the fear
In my soul and in my heart

One look can change
Two lives and two hearts;
A single kiss,
Renders us equals to the angles

Translation: Adkins Chiti et al. - Alfred Publishing

Klaus Miehling

Klaus Miehling was born in 1963 in Stuttgart and received an early music diploma (harpsichord) in 1988 from the *Schola Cantorum Basiliensis* (Basel, Switzerland). In 1993 he earned his doctorate in musicology, art history, and auxiliary sciences of history from the *University of Freiburg* im Breisgau. He is the author of several books as well as numerous essays, mostly on historical performance practice. Miehling's work list contains in 356 opus numbers made up of 1,350 compositions, both vocal and instrumental, for historical as well as for modern instruments. Klaus Miehling cannot offer licenses, because the rights of his works are managed by the SUIA. However, all his compositions may be performed in public.



August, Graf von Platen was a German poet and dramatist who was almost unique among his contemporaries in aiming at classical purity of style; although he was schooled in the Romantic tradition, he opposed its undisciplined flamboyance. Though Platen was at first influenced as a dramatist by the Romantics and particularly by Spanish models, the plays that he wrote while he was at Erlangen show a clearness of plot and expression that is foreign to the Romantic style.

I. Tristan

August Graf von Platen

Wer die Schönheit angeschaut mit Augen
Ist dem Tode schon anheimgegeben
Wird für keinen Dienst auf Erden taugen
Und doch wird er vor dem Tode beben
Wer die Schönheit angeschaut mit Augen!

Ewig währt für ihn der Schmerz Liebe
Denn ein Tor nur kann auf Erden hoffen,
Zu genügen einem solchen Triebe
Wen der Pfeil des Schönen je getroffen
Ewig währt für ihn der Schmerz der Liebe!

Ach, er möchte wie ein Quell versiechen,
Jedem Hauch der Luft ein Gift entsaugen
Und den Tod aus jeder Blume riechen:
Wer die Schönheit angeschaut mit Augen
Ach, er möchte wie ein Quell versiechen!

Whoever gazes on beauty with their sight
Is already surrendered to death's cold night
For no Earthly task can they fulfill
Yet still before death, they tremble with will
Whoever gazes on beauty with their sight!

Eternal the pain of love takes flight
For only a fool can hope to find
a way to satisfy such a yearning mind:
Whoever the arrow of beauty has struck
Eternal the pain of love takes flight

Ah! He wishes fade like a spring's gentle flow
To extract the poison from every breath of air
And the smell of death from every flower
Whoever gazes on beauty with their sight
Ah, he wishes fade like a spring's gentle flow

Translation: Ana Paola Vergara

II. Sonett

August Graf von Platen

Was gleißt der Strom
mit schönbeschämten Wogen
Da nur Entsetzen lauscht
Im tiefen Grunde?

Was haucht die Rose süßen Duft vom Munde,
Da manches Blatt ihr schon im Wind verfliegen?

Was ist mit Gold der Wolke Saum bezogen,
Da schon Gewitter bringt die nächste Stunde?

So hat mit allem, Schrecklichen im Bunde,
Natur uns stets durch falschen Reiz belogen.

Doch wer enträtselt erst der Seele Tücken!
Dein Blick erglüht, der nur Verderben sendet,
Und ach! Ich wähnte reines Licht zu saugen

Nun fühl' ich wohl, erwachend vom Entzücken,
Das meine Sinne nur zu sehr verblendet:
Dein Herz ist schwarz,
wie deine schwarzen Augen

What glistens the stream
With beautifully ashamed waves
Where only horror listens
In the deep bottom?

What sweet fragrance does the rose breathe from its
mouth?
As many a petal has flown away in the wind?

What is covered with gold in the cloud's hem?
As thunderstorms already bring the next hour?

So with everything, terrible in alliance,
Nature has always deceived us with false charms.

But who first unravels the soul's secrets!
Your gaze glows, which sends only ruin,
And at last, I thought I was sucking pure light

Now I feel well, awakening from rapture,
That blinds my senses only too much:
Your heart is black,
like your black eyes.

Translation: Ana Paola Vergara

III. Einsame Nacht

August Graf von Platen

Einsame Nacht umgibt mich,
Ich höre nur eigene Klagen;
Selbst die tröstende Leier
Der Musen verstummt.

Meine Tränen sehen sie fließen,
Sie trocknen sie nicht;

Ehemals, kummer umdüstert,
Stahl ich mich in ihren goldnen Schoß
Aus ihren feuchten, fühlenden Blicken
sog ich Lebe und neue Hoffnung

Sie ließen mich spielen
Mit den Blüten kränzen Um ihre Stirn:
Sie gaben mir süsse Lieder,
Mir lieb, wenn auch andern nicht.

Wo seid ihr nun, mit eurer tönenden Stimme?
Macht, sagt man,
Habt ihr vom Vater geerbt
über die Gemüter der Menschen,

So lenkt mir ein Herz zu,
Das mich liebt,
Das ich liebe.

Lonely night surrounds me,
I hear only my own lamentations;
Even the comforting lyre
Of the muses falls silent.

They see my tears flowing,
They do not dry them;

Formerly, grief-darkened,
I steel myself in their golden lap
From her moist, feeling eyes
I sucked life and new hope

They let me play
With the blossoms wreathed around their
foreheads:
They gave me sweet songs,
Dear to me, though not to others.

Where are you now, with your melodious voice?
Power, they say,
You have inherited from your father
Over the minds of men,

So, guide me to a heart ,
That loves me,
That I love.

Translation: Ana Paola Vergara

IV. Die Nacht

August Graf von Platen

Säuselnde, düstere Freundin, senke wieder,
Wenn die sonne hinabgestiegen
Und des Tages Schwüle nicht mehr,
Den Schleier über Diese Gefilde.

Freundliche, stille Nacht!
O trockne labend Mir den Schweiß von der Stirne,
Küsse ihr die Falten weg,
Verdrängt asu dem Herzen manchen drücken den
Seufzer

Hart ist des Tages Arbeit,
Ruhe aber bringt die schweigende Nacht
Und sanfte Kühlung
Ihren Fittig über die Erde breitend

Heiter, und friedlich.

Whispering, gloomy friend, descend again,
When the sun has descended
And the day's sultriness is no more,
A veil over these fields.

Friendly, silent night!
O dry the sweat from my forehead,
Kiss away the wrinkles,
Drive out from my heart many a sigh

Hard is the day's work,
But rest brings the silent night
And gentle cooling
Spreading her wings over the earth

Serene and peaceful.

Translation: Ana Paola Vergara

Gioacchino Rossini

Gioacchino Rossini (1792 - 1868) was an Italian composer noted for his operas, particularly his comic operas, of which The Barber of Seville, and Cinderella (1817), are among the best known.

Rossini broke the traditional form of opera buffa: he embellished his melodies (he was the true creator of bel canto, a florid style of singing), animated his ensembles and finales, used unusual rhythms, restored to the orchestra its rightful place, and put the singer at the service of the music.

Bel canto (beautiful singing) , is a style of operatic singing that originated in Italian singing of polyphonic music. Bel canto singing was based on an exact control of the intensity of vocal tone, and a demand for vocal agility and clear articulation of notes and enunciation of words.



L'Orpheline du Tyrol

Émilien Pacini

Seule, une pauvre enfant sans parents
implore le passant en tremblant.
"Ah voyez mes douleurs et mes pleurs!
Ma mère dort ailleurs sous les fleurs."

L'humble enfant orpheline a bien faim
et pour un peu de pain tend le main.
"Je chanterai mon vieux refrain:

Ah! loin de mon doux Tyrol,
mon coeur brisé prendra son vol.
L'écho muet des bois
n'entendra plus ma triste voix:

Ah! Dieu, j'espère en toi,
prends pitié, prend pitié de moi!

Ma mère, ton adieu en ce lieu
m'inspire mon seul voeu au bon Dieu.
À quinze ans tant souffrir c'est mourir,
ne peux-tu revenir me bénir?

Pourquoi le froid trépas et le glas
t'ont-ils saisie, hélas, dans mes bras?
Ton coeur glacé ne m'entend pas:

Ah! la douleur et la faim
à mes tourments vont mettre fin;
ma mère, je te vois,
j'entends de loin ta douce voix:

Ah! Dieu, j'espère en toi,
prends pitié, prends pitié de moi!

Alone and trembling, a poor child with no parents
implores passers-by,
"Oh, see my pain and my tears!
My mother now sleeps with the flowers."

The humble, starving orphan child
holds out her hand for a crust.
"I will sing my old song.

Oh, far from my sweet Tyrol,
my broken heart will fly away.
The mute echo of the woods
will ne'er hear again my sad voice.

God, I trust in you,
have pity, have pity on me.

"Mother, your good-bye here
inspires my only wish to God.
At 15, such suffering is death.
Can't you come back to bless me?

Why have cold death and its knell
snatched you from my arms?
Your icy heart doesn't hear me.

Ah! Pain and hunger
will put an end to my torments.
Mother, I can see you,
I can hear your sweet voice in the distance.

God, I trust in you,
have pity, have pity on me."

Translation: Faith Cormier (Lieder.net)

La Grande Coquette

Émilien Pacini

La perle des coquettes
Ne fait que des conquêtes
Dans ses riches toilettes
Aux Menuets de Cour.

The pearl of the coquettes*
conquers all
In her rich attire
With the menuets* at court.

Pour moi tournent les têtes,
Les coeurs sont pris d'amour,
Et je crois même qu'un beau jour
J'ait fait trembler Pompadour!

Heads turn for me,
Hearts are captured by love,
And I think one fine day
I made Pompadour* tremble!

Dans une belle ivresse
Plus d'un marquis s'empresse
À m'offrir sa tendresse...
Je les dédaigne tous.

In a state of intoxication
More than one marquis hastened
To offer me their tenderness...
I scorn them all.

En vain chacun m'implore,
Me jure qu'il m'adore à genoux...

In vain each one implores me,
Swear that they adore me on their knees...

Je veux que l'on m'admire,
Pour moi que l'on soupire;
De l'amour que j'inspire,
De ce brûlant délire
Moi je ne sais que rire.
Ma foi! tant pis pour eux!
Malheur aux amoureux!

I want to be admired,
To sigh for me;
From the love I inspire,
Of this burning delirium
I only know how to laugh.
Too bad for them!
Too bad for these lovers!

La perle des coquettes
Ne fait que des conquêtes
Dans ses riches toilettes
Aux Menuets de Cour.

The pearl of the coquettes*
conquers all
In her rich attire
With the menuets* at court.

Pour moi tournent les têtes,
Les coeurs sont pris d'amour,
Et je crois même qu'un beau jour
J'ait fait trembler Pompadour!

Heads turn for me,
Hearts are captured by love,
And I think one fine day
I made Pompadour* tremble!

A plus d'une rivale
Je fus souvent fatale;
Ma grâce triomphale
A séduit maint galant,

To more than one rival
I was often fatal;
My triumphant grace
Has seduced many a gallant,

Coquette sans égale,
Qu'on n'aime qu'en tremblant.
On pleure, on se désole
Aux pieds de son idole vainement,

Coquette without equal,
Whom we love only in trembling.
We weep, we mourn
At the feet of his idol in vain,

Avec indifférence
J'aime à voir la souffrance
D'un coeur sans espérance,
En proie à la démence
Implorant ma clémence,
Mais sans me désarmer...

With indifference
I like to see the suffering
Of a heart without hope,
In the grip of dementia
Imploring my clemency,
But without disarming myself...

Non, je ne veux jamais aimer.
Brillants Seigneurs, muguets de Cour,
Pour vous jamais d'amour.
Et si vous me faites la cour,
N'espérez nul retour.

No, I never want to love.
Brilliant lords, lilies of the court,
For you never love.
And if you court me,
Expect no return

Translation: Ana Paola Vergara

- **Coquette:** A woman who flirts
- **Menuet:** A minuet is a slow, graceful dance or piece of music in 3/4 time.
- **Pompadour:** Madame de Pompadour was the mistress of King Louis XV of France

Pyotr Tchaikovsky

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893) was a Russian composer, who today is celebrated as the man behind two of ballet's most beloved masterworks: *Swan Lake* and *The Nutcracker*. A Romantic composer with a keen ear for soaring, plaintive melody, he's perhaps Russia's best-known composer, and many of his works are infused with Russian folk tunes or feature Slavic fairy tales in homage to his homeland. Tchaikovsky is equally known for his tuneful, open-hearted melodies, rich harmonies, and vibrant, picturesque orchestration that blend the musical traditions of the West with the flavors of the East.



A series of tragic lyrics that evoke a profound emotional response, something Tchaikovsky is known for, the pieces featured in today's recital include the translations of Russian poet **Lev Mey**, alongside a poem of his own. Tchaikovsky was unusually adept at communicating loneliness, longing, and existential angst across a wide range of musical forms. But it may also have been a musical manifestation of the pain and anxiety Tchaikovsky himself suffered. Tchaikovsky's homosexuality in no way defined him as an artist or a human being, but given the composer lived and worked at a time when being gay could lead to imprisonment or worse, this aspect of his identity lends richer context to his life and works. Songs such as "None but the lonely heart" take on added meaning when viewed through the perspective of someone forced to keep their feelings a secret out of fear.

Why?

Henrich Heine (Lev Mey after Heine)

Отчего побледнела весной
Пышноцветная роза сама?
Отчего под зелёной травой
Голубая фиалка нема?

Why in springtime, has the rose in full bloom
grown pale?
Why has the blue violet among the blades of
green grass grown mute?

Отчего так печально звучит
Песня птички, несясь в небеса?
Отчего над лугами висит
Погребальным покровом роса?

Why does the song of the bird, heaven bound,
sound so sad?
Why does the dew hang like a funeral pall over
the meadows?

Отчего в небе солнце с утра
Холодно и темно, как зимой?
Отчего и земля вся сыра
И угрюмей могилы самой?

Why does the morning sun seem as cold and dark
as winter?
Why is the whole Earth dark and gloomier than
the tomb itself?

Отчего я и сам все грустней
И болезненней день ото дня?
Отчего, о, скажи мне скорей,
Ты, покинув, забыла меня?

Why do I myself also grow more mournful and
sickly day after day?
Why, oh tell me, please, have you abandoned and
forgotten me?

Translation: Laurence R. Richter

None but the lonely heart

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (Lev Mey after Goethe)

Нет, только тот, кто знал
Свиданья, жажду,
Поймёт, как я страдал
И как я стражду.

Гляжу я вдаль... нет сил,
Тускнеет око...
Ах, кто меня любил
И знал — далёко!

Ах, только тот, кто знал
Свиданья жажду,
Поймёт, как я страдал
И как я стражду.
Поймёт, как я страдал
И как я стражду.

Вся грудь горит... кто знал
Свиданья жажду,
Поймёт, как я страдал
И как я стражду.

No, only he who has known the longing again to
see his beloved
Can understand how I have suffered and I suffer
still

I gaze into the distance... I am powerless, my
eyes dim
Ah, the one who knew and loved me best is far
away

Ah, only he who has known the longing again to
see his beloved
Can understand how I have suffered and I suffer
still
Can understand how I have suffered and I suffer
still

My heart is a blaze... He who has known the
longing again to see his beloved,
Can understand how I have suffered and I suffer
still

Translation: Laurence R. Richter

Why did I dream of you?

L. Mey

Зачем же ты приснилася,
Красавица далёкая,
И вспыхнула, что в полыме,
Подушка одинокая?
Ох, сгинь ты, сгинь ты, полуночица!

Глаза твои ленивые,
И пепел кос рассыпчатый,
И губы горделивые, —
Всё наяву мне снилось,
И всё, что грёза вешняя,
Умчалось, — и на сердце
Легла потьма кромешная!

Зачем же ты приснилася,
Красавица далёкая,
Коль стынет вместе с грёзою
Полушка одинокая?
Зачем же, зачем же ты приснилася

Why have you come to me in a dream,
lovely far away,
And set my lonely pillow a blaze,
as if in flames,
Oh, begone, nocturnal apparition!

Your languorous eyes and your fair hair,
falling loose
and your proud lips, everything in the dream was
as real as life, and then, like a daydream in spring,
everything banished, and in my heart,
Lay only pitch blackness!

Why have you come to me in a dream,
lovely far away,
Since, along with the dream, my lonely pillow will
again grow cold,
Why have you come to me in a dream!

Translation: Laurence R. Richter

Frenando Obradors

Born in Barcelona in 1897, Fernando Obradors' journey as a musician began at an early age. He studied piano with his mother, Julia Obradors, and later continued his education at the Escuela Municipal de Música de Barcelona. Unlike many of his Spanish contemporaries, Obradors did not study in Paris. Instead, he stayed in Spain, which allowed him to remain closely connected to the Spanish musical traditions that would come to define his compositions.

Fernando Obradors' most famous contribution to music lies in his song cycles, particularly the *Canciones Clásicas Españolas*, which were published across four volumes. These songs are arrangements of Spanish folk songs, and they are some of the most beloved pieces in the Spanish vocal repertoire. Volume one, in particular, has gained great popularity, often being performed in recitals around the world. The songs in the later volumes, while lesser-known, are equally rich in their treatment of Spanish folk themes, blending traditional melodies with sophisticated classical techniques. Obradors was a master at blending the old and the new—he took traditional Spanish folk melodies and transformed them into works of art that continue to resonate with audiences today



La Mi Sola

Juan Ponce

La mi sola, Laureola
La mi sola, sola, sola,

Yo el cautivo Leriano
Aunque mucho estoy ufano
Herido de aquella mano
Que en el mundo es una sola.

La mi sola Laureola
La mi sola, sola, sola.

My one and only, Laureola
My one and only, only, only,

I'm the captive Leriano
Even though I'm very proud
I'm wounded by that hand
Of which in the whole world, there is only one.

My one and only, Laureola
My one and only, only.

Translation: Laura Prichard (Lieder.net)

Del Cabello más sutil

Folk Song

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,
Cuando fueras a beber.

Of the softest hair
which you have in your braid,
I would make a chain
so that I may bring you to my side.

A jug in your home,
little one, I would like to be...
so that I may kiss you
each time you take a drink

Translation: Alice Rogers (Lieder.net)

El Vito

Anonymous

Una vieja vale un real
y una muchacha dos cuartos,
pero como soy tan pobre
me voy a lo más barato.

Con el vito, vito, vito,
con el vito, vito, va.
No me haga 'usté' cosquillas,
que me pongo 'colorá'.

An old woman is worth a *real*
and a young girl two *cuartos*,
[and] I, you know, I'm so poor
I'm going for the cheapest.

With the *vito, vito, vito*,
with the *vito, vito*, it goes.
Don't you tickle me,
I'll turn 'red'.

Translation: Laura Prichard (Lieder.net)

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