

Antonio Vivaldi (1678-1741) was an Italian Baroque composer and violinist who typically evoked violin in his compositions through his use of energetic rhythms and expressive writing. The piano in “Laudamus Te” is a perfect example of Vivaldi composing a bouncy, fast-moving accompaniment that is easily influenced by the violin. The text is part of Vivaldi’s most well-known choral work, *Gloria*, emphasizing joy and adoration. Vivaldi composed *Gloria* during his honorable career at the Ospedale della Pietà, which was an orphanage and music school in Vienna for abandoned girls. The Pietà was one of the few places that provided education and opportunities for musically talented women to help them gain recognition as exceptional musicians.

Laudamus Te

from *Gloria* (1715)

**Text from the *Ordinary of the Mass*
of the Roman Catholic Church**

Laudámus te,
benedícimus te,
adorámus te,
glorificámus te.

We praise you

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

We praise You,
we bless You,
we worship You,
we glorify You.

Clara Schumann (1819-1896) was a German pianist and composer who greatly influenced the Romantic era with her mastery of melody. She is often recognized for her virtuosic piano pieces and performances, but she was also able to compose music that vividly reflected the text of her art songs. The songs in this program share a connection to nature through beautiful imagery as well as personal reflection and resilience. “Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,” depicts a moment of emotional intensity and longing during a storm, while the other three songs capture a more delicate, introspective mood. Each song is meticulously planned to connect the music with the text.

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen

From *Lieder, Op. 12*

Text by Friedrich Rückert

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,
ihm schlug beklommen mein Herz entgegen.
Wie konnt’ ich ahnen, dass seine Bahnen
sich einen sollten meinen Wegen.

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,
er hat genommen mein Herz verwegen.
Nahm’ er das meine? Nahm ich das seine?
Die beiden kamen sich entgegen.

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,

He came in Storm and Rain

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

He has come in storm and rain,
My anxious heart beat against his.
How could I have suspected, that his path
itself should unite with my path.

He has come in storm and rain,
he has taken my heart boldly.
Did he take mine? Did I take his?
They both came together by themselves.

He has come in storm and rain,

Nun ist gekommen des Frühlings Segen.
Der Freund zieht weiter, ich seh' es heiter,
denn er bleibt mein auf allen Wegen.

Der Mond kommt still gegangen
From *Sechs Lieder*, Op. 13
Text by Emanuel Geibel

Der Mond kommt still gegangen
mit seinem gold'nen Schein
da schläft in holdem Prangen
die müde Erde ein.

Und auf den Lüften schwanken
aus manchem treuen Sinn
viel tausend Liebesgedanken
über die Schläfer hin.

Und drunten im Tale,
da funkeln die Fenster von Liebchens Haus;
ich aber blicke im Dunklen
still in die Welt hinaus.

Die stille Lotusblume
from *Sechs Lieder*, Op. 13
Text by Emanuel Geibel

Die stille lotosblume
steigt aus dem blauen See,
die Blätter flimmern und blitzen,
der Kelch ist weiß wie Schnee.

Da gießt der Mond vom Himmel
all seinen gold'nen Schein,
gießt alle seine Strahlen
in ihren Schoß hinein.

Im Wasser um die Blume
kreiset ein weißer Schwan,
er signt so süß, so leise
und schaut die Blume an.

Er singt so süß, so leise
und will im Singen vergehn.

now has come the springtime's blessing.
The friend travels on, I look on it cheerfully,
for he remains mine on all roads.

The moon rises silently
Translation by Richard Stokes

The moon rises silently
with its golden glow.
the weary earth then falls asleep
in beauty and splendour.

Many thousand loving thoughts
from many faithful minds
sway on the breezes
over those who slumber.

And down in the valley,
the windows sparkles of my beloved's house;
but I in the darkness gaze
silently out into the world.

The silent lotus flower
Translation by Richard Stokes

The silent lotus flower
rises out of the blue lake,
its leaves glitter and glow,
Its cup is as white as snow.

The moon then pours from heaven
all its golden light,
pours all its rays
into the lotus flower's bosom.

In the water, round the flower,
a white swan circles,
it sings so sweetly, so quietly,
and gazes on the flower.

It sings so sweetly, so quietly,
and wishes to die as it sings.

O Blume, weiße Blume,
kannst du das Lied verstehn?

Mein Stern

Text by Friederike Serre

O du mein Stern, schau dich so gern,
Wenn still im Meere die Sonne sinket,
Dein goldnes Auge so tröstend winket
In meiner Nacht!

O du mein Stern, aus weiter Fern,
Bist du ein Bot emit Liebesgrüßen,
Laß deine Strahlen mich durstig küssen
In banger Nacht!

O du mein Stern, verweile gern,
Und lächelnd führ' auf des Lichts Gefieder
Der Träume Engel dem Freunde wieder
In seine Nacht.

O flower, white flower,
Can you fathom the song?

My star

Translation by Richard Stokes

O star of mine, I gladly watch
When the sun still sinks quietly into the sea
Your golden eye winking comfortingly
In my dark night!

O star of mine, from far away,
You are the messenger of loving greetings,
Let your beams give me thirsty kisses
In the yearning night!

O star of mine, please linger awhile,
And smiling give back on wings of light
The angel of dreams to my friend
In his dark night.

Erik Satie (1866-1925) was an eccentric French composer, often thought of as ahead of his time. He tended to stray away from traditional rules and created contemporary, playful music influencing movements like Dadaism and Surrealism. His sense of humor is quite evident in *Ludions* through its personifying of animals, unexpected shifts in mood, and charming, relatable imagery. This piece challenges the traditional ideas of melody, harmony, and form adding unusual rhythms to create a sense of spontaneity and highlight the enigmatic side of music. The text is filled with nonsense while at the same time subtly mocking pretentiousness and questioning the meaning of life.

Ludions

Text by Léon-Paul Fargue (1876-1947)

Air du Rat

Abi Abirounère
Qui que tu n'étais donc?
Une blanche monère
Un jo-
Un joli goulifon
Un œil
Un œil à son pépère
Un jo-
Un joli goulifon

Bottle Imps

Translation by Salabert Publishers

Song of the Rat

Abi Abirounère
Who were you after all?
A white rat
A pret-
A pretty little glutton
An eye
An eye like an old geezer
A pret-
A pretty little glutton.

Spleen

Dans un vieux square où l'océan
Du mauvais temps met son séant
Sur un banc triste aux yeux de pluie
C'est d'une blonde
Rosse et gironde
Que tu t'ennuies
Dans ce cabaret du Néant
Qu'est notre vie.

La grenouille américaine

La grenouille américaine
Me regarde par dessus
Ses bésicles de futaine.
Ses yeux sont des grogs massus
Dépourvus de joli taine.

Je pense à Casadesus
Qui n'a pas fait de musique
Sur cette scène d'amour
Don't le parfum nostalgique
Sort d'une boîte d'Armour.
Argus de table tu gardes
L'âme du crapaud Vanglor,
Ô bouillon qui me regardes
Avec tes lunettes d'or...

Air du poète

Au pays de Papouasie
J'ai caressé la Pouasie...
La grâce que je vous souhaite
C'est de n'être pas Papouète.

Chanson du chat

Il est un bebête
Tili petit n'enfant
Tirelan
C'est une byronette
La beste à sa moman

Spleen

In an old square where an ocean
Of foul weather has put its bottom
On a sad bench with rain-filled eyes
There is a blonde
Good-looking and buxom
How bored I am
In this cabaret of Nothingness
Which is our life.

The American Frog

The American frog
Stares at me over the top
Of his fustian spectacles.
His leaden eyes are bludgeoned grogs
Deprived of pretty brilliance.

I am reminded of Casadesus
Who made no music
For this love scene
Whose nostalgic fragrance
Comes from a box of Armour.
Argus of the dinner table, you keep
The soul of the toad Vanglor,
O bouillon that looks at me
With your golden spectacles...

Song of the Poet

In the country of Papouasie
I caressed Pouasia...
The blessing that I wish for you
Is not to be a Papoet.

Song of the Cat

He is a silly little beasty
Ti li, my little child
Tirelan
It's a byronette
His mummy's best

Tirelan
Le peu Tinan faon,
C'est un ti blanc-blanc
Un petit Potasson.
C'est mon goret,
C'est mon pourçon
Mon petit potasson.
Il saut' sur la fenêtre
Et groume du museau
Tirelo
Pasqu'il voit sur la crête
S'découper les oiseaux
Tirelo
Le petit n'enfant
C'est un ti blo-blo
Un petit Potação
C'est mon goret,
C'est mon pourceau
Mon petit potasseau.

Tirelan
The little fawn child,
He's a tiny white one
A little Potasson.
He's my little urchin,
He's my little piggy,
My little potasson.
He jumps upon the window
And grooms his snout
Tirelo
Because he sees on the ledge
The birds' outlines cropping up
Tirelo
The small little child,
He's a tiny blo-blo
A little Potação
He's my little urchin,
He's my little piggy,
My little potasseau.

Kurt Weill (1900-1950) is regarded as a German composer who connected the worlds of classical and popular music styles together. He made new and innovative contributions to musical theater through combining elements of opera, cabaret, and jazz. He spent about two years in France after fleeing Germany during World War II. He composed "Youkali" during his time in France, originally writing an instrumental Tango written in 1934 for a French musical *Marie Galante*. "Youkali" describes a utopian place, where one can escape to paradise away from the troubles of the world. The tone of the piece is both sensuous and melancholic, because, as beautiful as it sounds, there is a sense that this fictional place may not exist after all.

Youkali
Text by Roger Fernay

C'est presqu'au bout du monde,
ma barque vagabonde,
errant au gré de l'onde,
m'y conduisit un jour.
L'île est toute petite,
mais la fée qui l'habite
gentiment nous invite
à en faire le tour.

Youkali
Translation by Mary Ann Stewart

It is almost at the end of the world,
my vagabond boat,
wandering at the will of the sea,
led me there one day.
The island is entirely small,
but the fairy who dwells there
politely invites us
to tour it.

Youkali,
C'est le pays de nos desirs,
C'est le bonheur, c'est le plaisir,
C'est la terre où l'on quitte tous les soucis,
C'est, dans notre nuit, comme une éclaircie
L'étoile qu'on suit, c'est Youkali.
C'est le respect de tous les vœux échangés,
C'est le pays des beaux amours partagés,
C'est l'espérance
Que est au cœur de tous les humains,
La délivrance
Que nous attendons tous pour demain,
Mais c'est un rêve, une folie,
Il n'y a pas de Youkali!

Et la vie nous entraîne,
Lassante, quotidienne,
Mais la pauvre âme humaine,
Cherchant partout l'oubli,
A pour quitter la terre,
Su trouver le mystère
Où nos rêves se terrent
En quelque Youkali.

Youkali,
it is the land of our desires,
it is happiness, it is pleasure,
it is the land one leaves all his worries,
it is, in our night, like a sunny spell,
the star that one follows, it's Youkali.
It is the respect of all of the exchanged vows,
it is the land of the beautiful shared loves,
it is the hope
that is in the heart of all humans,
the deliverance
that we all are waiting for until tomorrow,
but it is a dream, a folly,
there is no Youkali!

And life drags us along,
weary, daily,
but the poor human soul,
seeking obliviously everywhere,
in order to leave the earth
has known how to find the mystery,
where our dreams are buried
in some Youkali.

Giovanni Battista Pergolesi (1710-1736) is often known for his role in developing light-hearted, comedic operas also known as Italian opera buffa. Additionally, his most famous and final work before his death is his *Stabat Mater* (1736) where he brought opera-style vocal writing into a sacred context. "Vidit suum dulcem natum" is a Latin phrase from the *Stabat Mater*, interpreting the perspective of Mary, the mother of Jesus, witnessing her son suffering and dying on the cross. This piece's impact extends beyond religious settings into demonstrating how music can communicate a universal experience of grief and loss as well as empathy with others who have lost someone close to them.

Vidit suum dulcem natum
from *Stabat Mater*
Text by either Jacopone da Todi
or Pope

Vidit suum dulcem natum
Moriendo desolatum,
dum emisit spiritum.

She saw her tender Child
Translation by Edward Caswall

She saw her sweet offspring
dying, forsaken,
while He gave up his spirit.

Enrique Granados (1867-1916) was a Spanish composer and pianist who made significant contributions to Spanish art song. His most important vocal work is his *Colección de tonadillas escritas en estilo antiguo* (Collection of little songs in the antique style). The text by Fernando Periquet illustrates “majas” and “majos” as the women and men of Madrid in the eighteenth century. These songs explore themes of flirtation, unrequited love, and nostalgia. The accompaniment of these *tonadillas* frequently imitate the plucking of guitar strings derived from Spain’s national accompanying instrument. As a guitar player, I am beyond excited to present these pieces for you!

El majo tímido
from Tonadillas
Text by Fernando Periquet

Llega a mi reja y me mira por
la noche un majo
que en cuanto me ve y suspira, se va
calle abajo.

Ay qué tío más tardío!
Si así se pasa la vida,
estoy divertida.

Si hoy también pasa y me mira
y no se entusiasma,
pues le suelto este saludo
adiós, Don Fantasma.
Odian la enamoradas
las rejas calladas!

El Tra-La-La y el Punteado
from Tonadillas
Text by Fernando Periquet

Es en balde, majo mio,
que sigas hablando
porque hay cosas que contesto
yo siempre cantando.
Tra la la...
Por más que preguntes tanto,
tra la la...
en mí no causas quebranto
ni yo he de salir de mi canto:
la la la...

The shy majo

**Translation by James T. Abraham & Mark
Bates**

A man arrives at my window and looks at me
through the night.
But when he sees me and sighs, he leaves to go
down the street.

Ay! What a late guy!
If thus life passes,
I am amused.

If he passes by again today and looks at me
and he isn’t enraptured,
then to him I give this greeting,
Good-bye, Mr. Ghost.
Girls in love detest
a silent window!

The tra la la and the plucking

**Translation by James T. Abraham & Mark
Bates**

It is in vain, my love,
that you continue talking
because there are things that in answer
I am always singing.
Tra la la...
The more you ask so much,
tra la la...
in me you don’t cause grief,
nor do I have to leave my song,
la la la...

El mirar de la maja

from Tonadillas

Text by Fernando Periquet

Por qué es en mis ojos tan hondo el mirar
que a fin de cortar desdenes y enojos
los suelo entornar?
Qué fuego dentro llevarán
Que si acaso con calor los clavo
en mi amor
sonrojo me dan?

Por eso el chispero a quien mi alma dí
al verse ante mí me tira el sombrero
y dícame así: “Mi Maja,
no me mires más
que tus ojos rayos son
y ardiendo en pasión la Muerte me dan.”

El majo discreto

from Tonadillas

Text by Fernando Periquet

Dicen que mi majo es feo.
Es posible que sí que lo sea,
Que amor es deseo que ciega y marea.
Ha tiempo que sé que quien ama no ve.

Mas si no es mi majo un hombre
Que por lindo descuelle y asombre,
en cambio es discreto y guarda un secreto
que yo posé en él sabiendo que es fiel.

Cuál es el secreto que el majo guardó?
Sería indiscreto contarle yo.
No poco trabajo costara saber
Secretos de un majo con una mujer.
Nació en Lavapiés.
Eh! Eh! Es un majo, un majo es.

The look of the maja

Translation by James T. Abraham & Mark Bates

Why is in my eyes so deep the look?
Trying to cut scorn and anger
I tend to close them.
I wonder what fire they carry within
that if by chance with heat I fix them
on my love;
they make me blush.

For this, the spark to whom my soul I gave,
upon appearing before me tilts his hat
and says to me: “My Maja!
Don’t look at me anymore
because your eyes are lightening,
and burning in passion, they give me death.”

The discreet majo

Translation by James T. Abraham & Mark Bates

They say my majo is ugly.
It is possible that if he is,
that love is desire that blinds and upsets.
For awhile I’ve known a lover doesn’t see.

But if my lover is not a man
that for his beauty stands out and amazes,
but is discreet and keeps a secret
that I rest in him knowing that he is loyal.

What is the secret that he kept?
It would be indiscreet to tell.
Not a little work would it take to know
secrets of a man with a woman.
He was born in Lavapiés.
Eh, eh! He is a majo, a majo is he.

Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990) is widely known for his contribution to musical theater along with his career as a prolific composer and music director of the New York Philharmonic. Bernstein's parents were Russian-Jewish immigrants which influenced how Bernstein perceived religion and culture throughout his life. *Mass* (1971) subtitled "A Theatre Piece for Singers, Players, and Dancers" is set to most of the Latin text from the Roman Catholic Mass as well as some English "tropes" involving modern commentary of religious and social principles. "Dream with Me" is from the Broadway production of *Peter Pan* (1950). In this song, one's dreams and imagination represent a shared vision and desire to connect in an imaginary place as well as exploring the options of dealing with challenging realities.

A Simple Song

from *Mass*

Text by Stephen Schwartz and Leonard Bernstein

Sing God a simple song: Lauda, Laudē...
Make it up as you go along: Lauda, Laudē...
Sing like you like to sing,
God loves all simple things,
For God is the simplest of all,
For God is the simplest of all.
I will sing the Lord a new song,
To praise Him, to bless Him, to bless the Lord.
I will sing His praises while I live
All of my days.
Blessed is the man who loves the Lord,
Blessed is the man who praises Him.
Lauda, Lauda, Laudē...
And walks in His ways.
I will lift up my eyes
To the hills from whence comes my help.
I will lift up my voice to the Lord
Singing Lauda, Laudē.

For the Lord is my shade,
Is the shade upon my right hand,
And the sun shall not smite me by day
Nor the moon by night.
Blessed is the man who loves the Lord,
Lauda, Lauda, Laudē,
And walks in His ways.

Lauda, Lauda, Laudē,
Lauda, Lauda di da di day...
All of my days.

I Go On

from *Mass*

Text by Stephen Schwartz and Leonard Bernstein

When the thunder rumbles,
Now the Age of Gold is dead
And the dreams we've clung to dying to stay young
Have left us parched and old instead,
When my courage crumbles,
When I feel confused and frail,
When my spirit falters on decaying altars
And my illusions fail,
I go on right then,
I go on again.
I go on to say
I will celebrate another day...
I go on...
If tomorrow tumbles
And everything I love is gone,
I will face regret
All my days, and yet
I will still go on...
On...
Lauda, Lauda, Laudē
Lauda, Lauda di da di day.

Dream with Me
from *Peter Pan*
Text by Leonard Bernstein

Dream with me tonight,
Tonight and ev'ry night
Wherever you may chance to be
We're together if we dream
the same sweet dream,
And though we may be far apart,
Keep me in your heart and dream with me.
The kiss we never dared
we'll dare in dreaming.
The love we never shared
can still have meaning.
If you only dream a magic dream
with me tonight,
Tonight and ev'ry night,
Wherever you may chance to be.
Close your lovely eyes and dream with me.
The kiss we never dared
we'll dare in dreaming.
The love we never shared
can still have meaning.
If you only dream a magic
dream with me tonight,
Tonight and ev'ry night,
Wherever you may chance to be
close your lovely eyes and dream with me.