

THE VOICE OF HOPE

ANDREINA KASPER, MEZZO-SOPRANO
AHRA OH, PIANO
ALEKSANDRE RODERICK-LORENZ, CUATRO & VOCALS
ENRIQUE NAVARRO, PERCUSSION

SUNDAY, MAY 22, 2022, AT 7:30PM
PICKMAN HALL AT LONGY SCHOOL OF MUSIC

VENEZUELA

Pablo Herrero Ibarz (Living composer)
José Luis Armenteros Sánchez (1943-2016)

VENEZIA

Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

SOPRA L'ACQUA INDORMENZADA
L'AVERTIMENTO

I'M A STRANGER HERE MYSELF
JE TE N'AIME PAS

Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

BREITL LIEDER

Arnold Schönberg (1874 – 1951)

GALATHEA
MAHNUNG

THE SONG OF WANDERING AENGUS
THE WINDS

Peter Aldins (*Living and in the audience*)

SIBONEY
SIEMPRE EN MI CORAZÓN

Ernesto Lecuona (1895-1963)

COMPOSERS

José Luis Armenteros- (1943-2016) was a Spanish musician and composer. In 1965 he was part of the instrumental group Los Relámpagos. In 1968, together with Pablo Herrero, he decided to give his career a new direction by producing and composing for other artists, becoming the most important and prolific composition and production team of the second half of the 20th century in Spain. In 1974 Doctor Pop recorded the song '«Sofía» (composed and produced by Armenteros and Herrero) but the censorship of the Franco dictatorship forced the RCA record company to change the title to «Lucía», since the original was the name of the future queen of Spain Sofia.

Pablo Herrero Ibarz-(1942) is a Spanish musician and composer. In 1965 he was part of the instrumental group Los Relámpagos, which he left in 1968 together with José Luis Armenteros. The two gave a new direction to their careers producing and composing for other artists such as Doctor Pop and Juan Bau in a production company called "Mecenas". The song Venezuela is one of the most emblematic songs for that country. The theme has been covered by many artists.

Reynaldo Hahn- (1874 –1947) was a Venezuelan-born French composer, conductor, music critic, and singer. He is best known for his songs – mélodies – of which he wrote more than 100. Hahn was born in Caracas but his family moved to Paris, because of political turmoil that took over Venezuela. When he was a child, and he lived most of his life there. Following the success of his song "Si mes vers avaient des ailes" (If my verses had wings), written when he was aged 14, he became a prominent member of fin de siècle French society.

Kurt Weill- 1900-1950- Born into a religious and musical family, the young Kurt Weill's talent impresses his peers and teachers early on. He takes full advantage of the resources in his home town, Dessau (known as the "Bayreuth of the North"), to gain a thorough grounding in musical theater. Weill moves to Berlin, a cauldron of artistic experimentation and one of Europe's leading cultural centers. He throws himself into its musical life as he completes his studies and reaches maturity as a composer. Forced out of Germany by the Nazis, Weill is beset by setbacks-- contracts canceled, projects falling through, uncomprehending critics and audiences--as he struggles to survive. He journeys to the U.S. in 1935 and soon decides to make it his home. Broadway rewards him several years later when Lady in the Dark becomes a smash hit.

Arnold Schönberg (1874 – 1951) was an Austrian-American composer, music theorist, teacher, writer, and painter. He is widely considered one of the most influential composers of the 20th century. He was associated with the expressionist movement in German poetry and art, and leader of the Second Viennese School. As a Jewish composer, Schoenberg was targeted by the Nazi Party, which labeled his works as degenerate music and forbade them from being published. He emigrated to the United States in 1933, becoming an American citizen in 1941.

Schoenberg's approach, both in terms of harmony and development, has shaped much of 20th-century musical thought. Many composers from at least three generations have consciously extended his thinking, whereas others have passionately reacted against it.

Peter Aldins teaches at the Longy School of Music of Bard College. He has been the co-director of the Latvian folk music ensemble Kolibri and served as the music director, choral conductor and organist at the Latvian Lutheran Church of Boston. He was a Composer in Residence at the Latvian Academy of Music and his choral compositions have been published by E. C. S. Publishing. Compositions and venues include: a shared composition recital in New York's Weill Recital Hall, a song-cycle in Boston's Jordan Hall and a choral cantata in Latvia's Dom Cathedral. His music has been broadcast by PBS stations in Minneapolis, Boston and New York.

Ernesto Lecuona (1896-1963) was a Cuban-American composer and pianist of worldwide fame. He composed over six hundred pieces, mostly in the Cuban vein, and was a pianist of exceptional skill. His father was Canarian and his mother was Cuban. A great deal of Lecuona's music was first introduced to mass American audiences by Desi Arnaz, a fellow Cuban and Lucille Ball's spouse.

Lecuona's talent for composition has influenced the Latin American world in a way quite similar to George Gershwin in the United States, in his case raising Cuban music to classical status. In 1960, thoroughly unhappy with Castro's new régime, Lecuona moved to Tampa, Florida and lived on West Orient Street in West Tampa with his relative.

TEXT & TRANSLATION

Venezuela

Pablo Herrero Ibarz (Living composer)
José Luis Armenteros Sánchez (1943-2016)

Llevo tu luz y tu aroma en mi piel,
Y el cuatro¹ en el corazón,
Llevo en mi sangre la espuma del mar,
Y tu horizonte en mis ojos.

I carry your light and your scent on my skin
And the cuatro* in my heart
I carry in my blood the sea foam
And your horizon in my eyes

No envidio el vuelo ni el nido al turpial.
Soy como el viento en la mies.
Siento el Caribe como a una mujer...
Soy así... ¿Que voy a hacer?

I don't envy the flight nor the nest to the troupial
I'm like the wind in the harvest
I feel the Caribbean Sea like a woman
I'm like this.. What can I do?

Soy desierto, selva, nieve y volcan,
Y al andar dejo una estela
Y el rumor del llano en una canción
Que me desvela.

I am desert, jungle, snow, and volcano
And when I walk, I leave a trail
And the rumor of the plains in a song
That makes me lose sleep

La mujer que quiero tiene que ser
Corazon, fuego y espuela,
Con la piel tostada como una flor
De Venezuela.

The woman I love has to be
Heart, fire and spur
With tanned skin like a flower
Of Venezuela

Con tus paisajes en mis sueños me iré
Por esos mundos de Dios;
Y tus recuerdos al atardecer
Me harán más corto el camino...

With your landscapes in my dreams I'll go
Through those worlds of God
And your memories at sunset
Will shorten the path

Entre tus playas quedó mi niñez,
Tendida al viento y al sol...
Y esa nostalgia que sube a mi voz,
Sin querer se hizo canción.

Between your beaches my childhood was left
Lying in the wind and the sun
And that nostalgia that climbs to my voice
Unintentionally, became a song

De los montes quiero la inmensidad
Y del rio la acuarela,
Y de ti, los hijos
Que sembrarán nuevas estrellas.

From the mountains I want the immensity
And from river -- the watercolor
And of you, the children
That will plant new stars

Y si un día tengo que naufragar
Y el tifón rompe mis velas,
Enterrad mi cuerpo cerca del mar...³¹
En Venezuela...

And if one day I have to shipwreck
And the typhoon breaks my sails
Bury my body close to the sea
In Venezuela

Sopra l'acqua indormenzada
Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)
Poetry: Pietro Pagello

Coi pensieri malinconici
No te star a tormentar:
Vien con mi, montemo in gondola,
Andaremo fora in mar.
Passaremo i porti e l'isole
Che circonda la città:
El sol more senza nuvole
E la luna spuntarà.

Oh! che festa, oh! che spettacolo,
Che presenta sta laguna,
Quando tuto xe silenzio,
Quando sluse in ciel la luna;
E spandendo i cavei morbidi
Sopra l'acqua indormenzada,
La se specie, la se cocola,
Come dona innamorada!

Tira zo quel velo e scòndite,
Che la vedo comparir!
Se l'arriva a discoverzarte,
La se pol ingelosir!
Sta baveta, che te zogola
Fra i caveli imbovolai,
No xe turbia de la polvere
De le rode a dei cavai. Vien!

Se in conchigli ai Greci Venere
Se sognava un altro di,
Forse visto i aveva in gondola
Una zogia come ti,
Ti xe bela, ti xe zovene,
Ti xe fresca come un fior;
Vien per tuti la so lagrime;
Ridiadesso e fa l'amor!

With melancholy thoughts
Do not keep tormenting yourself:
Come with me, let us get into a gondola,
Let us go far into the sea.
Let us pass the ports and the islands
Which surround the city:
The sun dies cloudlessly
And the moon appears.

Oh! what a party, oh! what a show
That this lagoon presents,
When all is silent,
When shines in the sky the moon;
And spreading her soft hair
Above the sleeping water,
She looks at herself, she pampers herself,
Like a woman in love!

Pull that veil over and conceal yourself,
So that I may see her appear!
If she comes to discover you,
She may make herself jealous!
This gentle breeze, which plays
Among your wavy hair,
Is not disturbed [by] the dust
Of the wheels and of the hair. Come!

If in shells to the Greeks Venus
Appeared in another time,
Perhaps they saw in a gondola
A beauty like you,
You are beautiful, you are young,
You are fresh as a flower;
Come for all the tears;
Laugh now and make love!

L'avvertimento
Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)
Poetry: Pietro Burrati

No corè, puti,
smaniosi tanto
Drio quel incanto
Che Nana g'ha
Xe tuto amabile
Ve acordo, in ela,
La xe una stela
Cascada qua
Ma... ma... La Nana cocola
G'ha el cuor tigrà.

L'ocio xe vivo
Color del cielo,
Oro el cavelo
Balsamo el fià;
Ghe sponta in viso
Do' rose intate.
Invidia al late
Quel sen ghe fa
Ma... ma... La Nana cocola
G'ha el cuor tigrà.

Ogni ochiadin
Che la ve daga,
Da qualche piaga
Voda no va!
Col so' granelo
De furbaria
La cortesia
Missiar la sa...
Ma... ma... La Nana cocola
G'ha el cuor tigrà.

Do not run, young [men,
So eagerly
After that enchantment
That Nana has.
All are amiable,
I concede, with her,
There is a star
Fallen there,
But... but... the cuddly Nana
Has the heart of a tiger.

Her eye is the deep
Color of the sky
Gold her hair,
Balsam her breath;
There appear on her face
Two intact roses.
That skin makes
Pure milk envious.
But... but... the cuddly Nana
Has the heart of a tiger.

Every wink
That she gives,
Of some plague
Venom comes!
With her grain
Of cunning
Kindness
She knows how to measure...
But... but... the cuddly Nana
Has the heart of a tiger.

Je te n'aime pas
Kurt weill (1900-1950)
Lyrics: Maurice Magre

Retire ta main, je ne t'aime pas
Car tu l'as voulu, tu n'es qu'un ami.
Pour d'autres sont faits le creux de tes bras
Et ton cher baiser, ta tête endormie.

Take away your hand -- for I don't love you;
Because you have wished it, you are only a friend.
Your embrace is for other people,
Your dear kiss, your slumbering head.

Ne me parle pas, lorsque c'est le soir
Trop intimement, à voix basse même
Ne me donne pas surtout ton mouchoir :
Il renferme trop le parfum que j'aime.

Don't talk to me when it is evening
In that very low voice, for it is too intimate;
And especially don't give me your handkerchief:
It holds too much of the scent I love.

Dis-moi tes amours, je ne t'aime pas
Quelle heure te fut la plus enivrante ?
Et si elle t'aimait bien, et si elle fut ingrate
En me le disant, ne sois pas charmant.

Tell me of your loves -- for I don't love you,
Tell me of your most intoxicating moment.
And if she loved you well, or if she was ungrateful,
In telling me, don't be charming --

Je n'ai pas pleuré, je n'ai pas souffert
Ce n'était qu'un rêve et qu'une folie.
Il me suffira que tes yeux soient clairs
Sans regret du soir, ni mélancolie.

I haven't cried, I haven't suffered,
It was only a dream -- a kind of madness.
It is enough to see your clear eyes,
With neither the regret of evening nor melancholy.

Il me suffira de voir ton bonheur
Il me suffira de voir ton sourire.
Conte-moi comment elle a pris ton cœur
Et même dis-moi ce qu'on ne peut dire.

It is enough to see your joy,
It is enough to see your smile.
Tell me how she stole your heart,
And tell me especially what shouldn't be told.

Non, tais-toi plutôt... Je suis à genoux
Le feu s'est éteint, la porte est fermée
Ne demande rien, je pleure... C'est tout.
Je ne t'aime pas, ô mon bien-aimé.

No, rather be silent... I am on my knees.
The fire has gone out, the door is closed.
Don't ask me anything, I'm crying... that's all.
I don't love you, oh my beloved!

I'm A Stranger Here Myself

Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

Lyrics: Ogden Nash

Tell me is love still a popular suggestion
Or merely an obsolete art?
Forgive me for asking, this simple question
I'm unfamiliar with his heart
I am a stranger here myself
Why is it wrong to murmur, "I adore him"
When it's shamefully obvious I do?
Does love embarrass him, or does it bore him?
I'm only waiting for my cue
I'm a stranger here myself
I dream of a day of a gay warm day
With my face between his hands
Have I missed the path? Have I gone astray?
I ask and no one understands
Love me or leave me
That seems to be the question
I don't know the tactics to use
But if he should offer
A personal suggestion
How could I possibly refuse
When I'm a stranger here myself?
Please tell me, tell a stranger

My curiosity goaded
Is there really any danger
That love is now out-moded?
I'm interested especially
In knowing why you waste it
True romance is so fleshly
With what have you replaced it?
What is your latest foibal?
Is Gin Rummy more exquisite?
Is skiing more enjoyable?
For heaven's sakes what is it?
I can't believe
That love has lost its glamor
That passion is really passé
If gender is just a term in grammar
How can I ever find my way?
When I'm a stranger here myself
How can he ignore my
Available condition?
Why these Victorian views?
You see here before you
A woman with a mission
I must discover the key to his ignition
And then if he should make
A diplomatic proposition
How could I possibly refuse?
How could I possibly refuse
When I'm a stranger here myself?

The Song of Wandering Aengus
Peter Aldins (Living)
Poetry: William Butler Yeats

I went out to the hazel wood,
Because a fire was in my head,
And cut and peeled a hazel wand,
And hooked a berry to a thread;
And when white moths were on the wing,
And moth-like stars were flickering out,
I dropped the berry in a stream
And caught a little silver trout.

When I had laid it on the floor
I went to blow the fire a-flame,
But something rustled on the floor,
And someone called me by my name:
It had become a glimmering girl
With apple blossom in her hair
Who called me by my name and ran
And faded through the brightening air.

Though I am old with wandering
Through hollow lands and hilly lands,
I will find out where she has gone,
And kiss her lips and take her hands;
And walk among long dappled grass,
And pluck till time and times are done,
The silver apples of the moon,
The golden apples of the sun.

The winds
Peter Aldins (Living)
Excerpts from W. B. Yeats' poems

The wind awaken.
Beloved, let your eyes have close
in the deep twilight of rest.
The north unfolds above them
clinging, creeping, clinging, creeping
the north, clinging creeping night.
The wind the winds that blow
blow through the story ways...
The East her hidden joy
before the morning break.
Beloved, let your eyes have close.
The wind desolate wind
cry over the wandering Sea.
The west weeps,
in pale dew and sighs,
sighs passing away
Beloved, rest.
The winds that awaken the stars
are blowing through my blood.
The south pouring,
pouring down roses
roses of Crimson fire.
Beloved, let your eyes have close
in the deep twilight
beloved,
rest.

Siboney

Ernesto Lecuona (1895-1963)

Siboney,
yo te quiero, yo me muero por tu amor.
Siboney,
en tu boca
la miel puso su dulzor.

Ven a mí,
que te quiero,
y que todo tesoro eres tú para mí.

Siboney,
al arrullo
de la palma pienso en tí.
Siboney,
de mi sueños,
¿si no oyes la queja de mi voz?

Siboney,
si no vienes,
me moriré de amor.

Siboney,
de mi sueños,
te espero con ansia en mi caney,
Porque tú
eres el dueño
de mi amor, Siboney.

Oye el eco
de mi canto
de cristal,
no se pierda
por entre el rudo manigual.

Siboney,
how I want you, I would die to have your love.
Siboney,
honey's sweetness from your lips wings like a
dove.

Come to me,
I who love you, my treasure, and want you as
close to me as can be.

Siboney,
breezes whisper, as palms murmur thoughts of
you.
Siboney,
my dreams call out,
can't you hear my voice for you all about?

Siboney,
if you don't come
I'll die with your love away.

Siboney,
with tides dreaming
in my hut awaiting you anxiously.
You alone
are that person
who owns all my love, Siboney.

Hear the echo
of my song
so crystal clear.
Don't lose your way
in the shadows of swamp night fear.

Siempre en mi Corazón
Ernesto Lecuona (1895-1963)

Estás en mi corazón
y aunque estoy lejos de ti es el
tormento mayor esta fatal
separación.

You are in my heart
and, though I am far away from you, the
worst torment is
this dreadful separation.

Estás en mi corazón
y en mi amarga soledad el
recuerdo de tu amor disminuye mi
penar.

You are in my heart
and in my bitter loneliness the memories
of your love lessen my
anguish.

Yo bien sé que nunca más en mis
brazos estarás prisionera de un
cariño que fue toda mi ilusión.

I know well that never again you will be in
my arms.(I am) prisoner of a love which
became all my hopes.

Pero nada ha de poder que te deje
de querer porque como único
dueño estás en mi corazón.

But nothing will ever make me stop loving
you, because you're in my heart as its
sole master.

Yo bien sé que nunca más en mis
brazos estarás prisionera de un
cariño que fue toda mi ilusión.

I know well that never again you will be in
my arms.(I am) prisoner of a love which
became all my hopes.

Pero nada ha de poder que te deje
de querer porque como único
dueño estás en mi corazón.

I know that never again... But nothing will
ever make me stop loving you, because
you're in my heart as its sole master.