

Mythology of Song

Edward Coughlin, Tenor

Luping Xu, Piano

Sunday, April 7, 2024

Edward M. Pickman Concert Hall

Iphigenia, Op. 98, No. 8 (1817)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Blüht denn hier, an Tauris Strande,

Aus dem teuren Vaterlande

Keine Blume, weht kein Hauch

Aus den seligen Gefilden,

Wo Geschwister mit mir spielten?

Ach! mein Leben ist ein Rauch.

Trauernd wank ich in dem Haine,

Keine Hoffnung nähr ich, keine,

Meine Heimat zu ersehnen;

Und die See mit hohen Wellen,

Die an Klippen sich zerschellen,

Übertäubt mein leises Flehn.

Göttin, die du mich gerettet,

An die Wildnis angekettet,

Rette mich zum zweiten Mal.

Gnädig lasse mich den Meinen,
Lass, o Göttin, mich erscheinen
In des großen Königs Saal.
So, blossoming here on the shore of Tauris
Is there nothing from my dear fatherland,
No flower, is there no breath stirring
From the blessed fields
Where my sisters used to play with me?
Oh, my life has become a puff of smoke!

I stagger about mournfully in this grove,
Nourishing no hope – none at all –
That I will ever set eyes on my homeland again;
And the sea with its high waves
Being smashed against the rocks
Is drowning out my gentle pleas.

Goddess, you who rescued me
Confining me to this wilderness,
Rescue me a second time;
Be gracious and allow me to return to my people,
Oh goddess, let me appear
In the great hall of the king!

Heliopolis, D.753, No. 2 (1822)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Fels auf Felsen hingewälzet,
Fester Grund und treuer Halt;
Wasserfälle, Windeschauer,
Unbegriffene Gewalt.

Einsam auf Gebirges Zinne,
Kloster wie auch Burgruine,
Grab' sie der Erinnerung ein!
Denn der Dichter lebt vom Sein.

Atme du den heil'gen Äther
Schling die Arme um die Welt,
Nur dem Würdigen, dem Grossen
Bleibe mutig zugesellt.

Lass die Leidenschaften sausen
Im metallenen Akkord,
Wenn die starken Stürme brausen,
Findest du das rechte Wort.

Rock piled upon rock,
firm ground and steady foothold;
waterfalls, blasts of wind,
uncomprehended power.

Solitary, on the mountain peak,

stands a monastery and a ruined castle;
etch them in the memory,
for the poet lives through existence.

Breathe the holy ether,
clasp the world in your arms;
boldly consort
only with the worthy and the great.

Let the passions seethe
in brazen harmony.
When fierce tempests rage
you will find the right word.

Ganymed, Op. 19, No. 3 (1817)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Wie im Morgenglanze
Du rings mich anglühst,
Frühling, Geliebter!
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne
Sich an mein Herz drängt
Deiner ewigen Wärme
Heilig Gefühl,
Unendliche Schöne!
Dass ich dich fassen möcht'
In diesen Arm!

Ach, an deinem Busen
Lieg' ich, schmachte,
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras
Drängen sich an mein Herz.
Du kühlst den brennenden
Durst meines Busens,
Lieblicher Morgenwind!
Ruft drein die Nachtigall
Liebend mach mir aus dem Nebeltal.
Ich komm', ich komme!
Wohin? Ach wohin?

Hinauf! Hinauf strebt's.
Es schweben die Wolken
Abwärts, die Wolken
Neigen sich der sehnenden Liebe.
Mir! Mir!
In euerm Schosse
Aufwärts!
Umfangend umfassen!
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,
Alliebender Vater!

How your glow envelops me
in the morning radiance,

spring, my beloved!

With love's thousandfold joy

the hallowed sensation

of your eternal warmth

floods my heart,

infinite beauty!

O that I might clasp you

in my arms!

Ah, on your breast

I lie languishing,

and your flowers, your grass

press close to my heart.

You cool the burning

thirst within my breast,

sweet morning breeze,

as the nightingale calls

tenderly to me from the misty valley.

I come, I come!

But whither? Ah, whither?

Upwards! Strive upwards!

The clouds drift

down, yielding

to yearning love,

to me, to me!

In your lap,
upwards,
embracing and embraced!
Upwards to your bosom,
all-loving Father!

Serenata Eterna (Year unknown)

Antonio Gomeznada (1894-1961)

Sal niña hermosa,
Sal a tu balcón
Contempla la luna
Y escucha un cantar.

Y entonces niña.
Un rayo de luna
Vibrando en tu alma,
Te dirá que soy yo.

Tan sólo te pido
Que cierres mi boca
Callando mi canto
Con un beso de amor.

Iremos juntos
Al bosque tranquilo
Cogidos del brazo.

Muy cerca los dos.

La noche entera

Serás toda mía

Y al día siguiente,

Volveré a cantar.

Come out beautiful girl,

Go out to your balcony

contemplate the moon

And hear a song.

And then girl.

a ray of moon

Vibrating in your soul,

She'll tell you it's me.

I only ask you

close my mouth

Silence my song

With a kiss of love.

We'll go together

To the quiet forest

Arm in arm.

Both of them very close.

The whole night
you will be all mine
And the next day,
I will sing again.

Sólo por el rocío from *Nueve canciones* (1960)

Giselda Hernandez (1912-1971)

Aunque no me quisieras te querría.
Por tu mirar sombrío.

Aunque no me quisieras te querría
Como quiere la alondra al nuevo día.
Sólo por el rocío.

Even if you didn't love me, I would love you
For your gloomy look.

Even if you didn't love me, I would love you
As the lark wants the new day.
Just for the dew.

Algún día (Year unknown)

Jaime León Ferro (1921-2015)

Un día llegarás.
El amor nos espera

Y me dirás, y me dirás amada,
Ya llegó la primavera.

Un día me amarás.
Estarás de mi pecho tan cercano
Que no sabré, si el fuego que me abraza
Es de tu corazón o del verano.

Un día me tendrás.
Escucharemos mudos
Latir nuestras arterias, y sollozar
Los árboles desnudos.

Un día, cualquier día,
Breve y eterno.
El amor es el mismo
En verano, en otoño y en invierno.

One day you will arrive.
love awaits us
And you will tell me, and you will tell me beloved,
Spring has already arrived.

One day you will love me.
You will be so close to my chest
I won't know if the fire that embraces me

It's from your heart or from the summer.

One day you will have me.

We will listen silently

Beat our arteries, and sob

The bare trees.

One day, any day,

Brief and eternal.

love is the same

In summer, in autumn and in winter.

Se equivocó la paloma (1941)

Carlos Guastavino (1912-2000)

Se equivocó la paloma, se equivocaba

Por ir al norte fue al sur, creyó que el trigo era agua

Se equivocaba

Creó el mar era el cielo, que la noche la mañana

Se equivocaba, se equivocaba

Que las estrellas eran rocío, que la calor era nevada

Se equivocaba, se equivocaba

Que tu falda era tu blusa, que tu corazón su casa

Se equivocaba, se equivocaba

Ella se durmió en la orilla o en la cumbre de una rama

The dove was wrong, she was wrong

By going north she went south, she believed that wheat was water

She was wrong

She believed the sea was the sky, that the night was the morning

She was wrong, she was wrong

That the stars were dew, that the heat was snow

She was wrong, she was wrong

That your skirt was your blouse, that your heart was your house

She was wrong, she was wrong

She fell asleep on the shore or on the top of a branch

Ya canta el ave from *Los jardineros* (1761)

Luis Mison (1727-1766)

Ya canta el ave, viene la aurora,

y se lo dora todo el vergel.

Si habrá salido mi dueño hermoso,

¡qué perezoso, fin y cruel!

Decidme, rosas, decidme, fuentes,

decidme, troncas, decid, claveles,

si ha venido, ¡mas chito!
pues ya se advierte en que están
todos bellos que ella está ausente.

Ya todo el valle la luz esmalta,
y el ave salta de flor en flor.
Si el dueño mío se ha anticipado,
cruel ha estado con el mi amor.
Decidme, rosas, decidme, fuentes,
decidme, troncas, decid, claveles,
Si has venido, ¡mas cielos!
¿Qué es lo que halló?
Ya encontró mi descuido
con el cuidado.

Birds are singing, the day is dawning,
and the whole garden seems made of gold.
If my fair mistress is already out,
how lazy, shrewd and cruel I have been!
Tell me, roses, tell me, fountains,
tell me, trees, tell me, carnations,
if she has come, but hush!
I can tell that she is not here,
because you are still beautiful.

Now the whole valley is painted with light,

now birds are flitting from flower to flower.

If my beloved has come earlier,

he has been cruel with my love.

Tell me, roses, tell me, fountains,

tell me, trees, tell me, carnations,

if he has come, but heavens.

He has already anticipated me

with thoughtfulness.

This is my box from *Ahmal and the Nightvisitors* (1951)

Giancarlo Menotti (1911-2007)

This is my box, this is my box...

I never travel without my box.

In the first drawer I keep my magic stones.

One carnelian against all evil and envy.

One moonstone to make you sleep.

One red coral to heal your wounds.

One lapis lazuli against quartern fever.

One small jasper to help you find water.

One small topaz to soothe your eyes.

One red ruby to protect you from lightning.

This is my box. This is my box

I never travel without my box

In the second drawer, I keep all my beads.

Oh! How I love to play with beads...

all kinds of beads!

This is my box... this is my box...

I never travel without my box.

In the third drawer... in the third drawer...

Oh little boy... oh little boy...

In the third drawer I keep...

Licorice! Licorice!

Black sweet licorice... black sweet licorice!

Have some.

Quanto è bella from *L'Elisir d'Amore* (1832)

Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)

Quanto è bella, quanto è cara!

Più la vedo e più mi piace ...

Ma in quel cor non son capace

Lieve affetto d'inspirar.

Essa legge, studia, impara ...

Non vi ha cosa ad essa ignota ...

Io son sempre un idiota,

Io non so che sospirar.

How beautiful she is, how expensive she is!

The more I see it, the more I like it ...

But in that heart I am not capable

Mild affection to inspire.

It reads, studies, learns ...

He has nothing to do with it ...

I am always an idiot

I do not know what to sigh.

Si tu le veux from **5 Mélodies, Op.5** (1893-1897)

Charles Koechlin (1867-1950)

Si tu le veux, ô mon amour,

Ce soir dès que la fin du jour

Sera venue,

Quand les étoiles surgiront,

Et mettront des clous d'or au fond

Bleu de la nue,

Nous partirons seuls tous les deux

Dans la nuit brune en amoureux,

Sans qu'on nous voie,

Et tendrement je te dirai

Un chant d'amour où je mettrai

Toute ma joie.

Mais quand tu rentreras chez toi,
Si l'on te demande pourquoi,
Mignonne fée,
Tes cheveux sont plus fous qu'avant,
Tu répondras que seul le vent
T'a décoiffée,
Si tu le veux, ô mon amour.

If you want to, o my love,
Tonight as soon as the end of the day
Will have come,
When the stars appear,
And place golden pins
on the blue sky

We will go off alone, the two of us,
Through the dark night all in love,
Nobody watching us,
And tenderly I will sing you
A love song in which I will lay
All my joy.

But when you go home,
If they ask you why,
Pretty fairy,
Your hair is more in disarray than before,

You will answer that only the wind
Tousled your hair,
If you want to, o my love.

Sombrero (1894)

Cécile Chaminade (1857-1944)

Qu'elle était mutine et coquette,

La fillette

Du vieux Pédro!

Elle avait mis sur son oreille

Si vermeille

Un sombrero.

Elle avait un petit air crâne

De Diane

Courant le cerf;

L'œil indompté d'une cavale

Qui détale

Dans le désert.

Autour de sa taille serrée

Et cambrée

Son corset noir

Reluisait comme une cuirasse,

Claire glace,

Vivant miroir.

Elle avait pris son ton farouche
Et sa bouche,
Rose clairon,
Sonnait une brève fanfare,
Et, bizarre,
Plissait le front.

Elle frappait contre la dalle
Sa sandale
Fiévreusement.
Elle attendait impatiente,
Défiante,
Son jeune amant.

Il ne viendra pas, songeait-elle,
L'infidèle,
Il est trop tard!
Elle tenait dans sa main blanche,
Par le manche,
Son fin poignard.

Qu'elle était troublée, inquiète,
La fillette
Du vieux Pédro.
Elle avait mis sur son oreille

Si vermeille

Un sombrero.

That she was mischievous and flirtatious,

The little girl

Old Pedro!

She had put on her ear

So ruddy

A sombrero.

She had a little skull look

By Diane

Running the deer;

The untamed eye of a runaway

Who runs away

In the desert.

Around her tight waist

And arched

Her black corset

Shined like a breastplate,

Clear ice,

Living mirror.

She had taken her fierce tone

And his mouth,

Bugle pink,
A brief fanfare sounded,
And, strangely,
Wrinkled his forehead.

She was hitting the tile
Her sandal
Feverishly.
She waited impatiently,
Defiant,
Her young lover.

He won't come, she thought,
The unfaithful,
It's too late!
She held in her white hand,
By the handle,
His fine dagger.

That she was troubled, worried,
The little girl
From old Pedro.
She had put on her ear
So ruddy
A sombrero.

L'Heure exquise from **7 Chansons Grises** (1890)

Reynaldo Hahn (1873-1947)

La lune blanche

Luit dans les bois;

De chaque branche

Part une voix

Sous la ramée...

Ô 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
Gleams in the woods;
From every branch
There comes a voice
Beneath the boughs...

O my beloved.

The pool reflects,
Deep mirror,
The silhouette
Of the black willow
Where the wind is weeping...

Let us dream, it is the hour.

A vast and tender
Consolation
Seems to fall
From the sky
The moon illumines...

Exquisite hour.

Fleur jetée (1884)

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Emporte ma folie
Au gré du vent,
Fleur en chantant cueillie
Et jetée en rêvant.
– Emporte ma folie
Au gré du vent!

Comme la fleur fauchée
Périt l'amour.
La main qui t'a touchée
Fuit ma main sans retour.
– Comme la fleur fauchée,
Périt l'amour!

Que le vent qui te sèche,
Ô pauvre fleur,
Tout à l'heure si fraîche
Et demain sans couleur!
– Que le vent qui te sèche,
Sèche mon cœur!

Bear away my folly
At the whim of the wind,
Flower, plucked while singing
And discarded while dreaming.
Bear away my folly

At the whim of the wind!

Like a scythed flower

Love perishes.

The hand that touched you

Shuns my hand for ever.

Like a scythed flower

Love perishes!

May the wind that withers you,

O poor flower,

So fresh just now

But tomorrow faded,

May the wind that withers you,

Wither my heart!

All good gifts from **Godspell** (1973)

Stephen Schwartz (1948-)

We plow the fields and scatter the good seed on the land..

But it is fed and watered by God's almighty hand..

He sends us snow in winter, the warmth to swell the grain...

The breezes and the sunshine, and soft refreshing rain...

All good gifts around us

Are sent from Heaven above

Then thank the Lord, oh thank the Lord for all his love...

We thank thee then, O Father, for all things bright and good,
The seedtime and the harvest, our life our health our food,
No gifts have we to offer for all thy love imparts
But that which thou desirest, our humble thankful hearts!

All good gifts around us
Are sent from Heaven above..
Then thank the Lord, oh thank the Lord for all his love..
I really wanna thank you Lord!

Lucky to be me from ***On the Town*** (1944)

Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)

I used to think it might be fun to be
Anyone else but me.
I thought that it would be a pleasant surprise
To wake up as a couple of other guys.
But now that I've found you,
I've changed my point of view,
And now I wouldn't give a dime to be
Anyone else but me.

What a day,
Fortune smiled and came my way,
Bringing love I never thought I'd see,
I'm so lucky to be me.

What a night,
Suddenly you came in sight,
Looking just the way I'd hoped you'd be,
I'm so lucky to be me.
I am simply thunderstruck
At the change in my luck:
Knew at once I wanted you,
Never dreamed you'd want me, too.
I'm so proud
You chose me from all the crowd,
There's no other guy I'd rather be,
I could laugh out loud,
I'm so lucky to be me.

I Love Betsy from *Honeymoon in Vegas* (2014)

Jason Robert Brown (1970)

I like taxis,
I like trains,
I like Brooklyn when it rains
But I love Betsy
I like walking after dark,
I like jogs in Prospect Park
But I love Betsy
I like Shake Shack,
I like MOMA,
And New Jersey's ripe aroma

The parade's when i see 'em and even the DMV

And the Brooklyn bridge by bike

Heck, there's lots of stuff I like

But I love Betsy and she loves me

She likes hockey, no I swear

She likes guys with thinning hair

And I love Betsy

She likes pizza and Chinese

Louboutin's and mac'n'cheese

God, I love Betsy

She likes swimming,

Writing letters

She likes watching double-headers

She drinks bourbon and sake

And even likes Rocky III

I'm amazed and I'm impressed

But the thing that I like best is I love Betsy

And she loves me

Five years

I've been in love with Betsy for five years

I can't believe she stuck with me

What kind of luck have I got?

To keep someone like her around

Ten years

My mom's been dead already for ten years

So since she put that curse on me-

No, there's no curse,
Its not a curse,
Forget I said curse,
The point is its been long enough,
Now it's time to grow up,
Mom's in the ground,
And look what I've found
I like dancing on the pier,
I like Broadway, once a year
But I love Betsy
I like visits to the zoo,
I like opera, that's not true
But I love Betsy
Its been five years and I'm ready,
Get the sparklers and confetti
Give a wink to the waiter
And summon the maître d,
Just like Jay-Z and Beyoncé,
I will make her my fiancé
I love Betsy
(La la la la la la la)
I love Betsy
(La la la la la la la)
I love Betsy
And Betsy loves me
I'm a schmuck and betsy loves me

Doesn't matter what I do,
I know its true
I could never live without her
Betsy loves me
Its amazing,
Betsy loves me
And tonight I'm gunna show her
Just how proud I am to know her
There's no danger,
There's no drama,
There's no curse,
And there's no Mama
Put my problems in the past
I'm a grown-up man at last
I'm the luckiest guy from the Bronx to the islands
So laugh if you wanna,
This whole town is gunna see,
That I love Betsy
Sorry Mama,
I love Betsy
And she loves me

Out there from *The Huntchback of Notre Dame* (1996)

Alan Menken (1949-)

The world is cruel

The world is wicked

It's I alone whom you can trust in this whole city

I am your only friend

I who keep you, teach you, feed you, dress you

I who look upon you without fear

How can I protect you, boy, unless you

Always stay in here

Away in here

You are deformed

(I am deformed)

And you are ugly

(And I am ugly)

And these are crimes

For which the world

Shows little pity

You do not comprehend

(You are my one defender)

Out there they'll revile you

As a monster

(I am a monster)

Out there they will hate

And scorn and jeer

(Only a monster)

Why invite their calumny

And consternation

Stay in here

Be faithful to me

(I'm faithful)

Grateful to me

(I'm grateful)

Do as I say

Obey

And stay

In here

Safe behind these windows and these parapets of stone

Gazing at the people down below me

All my life I watch them as I hide up here alone

Hungry for the histories they show me

All my life I memorize their faces

Knowing them as they will never know me

All my life I wonder how it feels to pass a day

Not above them

But part of them

And out there

Living in the sun

Give me one day out there

All I ask is one

To hold forever

Out there

Where they all live unaware

What I'd give

What I'd dare

Just to live one day out there

Out there among the millers and the weavers and their wives

Through the roofs and gables I can see them

Every day they shout and scold and go about their lives

Heedless of the gift it is to be them

If I was in their skin

I'd treasure every instant

Out there

Strolling by the Seine

Taste a morning out there

Like ordinary men

Who freely walk about there

Just one day and then

I swear I'll be content

With my share

Won't resent

Won't despair

Old and bent

I won't care

I'll have spent

One day

Out there