

A Woman's Shape

Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848) (6:00)

Quel guardo il cavaliere, *Don Pasquale*

French Melodie

Lili Boulanger (1893-1918)

Clairières dans les ciels (6:13)

1. Elle était descendu au bas de la prairie
2. Elle est gravement gaie

4. Un poète disait

English Art Song

Juliana Hall (1958)

Night dances (15:00)

- The Crickets Sang (Emily Dickinson)
- Some Things Are Dark (Edna St. Vincent Millay)
- Song (Emily Brontë)
- Sleep, mourner, sleep! (Emily Brontë)
- A Spider sewed at Night (Emily Dickinson)
- Sonnet (Elizabeth Bishop)

Latin American Art Song

Irma Urteaga (1929-2022)

Existenciales (7:24)

1. Cuadrados y ángulos

2. Hombre
3. La garra blanca

Intermission

(15 minutes)

Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)(7:30)

Ah non credea mirarti... Ah non giunge, *La Sonnambula*

German Lieder

Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

Drei Lieder op. 12 (7:22)

- Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen
- Liebst du um Schönheit
- Warum willst du and're fragen

Oratorio

Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904)

Biblické piesne op. 99 (7:54)

6. Slyš, ó Bože, volání mé. Andante

Hear my prayer, O Lord

7. Při řekách babylonských. Andante

By the waters of Babylon

10. Zpívejte Hospodinu píseň novou. Allegro moderato

Sing ye a joyful song unto the Lord

Jules Massenet (1842-1912) (5 :20)

Je marche sur tour les chemins... Obeissons quand leur grand s'apelle, Manon

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A Woman's Shape

This eclectic recital, titled "A Woman's Shape," showcases a diverse selection of English Art Song, Latin American Art Song, French Mélodie, German Lieder, Oratorio, and Arias, all centering around the theme of womanhood and its multifaceted dimensions. Through the works of various composers approaching different eras and regions, the program explores the essence of femininity, with its complexities, strengths, and vulnerabilities.

"A Woman's Shape" is an invitation to a captivating musical journey, celebrating the beauty, strength, and complexity of women through the timeless power of music.

Lili Boulanger's "Clairières dans les ciel" presents a collection of enchanting melodies that evoke the ethereal beauty of nature and the human soul. From "Elle était descendu au bas de la prairie" to "Un poète disait," Boulanger's compositions transport listeners to a realm of introspection and poetic reverie.

Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie

French source: [Francis Jammes](#)

Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie
et, comme la prairie était toute fleurie
de plantes dont la tige aime à pousser dans
l'eau,
ces plantes inondées je les avais cueillies.

Bientôt, s'étant mouillée, elle gagna le haut
de cette prairie-là qui était toute fleurie.

Elle riait et s'ébrouait avec la grâce
dégingandée qu'ont les jeunes filles trop
grandes.

Elle avait le regard qu'ont les fleurs de
lavande.

Elle est gravement gaie

French source: [Francis Jammes](#)

Elle est gravement gaie. Par moments son
regard
se levait comme pour surprendre ma pensée.

Elle était douce alors comme quand il est
tard

She had reached the low-lying meadow

English translation © [Richard Stokes](#)

She had reached the low-lying meadow,
and, since the meadow was all a-blossom
with plants that like to grow in water,
I had picked these flooded flowers.

Soon, soaking wet, she reached the top
of that blossoming meadow.

She was laughing and gasping with the
gawky
grace of girls who are too tall.

Her eyes looked like lavender flowers.

She is solemnly cheerful

English translation © [Richard Stokes](#)

She is solemnly cheerful. At times she
looked up,
as if to catch what I was thinking.

She was gentle then, like at dusk

le velours jaune et bleu d'une allée de pensées. the yellow-blue velvet of a path of pansies.

Un poète disait

French source: Francis Jammes

Un poète disait que lorsqu'il était jeune,
il fleurissait des vers comme un rosier des roses.

Lorsque je pense à elle, il me semble que
jase

une fontaine intarissable dans mon cœur.

Comme sur le lys Dieu pose un parfum
d'église,

comme il met du corail aux joues de la
cerise,

je veux poser sur elle, avec dévotion,

la couleur d'un parfum, qui n'aura pas de
nom.

A poet said

English translation © Richard Stokes

A poet said that when he was young
he blossomed with verse, like rose-trees
with roses.

When I think of her, an endless spring
seems to babble in my heart.

As God places a church-scent on the lily

and coral on the cheeks of the cherry,

I wish to place, devotedly, on her

the color of a scent that shall have no
name.

Juliana Hall's exquisite compositions bring to life the poetry of renowned female writers such as Emily Dickinson, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and Emily Brontë. "Night Dances," "The Crickets Sang," "Some Things Are Dark," "Song," "Sleep, mourner, sleep!" and "A Spider Sewed at Night" delve into the depths of emotion, offering a profound exploration of the female experience through the art of song.

The Crickets sang

- Emily Dickinson

The Crickets sang
And set the Sun
And Workmen finished one by one
Their Seam the Day upon.

The low Grass loaded with the Dew
The Twilight stood, as Strangers do
With Hat in Hand, polite and new
To stay as if, or go.

A Vastness, as a Neighbor, came,
A Wisdom, without Face, or Name,
A Peace, as Hemispheres at Home
And so the Night became.

Song

- Emily Brontë

This shall be thy lullaby,
Rocking on the stormy sea;
Though it roar in thunder wild,
Sleep, stilly sleep, my dark-haired child.

When our shuddering boat was crossing
Eldern's lake, so rudely tossing,

Some things are dark

- Edna St. Vincent Millay

Some things are dark — or think they are.

But, in comparison to me,

All things are light enough to see

In any place, at any hour.

For I am Nightmare: where I fly,

Terror and rain stand in the sky

So thick, you could not tell them from

That blackness out of which you come.

So much for “where I fly”: but when

I strike, and clutch in claw the brain —

Erebus, to such brain, will seem

The thin blue dusk of pleasant dream.

Sleep, mourner, sleep!

- Emily Brontë

Sleep, mourner, sleep! -- I cannot sleep

My weary mind still wanders on;

Then silent weep — I cannot weep,

For eyes and tears are turned to stone.

Sonnet

- Elizabeth Bishop

Then 'twas first my nursling smiled;
Sleep, softly sleep, my fair-browed child.
Waves above thy cradle break;
Foamy tears are on the cheek;
Yet the ocean's self grows mild
When it bears my slumbering child.

A spider sewed at night

- Emily Dickinson

A spider sewed at night
Without a light
Upon an arc of white.
If ruff it was of dame
Or shroud of Gnome,
Himself, himself inform.
Of immortality
His strategy
Was physiognomy.

I am in need of music that rould flow
Over my fretful fingertips,
Over my better tainted, trembling lips,
With melody deep, clear,
And liquid slow.

Oh for the healing swaying, old and low
Of some song sung to rest the quiet dead,
A song to fall like water on my head,
And over quivering limbs,
dream flushed to glow!

There is a magic made by melody:
A spell of rest, and quiet breath,
and cool Heart that sinks through fading
colors deep
To the subaqueous stillness of the sea,
And floats forever in a moongreen pool,
Held in the arms of rhythm and of sleep.

Irma Urteaga's "Existenciales" offers a compelling journey through existential themes, expressed vividly through music. From "Cuadrados y ángulos" to "La garra blanca," these songs capture the essence of Latin American culture while delving into universal human experiences. The lyrics for "Existenciales" were likely chosen or written by the composer herself. Given the thematic focus on existentialism, the texts may touch on topics such as the meaning of life, the nature of existence, and the human condition.

Cuadrados y ángulos

Casas enfiladas, casas enfiladas,
casas enfiladas,
cuadrados, cuadrados, cuadrados,
casas enfiladas.

Las gentes ya tienen el alma cuadrada,
ideas en fila
y ángulo en la espalda;
yo misma he vertido
ayer una lágrima,
Dios mío, cuadrada.

Hombre

Hombre, yo quiero que mi mal
comprendas,
hombre, yo quiero que me des dulzura,
hombre, yo marchó por tus mismas
sendas;
hijo de madre: entiende mi locura...

La Garra Blanca

En esta esplendidez del cielo limpio
Hundo los ojos y al hundirlos lloro.
Cubren el cielo lágrimas de oro,

Squares and Angles

Houses lined up, houses lined up,
houses lined up,
squares, squares, squares,
houses lined up.

People have already square souls,
ideas in a line,
and angles on their backs;
I myself shed
a tear yesterday,
My God, square.

Man

Man, I want you to understand my pain,
man, I want you to give me sweetness
man, I walk through your same paths;
son of a mother: understand my
madness...

The White Claw

In this splendor of the clear sky
I sink my eyes and as I sink them, I weep.
Tears of gold cover the sky,
The clear sky.

El cielo limpio.

Ah, me parece que una garra blanca

Ha de bajar de pronto a arrebatarme

Y por el cielo en curva ha de llevarme,

La garra blanca.

Ah, it seems to me that a white claw

Will suddenly descend to snatch me away

And it will carry me in a curved sky,

The white claw.

In Bellini's "Ah non credea mirarti... Ah non giunge" from *La Sonnambula*, the opera tells the story of Amina, a sleepwalker, who is wrongly accused of infidelity but ultimately vindicated. The aria begins with a tender and introspective section ("Ah non credea mirarti") in which Amina reflects on her lost love, followed by a more dramatic and impassioned section ("Ah non giunge") in which she expresses her anguish and despair.

Libretto by Felice Romani

Ah, non credea mirarti
si presto estinto, o fiore;
passasti al par d'amore,
che un giorno sol(o) duro.

Oh, I didn't believe to see you
so soon extinguished, o flowers;
you have passed alongside love
that only lasted one day.

Potria novel vigore
il pianto mio recarti
ma ravvivar l'amore
il pianto mio, ah no, non puo.

Perhaps new life
my tears will bring to you
but to revive love
my tears, oh no, cannot.

Ah, non giunge uman pensiero
al contento ond'io son piena:
a miei sensi io credo appena;
tu m'affida o mio tesor.

Oh, inconceivable human thought
a wave of contentment fills me:
I can scarcely believe my senses;
you assure me, o my treasure.

Ah, mi abbraccia, e sempre insieme,
sempre uniti in una speme,
della terra, in cui viviamo
ci formiamo un ciel d'amor.

Oh, embrace me, and always together,
always united in a single hope,
of the earth, we live in
we will make a heaven of love.

Clara Schumann's "Drei Lieder op. 12" offers a glimpse into the romantic era, with melodies that resonate with longing, passion, and introspection. "Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen," "Liebst du um Schönheit," and "Warum willst du and're fragen" showcase Schumann's mastery of the lieder form and her ability to convey profound emotion through music.

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen

German source: [Friedrich Rückert](#)

Er ist gekommen
In Sturm und Regen,
Ihm schlug bekloffen
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,
Nun ist gekommen
Des Frühlings Segen.
Der Freund zieht weiter,

He came in storm and rain

English translation © [Richard Stokes](#)

He came
In storm and rain;
My anxious heart
Beat against his.
How could I have known
That his path
Should unite itself with mine?

He came
In storm and rain;
Audaciously
He took my heart.
Did he take mine?
Did I take his?
Both drew near to each other.

He came
In storm and rain.
Now spring's blessing
Has come.
My friend journeys on,
I watch with good cheer,

Ich seh' es heiter,
Denn er bleibt mein auf allen Wegen.

Liebst du um Schönheit

German source: [Friedrich Rückert](#)

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!

Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr!

Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar!

Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar!

Warum willst du and're fragen?

For he shall be mine wherever he goes.

If you love for beauty

English translation © [Richard Stokes](#)

If you love for beauty,
O love not me!
Love the sun,
She has golden hair!

If you love for youth,
O love not me!
Love the spring
Who is young each year!

If you love for riches,
O love not me!
Love the mermaid
Who has many shining pearls!

If you love for love,
Oh yes, love me!
Love me always;
I shall love you forever!

Why enquire of others

English translation © Richard Stokes

German source: Friedrich Rückert

Warum willst du and're fragen,
Die's nicht meinen treu mit dir?
Glaube nicht, als was dir sagen
Diese beiden Augen hier!

Glaube nicht den fremden Leuten,
Glaube nicht dem eignen Wahn;
Nicht mein Tun auch sollst du deuten,
Sondern sieh die Augen an!

Schweigt die Lippe deinen Fragen,
Oder zeugt sie gegen mich?
Was auch meine Lippen sagen,
Sieh mein Aug', ich liebe dich!

Why enquire of others,
Who are not faithful to you?
Only believe what these two eyes
Here tell you!

Do not believe what others say;
Do not believe strange fancies;
Nor should you interpret my deeds,
But instead look at these eyes!

Are my lips silent to your questions
Or do they testify against me?
Whatever my lips might say;
Look at my eyes; I love you!

Donizetti's "Quel guardo il cavaliere" from Don Pasquale, In this aria, Norina muses on her own attractiveness and the effect it has on men, particularly Don Pasquale, whom she plans to marry in disguise. It is a lively and flirtatious aria characterized by its sparkling coloratura passages and playful melody. The aria showcases a woman's vivacious personality and her ability to manipulate the situation to her advantage.

"Quel guardo,
il cavaliere in mezzo al cor trafisse,
Piegò i ginocchio e disse:
Son vostro cavalier.
E tanto era in quel guardo
Sapor di paradiso,
Che il cavalier Riccardo,
Tutto d'amor conquiso,
Giurò che ad altra mai,
Non volgeria il pensier."
Ah, ah!

So anch'io la virtù magica
D'un guardo a tempo e loco,
So anch'io come si bruciano
I cori a lento foco,
D'un breve sorrisetto
Conosco anch'io l'effetto,
Di menzognera lagrima,
D'un subito languor,
Conosco i mille modi
Dell'amorose frodi,
I vezzi e l'arti facili
Per adescare un cor.

That glance,
it pierced the knight's heart,
he bent on his knees and said:
I am your knight
And in that glance there was
such taste of heaven
that knight Riccardo,
being conquered by love,
swore he would not think
to any other woman".
Ah, Ah!

I also know the magic virtue
of a glance at the right time in the right
place,
I also know how hearts burn
on the slow fire
of a short smile.
I also know the effect
of a deceitful tear,
of an instant languor
I know the thousand means
love-frauds use,
the charms and the easy arts

	used to seduce a heart.
Ho testa bizzarra,	
son pronta vivace,	I have an odd mind,
Brillare mi piace scherzar:	I have a ready wit,
Se monto in furore	I like being witty, joking :
Di rado sto al segno,	If I get angry
Ma in riso lo sdegno fo presto a cangiar,	I rarely can remain calm
Ho testa bizzarra,	But I can soon change indignation in laugh,
Ma core eccellente, ah!	I have an odd mind,
	but an excellent heart, ah!

Antonín Dvořák's "Biblické Piesne op. 99" presents a majestic portrayal of biblical themes, highlighting the strength and spirituality in moments of grief and despair to always remember to praise the Lord and trust Him with everything. From "Slyš, ó Bože, volání mé" to "Zpívejte Hospodinu píseň novou," Dvořák's oratorio captivates audiences with its grandeur and emotional depth.

6. Psalms 61:1,3,4, 63:1, 4/5

English text © 2004 Vladimír Chaloupka

Slyš, ó Bože, volání mé, pozoruj modlitby mé.

Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer.

Nebo jsi býval útočiště mé, a pevná věže před tváří nepřítele.

For Thou hast been my shelter, and a strong tower facing the enemy.

Buduť bydliti v stánku tvém na věky,

I will abide in Thee, Lord, for ever more with Thee,

schráním se v skrýši křídel tvých.

Hide me, Oh Lord, within Thy wings.

Bože! Bůh silný můj ty jsi, tebeť hned v jitře hledám,

Lord!, Thou art my tower of strength; I will seek Thee early.

Tebe žízní duše má, po tobě touží tělo mé, v zemi žíznivé a vyprahlé, v níž není vody,

My soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh longeth for Thee in a dry and thirsty barren land, where there is no water.

And thus will I glorify and bless Thee and lift

A tak abych tobě dobrořečil a s radostným rtů

my hands

in prayer and in adoration, singing Thy praises ever.

prozpěvováním chválila by tě ústa má.

7. Psalms 137:1-5

By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down and wept,

Při řekách Babylonských tam jsme sedávali, a plakávali,

remembering Zion.

rozpomínajíce se na Sion.

Upon the willows there we hanged our
citherns,

Na vrbí v té zemi zavěšovali jsme citary
své.

and when those that captured us required
of us a song, saying:

když se tam dotazovali nás ti, kteříž nás
zajali,

Sing us one of the songs of Zion.

na slova písničky, říkajíce:

We replied:

Zpívejte nám některou píseň Sionskou:

How could we sing the LORD's song

Odpovídali jsme:

in a land of strangers?

Kterakž bychom mohli zpívatí píseň
Hospodinovu
v zemi cizozemců?

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,

let my right hand forget her cunning.

Jestliže se zapomenu na tebe, ó
Jeruzaléme,

ó zapomeniž i pravice má umění svého.

Sing unto the LORD a new song;

10. Psalms 98:1,4/5,7,8, 96:12/11

for He hath done marvelous things.

Zpívejte Hospodinu píseň novou,

Make a joyful noise, and sing psalms.

neboť jest divné věci učinil.

Sing, the sea and all that live in it!

Zvuk vydejte, prozpěvujte, a žalmy zpívejte.

Sing, world and all that dwell there!

Zvuč, moře i to, což v něm jest,

Rivers, clap your hands! Mountains, join in
the song!

okršlek světa i ti, což na něm bydlí.

Rejoice, fields and all that grows on them!

Řeky rukama plésejte, spolu s nimi i hory
prozpěvujte,

Rejoice, the earth! Sing, the sea and all
that live in it!

Plésej, pole a vše, což na něm,

plésej země, zvuč i moře i což v něm jest.

Massenet's "Je marche sur tous les chemins... Obeissons quand leur grand s'apelle" from Manon, In this aria, Manon reflects on her love for the Chevalier des Grieux and her desire for a life of luxury and pleasure. She expresses her willingness to obey when "the great" (presumably referring to wealth and status) calls her. It begins with a reflective and introspective section ("Je marche sur tous les chemins") in which a woman contemplates her choices and desires, followed by a more impassioned and dramatic section ("Obeissons quand leur grand s'apelle") in which she resolves to follow her ambitions.

Je marche sur tous les chemins,
aussi bien qu'une souveraine;
on s'incline, on baise ma main,
car par la beauté je suis reine!
Je suis reine!

I go everywhere,
the equal of any sovereign;
people bow, they kiss my hand,
because of my beauty I am queen!
I am queen!

Mes chevaux courent à grands pas;
devant ma vie aventureuse,
les grands s'avancent chapeau bas;
je suis belle, je suis heureuse!

My horses race me about;
seeing the boldness of my life,
highly placed people come forward with their hats
off;
I am beautiful, I am happy!

Autour de moi tout doit fleurir!
Je vais à tout ce qui m'attire!
Et si Manon devait jamais mourir,
ce serait, mes amis, dans un éclat de
rire!
Ah! ah!

Around me everything should flourish!
I go to everything that attracts me!
And if ever Manon should die,
she would die my friends, in a burst of laughter.
Ha! Ha!