

Longing Spirits

Laura Virella, mezzo-soprano
Keith Chambers, piano
November 10, 2018, Inwood Art Works Gallery

CLAUDE DEBUSSY:

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"La flûte de Pan"
"La chevelure"
"Le tombeau des Naiades"

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Songs of the Clown
"Come away, death"
"O mistress mine"
"Adieu, good man devil"
"Hey, Robin"
"For the rain, it raineth every day"

Chansons de Bilitis
Pierre Louÿs/Debussy

<p>"La flûte de Pan" Pour le jour des Hyacinthies, Il m'a donné une syrinx faite de roseaux bien taillés, unis avec la blanche cire qui est douce à mes lèvres comme le miel. Il m'apprend à jouer, assise sur ses genoux; Mais je suis un peu tremblante. Il en joue après moi, si doucement que je l'entends à peine. Nous n'avons rien à nous dire, Tant nous sommes près l'un de l'autre; Mais nos chansons veulent se répondre, Et tour à tour nos bouches S'unissent sur la flûte. Il est tard; Voici le chant des grenouilles vertes Qui commence avec la nuit. Ma mère ne croira jamais Que je suis restée si longtemps A chercher ma ceinture perdue.</p>	<p>"Pan's Flute" On the day of Hyacinthus he gave me a syrinx made of well-cut reeds, joined together with the white wax, that is sweet as honey to my lips. He teaches me to play, sitting on his knees; But I'm somewhat trembling. He plays after so softly that I can barely hear him. We have nothing to say to each other, so close are we to one another; but our songs want to answer each other, and little by little our mouths meet on the flute. It is late. Here's the song of the green frogs that begins with the night. My mother will never believe that I stayed out so long searching for my lost belt.</p>
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<p>"La chevelure" Il m'a dit: "Cette nuit, j'ai rêvé. J'avais ta chevelure autour de mon cou. J'avais tes cheveux comme un collier noir Autour de ma nuque et sur ma poitrine. Je les caressais, et c'étaient les miens; Et nous étions liés pour toujours ainsi, Par la même chevelure, la bouche sur la bouche, Ainsi que deux lauriers n'ont souvent qu'une racine. Et peu à peu, il m'a semblé, Tant nos membres étaient confondus, Que je devenais toi-même, Ou que tu entras en moi comme mon songe." Quand il eut achevé, Il mit doucement ses mains sur mes épaules, Et il me regarda d'un regard si tendre, Que je baissai les yeux avec un frisson.</p>	<p>"The Hair" He told me: "Tonight, I've dreamed. I had your hair around my neck. I had your hair like a black necklace Around my neck and on my chest. I caressed it, and it was my own; And we were forever tied like this, By the same hair, mouth to mouth, As two laurels have often but one root. And little by little, it seemed to me, So much were our limbs intertwined, That I became you, Or that you entered into me, like my dream." When he was finished, He put his hands gently on my shoulders, And he looked at me with such tenderness, That I lowered my eyes with a tremble.</p>
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<p>"Le tombeau des naïades"</p> <p>Le long du bois couvert de givre, je marchais; Mes cheveux devant ma bouche Se fleurissaient de petits glaçons, Et mes sandales étaient lourdes De neige fangeuse et tassée. Il me dit: "Que cherches-tu?" Je suis la trace du satyre. Ses petits pas fourchus alternent Comme de trous dans un manteau blanc. Il me dit: "Les satyres sont mort. Les satyres et les nymphes aussi. Depuis trente ans, il n'a pas fait un hiver aussi terrible. La trace que tu vois est celle d'un bouc. Mais restons ici où est leur tombeau." Et avec le fer de sa houe il cassa la glace De la source où jadis riaient les naïades. Il prenait de grands morceaux froids, Et les soulevant vers le ciel pâle, Il regardait au travers.</p>	<p>"The Tomb of the Naiads"</p> <p>The long woods covered in frost I walked; My hair on my mouth Bloomed with little icicles, And my sandals were heavy From muddy packed snow. He said: "What are you looking for?" I follow the trace of the Satyr. His little hoofprints alternate Like holes in a white blanket. He said: "The satyrs are dead. The satyrs and the nymphs as well. For thirty years, there had not been such a terrible winter. The trace that you follow is that of a goat. But let us stay here, where their grave is." And with the blade of his hoe he broke the ice Of the spring where once the naiads laughed. He took large cold pieces, And lifting them to the pale sky, He looked through them.</p>
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"Après un rêve" – "After a Dream"

Romain Bussine/Fauré

Dans un sommeil que charmait ton Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage, Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix pure et sonore	In a dream enchanted by your image, I dreamt of bliss, ardent mirage, Your eyes were kinder, your voice pure and resonant,
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par l'aurore;	You glowed like the sky made lighter by dawn.

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière, Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient leurs nues, Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines entrevues,	You were calling me, and I left the earth to flee with you towards the light, The skies opened their clouds for us, Unknown splendors, divine visions half seen.
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Hélas! Hélas! triste réveil des songes Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends-moi tes mensonges, Reviens, reviens radieuse, Reviens ô nuit mystérieuse!	Alas! Alas! Sad awakening from such dreams. I call you, o night, give me back your lies, Come back, come back, radiant night, come back, oh mysterious night!
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"Les berceaux" – "Cradles"

Sully Prudhomme/Fauré

Le long du Quai, les grands vaisseaux, Que la houle incline en silence, Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux, Que la main des femmes balance.	Along the quay, the great vessels rocked in silence by waves do not watch over cradles that the hand of women rock.
Mais viendra le jour des adieux, Car il faut que les femmes pleurent, Et que les hommes curieux Tentent les horizons qui leurrent!	But the day of goodbyes will come, because women must cry, and curious men must tempt the horizons that lure them.
Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux, Fuyant le port qui diminue, Sentent leur masse retenue Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.	And on that day the great vessels, fleeing the diminishing port, will feel their mass held back by the soul of distant cradles.

Allerseelen – "All Souls Day"
Hermann von Gilm/R. Strauss

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden, Put on the table the fragrant mignonettes
Die letzten roten Aestern trag herbei, The last red asters bring here,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden, And let us again speak of love
Wie einst im Mai. Like once in May.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke Give me your hand, that I may secretly hold it
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei, And if man sees, I will not care,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke, Give me again one of your sweet glances,
Wie einst im Mai. Like once in May.

Es blüht und duftet heut' auf jedem Grabe, It blooms and perfumes today in each grave,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei, One day a year the dead are free,
Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe, Come unto my heart, that I may again have you,
Wie einst im Mai. Like once in May.

Der Erlkönig -- The Elf King
Goethe/Schubert

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind? Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind; Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm, Er faßt ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.	Who rides so late through night and wind? It is the father with his child. He holds the boy safe in his arm He holds him safe, he keeps him warm.
"Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?" "Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht? Den Erlenkönig mit Kron und Schweif?" "Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif."	"My son, why do you hide your face so fearfully?" "Father, do you not see the Erlking? The Elf king with crown and robe?" "My son, it's a wisp of fog."
"Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir! Gar schöne Spiele spiel' ich mit dir; Manch' bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand, Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand."	"You lovely child, come, go with me! Nothing but beautiful games I'll play with you; Many colourful flowers are on the shore, My mother has many golden robes."
"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht, Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?" "Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind; In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind."	"My father, my father, can't you hear, What the Elf king quietly promises me?" "Be calm, stay calm, my child; It is the wind rustling in the dry leaves."
"Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn? Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön; Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn, Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein."	"Do you want to come with me, fine lad? My daughters should already be waiting for you; My daughters lead the nightly folkdance And rock you and dance and sing."
"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?" "Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh es genau: Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau."	"My father, my father, and can't you see there, The Elf king daughters in the gloomy place?" "My son, my son, I see it well: It is the old grey willows gleaming."
"Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt; Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich Gewalt." "Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt faßt er mich an! Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!"	"I love you, your beautiful form entices me; And if you're not willing, I shall use force." "My father, my father, now he takes hold of me! The Elf king has wounded me!"
Dem Vater grauset's, er reitet geschwind, Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind, Erreicht den Hof mit Müh' und Not; In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.	It horrifies the father; he rides swiftly, Holding in his arms the moaning child. He reaches the yard with great difficulty; In his arms, the child was dead.

from El amor brujo – Love Bewitched
Martínez Sierra/Falla

"Canción del amor dolido"	"Song of the Pained Love"
¡Ay! Yo no sé qué siento, ni sé qué me pasa cuando este mardito gitano me farta. Candela que ardes, ¡más arde el infierno que toita mi sangre abrasá de celos! ¡Ay! Cuando el río suena ¿qué querrá decir? ¡Ay! Por querer a otra ¿se orvía de mí! ¡Ay! Cuando el fuego abrasa, Cuando el río suena, ¡si el agua no mata el fuego a mí el penar me condena! ¡A mí el querer me envenena! ¡A mí me matan las penas! ¡Ay! ¡Ay!	Alas! I don't know what I feel, Nor what happens to me when this cursed gypsy I miss. Spark that burns, More burns hell than all of my blood burnt by jealousy! Alas! When the river roars, what might it want to say? Alas! For loving another one, he forgets me! Alas! When the fire burns, When the river roars, If water does not kill the fire, my sorrows condemn me! My love poisons me! My sorrows kill me! Alas!

"Canción del fuego fatuo"	"Song of the Fool's Fire (will o' the wisp) "
Lo mismo que er fuego fatuo, Lo mismito es er queré. Le juyes y te persigue le llamas y echa a corré. Lo mismo que er fuego fatuo, lo mismito es er queré. ¡Malhaya los ojos negros que le alcanzaron a ver! ¡Malhaya er corazón triste que en su llama quiso ardé! Lo mismo que er fuego fatuo se desvanece er queré.	The same as the fool's fire, The same thing is love. You run from it and it follows you, you call it and it runs away. The same as fool's fire, the same thing is love. Damned be the black eyes that managed to see it! Damned be the sad heart that in its flame wished to burn! The same as fool's fire, love dissipates.

from Cuatro décimas – Four decimas
Luis Lloréns Torres/Figueroa

"Madrugada" "Early Morning"

Ya está el lucero del alba encimita del palmar, como horquilla de cristal en el moño de una palma. Hacia él vuela mi alma, buscándote en el vacío. Si también de tu bohío lo estuvieras tú mirando, ahora se estarían besando tu pensamiento y el mío.	The dawn star is already above the palm field like a hairpin made of crystal on the bun of a palm tree. My soul flies towards it, looking for you in the void. If you, as well, from your hut were looking at it, then right now your thought and mine would be kissing.
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"Muerta" "Dead Woman"

Cuando yo más la quería, se fue para el camposanto. Toda la sal de mi llanto no sazona el alma mía. En mi choza ya vacía, el ave del luto arrulla. Y el can del recuerdo aúlla las veces que en ansias locas por ir en pos de otras bocas dejé de besar la surya.	When I loved her the most, she left for commentary. All the salt of my weeping fails to season my soul. In my hovel, already empty the bird of mourning lulls. And memory, like a hound, howls for those times when, in mad desire, I went after other lips and failed to kiss hers.
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Songs of the Clown
Shakespeare/Korngold

"Come away, death"

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown,
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be
thrown.
A thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
True lover never find my grave
To weep there!

"O mistress mine"

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear, your true love is coming,
That can sing both high and low.

O trip no further, pretty sweeting:
For journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is this love? 'Tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter,
What's to come is still unsure.

And in delay there lies no plenty;
Then come and kiss me sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

"Adieu, good man devil"

I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
in a trice,
Like to the old vice,
Your need to sustain.
Who with dagger of lath
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, to the devil, aha, ha, ha!
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad.
Adieu, good man devil; adieu good man
devil!
Good devil, good devil, good devil, adieu,
ha, ha, ha!

"Hey, Robin"

Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how your lady does.
My lady is unkind, perdy.
Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me why is she so?
She loves another, another.

**“For the rain, it raineth every day”
When that I was a little boy, a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain, it raineth every day,**

**But when I came to man’s estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain, it raineth every day,**

**But when I came, alas, to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swagg’ring could I never thrive;
For the rain, it raineth every day.**

**A great while ago, the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that’s all one, our play is done,
And the rain, it raineth every day. Every day!**