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An Evening of Latin American Art Song

Department of Music, University of Richmond

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THE UNIVERSITY OF RICHMOND
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC
presents

An Evening of Latin American Art Song

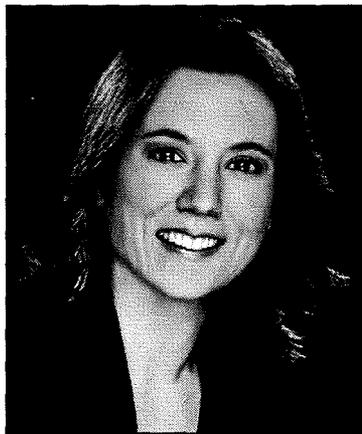
Emily Riggs, *soprano*
David Ballena, *piano*



Monday, September 20, 2010
7:30 p.m.

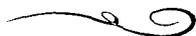
University of Richmond
Camp Concert Hall

About the Performers



EMILY RIGGS, soprano, earned a B.A. in Music and Art History from the University of Richmond and a M.M. in Vocal Performance and Pedagogy from Westminster Choir College in Princeton, NJ. She is currently a doctoral candidate at the University of Maryland, where she studies with Carmen Balthrop, and serves as an Adjunct Professor of voice at the University of Richmond. Active as a soloist and recitalist, Miss Riggs has been heard throughout the DC area in Poulenc's *Gloria*, Mozart's *Requiem*, Haydn's *Creation*, and most recently as the soprano soloist in Dvorak's *Requiem* with the Annapolis Symphony Orchestra at the United States Naval Academy. She appears regularly as a soloist with the Bel Canto Lyric Opera Company of Philadelphia

and has performed both Russian and Spanish song recitals for the Friday Noon Concert Series at the Arts Club of Washington. In 2009 and 2010, Miss Riggs was a finalist in the Vocal Arts Society of Washington's Art Song Discovery Series Competition.



A native of Peru, **DAVID BALLENA** received his early training at the Conservatorio Nacional de Música in Lima. While studying in Peru, he was awarded the First Prize in the Piano Competition organized by the Conservatorio Nacional de Música in Lima and was later invited to perform with the Orquesta Sinfónica Nacional. In 1997, he came to the United States to study with Lee Luvisi and currently is a doctoral candidate at the University of Maryland, where he studies with Rita Sloan. Mr. Ballena has been a participant in several music festivals in South America, Israel and the U.S., among them, the Young Musical Artists Association Festival, the Tel Hai International Master Classes, the Sewanee Music Festival and the Aspen Music Festival. During his four summers in Aspen, he has been a full scholarship and fellowship recipient and, in the Summer of 2008, returned as a staff pianist for the festival. While a student at these festivals, David studied with Emilio del Rosario, Victor Derevianko, Anton Nel, and Joseph Kalichstein.

Mr. Ballena recently made his Carnegie Hall debut in the Spring of 2008. Other recent performances include the Aspen Music Festival's Festival of Tangos at the Benedict Music Tent and performances at the Harris Concert Hall and Wheeler Opera House. Additional performances include the American Piano Festival and Happy Birthday Mozart at the Clarice Smith Performing Arts Center, a benefit for Opera Lafayette at La Maison Française in Washington, DC, the Friday Noon Concert Series at the Arts Club of Washington, the Pontificia Universidad Católica del Perú in Lima, the Comstock Concert Hall, the University of Montana Recital Hall, the Monteabaro Recital Hall, and the Hallem Theatre, among others.

An Evening of Latin American Art Song

Emily Riggs, *soprano*

David Ballena, *piano*

Canción al árbol del olvido

Alberto Ginastera

Canción a la luna lunaca

(1916-1983)

Se equivoco la paloma

Carlos Guastavino

La rosa y el sauce

(1912-2000)

Pampamapa

Al tiempo del amor

Innocente Carreño

Amor, mi buen amor

(b. 1919)

Cinco canciones populares argentinas

Alberto Ginastera

Chacarera

Triste

Zamba

Arrorró

Gato

Intermisson

Selections from *Cinco canções nordestinas do folclore brasileiro*

Francisco Ernani Braga

Capim di pranta

(1868-1945)

Sao joao-da-ra-rao

Engenho novo!

Selections from *Cinco canciones negras*

Xavier Montsalvatge

Cuba dentro de un piano

(1912-2002)

Punto de Habanera

Chevere

Canción de cuna para dormir a un negrito

Canto negro

Samba-Classico

Heitor Villa-Lobos

(1887-1959)

The Composers

The nationalist movement, which began in the late 19th century, was still very much alive and thriving as the young **ALBERTO GINASTERA** emerged onto the international scene. This early influence of the nationalist school would have a lasting impact on Ginastera's musical aesthetic. While consistently embarking on musical journeys that explore the deepest roots of the Argentine folk tradition, Ginastera's music is also studded with references to the neo-classical school of composition that dominated the avant-garde scene at the turn-of-the-century in Europe. "Canción del árbol del olvido" is a wonderful example of a work that combines these two influences. The use of ostinato and contrapuntal textures references the neo-classical influence on his work, while the strict adherence to the folk song form of the vidala is an ever-present reminder of the nationalist roots of this composer.

The *Cinco canciones populares argentinas* further solidified Ginastera's role as one of the most innovative nationalist composers of his time. Three of the pieces in this cycle, "Chacareras," "Gato" and "Zamba," all have titles that refer to specific folk dances that are still performed throughout the rural lands of Argentina. Ginastera's setting of these popular songs directly retains the folk dance rhythms suggested by their titles. These five songs encompass a vast array of moods and subjects. At times, Ginastera's harmonic language is saturated with chromaticism and at other times is content to rest in the calm of consonance. The driving rhythms of the first and last songs contrast with the sparse textures, and, at moments, utter timelessness that characterize the second, third and fourth songs. References to traditional instrumentation, especially the guitar, can be seen throughout this cycle. As is the case with a majority of Ginastera's music, many figures in the piano simulate the plucking and/or strumming of a classical guitar, and often contain the six notes corresponding to the six open strings. Such a gesture can be heard in the repeated motive in the second song of this cycle, "Triste."

CARLOS GUASTAVINO is perhaps the most highly regarded composer of vocal music in Argentina, composing over 200 songs for a variety of ensembles. His songs are loved for their unique lyricism and the composer's gift for creating memorable melodies. His fame may lie in his unparalleled ability to stretch the boundaries of art song and popular song and merge them in a convincing way. In contrast to Ginastera, who embraced the modernist trends in harmony and form, Guastavino preferred traditional tonality and conservative forms. He managed to imbue his melodies, no matter how traditional, with a newness and timeless relevance that earned him international recognition as a composer of vocal music.

Many scholars group Guastavino's songs into two distinct periods of composition: those before 1963 and those after 1963. All the songs chosen for this recital, with the exception of "Pampamapa" are representative of Guastavino's early period of song writing. During this period, the composer looked more to the texts of foreign poets as the source for his songs, among them Spanish poet Raphael Alberti and Chilean Nobel laureate, Gabriela Mistral. Among these early compositions are the popular "Se equivoco la paloma" and "La rosa y el sauce," a piece originally conceived as a piano solo and later rearranged by composer with the addition of the vocal line. Throughout his late period, Guastavino turned directly to folk texts, dances, and melodies as the inspiration for his song writing. "Pampamapa" is written in the style of a huella, an Argentine folk dance in alternating 6/8 and 3/4 meter and characterized by a repetitive i-VI-III-V7-i chord progression.

INNOCENTE CARREÑO is well-known throughout Venezuela as a conductor, arranger, music theorist, classical guitarist, and composer. Unlike many of the other South American composers featured on this recital, Carreño never received any long term professional training abroad. He studied almost exclusively in Caracas with Vicente Emilio Sojo, a leading Venezuelan nationalist composer. He is a gifted melodist, who relies heavily on the use of neoclassical forms and expanded chromaticism.

The two songs chosen for this recital highlight Carreño's gift for writing expansive lyrical melodies enriched by colorful harmonies in the piano. These songs display the composer's ability to weave elements of the vocal line and accompaniment together to create a seamless tapestry of sound and emotion. Perhaps what is most compelling about these two songs is the way the composer is able to transform a text, which on its own holds no exceptional weight or value, and, by virtue of his musical choices, turn it into a beautifully expressive verse.

XAVIER MONTSALVATGE shares an allegiance to both Spain and Cuba. Born and educated in Spain by Catalanian teachers, he harbored a deep passion for the rhythms and melodies of Cuba, especially Afro-Cuban musical tradition. Many Catalonians emigrated abroad during the unsettling years leading up to the Spanish Civil War, and one of the largest communities of Catalonians settled on the island of Cuba. The dance rhythms, folk tunes, and culture of West Indies would form the foundation of Montsalvatge's musical language.

The *Cinco canciones negras* was originally composed for voice and piano and later arranged by the composer for voice and orchestra. This cycle is perhaps Montsalvatge's most widely recognized and performed work. It combines the poetry of five different sources and includes the works of Spanish, Cuban, and South American poets who are all writing about the joys and struggles of the Afro-Cuban culture. Nostalgia, longing, humor, pain, murderous rage, maternal love, innocence, hope, debauchery, and celebration all figure into this snapshot of a culture. While Afro-Cuban rhythms are apparent throughout, the cycle also serves as an excellent example of French turn-of-the-century influence on his song writing. The expanded chromaticism, jazz harmonies, and musical flippancy of the first and second pieces speak directly to the influence of Les Six.

The works of Brazilian composer **FRANCISCO ERNANI BRAGA** are often overshadowed by the success of his contemporaries. Braga has contributed a number of worthy compositions to the song repertoire, in particular, his cycle *Cinco canções nordestinas do folclore brasileiro*. His music evidences the influence of post-Wagnerian chromaticism as well as a clear affinity for the traditional Afro-Brazilian music of his homeland, a result of his education both at the Imperial Conservatory of Brazil and the Paris Conservatory, the latter under the tutelage of Jules Massenet.

From the time of the Portuguese discovery of Brazil in the year 1500 through the 19th century, the institution of slavery was the driving force behind economic and agricultural growth in the newly settled region. The Afro-Brazilian culture was concentrated in the Northeastern coastal regions of the country, where sugar

cane plantations thrived. It is from this region that the folk texts and melodies of the following three songs were taken. In the rhythm of the first piece, "Capim di pranta," one can hear the repetitive labor of the harvesters as they pluck the persistent weeds from the fields. "São João-da-ra-rão" is in rondo form and relies on a popular method of improvisation in children's songs, in which the interior syllables of the words are repeated in a playful manner. In the final piece, "Engenho novo!," the accompaniment simulates the churning wheels of the sugar cane mill. The random repetition of text captures the worker's youthful innocence and joy over the opening of a new mill. More important than the meaning of the text itself is the sound the texts makes in repetition.

HEITOR VILLA-LOBOS is easily Brazil's most recognized and accomplished musical figure. He composed a vast number of works in a variety of genres, ranging from symphonies, operas, and ballets to smaller forms, including guitar and piano solos, chamber music, and songs. He was influenced early in his career by the influx of European musicians to South America and by his early studies in composition with Francisco Ernani Braga. In the early decades of the 20th century, internationally renowned musicians including Darius Milhaud and Arthur Rubinstein toured South America, stopping in Rio de Janeiro where Villa-Lobos was studying. A lasting friendship with both composers helped Villa-Lobos establish international fame by allowing him to secure study and performance opportunities in Paris.

While deeply influenced by European modernism, his roots remained as a nationalist composer. The street music of modern day Rio and the folk music of the indigenous tribes of the Amazon would both provide him with the foundation for his musical language. An accomplished composer for the voice, Villa-Lobos composed songs in a variety of languages, including Portuguese, Spanish, French, and Italian. I have chosen one of Villa-Lobos' more lighthearted and theatrical compositions to close this recital. The text and musical setting of "Samba-Classico" celebrate the poet's vision of Brazil as a country that has transcended race and religion in favor of unity and happiness.

—Program Notes by Emily Riggs



Translations

Canción al árbol del olvido

En mis pagos hay un árbol
Que del olvido se llama,
Al que van a despenarse,
Vidalitay, Vidalitay,
Los moribundos del alma.
Para no pensar en vos
Bajo el árbol del olvido
Me acosté una nohecita,
Vidalitay, Vidalitay,
Y me quedé bien dormido.
Al despertar de aquel sueño
Pensaba en vos otra vez,
Pues me olvidé de olvidarte,
Vidalitay, Vidalitay,
Encuantito me acosté.

Canción de la luna lunaca

Al corral del horizonte
va entrando la nohecita
esta tan aquerenciada
porque entra todos los días.
Así estoy aquerenciado
en el corral de tus brazos
y en el fuego de tus ojos
estoy como encandilado

Noche de luna lunaca
noche de cielo estrellado
las horas tienen perfume
y son los besos más largos.

Ha aparecido la luna
sobre el gran claro del cielo
abarcando todo el campo
como un perfume a un pañuelo.
Así aparecía moza
en el tropel de mis días
ella, para mí es la luna
que abarca toda mi vida!

The tree of forgetting

In my land there is a tree
that's called the tree of forgetting,
to which go to lay down their troubles,
Vidalitay, Vidalitay,
Those whose souls are dying.
So that I would no longer think of you
under the tree of forgetting
I lay down one evening,
Vidalitay, Vidalitay,
And I fell fast asleep.
When I awoke from that dream
I thought of you once again,
because I forgot to forget you,
Vidalitay, Vidalitay,
as soon as I lay down.

Song of the silly moon

At the encircling of the horizon
the night enters
so in love
that it enters every day.
In the same way I am devoted
In the embrace of your arms
and in the fire of your eyes
I am aflame.

Night of the silly moon
Night of the starry sky
the hours have a fragrance
and his kisses are slower.

The moon appears
under the great clarity of the sky
and covers the whole field
like a familiar fragrance.
In the same way appeared a young girl
in the multitude of my days
she, for me is the moon
that covers all my life!

—*Transl. by David Ballena and
Emily Riggs*

Se equivocó la paloma

Se equivocó la paloma, se equivocaba.
Por ir al Norte, fue al Sur.
Creyó que el trigo era agua.

Se equivocaba.
Creyó que el mar era el cielo;
que la noche la mañana.
Se equivocaba.
Que las estrellas eran rocío;
que la calor, la nevada.
Se equivocaba.

Que tu falda era tu blusa;
que tu corazón su casa.
Se equivocaba.

(Ella se durmió en la orilla.
Tú, en la cumbre de una rama.)

La rosa y el sauce

La rosa se iba abriendo
Abrazada al sauce,
El árbol apasionada,
La amaba tanto!
Pero una niña coqueta
Se la ha robado,
Y el sauce desconsolado
Le está llorando.

The dove was mistaken

The dove was mistaken.
It was mistaken. To go north, it went
south.
It thought the wheat was water.
It was mistaken.

It thought the sea was the sky;
the night, the morning.
It was mistaken.
that the stars, dew;
that the heat, snow.
It was mistaken.

That your skirt was your shirt;
your heart, its house.
It was mistaken.

(She fell asleep on the shore
You on the top of a branch)

—*Transl. by Emily Riggs*

The Rose and the Willow

The rose was opening
cleaved to the willow.
The passionate tree
loved it so!
But a cheeky young girl
took it away,
and the disconsolate willow
laments it so.

—*Transl. by Jacqueline Cockburn*

Pampamapa

Yo no soy de estos pagos
pero es lo mismo
he robado la magia
de los caminos.

Esta cruz que me mata
me dal la vida,
Una copla me sangra
Que canta herida.

No me pidas que deje
mis pensamientos,
no encontraras la forma
de atar al viento.

Si mi nombre te duele
Echalo al agua,
No quiero que tu boca
se ponga armarga.

A la huella, mi tierra,
Tan trasnochada.
Yo te dare mis sueños,
dame tu calma.

Come el pajarito antinguo
conosco el rastro,
se cuando el trigo es verde,
cuando hay que amarlo.

Por eso es que, mi vida
no te confundas,
El agua que yo busco
es mas profunda.

Para que fueras cierta
te alce en un canto,
ahora te dejo sola,
Me voy llorando.

Pero nunca, mi cielo
De pena muero
Junto a la luz del dia
Nazco de nuevo.

A la huella, mi tierra,
Tan trasnochada.
Yo te dare mis sueños,
Dame tu calma.

Pampamapa

I'm not of this region
but it's the same,
i've stolen the magic
from those paths.

This cross that kills me
gives me life,
A verse bleeds from me
That sings wounded.

Don't ask me to leave
my thoughts,
You'll not find a way
To stay the wind.

If my name causes you pain,
Throw it in the water,
I don't want your mouth
To become bitter.

Having watched all night.
I will give you my dreams,
Give me your calm.

Like the ancient bird
I recognize the trail,
I know when the wheat is green,
When to love it.

For that is why, my life,
don't be confused,
The water that i seek
Is more profound.

So that you would be real
I raised you in a song,
Now I leave you alone,
I go away weeping.

But never, my heaven,
Of pain do I die,
Together with the light of day,
I am born anew.

At your threshold, my earth,
Having watched all night.
I will give you my dreams,
Give me your calm.

—*Transl. by Kathleen M. Wilson*

Tiempo del amor

Al tiempo del amor se han encendido
las apagadas rosas del ayer,
y no hay ternura ni candor más puros
que a su lado nos haga estremecer.

Bella es la vida si al final nos llega
en el celeste soplo del amor,
el embrujado encanto de las horas
mágicamente henchidas de dulzor.

Porqué oponernos a su ardiente paso,
si todo gira en torno a su misión?
Abramos las ventanas de la sangre
y escuchemos tan sólo al corazón.

Amor, mi buen amor!..

Amor, mi buen amor, que nadie diga
que la hora de amar ya no es la hora
y que la hora de segar la aurora
no es también hora de segar la espiga.

Un azul de campánulas en flora
le luz del alba por la senda amiga,
y es el amanecer una cantiga
donde el arpa del bosque es más sonora.

Contigo pienso:
nuestra dicha estanta,
que una fémisma nuestro amor levanta
y en nuestras vidas arde un mismo cielo.

Mi anhelo va al azar
tras de tu suerte
y siento que lo mismo vá tu anhelo,
a fuerza de quererme y de quererte.

Time of Love

To the time of love they have ignited
the withered roses of the past
and there is neither tenderness nor candor
more pure
that in the presence of love makes tremble.

Beautiful is the life if at the end it come to
us
in the celestial breath of love,
the bewitched enchantment of the hours
magically filled with sweetness.

Why should we oppose love's ardent path,
if everything revolves around its mission.
Let's open the windows of the blood
and let us listen only to the heart.

—*Transl. by Kathleen M. Wilson*

Love, my good love!..

Love, my good love, let nobody say
the hour to love is no longer the hour
and that the hour to harvest the dawn
is not also the hour to harvest the grain.

Blue of the flowering bellflowers
the light of dawn illuminates the friendly
path,
and is the dawn a song
where the forrest's harp is more sonorous?

Together we think:
our blessing is
that as a single faith our love rises
and in our lives burns the same sky.

My yearning takes a chance
following your fortune
and I feel that the same goes to your
yearning
because I love you and you also love me.

Cinco canciones populares argentinas
(Five Argentinean Popular Songs)

Chacareras

A mí me gustan las ñatas
Y una ñata me ha tocado
Ñato será el casamiento
Y más ñato el resultado.
Cuando canto chacareras
Me dan ganas de llorar
Porque se me representa
Catamarca y Tucumán.

Chacareras

I love girls with little snub noses
and a snub-nose girl is what I've got.
Ours will be a snub-nose wedding
and snub-nosed children will be our lot.
Whenever I sing a chacarera
it makes me want to cry,
because it takes me back to
Catamarca and Tucumán.

Triste

Ah!

Debajo de un limón verde
Donde el agua no corría
Entregué mi corazón
A quien no lo merecía.

Ah!

Triste es el día sin sol
Triste es la noche sin luna
Pero más triste es querer
Sin esperanza ninguna.

Ah!

Ah!

Beneath a lime tree
where no water flowed
I gave up my heart
to one who did not deserve it.

Ah!

Sad is the sunless day.
Sad is the moonless night.
But sadder still is to love
with no hope at all.

Ah!

Zamba

Hasta las piedras del cerro
y las arenas del mar
Me dicen que no te quiera

Y no te puedo olvidar.
Si el corazón me has robado
El tuyo me lo has de dar
El que lleva cosa ajena
Con lo suyo ha de pagar
Ay!

Tears

Even the stones on the hillside
and the sand in the sea
tell me not to love you.

But I cannot forget you.
If you have stolen my heart
then you must give me yours.
He who takes what is not his
must return it in kind.
Ah!

Arrorró

Arrorró mi nene,
 Arrorró mi sol,
 Arrorró pedazo
 De mi corazón.
 Este nene lindo
 Se quiere dormir
 Y el pícaro sueño
 No quiere venir.

Gato

El gato de mi casa
 Es muy gauchito
 Pero cuando lo bailan
 Zapateadito.
 Guitarrita de pino
 Cuerdas de alambre.

Tanto quiero a las chicas,
 Digo, como a las grandes.
 Esa moza que baila
 Mucho la quiero
 Pero no para hermana
 Que hermana tengo.
 Si, pónte al frente
 Aunque no sea tu dueño,
 Digo, me gusta verte.

Lullaby

Lullaby my baby;
 lullaby my sunshine;
 lullaby part
 of my heart.
 This pretty baby
 wants to sleep
 and that fickle sleep
 won't come.

Cat

The cat of the house
 is most mischievous,
 but when they dance,
 they stamp their feet.
 With pine guitars
 and wire strings.
 I like the small girls
 as much as the big ones.

That girl dancing
 is the one for me.
 Not as a sister
 I have one already.
 I have a sister.
 Yes, come to the front.
 I may not be your master
 but I like to see you.

—*Transl. By Jacqueline Cockburn*

Intermission

Selections from Cinco canções nordestinas do folclore brasileiro

Capim di pranta

Sao joao-da-ra-rao

Engenho novo!

—*Translations unavailable*

Cinco canciones negras
Cuba dentro de un piano

Quando mi madre llevaba un sorbete de fresa por sombrero,
Y el humo de los barcos aún era humo de habanero,
Mulata vuelta abajera,
Cádiz se adormecía entre fandangos y habaneras,
y un lorito al piano quería hacer de tenor.
Dime donde está la flor que el hombre tanto venera.
Mi tío Antonio volvía con su aire de insurrecto.
La Cabaña y el Príncipe sonaban por los patios del Puerto.

Ya no brilla la Perla azul de mar de las Antillas.
Ya se apagó, se nos ha muerto.

Me encontré con la bella Trinidad:
Cuba se había perdido; y ahora era verdad, era verdad;
no era mentira.
Un cañonero huido llegó cantandolo en guajiras.
La Habana ya se perdió.
Tuvo la culpa el dinero.
Calló, cayó el cañonero.
Pero después, pero ¡ah! después
fue cuando al "Sí" lo hicieron "Yes."

Five Negro Songs
Cuba in a piano

When my mother wore a strawberry ice for a hat
and the smoke from the boats was still Havana smoke.
Mulata from Vuelta Abajero...
Cadiz was falling asleep to fandangos and habaneras
And a little parrot at the piano tried to sing tenor.
...tell me, where is the flower that a man can really respect?
My uncle Anthony would come home in his rebellious way.
The Cabaña and El Príncipe resounded in the patios of the port.

(But the blue pearl of the Caribbean shines no more.
Extinguished for us no more.)

I met beautiful Trinidad
Cuba was lost, this time it was true.
True and not a lie.
A gunner on the run arrived, sang Cuban songs about it all.

Havanna was lost and money was to blame...
The gunner went silent, fell.
But later, ah, later they changed SI to YES.

Punto de Habanera

La niña criolla pasa con su miriña que blanco.
¡qué blanco!

Hola, crespón de tu espuma,
¡marineros, contempladla!
Va mojadita de lunas que le hacen su piel
mulata.
Niña, no te quejes, tan solo por esta tarde.
Quisiera mandar al agua

que no se escape de pronto de la cárcel de
tu falda.
Tu cuerpo encierra esta tarde rumor de
abrirse de dalia
Niña no te quejes, tu cuerpo de fruta está
dormido en fresco brocado.

Tu cintura vibra fina con la nobleza de un
látigo.
Toda tu piel huele alegre a limonal y a
naranjo.
Los marineros te miran y se te quedan
mirando

La niña criolla pasa con su miriña que blanco,
¡qué blanco!

Chévere

Chévere del navajazo
se vuelve él mismo navaja.
Pica tajadas de luna,
más la luna se le acaba;
pica tajadas de sombra,
más la sombra se le acaba;
pica tajadas de canto, más el canto se le
acaba,
¡y entonces, pica que pica
carne de su negra mala!

Habanera rhythms

The Creole girl goes by in her white crinoline.
How white!

The billowing spray of your crepe skirt!
Sailors, look at her!
She passes gleaming in the moonlight which
darkens her skin.
Young girl, do not complain, only for tonight
do I wish the water

not to suddenly escape the prison of your
skirt.
In your body this evening dwells the sounds
of opening dahlias.
Young girl, do not complain, your ripe body
sleeps in fresh brocade,

your waist quivers as proud as a whip,
every inch of your skin is gloriously fragrant
with orange- and lemon trees.
The sailors look at you and feast their eyes
on you.

The Creole girl goes by in her white crinoline.
How white!

The dandy

The dandy of the knife thrust
himself becomes a knife:
He cuts slices of the moon,
But the moon is fading on him;
He cuts slices of song,
But the song is fading on him;
He cuts slices of shadow,
But the shadow is fading on him,
And then he cuts up, cuts up
the flesh of his evil black woman!

***Canción de cuna para dormir
a un negrito***

Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe, tan chiquitito,
el negrito que no quiere dormir.
Cabeza de coco, grano de café,
con lindas motitas, con ojos grandotes
como dos ventanas que miran al mar.

Cierra los ojitos, negrito asustado;
el mandinga blanco te puede comer.
¡Ya no eres esclavo!

Y si duermes mucho
el señor de casa promete comprar
traje con botones para ser un "groom."

Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe, duérmete, negrito,
cabeza de coco, grano de café.

Canto negro

¡Yambambó, yambambé!
Repica el congo solongo,
repica el negro bien negro.
¡Aoé!

Congo solongo del Songo
baila yambó sobre un pié.
¡Yambambó, yambambé!
Mamatomba serembé cuserembá,

El negro canta y se ajuma.
Mamatomba serembé cuserembá,
el negro se ajuma y canta.
Mamatomba serembé cuserembá,
el negro canta y se va.

Acuememe serembó aé,
yambambó aé
yambambé aé.

Tamba, tamba, tamba, tamba,
tamba del negro que tumba,
tamba del negro caramba,
caramba, que el negro tumba,
¡Yambá, yambó!
¡Yambambé, yambambó, yambambé!

Lullaby for a little black boy

Lullay, lullay, lullay, tiny little child,
little black boy who won't go to sleep.
Head like a coconut, head like a coffee bean,
With pretty freckles and wide eyes
Like two windows looking out to sea.

Close your tiny eyes, frightened little boy
or the white devil will eat you up.
You're no longer a slave!

And if you sleep soundly,
the master of the house
Promises to buy a suit with buttons to
make you a 'groom'.

Lullay, lullay, lullay, sleep, little black boy,
Head like a coconut, head like a coffee bean.

Negro Song

Yambambó, yambambé!
The congo solongo is ringing,
The black man, the real black man is
ringing.

Congo solongo from the Songo
Is dancing the yambó on one foot.
Yambambó, yambambé!
Mamatomba, serembe cuserembá

The black man sings and get drunk,
Mamatomba serembé cuserembá,
The black man gets drunk and sings,
Mamatomba serembé cuserembá,
The black man sings and goes away.

Acuememe serembó aé,
yambambó aé
yambambé aé.

Bam, bam, bam,
bam, of the black man who tumbles;
Drum of the black man, wow,
Wow, how the black man's tumbling!
Yambá, yambó!
Yambambé, yambambó, yambambé! !

—Transl. by Jacqueline Cockburn and
Richard Stokes



THE 2010-2011 DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC CONCERT SERIES

FREE—in Camp Concert Hall, *unless otherwise noted*

*designates tickets required (Modlin Box Office, 289-8980)

FALL 2010

Sunday, Sept. 19—3:00p

Perkinson Recital Hall

Donald George, *tenor*

Lucy Mauro, *piano*

Monday, Sept. 20—7:30p

Emily Riggs, *soprano*

David Ballena, *piano*

Friday, Sept. 24—7:30p

FAMILY WEEKEND CONCERT

Jazz, Orchestra, Band, Choirs

Wednesday, Oct. 13—7:30p *

TimbaSon, with

Mike Davison and guests

Thursday, Oct. 21—7:30p

Perkinson Recital Hall

MUSIC OF NORTH INDIA—Rajeev Taranath, *sarod*

Friday, Oct. 22—7:30p *

RICHMOND SYMPHONY

Steven Smith, Director

Joanne Kong, *harpichord & piano*

Sunday, Oct. 24—3:00p

SCHOLA CANTORUM & REUNION CHOIR

WOMEN'S CHORALE

Friday, Oct. 29—7:30p

DAVID ESLECK TRIO

Thursday, Nov. 4—6 times vary

3P ELECTROACOUSTIC MUSIC FESTIVAL

Sunday, Nov. 14—7:30p

UNIVERSITY WIND ENSEMBLE

Wednesday, Nov. 17—7:30p *

CUBAN SPECTACULAR

UR JAZZ COMBO & area musicians

Sunday, Nov. 21—3:00p

WORLD MUSIC CONCERT—UR Taiko Ensemble

Monday, Nov. 22—7:30p

UR JAZZ ENSEMBLE & JAZZ COMBO

With guest Justo Almarino, *sax & clarinet*

Monday, Nov. 29—7:30p

UR CHAMBER ENSEMBLES CONCERT

Wednesday, Dec. 1—7:30p

UR SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Featuring student winners of 2010 Concerto/Vocal Competition

Sunday, Dec. 5—5:00 and 8:00p

Cannon Memorial Chapel

37th ANNUAL CANDLELIGHT FESTIVAL OF LESSONS AND CAROLS

SPRING 2011

Wednesday, JAN. 26—7:30p *

CHAMBER MUSIC OF ARNOLD SCHOENBERG

ensemble-in-residence *eighth blackbird* and UofR Music faculty

Sunday, Feb. 6—3:00p

RICHARD BECKER, *piano*

Wednesday, Feb. 23—7:30p

THOMAS MASTROIANNI, *piano*

Saturday, Feb. 26—3:00p *

THE ROLE OF MUSIC IN A GLOBAL SOCIETY

NEUMANN LECTURE ON MUSIC—PANEL

Discussion with Lei Liang, Shanghai Quartet, and Wu Man

Sunday, March 27—3:00p

RICHARD BECKER, *piano*

DORIS WYLEE-BECKER, *piano*

Monday, April 4—7:30p *

JEPSON LEADERSHIP FORUM

Chen Yi, composer

Wednesday, April 6—7:30p

UR SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Friday, April 8—7:30p *

SCHOLA CANTORUM, WOMEN'S CHORALE,

EIGHTH BLACKBIRD, with composer Chen Yi

Sunday, April 10—all day, across campus

GLOBAL SOUNDS FESTIVAL

Monday, April 11—7:30p

UR JAZZ ENSEMBLE & COMBO

Wednesday, April 13—7:30p

UR WIND ENSEMBLE

Wednesday, April 20—7:30p

UR CHAMBER ENSEMBLES