Hugo Wolf  
1860–1903  
Selections from *Italienisches Liederbuch (1892)*  
I. Auch kleine Dinge  
II. Mir ward gesagt, du reisest in die Ferne  
VI. Wer rief dich denn?  
VIII. Nun laß uns Frieden schließen  
X. Du denkst mit einem Fädchen  
XI. Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen  
XV. Mein Liebster ist so klein  
XX. Mein Liebster singt am Haus  
XXV. Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen  
XIX. Wir haben Beide lange Zeit geschwiegen  
XXIX. Wohl kenn’ ich Euren Stand  
XL. O wär’ dein Haus durchsichtig wie ein Glas  
XLIII. Schweig’ einmal Still  
XLVI. Ich hab’ in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen  

Paul Heyse, after anonymous Italian poetry

Dominick Argento  
1927–2019  
A Few Words about Chekhov (1996)  
Andrew Garland, baritone  
Olga Knipper & Anton Chekhov

INTERMISSION
To a Stranger (2018)
Andrew Garland, baritone

Selections from Cabaret Songs (2008)
I. Who Could Have Known?
II. Sai Tu Perché
III. You

“María la O” from the zarzuela
María la O (1930)

“La Tarantula” from the zarzuela
La Tempranica (1900)

Cucurrucucú paloma (1954)

Los Peces en el Río

As a courtesy to others, please silence all devices. Photography and recording of any kind is strictly prohibited. Please do not leave the hall during musical selections. Thank you.
Artist Profiles

Adriana Zabala, mezzo-soprano

Adriana Zabala enjoys a dynamic career performing and recording new and traditional repertoire, from opera and concert works to oratorios and German, French, American, and Spanish song literature. She has appeared with the Minnesota Opera, San Diego Opera, Seattle Opera, Opera Saratoga, Handel and Haydn Society, and Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra, and at National Sawdust and the New York Festival of Song.

An enthusiastic champion of new music, Zabala performed in the premiere of Kevin Puts and Mark Campbell’s *The Manchurian Candidate* with the Minnesota Opera and in the U.S. premiere of Philip Glass’s *Waiting for the Barbarians* with the Austin Lyric Opera. She created the role of Sister James in Douglas Cuomo and John Patrick Shanley’s *Doubt*, whose world-premiere production by the Minnesota Opera was broadcast on PBS’s *Great Performances*.

Zabala is associate professor (adjunct) of voice at the Yale School of Music. She served previously as associate professor of voice at the University of Minnesota, where she served as chair of the voice division at the School of Music, and created the annual global seminar *Vive les Arts!* in Paris. Zabala has given master classes at the Seagle Festival, San Diego Opera’s Young Artist Training Program, the University of Wisconsin–Madison, and the Janiec Opera Company at the Brevard Music Center.

Zabala earned a B.M. from Louisiana State University and an M.M. in vocal performance from the University of Cincinnati College–Conservatory of Music. She studied Lieder as a Fulbright Scholar at the Hochschule für Musik und Darstellende Kunst “Mozarteum” in Salzburg, and is an alumna of the apprentice programs at the Minnesota Opera, Seattle Opera, Santa Fe Opera, and Wolf Trap Opera Company.

J.J. Penna, piano

J.J. Penna has performed extensively with singers such as Kathleen Battle, Harolyn Blackwell, Measha Brueggergosman, David Daniels, Denyce Graves, Ying Huang, Susan Narucki, Roberta Peters, Florence Quivar, and Andreas Scholl. He has held fellowships at the Tanglewood Music Center, Banff Centre for Arts and Creativity, Norfolk Chamber Music Festival/Yale Summer School of Music, Music Academy of the West, and the San Francisco Opera’s Merola Opera Program. Penna is a recital and art-song coach in the Yale Opera program at the Yale School of Music. He also teaches at the New England Conservatory, the Ravinia Festival’s Steans Music Institute, and Carnegie Hall’s SongStudio. Devoted to the teaching of classical song literature, Penna has been on the faculties of the Juilliard School, Bowdoin International Music Festival, Westminster Choir College at Rider University, and the Vancouver International Song Institute.

He received his training under Martin Katz, Margo Garrett, and Diane Richardson.
Artist Profiles cont.

Andrew Garland, baritone

Andrew Garland is a “baritone of strength and vocal opulence” (Opera News). He has performed recitals at Carnegie Hall, New York Festival of Song, Ravinia festival, Cleveland Art Song Festival, Andre-Turp Society Montreal, Vocal Arts DC, and venues in Italy, Croatia, Greece, and Turkey. He has premiered works by Jake Heggie, William Bolcom, Stephen Paulus, Steven Mark Kohn, Lee Hoiby, Tom Cipullo, and Gabriela Frank. He has sung with the Atlanta Symphony, Boston Baroque, Handel and Haydn, Seattle Opera, New York City Opera, Opera Philadelphia, Cincinnati Opera, and Minnesota Opera. This season he released his seventh album, El Rebelde: Gabriela Frank and Dmitri Shostakovich. Garland is a member of the voice faculty at the University of Colorado and is a mentor with Bel Canto Boot Camp.

Upcoming Events

OCT 3
Brentano String Quartet
Oneppo Chamber Music Series
7:30 p.m. | Morse Recital Hall
Tickets start at $31, Yale faculty/staff start at $23, Students $14

OCT 5
David Lang, faculty composer
New Music New Haven
7:30 p.m. | Morse Recital Hall
Free admission

OCT 11
Lunchtime Chamber Music
12:30 p.m. | Morse Recital Hall
Free admission

OCT 13
Yale Choral Artists with
The Percussion Collective
YSM Ensembles
7:30 p.m. | Morse Recital Hall
Free admission

OCT 14
Yale Camerata: Fall Concert
Institute of Sacred Music
7:30 p.m. | Woolsey Hall
Free admission

OCT 18
Robert Blocker, piano
Horowitz Piano Series
7:30 p.m. | Morse Recital Hall
Tickets start at $17, Yale faculty/staff start at $12, Students $8

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NOTES and TRANSLATIONS

I do not doubt I am to meet you again

As in so much of Whitman's poetry, this line from "To A Stranger" in *Leaves of Grass*, invites us into the promise of cosmic unity with all that has ever been: the sun and stars, that one person, an imagined lifetime or entire era, a single leaf of grass—our very selves. When we brush up even for a moment with this great continuum, what nourishment can we bring to our earth-bound longings that might inspire and equip us to journey forth anew?

The works herein reflect various facets of this connective exhortation in my own life, personal and artistic. Every piece is in some way a companion to self-discovery and deeper connection to our earthly joys and sorrows. It is a privilege, especially in collaboration with my treasured friends and colleagues, JJ Penna and Andrew Garland, to give voice and spirit to these discoveries.

— Adriana Zabala

I. Selections from *Italienisches Liederbuch*, by Hugo Wolf, to Paul Heyse's German translations of anonymous Italian poems.

I fell in love with the songs of Hugo Wolf as a student of Lieder at the Mozarteum in his native Austria. I remember exploring repertoire in the listening library and being stunned by the astonishing variety, beauty, humor, depth, and singular nature of Wolf's approach to Lieder, and to the *Italienisches Liederbuch*, in particular. I have twice performed the complete 46 songs, and several programs of extracted songs, though today's group and order are unique. Preparing them for this performance has allowed an even deeper view into Wolf's uncanny ability to unearth the nuances of every word and syllable, and has also revealed my own evolution over many years with this enduring literature.

As was typical of Wolf's passionate and obsessive approach to the joining of poetry and music, he completed the two volumes of the *Italienisches Liederbuch* in a few month's time, in 1891 and 1896, respectively. Wolf is considered to have brought the Lied from its auspicious inception with Schubert to its artistic fruition at the end of the 19th century, through a parity of expression in the voice and piano, a seldom equaled gift of grasping the psyche and spirit of the poet, and an ability to render metric declamation through profoundly incisive music. This he did with unrelenting precision and economy. As renowned collaborative pianist Martin Katz says "Wolf was not uncomplicated or general in his approach to anything...I must sometimes attempt to portray four characters, three forces of nature, and a keenly observant narrator...all in one song!" Favoring the 8-line poems from Heyse's collection, Wolf's resulting musical gems usually consist of no more than two pages.

Indeed, the composer himself called these songs his “little things,” the set opening with the song translated as "Even small things can delight us." In a letter to his intimate friend Melanie Köchert he imparts, "I wrote out these two delightful little things in finished form, the first one this morning and the second one in the afternoon. Since it's only 5:00, it could well be that still a third one will come along. Isn't this a blessed day!" In addition to his other frenzily composed sets of scores of songs to the poetry of Goethe, Eichendorff, and Mörike, dozens more would "come along" for Wolf's dazzling *Italienisches Liederbuch*. Even for a composer who grappled with the constant specter of Wagner's influence and dominance, lamenting the comparatively "little" scope of his own creative output, this was no small thing.
1. Auch kleine Dinge können uns entzücken,
   Auch kleine Dinge können teuer sein.
   Bedenkt, wie gern wir uns mit Perlen schmücken;
   Sie werden schwer bezahlt und sind nur klein.
   Bedenkt, wie klein ist die Olivenfrucht,
   Und wird um ihre Güte doch gesucht.
   Denkt an die Rose nur, wie klein sie ist
   Und duftet doch so lieblich, wie ihr wisst.

2. Mir ward gesagt, du reisest in die Ferne.
   Ach, wohin gehst du, mein geliebtestes Leben?
   Den Tag, an dem du scheidest, wüsst ich gerne;
   Mit Tränen will ich das Geleit dir geben.
   Mit Tränen will ich deinen Weg befeuchten –
   Gedenk an mich, und Hoffnung wird mir leuchten!
   Mit Tränen bin ich bei dir allerwärts –
   Gedenk an mich, vergiss es nicht, mein Herz!

3. Wer rief dich denn? Wer hat dich herbestellt?
   Wer hiess dich kommen, wenn es dir zur Last?
   Geh zu dem Liebchen, das dir mehr gefällt,
   Geh dahin, wo du die Gedanken hast.
   Geh nur, wohin dein Sinnen steht und Denken!
   Dass du zu mir kommst, will ich gern dir schenken.
   Geh zu dem Liebchen, das dir mehr gefällt!
   Wer rief dich denn? Wer hat dich herbestellt?

4. Nun lass uns Frieden schliessen, liebstes Leben,
   Zu lang ist's schon, dass wir in Fehde liegen.
   Wenn du nicht willst, will ich mich dir ergeben;
   Wie könnest wir uns auf den Tod bekriegen?
   Es schliessen Frieden Könige und Fürsten,
   Und sollten Liebende nicht darnach dürsten?
   Es schliessen Frieden Fürsten und Soldaten,
   Und sollt es zwei Verliebten wohl missraten?
   Meinst du, dass, was so grossen Herrn gelingt,
   Ein Paar zufriedener Herzen nicht vollbringt?

5. Du denkst mit einem Fädchen mich zu fangen,
   Mit einem Blick schon mich verliebt zu machen?
   Ich fing schon andre, die sich höher schwangen;
   Du darfst mir ja nicht traun, siehst du mich lachen.
   Schon andre fing ich, glaub es sicherlich.
   Ich bin verliebt, doch eben nicht in dich.

1. Even small things can delight us,
   Even small things can be precious.
   Think how gladly we deck ourselves with pearls;
   They fetch a great price but are only small.
   Think how small the olive is,
   And yet it is prized for its goodness.
   Think only of the rose, how small it is,
   And yet smells so lovely, as you know.

2. They told me you were going far away.
   Ah, where are you going, love of my life?
   The day you leave, I would gladly know;
   I shall accompany you with my tears.
   I shall bedew your path with tears –
   Think of me, and hope will give me light!
   With tears I'm with you, wherever you are –
   Think of me, do not forget, my heart!

3. Who called you, then? Who sent for you?
   Who asked you to come, if it's a burden?
   Go to the sweetheart you like better,
   Go there – where your thoughts are.
   Just go to her you dream and think of!
   I'll gladly spare you from seeing me.
   Go to the sweetheart you like better!
   Who called you, then? Who sent for you?

4. Let us now make peace, love of my life,
   We have been feuding far too long.
   If you're not willing, I'll give in to you;
   How could we wage war to the death?
   Peace is made by kings and princes,
   Why should not lovers crave the same?
   Peace is made by soldiers and princes,
   So why should two lovers not succeed?
   Do you think what such great lords can manage
   Cannot be done by two contented hearts?

5. You think you can catch me with a thread,
   Make me fall in love with a mere glance?
   I've caught others who flew higher,
   You can't trust me if you see me laugh.
   I've caught others, believe you me.
   I am in love, but not with you.
6. Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen
Ach, wäre doch ein Musikus mir gut!
Nun liess der Herr mich meinen Wunsch erlangen
Und schickt mir einen, ganz wie Milch und Blut.
Da kommt er eben her mit sanfter Miene,
Und senkt den Kopf und spielt die Violine.

7. Mein Liebster ist so klein, dass ohne Bücken
Er mir das Zimmer fegt mit seinen Locken.
Als er ins Gärtlein ging, Jasmin zu pflücken,
Ist er vor einer Schnecke sehr erschrocken.
Dann setzt er sich ins Haus um zu verschnaufen,
Da warf ihn eine Fliege übern Haufen;
Und als er hintrat an mein Fensterlein,
Stieß eine Bremse ihm den Schädel ein.

Verwünscht sei’n alle Fliegen, Schnaken, Bremsen,
Und wer ein Schätzchen hat aus den Maremmen!
Verwünscht sei’n alle Fliegen, Schnaken, Mücken
Und wer sich, wenn er küsst, so tief muss bücken!

8. Mein Liebster singt am Haus im Mondenscheine,
Und ich muss lauschend hier im Bette liegen.
Weg von der Mutter wend’ ich mich und weine,
Blut sind die Tränen, die mir nicht versiegen.
Den breiten Strom am Bett heb’ ich geweint,
Weiss nicht vor Tränen, ob der Morgen scheint.
Den breiten Strom am Bett weint’ ich vor Sehnen;
Blind haben mich gemacht die blut’gen Tränen.

9. Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen,
Und hatte doch kein Haus mich zu empfangen,
Nicht Holz noch Herd zum Kochen und zum Braten,
Der Hafen auch war längst entzwei gegangen.
An einem Fässchen Wein gebrach es auch,
Und Gläser hat er gar nicht im Gebrauch;
Der Tisch war schmal, das Tafeltuch nicht besser,
Das Brot steinhart und völlig stumpf das Messer.

6. How long have I yearned
To have a musician as lover!
Now the Lord has granted me my wish,
And sends me one, all pink and white.
And here he comes with gentle mien,
And bows his head and plays the violin.

7. My sweetheart’s so small, without bending down
He can sweep my room with his hair.
When he entered the garden to pick jasmine
He was terrified by a snail.
Then when he came indoors to recover,
A fly knocked him head over heels;
And when he stepped over to my window,
A horse-fly caved his head in.
A curse on all flies – crane- and horse-
And anyone with a sweetheart from Maremma!
A curse on all flies, craneflies and midges
And on all who have to stoop for a kiss!

8. My sweetheart’s singing outside the moonlit house,
And I must lie in bed and listen.
I turn away from my mother and weep,
My tears are blood, which will not dry.
I have wept that broad stream by the bed,
I do not know for tears if day has dawned.
I’ve wept that broad stream out of longing;
The tears of blood have blinded me.

9. My sweetheart invited me to dinner,
Yet had no house to receive me,
No wood nor stove for boiling or roasting,
And the cooking pot had long since broken in two.
There was not even a small cask of wine,
And he simply didn’t use glasses;
The table was tiny, the table-cloth no better,
The bread rock hard and the knife quite blunt.
10. Wir haben beide lange Zeit geschwiegen,
Auf einmal kam uns nun die Sprache wieder.
Die Engel Gottes sind herabgeflogen,
Sie brachten nach dem Krieg den Frieden wieder.
Die Engel Gottes sind herabgeflogen,
Mit ihnen ist der Frieden eingezogen.
Die Liebesengel kamen über Nacht
Und haben Frieden meiner Brust gebracht.

Ihr brauchtet nicht so tief herabzusteigen,
Zu lieben solch ein arm und niedrig Ding,
Da sich vor Euch die Allerschönsten neigen.
Die schönsten Männer leicht besiegetet Ihr,
Drum weiss ich wohl, Ihr treibt nur Spiel mit mir.
Ihr spottet mein, man hat mich warnen wollen,
Doch ach, Ihr seid so schön! Wer kann Euch grollen?

12. O wär’ dein Haus durchsichtig wie ein Glas,
Mein Holder, wenn ich mich vorüberstehle!
Dann säh’ ich drinnen dich ohn’ Unterlass,
Wie blickt’ ich dann nach dir mit ganzer Seele!
Wie viele Blicke schickte mir dein Herz,
Mehr als da Tropfen hat der Fluss im März!
Wie viele Blicke schickt’ ich dir entgegen,
Mehr als da Tropfen niedersprühn im Regen!

13. Schweig’ einmal still, du garst’ger Schwätzer dort!
Zum Ekel ist mir dein verwünschtes Singen.
Und triebst du es bis morgen früh so fort,
Doch würde dir kein schmuckes Lied gelingen.
Schweig’ einmal still und lege dich aufs Ohr!
Das Ständchen eines Esels zög’ ich vor.

14. Ich hab’ in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen,
In der Maremmeneb’ne einen andern,
Einen im schönen Hafen von Ancona,
Zum vierten muss ich nach Viterbo wandern;
Ein andrer wohnt in Casentino dort,
Der nächste lebt mit mir am selben Ort,
Und wieder einen hab’ ich in Magione,
Vier in La Fratta, zehn in Castiglione.

10. For a long time we had both been silent,
Now all at once speech has returned.
The angels of God have descended,
They brought back peace after war.
The angels of God have descended
And with them peace has returned.
The angels of love came in the night
And have brought peace to my breast.

11. Your station is no mean one, I’m well aware.
You had no need to stoop so far
As to love so poor and humble creature as me,
When even the fairest bow before you.
You easily conquered the handsomest of men,
So I know full well you’re just toying with me.
You’re mocking me, they tried to warn me,
But ah! you’re so handsome. Who could mind?

12. If only your house were transparent like glass,
My love, when I steal past!
Then I would always see you within,
How I would gaze at you with all my soul!
How many looks my heart would send you,
More than the river in March has drops!
How many looks I would send you,
More than the drops that shower down in rain!

13. Shut up out there, you odious ranter!
Your cursed singing makes me sick.
And even if you kept it up till morning,
You’d still not manage a decent song.
Shut up for once and go to bed!
I’d sooner hear a donkey’s serenade!

14. I have one lover living in Penna,
Another in the plain of Maremma,
One in the beautiful port of Ancona,
For the fourth I must go to Viterbo;
Another lives over in Casentino,
The next with me in my own town,
And I’ve yet another in Magione,
Four in La Fratta, ten in Castiglione.
II. A few words About Chekhov, by Dominick Argento, from the letters of Anton Chekhov and the diaries of Olga Knipper

Pulitzer-prize winning composer of The Diary of Virginia Woolf, Dominick Argento, loved literature and was especially compelled by the personal writings of authors, composers, and artists. Though he initially focused on instrumental composition early in his career, Argento cites in his 2004 book, Catalogue Raisonné as Memoir: A Composer's Life, that "the affective content of my music depends on...some narrative element, manifesting itself as storytelling." In addition to his many operas based on literature from Henry James to Dickens and Stevenson, Argento was keenly interested in the stories that capture the innermost longings and mindsets of an array of renowned figures, almost exclusively using their own words. This is readily apparent in his cycles The Andrée Expedition, Letters from Composers (Mozart, Bach, Debussy, et al.), the humorous Miss Manners on Music (Judith Martin), Casa Guidi (Elizabeth Barret Browning), and the celebrated Virginia Woolf.

I’ve been a fan of Argento’s music since first hearing his Six Elizabethan Songs as a student, and was further compelled years later by The Diary of Virginia Woolf. When asked to prepare A few words About Chekhov for the Source Song Festival, I should have expected the profound level at which the music, and text, in essence, Dominick’s storytelling, would strike. I swooned at the lavish harmony, the joyful expression of love, laced and pierced by melancholy and anxiety, the wonder and insatiability of travel and the pursuit of beauty— but even more, I felt all at once that Dominick perfectly revealed his own impression of love, loss, hope, creativity, beauty, and Chekhov’s, and Olga’s, and my own, disparate and yet identical. My impression made even more sense as I had the pleasure of getting to know Dominick, his warmth, wit, humor, generosity, and unshakeable sense of the role of art and philosophy in the arch of our individual lives. Indeed, he cites in his memoir, “The theme of self-discovery permeates my operas and...the song cycles: *gnothu seauton*, know thyself. I have always been drawn to stories or situations that deal with a character learning something about himself that significantly changes his life— it is ever present. My choices and subjects were a way of learning something about myself, and with that self-knowledge my outlook was changed.”

It is no accident, then, in A few words About Chekhov, that journeying through these six years with Anton Chekhov and Olga Knipper resonates in ways concrete and metaphorical with our own experiences of joy and loss, and perhaps as Emily Dickinson posits, “leaves us in another place.” A technical feat in Chekhov is that Argento achieves this sublime explorations while nodding to a twelve-tone structure (observe the opening four bar, if you dare). He never loses key centers, but nudges, pulls, and overlays the tonalities to invoke memory, anxiety, and the precariousness of high stakes emotions on a ravishing and risky expedition worth taking.

III. To A Stranger, by Edie Hill, poem of Walt Whitman, from Leaves of Grass (1867)

Award-winning and multi-faceted composer Edie Hill was a student of Vivian Fine, Libby Larsen, and Dominick Argento. After becoming familiar with her gorgeous song cycles to the poetry of Anita Barrows and Amy Lowell, I was eager and excited to commission Hill for this setting of Whitman’s To A Stranger, specifically for Andrew Garland and me. The dedication reads “for making art with friends across the ages,” whether with Whitman, Hill, those of us today, anyone who may perform the piece in the future, and for all those kindred spirits, met and unmet….I do not doubt I am to see you again!
Edie Hill shares, “I envisioned the ‘passing stranger’ to be a person from the past - a former close friend or lover, or both. Seeing this person awakens a longing and the music is dramatic… As the poem moves into a dream-scape where memories are called into the foreground, there is a dance between the two people… In this past, there was a deep intimacy. Towards the end of the poem, even though the intimacy is no longer immediate, the memories and affections are close in his heart and here, the mantra ‘I must see to it that I do not lose you’ is repeated until the end, perhaps until death. That mantra becomes the hope in the poem.”

IV. Selections from *Cabaret Songs*, music and words by Dominick Argento

In Argento’s last vocal work, he takes a tack towards the hospitable winds of sincerity, warmth, laughter, and love— a full-circle return to self. A life-long fan of Gershwin, Argento considered “Love Walked In” one of the greatest pop tunes ever written, and very much meant for *Cabaret Songs* to suggest Tin Pan Alley. In a further nod to the personal, “Sai tu perché,” is written in Italian. The beauty and neo-baroque touches of this song are comfortably at home in the language of Argento’s ancestors, an homage which played an important role throughout his life. It is fitting, then, in these personal and lovingly crafted last songs that he includes Italian as a “language of the heart when it sings!”

*Sai tu perché* la luna splende?  
Do you know why the moon is glowing?  
Sai tu perché il sole brilla?  
Do you know why the sun is so bright?  
Perché riflettono la luce d’un amore  
Because they are reflecting the light of  
Grande quant’è il mio  
A love as great as mine

Non trovo mai parole giuste  
I can never find the proper words  
No potrei dirti quanto t’amo  
I’m unable to tell you how much I love you,  
Ma se tu vuoi saper i miei ver pensier  
But if you wish to know my truest thoughts  
Bisogna legger quel ch’è scritto nel cuore mio  
You must read what is written in my heart

Ed ecco cos’è scritto:  
And this is what it says:  
Senza te fianc’a fianco con me  
Without you side by side with me  
Il cuor’ si spezzerebbe  
My heart would break  
Senza te tra le braccia mie  
Without you in my arms  
La vita finirebbe  
My life would end

Solo tu mi fai contento  
You alone can make me happy  
Tu sei la musica che sento  
You are the music that I hear  
La luna ed il sol aiutano narrar  
The moon and the sun are helping is to narrate  
La storia d’un amore grande come il nostro.  
The story of love as great as ours
V. Selections from Zarzuela, Mariachi, Villancico

I always feel closely connected to my Spanish heritage, and am especially pleased to honor these roots during Hispanic Heritage Month with selections from Spain, Cuba, Mexico and broader Latin America. “Maria La O” comes from Cuban composer Ernesto Lecuona’s Zarzuela of the same name, wherein the title character laments her deep misfortune at the hands of an inconstant lover. “La Tarantula,” from the Zarzuela *La Tempranica*, by Spanish composer Gerónimo Giménez, is a lively and comic number, comparing love to an “evil bug”— la tarantula. A spector-like dove stars at the center of Tomás Méndez’s Mexican Huapango-style Mariachi song from 1954. The inspiration for our arrangement comes from Caetano Veloso’s mellow and haunting version from the 2002 Almodóvar film *Hable con Ella*, and tells of a lover grieving the loss of their beloved amid the cries of a dove which may be the departed lover’s spirit. We end with an arrangement of a traditional villancico which spread over many generations from the Iberian peninsula throughout Latin America. Though “Los Peces en el Río” is usually sung during the Christmas holidays, I consider it a more general invitation to discern and celebrate the wonders all around us. On the riverside, Mary goes about her daily tasks— brushing her hair and doing laundry—and meanwhile, under the surface of the water, the fish drink and drink, sensing with great excitement the import of the birth that has just taken place. It’s always the season to be reminded that if we stop and listen amid the noise of every day, the extraordinary is everywhere.

**María La O**

Mujer infeliz tu vida acabó  
De risa y guaracha se ha roto el bongó  
Que oías ayer temblando de amor  
Y con ilusión junto a un hombre cruel

Su amor ya se fue de mi corazón  
Que hoy ya la aborrece porque mi pasión  
Que hirió su traición yan tan solo es  
Sed de verlo al fin tendido a mis pies

*María La O* ya no más cantar  
*María La O* hora es de llorar  
De tus besos, que tan fugaz ya voló  

*María La O* todo se acabó  
Tu amor ya se fue de tu corazón  
Y jamás él volverá  
*María La O* sueña en morir

**María La O**

Sad woman, your life is over, so much laughter  
And guaracha broke the bongo drum that you  
Listened to yesterday, trembling with love and  
Hope, side by side with a cruel man

His love is gone now from my heart  
That only loathes him, because my passion  
Wounded by his treason, now is just  
A desire to finally see him bow at my feet

*María La O*, You shall sing no more, the time of  
Weeping has come, and to remember the happy  
Times of your kisses, now so long gone

*María La O*, All is over and done  
Your love is now gone  
And he shall never come back  
Dream of dying…
La Tarántula

La tarántula e un bicho mu malo,
no se mata con piera ni palo;
que juye y ze mete por tós los rincones
y zon mu malinas zus picazones.

¡Ay mare! no zé que tengo
que ayé pázé po la era
y ha prencipiaíto a entrame
er má de la temblaera.

Zerá que a mí me ha picao
la tarántula dañina,
y estoy toitico enfermo
por zu zangre tan endina.

¡Te coman los mengues,
mardita la araña que tié en la barriga
pintá una guitarra! Bailando ze cura
tan jondo doló...ay!
¡Malhaya la araña
que a mí me picó!

No le temo a los rayos ni balas,
ni le temo a otra cosa más mala
Que me hizo mi pare
más guapo que er gayo
pero a ese bichito lo parta un rayo

¡Ay, mare! Yo estoy malito
me está entrando unos suores
que m’han dejaito zeco
y comio de picores

Zerá q’a mí ma picao
la tarántula dañina
y por eso m’ha quedado
más dergao que una zardina

The Tarantula

The tarantula is a very evil bug
you can't kill it with sticks or with stones
it runs and hides in all the corners
and its itches are very bad

Ay mother! I don't know what I got
that yesterday I went into the threshing barn
and right then it began in me
the disease of the shaking

I must have been stung
By the harmful tarantula
and now I'm really ill
by its so evil blood

May the devil eat you
damned spider that on it's belly
has a painted guitar!
dancing is the only cure
for this terrible pain. Ay!
Damned the spider that stung me!

I'm not afraid of thunderbolts or bullets
neither of the worse things
my dad's done me
more handsome than a cockerel
but may a bolt strike that bug

Ay mother, I'm so ill
I'm having sweats
that left me dried
and eaten by stings.

I must have been stung
by the harmful tarantula
and that's why I got
thinner than a sardine
Cucurrucucú Paloma

Dicen que por las noches, no más se le iba en puro llorar; dicen que no comía, no más se le iba en puro tomar. Juran que el mismo cielo se estremecía al oír su llanto, cómo sufriá por ella, y hasta en su muerte la fue llamando.

Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay cantaba, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay gemía. Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay cantaba, de pasión mortal moría

Que una paloma triste muy de mañana le va a cantar, a la casita sola con sus puertitas de par en par, juran que esa paloma no es otra cosa más que su alma, que todavía la espera a que regrese la desdichada

Cucurrucucú paloma, no llores…

Cucurrucucú Dove

They say that every night he was overtaken by tears, they say he wouldn’t eat, he would only drink, they say that even the heavens trembled to hear his wail, te suffered for her so, that even in death he kept calling for her.

Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, he would sing, Ay, he would moan, Ay… he would die of mortal passion

They say that a sad dove would come to sing for him every morning, it would sing at the little house with its little doors wide open they swear this dove is nothing but her soul and that he is waiting for her return

Cucurrucucú dove, don’t cry…

Los Peces en El Río

La Virgen se está peinando
Entre cortina y cortina
Los cabellos son de oro
Y el peine de plata fina

Pero mira cómo beben los peces en el río
Pero mira cómo beben por ver a Dios nacido
Beben y beben, por ver a Dios nacer

La Virgen esta lavando
Y tiendiendo en el romero
Los pajarillos cantando
Y el romero floreciendo

Pero mira cómo beben…

El niño está pobre que no tiene una cunita
Los angelitos del cielo le van a hacer una de pajita.

Pero mira cómo beben…

The Fish in the River

The Virgin Mary is brushing her hair
Among curtains and curtains
Her hair is made of gold
And the comb is made of high quality silver

But look how the fish in the river are drinking
Drinking and drinking more and more
The fish in the river, to see the birth of God

The Virgin Mary is doing the laundry
And hangs it above the rosemary
The birds are singing and
The rosemary is blossoming

But look how the fish in the river are drinking…

The child is so poor he doesn’t have a crib
The angels in heaven will make him one of straw…

But look how the fish in the river are drinking…