

Program Notes and Translations

Music to Cure MS | Park Avenue Congregational Church, Arlington, MA | October 24, 2010

Tombeau Sonata op 9 Allegro/Presto, Leclair; Khalsa, Schwartz

Spanish folk-songs, De Falla: Swan, Goldhirsch

El Paño Moruno (*The Moorish Cloth*)
That cloth so fine on the counter
If blemished once by a stain
Will sell for little or nothing
And it will never regain its value
Ay!

Asturiana
As I sought to relieve my pain
I drew near to a verdant pine
To see me weep, it wept again
For so green was that verdant pine
To see me weep, it wept again.

Nana (*Lullaby*)
Sleep softly child, softly
Sleep my angel
Softly sleep, little starlet
Gleam of the morning

Canción (*Song*)
Shame on your eyes, those traitors
Let me dispatch them!
You cannot tell what anguish (Have mercy!)
Nina, to watch them (Mother of sorrows!)
They say you do not want me
Though once your lover
Yet gains outweigh the losses (Have mercy!)
Now all is over (Mother of sorrows!)
Now all is over (Mother!)

translation: Susan Swan

Pace, pace mio Dio, La Forza del Destino, Verdi; Amlaw, Schwartz

Peace, peace, my God!
Cruel misfortune, alas, constrains me to languish;
deep as on the first day, for so many years
my suffering has endured.
Peace, peace, my God!
I loved him, it's true! But God adorned him so much
with beauty and courage,
that I still love him, nor will I be able to remove
his image from my heart.
Fate! Fate! Fate!
A crime has separated us in this world!
Alvaro, I love you, and it is written above in heaven:
I will never see you again!
O God, God, make me die;
since only death can give me calm.

In vain my soul hoped for peace here,
while prey to such grief.
Wretched bread . . . come prolong
my comfortless life . . . But who is approaching?
Who dares to profane the sacred place?
Let them be accursed!

translation: Rebecca Burstein

The Wonderful Widow of Eighteen Springs, Cage; Loizou, Robbins

John Cage adapted a passage from James Joyce's Finnegans Wake to create this unusual piece.

Von ewiger Liebe (Of Eternal Love), Brahms; Waneé, Goldhirsch

Dark, how dark in forest and in field!
It is already evening, now the world is silent.
Nowhere is there still light and nowhere still smoke,
yes, and the lark is silent now too.

A boy comes out from the village,
he is walking his beloved to her house,
he leads her past a cluster of willows,
he speaks a good deal of this and that:

"If you suffer shame and are grieved,
if you suffer shame from others because of me,
let love be severed so quickly,
as fast as we once joined together.
Let it go with the rain and go with the wind,
as fast as we once joined together."

Says the maiden, the maiden says:
"Our love will not be severed!
Steel is firm and iron very much so,
but our love is even firmer.

Iron and steel are shaped in the forge;
who transforms our love?
Iron and steel, they can melt away;
our love must be eternal!"

translation: Rebecca Burstein

The Embroidery Aria, Peter Grimes, Britten; Taaffe, Goldhirsch

Peter Grimes, Benjamin Britten's first full-length opera (Op. 33, 1945), takes place in the insular world of the Borough, a small coastal town in Suffolk near the beginning of the nineteenth century. The title character is an outsider among the fishermen: solitary, not much liked, an unpredictable mix of visionary and taciturn, with a brutal temper. It is widely believed that he murdered his first apprentice, although the coroner's inquest cleared him. Now a second boy has gone missing and local opinion needs very little encouragement to turn ugly. Grimes' sole ally in the Borough is the widow Ellen Orford, whom he dreams vaguely of marrying, respected and rich, safe. She knitted his new apprentice a jersey. It has been found washed up at the tide-line. Looking at the anchor she embroidered on it, Ellen tries not to admit what this discovery might mean.

notes: Sonya Taaffe

Embroidery in childhood was
a luxury of idleness.
A coil of silken thread giving

dreams of a silk and satin life.
 Now my broidery affords
 the clue whose meaning we avoid.
 My hand remembered its old skill—
 these stitches tell a curious tale.
 I remember I was brooding
 on the fantasies of children
 and dreamt that only by wishing
 I could bring some silk into their lives.
 Now my broidery affords
 the clue whose meaning we avoid.

Vous qui faites l'endormie, *Faust*, Gounod; Guneralp, Reid

You who pretend to be asleep,
 O Catherine, my sweetheart,
 do you not hear
 my voice and my footsteps?
 Thus your suitor calls you,
 and your heart trusts him!
 Don't open the door, my beauty,
 until the ring is on your finger.

Catherine whom I adore,
 why refuse
 such a sweet kiss
 to the lover who implores you?
 Thus your suitor beseeches you
 and your heart trusts him!
 Don't give a kiss, my sweetheart
 until the ring is on your finger.

translation: Rebecca Burstein

Soliloquy, *Flute solo* by Ricci; Insinger

D'Oreste D'Ajax, *Idomeneo*, Mozart; Mann, Goldhirsch

Oh madness! Oh fury! Oh, desperate Electra!
 Farewell love, farewell hope!
 The cruel Furies already burn my heart in my breast.
 Wretched woman, why do I hesitate?
 Shall I be in these lands
 a grieving onlooker of joy and triumphs?
 Shall I see Idamante in my rival's arms
 and show myself to be pointed at by him and by her?
 Ah, no; I want to follow
 my brother Orestes into the dark abysses.
 Unhappy shade! Receive my spirit,
 even now you will have me as a companion there in the underworld,
 in eternal woe, in eternal weeping.

I have the torments of Orestes,
 of Ajax, in my breast;
 Alecto's torch
 already gives me death.

Tear apart my heart,

*Orestes: pursued by the Furies
 after killing his mother
 Ajax: was driven mad by Athena
 and finally killed himself
 Alecto: one of the Furies*

translation & notes: Rebecca Burstein

horned snakes, serpents,
or a sword will end
the pain in me.

The Nightmare Song, Iolanthe. Gilbert & Sullivan; Opie, Goldhirsch
The Lord Chancellor of England describes the nightmares brought on by unrequited love.

Dein ist mein ganzes Herz, The Land of Smiles, Lehar; Diamond, Reid
Franz Lehar's operetta, The Land of Smiles, is set in China. Prince Sou-Chong marries a Viennese princess, Lisa. Despite having other wives, which is the custom, he reassures her that he only loves her. "Dein ist mein ganzes Herz" - yours is my heart alone!
note: David Diamond

My whole heart is yours!
Where you are not, I cannot be.
Just as the flower withers
when the sunshine doesn't kiss it!
My most beautiful song is yours,
since it blossoms from love alone.
Tell me once more, my only love,
oh, tell me once more:
I love you!

Wherever I go,
I feel your nearness.
I would like to drink in your breath
and fall in prayer at your feet,
yours, yours alone! How wonderful
is your shining hair!
Fair as a dream and full of anxious longing
is your bright gaze.
When I hear the sound of your voice,
it is just like music.

translation: Rebecca Burstein

Seien wir wieder gut! (The composer's aria), Ariadne auf Naxos, Strauss; Jaworski, Schwartz
Let us be reconciled!
Now I see everything with different eyes!
The profoundness of existence is immeasurable!

My dear friend,
there are many things in the world
which cannot be expressed in speech.
The poets put down very good words,
and yet, and yet, and yet --!
Courage is in me, friend.
The world is lovely and not frightening to the courageous man.
And what is music, then?
Music is a holy art, to gather
all kinds of courage like cherubim
before a shining throne!
And therefore is music holy among the arts!

translation: Rebecca Burstein

When I am laid in earth, Dido and Aeneas, Purcell; Nadeau, Goldhirsch

The Trojan Prince Aeneas has been tricked by an evil spirit into abandoning his beloved Dido, the Queen of Carthage. Heartbroken, Dido takes leave of her confidante Belinda before dying.

Le bonheur est chose légère, Le Timbre d'Argent, Saint-Saëns; Carroll, Khalsa, Goldhirsch

Happiness is a light thing,
fleeting,
you think to attain it,
you pursue it;
you pursue it,
it flies away!

Alas! you want a happiness
different from ours;
your ardent desires demand
pleasures.
God preserve you from troubles,
and tears
that can darken the course
of beautiful days.

Happiness...

If ever your heart regrets
this shelter
which today you abandon,
Return!
Of all the troubles of your soul
I claim,
for the sake of our faithful friendship,
half!

Happiness...

translation: Marion Leeds Carroll

Some enchanted evening, South Pacific, Rodgers;

Guneralp, Reid

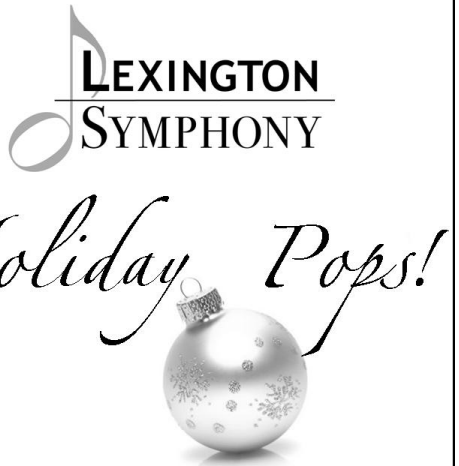
Emile de Becque, a French plantation owner, falls in love with an American navy nurse, Nellie Forbush, and sings of seizing the moment so that it won't slip away.

Bill, Showboat, Kern; Parker, Schwartz

What does (or doesn't) make people fall in love?

We are women, Candide, Bernstein; Mann, Nadeau, Goldhirsch

After hilarious and ribald adventures, Cunegonda and the Old Lady seem to have lucked out and are now in Constantinople under the protection of Prince Ragotski. They congratulate themselves - their female allure seems to solve every problem!



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