Friday, September 17, 2010  
Mills Concert Hall, Humanities Building  
1:20 p.m.

CONSUELO SAÑUDO, mezzo-soprano  
JEFF GIBBENS, piano

Bermudas, op. 37  
Lee Hoiby (b.1926)

Memnon  
Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

L’île inconnue  
Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)

Deh, pietoso, oh Addolorata  
Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

Siete canciones populares españolas (selections)  
Manuel de Falla (1876-1946)

Placet futile  
Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Quiz Questions
1) American composer Lee Hoiby attended:  
A) the University of Michigan;  B) University of Wisconsin-Madison;  C) the University of Oslo, Norway.

2) Memnon is:  
A) fourteen-year old girl;  B) a fan of the University of Southern California football team;  C) a statue.

3) The original language of Deh, pietoso, oh Addolorata is:  
A) German;  B) French;  C) Italian.

4) Falla was a modern composer from:  
A) Argentina;  B) France;  C) Spain.

5) In the song El paño moruno, “The Moorish cloth,” the reputation of a woman is compared to:  
A) an immaculately dressed political activist from North Africa;  B) an old, very worn coin;  C) a cloth in a store.

Next week’s class (September 25) features the Pro Arte String Quartet.

Please be mindful of the class rules as stated in the course procedures handed out at the first class meeting. In particular,

- Students who arrive late for class will not get credit for attending that class.
- All electronic devices must be turned off during the class.
- Text messaging is not permitted
- Excessive talking or disruptive behavior will not be tolerated.
- No food or drink is allowed in Mills Concert Hall
- Respect the course assistants. They have my full authority.

Please be sure to fill out the scantron accurately to get credit for attending each class. Include your name, student ID number, and the program number under special codes.

X-5 attendance sheets will be accepted only at the conclusion of today’s class. Only one scantron will be accepted per student.
Translations

*Memnon*
In the course of the day I may speak but once,
Accustomed to silence and grief,
When through the night-born fog walls
Dawn's crimson rays lovingly break.
The ears of men hear harmonies.
Because I sing my lament,
And since the glow of poetry rounds what is rough,
They attribute flowering bliss to me.
In me, sought by the arms of Death,
In whose deepest heart serpents entwine,
Nourished by my painful feelings,
Almost raging with unfulfilled longing:
To be united with you, Morning Goddess,
And, far from this pointless struggle,
From spheres of precious freedom, from spheres of pure love,
to shine down, a quiet, pale star.

*The unknown island*
Say, my young beauty,
Where would you go?
The sail fills its wing,
The breeze is coming!
The oar is of ivory,
The flag is silken,
The rudder of fine gold;
My ballast is an orange,
The sail is an angel's wing;
The cabin boy, a seraph.
Say...
Is it to the Baltic?
To the Pacific,
Or perhaps is it to Norway,
Or the flower of Angsoka? (Balinese flower)
Say...
Take me, said the beauty,
To the faithful shore,
Where one is loved always.
This shore, my dear,
Is unknown
In the country of love.
Where would you go?
The breeze is coming.

*Look down, Sorrowing One*
Look down, Sorrowing One,
On my suffering;
You, a sword in your heart,
Desolate, turn your gaze
Toward your dying son.
Those looks, those sighs go
Up to the father and are a prayer
To soften his and your anguish.
Just as my entrails are torn
My cries are unbearable
And the throbs of an anxious breast,
Who can understand them?
Why does the heart tremble? What does it want?
Ah! only you know, only you!
Always, wherever I go,
What pain, what pain
I carry in my breast!
Alone at last, o how many
Tears I weep, how many,
And from within, the heart breaks.
On the window box
I wept
When at dawn
I picked flowers for you,
As the sun’s first ray
Lit my room
And chased me from my bed
Stirring my pain.
Ah, may I be saved through you
From dishonor, from death.
Look down, Sorrowing One,
On my suffering!

*The Moorish cloth*
A stain fell
On the fine cloth in the store.
It is on sale,
Since it lost its worth.
Ay!

*Seguidilla from Murcia*
Whoever has a glass roof
Should not throw stones at the neighbor’s.
We are drovers,
We may meet again by and by.
For your great inconstancy I compare you
To a coin going from hand to hand,
Which finally is erased,
And believing it counterfeit, no one takes it.

*Lullaby*
Sleep, child, sleep, sleep, my soul,
Sleep, little morning star.
Nanita, nana, sleep little morning star.

Polo
Ay!
I keep a pain in my breast
And I will tell no one.
May love be damned,
And the one who taught me about it.
Ay!

*Futile entreaty*
Princess! I squander my passion to envy the destiny of a Hebe
Who springs from on this cup to your kiss
Though I am nothing but an abbé
And will never appear on the Sèvres, even naked.
Since I am not your whiskered lap-dog,
Nor lozenge, nor rouge, nor dainty games
And since I know your closed gaze rests on me,
Blonde whose divine hairdressers are silversmiths!
Name me... you from whom so many raspederred smiles
Gather in a flock of captive lambs
Grazing on promises and bleating their delirium,
Name me... that Love winged with a fan
Might paint me, a flute in my fingers, quieting the flock,
Princess, name me shepherd of your smiles.