Song and Verse

Morrison | Lorca
*Songs Inspired by the Writings of Toni Morrison and Federico García Lorca*

J. J. Penna, piano and curator

Friday, April 19, 2024
8:30 p.m.
Burnes Hall
This concert will be performed without pause.
Please hold your applause until the end of the program.

Reading:
Toni Morrison, from *Sula*

Errollyn Wallen
(b. 1958)  
*About Here*  
Corinne Luebke-Brown, soprano

Reading:
Toni Morrison, from *Sula*

Libby Larsen
(b. 1950)  
*Boy’s Lips*  
Yoomin Kang, soprano

Reading:
Lorca writing to his friend, Adolfo Salazar (1921)

LORCA SUITE

Paul Bowles  
(1910–1999)  
*Cancioncilla* from *Cuatro Canciones de García Lorca*

Xavier Montsalvatge  
(1912–2002)  
*Paisaje* from *Canciones para niños*

Paul Bowles  
*Balada amarilla* from *Cuatro Canciones de García Lorca*

Xavier Montsalvatge  
*Canción tonta* from *Canciones para niños*

Paul Bowles  
*Media luna* from *Cuatro Canciones de García Lorca*
Reading:
Lorca, *The little boy was looking for his voice*

Miguel Ortega
(b. 1963)

Paul Bowles

Xavier Montsalvatge

Reading:
*Lorca*, *Romance de la luna*

Reading:
*Lorca*, *Murió al Amanecer* from *Cuatro Canciones de García Lorca*

Corinne Luebke-Brown, Yoomin Kang, soprano
Nicholas Ottersberg Enriquez, baritone

Reading:
*Lorca*, *Canción China en Europa* from *Canciones para niños*

Reading:
Lorca, *¿Con qué la lavaré?* from *Cuatro Madrigales*

Reading:
Lorca, *Vos me matásteis* from *Cuatro Madrigales*

Reading:
Lorca, *De los álamos vengo, Madre* from *Cuatro Madrigales*

Reading:
Lorca, *Sonnets of Dark Love*

Jialin Han, soprano

Joaquín Rodrigo
(1902–1999)

¿Con qué la lavaré? from *Cuatro Madrigales*

Reading:
Lorca, *Sonnets of Dark Love*

Vos me matásteis from *Cuatro Madrigales*

Reading:
Lorca, *Sonnets of Dark Love*

De los álamos vengo, Madre from *Cuatro Madrigales*

Reading:
Lorca, *Sonnets of Dark Love*

Jialin Han, soprano
Tonight’s concert brings together two writers who gave voices to the unheard, the unseen, and the oppressed within their communities. Working at the convergence of art and social justice, Morrison and Lorca exposed the daily miseries of racism, poverty, and class struggles by combining myth, folklore, and lyrical narrative in revolutionary and exciting ways. Seen together, their works show us how language has the power to liberate even as we strive to tell the stories of the forgotten and disadvantaged in our own times.
About Here

I sit upon the hillside
Among the redwood trees
I ask for nothing special
But a glimpse of the moon in the sun
A rare moon
Just grateful for the air out here
And a view of Heaven, such a view of Heaven
I sit upon the hill
I sit upon this hilltop
I hear coyotes cry
The life behind me pales
Somehow up here
Soon I know there’ll be a full moon
A new moon up here
I sit upon the hillside
Among the redwood trees
Among the scattered stars
I see a full moon, a blue moon
Such a view of Heaven

Errollyn Wallen

Boy’s Lips

In water-heavy nights behind grandmother’s porch
We knelt in the tickling grasses and whispered:
Linda’s face hung before us, pale as a pecan,
And it grew wise as she said:
‘A boy’s lips are soft,
As soft as baby’s skin.’
The air closed over her words.
A firefly whirred near my ear, and in the distance
I could hear streetlamps ping
Into miniature suns
Against a feathery sky.

Rita Dove
All Spanish texts, unless indicated otherwise, are by Federico García Lorca.

**Cancioncilla**

Amanecía en el naranjel  
Abejitas de oro buscaban la miel  
¿Donde estará la miel?  
Está en la flor azul Isabel  
En la flor del romero aquel Isabel  
Amanecía en el naranjel  
Abejitas de oro buscaban la miel  
¿Donde estará la miel?

**Little Song**

I would wake up by the orange trees  
Little golden bees looked for the honey  
Where can the honey be?  
It is in the blue flower Isabel  
In the rosemary flower, that one Isabel  
I would wake up by the orange trees  
Little golden bees looked for the honey  
Where can the honey be?

*Translation by Nicholas Ottersberg Enriquez*

**Paisaje**

La tarde equivocada  
se vistió de frío.  
Detrás de los cristales,  
turbios, todos los niños,  
ven convertirse en pájaros  
un árbol amarillo.  
La tarde está tendida  
a lo largo del río.  
Y un rubor de manzana  
tiembla en los tejadillos.

**Landscape**

The afternoon mistakenly  
got dressed in the cold.  
Behind the cloudy windows,  
all the kids  
see a yellow tree  
turned into birds.  
Evening is stretched  
along the river  
and the red blush of an apple  
trembles on the rooftops.

*Translation by Corinne Luebke-Brown*

**Balada Amarilla**

La tierra estaba amarilla.  
Orillo, orillo, pastorcillo.  
Ni luna blanca ni estrella lucían  
Orillo, orillo, pastorcillo  
Ven dí mi adora morena  
corta el llanto de la viña.  
Orillo, orillo, pastorcillo.

**Yellow Ballad**

The earth was yellow  
Golden, Golden, shepherd boy  
Nor white moon nor stars were shining  
Golden, Golden, shepherd boy  
A dark haired girl harvests  
the sobbing of the vine  
Golden, Golden, shepherd boy

*Translation by Nicholas Ottersberg Enriquez*
Canción tonta

Mamá,
yo quiero ser de plata.
Hijo,
tendrás mucho frío.
Mamá.
Yo quiero ser de agua.
Hijo,
tendrás mucho frío.
Mamá.
Bórdame en tu almohada.
¡Eso sí!
¡Ahora mismo!

Silly Song

Mama,
I want to be made of silver.
Son,
you will be very cold.
Mama,
I want to be made of water.
Son,
you will be very cold.
Mama,
embroider me in your pillow.
Of course!
Right now!

Translation by Corinne Luebke-Brown

Media Luna

La
luna va por el agua
Como está el cielo tranquilo.
Va segando lentamente
el temblor viejo del río.
Mientras que una rana joven
la toma por espejito, por espejito.

Half Moon

The
moon passes through the water
How calm the sky is.
It slowly gathers
old tremors from the river.
While a young frog
takes her as a mirror, as a mirror.

Translation by Nicholas Ottersberg Enriquez

Romance de la luna

La luna vino a la fragua
con su polisón de nardos.

El niño la mira, mira.
El niño la está mirando.
En el aire conmovido
mueve la luna sus brazos
y enseña, lúbrica y pura,
sus senos de duro estaño.

—Huye luna, luna, luna.
Si vinieran los gitanos,
harían con tu corazón
collares y anillos blancos.

Romance of the moon

The moon came to the forge
dressed in a skirt decorated with spikenard flowers.
The boy looks at her.
The boy is looking at her.
In the air
the moon moves its arms
showing, lascivious and pure,
her breasts made of hard tin.

—Flee moon, moon, moon.
If the gypsies came,
They would make with your heart
white necklaces and rings.

(The text continues on the following page. Please turn the page quietly.)
—Niño, déjame que baile.  
Cuando vengan los gitanos,  
te encontrarán sobre el yunque  
con los ojillos cerrados.

—Huye luna, luna, luna,  
que ya siento sus caballos.

—Niño, déjame, no pises  
mi blanco almidonado.

Dentro de la fragua el niño,  
tiene los ojos cerrados.

El jinete se acercaba  
tocando el tambor del llano.  
Por el olivar venían,  
bronce y sueño, los gitanos.  
Las cabezas levantadas  
y los ojos entornados.

Cómo canta la zumaya,  
¡ay cómo canta en el árbol!  
Dentro de la fragua lloran,  
dando gritos, los gitanos.

El aire la vela, vela.  
El aire la está velando.

Translation by Yoomin Kang

_Murió al Amanecer_  

Noche  
de cuatro lunas y un solo árbol  
con una sola sombra y un solo  
pájaro  
Busco en mi carne las huellas  
de tus labios.  
El manantial besa al viento sin  
tocarlo.  
Llevo el no que me diste en la  
palma de la mano  
Como un limón de cera casi  
blanca

_Death at Dawn_  

Night  
of four moons and a single tree  
with a single shadow and a  
single bird  
I search in my flesh for the  
traces of your lips.  
The spring kisses the wind  
without touching it.  
I carry the no that you gave me  
in the palm of my hand  
Like a white wax lemon.
Noche de cuatro lunas y un solo árbol
y un solo árbol.

Night of four moons and a single tree
and a single tree.

Translation by Nicholas Ottersberg Enriquez

Canción china en Europa

La señorita
del abanico,
va por el puente
del fresco río.

Los caballeros
con sus levitas,
miran el puente
sin barandillas.

La señorita
del abanico
y los volantes
busca marido.

Los caballeros
están casados,
con altas rubias
de idioma blanco.

Los grillos cantan
por el Oeste.

(La señorita,
va por lo verde).

Los grillos cantan
bajo las flores.

(Los caballeros,
van por el Norte).

The Chinese Woman in Europe

The young woman
with a fan
crosses the bridge
over the fresh river.

The gentlemen
with their coats
look at the bridge
without handrails.

The young woman
with a fan
and frilly skirt
looks for a husband.

The gentlemen
are all married
to tall blonde women
who speak the language of western men.

The crickets sing
in the west.

(The young woman
walks through the grass)

The crickets sing
under the flowers.

(The gentlemen
go off north)

Translation by Corinne Luebke-Brown
¿Con qué la lavaré
la tez de la mi cara?
¿Con qué la lavaré,
Que vivo mal penada?
Lávanse las casadas
con agua de limones:
lávome yo, cuitada,
con penas y dolores.

With what shall I wash
the skin of my face?
With what shall I wash it?
I live in such a sorrow.
Married women wash
in fresh lemon water
I’ll wash my grief
in pain and sorrow.

Vos me matásteis

Vos me matásteis,
niña en cabello,
vos me habéis muerto.
Riberas de un rio
vi moza vírgen,
Niña en cabello,
vos me matásteis,
Niña en cabello,
vos me habéis muerto.

You destroyed me

You destroyed me,
girl with hair hanging loose,
you have slain me.
By the river bank
I saw a young maiden.
Girl with hair hanging loose,
You destroyed me,
Girl with hair hanging loose,
you have slain me.

De los álamos vengo, madre

De los álamos vengo, madre,
de ver cómo los menea el aire.
De los álamos de Sevilla,
de ver a mi linda amiga.

Anonymous

I come from the poplars, mother

I come from the poplars, mother,
I’ve seen the branches swaying in the breeze.
From the poplars of Seville,
I’ve seen my sweet love.

Translations by Jacqueline Cockburn and Richard Stokes published in The Spanish Song Companion (Gollancz, 1992) provided courtesy of Oxford Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)

First, I’ll Try Love

First
I’ll try love.
Although I’ve never heard the word
Referred to even whispered to
Me,
First I’ll try love.
So when winter comes
And sundown becomes
My time of day,
If anybody asks, I can say,  
“First, I tried love.”

_Toni Morrison_

**Whose House is This?**

Whose house is this?  
Whose night keeps out the light  
In here?  
Say, who owns this house?  
It’s not mine.  
I had another sweeter, brighter,  
With a view of lakes crossed in painted boats;  
Of fields wide as arms open for me.  
This house is strange.  
Its shadows lie.  
Say, tell me, why does its lock fit my key?

_Toni Morrison_

**At Some Point the World’s Beauty is Enough**

At some point the world’s beauty is enough.  
You don’t need to photograph, paint or even remember it.  
It is enough.  
No record needs to be kept and you don’t need  
Someone to share it with or tell it to.  
You can let go.  
The world will always be there.  
While you sleep it will be there,  
And when you wake.  
So you can sleep now  
And there is every reason to wake.
I Envy Public Love

I envy public love.
I myself have known it only in secret
Shared it in secret
And longed, Oh longed to show it.
To say out loud what there is no need to say:
“That I have loved only you,
Surrendered my whole self reckless to you
And nobody else.”
But I can’t say that aloud.
I can’t tell anyone
That I have been waiting for you all my life
And being chosen to wait is the reason I can.
Is the reason I can.

There are No New Songs

There are no new songs
And I have sung all the songs there are.
Gold is bitter
Alabaster chill
Only loam is dark and sweet
There are no new songs
No new songs
And I have sung all the songs there are.

Toni Morrison

Nana de Sevilla

Este
galapaguito no tiene mare,
a, a, a, a,
no tiene mare, sí,
obtener: no,
no tiene mare,
a, a, a, a,
lo parió una gitana, lo echó a
da, la calle,
a, a, a, a,
lo echó a la calle, sí,
lo echó a la calle, no
lo echó a la calle
a, a, a, a.

Seville lullaby

This
little tortoise has no sea
a, a, a, a,
He has no sea, yes
He has no sea, no,
He has no sea,
a, a, a, a,
A gypsy woman birthed him, she
threw him in the street
a, a, a, a,
She threw him in the street, yes
She threw him in the street, no
She threw him in the street
a a, a, a.
Este
niño chiquito no tiene cuna,
a, a, a, a,
no tiene cuna, sí,
no tiene cuna, no,
no tiene cuna,
a, a, a, a,
su padre es carpintero y le
hará una,
a, a, a, a,
y le hará una, sí,
y le hará una, no,
y le hará una,
a, a, a, a.

This
little boy has no cradle
a, a, a, a,
He has no cradle, yes
He has no cradle, no,
He has no cradle,
a, a, a, a,
His father is a carpenter and
he will make him one
a, a, a, a,
And he will make him one, yes
And he will make him one, no,
And he will make him one,
a, a, a, a.

Translation by Nicholas Ottersberg Enriquez
Upcoming Concerts at NEC
all programs subject to change
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NEC HONORS ENSEMBLE: CATEGORY FIVE WINDS
Honor Hickman, flute; Corinne Foley, oboe; Evan Chu, clarinet; Abigail Heyrich, bassoon; Graham Lovely, French horn
*Monday, April 22, 2024 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall*

JAZZ COMPOSERS’ WORKSHOP ORCHESTRA, Frank Carlberg, director
*Tuesday, April 23, 2024 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall*

ENNCHANTED CIRCLE, Steven Drury, artistic director
*Tuesday, April 23, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall*

NEC CHAMBER ORCHESTRA, Donald Palma, artistic director
Shaw *Entr’acte*; Schoenberg *Verklärte Nacht for string orch., op. 4*; Harberg *Piccolo Concerto*, Elizabeth McCormack, flute
*Wednesday, April 24, 2024 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall*

LIEDERABEND LXXII
Tanya Blaich and Cameron Stowe, directors
*Wednesday, April 24, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall*

NEC SYMPHONIC CHOIR & CHAMBER SINGERS, Erica J. Washburn, conductor
“Great Music for a Great Space: Sanctuary”
Shaw *To the Hands*; Corigliano *Fern Hill*
*Thursday, April 25, 2024 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall*

NEC LAB ORCHESTRA
*Thursday, April 25, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall*

ARTIST DIPLOMA RECITAL: Yeonjae Cho ‘24, soprano
*Monday, April 29, 2024 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall*

NEC SYMPHONY, David Loebel, conductor
Simon *The Block*; Mussorgsky *Pictures at an Exhibition*; Jennings *Five Miniatures from Greenwich Village*
*Tuesday, April 30, 2024 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall*

NEC PHILHARMONIA, Hugh Wolff, conductor
Mahler *Symphony No. 7*
*Wednesday, May 1, 2024 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall*
Upcoming Concerts at NEC
–continued

CHAMBER MUSIC GALA
Friday, May 3, 2024 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

NEC HONORS ENSEMBLE: TRIO SPONTE
Charles Berofsky, piano; Nicholas Hammel, violin; Yi-I Stephanie Yang, cello
Sunday, May 5, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Jordan Hall

FIRST MONDAY IN JORDAN HALL, Laurence Lesser, artistic director
Brahms Trio in C Minor, op. 101; Chausson Concerto for Violin, Piano and String Quartet, op. 21; Miriam Fried, David McCarroll, violin; Angela Park, cello; Ieva Jacobaviciute, Marc-André Hamelin, piano; Terra String Quartet
Monday, May 6, 2024 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

TUESDAY NIGHT NEW MUSIC
New music by NEC composers, performed by their peers
Tuesday, May 7, 2024 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

NEC HONORS ENSEMBLE: KROMA QUARTET
Clayton Hancock, Arun Asthagiri, violin; Nathan Emans, viola; Sophia Krappe, cello
Wednesday, May 8, 2024 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

NEC CMA HONORS ENSEMBLE: RED BIRD
Karl Henry, voice, cello; Yifei Zhou, voice; Adrian Chabla, voice, piano; Jacqui Armbruster, voice, viola; Evan Haskin, guitar
Tuesday, May 14, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

NEC COMMENCEMENT CONCERT
Saturday, May 18, 2024 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall
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