

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

PROGRAM

*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*

Miguel Ortega

(b. 1963)

Paul Bowles

Xavier Montsalvatge

Reading:

Lorca, *The little boy was looking for his voice*

Romance de la luna

Murió al Amanecer from *Cuatro Canciones de*
García Lorca

Canción China en Europa
from *Canciones para niños*

Corinne Luebke-Brown, Yoomin Kang,
soprano

Nicholas Ottersberg Enriquez, baritone

Joaquín Rodrigo

(1902–1999)

Reading:

Lorca, from *Sonnets of Dark Love*

¿Con qué la lavaré? from *Cuatro Madrigales*

Reading:

Lorca, from *Sonnets of Dark Love*

Vos me matásteis from *Cuatro Madrigales*

Reading:

Lorca, from *Sonnets of Dark Love*

De los álamos vengo, Madre
from *Cuatro Madrigales*

Reading:

Lorca, from *Sonnets of Dark Love*

Jialin Han, soprano

André Previn
(1929–2019)

from *Honey and Rue*

First, I'll Try Love

Whose House is This?

Yumeng Xing, soprano

Richard Danielpour
(b. 1956)

from *Spirits in the Well*

At Some Point the World's Beauty is Enough

I Envy Public Love

There are No New Songs

Anna Poltronieri Tang, soprano

Reading:

Toni Morrison, from *Sula*

Federico García Lorca
(1898–1936)

Nana de Sevilla

Nicholas Ottersberg Enriquez, baritone

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 naranjal
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 naranjal
Abejitas de oro buscaban la miel
¿Donde estará la miel?*

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.*

Balada Amarilla

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

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

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

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.
Bórdarme en tu almohada.
¡Eso sí!
¡Ahora mismo!

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.

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.

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

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 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 blancor almidonado.

El jinete se acercaba
tocando el tambor del llano.
Dentro de la fragua el niño,
tiene los ojos cerrados.

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!
Por el cielo va la luna
con un niño de la mano.

Dentro de la fragua lloran,
dando gritos, los gitanos.
El aire la vela, vela.
El aire la está velando.

Murió al Amanecer

Noche
de cuatro lunas y un solo arbol
con una solo 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 limon de cera casi
blanca

—Child, let me dance.
When the gypsies come,
They will find you on the anvil
with eyes closed.

—Flee moon, moon, moon,
I already hear their horses.

—Child, leave me, don't step on
my starched whiteness.

The rider was approaching
playing the drum of the plain.
Inside the forge the child,
He has his eyes closed.

Through the olive grove they came,
bronzed and sleepy, the gypsies.
Heads raised
and half-closed eyes.

How the screech owl sings,
Oh how it sings in the tree!
The moon goes through the sky
with a child in her hand.

Inside the forge
the gypsies cry and shout.
The air is watching.
The air is watching over her.

Translation by Yoomin Kang

Dead 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
arbol
y un solo arbol.

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

*¿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.*

Vos me matásteis

*Vos me matásteis,
niña en cabello,
vos me habéis muerto.
Riberas de un río
ví moza virgen,
Niña en cabello,
vos me matásteis,
Niña en cabello,
vos me habéis muerto.*

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

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,

With what shall I clean myself

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.

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.

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)*

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, si,
no tiene mare, no,
no tiene mare,
a, a, a, a,
lo parió una gitana, lo echó a
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, si,

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, si,

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

ENCHANTED 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 Jacubaviciute, 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 Knappe, 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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