Verlust & Pérdida: On loss of love and innocence; Entre mis brazos: On belonging
A set of voice recitals featuring German, Mexican, Spanish, and American composers

Senior Project Submitted to
The Division of the Arts of Bard College

by
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Annandale-on-Hudson, New York
May 2020
This pair of recitals was programmed with the intent to evoke emotions that we have all experienced, whether it be the intense sorrow of solitude or the unbridled joy of companionship. Also, in compliance with the guidelines set by the concentration in Latin American and Iberian Studies, half of the music from these recitals was composed by Spanish and Mexican composers dating from the late 19th century to modern day. Each concert was meant to illustrate some kind of narrative around their respective themes.

The first concert, “Verlust & Pérdida: On loss of love and innocence,” consists of two basic narratives, each belonging to their respective half of the concert. The title of the concert simply means “loss” in both of the languages that appear in the program. Each half is separated by language - German and subsequently Spanish - allowing for more consistent storytelling in each segment. The programming of this recital was determined largely in part by the selfish indulgence of wanting to learn and perform a full song cycle in German, a favorite language of mine for singing. After settling on Schumann’s “Liederkreis, op. 24,” the rest of the program fell into place based on the continuation of the primary theme set forth in this cycle: the loss of love. The Strauss songs that precede the Schumann establish the existence of love (particularly in “Der Nachtgang”) and then its fading away is narrated by “Liederkreis.” Likewise, the Spanish half of the program depicts not only the loss of love, but the loss of innocence that comes about from worldly exposure. This portion of the recital is made up of Silvestre Revueltas’s “Cinco canciones de niños” and perhaps the most well-known Spanish art song collection, Manuel de Falla’s “Siete canciones populares españolas.” By transitioning from the children’s songs of Revueltas (set to the surrealist poetry of Federico García Lorca) to the popular songs of Falla,
there is a distinct shift from the world of imagination to the stark groundedness that comes about from undergoing life’s trials.

The second concert, “Entre mis brazos: On belonging,” takes its title from the Spanish half of the program: the works of living composer Anton García Abril. “Entre mis brazos” is a line of poetry that appears in two of the songs that García Abril set, and captures the essence of this recital’s theme: belonging and intimacy. The two collections of García Abril’s songs that appear in this recital - “Canciones de Valldemosa” and “Siete canciones de amor” - epitomize the theme of the recital, as they were selected first when programming. After performing a concert entirely of non-English texts, the aim of this second concert was not only to make beautiful music, but also music that the audience would be able to understand without reading a translation. Thus the second half of the concert, I decided, should be art songs set to English poetry; the collection of Samuel Barber songs (op. 10) and a smattering of Charles Ives fit the bill. These American songs also play into the theme of belonging, and so a coherent theme was born. In contrast to the first recital, the majority of these songs revolve around the idea of embracing love and the things which we so rarely are able to grasp, though some of the selections inevitably lead also to loss. Regardless, the overall tone is far more upward-looking than that of “Verlust & Pérdida.”

It is my sincere hope in sharing this music, along with a truly genuine part of my heart, that I have called to mind the so often neglected importance of listening and have sparked some shared resonance within us all.
A SENIOR CONCERT

VERLUST & PÉRDIDA

SONNY CAPACCIO, BARITONE
ERIKA SWITZER & EMILY HAN, PIANO

WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 13TH
7:15 P.M.
BITÓ CPS
VERLUST & PÉRDIDA
Loss of love and innocence

Sonny Capaccio, Baritone
Erika Switzer and Emily Han, Piano

NOVEMBER 13th, 2019
7:15 P.M.
BITÓ CPS
THE PROGRAM

Richard Strauss (1864 - 1949)
Der Nachtgang, op. 29, no. 3
Ach Lieb, ich muß nun scheiden, op. 21, no. 3
Erika Switzer, piano

Robert Schumann (1810 - 1856)
Liederkreis, Op. 24
1. Morgens steh’ ich auf und frage
2. Es treibt mich hin, es treibt mich her
3. Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen
4. Lieb’ Liebchen, leg’s Händchen aufs Herze mein
5. Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden
6. Warte, warte, wilder Schiffmann
7. Berg’ und Burgen schaun herunter
8. Anfangs wollt’ ich fast verzagen
9. Mit Myrten und Rosen
Erika Switzer, piano

TEN MINUTE INTERMISSION

Silvestre Revueltas (1899 - 1940)
Cinco canciones de niños
1. El caballito
2. Las cinco horas
3. Canción tonto
4. Canción de cuna
5. El lagarto
Emily Han, piano

Manuel de Falla (1876 - 1946)
Siete canciones populares Españolas
1. El paño moruno
2. Seguidilla murciana
3. Asturiana
4. Jota
5. Nana
6. Canción
7. Polo
Emily Han, piano
Notes on the program:

Richard Strauss was quoted to have said, "the human voice is the most beautiful instrument of all, but it is the most difficult to play." By the time he was only 18 years old, Strauss had composed more than 140 works, 59 of which were Lieder (art songs). However, with that extensive amount of songs that he had composed within the first quarter of his life, ironically neither of the songs featured in this program were written during that time. Der Nachtgang, written in 1895 alongside two other songs set to poems of Otto Julius Bierbaum, truly encapsulates the Romantic style that Strauss developed over his years as a composer. With intense chromaticism and captivating modulations, his setting of Bierbaum’s poetry not only depicts the passion of the text, but also reflects his own passion for his wife, success as a composer, and the post he had just acquired as the conductor of the Munich Court Opera. Ach Lieb, ich muß nun scheiden, the third in a set of five songs written between 1887 and 1888, is far more harmonically standard, yet still hints at the Romanticism that Strauss would eventually come to epitomize. This set of songs uses text by poet Felix Dahn from his Schlichte Weisen (Simple Tunes), which were based on ancient folk songs that Dahn had seen in a museum. With only their incipits translated, Dahn imagined what the rest of the original texts might have looked like, and thus gave new life to the ancient songs - as did Strauss.

In 1839, the year before Robert Schumann produced his tremendous outpouring of more than one hundred songs (later termed his Liederjahr, or year of song), Schumann claimed, "all my life I have considered vocal music inferior to instrumental music...But don't tell anyone this!" Despite his affinity for instrumental music, Schumann is regarded as one of the greatest composers of Lieder. His gift for writing vocal music stemmed from his love for the written word (undoubtedly influenced by his father, a book seller), and thus Schumann founded his own music journal which propelled his career as a music critic in 1834. Schumann’s love for literature bloomed into his writing of Lieder, which brilliantly highlight the poetry in a lyrical and often delicately understated way. Among the first of his compositions from 1840, Liederkreis op. 24 sets the poetry of Heinrich Heine from his collection, Buch der Lieder; Schumann masterfully sets the typically bitter and ironic tone of Heine’s poetry in this cycle. Opening in the first song with the quotidian hope that his loved one will return, the narrator sits in a state of half-consciousness, always disappointed when his love does not return. This song sets the tone for the rest of the cycle, which centers on the loss of his love. “Es treibt mich hin, es treibt mich her” details the excitement the narrator feels about the possibility of seeing his beloved, yet again ends with disappointment and rage as the hours mock him for his haste. The third song finds the grieving narrator wandering through the woods alone, where he hears the birds singing a word that brings back his sorrow; they tell him that a young woman taught the word to them. Embracing his pain, in “Lieb' Liebchen, leg's Händchen aufs Herze mein” the narrator compares his heartbeat to the hammering of a carpenter (reflected in the syncopated chords of the piano), who is building a coffin so that the narrator might sleep. In the fifth song, he bids farewell to the city where he first met his love, lamenting that he met her at all; if he hadn’t, he wouldn’t be as miserable as he now finds himself. The narrator in the next song beckons a boatman so that he might leave Europe and his beloved, comparing her to Eve and Eris who brought flames and death. In “Berg' und Burgen schaun herunter” the narrator looks upon the Rhine, peaceful from above, yet harboring death and night below – like his love. Next, the narrator begs that he isn’t asked how he has born his pain and sorrow, which sets up the final song of the cycle, “Mit Myrten und Rosen.” Here, he adorns his book of songs for its burial, wishing that he could also bury his love, hoping that one day this book will find his beloved.

After a longstanding professional relationship with famous Mexican composer-conductor Carlos Chavez, Silvestre Revueltas and he had quite a falling out which led Revueltas to leave his position at the Orquesta Sinfónica de Mexico in 1936. He founded the Orquesta Sinfónica Nacional shortly thereafter to assert himself as a worthy rival; his endeavor failed miserably. Revueltas left the country the next year to tour Spain, as he was now an accomplished violinist, conductor, and composer. It is in Spain, however, that Revueltas wrote some of his most well-known works – mostly orchestral tone poems. It is also perhaps in Spain that Revueltas acquainted
himself with the literary works of Federico Garcia Lorca, which Revueltas would later set in Cinco canciones de niños in 1938. These “children’s songs” all have a true sense of earnestness and innocence to them that one can find only in childhood, set forth beautifully by Lorca and supported wholly by Revueltas. The poetry itself, particularly evident in the second, third, and fifth poems, has a certain “off” quality – a bizarre sort of tone that was perhaps influenced by Lorca’s love for surrealism. Lorca even exchanged letters and had a relatively intimate relationship with Spanish surrealist painter, Salvador Dalí. From the intentionally incorrect grammar of the title of the third poem to the uncanny narrative of the fifth, the whole cycle has a distinct strangeness, to which Revueltas contributes as well. Especially in the second and fourth songs, the music itself lends an unsettling atmosphere to the sincerity of the poetry. Both Lorca and Revueltas had rather short lives, and even shorter careers – Lorca had dedicated himself to the written word for a mere 19 years before he was executed at the age of 38 during the Spanish Civil War. Revueltas died at age 40, shortly after his trip to Spain; while on record he died of complications with pneumonia, the reality is that he had suffered from alcoholism for most of his life, which eventually caught up to him.

Manuel de Falla claimed that he could remember the lullaby his mother sang to him “before he was old enough to think,” and so began his musical journey to becoming the greatest Spanish composer of his century. He began his music studies as a pianist, eventually studying with the distinguished José Tragó in Madrid when Falla was only 20 years old. He then went on to study composition while his teacher, Felipe Pedrell, helped to lead the revival of Spanish music at the end of the 19th century. With the intense musical stirrings in Spain during Falla’s development as a composer, he was undoubtedly influenced by the folk styles that were reemerging in the culture. His melody writing was heavily influenced by folk songs that were published in Barcelona in 1874 (some bits of the melodies are actually identical, as in the sixth song of the cycle), but they were also influenced by his study of the harmonic overtone series, which he had studied in relation to ancient Greek folk melodies. He was so pleased with his findings that he eventually applied it to his Siete canciones populares Españolas in 1914. Furthermore, while the harmonic structure and melodies were based on the overtone series, he drew rhythmic inspiration from traditional Spanish dance rhythms and guitar playing techniques. Very often in this collection the piano part will imitate the style of a guitar, for instance in the first song where he emulates techniques typical of the flamenco style. Also present in the second song, “Seguidilla murciana” (literally, “the dance song of the province of Murcia”) uses guitar-like arpeggiations to convey the spirit of the dance, almost as a horse’s gallop. The third song, set to a beautifully empathetic poem, is far more relaxed, giving Falla a chance to explore the consequences of his studies on the harmonic series in this song; the consistency of the repeated octaves and the pedal points in the piano part reflects this. “Jota” is another dance, followed by a beautiful lullaby. Finally, the sixth and seventh songs conclude in an energetic flurry, combining the use of guitar and dance rhythms that Falla so loved.
Many thanks to:

Rufus, for your guidance.
Erika, for your insight.
Emily, for your dedication.
Melanie, for your knowledge.
Mom, for your inspiration.
My friends, for your support.

The music department, for your encouragement.
Der Nachtgang
Otto Julius Bierbaum

Ach Lieb, ich muß nun scheiden
Felix Dahn

Morgens steh' ich auf und frage
Heinrich Heine
Morgens steh' ich auf und frage:
Kommt feins Liebchen heut? Abends sink' ich hin und klage:
Ausblieb sie auch heut. In der Nacht mit meinem Kummer Lieg' ich schlaflos, lieg' ich wach; Träumend, wie im halben Schlummer, Wandle ich bei Tag

Es treibt mich hin
Heinrich Heine
Es treibt mich hin, es treibt mich her! Noch wenige Stunden, dann soll ich sie schauen, Sie selber, die schönste der schönen Jungfrauen;— Du armes Herz, was pochst du so schwer? Die Stunden sind aber ein faules Volk! Schleppen sich behaglich träge, Schleichen gähnend ihre Wege;— Tummle dich, du faules Volk! Tobende Eile mich treibend erfasst! Aber wohl niemals liebten die Horen;— Heimlich im grausamen Bunde verschworen, Spotten sich tückisch der Liebenden Hast.

A walk at night
English Translation by Richard Stokes
We walked through the gentle silent night, your arm in mine, your eyes gazing into mine; the moon shed silver light over your face; as though on gold your fair head lay, and you seemed to me like a saint: gentle, gentle and great, with a brimming soul, holy and pure like the dear sun. And a pressing warmth welled into my eyes, like impending tears. I held you closer and kissed you — kissed you so gently — my soul wept.

Ah, my love, I must now leave
English Translation by Richard Stokes
Ah, my love, I must now leave, go over hill and dale, The alders and willows join together in weeping So often they saw us stroll together by the brook, To see one without the other passes their understanding. The alders and willows weep tears of grief, Just think of the heartfelt sorrow we must both suffer.

Every morning I awake and ask
English Translation by Richard Stokes
Every morning I awake and ask: Will my sweetheart come today? Every evening I lie down, Complaining that she did not appear. All night long with my grief I lie sleepless, lie awake; Dreaming, as if half asleep, I wander through the day.

I'm driven this way
English Translation by Richard Stokes
I’m driven this way, driven that! A few more hours, and I shall see her, She, the fairest of the fair— Faithful heart, why pound so hard? But the Hours are a lazy breed! They dawdle along and take their time, Crawl yawningly on their way— Get a move on, you lazy breed! Raging haste drives me onward! But the Horae can never have loved— Cruelly and secretly in league, They spitefully mock a lover’s haste.
Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen
Heinrich Heine

Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen
Mit meinem Gram allein;
Da kam das alte Träumen,
Und schlich mir ins Herz hinein.

Wer hat euch dies Wörtlein gelehret,
Ihr Vöglein in luftiger Höh’?
Schweigt still! wenn mein Herz es höret,
Dann tut es noch einmal so weh.

„Es kam ein Jungfräulein gegangen,
Die sang es immerfort,
Da haben wir Vöglein gefangen
Das hübsche, goldne Wort.“

Das sollt ihr mir nicht erzählen,
Ihr Vöglein wunderschläul
Ihr wollt meinen Kummer mir stehlen,
Ich aber niemanden trau’.

Lieb’ Liebchen
Heinrich Heine

Lieb Liebchen, leg’s Händchen aufs Herze mein;—
Ach, hörst du, wie ‘s pochet im Kämmerlein?
Da hauset ein Zimmermann schlimm und arg,
Der zimmert mir einen Totensarg.

Es hämmert und klopfet bei Tag und bei Nacht;
Es hat mich schon längst um den Schlaf gebracht.
Ach! sputet Euch, Meister Zimmermann,
Damit ich balde schlafen kann.

Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden
Heinrich Heine

Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden,
Schönes Grabmal meiner Ruh’,
Schöne Stadt, wir müssen scheiden,—
Lebe wohl! ruf’ ich dir zu.

Lebe wohl, du heil’ge Schwelle,
Wo da wandelt Liebchen traut;
Lebe wohl! du heil’ge Stelle,
Wo ich sie zuerst geschaut.

I wandered among the trees
English Translation by Richard Stokes

I wandered among the trees,
Alone with my own grief,
But then old dreams returned once more
And stole into my heart.

Who taught you this little word,
You birds up there in the breeze?
Be silent! If my heart hears it,
My pain will return once more.

‘A young woman once passed by,
Who sang it again and again,
And so we birds snatched it up,
That lovely golden word.’

You should not tell me such things,
You little cunning birds,
You thought to steal my grief from me,
But I trust no one now.

Lay your hand, my love
English Translation by Richard Stokes

Just lay your hand on my heart, my love;
Ah, can you not hear it throbbing in there?
A carpenter, wicked and evil, lives there,
Fashioning me my coffin.

He bangs and hammers day and night,
And has long since banished all sleep.
Ah, master carpenter, make haste,
That I might soon find rest.

Lovely cradle of my sorrows
English Translation by Richard Stokes

Lovely cradle of my sorrows,
Lovely tombstone of my peace,
Lovely city, we must part—
Farewell! I call to you.

Farewell, O sacred threshold,
Where my dear beloved treads,
Farewell! O sacred spot,
Where I first beheld her.
Hätt' ich dich doch nie gesehen,
Schöne Herzenskönigin!
Nimmer wär es dann geschehen,
Dass ich jetzt so elend bin.

Nie wollt' ich dein Herze rühren,
Liebe hab' ich nie erlebt;
Nur ein stilles Leben führen
Wollt' ich, wo dein Odem weht.

Doch du drängst mich selbst von hinnen,
Bittre Worte spricht dein Mund;
Wahnsinn wühlt in meinen Sinnen,
Und mein Herz ist krank und wund.

Und die Glieder matt und träge
Schlepp' ich fort am Wanderstab,
Bis mein müdes Haupt ich lege
Ferne in ein kühles Grab.

Warte, warte wilder Schiffmann
Heinrich Heine

Wait, O Wait, Wild Seaman
English Translation by Richard Stokes

Had I never seen you though,
Fair queen of my heart!
It would never then have come to pass
That I am now so wretched.

I never wished to touch your heart,
I never begged for love,
To live in peace was all I wished,
And to breathe the air you breathed.

But you yourself, you drive me hence,
Your lips speak bitter words;
Madness rages in my mind,
And my heart is sick and sore.

And my limbs, weary and feeble,
I drag away, my staff in hand,
Until I lay my tired head down
In a cool and distant grave.

Warte, warte, wilder Schiffmann,
Gleich folg' ich zum Hafen dir;
Von zwei Jungfrauen nehm' ich Abschied,
Von Europa und von Ihr.

Blutquell, rinn' aus meinen Augen,
Blutquell, brich aus meinem Leib,
Dass ich mit dem heissen Blute
Meine Schmerzen niederschreib'.

Ei, mein Lieb, warum just heute
Schaudert dich, mein Blut zu sehn?
Sahst mich bleich und herzeblutend
Lange Jahre vor dir stehn!

Kennst du noch das alte Liedchen
Von der Schlang' im Paradies,
Die durch schlimme Apfelgabe
Unsern Ahn ins Elend stiess?

Alles Unheil brachten Äpfel!
Eva bracht' damit den Tod,
Eris brachte Trojas Flammen,
Du bracht'st beides, Flamm' und Tod.

The apple has caused all our ills!
Eve brought death with it,
Eris brought flames to Troy,
And you—both flames and death.
Berg und Burgen schaun herunter
Heinrich Heine

Mountains and castles gaze down
English Translation by Richard Stokes

Berg’ und Burgen schaun herunter
In den spiegelhellen Rhein,
Und mein Schiffchen segelt munter,
Rings umglänzt von Sonnenschein.

Mountains and castles gaze down
Into the mirror-bright Rhine,
And my little boat sails merrily,
The sunshine glistening around it.

Ruhig seh’ ich zu dem Spiele
Goldner Wellen, kraus bewegt;
Still erwachen die Gefühle,
Die ich tief im Busen hegt’.

Calmly I watch the play
Of golden, ruffled waves surging;
Silently feelings awaken in me
That I had kept deep in my heart.

Freundlich grüssend und verheissend
Lockt hinab des Stromes Pracht;
Doch ich kenn’ ihn, oben gleissend,
Birgt sein Innres Tod und Nacht.

With friendly greetings and promises,
The river’s splendour beckons;
But I know it—gleaming above
It conceals within itself Death and Night.

Oben Lust, in Busen Tücken,
Strom, du bist der Liebsten Bild!
Die kann auch so freundlich nicken,
Lächelt auch so fromm und mild.

Above, pleasure; at heart, malice;
River, you are the image of my beloved!
She can nod with just as much friendliness,
And smile so devotedly and gently.

Anfangs wollt’ ich fast verzagen
Heinrich Heine

At first I almost despaired
English Translation by Richard Stokes

Anfangs wollt’ ich fast verzagen,
Und ich glaubt’, ich trüg’ es nie;
Und ich hab’ es doch getragen—
Aber fragt mich nur nicht, wie?

At first I almost despaired,
And I thought I could never be able to bear it;
Yet even so, I have borne it—
But do not ask me how.

Mit Myrten und Rosen
Heinrich Heine

Mit Myrten und Rosen, lieblich und hold,
Mit duft’gen Zypressen und Flittergold,
Möcht’ ich zieren dies Buch wie ’nen Totenschrein,
Und sargen meine Lieder hinein.

With myrtles and roses, sweet and fair,
With fragrant cypress and golden tinsel,
I should like to adorn this book like a coffin
And bury my songs inside.

O könnt’ ich die Liebe sargen hinzu!
Auf dem Grabe der Liebe wächst Blümlein der Ruh’,
Da blüht es hervor, da pflückt man es ab,—
Doch mir blüht’s nur, wenn ich selber im Grab.

Could I but bury my love here too!
On Love’s grave grows the flower of peace,
There it blossoms, there is plucked,
But only when I’m buried will it bloom for me.

Hier sind nun die Lieder, die einst so wild,
Wie ein Lavastrom, der dem Ätna entquillt,
Hervorgestürzt aus dem tiefsten Gemüt,
Und rings viel blitzende Funken versprüht!

Here now are the songs which once cascaded,
Like a stream of lava pouring from Etna,
So wildly from the depths of my soul,
And scattered glittering sparks all around!
Nun liegen sie stumm und totengleich,  
Nun starren sie kalt und nebelbleich,  
Doch aufs neu’ die alte Glut sie belebt,  
Wenn der Liebe Geist einst über sie schwiebt.

Now they lie mute, as though they were dead,  
Now they stare coldly, as pale as mist,  
But the old glow shall kindle them once more,  
When the spirit of Love floats over them.

Und es wird mir im Herzen viel Ahnung laut:  
Der Liebe Geist einst über sie taut;  
Einst kommt dies Buch in deine Hand,  
Du süßes Lieb im fernen Land.

And a thought speaks loud within my heart,  
That the spirit of Love will one day thaw them;  
One day this book will fall into your hands,  
My dearest love, in a distant land.

Dann löst sich des Liedes Zauberbann,  
Die blassen Buchstaben schaun dich an,  
Sie schauen dir flehend ins schöne Aug’,  
Und flüstern mit Wehmut und Liebeshauch.

Then shall song’s magic spell break free,  
And the pallid letters shall gaze at you,  
Gaze imploringly into your beautiful eyes,  
And whisper with sadness and the breath of love.

El caballito
Federico García Lorca

Caballito que uncido al carro corres  
Dime tu para que brille, dime tu.
Caballito que uncido al carro corres  
Dime tu para que brille tu pelo tanto.
Cómo te las compones, como?  
Sudando, sudando, sudando.

The Little Horse
English Translation by C. Soecenski and E. Huntress

Little horse who runs so sprightly, drawing the cart,  
Tell me why your coat shines brightly, tell me why
Little horse who runs so sprightly, drawing the cart,  
Tell me why your coat is shining so very brightly.
Come, tell me how you do it, pray tell.  
From sweating, from sweating, from sweating.

Las cinco horas
Federico García Lorca

A la una, a la una  
sale la luna, sale la luna.
A las dos, a las dos,  
Sale el sol, sale el sol.
A las tres, a las tres,  
Sale el buey, sale el buey.
A las cuatro, a las cuatro,  
Sale el gato, sale el gato.
A las cinco, a las cinco,  
Pego un brinco!

The Five Hours
English Translation by C. Soecenski and E. Huntress

One is striking, one is striking;  
Moon is arising, moon is arising.
Clock strikes two, clock strikes two;  
Sun comes through, sun comes through.
Clock strikes three, clock strikes three;  
Ox comes out, ox comes out.
Four is striking, four is striking;  
Cat is waking, cat is waking.
Five is striking, five is striking,  
Then I jump up!

Canción tonta
Federico García Lorca

Mama, 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!

Nonsense Song
English Translation by C. Soecenski and E. Huntress

Mama, can’t I be made of silver?  
My child, how cold you’d be feeling!
Mama, can’t I be made of water?  
My child, how cold you’d be feeling!
Mama, sew me in your pillow.  
That I can, right at this moment.
**Canción de cuna**  
Federico García Lorca

Duérmete clavel,  
Que el caballo no quiere beber.  
Duérmete rosal,  
Que el caballo se pone a llorar.  
Duérmete clavel,  
Duérmete rosal.

**El lagarto**  
Federico García Lorca

El lagarto está llorando.  
La lagarta está llorando.  
El lagarto y la lagarta  
con delantalitos blancos.  

Han perdido sin querer  
su anillo de desposados.  
¡Ay, su anillito de plomo,  
ay, su anillito plomado!  

Un cielo grande y sin gente  
monta en su globo a los pájaros.  
El sol, capitán redondo,  
lleva un chaleco de raso.  

¡Miradlos qué viejos son!  
¡Qué viejos son los lagartos!  
¡Ay cómo lloran y lloran.  
¡ay! ¡ay!, cómo están llorando!

**El paño moruno**  
Gregorio Martínez Sierra

Al paño fino, en la tienda,  
una mancha le cayó.  
Por menos precio se vende,  
porque perdió su valor.  
¡Ay!

**Mr. and Mrs. Lizard**  
English Translation by C. Soecenski and E. Huntress

Mister Lizard, he is weeping,  
Missus Lizard, she is weeping.  
Oh, the lizards, the poor lizards,  
With their tiny, spotless aprons.

They have lost their wedding rings,  
The rings that they gave in marriage.  
Ah, they were leaden rings only,  
Ah, they were leaden rings only.

Heaven is empty and cloudless,  
Birds are approaching the firmament;  
The sun is a rotund captain,  
Wearing a glistening waistcoat.

The lizards look very old,  
How old these poor lizards can be!  
Ah, they are weeping and weeping,  
Ah, ah, see them weeping, weeping.

**The Moorish cloth**  
English Translation by Jacqueline Cockburn

On the delicate fabric in the shop  
there fell a stain.  
It sells for less  
for it has lost its value  
Ay!
Seguidilla murciana
Anonymous

Cualquiera que el tejado
tenga de vidrio,
no debe tirar piedras
al del vecino.
Arrieros semos;
¡puede que en el camino,
nos encontremos!
Por tu mucha inconstancia,
yo te compro
con peseta que corre
de mano en mano;
Que al fin se borra,
y creyéndola falsa
nadie la toma!

Seguidilla from Murcia
English Translation by Jacqueline Cockburn

People who live
in glass houses
shouldn't throw stones
at their neighbour's.
We are drovers;
it may be
we'll meet on the road!
For your many infidelities
I shall compare you
to a peseta passing
from hand to hand,
till finally it's worn down –
and believing it false
no one will take it!

Asturiana
Anonymous

Por ver si me consolaba,
arrímem a un pino verde,
Por verme llorar, lloraba.
Y el pino como era verde,
por verme llorar, lloraba!

Asturian song
English Translation by Jacqueline Cockburn

To see if it might console me
I drew near a green pine.
To see me weep, it wept.
And the pine, since it was green,
wept to see me weeping!

Jota
Anonymous

Dicen que no nos queremos,
porque no nos ven hablar.
A tu corazón y al mío
se lo pueden preguntar.
Ya me despido de tí,
de tu casa y tu ventana.
Y aunque no quiera tu madre.
Adiós, niña, hasta mañana.

Jota
English Translation by Jacqueline Cockburn

They say we’re not in love
since they never see us talk;
let them ask
your heart and mine!
I must leave you now,
your house and your window,
and though your mother disapprove,
goodbye, sweet love, till tomorrow.

Nana
Anonymous

Duérmete, niño, duerme,
duerme, mi alma,
duérmete, lucerito,
de la mañana.
Naninta, nana.
duérmete, lucerito
de la mañana.

Lullaby
English Translation by Jacqueline Cockburn

Sleep, little one, sleep,
sleep, my darling,
sleep, my little
morning star.
Lullay, lullay,
sleep, my little
morning star.
Canción
Anonymous

Por traidores, tus ojos,
voy a enterrarlos.
No sabes lo que cuesta
'del aire'.
Niña, el mirarlos
'Madre, a la orilla'.
Dicen que no me quieres,
ya me has querido.
Váyase lo ganado,
'del aire'.
Por lo perdido,
'Madre, a la orilla'.

Song
English Translation by Jacqueline Cockburn

Since your eyes are treacherous,
I'm going to bury them;
you know not what it costs,
'del aire',
dearest, to gaze into them.
'Mother, a la orilla'.
They say you do not love me,
but you loved me once.
Make the best of it
'del aire',
and cut your losses,
'Mother, a la orilla'.

Polo
Anonymous

¡Ay!
Guardo una pena en mi pecho
que a nadie se la diré.
¡Malhaya el amor, malhaya
y quien me lo dió a entender!
¡Ay!

Polo
English Translation by Jacqueline Cockburn

Ay!
I have an ache in my heart
of which I can tell no one.
A curse on love, and a curse
on the one who made me feel it!
Ay!
A SENIOR CONCERT

ENTRE MIS BRAZOS
ON BELONGING

APRIL 20TH, 2020
7:00 PM
BITÓ CPS

SONNY CAPACCIO, BARITONE
EMILY PHILLIPS &
ERIKA SWITZER, PIANO
Entre mis brazos
On belonging

Sonny Capaccio, *Baritone*
Emily Phillips, *Piano*
Erika Switzer, *Piano*

APRIL 20th, 2020
7:00 P.M.
BITÓ CPS
THE PROGRAM

Charles Ives (1874 - 1954)
So may it be!
Religion*
The Light that is Felt*
Afterglow
Love Song
Songs my Mother taught me*

Antón García Abril (b. 1933)
Canciones de Valldemosa
II. Jardín de Valldemosa
IV. Agua me daban a mi
V. A pie van mis suspiros
VI. No por amor, no por tristeza*

TEN MINUTE INTERMISSION

Antón García Abril (b. 1933)
Siete canciones de amor
I. Oigo fuera la lluvia*
II. Al calor de tus manos
III. Rumor de mar y viento*
IV. Si fueras un crisantemo*
V. La luna carecía de luz propia
VI. Pero me quede sin ti
VII. Cuando yo te busque por el alba

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
Three Songs, Op. 10
1. Rain has fallen*
2. Sleep now
3. I hear an army

~Please hold applause until the end of each set~
*recorded with Emily Phillips
Notes on the program:

It is recorded that in 1918 Charles Ives suffered a severe heart attack from which he would never make a full recovery, though he didn’t pass away until many years later. The truth, however, is that Ives developed diabetes in 1908 and his health complications ensued. He kept his diagnosis largely hidden from the public, with the exception of his wife Harmony, because at the time diabetes was considered to be a death sentence. With the development of medical insulin in 1930, Ives went on to live for many more years composing in his avant-garde style. Frequently cited as the world’s first Post-Modernist, Ives pioneered composition methods such as polytonality, polyrhythms, and microtonality which long predated the later developments of 20th-century music. As a young man, Ives was first exposed to music through his father, a local bandleader and music teacher. Charles oftentimes would attend large parades where his father would be leading one band while others played concurrently; it is perhaps here where Charles developed his ear for polytonality. Ives also played organ from a very young age for his church, which clearly influenced his writing style. Frequently citing traditional American tunes in his music, Ives also used hymn tunes - as he does in “Religion” - in his works, both symphonic and vocal. His work as an organist also influenced his composition technique for his song writing in particular, as he clearly fluctuates between piano and organ writing in many of his piano accompaniments. With more than one hundred published songs, the selections in this program are just a smattering of the different sonorities that Ives played with. While some represent a more nostalgic, “American” sound (such as “The Light that is Felt” and “Songs my Mother taught me”), others capture the more angular and experimental side of Ives’s compositional style (as in “Afterglow” and “So may it be!”). This experimental sound delighted his father (whom Charles considered to be the only person to really appreciate his music until much later in his life), but was not at all acceptable to Charles’s composition teacher at Yale, the highly regarded Horatio Parker. Still, Ives was not deterred from his unique style, and perhaps was driven to pursue it even more after his father passed away during his freshman year of college. After graduating, Ives went on to have a very successful career as an insurance clerk, continuing his organ playing and composing as well, and many years later was recognized and awarded for his music.

Living composer Anton García Abril is from Teruel, Spain, where he has had a successful career as a composer and musician. Like Ives, García Abril was also introduced to the world of music by his father. Having written symphonic, solo instrumental, operatic, ballet, and obviously vocal works, García Abril is perhaps best known for his work as a film scorer; between 1956 and 1994 he created more than 150 compositions for films and television series. In 1966, he composed the score for a
spaghetti western, “Texas, Adios” starring Franco Nero, which apparently set a precedent, as he later would score “Manos torpes” in 1969, another spaghetti western directed by Madrid’s Rafael Romero Marchent. Throughout his composition career, García Abril studied in Valencia, Madrid, Siena, and Rome, and from 1974-2003 he taught composition and musical forms at the Advanced Royal Music Conservatory of Madrid. He has also been the recipient of numerous national and international awards, including the National Music Award (1993), the Gold Medal for Merit in Fine Arts (1998), the Tomás Luis de Vitoria Ibero-American Music Award (2006), the Madrid Region Culture Award (2006), and the Gold Medal from the Royal Academy of Film (2014). His two song collections in this program, Canciones de Valldemosa and Siete canciones de Amor, serve as a wonderful representation of his lyrical style, with attention to extreme elegance and fervor. That being said, they are examples of his more recent work, both collections having been written within the past decade. These songs lead this program from a thematic standpoint: they epitomize the idea of love and belonging, both its fortunes and its hardships. The selections from Canciones de Valldemosa that appear in this program set the poetry of José García Nieto and Antonio Gala; Valldemosa is a village in Mallorca, Spain, known for its vivid flora and picturesque aesthetic. It is also home to the Carthusian Monastery which the poetry in “Jardín de Valldemosa” points out; it is this very monastery where Frédéric Chopin absconded with his lover, the French novelist Aurore Dupin, better known by her pen name, George Sand. Anton García Abril also makes mention of Chopin in this collection in the first song, “A Federico Chopin que a veces llora por nosotros” (To Frederic Chopin, who sometimes weeps for us), furthering the significance of love (or perhaps promiscuity) in this group of songs. The second cycle, Siete canciones de amor, from which this program got its title, is a beautiful illustration of García Abril’s mysterious, meandering style. Set entirely to the poetry of Antonio Carvajal, the music of this cycle rarely finds itself at rest; there is constant rhythmic dissonance and an ever-changing sense of tonality: perhaps García Abril’s take on the nature of love, ever changing. All the while, the pieces are living, breathing, beautiful creatures, evoking the slightest and most poignant emotions that we find within ourselves.

In 1979, shortly after moving to New York City, Samuel Barber found himself locked out of his new apartment where his composer friend and longtime partner Gian Carlo Menotti was staying. Unable to recall his new phone number to be let in, Barber found the nearest payphone to call the directory. After learning that she was talking with Samuel Barber, the receptionist who picked up the phone withheld his number, refusing to hand it over until Barber sang the opening of one of his most famous art songs, “Sure on this shining night.” By that time, and much earlier, Barber had established himself as one of America’s most prolific composers, with an ear for lyricism and the Romantic trends of the 20th century; clearly his work was well known
and well received. Barber’s musical career began from a young age as he studied piano and soon developed a knack for composition. He attempted to write his first opera, *The Rose Tree*, at age ten, and became his church organist (like Ives) by age twelve. He enrolled in the Curtis Institute of Music at the age of 14, where he also took up singing and conducting, which undoubtedly gave him a better understanding of how to compose music for the voice. Eventually, he dropped the study of these subjects and devoted himself entirely to composition, where he found much success. He created a remarkably distinct, modern style without becoming too experimental. By 1935 he had already been awarded the American Prix de Rome and was receiving commissions from very prominent musicians such as Vladimir Horowitz, Leontyne Price, Francis Poulenc, and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. In the previous year, oddly enough, Barber was not granted the award, and so decided to file under a pseudonym in the following year, when he won. Alongside the award, he was granted a two-year period of study at the American Academy in Rome, where he wrote the three songs that appear in this program. The texts are derived from James Joyce’s *Chamber Music* (1907), and the first two songs are dedicated respectively to Barber’s friend and sister, Dario Cecchi and Susanna Barber, who both were fans of Joyce’s work. The texts are thematically related - all regarding an intimate relationship - and Barber made sure to maintain this relation between songs compositionally as well. “Rain has fallen” and “I hear an army” are even written in the same key. Barber also has a keen sense of text painting, and even changes the rhythmic meter for the sake of accommodating the text. In the first song of the collection, the steady stream of sextuplets found in the piano reflects the opening line of the poetry, “rain has fallen all the day,” until eventually there is an outburst, a downpour in the piano which coincides with the mood of the text. In a more dramatic depiction of text painting, the final song illustrates the galloping of horses’ hooves in the bass of the piano, bringing the metaphor of war and love to the sonic foreground. The songs, as Barber intended, are meant to narrate the transformation of emotions one might feel in a love affair, ending in the despair of being left alone.
Many thanks to:

Rufus, for fostering beautiful sound.

Erika, for the colors you bring and evoke.

Melanie, for lending your eloquence.

Mom, for the songs you’ve taught me and for your playing, now and always.

My friends, for your support and companionship.

The music department, for your encouragement.
So may it be!
By Williams Wordsworth

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
    Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

Afterglow
By James Fenimore Cooper

At the quiet close of day,
Gently yet the willows sway;
When the sunset light is low,
Lingers still the afterglow;
Beauty taries loth to die,
Every lightest fantasy
Lovelier grows in memory,
Where the truer beauties lie.

Religion
By Dr. James Thomas Bixby

There is no unbelief.
And day by day and night by night,
    unconsciously,
The heart lives by faith the lips deny;
God knows the why.

Love Song
Quoted by Leigh Hunt in his Essays, “Rhyme and Reason”

Grove, rove,
Night, delight.
Heart, impart,
Prove, love,
Heart, impart,
Love, prove,
Prove, love,
Kiss, bliss,
Kiss, bliss,
Blest, rest,
Heart, impart,
Impart, impart,
Love.

The Light that is Felt
By John Greenleaf Whittier

A tender child of summers three,
at night, while seeking her little bed,
Paused on the dark stair timidly,
Oh, mother take my hand, said she,
And then the dark will be light...
We older children grope our way
from dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay
in Thine, O God! the night is day,
and there is darkness never more.

Songs my Mother taught me
Translated from Heyduk by Natalie Macfarren

Songs my mother taught me in the days long vanished,
Seldom from her eyelids were the tear drops banished.
Now I teach my children each melodious measure;
Often tears are flowing from my memory's treasure.
Jardín de Valldemosa
By José García Nieto

Era una rosa roja y sola,
Una llamada sola y única,
Entre el verde de los cipreses,
Entre los troncos y las túnicas
De las ramas y de las nubes;
Acogida, solemne y muda
A la caricia de la tarde,
A la evocación de la música.

¿Era una rosa...?
¿una muchacha...?
¿una mujer truncada...?
¿una gota de sangre en un teclado
Donde no volverían nunca ni los desmayos
De la mano ni los dedos de la penumbra...?

¿Era una rosa...?
¿era una escala para el quehacer
De las orugas que lentamente apacentaban un cuello,
Una oreja, una nuca...?

Era un incendio frío, un ascua.
¿quién amó tanto aquí...?
En la última mejilla donde resbalaba
La lagrima de la cartuja.

Garden of Valldemosa
Translation by Sonny Capaccio

It was a rose, red and alone,
A solitary singular call,
Among the verdure of the cypresses,
Among the trunks and the tunics
Of the branches and the clouds;
A refugee, solemn and mute
At the caress of the evening,
At the evocation of the music.

It was a note,
An obscured air from a wounded and profound mouth,
Seeker of a word already spoken,
Lost, nocturnal...

Was it a rose...?
A girl...?
An abandoned woman...?
A drop of blood on a keyboard
Where neither the hand’s dismay nor
The gloom’s fingers will ever return...?

Was it a rose...?
Was it a stairway for the chore
Of the caterpillars that slowly graze a neck,
An ear, a nape...?

It was a frigid fire, an ember.
Who loved so much here...?
On the last cheek where
The hermit’s tear was trickling.
Agua me daban a mí
By Antonio Gala

Agua me daban a mí.
Me la bebí.
No sé que cosa sentí.

A orillas del mar amargo,
Por el alba de abril,
Labios de arena y espuma
Agua me daban a mí.

La llama contra la llama,
La rosa sobre el jazmín,
Al mediodía de agosto
Me la bebí.

¡En que breñal se echaba
La tarde a mal morir!
Cuando se helaron las fuentes
No sé qué cosa sentí.

A orillas del mar amargo,
Por el alba de abril,
Labios de arena y espuma
Agua me daban a mí.

A pie van mis suspiros
By Antonio Gala

A pie van mis suspiros
Camino de mi bien
Antes de que ellos lleguen
Yo llegaré.

Mi corazón con alas
Mis suspiros a pie
Antes de que ellos lleguen
Yo llegaré.

Abierta ten la puerta
Y abierta el alma ten
Antes de que ellos lleguen
Yo llegaré.

Acaso esté ya muerta
Cuando te vuelva a ver
Antes de que ellos lleguen
Yo llegaré.

They gave me water
Translation by Sonny Capaccio

They gave me water.
I drank it.
I don't know what I felt.

At the shores of the bitter sea,
By the dawn of April,
Lips of sand and froth
Gave me water.

The call against the call,
The rose above the jasmin,
At the midday of August
I drank it.

In what brush layed down
The evening sadly to die!
When the fountains froze
I don't know what I felt.

At the shores of the bitter sea,
By the dawn of April,
Lips of sand and froth
Gave me water.

My sighs go on foot
Translation by Sonny Capaccio

My sighs go on foot
Following the path of my love one
Before they arrive
I will arrive.

My heart with wings
My sighs on foot
Before they arrive
I will arrive.

Keep the door open,
And keep open your soul,
Before they arrive
I will arrive.

In case I am already dead
When I see you again
Before they arrive
I will arrive.
No por amor, no por tristeza
By Antonio Gala

Not for love, not for sorrow
Translation by Sonny Capaccio

No por amor, no por tristeza,
No por la nueva soledad:
Porque he olvidado ya tus ojos
Hoy tengo ganas de llorar.
Se va la vida deshaciendo
Y renaciendo sin cesar:
La ola del mar que nos salpica
No sabemos si viene o va.
La mañana teje su manto
Que la noche destejerá.
Al corazón nunca le importa
Quién se fué, sino quién vendrá.
Tu eres mi vida, y yo sabía
Que eras mi vida de verdad,
Pero te fuiste y estoy vivo
Y todo empieza una vez más.
Cuando llegaste estaba escrito
Entre tus ojos el final.
Hoy he olvidado ya tus ojos
Y siento ganas de llorar.

Oigo fuera la lluvia
By Antonio Carvajal

I hear the rain outside
Translation by Sonny Capaccio

Oigo fuera la lluvia:
Oigo mi vida fuera
De mí, con sus latidos
De arroyos y estrellas.
Envuelto por la luz
Blanca y sola,
Oigo como la lluvia
Cae sobre la tierra
Y su sed salva y sacia
Los arroyos de estrellas.
Si entre mis brazos fueras lluvia,
Si por mi cuerpo estela
Fueras perennemente
De arroyos y de estrellas,
Cómo te cantaría
Mi corazón aquella
Canción de los arroyos
Que aprendió en las estrellas.
**Al calor de tus manos**  
By Antonio Carvajal  

Al calor de tus manos  
Le ardía el corazón.  
Era el agua en las fuentes  
Un lucero sin voz.  

A la luz de tus ojos  
Se encendía de amor.  
Era el agua en los ríos  
Un sollozo sin voz.  

Al sabor de tus labios  
el alma le voló.  
Fue luz, calor y beso  
Su cuerpo con tu voz.  

**Rumor de mar y viento**  
By Antonio Carvajal  

El mar deja en las rocas  
Rumor de fuerza inútil,  
Espuma de las olas.  

El viento fuerte trae  
Agua suspensa y rápida,  
Llanto leve de un ángel.  

Rumor de mar y viento,  
Así la sangre tiene  
Canción y pensamiento,  
Que el mar y el viento llevan  
Como incierto mensaje  
De la noche y la niebla.  

**Si fueras un crisantemo**  
By Antonio Carvajal  

Si fueras un crisantemo  
Trasplantado entre mis brazos,  
Te habría quemado mi amor.  

Si fueras una azucena  
Trasplantada entre mis brazos,  
Qué lento y dulce espirar.  

Pero has sido flor de cuerpo  
Y alma entregada en la flor  
Y me has llevado a tus brazos  
Y me has quemado de amor.  

---  

**To the heat of your hands**  
Translation by Sonny Capaccio  

To the heat of your hands  
My heart was burning.  
The water in the fountains was  
A star without voice.  

In the light of your eyes  
It was ignited by love.  
The water in the rivers was  
A sob without voice.  

At the taste of your lips  
My soul flew.  
It was light, heat, and a kiss,  
Its body with your voice.  

**Rumor of sea and wind**  
Translation by Sonny Capaccio  

The sea leaves on the rocks  
The rumor of useless force,  
Froth of the waves.  

The strong wind brings  
Fast and suspended water,  
The slight cry of an angel.  

Rumor of sea and wind,  
Thus the blood holds  
Song and thought,  
That the sea and wind carry  
As an uncertain message  
Of the night and the fog.  

**If you were a chrysanthemum**  
Translation by Sonny Capaccio  

If you were a chrysanthemum  
Transplanted into my arms,  
My love would have burned you.  

If you were a lily  
Transplanted into my arms,  
How slow and sweet to breathe.  

But you’ve been a flower of the body  
And soul entrusted in the flower,  
And you’ve brought me into your arms  
And you’ve burned me with love.
La luna carecía de luz propia
By Antonio Carvajal

Bien supo que la luna
Carecía de luz propia,
Como sabía que,
Faltándole tú,
Era inútil su vida
Y negro el cielo azul.

Mas lo que no sabía
Es para qué la luz,
Es para qué la luna,
Por qué su vida y tú.
Pero aceptó ser uno
Más bajo el cielo azul.

Pero me quedé sin ti
By Antonio Carvajal

Dejarte sola era el signo
De este día azul y claro
En que te he mirado apenas,
En que apenas te he tocado.

Las pocas palabras fueron
Un susurro entre los álamos
Esbeltos sobre las aguas,
Por el otoño dorados.

Las breves caricias fueron
Una añoranza de nardos
Estremecidos de sol
En el blancor de sus pétalos.

No sé si tu soledad
Es sonora como el campo
O es como la mía, un lento
Agonizar entre dardos.

Pero me quedé sin ti
Con tan duro desamparo,
Como el de las rosas últimas
Que el jardinero ha cortado.

The moon was missing its light
Translation by Sonny Capaccio

He found that the moon
Was missing its light,
Like he knew that,
Missing you,
His life was useless
And the blue sky, black.

But what he did not know
Is what the light is for,
Is what the moon is for,
Why his life and you.
But he settled to be one
Farther beneath the blue sky.

But I was left without you
Translation by Sonny Capaccio

To leave you alone was the sign
Of this clear blue day
When I’ve seen you too little,
When I’ve touched you too little.

The few words were
A whisper between the poplar trees
Slender above the waters,
Made golden by autumn.

The brief caresses were
A longing of tuberoses
Agitated by the sun
In the whiteness of their petals.

I don’t know if your solitude
Is loud like the country
Or if it is like mine, a slow
Expiration between loaded remarks.

But I was left without you
With such intense abandonment,
Like that of the last roses
That the gardener has clipped.
**Cuando yo te busque por el alba**  
By Antonio Carvajal

Déjame que resbale por tu alma  
Como la brisa sobre el agua tersa.  
Dame tu piel y dame tus palabras  
De luna llena.

Que cuando yo te busque por el alba  
Entre rosas y copas de azucenas,  
Las nubes canten: “por su amor te salvas,  
Su luz te llena.”

---

**When I search for you at dawn**  
Translation by Sonny Capaccio

Let me slip through your soul  
Like the breeze over the smooth water.  
Give me your skin and give me your words  
Of the full moon.

So that when I search for you at dawn  
Between the roses and cups of the lilies,  
The clouds will sing: “by his love you are saved,  
His light fills you.”

---

**Rain has fallen**  
By James Joyce

Rain has fallen all the day.  
O come among the laden trees:  
The leaves lie thick upon the way  
Of memories.

Staying a little by the way  
Of memories shall we depart.  
Come, my beloved, where I may  
Speak to your heart.

---

**Sleep now**  
By James Joyce

Sleep now, O sleep now,  
O you unquiet heart!  
A voice crying ”Sleep now”  
Is heard in my heart.

The voice of the winter  
Is heard at the door.  
O sleep, for the winter  
Is crying ”Sleep no more.”

My kiss will give peace now  
And quiet to your heart -  
Sleep on in peace now,  
O you unquiet heart!

---

**I hear an army**  
By James Joyce

I hear an army charging upon the land,  
And the thunder of horses plunging, foam about  
their knees:  
Arrogant, in black armour, behind them stand,  
Disdaining the reins, with flutt’ring whips, the  
charioteers.

They cry unto the night their battlename:  
I moan in sleep when I hear afar their whirling  
laughter.  
They cleave the gloom of dreams, a blinding flame,  
Clanging, clanging upon the heart as upon an anvil.

They come shaking in triumph their long, green hair:  
They come out of the sea and run shouting by the  
shore.  
My heart, have you no wisdom thus to despair?  
My love, my love, why have you left me alone?