

Ana Restrepo Delgado – Soprano
Luis Rodríguez - Pianist

Senior Recital
Organ Hall | April 16, 2013 | 7:30 pm

Program

If music be the food of love
Sweeter than Roses
Music for a while
Hark, the ech'ing air!

H. Purcell (1659 – 1695)

Come l'allodoletta
O del mio amato ben

S. Donaudy (1879 – 1925)

Intermission

Banalités

F. Poulenc (1899 – 1963)

- I. Chanson d'Orkenise
- II. Hôtel
- III. Fagnes de Wallonie
- IV. Voyage à Paris
- V. Sanglots

Zarzuela Arias

Marinela, Marinela from *La canción del olvido*

J. Serrano (1873 – 1941)

Canción de la Paloma from *El barberillo de Lavapiés*

F. A. Barbieri (1823 – 1894)

No corté mas que una rosa from *La del manojito de Rosas*

P. Sorozabal (1887 – 1988)

La petenera from *La Marchenera*

F. Moreno Torroba (1891 – 1982)

Carceleras from *Las hijas del Zebedeo*

Ruperto Chapí (1851 – 1909)



School of Music

TRANSLATIONS

Come l'allodoletta – Like the little skylark

Like the little skylark
through the meadows,
So flee peace and happiness
From a gentle heart
in which love rules alone!

Every joy, every sweetness passes
From a gentle heart
in which love rules alone;
And the soul which feels the weight of it
Dies of cold like a flower!

O del mio amato ben – Oh, my dearly beloved

Oh, lost enchantment
of my dearly beloved!
Far from my eyes is he who was,
to me, glory and pride!
Now through the empty rooms
I always seek him and call him
with a heart full of hopes?
But I seek in vain, I call in vain!
And the weeping is so dear to me,
that with weeping alone
I nourish my heart.

It seems to me, without him,
sad everywhere.
The day seems like night to me;
the fire seems cold to me.
If, however, I sometimes hope to give
myself to another cure,
one thought alone torments me:
But without him, what shall I do?
To me, life seems a vain thing
without my beloved.

Chanson d'Orkenise – Song of Orkenise

Through the gates of Orkenise
a carter wants to enter.
Through the gates of Orkenise

a tramp wants to leave.
And the sentries of the town,
rush up to the tramp and ask:
"What are you taking out of the town?"
"I'm leaving my whole heart behind."
And the sentries of the town,
rush up to the carter and ask:
"What are you bringing into the town?"
"My heart: I'm getting married."
What a lot of hearts in Orkenise!
The sentries laughed and laughed.
Oh tramp, the road is dreary;
oh carter, love is heady.
The handsome sentries of the town
knitted superbly;
Then the gates of the town slowly
swung shut.

Hôtel - Hotel

My room has the form of a cage.
The sun reaches its arm in
through the window.
But I want to smoke
and make shapes in the air,
and so I light my cigarette
on the sun's fire.
I don't want to work, I want to smoke.

Fagnes de Wallonie - Walloon moorlands

So much deep sadness
seized my heart on the desolate moors
when I sat down weary among the firs,
unloading the weight of the kilometers
while the west wind growled.
I had left the pretty woods.
The squirrels stayed there.
My pipe tried to make clouds of smoke
in the sky which stubbornly
stayed blue.
I murmured no secret except an
enigmatic song
which I confided to the peat bog.
Smelling of honey,
the heather was attracting the bees,
and my aching feet trod bilberries and
whortleberries.
Tenderly she is married

North! North!
There, life twists in trees that are strong
and gnarled.
There life bites
bitter death with greedy teeth,
when the wind howls.

Voyage à Paris - Trip to Paris

Ah, how delightful it is
to leave a dismal place
and head for Paris!
Beautiful Paris,
lovely thing!

Sanglots – Sobs

Human love is ruled by the calm stars.
We know that within us many people
breathe
who came from afar and are united
behind our brows.
This is the song of that dreamer
who had torn out his heart
and was carrying it in his right hand...
Remember, oh dear pride, all those
memories:
the sailors who sang like conquerors,
the chasms of Thule,
the tender skies of Ophir,
the accursed sick, the ones who flee
their own shadows,
and the joyful return of the happy
emigrants.
Blood was flowing from that heart;
and the dreamer went on thinking
of his wound which was delicate ...
You will not break the chain of those
causes...
...and painful; and he kept saying to us:
...which are the effects of other causes.
"My poor heart, my heart which is
broken
like the hearts of all men..."
Look, here are our hands which life
enslaved.
"...has died of love or so it seems,
has died of love and here it is."
That is the way of all things.
So tear your hearts out too!

And nothing will be free until the end of
time.

Let us leave everything to the dead,
and let us hide our sobbing.

Marinela, Marinela

Marinela, Marinela,
with her sad ballad
consoles herself
for a wicked abandonment...
Marinela, Marinela...

Farmgirl, farmgirl,
like a wandering swallow,
always singing,
seeking love.

Poor swallow,
aimlessly roaming
after a deceiving dream!
The air whispers in my ear
sweet songs
which it caught
on our lips
in distant nights of love.

Songs of better times,
cheerful songs,
scented with flowers
and evoking dreams of love.

Marinela, with her ballad
seeks to forget her sorrow.
Poor Marinela!
That love does not give her
the happiness she craves.

Canción de la Paloma - Paloma's (Dove's) Song

As I was born on the Street of the Dove,
the name was given to me in my
childhood as a joke.
And as I fly merrily from street to street
they call me Paloma (Dove) to this day.
Though I don't have an iridescent neck
my hair is always neatly curled.

And though my poor body doesn't have
feathers
it's always fresh and clean as ocean
surf.

In my neatness I'm a Dove,
and I dodge and hop as I go,
to my name ever faithful,
I don't have claws, don't have claws,
don't have claws, or any bile.

As my window's close to the sky,
and that's where the doves fly,
when through the panes I see the dawn
rising,
I long to fly like the doves.

But when I see them for sale in the
market,
the poor things perishing in stews,
I say, half seriously, half in jest,
"to be a dove has its troubles."
When I coo, I'm like a dove,
and I always sing as I go;
to my name ever faithful,
I seek a male dove,
I seek a male dove,
I seek a male dove, who will he be?!

**No corté más que una rosa -
I only cut one rose**

I only cut one rose,
In the garden of love
She used to be so pretty,
She soon lost all of her petals...
The love that I dreamed of,
Suffered heartbreak,
Rose that I cared for
That soon withered.

Hawk with pigeon plumage
Traitor who haunted me
And anxiously looked for my love's
nest.
Hawk, go fly another sky
Leave my nest.
I know you,
Fly away.
I don't want to see you again.

The cause of my bitterness
is not that you don't love me.
Its just that without even knowing you,
I made the mistake of loving you.
I opened my heart
And now I have nothing but grief,
And resentment and anger
in my heart...
And now I have nothing but grief
And bitterness and anger in my heart...

She used to be so pretty...
She soon lost all of her petals.

La petenera

Three hours before the day
the little moon sought the sun,
going from star to star,
ah! seeking its radiance.

I have fallen for a stranger
who captured me with his eyes;
I go from sigh to sigh,
ah! seeking his heart.

The first rose,
the most exquisite,
that flowers in my rose garden,
as I yield it to him, I will say ...
Take it.
Take it, that is the first fruit,
and your heart and mine
beat within us as one
in one being.
Take it;
within your breast,
securely hidden,
already on its way,
my heart is gone ...
Take it,
I want to give it to you.

Town crier, town crier
hear, and proclaim this cry:
For whom is this fond affection
that I have found in my heart?
Surely the crowd knows,
but the beloved of my soul, no.

Town crier, town crier
hear, and proclaim this cry.

Cárceleras

When I think about the master of my
love,
I feel enchanted dizziness.
Bless that naughty man that makes me
dizzy.

I love my sweetheart
because he steals hearts
with his elegant, winning ways.
I have much to boast about
because so many girls want him
and are left hungry.

I was born selfish,
and I want him all,
all for myself.
To take his love from me

is the same as taking
the petals off a flower.

I die of joy when he looks at me,
and turn to jelly when he sighs.
If he tosses me a flower
I feel my little heart
die with desire.

Because he gives me tiny glances,
watching me through half-closed eyes,
very sweet and very sly,
that say to me, ay! Bright star,
for this little individual
I melt and I die.

I was born selfish,
and I want him all,
all for myself.
To take his love from me
is the same as taking
the petals off a flower.