

Cleveland Art Song Festival 2022
David Portillo, tenor and Craig Terry, piano

Zion's Walls from <i>Old American Songs vol. 2</i>	Aaron Copland
Simple Song from <i>Mass</i>	Leonard Bernstein
Canticle 1: My beloved is his and he is mine	Benjamin Britten
An Chloe K. 524 Das Veilchen K. 476	WA Mozart
2 Peomès de Guillaume Apollinaire, FP 94 Motparnasse Hyde Park	Francis Poulenc
Where the Music Comes From	Lee Hoiby
A New Suit (Zipperfly)	Marc Blitzstein
Intermission	
Pampamapa	Carlos Guastavino
Jota from <i>Siete Canciones Populares Españolas</i>	Manuel de Falla
Triste from <i>Cinco Canciones Populares Argentinas</i>	Alberto Ginastera
Los Dos Miedos from <i>Poema en Forma de Canciones</i>	Joaquín Turina
Del Cabello Más Sutil from <i>Canciones Clásicas Españolas</i>	Fernando Obradors
Aleluya	Manuel Ponce
El Dia Que me Quieras	Carlos Gardel
Despedida	Maria Grever
Sin tu Amor	Miguel Sandoval
Granada	Agustin Lara

**Zion's Walls, from *Old American Songs, Set 2* (1950)
Text by John G. McCurry**

Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

Come fathers and mothers,
Come sisters and brothers,
Come join us in singing the praises of Zion.
O fathers, don't you feel determined
To meet within the walls of Zion?
We'll shout and go round the walls of Zion

**Simple Song, from *Mass* (1971)
Text by Stephen Schwarz**

Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)

Sing God a simple song, lauda laude
Make it up as you go along, Lauda laude
Sing like you like to sing, God loves all simple things
For God is the simplest of all.

I will sing the Lord a new song to praise him, to bless him, to bless the Lord.
I will sing his praises while I live, all of my days.
Blessed is the man who loves the Lord,
Blessed is the man who praises him, Lauda lauda laude
And walks in his ways.

I will lift up my eyes to the hills from whence comes my help.
I will lift up my voices to the Lord, singing Lauda laude.
For the Lord is my shade, is the shade upon my right hand.
And the sun shall not smite me by day nor the moon by night.
Blessed is the man who loves the Lord,
Blessed is the man who praises him, Lauda lauda laude
And walks in his ways.

Lauda laude. All of my days.

**Canticle 1: *My beloved is mine, and I am his* (1947)
Text by Francis Quarles**

Benjamin Britten (1913 -1976)

Ev'n like two little bank-divided brooks,
That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams,
And having rang'd and search'd a thousand nooks,
Meet both at length at silver-breasted Thames,
Where in a greater current they conjoin:
So I my best-beloved's am; so he is mine.

Ev'n so we met; and after long pursuit,
Ev'n so we joyn'd; we both became entire;
No need for either to renew a suit,
For I was flax and he was flames of fire:
Our firm-united souls did more than twine;
So I my best-beloved's am; so he is mine.

If all those glitt'ring Monarchs that command
The servile quarters of this earthly ball,
Should tender, in exchange, their shares of land,
I would not change my fortunes for them all:
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin:
The world's but theirs; but my beloved's mine.

Nor Time, nor Place, nor Chance, nor Death can bow
My least desires unto the least remove;
He's firmly mine by oath; I his by vow;
He's mine by faith; and I am his by love;
He's mine by water; I am his by wine,
Thus I my best-beloved's am; thus he is mine.

He is my Altar; I, his Holy Place;
I am his guest; and he, my living food;
I'm his by penitence; he mine by grace;
I'm his by purchase; he is mine, by blood;
He's my supporting elm; and I his vine;
Thus I my best beloved's am; thus he is mine.

He gives me wealth; I give him all my vows:
I give him songs; he gives me length of days;
With wreaths of grace he crowns my longing brows,
And I his temples with a crown of Praise,
Which he accepts: an everlasting sign,
That I my best-beloved's am; that he is mine.

An Chloë, K. 524

WA Mozart (1756-1791)

Text by Johann Jacobim, translation by Richard Stokes

When love looks out of your blue,
Bright and open eyes,
And the joy of gazing into them
Causes my heart to throb and glow;
And I hold you and kiss
Your rosy cheeks warm,
Sweet girl and clasp
You trembling in my arms,
Sweet girl, sweet girl, and press
You firmly to my breast,
Where until my dying moment
I shall hold you tight –
My ecstatic gaze is blurred
By a sombre cloud;
And I sit then exhausted,
But blissful, by your side.

Das Veilchen, K. 476

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, translation by Richard Stokes

A violet was growing in the meadow,
Unnoticed and with bowed head;
It was a dear sweet violet.
Along came a young shepherdess,
Light of step and happy of heart,
Along, along
Through the meadow, and sang.
Ah! thinks the violet, if I were only
The loveliest flower in all Nature,
Ah! for only a little while,
Till my darling had picked me
And crushed me against her bosom!
Ah only, ah only
For a single quarter hour!
But alas, alas, the girl drew near
And took no heed of the violet,
Trampled the poor violet.
It sank and died, yet still rejoiced:
And if I die, at least I die
Through her, through her
And at her feet.
The poor violet!
It was a dear sweet violet!

2 Poème Guillaume Apollinaire
Translations by Richard Stokes

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Montparnasse

O hotel door with two green plants
Greenery which never
Shall bear any flowers
Where are my fruits Where did I plant myself
O hotel door an angel stands before you
Distributing leaflets
Virtue has never been so well defended
Give me for ever a room by the week
Bearded angel you are in reality
A lyric poet from Germany
Who wants to get to know Paris
You know its pavements'
Cracks where you must not step
And you dream
Of spending your Sunday at Garches
It is somewhat sultry and your hair is long
O good little poet rather stupid and too blond
Your eyes so resemble those two big balloons
Which float away in the pure air
Randomly

Hyde Park

The religion-mongers
Were preaching in the fog
The shadows that we passed by
Were playing blind man's buff
Seventy years old
Cheeks as fresh as a baby's
Come along Eleonore come along
And what more besides
Look at the Cyclops looming up
Their pipes flying by
But be off
Stubborn gazes
And Europe Europe
Worshipping gazes
Hands in love
And the lovers made love
As long as the preachers preached

Where the Music Comes From
Text by Lee Hoiby

Lee Hoiby (1926-2011)

I want to be where the music comes from
Where the clock stops, where it's now.
I want to be with the friends around me,
Who have found me, who show me how
I want to sing to the early morning,
See the sunlight melt the snow;
And oh, I want to grow.

I want to wake to the living spirit
Here inside me where it lies.
I want to listen till I can hear it,
Let it guide me, and realize
That I can go with the flow unending,
That is blending, that is real,
And oh, I want to feel

I want to walk in the earthly garden,
Far from cities, far from fear.
I want to talk to the growing garden,
To the deers, to the deer,
And to be one with the river flowing
Breezes blowing, sky above
And oh, I want to love.

The New Suit (Zipperfly)
Text by Marc Blitzstein

Marc Blitzstein (1905-1964)

Rackamoochy wicky wacky....
I want a suit with a form-fittin' coat, and a six button vest, and a zipperfly.
It will not shrink when weather gets stormy and no one ever wore it before me.
Nothing could be so fine.
A wonderful suit which was bought and paid for in a genuine store,
and a zipperfly.
If you had two brothers with their hand-me-downs left to you,
Then you'd know what I'm wishing for.
You dream of your wine and your women and song, and cigars a foot long,
But as for I..
I dream of pants with the modified cuffs, and a high-waist effect,
and a zipperfly.

Roozygoozy Chiky Chacky...

Grant me a suit with a form-fittin' coat, and a six button vest, and a zipperfly.
Oh with that fearful pleasure I'll wear it. I'll be so beautiful I can't bear it.
Nothing could be so fine.
And please have that suit with a pepper and salt pattern and a little place for flowers,
and a zipperfly.
My dream tells me one day, I will walk down fifth avenue,
It will be Easter Sunday maybe.
People will pass me and nudge one another, and say as they slyly give me the eye.
"Who is is that man in that wonderful suit, that enchanting new suit,
with the zipperfly?"

Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the lord my soul to keep,
And if before I wake, I should die.
Please lay me out in that wonderful suit.
That unspeakable suit.
With the Zipperfly.

- Break -

Pampamapa
Text by Hamlet Lima Quintana

Carlos Guastavino (1912-2000)

I am not from here but it doesn't matter
I have stolen the magic of the paths.
This cross that kills me, gives me life
A poem bleeds from me and sings in pain.
Do not ask me to leave my thoughts behind
You won't find a way to tie down the wind.
If my name hurts you, throw it in the water
I don't want your mouth to become bitter,
To become bitter.
On the trail, my land, so sleepless.
I will give you my dreams, give me your calmness.

Like the old bird I know the trail,
I know when the corn is green, when it must be tended..
That is why, my life, do not be mistaken,
The water I am looking for is deeper.
For you to be real I lifted you up in song,
Now I leave you alone, I go away crying.
But never, my heaven, will I die of sadness
By the light of day I am born again,
I am born again.
On the trail, my land, so sleepless.
I will give you my dreams, give me your calmness.

**Jota from *Siete Canciones Populares Españolas*
Text Anonymous**

Manuel de Falla (1876-1946)

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 disapproves,
goodbye, sweet love, till tomorrow.

**Triste from *Cinco Canciones Populares Argentinas*
Text Anonymous**

Alberto Ginastera (1876-1946)

Beneath a lime tree
where no water flowed
I gave up my heart
to one who did not deserve it.

Sad is the sunless day.
Sad is the moonless night.
But sadder still is to love
with no hope at all.

**Los Dos Miedos from *Poema en Forma de Canciones*
Text by Ramón Campoamor (1817-1901)**

Joaquín Turina (1882-1949)

At the start of that evening, she said to me from far away
Why are you moving closer to me?
I am afraid of you.

And after the night had ended, she said sitting close to me
Why are you leaving my side?
I am afraid without you.

**Del Cabello Más Sutil, *Canciones Clásicas Españolas*
Folksong Text**

Fernando Obradors (1897-1945)

From your soft braided hair
I would make a rope to pull you to my side
Like a little jar in your house
I would like to be, my little one,
So that I may kiss you each time
You take a drink.

Aleluya
Luis G. Urbina (186-1934)

Aleluya, my soul.
Might that my aching end its lamenting hymn.
He told me: I am yours
And I told him: You are mine.
And an enchanting voice came to me announcing the dawn.
She screamed to me: It's day!

All is light and beautiful, what is shaded is cold.
Sadness has faded, and joy has ignited
And I said to him: you are mine
And he said to me: I am yours
What light the day has brought.

El Dia Que me Quieras
Text by Carlos Gardel

The smooth whisper of your breathing haunts my dreams.
If your dark eyes gaze at me, I will be filled with joy.
And if the comfort of your laugh, which sounds like a song,
It will heal my wound and all will be forgotten.

The day that you will love me,
The rose will dress itself in the brightest of colors,
And the bells will ring to the breezes that you are mine,
And the fountains will go mad in proclaiming your love.

The night when you will love me,
The stars will be jealous from their blue sky as we pass by.
And a mysterious ray of light will land in your hair
As curious fireflies notice how much you mean to me.

The day that you will love me,
There will be nothing but harmony,
The dawn will be clear and the spring will be happy,
The breeze will give a quiet melody,
The streams will play their crystal song.

The day that you will love me,
The songbird will sing more beautifully than ever,
Life will bloom, and sadness will be gone.

Manuel Ponce (1882-1948)

Carlos Gardel (1890-1935)

Despedida
Text by Maria Grever

Maria Grever (1885-1951)

A sad smile was drawn on your lips
An indiscreet tear fell from my eyes.
Your hand in mine, the two interlaced,
They hoped to stop our separation.
And without saying anything,
We said goodbye.

Today in my cruel, fatal loneliness
Your sensual image comes to me.
I am reeling to see you.
I am afraid to lose you.
Come again to my side,
Do not go away from me.
Say that you have not forgotten
All of the love I gave you.

Sin tu Amor
Text by Miguel Sandoval

Miguel Sandoval (1902-1953)

Love of my life, come to me.
Without your love, what is the meaning of life?
Without seeing the joy in your eyes?
Without seeing the smile of your lips?
What is the meaning of life?

If you're not mine, why would I want to live?
If you were someone else's, if he looked into your eyes,
If he owns the kisses of your lips,
Why would I want to live?

But with your love, with your eyes that look at me,
With your red lips that say, "I love you."
I am happy, and my life will pass along,
At your feet I would mutter, "I adore you."

Granada
Text by Agustin Lara

Agustin Lara (1897-1970)

Granada, land of dreams for me.
My song becomes gypsy-like when I sing for you.

My song is made of fantasy.
My song is a melancholy flower that I come to give to you.

Granada, land of blood-stained soil in bull fight afternoons,
A woman who preserves the enchantment of Moorish eyes.

I dream of you rebellious, a gypsy covered with flowers
And I kiss your scarlet mouth, juicy apple, that tells me of love affairs

Granada, my darling, sung in precious verses,
I have nothing else to give you than a bouquet of roses

Roses of sweet fragrance that framed the dark virgin.
Granada your land is full of lovely women and of blood and sun.