

presents...

FLEUR BARRON | Mezzo-Soprano KUNAL LAHIRY | Piano

Wednesday, February 26, 2025 | 7:30pm

Herbst Theatre

The Power and the Glory

MONTSALVATGE	Cuba dentro de un Piano and Punto de Habanera from <i>Cinco Canciones Negras</i>
THEODORO VALCÁRCEL	Tungu Tungu
MESSIAEN	Doundou Tchil from <i>Harawi</i>
ERNESTO LECUONA	La Señora Luna
MAHLER	Von der Schönheit from <i>das Lied von der Erde</i>
SCHÖNBERG	Tot, Opus 48, No. 2
ILSE WEBER	Ich wandre durch Theresienstadt (arr. by Fleur Barron and Kunal Lahiry)
WEILL	Neid and Epilog from <i>Die sieben Todsünden</i>

INTERMISSION

MAURICE DELAGE	Ragamalika
KAMALA SANKARAM	The Far Shore
RAVEL	La flûte enchantée and L'indifférent from <i>Shéhérazade</i>
KIAN RAVAEI	I Will Greet the Sun Again
ZUBAIDA AZEZI/ EDO FRENKEL	Ananurhan
HUANG RUO	Fisherman's Sonnet
CHEN YI	Monologue
CHINESE	Northeast Lullaby
FOLKSONGS	Fengyang Flower Drum Song

This program is made possible in part by the generous support of The Bernard Osher Foundation.

Fleur Barron is represented by Étude Arts LLC

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Kunal Lahiry is represented by IMG Artists

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ARTIST PROFILES

Tonight is the SF Performances recital debut of Fleur Barron and Kunal Lahiry.



Hailed as “a knockout performer” by *The Times*, Singaporean-British mezzo **Fleur Barron** is a passionate interpreter of opera, symphonic works, and chamber music ranging from the Baroque to the contemporary. She is currently Artistic Partner of the Orquesta Sinfonica del Principado de Asturias in Oviedo, for which she will curate and perform multiple projects across several seasons. The artist is mentored by Barbara Hannigan.

The 2024–25 season sees Fleur Barron emerge as an exciting, leading voice in Mahlerian repertoire across a series of important symphonic debuts: *Das Lied von der Erde* with Daniel Harding and the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra on tour across Germany, with Harding and the Swedish Radio Symphony Orchestra in Stockholm and on tour to Spain, with Kent Nagano and the Hamburg Staatsorchester at the Elbphilharmonie, and at the Oregon Bach Festival; Mahler’s *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* with Nathalie Stutzmann and the Atlanta Symphony; Mahler *Second Symphony* with the Orquesta de Valencia; *Rückert Lieder* with PhilZuid; and the *Kindertotenlieder* at Het Concertgebouw’s Mahler Festival with Julius Drake. Other orchestral engagements include Peter Lieberman’s *Neruda Songs* with the Hawai’i Symphony Orchestra, Saariaho’s *Adriana Songs* with the Turku Philharmonic Orchestra, and orchestrated Schubert songs with the Orquesta Sinfonica del Principado de Asturias. She takes on three new opera roles: Concepción in Ravel’s *L’Heure Espagnole*

with the Barcelona Symphony Orchestra under Ludovic Morlot, as well as a studio recording; Comrade Chin/Shu Fang in Huang Ruo’s *M. Butterfly* at the Barbican Centre directed by James Robinson; and Galatea in Handel’s *Aci, Galatea e Polifemo* with La Nuova Musica at Wigmore Hall.

The season heralds the commercial release of Fleur Barron’s debut orchestral disc with the Barcelona Symphony and Ludovic Morlot, featuring Ravel’s *Shéhérazade* and *Trois Poèmes de Mallarmé*. A celebrated recitalist, this season she undertakes a six-city North American recital tour with pianist Kunal Lahiry, including a Carnegie Hall debut, as well as further American tour dates with the Parker Quartet in a program of Brahms, Mahler, and Anthony Cheung. She also joins her frequent collaborator Julius Drake for concerts in London, Amsterdam, Stuttgart, Madrid, Manchester, and Oviedo. Beyond the performance stage, Fleur Barron conducts masterclasses at academic institutions such as Harvard, Sibelius Academy Helsinki, Royal Northern College of Music, Boston University, and the Manhattan School of Music.

Highlights of recent seasons include the title role of Kaija Saariaho’s opera *Adriana Mater* with the San Francisco Symphony, Otavia in *L’Incoronazione di Poppea* at the Festival d’Aix-en-Provence, la Zelatrice in *Suor Angelica* with the Berlin Philharmonic under Kirill Petrenko, Tchaikovsky’s *Olga and Paulina* at Garsington Opera and Opera de Toulon, the title role of *Carmen* for Arizona Opera, and other appearances with Opéra de Monte-Carlo, La Monnaie, Opéra National de Montpellier, Opéra National du Rhin, and Cape Town Opera. A vibrant concert schedule brought her together with the Munich Philharmonic under Barbara Hannigan, the BBC Symphony Orchestra, Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Malaysian Philharmonic, Orchestre de Paris, Göteborgs Symfoniker, Junge Deutsche Philharmonie, Netherlands Radio Philharmonic Orchestra, Balthasar Neumann Ensemble, Slovenian Philharmonic, and the Orquesta Sinfonica del Principado de Asturias.

Fleur Barron is committed to the various ways Music facilitates cross-cultural dialogue and healing. She is passionate about curating inclusive chamber music programming that amplifies the voices of diverse communities. Born in Northern Ireland to a Singaporean mother and British father, Fleur grew up in Hong Kong and later New York. She holds degrees from Columbia University (B.A. Comparative Literature) and Manhattan School of Music (M.M. Vocal Performance).



Indian-American pianist **Kunal Lahiry** is a former BBC New Generation Artist and recipient of the 2021 Carl Bechstein Foundation scholarship. Recent performance highlights include at the Wigmore Hall, Elbphilharmonie, Kennedy Center, Pierre Boulez Saal, Festival d’Aix-en-Provence, Carnegie Hall Weill Recital Room, Musée d’Orsay, Ludwigsburg Festival, Life Victoria de Los Angeles Festival, and at the Ravinia Festival’s Steans Music Institute. In June 2023, Kunal curated a “Queer Song Festival” at St. George’s in Bristol, which was broadcasted by BBC Radio 3. He has also been heard on Icelandic National Public Radio RÁS1, Austrian Radio Ö1, RBB Kultur, and was featured on ARTE’s *Hope@Home* and *Europe@Home* series hosted by violinist Daniel Hope. This season includes appearances at the Philharmonie de Paris, Elbphilharmonie, BBC Philharmonic, Wigmore Hall, and more.

Kunal has commissioned and premiered works by Nico Muhly, Errollyn Wallen, Nahre Sol, Heloise Werner, Alex Ho, Pablo Campos, Molly Joyce, Lyra Pramuk, Viktor Orri Árnason, Guðmundur Emilsson, Zachary Radler, Zubaida Azezi, and Edo Frenkel. He is currently in the process of a long commission project to create a trans *Winterreise*—taking the dramatic scope and psychological landscape of Schubert/Wilhelm Müller’s song cycle and reimagining it as a contemporary narrative for the queer identity and journey; a cycle of 24 new songs by queer poets and composers that speak specifically from this perspective. He received grants from the Musikfonds and the Center for Musical Excellence to finance and co-produce an interdisciplinary video project entitled “Homescapes” with Icelandic soprano and visual artist Álfheiður Erla Guðmunds-

dóttir and created a music video with Boomtown Media Productions exploring queerness in classical music through the support of the Liedzentrum Heidelberg. In 2022, Kunal was invited to create a conceptual, interdisciplinary song recital for Heidelberger Frühling Festival "Lied.LAB," which he called *Sleep Cycle of an Insomniac*. He has collaborated with pop singer Lie Ning in Berlin and performed together at the 2020 Reeperbahn in Hamburg.

Kunal has been invited to several young artist programs for pianists specializing in art song. In 2018, he was selected for the inaugural Royaumont-Orsay Academy, culminating in a live album recording released by B Records. He also joined the first Song Studio, mentored by Renee Fleming, at Carnegie Hall, was invited by Thomas Hampson to participate in the Heidelberg Lied Academy, and received the Sam Hutchings prize at Malcolm Martineau's

Oxenford international Summer School.

Originally from Gainesville, Georgia, Kunal was a Schulich Scholar at McGill University and graduated with distinction in song interpretation from the Hochschule für Musik "Hanns Eisler." He is an Equilibrium Young Artist, Samling Artist, Yehudi Menuhin Live Music Now Artist, and Britten Pears Young Artist. Kunal is currently based in Berlin.



CALIDORE STRING QUARTET

MARCH 8 | 7:30PM

Jeffrey Myers | Violin
Jeremy Berry | Viola

Ryan Meehan | Violin
Estelle Choi | Cello

BEETHOVEN: String Quartet No. 10 in E-Flat Major, "Harp"

MONTGOMERY: *Strum*

SCHUBERT: String Quartet No 12 in C-Minor, D. 703
(Quartettsatz)

KORNGOLD: String Quartet No. 3, Op. 34



PAVEL HAAS QUARTET

MARCH 14 | 7:30PM

Veronika Jarůšková | Violin *Marek Zwiebel | Violin*
Šimon Truszka | Viola *Peter Jarůšek | Cello*

DVOŘÁK: String Quartet No. 11 in C Major, Op. 61

TCHAIKOVSKY: String Quartet No. 3 in E-Flat Major, Op. 30



TETZLAFF QUARTET

MARCH 21 | 7:30PM

Christian Tetzlaff | Violin *Elisabeth Kufferath | Violin*
Hanna Weinmeister | Viola *Tanja Tetzlaff | Cello*

MENDELSSOHN: String Quartet in A Minor, Op. 13

WIDMANN: String Quartet No. 2

DVOŘÁK: String Quartet in A Flat Major, Op. 105

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Program Notes, Texts, and Translations

Please hold your applause until the end of each set (indicated by ● ● ●).

Please turn pages quietly.

The Power and the Glory

There is no easy way to confront the legacies of imperial control. These unequal power relationships spawned countless musical responses depicting displacement and loss but also reflecting hybrid identities which emerged from the collision of cultures. Today's musical journey has three stopping points: Central America, Europe and East Asia, in which different forms of empire operated, and continue to operate today.

We begin with two sun-drenched songs of **Xavier Montsalvatge**, the most significant Catalan musician of the 20th Century. Montsalvatge drew on the Caribbean style called antillanismo, fusing Cuban dance rhythms with Spanish vocal styles and Afro-Cuban forms. For him, Hispanic culture (though it had itself annihilated the indigenous population) was now being erased by American influence. "Cuba dentro de un piano" and "Punto de habanera" both come from the *5 canciones negras*, a 1945 commission from the Catalan soprano Mercedes Plantada. The former is a habanera-style recollection of a lost Cuba. The latter describes a Creole beauty in a crisp, white crinoline, her gait heard in the rhythm of the guajiras, a type of flamenco.

Theodoro Valcárcel's "Tungu Tungu" dips south to Peru. It is taken from an important 1936 collection of 31 songs in the indigenous languages of Quechua and Aymara from the Peruvian Andes. Though Valcárcel was educated in Europe (specifically Milan and Barcelona), he sought to integrate his mestizo (mixed) background with this training, thus songs like his exquisite "Tungu Tungu" utilize recognisable Western harmonies.

The use of Andean language—such as the shared use of "tungu tungu," meaning "dove" or "beloved"—links Valcárcel to **Olivier Messiaen** in his 1945 song cycle *Harawi*. Subtitled "A Song of Love and Death," Messiaen melded the Cornish myth of Tristan and Iseult with Quechuan languages and Andean folksongs (a "harawi" is a Peruvian narrative genre). "Doundou Tchil" describes a male dancer performing a courtship dance; the song title onomatopoeically depicts the jingle of the crotal bells at his ankles.

Back to Cuba with the prodigious 20th-century Latin-American **Ernesto Lecuona**. This "Cuban Schubert" wrote at least 600 songs; the hit "Siempre en mi corazón" was nominated for an Oscar in 1942 but lost to "White Christmas." The lullaby "La señora luna," in the form of a Cuban bolero, comes from his 1937 cycle *5 canciones con versos de Juana de Ibarbourou*. The Uruguayan poet Ibarbourou may have written the poem for her son. To this day, Lecuona's original publication cannot be accessed in communist Cuba.

The perspective shifts to European Jewish voices with **Gustav Mahler's** "Von der Schönheit," from *Das Lied von der Erde* (1908–09). Hans Bethge, freely translating poetry by Li Bai, depicts an idyllic scene of girls picking lotus blossom on the shore with boys riding past, but one girl watches in secret grief. The song's expansive form reveals Mahler's fascination with song on a symphonic scale.

Arnold Schoenberg's "Tot" was written in Berlin, 1933. Following Schoenberg's exile in the USA, it was forgotten until 1948. The poem is a study in indifference, reflected in the pitiless angularity of Schoenberg's music; only at the end do we realise this protagonist is steeped in grief.

While Schoenberg and Weill escaped Nazi Germany, **Ilse Weber** was murdered in Auschwitz aged 41. In Theresienstadt, Weber worked as a nurse in the children's infirmary and wrote around 60 poems, many of which she accompanied as songs on her guitar. The folk-like "Ich wandre durch Theresienstadt" laments the loss of home; today, it is heard in the artists' own arrangement.

Written in 1933, **Kurt Weill's** sung ballet *Die sieben Todsünden* contemplates humanity's evils. Though the work has two named characters, it is unclear whether they are sisters or aspects of one person. This unusual device was dictated by Weill's wealthy patron Edward James, who demanded a role for his wife, the dancer Tilly Losch, opposite Weill's wife, the singer Lotte Lenya. "Neid" depicts an often-overlooked form of imperialism, namely capitalism, which fosters envy in the characters walking through San Francisco. In "Epilogue," they/she return(s) to Louisiana, seemingly content with a modest lot.

Our last stop is East Asia. **Azezi and Frenkel's** "Ananurhan" is an arrangement of an Uyghur folksong which, like Weber's song, speaks of leaving home. The tension between central Asian dance rhythms and the mournful text characterizes Uyghur folk music and reflects perseverance of spirit amidst continuing tragedy and persecution.

As Messiaen looked west, **Maurice Ravel** turned eastward for his song cycle *Shéhérazade*. He was fascinated with the storyteller who nightly saved herself by interrupting her tales on a cliff-hanger. Ravel set freely translated poetry by Tristan Klingsor, a fellow-member in the artists' group "Les Apaches." In "La flûte enchantée," a servant girl hears her lover playing the flute while her master slumbers. "L'indifférent," a failed seduction, exemplifies the fetishization of Eastern beauty.

The "Fishman's Sonnet" was given to Fleur Barron by the composer **Huang Ruo**. Ruo's internationally renowned music blends Chinese ancient and folk music with Western classical and popular genres. This song draws on kunqu, one of the oldest forms of Chinese opera.

"Fengyang Flower Drum" hails from Fengyang County in Anhui Province. It has a sobering history; the region experienced regular severe floods during the late Ming Dynasty, forcing its residents to sing for money. The song was famously used in *The Good Earth*, a 1937 film adaptation of a novel by Pearl S Buck. It starred the aforementioned Tilly Losch from Weill's *Die Sieben Todsünden*.

We close with another lullaby, recalling both Weber's and Lecuona's songs. The "Northeastern Lullaby," with its sinuous melody, originated in the Liaoning Province in Northeastern China. The lyrics of this traditional ballad were rewritten in 1960 and it has since become enormously popular.

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Additional Notes

Maurice Delage (1879–1961) studied with Ravel, who proclaimed him "the supreme French composer of his day." As a young man, Delage made a long journey to India and Japan and became fascinated with non-Western musical techniques. His "Ragamalika," composed in May 1914 and subtitled "Chant tamoul" ("Tamil Song"), requires a prepared piano: a piece of cardboard is to be inserted under the piano's low B-flat to imitate the sound of a drum. "Ragamalika" is sung in Tamil, an ancient language of southern India, and in the score Delage asks that the song—with its changing meters and florid vocal line—be sung with nasal vocalization.

New York-based **Kamala Sankaram** (b. 1978) is a musician of many different talents: she is a composer (particularly of opera), she has experimented with the use of electronics and computers in her works, she is a singer, and she is a sitarist. Sankaram currently teaches at the Mannes College of Music and SUNY Purchase. "The Far Shore" sets a text by the sixteenth-century Hindu mystic poet Mirabai. Across its four-minute span, the song takes the shape of a long crescendo and then decrescendo, rising at its center to an ecstatic climax for both singer and accompanist.

Los Angeles-based composer **Kian Ravaei** (b. 1999) studied at UCLA, Indiana, and Juilliard. As a composer, he has been acutely conscious of being heir to two quite different musical traditions: Western classical music and Iranian music. "I will greet the sun again," which receives its first performances on this tour, was commissioned by Fleur Barron and Kunal Lahiry, with support from Internationale Hugo Wolf Akademie Stuttgart and Pierre Boulez Saal. On his website, the composer has provided a brief introduction:

"This song was conceived as a companion piece to Ravel's *Shéhérazade*, offering a different view of the infamous enslaved storyteller from the *One Thousand and One Nights*. I set the words of another Persian queen: Forough Farrokhzad (1934–1967), the queen of modernist poetry, whose transgressive feminist language revolutionized Iranian art. Scheherazade's experience of female captivity is not unlike that which Farrokhzad underwent, and which millions of Iranian women continue to endure.

Born in Southern China in 1953, **Chen Yi** came to know Western classical music at an early age, but her education was interrupted by the Cultural Revolution. Western music was banned during the 1960s, and as a girl Chen Yi practiced the piano with a blanket between the strings and hammers as a way of muffling the sounds and keeping her practicing a secret. She re-settled in the United States in the 1980s and has established a successful career as a composer in this country, where she now teaches at the University of Missouri at Kansas City. "Monologue," from Chen Yi's *Meditation: Two Songs for Voice and Piano*, is a dramatic song, full of vocalizations that suddenly slip into English.

—Additional notes by Eric Bromberger

From *Cinco Canciones Negras*

XAVIER MONTSALVATGE

(1912 – 2002)

I. Cuba dentro de un piano

Cuando mi madre llevaba un sorbete de fresa por sombrero
y el humo de los barcos aún era humo de habanero.

Mulata vueltabajera...
Cádiz se adormecía entre fandangos y habaneras
y un lorito al piano quería hacer de tenor.
...dime dónde está la flor que el hombre tanto venera.
Mi tío Antonio volvía con su aire de insurrecto.
La Cabaña y el Príncipe sonaban por los patios del Puerto.
(Ya no brilla la Perla azul del mar de las Antillas.
Ya se apagó, se nos ha muerto.)
Me encontré con la bella Trinidad ...

Cuba se había perdido y ahora era verdad.
Era verdad,
no era mentira.
Un cañonero huido llegó cantándolo en guajira.
La Habana ya se perdió.
Tuvo la culpa el dinero ...
Calló, cayó el cañonero.
Pero después, pero ¡ah! después
fue cuando al SÍ
lo hicieron YES.

—Text by Rafael Alberti (1902–1999)

II. Punto de Habanera

La niña criolla pasa con su miriñaque blanco.
¡Qué blanco!
¡Hola! Crespón de tu espuma;
¡Marineros, contempladla!
Va mojadita de lunas
que le hacen su piel mulata;
Niña no te quejes,
tan solo por esta tarde.
Quisiera mandar al agua que no se escape de pronto
de la cárcel de tu falda.
Tu cuerpo encierra esta tarde
rumor de abrirse de dalia.
Niña no te quejes,
tu cuerpo de fruta está
dormido en fresco brocado.
Tu cintura vibra fina
con la nobleza de un látigo,
toda tu piel huele alegre
a limonal y naranjo.
Los marineros te miran
y se te quedan mirando.
La niña criolla pasa con su miriñaque blanco.
¡Qué blanco!

—Text by Néstor Luján 1922–1995

Cuba in a piano

When my mother wore a strawberry ice for a hat
and the smoke from the boats was still Havana smoke.

Mulata from Vuelta Abajo...
Cadiz was falling asleep to fandango and habanera
and a little parrot at the piano tried to sing tenor.
...tell me, where is the flower that a man can really respect.
My uncle Anthony would come home in his rebellious way.
The Cabaña and El Príncipe resounded in the patios of the port.
(But the blue pearl of the Caribbean shines no more.
Extinguished. For us no more.)
I met beautiful Trinidad ...

Cuba was lost, this time it was true.
True
and not a lie.
A gunner on the run arrived, sang Cuban songs about it all.
Havana was lost
and money was to blame ...
The gunner went silent, and fell.
But later, ah, later
they changed SÍ
to YES.

—Translation © Jacqueline Cockburn and Richard Stokes

Habanera Rhythm

The Creole girl goes by in her white crinoline.
How white!
The billowing spray of your crepe skirt!
Sailors, look at her!
She passes gleaming in the moonlight
which darkens her skin.
Young girl, do not complain,
only for tonight
do I wish the water not to suddenly escape
the prison of your skirt.
In your body this evening
dwells the sound of opening dahlias.
Young girl, do not complain,
your ripe body
sleeps in fresh brocade,
your waist quivers
as proud as a whip,
every inch of your skin is gloriously fragrant
with orange and lemon trees.
The sailors look at you
and feast their eyes on you.
The Creole girl goes by in her white crinoline.
How white!

—English translation © Richard Stokes

From *31 cantos del alma vernacular*

XAVIER MONTSALVATGE

(1912 – 2002)

Tungu Tungu

Tungu tungu,
Urpi qolla tungu imananmi?
Tungu manchay ancha llaki
wanwillaway.
Yma raykun inti
wachimpanpa kasqa,
Llantumpa husintasqa t'ika
t'ika pampa,
Kusi uyayuka.

—Traditional

Beloved Dove

My dove, why are you sad?
Please tell me
why have the sun's rays
turned to clouds?
You are the flower that
brightens the fields,
listen to
me,
my dove, why are you sad?

—Translation: Anonymous

From *Harawi—Chant d'amour et de mort*

OLIVIER MESSIAEN

(1908–1992)

IV. Doundou Tchil

Doundou tchil...Piroutcha te voilà, ô mon àmoi,
la danse des étoiles, doundou tchil.
Piroutcha te voilà, ô mon àmoi,
miroir d'oiseau familier, doundou tchil.
Arc-en-ciel, mon souffle, mon écho,
ton regard est revenu, tchil, tchil.
Piroutcha, te voilà, ô mon àmoi
mon fruit léger dans la lumière, doundou tchil.
Toungou, mapa, nama, kahipipas...Doundou tchil...

—Text by Olivier Messiaen 1908–1992

IV. Doundou Tchil

Doundou tchil...Piroutcha here you are, o my own, mine,
the dance of the stars, doundou tchil.
Piroutcha here you are, o my own, mine,
mirror of a familiar bird, doundou tchil.
Rainbow, my breath, my echo,
your gaze has returned, tchil, tchil.
Piroutcha, here you are, o my own, mine,
my featherweight fruit in the light, doundou tchil.
Toungou, mapa, nama, kahipipas...Doundou tchil...

—Translation © Richard Stokes

From *Cinco Canciones*

ERNESTO LECUONA

(1896–1963)

IV. La Señora Luna

La señora Luna
le pidió al naranjo
un vestido verde
y un velillo blanco,
La señora Luna
se quiere casar
con un pajecito
de la casa real.
(parlé) Duérmete Natacha,
e irás a la boda
peinada de moño
y en traje de cola.

—Text by Juana de Ibarbourou (1892–1979)

IV. Lady Moon

Lady Moon
asked the orange tree
for a green dress
and a white veil,
Lady Moon
wants to marry
a page from
the royal house.
(parlé) Go to sleep Natasha,
and you will go to the wedding
with your hair in a bun
and wearing a dress with a train.

—Translation © Antoin Herrera-López Kessel



program continues on next page →

From *Das Lied von der Erde*

GUSTAV MAHLER

(1860 - 1911)

IV. Von der Schönheit

Junge Mädchen pflücken Blumen,
Pflücken Lotosblumen an dem Uferrande.
Zwischen Büschen und Blättern sitzen sie,
Sammeln Blüten in den Schoß und rufen
Sich einander Neckereien zu.

Goldne Sonne webt um die Gestalten,
Spiegelt sie im blanken Wasser wider.
Sonne spiegelt ihre schlanken Glieder,
Ihre süßen Augen wider,
Und der Zephyr hebt mit Schmeichelkosen
Das Gewebe ihrer Ärmel auf, führt den Zauber
Ihrer Wohlgerüche durch die Luft.

O sieh, was tummeln sich für schöne Knaben
Dort an dem Uferrand auf mut'gen Rossen?
Weithin glänzend wie die Sonnenstrahlen;
Schon zwischen dem Geäst der grünen Weiden
Trabt das jungfrische Volk einher.
Das Roß des einen wiehert fröhlich auf,
Und scheut und saust dahin;
Über Blumen, Gräser, wanken hin die Hufe,
Sie zerstampfen jäh im Sturm die hingesunknen Blüten.
Hei! Wie flattern im Taumel seine Mähnen,
Dampfen heiß die Nüstern!
Gold'ne Sonne webt um die Gestalten,
Spiegelt sie im blanken Wasser wider.

Und die schönste von den Jungfrauen sendet
Lange Blicke ihm der Sehnsucht nach.
Ihre stolze Haltung ist nur Verstellung.
In dem Funkeln ihrer großen Augen,
In dem Dunkel ihres heißen Blicks
Schwingt klagend noch die Erregung ihres Herzens nach.

—Text by Hans Bethge (1876–1946)

IV. Of Beauty

Young girls are picking flowers,
Lotus-flowers by the river's edge.
They sit among bushes and leaves,
Gather blossoms into their laps and call
To each other teasingly.

Golden sunlight weaves round their forms,
Mirrors them in the shining water,
Sunlight mirrors their slender limbs
And their sweet eyes,
And the breeze lifts with its caresses
The fabric of their sleeves, wafts the magic
Of their fragrance through the air.

O look, what handsome boys are these, riding
Friskily along the bank on spirited horses?
Shining afar, like the sun's rays;
Now they canter between green willow branches,
These lads in the flush of youth.
The horse of one whinnies happily,
And shies and races off,
Its hooves fly over flowers and grass,
Trampling the fallen blossom as they storm past.
Look how its mane flutters in its frenzy,
Look how the nostrils steam!
Golden sunlight weaves round their forms,
Mirrors them in the shining water.

And the loveliest of the girls
Shoots him long yearning glances.
Her proud bearing is mere pretence:
In the flashing of her large eyes,
In the darkness of her ardent gaze
Her agitated heart still throbs and grieves for him.

—Translation © Richard Stokes

Op. 48

ARNOLD SCHOENBERG

(1874–1951)

II. Tot

Ist alles eins,
was liegt daran!
Der hat sein Glück,
der seinen Wahn.
Ist alles eins,
der fand sein Glück
und ich fand keins.

—Text by Jakob Haringer (1898–1948)

Ich wandre durch Theresienstadt

ILSE WEBER (arr. Fleur Barron and Kunal Lahiry)

(1903–1944)

Ich wandre durch Theresienstadt

Ich wandre durch Theresienstadt,
das Herz so schwer wie Blei.
Bis jäh meine Weg ein Ende hat,
dort knapp an der Bastei.

Dort bleib ich auf der Brücke stehn
und schau ins Tal hinaus:
ich möcht so gerne weiter gehn,
ich möcht so gern nach Haus!

Nach Haus! -- du wunderbares Wort,
du machst das Herz mir schwer.
Man nahm mir mein Zuhause fort,
nun hab ich keines mehr.

Ich wende mich betrübt und matt,
so schwer wird mir dabei:
Theresienstadt, Theresienstadt,
wann wohl das Leid ein Ende hat,
wann sind wir wieder frei?

—Text by Ilse Weber

II. Dead

It's all the same,
so what does it matter!
One man has luck,
another has delusions.
It's all the same:
one man found his luck
and I found none.

—Translation © Emily Ezust

I wander through Theresienstadt

I wander through Theresienstadt,
my heart as heavy as lead.
Till suddenly my way ends,
right there by the bulwark.

I stand there on the bridge
and look down into the valley:
I'd like so much to go farther,
I'd like so much to go home!

Home! - You strange word,
you make my heart feel heavy.
My home has been taken away from me,
now I no longer have one.

I turn away, saddened and weary,
how hard it is to do so!
Theresienstadt. Theresienstadt,
when will our suffering end?
When shall we again be free?

—Translation © Stewart Spencer

program continues on next page →

From *Die sieben Todsünden* (The Seven Deadly Sins)

KURT WEILL

(1900–1950)

VII. Nied

[Anna 1]

Und die letzte Stadt der Reise war San Francisco.

Alles ging gut, aber Anna war oft müde und beneidete jeden,

Der seine Tage zubringen durfte in Trägheit.
Nicht zu kaufen und stolz
In Zorn geratend über jede Roheit,
Hingegeben seinen Trieben, ein Glücklicher!
Liebend nur den Geliebten
Und Offen nehmend, was immer er braucht.
Und ich sagte meiner armen schwester,

Als sie neidisch auf die andern sah:

‘Schwester, wir alle sind frei geboren

Und wie es uns gefällt, können wir gehen im Licht.
Also gehen aufrecht im Triumphe die Toren,
Aber wohin sie gehn, das wissen sie nicht.
Schwester, folg mir und verzicht auf die Freuden,
Nach denen es dich wie die andern verlangt.
Ach, Überlass sie den törichten Leuten,
Denen es nicht vor dem ende bangt!
Iss nicht und trink nicht und sei nicht träge,
Die Strafe bedenk, die auf Liebe steht.
Bedenk, was geschicht, wenn du täst, was dir läge,
Nütze sie nicht, nütze sie nicht,
Nütze die Jugend nicht, denn sie vergeht.
Schwester, folg mir, du wirst sehen, am Ende
Gehst im Triumph du aus allem hervor.
Sie aber stehen, o schreckliche Wende,
Zitternd im Nichts vor verschlossenen Tor.’

[Die familie]

Wer über sich selber den Sieg erringt,
Der erringt such den Lohn.

Epilog

[Anna 1]

Darauf kehrten wir zurück nach Louisiana,
Wo die Wasser des Mississippi unterm Monde fließen.
Sieben Jahre waren wir in den Städten,
Unser Glück zu versuchen.
Jetzt haben wir’s geschafft.
Jetzt steht es da, unser kleines Haus in Louisiana.

VII. Envy

[Anna 1]

And the last big town we came to was San Francisco.

Life there was fine, only Anna felt so tired and grew envious
of others:
of those who pass the time at their ease and in comfort;
those too proud to be bought;
of those whose wrath is kindled by injustice;
those who act upon their impulses happily;
lovers true to their loved ones;
and those who take what they need without shame.
Whereupon I told my poor tired sister when I saw how
much
she envied them:

‘Sister, from birth we may write our own story and
anything

we choose we are permitted to do.
But the proud and insolent who strut in their glory, little
they guess the fate they’re swaggering to.
Sister is strong, you must learn to say No to the joys of this
world, for this world is a snare.
Only the fools in this world will let go,
who don’t care a damn, will be made to care.
Don’t let the flesh and its longings get you.
Remember the price that a lover must pay
and say to yourself when temptations beset you,
what is the use, what is the use,
beauty will perish and youth pass away.
Sister, you know when our life here is over:
those who were good, go to bliss unalloyed.
Those who were bad are rejected forever,
gnashing their teeth in a gibbering void.’

[Family]

Who fights the good fight and all self subdues,
wins the Palm, gains the Crown.

Epilogue

[Anna 1]

Now we’re coming back to you in Louisiana,
where the moon on the Mississippi is ever shining.
Seven years we’ve been away in the big towns where you go
to make money;
and now our fortune’s made
and now you’re there, little home in old Louisiana.

Jetzt kehren wir zurück in unser kleines Haus
Am Mississippi-Fluss in Louisiana.
Nicht wahr, Anna?

[Anna 2]

Ja, Anna.

We're coming back to you, to our little home beside the
Mississippi in Louisiana.
Right, Anna?

[Anna 2]

Yes, Anna.

—Text by Berthold Brecht (1898–1956)

—Translation © Emily Ezust

INTERMISSION

Ragamalika

MAURICE DELAGE

(1879–1961)

Ragamalika

Yaïn Yénn Pâdittâl, Mouguettîinn Aambalataal Neúveúr keú
Yénn Pâdittâl Mouguettîinn Aambalataal Neúveúrkeú,
Aambalataal Neúveúrkeú Lalla Alla laâ AmbôLalla Alla â
Ambô Rodjia Mèvènn Nâadaradjânè
Yénn Pâdittâl Mouguettîinn Aambalataal Neúveúrkeú
Lalla Alla laâ Ambalaatâl Mèvènn Nâadara djânè
Penn Pâdittâl Pan Pâdittâl Yenneÿ Arriba ilâm Barriya
Hê Pen Pâdittâl Yenneÿ Arriba ilâm Barriya hê
Parvî vandènn Mâlè Vittèn, Parvivandéen Mâlè vittèn Pâar quén Viyâ
Pen pâadittâl Paan Pâdittâl Penguènellâam Ma Vouvâriyé Vajé vitteú
Pann Pâ dittal Yenn Pen gué Nellâm Mâvouvariye vâ je vitteú Preúkin dé brô
Yen sakara Pre kin de brô sakara Nâadaradjâ Yén Sankarâ Mâ vou Variya
Penn Pâdittâl Yenn Padittâl Poullillillâ Koundî Koulleú Vâre Vidvénóm
Penn Pâdittâl Poullillillâ Koundî Koulleú Nâadaradjâ Ounden Varè Viddouvè nâ
Râna Ounden varè Viddouvè Nadaradjâ Aambâ Mmâ voû
Yénn Padittâl Mouguettîin Aambalâtaal Neúveúrkeú
Mmaradadjâ Laâllaâllâ Ambô Maâ Yénn Sankkâra Mâvou Amba

The Far Shore

KAMALA SANKARAM

(B. 1978)

The Far Shore

This life waxes and wanes,
It does not last long.
The leaf that falls does not return to the branch.
But behold, the Ocean of Rebirth.
Behold its irresistible tide.
Pilot of my soul, Pilot of my soul, swiftly guide my ship.
Guide my ship to the far shore.

—English text by Meera Bai

From *Shéhérazade*

MAURICE RAVEL

(1875–1937)

II. La flûte enchantée

L'ombre est douce et mon maître dort
Coiffé d'un bonnet conique de soie
Et son long nez jaune en sa barbe blanche.
Mais moi, je suis éveillée encore
Et j'écoute au dehors
Une chanson de flûte où s'épanche
Tour à tour la tristesse ou la joie.
Un air tour à tour languoureux ou frivole
Que mon amoureux chéri joue,
Et quand je m'approche de la croisée
Il me semble que chaque note s'envole
De la flûte vers ma joue
Comme un mystérieux baiser.

—Text by Tristan Klingsor (1874–1966)

III. L'indifférent

Tes yeux sont doux comme ceux d'une fille,
Jeune étranger,
Et la courbe fine
De ton beau visage de duvet ombragé
Est plus séduisante encore de ligne.

Ta lèvre chante sur le pas de ma porte
Une langue inconnue et charmante
Comme une musique fausse. . .
Entre!
Et que mon vin te reconforte . . .

Mais non, tu passes
Et de mon seuil je te vois t'éloigner
Me faisant un dernier geste avec grâce,
Et la hanche légèrement ployée
Par ta démarche féminine et lasse. . .

—Text by Tristan Klingsor (1874–1966)

The enchanted flute

The shade is soft and my master sleeps,
A cone-shaped silken cap on his head,
And his long yellow nose in his white beard.
But I am still awake,
Listening to the song
Of a flute outside that pours forth
Sadness and joy in turn,
A tune now languorous now lively,
Which my dear lover plays.
And when I draw near the casement,
Each note seems to fly
From the flute to my cheek
Like a mysterious kiss.

—Translation © Richard Stokes

The indifferent one

Your eyes are soft like girl's,
Young stranger,
And the delicate curve
Of your handsome down-shaded face
Is still more attractively shaped.

Your lips sing
At my door
An unknown charming tongue,
Like music off-pitch;
Enter! And let my wine refresh you...

But no, you pass by
And I see you leaving my threshold,
Gracefully waving farewell,
Your hips lightly swaying
In your languid feminine way.

—Translation © Richard Stokes

Be āftāb salāmi dobāre khāham dād

KIAN RAVAEI

(B. 1999)

Be āftāb salāmi dobāre khāham dād

Be āftāb salāmi dobāre khāham dād
Be jooibār ke dar man jāri bood
Be abrhā ke fekrhāye tavilam boodand
Be roshde dardnāke sepidārhāye bāgh ke bā
man
Az fashlāye khoshk gozar mikardand
Be dastehāye kalāghan
Ke atre mazraehāye shabāne rā
Barāye man be hedye miyāvardand
Be mādaram ke dar āine zendegi mikard
Va shekle piriye man bood
Va be zamin, ke shahrvate tekrāre man,
daroone moltahebash rā
Az tokhmehāye sabz miyan bāsht, salāmi
dobāre khāham dād
Miāyam, miāyam, miāyam
Bā gisooyam: edāmeye boohāye zire khāk
Bā cheshmhāyam: tajrobehāye ghalize tāriki
Bā bootehā ke chidam az bishehāye ānsooye
divār
Miāyam, miāyam, miāyam
Va āstāne por az eshgh mishavad
Va man dar āstāne be ānhā ke doost midārand
Va dokhtari ke hanooz ānjā
Dar āstāneye por eshgh istāde, salāmi dobāre
khāham dād

—Text by Forough Farrokhzad (1934–1967)

I Will Greet the Sun Again

To the sun, again I will give my greeting,
To the stream that once flowed through me,
To the clouds that were my meandering thoughts,
To the aching growth of the garden's poplars that
Passed with me through dry-weather seasons,
To the flocks of crows
Whose nighttime-grove-scented perfume
They would bring to me as a gift,
To my mother who lived in the mirror
And was the reflection of my old age,
And to the earth, who lusts to recreate me,
swelling
With green seeds—again I will give my greeting.
I will come, I will come, I will come,
With my hair: emitting odors that belong beneath
soil,
With my eyes: discerning darkness's density,
With bouquets I gathered from thickets on the
other side of the wall,
I will come, I will come, I will come,
And the doorway will become filled with love,
And I, standing in the doorway, addressing those
in love,
And addressing the girl, still standing
In the love-filled doorway—again I will give my
greeting.

—Translation Kian Ravaei



program continues on next page →

Ananurhan (2021)

ZUBAIDA AZEZI

(B. 1990)

EDO FRENKEL

(B. 1988)

Atang aymu anang
kümnu?
Ayaräy
Tughput sän qizil
gülñi,
Sening koyung gha seliptu
ayaräy,
Meningdek bir gherip
qülñi.
Kitäy däymen kitäy däymän
ayaräy,
Atambilen anam
qalsun;
Eziz bashumni yat äyläp,
Ananurhan
Mazarlerde chiraq
yaqsun,
Alla-woy, Ananurhand.
Ayaräy
Shehringe
musapirmen.
Ayrilghangha ölmeymen,
Ay
Sher' liring yaman
Äkidemge yighlaymän
Ataler din ayrilduq,
Analer din ayrilduq,
Shaptollar chichegidä ayaräy,
Ananurhan din
ayrilduq.

—Traditional

Is your father the Moon,
your mother the sun?
My love
to have given birth to a
red rose like yourself?
Obsessed with you, my
love,
is me, a lonely slave (for
her love).
I'm leaving, I say, I'm
leaving,
leaving my father and
mother behind;
Lay down my precious
head, Ananurhan
let them light the eternal
candle at our grave.
Oh God, Ananurhan. My
love
in your city, I am lost
(without a home).
I will not die for
separating from you
your wicked environment
I weep for my devotion
Fathers have left us behind
Mothers have left us behind;
in the season of peach
Ananurhan has left us
behind.

—Translation Zubaida Azezi

Fishman's Sonnet

HUANG RUO

(B. 1976)

老渔翁，一钓竿
。靠山崖，傍
水湾。
扁舟来往无牵绊
，沙鸥点点清
波远。
荻港萧萧白昼寒
，高歌一曲斜
阳晚。
一刹时波摇金影
，猛抬头月上
东山。

—Traditional

An old fisherman, with a fishing rod,
leans against a cliff by the side of
the bay.
Boats come to and fro without a care.
Sandgulls dot the shore, clear
waves in the distance.
At Di harbor, the wind whistles, the
day turns cold. I sing a loud song,
and the waning sun sets.
In a single moment, the waves shake
the golden shadows, I suddenly lift
my head, and the moon rises on
east mountain.

—Translation Huang Ruo

Monologue

CHEN YI

(B. 1953)

qian bu jian gu ren
hou bou jian lai zhe
Where are the ages of the past and those of future years
nian tian di zhi youyou
du chuanran er ti xia

—Text by Chen Yi

In front, I do not see the ancients,
Behind, I do not see those to come,
Where are the sages of the past and those of future years?
Contemplating the vastness of heaven and earth
I feel alone and let my tears fall

—Translation Chen Yi

Northeastern Lullaby

CHINESE LULLABY

The tree leaves cover up the windows,
crickets sing softly,
just like the sound of strings plucking.
The soft plucking, the beautiful tune,
the cradle rocks slowly,
mom's little babe, close your eyes,
fall deeply into your dreams.

The bell tower rings,
the night is dark, and all is quiet.
Little babe, grow up fast,
so you can make your mark on the world.
The moon is shining, the wind is quiet,
the cradle rocks slowly,
mom's little babe, deeply asleep,
smiles gently.

—Traditional
Translation Anonymous

Fengyang Flower Drum

TRADITIONAL

Left hand hold the gong, right hand hold the drum
Beat the gong and drum while I sing
I don't know how to sing other songs
I only know this Fengyang song
yi ya ya hu hei ger lang dang piao yi piao
My life is hard, my life is really hard
My whole life I haven't married a good husband
Other husbands have high ranks
My husband only plays the flower drums
yi ya ya hu hei der lang dang piao yi piao
My life is thin, my life is really thin
My whole life I haven't married a good wife
Other wives embroider flowers
My wife has a pair of big flower feet
They measure more than one Chi la la la
yi ya ya hu hei der lang dang piao yi piao

—Traditional
Translation Anonymous