

The Ph.D./D.M.A. Programs in Music

April 27, 2023 6:00 p.m.

Baisley Powell Elebash Recital Hall



Charlotte Mundy, soprano
with Amir Farid, piano, Doori Na, violin,
Amber Neff, movement, and Ellery Trafford, percussion

Fossils (2021) Joel Rust
(b.1989)

Maria, Dolce Maria (1618) Francesca Caccini
(1587–c.1630)

Et incarnatus est from Great Mass in C Minor, K427 (1783) W. A. Mozart
(1756–91)

Changing Light (2002) Kaija Saariaho
(b.1952)

The Empress Negligee and Leopard Queen Dream (2022) Charlotte Mundy
(b.1987)

Gracias a la Vida (1966) Violeta Parra
(1917–67)
Maldigo del alto Cielo

Left Alone (All Alone) Billie Holiday (1915–59) and Mal Waldron (1925–2002)

Amor (1918) Richard Strauss
(1864–1949)

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the D.M.A. degree.
Please switch off your cell phones and refrain from taking flash pictures.

Notes on the Program

If this recital had a title, it would be “the song of everything, which is my song,” quoting a line from Violeta Parra’s *Gracias a la Vida*. I was thinking about cultural hegemony and differing perspectives when I assembled these pieces; about how ones’ view of reality changes depending on one’s location in physical time and space, ones’ identity and social status. I was thinking about what it means that in North America today, thousands of young, mostly female classical voice students in their teens and twenties (such formative years!), are instructed by their teachers to pour their hearts and voices almost exclusively into songs written by men who lived hundreds of years ago on another continent. What message are we sending to young singers if we give them no meaningful tools to interact with the music that is *actually* being made around them every day?

Vocalists as a group are some of the most gregarious, passionate, ALIVE people I have met. The fact that they are often pressured by university music programs to pursue operatic careers at the expense of other creative opportunities that would allow them to engage directly, inventively, and authentically with the world that actually surrounds them in their current time and place is, to me, an outrage. It is possible to be simultaneously skilled at contemporary or ‘vernacular’ music and the music of Mozart and Strauss. The question I asked as I assembled this program was, why should the music of Mozart, Strauss and their ilk continue to be our markers of proficiency?

Joel Rust is a composer and sound artist born in London who currently teaches at Emory University, having completed a PhD in composition at New York University. Rust’s work for voice and drone, *Fossils*, was written in 2021 for contralto Jess Dandy and transposed it for soprano voice in 2023. It sets a text by Norman Nicholson describing fossils located in the Cumbrian county of England, where the song was premiered. Nicholson’s fossils are not static beings, rather inside of the rocky terrain that contains them, the fossils are coiling and crawling; staring straining and singing. In Rust’s composition, the undulating vocal line over the droning electronic track evokes the outlines of fossils partially revealed and partially submerged in a rocky terrain.

Composer, vocalist and voice teacher **Francesca Caccini** (1587-c.1630) was one of the most successful musicians of her lifetime, having been the highest paid composer in the courts of Grand Dukes Ferdinando I, Cosimo II and Ferdinando II; dubbed “the best singer ever heard in France” by Henry IV, and having composed the first Italian opera to be presented outside of Italy. When her collection of vocal works, *Il primo libro*, was published in 1618, Caccini included all of the ornamentation she thought appropriate for her works, in contrast with the common practice of the period of just giving a simple outline of the vocal melody, leaving the vocalist to add their own ornaments. Each of Caccini’s vocal works also included a figured bass line. At the time that this music was written, figured bass players would clearly recognize which harmonies were indicated by the figured bass provided, but I have cheekily taken advantage of this one allowance of performer freedom to create my own, completely anachronistic, harmonies to sit in between the bass line and vocal line, of *Maria, dolce Maria*, which in this recital will be performed exactly as notated in Caccini’s composition. Caccini’s use of harmony and melody are beautifully expressive and economical, employing extreme stillness and graceful virtuosity to celebrate the otherworldly beauty and infinite love of the Virgin Mary.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart’s (1756-1791) aria *Et incarnatus est*, from his unfinished *Great Mass in C Minor* (1783), also makes reference to the Virgin Mary, however this time merely as the vessel in which the Holy Ghost planted the incarnate God. Mozart was not free to edit the text of the Catholic liturgy, so we can’t exactly blame him for the scant mention of any feminine entities in a mass he purportedly wrote to celebrate his marriage to Constanze Weber. Rather, the vocal

gymnastics called for in this aria could be interpreted as an exuberant celebration of the vocal prowess of his new wife, who sang the premiere of this work in Salzburg.

Changing Light (2002) by **Kaija Saariaho** (1952-) sets a poem by Rabbi Jules Harlow, marveling at the grandeur of creation and asking god to grant love, compassion, grace and renewal to human lives. Saariaho was born in Finland and has spent much of her life in Paris after being the first woman to study at IRCAM, or the Institute for Research and Coordination in Acoustics/Music in 1982. Her work is heavily influenced by her experience with computer-assisted composition and with spectral composition, often featuring her recognizable approach to extended techniques and microtonal, spectrally-influenced harmonies. In *Changing Light*, premiered in Helsinki by soprano Deborah van Renterghem and violinist Edna Mitchell, there are no unconventional demands made of the vocalist, allowing the vocal melody to flow easily from its delicate, pristine opening statement to its climactic leap up to a high B-flat, imploring god to help the humble human race. The violin, meanwhile, shifts continuously from *sul tasto* to *normale* to *sul pont* playing, adding a sense of grit and pathos to the duet. This performance features movement devised by choreographer Miro Magloire and dancer Amber Neff in collaboration with Charlotte Mundy. Magloire and Neff, along with violinist Doorri Na are valued and longtime collaborators.

The Empress Negligee and Leopard Queen Dream (2022) by myself, **Charlotte Mundy** (1987) blends absurd and surreal theatricality with elements of Christian liturgy, most obviously a reference to incense thuribles swung during church services. It is a playful and irreverent attempt to open a portal into a universe where personal acceptance and vulnerability are as plentiful for humans as water is for fish.

Violetta Parra's *Gracias a la Vida* (1966) is positioned here on the program as a response to Saariaho's *Changing Light*. Its lyrical content similarly marvels at the immensity and beauty of the universe, but instead of speaking as a spiritual representative of the human race, Parra's approach is more frankly personal, speaking from her individual experience, and emphasizing romantic love between people in place of any relationship between humans and god. Parra (1917-1967) was a composer, ethnomusicologist and visual artist born in Chile. She was a prolific performer and writer of songs, in addition to documenting Chilean folk music, teaching courses in Chilean folklore, creating tapestries and paintings, and many other activities for which she has been recognized throughout the world. She released 11 studio albums during her lifetime. *Gracias a la Vida* was originally written for voice, charanga and guitar and features a common chord progression underneath a beautiful, understated vocal line that seems to comment achingly on the content of the lyrics. I have arranged it for voice and piano, starting from an attempt to transcribe what I hear on the recording, and allowing the arrangement to gradually decompose into a ghostly echo of Parra's voice (echoed in my own voice).

Violetta Parra's ***Maldigo del Alto Cielo*** is the dark, angry counterpart to *Gracias a la Vida*. Both songs are recorded on the same album, the last album released by Parra shortly before she took her own life in 1967. In this song, Parra curses everything from the stars in the sky to bishops and altar boys to the trill of the canary, saying the source of her curses is a painful heartbreak and asking repeatedly, "*cuánto será mi dolor?*" how much will my pain be? The repetitive nature of this song resembles a litany.

My last arrangement on this program springs from the composition of a contemporary of Parra's (though there is no indication that they ever met or were aware of each other) who was also gifted in expressing deep wells of pain: **Billie Holiday** (1915-1959). Known principally as a singer and not as a composer, Holiday nevertheless has cowriting credits on a handful of popular jazz standards,

including *Left Alone*, cowritten with **Mal Waldron** (1925-2002), but never recorded by Holiday. The song depicts one the one fate worse than heartbreak—never having been loved at all. It has a meandering quality, evocative of an unending loop of loneliness. This song, as well as Parra’s songs, offer, in contrast to the Western Classical fixation on introduction, climax and resolution, the power of simple repetition, of floating in space, of not having a clear grasp on beginning or end.

The lighthearted but vocally demanding art song, *Amor* by **Richard Strauss** (1864-1949) ends this wide-ranging program. Known primarily for his orchestral tone poems and the 16 operas he wrote throughout his life, which incidentally often focused on strong and complicated female protagonists, he was also a prolific composer of chamber music and wrote over 200 songs for voice and piano. Strauss’ love and talent for vocal writing is obvious in *Amor*, the fifth song in the Brentano Lieder collection, Op. 68 (1918) with dazzling melismas illustrating the flames of a fire, the feathers of a wing, and childlike laughter. Clemens Brentano’s poem describes a mischievous cupid who intentionally lights his wings on fire and runs to a shepherdess. When she comforts the child, he lights her heart on fire.

About the Artists

Charlotte Mundy has been dubbed a "daredevil with an unbreakable spine" (*SF Classical Voice*), "mesmerizing" (*New York Times*) and is the only awardee of the Jan Degaetani prize for Contemporary Song from the Joy in Singing Competition. Past performances include critically acclaimed renditions of Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire*, Boulez's *Le Marteau sans Maître*, Feldman's *Three Voices*, George Benjamin's *Into the Little Hill*, Iannis Xenakis' *Akanthos*, and a set of music for voice and electronics presented by New York Festival of Song, described as "an oasis of radiant beauty" by the *New York Times*. As a founding member of TAK ensemble, Mundy has performed at Lincoln Center and the Library of Congress, premiering works by Tyshawn Sorey, Erin Gee, Eric Wubbels, Brandon Lopez, and Natacha Diels. Mundy is also a core member of Ekmeles vocal ensemble, described as "almost frightening in their precision" by *Fanfare* magazine and recent recipients of the Ernst von Siemens Ensemble Prize. Mundy is a founding member of the creative team for the environmental music theatre work Newtown Odyssey, led by composer Kurt Rhode and visual artist Marie Lorenz, funded by the Creatival Capital and the NEA, and slated for a full premiere in Summer 2023. She has an ongoing relationship with New Chamber Ballet led by Miro Magloire, in which she memorizes contemporary vocal works and moves as a member of Magloire’s choreography with the company’s trained dancers. Her compositions have been performed at Roulette, JACK theater, University of New Mexico, and the Higher Ground festival. They include *SWEET FLAG!*, whose score consists of home-made rosaries, *The Empress Negligee and Leopard Queen Dream* for voice, piñata/thurible/shakers and percussion, and the surround sound/light/wind/smell installation, *Light as a Feather*, presented by Harvestworks Digital Media Arts.

Winner of the 2006 Australian National Piano Award, US born Iranian-Australian pianist **Amir Farid** has been described as “a highly creative musician – a pianist of great intelligence and integrity.” He has performed concerti with major orchestras, collaborating with conductors such as Christopher Hogwood, Oleg Caetani, Johannes Fritzs, Alexander Briger, Marko Letonja and Benjamin Northey. Highlights include Rachmaninoff’s 2nd piano concerto with the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra in front of a 13,000-strong crowd at the Sidney Myer Music Bowl, Mozart’s concerto No.14 with the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, and “The Mozart Dances” with the Mark Morris Dance Group and West Australian Symphony Orchestra as part of the 2015 Perth Festival.

Farid has performed as a solo recitalist and collaborative artist at Carnegie Hall New York, St. Martin in the Fields London, Mostly Mozart festival at Lincoln Center New York, Al-Hashemi-II Kuwait, MONA FOMA Festival Hobart, Coriole Festival SA, Huntington Festival NSW, as well as other venues in USA, Canada, Germany, Switzerland, New Zealand and China. His numerous acclaimed recordings include a solo CD of works by Persian composer Javad Maroufi, multiple albums with cellist Zoe Knighton and soprano Siobhan Stagg, and numerous releases on ABC Classics and Melba Recordings with the Benaud Trio. Amir is also a recorded artist on the Steinway & Sons Spirio catalogue, as part of the piano manufacturer's revolutionary player-piano system.

Known for his sweet and “sumptuous” (New York Times) tone, American-born **Doori Na** took up violin at the age of four and made his first performance with orchestra at age seven with the Peninsula Youth Symphony as the first prize winner of the concerto competition. Currently living in New York City, Mr. Na has played with the Orpheus Chamber Orchestra with tours in the US, Japan, and Europe performing in venues such as Carnegie Hall in New York and the Musiverien in Vienna. Other orchestras include American Symphony Orchestra at Bard College, American Ballet Theatre at the Metropolitan Opera House, and Riverside Symphony at the Alice Tully Hall in Lincoln Center. He is part of the New Music Project of Argento Chamber Ensemble performing the works of Georg Friedrich Haas, Beat Furrer, Tristan Murail, and many more. One of his favorite groups to work with is New Chamber Ballet, where he has been a member since 2013. He provides live solo music for dance at their regular venue of City Center Studios and have also gone on tour to Lake Tahoe, Germany, and Guatemala. As a chamber musician, he has collaborated with members of the Juilliard String Quartet, New York Philharmonic, Metropolitan Opera and has been fortunate to tour with Itzhak Perlman at venues such as the Kennedy Center in Washington D.C and the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

Nominated by *Pointe Magazine* as Standout Performance of 2022, **Amber Neff** has been a member of New Chamber Ballet for eleven seasons. She performed featured roles for The Suzanne Farrell Ballet, Claudia Schreier & Company, and Emery LeCrone DANCE, and was a member of Boston Ballet and Richmond Ballet. Amber received her training in New York at The Dance Design School, the HARID Conservatory, and the Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis School at American Ballet Theater.

Ellery Trafford is a New York-based percussionist specializing in contemporary chamber music who thrives on the search for new means of expression, musical and otherwise. Originally from Georgia, he holds degrees from Georgia State University, Bowling Green State University and The Manhattan School of Music and has studied with Stuart Gerber, Roger Schupp, Jeffrey Milarsky and John Ferrari. Trafford has attended festivals such as the Sō Percussion Summer Institute, the Bang On A Can Summer Festival, the Third Practice Electroacoustic Festival, the Spark Electronic Arts Festival and the Beijing Modern Music Festival. He has performed at venues in New York and abroad from the eminent to the underground: from Beijing’s National Performing Arts Center to Carnegie Hall, The Stone, Roulette and many more in New York. Special projects include co-founding ensembles like TAK, a quintet + electronics, and OUTLAW, a percussion/piano performance art duo.

Texts and Translations

Fossils

Norman Nicholson

In the bones of the rock
the fossils are living,
crinoid and ammonite;
In the red of the rock
the fossils are moving,
coiling, crawling,
aching for the sea.
The rocks are alive,
as a throat with bacteria;
But out of the throat
Comes the voice of a man
And out of the limestone
The roar of the sea's motion:
A wave of woodland
Can drown a submerged ocean.
In the man of the rock
The fossils are breeding:
Soil receding leaves the ribs bare;
Sponges and coral in a giant ear
Curve and crane and listen down the hill.
In ev'ry wall
In knuckles and sockets of rock,
In skulls of shale,
Are eyes and eyes,
Trilobite and belemnite,
Staring and straining,
As if light were water,
As if skies were the sea.
The fossils are watching
From quag and quarry
From step and stone,
Moulding the land,
Shaping our fingers,
Calicum and lime.
In the blood of a hand
The fossils are singing,
The shells unfolding,
The tide bells chiming,
And the rock
Is alive
In our bones.

Maria, Dolce Maria

Maria dolce Maria, come soave tanto,
ch'e pronunciar t'in paradisi core,
Nome sacrato e Santo,
ch'el cor m'infiammi di celeste amore.
Maria, mai sempr'io canto,
ne puo la lingua mia piu felice parola,
trarmi dal sen gia mai che dir,
che dir Maria,
nome ch'ogni dolor tempr'a e consola,
voce tranquilla ch'ogni affano acqueta,
ch'ogni cor fa sereno, ogn'alma lieta.

Mary, Sweet Mary

Translated by Carolyn Rainey

Mary, sweet Mary, a name so gentle
That whoever pronounces it learns to speak from the heart,
Sacred name and holy,
That inflames my heart with heavenly love.
Mary, never would I know how to sing
Nor my tongue
Draw out from my breast ever
A more felicitous word than to say Mary.
Name that lessens and consoles every grief.
Tranquil voice that quiets every breathless agitation,
That makes every heart serene, and every spirit light.

Et Incarnatus Est

Et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto ex Maria
Virgine et homo factus est.

And was embodied

And was embodied in flesh, from the Holy Spirit, of the
Virgin Mary, and was made a human being.

Changing Light

Rabbi Jules Harlow

Light and darkness, night and day.
We marvel at the mystery of the stars.
Moon and sky, sand and sea.
We marvel at the mystery of the sun.
Twilight, high noon, dusk and dawn.
'Though we are mortal, we are Creation's crown.
Flesh and bone, steel and stone.
We dwell in fragile, temporary shelters.
Grant steadfast love, compassion, grace.
Sustain us, Lord; our origin is dust.
Splendor, mercy, majesty, love endure.
We are but little lower than the angels.
Resplendent skies, sunset, sunrise.
The grandeur of Creation lifts our lives.
Evening darkness, morning dawn.
Renew our lives as You renew all time.

The Empress Negligee and Leopard Queen Dream

Charlotte Mundy

Last night I had a dream
I found myself in the even though you know I know your affliction
No, ok,
I found myself in the wheel of fortune spit out hard was—

I know you're rich.
 I know that, even though you're rich, and your poverty, I know
 Your affliction, citizen of Fort Worth.
 "Interesting, tell me more."
 I had a dream!
 That I met a cloudy Queen!
 Empress Negligee over the waters!
 She extolled my sin and transgressions!
 She rebuked my strife taxi!
 And she said:
 "this is the stop, we're gonna start."
 And she said:
 "The wall is built of jasper, the city is pure gold"
 It really just b-l-e-w me away. The futility. Its evolutionary history lies foursquare, its length the same as its
 width. The Emperor measured the city with the all-seeing eye.
 Bucket of blood said to me,
 "Do not seal up the words of ruin"
 I saw no temple in the city. Failure, this is. Then the seventh angel poured his bowl into the air, and a loud
 voice came, Leopard Queen!
 "Hey boy, wealthy boy, carry me away to a great high mountain
 And show me a caravan of dreams
 Take the water works, emotional abundance
 Had me and the place was just shaking
 Down out of god from heaven
 Then Hades and Death were thrown into a lake of fire"
 Into a lake of fire I was thrown
 I heard a weeping voice drown all music but its own
 no angel in the sky could bear the blinding sight
 and still they burned their eyes upon its liquid light
 Last night
 I can't explain
 Then blinded saints in crowns of gold
 sang "you are worthy to open the scroll,
 to swing the smoke, to bite the fools
 and wear your flow'ring wounds like rainbow jewels"
 Last night
 I can't explain

Gracias a la Vida

Gracias a la vida que me ha dado tanto
 Me dio dos luceros que cuando los abro
 Perfecto distingo lo negro del blanco
 Y en el alto cielo su fondo estrellado
 Y en las multitudes el hombre que yo amo

Gracias a la vida que me ha dado tanto
 Me ha dado el oído que en todo su ancho
 Graba noche y días grillos y canarios,
 martillos, turbinas, ladridos, chubascos
 Y la voz tan tierna de mi bien amado

Thanks to Life

Thanks to life, which has given me so much.
 It gave me two beams of light, that when opened,
 Can perfectly distinguish black from white
 And in the sky above, her starry backdrop,
 And from within the multitude the one that I love.

Thanks to life, which has given me so much.
 It gave me an ear that, in all of its width
 Records— night and day—crickets and canaries,
 Hammers, turbines, barks and storms,
 And the tender voice of my beloved.

Gracias a la vida que me ha dado tanto
Me ha dado el sonido y el abecedario
Con el las palabras que pienso y declaro
Madre, amigo, hermano y luz alumbrando
La ruta del alma del que estoy amando

Gracias a la vida que me ha dado tanto
Me ha dado la marcha de mis pies cansados
Con ellos anduve ciudades y charcos
Playas y desiertos, montañas y llanos
Y la casa tuya, tu calle y tu patio

Gracias a la vida que me ha dado tanto
Me dio el corazón que agita su marco
Cuando miro el fruto del cerebro humano
Cuando miro el bueno tan lejos del malo
Cuando miro el fondo de tus ojos claros

Gracias a la vida que me ha dado tanto
Me ha dado la risa y me ha dado el llanto
Así yo distingo dicha de quebranto
Los dos materiales que forman mi canto
Y el canto de ustedes que es el mismo canto
Y el canto de todos que es mi propio canto
Gracias a la vida

Maldigo del alto cielo

Maldigo del alto cielo
La estrella con su reflejo
Maldigo los azulejos
Destellos del arroyuelo
Maldigo del bajo suelo
La piedra con su contorno
Maldigo el fuego del horno
Porque mi alma está de luto
Maldigo los estatutos
Del tiempo con sus bochornos
Cuánto será mi dolor.

Maldigo la cordillera
De los andes y de la costa
Maldigo toda angosta
Y larga faja de tierra
También la paz y la guerra
Lo franco y lo veleidoso
Maldigo lo perfumoso
Porque mi anhelo está muerto

Thanks to life, which has given me so much.
It gave me sound and the alphabet.
With them the words that I think and declare:
Mother, brother, friend and shining light.
The route to the soul of the one I love.

Thanks to life, which has given me so much.
It gave me the ability to walk with my tired feet.
With them I have traversed cities and oceans
Valleys and deserts, mountains and plains.
And your house, your street and your patio.

Thanks to life, which has given me so much.
It gave me a heart that shakes its frame
When I see the fruit of the human brain,
When I see good so far from bad,
When I see the clear depths of your eyes...

Thanks to life, which has given me so much.
It gave me laughter and it gave me longing.
With them I distinguish happiness and pain—
The two materials from which my songs are
formed,
And your song, which is the same song.
And the song of everything, which is my own
song.
Thanks to life

Cursed from high heaven

Cursed from high heaven
The star with its reflection
I curse the blue birds
Sparkling streams
Curse of the Underground
The stone with its outline
I curse the oven fire
because my soul is in mourning
I curse the statutes
Of time with its mortifications
How much will my pain be?

I curse the mountain range
From the Andes and the coast
curse the whole narrow
And long strip of land
Also peace and war
The frank and the fickle
I curse the perfumed
Because my longing is dead

Maldigo todo lo cierto
Y lo falso con lo dudoso
Cuánto será mi dolor.

Maldigo la primavera
Con sus jardines en flor
Y del otoño el color
Yo lo maldigo de veras
A la nube pasajera
La maldigo tanto y tanto
Porque padezco un quebranto
Maldigo el invierno entero
Con el verano sincero
Maldigo profano y santo
Cuánto será mi dolor.

Maldigo a la solitaria
Figura de la bandera
Maldigo cualquier emblema
La venus y la araucaria
El trino de la canaria
El cosmo con sus planetas
La tierra y todas sus grietas
Porque me aqueja un pesar
Maldigo del ancho mar
Sus puertos y sus caletas
Grande será mi dolor.

Maldigo luna y paisaje
Los valles y los desiertos
Maldigo muerto por muerto
Y al vivo de rey a paje
Al ave con su plumaje
La maldigo a sangre fría
Las auras, las sacristías
Porque me aqueja un dolor
Maldigo el vocablo amor
Con toda su brujería
Cuánto será mi dolor.

Maldigo por fin lo blanco
Lo negro con lo amarillo
Obispos y monaguillos
Ministros y predicantes
Yo los maldigo cantando
Lo libre y lo prisionero
Lo dulce y lo pendenciero
Le pongo mi maldición
En griego y español
Por culpa de un traicionero
Cuánto será mi dolor.

I curse everything true
And false and doubtful
How much will my pain be?

I curse the spring
With its blooming gardens
And of autumn the color
I curse him, really
to the passing cloud
I curse her so much, so much
because I 'm being torn apart
I curse the entire winter
And the sincere summer
I curse the profane and holy
How much will my pain be?

I curse the loner
The shape of the flag
I curse any emblem
Venus and the araucaria
The trill of the canary
The cosmos with its planets
The earth and all its cracks
because I'm crushed by sorrow
I curse the wide sea
Its ports and coves
Great will be my pain.

I curse moon and landscape
The valleys and the deserts
I curse corpse upon corpse
And the living from king to page
The bird with its plumage
I curse in cold blood
The auras, the sacristies
because I am in agony
I curse the word love
with all its witchcraft
How much will my pain be?

I finally curse white
Black and yellow
Bishops and altar boys
ministers and preachers
I curse them, singing
The free and the imprisoned
The sweet and the quarrelsome
I put my curse on it
In Greek and Spanish
because of a traitor
How much will my pain be?

Left Alone

Where's the love that's made to fill my heart?
Where's the one from whom I'll never part?
First they hurt me, then desert me
I'm left alone, all alone

There's no house that I can call my home
There's no place from which I'll never roam
Town or city, it's a pity
I'm left alone, all alone

Seek and find they always say
But up to now it's not that way
Maybe fate has let him pass me by
Or perhaps we'll meet before I die
Hearts will open, but until then

I'm left alone, all alone

Amor

Clemens Brentano

An dem Feuer saß das Kind
Amor, Amor
Und war blind;
Mit dem kleinen Flügel fächelt
In die Flammen er und lächelt,
Fächelt, lächelt, schlaues Kind!

Ach, der Flügel brennt dem Kind!
Amor, Amor
Läuft geschwind!
„O wie ihn die Glut durchpeinet!“
Flügel Schlagend laut er weinet;
In der Hirtin Schoß entrinnt
Hilfeschreiend das schlaue Kind.
Und die Hirtin hilft dem Kind,
Amor, Amor
Bös und blind.
Hirtin, sieh, dein Herz entbrennet,
Hast den Schelmen nicht gekennet.
Sieh, die Flamme wächst geschwinde.
Hüt dich vor dem schlaun Kind!
Fächle, lächle, schlaues Kind!

Love

Translated by Richard Stokes

The child sat by the fire.
Cupid, Cupid,
And was blind;
With his little wings he fans
The flames and he smiles,
Fans and smiles, the crafty child!

Alas, the child has burnt his wing,
Cupid, Cupid,
Runs quickly!
‘Ah, how the flames hurt him!’
Beating his wings, he cries aloud,
Seeks refuge in the shepherdess’s lap,
Crying for help, the crafty child.
And the shepherdess helps the child
Cupid, Cupid,
Naughty and blind.
Look, shepherdess, your heart’s on fire,
Didn’t you recognize the child?
Look how quickly the flames spread.
Beware the crafty child!
Fans and smiles, the crafty child!