



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

I Am a Girl Like You

Anna Borges, soprano
Catherine DiGrazia, soprano
Jordan Riek, mezzo-soprano
Edward Newman, piano

Saturday April 13, 2024

8:30pm

PepsiCo Recital Hall

Program

Songs on the Air

“Caro! Bella! Più amabile beltà”
from *Giulio Cesare in Egitto*

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Ms. DiGrazia, soprano
Ms. Riek, mezzo-soprano

“Piangerò la sorte mia”
from *Giulio Cesare in Egitto*

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Ms. Borges, soprano

“Qual vita e questa mai”
from *Orfeo Ed Euridice*

Christoph Willibald Gluck
(1714-1787)

Ms. DiGrazia, soprano

“Sull’aria”
from *Le Nozze di Figaro*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Ms. Borges, soprano
Ms. Riek, mezzo-soprano

Moonlight

“Liebeszauber”
from *Sechs Lieder, Op. 13, no. 2*
“Mondnacht”
from *Liederkreis, Op. 39, no. 5*
“Widmung”
from *Myrthen, Op. 25, no. 1*

Clara Schumann
(1819-1896)
Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Ms. DiGrazia, soprano

“Auflösung”
D.807
“Gretchen am Spinnrade”
from *Op. 2, D.118*
“Frühlingsglaube”
D.686

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Ms. Borges, soprano

Brief Intermission

If I Hear that Little Song...

“Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen”
“Scirocco”
“Nobles Seigneurs, Salut!”
from *Les Huguenots*

Giacomo Meyerbeer
(1791-1864)

Ms. Riek, mezzo-soprano

“L'Oiseau bleu”
“Le petit serin en cage”
from *Chansons pour les oiseaux*

Louis Beydts
(1895-1953)

Ms. Borges, soprano

“Duetto Buffo di Due Gatti”

Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Ms. Borges, soprano
Ms. Riek, mezzo-soprano

I Am a Girl Like You

“La Tarde”

Sindo Garay
(1867-1968)

“Canción del amor triste”

Ernesto Lecuona
(1895-1963)

from *Cinco canciones con versos de Juana de Ibarbourou*

“No lloréis, Ojuelos”

Enrique Granados
(1867-1916)

from *Canciones amatorias*

Ms. DiGrazia, soprano

The Faces of Love

Jake Heggie
(b. 1961)

“In the Beginning...”

from *Of Gods and Cats*

“Once More - To Gloriana”

from *Songs to the Moon*

“The Haughty Snail King”

from *Songs to the Moon*

Ms. Riek, mezzo-soprano

“I am a Girl Like You”

Arnold “Arnie” Roth
(b. 1953)

from *Barbie as the Princess and the Pauper*

Ms. Borges, soprano
Ms. DiGrazia, soprano

“Meet the Plastics”

Jeff Richmond
(b. 1961)

from *Mean Girls the Musical*

Ms. Borges, soprano
Ms. DiGrazia, soprano
Ms. Riek, mezzo-soprano
Mr. Kai Diamond, bass
Ms. Mary Grace Abney, soprano

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Bachelor of Music in Vocal Performance for Anna Borges and Catherine Digrazia. This recital is also given in fulfillment of the requirements of a Bachelor of Music Education for Jordan Riek. Anna Borges, Catherine DiGrazia, and Jordan Riek are students of Professor Twyla Robinson. The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited. Please silence all electronic devices including watches, pagers, and phones.

I Am a Girl Like You

The title of our program, “**I Am a Girl Like You**,” is a duet from *Barbie as The Princess and the Pauper*. This movie has great significance to the three of us because we grew up watching Barbie movies. It is about two girls who find deep friendship despite their differences. The three of us have incredibly different personalities but have found a meaningful, once-in-a-lifetime friendship in one another.

Songs on the Air

Our opening selections come from one of the most preeminent works of the Baroque *opera seria* tradition, George Frideric Handel’s *Giulio Cesare in Egitto* (Julius Caesar in Egypt). At the height of his operatic career, Handel (1685-1759) was a resident composer and impresario in London, where he wrote over 35 serious operas. *Giulio Cesare in Egitto* premiered in 1724 and was a resounding success at its debut. The story follows Roman general Caesar’s conquest of Egypt and his encounters with Egyptian princess Cleopatra, blending elements of fiction with ancient history. “Caro! Bella! Più amabile beltà” is a triumphant love duet sung between the two heroes after Caesar victoriously aids Cleopatra in reclaiming the throne from her brother and tyrannic king, Tolomeo. In “Piangerò la sorte mia,” the imprisoned Cleopatra laments her fate. This famous da capo aria juxtaposes her despair over the loss of Caesar, whom she believes to be dead, and her bitter anger toward Tolomeo, who wrongfully locked her in his dungeon. Though burdened with sorrow, she still holds hope for victory and justice.

Caro! Bella! Più amabile beltà

Text by Ranieri de’ Calzabigi (1714-1795)

Caro!
Bella!
Più amabile beltà
mai non si troverà
del tuo bel volto.
In te/In me non splenderà né amor né fedeltà
da te/da me disciolto

Expensive! Beautiful! More amiable beauty

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Expensive!
Beautiful!
More amiable beauty
never will not be found
of your beautiful face.
Neither love nor faithfulness will shine in you
from you/from me dissolved.

Translation by opera-arias.com

Piangerò la sorte mia

Text by Ranieri de’ Calzabigi (1714-1795)

Piangerò la sorte mia
sì crudele e tanto ria
finché vita in petto avrò.

Ma poi morta d’ogn’intorno
il tiranno e notte giorno
fatta spettro agiterò.

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

I shall weep over my cruel fate
so long as there remains
life in my breast.

But once I have perished,
I shall become a ghost and torment that tyrant
from all directions, day and night.

Translation by Andrew Schneider

I shall weep over my cruel fate

Christoph Willibald von Gluck (1714-1787) is a German composer known best for his Italian and French operas. He shaped the development of classical music and opera in the 18th century, acting as the bridge between Baroque music and Classical music. *Orfeo ed Euridice* is based on the myth Orpheus and has libretto by Ranieri de' Calzabigi (1714-1795). In act three of the opera, Orfeo turns away and lets go of Euridice's hand, remembering his promise in act one to not look at her or else she'd die. In this aria, Euridice believes Orfeo has suddenly lost interest in her. She is plagued with confusion, grief, frustration and despair, concluding that death would be preferable. So dramatic!

Qual vita e questa mai

Text by Ranieri de' Calzabigi (1714-1795).

Qual vita è questa mai,
che a vivere incomincio?
E qual funesto, terribile segreto
Orfeo m'asconde?
Perché piange e s'affligge?
Ah, non ancora troppo
avvezza agli affanni che
soffrono i viventi,
a sì gran colpo
manca la mia costanza;
agli occhi miei si smarrisce la luce,
oppresso in seno mi diventa affannoso
il respirar.
Tremo, vacillo, e sento fra l'angoscia
e il terrore da un palpito crudel
vibrarmi il core.

Che fiero momento, che barbara sorte,
passar dalla morte a tanto dolor!

Avvezzo al contento d'un placido oblio,
fra queste tempeste si perde il mio cor!
Vacillo, tremo...

What kind of life is this

Christoph Willibald von Gluck (1714-1787)

What kind of life is this
that I am about to live?
And what deadly terrible secret
Orpheus hides from me?
Why is he crying, why is he grieving?
Ah, not yet am I
accustomed to the woes that
torment the living,
underneath such heavy blow
my steadiness falters;
in my eyes the light blurs,
the heaviness in my chest makes it difficult
for me to breathe.
I tremble, I falter, and I feel, amongst agony
and terror, the treacherous heartbeat
in my chest again.

What a cruel moment, what savage fate,
to pass from death to great pain!

I grew accustomed to blissful nothingness,
among these tempests my heart loses its way!
I falter, I tremble...

Translation by Nika Kožar.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791) is one of the most renowned composers in music history. With exemplary Classic style, Mozart is known for his beautiful melodic lines, rich texture, and elegance. Mozart also set the standard for *opera buffa*, comic opera with characters drawn from everyday life. His style of composition went on to influence music for the rest of time and Mozart went on to be considered one of the most prolific composers in the history of western music. *Le Nozze di Figaro* is one of Mozart's most iconic operas, written in 1786 and based on a comedic play by Pierre Beaumarchais (1732-1799). This opera is a story about the inner workings of different classes as Susanna, the maid of the Countess, plans to marry Figaro. However, Count Almaviva has plans to seduce Susanna. This iconic duettino is a moment where Susanna and Countess are plotting to undermine Count Almaviva. This opera is a favorite of Ms. Riek and Ms. Borges, and they made their opera debuts together in this show.

Sull'aria

Text by Lorenzo da Ponte (1749-1838)

Sull'aria...
Che soave zeffiretto...
Zeffiretto...
Questa sera spirerà...
Questa sera spirerà...
Sotto i pini del boschetto.
Sotto i pini...
Sotto i pini del boschetto.
Sotto i pini...del boschetto...
Ei già il resto capirà.
Certo, certo il capirà.

On the Air

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

To the zephyr ...
How sweet the breeze
The breeze ...
Will be this evening...
Will be this evening ...
In the pine grove.
In the pine...
In the pine grove?
In the pine grove.
The rest he'll understand.
I'm sure he'll understand.

Translation from opera-arias.com

Moonlight

Clara Schumann (1819-1896) was a German Romantic composer and one of the most significant women in musical history. Aside from being a piano prodigy from a young age, she composed for Lieder, choral works, solo piano, piano and orchestra, chamber, and orchestra. Her husband, Robert Schumann, and her good friend, Johannes Brahms, sought her advice and guidance when writing music. "Liebeszauber" from the set *Sechs Lieder*, with text by poet Emanuel Beibel, reflects on the whimsical and captivating beauty of nature. It always puts a smile on my face.

Liebeszauber

Text by Emanuel Beibel (1815-1884)

Die Liebe saß als Nachtigall
Im Rosenbusch und sang;
Es flog der wunderschöne Schall
Den grünen Wald entlang.

Und wie er klang, - da stieg im Kreis
Aus tausend Kelchen Duft,
Und alle Wipfel rauschten leis',
Und leiser ging die Luft;

Die Bäche schwiegen, die noch kaum
Geplätschert von den Höh'n,
Die Rehlein standen wie im Traum
Und lauschten dem Getön.

Und hell und immer heller floß
Der Sonne Glanz herein,
Um Blumen, Wald und Schlucht ergoß
Sich goldig roter Schein.

Ich aber zog den Wald entlang
Und hörte auch den Schall.
Ach! was seit jener Stund' ich sang,
War nur sein Widerhall.

Love's magic

Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

Love, as a nightingale,
Perched on a rosebush and sang;
The wondrous sound floated
Along the green forest.

And as it sounded, there arose a scent
From a thousand calyxes,
And all the treetops rustled softly,
And the breeze moved softer still;

The brooks fell silent, barely
Having babbled from the heights,
The fawns stood as if in a dream
And listened to the sound.

Brighter, and ever brighter
The sun shone on the scene,
And poured its red glow
Over flowers, forest and glen.

But I made my way along the path
And also heard the sound.
Ah! all that I've sung since that hour
Was merely its echo.

Translation by Richard Stokes

Robert Schumann (1810-1856) was a German Romantic composer. Many of his best-known pieces were written for his wife, Clara Schumann. "Mondnacht's" text was written by German poet Joseph von Eichendorff (1788-1857) and is from the song series, *Liederkries*. This Lied has a calming feel. The piano accompaniment is constant steady sixteenth notes to put the attention on the singer's voice. The text reveals a vivid scene of a tranquil night illuminated by the moon. The stars are shimmering, the corn is swaying, and the breeze is rustling through the trees. This Lied invites you to immerse yourself in the serene and mysterious atmosphere of the earth. "Widmung", with text written by German poet Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866), is a Lied from the song series, *Myrthen* and is dedicated to his wife, Clara Schumann. The text reveals a heartfelt declaration of deep admiration and devotion to their beloved. When I sing this, I picture myself confessing my love to my crush.

Mondnacht

Text by Joseph von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

Es war, als hätt' der Himmel,
Die Erde still geküßt,
Daß sie im Blütenschimmer
Von ihm nun träumen müßt'.

Die Luft ging durch die Felder,
Die Ähren wogten sacht,
Es rauschten leis die Wälder,
So sternklar war die Nacht.

Und meine Seele spannte
Weit ihre Flügel aus,
Flog durch die stillen Lande,
Als flöge sie nach Haus.

Widmung

Text by Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,
Du meine Wonn', o du mein Schmerz,
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,
O du mein Grab, in das hinab
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab!
Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden,
Du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden.
Dass du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert,
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,
Du hebst mich liebend über mich,
Mein guter Geist, mein bess'eres Ich!

Moonlit Night

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

It was as though Heaven
Had softly kissed the Earth,
So that she in a gleam of blossom
Had only to dream of him.

The breeze passed through the fields,
The corn swayed gently to and fro,
The forests murmured softly,
The night was so clear with stars.

And my soul spread
Her wings out wide,
Flew across the silent land,
As though flying home.

Translation by Richard Stokes

Dedication

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

You my soul, you my heart,
You my rapture, O you my pain,
You my world in which I live,
My heaven you, to which I aspire,
O you my grave, into which
My grief forever I've consigned!
You are repose, you are peace,
You are bestowed on me from heaven.
Your love for me gives me my worth,
Your eyes transfigure me in mine,
You raise me lovingly above myself,
My guardian angel, my better self!

Translation by Richard Stokes

Franz Schubert (1797-1828), regarded as the Father of German Lieder, composed more than 600 secular vocal works in his lifetime. He single-handedly elevated art song in artistic achievement to reach the same status as the symphony. This pairing of Schubert Lieder is intended to convey a journey through fear, grief, and acceptance. The fiery “Auflösung” (D. 807) reflects on impermanence, as the narrator desperately wrestles with the fleeting nature of existence. “Gretchen am Spinnrade,” with text excerpted from Goethe’s tragedy *Faust*, reveals the maiden Gretchen’s tormented thoughts and obsessive infatuation with Faust. The piano’s unrelenting melismatic pattern represents the pedaling and spinning of the wheel, but also mirrors her tumultuous whirlwind of emotion within. Lastly, “Frühlingsglaube” sweetly concludes with a message of hopefulness and contentment. Though time and seasons pass, one can rely on spring’s change to bring renewal out of death and darkness, perfectly capturing the Romantic era ideal of earth’s transformative power.

Auflösung

Text by Johann Mayrhofer (1787-1836)

Verbirg dich, Sonne,
Denn die Glut der Wonne
Versengen mein Gebein;
Verstummet, Töne,
Frühlings-Schöne,
Flüchte dich und lass mich allein!
Quillen doch aus allen Falten
Meiner Seele liebliche Gewalten;
Die mich umschlingen,
Himmlisch singen –
Geh unter Welt, und störe
Nimmer die süßen ätherischen Chöre!

Dissolution

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Sun, hide yourself,
For the glowing fires of ecstasy
Are scorching my body;
Musical notes, be silent,
Spring beauty
Fly off, and leave me alone!
For welling up out of all the recesses
Of my soul come welcome forces
Which embrace me,
They sing in a heavenly voice –
World, collapse, and never disturb
The sweet ethereal choir again!

Translation by Malcolm Wren

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Meine Ruh ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.
Wo ich ihn nicht hab,
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt,
Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.
Meine Ruh ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.
Nach ihm nur schau ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh ich
Aus dem Haus.
Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt,
Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluss,
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach, sein Kuss!
Meine Ruh ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.
Mein Busen drängt
Sich nach ihm hin,
Ach dürft' ich fassen
Und halten ihn,
Und küssen ihn,
So wie ich wollt',
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt'.

Maggie at the spinning wheel

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

I have lost my peace of mind,
My heart is heavy,
I will never find it,
Never again.
Where I do not have him
Is the grave for me,
The whole world
Has turned as bitter as gall for me.
My poor head
Seems crazy to me,
My poor mind
Seems shattered to me.
I have lost my peace of mind,
My heart is heavy,
I will never find it,
Never again.
I only look for him
As I look out of the window,
I only go for him
When I leave the house.
His majestic walk,
His noble form,
The way his mouth smiles
The power of his eyes,
And his way of speaking –
Magical river –
The pressure of his hand,
And, oh, his kiss!
I have lost my peace of mind,
My heart is heavy,
I will never find it,
Never again.
My breast pushes
Itself towards him.
Oh if only I could get hold of him
And hold on to him
And kiss him,
Just as I would like to,
His kisses causing me
To pass away!

Translation by Malcolm Wren

Frühlingsglaube

Text by Johann Ludwig Uhland (1787-1862)

Die linden Lüfte sind erwacht,
Sie säuseln und weben Tag und Nacht,
Sie schaffen an allen Enden.
O frischer Duft, o neuer Klang,
Nun armes Herze, sei nicht bang,
Nun muss sich alles, alles wenden.
Die Welt wird schöner mit jedem Tag,
Man weiß nicht, was noch werden mag,
Das Blühen will nicht enden.
Es blüht das fernste, tiefste Tal,
Nun armes Herz, vergiss der Qual,
Nun muss sich alles, alles wenden.

Faith in spring

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

The soothing breezes have woken up,
They are rustling and weaving day and night,
They are creating things everywhere.
Oh fresh fragrance, oh new sound!
Now poor heart, do not be anxious!
Now everything, everything has to change.
The world is going to become more beautiful
every day,
Nobody knows what might still happen,
The blossoming does not want to end.
The most distant, deepest valley is coming into
blossom.
Now poor heart, forget your distress!
Now everything, everything has to change.

Translation by Malcolm Wren

If I Hear That Little Song

Giacomo Meyerbeer (1791-1864) was a German opera composer who focused on combining Italian style of singing, German orchestration, and French grandiose sets and staging. Mastering the style of French grand opera, Meyerbeer was at his peak during the opera *Les Huguenots* in 1836. *Les Huguenots* is a five-act grand opera that premiered in 1836 at the Paris Opera and is centered around the St. Bartholomew Day massacre. The aria "Nobles Seigneurs, Salut!" is sung by the character Urbain who arrives to joyfully give an anonymous letter to Raoul stating that a noblewoman has finally chosen a love. Urbain is a trouser role, which is a male character played by a woman, typically a mezzo-soprano.

Hör' ich das Liedchen Klingen

Text by Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen,
Das einst die Liebste sang,
will mir die Brust zerspringen
Vor wildem Schmerzdrang.
Es treibt mich ein dunkles Sehnen
Hinauf zur waldes höh
Dört lust sich auf in Thranen
Mein ubergrosses weh

If I Hear that Little Song

Giacomo Meyerbeer (1791-1864)

If I hear that little song
That once my beloved sang
My heart wants to break
From the wild pressure of pain.
A dark longing drives me
Up into the high forest
There, it dissolves into tears.
My overly great grief...

Translation by Richard Stokes

Scirocco

Text by Michael Beer (1800-1833)

Pauvre enfant! ah! comme le vent
souffle du midi, pauvre enfant!
Et tes yeux, ton sein, ton âme
brûlent d'une ardente flamme;
et ton front qui tombe,
au sommeil succombe.
Pauvre enfant! ah! comme le vent
souffle du midi, pauvre enfant!
Viens, amour, viens donc, vole promptement
car c'est le moment,
ah! comme le vent souffle du midi,
viens, amour, viens donc, pauvre enfant!
Viens, amour, viens donc!
Viens, l'air est brûlant.

Nobles Seigneurs, Salut!

Text by Eugene Scribe (1791-1861)

Nobles seigneurs, salut!
Seigneurs, salut!
Une dame noble et sage,
dont les rois seraient jaloux,
m'a chargé de ce message,
chevaliers, pour l'un de vous.
Sans qu'on la nomme,
honneur ici
au gentilhomme
qu'elle a choisi!
Vous pouvez croire
que nul seigneur
n'eut tant de gloire
ni de bonheur.
Ne craignez mensonge ou piège,
chevaliers, dans mes discours.
Or, salut! que Dieu protège
vos combats, vos amours!
Or, salut, chevaliers!
Dieu protège vos amours!

Sirocco

Giacomo Meyerbeer (1791-1864)

Poor child! Ah!
Like the wind Blows from the south,
poor child!
And your eyes, your breast,
your soul Burn with a fervent flame;
And your brow, drooping, Yields to sleep.
Poor child!
Ah! Like the wind Blows from the south,
poor child!
Come, love, come swiftly,
For it is the moment, Ah! Like the wind blows
from the south,
Come, love, come swiftly, poor child!
Come, love, come swiftly! Come, the air is
burning.

Translation by Jordan Riek

Greetings, Noble Lords!

By Giacomo Meyerbeer (1791-1864)

Greetings, noble lords,
greetings, my lords!
A lady, noble and discreet,
of whom the kings would be jealous,
has charged me with this message,
gentlemen, for one of you.
Without naming her,
all honor here
to the gentleman
she has chosen!
Believe me,
no lord
has had so much glory
and good fortune.
Fear neither deception nor trap
in my words, gentlemen.
Now, salutations, may God protect
your combats and your loves!
Now, salutations, gentlemen!
May God protect your loves!

Translation by Ates Uslu

“L’Oiseau bleu” and “Le petit serin en cage” are taken from the song cycle *Chansons pour les oiseaux* by a rather obscure French composer, Louis Beydts (1895-1953), whose specialty was French operetta and film music. These songs mimic the soaring melodies of birds. “L’Oiseau bleu” brings us on a voyage through female Greek mythology, comparing these goddesses and heroines to the fanciful beauty of a bluebird. “Le petit serin en cage” is based on an absurd, twisted children’s nursery rhyme in which Lustucru steals La Mère Michel’s cat, cooks it, then sells it to diners as “rabbit” (in a similar vein to *Sweeney Todd*’s Mrs. Lovett). The encaged canary asks for the cat to free him yet winds up eaten instead.

L’Oiseau bleu

Text by Paul Fort (1872-1960)

Aliénor, Eléonor, Genièvre,
Ilse, Nausicaa, Viviane,
Eve, Blancheflor, Urgèle et Gwendoloéna,
Carotte, Céphise, Amalthée,
Rosalys, Rosalinde rose,
Eunice, Eione, Galatée,
Sylphes, nymphes, apothéose,
Muses, Musette, Mélusine,
Musidora, Muse adorée,
Germaine Tourangelle,
Ondine, Calliope, Clio dorée,
Vénus Anadyomède, Irène, Roxane, Io,
reines, impératrices, fées, voix heureuses d’être
fées,
Ah, Nourdjebane, Badroulbador,
la Sulamite et la Sultane,
Yseut, Isoline, Peau d’Ane,
Amour.

The Bluebird

Louis Beydts (1895-1953)

Alienor, Eleanor, Genevieve,
Ilse, Nausicaa, Viviane,
Eve, Blancheflor, Urgele, and Gwendolyn.
Carrot, Cephise, Amalthea,
Rosalys, pink Rosalinde,
Eunice, Eione, Galatea,
Sylphs, nymphs, apotheosis,
Muses, Musette, Melusine,
Musidora, adored muse,
Germaine Tourangelle,
Ondine, Calliope, golden Clio,
Venus, Anadyomene, Irene, Roxanne, Io,
Queens, empresses, fairies, voices happy to be
fairies,
Ah, Nourdjebane, Baldoubodour,
the Shulamite and the Sultan,
Iseult, Isoline, Donkey Skin,
Love.

Translation by Michelle Girardot

Le petit serin en cage

Text by Paul Fort (1872-1960)

Il était un p'tit jaune tout habillé de gris, canari,
 Qui demandait l'aumône aux chats et aux souris,
 canari, toto canaro, canari.
 Compère, Mistigri, le lairras-tu, le lairras-tu
 souffri ?
 Le chat d'la Mèr' Michel, canari,
 ses moustach's comme un grill, canari,
 A fait la courte échelle aux rats et aux souris,
 canari,
 toto canaro, canari !
 Ah ! Père Mistigri, me lairras-tu mourir ?
 Tu t'en iras au ciel, canari,
 croqué par les souris, canari, les rats, (c'est
 rationnel) te croqu'ront bien aussi,
 canari, toto canaro, canari.
 Et Mistigri chéri croqu'ra le tout, miaou !
 Le chaton, qui l'eut cru ?
 C'est le père Lustucru,
 ce vieux monstre malotru,
 qui l'a croqué tout cru.

The Little Canary in a cage

Louis Beydts (1895-1953)

He was a little yellow one all dressed in gray,
 canari,
 Who asked the cats and mice for alms,
 Canari, toto canari, canaro.
 Comrade Mistigri, will you leave him to suffer?
 Mother Michel's cat, canari,
 his whiskers like a grill, canari,
 Climbed the short ladder to the mice and rats,
 canari,
 Canari, toto canari, canaro!
 Ah! Father Mistigri, will you leave me to die?
 You will leave off to heaven, canari,
 nibbled by the mice, canari,
 the rats, (it's rational), will nibble you also,
 Canari, toto canari, canaro.
 And dear Mistigri will eat the rest, meow!
 The kitten, who would've believed it?
 He's the Father Lustucru,
 this old, deformed monster,
 Who ate [the canary] completely raw.

Translation by Michelle Girardot

Giachino Rossini's (1792-1868) "Duetto Buffo di due Gatti" is a comedic duet for two sopranos, often performed as an encore at concerts or galas. The musical dialogue is purely humorous, intended as a playful imitation of cat sounds and behavior. We chose this duet because the three of us are cat moms to a wonderful fur baby named Truffle! This charming duet has delighted audiences for nearly 200 years and continues to be a crowd-pleaser. We hope you are tickled by our feline fun!

Dedicated to Truffle the Cat

Duetto Buffo di Due Gatti

Text by Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

Miau

Two Cats' Funny Duet

Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

Meow

Translation by Anna Borges

I Am a Girl Like You

Sindo Garay (1867-1968) was a Cuban composer and troubadour, renowned for his contributions to traditional Cuban music. Born in Santiago de Cuba, Garay began his musical journey at a young age, learning to play the guitar and immersing himself in the island's folk traditions. Garay's music often celebrated the beauty of Cuban landscapes, love, and everyday life, earning him recognition as a leading figure in trova music. This genre was created by troubadours who traveled around Cuba's Oriente province, especially in Santiago de Cuba. These musicians, like Sindo Garay, earned their living by singing and playing the guitar. In doing so, they were able to introduce their cultural heritage to others. His composition "La Tarde" is a recreation of a bolero, dance music in 3/4, from 1907. The first half of the text was written by Amado Nervo (1870-1919) and the second half was written by Lola Rodríguez de Tío (1843-1924). The first section describes a woman's eyes and compares them to opening and closing to the light of day and dying away of the afternoon. Despite its minor key, the sentiment is sweet and the piano accompaniment is lively. The second half of the song is introspective and hopeful; revealing a mockery of the troubles that cannot overcome the human spirit. This shift is indicated by a switch from a minor to major key. This song is special to me because it is sung in Spanish, the mother tongue of my grandma, and reminds me of music I listened to while growing up. When listening to this piece, I implore the audience to picture themselves on the streets of Santiago de Cuba while watching the sunset.

La Tarde

Text by Amado Nervo (1870-1919) and Lola Rodríguez de Tío (1843-1924)

La luz que en tus ojos arde
Si los abres amanece
Quando los cierras parece
que va muriendo la tarde.

Las penas que me maltratan
son tantas que se atropellan
y como de matar me tratan
se agolpan unas a otras
y por eso, no me matan.

The Afternoon

Sindo Garay (1867-1968)

The light that glows in your eyes
When you open them makes the sun rise
When you close them
makes the afternoon seem to die.

The woes that mistreat me
are so many that they clash
and as they strive to slay me
they mangle each other,
which is why, they cannot kill me.

Translation by Dario M.

Ernesto Lecuona (1895-1963) was a Cuban composer and pianist. *Cinco canciones con versos de Juana de Ibarbourou* were written in 1937, containing texts by Uruguayan poet Juana de Ibarbourou (1892-1979). “Canción del amor triste” is the first of the cycle and tells the story of a woman wanting to leave her hometown. It begins with a dramatic rolled F chord. This is called the “death toll motive”. When played indicates sorrow and longing are eminent. The second section of this song enters a dream-like state. Although the music suggests a tone of happiness, the poetry differs, as the woman tells the wind all she will do for it to carry her. These actions are not attainable and sometimes futile, showing how desperate she is to flee. The climax of the song reveals she cannot leave because her love for her man is too heavy. The last line of the poetry ends with a question and unfortunately, the dramatic piano accompaniment answers her, declaring she will never find a way to escape.

Canción del amor triste

Text by Juana de Ibarbourou (1892-1979)

Viento que te vas a donde no puedo yo ir
No me llevaras? Si tuviera alas como tú
Ay, contigo iría por el cielo azul
Porque estoy tan triste que deseara huir.

Llévame oh, pampero, muy lejos de aquí
Haréme liviana, mas de lo que soy,
Para pesar menos, he llorado hoy
Para pesar menos si preciso es,
Mi trenza sombría Ay, me cortaré.

Pare pesar menos, no he de sonreír
Cuando al fin me lleves muy lejos de aquí
Lo único, viento, que no puede ser
Es que yo a aquel hombre dejé de querer.
Aunque pese mucho, es amor irá
Adonde yo vaya, me podrás llevar?

Song of Sad Love

Ernesto Lecuona (1895-1963)

Wind that blows where I cannot go,
Won't you carry me? If I had your wings,
oh, I'd fly through the blue sky with you,
because I am so sad I would like to flee.

Carry me, Pampean wind, oh far from here,
lighter I'd make myself, more than I am.
To make myself lighter, my tears I've shed, to
make myself lighter, if need be,
my dark braid, oh, I shall cut.

To make myself lighter, I will not smile,
when you finally carry me far from here,
the only thing, wind, that cannot be,
is that I should stop loving that man.
Although my love is heavy, I will take it
with me wherever I go; can you carry me?

Translation by Christina Diane Villaverde

Enrique Granados (1867-1916) was a Cuban composer and pianist. “No lloréis, Ojuelos” is from his song cycle, *Canciones amatorias* with text by Lope Felix de Vega Carpio (1562-1635). This song has a motherly and comforting perspective. This year has been the hardest year of my life and through it all my mother has been there for me. I’d like to dedicate this song to her; the woman who wiped my tears away and taught me to keep my head held up high.

Dedicated to Sylvia DiGrazia

No lloréis, Ojuelos

Text by Lope Felix de Vega Carpio (1562-1635)

No lloréis, ojuelos,
porque no es razón
que llore de celos
quien mata de amor.

Quien puede matar
no intente morir,
si hace con reír
más que con llorar.

No lloréis ojuelos,
porque no es razón
que llore de celos
quien mata de amor.

Don’t cry, Little eyes

Enrique Granados (1867-1963)

Don't cry little eyes,
for it is not right
to cry with jealousy
if you kill with love.

She who can kill
should not seek to die,
if she can do more with laughter
than with tears.

Don't cry, little eyes,
for it is not right
to cry with jealousy
if you kill with love.

*Translation by Jacqueline Cockburn and
Richard Stokes*

Jake Heggie (b. 1961) is an American composer and pianist from West Palm Beach, Florida. One of the most prolific contemporary composers, Heggie is best known for his operas, art songs, and collaborations with world-renowned artists such as Fredrica Von Stade, Renee Fleming, and Jennifer Larmore. In conjunction with Fredrica Von Stade, Jake Heggie has mastered writing for the mezzo-soprano voice and has shared an abundance of whimsical art songs with the vocal world. Heggie has made his home in San Francisco, California living with his husband and has established himself as one of the most influential opera and art song composers of the 21st century. A new production of his opera *Dead Man Walking* is opening in The Metropolitan Opera 23/24 season starring Joyce DiDonato. Through his jazzy style, whimsical settings of text, and eclectic sense of humor, Jake Heggie has mastered the art of storytelling. Heggie is one of Ms. Riek's favorite composers and she is elated to share this set with you!

Of Gods and Cats: In the Beginning

Text and song by Jake Heggie (b. 1961)

In the beginning was the Cat,
and the Cat was without purr;
the ethers stirred and there was milk,
and the Cat saw that it was good.
A hand stretched forth across the milk
and scratched behind the Cat's ears ...
and it felt good;
Then the firmament shook
and there was produced a paper bag,
and the Cat went forth, into the bag and,
seeing that it was good ...
She fell asleep, purring.

Once More: To Gloriana

Text by Vachal Lindsay (1879-1931)

Girl with the burning golden eyes,
And redbird song,
And snowy throat:
I bring you gold and silver moons
And diamond stars that float
I bring you moons and snowy clouds
I bring you prairie skies tonight
To feeby praise your golden eyes
And redbird song
And throat, so white.

Songs to the Moon: The Haughty Snail King

Text by Vachal Lindsay (1879-1931)

Twelve snails went walking after night.
They'd creep an inch or so,
Then stop and bug their eyes
And blow.
Some folks . . . are . . . deadly . . . slow.
Twelve snails went walking yestereve,
Led by their fat old king.
They were so dull their princeling had
No sceptre, robe or ring—
Only a paper cap to wear
When nightly journeying.

This king-snail said: "I feel a thought
Within. . . It blossoms soon. . .
O little courtiers of mine, . . .
I crave a pretty boon
Oh, yes . . . (High thoughts with effort come
And well-bred snails are ALMOST dumb.)
"I wish I had a yellow crown
As glistening . . . as . . . the moon."

Everyone has a piece of media that makes them nostalgic. For Anna and Catherine, it's Barbie. Growing up with Barbie movies taught us valuable lessons of being yourself, standing up for what you believe in, responsibility, and resilience in the face of adversity. This song by Arnold "Arnie" Roth (b. 1953) is from the movie musical *Barbie as the Princess and the Pauper*. The movie follows two Barbies who look identical to each other except for hair color who come from different economic classes. Anneliese is a princess who wishes to marry a man of her choosing and protect her kingdom from the conniving antagonist, Preminger, who wants to take the throne. Erika is a poor village girl trapped working at Madame Carp's dress emporium to pay off the debt her late parents left in order to survive. Her aspiration is to sing and travel the world. This duet is sung when Anneliese and Erika first coincidentally meet. The text reveals how different their lives are but how similar their dreams are: dreams of freedom and choice.

I am a Girl Like You

Text by Arnold "Arnie" Roth (b. 1953)

[Erika]

If I'd like to have my breakfast hot
Madame Carp will make me pay
And I have to fetch the eggs myself
And the barn's a mile away
It's cold and wet, yet still I get
An omelette on my plate
But in my head I'm back in bed
Snuggled up and sleeping late

[Anneliese, spoken]

Really?

[Erika, spoken]

Really. But it's all right. I mean, I'm used to it. And you?

[Anneliese, spoken]

Well...

[Erika, spoken]

Well?

[Anneliese]

If I want some eggs I ring the bell
And the maid comes running in
And she serves them on a silver tray
And she brings a cookie tin
And while I eat, she rubs my feet
And strolling minstrels play
But I'd rather be in my library
Reading science books all day

[Erika]

I'm just like you

[Anneliese, spoken]

You are?

[Erika]

You're just like me

There's somewhere else we'd rather be

Somewhere that's ours

Somewhere that dreams come true

Yes, I am a girl like you

You'd never think
That it was so
But now I've met you and I know
It's plain as day
Sure as the sky is blue
That I am a girl like you
[Anneliese, spoken]
So, you're a singer?
[Erika, spoken]
No, I work at Madame Carp's penitentiary. Uh, I mean Dress Emporium
[Anneliese, spoken]
I love Madame Carp's dresses!
[Erika, spoken]
I made the one you're wearing
[Anneliese, spoken]
You made this? It's my favorite. The design looks so complicated!
[Erika, spoken]
Oh, but it isn't really
[Anneliese, *Erika*, Anneliese & Erika]
*First I choose a fabric from the rack
And I pin the pattern down
And I stitch it in the front and back
And it turns into a gown!*
I wear the gown without my crown
And dance around my room
And imagine life without the strife
Of an unfamiliar groom
[Anneliese, spoken]
But I'd never let my mother know. I wouldn't want to disappoint her
[ERIKA, spoken]
I completely understand
[Anneliese, *Erika*, Anneliese & Erika]
I'm just like you
I think that's true
You're just like me
Yes, I can see
We take responsibility
We carry through
We carry through
Do what we need to do
Yes, I am a girl like you
I'm just like you
I'm just like you
You're just like me
You're just like me
It's something anyone can see
A heart that beats
A heart that beats
A voice that speaks the truth
Yes, I am a girl like you!

The musical *Mean Girls* is adapted from the iconic 2004 movie of the same name, directed by Mark Walters with screenplay by Tina Fey. The movie took pop culture by storm. Many lines are quoted and recognizable even twenty years after its release date. The story revolves around Cady Heron, a homeschooled transfer student from Africa, as she navigates her life at a new high school. Premiering in 2017, this trio is from the musical by Tina Fey, with music by Jeff Richmond (b. 1961), lyrics by Nell Benjamin (b. 1968), and is sung as an introduction to The Plastics. Cady's new friends, Damian and Janis, are the ones giving her the inside scoop on each of them. Regina George is the "queen bee" of the school and leader of the clique who will stop at nothing to ruin the lives of those who cross her. Gretchen Wieners is the wealthy but insecure right-hand man to Regina. Karen Smith is the beautiful but dimwitted member of the group. She's just kind of there. I hope you enjoy as we celebrate this unforgettable comedic franchise.

Dedicated to Avery Riek

Meet the Plastics

Text by Nell Benjamin (b. 1968)

[Cady, spoken]

Woah, who's at that table over there?

[Damian]

Don't look at them, just don't

We call those three 'The Plastics'

They're shiny, fake, and hard

[Janis]

They play their little mind games

All around the schoolyard

[Damian]

They might insult your clothing

Or make fun of your name

[Janis]

Like they mocked Jen Morecock

'Til she burst into flames

[Damian, spoken]

And Ms. Morecock was a teacher

[Janis, spoken]

Regina George is the queen bee

She's always dressed up

She always wins Spring Fling Queen

We're just drones who work for her

Then die

[Regina]

My name is Regina George

And I am a massive deal

Fear me, love me

Stand and stare at me

And these, these are real

I've got money and looks

I am, like, drunk with power

This whole school

Humps my leg like a chihuahua

I'm the prettiest poison you've ever seen

I never weigh more than one-fifteen
My name is Regina George
And I am a massive deal
I don't care who you are
I don't care how you feel
[Gretchen]
That's Gretchen Wieners
She knows everything about everybody
That's why her hair is so big, it's full of secrets
Yes, Regina
No, Regina
Every waking hour
I spend making sure Regina
George can stay in power
If Regina is the sun
Then I'm a disco ball
'Cause I'm just as bright and fun
If you've had alcohol
I worm your secrets out of you
And bring them to my master
And then I watch Regina make your life a big disaster
[Damian, Janis]
Disaster!
Regina is the queen
But I'm the head of worker bees
As I am seated at her right hand
Like a Jewish Princess Jesus
[Janis, spoken]
That is Karen Smith
The dumbest person you will ever meet
[Damian, spoken]
I once saw her put a "D" in the word "orange"
[Karen]
My name is Karen
My hair is shiny
My teeth are perfect
My skirt is tiny
It barely covers
My perky heinie
My name is Karen
I may not be smart
That's it.
[Regina]
Right
We never really do this
But how'd you like to
Have lunch with us this week
[Cady, spoken]
Oh, it's okay, I-
[Regina]
No, no need for you to thank us

[Cady, spoken]

But-

[Regina]

There's no need to even speak

[Gretchen]

You're new and you don't know things

You need good friends who can tell you what to think

See you here same time tomorrow

[Karen]

On Wednesdays we wear pink

[Regina, Gretchen, Karen]

On Wednesdays we wear pink

Yes, Regina (my name is Karen)

No, Regina

Every waking hour (here's where you belong)

I spend making sure Regina (my hair is shiny)

George can stay in power (here's where you belong)

If Regina is the sun (my teeth are perfect)

Then I'm a disco ball (my skirt is tiny)

'Cause I'm just as bright and fun (here's where you belong)

If you've had alcohol

Wear something nice and grab a tray

'Cause we don't do this everyday

Say here's where you belong

Say here's where you belong

[Regina, spoken]

No, really, say it

[Regina, Gretchen, Karen]

Say here's where you belong

[Gretchen]

Come sit with us tomorrow

It'll be fetch!