



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

Sydney Palomo, mezzo-soprano
Huan Yang, piano

April 12, 2024

5:30 p.m.

PepsiCo Recital Hall

Program

Where Shall I Fly?
From *Hercules*

George F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Night
Song to the Dark Virgin

Florence Price
(1887-1953)

Lieder, Op. 4
I. Tanzlied
II. Schlummerleid
III. Mittagsruh
IV. Nachtreiter
V. Nachtgedanken

Ethyl Smythe
(1858-1944)

Witness

Hall Johnson
(1888-1970)

Intermission

Les Brigands

Maria Malibran
(1803-1836)

Madrid

Pauline Viardot
(1821-1910)

Ronde d'amour: Ah! Si l'amour prenait

Cecile Chaminade
(1857-1944)

The Millers Son
From *A Little Night Music*

Stephen Sondheim
(1930-2021)

Alma Mia

Maria Grever
(1885-1951)

Who Needs Love
From *Ever After*

Zina Goldrich
(b. 1964)

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a master's degree
in vocal pedagogy and performance. Sydney Palomo is a student of Dr. James Rodriguez.

The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited.

Please silence all electronic devices, including watches, pagers, and phones.

Where Shall I Fly from *Hercules*

George F. Handel
(1685-1759)

George F. Handel was a monumental composer of the Baroque period. He is best remembered for his mastery of mixing musical national elements and his large, dramatic compositions such as *The Messiah* and *Giulio Cesare*. “Where Shall I Fly” is a colorful, emotionally charged aria, signifying Dejanira’s fall into madness. Unconvinced of Hercules’s fidelity and love, she persuades Hercules to wear Nessus’s cloak, which the centaur claims would restore Hercules’ love for her. However, the centaur cruelly deceived Dejanira, as Hercules’ skin is burned off by the poisonous cloak, killing him. Dejanira is riddled with grief and regret and driven into madness.

Where shall I fly? Where hide this guilty head?
O fatal error of misguided love!
O cruel Nessus, how art thou reveng'd!
Wretched I am! By me, Alcides dies!
These impious hands have sent my injur'd lord
Untimely to the shades! Let me be mad!
Chain me, ye Furies, to your iron beds,
And lash my guilty ghost with whips of scorpions!
See, see, they come! Alecto with her snakes,
Megaera fell, and black Tisiphone!
See the dreadful sisters rise,
Their baneful presence taints the skies!
See the snaky whips they bear!
What yellings rend my tortur'd ear!
Hide me from their hated sight,
Friendly shades of blackest night!
Alas, no rest the guilty find
From the pursuing furies of the mind!

Settings by Florence Price

Florence Price
(1887-1953)

Late nineteenth-century composer Florence Price made a colossal impact in the classical music industry by being the first Black female composer to have a symphony performed by an American orchestra. Price was known for producing songs that affirmed blackness as worthy and beautiful, a topic enormously controversial in the racist and segregated world of the United States in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. “Night” by Black female poet **Louise Wallace** is a lyrical and sensitive piece that describes night as the “Madonna,” a Christian figure of the Virgin Mary that held major significance throughout the Harlem Renaissance and was often referenced in Black poetry. “Song to the Dark Virgin” by **Langston Hughes** embodies the message of racial progression within the Harlem Renaissance. Overall, the poem presents the issue of racial shame, specifically, being ashamed of the color of one’s skin. Throughout the piece, the narrator appears to atone for their physical characteristics before “the dark one” as they pray to transform or hide themselves. Price juxtaposes this theme with an arpeggiated, flourishing accompaniment that gives the piece an optimistic disposition. This set aims to acknowledge the social and political issues perpetuating immoral stereotypes of racial minority groups and the influence these issues hold over individual identity.

Night

Poetry by Louise Wallace

Night comes, a Madonna clad in scented blue.
Rose-red her mouth and deep her eyes,
She lights her stars, and turns to where,
Beneath her silver lamp the moon,
Upon a couch of shadow lies
A dreamy child,
The wearied Day.

Song to the Dark Virgin

Poetry by Langston Hughes

Would
That I were a jewel,
A shattered jewel,
That all my shining brilliants
Might fall at thy feet,
Thou dark one.

Would
That I were a garment,
A shimmering, silken garment,
That all my folds
Might wrap about thy body,
Absorb thy body,
Hold and hide thy body,
Thou dark one.

Would
That I were a flame,
But one sharp, leaping flame
To annihilate thy body,
Thou dark one.

Lieder, Op. 4

Ethyl Smyth
(1858-1944)

Composer, author, and Suffragette Ethel Mary Smyth was one of the twentieth century's most controversial figures in classical music. Smyth was a champion for women's rights and female representation in the classical music industry. Despite classical music's common enabling of discriminatory, sexist, and misogynistic behavior, Smyth fought to be acknowledged as a composer and for her music to be heard, accessible, and performed. Smyth is best remembered for her unapologetic and unstoppable personality that often translated into her unorthodox compositional style. *Lieder, Op.4* is an excellent example, as Smyth presents motifs that represent her passionate desire to fight against conventional expectations. She creates irregular and unpredictable accompaniment lines that capture the complexity of her compositional style. This piece incorporates five German poems spanning multiple poets such as Georg Büchner, Ernest von Wildenbruch, and many others.

I. Tanzlied

O meine müden Füße, ihr müßt tanzen
In bunten Schuhen,
Und möchtet lieber tief, tief
Im Boden ruhen.

O meine heißen Wangen, ihr müßt glühen
Im wilden Kosen,
Und möchtet lieber blühen
Zwei weiße Rosen.

O meine armen Augen, ihr müßt blitzen
Im Strahl der Kerzen,
Und lieber schließt ihr aus im Dunkeln
Von euren Schmerzen

Text by Georg Büchner

Dance Song

O my weary feet, you must dance
in brightly colored shoes,
and would rather lie deep, deep
in the ground.

O my hot cheeks, you must glow
in your wild caresses,
and would rather bloom
two white roses

O my poor eyes, you must sparkle
in the beam of the candles,
and you would rather sleep in the dark
from your pain

English Translation by Sydney Palomo

II. Schlummerleid

O schlummre süß, o schlummre lind,
Wie in der Wiege ohne Harm.
Im Traume lächelnd schläft das Kind
In seiner Mutter treuem Arm

O schlummre süß, o schlummre mild,
Ist deine Seele doch so rein.
Der holde Traum, der sie erfüllt,
Wird lieblich wie ein Engel sein

O schlummre süß, die [Blume]¹ auch
Neigt ja ihr Haupt in sanfter Ruh,
Die Rose schläft an ihrem Strauch,
O schlafe, schlafe drum auch du

So wie die Mutter lauschend wacht
Auf ihres Lieblings Schlummerhauch,
So denk ich dein in jeder Nacht
Und wenn auch fern, schütz ich dich auch

O schlummre süß, o schlummre lind,
Wie in der Wiege ohne Harm.
Im Traume lächelnd schläft das Kind,
In seiner Mutter treuem Arm

Text by Ernst von Wildenbruch

Slumber Song

O slumber sweetly, o slumber gently
As in the cradle without harm
Smiling in dreams the child sleeps
In its mother's faithful arm

O slumber sweetly, o slumber gently
Is your soul so pure
The sweet dream that fulfills it
Will be lovely like an angel

O slumber sweetly, the trees too
Bow their heads in gentle rest
The rose sleeps on its bush
O sleep, sleep therefore you too

As the mother wakes up listening
Listening
to her favorite slumber
That's how I think of you every night
And even if far away, I protect you too

O slumber sweetly, o slumber gently
As in the cradle without harm
The child sleeps smiling in dreams
In his mother's faithful arms

*English Translation by Sharon Krebs.
Courtesy of Lieder.net*

III. Mittagsruh

Über Bergen, Fluß und Talen,
Stiller Lust und tiefen Qualen
Webet heimlich, schillert, Strahlen!
Sinnend ruht des Tags Gewühle
In der dunkelblauen Schwüle,
Und die ewigen Gefühle,
Was dir selber unbewußt,
Treten heimlich, groß und leise
Aus der Wirrung fester Gleise,
Aus der unbewachten Brust,
In die stillen, weiten Kreise.

Text by Joseph Karl Benedikt

IV. Nachtreiter

Reit ich kein Sattelpferd, brauch ich
keinen Zaum,
Pflück mir die Reitpeitsche aus dem
Weidenbaum!

Nachts wenn es finster, stürmt es und rast,
Mein ist das beste Pferd, das die Wiesen
grast.

Rapp, reck die Hufen aus! flieg wie der
Wind!
Trag mich durch Sturm und Nacht bis
zum liebsten Kind!

Weißt wie das Fenster klirrt? weißt du wie
's thut?
Spring ich beim Liebchen ein, spring du
auf die Weid!

Lustig ist 's Leben ohn Zügel und Zaum!
Vögel pflücken Kirschen: wem gehört der
Baum?

Text by Klaus Groth

V. Nachtgedanken

Es rauben Gedanken
Den Schlaf mir, o Mutter,
Kommen und wecken mich,
Kommen und gehn!

Trauergedanken
Von Freudentagen;

Afternoon Rest

Over mountains, rivers and valleys,
Silent lust and deep torments
Weave secretly, shimmer, rays!
The turmoil of the day rests meditating
In the dark blue sultriness,
And the eternal feelings
What you yourself [unconsciously] ¹ ,
Step stealthily, big and quiet
From the tangle of fixed tracks,
from the unguarded breast,
Into the silent, wide circles.

Text by Joseph Karl Benedikt

Night Rider

If I don't ride a saddle horse, I don't need
any bridle,
Pick me the riding crop from the willow
tree!

At night when it is dark, it storms and
rages ,
Mine is the best horse that grazes the
meadows.

Rap, stretch out your hooves! fly like the
wind!
Carry me through storm and night to my
dearest child!

Know how that window rattles? do you
know how it is?
I'll jump in with my sweetheart, jump you
on the pasture!

Life is merry without reins and bits!
Birds picking cherries: who owns the
tree?

English Translation by Sydney Palomo

Night Thoughts

It robs thoughts
give me sleep, o mother,
come and wake me up
Come and go!

thoughts of sadness
Of happy days;

Aufdämmern die Plagen,
Die Freuden versanken.
Die Träume jagen
Vorüber, o Mutter,
Kommen und wecken mich,
Kommen und gehn.

the plagues dawn,
The joys sank.
Chasing the dreams
gone, o mother,
come and wake me up
Come and go.

Es wird mein Bette
Dem Kampf zur Wiege,
Dem bösen Kriege
Zur friedlosen Stätte,
Von Schatten ich liege
Geängstet, o Mutter,
Kommen und wecken mich,
Kommen und gehn!

It will be my bed
the struggle to the cradle,
The evil war
To the peaceless place
From shadows I lie
Afraid, O mother,
come and wake me up
Come and go!

Stets mir im Blicke
Die Thränen beben,
Beweinen mein Streben
Nach falschem Glücke.
Bald sterben, bald leben
Meine Qualen, o Mutter,
Kommen und wecken mich,
Kommen und gehn!

Always in my sight
the tears tremble,
Weep my pursuit
After false happiness.
Die soon, live soon
My torments, O mother,
come and wake me up
Come and go!

O Traum der Lust,
Bei dessen Scheiden
Erwacht das Leiden
Der wunden Brust!
Ins Leben schneiden
Die Qualen, o Mutter,
Kommen und wecken mich,
Kommen und gehn!

O dream of lust,
At its sheaths
Suffering awakens
The sore chest!
cut to life
The torments, O mother,
come and wake me up
Come and go!

Text by Paul Heyse

*English Translation by Sharon Krebs.
Courtesy of Lieder.net*

Witness

**Hall Johnson
(1888-1970)**

Hall Johnson, a highly regarded composer, arranger, and choral director, is known for championing African-American culture and promoting its prevalence in classical music. Johnson dedicated most of his career to interpreting and preserving African-American spirituals and songs through choral and vocal arrangements. "Witness" is one of Johnson's many arrangements, centered on the Christian belief of being Jesus Christ's witness- sharing the faith of God and setting a Christlike example.

Witness

Traditional

Oh, Lord, what manner of man is dis?
All nations in Him are blest,
All things are done by His will;
He spoke to de sea an' de sea stood still.

Now ain't dat a witness for my Lord?
My soul is a witness for my Lord.

Now dere was a man of de Pharersees,
His name was Nicodemus an' 'e didn' believe.
De same came to Chris' by night,
Wanted to be taught out o' human sight.
Nicodemus was a man desired to know
How a man kin be born when he is ol'.
Chris' tol' Nicodemus, as a frien',
"Man, you mus' be born again."
Said "Marvel not, man, ef you wanter be wise,
Repent, believe an' be baptize."

Den you'll be a witness for my Lord.
Soul is a witness for my Lord.

You read about Samson, from his birth,
Stronges' man dat ever lived on earth.
'Way back yonder in ancien times,
He killed ten thousan' of de Philistines.
Den ol' Samson went wand'rin' about;
Samson's strenth was never found out.
Till 'is wife sat upon 'is knees.
She said, "Tell me where yo' strength lies, ef you please."
Now Samson's wife, She talk so fair,
Samson said, "Cut off a my hair.
Shave my head jes' as clean as yo' hand'
an' my strength will 'come lak a natchul man.
Ol' Samson was a witness for my Lord.

Da's another witness.
Ma soul is a witness for my Lord!

Les Brigands from *Dernières Pensées*

Maria Malibran
(1808-1836)

Maria Malibran was a prolific Spanish composer, instrumentalist, and singer of the nineteenth century. Daughter of the esteemed vocal pedagogue and tenor Manuel Garcia, Malibran was known for her virtuosic vocal abilities and extreme range. The two often quarreled as they both had extroverted, dramatic personalities; her father, primarily, was known to be tyrannical and inflexible and often brought his daughter to tears during her lessons. Unfortunately, Malibran suffered a tragic horseback riding accident resulting in

her early death at the age of twenty-eight. *Dernières Pensées* was published posthumously, yet Malibran continues to gain recognition for her original, avant-garde techniques and compositional style as well as her intense personality.

Les Brigands

Les voici! Cachez vous!
Attendez mon signal c'est la!
Près du rocher pas
avant du silence!

On s'approche écoutes c'est le pas d'un
cheval
voyez lils sont à nous la mort et la
vengeance
nous donneront de l'or
entendez vous de l'or

Allons Pietro de l'or
Et puis ton mariage
ta Bianca qui t'aime
Angelo pour ta sœur
viens chercher des bijoux
pour prix de ton courage
Armez vos pistolets
les poignards droit au cœur
Du sang mais beaucoup d'or
Entendez vous de l'or

Poetry by F. Géraudi

The Bandits

Here they come! Hide yourself!
Wait for my signal. There!
Next to the rock
Wait and be quiet!

Someone is coming. Listen
It's the hoofbeats of a horse
Come on, we have them now
Death and vengeance
Will us gold
You understand? Gold.

Come on, Pietro, gold
For your marriage
To Bianca your sweetheart
Angelo, for your sister
Gather jewels
As a prize for your courage
Load your pistols
Your daggers straight to the heart
Blood but a lot of gold
You understand? Gold.

English translation by Bard Suverkrop

Madrid from Six Mélodies

**Pauline Viardot
(1821-1910)**

Daughter of Manuel Garcia and sister of Maria Malibran, Pauline Viardot-Garcia was a key musical figure in the nineteenth century. Although Viardot abided by the social expectations that required a woman to marry and have children, she did not allow the societal pressures to overshadow her musical output. The beginning of Viardot's career was primarily dedicated to her voice and operatic success, while her compositions and voice instruction marked her later years. Her art song "Madrid" is heavily influenced by the Spanish flamenco dance style, depicting her adoration for Spain through zestful and flirtatious musical qualities.

Madrid

Madrid, princesse des Espagnes,
Il court par tes mille campagnes
Bien des yeux bleus, bien des yeux noirs.
La blanche ville aux sérénades,
Il passe par tes promenades

Madrid

Madrid, Princess of Spanish lands,
Many blue eyes, many dark eyes
Can be seen on your thousand fields.
Many dainty feet tread each evening
Along the walks of your white town,

Bien des petits pieds tous les soirs.

Famed for its serenades.

Madrid, quand tes taureaux bondissent,
Bien des mains blanches applaudissent,
Bien des écharpes sont en jeux.
Par tes belles nuits étoilées,
Bien des señoras long voilées
Descendent tes escaliers bleus.

Madrid, when your bulls rampage,
Many a white hand applauds,
Many scarves are waved.
On your beautiful starry nights,
Many a señora with long veils
Descends your blue stairs.

Madrid, Madrid, moi, je me raille
De tes dames à fine taille
Qui chaussent l'escarpin étroit;
Car j'en sais une par le monde
Que jamais ni brune ni blonde
N'ont valu le bout de son doigt!

Madrid, Madrid, I mock
Your slim-waisted ladies
Who wear narrow dancing shoes;
For there's no brunette or blonde
In all the world who's worth the finger-
tips
Of a lady I know!

Car c'est ma princesse andalouse,
Mon amoureuse, ma jalouse !
Ma belle veuve au long réseau!
C'est un vrai démon, c'est un ange!
Elle est jaune, comme une orange,
Elle est vive comme l'oiseau!

For she is my Andalusian princess,
My lover, my jealous one!
My beautiful, well-connected widow!
She's a real demon, she's an angel!
She's as yellow as an orange,
She's as lively as a bird!

Or, si d'aventure on s'enquête
Qui m'a valu telle conquête,
C'est l'allure de mon cheval,
Un compliment sur sa mantille
Puis des bonbons à la vanille
Par un beau soir de carnaval.

Now, if by chance people wonder
How I achieved such a conquest,
I reply: because of my handsome horse,
The way I praised her mantilla,
The vanilla sweets I gave her

Poetry by Louis Charles Alfred de Musset English Translation by Richard Stokes

Ronde d'amour: Ah! Si l'amour prenait

**Cécile Chaminade
(1857-1944)**

Cécile Chaminade was a prolific French female composer of the nineteenth century. In spite of her success, Chaminade was continuously marginalized by the classical music world, often being criticized for not abiding by the sexual aesthetics of femininity. Her character and salon pieces were often coded as too “feminine” and thus dismissed, while her concert works were too “masculine.” In an interview with the Washington Post, Chaminade said:

“I do not believe that the few women who have achieved greatness in creative work are the exception, but I think that life has been hard on women. It has not given them opportunity, it has not made them convincing. A woman has not been considered a working force in the world, and the work that her sex and conditions impose upon her has not been so adjusted as to give her a little fuller scope for the development of her best self. She has been handicapped and only the few through force of circumstances or inherent strength have been able to get the better of that handicap. There is no sex and art. Genius is an independent quality. The woman of the future with her broader outlook, her greater opportunities will go far, I believe, in creative work of every description.”

**Ronde d'amour: Ah! Si l'amour
prenait**

Ah ! si l'amour prenait racine,
J'en planterais dans mon jardin
Pour que ma petite voisine,
Respirant la fleur assassine,
Sentît son coeur battre soudain.
Ah ! si l'amour prenait racine,
J'en planterais dans mon jardin.

J'en planterais le long des routes,
J'en mettrais pour tous et pour toutes,
J'en mettrais assez pour chacun,
Et je resterais aux écoutes,
Attendant qu'il passât quelqu'un.
Ah ! J'en planterais le long des routes,
J'en mettrais assez pour chacun.

Les garçons cueilleraient la plante,
Les filles souriraient mieux ;
Avec une douceur brûlante,
Les doigts unis, la voix tremblante,
Ils s'embrasseraient sur les yeux.
Les garçons cueilleraient la plante,
Les filles souriraient mieux.

Poetry by Charles Fuster

Round of Love

If love could take root,
I would plant it in my garden.
And my little neighbor,
smelling the dangerous flower,
would feel her heart beating suddenly.
Ah! If love could take root,
I would plant it in my garden.

I should plant it along the road
I'll put it there for men and for women.
I should put enough for everyone
And I will lie and wait
for someone to pass by!
I should plant it along the road
I shall put enough for everyone.

The boys would pick the plant
The girls would give their best smiles.
with a gentle passion.
Fingers would unite and voice tremble.
They would embrace with their eyes
The boys would pick the plant
The girls would give their best smiles.

English translation by Ann Marie Wilcox

The Miller's Son from *A Little Night Music*

**Stephen Sondheim
(1930-2021)**

Stephen Sondheim was a prolific musical theatre composer and lyricist of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries. Sondheim was an extremely significant figure in the musical theatre community, being credited with redefining American musical theatre through his clever and narratively driven lyrics. Furthermore, his ability to cross genres of classical music and musical theatre amounted to great success for musicals like *A Little Night Music*. The Miller's Son is a dreamy, zealous piece sung by Petra, Anne's maid and closest friend. Petra contemplates a future with a servant, a businessman, and the Prince of Wales. Petra accepts her fate that she will never marry above her station and resolves to "celebrate what passes by."

I shall marry the miller's son,
Pin my hat on a nice piece of property.
Friday nights, for a bit of fun,
We'll go dancing.
Meanwhile...

It's a wink and a wiggle and a giggle in the grass

And I'll trip the light fandango,
A pinch and a diddle in the middle of what passes by.

It's a very short road
From the pinch and the punch
To the paunch and the pouch
And the pension.

It's a very short road
To the ten thousandth lunch
And the belch and the grouch
And the sigh.

In the meanwhile,
There are mouths to be kissed
Before mouths to be fed,
And a lot in between
In the meanwhile.

And a girl ought to celebrate what passes by.

Or I shall marry the businessman,
Five fat babies and lots of security.
Friday nights, if we think we can,
We'll go dancing.
Meanwhile...

It's a push and a fumble and a tumble in the sheets
And I'll foot the highland fancy,
A dip in the butter and a flutter with what meets my eye.

It's a very short fetch
From the push and the whoop
To the squint and the stoop
And the mumble.

It's not much of a stretch
To the cribs and the croup
And the bosoms that droop
And go dry.

In the meanwhile,
There are mouths to be kissed
Before mouths to be fed,
And there's many a tryst
And there's many a bed
To be sampled and seen
In the meanwhile.

And a girl has to celebrate what passes by.

Or I shall marry the Prince of Wales,
Pearls and servants and dressing for festivals.
Friday nights, with him all in tails,
We'll have dancing.
Meanwhile...

It's a rip in the bustle and a rustle in the hay
 And I'll pitch the quick fantastic,
 With flings of confetti and my petticoats away up high.
 It's a very short way
 From the fling that's for fun
 To the thigh pressing un-
 Der the table.
 It's a very short day
 Till you're stuck with just one
 Or it has to be done
 On the sly.
 In the meanwhile,
 There are mouths to be kissed
 Before mouths to be fed,
 And there's many a tryst
 And there's many a bed,
 There's a lot I'll have missed
 But I'll not have been dead
 When I die!
 And a person should celebrate everything
 Passing by.

And I shall marry the miller's son...

Alma Mia

María Grever
(1885-1951)

María Grever is known for being the first Mexican woman composer to receive international recognition. Throughout her career, Grever accomplished significant success in the popular and classical music scenes. Her songs are based on Latin American folk rhythms and musical styles and were often characterized as romantic, luscious, emotional, and tuneful. Similar to Ethel Smyth, María Grever was passionate about fighting against the social standards limiting women to domesticity and compliance. In a time when women were meant to be modest, innocent, and chaste, Grever's music validated that women were capable and should be allowed to love and long outwardly.

Alma Mía

Alma mía sola
 Siempre sola
 Sin que nadie comprenda tu sufrimiento
 Tu horrible padecer

Fingiendo una existencia siempre llena
 De dicha y de placer

Si yo encontrara un alma como la mía
 Cuantas cosas secretas le contaría
 Un alma que al mirarme, sin decir nada
 Me lo dijese todo con la mirada

A soul like mine

Oh soul of mine, alone
 Always alone
 Without anyone to understand your
 suffering, your horrible aching

Faking an existence
 Of constant joy and pleasure

If I found a soul like mine
 Oh how many secret things would I tell it
 A soul that by just looking at me, without
 saying a word

	Would tell me everything with just one look
Un alma que embriagase con suave aliento Que al besarme sintiera lo que yo siento Y a veces me pregunto qué pasaría Si yo encontrara un alma como la mía	A soul that could intoxiate with a soft breath That with a kiss could feel what I feel And sometimes I wonder what would happen
Un alma que al mirarme, sin decir nada Me lo dijese todo con la mirada	If I found A soul like mine A soul that by just looking at me, without saying a word Would tell me everything with just one look
Un alma que embriagase con suave aliento Que al besarme sintiera lo que yo siento Y a veces me pregunto qué pasaría Si yo encontrara un alma como la mía	A soul that could intoxiate with a soft breath That with a kiss could feel what I feel And sometimes I wonder what would happen If I found a soul like mine

Translation by Sydney Palomo

Who Needs Love from *Ever After*

**Zina Goldrich
(b. 1964)**

Zina Goldrich is an American composer best known for her romantic, witty, and comedic compositions like “Altos Lament” and “Taylor the Latte Boy.” Based on the 1998 film, *Ever After*, Danielle de Barbarac- the Cinderella of this story- impersonates a noblewoman to free a fellow servant yet unintentionally catches the eye and heart of the Prince. In “Who Needs Love,” Danielle attempts to convince her parents that she is too occupied with her duties on the farm to pursue or accept love because it is just something else to lose.

Who needs love? Love is just distraction
Love is just a reason for forgetting all your cares
I ask you: who needs love?
Love brings satisfaction?
Loves another word for being bored in pairs
Who needs love?
Really when you think, I've got pigs to feed and there are dishes in the sink
And I've got bread to bake, and horse manure to shove
Really when you think about it, who needs love?

Who needs love? Love's for other people
All the other people who have nothing else to do
So they go two by two underneath the steeple
I would think about that twice if I were you

Why let go? Why surrender trust?
A knight in shining armor is just one more thing to dust
And I've got lots of dust, that needs disposing of
Really when you think about it, who needs love?

Love and its raging fire, and its wild desire, and its drunken haze
Love and its sweet embrace, and its joy and yearning
You can keep your joy and yearning, I've got porridge and it's burning

Who needs love? Who needs someone handsome?
Handsome, funny, brave, and smart, intelligent and kind
And brave and smart and kind...Did I mention handsome?
Fine, if he were handsome, then I wouldn't mind!
And if he should come knocking at my door,
Take me in his arms and make me learn what life is for,
And have the kind of soul that fits me like a glove...
Tell him thanks a lot but really, who needs love?

I suppose there are times when lying in a meadow
Swimming in the river, thoughts might cross my mind
Or maybe once in a while, when I'm simmering a stew
Or sewing up a curtain, or watching you

Who needs love? Love that lasts forever
Love that's real and meant to be, and passionate, and tall
I ask you: who needs love?
Me? Not now. Now ever
There are some, you know, who don't need love at all
Why spend time staring at the moon?
Dreaming of a person who might change your life, and soon
And if at times I wish on stars that shine above
Really when you think about it
Really when you think about it
Really when you think about it
Who needs love?