

Nannette Avendaño Rodriguez, mezzo-soprano
Luke Diamond, piano
Senior Recital
Saturday, April 17th, 2021, 3:00pm

“Quae moerebat et dolebat” from *Stabat Mater*
Giovanni Battista Pergolesi (1710-1736)¹

Stabat Mater was composed by Giovanni Battista Pergolesi for a Neapolitan confraternity, which was a Roman Catholic church in Rome, the same group that commissioned Alessandro Scarlatti's *Stabat Mater* in 1724². Pergolesi composed this sacred work during his final days in Pozzuoli, where he was suffering from tuberculosis. This work is divided into twelve movements and the music is structured similarly to Pergolesi's "Dies irae," which talks about the Last Judgment. However, "Quae moerebat et dolebat" is about Mary the mother of Jesus, and how she mourned seeing her beloved son die on the cross.

Quae moerebat et dolebat
Et tremebat cum videbat
Nati poenas incliti

She who grieved and suffered,
While she observed Her Son's
Well-known atonement

Quae moerebat et dolebat
Pia Mater dum videbat
Nati poenas incliti

She who grieved and suffered;
The mother of Piety, as she saw the pains
Of her divine Son

Translation by Hans van der Velden³

“Verdi prati, selve amene” from *Alcina*
George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)⁴

George Frideric Handel was born on February 23, 1685 in Brandenburg-Prussia. Handel was known for his operas, oratorios, anthems, and organ concertos.⁵ He also traveled to many countries such as France, Italy, and later England. As a result of this broad cultural exposure, his music was influenced by middle-German polyphonic choral tradition and Italian Baroque music style. Some of his notable works are "Messiah," "Water Music," and the opera *Alcina*. *Alcina* is a baroque opera whose story was taken from Ludovico Ariosto's *Orlando furioso*.⁶ This heroic

¹ [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stabat_Mater_\(Pergolesi\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stabat_Mater_(Pergolesi))

² <https://stabatmater.info>

³ www.emmanuelmusic.org/notes_translations/translations_other/t_pergolesi_stabat_mater

⁴ http://en.wikipedia.org/George_Frideric_Handel

⁵ <http://www.britannica.com/georgefriderichandel>

⁶ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Orlando_Furioso

tale is about a handsome knight named Ruggiero separated from his love Bradamante. After destroying Alcina's magic, the couple is reunited at last.

Verdi prati, selve amene,
perderete la beltà.
Vaghi fior, correnti rivi,
la vaghezza, la bellezza
presto in voi si cangerà.

Verdant meadows, groves enchanting,
all your beauty will decay.
Lovely flow'rs, swift-flowing rivers,
gracious smiling, heart beguiling,
Soon your charms will fade away!

Verdi prati, selve amene,
perderete la beltà.
E cangiato il vago oggetto
all'orror del primo aspetto
tutto in voi ritornerà.

Verdant meadows groves enchanting,
all your beauty will decay.
To sad change the fair scene's fated,
like the earth when first created,
yet `twill all return someday!

Translation by Aldo Boninsegna⁷

“When I am laid in earth” from *Dido and Aeneas* Henry Purcell (1659-1695)⁸

“When I am laid in earth” also known as “Dido's Lament” was composed in 1688 by Henry Purcell. This English aria is from the opera *Dido and Aeneas*⁹, which is based on Book IV of Virgil's *Aeneid*. The story tells of Dido, the Queen of Carthage and the hero, a Trojan Prince named Aeneas who fall madly in love. However, a Sorceress plots Dido's destruction and joins with an Enchantress to conjure a storm and impersonate Mercury, the messenger god. Mercury persuades Aeneas to leave Dido and sail for Italy. Dido is devastated to hear about Aeneas leaving her and decides to take her life, but first, she must apologize to her sister Belinda.

Thy hand, Belinda; darkness shades me,
On thy bosom let me rest,
More I would, but Death invades me;
Death is now a welcome guest.

When I am laid in earth,
May my wrongs create
No trouble in thy breast;

⁷ <http://www.opera-arias.com/handel/alcina/verdi-prati/>

⁸ <https://www.britannica.com/biography/Henry-Purcell>

⁹ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dido_Aeneas

Remember me, but ah! Forget my fate.

**“Non so più, cosa son” from *Le nozze di Figaro*
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)¹⁰**

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart is one of the most influential composers of the classical period and arguably of all time, originally from Salzburg, Austria. He started composing his first works at the age of 5. Later at the age of 17 he became an employee at the court of Salzburg. In time he moved to Vienna where most of his greatest compositions were created. What is seen as one of his greatest accomplishments is the opera *Le nozze di Figaro*.¹¹ In this four-act opera, a servant girl named Susanna and her husband Figaro live with Count Almaviva, who tries to seduce Susanna even though he is married to the Countess Rosina. The Count has a godson named Cherubino, who secretly has a crush on the Countess. Cherubino talks to Susanna about this forbidden love and sings a song “*Non so più, cosa son,*” in which he professes his love for the Countess.

Non so piu cosa son, cosa faccio,
Or di foco, ora sono di ghiaccio,
Ogni donna cangiar di colore,
Ogni donna mi fa palpitar.
Solo ai nomi d'amor, di diletto,
Mi si turba, mi s'altera il petto,
E a parlare mi sforza d'amore
Un desio ch'io non posso spiegar.

I don't know any more what I am,
Now I'm fire, now I'm ice,
Any woman makes me change color,
Any woman makes me quiver.
At just the names of love, of pleasure,
My breast is stirred up and changed,
And a desire I can't explain
Forces me to speak of love.

Parlo d'amore vegliando,
Parlo d'amor sognando,
All'acqua, all'ombra, ai monti,
Ai fiori, all'erbe, ai fonti,
All'eco, all'aria, ai vent,
Che il suon de'vani accenti
Portano via con se.
E se non ho chi m'oda,
Parlo d'amor con me!

I speak of love while awake,
I speak of love while dreaming,
To the water, the shade, the hills,
The flowers, the grass, the fountains,
The echo, the air, and the winds
Which carry away with them
The sound of my vain words.
And if there's nobody to hear me,
I speak of love to myself!

Translation by Aaron Green¹²

¹⁰ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Wolfgang_Amadeas_Mozart

¹¹ <http://www.biography.com/wolfgangamadeasm Mozart>

¹² <https://www.toddtarantino.com>

“Noche Hermosa” from *Katiuska*

Pablo Sorozábal (1897-1988)¹³

During the 1930s in Spain, there was a style known as the *zarzuela*. A *zarzuela*¹⁴ is a Spanish genre that uses spoken and sung texts alongside elements of dance. This popular genre paved the way for the Spanish composer Pablo Sorozábal to create *Katiuska*, one of the most influential zarzuelas of the time. *Katiuska* takes place in Ukraine and has Russian cultural references. It is believed Sorozábal created this opera to cater to the large population of Russians that immigrated to Spain in the 1930s.¹⁵ The plot of the story is about a Red Commissar who is torn between an unrequited love and his Bolshevik duties. One of the most notorious songs from *Katiuska* “Noche Hermosa” is about a woman longing to see the love of her life and she asks the moon to take care of him and bring him back to her.

Noche hermosa de jazmines perfumada Dile al eco que repita mis palabras Noche hermosa que de luna estás nevadan	Beautiful night, perfumed with jasmine Give me an echo to repeat my words Beautiful night that the moon whitens like snow,
Lleva lejos piano, piano esta triste cancion Dile que vulva pronto, dile Que mi amor le aguarda Dile, dile que la esencia es pena, pena que me mata	Carry far away, softly, softly, this sad song Tell him to return soon, Tell him that my love wait for him, Tell him, tell him that his absence is a torment that kills me;
Dile que vuelva pronto, pronto porque me muero si tarda Noche hermosa de jazmines perfumada Dile al eco que repita mis palabras	Tell him to return soon, soon because I will die if he delays Beautiful night, perfumed with jasmine, Give me an echo to repeat my words
Noche hermosa que de luna estás nevada Lleva lejos piano, piano Mi cancion de enamorada Lleva lejos piano, piano	Beautiful night that the moon whitens like snow, Carry far away, softly, softly, My song for love, Carry far away, softly, softly,

¹³ <https://www.zarzuela.net/com/sorozabal.htm>

¹⁴ <https://www.hallenord.com/product/viewproduct.action>

¹⁵ <https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/zarzuela>

el secreto de mi alma
de amor.

the secret of my soul
of love.

Text by Enrique Mejias Gracia

Translation by Christopher Webber¹⁶

**“La canción del olvido” from *La canción del olvido*
José Serrano (1873-1941)¹⁷**

José Serrano was a Spanish composer of the *género chico*, which is a subgenre of *zarzuela*. *Zarzuelas* are short plays with music that were meant to entertain the audience. Some *zarzuelas* of the *género chico* were, “*El Maestro de baile*,” “*Una Vieja*,” and “*El grumento*” all composed by Serrano.¹⁸ In the 19th century, the demand for short *zarzuelas* was increasing, and that is when Serrano became well known. Serrano composed thirty-seven *zarzuelas* and joined with his literary partners Federico Romero and Guillermo Fernández Shaw to create *La canción del olvido*,¹⁹ which premiered in El Teatre de la Zarzuela in Madrid. This fictitious story is set in an imaginary city of the Kingdom of Naples during the 19th century. It is a renaissance romance about a beautiful princess named Rosina who is in love with Captain Leonello who, in turn, is in love with the *cortesana* Flora. The princess begins to sing from her window to the captain who is outside and makes him fall in love with her beautiful voice.

Marinela, Marinela,
con su triste cantinela
Se Consuela
de un olvido maldecido
Mari, Marinela.
Campesina, campesina
como errante golondrina
Cantarina, vas en busca del amor.
pobre golondrina
Que al azar camina
tras un sueños engañador.

Marinela, Marinela,
with her sad ballad
Consoles herself
for being wickedly forgotten.
Mari, Marinela...
Farmgirl, farmgirl, like a
wandering swallow.
Always singing, seeking love
poor swallow.
Aimlessly roaming
after a deceiving dream!

El aire murmura en mi oído
Dulces cantares
que en nuestros labios

The air whispers in my ear
Sweet songs
which it caught

¹⁶ <https://www.halleonard.com/product/viewproduct.action>

¹⁷ <https://www.musicroom.com/product/musmuv15368/jose-serrano>

¹⁸ <https://www.google.com/search?q=siempre+zarzuelas&ei=0NZXOq>

¹⁹ <https://www.zarzuela.net/com/sorozabal.htm>

Ha sorprendido
en noches lejanas de amor.
Cantares de tiempos mejores,
Cantares risueños
que huelen a flores
y alientan ensueños de amores.
Marinela, con su cantinela
busca olvido a su dolor.
Pobre Marinela,
Ese bien que anhela,
no la da ese amor..

On our light
in distant nights of love.
Songs of better times,
Cheerful songs
scented with flowers
and evoking dreams of love.
Marinela, with her ballad
seeks to forget her sorrow
Poor Marinela,
The happiness she craves,
does not bring her love.

Text by Enrique Mejias Garcia

Translations by Christopher Webber²⁰

Chansons françaises

Gabriel Faure was known for being one of the most influential musicians of the 20th century. He began his career as an organist and attended Ecole Niedermeyer music college in Paris. He studied under Camille Saint-Saëns among others during his musical career.²¹ Faure was known for composing *mélodies* and song cycles, but he also composed musical works for orchestra, chamber ensembles, and piano. Some of his best-known pieces are "Après un rêve," "Clair de lune," "Pavane pour une infante défunte," Requiem, nocturnes for piano and "Quatre mélodies op.39".²² Another well-known composer of the 19th century who was popular for creating songs with soaring vocal lines was Francesco Paolo Tosti. Although most of his songs are in Italian, he also composed some to French texts, such as the "Chanson de l'adieu" from the poet Edmond Haraucourt.

"Aurore" from op. 39, no. 1 Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)²³

Des jardins de la nuit s'envolent les étoiles,
Abeilles d'or qu'attire un invisible miel,
et l'aube, au loin tendant
la candeur de ses toiles,
Trame de fils d'argent le manteau
bleu du ciel.

The stars fly away from gardens of night,
Golden bees attracted by invisible,
honey, and the distant
dawn stretches her bright,
Weaving silver threads into
the blue cloak.

²⁰ <https://www.halleonard.com/product/viewproduct.action>

²¹ <https://www.wikipedia.com/gabielfaure>

²² <https://www.classicfm.com>

²³ <https://www.britannica.com/biography/Gabriel-Faure>

Du jardin de mon coeur qu'un rêve lent enivre
S'envolent mes désirs sur les pas du matin,
comme un essaim léger qu'à
l'horizon de cuivre, appelle
un chant plaintif, éternel et
lointain.

Ils volent à tes pieds, astres chassés des nues,
Exilés du ciel d'or où fleurit ta beauté
Et, cherchant jusqu'à toi
des routes inconnues,
mêlent au jour naissant leur
mourante clarté.

**“Fleur jetée” from op. 39, no. 2
Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)**

Emporte ma folie, au gré du vent,
fleur en chantant cueillie,
et jetée en rêvant,
Emporte ma folie, au gré du vent:

Comme la fleur fauchée, périt l'amour: la
main qui t'a touché, fuit ma main sans retour.
Comme la fleur fauchée, périt l'amour.

Que le vent qui te sèche,
o pauvre fleur, tout à l'heure si
fraîche, et demain sans couleur,
que le vent qui te sèche,
sèche mon coeur!

My desires fly off at morning's approach
From the dream-drunk garden of my
heart a wafting swarm towards
the copper, horizon called
by a plaintive, eternal, faraway
song.

They fly to your feet, chased by stars,
Exiles of the gold your beauty blooms
And seeking uncharted roads to
travel to where you are, they
mingle their dying light with the
the awakening day.

Translation by Peter Low²⁴

Carry off my folly at the whim of the wind,
oh flower, picked with a song
and thrown away dreaming,
Carry off my folly at the whim of the wind.

Like flowers cut down, love dies. The
hand that once touched yours shuns me.
Like flowers cut down, love dies.

Like the wind that withers, you
poor flower a moment ago
fresh, and tomorrow faded let
the wind that withers you,
poor flower, Wither my heart!

Translation by Peter Low

²⁴ https://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?Textd=15016

**“Les roses d'Ispahan” from op. 39, no. 4
Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)**

Les roses d'Ispahan dans
leur gaine de mousse,
Les jasmins de Mossoul, les
fleurs de l'oranger
ont un parfum moins frais,
ont une odeur moins douce,
Ô blanche Leïlah! que ton souffle léger.
Ta lèvre est de corail, et ton rire léger
Sonne mieux que l'eau vive
et d'une voix plus douce,
Mieux que le vent joyeux
qui berce l'oranger,
mieux que l'oiseau qui chante
au bord d'un nid de mousse ...

Ô Leïlah! depuis que de leur vol léger.
Tous les baisers ont fui
de ta lèvre si douce,
Il n'est plus de parfum dans le pâle oranger,
Ni de céleste arôme aux roses dans leur mousse ...
Oh! que ton jeune amour,
ce papillon léger,
Revienne vers mon cœur d'une
aile prompte et douce,
et qu'il parfume encor les fleurs de l'oranger
les roses d'Ispahan dans leur
gaine de mousse!

The roses of Ispahan in
their sheath of moss,
The jasmines of Mosul,
orange tree flowers
Have a fragrance less fresh
and a scent less sweet,
O pale Leilah, then your soft breath.
Your lips of coral and your light laughter
Rings brighter and sweeter
than running water,
Lovelier than the blithe wind
rocking orange-tree boughs,
than the singing birds
by its mossy nest...

O Leilah, ever since on light wings
All kisses have flown
from your sweet lips,
The pale orange-tree fragrance is spent,
The heavenly scent of moss-clad roses
Oh! May your young love,
that airy butterfly,
Return swiftly and gently
to my heart, the scent
and return again to the orange blossom,
the roses of Ispahan in their
mossy sheath!

Translation by Richard Stokes²⁵

²⁵ <https://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk/song/54>

**“Chanson de l’adieu” from Deux Chansons
Francisco Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)²⁶**

Partir, c'est mourir un peu,
c'est mourir à ce qu'on aime:
On laisse un peu de soi-même
en toute heure et dans tout lieu.

C'est toujours le deuil d'un vœu,
le dernier vers d'un poème;
Partir, c'est mourir un peu,
C'est mourir à ce qu'on aime.

Et l'on part, et c'est un jeu,
et jusqu'à l'adieu supreme
C'est son âme que l'on sème,
que l'on sème en chaque adieu:
Partir, c'est mourir un peu.

Text by Edmond Haraucourt

To part, is to die a little,
dying to the things we love:
We leave a little of ourselves
in each hour and each place.

Always the grieving of a wish
the closing verse of a poem;
To part, is to die a little,
Dying to the things we love.

And in parting, just a game,
yet until the final goodbye
With our souls, we leave
our marks at each farewell:
To part, is to die a little.

Translation by Thomas Ang²⁷

German Lieder

*Lieder und Gesänge*²⁸ Vol.1 by Gustav Mahler was composed between 1880 and 1889 and published in 1892. The collection is made up of fourteen songs divided into three volumes, *Lieder und Gesänge* Vol. 1, *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* Vol.2, and *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* Vol. 3. The lyrics and title of the second and third collections are influenced by *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*²⁹, which is a collection of German folk poems. The book contains some children`s songs, as well as poems on themes of love, war, and wandering. The first volume, *Lieder und Gesänge*, has works by multiple poets, such as Richard Leander, Ludwing Braunfels and Mahler himself. Mahler wrote the poetry for “Hans und Grete”, but it is not the classic story from Grimm's fairy tales. The poetry tells how young Hans finds his sweetheart Gretchen at a village dance. Another famous song of the first set is “Phantasie aus Don Juan,” with lyrics by Ludwing

²⁶ www.istitutonazionaletostiano.it/en/francesco-paolo-tosti/

²⁷ https://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId-49269

²⁸ [https://www.en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lieder_und_Gesange_\(Mahler\)](https://www.en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lieder_und_Gesange_(Mahler))

²⁹ <https://www.britannica.com/desknabenwunderhorn>

Braunfels. This song refers to the infamous story of *Don Juan* from the larger work *El Burlador de Sevilla*³⁰ by Tirso de Molina.

**“Hans und Grete” from *Lieder und Gesänge Vol.1*
Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)³¹**

Ringel, ringel Reih`n!
Wer fröhlich ist, der schlinge
Sich ein wer Sorgen hat, lass`
Sie Daheim!
Wer ein liebes Liebchen küßt,
Wie glücklich der ist!
Ei, Hänsel, du hast ja kein`s!
So suche dir ein`s! Ein libes
liebchen, das ist was Fein`s.
Juchhe! Juchhe!

Ringel, ringel Reih`n!
Ei, Gretchen, was stehst den so allein?
Guckst doch hinüber zum Hänselein!?
Und ist doch der Mai so grün?
Und die Lüfte, sie zieh`n!
Ei, seht doch den dummen Hans! Wie
er rennet zum Tanz! Er
suchte ein Liebchen, Juchhe!
fand`s! Juchhe!
Ringel, ringel Reih`n!

Text by Gustav Mahler

Ring-a-ring, dance in a ring!
Whoever is happy, let him join in!
Whoever has troubles, let him
Leave them at home!
Whoever kisses a sweetheart!
How lucky he is!
Why Hans, you haven`t got one!
So, look for one! A loving
sweetheart is wonderful.
Hurray! Hurray!

Ring-a-ring, dance in a ring!
But Grete, why are you all alone?
Yet you`re glancing at Hans there?
And the month of May is so green!
And the breezes are blowing!
Oh, just look at foolish Hans! How
he rushes to the dance! He was
looking for a sweetheart, Hurray! Er
he has found one! Sing-hey!
Ring-a-ring, dance in a ring!

Translation by Richard Stokes³²

**“Phantasie aus Don Juan” from *Lieder und Gesänge Vol.1*
Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)**

Das Mägdlein trat aus

The maiden stepped out of

³⁰ <https://www.spainthenandnow.com>

³¹ <https://www.britannica.com/biography/Gustav-Mahler>

³² <https://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk/song/1978>

dem Fischerhaus, die
Netze warf sie ins Meer hinaus! Und
wenn kein Fisch in das Netz ihr ging,
Die Fischerin doch die Herzen fing!

Die Winde streifen so kühl umher,
Erzählen leis' eine alte Mär!
Die See erglühet im Abendrot,
die Fischerin fühlt nicht Liebesnot
Im Herzen! Im Herzen!

Text by Ludwing Braunfels

the fisherman`s hut, and
Cast her nets out into sea! And
even if no fish entered the net,
Fisher girl yet trapped some hearts!

The winds blow so coolly about,
Softly telling an old folktale!
The sea gleams in the dusk,
the fisher girl doesn` t feel love
In her heart! In her heart!

Translation by Richard Stokes³³

English melodies

*Old American Songs*³⁴ is a collection of art songs by the American composer Aaron Copland, written between 1950 and 1952. They have been performed by such noted singers as Marilyn Horne, Sherill Milnes, Thomas Hampson, Bryn Terfel, and Thomas Quasthoff. There are ten art songs in Aaron Copland's collection of *Old American Songs*. Four songs that are in that collection, "Long Time Ago," "The Little Horses," "At the River," and "Ching-a-Ring Chaw" use folk song texts. The song "Ching-a-Ring Chaw" was meant for minstrel shows in the early 19th century, a theatrical art form, which depicted African American lives. The text was very controversial and had to be rewritten. In his memoirs, Copland suggests that critics who compared his music to that of Charles Ives, Gustav Mahler, and Gabriel Fauré, were mistaken.

"Long Time Ago" from *Old American Songs*, Vol. 1, no.3 Aaron Copland (1900-1990)³⁵

On the lake where droop`d the willow
long time ago,
Where the rock threw back the billow
brighter than snow.
Dwelt a maid beloved and cherish`d
by high and low,

³³ <https://www.lieder.net/gustavmahler>

³⁴ <https://www.aaroncopland.com/works/old-american-songs-set-i/>

³⁵ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Old_American_Songs

but with autumn leaf she perished
long time ago.

Rock and tree and flowing water
long time ago,
bird and bee and blossom taught her
love`s spell to know.
While to my fond words she listen`d
murmuring low,
tenderly her blue eyes glisten`d
long time ago.

Text by George Pope Morris³⁶

**“The Little Horses” from Old American Songs Vol. II, no.1
Aaron Copland (1900-1990)**

Hush you bye,
don`t you cry,
go to sleepy little baby.
When you wake,
you shall have,
all the pretty little horses.
Blacks and bays,
dapples and grays,
coach and six-a little horses.

Hush you bye,
don`t you cry,
go to sleepy little baby.
Hush you bye,
don`t you cry,
go to sleepy little baby.
When you wake,
you`ll have sweet cake and

All the pretty little horses.

³⁶ https://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?Textd=22907

A brown and gray and
a black and a bay and a
coach and six-a little horses.
Hush you bye,
don`t you cry,
Oh you pretty little baby.
Go to sleepy little baby.
Oh you pretty little baby.

Text by John A. and Alan Lomax³⁷

**“At the River” from Old American Songs, Vol. II, no.4
Aaron Copland (1900-1990)**

Shall we gather by the river,
where bright angel`s feet have trod,
with its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

Yes, we`ll gather by the river,
the beautiful, the beautiful river,
gather with the saints by the river
That flows by the throne of God.

Ere we reach the shining river
lay we every burden down,
praise our spirits will deliver
and provide our robe and crown.

Yes, we`ll gather at the river.
The beautiful, the beautiful, river.
Gather with the saints at the river,
that flows by the throne of God.

Soon we`ll reach the shining river,
sour pilgrimage will cease,
soon our happy hearts will quiver

³⁷ https://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?Textd=25708

with the melody of peace.

Yes, we`ll gather by the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
gather with the saints by the river
that flows by the throne of God.

Text by Robert Lowry³⁸

**“Ching-A-Ring Chaw” from Old American Songs, Vol. II, no.5
Aaron Copland (1900-1990)**

Ching-a-ring-a ring ching ching,
hoa dinga ding kum larkee,
ching-a-ring-a ring ching ching,
hoa ding kum larkee.

Brothers gather round,
listen to this story,
`bout the promised land,
an` the promised glory.

You don` need to fear,
if you have no money,
you don` need none there,
to buy you milk and honey.

There you`ll ride in style,
coach with four white horses,
there the evenin` meal,
has one two three four courses.

Nights we all will dance
to the harp and fiddle,
waltz and jig and prance,
“Cast off down the middle!”

³⁸ https://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?Textd=25706

When the mornin` come,
all in grand and splendor,
stand out in the sun,
and hear the holy thunder.

Brothers hear me out,
the promised land`s a-comin`
dance and sing and shout,
I hear them harps a-strummin`.

Text by Peter Halverson³⁹

**“Song of Black Max” from *Cabaret Songs Vol.1*
William Bolcom (1938-present)⁴⁰**

William Bolcom is an American composer and pianist who has won the Pulitzer Prize, the National Medal of Arts, a Grammy Award, the Detroit Music Award and Composer of the Year 2007. ⁴¹A very accomplished individual, Bolcom has composed chamber, operatic, vocal, choral, cabaret, ragtime, and symphonic music. Cabarets⁴² are theatrical performances that contain songs, dance, and drama. They became popular in France in the fifteenth century but grew in popularity in America in the twentieth century. William Bolcom wrote several sets of cabaret songs, one of which is the “Song of Black Max”. “Song of Black Max”⁴³ is a song set in the Netherlands in the city of Rotterdam. Black Max seems to be a *Don Juan* character who lures women in and makes them fall for him for the night, after which he disappears into the shadows.

He was always dressed in black
long black jacket, broad black hat.
Sometimes a cape
and as thin, and as thin as rubber tape:
Black Max
He would raise that big black hat.
To the big shots of the town
Who raised their hats right back
never knew they were bowing to.
Black Max

³⁹ https://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?Textd=31257

⁴⁰ <https://songofamerica.net/song/cabaret-songs/>

⁴¹ https://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?Textd=31257

⁴² https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/William_Bolcom

⁴³ <https://www.blog.nyfos.org>

I'm talking about night in Rotterdam.
When the right night people of all the town
would find what they could.
In the night neighborhood of
Black Max
There were women in the windows
with bodies for sale
Dressed in curls like little girls
in little dollhouse jails
When the women walked the street
with the beds upon their backs.
Who was lifting up his brim to them?
Black Max!

Text by Arnold Winstein & William Bolcom⁴⁴

⁴⁴ <https://genius.com/William-bolcom-song-of-black-max-as-told-by-the-de-kooning>