

4-13-2014

## Senior Recital

Cristiana Franzetti  
*Chapman University*

Janet Kao  
*Chapman University*

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CHAPMAN UNIVERSITY

*Hall-Musco*  
*Conservatory of Music*

*presents a*

Senior Recital

Cristiana Franzetti, soprano

Janet Kao, piano

*with*

Sean Atkinson, lute  
Elliott Wolff, baritone

April 13, 2014 ▪ 2:00 P.M.

Salmon Recital Hall

## Program

I

A Chantar

Comtessa de Dia  
(fl. c. 1175)

Cessés mortels de soupirer

Pierre Guédron  
(1570-1620)

Ballade

André Grétry  
(1741-1813)

Au printemps

Charles Gounod  
(1818-1893)

Nuit d'été

Jacques Leguerney  
(1906-1997)

II

Die Nacht

Richard Strauss  
(1864-1949)

Ständchen

Ich trage meine Minne

III

Monica's Waltz from *The Medium*

Gian Carlo Menotti  
(1911-2007)

~Intermission~

IV

Là ci darem la mano  
Batti, batti, o bel Masetto  
from *Don Giovanni*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

V

Youkali

Kurt Weill  
(1900-1950)

Malena

Lucio Demare  
(1906-1974)

Coyotes

Ricky Ian Gordon  
(b. 1956)

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music in  
Vocal Performance and Bachelor of Music in Music Education degrees.  
Cristiana Franzetti is a student of Margaret Dehning.*

*The Senior Recital*  
*of*  
*Cristiana Franzetti*



*Program Notes*

*April 13, 2014*

*Chapman University*



## French Song Throughout Time

In this set, I hope to take you on a journey as we explore the genre of French song throughout time. There are six different periods we use to classify music: Medieval, Renaissance, Baroque, Classical, Romantic and Modern. The following pieces have been chosen to represent these time periods.

“A Chantar,” is from the Medieval time period. Until this point in time, music was only written to glorify God. Troubadores and Trouveres were the first to formally write secular pieces, which told stories of courtly love. The poetry in these pieces is as important, if not more important, than the music itself, so the focus of the performance is placed on story-telling rather than showing off the voice. Because of this, the range is limited and the melody is simple and repeated.

We do not have recordings from this period to listen to, but there is a general consensus that the music was sung with little or no vibrato. It is also assumed that the performer would take liberties with the rhythm as well as improvising on the melody line making each performance unique. There is further debate over what instrumentation was used to accompany these singers, if any. No matter how they were performed, these songs were the first steps towards the modern art song. (Karp; Cheyette & Switten)

“Cesses mortels de soupirer” is a Renaissance piece written for lute and voice. Music writing at this time became more formal. Accompaniments and rhythmic patterns were being written as opposed to being improvised. Simple, repeated melody lines were still in style, however, it became popular to add more ornamentations for every verse sung. In this piece, notice how even though the verses are the same, they sound dramatically different because of the added ornaments.

During the Classical period, opera became the primary genre of music. The “Ballade” is from Grétry’s opera, *Richard Coeur-de-lion*. He wrote his operas in the Italian style, which was flourishing during this period. In this style, the melodic material was more important than harmony. It was this aspect that helped to advance his career. He was one of the most famous French composers at the time and he even won the attention of Marie Antoinette, who appointed him music director of the court when she became queen. One important thing to listen for in this piece as opposed to the prior two is the new tonal system! (Charlton)

Art songs from the Romantic Period became free from the strict rules of the Classical Period. Harmonies and accompaniment parts became more complex and traditional forms were being expanded and broken. Since composers of the time were looking back on history for inspiration, it came back in style to focus on the poetry as well as the music. Because of this, singers pay attention to word stress and take liberties with the music so it suits the poetry. Listen for these qualities in Gounod’s *Au Printemps*.

Leguerney is considered a transitional composer between the Romantic Period and the Modern Era. In this time period, composers felt that in order to fully express themselves, they needed more liberty than the current forms, harmonies, and text setting allowed for. Because of this, many of these composers started to abandon form altogether and started writing abstract harmonic changes. “Nuit d’ete” has no form, but is instead structured by using distinct musical material to exemplify each stanza of text. The piece goes through several keys and pushes the boundaries on tonality with its chromatic nature.

### **A Chantar**

A chantar m'er de so qu'ieu non volria,  
Tant me rancur de lui cui sui amia,  
Car ieu l'am mais que nuilla ren que sia:  
Vas lui no.m val merces ni cortesia  
Ni ma beltatz ni mos pretz ni mos sens,  
C'atressi.m sui enganad'etrahia  
Com degr'esser, s'ieu fos desavinens.

Translation by Fredric L. Cheyette & Margaret Switten

### **Cessés mortels de soupirer**

Cessés mortels de soupirer,  
Cette beauté n'est pas mortelle;  
Il est permis de l'adorer,  
Mais non pas d'estre amoureux d'elle.  
Les Dieux tant seulement  
Peuvent aymer si hautement.

Bref ces divines qualités  
Dont le ciel orna sa naissance,  
Deffendent mesme aux déités,  
Non de l'aymer, mais l'espérance  
D'obtenir en l'aymant  
Sinon qu'un glorieux tourment.

Translation by Barbara Hollinshead and Howard Bass

### **Ballade**

Libretto by Michael-Jean Sedaine

La danse n'est pas ce que j'aime,  
Mais c'est la fille à Nicolas;  
Lorsque je la tiens par le bras,  
Alors, mon plaisir est extrême,  
Je la presse contre moi-même;  
Et puis nous nous parlons tout bas.  
Que je vous plains ! Vous ne la verrez pas.

Qu'elle est gentille, ma bergère,  
Quand elle court dans le vallon!  
Oh ! c'est vraiment un papillon!  
Ses pieds ne touchent pas à terre;  
Je l'attrape, quoique légère;  
Et puis nous nous parlons tout bas.  
Que je vous plains ! Vous ne la verrez pas.

### **To Sing**

I am obliged to sing of that which I would not,  
So bitter am I over the one whose love I am,  
For I love him more than anything;  
With him mercy and courtliness are of no avail  
Not my beauty, nor my merit nor my good sense,  
For I am deceived and betrayed  
Exactly as I should be, if I were ungracious.

### **Cease Mortals to Sigh**

Cease mortals to sigh,  
This beauty is not mortal,  
It is permissible to love her,  
But you cannot be in love with her.  
Only the gods  
Can love so exaltedly.

In fact, these divine qualities  
With which heaven adorned her birth,  
Forbid even to the gods,  
Not to love her, but to hope  
To obtain through loving her  
Anything but a glorious torment.

### **Ballad**

The dance is not what I like,  
But this is the girl Nicolas;  
When I hold her in my arms,  
My pleasure is extreme,  
I press her against myself;  
And then we speak softly.  
I pity you! You do not see it.

She's nice, my shepherdess,  
When she runs in the valley!  
Oh! she really is a butterfly!  
Her feet do not touch the ground;  
I can catch her though;  
And then we speak softly.  
I pity you! You do not see it.

**Au Printemps**  
Poetry by Paul Jules Barbier

Le printemps chasse les hivers,  
Et sourit dans les arbres verts;  
Sous la feuille nouvelle  
Passent des bruits d'aile!  
Viens, suivons les sentiers ombreux,  
Où s'égarèrent les amoureux;  
Le printemps nous appelle,  
Viens, soyons heureux.

Vois le soleil étincelle  
Et sa clarté qui ruiselle  
Me semble encor plus belle  
Dans tes beaux yeux!

Que ta voix chante et se mêle  
A l'harmonie éternelle;  
Je crois entendre en elle  
Chanter les cieux.

Translation by Eric Bibby

**Nuit d'été**  
Poetry by Albert Samain

Lune de cuivre - Parfums lourds...  
Comme des lampes sous un dôme,  
Les astres luisent, l'heure embaume;  
Des fleurs dorment dans le velours.

L'âme en langueur des jardins sourds  
Exhale d'étouffants arômes.  
L'eau des porphyres polychromes  
Dans les bassins pleure toujours.

Nulle ombre de feuille qui bouge...  
Seule, ta lèvre éclate, rouge,  
A la flamme du haut flambeau;

Et tu sembles, dans l'air nocturne,  
Dure et fatale comme l'urne  
Impénétrable d'un tombeau.

Translation by Mary Dibbern

**In Spring**

Spring chases winters,  
And smiles among the green trees;  
Under the new leaf  
Pass by the sounds of wings!  
Come, follow the shady paths,  
Where lovers wander;  
Spring calls to us,  
Come, let us be happy.

See the sun gleaming  
And its streaming light  
Appears to me even more beautiful  
In your lovely eyes!

Let your voice sing and blend  
With eternal harmony;  
I think I hear in it  
The Heavens singing.

**Summer Night**

Copper moon - heavy scents...  
Like lamps under a dome,  
The stars glow, the moment is fragrant;  
Flowers sleep in velvet.

The languid soul of the silent gardens  
Exhales stifling fragrances.  
The water of the polychromatic porphyry  
In the ponds still laments.

Not a shadow of a leaf moves...  
Alone, your lips sparkle, red,  
With the flame of the high torch

And you seem, in the nocturnal air,  
Unyielding and deadly as the urn  
Impenetrable of a tomb.



### Three pieces by Richard Strauss

Richard Strauss went through several stages in his compositional career. His first compositions were written in the classic style of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Chopin, and Schubert. Later, he began to imitate the new harmonies found in the music of Liszt, Brahms, and Wagner. In order to realize his own musical philosophies, he studied the works of several great composers, learn their ways, and then learn how to break from them.

It was the winter of 1883 that really shifted his career. Strauss traveled to Berlin and went to every concert, opera, and art gallery that he could. By listening to the new great works that were being composed, he began to question the need for strict counterpoint and he started to break from traditional forms. It was during this that he wrote "Die Nacht" and "Standchen." Strauss's writing style for these two pieces are very similar even though they have a completely different sound and opposite emotions. In both, Strauss writes a musical idea, repeats it, and then builds to a climactic section using tension-building harmonies to support a climbing melody line. He finishes both pieces with a postlude that leaves the audience with a sense of closure.

In the years 1894 through 1902, Strauss composed sixty-three songs. Many of these were written for his new wife, Pauline. He wrote these songs spontaneously based on poetic inspiration. He would write songs in as little as ten minutes; there are even records of him writing songs in the amount of time it took his wife to get ready to go on an outing. Strauss wrote "Ich Trage Meine Minne" during these years. Even though it has a traditional ABA form, the complex harmony in the B section exemplifies the experimentation that Strauss was going through in this period. It was at this time that we start to see Strauss writing in a style of his own rather than imitating that of his contemporaries. (Del Mar; Jefferson; Schuh)

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Die Nacht</b> Poetry by Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>The Night</b></p>
<p>Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht, Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise, Schaut sich um [im weitem]<sup>2</sup> Kreise, Nun gib acht.</p>	<p>Night steps out of the woods, And sneaks softly out of the trees, Looks about in a wide circle, Now beware.</p>
<p>Alle Lichter dieser Welt, Alle Blumen, alle Farben Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben Weg vom Feld.</p>	<p>All the lights of this earth, All flowers, all colors It extinguishes, and steals the sheaves From the field.</p>
<p>Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold, Nimmt das Silber weg des Stromes, Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Domes Weg das Gold. Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch, Rücke näher, Seel an Seele;</p>	<p>It takes everything that is dear, Takes the silver from the stream, Takes away, from the cathedral's copper roof, The gold. The shrubs stand plundered, Draw nearer, soul to soul;</p>
<p>O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle Dich mir auch.</p>	<p>Oh, I fear the night will also steal You from me.</p>

### **Ständchen**

Poetry by Adolf Friedrich von Schack

Mach auf, mach auf, doch leise mein Kind,  
Um keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken.  
Kaum murmelt der Bach,  
kaum zittert im Wind  
Ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken.  
Drum leise, mein Mädchen,  
daß nichts sich regt,  
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt.

Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht,  
Unt über die Blumen zu hüpfen,  
Flieg leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht, Zu mir in  
den Garten zu schlüpfen.  
Rings schlummern die Blüten  
am rieselnden Bach  
Und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.

Sitz nieder, hier dämmert's geheimnisvoll  
Unter den Lindenbäumen,  
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten  
soll Von unseren Küssen träumen,  
Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht,  
Hoch glühn von den Wonnenschauern der Nacht.

### **Ich trage meine Minne**

Poetry by Karl Friedrich Heckell

Ich trage meine Minne vor Wonne stumm  
im Herzen und im Sinne mit mir herum.  
Ja, daß ich dich gefunden, du liebes Kind,  
das freut mich alle Tage,  
die mir beschieden sind.

Und ob auch der Himmel trübe,  
kohlschwarz die Nacht,  
hell leuchtet meiner Liebe goldsonnige Pracht.  
Und lügt auch die Welt in Sünden,  
so tut mir's weh, die arge muß erblinden vor deiner  
Unschuld Schnee.

Translations by Lawrence Snyder and Rebecca Cauthen

### **Serenade**

Open up, open, but softly my dear,  
So as to wake no one from sleep.  
The brook hardly murmurs,  
the wind hardly shakes  
A leaf on bush or hedge.  
So, softly, my maiden,  
so that nothing stirs,  
Just lay your hand softly on the doorlatch.

With steps as soft as the footsteps of elves,  
Soft enough to hop over the flowers,  
Fly lightly out into the moonlit night,  
To steal to me in the garden.  
The flowers are sleeping  
along the rippling brook,  
Fragrant in sleep, only love is awake.

Sit, here it darkens mysteriously  
Beneath the lindens,  
The nightingale over our heads  
Shall dream of our kisses,  
And the rose, when it wakes in the morning,  
Shall glow from the wondrous passions of the night.

### **I Carry my Love**

I carry my love mute with delight,  
in my heart and in my mind with me wherever.  
Yes, that I have found you, you beloved child,  
that makes me joyful everyday,  
and that is granted to me.

and no matter if the sky is gloomy,  
coal-black the night,  
brightly shines my love's gold-shining splendor.  
And even as the world lies through its sinfulness,  
and I am heavy-hearted, the evil must become blind  
from your snowy innocence.

## Monica's Waltz

"Monica's Waltz," from *The Medium* by Menotti, is a dialogue of two lovers told by one person. The scene begins with the mute servant, Toby, entertaining Monica with a puppet show. After the show is over, Monica notices Toby looking at her strangely and realizes he is in love with her. Since he cannot speak, she sings a love song to herself speaking as him and periodically refuses his love. By the end of the song, Toby falls to the ground in tears, heartbroken and embarrassed. Monica is taken aback by his reaction and comforts him with a sentimental response that can be interpreted as her returned love.

### Monica's Waltz From the Medium By Gian Carlo Menotti

Bravo! And after the theatre, supper and dance.  
Music! Ooom pah pah, oom pah pah...  
Up in the sky, someone is playing a trombone and a guitar.  
Red is your tie, and in your velveteen coat, you hide a star.  
Monica, Monica, dance the waltz  
Monica, Monica, dance the waltz  
Follow me, moon and sun  
Keep time with me, one two three one.

If you're not shy, pin up my hair with your star and buckle my shoe.  
And when you fly, please hold on tight to my waist  
I'm flying with you, oh...  
Monica, Monica, dance the waltz  
Monica, Monica, dance the waltz  
Follow me, moon and sun  
Follow me, follow follow me  
Follow me, follow follow me.

What is the matter, Toby?  
What is it you want to tell me?  
Kneel down before me.  
And now tell me...

Monica monica, can't you see  
that my heart is bleeding, bleeding for you?  
I loved you Monica all my life  
with all my breath, with all my blood.  
You haunt the mirror of my sleep, you are my night.  
You are my light and the jailer of my day.

How dare you scoundrel talk to me like that!  
Don't you know who I am?  
I'm the queen of Aroundel!  
I shall have you put in chains!

You are my princess, you are my queen  
and I'm only Toby, one of your slaves.  
And still I love you and always loved you  
with all my breath, with all my blood!  
I love your laughter, I love your hair.  
I love your deep and nocturnal eyes.  
I love your soft hands, so white and winged.  
I love the slender branch of your throat.  
Toby! Don't speak to me like that...  
You make my head swim.

Monica, Monica, fold me in your satin gown.  
Monica, Monica, give me your mouth  
Monica, Monica, fall in my arms!

Why, Toby... You're not crying, are you?  
Toby, I want you to know...  
that you have the most beautiful voice...  
in the world

## Two Scenes from *Don Giovanni*

In the opera, *Don Giovanni*, Mozart exposes many of the ploys men use to seduce women. Throughout the opera, the audience sees how Don Giovanni adapts his tactics to suit the woman he is courting. When he lays his eyes on the young, innocent Zerlina, who is to be married to Masetto, he decides the best way to win her is with a proposal. In the duet, “Là ci darem la mano,” Don Giovanni paints a picture of what the wedding will be like and asks her to run away with him. Zerlina is hesitant to go because of her relationship with Masetto, but by the end of the piece, she gives in to the attraction.

Later in the opera, Masetto learns of this interaction and storms off in a jealous rage. She sings the aria “Batti, batti o bel Masetto” in an attempt to calm him and reassure him of her faithfulness. Using her own tactics, she is able to restore their relationship.

Mozart was at the height of his career when he wrote *Don Giovanni*. Mozart’s style is characterized by his soaring melody lines that are supported by light, playful accompaniments. The complexity in the first act of *Don Giovanni* is, in part, due to the changing dance meters. Notice that in both pieces the meter starts in 2/4 time and changes later to 6/8 time. (Rushton)

<b>Là ci darem la mano</b> Libretto by Lorenzo Da Ponte	<b>There we’ll be hand in hand, dear</b>
<b>Don Giovanni</b> Là ci darem la mano, Là mi dirai di sì. Vedi, non è lontano; Partiam, ben mio, da qui.	<b>Don Giovanni</b> There we’ll be hand in hand, dear, There you will say, “I do.” Look, it is right at hand, dear; Let’s go from here, me and you.
<b>Zerlina</b> (Vorrei e non vorrei, Mi trema un poco il cor. Felice, è ver, sarei, Ma può burlarmi ancor.)	<b>Zerlina</b> (I want to, but it’s not pure, My heart is ill at ease. I would be happy, I’m sure, But it may all be a tease.)
<b>Don Giovanni</b> Vieni, mio bel diletto!	<b>Don Giovanni</b> Come, sweetest love, let’s hurry!
<b>Zerlina</b> (Mi fa pietà Masetto.)	<b>Zerlina</b> (Masetto gives me worry.)
<b>Don Giovanni</b> Io cangierò tua sorte.	<b>Don Giovanni</b> I’ll change your life forever.
<b>Zerlina</b> Presto... non son più forte.	<b>Zerlina</b> Soon, dear... I don’t feel clever.
<b>A due</b> Andiam, andiam, mio bene. a ristorar le pene D’un innocente amor.	<b>Together</b> Let’s go, my love, let’s go, To heal the pain and woe Of love that’s innocent.
Translation by Jacob Lubliner	

**Batti, batti, o bel Masetto**  
Libretto by Lorenzo Da Ponte

Batti, batti, o bel Masetto,  
La tua povera Zerlina;  
Starò qui come agnellina  
Le tue botte ad aspettar.

Lascierò straziarmi il crine,  
Lascierò cavarmi gli occhi,  
E le care tue manine  
Lieta poi saprò bacciar.  
Ah, lo vedo, non hai core!

Pace, pace, o vita mia,  
In contento ed allegria  
Notte e dì vogliam passar,

Translation by Camila Argolo Freitas Batista

**Beat me, beat me, dear Masetto**

Beat me, beat me, dear Masetto,  
beat your poor Zerlina;  
I'll stand here as meek as a lamb  
and bear the blows you lay on me.

You can tear my hair out,  
You can put out my eyes,  
Yet your dear hands  
Gladly I'll kiss.  
Ah! I see you've no mind to:

Let's make peace, dearest love!  
In happiness and joy  
Let's pass our days and nights.

## Three Tangos

The tango started as a music and dance form amongst the poor population in Argentina. It has now become a nationalistic trademark of the Argentine culture. With time, it has become standard in the ballroom repertoire and is also being studied internationally as a form of classical music. Although these composers were from different countries, they were all moved by the theme of the tango—the struggles of the reality of life and love. The unique sound of the Tango evokes emotions of passion and longing that people of all cultures can relate to.

Kurt Weill was born on in 1900 in Dessau, Germany. In the 1920s, his works started to gain recognition and he became one of the most influential composers in Germany. Weill, coming from a Jewish family, started to write pieces opposing the rise of the Nazi party. Because he was such a prominent figure in the musical culture, he was considered a great threat and was forced to flee to Paris in 1933.

While Weill was in Paris, he wrote the “Youkali” tango. This song describes a magical land called Youkali where all your desires are met and all human troubles are washed away. But it turns out that Youkali is not real. Youkali is just an imaginary, temporary escape from the hardships of life. In this piece, Weill used the combination of the classical style he was trained in as a young man and the new musical theater style he was starting to become enamored with to express the thoughts of the German people during a time of desperation. (Chisholm)

<b>Youkali</b> Poetry by Roger Fernay	<b>Youkali</b>
C'est presqu'au bout du monde, ma barque vagabonde, errant au gré de l'onde, m'y conduisit un jour. L'île est toute petite, mais la fée qui l'habite gentiment nous invite à en faire le tour.	It is almost at the end of the world, my meandering raft, drifting at the whim of the waves, took me there one day. The island is small, but the fairy who lives there kindly invites us to take a tour.
Youkali, c'est le pays de nos désirs, Youkali, c'est le bonheur, c'est le plaisir. Youkali, c'est la terre où l'on quitte tous les soucis, c'est dans notre nuit, comme une éclaircie. l'étoile qu'on suit, c'est Youkali!	Youkali, it is the land of our desires, Youkali, it is happiness, it is pleasure. Youkali, it is the land where We leave all our worries, It is, in our night, like a clearing. The star we follow, it's Youkali !
Youkali, c'est le respect de tous les vœux échangés. Youkali, c'est le pays des beaux amours partagés. C'est l'espérance qui est au cœur de tous les humains, la délivrance que nous attendons tous pour demain.	Youkali, It is respect of vows exchanged Youkali, it is the country of the beautiful shared love It is hope at the heart of all the humans, The deliverance that we all await in our tomorrows.
Youkali, c'est le pays de nos désirs, Youkali, c'est le Bonheur c'est le plaisir, mais c'est un rêve, une folie, il n'y a pas de Youkali!	Youkali, it is the land of our desires, Youkali, it is happiness, it is pleasure, but it is a dream, a folly, There is no Youkali !
Et la vie nous entraîne, lassante, quotidienne, mais la pauvre âme humaine, cherchant partout l'oubli, à pour quitter la terre, su trouver le mystère où nos rêves se terrent en quelque Youkali...	And life leads us, wearisome, banal But the poor human spirit, searching everywhere to forget In order to leave the Earth, resolved the mystery Where our dreams hide in some Youkali...

Translations by Janet Rayor, Michelle Sylvester, and Mari-Joelle Simond

Homero Manzi was inspired to write the poem, "Malena," after hearing the singer Helena de Toledo. He felt she embodied the innate nature of the tango since she sang with a somber tone one only develops through the experiences of life. He gave the poem to Demare, who was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina and had spent years of his life studying tango. Being able to relate to the content, he wrote the music in no more than fifteen minutes. Through this piece, they were able to tell the story of the common person thus making Malena a beloved symbol of the Argentine citizen. This may be the reason that the "Malena Tango" became one of the most popular tangos in Argentina. (Soriano; Paz)

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Malena</b>            Music by Lucio Demare            Poetry by Homero Manzi</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Malena</b></p>
<p>Malena canta el tango como ninguna            y en cada verso pone su corazon.            A yuyo del suburbio su voz perfuma,            Malena tiene pena de bandoneon.            Tal vez, alla en la infancia, su voz de alondra            tomo ese tono oscuro del callejon,            o acaso aquel romance que solo nombra            cuando se pone triste con el alcohol.            Malena canta el tango con voz de sombra;            Malena tiene pena de bandoneón.</p>	<p>Malena sings the tango like no one else            and in every single verse she pours her heart.            Like a slum weed her voice exude            Malena has the sadness of a bandoneon.            Perhaps, back in her childhood, her lark's voice            acquired that dark intonation of a back alley,            or maybe it is the romance she only names            when she gets sad with the alcohol.            Malena sings the tango with a somber voice;            Malena has the sadness of a bandoneon.</p>
<p>Tu cancion            tiene el frio del ultimo encuentro,            tu cancion            se hace amarga en la sal del recuerdo.            Yo no se            si tu voz es la flor de una pena,            solo se que al rumor de tus tangos, Malena,            te siento mas buena,            mas buena que yo.</p>	<p>Your song            has the cold of the last encounter,            your song            embitters itself with a salty remembrance.            I don't know            if your voice is the bloom of a sadness;            all I know that in the muttering of your tangos, Malena,            I sense you are better,            much better than me.</p>
<p>Tus tangos son criaturas abandonadas            que cruzan sobre el barro del callejon,            cuando todas las puertas estan cerradas            y ladran los fantasmas de la cancion.            Malena canta el tango con voz quebrada;            Malena tiene pena de bandoneon.</p>	<p>Your tangos are forsaken creatures            that walk across the mud of a back alley,            when all the doors are locked            and the spirits of the song howl.            Malena sings the tango with a choking voice,            Malena has the sadness of a bandoneon.</p>
<p>Translation by Alberto Paz</p>	

Ricky Ian Gordon was born in 1956 and grew up in Long Island, New York. He studied piano, acting, and composition at Carnegie Melon. Gordon writes in a variety of styles with some of his most well known pieces being performed on Broadway. His theatrical background plays a pivotal role in his piece, "Coyotes." Listen to how the piano expresses the inner thoughts and feelings before the singing even begins. (Gordon)

### **Coyotes**

Music by Ricky Ian Gordon  
Poetry by Ray Underwood

I understand you coyotes.  
I understand the song you cry.  
I never did before,  
before I hungered for  
his kisses underneath an amber moon.

Oh how I loath you coyotes,  
and everything you know of me.  
You sing of my demise,  
that laughing in your eyes  
turns all my love to bitter mockery.

Yes, coyotes,  
you tell of all that I am dreaming of.  
Yes, coyotes,  
you tell of these fools fool enough to love.  
Laugh on,  
laugh on you wild coyotes,  
with angels on your razor backs  
who tell me not to stay  
and beckon me away,  
to run the ridges with your frenzied packs.

No man may own my soul  
from off this frozen knoll.  
I'll scream it till I turn that moon  
to wax.



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