

PROGRAM  
CAL-WESTERN NATS CONFERENCE  
FOR PRESENTATION JANUARY 17, 2021

Rachel Velarde, mezzo-soprano  
Luis Rodriguez-Morales, piano

- Night Music by Florence B. Price, 1887-1953  
Poetry by Louise C. Wallace, n.d.
- Child's World* Music and text by Mable Bailey, b. 1939  
Seven Days  
Birthday Song  
Seasons
- Six Romances* Music by Maria Szymanowska, 1789-1831  
Translations by Rachel Velarde  
Poetry by Aleksander Pushkin, 1799-1837  
Text after William Shakespeare, 1564-1616  
Poetry by Mme. Saint-Onge, 1650-1718  
Text by Anonymous  
Peine et plaisir  
Romance du Saule  
Ballade  
Se spiegar
- Twelve Lieder* Music by Pauline Viardot-Garcia, 1821-1910  
German translation from the Russian by Friedrich von Bodenstedt, 1819-1892  
Translation from the German by Catherine Sentman Anderson, © 1994, Hildegard Publishing Co.  
Das Blümlein Poetry by Aleksander Pushkin, 1799-1837  
Das Vöglein Poetry by Aleksander Pushkin, 1799-1837  
Die Sterne Poetry by Afanasy Feth, 1820-1892
- Three Songs from Athena Music by Shruthi Rajasekar, b. 1996  
Poetry by Athena Kildegaard, n.d.  
I. Morning Song  
II. Leaving Home  
III. Friends
- Soon Music and Lyrics by Masi Asare, n.d.  
words from the 2019 court testimony of a young girl held in a detention camp at the US border  
Hold On from *The Secret Garden* Music by Lucy Simon, b. 1943  
Lyrics by Marsha Norman, b. 1947
- Welcome the Rain Music by Zina Goldrich, b. 1964  
Lyrics by Marcy Heisler, b. 1967
- I Get to Show You the Ocean Music & Lyrics by Georgia Stitt, b. 1972

CAL-WESTERN NATS CONFERENCE  
"TEACHER TIME" RECITAL RECORDING  
FOR PRESENTATION JANUARY 15, 2021

Rachel Velarde, mezzo-soprano  
Luis Rodriguez-Morales, piano

- The Soul Selects her own Society Music by Mari Esabel Valverde, b. 1987  
Poetry by Emily Dickinson, 1830-1886

PROGRAM—NOTES  
CAL-WESTERN NATS CONFERENCE PRESENTATION  
JANUARY 17, 2021

Night (Louise C. Wallace)

Florence B. Price (1887-1953)

Score source: <https://www.hildegard.com/catalog.php?keyword=491-00494>

Rachel Velarde, mezzo-soprano  
Luis Rodriguez-Morales, piano

Florence B. Price received her early music training from her mother and attended the New England Conservatory of Music, graduating in 1906. After she moved to Chicago in 1926, her works received increasing recognition; her *Symphony in E Minor* won the Rodman Wanamaker Prize in 1932, leading to its performance by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra under Frederick Stock at the Chicago World's Fair. Price was one of the pioneer black symphonists along with William Grant Still and William Dawson. Her compositions number close to 300 and her orchestral works were performed in several U.S. cities and in England.

[https://www.hildegard.com/composer\\_detail.php?id=153](https://www.hildegard.com/composer_detail.php?id=153)

Louise C. Wallace was the winner of the 1929 Knoxville (TN) News-Sentinel poetry contest, with a poem titled, "World Schoolroom." Her occupation was listed as teacher in the Heiskell school, and she was determined the unanimous winner of the competition. Very little else is definitively known about Wallace.

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/artsongalliance/permalink/2742005672544803/>

Night (Louise C. 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.

*Child's World* (Bailey)

Mable Bailey (b. 1939)

Seven Days  
Birthday Song  
Seasons

Score source: <http://siupress.com/books/978-0-8093-2523-8>

Rachel Velarde, mezzo-soprano  
Luis Rodriguez-Morales, piano

Mable Bailey was born in Canton, Mississippi, and moved to Oakland, California, with her family as a child. She graduated from San Francisco State University in 1963 with a double major in education and music. She began to compose while she was a graduate student at the University of New Mexico at Albuquerque and studied composition at the College of Holy Names in Oakland, Metropolitan State College of Denver, and the University of Denver. She has taught in the Denver Public Schools since 1976, and composes choral, vocal, and instrumental music.

[https://www.hildegard.com/composer\\_detail.php?id=16](https://www.hildegard.com/composer_detail.php?id=16)

## Seven Days from *Child's World*

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday.  
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday.  
Seven days!  
Guess what I think?  
Monday, lemon,  
Tuesday, chocolate,  
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, ice cream.  
Seven days,  
But one I hate is Monday,  
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday,  
Seven days,  
But one I hate is Monday.  
Monday!

## Birthday Song from *Child's World*

Today is your birthday.  
Happy birthday to you.  
A time for rejoicing  
Happy birthday to you.  
A time for rememb'ring  
Happy birthday, happy birthday,  
Each year this time on this day,  
Happy birthday to you.

## Seasons from *Child's World*

Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter.  
These are the seasons of the year.

Come the Spring, April showers,  
Come the Summer, sunny days,  
Come the Autumn, glowing sunsets,  
Come the Winter, falling snow.

Come the Spring, things are growing,  
Come the Summer, things will bloom,  
Come the Autumn, things are dying,  
Come the Winter, things are gone.

Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter.  
These are the seasons of the year.

Come the Spring, children fly kites,  
Come the Summer, people wed.  
Come the Autumn, farmers reap corn.  
In the Winter, ends the year.

Come the Spring, with St. Patrick,  
Come the Summer, July Fourth,  
Come the Autumn with Thanksgiving,  
In the Winter, Christmas smiles.

Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter.  
These are the seasons of the year.

## *Six Romances*

Peine et plaisir (Pushkin, 1799-1837)

Score source: <https://www.hildegard.com/catalog.php?s=491-00553>

Maria Szymanowska (1789-1831)

Rachel Velarde, mezzo-soprano  
Luis Rodriguez-Morales, piano

Maria Szymanowska was born in Poland to a middle class, Jewish family in the year of the start of the French Revolution. Her music has been described as displaying some of the romantic, spiritual ideals of the revolution, such as the role of the individual, evident in her many works for virtuoso soloists, and patriotism, observed in her use of folk melodies and

dances. As a concert pianist, she toured Germany, France, Italy, England, and Russia, where she was appointed Court Pianist to the Tsar in 1822. What can be documented from contemporary materials is her great talent as a lyrical performer, her brilliant technique, her accomplishments as a composer, and her undoubted personal beauty and intellect.

[https://www.hildegard.com/composer\\_detail.php?id=184](https://www.hildegard.com/composer_detail.php?id=184)

Russia's most famous poet, Aleksander Pushkin was born into one of Russia's most famous noble families. Pushkin began writing poetry as a student at the Lyceum at Tsarskoe Selo, a school for aristocratic youth. As a young man, Pushkin was immersed in French poetry and Russian Neoclassicism. His early output was generically diverse and included elegies, songs, and epistles. Pushkin's most famous poems are decidedly Romantic in their celebration of freedom and defense of personal liberty, but his concise, moderate, and spare style has proven difficult for many critics to categorize. His many narrative poems, epics, and lyrics are mainstays of the Russian literary tradition and widely memorized. His poem *Evgeny Onegin* (Eugene Onegin), in the form of a verse-novel, is considered his masterpiece and was written over seven years' time.

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/alexander-pushkin>

## Peine et Plaisir

Translation by Rachel Velarde

Peine et plaisir tout finirà,  
Tu me l'as dit je veux le croire  
Mon âme un jour sur l'onde noire,  
avec Caron s'embarquera  
Et lors peut-être se dirà  
Peine et plaisir tout finirà,

Mais tant que la Parque inhumaine  
Mes triste jours conserverà  
Pourrai-je dire Oh ! ma Climène  
Peine et plaisir tout finirà.  
Ah ! dès l'instant ma jeune amie  
Que le destin nous séparà  
Peine jamais ne finirà.

Pain and pleasure to end it all:  
You told me, [and] I want to believe it  
My soul, one day on the black wave  
with Charon to embark,  
And then perhaps to say  
Pain and pleasure to end it all,

But as long as the inhuman Fate  
Will keep my sad days,  
Could I say Oh! my Virtue  
Pain and pleasure to end it all,  
Ah! my beloved, from the moment  
That fate may separate us,  
Pain will never end.

*Six Romances*

Maria Szymanowska (1789-1831)

Romance du Saule (Shakespeare, 1564-1616)

Score source: <https://www.hildegard.com/catalog.php?s=491-00553>

Rachel Velarde, mezzo-soprano

Luis Rodriguez-Morales, piano

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William Shakespeare was a renowned English poet, playwright, and actor born in 1564 in Stratford-upon-Avon. His birthday is commonly celebrated on April 23rd, which is also believed to be the date he died in 1616. Shakespeare was a prolific writer during the Elizabethan and Jacobean ages of British theatre. Shakespeare's plays are perhaps his most enduring legacy, but his poems also remain popular to this day.

<https://www.shakespeare.org.uk/explore-shakespeare/shakespeadia/william-shakespeare/william-shakespeare-biography/>

## Romance du Saule

Translation by Rachel Velarde

Au pied d'un saule assise tous les jours  
Mais sur son cœur que navroit sa blessure.  
Tête baissée en dolente posture  
On l'entendoit qui pleuroit ses amours.

Chantez le saule et sa douce verdure.

Et cependant les limpides ruisseaux  
A ses sanglots mêloient leur doux murmure.  
Pleurs de ses yeux s'échappoient sans mesures,  
Que les rochers affligoient sur ses maux.

Ah ! saule verd, saule que je chéris,  
Saule d'amour tu seras ma parure.  
Ne l'accusez des ennuis que j'endure,  
Je lui pardonne hélas tous ses mépris.

Sitting every day at the foot of a willow tree  
But it is his heart that the wound could pierce.  
Head bowed in mournful posture  
We could hear him weeping for his loves.

Sing [of] the willow tree and its sweet greenery.

And yet the clear streams,  
Mingled their sobs with their soft whisper.  
Tears from his eyes escaped without measure,  
Even the rocks grieved over his woes.

Ah! green willow, willow that I cherish,  
Willow of love, you will be my adornment.  
Don't blame him for the troubles I endure,  
I unfortunately forgive him for all his offense(s).

"The Willow Song", occurs in Act 4, Scene 3 of *Othello*. Desdemona is preparing for bed, afraid that Othello is wrongly angry with her for being unfaithful. She sings "The Willow Song", a mournful folk ballad, in which a lady laments her lost love. Desdemona only has time to sing two verses before she breaks off to talk to her maid Emilia. But Shakespeare's

audience would have been familiar with the ending of the original ballad, and they would have known that it foretold tragedy. Besides forewarning the audience of the tragedy to come, *The Willow Song* gives both Desdemona and Emilia a way to openly express their sorrow. It highlights the innocence of the two women, and the cruel acts of their husbands.

<https://www.shakespeare.org.uk/explore-shakespeare/blogs/shakespeares-saddest-song/>

“The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,  
(Sing all a green willow, willow willow willow,)  
With his hand in his bosom and his head upon his knee.  
(Oh willow, willow, willow  
Shall be my garland.)

He sighed in his singing and made a great moan...  
I am dead to all pleasure, my true love she is gone...  
The mute bird sat by him was made tame by his moans...  
The true tears fell from him, would have melted the stones...

Come all you forsaken and mourn you with me...  
Who speaks of a false love, mine’s falser than she...  
Let love no more boast her in palace nor bower...  
It buds, but it blasteth ere it be a flower...

Though fair and more false, I die with thy wound...  
Thou hast lost the truest lover that goes upon the ground, sing...  
Let nobody chide her, her scorns I approve...  
She was born to be false, and I to die for her love...  
Take this for my farewell and latest adieu...  
Write this on my tomb, that in love I was true..."

*Six Romances*

Maria Szymanowska (1789-1831)

Ballade (Mme. Saint-Onge, 1650-1718)

Score source: <https://www.hildegard.com/catalog.php?s=491-00553>

Rachel Velarde, mezzo-soprano

Luis Rodriguez-Morales, piano

Maria Szymanowska was born in Poland to a middle class, Jewish family in the year of the start of the French Revolution. Her music has been described as displaying some of the romantic, spiritual ideals of the revolution, such as the role of the individual, evident in her many works for virtuoso soloists, and patriotism, observed in her use of folk melodies and dances. As a concert pianist, she toured Germany, France, Italy, England, and Russia, where she was appointed Court Pianist to the Tsar in 1822. What can be documented from contemporary materials is her great talent as a lyrical performer, her brilliant technique, her accomplishments as a composer, and her undoubted personal beauty and intellect.

[https://www.hildegard.com/composer\\_detail.php?id=184](https://www.hildegard.com/composer_detail.php?id=184)

Louise-Geneviève Gillot de Saintonge (sometimes Sainctonge), born Gillot de Beaucourt, (1650 – 24 March 1718) was a French *femme de lettres* (female writer) and celebrated

librettist. She was also the first woman to have a work performed at the Royal Academy of Music in France (*Didon*, or *Dido*). In 1696, Saintonge published two works: *Poésies Galantes*, and “Secret History of Lord Antoine King of Portugal, Drawn from the Memoirs of G. Vasconcellos de Figueredo.” Saintonge was a part of a group of women writers who were frequently published. *The Mercure Galant* mentions the works of Saintonge as being blessed by the muses.

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Louise-Genevi%C3%A8ve\\_Gillot\\_de\\_Saintonge](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Louise-Genevi%C3%A8ve_Gillot_de_Saintonge)

## Ballade

Translation by Rachel Velarde

Quand un Amant fidèle et tendre  
Nous sert et s'attache à nos pas  
Pourquoi chercher à se défendre  
Qu'on est sotte de n'aimer pas

Mais quand on voit un infidèle  
Qu'on peut aisément enflammer,  
Qui voltige de belle en belle  
Ah ! que l'on est sotte d'aimer  
Qui voltige de belle en belle  
Ah ! que l'on est sotte d'aimer

Quand on peut former une chaîne  
Sans chagrin et sans embarras  
Quand l'amour n'a rien qui nous se gêne,  
Qu'on est sotte de n'aimer pas

Mais pour peu que l'on ait à craindre  
Qu'on puisse cesser de charmer  
Ou qu'un berger n'ait l'art de feindre  
Ah ! que l'on est sotte d'aimer  
Ou qu'un berger n'ait l'art de feindre  
Ah ! que l'on est sotte d'aimer

Aux temps de l'aimable jeunesse  
où l'on brille de mille appas,  
lorsqu'à nous plaire tout s'empresse,  
Qu'on est sotte de n'aimer pas

Quand un amant sans constance  
Croit avoir droit de nous charmer  
S'il faut payer ses soins d'avance  
Ah ! que l'on est sotte d'aimer  
S'il faut payer ses soins d'avance  
Ah ! que l'on est sotte d'aimer

When a faithful and tender lover  
Serves us and clings to our steps,  
Why seek to defend yourself  
That we are foolish not to love.

But, when we see an unbeliever,  
Who can easily be provoked,  
Who flutters from beauty to beauty,  
Ah! [then] we are foolish to love.  
Who flutters from beauty to beauty,  
Ah! [then] we are foolish to love.

When we can form a connection  
With neither sorrow nor embarrassment,  
When love has nothing to trouble us,  
Then we are foolish not to love.

But little do we have to fear,  
That we can avoid the charm  
Of a shepherd [who] lacks the art of pretending.  
Ah! who we are foolish to love.  
Of a shepherd [who] lacks the art of pretending.  
Ah! who we are foolish to love.

In times of callow youth,  
Where we shine with a thousand charms,  
Where we are eager to please,  
Then we are foolish not to love.

When an unfaithful lover  
Believes [in] the right to charm us,  
If we must pay for attention in advance  
Ah! Then we are foolish to love.  
If we must pay for attention in advance  
Ah! Then we are foolish to love.

*Six Romances*

Maria Szymanowska (1789-1831)

Se spiegar (Anonymous)

Score source: <https://www.hildegard.com/catalog.php?s=491-00553>

Rachel Velarde, mezzo-soprano

Luis Rodriguez-Morales, piano

Maria Szymanowska was born in Poland to a middle class, Jewish family in the year of the start of the French Revolution. Her music has been described as displaying some of the romantic, spiritual ideals of the revolution, such as the role of the individual, evident in her many works for virtuoso soloists, and patriotism, observed in her use of folk melodies and dances. As a concert pianist, she toured Germany, France, Italy, England, and Russia, where she was appointed Court Pianist to the Tsar in 1822. What can be documented from contemporary materials is her great talent as a lyrical performer, her brilliant technique, her accomplishments as a composer, and her undoubted personal beauty and intellect.

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## Se spiegar

Translation by Rachel Velarde

Se spiegar potessi, oh! Dio  
L'eccessivo mio dolore  
Desterei nel tuo core  
Qualche segno di pietà

If I could explain, oh God!  
The depths of my pain  
I would awaken in your heart  
Some sign of pity.

Forse allor fatta pietosa  
Volgeresti a me lo spero  
Uno sguardo lusinghiero  
Della mi felicità.

Perhaps, then made sympathetic,  
I hope you would turn to me  
A favorable look  
For my happiness.

*Twelve Lieder*

Pauline Viardot-Garcia (1821-1910)

(German translation from the Russian by Friedrich von Bodenstedt, 1819-1892)

Das Blümlein (Pushkin, 1799-1837)

Score source: <https://www.hildegard.com/catalog.php?s=491-00558>

Rachel Velarde, mezzo-soprano

Luis Rodriguez-Morales, piano

Famous in her lifetime as a singer and as a collaborator with Berlioz, Meyerbeer, Gounod, and Massenet, Pauline Viardot-Garcia was also an active composer who published nearly 200 songs between 1841 and 1905. These songs were known and admired by Chopin, Liszt, Schumann, Mendelssohn, and Saint-Saëns, and Viardot herself, writing to a friend in 1864, noted, "I believe that I am more proud of the money that my little jottings have brought me than of that which I have earned as a singer." Viardot was fluent in five languages and widely traveled as a result of her singing career, thus her compositions reflect the musical idioms of the countries where she lived and worked.

[https://www.hildegard.com/composer\\_detail.php?id=192](https://www.hildegard.com/composer_detail.php?id=192)

Friedrich von Bodenstedt (translations from Russian to German) was a German author, born in Hanover. He lived and worked in Moscow for approximately ten years prior to returning to Munich and being appointed professor of Slavonic Studies in 1854. He published a volume of poetry under his name, but it has been argued that it was actually a translation of Persian and Azerbaijani poems. Later in his career, he translated the Persian works *Hafiz* and *Omar Kayyam* into German.

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Friedrich\\_von\\_Bodenstedt](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Friedrich_von_Bodenstedt)

Russia's most famous poet, Aleksander Pushkin was born into one of Russia's most famous noble families. Pushkin began writing poetry as a student at the Lyceum at Tsarskoe Selo, a school for aristocratic youth. As a young man, Pushkin was immersed in French poetry and Russian Neoclassicism. His early output was generically diverse and included elegies, songs, and epistles. Pushkin's most famous poems are decidedly Romantic in their celebration of freedom and defense of personal liberty, but his concise, moderate, and spare style has proven difficult for many critics to categorize. His many narrative poems, epics, and lyrics are mainstays of the Russian literary tradition and widely memorized. His poem *Eugeny Onegin* (Eugene Onegin), in the form of a verse-novel, is considered his masterpiece and was written over seven years' time.

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/alexander-pushkin>

## Das Blümlein

Translation by Catherine Sentman Anderson, © 1994, Hildegard Publishing Co.

Im Buche in Blümlein seh' ich liegen,  
vergessen, duftlos und verblüht;  
Gedanken wundersame fliegen  
mir bei dem Anblick durch's Gemüth.  
Gedanken wundersame fliegen  
mir bei dem Anblick durch's Gemüth.

I see a little flower lying in the book,  
forgotten, scentless, and faded;  
thoughts strangely come to me,  
like a glance into the soul.  
thoughts strangely come to me,  
like a glance into the soul.

Wo blühte sie? Wann und wie lange?  
Wer pflückte sie? Durch was bewegt?  
In welchem Lenz, an welchem Hange?  
Warum war sie hierher gelegt?

Where did it bloom? When and how long?  
Who picked it? Why so moved?  
In what spring, on what hillside?  
Why was it laid here?

Als Zeichen holden Wiederfindens?  
Als unheilvoller Trennung Mal?  
Oder des seligen Verschwindens  
Im dunklen Wald, im stillen Thal?

As an emblem of a pleasing moment?  
As a token of a sorrowful parting?  
or of the blessed passing  
into the dark wood, into the still valley?

Und lebt er noch? Lebt sie noch heute?  
Wo weilen sie zu dieser Frist?  
Oder sind sie des Todes Beute,  
verwelkt wie diese Blume ist?  
Oder sind sie des Todes Beute,  
verwelkt wie diese Blume ist?

Does he still live? Is she still living today?  
Where do they tarry through this time?  
Or are they death's booty,  
withered as this flower is?  
Or are they death's booty,  
withered as this flower is?

*Twelve Lieder*

Pauline Viardot-Garcia (1821-1910)

(German translation from the Russian by Friedrich von Bodenstedt, 1819-1892)

Das Vöglein (Pushkin, 1799-1837)

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<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/alexander-pushkin>

## Das Vöglein

Translation by Catherine Sentman Anderson, © 1994, Hildegard Publishing Co.

Glücklich lebt vor Noth geborgen  
Gottes Vöglein in der Welt,  
mühelos und ohne Sorgen  
hat es leicht sein Nest bestellt,

Safe from need and happy,  
God's little bird lives in the world,  
effortlessly and without sorrow,  
it has nimbly built its nest.

Schlummert leis im grünen Baume.  
Gottes Morgenruf erklingt.  
Frühroth flammt am Himmels saume:  
Vöglein schüttelt sich und singt.  
Frühroth flammt am Himmels saume:  
Vöglein schüttelt sich und singt.

And lightly sleeps in the green trees.  
God's morning call rings out.  
Sunrise flames on heaven's borders:  
The little bird shakes itself and sings.  
Sunrise flames on heaven's borders:  
The little bird shakes itself and sings.

Nach des Frühlings kurzer Wonne  
schwindet rasch des Sommers Pracht,  
trüber Nebel deckt die Sonne,  
schon ist nah des Winters Nacht.

After springtime's brief delights,  
Summer's splendor quickly fades,  
thick fog conceals the sun,  
soon the winter's night is near.

Wird's uns öder, wird's uns trüber,  
fliegt zum Suden Vögelein,  
über's blaue Meer hinüber,  
fliegt zum neuen Frühling ein.  
über's blaue Meer hinüber,  
fliegt zum neuen Frühling ein.

All will be bleak, all will be gloomy,  
fly to the south, little bird,  
over the blue sea,  
fly off to a new spring.  
over the blue sea,  
fly off to a new spring.

*Twelve Lieder*

Music by Pauline Viardot-Garcia, 1821-1910

German translation from the Russian by Friedrich von Bodenstedt, 1819-1892

Translation from the German by Catherine Sentman Anderson, © 1994, Hildegard Publishing Co.

Die Sterne

Poetry by Afanasy Feth, 1820-1892

Score source: <https://www.hildegard.com/catalog.php?s=491-00558>

Rachel Velarde, mezzo-soprano

Luis Rodriguez-Morales, piano

Famous in her lifetime as a singer and as a collaborator with Berlioz, Meyerbeer, Gounod, and Massenet, Pauline Viardot-Garcia was also an active composer who published nearly 200 songs between 1841 and 1905. These songs were known and admired by Chopin, Liszt, Schumann, Mendelssohn, and Saint-Saëns, and Viardot herself, writing to a friend in 1864, noted, "I believe that I am more proud of the money that my little jottings have brought me than of that which I have earned as a singer." Viardot was fluent in five languages and widely traveled as a result of her singing career, thus her compositions reflect the musical idioms of the countries where she lived and worked.

[https://www.hildegard.com/composer\\_detail.php?id=192](https://www.hildegard.com/composer_detail.php?id=192)

Friedrich von Bodenstedt (translations from Russian to German) was a German author, born in Hanover. He lived and worked in Moscow for approximately ten years prior to returning to Munich and being appointed professor of Slavonic Studies in 1854. He published a volume of poetry under his name, but it has been argued that it was actually a translation of Persian and Azerbaijani poems. Later in his career, he translated the Persian works *Hafiz* and *Omar Kayyam* into German.

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Friedrich\\_von\\_Bodenstedt](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Friedrich_von_Bodenstedt)

Afanasy Fet is known as one of the greatest Russian lyric poets of the nineteenth century. His poetry continued the classical tradition of the Golden Age represented by Batyushkov, Del'vig and other poets of Pushkin's circle. His main themes are love, nature and beauty. Some of his contemporaries criticized his poems for their lack of political and social content, accusing him of "creating art for art's sake." Fet is known as the author of profoundly moving love poems written to the great love of his life Maria Lazich, who committed suicide by setting herself on fire because Fet was not able to marry her due to her lack of fortune.

<http://russianpoetry.yale.edu/poet/fet.html>

## Die Sterne

Translation by Catherine Sentman Anderson, © 1994, Hildegard Publishing Co.

Ich starrte und stand unbeweglich,  
den Blick zu den Sternen gewandt,  
und da zwischen mir und den Sterne  
sich wob ein vertrauliches Band.  
sich wob ein vertrauliches Band.

I stared and stood unmoving,  
my gaze on the nimble stars,  
and there between me and the starlight  
there was woven a familiar band.  
there was woven a familiar band.

Ich starrte und stand unbeweglich,  
den Blick zu den Sternen gewandt,  
und da zwischen mir und den Sterne  
sich wob ein vertrauliches Band.

I stared and stood unmoving,  
my gaze on the nimble stars,  
and there between me and the starlight  
there was woven a familiar band.

Ich dachte...weiss was ich dachte....  
Fern klang's wie ein seliger Chor,  
leis bebten die goldenen Sternen,  
nun lieb' ich sie mehr als zu vor!  
nun lieb' ich, nun lieb' ich sie mehr als zu vor!  
nun lieb' ich sie mehr als zu vor!  
Die Sternen den seligen Chor.

I thought...I don't know what I thought...  
Ringing far like a blessed choir,  
the golden stars twinkle faintly,  
now I love them more than before!  
now I love them, now I love them more than before!  
now I love them more than before!  
The stars of a blessed choir.

Three Songs from Athena (Athena Kildegaard)

Shruthi Rajasekar (b. 1996)

- I. Morning Song
- II. Leaving Home
- III. Friends

Score source: <https://www.shruthirajasekar.com/>

Rachel Velarde, mezzo-soprano

Luis Rodriguez-Morales, piano

Named by The Guardian UK as a composer "who will enrich your life", Shruthi Rajasekar is an Indian-American musician exploring identity, community, and joy. Rajasekar's music draws from her training in the Carnatic (South Indian classical) and Western classical idioms. Composition honors include the KHORIKOS ORTUS International Award and the Global Women in Music Award from the United Nations & *Donne in Musica*. As a soprano and Carnatic vocalist, Rajasekar has been recognized by the National Association of Teachers of Singing (NATS) and the internationally-televised Carnatic Music Idol USA. A graduate of Princeton University, Rajasekar was awarded a Marshall Scholarship in the UK for graduate studies in composition and ethnomusicology.

<https://www.shruthirajasekar.com/bio>

Athena Kildegaard lives in prairie pothole country — that is, Morris, Minnesota — where she's a lecturer at the University of Minnesota.

Here are a few things she's done:

cleaned creamed corn machines

nursed two beautiful children

eaten fresh pineapple

listened to her husband play banjo

worked as a resident artist in Minnesota, Mississippi, and Texas

taught 6th grade, high school English, and at the college level freshman composition, creative writing, environmental ethics

read War and Peace three times

received grants from the Lake Region Arts Council and the Minnesota State Arts Board

received the 2011 LRAC/McKnight Fellowship

<https://athenakildegaard.com/about/>

### I. Morning Song

Wash my hair, mother,  
this last time, the weight  
of it in your hands,  
how the light lifts it up.

Dry my hair, mother,  
and comb it out,  
pulling the morning's  
warmth to the ends.

Mother, braid my hair,  
your quick fingers turning  
and turning beauty  
into beauty, this last time.

### II. Leaving Home

Sun in your tomatoes,  
Wind in the yellow lilies  
bees secure their futures,  
how does the earth turn  
but by gravity?

How certain I am  
of loving you, papa,  
and how certain,  
like the bee, of leaving.

No, what do I know  
of bees' desires?  
What do I know of wind?  
Except it carries me  
out the narrow door.  
defying gravity.  
defying gravity.

### III. Friends

For Sue who gave me  
seashells  
with their echoes

For Diane and your  
violin—  
for those lazy afternoons  
of arpeggios

How else could I get by?

For June whose warblers  
taught me patters  
and surprises

For Maeve with your  
lullabies

How else could I get by?

For Barb, Liz and Nancy—  
how we steamed clams  
and sliced fennel tissue  
thin  
and fed a dozen friends

For Tanya, how you let me  
call  
at two or three; made me  
bread  
and rubbed my feet

and Margaret, so much  
my sister  
though you weren't

How else could I get by?

Soon (words from the 2019 court testimony of a young girl held in a detention camp at the US border)

Masi Asare (?)

Score source: <https://masiasare.com/home>

Rachel Velarde, mezzo-soprano  
Luis Rodriguez-Morales, piano

Masi Asare is a composer, lyricist, playwright, and assistant professor of Theatre at Northwestern University. A past Dramatists Guild Fellow, Asare has received the Billie Burke Ziegfeld Award for a woman composer of musicals, mentored by Jeanine Tesori; both the Holof Lyricist Award and the Haupt Composition Prize from the O'Neill Center; an Emerging Artist Grant from the Theater Hall of Fame, nominated by Daryl Roth; and the Stacey Mindich "Go Write A Musical" Lilly Award. Her songs have been heard at venues across NYC from Playwrights Horizons to Lincoln Center can be heard on the streaming site Broadway on Demand. A voice instructor and coach with two decades of teaching experience, Asare specializes in popular vocal styles. Her voice students have performed in regional and touring shows, and on Broadway. Asare holds a bachelor's degree from Harvard and a PhD in performance studies from New York University. She is a member of ASCAP and the Dramatists Guild, and she serves on the membership committee of ASTR and the advisory board of *Maestra*. She divides her time between Chicago and New York City.

<https://masiasare.com/bio>

## Soon

It's not for me that I'm worried.  
'Cause I am twelve,  
I see more.  
But the little ones,  
the very little ones,  
that's who I worry for.

It's not for me that I smile.  
I'm always scared;  
They're scared more.  
But the little ones,  
the very little ones,  
that's who I smile for.

And ev'ry night my sisters ask me,  
When will Mommy come to pick us up?  
And ev'ry night I don't have an answer.  
What should I do?  
I tell them: Soon.  
Mommy's coming soon.

One little girl in my room here  
She's only six.  
Nothing more.  
She doesn't know the name  
of where she came her from,  
or what she came here for.

And ev'ry night this little girl asks me,  
When will Daddy come to pick me up?  
And ev'ry night I don't have an answer.  
What can I do?  
I have to lie.  
I tell her: Soon.  
Daddy's coming soon.

I want to leave,  
with my sisters.  
I want to leave,  
right this minute.  
I want to leave.

Hold On from *The Secret Garden* (Marsha Norman, b.1947)

Lucy Simon (b. 1943)

Score source: <https://www.sheetmusicplus.com/title/secret-garden-sheet-music/16811526>

Rachel Velarde, mezzo-soprano

Luis Rodriguez-Morales, piano

Lucy Simon began her professional career at the age of sixteen singing folk tunes with sister Carly and later folk-rock. Simon made her Broadway debut as the composer of *The Secret Garden*, for which she was nominated for a 1991 Tony Award for Best Original Score and a 1991 Drama Desk Award for Outstanding Music. She also wrote songs for the Off-Broadway show *A...My Name is Alice*. She composed the music for a musical version of the Russian novel *Doctor Zhivago*, with lyricists Michael Korie and Amy Powers and book writer Michael Weller. The musical had its world premiere at the La Jolla Playhouse, San Diego, California, in May 2006.

<https://www.eamdc.com/composers/lucy-simon/bio/>

Marsha Norman is an American playwright, screenwriter, and novelist. She received the 1983 Pulitzer Prize for Drama for her play *'night, Mother*. She wrote the book and lyrics for such Broadway musicals as *The Secret Garden*, for which she won a Tony Award and the Drama Desk Award for Outstanding Book of a Musical, and *The Red Shoes*, as well as the libretto for the musical *The Color Purple*. She wrote the book for the musical *The Bridges of Madison County*. She is co-chair of the playwriting department at The Juilliard School.

<https://stageagent.com/writers/1370/marsha-norman>

## Hold On

What you've got to do is  
Finish what you have begun,  
I don't know just how,  
But it's not over 'til you've won!

When you see the storm is coming,  
See the lightning part the skies,  
It's too late to run-  
There's terror in your eyes!  
What you do then is remember  
This old thing you heard me say:  
"It's the storm, not you,  
That's bound to blow away."

Hold on,  
Hold on to someone standing by.  
Hold on.  
Don't even ask how long or why!  
Child, hold on to what you know is true,  
Hold on 'til you get through.  
Child, oh child!  
Hold on!

When you feel your heart is poundin',  
Fear a devil's at your door.  
There's no place to hide-  
You're frozen to the floor!  
What you do then is you force yourself  
To wake up, and you say:  
"It's this dream, not me,  
that's bound to go away."

Hold on,  
Hold on, the night will soon be by.  
Hold on,  
Until there's nothing left to try.  
Child, hold on, There's angels on their way!  
Hold on and hear them say,  
"Child, oh child!"

And it doesn't even matter  
If the danger and the doom  
Come from up above or down below,  
Or just come flying  
At you from across the room!

When you see a man who's raging,  
And he's jealous and he fears  
That you've walked through walls  
He's hid behind for years.

What you do then is you tell yourself to  
wait it out  
And say it's this day, not me,  
That's bound to go away.

Child, oh hold on.  
It's this day, not you,  
That's bound to go away!

Welcome the Rain (Marcy Heisler, b. 1967)

Zina Goldrich (b. 1964)

Score source: <https://www.sheetmusicplus.com/title/the-songs-of-goldrich-and-heisler-sheet-music/20042776>

Rachel Velarde, mezzo-soprano

Luis Rodriguez-Morales, piano

Marcy Heisler and Zina Goldrich have been performing and writing together since 1992. Their critically acclaimed romantic comedy songs have been featured in venues across the world, recorded by artists across many genres, and appear in numerous folios and collected works. Their Off-Broadway musical DEAR EDWINA earned them a Drama-Desk nomination, and other works have been produced by regional powerhouses such as Paper Mill Playhouse, The John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, Goodspeed, and the Ordway Center for the Performing Arts.

Heisler and Goldrich have been the recipients of the ASCAP Mary Rodgers-Lorenz Hart Award, Jamie De Roy and Friends Award, the Richard Rodgers New Horizons Award, the Kanin/Seldes Award, The Edward Kleban Award and the Fred Ebb Award. They have provided original songs for The Disney Channel, Disney Interactive and Feature Animation projects, Disney Theatricals, PBS, ABC, Nickelodeon, and others. As performers, they have toured domestically and internationally with The Marcy and Zina Show. November 2009 marked the release of MARCY AND ZINA: The Album on Yellow Sound Label, and they have recently joined the artist roster at Concord Publishing.

They are both active members of The Dramatist Guild, have served as contributing writers to Dramatist magazine, and serve as guest educators in programs throughout the country. Both their friendship and their work has been profiled on NPR and iHeart Radio, as well as in the Los Angeles Times, the Interval and others.

<https://goldrichandheisler.com/about-goldrich-heisler/>

## Welcome the Rain

When I was a child, I'd run and hide at the smallest hint of rain.  
A sliver of gray in the clouds, I'd be under a chair.  
The thunder would crash and the lightning would flash and I'd cry at the sight of it all.  
Curled up in a ball 'neath a wall of the curliest hair.  
And I'd stay there for hours, so afraid of the anger I saw in the sky,  
'Till my mother would come and dry up all the rain that I'd cry.

She'd say, "Don't be afraid of the power of life.  
Open you eyes to its wonder.  
Just as your heart should be open to joy,  
So it must let in the thunder.  
Sun that you long for is hidden from view, and only the shadows remain.  
But that's when you see the true beauty of life, when you learn how to welcome the rain."

Time passes on. I'm no longer a child and I've learned a thing or two.  
I've learned there are wounds that mother cannot kiss away.  
And though I find I still like to hide, I have learned that her lesson is true.  
If pain comes with love, then the pain is a small price to pay.  
We all put up umbrellas to protect us from torrents of feelings that pour.  
But shouldn't we remind ourselves what feelings are for?

Oh, Don't be afraid of the power of life.  
Marvel as heavens reveal it.  
Untie the ribbon and open the gift.  
Thank stormy stars you can feel it.  
Open your ears to the music of life, while there's time to repeat the refrain.  
If you yearn to embrace all the passion in life, you must learn how to welcome the rain.

Bring on the hurricanes!  
Let the winds blow.  
I'll match the wind, roar for roar.  
Life's not about being safe, staying dry.  
Life's about begging for more!

So, Don't be afraid of the power of life.  
Open your eyes to its wonder.  
Just as your heart should be open to joy.  
So it must let in the thunder.  
Sun that you long for is hidden from view, and only the shadows remain.  
But that's when you see the true beauty of life when you learn how to welcome the rain.  
If you yearn to embrace all the passion in life, you must learn how to welcome the rain.

I Get to Show You the Ocean (Stitt)

Georgia Stitt (b. 1972)

Score source: <https://www.sheetmusicplus.com/title/this-ordinary-thursday-the-songs-of-georgia-stitt-sheet-music/18056621>

Rachel Velarde, mezzo-soprano

Luis Rodriguez-Morales, piano

Georgia Stitt is a composer/lyricist, music director, pianist, and music producer. Stitt received her M.F.A. in Musical Theater Writing from New York University and her B.Mus. in Music Theory and Composition from Vanderbilt University, where she graduated magna cum laude. She has taught on the faculties of the University of Southern California in Los Angeles and Pace University in New York. She is a recipient of the ASCAP Frederick Loewe Fellowship, the Harold Arlen Award, and the Sue Brewer Award for excellence in music composition. Stitt is the Founder and President of *Maestra*, an activist organization for women musicians in the theater. She also serves on the Council of The Dramatists Guild of America and on the Board of Directors for The Lillys. Other proud memberships include ASCAP, SAG-AFTRA, the American Federation of Musicians (Local 802), and The Recording Academy, where she is a member of the Musical Theater Task Force. Georgia lives in New York City with her husband, composer/lyricist Jason Robert Brown, and their two daughters.

<https://georgiastitt.com/bio/>

## I Get to Show You the Ocean

for MCB on her first birthday

If you need an escape,  
There's a smell on the Cape  
That's just magic.  
It's the salt in the breeze  
And the flowering trees  
And the towels that dry in the sun.  
It's nostalgia and music  
And homemade ice cream  
All rolled into one.  
And you don't even know,  
'Cuz your life has just begun.  
But...

I'm gonna show you the ocean.  
You're gonna play in the sand.  
You've never been to the ocean  
Or stood on the turf where the surf meets  
the land.  
I get to show you the ocean.  
Your eyes will widen with glee.  
You'll watch the fishies that tan in the  
tidepools.  
I'll watch my love fall in love with the sea.

And when summer is through  
There's a lot we can do  
In the winter.  
You'll have snowflakes to catch.  
We'll make cookies from scratch,  
Get a parrot and teach him to sing.  
Who could guess that so quickly  
I'm filled with joy that  
Only you can bring?  
And if one day you're blue,  
Trust me, I've got  
Just the thing.

See,  
I'm gonna show you the ocean.  
You're gonna ride on a boat.  
You've never been to the ocean,  
Or sat near the spot where the dottybacks  
float.  
I get to show you the ocean.  
Kid, you've got so much in store.  
I'll be your teacher, your guide, your  
protector.  
You'll be my muse, always asking for more.

I'm sure one day you'll want to go out on  
your own.  
You'll think I'm limited, at best.  
Though intellectually I know the day will  
come,  
I can't imagine how I'll handle all the rest.  
What if you don't like the water?  
What if you won't learn to swim?  
What if one day someone steals your heart  
And breaks it open,  
And you think no one loves you but him?  
I promise you, my little mermaid,  
The ocean tides will still sing their tune.  
And Momma's love will always be here,  
Constant as the moon.

So,  
Go chase your dreams to the ocean!  
You take as long as you need.  
I'll wait for you by the ocean,  
Content in my nook with a book I can read.  
I get to show you the ocean!  
Tomorrow morning we'll start.  
Let's wake up early and search for a  
starfish.  
I've got your swimsuit  
And you've got my heart.

CAL-WESTERN NATS CONFERENCE  
“TEACHER TIME” RECITAL RECORDING—NOTES  
FOR PRESENTATION JANUARY 15, 2021

The Soul Selects her own Society (Emily Dickinson)      Mari Esabel Valverde (b. 1987)  
Score source: <http://marivalverde.com/compositions/vocal/>

Rachel Velarde, mezzo-soprano  
Luis Rodriguez-Morales, piano

Mari Esabel Valverde (b. 1987) has been commissioned by the American Choral Directors Association, Texas Music Educators Association, Seattle Men’s and Women’s Choruses, and Boston Choral Ensemble among others and has appeared with Dallas Chamber Choir, *Vox Humana*, and EXIGENCE (Detroit). She was a featured composer at the 2016 Gay and Lesbian Association of Choruses Festival, where her “Our Phoenix” was premièred by six collective ensembles from the United States and Canada. Her works are published by earthsongs and Walton Music and self-published.

Fluent in Spanish and French, Valverde actively studies Brazilian Portuguese and Swedish. She has translated numerous vocal works and documents including a phonetic guide of Ravel’s opera *L’Enfant et les Sortilèges*. Based in North Texas, she taught voice at the high school level for over six years. Her former students have participated in All-State Choirs and State Solo Competition. She currently teaches singing and transgender voice training with TruVoice Lessons.

Valverde holds degrees from St. Olaf College, the European American Musical Alliance in Paris, France, and San Francisco Conservatory of Music. She is a member of the American Choral Directors Association, the American Composers Forum, and the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers.

<http://marivalverde.com/long/>

Emily Dickinson is one of America’s greatest and most original poets of all time. She took definition as her province and challenged the existing definitions of poetry and the poet’s work. She experimented with expression in order to free it from conventional restraints and crafted a new type of persona for the first person. The speakers in Dickinson’s poetry are sharp-sighted observers who see the inescapable limitations of their societies as well as their imagined and imaginable escapes. To make the abstract tangible, to define meaning without confining it, to inhabit a house that never became a prison, Dickinson created in her writing a distinctively elliptical language for expressing what was possible but not yet realized. She saw poetry as a double-edged sword; while it liberated the individual, it as readily left him ungrounded. The literary marketplace, however, offered new ground for her work in the last decade of the 19th century. When the first volume of her poetry was published in 1890, four years after her death, it met with stunning success. Dickinson is now known as an important American poets and her poetry is widely read among people of all ages and interests.

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/emily-dickinson>

The Soul selects her own Society —  
Then — shuts the Door —  
To her divine Majority —  
Present no more —

Unmoved — she notes the Chariots — pausing —  
At her low Gate —  
Unmoved — an Emperor be kneeling  
Upon her Mat —

I've known her — from an ample nation —  
Choose One —  
Then — close the Valves of her attention —  
Like Stone —

c. 1862