

VOCAL ARTS DC

presents

**The Gerald Perman Fund for
Emerging Artists Debut Recital**



ELENA VILLALÓN, soprano
KATHLEEN KELLY, pianist

TUESDAY, MARCH 15, 2022 AT 7: 30 PM

The John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts

David M. Rubinstein, *Chairman* • Deborah F. Rutter, *President*

Terrace Theater



Tuesday March 15, 2022, at 7:30

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The Gerald Perman Fund for Emerging Artists Debut Recital

Elena Villalón, *soprano*

and

Kathleen Kelly, *pianist*

Traditional Swedish "Som stjärnan uppå himmelen så klar"

Hugo Wolf "Frühling übers Jahr"
(1860-1903) "Der Knabe und das Immlin"

Jean Sibelius "En slända"
(1865-1957)

Hugo Wolf "Ganymed"
"An eine Äolsharfe"

Sergei Rachmaninov "Ночью в саду у меня"/"In my garden at night"
(1873-1943) "Сон"/"Dream"

Edvard Grieg "Ein Traum"
(1843-1907)

Intermission

Reinaldo Moya *Migrare Mutare* (world premiere)
(b. 1984)
1. "Serpiente"
2. "Mariposa"
3. "Si hay futuro"

Alberto Ginastera "Cancion al arbol del olvido"
(1916-1983)

Fernando Obradors "Con amores, la mia madre"
(1897-1945) "¿Corazón, porqué pasáis..."
"Molondrón"

Ernesto Lecuona "María La O"
(1895-1963)

Ruperto Chapí "Carceleras" From *Las hijas del Zebedeo*
(1851-1909)

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A complement of free tickets has been made available to students through a generous contribution to Vocal Arts DC by Susan and Daniel Joseph.

Patrons are requested to turn off cell phones and other electronic devices during performances.

The taking of photographs and the use of recording equipment are not allowed in this auditorium.

This performance is an external rental presented in coordination with the Kennedy Center Rentals Campus Office and is not produced by the Kennedy Center.

Notes on the Program

By Arthur R. Smith

Art song is arguably a more varied artistic form than opera, which, for all its glories, is basically people and their suboptimal responses to their problems. “Most opera plots could be averted by some decent therapy” reads the caption to a New Yorker cartoon of a couple leaving The Met. Song embraces a much wider horizon. The repertoire is full of works that illuminate intangibles: ideas, sensations, feelings, nature, and impressions, just for starters. And it is this expressive, rather than narrative, aspect of song that animates much of tonight’s program by soprano Elena Villalón and pianist Kathleen Kelly, with hymns to nature, to longing, and to dreams.

We open with Nordic calm: a night scene, with the simple, haunting lines of the traditional Swedish song, “Like the star in the sky so clear” linking two touchstones of song—the impersonal vastness of nature and intensity of private longing. The Austrian master of the lied, Hugo Wolf (1860-1903), brought to his settings of musical impressions an immersion in the late-Romantic, harmonic world of Richard Wagner, his idol. We hear two sets of Wolf’s works. The first song is a gently lilting hymn to spring in the Goethe setting, “Frühling übers Jahr” of 1891, followed by the Mörike setting, “Der Knabe und das Immlin” (The Boy and the Bee), with the insect portrayed through wayward piano lines that trill and dance through the song (insects, birds, and flowers definitely get more stage time in song than in opera!). In the second group we’ll hear “An einer Äolsharfe,” also a Mörike setting, from 1888, one of Wolf’s most evocative songs, with the sounds of the harp portrayed in the piano, carrying messages of loss and longing. The aeolian harp, which dates to ancient times, is an instrument in which the passing wind vibrates the strings. Beloved in the Romantic era, they are celebrated in poems by Coleridge and paintings by Turner. It’s easy to see why, as

they are an apt metaphor for the elusive voice of nature that Romantics listened so intently for.

Between the Wolf sets, we return to northern climes with Jean Sibelius’ “En slanda” (A Dragonfly) from 1904. A light conversational feel begins the song, with the insect—perhaps an avatar for a departed lover—darting this way and that, as the voice glimmers in response. But at closing, dragonfly and vocal line both take to dizzying, melismatic heights as love vanishes. To close this half, we turn to gardens and dreams starting with two selections from Rachmaninov’s 6 Songs, Op. 38 from 1916. “In My Garden at Night” and “Dream” both tap a languorous, Impressionist musical language—images not stories. The closing “Dream,” courtesy of Edvard Grieg, is a more extroverted affair, ending with triumphant lines describing love’s dream realized.

The conclusion of the program is dedicated to music in Spanish and opens with another of this season’s world premieres, “Migrare Mutare,” by composer Reinaldo Moya (b. 1984), to texts by Rossy Evelin Lima (b. 1986). Moya is a Venezuelan-American composer and graduate of El Sistema and Juilliard’s masters and doctorate programs. He works across many genres, including orchestral, band, and chamber works, as well as in opera. Minnesota Opera presented his *Memory Boy* in 2015. He has taught at St. Olaf College and Interlochen Arts Camp, and is currently on the faculty at Augsburg University in Minneapolis. More at reinaldomoya.com.

Rossy Evelin Lima is a Mexican-American writer, scholar, and activist. She has a PhD in linguistics, has published poetry and prose to great acclaim, and spoken eloquently about her situation as an undocumented immigrant in a presentation entitled “Undocumented Dream.” She received the Poet of the Year Award by The Americas Poetry Festival of New York in

2018, among many other honors, and is on the faculty of Texas A & M University. More at rossylimacom.com.

The composer provides this note on the origin of the work:

"I found Rossy Lima's poems through Elena Villalón, who suggested that we use some of these texts from her *Migrare Mutare* collection for this set. I was immediately struck by Lima's use of language and how precisely these animal metaphors corresponded to the experience of migration. These poems speak directly to what it feels like to change countries, languages, and cultures, and they provide a wonderfully vivid portrait of that process. We begin in the dark, earthy realm of the *Serpiente* (snake) poem, and we end with a more reflective look into a possible future in *Si hay futuro*. Throughout this set, the songs aim to encompass the beauty and directness of Lima's language, while also penetrating into the dark subtext of her metaphors."

For the remainder of the program, we turn to a sampler of mostly 20th-century works in Spanish, starting with the Argentinian Alberto Ginastera (1916-1983) and the Barcelona-born Fernando Obradors (1897-1945). Both these will be familiar names from Vocal Arts DC programs, most recently on tenor David Portillo's recital earlier this year, music full of suave melodies and rhythmic snap. Ernesto Lecuona (1895-1963) was a piano prodigy, graduating with highest honors from the Cuban National Conservatory at age 18, and leaving to pursue a professional career in New York soon after. A prolific composer, he wrote over 400 songs among many other works, including film, theater, and ballet scores, as well as piano solos, all marked by a mix of Spanish, melodic heritage and Afro-Cuban rhythmic style. Ruperto Chapí (1851-1909) of Spain was a prolific composer of *zarzuela*, with more than 100 works in this Spanish operetta form to his credit. The showpiece, "Carceleras" (The Prisoner's Song) comes from *Las hijas*

del Zebedeo (The Daughters of the Zebedeo) concerning a bar of that name; evidently an establishment with a full complement of problems, both comical and amorous.

Texts and Translations

(Texts and translations have been supplied to Vocal Arts DC by the artists, and have not been edited or altered in any way.)

Som stjärnan uppå himmelen så klar (Anonymous)

Som stjärnan uppå himmelen så klar

*Som stjärnan uppå himmelen så klar
hon längtar till sitt rum,
så längtar jag till dej, min lilla vän,
var timma och var stund.
Var timma är som en månad lång,
var månad som ett år.
Så längtar jag till dej, min lilla vän,
fast jag dej aldrig får.*

Like the star in the sky so clear

Like the star in the sky so clear
she longs for her space,
so I long for you, my dear friend,
every hour and every moment.
Every hour is like a month long,
every month like a year.
So I long for you, my dear friend,
though I never get you.

Frühling übers Jahr (Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)

Frühling übers Jahr

*Das Beet, schon lockert
Sich's in die Höh,
Da wanken Glöckchen
So weiß wie Schnee;
Safran entfaltet
Gewalt'ge Gluth,
Smaragden keimt es
Und keimt wie Blut.
Primeln stolzieren
So naseweis,
Schalkhafte Veilchen,
Versteckt mit Fleiß;
Was auch noch alles
Da regt und webt,
Genug, der Frühling,
Er wirkt und lebt.*

Spring throughout the year

The flowerbed is already opening
And rising upward,
There, little bells are swaying
As white as snow;
The crocus unveils
A powerful glow,
Sprouting emerald green
And blood-red.
Primroses swagger
So cheekily,
While roguish violets
Diligently hide themselves.
Whatever else is out there
Moving and becoming,
Fine! The Spring is here,
Awake and alive!

*Doch was im Garten
Am reichsten blüht,
Das ist des Liebchens
Lieblich Gemüth.
Da glühen Blicke
Mir immerfort,
Erregend Liedchen,
Erheiternd Wort.*

But what blooms most richly
In the garden
Is the lovely spirit
Of my sweetheart.
Her fiery glances
Come unceasingly to me,
Exciting songs,
Cheering words,

(continued on next page)

Texts and Translations

(continued from previous page)

*Ein immer offen,
Ein Blütenherz,
Im Ernste freundlich
Und rein im Scherz.
Wenn Ros' und Lilie
Der Sommer bringt,
Er doch vergebens
Mit Liebchen ringt.*

And an ever-open,
Blossoming heart,
Friendly in solemnity
And pure in jest.
Let Summer bring
Lilies and roses,
He'll compete in vain
With my sweetheart.

Der Knabe und das Immlein (Eduard Mörike)

Der Knabe und das Immlein

*Im Weinberg auf der Höhe
ein Häuslein steht so winde bang;
hat weder Tür noch Fenster,
die Weile wird ihm lang.*

*Und ist der Tag so schwüle,
sind all' verstummt die Vögelein,
summt an der Sonnenblume
ein Immlein ganz allein.*

*Mein Lieb hat einen Garten,
da steht ein hübsches Immenhaus:
kommst du daher geflogen?
schickt sie dich nach mir aus?*

*O nein, du feiner Knabe,
es hieß mich Niemand Boten gehn;
dieses Kind weiß nichts von Lieben,
hat dich noch kaum gesehen.*

*Was wüßten auch die Mädchen,
wenn sie kaum aus der Schule sind!
Dein herzallerliebstes Schätzchen
ist noch ein Mutterkind.*

*Ich bring' ihm Wachs und Honig; ade!
ich hab' ein ganzes Pfund;
wie wird das Schätzchen lachen,
ihm wässert schon der Mund -*

*Ach, wolltest du ihr sagen,
ich wüßte, was viel süßer ist:
nichts Lieblichers auf Erde
Als wenn man herzt und küsst!*

The Boy and the Bee

In a vineyard up on the hill
There's a little house blown about by the wind,
It has neither door nor window
And time goes so slowly there.

And even though it is so humid,
And all the birds are silent,
A little bee is buzzing
By the sunflower, all alone.

My sweetheart has a garden
With an adorable beehive in it:
Did you fly from there?
Did she send you to me?

Oh no, you fine lad,
No one asked me to be a messenger.
That child knows nothing of love
And has hardly looked at you.

Indeed, what could girls know
When they are hardly out of school?
The girl of your dreams
Is still her mother's baby.

I'll bring her wax and honey, ciao!
I have a whole pound;
How your treasured one will laugh,
Her mouth is already watering -

Ah, would you please tell her
I know what would be much sweeter:
There's nothing on earth more delightful
Than caressing and kissing!

Texts and Translations

En slända

(Oscar Levantin)

En slända

*Du vackra slända, som till mig flög in,
när tyngst min längtan öfver boken drömde,
du kom med hela sommarn till mitt sinn.
Du kom och jag allt gammalt svärmod glömde.
Blott dig jag såg, min dag jag lycklig dömde,
du vackra slända.*

*Men bäst jag jublade, att du var min
och lifvets skänk i sång på knä berömde,
du flög den samma väg som du kom in,
du trolska slända.*

*All afskedsgråt i välgångsord förrinn!
Ej beska fauns i bågarn, som vi tömde.
Att du var sol, jag skugga blott vi glömde.
Flyg ljus, flyg blå, än sommarlycka finn,
välsignade, som en gång varit min,
min vackra slända.*

Ganymede

(Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)

Ganymede

*Wie im Morgenglanze
Du rings mich anglühst,
Frühling, Geliebter!
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne
Sich an mein Herz drängt
Deiner ewigen Wärme
Heilig Gefühl,
Unendliche Schöne!*

*Daß ich dich fassen möcht'
In diesen Arm!
Ach an deinem Busen
Lieg' ich, schmachte,
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras
Drängen sich an mein Herz.
Du kühlst den brennenden
Durst meines Busens,
Lieblicher Morgenwind!
Ruft drein die Nachtigall*

A dragonfly

Beautiful dragonfly, who flew to me
When my longing was deepest, lost in my book,
You brought the whole summer to my senses,
You came and I forgot my old melancholy.
I saw only you, and found myself happy,
You beautiful dragonfly.

But best of all, I rejoiced that you were mine,
And I knelt and raised a song of thanks for life,
And you flew out the same way you came in,
You bewitching dragonfly.

Parting tears ran into words of farewell!
No bitterness in the shared cup that we drained,
We forgot that you were sun, I the shadow.
Fly easy, blue one, to find the joys of summer,
Blessed creature who once was mine,
My beautiful dragonfly.

Ganymede

How you glow all around me
In the light of morning,
Springtime, beloved!
With the thousandfold blisses of love
The holy sensation
Of your eternal warmth
Presses on my heart,
Eternal beauty!

That I might grasp you
In these arms!
Ah, on your bosom
I repose, languish,
And your flowers, your grass
Enfold my heart.
You cool the burning thirst
Of my bosom,
Dear morning breeze!
The nightingale calls me lovingly

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Texts and Translations

(continued from previous page)

*Liebend nach mir aus dem Nebelthal.
Ich komm', ich komme!
Wohin? Ach, wohin?*

*Hinauf! Hinauf strebt's.
Es schweben die Wolken
Abwärts, die Wolken
Neigen sich der sehnenenden Liebe.
Mir! Mir!
In euerm Schoße aufwärts!
Umfangend umfängen!
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,
Allliebender Vater!*

From the foggy valley.
I'm coming, I'm coming,
But where? Ah, which way?

Upward! Everything yearns upward.
The clouds drift upwards,
The clouds kneel
Before desirous love.
To me, to me!
Upwards into your lap
Embracing and embraced!
Upwards to your heart,
All-loving father!

An einer Äolsharfe (Eduard Mörike)

An einer Äolsharfe

*Angelehnt an die Efeuwand
Dieser alten Terrasse,
Du, einer luftgebor'nen Muse
Geheimnisvolles Saitenspiel,
Fang' an,
Fange wieder an
Deine melodische Klage!*

*Ihr kommet, Winde, fern herüber,
Ach! von des Knaben,
Der mir so lieb war,
Frisch grünendem Hügel.
Und Frühlingsblüten unterwegs streifend
Übersättigt mit Wohlgerüchen,
Wie süß, wie süß bedrängt ihr dies Herz!*

*Und säuselt her in die Saiten,
Angezogen von wohl lautender Wehmut,
Wachsend im Zug meiner Sehnsucht,
Und hinsterbend wieder.
Aber auf einmal,
Wie der Wind heftiger herstößt,
Ein holder Schrei der Harfe
Wiederholt mir zu süßem Erschrecken
Meiner Seele plötzliche Regung,
Und hier, die volle Rose streut geschüttelt
All' ihre Blätter vor meine Füße!*

To an aeolian harp

Leaning on the ivy-covered wall
Of this ancient terrace,
You, mysterious string-sound
Of an airborne muse,
Begin,
Begin again
Your melodious lament!

You come, winds, from far away,
Ah, from the fresh green hill
Where lives the boy
Who was so dear to me.
And, caressing spring flowers along the way,
Saturated with lovely scents,
How sweetly, how sweetly you lay siege to this heart!

And it murmurs through the strings,
Sounding in melodious melancholy,
Increasing in the pull of my longing,
And dying away again.
But all at once,
As the wind blows stronger,
The harp repeats a gorgeous cry
And I am sweetly shocked
By the sudden response of my soul.
And here, the whole rose, shaken.
Strews all her petals at my feet!

Texts and Translations

Ночью в саду у меня
(Alexander Blok)

Ночью в саду у меня

*Ночью в саду у меня
Плачет плакучая ива,
И безутешна она
Ивушка, грустная ива.*

*Раннее утро блеснёт,
Нежная девушка-зорька
Ивушка, плачущей горько,
Слёзы кудрями сотрёт.*

In my garden at night

At night in my garden
The willow is weeping
And she is inconsolable,
Willow, sorrowful willow.

The early morning dawns
And like a gentle girl
Dries with her golden curls
The willow's bitter tears.

Сон
(Fyodor Kuzmych Teternikov)

Сон

*В мире нет ничего
Дождленнее сна,
Чары есть у него,
У него тишина,
У него на устах
Ни печаль и ни смех,
И в бездонных очах
Много тайных утех.*

*У него широки,
Широки два крыла,
И легки, так лёгки,
Как полночная мгла.
Не понять, как несёт,
И куда и на чем
Он крылом не взмахнет
И не двинет плечом.*

Dream

There is nothing in the world
More desirable than sleep,
It has charms,
It has silence
On its lips,
Neither sadness nor laughter
But secret pleasures
In its bottomless eyes.

Sleep has two
Wide, wide wings,
They are light, as light
As the haze of midnight.
Incomprehensible how its bears them,
Whither, and on what,
It will not beat these wings
It will not move its shoulder.

Texts and Translations

Ein Traum

(Friedrich Martin von Bodenstedt)

Ein Traum

*Mir träumte einst ein schöner Traum:
Mich liebte eine blonde Maid;
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:*

*Die Knospe sprang, der Waldbach schwoll,
Fern aus dem Dorfe scholl Geläut -
Wir waren ganzer Wonne voll,
Versunken ganz in Seligkeit.*

*Und schöner noch als einst im Traum
Begab es sich in Wirklichkeit -
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:
Der Waldbach schwoll, die Knospe
sprang,
Geläut erscholl vom Dorfe her -
Ich hielt dich fest, ich hielt dich lang -
Und lasse dich nun nimmermehr!*

*O, frühlingsgrüner Waldesraum!
Du lebst in mir durch alle Zeit -
Dort ward die Wirklichkeit zum Traum,
Dort ward der Traum zur Wirklichkeit!*

A Dream

Once I had a beautiful dream:
A blonde maiden loved me;
It was in a wide green forest,
It was in the warm springtime.

The buds burst open, the stream swelled,
Bells rang from the far village -
We were filled with complete joy,
Completely lost in bliss.

And yet more beautiful than first in dreams,
It came to be in reality -
It was in a wide green forest,
It was in the warm spring time:

The stream swelled, the buds burst open,
Bell-sound echoed from the village -
I held you tight, I held you for a long time
And now I'll never let you go!

Oh wide forest, green with spring!
You live in me forever -
There reality became my dream
And my dream became reality!

Translations for first half by Kathleen Kelly.



INTERMISSION

Texts and Translations

Serpiente (Rossy Lima)

Serpiente

*Navegadora de tierras ancestrales
Conexión prístina entre el suelo y el universo.
Mujer Serpiente, lengua bifurcada
Que pronuncia resguardadas profecías,
Cascabeles de armonía que anuncian
Nuestro derecho de cruzar fronteras
Sin ser percibidas.
Mujer Serpiente, cambias de piel
Como cambias de patrias
Y renaces lozana
Para crear futuros sigilosos
En la comunión de tu cuerpo
Invertebrado
Inquebrantable,
Indivisible
Aunque dejes en el camino pedazos vivos
De tu historia.*

Mariposa (Rossy Lima)

Mariposa

*Transparente presencia rutilante,
Eres la única muerte que promete alas,
El despertar negro y naranja de la emigración,
Te conjuro, en esta jaula de soles y lunas,
En esta jaula forjada con franjas azules y rojas,
Eres la única muerte que promete alas,
Eres la firmeza de un vuelo libertario,
Mujer Monarca, vienes cada año para llevarme
contigo,
Y sin saber por qué me ves cerrar los ojos y los
puños.
Eres la única muerte que promete alas,
Voy viviendo como poeta
Entre los cánones del presente,
Voy viviendo como larva
Enterrando el camino como daga,
Voy soñando con el néctar de las flores
Que crecen al otro lado de la frontera,
Eres la única muerte que promete alas.*

Serpent

*Traveler of ancestral lands
Pristine connection between earth and universe.
Serpent woman, forked tongue
Pronouncing protected prophecies,
Harmonious little bells that announce
Our right to cross borders
Without being observed.
Serpent woman, you change skin
Like you change homelands
And you are reborn self-assured
To create stealthy futures
In the communion of your body
Invertebrate
Unbreakable
Indivisible
Though you leave living pieces of your story
On this path.*

Butterfly

*Translucent shining presence,
You are the only death that promises wings,
The black and orange awakening of migration,
I conjure you, in this cage of suns and moons,
In this cage forged with red and blue stripes,
You are the only death that promises wings.
You are the strength of your free flight,
Monarch woman. You come each year to carry
me with you,
And without knowing why, you see me close my
eyes and fists,
You are the only death that promises wings,
I go on living like a poet
Between the canyons of the present,
Living like a larva
Burying the road like a dagger.
I dream of the nectar of the flowers
That grow on the other side of the border,
You are the only death that promises wings.*

Texts and Translations

Si hay futuro (Rossy Lima)

Si hay futuro

Dentro de varias décadas
Estarán dos niñas observando el paisaje,
Una le dirá a la otra
-De aquí salió la abuela. ¿Pero como pudo
Irse? Yo en su lugar, jamás
Me hubiera marchado.

Yo estaré sentada
En el arrullo de las ramas,
Les susurraré que el secreto está
en enterrar el corazón bajo un árbol
Y hacer en el aire un nido.

Yo estaré cuidándolas,
Las mujeres de mis futuros,
Y seré la serpiente, el quetzal,
Jaguar y axolotl,
Seré la tortuga y el coyote
Seré la mariposa.

Hoy les enseñó las oraciones
Con las que podrán revivirme.

There is a future

In a few decades
Two little girls will observe the landscape
And one will say to the other
“Grandma left from here. How could she
Leave? If I were in her place
I never would have left.”

I'll be seated
In the cooling of the branches
And I'll whisper that the secret
Is to bury your heart beneath a tree
And make a nest in the air.

I'll be watching over them,
These women of my future,
And I'll be the serpent, the quetzal,
The jaguar and the axolotl,
I'll be the turtle and the coyote,
I'll be the butterfly.

Today I teach them the prayers
So that they'll have the power to bring me back.

Texts and translations for first three songs by Rossy Lima

Canción al arbol del olvido (Fernán Silva Valdés)

Canción al arbol del olvido

*En mis pagos hay un arbol
Que del olvido se llama,
Al que van a despenarse,
Vidalitay, Vidalitay,
Los moribundos del alma.*

*Para no pensar en vos
Bajo el arbol del olvido
Me acosté una nochecita,
Vidalitay, Vidalitay,
Y me quedé bien dormido.*

*Al despertar de aquel sueño
Pensaba en vos otra vez,
Pues me olvidé de olvidarte,
Vidalitay, Vidalitay,
Encuantito me acosté.*

Song to the tree of forgetfulness

In my land there is a tree,
And it's called the tree of forgetfulness,
There they go to free themselves from pain,
my little life,
Those whose souls are dying.

So that I wouldn't think of you,
Underneath the forgetfulness tree
I lay down one little night,
my little life,

And I fell into a deep sleep.
When I woke from that sleep
I thought of you again,
Because I forgot to forget you,
my little life,
As soon as I lay down.

Texts and Translations

Con amores, la mi madre (Juan de Anchieta)

Con amores, la mi madre

*Con amores, la mi madre,
Con amores me dormí,
Así dormida soñaba
Lo que el corazón velaba,
Que el amor me consolaba
Con más bien que merecí.
Adormecióme el favor
Que amor me dió con amor,
Dió descanso a mi dolor
La fe con que le serví
Con amores, la mi madre,
Con amores me dormí!*

With love, my mother

With love, my mother,
With love I fell asleep,
Thus asleep I dreamed
Of what my heart was hiding,
That love consoled me
With more than I deserved.
I was lulled to sleep by the favor
With the love you gave me,
I was given rest from my pain
Through faith that supports me
With love, mother,
With love, I fell asleep!

Corazón, porqué pasáis (Anonymous)

Corazón, porqué pasáis

*¿Corazón, porqué pasáis
Las noches de amor despierto
Si vuestro dueño descansa
En los brazos de otro dueño?*

Heart, why do you keep awake

Heart, why do you keep awake
during the nights of love,
if your owner rests
in the arms of another?

Molondrón (Anonymous)

Molondrón

*Desde que vino la moda,
que sí, que no, que ¡ay!
de los pañuelitos blancos
me parecen los mocitos,
que sí, que no, que ¡ay!
palomitas en el campo.*

*Molinero, molinero,
a la hora de maquilar,
ten cuidado que la rueda
no se te vaya a escapar,
y te vaya a ti a coger
molinero, molinero, al moler.*

Good for nothing

Since it became the fashion,
Yes, no, oh!
To wear handkerchiefs around the neck,
The young men seem to me,
Yes, no, oh!
Like little doves in the field.

Miller, miller,
At the hour of milling,
Be careful that the wheel
Doesn't escape you,
And you go to catch it,
Miller, when grinding.

(continued on next page)

Texts and Translations

(continued from previous page)

*Fui a pedir las marzas
en cá el molinero,
y perdí las sayas
y perdí el pañuelo
y perdí otra cosa
que ara no recuerdo.*

Molondrón...

I went to ask for the spring songs
At the miller's house,
And I lost my skirts,
My handkerchief,
And I lost something
That now I don't remember...

Good for nothing...

María la O
(Gustavo Sánchez Galarraga)

María la O

*Mulata infeliz, tu vida acabó,
de risa y guaracha se ha roto el bongó
que oías ayer temblando de amor
y con ilusión, junto a un hombre cruel.*

*Su amor ya se fue de mi corazón
que hoy ya la aborrece porque mi pasión
que hirió su traición, ya tan solo es
sed de verlo al fin tendido a mis pies.*

*María la O, ya no más cantar,
María la O, hora es de llorar
y de recordar el tiempo feliz
de tus besos, que tan ya voló.*

*María la O, todo se acabó,
María la O, tu amor ya se fue
y jamás él volverá,
María la O, sueña en morir.*

María la O

Mulatta in tears, your life is over,
Laughter and dance broke the bongo drum
That you listened to trembling with love
And hope, next to a cruel man.

His love is gone now from my heart
That only hates him, because my passion
Wounded by his treason, is now just
A thirst to see him bow at my feet.

María la O, you shall sing no more,
María la O, it's time to weep
And to remember the happy times
Of your kisses, now so long gone.

María la O, all is over and done
María la O, your love is now gone
And shall never come back,
María la O, death is your dream!

Texts and Translations

Carceleras

(José Estremera)

Carceleras

*Al pensar en el dueño
de mis amores
siento yo unos mareos
encantadores.*

*Bendito sea
aquel picaronazo
que me marea.*

*A mi novio yo le quiero
porque roba corazones
con su gracia y su salero.*

*El me tiene muy ufana
porque hay muchas que le quieren
y se quedan con las ganas.*

*Caprichosa yo nací
y le quiero solamente
solamente para mí.*

*Que quitarme a mí su amor
es lo mismo que quitarle
las hojitas a una flor.*

*Yo me muero de gozo
cuando me mira
y me vuelvo jalea
cuando suspira.*

*Si me echa flores
siento el corazoncito
morir de amores.*

*Porque tiene unos ojos
que me miran entornados
muy gachones y muy pillos,
y me dicen ¡ay! lucero
que por esa personita
Me derrito yo y me muero*

Prisoner's song

At the thought of the owner
Of my love
I feel a delightful
dizziness.

Blessed be
That rogue
who makes me feel dizzy.

I love my beloved
Because he steals hearts
With his grace and charm.

He makes me proud
Because a lot of girls love him
And they're left with only desire.

I was born fickle
And I want him just
Just for me.

To take his love from me
Is like taking
The petals from a flower.

I die of joy
When he looks at me
And I turn to jelly
When he sighs.

When he throws flowers at me
I feel my little heart
Die of love.

For he has little eyes
That look at me half open
Tenderly and mischevously,
Telling me "Oh my star,
For that dear person
I melt and die!"

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

credit Jiyang Chen



Cuban-American soprano **Elena Villalón** is in her third and final year with the Houston Grand Opera Studio. A Grand Finals winner of the 2019 Metropolitan Op-

era National Council Auditions, Ms. Villalón most recently took home several prizes in the Hans Gabor Belvedere Competition, including 2nd Prize, Audience Prize, CS Prize, and the Wil Keune Prize. Her 2021-22 season features a number of debuts encompassing a variety of both operatic and concert repertoire. Notable opera engagements include house and role debuts at The Dallas Opera as Tina in *Flight*, at Austin Opera as Susanna in *Le nozze di Figaro*, and Nannetta in *Falstaff* with the Santa Fe Opera, as well as continued collaborations with Houston Grand Opera, where she created the role of Amy in the world premiere of Joel Thompson's *The Snowy Day* and debuts the role of Juliette in *Roméo et Juliette*. In concert, Ms. Villalón appears as the soprano soloist in Orff's *Carmina Burana* with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, Poulenc's *Gloria* with the Grand Rapids Symphony and in Handel's *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day* with Boston Baroque.

Highlights of the 2020-21 season included digital collaborations with Houston Grand Opera in David T. Little's *Vinkensport*, *The Snowy Day*, and *Hansel and Gretel*, as well as in HGO's Studio Showcase as Sophie in *Werther*, the title role in *Lulu*, and *Poppea* in *L'incoronazione di Poppea*. Scheduled operatic engagements during the abridged 2020-21 season were to include performances as Sophie in *Werther* and Clorinda in *La Cenerentola*, as well as the covers of Bess in Missy Mazzoli's *Breaking the Waves*. Ms. Villalón also appeared with Cincinnati Song Initiative and at the Rienzi Museum of Fine Arts as part of the studio recital series, and was featured in a concert of baroque cantatas and arias with the

Mercury Chamber Orchestra.

In the 2019-20 season, Ms. Villalón performed with Houston Grand Opera as Inés in Kevin Newbery's new production of *La Favorite* and *La Mujer* in the world premiere of Javier Martinez's *El Milagro de Recuerdo*, while also covering the roles of Pamina in *Die Zauberflöte* and Michal in *Saul*. In June 2020, she was slated to join Santa Fe Opera as an Apprentice Artist, where she was to make her house debut as the First Wood Sprite in *Rusalka*.

The 2018-19 season saw Ms. Villalón named a Grand Finals winner of the 2019 Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions. That same year, she made her professional debut as a Gerdine Young Artist at Opera Theatre of St. Louis, where she performed the role of Barbarina in Mark Lamos' production of *The Marriage of Figaro* and was awarded the Barbara and Stanley Richman Award. She was also named Audience Prize winner while competing as a finalist in Houston Grand Opera's Eleanor McCollum Competition.

Passionate about art song and concert repertoire, Ms. Villalón has spent summers at the Tanglewood Music Center and at Songfest as a Colburn Fellow. At Tanglewood, performance highlights included the soprano solo in Mahler's Symphony No. 4 with conductor Giancarlo Guerrero, Max in Oliver Knussen's *Where the Wild Things Are*, the world premiere of Michael Gandolfi's *In America*, concerts of Bach cantatas conducted by John Harbison, and concerts and recitals curated by Dawn Upshaw, Stephanie Blythe, Margo Garrett, and Sanford Sylvan.

Elena Villalón lives in Houston, Texas, where she enjoys (besides singing) sailing, sewing, cooking, causing mischief, and spending time with her dogs, Scooter and Spaghetti. More at elenavillalon.com

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

credit Arielle Doneson Corrigan



Kathleen Kelly's projects and repertoire are wide-ranging and diverse. From Mozart to commissioned works by her peers, she is both deeply experienced in the

classical vocal canon and engaged in new creation. Her 2021-22 season finds her on recital stages in Washington DC, Lawrence, Louisville, and Cincinnati, on the podium leading a world premiere opera in Charlottesville, judging competitions in Lexington and New York City, and immersed in teaching residencies in Wichita, Fort Worth, Washington DC, and Houston. Most notably, Kathleen was featured alongside co-librettist and soprano Jennifer Cresswell in the filmed opera *Interstate*, composed by Kamala Sankaram and produced by Minnesota Opera and Helio Arts.

The first woman and first American named as Director of Musical Studies at the Vienna State Opera, Kathleen's operatic experience is the backbone of her career. Trained at the San Francisco Opera, she joined the company's music staff and moved from there to a long association with the Metropolitan Opera. She was head of music at Houston Grand Opera, and music director of the Berkshire Opera before moving to Vienna. Kathleen has conducted at the Glimmerglass Festival, Wolf Trap Opera, Arizona Opera, El Paso Opera, Opera Columbus, the Merola Program, and the Alexandria Symphony, and has been a visiting master coach for the prestigious young artist programs of the Ryan Opera Center at Lyric Opera of Chicago, Los Angeles Opera, Houston Grand Opera, Washington National Opera, and the Canadian Opera Company.

Kathleen's recital career includes appearances at Weill Hall, Zankel Hall, the Kennedy Center, Vienna's Musikverein, the Mahlersaal of the Vienna State Opera, the Neue Galerie, the Schwabacher Series in San Francisco, and

the Tucson Desert Song Festival. Her recent collaboration with Jamie Barton has won wide acclaim, and her partners have included Christine Goerke, Michael Kelly, Troy Cook, Ryan McKinny, Amber Wagner, Albina Shagimuratova, Sorin Coliban, Ariana Strahl, Martha Guth, Karen Slack, and Jennifer Holloway. She has curated art song series for the Houston Grand Opera and the Vienna State Opera.

In demand as a mentor of rising artists, Kathleen has given masterclasses and workshops across North America, among others at the University of Toronto, the Schulich School at McGill University, University of Cincinnati, Baylor University, Vanderbilt University, University of Texas at Austin, University of Michigan, the Peabody Conservatory, University of Washington, Westminster Choir College, and Interlochen. She has served on the juries of the Wirth Prize at McGill University, the Dallas Opera Guild competition, the Kristin Lewis Foundation Scholarship auditions, the Cooper-Bing competition, the Richard Tucker Foundation, the Jensen Foundation, and the Metropolitan Opera National Council auditions.

A published poet and essayist, Kathleen has created several new opera translations and libretti. Her poem "You" was chosen as one of five poems for Jake Heggie's new cycle *What I Miss Most*, composed for Jamie Barton. Her poems have also been set by composers David Hanlon, Jamie Leidwinger, and Juliana Hall. Her English adaptation of *Hansel and Gretel*, commissioned by Tri-Cities Opera, is now in use alongside her chamber orchestra arrangement of the work. For Arizona Opera, she created a multilingual version of Emmerich Kalman's *Arizona Lady*, and she wrote the libretto for David Hanlon's Wolf Trap premiere *Listen, Wilhelmina!* Her English adaptation of Smetana's *The Bartered Bride* premiered in 2019, and her English adaptation of *La Bohème* commissioned by Opera Columbus premiered in 2021.

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

credit Arthur Moeller



Reinaldo Moya is a graduate of Venezuela's El Sistema music education system. He is the recipient of the Charles Ives Fellowship from the American Academy

of Arts and Letters, the McKnight Composers Fellowship, the Van Lier Fellowship, and the Aaron Copland Award. He was the winner of the Ellis-Beauregard Foundation Composer Award, leading to the commissioning of his Piano Concerto for Joyce Yang and the Bangor Symphony Orchestra.

As the Composer-Residence at The Schubert Club 2017-19, he wrote *Tienda*: a chamber opera praised by The Star Tribune for its "proud individuality... [and] textures of pulsing vibrancy, subtly shading harmonies to trace the fragile emotional arc of his central characters." His opera *Memory Boy*, with a libretto by Mark Campbell, was commissioned by the Minnesota Opera and premiered in 2016.

His works have been performed by the Minnesota Orchestra, the San Diego Symphony, the Juilliard Orchestra, the Simón Bolívar Symphony Orchestra of Venezuela, the New Jersey Symphony. Other performers include the Jasper and Attacca String Quartets, the Oberlin Conservatory Orchestra, the Da Capo Chamber Players, the Lysander Piano Trio, among others.

He is a graduate of The Juilliard School with masters and doctorate degrees, studying with Samuel Adler and Robert Beaser. Mr. Moya has taught at St. Olaf College, the Interlochen Arts Camp, and is currently Assistant Professor of Composition at Augsburg University in Minneapolis.



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Vocal Arts DC is one of America's leading presenters of concert song and is a vital force in the cultural life of the Washington metropolitan area. Vocal Arts works to keep alive the intimacy and conviviality that is the heritage of concert song through an annual recital series and through social and educational events that foster personal contact between performers and audience. Vocal Arts DC is a non-profit corporation, qualified under Section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code.

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credit: BreeAnne Cloudius



Wednesday, April 6 at 7:30 pm

The John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, Terrace Theater

THE GERALD AND ANN K. PERMAN MEMORIAL RECITAL

JAMIE BARTON, *mezzo-soprano*

JAKE HEGGIE, *composer and pianist*

Current Grammy nominee Jamie Barton was named Personality of the Year at the 2020 BBC Music Magazine Awards, and her many other prestigious accolades include being named Winner of both the Kennedy Center's Marian Anderson Award and the Richard Tucker Music Foundation Award. Her engagements this season include an acclaimed role debut as *Carmen* with Chicago Opera Theater and a return to The Metropolitan Opera as Eboli in a new production of Verdi's *Don Carlos*.

Program to include selections by Henry Purcell, Franz Schubert, Johannes Brahms and Florence Price, as well as pieces by Mr. Heggie from their acclaimed 2020 PentaTone Classics album Unexpected Shadows.

“Opera’s nose-studded rockstar.” *The New York Times*