



Rudi E. Scheidt
School of Music

**LUIS ALEJANDRO BARAJAS
PEREZ-AFANADOR, TENOR**

presents,

**SUCH IS LOVE,
SUCH IS LIFE**

Amy Nguyen, piano

APRIL 5 | 3:30 PM

HARRIS CONCERT HALL

Rudi E. Scheidt School of Music
Albert Nguyen, Interim Director
College of Communication and Fine Arts
Debra Burns, Dean

PROGRAM

Part 1

<i>La Coccinelle</i>	Georges Bizet (1838-1875)
<i>Das Fischermädchen</i>	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
“Lonely House” from <i>Street Scene</i>	Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

Part 2

<i>Der Doppelgänger</i>	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
<i>In der Frühe</i>	Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Part 3

<i>I Was There</i> I. Beginning My Studies II. I Was There	Lee Hoiby (1926-2011)
<i>L'absence</i>	Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)
<i>I Was There</i> IV. Joy Shipmate, Joy	Lee Hoiby (1926-2011)

Part 4

<i>I Was There</i> V. Oh Captain, My Captain	Lee Hoiby (1926-2011)
<i>Nimmersatte Liebe</i>	Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

TRANSLATIONS

La Coccinelle

Georges Bizet (1838-1875)

Victor Hugo (1802-1883)

Elle me dit: "Quelque chose
Me tourmente." Et j'aperçus
Son cou de neige, et, dessus,
Un petit insecte rose.
J'aurais dû... oui... mais, sage ou
fou,
À seize ans, on est farouche,—
Voir le baiser sur sa bouche
Plus que l'insecte à son cou.

On eût dit un coquillage;
Dos rose et taché de noir.
Les fauvettes pour nous voir
Se penchaient dans le feuillage.

Sa bouche fraîche était là;
Hélas, Je me courbai sur la belle,
Et je pris la coccinelle;
Mais le baiser s'envola.

"Fils, apprends comme on me
nomme,
Dit l'insecte du ciel bleu,
Les bêtes sont au bon Dieu;
Mais la bêtise est à l'homme."

She said to me: "Something
torments me." And I saw
Her neck of snow, and on top
A little pink insect.
I should have... yes... but, wise or
foolish,
At 16, we are wild,—
See the kiss on her mouth
More than the insect on her neck.

It looked like a shell
Back pink and spots of black.
The warble birds, for they see us,
Leaned into the foliage.

The mouth fresh was...
Alas, I leaned over the beauty
And took the ladybug;
But the kiss flew away.

"Son, learn as I am
called,
The insect of the blue sky,
The animals belong to God;
but stupidity is Man's"

Das Fischermädchen

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Du schönes Fischermädchen,
Treibe den Kahn ans Land;
Komm zu mir und setze dich nieder,
Wir kosen Hand in Hand.

You beautiful fisher maiden,
Bring the boat to shore;
Come to me and sit down,
We cuddle hand in hand.

Leg an mein Herz dein Köpfchen,
Und fürchte dich nicht zu sehr;
Vertraust du dich doch sorglos
Täglich dem wilden Meer.

Lay on my heart your little head,
And fear not anymore;
You trust yourself so carefree
Every day to the wild sea.

Mein Herz gleicht ganz dem Meere,
Hat Sturm und Ebb' und Flut,
Und manche schöne Perle
In seiner Tiefe ruht.

My Heart resembles the sea,
Has storm and ebb and flow,
And many beautiful pearls,
In its depths, rest.

Lonely House

Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

Langston Hughes (1901-1967)

At night when everything is quiet
This old house seems to breathe a sigh
Sometimes I hear a neighbor snoring
Sometimes I hear a baby cry
Sometimes I hear a staircase creaking
Sometimes a distant telephone
Then the quiet settles down again
The house and I are all alone

Lonely house, lonely me
Funny with so many neighbors
How lonely it can be
Oh lonely street, lonely town
Funny you can be so lonely
With all these folks around

I guess there must be something
I don't comprehend
Sparrows have companions
Even stray dogs find a friend

The night for me is not romantic
Unhook the stars and take them down
I'm lonely in this lonely house
In this lonely town

Der Doppelgänger

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Still ist die Nacht, es ruhen die
Gassen,
In diesem Hause wohnte mein
Schatz;
Sie hat schon längst die Stadt
verlassen,
Doch steht noch das Haus auf
demselben Platz.

Still is the night, quiet, the streets,
In this house lived my sweetheart;
She has for a long time, left the city,
But stands still that house,
in the same place.

Da steht auch ein Mensch und starrt
in die Höhe,
Und ringt die Hände, vor
Schmerzens Gewalt;
Mir graust es, wenn ich sein Antlitz
sehe –
Der Mond zeigt mir meine eigne
Gestalt.

Also stands a person and stares
upward,
And restless the hands, from
pain violence;
I am horrified when I see his face
The moon shows me my own figure.

Du Doppelgänger! du bleicher
Geselle!
Was äffst du nach mein Liebesleid,
Das mich gequält auf dieser Stelle,
So manche Nacht, in alter Zeit?

The Doppelganger! You pale
creature!
Why mock my loves suffering,
That tormented me at this spot
Many a night, in olden time?

In der Fruhe

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Kein Schlaf noch kühlt das Auge mir,
Dort gehet schon der Tag herfür
An meinem Kammerfenster.

Es wühlet mein verstörter Sinn
Noch zwischen Zweifeln her und hin
Und schaffet Nachtgespenster.

– Ängste, quäle

Dich nicht länger, meine Seele!
Freu dich! schon sind da und dorten
Morgenglocken wach geworden

No sleep indeed cools my eyes,
There goes already, the dawning,
at my bedroom window.

It digs my disturbed mind,
Still between doubt back and forth
And created night phantoms.

Fears, torments

You no longer, my Soul!
Rejoice! Already here and there
Morning Bells have awoken.

I Was There

I. Beginning My Studies

Lee Hoiby (1926-2011)

Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

Beginning my studies the first step pleas'd me so much,
The mere fact consciousness, these forms, the power of motion,
The least insect or animal, the senses, eyesight, love,
The first step I say awed me and pleas'd me so much,
I have hardly gone and hardly wish'd to go any farther,
But stop and loiter all the time to sing it in ecstatic songs.

II. I Was There

I understand the large hearts of heroes,
The courage of present times and all times;
How the skipper saw the crowded and rudderless wreck of the
steam-ship, and Death chasing it up and down the storm,
How he knuckled tight, and gave not back an inch,
and was faithful of days and faithful of nights,
And chalk'd in large letters, on a board,
Be of good cheer, we will not desert you:
How he follow'd with them, and tack'd with them three days
and would not give it up;
How he saved the drifting company at last:
How the lank loose-gown'd women look'd when
boated from the side of their prepared graves;
How the silent old-faced infants, and the lifted sick,
and the sharp-lipp'd unshaved men:

All this I swallow, it tastes good, I like it well, it becomes mine,
I am the man, I suffer'd, I was there.

L'absence

Hector Berlioz (1797-1828)
Théophile Gautier (1811-1872)

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée;
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,
La fleur de ma vie est fermée
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

Return, return, my sweetest love
Like a flower far from the sun
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your red smile!

Entre nos cœurs quelle distance!
Tant d'espace entre nos baisers!
Ô sort amer! ô dure absence!
Ô grands désirs inapaisés!

Between our hearts, what distance!
So much space between. Our
kisses!
O bitter fate! O harsh absence!
O great desires, unfulfilled!

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée.
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,
La fleur de ma vie est fermée
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

Return, return, my sweetest love
Like a flower far from the sun
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your red smile!

D'ici là-bas, que de campagnes,
Que de villes et de hameaux,
Que de vallons et de montagnes,
À lasser le pied des chevaux.

From here to there, how many
country sides,
how many towns and hamlets,
So many valleys and hills, enough to
tire the horses feet.

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée.
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,
La fleur de ma vie est fermée
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

Return, return, my sweetest love
Like a flower far from the sun
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your red smile!

I Was There

IV. Joy Shipmate, Joy

Lee Hoiby (1926-2011)
Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

Joy, shipmate, joy!
(Pleas'd to my soul at death I cry,)
Our life is closed, our life begins,
The long, long anchorage we leave,

The ship is clear at last, she leaps!
She swiftly courses from the shore,
Joy, shipmate, joy.

V. Oh Captain, My Captain

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring:
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head;
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip, the victor ship, comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

Nimmersatte Liebe

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
Eduard Mörike (1804-1875)

So ist die Lieb! So ist die Lieb!
Mit Küssen nicht zu stillen:
Wer ist der Tor und will ein Sieb
Mit eitel Wasser füllen?
Und schöpfst du an die tausend
Jahr,
Und küssest ewig, ewig gar,
Du tust ihr nie zu Willen.

Die Lieb, die Lieb hat alle Stund
Neu wunderlich Gelüsten;
Wir bissen uns die Lippen wund,
Da wir uns heute küssten.
Das Mädchen hielt in guter Ruh,
Wie's Lämmlein unterm Messer;
Ihr Auge bat: "Nur immer zu!
Je weher, desto besser!"

So ist die Lieb! und war auch so,
Wie lang es Liebe gibt,
Und anders war Herr Salomo,
Der Weise, nicht verliebt.

Such is Love! Such is love!
With kisses not to still:
Who is the fool who wants the sieve
With vain water filling it?
And you were to draw it for a
Thousand Years,
And kiss forever and ever
You never do what she wants.

The love, the love has every hour
New wonderful desires;
We bit our lips sore,
When we kissed today.
The girl kept in good peace,
Like a lamb under the knife;
Her eyes begged "Just keep close!
The more painful, the better!"

Such is love! And has been so
As long as love has been,
And wise old Salomon himself
Was no different in love.