

Sunday, April 1, 2007, 3pm  
Hertz Hall

## Measha Brueggergosman, *soprano* J. J. Penna, *piano*

### PROGRAM

Reynaldo Hahn (1874–1947) *À Chloris* (1916)  
Les Fontaines (1910)  
From *Chansons grises* (1887–1890)  
5. L'Heure exquise

Maurice Ravel (1875–1956) *Shéhérazade* (1903)  
1. Asie  
2. La Flûte enchantée  
3. L'Indifférent

### INTERMISSION

Hugo Wolf (1860–1903) From *Spanisches Liederbuch, Weltliche Lieder*  
2. In dem Schatten meiner Locken (1889)  
26. Bedeckt mich mit Blumen (1889)  
15. Sagt ihm, dass er zu mir komme (1890)  
34. Geh, geliebter, geh jetzt (1890)

Xavier Montsalvatge (1912–2002) *Cinco canciones negras* (1945–1946)  
1. Cuba dentro de un piano  
2. Punto de Habanera (Siglo XVIII)  
3. Chévere  
4. Canción de cuna para dormir a un negrito  
5. Canto negro

William Bolcom (b.1938) From *Cabaret Songs* (1963–1996)  
Surprise!  
Can't Sleep  
Toothbrush Time  
Waitin'  
George

*Recital Series B is sponsored by Annette Campbell-White and Dr. Ruediger Naumann-Etienne.*

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# Texts and Translations

## À Chloris (1916)

Music by Reynaldo Hahn (1875–1947)  
Text by Théophile de Viau (1590–1626)

S'il est vrai, Chloris, que tu m'aimes,  
Mais j'entends, que tu m'aimes bien,  
Je ne crois point que les rois mêmes  
Aient un bonheur pareil au mien.  
Que la mort serait importune  
De venir changer ma fortune  
A la félicité des cieux!  
Tout ce qu'on dit de l'ambrosie  
Ne touche point ma fantaisie  
Au prix des grâces de tes yeux.

## Les fontaines (1910)

Music by Hahn  
Text by Henri de Régnier (1864–1936)

Pour que ton rire clair, jeune, tendre et léger,  
S'épanouisse en fleur sonore,  
Il faut qu'Avril verdisse aux pousses du verger,  
Plus vertes d'aurore en aurore.

Il faut que l'air égal annonce le printemps,  
Et que la première hirondelle  
Rase d'un vol aigu les roseaux de l'étang  
Qui mire son retour fidèle!

Mais quoiqu'écho rie à ton rire avec toi,  
Goutte à goutte et d'une eau lointaine,  
N'entends-tu pas gémir et répondre à ta voix  
La plainte faible des fontaines?

## L'Heure exquise

Music by Hahn  
Text by Paul Verlaine (1844–1896)

La lune blanche luit dans les bois.  
De chaque branche part une voix  
sous la ramée.  
Ô bien aimée...  
L'étang reflète, profond miroir,  
la silhouette du saule noir  
où le vent pleure.  
Rêvons, c'est l'heure.  
Un vaste et tendre  
apaisement  
semble descendre  
du firmament  
que l'astre irise.  
C'est l'heure exquise!

## To Chloris

*Translation by Richard Stokes*

If it be true, Chloris, that thou lovest me,  
And I understand that thou dost love me well,  
I do not believe that even kings  
Could know such happiness as mine.  
How unwelcome death would be,  
If it came to exchange my fortune  
With the joy of heaven!  
All that they say of ambrosia  
Does not fire my imagination  
Like the favor of thine eyes.

## The Fountains

*Translation by Richard Stokes*

For the sound of your laughter, so bright and clear,  
To burst forth like a flower in bloom,  
April is blossoming in all the meadows and fields,  
Greener from on daybreak to the next.

As a gentle breeze is heralding the advent of spring,  
The first swallow is now taking flights,  
His wings barely touching the reeds in the pool,  
Delighting in his faithful homecoming!

Though I know that your laughter repeats far and wide,  
Can you not hear the fountains sighing,  
Moaning faintly as they echo the sound of your voice  
Drop by drop in some faraway place?

## The Time of Delight

*Translation by Grant A. Lewis*

The white moon shines in the woods.  
From each branch springs a voice  
beneath the arbor.  
Oh my beloved...  
The pond reflects, like a deep mirror,  
the silhouette of the black willow  
where the wind weeps.  
Let us dream! It is the hour.  
A vast and tender  
calm  
seems to descend  
from a sky  
made iridescent by the moon.  
It is the exquisite hour!

*please turn page quietly*

# Texts and Translations

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## Shéhérazade (1903)

Music by Maurice Ravel (1875–1937)

Three poems by Tristan Klingsor (1874–1966)

### I. Asie

Asie, Asie, Asie  
Vieux pays merveilleux des contes de nourrice  
Où dort la fantaisie comme une impératrice  
En sa forêt emplie de mystère.

Asie,  
Je voudrais m'en aller avec la goëlette  
Qui se berce ce soir dans le port,  
Mystérieuse et solitaire,  
Et qui déploie enfin ses voiles violettes  
Comme un immense oiseau de nuit dans le ciel d'or.

Je voudrais m'en aller vers des îles de fleurs  
En écoutant chanter la mer perverse  
Sur un vieux rythme ensorceleur.

Je voudrais voir Damas et les villes de Perse  
Avec les minarets légers dans l'air.  
Je voudrais voir de beaux turbans de soie  
Sur des visages noirs aux dents claires;

Je voudrais voir des yeux sombres d'amour  
Et des prunelles brillantes de joie  
Et des paux jaunes comme des oranges;

Je voudrais voir des vêtements de velours  
Et des habits à longues franges.  
Je voudrais voir des calumets entre des bouches  
Tout entourées de barbe blanche;  
Je voudrais voir d'après marchands  
aux regards louches,  
Et des cadis, et des vizirs  
Qui du seul mouvement de leur doigt qui se penche  
Accordent vie ou mort au gré de leur désir.

Je voudrais voir la Perse, et l'Inde, et puis la Chine,  
Les mandarins ventrus sous les ombrelles,  
Et les princesses aux mains fines,  
Et les lettrés qui se querellent  
Sur la poésie et sur la beauté;

Je voudrais m'attarder au palais enchanté  
Et comme un voyageur étranger  
Contempler à loisir des paysages peints

Sur des étoffes en des cadres de sapin  
Avec un personnage au milieu d'un verger;

## Scheherazade

*Translation by D. Kern Holoman*

### I. Asia

Asia, Asia, Asia!  
Ancient, marvelous lands of nursery tales  
Where imagination sleeps like an empress  
In her forest, surrounded in mystery.

Asia:  
I should like to leave with the schooner  
Rocking tonight in the harbor,  
Mysterious and alone,  
And at last unfurling purple sails  
Like an huge night bird in the golden sky.

I should like to leave for the flower islands  
Listening to the perverse ocean sing  
To an old, bewitching rhythm.

I should like to see Damascus and the cities of Persia  
With light minarets in the air.  
I should like to see beautiful silk turbans  
Over dark faces with shining teeth;

I should like to see eyes darkened with love  
And pupils shining with joy  
Against skins golden as oranges;

I should like to see velvet clothes  
And robes with long fringes.  
I should like to see pipes in mouths  
Surrounded by white beards;  
I should like to see grasping merchants  
with shady looks,  
And cadis and viziers,  
Who with a mere crook of the finger  
Dispense life or death at will.

I should like to see Persia, and India, and then China,  
Pot-bellied mandarins under umbrellas,  
And princesses of slender hands  
And scholars arguing  
Over poetry and beauty;

I should like to linger in the enchanted palace  
And, like a foreign traveller,  
Contemplate at leisure painted landscapes

On fabrics in pine-wood frames  
With a figure in the middle of an orchard;

# Texts and Translations

Je voudrais voir des assassins souriants  
Du bourreau qui coupe un cou d'innocent  
Avec son grand sabre courbé d'Orient.

I should like to see assassins smiling  
As the executioner cuts off an innocent head  
With his great curved oriental saber.

Je voudrais voir des pauvres et des reines;  
Je voudrais voir des roses et du sang;  
Je voudrais voir mourir d'amour ou bien de haine.

I should like to see paupers and queens;  
I should like to see roses and blood;  
I should like to see dying of love or else of hate.

Et puis m'en revenir plus tard  
Narrer mon aventure aux curieux de rêves  
En élevant comme Sinbad ma vieille tasse arabe  
De temps en temps jusqu'à mes lèvres  
Pour interrompre le conte avec art....

And then return  
To recount my adventures to those curious of dreams,  
Raising, like Sinbad, my old Arab cup  
From time to time to my lips  
To interrupt the tale, artfully....

## 2. La Flûte enchantée

## 2. The Enchanted Flute

L'ombre est douce et mon maître dort,  
Coiffé d'un bonnet conique de soie  
Et son long nez jaune en sa barbe blanche.

The shadows are gentle, and my master sleeps  
Under his conical silk night cap  
And his long yellow nose in his white beard.

Mais moi, je suis éveillée encor  
Et j'écoute au dehors  
Une chanson de flûte où s'épanche  
Tour à tour la tristesse ou la joie.

But I am still awake  
And I am listening  
To a flute-song outside, from which pours,  
By turns, sadness and joy.

Un air tour à tour langoureux ou frivole  
Que mon amoureux chéri joue,

A song by turns langorous or merry  
That my dear love plays,

Et quand je m'approche de la croisée  
Il me semble que chaque note s'envole

And when I go to the window  
It seems to me that each note flies

De la flûte vers ma joue  
Comme un mystérieux baiser.

From the flute to my cheek  
Like a myterious kiss.

## 3. L'Indifférent

## 3. The Indifferent One

Tes yeux sont doux comme ceux d'une fille,  
Jeune étranger,  
Et la courbe fine  
De ton beau visage de duvet ombragé  
Est plus séduisante encor de ligne.

Your eyes are gentle as a girl's,  
Young stranger,  
And the delicate curve  
Of your beautiful face, shadowed with down,  
Is yet more seductive of contour.

Ta lèvre chante sur le pas de ma porte  
Une langue inconnue et charmante  
Comme une musique fausse...  
Entre!  
Et que mon vin te reconforte...

On my doorstep your lips sing  
An unknown and charming language  
Like music out of tune...  
Enter!  
And let my wine refresh you...

Mais non, tu passes  
Et de mon seuil je te vois t'éloigner  
Me faisant un dernier geste avec grâce  
Et la hanche légèrement ployée  
Par ta démarche féminine et lasse....

But no, you pass,  
And from my doorsill I see you move away  
Making me a last gracious gesture,  
And your hips lightly swing  
In your languid, feminine gait....

*please turn page quietly*

# Texts and Translations

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**In dem Schatten meiner Locken** (1889),  
from *Spanisches Liederbuch, Weltliche Lieder*, No. 2  
Music by Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)  
Text by Emanuel von Geibel (1815–1884)

In dem Schatten meiner Locken  
Schlief mir mein Geliebter ein.  
Weck ich ihn nun auf? Ach nein!  
Sorglich strählt ich meine krausen  
Locken täglich in der Frühe,  
Doch umsonst ist meine Mühe,  
weil die Winde sie zerzausen.  
Lockenschatten, Windessausen  
Schlieferten den Liebsten ein.  
Weck ich ihn nun auf? Ach nein!  
Hören muß ich, wie ihn gräme,  
Daß er schmachtet schon so lange,  
Daß ihm Leben geb' und nehme  
Diese meine braune Wange,  
Und er nennt mich eine Schlange,  
Und doch schlief er bei mir ein.  
Weck ich ihn nun auf? Ach nein!

**Bedeckt mich mit Blumen** (1889),  
from *Spanisches Liederbuch, Weltliche Lieder*, No. 26  
Music by Wolf  
Text by Von Geibel

Bedeckt mich mit Blumen, ich sterbe vor Liebe.  
Daß die Luft mit leisem Wehen  
nicht den süßen Duft mir entführe, bedeckt mich!  
Ist ja alles doch dasselbe,  
Liebesodem oder Däfte von Blumen.  
Von Jasmin und weißen Lilien  
sollt ihr hier mein Grab bereiten, ich sterbe.  
Und befragt ihr mich: Woran?  
sag' ich: Unter süßen Qualen vor Liebe.

**Sagt ihm, daß er zu mir komme** (1890),  
from *Spanisches Liederbuch, Weltliche Lieder*, No. 15  
Music by Wolf  
Text by Paul Heyse (1830–1914)

Sagt ihm, daß er zu mir komme,  
denn je mehr sie mich drum schelten,  
ach je mehr wächst meine Glut!  
O zum Wanken bringt die Liebe nichts auf Erden;  
durch ihr Zanken wird sie nur gedoppelt werden.  
Sie gefährden mag nicht ihrer Neider Wut;  
denn je mehr sie mich drum schelten,  
ach, je mehr wächst meine Glut!

**In the Shadow of My Tresses**

*Translation by Eric Sams*

In the shadow of my tresses  
My beloved has fallen asleep.  
Shall I awaken him now? Ah, no!  
Carefully I comb my ruffled  
Locks, early every day;  
Yet for nothing is my trouble,  
For the wind makes them dishevelled yet again.  
The shadows of my tresses, the whispering of the wind,  
Have lulled my darling to sleep.  
Shall I awaken him now? Ah, no!  
I must listen to him complain  
That he pines for me so long,  
That life is given and taken away from him  
By this, my brown cheek,  
And he calls me a snake;  
Yet he fell asleep by me.  
Shall I awaken him now? Ah, no!

**Cover Me with Flowers**

*Translation by Eric Sams*

Cover me with flowers, I die for love.  
That the breeze with its gentle wafting  
not carry the sweet smell away from me, cover me!  
Yet truly it is all the same,  
breath of love, or scent of flowers.  
With jasmine and white lilies  
shall you here prepare my grave, I die.  
And if you ask me, Why?  
I say: From sweet torments of love.

**Tell Him to Come to Me**

*Translation by Eric Sams*

Tell him to come to me,  
for the more they chide me about it,  
the more my passion grows!  
O, nothing on earth can make love waver;  
their scolding will only make it double.  
It cannot be endangered by the fury of the envious;  
for the more they chide me about it,  
the more my passion grows!

# Texts and Translations

Eingeschlossen haben sie mich lange Tage;  
unverdrossen mich gestraft mit schlimmer Plage;  
Doch ich trage jede Pein mit Liebesmut,  
denn je mehr sie mich drum schelten,  
ach, je mehr wächst meine Glut!

Meine Peiniger sagen oft, ich soll dich lassen,  
doch nur einiger woll'n wir uns ins Herze fassen.  
Muß ich drum erblassen,  
Tod um Liebe lieblich tut,  
und je mehr sie mich drum schelten,  
ach, je mehr wächst meine Glut!

**Geh, Geliebter, geh jetzt!** (1890),  
from *Spanisches Liederbuch, Weltliche Lieder*, No. 34  
Music by Wolf  
Text by Von Geibel

Geh, Geliebter, geh jetzt!  
Sieh, der Morgen dämmert.  
Leute gehn schon durch die Gasse,  
Und der Markt wird so belebt,  
Daß der Morgen wohl, der blasse,  
Schon die weißen Flügel hebt.  
Und vor unsern Nachbarn bin ich  
Bange, daß du Anstoß gibst;  
Denn sie wissen nicht, wie innig  
Ich dich lieb und du mich liebst.  
Drum, Geliebter, geh jetzt,  
Sieh, der Morgen dämmert.  
Wenn die Sonn am Himmel scheinend  
Scheucht vom Feld die Perlen klar,  
Muß auch ich die Perle weinend  
Lassen, die mein Reichthum war.  
Was als Tag den andern funkelt,  
Meinen Augen dünkt es Nacht,  
Da die Trennung bang mir dunkelt,  
Wenn das Morgenrot erwacht.  
Geh, Geliebter, geh jetzt!  
Sieh, der Morgen dämmert.  
Fliehe denn aus meinen Armen!  
Denn versäumest du die Zeit,  
Möchten für ein kurz Erwärmen  
Wir ertauschen langes Leid.  
Ist in Fegefeuersqualen  
Doch ein Tag schon auszustehn,  
Wenn die Hoffnung fern in Strahlen  
Läßt des Himmels Glorie sehn.  
Drum, Geliebter, geh jetzt!  
Sieh, der Morgen dämmert.

They have locked me in for days on end,  
relentlessly punished me with terrible torments.  
But I bear all my suffering with love's courage,  
and the more they chide me,  
the more my passion grows!

My tormentors often say I should leave you,  
but that only binds our hearts closer together.  
And if I must perish for it  
death for love is sweet,  
and the more they chide me about it  
the more my passion grows!

**Go, My Lover, Go Now!**

*Translation by Laurence Snyder & Rebecca Plack*

Go, my lover, go now!  
See, morning dawns.  
People are already passing through the alleys,  
And the market is becoming so lively,  
That morning itself, pale morn,  
Already raises its white wings.  
And I'm afraid of our neighbors,  
That you'll shock them;  
For they don't know how deeply  
I love you and you love me.  
So, my lover, go now,  
See, morning dawns.  
When the sun, shining in the heavens,  
Frightens the clear pearls from the field,  
Must I also, weeping, surrender  
The pearl, which was my realm?  
What sparkles as day to others  
Seems to my eyes as night,  
For the separation darkens upon me, anxious,  
When the red of morning awakes.  
Go, my lover, go now!  
See, morning dawns.  
Flee then from my arms!  
For if you lose track of time,  
We might trade our brief moment of heat,  
For long sorrow.  
Purgatory's pains can  
Be borne for one day,  
If hope streaming in the distance  
Reveals heaven's glory.  
So, my lover, go now!  
See, morning dawns.

*please turn page quietly*

# Texts and Translations

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## Cinco canciones negras (1945–1946)

Music by Xavier Montsalvatge (1912–2002)

### 1. Cuba dentro de un piano

Poem by Alberti

Cuando mi madre llevaba un sorbete de fresa  
por sombrero  
y el humo de los barcos aún era  
humo de habanero.  
Mulata vuelta abajera.

Cádiz se adormecía  
entre fandangos y habaneras  
y un lorito al piano  
quería hacer de tenor.  
Dime donde está la flor  
que el hombre tanto venera.

Mi río Antonia volvía  
con su aire de insurrecto.  
La cabaña y el Príncipe  
sonaban por los patios del Puerto.  
Ya no brilla la perla azul  
del mar de las Antillas,  
ya se apagó, se nos ha muerto.

Me encontré con la bella Trinidad,  
Cuba se había perdido,  
y ahora era verdad,  
era verdad, no era mentira.  
Un cañonero huido llegó  
cantándolo en guajiras.

La Habana ya se perdió  
tuvo la culpa el dinero.  
Calló, cayó el cañonero.  
Pero después,  
pero ¡ah! después,  
fué cuando al sí  
lo hicieron yes.

### 2. Punto de Habanera

Poem by Luján

La niña criolla pasa con su mriñaque blanco  
¡Qué blanco!  
Hola crespón de tu espuma;  
¡marineros contempladla!  
Va mojadita de lunas  
que le hacen su piel mulata.  
Niña, no te quejes,

### Cuba in a Piano

When mother wore a strawberry ice  
for a hat  
and the smoke from the boats was still  
made in Havana,  
dark as a girl from Vuelta Abajo.

That was when Cadiz fell asleep  
to the sound of fandangos and habaneras,  
and a favorite parrot at the piano  
tried to sing tenor.  
Tell me now where the flower has gone  
a man can really respect.

That was when Uncle Antony came  
home with a conspiratorial air.  
The guns of the barracks and the fort could be heard  
in the patios of the houses at the port.  
But the blue pearl  
of the Caribbean sea doesn't shine any more,  
its brilliance has gone, it has died.

I found myself in beautiful Trinidad,  
Cuba was lost,  
and that was a fact,  
a fact, not just a false rumor.  
A gunner from a cruiser who'd escaped, arrived  
and sang all about it in the Cuban style.

Havana was lost,  
and money was to blame for it.  
The gunner stopped singing and fell down and died.  
And later on,  
ah, later on,  
that was when the Cuban "sí"  
became the Yankee "Yes."

### Habanera Rhythm

The creole girl goes by with her long white skirt.  
How white it is!  
What a spray your crêpe skirt makes, girl.  
Look at her, sailors:  
she goes by shining wet with the glint  
of the gold from her tawny skin.  
Don't complain, girl,

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tan solo por esta tarde.  
Quisiera mandar al agua  
que no se escape de pronto  
de la cárcel de tu falda,  
tu cuerpo encierra esta tarde  
rumor de abrirse de dalia.  
Niña, no te quejes,  
tu cuerpo de fruta está  
dormido en fresco brocado.  
Tu cintura vibra fina  
con la nobleza de un látigo,  
toda tu piel huele alegre  
a limonal y a naranjo.  
Los mirineros te miran  
y se te quedan mirando.  
La niña criolla pasa  
con su miriñaque blanco.  
¡Qué blanco!

### 3. Chévere

Poem by Guillén

Chévure del navajazo  
se vuelve él mismo navaja:  
Pica tajadas de luna  
más la luna se le acaba,  
pica tajadas de sombra  
mas la sombra se le acaba,  
pica tajadas de canto,  
más el canto se le acaba,  
¡Y entonces, pica que pica  
carne de su negra mala!

### 4. Canción de cuna para dormi a un Negrito

Poem by Valdés

Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe tan chiquitito,  
el negrito que no quiere dormir.  
Cabeza de coco, grano de café.  
con lindas motitas,  
con ojos grandotes  
como dos ventanas  
que miran al mar.  
Cierra los ojitos, negrito asustado;  
  
el mandinga blanco te puede comer.  
¡Ya no eres esclavo!  
y si duermes mucho  
el señor de casa promete complar  
traje con botones  
para ser un “groom.”

its only for this one evening.  
I want the water to stay  
imprisoned in your skirt  
and not escape for a while.  
Your body this evening makes  
the sound of a dahlia opening.  
Don't complain, girl,  
your body's asleep like a fruit  
wrapped in its fresh brocade.  
Your slender waist quivers  
as proud as the lash of a whip,  
and every inch of your skin smells gloriously  
of orange- and lemon-trees.  
The sailors look at you  
and cannot stop looking.  
The creole girl goes by  
with her long white skirt.  
How white it is!

### The Man with the Scar

The man with the scar from a razor  
becomes quite a razor himself:  
He takes slices out of the moon,  
but the moon is soon finished off;  
he takes slices out of the dark,  
but the dark is soon finished off,  
he then takes slices of song,  
but the song is soon finished off.  
So he has to take slice after slice  
from the bad black woman he keeps!

### Lullaby for a Black Baby

Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby baby  
little black baby who won't go to sleep.  
Coconut darling, head like a coffee-bean,  
with pretty dark freckles  
and big wide eyes  
like two huge windows  
looking out to the sea.  
Close your little eyes tight and keep them shut,  
my frightened child,  
or the big white devil may come and eat you up.  
You're not a slave-boy any more!  
and if you're good and sleep a lot  
the master of the house has promised  
to buy a suit to dress you up  
with buttons on it, like a paige.

*please turn page quietly*

# Texts and Translations

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Ninghe ninghe ninghe  
duérmete negrito,  
mmm...  
cabeza de coco, grano de café.

Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, baby,  
lullaby baby, and go to sleep,  
mmm...  
Coconut darling, head like a coffee bean.

## 5. Canto negro

Poem by Guillén

¡Yambambó,  
yambambé!  
Repica el congo solongo,  
repica el negro bien negro.  
¡A-o-é!  
congo solongo del songo  
baila yambó sobre un pié.  
¡Yambambó,  
yambambé!

Mama tomba serembé  
cuserembá.  
El negro canta  
y se ajuma.  
mama tomba serembé  
cuserembá,  
el negro se ajuma  
y canta.  
Mama tomba serembé  
cuserembá,  
el negro canta y se va.  
A cue-me-me serembó a-é,  
yambambó a-é  
yambambé a-ó  
Tamba, tamba, tamba, tamba,  
tamba del negro que tumba,  
tamba del negro caramba,  
caramba, caramba,  
que el negro tumba,  
yambá, yambó, yambambé  
yambambé, yambambé,  
¡baila yambó,  
sobre un pié!

## Negro Song

Yo, ho, ho  
Yo, ho, hey!  
Rhythm of the lonely dancing,  
rhythm of the negro negro,  
Yo, ho, ho!  
The lonely dancing goes on ho, ho,  
and he dances on one foot only.  
Yo, ho, ho,  
Yo, ho, hey!

Mama falls flat,  
just look at that.  
The negro sings,  
and gets drunker and drunker,  
mamma falls flat,  
just look at that,  
the negro gets drunker and drunker  
and sings.  
Mamma falls flat,  
just look at that,  
the negro sings and off he goes.  
Yo, ho, ho sleep with me, hey,  
hurrah, hurrah,  
hurrah, hurrah.  
Look at the negro's G-string,  
look at the negro falling,  
the negro's G-string, caramba,  
caramba, caramba,  
the negro is falling,  
yo, ho, ho,  
yo, ho, hey,  
he dances, yo, ho,  
on one foot only!

## Cabaret Songs

Music by William Bolcom (b. 1938)  
Texts by Arnold Weinstein (1927–2005)

### Surprise!

Surprise!  
Her twenty-fifth year at the office!  
They threw her a surprise party!  
Surprise! Surprise! Surprise!

# Texts and Translations

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And were they surprised  
when she tried to drink  
iodine  
from the paper cup  
at the water cooler  
of cool  
spring  
water.

## Can't Sleep

Can't sleep  
dreaming of you  
dreaming of me  
turning to you  
woken by me.

Hush now,  
don't cry.  
All I was doing was dreaming.

## Toothbrush Time

It's toothbrush time,  
ten a.m. again  
and toothbrush time.

Last night at half-past nine  
it seemed O.K.  
but in the light of day  
not so fine  
at toothbrush time.

Now he's crashing round my bathroom,  
now he's reading my degree,  
perusing all my pills  
reviewing all my ills  
and he comes out smelling like me.

Now he advances on my kitchen,  
now he raids every shelf  
till from the pots and pans  
and puddles and debris  
emerges three eggs all for himself.

Oh, how I'd be ahead  
if I'd stood out of bed!  
I wouldn't sit here grieving,  
waiting for the wonderful  
moment of his leaving  
at toothbrush time,

# Texts and Translations

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toothbrush time,  
ten a.m. again  
and toothbrush time.

I know it's sad to be alone  
it's so bad to be alone,  
still I should've known  
that I'd be glad to be alone.  
I should've known, I should've known!  
Never should've picked up the phone  
and called him.

Hey—uh, listen, uhm,  
uh, I've got to, uh,  
oh, you gotta go too?  
So glad you understand.  
And by the way,  
did you say,  
nine tonight again?  
See you then.  
Toothbrush time!

## Waitin'

Waitin' waitin'  
I've been waitin' waitin' waitin'  
all my life.  
That light keeps on  
hiding from me,  
but it someday  
just might  
bless my sight.  
Waitin'  
Waitin'  
Waitin'

## George

My friend George  
used to say  
Oh call me Georgia, hon,  
get yourself a drink,  
and sang the best soprano  
in our part of town.

In beads, brocade and pins  
he sang if you happened in  
through the door he never locked  
and said, Get yourself a drink,  
and sang out loud  
till tears fell in the cognac

# Texts and Translations

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and the chocolate milk and gin  
and on the beads, brocade and pins.

When strangers happened through  
his open door,  
George said, Stay,  
but you gotta keep quiet  
while I sing  
and then a minute after.  
And call me Georgia.  
One fine day  
a stranger in a suit  
of navy blue  
took George's life  
with a knife  
George had placed  
beside an apple pie he'd baked  
and stabbed him in the middle  
of *Un bel di vedremo*  
which he sang  
for this particular stranger  
who was in the United States Navy.

The funeral was at the cocktail hour.  
We knew George would like it like that.  
Tears fell on the beads, brocades and pins  
in the coffin

## About the Artists

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Hailed by the *San Francisco Chronicle* as “a singer of rare gifts and artistic intensity” and by *The Washington Post* for singing with “an all-encompassing warmth and joy, melding honed artistry with youthful enthusiasm,” Canadian soprano **Measha Brueggergosman** has emerged as one of the most vibrant performers and personalities of the day. She is critically acclaimed by the international press as much for her innate musicianship and radiant voice as for a sovereign stage presence far beyond her years. Her extraordinary versatility, intuitive musicality and radiant star quality have yielded an exclusive recording contract with Deutsche Grammophon.

A dynamic scope of repertoire coupled with a profound depth of artistic commitment bring Measha Brueggergosman together with many of the finest international orchestras and most esteemed conductors of our day. During the 2006–2007 season, her symphonic performances include Beethoven’s Symphony No. 9 and Vaughan Williams’s *A Sea Symphony* with

Robert Spano and the Atlanta Symphony; Beethoven’s Symphony No. 9 with Franz Welser-Möst and the Cleveland Orchestra (in Cleveland and on tour), as well as with Daniel Barenboim and the Orchestra and Chorus of Teatro alla Scala; opera arias with Sir Andrew Davis and the New York Philharmonic; season opening gala concerts of Mahler’s *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* and Beethoven’s Symphony No. 9 with Peter Oundjian and the Toronto Symphony Orchestra; Schoenberg’s *Brettlieder* and Mahler’s Symphony No. 4 with Michael Tilson Thomas and the San Francisco Symphony; Gershwin songs with the BBC Scottish Symphony at Glasgow’s Proms in the Park concert; and, with Gustavo Dudamel, performances of Mahler’s *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* with the Israel Philharmonic and of Strauss’s *Vier letzte Lieder* with the Gothenburg Symphony on tour in Sweden and France. She also joined Michael Tilson Thomas, Maxim Vengerov and the New World Symphony for a gala concert inaugurating Miami’s Carnival Center for the Performing Arts.

Deeply committed to the art of recital where her programs are likely to include less frequently heard songs by Bolcom, Satie and Montsalvatge alongside more familiar works by Mahler, Ravel and Strauss, Ms. Brueggergosman maintains a busy recital schedule, including solo recitals at London’s Wigmore Hall and the Palais des Beaux-Arts in Brussels with Roger Vignoles; in Gstaad with Jean-Yves Thibaudet; and at Hertz Hall in Berkeley and at Hill Auditorium in Ann Arbor with J. J. Penna.

Highlights of her 2005–2006 season included operatic debuts at Vancouver Opera as Madame Lidoine in *Dialogues des Carmélites* under Jonathan Darlington and at the Staatstheater Stuttgart as Juno in Joseph Martin Kraus’s *Aeneas in Karthago* conducted by Lothar Zagrosek. She gave a sold-out recital at Toronto’s Roy Thomson Hall, and also appeared in recital at the University of Chicago, the Hattie Bishop Speed Endowed Series, the Verbier and Tuscan Sun festivals, and at the World Expo 2005 in Aichi,

## About the Artists

Japan, under the auspices of the Government of Canada. Her busy concert calendar included performances with Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos and the Detroit Symphony; Itzhak Perlman and the Seattle Symphony; Leonard Slatkin and the Los Angeles Philharmonic at the Hollywood Bowl; and James Gaffigan and the Cleveland Orchestra.

Notable performances of the recent past have included Strauss's *Vier letzte Lieder* with the Deutsches Symphonie-Orchester Berlin; Janáček's *Glagolitic Mass* with the Stuttgart Philharmonic and Sebastian Weigle, as well as with the San Francisco Symphony and Michael Tilson Thomas; the Verdi *Requiem* with Sir Andrew Davis and the Toronto Symphony Orchestra; Beethoven's Symphony No. 9 with Hans Graf and the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Tanglewood; Krzysztof Penderecki's *Credo* conducted by the composer; Dvořák's *Te Deum* with Jiří Bělohlávek and the Toronto Symphony Orchestra; opera arias with Patrick Summers and the National Arts Centre Orchestra; and William Bolcom's *Songs of Innocence and Experience* with Leonard Slatkin and the orchestra and chorus of the University of Michigan (recorded and released commercially by the Naxos label and winner of multiple Grammy Awards). Recital appearances have brought her to the Kennedy Center, Carnegie Hall, Spivey Hall, University Musical Society, the Edinburgh and Bergen festivals, and to concert series in Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Augsburg, Berlin, Bamberg and Barcelona.

Ms. Brueggergosman has been honored to participate in a number of very special events, including the gala re-openings of Roy Thomson Hall and of the University of Michigan's Hill Auditorium; Canada Day celebrations from Parliament Hill in Ottawa; and the opening ceremonies of the XVI International AIDS Conference in Toronto—her performance presented under the auspices of MAC Cosmetics—sharing the stage with Bill Gates and President Bill Clinton. She has performed at the World Economic Forum in Davos,

Switzerland, for two consecutive years, and has given a Royal Command Performance for Queen Elizabeth II. She also has sung for the Prince of Wales, President Tarja Halonen of Finland, Her Excellency the Right Honourable Adrienne Clarkson and numerous other leaders of Canada, as well as for Nelson Mandela.

*So Much to Tell*, Ms. Brueggergosman's first solo commercial recording on the CBC Records label, with the Manitoba Chamber Orchestra and conductor Roy Goodman, features music by Barber, Copland and Gershwin. Her second release for CBC Records, *Extase*, presents a sumptuous program of Berlioz's *Les nuits d'été* and Massenet opera arias with Yoav Talmi and the Orchestre Symphonique de Québec.

Measha Brueggergosman has been the subject of a full-length feature documentary, *Spirit in Her Voice*, aired by the CBC network, and she has starred in numerous independent short music films, including *Go Diva!* and *Infinite Dream*. She has served as hostess of the *Toronto Variety Show* on the Sun TV network, bringing viewing audiences into the clubs, out onto the streets and into the lives of Toronto's most dynamic rising artists, and she also has taken center stage in Bravo! Canada's Gemini Award-winning television concert series, *Live at the Rehearsal Hall*, performing a mixed selection of classical repertoire, gospel hymns and jazz standards. Ms. Brueggergosman joined an illustrious panel of celebrity judges in the *Idol Underground* competition, an artist-driven alter-ego of the *American Idol* and *Canadian Idol* brands, and appeared as a special celebrity guest on television episodes of *The Surreal Gourmet*, *Opening Night*, *Bathroom Divas* and *Bravo Arts & Minds*. Comprehensive performance and career information may be found at [www.measha.com](http://www.measha.com).

Measha Brueggergosman was awarded the Grand Prize at the 2002 Jeunesses Musicales Montreal International Competition and has been a prizewinner at the Dutch International Vocal Competition 's-Hertogenbosch, the Wigmore Hall in London, George London Foundation in New York, the Queen Sonja

## About the Artists

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International Music Competition in Oslo and the ARD Music Competition in Munich. She also is a recipient of the prestigious Canada Council and Chalmers Performing Arts Grants. She studied at the University of Toronto with Mary Morrison and pursued postgraduate studies in Germany with Edith Wiens. Ms. Brueggergosman has also worked with such distinguished musicians as Christoph Eschenbach, Ruth Falcon, Brigitte Fassbaender, Margo Garrett, Håkon Hagegård, Jessye Norman, Rudolf Piernay and Thomas Quasthoff.

Wigmore Hall in London, as well as on concert tours throughout the United States, Europe, Asia, the Far East, South America, and the former Soviet Union. Devoted to the performance and study of new music, he has premiered song cycles by William Bolcom, Ricky Ian Gordon, Richard Hundley and Lowell Liebermann.

His 2006–2007 season includes recitals with Measha Brueggergosman, Harolyn Blackwell, William Burden and Joshua Hopkins throughout the United States and Canada.

Mr. Penna has performed and held fellowships at prestigious festivals such as Tanglewood Music Center, Chautauqua Institution, Banff Center for the Arts, Norfolk Chamber Music Festival, the Music Academy of the West, and San Francisco Opera Center's Merola Program, where he received the Otto Guth Award.

Mr. Penna devotes much of his time to the teaching of art song literature, having taught at Westminster Choir College of Rider University since 1996. He was formerly on the faculties of the Yale University School of Music, Norfolk Chamber Music Festival and the Bowdoin Chamber Music Festival, where he coordinated the Vocal Arts Program for three summers. He has been a staff member of the Steans Institute for Young Artists since 2000 and joined the coaching faculty of The Juilliard School in September 2006.



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Pianist **J. J. Penna** has performed in recital with such eminent singers as Kathleen Battle, Harolyn Blackwell, William Burden, Amy Burton, David Daniels, Denyce Graves, Kevin McMillan, Florence Quivar, Andreas Scholl, Sharon Sweet, Christopher Trakas, Indra Thomas and Ying Huang. He has been heard at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., Weill Hall, Zankel Hall and Merkin Recital Hall in New York City, the Palacio de Bellas Artes in Mexico City, Seiji Ozawa Hall at Tanglewood,