

The University of New Mexico  
College of Fine Arts  
Department of Music

presents

## A Journey Through France and Spain

Christina Martos, Soprano  
and  
Dr. Kristin Ditlow, Piano

Thursday September 19, 2:00 pm  
Center for the Arts  
Keller Hall

## PROGRAM

### Paris

*Proses Lyriques 1892-1893*.....Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

De rêve

De grève

De fleurs

De soir

### Auvergne

*Chants d'Auvergne - 1<sup>st</sup> series 1923-1930* .....Joseph Canteloube (1879-1957)

La pastoura als camps

Bailèro

Trois bourrées

a. L'aio de rotso

b. Ound'onoren gorda?

c. Obal, din lou limouzi

Kasey Cote, clarinet

Myra Bernard, oboe

### Spain

*Canciones Clásicas Españolas, Vol. 1 1921*..... Fernando Obradors (1864-1949)

La mi sola, Laureola

Al Amor

¿Corazón, porque pasáis?

El majo celoso

Del cabello más sutil

Chiquitita la novia

## Christina Martos

Soprano, Christina Martos, is a dramatically and vocally versatile performer. Her love of language study, storytelling, and musical collaboration makes art song recital one of her favorite genres to perform. Christina's credits include appearances with the **Washington National Opera** in the roles of Nella in *Gianni Schicchi*, Barena in *Jenufa*, and Giannetta in *L'elisir D'amore*. She was also featured in the title role of Annina in Menotti's *The Saint of Bleecker Street* directed by Catherine Malfitano at **Central City Opera**. Christina has appeared in concert with the **Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra**, the **New World Symphony** in Miami, the **Marilyn Horne Foundation Festival** at Carnegie Hall, the **Yale Philharmonic** for Beethoven's concerto for voice "*Ah!, Perfido*", and the **American Youth Symphony** at Royce Hall in Los Angeles as the Soprano soloist for *Beethoven's 9<sup>th</sup>*. Local engagements include *Sunday in the Park with George* at the **Santa Fe Playhouse**, recitals with Debra Ayers and the **Montage Music Society**, appearances with the **Chamber Orchestra of the Springs** in Colorado Springs, the **Chatter** music series in Albuquerque, the world premiere of Ron Strauss's *Los Bufones* at the National Hispanic Cultural Center, *Mozart's Great Mass* with the **Santa Fe Community Orchestra**, the **Abiquiu Chamber Music Festival**, and the **Taos Chamber Music Group**. Recordings include "Ofer Ben-Amots: Four Song Cycles" produced by Montage Music Society, and "Songs of Shakespeare" with Carlos Archuleta and Debra Ayers; a Shakespeare-themed joint recital which was featured in Chamber Music America's National Chamber Music Month. A graduate of Yale School of Music, and Carnegie Mellon University, Christina's other operatic performances include the title role in *Suor Angelica*, the Countess in *The Marriage of Figaro*, Carlisle Floyd's *Susannah*, Antonia in *The Tales of Hoffman*, and Blanche in *Dialogues of the Carmelites*. Upcoming performances include concert engagements in Wichita to perform *Symphony Chaco*, and appearances with the **Santa Fe Playhouse** in *Cebollas*, and **Opera Southwest** in *Doña Clementina*.

## Kristin Ditlow

Pianist, conductor and coach Kristin Ditlow is enjoying a performance and teaching career throughout the United States and abroad. She has appeared in concert throughout North America, mainland China, the United Kingdom, France, Germany, Italy, Hungary, Austria, and the Czech Republic.

Her solo debut piano CD, *Passages*, has received national accolades. Harry Musselwhite of the Rome News-Tribune wrote that "the recording ... is sonically breathtaking and her playing ranges from intimate pianistic thoughts to thundering room-shaking outbursts. She is a consummate interpreter." In a review by musicologist Ralph Locke, Boston's *The Arts Fuse* remarks, "I have played this album repeatedly for weeks ... [the performances] are deeply affectionate: I sometimes felt I could hear Ditlow thinking about the (silent) words, noticing a surprising modulation, or responding to the tension-and-release within a musical phrase."

Ditlow holds degrees from the Oberlin Conservatory of Music, Westminster Choir College, and a Doctorate of Musical Arts from the Eastman School of Music, with further training at the Tanglewood Music Center, San Francisco Opera Center (Merola), and the Franz Schubert Institut. She holds the titles of Associate Professor of Vocal Coaching at the University of New Mexico and Music Director of the University of New Mexico Opera Theatre.

Claude Debussy is sometimes seen as the first Impressionist composer, although he vigorously rejected the term. He was among the most influential composers of the late 19th and early 20th centuries, and was greatly influenced by the Symbolist poetic movement of the later 19th century. His compositions are known for evoking vivid imagery set to lush and fluid harmonies, and this song cycle is no exception. The *Proses Lyriques* is the only one of Debussy's compositions where he chose to write and set his own poetry. His goal was to liberate the text from its traditional meter and break away from the more rigid structure of previous poems he'd set, making the *Proses Lyriques* just as the title suggests, free-form prose rather than metered poetry.

### **Proses Lyriques**

#### **De rêve**

**French source: Claude Debussy**

La nuit a des douceurs de femmes!  
Et les vieux arbres, sous la lune d'or, songent  
À celle qui vient de passer la tête emperlée,  
Maintenant navrée!  
À jamais navrée!  
Ils n'ont pas su lui faire signe ...

Toutes! Elles ont passé:  
Les Frêles,  
Les Folles,  
Semant leur rire au gazon grêle,  
Aux brises frôleuses  
La caresse charmeuse  
Des hanches fleurissantes.  
Hélas! de tout ceci, plus rien qu'un blanc  
frisson.

Les vieux arbres sous la lune d'or pleurent  
Leurs belles feuilles d'or!  
Nul ne leur dédiera plus la fierté des casques  
d'or Maintenant ternis!  
À jamais ternis!  
Les chevaliers sont morts sur le chemin du  
Grâal!

La nuit a des douceurs de femmes!  
Des mains semblent frôler les âmes,  
Mains si folles, si frêles,  
Au temps où les épées chantaient pour Elles! ...  
D'étranges soupirs s'élèvent sous les arbres.  
Mon âme! C'est du rêve ancien qui t'étreint!

### **Lyrical Prose**

#### **Of dreams**

**English translation © Richard Stokes**

The night has a woman's softness!  
And the old trees beneath the golden moon dream  
Of her who has just gone by, her head bespangled,  
Now broken-hearted!  
Forever broken-hearted!  
They were not able to beckon her ...

All! All have gone by:  
The Frail,  
The Foolish,  
Scattering their laughter on the thin grass,  
Casting to the glancing breezes  
The bewitching caress  
Of their burgeoning hips.  
Alas! of all this nothing is left but a pale tremor.

The old trees beneath the golden moon tearfully shed  
Their lovely golden leaves!  
No one will plight them again the pride  
of golden helmets now tarnished!  
Forever tarnished!  
The Knights have died in their quest for the  
Grail!

The night has a woman's softness!  
Hands seem to brush the souls,  
Hands so foolish, so frail,  
In the days when swords sang for them! ...  
Strange sighs rose from beneath the trees.  
My soul, you are gripped by some former dream!

## De grève

French source: Claude Debussy

Sur la mer les crépuscules tombent,  
Soie blanche effilée!  
Les vagues comme de petites folles,  
Jasent, petites filles sortant de l'école,  
Parmi les froufrous de leur robe,  
Soie verte irisée!

Les nuages, graves voyageurs,  
Se concertent sur le prochain orage,  
Et, c'est un fond vraiment trop grave  
À cette anglaise aquarelle.  
Les vagues, les petites vagues,  
Ne savent plus où se mettre,  
Car voici la méchante averse,  
Froufrous de jupes envolées,  
Soie verte affolée!

Mais la lune, compatissante à tous,  
Vient apaiser ce gris conflit,  
Et caresse lentement ses petites amies,  
Qui s'offrent, comme lèvres aimantes  
À ce tiède et blanc baiser.  
Puis, plus rien!  
Plus que les cloches attardées  
Des flottantes églises!  
Angélus des vagues,  
Soie blanche apaisée!

## Of the shore

English translation © Richard Stokes

Dusk falls over the sea,  
Like frayed white silk!  
The waves like wild little things  
Chatter, little girls coming out of school,  
Amid their rustling frocks  
Of iridescent green silk!

The clouds, grave travellers,  
Consult over the coming storm,  
A background truly too solemn  
For this English watercolour.  
The waves, the little waves,  
No longer know which way to turn,  
For here comes the malicious downpour,  
The rustling of flying shirts,  
The panic of green silk!

But the moon, with pity for all,  
Comes to calm this grey conflict,  
And slowly caresses his lady friends,  
Who offer themselves like loving lips  
To this warm, white kiss.  
Then, nothing more!  
Only the belated bells  
Of floating churches!  
Angelus of the waves,  
Smoothed white silk!

## De fleurs

French source: Claude Debussy

Dans l'ennui si désolément vert  
De la serre de douleur,  
Les Fleurs enlacent mon cœur  
De leurs tiges méchantes.  
Ah! quand reviendront autour de ma tête  
Les chères mains si tendrement  
désenlaceuses?

Les grands Iris violets  
Violèrent méchamment tes yeux,  
En semblant les refléter,  
Eux, qui furent l'eau du songe  
Où plongèrent mes rêves si doucement  
Enclos en leur couleur;  
Et les lys, blancs jets d'eau de pistils  
embaumés,  
Ont perdu leur grâce blanche  
Et ne sont plus que pauvres malades sans  
soleil!

Soleil! ami des fleurs mauvaises,  
Tueur de rêves! Tueur d'illusions,  
Ce pain béni des âmes misérables!  
Venez! Venez! Les mains salvatrices!  
Brisez les vitres de mensonge,  
Brisez les vitres de maléfice,  
Mon âme meurt de trop de soleil!

Mirages! Plus ne reflurira la joie de mes yeux,  
Et mes mains sont lasses de prier,  
Mes yeux sont las de pleurer!  
Éternellement ce bruit fou  
Des pétales noirs de l'ennui,  
Tombant goutte à goutte sur ma tête  
Dans le vert de la serre de douleur!

## Of flowers

English translation © Richard Stokes

In the tedium so desolately green  
Of sorrow's hothouse,  
The Flowers entwine my heart  
With their wicked stems.  
Ah! when shall they return about my head,  
Those dear hands, so tenderly  
disentwining?

The tall violet Irises  
Wickedly violated your eyes,  
While seeming to reflect them,  
They, who were the dream-water  
Into which my dreams plunged, so softly  
Enclosed in their colour;  
And the lilies, white pistil-scented fountains,  
Have lost their white grace  
And are but poor, sickly,  
sunless things!

Sun! friend of evil flowers,  
Destroyer of dreams, destroyer of illusions,  
This blessed wafer of wretched souls!  
Come! Come! Redeeming hands!  
Shatter the panes of mendacity,  
Shatter the panes of evil,  
My soul is dying of too much sun!

Mirages! The joy of my eyes will never reflower,  
And my hands are weary of praying,  
My eyes are weary of weeping!  
Eternally this insane sound  
Of tedium's black petals  
Falling drop by drop on my head  
In the green of sorrow's hothouse!

**De soir****French source: Claude Debussy**

Dimanche sur les villes,  
Dimanche dans les cœurs!  
Dimanche chez les petites filles  
Chantant d'une voix informée  
Des rondes obstinées,  
Où de bonnes Tours  
N'en ont plus que pour quelques jours!

Dimanche, les gares sont folles!  
Tout le monde appareille  
Pour des banlieues d'aventure  
En se disant adieu  
Avec des gestes éperdus!

Dimanche les trains vont vite,  
Dévorés par d'insatiables tunnels;  
Et les bons signaux des routes  
Échangent d'un œil unique  
Des impressions toutes mécaniques.

Dimanche, dans le bleu de mes rêves  
Où mes pensées tristes  
De feux d'artifices manqués  
Ne veulent plus quitter  
Le deuil de vieux Dimanches trépassés.

Et la nuit à pas de velours  
Vient endormir le beau ciel fatigué,  
Et c'est Dimanche dans les avenues d'étoiles;  
La Vierge or sur argent  
Laisse tomber les fleurs de sommeil!

Vite, les petits anges,  
Dépassez les hirondelles  
Afin de vous coucher  
Forts d'absolution!  
Prenez pitié des villes,  
Prenez pitié des cœurs,  
Vous, la Vierge or sur argent!

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of  
A French Song Companion (Oxford, 2000)

**Of evening****English translation © Richard Stokes**

Sunday over the cities,  
Sunday in people's hearts!  
Sunday for the little girls  
Singing with childish voices  
Persistent rounds  
In which good Towers  
Have only a few days left!

On Sunday, the stations are frantic!  
Everyone sets out  
For suburb adventures,  
Saying farewell  
With frenzied gestures!

On Sunday, trains go fast,  
Devoured by insatiable tunnels;  
And the good signals  
Exchange with their single eye  
Wholly mechanical impressions.

Sunday, in the blue of my dreams,  
When my thoughts,  
Saddened by fizzled fireworks,  
Will no longer cease  
Mourning for old Sundays dead and gone.

And night with velvet tread  
Comes to lull the lovely tired sky to sleep,  
And it is Sunday on the avenues of stars;  
The gold-on-silver Virgin  
Lets fall the flowers of sleep!

Quick! you tiny angels,  
Outstrip the swallows,  
That you may go to rest  
Fortified by absolution!  
Take pity on the cities,  
Take pity on the hearts,  
You gold-on-silver Virgin!

Joseph Canteloube is best known for this collection of orchestrated folksongs from the Auvergne region. This group is the first of five cycles, and is set in the local language of Auvergnat, a dialect of Occitan, also referred to as Languedoc or Provençal. Influences from French, Catalan, Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian can be heard in this language, which is still spoken in portions of Southern France, Monaco, Italy's Occitan Valleys, and Catalonia. Soaring instrumentation and romantic pastoral scenes make this particular group one of the composer's most beloved and performed.

### **Chants d'Auvergne**

#### **La pastoura als cams**

Quon lo pastouro s'en bo os cams,  
Gardo sèi moutounadoï;  
Tidera la la la la loï!  
Gardo sei' moutounadoï!

Guèlo rescountr' un moussurèt,  
Lou moussu l'ogatsavo,  
Tidera la la la la loï!  
Lou moussu l'ogatsavo.

Ahl Daïssa me bous ogatsa!  
Sès ton poulido filho!  
Tidera la la la la loï!  
Sès ton poulido filho!

Estaco bouostré cabalèt,  
O lo cambo d'un'aôbré,  
Tidera la la la la loï!  
O lo cambo d'un'aôbré!

É lo perdri, quon lo tènio,  
Guèlo s'èn ès onado,  
Tidera la la la la loï!  
Guèlo s'èn ès onado!

### **Songs of the Auvergne**

#### **The Shepherdess in the Fields**

When the shepherdess goes to the fields,  
To look after her little sheep,  
Tidera la la la la loï!  
To look after her little sheep!

She meets a fine gentleman,  
The gentleman looks at her,  
Tidera la la la la loï!  
The gentleman looks at her.

Ah! Let me look at you!  
You are such a pretty girl!  
Tidera la la la la loï!  
You are such a pretty girl!

Tie up your horse,  
To a tree here,  
Tidera la la la la loï!  
To a tree here!

He lost her, when he held her,  
She gave him the slip,  
Tidera la la la la loï!  
She gave him the slip!



### **Baïlèro**

Pastre, dè dèlāi l'āïo  
a gaïre de boun ten,  
dio lou baïlèro lèrô.

È n'aï pas gaïré, è dio, tu,  
baïlèro lèrô.

Pastré, lou prat faï flour,  
li cal gorda toun troupèl,  
dio lou baïlèro lèrô.

L'èrb'ès pu fin' ol prat d'oïçi,  
baïlèro lèrô.

Pastré, couçi forai;  
èn obal io lou bèl rîou,  
dio Lou baïlèro lèrô.

Espèromè, té, baô çirca,  
baïlèro lèrô.

### **Trois Bourrées L'aïo dè rotso**

L'aïo dè rotso té foro mourir, filhoto  
l'aïo dè rotso té foro mourir!  
Nè té cal pas bèir' oquèl aïo, quel' aïo  
mès cal prèndr'un couot d'oquèl aïo dè bi!

S'uno filhoto sè bouol morida, pitchouno,  
s'uno filhoto sè bouol morida,  
Li cal pas douna d'oquèl aïo dè rotso,  
aïmaro miliour oquèl' aïo dè bi!

### **Baïlèro**

Shepherd across the river,  
you don't need to be afraid,  
sing the baïlèro lèrô.

I am not afraid, and you sing  
baïlèro lèrô.

Shepherd, the field is in flower,  
bring your flock over here,  
sing the baïlèro lèrô.

The grass is finer in the field here,  
baïlèro lèrô.

Shepherd, the stream is between us,  
I cannot cross,  
sing the baïlèro lèrô.

Wait, I will get you downstream,  
baïlèro lèrô.

### **Three Bourrées Spring Water**

Spring water will be your death, little one,  
Spring water will be your death!  
Do not drink clear water, water,  
but take a gulp of good wine!

If a girl marries, little one,  
if a girl marries,  
She shouldn't be given clear water,  
she can make love much better after a gulp of good wine!

### **Ound' onorèn gorda?**

Ound' onorèn gorda, pitchouno drooulèto?  
Ound' onorèn gorda lou troupèl pèl moti?  
Onorèn obal din lo ribèirèto  
din lou pradèl l'èrb' è fresquèto;  
Païssarèn loï fèdoï pèl loï flours,  
al louón dèl tsour nous forèn l'omour!

Ogatso louï moutous, pitchouno drooulèto,  
Ogatso louï moutous, lèis obilhé maï nous!  
Ogatso loï fèdoï què païssou l'èrbo,  
è lèis obilhé què païssou loï flours;  
naôtrès, pitchouno, què soun d'aïma,  
Pèr viouvr' obon lou plosé d'omour!

### **Obal din lou Limouzi**

Obal din Lou Limouzi, pitchoun'  
sé l'io dè dzèntoï drolloï o bé, o bé!  
sé l'io dè dzèntoï drolloï oïçi to bé!

Golon, ton bèlo què siascou leï drolloï dè toun  
poïs, lous nostrès fringairès èn Limouzi,  
Saboun miliour counta flourèt' o bé!

Obal, din Zou Limouzi, pitchouno, sé soun  
golons; oïçi èn Aoubèrgno, din moun poïs,  
Lous omès bous aimoun è soun fidèls!

### **Where shall we find our flock?**

Where shall we find our flock, little girl?  
Where shall we find our flock in the morning?  
We shall find it by the river bank  
where the grass is fresh;  
they will graze there among the flowers,  
and all day we shall make love!

See the sheep, little girl,  
See the sheep, the bees, and us!  
See the sheep grazing on the grass,  
and the bees on the flowers;  
We, little one, make love,  
we live for the pleasure of love!

### **Down in Limousin**

Down in Limousin, little one,  
How beautiful the young girls are, ah yes!  
There are beautiful girls here too!

Brave fellow, what matter if the girls are beautiful in your  
country, the men in Limousin  
know how to make love to us!

Down in Limousin, little one, they are brave fellows;  
here in Auvergne, in my country,  
the men love us and are faithful.

Fernando Obradors, born in Spain and educated in Paris, his Canciones Clásicas Españolas are settings of seven Spanish poems spanning multiple centuries and multiple poets. The overarching theme of this cycle is love, whether it is a romantic interest, family member, or friend. The influence of Spanish dances, flamenco, and Spanish guitar are highlighted through specific melodic flourishes, harmonic textures, and dance-like rhythms throughout the set. Extracted from University of North Dakota Program Notes & Translations

**Canciones Clásicas Españolas, Vol. 1,  
Fernando Obradors**

**La mi sola, Laureola, Juan Ponce**

La mi sola, Laureola  
La mi sola, sola, sola,

Yo el cautivo Leriano  
Aunque mucho estoy ufano  
Herido de aquella mano  
Que en el mundo es una sola.

La mi sola Laureola  
La mi sola, sola, sola.

**Al Amor- Cristobal de Castillejo**

Dame, Amor, besos sin cuento  
Asido de mis cabellos  
Y mil y ciento tras ellos  
Y tras ellos mil y ciento  
Y después...  
De muchos millares, tres!  
Y porque nadie lo sienta  
Desbaratemos la cuenta  
Y... contemos al revés.

**¿Corazón, porque pasáis ? – Anon.**

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

**Classic Spanish Songs**

**My only, Laureola**

My only, Laureola.

I the captive Leriano  
Although I am very proud  
Wounded from that hand  
That in the world there is only one.

My only, Laureola.

**Of Love**

Give me love, kisses without count  
Grabbing my hair  
And 1000 and 100 after them  
And after them 1000 and 100  
And after...  
of many thousands, three.  
And why no one feels it  
Let's forget the count  
And...count backwards

**Heart, why do you pass?**

Heart, why do you pass  
The nights of love awake  
If your owner rests  
In the arms of another?

### **El majo celoso - Anon.**

Del majo que me enamora  
He aprendido la queja  
Que una y mil veces suspire  
Noche tras noche en mi reja:  
Lindezas, me muero  
De amor loco y fiero  
Y quisiera olvidarte  
Mas quiero y no puedo!  
Le han dicho que en la Pradera  
Me han visto con un chispero  
Desos de malla de seda  
Y chupa de terciopelo.  
Majezas, te quiero,  
No creas que muero  
De amores Perdida  
Por ese chispero.

### **Del cabello más sutil – Traditional**

Del cabello más sutil  
Que tienes en tu trenzado  
He de hacer una cadena  
Para traerte a mi lado.

Una alcarraza en tu casa,  
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,  
Para besarte en la boca,  
Cuando fueras a beber.

### **Chiquitita la novia- Curro Dulce**

Chiquitita la novia,  
Chiquitito el novio,  
Chiquitita la sala,  
Y el dormitorio,  
Por eso yo quiero  
Chiquitita la cama  
Y el mosquitero.

### **The jealous lover**

Of the gentleman that makes me fall in love  
I have learned the complaint  
That one and 1000 times sighs  
Night after night in my window.  
Darling, I am dying  
of love crazy and wild  
I want to forget you  
but I want to and I cannot!  
They have told him that in the meadow  
They have seen me with another  
One of silk garments  
and velvet jackets.  
Darling, I love you,  
you don't know that I'm dying  
of love helpless  
for another.

### **From the finest hair - English translation © Richard Stokes**

From the finest hair  
in your tresses  
I wish to make a chain  
to draw you to my side.

In your house, young girl,  
I'd fain be a pitcher,  
to kiss your lips  
whenever you went to drink.

### **Little girlfriend**

Little girlfriend,  
little boyfriend  
Little room  
and the bedroom.  
That's why I want  
the tiny bed  
And the mosquito net.