

September Songs



A Benefit Concert

for

Meadow City Academy of Music

and

Words and Music Concert Series

featuring

Marcos Vigil, Tenor & Ronald Maltais, Piano

Wednesday, September 20th 2017

7:30 PM

**Plaza Ballroom
The Plaza Hotel
230 Plaza Park
Las Vegas, New Mexico**

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Music Concert Series would like to thank
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Tenor Marcos Vigil holds a Bachelor of Music degree from New Mexico State University as well as a Master of Music degree and a Professional Studies Certificate from the Manhattan School of Music. Recent performances include Ein Soldat in Viktor Ulmann's *Der Kaiser von Atlantis* with the People's Theater of Denver, and Nemorino in *L'Elisir d'Amore* with Mid-Ohio Opera. Other roles performed include Don Eusebio in *L'Occasione fa i' Ladro* with Little Opera Theater of New York, King Nebuchadnezzar in *The Burning Firey Furnace* with Opera Brittenica in Boston, Don Ramiro from *La Cenerentola* with Capital Heights Lyric Opera of New York, and Count Almaviva from *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* with Opera Company of Brooklyn. Mr. Vigil has also performed the role of Prunier in Puccini's *La Rondine* with the Martina Arroyo Foundation's Prelude to Performance Summer Program, as well as the role of Beppe from Donizetti's *Rita*, where Opera News hailed his performance as "a comedic and vocal tour de force". Concert appearances include *Vivace, an Evening of Classical Favorites* in Arvada, Colorado, *Art Song Festival of Cleveland*, *Rapture* with the Classical Music Foundation of Trinidad Tobago, *Bernstein Remembered* in New York City, the Tenor Soloist in G.F. Handel's *Messiah* with Metro Chamber Orchestra of Brooklyn, as well as an appearance with the 90X Arts Festival in New York City. Mr. Vigil is also the artistic director of the Words and Music Concert Series and has presented two concerts here in Las Vegas; *Words and Music* and *Words and Music Mother's Day Concert*. Mr. Vigil currently studies with tenor Eduardo Valdes of the Metropolitan Opera.

Ronald Maltais, pianist, composer and singer, served as the director of music at the United World College USA from 2001 to 2016. He became involved with the piano at the age of four, beginning formal lessons at age eight. Originally from Southern New Hampshire, his intense studies with Maurice Hoffman led him to pursue degrees taken at New England Conservatory (piano performance) and Boston University (music composition). Maltais also pursued vocal training and he has devoted significant time to choral directing and artistic direction. His teachers included Jung Ja Kim, Katja Andy, Anthony di Bonaventura, Charles Fussel and Lukas Foss. His *Meditation for Viola and Strings* was conducted by Foss in 1998. Maltais's travels have led to engagements as a musician and lecturer in several US states and in India, Turkey, South Africa and Peru. His work *Dark Woods* was composed for Jack Glatzer; performed in 2016 at the premiere Light Spectrum concert (Dwan Light Sanctuary) on the UWC campus. Maltais is presently composing a string quartet (for the Pleiades String Quartet), a piano concerto and an opera based on the life of Camille Claudel. He is the founder and director of the Castañeda Concert Series and the Meadow City Academy of Music in Las Vegas, New Mexico.

Program

"Waldesgespräch" from *Liederkreis* Op. 39: No. 3..... Robert Schumann

"Von ewiger Liebe from" *Vier Gesänge*, Op.43: No 1 Johannes Brahms

Intermezzo from *Six Pieces for Piano*, Op. 118: No. 2 Johannes Brahms

"Zueignung" from *Acht Lieder aus Letzte Blätter*, Op. 10: No.1 Richard Strauss

From *15 Composizioni da Camera*.....Vincenzo Bellini

"Vaga luna, che inargenti"

"Il fervido desiderio"

"Torna, vezzosa Fillide"

Intermission

From *Songs of Travel* Ralph Vaughan Williams

"The Vagabond"

"Let Beauty awake"

"The Roadside Fire"

"Youth and Love"

"Whither must I wander?"

"Bright is the ring of words"

"I have trod the upward and the downward Slope"

"Ah, lève-toi soleil!" Charles Gounod
from *Roméo et Juliette*

Translations

Waldesgespräch

Words by Karl von Eichendorff

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Was reit'st du einsam durch den Wald?
Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein,
Du schöne Braut! Ich führ' dich heim!

“Groß ist der Männer Trug und List,
Vor Schmerz mein Herz gebrochen ist,
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her und hin,
O flieh'! Du weißt nicht, wer ich bin.”

So reich geschmückt ist Roß und Weib,
So wunderschön der junge Leib,
Jetzt kenn' ich dich, Gott steh' mir bei!
Du bist die Hexe Loreley!

“Du kennst mich wohl, von hohem Stein
Schaut still mein Schloß tief in den Rhein.
Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Kommst nimmermehr aus diesem Wald!”

Von ewiger Liebe

Words by Josef Wenzig

Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald und in Feld!
Abend schon ist es nun schweiget die Welt.
Nirgend noch Licht und nirgend noch Rauch,
Ja, und die Lerche sie schweiget nun auch.
Kommt aus dem Dorfe der Bursche heraus,
Giebt das Geleit der Geliebten nach Haus,
Führt sie am Weidengebüsche vorbei,
Redet so viel und so mancherlei:

“Leidest du Schmach und betrübest du dich,
Leidest du Schmach von Andern um mich,
Werde die Liebe getrennt so geschwind,
Schnell, wie wir früher vereinigt sind.

Conversation in the Forest

It is late by now, it is cold by now;
Why are you riding alone in the forest?
The forest is wide, you are alone,
You beautiful bride, I will lead you home!

“Great is the treachery and deceit of men;
For my heart is broken with sorrow;
The hunting horn is straying here and there;
Oh flee, you do not know who I am.”

So richly adorned are steed and woman,
So wondrously beautiful her young body;
Now I recognize you - God be with me!
You are the witch Loreley!

“You have recognized me, from it's crag
My castle gazes deep down into the Rhein.
It is late by now, it is cold by now
You will never leave this forest!”

Of eternal love

Dark, how dark it is in the forest and the field!
Night has fallen; the world is now silent.
Nowhere a light and nowhere smoke.
Yes, now even the lark is silent.
From yonder village there comes a young man,
Taking his beloved home.
He leads her past the willow bushes,
Talking so much, and of so many things;

“If you suffer shame and if you grieve,
If you suffer disgrace before others due to me,
Then our love shall be ended ever so fast,
As fast as we once came together.

Scheide mit Regen und scheide mit Wind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind."

Spricht das Mägdelein, Mägdelein spricht:
"Unsere Liebe sie trennet sich nicht!
Fest ist der Stahl und das Eisen gar sehr,
Unsere Liebe ist fester noch mehr.
Eisen und Stahl, man schmiedet sie um,
Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt sie um?
Eisen und Stahl, sie können zergehn,
Unsere Liebe muß ewig bestehn!"

Zueignung

Words by Hermann von Gilm

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Dass ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank.

Vaga luna, che inargenti

Words by Anonymous

Vaga luna, che inargenti
Queste rive e questi fiori
Ed ispiri agli elementi
Il linguaggio dell'amor;
Testimonio or sei tu sola
Del mio fervido desir,
Ed a lei che m'innamora
Conta i palpiti e i sospir.

It shall go with the rain and go with the wind,
As fast as we once came together."

Then says the maiden, the maiden says;
"Our love shall never end!
Steel is strong and iron is strong,
Yet our lover is stronger still.
Iron and steel can be recast by the smith,
But our love, who would transform it?
Iron and steel can melt;
Our love, our love will last forever!"

Dedication

Yes, you know it, dearest soul,
How I suffer far from you,
Love makes the heart sick.
I Have thanks.

Once, I the drinker of freedom,
Held high the amethyst goblet,
And you blessed the drink,
I Have thanks.

And you exorcised the evils in it
Until I, as I had never been before,
Blessed, blessed sank upon your heart,
I Have thanks.

Pretty moon, who turns to silver

Pretty moon, who turns to silver
These brooks and these flowers
And inspires the elements to
The language of love,
You alone are now witness
To my fervent desire,
And to her with whom I am in love
Recount the heartbeats and the sighs.

Dille pur che lontananza
Il mio duol non può lenir,
Che se nutro una speranza,
Ella è sol, sì, nell'avvenir.
Dille pur che giorno e sera
Conto l'ore del dolor,
Che una speme lusinghiera
Mi conforta nell'amor.

Il fervido desiderio

Words by Anonymous

Quando verrà quel dì
Che riveder potrò
Quel che l'amante cor tanto desia?
Quando verrà quel dì
Che in sen t'accoglierò,
Bella fiamma d'amor, anima mia?
Ah, bella fiamma d'amor anima mia!

Torna, vezzosa Fillide

Words by Anonymous

Torna, vezzosa Fillide,
Al caro tuo pastore;
Lungi da tue pupille
Pace non trova il cor, no.
Al caro tuo soggiorno
Io sempre volgo il piè
E grido notte e giorno:
Fillide mia dov'è?
Dov'è Fille mia?

Domando a quella sponda:
Fillide mia che fa?
E par che mi risponda:
Piange lontan da te!
Domando a quello rio:
Fillide mia dov'è?
Con rauco mormorio
Dice: piangendo sta.

Tell her also that distance
Cannot cure my sorrow,
That if I nourish one hope,
It is only, yes, for the future.
Tell her also that day and night
I count the hours of sorrow,
That a promising hope
Comforts me in love

The fervent longing

When will that day come
When I shall be able to see again
The one whom my loving heart so much desires?
When will that day come
When I will gather you to my bosom,
Beautiful flame of love, my soul?
Ah, beautiful flame of love, my soul!

Come back, charming Fillide

Come back, charming Fillide,
To your dear shepherd;
Far from your eyes
My heart does not find peace, no.
Toward your dear abode
I always turn my feet,
And I cry out night and day:
Where is my Fillide?
Where is my Fille?

I ask that shore
What is my Fillide doing?
And it seems that it answers me:
She weeps far from you!
I ask that brook:
Where is my Fillide?
With a hoarse murmur
it says: she is weeping.

Il caro tuo semblante,
Fonte d'ogni piacere,
Il miro ad ogni istante
Impresso nel pensier.
Ma rimirando allora
Ch'egli non è con me,
Grido piangendo ognora:
Fillide mia dov'è?
Dov'è Fille mia?

Son fatte le mie pene
Un tempestoso mare;
Nol trovo, amato bene,
Chi le potrà calmar, nol trovo.
Che fa la morte, oh Dio?,
Che non mi chiama a sè?
Gridar più non poss'io:
Fillide mia dov'è?
Dov'è Fille mia?

From Songs of Travel

Words by Robert Louis Stevenson

The Vagabond

Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above.
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river -
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life forever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above,
And the road below me.

Your dear semblance,
Fountain of every pleasure -
I see it at every moment
Engraved in my thoughts.
But then seeing more clearly
That it is not with me,
I cry out, weeping always:
Where is my Fillide?
Where is my Fille?

My sufferings have created
A tempestuous sea;
I cannot find, dearly beloved,
One who will be able to relieve them.
What is death doing? oh God,
That it calls me not to itself?
I cannot cry out any more:
Where is my Fillide?
Where is my Fille?

Or let autumn fall on me
Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger.
White as meal the frosty field-
Warm the fireside haven
Not to autumn will I yield,
Not to winter even!

Let Beauty awake

Let Beauty awake in the morn from beautiful
dreams,
Beauty awake from rest!
Let Beauty awake
For Beauty's sake
In the hour when the birds awake in the brake
And the stars are bright in the west!

Let Beauty awake in the eve from the slumber of
day,
Awake in the crimson eve!
In the day's dusk end
When the shades ascend,
Let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend,
To render again and receive!

The Roadside Fire

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night,
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests, and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom;
And you shall wash your linen and keep our body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

Youth and Love

To the heart of youth the world is a highway side.
Passing for ever he fares; and on either hand,
Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,
Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land
Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.

Thick as stars at night when the moon is down,
Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate
Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,
Cries but a wayside word to her at the garden gate,
Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.

Whither Must I wander?

Home no more to me, whither must I wander?
Hunger my driver, I go where I must.
Cold blows the winter wind and over hill and heather:
Thick drives the rain and my roof is in the dust.
Loved of wise men was the shade of my roof-tree,
The true word of welcome was spoken in the door -
Dear days of old with the faces in the firelight,
Kind folks of old, you come again no more.

Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces,
Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child.
Fire and the windows bright glittered on the moorland;
Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild.
Now when the day dawns on the brow of the moorland,
Lone stands the house, and the chimney-stone is cold.
Lone let it stand, now the friends are all departed,
The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of
old.

Spring shall come, come again, calling up the moorfowl,
Spring shall bring the sun and rain, bring the bees and
flowers;
Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley,
Soft flow the stream through the even flowing hours.
Fair the day shines as it shone on my childhood -
Fair shines the day on the house with the open door;
Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney
But I go for ever and come again no more.

Bright is the ring of words

Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them,
Fair the fall of songs
When the singer sings them,
On wings they are carried -
After the singer is dead
And the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies
In the field of heather,
Songs of his fashion bring
The swains together.
And when the west is red
With the sunset embers,
The lover lingers and sings
And the maid remembers.

Ah! lève-toi, soleil!

Libretto by Barbier and Carré

L'amour!
Oui, son ardeur a troublé tout mon être!
Mais quelle soudaine clarté respandit
à cette fenêtre?
C'est là que dans la nuit rayonne sa beauté!

Ah! lève-toi, soleil! fais pâlir les étoiles
Qui, dans l'azur sans voiles,
Brillant au firmament.
Ah! lève-toi! parais!
Astre pur et charmant!

Elle rêve! elle dénoue
Une boucle de cheveux,
Qui vient caresser sa joue!
Amour! porte lui mes vœux!
Elle parle!
Quelle est belle!
Ah! je n'ai rien entendu!
Mais ses yeux parlent pour elle,
Et mon cœur a répondu!

I have trod the upward and the downward slope

I have trod the upward and downward slope;
I have endured and done in days before;
I have longed for all, and bid farewell to hope;
And I have lived and loved, and closed the door.

Ah! Arise, sun!

Love!
Yes, has troubled all of my being!
But what sudden light shines
at that window?
It is there that, in the night, her beauty radiates!

Ah! arise sun! make pale the stars
Which in the azure, without veils
Glitter in the firmament.
Ah! arise, appear!
Star so pure and charming!

She is dreaming, she unties
A lock of hair,
Which comes to caress her cheek.
Love! carry to her my vows!
She speaks!
How beautiful she is!
Ah! I heard nothing!
But her eyes speak for her!
And my heart has responded!