

Isabel Leonard

PRELUDIOS



Brian Zeger
piano



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ISABEL LEONARD PRELUDIOS

BRIAN ZEGER, piano

MOMPOU : Sólo las flores sobre ti

FALLA: El pan de Ronda que sabe a verdad • Preludios: Madres, todas las noches • Oración de las madres que tienen a sus hijos en brazos • Olas gigantes

FALLA: *Siete canciones populares españolas:*

El paño moruno • Seguidilla marcial • Asturiana • Jota
• Nana • Canción • Polo

LORCA: Nana de Sevilla • Los Pelegrinitos

SANJUÁN: Clavelitos

GRANADOS: Gracia mía

MONTSALVATGE: *Cinco canciones negras,*

Cuba dentro de un piano • Punto de Habañera •
Chévere • Canción de cuña para dormir a un negrito •
Canto negro

ENCORE: Spanish Folk Lullaby

Total time: 52:37

“There was one clear star: Isabel Leonard, as fresh of voice as she was of looks, and with great stage presence. Her tuning, phrasing and sense of style were impeccable throughout, as (was) her acting.”

— Seen and Heard International

ISABEL LEONARD • PRELUDIOS

FEDERICO MOMPOU (1893-1987)

1. Sólo las flores sobre ti (Damunt de tu nomes les flors) - from *Combat del somni* (4:14)

MANUEL DE FALLA (1876-1946)

2. Canción Andaluza: El pan de Ronda que sabe a verdad, 1915 (1:20)

3. Preludios: Madres, todas las noches, 1900 (4:18)

4. Oración de las madres que tienen a sus hijos en brazos, 1914 (2:30)

5. Olas gigantes – from *Rimas*, ca. 1900 (2:22)

Siete canciones populares españolas, 1914-1915

6. El paño moruno (1:27)

7. Seguidilla marcial (1:25)

8. Asturiana (3:09)

9. Jota (3:08)

10. Nana (2:09)

11. Canción (1:10)

12. Polo (1:40)

FEDERICO GARCÍA LORCA (1898-1936)

13. Nana de Sevilla (3:14)

JOAQUÍN VALVERDE SANJUÁN (1875-1918)

14. Clavelitos (1:36)

FEDERICO GARCÍA LORCA

15. Los Pelegrinitos (1:45)

ENRIQUE GRANADOS (1867-1916)

16. Gracia mía - from the *Colleción de canciones amatorias*, 1915 (2:44)

XAVIER MONTSALVATGE (1912-2002)

Cinco canciones negras, 1946

17. Cuba dentro de un piano (4:48)

18. Punto de Habañera (2:19)

19. Chévere (2:06)

20. Canción de cuña para dormir a un negrito (2:54)

21. Canto negro (1:23)

22. ENCORE: Spanish Folk Lullaby (0:48)

Brian Zeger, piano

The riches of Spanish song

The songs on this disc demonstrate the variety and subtlety to be found in late 19th- and 20th-century Spanish song, from Catalonia to Andalusia to Castile, and even to Cuba. The “real thing” in Spanish music, not the Hollywood facsimile thereof, is far more substantive than the cliché fans, fandangos, and flashing eyes of northern Europe’s imitations of Spain. We hear genuine folk songs, Spanish art-songs influenced by folk traditions, and popular theater songs, and we meet some of Romantic and modern Spain’s best poets, all of it a rich trove of gifts to the world.

We begin in Catalonia (extreme north-eastern Spain) with a song by Federico Mompou. Mompou was a miniaturist who created a small but refined and highly personal body of work, his music characterized by melodies that resemble Catalan folksongs but married to rich, chromatic harmonies. He called his aesthetic “primitivista,” but his struggle for perfection – he revised compulsively – was far from “primitive.” He studied both at the Barcelona Conservatory and

with private teachers in Paris from 1911 to 1914; his circle of friends included Francis Poulenc and the great Catalan painter Joan Miró, who moved to Paris after Mompou’s return to his homeland. **Sólo las flores sobre ti**, or **Damunt de tu només les flors**, comes from a group of four songs entitled *Combat del Somni* (Battle of Dreams), which is Mompou at his most expansive and haunting. In between each stanza of this dream-like love poem set in a relatively unclouded minor key is a lengthy piano interlude filled with the haunting harmonies that are Mompou’s own. The motif of the falling third interval, often in descending sequence, fills the song.

Earlier in his career, Manuel de Falla was strongly influenced by the seven years he spent in Paris from 1907 to 1914, a time in which the music of Debussy, Ravel, Stravinsky, Dukas and others left their marks on his own creations. Later, however, he developed a strongly Spanish musical idiom, marked by his experience of Andalusian flamenco, especially *cante jondo* (“deep song” or “grand song”). In his music, we hear what the scholar Gilbert Chase calls “a subtle artistic

transmutation of the essential values of folksong.” At the end of his life, disillusioned with Spain (he wished to remain apolitical) and the Franco regime, he left for Argentina in 1939 and died there seven years later. Best known for his “Nights in the Gardens of Spain,” the ballet *The Three-Cornered Hat*, the opera *La vida breve*, and the ballet *El Amor Brujo*, he also wrote a small number of extremely fine songs. The composer identified **El pan de Ronda, que sabe a verdad** as an “Andalusian song,” its flamenco character evident immediately. The piano becomes a Spanish guitar, with strummed effects, offbeat chords, and triplet flourishes to accompany a nugget of folk-like wisdom about the truth of bread, no matter what else in the world is a lie. The creator of the poem, Gregorio Martínez Sierra, was the director of Madrid’s Teatro Eslava and a modernist poet, a key figure in Spanish avant-garde theater in the early 20th century.

The poet Antonio de Trueba, born in the province of Biscay in Basque country, was much appreciated for the idyllic sentiments of his *Cantares* and other poems, the dialogue-song **Preludios: Madre,**

todas las noches being a representative example. Here, a daughter tells her mother about the plaintive serenades a young man sings under her window. Perhaps because he promises marriage, the mother approves and tells her daughter that this is the prelude to the greatest poem of all: a child. Falla’s setting begins with sweetly wistful minor harmonies, then grows warmer and richer for the young man’s serenade and the mother’s invocation of children as a blessing sanctified by the Virgin Mary herself. When those children grow up, however, mothers have cause to worry in a perpetually war-torn world. In **Oración de las madres que tienen a sus hijos en brazos**, to another poem by Gregorio Martínez Sierra, the mothers of the world pray that their sons will not become soldiers and die in battle (a prayer that has echoed throughout human history). The almost unceasing gentle flow of even beats in the piano comes to a fear-stricken pause when the persona imagines her grown son dying and calling for her — but she will not know the hour or the day of his cries. The song ends with a repetition of her opening prayer.

The despairing persona of **Olas gigantes** begs an immense storm at sea to carry him off; the pounding of the surf and rapid drumbeats sound throughout most of this song, until the collapse into hushed, fearful depression at the close. The poet, Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer, who died of tuberculosis at age 34, is best known for his nearly 100 *Rimas* (Rhymes), from which Falla drew this poetic portrayal of subjectivity in despair.

The **Siete canciones populares españolas** were composed between 1914 and 1915, shortly after Falla returned from his Parisian stint (1907 to 1914) on the outbreak of World War I. Falla once wrote, “Some consider that one of the means to nationalize our own music is the strict use of popular music . . . I do not agree . . . I think the spirit is more important than the letter.” All seven songs are based on printed sources, four of them from José Inzenga’s *Ecos de España* (Barcelona, 1874), beginning with the first song in the set; **El paño moruno**, with its sly, rueful sexual innuendo about stained cloth and spoiled (female) goods that must now be sold at a discount, is perhaps most faithful to its model in folk song from

the southeastern region of Murcia, in the eastern part of the Cordilleras Béticas mountains. **Seguidilla murciana** is based on a tune, also in Inzenga, entitled “Las torrás;” the term “seguidilla” designates either a dance or a song in moderately quick triple time, usually in a major key, with a melody that customarily begins off the beat and features melismas at the cadential points. Regarding this song, Falla explained that he wanted to “free it from the prison of past formality . . . like a bird from its cage.” The lament **Asturiana** (from the north of Spain), with its hypnotically swaying octave figures in the piano and its exquisitely restrained melody, is based on “Arriméme a un pino verde” from José Hurtado’s *100 cantos populares españoles* (Bilbao, 1890); the postlude beautifully exemplifies what Falla called his “cadencias bluffados,” or endings whose penultimate harmonies are blurred by dissonant added tones. The passionate **Jota** is substantially reworked from elements of “La jota aragonesa” in Inzenga’s anthology, while the lullaby **Nana** is based on a melody of the same name at the end of Serafin and Joaquín Álvarez Quintero’s play *Las flores*; would we could all fall asleep to such exquisitely

tender strains, with their sweetly coaxing grace-noted inflections, somehow southern-Moorish in its atmosphere. **Canción** is based on a “Canto de Granada” from Inzenga, while the fiery **Polo**, a thorough reworking of the “Polo Gitano o flamen-co’ in Eduardo Ocón’s *Cantos españoles. Colección de aires nacionales y populares* (Malaga, 1876), calls down curses on love itself and on the man who caused the persona such grief. For centuries, composers have evoked strumming guitars and the stamping feet of Spanish folk dancers in their music; here, Falla’s off-beat accents, rapid repeated pitches, and fiery dissonances underscore the intensity of this thwarted passion, while the singer’s lines swirl like a bullfighter’s cape. This song seems the distilled essence of Spain in music.

Federico García Lorca, one of 20th-century Spain’s greatest poets and dramatists, trained as a classical pianist; only after his piano teacher died in 1916 did he turn to writing, and his first prose works, “Ballade,” “Sonata,” and “Nocturne,” are based on musical forms and genres. Deeply affected by the folk songs sung by the maids and cooks in his family

home near Granada, he would later collect and perform folk songs (he and Falla promoted the 1922 Concurso de Cante Jondo), including the **Nana de Sevilla**. In this plaintive lullaby, we hear of a little orphan child whose gipsy mother left him behind—but his carpenter father will make him a cradle, and he will be loved and tended. The Andalusian character of the song is evident in the florid exclamations on “a,” “sí,” and “no.” For much of Lorca’s life, he would search for the elements of true Andalusian culture, devoid of false “picturesque” or cliché traits. It was a tragedy not just for Spain but for the world when this brilliant, profound poet was killed in August 1936, probably by nationalist militia, shortly after the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War.

Joaquín Valverde Sanjuán (1875-1918) wrote zarzuelas (Spanish musical theater with spoken dialogue, a genre that underwent various stylistic modifications since its inception in the 17th century) as a family affair: he was the son of the zarzuela composer Joaquín Valverde Durán. Known as “the Franz Lehár of Spanish music” and “the Tango King,” the son was a great success in Paris and on Broadway,

where *A Night in Spain* and *The Land of Joy* were staged in 1917-1918. **Clavelitos** are carnations, and the winsome singer of this song hawks flowers from fabled Granada and hopes that her love will be drawn to her. If he says that he loves her, all the flowers — symbolic of more than blossoms — will be his.

Another of Lorca's folk songs — "I am just mad about songs," he once said — is **Los pelegrinitos**. The protagonists of this little tale are cousins who wish to marry; when they make their pilgrimage to Rome and ask the Pope for dispensation, he grants it, saying, "Who wouldn't want to become a pilgrim to be able to do that! [kiss one's beloved]."

Enrique or Enric Granados — a remarkable pianist — studied informally with the great Spanish musicologist Felipe Pedrell, who did so much to uncover and propagate Spanish musical traditions, and also spent two years in Paris auditing classes at the Paris Conservatoire. Essentially self-taught, he created a uniquely Spanish equivalent to the German Lied and the French *mélodie*, genres that also accord to the piano an important role in

interpreting poetry. A Catalan by birth, if not by ancestry, he rejected the insularity of the Catalan modernists who rejected Spanish culture, saying, "I consider myself as much a Catalan as anyone, but in my music I want to express what I feel . . . be it Andalusian or Chinese." Granados, the first important Spanish composer to visit America, was on his way home in March 1916 when his ship was struck by a torpedo; in his vain attempt to rescue his wife, both drowned. **Gracias mía** comes from the *Canciones amatorias*, first performed in 1913 as part of the debut recital of the eminent Catalan soprano Conxita Badía. Here, a lover traffics in paradoxes of "lost-and-found:" if beauty and blessing were ever lost, they could be found once again in the beloved.

One of Catalonia's foremost 20th-century composers, Xavier Montsalvatge, opened up a new path for Spanish music called *antillanismo*, which brought together the music of Spain and Cuba. The Catalan soprano Mercé Plantada commissioned Montsalvatge to write songs for her, and the result was the **Cinco canciones negras** of 1946. In **Cuba dentro de un piano**, a Surrealist poet hymns Cuba's past

and mourns its present while invoking the revolution in taut images. The piano introduction hints wordlessly at fraught matters: the low bass undertow at the start, the delicate pinpricks rising above it, the dissonant slide downwards that leads the singer's entrance (this returns in violent, angry mode at the end). Delicate evocations of fandangos and habaneras of yore fill the song, but their dissonances and tensions are modern. **Punto de Habanera (Siglo XVIII)** is based on an eighteenth-century habanera marked "Tempo de Guajiras" ("guajiras" is a type of narrative Cuban folk song). The swaying alternation between three beats and two beats infuses the song with typically Spanish rhythm. The contrast between a lovely black girl's enticing skin and her pure-white dress is a tempting sight for the sailors on shore. The seductive nature of the scene is summed up in the final hummed phrase.

Chévere sets a poem by Cuba's national poet, Nicolás Guillén, who covered Spain's Civil War as a magazine reporter and was strongly influenced by his encounter with the great African-American poet Langston Hughes in 1930 and

by *son* music (an Afro-Cuban meld of African rhythms and Spanish *canción*). The blade-like title persona — Latin machismo converted into poetic images — cannot slash away at moonlight or shadows or song, but he *can* attack his woman. The huge, bravura span of the first emphatic chord of the piece returns in the postlude, but the song's entire slashing energies dissipate swiftly at the close, melting into the moonlight. The **Canción de cuna para dormir a un negro** is understandably the most popular song in the cycle, a lullaby/love song to a child who is reluctant to go to sleep. The rocking motion in the cradle-bass line, the bell-tones vanishing into the high treble, the sweetly crooning melody, the gently dissonant chords in the right hand that slide upwards and then back down: it is all entrancing. And finally, the **Canto Negro**, to another poem by Nicolás Guillén, evokes a wild jungle dance, with dissonant drum-beat chords, savage off-beat accents made even more emphatic by stabbing grace-notes, and the haunting refrain "Yambambó, yambambé."

— Susan Youens

SÓLO LAS FLORES SOBRE TI

Federico Mompou (1893–1987)

Text: Josep Janés i Olivé (1913-1959)

Sólo las flores sobre ti
eran como una ofrenda blanca.
Sobre tu cuerpo aquella luz
Jamás sería de la rama.

Con ese beso se te dió
Todo su olor como una vida.
Resplandecias de la luz
Bajo tus párpados vencida.

Oh, si pudiera ser afan de flor!
Y como un lirio dar mi vida
Encima de tu pecho
Y marchitar mi ser en ti.
Y no saber la noche más
Que junto a ti, se apagaria.

The flowers over you

Only the flowers over you
Were like a white offering.
Over your body such light

Could never be from the bloomed
branches

With their kiss they gave to you
All of their aroma like a life.
You were resplendent in the light

Under your closed eyelids.
Oh, if only I could be the destiny of the
flower!

And like a lily give my life
on top of your chest
And wilt my whole being into you.

And may the night not know
That by your side, its light will be extin-
guished.

EL PAN DE RONDA QUE SABE A VERDAD

Manuel de Falla (1876 – 1946)

Text: Gregorio Martinez Sierra (1881-
1947)

Aunque todo en el mundo fuese mentira
¡nos queda este pan!
Moreno, tostado, que huele a la jara de
monte,
¡que sabe a verdad!

Por las calles tan blancas, bajo el cielo azul,
vayamos despacio, partiendo este pan
¡que sabe a salud!
Y aunque todo en el mundo fuera mentira,
¡esto no lo es!
Vivamos despacio la hora que es buena,
¡y vengan tristezas despues!

The Bread of Ronda

If everything in this world were a lie,
We still have this bread!
Brown, golden, smelling of mountain
rockrose
It tastes of truth!
Through the streets, so white, under the
blue sky,
let us walk slowly, sharing this bread,
That tastes of health!
And even if everything in the world were
a lie,
This is not!
Let us savor the hour that is good,
And let sorrow come later!

PRELUDIOS

Manuel de Falla

Text: Antonio de Trueba (1819-1899),

Madre, todas las noches junto a mis
rejas
Canta un joven llorando indiferencia:
“Quiéreme, niña, y al pie de los altares
séras bendita.”

Esta dulce tonada tal poder tiene
Que me pone al oír la triste y alegre;
Dí por qué causa entristecen y alegran
estas tonadas.

“Hija, lo que las niñas como tú sienten
Cuando junto a sus rejas a cantar vienen
Es el preludio del poema más
Grande que hay en el mundo.

“Tornada en Santa Madre la Virgen pura
Tristezas y alegrías en ella turman,
Y este poema es, niña,
el que ha empezado junto a tus rejas.”

Preludes

Mother, every night at my window
sings a young man of my indifference:
“Love me, sweet girl, and at the foot of
the altar you will be blessed”

This sweet melody such power has
that it makes me, upon hearing it, sad
and happy
Tell me why I’m made sad and happy by
these melodies!

Daughter, what young women like you
feel
when by your window the young man
comes to sing,
is the prelude of the greatest poem
there is in the world.

The pure Virgin became the Holy Mother
sadness and happiness she felt in turn,
And this poem is, my child,
The one which began outside your
window.

ORACION DE LAS MADRES QUE TIENEN A SUS HIJOS EN BRAZOS

Manuel de Falla

Text: Gregorio Martínez Sierra

Dulce Jesús que estás dormido,
por el santo pecho
que te ha amamantado, te pido,
que este hijo mío no sea soldado.

Se lo llevarán y era carne mía,
me lo matarán y era mi alegría.
Cuando esté muriendo dirá: “Madre
mía...”
y yo no sabré ni la hora ni el día.

Dulce Jesús que estás dormido,
por el santo pecho
que te ha amamantado, te pido,
que este hijo mío no sea soldado.

Prayer of mothers holding their sons in their arms

Sweet Jesus, lying asleep
by the holy breast
that suckled you, I beg you
That my son not be made a soldier.
They will take him away but he is my flesh!

They will kill him but he is my happiness!
When he is dying he will say: "Mother
of mine!"
And I will not even know the hour or
the day.

Sweet Jesus, lying asleep
by the holy breast
that suckled you, I beg you
That my son not be made a soldier.

OLAS GIGANTES

Manuel de Falla

Text: Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer (born
Gustavo Adolfo Domínguez Bastida,
1836-1870)

Olas gigantes que os rompéis bramando
En las playas desiertas y remotas,
Envuelto entre las sábanas de espuma,
¡Llevadme con vosotras!

Ráfagas de huracán, que arrebatáis
Del alto bosque las marchitas hojas,
Arrastrando en el ciego torbellino,
¡Llevadme con vosotras!

Nubes de tempestad que rompe el rayo

Y en fuego ornáis las desprendidas orlas,
Arrebatado entre la niebla oscura,
¡Llevadme con vosotras!

Llevadme, por piedad, adonde el vertigo
Con la razón me arranque la memoria.
¡Por piedad! ... ¡Tengo miedo de quedarme
Con mi dolor a solas, con mi dolor a solas!

Immeasurable Waves

Vast waves that break with a roar
on the remote and deserted sands,
enveloped in sheets of foam,
Take me with you!

Hurricane winds that snatch
from the high woods their faded leaves,
dragging them along the blind whirlwind
Take me with you!

Clouds of the storm broken by lightning
and decorated broken edges by fire
whipped in the dark mist
Take me with you!

Take me I beg you, to where vertigo
Eradicates my memory and reason.
Have mercy! I dread being alone
with my grief!

Siete canciones populares españolas
Manuel de Falla (1876 – 1946)

EL PAÑO MORUNO

Al paño fino en la tienda
Una mancha le cayó;
Por menos precio se vende,
Porque perdió su valor, Ay!

The Moorish cloth

On the fine cloth in the store
a stain has fallen;
It sells at a lesser price,
because it has lost its value.
Alas!

SEGUIDILLA MURCIANA

Cualquiera que el tejado tenga de vidrio,
No debe tirar piedras al del vecino.
Arrieros somos,
Puede que en el camino
Nos encontremos.
Por tu mucha inconstancia
Yo te comparo

Yo te comparo por tu mucha inconstancia
Yo te comparo
Con peseta que corre de mano en mano;
Que al fin se borra
Y creyéndola falsa
Nadie la toma.

Seguidilla of Murcia

Whoever has a roof
made of glass
should not throw stones
on to their neighbor's (roof).
Let us be muleteers;
It could be that on the road
we will meet!
For your great inconstancy
I compare you
to a coin that runs
from hand to hand;
which finally blurs,
and, believing it false,
no one accepts it!

ASTURIANA

Por ver si me consolaba,
Arriméme a un pino verde;
Por ver si me consolaba.

Por verme llorar, lloraba.
Y el pino, como era verde,
Por verme llorar, lloraba.

Asturiana

To see whether it would console me,
I drew near a green pine,
To see whether it would console me.

Seeing me weep, it wept;
And the pine, being green,
seeing me weep, wept.

JOTA

Dicen que no nos queremos
Porque no nos ven hablar;
A tu corazón y al mío
Se lo pueden preguntar.
Ya me despido de tí,
De tu casa y tu ventana
Y aunque no quiera tu madre,
Adiós, niña, hasta mañana.

Jota

They say we don't love each other
because they never see us talking;
To your heart and mine

they have only to ask.
Now I bid you farewell,
your house and your window too,
even though your mother may not like it,
farewell, girl, until tomorrow,
Although your mother may not like it.

NANA

Duérmete, niño, duerme,
Duerme, mi alma,
Duérmete, lucerito
De la mañana
Nanita, nana,
Nanita, nana.
Duérmete, lucerito
De la mañana.

Lullaby

Go to sleep, child, sleep,
Sleep, my soul,
Go to sleep, my little star
Of the morning.
darling, little girl
baby, little girl,
Sleep, my little star
of the morning.

CANCIÓN

Por traidores, tus ojos,
Voy a enterrarlos;
No sabes lo que cuesta,
“Del aire,” niña, el mirarlos

“Madre, a la orilla,”
Niña, el mirarlos.
“Madre.”
Dicen que no me quieres,
Ya me has querido . . .
Váyase lo ganado
“Del aire” por lo perdido,
“Madre, a la orilla,” por lo perdido.
“Madre.”

Song

Because they are treacherous,
Your eyes, I will bury them;
You don't know how hard it is,
“Del aire!”
Girl, to look at them.
“Madre a la orilla!”
Girl, to look at them.
“Madre!”
They say you don't love me,
and yet you did love me...
What I once had, is gone

“Del aire!”
for lost.
“Madre a la orilla!”
Accept what you've had, not as what
you've lost
“Madre!”

POLO

Guardo un “ay”
Guardo una pena en mi pecho
Ay!
Que a nadie se la diré!
Malhaya el amor, malhaya!
Ay!
Y quien me lo dió a entender!
Ay!

Polo

Ah!
I keep a...Ah!
I hold a pain in my breast,
that to no one will I tell!
Wretched is love, wretched,
And he who gave it to me to understand!
Ah!

NANA DE SEVILLA
Federico García Lorca (1898-1936)

Este niño chiquito no tiene cuna, ay
No tiene cuna, sí,
No tiene cuna, no.

Su padre es carpintero y le hará una, ay
y le hará una, sí,
y le hará una, no.

Seville Lullaby

This tender child does not have a crib,
Does not have a crib, yes
Does not have a crib, no

His father is a carpenter and will make
him one,
He will make him one, yes,
He will make him one, no.

CLAVELITOS

Joaquín Valverde Sanjuán (1875 – 1918)
Text by José Juan Cadenas (1872-1947)

Clavelitos!
A quien le doy claveles,

Clavelitos! Para los churum belles.
Clavelitos! Que los doy con los ojos
cerraos,
Y los traigo en el cesto a precio modesto
rojos y pintaos.
Clavelitos! De la tierra adorada.

Clavelitos! Que vienen de Granada
Clavelitos! Que los triago aqui para ti
Y que tienen la esencia presencia y po-
tencia
que usté vera en mi!

Clavelitos que los traigo bonitos
Pa mi novio los traigo reventones chipé
Porque tiene muchismo quinqué
Pa robar corazones, Olé!
Y enseñartes la esencia presencia y po-
tencia
Que ya sabe usté.

Si tú me quieres mi niño cariño
Yo te dare un clavelito bonito,
Y veras que bien marchamos
Si estamos juntos en un rinconcito,
Si tu me quieres serrando del alma
Yo te quiero más a ti mi caní,
Y todo los clavelitos bonitos,
Todos serán para ti,
Para ti!

Baby Carnations

Fresh Carnations!

Who will buy carnations?

Carnations! For the handsome lads

Carnations! I hand them with my eyes
closed

And I bring them in the basket. My price
is modest for

These red and variegated ones.

Carnations! From the beloved land

Carnations! Coming from Granada!

Carnations! I bring them here for you

And they have the essence, presence, and
strength

that you will also see in me!

Carnations! I bring the most beautiful

For my loved one, I bring them bursting
with life

Because they have a lot of flare

To steal hearts, Olé!

And to show you the essence, presence,
and strength

That you already know.

If you love me my sweet dear,

I will give you a pretty carnation

And you will see how well we get along

If we are cuddled up in a corner,

If you love me my Serrano of my soul

I do love you more, my dear

And all of the pretty carnations

Will be for you!

All will be for you!

LOS PELEGRINITOS

Federico García Lorca

Hacia Roma caminan dos peregrinos

A que los case el Papa, *mamita*,

Porque son primos, *niña bonita*.

Le ha preguntado el Papa como se llaman

Él le dice, Pedro, *mamita*,

Y ella que Ana, *niña bonita*.

Las campanas de Roma ya repicaron

Porque los peregrinos, *mamita*,

Ya se carason, *niña bonita*.

Young Pilgrims

Towards Rome walk two pilgrims

to be married by the Pope, *mamita*!

Because they are cousins, *niña bonita*!

The Pope asked them what were their

names
He said, "Pedro", *mamita!*
"and she is Ana", *niña bonita!*

The bells of Rome chimed
because the pilgrims, *mamita!*
Have been married! *niña bonita!*

GRACIA MIA
Enrique Granados (1867 1916)
[revision by Rafael Ferrer]
from the *Collección de canciones amato-
rias*, text by Anonymous

Gracia mía, juro a Dios
que sois tan bella criatura
que a perderse la hermosura
se tiene de hallar en voz.

Fuera bien aventurada
en perderse en vos mi vida
porque viniera perdida
para salir más ganada.

¡Ah! Seréis hermosuras dos
en una sola figura,
que a perderse la hermosura
se tiene de hallar en vos.
En vuestros verdes ojuelos

nos mostráis vuestro valor
que son causa del amor
y las pestañas son cielos;
nacieron por bien de nos.

Gracia mia...

My Dearest

My dearest, I swear to god
that you are the most beautiful creature
that if Beauty were lost,
one would find it in you.

If only my life could be so fortunate
to lose myself in you.
I being lost,
would come out winning.

You then would be twice beautiful
in one figure,
that if Beauty were lost,
one would find it in you.

In your beautiful green eyes,
you show us your great strength
the reason for all love
And your eyelashes are skies.
They were born for our happiness.

My dear...

Cinco canciones negras
Xavier Montsalvatge (1912-2002)

CUBA DENTRO DE UN PIANO
Text: Rafael Alberti Merello (1902-1999)

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 tío Antonio volvía
con su aire de insurrecto.

La cabaña y el Príncipe
soñaban 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;

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
fue cuando al “Sí” lo hicieron ... “Yes”

Cuba inside a piano

Long ago when my mother used to wear
strawberry sherbet for a hat....
and the smoke of the boat engines
gave the aroma of a cigar.....

The mulatto woman returned from the
lowlands...
Cadiz was falling asleep
between fandangos and habaneras...
and a parrot at the piano wanted to sing
like a tenor....

tell me where is the flower
that man worships so much
My uncle Antonio used to come back
with an air of a rebel...

The fortresses of 'la Cabaña and Principe
were dreaming in the plazas by the port.
No longer shines the blue pearl of the
Antillean Sea
Its light has been extinguished. It is
dead to us now.
I ran into the beautiful city of Trinidad...

Cuba was lost; and it was true this time,
it was not a lie.
A fleeing gun boat came in
singing the story in the rhythm of
guajiras.

Habana was lost.
Money was to blame.
The gun boat fell silent.

But after, ah after...
They took the 'si' and turned it into 'yes'!

PUNTO DE HABAÑERA

Text: Nestor Luján y Fernández (1922-1995)

La niña criolla pasa con su miriña que
blanco.
¡Que blanco!

Hola, crespón de tu espuma.
¡Marineros contempladla!
Va mojadita de lunas
que le hacen su piel mulata.
Niña no te quejes, 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
naranja.
Los marineros te miran
Y se te quedan mirando.

La niña criolla pasa con su miriña que
blanco.

Habanera Strain

The creole girl passes by with her white
crinoline.

How white!

hello, crepe of foam!
sailors, look at her!
She walks, moist from the moon drop-
lets
that make her skin dusky.
Young girl do not complain, just for this
afternoon.
I would like to make the water
stay in the prison of your skirt.

Your body encloses this evening
The murmur of the dahlia opening.
Young girl do not complain, your body
made of fruit
sleeps in fresh embroideries.

Your waist quivers finely with the nobili-
ty of a whip.
Your skin smells happy, like lemon and
orange trees.
the sailors look at you...
and continue looking at you.

The creole girl passes by with her white
crinoline.

CHÉVERE:

Text: Nicolás Guillén (1902-1989)

Chévere del navajazo
se vuelve él mismo navaja.
Pica tajadas de luna,
más la luna se le acaba:

Pica tajadas de sombra,
más 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!

Indulgence

The one who thrusts the knife,
He himself turns into the knife.
he cuts the moon into slices,
but then he runs out of the moon.

He cuts the shadow into slices ,
then he runs out of the shadow.
He cuts the song into slices,
then he runs out of song.

And then, he slashes
the flesh of his bad black woman.

CANCIÓN DE CUNA PARA DORMIR A UN NEGRITO

Text: Idelfonso Pereda Valdés (1899-1996)

Ninghe, Ninghe, tan chiquito,
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!
si duermes mucho el señor de casa
Promete comprar traje con botones
Para ser un “groom”.

Ninghe, ninghe, Duérmete, negrito,
Cabeza de coco, grano de café.

Lullaby for a little black baby

Little child, so small
The black child who does not want to
sleep.
Coconut head, my little coffee bean
with pretty freckles, and large eyes
like two windows looking into the sea.

Close your eyes, frightened little black
baby:

The pale boogey-man may eat you up!
You are not a slave anymore!
And if you sleep a lot, the master of the
house
promises to buy you a suit with buttons
So you can be a “groom”.

sleep little black one,
coconut head, my little coffee bean....

CANTO NEGRO

Text: Nicolás Guillén

¡ Yambambó, yambambé!
Repica el congo solongo,
Repica el negro bien negro. ¡ Aoé!
Congo solongo del Songo baila yambó
Yambo
Sobre un pié. ¡ Yambambó Yambambé !
Mamatomba serembé cuserambá
El negro canta y se ajuma.

Mamatomba serembé cuserambá
El negro se ajuma y canta.
Mamatomba serembé cuserambá
El negro canta y se va.

Acuememe serembó aé, yambambé, aó
Tamba, tamba del negro que tumba,
Tamba del negro, caramba,
Caramba que el negro tumba,
¡ Yambá, Yambó !

¡ Yambambé, Yambambó, Yambambé !
Baila yambo sobre un pie!

Black Dance

¡ Yambambó, yambambé!
The Congo man struts by
The black man struts by
The congo solongo from Songo dances
on one foot. ¡ Yambambó Yambambé !
The black man sings and gets drunk.
He gets drunk and sings.

He sings and then he leaves.
The black man staggers,
Damn! the black man tumbles

¡ Yambambé, Yambambó, Yambambé !
He dances yambo on one foot!

**“Isabel Leonard is a beguiling
Cherubino”**

— Anthony Tommasini,
The New York Times.

Isabel Leonard

Highly acclaimed for her “passionate intensity and remarkable vocal beauty,” the Grammy Award winning **Isabel Leonard** continues to thrill audiences both in the opera house and on the concert stage. In repertoire that spans from Vivaldi to Mozart to Thomas Ades, she has graced the stages of the Metropolitan Opera, Vienna State Opera, Paris Opera, Salzburg Festival, Bavarian State Opera, Glyndebourne Festival, Lyric Opera of Chicago and San Francisco Opera as Rosina in *Il barbiere di Siviglia*, Angelina in *La Cenerentola*, Cherubino in *Le nozze di Figaro*, Dora-bella in *Così fan tutte*, Blanche de la Force in *Dialogues des Carmélites*, the title roles in *Griselda*, *La Périhole*, and *Der Rosenkavalier*, as well as Sesto in both Mozart’s *La clemenza di Tito* and Handel’s *Giulio Cesare*.



“...magnetic charisma and a remarkable depth of tone”
— David Allen, *Bachtrack*

She has appeared with some of the foremost conductors of her time: James Levine, Valery Gergiev, Charles Dutoit, Gustavo Dudamel, Esa-Pekka Salonen, Franz Welser-Möst, Edo de Waart, James Conlon, Andris Nelsons, and Harry Bicket with the Cleveland Orchestra, Chicago Symphony Orchestra, New York Philharmonic, Los Angeles Philharmonic, Boston Symphony Orchestra, Orchestra of the Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia, and Vienna Philharmonic, among others.

Ms. Leonard is in constant demand as a recitalist and is on the Board of Trustees at Carnegie Hall. She is a recent Grammy Award winner for Thomas Ades' *The Tempest* (Best Opera Recording) and the recipient of the 2013 Richard Tucker Award. She recently joined the supporters of the Prostate Cancer Foundation to lend her voice in honor of her father who died from the disease when she was in college.

Brian Zeger

Widely recognized as one of today's leading collaborative pianists, **Brian Zeger** has performed with many of the world's greatest singers including Marilyn Horne, Deborah Voigt, Anna Netrebko, Susan Graham, René Pape, Dame Kiri Te Kanawa, Frederica von Stade, Piotr Beczala, Bryn Terfel, Joyce DiDonato, Denyce Graves and Adrienne Pieczonka in an extensive concert career has taken him to the premiere concert halls throughout the United States and abroad.

Recent activities include a recital tour with Deborah Voigt, a collaboration with Susan Graham at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, a recital as part of the Bard Music Festival's "Schubert and his World" series with tenor Paul Appleby, a recital at the Schubertiade Festival with Adrienne Pieczonka and the Marilyn Horne Birthday Gala at Carnegie Hall with Ms. Graham.



Among his available recordings are *Dear Theo: 3 Song Cycles* by Ben Moore (Delos) with tenor Paul Appleby, soprano Susanna Phillips and baritone Brett Polegato; *All My Heart* (EMI Classics) - American songs with Deborah Voigt; *Portraits and Elegies* (Innova) - contemporary chamber music with violinist Frank Almond; and a recital disc with tenor Paul Appleby as part of *The Juilliard Sessions* debut series (EMI Classics).

In addition to his distinguished concert career, he also serves as Artistic Director of the Ellen and James S. Marcus Vocal Arts Department at The Juilliard School and the Executive Director of the Metropolitan Opera Lindemann Young Artists Development Program. Mr. Zeger holds a bachelor's degree in English Literature from Harvard College, a master's degree from The Juilliard School and a doctorate from the Manhattan School of Music.

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