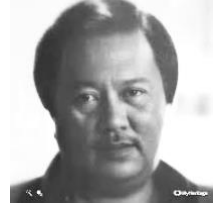


A World Tour Through Voice

The Philippines

Nahan, one of Ernani J. Cuenco's Kundiman, or Filipino art songs, expresses a hopeful longing for a love that is fading. In addition to being a prolific Filipino composer, Cuenco was a film scorer, musical director, and music teacher. For his deep influence on Filipino music, in 1999, the Philippines proclaimed Cuenco as a "National Artist for Music".



Ernani J. Cuenco

Nahan

*'Di ba sabi mo'y kay ganda ng lahat
kulay rosas pa ang mga bulaklak
tila sa akin ay ayaw kang magtapat
'yan ba ang sabi mong pag-ibig ay wagas*

*ang iyong ngiti dati ay kay tamis
pag ikaw at ako ay nagkakalapit.
Nahan ang yakap mong dati ay mahigpit
at ang ligaya kong matamis mong halik.*

Hold On

*Didn't you say that everything is beautiful
the flowers are still pink
it seems to me that you don't want to confess
didn't you say that love is pure*

*your smile used to be sweet
when you and I got close.
Hold on to our tight embrace
and my happiness is your sweet kiss*

Italy

Stefano Donaudy, with the assistance of his brother and librettist Alberto Donaudy, curated his collection *36 Arie di Stile Antico* ("36 Arias in Antique Style"). This collection has gained recognition among Western art singers around the world for Stefano Donaudy's application of contemporary poetry and romantic harmonies to Renaissance musical forms. In this collection, one can find **Spirate pur, spirate**, where the singer is found asking the breeze to bless their beloved.



Stefano Donaudy

Spirate pur, spirate

*Spirate pur, spirate attorno a lo mio bene,
aurette, e v'accertate
s'ella nel cor mi tiene.
Spirate, spirate pur, aurette!
Se nel suo cor mi tiene, v'accertate,
aure beate, aure lievi e beate!*

Blow then, blow

*Blow then, blow around my beloved,
little breezes, and find out
if she holds me in her heart,
Blow, blow then, little breezes!
If she holds me in her heart, find out,
blessed breezes, light and blessed breezes!*

The text of **Vaga luna che inargenti** depicts a poet's passionate confiding in the secrecy of a moonlit night. This piece is written in the Italian Bel Canto ("Beautiful Singing") style in which Vincenzo Bellini is one of the hallmark composers. Particularly, his composition of flowing melodies have made a lasting mark on the world of Western art music.



Vincenzo Bellini

Vaga luna che inargenti

*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.*

*Dille pur che lontananza
Il mio duol non può lenir,
Che se nutro una speranza,
Ella è sol nell'avvenir.*

*Dille pur che giorno e sera
Conto l'ore del dolor,
Che una speme lusinghiera
Mi conforta nell'amor.*

Lovely moon, that sheds silver light

*Lovely moon, that sheds silver light
On these shores and on these flowers
And breaths into the elements
The language of love;*

*You are now the sole witness
Of my fervent desire,
And to her who fills me with love,
You can recount of my pain and sighs.*

*Tell her too that distance
Will not ease my grief,
That if I nurture a hope,
It is only for the future.*

*Tell her that, day and night,
I count the hours of pain,
That the one enticing hope
Of her love comforts me*

France

Clair de lune is one of nine *mélodies*, a type of French art song, in Gabriel Fauré's song cycle *La Bonne Chanson* ("The Good Song"). Each song of this song cycle is set to a poem by Paul Verlaine. This particular poem describes the imaginings of a lover's soul – an exciting night of singing and dancing in which a certain happiness and sadness exist in tandem.



Gabriel Fauré

Clair de lune

*Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques,
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.*

*Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,*

*Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.*

Moonlight

*Your soul is a chosen landscape
Charmed by masques and bergamasques,
Playing the lute and dancing and almost
Sad beneath their fanciful disguises.*

*While singing in a minor mode,
Of the conqueror love and the favorable life,
They do not believe in their happiness
And their song mingles with the light of the moon,*

*The calm light of the moon sad and beautiful,
Which makes the birds dream in the trees
And makes the fountains sob with ecstasy
The tall fountains of water among the marble statues.*

L'heure exquise is a Romantic Era piece that, like many other pieces of its time, dives into the human condition. This piece's lyric details an individual lost in the deep beauty of a forest night scene – the time, place, and moment to delight with their lover. The serene atmosphere created by this piece's delicate melodic line emphasizes the delight of an “exquisite hour”.



Reynaldo Hahn

L'heure exquise

The exquisite hour

*La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...*

*The white moon
Shines in the woods:
From each branch
Comes a voice
Beneath the boughs...*

Ô bien aimée.

Oh my beloved.

*L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...*

*The pool reflects,
Deep mirror,
The silhouette
Of the black willow
Where the wind weeps...*

Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Let us dream, it is the hour.

*Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise...*

*A vast and tender
Appeasement
Seems to descend
From the sky
That the moon illuminates...*

C'est l'heure exquise.

It is the exquisite hour.

The United States of America

Edward Boatner was a musician, composer, and educator best known for his legacy of arranging and publishing more than 200 African American spirituals, including **Oh, what a beautiful city!** This traditional African American spiritual depicts the twelve gates of heaven, representing a place of peace, redemption, and eternal freedom.



Edward Boatner

Oh, what a beautiful city!

*Oh, what a beautiful city!
Oh, what a beautiful city!
Oh, what a beautiful city!
Twelve gates a-to de city, a-Halleluh!*

*Three gates, in a-de south,
Makin' it twelve gates a-to de city, a-Halleluh!*

*Three gates in a-de east,
Three gates in a-de west,
Three gates, in a-de north,*

*My Lord built a-dat city,
And He said it was just a-four square,
And He said He wanted you sinners
To meet Him in a-de air, 'case He built
Twelve gates a-to de city, a-Halleluh.*

In the musical *Dream True*, a mother must break the news to her son that she is sending him away from their idyllic Wyoming ranch to Connecticut to live with his uncle. To soften the blow of this difficult news, she sings **Finding Home**.



Ricky Ian Gordon

Finding Home *from* Dream True

*Finding home in an unexpected way.
Making a home day by day.
Being home in an unencumbered sleep.
Staying at home sweet and deep.*

*Finding home in an unfamiliar face;
feeling your home, finding grace.
Keeping home in the gestures that you know;
holding home if you go.*

*Leaving home unexpectedly and then,
Searching for home once again.
If you keep it in your heart when you are forced
to roam
I know you too will start finding home.*

*Trusting home if you travel far and wide.
Carrying home deep inside.
Deep inside.*

Floyd Collins is one of the legends of cave exploration in the United States. In 1925, Floyd Collins was exploring Sand Cave when he became trapped in a tight crawlspace, 200 feet below ground. Lacking food or water, he lived for two weeks before passing. **How Glory Goes** depicts his wonderings of how heaven will look and feel before his death at the end of the show.



Adam Guettel

How Glory Goes *from* Floyd Collins

*Is it warm? Is it soft against your face?
Do you feel a kind of grace inside the breeze?
Will there be trees?
Is there light? Does it hover on the ground?
Does it shine from all around, or jes' from you?*

*Will I want, Will I wish
for all the things I should have done,
Longing to finish what I only just begun?
Or has a shinin' truth been waitin' there
for all the questions ev'rywhere?
In a world of wond'rin', suddenly you know;
An' you will always know...*

*Is it endless and empty, an' you wander on your
own?
Slowly forgit about the folks that you have
known?
Or does risin' bread fill up the air
from open kitchens ev'rywhere?
Familiar faces far as you can see, like a family?*

*Will my mama be there waitin' for me,
Smilin' like the way she does,
an' holdin' out her arms,
an' she calls my name?
She will hold me just the same*

*Do we live? Is it like a little town?
Do we get to look back down at who we love?
Are we above?
Are we ev'rywhere? Are we anywhere at all?
Do we hear a trumpet call us an' we're by your
side?*

*Only heaven knows how glory goes,
what each of us was meant to be.
In the starlight, that is what we are
I can see so far.*

Germany

Sonntag, from Johannes Brahms' *Fünf Lieder* ("Five Songs"), portrays a young man yearning to be with his beautiful sweetheart, as he can only see her on Sundays. Brahms, who is known for upholding Classical traditions during the Romantic Era, demonstrates folk music influences in this piece. This is evident through its dance-like meter and folk-like melody.



Johannes Brahms

Sonntag

*So hab' ich doch die ganze Woche
mein feines Liebchen nicht gesehn,
ich sah es an einem Sonntag
wohl vor der Türe stehn:
das tausendschöne Jungfräulein,
das tausendschöne Herzelein,
wollte Gott, wollte Gott,
ich wär heute bei ihr!*

*So will mir doch die ganze Woche
das Lachen nicht vergehn,
ich sah es an einem Sonntag
wohl in die Kirche gehn:
das tausendschöne Jungfräulein,
das tausendschöne Herzelein,
wollte Gott, wollte Gott,
ich wär heute bei ihr!*

Sunday

*For an entire week
I have not seen my dear sweetheart,
I saw her on a Sunday
standing before her door:
the thousand-fold beautiful girl,
the thousand-fold beautiful heart,
would to God, would to God,
I were with her today!*

*For an entire week
my laughter will not stop,
I saw her on a Sunday
going into the church
the thousand-fold beautiful girl,
the thousand-fold beautiful heart,
would to God, would to God,
I were with her today!*

In the myth of Ariadne, Prince Theseus of Athens takes Ariadne as his bride after killing the Minotaur. However, while Ariadne is asleep, Theseus abandons her on the island of Naxos. This heart-wrenching turn of events leaves Ariadne in utter despair. The character Harlekin then sings the aria **Lieben, Hassen, Hoffen, Zagen**, urging Ariadne to carry on with her life despite the overwhelming pain she feels.



Richard Strauss

Lieben, Hassen, Hoffen, Zagen

*Lieben, Hassen, Hoffen, Zagen,
alle Lust und alle Qual,
alles kann ein Herz ertragen
einmal um das andre Mal.
Aber weder Lust noch Schmerzen,
abgestorben auch der Pein,
das ist tödlich deinem Herzen,
und so mußt du mir nicht sein!
Mußt dich aus dem Dunkel heben
wär es auch um neue Qual!
Leben muß du, liebes Leben,
leben noch dies eine Mal.*

Love, Hate, Hope, Fear

*Love, hate, hope, fear,
all joy and all agony,
all can a heart endure
once and once more.
But neither joy nor pain,
even to be dead to pain,
that is fatal for your heart,
and so you must not be with me!
You must lift yourself out of the darkness
were it but for new torment!
You must live, a lovely life,
live again one more time.*

Mexico

Despite being the first Mexican, female composer to achieve international acclaim, María Grever's name is one that is widely unknown in the United States. After immigrating to the United States, it was a goal of Grever to share the cultural richness of Mexican music with people from the United States. This goal continues to be carried forward each time her music, such as **Cuando me vaya**, is sung.



María Grever

Cuando me vaya

*Fuimos tontos los dos
yo en adorarte
y tú en recompensarme
con traición.*

*si me alejo de tí
es por complacerte
mas nunca dejaré
de quererte.*

*Cuando me vaya por mí llorarás
y estando a solas quizá te diras
qué injustamente la hice sufrir
si por mis celos sentí a morir*

*Cuando me vaya tal vez pensarás
que a otros amores sabré conquistar
dentro de tu alma quizá sentirás
los mismos celos que me hiciste pasar
Cuándo me vaya
Sé que por mí llorarás.*

*Cuando me vaya... también lloraré
Si tus caricias y tus besos nunca olvidaré...
Y aunque tan injustamente me hiciste sufrir...
Ya ves, no me importa porque fue por tí.*

*Cuando me vaya... sé que sentirás
Un vacío en tu alma que no llenarás
Que si a otras miras a mí me verás
Y si las besas, en mí pensarás
Cuando me vaya...
Sé que por mí llorarás.*

When I leave

*We were both fools
I adore you
and you reward me
with betrayal.*

*if I walk away from you
it is to please you
but I will never stop
loving you.*

*When I leave you will cry for me
and being alone maybe you will say to yourself
how unjustly I made her suffer
because of my jealousy I felt like I was dying*

*When I leave maybe you will think
that other loves I will know how to conquer
inside of your soul maybe you will feel
the same jealousy that you made me endure
When I leave,
I know you will cry for me.*

*When I leave... I will also cry
Your caresses and your kisses I will never forget...
And although you made me suffer so unjustly...
You see, I don't care because it was for you.*

*When I leave... I know that you will feel
A void in your heart that you cannot fill
That if you look at others you will see me
And the kiss, you will think of me
When I leave...
I know that you will cry for me.*

During María Grever's lifetime, many of her songs were translated or rewritten into English and then popularized by renowned singers such as Bing Crosby, Cole Porter, and Dean Martin. **Te quiero dijiste** was renamed "Magic in the Moonlight" and was featured as the theme in a movie of the same name. I discovered both "Cuando me vaya" and "Te quiero dijiste" in an anthology during my time studying abroad in Oaxaca, Mexico. I am overjoyed to share these songs in their original form, preserving their essence and heritage.

Te quiero dijiste

*Te quiero, dijiste, tomando mis manos
entre tus manitas de blanco marfil.
Y sentí en mi pecho un fuerte latido
después un suspiro y luego el chasquido
de un beso febril.*

*Muñequita linda, de cabellos de oro
de dientes de perlas, labios de rubí.
Dime si me quieres cómo yo te adoro,
Si de mí te acuerdas como yo de ti.*

*Y a veces escucho un eco divino
que envuelto en la brisa parece decir,
Sí te quiero mucho, mucho, mucho, mucho
Tanto como entonces siempre hasta morir.*

I love you you said

*I love you, you said, taking my hands
between your little, ivory white hands.
And I felt in my chest a strong beat,
then a sigh and then the snap
of a feverish kiss.*

*Pretty doll, with golden hair
with pearl teeth, ruby lips.
Tell me if you love me how I love you,
If you remember me like I remember you.*

*Sometimes I hear a divine echo
that wrapped in the breeze seems to say,
Yes, I love you so, so, so, so much
As much as then always until I die.*

England

Roger Quilter is particularly known for his art songs which have become a cornerstone of the English art song tradition. As in works like "Three Shakespeare Songs", many of Quilter's pieces set music to Shakespearean text. In Act 2, Scene 4 of the play *Twelfth Night*, the court jester Feste sings **Come away, Death** to convey the despair of a broken heart.



Roger Quilter

Three Shakespeare Songs

Come away, Death

*Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.*

*Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.*

O Mistress mine also originates from *Twelfth Night*. In Act 1, Scene 3 of the play, Feste is asked to sing this love song. This piece showcases the main theme of the play: how the uncertainty of “what’s to come” should not hinder one’s life but rather inspire them to live life to its fullest.

O Mistress mine

*O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love’s coming,
That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweetening;
Journeys end in lovers’ meeting,
Ev’ry wise man’s son doth know.*

*What is love? ‘tis not here after;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What’s to come is still unsure;
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, Sweet-and-twenty,
Youth’s a stuff will not endure.*

In Act 2, Scene 7 of the play *As You Like It*, Lord Amiens sings **Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind** to the exiled court of Duke Senior. At this point in the play, all the main characters have experienced betrayal and deceit. This piece reflects these themes by drawing a contrast between the harshness of winter and the cruelty of mankind.

Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind

*Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man’s ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.*

*Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forget:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.*

*Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho!
Unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning,
most loving mere folly:
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.*

*Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho!
Unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning,
most loving mere folly:
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.*

The Philippines

Dahil Sa Iyo is one of the most famous examples of Kundiman and is known in Filipino households all over the world. Written in the early 20th century, this piece – like many other Kundiman – was written in reaction to the Spanish occupation of the Philippines. The piece carries a message we can all relate to today: “Despite the hardship life brings, because of you – my community – I can be happy.”



Miguel Velarde, Jr.

Dahil Sa Iyo

*Sa buhay ko'y labis
Ang hirap at pasakit,
Ng pusong umiibig
Mandi'y wala ng langit.*

Because of you

*In my life that exceeds in
Hardship and pain,
From a heart that loves
That knows no heaven.*

*At ng lumigaya
Hinango mo sa dusa,
Tanging ikaw sinta,
Ang aking pag-asa.*

*Dahil sa 'yo, nais kong mabuhay.
Dahil sa 'yo, hanggang mamatay.
Dapat mong tantuin,
Wala ng ibang giliw,
Puso ko'y tanungin,
Ikaw at ikaw rin*

*Dahil sa `yo, ako'y lumigaya,
Pagmamahal ay alayan ka.
Kung tunay man ako
Ay alipinin mo
Ang lahat sa buhay ko'y,
Dahil sa `yo.*

*And to be happy
You save me from suffering,
Only you my love,
are my hope.*

*Because of you, I wish to live.
Because of you, until I die.
You should realize,
There is no other love but you,
Ask my heart,
It is you and only you.*

*Because of you, I will be happy,
Love is offered to you.
If it is true
Then enslave me
Everything in my life,
Because of you.*