

## “Music at Midday” Recital Series

Full texts and translations and additional information about the pieces are available at: [Toronto-Concert.com](http://Toronto-Concert.com)

### Antonio Vivaldi (1678-1741) Motet in C minor, RV 626: In furore iustissimae irae (1723-24)

**Aria:** In the wrath of thy most righteous anger, you from heaven make me mighty.  
Since you can punish me when guilty, my very crime shows you as kindly.

**Recit:** Most holy Father of mercies, spare me when I lament, a powerless sinner, oh, Jesu most dear.

**Aria:** Then my weeping will turn out joyful, while for thee my heart grows faint.  
Make me lament my Jesus dear, and my weeping will nurture my heart. Alleluia.



### Bermudo (1510-1565): Mira nero (Nero Sees Rome) / Unknown Poet

Nero looks from the Tarpeian Rock at how Rome is burning; the screams of young and old left him unmoved.

### Sepharadic song: La Rosa Enflorece (The Rose Blooms) / text: folk

The rose blooms in the month of May, my soul darkens, suffering from love.  
The nightingales sing with sighs of love, passion kills me, it increases my pain.  
Come quickly, dove, more quickly come with me; more quickly come, beloved, run and save me.

### Sepharadic song: Pequeña serenata sefardí (Little Sephardic Serenade) / text: folk

Night's solitude saddens me. Oh, I want to die! My sad and hurting soul, oh, It finds no rest from suffering so.

### Manuel de Falla (1876-1946): from Siete Canciones populares españolas (composed 1914) / texts: folk

#### Nana (№ 5) / English: © Claudia Landivar Cody

Go to sleep, Child, sleep, my soul, little star of the morning. Lulla-lullaby, sleep, little star of the morning.

#### El Paño Moruno (№ 1) / English: © Claudia Landivar Cody

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

### Fernando Obradors (1897-1945): from Canciones clásicas españolas

#### Con amores, la mi madre / text: folk

With love, mother, I fell asleep, dreaming of which my heart was hiding, while love consoled me more than I deserved.  
Love's faith lulled me to sleep and gave rest to my pain. With love, mother, with love you put me to sleep.

#### Del cabello más sutil / text: folk, English: © Alice Rogers-Mendoza

Of the softest hair which you have in you braid, I would make a chain to pull and bring you to my side.  
A jug in your home, little one, I would like to be... so that I may kiss you each time you take a drink.

### Joaquín Rodrigo (1901-1999): from Doce canciones españolas (Twelve Spanish Songs) / Adela / text: folk

A pretty young girl called Adela – Juan's love made her ill, for she knew that her friend Dolores has entertained him.  
Time passed by, and poor Adela became more pale and sick and she knew that she would soon die of love.

### Enrique Granados (1867-1916): from Colección de tonadillas (1910-11) / texts: Fernando Periquet (1873-1940)

#### El majo tímido (The Shy Fellow) / English: © Noëlle Schoeffter

At night he comes to my window and looks at me. As soon as he sees me, he sighs and runs away.  
Oh, what a frightened youth! If life should pass so I will be very amused!

#### El majo olvidado (The Forgotten Lad) / English: © Robert Grady

When recalling the days passed by think of me. When the flowers fill your lattice think of me.  
When, in the serene night, the nightingale sings, Think of the forgotten lad who is dying of love.  
Poor forgotten lad! How hard it is to suffer! Since the ingrate has left him he does not want to live.

#### El majo discreto (The Discreet Lover)

They say my man is ugly. It is possible that he is, since everyone knows that love is a desire that blinds and confuses.  
Although my lover does not stand out for his beauty; I know that he is discreet, loyal and keeps a secret.  
What is the secret? It would be indiscreet to tell. I would not take much work to know secrets of a man with a woman.  
He was born in Lavapies. Eh! Eh! He is a majo (man), a majo is he.

#### El tra la la y el punteado (The “Tra La La” and the “dot-dot-dot”)

It is in vain, dear, that you keep talking, for there are things to which I always answer singing: tra la la...  
No matter how much you ask: tra la la... It does not sadden me nor deters me from my song: tra la la...

