

presents

Ana Molano, soprano  
In a Graduate Recital

assisted by:

*Korey Barrett, piano*

In partial fulfillment of the requirement  
for the MM degree in Vocal Performance  
From the Studio of Dr. Suzanne Hendrix

Sì, mi chiamano Mimì  
from *La bohème*

Giacomo Puccini  
(1858-1924)

Cuenca

Julián Aguirre  
(1868-1924)

A ti

Jaime León  
(1921-2015)

Canción del beso robado

Alberto Ginastera  
(1916-1983)

Comprendo  
from *Il Postino*

Daniel Catán  
(1949-2010)

Ya me voy a retirar

Carlos Guastavino  
(1912-2000)

**Intermission**

*Cigánské Melodie*

Má píseň zas mi láskou zní  
Aj! Kterak trojhranec můj  
A les je tichý kolem kol  
Když mne stará matka  
Struna naladěna  
Široké rukávy  
Dejte klec jestřábu

Antonín Dvořák  
(1841-1904)

Simple Song #3  
from *Young*

David Lang  
(1957-)

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**Sì, mi chiamano Mimi,**

Sì, mi chiamano Mimi,  
ma il mio nome è Lucia.  
La storia mia è breve.  
A tela o a seta ricamo in casa e fuori...  
Son tranquilla e lieta  
ed è mio svago far gigli e rose.  
Mi piaccion quelle cose  
che han sì dolce malia,  
che parlano d'amor, di primavera,  
che parlano di sogni e di chimere,  
quelle cose che han nome poesia...  
Lei m'intende?

Mi chiamano Mimi,  
il perché non so.  
Sola, mi fo il pranzo da me stessa.  
Non vado sempre a messa,  
ma prego assai il Signore  
Vivo sola, soletta  
là in una bianca cameretta:  
guardo sui tetti e in cielo;  
Ma quando vien lo sgelo  
il primo sole è mio  
il primo bacio dell'aprile è mio!

Germoglia in un vaso una rosa...  
Foglia a foglia la spio!  
Così gentile  
il profumo d'un fiore!  
Ma i fior ch'io faccio, ahimè!  
non hanno odore.

Altro di me non le saprei narrare.  
Sono la sua vicina  
che la vien fuori d'ora a importunare.

**Yes. They call me Mimi,**

Yes. They call me Mimi,  
but my name is Lucia.  
My story is short.  
I embroider satin and silk at home or  
outside.  
I'm peaceful and happy,  
and my pastime is making lilies and roses.  
I like the things  
that are so sweetly charming,  
that talk about love, about springtime,  
that talk about dreams and about wonders,  
those things which are called poetry.  
Do you understand me?

They call me Mimi,  
why? I don't know.  
Alone, I take lunch on my own.  
I don't always go to mass,  
but I pray enough to the Lord.  
I live alone, quite alone,  
In a little white room,  
looking at the rooftops in the sky:  
But when the thaw comes  
the first sun is mine,  
April's first kiss is mine,  
the first sun is mine.

A rose blooms in a vase,  
leaf by leaf I breathe it,  
Is so soft,  
the scent of a flower.  
But the flowers I make, alas,  
the flowers I make, alas,  
have no scent.

I can't tell any more about myself.  
I am your neighbor who came  
to bother you at the wrong time.

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## Cuenca

Lunita delgada y clara  
que al verte con ella vas,  
si por mí te preguntara,  
Lunita, ¿qué le dirás?  
Dile a mi amor verdadero  
que bien lo sabrás cumplir  
mas todo lo que la quiero  
nunca lo podrás decir.

Lunita de la laguna  
donde rendida y cortés,  
el alma deshojó en luna  
para besarle los pies.  
Para calmar sus rigores,  
alumbra más dulce, bella.  
Lunita de mis amores  
tan parecida con ella

Lunita delgada y clara  
Que al verte con ella vas,  
si por mí te preguntara,  
Lunita ¿qué le dirás?  
Dile a mi amor verdadero  
que bien lo sabrás cumplir,  
mas todo lo que la quiero  
nunca lo podrás decir

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## A ti

Tú no lo sabes, más yo he soñado,  
entre mis sueños color de armiño.  
Horas de dicha con tus amores,  
besos ardientes, quedos suspiros.

Cuando la tarde tiñe de oro  
esos espacios que juntos vimos.  
Cuando mi alma su vuelo emprende  
a las regiones de lo infinito.

## Basin

Thin, bright little moon,  
as you journey past her way  
if she should ask of me,  
little moon, what will you say?  
Tell my true love of my devotion,  
a task you surely know how to fulfill,  
yet the full depth of my affection  
is something you can never tell.

Little moon of the lagoon,  
where, in humble, courtly grace,  
my soul shed its petals like moonlight  
to kiss the ground beneath her feet.  
To soothe her stern reserve,  
shine forth more sweetly, lovely one.  
Little moon of my heart's desire  
so very much like her.

Thin, bright little moon,  
as you journey past her way  
if she should ask of me,  
little moon, what will you say?  
Tell my true love of my devotion,  
a task you surely know how to fulfill,  
yet the full depth of my affection  
is something you can never tell.

## To you

You do not know it, but I have dreamed,  
among my ermine-colored dreams,  
hours of joy with your love,  
burning kisses, gentle sighs.

When the afternoon tints with gold  
those spaces [where] we went together,  
when my soul undertakes its flight  
to the regions of the infinite.

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### **Canción del beso robado**

El beso que me diste, tan calentito,  
me lo robaron prenda  
dos pajaritos.  
Lo llevaron cantando hasta su nido,  
Para abrigarse porque hacía frío.

Qué voy a hacer ahora, marchito y solo,  
sino pedirte que me des otro.  
Damo otro beso tibio, rosado y joven.  
que ese no hay nadie que me lo robe.

Otro beso me diste, lo guardé tanto  
que aunque lo busco negra  
no puedo hallarlo.  
Y estando en igual caso  
que cuando el robo,  
Vengo a pedirte que me des otro.

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### **Comprendo**

Comprendo que tu besos  
jamás han de ser míos  
Comprendo que tus ojos  
no me han de ver jamás  
Y te amo, y en mis locos  
y ardientes desvaríos,  
bendigo tus desdenes,  
adoro tus desvíos.  
Y te amo. y en mis locos  
y ardientes desvaríos,  
bendigo tus desdenes,  
adoro tus desvíos.  
Y en vez de amarte menos  
En vez de amarte menos  
te quiero mucho más

### **Song of the stolen kiss**

The kiss you gave me. so warm and sweet,  
was stolen from me, my love, by two little  
birds.  
They carried it off, singing, all the way to  
their nest, to keep themselves warm, for the  
air was cold.

What am I to do now, withered and alone,  
but ask you to give me another?  
Give me another kiss, warm, rosy, and fresh,  
that no one, this time, can ever steal from  
me.

You gave me another kiss, and I guarded it  
so closely, my darling, that though I search  
for it now, I cannot find it.  
And finding myself in the very same plight  
as when it was stolen,  
I come to ask you for another kiss.

### **I understand**

I understand that your kisses  
will never be mine.  
I understand that I will never  
see myself in your eyes  
And I love you in my crazy, fiery delusions,  
I bless your disdain,  
I adore your detours.  
And I love you in my crazy,  
fiery delusions,  
I bless your disdain,  
I adore your detours.  
And instead of loving you less,  
Instead of loving you less,  
Instead of loving you less,  
I love you so much more!

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**Ya me voy a retirar**

Ya me voy a retirar  
a los campos soledosos.  
por ver si puedo olvidar  
aquellos ojos preciosos.  
Aquellos ojos preciosos  
que me miraron  
y que el sueño me robaron.

Ya me voy a retirar  
donde está la tortolita.  
a ver si puedo encontrar  
lo que mi alma necesita.  
Lo que mi alma necesita  
porque me hirieron,  
¿por qué me hirieron?  
los ojos que me perdieron

Ya me voy a retirar  
donde moran los zorzales.  
A ver si puedo encontrar  
remedio para mis males.  
Remedio para mis males  
pues me dañaron los ojos que me miraron

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**Má píseň zas mi láskou zní**

Má píseň zas mi láskou zní,  
když starý den umírá;  
a chudý mech kdy na šat svůj  
si tajně perle sbírá.

Má píseň v kraj tak toužně zní,  
když světem noha bloudí;  
jen rodné pusty dálinou  
zpěv volně z ňader proudí.

Má píseň hlučně láskou zní,  
když bouře běží plání;  
když těším se, že bídy prost  
dlí bratr v umírání.

**I am now going to go**

I am now going to go  
to the solitary fields,  
to see if I can forget  
those precious eyes.  
Those precious eyes  
that gazed upon me  
and stole away my sleep.

I am now going to go  
to where the little turtledove dwells  
to see if I can find  
what my soul needs.  
What my soul needs,  
for I was wounded.  
Why was I wounded  
by the eyes that lost me?

I am now going to go  
to where the thrushes make their home,  
to see if I can find  
a remedy for my pain  
A remedy for my pain  
for I was harmed by the eyes that gazed  
upon me.

**My song sounds of love**

My song resounds, a psalm of love,  
When day begins to fade,  
And when the moss and withered grass  
Secretly drink in pearls of dew.

My song resounds full of wanderlust  
In the green of lofty forests,  
Only on the puszta's wide plains  
Can I sing out happily.

My song is also full of love,  
As storms rage across the heath;  
When the breast of my friend heaves,  
As he breathes his last!

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### **Aj! Kterak trojhranec můj**

Aj! Kterak trojhranec můj přerokozkošně  
zvoní,  
jak cigána píseň, když se k smrti kloní!  
Když se k smrti kloní, trojhran mu vyzvání.  
Konec písni, tanci, lásce, bědování.  
Konec písni, tanci, lásce, bědování.

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### **A les je tichý kolem kol**

A les je tichý kolem kol,  
jen srdce mír ten ruší,  
a černý kouř, jenž spěchá v dol,  
mé slze v lících, mé slze suší.

Však nemusí jich usušit,  
necht' v jiné tváře bije.  
Kdo v smutku může zazpívat,  
ten nezhyne, ten žije, ten žije!

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### **Když mne stará matka**

Když mne stará matka zpívat, zpívat učivala,  
podivno, že často, často slzívala.  
A teď také pláčem snědé líce mučím,  
když cigánské děti hrát a zpívat učím!

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### **Struna naladěna,**

Struna naladěna,  
hochu, toč se v kole,  
dnes, snad dnes převysoko,  
zejtra, zejtra, zejtra zase dole!

Pozejtří u Nilu  
za posvátným stolem;  
struna již, struna naladěna,  
hochu, toč, hochu, toč se kolem!

### **Hey! How my triangle rings out**

Hey! How my triangle rings out in  
splendour!  
How easy to approach death with such a  
sound!  
One can approach death to the sound of the  
triangle!  
No more singing, loving and dancing!

### **The forest is quite all around**

All around the woods are so still and silent,  
My heart beats so fearfully;  
The black smoke sinks ever deeper  
And dries the tears on my cheek.

Ah, my tears do not dry,  
You must seek out other cheeks!  
He who can praise his pain in song,  
Will not curse death.

### **Songs my mother taught me**

When my old mother taught me songs to  
sing,  
Tears would well strangely in her eyes.  
Now my brown cheeks are wet with tears,  
When I teach the children how to sing and  
play!

### **“Take your bow”**

Take your bow and strike up!  
Come and join the round dance, lad!  
Be happy today! But what of the morrow?  
Sad tomorrow – it was ever thus!

Next day on the banks of the Nile,  
At the table of our fathers,  
Take your bow and strike up,  
Hasten to the dance and mingle!

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## Široké rukávy

Široké rukávy a široké gatě  
volnější cigánu  
nežli dolman v zlatě.  
Dolman a to zlato  
bujná prsa svírá;  
pod ním volná píseň  
násilně umírá.  
A kdo raduješ se, tvá kdy píseň v kvěť,  
přej si, aby zašlo  
zlato v celém světě!

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## Dejte klec jestřábu

Dejte klec jestřábu ze zlata ryzého;  
nezmění on za ni hnízda trněného.  
Komoní bujnému, jenž se pustou žene,  
zřídka kdy připnete uzdy a třemene.  
A tak i cigánu příroda cos dala:  
k volnosti ho věčným poutem, k volnosti ho  
upoutala.

## In his loose-fitting and airy linen clothes

In his loose-fitting and airy linen clothes  
The gypsy feels freer than when dressed in  
silk and gold!  
Yes! The golden dolman constricts his  
breast,  
Smothers the happily wandering strains of  
his free song.  
He who feels true joy when these songs  
resound,  
Wishes that all gold should vanish from the  
face of the earth.

## Give a hawk a cage

As long as the falcon can fly above the Tatra  
mountains,  
He will never exchange his rocky nest for a  
cage.  
If the wild foal can race across the heath,  
He'll find no pleasure in bridle and reins.  
If, O gypsy, nature has given you something,  
She has given me freedom all my life.