

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

*Department of Music*

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## Faculty Recital

Agnes Mobley-Wynne, Soprano

Stephen Coxe, Piano

Anibal Acosta, Guitar



**OLD DOMINION  
UNIVERSITY**

**I D E A FUSION**

Diehn Fine and Performing Arts

Chandler Recital Hall

Tuesday, March 18, 2014

7:30 PM

## Agnes and Friends

*Pastorcito Santo*  
*Adela*  
*Copillitas de Belen*

Joaquin Rodrigo  
(1901-1999)

Agnes Mobley-Wynne and Anibal Acosta

*Por una Cabeza*  
*El Día que me Quieras*  
*Carlos Gardel (1890-1935)*  
*El Choclo*

Angel Villoldo  
(1861-1919)

Anibal Acosta

*La Chanson des Vieux Amants*

Jacques Brel (1929-1978)  
Gérard Jouannest (b. 1933)

Agnes Mobley-Wynne and Stephen Coxé

*Banalités*  
*Chanson d'Orkenise*  
*Hôtel*  
*Fagnes de Wallonie*  
*Voyage a Paris*  
*Sanglots*

Francis Poulenc  
(1899-1963)  
Poetry: Guillaume Apollinaire  
(1880-1918)

Agnes Mobley-Wynne and Stephen Coxé

*Feuillets d'Album (1932)*  
*I. Ariette*  
*II. Rêve*  
*III. Gigue*

Stephen Coxé

Discussion of the poetry which inspired 'Ventriloquist Acts of God' by Ellen Wise

Ventriloquist Acts of God

Dr. Adolphus Hailstork  
(b. 1941)  
Poetry: Ellen Wise  
(b. 1941)

## Agnes Mobley-Wynne and Stephen Coxé TRANSLATIONS

### Ventriloquist Acts of God

A cycle of songs by Adolphus Hailstork set to five poems by Ellen Wise

#### I Ventriloquist Acts of God

The lone bird sings in her doggedness;  
Her feathers house a hollow song.  
A wren or sparrow calls and calls;  
Birds know how to ride a river,  
A sea of air to the place where the clouds  
sing  
in an amazing ventriloquist act of God.  
On August nights torpor holds mist in  
suspense.  
Insect symphonies tune up;  
Voluptuous percussion of frogs' thrum  
underscores an aria: jet-whine at  
midnight.  
Pale dry stalks whisper, bending to detect  
the earth's constant pulse.  
We step into the distance, looking down  
through time,  
or upward, listening like birds who call,  
awaiting a response from lips unmoved.  
Comes an answer all around us.

#### II Sun

Fire! Fire! Fire!  
Fire smolders and burns;  
Ecstasy lives in a dream of heat.  
Seldom is there a night without need to  
fill with light.  
Sure as the sun's first flame seared eyes  
for a second sight,  
Heart's hearth is here;  
Stay, stay, stay by me, tonight.

#### III Luna Moth

Your wings insistent fold and flutter,  
Beaten silver, molten gold, under swift  
currents fly.  
Speak in tongues I recognize;  
When trees moan, when mists rise, the  
heart's wing hitches –

#### IV The True Story of Adam and Eve

Ah! Ah!  
At the waking of the world (with earth  
still flat) out in the open,  
with wild, wild animals drinking from  
rivers,  
Man stands tall.  
Hands down-thrust he scoops up mud,  
forms a ball that dries in the sun.  
Of this woman comes silken and wet,  
self-hatched as from a shell;  
She plucks a wild peach and peels it felted  
skin with her small white teeth  
and gives it to the man who reaches for it  
uncertain;  
Her gaze holds him two heart beats or  
maybe three;  
It is enough, he is in love.  
Not wanting to follow her from paradise,  
But the hollow she leaves is the home of  
desire;  
A cave at the edge of the sea.

#### V Deep in the Dark

Deep in the dark, as through a maze  
Following the faintest cries: Songs of  
weeping, songs of praise.  
Seeking the uncharted way to find a piece  
of open sky,  
Deep in the dark as through a maze  
What strange music comes my way with  
thorn and thistle brushed aside  
Songs of weeping, songs of praise?  
Up ahead the lanterns raised glowing  
softly in the night,  
Deep in the dark as through a maze  
I can almost find my way  
Hear them calling, yet not quite  
  
Songs of weeping, songs of praise.  
There's a price that I must pay for seeking  
terror and delight

please come flying through night's  
window.  
Slip inside me whispering.

Deep in the dark as through a maze  
Songs of weeping, songs of praise.

## TRANSLATIONS

Smelling of honey, the heather  
was attracting the bees,  
and my aching feet  
trod bilberries and whortleberries.  
Tenderly she is married  
North!  
North!  
There life twists  
in trees that are strong  
and gnarled.  
There life bites  
bitter death  
with greedy teeth,  
when the wind howls

### Going to Paris

Ah, how delightful it is  
to leave a dismal place  
and head for Paris!  
Beautiful Paris,  
which one day Love had to create!

### Sobs

Human love is ruled by the calm stars.  
We know that within us many people  
breathe  
who came from afar and are united  
behind our brows.  
This is the song of that dreamer  
who had torn out his heart  
and was carrying it in his right hand...  
Remember, oh dear pride, all those  
memories:  
the sailors who sang like conquerors,  
the chasms of Thule, the tender skies  
of Ophir,  
the accursed sick, the ones who flee  
their own shadows,  
and the joyful return of the happy  
emigrants.

Blood was flowing from that heart;  
and the dreamer went on thinking  
of his wound which was delicate...  
You will not break the chain of those  
causes...  
...and painful; and he kept saying to us:  
...which are the effects of other causes.  
"My poor heart, my heart which is broken  
like the hearts of all men...  
Look, here are our hands which life  
enslaved.  
"...has died of love or so it seems,  
has died of love and here it is.  
That is the way of all things.

"So tear your hearts out too!"  
And nothing will be free until the end  
of time.  
Let us leave everything to the dead,  
and let us hide our sobbing.

"So tear your hearts out too!"  
And nothing will be free until the end  
of time.  
Let us leave everything to the dead,  
and let us hide our sobbing.

## TRANSLATIONS

### *Pastorcito santo*

*Zagalejo de perlas  
hijo del alba,  
¿dónde vais que hace frío  
tan de mañana?*

*Como sois lucero  
del alba mía  
a traer el día  
nacéis primero;  
pastor y cordero,  
sin choza ni lana,  
¿dónde vais que hace frío  
tan de mañana?*

*Perlas en los ojos,  
risa en la boca,  
a placery enojos  
las almas provoca;  
cabellitos rojos,  
boca de grana,  
¿dónde vais que hace frío  
tan de mañana?*

*¿Qué tenéis que hacer  
pastorcito Santo,  
madrugando tanto?  
Lo dais a entender  
aunque vais a ver*

*disfrazado el alma.  
¿Dónde vais que hace frío  
tan de mañana?*

### *Adela*

*Una muchacha guapa,  
llamada Adela, llamada Adela,  
Los amores de Juan  
la lleva enferma, y ella sabía,  
Que su amiga Dolores lo entretenía.  
El tiempo iba pasando,  
Y la pobre Adela, y la pobre Adela,*

### *Holy little shepherd*

Pearl-bright shepherd boy,  
son of the dawn,  
where are you bound in such cold  
so early in the morning?

Since you are the morning star  
of my dawn,  
to bring in the day  
you are the first to appear;  
shepherd and lamb,  
without hut or fleece,  
where are you bound in such cold  
so early in the morning?

With pearls in your eyes  
and laughter on your lips,  
pleasure and anger  
you bring to our souls;  
little shock of russet hair,  
scarlet mouth,  
where are you bound in such cold  
so early in the morning?

What must you do,  
holy little shepherd,  
to rise so early?  
You let it be known,  
even though you go forth disguised  
to see our souls.  
Where are you bound in such cold  
so early in the morning?

### *Adela*

A pretty young girl  
Called Adela, called Adela  
The love of Juan  
Made her ill, and she knew  
Her friend Dolores would nurse her.  
Time passed by  
And poor Adela, poor Adela

*Más blanca se ponía  
Y más enferma; y ella sabía  
Que de sus amores se moriría*

Became paler and paler  
And sicker and she knew  
That she would die of her love.

## TRANSLATIONS

*Si la palmera supiera  
from Copillilas de Belen*

If the palm trees knew  
from Carols of Bethlehem

***La chanson des vieux amants  
(Mon merveilleux amour)***

**The old lovers' song  
(My wonderful love)**

*Bien sûr, nous eûmes des orages  
Vingt ans d'amour, c'est l'amour fol  
Mille fois tu pris ton bagage  
Mille fois je pris mon envol  
Et chaque meuble se souvient  
Dans cette chambre sans berceau  
Des éclats des vieilles tempêtes  
Plus rien ne ressemblait à rien  
Tu avais perdu le goût de l'eau  
Et moi celui de la conquête*

Of course, we had storms  
Twenty years of love, it's mad love  
A thousand times, you took your luggage  
A thousand times, I left the nest  
And each piece of furniture remembers  
In this cradleless bedroom  
The old storms' fits  
Nothing looked like anything  
You had lost your liking for water  
And I had lost mine for seduction  
But my love

Mais mon amour  
Mon doux mon tendre mon merveilleux amour  
De l'aube claire jusqu'à la fin du jour  
Je t'aime encore tu sais je t'aime  
Moi, je sais tous tes sortilèges  
Tu sais tous mes envoûtements  
Tu m'as gardé de pièges en pièges  
Je t'ai perdue de temps en temps  
Bien sûr tu pris quelques amants  
Il fallait bien passer le temps  
Il faut bien que le corps exulte  
Finalement finalement  
Il nous fallut bien du talent  
Pour être vieux sans être adultes  
Mais mon amour  
Mon doux mon tendre mon merveilleux amour  
De l'aube claire jusqu'à la fin du jour  
Je t'aime encore tu sais je t'aime  
Oh, mon amour  
Mon doux mon tendre mon merveilleux amour  
De l'aube claire jusqu'à la fin du jour  
Je t'aime encore, tu sais, je t'aime  
Et plus le temps nous fait cortège  
Et plus le temps nous fait tourment

My sweet, my tender, my wonderful love  
From the clear dawn until the end of the day  
I love you still, you know, I love you  
I, I know all your spells  
You know all my charms  
You kept me from trap to trap  
I lost you from time to time  
Of course, you took a few lovers  
Time had to be spent  
The body just has to exult  
In the end, in the end  
It took us much talent  
To be old without being adults  
But my love  
My sweet, my tender, my wonderful love  
From the clear dawn until the end of the day  
I love you still, you know, I love you  
Oh, my love  
My sweet, my tender, my wonderful love  
From the clear dawn until the end of the day  
I love you still, you know, I love you  
And the more time goes along with us  
And the more time torments us  
But is it not the worst trap

Mais n'est-ce pas le pire piège  
Que vivre en paix pour des amants  
Bien sûr tu pleures un peu moins tôt

To live peacefully for lovers  
Of course, you cry a little less early  
I go off the deep end a little later

Je me déchire un peu plus tard  
Nous protégeons moins nos mystères  
On laisse moins faire le hasard  
On se méfie du fil de l'eau  
Mais c'est toujours la tendre guerre  
Mais mon amour  
Mon doux mon tendre mon merveilleux amour  
De l'aube claire jusqu'à la fin du jour  
Je t'aime encore tu sais je t'aime  
Oh, mon amour...  
Mon doux mon tendre mon merveilleux amour  
De l'aube claire jusqu'à la fin du jour  
Je t'aime encore tu sais je t'aime.

We protect less our mysteries  
We let less chance do  
We are wary of the waterflow  
But it is still loving war  
But my love  
My sweet, my tender, my wonderful love  
From the clear dawn until the end of the day  
I love you still, you know, I love you  
Oh, my love...  
My sweet, my tender, my wonderful love  
From the clear dawn until the end of the day  
I love you still, you know, I love you  
**Hotel**

### Banalities

#### Song of Orkenise

Through the gates of Orkenise  
a carter wants to enter.  
Through the gates of Orkenise  
a tramp wants to leave.

And the sentries of the town,  
rush up to the tramp and ask:  
"What are you taking out of the town?"  
- "I'm leaving my whole heart behind."

And the sentries of the town,  
rush up to the carter and ask:  
"What are you bringing into the town?"  
- "My heart: I'm getting married."

What a lot of hearts in Orkenise!  
The sentries laughed and laughed.  
Oh tramp, the road is dreary;  
oh carter, love is heady.

The handsome sentries of the town  
knitted superbly;  
Then the gates of the town  
slowly swung shut.

I My room has the form of a cage.  
The sun reaches its arm in through the window.  
But I want to smoke and make shapes in the air,  
and so I light my cigarette on the sun's fire.  
I don't want to work, I want to smoke.

#### Walloon moorlands

So much deep sadness  
seized my heart on the desolate moors  
when I sat down weary among the firs,  
unloading  
the weight of the kilometres  
while the west wind growled.

I had left the pretty woods.  
The squirrels stayed there.  
My pipe tried to make clouds of smoke  
in the sky  
which stubbornly stayed blue.

I murmured no secret except an  
enigmatic song  
which I confided to the peat bog.

