Faculty Recital

Agnes Mobley-Wynne, Soprano
Stephen Coxe, Piano
Anibal Acosta, Guitar

Diehn Fine and Performing Arts
Chandler Recital Hall

Tuesday, March 18, 2014
7:30 PM
**Agnes and Friends**

*Pastorcito Santo*  
Adela  
*Coplillas de Belen*

**Agnes Mobley-Wynne and Aníbal Acosta**

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

**Aníbal Acosta**

*La Chanson des Vieux Amants*  
Jacques Brel (1929-1978)  
Gérard Jouannest (b. 1933)

**Agnes Mobley-Wynne and Stephen Coxe**

*Banalités*  
*Chanson d’Orkenise*  
*Hôtel*  
*Fagnes de Wallonie*  
*Voyage à Paris*  
*Sanglots*

**Stephen Coxe**

*Feuilles d’Album (1932)*  
I. Ariette  
II. Rêve  
III. Gigue

**Agnes Mobley-Wynne and Stephen Coxe**

*Ventriloquist Acts of God*

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

I Ventriloquist Acts of God

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

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

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

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

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

**TRANSLATIONS**

Agnes Mobley-Wynne and Stephen Coxe

*Ventriloquist Acts of God*

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**Discussion of the poetry which inspired ‘Ventriloquist Acts of God’ by Ellen Wise**

**Feuilles d’Album (1932)**

I. Ariette  
II. Rêve  
III. Gigue

**Stephen Coxe**

**Ventriloquist Acts of God**

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

**Pastorcito santo**

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

*Como sois lucero del alba mia*
*a traer el día nacéis primero;*
*pastor y cordero,*
*sin choza ni lana,*
¿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,

**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

**Translations**

*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?
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 *Copillillas de Belen*

La chanson des vieux amants
(Mon merveilleux amour)

Bien sûr, nous échappes des orages
Vingt ans d'amour, c'est l'amour fou
Mille fois tu pris ton bagage
Mille fois je pris mon envoi
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

Je t'aime encore, tu sais, je t'aime
De l'aube claire jusqu'à la fin du jour
Mon doux mon tendre mon merveilleux
Oh, mon amour...

Banalités

**Song of Orkenise**

Through the gates of Orkenise
a cartier 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 cartier 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 cartier, love is heady.

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

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

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...

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...

But it is still loving war
We are wary of the worst trap
We protect less our mysteries
We let less chance do
We are wary of the waterfall
But it is still loving war

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

**La chanson des vieux amants**

From the clear dawn until the end of the day
My sweet, my tender, my wonderful love
Oh, my love...

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
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

Maís 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 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.