

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

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
Copilillas de Belen

Joaquin Rodrigo
(1901-1999)

Agnes Mobley-Wynne and Anibal Acosta

Por una Cabeza
El Dia 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 Coxe

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 Coxe

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

Stephen Coxe

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 Coxe 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.

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 placer y 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

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

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

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

Il nous fallut bien du talent
Pour être vieux sans être adultes
Mais mon amour
Mon doux mon tendre mon merveilleux
amour

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

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

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

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

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

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

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...

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

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.

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

Banalities

I love you still, you know, I love you

Hotel

Song of Orkenise

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.

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

I don't want to work, I want to smoke.

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."

Walloon moorlands

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."

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.

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

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

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

which stubbornly stayed blue.

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

