

# LAETITIA GRIMALDI AND AMMIEL BUSHAKEVITZ

Soprano, piano

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 2024 | 7:30 PM  
CASPARY AUDITORIUM

## Program

Sergey Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)  
Spring Waters, Op. 14 No. 11  
It's Peaceful Here, Op. 21 No. 7  
What Happiness, Op. 34 No. 12

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)  
L'Invitation au voyage

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)  
Nell  
Les berceaux

Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)  
Trois jours de vendange  
Nèère  
Quand je fus pris au pavillon  
Quand la nuit n'est pas étoilée  
À Chloris

## INTERMISSION (15 minutes)

Cécile Chaminade (1857-1944)  
Villanelle

Armande de Polignac (1876-1962)  
Chant d'amour

Pauline Viardot (1821-1910)  
Haï luli

Clara Schumann (1819-1896)  
Die Lorelei

Ethel Smyth (1858-1944)  
Before the Squall

Fernando Obradors (1897-1945)  
Chiquitita la novia  
Del cabello más sutil  
El vito

Léo Delibes (1836-1891)  
Les filles de Cadix

*Photography and video recording during the performance are strictly prohibited.*

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Program and personnel subject to change.  
As a courtesy to the artists, please remain seated until they have left the hall.

## Featuring

### **Laetitia Grimaldi**, soprano

Laetitia Grimaldi made her Carnegie Hall debut in 2013 and has since sung in many renowned halls, opera stages, and international festivals worldwide, including the Kennedy Center, Shanghai and Forbidden City Concert Halls, Festival Pitic, Festival Musica Classica, Verbier Festival, Ravinia Festival, Festival d'Aix-en-Provence, and Melbourne Festival. In 2017, she was awarded the First Prize in three international competitions: Concours International de Mélodies Françaises in Montreal, Canada, Concours International Robert Massard in Bordeaux, France, as well as the Concours International Pro Musicis in Paris, France.

Born in France, Ms. Grimaldi spent her childhood in Lisbon and London. After beginning her vocal studies with Teresa Berganza, she continued her education with Lorraine Nubar in New York City, first at the Manhattan School of Music, followed by a Master's degree from The Juilliard School. Ms. Grimaldi has received mentorship with some of the world's leading artists, including Sir Thomas Allen, Sir Alfred Brendel, Ileana Cotrubas, Thomas Quasthoff, François le Roux, and Dalton Baldwin. In 2016, she changed to soprano under the mentorship of the German baritone, Matthias Goerne.

Ms. Grimaldi has appeared in many opera productions internationally, performing the role of Nancy in *Albert Herring* in Tampa, Florida, Dorothée in Massenet's *Cendrillon* in Belgium, Lucilla in *La Scala di Seta* in New York, and the American premiere of Sir Peter Maxwell Davies' *Kommilitonen* in New York. She made her debut at the Verbier Festival in Switzerland with the role of Marcelina in *Le Nozze di Figaro*. She sang the title role of Rameau's *Les Fêtes de l'Hymen et de l'Amour* at the Kennedy Center of Washington, DC. Once again, Ms. Grimaldi was invited to the Verbier Festival to perform the role of Musetta in Puccini's *La Bohème*. Recently, she sang the title role of Proserpina in the modern revival of J.Jommelli's opera *Cerere Placata*.

### **Ammiel Bushakevitz**, piano

Born in Jerusalem, Israel, and raised in South Africa, Ammiel Bushakevitz began playing piano at the age of four. He performs regularly across Europe, North America, Africa, Asia, and Australia in venues including New York's Carnegie Hall, London's Wigmore Hall, the Philharmonie de Paris, Shanghai's Concert Hall, Amsterdam's Concertgebouw, and Berlin's Konzerthaus. Mr. Bushakevitz has appeared at the festivals of Aix-en-Provence, Salzburg, Bayreuth, Lucerne, Cape Town, Heidelberg, Melbourne, and Montreal, as well as the Festival Pontino di Latina in Rome, the Casals Festival in Spain, and the Schubertiades of Schwarzenberg, Hohenems, Vilabertran, and Jerusalem.

Mr. Bushakevitz, one of the last private students of the late Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, is recognized as a leading song pianist of his generation, performing with such singers as Dame Felicity Lott, Christian Gerhaher, and Thomas Hampson. He also received notable mentorship from Brigitte Fassbaender, Barbara Bonney, Thomas Quasthoff, and Matthias Goerne.

Mr. Bushakevitz is a top prize-winner at numerous competitions, including the Wigmore Hall Competition in London, the Schubert Competition in Stuttgart, the Johannes Brahms Competition in Austria, the Hugo Wolf Competition in Stuttgart, the Prix International Pro Musicis in Paris, as well as the Concours Léopold Bellan. He is especially noted for his interpretation of the works of Franz Schubert, for which he received the 2011 International Schubert Institute Award in Vienna. Mr. Bushakevitz's other awards include the European Union Commission Award, the DAAD International Scholarship for Artists, the Prix de la Ville de Lausanne, Switzerland, and the city of Leipzig's Richard Wagner Award. He is a laureate of over a dozen international music competitions, as a solo pianist, vocal accompanist, and chamber musician.

## Sergey Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)

### Ещё в полях белеет снег

Ещё в полях белеет снег,  
А воды уж весной шумят  
Бегут и будят сонный брег,  
Бегут, и блещут, и гласят...

Они гласят во все концы:  
«Весна идёт, весна идёт!  
Мы молодой весны гонцы,  
Она нас выслала вперёд.

Весна идёт, весна идёт,  
И тихих, тёплых майских дней  
Румяный, светлый хоровод  
Толпится весело за ней!...»

### Здесь хорошо

Здесь хорошо...  
Взгляни, вдали огнем  
Горит река;  
Цветным ковром луга легли,  
Белеют облака.

Здесь нет людей...  
Здесь тишина...  
Здесь только Бог да я.  
Цветы, да старая сосна,  
Да ты, мечта моя!

### Какое счастье

Какое счастье: и ночь, и мы одни!  
Река как зеркало и вся блестит звездами  
А там-то голову закинь-ка, да взгляни:  
Какая глубина и чистота над нами!  
О, называй меня безумным!  
Назови, чем хочешь:  
В этот миг я разумом слабею

### Spring Waters, Op. 14 No. 11

The fields are still in the grip of snow,  
But the waters start rumbling with spring.  
The waters rush and awaken the drowsy bank;  
They rush and glitter and roar.

They roar for all to hear:  
“Spring is on the way! Spring is on the way!  
We are heralds of the spring.  
It has sent us to proclaim:

‘Spring is on the way! Spring is on the way!’”  
And the beautiful group  
Of warm and tender days of May  
Will follow in a merry crowd.

### It's Peaceful Here, Op. 21 No. 7

How peaceful it is here...  
I gaze to where  
The golden brook runs by;  
The fields are all inlaid with flowers,  
The white clouds sail on high.

No step draws near,  
Such silence reigns,  
Alone with God I seem;  
With Him, and with the hoary pines,  
And thee, my only dream!

### What Happiness, Op 34. No. 12

What happiness: it is night, and we are alone!  
The river is like a mirror, all glistening from  
starlight,  
And there, do toss your head, have a look:  
What distance and purity above us!  
O, call me mad! Call me what you will:  
At this moment my reason grows weak

И в сердце чувствую такой прилив любви  
Что не могу молчать, не стану, не умею!

Я болен, я влюблён  
Но, мучась и любя  
О, слушай! о пойми! я страсти не скрываю

И я хочу сказать, что я люблю тебя  
Тебя, одну тебя люблю я и желаю!

### Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

**L'Invitation au voyage**  
Charles Baudelaire (1821-1867)

Mon enfant, ma sœur,  
Songe à la douceur  
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!  
Aimer à loisir,  
Aimer et mourir  
Au pays qui te ressemble!  
Les soleils mouillés  
De ces ciels brouillés  
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes  
Si mystérieux  
De tes traîtres yeux,  
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,  
Luxe, calme et volupté!

Vois sur ces canaux  
Dormir ces vaisseaux  
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;  
C'est pour assouvir  
Ton moindre désir  
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.  
-Les soleils couchants  
Revêtent les champs,  
Les canaux, la ville entière,  
D'hyacinthe et d'or;  
Le monde s'endort  
Dans une chaude lumière.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,  
Luxe, calme et volupté!

And in my heart I feel such a flood of love  
That I cannot keep silence, I will not be  
silent!

I ache, I am in love,  
But tormented and loving,  
O listen! O understand! I am not  
concealing my passion,  
And I want to say that I love you,  
You, you alone I love and desire!

### Invitation to the Voyage

My child, my sister,  
Think of the sweetness  
Of going there to live together!  
To love at leisure,  
To love and to die  
In a country that is the image of you.  
The misty suns  
Of those hazy skies  
Have for me the same  
Mysterious charm  
As your fickle eyes,  
Shining through their tears.

There, all is harmony and beauty,  
Luxury, calm and delight.

See how those ships  
Nomads by nature  
Are slumbering on the canals;  
To gratify your every desire  
They have come  
From the ends of the earth.  
The westering suns  
Clothe the fields,  
The canals, the whole town,  
With reddish-orange and gold;  
The world falls asleep  
Bathed in warmth and light.

There, all is harmony and beauty,  
Luxury, calm and delight!

**Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)****Nell**

Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle  
(1818-1894)

Ta rose de pourpre, à ton clair soleil,  
O Juin, étincelle enivrée;  
Penche aussi vers moi ta coupe dorée:  
Mon coeur à ta rose est pareil.

Sous le mol abri de la feuille ombreuse  
Monte un soupir de volupté;  
Plus d'un ramier chante au bois écarté,  
O mon coeur, sa plainte amoureuse.

Que ta perle est douce au ciel parfumé,  
Etoile de la nuit pensive!  
Mais combien plus douce est la clarté vive  
Qui rayonne en mon coeur charmé!

La chantante mer, le long du rivage,  
Taira son murmure éternel,  
Avant qu'en mon coeur, chère amour,  
ô Nell, Ne fleurisse plus ton image!

**Les berceaux**

René-François-Armand Prudhomme  
(1839-1907)

Le long du quai les grands vaisseaux,  
Que la houle incline en silence,  
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux  
Que la main des femmes balance.

Mais viendra le jour des adieux,  
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,  
Et que les hommes curieux  
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent.

Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,  
Fuyant le port qui diminue,  
Sentent leur masse retenue  
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

**Nell**

Under your bright sun, oh summer,  
your red, red rose sparkles ecstatically;  
Lean over me too with your golden cup:  
my heart resembles your rose.

Under the shady, sheltering leaves there  
rises a sigh of delight;  
In the grove there are doves cooing,  
singing their love-songs (oh my heart).

How sweet in the flame-red sky is the pearl,  
the star of pensive night!  
But how much sweeter is the vivid glow that  
shines in my enchanted heart!

The singing sea, all along its shores,  
will end its eternal murmuring,  
before your image, my love,  
oh Nell, ceases to bloom in my heart!

**The Cradles**

Along the quay the great ships,  
Listing silently with the surge,  
Pay no heed to the cradles  
Rocked by women's hands.

But the day of parting will come,  
For it is decreed that women shall weep,  
And that men with questing spirits  
Shall seek enticing horizons.

And on that day the great ships,  
Leaving the dwindling harbour behind,  
Shall feel their hulls held back  
By the soul of the distant cradles.

**Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)****Trois jours de vendange**

Alphonse Daudet (1840-1897)

Je l'ai rencontrée un jour de vendange,  
La jupe troussée et le pied mignon,  
Point de guimpe jaune et point de chignon,  
L'air d'une bacchante et les yeux d'un ange.  
Suspendue au bras d'un doux compagnon,  
Je l'ai rencontrée aux champs d'Avignon,  
Un jour de vendange.

Je l'ai rencontrée un jour de vendange,  
La plaine était morne et le ciel brûlant.  
Elle marchait seule et d'un pas tremblant,  
Son regard brillait d'une flamme étrange ...  
Je frissonne encore en me rappelant  
Comme je te vis, cher fantôme blanc,  
Un jour de vendange.

Je l'ai rencontrée un jour de vendange,  
Et j'en rêve encore presque tous les jours:  
Le cercueil était couvert en velours,  
Le drap noir portait une double frange.  
Les sœurs d'Avignon pleuraient tout autour.  
La vigne avait trop de raisin ...  
L'Amour avait fait la vendange.

**Néère**

Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle  
(1818-1894)

Il me faut retourner aux anciennes amours:  
L'Immortel qui naquit de la Vierge  
Thébaine,  
Et les Jeunes Désirs et leur Mère  
inhumaine  
Me commandent d'aimer toujours.

Blanche comme un beau marbre, avec ses  
roses joues,  
Je brûle pour Néère aux yeux pleins de  
langueur;  
Venus se précipite et consume mon coeur:  
Tu ris, ô Néère, et te joues!

**Three Days of Vintaging**

During the vintage I met her one day,  
Skirt tucked in, dainty feet,  
No yellow veil, no coiled-up hair,  
A maenad with an angel's eyes,  
Leaning on a sweet friend's arm,  
I met her at Avignon in the fields,  
During the vintage one day.

During the vintage I met her one day,  
The plain was bleak and the sky ablaze.  
She was walking alone, with faltering steps.  
Her face was lit by a curious glow ...  
I still shudder as I remember  
How I saw you, dear white specter,  
During the vintage one day.

During the vintage I met her one day,  
And still almost daily I dream of it:  
The coffin draped in velvet,  
The black shroud with its double fringe.  
The Avignon nuns wept all around it.  
The vine had too many grapes ...  
Love had gathered its harvest.

**Néère**

I must return to the loves of old:  
The Immortal One, born of the Theban  
Virgin,  
And youthful Desires and their cruel  
Mother  
Command me to love anew.

White as beautiful marble, with her pink  
cheeks,  
It is Neaera I burn for with her  
languishing look;  
Venus rushes up and consumes my heart:  
You laugh, O Neaera, and frolic!

*Please turn pages quietly*

Pour apaiser les Dieux et pour finir mes  
maux,  
D'un vin mûri deux ans versez vos coupes  
pleines;  
Et sur l'autel rougi du sang pur des agneaux  
Posez l'encens et les verveines.

**Quand je fus pris au pavillon**  
Charles Duc d'Orléans (1394-1465)

Quand je fus pris au pavillon  
De ma dame, très gente et belle  
Je me brûlai à la chandelle  
Ainsi que fait le papillon:  
Je rougis comme vermillon  
A la clarté d'une étincelle  
Quand je fus pris au pavillon  
De ma dame très gente et belle  
Si j'eusse été esmerillon  
Ou que j'eusse eu aussi bonne aile  
Je me fusse gardé de celle  
Qui me bailla de l'aiguillon  
Quand je fus pris au pavillon

**Quand la nuit n'est pas étoilée**

Quand la nuit n'est pas étoilée  
Viens te bercer aux flots des mers;  
Comme la mort elle est voilée  
Comme la vie ils sont amers

L'ombre et l'abîme ont un mystère  
Que nul mortel ne pénètre;  
C'est Dieu qui leur dit de se taire  
Jusqu'au jour où tout parlera!

D'autres yeux de ces flots sans nombre  
Ont vainement cherché le fond;  
D'autres yeux se sont emplis d'ombre  
A contempler ce ciel profond

Toi, demande au monde nocturne  
De la paix pour ton cœur désert!  
Demande une goutte à cette urne!  
Demande un chant à ce concert!

To appease the gods and end my woes,  
Fill your goblets with two-year-old wine;  
And on the altar stained with lambs' pure  
blood,  
Set the incense and vervena.

**When I was Caught at the Pavilion**

When I was caught at the pavilion  
of my most beautiful and noble lady,  
I burnt myself in the candle's flame  
as a moth does:  
I flushed crimson  
in the brightness of a spark  
when I was caught in the pavilion  
of my most beautiful and noble lady  
If I had been a merlin  
or had wings as strong  
I should I shielded myself  
From she who stung me  
when I was caught in the pavilion

**When the Night is Not Studded with Stars**

When the night is not studded with stars  
Come rock yourself on the waves of the sea;  
Like death, night is veiled  
Like life, waves are bitter

The dark and abyss have a deep mystery  
That no mortal has penetrated;  
It is God who tells them to be quiet  
Until the day when all shall speak!

Other eyes have, of these uncountable waves  
in vain sought to gauge the depths;  
Other eyes filled with shadows  
contemplating the deep sky

You, ask the nocturnal world  
for peace to your desert heart!  
Request a drop in the urn!  
Request a song to this concert!

Plane au-dessus des autres femmes  
Et laisse errer tes yeux si beaux  
Entre le ciel où sont les âmes  
Et la terre où sont les tombeaux!

**À Chloris**  
Théophile de Viau (1590-1626)

S'il est vrai, Chloris, que tu m'aimes,  
Mais j'entends, que tu m'aimes bien,  
Je ne crois point que les rois mêmes  
Aient un bonheur pareil au mien.  
Que la mort serait importune à venir  
changer ma fortune  
Pour la félicité des cieux!  
Tout ce qu'on dit de l'ambrosie  
Ne touche point ma fantaisie  
Au prix des grâces de tes yeux.

**INTERMISSION**

**Cécile Chaminade (1857-1944)**

**Villanelle**  
Edouard Guinand (1838- 909)

Le blé superbe est rentré,  
Fête aux champs, fête au village.  
Chaque fillette, au corsage,  
Porte un bleuet azuré,  
Fête aux champs, fête au village!

Les jeunes gens danseront  
Ce soir, dans la grande allée:  
Et sous la nuit étoilée,  
Que de mains se chercheront  
Ce soir, dans la grande allée!

Ce soir,  
dansez jusqu'au jour,  
Aux gais sons de vos musettes!  
Jeunes garçons et fillettes,  
Chantez vos refrains d'amour,  
Aux gais sons de vos musettes!

Soar above the other women  
And let your beautiful eyes wander  
Between heaven, where souls are  
And earth, where there are tombs!

**To Chloris**

If it be true, Chloris, that thou lovest me,  
And I hear that thou dost love me well,  
I do not believe that even kings  
Could know such happiness as mine.  
How unwelcome death would be  
If it came to exchange my fortune  
With the joy of heaven!  
All that they say of ambrosia  
Does not fire my imagination  
Like the favor of thine eyes.

**Villanelle**

The splendid wheat is brought in,  
Feast in the fields, feast in the village.  
Each maiden on her bodice,  
Wears a blue cornflower,  
Feast in the fields, feast in the village!

The young folk will dance  
This evening, in the broad street:  
And, beneath the starry night,  
How many hands will seek out each other  
This evening in the broad street!

Beneath the starry night,  
Dance until daylight,  
To the gay sounds of your bagpipes!  
Young lads and lasses,  
Sing your refrains of love,  
To the gay sounds of your bagpipes!

Sans contrainte et sans remords  
Enivrez-vous de jeunesse:  
La tristesse est pour les morts,  
Pour les vivants l'allégresse,  
Enivrez-vous de jeunesse!  
Dansez jusqu'au jour,  
Fête aux champs, fête au village

**Armande de Polignac (1876–1962)**

**Chant d'amour**

Je veux que nous vivions tous deux seuls,  
Dans un grand palais mystérieux.  
Comme une ombre notre amour silencieux  
S'étendra, autour de nous,  
Vibrant le long des froides parois de marbre.

Je danserai pour toi, lentement,  
Parmi les choses harmonieuses  
Avec une délicatesse inquiète.  
Le temps cessera de ponctuer nos  
ravisements,  
Son balancier sera mon écharpe,  
Dessinant des rythmes dans notre éternel  
présent.

Il n'y aura de mesuré que les battements de  
notre cœur,  
Mais les miens seront précipités  
Et heurteront contre ma poitrine  
Comme si mon âme voulait s'élancer vers toi!

Nous ne serons plus effrayés  
Par la hâte grossière du jour  
Car la lumière sera selon notre volonté.

Ceux du dehors ne nous connaîtront pas  
Lorsque nous passerons au milieu d'eux  
Et leurs paroles ne nous atteindront plus.

Puis quand nous reviendrons à travers les  
arbres Il nous semblera venir de loin,  
Et nous irons nous enfuir dans les grands  
meubles tourmentés.

Without constraint and without remorse  
Be intoxicated with youth:  
Sadness is for the dead,  
For the living happiness,  
Be intoxicated with youth!  
Dance until daylight,  
Feast in the fields, feast in the village

**Love Song**

I would like us two to live together,  
In a great and mysterious palace.  
Like a shadow, without a sound, our love  
Will extend around us,  
Vibrant along the cold marble walls.

I will dance for you, slowly,  
In those beautiful surroundings  
With a delicate watchfulness.  
Time will cease to interrupt our pleasures,

Its pendulum becoming my sash,  
Tracing the rhythms of our eternal now.

There will be no measuring but the beat of  
our heart,  
But mine will be hurrying  
Hitting against my breast  
As if my soul wanted to rush towards you!

We will no longer be frightened  
By the rude haste of the day  
Since the light will be what we wish for.

Those outside will not know us  
When we pass in their midst  
And their words will not touch us.

And when we return through the woods,  
It feels as if we come from afar,  
And we take shelter among the troubled  
surroundings.

Enlacée dans tes bras,  
Ton regard me sera grand comme  
l'incrédé!

**Pauline Viardot (1821-1910)**

**Haï luli**

Xavier de Maistre (1764 - 1852)

Je suis triste, je m'inquiète,  
Je ne sais plus que devenir.  
Mon bon ami devait venir,  
Et je l'attends ici seulette.  
Haï luli, haï luli,  
Qu'il fait donc triste sans mon ami!

Je m'assieds pour filer ma laine,  
Le fil se casse dans ma main:  
Allons! je filerai demain,  
Aujourd'hui je suis trop en peine.  
Haï luli, haï luli,  
Où peut donc être mon ami?

Si jamais il devient volage,  
S'il doit un jour m'abandonner,  
Le village n'a qu'à brûler  
Et moi-même avec le village!  
Haï luli, haï luli,  
À quoi bon vivre sans ami?

**Clara Schumann (1819-1896)**

**Die Lorelei**

Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten,  
Daß ich so traurig bin,  
Ein Märchen aus uralten Zeiten,  
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.  
Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,  
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;  
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt,  
Im Abendsonnenschein.

Wrapped in your arms,  
To me your gaze seems infinite!

**Haï luli**

I am sad, I am troubled,  
I no longer know what will happen.  
My lover ought to come,  
And I await him here alone.  
Haï luli, Haï luli,  
Ah how sad it is without my love.

I sit down to spin my wool,  
The thread breaks in my hand:  
Well then! I shall spin tomorrow,  
Today I am too upset.  
Haï luli, haï luli,  
Where can my lover be?

If one day he is faithless,  
If one day he should abandon me,  
The only thing is for the village to burn  
And myself with the village!  
Haï luli! Haï luli!  
What use is it to live without my love?

**Die Lorelei**

I do not know what it means,  
That I should feel so sad,  
There is a tale from olden times,  
I cannot get out of my mind.  
The air is cool, and twilight falls,  
And the Rhine flows quietly by;  
The summit of the mountains glitters,  
In the evening sun.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzt  
Dort oben wunderbar,  
Ihr gold'nes Geschmeide blitzet,  
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar,  
Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme,  
Und singt ein Lied dabei;  
Das hat eine wundersame,  
Gewalt'ge Melodei.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe,  
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;  
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,  
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.  
Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen  
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn,  
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen,  
Die Loreley getan.

#### **Ethel Smyth (1858-1944)**

##### **Before the Squall**

The wind is rising on the sea,  
The windy white foam dancers leap; And  
the sea moans uneasily,  
And turns to sleep, and cannot sleep.  
Ridge after rocky ridge uplifts wild hands,  
And hammers at the land,  
Scatters in liquid dust, and drifts  
To death among the dusty sand.  
On the horizon's nearing line, Where the  
sky rests a visible wall, Grey in the offing I  
divine  
The sails that fly before a squall.

The fairest maiden is sitting  
In wondrous beauty up there,  
Her golden jewels are sparkling,  
She combs her golden hair,  
She combs it with a golden comb,  
And sings a song the while;  
It has an awe-inspiring,  
Powerful melody.

It seizes the boatman in his skiff,  
With wildly aching pain;  
He does not see the rocky reefs,  
He only looks up to the heights.  
I think at last the waves swallow  
The boatman and his boat,  
And that, with her singing,  
The Lorelei has done.

#### **Fernando Obradors (1897-1945)**

##### **Chiquitita la novia**

Curro Dulce (1816-1898)

Chiquitita la novia, Chiquitito el novio,  
Chiquitita la sala, Y el dormitorio,

Por eso yo quiero Chiquitita la cama Y el  
mosquitero.

##### **Del cabello más sutil**

Anónimo

Del cabello más sutil que tienes en tu  
trenzado  
He de hacer una cadena, Para traerte a mi  
lado.

Una alcarraza en tu casa, Chiquilla,  
quisiera ser,  
Para besarte en la boca, Cuando fueras a  
beber.

##### **El vito**

Una vieja vale un real  
Y una muchacha dos cuartos  
Pero como soy tan pobre  
Me voy a lo más barato

Con el vito, vito, vito  
Con el vito, vito, vito, va  
No me haga 'usté' cosquillas  
Que me ponga 'colorá'

##### **Tiny is the Bride**

Tiny is the bride, Tiny is the groom,  
Tiny is the living room, Tiny is the  
bedroom,  
That is why I want a tiny bed with a  
mosquito net.

##### **Of the Softest Hair**

Anonymous

Of the softest hair that you have in you  
braid  
I would make a chain so that I may draw  
you to my side.

A cup in your house, dear one, I would like  
to be,  
so that I may kiss your lips every time you  
take a drink.

##### **The Vito**

An old woman is worth a real  
and a girl two quarters  
but since I'm so poor  
I go for the cheapest

With the vito, vito, vito  
with the vito, vito, vito, go  
Don't you tickle me,  
or I'll get red in the face

## Léo Delibes (1836-1891)

### Les filles de Cadix

Alfred de Musset (1810-1857)

Nous venions de voir le taureau,  
Trois garçons, trois fillettes.  
Sur la pelouse il faisait beau,  
Et nous dansions un boléro  
Au son des castagnettes:  
Dites-moi, voisin,  
Si j'ai bonne mine,  
Et si ma basquine  
Va bien, ce matin.  
Vous me trouvez la taille fine?  
Ah! ah! Ah...!  
Les filles de Cadix aiment assez cela.

Et nous dansions un boléro  
Un soir, c'était dimanche.  
Vers nous s'en vint un hidalgo  
Cousu d'or, la plume au chapeau,  
Et le poing sur la hanche:  
Si tu veux de moi,  
Brune au doux sourire,  
Tu n'as qu'à le dire,  
Cet or est à toi.  
Passez votre chemin, beau sire.  
Ah! Ah! Ah...!  
Les filles de Cadix n'entendent pas cela. »

### The Girls of Cadiz

We just saw the bull,  
Three boys, three little girls.  
On the lawn it was a beautiful day,  
And we were dancing a bolero  
To the sound of castanets:  
Tell me, neighbor,  
If I look well,  
And if my bodice  
Goes well, this morning.  
Do you find my waist slim?  
Ah! ah! Ah...!  
The girls of Cadix rather like that.

And we were dancing a bolero  
One Sunday evening.  
A hidalgo came towards us  
Extremely wealthy, a plume in his hat,  
And his hand on his hip:  
If you want me,  
Brunette with the sweet smile,  
You have only to say it,  
And this gold is yours.  
Pass on your way, good sir.  
Ah! Ah! Ah...!  
The girls of Cadix don't listen to that.

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The concert series was founded in 1958 by Professor Theodore Shedlovsky and renamed in 1996 in memory of Peggy Rockefeller, wife of longtime chair David Rockefeller. The Rockefeller University gratefully acknowledges the following contributors who make it possible for us to offer affordable tickets for every performance, as well as subsidized tickets for students and postdoctoral fellows:

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# THE ROCKEFELLER UNIVERSITY

The Rockefeller University is one of the world's foremost institutions dedicated to research and graduate education in the biomedical sciences, chemistry, and physics. Founded by John D. Rockefeller, Sr., in 1901 as The Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, it was the first institution in the United States devoted exclusively to biomedical research. In the 1950s, the institute expanded its mission to include graduate education. It was renamed The Rockefeller University in 1965.

The university's laboratory-based structure encourages collaborations between disciplines and empowers faculty members to take on high-risk, high-reward projects. No formal departments exist, bureaucracy is kept to a minimum, and scientists are given resources, support, and unparalleled freedom to follow the science wherever it leads.

## The Rockefeller University Community

- 70 heads of laboratory
- 200 research scientists
- 210 postdoctoral investigators
- 255 Ph.D. and M.D.-Ph.D. students
- 1,431 alumni
- 1,325 support staff

## Acclaimed Scientists

In the course of Rockefeller's history, 26 of its scientists have been awarded the Nobel Prize; 25 have received a Lasker Award; and 20 have garnered the National Medal of Science, the nation's highest scientific honor.

## At Present, the Faculty at Rockefeller Includes

- 5 Nobel laureates
- 6 recipients of Lasker Awards
- 33 members of the National Academy of Sciences
- 4 recipients of MacArthur Fellowships
- 3 recipients of the National Medal of Science

## Some Clinical Concerns under Study

- Aging
- Alzheimer's disease
- Antibiotic resistance
- Autism
- Cancer
- COVID-19
- Diabetes
- Epilepsy
- Heart disease and stroke
- Hepatitis
- HIV/AIDS
- Multiple sclerosis
- Obesity, nutrition, and weight loss
- Parkinson's disease
- Skin diseases
- Vaccine development
- Vision and hearing disorders

## The Rockefeller University Hospital

Established in 1910, The Rockefeller University Hospital was the first hospital in the nation dedicated exclusively to patient-oriented investigations. Patients at the hospital are participants in clinical studies that build on basic research findings from Rockefeller laboratories. This allows the university to maintain an unbroken spectrum of research, from basic to clinical.

## Groundbreaking Accomplishments

Among the pioneering discoveries at Rockefeller are many seminal advances that have transformed science and reduced human suffering. Scientists at Rockefeller:

- Discovered that DNA is the basic material of heredity
- Developed vaccines against meningitis and pneumococcal pneumonia
- Determined that cancer can be caused by a virus
- Discovered blood groups and ways to preserve whole blood
- Isolated and first successfully tested natural antibiotics
- Developed methadone maintenance therapy for people addicted to heroin
- Developed the AIDS "cocktail" drug therapy
- Showed that an adult brain of a higher species can form new nerve cells
- Discovered an obesity gene and the weight-regulating hormone leptin
- Discovered the dendritic cell, a key regulator of the immune system
- Discovered the molecular mechanisms controlling circadian rhythm
- Developed assays that paved the way for drugs that cure hepatitis C

## An Exceptional Place to Learn

Rockefeller's Ph.D. program offers training in the biomedical and physical sciences. With neighboring Memorial Sloan Kettering Cancer Center and Weill Cornell Medicine, the university also offers one of the nation's top M.D.-Ph.D. programs. In addition, Rockefeller provides intensive postgraduate training. At any one time, more than 200 postdoctoral investigators conduct research in university laboratories. Rockefeller's acclaimed Clinical Scholars Program, a three-year master's degree program, provides a unique opportunity for recent M.D. or M.D.-Ph.D. recipients to begin careers in patient-oriented research. Working with senior faculty members, clinical scholars develop and implement translational research studies at The Rockefeller University Hospital.

## Infrastructure that Fosters Collaboration and Interaction

Rockefeller invented the modern bioscience institute, and has spent the past 122 years perfecting it. The university's beautifully landscaped 16-acre campus includes nine research buildings containing roughly 500,000 square feet of laboratory space, where investigators employ the latest technology to answer the most challenging questions in their fields. The Stavros Niarchos Foundation-David Rockefeller River Campus, which opened in 2019 and features the Marie-Josée and Henry R. Kravis Research Building, provides a number of new amenities, including additional cutting-edge laboratory space, a river view dining commons, academic and conference centers, and magnificent rooftop gardens.

\* \* \* \* \*

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