

WIGMORE HALL

Monday 3 April 2023
1.00pm

The Power and the Glory

Fleur Barron mezzo-soprano
Kunal Lahiry piano

Xavier Montsalvatge (1912-2002)	From <i>5 canciones negras</i> (1945-6) Cuba dentro de un piano • Punto de habanera
Theodoro Valcárcel (1900-1942)	Tungu Tungu (1936)
Olivier Messiaen (1908-1992)	Doundou Tchil from <i>Harawi</i> (1945)
Ernesto Lecuona (1896-1963)	La señora luna (1937)
Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)	Von der Schönheit from <i>Das Lied von der Erde</i> (1908-9)
Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)	Tot Op. 48 No. 2 (1933)
Ilse Weber (1903-1944)	Ich wandre durch Theresienstadt (after 1942) <i>arranged by Fleur Barron and Kunal Lahiry</i>
Kurt Weill (1900-1950)	From <i>Die sieben Todsünden</i> (1933) Neid • Epilog
Zubaida Azezi (b.1990) & Edo Frenkel (b.1988)	Ananurhan (2021) <i>UK première</i>
Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)	From <i>Shéhérazade</i> (1903) La flûte enchantée • L'indifférent
Huang Ruo (b.1976)	Fishman's Sonnet (2009)
Trad/Chinese	Fengyang Flower Drum
Trad/Chinese	Northeastern Lullaby



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The Power and the Glory

There is no easy way to confront the legacies of imperial control. These unequal power relationships spawned countless musical responses depicting displacement and loss, but also reflecting hybrid identities which emerged from the collision of cultures. Today's musical journey has three stopping points: Central America, Europe and East Asia, in which different forms of empire operated, and continue to operate today.

We begin with two sun-drenched songs of **Xavier Montsalvatge**, the most significant Catalan musician of the 20th Century. Montsalvatge drew on the Caribbean style called *antillanismo*, fusing Cuban dance rhythms with Spanish vocal styles and Afro-Cuban forms. For him, Hispanic culture (though it had itself annihilated the indigenous population) was now being erased by American influence. 'Cuba dentro de un piano' and 'Punto de habanera' both come from the *5 canciones negras*, a 1945 commission from the Catalan soprano Mercedes Plantada. The former is a habanera-style recollection of a lost Cuba. The latter describes a Creole beauty in a crisp, white crinoline, her gait heard in the rhythm of the *guajiras*, a type of flamenco.

Theodoro Valcárcel's 'Tungu Tungu' dips south to Peru. It is taken from an important 1936 collection of 31 songs in the indigenous languages of Quechua and Aymara from the Peruvian Andes. Though Valcárcel was educated in Europe (specifically Milan and Barcelona), he sought to integrate his *mestizo* (mixed) background with this training, thus songs like his exquisite 'Tungu Tungu' utilise recognisable Western harmonies.

The use of Andean language – such as the shared use of 'tungu tungu', meaning 'dove' or 'beloved' – links Valcárcel to **Olivier Messiaen** in his 1945 song cycle *Harawi*. Subtitled 'A Song of Love and Death', Messiaen melded the Cornish myth of Tristan and Iseult with Quechuan languages and Andean folksongs (a 'harawi' is a Peruvian narrative genre). 'Doundou Tchil' describes a male dancer performing a courtship dance; the song title onomatopoeically depicts the jingle of the crotal bells at his ankles.

Back to Cuba with the prodigious 20th-century Latin-American **Ernesto Lecuona**. This 'Cuban Schubert' wrote at least 600 songs; the hit 'Siempre en mi corazón' was nominated for an Oscar in 1942, but lost to 'White Christmas'. The lullaby 'La señora luna', in the form of a Cuban *bolero*, comes from his 1937 cycle *5 canciones con versos de Juana de Ibarbourou*. The Uruguayan poet Ibarbourou may have written the poem for her son. To this day, Lecuona's original publication cannot be accessed in communist Cuba.

The perspective shifts to European Jewish voices with **Gustav Mahler's** 'Von der Schönheit', from *Das Lied von der Erde* (1908-9). Hans Bethge, freely translating poetry by Li Bai, depicts an idyllic scene of girls picking lotus blossom on the shore with boys riding past, but one girl watches in secret grief. The song's expansive form reveals Mahler's fascination with song on a symphonic scale.

Arnold Schoenberg's 'Tot' was written in Berlin, 1933. Following Schoenberg's exile in the USA, it was forgotten

until 1948. The poem is a study in indifference, reflected in the pitiless angularity of Schoenberg's music; only at the end do we realise this protagonist is steeped in grief.

While Schoenberg and Weill escaped Nazi Germany, **Ilse Weber** was murdered in Auschwitz aged 41. In Theresienstadt, Weber worked as a nurse in the children's infirmary and wrote around 60 poems, many of which she accompanied as songs on her guitar. The folk-like 'Ich wandre durch Theresienstadt' laments the loss of home; today, it is heard in the artists' own arrangement.

Written in 1933, **Kurt Weill's** sung ballet *Die sieben Todsünden* contemplates humanity's evils. Though the work has two named characters, it is unclear whether they are sisters or aspects of one person. This unusual device was dictated by Weill's wealthy patron Edward James, who demanded a role for his wife, the dancer Tilly Losch, opposite Weill's wife, the singer Lotte Lenya. 'Neid' depicts an often-overlooked form of imperialism, namely capitalism, which fosters envy in the characters walking through San Francisco. In 'Epilogue', they/she return(s) to Louisiana, seemingly content with a modest lot.

Our last stop is East Asia. **Azezi and Frenkel's** 'Ananurhan' is an arrangement of an Uyghur folksong which, like Weber's song, speaks of leaving home. The tension between central Asian dance rhythms and the mournful text characterises Uyghur folk music and reflects perseverance of spirit amidst continuing tragedy and persecution.

As Messiaen looked west, **Maurice Ravel** turned eastward for his song cycle *Shéhérazade*. He was fascinated with the storyteller who nightly saved herself by interrupting her tales on a cliff-hanger. Ravel set freely translated poetry by Tristan Klingsor, a fellow-member in the artists' group 'Les Apaches'. In 'La flûte enchantée', a servant girl hears her lover playing the flute while her master slumbers. 'L'indifférent', a failed seduction, exemplifies the fetishisation of Eastern beauty.

The 'Fishman's Sonnet' was given to Fleur Barron by the composer **Huang Ruo** (b.1976). Ruo's internationally renowned music blends Chinese ancient and folk music with Western classical and popular genres. This song draws on *kunqu*, one of the oldest forms of Chinese opera.

'Fengyang Flower Drum' hails from Fengyang County in Anhui Province. It has a sobering history; the region experienced regular severe floods during the late Ming Dynasty, forcing its residents to sing for money. The song was famously used in *The Good Earth*, a 1937 film adaptation of a novel by Pearl S Buck. It starred the aforementioned Tilly Losch from Weill's *Die Sieben Todsünden*.

We close with another lullaby, recalling both Weber's and Lecuona's songs. The 'Northeastern Lullaby', with its sinuous melody, originated in the Liaoning Province in Northeastern China. The lyrics of this traditional ballad were rewritten in 1960 and it has since become enormously popular.

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Xavier Montsalvatge (1912-2002)

From 5 canciones negras (1945-6)

Cuba dentro de un piano

Rafael Alberti

Cuando mi madre llevaba un
sorbete de fresa por
sombbrero
Y el humo de los barcos
aún era humo de
habanero.

Mulata vueltabajera ...

Cádiz se adormecía entre
fandangos y habaneras
Y un lorito al piano quería
hacer de tenor.

... dime dónde está la flor

que el hombre tanto
venera.

Mi tío Antonio volvía
con aire de
insurrecto.

La Cabaña y el Príncipe
sonaban por los patios de
El Puerto.

(Ya no brilla la Perla
azul del mar de las
Antillas.

Ya se apagó, se nos ha
muerto.)

Me encontré con la bella Trinidad ...

Cuba se había perdido y
ahora era de verdad.

Era verdad,

No era mentira.

Un cañonero huido
llegó cantándolo en
guajira.

La Habana ya se perdió.

Tuvo la culpa el dinero ...
Calló,

Cayó el cañonero.

Pero después, pero ¡ah!
después

Fué cuando al Sí

Lo hicieron YES.

Cuba in a piano

When my mother wore
a strawberry ice for a
hat
and the smoke from the
boats was still Havana
smoke.

Mulata from Vuelta Abajo ...

Cadiz was falling asleep to
fandango and habanera
and a little parrot at the
piano tried to sing tenor.

... tell me, where is the flower

that a man can really
respect.

My uncle Anthony would
come home in his
rebellious way.

The Cabaña and El
Príncipe resounded in
the patios of the port.

(But the blue pearl of the
Caribbean shines no
more.

Extinguished. For us no
more.)

I met beautiful Trinidad ...

Cuba was lost, this time it
was true.

True,

and not a lie.

A gunner on the run
arrived, sang Cuban
songs about it all.

Havana was lost

and money was to blame ...
The gunner went silent,

fell.

But later, ah,
later,

they changed Sí

to YES.

Punto de habanera

Néstor Luján

La niña criolla pasa con su
miriñaque

blanco

¡Qué blanco!

Hola crespón de tu
espuma;

imarineros contempladla!

Va mojadita de
lunas

que le hacen su piel mulata.

Niña, no te quejes,

tan solo por esta tarde.

Quisiera mandar al agua

que no se escape de pronto

de la cárcel de tu falda,

tu cuerpo encierra esta tarde
rumor de abrirse de

dalia.

Niña, no te quejes,

tu cuerpo de fruta está

dormido en fresco brocado.

Tu cintura vibra fina

con la nobleza de un látigo,

toda tu piel

huele

a limonal y a

naranja.

Los marineros te miran

y se te quedan mirando.

¡Qué blanco!

La niña criolla pasa

con su miriñaque blanco.

¡Qué blanco!

Habanera rhythm

The Creole girl goes by in
her white

crinoline.

How white!

The billowing spray of
your crepe skirt!

Sailors, look at her!

She passes gleaming in
the moonlight

which darkens her skin.

Young girl, do not complain,

only for tonight

do I wish the water

not to suddenly escape

the prison of your skirt.

In your body this evening
dwells the sound of

opening dahlias.

Young girl, do not complain,

your ripe body

sleeps in fresh brocade,

your waist quivers

as proud as a whip,

every inch of your skin is

gloriously

with orange- and lemon

trees.

The sailors look at you

and feast their eyes on you.

and feast their eyes on you.

The Creole girl goes by

in her white crinoline.

How white!

Theodoro Valcárcel (1900-1942)

Tungu Tungu (1936)

Traditional

Tungu tungu,

Urpi qolla tungu imananmi?

Tungu manchay ancha llaki
wanwillaway.

Yma raykun inti

wachimpanpa kasqa,

Llantumpa husintasqa t'ika

t'ika pampa,

Kusi uyayunka.

My dove, why are you sad?

Please tell me

why have the sun's rays
turned to clouds?

You are the flower that
brightens the fields,

listen to

me,

my dove, why are you sad?

Olivier Messiaen (1908-1992)

**Doundou Tchil from
Harawi (1945)
Olivier Messiaen**

Doundou tchil, doundou
tchil.
Piroutcha te voilà, Ô mon à-
moi...

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unable to reproduce the text of
this song.*

Doundou Tchil

Doundou tchil, doundou
tchil,
Piroutcha, there you are,
O my very own,
the dance of the stars,
doundou tchil.
Piroutcha, there you are,
O my very own,
Mirror of a familiar bird,
doundou tchil.
Rainbow, my breath, my
echo,
your gaze has returned,
tchil, tchil.
Piroutcha, there you are, O
my very own,
my gossamer fruit in the
light, doundou tchil.
Toungou, toungou, mapa,
nama,
mapa, nama, mapa,
kahipipas.
Piroutcha, there you are, O
my very own,
the dance of the stars,
doundou tchil.

Ernesto Lecuona (1896-1963)

**La señora luna (1937)
Juana de Ibarbourou**

La Señora Luna le pidió al
naranja
Un vestido verde y un velillo
blanco,
La Señora Luna se quiere
casar con un pajecito de la
casa real.
(parlé) Duermete Natacha,
e iras a la
boda,
Peinada de moño y
en traje de
cola.

Lady Moon

Lady Moon asked the
orange tree
for a green dress and a
white veil,
Lady Moon wants to
marry a page from the
royal house.
(parlé) Go to sleep,
Natasha, and you will
go to the wedding,
with your hair in a bun
and wearing a dress
with a train.

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

**Von der Schönheit
from *Das Lied von der
Erde* (1908-9)
Hans Bethge, after Li Bai**

Junge Mädchen pflücken
Blumen,
Pflücken Lotosblumen an
dem Uferrande.
Zwischen Büschen und
Blättern sitzen sie,
Sammeln Blüten in den
Schoss und rufen
Sich einander Neckereien zu.

Goldne Sonne webt um die
Gestalten,
Spiegelt sie im blanken
Wasser wider.
Sonne spiegelt ihre
schlanken Glieder,
Ihre süßen Augen wider,
Und der Zephir hebt mit
Schmeichelkosen
Das Gewebe ihrer Ärmel auf,
führt den Zauber
Ihrer Wohlgerüche durch die
Luft.

O sieh, was tummeln sich für
schöne Knaben
Dort an dem Uferrand auf
mut'gen Rossen?
Weithin glänzend wie die
Sonnenstrahlen;
Schon zwischen dem Geäst
der grünen Weiden
Trabt das jungfrische Volk
einher.
Das Ross des einen wiehert
fröhlich auf
Und scheut, und saust dahin,
Über Blumen, Gräser wanken
hin die Hufe,
Sie zerstampfen jäh im
Sturm die hingesunk'nen
Blüten.
Hei! Wie flattern im Taumel
seine Mähnen,
Dampfen heiss die Nüstern!
Gold'ne Sonne webt um die
Gestalten,
Spiegelt sich im blanken
Wasser wider.

Of beauty

Young girls are picking
flowers,
lotus flowers by the
river's edge.
They sit among bushes
and leaves,
gather blossoms into
their laps and call
to each other teasingly.

Golden sunlight weaves
round their forms,
mirrors them in the
shining water.
Sunlight mirrors their
slender limbs,
and their sweet eyes,
and the breeze lifts with
its caresses
the fabric of their sleeves,
wafts the magic
of their pleasing fragrance
through the air.

O look, what handsome
boys are these, riding
friskily along the bank on
spirited horses?
Shining afar, like the sun's
rays;
now they canter between
green willow branches
these lads in the flush of
youth.
The horse of one
whinnies happily,
and shies and races off,
its hooves fly over flowers
and grass,
trampling the fallen
blossoms as they storm
past.
Look how its mane
flutters in its frenzy,
look how the nostrils steam!
Golden sunlight weaves
round their forms,
mirrors them in the
shining water.

Und die schönste von den Jungfrauen sendet Lange Blicke ihm der Sehnsucht nach. Ihre stolze Haltung ist nur Verstellung: In dem Funkeln ihrer grossen Augen, In dem Dunkel ihres heissen Blicks Schwingt klagend noch die Erregung ihres Herzens nach.	And the loveliest of the girls shoots him long yearning glances. Her proud bearing is mere pretence: in the flashing of her large eyes, in the darkness of her ardent gaze her agitated heart still throbs and grieves for him.
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Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)

Tot Op. 48 No. 2 (1933) **Dead**

Jakob Haringer

Ist alles eins, was liegt daran! Der hat sein Glück, der seinen Wahn. Was liegt daran! Ist alles eins, der fand sein Glück und ich fand keins.	It's all the same, so what does it matter! One man has luck, another has delusions. What does it matter! It's all the same: one man found his luck and I found none.
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Ilse Weber (1903-1944)

Ich wandre durch Theresienstadt (after 1942)	I wander through Theresienstadt
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arranged by Fleur Barron
and Kunal Lahiry
Ilse Weber

Ich wandre durch Theresienstadt, Das Herz so schwer wie Blei. Bis jäh mein Weg ein Ende hat, Dort knapp an der Bastei.	I wander through Theresienstadt, my heart is heavy as lead. Till suddenly my way ends right there by the bulwark.
Dort bleib Ich auf der Brücke stehn Und schau ins Tal hinaus: Ich möcht so gerne weiter gehn, Ich möcht so gern nach Haus!	I stand there on the bridge and look down into the valley: I'd like so much to go farther, I'd like so much to go home!

Nach Haus! – du wunderbares Wort, Du machst das Herz mir schwer. Man nahm mir mein Zuhause fort, Nun hab ich keines mehr.	Home! – You strange word, you make my heart feel heavy. My home has been taken away from me, now I no longer have one.
Ich wende mich betrübt und matt, So schwer wird mir dabei: Theresienstadt, Theresienstadt, Wann wohl das Leid ein Ende hat, Wann sind wir wieder frei?	I turn away, saddened and weary, how hard it is to do so! Theresienstadt, Theresienstadt, when will our suffering end? When shall we again be free?

Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

**From Die sieben
Todsünden** (1933)

Berthold Brecht

**The Seven Deadly
Sins**

Neid

Envy

Anna 1

Anna 1

Und die letzte Stadt der Reise war San Francisco. Alles ging gut, aber Anna war oft müde und beneidete jeden, Der seine Tage zubringen durfte in Trägheit. Nicht zu kaufen und stolz In Zorn geratend über jede Roheit, Hingegeben seinen Trieben, Ein Glücklicher! Liebend nur den Geliebten Und Offen nehmend, was immer er braucht. Und ich sagte meiner armen Schwester, Als sie neidisch auf die andern sah: 'Schwester, wir alle sind frei geboren Und wie es uns gefällt, können wir gehen im Licht. Also gehen aufrecht im Triumphe die Toren, Aber wohin sie gehn, das wissen sie nicht.	And the last big town we came to was San Francisco. Life there was fine, only Anna felt so tired and grew envious of others: of those who pass the time at their ease and in comfort; those too proud to be bought; of those whose wrath is kindled by injustice; those who act upon their impulses happily; lovers true to their loved ones; and those who take what they need without shame. Whereupon I told my poor tired sister when I saw how much she envied them: 'Sister, from birth we may write our own story and anything we choose we are permitted to do. But the proud and insolent who strut in their glory, little they guess the fate they're swaggering to.
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Schwester, folg mir und verzicht auf die Freuden,	Sister is strong, you must learn to say No to the joys of this world,
Nach denen es dich wie die andern verlangt.	for this world is a snare.
Ach, Überlass sie den törrichten Leuten,	Only the fools in this world will let go,
Denen es nicht vor dem Ende bangt!	who don't care a damn, will be made to care.
Iss nicht und trink nicht und sei nicht träge,	Don't let the flesh and its longings get you.
Die Strafe bedenk, die auf Liebe steht.	Remember the price that a lover must pay
Bedenk, was geschicht, wenn du tätst, was dir läge,	and say to yourself when temptations beset you,
Nütze sie nicht, nütze sie nicht,	what is the use, what is the use,
Nütze die Jugend nicht, denn sie vergeht.	beauty will perish and youth pass away.
Schwester, folg mir, du wirst sehen, am Ende	Sister, you know when our life here is over:
Gehst im Triumph du aus allem hervor.	those who were good, go to bliss unalloyed.
Sie aber stehen, o schreckliche Wende,	Those who were bad are rejected forever,
Zitternd im Nichts vor verschlossenem Tor.'	gnashing their teeth in a gibbering void.'

Die familie

Wer über sich selber den
Sieg erringt,
Der erringt auch den
Lohn.

Family

Who fights the good fight
and all self subdues,
wins the Palm, gains the
Crown.

Epilog

Anna 1

Darauf kehrten wir zurück
nach Louisiana,
Wo die Wasser des
Mississippi unterm Monde
fliessen.
Sieben Jahre waren wir in
den Städten,
Unser Glück zu
versuchen.
Jetzt haben wir's geschafft.
Jetzt steht es da, unser
kleines Haus in Louisiana.
Jetzt kehren wir zurück in
unser kleines Haus
Am Mississippi-Fluss in
Louisiana.
Nicht wahr, Anna?

Anna 1

Now we're coming back
to you in Louisiana,
where the moon on the
Mississippi is a shining
ever.
Seven years we've been
away in the big towns
where you go to make
money;
and now our fortune's made
and now you're there, little
home in old Louisiana.
We're coming back to
you, to our little home
beside the Mississippi in
Louisiana.
Right, Anna?

Anna 2

Ja, Anna.

Anna 2

Right, Anna!

Zubaida Azezi (b.1990)

Ananurhan (2021)

Traditional

Atang aymu anang künmu? Ayaräy	Is your father the Moon, your mother the Sun? My love
Tughuptu sän qizil gülni,	to have given birth to a red rose like yourself?
Sening koyung gha seliptu ayaräy,	Obsessed with you, my love,
Meningdek bir gherip qülni.	is me, a lonely slave (for her love).
Kitäy däymen kitäy däymän ayaräy,	I'm leaving, I say, I'm leaving,
Atambilen anam qalsun;	leaving my father and mother behind;
Eziz bashimni yat äyläp, Ananurhan	lay down my precious head, Ananurhan
Mazarlerde chiraq yaqsun,	let them light the eternal candle at our grave.
Alla-woy, Ananurhand. Ayaräy	Oh God, Ananurhan. My love
Shehringe musapirmen.	in your city, I am lost (without a home).
Ayrilghangha ölmeymen, Ay	I will not die for separating from you
Sher' liring yaman	your wicked environment
Äkidemge yighlaymän	I weep for my devotion
Ataler din ayrilduq, Analer din ayrilduq,	Fathers have left us behind Mothers have left us behind;
Shaptollar chichegidä ayaräy, Ananurhan din ayrilduq.	in the season of peach Ananurhan has left us behind.

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

From *Shéhérazade* (1903)

Tristan Klingsor

La flûte enchantée

L'ombre est douce et mon
maître dort,
Coiffé d'un bonnet conique
de soie,
Et son long nez jaune en sa
barbe blanche.
Mais moi je suis éveillée encore
Et j'écoute au dehors
Une chanson de flûte où
s'épanche
Tour à tour la tristesse ou la joie,
Un air tour à tour languoureux
ou frivole
Que mon amoureux chéri
joue,
Et quand je m'approche de la
croisée,

The enchanted flute

The shade is soft and my
master sleeps,
a cone-shaped silken cap
on his head,
and his long yellow nose
in his white beard.
But I am still awake,
listening to the song
of a flute outside that
pours forth
sadness and joy in turn,
a tune now languorous
now lively,
which my dear lover
plays,
and when I draw near the
casement,

Il me semble que chaque note s'envole	each note seems to fly
De la flûte vers ma joue	from the flute to my cheek
Comme un mystérieux baiser.	like a mysterious kiss.

L'indifférent

Tes yeux sont doux comme ceux d'une fille, Jeune étranger, Et la courbe fine De ton beau visage de duvet ombragé Est plus séduisante encore de ligne.	Your eyes are soft like a girl's, young stranger, and the delicate curve of your handsome down- shaded face is still more attractively shaped.
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Ta lèvre chante Sur le pas de ma porte Une langue inconnue et charmante Comme une musique fausse; Entre! et que mon vin te réconforte...	Your lips sing at my door an unknown charming tongue, like music off-pitch; enter! and let my wine refresh you...
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Mais non, tu passes Et de mon seuil je te vois t'éloigner Me faisant un dernier geste avec grâce Et la hanche légèrement ployée Par ta démarche féminine et lasse.	But no, you pass by and I see you leaving my threshold, gracefully waving farewell, your hips lightly swaying in your languid feminine way.
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Huang Ruo (b.1976)

Fishman's Sonnet (2009)

Traditional

老渔翁，一钓竿 。靠山崖，傍 水湾。 扁舟来往无牵绊 ，沙鸥点点清 波远。 荻港萧萧白昼寒 ，高歌一曲斜 阳晚。 一刹时波摇金影 ，猛抬头月上 东山。	An old fisherman, with a fishing rod, leans against a cliff by the side of the bay. Boats come to and fro without a care. Sandgulls dot the shore, clear waves in the distance. At Di harbor, the wind whistles, the day turns cold. I sing a loud song, and the waning sun sets. In a single moment, the waves shake the golden shadows, I suddenly lift my head, and the moon rises on east mountain.
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The indifferent one

Your eyes are soft like a girl's, young stranger, and the delicate curve of your handsome down- shaded face is still more attractively shaped.

Your lips sing at my door an unknown charming tongue, like music off-pitch; enter! and let my wine refresh you...

But no, you pass by and I see you leaving my threshold, gracefully waving farewell, your hips lightly swaying in your languid feminine way.
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Trad/Chinese

Fengyang Flower Drum

Traditional

Left hand hold the gong, right hand hold the drum
Beat the gong and drum while I sing
I don't know how to sing other songs
I only know this Fengyang song
yi ya ya hu hei der lang dang piao yi piao
My life is hard, my life is really hard
My whole life I haven't married a good husband
Other husbands have high ranks
My husband only plays the flower drums
yi ya ya hu hei der lang dang piao yi piao
My life is thin, my life is really thin
My whole life I haven't married a good wife
Other wives embroider flowers
My wife has a pair of big flower feet
They measure more than one Chi la la la
yi ya ya hu hei der lang dang piao yi piao

Northeastern Lullaby

Traditional

The tree leaves cover up the windows,
crickets sing softly,
just like the sound of strings plucking.
The soft plucking, the beautiful tune,
the cradle rocks slowly,
mom's little babe, close your eyes,
fall deeply into your dreams.

The bell tower rings,
the night is dark, and all is quiet.
Little babe, grow up fast,
so you can make your mark on the world.
The moon is shining, the wind is quiet,
the cradle rocks slowly,
mom's little babe, deeply asleep,
smiles gently.

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