



SESSIONS VOL. XXII: "FROM TWO WORLDS"

SEP 06, 2025

COFFEY STREET STUDIO

Teresa Castillo, soprano
Derrick Goff, piano

Selections from Confiding

Savior! I've no one else to tell
Wild nights
Signal
Faith
This is my letter to the World

David Leisner

b. 1953

Cancionero Gitano

Miguel Astor

b. 1958

Cuatro Madrigals Amatorios

¿Con qué la lavaré?
Vos me matásteis
¿De dónde venís, amore?
De los álamos vengo, madre

Joaquin Rodrigo

1901 - 1999

Short pause

Selections from Genius Child

Genius Child
To be Somebody
Troubled Woman
Strange Hurt
Border Line
Joy

Ricky Ian Gordon

b. 1956

Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5

Heitor Villa-Lobos

1887 - 1959

Vocalizaciones

Joaquin Turina

1882 - 1949

Selections from Confiding

David Leisner

Savior! I've no one else to tell

Emily Dickinson
1830 - 1886

Savior! I've no one else to tell—
And so I trouble thee.
I am the one forgot thee so—
Dost thou remember me?
Nor, for myself, I came so far—
That were the little load—
I brought thee the imperial Heart
I had not strength to hold—
The Heart I carried in my own—
Till mine too heavy grew—
Yet—strangest—heavier since it went—
Is it too large for you?

Wild Nights

Emily Dickinson

Wild nights—Wild nights!
Were I with thee
Wild nights should be
Our luxury!

Futile—the Winds—
To a Heart in port—
Done with the Compass—
Done with the Chart!

Rowing in Eden—
Ah—the Sea!
Might I but moor—Tonight—
In thee!

Signal

Gene Scaramellino

In my most autistic times,
When verbal thought is drowning,
And silence seems the only choice,
I will motion to you from a raft.
Where am I drifting to?
The past swims up, dreams surface.
A springlit evening, I stood on the shore,
Holding a green balloon by its string.

A sea breeze – careless fingers –
And it slipped from my hand.

Waves swirled around my feet,
And racing, I chased the dancing string.
But it was floating upward
And I was only swimming out.

It's just a smudge of emerald in the sky now.
I wait for waves to lilt me back.
So watch me from the sand.
Watch my hands and watch my eyes.

Faith

Emily Brontë
1818 - 1848

No coward soul is mine
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled
sphere
I see Heaven's glories shine
And faith shines equal arming me from Fear

O God within my breast
Almighty ever-present Deity
Life, that in me hast rest,
As I Undying Life, have power in Thee

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts, unutterably vain,
Worthless as withered weeds
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by thy infinity,
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of Immortality.

With wide-embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates and rears
Though earth and moon were gone
And suns and universes ceased to be
And Thou wert left alone
Every Existence would exist in thee

There is not room for Death
Nor atom that his might could render void
Since thou art Being and Breath
And what thou art may never be destroyed.

This is my letter to the World

Emily Dickinson

This is my letter to the World
That never wrote to Me –
The simple News that Nature told –
With tender Majesty

Her Message is committed
To Hands I cannot see –
For love of Her – Sweet – countrymen –
Judge tenderly – of Me

Cancionero Gitano

Miguel Astor

Alba (Dawn)

Federico García Lorca
1898 – 1936

¡Campanas de Córdoba
en la madrugada!
¡Campanas de amanecer en Granada!
Os sienten todas las muchachas
que lloran a la tierna soleá enlutada
las muchachas de Andalucía,
la alta y la baja,
Las niñas de España,
de pie menudo
y temblorosas faldas,
que han llenado de luces
las encrucijadas.
¡Oh campanas de Córdoba
en la madrugada!
¡Y oh campanas de amanecer en Granada

Bells of Córdoba
at daybreak!
Bells of dawn in Granada!
They hear you, all the young women
who weep to the tender mournful song
young women of Andalucía,
the rich and the poor,
young women of Spain
slight-footed
shimmer skirted
who've filled the crossroads
with lights.
Oh, bells of Córdoba
At daybreak!
And oh, bells of dawn
in Granada!

La Guitarra (The Guitar)

Empieza el llanto de la guitarra.
Se rompen las copas de la madrugada.
Empieza el llanto de la guitarra.
Es inútil callarla.
Es imposible callarla.
Llora monótona como llora el agua,
como llora el viento
sobre la nevada
Es imposible callarla,
Llora por cosas lejanas.
Arena del sure caliente
que pide camelias blancas.
Llora flecha sin blanco,
la tarde sin mañana,
y el primer pajarito muerto
sobre la rama.
¡Oh guitarra!
Corazón malherido
por cinco espadas.

The weeping of the guitar begins.
The cups, at dawn, are smashed.
The weeping of the guitar begins.
You can't make it stop.
It is impossible to silence.
A monotone of sobs like water
as the wind weeps
over snowfields.
It is impossible to silence.
It weeps for distant things.
Hot southern sands
yearn for white camellias.
Arrows without targets weep,
evening without morning
and the first dead bird
on the branch.
Oh Guitar!
Heart mortally wounded
by five swords.

Falseta*

¡Ay petenera gitana!
¡Yayay petenera!
Tu entierro no tuvo niñas buenas.
Niñas que le dan a Cristo muerto
sus guedejas,
y llevan blancas mantillas
en las ferias.
Tu entierro fue de gente siniestra.
Gente con el corazón
en la cabeza,
que te siguió llorando
por las callejas.
¡Ay petenera gitana!
¡Yayay petenera!

Oh gypsy *petenera***!
Yayay petenera!
Your funeral didn't have any virtuous girls.
Girls who give their locks to
the dead Christ
and wear white veils
at fairs.
Yours was a funeral for sinister people.
People with their hearts
in their heads,
Who followed you crying
through the alleys.
Oh, gypsy *petenera*!
Yayay petenera!

*a guitar flourish between songs

**a kind of flamenco dance

Cuatro Madrigales Amatorios

Joaquin Rodrigo

¿Con qué la lavaré?

Anonymous

¿Con qué la lavaré
la tez de la mi cara?
¿Con qué la lavaré?
Que vivo mal penada.

With what then may I bathe
the bloom upon my beauty?
With what then may I bathe?
Who life has made so twisted.

Lávanse las casadas
con agua de limones,
lavome yo cuitada
con penas y dolores.

The wives and mothers wash them
with water from fresh lemons,
I'll wash my marks of anguish
with tears wrung from my sorrow.

Vos me matásteis.

Vos me matásteis,
niña en cabello,
vos me habéis muerto.

You destroyed me,
girl of the long tresses,
you have slain me.

Riberas de un río
ví moza vírgen
niña en cabello
vos me habéis muerto.
Niña en cabello
vos me matásteis,
vos me habéis muerto.

By the river bank
I saw a young maiden.
Girl with the long tresses,
you have slain me.
Girl with the long tresses,
you have killed me,
you have slain me.

¿De dónde venís, amore?

¿De dónde venís, amore?
Bien sé yo de dónde.
¿De dónde venís, amigo?
Fuere yo testigo!
¡Ah!
Bien sé yo de dónde.

From when have you come beloved?
I know well where you've been.
From where have you come friend?
I have been a witness!
ah!
I know well where you've been to!

De los álamos vengo, madre

De los álamos vengo, madre,
de ver cómo los menean el aire.
De los álamos de Sevilla,
de ver a mi linda amiga,
de ver cómo los menean el aire.

De los álamos vengo, madre,
de ver cómo los menean el aire.

I have been by the poplars, mother,
from seeing the breezes stir them.
I have been by the poplars of Seville,
from seeing my sweet love,
from seeing the breezes stir them.

I come from the poplars, mother,
from seeing the breezes stir them.

Selections from Genius Child

Ricky Ian Gordon

Genius Child

Langston Hughes
1901 - 1967

This is a song for the genius child.
Sing it softly, for the song is wild.
Sing it softly as ever you can -
Lest the song get out of hand.

Nobody loves a genius child.

Can you love an eagle,
Tame or wild?
Can you love an eagle,
Wild or tame?
Can you love a monster
Of frightening name?

Nobody loves a genius child.

Kill him - and let his soul run wild.

To Be Somebody

Little girl
Dreaming of a baby grand piano
(Not knowing there's a Steinway bigger, bigger)
Dreaming of a baby grand to play
That stretches paddle-tailed across the floor,
Not standing upright
Like a bad boy in the corner,
But sending music
Up the stairs and down the stairs
And out the door

To confound even Hazel Scott
Who might be passing!

Oh!

Little boy
Dreaming of the boxing gloves
Joe Louis wore,
The gloves that sent
Two dozen men to the floor.
Knockout!
Bam! Bop! Mop!

There's always room,
They say,
At the top.

Troubled Woman

She stands
In the quiet darkness,
This troubled woman
Bowed by
Weariness and pain
Like an
Autumn flower
In the frozen rain,
Like a
Wind-blown autumn flower
That never lifts its head
Again.

Strange Hurt

In times of stormy weather
She felt queer pain
That said,
"You'll find rain better
Than shelter from the rain."

Days filled with fiery sunshine
Strange hurt she knew
That made
Her seek the burning sunlight

Rather than the shade
In months of snowy winter
When cozy houses hold,
She'd break down doors
To wander naked
In the cold.

Border Line

I used to wonder
About living and dying—
I think the difference lies
Between tears and crying.

I used to wonder
About here and there—
I think the distance
Is nowhere.

Joy

I went to look for Joy,
Slim, dancing Joy,
Gay, laughing Joy,
Bright-eyed Joy,—
And I found her
Driving the butcher's cart
In the arms of the butcher boy!
Such company, such company,
As keeps this young nymph, Joy!

Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5

Heitor Villa-Lobos

Aria

lyrics by Ruth V. Corrêa
written 1938

Tarde uma nuvem rósea lenta e transparente.
Sobre o espaço, sonhadora e bela!
Surge no infinito a lua docemente,
Enfeitando a tarde, qual meiga donzela
Que se apresta e a linda sonhadoramente,
Em anseios d'alma para ficar bela
Grita ao céu e a terra toda a Natureza!
Cala a passarada aos seus tristes queixumes
E reflete o mar toda a Sua riqueza...
Suave a luz da lua desperta agora
A cruel saudade que ri e chora!
Tarde uma nuvem rósea lenta e transparente
Sobre o espaço, sonhadora e bela!

Lo, at midnight clouds are slowly passing, rosy
and lustrous, o'er the spacious heav'n with
loveliness laden. From the boundless deep the
moon arises wondrous, glorifying the evening
like a beauteous maiden. Now she adorns
herself in half unconscious duty, eager, anxious
that we recognize her beauty, while sky and
earth, yea, all nature with applause salute her.
All the birds have ceased their sad and mournful
complaining, now appears on the sea in a silver
reflection moonlight softly waking the soul and
constraining hearts to cruel tears and bitter
dejection. Lo, at midnight clouds are slowly
passing rosy and lustrous o'er the spacious
heavens dreamily wondrous.