

# Voyage

French and Latin American Chamber Music

**Cherry DUKE, mezzo-soprano**

**Cara LUFFEY, bassoon**

**Nayeli DOUSA, piano**

## PROGRAM

L'invitation au voyage

Emmanuel Chabrier  
(1841–1894)

*Ms. Duke, Ms. Luffey and Dr. Dousa*

Amours bénis

Jules Massenet  
(1842–1912)

*Ms. Duke, Ms. Luffey and Dr. Dousa*

*Five songs for soprano and bassoon*

Francisco Mignone  
(1897–1986)

Quando na roça anoitece

Canto de Negros

Canção da mãe paupérrima

Assombração

Pinhão quente

*Ms. Duke and Ms. Luffey*

*Tres canciones para mezzo-soprano y piano*

Modesta Bor  
(1926–1998)

La luna tiene cabellos blancos

Te aguardaba entre mastiles

Sequía

*Ms. Duke and Dr. Dousa*

Te quiero, dijiste  
Júrame

Maria Grever  
(1885–1951)

*Ms. Duke and Dr. Dousa*

## NOTES AND TRANSLATIONS

Although music seems to have been his passion all along, it was not until nearly the age of 40 that **Emmanuel Chabrier** turned to composition as his full-time career. Considering his very late start and lack of substantial formal training, Chabrier must be regarded as brilliant. His music is extremely colorful, and he was particularly adept at integrating forces and resources to create a unified sound world. He heavily influenced the work of Maurice Ravel. When viewed in the context of his relatively short career, Chabrier's output indeed labels him as an overachiever.

**L'invitation au voyage**—Chabrier's longest song— is about lovers escaping to a place of luxury, calm and sensuality. The whole song is a study in rich harmonies where Chabrier pays particular attention to the color of the 9<sup>th</sup> in different registers of the keyboard and even the voice.

### **L'invitation au voyage**

*Poem by 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.

### **Invitation to the voyage**

*Translation by Peter Low, ©2000*

My child, my sister<sup>1</sup>,  
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 changeable 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 in the canals.  
To gratify  
your every desire  
they have come from the ends of the earth.  
The westering suns  
clothe the fields,  
the canals, and the 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.

<sup>1</sup>*Translator's note: Despite the opening line, this poem is an amorous invitation addressed to a lover (not literally a child or sister).*

**Jules Massenet** was a French composer of the Romantic era best known for his operas, of which he wrote more than thirty. The two most frequently staged are *Manon* (1884) and *Werther* (1892). He also composed oratorios, ballets, orchestral works, incidental music, piano pieces, songs, and other music.

Written for voice, piano and cello, **Amours bénis** depicts three distinct stages of a life-long love: the ecstatic first meeting (spring), the exchange of vows (summer), and the rich blessings of a child (autumn).

### **Amours bénis**

*Poem by André Alexandre (1860–1928)*

Une aube fraîche... et printanière,  
Avril ou Mai,  
Je ne sais plus...  
Des pleurs ont mouillé ma paupière,  
Nos regards se sont confondus.

Un jour d'été, par la colline,  
Vers le ciel nous montions tous deux;  
Mon cœur battait... heure divine!  
Tu m'as fait tes premiers aveux.

Par un crépuscule d'automne,  
Nos baisers ont chanté très doux,  
Caressant l'aïeule bretonne  
Qui dormait, rêvait près de nous,  
Aveux, baisers, fleurette éclose  
Pour qui je tremble et je pâlis,  
Dans son berceau l'enfant repose:  
Nos amours ont été bénis.

### **Blessed Loves**

*Translation by Cherry Duke*

A fresh dawn... and springtime,  
April or May,  
I don't know anymore...  
The tears wet my eyelids,  
Our gazes merged.

One day in summer, by the hill,  
We were both going up to the sky;  
My heart was beating...divine hour!  
You made your first confession to me.

In an autumn twilight,  
Our kisses sang very sweetly,  
Caressing the Breton grandmother  
Who slept and dreamed near us,  
Confessions, kisses, flower blossoms,  
For whom I tremble and turn pale,  
In his cradle the child rests:  
Our loves have been blessed.

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Composer **Francisco Mignone** was one of the most significant figures in Brazilian classical music, and one of the most significant Brazilian composers after Heitor Villa-Lobos. In 1968, he was chosen as Brazilian composer of the year.

Mignone's diverse styles vary from European Romanticism, Brazilian nationalistic music, to academic atonal and serial writing. His unpublished **Five Songs** are uniquely orchestrated folk melodies that offer windows into moments and feelings of everyday life. Steeped in the culture of Brazilian street music, it is unsurprising that several of the songs in this set display the sentimental and lamenting qualities of authentic Brazilian *chôros*.

## Five Songs for bassoon and soprano

by Francisco Mignone

*Translations by Irna Priori, Alexandre Innecco and Benjamin Coelho (used by permission)*

### Quando na roça anoitece

*Lyrics by Ricardo Alves Guimarães*

Quando na roça anoitece  
E o sol no longe desce  
Dando o céu para o luar  
A Lua surge de prata  
Do fundo negro da mata  
E o pinho põese a chorar

No meu peito que é só pena  
Depois que meu grande amor  
Foi-se embora pro sertão

Meu coração desolado  
Meu coração altaneiro  
Não soube vergá  
Quebrou!

### Canto de Negros

*Words by Sylvia Autuori (Sybika)*

Negro quando canta fica triste,  
Mas não chora  
E vai lembrando  
A tristeza que mora na canção.

Negro fez feitiço pra sua pena acabar,  
Rezou uma reza muito boa pra aquela tristeza  
melhorar.

Quem nasce na escravidão  
Há de penar toda a vida  
Negro flor da escravidão  
tua alma é pena vivida

Já se foi o cativo  
Mas tua sina é ser cativo

Até o teu amor fugiu  
A tua alma inda é escrava  
Daquele amor que te iludiu!

### When it is dusk in the country

When it is dusk in the country  
And the sun sets in the distance  
Yielding the sky to moonlight  
The moon appears, in silver,  
From the dark depths of the jungle  
And the pine tree starts to weep.

In my chest there is only suffering  
Since my great love  
Left to the countryside.

My desolated heart  
My soaring heart  
Didn't know how to bend  
It broke!

### Song of Negroes

When a Negro sings, he becomes sad,  
but he doesn't cry.  
And he remembers  
The sadness that lives in the song.

Negro did witchcraft for his suffering to end,  
He prayed a very good prayer for that sadness  
to improve.

Who was born in slavery  
Must suffer throughout life.  
Negro, flower of slavery  
Your soul is lived suffering.

Captivity exists no more,  
But your fate is to be captive.

Even your love has fled.  
Your soul is still slave  
To that love which eluded you!

### **Canção da mãe paupérrima**

*Words by Francisco Mignone*

Drume m'a fiinha calunguinha de sinhá  
Drume fais favô  
Drume pra sonhá  
Com seu amô

Quem nasceu prá padecê  
Inda pode remediá  
Fecha os óio pra esquecê  
Sonha inté a dô passá

Drume m'a fiinha calunguinha de sinhá  
Drume fais favô  
Drume pra falá  
Com seu amô

### **Assombração**

*Words by Sylvia Autuori (Sybika)*

Na noite preta assombração anda vagando  
a trovoada pelo céu vai estourando  
o saci anda pedindo a cachaça pra bebê.  
o vento anda zunindo pelo mato a remexê

parece ate que entre as folhas vai passando  
o diabo rindo do pavor que a gente tem.

e a gente ouve la no escuro a gargalhada  
vai vê que me não é nada nem ninguém  
e o vento continua o seu lamento sem parar

ai de quem pelo mato tem de ir  
na noite preta gargalhada do diabo vai ouvir

### **Pinhão quente**

*Words by Francisco Mignone*

Pinhão quente oi gente!  
stá quente mulata!

Pinhão quente! Que queima a gente!  
stá quente mulata!

Oi, que sta quente  
que sta quente  
que sta quente de queimá!

### **Song of the very poor mother**

Sleep, my sweet daughter,  
Sleep, if you will,  
Sleep to dream  
With your love.

Who was born to suffer  
May still be remedied.  
Close your eyes to forget,  
Dream until the pain is over.

Sleep, my sweet daughter  
Sleep, if you will,  
Sleep to speak  
With your love.

### **Ghoul**

In the black night the ghouls walk hauntingly,  
the thunder bursts through the sky,  
the Saci is asking to drink rum (cachaça).  
The wind is hurtling through the woods.

It seems that it is passing between the leaves  
The devil is laughing about the dread that  
people have.  
And we hear laughter in the dark,  
go see that it is nothing and no one.  
And the wind continues its lament without  
stopping.  
sorry that anyone has to go through the woods  
in the dark night the devil's laughter we will  
hear!

### **Hot nuts**

Hot nuts, folks!  
It's hot, mulata!

Hot nuts! That burns people!  
It's hot, mulata!

Hey, it's hot  
that it's hot  
it's so hot that it burns!

Venezuelan composer **Modesta Bor** (1926–1998) was an important composer in Venezuela with a successful career in composition, pedagogy, and conducting. However, she is not widely known outside of Venezuela. Bor's art songs are notable for her imitation of Venezuelan folk and popular music in the vein of Figurative Nationalism, her sophisticated harmonic language, and neoclassical techniques such as ostinato and motivic variation.

Two of her art song cycles received the National Prize for Vocal Music in Venezuela for the year they were composed: *Segundo ciclo de romanzas para contralto y piano*, in 1962; and *Tres canciones para mezzo-soprano y piano*, in 1970.

### **Tres canciones para mezzo-soprano y piano**

by Modesta Bor

*Translations by Nicholas Edward Miguel<sup>2</sup>*

#### **La luna tiene cabellos blancos**

*Words by Fernando Rodríguez*

La luna tiene cabellos blancos como abuelita.  
Abuelito bigotes blancos, rayos de sol.

Sueño con ellos cuando me cantan,  
sueño con ellos cuando me duermen.

Sueños de luna, sueños de luna, sueños de sol.  
Canto de gallos cuando despierto.  
Caballo blanco, cometa roja.  
Ya se voló,  
rompió los hilos,  
hoy pude verla,  
está dormida cerca del sol.

#### **Te aguardaba entre mástiles**

*Words by Mimina Rodríguez Lezama*

Te aguardaba entre mástiles  
confundido al oleaje del ramaje celeste

el alba perseguía la fuga de los peces  
y autoctonas guaruras  
rompían el sortilegio del arpa sideral  
Alimenté tus labios  
con la dulzura humilde del cerezo  
bastaba poco entonces para trenzar los mimbres  
tu beso tenía fresco  
sabor de agua madura  
en la corteza láctea de los frutos.

#### **The Moon Has White Hair**

The moon has white hair like grandmother.  
Grandfather has a white moustache like rays  
of sunlight.

I dream with them while they sing to me.  
I dream with them while they put me to  
sleep.

Dreams of the moon, dreams of the sun.  
Rooster songs when I wake.  
White horse, red kite.  
Had set itself in flight,  
It broke its strings,  
Today, one could see it,  
It is sleeping next to the sun.

#### **I was waiting for you between masts**

I was waiting for you between masts  
disoriented at the swell of the sky-blue  
branches  
the dawn chased the flight of the fish  
and indigenous snails  
they broke the spell of the astral harp  
I fed your lips  
with the gentle sweetness of cherry  
I needed little then to braid the wicker  
your kiss had the fresh  
taste of ripe water  
from the fruit's milky shell.

## Sequía

*Words by Francisco Lárez Granado*

Hace tiempo que no llueve,  
las fuentes están exhaustas  
y las angustias del pueblo  
se enfilan hacia las charcas.  
Por las veredas con sol,  
con luna o madrugada  
saltando anémicos verdes  
de ortigas y de retamas,  
anda la sed sofocante  
tras la sonrisa de agua.

De las múcuras vacías  
el viento de la sabana  
arranca un son monocorde  
y la voz de una muchacha  
dispara al aire la flecha  
de una copla intencionada:  
"Con hiel no se coje abejas,  
con sed no se apagan llamas,  
y promesas incumplidas  
cómo la hiel son amargas."

Y por veredas con sol,  
con luna o madrugada  
anda el pueblo con su angustia  
buscando alivio en las charcas,

Sequía, sequía, ¡Ah!

## Drought

It has been a while without rain,  
the fountains are exhausted  
and the worried townspeople  
line up at the pond.  
On the sidewalks in the sun,  
in the moonlight or early-morning twilight,  
jumping over the anemic greens  
of nettle and broom,  
the suffocating thirst goes  
to the smile of water.

From the empty jugs,  
the wind of the savannah  
draws out a monotonous sound  
and the voice of a girl  
shouts into the air the arrow  
of a deliberate verse:  
"With bile one cannot harvest from bees,  
with thirst one doesn't squelch flames,  
and incomplete promises,  
like bile, are bitter."

And on the sidewalks in the sun,  
in the moonlight or early-morning twilight,  
the townspeople anxiously walk  
searching the ponds for relief.

Drought, drought, Ah!

<sup>2</sup>Miguel, Nicholas Edward. "The art songs of Modesta Bor (1926-1998)." DMA (Doctor of Musical Arts) thesis, University of Iowa, 2018. <https://ir.uiowa.edu/etd/6213>.

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**María Grever** (1885–1951) was the first female Mexican composer to achieve international acclaim. She wrote more than 800 songs—the majority of them *boleros*—and her popularity reached audiences in Latin America, Europe, and the United States.

In 1944, "**Te quiero, dijiste**" was used with the original Spanish lyric in the Esther Williams film *Bathing Beauty*, performed by Carlos Ramírez with the Xavier Cugat Orchestra. With an English lyric written by Charles Pasquale, the song acquired the second title, "Magic is the Moonlight." While on the surface this song appears to be a traditional love song, many speculate the song is that of a mother to her little daughter, perhaps a daughter that is no longer present.

**Te quiero, dijiste**

*Words by Maria Grever*

"Te quiero," dijiste,  
tomando mis manos  
entre tus manitas  
de blanco marfil.  
Y sentí en mi pecho  
un fuerte latido,  
después un suspiro,  
y luego el chasquido  
de un beso febril.

Muñequita linda,  
de cabellos de oro,  
de dientes de perlas,  
labios de rubí.  
Dime si me quieres,  
como yo te adoro;  
si de mí te acuerdas,  
como yo de ti.

Y a veces escucho  
un eco divino  
que envuelto en la brisa  
parece decir:  
"Sí, te quiero mucho,  
mucho, mucho, mucho,  
tanto como entonces,  
siempre hasta morir."

**Júrame**

*Words by Maria Grever*

Todos dicen que es mentira que te quiero  
Porque nunca me habían visto enamorado  
Yo te juro que yo mismo no comprendo  
El porqué me fascina tu mirada.

Cuando estoy cerca de tí y estás contento  
No quisiera que de nadie te acordaras  
Tengo celos hasta del pensamiento  
Que pueda recordarte a otra mujer amada.

Júrame que aunque pase mucho tiempo

No olvidarás el momento  
En que yo te conocí.

Mírame, pues no hay nada más profundo

**I love you, you said**

*Translation from LyricsTranslate.com*

"I love you," you said,  
taking my hands  
between your small hands  
Of white ivory.  
And I felt in my chest  
a strong pulsation,  
then a sigh,  
and soon the crackling  
Of a feverish kiss.

Beautiful little doll  
with hair of gold,  
teeth like pearls,  
lips like rubies.  
Tell me if you love me  
like I adore you;  
if you remember me  
like I remember you.

And sometimes I hear  
a divine echo  
that, wrapped in a breeze,  
appears to say:  
"Yes, I desire you a lot,  
so very much,  
as much as before,  
forever, until death."

**Swear to me**

*Translation from LyricsTranslate.com*

Everyone says it's a lie that I love you  
Because they have never seen me in love.  
I swear to you that I myself don't understand  
What about your image has fascinated me.

When I am near you, and you are happy  
I wish that you would remember no one else  
I am jealous even at the thought  
That you may recall another lover.

Swear to me, that although a lot of time would  
pass,  
You will not forget the moment  
When we met.

Look at me, for there is nothing deeper



Ni más grande en este mundo  
Que el cariño que te di.

Bésame con un beso enamorado  
Como nadie me ha besado  
Desde el día en que nací.

Quiéreme, quiéreme hasta la locura  
Así sabrás la amargura  
Que estoy sufriendo por tí.

Nor greater in this world  
Than the love I gave you.

Kiss me with a loving kiss  
Like no one else has ever kissed me  
Since the day I was born.

Love me, love me to madness  
And then you will know the bitterness  
That I am suffering for you.

## ABOUT THE ARTISTS



**Cherry Duke** joined the music faculty of the University of Texas at El Paso as a professor of voice and director of opera in 2015. As a vocal soloist, she has performed with opera companies and orchestras around the US and abroad. A specialist in new music, Ms. Duke has sung principal roles in several world premieres and workshops of new music/theater pieces. Notably, she played The Captain in the world premiere of the acclaimed 2012 opera, *Dog Days*, by Little and Vavrek. She went on to play this role with Los Angeles Opera, Fort Worth Opera and the Prototype Festival in New York City and is featured on the original cast album, released in 2016.

Recently, Ms. Duke has performed as a principal artist with El Paso Opera (*The Magic Flute*, *Hansel and Gretel*, *La cenerentola*, *Mozart by Moonlight*) and El Paso Symphony Orchestra (Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* and *A Night at the Met*). Last summer, she played the title role in the UTEP Dinner Theatre's production of *Hello, Dolly!* Ms. Duke was scheduled to portray culinary legend Julia Child in El Paso

Opera's production of Lee Hoiby's one-woman opera, *Bon Appétit!* In March 2020; the production has been rescheduled for February 2021.

Cherry Duke is a member of the Rio Grande Chapter of NATS where she currently serves as Secretary. For more information, visit [www.cherryduke.com](http://www.cherryduke.com).

A native of El Paso, **Cara Luffey** has served as Lecturer of Bassoon at the University of Texas at El Paso since 2014. She earned her Bachelor of Music degree from the University of the Pacific, Master of Music from Carnegie Mellon University, and a Teaching Certification from Texas State University in San Marcos. Her teachers include: Dr. Don DaGrade, Mr. David Granger and Ms. Nancy Goeres.

Ms. Luffey's varied career has taken her all over the world, performing with the AIMS Festival Orchestra, United States Air Force Bands, and the Victoria Symphony (among others). She currently holds the principal bassoon position with the El Paso Symphony Orchestra and can often be heard performing with the El Paso Opera and Las Cruces Symphony as well. She was EPSO's featured soloist in a performance of John Williams' *Five Sacred Trees* in 2017. Ms. Luffey's love of chamber music began during her undergraduate studies where she was a finalist in the Coleman and Carmel Chamber Music competitions and she continues to enjoy and look forward to collaborative performances with her colleagues at UTEP.

**Nayeli Dousa** joined the faculty of the University of Texas at El Paso Department of Music in 2019. She holds a Doctor of Musical Arts degree in Piano Performance from the University of Arizona. She earned a Bachelor of Music degree with honors from UTEP, where she also completed her Master of Music degree. As a UTEP student, she was winner of the UTEP Concerto Competition and was elected a member of the Pi Kappa Lambda honor society. Dr. Dousa's principal piano teachers include Arryl Paul, Mauricio Náder, and Tannis Gibson. For one year, she toured with a 10-piano ensemble *Diez Pianos* throughout Mexico. From 2006 to 2018, she served on the music faculty of the Universidad Autónoma de Ciudad Juárez (UACJ).

Dr. Dousa has performed as soloist and chamber musician in the US and Mexico, including concerto performances with the Chihuahua Philharmonic and the UACJ Symphony, and has given presentations at national and international conferences. She received a grant from the Mexican government to perform and record a CD (released by Blue Griffin Recording in 2016) of the piano four hands suite, *Lands of Enchantment*, composed by her husband, Dr. Dominic Dousa.

## SPECIAL THANKS

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