

# chatter music worth talking about SUNDAY

*Dedicated to all fathers who keep music alive for their families and communities.*

**Stephanie Aston** soprano  
**Jesse Tatum** flute  
**Emily Erb** clarinet  
**Grace Browning** harp  
**John Graham** viola on Naturale  
**Laura Steiner** viola on Folk Songs  
**James Holland** cello  
**Jeff Cornelius** percussion 1  
**Alan Zimmerman** percussion 2  
**David Felberg** conductor

**Naturale** for viola and percussion (1985)  
 Luciano Berio (1925–2003)

## Rebecca Aronson Spoken Word

Rebecca Aronson is the author of *Ghost Child of the Atalanta Bloom*, winner of the 2016 Orison Books poetry prize and finalist for the 2017 Arizona/New Mexico book awards, and *Creature, Creature*, winner of the Main-Traveled Roads Poetry Prize (2007). She has been a recipient of a *Prairie Schooner* Strousse Award, the Loft's Speakeasy Poetry Prize, and a 2018 Tennessee Williams Scholarship to Sewanee. She has poems recently or forthcoming in *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *Plume*, *Tishman Review*, *Sugarhouse Review*, *Baltimore Review*, and others. She is co-founder and co-host of Bad Mouth, a series of words and music in Albuquerque, where she also teaches writing. Her website is <http://rebmarack.wixsite.com/rebecca>

## Celebration of Silence :: Two Minutes

## Folk Songs (1964)

Luciano Berio

- I **Black is the coulour...** (United States)
- II **I wonder as I wander** (United States)
- III **Loosin yelav** (Armenia)
- IV **Rossignolet du bois** (France)
- V **A la feminisca** (Sicily)
- VI **La donna ideale** (Italy)
- VII **Ballo** (Italy)
- VIII **Motettu de tristura** (Sardinia)
- IX **Malurous qu'o uno fenno** (Auvergne France)
- X **Lo fiolaire** (Auvergne France)
- XI **Azerbaijan love song** (Azerbaijan)

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Contact Barb Leviton  
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## CHATTER SUNDAY

50 weeks every year at 10:30am  
**Las Puertas, 1512 1st St NW, Abq**  
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## chatter SUNDAY

Sun, June 23 at 10:30am at Las Puertas

Works by **Schnittke, Enescu** and **Prokofiev**  
 Performed by **Marquardt** and **Varga**

**Megan Baldrige** Spoken Word

## chatter (in)SITE

Sat, July 13 at 10:30am at SITE Santa Fe

Works by **Benjamin Britten** and **JS Bach**  
 Performed by **Joseph Johnson**

**Donald Levering** Spoken Word

Chatter is grateful for the support of



## Berio Folk Songs lyrics/translations

### 1. Black is the colour

Black is the colour Of my true love's hair, His lips are something rosy fair, The sweetest smile And the kindest hands; I love the grass whereon he stands. I love my love and well he knows, I love the grass where on he goes; If he no more on earth will be, 'Twill surely be the end of me. Black is the colour, etc.

### 2. I wonder as I wander

I wonder as I wander out under the sky How Jesus our Savior did come for to die For poor orn'ry people like you and like I, I wonder as I wander out under the sky. When Mary birthed Jesus 'twas in a cow stall With wise men and farmers and shepherds and all, But high from the Heavens a star's light did fall The promise of ages it then did recall. If Jesus had wanted of any wee thing A star in the sky or a bird on the wing Or all of God's angels in Heav'n for to sing He surely could have had it 'cause he was the king.

### 3. Loosin yelav

The moon has risen over the hill, over the top of the hill, its red rosy face casting radiant light on the ground. O dear moon with your dear light and your dear, round, rosy face! Before, the darkness lay spread upon the earth; moonlight has now chased it into the dark clouds. O dear moon, etc.

### 4. Rossignolet du bois

Little nightingale of the woods, little wild nightingale, teach me your secret language, teach me how to speak like you, show me the way to love aright. The way to love aright I can tell you straight away, you must sing serenades two hours after midnight, you must sing to her: 'My pretty one. This is for your delight.' They told me, my pretty one, that you have some apples, some rennet apples, growing in your garden. Allow me, my pretty one, to touch them. No, I shall not allow you to touch my apples. First, hold the moon and the sun in your hands, then you may have the apples that grow in my garden

### 5. A la femminisca

May the Lord send fine weather, for my sweetheart is at sea; his mast is of gold, his sails of silver. May Our Lady give me her help, so that they get back safely. And if a letter arrives, may there be two sweet words written, telling me how it goes with you at sea.

### 6. La donna ideale

When a man has a mind to take a wife, there are four things he should check: the first is her family, the second is her manners, the third is her figure, the fourth is her dowry. If she passes muster on these, then, in God's name, let him marry her!

### 7. Ballo

Love is careless of the harm he does. His darts cause such a fever that not even coldness can cool it.

### **8. Motettu de tristura**

Sorrowful nightingale how like me you are! Sorrowful nightingale, console me if you can as I weep for my lover. Sorrowful nightingale, when I am buried, sorrowful nightingale, sing this song when I am buried

### **9. Malurous qu'o uno fenno**

Wretched is he who has a wife, wretched is he who has not! He who hasn't got one wants one, he who has not, doesn't! Tralala tralala, etc. Happy the woman who has the man she wants! Happier still is she who has no man at all! Tralala tralala, etc.

### **10. Lo fiolaire**

When I was a little girl I tended the sheep. Lirou lirou lirou ... Lirou la diri tou tou la lara. I had a little staff and I called a shepherd to me. Lirou lirou, etc. For looking after my sheep he asked me for a kiss. Lirou lirou, etc. And I, not one to be mean, Gave him two instead of one. Lirou lirou, etc.

### **11. Azerbaijan love song**

Our house is a story up on another story, tell my dear nanay ay narinay we have joint balconies, my darling we have joint balconies you peep through the other side, I'll peep from here hey hey hey hey ..... may our enemy go blind, my darling may our enemy go blind girl your waist is narrow oh narrow your lips are like buds oh buds girl your waist is narrow oh narrow your lips are like buds oh buds There is a pitcher with water on your shoulder, We are surrounded by rustling reeds. Hey, wait, my dear lady, wait! Put the fire out of my soul Can you see the small house straight ahead? Be my bride – please, enter it! Here goes, ay bolam! We'll share everything (my parole of honor!) together

**Translation of no.11 thanks to Pouria\_zada and Lonja on Lyrictranslate.com**