

CAMERATA NOVA ANGLIA

# An Evening Hymn

Songs from Korea, Singapore, and Colombia

## Program:

Malvaloca

Luis A. Calvo (1882-1945)

Amapola | Poppy-flower

Gitana | Gypsy-girl

Carmentea

Miguel Angel Martin (1932-1994)

The Other Merlion and Friends (2016)

Jonathan Shin (1992)

City Life

The Visitor

Godly Advice (For the Kings and Queens of the Future)

The Cat-Woman

Special Occasion

엄마야 누나야 | Mom and Sis

Wonju Lee 이원주 (1979)

이화우 | Falling Pear Blossom

연 | Destiny

# PERFORMERS

Yoonjeong Yoo, soprano

Wei En Chan, countertenor

David Rivera Bozón, tenor

Jonathan Shin, pianist



## CAMERATA NOVA ANGLIA A Tapestry of Journeys



We celebrate the diversity of song traditions that have weaved the lives of our artists. We bring you songs that inspire what we do!

Camerata Nova Anglia (CNA) is devoted to the art form of singing and is invested in performing music that holds personal meaning to its artists. Our goal is to incorporate songs from around the world, especially outside of the western canon, into the field of art song. Through our annual song series, we present concerts that explore the intimacies, the vulnerabilities, the glories, and the joys of life.

### **DONATIONS:**

Cash is welcomed in the donation box

Checks can be written to "Wei En Chan"

Venmo @WeiEn-Chan

Paypal @weienchan

# LYRICS/TRANSLATIONS

## Amapola

Text by Juan Ramón Jiménez (1881 - 1958)

Novia del campo, Amapola  
que estás abierta en el trigo;  
Amapola, mi Amapola  
¿Te quieres casar conmigo?

Bride of the field, Amapola\*  
you who are open on the wheat;  
Amapola, my Amapola  
Do you want to marry me?

Te daré toda mi alma,  
tendrás agua y tendrás pan.  
Te daré toda mi alma,  
toda mi alma de galán.

I will give you my whole soul,  
you will have water, you will have bread,  
I will give you my whole soul,  
all my gallant soul

Tendrás una casa pobre,  
yo te querré como un niño,  
tendrás una casa pobre  
llena de sol y cariño.

You will have a poor house,  
I will love you as a child,  
you will have a poor house,  
full of sun and love.

Yo te labraré tu campo,  
tú irás por agua a la fuente,  
yo te regaré tu campo  
con el sudor de mi frente.

I will till for you, your field  
you will go for water from the fountain,  
I will water your field,  
with the sweat of my brow.

Amapola del camino,  
roja como un corazón,  
yo te haré cantar al son  
de la rueda del molino.

Amapola of the road,  
red as a heart,  
I will make you sing to the sound  
of the mill wheel.

Yo te haré cantar al son  
de la rueda dolorida,  
te abriré mi corazón,  
Amapola de mi vida.

I will make you sing to the sound  
of the painful wheel,  
I will open to you my heart,  
Amapola of my life.

\*Poppy

## Gitana (1930)

Music & text by Luis Antonio Calvo (1882 - 1945)

A través de la reja de tu ventana  
dirijo a ti mis quejas, bella Gitana;  
despierta pues, señora, tal es mi empeño  
el ser que por ti llora trunca tu sueño.

Through the frame of your window  
I send you my laments, beautiful gypsy;  
wake up then, lady; that's my endeavor  
this crying being interrupts your sleep.

Para decirte cosas que tú no sabes,  
para obsequiarte rosas, puras y suaves:  
Son nacidas estas flores en campo yermo,  
ellas son los amores de un pobre enfermo.

To tell you things that you don't know,  
to gift you roses, pure and soft:  
These flowers are born on wild fields,  
they are the loves of a poor wretch

¿Que sueñas con tus ojos abrasadores  
y con tus labios rojos torturadores?  
pero sigue soñando, Gitana hermosa,  
mientras estás soñando, duerme, reposa.

What do your blazing eyes dream,  
and what of your torturing red lips?  
But keep dreaming, gorgeous gypsy  
while you are dreaming, sleep, rest.

## Carmentea

Music & text by Miguel Ángel Martín (1932 - 1994)

Cantar del llano  
Cantar de briza del río  
¡Ay! Carmentea  
Tu corazón será mío

Song of the plains,  
song of the river breeze  
Oh! Carmentea  
your heart will be mine.

Si te esquivas de mis labios  
Y te alejas de mi vida  
No olvides que de este amor  
Tú serás correspondida

If you dodge my lips  
and leave my life behind  
don't forget that this love  
will always be for you

¡Ay! Carmentea  
Cuando estés bajo la luna  
Recuerda quién te quiere  
Como a ninguna

Oh! Carmentea  
When you are under the moon  
remember who loves you  
like nobody else

Si en tus noches de desvelo  
Al gallo escuches cantar  
Recuérdalo, Carmentea  
Que hiciste mi alma llorar

If in your sleepless nights  
the rooster you hear singing  
remember, Carmentea,  
that you made my soul cry

Ojazos negros que matan  
Cuando me miran  
¡Ay! Carmentea  
Mi pecho por ti suspira

Beautiful black eyes that  
kill when they look at me  
Oh! Carmentea,  
my chest sighs for you

Tu cuerpo de palma real  
Tus labios de cora, cora  
Y ese cabello tan negro  
Del que mi alma se enamora

Your body of royal palm  
your lips of cora-cora  
and that hair so black  
that makes my soul feel in love

## The Other Merlion & Friends

Based on poems from "The Other Merlion & Friends" (2015) by Gwee Li Sui

### City Life

I must really keep still,  
I must stand in my stead  
Because there is a city  
On the top of my head!

Its dwellers are many  
And they run to and fro  
On the streets on my head  
With few places to go!

Their lives are so fragile  
I must really be mild:  
God knows what will happen  
If I should turn wild!

If I should breathe loudly,  
They will surely go deaf.  
They will all suffocate  
Should I work as a chef.

I used to like TV,  
But its rays are too strong  
And sleep is a pleasure  
That is morally wrong.

I have given up shampoo,  
I have broken my comb,  
I have cut out a corner  
As a vertical tomb.

If some should keep living,  
Some must sometimes seem dead.  
So I stand stiff, mute and blue  
For the city on the top of my head!

### The Visitor

Little mynah in my loo,  
who through my little window flew:  
will you make sure your every shot  
is aimed into my toilet pot?

Will you regard my dinner mood  
before you trample on my food?  
Will you leave all my things alone,  
go peck on barang of your own?

Little mynah, who through my loo  
into my little studio flew:  
when Hokkien words are all I spout,  
it means it's high time you fly out.

### Godly Advice (For the Kings and Queens of the Future)

Children,  
beware of adults!  
Beware of those who will cock a snook,  
tell you they know what life is about  
because they really don't —  
nobody does!

Yet some will tell you not to turn right  
because they've only gone left,  
not to blow a snot bubble  
with fish  
swimming in their breath!

Children,  
don't listen to them!

Turn up the music!  
Double spread your jam!  
Follow your crayon line!  
Believe in monsters,  
feel the spring in your heels!  
There's time enough to grow up,  
I feel.

Listen to nobody  
(except me)  
or be your own adult,  
wag a fat finger at yourself and shout  
"YOU LISTEN TO NOBODY!"

And who knows?  
With enough practice,  
you might never need to grow.

### **The Cat-Woman**

You will know her when you see her,  
When you hear her come,  
Her bags a-rustling—  
The cat-woman!  
A feline nearby leaves its fur.

She brings her bags of rice and meat,  
Brings them here each night  
In red plastic types.  
The cat-woman's  
Cats gather idly at her feet.

These guests don't care if she calls them  
Or gets right who comes.  
They convene to eat  
The cat-woman's  
Rice and meat — tonight, her steamed yam!

But whose food does she give away?  
Who is she naming  
And to whom she waves?  
The cat-woman  
Has been leading your thoughts astray.

She seems to thrive on cruel love.  
The strays the humans  
Ignore are nursed by  
This cat-woman —  
At least the ones who roam her turf.

You will know when she is leaving  
When you hear her pack.  
Scrunching a few bags,  
The cat-woman  
Consigns the rest to the evening.

### **Special Occasion**

MP is coming! MP is coming!  
For weeks, the banners have been proclaiming  
The flyers that miss the trash bins are saying  
Now she's here and expects a welcoming  
The grassroots leaders are smiling and pointing  
Meanwhile, floor to floor, their helpers are running  
But the doors are shut and people are hiding  
Adults forbid their children from breathing  
All that is heard is the knocking and screaming:  
MP is coming! MP is coming!

## 이화우 (Falling Pear Blossom)

Text by 매창 Maechang

젖은 배꽃이 흩날릴제  
눈물 비 되어 떨어지네

When the pear blossom falls  
my tears fall like rain

배꽃이 떨어진다고 비가 되어  
그대가 멀어진다고  
사랑에 눈이 멀어진다고  
그리움 때문일까

The pear blossom falls like rain  
You are far away from me.  
I am blinded with love  
perhaps because of my longing.

가을 바람에 흩어지는  
잎을 보며 그대 날 생각할까?

Do you think about me when you see  
the leaves scatter with the autumn wind?

멀리 저멀리  
외로운 그대만이  
꿈에, 꿈엔들 보일까?

Far away, far away  
You are lonely, my love  
Can I see you inside my dream?

비가 눈물이 되고  
한숨 꽃바람 되어  
내 맘에 그대가 지네  
꽃비 속에서 우리 다시 만날까?  
꿈에!

The rain falls instead of my tears  
My sigh is like a blossom in the wind  
You fall like the pear blossom in my mind  
Can we meet in the rain of pear blossoms?  
In heavenly paradise!

젖은 배꽃은 비되어 흩날리고  
바람 속에 흩어진다 그대 꽃이 되어

Wet pear blossoms scatter like rain  
and you scatter in the wind like blossoms.

Translated by Haegee Lee

## 연 (Destiny)

Text by 김동현 Donghyun Kim

시리게 푸르른 그대 고운 날개  
내 맘 가까이 날아오지 않네

Your delicate blue wings are cool to the touch  
They do not fly close to my heart

이슬 된 서러움에 실어 나를 데려가주오  
닿을 듯한 그대의 품으로

In sadness that has turned into dew, take me  
Into your arms, almost close enough to reach

여리게 남은 듯 그대 고운 향기  
내 맘 가까이 돌아오지 않네

Your delicate scent that softly remains  
It does not return close to my heart

그대의 내가 멀지 않아 나를 사랑해주오  
기억 속에 나라면

I am not far from you; Love me  
If I am in your memories

아 영원한 그리움  
나 차가운 눈물에 지워도

Ah, eternal longing  
Even as I erase you in cold tears, I await

기다리네 기나긴 내 사랑  
미련을 버리고 편히 잠들라

My long love  
Leave regrets behind and peacefully fall asleep

그 무엇도 남지 않을 듯  
꼭 나를 기억해주오

As if nothing will remain  
Remember me

숨결까지 눈물까지  
내 모든 것 그대에게로

Even my breaths, even my tears  
Everything I have is to you

Translations by Chloe Lee

엄마야 누나야 (Mom & Sis)

Text by 김소월 Sowol Kim

엄마야 누나야 강변 살자  
뜰에는 반짝이는 금모래 빛  
뒷문 밖에는 갈잎의 노래  
엄마야 누나야 강변 살자

Mom and sis, let's live near a river  
On the yard shall be the sparkling colors of golden sand  
Outside the backgate, shall be songs by the reeds  
Mom and sis, let's live near a river

## THANK YOU!

**St. Peter's Episcopal Church** for graciously hosting our rehearsals and concerts. We have enjoyed the luxury of preparing this concert in the glorious acoustics of this space.

**Our donors past and present** for enabling our mission. Your support over our last 3 concerts has helped us "lift-off" into our second season. Without your attendance and financial contributions, we would not be able to sustain being the only professional song series in the region dedicated to performing songs from outside the European canon.



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