



An Evening in Old Madrid

Featuring the music of Enrique Granados

Barbara Solis - piano

Gloria Jean Nagy - soprano

Kevin James - viola



Sunday, October 24, 1999

7:30 p.m.

*St. Luke's Church
760 Somerset, Ottawa*

Free will offering

Info 748-0129





Dedicated to the Memory of
Douglas Ubice
(March 7, 1937 - June 29, 1998)





Ms. Barbara Solis

Edmonton-born Barbara Solis began her musical studies at the age of four and at age six, won the silver medal for the highest examination marks in the province of Alberta. Shortly thereafter, she gave her first public recital.

Following an extensive and distinguished program of studies, Ms. Solis entered the Real Conservatorio Superior de Musica de Madrid where her particular interest was in Spanish music for the piano. During her years in Spain, Ms. Solis gave many public performances which included concerts for His Excellency, the Ambassador of Canada, Georges Blouin and his wife, and the Philips Recording Company. She has also performed for Radio Television Espanola nationally and internationally. Through her public performances, Ms. Solis gained considerable recognition for her unique ability to interpret Spanish music.

In 1996, Ms. Solis graduated from the University of Ottawa with a Bachelor of Music performance degree. Her wide and varied career in performing and teaching has recently been expanded to the field of lecture-recitals on "The Arabian Melodic Influence on the Sound of Spanish Music". Ms. Solis presented this lecture-recital at the University of Ottawa, and the Center for Arab and Islamic Studies in Philadelphia, both of which were well attended by several notable dignitaries, including the Ambassadors of Lebanon, Egypt and Morocco. Ms. Solis also presented a lecture-recital, "The Influence of Flamenco on Spanish Music" at Carleton University last year.

Barbara Solis worked with the late Douglas Uice, assistant professor of piano at the University of Ottawa, and Professor Abdullah Obeid of the Arabic Studies Department. She currently works with Steven Gellman, outstanding Canadian composer and Professor of Composition at the University of Ottawa.



Ms. Gloria Jean Nagy

Ms. Nagy is a performer, teacher, choral conductor, adjudicator and administrator. She is the founding director of the duo Cantabile (Ms. Nagy & Deirdre Piper) which celebrates its thirteenth season 1999-2000. Ms. Nagy holds a Master of Music (1982) from the University of Western Ontario, and has been a vocal instructor at Carleton University since 1981. She has frequently been seen and heard in recital as a vocalist, accompanist and choral conductor. She maintains a busy vocal studio as well as conducting over twenty choral concerts a year. She is currently the director of The Amabile Singers of Nepean, Redeemer Christian High School Choir, The West Carleton Choral Society, and is involved with the choral millennium project with the Kanata Children's Chorus scheduled for mid-November 1999. As an adjudicator, Ms Nagy has been a vocal and/or choral adjudicator at over a dozen music festivals in Ontario as well as in Fredericton, New Brunswick and Carbonear, Newfoundland. For many years, Ms. Nagy was the Ottawa co-ordinator for the New Music Festival Contemporary Showcase (ACNMP) and is the Vocal co-ordinator for the new group Canadian Music Showcase / Carrefour de la musique canadienne. She is involved in local music groups including ORMTA (First Vice-President), NATS, Ottawa Kiwanis Music Festival and RCCO. She has been broadcast many times by CBC Radio, Radio-Canada and Rogers Cablevision. Ms. Nagy has delighted audiences in Canada, Hungary, Spain and France.

"Her voice has an appealing naturalness. She sings with clarity, colour, vitality, ease, focus and control." James Brown, The Brantford Expositor.

Mr. Kevin James

Violist and violinist Kevin James studied music in his native Toronto and at the University of Ottawa and Carleton University, and has attended summer sessions in historical musical performance at the University of Toronto, Oberlin College (Ohio) and McGill University. He has performed with Ottawa's Amsel Baroque, has appeared in recital for Radio-Canada, and has given recitals of new music for viola at the Ottawa Fringe Festival. He has been a freelance player with l'Orchestre chambre de Hull and l'Ensemble du Jeu Présent, and often performs new works for viola by Ottawa-area composers, many of which have been written at his invitation.





An Evening in Old Madrid
Programa

Primera parte

La Coleccion de Tonadillas (Escritas en estilo antiguo) - E. Granados

- 1.....La Maja de Goya
- 2.....Amor y Odio
- 3.....Callejeo
- 4.....El Majo Discreto
- 5.....El Majo Olvidado
- 6.....El Mirar de la Maja
- 7.....El Majo Timido
- 8.....El Tra La La y el Punteado
- 9.....La Maja Dolorosa (num 1)*
- 10.....La Maja Dolorosa (num 2)
- 11.....La Maja Dolorosa (num 3)
- 12.....Las Currutacas Modestas (a dos voces)*

Interludio

Segundo Parte

De Doce Danzas Espanolas - E. Granados

Oriental no II*

Melancolico no X*

Ulses poeticas
Numero dos en lah mayor

Escenas romanticas
Mazurka y recitativo

Andaluza no V*

Poesia de Luis Munoz Lorente
(para canto viola y piano)

*Transcripciones para viola por Barbara Solis



1. La Maja De Goya

"You'll know, no doubt, that Goya was a painter of unrivaled fame, but not that he was also known as a bold and passionate man" - so begins the long and amusing recited Prologue in praise of Goya as a lover.

Yo no olvidaré en mi vida de Goya
la imagen gallarda y querida!
No hay hembra ni maja o señora
que a Goya no heche de menos ahora
Si yo hallara
quien me amara
como el me amó
no envidiara
no ni anhellara
Más venturas
ni dichas yo.

I'll never forget in all my life
how Goya was so bold and gay.
And there's no woman, high or low,
but thinks of him with love today.
If I could find
a lover true
as Goya was
no more I'd do
to find contentment
and no more seek
adventures.

2. Amor Y Odio (Love and Hate)

Pensé que yo sabría
ocultar la pena mía
que por estar en lo profundo
no alcanzara a ver el mundo
este amor callado
que un majo malvado
en mi alma encendió.

I thought I should be able
to hide the pain I felt.
It was so deep inside me
no-one would ever see it,
this secret love of mine
which a faithless majo
set on fire within me.

Y no fué así
por que él vislumbró el pesar
oculto en mí.

But it was not like that.
He saw
my hidden grief.

Pero fué en vano
que vislumbrara
pues el villano
mostróse ajeno
de que le amara.
Y esta es la pena
que sufro ahora

Although he might just as well
never have noticed it,
since he
seemed not to care
for my love at all.
And that is why I feel this pain,
now.

sentir mi alma llena
de amor por quien me olvida
sin que una luz alentadora
surja en las sombras de mi vida.

because my heart's full of love
for a man who ignores me
and there is no ray of light
in my life's dark night.

Pensé que yo sabría
ocultar la pena mía, etc.
Y no fué así, etc.

I thought I should be able
to hide the pain I felt, etc.
But it was not like that, etc.

3. Callejeo (Walking the Streets)

Dos horas ha que callejeo
pero no veo,
nerviosa ya sin calma
al que le di confiada el alma.
No vi hombre jamás
que mintiera más
que el majo que hoy me engaña,
mas no le ha de valer
pues siempre fui mujer de maña,
y si es menester,
correré sin parar tras él
entera España.

For two hours I have walked
nervously about the streets,
already quite worried, but I cannot see the man
To whom I entrusted my heart.
I never saw
a greater liar
than the fellow who is now deceiving me:
but it will do him no good,
for I have always been a cunning woman,
and if necessary
I will run through Spain after him.
And nothing will stop me.

4. El Majo Discreto (The Discreet Lover)

Dicen que mi majo es feo,
Es posible que sí que lo sea
que amor es deseo
que ciega y marea
ha tiempo que sé
que quien ama no vé.

They say my lover's ugly
and it may be that he is.
Love is an urge
which makes one blind and dizzy
and I've known for a long time
That lovers cannot see.

Mas si no es mi majo un hombre,
que por lindo descuella y asombre
En cambio es discreto
y guarda un secreto
que yo posé en él
sabiendo que es fiel.

But if my lover's not a man
of exceptionally stunning looks
at least he's discreet
and keeps to himself
something I asked him to keep secret
When I knew he could be trusted.

Cuál es el secreto
que el majo guardó?
sería indiscreto
contarlo yo,
No poco trabajo
costara saber
secretos de un majo
con una mujer.
Nació en Lavapiés. Eh! Eh!
Es un majo un majo es.

What is the secret
My lover is keeping?
It would not be discreet of me
to tell you about it.
It's not easy
to find out
the secrets between a man
And his girl.
And my lover was born in Lavapiés*. Yes
My lover's a real man, my lover is.

(*In the East End of Madrid)

5. El Majo Olvidado (The Forgotten Majo)

Cuando recuerdes los días pasados
piensa en mí, en mí,
Cuando de flores se llene tu reja
piensa en mí, piensa en mí,

When you remember days gone by
think of me, think of me.
When your window-box fills with flowers
think of me, think of me.

Ah!

Ah!

Cuando las noches serenas
cante el ruiseñor
piensa en el Majo olvidado
que muere de amor

When the nightingale sings
in the calm of the night
think of the forgotten majo,
dying of love.

Pobre del Majo olvidado
que duro sufrir! sufrir! sufrir!
Pues que la ingrata le deje
No quiere, no quiere vivir.
No quiere vivir!

Sad is the majo who's been forgotten
bitterly suffering! suffering! suffering!
His faithless love's left him
So why should he live,
Why should he live!

6. El Mirar De La Maja (The Eyes Of The Maja) (to Maria Barrientos)

Por qué es en mis ojos
tan hondo el mirar?
que a fin de cortar
desdenes y enojos
los suelo entornar?
qué fuego dentro llevarán
que si acaso con calor
los clavo en mi amor
sonrojo me dan?

Why are there in my eyes
such deep and violent passions?
To temper
scorn and anger
I often have to close them.
What fire is there in them
that if with desire I turn
towards my love and look at him
It makes me blush and burn.

Por eso el chispero
a quien mi alma di,
al verse ante mí
me tira el sombrero
y dícame así:
Mi Maja! no me mires mas
que tus ojos rayos son
y ardiendo en pasión
la muerte me dan.

That is why the young spark
to whom I gave my heart,
when he stands before me
tilts his hat
and says to me:
My maja, look at me no more,
for there is lightning in your eyes
and their fire burns so bright
They kill me quite.

7. El Majo Timido (The Timid Lover)

Llega a mi reja y me mira
por la noche un majo
que en cuanto me ve y suspira
se va calle abajo.
Ay que tío más tardío
si así se pasa la vida
estoy divertida!

Si hoy también pasa y me mira
y no se entusiasma
pues le suelto este saludo:
Adios Don Fantasma!
Ay que tío más tardío!
Odian las enamoradas
las rejas calladas!

He comes to my window and looks at me
this majo does, when it is night.
And as soon as he sees me he sighs
and goes off down the street out of sight.
What an old stick-in-the-mud he is!
If life's all like this
a lot of fun I shall have!

If he comes again today, and looks at me
without a sign he's getting keen
why then I'll say, by way of greeting:
Hello, Mr. Fleeting!
What an old stick-in-the-mud he is!
Girls in love cannot abide
A window without a man outside!

8. El Tra La La Y El Punteado

Es en balde, majo mío, que sigas hablando,
porque hay cosas que contesto yo siempre cantando
tra la la la la la, etc.
Por más que preguntes tanto,
tra la la la la la,
en mí no causas quebranto
ni yo he de salir de mi canto,
La la la la la la.

It is useless, my fine fellow, for you to say any more,
for there are some things that I always answer by singing
"tra la la la la la", etc.
However much you ask me,
tra la la la la la,
you will not make me give in.
Nor shall I stop singing,
La la la la la la.

9. La Maja Dolorosa (The Sorrowful Maja No. 1)

Oh muerte cruel!
Porque tu a traición mi
majo arrebatas te a mi pasión?
No quiero vivir sin él
Porque es morir así vivir!

No es posible ya
sentir más dolor en lágrimas des
Hecha mi alma está
Oh Dios!
Torna mi amor
Porque es morir así vivir.

O cruel Death!
Why did you treacherously take away my lover
from my passionate love?
I don't want to live without him
because it is death to live like this!

It is impossible
to feel more pain
My heart has dissolved into tears
Oh God!
give me back my love
Because it is Death to live without him.

10. La Maja Dolorosa (The Sorrowful Maja No. 2)

Ay! Majo de mi vida, no, no, tú no has muerto!
Acaso yo existiese si fuera eso cierto?
Quiero loca besar tu boca!
Quiero segura gozar más de tu ventura.
Ay! de tu ventura.
Mas Ay! deliro, sueño, mi majo no existe,
En torno mío el mundo iloroso esta y triste,
A mi duelo no hallo consuelo,
Mas muerto y frío
Siempre el majo será mío. Ay! Siempre mío.

Oh, majo of my life, no, no, you have not died!
Would I still be alive if that were true?
Wildly I desire to kiss your lips!
I want in faithfulness to share your destiny.
Alas! your destiny!
But oh! I am raving, I dream, my majo no longer exists.
The world about me is weeping and sad,
I find no consolation in my sorrow,
But even dead and cold
My majo will always be mine. Oh! Always mine!

11. La Maja Dolorosa (The Sorrowful Maja No. 3)

De aquel majo amante que fué mi gloria
Guardo anhelante dichosa memoria.
El me adoraba vehemente y fiel
Yo mi vida entera di á él,
Y otras mil diem,
Si el quisiera,
Que en hondos amores,
Martirios son flores.
Y al recordar mi majo amado,
Un resurgiendo ensueños
De un tiempo pasado.
Ni en el Mentidero ni en la Florida
Majo más majo pasé en la vida
Bajo el chambergo sus ojos vi
Con toda el alma puestos en mí,
Que á quien miraban enamoraban.
Pues no halle en el mundo
Mirar mas profundo
Y al recordar mi majo amado,
Un resurgiendo ensueños
De un tiempo pasado.

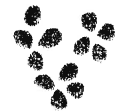
Of that beloved majo who was my glory
I cherish a happy memory.
He loved me ardently and truly
And I gave my whole life to him,
And I would give it again a thousand times,
If he desired it,
For when feelings are profound,
Torments are sweet.
And as I think of my beloved majo,
Dreams come back
Of a time gone by.
Neither in the Mentidero nor the Florida
Was a majo more handsome ever seen to stroll,
Beneath the broad-brimmed hat I saw his eyes
Fixed upon me passionately,
For they caressed the one on whom they rested.
In all the world I have never seen
A more piercing look
And as I think of my beloved majo,
Dreams come back
Of a time gone by.



12. Las Currutacas Modestas (The Modest Girls)

Decid que damiselas
Se ven por ahí
que luzcan así
al vernos a las dos
no hay quien no diga
Dios que os bendiga
Porque hace falta ver
el invencible poder
de que goza una mujer
cerca nacida de la Moncloa
o La Florida
Pues diga usted
si en tierra alguna
vióse otro pie
tan requichiquitito
Ole!
Y pues nuestra abuela
murióse tiempo ha
toda modestia sobra ya
Ja Ja!

What girls are there, tell me please,
living hereabouts
that look as pretty as this!
When they see the two of us
everyone calls out
"God bless you"!
It is quite something to see
the irresistible power
which women have
when they're born in Madrid in Moncloa,
or La Florida.
Just you tell me
if anywhere
you've seen a foot
that's half as fair
And small as this one. Ole!
And since our granny's
long since dead
what's the point of modesty?
Ha Ha!





Special Thanks

Tristen & Unne Solis
(recital programme)

St. Luke's church

Joan Milliken
(page turner)

Tom Barnes
(sound)

Paul O'Connor
(lighting)

Steven Gellman

Merla Aikman, Professor of Voice
University of Ottawa

Lynn Teeple
(costumes)

Donna Klimoska
(rehearsal space)

Silvia Arce
(Ms. Solis, hairstyle)

