Saturday, January 21, 2017 at 8:00pm
Taplin Auditorium in Fine Hall

Sean-Nua
An evening of original and traditional songs in multiple languages
Professors Iarla Ó Lionáird and Dan Trueman

featuring compositions and performances by

Charlie Baker '17
Chris Ren '19
Michael Delgado '17
Harrison Waldon '17
Nandita Rao '17
Chris Perron '17
Porter Sherman '19
Kenny Hulpach '17
Emma Watkins '18
Charlotte Jeppsen '18
Hansini Bhasker '19

The program order and composition titles will be announced from the stage.

This is the final concert for MUS 218: Making Tunes for the Fall 2016 semester.
CHARLIE BAKER
"Heron and the Fox"
adapted from the Irish poem "Cumman Do Cheangail An Corr" (author unknown)
and its English translation by Lord Longford, with additional lyrics by Charlie Baker

Cumann do cheangail an corr
Agus sionnach Brí Ghobhann
Do gheall an sionnach don gcorr
Nách brísfeadh choídche an cumman

Heron and the fox
Cumann do cheangail an corr

Poor bird, your friend’s a foe
Yet still you do not know
Soon she’ll get hungry, then you’ll find out
Bleeding and thrashing about

Heron and the fox
Cumann do cheangail an corr

An corr ‘na codladh mar thuit,
Do rug uirthi ar bhrághaid
The heron’s neck the fox bit
He woke up to find he’d died

Heron and the fox
Cumann do cheangail an corr

Dar leat is í do roinne
Soraidh dár mnaoi chumainne
Ise an sionnach, mise an corr
Cosmhail re chéile ar gcumman

She swore that she would love me
Yet here she stands above me
I am the heron and she’s the fox
She dashes my head on the rocks
"The Whiskey, on Your Breath"

The text for this piece is drawn from “My Papa’s Waltz” by Theodore Roethke and “Cridhe lán do smuaintighthibh” by Maghnas Ó Domhnaill, with supplementary lyrics written by me. Through incorporating parts of these texts together, I’ve constructed a piece that speaks to a troubled relationship between father and son. The piece is all sung from the son’s perspective, but the perspective he displays itself changes. The verses alternate between the son speaking as if he is still a young boy and is recounting what has just happened between him and his father and him speaking from the perspective of an adult who has had time to reflect on what occurred between the two of them.

The whiskey on your breath
Could make a small boy dizzy;
But I hung on like death:
Such waltzing was not easy.

Brón mar fhás na fíneamhna	Grief, like a growing vine
tarla oram re haimsir;	Came upon me with time
But it’s not through despair,
I see your image still there.

You beat time on my head
With a palm caked hard by dirt,
Then waltzed me off to bed
Still clinging to your shirt.

Cridhe lán do smuaintighthibh	A heart made full of thought
tarla dhúinne ré n-imtheacht;	I had before you left;
But why, why was it me?
Couldn’t you have just let me be?

Humming

Cridhe lán do smuaintighthibh	A heart made full of thought
tarla dhúinne ré n-imtheacht;	I had before you left;
But now I feel nothing;
Such fortunes for the ones without loving.
“Demain, dès l’Aube”
This piece is written about a father and his much loved daughter. The first part is all in French and consists of text from Victor Hugo’s poem “Demain, dès l’Aube,” which describes a visit Hugo took to his daughter Léopoldine Hugo’s grave. When sung, some of the poem’s lines are split up, creating a disorganized rhyme scheme that is very much reminiscent of the emotional state I felt the father would be in. The second part, written in English, takes from Mary Elizabeth Frye’s “Do Not Stand at My Grave and Weep” and D.H. Lawrence’s “Piano,” as well as lyrics written by me. This part is sung from the perspective of the deceased daughter, whose words are much more measured and deliberate and create a clear-cut rhyme scheme that represents her contrasting composed demeanor.

Demain, dès l’aube, demain, dès l’aube,   Tomorrow, at dawn, tomorrow, at dawn,
À l’heure où blanchit la campagne,   At the hour when the countryside whitens,
Je partirai. Vois-tu, je sais que tu m’attends.   I will depart. You see, I know that you are waiting for me.

J’irai par la forêt, j’irai par la montagne.   I will go by the forest, I will go by the mountain.
Je ne puis demeurer loin de toi plus longtemps.   I cannot stay far from you any longer.
Je marcherai les yeux fixés sur mes pensées,   I will walk with my eyes fixed upon my thoughts,

Sans rien voir au dehors, sans entendre aucun bruit,   Seeing nothing outside, hearing no sound,
Seul, inconnu, le dos courbé, les mains croisées,   Alone, unknown, back curved, hands crossed,

Triste, et le jour pour moi sera comme la nuit.   Sad, and the day for me will be like the night.
Je ne regarderai ni l’or du soir qui tombe,   I will not look at the gold of the falling evening,
Ni les voiles au loin descendant vers Harfleur,   Nor the faraway sails descending towards Harfleur,
Et quand j’arriverai, je mettrai sur ta tombe   And when I arrive, I will put on your tomb
Un bouquet de houx vert et de bruyère en fleur.   A bouquet of green holly and flowering heather.
Hélas, ma chérie, tu as volé mon cœur.   Alas, my dear, you stole my heart.

Do not stand at my grave and weep
I am not there. I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glints on the snow.
I am the sun on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning’s hush,
I am the swift uplifting rush.
Softly, in the dusk, you are singing to me;
Taking me back down through through years,
Now I see:

You loved me much and now that I
No longer live you feel you have died.
Do not despair,
I will be there
For you, in your sleep.
Oh, please do not weep.

When you hear my voice calling to you,
I am reminding you what to do:
Live life with me in your heart,
But find not your solace in the dark.

MICHAEL DELGADO
"Meabhraigh Mo Laoidh Chumainn-se"
"Take My Song of Love to Heart"

Adapted from the Irish poem “Meabhraigh Mo Laoidh Chumainn-se” (author unknown)
with additional lyrics by Michael Delgado

If we should meet in open air,
hear my song of silence,
But you and I we mustn’t tell
Take my song of love to heart

Meabhraigh mo laoidh chumainn-se,
a bhean an chumainn bheréige:
Fuilingim feasta, is fulaing-se,
Take my song of love to heart

Don’t look and I won’t look at you
Our love must depart,
But take this song and sing its tune
ná each orm is ní fhéachfadh.

Meabhraigh mo laoidh chumainn-se,
a bhean an chumainn bheréige:
Fuilingim feasta, is fulaingse,
Take my song of love to heart

CHARLOTTE JEPPSEN AND NANDITA RAO
Following our studies about macaronic songs, we decided to write this song in Irish and English, using one of the love poems in Irish that we learned in class. We wrote the English lyrics first, concerning the hardships and pain involved in love, and found this poem’s lyrics were a good fit with our original lyrics.

Irish text “Dar Liom, Is Galar é an Grádh”
written by Maghnas Ó Domhnaill (c.1490-1564) in italics.

1. The Rain Song

First Verse:
*Dar liom, is galar é an grádh,*
gion go bhfuil fedhm a rádh ris;
croidhe eile dlighim uaidh,
an croidhe-se uaim do bhris.

(Love I think is a disease,
Useless though, it is to talk.
I need another heart through love,
For it has broken the one I had.)

Refrain:
If you feel the thunder,
you may never feel the rain.
Your heart begins to wander,
but it can’t without pain.
Second Verse:

Ós é féin is ciontach ris,
an croidhe-se thig an grádh,
meisde liom loighead a uilc,
acht nách bhfaghainn cuid dá chrádh

(Yet since the fault was all its own,
this heart of mine that offered love,
I might as well lie down with the ill
save that I cannot bear the pain.)

Third verse:

Is truagh nách fuath thugas uaim,
is fuath d'fhagháil uaibh dá chionn;
grádh ó dhuine is mairg do-ghebh,
'S is romhairg do-bher, dar liom.

(A pity it wasn’t hate I gave
And hate accepted in return.
Bad luck to the one receiving love,
And worse to the one that gives.)

2. "Siúl le Rún"

Traditional song with arrangement by Charlotte Jeppsen

This song was one of our favorite traditional songs that we worked on in class. I wrote the arrangement inspired by Dan Trueman’s arrangement for Iarla with the Princeton University Orchestra performed in 2015. The instrumentation of the piece is a new take on a traditional Sean – Nóis song, normally sung with one voice a cappella.

I wish I were on yonder hill
'tis there I’d sit and cry my fill,
And every tear would turn a mill,
Is go dté tum o mhúirnín slán.
Siul, siul, siul a rún
Siúl go socair agus siúl go ciúin
Siúl go dtí’n doras agus éalaigh liúm
‘S go dté tú mo mhúirnín slán

Siul, siul, siul a rún
Siúl go socair agus siúl go ciúin
Siúl go dtí’n doras agus éalaigh liúm
‘S go dté tú mo mhúirnín slán

Come, come, come, o love,
Quickly come to me, softly move;
Come to the door, and away we’ll flee,
And safe for aye may my darling be!

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
I'll sell my only spinning wheel,
To buy my love a sword of steel
Is go dté tú mo mhúirnín slán.

I'll dye my petticoats, I'll dye them red,
And 'round the world I'll beg my bread,
Until my parents shall wish me dead,
Is go dté tú mo mhúirnín slán.

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain,
I wish I had my heart again,
And vainly think I'd not complain,
Is go dté tú mo mhúirnín slán.

But now my love has gone to france,
To try his fortune to advance;
If he e’er come back, ’tis but a chance,
Is go dté tú mo mhúirnín slán.

Siul, siul, siul a rún
Siúl go socair agus siúl go ciúin
Siúl go dtí’n doras agus éalaigh liúm
‘S go dté tú mo mhúirnín slán
CHRIS PERRON
"Take My Song of Love to Heart"
Author unknown
Translation and additional lyrics by Chris Perron

Meabhraigh mo laoidh chumainn-se,
a bhean an chumainn bhréige:
fulngim feasta, is fulaing-se,
bheith i bhféagmhais a chéile.

In the chapel,
By the birch,
Or the churchyard;
Don’t look, and I won’t look at you.

Teacht oram dá gcluine-se
i dtighibh móra ná i mbothaibh,
le cách orm ná cuiridh-se,
ná cáin mé is ná cosain.

In the chapel...

Ná habair, ’s ní aibéar-sa,
m’ainm ná fáth mo shloinnte;
ná hadaimh, ’s ní aidéamh-sa,
go bhfacas tú riamh roimhe.

In the chapel...

Ná bí dallta len a bhfuil caite,
Mise is tusa taimid ar ceal,
Má ghlaonn tú dom iarratas,
Ni bheidh mise ag smaoineamh fút.

In the chapel...
Hoy este cuento, es muy sencillo, Dama de España
Tiene la pobreza, el sufrimiento, y también
la corrupción,
Inútil pararla. Imposible pararla.
Solo papistas, tienen esperanza,
Mientras lloramos y comemos paella

Pero el mundo, nos ve reírnos
España muere, La Patria vive

“No es fantástico dar vueltas y ver los sueños desintegrar?”
Mientras en Portugal bello, se fuma “maconha”
“Y que fantástico dar vueltas y ver Barcelona decir “adiós”
Mientras vosotros bebéis Porto y coméis sardinas

Meu irmão não é, a verdade
Sofremos también, em nossos Ray Bans
Como vocês, nosso país é cheio de...
es lleno de?...é cheio de...es lleno de?

Perdedores, Perdedores?, Perdedores.
Perdedores, Carne de Porco

Dime hermano, la verdad de tu país

Today this story, is very simple, Lady Spain
Has poverty, suffering,
and also corruption
Useless to stop it, Impossible to stop it,
Only Papists have hope,¹
While we cry and eat paella²

But the world sees us laugh
Spain dies, the homeland³ lives

Sarcastically “Is it not fantastic to spin around
and see dream disintegrate?”
While in beautiful Portugal, one smokes
Sarcastically “And how fantastic to spin around
and see Barcelona say “goodbye”⁴
While you guys drink Port wine and eat sardines⁵

My brother that’s not, the truth
We also suffer, in our Ray Bans⁶
Like you guys, our country is full of...is full of...
is full of...is full of

Losers, Losers, Losers
Losers, Pork

Tell me brother, the truth of your country

1. Spain has a love/hate relationship with their prevalent Catholicism.
2. The national Spanish dish
3. Patriotism, basically
4. Catalonia wants to secede from Spain and is causing controversy in an already fractured country.
5. National drinks and foods of Portugal
6. Even in hard economic times, these glasses are seen all over Portugal especially on every member of the police force.
Não escapámos, a história feia, Fascista Salazar
Setenta e quatro, o sangue de Angola,
e também a censora
Hospitais não prestam, o governo não presta
Os jovens de hoje, não aprenderam a pensar
Não há trabalho, então bebemos nas ruas

Bruxelas, deixam-nos falhar
Não somos nada, Nunca somos nada
(a eles)

E que terrível que solo vemos
à fantasia do passado,
A Nostalgia já matou, nossa inspiração
E que horrível querer o turismo dum idiota inglês
Dependemos no mundo, mas não o contrário

Entonces es el, fin de todos
Pobres ibéricos, ya compartimos
El facto que nuestros países son llenos de,
são cheios de, son llenos de, são cheios de

Perdedores, Perdedores,
Perdedores, Perdedores, Carne de Puerco

Y Que fantástico dar vueltas y compartir depresión
Mientras estamos juntos, sobreviviremos!
Mas não é fantástico dar voltas quando não há esperança
Juntos cairemos, Então “adeus”

We did not escape, our ugly history, fascist Salazar
Seventy four, the blood of Angola,
and also the censorship,
Hospitals suck, the government sucks
The youth of today, didn’t learn to think,
There isn’t work, so we drink on the streets

Brussels let us fail
We aren’t anything, we will never be anything
(to them)

And how terrible it is that we only look to the fantasy of the past
Nostalgia has already killed, our inspiration
And how horrible it is to want the tourism of an English idiot
We depend on the world, but not the other way around

Then it is the end of all,
Iberian Peoples, we already share
The fact that our countries are full of…are full of…are full of…are full of…

Losers, Losers, Losers
Losers, Pork

And how fantastic to spin around and share our depression
While we are together, we will survive!
But it’s not fantastic to spin around when there isn’t hope,
We will fall together, so “Goodbye”

7. Dictator of Portugal who ruled from the 20’s until 1974; last fascist dictator of Europe.
8. Portugal was one of the last European countries to liberate its colonies. Salazar had a nostalgic idea of a Portuguese Empire and committed the country to a war in Angola to maintain it.
9. The dictatorship censored all material against the government leading to a generation of Portuguese people with no concept of freedom.
10. reference to 2010 banking crisis involving Spain, Portugal, Ireland, and Greece
CHRIS REN
"Ná bí dom buaidhreadh"
Ná bí dom buaidhreadh, a bhean,
cuiream d’aontaíbh ar n-aigneadh,
Tú mo, Tú mo
tú mo chéile i gClár na bhFionn,
lámh tar a chéile cuiream.

PORTER SHERMAN
Drawn from an anthology of love poetry that spans centuries and dialects, “Gluais a Litir” tells the tale of an insecure lover and his apprehensive desire to know the heart of his faraway love. Appropriately melodramatic, the speaker declares his devotion with metaphorical hyperbole, equating unrequited love to the endurance of an eternity of pain while also asserting that his very existence is predicated upon her response. While arranging this piece, I chose to juxtapose the grave text with an uplifting melody and vivacious instrumentation; rather than have the text and score exist in continuous consonance, I found it was interesting to hear how the constructed contrast let the music and the lyrics dance with one another, at times in harmony, at others in conflict. I’d like to thank Iarla for his help with the pronunciation of the Irish text, and Dan for his suggestions regarding the arrangement and instrumentation. I hope you enjoy the performance!

Verse One:
Gluais, a litir, ná léig sgís
go bhfaic tú arís í féin.
Fiafraigh dí an bhfuigheam bás,
nó an mbiam go bráth i bpéin.

Go, letter, rest not on your way,
Until I see my love again,
And ask if I must die straight away,
Or must live eternal years in pain.

Refrain:
So make my grave on Scotland’s shore,
For it’s there I long to sleep,
And there she’ll come and mourn full sore,
Upon my grave she’ll weep.
Hasten letter do your best,
May you free me from my woe,
Run swift on your course,
And go.

*Verse Two:*
An sgéal fada ní hé is fearr,
mithigh leam a chur i gcéill.
Mun bhfuil furtacht damh i ndán,
faghaim go luath an bás féin.

The longest tale is not the best,
‘Tis time to take my latest sigh,
And since in life there comes no rest,
I’ll quickly lay me down and die.

*Refrain*

*Instrumental Bridge*

*Refrain*
HARRISON WALDON
"Take Down the Moon"

The Irish of the first half of the song was taken from an untitled poem by an anonymous Irish poet in the 1100s. In exploring macaronic songs, I wanted to use two languages to function as two different voices. Here, narration is in Irish, and the voice of the stag is in English.

Is úar geimred  
at-racht gáeth  
(Winter is cold)  
(The wind has risen)

Éirgid dam díscir derbáeth;  
Nocha te in-nocht in slíabh slán  
(The fierce stark-wild stag arises)  
(Not warm tonight is the unbroken mountain.)

Nii luga at-chluin céol cúaine  
Dam cinn Echtge innúaire.  
(the stag of the head of cold Aughty)  
(listens likewise to wolf-music.)

Their footsteps disturb
The stillness of the night

My body has lost all control
My body cannot move a muscle

Take down the moon
the sun and stars
If this is where I am,
This is where I belong.

EMMA WATKINS
"Mairg Darad Galar an Gradh"
"Woe to One that's Plagued with Love"

Text borrowed from ‘Mairg Darad Galar An Grádh’ by Isibeul Ní Mhic Cailin (1400s, exact date of birth and death unknown) and ‘Gluais, a litir, ná léig sgís’ (Author Unknown)

Go letter, rest not on your way
‘Til you see my love again
and ask if I must die today
or live for years in pain

An grádh-soin tugas gan fhious,
ós é mo leas gan a luadh,
muna fhaghad furtacht tráth,
biaidh mo bhláth go tana truagh.

*Go letter, rest not on your way...*

I gave my heart in secret
For my love I cannot say
And if he does not need it
I’ll haunt him every day

*Go letter, rest not on your way...*

An grádh-soin tugas gan fhios,
ós é mo leas gan a luadh,
muna fhaghad furtacht tráth,
biaidh mo bhláth go tana truagh.

*Go letter, rest not on your way...*

Hasten letter, do your best
So she may free me from my woe
So she may weep and I may rest
Run, swift, my letter, and go.

"Den Fromme Helena"
Norwegian folk song
learned at Mokurset Music Program in Førde, Norway from Margit Myhr

Den fromme Helena i måneskinnet satt og skuede mot himmelens stjerner
Med sorgfulle tanker i hjerter hun bar, fremfossende tårer på kinden så klar
De rullet som glitrende perler

Min moder i graven har gjemt sine ben, min fader på havbunnen hviler
Og den som meg rakte sin hånd some min venn i krigen er fallen og jeg er igjen
Forbrent ut av sorgildens luer

Derfor du O’Herre forkort mine år, men verdige meg din nåde
Og skjul mine synder i frelserens så or send meg en hilsen som Peter han får.
Fra kvinnene som kom fra graven.
Upcoming Music at Princeton Events

Tuesday, February 7, 8pm
Princeton Sound Kitchen
Shattered Glass String Orchestra
Taplin Auditorium in Fine Hall

Friday, February 10, 1pm
Masterclass with REBEL Baroque Ensemble
and members of Early Music Princeton
Taplin Auditorium in Fine Hall

Friday, February 10, 7pm
REBEL Baroque Ensemble
Taplin Auditorium in Fine Hall

Sunday, February 12, time TBA
Faculty Recital: Jo-Ann Sternberg, clarinet and David Saliamonas, piano
Taplin Auditorium in Fine Hall

Monday, February 13, 7:30pm
Joseph Gauvreau '17 Senior Thesis Lecture Recital with Gallicantus
Taplin Auditorium in Fine Hall

Tuesday, February 14, 6 & 9pm
PUC125: Colin Currie, percussion presented by Princeton University Concerts
Richardson Auditorium in Alexander Hall

Thursday, February 16, 4:30pm
Masterclass with Ani Kavafian, violin
The Ko/Hahn Masterclass Series
Taplin Auditorium in Fine Hall

Thursday, February 16, 7:30pm
Ani Kavafian, violin and Donna Weng-Friedman, piano
Taplin Auditorium in Fine Hall

Sunday, February 26, 3pm
Nandita Rao '17, jazz voice
Taplin Auditorium in Fine Hall

Monday, February 27, 7:30pm
Masterclass with Joe Anderer, horn
The Ko/Hahn Masterclass Series
Taplin Auditorium in Fine Hall

Tuesday, February 28, 8pm
Princeton Sound Kitchen
Ensemble Mise-En
Taplin Auditorium in Fine Hall

Thursday, March 2, 8pm
Hagen String Quartet
presented by Princeton University Concerts
Richardson Auditorium in Alexander Hall

Friday, March 3, 8pm
Early Music Princeton
Princeton University Chapel

Saturday, March 4, 7:30pm
Princeton University Glee Club and Chamber Chor
Richardson Auditorium in Alexander Hall

For more information visit princeton.edu/music