

ABSTRACT

Title of Dissertation: CROSSING OCEANS AND HEMISPHERES: A
MUSICAL EXPLORATION OF
IMMIGRATION AND MAKING NEW
HOMES

Henrique Carvalho, Doctor of Musical Arts,
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Dissertation directed by: Associate Professor Kevin Short, School of
Music Voice & Opera Division

The immigration story of the author's family, as well as that of similar families is represented in three dissertation recitals. These recitals consist each of music by European composers, Brazilian composers, and American composers. National styles, overarching story, and thematic material are taken into consideration and explored. Reasons to leave Europe, as seen in large waves of German and Italian immigration to Brazil in the 19th Century, approaches of Brazilian composers to find a national voice through usage of popular and folk forms in their work, and exploration of what the United States promises to those seeking a better life—in addition to a representation of various experiences had here — are addressed. Themes of love, loss, opportunity, and identity of self are omnipresent in these performances.

CROSSING OCEANS AND HEMISPHERES: A MUSICAL EXPLORATION OF
IMMIGRATION AND MAKING NEW HOMES

by

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Chapter 1: Introduction

Artist's Background

Growing up, I felt I always existed between worlds. Having come to the United States when I was two years old, my immigration story is almost second-hand. My parents did the work to move from their established lives in Brazil, to a new existence in the USA. I was fortunate in this because I received my American citizenship through my father, relieving me of dozens of hours and hundreds of pages of paperwork, and I am grateful for it. With that, however, is the experience of not feeling fully American, but also not being connected to Brazilian culture in my childhood.

Spending the vast majority of my life in the United States means I am culturally American. The yellow school bus is a familiar sight, I love peanutbutter and jelly sandwiches, and I said the Pledge of Allegiance every morning from K-12. As much as I spent my life as an American, I still speak Portuguese at home and, to my peers, am the Brazilian friend. At birthday parties and family events, my parents would make Brazilian snacks and foods, but, outside of that, there was not much of a connection to the culture. I learned more about my homeland when I took a course on Brazilian history and literature in my undergraduate degree. That sparked my curiosity to learn more about my origins.

This curiosity extended into family history. I knew growing up that there were vague connections to Sweden and Germany in the past, but I did not know to what extent. In my adulthood, I started asking more questions about the family and I got some more clarity, but still not as much as I would have hoped. All I had was that my grandfather on my mother's side was

part Swedish and my grandmother on my father's side was part German. Other than that, there was an assumed Portuguese lineage and a rumored connection to Indigenous heritage through my maternal grandmother.

My lack of clear answers in my own story led me to create this project. The beginning is an selection of imagined scenarios that might cause a person to leave their home in Europe and live in Brazil. The second part of the project is to celebrate Brazilian culture, and the final part is to look at what a future in the United States can promise — and what it may actually bring.

A Brief Overview of Brazilian Colonial History and 19th Century Immigration

Since the Portuguese arrived in what is now Brazil in 1500¹, that land has been one of opportunity, colonization, conquest, and refuge. The region was sought after for trade with indigenous populations, exploitation of natural resources, exploitation of people and their labor, or a chance to have a new beginning after a lifetime of toil.

Pedro Álvares Cabral was entrusted to lead the expedition of 1,200 crew and passengers westward. The purpose of this expedition was to follow Vasco da Gama's recent voyage around the Cape of Good Hope and north to India. Shortly after departure, his lead ship was blown off course into the Atlantic Ocean and they headed due West. They landed in what is now Brazil on April 23, 1500, sending word back to King Manuel of Portugal that there were resources there ready for plundering and soil that was "endlessly fertile."²

¹ Thomas Skidmore, *Brazil: Five Centuries of Change* (Oxford University Press, 1999), 5.

² Skidmore, *Brazil: Five Centuries of Change*, 6.

First contact with the indigenous Tupi-speaking people was guided mainly through gestures, music, and “good manners.”³ The need for communication, as well as the desire for conquest by use of trade and growth of influence, resulted in the Portuguese leaving behind prisoners whose death sentences were commuted to banishment while the rest of the crew returned to Portugal. They took this approach from their interactions with Africans, wherein men who were of European origin or mixed-race would serve as negotiators between Portuguese traders and African chiefs.⁴ Trade in Brazil grew beyond the focus on the eponymous wood, a commodity in Europe due to the deep reddish-purple hue to come from it when soaked in water. Exotic animals, medicinal oils, and indigenous enslaved people became of interest.

At the very same time, France was interested in Brazil. It was the first European kingdom to contest the Treaty of Tordesilhas from 1494⁵, which marked a line splitting what was then thought to be the halfway point of South America to the western Spanish side and the eastern Portuguese side. The year 1504 brought the first of many French incursions into Brazil that lasted well into the 1700s. Through all of these, as well as recurring Spanish involvement, the frontiers of Brazil were pushed further west due, in great part, to the subjugation of indigenous peoples by the Portuguese Jesuits. This subjugation was followed by a standardized form of Tupí, which became the principal native language, and eventually grew to become the most

³ Alida C. Metcalf, *Go-Betweens and the Colonization of Brazil* (University of Texas Press, 2005), 19.

⁴ Metcalf, *Go-Betweens and the Colonization of Brazil*, 58.

⁵ Leandro Carvalho, “Invasões francesas no Brasil Colonial.” Brasil Escola, UOL. Accessed April 9, 2026, <https://brasilecola.uol.com.br/historiab/invasoes-francesas-no-brasil-colonial.htm>.

widespread language in Brazil by the end of the seventeenth century.⁶ This, in turn, helped to spread the Portuguese language.

The colony of Brazil expanded as a series of trading posts until the 1700s. By this time, minerals and precious metals, specifically gold, were discovered in the south in Minas Gerais. The newly-found rich mining area brought the capital to be moved from Salvador in the northeast to Rio de Janeiro. In addition to mining, increased harvesting of Brazil wood and cultivation of sugar cane turned the eye of the Portuguese colonists to West Africa for an enslaved workforce. The slave trade in Brazil, and its immense horrors and depravity, continued through 1850, forcing more enslaved Africans to the colony than any other region in the Americas.

Increased production from sugar cane (traded with the Dutch) and gold from Minas Gerais into the 19th Century gave the Portuguese nobles and religious elite a marked change in the extravagances they could afford and assisted in paying back debts to England for protection against the French. The inflow of income to England from Portugal inspired them to save the Portuguese court from Napoleon's army in 1807. The plan from the side of the court was to flee to the New World, establish a base of power, and then "regain sovereignty over Portugal and the whole of its empire."⁷ The entire court and over ten thousand courtiers crossed the Atlantic Ocean in forty-six ships with the protection of four Royal Navy warships. Prince Dom João VI served as the head of state, accompanied by his mother, Queen Maria I, and his sons, Principe

⁶ Skidmore, *Brazil: Five Centuries of Change*, 10.

⁷ Skidmore, *Brazil: Five Centuries of Change*, 35.

Real Dom Pedro and Dom Miguel. The fleet arrived in Salvador in 1808 after a two-month journey. Shortly after, they set sail for Rio de Janeiro.

After a decade and a half of presence in Brazil, the royal family was called back to Portugal by the remaining nobles. Dom João VI decided to return, worried he may lose his throne should he remain. He left Dom Pedro to administer Brazil as prince regent, warning him to choose Brazil should the two kingdoms ever split. Not long after, the Portuguese courts sought to break Brazil into smaller, more subservient colonies instead of allowing it to remain a co-kingdom and demanded the return of Dom Pedro to Portugal. He refused and, on September 7th, 1822, declared he would remain in Brazil and proclaimed Brazil's independence.⁸

Brazil's newfound independence brought conflicts of identity and an influx of newcomers from around the world. Some of the largest non-Portuguese immigrant populations to go to Brazil in the 19th Century include Italians and Germans. Between 1820-1876, of the 350, 117 immigrants to Brazil, 12.97% were German and 6% were a sum of Italians and Spanish. After 1877, that percentage shifts to 48.38% of immigrants being from Italy. That percentage grows through 1903.⁹

⁸ Skidmore, *Brazil: Five Centuries of Change*, 37.

⁹ Maria Stella Ferreira Levy, "O papel da migração internacional na evolução da população brasileira (1872 a 1972)," *Revista de Saúde Pública* 8, June (1974): 49-90, accessed April 9, 2026, <https://doi.org/10.1590/S0034-89101974000500003>

Chapter 2: Recital of European Composers

My own family has been in Brazil for several generations, but there are connections to Sweden and Germany. Not knowing the details of their stories as they have been lost to time, I chose to use this repertoire to imagine possible scenarios that would drive them from their homes to cross an ocean. Three characters were explored with this repertoire: an Italian character, a French character, and a German character, all based on populations significant to the formation and development of Brazil. The first half of the recital jumps between two parallel stories, with the intermission serving as the scene change into Mahler's *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*.

The Italian character opened the recital with a romantic call to his sleepy lover at dawn. Insisting she dress herself in white and open the door to him, he sings of how light and love are born wherever she is. This introduction is followed by adoration and suffering of love. A reiteration of this love is sworn with Caccini's "Amarilli." If she should doubt his love, she need only open his chest and see inscribed in his heart "Amarilli is my beloved." This beautiful tale of love is at its end with "Nina." At this point in the story, the Italian character laments that his love, Nina, has been bed-ridden for three days. No fife, cymbal, or drum will wake her. In fact, she no longer sleeps.

Ravel's *Don Quichotte à Dulcinée* introduces the audience to the French character in the form of the eponymous Don Quichotte. This character was created in Spain as Don Quixote in the early 1600s¹⁰, at the same time that French colonists established what would later become the

¹⁰ Ana Puchau de Lecea, Vicente Pérez de León, "Guide to the Classics: Don Quixote, the world's first modern novel - and one of the best," The Conversation, The Conversation, updated August 9, 2018, <https://theconversation.com/guide-to-the-classics-don-quixote-the-worlds-first-modern-novel-and-one-of-the-best-94097>.

capital of the Brazilian state of Maranhão. Saint-Louis, as it was called at the time (later São Luís), is the only capital city in Brazil founded by French colonists¹¹. The composer for this cycle and original year of the character's inception allow Don Quichotte to represent the French character. He promises to move heaven and earth for his Lady, Duclinée. He will remove the stars from the sky if they shone too brightly, and should his life not be hers, he would bless her in his relinquishing of it. This leads into his prayer to Saint Michael and Saint George to bless his sword and to bless Dulcinée. The cycle ends with a rousing drinking song, wherein our French character drinks for joy and joy alone.

The Italian character returns, represented by Bellini's character Riccardo from *I puritani*. He sings a plea of what to do with his life now that his love, Elvira, will be married to another and lost to him forever. Though he dared against misfortune and suffering for her love, his life will now be full of misery and sorrow.

The French character is found recounting a dream had when he was laid low by a potent draught. His dream sent him through treacherous seas, dark depths, and earth-quaking bell tolls. His dream drenched him and shook him, but left him with no answers. Where does God lead us? Will the eternal din and useless strife of living never end?

The Italian character closes out the first half of the recital. He returns to the stage and, though his love has gone away without a farewell or a kiss goodbye, asks to not be forgotten. Our French and Italian characters have set sail.

¹¹ Juliana Bezerra, "França Equinocial," Toda Matéria, Accessed April 10, 2026, <https://www.todamateria.com.br/franca-equinocial/>.

The recital ends with the story that unfolds in Mahler's *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*. This German character was chosen due to heavy German immigration to the Empire of Brazil in the 1820s-1870s, and subsequent waves of German immigrants through the 1910s.¹² The story begins similarly to Riccardo. The character's love has married another and he suffers alone in his room. He sees birds singing and flowers blooming, but for him, spring has long since passed. He decides to take a walk out in nature. The colors and life blooming around him lift his spirits. He looks forward to seeing when his own happiness will bloom; however, his own can never do so. The man's pain feels as a gleaming, burning knife in his chest. He rages against the storm within and comes to the realization that he can no longer seek respite in the golden fields he once walked or the blue skies above. Lying in a dark tomb, never to open his eyes, is his only desire. Stripped of all emotion, he ponders the two eyes of his love that have brought him to go out into the world. Having nothing left, he seeks out peace without a goodbye. Only love and sorrow remain as his companions.

¹² Maria Stella Ferreira Levy, "O papel da migração internacional na evolução da população brasileira (1872 a 1972)," *Revista de Saúde Pública* 8, June (1974): 49-90, accessed April 9, 2026, <https://doi.org/10.1590/S0034-89101974000500003>

Chapter 3: Recital of Brazilian Composers

This recital included repertoire from various Brazilian composers who lived from the latter half of the 19th Century through the 20th Century and championed a Brazilian musical identity.

This recital tells a story of love that blossoms, develops, and ends through the first half. In the second half, that story is reminisced about, until the inevitable end is revisited. The first composer of the evening, with whom frequent visits are made throughout, is Cláudio Santoro. Santoro was born in 1919 in Manaus, the largest and capital city of the Brazilian state Amazonas.¹³ He held several posts in Brazil and abroad, including serving as the music director of the Radio Club do Brasil (1953-1954), director of the Federal Cultural Foundation (1962), professor of composition and conducting at the Heidelberg-Mannheim Hochschule für Musik (1970-1978), and founder and director of the symphony orchestra at the Teatro Nacional in Brasília. His compositional voice during the time this recital's selections were composed was heavily informed and influenced by his in-depth study of Brazilian folk and popular music from 1949-1950. His music bore a nationalistic style until the 1960s, when he returned to his early interests in surrealism and aleatory. The selections for this recital from his output all include elements of folk and popular music, from the usage of Brazilian rhythms in the accompaniments and the melodic and thematic materials he set. All of these texts but the final song, "Meu amor me disse adeus," were written by Vinicius de Moraes. He was a celebrated poet, diplomat, lyricist, playwright, singer, and essayist known as "O Poetinha" (*The Little Poet*). He worked

¹³ Alessandro Santoro, "Claudio Franco de Sá Santoro," Claudio Santoro, Accessed April 10, 2026, http://www.claudiosantoro.art.br/San_Eng/open.html.

closely with Antônio Carlos Jobim, together being instrumental in the birth and development of bossa nova music.¹⁴

Jayme Ovalle is the second composer in this recital with his “Azulão.” This is by far his most popular work and has been recorded by several high-profile singers ranging from Kathleen Battle and Montserrat Caballé to Gérard Souzay. Ovalle was a self-taught composer and supported Brazilian nationalism in music.¹⁵ Our next composer in the program we have not yet met is Francisco Mignone. Born in 1897 in São Paulo, he learned to play flute and piano at a young age from his Italian immigrant father. His studies took him through the São Paulo Conservatory and to the Milan Conservatory. Mignone’s Italian heritage and training come through in his early compositions, but the 1920s brought about a new-found focus on, and drawing from, Brazilian folk music. This was inspired heavily by one of his mentors, Mário Andrade, who was a strong proponent of Brazilian identity. This identity stands strongly in his “Morena, morena” composed in 1925.¹⁶ The syncopated, but relaxed rhythm throughout gives the impression of movement and dance that is easy-going and playful.

It would be impossible to celebrate Brazilian music without including Heitor Villa-Lobos. Living from 1887-1959, he was one of the most important Brazilian composers of the 20th Century. His international conducting and compositional fame was paralleled in national impact with a robust music educational program he spear-headed for Brazil that was focused on choral

¹⁴ “Linha do tempo,” Vinicius de Moraes, VM Cultural, Accessed April 10, 2026, <https://www.viniciusdemoraes.com.br/bio/linhadotempo>.

¹⁵ “Jaime Ovalle,” Presto Music, Presto Classical Limited, Accessed April 10, 2026, <https://www.prestomusic.com/classical/composers/1520--ovalle-j?srltid=AfmBOoo-5wRzesvohvHqp5yu9MxIceOienSdEwEPk4aFVEGwVtTsRHo2>

¹⁶ Gerard Béhague, “Mignone, Francisco,” *Grove Music Online*, 2001, Accessed April 10, 2026. <https://doi-org.proxy-um.researchport.umd.edu/10.1093/gmo/9781561592630.article.18634>.

singing. He is best known for his *Bachianas brasileiras*, String Trio (1945), his opera *Yerma* (1955-1956), and his symphonic poem *Floresta do Amazonas* (1959).¹⁷

Luciano Gallet made Brazilian folk music a great focus of his career. He first began with writing various harmonizations of folk or popular songs, but later expanded into using typical rhythmic or melodic traits of the styles in his own compositions.¹⁸ Helza Cameu similarly worked with Brazilian folk music. Her work centered on preserving indigenous music. After winning multiple national competitions for her compositions, she went on to serve in the Brazilian Academy of Music in 1946. Her later research earned her the distinction of being the first to write about and classify indigenous instruments in Portuguese.¹⁹

Our final composer of the evening is Chiquinha Gonzaga. She was a composer, pianist, and conductor who lived from 1847-1935. After separating from two husbands who were not supportive of her career in music, she received early fame from composing operettas. Her first, *A corte na roça* (1885), earned her the nickname of “the feminine Offenbach.” In that same year, she became the first woman in Brazil to conduct an orchestra. Gonzaga supported the Proclamation of the Republic which did away with the constitutional monarchy of the Empire of Brazil and supported the push to end slavery in Brazil in 1888. Her 77 compositions mainly deal

¹⁷ Luiz Fernando Lopes, “Villa-Lobos, Heitor,” *Grove Music Online*, July 25, 2022, Accessed April 10, 2026, <https://doi-org.proxy-um.researchport.umd.edu/10.1093/omo/9781561592630.013.90000337933>.

¹⁸ Gerard Béhague, “Gallet, Luciano,” *Grove Music Online*, 2001, Accessed April 10, 2026, <https://doi-org.proxy-um.researchport.umd.edu/10.1093/gmo/9781561592630.article.10545>.

¹⁹ “Helza Cameu,” Academia Brasileira de Música, Academia Brasileira de Música, Accessed April 10, 2026, <https://web.archive.org/web/20180907075952/http://www.abmusica.org.br/academico.php?n=rhelza-cameu&id=123>.

with day-to-day events and were often based on dance and song forms ranging from waltzes and polkas, to *maxixes*, *fados*, and *choros*.²⁰

The purpose of this recital was to celebrate my Brazilian identity through art song. The form and genre have European roots, but the rhythmic, melodic, and textual content are all thoroughly Brazilian. Syncopated accompaniments and stories steeped in *saudade*, please enjoy an evening of Brazilian song.

²⁰ Cristina Magaldi, “Gonzaga, (Francisca Edwiges Neves) Chiquinha,” *Grove Music Online*, 2001, Accessed April 10, 2026, <https://doi-org.proxy-um.researchport.umd.edu/10.1093/gmo/9781561592630.article.45492>.

Chapter 4: Recital of American Composers

This recital was full of repertoire by various American composers. The idea behind this final recital blends the themes shared in the first two. The first recital, with music by European composers, conveys stories of love, loss, and leaving home. The second recital, with music by Brazilian composers, celebrated Brazil through the expression of Brazilian folk and popular music with a European artform. In this recital, American folk music, American ideals, and the diverse American experience are represented and explored.

We begin with a rousing invitation to venture westward for gold, glory, and good fortune. Steven Mark Kohn's setting of "California" captures the idea of the California Dream perfectly. The arpeggiated refrain serves as the bugle call bringing everyone along for the ride, and the driving accompaniment sounds of hoofbeats and carriage wheels traversing rough terrain. The mythical status of the gold is always in mind in the repetition of "there's plenty of gold, or so I'm told," indicating no real guarantee of success. The dream is kept alive by hope. This hope is held on to for the sake of loved ones lost and community with those still with us whom we hold dear. "On the Other Shore" and Copland's two songs, "Long Time Ago" and "At the River" give our character moments of reflection. Perhaps they seek gold out west and do so with such gusto because they have lost all they have back home. The only way to go is onwards with the hope of reunion in another time and another life.

Turning back eastwards towards Appalachia, we are greeted by John Jacob Niles' *Gambling Songs*. These songs illustrate the life of a gambler who has spent his time up and down the Big Sandy River stretching from northeastern Kentucky to western Virginia. He falls in love

with a “St. Louis girl,” and the pair roam the world together. After a jaunty introduction in “The Rovin’ Gambler,” the gambler sings a lament. He fears being absent from the world when he is buried in the cold, wet earth. His St. Louis girl then sings a lullaby to their child in “The Gambler’s Wife.” She warns their son of what awaits a life like his father and grandfather’s. All gambling brings is sorrow to his children and wife. We return to the gambler in “Gambler, Don’t You Lose Your Place at God’s Right Hand.” A preacher attempts to shake sense into the man before he ends up on the wrong side of the law and, eventually, on the wrong side of eternity. Our final song in the set brings us back to the gambler’s hopeful and jaunty self finding opportunity around every corner and a turn of chance in every hand dealt.

Following the *Gambling Songs* is “Prayer” by H. Leslie Adams. This setting of Langston Hughes’ poetry perfectly captures the plea within. The constant sighing in the accompaniment reflects the weight the speaker carries on their shoulders. They ask which way to go, which sin to bear, and admit they simply do not know what to do. Lee Hoiby’s “The Lady of the Harbor” gives an answer. This final stanza of Emma Lazarus’ “The New Colossus” invites the tired, the poor, the homeless, the tempest-tossed, and all who seek comfort and liberty. This is a promise that this country must uphold.

The melting pot that is the United States is displayed clearly with Jake Heggie’s *A Question of Light*. Each of the six songs is a vignette peaking into different worlds created by Gene Scheer inspired by works in the Dallas Museum of Art. The poetry reflects the nature of each piece, pulling from the colors, shadows, shapes, and content to bring them to life. Heggie quickens them with a graceful dance between the singer and the piano; each taking rhythmic and melodic cues from the other. The vastness of this song cycle is summed up by the first and last

lines in the work. These lines capture the ongoing thoughts of families like mine. The questioning of who one was when back home and awaiting the discovery of who they will be in the future is a daily occurrence. Forging life in a new land is difficult, but the hope of what can be is enough to fuel that pursuit. With this in mind, I ask the listener to consider: “Who are you?” and “According to my watch, when you wake up, you’ll have all the time in the world waiting for you.”

Chapter 5: Conclusion

The purpose of this performance project was manyfold. The first purpose was to represent myself and my loved ones through this artform that has given me so much joy and comfort. The second purpose was to draw connections between stories told across time and across borders, and allow an audience to experience how similar we all are. The third purpose was to set forth an example of long-form storytelling through recitals.

Nicole Wood writes in a blog for the Anti-Racism Commitment Coalition that representation is important “because it validates experiences, inspires possibilities, and encourages self-expression.”²¹ This only reveals itself to be truer with each passing year. When people see themselves in media, they are able to visualize a path for themselves that may not have seemed realistic before. This idea drives me to do the best I can to show others what they are capable of if they simply look inwards and think outside the box.

The stories told through these recitals are ageless. The story of immigration has been a human experience since time immemorial. Loss of love, loss of life, hope for a future, or simply time for change are all relatable sensations and inspirations for action. My purpose of including an entire solely with music by Brazilian composers is to bring that repertoire to the forefront and show its relatability and respectability compared to other works that we are accustomed to being in the canon. The thematic material carries through from the European recital’s focus on loss of love while celebrating a unified national character. This is then concluded with the American composers’ looking forwards towards opportunity and inclusive identity.

My final purpose with this project was provide a new approach to putting on recitals in an academic setting. Oftentimes, it can be easy to feel that recitals must simply meet requirements and stay at that, but I stand by involving the audience through detailed storytelling. Taking advantage of the individuality and freedom a recital can provide allows for a worthwhile

²¹ Nicole Wood, “The Power of Representation — Why Diversity and Inclusion in Media Matters,” *ARCC Blog*, January 26, 2025, <https://joinarcc.org/the-power-of-representation-why-diversity-and-inclusion-in-media-matters/>.

endeavor that ultimately brings satisfaction to all involved. Encouraging students to tell stories through their recitals can result in a more personal and detailed performance.

Appendix A

Program #1

Recital
February 27, 2026
Gildenhorn Recital Hall

“Mattinata”	Ruggero Leoncavallo
“Per la gloria d’adorarvi”	Giovanni Battista Bononcini
“Amarilli”	Giulio Caccini
“Nina”	Giovanni Pergolesi or Vincenzo Legrenzo Ciampi
<i>Don Quichotte à Dulcinée</i>	Maurice Ravel
“Chanson Romanesque”	
“Chanson épique”	
“Chanson à boire”	
“Or dove fuggo io mai?... Ah! per sempre io ti perdei”	Vincenzo Bellini
<i>from I puritani</i>	
“La vague et la cloche”	Henri Duparc
“Non ti scordar di me”	Ernesto De Curtis

INTERMISSION

<i>Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen</i>	Gustav Mahler
I. “Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht”	
II. “Ging heut’ Morgen über’s Feld”	
III. “Ich hab’ ein glühend’ Messer”	
IV. “Die zwei blauen Augen”	

Appendix B

Program #2

Recital
March 28, 2026
Ulrich Recital Hall

Canções de Amor, 1a Série

Cláudio Santoro

“Ouve o silêncio”

“Acalanto da rosa”

“Bem pior que a morte”

“Balada da flor da terra”

“Amor que partiu”

“Azulão”

Jayme Ovalle

Três canções populares

Cláudio Santoro

“Luar do meu bem”

“Amor em lágrimas”

“Cantiga do ausente”

“Morena, morena”

Francisco Mignone

“Canção do poeta do século XVIII”

Heitor Villa-Lobos

“Foi numa noite calmosa”

Luciano Gallet

“Saudade”

Helza Cameu

INTERMISSION

Canções de amor, 2a Série

Cláudio Santoro

“Jardim noturno”

“Pregão da saudade”

“Alma perdida”

“Em algum lugar”

“A mais dolorosa das histórias”

“Manhã de amor”

Chiquinha Gonzaga

“Valsa da Lydia”

“Noivado”

“Lua branca”

“Meu amor me disse adeus”

Cláudio Santoro

Appendix C

Program #3

Recital
April 7, 2026
Ulrich Recital Hall

“California”	Steven Mark Kohn
“On the Other Shore”	
“Long Time Ago”	Aaron Copland
“At the River”	

<i>Gambling Songs</i>	John Jacob Niles
“The Rovin’ Gambler”	
“The Gambler’s Lament”	
“The Gambler’s Wife (By-Low)”	
“Gambler, Don’t You Lose Your Place”	
“The Gambler’s Song of the Big Sandy River”	

“Prayer”	H. Leslie Adams
“Lady of the Harbor”	Lee Hoiby

INTERMISSION

<i>A Question of Light</i>	Jake Heggie
1. The Light of Coincidences	
2. Eccentric Flint	
3. Yellow Roses in a Vase	
4. Place de la Concorde	
5. El Hombre	
6. Watch	

Appendix D

Texts and Translations

Translations from Portuguese to English by Henrique Carvalho

Mattinata

Text by: Ruggero Leoncavallo

L'Aurora, di bianco vestita,
Già l'uscio dischiude al gran sol,
Di già con le rose sue dita
Carezza de' fiori lo stuol!
Commosso da un fremito arcano
Intorno il creato già par,
E tu non ti desti, ed invano
Mi sto qui dolente a cantar:
Metti anche tu la veste bianca
e schiudi l'uscio al tuo cantor!
Ove non sei la luce manca,
Ove tu sei nasce l'amor!

Per la gloria d'adorarvi

Text by: Apostolo Zeno

Per la gloria d'adorarvi
voglio amarvi,
o luci care.
Amando penerò,
ma sempre v'amerò,
sì, sì, nel mio penare,
penerò,
v'amerò,
luci care.

Senza speme di diletto
vano affetto
è sospirare,
ma i vostri dolci rai
chi vagheggiar può mai
e non, e non v'amare?
penerò,
v'amerò,
luci care!

Morning

Translation by Antonio Giuliano

The dawn, dressed in white,
has already opened the door to the sun,
and with pink fingers
caresses the myriads with flowers.
A mysterious trembling seems
to disturb all nature,
yet you will not get up, and vainly
I stand here sadly and sing.
Dress yourself, too, in white
and open the door to your serenader!
Where you are not, all is dark,
where you are, love is born!

For the glory of adoring you

Translation by: Thomas A. Gregg

For the glory of adoring you
I want to love you,
oh dear eyes.
In love I will suffer,
yet always I will love you,
Yes, in my suffering:
I will suffer,
I will love you,
dear, dear eyes.

Without a hope of pleasure
It is vain affection
to sigh,
Yet your sweet glances:
Who can ever admire them,
No, and not love you?
I will suffer,
I will love you,
dear, dear eyes.

Amarilli, mia bella,
Text by: Alessandro Guarini

Amarilli, mia bella,
Non credi, o del mio cor dolce desio,
D'esser tu l'amor mio?
Credilo pur: e se timor t'assale,
[Dubitar non ti vale.]¹
Aprimi il petto e vedrai scritto in core:
Amarilli, Amarilli, Amarilli
è il mio amore.

Nina
Text by: Giovanni Battista Pergolesi/Vincenzo
Legrenzo Ciampi

Tre giorni son che Nina
In letto se ne sta.

Pifferi, timpani, cembali
Svegliate mia Ninetta
Acciò non dorma più

Chanson romanesque
Text by: Paul Morand

Si vous me disiez que la terre
À tant tourner vous offense,
Je lui dépêcherais Pança:
Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.

Si vous me disiez que l'ennui
Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d'astres,
Déchirant les divins cadastres,
Je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.

Si vous me disiez que l'espace
Ainsi vidé ne vous plaît point,
Chevalier dieu, la lance au poing,
J'étoilerais le vent qui passe.

Mais si vous disiez que mon sang
Est plus à moi qu'à vous, ma Dame,
Je blêmirais dessous le blâme
Et je mourrais, vous bénissant.

Ô Dulcinée.

Amaryllis, my lovely one,
Translation by: Katherine McGuire

Amaryllis, my lovely one,
do you not believe, o my heart's sweet desire,
That you are my love?
Believe it thus: and if fear assails you,
Doubt not its truth.¹
Open my breast and see written on my heart:
Amaryllis, Amaryllis, Amaryllis,
Is my beloved.

Nina
Translation by: Brian Charles Witkowski

For three days Nina
has stayed in her bed.

Cymbals, drums, and shawms,
waken my little Nina,
so she may not sleep any more.

Romantic song
Translation by: Richard Stokes

Were you to tell that the earth
Offended you with so much turning,
I'd dispatch Panza to deal with it:
You'd see it still and silenced.

Were you to tell me that you are wearied
By a sky too studded with stars -
Tearing the divine order asunder,
I'd scythe the night with a single blow.

Were you to tell me that space itself,
Thus denuded was not to your taste -
As a god-like knight, with lance in hand,
I'd sow the fleeting wind with stars.

But were you to tell me that my blood
Is more mine, my Lady, than your own,
I'd pale at the admonishment
And, blessing you, would die.

O Dulcinea.

Chanson épique**Texty by: Paul Morand**

Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir
De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,
Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir
Pour lui complaire et la défendre,
Bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre
Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel
De la Madone au bleu mantel.

D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame
Et son égale en pureté
Et son égale en piété
Comme en pudeur et chasteté:
Ma Dame.

(Ô grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel)
L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,
Ma douce Dame si pareille
À Vous, Madone au bleu mantel!
Amen.

Chanson à boire**Text by: Paul Morand**

Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,
Qui pour me perdre à vos doux yeux
Dit que l'amour et le vin vieux
Mettent en deuil mon cœur, mon âme !

Je bois
À la joie !
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit ... lorsque j'ai bu !

Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,
Qui geint, qui pleure et fait serment
D'être toujours ce pâle amant
Qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse !

Je bois
À la joie !
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit ...
Lorsque j'ai bu !

Epic Song**Translation by: Richard Stokes**

Good Saint Michael who gives me leave
To behold and hear my Lady,
Good Saint Michael who deigns to elect me
To please her and defend her,
Good Saint Michael, descend, I pray,
With Saint George onto the altar
Of the Madonna robed in blue.

With a heavenly beam bless my blade
And its equal in purity
And its equal in piety
As in modesty and chastity:
My Lady.

(O great Saint George and great Saint Michael)
Bless the angel watching over my vigil,
My sweet Lady, so like unto Thee,
O Madonna robed in blue!
Amen.

Drinking song**Translation by: Richard Stokes**

A pox on the bastard, illustrious Lady,
Who to discredit me in your sweet eyes,
Says that love and old wine
Are saddening my heart and soul!

I drink
To joy!
Joy is the only goal
To which I go straight... when I'm... drunk!

A pox on the jealous wretch, O dusky mistress,
Who whines and weeps and vows
Always to be this lily-livered lover
Who dilutes his drunkenness!

I drink
To joy!
Joy is the only goal
To which I go straight... when I'm... drunk!

Or dove fuggo io mai?... Ah! Per sempre io ti perdei
Text by: Carlo Pepoli

Or dove fuggo mai? ... Dove mai celo
Gli orrendi affanni miei? Come quei canti
Mi risuonano all'anima amari pianti!
O Elvira, Elvira, o mio sospir soave,
Per sempre, per sempre, io ti perdei!
Senza speme ed amor, in questa vita
Or che rimane a me?

Ah! Per sempre io ti perdei,
Fior d'amore, o mia speranza;
Ah! La vita che m'avanza
Sarà piena di dolor!
Quando errai per anni ed anni
In poter della ventura,
Io sfidai sciagura e affanni
Nella speme del tuo amor.

La vague et la cloche (1871)
Text by: François Coppée

Une fois, terrassé par un puissant breuvage,
J'ai rêvé que parmi les vagues et le bruit
De la mer, je voguais sans fanal dans la nuit,
Morne rameur, n'ayant plus l'espoir du rivage...

L'Océan me crachait ses baves sur le front,
Et le vent me glaçait d'horreur jusqu'aux entrailles,
Les vagues s'écroulaient ainsi que des murailles
Avec ce rythme lent qu'un silence interrompt...

Puis tout changea... la mer et sa noire mêlée

Sombrèrent ... sous mes pieds s'effondra le plancher
De la barque...Et j'étais seul dans un vieux clocher,
Chevauchant avec rage une cloche ébranlée.

J'étreignais la criarde opiniâtrement,
Convulsif et fermant dans l'effort mes paupières.
Le grondement faisait trembler les vieilles pierres,
Tant j'activais sans fin le lourd balancement.

Pourquoi n'as-tu pas dit, ô rêve, où Dieu nous mène?
Pourquoi n'as-tu pas dit s'ils ne finiraient pas,
L'inutile travail et l'éternel fracas
Dont est faite la vie, hélas! la vie humaine!

Now wherever do I flee?... Ah! I lost you forever
Translation by: Hal Leonard Corp.

Now wherever do I flee? Where will I hide my terrible
troubles? How those songs sound like bitter weeping to
my soul!
O Elvira, Elvira, O my gentle spirit,
I lost you forever!
Without trust and love, in this life
what is now left to me?

Ah! I lost you forever,
flower of love, O my hope.
Ah! the life that remains to me
will be filled with sorrow!
When I wandered for years and years
at the mercy of fortune,
I dared disaster and hardship
in the trust of your love.

The wave and the bell (1871)
Translation by: Richard Stokes

Once, laid low by a potent draught,
I dreamed that amid the waves and the roar
Of the sea I drifted without beacon at night,
A bleak oarsman, with no hope of reaching land...

The ocean spat its foam on my brow,
And the wind froze me through with horror,
The waves crashed down like walls about me,
With that slow rhythm a silence severs...

Then everything changed. The sea and its black tumult
Subsided. Beneath my feet the floor of the boat
Gave way... And I was alone in an old bell-tower,
Furiously riding a swaying bell.

I doggedly clasped the clamorous metal,
Convulsed, and closing my eyes with the effort.
The booming made the old stones tremble,
So constantly I quickened the heavy swing.

Why did you not say, O dream, where God leads us?
Why did you not say if they will ever end,
The fruitless toil and the endless strife
Of which human life, alas, is made?

Non ti scordar di me
Text by: Domenico Furnò

Partirono le rondini dal mio paese freddo
E senza sole
Cercando primavera di viole
Nidi d'amore e di felicità
La mia piccola rondine partì
Senza lasciarmi un bacio
Senza un addio partì

Non ti scordar di me
La vita mia legata a te
Io t'amo sempre più
Nel sogno mio rimani tu
Non ti scordar di me
La vita mia legata a te
C'è sempre un nido nel mio cor per te
Non ti scordar di me

Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht
Text by: Gustav Mahler

Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht,
Fröhliche Hochzeit macht,
Hab' ich meinen traurigen Tag!
Geh' ich in mein Kämmerlein,
Dunkles Kämmerlein!
Weine! wein'! Um meinen Schatz,
Um meinen lieben Schatz!

Blümlein blau! Blümlein blau!
Verdorre nicht! Verdorre nicht!
Vöglein süß! Vöglein süß!
Du singst auf grüner Heide!
„Ach, wie ist die Welt so schön!
Ziküth! Ziküth!“

Singet nicht! Blühet nicht!
Lenz ist ja vorbei!
Alles Singen ist nun aus!
Des Abends, wenn ich schlafen geh',
Denk' ich an mein Leid!
An mein Leide!

Do not forget me
Translated by: Henrique Carvalho

All of the swallows have left my cold and sunless
country
Searching for springtimes of violets
Nests of love and happiness
My little swallow left
Without leaving me a kiss
Without a farewell, left

Do not forget me
My life tied to you
I love you always
In my dreams you remain
Do not forget me
My life tied to you
There is always a nest in my hear for you
Do not forget me

When my love has her wedding-day
Translation by: Richard Stokes

When my love has her wedding-day,
Her joyous wedding-day,
I have my day of mourning!
I go into my little room,
My dark little room!
I weep, weep! For my love,
My dearest love!

Blue little flower! Blue little flower!
Do not wither, do not wither!
Sweet little bird! Sweet little bird!
Singing on the green heath!
'Ah, how fair the world is!
Jug-jug! Jug-jug!'

Do not sing! Do not bloom!
For spring is over!
All singing now is done!
At night, when I go to rest,
I think of my sorrow!
My sorrow!

Ging heut' Morgen über's Feld
Text by: Gustav Mahler

Ging heut' morgen über's Feld,
Tau noch auf den Gräsern hing;
Sprach zu mir der lust'ge Fink:
„Ei du! Gelt?
Guten Morgen! Ei, Gelt? Du!
Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Zink! Zink! Schön und flink!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt!“

Auch die Glockenblum' am Feld
Hat mir lustig, guter Ding',
Mit den Glöckchen, klinge, kling,
Ihren Morgengruß geschellt:
„Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Kling! Kling! Schönes Ding!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt!“

Und da fing im Sonnenschein
Gleich die Welt zu funkeln an;
Alles, alles, Ton und Farbe gewann!
Im Sonnenschein!
Blum' und Vogel, groß und klein!
„Guten Tag! Guten Tag!
Ist's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Ei, du! Gelt? Schöne Welt!“

Nun fängt auch mein Glück wohl an?
Nein! Nein! Das ich mein',
Mir nimmer, nimmer blühen kann!

I walked across the fields this morning
Translation by: Richard Stokes

I walked across the fields this morning,
Dew still hung on the grass,
The merry finch said to me:
'You there, hey –
Good morning! Hey, you there!
Isn't it a lovely world?
Tweet! Tweet! Bright and sweet!
O how I love the world!'

And the harebell at the field's edge,
Merrily and in good spirits,
Ding-ding with its tiny bell
Rang out its morning greeting:
'Isn't it a lovely world?
Ding-ding! Beautiful thing!
O how I love the world!'

And then in the gleaming sun
The world at once began to sparkle;
All things gained in tone and colour!
In the sunshine!
Flower and bird, great and small.
'Good day! Good day!
Isn't it a lovely world?
Hey, you there?! A lovely world!'

Will my happiness now begin?
No! No! The happiness I mean
Can never bloom for me!

Ich hab' ein glühend Messer
Text by: Gustav Mahler

Ich hab' ein glühend Messer,
Ein Messer in meiner Brust,
O weh! O weh!
Das schneid't so tief
In jede Freud' und jede Lust,
So tief! so tief!
Es schneid't so weh und tief!

Ach, was ist das für ein böser Gast!
Nimmer hält er Ruh',
Nimmer hält er Rast!
Nicht bei Tag,
Nicht bei Nacht, wenn ich schlief!
O weh! O weh! O weh!

Wenn ich in dem Himmel seh',
Seh' ich zwei blaue Augen steh'n!
O weh! O weh!
Wenn ich im gelben Felde geh',
Seh' ich von fern das blonde Haar
Im Winde wehn! O weh! O weh!
Wenn ich aus dem Traum auffahr'
Und höre klingen ihr silbern Lachen,
O weh! O weh!
Ich wollt', ich läg' auf der schwarzen Bahr',
Könnt' nimmer die Augen aufmachen!

Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz
Text by: Gustav Mahler

Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz,
Die haben mich in die weite Welt geschickt.
Da muß't ich Abschied nehmen
Vom allerliebsten Platz!
O Augen blau, warum habt ihr mich angeblickt?
Nun hab' ich ewig Leid und Grämen!

Ich bin ausgegangen in stiller Nacht,
Wohl über die dunkle Heide.
Hat mir niemand Ade gesagt, Ade!
Mein Gesell' war Lieb' und Leide!

Auf der Straße stand ein Lindenbaum,
Da hab' ich zum ersten Mal im Schlaf geruht!
Unter dem Lindenbaum,
Der hat seine Blüten über mich geschneit,
Da wußt' ich nicht, wie das Leben tut,
War alles, alles wieder gut!
Alles! Alles!
Lieb und Leid, und Welt und Traum!

I've a gleaming knife
Translated by: Richard Stokes

I've a gleaming knife,
A knife in my breast,
Alas! Alas!
It cuts so deep
Into every joy and every bliss,
So deep, so deep!
It cuts so sharp and deep!

Ah, what a cruel guest it is!
Never at peace,
Never at rest!
Neither by day
Nor by night, when I'd sleep!
Alas! Alas! Alas!

When I look into the sky,
I see two blue eyes!
Alas! Alas!
When I walk in the yellow field,
I see from afar her golden hair
Blowing in the wind! Alas! Alas!
When I wake with a jolt from my dream
And hear her silvery laugh,
Alas! Alas!
I wish I were lying on the black bier,
And might never open my eyes again!

The two blue eyes of my love
Translation by: Richard Stokes

The two blue eyes of my love
Have sent me into the wide world.
I had to bid farewell
To the place I loved most!
O blue eyes, why did you look on me?
Grief and sorrow shall now be mine forever!

I set out in the still night,
Across the dark heath.
No one bade me farewell, farewell!
My companions were love and sorrow!

A lime tree stood by the roadside,
Where I first found peace in sleep!
Under the lime tree
Which snowed its blossom on me,
I was not aware of how life hurts,
And all, all was well once more!
All! All!
Love and sorrow, and world and dream!

Canções de Amor, 1.a série

Text by Vinicius Moraes

“Ouve o silêncio”

Cala, ouve o silêncio, ouve o silêncio
Que nos fala tristemente desse amor
Que não podemos ter
Não fala, fala baixinho
Diz bem de leve um segredo
Um verso de esperança em nosso amor
Não ó meu amor!
Canta a beleza de viver!
Saúda o sol e a alegria de amar
Em nossa grande solidão!

Hear the silence

Hush, listen to the silence, listen to the silence
That tells us sadly of this love
That we cannot have
Do not speak, speak softly
Say very lightly a secret
A verse of hope in our love
No oh my love!
Sing the beauty of living!
Greet the sun and the joy of loving
In our great solitude.

“Acalanto da rosa”

Dorme a estrela do céu
Dorme a rosa em seu jardim
Dorme a lua no mar
Dorme o amor dentro de mim
É preciso pisar leve
Ai, é preciso não falar

Meu amor se adormece
Quão suave é o seu perfume
Dorme em paz rosa pura
O teu sono não tem fim

Lullaby of the rose

Sleep the star in the sky
Sleep the rose in its garden
Sleep the moon on the sea
Sleep the love within me
One must step lightly
Ah, one must not speak

My love go to sleep
How gentle is your fragrance
Sleep in peace pure rose
Your sleep has no end

“Bem pior que a morte”

Bem pior que a morte
É deixar só o amor
Oh, minha amada
Na hora em que eu me for
Sozinho na treva
Oh, vem comigo
Oh, vem comigo
Lá onde existe a grande paz
O amor em paz

Much worse than death

Much worse than death
Is to leave love alone
Oh, my loved one
In the hour that I go
Alone in the darkness
Oh, come with me
Oh, come with me
There where a great peace exists
My love in peace

“Balada da flor da terra”

Nem a luz da lua na tarde
Nem a onda do mar quando ela vem
Nem a flor do céu quando se abre
Têm a graça de você

Meu amor
É bonita
É bonita

Ai, que aroma o corpo do meu bem
Ai, que negros são os seus cabelos
Meu bem, não vá mais embora
Não me deixe por favor
Sem meu bem eu me morro
Eu me morro de amor
De amor
De amor

“Amor que partiu”

Dor
De querer quem não vem
Dor
De viver sem seu bem
Oh, dor
Que perdoa ninguém
Meu amor
Não tem compaixão
Partiu
Oh, flor
Paixão
Amor que partiu
Tem dó de mim
Assim sem meu bem
Oh, vem perto de mim
Que sofro na solidão
Tão triste dor

Ballad of the flour of the Earth

Not even the light of the moon in the evening
Not even a wave of the sea when it comes in
Not even a flower of heaven when it opens
Has the grace of you

My love
Is beautiful
Is beautiful

Ah, what aroma the body of my dear
Ah, how black are her hairs
My dear, do not go away anymore
Do not leave me please
Without my dear I die
I die of love
Of love
Of love

Love that parted

Pain
Of wanting who does not come
Pain
Of living without your dear
Oh, pain
That forgives no one
My love
Does not have compassion
She left
Oh, flower
Passion
Love that left
Pity me
Like this without my dear
Oh, come close to me
That I suffer in solitude
Such sad pain

“Azulão”

Text by Manuel Bandeira

Vai,
Azulão,
Azulão,
Companheiro,
Vai!
Vai ver minha ingrata

Diz
Que sem ela
O sertão
Não é mais
Sertão!
Ai! Voa
Azulão
Vai contar,
Companheiro,
Vai!

“Bluebird”

Translation by Henrique Carvalho

Go,
Bluebird,
Bluebird,
Buddy,
Go!
Go see my ungrateful woman

Tell her
That without her
The wilderness
Is no longer
The wilderness!
Ah! Fly
Bluebird
Go tell her,
Buddy,
Go!

Três Canções Populares

Text by Vinicius Moraes

“Luar do meu bem”

O meu amor mora longe
Tão longe
Que já nem sei mais
A lua no céu também mora longe
Mas brilha no mar
Assim o meu bem
Que quanto mais além
Mais me faz pensar
Saudade, meu desespero
É minha consolação
Diz ao meu bem
Que eu não quero
Sentir mais saudade, não

Moonlight of my dear

My love lives far away
So far away
That I do not know anymore
The moon in the sky also lives far away
But shines on the sea
Like this my dear
Who even further still
Makes me think even more
Longing, my despair
Is my consolation
I said to my dear
That I do not want
To feel any more longing, no

“Amor em lágrimas”

Ouve o mar que soluça na solidão
Ouve, amor, o mar que soluça
Na mais triste solidão
E ouve, amor, os ventos que voltam
Dos espaços que ninguém sabe
Sobre as ondas se debruçam
E soluçam de paixão
E ouve, amor, no fundo da noite
Como as árvores ao vento
Num lamento se debruçam
E soluçam para o chão
Deixa amor que um corpo sedento
Como as árvores e o vento
No teu corpo se debruce
E soluça de paixão

Love in tears

Hear the sea that sobs in solitude
Hear, love, the sea that sobs
In the saddest solitude
And hear, love, the winds that return
From spaces that no one knows
Over the waves they lean over
And they sob from passion
And hear, love, in the deep of the night
How the trees at the wind
In a lament lean over
And sob to the ground
Let my love that a thirsty body
Like the trees and the wind
On your body lean over
And sob from passion

“Cantiga do ausente”

Se eu ando assim tão triste
Tão cheio de langor
É porque nada existe
Para mim sem meu amor

E ela está tão longe, tão longe
Que nem sei
E o seu olhar tão lindo
Não pode nem me ver

E as suas mãos morenas
Já nem podem me acenar
E só me resta a esperança
De ver meu amor voltar

Com os seus cabelos negros
E a sua graça pequenina
E a sua ternura linda
E o seu gostar de mim
Como ela me dizia
Feliz a soluçar
Eu te amo tanto
Que já nem sei mais

Cantiga of the absent

If I walk like this so sad
So full of languor
It is because nothing exists
For me without my love

And she is so far away, so far away
That I do not even know
And her gaze so beautiful
Cannot even see me

And her tan hands
Now cannot even wave to me
And all that is left is hope
Of seeing my love return

With her black hair
And her little grace
And her beautiful tenderness
And how she likes me
How she would tell me
Happy to sob
I love you so much
That I do not know any more

“Morena, morena”

Text by Catulo da Paixão Cearense

Morena, morena
teus olhos castanhos
teus olhos brilhantes
são dois diamantes

Morena, morena,
morena, morena,
morena, morena,
tem pena de mim!

Teus olhos me matam
com a graça que têm
serás criminosa
e eu perco meu bem

Brunette, brunette
Your brown eyes
Your bright eyes
Are two diamonds

Brunette, brunette
Brunette, brunette,
Brunette, brunette,
pity me!

Your eyes kill me
with the grace that they have
You will be a criminal
and I lose my goodness.

“Canção do poeta do século XVIII”

Text by Alfredo Ferreira

Sonhei que a noite era festiva e triste a lua
E nós dois na estrada enlutarada fria e nua
Nuvens a correr em busca de quimeras.
E com as nossas ilusões de fantasias
De viver como no céu a cantar
uma doce canção que enche de luz
o amor e a vida nas lindas primaveras

I dreamt that the night was festive and the moon was
sad
And we two, in the moonlit, cold, bare street
Clouds running searching for chimeras.
And with our illusions of fantasies
Of living like in heaven singing
a sweet song that fills with light
Love and life in beautiful springtimes.

“Foi numa noite calmosa”
Text by Anonymous

Foi numa noite calmosa
qu’ te vi mulher formosa
e te amei
E fiquei embriagado
com o sorriso perfumado
qu’ alcancei

Cambaleando por momentos
dirigi-me à passos lentos
junto à ti
Foi então qu’ ouvi dizer,
ninguém ama sem sofrer
e eu sofri

Mas voltando a realidade
que tortura, que saudade experimentei,
pois a mulher que me amou
nunca mais em mim pensou
e eu chorei

“Saudade”
Text by Vicente de Carvalho

Belos amores perdidos
Muito fiz eu com perder-vos;
Deixar-vos, sim; esquecer-vos
Fôra demais, não o fiz

Tudo se arranca do seio —
Amor, desejo, esperança...
Só não se arranca a lembrança
De quando se foi feliz

Roseira de tanta rosa,
Roseira de tanto espinho,
Que eu deixei pelo caminho...
Aberta em flôr e parti.

Por não me perder... Perdi...
Mas mal posso assegurar-me
Com te perder e ganhar-me
Si ganhei ou si perdi.

It was on a calm night
That I saw you beautiful woman
and I loved you
And I became drunk
with the perfumed smile
That I achieved

Stumbling for some moments
I drove myself in slow steps
to join you
It was, then, that I heard,
No one loves without suffering
and I suffered

But returning to reality
What torture, what longing I felt,
For the woman who loved me
Never again thought of me
and I wept.

Beautiful loves lost
I did much to lose you;
Leave you, yes; forget you
Was too much, I did not do it

Everything is ripped from the breast —
Love, desire, hope...
But memories of when one was happy
Cannot be ripped away

Rosebush of many roses,
Rosebush of many thorns,
That I left on my path...
Blooming and I left.

By not losing myself... I lost you...
But I can barely assure myself
That with losing you and gaining myself
If I won or if I lost.

Canções de Amor, 2.a série
Text by Vinicius Moraes

“Jardim noturno”

Se, meu amor distante
Eu sou como um jardim noturno
Meu silêncio é o seu perfume
A se exalar em vão dentro da noite
Oh, volta, minha amada
A morte ronda em teu jardim
As rosas tremem
E a lua nem parece
Mais lembrar de mim

Nocturnal garden

If, my distant love
I am like a nocturnal garden
My silence is your fragrance
To exhale in vain in the night
Oh, come back, my loved one
Death circles your garden
The roses tremble
And the moon doesn't even seem
To remember me anymore

“Pregão da saudade”

Di quem quer minha tristeza
Di quem quer minha aflição
Se quiser, vendo barato
Fiado não vendo, não

Também tenho uma saudade
Uma saudade de um bem-querer
Todos dois dou até dado
Pois não quero mais sofrer

Proclamation of longing

Say who wants my sadness
Say who wants my affliction
If you would like it, I sell it for cheap
Trusting I do not sell it, no

I also have a longing
A longing of an affection
Both I give until given
For I do not want to suffer any longer

“Alma perdida”

Alma perdida teu canto chão
Tão longe, tão sozinho
Chegou até mim
Ai quisera eu tanto dizer
Volta ó alma perdide
Volta ó alma
Vem amar, vem sofrer...

Lost soul

Lost soul your corner ground
So far away, so alone
Came to me
Ah I wanted so much to say
Come back oh lost soul
Come back oh soul
Come love, come suffer...

“Em algum lugar”

Deve existir, eu sei que deve existir
Algum lugar onde o amor
Possa viver a sua vida em paz
E esquecido de que existe a dor
Ser feliz, ser feliz, bem feliz.

In some place

It must exist, I know that it must exist
Some place where love
Can live its life in peace
And having forgotten that pain exists
Be happy, be happy, very happy.

“A mais dolorosa das histórias”

Silêncio
Façam silêncio
Quero dizer-vos minha tristeza
Minha saudade e a dor
A dor que há no meu canto

Oh, silenciai
Vós que assim vos agitais
Perdidamente em vão
Meu coração vos canta
A mais dolorosa das histórias
Minha amada partiu
Partiu

Oh, grande desespero de quem ama
Ver partir o seu amor

The most painful of stories

Silence
Be silent
I want to tell you my sadness
My longing and the pain
The pain that I have in my singing

Oh be silent
that thusly you agitate
Lost in vain
My heart sings to you
The most painful of stories
My beloved left
Left

Oh, great despair of one who loves
To see your love depart

“Manhã de amor”
Text by C. C.

Lá vem a nuvem dourada
Erguendo-se no horizonte
Não tarda que a madrugada
Após a nuvem desponte

Ah! Entre o amor e o desejo
Vem o dia do intervalo
Só posso te dar um beijo
Não ouves cantar o galo

Olha, não vás, um beijo mais
Deixa morena nos teus lábios dar
Oh! bella esquiva deixa que eu viva
O gala canta, deixá-lo cantar!

Da noite rasgou-se o véu
Desfez-se a grata ilusão!
Nenhuma estrela no céu
De amor findou-se a canção

Ah! Adeus, adeus aí vem o sol
Dourando as águas do mar!
São horas! Olha o arrebol...
Lá torna o galo a cantar!

Olha, não vás, um beijo mais...
Deixa morena nos teus lábios dar
Ó bela esquiva deixa que eu viva
O galo canta deixá-lo cantar!

Das aves começa o canto
No jardim acorda a flor
Quebrou-se o mágico encanto
Da nossa manhã de amor

Ah! Toma é o último beijo
Deste amoroso intervalo
Esperemos outro ensejo
Adeus! que lá canta o galo!

There comes the golden cloud
Hanging on the horizon
It won't be long that dawn emerges
After the cloud.

Ah! Love and desire enter
The day comes from its recess
I can only give you a kiss
Do you not hear the rooster singing

Look, don't go, one more kiss
Let me, brunette, on your lips give
Oh! beautiful escape let me live
The rooster sings, let him sing!

The veil of night has been torn
The grateful illusion has been undone
Not a star in the sky
Of love has ended the song.

Ah! Good bye, good bye, then comes the sun
Gilding the waters of the sea!
It's about time! Look at the afterglow...
There again the rooster sings!

Look, don't go, one more kiss
Let me, brunette, on your lips give
Oh! beautiful escape let me live
The rooster sings, let him sing!

The song of the birds starts
The flower awakens in the garden
The magical enchantment is broken
Of our morning of love

Ah! Take it, the final kiss
Of this loving pause
We hope for another opportunity
Goodbye! For there sings the rooster!

“Valse de Lydia”
Text by Cardozo Junior

Seu Vinhaça tenho medo,
Tenho medo seu Vinhaça;
Chifrada não é brincado,
Chifrada nunca foi graça

Se um touro pula a trincheira,
Nisto fico a pensar eu...
Minha avó sem ser toureira,
De uma chifrada morreu!

Eu não gosto de tourada,
Eu detesto este pagode!
Isto de levar chifrada
Ser coisa boa não pode!

Mal vejo um touro na arena,
Sinto-me toda a tremer
Do próprio boi tenho pena,
Pois farpa deve doer!

Chuchar um ferro no couro
Sem ter feito nenhum mal,
O senhor se fosse touro
Não gostaria de tal!

Sim, o senhor, seu Vinhaça,
Se fosse boi dava berro,
Não gostava de chalaça
De lhe meterem um ferro

Mr. Vinhaça I'm afraid,
I'm afraid Mr. Vinhaça;
Getting gored is not a joke,
Getting gored was never fun.

If a pull jumps the ditch,
I keep thinking about this...
My grandmother, without ever being a matador,
Died from being gored!

I don't like the bullfight,
I hate this racket!
This getting gored
Cannot be a good thing!

I barely see a bull in the arena,
I feel myself tremble
I feel bad for the bull,
For banderillas must hurt!

Suckin a piece of iron in the hide
Without haveing done any wrong,
You, if you were a bull,
Would not like this!

Yes, you, Mr. Vinhaça,
If you were a bull you would scream,
You would not like the just
Of sticking you with an iron!

“Noivado”
Text by Dr. Lúcio de Mendonça

Vem! Que já voltando vejo
As andorinhas do exílio
Há em cada sombra um beijo
Em cada sombra um idílio.
Que mais nosso amor espera?
Tudo nos convida;
Vem!
Vem noiva minha,
A primavera, é um noivado também!

Tu verás por onde fores,
Em longo êxtase inocente
Cada voz declara amores
Cada silêncio consente
O céu azul abençoa
Os lábios teus dizem sim
Como a natureza é boa!
Como é boa para mim!

Olha! O meu destino invade
Noite negra que apavora
Abre nesta escuridade
Teus olhos cheios de aurora.
A doce luz da alvorada
Que nasce de um olhar teu
Vê minha alma deslumbrada
Toda carinho, toda carinho do céu!

A fronte é lira em que trago
Mil harmonias divinais
Que esperam somente o afago
De tuas mãos pequeninas
Brotam raios de poesia
Como as flores de ardentia
Que os remos abrem no mar!
Que os remos abrem no mar!

Come! That coming back I see
The swallows from their exile
In every shadow there is a kiss
In every shadow an idyll.
What more does our love wait for?
Everything invites us;
Come!
Come, my bride,
Springtime is a betrothal as well!

You will see it wherever you go,
In a long, innocent ecstasy,
Each voice declares loves
Each silence consents
The blue sky blesses
Your lips say yes
How nature is beautiful!
How it is good to me!

Look! My destiny invades
The dark night that terrifies
In this darkness your eyes open
Full of the dawn.
The sweet light of daybreak
That is born from one of your glances
See my dazzled soul
All affection, all affection from heaven!

The brow is a lyre on which I bring
A thousand divine harmonies
That wait only for the caress
Of your small hands
Rays of poetry bloom
Like the fiery flowers
That the oars open on the sea!
That the oars open on the sea!

“Lua branca”
Text by Chiquinha Gonzaga

Oh! Lua branca de fulgores e de encanto
Se é verdade que ao amor tu dás abrigo
Vem tirar dos olhos meus o pranto
Ai, vem matar esta paixão que anda comigo

Ai, por quem és, desce do céu... Oh! Lua branca,
Essa amargura do meu peito... Oh! Vem, arranca
Dá-me o luar da tua compaixão
Oh! Vem, por Deus, iluminar meu coração

E quantas vezes lá no céu me aparecias
A brilhar em noite calma e constelada
A sua luz, então, me surpreendia
Ajoelhado junto aos pés da minha amada

E ela a chorar, a soluçar, cheia de pejo
Vinha em seus lábios me ofertar um doce beijo.
Ela partiu, me abandonou assim...
Oh! Lua Branca, por quem és, tem dó de mim.

Oh! White moon of gleaming and enchantment
If it is true that to love you give shelter
Come take from my eyes the weeping
Ah, come kill this passion that walks with me

Ah, for who you are, descend from the sky, Oh white
moon,
This bitterness in my chest... Oh! Come rip it out
Give me the moonlight of your compassion
Oh! Come, by God, illuminate my heart

And how many times there in the sky you appeared to
me
To shine in a calm and starry night
Your light, then, surprised me
Kneeling together at the feet of my love

And she, crying, sobbing, full of shame
Came with her lips to offer me a sweet kiss
She left, abandoned me like this...
Oh! White moon, for who you are, pity me.

“Meu Amor me disse Adeus”
Text by Gisèle Santoro

Meu amor me disse adeus
Foi-se embora e se esqueceu de mim
E a saudade em meu coração bateu
E a tristeza agora não tem fim
O meu bem não quer voltar
Oh porque não quer voltar
Se a dor de te saber tão longe assim
vai me matar
O meu bem não me quer
Meu amor me disse adeus
Vou chorar

My love said “goodbye” to me
He went away and forgot of me
And the longing struck within my heart
And the sadness now has no end
My dear does not want to come back
Oh why he does not want to come back
If the pain of knowing you so far away like this will kill
me
My dear does not want me
My love said “goodbye” to me
I will cry

“California”
Folk song text

When formed our band, we are all well-manned
To journey far to the promised land.
The golden ore is rich in store
On the banks of the Sacramento shore

Chorus:
Then, ho! Boys ho!
To California go
There’s plenty of gold or so I’m told
On the banks of the Sacramento!

We all expect the coarsest fair,
Sleeping out in the open air.
On the ground we’ll all sleep sound,
‘cept when the wolves go howlin’ round!

As we explore the distant shore,
Filling our pockets up with ore.
Hear the sound, the shout goes ‘round,
Filling our pockets with a dozen pounds!

The gold is almost ev’rywhere,
We dig it out with an iron bar!
But where it’s thick, with spade or pick,
We take out chunks as big as a brick!

As oft we roam the dark sea foam
We’ll not forget our friends at home.
For memory kind will bring to mind
The love of those we left behind.

“On the Other Shore”

Folk song text

I have a mother gone to glory,
I have a mother gone to glory,
I have a mother gone to glory,
On the other shore.

By and by I'll go to see her,
By and by I'll go to see her,
By and by I'll go to see her,
On the other shore.

Won't that be a happy meetin',
Won't that be a happy meetin',
Won't that be a happy meetin',
On the other shore.

There we'll see our good old neighbors,
There we'll see our good old neighbors,
There we'll see our good old neighbors,
On the other shore.

There we'll see our blessed savior,
There we'll see our blessed savior,
There we'll see our blessed savior,
On the other shore.

“Long Time Ago”

Fong song text

On the lake where drooped the willow
Long time ago
Where the rock threw back the billow
Whiter than snow.

Dwelt a maid beloved and cherished,
By high and low,
But with autumn leaf she perished,
Long time ago.

Rock and tree and flowing water
Long time ago
Bird and bee and blossom taught her
Love's spell to know.

While to my fond words she listen'd
Murmuring low
Tenderly her blue eyes glisten'd
Long time ago

“At the River”
Text by Robert Lowry

Shall we gather by the river?
Where bright angel's feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God.
Yes, we'll gather by the river
The beautiful, the beautiful river
Gather with the saints by the river
That flows by the throne of God.

Soon we'll reach the shining river
Soon our pilgrimage will cease
Soon our happy hearts with quiver
With the melody of peace
Yes, we'll gather by the river
The beautiful, the beautiful river
Gather with the saints by the river
That flows by the throne of God.

Gambling Songs
Text adapted by John Jacob Niles

“The Rovin’ Gambler”

I am a rovin’ gambler
I’ve been in many a town.
Where-e’re I see a pack of cards
I lay my money down.
I lay my money down
With a click clack oh
And a hi Johnny, ho,
I lay my money down.

I hadn’t been a packet man
Many more weeks than three,
When I fell in love with a St. Louis girl
And she in love with me,
And she in love with me,
With a click clack oh
And a hi Johnny, ho,
And she in love with me.

We went in the back parlor,
She cooled me with her fan,
And she whispered soft in her mother’s ear,
“I love my gamblin’ man,
I love my gamblin’ man,
With a click clack oh
And a hi Johnny, ho,
I love my gamblin’ man.”

“Oh daughet dear, dear daughter,
How could you do me so,
To leave your dear old motherer,
And with this gambler go,
And with this gambler go?
With a click clack oh
And a hi Johnny, ho,
And with this gambler go?”

“’Tis true I love you dearly,
’Tis true I love you well,
But the love I have for the gamblin’ man
No human tongue can tell,
No human tongue can tell.
With a click clack oh
And a hi Johnny, ho,
No human tongue can tell.

She picked up her satchel
And she did leave her home,
And on the steamer “Morning Star”
The two of them did roam.
With a click clack oh
And a hi Johnny, ho,
The two of them did roam.

“The Gambler’s Lamen”

Oh, they’ll hang me, they’ll hang me,
And I’ll be dead and gone.
I wouldn’t mind the hangin’,
But it’s bein’ gone so long,
Oh it’s lyin’ in the cold, cold grave
In the dark, and the wet, and the chill
That comes of bein’ hanged so high
On the top of Hangin’ Hill.

When I was a young man
Before I was gray,
I played a many a card game
And bet my wealth away.
But now I’m an old man
And gamblin’ still
With hangin’ in the morning
On Hangin’ Hill.

Oh they’ll hang me, they’ll hang me,
And I’ll be dead and gone.
I wouldn’t mind the hangin’,
But it’s bein’ gone so long.
Oh it’s lyin’ in the cold, cold grave
In the dark and the cold and the chill
That comes of bein’ hanged so high
On the top of Hangin’ Hill.

“The Gambler’s Wife (By-Low)”

By-low, by-low
By-low, by-low
Go sleepin’ ‘cause you is a gambler’s child,
Go sleepin’ ‘cause you is a gambler’s child.

Your daddie comes from Reelfoot,
Granddaddie from there too,
And if they had their ‘ruthers
They’d make a gamblin’ man out o’ you.

By-low, by-low
By-low, by-low
Go sleepin’ ‘cause you is a gambler’s child,
Go sleepin’ ‘cause you is a gambler’s child.

Now gamblin’ ain’t no bus’ness,
Gamblin’ ain’t no life;
‘Cause a gambler brings home sorrow
To his children and his wife.

By-low, by-low
By-low, by-low
Go sleepin’ ‘cause you is a gambler’s child,
Go sleepin’ ‘cause you is a gambler’s child.

“Gambler, don’t you lose your place”

Oh gambler, don’t you lose your place at God’s right hand.
Gambler, don’t you see you’re a standin’ right beside quick sand?
Now gambler, don’t you lose your place at God’s right hand
‘Cause hell ain’t no place for Reelfoot folk to be.

Gambler, gambler, you is a man
Thnik he could win on ev’ry hand,
But when you a die, you know right well
You goin’ to go right straight to hell.

Now gambler, don’t you lose your place at God’s right hand.
Gambler, don’t you see you’re a standin’ right beside quick sand?
Now gambler, don’t you lose your place at God’s right hand
‘Cause hell ain’t no place for Reelfoot folk to be.

Courthouse, jailhous, ball and chain,
Rock pile, rock pile in the rain.
I done told you once I’m goin’ to tell you again:
Dat’s what comes to a gamblin’ man.

Now gambler, don’t you lose your place at God’s right hand.
Gambler, don’t you see you’re a standin’ right beside quick sand?
Now gambler, don’t you lose your place at God’s right hand
‘Cause hell ain’t no place for Reelfoot folk to be.

“Gambler’s Song of the Big Sandy River”

Hi hi hi hi!
If gambling gets me into jail
My banjo sets me free
The jailer has a daughter fair,
And she takes pitty on a banjo player like me,
Hi hi hi hi!

I’ve gamed with cards, I’ve gamed with dice,
I’ve gambled on the weather,
But in my life I’ve never had two dollars all together
Hi hi hi hi!

The gambler leads a merry life with little in his pocket,
When turn of chance and kiss of lips
Are added up to profit.
Hi hi hi hi!

I’ve played the Sandy up and down
From Ashland to Hellier,
But I’ve always found that gambling was a sport that cost me dear.
Hi hi hi hi!

If gambling gets me into jail
My banjo sets me free.
The jailer has a daughter fair,
And she takes pitty on a banjo player like me.
HI hi hi hi!

“Prayer”

Text by Langston Hughes

I ask you this:
Which way to go?
I ask you this:
Which sin to bear?
Which crown to put
Upon my hair?
I do not know,
Lord God,
I do not know.

“Lady of the Harbor”

Text by Emma Lazarus

Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!

A Question of Light

Text by Gene Scheer

1. “The Light of Coincidences (Magritte)”

Who are you?
Will you come out of the shadows?
Not to kiss, but to be kissed.
Not to choose, but to be chosen.
To be born in a baptism of light.
It is midnight.
Clouds shroud the moon and stars.
All is drenched in black velvet.
A candle, placed on a table, with indiscriminate ecstasy,
touches everything it can find with a question of light:
Who are you?

2. "Eccentric Flint"

Carve away what does not bring me closer to the sky.
All that slows the current racing towards what cannot die.
The fertile dust of starlight never quite dissolved
The bloom of endless echo of a chord yet unresolved

Over and under, over and under,
We are more than the things we pray.
Over and under, over and under,
through the waves of the Milky Way.
Oh!
A grammatical constellation
A syntactical splash of sparks
As the stars undulate the heavens Twisting into question marks
And you wonder where you're going.
Where did it all begin?
Does the voyage to each destination
Take back to a place I've already been?

Over and under, over and under,
We are more than the things we pray.
Over and under, over and under,
through the waves of the Milky Way!

3. "Yellow Roses in a Vase (Caillebotte)"

Five days after his father died
While the flowers that filled the house were being thrown away
He sat alone and stared
At the one remaining bouquet

Once yellow blooms, with melancholic grace
Were draining, bleeding towards the color of bone, clay and cloud
And suddenly, he spoke his secret out loud.

"in the war, thirty years ago, I was so scared
When I raised my arms to surrender.
There were two hundred of us.
I was one of only fourteen who survived."

He spoke of his friends, and before he walked away, said:
"I remember all of them...
All of them."

On the cold, marble table, several more petals
Had fallen from the stem.

4. "Place de la Concorde (Mondrian)

It's a map, a grid, where nothing's been plotted,
A vigorous pulse where everything's knotted!
A woven dynamic, a mysterious chord,
An echo, a whisper at the *Place de la Concorde*.
Come away,
Oh Beauty,
Come away, come away.
Somethin's 'bout to happen on the *Champs-Élysées*!

No story, no glory, no fable to share.
Pull every thread till there's nothing to wear@
In a pocket, in a corner, in the blink of an eye,
Something is hidden, you cannot deny.
In between all the lines, where the rainbow is stored,
A mem'ry, a heartbeat at the *Place de la Concorde*!

Come away,
Oh Beauty,
Come away, come away.
Smethin's 'bout to happen
On the *Champs-Élysées*!

5. "El Hombre (Tamayo)"

Spanish translated by Henrique Carvalho

¿Y que voy a besar? (And what will I kiss?)
¿Y que voy a tocar? (And what will I touch?)
¿Y cuando cruzará mi espíritu? (And when will my spirit cross over?)

There are no borders in the sky.
No one owns the stars above.
No walls divide us from each other
Or tell us what deserves our love.

Will you reach beyond the wright of history?
Beyond the prison of low esteem,
Where the journey starts in clay and shadows
But ends wherever you choose to dream?

¿Y que voy a besar? (And what will I kiss?)
¿Y que voy a tocar? (And what will I touch?)
¿Y cuando cruzará mi espíritu? (And when will my spirit cross over?)

6. "Watch (Murphy)"

One more story?
One more song?
I don't think so.
Do you know what time it is?
Look at my watch.
What do you see?
The big hand is— here
And the little hand is— there,
And that means it's— somebody's bed time!

What?
Oh. You're right!
It stopped.
No. It's still your bedtime.
Time never really stops.

Between the hours run the minutes.
Look!
The second hand is chasing them away.
Between the seconds is infinity:
Everything you didn't get to do today.
Time doesn't stop
If I don't wind my watch.
Nobody knows where it comes from
Or why it floats away.
There go the hours and the minutes.
Oh! They scatter no matter what we do
But, according to my watch, when you wake up
You'll have all the time in the world waiting for you.

Appendix E

Paintings from the Dallas Museum of Art's Permanent Collection



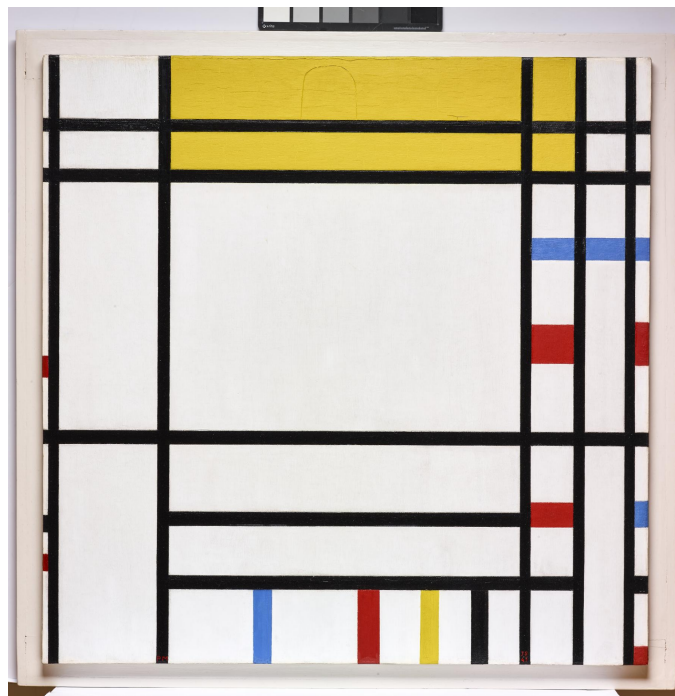
René Magritte, *The Light of Coincidences*, 1933, oil on canvas



Eccentric flint with heads of K'awil, Maya, Late Classic, A.D. 600-900, flint



Gustave Caillebotte, *Yellow Roses in a Vase*, 1882, oil on canvas



Piet Mondrian, *Place de la Concorde*, 1938-1943, oil on canvas



Rufino Tamayo, *El Hombre*, 1953, vinyl with pigment on panel



Gerald Murphy, *Watch*, 1925, oil on canvas

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