

A Midsummer Night Sing



with the Arise! Collective
Oene van Geel - viola/voice
Erica Roozendaal - accordion/voice
Laura Bohn - voice

from ***Siete Canciones Españolas***

Asturianas
Canción
Nana
Polo

Manuel De Falla (1876-1946)

Farewell Dear Love

Robert Jones (c. 1577-c. 1615)

Megruli Nana (Georgia trad.)

Zefiro Torna e di soavi accenti SV 251

Monteverdi (1567 - 1643)

Väy väy

Tellu Turkka (b.1969)

PAUSE

Beau soir

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Seeraüber Jenny
Youkali

Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

Haidi Nani (Romania trad.)
Durme (Serajevo trad.)

Augellin

Stefano Landi (1587 - 1639)

Snachts rusten meest de dieren

Gerbrand Adriaenszoon Bredero (1585 - 1618)

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Composer / viola player **Oene van Geel** (1973) is a musical adventurer. Influenced by jazz, Indian music, chamber music and free improvisation, he uses his virtuoso improvisation skills and his talent for composition for a wide range of musical activities.

He has toured Europe, the Middle East, India, Japan, the United States and Canada.

As a player he is currently active with the following ensembles / bands:

Estafest, The Nordanians, Haanstra & van Geel, in duo with pianist Philipp Rüttgers in duo with dancer Miri Lee and in trio with Goda Zukauskaitė (dance) and Rob van den Broek (visual artist).

In addition to playing with these formations, he is regularly invited as an improvising guest soloist.

He received the VPRO Boy Edgar Prize (2013), the Sena Performers Toonzetters Prize (2012, with Zapp4), the Kersjes Prize (2005, with Zapp4), the Deloitte Jazz Award (2002), the Dutch Jazz Competition (2001) and the Jur Music Prize Naessens Music Prize (2000).

Erica Roozendaal

Erica Roozendaal studied at the Royal Danish Academy of Music with James Crabb where she completed both her bachelor and master degree. Afterwards she continued her studies at the Norwegian academy of music in Oslo with Frode Haltli. During her studies, she developed a big interest in new music. Collaborations with composers resulted in numerous new solo works and chamber works. Established links with composers such as Hafdis Bjarnadottir, Farshid Samandari and Igor Iofe enabled a path to explore adventurous new ways of approaching the accordion.

Erica is a member of Roadrunner: a dynamic trio consisting of violoncello clarinet and accordion. Roadrunner plays contemporary, world and improvised music, including their own compositions and arrangements. Erica's love for folk music also speaks though in her first solo album, *Arquitecturas del Silencio*, an album with both early Dutch music as contemporary works for solo accordion. Erica also makes visual art and theatre. Despite the diversity, all musical genres and disciplines have a shared motive: an intrinsic wish for sharing stories.

Soprano **Laura Bohn**, heralded as "*an amazing blend of vocal splendor and physical virtuosity*" (SF Chronicle) brings a vivid presence and "*lush*" vocalism to her wide ranging repertoire, embodying the cutting edge of operatic performance. She has been featured in performances with the LA Philharmonic, The Industry (LA), The Mostly Mozart Orchestra (NY), Het Residentie Orkest (Netherlands), I Solisti del Vento (Belgium), Operadagen Rotterdam, Syracuse Opera (NY), West Edge Opera (CA), Festival Opera (CA), The Center for Contemporary Opera (NY), The Millennium Jazz Orchestra (NL), the Grand Harmonie Orchestra (MA) and Silbersee Opera (NL). Laura has been heard on major stages on both sides of the Atlantic, from Lincoln Center in New York to Het Concertgebouw in Amsterdam, The Walt Disney Concert Hall in LA to the Berlin Konzerthaus. Role highlights include the Governess in *The Turn of the Screw*, The Duchess in *Adés' Powder her Face*, Elle in *La Voix Humaine*, Marzelline in *Fidelio*, and a dancing and singing Nerone in a hip-hop adaptation of Monteverdi's *L'incoronazione di Poppea*. Recent highlights include *Lullaby* a one-woman opera by Kamala Sankaram which premiered at the O. Festival, Rotterdam this spring and will tour the Netherlands in 2024.

More info at www.LauraBohn.com

♫ Midsummer Night Sing

Manuel de Falla **From Canciones populares**

Asturiana

Por ver si me consolaba
arrimeme a un pino verde
por ver si me consolaba
Por verme llorar lloraba
Y el pino como era verde
por verme llorar lloraba

Canción

Por traidores tus ojos voy a enterrarlos (x2)
No sabes lo que cuesta “del aire”
Niña, el mirarlos, “Madre”

Dicen que no me quieres, ya me has querido
(x2)
Vaya se lo ganado “del aire”
Por lo perdido, “Madre, a la orilla”
Por lo perdido, “Madre”

Nana

Duermete niño, duerme
duerme mi alma,
Duermete lucerito, de la mañana
Nanita nana, nanita nana
Duermete lucerito
De la mañana

Polo

Ay! Guardo'una “Ay!” (x2)
Guardo una peno en mi pecho (x2)
“Ay!” Que a nadie se la diré

Malhaya el amor, malhaya, (x2)
“Ay!” Y quien me lo dio á entender! “Ay!”

Asturiana

To see if it might console me
I drew near a green pine.
To see me weep, it wept.
And the pine, since it was green,
wept to see me weeping!

Canción

Since your eyes are treacherous,
I'm going to bury them;
you know not what it costs,
'del aire',
dearest, to gaze into them.
'Mother, a la orilla.'

They say you do not love me,
but you loved me once.
Make the best of it
'del aire',
and cut your losses,
'Mother, a la orilla.'

Nana

Sleep, little one, sleep,
sleep, my darling,
sleep, my little
morning star.
Lullay, lullay,
sleep, my little
morning star.

Polo

Ay!
I have an ache in my heart
of which I can tell no one.

A curse on love, and a curse
on the one who made me feel it!
Ay!

♫ Midsummer Night Sing

Farewell

Farewell, dear love, since thou wilt needs be gone
Mine eyes do show my life is almost gone
Nay, I will never die so long as I can spy
There be many mo'tho' that she do go
There be many mo' I fear not
Why then let her go, I care not

Farewell, farewell, since this I find is true
I will not spend more time in wooing you
But I will seek elsewhere If I may find love there
Shall I bid her go? What and if I do?
Shall I bid her go and spare not?
Oh no no no, I dare not

Claudio Monteverdi: Zefiro Torna

Testi originali: Italiano (Medioevale)Inglese

Zefiro Torna
Zefiro torna e di soavi accenti
l'aer fa grato e il piè discioglie a l'onde
e, mormoranda tra le verdi fronde,
fa danzar al bel suon su l'prato i fiori.

Inghirlandato il crin Fillide e Clori
note temprando lor care e gioconde;
e da monti e da valli ime e profond
raddoppian l'armonia gli antri canori.
Sorge più vaga in ciel l'aurora, e l'sole,
sparge più luci d'or; più puro argento
fregia di Teti il bel ceruleo manto.

Sol io, per selve abbandonate e sole,
l'ardor di due begli occhi e l'mio tormento,
come vuol mia ventura, hor piango hor canto.

Megruli Nana

Traditional lullaby from Samegrelo, western Georgia. 'Nana', an ancient term, is also used to denote "mother" in the Megrelian language. Lullabies are for more than just putting babies to sleep, for at the moment of sleep, a child is especially susceptible to the spells of evil spirits.

Claudio Monteverdi: Zefiro Torna

Return O Zephyr
Return O Zephyr, and with gentle motion
Make pleasant the air and scatter the grasses
in waves
And murmuring among the green branches
Make the flowers in the field dance to your
sweet sound;

Crown with a garland the heads of Phylla and
Chloris
With notes tempered by love and joy,
From mountains and valleys high and deep
And sonorous caves that echo in harmony.
The dawn rises eagerly into the heavens and
the sun
Scatters rays of gold, and of the purest silver,
Like embroidery on the cerulean mantle of
Thetis.

But I, in abandoned forests, am alone.
The ardour of two beautiful eyes is my
torment;
As my Fate wills it, now I weep, now I sing.

Æ Midsummer Night Sing

Väy väy

En mie silloin laajoin laula (2x)
kun on suussa surman suitset (2x)
kaulassa Manalan kahlis (2x)
Tuonen ohjat olkapäillä (2x)

Nyt on lemmen aika
Nyt on laulun aika
Nyt on lemmenlaulun aika

Minä laulan, laiha lapsi
kun ei muut lihavat laula

Ei sanat salahan jouva
eikä luottehet lovehen

Beau soir

Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières sont roses,
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les champs de blé,
Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir des choses
Et monter vers le cœur troublé;

Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au monde
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le soir est beau,
Car nous nous en allons, comme s'en va cette
onde:
Elle à la mer—nous au tombeau!

Väy väy

I won't be much singing (2x)
when I have Death's bridle in my mouth (2x)
Underworlds chains around my neck
Deaths reins on my shoulders

Now it's time to love
Now it's time to sing
Now it's time to sing a love-song
I will sing, thou I'm lean
when others, fat and mighty, won't (sing)

The words can't be forgotten
nor the spells into oblivion

Beau Soir

When at sunset the rivers are pink
And a warm breeze ripples the fields of
wheat,
All things seem to advise content -
And rise toward the troubled heart;

Advise us to savour the gift of life,
While we are young and the evening fair,
For our life slips by, as that river does:
It to the sea - we to the tomb.

⌘ Midsummer Night Sing

Seeräuberjenny (Dreigroschenoper)

text by Bertoldt Brecht

Meine Herren, heute sehen Sie mich Gläser
abwaschen
Und ich mache das Bett für jeden.
Und Sie geben mir einen Penny und ich bedanke
mich schnell
Und Sie sehen meine Lumpen und dies lumpige
Hotel
Und Sie wissen nicht, mit wem Sie reden.
Und Sie wissen nicht, mit wem Sie reden.
Aber eines Abends wird ein Geschrei sein am
Hafen
Und man fragt "Was ist das für ein Geschrei?"
Und man wird mich lächeln sehn bei meinen
Gläsern
Und man sagt "Was lächelt die dabei?"

Und ein Schiff mit acht Segeln
Und mit fünfzig Kanonen
Wird liegen am Kai.

Man sagt "Geh, wisch deine Gläser, mein Kind"
Und man reicht mir den Penny hin.
Und der Penny wird genommen, und das Bett wird
gemacht!
Es wird keiner mehr drin schlafen in dieser Nacht.
Und sie wissen immer noch nicht, wer ich bin.
Und sie wissen immer noch nicht, wer ich bin.
Aber eines Abends wird ein Getös sein am Hafen
Und man frag "Was ist das für ein Getös?"
Und man wird mich stehen sehen hinterm Fenster
Und man fragt "Was lächelt die so böse?"

Und das Schiff mit acht Segeln
Und mit fünfzig Kanonen
Wird beschiessen die Stadt.

Und es werden kommen hundert gen Mittag an
Land
Und werden in den Schatten treten
Und fangen einen jeglichen aus jeglicher Tür
Und legen ihn in Ketten und bringen vor mir
Und mich fragen "Welchen sollen wir töten?"
Und an diesem Mittag wird es still sein am Hafen
Wenn man fragt, wer wohl sterben muss.
Und dann werden Sie mich sagen hören "Alle!"
Und wenn dann der Kopf fällt, sage ich "Hoppla!"

Und das Schiff mit acht Segeln
Und mit fünfzig Kanonen
Wird entschwinden mit mir.

Seeräuberjenny (Dreigroschenoper)

text by Bertoldt Brecht

You men always see me washing the glasses,
And how I make your beds for you daily,
But you toss me a penny, and I'm always quick to
thank,
Even though you see my rags and this shabby old
hotel,
But you don't know to whom you're talking.
But you don't know to whom you're talking.
But one evening you'll hear shouting at the ports,
and you'll ask "What's all that shouting for?"
And you'll see me laughing to myself by my
glasses,
and you'll ask "What's she laughing about?"

And a ship with eight sails,
And with fifty canons,
Will lay by the docks...

You'll say "Go wash your glasses, little girl,"
And you'll hand a penny to me.
And I'll take that penny and make your bed!
Because you won't be sleeping in it tonight...
And you still don't know who I am.
And you still don't know who I am.
But one evening there'll be a roar by the port,
And you'll ask "What's all that noise about?"
And you'll see me gazing out my window,
And you'll ask "What's she smiling about?"

And a ship with eight sails,
And fifty canons,
Will fire at the shore...

And by noon the men will come by the hundreds,
And into the shade will step,
And they'll catch any man who steps out the
door,
And put them before me in chains,
And they'll ask me "Which one's should we
kill?"
And this afternoon it will be silent at the
ports,
And when they ask me who must die,
You'll hear me say "All of them!"
And when the heads fall I'll say "Whoops!"

And the ship with eight sails,
And fifty canons,
Will disappear with me...

Æ Midsummer Night Sing

Youkali

Text by Marie Galante

C'est presque au bout du monde
Ma barque vagabonde
Errant au gré de l'onde
Cherchant partout l'oubli
A pour quitter la terre
Su trouver le mystère
Où nos rêves se terrent
En quelque Youkali

Youkali, c'est le pays de nos désirs
Youkali, c'est le bonheur, c'est le plaisir
Youkali, c'est la terre où l'on quitte tous les soucis
C'est dans notre nuit
Comme une éclaircie
L'étoile qu'on suit,
C'est Youkali

Youkali,
c'est le respect de tous les voeux échangés
Youkali, c'est le pays des beaux amours
partagés
C'est l'espérance
Qui est au coeur de tous les humains
La délivrance
Que nous attendons tous pour demain
Youkali, c'est le pays de nos désirs
Youkali, c'est le bonheur, c'est le plaisir
Mais c'est un rêve, une folie
il n'y a pas de Youkali

Et la vie nous entraîne,
Lassante, quotidienne,
Et la pauvre âme humaine
Cherchant partout l'oubli
A pour quitter la terre
Su trouver le mystère
Où nos rêves se terrent
En quelque Youkali

Youkali...

Youkali

English text by Jacques Deval

It's almost to the end of the world
That my wandering boat,
On the waves aimlessly afloat,
Took me one day.
The island is only small,
But the fairy inhabiting it
Welcomes us all
And gently invites us to stay.

Youkali is the land of dreams we treasure,
Youkali is happiness, Youkali is pleasure,
Youkali is the place where we stop worrying,
It's the clouds parting
In the dark of our night,
The star that shines bright,
That's Youkali

Youkali is to honour your vows, ever faithful,
It's the land where love is shared and grateful,
Youkali is hoping
There will be no more sorrow,
It's the deliverance
We all wait to find tomorrow.
Youkali is the land of dreams we treasure,
Youkali is happiness, Youkali is pleasure.
But it's all fantasy and folly,
There is no such place as Youkali!
But it's all fantasy and folly,
There is no such place as Youkali!

And life carries on day by day,
Strenuous and grey,
And to break away,
The poor mortal soul,
Ever aching to be freed,
Must first solve the mystery
Of where our dreams lie buried,
On some Youkali...

Youkali ...

♫ Midsummer Night Sing

Haidi Nani

"Hush-a-bye...
Mama is rocking you
And from the throat she sings to you
Hush, hush...
Mama is holding you close with bread and
with olives
Hush to sleep
Mama's little darling"

Durme

Sleep, sleep; mother's little boy
Free from worry and from pain,
Free from worry and from pain.

Augellin

Augellin
Che'l tuo amor
Segui ogn'hor
Dal faggio al pin;
E spiegando i bei concerti
Vai temprando
Col tuo canto i miei lamenti.
Non sia più
Cruda no, morirò
S'ella è qual fù;
Taci, taci, che già pia
Porge i baci,
Al mio labro l'alba mia.
Segui augel
Né sdegnar
Di formar
Canto novel;
Fuor del seno amorosetto
Mostra à pieno
La tua gioia, il mio diletto.

Augellin

Little songbird
Little songbird
Forever
Chasing your love
From beech tree to pine;
With your lovely music-making
You temper with your song
My laments.

O that she be harsh
To me no more, I would die
If she were;
Hush, hush, for now sweetly
She brings her kisses
To my lips, my dawn.

So now, little bird,
Don't refuse
To make
A new song;
Out of your loving breast
Give full vent
To your joy, and my delight.