

ANNA TONNA

MEZZO SOPRANO

1915

A TRIP TO
GRANADA

MAC MCCLURE

PIANIST



Mezzo soprano **Anna Tonna** has been described as a “mezzo heroine who knows how to sing Rossini” by the *Rossini Gesellschaft*, and as “showing off her warm, secure mezzo-soprano to maximum advantage” by the *New York Magazine*. On the opera stage she has bowed as Rosina, Carmen, Dorabella, as well as in more rare repertoire by Paisiello, Vivaldi, Mascagni, Zandonai and Giordano.

She has appeared with the Casals Festival and Festival Iberoamericano de las Artes in Puerto Rico; El Festival de Segovia, Fundación Juan March, Auditorio Nacional de España and the Museo del Romanticismo in Spain; Teatro Grattacieli, Joy in Singing, Elysium Between Two Continents, Música de Cámara, Americas Society and Hispanic Society in New York City; and the Pacific Music Festival in Japan among others. Of note among the countless recitals of songs are appearances at the Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall, the St. Anton Palace in Valletta (Malta), The Palacio Nacional de Ájuda in Lisbon, Teatro 1793 at Villa Adrovandi Mazzacorati in Bologna, the Atheneums in Madrid and Barcelona and the ElbPhilharmonie in Hamburg.

Her commercial recordings include “The songs of Julio Gómez” (Verso), “España alla Rossini” (iTinerant Records) and “The Unknown Pauline Viardot” (Cezanne Productions).

www.annatonna.com

Dr. Mac McClure is internationally recognized for his profound and in depth knowledge of the music of Spain. In the words of Xavier Montsalvatge, “Mac knows my music just as well if not better than myself; he is an excellent performer of Falla, Mompou, and Granados; in addition, he is one of the most outstanding *protégés* of the Marshall Academy”. Dr. McClure has recorded over forty compact discs of music by Catalan and Spanish composers. He has studied with Michael Zenge, Phyllis Rappeport and Consuelo Colomer. At the Marshall Academy in Barcelona, he studied with Carlota Garriga, and for nine years with Alicia de Larrocha.

He has worked in detail and directly with the following composers, both performing and recording their music: Xavier Montsalvatge, Joaquín Nin-Culmell, Carlos Surinach, Ricardo Llorca, Miquel Ortega, Carlota Garriga, Xavier Turrull, Moisés Beltrán, Alberto García Demestres, Luis Carlos Figueroa and Jaime León.

He is currently an Associate Professor of piano at the National University in Bogotá, Colombia.

www.macmcclure.com



“PASCUA FLORIDA”
Song cycle for voice and piano
Composed by Miquel Ortega (b. 1963)
Lyrics by María Lezárraga (1874-1974)

JARDÍN VENENOSO (En el Patio de Lindaraja)

(Con inquietud).

Jardín venenoso,

¿Quién te envenenó?

Peña que dormías

¿Quién te despertó?

(Sencillamente).

Llueve sobre el jardín

y luego (brilla) sale el sol...

(Con ilusión).

Las toronjas de oro

Aún bañadas en llanto sonrien...

¡Canta, corazón!

(Con angustia).

¡Hay un perfume intenso y mortal!...

¡Sufre, corazón!

(Con exaltación ilusionada).

¡No, no!...¡El sufrimiento es pecado en abril!

(Con apasionamiento doloroso).

¡Llueve sobre el jardín

que el alma envenenó!

(Con apasionamiento ilusionado).

¡Ríe, como el jardín
porque ahora brilla! (ha salido) el sol!

DESCANSO EN SAN NICOLÁS

(con exaltación mística)

¡Hemos llegado a lo más alto!

(Con ansiedad)

¡Si descansáramos aquí

de la fatiga del camino

y de la angustia de vivir!...

(Con atormentado cansancio)

¡Con la inquietud del alma en pena,
hemos subido al Albaicín!...

(Con misterio y un poco de magia).

¡Hemos cruzado el laberinto
sin atrevernos a reír!...

(Con esperanza ilusionada).

...En lo muy hondo canta el Darro,

que corre en busca del Genil...

Voces del niños en el aire...

Paz de mañana...sol de abril...

¡Hemos llegado a lo más alto!

¡Si descansáramos al fin!

TINIEBLAS EN EL CONVENTO

(Granada)

Cantan las monjas en coro

el Oficio de Tinieblas...

“¡Miserere!,,, ¡Miserere!..

¡Dele iniquitatem meam!”

Huele incienso...en el altar

blanco cirios y azucenas...

¿Por qué te tiembla la voz,
monjita zaragatera?

Mas que te hayas sepultado
bajo tocas y entre rejas,

no se apagó el fuego moro

en que tu sangre se quema.

Y aunque cantas en latín
los Salmos de Penitencia
se te ha quedado en la voz
un dejo de petenera...

NANA DEL AMOR PERDIDO

¡Duerme, tu mi niño!

¡Duerme, mi alegría!

El amor que me mata de penas
te ha dado la vida....

Este niño chiquito y bonito
era su querer...

Este niño que duerme en mis brazos
fue su prometer...

El amor me cumplió la promesa
que ha olvidado él!

Duerme, mi esperanza

mi fé, mi rey niño!

El amor me dejó solo y triste

¡Pero tu eres mío!

**NOCHE ESTRELLADA,
MIRANDO A GIBRALTAR**

(Con sentimiento popular).

-“Las estrellitas del cielo
las cuento, y no están cabales...”

¡Yo no sé que hay en la noche,
yo no sé que tiene el aire!

¡Yo quiero desatinar

a la luz de las estrellas!

¡Yo no sé que tiene el mar
en esta noche embustera!

(Con exaltación malhumorada)

¡Ay!

(Con burla y cariño),

-¡Compañero, compañero,
toma una copa de anís,
que, si cuentas los luceros,
se van a reír de ti!

Déjate de laberintos

y coplas sentimentales...

(como un eco que viniese del mar).

¡Faltan la tuyá y la míá
que son las más principales!

¡Ay!

YO SABÍA UN CANTAR MORO

Yo sabía un cantar moro
y una coplita gitana,
¡por un pedazo de pan
me fui cantarlos a Francia!
¡Ay cuantas noches de fiebre,
a la oriyita del Sena,
para no echarme a llorar cantaba:
¡Viva mi tierra!
Ahora ha cantado mis coplas
una gitana juncal...
Señores: ¡Viva mi tierra
por su sol y por su sal!
¡¡Y viva la caridad
con que ustedes nos festejan!
¡A gloria me sabe el pan
porque me le da mi tierra!

CÁDIZ SE HA ECHADO A NAVEGAR

(En lo alto de la Torre de Tavira)
(*Con apasionamiento*).
Parece que estás dormida
oyendo el agua cantar...
pero una noche de fiebre
te echarás a navegar...

¡Te echarás a navegar
en busca de tu fortuna!

¡Que blanca irás sobre el mar
bajo la luz de la luna!

¡Ciudad de plata y de sueño,
cuando vayas navegando,
contigo irá el corazón
que está en la Torre penando!

¡Ay, quién como tú pudiera
romper la amarra y salir
en busca de su quimera
a la mar de su locura
y hallar la suerte o morir!...

MAÑANA DE ABRIL

(o “Romance de la red de amor”)
¡Mañana de abril!
El sol en el huerto...
Trinaban alondras
Piaban jilgueros

Mañana de abril...
Bajo el limonero,
Peinaba la niña
sus largos cabellos...

Pasaba el amor
¡¡y se prendió en ellos!!!

*Reprinted with the permission of the Estate
of María Lejárraga*

English Translation of

“PASCUA FLORIDA” (*Resurrection Sunday*)

Song cycle for voice and piano

Composed by Miquel Ortega (b. 1963)

Lyrics by María Lejárraga (1874-1974)

POISONED GARDEN (In the courtyard of Linderaja¹)

(Anxiously)

Poisoned garden,
Who poisoned you?
It's a shame you were sleeping,
Who awakened you?

(simply)

It rains upon the garden
but later, the sun will shine...
The golden grapefruits
although bathed in tears, still smile

Keep singing, heart of mine!

(anxious)

The perfumed air is intense and deadly
How my heart suffers!

(with exalted hope)

No, no...suffering in April would be such a sin!

(with deep sorrow)

It rains upon that garden
which the soul has poisoned!

(with renewed hope)

Laugh, just like this garden is laughing,
because now, the sun has come out!

RESTING UPON THE LOOKOUT POINT OF SAN NICOLÁS²

(with mystic exaltation)

We have reached the highest point!

(with anxiety)

If only we could rest here
from the worn cares of the journey,
and the anguish of living

(tormented and tired)

With anxious and tormented souls
that are saddened,
we have climbed the Albaicín³...!

(with mystery and a little magic)

we have crossed the labyrinth
without daring to laugh...!

(with exalted hope)

...Within the depths, sings the Darro⁴
which runs in search of the Genil⁵...!

Voices of children in the air...!

Peace of morning, the April sun...!

We have reached the highest point,
If we could at last rest here!

¹ Look out point for the Alhambra in Granada, Spain

² Neighborhood in the historic section of Granada

³ River in Granada, Spain

⁴ River in Granada, Spain

⁵ River in Granada, Spain

DARKNESS IN THE CONVENT

(Granada)

The nuns sing in chorus
the Office of *Tenebrae*...
“Miserere, Miserere...!”
*Dele iniquitatem meam!*⁶
It smells of incense...and at the altar
are large white candles and lilies...
Why does your voice tremble
little boisterous nun?
Although you have buried yourself
underneath habits and behind a grating,
the Moorish fire within your voice
has not been subdued,
and burns in your blood still.
And even though you sing in Latin
the Psalms of Penitence,
in your voice still remains
the lingering feeling of a *petenera*⁷...

STARRY NIGHT, LOOKING TOWARDS GIBRALTAR

“The little stars from heaven
I count them, they are crazy...”
I don't know what is it about tonight,
I don't know what is in the air!
I don't want to be uncertain

⁶ “Erase my iniquities”

⁷ Flamenco beat of a mournful nature

of the light of the stars!
I don't know what is it about the sea
during this deceitful night...!
Ah!!
Comrade,
Take a glass of anisette,
Because, if you start counting those stars,
They will certainly laugh at you!
Stop thinking of labyrinths
and sentimental songs...
Your own melody and mine
are missing from those songs,
And they are the most important ones!
Ah!!

CRADLE SONG FOR A LOST LOVE

Sleep my child
sleep, for you are my happiness
The same love that kills me with sorrow,
has bestowed you life...

This child, so small and lovely
was all his love...

This child that sleeps in my arms
Was all his hope

Love fulfilled it's promise,
which he has now forgotten

Sleep, you that are my hope
my faith, my child-king

Love has left me alone and sad,
but you are all mine!

I KNEW A MOORISH SONG

I knew a Moorish song
and a little gypsy ditty,
For a piece of bread
I went to France to sing them!

Ah, how many fevered nights (I spent),
at the shores of the Seine River
to stop crying I would sing,
“Long live my homeland!”

At this very moment my songs are sung
by gypsies of my land...
Sirs, long live my homeland
for its sun and for its grit!
And long live the charity
which you bestow upon us.
This bread tastes glorious
because, it is my homeland that
bestows it!

CADIZ HAS GONE OUT TO SEA

(At the top of the Tower of Tavira)
It seems like you are sleeping
while hearing the waters sing...
But, during a fevered night
you will set out to sea...

You will set out to sea
in search of your fortune!
You, clad in white, will go over the sea
under the light of the moon!

City of silver and of dreams,
when you go forth sailing
my heart will go with you,
although it remains sorrowful in the tower

Ah, to be like you
to break the mooring line and
to go out in that insane sea
In search of a chimera,
to find destiny, or to die!

APRIL MORNING

(or, Ballad of Love's Net)
April morning!
The sun was in the orchard
the larks sang
and the goldfinches chirped

April morning!
Underneath the linden tree
the young girl
combed her long hair
Her lover passed by,
and he became entranced with her!

The trip that early 20th century Spanish playwright María Lejárraga and composer Manuel de Falla embarked on to Granada, Spain in April of 1915 is one of the most beautiful and surprising chapters of this friendship, and gives place to the present disc project, with the world premiere recording of the song cycle *Pascua Florida*.

The trip took place just before the premiere of Falla's *El amor brujo* in Madrid. Falla asked for Lejárraga's advise on how to transmit the various sensations to the public with his work. The title of the cycle makes reference to their visit to the Alhambra, which Lejárraga describes in her book of memoires, *Gregorio and I*, and in which by the hand she brings the composer himself to experience this marvelous architectural treasure for the first time. In *El pan de Ronda que sabe a verdad*, she describes a walk in Ronda while sharing bread made in the village; while in *Cádiz se ha echado a navegar*, Lejárraga alludes to the city in which Falla was born.

The project *Pascua Florida* as well as the trip is cited with frequency in their correspondance*. Sadly, Falla only set to music *El pan de Ronda que sabe a verdad*, even though in her letters, Lejárraga reproaches Falla for not completing the rest of the "suite". Nevertheless, the trip appears to have had happy memories for both of them, in which laughter and their walks in the Alhambra are happily reminisced upon.

María Luz González

*Epistolario Manuel de Falla, María Lejárraga y Gregorio Martínez Sierra. Granada, 2020.

The accompanying repertoire to the cycle *Pascua florida* seeks to recreate the atmosphere of early 20th century Spain, with two solo piano pieces by Albéniz, *Granada* and *El albaicín*; and works by two Spanish women composers: María Rodrigo and Matilde Salvador. Rodrigo's *Ayes...* with text by Lejárraga are inspired in Southern Spain; Matilde Salvador, a follower of the modal aesthetic of Falla, composed her *Tres nanas* upon poems by Uruguayan poet, Juana de Ibarborou (1892-1979).

The disc continues with a work by Lejárraga's close friend and collaborator, Joaquín Turina, with his rarely heard *Corazón de mujer*; this experimental song or *scena* combines urban sounds reminiscent of dance hall music from Madrid with expansive melodies; the text announces a modern view of love, in a confessional and sensual poem written from a women's point of view by Cristina de Arteaga.

This nostalgic journey to Granda closes with works associated with Lejárraga and Falla's friendship: *Oración de las madres que tienen a sus hijos en brazos*, with its meditative, Scarlatti-inspired piano part, and of whom Falla was a great admirer; *El pan de Ronda que sabe a verdad*, with text taken from the original suite of poems from Lejárraga's *Pascua florida*; and songs excerpted from his *Siete canciones populares españolas*. The disc closes with his spirited *Séguidille*, composed during his Paris years, which is when he first encounters María Lejárraga; it is part of his cycle *Trois Mélodies* upon a poem by Romantic-era traveler, Théophile Gautier. **Anna Tonna**



Production: Edicions Albert Moraleda, S. L.

Sound Engineer and Musical Production: Albert Moraleda

Microphones: Neumann U87

Keyboard Technician: Carles Sigüenza

Design: Petrushka Sainz

Program notes: María Luz González and Anna Tonna

Photography: Rebeca Saray; Hernando Toro Botero
and Fundación Archivo Manuel de Falla.

Text Translations: Anna Tonna

Consultants: María Luz González and Alda Blanco

Recorded at BlackCat Studios in La Garriga (Barcelona)

on June 9, 14 and 15 of 2021.

Mac McClure recorded upon a Steinway & Sons piano, No. 446.160-D

Publishers: Union Musical Española 1-5, ©mortegapujol@hotmail.com 6-13,
Piles Editorial de Música 14-16, Manuel de Falla Ediciones 17-18, Chester Music 19-21,
Editions Salabert 22, Editions Durand Publisher 23.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS: María Luz González and Archivo la SGAE;
Miquel Ortega; Margarita Lejárraga; Antonio Lejárraga and The Estate of María
Lejárraga; Elena García de Paredes and the Fundación Archivo Manuel de Falla;
Juan Aguilera; Antonio Gallego; Instituto de Estudios Riojanos; Cintia Matamoros
and the Academia Marshall; Berta Millà and the Fundació Frederic Mompou; Antón
Armendáriz and the Semana lírica de Logroño “Lucrecia Arana”; Duvan López;
Hotel Monegal; Carmela Altamura and Inter-Cities Performing Arts.