

Lied Concert

Dichterliebe by R. Schumann
International Lied

Tenor Rodolfo Albero, together with Manuel Ariza on the piano combine passion and experience, expression and technique, merged in a delicate frame of art to offer this romantic and full of beauty and sensibility selection of works.

RODOLFO ALBERO

MANUEL ARIZA



PART TWO

A VUCHELLA (Poem by G. d'Annunzio) **F.P. Tosti**

MARGUERITE (Poema de O. Prudère) **C. Gounod**

GRANADINAS
Barrera y Calleja

EL GUJARRICO
Pérez Soriano

TROYKA (Enádriga)
Булаћков

Albero studied at the Conservatorio Superior de Aragon where he graduated with honours as Piano and Voice professor as well as Choir Director. He is also Magister in Creation and Interpretation by Universidad Rey Juan Carlos and Conservatorio Superior de Madrid. Created and directed the Master Class - Lyric Workshop at University Carlos III de Madrid. Albero has studied with well known figures such as Maestro Dante Mazzola (Alla Scala de Milano Theatre Academy), Alfredo Kraus, Magda Olivero, Mariuccia Carando, among others. Albero has performed in countless concerts and recitals not only countrywide but internationally, outstanding his concerts at the Osaka Auditorium (Japan), Circulo del Gran Teatro del Liceo de Barcelona, the Tribute Concert to former Spain President Adolfo Suárez at University Carlos III de Madrid and his performance in La Havana at the UNESCO'S II Latin-American Congress

After completing his studies at the Royal Conservatory of Madrid, obtaining top prizes, Mr. Ariza won several scholarships to continue his studies at such prestigious international centers as the Conservatory of Amsterdam (Diploma of Advanced Studies) and the Manhattan School of Music of New York (Master of Music Degree). At the same time, he started his career as a performer and as a composer giving recitals in different countries of Europe, South America and the United States. He's given master classes in Piano, Chamber Music and Musical Analysis, and has made several recordings for radio and TV among which we could mention the recording of the Preludes for piano by Claude Debussy. Some of his compositions have been premiered in different countries and have been registered on CD and broadcasted on Television. In addition, he's made a CD with the sonatas for flute and harpsichord by G.F. Haendel. At present, he is a Professor of the Royal Conservatory of Madrid and the University CEU San Pablo of the same city.



Rodolfo Albero Tenor
Manuel Ariza Piano

PART ONE
DICHTERLEBE op.48

Robert Schumann

(Poems by Heinrich Heine)

1. Im Wunderschönen
Monat mai.

In the wonderfully fair month of May,
as all the flower-buds burst,
then in my heart
love arose.

In the wonderfully fair month of May,
as all the birds were singing,
then I confessed to her
my yearning and longing.

2. Aus meinen Tränen
sprissen.

From my tears spring
many blooming flowers forth,
and my sighs become
a nightingale choir,

and if you have love for me, child,
I'll give you all the flowers,
and before your window shall sound
the song of the nightingale.

3. Die Rose, die Lilie,
die Taube.

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,
I once loved them all in love's bliss.
I love them no more, I love only
the small, the fine, the pure, the one;
she herself, source of all love,
is rose and lily and dove and sun.

4. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'

When I look into your eyes,
then vanish all my sorrow and pain!
Ah, but when I kiss your mouth,
then I will be wholly and
completely healthy.

When I lean on your breast,
I am overcome with heavenly delight,
ah, but when you say, "I love you!"
then I must weep bitterly.

5. Ich will meine Seele tauchen.

I want to plunge my soul
into the chalice of the lily;
the lily shall resoundingly exhale
a song of my beloved.

The song shall quiver and tremble,
like the kiss from her mouth,
that she once gave me
in a wonderfully sweet hour!

6. Im Rhein, im heiligen
Strome.

In the Rhine, in the holy stream,
there is mirrored in the waves,
with its great cathedral,
great holy Cologne.

In the cathedral, there stands an image
on golden leather painted,
into my life's wilderness
it has shined in amicably.

There hover flowers and little angels
around our beloved Lady,
the eyes, the lips, the little cheeks,
they match my beloved's exactly.

7. Ich grüße Nicht.

I bear no grudge, even as my heart is breaking,
eternally lost love! I bear no grudge.
Even though you shine in diamond splendor,
there falls no light into your heart's right,

that I've known for a long time.
I bear no grudge, even as my heart is breaking.
I saw you, truly, in my dreams,
and saw the night in your heart's cavity,
and saw the serpent that feeds on your heart,
I saw, my love, how very miserable you are.
I bear no grudge.

8. Und wüßten's die Blumen

And if they knew it, the blooms,
the little ones,
how deeply wounded my heart is,
they would weep with me
to heal my pain.

And if they knew it, the nightingales,
how I am so sad and sick,
they would merrily unleash
refreshing song.

And if they knew my pain,
the golden lily stars,
they would descend from their heights
and would comfort me.

All of them cannot know it,
only one knows my pain,
she herself has indeed torn,
torn up my heart.

9. Das ist ein Flöten

und Geigen.
There is a fluting and fiddling,
and trumpets blasting in.
Surely, there dancing the
wedding dance
is my dearest beloved.

There is a ringing and roaring
of drums and saws,
amidst it sobbing and moaning
are dear little angels.

10. Hör' ich das Liedchen
fliegen.

I hear the little song sounding
that my beloved once sang,
and my heart wants to shatter
from savage pain's pressure.

I am driven by a dark longing
up to the wooded heights,
there is dissolved in tears
my supremely great pain.

11. Ein Jüngling liebt
ein Mädchen.

A young man loves a girl,
who has chosen another man,
the other loves yet another
and has gotten married to her.

The girl takes out of resentment
the first, best man
who crosses her path;
the young man is badly off.

It is an old story
but remains eternally new,
and for him to whom it has just
happened
it breaks his heart in two.

12. Am leuchtenden

Sommermorgen.
On a shining summer morning
I go about in the garden.
The flowers are whispering
and speaking.
I however wander silently.

The flowers are whispering
and speaking,
and look sympathetically at me:
"Do not be angry with our sister,
you sad, pale man."

13. Ich hab' im Traum
geweinat.

I have in my dreams wept,
I dreamed you lay in your grave.
I woke up and the tears
still flowed down from my cheeks.

I have in my dreams wept,
I dreamed you forsook me.
I woke up and I wept
for a long time and bitterly.

I have in my dreams wept,
I dreamed you still were good to me.
I woke up, and still now
streams my flood of tears.

14. Allnächtlich im Traume
seh' ich dich.

Every night in my dreams I see you,
and see your friendly greeting,
and loudly crying out, I throw myself
at your sweet feet.

You look at me wistfully
and shake your blond little head;
from your eyes steal forth
little peaty teardrops.

You say to me secretly a soft word,
and give me a garland of cypress.
I wake up, and the garland is gone,
and the word I have forgotten.

15. Aus alten Märchen

winkt es.
From old fairy-tales it beckons
to me with a white hand,
there it sings and there it resounds
of a magic land,

where colorful flowers bloom
in the golden twilight,
and sweetly, fragrantly glow
with a bride-like face.

And green trees sing
primeval melodies,
the breezes secretly sound
and birds warble in them.

And misty images rise
indeed forth from the earth,
and dance airy reels
in fantastic chorus.

And blue sparks burn
on every leaf and twig,
and red lights run
in crazy, hazy rings.

And loud springs burst
out of wild marble stone,
and oddly in the brooks
shine forth the reflections.

Ah! if I could enter there
and there gladden my heart,
and have all anguish taken away,
and be free and blessed!

Oh, that land of bliss,
I see it often in dreams,
but come the morning sun,
and it melts away like mere froth.

16. Die alten, bösen Lieder

The old, angry songs,
the dreams angry and nasty,
let us now bury them,
fetch a great coffin.

In it I will lay very many things,
though I shall not yet say what.
The coffin must be even larger
than the Heidelberg Tun.

And fetch a death-bier,
of boards firm and thick,
they also must be even longer
than Mainz's great bridge.

And fetch me also twelve giants,
who must be yet mightier
than mighty St. Christopher
in the Cathedral of Cologne on the
Rhine.

They shall carry the coffin away,
and sink it down into the sea,
for such a great coffin
deserves a great grave.

How could the coffin
be so large and heavy?
I also sank my love
with my pain in it.