**Elliana R. Kirsh**

**Senior Undergraduate Voice Recital: Program Notes**

Sunday, April 7, 2013

Cohen Family Studio Theater

5:00 p.m.

**A Note about this Program**

In planning my undergraduate senior recital, I found that I was drawn to poetry and compositions that reflected the constant strength of women in challenging times, and in love. These particular pieces have been chosen to reflect this theme.

**Barbara Strozzi**

Barbara Strozzi (1616-1664) was one of the most prolific and talented composers of secular vocal music in 17th-century Italy. She was the illegitimate (and later adopted) daughter of poet-librettist Giulio Strozzi, who enthusiastically encouraged her interests in music composition. Signor Strozzi created the “Academia degli Unisoni,” a small group of forward-thinking literati of the time—prominent poets, historians, and philosophers. This group met regularly in the Strozzi home, providing Barbara with the opportunity to perform her vocal compositions in front of an erudite audience. Additionally, she frequently performed her works alone while accompanying herself on the lute. Strozzi was one of the few women from the Baroque period to pursue a career in composition. Despite innuendo from printed sources that question Strozzi’s moral principles, which predominately arose from anonymous satires that linked her music to courtesans in the Venetian culture, Strozzi was recognized as a gifted composer during her life, a rare feat for women of that time. The mere preservation of her music is highly unusual and serves as evidence of her credibility and level of proficiency.

Because Strozzi herself was a highly accomplished and acclaimed singer, it is not unexpected that her writing would be rich with theatrical temperament and vocal virtuosic challenge. Her scores include explicit performance directions for various musical gestures, including dynamics, tempo, and even ornamentation. She often composed settings of lyrical poetry on the theme of unrequited love, and she preferred free-form texts that provided ample opportunity for word painting. Written for a sophisticated audience of her own time, Strozzi’s compositions are extremely representative of the complexity and depth of vocal music in the Baroque period. These multifaceted, interesting concert pieces continue to stimulate the present-day listener.

**Amor Dormiglione** (Poet Unknown) **Sleepyhead Cupid**

Amor, non dormir più Cupid, no more sleeping!

Sù, sù, sù, sù, svegliati ormai, Up, up, wake up right now,

Che mentre dormi tù because while you sleep

Dormon le gioie mie, vegliano i guai. my joys sleep, and my woes are awake.

Non esser, non esser, Amor, d’appoco! Don’t be useless!

Strali, strali, foco, foco, Arrows, arrows, fire, fire,

Strali, strali, sù, sù, arrows, arrows, up, up,

Foco, foco, sù, sù! fire, fire, up, up!

O pigro, o tardo, Either lazy or dawdling,

Tù non hai senso, you have no consideration,

Amor melenso, Amor codardo! foolish Cupid, cowardly Cupid!

Ahi, quale io resto, Alas, what can I do,

Che nel mio ardore because in spite of all my ardor,

Tù dorma Amore: mancava questo! you slumber, Cupid: That’s all, and it’s not enough!

**Chiamata à Nuovi Amori** (Poetry: Pietro Bissari) **The Call of New Love**

E chè diavol sarà questo, So what in the devil is going on,

Sempre amar dunque dovrò that I always have to be in love?

Hor che sciolta appena resto Just as soon as you’re released,

Novo laccio il piè’ legò. new snares bound your feet.

Non mi val dire: It does no good for me to say:

“D’amor son libera, “I’m free of love,

Vecchio desire più non mi lacera.” Old desires won’t afflict me any more.”

Chè se per Lidio non sento ardor, Because if I do not feel this passion for Lidio,

Altra bellezza ritogliemi il cor. another handsome beauty will carry away my heart.

Che malanno ha meco Amore, What does Cupid have against me,

Che si crede alfin di far? what does he think he is doing?

S’un mi strusse amando il core If one love already disturbs my heart,

À chè serve un altro amar? what is the purpose of yet another love?

Ma il cattivello But the vicious little boy,

Perch’io non fuggami since I don’t run away,

Vuol ch’un’ più bello il sen distruggami. just finds someone more handsome to confuse me.

S’un viso amabile mi fe’ languir, If a likable face makes me languish,

Per due begl’occhi mi sento morir. for two beautiful eyes, I think I’ll die.

**Giusta Negativa** (Poet Unknown) **Justified Refusal**

Non mi dite ch’io canti poter d’Amor, Don’t tell me to sing by the power of love,

Perché dirò che sete. because I’ll say that he is

De’ musici il flagella e degli amanti. the bane of musicians and lovers.

Nò, nò, nò, Singnor nò, No, no, no sir, no,

Bocca non aprirò. I won’t open my mouth.

A chi cantar dev’io To whom should I sing

S’il bel’idolo mio if my beloved

Lunga è dà me? is far from me?

Venga l’idolo mio Let him come,

Ch’io canto affé. so that I’ll sing for sure.

Non mi dite ch’io suoni forza del Ciel, Don’t tell me to play by the power of heaven,

Vi manderò là dove non mancano I’ll send you to a place where there is no shortage

Altri à voi musici buoni. of other good musicians.

Nò, nò, nò, Signor nò, No, no, no sir, no,

Tasto non toccherò. I won’t touch a key.

A chi sonar dev’io To whom should I play

S’il bel’idolo mio if my beloved

Lunga è dà me? is far from me?

Venga l’idolo mio Let him come,

Ch’io suono affé. so that I’ll play for sure.

**Cécile Chaminade**

Cécile Louise Chaminade (1857-1944) was born into a middle-class family that valued the arts. Both of her parents were amateur musicians, and she began studying piano with her mother from an early age. In 1865, the young Chaminade met the established composer, Georges Bizet, who became her most ardent supporter, nicknaming her his “little Mozart.” When Bizet recommended that she enroll in the Paris Conservatoire, Monsieur Chaminade refused, on the grounds that “girls of the bourgeoisie were intended to become wives and mothers.” Nonetheless, Bizet ensured that the young Chaminade receive a private musical education that paralleled that of the conservatory curriculum. After her father’s death, Chaminade concentrated on her career as a concert pianist (her most famous piano piece is entitled “Scarf Dance”). She performed throughout Europe, and even made successful tours to the United States. In 1913, Chaminade became the first female composer to be honored with the prestigious *Legion of Honor* from the French government.

A prolific composer, Chaminade wrote approximately 400 chamber works, and over 100 songs. She frequently included some of her own compositions on her recital programs. Most of her compositions were published and became staples in the elegant private salons and public concerts at the turn of the century. However, her music fell out of style as the twentieth century progressed, due in part to the restrictive social conditions for women in music. For a long while, Chaminade’s compositions became synonymous with the mild-mannered music of French salons, the “inoffensive music to tinkle in the background of ladies’ tea-parties.” As a result, her music was often underestimated and forgotten. Recently, Chaminade’s compositions have been rediscovered as the work of a gifted professional with a resolute determination to compose, despite social pressures. These pieces are not only representative of the elegant 19th-century French style as experienced by the common French populace, but also serve to signify the brilliance of Cécile Chaminade’s legacy.

**Villanelle (**Poetry: Édouard Guinand) **Villanelle**

Le blé superbe est rentré The splendid wheat is brought in;

Fête aux champs, fête au village. holiday in the fields, holiday in the village.

Chaque fillette, au corsage, Each maiden, on her bodice,

Porte un bleuet azuré; wears a blue cornflower;

Fête aux champs, fête au village! holiday in the fields, holiday in the village!

Les jeunes gens danseront The young folk will dance

Ce soir, dans la grande allée: this evening, in the broad street:

Et, sous la nuit étoilée, and, beneath the starry night,

Que de mains se chercheront how hands will seek out each other,

Ce soir dans le grande allée! this evening in the broad street,

Sous la nuit etoilée. beneath the starry night!

Dansez jusq’au jour Dance until daylight

Aux gais sons de vos musettes! to the mirthful sounds of your bagpipes!

Jeunes garçons et fillettes, Young lads and lasses,

Chantez vos refrains d’amour, sing your refrains of love

Aux gais sons de vos musettes! to the mirthful sounds of your bagpipes!

Sans contrainte et sans remords, Without constraint and without remorse,

Enivrez-vous de jeunesse: become intoxicated with youth:

La tristesse est pour les morts, sadness is for the dead,

Pours les vivants l’allégresse. for the living, happiness.

**Viens, mon bien-aimée! (**Poetry: Édouard Guinand) **Come, my beloved!**

Les beaux jours vont enfin renaître, The beautiful days are finally to come again,

Le voici l’Avril embaumé! here is perfumed April!

Un frisson d’amour me pénètre, A shiver of love penetrates me.

Viens! Mon bien-aimé! Come! My beloved!

Ils ont fui les longs soirs moroses, The long morose evenings have fled,

Déjà le jardin parfumé already the perfumed garden

Se remplit d’oiseaux et de roses: is filled with birds and roses:

Viens mon bien-aimé! Come my beloved!

Soleil, de ta brûlante ivresse Sun, with your burning rapture,

J’ai senti mon coeur enflammé, I have felt my heart inflamed.

Plus enivrante est ta caresse. More intoxicating is your caress.

Viens! Mon bien-aimé! Come! My beloved!

Tout se tait, de millions d’étoiles All is quiet, with millions of stars

Le ciel profond est parsemé, the deep sky is strewn,

Quand sur nous la nuit met ses voiles: when above us night spreads her veils:

Viens! Mon bien-aimé! Come! My beloved!

**Espoir** (Poetry: Charles Fuster) **Hope**

Ne dis pas que l’espoir à tout jamais t’a fui, Do not say that hope has fled from you forever,

Ni que, cet amour mort, l’amour ne peut renaître. nor that, love being dead, love cannot be reborn.

Rien ne doit s’en aller, rien ne doit disparaître, Nothing must depart, nothing must vanish,

Demain voit revenir ce qui passe aujourd’hui. tomorrow sees the return of that which passes today.

Pour une heure de vide, et d’angoisse, et d’ennui, For an hour of emptiness, anxiety, and boredom

Tu peux maudire en paix le destin lâche et traître; You may curse cowardly, traitorous fate;

Désespéré d’un jour, tu peux pleurer peut-être: In the despair of the day, you may weep:

L’aurore d’un bonheur va monter dans ta nuit! the dawn of happiness will rise in your night!

Elle grandit, l’ardente et lumineuse aurore! The glowing and luminous dawn spreads!

Toi qui niais l’amour, tu vas aimer encore! You who denied love will love again!

L’aurore va venir, l’aurore va monter! The dawn will come, the dawn will rise!

Et, toujours saluant chaque bonheur qui passe, And, while greeting each joy that passes,

Tu sentiras toujours, sous ta poitrine lasse, you will forever feel, in your weary breast,

Quelque tendresse battre et quelque espoir chanter. a beat of love and a song of hope.

**Richard Strauss**

Richard Strauss (1864-1949) was a leading figure in German musical culture for most of his career, celebrated as both a gifted conductor and innovative composer. His earliest compositions emulated the late-classical style of Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert, reflecting the conservative tastes of his father. However, after studying a score of *Tristan und Isolde* in his teens, his compositional techniques exhibited an almost complete reversal. He is now remembered for his concept of symphonic poems, dramatic orchestral works that express philosophical narratives modeled after the colorful program music of Liszt and Berlioz. Through his skillful compositional style, he transformed the orchestra into a colossal virtuoso ensemble.

Among his greatest contributions to the late 19th-century musical literature were his stunning vocal works, chiefly his operas and his *Lieder* for voice and piano (many of which he later orchestrated). His songs were composed primarily during the turning point of his career, when he served as the assistant music director in Meiningen under the expert guidance of Hans von Bülow. Although Strauss did not experiment in his songs as much as he did in his larger orchestral works, all of his *Lieder* abound with passionate lyricism and rich-textured accompaniments. It is important to note that his wife of over fifty years, German soprano Pauline de Ahna, served as the inspiration for many of his songs. De Ahna was renowned for her fiery temperament; according to Richard, she was “very complex, very feminine, a little perverse, a little coquettish, never like herself, at every minute different from how she had been a moment before.” It seems logical to wonder if she was in his thoughts when he chose to set this poetry, in which a female flower is adoringly celebrated for her various characteristic traits, personality, and inner beauty.

***Mädchenblumen, Op. 22* (1886-1887)**

Poetry by Felix Ludwig Julius Dahn

1. Kornblumen I. Cornflowers

Kornblumen nenn’ ich die Gestalten, Cornflowers call I the figures,

Die milden, mit den blauen Augen, the gentle ones, with blue eyes,

Die, anspruchslos, in stillem Walten who, unpretentiously, in quiet harmony,

Den Thau des Friedens, den sie saugen impart the dew of peace (which they draw

Aus ihren eignen klaren Seelen, from their own pure souls),

Mitteilen allem, dem sie nah’n, to all to whom they draw near,

Bewusstlos der Gefühlsjuwelen unconscious of the precious sensitivity

Die sie von Himmelshand empfah’n. that they have received from heaven’s hand.

Dir wird so wohl in ihrer Nähe, You will feel so good in their proximity,

Als gingst du durch ein Saatgefilde, as if you were walking through a field of grain

Durch das der Hauch des Abends wehe, where the breath of evening might be blowing,

Voll frommen Friedens und voll Milde. full of devout peace and gentleness.

1. Mohnblumen II. Poppies

Mohnblumen sind die runden, They are the poppies, those round,

Rotblutigen, gesunden, red-blooming, healthy ones

Die sommersproß gebraunten, that bloom and bake in the summer

Die immer froh gelaunten, and are always in a cheery mood,

Kreuzbraven, kreuzfidelen, good and happy as a king,

Tanznimmermüden Seelen; their souls never tired of dancing;

Die unterm Lachen weinen they weep beneath their smiles

Und nur geboren scheinen, and seem born only

Die Kornblumen zu necken, to tease the cornflowers;

Und dennoch oft verstecken yet nevertheless,

Die weichsten, besten Herzen, they often hide the softest, best hearts

Im Schlinggewächs von Scherzen; among the climbing ivy of jests;

Die man, weiß Gott, mit Küssen God knows one would wish to

Ersticken würde müssen, suffocate them with kisses

Wär’ man nicht immer bange, were one not always afraid

Umarmest du die Range, that, when you embrace such a boisterous girl,

Sie springt ein voller Brander she would spring up into a full blaze,

Aufflammend auseinander. burning apart.

1. Epheu III. Ivy

Aber Epheu nenn’ ich jene Mädchen But ivy is what I call the maiden

Mit den sanften Worten, with soft words,

Mit dem Haar, dem schlichten, hellen with the smooth, brown hair,

Um den leis’ gewölbten Brau’n, gently waving about her brows;

Mit den braunen seelenvollen Rehenaugen, with brown, soulful doe’s eyes,

Die in Tränen steh’n so oft, who so often stand in tears,

In ihren Tränen grade sind unwiderstehlich; tears simply irresistible;

Ohne Kraft und Selbstgefühl, she is without strength and self-awareness,

Schmucklos mit verborg’ner Blüte, unadorned with secret blossoms,

Doch mit unerschöpflich tiefer, yet with an inexhaustible, deep

Treuer inniger Enpfindung true inner sentience.

Können sie mit eigner Triebkraft Under her own power, she can

Nie sich heben aus den Wurzeln, never yank herself up by the roots;

Sind geboren, sich zu ranken such are born to twine

Liebend um ein ander Leben: lovingly about another life:

An der ersten Lieb’ umrankung upon her first love

Hängt ihr ganzes Lebensschicksal, she rests her entire life’s fate,

Denn sie zählen zu den seltnen Blumen, for she is counted among those rare flowers,

Die nur einmal blühen. those that only blossom once.

1. Wasserrose IV. Water Lily

Kennst du die Blume, die märchenhafte, Do you know the flower, the fantastic

Sagengefeierte Wasserrose? legend-celebrated water lily?

Sie wiegt auf ätherischem, schlanken Schafte On a slim, ethereal stem bobs

Das durchsicht’ge Haupt, das farbenlose, its translucent, colorless head;

Sie blüht auf schilfigem Teich im Haine, it blooms by reedy pools in groves,

Gehütet vom Schwan, der umkreiset sie einsam, protected by the swan, who circles it in solitary vigil,

Sie erschließt sich nur dem Mondenscheine, it opens only in the moonlight

Mit dem ihr der silberne Schimmer gemeinsam: with which it shares its silver glimmer:

So blüht sie, die zaub’rische Schwester der Sterne, thus it blooms, the magical sister of the star

Umschwärmt von der träumerisch dunklen Phaläne, idolized for its dreamy, dark tendrils

Die am Rande des Teichs sich sehnet von ferne, which by the edge of the pool can be seen from afar

Und sie nimmer erreicht, wie sehr sie sich sehne. never reaching what it yearns for.

Wasserrose, so nenn’ ich die schlanke, Water lily, so do I call the slim

Nachtlock’ge Maid, alabastern von Wangen, maiden with night-dark locks and alabaster cheeks,

In dem Auge der ahnende tiefe Gedanke, with deep foreboding thoughts showing in her eyes,

Als sei sie ein Geist und auf Erden gefangen. as if they were ghosts imprisoned on Earth.

Wenn sie spricht, ist’s wie silbernes When she speaks, it is like the silvery

Wogenrauschen, rushing of water;

Wenn sie schweigt, ist’s die ahnende Stille der when she is silent, it is the pregnant silence

Mondnacht; of the moonlit night.

Sie scheint mit den Sternen Blicke zu tauschen, She seems to exchange radiant expressions with the stars,

Deren Sprache die gleiche Natur sie gewohnt macht; whose language she has grown accustomed to;

Du kannst nie ermüden ins Aug’ ihr zu schau’n, You can never grow weary of gazing in those eyes,

Das die seidne, lange Wimper umsäumt hat, fringed with silky, long lashes,

Und du glaubst, wie bezaubert von seligem Grau’n and you believe, as if blessedly, terrifyingly bewitched,

Was je die Romantik von Elfen geträumt hat. whatever the Romantics have dreamed about elves.

**Libby Larsen**

Grammy Award-winning Libby Larsen (b. 1950) is one of America’s most prolific and established living composers. She has made substantial contributions to the concert repertoire, with a catalogue of over 500 works that span nearly every musical genre. Her music has been continuously admired for its vibrant, deeply inspired, and decidedly contemporary American spirit. Raised in Minnesota, Larsen studied composition with prominent 20th-century composers, including Dominick Argento. This instruction, along with her interests in the drama and flair of American popular music, was extremely influential on her compositional style which combines traditional and contemporary musical elements. Like Argento, Larsen prefers to set prose texts instead of poetry because of their tendency to reveal “strong, colorful and fearless people, many times women.” As a result, her vocal works tend to be cyclic narratives, rather than individually independent songs, and are consistently devoted to the speech rhythm and emotions of the text. Larsen remains an active, eloquent advocate for contemporary American music, serving as an inspiration and role model for many young musicians of our day.

This particular set of songs was written early in her career, when she was studying composition at the University of Minnesota. At the time of their composition, she admits that she was struggling with the question of where music *itself* comes from and how it relates to emotion, especially in the tradition of American music. She determined that the answer to her questions could be found by examining the language of the people, and chose to investigate what she considered to be the American version of vernacular: writings from pioneers living east of the Hudson River. She chose three texts to make up a set of character pieces that suggest a narrative, without specifically telling a story. This set of songs represents her early interest in using American English as a source of musical syntax and shape, as well as her early exploration into the dramatic lives of her characters.

On a personal note, I would like to say that it was a privilege to know and work with Ms. Larsen on these particular songs at *Songfest* in California, Summer 2012.

***Cowboy Songs* (1979)**

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| I. Bucking Bronco (Poetry: Belle Starr) My love is a rider, my love is a rider…My true love is a rider, wild broncos he breaksthough he promised to quit for my sake.It’s one foot in the stirrup, and the saddle put on,with a swing and a jump, he is mounted and gone.The first time I met him, it was early one springa-ridin’ a bronco, a high-headed thing.The next time I saw him, ‘twas late in the fall,a-swingin’ the girls at Tomlinson’s ball.He gave me some presents, among them a ring,the return that I gave him was a far better thing:a young maiden’s heart. I’d have you all know,that he won it by riding his bucking bronco.Now all young maidens, where’re you reside,beware of the cowboy who swings rawhide.He’ll court you and pet you and leave you to goin the spring, up the trail, on is bucking bronco. |  II. Lift Me Into Heaven Slowly (Poetry: Robert Creeley)Lift me into heaven slowly,‘cause my back’s sore,and my mind’s thoughtful,and I’m not even sure I want to go.I’m not even sure I want to go. III. Billy the Kid (Poet Unknown)Billy was a bad man, carried a big gun.He was always after good folks and he kept ‘em on the run.He shot one every morning, to make his morning meal,let a man sass him, he was sure to feel his steel.He kept folks in hot water, stole from every stage,when he was full of liquor he was always in a rage.He kept things boilin’ over, he stayed out in the brush,when he was full of dead eye, other folks had better hush.Billy was a bad man.But one day he met a man a whole lot badder, and now he’s dead.And we ain’t none the sadder. |
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**Eric Whitacre**

Eric Whitacre (b. 1970) is an American Grammy Award-winning composer, conductor, and orator, currently considered one of the most popular and performed composers of his generation. Whitacre had no formal musical training until he began his BA in music education at the University of Nevada, unable to read music at the time. From that point on, Whitacre excelled in musical composition, earning his Master’s degree at the Julliard School and winning numerous awards and honors for his works. Besides contributing a catalogue of compositions that span from small chamber works to large choral projects, Whitacre is attributed with the creation of the groundbreaking international musical project, the Virtual Choir. This project seeks to create a user-generated online choir, produced via recorded submissions of singers performing his works from all over the globe. By the close of the last trial, 3,746 videos had been uploaded by 2,945 people from 73 countries, singing parts from his composition “Water Night.” These recordings were combined to create a final video that included contributions from all singers.

Whitacre is recognized for the contemporary sonorities of his choral works, frequently employing a variety of musical effects that stem from his interest in popular culture. This set was conceived when Whitacre travelled to Germany with his girlfriend at the time (and now wife), soprano Hila Plitmann. His friend and travel companion, a violinist from Juilliard, requested that he write a set of “troubadour” songs for piano, violin and soprano. Whitacre asked Plitmann to write the texts in Hebrew, as she was born and raised in Israel and he was interested in learning her native tongue. Each of the songs represents a special moment shared between Whitacre and Plitmann during their voyage: the tones at the beginning of “Éyze shéleg” are the exact pitches that rang from cathedral bells that awakened them each morning in Germany, and the words in “Kalá kallá” stemmed from a pun that Whitacre created when Plitmann was first teaching him Hebrew. In Whitacre’s own words, “these songs are profoundly personal… born entirely out of my new love for this soprano, poet, and now my beautiful wife, Hila Plitmann.”

Because of their association with the theme of this program, as well as my own personal desire to sing in Hebrew during my senior recital, I present Eric Whitacre’s *Five Hebrew Love Songs.*

***Five Hebrew Love Songs* (1996)**

Poetry by Hila Plitmann

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| I. TemunáTemuná belibí charutá; Nodédet beyn ór uveyn ófel: Min dmamá shekazó et guféch kach otá, Usaréch al paná'ich kach nófel. | I. תמונהחרותה בליבי תמונהאופל ובין אור בין נודדתאותה קח גופך את שכזו הממד מןנופל כך פנייך על ושיערך | I. A PictureA picture is engraved in my heart;Moving between light and darkness:A sort of silence envelopes your body,And your hair falls upon your face just so. |
| II. Kalá kalláKalá kallá Kulá shelí. U'vekalútTishák hí lí! | II. קלה כלהקלה כלהשלי כולהובקלות!לי היא תישק | II. Light brideLight brideShe is all mine,and lightlyShe will kiss me! |
| III. Lárov"Laróv," amár gag la'shama'im,"Hamerchák shebeynéynu hu ad;Ach lifnéy zman alu lechán shna'im,Uveynéynu nishár sentiméter echád." | III. Mostlyלשמיים גג אמר ",לרוב"עד הוא שבינינו המרחק"שניים לכאן עלו זמן לפני ףא".אחד סנטימטר נשאר ובינינו | III. Mostly“Mostly,” said the roof to the sky,“the distance between you and me is endlessness;But a while ago two came up here,And only one centimeter was left between us.” |
| IV. Éyze shélegÉyze shéleg!Kmo chalomót ktanímNoflím mehashamá’im. | IV. !שלג איזה!שלג איזהםינטק חלומות כמו! ייםמהשמ נופלים | IV. What snow!What snow!Like little dreamsFalling from the sky. |
| V. RakútHu hayá malé rakútHi haytá kashaVechól káma shenistá lehishaér kach,Pashút, uvlí sibá tová,Lakach otá el toch atzmó,VeheníachBamakóm hachí, hachí rach. | V. תכורתרכו אלמ היה הוא קשה היתה היאכך להישאר שניסתה כמה וכלטובה סיבה ובלי פשוטעצמו תוך אל אותה לקחוהניח.רך הכי הכי םקומב | V. DanceHe was full of tenderness;She was very hard.And as much as she tried to stay thus,Simply, and with no good reason,He took her into himself,And set her downIn the softest, softest place. |