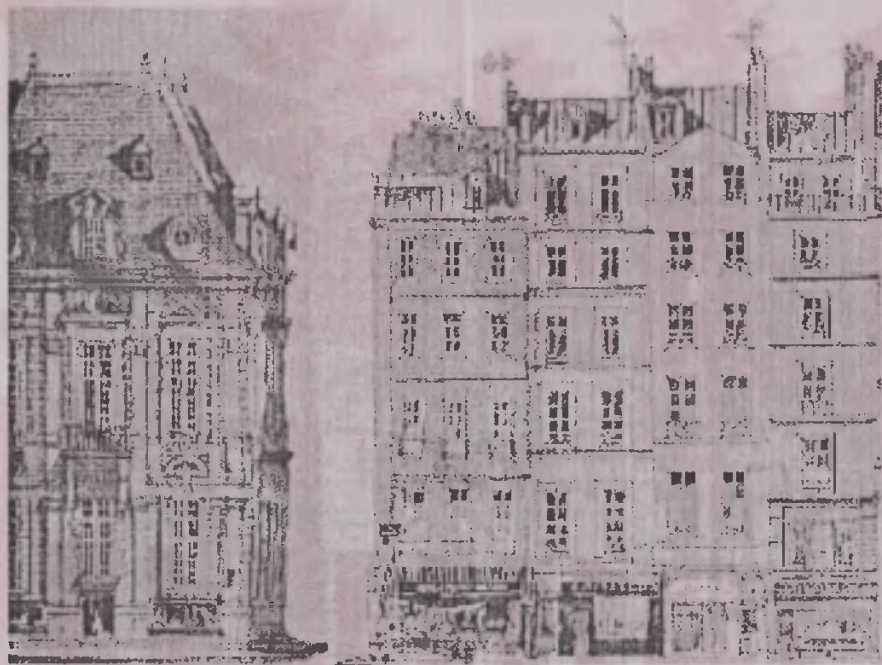


Herberger College  
of Fine Arts

# School of Music

# Mélodies



Presented by the Thursday French Class

Thursday December 2, 2004 Recital Hall  
School of Music Arizona State University  
5:00 pm

**ASU** ARIZONA STATE  
UNIVERSITY

## Program

### I

**Villanelle**                      **Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)**  
**Text: Théophile Gautier**

When the new season will come,  
When the frosts will have vanished,  
To gather lilies-of-the-valley in the woods.  
Under our feet, picking the pearls  
Which one sees trembling in the morn;  
We shall go to hear the blackbirds,  
We shall go to hear the blackbirds whistling;  
Spring has come, my lovely one;  
This is the blessed month for lovers;  
And the bird smoothing its wings  
Says a poem on the rim of its nest.  
Oh, come then to this mossy bank  
To talk of our glorious love,  
And tell me with your voice so sweet,  
Forever!  
Far, far away, straying from our path  
Let us put to flight the hidden rabbit  
And the buck, in the mirror of the springs  
Admiring its bent antlers;  
Then homeward, so happy, so at ease,  
Entwining our fingers to make a basket,  
Let us return, carrying wild strawberries.

**Michele Païse, soprano**                      **Megan Reilly, piano**

**Lydia**                      **Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)**  
**Text: Leconte de Lisle**

Lydia, on your pink cheeks  
And on your neck, cool and so white,  
Falls glittering the fluid gold that you loosen;  
The day that shines is the best,  
Let us forget the eternal tomb;  
Let your kisses, your dove-like kisses,  
Sing on your blossoming lips.  
A hidden lily emits unceasingly  
A heavenly fragrance in your breast;  
Pleasures in swarms exhale from you,

young goddess.  
I love you and die, oh my love,  
My soul is carried off in kisses!  
Oh Lydia give back my life,  
That I may forever die!

**Kenny Miller, tenor**

**Naoko Ochi, piano**

**Que l'heure est donc breve Jules Massenet (1842-1912)**

**Text: Armand Silvestre**

How Brief is the Hour  
The hour swift is flying  
Of Love's brief delight!  
'Tis gone from our sight,  
And dreamlike, 'tis dying;  
Time steals, onward flying,  
Our love-visions bright.  
The hour swift is flying  
Of Love's brief delight!  
Beneath the wave's flow  
The sands are sighing;  
"Dost love me, or no?"  
Is it but a dream?,  
That, dreamlike is dying?  
The hour swift is flying,  
Of Love's brief delight!

**Barbara M. Storch, mezzo soprano Solim Bae, piano**

**Hymne au Soleil Alexandre Georges (1850-1938)**

**Text: Jean Richepin**

Sun that flames, sun of red gold,  
Sun that burns, sun of diamond,  
Sun that creates, sun of blood,  
Sun, I offer you this living gold,  
Sun, I give you this diamond of flesh,  
Sun, I dedicate to you this blood of my blood,  
Sun, place your gold on (this infant's) skin,  
Sun, place your diamond in its eyes,  
Sun, place your blood in its heart.

**Robert Wright, baritone Jesus David Camalich, piano**

**Pysché**                      **Emile Paladilhe (1844-1926)**  
**Text: Pierre Corneille**

I am jealous, Psyche, of all nature!  
The rays of the sun kiss you too often,  
Your locks permit too much the wind's caresses;  
When they are fondled by it, I resent it!  
Even the air you breath  
With too much pleasure passes o'er you lips,  
Your gown touches you to closely.  
And, whenever you sigh  
I do not know what makes me so terribly afraid.  
Amidst you sighs, those almost hidden sighs!  
**Dacie Davies, soprano**                      **Chia-I Chen, piano**

II

**Si tu le veux**                      **Charles Koechlin (1867-1950)**  
**Text: M. de Marsan**

If you wish it, oh my love,  
This evening when the end of day  
Will have come,  
When the stars will arise  
And will set golden nails  
In the blue depth of the sky,  
We shall go alone, the two of us,  
Into the dark night, lovingly,  
Without being seen;  
And tenderly I shall sing you  
A song of love, which I shall fill  
With all my joy.  
but when you will return home,  
If anyone asks you why,  
Lovely fairy.  
your hair is more tangled than before,  
You will answer that only the wind  
Has disarranged it,  
If you wish, oh my love.  
**Sara Binette, mezzo soprano**      **Chia-I Chen, piano**

**Beau Soir**                      **Claude Debussy (1862-1918)**

**Text: Paul Bourget**

When in the setting sun, the rivers are red  
And a warm wind floats over the field of grain  
An advice to be happy seems to go to shine out from things  
And rise toward the troubled heart  
An advice to enjoy the charm of being alive  
While one is young and the evening is beautiful,  
We shall go as this wave goes  
It to the sea, we to the grave

**Lauren Winston, mezzo soprano**                      **Naoko Ochi, piano**

**Ouvre ton coeur**                      **Georges Bizet (1838-1875)**

**Text: Louis Delâtre**

The daisy closed its crown,  
The shadow closed the eyes of the day,  
Beautiful, me will you hold word?  
The daisy closed its crown,  
Open your heart to my love,  
Open your heart O Young angel, has my flame,  
What a dream charms your sleep,  
Open your heart,  
I want to resume my soul.  
Open your heart O Young angel, has my flame,  
As a flower opens to the sun!

**Katherine Kirby, soprano**                      **Naoko Ochi, piano**

**Clair de Lune**                      **Joseph Szulc (1875-1956)**

**Text: Paul Verlaine**

Your soul is a chosen landscape  
Where charming masks and bergamasks are promenading  
Playing a lute and dancing, and almost  
Sad under their fantastic disguise,  
While singing in the minor mode  
Of conquering love and a pleasant life  
They do not seem to believe in their happiness,  
And their song mingles with the moonlight  
The quiet moonlight, sad and lovely,

Which sets the birds in the trees a dreaming,  
And makes the fountains sob with ecstasy,  
The tall slim fountains, among the marble rocks.

**Cameron Becker, tenor**                      **Megan Reilly, piano**

**Les filles de Cadix**      **Leo Delibes (1836-1891)**

**Text: Alfred de Musset**

We have just seen the bullfight,  
Three young fellow, three girls;  
It was lovely on the lawn,  
And we danced a bolero  
To the sound of castanets.  
Tell me, neighbor,  
Do I look well,  
And is my skirt  
Becoming this morning?  
Do you find I have a dainty figure?  
The girls of Cadix like that very much!  
And we danced a bolero  
One Sunday night,  
There came toward us a hidalgo  
Attired in gold, the feather on his hat,  
And his hand on his hip;  
If you want me,  
Brunette with the charming smile,  
You need only to say so,  
This gold is yours.  
Be on your way, handsome sir...  
The girls of Cadiz don't listen to things!

**Jee Hyun Kim, soprano**                      **Solim Bae, piano**

### III

**L'heure exquise**      **Reynaldo Hahn (1875-1947)**

**Text: Paul Verlaine**

The white moon shines in the forest,  
From every branch comes forth a voice,

Under the foliage,  
Oh beloved!  
The pond reflects, a deep mirror,  
The silhouette of the dark willow,  
Where the wind is weeping.  
Let us dream, this is the hour!  
A vast and tender calm  
Seems to descend from the firmament,  
Which the orb clads in rainbow colors;  
This is the exquisite hour.

**Lacy Sauter, mezzo soprano**

**Megan Reilly, piano**

**L'hiver a cessé      Gabriel Fauré**  
**Text: Paul Verlaine**

Winter has ended, the light is warm  
And the dances, from the earth to the firmament clear,  
It is necessary that the heart the very saddest yield  
To the immense joy scattered in the air.  
I have had for a year the spring in my soul,  
And the green return of the sweet time of the flowers,  
Just as a flame surrounds a flame,  
So the ideal is placed on my ideal.  
The sky blue prolongs, heightens and crowns  
The immutable azure where laughs my love.  
The season is beautiful and my share is good  
And all my hopes have finally their turn.  
Let summer come! Let come again  
the Autumn and the Winter! And each season  
to me will be delightful, o thou, who is adorned by  
this fantasy and this reason!

**Max Miller, tenor**

**Chia-I Chen, piano**

**J'ai pleuré en rêve      Georges Hüe (1858-1948)**  
**Text: Heinrich Heine**

I wept in my dream  
I dreamt you were dead  
I awoke and the tears  
Were flowing down my cheeks  
I wept in my dream

I dreamt that you left me  
I awoke and I wept  
Bitterly for a long time  
I wept in my dream  
I dreamt that you loved me still  
I awoke, and the torrent of my tears  
Flows endlessly, endlessly

**Jennifer Jones, soprano    Jesus David Camilach, piano**

**Villanelle des petits canards**

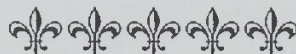
**Emmanuel Chabrier (1841-1894)**

**Text: Rosemonde Gérard**

They go, the little ducks,  
all along the riverbank like good country-folk.  
Paddling and frisking about, happy to trouble the clear water.  
They go, the little ducks, They seem a little silly,  
But they go about their business like good country-folk.  
In the water full of tadpoles  
Where light grass flutters  
They go, the little ducks marching in separate groups  
With regular steps like good country-folk.  
In the pretty spinach green of the moist cress-plot,  
They go, the little ducks, and though a little jeering  
They are really kindhearted, like good country folk.  
Making, in talkative circles, a veritable bedlam of noise,  
They go, the little ducks,  
Plump, glossy and lively;  
They are pleasant in their own way,  
Like good country folk.  
Amorous and nasal voiced, each one with his lady friend,  
They go, they go, they go, the little ducks,  
Like good country-folk.

**Sean Campbell, baritone**

**Solim Bae, piano**





## Singers and Pianists

Solim Bae

Cameron Becker

Sara Binette

Jesus David Camelich

Sean Campbell

Chia-I Chen

Daci Davies

Jennifer Jones

Jee Hyun Kim

Katherine Kirby

Max Miller

Kenny Miller

Naoko Ochi

Michele Paise

Megan Reilly

Lacy Sauter

Barbara M. Storch

Lauren Winston

Robert Wright

