

Singing in French




presented by the

Thursday French Class

Thursday November 30, 2006
ASU School of Music
Recital Hall 5:00 pm

MUSIC

 Herberger College
of Fine Arts

ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

PROGRAM

Venise

Charles Gounod (1818-1893)

*In Venice the red,
not one boat which stirs,
not one fisherman on the-water,
not one lantern
The moon which itself-hides
covers her brow that passes
with-a cloud starry half veiled.
All keeps silent, except the guards
with long halberds, who keep-watch at-the battlements of
the arsenals.*

*Ah! Now more-than one-girl awaits,
in-the light of-the moon,
some young beau, the-ear in attention.
Beneath the breeze amorous the Vanina dreamy,
in her cradle floating, passes-by while singing;
Whilst for the festivity
Narcissa who herself-readies,
puts-on before her mirror, the mask black.*

*Let-us-leave the old clock on-the palace of-the old Doge
for-him to-count during his nights,
the long hours of boredom,
On his sea nonchalant,
Venice indolent not counts neither her days
nor her loves.*

*For Venice is so beautiful
that-a chain on her
resembles a necklace thrown
across her beauty.*

Lauren Edwards, soprano
Sara Stapley, piano

Lauren Edwards

Ouvre ton Coeur

Georges Bizet (1838-1875)

*The daisy closed it's flower crown,
twilight closed the eyes of day,
my lovely one will you keep your word?
The daisy closed it's flower crown,
Open your heart to my love.
Open your heart,
Oh, young angel, to my ardor,
May a dream enchant your slumber....
Open your heart, I want to take back my soul.
Open your heart,
Oh, young angel, to my ardor,
Like a flower opens to the sun.*

S. K.†

Robert Wright, bass
Sara Stapley, piano

Madrigal

Vincent d'Indy (1951-1931)

*No one had ever lovelier features
A Whiter neck, more silken hair;
No one had ever a nicer waist,
No one besides my lady of the gentile eyes!
No one had ever lips more smiling,
Which smiling makes the heart more glad,
A chaster bosom under filmy bodice,
No one besides my lady of the gentile eyes!
No one had ever voiced of sweeter meaning,
White little teeth like shining pearls;
No one was ever lovelier to the sight,
No one besides my lady of the gentile eyes,
My lady of the gentile eyes!*

S. K.

Lisa Bulloch, soprano
Chai-I Chen, piano

La Pluie Alexandre Georges (1850-1938)

*The rain, the rain with green fingers
Plays on the skin of the dead leaves
It's joyful tune of the tambourine.*

*The rain, the rain with blue feet
Dances its whirling dance,
Making circles in the dust.*

*The rain, the rain with its fresh lips
Kisses the Earth upon its parched lips,
Causing the strays of the grain to crack.* S. K.

John Felicetta, baritone
Chai-l Chen, piano

Oh, quand je dors Franz Liszt (1811-1886)

*Oh, when I sleep, come close to my bed,
as to Petrarch appeared Laura
(as Laura appeared to Petrarch)
and in passing (let) your breath touch me.
Sudden(ly) my mouth will (be) half-open!
On my gloomy brow where perhaps is ending a dark dream
which too long time to last. (which lasted too long)
Let your glance like a star be lifted.
(Suddenly) my dream will radiate!
Then on my lip where flits a flame,
Lightening of love that God himself purified,
Lie a kiss, and from (an) angel become (a) woman
Suddenly my soul will awaken!*

Oh! come! As Laura appeared to Petrarch. Heabin Yu

Heabin Yu, soprano
Lisa Maresch, piano

Offrande Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

*Here are some fruit, flowers, leaves, and branches
And here is my heart that beats only for you
And do not tear it with your two white hands
And may the humble present be sweet in your beautiful eye.
I arrive all covered in dew
That the wind in the morning comes to freeze on my forehead
Suffer at your feet as I rest at your feet
Dreaming of dear instants that will relax it
On your young breast leave my head to rest
Still ringing with your last kisses
Leave it to appease itself after a good storm
And that I sleep a little since you are resting.* S. K.

Laura Boone, soprano
Lisa Maresch, piano

Ballade de Gros Dindons Emmanuel Chabrier (1841-1894)

*The fat turkeys across the fields,
With solemn and quiet steps
In the morning, at the sunsets,
Stupidly walking in file
Before the spreading pasture,
Quavering their old songs,
March in a docile procession,
The fat turkeys!
They look to you like fat shopkeepers
Stuffed with silly arrogance,
Bailiffs, proud and wicked,
Staring at you with hostile eyes,
Their red pendants shaking;
They seem, among the thistles,
Gravely to hold a meeting,
The fat turkeys!
Never having found touching*

*The sounds which the nightingale spins out,
They follow, heavy and shambling,
One of them, stately as an official of Ancient Rome;
And, when from a distant steeple
The angelus sounds its slow ding! dong!
They return to their homes,
The fat turkeys!
Respectable fat folk, their only inclinations
Are for the practical and the useful;
To them, love and sweet songs
Are a pastime far too futile;
Bourgeois of the winged tribe,
Shaped like round black barrels,
They care not about any idyll,
The fat turkeys!*

S. K.

Elizabeth Coleman, soprano
Lisa Maresch, piano

Psyché Emile Paladilhe (1844-1926)
*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 your lips.
Your gown touches you too closely.
And, whenever you sigh
I do not know what makes me so terribly afraid.
Amidst your sighs, those almost hidden sighs!* S. K.
Timothy Glemser, tenor
Evan Paul, piano

Les clochettes des Muguets Georges Hue (1858-1948)
*The little bells of the lilies of the valley,
Trembling in the breeze,
Ring out light,
Discrete and subtle scents.
I listen to them, one by one,
Softly I inhale them,
They have the delicate fragrance
Of you radiant smile,
They have the brilliant sparkle
And the blossoming kindness of your eyes.* S. K.
Amanda Arnett, soprano
Evan Paul, piano

INTERMISSION

Le Thé Charles Koechlin (1867-1950)
*Miss Ellen, pour the tea for me into the lovely
Chinese cup Where golden fish pick a quarrel with the
frightened rose-colored monster
I love the mad cruelty of chimeras that are tamed.
Miss Ellen, pour the tea for me into the lovely
Chinese cup; There, under an angry red sky a lady,
haughty and cunning
Sheds from her long turquoise eyes rapture and
artlessness.
Miss Ellen, pour the tea for me.* S. K.
Tiffany Mortensen, soprano
Sara Stapley, piano

Aimons-nous Camille Saint Saens (1835-1921)

*Let us love each other and sleep
Without thoughts of the rest of the world!
Neither the flood of the sea nor the storm of the
mountains,
As long as we are in love,
Will bend your blonde head,
For Love is stronger
Than the Gods and Death!
The sun will die away
To leave your pallor more pure,
The wind bending the trees to the ground,
Would not dare, in passing, to play with your hair,
As long as you will hide your head in my arms!
And when our two hearts
Will soar into happy spheres
Where celestial lilies will open up beneath our tears,
Then, like flowers,
Let us join our lips
And let us strive to vanquish
Death with a kiss!*

S. K.

Rachel Hastings, mezzo soprano
Sara Stapley, piano

La Procession César Franck (1822-1890)

*The Lord draws nigh across the fields!
Over the heath, the meadows, the green copses of hedges,
With the hymns of men, birds, mingle with your songs!
They stop! The crowd, around an ancient oak,
Bows down, worshipping under the mystic monstrance:
Sun! throw upon it your long setting rays!
With the hymns of men, birds, mingle with your songs!
You, flowers, with the incense exhale your fragrance!*

*Oh festive day! Everything shines, everything prays,
and everything sends forth perfume!*

The Lord draws nigh across the fields. S. K.

Andrew Sievers, baritone
Sara Stapley, piano

Le Miroir Gustave Ferrari (1872-1948)

*Your fragrance floated in the silent air;
I saw the empty room and the forsaken table,
The book, over which your thoughts still hovered,
The mirror, bright as a fragment of heaven.
And so, alone, I bent over these things,
And reverently, with closed lips,
Kissed on the mirror the place of your eyes. S. K.*

Julie Bunnell, soprano
Dianne Cangelosi, piano

Il Neige Henri Bemburg (1861-1944)

*It snows, it snows. Big flakes, like cotton that fell,
that fell on the roof, very white.
And the small fearful birds nestled among themselves,
feeling cold, closing their eyes.
It snows, it snows. All is covered with a white coat of
snow!*

*It snows, it snows. How it is cold from the hard wintry
weather. It frosts, it frosts our souls with terror! And to
feel very unhappy. The young hearts in love warm each
other two by two.*

*It snows, it snows. Everything passes, everything fades
beneath the snow.*

It snows! It snows!

Heather Fulton

Heather Fulton, soprano
Dianne Cangelosi, piano

Villanelle de petits canards Emmanuel Chabrier (1841-1894)

*They go, the little ducks,
all along the river banks,
like good country folk,
paddlers and splashers.
They go, the little ducks,
they seem a bit naive,
but they go about their business,
like the good country folk,
into the water full of tadpoles,
where trembles a weed so delicate.
They go, the little ducks,
walking in groups scattered
like good country folk,
in the beautiful green spinach
of moist watercress,
and though a little mocking,
they are by nature good humored,
like good country folk,
They make, in circles chattering,
a big racket of a disorderly body.* Anne-Kathryn Olsen

Anne-Kathryn Olsen, soprano
Dianne Cangelosi, piano

Les Filles de Cadix Leo Delibes (1836-1891)

*We had just seen the bullfight,
three lads, three young girls,
on the green it was fine
and we danced the bolero
to the sound of the castanets:
tell me, neighbor,
if my looks please you, and if my skirt
is becoming this morning.
Do you think my waist is slender?
The daughters of Cadiz have a liking for that!*

*And we danced a bolero
on a Sunday evening,
a Hidalgo approached us,
raiment stitched with gold, a feather in his hat,
and his fist on his hip:
if you fancy me,
brunette with the sweet smile,
you need only say so,
this gold is yours.
Go on your way, handsome Sir...:
the daughters of Cadiz do not listen to that!*

*And we danced a bolero
at the foot of the hill,
on the road Diego passed
whose only belongings were a cloak
and a mandolin
Fair one with the sweet eyes,
would you like it if to church
tomorrow you should be escorted
by a jealous lover? Jealous! Jealous!
What stupidity!
The daughters of Cadiz fear that fault!*

Melissa Solomon

Melissa Solomon, soprano
Dianne Cangelosi, piano

*Sergius Kagen, Editor: International Music Company

Concert Personnel

Amanda Arnett
Laura Boone
Lisa Bulloch
Julie Bunnell
Chai-I Chen
Dianne Cangelosi
Elizabeth Coleman
Lauren Edwards
John Felicetta
Heather Fulton
Timothy Glemser
Rachel Hastings
Lisa Maresch
Tiffany Mortensen
Anne-Kathryn Olsen
Evan Paul
Melissa Solomon
Sara Stapley
Andrew Sievers
Robert Wright
Heabin Yu

Events Information Call 480-965-TUNE (480-965-8863)