

Isola Jones, *Mezzo-Soprano*

Haeju Choi, *Collaborative Pianist*

Doctoral Recital

Organ Recital Hall | March 7, 2013 | 7:30

Program

Sheherazade

Asie

La Flute enchantee

L'Indifferent

Maurice Ravel

1875-1935

Siete Canciones Populares Espanolas

El Pano Moruno

Seguidilla

Asturiana

Jota

Nana

Cancion

Polo

Manuel de Falla

1846-1946

There will be a 10-minute intermission

Porgi Amor

“Le Nozze di Figaro”

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

1756-1791

O mio babbino caro

“Gianni Schicchi”

Giacomo Puccini

1858-1924

Song to the Moon

“Rusalka”

Antonin Dvorak

1841-1904

Tutti Fior (duet)

“Madama Butterfly”

Helena Yip, Soprano

Giacomo Puccini

1858-1924

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Translations

Sheherazade

Asie

Asie, Asie, Asie!
Vieux pays merveilleux des contes de nourrice
Où dort la fantaisie comme une impératrice
En sa forêt emplie de mystère.
Asie, je voudrais m'en aller avec la goélette
Qui se berce ce soir dans le port,
Mystérieuse et solitaire,
Et qui déploie enfin ses voiles violettes
Comme un immense oiseau de nuit dans le ciel d'or.
Je voudrais m'en aller vers des îles de fleurs
En écoutant chanter la mer perverse
Sur un vieux rythme ensorceleur.
Je voudrais voir Damas et les villes de Perse
Avec les minarets légers dans l'air.
Je voudrais voir de beaux turbans de soie
Sur des visages noirs aux dents claires;
Je voudrais voir des yeux sombres d'amour
Et des prunelles brillantes de joie
En des peaux jaunes comme des oranges;
Je voudrais voir des vêtements de velours
Et des habits à longues franges.
Je voudrais voir des calumets entre des bouches
Tout entourées de barbe blanche;
Je voudrais voir d'âpres marchands aux regards
louches,
Et des cadis, et des vizirs
Qui du seul mouvement de leur doigt qui se penche
Accordent vie ou mort au gré de leur désir.

Je voudrais voir la Perse, et l'Inde, et puis la Chine,
Les mandarins ventrus sous les ombrellas,
Et les princesses aux mains fines,
Et les lettrés qui se querellent
Sur la poésie et sur la beauté;
Je voudrais m'attarder au palais enchanté
Et comme un voyageur étranger
Contempler à loisir des paysages peints
Sur des étoffes en des cadres de sapin
Avec un personnage au milieu d'un verger;
Je voudrais voir des assassins souriant
Du bourreau qui coupe un cou d'innocent
Avec son grand sabre courbé d'Orient.
Je voudrais voir des pauvres et des reines;
Je voudrais voir des roses et du sang;
Je voudrais voir mourir d'amour ou bien de haine.

Et puis m'en revenir plus tard
Narrer mon aventure aux curieux de rêves
En élevant comme Sinbad ma vieille tasse arabe
De temps en temps jusqu'à mes lèvres
Pour interrompre le conte avec art ...

Asia, Asia, Asia!
Olden and wondrous land of tales dreamt by nursemaids,
Where sleeping fantasy lies like an empress fair
In her forest o'erflowing with mystery.
Asia ... I should like to set out aboard the sea-bound schooner
Which is rocking this evening in port,
Mysterious and solitary;
And which at last unfurls its fluttering sails of purple
Like an immense night bird aloft in the gold'n sky.
I should like to sail off towards islands of flow'rs
While list'ning to the perverse sea singing
In its old and bewitching rhythm.
I'd like to see Damascus, and cities of Persia
Where light minarets pierce through the air.*
I'd like to see those fine turbans of silk
Over black faces with white teeth gleaming;
I should wish to see eyes shaded with love
From which pupils shine brilliantly with joy
Against complexions as tawny as oranges;
I should like to see fine vestments made of velvet
And flowing robes with long, long fringes.
I'd like to see earthenware pipes stuck into pursed mouths
Wholly surrounded by white whiskers;
I'd like to see rough-edged merchants cast dirty glances,
And the qadis and the viziers,
Who with just the mere movement of their crooked finger
Can dispense life or death at their desire's whim.

I'd see Persia, and India, then also China:
Plump mandarins sitting under umbrellas,
And princesses with hands most lithe,
And wise scholars who yet are quarrelling
Over poetry and over beauty;
I should like to pause in an enchanted palace
And, like any foreign traveller,
Contemplate at leisure those paintings of landscapes,
On finest fabrics in frames crafted out of fir,
Picturing someone in the middle of a grove;
I'd like to see cruel assassins smile as
An executioner lops a guiltless head
With his big Oriental scimitar.
I'd like to see base paupers and grand queens, too;
I'd like to see red roses and red blood;
I'd like to see death caused by love, or else by hatred.

And later then I'll return home
To share my adventure with curious young dreamers;
And I will raise—just like Sinbad—my old Arabian goblet
Up to my lips every now and then,
Interrupting the tale for artful effect ...

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La Flute Enchantee

L'ombre est douce et mon maître dort,
Coiffé d'un bonnet conique de soie
Et son long nez jaune en sa barbe blanche.

Mais moi, je suis éveillée encore
Et j'écoute au dehors
Une chanson de flûte où s'épanche
Tour à tour la tristesse ou la joie.
Un air tour à tour langoureux ou frivole,
Que mon amoureux chéri joue.
Et quand je m'approche de la croisée
Il me semble que chaque note s'envole
De la flûte vers ma joue
Comme un mystérieux baiser.

Darkness soothes and my master sleeps,
Coiffed in a cone-shaped night-bonnet of silk,
With his long nose yellow on his white whiskers.

But I, I'm wakened and roused again,
And I hear from outdoors
The lone song of a flute o'erflowing
At first with sorrow but then with such joy!
An air turning from languishing to frivolous,
Which my own dearest lover plays.
And as I move closer to the window,
To me it's as though each note has come winging
From his flute onto my cheek
Like a mysterious caress.

L'Indifferent

Tes yeux sont doux comme ceux d'une fille,
Jeune étranger,
Et la courbe fine
De ton beau visage de duvet ombragé
Est plus séduisante encore de ligne.

Ta lèvre chante sur le pas de ma porte
Une langue inconnue et charmante
Comme une musique fausse ...
Entre! Et que mon vin te reconforte ...

Mais non, tu passes
Et de mon seuil je te vois t'éloigner
Me faisant un dernier geste avec grâce
Et la hanche légèrement ployée
Par ta démarche féminine et lasse ...

Your eyes are soft like those of any maiden,
My young stranger,
And the delicate curve
Of your fine features, shadowed with a silk down,
Forms an even more seductive outline.

Your lips form a song at the foot of my doorstep
In a tongue incoherent yet charming,
Rather like music tuned falsely ...
Enter! And let my wine give you refreshment ...

But no ... you pass on,
And from my threshold I watch you depart
As you make a last graceful gesture for me,
With a curved hip casually swaying
From your saunter that's both girlish and languid ..

Siete Canciones Populares Espanolas

El Paño Moruno

Al paño fino, en la tienda,
una mancha le cayó;
Por menos precio se vende,
Porque perdió su valor.
¡Ay!

The fine cloth in the store
a stain has fallen;
it sells at a lesser amount
because it has lost its value.
Alas!

Seguidilla Murciana

Cualquiera que el tejado
Tenga de vidrio,
No debe tirar piedras
Al del vecino.
Arrieros semos;
¡Puede que en el camino
Nos encontremos!
Por tu mucha inconstancia

Who has a roof of glass
should not throw stones
to their neighbor's roof.
Let us be muleteers;
It could be that on the road
we will meet!
For your great inconsistency
I compare you

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Yo te comparo
Con peseta que corre
De mano en mano;
Que al fin se borra,
Y cr yendola falsa
 Nadie la toma!

to a coin
that runs
from hand to hand;
which finally blurs, and,
believing it false,
no one accepts!

Asturiana

Por ver si me consolaba,
Arrime a un pino verde,
Por ver si me consolaba.
Por verme llorar, floraba.
Y el pino como era verde,
Por verme llorar, lloraba.

To see whether
it would console me,
I drew near a great pine,
To see whether
it would console me.
Seeing me weep, it wept;
**And the pine, being green
seeing me weep, it wept.**

Jota

Dicen que no nos queremos
Porque no nos ven hablar;
A tu coraz n y al mio
Se lo pueden preguntar
Ya me despido de t ,
De tu casa y tu ventana,
Y aunque no quiera tu madre,
Adi s, ni a, hasta ma ana.
Aunque no quiera tu madre..

They say we don't love each other
because they never see us talking
but they only have to ask
both. Your heart and mine.
Now I bid you farewell
Your house and your window too
and even....your mother
Farewell, my sweetheart until tomorrow!

Nana

Du ermete, ni o, duerme,
Duerme, mi alma,
Du ermete, lucerito
De la ma ana.
Naninta, nana,
Naninta, nana.
Du ermete, lucerito
De la ma ana.

Go to sleep child, sleep,
Sleep, my soul,
Go to sleep,
Little star of the morning.
Lulla-lullyaby,
Lulla-lullaby.
Sleep Little star of the morning.

Cancion

Por traidores, tus ojos,
voy a enterrarlos;
No sabes lo que cuesta,
»Del aire«
Ni a, el mirarlos.
»Madre a la orilla
Madre«
Dicen que no me quieres,
Y a me has querido...
V yase lo ganado,
»Del aire«
Por lo perdido,
»Madre a la orilla
Madre«

Because your eyes are traitors
I will hide from them.
You don't know how painful
it is to look at them.
"Mother I feel worthless, Mother"
They say they don't love me
and yet once
they did love me
"Love has been lost in the air
Mother all is lost
It is lost Mother."

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Tutti Fior

Tutti i fior?...
Tutti i fior, tutti...
tutti. Pesco, viola, gelsomin,
quanto di cespo, o d'erba, o d'albero fiori.
Uno squallor d'inverno sarà tutto il giardin.
Tutta la primavera voglio che olezzi qui.
A voi signora.
Cogline ancora.
Soventi a questa siepe veniste a riguardare
lungi, piangendo nella deserta immensità.
Giunse l'atteso, nulla più chiedo al mare;
diedi pianto alla zolla, essa i suoi fior mi dà.
Spoglio è l'orto.
Vien, m'aiuta.
Rose al varco
della soglia.
Tutta la primavera
voglio che olezzi qui.
Seminiamo intorno april,
Il suo sedil s'inghirlandi,
di convolvi s'inghirlandi;
gigli e viole intorno spandi,
seminiamo intorno april!
Gigli, rose spandi,
tutta la primavera,
spandi gigli, viole,
seminiamo intorno april!
Gettiamo a mani piene
mammole e tuberose,
corolle di verbene,
petali d'ogni fior!
corolle di verbene,
petali d'ogni fior!

Ev'ry flow'r?...
every flower, spare not any
peaches, violets, jessamine
every spray of gras sor flowering tree
desolate in Winter, the garden will appear
the balmy breath of spring will shed her sweetness
Here's more, dear Mistress!
Still not enough!
How often from this window have you stood and wept
and waited, gazing into the wide world beyond.
No more need I weep for the sea has brought him back
and my tears have returned to me, flowers.
Not a flower left!
Come and help me!
Roses shall adorn the threshold
Balmy breath of spring
Let's sow fair April and
and shed her sweetness here!
Let's sow fair April here
and scatter, scatter flowers all over
scatter flowers all over, with
lillies, violets, and sow
fair April all over with
lillies, roses, let us scatter
spring all over with sprigs of
violets,
Let us scatter April all over!
In handfuls, let us scatter
violets and white roses
sprays of sweet verbena
petals of every flower
sprays of sweet verbena
and petals of every flower.

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