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Faculty Recital: The Songs of Henri Duparc

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"It is my plan to build a school of music second to none."

—William Grant Egbert (1867–1928) Founder, Ithaca Conservatory of Music

SCHOOL OF MUSIC

ITHACA
FACULTY CHAMBER MUSIC RECITAL

Randie Blooding, baritone
Angus Godwin, baritone
Elizabeth Koch, soprano
Carol McAmis, soprano
Deborah Montgomery, soprano
David Parks, tenor
Patrice Pastore, soprano
Kelly Samarzea, mezzo-soprano
Read Gainsford, piano

The Songs Of Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)

Chanson triste
Ms. Montgomery

Lamento
Ms. Samarzea

Élégie
Ms. McAmis

La vague et la cloche
Mr. Blooding

Romance de Mignon
Ms. Montgomery

Extase
Mr. Parks

La vie antérieure
Ms. Koch
PAUSE

L'invitation au voyage
Ms. Pastore

Sérénade
Mr. Godwin

Au pays où se fait la guerre
Ms. Koch

Le manoir de Rosemonde
Mr. Blooding

Testament
Ms. Samarzea

Soupir
Ms. Pastore

Sérénade Florentine
Ms. McAmis

Phidylé
Ms. Parks

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday, October 27, 2002
7:00 p.m.
Chanson Triste [Sad Song]

In your heart there sleeps moonlight,
The tender moonlight of summer.
And to escape life's troubles
I shall drown myself in your light.

shall forget the sorrows of the past,
My love, when you cradle
My sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving calm of your arms!

You will lay my ailing head
Ah! at times on your knee
And will tell to it a poem
That seems to speak of us.

And in your eyes so full of sadness
In your eyes, then, I shall drink
So many kisses and tendernesses
That perhaps I shall be healed...

Lamento

Do you know the white tomb
Where floats, with a plaintive sound,
The shadow of a yew?

On the yew, a pale dove
Sad and alone in the setting sun
Sings its song.

One could say that the soul having been called forth
Wept beneath the earth in unison
With the song:

And in the misfortune of having being forgotten
Cooed its lament
With such sweetness.

Ah! never again near the tomb
Shall I go, when the evening is falling
In its black mantle.

To listen to the pale dove
Sing, on the branch of the yew
Its plaintive song.
Élégie [Elegy]  
Thomas Moore  
(French translation of Moore's poem on the death of Robert Emmet)

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,  
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid:  
Sad, silent and dark, be the tears that we shed  
As the night dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,  
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;  
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,  
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

La vague et la cloche [The Wave and the Bell]  
François Coppée

Once, overwhelmed by a powerful draught,  
I dreamed that amid the waves and the clamor  
Of the sea, I was sailing without a light in the night,  
A desolate rower, with no remaining hope of finding shore . . .

The Ocean was spitting its slaver at my forehead  
And the wind froze me to the bowels with horror,  
The waves collapsed like high walls  
With that slow rhythm, interrupted by silences . . .

Then everything changed . . . the sea and its black fracas  
Subsided . . . under my feet the floor of the boat  
Caved in . . . And I was alone in an old bell-tower,  
Furiously straddling a ringing bell.

I clung stubbornly to the braying thing  
Shaking, and closing my eyes with the effort.  
The tolling made the old stones shake  
So incessantly did I work the heavy swinging.

Why did you not tell, oh dream, where God is leading us?  
Why did you not say whether they will ever end,  
The useless labor and the eternal din  
Of which life is composed, alas, this human life!
Romance de Mignon [Mignon's Song]  
Victor Wilder  
after the German poem "Kennst du das Land" by Goethe.

Do you know it, that radiant land  
Where in the branches shines the gold of fruit?  
A gentle zephyr scents the air  
And the laurel is joined to the green myrtle.

Do you know it, do you know it? There, there  
My beloved, let us hasten our steps...  

Do you know it that marvelous place  
Where everything still speaks to me of our love?  
Where each object says to me with sorrow:  
Who has wrested your joy and your happiness from you?"

Do you know it?  
There, there  
My beloved, let us hasten our steps...  

Extase [Ecstasy]  
Jean Lahor

On a pale lily my heart sleeps  
A sweet sleep like death...  
Exquisite death, death made fragrant  
By the breath of my beloved...

On your pale breast my heart sleeps  
A sweet sleep like death...

La vie antérieure [My previous life]  
Charles Baudelaire

I dwelt a long time beneath vast porticoes,  
Which the ocean's suns would tint with a thousand fires,  
And with its grand pillars, straight and majestic  
Would resemble, in the evening, caves of basalt.

The waves, rolling the reflection of the skies  
Would mix in a solemn and mystical fashion  
The all-powerful chords of their rich music  
With the colors of the setting sun reflected in my eyes...

It is there, it is there that I lived in the calm of sensuous pleasures  
Amid the azure, the waves, the splendors  
And the naked slaves heavy with perfumes
Who cooled my brow with palms
And whose only care was to plumb
The sorrowful secret that made me languish.

L'invitation au voyage
[The invitation to the voyage]
My child, my sister
Think of the sweetness
Of going away there, to live together
To love in leisure
To love and to die
In that land that resembles you!
The moist suns
Of those shrouded skies
Hold for my spirit the charms
So mysterious,
Of your treacherous eyes,
Shining through their tears.
There, there is nothing but order and beauty,
Luxury, calm and sensual pleasures.

See on those canals,
Sleeping, those vessels
Whose nature is to roam;
It is in order to fulfill
Your slightest wish
That they come from the end of the world.
The sun, setting
Clothes the fields,
The canals, the whole city
With hyacinth and gold,
And the world falls asleep
In a warm light.

There, there is nothing but order and beauty,
Luxury, calm and sensual pleasures.

Sérénade [Serenade]
If, oh my beloved, I were
The breeze, with fragrant breath;
To brush your laughing mouth
Would I come, though fearful and bewitched.
If I were the flying bee,
Or the seducing butterfly,
You would never see me frivolously
Leaving you for another flower.

If I were the charming rose
That your hand lays on your heart,
So close to you and all a-tremble
I would fade, out of happiness.

But I seek to please you in vain,
In vain I moan and sigh
I am a man, and what can I do?
Love you...tell you...and weep!

Au pays où se fait la guerre [To the country where war is being waged]
Théophile Gautier

To the land where war is being waged
My handsome lover has gone.
It seems to my deserted heart
That there is no-one but me left on the earth.
As he left, at our farewell kiss,
He took my soul through my lips...

What is keeping him so long, oh my God?
There is the sun setting
While I, completely alone in my tower,
Still await his return.

The pigeons on the roof are cooing
Cooing with love
With a sad and charming sound;
The waters under the great willows flow...
I feel close to crying
My heart, full as a lily, is overflowing
And I no longer dare to hope,
Here is the white moon shining
While I, completely alone in my tower,
Still await his return.

Someone is climbing the staircase with great strides.
Could it be him, my sweet lover?
It is not him, but only
My young page with my lamp...
Evening winds, fly, tell him
That he is my thought and my dream,
All my joy and my apathy.
Here is the dawn rising
While I, completely alone in my tower,
Still await his return.

Le manoir de Rosemonde [Rosemonde's Manor]  
Robert de Bonnieres

With the sudden, voracious tooth
Of a dog, love bit me... 
Follow my scattered blood,
Go, you will be able to follow my trail...

Take a horse of good stock;
Leave, and follow the difficult road
Be it morass or hidden path,
Unless the course defeats you.

As you pass where I passed
You will see that, alone and wounded,
I traveled across this sad world,

And thus I went off to my death
Very far, very far, without ever finding
The blue manor of Rosemonde.

Testament  
Armand Silvestre

So that the wind might bring them to you
On the black wings of a remorse,
I shall write on the dead leaf
The tortures of my dead heart!

All my sap has dried up,
In the bright middays of your beauty
And, as with a withered leaf
Nothing living remains for me.

Your eyes have burned me to the soul
Like pitiless suns!
A leaf, claimed by the abyss,
The south wind will carry me away, too...

But before that, so that it can carry them to you
On the black wings of a remorse,
I shall write on the dead leaf
The tortures of my dead heart!
Soupir [Sigh]  René-François Sully-Prudhomme

Never to see her, or to hear her
Never to say her name aloud,
But, faithfully, always to await her
Always to love her.


To open my arms, and, tired from waiting
To close them on nothingness,
But still, always to hold them out towards her,
Always to love her.

Ah! to be unable to do more than hold them out to her,
And to be wasted away by the tears,
But as to these tears, always to shed them
Always to love her . . .

Never to see her, not to hear her
Never to say her name aloud,
But with a love ever more tender,
Always to love her, always!

Sérénade Florentine [Florentine Serenade]  Jean Lahor

As:
Oh star whose beauty shines
Like a diamond in the night,
Cast your gaze on my beloved,
Whose eyelids have closed,
And let the blessing of heaven
Fall on her eyes.
She falls asleep . . . Through the window
Enter her happy room;
On her whiteness, like a kiss,
Come and lie until dawn.
And let her thoughts then dream
Of a star of love that is rising!
The grass is soft for sleeping on, beneath the cool poplars,
On the slopes of moss-covered springs
That rise up from a thousand openings in the blossoming fields
And then disappear under the dark thickets.

Take rest, O Phidyle! Upon the leaves
Midday shines, and invites you to sleep.
Amid the clover and the thyme, alone, in the full sunlight
Sing the flying bees;

A heat-laden perfume circulates around the paths
The red flower of the wheat bends down
And the birds, skimming the hill with their wings
Seek the shade of the wild rose.

Take rest, O Phidyle!

But when the Day-star, bent on its dazzling arc
Begins to see its ardor spent
Let your finest smile, and your best kiss
Reward me, reward me for my waiting!