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Faculty Recital: An Evening of Chamber Music: Francis Poulenc II

Patrice Pastore

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ITHACA COLLEGE

SCHOOL OF MUSIC

FACULTY RECITAL

AN EVENING OF CHAMBER MUSIC:
FRANÇOIS POULENC II
(1899-1963)

"Early experiments - Maturity - Final thoughts"

Patrice Pastore, soprano
Kelly Samarzea, mezzo-soprano*
Angus Godwin, bass-baryton**
Rebecca Ansel, violin
Charis Dimaras, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Monday, January 31, 2005
7:00 p.m.

ITHACA

PROGRAM

Le Bestiaire ou Cortège d' Orphée (1919, Apollinaire)**

Le dromadaire
La chèvre du Thibet
La sauterelle
Le dauphin
L'écrevisse
La carpe

from *Chansons Gaillardes* (1926, anon 17th century)**

La maîtresse volage
Chanson à boire
Sérénade

Sonata for Violin and Piano, (1942, rev. 1949)

"to the memory of F. Garcia Lorca"

Allegro con fuoco
Intermezzo
Presto tragico

INTERMISSION

La courte paille (1960, Carême)

Le sommeil
Quelle aventure!
La reine de cœur
Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu ...
Les anges musiciens
Le carafon
Lune d'Avril

Le Travail du Peintre (1956, Eluard)*

Pablo Picasso
Marc Chagall
Georges Braque
Juan Gris
Paul Klee
Joan Miró
Jacques Villon

TRANSLATIONS

LE BESTIAIRE (THE BOOK OF BEASTS)

ou Cortège d' Orphée (or Procession of Orpheus)

Le Dromadaire (The Dromedary)

With his four dromedaries Don Pedro d'Alfaroubeira
roamed the world over, and admired it.
He did what I would like to do, if I had four dromedaries.

Le Chèvre du Tibet (The Tibetan Goat)

The hair of this goat and even the golden hair
that so preoccupied Jason, are worth nothing to the value
of the hair of her whom I love.

La sauterelle (The Grasshopper)

Here is the delicate grasshopper,
the nourishment of St. John.
May my verses be likewise, the feast of superior people.

Le dauphin (The Dolphin)

Dolphins you sport in the sea,
though the waters are always briny.
At times my joy bursts forth, but life is still cruel.

L'écrevisse (The Crayfish)

Uncertainty, O! my delights,
you and I we progress just like the crayfish,
backwards, backwards.

Le carp (The Carp)

In your fish ponds, in your pools,
carp how long you live!
Is it that death has for- gotten you, fish of melancholy?

CHANSONS GAILLARDES (NAUGHTY SONGS)

La Maîtresse Volage (The Fickle Mistress)

My mistress is fickle, my rival is fortunate;
if he takes her virginity, she must have two.
Let's ride out our luck as long as it lasts.

Chanson à boire (Drinking Song)

The kings of Egypt and Syria wished

to have their bodies embalmed to last longer dead.
What folly! So let's drink and drink again.
So let's drink throughout our life.
Embalm ourselves before we die.
Embalm ourselves; since this balm is sweet.

Sérénade (Serenade)

With so fair a hand, possessed of such charms,
you should easily handle the arrows of Cupid, that god-like imp!
And when this child is limp wipe away his tears.

LA COURTE PAILLE (THE SHORT STRAW)

Le sommeil (Sleep)

Sleep has gone on a trip
Goodness, where has it gone?
In vain I rock my baby boy
He's crying in his crib
He's been crying since noon.
Where has sleep put
Its sand and gentle dreams?
In vain I rock my baby boy
He tosses and turns sweating
He's sobbing in his bed.
Ah! Come back, come back sleep
On your beautiful racehorse!
In the black sky, the Great Bear
Has buried the sun
And rekindled its bees (stars).
If baby does not sleep well
He will not say Good day
He will have nothing to say
To his fingers, to the milk, to the bread
Which greet him in the morning.

Quelle aventure! (What an Adventure!)

A flea in its carriage
Was pulling a little elephant along
Gazing at the store windows
Where diamonds were sparkling.
Goodness! What an adventure!
Who will believe me if they hear this story?
The baby elephant was absentmindedly
Sucking a pot of jam
But the flea took no notice
And went on pulling with a smile.
Goodness! If this goes on
I will think I've gone mad!
Suddenly, along by a fence,
The flea was blown away by the wind

And I saw the young elephant
Escape by crashing through the walls.
My goodness! The story is true
But how I shall I tell mommy?

La reine de cœur (The Queen of Hearts)

Gently leaning on her elbows
At her moon windows
The queen waves to you
With a flower from the almond tree.
She is the queen of hearts
She can, if she wishes
Lead you in secret
To strange dwellings.
Where there are no more doors,
No rooms nor towers,
And where the young who have died
Come to talk about love.
The queen waves to you,
Hurry to follow her
Into her castle covered with frost
With the lovely moon windows.

Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu, be!
The cat has put on his boots,
He goes from door to door
Playing, dancing, dancing, singing.
Pou, chou, genou, hibou.
"You must learn to read,
To count, to write",
They scream at him from everywhere.
But rikketikketau,
The cat bursts out laughing
As he goes back to the castle:
He is Puss n' Boots!

Les anges musiciens (The Angel Musicians)

On the threads of the rain
The Thursday angels.
Play for hours on the harp
And under their fingers, Mozart
Tinkles deliciously
In drops of blue joy.
For it is always Mozart
That is endlessly repeated
By the angel musicians,
Who, all day Thursday,
Sing on their harps
The sweetness of the rain.

Le carafon (The Baby Carafe)

"Why," complained the carafe
"Should I not have a baby carafe?
At the zoo, Madame the giraffe
Doesn't she have a baby giraffe?"
A sorcerer who happened to be passing by
Astride a phonograph
Recorded the lovely soprano voice
Of the carafe
And had Merlin listen to it.
"Very well," said he, "very well!"
He clapped his hands three times
And the lady of the house
Still wonders why
She found that very morning
A pretty little baby carafe
Snuggling close to the carafe
Just as at the zoo, the baby giraffe
Rests its long fragile neck
Against the pale flank of the giraffe.

Lune d'Avril (*April Moon*)

Moon,
Beautiful moon, April moon,
Let me see in my sleep
The peach tree with the saffron heart,
The fish that laughs at the sleet,
The bird, who, distant as the hunting horn,
Gently wakens the dead.
And above all, above all, the land
Where there is joy, where there is light,
Where sunny with primroses,
All the guns have been destroyed.
Moon, beautiful moon, April moon, Moon.

LE TRAVAIL DU PEINTRE (THE WORK OF THE PAINTER)

Pablo Picasso

Surround this lemon with formless egg white
Coat this egg white with a supple and delicate blue
Though the straight black line stems from you
Dawn lies behind your picture
And innumerable walls crumble
Behind your picture and you staring
Like a blind man like a madman
You raise up a tall sword in the void
A hand why not a second hand
And why not a mouth unadorned like a quill
Why not a smile and why not tears
At the very edge of the canvas where tiny nails are fixed

This is the day of others leave their good fortune to the shadows
And with a single movement of the eyelids renounce

Marc Chagall

Ass or cow cock or horse
Even as a violin's skin
Singing man single bird
Agile dancer with his wife
Couple steeped in their springtime
The gold of the grass the lead of the sky
Divided by the blue flames
Of health of dew
The blood grows iridescent the heart rings
A couple the first reflection
And in a cavern of snow
The luxuriant vine traces
A face with moon-like lips
Which has never slept at night.

Georges Braque

A bird flies off,
It discards the clouds like a useless veil,
It has never feared the light,
Enclosed in its flight
It has never had shadow.
Sun-split husks of harvest grains.
All the forest leaves say yes,
Yes is all they know how to say,
Every question, every answer
And the dew flows in the depth of this yes.
A man with carefree eyes describes the heaven of love.
He gathers together its wonders
Like leaves in a wood,
Like birds in their wings
And men in sleep.

Juan Gris

Give thanks by day beware by night
One half of the world sweetness
The other showed blind harshness
In the veins a relentless present could be read
In the beauties of the contours limited space
Cemented together all familiar objects
Table guitar and empty glass
On an acre of full earth
Of white canvas of night air
Table had to support itself
Lamp remain a pip of the shadow
Newspaper shed a half of itself
Twice the day twice the night
Of two objects one double object

A single whole for evermore

Paul Klee

On the fatal slope, the traveller profits
From the day's favour, frost-glazed and pebble less,
And eyes blue with love, he discovers his season
Which wears on each finger great stars as rings.
The sea has left its ear shells on the shore
And the hollowed sand the site of a noble crime.
Executioners agonize more than victims
Knives are omens and bullets tears.

Joan Miró

Sun of prey prisoner of my head
Remove the hill, remove the forest.
The sky is lovelier than ever.
The grapes' dragonflies
Give it precise forms
That I with one gesture dispel.
Clouds of primeval day,
Indifferent clouds sanctioned by nothing,
Their seeds burn
In the straw fires of my glances.
At the last, to cloak itself with dawn
The sky must be as pure as night.

Jacques Villon

Irremediable life
Life to be cherished always
Despite scourges
And base morals
Despite false stars
And encroaching ashes
Despite creaking fevers
Belly-high crimes
Desiccated breasts foolish faces
Despite mortal suns
Despite dead gods
Despite the lies
Dawn horizon water
Bird, man, love
Man light-hearted and good
Sweetening the earth
Clearing the woods
Illuminating the stone
And the nocturnal rose
And the blood of the crowd.