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VOICE

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DOCTORAL RECITAL SERIES
RECITAL HALL
FEBRUARY 8, 2017 • 7:30

ASU Herberger Institute
FOR DESIGN AND THE ARTS

ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

School of Music

Program

I

Beau Soir
Il Pleure dans mon Coeur
Romance
Chevaux de bois

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

II

Berlin im Licht
Es regnet
Nanna's Lied

Kurt Weill
(1900-1950)

There will be a 10-minute intermission

III

Alphabet City Cycle

With Kathleen Strahm, Violin

The Wanting of You
The student on Avenue B

Almost Everything I Need
The divorcee on Avenue C

I Hardly Remember
The Widow on Avenue D

Blanket in July
The Jilted Actress in Tompkins Square Park

Sunday Light
The Lover on Avenue A

Georgia Stitt
(b. 1972)

Lyrics: Marcy Heisler
(b. 1967)

IV

Alto's Lament
15 Pounds
I Want Them...Bald

Zina Goldrich
(b. 196)

Lyrics: Marcy Heisler
(b. 1967)

Beau Soir

Paul Bourget
(1852-1935)

When streams turn pink in the setting sun,
And a slight shudder rushes through the wheat fields,
A plea for happiness seems to rise out of all things
And it climbs up towards the troubled heart.

A plea to relish the charm of life
While there is youth and the evening is fair,
For we pass away, as the wave passes:
The wave to the sea, we to the grave.

Translation by Leslie McEwen

Il Pleure Dans Mon Coeur

Paul Verlain
(1844-1896)

There is weeping in my heart
like the rain falling on the town.
What is this languor
that pervades my heart?

Oh the patter of the rain
on the ground and the roofs!
For a heart growing weary
oh the song of the rain!

There is weeping without cause
in this disheartened heart.
What! No betrayal?
There's no reason for this grief.
Truly the worst pain
is not knowing why,
without love or hatred,

my heart feels so much pain.

Translation by Peter Low

Romance

Paul Bourget
(1852-1935)

The vanishing and suffering soul,
The sweet soul, the fragrant soul
Of divine lilies that I have picked
In the garden of your thoughts,
Where, then, have the winds chased it,
This charming soul of the lilies?
Is there no longer a perfume that remains
Of the celestial sweetness
Of the days when you enveloped me
In a supernatural haze,
Made of hope, of faithful love,
Of bliss and of peace?

Translation by Korin Kornick

Chevaux de Bois

Paul Verlain
(1844-1896)

Turn, turn, good horses of wood,
turn a hundred turns, turn a thousand turns,
turn often and turn always,
turn, turn to the sound of the oboes.

The red-faced child and pale mother,
the boy in black and the girl in pink,
the one pursuing and the other posing,
each getting a penny's worth of Sunday fun.

Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,

while all around your turning
squints the sly pickpocket's eye --
turn to the sound of the victorious cornet.

It is astonishing how it intoxicates you
to go around this way in a stupid circle,
nothing in your tummy and an ache in your head,
very sick and having lots of fun.

Turn, wooden horses, with no need
ever to use spurs
to command you to gallop around,
turn, turn, with no hope for hay.

And hurry, horses of their souls--
hear the supper bell already,
the night that is falling and chasing the troop
of merry drinkers, famished by their thirst.

Turn, turn! The velvet sky
is slowly clothed with golden stars.
The church bell tolls sadly.
Turn, to the happy sound of drums.

Translation by John Glenn Paton

Berlin im Licht

Kurt Weill
(1900-1950)

Sunshine may be enough when
you go for a walk, but the sun isn't
enough to light up the city of Berlin.
It's no little hick-town, it's one helluva city!
If you want to see everything there,
you've got to use a few watts.

So what then? What kind of a city is it?

Come on, turn on the lights so we can
see what there is to see.

Come on, turn on the lights and don't say another word.

Come on, turn on the lights so we can
see for sure what the big deal is:

Berlin in Lights.

Translation by Kim H. Kowalke

Es regnet

Kurt Weill
(1900-1950)

I ask nothing. I must not ask.

You have told me not to.

But do I hear your car? Then I think,
should I say something? Or should

I say nothing? It's all said in your look.

Do you believe that only the mouth speaks?

Eyes are like windows. One can always see
through any window. And if you close them,

everything seems worse. My eyes hear
something different from from my ears.

I was born to bear pain. Let me look
through the window. Let me look!

The sun can no longer shine. "It's raining,"
says the window. It says only what it

thinks. Let us weep together!

Translation by Kim H. Kowalke

Nanna's Lied
(1898-1956)

Bertolt Brecht

1.

Gentlemen, I was only seventeen when
I landed on the love market. And I learned
a lot of things—mostly bad, but that was the
game. Still I resented much of it.

(After all, I am a human being.)

Refrain:

Thank God, it all goes by quickly—both the
love and the sorrow. Where are the tears
of last night? Where are the snows of years gone by?

2.

As the years go by, it gets easier on the love
market—easier to embrace a whole troop there.
But it's amazing how your feelings cool off when
you're stingy with them. (After all, everything
gets used up eventually.)

(Refrain)

3.

And although you learn the tricks of the trade
on the love market, it's never easy to convert lust
into small change. Still it can be done, but meanwhile
you get a little older. (After all, you can't stay
seventeen forever.)

(Refrain)

Translation by Kim H. Kowalke