



Arizona State University

School of Music

STUDENT RECITAL SERIES

THE SONGS OF FRANCIS POULENC 1899-1963

The Accompanying Studio at ASU
and Guests

KATZIN CONCERT HALL
Tuesday, November 23, 1999 • 7:30 p.m.



PROGRAM

Air chantés (Jean Moréas; 1927-28)

Air romantique

Air champêtre

Andrea Baad, mezzo-soprano and Michael Dauphinais, piano

Air grave

Air vif

Carrie Oliver, soprano and Robert Mills, piano

From: Miroirs brûlants (Paul Eluard; 1938)

Tu vois le feu du soir

Vicki Giardina, mezzo-soprano and Rubia Santos, piano

Le Bestiaire (Guillaume Apollinaire; 1918-19)

Le dromadaire

Le chèvre du Thibet

La sauterelle

Le dauphin

L'écrevisse

La carpe

John Dooley, baritone and Matthew Larson, piano

Priez pour paix (Charles d'Orléans; 1938)

James Newman, baritone and Billie Whittaker, piano

A sa guitare (Pierre Ronsard; 1924-25)

Carrie Oliver, soprano and Billie Whittaker, piano

Métamorphoses (Louise de Vilmorin; 1943)

Reine des mouettes

C'est ainsi que tu es

Paganini

Dena Holland, soprano and Ann Nagell, piano

Deux Poèmes (Louis Aragon; 1943)

"C"

Fêtes galantes

Kristina Bubar, soprano and Dianne Cangelosi, piano

****There will be a 10-minute intermission****

Le garçon de Liège (Louise de Vilmorin; 1937)

Rachel Sowada, soprano and Kate Wen, piano

Ce doux petit visage (Paul Eluard; 1938)

Danielle Bond, mezzo-soprano and Rubia Santos, piano

Le disparu (Robert Desnos; 1947)

Chad Millar, tenor and Kate Wen, piano

Le portrait (Colette; 1938)

Melanie Ohm, soprano and Rubia Santos, piano

From: Cinq Poèmes (Paul Eluard; 1935)

Rôdeuse au front de verre

Amoureuses

James Seifert, baritone and Te-Hui Lin, piano

Le chemins de l'amour (Jean Anouilh; 1940)

Danielle Bond, mezzo-soprano and Rubia Santos, piano

Colloque (Paul Valéry; 1940)

Joanna Moundreas, soprano, James Seifert, baritone and

Michael Dauphinais, piano

From: Fiançailles pour rire (Louise de Vilmorin; 1939)

Dans l'herbe

Fleurs

Heidi Yost, soprano and Deanna Shipley, piano

Violon

Christin Hill, mezzo-soprano and Robert Mills, piano

Cinq Poèmes (Max Jacob; 1931)

Chanson bretonne

Cimetière

La petite servante

Berceuse

Souric et Mouric

Carol Platt, soprano and Mory Ortman, piano

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EVENTS HOTLINE
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SONG TRANSLATIONS

AIRS CHANTÉS

Jean Moréas

Air Romantique

(Romantic Song)

I walked in the countryside with the storm wind,
beneath the pallid morning, under the low clouds,
a sinister raven followed me on my way
and my steps splashed in the puddles.

The lightning on the horizon forked its flame
and the North Wind redoubled its long wailing;
but the tempest was too weak for my soul,
which drowned the thunder with its throbbing.

From the golden spoils of the ash and the maple
Autumn amassed her brilliant booty,
and the raven still, with inexorable flight,
bore me company changing nothing towards my
fate.

Air Champêtre

(Pastoral Song)

Lovely spring, never will I cease to remember
That one day, guided by friendship,
Entranced, I gazed on your face, O goddess,
half hidden beneath the moss.

This friend for whom I weep,
would he had remained,
O nymph, a devotee of your cult,
still to consort with the breeze which caresses you,
and respond to your hidden waters.

Air Grave

(Serious Song)

Ah! begone now, unhappy thoughts!
O! anger, O remorse!
Memories that beset my two temples
with the grip of death.

Moss-grown paths,
vaporious fountains,
deep grottoes, voices
of birds and of the wind,
fitful lights
of the wild undergrowth.

Insects, animals,
beauty to come,
do not repulse me
O divine nature,
I am your suppliant.

Ah, begone now,
anger, remorse!

Air Vif

(Lively Song)

The riches of the orchard
and the festive garden,
the flowers of the fields, of the woods
burst forth with delight.
Alas! and above their head the wind's voice is
rising.

But you, noble ocean
that the assault of tempests
will not succeed in ravaging,
most certainly with more dignity
when you lament,
you lose yourself in dreams.



from **MIROIRS BRÛLANTS**
Paul Eluard

Tu vois le fer du soir
(You See the Fire of Evening)

You see the fire of evening
emerging from its shell
and you see the forest
buried in its coolness

you see the bare plain at the edges of
the stragging sky
the snow high like the sea
and the sea high in the azure

perfect stones and sweet woods
veiled succours
you see cities tinged with gilded melancholy
pavements full of excuses
a square where solitude has its statue
smiling and love a single house

you see animals
malign doubles sacrificed one to another
immaculate brothers with inter-mingled shadows
in a wilderness of blood

you see a beautiful child when he plays
when he laughs
he is smaller
than the little bird on the tip of the branches
you see a countryside with its savour
of oil and of water
where the rock is excluded
where the earth abandons
her breenness to the wummer
which covers her with fruit

women descending from their ancient mirror
bring you their youth and their faith in yours
and one of them veiled by her clarity
who allures you
secretly makes you see the world
without yourself.

LE BESTIAIRE
(ou **Cortège d'Orphée**)
(The Book of Beasts, or Procession of Orpheus)
Guillaume Apollinaire

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.

The Tibetan Goat
The hair of this goat and even the hair of gold
for which so much trouble was taken
by Jason are worth nothing to the value
of the hair of her I love.

The Grasshopper
Here is the delicate grasshopper
the nourishment of St. John
may my verses be likewise
the feast of superior people.

The Dolphin
Dolphins you sport in the sea
yet the waters are always briny
at times my joy bursts forth
but life is still cruel.

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

The Carp
In your fishponds in your pools
carp how long you live
is it that death has forgotten you
fish of melancholy?

Priez pour paix
(Pray for Peace)
Charles d'Orléans

Pray for peace, gentle Virgin Mary,
Queen of the skies and Mistress of the world,
of your courtesy, ask for the prayers
of all the saints, and make your address
to your Son, beseeching his Majesty
that he may please to look upon his people,
whom he wished to redeem with his blood,
banishing war which disrupts all.
Do not cease your prayers.
Pray for peace, pray for peace,
the true treasure of joy.

A sa guitare
(To her Guitar)
Pierre de Ronsard

My guitar, I sing to you,
through whom alone I deceive,
I deceive, I break off, I echant
the loves that I receive.

At the sound of your harmony
I refresh my ardour,
the infinite flame of my ardour
born of a beautiful sorrow.

MÉTAMORPHOSES
(Metamorphoses)
Louise de Vilmorin

Reine des mouettes
(Queen of the Seagulls)

Queen of the seagulls, my orphan,
I have seen you pink, I remember it,
under the misty muslins
of your bygone mourning.

Pink that you liked the kiss which vexes you
you surrendered to my hands
under the misty muslins veils of our bond.

Blush, blush, my kiss divines you
seagull captured at the meeting
of the great highways.

Queen of the seagulls, my orphan,
you were pink surrendered to my hands
pink under the muslins and I remember it.

C'est ainsi que tu es
(It is thus that you are)

Your body imbued with soul,
your tangled hair,
your foot pursuing time,
your shadow which stretches
and whispers close to my temples
There, that is your portrait,
it is thus that you are,
and I want to write it to you
so that when night comes,
you may believe and say,
that I knew you well.

Paganini

Violin seahorse and siren
cradle of hearts heart and cradle
tears of Mary Magdalene
sigh of a queen
echo

Violin pride of agile hands
departure on horseback on the water
love astride mystery
thief at prayer
bird

Violin morganatic woman
puss-in-boots ranging the forest
well of insane truths
public confession
corset

Violin alcohol of the troubled soul
preference muscle of the evening
shoulder of sudden seasons
lear of the oak
mirror

Violin knight of silence
plaything escaped from happiness
bosom of a thousand presences
boat of pleasure
hunter.

DEUX POÈMES

Louis Aragon

"C"

I have crossed the bridges of Cé
it is there that it all began
a song of bygone days
tells of a wounded knight

of a rose on the carriage-way
and an unlaced bodice
of the castle of a mad duke
and swans on the moats

of the meadow where comes dancing
an eternal betrothed
and I drank like iced milk
the long lay of false glories

the Loire carries my thoughts away
with the overturned cars
and the unprimed weapons
and the ill-dried tears

O my France O my forsaken France
I have crossed the bridges of Cé.

Fêtes galantes

You see fops on bicycles
You see pimps in kilts
You see brats with veils
You see firemen burning their pompons

You see words thrown on the rubbish heap
You see words extolled to the skies
You see the feet of Mary's children
You see the backs of cabaret singers

You see motor cars run on gasolene
You see also handcarts
You see wily fellows whose long noses hinder them
You see fools of the first water

You see what you see elsewhere
You see girls who are led astray
You see gutter-snipes you see perverts
You see drowned folk floating under the bridges

You see out of work shoemakers
You see egg candlers bored to death
You see true values in jeopardy
And life whirling by in a slap-dash way.



Le garçon de Liège
(The Boy of Liège)
Louise de Vilmorin

A fairy-tale youth boldly bowed low to me,
in the open air, on the verge of a pathway,
standing under the tree of Law.

The birds of late autumn
were busy, in spite of the rain,
and, seized by a foolish whim,
I dared to say to him: I am bored.

Without one sweet deceiving word,
at evening, in my cheerless room,
he came to console my pallor;
his shadowy figure made me promises.

But he was a boy of Liège
light, light as the wind,
who would never be caught in a trap
and roams the plains in finer weather.

And in my nightdress,
ever since then, when I want to laugh,
Ah! handsome young man, I am bored,
Ah! in my nightdress, bored to death.

Ce doux petit visage
(This Sweet Little Face)
Paul Eluard

Nothing but this sweet little face
nothing but this sweet little bird
on the distant jetty where the children wane

At the end of winter
when the clouds begin to burn
as always
when the fresh air is tinged with colour

Nothing but this youth that flies in the face of life.

Le disparu
(The One who Disappeared)
Robert Desnos

I no longer like the Rue St. Martin
since André Platard left it.
I no longer like the Rue St. Martin,
I like nothing not even wine.

I no longer like the Rue St. Martin
since André Platard left it.
He is my friend, he is my pal,
we shared a room and bread.

I no longer like the Rue St. Martin.
He is my friend, he is my pal,
he disappeared one morning,
they took him away nothing more is known,
he was seen no more in the Rue St. Martin.

No use to implore the saints,
Saint Merry, Jacques, Gervais and Martin,
not even Valérian who hides on the hill

Time passes, nothing is known,
André Platard has left the Rue St. Martin.

Le portrait
(The Portrait)
Colette

Beautiful, wicked, lying, unjust,
more changeable than the April wind,
you weep for joy, you laugh in anger,
you like me when I treat you badly,
you mock me when I am kind.
You scarcely thanked me when I gave you
this beautiful necklace,
but you blushed with pleasure, like a little girl,
when I gave you this handkerchief as a present
and everyone said of you:
'It is beyond me!'
But one day I stole this handkerchief
when you had just pressed it
against your rouged lips.
And, before you snatched it away as a cat with its
claws, I had time to see that your mouth
had just painted upon it, red, naïve,
designed to delight, simple and pure,
the very portrait of your heart.

from **CINQ POÈMES**
Paul Eluard

Rôdeuse au front de verre
(Prowler with brow of glass)

Prowler with brow of glass
her heart inscribes itself on a black star
her eyes show her head
her eyes have the freshness of summer
the heat of winter
her eyes light up full of laughter
her playful eyes win their share of clarity.

Amourerses
(Lovers)

They have haughty shoulders
and a cunning air
or else looks that lead astray
the confidence is in the chest
at the height where the dawn of their breasts rise
to strip the night.

Eyes to break stones
thoughtless smiles
for each dream
squalls of cries of snow
and uprooted shadows

They must be believed on kiss
and on word and on look
and to kiss only their kisses

I show only your face
the great storms of your throat
all that I know and all that I do not know
my love your love your love your love.

Le chemins de l'amour
(The Paths of Love)
Jean Anouilh

The paths that lead to the sea
have kept from our passing,
flowers with fallen petals
and the echo beneath their trees
of our clear laughter.
Alas! of our days of happiness,
radiant joys now flown,
no trace can be found again
in my heart.

Paths of my love,
I seek you for ever,
lost paths, you are there no more
and your echoes are mute.
Paths of despair,
paths of memory,
paths of the first day,
divine paths of love.

If one day I must forget,
life effacing all remembrance
I would, in my heart, that one memory remains,
stronger than the former love.
The memory of the path,
where trembling and utterly bewildered,
one day I felt upon me
your burning hands.

Colloque
(Conversation)
Valery

He: From a dying rose
tilts the worry towards us;
You in your sweet silence are not
different from that dying flower:
It is dying for us...
You appear to me like her
whose ear rested on my knees,
Like her whose ear never listened to me!
You appear to me like the other one
whom I loved:
But the mouth of that ancient one
was mine.

She: How do you compare me
with some faded rose?
Love has only a fresh and
spontaneous virtue.
My glance into your eyes lets me find
only my very own being -
I see myself totally naked!
My eyes will obliterate your tears
which will arise from a recollection
If your desire was born
only to die on my bed
and on my lips that carry away your mouth.

from **FIANÇAILES POUR RIRE**
Louise de Vilmorin

Dans l'herbe
(In the Grass)

I can say nothing more
nor do anything for him.
He died for his beautiful one
he died a beautiful death outside
under the tree of the Law
in deep silence
in open countryside
in the grass.
He died unnoticed
crying out in his passing
calling, calling me.
But as I was far from him
and because his voice no longer carried
he died alone in the woods
beneath the tree of his childhood.
And I can say nothing more
nor do anything for him.

Fleurs
(Flowers)

Promised flowers, flowers held in your arms,
flowers sprung from the parenthesis of a step,
who brought you these flowers in winter
powdered with the sand of the seas?
Sand of your kisses, flowers of faded loves
the beautiful eyes are ashes and in the fireplace
a heart beriggoned with sighs
burns with its treasured pictures.

Violon
(Violin)

Enamoured couple with the misprized accents
the violin and its player please me.
Ah! I love these wailings long drawn out
on the cord of uneasiness.
In chords on the cords of the hanged
at the hour when the Laws are silent
the heart, formed like a strawberry,
offers itself to love like an unknown fruit.



CINQ POÈMES

Max Jacob

Chanson bretonne

(Song from Brittany)

I have lost my little chicken
and I have lost my cat
I run to the dust hole
if God will give them back to me.

I'll go see Jean le Coz
and Maria Maria.
Go and see Herode
perhaps he will know.

Passing by the hall
all the town was there
to watch my chicken dancing
with my little cat.

All the birds of the countryside
on the walls and on the roofs
played the trumpet
for the king's banquet.

Cimetière

(Cemetery)

If you drive my sailor away
you will put me in the cemetery,
white rose, white rose and red rose,

My tomb, it is like a garden,
like a garden red and white,

On Sundays you will go, white rose,
you will go to take a walk,
white rose and white lily,

Aunt Yvonne on All Saints' Day
a wreath of painted iron
she will bring from her garden
of painted iron with satin pearls,
white rose and white lily.

If God raises me up
I will go to Paradise, white rose,
with a golden halo,
white rose and white lily.

If my sailor should return,
red rose and white rose,
he will come near to my tomb,

white rose and white lily.

Do you remember our childhood, white rose,
when we played on the quay,
white rose and white lily.

La petite servante

(The Little Servant)

Keep us safe from fire and thunder,
thunder runs like a bird,
if the Lord sends it
blessed be the havoc.
If the devil sends it
drive it away quickly.

Keep us from scabs and pimples
from the plague and leprosy.
If you send it to make me penitent,
Lord, let it be, thank you.
If the devil sends it
drive it away quickly.

Goitre, goitre, out of your pouch,
out of my neck and my head!
St. Elmo's Fire, St. Vitus's Dance,
if the devil sends you,
dear God, drive him out of here.

Let me grow up quickly
and give me a good husband,
who is not too much of a drunkard
and will not beat me every evening.

Berceuse
(Cradle Song)

Your father is at mass,
your mother at the cabaret,
you will get your bottom spanked
if you go on crying.

My mother was a beggar woman
on the moor at Auary
and I am making pancakes
while I rock you with my foot.

If you should die of croup
colic or diarrhoea,
if you should die of the scabs
that you have on your nose.

I should go shrimping
at low tide,
to make soup of the heads
there is no need for hooks.

Souric et Mouric
(Souric and Mouric)

Souric and Mouric
white rat, black mouse,
have come into the cupboard
to teach the spider
to weave on the loom
a beautiful linen cloth.
Send it to Paris, to Quimper, to Nantes,
it will sell well!
Put the coins aside,
you will buy a meadow,
some apple trees for the season
and three fine cows,
a bull for stud.
Sing, tree-frogs,
for night is falling,
at night you hear them well,
toads and frogs,
listen to my blackbird
and my magpie who talks,
listen all day long,
you will learn to sing.

**Song translations by
Pierre Bernac and Eckart Sellheim.**

