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Monday October 19, 2015 – 7:30pm – Brechemin Auditorium

The University of Washington School of Music  
presents a

Voice Division Recital

Art Songs by Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

CD # 17,261

Program

- |  |                                    |
|--|------------------------------------|
| 1 Remnants, Tom Harper                           |                                    |
| 2 Sérénade Toscane 2:26                          | Denna Good-Mojab, soprano          |
| 3 Les Roses d'Ispahan 2:29                       | Casey Cross, piano                 |
| 4 Clair de lune 3:04                             |                                    |
| 5 Chanson d'amour 1:40                           | Addie Francis, soprano             |
| 6 Automne 1:50                                   | Casey Cross, piano                 |
| 7 Prison 1:45                                    | Josh Langager, baritone            |
| 8 Lydia 2:19                                     | Emily Gannt, piano                 |
| 9 Ici-bas 1:32                                   | Yoojeong Cho, soprano              |
| 10 Rencontre from "Poème d'un Jour" 2:16         | Emily Gannt, piano                 |
| 11 Mandoline from "Cinq Mélodies de Venise" 1:50 | Alexandra Picard, soprano          |
| 12 En Sourdine 2:58                              | Emily Gannt, piano                 |
| 13 Green 1:45                                    |                                    |
| 14 La Papillon et la Fleur 2:06                  | Trevor Ainge, tenor                |
| 15 Adieu from "Poème d'un Jour" 1:55             | Emily Gannt, piano                 |
| <del>Le Secret</del>                             | <del>Alexis Neumann, soprano</del> |
| <del>Au bord de l'eau</del>                      | <del>Irene Chen, piano</del>       |
| 16 En Prière 2:48                                | Amy Kuefler, soprano               |
| 17 La lune blanche 2:18                          | Andrew Romanick, piano             |
| 18 Seule 3:15                                    | Nicholas Varela, tenor             |
| 19 Sylvie 2:40                                   | Britanee Hwee, piano               |
| 20 Après un Rêve 2:35                            | Emerald Lessley, soprano           |
| 21 Notre Amour 2:00                              | Steven Damouni, piano              |
| 22 Rêve d'amour 3:04                             | Dakota Miller, soprano             |
| 23 Fleur jetée 1:45                              | Jane Heinrichs, piano              |

Please join us here in Brechemin Auditorium for our next Voice Division Recital on  
Monday, February 29, 2016



Please turn off all pagers and cell phones as well as other electronic devices.

## Translations

### Serenade toscane

O you, charmed by a delightful dream,  
You sleep in your bed, quiet and alone,  
Wake up, look at the singer,  
Slave to your eyes in the clear night!  
Awake my soul, my thoughts,  
Hear my voice carried on the breeze:  
Hear my voice sing!  
Hear my voice crying in the dew!  
Under your window, my voice expires in vain.  
And every night I repeat my martyrdom  
Without other shelter than the starry sky.  
The wind breaks my voice and the night is cold:  
My song goes into a supreme focus,  
My lips tremble, murmuring I love you.  
I cannot sing anymore!  
Ah! deign to show yourself! deign to appear!  
If I were sure that you did not want to appear  
I would forget you, ask to sleep  
To sleep till morning  
To sleep until I love you no more!

### Les rose d'Ispahan

The roses of Ispahan, their sheath of moss,  
the jasmines of Moussoul, their orange blossoms,  
send forth a perfume less fresh, a scent less soft,  
O pale Leila, than your breath, so light.

Your lips are of coral and your light  
filled laugh more lovely than swift water, your voice more soft;  
more joyful than the wind that shivers the orange blossoms,  
than the bird that sings beside its nest of moss.

O Leilah, since all the kisses have fled light-  
ly your lips, there is no soft  
perfume in the pale orange blossoms,  
nor scent of roses in their moss.

Oh, that it would return on light  
wings, your love, that butterfly, quick and soft,  
and perfume again rise from the orange blossoms,  
the roses in their sheath of moss.

### Clair de lune

Your soul is a chosen landscape  
charmed by masquers and revellers  
playing the lute and dancing and almost  
sad beneath their fanciful disguises!

Even while singing, in a minor key,  
of victorious love and fortunate living  
they do not seem to believe in their happiness,  
and their song mingles with the moonlight,

the calm moonlight, sad and beautiful,  
which sets the birds in the trees dreaming,  
and makes the fountains sob with ecstasy,  
the tall slender fountains among the marble statues!

### Chanson d'amour

I love your eyes, I love your forehead,  
oh my rebellious and fierce one.  
I love your eyes, I love your mouth  
on which my kisses will tire themselves out.

I love your voice, I love the strange  
gracefulness of everything you say,  
oh my rebellious one, my dear angel,  
my hell and my paradise!

I love all that makes you beautiful,  
from your feet to your hair,  
you to whom my hopeful pleas ascend,  
oh my fierce and rebellious one!

### Automne

Autumn, time of misty skies and heart-breaking horizons,  
of rapid sunsets and pale dawns,  
I watch your melancholy days  
flow past like a torrent.

My thoughts borne off on the wings of regret  
(as if our time could ever be relived!)  
dreamingly wander the enchanted slopes  
where my youth once used to smile.

In the bright sunlight of triumphant memory  
I feel the scattered roses reblooming in bouquets;  
and tears well up in my eyes, tears which my heart  
at twenty had already forgotten!

### Prison

The sky above the roof, so blue, so calm!  
A tree, above the roof, waves its crown.

The bell, in the sky I watch, gently rings.  
A bird, on the tree I watch, plaintively sings.

My God, my God, life is there simple and serene.  
That peaceful murmur there comes from the town.

O you, O you, what have you done, weeping without end,  
Say, O say, what have you done with all your youth?

### Lydia

Lydia, on your rosy cheeks,  
And on your neck, so fresh and white,  
Flow sparkingly  
The fluid golden tresses which you loosen.

This shining day is the best of all;  
Let us forget the eternal grave,  
Let your kisses, your kisses of a dove,  
Sing on your blossoming lips.

A hidden lily spreads unceasingly  
A divine fragrance on your breast;  
Numberless delights  
Emanate from you, young goddess.

I love you and die, oh my love;  
Kisses have carried away my soul!  
Oh Lydia, give me back life,  
That I may die, forever die!

### Ici-bas

Here below all the lilacs die, all the songs of the birds are short,  
I dream of summers that last forever!  
Here below the lips touch leaving nothing of their velvet  
I dream of kisses that last forever!  
Here below, all men mourn lost friendships or lost loves;  
I dream of couples that last forever!

### Rencontre

I was sad and pensive when I met you,  
Today I feel less my obstinate torment;  
Tell me, were you the girl I met by chance  
the ideal dream I have vainly sought  
A passer-by with gentle eyes, might you be a friend who would bring  
happiness to a lonely poet.  
And will you shine upon my vacant heart  
like the native sky on an exiled spirit?  
Your timid sadness, so like my own,  
loves to watch the sun set over the sea!  
Your delight is awakened before its immensity,  
and the evenings spent with your lovely soul are dear to me.  
A mysterious and gentle sympathy  
already chains me to you like a living bond;  
And my soul trembles, overwhelmed by love,  
And my heart cherishes you, knowing you hardly at all.

### **Mandoline**

The givers of serenades  
And the lovely women who listen  
Exchange insipid words  
Under the singing branches.

There is Thyriss and Amyntas  
And there's the eternal Clytander,  
And there's Damis who, for many a  
Heartless woman, wrote many a tender verse.

Their short silk coats,  
Their long dresses with trains,  
Their elegance, their joy  
And their soft blue shadows,

Whirl around in the ecstasy  
Of a pink and grey moon,  
And the mandolin prattles  
Among the shivers from the breeze.

### **En Sourdine**

Calm in the half-day  
That the high branches make,  
Let us soak up our love  
In this profound silence.

Let us mingle our souls, our hearts  
And our ecstatic senses  
Among the vague langours  
Of the pines and the bushes.

Close your eyes halfway,  
Cross your arms on your breast,  
And from your sleeping heart  
Chase away forever all plans.

Let us abandon ourselves  
To the breeze, rocking and soft,  
Which comes to your feet to wrinkle  
The waves of auburn lawns.

And when, solemnly, the evening  
From the black oaks falls,  
The voice of our despair,  
The nightingale, will sing.

### **Green**

Here are some fruits, some flowers, some leaves and some branches,  
And then here is my heart, which beats only for you.  
Do not rip it up with your two white hands,  
And may the humble present be sweet in your beautiful eyes!

I arrive all covered in dew,  
Which the wind of morning comes to freeze on my forehead.  
Suffer my fatigue as I repose at your feet,  
Dreaming of dear instants that will refresh me.

On your young breast allow my head to rest,  
Still ringing with your last kisses;  
Let it calm itself after the pleasant tempest,  
And let me sleep a little, while you are resting.

### **La Papillon et la Fleur**

The poor flower kept saying to the airborne butterfly:  
"Don't fly away!  
Our destinies are different: I stay put, you travel!  
Yet we love one another, we live without human beings,  
remote from them;  
and we resemble one another - some say that both of us are flowers.  
"But alas! the breeze carries you off, while the earth ties me down,  
what a cruel fate!  
I would like my breath to perfume your flight in the sky!  
But no, you travel too far! Visiting countless flowers, you fly away,  
while I remain alone watching my shadow circle at my feet.  
"You go, then you come back, then you fly off again to shine elsewhere.  
So every morning you find me bathed in tears!  
Ah please, so that our love may glide along faithfully  
take root like me or else give me wings like you!"

### **Adieu**

Like everything that dies quickly, the blown rose,  
the fresh multi-colored cloaks of flowers on the meadows.  
Long sighs, those we love, gone like smoke.

One sees in this frivolous world, change,  
Quicker than the waves on the beach, our dreams,  
Quicker than frost on the flowers, our hearts.

One believes oneself faithful to you, cruel,  
But alas! the longest of love affairs is short!  
And I say on quitting your charms, without tears,  
Close to the moment of my avowal, adieu!

### **Le Secret**

I want the morning not to know  
the name that I told to the night;  
in the dawn wind, silently,  
may it evaporate like a teardrop.  
I want the day to proclaim  
the love that I hid from the morning,  
and (bent over my open heart)  
to set it aflame, like a grain of incense.  
I want the sunset to forget  
the secret I told to the day,  
and to carry it away with my love in the folds of its pale robe!

### **Au bord de l'eau**

To sit together beside the passing stream and watch it pass;  
if a cloud glides by in the sky, together to watch it glide;  
if a thatched house sends up smoke on the horizon, to watch it smoke;  
if a flower spreads fragrance nearby, to take on its fragrance;  
under the willow where the water murmurs, to listen to it murmuring;  
for the time that this dream endures, not to feel its duration;  
but, having no deep passion except adoration for one another,  
without concern for the world's quarrels, to ignore them;  
and alone together, in the face of all wearying things, unwearyingly,  
to feel love, unlike all things that pass away, not passing away!

### **En Prière**

If the voice of a child can reach up to You, Oh my Father,  
Listen to Jesus, before You on knees! The prayer!  
If you have chosen me to teach your laws on the earth,  
I will know how to serve you, noble King of Kings. Oh Light!  
Place the truth on my lips, Lord, beneficial,  
In order that he who doubts, with humility, revere you.  
Do not abandon me, give me the gentleness necessary,  
to ease the suffering, relieve the sorrow, the misery!  
Reveal yourself to me, Lord, in whom I believe and hope:  
for you I want to suffer and die on the cross, at Calvary!

### **La lune blanche**

The white moon shines in the woods:  
beneath the boughs of each branch comes a voice...  
Oh dear one. The pool reflects, deep mirror,  
the silhouette of the black willow where the wind weeps...  
Let us dream, it's the hour.  
A vast and tender calm seems to descend from the sky  
That the heavenly spheres make indescend.  
It is the exquisite hour!

### **Seule**

With a kiss the water tells its sorrows to the shore!  
To console the wild flower, dawn brings the tears.  
The evening wind tells its complaint to the old cypresses,  
The turtle dove tells its long tale of woe to the terebinth.

To the sleeping water when all is at rest save sorrow,  
The moon speaks and names the reason for its pallor.  
Your white dome, Saint Sophia, speaks to the blue sky,  
And, lost in dreams, the sky confides its dream to God!

Tree or tomb, dove or rose, wave or rock,  
Everything on earth has something to which it can pour out its heart.  
Only I am alone, and nothing in the world answers me.  
Nothing but your deep, gloomy voice, Dark Hellespont!

### **Sylvie**

If you want to know, my beauty,  
where flies swiftly on the wing  
the bird that sang on the elm?  
I will tell it to you, my beauty,  
he flies toward one who calls him  
toward that one who will love him!

If you want to know, my blonde one,  
why, on land and over the waves  
at night everything comes to life and unites?  
I will tell it to you, my blonde one,  
it is a time in the world  
when, far from the day, love awakes!

If you want to know, Sylvie,  
why I so madly love  
your shining and languishing eyes?  
I will tell it to you, Sylvie,  
without you in my life,  
everything is, for my heart, only suffering!

### **Après un Rêve**

Drowsing spellbound with the vision of you  
I dreamt of happiness, burning mirage,  
Your eyes were gentler, your voice was pure and sonorous  
You shone like the dawn-lit sky  
You called me and I left the earth  
To flee with you toward the light  
For us the heavens opened up their clouds  
To reveal unknown splendor, glimpses of divine light...  
Alas, alas, sad awakening from these dreams  
I call out to you, oh night, give me back your lies  
Come back, come back, radiant one  
Come back mysterious night.

### **Notre Amour**

Our love is something light  
like the perfumes which the breeze  
brings from the tips of ferns  
for us to inhale as we dream.  
Our love is something light.

Our love is something enchanting  
like the morning's songs  
in which regrets are not heard  
but uncertain hopes vibrate.  
Our love is something charming.

Our love is something sacred  
like the forests' mysteries  
in which an unknown soul quivers  
and silence has a voice.  
Our love is something sacred!

Our love is something infinite  
like the paths of the evening,  
where the ocean, joined with the sky,  
falls asleep under slanting suns.

Our love is something eternal  
like all that has been touched  
by the fiery wing of a victorious god,  
like all that comes from the heart.  
Our love is something eternal!

### **Rêve d'amour**

If there's a lovely grassy plot watered by the sky  
where in every season some flower blossoms,  
where one can freely gather lilies, woodbines and jasmynes...  
I wish to make it the path on which you place your feet.

If there is a loving breast where honour rules,  
where tender devotion is free from all gloominess,  
if this noble breast always beats for a worthy aim...  
I wish to make it the pillow on which you lay your head.

If there is a dream of love scented with roses,  
where one finds every day something gentle and sweet,  
a dream blessed by God where soul is joined to soul...  
oh, I wish to make it the nest in which you rest your heart.

### **Fleur jetée**

Carry off my folly at the whim of the wind,  
oh flower which I picked while I sang and threw away as I dreamed.  
Carry off my folly at the whim of the wind!

Like flowers scythed down, love dies.  
The hand that once touched you now shuns my hand forever.  
Like flowers scythed down, love dies.

May the wind that withers you, oh poor flower,  
a moment ago so fresh and tomorrow all faded,  
May the wind that withers you wither my heart!