Glenn Guhr
baritone

with
Phyliss Kim
piano

assisted by
Darlene Franz
oboe

Friday, May 3, 1996
8:00 pm
Brechemin Auditorium
PROGRAM

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
Music for a while (Oedipus, Z. 583, 71692)
Ah! how pleasant 'tis to love (Z. 353, 1688)
Let the dreadful engines (Don Quixote, Z. 578, 1694-95)
If music be the food of love (First Setting, Z. 379A, 1692)

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)
Ich habe genug (BWV'82; 1727)
Aria: Ich habe genug
Recitative: Ich habe genug!
Aria: Schlummert ein
Recitative: Mein Gott, wann kommt das schöne "Nun"
Aria: Ich freude mich auf meinen Tod

Phyllis Kim, piano

INTERMISSION

Gabriel Urbain Faure (1845-1924)
"La bonne chanson" (Op. 61, 1894)
1. Une Saint en son aucole
2. Puisque l'aube grandit
3. La lune blanche luit dans les bois
4. J'allais par des chemins perdues
5. J'ai presque peur, en vérité
6. Avant que tu ne t'en ailles
7. Donc, ce sera par un clair jour d'été
8. N'est-ce pas?
9. L'hiver a cessé

Phyllis Kim, piano

There will be a reception in the Faculty Lounge following the recital.

NOTES AND TRANSLATIONS

Purcell was best known early in his short career as a composer of sacred music and occasional songs. After the composition of Dido and Aeneas, he composed primarily for the theater. However, his work in that area was almost exclusively limited to the composition of incidental music for plays. Dido remained his only through-composed opera.

Music for a while is one of several pieces that Purcell contributed as incidental music to Oedipus (1678), a play by John Dryden and Nathaniel Lee. Purcell's songs were probably written for the 1692 revival. The original setting of "Music for a while" was for male alto.

Music for a while
Shall all your cares beguile: From their eternal bands,
Wond'ring how your pains were eas'd; And the whip from out her hands,
And declaring to be pleas'd, Music for a while Shall all your cares beguile.
Till Alecto free the dead
Ah! how pleasant 'tis to love first appeared in 1688 in Vinculum Societatis, Book II and also Banquet of Musick, Book II in a slightly differing version.

Ah! how pleasant 'tis to love,
From their eternal bands,
Ev'ry moment does improve: Others worship hoarded treasure
Joys surprising now I meet,
While the lover's still addressing
Nothing like love so charming sweet.
To his nymph, for ev'ry blessing.

Purcell composed Let the dreadful engines as part of incidental music for the play The Comical History of Don Quixote (Part I, 1694) by Thomas D'Udry. The play originally employed a great deal of music. However, only the songs, composed by Purcell and John Eccles, survive. The success of Part I led to a second part later that same year and a third the following. Part III contains Purcell's well-known mad song "From rosy bowl and guinea" and the mad song sung by the character Cervantes in "a wild posture" (Act IV, scene 1).

Let the dreadful engines of eternal will,
The thunder roar and crooked lightning leaps,
My rage is hot as theirs, as fatal too,
And dare as homid execution do,
Or let the frozen North its rancour pour,
Within my breast far greater tempests grow;
Despair's more cold than all the winds can blow.

Can nothing warm me?
Yes, Lucinda's eyes,
There Erna, there Vesuvio lies,
To furnish Hell with flames,
That mounting reach the skies.

Ye powers, I did but use her name,
And see how all the meteors flame;
Blue lightning flashes round the Court of Sol,
And now the globe more fiercely burns
Than once at Phaeton's fall.

Ah! where are now those flow'ry groves,
Where Zephyr's fragrant winds did play?
Where guarded by a troop of Loves,
The fair Lucinda sleeping lay;
There sung the nightingale and lark,
Around us all was sweet and gay;
We re't er grew sad till it grew dark,
Nor nothing feared but short'ning day.

Ah! how pleasant 'tis to love
Some do make a god of pleasure,
Ev'ry moment does improve.
Others worship hoarded treasure
Joys surprising now I meet.
While the lover's still addressing
Nothing like love so charming sweet.
To his nymph, for ev'ry blessing.

Ah! how pleasant 'tis to love,
From their eternal bands,
Ev'ry moment does improve: Others worship hoarded treasure
Joys surprising now I meet,
While the lover's still addressing
Nothing like love so charming sweet.
To his nymph, for ev'ry blessing.

Phyllis Kim, piano; Darlene Franz, oboe
If music be the food of love: Purcell wrote three settings of this poem by Col. H. Heveningham. This first setting appeared in Gentleman's Journal, June, 1692.

If music be the food of love,
Sing on till I am lift'd with joy;
For then my list'ning soul you move
To pleasures that can never cloy.

Your eyes, your mein, your tongue declare
That you are music every where.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear,
So fierce the transports are, they wound,
And all my senses feasted are;
Tho' yet the treat is only sound,
Sure I must perish by your charms,
Unless you save me in your arms.

Ich habe genug...

Bach composed this solo church cantata in 1727 while cantor at St. Thomas Church in Leipzig. The setting was intended for the Feast of the Purification of Mary. The text and music reflect a personalization of the words of Simeon, "Lord now let thy servant depart in peace, having seen thy will." The original scoring calls for baritone, oboe, violins I and II, viola, organ, and continuo.

Aria: Ich habe genug

I have enough.
I have the Savior, the hope of the pious, taken into my longing arms.
I have enough.
I have looked on him,
My faith has impressed Jesus upon my heart.
Now I wish, today even, with joy to depart from here.

Recitative: Ich habe genug!

I have enough!
My trust is this alone, that Jesus might be mine and I
In faith I hold to him, for I see, like Simeon, the gladness of that life beyond.
Let us join with this man's burden.
Ah! that my departure were here.
With joy I would say to you, oh world: I have enough.

Aria: Schlummert ein

Slumber on, you weary eyes,
Fall in soft and calm repose.
World, I live here no longer,
I have no part in you which my soul could offer comfort.
Here I must rest with sorrow,
But there I shall witness sweet repose and quiet rest.

Recitative: Mein Gott! wenn kommst das schöne Nun!

My God! when comes that blessed Now?
When I shall walk in peace
And rest in the cool earth's sand and in your bosom?
My tempest is made,
World, good night!

Aria: Ich freue mich auf meinen Tod

I rejoice in my death.
Ah, would that it had already come.
I will then escape all the woe which confines me in the world.

La bonne chanson

Fauré's song cycle is a setting of excerpts from a collection of poems by Paul Verlaine published under the same name in 1870. Verlaine had written these poems at the time of his marriage to Mathilde Maute, and the poems expressed his abundant sense of love and joy in that romance. Unfortunately, his joy was not to last, as Mathilde left him when he was arrested for the attempted murder of his friend Arthur Rimbaud.

1. Une Saint en son aureole

A Saint in her halo,
A Chatelaine in her tower,
All that a human word may express
Of grace and love.

The golden sound which is heard
Of the horn in the distant woods,
Combined with the tender pride
Of the noble ladies of long ago;

And with this, the rare charm
Of a fresh triumphant smile
Blooming in the purity of the swan;
And the blushes of a woman-child.

The peary sheen, white and rose,
A gentle patrician harmony,
I see, I hear all these things
In her Cartovianian name.

2. Puisque l'aube grandit

Since dawn is breaking, since daybreak is here,
Since, after evading me for so long, hope consents
To turn towards me who is pleading and imploring,
Since all this happiness is ready to be mine,

I wish to be guided by you, beautiful eyes filled with sweet flames,
Led by you, oh hand in which my own hand trembles,
I will walk ahead, be it by mossy paths
Or roads made rough by rocks and boulders;

And as if to beguile the slowness of the journey,
I will sing simple songs, I tell myself
That no doubt she will listen without displeasure:
And truly I wish for no other paradise.

3. La lune blanche luit dans les bois

The white moon
Shines in the woods;
From each branch
Comes a voice
Under the boughs...

O beloved.
The pool reflects,
Deep mirror,
The silhouette
Of the black willow
Where the wind is weeping...
Let us dream, this is the hour.
A vast and tender
Peacefulness
Seems to descend
From the firmament
Made indescribable by the moon...

This is the exquisite hour.
4. J'allais par des chemins perdus
I walked along treacherous paths,
Sadly uncertain,
Your dear hands were my guides.
Palely on the far horizon
Shone a faint hope of dawn;
Your gaze was the morning.
No sound, except his own footsteps,
Encouraged the traveller;
Your voice said to me: "Walk on!"

5. J'ai presque peur, en vérité
I am almost afraid, in truth,
So closely feel my life enlaced
With the radiant thought
That held my soul last summer,
This heart whose only desire
Is to love and to please you;
And I tremble, pardon me
For telling you so frankly.
When I know that a smile
From you is now my la

6. Avant que tu ne t'en ailles
Before you disappear,
Pale star of the morning;
Sing, sing in the thyme—
Turn your glance stemsed
By the dawn in its azure—
What joy
Among the fields of ripe corn—
And make my thoughts shine
Yonder, far away, oh! far away—
The dew
Gleams brightly on the hay—
Into the sweet dream where stirs
My still sleeping love—
Haste, haste,
For here is the golden sun—

7. Donc, ce sera par un clair jour d'été
So, it will be on a clear summer day;
The great sun, accomplice of my joy,
Will make, among the satin and silk,
Even lovelier your dear beauty;
The completely blue sky, like a high tent,
Will tremble sumptuously in long folds
On our two faces, pale
With the emotions of happiness and anticipation;
And when the evening comes, the air is soft,
Playing caressingly among your veils,
And the peaceful gaze of the stars
Smiles benevolently on the married pair.

8. N'est-ce pas?
Is it not so? gaily and slowly we will walk along the way;
The modest path which has shown us smiling hope,
Caring little if we are unnoticed or if we are seen.
Isolated in love as in a dark woods,
Our two hearts, breathing peaceful tenderness,
Will be two nightingales singing in the evening.
Without concern about our future
Destiny, we will walk along with even steps,
And hand in hand, with the child-like souls.
Of those whose love is unalloyed. Is it not so?

9. L'hiver a cessé
Winter is ended, the light is warm
And dances, from the earth to the clear sky.
The saddest heart must give in
To the immense joy spreading through the air.
For a year I have had spring in my soul
And the green return of the sweet blossoms time.
Like a flame encircing a flame,
Adds perfection to my perfection.
The blue sky extends
Rises and crowds
The unchangeable little within my love rejoices.
The season is beautiful, and my part is good
And all my hopes have their day.

Let summer come! Let come again
Autumn and winter! And each season
Will charm me, oh you who adorn
This fantasy and this thought!