

Jennifer Jones, Soprano  
Dr. Robert Mills, Piano

Doctoral Voice Recital  
April 28, 2014  
7:30pm  
Recital Hall

**Ernest Chausson**

**(1855-1899)**

1. **Le Colibri (The Hummingbird)** Op.2, No.7
2. **Le temps des lilas (The time of lilacs)** Op.2, No.3
3. **Les Papillons (The Butterflies)** Op.37
4. **Chanson Perpétuelle (The Unending Song)**

**Le Colibri**

Le vert colibri, le roi des collines,  
Voyant la rosée et le soleil clair,  
Luire dans son nid tissé d'herbes fines,  
Comme un frais rayon s'échappe dans l'air.

Il se hâte et vole aux sources voisines,  
Où les bambous font le bruit de la mer,  
Où l'açoka rouge aux odeurs divines  
S'ouvre et porte au coeur un humide éclair.

Vers la fleur dorée, il descend, se pose,  
Et boit tant d'amour dans la coupe rose,  
Qu'il meurt, ne sachant s'il l'a pu tarir!

Sur ta lèvre pure, ô ma bien-aimée,  
Telle aussi mon âme eut voulu mourir,  
Du premier baiser qui l'a parfumée.

**The Hummingbird**

The hummingbird, the green prince of the heights,  
feeling the dew and seeing the sun's clear light  
shining into his nest of woven grass,  
shoots up in the air like a gleaming dart.

Hurriedly he flies to the nearby marsh  
where the waves of bamboo rustle and bend,  
and the red hibiscus with the heavenly scent  
opens to show its moist and glistening heart.

Down to the flower he flies, alights from above,  
and from the rosy cup drinks so much love  
that he dies, not knowing if he could drink it dry.

Even so, my darling, on your pure lips  
my soul and senses would have wished to die  
on contact with that first full-fragrant kiss.

### **Le temps des lilas**

Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses  
Ne reviendra plus à ce printemps-ci ;  
Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses  
Est passés, le temps des œillets aussi.

Le vent a changé, les cieus sont moroses,  
Et nous n'irons plus courir, et cueillir  
Les lilas en fleur et les belles roses ;  
Le printemps est triste et ne peut fleurir.

Oh ! joyeux et doux printemps de l'année,  
Qui vins, l'an passé, nous ensoleiller,  
Notre fleur d'amour est si bien fanée,  
Las ! que ton baiser ne peut l'éveiller!

Et toi, que fais-tu ? pas de fleurs écloses,  
Point de gai soleil ni d'ombrages frais ;  
Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses  
Avec notre amour est mort à jamais.

### **Les Papillons**

Les papillons couleur de neige  
Volent par essaims sur la mer;  
Beaux papillons blancs, quand pourrai-je  
Prendre le bleu chemin de l'air?

Savez-vous, ô belle des belles,  
Ma bayadère aux yeux de jais,  
S'ils me [pouvaient] prêter leurs ailes,  
Dites, savez-vous où j'irais?

Sans prendre un seul baiser aux roses,  
À travers vallons et forêts,  
J'irais à vos lèvres mi-closes,  
Fleur de mon âme, et j'y mourrais.

### **The time of lilacs**

The time of lilacs and the time of roses  
Will no longer come again to this spring;  
The time of lilacs and the time of roses  
Has passed, the time of carnations also.

The wind has changed, the skies are morose,  
And we will no longer run to pick  
The lilacs in bloom and the beautiful roses;  
The spring is sad and cannot bloom.

Oh! Joyful and gentle spring of the year,  
That came last year to bathe us in sunlight,  
Our flower of love is so wilted,  
Alas! that your kiss cannot awaken it!

And you, what are you doing? No budding flowers,  
No bright sun at all nor cool shade,  
The time of lilacs and the time of roses,  
Along with our love, is dead forever.

### **The Butterflies**

The snow-white butterflies  
fly in swarms over the sea.  
Beautiful white butterflies, when can I  
travel the blue path of the air?

Tell me, oh fairest of the fair, have you seen  
my dancing-girl with eyes of Jade -  
if they were to lend me their wings,  
do you know where I would fly?

Not taking one kiss from the roses,  
I'd fly across valleys and forests  
to alight on your half-closed lips (oh my soul's  
chosen flower!) - and there I would die.

### Chanson Perpétuelle

Bois frissonnants, ciel étoilé,  
Mon bien-aimé s'en est allé,  
Emportant mon cœur désolé!

Vents, que vos plaintives rumeurs,  
Que vos chants, rossignols charmeurs,  
Aillent lui dire que je meurs!

Le premier soir qu'il vint ici  
Mon âme fut à sa merci.  
De fierté je n'eus plus souci.

Mes regards étaient pleins d'aveux.  
Il me prit dans ses bras nerveux  
Et me baisa près des cheveux.

J'en eus un grand frémissement;  
Et puis, je ne sais plus comment  
Il est devenu mon amant.

Je lui disais: « Tu m'aimeras  
Aussi longtemps que tu pourras! »  
Je ne dormais bien qu'en ses bras.

Mais lui, sentant son cœur éteint,  
S'en est allé l'autre matin,  
Sans moi, dans un pays lointain.

Puisque je n'ai plus mon ami,  
Je mourrai dans l'étang, parmi  
Les fleurs, sous le flot endormi.

Sur le bord arrêtée, au vent  
Je dirai son nom, en rêvant  
Que là je l'attendis souvent.

Et comme en un linceul doré,  
Dans mes cheveux défaits, au gré  
Du [flot] je m'abandonnerai.

Les bonheurs passés verseront  
Leur douce lueur sur mon front;  
Et les joncs verts m'enlaceront.

Et mon sein croira, frémissant  
Sous l'enlacement caressant,  
Subir l'étreinte de l'absent.

### The Unending Song

Trembling trees, starry sky  
My beloved has gone away  
Carrying off my desolate heart.

Winds, let your plaintive sounds  
Let your songs, enchanting nightingales,  
Tell him that I am dying!

The first night he came here,  
My soul was at his mercy;  
I no longer cared about my pride.

Every glance of mine was a confession.  
He took me into his strong arms  
And kissed me near my hair line.

I felt a great thrill...  
And then, I don't know how it happened  
He had become my lover.

I said to him: "You will love me  
As long as you are able."  
I slept well in his embrace.

But he, feeling his heart grow cold,  
Left the other morning  
Without me, for a foreign land.

Since I no longer have my love,  
I will die in this pool, among  
The flowers under the sleeping current.

Arriving on the shoreline,  
I will speak his name to the wind, as a dream  
For there I often waited for him

And like a golden shroud  
My hair unbound, to the wind  
I will abandon myself.

The happy hours of the past  
will glimmer on my face,  
And the green reeds will embrace me.

And my breast, shuddering  
under the caress of their embrace,  
I will believe I am in the arms of my absent lover

## Wesendonck Lieder

Richard Wagner (1813-1883)

The Wesendonck Lieder are comprised of poems by Mathilde Wesendonck. It is rumored that Richard Wagner and Mathilde Wesendonck may have had an affair but there is no proven record of this occurring. These poems were also used as inspiration and study pieces for Wagner's opera *Tristan and Isolde* and may have been inspired by his affection for Mathilde. Wagner develops musical ideas in these songs that he later uses to represent the longing and unrequited love of the ill-fated lovers in his opera. "Träume" hints of the love duet in Act II and music from "Im Treibhaus" becomes the prelude to Act III. Wagner initially wrote these songs for solo female voice and piano. However, he composed an orchestrated version of "Träume" for Mathilde which was performed beneath her window on her birthday on December 23, 1857.

1. **Der Engel (The Angel)**

2. **Stehe Still (Stay Still)**

3. **Im Treibhaus (In the Greenhouse)**

Study for *Tristan and Isolde*

4. **Schmerzen (Pain)**

5. **Träume (Dreams)**

Study for *Tristan and Isolde*

### Der Engel

In der Kindheit frühen Tagen  
Hört ich oft von Engeln sagen,  
Die des Himmels hehre Wonne  
Tauschen mit der Erdensonne,

Daß, wo bang ein Herz in Sorgen  
Schmachtet vor der Welt verborgen,  
Daß, wo still es will verbluten,  
Und vergehn in Tränenfluten,

Daß, wo brünstig sein Gebet  
Einzig um Erlösung fleht,  
Da der Engel niederschwebt,  
Und es sanft gen Himmel hebt.

Ja, es stieg auch mir ein Engel nieder,  
Und auf leuchtendem Gefieder  
Führt er, ferne jedem Schmerz,  
Meinen Geist nun himmelwärts!

### Stehe Still

Sausendes, brausendes Rad der Zeit,

### The Angel

In childhood's early days,  
I often heard them speak of angels,  
Who would exchange Heaven's sublime bliss  
For the Earth's sun.

So that, when an anxious heart in dread  
Is full of longing, hidden from the world;  
So that, when it wishes silently to bleed  
And melt away in a trickle of tears,

So that, when its prayer ardently  
Pleads only for release,  
Then the angel floats down  
And gently lifts it to Heaven.

Yes, an angel has come down to me,  
And on glittering wings  
It leads, far away from every pain,  
My soul now heavenwards!

### Be Still

Roaring and rushing wheel of time,

Messer du der Ewigkeit;  
Leuchtende Sphären im weiten All,  
Die ihr umringt den Weltenball;  
Urewige Schöpfung, halte doch ein,  
Genug des Werdens, laß mich sein!

Halte an dich, zeugende Kraft,  
Urgedanke, der ewig schafft!  
Hemmet den Atem, stillt den Drang,  
Schweiget nur eine Sekunde lang!  
Schwellende Pulse, fesselt den Schlag;  
Ende, des Wollens ew'ger Tag!  
Daß in selig süßem Vergessen  
Ich mög alle Wonnen ermessen!

Wenn Aug' in Auge wonnig trinken,  
Seele ganz in Seele versinken;  
Wesen in Wesen sich wiederfindet,  
Und alles Hoffens Ende sich kündigt,  
Die Lippe verstummt in staunendem Schweigen,  
Keinen Wunsch mehr will das Innre zeugen:  
Erkennt der Mensch des Ew'gen Spur,  
Und löst dein Rätsel, heil'ge Natur!

#### **Im Triebhaus**

Hochgewölbte Blätterkronen,  
Baldachine von Smaragd,  
Kinder ihr aus fernen Zonen,  
Saget mir, warum ihr klagt?

Schweigend neiget ihr die Zweige,  
Malet Zeichen in die Luft,  
Und der Leiden stummer Zeuge  
Steiget aufwärts, süßer Duft.

Weit in sehndem Verlangen  
Breitet ihr die Arme aus,  
Und umschlinget wahnbefangen  
Öder Leere nicht'gen Graus.

Wohl, ich weiß es, arme Pflanze;  
Ein Geschicke teilen wir,  
Ob umstrahlt von Licht und Glanze,  
Unsre Heimat ist nicht hier!

Und wie froh die Sonne scheidet  
Von des Tages leerem Schein,  
Hüllet der, der wahrhaft leidet,  
Sich in Schweigens Dunkel ein.

Stille wird's, ein säuselnd Weben  
Füllet bang den dunklen Raum:

You are the measurer of Eternity;  
Shining spheres in the wide universe,  
You who surround the world globe,  
Eternal creation, halt!  
Enough development, let me be!

Cease, generative powers,  
The primal thoughts which you are ever creating!  
Slow your breathing, still your urge  
Silently, only for a second long!  
Swelling pulses, fetter your beating,  
End, o eternal day of willing!  
That in blessed, sweet forgetfulness,  
I may measure all my bliss!

When one eye another drinks in bliss,  
And one soul into another sinks,  
One nature in another finds itself again,  
And when each hope's fulfillment is finished,  
When the lips are mute in astounded silence,  
And no wish more does the heart invent,  
Then man recognizes the sign of Eternity,  
And solves your riddle, holy Nature!

#### **In the Greenhouse**

High-vaulted crowns of leaves,  
Canopies of emerald,  
You children of distant zones,  
Tell me, why do you lament?

Silently you bend your branches,  
Draw signs in the air,  
And the mute witness to your anguish -  
A sweet fragrance - rises.

In desirous longing, wide  
You open your arms,  
And embrace through insane predilection  
The desolate, empty, horrible void.

I know well, poor plants,  
A fate that we share,  
Though we bathe in light and radiance,  
Our homeland is not here!

And how gladly the sun departs  
From the empty gleam of the day,  
He veils himself, he who suffers truly,  
In the darkness of silence.

It becomes quiet, a whispered stirring  
Fills uneasily the dark room:

Schwere Tropfen seh ich schweben  
An der Blätter grünem Saum.

### Schmerzen

Sonne, weinest jeden Abend  
Dir die schönen Augen rot,  
Wenn im Meeresspiegel badend  
Dich erreicht der frühe Tod;

Doch erstehst in alter Pracht,  
Glorie der düstren Welt,  
Du am Morgen neu erwacht,  
Wie ein stolzer Siegheld!

Ach, wie sollte ich da klagen,  
Wie, mein Herz, so schwer dich sehn,  
Muß die Sonne selbst verzagen,  
Muß die Sonne untergehn?

Und gebieret Tod nur Leben,  
Geben Schmerzen Wonne nur:  
O wie dank ich, daß gegeben  
Solche Schmerzen mir Natur!

### Träume

Sag, welch wunderbare Träume  
Halten meinen Sinn umfassen,  
Daß sie nicht wie leere Schäume  
Sind in ödes Nichts vergangen?

Träume, die in jeder Stunde,  
Jedem Tage schöner blühen,  
Und mit ihrer Himmelskunde  
Selig durchs Gemüte ziehn!

Träume, die wie hehre Strahlen  
In die Seele sich versenken,  
Dort ein ewig Bild zu malen:  
Allvergessen, Eingedenken!

Träume, wie wenn Frühlingssonne  
Aus dem Schnee die Blüten küßt,  
Daß zu nie geahnter Wonne  
Sie der neue Tag begrüßt,

Daß sie wachsen, daß sie blühen,  
Träumend spenden ihren Duft,  
Sanft an deiner Brust verglühen,  
Und dann sinken in die Gruft.

Heavy drops I see hovering  
On the green edge of the leaves.

### Pain

Sun, each evening you weep  
Your pretty eyes red,  
When, bathing in the mirror of the sea  
You are seized by early death.

Yet you rise in all your splendor,  
Glory of the gloomy world,  
Newly awakening in the morning  
Like a proud, victorious hero!

Ah, why should I then lament,  
Why, my heart, are you so heavy,  
If the sun itself must despair,  
If the sun must set?

And if Death gives rise only to Life,  
And pain gives way only to bliss,  
O how thankful I am, that  
Nature gives me such anguish

### Dreams

Tell me, what kind of wondrous dreams  
are embracing my senses,  
that have not, like sea-foam,  
vanished into desolate Nothingness?

Dreams, that with each passing hour,  
each passing day, bloom fairer,  
and with their heavenly tidings  
roam blissfully through my heart!

Dreams which, like holy rays of light  
sink into the soul,  
there to paint an eternal image:  
forgiving all, thinking of only One.

Dreams which, when the Spring sun  
kisses the blossoms from the snow, so that into  
unsuspected bliss  
they greet the new day,

So that they grow, so that they bloom,  
and dreaming, bestow their fragrance,  
these dreams gently glow  
and fade on your breast,  
and then sink into the grave.

\*\*\*\*\* brief pause \*\*\*\*\*

## Casa Guidi

Dominick Argento (1927- )

Songs composed for Frederica Von Stade based on the letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806-1861) to her sister Henrietta Barrett. Elizabeth Barrett Browning was a prominent poet of the Victorian Era. She was married to Robert Browning who was also a famous poet and author. He encouraged her to publish her writing. As a young girl, Elizabeth suffered from an unknown illness and was confined to her home by her father. When she married Robert, and left her home, her father never spoke to her again. Robert and Elizabeth moved to Florence, Italy.

### 1. Casa Guidi

Elizabeth talks about their beautiful home in Florence, Italy.

### 2. The Italian Cook and the English Maid

Elizabeth tells her sister of the rivalry between the cook and her maid Wilson.

### 3. Robert Browning

Content and happy Elizabeth discusses the wonder she feels at being with Robert and how fortunate she is to have him in her life.

### 4. The Death of Mr. Barrett

Elizabeth discusses the death of their father. She tells Henrietta of her pain and regret that they were unable to resolve their estrangement.

### 5. Domesticity

(The simple joy of a night in.) Elizabeth is content and speaks of life she shares with Robert and their son.

## Casa Guidi

We more and more like our new apartment.  
When I am tired of the sofa we go out on our terrace,  
Where there is just room for two to walk --  
Walk back and forward till the moon rises!  
And the moon rises beautifully, and drops  
Down the grey walls of San Felice.

We are getting on slowly in the furnishing department.  
Robert wants a ducal bed for my room -- all gilding and carving.  
I persuaded him to get a piano instead.

We have had an illumination throughout the city --  
And you in England can't guess how beautiful

A Florentine illumination is!  
The Pitti Palace opposite us was drawn out in fire!  
You would have thought that all the stars  
Out of Heaven had fallen into the piazza.

Sometimes he says to me: "Now, Ba, wouldn't it have been wrong  
If we two had not married?"  
I do love this house -- there's the truth --  
"Like a room in a novel," this room has been called.

### **The Italian Cook and the English Maid**

From beef-steak pies up to fricassees Alessandro is a master.  
And from bread and butter puddings to boiled apple-dumplings,  
An artist. Only -- he doesn't like Wilson to interfere.  
She declares that he repeats so many times a day:  
"I've been to Paris -- I've been to London --  
I have been to Germany -- I must know."  
Also he offends her by being of opinion that:  
"London is by far the most immoral place in the world."  
(He was there for a month once.)  
And when she talks of the domestic happiness enjoyed in England.  
He shakes his head disputatiously, and bids her  
"Not to take her ideas of English domestic life from the  
Signor and Signora -- who were quite exceptions --  
He never saw anything like their way of  
Living together certainly, though  
"He had been to Paris, and been in London, and been in Germany --  
No, the Signor was an angel, and there was the truth of it --  
Yes the Signora was rather an angel too -- she never spent  
Two thousand scudi on her dress, as he had seen women do --  
So the Signor might well be fond of the Signora --  
But still for a Signor to be always sitting with his  
Wife in that way, was most extraordinary and  
"He had been to Paris, and been to London" and so on 'da capo'-  
So poor Wilson's head goes round she declares, and she  
Leaves the field of battle from absolute exhaustion.

### **Robert Browning**

And now I begin to wonder naturally whether I may not be  
Some sort of a real angel after all.  
It is not so bad a thing, be sure, for a woman  
To be loved by a man of imagination. He loves her through a lustrous atmosphere  
Which not only keeps back the faults but produces  
Continual novelty through its own changes.  
If ever a being of a higher order lived among us  
Without a glory round his head...he is such a being.  
I feel to have the power of making him happy...  
I feel to have it in my hands.  
It is strange that anyone so brilliant should love me.  
But true and strange it is...it is impossible for me to doubt it anymore.  
Here am I, in the seventh year of marriage,  
Happier than on the seventh day!



The love not only stays, but grows.  
He rises on me hour by hour and I am  
Bound to him indeed with all the cords of my heart.  
And Papa thinks I have sold my soul --  
For genius...mere genius!

### **The Death of Mr. Barrett**

It is true that first words must be said --  
But of the past I cannot speak. I believe  
Hope had died in me long ago  
Of reconciliation in this world..  
Occupation is the only thing to keep one  
On one's feet a little, that I know well.  
Only it is hard sometimes to force oneself  
Into occupation...there's -- the hardness.  
I take up books -- but my heart goes walking up and down  
Constantly through that house on Wimpole Street.  
Till it is tired, tired, tired. The truth is,  
I am made of paper, and it tears me.

### **Domesticity**

We have fires now, though the weather is lovely for November  
And I take long walks every day.  
We have fires now, and as soon as the lamp comes  
Robert sits in his [chair]<sup>4</sup>, and I curl myself up on the sofa.  
Or perhaps on a cushion on the hearth,  
And we say to one another  
"Oh how delightful this is!  
I do hope no one will come tonight."  
So we read and talk and Robert can't keep from  
Letting out the end of David Copperfield.  
And I scold him and won't hear a word more.  
Then the door opens, and enter  
Baby holding by Wilson's finger.  
"I can't think what he wants,"  
Says Wilson, "but he would come."  
Upon which he walks straight up to me and puts up one foot.  
Pointing to it with his hand, pulling at my gown --  
Perhaps you don't know what this means, but I do.  
He wants to go to bed..  
So I get up and go away with him and Wilson  
And Robert calls after us: "Come back soon, Ba."  
And I go back soon...

\*\*\*\*\* Please join us after the recital for a small reception on the patio \*\*\*\*\*