

# Kehui Wu

D.M.A. of Voice Performance Recital I

Organ Hall | April 17, 2017 | 7:30 p.m.

Professor: David Britton

Pianist: Dongfang Zhang

## Program

A Chloris

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

L'heure exquise

Trois jours de vendange

Reynaldo Hahn

(1874-1947)

Cinq mélodies "de Venise"

1. Mandoline

2. En Sourdine

3. Green

4. À Clymène

5. C'est l'extase

Gabriel Fauré

(1845-1924)

Intermission

Chanson triste

Soupir

Au pays où se fait la guerre

Henry Duparc

(1848-1933)

Sérénade

Au rossignol

Charles Gounod

(1818-1893)

"Que fais-tu, blanche tourterelle" from *Romeo et Juliette*

Charles Gounod



School of Music

# Kehui Wu

## 1st D.M.A Recital

### Program Notes

#### **A chloris**

If it is true, Chloris, that you love me,  
(But I do hear that you love me well),  
I don't believe that even kings  
themselves  
Ever had a happiness equal to mine.

How unwelcome Death would be,  
[Even] if it replaced my fortune  
With the bliss of heaven!

[For] everything they say about ambrosia  
Fails utterly to spark my imagination,  
[Especially] if I had to give up the charms  
of your gaze.

#### **Si mes vers avaient des ailes**

My verses would flee, sweet and frail,  
To your garden so fair,  
If my verses had wings,  
Like a bird.

They would fly, like sparks,  
To your smiling hearth,  
If my verses had wings,  
Like the mind.

Pure and faithful, to your side  
They'd hasten night and day,  
If my verses had wings,  
Like love!

#### **L'heure exquise**

The white moon shines in the woods.  
From each branch springs a voice  
beneath the arbor.  
Oh my beloved...

Like a deep mirror  
the pond reflects  
the silhouette of the black willow  
where the wind weeps.  
Let us dream! It is the hour...

A vast and tender calm  
seems to descend from a sky  
made iridescent by the moon.  
It is the exquisite hour!

#### **Trois jours de vendange**

During the vintage I met her one day,  
Skirt tucked in, dainty feet,  
No yellow veil, no coiled-up hair,  
A maenad with an angel's eyes,  
Leaning on a sweet friend's arm.  
I met her at Avignon in the fields,  
During the vintage one day.

During the vintage I met her one day,  
The plain was bleak and the sky ablaze.  
She was walking alone, with faltering steps,  
Her face was lit by a curious glow  
I still shudder as I remember  
How I saw you, dear white spectre,  
During the vintage one day.

During the vintage I met her one day,  
And still almost daily I dream of it:  
The coffin draped in velvet,  
The black shroud with its double fringe.  
The Avignon nuns wept all around it!  
The vine had too many grapes  
Love had gathered its harvest.

#### **Mandoline**

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

There is Thyrsis 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 well 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 fruit, 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,  
since you are resting.

### **À Clymène**

Mystic barcarolles, Songs without words,  
My darling, because your eyes,  
The color of the heavens.

Because your voice, strange  
Vision that upsets  
And troubles the horizon of my reason.

Because the wonderful aroma  
Of your cygnet-like pallor.  
And because the distinctness  
Of your fragrance.

Ah! Because your entire existence,  
Like music that pervades all,  
Nimbuses of former angels,  
Tones and perfumes.

Has, in wondrous cadences,  
Attracted into a connection  
My subtle heart. Let it be praised! Amen.

### **C'est l'extase**

It is the languorous ecstasy,  
It is the fatigue after love,  
It is all the rustling of the wood,  
In the embrace of breezes;  
It is near the gray branches:  
A chorus of tiny voices.

Oh, what a frail and fresh murmur!  
It babbles and whispers,  
It resembles the soft noise  
That waving grass exhales.  
You might say it were, under the bending  
stream,  
The muffled sound of rolling pebbles.

This soul, which laments  
And this dormant moan,  
It is ours, is it not?  
Is it mine? -- tell [me] -- and yours,  
Whose humble anthem we breathe  
On this mild evening, so quietly.

### **Chanson triste**

In your heart sleeps a moonlight,  
a soft summer's moonlight,  
and, to flee from this relentless life,  
I shall drown myself in your brightness.

I shall forget past sufferings,  
my beloved, when you cradle  
my sad heart and my thoughts  
in the loving peace of your arms.

Oh! Sometimes you will take  
my sick head upon your knees,  
and will tell it a ballad  
which will seem to speak of us;

and in your eyes full of sorrows,  
in your eyes then I shall drink  
so many kisses and tokens of love,  
that perhaps I shall recover.

### **Soupir**

Never to see or hear her,  
never to name her aloud,  
but faithfully always to wait for her  
and love her.

To open my arms and, tired of waiting,  
to close them on nothing,  
but still always to stretch them out to her  
and to love her.

To only be able to stretch them out to her,  
and then to be consumed in tears,  
but always to shed these tears,  
always to love her.

Never to see or hear her,  
never to name her aloud,  
but with a love that grows ever more tender,  
always to love her. Always!

### **Au pays où se fait la guerre**

To the country where war is waged  
My beautiful love departed.  
It seems to my desolate heart  
That I alone remain on earth.  
When leaving, at our kiss goodbye,  
He took my soul from my mouth...  
Who is holding him back so long, O God?  
There is the sun setting.  
And I, all alone in my tower,  
I still await his return.

The pigeons on the roof are cooing,  
Cooing lovingly  
With a sad and charming sound;  
The waters under the large willows flow...  
I feel ready to cry;  
My heart, like a full lily, overflows  
And I no longer dare to hope.  
Here gleams the white moon.  
And I, all alone in my tower,  
I still await his return.

Someone is climbing the ramp rapidly.  
Could it be him, my sweet love?  
It isn't him, but only  
My little page with my lamp.  
Evening winds, veiled, tell him  
That he is my thoughts and my dream,  
All my joy and my longing.  
Here is the dawn rising.  
And I, all alone in my tower,  
I still await his return.

### **Sérénade**

When you sing in the evening  
cradled in my arms,  
can you hear my thoughts  
softly answering you?  
Your sweet song recalls to me  
the happiest days I've known.  
Sing, sing, my pretty one,  
sing on forever!

When you laugh,  
love blossoms on your lips,  
And at once cruel suspicion vanishes.  
Ah, faithful laughter  
shows a heart without guile.  
Laugh, laugh, my pretty one,  
laugh on forever!

When you sleep calm and pure  
beneath my gaze, in the shadow,  
your breathing murmurs  
harmonious words.  
Your lovely body is revealed  
without veil or finery.  
Sleep, sleep, my pretty one,  
Sleep on forever!

#### **Au rossignol**

When your celestial voice presages  
The silence of serene nights  
Winged bard of my solitude,  
I know not what I am to you.

You do not know that my ear  
Is in suspense at your sweet voice,  
At these harmonious marvels,  
I remain long intoxicated in the wood!

I do not know if my breath  
Dare pass over my lips!  
If my silent foot barely treads upon  
the leaf that it dreads to rustle.

Ah! these sweet nocturnal scenes,  
These reverent mysteries of the night  
And the flowers that incline their trumpets  
Like the urn of a censer.

And this mysterious voice  
that the angels and myself both hear,  
This sigh of the suppliant night,  
Melodious bird, 'tis thou!.

Oh! blend your voice with mine!  
The same ear hears us;  
But your ethereal prayer  
Mounts better to the sky that awaits it.

#### **"Que fais-tu, blanche tourterelle?"**

from *Romeo et Juliette*  
(translated by Aaron Green)

Since yesterday I try  
in vain my master  
Is he still with you?  
My lords, Capulet?  
Let's see if your worthy servants  
To the sound of my voice this morning  
Dare to reappear.

What do you do white dove  
In this nest of vultures?  
Some day, you will spread your wings,  
You will follow love!  
Vultures, they must battle  
To hit, to cut, and thrust  
Their sharp beaks!  
Let these birds of prey be,  
Live to your joy dove  
Lovers kissing!  
Keep well and beautiful!  
Time will tell!  
Your turtledove will escape you,

A pigeon, far from his green grove,  
By love, is attracted  
Round about this wild nest  
A, I think, sigh!  
Vultures are at the quarry,  
Their songs, which fled Cytherea,  
Sounds with a loud noise!  
However, their sweet intoxication  
Happy lovers in their loving tenderness tell  
The stars of the night!  
Keep well and beautiful!