

**Hasan Sannoufi, Trombone**  
**Gail Novak, Piano**

Student Recital Series  
Recital Hall | April 19<sup>th</sup>, 2019 | 5:00pm

**Program**

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée

Maurice Ravel  
(1875 – 1937)

1. *Chanson Romanesque*
2. *Chanson épique*
3. *Chanson à boire*

Coat de Bone

Derek Bourgeois  
(1941 – 2017)

À La Manière de Debussy

Jean-Michel Defaye  
(b. 1932)

Ballade pour Trombone

Eugène Bozza  
(1905 – 1991)



**School of Music**

# Don Quichotte à Dulcinée

Maurice Ravel

Poems by Paul Morand

## 1. Chanson romanesque

Were you to tell that the earth  
Offended you with so much turning,  
I'd dispatch Panza to deal with it:  
You'd see it still and silenced.

Were you to tell me that you are wearied  
By a sky too studded with stars -  
Tearing the divine order asunder,  
I'd scythe the night with a single blow.

Were you to tell me that space itself,  
Thus denuded was not to your taste -  
As a god-like knight, with lance in hand,  
I'd sow the fleeting wind with stars.

But were you to tell me that my blood  
Is more mine, my Lady, than your own,  
I'd pale at the admonishment  
And, blessing you, would die.

O Dulcinea.

## 2. Chanson épique

Good Saint Michael who gives me leave  
To behold and hear my Lady,  
Good Saint Michael who deigns to elect me  
To please her and defend her,  
Good Saint Michael, descend, I pray,

With Saint George onto the altar  
Of the Madonna robed in blue,  
With a heavenly beam bless my blade  
And its equal in purity  
And its equal in piety  
As in modesty and chastity:  
My Lady.

(O great Saint George and great Saint Michael)  
Bless the angel watching over my vigil,  
My sweet Lady, so like unto Thee,  
O Madonna robed in blue!

Amen.

## 3. Chanson à boire

A pox on the bastard, illustrious Lady,  
Who to discredit me in your sweet eyes,  
Says that love and old wine  
Are saddening my heart and soul!

I drink  
To joy!  
Joy is the only goal  
To which I go straight... when I'm... drunk!

A pox on the jealous wretch, O dusky mistress,  
Who whines and weeps and vows  
Always to be this lily-livered lover  
Who dilutes his drunkenness!

I drink  
To joy!  
Joy is the only goal  
To which I go straight... when I'm... drunk!