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**Faculty Recital Series**

**2018–2019 Season**

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Sara M. Snell Music Theater

Wednesday, September 12, 7:30 PM

**Colleen Skull, soprano**  
**François Germain, piano**

From *Les nuits d'été*, op. 7 (Summer Nights)

Hector Berlioz  
(1803–1869)

1. Villanelle
2. Le spectre de la rose
3. Sur les lagunes
4. Absence
6. L'île inconnue

From *Twelve Romances*, op. 21

Sergei Rachmaninov  
(1873–1943)

5. Siren
6. Otrivok Iz A. Myusse
7. Zdes' khorosho
11. Ya Ne Prorok
12. Kak Mne Bol'no

*Three Early Songs*

George Crumb  
(b. 1929)

From *Brettli-Lieder* (Cabaret Songs)

Arnold Schoenberg  
(1874–1951)

- Gigerlette
- Galathea
- Arie aud dem Spiegel von Arkadien

## *Programme Notes*

We begin tonight on a journey of love and loss with select excerpts from Berlioz's *Les nuits d'été*, set to the poetry of his friend Théophile Gautier. The first song depicts a celebration of a young romance as two lovers partake in a leisurely walk through the woods enjoying nature in all its splendor, returning home with their hands intertwined. This song captures the essence of a budding romance as it bubbles over with exuberance and delight. "Le spectre de la rose" recounts the experience of a young woman's dream as the ghost of a rose she wore to a ball the night before returns having ascended to paradise after dying on her breast; a fate "even kings may envy". The next song portrays the bitter lament of a Venetian sailor returning to sea after the death of his beloved. In "Absence", the poet pleads for their dead lover to return. The final selection of this cycle returns to feelings of joy as lovers embark on a journey to exotic unknown lands where love springs eternal.

The next five selections are from Rachmaninov's op. 21. In "Lilacs" feelings of happiness are awakened by the beautiful fragrances found in nature. In stark contrast "Fragment of A. Musset" portrays yearning for peace when faced with despair and loneliness. Rachmaninov wrote "How Fair This Spot" immediately before his wedding and dedicated this song to his bride. This song celebrates the bliss found in the dreams of his love, in nature, and in God. No. 11 espouses the notion that to be a musician is to dwell in the divine, where truth, beauty, and passion speak through the singer's heart. The final song of this opus expresses wanting to hasten the arrival of old age as a means to lessen grief.

George Crumb's *Three Early Songs* are set to the poetry of Robert Southey and Sara Teasdale. These songs were written in 1947 when Crumb was just 17 years old. He first heard them sung in readings by Elizabeth Brown, whom he later married and dedicated them. In his own programme notes Crumb referred to these songs as representative of the "sins of his youth".

We will end the recital with three songs from Schoenberg's *Brettli-Lieder*. The poetic texts are taken from *Deutsche Chansons*, published by Otto Bierbaum. Also known as the *Cabaret Songs*, these cheeky character pieces explore notions of love, lust, and merriment.

*Les nuits d'été*, op. 7 (Summer Nights)

Villanelle (A Short Poem)

When comes the new season,  
When the cold is over,  
We two will go, my dear,  
To pick lilies of the valley in the woods;  
Our feet scattered the pearls  
Which are seen, in the morning quivering,  
We will listen to the blackbirds whistle.  
Spring has come, my beauty;  
It is the month of blessed lovers;  
And the bird, satin his wing,  
Twitters in verse perched on the edge of his nest.  
Oh! Come sit on the mossy bank  
to talk of our beautiful love,  
and tell me in your gentle voice:  
Always!  
Far, very far, wandering together,  
startling the hidden hare –  
And the deer reflected in the pool  
admires his glorious antlers  
Then, let us go home, happy, and content,  
Fingers, hands, and arms entwined –  
Let us carry back wild strawberries from the wood

Le spectre de la rose (The Ghost of the Rose)

Open your closed eyelid  
Which is gently brushed by a virginal dream!  
I am the ghost of the rose  
That you wore last night at the ball.  
You took me when I was still sprinkled with pearls  
Of silvery tears from the watering-can,  
And, among the sparkling festivities,  
You carried me the entire night.  
Oh you, who caused my death:  
Without the power to chase it away,  
You will be visited every night by my ghost,  
Which will dance at your bedside.  
But fear nothing; I demand  
Neither Mass nor day from the depths;

This mild perfume is my soul,  
And I've come from Paradise.  
My destiny is worthy of envy;  
And to have a fate so fine,  
More than one would give his life  
For on your breast I have my tomb,  
And on the alabaster where I rest,  
A poet with a kiss Wrote:  
"Here lies a rose,  
Of which all kings may be jealous."

Sur les lagunes (On the Lagoons)

My beautiful friend is dead:  
I will always cry;  
Under the tomb she carries  
My soul and my loves.  
In the sky, without waiting for me,  
She returned;  
The angel who took him  
Did not want to take me.  
May my fate be bitter!  
Ah! Without love, go to the sea!  
The white creature  
Is lying in the coffin.  
As in nature  
Everything seems to me in mourning!  
The forgotten dove  
Cry and think of the absent;  
My soul cries and feels  
That she is mismatched.  
May my fate be bitter!  
Ah! Without love, go to the sea!  
On me the huge night  
Extends like a shroud;  
I sing my romance  
Heaven hears alone.  
Ah! how beautiful she was,  
And how I loved him!  
I will never like  
A woman as much as she.  
May my fate be bitter!  
Ah! Without love, go to the sea!

Absence (Absence)

Return, return my beloved!  
Like a flower from the sun,  
The flower of my life is closed,  
Far from thy rosy smile.  
Between our hearts looms such a distance  
Vast space between our kisses.  
O bitter fate! O cruellest absence!  
O great unappeased desire!  
Return, return my beloved...  
From here and there only wide countryside,  
What towns and hamlets,  
Valleys and mountains  
To tire the foot of the horses!  
Return, return my beloved...

L'île inconnue (The Unknown Land)

Tell me, pretty young girl,  
where do you wish to go?  
The sail spreads its wing;  
the breeze is beginning to blow.  
The oar is of ivory,  
the flag of silk,  
the rudder of pure gold;  
for ballast I have an orange,  
for sail the wing of an angel,  
for cabin-boy, a seraph.  
Tell me...  
Is it to the Baltic sea?  
To the Pacific ocean?  
To the island of Java?  
Or is it rather to Norway,  
to gather snow-flowers,  
or the flowers of Angsoka?  
Tell me; tell me, where do you want to go?  
"Take me," says the pretty one,  
"to the faithful shore  
where people love forever!"  
That shore, my dear,  
is almost unknown  
in the country of love.  
Where do you want to go?  
The breeze is beginning to blow.

\* Translations from [www.lieder.net](http://www.lieder.net)

Siren (Lilacs)

Text: Ekaterina Andreyena Beketova

In the morning, at daybreak, over the dewy grass,  
I will go to breathe the crisp dawn;  
and in the fragrant shade,  
where the lilac crowds,  
I will go to seek my happiness...  
In life, only one happiness  
it was fated for me to discover,  
and that happiness lives in the lilacs;  
in the green boughs,  
in the fragrant bunches,  
my poor happiness blossoms...

Otrivok Iz A. Myusse (Fragment from Musset)

Text: Aleksei Nikolayevich Apukhtin after Louis Charles Alfred de Musset

Why is my sick heart beating so frantically  
And pleading and yearning for peace?  
What so excites and scares me in the night?  
The door slammed shut, moaning and weeping,  
Rays of a flickering lamp dimly flashed...  
My God! My breath is stuck in my chest!  
Someone is calling me, whispering sadly...  
Someone has come in...? My room is empty,  
No one is here, it's only the clock striking midnight...  
O, loneliness, O despair!

Zdes' khorosho (How Fair This Spot)

Text: Glafira Adol'fovna Galina

How nice it is here...  
Look - far away,  
The river is a blaze of fire;  
The meadows lie like carpets of colour  
The clouds are white.  
Here there is no one...  
Here it is silent...  
Here is only God and I,  
The flowers, the old pine tree,  
And you, my dream!

*Ya Ne Prorok* (I am no prophet)

Text: Arseny Arkad'yevich Golenishchev-Kutuzov

I am no prophet, I am no soldier,  
I am no teacher of the world;  
I, by the grace of God, am a singer,  
My weapon is a lyre. By the will of God I create;  
I avoid alliance with a lie; I talk in song to the heart,  
In which I rouse a divine spark.

*Kak Mne Bol'no* (How much it hurts)

Text: Glafira Adol'fovna Galina

How much it hurts,  
How much I want to be alive...  
How fresh and fragrant is the spring!  
No! I can't bridle my heart  
on this sleepless blue night.  
If only old age could come sooner,  
If only the hoar could glitter in my hair,  
so that the nightingale would stop singing for me.  
So that the forest would not rustle for me.  
So that a song in my soul would not strive  
to fly to the lilacs far away.  
So that in peace, I would not painfully regret something missing.

\*Translations from [www.lieder.net](http://www.lieder.net)

*Three Early Songs*

Night

Text: Robert Southey

How beautiful is night!  
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;  
No mist obscures, nor cloud,  
Nor speck, nor stain  
Breaks the serene of heaven:  
In full-orbed glory yonder Moon divine  
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.  
Beneath her steady ray  
The desert-circle spreads,  
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.  
How beautiful is night!

Let It Be Forgotten  
Text: Sara Teasdale

Let it be forgotten as a flower is forgotten,  
Forgotten as a fire that once  
Was burning gold.  
Let it be forgotten forever and ever.  
Time is a kind friend,  
he will make us old.  
If anyone asks, say it was forgotten,  
Long and long ago.  
As a flower, as a fire,  
As a hushed foot-fall  
In a long forgotten snow.

Wind Elegy (W.E.W)  
Text: Sara Teasdale

Only the wind knows he is gone,  
Only the wind grieves,  
The sun shines, the fields are sown,  
Sparrows mate in the eaves;  
But I heard the wind in the pines he planted  
And the hemlocks overhead,  
"His acres wake, for the year turns,  
But he is asleep," it said.

Gigerlette  
Text: Otto Julius Bierbaum

Miss Gigerlette invited me to tea.  
Her evening gown was as white as snow;  
She was done up exactly like a Pierrot.  
I'd wager that even a monk  
would look upon Gigerlette with pleasure.  
A red room it was in which she received me.  
Yellow candlelight shimmered in the space,  
And as always, she was full of life and *ésprit*.  
Never can I forget it: the room was as red as wine,  
she white as a blossom.  
And in a trot on all fours the two of us went  
for a ride in that land called happiness.  
That we not lose rein on the course of our destination,  
in the background, near the journeying of our ardent limbs,  
perched Cupid.

Galathea

Text: Frank Wedekind

O, how I burn with longing,  
Galathea, beautiful child,  
To kiss your cheeks, for they are so delightful.  
Please me once again,  
Galathea, beautiful child,  
To kiss your tresses, for they are so beguiling.  
Never will I be able, until I die,  
Galathea, beautiful child,  
To resist kissing your hands, for they are so enticing.  
Ah, you cannot know how I burn,  
Galathea, beautiful child,  
To kiss your tresses, for they are so beguiling.  
Never will I be able, until I die,  
Galathea, beautiful child,  
To kiss your knees, for they are so enticing.  
And what I would not do, you sweet  
Galathea, beautiful child,  
To kiss your knees, for they are so enticing.  
And what I would not do, you sweet  
Galathea, beautiful child,  
To kiss your feet, for they are so tempting.  
But never offer your mouth,  
maiden, to my kisses,  
For its charming fullness  
I will only kiss in my dreams.

**Langsamer Walzer (Slow Waltz)**

**Text:** Emanuel Schikaneder

Since I've seen so many women,  
My heart beats so warm,  
It hums and throbs here and there,  
Like a swarm of bees.  
And if her flame is equal to mine,  
Her eyes aglow and clear,  
So beats my heart like a hammer's beat evermore.  
Bum, bum, bum.  
I'd wish a thousand women for me,  
If it was God's will;  
I'd dance like a prairie dog

In the cross and in the crossway.  
It would be a life of the world, and I would be happy,  
I'd hop like a rabbit through the field.  
and my heart would beat on.  
Bum, bum, bum.  
The man who doesn't know to treasure a woman,  
is neither cold nor warm.  
And lies around like a block of ice on some young lady's arm.  
But I am quite a different sort of man,  
I leap around the room;  
my heart beats happily against her breast and sounds:  
bum, bum, bum.

\*Translations from [www.lieder.net](http://www.lieder.net)