



Faculty Recital Series

2021–2022 Season

Sara M. Snell Music Theater

Sunday, September 19, 7:30 PM

Colleen Skull, soprano
Guest Artist, François Germain, piano

Alma grande e nobil core W.A Mozart
(1756- 1791)

Scena d'Ernestine Joseph Bologne, Chevalier de Saint-Georges
(1733- 1799)

From *Sechs lieder*, op. 13 Clara Schumann
(1819- 1896)
Ich stand in dunklen Träumen

Sie liebten sich beide

Liebeszauer

Unbewegte laue Luft

Meine Liebe ist grün Johannes Brahms
(1833- 1897)

Au pays où se fait la guerre Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)
Lamento

Le manoir de Rosemonde

L'invitation au voyage

From *NightSongs* H. Leslie Adams
(b.1932)
Prayer

Heart of a Woman

I Want to Die While You Love Me

Art is Calling for Me Rosephanye Powell
(b. 1962)
From *The Enchantress*

Victor Herbert
(1859- 1924)

François Germain, piano

Originally from Aix-en-Provence, France, Pianist and vocal coach François Germain has performed extensively in Europe, the United States and Canada as soloist and accompanist. A native French and German speaker, he specializes in French mélodie, lied and art song.

He is currently on the faculty of the Cleveland Institute of Music as vocal coach and Managing Director of Opera, as well as on the music staff of the Semperoper in Dresden, Germany where he coaches French language productions. Prior to his appointment to CIM, he was on the faculty of the Crane School of Music, SUNY Potsdam, where he taught piano and served as vocal coach and head of the piano area. As a lyric diction specialist, he is a founder and editor of The Diction Police, a leading multimedia language resource for classical singers.

For the past twelve years, Dr. Germain has also been on the Faculty of the University of Miami Frost School of Music Summer Program in Salzburg, Austria, one of Europe's longest running and most respected programs of its kind for singers and vocal pianists.

In addition to his performance and teaching activities, Dr. Germain holds a master's degree in political science from the Institut d'Etudes Politiques (Sciences-Po) where he researched the socio-political context of Dimitri Shostakovich's work and the relationship between Soviet composers and the cultural authorities of the time.

Translations

Alma grande e nobil core (A Great Soul and Noble Heart)

Text: Lorenzo da Ponte

A great soul and noble heart
always spurns those like you.
I am a lady accustomed to splendor,
and I will be respected.
Go, and relate to that
ingrate that I am faithful.
But he does not deserve pardon,
and I will have my revenge.

Scena from Ernestine

Libretto prepared by Valmont de Choderlos de Laclos

Ernestine, what will you do?
Have you really probed your heart?
From the depth of your austere retreat
See how the futile regrets
And the eternal pain are clinging to your step
And magnifying your unhappiness.
Cruel love, cruel happiness!
Stop fighting the necessary sacrifice,
It only worsens its horror.

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen (I stood darkly dreaming)

Poetry by Heinrich Heine

And that beloved face
Sprang mysteriously to life.
About her lips
A wondrous smile played,
And as with sad tears,
Her eyes gleamed.
And my tears flowed
Down my cheeks,
And ah, I cannot believe
That I have lost you!

Sie Liebten sich beide (They loved One Another)

Poetry by Heinrich Heine

They loved one another, but neither
Wished to tell the other;
They gave each other such hostile looks,
Yet nearly died of love.
In the end they parted and saw
Each other but rarely in dreams.
They died so long ago
And hardly knew it themselves.

Liebeszauber (Love's magic)

Poetry by Emanuel Geibel

Love, as a nightingale,
Perched on a rosebush and sang;
The wondrous sound floated
Along the green forest.
And as it sounded, there arose a scent
From a thousand calyxes,
And all the treetops rustled softly,
And the breeze moved softer still;
The brooks fell silent, barely
Having babbled from the heights,
The fawns stood as if in a dream
And listened to the sound.
Brighter, and ever brighter
The sun shone on the scene,
And poured its red glow
Over flowers, forest and glen.

But I made my way along the path
And also heard the sound.
Ah! all that I've sung since that hour
Was merely its echo.

Unbewegte laue Luft (Motionless mild air)

Motionless mild air,
Nature deep at rest;
Through the still garden night
Only the fountain plashes;
But my soul swells
With a more ardent desire;
Life surges in my veins
And yearns for life.
Should not your breast too
Heave with more passionate longing?
Should not the cry of my soul
Quiver deeply through your own?
Softly on ethereal feet
Glide to me, do not delay!
Come, ah! come, that we might
Give each other heavenly satisfaction!

Meine Liebe ist grün (My love's as green)

My love's as green as the lilac bush,
And my sweetheart's as fair as the sun;
The sun shines down on the lilac bush,
Fills it with delight and fragrance.
My soul has a nightingale's wings
And sways in the blossoming lilac,
And, drunk with fragrance, exults and sings
Many a love-drunk song.

Translations by Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

Au pay où se fait la guerre (To the Country Where War is Waged)

Based on text by Pierre-Jules-Théophile Gautier

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.

Lamento (Lament)
Poetry by Théophile Gautier

Do you know the white tomb,
Where the shadow of a yew
Waves plaintively?
On that yew a pale dove,
Sad and solitary at sundown
Sings its song;
As if the awakened soul
Weeps from the grave, together
With the song,
And at the sorrow of being forgotten
Murmurs its complaint
Most meltingly.
Ah! nevermore shall I approach that tomb,
When evening descends
In its black cloak.
To listen to the pale dove
On the branch of the yew
Sings its plaintive song!

Translation © Richard Stokes, from *A French Song Companion* (Oxford, 2000)

Le manoir de Rosemonde (The Manor of Rosamonde)
Poetry by Robert de Bonnières

With sudden and ravenous tooth,
Love like a dog has bitten me.
By following the blood I've shed -
Come, you'll be able to follow my trail.
Take a horse of fine breeding,

Set out, and follow my arduous course
By quagmire or by hidden path,
If the chase does not weary you.

Passing by where I have passed,
You will see that, solitary and wounded,
I have traversed this sorry world,
And that thus I went off to die
Far, far away, without ever finding
The blue manor of Rosamonde.

L'invitation au voyage (Invitation to journey)
Poetry by Charles Baudelaire

My child, my sister,
Think how sweet
To journey there and live together!
To love as we please,
To love and die
In the land that is like you!
The watery suns
Of those hazy skies my spirit
The same mysterious charms
As your treacherous eyes
Shining through their tears.

There - nothing but order and beauty dwell,
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.

See on those canals
Those vessels sleeping,
Vessels with a restless soul;
To satisfy
Your slightest desire
They come from the ends of the earth.
The setting suns
Clothe the fields,
Canals and all the town
With hyacinth and gold;
The world falls asleep
In a warm light.

There - nothing but order and beauty dwell,
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.
My beloved, read into my soul,
See my sorrow and my love.
Alas, everything now burdens me
And everything seems to increase my ardor,
Can I live without you?
No, no, the cruel fate
Commands it in vain

Yes, it separates us in vain,
You alone are everything to me.

Come and reunite for a moment
With a lover who adores you
So that she may see you again
It will be her last pleasure.

Translation provided by François Germain
From *Sechs Lieder* op. 13

From *Nightsongs*

Prayer

Text by Langston Hughes
The Collected Poems of Langston Hughes, p. 51

Which way to go?
I ask you this:
Which sin to bear?
Which crown to put
Upon my hair?
I do not know,
Lord God,
I do not know.

The Heart of a Woman

Text by Georgia Douglas Johnson
First published in *The Book of American Negro Poetry*, 1922.

The heart of a woman goes forth with the dawn
As a lone bird, soft winging so restlessly on.
Afar o'er life's turrets and vales does it roam.
In the wake of those echoes, the heart calls home.

The heart of a woman falls back with the night
And enters some alien cage in its plight,
And tries to forget it has dreamed of the stars
While it breaks, breaks on the sheltering bars.

From *Miss Wheatley's Garden*

I Want to Die While You Love Me

Text: Georgia Douglas Johnson

I want to die while you love me,
While yet you hold me fair,
While laughter lies upon my lips
And lights are in my hair.

I want to die while you love me,
And bear to that still bed,
Your kisses turbulent, unspent
To warm me when I'm dead.

I want to die while you love me
Oh, who would care to live
Till love has nothing more to ask
And nothing more to give?

I want to die while you love me
And never, never see
The glory of this perfect day
Grow dim or cease to be!

English Translations © Richard Stokes



PEACE & LOVE

The Crane School of Music celebrates the life of Dean Emeritus Dr. Lonel Woods by proclaiming his salutation the 2021-2022 theme. The curator of this program has chosen at least one musical work on this concert that resonates with our community emphasis: "Peace & Love."