Faculty Recital Series
2019–2020 Season
Sara M. Snell Music Theater
Wednesday, March 18, 7:30 PM

Je t’aime
Isabelle Aboulker
(b. 1938)
Anonymous
Feryal Qudourah, soprano
Guilherme Godoi, piano

A Working Woman
Libby Larsen
(b. 1950)
from Songs from Letters:
Calamity Jane to her daughter Janey; 1880-1902
Kathleen Miller, soprano
Julie Miller, piano

Rosemonde
Cécile Chaminade
(1857–1944)
Marc Constantin
(1810–1888)
Nicholas Kilkenny, baritone
Jean Desmarais, piano

Was will die einsame Thräne?
Nadia Boulanger
(1887–1979)
Heinrich Heine
(1797–1856)
Margaret Chalker, soprano
Julie Miller, piano

Quisiera
Ivette Herryman Rodriguez
(b. 1982)
Alfonsina Storni
(1892–1938)
Lorraine Yaros-Sullivan, mezzo-soprano
Ivette Herryman Rodriguez, piano
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<th>Song Title</th>
<th>Composer(s)</th>
<th>Arranger(s)</th>
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<td>My Soul’s Been Anchored in The Lord</td>
<td>Florence Price</td>
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<td>Lonel Woods, tenor</td>
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<td>Julie Miller, piano</td>
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<td>Traditional text</td>
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<td>Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie</td>
<td>Lili Boulanger</td>
<td>Francis Jammes</td>
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<td>from Clairières dans le ciel (1913-1914)</td>
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<td>Michael Sitton, piano</td>
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<td>Fresh Patterns (duet)</td>
<td>Lori Laitman</td>
<td>Emily Dickenson</td>
<td>Margaret Chalker, soprano</td>
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<td>It’s All I Have to Bring Today</td>
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<td>A Letter to Emily Dickenson</td>
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<td>Séparation (duet)</td>
<td>Pauline Viardot</td>
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<td>Lorraine Yaros Sullivan, mezzo-soprano</td>
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<td>The White Man (trio)</td>
<td>Harriet Abrams</td>
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<td>from Mr. Parks Travels</td>
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<td>Julie Miller, piano</td>
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<td>I Love Life</td>
<td>Donald George, tenor</td>
<td>Jean Desmarais, piano</td>
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<td>I Love You Like a Table (duet)</td>
<td>Sara Bareilles</td>
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<td>Feryal Qudourah, soprano</td>
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<td>from Waitress</td>
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<td>Guilherme Godoi, piano</td>
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<td>Andrea Dempsey, soprano</td>
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<td>Hayden Aron, tenor</td>
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<td>Ben Johnson, tenor</td>
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<td>March of the Women</td>
<td>Dame Ethel Smyth</td>
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<td>Jean Desmarais, piano</td>
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Translations

Je t’aime—I love you
Ah I love you!
My lover leaves me
He doesn't want me anymore!
I throw myself on his knees, I cry, I fail!
I throw myself at his knees
But there is marble left
My lover doesn't want me anymore!
Yet I love it! That I like!
I love him, I love him so much!
Mmm I love you! Love you...
Still ... I love you!

Rosamonde
Why is he so late to come
When I am waiting for him,
He fears, alas, my tender glance
And my first sigh!
Oh God, who deigns us His blessing,
Take pity on my torture!

Forgetting the day’s works,
All are asleep in the village,
While I alone keep watch here
Guided by love!
Must I wait for his return
In this dreary place!

Ah! some tears veil my eyes
Is he unfaithful to me?
Perhaps, alas, another beauty
Listens to his confessions?
Ah! If love is better above,
I want to rise to the heavens

Was will die einsame Thräne
What does this lonely tear mean
That blurs my troubled sight,
It returns from the past,
Returns to my eyes tonight?

Its many glimmering sisters
Are vanished long ago,
In the night and the wind they vanished
With all my joy and my woe.

And like the mists of evening
Those blue stars did depart,
That smiled with joy and sorrow
Into my trusting heart.

Sadly, my love, too, melted
Like idle breath one day;
Oh lingering, lonely tear-drop,
You also fade away!

Quisiera
I wish this divine October afternoon
To walk by the far shore of the sea;
That the gold sand, and the green waters,
And the pure skies could see me pass by.

To be tall, proud, perfect, I wish,
Like a Roman, to match
the big waves, and the dead rocks,
And the wide beaches that surround the sea.

With a slow step, cold eyes
And a mute mouth, let myself go;
To see how the blue waves break
Against the grains and not blink
To see how the wild birds eat
The small fish and not wake up;

To think that the fragile boats
Could sink into the waters and not sigh;

(To see the throat getting ahead of the air
the most beautiful man; not desiring to love…)

To lose the gaze, distractedly
To lose it, and never again be able to find it;
And, straight figure, between sky and beach,
To feel the eternal oblivion of the sea.
Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie
She had gone down to the bottom of the meadow, and because the meadow was full of flowers that like to grow in the water, I had gathered the drowned plants.
Soon, because she was wet, she came back to the top of that flowery meadow.
She laughed and moved with the lanky grace of girls who are too tall.
She looked the way lavender flowers do.

Séparation:
Voice 1:
Go, and let us forget; go, do not follow me.
Fate, our enemy, wrenches me from your arms.
Alas, it is in vain that you beg me, you whom I adore.
I used to know how to charm you; my life was too beautiful.
Now fate’s cruel law forbids me to love you.
Let me wrench myself from your arms.

Voice 2:
Stay, my dearest, or I will follow you
because my heart and life go away when you leave.
But in vain the person who loves you implores.
The gods, who made you beautiful so you could charm me, do not want your heart to learn how to love.
Stay, my dearest, or I will follow you, because my heart and life go away when you leave.
Ah!