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The Uncertainty of a Poet

Chapman University Singers

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Chapman University
Conservatory of Music

Presents the

CHAPMAN UNIVERSITY SINGERS



Joseph Modica, conductor

Hye-Young Kim, pianist

Friday, May 1, 2009
Salmon Recital Hall

PROGRAM

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### The Winds of May

Kirke Mechem (b. 1925)

Poetry by Sara Teasdale

- I. The Tune
- II. Let it Be Forgotten
- III. Over the Roofs
- IV. I Shall Not Care
- V. Song

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Chanson des Bois d'Amaranthe

Jules Massenet (1842-1912)

Poetry by Marc Legrand

- III. Chères fleurs
- VI. Chantez

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### Madrigali

Six "Fire Songs" on Italian Renaissance Poems

- I. Ovè, lass, il bel viso?
- III. Amor, Io sento l'alma
- VI. Se per havervi, oihme

Morten Lauridsen (b. 1943)

Poetry by Henricus Schaffen

Poetry by Jhan Gero

Poetry by Claudio Monteverdi

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Chanson de la Vigne

- I. Ma Bohème
- II. Baquet de vin
- III. Pitié de moi
- IV. La table et les deux verres
- V. Chanson de Mariage

Joshua Shank (b. 1980)

Poetry by Arthur Rimbaud

Poetry by Guillaume Apollinaire

Poetry by Guillaume Apollinaire

Poetry by Guillaume Apollinaire

Poetry by Guillaume Apollinaire

World Premiere Performance

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## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

### The Winds of May Poems by Sara Teasdale

#### I. The Tune

I know a certain tune that my life plays  
Over and over I have heard it start  
With all the wavering loveliness of violets  
And gain in swiftness like a runner's  
heart.

It climbs and climbs; I watch it sway in  
climbing  
High over time, high even over doubt,  
It has all heaven to itself; it pauses  
And faltering blindly down the air, goes  
out.

#### II. Let it Be Forgotten

Let it be forgotten, as a flower is  
forgotten,  
Forgotten as a fire that once was a  
singing gold,  
Let it be forgotten for ever 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 footfall  
In a long-forgotten snow.

#### III. Over the Roofs

I said, "I have shut my heart,  
As one shuts an open door  
That Love may starve therein,  
And trouble me no more."

But over the roofs there came  
The wet new wind of May,  
And a tune blew up from the curb  
Where the street pianos play.

My room was white with the sun,  
And Love cried out in me,  
"I am strong and I'll break your heart,  
Unless you set me free."

### Kirke Mechem

#### IV. I Shall Not Care

When I am dead and over me bright  
April

Shakes out her rain-drenched hair,  
Though you should lean above me  
broken-hearted

I shall not care.

I shall have peace, as leafy trees are  
peaceful

When rain bends down the bough;  
And I shall be more silent and cold-  
hearted

Than you are now.

#### V. Song

Love me with you whole heart  
Or give no love to me.  
Half-love is a poor thing,  
Neither bond nor free.

You must love me gladly,  
Soul and body, too,  
Or else find a new love,  
And goodbye to you.

**Chansons des Bois d'Amaranthe**  
Poems by Marc Legrand

**Jules Massenet**

**Chères Fleurs**

Chères Fleurs, ne vous fiez point  
Au vent qui vous frôle de l'aile!  
Il parle trop d'amour fidèle  
L'amour parle moins.

Dear flowers, do not trust anymore  
The wind that brushes past you with its wing!  
It speaks too much of faithful love:  
Faithful love speaks less.

**Chantez**

Chantez tout à votre loisir chantez  
Petits oiseaux aux voix légères  
Chantez les splendeurs printanières!  
Chantez l'amour, chantez le plaisir!

Sing everything as you like,  
Little birds with light voices,  
Sing of springtime splendors,  
Sing of love and of pleasure!

Lorsque vous chanteriez encore  
Des milliers de soirs et d'aurores  
Vous n'auriez pas assez chanté  
L'oeuvre divine et sa beauté.

When you will have sung again  
For thousands of evenings and dawns,  
You still would never have sung enough  
Of the divine work and its beauty.

**Madrigali**

**Morten Lauridsen**

**Ov'è, Lass, Il Bel Viso?**  
Poem by Henricus Schaffen

Ov'è, lass', il bel viso? Ecco, ei s'asconde.  
Oimè, dov'è il mio sol? Lasso, che velo  
S'è post'inanti et rend'oscur'it cielo?  
Oimè ch'io il chiamo et veggio; ei non risponde.  
Dhe se mai sieno a tue vele seconde  
Aire, dolce mio ben, se cangi pelo  
Et loco tardi, et se 'l signor di Delo  
Gratia et valor nel tuo bel sen'asconde,  
Ascolta i miei sospiri et da' lor loco  
Di volger in amor l'ingiusto sdegno,  
Et vinca tua pietade il duro sempio.  
Vedi qual m'arde et mi consuma fuoco;  
Qual fie scusa miglior, qual maggior segno  
Ch'io son di viva fede et d'amour tempio!

Alas, where is the beautiful face? Behold, it hides.  
Woe's me, where is my sun? Alas, what veil  
Drapes itself and renders the heavens dark?  
Woe's me, that I call and see it; it doesn't respond.  
Oh, if your sails have auspicious winds,  
My dearest sweet, and if you change your hair  
And features late, if the Lord of Delos  
Hides his grace and valor in your beautiful bosom,  
Hear my sighs and give them place  
To turn unjust disdain into love,  
And may your pity conquer hardships.  
See how I burn and am consumed by fire;  
What better reason, what greater sign  
Than I, a temple of faithful life and love!

## Amor, Io Sento L'alma

Poem by Jhan Gero (parody of a ballata by Machiavelli)

Amor, io sento l'alma  
Tornar nel foce ov'io  
Fui lieto et più che mai d'arder desio.  
Io ardo e 'n chiara fiamma  
Nutrisco il miser core;  
Et quanto più s'infiamma,  
Tanto più cresce amore,  
Perch'ogni mio dolore  
Nasce dal fuoco ov'io  
Fui lieto et più che mai d'arder desio.

Oh, love, I feel my soul  
Return to the fire where I  
Rejoiced and more than ever desire to burn.  
I burn in bright flames  
I feed my miserable heart;  
The more it flames  
The more my loving grows,  
For all my sorrows come  
From out of the fire where I  
Rejoiced and more than ever desire to burn.

## Se Per Havervi, Oime

Poem by Claudio Monteverdi from *Primo Libro de Madrigali*

Se per havervi, oime, donato il core,  
Nasce in me quell'ardore,  
Donna crudel, che m'arde in ogni loco,  
Tal che son tutto foco,  
E se per amar voi, l'aspro martire  
Mi fa di duol morire,  
Miser! Che far debb'io  
Privo di voi che sete ogni ben mio?

If, alas, when I gave you my heart,  
There was born in me that passion,  
Cruel lady, which burns me everywhere  
So that I am all aflame,  
And if, loving you, bitter torment  
Makes me die of sorrow,  
Wretched me! What shall I do  
Without you who are my every joy?

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Chansons de la Vigne

Ma Bohème (*Fantaisie*)

By Arthur Rimbaud

Je m'en allais, les poings dans mes poches crevées;
Mon paletot aussi devenait idéal;
J'allais sous le ciel, Muse! et j'étais ton féal;
Oh! là là! Que d'amours splendides j'ai rêvées!

Mon unique culotte avait un large trou.
—Petit Poucet rêveur, j'égrenais dans ma course
Des rimes. Mon auberge était à la Grande-Ourse.
—Mes étoiles au ciel avaient un doux frou-frou

Et je les écoutais, assis au bord des routes,
Ces bons soirs de septembre où je sentais des gouttes
De rosée à mon front, comme un vin de vigueur;

Où rimant au milieu des ombres fantastiques,
Comme des lyres, je tirais les élastiques
De me souliers blessés, un pied près de mon coeur!

Joshua Shank

My Bohemian Life (Fantasy)

I went off, fists in my torn pockets;
My coat was becoming ideal;
I traveled under the sky, Muse! and I was your companion;
Oh! What splendid loves I dreamed of!

My only pair of trousers had a big hole.
—Tom Thumb daydreaming, I planted some rhymes
along my path. My inn was at the Big Bear.
—My stars rustled softy in the sky.

And I listened to them, sitting on the side of the road,
In these fine September evenings where I felt some drops
Of dew on my forehead, like a strong wine;

Where, rhyming amidst fantastic shadows,
Like lyres, I plucked the laces
Of my wounded shoes, one foot close to my heart!

Excerpt from *Schinderhannes*

By Guillaume Apollinaire

Et s'écrie en versant des larmes
Baquet plein de vin perfume
Viennent aujourd'hui les gendarmes
Nous aurons bu le vin de mai

Excerpt from *Schinderhannes*

Laughing and weeping he exclaims
O bucket of perfumed wine
If the police come today
We'll be so drunk we won't mind

Excerpt from *Les Fiançailles*

By Guillaume Apollinaire

Je n'ai plus même pitié de moi
Et ne puis exprimer mon tourment de silence
Tous les mots que j'avais à dire se sont changés en étoiles

Excerpt from *The Betrothal*

I have no more pity even for myself
And cannot express my silent torment
All the words I had to say have changed themselves into
stars

Poème lu au mariage d'André Salmon

By Guillaume Apollinaire

Nous nous sommes rencontrés dans un caveau maudit
Au temps de notre jeunesse
Fumant tous deux et mal vêtus attendant l'aube
Épris épris des mêmes paroles dont il faudra changer le sens
Trompés trompés pauvres petits
et ne sachant pas encore rire
La table et les deux verres devinrent
un mourant qui nous jeta le dernier regard d'Orphée

Poem for the Marriage of Andre Salmon (excerpts)

We first met in a miserable wine bar
When we were young
Smoking and badly dressed awaiting the dawn
In love in love with meaningless words
Deceived deceived poor little boys
not acquainted with laughter
The table and two glasses became
A dying man who we throw the last look of Orpheus

Réjouissons-nous non parce que notre amitié
a été le fleuve qui nous a fertilisés
Terrains riverains dont l'abondance est la nourriture
que tous espèrent

We rejoice not because our friendship
was the river that was fertilized
River lands whose abundance is the nourishment
that all hope for

Ni parce que nos verres nous jettent encore une fois
le regard d'Orphée mourant
Ni parce que nous avons tant grandi
que beaucoup pourraient confondre nos yeux et les étoiles
Ni parce que les drapeaux claquent aux fenêtres
des citoyens qui sont contents depuis cent ans
d'avoir la vie et de menues choses à défendre
Ni parce que fondés en poésie nous avons des droits
sur les paroles qui forment et défont l'univers
Ni parce que nous pouvons pleurer sans ridicule
et que nous savons rire
Ni parce que nous fumons et buvons comme autrefois
Réjouissons-nous parce que directeur du feu et des poètes
L'amour qui emplit ainsi que la lumière
Tout le solide espace entre les étoiles et les planètes
L'amour veut qu'aujourd'hui mon ami se marie

Nor because our glasses throw us Orpheus's dying glance
one last time
Nor because we have so much height
that many confuse our eyes with stars
Nor because the flags flap in the window
of the citizens who are happy for 100 years
to have life and tiny things to defend
Nor because rooted in poetry we have the rights
to the words that form and batter in the entire universe
Nor because we can cry without ridicule
and that we know how to laugh
Nor because we smoke and drink as we always have
We rejoice because the director of fire and poets
The love that fills as the light
All the solid space between the stars and planets
Love commands today that my friend will marry

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A Red, Red, Rose
From *Four Robert Burns Ballades*

James Mulholland (b. 1941)
Poetry by Robert Burns

This Marriage

Eric Whitacre (b. 1970)
Poetry by Jalal al-Din Rumi

The Pasture
No. 2 from *Where the Earth Meets the Sky*

Z. Randall Stroope (b. 1953)
Poetry by Robert Frost

The Uncertainty of a Poet
From *With a Poet's Eye*

Cary John Franklin (b. 1957)
Poetry by Wendy Cope

Veniki

Feodosiy Rubstov (1904-1986)
Russian Folk Song

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Jennifer Moore
Yesenia Navarro
Kristen Pacetti
Lindy Portin
Anna Schubert
Laura Smith

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Candice Grasmeyer
Jessica Hardy
Ariel May
Anne McClintic
Rebecca Robles

TENORS

Asante Gunewardena
Marshall Johnson
Dane Morris
Timmy Simpson
Brett Sprague
Patrick Zubiata

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Seth Burns
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Cody Morgan
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SPECIAL THANKS

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Margaret Dehning, Chair, Conservatory of Music  
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Mr. and Mrs. Christian Hardy