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### Student Recital

Elizabeth A. Bouton  
*Chapman University*

Jania Heischer  
*Chapman University*

Jeff Thiesmeyer  
*Chapman University*

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Chapman University  
School of Music

presents

Elizabeth A. Bouton,

mezzo-soprano

with

Tania Fleischer, Piano

and

Jeff Thiesmeyer, Guitar

Saturday, April 27, 1996

2:00 pm

Salmon Recital Hall

Tenor.

Cantus.

Alto.

Quintus.



# Program

I.

Come again  
Sweet, stay awhile  
Awake, sweet love

6:51

Jeff Thiesmeyer, Guitar

John Dowland  
(1563-1626)

II.

Wie Melodien zieht es mir (Klaus Groth)  
Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht (Heinrich Heine)  
Von ewiger Liebe (Jos. Wenzig)  
Meine Liebe ist grün (Felix Schumann)

6:55

Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

III.

Alma Grande e nobil core (Giuseppe Palomba)

W.A. Mozart  
(1756-1791)

## INTERMISSION

IV.

Cinq Poemes de Max Jacob (Max Jacob)

- I. Chanson bretonne
- II. Cimetière
- III. La petite servante
- IV. Berceuse
- V. Souric et mouric

Francis Poulenc  
(1899-1963)

V.

Over the Piano (Arnold Weinstein)  
Song of Black Max  
Amor  
George

William Bolcom  
(b. 1938)

Translations

Wie Melodien zieht es mir (*Like a Melody it Passes*)

Like a melody it passes  
Softly through my mind  
Like the flowers of spring it blooms,  
And floats on like a fragrance.  
But the word comes and seizes it,  
And brings it before my eyes  
Like the gray mist it pales then,  
And vanishes like a breath.

And yet there's in the rhyme  
A fragrance deeply hidden,  
That gently from a dormant bud  
Is called forth by tear-stained eyes.

Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht (*Death is the Cool Night*)

Death is the cool night,  
Life is the sultry day.  
It now grows dark, I am sleepy,  
The day has tired me.

Above my bed rises a tree,  
The young nightingale sings therein;  
It sings of naught but love,  
I hear it, I hear it even in my dream.

Von ewiger Liebe (*Of Love Unending*)

Narrator: Dark, how dark it is in the forest and field!  
Night has fallen, the world now is silent.  
Nowhere a light and nowhere smoke,  
Yes, and the Lark is now silent too.

From the village yonder there comes the young lad,  
Taking his beloved home,  
He leads her past the willow bushes,  
Talking much, and of many things:

Boy: If you suffer shame and if you grieve,  
If you suffer disgrace before the others because of me,  
Then our love shall be ended ever so fast,  
As fast as we once came together;  
It shall go with the rain and go with the wind,  
As fast as we once came together.

Narrator: Then says the maiden, the maiden says:

Girl: Our love can never end!  
Steel is strong, and iron is, very,  
Even stronger is our love.  
Iron and steel can be forged over  
Who can change our love?  
Iron and steel can perish in time,  
Our love, our love must remain forever!

## Translations

### Meine Liebe ist grün (My Love is Green)

My love is green like the lilac bush,  
And my beloved is fair like the sun!  
It shines upon the lilac bush  
And fills it with fragrance and delight.

My soul has wings of the nightingale  
And floats in the blossoming lilac,  
And shouts and sings, overcome by the fragrance,  
Many songs that are drunk with love.

### Alma grande e nobil core (One whose spirit is true & nobil)

A great soul and noble heart  
despise people like you.  
I am a Lady of quality  
and can command respect.

Go, speak to that cruel man,  
tell him that I am faithful.  
But he deserves no pardon,  
and I shall be revenged!

### Cinq Poemes de Max Jacob (Five Poems by Max Jacob)

#### I. Chanson Bretonne (Song from Brittany)

I have lost my little chicken  
and I have lost my cat  
I run to the dust hole  
if God will give them back to me.

Passing by the hall  
all the town was there  
to watch my chicken dancing  
with my little cat.

I'll go and see Jean le Coz  
and Marie Maria  
Go and see Herode  
perhaps he will know.

All the birds of the countryside  
on the walls and on the roofs  
played the trumpet  
for the king's banquet.

#### III. Cimetière (Cemetery)

If you drive my sailor away  
you will put me in the cemetery,  
white rose, white rose and red rose,

If God raises me up  
I will go to Paradise, white rose,  
with a golden halo,  
white rose and white lily.

My tomb, it is like a garden,  
like a garden red and white,

If my sailor should return,  
red rose and white rose,  
he will come near to my tomb,  
white rose and white lily.

On Sundays you will go, white rose,  
you will go to take a walk,  
white rose and white lily,

Aunt Yvonne on All Saints' Day  
a wreath of painted iron  
she will bring from her garden  
of painted iron with satin peals,  
white rose and white lily.

Do you remember our childhood,  
white rose,  
when we played on the quay,  
white rose and white lily.

Translations

III. La Petite Servante (The Little Servant)

Keep us safe from fire and thunder,  
thunder runs like a bird,  
if the Lord send it  
blessed be the havoc.  
If the devil sends it  
drive it away quickly.

Keep us from scabs and pimples  
from the plague and leprosy.  
If you send it to make me penitent,  
Lord, let it be, thank you.  
If the devil sends it  
drive it away quickly.

IV. Berceuse (Cradle Song)

Your father is at mass,  
your mother at the cabaret,  
you will get your bottom spanked  
if you go on crying.  
My mother was a beggar woman  
on the moor at Auray  
and I am making pancakes  
while I rock you with my foot.

V. Souric et Mouric (Souric and Mouric)

Souric and Mouric  
white rat, black mouse,  
have come into the cupboard  
to teach the spider  
to weave on the loom  
a beautiful linen cloth.  
Send it off to Paris, to Quimper,  
to Nantes,  
it will sell well!  
Put the coins aside,  
you will buy a meadow,  
some apple trees for the season  
and three fine cows,  
a bull for stud.

Goitre, goitre, out of your pouch,  
out of my neck and my head!  
St. Elmo's Fire, St. Vitus's Dance,  
if the devil sends you,  
dear God, Drive him out of here.

Let me grow up quickly  
and give me a good husband,  
who is not too much of a drunkard  
and will not beat me every evening.

If you should die of the croup  
colic or diarrhoea,  
if you should die of the scabs  
that you have on your nose,  
I should go shrimping  
at low tide,  
to make soup of the heads  
there is no need for hooks.

Sing, tree-frogs,  
for night you hear them well,  
toads and frogs,  
listen my blackbird  
and my magpie who talks,  
listen all day long,  
you will learn to sing.