SCHOOL OF MUSIC

presents

**Olivia Flores, soprano**  
Stephen Carey, collaborative piano

Friday, March 26, 2021  
7:00 PM  
PepsiCo Recital Hall

**Program**

“Je veux vivre”  
from *Romeo et Juliette*  
Charles Gounod  
(1818-1893)

Chanson Triste  
Henri Duparc  
(1848-1933)

Soupire  
Elegie

Chanson de Zora  
Gioachino Rossini  
(1792-1868)

Cancion  
Manuel de Falla  
(1876-1946)

El Majo Discreto  
Enrique Granados  
(1867-1916)

L’Invito  
Gioachino Rossini  
(1792-1868)

Come to Your Senses  
from *Tick, Tick...Boom!*  
Jonathan Larson  
(1960-1996)

Ms. Flores’s recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Bachelor’s in Music degree. Ms. Flores is a student of Professor Angela Turner Wilson. The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited. Please silence all electronic devices.
Charles Gounod (1818-1893) was a French composer of the Romantic era and is best known for his 12 operas. *Je veux vivre* is from his opera *Romeo et Juliette* and is considered his last successful opera in 1867. This opera was done in five acts. The French libretto was written by Jules Barbier and Michel Carre. It’s based on the infamous play *Romeo and Juliet* by William Shakespeare. The opera was first performed at the Théâtre Lyrique (Théâtre-Lyrique Impérial du Châtelet) in Paris on April 27, 1867. This opera is notable for its series of four duets for the main characters, and the waltz song "Je veux vivre" for the soprano. In this aria Juliette sings about her excitement for life and the possibility of love.

**Je veux vivre**

Je veux vivre  
Dans ce rêve qui m'enivre;  
Ce jour encore,  
Douce flamme,  
Je te garde dans mon âme  
Comme un trésor!  
Cette ivresse  
De jeunesse  
Ne dure, hélas, qu'un jour!  
Puis vient l'heure  
Où l'on pleure,  
Le cœur cède à l'amour,  
Et le bonheur fuit sans retour.  
Ah!  
Je veux vivre  
Dans ce rêve qui m'enivre;  
Ce jour encore,  
Douce flamme,  
Je te garde dans mon âme  
Comme un trésor!  
Loin de l'hiver morose  
Laisse-moi sommeiller  
Avant de l'effeuiller.  
Ah!  
Douce flamme,  
Garde mon trésor  
Longtemps encore!

**I want to live**

I want to live  
In this dream that intoxicates me  
Again this day!  
Sweet flame,  
I keep you in my soul  
Like a treasure!  
This intoxication  
Of youth  
Alas, don't last just one day!  
Then the time comes  
When we cry  
The heart gives way to love  
And happiness flees without return.  
Ah!  
I want to live  
In this dream that intoxicates me  
Again this day!  
Sweet flame,  
I keep you in my soul  
Like a treasure!  
Away from the gloomy winter  
Let me sleep  
Before stripping it.  
Ah!  
Sweet flame,  
Stay in my soul  
Like a sweet treasure  
For a long time, again!

Translation by: The Aria Database
Henri Duparc (1848-1933) was a French composer of the Romantic era. He is most known for his art songs featuring poetry by Charles Baudelaire, Leconte de Lisle, and Theophile Gautier. Duparc studied with Cesar Franck at the Jesuit College of Vaugirard early in his career, and under his mentorship published Cinq Melodies (Opus 2) in 1870. You will hear two of them in this set. “Soupir” and “Chanson Triste” were later additions to the original collection. Duparc was known for turning French song into opera-like scenes, making it easy to turn this set into a story of forbidden love and loss. Chanson Triste, the first in the set was written in 1868 with text written by Jean Lahor. This song is upbeat and speaks of love and obsession. The English translation of the title, “song of sadness”, gives the audience a sense of melancholy. The second of the set, Soupir, was written in 1869. The text is written by Sully Prudhomme and evokes forbidden love. The last of the set Elegie, was written in 1874 with text by Thomas Moore. The song’s text gives us the understanding that someone has died, and in this case it is the lover who has passed.

Chanson Triste

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d’été,
Et pour fuir la vie importune,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

J’oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
Mon triste cœur et mes pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.

Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh! quelquefois sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous;

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesses,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses
Que peut-être je guérirai.

Translation by: Oxford Lieder
**Soupir**

Ne jamais la voir ni l'entendre,  
Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,  
Mais, fidèle, toujours l'attendre,  
Toujours l'aimer.

Ouvrir les bras et, las d'attendre,  
Sur le néant les refermer,  
Mais encor, toujours les lui tendre,  
Toujours l'aimer.

Ah! ne pouvoir que les lui tendre,  
Et dans les pleurs se consumer,  
Mais ces pleurs toujours les répandre,  
Toujours l'aimer.

Never to see her nor to hear her,  
never to name her aloud,  
but, faithful, ever to wait for her,  
ever to love her.

To open my arms and, weary of waiting,  
to close them on the void,  
but again, ever to stretch them out to her,  
ever to love her.

Ah! Only to be able to stretch them out to her,  
and to be consumed in tears,  
yet ever to scatter these tears,  
ever to love her.

Never to see her nor to hear her,  
never to name her aloud,  
but, with an ever more tender love,  
ever to love her.

Translation by: Melodie Treasury

**Elegie**

Oh! ne murmurez pas son nom! Qu'il dorme dans l'ombre,

Où froide et sans honneur repose sa dépouille.  
Muettes, tristes, glacées, tombent nos larmes,  
Comme la rosée de la nuit, qui sur sa tête humecte la gazon ;

Mais la rosée de la nuit, bien qu'elle pleure en silence,  
Fera briller la verdure sur sa couche  
Et nos larmes, en secret répandues,  
Conserveront sa mémoire fraîche et verte dans nos cœurs.

Eulogy

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade.

Where cold and unhonoured his relics are laid:Silent, sad and frozen be the tears that we shed,As the night-dew that moistens the grass o'er his head;

But the night-dew, though in silence it weeps,  
Shall make the grass green on the grave where he sleeps;And the tear that we shed,  
though in secret it rolls,  
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

Translation by: Oxford Lieder

**Chanson de Zora**

Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)
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**Gioachino Rossini** (1792-1868) was an Italian bel canto composer most famous for his 39 operas. He also wrote chamber music, songs for piano, and sacred music. He set a new standard for both dramatic and comedic operas. **Chanson de Zora** is a part of a series of vocal, chamber, and solo pieces that belongs to Volume II of his album “Francais” (1857-1868). Another one of his pieces, **L’Invito**, is a part of Rossini’s “Soirees Musicales”, published in 1834. The texts of these songs were written by two of the most influential librettists of the time: Pietro Metastasio and Carlo Pepoli. Their imaginative poetry inspired Rossini to write a series of delightful miniatures, which “L’Invito” is a part of. **Manuel de Falla** (1876-1946) is one of the most important Spanish composers and pianists of the 20th century. Much of his music is inspired by Andalusian Flamenco. **Canción** was written for Falla’s *Siete canciones populares españolas*. The songs were published in 1914 and consisted of traditional Spanish songs arranged for a soprano and piano. This set is one of Falla’s most popular works. **Enrique Granados** (1867-1946) worked alongside Falla as a classical composer and pianist. He is most known for his works, *Goyescas*, the *Spanish Dances*, and *María del Carmen*. **El Majo Discreto** is from Granados’ *Tonadillas*, a series of theatrical songs often considered mini-operas. Inspired by Goya the painter, Granados created a set of musical works that evoked Goya’s paintings.

In this set, each song is a dramatic vignette depicting a different woman inspired by the music and texts set by the composers.

**Chanson de Zora**

Gens de la plaine ou de l'âpre montagne, je ne sais pas d' où je viens, où je vais; je trouve, hélas, même en votre Bretagne, le temps, la route et le sort mauvais.

Mais il faut vous plaire,
Gagner mon salaire, et Zora sourira, Dansera, chantera.

**Zora Song**

People of the plains or the harsh mountains, I don't know where I'm from, where I'm going. I find, alas, even in your Brittany, the weather, the road and the bad luck.

But you must be liked, Earn my salary, and Zora will smile, Will dance, sing.
Chaque journée humble vie est la mienne; j'entends crier: "allons, allons, tourne à tous vents, amuse-nous, chante et ris, Bohémienne", Quand pleurer seule est si doux bien souvent.

Mais j'ai Dieu pour père, et Dieu me dit: "Espère". Oui Zora sourira, Dansera, chantera.

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Every humble day is mine; I hear shouting: "let's go, let's go, turn to all winds, have fun, sing and laugh, Bohemian ", When crying alone is so sweet so often.

But I have God for a father, and God said to me: "Hope". Yes Zora will smile, Will dance, sing.

Translation by: The LiederNet Archive

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**Cancion**

Por traidores, tus ojos, voy a enterrarlos; No sabes lo que cuesta, Del aire Niña, el mirarlos. Madre a la orilla Madre.

Dicen que no me quieres, Ya me has querido...Váyase lo ganado, Del aire Por lo perdido, Madre a la orilla Madre.

**Song**

Because your eyes are traitors, I will bury them; You don't know how painful it is to look at them. Mother, I feel worthless, Mother.

They say they don't love me and yet once they did love me Love has been lost in the air Mother, all is lost It is lost, Mother.

Translation by: Oxford Lieder
El Majo Discreto

Dicen que mi majo es feo.
Es posible que sí que lo sea,
que amor es deseo
que ciega y marea.
Ha tiempo que sé
que quien ama no ve.

Mas si no es mi majo un hombre
que por lindo descuelle y asombre,
en cambio es discreto
y guarda un secreto
que yo posé en él
sabiendo que es fiel.

¿Cuál es el secreto
que el majo guardó?
Sería indiscreto
contarlo yo.
No poco trabajo costara saber
secretos de un majo con una mujer.
Nació en Lavapiés.
¡Eh, ¡eh! ¡Es
un majo, un majo es!

The Discreet Lover

Some say that my beloved is homely.
It is possible that he may be,
For love is desire
Which blinds and dizzies.
For long have I known
That loving is not seeing.

But if my beloved is not a man
Whose beauty turns heads and astonishes,
Then he is discreet
And the keeper of a secret
That I entrusted to him
Knowing that he is true.

What could this secret be
That my beloved is safeguarding?
It would be indiscreet
For me to reveal it.
It is no small feat to learn
The secrets between a man and a woman.
He was born in Lavapiés.
Uh-huh!
He is handsome, handsome is he!
L’ invito

Vieni, o Ruggiero, la tua Eloisa
da te divisa non puo restar: alle mie lacrime
già rispondevi, vieni, ricevi il mio pregar.

Vieni, o bell'angelo, vien, mio diletto,
sovra il mio petto vieni a posar!
Senti se palpita, se amor t'invita...
veni, mia vita, vieni, fammi spirar!

The Invitation

Come Ruggiero, your Eloisa Cannot stay separated from you: You've already responded to my tears, Come, and grant my request.

Come, beautiful angel, come, my delight,
Here on my bosom come to rest!
Feel my throbbing heart, when love invites you, Come my life, come, make me die!

Translation by: Oxford Lieder
Come to Your Senses
From *Tick, Tick… Boom!*

*Jonathan Larson*

(1960-1996)

Tick, Tick… Boom! was written by American composer Jonathan Larson (1960-1996). He is most remembered for bringing attention to social issues, multiculturalism, addiction, and homophobia in his publications. For one of his most notable works, *Rent*, he received a Pulitzer Prize and Tony Awards for Book of a Musical, and Original Score. It is safe to say he was one of the many greats. *Tick, Tick… Boom*, is an autobiographical musical within a musical that accounts John’s life as an aspiring composer that questions life choices during the day before his 30th birthday. *Come to Your Senses* is a song written for the musical John is writing for in the play. In this scene Karessa sings this love ballad for a workshop and everyone says the reading goes great, but nobody wants to produce the show.

*Come to Your Senses*

You're on the air, I'm under ground
Signal's fading, can't be found
I finally open up
For you I would do anything
But you've turned off the volume
Just when I've begun to sing
Come to your senses
Defenses are not the way to go
And you know, or at least you knew
Everything's strange, you've changed
And I don't know what to do to get through
I don't know what to do
I have to laugh
You sure put on a show
Love is passe in this day and age
How can we expect it to grow?
You as the knight
Me as the queen
All I've got tonight
Is static on a screen
Come to your senses
The fences inside are not for real
If we feel as we did, and I do
Can't you recall when this all began
It was only you and me
It was only me and you
But now the air is
Filled with confusion
We replace care with illusion
It's cool to be cold
Nothing lasts anymore
Love becomes disposable
This is the shape of things
We cannot ignore
Come to your senses
Suspense is fine if your just an
Empty image emanating out
Of a screen
Baby be real, you can feel again
You don't need a music box melody
To know what I mean
Deep in my eyes, what do you see
Deep in my sighs, listen to me
Let the music commence from inside
Not only one sense, but use all five
Come to your senses
Come to your senses
Come to your senses
Baby come back
Alive