



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  
Soupir  
Elegie

Henri Duparc  
(1848-1933)

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.

**Je veux vivre**  
**From *Romeo et Juliette***

**Charles Gounod**  
**(1818-1893)**

**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

**Chanson Triste**  
**Soupir**  
**Elegie**

Henri Duparc  
(1848-1933)

**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

**Song of Sadness**

Moonlight slumbers in your heart,  
A gentle summer moonlight,  
And to escape the cares of life  
I shall drown myself in your light.

I shall forget past sorrows,  
My sweet, when you cradle  
My sad heart and my thoughts  
In the loving calm of your arms.

You will rest my poor head,  
Ah! sometimes on your lap,  
And recite to it a ballad  
That will seem to speak of us;

And from your eyes full of sorrow,  
From your eyes I shall then drink  
So many kisses and so much love  
That perhaps I shall be healed.

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.

Ne jamais la voir ni l'entendre,  
Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,  
Mais, d'un amour toujours plus tendre,  
Toujours l'aimer.

## 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.

## Chanson de Zora

## Sigh

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

## Elegy

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

## Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

**Canción**  
**El Majo Discreto**  
**L' Invito**

**Manuel de Falla (1876-1946)**  
**Enrique Granados (1867-1916)**  
**Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)**

**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 20<sup>th</sup> 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 er  
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.

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

## 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 può restar: alle mie lacrime  
già rispondevi, vieni, ricevi il mio pregar.

Vieni, o bell'angelo, vien, mio diletto,  
sopra il mio petto vieni a posar!

Senti se palpita, se amor t'invita...  
vieni, 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 30<sup>th</sup> 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