



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

**Emily Jackson, soprano**  
**Kathryn Piña, soprano**  
Mark Metcalf, collaborative pianist

Friday, April 23, 2021

8:30 PM

PepsiCo Recital Hall

**Program**

***Cuatro Madrigales Amatorios***

Joaquín Rodrigo  
(1901-1999)

1. ¿Con qué la lavaré?
2. Vos me matásteis
3. ¿De dónde venís, amore?
4. De los álamos vengo, madre

Ms. Piña

***Three Irish Folksong Settings***

John Corigliano  
(b. 1938)

1. The Salley Gardens
2. The Foggy Dew
3. She Moved Thro' The Fair

Ms. Jackson  
Dr. Kristen Queen, flute

***Selections from 24 Canzoncine***

Isabella Colbran  
(1785-1845)

Benché ti sia crudel  
T'intendo, si mio cor

Professor Mallory McHenry, harp

***In uomini, in soldati from Così fan tutte***

W. A. Mozart  
(1756-1791)

Ms. Piña

***Er Ist Gekommen in Sturm und Regen***  
***Die Lorelei***

Clara Schumann  
(1819-1896)

***O wär ich schön from Fidelio***

Ludwig van Beethoven  
(1770-1827)

Ms. Jackson

***Of Memories and Dreams***

Patrick Vu  
(b. 1998)

1. Spring Heart Cleaning
2. Honey
3. Iris
4. On the Hillside

\*world premiere\*

Ms. Piña

Patrick Vu, collaborative pianist

**Selections from *Clarières dans le ciel***

Lili Boulanger  
(1893-1918)

Parfois, je suis triste  
Nous nous aimerons tant

Ms. Jackson

**Tarantelle**

Gabriel Fauré  
(1845-1924)

Ms. Jackson and Ms. Piña

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Bachelor's Degree of Music with a vocal emphasis. Ms. Piña is a student of Dr. James Rodriguez and Emily Jackson is a student of Professor Angela Turner Wilson. The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited. Please silence all electronic devices including watches, pagers and phones.

## *Cuatro madrigales amatorios*

## Joaquín Rodrigo

Joaquín Rodrigo was born on St. Cecilia's Day, 22 November 1901, in Sagunto, Valencia. In 1905, an outbreak of diphtheria impaired his vision and within a few years he lost his sight completely. Music became his vehicle to explore, study, and ultimately become part of Spanish history, music, and literature with his own contributions. Throughout his long life, Joaquín Rodrigo wrote more than two hundred compositions, creating a prolific variety of orchestral pieces, concertos, songs, and instrumental music that are increasingly in demand and appreciated world-wide.

This song cycle, *Cuatro madrigales amatorios*, derives its dramatic impulse from repetitions of the title, followed by lines which reveal the full meaning. Thus, “¿Con qué la lavaré?” (With what shall I bathe?), reflects that whereas wives and mothers may bathe in lemon water, the poet's face is washed only in tears of grief and sorrow. “Vos me matásteis” (You have slain me), similarly sad, expresses how the poet has been devastated by love, having seen a beautiful girl on the banks of a river. The answer to the question in the third song, “¿De dónde venís, amore?” (Where have you been, my love?) is that the poet knows indeed where the beloved has been and is a witness to the fact. This is a more lighthearted piece, marked *Allegro grazioso*, suggesting that things need not be taken too seriously. Throughout the cycle, Rodrigo pays tribute to the early Spanish masters by creating his own themes in close homage to the originals, but for “De los álamos vengo, madre” (I come from the poplars, Mother), the composer uses a traditional folk melody while providing his own animated accompaniment.

### **¿Con qué la lavaré?**

¿Con qué la lavaré  
la tez de la mi cara?  
¿Con qué la lavaré,  
Que vivo mal penada?

Lávanse las casadas  
con agua de limones:  
lávome yo, cuitada,  
con penas y dolores.  
¿Con qué la lavaré, que vivo mal penada?

### **With what shall I wash**

With what shall I wash  
the skin of my face?  
With what shall I wash it?  
I live in such sorrow.

Married women wash in lemon water:  
in my grief I wash  
in pain and sorrow.  
With what shall I wash it?  
I live in such sorrow.

**Vos me matásteis**

Vos me matásteis,  
niña en cabelo,  
vos me habéis muerto.  
Riberas de un río  
ví moza vírgo,  
Niña en cabelo,  
vos me habéis muerto.  
Niña en cabelovos me matásteis,  
vos me habéis muerto.

**¿De dónde venís, amore?**

¿De dónde venís, amore?  
Bien sé yo de dónde.  
¿De dónde venís, amigo?  
Fuere yo testigo!  
¡Ah!  
Bien sé yo de dónde.

**De los álamos vengo, madre**

De los álamos vengo, madre,  
de ver cómo los menea el aire.  
De los álamos de Sevilla,  
de ver a mi linda amiga,  
de ver cómo los menea el aire.  
De los álamos vengo, madre,  
der ver cómo los menea el aire.

Text: Anonymous

**You killed me**

You killed me,  
girl with hair hanging loose,  
you have slain me.  
By the river bank  
I saw a young maiden.  
Girl with hair hanging loose,  
you have slain me.  
Girl with hair hanging loose,  
you have killed me,  
you have slain me.

**Where hast thou been, my love?**

Where hast thou been, my love?  
I know well where.  
Where hast thou been, my friend?  
Were I a witness  
ah!  
I know well where

**I come from the poplars, mother**

I come from the poplars, mother,  
from seeing the breezes stir them.  
From the poplars of Seville,  
from seeing my sweet love,  
from seeing the breezes stir them.  
I come from the poplars, mother,  
from seeing the breezes stir them

Translation: Richard Stokes

### ***Three Irish Folk Tunes***

**John Corigliano**

American composer John Corigliano (b. 1938) is one of the foremost living composers still producing today, with the distinction of having over 100 published scores and having won the Pulitzer Prize, a Grawemeyer Award, four Grammy Awards, and an Academy Award. His compositional style is inspired by his American forebears and post-war European avant-garde. Corigliano serves on the composition faculty at the Julliard School of Music and is one of the few living composers to have a string quartet named after him.

Corigliano wrote the following to accompany this set:

In 1982, I composed Pied Piper Fantasy for flute and orchestra, a piece with stage action, inspired by the virtuosity of James Galway on the flute and the tin whistle. That was a fairy-tale work, bubbling with the humorous, sometimes sardonic personality of Mr. Galway himself. Six years later, I tried to explore the more poetic side of Irish flute music in these settings of folk or folk-like texts by W.B. Yeats, Padraic Colum and an anonymous author.

— John Corigliano

### **The Salley Garden**

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;  
She pass'd the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.  
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;  
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did stand.  
And on my leaning shoulder, she laid her snow-white hand.  
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;  
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

Text: William Butler Yeats

## **The Foggy Dew**

A-down the hill I went at morn, a lovely maid I spied.  
Her hair was bright as the dew that wets sweet Anner's verdant side.  
"Now where go ye, sweet maid?" said I. She raised her eyes of blue  
And smiled and said, "The boy I'll wed I'm to meet in the foggy dew!"

Go hide your bloom, ye roses red and droop ye lilies rare,  
For you must pale for very shame before a maid so fair!  
Says I, "Dear maid, will ye be my bride?" Beneath her eyes of blue  
She smiled and said, "The boy I'll wed I'm to meet in the foggy dew!"

A-down the hill I went at mom, a-singing I did go.  
A-down the hill I went at mom, she answered soft and low.  
"Yes, I will be your own dear bride and I know that you'll be true."  
Then sighed in my arms, and all her charms, they were hidden in the foggy dew.

Text: Anonymous

## **She Moved Thro' The Fair**

My young love said to me, "My mother won't mind,  
And my father won't slight you for your lack of kine."  
And she stepped away from me and this she did say,  
"It will not be long love, 'till our wedding day:"

She stepp'd away from me and she went thro' the fair,  
And fondly I watched her move here and move there,  
And then she went homeward with one star awake,  
As the swan in the evening moves over the lake.

Last night she came to me, she came softly in.  
So softly she came that her feet made no din,  
And she laid her hand on me and this she did say,  
"It will not be long love, 'til our wedding day.

Text: Padraic Colum

## Selections from *24 Canzoncine*

## Isabella Colbran

Isabella Colbran, daughter of the King of Spain's court musician, Gianni Colbran, was born in Madrid in 1785. She began her musical studies at the early age of six with the famous singer and composer Girolamo Crescentini. Her dramatic mezzo-soprano voice and sizeable range afforded her an extremely successful opera career beginning in Bologna and continuing in Milan, Venice, Rome, and Naples. For nearly a decade in the early 19th century, Colbran was considered one of the finest singers in Europe and garnered an extremely devoted following, especially in Naples, where she was highly regarded by the King. There, she met and worked with her future husband, composer Gioachino Rossini. When he heard her passionate singing, he began to write dramatic operas such as *Elisabetta, regina d'Inghilterra* (1815) and *Otello* (1816) specifically for her.

As a composer, Colbran wrote four collections of songs, each one dedicated to an important person in her life: the Queen of Spain, the Empress of Russia, the Prince of Beaumarchais, and her teacher, Crescentini. Using her theatrical experiences as a guide, her compositions of conventional songs often included dramatic elements that offered a nuanced sense of character.

### **Benché ti sia crudel**

Benché ti sia crudel,  
Non ti sdegnar così.  
Forse pietosa un dì sarà quest'alma.  
  
Non sempre dura il ciel irato abalénar  
E qualche volta il mar ritorna in calma

### **T'intendo, sì, mio cor**

T'intendo, sì, mio cor,  
Con tanto palpitar!  
So che ti vuoi lagnar,  
Che amante sei.  
  
Ah! Soffri il tuo dolor  
Tacilo, tacilo e non tradir  
  
Gli affetti miei, gli affetti miei!

Text: Pietro Metastasio

### **Although it is cruel to you**

Although it is cruel to you,  
Don't be disdained like this.  
Perhaps one day this soul will be  
compassionate.  
The stormy sky doesn't last forever,  
And sometimes the sea returns in calmness.

### **I hear you, oh my heart**

I hear you, oh my heart,  
Beating so hard!  
I know you want to plead  
Your love.  
  
Ah! Ignore your pain.  
Ah! Take your burden. Be silent, be silent  
don't betray.  
My feelings, my feelings!

Translations: Kathryn Piña

## **In uomini, in soldati from *Così fan tutte***

**Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart**

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was one of the most influential, popular, and prolific composers of the Classical period. At a young age, he began his compositional career, which encompassed over 600 works, including some of the most famous pieces of symphonic, chamber, operatic, and choral music in the canon. Beloved for their characterization and synthesis of music and drama, Mozart's work contains some standard pieces in the operatic repertoire, particularly his collaborations with librettist Lorenzo da Ponte on *Le Nozze di Figaro* (1786), *Don Giovanni* (1787), and *Così fan tutte* (1790). They are noteworthy for their beauty, wit, and technical mastery, and they express the full range of human emotions.

In this aria, Despina, maid to sisters Dorabella and Fiordiligi, lectures them on the unfaithful nature of men and states that women should only be faithful to themselves.

### **In uomini, in soldati**

In uomini, in soldati, sperare fedeltà  
Non vi fate sentir, per carità!  
Di pasta simile son tutti quanti,  
Le fronde mobili, l'aure incostanti  
Han più degli uomini stabilita!  
Mentite lagrime, fallaci sguardi  
Voci ingannevoli, vezzi bugiardi  
Son le primarie lor qualità!  
In noi non amano che il lor diletto,  
Poi ci dispregiano, neganci affetto,

Ne val da barbari chieder pietà!  
Paghiam o femmine, d'ugual moneta  
Questa malefica razza indiscreta.  
Amiam per comodo, per vanità!

Text: Lorenzo da Ponte

### **In men, in soldiers**

In men? In soldiers you hope for fidelity?  
For pete's sake, don't let anyone hear you!  
They're all made of the same dough.  
Windblown branches, changeable breezes  
Have more stability than men!  
False tears, suspicious glances,  
Deceiving voices, lying vices  
Are the foremost of their qualities!  
They only love us when it suits their delight,  
Then they disparage us and deny us  
affection,  
It's useless to ask their pity!  
Let's pay them back in their own coin,  
This accursed, indiscreet race.  
Let's love for our convenience and vanity!

Translation: Naomi Gurt Lind

## **Er Ist Gekommen in Sturm und Regen Die Lorelei**

**Clara Schumann**

Clara Schumann, née Wieck (1819-1896), was a German piano teacher, composer, and concert pianist who gained fame as a nuanced performer over the course of her 61-year concert career. The daughter of esteemed teacher Frederick Wieck, Clara was a child prodigy and began touring at age eleven. Seven years later, Robert Schumann proposed to her, and on the eve of Clara's twenty-first birthday (the delay due to her father's objection to the marriage) the couple were married and lived together for 14 years with their eight children. After Robert suffered a mental breakdown, entered a sanatorium, and died two years later, Clara maintained her teaching and performing careers as well as her professional relationships with other notable musicians and composers of the era, including Johannes Brahms.

In both pieces I have selected for this recital, Schumann's background as a skilled pianist is evident in the virtuosic, rapid, and technically challenging accompaniment. In "Er Ist Gekommen in Sturm und Regen," the first section is faster and more dramatic, emulating the storm in which the lover first came, before the accompaniment gives way to a calmer, more peaceful section in a major key where the singer describes her belief in her lover's faithfulness, no matter where he is. This song was a gift from Clara to her husband, Robert, while she was pregnant with their first child.

"Die Lorelei," like "Er Ist Gekommen," features a fast tempo and dramatic dynamics and harmonies. In this piece, however, the sense of unease created by the unrelenting ostinato bassline built on the fifth of the tonic G minor chord lasts throughout the piece. This song was also a gift from Clara to Robert, this time for his 33<sup>rd</sup> birthday, but here, the gift could be interpreted as a cry for help: Robert's own diary entry about this birthday gift references an "unknown melancholy" into which Clara has fallen. Roughly eight weeks prior, Clara had just given birth to the couple's second daughter—her melancholy state could have been due to post-partum depression. Because she was a woman in the nineteenth century, Clara would not have been taken seriously if she sought help for her distressed mental state, even from Robert. This piece may represent Clara's efforts to reach out to her husband for support through her depressive state through music in a way that she knew would be impossible in ordinary speech.

### **Er Ist Gekommen in Sturm und Regen**

Er ist gekommen  
In Sturm und Regen,  
Ihm schlug bekloffen  
mein Herz entgegen.  
Wie konnt' ich ahnen,  
Dass seine Bahnen  
Sich einen sollten meinen Wegen?  
Er ist gekommen  
In Sturm und Regen,  
Er hat genommen  
Mein Herz verwegen.  
Nahm er das meine?  
Nahm ich das seine?  
Die beiden kamen sich entgegen.  
Er ist gekommen  
In Sturm und Regen,  
Nun ist gekommen  
Des Frühlings Segen.  
Der Freund zieht weiter,  
Ich seh' es heiter,  
Denn er bleibt mein auf allen Wegen.

Text: Friedrich Ruckert

### **He came in storm and rain**

He came  
In storm and rain;  
My anxious heart  
Beat against his.  
How could I have known  
That his path  
Should unite itself with mine?  
He came  
In storm and rain;  
Audaciously  
He took my heart.  
Did he take mine?  
Did I take his?  
Both drew near to each other.  
He came  
In storm and rain.  
Now spring's blessing  
Has come.  
My friend journeys on,  
I watch with good cheer,  
For he shall be mine wherever he goes.

Translation: Richard Stokes

## Die Lorelei

Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten,  
Daß ich so traurig bin;  
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,  
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.  
Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,  
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;  
Der Gipfel der Berge funkelt  
Im Abendsonnenschein.  
Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet  
Dort oben wunderbar,  
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet,  
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.  
Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme  
Und singt ein Lied dabei,  
Das hat eine wundersame,  
Gewalt'ge Melodei.  
Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe  
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;  
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,  
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.  
Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen  
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;  
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen  
Die Loreley getan.

Text: Heinrich Heine

## The Loreley

I do not know what it means  
That I should feel so sad;  
There is a tale from olden times  
I cannot get out of my mind.  
The air is cool, and twilight falls,  
And the Rhine flows quietly by;  
The summit of the mountains glitters  
In the evening sun.  
The fairest maiden is sitting  
In wondrous beauty up there,  
Her golden jewels are sparkling,  
She combs her golden hair.  
She combs it with a golden comb  
And sings a song the while;  
It has an awe-inspiring,  
Powerful melody.  
It seizes the boatman in his skiff  
With wildly aching pain;  
He does not see the rocky reefs,  
He only looks up to the heights.  
I think at last the waves swallow  
The boatman and his boat;  
And that, with her singing,  
The Loreley has done.

Translation: Richard Stokes

## O wär ich schon mit dir vereint

## Ludwig van Beethoven

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827) was a German composer and pianist whose works spanned the transition between the Classic and Romantic periods. Born into a musical family, his strict father was his first teacher. At age 21, Beethoven moved to Vienna, where he studied composition with Haydn and gained a reputation as a virtuoso pianist. He famously began to lose his hearing around age 30 and was almost completely deaf by 1814, but continued composing for eleven more years, until his failing health prevented further compositional work.

Beethoven only wrote one opera, *Fidelio* (originally titled *Leonore*), which first premiered in 1805 in Vienna. Due to the French occupation of the city at the time, theaters were almost empty, and the production was a critical and financial failure. Nine years later, riding on the success of his Seventh Symphony, Beethoven revived *Fidelio* (in its third revision) in Vienna, and it was well-received. In this opera, the resourceful Leonore disguises herself as a boy named Fidelio and finds work in the jail where her husband Florestan is a political prisoner. The aria “O war ich schon” is sung by Marzelline, the daughter of the prison warden who is in love with “Fidelio,” in the first act and is a wistful, yet determined, depiction of Marzelline’s dreams for her future happiness.

## O wär ich schon mit dir vereint

O wär ich schon mit dir vereint  
Und dürfte Mann dich nennen!  
Ein Mädchen darf ja, was es meint,  
Zur Hälfte nur bekennen.  
Doch wenn ich nicht erröten muss  
Ob einem warmen Herzenskuss,  
Wenn nichts uns stört auf Erden -  
Die Hoffnung schon erfüllt die Brust  
Mit unaussprechlich süßer Lust,  
Wie glücklich will ich werden!  
In Ruhe stiller Häuslichkeit  
Erwach ich jeden Morgen,  
Wir grüssen uns mit Zärtlichkeit,  
Der Fleiss verscheucht die Sorgen.  
Und ist die Arbeit abgetan,  
Dann schleicht die holde Nacht heran,  
Dann ruhn wir von Beschwerden.  
Die Hoffnung schon erfüllt die Brust  
Mit unaussprechlich süßer Lust,  
Wie glücklich will ich werden!

Text: Joseph Sonnleitner

## Ah, if we were only wed

Ah, if we were only wed  
And I could call you husband!  
A girl may only half confess  
All that she feels.  
But when I no longer need to blush  
At receiving an ardent kiss,  
When nothing on earth can disturb us -  
Hope already swells my breast  
With sweet, indescribable joy.  
How happy I shall be!  
In serene, silent domesticity  
I shall wake each morning,  
We shall greet each other tenderly,  
Work will banish care.  
And when our labour is done,  
Gentle night will steal up,  
And we shall rest from troubles.  
Hope already swells my breast  
With sweet, indescribable joy.  
How happy I shall be!

Translation: Richard Stokes

## *Of Memories and Dreams*

**Patrick Vu**

Patrick Vu is a senior from Allen, Texas and is currently pursuing a double major in Vocal Music Education and Music Composition at TCU in Fort Worth, Texas. While Patrick enjoys composing music for instrumental chamber ensembles, he especially loves writing choral music and art song and has been commissioned by students, professors, and professionals across the DFW Metroplex. This past spring, Vu was named the winner of the student category for the 2020 TCU School of Music Call for Scores Competition with his *Trumpet Fanfare*; this piece will be premiered during the grand opening of the new TCU Music Center. His music mostly remains self-published, but his choral compositions can be found in the Alliance Music Publications catalog.

The idea of this song cycle was created during the spring of last year after TCU moved all of their classes to an online format. Together, Patrick and I selected each of these texts and created a beautiful story that follows a journey of love, loss, and longing. I am immensely grateful to have the opportunity to collaborate with one of my dearest friends in premiering this work tonight.

### **Spring Heart Cleaning**

I cleaned my heart out yesterday.  
I steeled myself to throw away  
Quite all the precious, foolish hoard  
*Of memories and dreams* I'd stored

Courageously, I cleared each room  
And swept it clean with Reason's broom,  
Till every little nook was bare  
And not a single memory there.

No dream—no musty might-have been—  
And then I saw—  
You'd crept back in.

Text: Helen Lowrie Marshall

### **Honey**

You're stuck in my brain.  
I tell myself that I wish I could get rid of you,  
but we both know that's not true.

Text: Alexandra Josephine Ameal

## **Iris**

You claimed your eyes were brown, but I saw  
that hint of green that made them hazel.  
A shade of in-betweens.

I know you said your eyes were nothing special,  
but when I looked at them, I wanted to capture  
that color in a jar like a firefly.

Text: Alexandra Josephine Ameal

## **On the Hillside**

You lay so still in the sunshine,  
So still in that hot sweet hour—  
That the timid things of the forest land  
Came close; a butterfly lit on your hand,  
Mistaking it for a flower.

You scarcely breathed in your slumber,  
So dreamless it was, so deep—  
While the warm air stirred in my veins like wine,  
The air that had blown through a jasmine vine,  
But you slept – and I let you sleep.

Text: Marguerite Radclyffe-Hall

Marie-Juliette Olga “Lili” Boulanger (1893-1918) was born the younger sister of Nadia Boulanger, the celebrated composer and composition teacher, and the daughter of Ernest Boulanger, a Paris Conservatoire instructor. Of the two sisters, she was considered the better composer, although her death at age 24 (most likely from intestinal cancer) cut her compositional career short, leaving just one opera, a setting of Maurice Maeterlinck’s *La Princesse Maleine*, unfinished after a flurry of compositional fervor during the last few years of her life. Many of Lili Boulanger’s published works are vocal pieces, a fact that can be attributed to her preparation to enter the Prix de Rome competition, which she won at age 19, becoming the first woman to be awarded the prize. Lili Boulanger’s style features impressionist influences à la Debussy and a masterful, professional technique that belies her young age.

The song cycle *Clairières dans le ciel*, a setting of the Symbolist poet Francis Jammes’ collection entitled *Tristesses*, is, according to composer and biographer Christopher Palmer, “perhaps the most important of Lili’s secular works.” Of the 24 songs included in Jammes’ collection, Lili chose to set 13: this number is significant because Lili used it frequently as a representation of herself (it reflected the 13 letters in her name). Lili identified with the central character of the poems, “a tall, somewhat mysterious young girl who suddenly disappeared from the poet’s life,” and took efforts to musically mark the poetic lines that she felt represented the resemblance. Of the cycle, I have selected the third and seventh songs to present this evening.

**Parfois, je suis triste**

Parfois, je suis triste. Et soudain, je pense à elle.  
Alors, je suis joyeux. Mais je redeviens triste  
de ce que je ne sais pas combien elle m'aime.  
Elle est la jeune fille à l'âme toute claire,  
et qui, dedans son cœur, garde avec jalousie  
l'unique passion que l'on donne à un seul.  
Elle est partie avant que s'ouvrent les tilleuls,  
et, comme ils ont fleuri depuis qu'elle est partie,  
Je me suis étonné de voir, ô mes amis,  
des branches de tilleuls qui n'avaient pas de fleurs.

Text: Francis Jammes

**Sometimes I am sad**

Sometimes I'm sad, and then suddenly I think of her  
and I'm happy. Then I'm sad again  
because I don't know how much she loves me.  
She is a bright-souled girl,  
and in her heart she jealously protects  
the one passion she will bestow on only one.  
She left before the lindens opened.  
They have flowered since then  
and I was amazed, my friends,  
to see linden branches with no flowers on them.

Translation: Faith J. Cormier

### **Nous nous aimerons tant**

Nous nous aimerons tant que nous tairons  
nos mots,  
en nous tendant la main, quand nous nous  
reverrons.  
Vous serez ombragée par d'anciens rameaux  
sur le banc que je sais où nous nous  
assoierons.  
Donc nous nous assoierons sur ce banc tous  
deux seuls...  
D'un long moment, ô mon amie, vous  
n'oserez  
Que vous me serez douce et que je  
tremblerai...

Text: Francis Jammes

### **We shall love each other**

We shall love each other so, that we shall be  
silent  
as we hold out hands when we next meet.  
  
You will be shaded by old branches  
on the bench where I know we shall both sit  
down.  
And so we shall sit down on this bench, we  
two alone...  
For a long while, my friend, you will not  
dare...  
How gentle you will be with me and how I  
shall tremble...

Translation: Richard Stokes

## Tarantelle

## Gabriel Fauré

Although he revered the traditional forms of music, Gabriel Fauré delighted in combining those forms with fresh invention. One of the most prominent features of his style was his fondness for innovative harmonic progressions and sudden modulations, which paved the way for future developments by the modern French school. His musical abilities were apparent at an early age. When the Swiss composer and teacher Louis Niedermeyer heard him as a young boy, he immediately accepted him as a student. Fauré's skill increased as he continued his studies, eventually training with Camille Saint-Saëns.

*Tarantella* is a group of various folk dances characterized by a fast upbeat tempo, usually in 6/8 time, and accompanied by tambourines. It is among the most recognized forms of traditional southern Italian music. Fauré wrote this duet as part of a pair for the daughters of Pauline Viardot, Claudie and Marianne.

### La Tarentelle

Aux cieux la lune monte et luit.  
Il fait grand jour en plein minuit.  
Viens avec moi, me disait-elle  
Viens sur le sable grésillant  
Où saute et glisse en frétilant  
La tarentelle...

Sus, les danseurs! En voilà deux;  
Foule sur l'eau, foule autour d'eux;  
L'homme est bien fait, la fille est belle;  
Mais garde à vous! Sans y penser,  
C'est jeu d'amour que de danser  
La tarentelle...

Doux est le bruit du tambourin!  
si j'étais fille de marin  
Et toi pêcheur, me disait-elle  
Toutes les nuits joyeusement  
Nous danserions en nous aimant  
La tarentelle...

Text: Marc Monnier

### The Tarentella

In the heavens the moon rises and shines.  
It turns midnight into the light of day.  
"Come with me," she said to me,  
"Come onto the sizzling sand  
Where, wriggling, jumps and slides  
The tarantella..."

Come on, dancers! Here are two of them;  
A crowd on the water, a crowd around them;  
The man is well-built, the girl is beautiful;  
But watch out! Without thinking about it,  
It is the game of love being danced,  
The tarantella...

Sweet is the sound of the tambourine!  
"If I were the daughter of the sea  
And you a fisher," she said to me,  
"Every night with glee  
We would love each other while we dance  
The tarantella..."

Translation: Korin Kormick