



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

**Naomi Henn, soprano**  
**Stephen Carey, piano**

Saturday, April 24th, 2021

3:00pm

PepsiCo Recital Hall

Program

Je suis encore from Manon  
Les Roses d'Ispahan  
Mandoline

Jules Massenet (1842-1912)  
Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)  
Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Il Poveretto  
Stornello  
La Seduzione

Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

Oh, never sing to me again  
A Dream  
The Answer  
Harvest of Sorrow

Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)

Someone is Sending Me Flowers  
Wander  
I am Cherry Alive

David Baker (1931 – 2016)  
Meghan Rose Scott (1997 – present)  
Ricky Ian Gordon (1956 – present)

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Bachelor of Music in Voice Performance. Naomi Henn is a student of Angela Turner-Wilson.

The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited.

Please silence all electronic devices including watches, pagers, and phones.

## *Je suis encore*

Manon (1882)

Composed by Jules Massenet (1842-1912); libretto written by Henri Meilhac (1830-1897)  
& Philippe Gille (1831-1901)

Je suis encor tout étourdie...	I am still so excited,
Je suis encor tout engourdie...	I am still so light-headed...
Ah! mon cousin!	Ah, dear cousin!
Excusez-moi! excusez un moment d'émoi...	Excuse me! Excuse a moment of emotion...
Je suis encor tout étourdie...	I am still so excited...
Pardonnez à mon bavardage	Forgive me for chattering on,
J'en suis à mon premier voyage!	this is my very first voyage!
Le coche s'éloignait à peine	The coach had hardly started out
Que j'admirais de tous mes yeux,	when I admired with wide open eyes,
Les hameaux, les grands bois... la plaine...	the hamlets, the great woods, the plain,
Les voyageurs jeunes et vieux...	the travelers, both young and old...
Ah! mon cousin, excusez-moi!	Ah! dear cousin, excuse me, please!
c'est mon premier voyage!	It's my very first voyage.
Je regardais fuir, curieuse,	Curious, I watched rushing by,
Les arbres frissonnant au vent!	the trees, trembling in the wind.
Et j'oubliais, toute joyeuse,	And full of joy, I didn't recall
Que je partais pour le couvent! pour le couvent! pour le couvent!	that I was going to the convent! To the convent! To the convent!
Devant tant de choses nouvelles,	Faced with so many adventures,
Ne riez pas, si je vous dis	do not laugh if I tell you now
Que je croyais avoir des ailes,	that I thought I had sprouted wings
Et m'envoler en paradis!	and was flying to paradise!
Oui, mon cousin!... Puis... j'eus un moment de tristesse...	Yes, dear cousin!... Then... I felt a moment of sadness...
Je pleurais... je ne sais pas quoi?	I was crying... I don't know the cause.
L'instant d'après, je le confesse,	The next moment though, I must confess,
Je riaais... Ah! ah!	I was laughing... Ha, ha!
Mais sans savoir pourquoi? Ah! ah! ah!	But I don't know the cause. Ha, ha, ha.
Ah! mon cousin... excusez-moi...	Ah, dear cousin, excuse me...
ah! mon cousin... pardon!	Ah, dear cousin, pardon!
Je suis encor tout étourdie...	I am still so excited...
Je suis... encor tout engourdie!	I am still so light-headed!
Pardonnez à mon bavardage,	Forgive me for chattering on.
J'en suis à mon premier voyage!	this is my very first voyage!

*Translation from "Bel canto, the French Connection," a course for the Lifelong Learners  
at UC Santa Cruz, ©2011, Miriam Ellis.*

Manon is a coming of age story about a young girl meant for the convent who discovers love and worldly pleasures once she arrives in the city. This is her first aria and her first appearance in the opera as she greets her cousin Lescaut after getting off the train. This is an example of her charming innocence and childlike wonder.

### *Les Roses d'Ispahan (1884)*

Composed by Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924); poem written by Leconte de Lisle (1818-1894).

Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur gaine de mousse,  
Les jasmins de Mossoul, les fleurs de l'oranger  
Ont un parfum moins frais, ont une odeur moins  
douce,

Ô blanche Leïlah! que ton souffle léger.

Ta lèvre est de corail, et ton rire léger  
Sonne mieux que l'eau vive et d'une voix plus  
douce,

Mieux que le vent joyeux qui berce l'oranger,  
Mieux que l'oiseau qui chante au bord d'un nid de  
mousse ...

Ô Leïlah! depuis que de leur vol léger

Tous les baisers ont fui de ta lèvre si douce,  
Il n'est plus de parfum dans le pâle oranger,  
Ni de céleste arôme aux roses dans leur mousse ...

Oh! que ton jeune amour, ce papillon léger,  
Revienne vers mon cœur d'une aile prompte et  
douce,

Et qu'il parfume encor les fleurs de l'oranger,  
Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur gaine de mousse!

The roses of Ispahan in their mossy sheaths,  
The jasmines of Mosul, the orange blossom  
Have a fragrance less fresh and a scent less  
sweet,

O pale Leilah, than your soft breath!

Your lips are of coral and your light laughter  
Rings brighter and sweeter than running  
water,

Than the blithe wind rocking the orange-tree  
boughs,

Than the singing bird by its mossy nest ...

O Leilah, ever since on light wings

All kisses have flown from your sweet lips,  
The pale orange-tree fragrance is spent,  
And the heavenly scent of moss-clad roses ...

Oh! may your young love, that airy butterfly,  
Wing swiftly and gently to my heart once  
more,

To scent again the orange blossom,  
The roses of Ispahan in their mossy sheaths!

*Translations by Richard Stokes, from A French Song Companion (Oxford, 2000)*

Les Roses d'Ispahan is a poem written about a love interest, Leilah, using a lot of spring imagery to capture the essence of youth. A young man lingers under the window of his lover on a warm summer night, singing a love song he wrote about her as she blushes and gazes down at him, before she retires and he wanders off into the night.

### *Mandoline (1882)*

Composed by Claude Debussy (1862-1918); poem written by Paul Verlaine (1844-1896).

Les donneurs de sérénades  
Et les belles écouteuses  
Échangent des propos fades  
Sous les ramures chanteuses.  
C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,  
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,  
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte  
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.  
Leurs courtes vestes de soie,  
Leurs longues robes à queues,  
Leur élégance, leur joie  
Et leurs molles ombres bleues  
Tourbillonnent dans l'extase  
D'une lune rose et grise,

The gallant serenaders  
and their fair listeners  
exchange sweet nothings  
beneath singing boughs.  
Tirsis is there, Aminte is there,  
and tedious Clitandre too,  
and Damis who for many a cruel maid  
writes many a tender song.  
Their short silken doublets,  
their long trailing gowns,  
their elegance, their joy,  
and their soft blue shadows  
Whirl madly in the rapture  
of a grey and roseate moon,

Et la mandoline jase  
Parmi les frissons de brise.

and the mandolin jangles on  
in the shivering breeze.

*Translation © Richard Stokes, author of A French Song Companion (Oxford, 2000)*  
Mandoline was first published as the 15<sup>th</sup> poem in *Fêtes galantes*. To me, the excitement and descriptions of grandeur paints a picture of a young girl witnessing nobility engaged in courtship rituals as she describes the sights to her friends while peeking at the spectacle from behind a bush. Fearing she has been heard, she starts to tiptoe away, but glances back over her shoulder at the wonderful sight.

### *Il Poveretto (1847)*

Composed by Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901); poem written by S. Manfredo Maggioni (1792-1870)

Passenger, che al dolce aspetto  
Par che serbi un gentil cor,  
Porgi un soldo al poveretto  
Che da man digiuno è ancor.  
Fin da quando era figliuolo  
Sono stato militar  
E pugnando pel mio suolo  
Ho trascorso e terra e mar;  
Ma or che il tempo su me pesa,  
Or che forza più non ho,  
Fin la terra che ho difesa,  
La mia patria m'obliò.

Passerby that has a gentle look  
And seems to have a good heart,  
Give this poor man a penny  
Because today he hasn't had a thing to eat.  
From my childhood on  
I was a soldier;  
Fighting for my country  
I have crossed land and sea  
But now that I'm burdened by years  
Now that my strength is gone  
Even the land that I have defended,  
My homeland, has forgotten me

*Translation from The LiederNet Archive at [lieder.net](http://lieder.net).*

This piece paints a picture of a veteran begging on the streets. He once was valued by his country for his service in protecting his people, but now that he is no longer useful and has grown old, he has been forgotten. He wistfully recalls the days he had a purpose in between asking passersby for change so he can fill his empty stomach. A kind stranger finally gives him a single coin and his gratitude for such a small act is heartbreaking to watch.

### *Stornello (1869)*

Composed by Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901); poem written by Anonymous.

Tu dici che non m'ami... anch'io non  
t'amo...  
Dici non vi vuoi ben, non te ne voglio.  
Dici ch'a un altro pesce hai teso l'amo.  
Anch'io in altro giardin la rosa coglio.  
Anco di questo vo'che ci accordiamo:  
Tu fai quel che ti pare, io quel che voglio.

You say you don't love me, so I don't love  
you...  
You say don't want it, so I don't want you.  
You say another fish has stretched the line,  
So I will pluck a rose in another garden.  
Once again we are in agreement:  
You do as you like, I'll do as I please.

Son libero di me, padrone è ognuno.  
Servo di tutti e non servo a nessuno.  
Costanza nell'amor è una follia;  
Volubile io sono e me ne vanto.  
Non tremo più scontrandoti per via,  
Né, quando sei lontan mi struggo in  
pianto.  
Come usignuol che uscì di prigionia  
Tutta la notte e il dì folleggio e canto.

I myself am free, everyone is my master.  
I am servant of all and servant of none.  
Constancy in love is a madness:  
I am fickle and proud of it.  
I won't flutter anymore if we pass in the street,  
Nor, when you are far away, will I cry out in  
tears.  
Like a nightingale freed from captivity  
I'll frolic and sing the whole night long.

*Translation by Mario Giuseppe Genesi, title 1: "Rhyme", copyright ©*

The woman singing this song is confronting a casual partner who assumed they were special and exclusive. She laughs in his face and throws his “hurtful” comments right back at him. She is free to have as many partners as she wants but she serves no one but herself. She has no emotional pain or jealousy over this man and she is quite happy in her carefree, unattached existence.

### *La Seduzione (1839)*

Composed by Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901); poem written by Luigi Balestra (1808-1863)

Era bella com'angiol del cielo,  
Innocente degl'anni sul fiore,  
Ed il palpito primo d'amore  
Un crudele nel cor le destò.  
Inesperta, fidente ne' giuri,  
Sè commise all'amante sleale;  
Fu sedotta! e l'anello nuziale,  
Poveretta, ma indarno invocò.  
All'infamia dannata, allo scherno,  
Nove lune gemé la tradita;  
Poi, consunta dal duolo la vita,  
Pregò venia al crudele e spirò.  
Ed il frutto del vil tradimento  
Nel sepolcro posogli d'appresso;  
Là non sorse una croce, un cipresso,  
Non un sasso il suo nome portò.

She was as beautiful as an angel in heaven  
and as innocent as a budding flower  
When the cruel one aroused  
the first stirrings of love in her heart.  
Inexperienced and trusting,  
she was seduced and betrayed  
And pleaded in vain  
for a wedding ring.  
Doomed to shame and scorn,  
she groaned for nine months  
Then consumed by grief,  
she begged pardon for her disloyal lover and died.  
The fruit of the vile betrayal  
was laid in the grave soon after  
But there no cross or cypress stood,  
no stone bearing her name.

*Translation from Italian to English copyright © 2004 by Anne Evans.*

*La Seduzione* is a simple but powerful story of a naïve woman who placed her trust in the wrong man. This is a story of warning that a woman tells her daughter, to beware of who you trust with your innocence, because this is how a wrong choice might turn out.

*Oh, never sing to me again (1893)*

Composed by Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943); poem written by Alexander Pushkin (1799-1837)

Ne poi, krasavitsa, pri mne  
Ty pesen Gruzii pechalnoi;  
Napominayut mne one  
Druguyu zhizn i bereg dalnyi.  
Uvy, napominayut mne  
Tvoi zhestokie napevy  
I step, i noch – i pri lune  
Cherty dalyokoy, miloi devi.

Oh do not sing for me, fair maiden,  
Those Georgian songs so sad;  
The remind me  
Of another life and a distant shore.  
Alas, your cruel strains  
Remind me  
Of the steppe and the night,  
And the moonlit face of my distant beloved.

*Translation from oxfordlieder.co.uk*

This song is a remembrance of past trauma. A young man hears his girlfriend singing songs of his homeland and it brings back memories of his sad past. He explains how her presence makes him forget the past, but when she sings, it returns to haunt him. Please don't sing those songs anymore, he begs.

*A Dream (1893)*

Composed by Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943); poem written by Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

I u menja byl kraj rodnoj;  
Prekrasen on!  
Tam jel' kachalas' nado mnoj...  
No to byl son!  
Sem'ja druzej zhiva byla.  
So vsekh storon  
Zvuchali mne ljubvi slova...  
No to byl son!

I too had a native land,  
Which was so beautiful!  
A fir tree swayed over me there...  
But that was a dream!  
A clan of friends still lived then,  
Surrounding me on all sides  
And speaking words of love to me...  
But that was a dream!

*Translation from oxfordlieder.co.uk*

Rachmaninoff is the king of sad art songs, and this piece is no exception. This piece describes memories of happy times now long past, so much so that it almost feels like another lifetime. Once the dream is woken up from, harsh reality sets in, and sadness clouds the formerly happy memories.

*The Answer (1902)*

Composed by Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943); poem written by Victor Hugo (1802-1885)

Sprosili oni: „Kak v letuchikh chelnakh  
Nam beloju chajkoj skol'zit' na volnakh,  
Chtob nas storozha nedognali?“  
„Grebite!“ oni otvechali.  
Sprosili oni: „Kak zabyt', navsegda,

They asked: ‘How, in swift boats,  
Are we to glide across the waves, like a white seagull,  
Lest the guards should catch us?’  
‘Row!’, they answered.  
They asked: ‘How are we to forget forever

Chto v mire judol'nom jest' bednost', beda,  
Chto jest' v njom groza i pechali?``  
„Zasnite!`` oni otvechali.  
Sprosili oni: „Kak krasavic privlech'  
Bez chary: chtob sami na strastnuju rech'  
Oni nam v ob"jatija pali?``  
„Ljubite!`` oni otvechali.

That there is poverty and misfortune in this vale of tears,  
That there is enmity and sorrow?  
‘Sleep’, they answered.  
They asked: ‘How are we to win beautiful girls  
Without spells: so that our passionate words  
Will make them fall into our embraces?  
‘Love!’ they answered.

*Translation from oxfordlieder.co.uk*

My interpretation of this piece is a younger sibling pestering their older sibling with incessant questions. The first two questions are answered with annoyance and exasperation, but the final question, asked with real vulnerability, is answered with kindness and honesty.

*Harvest of Sorrow (1890)*

Composed by Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943); poem written by Leo Tolstoy (1817-1875)

Uzh ty, niva moja, nivushka,  
Ne skosit' tebja s makhu jedinogo,  
Ne svjazat' tebja vsju vo jedinyj snop!  
Uzh vy, dumy moi, dumushki,  
Ne strjakhnut' vas razom s plech doloj,  
Odnog rech'ju-to vas ne vyskazat'!  
Po tebe-l', niva, veter razgulival,  
Gnul kolos'ja tvoi do-zemli,  
Zrely zerna-vse razmetyval!  
Shiroko vy, dumy, porassypalis',  
Kuda pala kakaja dumushka.  
Tam vskhodila ljuta pechal'-trava,  
Vyrostalo gore gorjucheje.

Oh you, my field, dearest field of mine,  
You are not to be mowed at a single stroke,  
You are not to be bound up in a single sheaf!  
Oh you, my thoughts, dearest thoughts of mine,  
You are not to be shaken off with just one shrug,  
You are not to be expressed in just one telling!  
You, oh field, have you not been battered by the  
wind,  
Which forced your ears of grain down to the ground,  
And scattered your ripe grain in all directions!  
Wherever a thought should fall,  
There a sorrowful blade of grass would sprout,  
Breeding the bitterest misery.

*Translation from oxfordlieder.co.uk*

As the woman gazes over her field, she wishes her lingering thoughts were as easy to take care of as the harvesting. If only they would leave her alone, but alas, they fill her with misery as they arrive in her brain. If only she had the time to sort out the feelings in her head, but the field needs tending or else her family will not get fed.

*Someone is Sending Me Flowers (1955)*

Composed by David Baker (1931-2016); lyrics by Sheldon Harnick (1924-present)

Someone is sending me flowers, oh what a sweet thing to do!  
Every new day brings another bouquet, but I don't know who to say "Thank you" to...  
Sometimes they come through my window, then down at the chimney they fall  
Sometimes at night when I turn out the light, they come through a crack in the wall  
Now that my house is a garden, bursting with blossoms and blooms

I stand there for hours admiring my flowers; I'd like to sit down but there just isn't room  
Someone is sending me flowers, more than I ever have had  
Remarkable stuff, but enough is enough – if I see another bouquet, I'll go mad  
They started by sending me bluebells... oddly enough, they were gray  
Each faded bloom had a nasty perfume; besides being gray, they were paper maché  
Next came a garland of fungus – then as a tropical treat  
They sent me a plant that proceeded to pant, and later began to eat meat  
The cactus corsage touched me deeply, a beautiful plant in its prime  
I felt just the same when the rock garden came – one rock at a time  
Somebody madly adores me, I know not whom to suspect  
Since I cannot afford to be madly adored, I do wish they'd stop sending flowers collect

This song is from a collection called Sarah's Encores, which were a bunch of pieces performed famously by Sarah Walker and Roger Vignoles. This piece is classic 20<sup>th</sup> century stage humor and its frankness is charming and engaging.

### *Wander (2018)*

Composed by Meghan Rose Scott (1997-present)

You wander, wander, wander  
Wander, wander, wander  
Happiness inside, summer sun shines  
And the best thing too – I am here with you  
And living without any fear  
Wandering around for all these years  
And breathing the warm summer air  
Memories we're making without a care  
We wander and wander  
Wander

Meghan Scott is my best friend and a talented composer who graduated from TCU in May 2020. While I was her roommate, she had to listen to me singing all the time, and with my voice stuck in her head, she wrote this piece as part of her season-based song cycle. I am privileged to perform it. When I sing this piece, I think about the joy of friendship and spending time with a person who you understand so well. Meghan, I love making memories with you.

### *I am Cherry Alive*

Composed by Ricky Ian Gordon (1956-present); poem written by Delmore Schwartz (1913-1966)

'I am cherry alive,' the little girl sang,  
"Each morning I am something new:  
I am apple, I am plum, I am just as excited  
As the boys who made the Hallowe'en bang:

I am tree, I am cat, I am blossom too:  
When I like, if I like, I can be someone new,  
Someone very old, a witch in a zoo:  
I can be someone else whenever I think who,  
And I want to be everything sometimes too,  
And I put it in along with everything  
To make the grown-ups laugh whenever I sing:  
And I sing : It is true; It is untrue;  
I know, I know, the true is untrue,  
The peach has a pit,  
The pit has a peach:  
And both may be wrong  
When I sing my song,  
But I don't tell the grown-ups, because it is sad,  
And I want them to laugh just like I do  
Because they grew up  
And forgot what they knew  
And they are sure  
I will forget it some day too.  
They are wrong. They are wrong.  
When I sang my song, I knew, I knew!  
I am red, I am gold,  
I am green, I am blue,  
I will always be me,  
I will always be new!"

This is one of my all-time favorite pieces. It was originally published posthumously as a children's picture book. This song is sung from the perspective of a precocious young girl. She knows what life is about, she sees the joy in things. She also is smart enough to realize that she doesn't know everything, things change, and some things just can't be known. And that is okay. The grownups don't know what she knows; they have forgotten, and she keeps the sad stuff from them. They say she will forget what it's like to be a child. But she knows in her heart, they are wrong, and she will always be new.