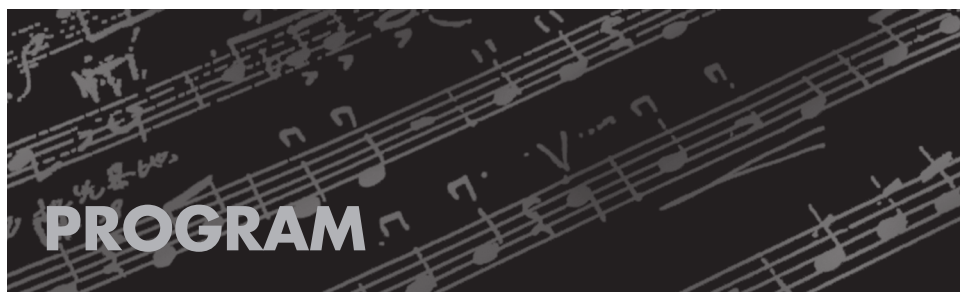


An Evening in Paris

Barbara Ann Peters, soprano
Shaina Virginia Kuhn, soprano
James Harp, piano

Friday, February 14, 2014
Holloway Hall, Great Hall
8 p.m.

Salisbury
UNIVERSITY
www.salisbury.edu



Joie! Jules Massenet
Marine (1842-1912)

Chanson triste Henri Duparc
L'invitation au voyage (1848-1933)
Villanelle (from *Les Nuits d'Été*) Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)
Le colibri Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)

Jazz dans la nuit Albert Roussel (1869-1937)
L'heure exquise Reynaldo Hahn
Si mes vers avaient des ailes (1875-1947)

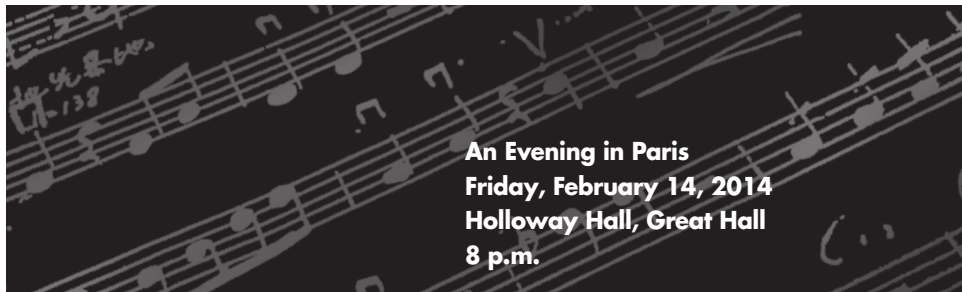
Pleurs d'or Gabriel Fauré
Puisqu'ici-bas (1845-1924)

INTERMISSION

Ariettes Oubliées Claude Debussy
C'est l'extase (1862-1918)
Il pleure dans mon cœur
L'ombre des arbres
Chevaux de bois
Green
Spleen

La courte paille Francis Poulenc
Le sommeil (1899-1963)
Quelle aventure!
La reine de cœur
Ba, be, bi, bo, bu
Les anges musiciens
Le carafon
Lune d'avril

Tarentelle Gabriel Fauré



Texts and Translations

Joie!

Un oiselet sautille et chante,
 Joie aimable et charmante!
 C'est comme un paradis,
 Se jouer aux tallis tout fraîchement fleuris,
 De notre forêt verdoyante!

Un ruisseau descend et chante,
 Joie aimable et charmante!
 Les travailleurs sont gais,
 Car les champs et les prés sont aussi bien parés
 Que notre forêt verdoyante.

La jeune fille danse et chante,
 Joie aimable et charmante!
 L'air est plein de chansons
 Le ciel est pur, allons, donnons la main, dansons!
 Dans notre forêt verdoyante!

Text by Camile Distel

Marine

Viens, la voile mutine avec le vent se joue!
 Et notre mât incline de la poupe à la proue
 Une ombre droite et fine.

La vague se déploie et l'écume irisée
 Joyeusement envoie sa brillante rosée
 A la barque élancée.

La mer calme murmure, et berce avec tendresse
 La frêle créature qui doucement
 Se laisse aller à la caresse.

Ne crains rien de l'abîme où dort la mer profonde
 Car une paix sublime au loin règne sur l'onde
 Viens, oublions le monde!

Text by Camile Distel

Joy!

A small bird hops and sings,
 Lovely and charming joy!
 It's like a paradise,
 To play in the brush freshly in bloom,
 In our green forest!

A little brook falls and sings
 Lovely and charming joy!
 The travelers are happy,
 For the fields and meadows are also as well adorned
 As our green forest.

A young girl dances and sings,
 Lovely and charming joy!
 The air is full of songs,
 The sky is clear, let's go, clasp hands, let's dance!
 In our green forest!

Seascape

Come, the unruly sail plays with the wind
 And our mast slants from stern to prow
 A shadow straight and slender.

The wave unfurls and the iridescent foam
 Joyfully sends its brilliant pink
 To the launched boat.

The calm sea murmurs and rocks tenderly
 The fragile creature who gently
 Succumbs to its caress.

Do not fear any abyss where the deep sea sleeps
 For a sublime peace reigns far on the sea,
 Come, let's forget the world!



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...

Text by Jean Lahor (pseudonym for Henri Cazalis) (1840-1909)

L'invitation au voyage

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble!
Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.

Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.

Sad Song

In your heart sleeps a light of the moon
A gentle light of the summer moon
And to escape the importunate life
I will drown myself in your radiance.

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

You shall take my sick head
Oh ! sometime on your lap,
And will tell a ballad,
Which will seem to speak of us,

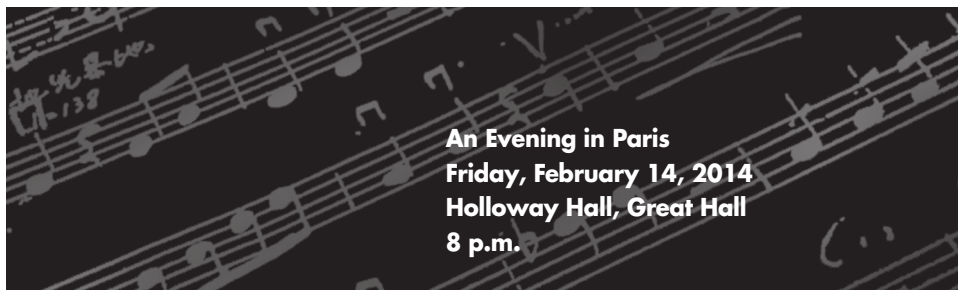
And in your eyes full of sadness,
In your eyes then I will drink
So many kisses and so much tenderness
That, perhaps, I will heal...

The invitation to travel

My child, my sister,
Think of the sweetness
Of going down there to live together!
To love at leisure,
To love and to die
In a country that resembles you!
The damp suns
Of the hazy skies
For my spirit have the charms
So mysterious
Of your treacherous eyes
Shining through their tears.

There, all is order and beauty,
Luxury, calm, and voluptuousness.

See on those canals
Those sleeping vessels
Whose mood is to roam;
It is to fulfill
Your least desire
That they come from the ends of the earth.



Les soleils couchants
 Revêtent les champs,
 Les canaux, la ville entière,
 D'hyacinthe et d'or;
 Le monde s'endort
 Dans une chaude lumière.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
 Luxe, calme et volupté.

Text by Charles Baudelaire (1821-1867)

From Les Nuits d'Été Villanelle

Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,
 Quand auront disparu les froids,
 Tous les deux nous irons, ma belle,
 Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois.
 Sous nos pieds égrenant les perles
 Que l'on voit au matin trembler,
 Nous irons écouter les merles
 Siffler!

Le printemps est venu, ma belle;
 C'est le mois des amants bény,
 Et l'oiseau satinant son aile,
 Dit ses vers au rebord du nid.
 Oh! Viens donc sur ce banc de mousse
 Pour parler de nos beaux amours,
 Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce,
 Toujours!

Loin, bien loin, égarant nos courses,
 Faisons fuir le lapin caché,
 Et le daim, au miroir des sources,
 Admirant son grand bois penché;
 Puis chez nous, tout heureux, tout aises,
 En panier, enlaçant nos doigts,
 Revenons rapportant des fraises,
 Des bois!

Text by Théophile Gautier (1811-1872)

The setting suns
 Clothe the fields
 The canals, the whole city
 Of the hyacinth and of gold;
 The world goes to sleep
 In a warm light

There, all is but order and beauty,
 Luxury, calm, and voluptuousness.

Summer Nights Villanelle

When the new season comes,
 When the cold has gone,
 We two shall go, my sweet,
 To gather lilies-of-the-valley in the woods.
 Underneath our feet, pearls of dew scatter
 That one sees quivering every morning,
 We shall listen to the blackbirds
 Sing!

Springtime has arrived, my sweet;
 It's the season lovers bless,
 And the birds, preening their wings,
 Sing their songs from the edge of their nests.
 Oh! Come then to this mossy bank
 To talk of our beautiful love,
 And tell me in your gentle voice,
 Forever!

Far, far away, we'll wander off course,
 Startling the rabbit from his hiding-place,
 And the deer reflected in the spring,
 Admiring his great lowered antlers;
 Then, home, happy and at ease,
 Lacing our fingers together like a basket,
 We shall bring back home wild
 Strawberries!



Le colibri

Le vert colibri, le roi des collines,
Voyant la rosée et le soleil clair,
Luire dans son nid tissé d'herbes fines,
Comme un frais rayon s'échappe dans l'air.

Il se hâte et vole aux sources voisines,
Où les bambous font le bruit de la mer,
Où l'açoka rouge aux odeurs divines
S'ouvre et porte au cœur un humide éclair.

Vers la fleur dorée, il descend, se pose,
Et boit tant d'amour dans la coupe rose,
Qu'il meurt, ne sachant s'il l'a pu tarir!

Sur ta lèvre pure, ô ma bien-aimée,
Telle aussi mon âme eût voulu mourir,
Du premier baiser qui l'a parfumée.

Text by Leconte de Lisle (1818-1894)

Jazz dans la nuit

Le bal, sur le parc incendié
Jette ses feux multicolores,
Les arbres flambent, irradiés,
Et les rugissements sonores
Des nègres nostalgiques, fous,
Tangos nerveux cuivres acerbes,
Étouffent le frôlement doux
Du satin qui piétine l'herbe.

Que de sourires épuisés,
À l'ombre des taillis complices,
Sous la surprise des baisers consentent
Et s'évanouissent...
Un saxophone, en sanglotant
De longues et très tendres plaintes,
Berce à son rythme haletant
L'émoi des furtives étreintes.

Passant, ramasse ce mouchoir,
Tombé d'un sein tiède, ce soir,
Et qui se cache sous le lierre;
Deux lèvres rouges le signèrent,

The hummingbird

The green hummingbird, king of the hills,
Seeing the dew and the bright sun,
Shine into his nest woven of fine grasses,
Like a fresh ray of light, darts into the air.

He hurries and flies to nearby springs,
Where bamboo sounds like the sea,
Where red hibiscus with its heavenly fragrance
Unfolds and reveals at its heart a dewy brilliance.

Toward the golden flower, he descends, alights,
And drinks so much love from the rosy cup,
That he dies, not knowing if he could have exhausted
its
nectar!

On your pure lips, oh my beloved,
Likewise my soul would have wished to die,
From the first kiss that perfumed it.

Jazz in the night

The dance, on the burning park
Throws its multi-colored fires
The flaming trees, illuminations,
And the roaring snores
Of the nostalgic blacks, wild,
Forceful tangos, sharp brass,
Suffocate the gentle rustling
Of satin as it tramples the grass.

What exhausted smiles,
In the shadow of complicit bushes,
Beneath the surprise of kisses, consented
And without fainting...
A saxophone, sobbing
Long and very tender laments
Rocking to rhythmic sighs
The rapture of illicit embraces.

Passer-by, pick up this handkerchief,
Which, dropped from some warm bosom tonight,
Is hiding in the ivy;
Two red lips signed it,

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Dans le fard, de leur dessin frais.
 Il te livrera, pour secrets,
 Le parfum d'une gorge nue
 Et la bouche d'une inconnue.

Text by René Dommange (1888-1977)

L'heure exquise

La lune blanche luit dans les bois,
 De chaque branche part une voix
 Sous la ramée...

Ô bien-aimée!

L'étang reflète, profond miroir,
 La silhouette du saule noir
 Où le vent pleure...

Rêvons! C'est l'heure!

Un vaste et tendre apaisement
 Semble descendre du firmament
 Que l'astre irise...

C'est l'heure exquise!

Text by Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frères,
 Vers votre jardin si beau,
 Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
 Comme l'oiseau!

Ils voleraient, étincelles,
 Vers votre foyer qui rit,
 Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
 Comme l'esprit.

Près de vous, purs et fidèles,
 Ils accouraient nuit et jour,
 Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
 Comme l'amour!

Text by Victor Hugo (1802-1885)

With eye shadow, their fresh design.
 It will betray, as secrets,
 The perfume of a bare throat
 And the mouth of an unknown woman.

Exquisite hour

The white moon shines in the woods,
 From every branch is released a voice
 Beneath the greenwood tree...

O beloved!

The pool reflects, a deep mirror,
 The silhouette of the black willow
 Where the wind weeps...

Let us dream! It is the moment!

A vast and tender consolation
 Seems to descend from the heavens
 That the moon gives rainbow colors to...

It is the exquisite hour!

If my verses had wings

My verses would fly, sweet and frail,
 Toward your garden so beautiful,
 If my verses had wings,
 Like the bird!

They would fly, glittering,
 Toward your cheerful hearth
 If my verses had wings,
 Like the spirit.

Near you, pure and true,
 They would hurry, night and day,
 If my verses had wings,
 Like love!



Pleurs d'or

Larmes aux fleurs suspendues,
Larmes au sources perdues
Aux mousses des rochers creux;

Larmes d'automne épandues,
Larmes de cor entendues
Dans les grands bois, douloureux;

Larmes des cloches latines,
Carmélites, feuillantines...
Voix de beffrois en ferveur;

Larmes des nuits étoilées,
Larmes des flûtes voilées
Au bleu du parc endormi;

Larmes aux grands cils perlées,
Larmes d'amantes coulées
Jusqu'à l'âme de l'ami.

Larmes d'extase, éplètement délicieux,
Tombez des nuits! Tombez des fleurs!
Tombez des yeux!

Text by Albert Samain (1858-1900)

Puisqu'ici-bas toute âme...

Puisqu'ici-bas toute âme donne à quelqu'un
Sa musique, sa flamme, ou son parfum,

Puisqu'ici toute chose donne toujours
Son épine ou sa rose à ses amours,

Puisqu'Avril donne aux chênes un bruit charmant
Que la nuit donne aux peines l'oubli dormant,

Puisque lorsqu'elle arrive, s'y reposer
L'onde amère à la rive donne un baiser,

Je te donne à cette heure penché sur toi
La chose la meilleure que j'ai en moi,

Reçois donc ma pensée triste d'ailleurs

Tears of gold

Tears clinging to flowers,
Tears from springs lost
In the moss of hollowed rocks;

Tears shed by autumn,
Tears of the horn heard
In great saddened forests;

Tears of church bells,
Of Carmel and Feuillant convents...
Devout belfry voices;

Tears of starry nights,
Tears of veiled flutes
In the blue of the sleeping park;

Pearly tears on long eyelashes,
A beloved's tears flowing
To her friend's soul.

Tears of ecstasy, delicious weeping,
Fall at night! Fall from flowers!
Fall from these eyes!

Since down here every soul...

As here below every soul gives to someone
Its music, its flame, or its perfume,

As here everything gives always
Its thorn or its rose to its loves,

As April gives the oak trees a delicate sound
So the night gives pain a sleeping forgetfulness,

As when it arrives to take its rest
The dark wave gives a kiss to the water's bank,

At this hour, I give you, leaning toward you
The best that I have within me,

Receive then my sad thoughts, though,

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Qui comme une rosée t'arrive en pleurs!

Reçois mes vœux sans nombre, ô mes amours,
 Reçois la flamme ou l'ombre de tous mes jours!

Mes transports pleins d'ivresses purs de soupçons
 Et toutes les caresses de mes chansons,

Mon esprit qui sans voile vogue au hasard
 Et qui n'a pour étoile que ton regard,

Reçois mon bien céleste, ô ma beauté!
 Mon cœur dont rien ne reste l'amour ôté!

Text by Victor Hugo (1802-1885)

Ariettes Oubliées

C'est l'extase
 C'est l'extase langoureuse
 C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
 C'est tous les frissons des bois
 Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
 C'est, vers les ramures grises,
 Le chœur des petites voix.

Ô le frêle et frais murmure
 Cela gazouille et susurre!
 Cela ressemble au cri doux
 Que l'herbe agitée expire...
 Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,
 Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

Cette âme qui se lamente
 En cette plainte dormante,
 C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
 La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
 Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne
 Par ce tiède soir, tout bas.

Which like a rose, arrive bedewed!

Receive my limitless vows, oh my loves,
 Receive the flame or the shadow of all my days!

My ecstasy full of rapture free from doubts
 And all the caresses of my songs,

My spirit without veils sails randomly
 And which has only your glance for a guiding star

Receive, my heavenly creature, oh my beauty!
 My heart in which remains nothing but love!

Forgotten Aires

It is rapture
 This is languorous rapture
 This is the fatigue of love,
 This is all the tremors of the forest
 In the embrace of the breezes,
 It is, around the gray branches,
 The choir of tiny voices.

O the frail and fresh murmuring
 It warbles and whispers!
 It is like a soft cry
 That the ruffled grass gives out...
 You might say, beneath the rippling water,
 The muffled rolling of pebbles.

This soul which grieves
 In this subdued lament,
 It is ours, isn't it?
 Mine, say, and yours,
 From which breathes a humble hymn
 On this warm evening, so quietly.



Il pleure dans mon cœur

Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville.
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur?

Ô bruit doux de la pluie
Par terre et sur les toits
Pour un cœur que s'ennuie
Ô le bruit de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s'écœure.
Quoi! Nulle trahison?...
Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien le pire peine
De ne savoir pourquoi
Sans amour et sans haine,
Mon cœur a tant de peine.

L'ombre des arbres
L'ombre des arbres dans la rivière embrumée
Meurt comme de la fumée,
Tandis qu'en l'air, parmi les ramures réelles,
Se plaignent les tourterelles.

Combien, ô voyageur, ce paysage blême
Te mira blême toi-même,
Et que tristes pleuraient dans les hautes feuillées,
Tes espérances noyées.

Chevaux de bois

Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux de bois,
Tournez cent tours, tournez mille tours;
Tournez souvent, et tournez toujours,
Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.

L'enfant tout rouge, et la mère blanche,
Le gars en noir et la fille en rose,
L'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose,
Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.

Tears fall in my heart

Tears fall in my heart
Like rain on the town.
What is this languor
That pervades my heart?

O sweet sound of the rain
On the ground and on the rooftops
For a heart that is weary
O the sound of the rain!

Tears fall without reason
Into this sickened heart.
What? No betrayal?...
This grief is without reason.

Indeed, it is the worst pain
Not to know why
Without love and without hate,
My heart feels such pain.

The shadow of trees
The shadow of trees in the misty river
Fades away like smoke,
While in the air, among the real branches,
The turtledoves lament.

How much, o traveler, the faded landscape
Watched you yourself fade,
And how sadly wept in the high foliage,
Your drowned hopes.

Merry-go-round

Turn, turn, fine wooden horses,
Turn a hundred times, turn a thousand times;
Turn often, and turn always,
Turn, turn to the sound of the oboes.

The red-faced child and the pale mother,
The lad in black and the girl in pink,
One down to earth, the other showing off,
Each pays with his Sunday sou.

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Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur cœur,
 Tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois,
 Clignote l'œil du filou sournois,
 Tournez au son du piston vainqueur!

C'est étonnant, comme ça vous soûle
 D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête,
 Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête,
 Du mal en masse et du bien en foule.

Tournez, dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin
 D'user jamais de nuls éperons
 Pour commander à vos gallops ronds,
 Tournez, tournez sans espoir de foin.

Et dépêchez chevaux de leur âme,
 Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe
 La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe
 De gais buveurs que leur soif affame.

Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours
 D'astres en or se vêt lentement.
 L'église tinte en glas tristement.
 Tournez au son joyeux des tambours! Tournez.

Green

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles
 et des branches,
 Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.
 Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches,
 Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble present
 soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
 Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.
 Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds reposée,
 Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête,
 Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers;
 Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
 Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.

Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,
 Meanwhile, around all your whirling,
 Squints the eye of a sly pickpocket,
 Turn to the sound of the triumphant cornet!

It is astonishing how drunk it makes you
 Riding like this in this stupid circus,
 Empty stomach and an aching head,
 Masses of bad, and good aplenty.

Turn, gee-gees, without needing
 To ever use any spurs
 To keep you galloping round,
 Turn, turn without hope of hay.

And hurry on, horses of their souls,
 Already the supper bell sounds
 Night falls and chases away the troupe
 Of happy drinkers ravenous with thirst.

Turn, turn! The velvet sky
 With stars of gold slowly adorns itself.
 The church tolls a knell, sadly.
 Turn to the joyful sound of the drums! Turn.

Green

Here are fruits, flowers, leaves, and branches,
 And here is my heart which beats only for you.
 Don't destroy it with your two white hands,
 And to your lovely eyes may this humble gift
 be sweet.

I arrive still covered with dew
 That the morning wind has frozen on my brow.
 Let my fatigue rest at your feet,
 Dreaming of dear moments that will soothe it.

On your young breast let me cradle my head,
 Still ringing with your last kisses;
 Let it be appeased after love's tempest,
 And let me sleep a little while you rest.



Spleen

Les roses étaient toutes rouges,
Et les lières étaient tout noirs.
Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges,
Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.

Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre,
La mer trop verte et l'air trop doux.
Je crains toujours, (ce qu'est d'attendre!)
Quelque fuite atroce de vous.

Du houx à la feuille vernie
Et du luisant buis je suis las,
Et de la campagne infinie,
Et de tout, fors de vous, hélas!

Texts by Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

La courte paille

Le sommeil

Le sommeil est en voyage
Mon Dieu! où est-il parti?
J'ai beau bercer mon petit;
Il pleure dans son lit-cage
Il pleure depuis midi.

Où le sommeil a-t-il mis
Son sable et ses rêves sages?
J'ai beau bercer mon petit;
Il se tourne tout en nage,
Il sanglote dans son lit.

Ah! reviens, reviens, sommeil,
Sur ton beau cheval de course!
Dans le ciel noir, la Grande Ourse*
A enterré le soleil
Et rallumé ses abeilles.

Si l'enfant ne dort pas bien,
Il ne dira pas bonjour,
Il ne dira rien demain
A ses doigts, au lait, au pain
Qui l'accueillent dans le jour.

*The Big Dipper

Spleen

The roses were completely red,
And the ivy was all black.
Dearest, even at your slightest move,
All my despair returns.

The sky was too blue, too tender,
The sea too green and the air too mild.
I fear always (that's what it is to wait!)
One of your agonizing departures.

Of holly with its glossy leaves
Of the shiny boxwood, too, I am weary,
And of the vast countryside,
And of everything, except you, alas!

The short straw

Sleep

Sleep is on a journey
My God! where has it gone?
I have rocked my little one well;
He cries in his crib
He has cried since noon.

Where has sleep put
Its sand and wise dreams?
I have rocked my little one well;
He turns bathed in sweat,
He sobs in his bed.

Ah, come, come sleep,
On your beautiful race horse!
In the darkened sky, the Great Bear*
Has buried the sun
And rekindled his bees.

If the baby does not sleep well,
He will not say good morning,
He will say nothing, tomorrow
To his fingers, to the milk, to the bread
That welcome him to the day.

An Evening in Paris
Friday, February 14, 2014
Holloway Hall, Great Hall
8 p.m.

Quelle aventure!

Une puce, dans sa voiture,
 Tirait un petit éléphant
 En regardant les devantures
 Où scintillaient les diamants.

Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! quelle aventure!
 Qui va me croire, s'il m'entend?
 L'éléphanteau, d'un air absent,
 Suçait un pot de confiture.

Mais la puce n'en avait cure.
 Elle tirait en souriant.
 Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! que cela dure
 Et je vais me croire dément!

Soudain, le long d'une clôture,
 La puce fondit dans le vent
 Et je vis le jeune éléphant
 Se sauver en fendant les murs.

Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! la chose est sûre,
 Mais comment le dire à maman?

La reine de cœur

Mollement accoudée
 À ses vitres de lune,
 La reine vous salue
 D'une fleur d'amandier.

C'est la reine de cœur.
 Elle peut, s'il lui plait,
 Vous mener en secret
 Vers d'étranges demeures.

Où il n'est plus de portes,
 De salles ni de tours
 Et où les jeunes mortes
 Viennent parler d'amour.

Le reine vous salue;
 Hâtez-vous de la suivre
 Dans son château de givre
 Aux doux vitraux de lune.

What adventure!

A flea, in his carriage,
 Pulled about a little elephant
 Looking in the shop windows
 Where there were scintillating diamonds.

My God! my God! what adventure!
 Who is going to believe me if they hear?
 The elephant, with an absent air
 Sucked up a pot of jam.

But the flea did not care,
 She pulled him about, smiling.
 My God! my God! If this goes on
 I think I may go insane!

Suddenly, along a fence,
 The flea vanished in the wind
 And I saw the young elephant
 Escape by cutting through the walls.

My God! my God! it is absolutely true,
 But how will I tell Mommy?

The queen of hearts

Listlessly leaning on her elbows
 At her windows of moon,
 The queen greets you
 With the flower of an almond tree.

She is the queen of hearts.
 She can, if she wishes,
 Take you in secret
 To strange dwellings.

Where there are no more doors,
 Nor rooms nor towers
 Where the young dead
 Come to speak of love.

The queen welcomes you;
 Hastily follow her
 Into her castle of hoarfrost
 With lovely windows of moon.



Ba, be, bi, bo bu

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu, bé!
Le chat a mis ses bottes,
Il va de porte en porte
Jouer, danser, danser, chanter.
Pou, chou, genou, hibou.*

“Tu dois apprendre à lire,
À compter, à écrire,”
Lui crie-t-on de partout.

Mais rikketikketau,
Le chat de s’esclaffer
En rentrant au château:
Il est le Chat botté!

* irregular nouns that form their plurals in -x

Ba, be, bi, bo bu

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu, bé!
The cat has put on his boots,
He goes from door to door
Playing, dancing, dancing, singing.
Pou, chou, genou, hibou.*

“You must learn to read,
To count, to write,”
To him they cry from all around.

But rikketikketau,
The cat bursts out laughing
Returning to the castle:
He is Puss-in-Boots!

Les anges musiciens

Sur les fils de la pluie,
Les anges du jeudi
Jouent longtemps de la harpe.

Et sous leurs doigts, Mozart
Tinte, délicieux,
En gouttes de joie bleue.

Car c’est toujours Mozart
Que reprennent sans fin
Les anges musiciens

Qui, au long du jeudi,
Font chanter sur la harpe
La douceur de la pluie.

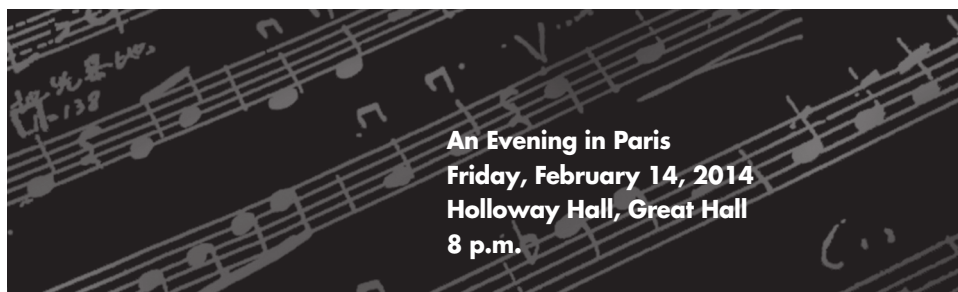
The angel musicians

On the threads of rain,
The angels on Thursday
Play all day on the harp.

And beneath their fingers, Mozart
Tinkles, deliciously,
In drops of blue joy.

For it is always Mozart
That is repeated without end
By the angel musicians

Who, all day Thursday,
Make the harp sing
The sweetness of rain.



Le carafon

“Pourquoi,” se plaignait la carafe,
 “N’aurais-je pas un carafon?
 Au zoo, madame la giraffe
 N’a-t-elle pas un girafon?”

Un sorcier qui passait par là,
 A cheval sur un phonographe,
 Enregistra la belle voix
 De soprano de la carafe
 Et la fit entendre à Merlin.

“Fort bien,” dit celui-ci, “fort bien!”
 Il frappa trois fois dans les main
 Et la dame de la maison
 Se demande encore pourquoi
 Elle trouve, ce matin-là,

Un joli petit carafon
 Blotti tout contre la carafe
 Ainsi qu’au zoo, le girafon
 Pose son cou fragile et long
 Sur le flanc clair de la giraffe.

Lune d’Avril

Lune, belle lune, lune d’Avril
 Faites-moi voir en mon dormant
 Le pêcheur au cœur de safran,
 Le poisson qui rit du grésil,
 L’oiseau qui, lointain comme un cor,
 Doucement réveille les morts.
 Et surtout, surtout le pays
 Où il fait joie, où il fait clair,
 Où, soleilleux de primevères,
 On a brisé tous les fusils.

Lune, belle lune, lune d’avril,
 Lune.

Texts by Maurice Carême (1899-1978)

The carafe

“Why,” complained the carafe
 “Could I not have a baby carafe?
 In the zoo, does not Madame giraffe
 Have a baby giraffe?”

A wizard who passed by,
 Astride a horse with a phonograph,
 Recorded the beautiful voice
 Of the soprano carafe
 And played it for Merlin to hear.

“Well done,” he said, “well done!”
 He clapped his hands three times
 And the lady of the house
 Wonders still why
 She found, that morning,

A pretty little baby carafe
 Snuggled up against the carafe
 Just as at the zoo, the baby giraffe
 Puts his neck, fragile and long
 On the smooth flank of the giraffe.

Moon of April

Moon, beautiful moon, moon of April
 Let me see in my dreams
 The peach tree in the heart of saffron,
 The fish who laughs at the pattering sleet,
 The bird who, in the distance like a horn,
 Sweetly awakens the dead.
 And above all, above all the land
 Where there is joy, where there is light,
 Where, sunlit with primroses,
 All the guns have been destroyed.

Moon, beautiful moon, moon of April,
 Moon.



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 brille en frétilant,
La Tarentelle.

Sus! Les danseurs, en voici deux,
Foule sur l'eau, foule autour d'eux!"
L'homme est bien fait, la fille est belle,
Mais gare à vous, sans y penser,
C'est jeu d'amour que de danser
La Tarentelle!

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

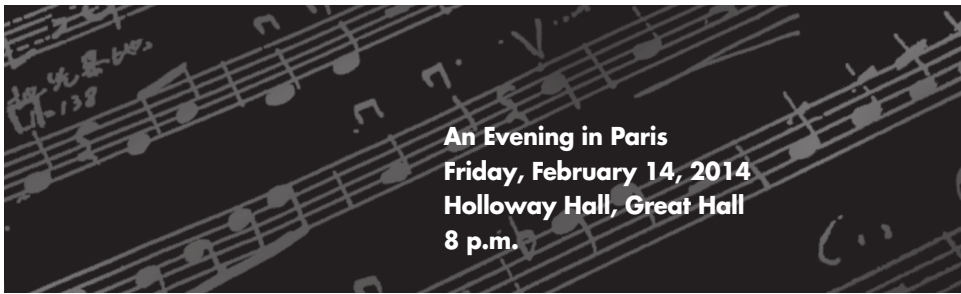
Text by Marc Monnier (1827-1885)

Tarantella

The moon rises and shines in the sky,
It is broad daylight at midnight!
"Come with me," she told me,
"Come onto the sizzling sand,
Where jumps and sparkles, wriggling,
The Tarantella.

Come on! The dancers, here are two,
A crowd in the water, a crowd around them!"
The man is well-built, the girl is beautiful,
But watch out, without thinking about it,
It is a game of love than of dancing
The Tarantella!

Sweet is the sound of the tambourine!
"If I were the daughter of a sailor
And you a fisherman," she said to me,
"Every night, joyously
We would dance lovingly together
The Tarantella."



About the Artists

A “charmingly goofy” soprano (*The Washington Post*) who exhibits “stunning singing and acting” (*The Classical Voice of North Carolina*), **Shaina Virginia Kuhn** has brought her voice to many roles, concerts and recitals. Recently, she sang Jake Heggie’s *At the Statue of Venus* for the Lyric Opera of Baltimore and the role of Yum-Yum (*Mikado*) at the International Gilbert and Sullivan Festival.

A dedicated interpreter of new works, Kuhn has been entrusted with the workshops and premieres of some of America’s finest living composers. At Long Leaf Opera’s annual summer festival, she sang the lead soprano roles in scenes from Tina Davidson’s Pearl and Michael Dellaira’s *The Secret Agent* and covered the roles of Venus in Zachary Wadsworth’s *Venus and Adonis* and Grace Kelly in Michael Daugherty’s *Jackie O*.

In other repertoire, Kuhn has portrayed Marianne in *Tartuffe*, Valencienne in *The Merry Widow*, Yum-Yum in *The Mikado*, Barbarina in *The Marriage of Figaro* and Mademoiselle Silberklang in *Der Schauspielfeldirektor*. She has sung with companies including Baltimore Opera, Long Leaf Opera, Annapolis Chamber Orchestra, Opera Company of Northern Virginia, Lyric Opera of Baltimore, Capitol Opera Richmond, Classical Revolution, Virginia Repertory Theater, Victorian Lyric Opera, Aurora Opera Theater and Baltimore Concert Opera.

The soprano also has performed leading ladies of the theater, including Johanna (*Sweeney Todd*), Isabel (*Scrooge*) and Lady Larkin (*Once Upon a Mattress*).

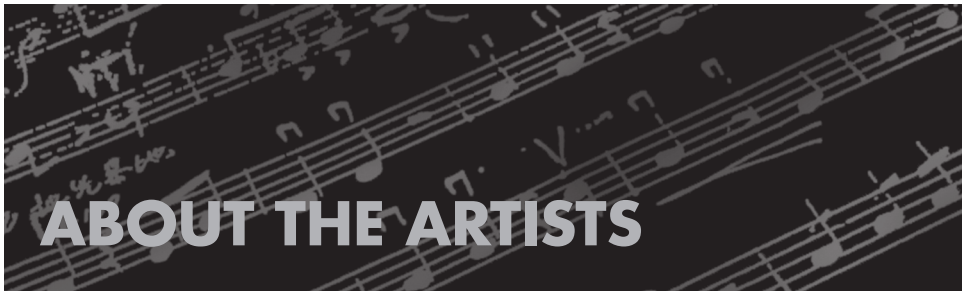
Kuhn sings regularly with the Lyric Opera of Baltimore’s education and outreach program and maintains a private studio in Washington, D.C. in addition to teaching voice and vocal performance workshop at Harford Community College.

Soprano **Barbara Ann Peters** has been praised as a “highly articulate and sensitive artist” “with a gloriously soaring voice” whose “singing and acting has proper poise.” From *The News & Observer* (Raleigh, NC): she... “brings an affecting vulnerability to alcohol-addled Birdie, her warm soprano making the most of several big moments...”

Among her opera/operetta credits are appearances with Maggio Musicale Fiorentino (*Sadun, Sadun*, an opera-ballet), Goldovsky Opera Company as Gilda (*Rigoletto*), Eurydice (*Orfeo ed Eurydice*) and Marzelline (*Fidelio*); Henry Street Opera as Anna (*Die lustigen Weiber von Witwe*), Susanna (*Le Nozze di Figaro*) and Despina (*Così fan tutte*); Manhattan Opera as Juliette (*Roméo et Juliette*); John Harms Theater as Elizabeth (*Robert and Elizabeth*); Alabama Symphony as Maria (*West Side Story*); York Theater as Minerva (*The Golden Apple*); and Berkshire Choral Festival as Jemmy (*Guillaume Tell*), Adele (*Die Fledermaus*), Casilda (*Gondoliers*) and Phyllis (*Iolanthe*).

Peters made her Carnegie Hall debut in Mahler’s Eighth Symphony with Canterbury Choral Society and has been a featured soloist with Greensboro Oratorio Singers; Augusta Choral Society; New York Chamber Symphony; Dallas, Santa Fe and Springfield symphony orchestras; New York’s *Schubertiade*; I Cantori di New York; Manhattan String Quartet at Music Mountain; and the Berkshire Choral Festival. The soprano has sung numerous recitals in New York venues and along the eastern seaboard. Peters has been a featured soloist on the William S. Newman Artists Series in Chapel Hill, NC, and has toured with UNC’s Women’s Glee Club as soloist in Debussy’s *La Damselle Elue*, and has sung recitals at Reynolda House, Wake Forest University, Guilford College, Meredith College, Greensboro College, Duke University, UNC-Greensboro and UNC-CH. She is especially delighted to share the stage with former UNC-CH pupil, soprano Shaina Kuhn.

(Continued)

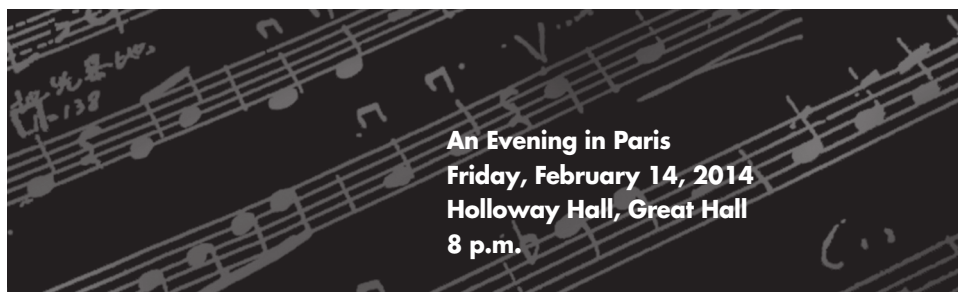


ABOUT THE ARTISTS

Her fondness for the French Repertoire stems from a year of intense private study in Paris with baritone and coach Pierre Bernac, author of *The Interpretation of French Song*. During her stay in Paris, Peters helped coach her colleagues in French and was invited by Bernac to return the following spring to give a recital in the intimate Salle Cortot at L'École Normale de Musique, which was followed by a WGBH-Boston all-French repertoire recital shortly afterwards. While living in Rome, Peters offered recitals dedicated to French Song at Castel St. Angelo, Circolo Marchigiano, St. Paul's American Episcopal Church, the American Academy, among others. In addition to teaching French Diction at UNC-CH and UNC-Greensboro, she has served as clinician in French repertoire at Mid-Atlantic NATS, The Boston Conservatory and American Singers Opera Project. Peters was lauded for her lecture/recital *Les Mélodies de Claude Debussy* that inaugurated *Claude Debussy: A Sesquicentennial Tribute* at Meredith College in 2012.

In addition to her recitals in Paris and Rome, the soprano made her European television debut in recitals for the RAI from the historic Accademia Chigiana in Siena, Italy, and accompanied herself on historic keyboards at the Deutsches Museum, Munich. A new music advocate with performances broadcast by WQXR-New York and WGBH-Boston, she has presented several New York and world premieres by American composers George Crumb, John Harbison, Richard Hundley, Mira Spektor, Ezra Laderman, James Carlson, Louis Rosen and Caroline Mallonée, among others. Twice a guest soprano for the American Society for Jewish Music, Peters has also been presented in concert on the *Joy of Singing* series in New York.

Currently visiting faculty at UNC School of the Arts and adjunct faculty at High Point University, Peters was adjunct faculty at Elon University from 2008-2012 and a lecturer and adjunct at UNC-Greensboro from 2002 until 2008. She served on the voice faculty at UNC-CH from 1999 until 2007, where she was patroness of Sigma Alpha Iota's UNC Iota Tau chapter, and where she was nominated for the 2004 Outstanding Faculty Award for contributions made to students on and off campus. Currently on the Ethics Committee at NATS, Peters is a veteran officer of The NC Chapter of NATS and has taught at Mannes College of Music (NY), Hartt School of Music (CT) and has given master classes at The Boston Conservatory, Texas Christian University, Meredith College and University of North Carolina School for the Arts. In demand as clinician, she has worked with choirs in Chapel Hill and Greensboro, NC; Augusta, GA; and Long Island, NY; and she has served on faculty at the Berkshire Choral Festival from 1982-2007. Peters was executive director of Greensboro Opera from 2009-2011, is a member of the prestigious Pi Kappa Lambda Music Honor Society and is an active Certified Voice Therapist, McClosky Institute of Voice, for whom she leads workshops and seminars. Peters holds the B.M. in vocal performance from The Boston Conservatory, a License de *Concert Chant* from L'École Normale de Musique, Paris, and the M.M. in vocal performance from UNC-Greensboro. She has maintained a private studio for over three decades – currently in Greensboro, NC.



Pianist James Harp is well known in the Baltimore area as a pianist, organist, stage director, singer, composer, lecturer, writer and conductor. He began his musical career at age 7 as a church soloist, and he has concertized in Italy, France, Greece, Israel, the Bahamas and extensively throughout his native Southern United States. Among his more unusual musical experiences include singing “My Old Kentucky Home” as a soloist on National Television at the 1981 Kentucky Derby, coaching Lily Tomlin in arias from *Aida* for an Emmy-nominated *Homicide* segment and nearly drowning after falling backward into the Sea of Galilee while conducting madrigals.

He is the artistic director of Lyric Opera Baltimore, a grand opera company for Baltimore, being supported by the Lyric Opera House, where he oversees opera productions in the theatre as well as directs a significant program of education/outreach programs. He is also heavily involved in pursuing and nurturing partnerships and collaborations with arts organizations both locally and nationally in order to sustain the art forms of opera and music for perpetuity.

He holds bachelor's and master's degrees from the Peabody Conservatory of Music. He was the artistic administrator of the Baltimore Opera Company beginning in 1989 and was the chorus master since 1993. Since 1983, he has served as organist for the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, and since 1987 has been the cantor (organist/choirmaster) for Baltimore's historic St. Mark's Lutheran Church, where he also serves as artistic director of the St. Cecilia Society Concert Series. He formerly served as music director of the Baltimore Men's Chorus from 1989-1995 and was the accompanist for the Baltimore Symphony Chorus from 1982-1999. He is very proud to be the principal accompanist and chorus master for Baltimore Concert Opera since spring of 2009.

Knowledgeable in many areas of music, he has lectured extensively on opera in many venues, including the Towson Arts Festival, the Maryland Opera Society, the Biblical Archaeology Society and the Joy of Opera Series. He is on the faculty of the Johns Hopkins School of Continuing Education. Successful as a writer of operatic children's programs, he and his work *Puppets & Paggiacci* were featured on a PBS documentary. His reworking and staging of Puccini's *Gianni Schicchi* – changed from Florence, Italy in 1299 to Florence, Alabama, in 1929 and retitled *The Tale of Johnnie S. Kickey* – has been well received and performed in several regional opera companies and universities. He has served on several national advisory boards as a consultant and advocate for arts agencies.

As a stage director, he has directed many operas for Artscape, Baltimore's summer festival of the arts, including *The Medium*, *Too Many Sopranos*, *Slow Dusk* and *Beauty and the Beast*. He has directed *The Sorcerer*, *HMS Pinafore*, *The Gondoliers*, *Iolanthe* and *The Pirates of Penzance* with the Young Victorian Opera Company. He has also staged operas at Anne Arundel Community College, where his version of *The Elixir of Love*, transplanted to Tennessee during Prohibition, was well received, as well as his productions of *The Magic Flute* and *Die Fledermaus*.

Sought after as an orchestral musician and accompanist, he has been featured as soloist with the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra in works ranging from Saint-Saens' “Organ” Symphony to Lloyd Webber's *The Phantom of the Opera*. He has appeared as continuo (harpichord/organ) soloist with many local orchestral and choral groups, where his informed and histrionic realizations of baroque figured bass have won acclaim. Accompanist to many local singers, many of whom feature his own compositions, he has also accompanied such artists as Leontyne Price, Marilyn Horne, Sherrill Milnes, Licia Albanese, Anna Moffo, Chris Merritt, Lucine Amara and Paul Plishka.

An aficionado of gardening, theology, genealogy and all things Victorian, he lives in the Bolton Hill neighborhood of Baltimore with his three gregarious pugs, Ginger, Jewell and Woodrow.



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Dr. William M. Folger, *Chair, Department of Music*

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A Few Helpful Reminders of How to Be an Involved Audience Member

- Please arrive early to ensure that you will have a seat.
- Please turn off your cell phone instead of just silencing it so you will not be tempted to text during the performance. Untimely cell phone interruptions during a performance disrupt the performers and the other audience members, please be mindful of others.
- Please remain in your seat during the performance. If you must leave the concert hall, please wait until intermission. If it is an emergency, please try to leave during the applause.
- Please respect the performers by staying seated for the entire performance.
- As an involved audience member, it is polite to clap at the entrance of the performers.
- It is polite to save quiet whispering or talking, if necessary, between songs, as opposed to during a performance.

Ideas adapted from Concert Etiquette Tips from NAJME's Teacher Success Kit.

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