Faculty Recital

BARBARA FORD, Soprano
MARCIA SCHIRMER, Piano
Assisted by
Paul Carlson, Violin
Walter Osadchuk, Cello

Thursday, February 17, 1972
McCray Auditorium
8:00 p.m.

PROGRAM

I
Handel ........................................ TWO ARIAS
(1685-1759)
Meine Seele Hürt
Flammende Rose
Miss Ford, Miss Schirmer,
Dr. Carlson, Mr. Osadchuk

II
Poulenc ........................................ "Fiançailles Pour Rire"
(1899-1963)
La Dame d'André
Dans l'herbe
Il vole
Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant
Violon
Fleurs

III
Bernstein ......................................... I Hate Music
(1904-)

INTERMISSION

IV
Schubert ......................................... FIVE SONGS
(1797-1828)
Lachen und Weinen
Du liebst mich nicht
Im Frühling
Gretchen am Spinnrade
Ganymed

V
Puccini ........................................... In quelle trine morbide
(From "Manon Lescaut")
Quando men vo
(From "La Bohème")
BARBARA FORD, Soprano  
Program Notes

HANDEL:

Meine Seele Hört
My soul perceived through the senses how, to magnify the Creator, all things rejoice, all things laugh. Perceive the blossoming splendor of spring; it is the speech of nature speaking clearly through our sight from every side around us.

Flammende Rose
Flaming rose, worldly adornment, the shining garden's bewitching glory: Eyes that behold your splendor must stand in wonder before your grace, created by the touch of God's hand.

POULENC:

La dame d'Andre
Andre does not know the woman whom he took by the hand today. Has she a heart for the tomorrows and for the evening? Has she a soul? He loved her for her color and for her good humor. Will she fade on the white leaves of his album of better days?

Dans l'herbe
I can say nothing more nor do anything for him. He died for his beautiful one, outside, under the tree of the Law in deep silence in open countryside in the grass. He died unnoticed, crying out in his passing, calling, calling me. But as I was far from him and because his voice no longer carried, he died alone in the woods beneath the tree of his childhood. And I can say nothing more nor do anything for him.

Il vole
As the sun is setting it is reflected in the polished surface of my table. It is the round cheese of the fable in the beak of my silver scissors. But where is the crow? It flies. I have a thief for a lover. The crow flies and my lover steals, the thief of my heart breaks his word and the thief of the cheese is not here. And where is my lover? He flies. I weep under the weeping willow mingling my tears with its leaves. I weep because I want to be desired and I am not pleasing to my thief. But where then is love? It flies.

Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant
My corpse is as limp as a glove and my two hidden pupils make two white pebbles of my eyes. Two white pebbles in my face, two mutes in the silence still shadowed by a secret and hidden by the burden of things seen. My fingers are joined in a saintly pose resting on the hollow of my groans at the center of my arrested heart. My two feet are the mountains and the last two hills I saw at the moment when I lost the race that the years win. I still resemble myself. Children bear away the memory quickly. Go, go, my life is done. My corpse is as limp as a glove.

Violon
The violin and its player please me. I love these wailings long drawn out on the cord of uneasiness. Like the violin and its player, the heart, formed like a strawberry, offers itself to love like an unknown fruit.

Fleurs
Promised flowers held in your arms. Who brought you these flowers of winter powdered with the sand of the dead: Sand of your kisses, flowers of faded loves are ashes, and in the fireplace a heart beribboned with sighs, burns with its treasured pictures.
SCHUBERT:

Lachen und Weinen
Laughing and weeping at all hours comes, in the case of love, from so many causes. In the morning I laugh for joy, but why I weep in the evening, I don't understand. Weeping and laughing in the case of love, comes from so many causes. In the evening I weep for grief and in the morning I wake with laughter. I must ask my heart, why?

Du liebst mich nicht
My heart is broken, you don't love me. I have confessed my love, but still, you don't love me. The stars, the moon, the sun and the flowers have no meaning, you don't love me.

Im Frühling
I sit on the hillside and remember walking beside him and looking into the well to see his image. Spring is so beautiful. I remember picking blossoms from this very tree. Love's bliss is fleeting because he is no longer here. Now only pain remains. I wish I were a bird in the meadow; I would stay on these trees and sing a song of him the whole summer long.

Gretchen am Spinnrade
My peace is gone; my heart is heavy; I shall never find peace again. Where I am without him is for me the grave, the whole world is turned to call for me. My head is deranged, my mind is shattered. I gaze out of the window in search of him. I know his walk, his noble frame, his smile, his eyes, his speech, his embrace, and ah, his kiss! My bosom yearns to be with him. Ah, might I hold him and kiss him. I should die in his kisses! My peace is gone; my heart is heavy; I shall never find peace again.

Ganymed
In the brightness of morning, how you glow round about me, Spring beloved! My heart is pierced with love by your warmth. Your flowers, your grass press to my heart. You cool the burning thirst in my bosom. The nightingale calls to me. I come, I come! Whither? Ah, Whither? Striving aloft among the clouds, embracing and embraced! Aloft to your bosom, all-loving father!

PUCCINI

"In quelle trine morbide" from Manon Lescaut
Manon, having left her lover Des Grieux to live with the wealthy old Geronte, opines that luxury is not everything. Although she now has riches, she still loves Des Grieux. She remembers their love and the humble cottage where she once lived.

"Quando men vo" from La Bohème
The faithless sweetheart Musetta tries to entice her former lover Marcello. She flaunts her beauty desiring praises and attention. She reminds Marcello of their past affair and begs him to return.