

RICE UNIVERSITY

the
Shepherd
School
of Music



CONSTANCE ORGONAS, SOPRANO

THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1980
8:00 P.M. IN MILFORD HALL

SSM
80.5.1
ORG

ASSISTED BY

MERYL ETTELSON

PROGRAM

La corrispondenza amorosa
Una lacrima
Me voglio fa'na casa

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

Suleika
An dem Mond
Im Abendrot
Rastlose Liebe

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Fleur des Bles
Green
C'est l'Extase
Fantoche

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Intermission

Nacht
Die Nachtigal
Im Zimmer
Sommertage

Alban Berg
(1885-1935)

Im quella trine morbide from "Manon Lescaut"
Non la sospiri from "Tosca"

Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

1. La corrispondenza amorosa [Love Correspondence]

Love letters, the only comfort to my heart, I no longer dare to hide you in my bosom; children of my love, you must perish in the flames lest you should reveal the secret of this love; dear loving and tender letters, you will be only a small pile of ashes. Burn, tokens of love, you will always be engraved in my heart.

Again rapt and exhilarated I want to be, in a moment of love; and I relive the past happiness and still hear the sound of his voice. Dear letters, my joy and my glory, I will hold in my heart a fond memory of you. Burn, tokens of love, you will always be engraved in my heart.

When he knows of such a cruel sacrifice, tears will wet his eye. Dear love letters, let your guilty fate be fulfilled; burn unseen and unpitied. Ah, do not cause the adoration of my beloved to vanish or die, burn, tokens of love, you will always be engraved in my heart.

2. Una lagrima [A Tear Prayer]

Oh God, who can calm with a gesture the rage of a boiling sea,
Oh God, who can give hope and strength to men simply with a gesture,
lay your helpful hand on my longlasting pain. —
I do not ask for the job of a happy heart or enchanting hope,
I only ask for the tear that thaws a frozen heart.
Ah, God, you, who can calm with a gesture the rage of a boiling sea,
you, who can give hope and strength to men, simply with a gesture,
lay your helpful hand on my longlasting pain.

3. Me voglio fà 'na casa [I Want to Build a House, Neapolitan Song]

I want to build a house in the middle of the sea, decorated with
peacock feathers,
tra-la-la.....
with steps of gold and silver and precious stones on the boat.
Tra-la-la.....
When my Nannella appears at the window everyone will say,
"Here rises the sun"
Tra-la-la.....

4. Suleika [Goethe]

What is the meaning of this breeze?
Does the East wind bring me good news?
Its fresh air cools the heart's deep wounds.
It plays with the dust and makes it into light clouds, and travels
on to certain grape leaves and the happy insect folk.
The soft glow of the sun cools my hot cheeks, and also kisses in its
flight the grapes that grow in the fields and hills.
And it brings to me the soft whisper of a thousand greetings from my
friend.
Before this hill darkens, I will be greeted with a thousand kisses.
There, where the high walls glow,
There I will soon find my beloved.
Ah, the true heart and refreshed life will come to me only from his
mouth. Only he can give me breath.

5. An dem Mond [To the Moon] - Höltz

Four, dear moon, pour your silvery shine, through these beech trees,
where phantoms and dreamy beings always fly before me.
Unveil yourself, so that I can find the place where my maiden sat,
and often in the waving of the Beeches and the Linden tree,
forgot the golden city.
Unveil yourself so that I can enjoy the bushes that cooled her
with their rustling.
And I place a crown (of flowers) on every meadow by the brook that
murmured for her.
Then, dear moon, then veil yourself again, and mourn for your friend.
And weep through your flower-like clouds down here, as the one who
is left behind weeps.

6. Im Abendrot [In the Evening Glow] - Lappe

O how beautiful is Thy World,
Father, when it shines like gold;
when Thy radiance descends
and paints the dust with splendor;
when the red that gleams in the clouds
falls upon my silent window.

Could I complain, could I waiver,
doubt Thee and myself?
No, I will carry in my breast
Thy heaven even here;
and this heart, ere it fails,
shall drink in the warmth and relish the light.

7. Rastlose Liebe [Restless Love] - Goethe

Against the snow, the rain, the wind in the midst of the ravines,
through fragrant vapors, ever on!
Ever on! Without rest or repose.
Rather would I struggle through suffering
than to bear so much of the world's job.
All the inclining of heart to heart,
ah, how in its own way it causes pain!
What, shall I run away? Flee to the woods?
All in vain! Crown of life,
fortune without rest, that is love!

8. Fleur des Bles [Flowers of the Grainfield] - Girod

Beside the grainfields, which the breeze
Ripples, and then uncurls
In coquettish disorder,
I found a good opportunity
To gather a bouquet for you.
Fasten it quickly to your bodice;
It is fashioned in your likeness,
As it is made for you . . .
A little bird, I wager,
Has already whispered to you the reason:
This golden grain, it is the wave
Of your blonde hair,
All gold and sun-bright;
This swaying poppy
Is your blood-red lips,
And these cornflowers, lovely mystery!—
Azure specks that nothing can change,
These cornflowers are your eyes,
So blue that one would say they are, on earth,
Two lighting flashes descended from the sky.

9. Green - Verlaine

Here are fruits, flowers, leaves and branches,
And here, also, is my heart which beats only for you.
Do not tear it apart with your two white hands,
And may this humble offering seem sweet to your so lovely eyes.
I come, still covered with dew,
Which the morning wind has turned to frost on my brow.
Permit that my fatigue, reposing at your feet,
May dream of the cherished moments that will refresh it.
On your young bosom let me cradle my head,
Still filled with music from your last kisses;
Let it be soothed after the good storm,
And let me sleep a little, while you rest.

10. C'est L'extase [This is Ecstasy] - Verlaine

This is languorous ecstasy,
This is sensual weariness,
This is all the rustling of forests
In the embrace of the breezes.
This is, through the gray boughs,
The chorus of little voices.
Oh, the faint cool murmur,
It twitters and whispers,
It resembles the gentle cry
Which the ruffled grass exhales.
You might call it, — under the water which eddies —
The muted rolling of pebbles!
This soul which is lamenting
In this subdued plaint,
It is ours, is it not?
Say that it is mine and yours
Which breathes this humble hymn,
So softly, on this mild evening.

11. Fantoches [Phantoms] - Verlaine

Scaramouche and Pulcinella,
Whom wicked intentions have brought together,
Are dark figures gesticulating in the moonlight,
While the excellent Doctor from Bologna
Is leisurely gathering healing herbs
In the dark grass,
While his pertly pretty daughter,
Beneath the bowers, stealthily
Glides, scantily dressed,
In quest of her handsome Spanish pirate,
Whose distress an amorous nightingale
Proclaims at the top of its voice.

12. Nacht [Night] - Hauptmann

Twilight floats above the valley night,
Mists are swaying,
There's a whispering brook.
Now all at once the mists lift:
Oh, look! A great magic land is opened!
Silver mountains stand as tall as dreams,
Silent silver-lit paths cross from a hidden valley and
the noble world is so dreamlike pure.
A silent Beech tree stands shadow black by the pathway;
A wisp of smoke from the far rise ascends quietly alone.
And from the deep valley's darkness,
Lights blink in the silent night.
Drink my soul.
Drink of the solitude.
Come, gaze.

13. Die Nachtigall [The Nightingale] - Storm

The nightingale sang throughout the night with his sweet song
While its echos made the roses spring out.

She was once a wild young maid,
Now she walks deep in meditation,
While carrying in her hand her summer hat and
scorning the sun's flow.
Is it pain or exultation?

14. Im Zimmer [Indoors] - Schlaf

Autumn sunshine.
The beloved evening looks inside so silently.
A little red fire crackles in the fireplace and glows.
So! My head upon your knee;
That is happiness!
When my eyes rest in yours—
How silently the minutes flee.

15. Sommertage [Summer Days] - Hohenberg

Now days come over the world of blue eternity,
And in the summer wind the time flies.
God weaves starry crowns with his blessed hands
Over the wondrous land.
Oh, heart, in days such as these,
What can your lightest song say of your deepest pleasure?
The meadow song stills the breast and words are dumb
Where view after view flies before you
And completely fills your soul.

16. In quelle trine morbide [In those Silken Curtains]

In those silken curtains,
In that gilded alcove,
There's a silence, an icy chill that freezes me.
I, who once knew the fervour of voluptuous caresses
And the most ardent of perfect kisses—
And now to have lost all these things.

O, my humble dwelling,
You will return to me,
Secluded and white as a gentle dream of peace and love.

17. Non la sospiri [Do you not yearn]

Do you not yearn for our little cottage
That surrounded by green awaits you?
Our little shrine, hidden from the world,
Full of love and mystery?
At your side, I sense through the silent starry shadows
The voices of all the earth.
From dark groves where shadows of yesterday
now welcome the hopes of tomorrow,
The night reveals its secret enchantment with promise so tender,
Our foolish hearts at once surrender.
O, wondrous world,
Aflame with the joy and passion of living.
Come, let me know the ardor of your kisses.
Love's folly burns in Tosca's soul.
Ah, my love!