

27 July 2017 - 7:30 PM

Cecelia S. Cohen Recital Hall – East Stroudsburg, PA

Thomas Lehman, baritone

Kimberly Kong, piano

PROGRAM

- | | |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| “Avant de quitter ces lieux ” from <i>Faust</i> | Charles Gounod
(1818-1893) |
| Three Songs, Op. 10 (James Joyce) | Samuel Barber
(1910-1981) |
| Rain Has Fallen | |
| Sleep Now! | |
| I hear an Army | |
| Rückert-Lieder (Friedrich Rückert) | Gustav Mahler
(1860-1911) |
| Um Mitternacht | |
| Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen | |
| <i>PAUSE</i> | |
| “Per me giunto... io morirò” from <i>Don Carlo</i> | Giuseppe Verdi
(1813-1901) |
| Quatre Chansons | |
| <i>Chanson triste</i> (Jean Lahor) | Henri Duparc
(1848-1933) |
| <i>Le manoir de Rosemonde</i> (Robert de Bonnières) | |
| <i>Extase</i> (Jean Lahor) | |
| <i>Phidylé</i> (Leconte de Lisle) | |
| “Stars” from <i>Les Miserables</i> | C. Schönberg |
| “Anthem” from <i>Chess</i> | Björn Ulvaeus,
Benny Andersson |

Charles Gounod (1818-1893)

“Avant de quitter ces lieux” from *Faust*

Libretto: Jules Barbier and Michel Carré

Completed and premiered in 1859, Gounod's *Faust* is widely considered, posthumously, one of his greatest works. A musical transcription of an existing play by Barbier and Carré, *Faust* broke the traditional mold of French opera at the time in that it featured less grandiose musical numbers. In the opera, the audience follows the tragic tale of Faust, an aging scholar who signs a deal with the devil to bring him new life after seeing the image of the young Marguerite. In the next act, Marguerite's brother, Valentin, sings an aria vowing to protect his sister. A tour-de-force style aria, “Avant...” was originally not included in the opera, but later inserted at the request of the baritone.

	Before I leave this town,	The first, the bravest, in the thick of the fray,
	My forefathers' native place,	I shall go and fight for my country.
O holy medal,	To you, Lord and King of Heaven,	And if God should call me to his side,
Which my sister gave me,	Do I entrust my sister.	I shall faithfully watch over you,
On the day of battle	I beg you to defend her	O Marguerite.
Remain on my heart	From every peril,	Before I leave, etc.
To ward off Death!	My beloved sister.	O King of Heaven, hear my prayer
	Freed from this harrowing thought,	And defend Marguerite,
	I shall seek glory in the enemy's ranks,	O King of Heaven.

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

Three Songs, Op. 10

Text by James Joyce

Composed between 1935 and 1937, the Three Songs, Op. 10, share the economy and eloquence of Barber's early stylistic period. The James Joyce poems assembled by the composer share the affinity of suggesting varying states of love. The set is united musically, the tonality of the outer two songs framing the middle one, which lies a third below. Each song culminates in an episode marked by a significant musical departure in which the singer addresses her heart, or that of her beloved.

—Gary Busch

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Rückert Lieder

Text by Friedrich Rückert

Linguist Friedrich Rückert was one of the favorite poets of famed composer Gustav Mahler. While composed around the same time, they do not form a “cycle” as normally seen in other offerings by Mahler. Of the five songs, “Um Mitternacht” and “Ich bin der Welt...” are the most renowned. In “Um Mitternacht”, the poet battles darkness on a literal and figurative level until succumbing to the power of God in a loud, climatic fanfare. “Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen” is one of Mahler’s most beautiful songs and speaks of the peace found when the poet has left the tumultuous world they once inhabited. Mahler, especially at this time, was especially fascinated with reincarnation and the potential glory found after death.

At midnight

At midnight
I awoke
and gazed up to the sky;
No star in the throng of stars
smiled down at me
at midnight.
At midnight
My thoughts went
out to the dark barriers.
No thought of light
brought me comfort
at midnight.
At midnight
I paid close heed
to the beating of my heart;
One single pulse of agony
flared up
at midnight.
At midnight
I fought the battle,
Oh Mankind, of your sufferings;
I could not decide it
with my power
at midnight.
At midnight
I surrendered my power
into your hands!
Lord! over death and life
You keep watch
at midnight!

I have been lost to the world

I have been lost to the world
with which I used to waste so much time,
It has heard nothing from me for so long
that it perhaps believes that I am dead!

It is of no consequence to me
Whether it thinks me dead;
I cannot contradict it,
for in truth I am dead to the world.

I am dead to the world's tumult,
And repose in a quiet realm!
I live alone in my heaven,
In my love, in my song!

© Elizabeth and Joseph Kahn

Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

“Per me giunto... io morirò” from *Don Carlo*

Libretto: Camille du Locie and Joseph Méry

While originally performed in French, *Don Carlo* is often heard in Italian. The plot revolves around the planned marriage of Elisabeth of Valois and Don Carlo, Infante of Spain. With many political motivations, King Philip, Carlo's father, decides to marry Elisabeth instead. Throughout the opera, Carlo forces himself to disguise his love while trusting his dear friend, Marquis of Posa with his secret. As events unfold, Posa, who has eventually become Duke, incriminates himself on behalf of Carlo in order to save his life. However, whilst telling Carlo of this plan, he is shot, and bids adieu with this aria.

It is I, Carlos.

You must escape from this horrid tomb. I
am again happy if I can embrace you. I
have saved you!

We must say farewell here.

Oh, Carlos!

For me the last day has come,
no, we shall never see each other again;
may God reunite us in heaven,
He who rewards the faithful.

I see tears in your eyes;
why do you weep so?
No, take heart, take heart,
the last breath is happy
of him who will die for you.

Carlos, listen, your mother
will be waiting for you at San Yuste tomorrow; she
knows everything.

Oh, I am weakening!

Carlos, give me your hand!
I shall die, but happily,
for so I have been able
to preserve a saviour for Spain!

Ah, do not forget me!

Do not forget me!

You were destined to reign
and I to die for you.

Ah, I shall die, but happily,
for so I was able to preserve
for Spain a saviour!

Ah, do not forget me!

Ah! the ground is giving way under me... give
me... me... your hand...

Oh, save Flanders –

Carlos, farewell... ah... ah!

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Quatre Chansons

Various poets

Henri Duparc, along with Saint-Saëns, was a founding member of the Société nationale, which promoted performances of French music. During his thirty-six years of composition, he published only seventeen songs. Because Henri Duparc became mentally ill midway through his life, he destroyed most of his work. The seventeen songs published are some of the most beautiful ever written for voice. Duparc's style contains broad legato lines and rich accompaniments, with piano parts so dense that they are orchestral in nature.

Sad Song

In your heart, moonlight slumbers,
A gentle summer moonlight,
And to escape the cares of life
I shall drown myself in your light.

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

You will rest my poor head,
Ah! sometimes on your lap,
And recite to it a ballad
That will seem to speak of us;

And from your eyes full of sorrow,
From your eyes I shall then drink
So many kisses and so much love
That perhaps I shall be healed.

Ecstasy

On a pale lily my heart sleeps
a sleep as sweet as death:
exquisite death, death perfumed
with the breath of the beloved:
on your pale breast my heart sleeps...

Rosemonde's manor

With its sudden and voracious tooth,
like a dog, love bit me.
By following my scattered blood,
go, you will be able to follow my tracks.
Take a horse of good breed,
set off, and follow an arduous path,
bog or lost path,
unless the chase exhausts you.
When passing where I passed
you will see that, alone and wounded,
I have wandered this sad world over
and I went to die like this
far, very far, without finding the blue
manor of Rosemonde...

Phidylé

The grass is soft for sleeping beneath the cool poplars,
on the slopes of the mossy springs,
which, gushing from a thousand springs in the flowering
fields, are lost beneath the dark thickets.
Rest, o Phidylé. Midday is beaming
on the foliage, and invites you to sleep.
Through the clover and the thyme, alone, in the full sun,
the flying bees are singing.
A warm fragrance circulates at the bends of the paths,
the red field-poppies bow down,
and the birds, skimming the hillside with their wing,
search for the shade of the sweet briar.
But when, sinking on its resplendent arc, the sun
sees its flames die down,
let your beautiful smile and your sweetest kiss
reward me for waiting!