

Nahandove!

You are leaving, and I will languish in sadness and desires.
I will languish until sunset.
You will return this evening,
oh beautiful Nahandove!

Aoua!

Aoua! Aoua! Beware the white men, you shore-dwellers!
In our fathers' day, white men came to this island.
"Here is land," they were told, "that your women may cultivate it.
Be just, be kind, and become our brothers."

The whites promised, and all the while they were making entrenchments.
They built a menacing fort, and they held thunder in the mouth of a brass cannon;
Their priests tried to give us a God we did not know; and later they spoke of obedience and slavery.

Death would be preferable!
The carnage was long and terrible;
but despite their vomiting thunder which crushed whole armies,
they were all wiped out.
Aoua! Aoua! Beware the white men!

We saw new tyrants, stronger and more numerous, pitching tents on the shore.
Heaven fought for us. It caused rain, tempests and poison winds to fall on them.
They are dead, and we live free!
Aoua! Aoua! Beware the white men, you shore-dwellers!

Il est doux

It is sweet in the hot afternoon to lie under a leafy tree waiting for the evening breeze to bring coolness.

Come, women!
While I rest here under a leafy tree, fill my ears with your sustained tones.
Sing again the song of the girl plaiting her hair,
or the girl sitting near the ricefield chasing away the greedy birds.

Singing pleases my soul; and dancing is nearly as sweet as a kiss.
Tread slowly, and make your steps suggest the postures of pleasure
And ecstatic abandonment.

The breeze is starting to blow; the moon glistens through the mountain trees.
Go and prepare the evening meal.

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UNIVERSITY OF
OREGON

SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND DANCE

FRENCH VOCAL RECITAL



**KAREN ESQUIVEL, CONTRALTO
& GUSTAVO CASTRO, PIANO**

JOINED BY

ARNAUD GHILLEBAERT, VIOLA

MOLLY BARTH, FLUTE

STEVEN POLOGE, CELLO

Beall Concert Hall
Sunday, April 15, 2018 | 7 p.m.



Two arias from the opera *Médée*

Princesse, c'est sur vous que mon espoir se fonde
 Quel prix de mon amour?

Marc-Antoine Charpentier

(1643-1704)

Chansons de Bilitis

La flûte de Pan
 La chevelure
 Le tombeau des Naiades

Claude Debussy

(1862-1918)

Songs of Reynaldo Hahn

A Chloris
 Trois jours de vendange
 Les cygnes
 Le rossignol des lilas
 Paysage

Reynaldo Hahn

(1874-1947)



Six Rondeaux

Le premier jour du mois de Mai
 Gardez le trait de la fenêtre
 Fuyez le trait de Doux Regard
 Hiver, vous n'êtes qu'un vilain
 C'est fait, il n'en faut plus parler
 Puis Ça, puis Là

Jean Berger

(1909-2002)

Arnaud Gillebaert, viola

Chansons madécasses

Nahandove
 Aoua!
 Il est doux de se coucher

Maurice Ravel

(1875-1937)

Molly Barth, flute, Steven Pologe, cello

He hardly listened while I begged.
 It is over.

Puis ça, puis là

Now high, now low, we rise, we fall.
 How swiftly all things come and go!
 Now high, now hello, we rise, we fall.
 How swiftly all things come and go!

Too soon we know that great or small, now high, now low, we rise, we fall.
 The old the times flow beyond memory and new times pale.
 How so? How so? Now high, now low.

Chansons madécasses**Nahandove**

Nahandove, oh beautiful Nahandove!
 The night bird has begun to sing,
 the full moon shines overhead,
 and the first dew is moistening my hair.
 Now is the time: who can be delaying you?
 Oh beautiful Nahandove!

The bed of leaves is ready;
 I have strewn flowers and aromatic herbs;
 it is worthy of your charms,
 oh beautiful Nahandove!

She is coming. I recognize the rapid breathing of someone walking quickly;
 I hear the rustle of her robe that envelopes her.
 It is her! It is the beautiful Nahandove!

Catch your breath, my young sweetheart; rest on my lap.
 How enchanting your gaze is, how lively and delightful the motion of your breast as my hand
 presses it!
 You smile, oh beautiful Nahandove!

Your kisses reach into my soul;
 your caresses burn all my senses.
 Stop or I will die!
 Can one die of ecstasy?
 Oh beautiful Nahandove!

Pleasure passes like a flash;
 your sweet breathing becomes calmer,
 your moist eyes close again,
 your head droops,
 and your raptures fade into weariness.
 Never were you so beautiful, oh beautiful

Displeasure, say, gave me this sad and shabby livery to display.
The first day of the month of May.”

Gardez le trait de la fenêtre

Beware what from a window flies,
Young men, who prowling, pass below!
Swifter than bow or crossbow, you can be felled by glancing eyes.

Look neither right nor left, but keep your eyes lowered as you go.
Beware what from a window flies,
Young men, who prowling, pass below!

Short of a very wise doctor at hand the instant you are laid low,
God help you!
No, one so stricken calls for a priest before he dies.

Fuyez le trait de doux regard

Flee fast from the arrows of sweet eyes, my heart,
You being so little steeled,
Too tender equal arms to wield,
And none will call it cowardice.

Sooner or later you fall prize.
If you engage, your fate is sealed.

Retreat to where the standards of strong I difference rise.
Should you yield to pleasures in the open field, God help you!
For their captive dies.

Hiver, vous n’êtes qu’un vilain

Winter, you are nothing but a villain.
Learn courtesy from Summer,
Who is kind and gay.
Witness how April and May are ever in his company.

Summer, in his green livery decks the woods, the fields, the flowers and the plains
With many colored spots and specks, as Nature’s heraldry ordains.
But Winter, you hurl snow, wind, rain, hail, cold and gray.
You should be banished away.

I tell you with out flattery: Winter, you are nothing but a villain!

C’est fait, il n’en plus parler

It is over, let no more be said. My own heart has deserted me,
He has joined the rebel cause to be in love! How gladly he sped off!

In vain I hold my head and take it badly.
It’s over, let no more being said, my own heart has deserted me.

He laughs and does not shed one tear on my piteous pleas that I cannot live without him.

Two arias from the opera *Médée*

Princesse, c’est sur tous que mon espoir se fonde

Princess, my hopes are founded on you.
The destiny of Médée is to be a vagabond.
Ready as I am to leave this place, I leave in your hands that which I love the most.
I know that a sincere pity for my children has touched your heart.
Take care of them and allow that a mother, at least in her exile, shall taste this sweetness.
It shall be for my desires a great victory, if, in my sad fate, the Heavens justifies them.
I say nothing to you of Jason,
Jason will take care of his glory.

Quel prix de mon amour

Such is the price for my love, such is the fruit for my sufferings.
He fears the tears that he forces me to shed; insensitive to the tenderest fire that ever burnt in a heart, when my sighs may stop the injustice of his designs.
He flees in order to not hear them.
Such is the price of my love! Such is the fruit of my sufferings.
I forced a hundred Monsters to yield before him.
In my heart, wherein reigned a tranquil peace,
ever ready to undertake anything,
I succeeded in ridding myself of all my natural traits.
If impetuous thoughts try to overcome me, I made it a point of honor to resist them.
And forgetting all the oaths that he made a hundred times to me,
The new commitment that love has led him into,
Separation, Banishment are the sad results of the eternal homage that I must await.
Such is the price of my love! Such is the fruit of my crimes.

Chansons de Bilitis

La flûte de Pan

For the festival of Hyacinthus
He gave me a syrinx,
a set of pipes made from well-cut reed,
joined with the white wax that is sweet to my lips like honey.
He is teaching me to play, as I sit on his knees; but I tremble a little.
He plays it after me, so softly that I can scarcely hear it.
We are so close that we have nothing to say to one another;
but our songs want to converse,
and our mouths are joined as they take turns on the pipes.
It is late: here comes the song of the green frogs, which begins at dusk...
My mother will never believe I spent so long searching for my lost waistband.

La chevelure

He told me: “Last night I dreamed.
Your hair was around my neck, like a black necklace round my neck
and on my chest.”

“I was stroking your hair, and it felt like my own; thus the same tresses joined us forever, mouth on mouth, just as two laurels often have only one root.”

“And little by little I felt, since our limbs were so entwined, that I was becoming you and you were entering me like my dream.“

When he finished, he gently put his hands on my shoulders, and gazed at me with a gaze so tender, that I lowered my eyes with a shiver

Le Tombeau des Naïades

I walked along the woods covered with frost; my hair, in front of my mouth, flowered with tiny icicles, and my sandals were heavy with mud and packed snow.

He told me: “What are you looking for?”

“I’m following the tracks of the satyr – his little cloven hoof prints alternate like holes in a white cloak.“

He told me: “The satyrs are dead.

“The satyrs and the nymphs, too.

For thirty years there has not been such a terrible winter.

The marks you see are of a billy-goat!

But let’s stay here, where their tomb is.”

And with the iron of his hoe,

he broke the ice of the spring where the water-nymphs used to laugh.

He took up large pieces of cold ice,

And, lifting them toward the pale sky,

He looked through them.

Songs of Reynaldo Hahn

A Chloris

If it is true, Chloris, that you love me,

(But I hear that you love me well),

I don’t believe that even kings have ever had a happiness like mine.

How unwelcome Death would be, if it replaced my fortune with heaven!

Everything said about ambrosia fails to touch my best fantasy,

If I had to give up the charms of your glance.

Trois jours de vendange

I met her on a grape harvest day,

Her skirt tucked up and dainty feet.

Without her yellow chemisette and without her hair in a bun,

with an air of a bacchante and the eyes of an angel.

She was leaning on the arm of a charming companion.

I met her in the fields of Avignon, on a harvest day.

The plain was gloomy and the sky burned.

She walked alone with trembling steps.

Her eyes shone with a strange flame.

I shiver again when I recall how I have seen you,

dear white phantom, on a harvest day.

I met her on a harvest day and I still dream of it, almost every day:

The coffin was covered with velvet.

The black drape had a double fringe.

The sisters of Avignon wept all around.

The vine had too many grapes... Love had reaped the harvest.

Les Cygnes

Your soul is a lake of love, in which my desires are the Swans.

Look how they circle, how they trace lines.

Adventurous travelers, they float with open wings... nothing escapes their notice, from blue waters to green islands.

Noisy and pompous, some are of an unequaled whiteness, desires borne amidst the fragrances under the sun of Bengal!

Others, silent and black, have a mysterious look... desires borne during the night, where all slumbers upon the earth...

Countless are these birds which your soul sees unfolding! So many are now in the water and so many still to be born!

Le rossignol des lilas

O, first nightingale that comes to the lilac under my window.

It is sweet to me to recognize your voice! No accent is like yours!

Faithful to loving bonds, trill again, divine little being!

Night or day, how much your hymn to love penetrates me!

So much ardor makes the echo of ancient Aprils be reborn in me.

O, first nightingale that comes!

Paysage

Quite close to the murmuring sea,

I know a hidden corner in the land of Brittany, where, on Autumn days,

I would love take you, my dear!

Oak trees surrounding a fountain, a few scattered beech trees, an old deserted mill.

A spring’s clear water reflect the green of your siren’s eyes.

In the morning, the chickadee under the yellow foliage will come to sing for us...

And the sea, night and day, will accompany our caresses of love with its infinite bass!

Six Rondeaux

Le premier jour du mois de Mai

The first day of the month of May,

In drab and in a faded green,

Alas! I found my heart was clad -

God! – in what pitiful array!

I asked him at once to say how he had such a costume,

The first day of the month of May, in drab and in a faded green.

He answered me, “I will not betray the reason; it is much too mad.