Winter 2-5-1970

Marshall University Music Department Presents a Faculty Recital, Jane Schleicher, Soprano

Jane Schleicher

Follow this and additional works at: http://mds.marshall.edu/music_perf

Part of the Fine Arts Commons, and the Music Performance Commons

Recommended Citation
http://mds.marshall.edu/music_perf/146

This Recital is brought to you for free and open access by the Performance Collection at Marshall Digital Scholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Performances by an authorized administrator of Marshall Digital Scholar. For more information, please contact zhangj@marshall.edu.
MARSHALL UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC
FACULTY RECITAL
JANE SCHLEICHER, SOPRANO
ASSISTED BY
MARY SHEP MANN, PIANO

Evelyn Hollberg Smith Music Hall
Thursday, February 5, 1970
8:15 p.m.
PROGRAM

I.

A Chloris

If you truly love me, Chloris, my riches are far greater than those of kings.

Quand je fus pris au pavillon

When I found myself in the summer-house of my lady, I was like a butterfly that flutters above a flickering candle.

Infidélité

Here is the elm tree that rocks the shadows on the path. Here is the fragrant canopy of ebony trees and lilacs where we evaded the heat of the day. The air is pure, the grass is fragrant. Nothing at all is changed, but you.

Les Cygnes

My soul is a lake of love where my desires are the swans. Adventurous travellers, they float with open wings. Some are of a whiteness without equal while others, silent and black, have a mysterious look. Dreams born during the night, when all is slumbering on the earth. Countless are these birds and so many still to be born.

Le Printemps

Spring is the season of fragrant lilacs, of lovers who stroll in the gentle winds. Countless dreams nourish hearts still heavy with the dusk of winter.

II.

Sérénade

Your large tender eyes seem like islands that float on an azure lake. With the cool light of your tranquil eyes, give me peace and make me pure. I was dreaming of the peace of the islands, on an evening thrilling and clear.

Les Papillons

The snow-white butterflies float in swarms over the sea. Lovely butterflies, when may I take to the blue road of the sky? Without taking a single kiss to the rose, I would go to your half-closed lips, flower of my soul, and there I would die.
Le temps des lilas
Ernest Chausson
The time of lilacs and the time of roses will not return this spring. The winds have changed, the skies are sombre, and we will never again gather the blooming lilacs and roses. The time of lilacs and the time of roses, with our love, is dead forever.

Soupir
Henri Duparc
Never to see nor to hear her, but always to wait for her. To open one’s arms out, and tired of waiting, to close them on the void. But yet, always to hold them out to her, always to love her.

Élegie
Henri Duparc
Do not whisper his name! Let him sleep in the shade, where cold and without glory, repose his remains. Silent and cold fall our tears, like the dew of the night which moistens the grass. Our tears, shed in secret, will keep his memory fresh and green in our hearts.

INTERMISSION

III.

Cinq Melodies Populaires Grecques
Maurice Ravel
Le Réveil de la Mariee
Là-bas vers l’Eglise
Quelกลamt
Chanson des Cueilleuses de lentisques
Tout Gai!

IV.

Fleur des Bîés
Claude Debussy
A gentle wind ripples the tassels of corn in coquettish disarray. This field of golden corn, it is your blond hair, all gold from the sun. The red poppy is your mouth, and the cornflowers, beautiful mysteries, are your blue eyes... so blue that they resemble two stars fallen from the skies.

Dans le Jardin
Claude Debussy
Furtively I watched you in the garden. I saw you, child, and suddenly my heart trembled; I loved you. I saw your golden hair and your face, childlike and pure. Your blue eyes with their tender gaze, a body frail yet charming, a voice of May, and gestures of April I loved you!
L'Ombre des Arbres
Claude Debussy
Reflections of trees fade in the mist of the river, while in the branches turtle-doves plaintively sing. Traveller, how many hopes and dreams have vanished within this pale countryside?

Colloque sentimental
Claude Debussy
In a dark and sombre wood, two spectres invoke the past.
She: “Do you remember when we loved one another?”
He: “That time means nothing to me.”
She: “Does memory wake no echoes?”
He: “None.”
She: “How I wish those days had lasted.”
He: “They could not. All hope is lost in the black sky.”
And so they walked on, while only the night knew their secret.

Lia’s Recitative and Aria (“L’Enfant Prodigue”) Claude Debussy
As one year follows another, I continue my futile search for my son. In spite of my grief, there are many cherished moments. There are memories of pleasant evenings when tasks were done and thanks were given to a benificent God. And among pious families, the young men and women exchanged chaste vows of devotion. Others find contentment with their children while I remain inconsolable. “My child, why did you leave me?”