

THE NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
Founded in 1867

Home
page

Gunther Schuller, President

presents

A VOICE RECITAL
by

ELIZABETH PARCELLS, SOPRANO
(Candidate, Master of Music degree, 1976)

Student of Mark Pearson

Coached and accompanied by Terry Decima

DR. ARNE

THE MORNING

The glitt'ring sun
The lark
The village up
O, that on th'enameled green
Go gentle gales

CLAUDE DEBUSSY

FÊTES GALLANT

En Sourdine
Fantôche
Clair de Lune

W.A. MOZART

VORREI SPIEGARVI O DIO

INTERMISSION

IGOR STRAVINSKY

TWO POEMS AND THREE JAPANESE
LYRICS

The Flower
The Dove
Akahito
Mazatsumi
Tsaraiuki

RICHARD STRAUSS

DREI LIEDER DER OPHELIA,
OPUS 67

Wie erkenn ich mein Treulieb
Guten Morgen
Sie trugen ihn

VIER LIEDER AUS C. BRENTANO,
OPUS 68

Säusle Liebe Myrte
An die Nacht
Amor
Als mir dein Lied erklang

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1976 at 8:00 P.M.

RECITAL HALL

PROGRAM NOTES

II. EN SOURDINE Muted

Serene in the twilight created by the high branches, let our love be imbued with this profound silence. Let us blend our souls, our hearts, and our enraptured senses, amidst the faint languor of the pines and arbutus. Half close your eyes, cross your arms on your breast, and from your weary heart drive away forever all plans. Let us surrender to the soft and rocking breath which comes to your feet and ripples the waves of russet lawn. And when, solemnly, the night shall descend from the black oaks, the voice of our despair, the nightengale, shall sing.

FANTOCHES Phantoms

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 pretty daughter, beneath the bowers, stealthily glides, half nude, in quest of her handsome Spanish pirate whose distress an amorous nightengale proclaims at the top of his lungs.

CLAIR DE LUNE Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape where charming masqueraders and dancers are promenading, playing the lute and dancing, and almost sad beneath their fantastic disguises, while singing in the minor mode of triumphant love and the pleasant life. They seem not to believe their happiness, and their song blends with the moonlight, the calm moonlight, sad and lovely, which sets the birds in the trees to dreaming, and makes the fountains sob with ecstasy, the tall slim fountains among the marble statues.

III. VORREI SPIEGARVI O DIO I long to tell you

I long to tell you, oh god, of my anguish, but it is instead my fate to weep and remain silent.

Ah Count, go, run, fly, far from me. Your beloved Emilia waits for you, she whom you have deigned to love. Ah the merciless stars are against me. Leave me, I must stay behind, oh god, leave me!

IV. The Flower

Forget-me-nots, of love's sweet discourse, sweet flower of tender love's confessions. For my love, the lace opens its blue petals, and the clear water on the stones is more lovely where you bloom; your little sister, star light in the sky shines and smiles. Forget-me-nots, of love's sweet discourse, small eye so sweet, so blue, sweet lacey flower, do you hear my sweet vows?

The Dove

The bird on the housetop alights, where then? There, can you see the dove so white, so sweet? The red rose blooms there. The dove has approached it, he has perched himself upon it, he charms and seduces it, then flies away, he has escaped. Alas pretty white dove, don't go. Be less wicked. Alas pretty white dove, return for a moment.

Akahito

Let us go down to the garden. I want to show you the white flowers. The snow falls... Are these all flowers here, or snow...white?

Mazatsumi

April appears. The ice has broken its shell and the joyful riverlet's waves are foaming. They want to be the first white flowers of joyful spring.

Tsaraiuki

What does one begin to see so white in the distance? One would say there were clouds between the hills. The cherry orchards are opened. At last the spring has come.

V. WIE ERKENN ICH MEIN TREULIEB

How will I know my true love from all others? By his cockal shell hat and staff and sandle shoes. He is dead and gone maidens. At his head green grass, at his feet a stone. On his bier, white as snow many dear flowers weep. They go to a watery grave, o woe! before a loving glance.

GUTEN MORGEN, S'IST SANKT VALENTINSTAG

Good morning, it's Valentine's Day. So early before dawn I, young maid, tap on your window. I would like to be your Valentine. The young man draws on his pants and comes to the door, lets in the maiden who, as a maiden, will nevermore go forth. By St. Niclaus and Charitas, What a shameless gender! A young man will do whatever he can get away with. She says, "E're you played with me, you promised to marry me." "I would not have broken it, if you had not come here this morning."

SIE TRUGEN IHN AUF DER BAHRE BLOSS

They carry him on the barren bier, mourn, mourn for him, the beloved one. Many a tear falls into the deep grave. Farewell my dove. It is my young fresh Hansel who pleases me. And will he come to you nevermore? He is dead. O woe. Go to your grave, he'll come to you no more. His beard was white as snow, his hair like flakes of it. He is gone and no mourning can bring him back. May his soul be in peace and with all Christian souls. Therefore we pray, "God be with him."

VI. SAUSLE, LIEBE MYRTHE

Soft, lovely Myrtle! How quiet the world is. The moon, the starshepherd in the clear heaven field drives the cloud sheep toward the starlight spring. Sleep my friend, until I am with you again. Soft, lovely Myrtle and dream in starlight. The turtledove coos to her brood, silently the cloud sheep draw near the starlight fountain. Sleep my friend... Do you hear how the river rushes? Do you hear the crickets chirping? Quietly let us listen. Happy is he who expires in dreaming. Happy when the clouds roll, when the moon sings a lullaby. Oh how happy he that flies on winged dreams toward the heavens plucking stars like flowers. Sleep, dream, fly. I'll wake you soon and be happy.

AN'DIE NACHT

Holy night, bound with stars, heaneny freedom. All that the light illumines is united, all wounds bleed in the red of evening. Bjelbogs lance sinks into the heart of the satiated earth, which has dipped a rose into the dark breeze. Holy night, chaste bride! Your sweet longing is veiled when the wedding goblet overflows, running over in the ardent night, into day! Holy night, chaste bride!

AMOR

On the fire sat the child Amor and was blinded. With his little wings he fanned the flames and laughed. Fanning, laughing, naughty child. Ah the child's wings have caught fire! Amor runs swiftly. O how the heat pains him. He beats his wings and cries loudly. In the shepherd's lap he escapes, crying for help. And the shepherd helps the child Amor, afraid and blind. Shepherd look out, your heart is burning! See how quickly the flames waken. Guard yourself from the naughty child. Fanning, laughing, naughty child.

ALS MIR DEIN LIED ERKLANG

Your song resounds! I've heard it as though the world had drawn it from roses. The colorful butterfly which flew in springtime and the devout bee have returned to you. I long for roses until your song resounds to me. The nightengale calls. Ah my rest, sweet swansong of the world which listens, the stars look down from the sky. The stars and roses are set in motion as your song resounds. No tone is in vain; the springtime which sighed from love has, since you sang, plunged itself into the passionate river which was my life in sunset, until your song resounded to me.