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Illinois State University Faculty Recital: Kathleen Randles, Mezzo-Soprano Paul Borg, Piano

Kathleen Randles Mezzo-Soprano
Illinois State University

Paul Borg Piano

Gregory Hamilton Cello

Kim Risinger Flute

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Illinois State University
School of Music

Illinois State University
Faculty Recital

Kathleen Randles, *Mezzo soprano*

Paul Borg, *Piano*

With

Gregory Hamilton, *Cello*

Kim Risinger, *Flute*

Center for the Performing Arts

Tuesday Evening

January 28, 2003

8:00 p.m.

This is the Seventy-second program of the 2002-2003 Season

Program

La captive
Le jeune pâtre breton
Premiers transports

Gregory Hamilton, *cello*

L'invitation au voyage
Extase
Au pays où se fait la guerre

La reine de coeur
Violon
C'est ainsi que tu es
Fêtes galantes

Intermission

Chansons madécasses
Nahandove
Aoua!
Il est doux

Kim Risinger, *flute*
Gregory Hamilton, *cello*

from *La Périchole*
"Ah! quel dîner je viens de faire"

Hector Berlioz
(1803 -1869)

Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)

Francis Poulenc
(1889 -1963)

Maurice Ravel
(1875 -1937)

Jacques Offenbach
(1819 -1880)

Translations

La captive (The captive girl)

If I were not held captive, I would love this country, and this melancholy sea, and these fields of grain, and the infinite stars... if the Turkish cavalryman's scimitar did not gleam in the shadow by the wall. I was not born as a Tartar, for a eunuch to tune my guitar and hold my mirror for me. In my native country, far from this Sodom, we are allowed to talk with young men in the falling evening. And yet I can love a land where winter's cold wind never comes through the open windows. In summer, the rain is warm, and the green insects gleam like living emeralds in the blades of grass. I love to lie on a bed of moss, singing a Spanish tune, while my sweet companions dance, feet barely touching the ground, smiling, beneath an open parasol. But above all, when the night breeze brushes my cheek, I love to sit and dream, watching the deep sea, while the pale moon opens its silver fan over the water.

Le jeune pâtre breton (The young Breton herdsman)

When the thrush has awakened and the countryside is still dewy, I come to sit here until evening. Grandma, to whom I tell everything, says, "Loc'i certainly loves his cattle!" Oh, oh! Not so! I love little Anna. For her part, Anna, my friend, leads her black goats around the mountain and by the elder trees. The mountain where I wander is like a big wall that separates us; but I hear her voice call me from the heart of the forest. Oh! such a tender, sad song, so sweet to hear in the distance, even without ever seeing her. From the mountaintop to the valley, the calling voice seems to be a sigh of pleasure mixed with sadness. Ah! hold your breath, heedless breeze, and run, fly away through the wheat field. Heavens, the traitor has borne on its wings that voice, so sweet and frail, the voice that calls me from the heart of the forest.

Premiers transports (First love)

First love that is never forgotten, first vows, first promises of two lovers. Under the stars of Italy, in that warm, still air, perfumed by distant orange trees, where the nightingale pours out sighs. What art can depict these celestial steps? First love, aren't you nobler than poetry? Or do you rank above us mere mortals, with the poetry that Shakespeare alone possesses the secret of writing, and brings down from divine heights? Happy children with burning hearts, bound with love at great risk, two living in one soul, hide it in darkness, this divine fire that surrounds you, such pure ecstasy that its words are tears! What king could believe he was the equal of your pure desires? Happy children, what treasure could pay for one of your smiles? Savor well this honey-sweet blow, softer than flowers. Angels of God, envious of your passion, wish for your happiness from heaven.

L'invitation au voyage (Invitation to a journey)

My child, my sister, think how sweet it would be to go there, to live together, to love at leisure, to love and die in country that resembles you! The humid suns of those misty skies have for me the mysterious charm of your dangerous eyes, shining through their tears. There, all is order and beauty, plenty, calm, and pleasure. See the boats sleeping on the canals, the boats of vagabond spirit. To satisfy your least whim, they will travel to the ends of the earth. The setting suns clothe the fields, the canals, the entire world in purple and gold; the world falls asleep in warm light! There, all is order and beauty, plenty, calm, and pleasure.

Extase (Ecstasy)

On a white lily, my heart sleeps a sleep as sweet as death...
Exquisite death, death fragrant with the breath of my beloved.
On your white breast, my heart sleeps a sleep as sweet as death.

Au pays où se fait la guerre (To the land where they fight the war)

To the land where they fight the war, my dearest has gone. It seems to my desolate heart that there is no one left on earth but me. With his goodbye kiss, he took my soul from my mouth... What could keep him so long, my God? The sun is setting, and here I am alone, still waiting for his return... The doves on the roof coo lovingly together, with a sad, charming sound; the brook under the big willows runs... I feel near to tears, my heart bursts forth like a fully blown lily, and I dare not hope anymore. The moon is shining, and here I am alone, still waiting for his return...
Someone is climbing the stairs two at a time... could it be him, my sweet love?

It is not him, but only the page with my lamp... Winds of night, fly, tell him he is my waking thought and my dream in sleep, my joy and my pain. Dawn is rising, and here I am alone, still waiting for his return.

La reine de cœur (The Queen of Hearts)

Gently leaning against her moonlit window, the queen greets you from an almond blossom. It is the queen of hearts. She can, if she likes, secretly take you to strange dwellings where there are no longer doors, or rooms or towers, and the recently dead come to talk of love. The queen greets you; hurry and follow her into her ice castle with moonlit stained glass windows.

Violon (Violin)

Enamored couple, of incorrect accents, the violin and its player pleases me. Ah, I love those drawn out wails from the string of discomfort. Chords on the cord from which one is hung, at the hour when Law is silent, the heart, shaped like a strawberry, offers itself to love like an unknown fruit.

C'est ainsi que tu es (That is how you are)

Your body, imbued with soul, tangled hair, your foot marking time, your shadow reaching over and whispering at my temple. There, that is your portrait, that is how you are, and I want to write it for you so that when night comes, you may believe and say that I knew you well.

Fêtes galantes (Gallant festivities)

You can see marquises on bicycles, you can see pimps in lingerie, you can see snot-nosed kids with veils, you can see firemen burning knickknacks. You can see words words tossed down in the garbage, you see words raised up like flags, you can see the feet of Mary's children, you can see the backs of town criers. You can see cars powered by soda water, you can see cars pushed by people, you can see lascars irked by their long noses, you can see some real twenty-four-carat bastards. You can see here what you see anywhere, you can see straying maidens, you can see thugs you can see voyeurs, you can see drowned people passing under the bridges. You can see unemployed shoe merchants, you can see egg testers dying of boredom, you can see sure things become risky, and life flying by at sixes and sevens.

Chansons madécasses (Songs of Madagascar)

Original Madagascar texts translated into French by Évariste Parny

Nahandove

Beautiful Nahandove, the night bird has begun his cries, the full moon shines on my head, and the newly fallen dew moistens my hair. It's time; who can hold you here, beautiful Nahandove? The bed of leaves is ready. I sprinkled it with flowers and fragrant herbs; it is worthy of your beauty, Nahandove!

She's coming. I recognize the quick breathing caused by hurried walking. I hear the rustling of her loincloth. It's her, it's her, Nahandove, beautiful Nahandove!

Oh, come back to my arms, my young love, rest upon my knees. Your face is bewitching, the movement of your breast is quick and delicious under the touch of my hand. You smile, Nahandove. Your kisses reach down to my soul, your caresses burn in all of my senses; stop, or I will die. One could die of such sensuality, oh beautiful Nahandove.

The pleasure passes like a flash of light. Your breathing grows fainter. Your shining eyes close again, your head droops gently, and your rapture dies away. You were never so beautiful, Nahandove.

You leave, and I will languish in regret and desire. I will remain so until tonight; you will come back tonight, Nahandove, oh beautiful Nahandove!

Aoua!

Aoua! Aoua! Do not trust the white men that live by the shore! In the time of our fathers, the white men descended on this island. We told them: here is land that your women may cultivate. Be fair, be good, and become our brothers. The whites promised, and then they went back on their word. They built a menacing fort; thunderbolts were captured in the mouths of their cannons. Their priests wanted to give us a god we didn't know; they talked to us endlessly of obedience and slavery... better to be dead!

The carnage was long and terrible. But in spite of the thunder they spewed forth, thunder that could crush entire armies, they were completely exterminated. Aoua! Aoua! Do not trust the white men!

We saw new tyrants, stronger and more numerous, set their dwelling on the shore. Heaven fought for us. It brought down flood, tempest, and miasma. The whites are no more, and we live, free.

Aoua! Aoua! Do not trust the white men that live by the shore!

Il est doux (It is sweet)

It is sweet to lie down during the heat of the day under a leafy tree, and wait for the evening breeze to bring relief. Women, come here. While I rest here under the tree, delight my ear with your voices. Sing again the girl's song as she weaves a mat, or chases the greedy birds away from the rice. The song gladdens my soul; the dance is as sweet as a kiss. Let your steps be slow, in poses of pleasure and free sensuality. The evening breeze is rising; the moon begins to shine over the trees on the mountain. Go, and prepare the evening meal.

Ah! quel dîner je viens de faire (Ah, what a dinner I just had)

Périchole is a young woman who earns her living as a street singer - or she would if anyone would put money in the hat she passes. She is homeless and starving, when she is suddenly approached by the wealthy Viceroy who claims to have fallen in love with her at first sight, and wants to take her away with him to be a "maid of honor" at court. She is in dire straits, so in spite of her misgivings, Périchole agrees. Due to a technicality, all of the maids of honor must be married, and Périchole is not. So the Viceroy selects a passerby who will serve as groom, and then contrives to get Périchole drunk so that she will marry the stranger. He takes her to a splendid dinner where the wine flows freely, and Périchole sings this upon emerging from the banquet:

Ah, what a dinner I just had! And what extraordinary wine! I drank so much of it, so much, much, much, that I do believe I'm a tad tipsy - but shhhh! You must not say so! Sshh! If my words are a bit slurred, if my walk zigzags, and if my eye is mischievous, there's no need to be shocked, because I'm just a little bit tipsy.

Upcoming Events

February

04	CPA	8:00 p.m.	Faculty Showcase
09	CPA	3:00 p.m.	Music Comes in Many Colors
14	CPA	8:30 p.m.	Illinois State Symphony Orchestra Valentine's Day Concert
15	CPA	3:00 p.m.	Guest Artist Series: Vadala Does Jazz
16	CPA	3:00 p.m.	Guest Artist Series: Vadala Does the Classics
18	KRH	8:00 p.m.	Faculty Artist, Kate Hamilton, <i>viola</i>
20	KRH	8:00 p.m.	Guest Artist, Manpreet Bedi, <i>tabla</i>
22	KRH	6:00 p.m.	Senior Recital, Jaimie Abney, <i>percussion</i>
23	KRH	3:00 p.m.	Chamber Winds
23	KRH	6:30 p.m.	Senior Recital, Julie Brown, <i>viola</i>
24	KRH	8:00 p.m.	Faculty Artist, Peggy Dees, <i>clarinet</i>
25	CPA	8:00 p.m.	Vought does Violetta in <i>la Traviata</i>
28	KRH	8:00 p.m.	Guest Artist Series, Frank Kowalsky, <i>clarinet</i>

March

01	CPA	8:00 a.m.	Jr. High School Band Contest
01	CH212	1:00 p.m.	Guest Artist Series, Frank Kowalsky, <i>clarinet</i> Masterclass
02	CPA	3:00 p.m.	Illinois State University Symphonic Winds
02	KRH	6:00 p.m.	Graduate Recital, Greg Delich, <i>trombone</i>
03	CPA	8:30 a.m.	Women in Music Workshop
03	CPA	7:30 p.m.	Women in Music Concert
04	KRH	8:00 p.m.	"Cabaret" Guest Artist, Martha Malone, <i>soprano</i>
05	CPA	8:00 p.m.	Concerto-Aria Concert with Illinois State Symphony Orchestra
06	CPA	8:00 p.m.	Symphonic Band
07	KRH	TBA	Guest Artist, Scott Tennant, <i>guitar masterclass</i>
07	CPA	7:30 p.m.	Guest Artist, Scott Tennant, <i>guitar</i>

CPA - Center for the Performing Arts
 KRH - Kemp Recital Hall
 CH212 - Cook Hall 212