

Il vole

As the sun is setting
it is reflected in the polished surface of my table
it is the round cheese of the fable
in the beak of my silver scissors.

But where is the crow? It flies.

I should like to sew but a magnet
attracts all my needles.
On the square the skittle players
pass the time with game after game.

But where is my lover? He flies.

I have a thief for a lover,
the crow flies and my lover steals,
the thief of my heart breaks his word
and the thief of the cheese is not here.

But where is my lover? He flies.

I weep under the weeping willow
I mingle my tears with its leaves.
I weep because I want to be desired
and I am not pleasing to my thief.

But where then is love? It flies.

Find the rhyme for my lack of reason
and by the roads of the countryside
bring me back my flighty lover
who takes hearts and drives me mad.

I wish that my thief would steal me.

Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant

My corpse is as limp as a glove
limp as a glove of glaze kid
and my two hidden pupils
make two white pebbles of my eyes.

Two white pebbles in my face
two mutes in the silence
still shadowed by a secret
and heavy with the burden of things seen.

My fingers so often straying
are joined in a saintly pose
resting on the hollow of my groans
at the centre of my arrested heart.

And my two feet are the mountains
the last two hills I saw
at the moment when I lost
the race that the years win.

I still resemble myself
children bear away the memory quickly,
go, go, my life is done.
My corpse is as limp as a glove.

Violin

Enamoured couple with the misprized accents
the violin and its player please me.
Ah! I love these wailings long drawn out
on the cord of uneasiness.

In chords on the cords of the hanged
at the hour when the Laws are silent
the heart, formed like a strawberry,
offers itself to love like an unknown fruit.

Fleurs

Promised flowers, flowers held in your arms,
flowers sprung from the parenthesis of a step,
who brought you these flowers in winter
powdered with the sand of the seas?
Sand of your kisses, flowers of faded loves
the beautiful eyes are ashes and in the fireplace
a heart beribboned with sighs burns with its
treasured pictures.



Amy Boger Morris

piano

assisted by

Deborah Thacker, soprano
Carrie Allen, clarinet
Logan Strawn, viola
Jennifer Corbell, soprano

Graduate Recital

Sunday, June 30, 2002
5:30 pm
Recital Hall, School of Music

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Program

Three Songs of Innocence

Piping Down the Valleys Wild
The Shepherd
The Echoing Green

Deborah Thacker, soprano
Carrie Allen, clarinet

Arnold Cooke

(b. 1906)

Trio in E \flat Major, K. 498 “Kegelstatt”

Andante
Menuetto — Trio
Rondeaux (Allegretto)

Carrie Allen, clarinet
Logan Strawn, viola

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

(1756-1791)

intermission

Fiançailles pour rire

La dame d’André
Dans l’herbe
Il vole
Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant
Violon
Fleurs

Jennifer Corbell, soprano

Francis Poulenc

(1899-1963)

Sonata in E \flat Major, Op. 120 No. 2

Allegro amabile
Allegro appassionato-Sostenuto-Tempo I
Andante con moto (Theme and Variations)
Logan Strawn, viola

Johannes Brahms

(1833-1897)

In partial fulfillment of the degree requirements for the
Master of Music in Accompanying

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The hall is equipped with a listening assistance system.
Patrons needing such assistance should please see one of the ushers in the lobby.

**Arnold Cooke:
Three Songs of Innocence**

Piping Down the Valleys Wild

Piping down the valleys wild
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:

‘Pipe a song about a Lamb!’
So I piped with merry cheer.

‘Piper pipe that song again!’
So I piped: he wept to hear.

‘Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer:’
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

‘Piper sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read’
So he vanished from my sight
And I plucked a hollow reed,
And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

The Shepherd

How sweet is the shepherd’s sweet lot
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.

For he hears the lambs’ innocent call,
And he hears the ewe’s tender reply,
He is watchful while they are in peace
For they know when their Shepherd is nigh.

The Echoing Green

The sun does arise,
And make happy the skies;
The merry bells ring
To welcome the spring;
The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells cheerful sound
While our sports shall be seen
On the Echoing Green.

Old John, with white hair,
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak,
Among the old folk
They laugh at our play

And soon they all say:
‘Such, such were the joys
When we all, girls and boys
In our youthtime were seen
On the Echoing Green.

Till the little ones, weary,
No more can be merry;
The sun does descend,
And our sports have an end.
Round the laps of their mothers
Many sisters and brothers
Like birds in their nest
Are ready for rest,
And sport no more seen
On the darkening Green.

**Francis Poulenc:
Fiançailles pour rire**

La dame d’André

André does not know the woman
whom he took by the hand today.
Has she a heart for the tomorrows,
and for the evening has she a soul?
On returning from a country ball
did she go in her flowing dress
To seek in the hay stacks the ring
For the random betrothal?
Was she afraid, when night fell,
Haunted by the ghosts of the past,
In her garden, when winter
Entered by the wide avenue?
He loved her for her colour,
For her Sunday good humour.
Will she fade on the white leaves
Of his album of better days?

Dans l’herbe

I can say nothing more
nor do anything for him.
he died for his beautiful one
he died a beautiful death
outside
under the tree of the Law
in deep silence
in open countryside
in the grass.
he died unnoticed
crying out in his passing
calling
calling me.
But as I was far from him
and because his voice no longer carried
he died alone in the woods
beneath the tree of his childhood.
And I can say nothing more
nor do anything for him.



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