



Anne E. Albert
voice
Elizabeth Loparits, piano

Graduate Recital

Sunday, April 15, 2007
7:30 pm

Organ Hall, School of Music

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Program

La Courte Paille. (1960)

Le Sommeil
Quelle aventure!
La reine de coeur
Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu...
Les anges musiciens
Le Carafon
Lune d'Avril

Francis Poulenc

(1899-1963)

The Nusery (1868-1872)

With Nanny
In the Corner
The Beetle
With Dolly
Prayer at Bedtime
Riding the Hobby Horse
Sailor the Cat

Modest Mussorgsky

(1835-1881)

Intermission

Canciones para niños (1964)

Paisaje
El largato está llorando
Caracola
Canción tonta
Canción China en Europa
Cancióncilla sevillana

Xavier Montsalvatge

(b. 1912)

Miss Manners on Music (1998)

Prologue
Manners at a Concert
Manners at the Ballet
Manners for Contemporary Music
Manners at a Church Recital
Manners at the Opera
Envoi

Dominik Argento

(b.1927)

In partial fulfillment of the degree requirements for the
Doctor of Musical Arts in Performance

—

The hall is equipped with a listening assistance system.
Patrons needing such assistance should contact an usher in the lobby.

Francis Poulenc:

La Courte Paille

Text by Maurice Careme (1899-1978)

I Le sommeil

Le sommeil est en voyage,
Mon Dieu! où est-il parti?
J'ai beau bercer mon petit;
Il pleure dans son litcage,
Il pleure depuis midi.
Où le sommeil a-t-il mis
Son sable et ses rêves sages?
J'ai beau bercer mon petit;
Il se tourne tout en nage,
Il sanglote dans son lit.
Ah! reviens, reviens, sommeil,
Sur ton beau cheval de course!
Dans le ciel noir, la Grand Ourse
A enterré le soleil
Et ralumé ses abelles.
Si l'enfant ne dort pas bien,
Il ne dira pas bonjour,
Il ne dira rien demain
A ses doigts, au lait, au pain
Qui l'accueillent dans le jour.

II Quelle aventure!

Une puce dans sa voiture,
Tirait un petit éléphant
En regardant les devantures
Où scintillaient les diamants.
Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!
quelle aventure!
Qui va me croire, s'il m'entend?

L'éléphaneau, d'un air absent,
Suçait un pot de confiture.
Mais la puce n'en avait cure,
Elle tirait en souriant.
Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!
que cela dure
Et je vais me croire dément!

Soudain, le long d'une clôture,
La puce fondit dans le vent
Et je vis le jeune éléphant
Se sauver en fendant les murs.
Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!
la chose est sure,
Mais comment le dire à maman?

III La reine de cœur

Mollement accoudée
A ses vitres de lune,
La reine vous salue

The Short Straw

Sleep

Sleep is on vacation.
My God! Where has it gone?
I have rocked my little one well;
he cries in his crib,
he's been crying since noon.
Where has sleep put
its sand and its wise dreams?
I have rocked my little one well;
he turns, all sweaty,
he sobs in his bed.
Ah! return, return, sleep,
on your beautiful race horse!
In the black sky, the Big Bear
has buried the sun
and re-lit his bees.
If baby doesn't sleep well,
he won't say "good morning,"
he won't say anything tomorrow
to his fingers, to the milk, to the bread
that greet him with the day.

What an adventure!

A flea was pulling a little elephant
along in its carriage,
while looking at the shop windows
where diamonds sparkled.
My God! my God!
What an adventure!
Who'll believe me, if they hear me?

The little elephant casually
licked at a jar of jam,
but the flea didn't care;
she pulled along, smiling.
My God! my God!
How hard this is!
And I think I must be crazy!

Suddenly, near a fence,
the flea blew over in the wind,
and I saw the young elephant
save himself by knocking down the walls.
My God! my God!
it's really true,
but how can I tell Mommy?

The Queen of Hearts

Softly leaning
on her window-panes of moon,
the queen gestures to you

d'une fleur d'amandier.
C'est la reine de cœur.
Elle peut, s'il lui plaît,
Vous mener en secret
Vers d'étranges demeures
Où il ne'st plus de portes,
De salles ni de tours
Et où les jeune mortes
Viennent parler d'amour.

La reine vous salue;
Hâtez-vous de la suivre
Dans son château de givre
Aux doux vitraux de lune.

IV Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu, bé!
Le chat a mis ses bottes,
Il va de porte en porte
Jouer, danser,
Danser, chanter -
Pou, chou, genou, hibou.
"Tu dois apprendre à lire,
A compter, à écrire,"
Lui crie-t-on de partout.
Mais rikketikketau,
Le chat de s'esclaffer
En rentrant au château:
Il est le Chat Botté!

V Les anges musiciens

Sur les fils de la pluie,
Les anges du jeudi
Jouent longtemps de la harpe.
Et sous leurs doigts, Mozart
Tinte, délicieux,
En gouttes de joie bleue
Car c'est toujours Mozart
Que reprennent sans fin
Les anges musiciens
Qui, au long du jeudi,
Font chanter sur la harpe
La douceur de la pluie.

VI Le carafon

"Pourquoi, se plaignait la carafe,
N'aurais-je pas un carafon?
Au zoo, madame la giraffe
N'a-t-elle pas un girafon?"
Un sorcier qui passait par là,
A cheval sur un phonographe,
Enregistra la belle voix
De soprano de la carafe
Et la fit entendre à Merlin.

with an almond flower.
She is the Queen of Hearts.
She can, if she wishes,
lead you in secret
into strange dwellings
where there are no more doors,
or rooms, or towers,
and where the young dead
come to talk of love.

The queen salutes you;
hasten to follow her
into her hoar-frost castle
with smooth stained-glass moon windows.

I Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu, bé!
The cat has put on his boots;
he goes from door to door,
playing, dancing,
dancing, singing -
Pou, chou, genou, hibou. *
"You ought to learn to read,
to count, to write,"
everyone calls out to him.
But rikketikketau,
the cat bursts out laughing,
returning to his castle:
He is Puss in Boots!

The musician angels

Upon the threads of the rain
the Thursday angels
play on the harp for a long time.
And beneath their fingers, Mozart
tinkles, deliciously,
in drops of blue joy
since it is always Mozart
which is played endlessly
by the musician angels
who, all day Thursday,
make their harps sing
the sweetness of the rain.

The baby carafe

"Why," lamented the carafe,
"couldn't I have a baby carafe?
At the zoo, Mrs. Giraffe -
doesn't she have a baby giraffe?"
A wizard who was riding by
astride a phonograph
recorded the beautiful
soprano voice of the carafe
and played it for Merlin.

"Fort bien, dit celui-ci, fort bien!"
Il frappa trois fois dans les mains
Et la dame de la maison
Se demande encore pourquoi
Elle trouva, ce matin-là
Un joli petit carafon
Blotti tout contre la carafe
Ainsi qu'au zoo le girafon
Pose son cou fragile et long
Sur le flanc clair de la girafe.

VII Lune d'Avril

Lune, belle lune, lune d'Avril,
Faites-moi voir en m'endormant
Le pêcher au cœur de safran,
Le poisson qui rit du grésil,
L'oiseau qui, lointain comme un cor,
Doucement réveille les morts
Et surtout, surtout le pays
Où il fait jole, où il fait clair,
Où, soleilleux de primevères,
On a brisé tous les fusils.
Lune, belle lune, lune d'avril,
Lune.

Modest Mussorgsky;
The Nusery
Text by Modest Mussorgsky
С няней

Расскажи мне, нянюшка,
Расскажи мне, милая,
Про того про буку страшного:
Как тот бука по лесам бродил,
Как тот бука в лес детей носил
И как грыз он их белые косточки,
И как дети те кричали, плакали!
Нянюшка!
Ведь зато их, детей-то, бука съел,
Что обидели няню старую,
Папу с мамой не послушали.
Ведь зато он съел их, нянюшка?

Или вот что:
Расскажи мне лучше про царя с царицей,
Что за морем жили в терему богатом.
Ещё царь всё на ногу хромал,
Как споткнётся, так гриб вырастет,
У царицы то всё насморк был,
Как чихнёт, стекла в дребезги!
Знаешь, нянюшка:
Ты про буку то уж не рассказывай!
Бог с ним, с букой!
Расскажи мне, няня, ты, смешную-то!

"Very well," said he, "very well!"
He clapped his hands three times
-And the lady of the house
still asks herself why
she found, that morning,
a pretty little baby carafe
leaning up against the carafe
just as in the zoo, the baby giraffe
leans its long and fragile neck
against the smooth flank of the giraffe.

April moon

Moon, beautiful moon, moon of April,
make me see in my dreams
the peach tree with a heart of saffron,
the fish that laughs at sleet,
the bird that, far away, like a horn,
sweetly wakens the dead
and above all, above all, the country
where there is joy, where it is bright,
where, sunny with springtime,
they have broken all the rifles.
Moon, beautiful moon, moon of April,
moon.

With Nanny

Come and tell me, Nanny dear,
That old tale you know so well,
About the wolf, that dreadful, wicked wolf.
How he used to roam around the house,
How he carried children to the wood
And devoured them not leaving a single bone
And the children used to weep and cry for
help...
Nanny dear!
Was the reason he ate them every bit,
Because they would not do what their nannies
told them,
Disobeying both their parents, too,
So he ate those children, Nanny dear?

Wait a moment!
I would rather hear about the King and Queen,
Who lived beside the sea in a lovely palace.

He was lame and hobbled as he walked,

Wherever he stumbled, up sprang a
mushroom!
The Queen had such a nasty cold,
That when she sneezed all the window panes
cracked!

В углу

Ах ты проказник!
Клубок размотал, прутки растерял,
Ах ты! все петли спустил!
Чулоч весь забрызгал чернилами!
В угол! В угол!
Пошёл в угол!
Проказник!

Я ничего не сделал, нянюшка,
Я чулочек не трогал, нянюшка!
Клубочек размотал котёночек,
И пруточки разбросал котёночек,
А Мишенька был паинька,
Мишенька был умница.
А няня злая, старая,
у няни носик то запачканный.
Миша чистенький, причёсанный,
А у няни чепчик на боку.
Няня Мишеньку обидела,
напрасно в угол поставила
Миша больше не будет любить свою
нянюшку, вот что!

Жук

Няня, нянюшка!
что случилось, няня душенька!
Я играл там на песочке,
за беседкой, где берёзки,
Строил домик из лучинок кленовых,
Тех, что мне мама, сама мама нащепала.
Домик уж совсем построил,
Домик с крышкой, настоящий домик,
Вдруг!

Но самой крышке жук сидит,
Огромный, чёрный, толстый такой,
усами шевелит страшно так,
И прямо на меня всё смотрит!
Испугался я! А жук гудит, злится,
Крылья растопырил,
схватить меня хочет! . . .
И налетел, в височек меня ударил!
Я притаился, нянюшка,
присел, боюсь пошевеливаться!
Только глазок один чуть-чуть открыл,
И что-же, послушай, нянюшка:
Жук лежит, сложивши лапки,
кверху носиком, на спинке,
И уж не злится, и усами не шевелит,
И не гудит уж, только крылышки дрожат.
Что-ж, он умер, иль притворился?
Что-ж это, что-же,
скажи мне, няня, с жуком-то случилось?
Меня ударил, а сам свалился!
Что-ж это с ним случилось, с жуком-то!

Yes, oh Nanny dear,
I don't want to hear about the wolf again,
Let us leave him!
Let me hear the other, yes! that funny tale!

In the corner

Ah, you, mischievous boy!
My wool is upset, my needles astray,

Dear me!
All my stitches are dropped!
My knitting with ink is bespattered!
To the corner
Go to the corner
Mischievous boy!

I've never done a single thing at all, dear
Nanny,
Never once did I touch your knitting!
The kitten played around and spoiled your
wool,
And needles all came out because of that.
And Mishenka behaved himself,
Mishenka was as good as gold.
But Nursey is a bad old thing,
and her nose is very dirty;
Misha's hair is smooth and nicely brushed,
Nanny's cap is never straight.
For no earthly reason Nanny's cross,
And I am sent in the corner here.
Little Misha doesn't love you any more
Nanny, so there!

The beetle

Nanny, dear Nanny!
think how awful, let me tell you!
On the grass I sat while playing,
By the arbor near the birches,
Busy building such a pretty house of maple,

With the pieces Mummy dear herself has cut
me.
Finished was my little cottage,
With a roof on, like a proper cottage...
Then!

There came a beetle and sat on my roof,
Big black one, thick and fat, oh! so fat,
His beard started wagging up and down,
His wicked eyes fixed upon me!
I was terrified! and then he buzzed loudly,
Spread his wings wide open
and flew towards me quickly.

С куклой

Тяпа, бай, бай, Тяпа, спи, усни,
Угомон тебя возьми! Тяпа! Спать надо!
Тяпа, спи, усни, Тяпу бука съест,
серый волк возьмёт,
В тёмный лес снесёт.
Тяпа, спи, усни!
Что во сне увидишь, мне про то
расскажешь:
Про остров чудный, где ни жнут ни сеют,
Где цветут и зреют груши наливные,
День и ночь поют птички золотые!
Бай, бай, баю бай, бай, бай, Тяпа!

На сон грядущий

„Господи помилуй папу и маму
и спаси их, Господи!
Господи помилуй братца Васеньку
и братца Мишеньку!
Господи помилуй бабушку старенькую,
Пошли ты ей доброе здоровьице,
Бабушке добренькой,
бабушке старенькой, Господи!
И спаси, Боже наш, тётю Катю,
тётю Наташу, тётю Машу, тётю Парашу,
Тётей Любу, Варю, и Сашу,
и Олю, и Таню, и Надю,
Дядей Петю и Колю, дядей Володю
и Гришу, и Сашу, и всех их,
Господи, спаси и помилуй,
и Филю, и Ваню, и Митю, и Петю,
и Дашу, Пашу, Соно, Дунюшку. . .
Няня! а, няня! Как дальше, няня?``
„Вишь ты, проказница какая!
Уж сколько раз учила:
Господи помилуй и меня грешную!``
„Господи помилуй и меня грешную!
Так, нянюшка?``

Поехал на палочке

„Гей! Гон, гон! Гей, поди! Гей! Гей!
Та, ..., та, гей! Та, ..., та, поди!
Тпру! . . . стой! Вася, а Вася!
Слушай, приходи играть сегодня!
Только не поздно!
Ну ты, гон! Гон! Прощай, Вася!
Я в Юмки поехал...
Только к вечеру непременно буду,
Мы ведь рано, очень рано спать
ложимся...
Приходи, смотри!
Та, ... та, гей! Та, ..., та, поди!
Гон! Гей, поди! Гей, гей поди! Гей, гей!

And with a bound he hit me upon my temple.
So I bent down, Nanny dear,
Sat still and hardly dared to breathe!
One little peep I gave out of my eyes...

And fancy, what do you think, Nanny?
On his back there lay the beetle,
Held both feet together folded,
No longer angry, and his beard had ceased to
waggle,
No buzz left in him, just his wings could move
a bit.
Was he dead then, or only foxing?

What was he up to?
Oh tell me, Nanny! What's your opinion?

A blow he gave me, perhaps his last one!
What was he up to, that beetle?

With Dolly

Hush-a-by, Dolly, go to sleep!
Close your little eyes! Dolly! sleep, will you!

Dolly, go to sleep, for if you're not good,
Great big wolf will come,
and steal you from home.

Dolly, go to sleep.
And you shall have sweet dreams,

Of fairies' gardens, lots of fruit-trees growing,

But when no one's looking

Fruit is turned to cakes and candy!
Come now, go to sleep, to sleep, Dolly!

At Bedtime

"Gentle God, watch over father and mother,
Bless, and keep them safe from harm!
Gentle God, watch over brother Vasenka

and brother Mishenka.
God, watch over Grandma who is so kind!

Give unto her years of health and happiness!
She is so very good,
she is so very old, God!
And bless, our Lord, aunt Katya,

Раздавлю!
 Ой, больно! Ой, ногу! Ой, больно! Ой, ногу.
 ...
 „Милый мой, мой мальчик, что за горе?
 Ну, полно плакать!
 Пройдёт, мой друг!
 Пстой-ка, встань на ножки прямо:
 Вот так, дитя! Посмотри, какая прелесть!
 Видишь?
 В кустах налево! Ах, что за птичка дивная!
 Что за пёрышки!
 Видишь? ... Ну что? Прошло?“
 „Прошло! Я в Юмки съездил, мама!
 Теперь домой торопиться надо ...
 Гоп! Гоп! Гости будут... Гоп!
 Торопиться надо!...“

Кот Матрос

Ай, ай, ай, ай, мама, милая мама!
 Побежала я за зонтиком,
 мама, очень ведь жарко,
 Шарил в комоде и в столе искала:
 нет, как нарочно!
 Я второпях к окну подбежала,
 может быть зонтик там позабыла. . .
 Друг вижу, на окне-то, кот наш Матрос,
 забравшись на клетку, скребёт!
 Снегирь дрожит, забился в угол, пищит.
 Зло меня взяло!
 „Э, брат, до птичек ты лаком!
 Нет, стой, попался. Вишь-ты, кот!“
 Как ни в чём не бывало стою я,
 смотрю в сторонку,
 Только глазом одним подмечаю:
 странно что-то!
 Кот спокойно в глаза мне смотрит,
 А сам уж лапу в клетку заносит:
 Только что думал схватить снегиря,
 а я его хлоп!
 Мама, какая твёрдая клетка!
 Пальцам так больно, мама!
 Мама! вот в самых кончиках, вот тут,
 Так ноет, ноет так...
 Нет! каков кот-то, мама, а?

Xavier Montsalvatge Canciones para niños

Text by Federico García Lorca
 I. Paisaje

La tarde equivocada se vistió de frío.
 Detrás de los cristales turbios, todos los niños,
 Ven convertirse en pájaros un árbol amarillo.

La tarde está tendida a lo largo del río.
 Y un rubor de manzana tiembla en los
 tejadillos.

Aunt Natasha, aunt Masha, aunt Parasha,

And my aunties Lyuba, Varya and Sasha,
 and Olya, and Tanya, and Nadya,
 Uncles Petya and Kolya, uncles Volodya
 and Grisha, and Sasha, and the rest of them.
 God, protect and defend them,
 With Filya and Vanya and Mitya, and Petya
 And Dasha, Pasha, Sonya, Dunyushka...

Nanny, do tell me what comes next?"
 "Really, what a dreadful memory!
 How often must I tell you:
 God, watch over and protect little me."
 "God, watch over and protect little me.
 Now is it right, Nanny?"

Riding the Hobby Horse

"Hi! Trot! Trot, trot! get along! Gee up! Gee up!
 Gee up! Gee up! One we go! Still faster!
 Enough! Who, whoa! Vasya, hi Vasya!
 Listen, will you come and play this evening?

Come very early!
 Gee up now! trot! Goodbye, Vasya!

I've to go a distance...
 But I'll be home long before it's dark,
 For you know I'm put to bed so dreadfully
 early...
 Promise don't be late!
 Gee up! Still faster!
 Gee up! Hi, quickly, trot, trot!

Oh it hurts! Oh, my leg! Oh it hurts! Oh my
 leg!..."

"My darling, what's the matter?

You mustn't cry now,
 It will soon be better, my love!
 Come, stand up properly:
 There, my child, Look isn't that lovely!

Can you see?
 In the bushes on the left! Oh, what a
 wonderful little bird!
 What wonderful plumage!

See it? Now come! All right?"
 "All right! I have been to Yukki, mummy!
 And now I must quickly travel home!
 Trot, trot! Visitors are coming, trot!

II. El largato está llorando

El largato está llorando
La largata está llorando.

El largato y la largata
Con delantales blancos.

Han perdido sin querer
su anillo de deposados.

Ay su anillo de plomo!
Ay su anillito plomado!

Un cielo grande sin gente
Montaba en globo a los pájaros. Ah.

El sol, capitán redondo
Lleva un chalesco raso.

Mi radlos que viejos son!
Que viejos son los largatos!

Ay, como lloran y lloran!
Ay, como están llorando.

III. Caracola

Me han traído una caracola.

Dentro le canta
un mar de mapa.
Mi Corazon
se llena de agua
son pececillos
de sombra y plata.

Me han traído una caracola.

IV. Cancion Tonta

Mamá. Yo quiero ser de plata
Hijo tendrás mucho frío.

Mamá. Yo quiero ser de agua.
Hijo tendrás mucho frío.

Mamá. Bórda me en tu almohada
Eso sí! Ahora mismo!

V. Cancion China en Europa

La señorita del abanico,
va por el Puente del fresco río.

Los caballeros con sus leivitas,
miran el Puente sin baradillas.

We must hurry!..."

`Sailor' the cat

Mummy, Mummy, listen to my story!
I was just going to look for my sun-shade,
Mummy,
the heat is awful!
I hunted every corner up and down the house
No, I can't find it!
Not on the table, nor up on the sideboard,
could I have left it there by the window?
Then suddenly I spied him, our little cat,

Go creeping so slowly to the cage.
The poor canary he sat there trembling and
chirped.
Wasn't I angry!
"So, Puss, you'd kill little birdie, would you?
All right, I'll catch you, just you wait!"
And as though I saw nothing at all,
I stood quite still,
Gave a peep now and then on Master Pussy.
Just imagine!
Full of deceit he calmly stared in my face
And stretched his paw to the bird cage;
When he was ready to seize the canary
I gave him one, so!

Mummy, it was a hard cage!
Mummy, I have hurt my finger badly,
Right at the very end, oh mummy dear,

They burn and tingle so...
What a nasty cat, Mummy, eh?

Songs for Children

Landscape

The mistaken afternoon got dressed in cold.
Behind the windows, misted up, all the children
See turned into birds the yellow tree.

The afternoon is stretched along the river.
And a red flush of apple trembles on the
rooftops.

Mr. Lizard is crying

Mr. Lizard is crying.
Mrs. Lizard is crying.

La señorita del abanico
y los volantes busca marido.

Los caballeros están casados
con altas rubias de idioma blanco.

Los grillos cantan por el Oeste.

(La señorita va por el verde.)

Los grillos cantan bajo las flores.

(Los caballeros van por el Norte.)

VI. Cancioncila sevillana

Amanecía en el naranjel.
Abejitas de oro buscaban la miel.

Donde estará la miel?
Está la flor azul, Isabel.
En la flor de romero aquel.

Sillita de oro para el moro.
Silla de oropel para su mujer.

Mr. and Mrs. Lizard are crying
in their little white aprons.

They have lost by accident
their wedding ring.

Oh dear, their ring of lead!
Oh dear, their little leaden ring!

A large, unpopulated sky
Takes the birds up in its balloon.

The sun, that round captain,
wears a silk jacket.

See how old they are!
How old are the lizards!

Oh dear, how they cry and cry!
Oh dear, how they are crying!

Conch

They've brought me a conch.

Inside it sings
an ocean atlas.
My heart
is filled with water
and little fish
of shade and silver.

They've brought me a conch.

Silly Song

Mama. I want to be made of silver.
Son you will be very cold.

Mama. I want to be made of water.
Son you will be very cold.

Mama, embroider me into your pillowcase.
Of course! Right away.

Chinese song in Europe

The woman with the fan
is crossing the bridge of the cool stream.

The gentleman with their coats
are watching the bridge with no rails.

The woman with the fan
is seeking a husband.

The gentlemen are married to
tall blonds who speak Whiteman's language.

The crickets are singing in the West.

(The woman walks through the grass.)

The crickets are singing beneath the flowers.

(The gentleman are off to the North.)

Sevillan ditty

It was dawning in the orange grove
Little golden bees were searching for honey.

Where will the honey be?
It is in the blue flower, Isabel.
In that rosemary flower.

Little seat of gold for the moor.
Little seat of tinsel for his wife.