Justin Smiley-Oyen, Faculty Recital:

Songs of Life, Love & Loss

Claude Debussy, Trois Chansons De Bilitis

I. La flûte de Pan (The Flute of Pan)

For the day of Hyacinthus he gave me a syrinx made of carefully cut reeds bonded with white wax which sweetly tastes to my lips like honey.

He teaches me to play, as I sit on his lap; but I am a little fearful. He plays it after me, so gently that I scarcely can hear him.

We have nothing to say, so close are we to one another, but our songs try to answer each other, in turn, in turn, our mouths join on the flute.

It is late; here is the song of the green frogs that begins with the night.
My mother will never believe I stayed out so long to look for my lost sash.

Francis Poulenc, Banalités, FP. 107

I. Chanson d’Orkenise (Song of Orkenise)

Through the gates of Orkenise
A carter wants to enter.
Through the gates of Orkenise
A tramp wants to leave.

And the sentries of the town
Rush up to the tramp and ask:
“What are you taking out of the town?”
“I’m leaving my whole heart behind.”
And the sentries of the town
Rush up to the carter and ask:
“What are you bringing into the town?”
“My heart, I’m getting married.”

What a lot of hearts in Orkenise!
The sentries laughed and laughed:
“O tramp, the road is dreary,
Love is merry, O carter!”

The handsome sentries of the town
Knitted superbly;
Then the gates of the town
Slowly swung shut.

II. Hôtel (Hotel)

My room has the form of a cage
The sun reaches its arm
in through the window
But I want to smoke
and make shapes in the air

And so I light my cigarette
on the sun’s fire
I don’t want to work
I want to smoke

III. Fagnes De Wallonie (Walloon Moss-hags)

So much deep sadness
Seized my heart on the desolate moss-hags
When I sat down weary among the firs
Unloading the weight of the kilometers
While the west wind howled
I had left the pretty woods
The squirrels stayed there
My pipe tried to make clouds of smoke
In the sky
Which stubbornly stayed blue

I murmured no secret except an enigmatic song
Which I confided to the peat-bogs

Smelling of honey, the heather
Was attracting the bees
And my aching feet
Trod bilberries and whortleberries
Tenderly she is married
North
North
There life twists
In trees that are strong
And twisted
Life there bites
Bitter death
Voraciously, voraciously
When howls the wind

IV. Voyage à Paris (Going to Paris)

How delightful it is
To leave a dismal
Place and head for Paris
Beautiful Paris
Which one day
Love had to create
Ah! How delightful
To leave a place so dismal
For Paris

Charming Paris
Ah! To leave a place so dismal
Charming place

V. Sanglots (Sobs)

Human love is governed by the calm stars
We know that between us many people breathe
Who came from afar and are united behind our brows
This is the song of that dreamer
Who had to tear out his heart
And was carrying it in his right hand
Remember, oh dear pride, all those memories

The sailors who sang like conquerors
The chasms of Thule the tender skies of Ophir
The accursed sick the ones who flee their own shadows
And the joyful return of the happy emigrants
Blood was flowing from that heart
And the dreamer went on thinking
Of his wound which was delicate
You will not break the chains of these causes
Of painful wound and said to us
Which are the effects of other causes
My poor heart my heart which is broken
Like the hearts of all men
Here, here are our hands which life enslaves
Has died of love or so it seems
Has died of love and here it is
That is the way of all things
So tear your hearts out too
And nothing will be free until the end of time
Let us leave everything to the dead
And let us hide our sobbing

Edvard Grieg, Sechs Lieder, Op. 48

I. Gruss (Greeting)
A sweet sound of bells
Peals through my soul
Rings out little spring songs
Rings out far and wide
Rings out till you reach the house
Where the violets blooming
When there is a rose you see
Send her to my greeting
When there is a rose you see
Send her to my greeting

II. Dereinst, Gedanke mein (One Day, My Thoughts)
One day,
Thoughts of mine,
You shall be at rest.
Though love’s ardor
Gives no peace
In cool earth
You shall sleep well;
There without love
And without pain
Shall you be at rest.

What you in life
Not have found
What you in life
Not have found
Will be given to you
Then without wounds
And without pain
You will be at peace.

III. Lauf der Welt (The Way of the World)

Each evening I go out,
Over the meadow path.
She looks out from her summer house,
It stands along the way.
We have never planned a rendezvous,
It's just the way of the world.
It is just the way of the world.

I don’t know how it came about,
For a long time I've been kissing her,
I do not ask, she says not yes!
But neither she says no!
When lips are pleased on lips to rest,
We prevent not, it just is good.

The breeze with the rose plays,
It asks not: do you love me?
The rose with the dew cools (itself),
It says not: give!
I love her, she loves me,
But no one says: I love you!
But neither says: I love you!

IV. Die verschwiegene Nachtigall (The Secretive Nightingale)

Under the lime trees
By the heath
Where I sat with my beloved,
There you may find
How both of us
Crushed the flowers and grass.
Outside the wood, with a sweet sound,
Tandarade!
The nightingale sang in the valley.
I came walking
To the meadow,
My beloved arrived before me.
I was received
As a noble lady,  
Which still fills me with bliss.  
Did he offer me kisses?  
Tandaradei!  
See how red my mouth is!  
If anyone knew  
How I lay there,  
God forbid, I'd be ashamed.  
How my darling hugged me,  
No one shall know  
But he and I—  
And a little bird,  
Tandaradei!  
Who certainly won't say a word.

V. Zur Rosenzeit (Time of Roses)

You fade, sweet roses,  
My love wore you not;  
You bloom, ah! For one bereft of hope,  
Whose soul, from grief, breaks!

Sorrowfully I think of those days,  
When I, my angel, set my heart on you,  
And for the first little bud waiting,  
Early to my garden went;

All the blossoms, all the fruit,  
Still at your feet laid,  
And before your face turned towards me  
Hope in my heart beat.

You fade, fade sweet rose,  
My love wore you not;  
You bloom, ah! For one bereft of hope,  
Whose soul from grief breaks.

VI. Ein Traum (A Dream)

I dreamed once a beautiful dream:  
I was loved by a blonde maiden,  
It was in the green wood,  
It was the warm springtime:

The buds bloomed, the stream swelled,  
From a distant village, the sound of bells-  
We were with bliss full,
So lost in happiness.

And more beautiful still than the dream,
It happened in reality,
It was in the green wood,
It was the warm springtime:

The stream swelled, the buds blossomed
A loud sound from village bells-
I held you fast, I held you long,
And let you go I shall nevermore!

Oh woodland glade so green with spring!
You shall live in me for evermore-
There became reality to dream,
There became dream to reality!

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**Gustav Mahler, Des Knaben Wunderhorn:**

**Urlicht (Primordial Light)**

O red rose,
Man lies in direst need,
Man lies in direst pain,
I rather would be in heaven,
I rather would be in heaven!

I then came upon a broad path,
There came an Angel who sought to turn me back.
Ah no! I refused to be turned away,
Ah no! I refused to be turned away!

I am from God and to God I will return,
Dearest God, my dearest God will give me a clear light,
Will light my way to eternal blessed life.
Samuel Barber, Mélodies Passagères, Op.27

I. Since all Things Pass

Since all things pass,
Let’s make a melody passing;
The one to quench our thirst
Will be the one to win us.

Let’s sing of what us leaves
With love and art;
Let us be swifter
Than the swift departure.