

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  
Trode 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,  
Tandaradei!  
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 forevermore-  
There became reality to dream,  
There became dream to reality!

## 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.