



University of North Texas College of Music

Faculty Recital | Monday, March 27, 2023 | 6:30 pm | Recital Hall

Molly Fillmore, soprano
Mary Karen Clardy, flute
Noé García Jacinto, guitar
Elvia Puccinelli, piano

Three Shakespeare Songs (1997) James Walker (1929–2002)

1. Willow Song (*Othello*)
2. Over hill, over dale (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*)
3. You spotted snakes (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*)

from *The Ladino Collection* (1977) arr. Richard Neumann (1915–1984)

13. Una matika de ruda
2. Avrij, mi galanika
11. Noches, noches
15. Ya salió de la mar

Noé García Jacinto, guitar

Black Anemones (1981).....Joseph Schwantner (b. 1923)

Chanson triste (1868)Henri Duparc (1848–1933)

Extase (1874; rev. 1884)

Phidylé (1872)

Une flûte invisible (1900)André Caplet (1878–1925)

Le Rossignol (1933)Léo Delibes (1836–1891)

arr. Ary van Leeuwen

Une flûte invisible (1885)Camille Saint-Saëns (1835–1921)

Willow Song

The poor soul sat sighing by a
sycamore tree,
Sing willow, willow, willow,
With his hand in his bosom and his
head upon his knee,
O willow willow willow shall be my
garland.

Sing all a green willow, willow,
willow, willow;
Aye me the green willow must be
my garland!

He sighed to his singing, and made
a great moan,
Sing willow, willow, willow;
I am dead to all pleasure, my true
love she is gone.
O willow willow willow shall be my
garland.

Take this for my farewell and latest
adieu,
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Write this on my tomb, that in love I
was true.
O willow willow willow shall be my
garland...

Over hill, over dale

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere
Swifter than the moones sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours.

You spotted snakes

You spotted snakes with double
tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners,
hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

Una matika de ruda

Una matika de ruda
Una matika de flor,
Me la dio un mansiviko
Ke de mí se namoró.

"Ija mía, mi querida,
No t'eches a perdición.
Mas vale un mal marido,
Ke mejor de nuevo amor".

"Mal marido, la mi madre,
No ay mas maldición.
Nuevo amor, la mi madre,
La mansana i el limón

Avrij, mi galanika

Avrij mi galanika, que ya va'manecer
Avrir yo vos avro, mi lindo amor

La noche yo no durmo, pensando
en vos

Mi padre'sta meldando, mos oyera
Amatalde la luvezica'si se dormira
Amatalde la luvezica'si s'echera

Noches, noches

Noches, noches, buenas noches,
Noches son de enamorar.

A y ke noches, la mi madre,
keno son de arrivar,

Dando vueltas porla kama,
Komo el peshe en la mar.

A Cluster of Rue

A cluster of rue,
A cluster of flowers,
Were given to me by a young man,
Who has fallen in love with me.

"Daughter of mine, my dear,
Don't throw yourself in perdition,
It's better to have a bad husband,
Than to have a new love".

"A bad husband, mother of mine,
There's no worse curse,
A new love, mother of mine,
Like an apple or a lemon".

Up, my Love

Up, my love, it is already day!
I cannot open to you, my handsome
love.
At night I do not sleep, thinking of you.

My father is reading, he will hear us.
Put out the light and he will sleep.
Put out the light and he will lie down
again.

Nights, nights

Nights, nights, good nights
are nights to fall in love in.

Oh, these nights, mother,
they don't come

tossing in my bed,
like a fish in the sea.
--Cantor Richard Botton

Ya salió de la mar

Ya salió de la mar la galana
kon un vestido al i blanko
Ya salió de la mar!

Entre la mar i el rio
Mos kresio un arvol de bimbriyo
Ya salió del mar!

Entre la mar i la arena
Mos kresio un arvol de kanela
Ya salió del mar!

Anémonas negras

Madre, me ves dormida
y tu vida
es un gran tapiz
de todos los colores
de todos los rumores
mas antiguos,
nudo tras nudo gemelo
rai'z tras raiz de cuento.
No sabes que terrible
es tu belleza mientras duermo.
Tu pelos es la luna
de un mar contado en silencio.
Caminas con leones plateados
y me esperas, separas
en el fondo alfombra
cubierta de tristeza
bordada por ti
en una simetría feroz
que une con hilo,
seda persa,
los pinos y los hipogrifos.
Me dices ciega,
me tocas los ojos
con anemonas negras.
Aracnida, voy hilando,
del ovillo en mi vientre,
tejiendo por los ojos,
roci'o de llamas
en el telarana.

The pretty girl has come out of the sea

The pretty girl has come out of the sea
wearing a dress of red and white.
Now, she has come out of the sea!

Between the river and the sea,
a quince tree has sprung up.
Now, she has come out of the sea!

Between the sea and the sand,
a cinnamon tree has sprung up.
Now, she has come out of the sea!

--Cantor Richard Botton

Black Anemones

Mother, you watch me sleep
and your life
is a large tapestry
of all the colors
of all the most ancient
murmurs,
knot after twin knot,
root after root of story.
You don't know how fearful
your beauty is while I sleep.
Your hair is the moon
of a sea sung in silence.
You walk with silver lions
and wait to estrange me
deep in the rug
covered with sorrow
embroidered by you
in a fierce symmetry
binding with thread
of Persian silk
the pinetrees and the griffins.
You call me blind,
you touch my eyes
with Black Anemones.
I am a spider that keeps spinning
from the spool in my womb
weaving through eyes
the dew of flames
on the web.

Chanson triste

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été,
Et pour fuir la vie importune,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
Mon triste cœur et mes pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.

Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh ! quelques fois sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous;

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesse,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses

Que peut-être je guérirai.

--Jean Lahor

Extase

Sur un lys pâle mon cœur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort ...
Mort exquise, mort parfumée
Du souffle de la bien-aimée ...
Sur ton sein pâle mon cœur dort

D'un sommeil doux comme la mort...

--Jean Lahor

Sad Song

In your heart moonlight lies dormant,
A gentle moonlight of summer;
And to flee from the troubles of life,
I will drown myself in your brightness.

I will forget past griefs,
My love, when you rock
My unhappy heart and my thoughts
In the loving tranquility of your arms.

You will lay my anxious head,
Oh! - sometimes - upon your lap,
And you will utter to it a ballad
That will seem to speak of us;

And from your eyes so full of sadness,
From your eyes I will then drink
So many kisses and so much

tenderness

That perhaps at last I will be healed.
--trans. Emily Ezust

Rapture

On a pale lily my heart is sleeping
A sleep as sweet as death:
Exquisite death, death perfumed
By the breath of the beloved:
On your pale breast my heart is
sleeping
Of a sleep as sweet as death...
--trans. Richard Stokes

Phidylé

L'herbe est molle au sommeil sous
les frais peupliers,
Aux pentes des sources moussues,
Qui dans les prés en fleur germant
par mille issues,
Se perdent sous les noirs hâilliers.

Repose, ô Phidylé ! Midi sur les
feuillages
Rayonne et t'invite au sommeil.
Par le trèfle et le thym, seules, en
plein soleil,
Chantent les abeilles volages.

Un chaud parfum circule au détour
des sentiers,
La rouge fleur des blés s'incline,
Et les oiseaux, rasant de l'aile la
colline,
Cherchent l'ombre des églantiers.

Mais, quand l'Astre, incliné sur sa
courbe éclatante,
Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,
Que ton plus beau sourire et ton
meilleur baiser
Me récompensent de l'attente !
--Charles-Marie-René Leconte
de Lisle

Phidylé

The grass is soft for slumber beneath
the fresh poplars,
on the slopes by the mossy springs,
which, in the meadows flowering with
a thousand plants,
lose themselves under dark thickets.

Rest, o Phidylé! the midday sun shines
on the foliage
and invites you to sleep!
Among clover and thyme, alone, in
full sunlight
hum the fickle honeybees.

A warm fragrance circulates about
the turning paths,
the red cornflower tilts,
and the birds, skimming the hill with
their wings,
search for shade among the wild roses.

But when the sun, turning in its
resplendent orbit,
finds its heat abating,
let your loveliest smile and your most
ardent kiss
recompense me for waiting!
--trans. Emily Ezust

Le rossignol

Écoutez la chanson
du rossignol volage,
Aux bergers du village.
Il donne la leçon, écoutez !
Ah! Écoutez la chanson !
Chantons, chantons l'amour.

Tant que le printemps dure,
Chantons, chantons l'amour.
Tant que le printemps dure,
Sous la jeune verdure
Et la nuit et le jour,
Chantons, chantons l'amour.

Il revient tous les ans,
Dit une pastourelle,
Car la rose nouvelle.
Renait chaque printemps.
Il revient tous les ans.
Ah ! Non, non... l'amour ne revient
pas pastourelle frivole.

L'amour ne revient pas,
Ô pastourelle frivole.
Dès que l'amour s'envole,
C'est pour toujours, hélas !
L'amour ne revient pas.

Viens! une flûte invisible

Viens! une flûte invisible
Soupire dans les vergers.
La chanson la plus paisible
Est la chanson des bergers.

Le vent ride, sous l'yeuse,
Le sombre miroir des eaux.
La chanson la plus joyeuse
Est la chanson des oiseaux.

Que nul soin ne te tourmente.
Aimons-nous! aimons toujours!
La chanson la plus charmante
Est la chanson des amours.

The Nightingale

Listen to the song
Flighty nightingale
To the shepherds of the village
He teaches the lesson, listen!
Ah! Listen to the song!
Let's sing, let's sing of love.

As long as spring lasts
Let's sing, let's sing of love
As long as spring lasts
Under young greenery
And night and day
Let's sing, let's sing of love.

He comes back every year
Said a shepherd
Because the new rose
Reborn every spring
He comes back every year
Ah! No, no... love doesn't come back
frivolous shepherd.

Love doesn't come back
O frivolous shepherd
As soon as love flies away
It is forever, alas!
Love doesn't come back.

Come! An invisible flute

Come! An invisible flute
Is sighing in the orchards.
The most peaceful song
Is the song of shepherds.

Under the oak tree, the wind ripples
The shaded mirror of the water.
The most joyous song
Is the song of birds.

Let no concern trouble you.
Let us love! Let us love forever!
The most charming song
Is the song of lovers.

