



COLLEGE OF MUSIC

University of North Texas College of Music

Faculty Recital | Sunday, April 2, 2023 | 3:30 pm | Voertman Hall

Molly Fillmore, voice
Kimberly Cole Luevano, clarinet+
Gudrun Raschen, double bass^
Willem van Schalkwyk, piano

+Parto, parto, *La clemenza di Tito*, K. 621 (1791).....Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)

+from *Sechs deutsche Lieder*,
Opus 103 (1837)..... Louis Spohr (1784–1859)
2. Zwiesegang
3. Sehnsucht
6. Wach auf!

^Vocalise (1995)..... André Previn (1929–2019)

+Tre Liriche in stile antico (1984)..... Hendrik Hofmeyr (b. 1957)
1. Ecco mormorar l'onde
2. L'infinito
3. Quiete

Chansons villageoises (1942)..... Francis Poulenc (1899–1963)
1. Chanson du clair tamis
2. Les gars qui vont à la fête
3. C'est le joli printemps
4. Le mendiant
5. Chanson de la fille frivole
6. Le retour du sergent

Seven hundredth program of the 2022–2023 season
Photography and videography are prohibited

Parto, ma tu ben mio

Parto, ma tu ben mio,
 Meco ritorna in pace;
 Saro qual piu ti piace;
 Quel che vorrai fato.

Guardami, e tutto oblio,
 E a vendicarti io volo;
 A questo sguardo dolo
 Da me si pensera.
 Ah qual poter, oh Deil!
 Donaste alla belta.

Zwiegesang

Im Fliederbusch ein Vöglein saß
 In der stillen, schönen Maiennacht,
 Darunter ein Mägdlein im hohen Gras
 In der stillen, schönen Maiennacht.
 Sang Mägdlein, hielt das Vöglein
 Ruh',
 Sang Vöglein, hört' das Mägdlein zu,

Und weithin klang
 Der Zwiegesang
 Das mondbeglänzte Thal entlang.

Was sang das Vöglein im Gezweig
 Durch die stille, schöne Maiennacht?
 Was sang doch wohl das Mägdlein
 gleich
 Durch die stille, schöne Maiennacht?
 Von Frühlingssonne das Vögelein,
 Von Liebeswonne das Mägdlein.

Wie der Gesang
 Zum Herzen drang,
 Vergess' ich nimmer mein Lebelang!

I Go, but my Dearest

I go, but, my dearest,
 make peace again with me.
 I will be what you would most
 have me be, do whatever you wish.

Look at me, and I will forget all
 and fly to avenge you;
 I will think only
 of that glance at me.
 Ah, ye gods, what power
 you have given beauty!

Duet

In the lilac bush a little bird sat
 In the quiet, lovely May night;
 Below, a maiden sat in the high grass
 In the quiet, lovely May night.
 When the maiden sang, the little bird
 was quiet,
 When the little bird sang, the maiden
 listened,
 And over a long distance rang out
 Their duet
 Alongside the moon-bright valley.

What was the little bird singing in the
 branches
 Through the quiet, lovely May night?
 For that matter, what was the maiden
 singing
 Through the quiet, lovely May night?
 Of the spring's sun [sang] the little bird,
 Of the splendor of love [sang] the
 maiden.
 How that song
 Exhilarated my heart,
 I will never forget for the rest of my life.
 --trans. Emilyh Ezust

Sehnsucht

Ich blick' in mein Herz und ich blick'
in die Welt,
Bis vom Auge die brennende
Träne mir fällt,
Wohl leuchtet die Ferne mit
goldenem Licht,
Doch hält mich der Nord, ich
erreiche sie nicht.
O die Schranken so eng, und die
Welt so weit,
Und so flüchtig die Zeit!

Ich weiß ein Land, wo aus sonnigem
Grün,
Um versunkene Tempel die Trauben
glühn,
Wo die purpurne Woge das Ufer
beschäumt,
Und von kommenden Sängern der
Lorbeer träumt.
Fern lockt es und winkt dem
verlangenden Sinn,
Und ich kann nicht hin!

O hätt' ich Flügel, durch's Blau
der Luft
Wie wollt' ich baden im Sonnenduff!
Doch umsonst! Und Stunde auf
Stund' entflieht --
Vertraure die Jugend, begrabe
das Lied! --
O die Schranken so eng, und die
Welt so weit,
Und so flüchtig die Zeit!

Longing

I look in my heart and I look at the
world
Till out of my burning eyes a tear
falls.
Though the distance glows with
golden light,
The north wind tells me I shall not
reach it.
Ah! How narrow our confines, how
wide the world,
And how fleeting is time!

I know a land where in sun-filled
greenery
Grapes gleam among sunken temples,
Where the purple wave covers the
shore with foam
And laurels dream of singers to come.
It lures from afar and beckons my
longing soul,
And I cannot go there!

If I had wings to fly through the blue
How I would wish to bathe in sun's
fragrance!
But in vain! Hour flees upon hour;
Pass your youth in mourning, bury
your song.
Ah! How narrow our confines, how
wide the world
And how fleeting is time!
--trans. Allen Shearer

Wach auf!

Was stehst du bange
Und sinnest nach?
Ach! schon so lange
Ist Liebe wach.

Hörst du das Klingen
Allüberall?
Die Vöglein singen
Mit süßem Schall.

Aus Starrem sprießet
Baumblättlein weich,
Das Leben fließet
Um Ast und Zweig.

Das Tröpflein schlüpfet
Aus Waldesschacht,
Das Bächlein hüpfet
Mit Wallungsmacht.

Der Himmel neiget
In's Wellenklar,
Die Bläue zeigt
Sich wunderbar.

Ein heit'res Schmiegen
Zu Form und Klang,
Ein ew'ges Fügen
Im ew'gen Drang!

Was stehst du bange
Und sinnest nach?
Ach! schon so lange
Ist Liebe wach.

Awaken

Why do you stand there
brooding with fear?
Ah, so long
does love stay awake!

Do you hear the ringing
all around?
The birds are singing
with such sweet sounds.

Soft leaves are sprouting
from the rigid branches,
Life is flowing
through bough and twig.

Little drops are gliding
from the forest hollows,
The brook leaps
with abundant strength.

The heavens bow
towards the clear waves,
The blueness
is wondrously revealed,

A bright flourish
of shape and sound,
An endless yielding
to endless impulse.

Why do you stand there
brooding with fear?
Ah, so long
does love stay awake!
--trans. Ruth Rainero

Ecco mormorar l'onde

Ecco mormorar l'onde,
E tremolar le fronde

A l'aura mattutina, e gli arboscelli,
E sovra i verdi rami i vaghi augelli

Cantar soavemente,
E rider l'Oriente;
Ecco già l'alba appare,
E si specchia nel mare,
E rasserena il cielo,
E le campagne imperla il dolce gelo,
E gli alti monti indora:
O bella e vaga Aurora,
L'aura è tua messaggera, e tu de
l'aura
Ch'ogni arso cor ristaura.

L'infinito

Sempre caro mi fu quest'ermo colle,
e questa siepe, che da tanta parte
dell'ultimo orizzonte il guardo esclude.
Ma sedendo e mirando, interminati
spazi di là da quella, e sovrumani
silenzi, e profondissima quiete
io nel pensier mi fingo, ove per poco
il cor non si spaura. E come il vento
odo stormir tra queste piante, io
quello
infinito silenzio a questa voce
vo comparando: e mi sovvien
l'eterno,
e le morte stagioni, e la presente
e viva, e il suon di lei. Così tra questa
immensità s'annega il pensier mio:
e il naufragar m'è dolce in questo
mare.

Now the waves murmur

Now the waves murmur
And the boughs and the shrubs
tremble

in the morning breeze,
And on the green branches the
pleasant birds
Sing softly
And the east smiles;
Now dawn already appears
And mirrors herself in the sea,
And makes the sky serene,
And the gentle frost imperls the fields
And gilds the high mountains
O beautiful and gracious Aurora,
The breeze is your messenger, and
you are the herald of the breeze
Which revives each burnt-out heart.

The infinity

This solitary hill has always been dear
to me
And this hedge, which prevents me
from seeing most of the endless
horizon.
But when I sit and gaze, I imagine,
in my thoughts,
Endless spaces beyond the hedge,
An all encompassing silence and a
deeply profound quiet,
To the point that my heart is quite
overwhelmed.
And when I hear the wind rustling
through the trees
I compare its voice to the infinite
silence.
And eternity occurs to me, and all
the ages past,
And the present time, and its sound.
Amidst this immensity my thought
drowns:
And to flounder in this sea is sweet to
me.

Quiete

L'uva è matura, il campo arato.
Si stacca il monte dalle nuvole.

Sui polverosi specchi dell'estate
caduta è l'ombra.
Tra le dita incerte
il loro lume è chiaro
e lontano.
Colle rondini fugge
l'ultimo strazio.

The Quiet

The grapes are ripe, the field is plowed.
The mountain is detached from the
clouds.

On the dusty mirrors of summer
the shadow has fallen.
Between uncertain fingers
their light is clear
it is far.
With the swallows flees
the last torment.

Chanson du clair tamis

Où le bedeau a passé
Dans les papavéracées
Où le bedeau a passé
Passera le marguillier
Notre vidame est mort
Les jolis yeux l'ont tué
Pleurons son heureux sort
En terre et enterré
Et la croix de Lorraine
Sur son pourpoint doré
Ils l'ont couché dans l'herbe
Son grand sabre dessous
Un oiseau dans les branches
A crié: 'Coucou'
C'est demain dimanche
C'est fête chez nous
Au son de la clarinette
Le piston par en-dessous
La piquette, la musette
Les plus vieux sont les plus saouls
Grand'mère à cloche-lunettes
Sur ses jambes de vingt ans
Vienne le printemps mignonne
Vienne le printemps
Où la grenouille a passé
Sous les renonculacées
Où la grenouille a passé
Passera le scarabée.

Song of the clear sieve

Where the beadle has gone by
among the poppies
where the beadle has gone by
the churchwarden will go
Our lord and master is dead
pretty eyes have killed him
Let us weep for his happy lot
in earth and buried
and the cross of Lorraine
on his gilded doublet
They have laid him in the grass
his great sword under him
A bird in the branches
cried: 'Cuckoo'
It is Sunday tomorrow
it is the day of our fair
To the sound of the clarinet
the cornet in the lower part
the local wine, the accordion
the old folk are the most tipsy
Grandma with her spectacles askew
on her twenty-year-old legs
Let the springtime come my sweet
let springtime come
Where the frog has gone by
down among the buttercups
where the frog has gone
by the beetle will go.

Les gars qui vont à la fête

Les gars qui vont à la fête
Ont mis la fleur au chapeau
Pour y boire chopinette
Y goûter le vin nouveau
Y tirer la carabine
Y sucer le berlingot

Les gars qui vont à la fête
Ont mis la fleur au chapeau
Sont rasés à la cuiller
Sont raclés dessous la peau
Ont passé la blouse neuve
Le faux-col en celluloid

Les gars qui vont à la fête
Ont mis la fleur au chapeau
Y faire danser les filles
Chez Julien le violoneur
Des polkas et des quadrilles
Et le pas des patineurs
Le piston la clarinette
Attendrisent les costauds

Les gars qui vont à la fête
Ont mis la fleur au chapeau
Quand ils ont bu, se disputent
Et se cognent sur la peau
Puis vont culbuter les filles
Au fossé sous les ormeaux
Les gars qui vont à la fête
Ont mis la fleur au chapeau
Reboivent puis se rebattent
Jusqu'au chant du premier jô
Le lendemain on en trouve
Sont couchés dans le ruisseau
Les gars qui vont à la fête
Ont mis la fleur au chapeau.

The lads going to the fair

The lads going to the fair
have stuck a flower in their hats
To drink a mug there
to taste the new wine
to shoot at the rifle range
to suck sweets

The lads going to the fair
have stuck a flower in their hats
They have shaved carefully
have scraped to the under skin
have put on the new smock
the celluloid collar

The lads going to the fair
have stuck a flower in their hats
They will dance with the girls
at Julian the fiddler's
polkas and quadrilles
and the skater's step
The cornet the clarinet
soften the hearts of the strapping
fellows

The lads going to the fair
have stuck a flower in their hats
When they have drunk they quarrel
and go for one another
then go to tumble the girls
in the ditch under the elms
The lads going to the fair
have stuck a flower in their hats
They drink again and fight again
until the song of early dawn
the next day some are found
asleep in the ditch
The lads going to the fair
have stuck a flower in their hats.

C'est le joli printemps

C'est le joli printemps
Qui fait sortir les filles
C'est le joli printemps
Qui fait briller le temps
J'y vais à la fontaine
C'est le joli printemps
Trouver celle qui m'aime
Celle que j'aime tant
C'est dans le mois d'avril
Qu'on promet pour longtemps
C'est le joli printemps
Qui fait sortir les filles
La fille et le galant
Pour danser le quadrille
C'est le joli printemps
Qui fait briller le temps
Aussi profitez-en
Jeunes gens, jeunes filles
C'est le joli printemps
Qui fait briller le temps
Car le joli printemps
C'est le temps d'une aiguille
Car le joli printemps
Ne dure pas longtemps.

Le mendiant

Jean Martin prit sa besace
Vive le passant qui passe
Jean Martin prit sa besace
Son bâton de cornouiller
S'en fut au moutier mendier
Vive le passant qui passe
Va-t-en dit le père moine
N'aimons pas les va-nu-pieds
S'en fut en ville mendier
Vive le passant qui passe
Epiciers et taverniers
Qui mangent la soupe grasse
Et qui vous chauffez les pieds
Puis couchez près de vos femmes
Au clair feu de la veillée
Jean Martin l'avez chassé
Vive le passant qui passe
On l'a trouvé sur la glace
Jean Martin a trépassé
Tremblez les gros et les moines
Vive le passant qui passe
Tremblez ah! maudite race

It is Pretty Springtime

It is pretty springtime
bringing the maidens out of doors
it is pretty springtime
making the weather sunshiny
I am going to the fountain
it is pretty springtime
to find the one who loves me
the one I love so much
It is in the month of April
that a lasting promise is given
it is pretty springtime
that brings the maidens out of doors
The lass and her swain
to dance the quadrille
it is pretty springtime
making the weather sunshiny
So enjoy it while you may
young folk, young maidens
it is pretty springtime
making the weather sunshiny
For pretty springtime
is but a point in time
for pretty springtime
lasts so short a time

The Beggar

Jean Martin took his sack
Long live the passer-by
Jean Martin took his sack
and his dogwood staff
Went off to the monastery to beg
Long live the passer-by
Off with you said the father monk
we do not like tramps
Went off to the town to beg
Long live the passer-by
grocers and innkeepers
who eat rich soup
and warm your feet
then lie close to your wives
in the light of the evening fire
Jean Martin you have driven him away
Long live the passer-by
he was found on the ice
Jean Martin was dead.
Tremble over-fed men and monks
Long live the passer-by
tremble Ah! accursed tribe

Qui n'avez point de pitié
Un jour prenez garde ô race
Les Jean Martin seront en masse
Aux bâtons de cornouiller
Il vous crè'ront la paillasse
Puis ils violeront vos garces
Et chausseront vos souliers
Jean Martin prends ta besace
Ton bâton de cornouiller.

Chanson de la fille frivole

Ah dit la fille frivole
Que le vent y vire y vole
Mes canards vont sur l'étang
Belle lune de printemps
Ah dit la fille frivole
Que le vent y vire y vole
Sous les vergers éclatants
Belle lune de printemps
Ah dit la fille frivole
Que le vent y vire y vole
Et dans les buissons chantants
Belle lune de printemps
Ah dit la fille frivole
Que le vent y vire y vole
Je vais trouver mes amants
Sous la lune de printemps
Ah dit la fille frivole
Que le vent y vire y vole
L'âge vient trop vite ment
Sous la lune de printemps
Ah dit la fille frivole
Que le vent y vire y vole
Plus tard soucis et tourments
Sous la lune de Printemps
Ah dit la fille frivole
Que le vent y vire y vole
Aujourd'hui guérissez-m'en
Belle lune de printemps
Ah dit la fille frivole
Que le vent y vire y vole
Baisez moi bien tendrement
Sous la lune de printemps.

who are without pity
one day, take care O tribe
the Jean Martins will become a mob
with their dogwood staves
They will stick you through the belly
then they will ravish your wenches
and be in your shoes
Jean Martin take your sack
your dogwood staff.

Song of the Flighty Girl

Ah said the flighty girl
let the wind blow where it listeth
my ducks are swimming on the pond
lovely moon of springtime
Ah said the flighty girl
let the wind blow where it listeth
under the full blown orchards
lovely moon of springtime
Ah said the flighty girl
let the wind blow where it listeth
in the singing bushes
lovely moon of springtime
Ah said the flighty girl
let the wind blow where it listeth
I am going to find my lovers
under the springtime moon
Ah said the flighty girl
let the wind blow where it listeth
old age comes all too quick
under the springtime moon
Ah said the flighty girl
let the wind blow where it listeth
later on cares and torments
under the springtime moon
Ah said, the flighty girl
let the wind blow where it listeth
today preserve me from them
lovely moon of springtime
Ah said the flighty girl
let the wind blow where it listeth
kiss me very tenderly
under the springtime moon

Le retour du sergent

Le sergent s'en revient de guerre
Les pieds gonflés sifflant du nez
Le sergent s'en revient de guerre
Entre les buissons étonnés
A gagné la croix de Saint-Georges
Les pieds gonflés sifflant du nez
A gagné la croix de Saint-Georges
Son pécule a sous son bonnet
Bourre sa pipe en terre rouge
Les pieds gonflés sifflant du nez
Bourre sa pipe en terre rouge
Puis soudain se met à pleurer
Il revoit tous ses copains morts
Les pieds gonflés sifflant du nez
Il revoit tous ses copains morts
Qui sont pourris dans les guérets
Ils ne verront plus leur village
Les pieds gonflés sifflant du nez
Ils ne verront plus leur village
Ni le calme bleu des fumées
Les fiancées va marche ou crève
Les pieds gonflés sifflant du nez
Envolées comme dans un rêve
Les copains s'les sont envoyées
Et le sergent verse une larme
Les pieds gonflés sifflant du nez
Et le sergent verse une larme
Le long des buissons étonnés.

The Return of the Sergeant

The sergeant is returning from the war
swollen feet sniffing nose
the sergeant is returning from the war
between the astonished thorn bushes
He has won the St George Cross
swollen feet sniffing nose
he has won the St George Cross
has his gratuity under his cap
Fills his red clay pipe
swollen feet sniffing nose
fills his red clay pipe
then suddenly begins to weep
He sees again all his dead chums
swollen feet sniffing nose
he sees again all his dead chums
who have rotted in the fields
They will see their village no more
swollen feet sniffing nose
they will see their village no more
nor the calm blue of smoking chimneys
Their sweethearts go on or die
swollen feet sniffing nose
scattered as in a dream
the chums have ravished them
And the sergeant sheds a tear
swollen feet sniffing nose
and the sergeant sheds a tear
along by the astonished thorn bushes.

