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## Program Notes: Madelyn Owens, Soprano; Somlee Lee, Piano; April 23, 2023

Madelyn Owens Soprano

Somlee Lee Piano

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### **Lascia ch'io pianga**

Translation: Richard Wigmore

Armida dispietata,  
colla forza d'abisso  
Rapimmi al caro Ciel  
di miei contenti,

E qui, con duolo eterno,  
Viva mi tieni,  
in tormentoso Inferno.  
Signor! Ah! Per pietà  
lasciami piangere.

Lascia ch'io pianga  
mia cruda sorte,  
E che sospiri la libertà!  
Il duolo infranga queste ritorte  
De' miei martiri, sol per pietà.

Ruthless Armida,  
with the strength of the abyss  
You have kidnapped me from my dear Heaven  
of my happiness,

And here, in eternal pain,  
you keep me alive,  
in tormenting Hell.  
Lord! Ah! Have pity,  
Let me weep.

Let me weep  
my cruel fate,  
and that I breathe freely!  
May the sorrow break these chains  
Of my martyrs, only out of pity.

### **C'est l'extase langoureuse**

Translation: James R. Briscoe

C'est l'extase langoureuse,  
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,  
C'est tous les frissons des bois  
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,  
C'est, vers les ramures grises,  
Le chœur des petites voix.

O le frêle et frais murmure,  
Cela gazouille et susurre!  
Cela ressemble au cri doux  
Que l'herbe agitée expire...  
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,  
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

Cette âme qui se lamente  
En cette plainte dormante,  
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?  
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,  
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne  
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?

This is languorous ecstasy,  
This is the fatigue of love,  
This is all the trembling of the woods  
In the embrace of the breezes,  
It is, among the gray branches,  
The choir of tiny voices.

O frail and fresh murmur,  
It babbles and whispers!  
It resembles a soft cry  
That the stirring grass makes...  
You would say it is, beneath the swirling water,  
The muffled movement of the pebbles.

The soul that mourns  
In this quiet plaint,  
It is ours, isn't it?  
Mine, say, and yours,  
From which is breathed the humble antiphon  
On this warm evening, so quietly?

## **Il pleure dans mon cœur**

Translation: James R. Briscoe

Il pleure dan mon cœur  
Comme il pleut sur la ville,  
Quelle est cette langueur  
Qui pénètre mon cœur?

O bruit doux de la pluie  
Par terre et sur les toits!  
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie,  
O le bruit de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison  
Dans ce cœur qui s'écœure.  
Quoi! Nulle trahison?  
Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine  
De ne savoir pourquoi,  
Sans amour et sans haine,  
Mon cœur a tant de peine.

There is weeping in my heart  
Just as the rain on the city,  
What is this languor  
That pierces my heart?

O soft sound of rain  
On the ground and on the roofs!  
For a heart that is weary,  
O the sound of the rain!

There is weeping without reason  
In the heart that is dejected.  
What! No treason?  
This sorrow is without reason.

Truly the worst pain  
Is not to know why,  
Without love and without hatred,  
My heart has so much pain.

## **Chevaux de bois**

Translation: James R. Briscoe

Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux de bois,  
Tournez cent tours, tournez mille tours,  
Tournez souvent et tournez toujours,  
Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.

L'enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche,  
Le gars en noir et la fille en rose,  
L'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose,  
Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.

Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur cœur,  
Tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois  
Clignote l'œil du filou sournois,  
Tournez au son du piston vainqueur!

Turn, turn, good wooden horses,  
Turn a hundred times, turn a thousand times,  
Turn often and turn forever,  
Turn, turn to the sound of the oboes.

The red-faced child and the pale mother,  
The fellow in black and the girl in pink,  
One striking off and the other striking poses,  
Each getting his Sunday penny's value.

Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,  
While all about your turning  
Twinkles the eye of the sly pickpocket,  
Turn to the sound of the splendid cornet!

C'est étonnant comme ça vous soûle  
D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête!  
Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête  
Du mal en masse et du bien en foule.

Tournez, dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin  
D'user jamais de nuls éperons,  
Pour commander à vos galops ronds,  
Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin.

Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme,  
Déjà, voici que sonne à la soupe  
La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe  
De gais buveurs que leur soif affame.

Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours  
D'astres en or se vêt lentement.  
L'église tinte un glas tristement.  
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours!  
Tournez.

It is amazing how that does drunken you  
Turning 'round in this giddy circus!  
The stomach empty and the head spinning  
Masses of bad and good aplenty.

Turn, horses, with no need  
For using spurs,  
To control your round galops  
Turn, turn, with no hope of fodder.

And hurry, horses of their souls,  
Already the supper bell is sounding  
Night falls and chases away the troupe  
Of merry drinkers made eager by their thirst.

Turn, turn! The velvet sky  
With golden stars slowly adorns itself.  
The church tolls a knell sadly.  
Turn to the joyful sound of the drums!  
Turn.

## **Spleen**

Translation: James R. Briscoe

Les roses étaient toutes rouges,  
Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.  
Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges,  
Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.

Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre,  
La mer trop verte et l'air trop doux.  
Je crains toujours, –ce qu'est d'attendre!–  
Quelque fuite atroce de vous.

Du houx à la feuille vernie  
Et du luisant buis je suis las,  
Et de la campagne infinie  
Et de tout, fors de vous, hélas!

The roses were completely red,  
And the ivy was all black.  
Dear, even by your slightest stir,  
All my despair is reborn.

The sky was too blue, too tender,  
The sea too green and the air too mild.  
I fear always, –how it is to be expected!–  
Some atrocious escape from you.

Of the holly and its lustrous leaf  
And of the shiny boxwood I am weary,  
And of the vast countryside  
And of everything, except you, alas!

## Heidenröslein

Translation: Richard Wigmore

Sah ein Knab' ein Röslein stehen,  
Röslein auf der Heiden,  
War so jung und morgenschön,  
Lief er schnell, es nah zu sehn,  
Sah's mit vielen Freuden.  
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,  
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Knabe sprach: Ich breche dich,  
Röslein auf der Heiden!  
Röslein sprach: Ich steche dich,  
Dass du ewig denkst an mich,  
Und ich will's nicht leiden.  
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,  
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Und der wilde Knabe brach  
'S Röslein auf der Heiden;  
Röslein wehrte sich und stach,  
Half ihm doch kein Weh und Ach,  
Mußt es eben leiden.  
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,  
Röslein auf der Heiden.

A boy saw a wild rose,  
growing in the heather,  
It was so lovely, as lovely as the morning,  
He ran swiftly, to look more closely,  
He looked on it with great joy.  
Wild rose, wild rose, wild rose red,  
Wild rose in the heather.

Said the boy: I shall pluck you,  
Wild rose in the heather  
Said the Rose: I shall prick you,  
so that you will always remember me,  
And I will not suffer from it.  
Wild rose, Wild rose, Wild rose red,  
Wild rose in the heather.

And the impetuous boy plucked  
Wild rose in the heather;  
The Rose defended herself and pricked him,  
but her cries of suffering were to no avail,  
She had to suffer.  
Wild rose, Wild rose, Wild rose red,  
Wild rose in the heather.

## Abendstern

Translation: Richard Wigmore

Was weilst du einsam an dem Himmel,  
O schöner Stern? Und bist so mild;  
Warum entfernt das funkelnde Gewimmel  
der Brüder sich von deinem Bild?  
"Ich bin der Liebe treuer Stern, sie halten  
sich von Liebe fern."

So solltest du zu ihnen gehen, bist du der  
Liebe, zaud're nicht!  
Wer möchte denn dir widerstehen?  
Du süßes, eigensinnig Licht!  
"Ich säe, schaue Keinen Keim  
und bleibe trauernd still daheim."

Why do you linger alone in the sky,  
Oh beautiful star? And you are so mild;  
Why does the sparkling crowd of your  
brothers shun your light?  
"I am the star of true Love, and they  
keep far away from Love."

So you should go to them, if you are  
Love, do not delay!  
Who could then withstand you?  
You sweet, but stubborn light!  
"I sow, but I see no shoot,  
and so I stay here, mournful and still."

### **Bei dir allein**

Translation: Richard Wigmore

Bei dir allein empfind' ich, dass ich lebe,  
dass Jugendmuth mich schwillt,  
dass eine heit're Welt der Liebe  
mich durch bebe;  
mich freut mein Sein bei dir allein!

Bei dir allein weht mir die Luft so labend,  
dünkt mich die Flur so grün, so mild  
des Lenzes Blüh'n, so balsam reich der Abend,  
so kühl der Hain, bei dir Allein!

Bei dir allein verliert der Schmerz sein Herbes,  
Gewinnt die Freud' an Lust! Du sichert  
meine Brust des angestammten Erbes;  
Ich fühl mich mein, bei dir allein!

With you alone I feel that I'm alive,  
that I'm fired by youthful vigor,  
that a bright world of love  
thrills through me;  
I rejoice in my being with you alone!

With you the breeze blows refreshingly,  
the fields seem green, the flowering spring  
so gently, the evening so balmy,  
The grove so cool, with you alone!

With you alone pain loses its bitterness,  
Joy gains its sweetness! You assure  
my heart of its natural heritage;  
I feel I am myself with you alone!

### **Goodby, Goodby World**

Goodby, Goodby world  
Goodby, Grover's Corners...  
Mama and Papa  
Goodby to clocks ticking  
and Mama's sunflow'rs.  
And food and coffee,  
And new ironed dresses  
And hot baths...  
And sleeping and waking up.  
Oh, earth, you're too wonderful  
For anyone to realize you.  
Do any human beings ever  
realize life why they live it?  
Every, every minute?

