

*The Shepherd School of Music
in cooperation with
The Association of Rice Alumni
present*

Paulina Stark, Soprano



HAMMAN HALL
8:30 p.m.
JANUARY 30, 1975

PAULINA STARK, soprano

assisted by

ANNE SCHNOEBELEN
piano

JAN COLE
flutes, guitar, folk instruments

I. Songs (voice, piano) REYNALDO HAHN (1874-1947)

1. Fêtes Galantes (poem by PAUL VERLAINE)

The serenaders and their young listeners exchange insipid remarks under the singing boughs. Their short silken vests, their long dresses with trains, their elegance, their joy . . . whirl in the ecstasy of a rose-grey moon, and the mandoline babbles in the breeze.

2. Paysage (poem by ANDRE THEURIET)

Quite close to the murmuring sea, I know a hidden spot in Brittany where I would so love to take you! Oak trees forming a circle around a fountain, a spring's clear water, reflecting your siren eyes . . . Mornings, a bird would come to sing for us, and the infinite voice of the sea would accompany our caresses of love.

3. Fumée (poem by JEAN MOREAS)

Companion of ether, indolent smoke, I resemble you! Your life lasts but a moment: mine is consumed. But we come forth from fire. Man, to exist, gathers ashes on his knees. Let us disappear . . .

4. Trois Jours de Vendange (poem by ALPHONSE DAUDET)

I met her on a vine-harvesting day . . . the air of a bacchante, eyes of an angel, she was leaning on the arm of her boyfriend. I met her on a vine-harvesting day . . . the sky was burning, torrid. She walked along, unsteady; her eyes had a strange glow. I shiver to remember . . . I met her on a vine-harvesting day. I still dream of it almost daily. The coffin was covered with velvet. The sisters of Avignon wept. The vine had born too many grapes. Love had reaped the harvest!

5. **Le Printemps (poem by THÉODORE DE BANVILLE)**

Here you are, laugh of springtime! The lilacs bloom, the ivy disappears under the blinding sunlight! Let us lie down beside the streams which cure our ills! A thousand fabulous hopes nourish our palpitating hearts. Here you are, laugh of springtime!

II. **Le Rossignol (flute, voice, piano) LÉO DELIBES (1836-1891)**

Arranged by Ary van Leeuwen

Listen to the song of the nightingale! He teaches us a lesson: sing of love. The nightingale returns each year, but love does not!

III. **Spanish songs (voice, guitar)**

1. **Three songs ENRIQUE GRANADOS (1867-1916)**

Transcribed for guitar by Jose De Azpiazu

a. **El Mirar de la Maja**

Why do my eyes reveal their passion? Such fire they give forth that when my lover passes by, I must hide them.

b. **El tralala y el Punteado**

It is useless to question me, for I shall keep answering "tralala"!

c. **La Maja Dolorosa**

Oh, majo of my life, you cannot have died, else how could I still exist? I am dreaming, delicious . . . the world weeps. But even in death my majo will always be mine.

2. **Los Pastores (folk song from the Estremadura)**

Arranged by Azpiazu, Cole

The shepherds have gone, and the mountains are left lonely and dark.

3. **Seguidilla Murciana MANUEL DE FALLA (1877-1946)**

Transcribed for guitar by Miguel Llobet

People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones. Your fickleness reminds me of a coin that gets passed around from hand to hand, until nobody will take it!

IV. **Rima (aria for voice, piano) JOAQUIN TURINA (1882-1949)**

I saw you, a point floating before my eyes like a sun-spot, wherever I looked . . . just your eyes, nothing more. Your eyes draw me somewhere, but I don't know where!

V. Sonata for flutes and piano (1964) PAUL COOPER (1926-)

The sonata for flutes and piano, calling for flute in C, alto flute, and piccolo, is written in the terse musical language of the '60's. The virtuoso writing for flutes is well balanced by the sparse sonorities of the piano, often dividing a single melodic line between the two hands in counterpoint to the flute. The work is written in a loose serial technique incorporating three basic musical ideas which appear in various rhythmic guises and linear combinations between the two instruments.

The sonata is divided into five short sections: the first states its basic idea expressively in progressive metric designs, ending with a burst of repeated notes on both instruments; the second begins with a flutter-tongues trill on the flute and is a fast *scherzando* with a short jazz-like section; the third and central section involves the strumming of piano strings, underpinning the low, rich tones of the alto flute; the fourth is a fast, pointillistic section which begins and ends with C flute, changing to piccolo in the middle; the final section, for alto flute, contains bell-like sounds for the piano in a final broad statement of the basic musical ideas.

VI. American folk songs arranged by JAN COLE

- | | |
|--|------------|
| 1. Black is the Color (Southern Appalachian) | (dulcimer) |
| 2. Bachelor's Hall (Kentucky Mountains) | (dulcimer) |
| 3. He's Gone Away (Blues influence) | (guitar) |
| 4. Shendandoah (River Chanty) | (guitar) |
| 5. Goober Peas (Civil War) | (banjo) |
| 6. Old Blue (rural South) | (banjo) |

VII. Tomorrow's Songs (1974) PAUL COOPER

Five songs on poems of C. E. Cooper

Written especially for this occasion, these five songs on poems of C. E. Cooper are set for soprano voice, alto flute, and piano in varying combinations. The songs reverberate with a new lyricism expressed in the musical vocabulary of the '70's, which perfectly reflects the strength and beauty of the poetry. Lyrics enclosed.

Reception following recital in Grand Hall of the Rice Memorial Center.

TOMORROWS SONGS

By C. E. Cooper

- I. Tomorrow
when another youngest day
is born
I'll know.
Although I am afraid
the sun I'll see
might be
an unfamiliar one
though terrified
that the I who watches
won't be the one I know
I'll read the morning face
with earnest care
and hold it to me.
It will be
mine.
- II. Every day I am reborn.
Each day a little slower
heavier
with knowledge
clinging to my outside
like barnacles —
nevertheless,
tomorrow
I will be reborn.
- III. Under a jacaranda tree,
cross-legged on blue-blossom-shaded asphalt,
the future sits and strums
a large guitar.
Her voice, straight, silver slim,
drifts between shade and sunlight
into deep ocean calms
and heat-baked streets.
A childish tremor battles new-found sounds
a strand of long soft hair
tangles with strings and fingers.
The asphalt melts a little
gentled by promises
and jacaranda blooms.
- IV. It gets dark very quickly
these days.
Light becomes shadow
hope becomes rage
child becomes stranger
green leaf turns to mold.
It gets dark in an instant
in that fierce, still breath
before the immortal soul's
one-millionth death.
- V. When tomorrow
becomes yesterday
and tears dry salty crusts
of memory
the end is near.
When valleys take the place of mountains
dreams turn to sleep
the end is here.