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Jewel Box Series: Sep. 17, 2004

Jewel Box Staff

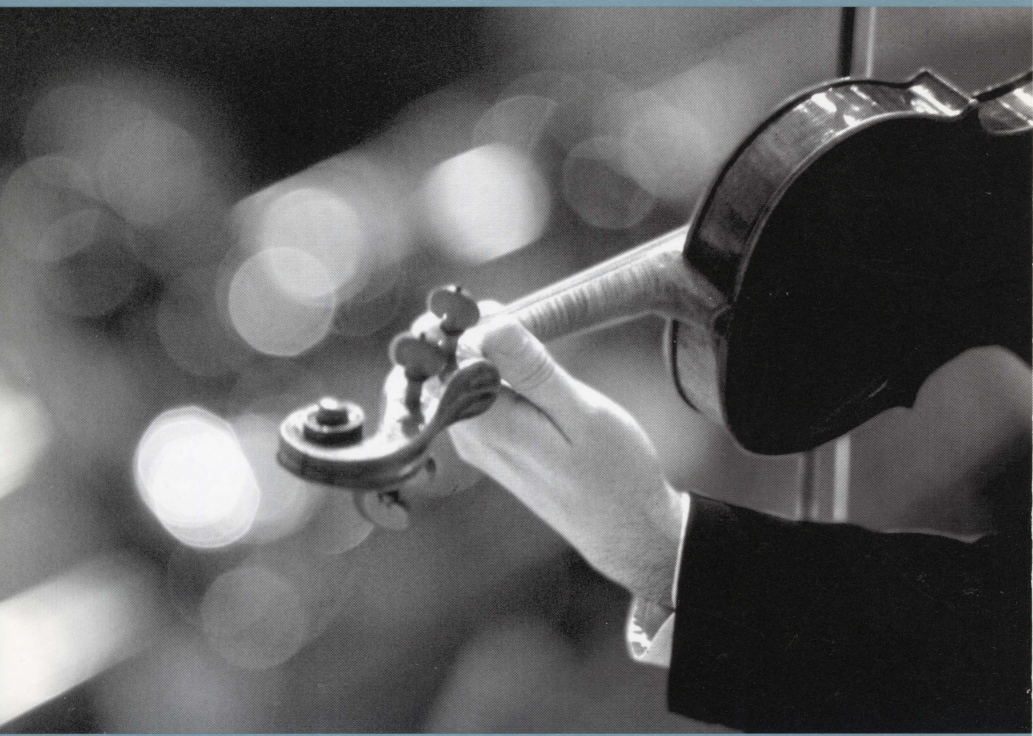
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THE JEWEL BOX SERIES 2004 2005



NORTHEASTERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY

Northeastern Illinois University, Jewel Box Series

September 17, 2004
Fine Arts Recital Hall - 8 p.m.

Presents

Soprano

E L I Z A B E T H
NORMAN

Kit Bridges, *Piano*

PROGRAM

Love Songs

The Mermaid's song
Fidelity
Piercing Eyes

Haydn

Er Ist's
Schmetterling
Jasminenstrauch
Loreley
Der Musensohn
Ganymed

Schumann

Widmung
Der Jungling an der Quelle
Gretchen am Spinrade
Schwesterlein
Das Madchen Spricht
Unbewegte laue Luft

Schubert

**Schumann
Schubert**

Brahms

INTERMISSION

Les Nuits D'Ete

Villanelle
Le spectre de la Rose
L'absence
L'île Inconnue

Berlioz

Pierrot
Pantomime
Apparition
Green

Debussy

AFRICAN AMERICAN COMPOSERS

The Breath of a Rose

William Grant Stille

Night

Florence Price

Ride On, King Jesus

Hall Johnson

Cassandra's Lullabye

Mark Faxx

Is There Anybody Here Who Loves My Jesus?

Roland Carter

Tonight's concert is being broadcast live on 98.7 WFMT. As a courtesy to the audience members, listeners, and performers, we ask that you turn off all electronic devices, including pagers and cellular phones. Additionally, flash photography and recording devices are prohibited. We appreciate your cooperation.

SUBSCRIBERS:

Join us for a reception with the artists in the Golden Eagle Room immediately following the performance!



ELIZABETH NORMAN

In just a few years, coloratura soprano Elizabeth Norman has gained a reputation as an accomplished interpreter of contemporary composers. A winner of the Metropolitan Opera National Finals, the Lynn Harvey Competition, the American Opera Society Award and the Union League Civic and Arts Foundation Award, she appears annually with the Grant Park Symphony in Chicago, as well as with members of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Her active career ranges from solo recitals, chamber music performances to television and radio recordings.

Ms. Norman has performed concerts and oratorios around the world on some of the most well known stages, including the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City, the White House, the Kennedy Center in Washington D.C., the

Musikverein in Vienna, as well as in Italy, Israel, and the African Countries of Madagascar, Mauritius, Kenya, Tanzania, and Rwanda for the United States Information Agency.

Highlights from Ms. Norman's performances include a world premiere oratorio by Paul Schoenfield conducted by John Nelson, *Doxology* by Logan/Harrison with the Black Music Repertory Ensemble, and *Aurora* by Augusta Read Thomas conducted by Daniel Barenboim as well as appearances with Wynton Marsalis in a Fox-Television Christmas Special singing his arrangement of Silent Night. Noted for her Mahler work, she has taken part in several performances of Mahler's Second, Fourth and Eighth symphonies, both Mozart and Brahms Requiems, Bach Cantatas and symphonic works of Strauss, Haydn, Barber, Copland, Villa-Lobos and Orff.

Last season included: *Carmina Burana* with the Duluth Symphony, Bach Cantata 51 with the Bach Festival of Evanston, a "Gershwin Tribute" with the Richmond Symphony and the Grand Opening of the famed Millennium Park and Pavilion in Chicago with the Grant Park Symphony singing *Ich danke, Fraulein* from Act One of Strauss' *Arabella* conducted by Carlos Kalmar. This season included concerts with the Chicago Sinfonietta, several holiday appearances, Mahler's *Second Symphony* with the Eugene Symphony as well as a return performance at the "Bach Festival" in Evanston.

Ms. Norman holds a B.A. in Education and a Concentration in Voice from Morgan State University in Baltimore and a M.M. in Vocal Performance from DePaul University in Chicago where she studied with Norman Gulbrandsen.

KIT BRIDGES

Dr. Kit Bridges, piano, is a highly sought after coach/accompanist who has performed widely in recital series including those at the Chicago Cultural Center, Grant Park, Steinway Hall, University of Chicago, and broadcasts on National Public Radio, WFMT, and PBS. He has appeared across the country, performing recitals with the Seitz-Bridges piano duo, and in 1995 collaborated with French hornist Kathryn Ann Buss on a recorded anthology for Catalyst Recordings. He studied with Gui Mombaerts and Mozart interpreter Lili Kraus. An expert in the Viennese classicists, he won the Schubert Prize in the International Piano Recording Competition and was a finalist (1988) in the Young Keyboard Artists Association International Competition. Bridges' Chicago solo debut at Orchestra Hall took place in 1993 in a recital consisting of music by 20th Century Russian composers. He attended Texas Christian University and earned his doctorate from Northwestern University. Dr. Bridges is currently on the faculties of both DePaul and North Park Universities.

LOVE SONGS

Translations

Franz Josef Haydn (1732-1809)

The Mermaid's Song

Now the dancing sunbeams play
On the green and glassy sea,
Come, and I will lead the way
Where the pearly treasures be.

Come with me, and we will go
Where the rocks of coral grow.
Follow, follow, follow me.

Come, behold what treasures lie
Far below the rolling waves,
Riches, hid from human eye,
Dimly shine in ocean's caves.
Ebbing tides bear no delay,
Stormy winds are far away.

Come with me, and we will go
Where the rocks of coral grow.
Follow, follow, follow me.

Text: Anne Hunter (fl. 1790)

Fidelity

While hollow burst the rushing winds,
And heavy beats the show'r,
This anxious, aching bosom finds
No comfort in its pow'r.

For ah, my love, it little knows
What thy hard fate may be,
What bitter storm of fortune blows,
What tempests trouble thee.

A wayward fate hath spun the thread
On which our days depend,
And darkling in the checker'd shade,
She draws it to an end.

But whatsoe'er may be our doom,
The lot is cast for me,
For in the world or in the tomb,
My heart is fix'd on thee.

Text: Anne Hunter (fl. 1790)

Piercing Eyes

Why asks my fair one if I love?
Those eyes so piercing bright
Can ev'ry doubt of that remove,
And need no other light.

Those eyes full well do know my heart,
And all its working see,
E'er since they play'd the conq'ror's part,
And I no more was free.

Anonymous

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Er Ist's: Frühling läßt sein blaues Band

Frühling läßt sein blaues Band
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte; Süße,
wohlbekannte Düfte
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land. Veilchen träumen
schon,
Wollen balde kommen.
Horch, von fern leiser Harfenton!
Frühling, ja du bist's!
Dich hab ich vernommen!

Text: Eduard Mörike (1804-1875)

Schmetterling

O Schmetterling sprich,
was fliehst du mich?
warum doch so eilig, jetzt fern und dann nah!
Jetzt fern und dann nah, jetzt hier und dann da. --
ich will dich nicht haschen,
ich tu dir kein Leid.
Ich tu dir kein Leid:
O bleib allezeit!

und wär ich ein Blümchen so spräch ich zu dir:
komm, komm doch zu mir!
ich schenk dir mein Herzchen,
wie gut bin ich dir!

*Text: August Heinrich Hoffmann von Fallersleben
(1798-1874)*

Jasminstrauch

Grün ist der Jasminstrauch Abends eingeschlafen,
Als ihn mit des Morgens Hauch
Sonnenlichter trafen,
Ist er schneeweiß aufgewacht: "Wie geschah mir
in der Nacht?"
Seht, so geht es Bäumen,
Die im Frühling träumen.

Text: Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

Loreley

Es flüstern und rauschen die Wogen Wohl über ihr
stilles Haus.
Es ruft eine Stimme: "Gedenke mein!
Bei stiller Nacht im Vollmondschein!
Gedenke mein!"
Und flüsternd ziehen die Wogen
Gedenke mein!"

Text: (Auguste) Wilhelmine Lorenz (1784-1861)

It's Him: Spring Lets Its Blue Ribbon

Spring lets its blue ribbon
flutter again in the breeze;
a sweet, familiar scent
sweeps ominously through the land.
Violets are already dreaming,
and will soon arrive.
Hark! In the distance - a soft harp tone!
Spring, yes it is you!
I have heard you!

The Butterfly

Speak to me o butterfly,
tell me why you shun me!
Why are you in such a hurry? Far off and then nearby!
First here then over there!
I am not out to catch you,
I won't do you any harm.
I won't do you any harm.
O stay forevermore!

If only I were a flower I'd speak to you thus:
Come now to me!
I will let you have my heart.
How good I am to you.

Jasmine Bush

Clad in green the jasmine bush
went to sleep one evening.
but when along with the morning air
the sun's rays fell upon it,
it woke up snow-white.
"What's happened to me in the night?"
You see, that's what happens to trees,
that slumber in the Spring.

The Loreley

The waves whisper and murmur
Over her silent house.
A voice rings out: "Remember me!
When the moon is full and the night silent.
Remember me!"
And the whispering waves flow over her silent house.
"Remember me!"

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Der Musensohn

Durch Feld und Wald zu schweifen,
Mein Liedchen wegzupfeifen,
So geht's von Ort zu Ort!
Und nach dem Takte reget
Und nach dem Maß bewegt
Sich alles an mir fort.

Ich kann sie kaum erwarten,
Die erste Blum' im Garten,
Die erste Blüt' am Baum.
Sie grüßen meine Lieder,
Und kommt der Winter wieder,
Sing ich noch jenen Traum.

Ich sing ihn in der Weite,
Auf Eises Läng' und Breite,
Da blüht der Winter schön!
Auch diese Blüte schwindet,
Und neue Freude findet
Sich auf bebauten Höhn.

Denn wie ich bei der Linde
Das junge Völkchen finde,
Sogleich erreg ich sie.
Der stumpfe Bursche bläht sich,
Das steife Mädchen dreht sich
Nach meiner Melodie.

Ihr gebt den Sohlen Flügel
Und treibt durch Tal und Hügel
Den Liebbling weit von Haus.
Ihr lieben, holden Musen,
Wann ruh ich ihr am Busen
Auch endlich wieder aus?

Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Ganymed

Wie im Morgenglanze
Du rings mich anglühst,
Frühling, Geliebter!
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne
Sich an mein drängt
Deiner ewigen Wärme
Heilig Gefühl,
Unendliche Schöne!

Daß ich dich fassen möcht'
In diesen Arm!

Ach, an deinem Busen
Lieg' ich und schmachte,
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras
Drängen sich an mein Herz.
Du kühlst den brennenden
Durst meines Busens,
Lieblicher Morgenwind!
Ruft drein die Nachtigall
Liebend mach mir aus dem Nebelal.

Ich komm', ich komme!

Es schweben die Wolken
Abwärts, die Wolken
Neigen sich der sehnenen Liebe.
Mir! Mir!
In eurem Schosse
Aufwärts!
Umfangend umfängen!
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,
Alliebender Vater!

Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Son of the Muse

Roaming through field and wood,
Piping along my little song,
So I go from place to place!
And to my beat
And to my measure
Everything moves with me.

I can hardly wait for them,
The first bloom in the garden,
The first blossom on the tree.
My songs greet them,
And when winter returns
I still sing of that dream.

I sing them far and wide,
Through the ice's realm,
Then winter blossoms beautifully!
That bloom disappears too,
And new joy is found
In the hilltowns.

For when I, beside the lindens,
Encounter young folks,
I rouse them at once.
The swaggering youth puffs up,
The naive maiden twirls
To my melody.

You give my feet wings
And drive through vale and hill
Your favorite, far from home.
You dear, kind muses,
When on her bosom
Will I finally again find rest?

Ganymed

How in the morning's splendor
you glow all around me,
Spring, beloved!
With love's delight a thousandfold.
There strains again, my heart,
of your warmth eternal.
The sacred feeling!
O everlasting beauty!

O that I might hold you
in these arms!

Ah, on your breast
languishing I lie,
And your flowers, your grass
press against my heart.
You cool the burning thirst
in my breast,
morning wind so delightful!
The nightingale calls to me full of love from the
misty valley.

I'm coming, I'm coming,

Oh, whither, whither?
Upwards, it urges, upwards,
The clouds are floating down to me, down to
this yearning love. To me! To me!
In your lap
Upwards!
Embracing, embraced!
Straining up to your bosom,
All-loving father!

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Widmung: Du meine Seele, du mein Herz

Du meine, du mein Herz,
Du meine Wonn', o du mein Schmerz,
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,
O du mein Grab, in das hinab
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab.

Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden,
Du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden.
Daß du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert,
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,
Du hebst mich liebend über mich,
Mein guter Geist, mein bessres Ich!

Text: Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

Dedication: You, My Soul, My Heart

You my soul, you my heart,
you my bliss, o you my pain,
you the world in which I live;
you my heaven, in which I float,
O you my grave, into which
I eternally cast my grief.

You are rest, you are peace,
you are bestowed upon me from heaven.
That you love me makes me worthy of you;
your gaze transfigures me before you;
you raise me lovingly above myself, my good
spirit, my better self!

Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seine Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt,

Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluß,
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach, sein Kuß!

Mein Busen drängt sich
Nach ihm hin.
dürft ich fassen
Und halten ihn,

Und küssen ihn,
So wie ich wollt,
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt!

His tall walk,
His noble figure,
His mouth's smile,
His eyes' power,

And his mouth's
Magic flow,
His handclasp,
and ah! his kiss!

My bosom urges itself
toward him.
Ah, might I grasp
And hold him!

And kiss him,
As I would wish,
At his kisses
I should die!

Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832), from Faust.

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Der Jüngling an der Quelle

Leise rieselnder Quell!
Ihr wallenden flispernden Pappeln!
Euer Schlummergeräusch
Wecket die Liebe nur auf.

Linderung sucht' ich bei euch
Und sie zu vergessen, die Spröde.
Ach, und Blätter und Bach
Seufzen, Dir nach!

Text: Johann Gaudenz Freiherr von Salis-Seewis (1762-1834)

The Youth by the Spring

Softly, trickling spring!
Ye churning, rustling poplars!
The sounds of slumber you make
Will only awaken my love.

Balm was I seeking from you
And to forget her indifference.
Ah, the brook and each tree
Sigh for my loved one, for thee.

Gretchen am Spinrade Meine Ruh' ist hin

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.

Nach ihm nur schau ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh ich
Aus dem Haus.

Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel My Peace Is Gone

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.

Where I do not have him,
That is the grave,
The whole world
Is bitter to me.

My poor head
Is crazy to me,
My poor mind
Is torn apart.

For him only, I look
Out the window
Only for him do I go
Out of the house.

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Schwesterlein

Schwesterlein, Schwesterlein, wann gehn wir nach Haus?
Morgen wenn die Hahnen krähn, Wolln wir nach Hause gehn,
Brüderlein, Brüderlein, dann gehn wir nach Haus.

Schwesterlein, Schwesterlein, wohl ist es Zeit.
Mein Liebster tanzt mit mir,
Geh ich, tanzt er mit ihr,
Brüderlein, Brüderlein, laß du mich heut.

Schwesterlein, Schwesterlein, was bist du blaß?
Das macht der Morgenschein
Auf meinen Wäengelein,
Brüderlein, Brüderlein, die vom Tuae naß.
Schwesterlein, Schwesterlein, du wankest so matt?
Suche die Kammertür,
Suche mein Bettlein mir
Brüderlein, es wird fein unterm Rasen sein.

Das Mädchen Spricht

Schwalbe, sag' mir an,
Ist's dein alter Mann,
Mit dem du's Nest gebaut?
Oder hast du jüngst erst
dich ihm vertraut?
Sag', was zwitschert ihr,
sag', was flüstert ihr
des Morgens so vertraut?

Gelt, du bist wohl
auch noch nicht lange Braut?

Text: Otto Friedrich Gruppe (1804-1876)

Sister Dear

"Sister dear, when are we going home?"
"Tomorrow morning when the cocks crow,
Brother dear, that's when we'll go home."

"Sister dear, it's about time now."
"My darling is dancing with me.
If I go, he'll dance with her.
Brother dear, leave me now."

"Sister dear, why are you so pale?"
"It's the morning glow on my cheeks,

Brother dear, which are wet with dew."
"Sister dear, why are you shaking so dizzily?"
"Find my chamber door,
My little bed,
Brother dear, all will be fine beneath the grass."

The Maiden Speaks

Swallow, tell me,
was it your old husband,
with whom you built your nest,
or have you just recently
entrusted yourself to him?
Tell me what you twitter about,
tell me what you whisper about
in the mornings, so confidentially?

Eh? You haven't been
a bride for very long, have you?

Unbewegte laue Luft

Unbewegte laue Luft,
Tiefe Ruhe der Natur;
Durch die stille Gartennacht
Plätschert die Fontäne nur.
Aber im Gemüte schwillt
Heißere Begierde mir,
Aber in der Ader quillt
Leben und verlangt nach Leben.
Sollten nicht auch deine Brust
Sehnlichere Wünsche heben?
Sollte meiner Seele Ruf
Nicht dir deine tief durchbeben?
Leise mit dem Ätherfuß
Säume nicht, daherzuschweben!
Komm, o komm, damit wir uns
Himmliche Genüge geben!

Text: Georg Friedrich Daumer (1800-1875)

Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)

Les Nuits D'Ete

Villanelle

Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,
Quand auront disparu les froids,
Tous les deux nous irons, ma belle,
Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois.

Sous nos pieds égrenant les perles
Que l'on voit, au matin trembler,
Nous irons écouter les merles
Siffler.

Le printemps est venu, ma belle;
C'est le mois des amants béni
Et l'oiseau, satinant son aile,
Dit vers au rebord du nid.

Oh! Viens donc sur ce banc de mousse,
Pour parler de nos beaux amours,
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce: Toujours!

Loin, bien loin égarant nos courses,
Faisons fuir le lapin caché,
Et le daim, au miroir des sources
Admirant son grand bois penché;

Puis chez nous, tout heureux, tout aises,
En paniers, en la ant nos doigts,
Revenons, rapportant des fraises,
Des bois.

Text: Théophile Gautier (1811-1872)

Motionless, Balmy Air

Motionless, balmy air,
Nature, deeply at rest;
Through the still garden-night
Only the fountain splashes.
But in my heart there surges
Hot desires,
And in my veins swells
Life, and a longing for life.
Should not also your breast
Be lifted by longing wishes?
Should not the cry of my soul
Reverberate deeply in yours?
Softly, with ethereal steps,
Do not tarry to float to me!
Come, oh come, so that we might
Give each other heavenly delights!

The Nights of Summer

Villanelle

When verdant spring again approaches,
When winter's chills have disappeared,
Through the woods we shall stroll, my darling,
The fair primrose to cull at will.

The trembling bright pearls that are shining,
Each morning we shall brush aside;
We shall go to hear the gay thrushes
Singing.

The flowers are abloom, my darling,
Of happy lovers 'tis the month;
And the bird his soft wing englossing,
Sings within his nest.

Come with me on the mossy bank,
Where we'll talk of nothing else but love,
And whisper with thy voice so tender: Always!

Far, far off let our footsteps wander,
Fright'ning the hiding hare away,
While the deer at the spring is gazing,
Admiring his reflected horns.

Then back home, with our hearts rejoicing,
And fondly our fingers entwined,
Lets return, let's return bringing fresh wild berries
Wood-grown.

Le Spectre de la Rose

Soulève ta paupière close
Qu'effleure un songe virginal!
Je suis le spectre d'une rose
Que tu portais hier au bal.

Tu me pris encore emperlée
Des pleurs d'argent de l'arrosoir,
Et, parmi la fête étoilée,
Tu me promenais tout le soir.

O toi qui de ma mort fus cause,
Sans que tu puisses le chasser,
Toutes les nuits mon spectre rose
A ton chevet viendra danser;

Mais ne crains rien, je ne réclame
Ni messe ni De Profundis.
Ce léger parfum est mon âme,
Et j'arrive du du paradis.

Mon destin fut digne d'envie,
Et pour avoir un sort si beau
Plus d'un aurait donné sa vie;
Car sur ton sein j'ai mon tombeau,

Et sur l'albâtre où je repose
Un poète avec un baiser
Écrivit: "Cigît une rose,
Que tous les rois vont jalouser."

Text: Théophile Gautier (1811-1872)

L'absence

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée,
Comme une fleur loin du soleil;
La fleur de ma vie est fermée,
Loin de ton sourire vermeil.

Entre nos cœurs qu'elle distance;
Tant d'espace entre nos baisers.
O sort amer! ô dure absence!
O grands désirs inapaisés!

D'ici là-bas que de campagnes,
Que de villes et de hameaux,
Que de vallons et de montagnes,
A lasser le pied des chevaux!

Text: Théophile Gautier (1811-1872)

The Ghost of the Rose

Open your closed eyelid
Which is gently brushed by a virginal dream!
I am the ghost of the rose
That you wore last night at the ball.

You took me when I was still sprinkled with pearls
Of silvery tears from the watering-can,
And, among the sparkling festivities,
You carried me the entire night.

O you, who caused my death:
Without the power to chase it away,
You will be visited every night by my ghost,
Which will dance at your bedside.

But fear nothing; I demand
Neither Mass nor De Profundis;
This mild perfume is my soul,
And I've come from Paradise.

My destiny is worthy of envy;
And to have a fate so fine,
More than one would give his life'
For on your breast I have my tomb,

And on the alabaster where I rest,
A poet with a kiss
Wrote: "Here lies a rose,
Of which all kings may be jealous."

Absence

Come back, return, my well-beloved!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your smiling ruby lips!

Between our hearts, what distance!
What space between our kisses!
O bitter fate! O harsh absence!
O great desires unappeased!

From here to there, how much land there is!
How very many villages and hamlets,
How very many valleys and mountains,
To weary the hoofs of the horses!

L'île Inconnue: Dites, la jeune belle

Dites, la jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?
La voile son aile,
La brise va souffler.
L'aviron est d'ivoire,
Le pavillon de moire,
Le gouvernail d'or fin;
J'ai pour lest une orange,
Pour voile une aile d'ange,
Pour mousse un séraphin.

Dites, la jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?
La voile enfle son aile,
La brise va souffler.

Est-ce dans la Baltique?
Dans la mer Pacifique?
Dans l'île de Java?
Où bien est-ce en Norvège,
Cueillir la fleur de neige,
Ou la fleur d'Angsoka?
Dites, la jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?
Menez-moi, dit la belle,
À la rive fidèle
Où l'on aime toujours!
Cette rive, ma chère,
On ne la connaît guère
Au pays des amours.

Text: Théophile Gautier (1811-1872)

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Pierrot

Le bon Pierrot, que la foule contemple,
Ayant fini les noces d'Arlequin,
Suit en songeant le boulevard du Temple.
Une fillette au souple casaquin
En vain l'agace de son oeil coquin;
Et cependant mystérieuse et lisse
Faisant de lui sa plus chère délice,
La blanche lune aux cornes de taureaux
Jette un regard de son oeil en coulisse
À son ami Jean Gaspard Debureau.

Text: Théodore Faullin de Banville (1823-1891)

Unknown Isle: Say, Young Beauty, Where Do You Wish To Go?

Say, young beauty,
Where do you wish to go?
The sail swells itself,
The breeze will blow.
The oar is made of ivory,
The flag is of silk,
The helm is of fine gold;
I have for ballast an orange,
For a sail, the wing of an angel,
For a deck boy, a seraph.

Say, young beauty,
Where do you wish to go?
The sail swells itself,
The breeze will blow.

Is it to the Baltic?
To the Pacific Ocean?
To the island of Java?
Or is it well to Norway,
To gather the flower of the snow,
Or the flower of Angsoka?
Say, young beauty,
Where do you wish to go?
Lead me, says the beauty,
To the faithful shore
Where one loves always!
This shore, my darling,
We hardly know at all
In the land of Love.

Pierrot

The good Pierrot whom the crowd watches,
Being through with Arlequin's wedding
Follows dreamily the boulevard du Temple.
A girl in a flowing blouse
Vainly entices him with her naughty eyes;
And mysterious and sleek
Makes him her dearest delight.
The white moon with her bull's horns
Throws a sideling glance
On her friend Jean Gaspard Debureau.

Pantomime

Pierrot, qui n'a rien d'un Clitandre,
Vide un flacon sans plus attendre,
Et, pratique, entame un pâté.

Cassandre, au fond de l'avenue,
Verse une larme méconnue
Sur son neveu déshérité.

Ce faquin d'Arlequin combine
L'enlèvement de Colombine
Et piroquette quatre fois.

Colombine rêve, surprise
De sentir un cœur dans la brise
Et d'entendre en son cœur des voix.

Text: Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Apparition

La lune s'attristait. Des séraphins en pleurs
Rêvant, l'archet aux doigts, dans le calme des fleurs
Vaporeuses, tiraient de mourantes violes
De blancs sanglots glissant sur l'azur des corolles.
- C'était le jour béni de ton premier baiser;
Ma songerie aimant à me martyriser
S'enivrait savamment du parfum de tristesse
Que même sans regret et sans déboire laisse
La cueillaison d'un Rêve au cœur qui l'a cueilli.
J'errais donc, l'oeil rivé sur le pavé vieilli.
Quand avec du soleil aux cheveux, dans la rue
Et dans le soir, tu m'es en riant apparue
Et j'ai cru voir la fée au chapeau de clarté.
Qui jadis sur mes beaux sommeils d'enfant gâté

Passait, laissant toujours de ses mains mal fermées
Neiger de blancs bouquets d' toiles parfumées.

Text: Stéphane Mallarmé (1842-1898)

Green

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds reposée
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encor de vos derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.

Text: Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Pantomime

Pierrot who is no Clitandre
Empties a bottle without further ado
And, practical, starts on a pie.

Cassandra, at the end of the avenue,
Sheds a misunderstood tear.
For her disinherited nephew.

That rascal Arlequin plans
The abduction of Colombine
And piroquettes four times.

Colombine dreams, surprised
To sense a heart in the breeze
And to hear voices in her heart.

Apparition

The moon became sad. Tearful Seraphims
Dreaming, bow in hand, in the calm of hazy flowers,
pulled from the dying viols
White sobs, gliding on the azure of the corollas.
It was the blessed day of your first kiss.
My musings, loving to make me a martyr,
Knowingly became drunk with the perfume of sadness
Which even without regret and without aftertaste leaves
The harvest of a dram in the heart that plucked it.
I wandered off, my eye riveted on the aged pavement,
When, with the sun in your hair, in the street
And in the evening, you appeared to me, laughing
And I believed that I saw the fairy with her cap of light,
Who, long ago, passed through my sweet slumbers of a
spoiled child,
Always, from her half-closed hands, allowing white
bouquets of perfumed stars to fall like snow.

Green

Here are fruits, flowers leaves and branches,

And then here is my heart that beats only for you.
Do not tear it with your two white hands, and
May the humble offering find favor in your lovely eyes.

I arrive still covered with the dew that the morning
Wind has just frozen on my forehead.
Let me lay my fatigue at your feet and dream of The
dear moments that will soothe it.

Let my head, still resounding from your last kisses,
Repose on your young breast;
Let it calm itself after the storm,
And let me sleep a bit, since you too are resting.

Northeastern Illinois University is a comprehensive state university of about 12,000 students located on the northwest side of Chicago. Northeastern is nationally recognized as having the most ethnically diverse student body in the Midwest. Along with the quality academic programming consistent with the University's mission of excellence and access, the University is known for support of the fine arts, global education opportunities, and leadership in teacher preparation and education. ■

JEWELBOX 2004 2005

Coming up in the Jewel Box Series

Friday, October 15, 2004 - **Trio Settecento**

Friday, November 19, 2004 - **Countertenor Mark Crayton**

Friday, December 17, 2004 - **Pianist Mikhail Yanovitsky**

Friday, January 21, 2005 - **Paquito D'Rivera and The Assads**

Friday, February 18, 2005 - **The Biava String Quartet**

Friday, March 18, 2005 - **The Imani Winds**

Friday, April 15, 2005 - **Piffaro**

Friday, May 20, 2005 - **Pianists Claire Aebersold and Ralph Neiweem**



Now on exhibit in the Fine Arts Center Gallery...

COMMUNITY STRUCTURES by YVETTE KAISER SMITH

A one person show of crocheted fiberglass sculptures will be on display in the Fine Arts Center Gallery from August 30th through October 1st. Expanding and stretching across the gallery walls in intricate webs, her sculptures reference the patterns found in biology and genetics as well as the human-made patterns created through the domestic roles of sewing.

** For more information on the Fine Arts Center Gallery, call 773.442.4944*

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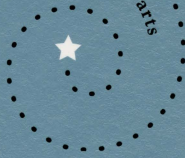
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