



Elisheva Pront, soprano

Jialiang Li, piano | Marcello Sbrocca, saxophone

Two Hannah Szenesh Poems

Kol kara
Ashrey hagafurur

Max Helfman
(1901-1963)

I Never Saw Another Butterfly

- i. The Butterfly
- ii. Yes, that's The Way Things Are
- iii. Birdsong
- iv. The Garden
- v. Man Proposes, God Disposes
- vi. The Old House

Lori Laitman
(b. 1955)

Coquetterie Posthume
La Romance d'Ariel

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Brettli-Lieder

- i. Galathea
- ii. Gigerlette
- iii. Der genügsame Liebhaber
- vii. Arie aus dem Spiegel von Arcadien

Arnold Schönberg
(1874-1951)

And this is my Beloved
from *Kismet*

Alexander Borodin
(1833-1887)

Adapted by Robert Wright and George Forrest

with Jacob Elfner, Michael Manganiello, and Ben Ross

Friday, March 31, 2023 | 8:00 PM
Leith Symington Griswold Hall

Recitalist is a student of Tony Arnold and Dr. Patrick O'Donnell.
This recital is offered in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Music.

The use of cameras and video or tape recorders without prior permission is strictly prohibited.

Texts and Translations

Two Hannah Szenesh Poems (1921-1944)

Kol kara v'halachti
Halachti ki kara hakol
Halachti l'val epol.

A voice called and I went
I went because the voice called
I went lest I fall.

Ach, al parashat d'rachim
Satamti oznai baloven hakor
Uvachiti.
Ki ibad'ti davar.

But at a crossroads
I put my ear to the white coldness
And I wept.
For I had lost something.

Ashrey hagafurur
shenis'raf v'hitsit l'havot,

Blessed is the match
that burned and ignited the flames,

Ashrey halevava
sh'ba'ara b'sitrei l'avot.

Blessed is the flame
that burned in the secrets of your heart.

Ashrey halevavot
sheyad'u lachdol b'chavod,

Blessed are the hearts
that knew how to stop with dignity,

Ashrey hagafurur
shenis'raf v'hitsit l'havot.

Blessed is the match
that burned and ignited the flames.

Translation by Elisheva Pront

I Never Saw Another Butterfly

translations collected by Hana Volavková

The Butterfly

Poetry by Paval Friedmann (1921-1944)

The last, the very last, so richly, brightly, dazzlingly yellow.
Perhaps, if the sun's tears would sing against a white stone
Dazzlingly yellow
Such, such a yellow, is carried lightly way up high.
It went away I'm sure because it wished to kiss the world goodbye.

For seven weeks I've lived in here,
Pinned up inside this ghetto.
But I have found what a love here.
The dandelions call to me and the white chestnut branches in the court.
Only I never saw another butterfly.

That butterfly was the last one.
Butterflies don't live in here, in the ghetto.

Yes, that's The Way Things Are

Poetry by Koleba (Kosek, Lowy, & Bachner; children from the Terezin Concentration Camp)

In Terezin in the so-called park, a queer old grandad sits
Somewhere there in the so-called park.

He wears a beard down to his lap
And on his head a little cap
Somewhere in the so-called park.

Hard crusts he crumbles in his gums,
He's only got one single tooth.
My poor old man with working gums
Instead of soft rolls, lentil soup.

My poor old grey beard,
There in the so-called park.

Birdsong

Poet anonymous

He doesn't know the world at all who stays in his nest and doesn't go out.
He doesn't know what birds know best, nor what I want to sing about.
That the world is full of loveliness.

When dewdrops sparkle in the grass
And earth's a flood with morning light,
A blackbird sings upon a bush to greet the dawning after night.
Then I know how fine it is to live.

Hey, try to open up your heart to beauty,
Go to the woods someday and weave a wreath of memory there.

Then in the tears obscure your way,
you'll know how wonderful it is to be alive.

The Garden

Poetry by Franta Bass (1930-1944)

A little garden, fragrant and full of roses
The path is narrow and a little boy walks along it
A little boy, a sweet boy, like that growing blossom
When the blossom comes to bloom,
The little boy will be no more.

Man Proposes, God Disposes

Poetry by Koleba

Who was helpless back in Prague and who was rich before
He's a poor soul here in Terezin, his body's bruised and sore.
Who was toughened up before, he'll survive these days.
But who was used to servants will sink into his grave.

The Old House

Poetry by Franta Bass

Deserted here, the old house stands in silence, asleep.
The old house used to be so nice, standing there before.
Now it is deserted
Rotting in silence
What a waste of houses
What a waste of hours.

Coquetterie posthume – *Posthumous flirtation*

Théophile Gautier (1811-1872), poetry

Quand je mourrai, que l'on me mette,
Avant que de clouer mon cercueil,
Un peu de rouge à la pommette,
Un peu de noir au bord de l'œil.
Car je veux, dans ma bière close,
Comme le soir de son aveu,
Rester éternellement rose
Avec du khol sous mon œil bleu.

Posez-moi sans jaune immortelle,
Sans coussin de larmes brodé,
Sur mon oreiller de dentelle
De ma chevelure inondé.
Cet oreiller, dans les nuits folles,
A vu dormir nos fronts unis,
Et sous le drap noir des gondoles
Compté nos baisers infinis.

Entre mes mains de cire pâle,
Que la prière réunit,
Tournez ce chapelet d'opale
Par le pape à Rome béni.
Je l'égrènerai dans la couche
D'où nul encor ne s'est levé.
Sa bouche en a dit sur ma bouche
Chaque Pater et chaque Ave.

When I die, before my coffin is
nailed shut, let a little rouge
be dabbed on my cheeks,
a touch of black around my eyes.
For in my closed coffin I want to be
as I was when he made me his vows,
to blush with pink for ever more,
with kohl beneath my blue eyes.

Without yellow immortelles,
without a tear-embroidered cushion,
lay me on my lace pillow,
engulfed in my own tresses.
This pillow, on nights of passion,
saw us asleep, brow to brow,
and counted our endless kisses
beneath the gondola's black sheet.

Between my pale waxen hands
joined in prayer,
rotate this opal rosary,
blessed by the Pope in Rome.
I shall tell the beads on the couch
from which no one has yet risen;
his mouth against my mouth
has said each Pater and each Ave.

Quand je mourrai, que l'on me mette,
Avant que de clouer mon cercueil,
Un peu de rouge à la pommette
Un peu de noir au bord de l'œil.

When I die, before my coffin is
nailed shut, let a little rouge
be dabbed on my cheeks,
a touch of black around my eyes.

Translation by Richard Stokes

La romance d'Ariel - Ariel's Song
Paul Bourget (1852-1935), poetry

Au long de ces montagnes douces,
Dis! viendras-tu pas à l'appel
De ton délicat Ariel
Qui veloute à tes pieds les mousses?

Come, will you not cross these fair mountains,
When summoned by
Your fair Ariel,
Who velvets the moss at your feet?

Suave Miranda, je veux
Qu'il fasse juste assez de brise
Pour que ce souffle tiède frise
Les pointes d'or de tes cheveux!

Sweet Miranda, I would wish
For just enough breeze
For its warm breath to ruffle
The golden tips of your hair!

Les clochettes de digitales
Sur ton passage tinteront;
Les églantines sur ton front
Effeuilleront leurs blancs pétales.

The foxglove bells
Will chime as you pass;
The eglantine will shed on your brow
Its white petals.

Sous le feuillage du bouleau
Blondira ta tête bouclée;
Et dans le creux de la vallée
Tu regarderas bleuir l'eau,

Beneath the birch leaves
Your curly head will turn blond;
And in the depths of the valley
You will see the water turn blue,

L'eau du lac lumineux ou sombre,
Miroir changeant du ciel d'été,
Qui sourit avec sa gaïté
Et qui s'attriste avec son ombre;

The water of the luminous or dark lake,
A changing mirror of the summer sky,
Which smiles in merriment
And grows sad in its shadow;

Symbole, hélas! du cœur aimant,
Où le chagrin, où le sourire
De l'être trop aimé, se mire
Gaïment ou douloureusement...

Symbol, alas, of the loving heart,
Where the sorrow, where the smile
Of one too well loved, is reflected
Merrily or sadly...

Translation by Richard Stokes

Brettl-Lieder (selections)

Galathea

Frank Wedekind (1864-1918), poetry

Ach, wie brenn' ich vor Verlangen,
Galathea, schönes Kind,
Dir zu küssen deine Wangen,
Weil sie so entzückend sind.

Ah, how I'm burning with desire,
Galathea, lovely child,
Just to kiss your cheeks,
Because they're so enchanting.

Wonne die mir widerfahre,
Galathea, schönes Kind,
Dir zu küssen deine Haare,
Weil sie so verlockend sind.

The rapture that I feel,
Galathea, lovely child,
Just to kiss your tresses,
Because they're so enticing.

Nimmer wehr' mir bis ich ende,
Galathea, schönes Kind,
Dir zu küssen deine Hände,
Weil sie so verlockend sind.

Never resist me, till I've finished,
Galathea, lovely child,
Kissing your hands,
Because they're so enticing.

Ach, du ahnst nicht, wie ich glühe,
Galathea, schönes Kind,
Dir zu küssen deine Knie,
Weil sie so verlockend sind.

Ah, you do not sense how I burn,
Galathea, lovely child,
To kiss your knees,
Because they're so enticing.

Und was tät ich nicht, du Süße,
Galathea, schönes Kind,
Dir zu küssen deine Füße,
Weil sie so verlockend sind.

And what wouldn't I do, my sweet,
Galathea, lovely child,
To kiss your feet,
Because they're so enticing.

Aber deinen Mund enthülle,
Mädchen, meinen Küßen nie,
Denn in seiner Reize Fülle,
Küßt ihn nur die Phantasie.

But never expose your lips,
Sweet girl, to my kisses,
For the fullness of their charms
Can only be kissed in fantasy.

Gigerlette

Otto Julius Bierbaum (1865-1910), poetry

Fräulein Gigerlette
Lud mich ein zum Tee.
Ihre Toilette
War gestimmt auf Schnee;
Ganz wie Pierrette
War sie angetan.
Selbst ein Mönch, ich wette,
Sähe Gigerlette
Wohlgefällig an.
War ein rotes Zimmer,

Fräulein Gigerlette
Invited me to tea.
Her attire
Harmonized with snow;
She was dressed
Just like Pierrette.
Even a monk, I bet,
Would gaze on Gigerlette
With pleasure.
She received me

Drin sie mich empfang,
Gelber Kerzenschimmer
In dem Raume hing.
Und sie war wie immer
Leben und Esprit.
Nie vergess ichs, nimmer:
Weinrot war das Zimmer,
Blütenweiß war sie.

In a red room,
Yellow candlelight
Flickered in the air.
And she was, as ever,
Full of life and wit.
I'll not forget it, never,
The room was wine-red,
She was blossom-white.

Und im Trab mit Vieren
Führen wir zu zweit
In das Land spazieren,
Das heißt Heiterkeit.
Daß wir nicht verlieren
Zügel, Ziel und Lauf,
Saß bei dem Kutschieren
Mit den heißen Vieren
Amor hinten auf.

And both of us rode off
In a carriage-and-four
Out into the Land
Of Mirth.
In order to reach our goal
And not stray without reins,
Cupid sat atop
At the back
Of our carriage-and-four.

Der genügsame Liebhaber - *The contented suitor*
Hugo Salus (1866-1929), poetry

Meine Freundin hat eine schwarze Katze,
Mit weichem knisterndem Sammetfell,
Und ich, ich hab' eine blitzblanke Glatze,
Blitzblank und glatt und silberhell.

My girlfriend has a black cat
With soft, rustling, velvet fur,
And I, I have a shining bald head,
Shining and smooth and silvery.

Meine Freundin gehört zu den üppigen Frauen,
Sie liegt auf dem Divan das ganze Jahr,
Beschäftigt das Fell ihrer Katze zu krauen,
Mein Gott, ihr behagt
halt das sammtweiche Haar.

My girlfriend's one of those voluptuous women,
She lies on the sofa all year round,
Busily stroking her cat's fur,
My God, how she loves
that soft, velvet fur.

Und komm' ich am Abend
die Freundin besuchen,
So liegt die Mieze im Schoße bei ihr,
Und nascht mit ihr von dem Honigkuchen,
Und schauert wenn ich leise ihr Haar berühr'.

And when in the evening
I visit my girlfriend,
Her pussy-cat's always on her lap,
Nibbling with her the gingerbread,
And trembling whenever I stroke its fur.

Und will ich mal zärtlich tun mit dem Schatze,
Und daß sie mir auch einmal 'Eitschi' macht,
Dann stülp' ich die Katze auf meine Glatze,
Dann streichelt die Freundin die Katze und lacht.

And if I become amorous with my love,
So that she might call me 'honey-bun',
I lift the cat onto my bald head,
And my girlfriend strokes the cat and laughs.

Arie aus dem Spiegel von Arcadien – Aria from *The Mirror of Arcadia*
Emanuel Schikaneder (1751-1812), poetry

Seit ich so viele Weiber sah,
Schlägt mir mein Herz so warm,
Es summt und brummt mir hier und da,
Als wie ein Bienenschwarm.

Since seeing so many women,
My heart beats so ardently,
It hums and buzzes here and there,
Just like a swarm of bees.

Und ist ihr Feuer meinem gleich,
Ihr Auge schön und klar,
So schlaget wie der Hammerstreich,
Mein Herzchen immer dar. Bum, bum, bum.

And if her ardour resembles mine,
And her eyes are lovely and limpid,
Then my heart, like a hammer,
Beats on and on. Boom, boom, boom.

Ich wünschte tausend Weiber mir,
Wenn's recht den Göttern wär',
Da tanzt' ich wie ein Marmelthier,
In's Kreuz und in die Quer.

I wish I could have a thousand women,
If it so pleased the gods,
I'd dance like a marmot
In every direction.

Das wär' ein Leben auf der Welt,
Da wollt' ich lustig sein,
Ich hüpfte wie ein Haas durch's Feld,
Und's Herz schlug immer drein.
Bum, bum, bum.

That would be a life worth living,
Then I'd have joy and fun,
I'd hop like a hare through the field,
And my heart would skip along.
Boom, boom, boom.

Wer Weiber nicht zu schätzen weiß,
Ist weder kalt noch warm,
Und liegt als wie ein Brocken Eis,
In eines Mädchens Arm.
Da bin ich schon ein andrer Mann,
Ich spring' um sie herum;
Mein Herz klopft froh an ihrem an
Und machet bum, bum, bum!

A man who does not value women
Is neither cold nor warm,
And lies like a block of ice
In a young girl's arms.
I'm a different sort of man,
I circle women in a dance;
My heart beats happily against hers,
Going boom, boom, boom!

Translations by Richard Stokes

And this is my Beloved

Music and lyrics by Robert Wright (1914-2005) & George Forrest (1915-1999),
based on the nocturne from the third movement of Alexander Borodin's String Quartet No. 2 in D.

Dawn's promising skies,
Petals on a pool, drifting –
Imagine these in one pair of eyes,
And this is my beloved!

And when he speaks, and when he talks to me:
Music! Mystery!
And when he moves, and when he walks with me:
Paradise comes suddenly near!

Strange spice from the south
Honey through the comb, sifting –
Imagine these in one eager mouth,
And this is my beloved!

All that can stir, all that can stun,
All that's for the heart's lifting –
Imagine these in one perfect one:
And this is my beloved!

