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School of Music

Boston University Concert Programs

1996-09-24

Faculty concert: Penelope Bitzas, mezzo-soprano, and Shiela Kibbe, piano

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PENELOPE BITZAS, *mezzo-soprano*
SHIELA KIBBE, *piano*

Tuesday, September 24, 1996
8:00 p.m.

PROGRAM

Le travail du peintre (Eluard)

Pablo Picasso
March Chagall
George Braque
Juan Gris
Paul Klee
Joan Miró
Jacques Villon

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Abendstern

Am Strande (Burns)

Die gute Nacht, die ich dir sage (Rückert)

Lorelei (Heine)

Clara Schumann
(1819-1896)

—Intermission—

A Charm of Lullabies, Op. 41

A Cradle Song (Blake)
The Highland Balou (Burns)
Sephestia's Lullaby (Greene)
A Charm (Randolph)
The Nurse's Song (Philip)

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

Siete Canciones populares Españolas

El paño moruno
Seguidilla murciana
Asturiana
Jota
Nana
Canción
Polo

Manuel de Falla
(1876-1946)

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Francis Poulenc: *Le travail du peintre* (The work of the painter)

Pablo Picasso

Surround this lemon with formless white of egg
coat this egg white with a malleable delicate blue
although the straight black line surely comes from you
the dawn lies behind your picture

And innumerable walls crumble
behind your picture and you your eyes fixed
like a blind man like a madman
you put a tall sword in the empty space

A hand why not a second hand
and why not a denuded mouth like a quill
why not a smile and why not tears
on the very edge of the canvas where little nails are fixed

This is the day of others leave their good fortune to the shadows
and with a single movement of the eyelids renounce.

Marc Chagall

Ass or cow
cock or horse
even the skin of a violin
a singing man
a single bird
agile dancer with his wife

Couple steeped in their springtime

The gold of the grass
the lead of the sky
divided by the blue flames
of health and of dew
the blood grows iridescent
the heart rings
A couple the first reflection

And in an underground cavern of snow
the opulent vine delineates
a face with moon-like lips
which has never slept at night.

George Braque

A bird flies away
it throws off the clouds like a useless veil,
it has never feared the light,
enclosed in its flight,
it has never had a shadow.

Husks of harvest grains split by the sun.
All the leaves of the wood say yes,
They can say nothing but yes,

every question, every answer
and the dew flows in the depth of this yes.

A man with carefree eyes describes the heaven of love.
He gathers its wonders
like leaves in a wood,
like birds in their wings
and men in sleep.

Juan Gris

By day give thanks by night beware
sweetness one half of the world
the other showed blind harshness

In the veins a merciless present was read
in the beauties of the contours limited space
cemented all the joinings of familiar objects

Table guitar and empty glass
on an acre of solid earth
of white canvas of nocturnal air

Table had to support itself
lamp to remain a pip of the shadow
newspaper abandoning half of itself

Twice the day twice the night
of two objects a double object
a single whole for ever and ever.

Paul Klee

On the fatal slope the traveler benefits
from the favor of the day, glazed with frost and without pebbles,
and his eyes blue with love, discovers his season
which bears on every finger great stars as rings.
On the shore the sea has left its ears
and the hollowed sand site of a noble crime.
The agony is worse for the executioners than for the victims
Knives are omens and bullets are tears.

Joan Miró

Sun of prey prisoner of my head,
remove the hill, remove the forest.
The sky is more beautiful than ever.

The dragonflies of the grapes
give precise forms to it
that I dispel with a gesture.

Clouds of primeval day,
insensitive clouds sanctioned by nothing,
their seeds burn
in the straw fires of my glances.

At the end, to cloak itself with dawn
the sky must needs be as pure as the night.

Jacques Villon

Irremediable life
life ever to be cherished

Despite scourges
and base morals
despite false stars
and encroaching ashes

Despite grinding fevers
crimes belly-high
dried up breasts foolish faces
despite mortal suns

Despite the dead gods
despite the lies
dawn horizon water
bird man love

man light-hearted and good
smoothing the earth
clearing the woods
illuminating the stone

And the nocturnal rose
and the blood of the crowd.

Clara Schumann: Selected Songs

Der Abendstern (The Evening Star)

Are you really so far, lovely, glittering star?
I secretly long, hourly, fickle one, for you.

Do you glitter so clear through the night,
Quietly to watch the anxiety?
Shimmer in the late morning,
and faint when the sun arises.

Will you not wink peace and rest to me from your friendly light?
I gaze on you blinking star,
I must, after all, so willingly die.
Am Strande (On the Shore)

Sadly I gaze from the cliff at the flood that separates us,
And with ardor, beseech the lips already on his side,
Element!

Fear is my soul's master, ah, and hope nearly wilts;
Only in a dream the spirits bring news from the beloved to me.
For him, joyful companions, golden days in pleasure and pain,
Grief-tears never shed,
Ah, he doesn't know my pain!
The nightly hour is mild to me,
my eyes close in rest,
Gentle spirits whisper tidings from loved ones, then, to me.

Die Gute Nacht, dir ich dich sage (To you, good night I say)

To you good night I say,
Friend listen!

An angel who carries the message goes hither and yon.
He brings her to you, and has again brought a greeting to me:
To you they also say friends' songs, now good night.

Lorelei (The Lorelei)

I don't know why I'm so sad;
an old fable comes to mind.

The breeze is cool and it is dark, the Rhein is uneasy;
the mountaintops glisten in the sunset.

The beautiful maiden sits above marvelously,
her golden jewelry flashes, she combs her golden hair.
She combs it with a gold comb and sings a song at the same time;
it has an exquisite powerful melody.

The sailors in little ships grasp it with wild wailing;
They do not see the reef, they only see her there.
I believe the waves intertwine the sailor and skiff to their ends;
and the Lorelei has, with her singing, no sooner said than done.

Benjamin Britten: A Charm of Lullabies

A Cradle Song (William Blake)

Sleep! Sleep! ...beauty bright,
Dreaming o'er the joys of night;
Sleep! Sleep! ...in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.
Sweet Babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.
O, the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep.
When thy little heart does wake.....
Then the dreadful lightnings break,
From thy cheek and from thy eye,
O'er the youthful harvests nigh.
Infant wiles and infant smiles
Heav'n and Earth of peace beguiles.

The Highland Balou (Robert Burns)

Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanronald!
Brawlie kens our wanton Chief
What gat my young Highland thief. (Hee balou!)

Leeze me on the bonnie craigie!
An thou live, thou'll steal a naigie,
Travel the country thro' and thro',
And bring hame a Carlisle cow!

Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border,
Weel, my babie, may thou furdur!
Herry the louns o' the laigh Countrie,
Syne to the Highlands hame to me!
Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald,
hee balou, my sweet wee Donald.
Hee balou!

Sephestia's Lullaby (Robert Greene)

Weep not my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy;
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe;
Fortune changed made him so,
When he left his pretty boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby leapt;
More he crowed more we cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide:
He must go, He must kiss
Child and mother, baby bliss,
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee.

A Charm (Thomas Randolph)***

Quiet, sleep! or I will make
Erinnys whip thee with a snake,
And cruel Rhadamanthus take
Thy body to the boiling lake,
Where fire and brimstone never slake;
Thy heart shall burn, thy head shall ache,
And every joint about thee quake;
And therefore dare not yet to wake!
Quiet, sleep!

Quiet, sleep! or thou shalt see
The horrid hags of Tartary,
Whose tresses ugly serpents be,
And Cerberus shall bark at thee,
And all the Furies that are three
The worst is called Tisiphone,
Which shall lash thee to eternity;
And therefore sleep thou peacefully...
Quiet, sleep!

****There are several mythological references in this song. Erinnys and Tisiphone are two of the furies in Hades. Tisiphone is the Avenging fury and considered the worst of all. Rhadamanthus was appointed by Zeus to be one of the three judges in Hades. Tartary is the lowest region of Hades where the most wicked are punished, and Cerberus is a three-headed dog who guards the entrance to the underworld.*

The Nurse's Song (John Philip)

Lullaby baby,
Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may be.
Lullaby baby!

Be still, my sweet sweeting, no longer do cry;
Sing lullaby baby, lullaby baby.
Let dolours be fleeting, I fancy thee, I,
To rock and to lull thee I will not delay me.

Lullaby baby,
Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may be.
Lullaby baby.

The gods be thy shield and comfort in need!
Sing lullaby baby, lullaby baby.
They give thee good fortune and well for to speed,
And this to desire I will not delay me.

Lullaby baby,
Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may be.
Lullaby baby.

Manuel de Falla: Siete Canciones Populares Españolas

The Moorish Cloth

On the fine cloth in the shop
there fell a stain;
it sells at a cheaper price,
for it has lost its worth. Ay!

Seguidilla from Murcia

Whoever has a roof
that is made of glass
ought not to throw stones
at that of his neighbor.

Let us be muleteers;
perhaps in the street
we shall meet each other!

For your great inconstancy
I would compare you
to a peseta that passes
from hand to hand;
when it gets smeared
and looks counterfeit
no one will take it!

From Asturia

Seeking consolation
I lay under a green pine;
it wept to see me weeping.
And the pine, because it was green,
wept to see me weeping!

Jota

They say we don't love each other
because they don't see us speak;
they ought to question instead
both your heart and mine.

I take my leave of you,
of your house and your window;
and though your mother forbids it,
well, sweetheart, till tomorrow,
though your mother forbids it...

Nana

Go to sleep, child, to sleep,
to sleep my dearest,
go to sleep, little star
of the morning.
Lullaby, lullaby
go to sleep, little star
of the morning.

Song

I shall put away as traitors
those eyes of yours;
you know not how I pay ("Del aire...")
my child, for looking at them.
("Madre, a la orilla...")
They say you don't love me,
but you loved me once...
you came off the winner ("Del aire...")
for having lost me.
("Madre, o la orilla...")

Polo

I nourish an *ay!*
I nourish a pain in my breast,
and can tell no one of it!

Accursed be love, ay!
and the one who professed it to me!

MEET THE ARTISTS

Penelope Bitzas, mezzo-soprano, is an Assistant Professor of Voice at Boston University. She has been a soloist in concert work under conductors Seiji Ozawa, Luciano Berio, Robert Page and Richard Westenburg. Her operatic experience includes roles with Opera Omaha, Minnesota Opera, Boston Concert Opera, Midwest Opera Theatre, Little Orchestra Society of New York and Ithaca Opera. Ms. Bitzas has concertized in the United States, Germany, Greece, Cyprus and Turkey. She has premiered numerous contemporary music compositions both in Boston and in New York, in Merkin Hall, Alice Tully Hall and Jordan Hall. Ms. Bitzas was a National Finalist in the Metropolitan Opera Auditions in New York, received two fellowships to Tanglewood, was a member of the Minnesota Opera Studio and the New Music Ensemble at the Banff Centre in Canada.

Ms. Bitzas has taught voice at Gustavus Adolphus College in Minnesota, Cornell University, Ithaca College, and Wagner College. She received her undergraduate degree from Ithaca College and her Master of Music degree from the New England Conservatory. Ms. Bitzas is originally from Worcester, MA and currently resides in New York.

Pianist **Shiela Kibbe** is currently a faculty member in the Collaborative Piano Department at Boston University. An active recital accompanist and vocal coach, she has also taught at New England Conservatory and was the rehearsal pianist for the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Tanglewood Festival Chorus for several years. Presently the Director of Music at the Church of the Good Shepherd in Reading, MA, Ms. Kibbe holds two Master of Music degrees from Temple University in Philadelphia, where her teachers were Maryan Filar and Lambert Orkis. She has twice been a Fellow in Vocal Accompanying at the Tanglewood Music Center, studying there with Margo Garrett and Warren Jones.

Ms. Kibbe has been Principal Keyboardist and Vocal Coach for the Symphony and Opera Association in Chattanooga, TN, as well as pianist for the Pennsylvania Opera Theatre, the Philadelphia Orchestra Woodwind Quintet Seminars, and the International Suzuki Institute in Ithaca, NY.

In addition to her teaching responsibilities this year, Ms. Kibbe will appear in recital throughout Europe and Japan with Stephen Salters, a graduate of Boston University. Mr. Salters is the winner of the 1996 Belgian Queen Elisabeth Vocal Competition.

Ms. Kibbe has recorded on the Koch label with the John Oliver Chorale, as well as on a forthcoming Musica Numeris release with Mr. Salters.

UPCOMING EVENTS

September 29
3:00 p.m.

Early Music Series
Quartetto Tomasini
The Tsai Performance Center
685 Commonwealth Ave.

September 29
8:00 p.m.

Muir Quartet
The Tsai Performance Center
685 Commonwealth Ave.

October 1
8:00 p.m.

Boston University Chamber Orchestra
Kostis Protopapas, *conductor*
Boston University Concert Hall
855 Commonwealth Ave.

October 3
8:00 p.m.

Boston University Symphony Orchestra
David Hoose, *conductor*
The Tsai Performance Center
685 Commonwealth Ave.

October 8
8:00 p.m.

Boston University Wind Ensemble
Malcom W. Rowell, Jr., *conductor*
The Tsai Performance Center
685 Commonwealth Ave.

October 10
8:00 p.m.

Time's Arrow
David Hoose, *conductor*
The Tsai Performance Center
685 Commonwealth Ave.

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