

Anna Purvis, Mezzo-Soprano
Accompanied by Dr. Songhwa Chae

April 19, 2025
5:00 pm
All Faiths Chapel, Kansas State University

PROGRAM

Ganymed Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Die Mainacht Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Must the Winter Come so Soon? From *Vanessa* Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Doctor Jessop's Midwife from *Albert Herring* Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

Cinq Mélodies Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Mandoline
En Sourdine

Va! Laisse couler mes larmes from *Werther* Jules Massenet
(1842-1912)

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School of Music,
Theatre, and Dance

Ganymed by Franz Schubert
Text By Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Wie im Morgenglanze
Du rings mich anglühst,
Frühling, Geliebter!
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne
Sich an mein Herze 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 Nebeltal.
Ich komm', ich komme!
Ach wohin, wohin?

Hinauf! strebt's hinauf!
Es schweben die Wolken
Abwärts, die Wolken
Neigen sich der sehnenenden Liebe.
Mir! Mir!
In euerm Schosse
Aufwärts!
Umfangend umfängen!
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,
Alliebender Vater!

Ganymede
Translation by Richard Wigmore

How your glow envelops me
in the morning radiance,
spring, my beloved!
With love's thousandfold joy
the hallowed sensation
of your eternal warmth
floods my heart,
infinite beauty!
O that I might clasp you
in my arms!

Ah, on your breast
I lie languishing,
and your flowers, your grass
press close to my heart.
You cool the burning
thirst within my breast,
sweet morning breeze,
as the nightingale calls
tenderly to me from the misty valley.
I come, I come!
But whither? Ah, whither?

Upwards! Strive upwards!
The clouds drift
down, yielding
to yearning love,
to me, to me!
In your lap,
upwards,
embracing and embraced!
Upwards to your bosom,
all-loving Father!

Die Mainacht By Johannes Brahms
Text By Ludwig Christoph Heinrich
Hölty

Wann der silberne Mond durch die
Gesträuche blinkt,
Und sein schlummerndes Licht über den
Rasen streut,
Und die Nachtigall flötet,
Wandl' ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.

Überhüllet vom Laub, girret ein Taubenpaar
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wende
mich,
Suche dunklere Schatten,
Und die einsame Träne rinnt.

Wann, o lächelndes Bild, welches wie
Morgenrot
Durch die Seele mir strahlt, find' ich auf
Erden dich?
Und die einsame Träne
Bebt mir heißer die Wang' herab.

Must the Winter Come So Soon? Vanessa by Samuel Barber
Text by Gian Carlo Menotti

In Barber's Vanessa the title character and her niece Erika live in a secluded house in the woods where Vanessa awaits her long lost lover. Erika longs to escape her life in the woods. She is instead doomed to repeat the cycle her aunt has started though.

Must the winter come so soon?
Night after night I hear the hungry deer
Wander weeping in the woods
And from his house of brittle bark hoots the frozen owl
Must the winter come so soon?
Here in this forest neither dawn nor sunset
Marks the passing of the days
It is a long winter here
Must the winter come so soon?

May Night
Translation by Richard Stokes

When the silvery moon gleams through the
bushes,
And sheds its slumbering light on the grass,
And the nightingale is fluting,
I wander sadly from bush to bush.

Covered by leaves, a pair of doves
Coo to me their ecstasy; but I turn away,
Seek darker shadows,
And the lonely tear flows down.

When, O smiling vision, that shines through
my soul
Like the red of dawn, shall I find you here
on earth?
And the lonely tear
Quivers more ardently down my cheek.

Doctor Jessop's Midwife *Albert Herring* by Benjamin Britten

Albert Herring opens with Lady Billows, a nosy, self important woman, calling for her maid, Florence. They need to discuss which girl in town is pure enough to be this year's May Queen, only to find none of them are suitable and settle on making Albert Herring, a homely boy who is trapped under his mother's wing, the "May King" instead.

Doctor Jessop's midwife... musn't touch illegitimates...

Advert in chemist's window... indecent...

Tear it up!

Call at Primrose Cottage...

Must stop William making such... rude noises or else...!

Buy a breakfast cup...

Load of logs for Number Six, The Mount...

Mittens for Mister Pilgrim...

Did they count how many from the alms house wanted copies of the Bishop's sermon?...

No more poppies in altar vases...

Looks too Roman...

Vicar must warn choirboys

Make responses quicker...

One lifetime, one brain,

One pair of hands are all too few for Lady B.

Each day some new idea makes new demands

Upon her sense of charity.

One lifetime, one brain,

One pair of hands are all too few for Lady B.

But oh!...

But oh!...

But oh!...

Sometimes I wish...

Mandoline Cinq Mélodies by Gabriel

Fauré

Text by Paul Verlaine

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Mandolin

Translation by Richard Stokes

The gallant serenaders
And their fair listeners
Exchange sweet nothings
Beneath singing boughs.

Tirsis is there, Aminte is there,
And tedious Clitandre too,
And Damis who for many a cruel maid
Writes many a tender song.

Their short silken doublets,
Their long trailing gowns,
Their elegance, their joy,
And their soft blue shadows

Whirl madly in the rapture
Of a grey and roseate moon,
And the mandolin jangles on
In the shivering breeze.

En Sourdine Cinq Mélodies by Gabriel

Fauré

Text by Paul Verlaine

Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond.

Mêlons nos âmes, nos cœurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbousiers.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton cœur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Laissons-nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et doux
Qui vient, à tes pieds, rider
Les ondes des gazons roux.

Et quand, solennel, le soir
Des chênes noirs tombera
Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.

Muted

Translation by Richard Stokes

Calm in the twilight
Cast by loft boughs,
Let us steep our love
In this deep quiet.

Let us mingle our souls, our hearts
And our enraptured senses
With the hazy languor
Of arbutus and pine.

Half-close your eyes,
Fold your arms across your breast,
And from your heart now lulled to rest
Banish forever all intent.

Let us both succumb
To the gentle and lulling breeze
That comes to ruffle at your feet
The waves of russet grass.

And when, solemnly, evening
Falls from the black oaks,
That voice of our despair,
The nightingale shall sing.

Va! Laisse couler mes larmes Werther by Jules Massenet

Translation by Anna Purvis

Werther is based on a semi-autobiographical novel by Goethe where the young poet Werther falls in love with the already engaged Charlotte. Despite the feeling being mutual, Charlotte must follow through with her engagement as it was her mother's dying wish. This aria follows Werther's confession of love and her longing to reciprocate. Unfortunately the young poet commits suicide shortly after because they cannot be together.

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Va! laisse couler mes larmes;
elles font du bien, ma chérie!
Les larmes qu'on ne pleure pas,
dans notre âme retombent toutes,
et de leurs patientes gouttes
martèlent le cœur triste et las!
Sa résistance enfin s'épuise;
le cœur se creuse... et s'affaiblit:
il est trop grand,
rien ne l'emplit;
et trop fragile,
tout le brise!!
Tout le brise!

Go! Leave me with my tears;
They do me some good, my darling!
The tears someone doesn't cry,
All fall again in our soul,
And of their patient taste
Hammers the sad and tired heart!
His resistance, finally exhausted;
The heart he digs... and he weakens:
His is too big
Nothing can fill it;
And too fragile,
All the breeze!
All the breeze!

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