

Program

Three Renaissance Madrigals

- Au pres de vous** Claudin de Sermisy (1490-1562)
La vie est une table Artus Aux-Cousteaux (1590-1656)
Il est bel et bon Pierre Passereau (1509-1547)

Four Courtly Love Songs

- L'amour de moi** anonymous
Chrystie Osborne, soprano
Douce dame jolie Guillaume de Machaut (1300-1377)
Suzan Boatman, soprano
Belle Doette anonymous
Linda Wilson, soprano
Amaryllis Louis XIII (1601-1643)
Jill Anderson, soprano

The Romantic Era

- Le Ruisseau** Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Chrystie Osborne, soloist
Oh Ruisseau Jules Massenet (1842-1912)
Jill Anderson and Linda Wilson, sopranos; Donna Jones, mezzo
Oiseau des Bois Massenet
Kristina Horacek, soprano; Anna Carey, mezzo

Twentieth Century

- Les Sirènes** Lili Boulanger (1893-1918)
Kristina Horacek, soloist

Two French Canadian Folk Songs

- Un canadien errant** arr. Mark G. Sirett (b. 1952)
Traditional Québécois folk song
Ah! si mon moine voulait danser arr. Donald Patriquin (b. 1938)
from *Six Songs of Early Canada*

Intermission

Songs of Piaf – Featuring Duane English, accordion

- La Vie en rose** Lyrics by Edith Piaf (1915-1963)
Melody by Marguerite Monnot (1903-1961) and Louis Guglielmi (1916-1991)
Janice Mehring, mezzo; Vicki Ewart, soprano

- L'Accordeoniste** Michel Emer (1906-1984)
Sholly Von Stein, mezzo

- Je m'imagine** Marguerite Monnot
Kristina Horacek, soprano

Songs of Weill

- Je ne t'aime pas** Kurt Weill (1900-1950)
Sholly Von Stein, mezzo

- Youkali** Weill
Chrystie Osborne, soprano

- Le Train du Ciel** Weill
Kristina Horacek, soprano and chorus

Songs of Brel – Featuring Duane English, accordion

- My Death** Jacques Brel (1929-1978)
Sholly Von Stein, mezzo

- Sons Of** Brel
Janice Mehring, mezzo

Songs from Musical Theater – Featuring Duane English, accordion

- I Love Paris**, from *Can Can* ... Cole Porter (1891-1964), arr. Paul Osborne (b. 1983)
Laura Pryzgodna, soloist

- Paree, What Did You Do to Me?** from *Fifty Million Frenchmen* Porter
Paul Osborne, soloist

Sharon Carro, Vicki Ewart, Donna Jones, Chrystie Osborne,
Roxie Phillips, Clara Vanherweg and Linda Wilson, small ensemble

- Thank Heaven for Little Girls**, from *Gigi* ... Lyrics by Alan Lerner (1918-1986)
music by Frederick Loewe (1901-1988)

Paul Osborne, soloist

- The Night They Invented Champagne**, from *Gigi* Lerner & Loewe

Translations

Au pres de vous / Near to you

Secretly dwells my poor heart
Which nothing can comfort,
And which so languishes
From the sorrow that it bears,
Because (you) wish it
To die in this torment.

La Vie est une Table Life is a (gaming) table

Life is a (gaming) table, a table
Where playing together
One sees four gamblers;
Time takes the high road and says "I pass,"
Love takes the discards and trembles,
Man puts on a good front,
But Death takes all.

Il est bel et bon He is handsome and good

He is handsome and good, my husband.
There were two peasant women
One said to the other,
"Do you have a good husband?"
He is handsome & good, etc.
He doesn't carouse nor does he beat me.
He does the housework,
He feeds the chickens,
And I take my leisure.
Oh, neighbor, it's laughable
When the chickens squawk,
"Little coquette"/ "Cluck, cluck, cluck"
What is this?
He is handsome and good, etc.

L'amour de moi / This love of mine

This love of mine is enclosed
Within a pretty garden
Where grows the rose and lily-of-the-valley
And also the primrose.
This garden is beautiful and pleasant,
Replete with all kinds of flowers.
One can take respite there
Both night and day.
Alas! There is nothing so sweet
As this maid like a little nightingale
Who sings from evening until morning:
When she is tired, she rests.
I watched her sitting there:
She was white as milk,
Soft as a lamb,
Crimson and fresh like a rose.

Douce dame jolie / Fair, sweet lady

Fair, sweet lady
By God, I do not think
That any riches have value
For me, save you alone.
Fair, sweet lady,
All the days of my life
With true fidelity,
I have humbly served you.

Belle Doette / Lovely Doette

Lovely Doette sits at the window
Reading from a book
But can't keep her mind on it.
She reads news of her lover Donon
"Dead is your lord" was added at the end.
And now she feels the pain.

Amaryllis

You think, oh beautiful sun,
nothing is equal to your brilliance,
In that pleasant season
When you bring spring;
But ah! You pale
Next to Amaryllis
How happy the heavens are
During this gentle month of May,
The roses will blossom,
The lilies will open!
But what are the lilies
Compared to Amaryllis?
With these fresh dewdrops
Dawn revives the flowers;
But what can their beauty do
For my saddened heart,
When I see tears
In the eyes of Amaryllis.

Le Ruisseau / The Stream

Beside the clear stream
a solitary flower grows,
Whose bloom radiates
in the midst of the reeds:
Pensively she leans out
and her light shadow
Rocks softly on the surface of the water.
O flower, o sweet perfume,
the stream says to her,
Let your sadness respond
to my tender words!
Come join your grace
to my melodious briskness.

Let me take you away to the deep ocean!
But in vain he enfolds her
in his sweet touch,
This floating, shifting image,
She evades his oppressive, humid kisses,
And the stream sadly continues on his way.

Oh Ruisseau / Oh Stream

Oh, stream, your voice is affectionate
And several times I have surprised you
Exchanging with the drooping tree
Secretly your words of love.
As soon as you spoke of her,
Her branch leaned towards you.
Isn't that so? If ever someone loves me,
Please teach me your words of love.

Oiseau des Bois / Wood Bird

Wood bird, little wild thing,
Tell me why your song touches me
More than usual today?
In hearing it, my joy is such
That I would like to have wings
And to Heaven my heart would follow you.
Did you see last night in dreams
Your mate for the coming April?
Beware of this sweet deceit!
Like me, your heart is in danger.

Les Sirenes / The Sirens

We are the loveliness that enchants
the strongest ones,
The trembling flowers
of the sea-foam and the mist.
Our fleeting kisses are the dream of the dead!
Amidst our blonde tresses
water glistens in silver tears.
Our glances at the changing brightness
are green and blue like the waves.
With a sound like the delicate shivers of
the harvests, we hover without having wings.
We are seeking tender conquerors.
We are the immortal sisters offered to the
desires of your earthly hearts.

Le train du Ciel / The train of Heaven

Let us all cry aloud! In Heaven is the Lord!
But will they all go to Heaven,
those who cry it?
No, it is not your brother, nor is it your sister,
It is I, Lord, who has need of prayers.
Here comes the heavenly train

Woe to those who are less fleet,
Here comes the Evangelical train!
I hear, and you hear the iron rails thunder,
The bell and the whistle of the locomotive,
The steam and the brakes,
which wring my nerves!
It is the Lord's train, I see it arriving!
But another train, a black one,
follows the Lord's train.
Quickly, quickly, sinner,
climb on the good train!
Roll, cradle, rock our beloved brother,
o silent train,
Towards the depot of the Father.
Rock him on your rails
which glide towards heaven,
Above the Jordan, above Calvary.
Look and watch our brother descend
Into the arms of the Great Saint Peter
Who has come to attend to him!

Un Canadien Errant A Wandering Canadian

A wandering Canadian
Banished from his hearth
Traveled, weeping, through foreign countries.
One day, sad and pensive,
Sitting at the water's edge,
To the fugitive current He said these words:
"If you see my country, My unhappy country,
Go tell my friends That I remember them.
O days so full of charms You have disappeared,
And my fatherland, alas!
I will never see it again!
No, but while dying, O my dear Canada!
My longing look will return to you."

Ah! si mon moine voulait danser Oh, if only my monk would dance with me

Oh, if only my monk would dance with me,
I would give him a cap!
I would give him a braided sash!
I would give him a hooded robe!
Refrain:
Dance my monk, dance!
Don't you hear the dance?
If he had not taken a vow of poverty,
I would give him lots of other
wonderful things too!