

Melanie Dubil, *mezzo-soprano*
Degree Recital
Saturday, May 7, 2022
7 pm

Texts + Translations

An die Musik

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
text by Franz von Schober (1796-1882)

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb entzunden,
Hast mich in eine bessre Welt entrückt!
Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf entlossen,
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir
Den Himmel besser Zeiten mir erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!

You lovely art, in how many gray hours,
When I in ensnared in life's tumultuous cycle,
You have kindled my heart to the warmth of love,
And transported me away to a better world!
Often a sigh, escaping from your harp,
A sweet, sacred chord,
has opened up a heaven of happier times.
You lovely art, I thank you for this!

Is A Rose (2019)

Caroline Shaw (b. 1982)

I. *The Rose I / Annunciation (The Edge)*

Jacob Polley (b. 1975)

the wind is light
the light wind
beating its wings about your face
as it rises
where you cannot rise

the loaf
baked full of the fields'
light and air
the honey ablaze
on the knife

wind with no
relief in it, turning a cylinder
of leaves a shadow
falls into and tumbles out bright

where does the grace
of the moment go
from the stream, a palmful
of silver your life

wing-beats, the long grass
whipped by
the light that sings
off the edge of the rose

II. *And So* [2019]

Caroline Shaw (b. 1982)

would a song by another name
sound as sweet and true
would all the reds be just the same
or violets as blue
if you were gone would words still flow
and would they rhyme with you
if you were gone would i still know
how to love and how to grow
and how the vowel threads through.

and so they say the saying goes
a rose is a rose is a rose is a rose is a rose is a rose is a tired rhyme
but in the verse there's always time.

would scansion cease to mark the beats
if i went away
would a syllable interrupt the feet
of tetrametric iambs
when i am gone
listen
and i will sing a tune of love and life and of the ocean's prose and the poetry of a
red,
red,
rose,
that's newly sprung in june.

and so you say the saying goes
a rose is a rose is a rose is a rose
is a rose
is a rose
is how I'm
keeping track of time.

when a' the seas rise high, my dear
and the rocks melt with the sun
will the memory of us
still rhyme with anyone
will we still tune our violins
will we still sing of roses
will we exist at all, my love,
or will we fade to stanzas of
the dust that i suppose is
all we were and all we'll be.

and so the saying "so it goes"
depends a lot on if a rose is a rose is a rose is rose is a rose
is a rose is a rose is a thing sublime
and so we stay, on borrowed time.

III. *Red, Red Rose* [1794]

Robert Burns (1759–1796)

O my Luvie is like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
O my Luvie is like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune.

So fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luvie am I;

And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.
And fare thee weel, my only love!
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my love,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

from *Craigslithieder* (2009)

anonymous Craigslithieder advertisements

Gabriel Kahane (b. 1981)

II. I'm Sorry

i'm sorry i masturbated on your ikea catalog
(Reply to: anon-117614840@craigslist.org Date: Mon Dec 12 09:26:00 2005)
but, dude, have you seen page 56?
have a great birthday. you're an awesome roommate.

III. Half a Box of Condoms

half a box of condoms - w4m - 35
(Reply to anon-143365944@craigslist.org Date: Sun Mar 19 16:41:11 2006)
It is a beautiful sunny Sunday, and my relationship status is such that I am cleaning out my sock drawer. I get to the bottom, and discover 5 blue, foil squares. Ah...old friends, I remember you well. The optimism of buying a box of 12. The butterflies in the stomach on the night of your unveiling. And now you sit abandoned. And, it turns out, soon to expire. I'm a frugal sort. I hate wasting anything. So now I've got a timeline for final deployment: Nov 2006. I'm very task oriented--I love working against a deadline.

VI: For Trade: Assless Chaps

For Trade: Assless Leather Chaps
(Date: 2004-09-26, 10:51PM PDT)
I have one pair of slightly used assless chaps, size 42. Perfect condition, barely noticeable stickiness.
Will trade for Spider-Man comics or equivilant.

Armenian Folk Song (selections)

Օրոր / "Oror"

Աղվոր ես՝ չունիս խալատ՝
Երթամ ով բերիմ բեխալատ: Օրոր...
Յերթամ լուրնկան բերիմ՝
Լուսուն աստղերը բեխալատ: Օրոր...

Չինար ես / "Chinar-es"

Չինար ես, հեռանա՛լ մի,
Յա՛ր, յա՛ր, յա՛ր.
Մեր դռնն են հեռանալ մի,
Յա՛ր, յա՛ր, յա՛ր.
Յա՛ր, նա նա՛յ, նայ, նա՛յ, նա՛յ, նա՛յ:
Նայ նա՛յ, նայ, նա՛յ, նա՛յ:

Յա՛ր, քո աստված կըսիրես,
Յա՛ր, յա՛ր, յա՛ր.
Հեռու ես, մոռանա՛լ մի:
Յա՛ր, յա՛ր, յա՛ր.
Յա՛ր, նա նա՛յ, նայ, նա՛յ, նա՛յ, նա՛յ:
Նայ նա՛յ, նայ, նա՛յ, նա՛յ:

transcribed + harmonized by Komitas Vardapet (1869 - 1935)

"Lullaby"

You are beautiful, You don't have a blanket...
I will bring you one...*lullaby*...
Let me bring you...
to the moon and the stars...*lullaby*...

"Plane Tree"

You are like a plane tree, don't bend your head,
Dear, dear, dear.
Don't stay away from our door,
Dear, dear, dear.
Oh, my love...dear, dear, dear...
Dear, dear, dear...

My love, for God's sake,
Dear, dear, dear.
Do not forget me, even when you are far away,
Dear, dear, dear.
Oh, my love...dear, dear, dear...
Dear, dear, dear.

Քելեր, ցոլեր / “Keler, Tsoler”

Քելեր, ցոլեր իմ յարը,
Արևի տակին, Քելեր, ցոլեր իմ յարը:
Սարի սովոր, Մեն-մենավոր, Շեկ տղա,
Շող արեգակ, Թո՛ղ արեգակ, Ե՛կ, տղա:
Քելեր...Աղբյուրի ակին...Քելեր...
Կանաչ առվով, Ճանաչ առվով, Ե՛կ, տղա,
Արի Բաղով, արի Շողով, Շիկահեր տղա:
Քելեր...Ջա՛ն, աչք ի լուսին՝...Քելեր...
Հով է, քնիր, Ջով է, քնիր, Ե՛կ, տղա.
Հունձ ես արել, Շատ բեգարել,
Շեկ տղա:

Լե, լե, Յաման / “Le, Le, Yaman”

Լե, լե, յաման: Մեր տուն, ձեր տուն իրար-դիմաց,
Լե, լե, յաման: Հերիք անեմ աչքով իմաց,
Յաման, յաման յար:

Լե, լե, յաման: Արև դիպավ Մասիս սարին,
Լե, լե, յաման, Կարոտ մնացի ես իմ յարին:
Յաման, յաման յար:

“Walking, Glistening”

Striding and beaming is my love,
under the sun, radiantly walking is my love...
He is a mountain man, a lonely, blonde boy,
Shining like the sun; come under the shade to me.
Walking...At the mouth of the spring...
Come way of the green brook, the familiar brook,
Through the garden, the morning dew, blonde boy.
Walking...Sweet light of my eye...
It is breezy, sleep; it is cool, sleep, boy.
You've been harvesting wheat; you are very tired,
blonde boy.

“Lament”

Alas: our houses face each other,
Alas: isn't it enough that my eyes send you a sign?
Alas, oh my love!

Alas: the sun has touched the peak of Mount Ararat,
Alas: still I remain yearning for my love.
Alas, oh my love!

“Funeral Blues”

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
Scribbling on the sky the message ‘He is Dead’.
Put crepe bows* round the white necks of the public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,
My working week and my Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought that love would last forever: I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now; put out every one,
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun,
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood;
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

W. H. Auden (1907–73)

**“Der Abschiedsbrief”
“The Farewell Letter”**

Erich Kastner (1899–1974)

Zwei Stunden sitz ich schon in Cafe Bauer.
Wenn du nicht willst, dann sag es ins Gesicht.
Deswegen wird mir meine Milch nicht sauer,
Ich pfeif auf dich, mein Schatz. Na schön, denn nicht!

Du brauchst nicht denken, dass ich dich entbehre,
Mit dem Verkehr mit mir, das ist jetzt aus!
Auch ich hab so etwas wie eine Ehre.
Lass dich nicht blicken, Schatz,
sonst fliegst du raus.

Du bist der erste nicht der so verschwindet.
Das hab ich nicht an dir verdient, mein Kind.
Du glaubst doch nicht,
dass sich nicht noch ein anderer findet?
Es gibt noch welche, die bequemer für mich sind.

Ich hab das Grüne an aus Poppelien.
Das Loch drinn hast du auch hineingerissen.
Du weißt es reicht mir nur bis zu den Knien.
Ich hab auch noch ein angefangenes Kissen.
Das solltest du am heiligen Abend kriegen.
Das ist nun aus und mir auch einerlei.
Es werden öfters andre darauf liegen.
Denn was vorbei ist, Schatz, das ist vorbei.

Ich bin nicht stolz. Auch wär das nicht am Platze.
Wenn du was übrig hast dann schick es schnell.
Mir gegenüber feixt ein Herr mit Glatze.
Das ist der Chef von Engelhorn's Hotel!
Na Schluß! Der Visavis von gegenüber
fragt ob ich wollte denn er möchte schon.
Der hat Moneten so ein alter Schieber.
Behalt dein Geld und schlaf allein, mein Sohn.

Auch du bist einer von die feinen Herrn.
Der Alte kommt... Er nimmt mich zu sich mit!
Rutsch mir den Buckel lang und hab mich gern.
Von ganzem Herzen Deine Erna Schmidt.

**“Complainte de la Seine”
“Lament of the Seine”**

Maurice Magre (1877–1941)

Au fond de la Seine, il y a de l'or,
Des bateaux rouillés, des bijoux, des armes...
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des morts...
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des larmes...
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des fleurs;
De vase et de boue, elles sont nourries...
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des coeurs
Qui souffrir'nt trop pour vivre la vie.

Et puis des cailloux et des bêtes grises...
L'âme des égouts soufflant des poisons...
Les anneaux jetés par des incomprises,
Des pieds qu'une hélice a coupés du tronc....

Et les fruits maudits des ventres stériles,

I've already sat for two hours in the Cafe Bauer.
If you do not want me, then say it to my face.
My milk won't turn sour just because of that,
I don't give a damn, my darling. Well, so what?

You need not think that I miss you,
That interaction with me? That is all over now!
I also have something of an “honor.”
Don't let me see you here, my darling,
or else you will be thrown out.

You are not the first one to disappear like that.
I do not deserve that kind of treatment from you, baby!
Do you really not believe
that I can easily find another?
There are plenty of other better fish in the sea.

I have on the green dress that's made of poplin.
The one with the hole you tore in it.
You know it suits me only up to the knee.
I also have a pillow case I started for you.
That you should have gotten on Christmas eve.
That is over now, and I don't care either.
There will now often be others lying in it.
Because what is over, darling, is over.

I am not proud. That would be out of place.
But if you have any money left, then send it quickly!
Across from me smirks a man with a bald head.
That is the boss of the Engelhorn Hotel!
What do ya know! The man from across the way just
asked if I'd like to, because he would very much like to...
He has money, such an old pusher.
Keep your money, and sleep alone, son.

Also you are one of the “fine” gentlemen.
The old one is coming... he's going to take me with him!
So, f*** off... I would like that.
From my whole heart, your Erna Schmidt.

At-the bottom of the Seine, there is gold
The boats rusty, jewelry, weapons...
At the bottom of the Seine, there is death...
At the bottom of the Seine, there are tears...
At the bottom of the Seine, there are flowers;
The mud and the dirt, they are fed...
At the bottom of the Seine, there are hearts
who suffer too much to live life...

There are pebbles and grey beasts...
The soul of the sewers blowing poisons...
Rings thrown by lost loves,
Feet that a propeller cut from the trunk...

And the cursed fruits of sterile wombs,

Les blancs avortés que nul n'aima...
Les vomissements de la grand' ville...
Au fond de la Seine, il y a cela...

Ô Seine clémente où vont les cadavres,
Ô lit dont les draps sont faits de limon,
Fleuv' des déchets, sans fanal, ni hâvre,
Chanteuse bercant, la morgue et les ponts...

Accueill' le pauvre, accueill' la femme,
Accueill' l'ivrogne, Accueill' le fou,
Mêle leurs sanglots au bruit de tes lames,
Et porte leurs coeurs, parmi les cailloux...

Au fond de la Seine, il y a de l'or,
Des bateaux rouillés, des bijoux, des armes...
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des morts...
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des larmes...

**“Klops Lied”
“Meatball Song”**

Ich sitze da und esse Klops
auf einmal klopft es
Ich gucke, staune, wundre mir,
auf einmal sehe ich sie auf die Tür.
Nanu, denk ick, ick denk: nanu
jetzt ist sie auf, erst war sie zu!
Ich sehe raus, und blicke
und wer steht draußen? Ich! Ich!! Ich!!!

**“Die Muschel von Margate” from *Konjunktur*
“The Shells from Margate”**

In Margate auf der Promenade
hing ein blechernes Ladenschild
vor einer Bude mit Souvenirs
eine große Muschel im Bild.
Da bot ein alter Mann bemalte Muscheln an.
Ganz Margate kannte sein Gebell: Shell! Shell! Shell!

Muschel von Margate bringt Ihnen Glück,
Muschel im goldenen Grunde,
Muschel von Margate, fällt auf sie Ihr Blick
denken Sie zurück an manche unvergeßliche Stunde.

In Margate auf der Promenade erhob sich ein Gestank.
Wo einst die Bude mit Muscheln stand,
steht ein Petroleum Tank.
Der Sohn von jenem alten Mann
fing einen andern Laden an:
ein Naphta und Benzin Kartell: Shell! Shell! Shell!

Muschel von Margate brachte ihm Glück,
Muschel in goldenen Grunde,
Muschel von Margate, fällt auf sie ein Blick
denkt er gern zurück an manche unvergeßliche Funde.

Und als der Tank zu pumpen anfang
in Margate auf der Promenade,
ein Dutzend an jedem Bohrturm hing,
der über Öl bei Baku steht.

The pale ones aborted that no one wanted...
The vomiting of the big city...
At the bottom of the Seine, there is that...

O, merciful Seine! Where there are corpses,
O, bed whose drapes are made of silt,
River of waste, without beacon, without harbor,
Singing a lullaby to the morgue and the bridges...

Welcome the poor, welcome the women,
Welcome the drunken, welcome the fools,
Mingle their sobs with the sound of your blade,
and carry their hearts among the pebbles...

At the bottom of the Seine, there is gold,
The boats rusty, jewelry, weapons...
At the bottom of the Seine, there is death...
At the bottom of the Seine, there are tears...

anonymous; traditional Berlin folk-rhyme

I sit here and eat meatballs
suddenly there's a knock
I look, marvel, wonder,
Suddenly the door opens.
Well, I think, I think: well
now it's open, first it was closed!
I go outside, and look
and who is standing outside? Me! Me! Me!!!

Felix Gasbarra (1895 - 1985)

In Margate on the promenade
hung a tin shop sign
outside a souvenir stand
with a picture of a huge shell.
An old man sold painted shells there.
All of Margate knew his cry: Shell! Shell! Shell!

Shells from Margate brings him luck,
Shells made out of gold,
Shells from Margate, when you look upon them
think back on that unforgettable time

In Margate on the promenade a stench rose up.
Where once the shell stand stood,
there stood a petroleum tank.
The son of that old Mann
started up another business:
A naphtha and benzine cartel: Shell! Shell! Shell!

Shells from Margate bring you luck,
Shells made out of gold,
Shells from Margate, when he looks upon them
he thinks of that incredible discovery.

And as the tank started pumping
in Margate on the promenade,
a dozen hung on each derrick
that stood over the oil in Baku.

Koltschak und Denikin,
da wurde aus Blut Benzin:
aus tausend Hälsen sprang der Quell:
Shell! Shell! Shell!

Muschel von Margate bringt Ihnen Glück,
Muschel im goldenen Grunde,
Muschel von Margate, fällt auf sie Ihr Blick,
denken sie zurück an manche Rede im Völkerbunde.

Und als die Sonne am höchsten stand
in Margate auf der Promenade,
da fing das Öl zu brennen an
von Aserbeidschan bis Tibet,
es steckte die Welt in Brand
Petroleum heißt unser Vaterland,
dafür zerlöchern wir uns das Fell: Shell! Shell! Shell!

Muschel von Margate bringt Ihnen Glück
wir aber geh'n vor die Hunde!
Muschel von Margate, fällt auf sie der Blick,
zahlen wir zurück in letzter entscheidender Stunde.

**“J’attends un Navire” from *Marie Galante*
“I Wait for a Ship”**

Beautiful girl! Bella francesa...
Deux dollars! Tu seras content.
Entre chez moi. Mets toi à l’aise!
Prends-mois! Paye-moi! Et va-t’en. Pars!
Ce n’est pas toi que j’attends.

(REFRAIN)

J’attends un navire qui viendra et pour le conduire,
Ce navire le vent de mon cœur que soupire;
L’eau de mes pleurs le portera;
Et si la mer veut le détruire,
ce navire que viendra,
Je le porterai, ce navire,
Jusqu’à Bordeaux entre mes bras!

Là-bas on m’appelait Marie
Et les garçons, au coin des champs
me chatouillaient pour que je rie
Et que je cède en me battant.
Mais toi pour qui je suis “Chérie,”
Prends-mois, paye-moi, et va-t’en.

(REFRAIN)

Deux dollars!
Chacun que me prend est un marin de mon navire.
Torture-moi;
chaque tourment est une voile à mon navire.
Bats-moi,
Mon cœur saignant est le drapeau de mon navire,
de ce navire, mon amant!

(REFRAIN)

Koltschak and Denikin,
turned their blood into benzine:
Out of a thousand throats sprang the cry:
Shell! Shell! Shell!

Shells from Margate bring you luck,
Shells made out of gold,
Shells from Margate, when you look upon them,
you’ll think back on some speech from the LON.

And when the sun was at its highest point
in Margate on the promenade,
then the oil began to burn
from Azerbaijan to Tibet,
it set the whole world on fire
Petroleum is the name of our fatherland,
for it we drill into our flesh: Shell! Shell! Shell!

Shells from Margate bring you luck
but we’re going to the dogs!
Shells from Margate, when you we look upon you,
we’ll pay the price in the final decisive moment.

Jacques Deval (1890 - 1972)

Beautiful girl! Beautiful French-girl...
Two dollars! You will be pleased.
Come into my place. Make yourself comfortable!
Take me! Pay me! And go away. Leave!
It is not you I’m waiting for.

(REFRAIN)

I wait for a ship which will come and I will steer it,
this ship has the wind of my heart which sighs;
the water of my tears will carry it;
and if the sea wants to destroy it,
this ship that will come,
And I will carry it, this ship,
all the way to Bordeaux in my arms!

There they used to call me Marie
and the boys in the corner of the fields
would tickle me to make me laugh
and make me give-in while fighting me.
But you for whom I am “Darling,”
Take me, pay me, and go away.

(REFRAIN)

Two dollars!
Each one who takes me is a sailor of my ship.
Torture me;
each torment is a sail on my ship.
Beat me,
My bleeding heart is the flag of my ship,
of this ship, my love!

(REFRAIN)