

THE UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN MISSISSIPPI
COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
presents

DOCTORAL CHAMBER RECITAL

C.J. Everett, Piano

with

Schumann:

Isabella Carvalho Marques, viola; Adam Michael Stallings, clarinet

Fleischmann:

Danielle Watson, soprano

Poulenc:

Jean-Claude Coquempot, narrator

Janáček:

Southern Miss Chamber Singers:

Nate Hettinger, conductor

**Donald Aaron, Dakota Andrews, Kaitlin Walley Brown, Emmanuel Carney,
Kassidy Chandler, Chance Conn, Caitlyn Dixon, Austin Hannon, Holton Johnson,
Nick Joslin, Jackson Kercheval, Hanif Lawrence, Anna Kate Long, Derek Meler,
Caroline Rhett, Beau Roberts, Erin Smith**

Adam Michael Stallings, clarinet; Freddy Mora, clarinet

Katerina Bachevska, flute and ocarina; Camden Sidenstricker, flute and piccolo

Oswaldo Redondo Alfaro, bassoon; Elaina Potesta, bassoon and contrabassoon

Daniel Diniz Magalhães, double bass

Andrew Gilstrap, drum

Sunday, April 10, 2022

Marsh Auditorium

8:00 p.m.

Märchenerzählungen [Fairy tales], Op. 132

Robert Schumann

Lebhaft, nicht zu schnell [Lively, not too fast]

(1810-1856)

Lebhaft und sehr markiert [Lively and very marked]

Ruhiges Tempo, mit zartem Ausdruck [Calm tempo with tender expression]

Lebhaft, sehr markiert [Lively, very marked]

“Schlafe, mein Prinzchen, schlaf ein”

Johann Friedrich Anton Fleischmann (attr.)

(1766-1798)

L'histoire de Babar, le petit éléphant

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Říkadla, JW V/17

Leoš Janáček
(1854-1928)

- I. Úvod
- II. Řípa se vdávala
- III. Není lepší jako z jara
- IV. Leze krtek
- V. Karel do pekla zajel
- VI. Roztrhané kalhoty
- VII. Franta rasů
- VIII. Náš pes, náš pes
- IX. Dělán, dělán kázání
- X. Stará bába čarovala
- XI. Hó, hó, krásy dó
- XII. Moje žena malučičká
- XIII. Bába leze do bezu
- XIV. Koza bílá hrušky sbírá
- XV. Němec brouk, hrnce tlouk
- XVI. Koza leží na seně
- XVII. Vašek, pašek, bubeník
- XVIII. Frantíku, Frantíku
- XIX. Seděl medvid' na kolodi

*This performance is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements of the
Doctor of Musical Arts in Piano Performance.
C.J. Everett is a student of Elizabeth Moak.*

Texts and Translations

Schlafe, mein Prinzchen, schlaf ein

Schlafe, mein Prinzchen, schlaf ein,
es ruhn Schäfchen und Vögelein,
Garten und Wiese verstummt,
auch nicht ein Bienchen mehr summt,
Luna mit silbernem Schein
gucket zum Fenster herein,
schlafe beim silbernem Schein,
schlafe, mein Prinzchen, schlaf ein!

Alles im Schlosse schon liegt,
alles in Schlummer gewiegt,
reget kein Mäuschen sich mehr,
Keller und Küche sind leer,
nur in der Zofe Gemach
tönet ein schmachtendes Ach!
Was für ein Ach mag dies sein?
Schlafe, mein Prinzchen, schlaf ein!

Wer ist beglückter als du?
Nichts als Vergnügen und Ruh!
Spielwerk und Zucker vollauf,
und noch Karossen im Lauf,
alles besorgt und bereit,
daß nur mein Prinzchen nicht schreit.
Was wird da künftig erst sein?
Schlafe, mein Prinzchen, schlaf ein!

Text by Friedrich Wilhelm Gotter

Sleep my little prince, fall asleep

Sleep, my little prince, fall asleep,
The sheep and the birdies rest,
The garden and the meadow are quiet,
Not even a little bee buzzes anymore.
Luna, with a silverly glow
Looks in through the window,
Sleep by the silvery glow,
Sleep, my little prince, fall asleep!

By now, all are in bed in the castle,
All lulled into a slumber,
No more mice stir,
The basement and kitchen are empty.
Only in the maid's chambers
There sounds a languishing sigh!
What might this sigh be for?
Sleep, my little prince, fall asleep!

Who is happier than you?
Nothing but pleasure and peace!
All trinkets and sugar,
And a trotting stage-coach.
Everyone's anxious and ready
That my little prince will just not cry.
But what will the future bring?
Sleep, my little prince, fall asleep!

Translation by Lisa Yannucci

L'histoire de Babar, le petit éléphant

Histoire de Babar, le petit éléphant.
Récit de Jean de Brunhoff.
Musique de Francis Poulenc.

Dans la grande forêt, un petit éléphant est né.
Il s'appelle Babar. Sa maman l'aime
beaucoup. Pour l'endormir, elle le berce avec
sa trompe, en chantant tout doucement.

The story of Babar, the little elephant

The story of Babar, the little elephant.
Words by Jean de Brunhoff.
Music by Francis Poulenc.

In the great forest, a little elephant was born.
His name was Babar. His mother loved him
dearly and used to rock him to sleep with her
trunk, singing to him softly the while.

Babar a grandi. Il joue maintenant avec les autres enfants éléphants. C'est un des plus gentils. Il s'amuse à creuser le sable avec un coquillage.

Babar se promène très heureux sur le dos de sa maman.

Tout à coup un vilain chasseur, caché derrière un buisson, tire sur eux.

Le chasseur a tué la maman. Les singes se cachent, les oiseaux s'envolent. Le chasseur court pour attraper le pauvre Babar. Babar se sauve parce qu'il a peur du chasseur.

Au bout de quelques jours, bien fatigué, il arrive près d'une ville... Il est très étonné parce que c'est la première fois qu'il voit tant de maisons – que de choses nouvelles! Ces belles avenues! Ces autos et ces autobus! Pourtant ce qui intéresse le plus Babar, ce sont deux messieurs qu'il rencontre dans la rue. Il pense: "Vraiment, ils sont très bien habillés. Je voudrais bien avoir aussi un beau costume... Mais comment faire?" Heureusement, une vieille dame très riche, qui aimait beaucoup les petits éléphants, comprend en le regardant qu'il a envie d'un bel habit. Comme elle aime faire plaisir, elle lui donne son porte-monnaie. Babar lui dit: "Merci, madame."

Maintenant Babar habite chez la vieille dame. Le matin, avec elle, il fait de la gymnastique, puis il prend son bain.

Tous les jours il se promène en auto. C'est la vieille dame qui la lui a achetée. Elle lui donne tout ce qu'il veut.

Pourtant Babar n'est pas tout à fait heureux, car il ne peut plus jouer dans la grande forêt avec ses petits cousins et ses amis les singes. Souvent, à la fenêtre, il rêve en pensant à son enfance et pleure en se rappelant sa maman.

Babar grew fast. Soon, he was playing with the other baby elephants. He was one of the nicest of them. Look at him digging in the sand with a shell.

One day, Babar was having a lovely ride on his mother's back.

Suddenly a cruel hunter, hiding behind a bush, shot at them.

The hunter killed Babar's mother. The monkey hid himself, the birds flew away. The hunter ran up to catch poor Babar. Babar was very frightened and ran away from the hunter.

After some days, tired and footsore, he came to a town. He was amazed, for it was the first time he had ever seen so many houses. What strange things he saw! Beautiful avenues! Motor cars and motor buses! But what interested Babar most of all was two gentlemen he met in the street. He thought to himself: "What lovely clothes they have got! I wish I could have some too! But how can I get them?" Luckily, he was seen by a very rich old lady who understood little elephants and knew at once that he was longing for a smart suit. She loved making others happy, so she gave him her purse. "Thank you, madam," said Babar.

Now Babar made his home in the old lady's house. Every morning they did their exercises together, and then Babar had his bath.

Every day he drove out in the car that the old lady had bought him. She gave him everything that he wanted.

And yet Babar was not altogether happy; he could no longer play about in the great forest with his little cousins and his friends the monkeys. He often gazed out of the window, dreaming of his childhood. And when he thought of his dear mother, he used to cry.

Deux années ont passé. Un jour, pendant sa promenade, il voit venir à sa rencontre deux petits éléphants tout nus – “Mais c'est Arthur et Céleste, mon petit cousin et ma cousine,” dit-il, stupéfait, à la vieille dame. Babar embrasse Arthur et Céleste, puis il va leur acheter de beaux costumes.

Ensuite il les emmène chez le pâtissier manger de bons gâteaux.

Pendant ce temps, dans la forêt, les éléphants cherchent et appellent Arthur et Céleste, et leurs mamans sont bien inquiètes.

Heureusement, en volant sur la ville, un vieux marabout les a vus. Vite il vient prévenir les éléphants.

Les mamans d'Arthur et de Céleste partent les chercher à la ville – elles sont bien contentes de les retrouver, mais elles les grondent tout de même parce qu'ils se sont sauvés.

Babar se décide à partir avec Arthur, Céleste, et leurs mamans et à revoir la grande forêt. Tout est prêt pour le départ. Babar embrasse sa vieille amie. Il lui promet de revenir – jamais il ne l'oubliera. La vieille dame reste seule; triste, elle pense: “Quand reverrai-je mon petit Babar?”

Ils sont partis... Les mamans n'ont pas de place dans l'auto – elles courent derrière et lèvent leurs trompes pour ne pas respirer la poussière.

Le même jour, hélas, le roi des éléphants, au cours d'une promenade, a mangé un mauvais champignon.

Empoisonné, il a été bien malade... si malade qu'il en est mort. C'est un grand malheur.

Two years passed by. One day he was out for a walk when he met two little elephants with no clothes on. "Why, here are Arthur and Celeste, my two little cousins!" he cried in amazement to the old lady. Babar hugged Arthur and Celeste and took them to buy some lovely clothes.

Next, he took them to a teashop, where they had some delicious cakes.

Meanwhile, in the great forest, all the elephants were searching for Arthur and Celeste and their mothers grew more and more anxious.

Luckily, an old bird flying over the town had spied them and hurried back to tell the elephants.

The mothers went to the town to fetch Arthur and Celeste. They were very glad when they found them, but they scolded them all the same for having run away.

Babar made up his mind to return to the great forest with Arthur and Celeste and their mothers. When everything was ready for the journey, Babar kissed his old friend goodbye. He promised to come back to her, and never to forget her. The old lady was left alone, sadly thinking, “When shall I see my little Babar again?”

Off they went! There was no room for the mother elephants in the car, so they ran behind, lifting their trunks so as not to breathe in the dust.

Alas! That very day the King of the elephants, during his walk, had eaten a bad mushroom.

It had poisoned him. He had been very ill... so ill that he had died. It was a terrible misfortune.

Après l'enterrement, les plus vieux des éléphants se sont réunis pour choisir un nouveau roi. Juste à ce moment, ils entendent du bruit; ils se retournent – qu'est ce qu'ils voient? Babar qui arrive dans son auto et tous les éléphants qui courent en criant:

“Les voilà! Les voilà! Ils sont revenus!

Bonjour Babar! Bonjour Arthur! Bonjour Céleste! Quels beaux costumes! Quelle belle auto!” Alors Cornélius, le plus vieux des éléphants dit, de sa voix tremblante:

“Mes bons amis, nous cherchons un roi, pourquoi ne pas choisir Babar? Il revient de la ville, il a beaucoup appris chez les hommes. Donnons-lui la couronne.”

Tous les éléphants trouvent que Cornélius a très bien parlé. Impatients, ils attendent la réponse de Babar. “Je vous remercie tous, dit alors ce dernier, mais avant d'accepter, je dois vous dire que, pendant notre voyage en auto, Céleste et moi nous sommes fiancés. Si je suis votre roi, elle sera votre reine.”

“Vive la reine Céleste!! Vive le roi Babar!!!” crient tous les éléphants sans hésiter.

Et c'est ainsi que Babar devint roi.

Babar dit alors à Cornélius: “Tu as de bonnes idées, aussi je te nomme général et quand j'aurai la couronne, je te donnerai mon chapeau melon. Dans huit jours j'épouserai Céleste; nous aurons alors une grande fête pour notre mariage et notre couronnement.” Ensuite Babar demande aux oiseaux d'aller inviter tous les animaux à ses noces.

Les invités commencent à arriver. La dromadaire, chargé d'acheter à la ville de beaux habits de noces, les rapporte juste à temps pour le mariage.

Mariage de Babar.

Couronnement de Babar.

After his funeral, the oldest elephants met together to choose a new King. Just at that moment, they heard a noise and turned round.

What a wonderful sight they saw! It was Babar arriving. in his car, with all the elephants running and shouting:

“Here they are! Here they are! They have come back! Hello, Babar! Hello, Arthur!

Hello, Celeste! What lovely clothes! What a beautiful car!” Then Cornelius, the oldest elephant of all, said, in his quavering voice:

“My dear friends, we must have a new King. Why not choose Babar? He has come back from the town, where he has lived among men and learnt much. Let us offer him the crown.”

All the elephants thought that Cornelius had spoken wisely, and they listened eagerly to hear what Babar would say. “I thank you all,” said Babar, “but before accepting the crown, I must tell you that on our journey in the car Celeste and I got engaged to be married. If I become your King, she will be your Queen.”

“Long live Queen Celeste!! Long live King Babar!!!” the elephants shouted with one voice. And that was how Babar became King.

“Cornelius,” said Babar, “you have such good ideas that I shall make you a General, and when I get my crown, I will give you my hat. In a week's time I am going to marry Celeste. We will give a grand party to celebrate our marriage and our coronation.” And Babar asked the birds to take invitations to all the animals.

The guests began to arrive. The dromedary, who went to town to buy some fine wedding clothes, brought them just in time for the ceremony.

The wedding of Babar.

Babar's coronation.

Après le mariage et le couronnement, tout le monde danse de bon cœur. Les oiseaux se mêlent à l'orchestre.

La fête est finie.

La nuit est venue, les étoiles se sont levées. Le roi Babar et la reine Céleste, heureux, rêvent à leur bonheur. Maintenant tout dort, les invités sont rentrés chez eux, très contents, mais fatigués d'avoir trop dansé. Longtemps ils se rappelleront ce grand bal.

Fin.

After the wedding and the coronation, everyone danced merrily. The birds sang with the orchestra.

The party was over.

Night fell, and the stars came out. The hearts of King Babar and Queen Celeste were filled with happy dreams. Then all the world slept. The guests had gone home, very pleased, but very tired after dancing so much. For many a long day they will remember that wonderful ball.

The end.

Text by Jean de Brunhoff

Translation by Nelly Rieu

Říkadla

II. Řípa se vdávala

Řípa se vdávala, celer pískal, mrkev tancovala a křen to všechno spískal, říkadla spískal. Tidli, tidli, tidli fidli, Tidli dudli, dudli tidli.

III. Není lepší jako z jara

Není lepší jako z jara, zelená se v poli tráva, Koza leží na mezi, nic jí ležet nemrzí.

IV. Leze krtek

Leze krtek podle meze, vyměřuje louku; sysel za ním pytle veze, že bude mlít mouku.

V. Karel do pekla zajel

Karel do pekla zajel na bílém koni, čert ho tam honí. Nevěděl kudy, koupil si dudy, nevěděl ještě, koupil si kleště, nevěděl nic, koupil si klíč.

Nursery Rhymes

II. The beetroot got married

The beetroot got married, the celery played the whistle, the carrot led the dance, the horseradish arranged it all, arranged all these rhymes. Tidli, tidli, tidli fidli, Tidli dudli, dudli tidli.

III. There's nothing better than springtime

There's nothing better than springtime: the grass grows green in the fields, the goat lies under the hedgerow; she's always happy to take a rest.

IV. The mole creeps

The mole creeps along the hedgerow, measuring out the meadow; the hamster follows, carrying a sack, because he's going to grind some flour.

V. Karel rode off to hell

Karel rode off to hell on a white horse, with a devil chasing him. He didn't know where to go, so he bought himself bagpipes; still didn't know, so bought himself pliers; still knew nothing, so bought himself a key.

VI. Roztrhané kalhoty

Roztrhané kalhoty, vítr do nich fouká, budu si je zašívát: pavouk niti souká.

VII. Franta rasů

Franta rasů, hrál na basu staré krávy u ocasu. Stará kráva byla ráda že má Frantu kamaráda.

VIII. Náš pes, náš pes

Náš pes, náš pes zlámal ocas: pro svojí dobrotu strčil ho do plotu; náš pes, náš pes zlámal ocas.

IX. Dělán, dělán kázání

Dělám, dělám kázání, čtyři kočky svázány, a pátý pes, do pece vlez, ukrad tam topinku, běžel s ní po rynku; potkala ho kráva, to byla jeho máma; potkal ho bulíček, to byl ten tatíček; potkal ho bejček, to byl ten strejček; potkal ho hřebeček, to byl ten dědeček; potkala ho kozička. To byla jeho babička.

X. Stará bába čarovala

Stará bába čarovala, z ječmene kroupy, z prosa jáhly dělala, to byly její čary.

XI. Hó, hó, krásy dó

Hó, hó, krásy dó, nesó mlíko pod vodó, nesó mlíko půl židlíka. Kde je naše jalová? U božího kostela. Kostel se boří, stodola hoří. Skoč panenka do vody, máš tam zlaté korály. Nač bych já tam skákala, sukýnky si máchala, kde bych si je sušila? U pastýřa v koutku, na zeleném proutku.

VI. Torn breeches

My breeches are torn, the wind blows through them. I'll have to sew them up; a spider is spinning the thread.

VII. Franta the knacker's son

Franta the knacker's son played the bass behind the old cow's tail. The old cow was delighted to have Franta as her friend.

VIII. Our dog, our dog

Our dog, our dog has broken his tail; for the silly clot stuck it through the fence! Our dog, our dog has broken his tail.

IX. I preach, I preach a sermon

I preach, I preach a sermon: four cats tied together, And the fifth, a dog, got into the oven, stole a slice of toast, and ran around the square with it; he met a cow, that was his Mummy; he met a bullock, that was his Daddy; he met a calf, that was his Uncle; he met a foal, that was his Grandpa; he met a ewe, that was his Grandma.

X. The old woman was casting spells

The old woman was casting spells, turning barley into groats, turning millet into gruel, those were her magic tricks.

XI. Ho, ho, off go the cows

Ho, ho, off go the cows, carrying their milk down to the water, carrying half a jug of milk. But where's our young heifer got to? Right by the good Lord's church. The church is falling down, the barn's on fire. Jump in the water, my pretty, you'll find gold beads there. Why should I jump in and get my petticoats all wet? Where would I dry them? By the shepherd's hut, over at the corner, on a green branch.

XII. Moje žena malučičká

Moje žena malučičká, postavím ju do
hrnčička; prikryjem ju poklievičkou, nech
uvre mi s polievčičkou.

XIII. Bába leze do bezu

Bába leze do bezu, já tam za ní polezu. Kudy
bába, tudy já, budeme tam oba dva!

XIV. Koza bílá hrušky sbírá

Koza bílá hrušky sbírá, strakatá je třese, bílá
je ponese zítra do Kolína.

XV. Němec brouk, hrnce tlouk

Němec brouk, hrnce tlouk, házel jimi přes
palouk a s palouku do louže šelma Němec v
hrdlo lže.

XVI. Koza leží na seně

Koza leží na seně, ona se na mne směje,
chytím kozu za bradu, povedu ji do Brodu. V
Brodě koze nemajú, šidlem mléko jídajú,
pantokem chleba krájajú, měchem drva
štípajú!

XVII. Vašek, pašek, bubeník

Vašek, pašek, bubeník, zahnal kozy za rybník;
kozy se mu splašily, do vody mu skočily.

XVIII. Frantíku, Frantíku

Frantíku, Frantíku, dobrá kaša na mlíku, ešče
lepší na smetaně, ale se ti nedostane.

XIX. Seděl medvid' na kolodi

Seděl medvid' na kolodi, nohaveci kraje,
koloda sje pohinaje, on kolodi laje. Hop, Hop,
cumandra, cumandrata moloda.

XII. My tiny little wife

My tiny little wife, I'll put her in the pot and
cover her with the lid, she'll warm up in the
soup.

XIII. Granny's crawled into the elder bush

Granny's crawled into the elder bush; I'll go
in behind her. Wherever Granny goes, I go
too, that way we'll be together!

XIV. The white goat's picking up the pears

The white goat's picking up the pears, the
piebald goat's shaking them down; the white
one will take them to Kolín tomorrow.

XV. German, that beetle, broke the pots

German, that beetle, broke the pots, threw
them across the meadow, from the meadow
into the pond; that crafty German tells lies.

XVI. Nanny goat's lying in the hay

Nanny goat's lying in the hay and laughing at
me! I'll catch her by the beard and take her to
Brod. In Brod they've got no goats, they sip
their milk with an awl, slice their bread with
an axe, and chop their wood with bellows!

**XVII. Vašek, the scallywag, the drummer
boy**

Vašek, the scallywag, the drummer boy drove
his goats behind the pond; the goats bolted
and jumped into the water.

XVIII. Frantík, Frantík

Frantík, Frantík, porridge is nice with milk,
even better with cream, but there'll be none
left for you!

XIX. The bear sat on a log

The bear sat on a log cutting his trouser leg;
the log started rolling and he started growling.
Hop, hop, cumandra, cumandrata moloda!