

THE SUNDERMAN CONSERVATORY  
OF MUSIC AT GETTYSBURG COLLEGE

*presents a*

FACULTY RECITAL

*French Olympians*  
*1924*

JEFFREY FAHNESTOCK, *tenor*  
SCOTT CROWNE, *piano*



TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 2024 • 7:30 PM

PAUL RECITAL HALL  
GETTYSBURG COLLEGE

# 1924 Olympic Games in Paris

## TECHNOLOGY AND ACCOMMODATION

- 1924 saw the first live radio broadcasts and first Olympic Village; the American athletes lived on an estate near Versailles.

## TRACK AND FIELD

- Harold Abrahams and Eric Liddell won gold medals in races, as seen in the 1981 film “Chariots of Fire.”
- Paavo Nurmi, the “Flying Finn”, was the first man to win five gold medals in one Olympics.
- African American DeHart Hubbard won the gold medal in the long jump.

## SWIMMING

- Johnny Weissmuller, Tarzan in twelve films, won three gold medals in swimming and bronze in water polo. Hawaiian brothers Duke and Samuel Kahanamoku won silver and bronze behind Weissmuller in the 100M freestyle.
- Gertrude Ederle won three medals; two years later she was the first woman to swim the English Channel.

## TENNIS

- Helen Wills won gold in singles and doubles tennis. She would go on to win thirty-one Grand Slam titles, nineteen in singles.
- Rene Lacoste, later of the crocodile sportswear brand, won a bronze in men’s doubles.
- Richard Norris Williams, a Swiss survivor of the Titanic disaster, won a gold medal in mixed doubles tennis.

## ARTS COMPETITION

- From 1912 to 1948 medals were awarded in the following categories: architecture, literature, painting, music, and sculpture.
- 193 artists entered works in 1924. All works had to be inspired by art.
- Baron de Coubertin, founder of the modern Olympics won the gold medal in 1912 for a poem submitted under a pseudonym. He retired as IOC President after the 1924 Games.
- Igor Stravinsky was one of the judges for the music category in 1924.



The use of photography and recording equipment, of any kind,  
is strictly prohibited without prior permission.

Please turn off cell phones and other electronic devices.

Food and drink are not permitted in Paul Recital Hall.

*Thank you for attending a Sunderman Conservatory of Music event.  
We hope you return to support Gettysburg College students,  
Conservatory faculty, and visiting performers.*

# *French Olympians*

## PROGRAM

### La bonne chanson

Une Sainte en son auréole  
Puisque l'aube grandit  
La lune blanche luit dans les bois  
J'allais pas des chemin perfides  
J'ai presque peur, en vérité  
Avant que tu ne t'en ailles  
Donc, ce sera par un clair jour d'été  
N'est-ce pas?  
L'Hiver a cessé

Gabriel Faure  
(1845-1924)

### Tel jour telle nuit

Bonne journée  
Une ruine coquille vide  
Le front comme un drapeau perdu  
Une roulotte couverte en tuiles  
À toute brides  
Une herbe pauvre  
Je n'ai envie que de t'aimer  
Figure de force brûlante et farouche  
Nous avons fait la nuit

Francis Poulenc  
(1899-1963)

### Coeur en péril

Sarabande

Light

Le jardin mouillé

Le bachelier de Salamanque

Albert Roussel  
(1869-1937)

Jeffrey Fahnstock, tenor  
Scott Crowne, pianist

## TRANSLATIONS

### **La bonne chanson/The Good Song (1892-94),**

texts by Paul Verlaine, translated by Winifred Radford

#### **Une Sainte en son aureole/A Saint in her halo**

A saint in her halo,  
a chatelaine in her tower,  
all that human words contain  
of grace and love;

the golden note that can be heard  
from the horn in the distant woods,  
combined with the tender pride  
of the noble ladies of long ago;

withal the rare charm  
of a fresh, triumphant smile  
blooming in the purity of the swan  
and the blushes of a woman-child.

A pearly sheen, white and pink,  
a sweet patrician harmony:  
I see, I hear all these lovely things  
in her Carovingian name.

#### **Puisque l'aube grandit/Since dawn is breaking**

Since dawn is breaking, since daybreak is here,  
since hope, having eluded me so long is ready  
to return, heeding my supplication,  
since all this happiness is to be mine,

guided by you, lovely eyes alight with tenderness,  
led by you, O hand in which my own trembles,  
I will walk ahead, be it by mossy paths  
or tracks made rough by rocks and boulders;

and as if to beguile the slowness of the journey,  
I will sing some simple airs, I tell myself  
that no doubt she will listen without displeasure;  
and truly I wish for no other paradise.

## **La lune blanche/The white moon**

The white moon  
is shining in the woods;  
from each branch  
comes a voice  
under the boughs...

O beloved.

The pool reflects,  
deep mirror,  
the outline  
of the black willow  
where the wind is weeping...

Let us dream, this is the hour.

A vast and tender  
peacefulness  
seems to descend  
from the heavens  
made iridescent by the moon...

This is the exquisite hour.

## **J'allais par des chemins perfides/I followed treacherous paths**

I followed treacherous paths,  
sadly insecure.  
Your dear hands guided me.

Palely on the far horizon  
gleamed a faint hope of dawn;  
your eyes were the morning.

No sound, but of his own footsteps,  
encouraged the traveller.  
Your voice said to me: 'Walk on!'

My heart full of fear, my despondent heart  
wept, alone, on the sad journey;  
love, deliciously triumphant,

has united us in joy.

**J'ai presque peur, en vérité/In truth, I am almost afraid**

In truth, I am almost afraid,  
so closely do I feel my life linked  
to the radiant conception  
that possessed my soul last summer,

so constantly does your image, for ever dear,  
dwell in this heart, all yours,  
this heart whose only longing  
is to love and to please you;

and I tremble, forgive me  
for telling you so frankly,  
when I realize that a word, a smile  
from you is henceforth law to me,

and that a gesture is enough,  
a word or the merest glance,  
to plunge into mourning  
for my celestial illusion.

Yet I determine to look upon you,  
though the future were to be dark for me  
and full of countless afflictions,  
with only immense hopefulness,

immersed in the supreme happiness  
of saying to myself again and for ever,  
despite returning dejection,  
that I love you, that I love thee!

**Avant que tu ne t'en ailles/Before you vanish**

Before you vanish,  
pale star of the morning;  
- a thousand quails  
are singing, singing in the thyme! -

Turn towards the poet,  
whose eyes are full of love;  
- the lark  
rises up to the sky at daybreak! -

Turn your gaze steeped  
by the dawn in its azure;  
- what joy  
among the fields of ripe corn! -

And make my thoughts shine  
yonder, far away, oh! far away  
- the dew  
gleams brightly on the hay! –

into the sweet dream  
of my love who still stirs in sleep...  
- quickly, quickly,  
for here is the golden sun! –

**Donc, ce sera par un clair jour d'été/So, it will be on a clear summer day**

So, it will be on a clear summer day;  
the great sun, accomplice of my joy,  
will make, clad in silk and satin,  
your dear beauty lovelier still;

the blue sky, like a tall canopy,  
will quiver magnificently, in long folds  
above our two brows, pale  
with the emotion of happiness and anticipation;

and when evening comes, the breeze will be soft  
playing caressingly among your veils,  
and the peaceful gaze of the stars  
will smile beneficently on the married lovers.

**N'est-ce pas?/Is it not true?**

Is it not true? light of heart and unhurried, we shall follow  
the modest path which smiling hope has shown us,  
caring little if others are aware of us or not.

Isolated in love as if in a dark forest,  
our two hearts breathing peaceful tenderness  
will be two nightingales singing at evening.

Without concern about our future  
fate, we shall walk along together  
hand in hand, with the child-like soul

of those whose love is unalloyed, is it not true?

### **L'Hiver a cessé/Winter is ended**

Winter is ended, the light is warm  
and is dancing, from the earth up to the clear sky,  
the saddest heart must surrender  
to the immense joy spreading through the air.

For a year I have had springtime in my soul,  
and the green return of Maytime,  
like a flame encircling a flame,  
adds perfection to perfection,

the blue sky extends, rises and crowns  
the unchanging azure wherein my love is smiling.  
The season is beautiful and my destiny is fair  
and all my hopes are realized.

Let summer come! Let come in turn  
the autumn and the winter! And each season  
will delight me, O you who are so blessed  
with imagination and understanding!

### **Tel jour telle nuit (1936-37),**

texts by Paul Eluard, translated by Winifred Radford

#### **Bonne journée/A good day**

A good day I have again seen whom I do not forget  
whom I shall never forget  
and women fleeting by whose eyes  
formed for me a hedge of honor  
they wrapped themselves in their smiles

a good day I have seen my friends carefree  
the men were light in weight  
one who passed by  
his shadow changed into a mouse  
fled into the gutter

I have seen the great wide sky  
the beautiful eyes of those deprived of everything  
distant shore where no one lands

a good day which began mournfully  
dark under the green trees  
but which suddenly drenched with dawn  
invaded my heart unawares.



**Une ruine coquille vide/A ruin an empty shell**

A ruin an empty shell  
weeps into its apron  
the children who play around it  
make less sound that flies

the ruin goes groping  
to seek its cows in the meadow  
I have seen the day that I see that  
without shame

It is midnight like an arrow  
in a heart within reach  
of the sprightly nocturnal glimmerings  
which gainsay sleep.

**Le front comme un drapeau perdu/The brow like a lost flag**

The brow like a lost flag  
I drag you when I am alone  
through the cold streets  
the dark rooms  
crying misery

I do not want to let them go  
your clear and complex hands  
born in the enclosed mirror of my own

all the rest is perfect  
all the rest is even more useless than life

hollow the earth beneath your shadow  
a sheet of water reaching the breasts  
wherein to drown oneself  
like a stone.

**Une roulette couverte en tuiles/A gypsy wagon roofed with tiles**

A gypsy wagon roofed with tiles  
the horse dead a child master  
thinking his brow blue with hatred  
of two breasts beating down upon him  
like two fists

this melodrama tears away from us  
the sanity of the heart.

**A toutes brides/Riding full tilt**

Riding full tilt you whose phantom  
prances at night on a violin  
come to reign in the woods

the lashings of the tempest  
seek their path by way of you  
you are not of those  
whose desires one imagines

come drink a kiss here  
surrender to the fire which drives you to despair.

**Une herbe pauvre/Scanty grass**

Scanty grass  
wild  
appeared in the snow  
it was health  
my mouth marvelled  
at the savor of pure air it had  
it was withered.

**Je n'ai envie que de t'aimer/I long only to love you**

I long only to love you  
a storm fills the valley  
a fish the river

I have formed you to the pattern of my solitude  
the whole world to hide in  
days and nights to understand one another

to see nothing more in your eyes  
but what I think of you  
and of a world in your likeness

and of days and nights ordered by your eyelids.



**Figure de force brûlante et farouche/Image of fiery wild forcefulness**

Image of fiery and wild forcefulness  
black hair wherein the gold flows towards the south  
on corrupt nights  
engulfed gold tainted star  
in a bed never shared

to the veins of the temples  
as to the tips of the breasts  
life denies itself  
no one can blind the eyes  
drink their brilliance or their tears  
the blood above them triumphs for itself alone

intractable unbounded  
useless  
this health builds a prison.

**Nous avons fait la nuit/We have made night**

We have made night I hold your hand I watch over you  
I sustain you with all my strength  
I engrave on a rock the star of your strength  
deep furrows where the goodness of your body will germinate  
I repeat to myself your secret voice your public voice  
I laugh still at the haughty woman  
whom you treat like a beggar  
at the fools whom you respect the simple folk in whom you immerse yourself  
and in my head which gently begins to harmonize with yours with the night  
I marvel at the stranger resembling you resembling all that I love  
which is ever new.



**Coeur en péril/Heart in peril (1933-34),**

text by René Chalupt, translated by Richard Stokes

What do I care if the Infanta of Portugal  
Has a round face or an oval one  
And a scar beneath her right breast,  
If she looks like a king's daughter  
Or a gooseherd,  
What do I care?

It matters little to me if the Princess of Trebizond  
Be red-haired, brown-haired, or blonde,  
Be quick-tempered or loud-mouthed,  
It matters little to me.

I don't care a rap if the Marchioness of Carabas  
Is a widow and wishes to marry again  
To create her paradise here on earth!  
I don't care a rap!

But it only takes, thoughtless girl,  
A single flash of your mocking eyes  
With their iridescent light,  
To make my poor heart  
Beat hard enough to break.

**Sarabande/Saraband (1919),**

text by René Chalupt, translated by Richard Stokes

The fountains are dancing sarabands  
On the fragrant grass of the lawns;  
Rustling silk is heard in the garden,  
And mysterious presences too.  
On a fountain's pink marble rim  
Three turtle-doves have settled  
Like three kisses on your lips;  
Their feathers fall like leaves into the pool...

The fresh flowers of chestnut trees  
Shed their snowflakes slowly on your breast  
And make your naked flesh shiver,  
For you are naked under your cloak.  
And it is for you that the fountains  
Dance their slender sarabands,  
That the park is full of presences,  
And that the white turtle-doves,  
Like living garlands,  
Come to flower at the water's edge.

**Light/Light (1918),**

text by Georges Jean-Aubry, translated by Richard Stokes

Tears have flowed  
From a secretive, tender heart  
That believed itself banished.  
Why did I not understand,  
When I departed,  
This secretive, tender heart?

Lips have spoken,  
What sad sweetness to hear  
Today revealed  
This secretive, tender heart.

Tears have flowed,  
Why did I not understand...  
But could I have foreseen  
This starlit sky?

**Le jardin mouillé/The drenched garden (1903),**

text by Henri de Régnier, translated by Richard Stokes

The casement is open; the rain falls  
Minutely, as it were,  
Noiselessly and gradually  
On the fresh and sleeping garden.

Leaf by leaf the rain awakens  
The dusty tree it is turning green,  
The climbing vine against the wall  
Seems to stretch lethargically.

The grass trembles, the warm gravel  
Crunches, as though over there  
You could hear on sand and grass  
The sound of indistinguishable steps.

The garden whispers and quivers,  
Furtive and confiding;  
Stitch by stitch the downpour seems  
To weave together earth and sky.

The rain falls, and I with closed eyes listen,  
As with all its rain at once  
The drenched garden drips  
In the darkness I've made in my heart.

**Le bachelier de Salamanque/The Salamanca student (1919),**

text by René Chalupt, translated by Richard Stokes

Passer-by, where are you bound so late  
In Salamanca's deserted streets,  
With black cap and guitar  
Concealed beneath your cloak?

The curfew has already sounded,  
And for hours now in their peaceful homes  
The burghers have been fast asleep.

Are you not aware – the Alcade has decreed  
That all shall be cast into jail  
Who sing their serenades,  
That brigands will cut your golden chain,  
And that the Almirante's daughter,  
For whom you vainly languish,  
Mocks you from her mirador?



## Composers and Poets

The name Gabriel Fauré is synonymous with *mélodie* (French art song) of which he composed 100 over the course of sixty years. These songs remain a standard part of every singer's education and performing repertoire. **La bonne chanson**, a cycle of nine poems by Paul Verlaine, was dedicated to his mistress Emma Bardac, who would later marry Claude Debussy. Fauré was convinced by his publisher to score the work for piano and strings to boost sales despite his preference for the original voice and piano version. His chamber music and the **Requiem** are regularly performed.

Poet Paul Verlaine (1844-1896) published his first poem in 1863, only two years after Fauré's first published *mélodie*. **La bonne chanson** is a collection of twenty-one poems written in 1870 to celebrate his marriage to Mathilde Mauté. Verlaine abandoned his wife and child for the young poet Arthur Rimbaud with whom he traveled to London and Brussels. In 1873, Verlaine shot Rimbaud in the wrist and was imprisoned. After his release, he taught French, Latin, Greek, and drawing at several schools in England and France. A prolific Symbolist poet, Verlaine's works utilize rhythm and sound repetition to create mood and emotion. The BBC used poetry by Verlaine to signal the D-Day invasion to the French Resistance.

Francis Poulenc, a largely self-taught composer, was influenced by writer/director/artist Jean Cocteau, composer Erik Satie, and the Dada movement of post-World War I France. **Tel jour telle nuit**, to poetry of Paul Eluard, is unlike the earlier lighter, Dada-esque songs. There is a depth of feeling and lyricism which would evolve into his later works, such as the opera **Dialogues des Carmélites (Dialogues of the Carmelites.)** Poulenc read poetry one line at a time, heard it in a specific key, and composed that line. He then repeated the process and insisted that his melodies not be transposed. For some reason, **Tel jour telle nuit** is the only cycle published in two keys. Baritone Pierre Bernac, for whom about two-thirds of Poulenc's 150 melodies were written, and the composer toured the world for years as recital partners.

Surrealist poet Paul Eluard (1895-1952) was born in the Paris suburb of Saint-Denis, home of the Stade de France where the 2024 Olympic track and field competitions were held. Suffering from tuberculosis, he was sent to a sanatorium near Davos where he met a young Russian woman, Gala. During WWI while serving in the French army, the poet Eluard wrote 150 letters each day to the families of wounded and dead soldiers. Eluard was encouraged by fellow poets Breton, Aragon, and Soupault who helped him to be published. He and Gala met surrealist artist Max Ernst and entered into a co-habiting situation. Gala left Eluard to marry Spanish artist Salvador Dalí. Thousands of copies of Eluard's poem entitled **Liberté** were dropped by aircraft over Vichy France.

Albert Roussel left a career in the French Navy to compose and teach at the Schola Cantorum, where Erik Satie and Edgar Varèse were his students. Best known for ballet music and symphonies, Roussel's thirty-five melodies are too rarely performed, being overshadowed by his contemporaries Debussy and Ravel. Roussel evokes Spanish guitar, flowing fountains, and quiet wonder in his piano writing that pairs perfectly with deft text setting.

Works of the poet and music critic René Chalupt (1885-1957) were set by more than two dozen composers including Satie, Auric, Milhaud, and Tailleferre.

Georges Jean-Aubry (1882-1950) was the translator and biographer of the novelist Joseph Conrad. Jean-Aubry lived in London for a decade where he met Conrad. French poetry with English titles was written by Verlaine. English poetry with French titles was written by Oscar Wilde.

Henri de Régnier (1864-1936) was born in Honfleur, birthplace of Satie and incubator of Impressionism. Ravel's piano piece **Jeux d'eau** was inspired by his close friend Régnier.

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# Upcoming Sunderman Conservatory Events

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- September 6 • 8pm *The Crossing* Christ Chapel
- September 13 • 7pm *16<sup>th</sup> Annual Concerto Competition* Paul Recital Hall
- September 24 • 8pm *Faculty Recital: French Connection* Paul Recital Hall  
Jeffrey Fahnestock, tenor and Scott Crowne, piano
- September 27 • 8pm *Wind Symphony and Jazz Ensemble* Majestic Theater
- October 4 • 3pm *Sr. Hnrs. Recital: Marissa Duggan, soprano* Paul Recital Hall
- October 4 • 7pm *Sr. Recital: Janaa Eborn, violin* Paul Recital Hall
- October 19 • 8pm *Lyyra* Paul Recital Hall
- October 20 • 2:30pm *Faculty Recital: Elly Toyoda, violin* Paul Recital Hall
- October 26 • 8pm *Sunderman Sings – Voice Area Recital* Paul Recital Hall
- November 1 • 3pm *Jr. Recital: Libby Carpenter, soprano* Paul Recital Hall
- November 1 • 8pm *Choir Concert* Paul Recital Hall
- November 2 • 7pm *Sr. Recital: Michael Tropp, trombone* Paul Recital Hall
- November 8 • 3pm *Sr. Hnrs. Recital: Micah Smith, viola* Paul Recital Hall
- November 9 • 8pm *Jazz Ensemble* Majestic Theater
- November 10 • 2:30pm *Sr. Recital: Penelope Michua-Brooks, oboe* Paul Recital Hall
- November 15 • 3pm *Jr. Recital: Moxe Meiri, violin* Paul Recital Hall
- November 15 • 8pm *Wind Symphony Concert* Majestic Theater
- November 16 • 7pm *Sr. Recital: Evan Hilborn, tenor* Paul Recital Hall
- November 22 • 8pm *Symphony Orchestra* Majestic Theater
- November 23 • 8pm *Jazz Combo* Paul Recital Hall
- December 5 • 6:30pm *Piano Citizens Recital* Paul Recital Hall
- December 6 • 8pm *Choir Concert* Christ Chapel