

Music with Grace Concert Series Presents

Théâtre Française



June 30, 2024 1pm

Grace Lutheran Church

Free will donations accepted

Courtney Badura modern flute, flauto traverso **Jerimiah Otto** harpsichord, piano

Nadya Hill modern violin **Michael Hoffman** tenor

SEMELE

George Friedrich Handel (1685-1759)

ACT II SCENE TWO.

An apartment in the palace of Semele. She is sleeping, Loves and Zephyrs waiting.

To them Enter Jupiter: AIR.

“Lay your doubts and fears aside,

And for joys alone provide.

Though this human form I wear,

Think not I man's falsehood bear.”

Flute Concerto in E minor

Michel Corrette (1707-1795)

Thaïs

Jules Massenet (1842-1912)

Meditation

Chaconne in D major

Élisabeth Jacquet de La Guerre (1665-1729)

CEPHALE ET PROCRIS, TRAGEDIE. ENTR'ACTE.

Premiere in Paris, March 17, 1694, Théâtre du Palais-Royal

Troupes from Thrace. Troupes of Pastors & Shepherds.

Boure'e.

ACTE III SCÈNE PREMIÈRE.

the theater represents the places where voluptuousness resides; this goddess appears in the back of the theater lying on a bed of aphrodisiac flowers

PRELUDE.

“Love, that under your cruel laws
we suffer from rigorous evils!

By a deceptive hope
you know how to flatter our wishes,
to deliver us to mortal pain.

When you force two hearts to feel your fires,
must you let the knots break
which should form eternal chains for them?”

Dancers In Love from Perfume Suite
harpsichord trans. Otto

Duke Ellington (1899-1974)

Intermission

Première livre de pieces 'Ecos.' G major

Jacques-Martin Hotteterre (1674-1763)

Fugue in g minor

Jerimiah Otto (b. 1995)

Flute Sonata I. Allegro malinconico

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Cinq Poèmes de Baudelaire

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

HARMONY OF THE NIGHT

The season is at hand when swaying on its stem
Every flower exhales perfume like a censer;
Sounds and perfumes turn in the evening air;
Melancholy waltz and languid vertigo!

Every flower exhales perfume like a censer;
The violin quivers like a tormented heart;
Melancholy waltz and languid vertigo!
The sky is sad and beautiful like an immense altar.

The violin quivers like a tormented heart,
A tender heart, that hates the vast, black void!
The sky is sad and beautiful like an immense altar;
The sun has drowned in his blood which congeals...

A tender heart that hates the vast, black void
Gathers up every shred of the luminous past!
The sun has drowned in his blood which congeals...
Your memory in me glitters like a monstrel!

MEDITATION

Be quiet and more discreet, O my Grief.
You cried out for the Evening; even now it falls:
A gloomy atmosphere envelops the city,
Bringing peace to some, anxiety to others.

While the vulgar herd of mortals, under the scourge
Of Pleasure, that merciless torturer,
Goes to gather remorse in the servile festival,
My Grief, give me your hand; come this way

Far from them. See the dead years in old-fashioned gowns
Lean over the balconies of heaven;
Smiling Regret rise from the depths of the waters;

The dying Sun fall asleep beneath an arch, and
Listen, darling, to the soft footfalls of the Night
That trails off to the East like a long winding-sheet.

THE DEATH OF LOVERS

We shall have beds full of subtle perfumes,
Divans as deep as graves, and on the shelves
Will be strange flowers that blossomed for us
Under more beautiful heavens.

Using their dying flames emulously,
Our two hearts will be two immense torches
Which will reflect their double light
In our two souls, those twin mirrors.

Some evening made of rose and of mystical blue
A single flash will pass between us
Like a long sob, charged with farewells;

And later an Angel, setting the doors ajar,
Faithful and joyous, will come to revive
The tarnished mirrors, the extinguished flames.