



Hugh Hodgson School of Music

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

presents a
Faculty Recital

Elizabeth Johnson Knight, *mezzo soprano*
Eric Jenkins, *piano*

February 6, 2025

7:30 pm, Ramsey Recital Hall

La bonne chanson, Op. 61

1. Une saint en son auréole
2. Puisque l'aube grandit
3. La lune blanche luit dans les bois
4. J'allais par des chemins perfidies
5. J'ai presque peur, en vérité
6. Avant que tu ne t'en ailles
7. Donc, ce sera par un clair jour d'été
8. N'est-ce pas?
9. L'hiver a cessé

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

glances (2002)

1. Echo
2. Impossible
3. Unbroken
4. between verses
5. A plea for mercy
6. glance
7. Echo 2

Tom Cipullo
(b. 1956)

Banalités (FP 107, 1940)

1. Chanson d'Orkenise
2. Hôtel
3. Fagnes de Wallonie
4. Voyage à Paris
5. Sanglots

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

A Little Closer, Please (The Pitchman's Song)
Once a lady was here
Letter to Freddy
Farther from the Heart
April Fool Baby

Paul Bowles
(1910-1999)

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Guest Artist

Eric Jenkins

Pianist and vocal coach Eric Jenkins is the staff accompanist at Kennesaw State University. He was previously a member of the accompanying and applied piano faculty at the University of Texas Rio Grande Valley from 2014 to 2017, where he served as coach-pianist for the nationally award-winning Bravo Opera Company. Additionally, Jenkins was on the collaborative piano faculty at Emory University and a vocal coach with the Georgia State University Opera Theater.

Jenkins has been active as a recitalist, working with renowned instrumentalists and vocalists in the United States and internationally, throughout Canada, Austria, France, Turkey, and Cyprus. Most recently, he has collaborated in chamber performances with principals and members of the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra at venues throughout the Atlanta metro area. He has been active with The Atlanta Opera, serving as pianist and music director with the 96-Hour Opera Project, a project designed to support the careers of BIPOC emerging composers and librettists, and as rehearsal pianist for mainstage productions, including the world premiere of "Forsyth County is Flooding with the Joy of Lake Lanier" by Marcus Norris and Adamma Ebo.

Beginning in 2010, Jenkins served for several years as répétiteur for the American Institute of Musical Studies in Graz, Austria. He made his concerto debut in 2008, performing Benjamin Britten's Piano Concerto with the Calgary Philharmonic Orchestra, and most recently has performed with the Atlanta Symphony as an orchestral keyboardist.

Jenkins earned a DM and MM in collaborative piano from Florida State University, where he served as a graduate assistant in opera coaching and as music director with the outreach program.

Faculty Artist

Elizabeth Johnson Knight

Elizabeth Johnson Knight, American mezzo soprano, is in demand as both a choral and solo artist. She made her Carnegie Hall debut as alto soloist in Handel's *Messiah* with Andrew Megill and the Masterwork Chorus. Recent solo appearances include Atlanta Baroque, Parker String Quartet, Illinois Bach Academy, and Wichita Falls Symphony Orchestra. Elizabeth has also sung in professional choral ensembles across the United States, including Orpheus Chamber Singers, Tennessee Chamber Chorus, Vox Humana, Kinnara, Spire Ensemble, and the South Dakota Chorale. She is a long-time member of the Chorale of the Carmel Bach Festival. She has recorded with many of these ensembles, including the GRAMMY-nominated *Tyberg: Masses* album with South Dakota Chorale.

Elizabeth joined the faculty of the University of Georgia's Hugh Hodgson School of Music in 2016 after holding teaching positions at Southeastern Oklahoma State University, the University of Louisiana, Monroe, Murray State University, the University of North Texas, and Richland College. She is a 2022 recipient of UGA's Sandy Beaver Excellence in Teaching Award. In addition to private voice, she has taught English, Italian, French, and German Diction, Vocal Pedagogy, and Opera Workshop. Her research interests include assessment techniques for the applied studio and the effects of posture on the acoustics of the singing voice. She has published research in *Journal of Voice* and has presented papers at the New Voice Educators' Symposium, the Texoma NATS Artist Series, and the Performing Arts Medicine Association Symposium. Elizabeth is a graduate of the University of North Texas (DMA), Indiana University (MM), and the University of Mississippi (BM).

La bonne chanson

1. Une Sainte en son auréole

Une Sainte en son auréole,
Une Châtelaine en sa tour,
Tout ce que contient la parole
Humaine de grâce et d'amour.

La note d'or que fait entendre
Un cor dans le lointain des bois des bois,
Mariée à la fierté tendre
Des nobles Dames d'autrefois;

Avec cela le charme insigne
D'un frais sourire triomphant
Éclos de candeurs de cygne
Et des rougeurs de femme-enfant;

Des aspects nacrés, blancs et roses,
Un doux accord patricien:
Je vois, j'entends toutes ces choses
Dans son nom Carolingien.

2. Puisque l'aube grandit

Puisque l'aube grandit, puisque voici l'aurore,
Puisque, après m'avoir fui longtemps,
l'espoir veut bien
Revoler devers moi qui l'appelle et l'implore,
Puisque tout ce bonheur veut bien être le mien,

Je veux, guidé par vous, beaux yeux aux
flammes douces,
Par toi conduit, ô main où tremblera
ma main,
Marcher droit, que ce soit par des sentiers de
mousses
Ou que rocs et cailloux encombrant le chemin ;

Et comme, pour bercer
les lenteurs de la route,
Je chanterai des airs ingénus, je me dis
Qu'elle m'écouterait sans déplaisir
sans doute;
Et vraiment je ne veux pas d'autre Paradis.

The Good Song

1. A saint within her halo

A saint within her halo,
A lady in her tower,
All that human speech contains
Of grace and of love.

The golden note by which one hears
The horn in the depths of the woods,
Married to the tender pride
Of the noble ladies of the past;

With this emblematic charm:
A fresh, triumphant smile,
Revealed with the candor of a swan
And the blush of a woman-child,

Of pearly appearance, white and pink;
A gentle aristocratic harmony.
I see, I hear all these things
In your Carolingian name.

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2. Since day is breaking

Since day is breaking, since dawn is here,
Since, having long eluded me,
hope may
Fly back to me, who calls to it and implores it,
Since all this happiness will certainly be mine,

I want, guided by you, your beautiful eyes lit by
gentle flames,
Led by you, in whose hand my trembling hand
rests,
To march straight on, whether along trails of
moss
Or on tracks strewn with boulders and stones;

And just as I'll comfort myself during the
tediousness of the journey,
By singing some innocent airs, I'll tell myself
That she will hear me without displeasure or
doubt;
And truly I want no other paradise.

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3. La lune blanche

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois ;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...

Ô bien aimée.

L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...

Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise...

C'est l'heure exquise.

3. The white moon

The white moon
shines in the woods.
From each branch
springs a voice
beneath the arbor.

Oh my beloved...

Like a deep mirror
the pond reflects
the silhouette
of the black willow
where the wind weeps.

Let us dream! It is the hour...

A vast and tender
calm
seems to descend
from a sky
made iridescent by the moon.

It is the exquisite hour!

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4. J'allais par des chemins perfides

J'allais par des chemins perfides,
Douloureusement incertain.
Vos chères mains furent mes guides.

Si pâle à l'horizon lointain
Luisait un faible espoir d'aurore ;
Votre regard fut le matin.

Nul bruit, sinon son pas sonore,
N'encourageait le voyageur.
Votre voix me dit: « Marche encore! »

Mon cœur craintif, mon sombre cœur
Pleurait, seul, sur la triste voie;
L'amour, délicieux vainqueur,

Nous a réunis dans la joie.

4. I was walking along treacherous paths

I was walking along treacherous paths,
Painfully uncertain.
Your dear hands were my guides.

So pale on the distant horizon
Shone a faint hope of dawn;
Your eyes were the morning.

No sound other than his ringing footstep
Encouraged the voyager.
Your voice said to me: "Walk on!"

My timid heart, my somber heart,
Cried, alone, on the dreary road;
Love, delightful conqueror,

United us in joy.

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5. J'ai presque peur, en vérité

J'ai presque peur, en vérité
Tant je sens ma vie enlacée
A la radieuse pensée
Qui m'a pris l'âme l'autre été,

Tant votre image, à jamais chère,
Habite en ce cœur tout à vous,
Mon cœur uniquement jaloux
De vous aimer et de vous plaire;

Et je tremble, pardonnez-moi
D'aussi franchement vous le dire,
À penser qu'un mot, un sourire
De vous est désormais ma loi,

Et qu'il vous suffirait d'un geste,
D'une parole ou d'un clin d'œil,
Pour mettre tout mon être en deuil
De son illusion céleste.

Mais plutôt je ne veux vous voir,
L'avenir dût-il m'être sombre
Et fécond en peines sans nombre,
Qu'à travers un immense espoir,

Plongé dans ce bonheur suprême
De me dire encore et toujours,
En dépit des mornes retours,
Que je vous aime, que je t'aime!

5. I'm almost afraid, it's true

I'm almost afraid, it's true,
when I see how my life is entwined
with the radiant thought
that stole my soul last summer;

when I see how your ever-dear image
lives in this heart that is all yours,
my heart that only wants
to love you and to please you;

and I tremble - forgive me
for speaking so freely -
at the thought that a word or a smile
from you so rules me

and that a gesture,
a word or a wink
from you is enough to set my soul
in mourning for its heavenly illusion.

I really only want to see you,
no matter how dark
and full of pain my future,
through an immense hope,

plunged into this supreme job
of saying over and always to myself,
despite all dismal returns,
that I love you, that I love thee!

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6. Avant que tu ne t'en ailles

Avant que tu ne t'en ailles,
Pâle étoile du matin
-- Mille cailles
Chantent, chantent dans le thym. --

Tourne devers le poète
Dont les yeux sont pleins d'amour ;
-- L'alouette
Monte au ciel avec le jour. --

Tourne ton regard que noie
L'aurore dans son azur ;
-- Quelle joie
Parmi les champs de blé mûr! --

Puis fais luire ma pensée
Là-bas -- bien loin, oh, bien loin!
-- La rosée
Gaîment brille sur le foin. --

Dans le doux rêve où s'agite
Ma mie endormie encor...
-- Vite, vite,
Car voici le soleil d'or. --

6. Before you vanish

Before you vanish,
pale morning star...
(A thousand quails
are singing in the thyme!)

turn towards the poet,
whose eyes are full of love...
(The lark
is rising to the sky with the daybreak!)

turn your gaze which the dawn
is drowning in its blueness...
(What joy
among the fields of ripe corn!)

and make my thoughts shine
there, far away, far away...
(The dew
is gleaming brightly on the hay!)

into the sweet dream where my darling
while still asleep is stirring...
(Quickly, quickly,
for here is the golden sun!)

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7. Donc, ce sera par un clair jour d'été

Donc, ce sera par un clair jour d'été
Le grand soleil, complice de ma joie,
Fera, parmi le satin et la soie,
Plus belle encor votre chère beauté;

Le ciel tout bleu, comme une haute tente,
Frissonnera somptueux à longs plis
Sur nos deux fronts ... qu'auront pâlis
L'émotion du bonheur et l'attente;

Et quand le soir viendra,
l'air sera doux
Qui se jouera, caressant, dans vos voiles,
Et les regards paisibles des étoiles
Bienveillamment souriront aux époux.

7. And so it shall be on a bright summer's day

And so it shall be on a bright summer's day:
The great sun, complicit in my joy,
Shall, amidst the satin and silk,
Make your dear beauty more beautiful still;

The bluest sky, like a tall tent,
Shall ripple in long creases
Upon our two happy foreheads, white
With happiness and anticipation;

And when the evening comes,
the caressing breeze
That plays in your veils shall be sweet,
And the peaceful gazes of the stars
Shall smile benevolently upon the lovers.

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8. N'est-ce pas

N'est-ce pas? nous irons gais et lents,
dans la voie
Modeste que nous montre en souriant l'Espoir,
Peu soucieux qu'on nous ignore ou qu'on nous
voie.

Isolés dans l'amour ainsi qu'en un bois noir,
Nos deux cœurs,
exhalant leur tendresse paisible,
Seront deux rossignols qui chantent dans le soir.

Sans nous préoccuper de ce que nous destine
Le Sort, nous marcherons pourtant
du même pas,
Et la main dans la main, avec l'âme enfantine.

De ceux qui s'aiment sans mélange,
n'est-ce pas?

9. L'hiver a cessé

L'hiver a cessé: la lumière est tiède
Et danse, du sol au firmament clair.
Il faut que le cœur le plus triste cède
À l'immense joie éparse dans l'air.

J'ai depuis un an le printemps dans l'âme
Et le vert retour du doux floréal,
Ainsi qu'une flamme entoure une flamme,
Met de l'idéal sur mon idéal.

Le ciel bleu prolonge, exhausse et couronne
L'immuable azur où rit mon amour
La saison est belle et ma part est bonne
Et tous mes espoirs ont enfin leur tour.

Que vienne l'été ! que viennent encore
L'automne et l'hiver !
Et chaque saison
Me sera charmante, ô Toi que décore
Cette fantaisie et cette raison !

8. Isn't it so?

Isn't it so? We shall go, happy yet slow,
Along the modest path we walk
in smiling hope,
Caring little if others notice
or ignore us.

Isolated in love as though in a dark wood,
Our two hearts,
exhaling their peaceful fondness,
Shall be two nightingales singing in the night.

Without worrying ourselves about what
Fate holds in store, we walk still
the same way,
Hand in hand, with the childlike soul

Of those who love completely —
isn't it so?

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9. Winter has ended

Winter has ended: the light is soft
And dances from the sun to the clear heaven.
The saddest heart must give way
To the great joy scattered through the air.

For a year I have held springtime in my soul
And the green return of the sweet blossoming,
Like a flame around a flame,
Sets upon my ideal something ideal.

The blue sky extends, exalts and crowns
The changeless azure where my love laughs.
The season is fine and my share is good
And all my hopes have their turn at last.

Let summer come! And let
Autumn and winter come after!
And every season
Will be dear to me, oh You who decorate
This imagining and this thought!

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Banalités

1. Chanson d'Orkenise

Par les portes d'Orkenise
Veut entrer un charretier.
Par les portes d'Orkenise
Veut sortir un va-nu-pieds.

Et les gardes de la ville
Courant sus au va-nu-pieds:
« Qu'empportes-tu de la ville? »
« J'y laisse mon cœur entier. »

Et les gardes de la ville
Courant sus au charretier:
« Qu'apportes-tu dans la ville ?»
« Mon cœur pour me marier.»

Que de cœurs dans Orkenise!
Les gardes riaient, riaient,
Va-nu-pieds, la route est grise,
L'amour grise, ô charretier.

Les beaux gardes de la ville
Tricotaient superbement;
Puis les portes de la ville
Se fermèrent lentement.

2. Hôtel

Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage,
Le soleil passe son bras par la fenêtre.
Mais moi qui veux fumer pour faire des mirages
J'allume au feu du jour ma cigarette.
Je ne veux pas travailler - je veux fumer.

Banalities

1. Song of Orkenise

Through the gates of Orkenise
a carter wants to enter.
Through the gates of Orkenise
a tramp wants to leave.

And the sentries of the town,
rush up to the tramp and ask:
"What are you taking out of the town?"
- "I'm leaving my whole heart behind."

And the sentries of the town,
rush up to the carter and ask:
"What are you bringing into the town?"
- "My heart: I'm getting married."

What a lot of hearts in Orkenise!
The sentries laughed and laughed.
Oh tramp, the road is dreary;
oh carter, love is heady.

The handsome sentries of the town
knitted superbly;
Then the gates of the town
slowly swung shut.

2. Hotel

My room has the form of a cage.
The sun reaches its arm in through the window.
But I want to smoke and make shapes in the air,
and so I light my cigarette on the sun's fire.
I don't want to work, I want to smoke.

3. Fagnes de Wallonie

Tant de tristesses plénières
Prirent mon cœur aux fagnes désolées
Quand las j'ai reposé dans les sapinières
Le poids des kilomètres pendant que râlait
le vent d'ouest.

J'avais quitté le joli bois
Les écureuils y sont restés
Ma pipe essayait de faire des nuages
 Au ciel
Qui restait pur obstinément.

Je n'ai confié aucun secret sinon une chanson
 énigmatique
Aux tourbières humides

Les bruyères fleurant le miel
Attiraient les abeilles
Et mes pieds endoloris
Foulaient les myrtilles et les airelles
Tendrement mariée
 Nord
 Nord
La vie s'y tord
En arbres forts
 Et tors.
La vie y mord
 La mort
À belles dents
Quand bruit le vent

4. Voyage à Paris

Ah ! la charmante chose
Quitter un pays morose
Pour Paris
Paris joli
Qu'un jour dût créer l'Amour.

3. Walloon moorlands

So much deep sadness
seized my heart on the desolate moors
when I sat down weary among the firs, unloading
the weight of the kilometres
while the west wind growled.

I had left the pretty woods.
The squirrels stayed there.
My pipe tried to make clouds of smoke
 in the sky
which stubbornly stayed blue.

I murmured no secret except an enigmatic song
which I confided to the peat bog.

Smelling of honey, the heather
was attracting the bees,
and my aching feet
trod bilberries and whortleberries.
Tenderly she is married
 North!
 North!
There life twists
in trees that are strong
 and gnarled.
There life bites
 bitter death
with greedy teeth,
when the wind howls.

4. Going to Paris

Ah, how delightful it is
to leave a dismal place
and head for Paris!
Beautiful Paris,
which one day Love had to create!

5. Sanglots

Notre amour est réglé par les calmes étoiles
Or nous savons qu'en nous beaucoup
d'hommes respirent
Qui vinrent de très loin et sont un sous nos
fronts
C'est la chanson des rêveurs
Qui s'étaient arraché le coeur
Et le portaient dans la main droite ...
Souviens-t'en cher orgueil de tous ces
souvenirs
Des marins qui chantaient comme des
conquérants.
Des gouffres de Thulé, des tendres cieux
d'Ophir
Des malades maudits, de ceux qui fuient leur
ombre
Et du retour joyeux des heureux émigrants.
De ce coeur il coulait du sang
Et le rêveur allait pensant
À sa blessure délicate ...
Tu ne briseras pas la chaîne de ces causes...
...Et douloureuse et nous disait:
...Qui sont les effets d'autres causes
Mon pauvre coeur, mon coeur brisé
Pareil au coeur de tous les hommes...
Voici nos mains que la vie fit esclaves
...Est mort d'amour ou c'est tout comme
Est mort d'amour et le voici.
Ainsi vont toutes choses
Arrachez donc le vôtre aussi!
Et rien ne sera libre jusqu'à la fin des temps
Laissons tout aux morts
Et cachons nos sanglots

5. Sobs

Human love is ruled by the calm stars.
We know that within us many people breathe
who came from afar and are united behind
our brows.
This is the song of that dreamer
who had torn out his heart
and was carrying it in his right hand...
Remember, oh dear pride, all those
memories:
the sailors who sang like conquerors,
the chasms of Thule, the tender skies of
Ophir,
the accursed sick, the ones who flee their
own shadows,
and the joyful return of the happy emigrants.
Blood was flowing from that heart;
and the dreamer went on thinking
of his wound which was delicate ...
You will not break the chain of those causes...
...and painful; and he kept saying to us:
...which are the effects of other causes.
"My poor heart, my heart which is broken
like the hearts of all men...
Look, here are our hands which life enslaved.
"...has died of love or so it seems,
has died of love and here it is.
That is the way of all things.
"So tear your hearts out too!"
And nothing will be free until the end of time.
Let us leave everything to the dead,
and let us hide our sobbing.

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