

Sacred Music at Notre Dame Presents

# The Evening Fair

Fatima Anyekema  
mezzo-soprano

Mark Laseter  
tenor

A Master of  
Sacred Music  
Degree Recital

March 23 | 4pm

LaBar Recital Hall

O'Neill Hall of Music



Bach | Rameau | Debussy | Barber | Corigliano | Euba | Oretimehin | Ihaza

Mona Coalter | Piano

Phillip Serna | Gamba

Daniel Schwandt | Continuo

Korin Schilling | Flute



## Sacred Music at Notre Dame

Presents

Fatima Anyekema, *mezzo-soprano*

Mark Laseter, *tenor*

### *The Evening Fair*

Et misericordia, from *Magnificat*, BWV 243 (1723)

Johann Sebastian Bach  
1685-1750

Fatima Anyekema, *mezzo-soprano*

Mark Laseter, *tenor*

Daniel Schwandt, *portative organ*

Phillip Serna, *viola da gamba*

Now have I fed and eaten up the rose, Op. 45 (1972)

Samuel Barber

Of that so sweet imprisonment (1935)

1910-1981

Solitary Hotel, Op. 41 (1968)

Fatima Anyekema, *mezzo-soprano*

Mona Coalter, *piano*

Three Irish Folksong Settings (1988)

John Corigliano

I. The Salley Gardens

b. 1938

II. The Foggy Dew

III. She Moved Through the Fair

Mark Laseter, *tenor*

Korin Schilling, *flute*

Beau soir (1877)

Claude Debussy

Fleur des bles (1880)

1862-1918

Nuit d'étoiles (1880)

Fatima Anyekema, *mezzo-soprano*

Mona Coalter, *piano*

Pigmalion (1748)  
Fatal Amour  
Règne, Amour

Jean-Philippe Rameau  
1683-1764

Mark Laseter, *tenor*  
Korin Schilling, *flute*  
Phillip Serna, *viola da gamba*  
Daniel Schwandt, *harpsichord*

Tobenu Chukwu (Praise God)

Vincent Ihaza  
b. 1972

Ore meta (Three Friends)

Akin Euba  
b. 1935

Omi (Water)

S. K. Oretimehin  
b. 1980

Fatima Anyekema, *mezzo-soprano*  
Mona Coalter, *piano*  
Andrew Skiff, *percussion*

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Saturday, March 23, 2019, 4PM

LaBar Recital Hall, O'Neill Hall of Music

Fatima Anyekema and Mark Laseter are students of Kiera Duffy.

This recital is in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree Master of Sacred Music.

## Personnel

Fatima Anyekema, *Mezzo-soprano*

Mark Laseter, *Tenor*

Mona Coalter, *Collaborative Piano*

Daniel Schwandt, *Harpsichord and Organ*

Phillip Serna, *Viola da Gamba*

Korin Schilling, *Flute*

Andrew Skiff, *Percussion*

**The piano used in this performance is a gift of David and Shari Boehnen. The Department of Music and the Program of Sacred Music at Notre Dame gratefully acknowledge the Boehnen's generosity in providing this instrument and the numerous ways they have supported the arts at Notre Dame.**

## Texts and Translations

### Magnificat

Et misericordia a progenie in progenies  
timentibus eum.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him  
throughout all generations.

### Solitary Hotel (James Joyce)

Solitary hotel in mountain pass.  
Autumn. Twilight. Fire lit.  
In dark corner young man seated.  
Young woman enters.  
Restless. Solitary. She sits.  
She goes to window. She stands.  
She sits. Twilight. She thinks.  
On solitary hotel-paper she writes.  
She thinks. She writes. She sighs.  
Wheels and hoofs. She hurries out.  
He comes from his dark corner.  
He seizes solitary paper.  
He holds it towards fire.  
Twilight. He reads. Solitary.  
What? In sloping, upright and backhands.  
Queen's hotel, Queen's hotel, Queen's ho-

### Now have I fed and eaten up the rose (James Joyce)

Now have I fed and eaten up the rose  
Which then she laid within my stiff cold hand.  
That I should ever feed upon a rose  
I never had believed in liveman's land.

Only I wonder was it white or red  
The flower that in the darkness my food has been.  
Give us, and if Thou give, thy daily bread,  
Deliver us from evil, Lord, Amen.

### Of that so sweet imprisonment (James Joyce)

Of that so sweet imprisonment  
My soul, dearest, is fain.  
Soft arms that woo me to relent  
And woo me to detain.  
Ah, could they ever hold me there  
Gladly were I a prisoner!

Dearest, through interwoven arms  
By love made tremulous,  
That night allures me where alarms  
Nowise may trouble us;  
But sleep to dreamier sleep be wed  
Where soul with soul lies prisoned.

**The Salley Gardens** (William Butler Yeats)

Down by the Salley Gardens my love and I did meet.  
She passed the Salley Gardens with little snow-white feet.  
She bid me take love easy as the leaves grow on the tree.  
But I being young and foolish with her did not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand  
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.  
She bid me take life easy as the grass grows on the weirs,  
But I was young and foolish and now am full of tears.

**The Foggy Dew** (Anonymous)

Adown the hill I went at morn a lovely maid I spied.  
Her hair was bright as the dew that wets Sweet Anner's verdant side.  
"Now where go ye, sweet maid?" said I.  
She raised her eyes of blue,  
And smiled and said,  
"The boy I'll wed I'm to meet in the foggy dew!"

Go hide your bloom, ye roses red and droop, ye lilies rare,  
For you must pale for very shame before a maid so fair!  
Says I, "Dear maid, will ye be my bride?"  
Beneath her eyes of blue,  
She smiled and said,  
"The boy I'll wed I'm to meet in the foggy dew!"

Adown the hill I went at morn a-singing I did go.  
Adown the hill I went at morn she answered soft and low,  
"Yes, I will be your own dear bride,  
And I know that you'll be true."  
Then sighed in my arms and all her charms,  
They were hidden in the foggy dew.

**She Moved Through the Fair** (Padraic Colum)

My young love said to me,  
“My mother won’t mind  
And my father won’t slight you  
For your lack of kine.”  
And she stepped away from me  
And this she did say:  
“It will not be long, love,  
‘Til our wedding day.”

She stepp’d away from me  
And she went thro’ the fair,  
And fondly I watched her  
Move here and move there.  
And then she went homeward  
With one star awake,  
As the swan in the evening  
Moves over the lake.

Last night she came to me,  
She came softly in  
So softly she came  
That her feet made no din,  
And she laid her hand on me  
And this she did say,  
“It will not be long, love,  
‘Til our wedding day.”

**Beau soir** (Bourget)

Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières sont  
roses,  
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les champs de  
blé,  
Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir des  
choses  
Et monter vers le cœur troublé;  
  
Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au  
monde,  
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le soir est  
beau,  
Car nous nous en allons comme s'en va cette  
onde:  
Elle à la mer - nous au tombeau.

**Beautiful Evening**

When at sunset the rivers are pink,  
And a warm breeze ripples the fields of wheat,  
All things seem to advise content  
And rise toward the troubled heart;  
  
Advise us to savour the gift of life,  
While we are young and the evening fair,  
For our life slips by, as that river does:  
It to the sea - we to the tomb.

**Fleur des blés** (Girod)

Le long des blés que la brise  
Fait onduler puis défrise  
En un désordre coquet,  
J'ai trouvé de bonne prise  
De t'y cueillir un bouquet.

Mets-le vite à ton corsage;  
Il est fait à ton image  
En même temps que pour toi...  
Ton petit doigt, je le gage,  
T'a déjà soufflé pourquoi:

Ces épis dorés, c'est l'onde  
De ta chevelure blonde  
Toute d'or et de soleil;  
Ce coquelicot qui fronde,  
C'est ta bouche au sang vermeil.

Et ces bluets, beau mystère!  
Points d'azur que rien n'altère,  
Ces bluets ce sont tes yeux,  
Si bleus qu'on dirait, sur terre,  
Deux éclats tombés des cieux.

**Nuit d'étoiles** (Banville)

Nuit d'étoiles,  
Sous tes voiles,  
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,  
Triste lyre  
Qui soupire,  
Je rêve aux amours défunts.

La sereine mélancolie  
Vient éclore au fond de mon cœur,  
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie  
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.

Nuit d'étoiles ...

Je revois à notre fontaine  
Tes regards bleus comme les cieux;  
Cette rose, c'est ton haleine,  
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

Nuit d'étoiles ...

**Flowers of wheat**

From the tall corn that ripples  
And undulates under the breeze  
In coquettish disarray,  
I have found the good idea  
To gather a nosegay for you.

Place it on your bosom, quickly;  
It was not only gathered for you  
But also created in your image...  
And I'll warrant your little finger,  
Has already told you why:

These golden ears of corn are like the waves  
Of your own fair tresses  
Spun from gold and sunlight;  
This insolent poppy,  
Is the red blood of your lips.

And these cornflowers (you'll never guess!)  
These azure dots that nothing can change,  
These cornflowers are your eyes,  
So blue that they look like two pieces of heaven  
Fallen down upon this earth.

**Night of stars**

Night of stars,  
Beneath your veils,  
beneath your breeze and fragrance,  
Sad lyre  
That sighs,  
I dream of bygone loves.

Serene melancholy  
Now blooms deep in my heart,  
And I hear the soul of my love  
Quiver in the dreaming woods.

Night of stars...

Once more at our fountain I see  
Your eyes as blue as the sky;  
This rose is your breath  
And these stars are your eyes.

Night of stars...

**Fatal Amour** (Sauvot)

Fatal Amour, cruel vainqueur,  
Quels traits as-tu choisis pour me percer le  
coeur?

Je tremblais de t'avoir pour maître;  
J'ai craint d'être sensible, il falloit m'en punir;  
Mais devais-je le devenir  
Pour un objet qui ne peut l'être?

Fatal Amour, cruel vainqueur,  
Quels traits as-tu choisis pour me percer le  
coeur!

Insensible témoin du trouble qui m'accable,  
  
Se peut-il que tu sois l'ouvrage de ma main?  
Est-ce donc pour gémir et soupirer en vain  
Que mon art a produit ton image adorable?

Fatal Amour, cruel vainqueur,  
Quels traits as-tu choisis pour me percer le  
coeur?

**Règne, Amour** (Sauvot)

Règne, Amour, fais briller tes flammes,  
Lance tes traits dans nos âmes.

Sur des coeurs soumis à tes lois  
Épuise ton carquois.

Tu nous fais, dieu charmant, le plus heureux  
destin.  
Je tiens de toi l'objet dont mon âme est ravie,

Et cet objet si cher respire, tient la vie  
Des feux de ton flambeau divin.

**Fatal Love**

Fatal love, cruel winner,  
What traits did you choose to pierce my heart?

I was trembling to have you for master;  
I feared to be sensitive, I had to punish myself;  
But did I have to become one  
For an object that cannot be?

Fatal love, cruel winner,  
What traits did you choose to pierce my heart?

Insensitive witness of the disorder that  
overwhelms me,  
Can you be the work of my hand?  
Is it so to moan and sigh in vain  
What did my art produce your adorable image?

Fatal love, cruel winner,  
What traits did you choose to pierce my heart?

**Reign, Love**

Reign, Love, make your flames shine,  
Throw your features into our souls.

On hearts subject to your laws  
Exhaust your quiver.

You make us, god charming, the happiest  
destiny.  
I hold of you the object of which my soul is  
delighted,  
And this object so dear breathes, holds the life  
Fires of your divine torch.

### **Tobenu Chukwu**

Tobenu Chukwu,  
Umu Chineke, tobenu Chukwu,  
Ka nyi tobeya, toonu ya,  
N'uno Eze ya,  
Tobenu Chukwu.

Oh! Tobenu Chukwu, tobenu Chukwu,  
Toonu ya, umu nwanem, umu nke ya,  
Tobenu Chukwu, toonu ya.

Tobenu Chukwu...

### **ỌRÈ MÈTA**

Mèta mèta l'ọrè o...e!  
Mèta mèta l'ọrè o...e!  
Ọkan ní n wá sùn l'ẹní...e!  
Ọkan ní n wá sùn n'ìlẹ...e!  
Ọkan ní n wá sùn l'áiyà...e!  
Mo s'ọjú wèré, mo b'áláiyà lọ.

Mo ti lọ m' Ọ̀gùn, mo ti lọ m'ọ̀sà  
Mo ti lọ m'òpó baálẹ̀ odò,  
Òpẹ̀ wẹ̀wẹ̀ ẹ̀kú pa pákó  
Iṣẹ̀nkéle ẹ̀kú p'ọ̀kùnrin,  
Ọtẹ̀ Ìbàdàn m'ogun wá jà'lú,  
Ońdẹ̀rẹ̀ sè 'kó yẹyẹ,

Yẹyẹ o l'ọ̀ré o...e!

### **Omi**

Omi, omi,  
Omi mimu lo'n munu mi dun,  
Omi tutu to dun l'enu,  
Beni mo m'omi ju jeje mo gba,  
Nitori omi l'agbara mi.  
Omi o, omi o, omi, omi.

Bi'nba ngbe rin omi l'oruko mi,  
Bi'nba nko rin omi l'agbara mi,  
Omi o, omi o, omi, omi l'agbara mi

Kos'eni to le ba mi ja,  
Afeni to le b'omi ja,  
Kos'eni to le b'omi ja,  
Ta l'eni to le ba mi ja,  
Omi, omi.

### **Praise God**

Praise God;  
Children of God, praise God,  
Let us give him praise.  
Praise him in his dwelling place,  
Praise God who created you.

Oh! Praise God...  
Praise Him, my brethren, His children,  
Praise Him.

Praise Him.

### **Three Friends**

In threes are the virtues of friendship... aye!  
While a bed, offers the first... aye!  
The second suggests that on the bare floor I  
lie... aye!  
The third says 'here, your head on my bosom'  
... aye!  
And without much ado, I opted for the bosom.

I have seen river Ogun, so have I the lagoon\*  
I have seen opo river, the biggest of them all\*  
The lady-palm is the nemesis of dry wood,  
Nothing kills a man like immodesty.  
The Ibadan mutiny now a full-scale war,  
Yesterday the cock of the walk, today a feather  
duster.

So much, so much for friends ...aye!

### **Water**

Water, water,  
Water gives me satisfaction,  
Cold water is refreshing and tastes better,  
You say I drink too much water, yes!  
Because water gives me strength.  
Water..

When I lift my voice, water sustains me.  
When I sing, water is my name,  
Water..

No one can wrestle with me because no one  
can withstand water  
If no one can wrestle with water who dares to  
challenge me.  
Water!

Please visit our website for more information and upcoming events:  
*[sacredmusic.nd.edu](http://sacredmusic.nd.edu)*

