



Presents

Bound

A Masters Voice Recital

**Sounak “Raj” Das, *tenor*
Mona Coalter, *piano***

O vere, o bone

Marc-Antoine Charpentier
(1643-1704)

from *The Indian Queen*

I attempt from love’s sickness
With sick and famish’d eyes

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

from *Schwanengesang*, D. 957
XIII. Der Doppelgänger

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

from *Floyd Collins*
How Glory Goes

Adam Guettel
(b. 1964)

from *The Holy Sonnets of John Donne*
Death be not proud

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

A Note from the Singer:

“Bound” attempts to capture the various feelings of the past year and the trying times that it has inflicted on all of us. From reckoning with faith, loneliness, anxiety, depression, love, distance, and the ever-present reminder of the fragility accompanying mortality, this set covers all the ways in which we have all been “bound,” especially during the last year, but truthfully throughout our entire lives. It ends in a way that represents a nearing end to the particular trials and tribulations facing us currently, but also by underscoring the hope that is inherent in life, death, and everything in between.

Leighton Concert Hall, DeBartolo Performing Arts Center
Sunday, May 2, 2021, 2:30pm

This is a degree recital for the Master of Sacred Music.
*Sacred Music at Notre Dame prohibits the unauthorized recording, publication, and streaming of live performances.
Please silence all electronic devices.*

Texts & Translations

O vere, o bone
Text: anon.

O vere, o bone, o care Jesu
creator, amator, salvator clementissime
in te confido,
per te suspiro, languo, deficio,
amore morior
corpus tuum cupio,
consolari desidero
ah, spes salutis meae

O true, o good, o beloved Jesus,
Gentle creator, lover, and saviour.
In you I trust,
for you I sigh, I languish and fall short.
Of love, I die.
Your body I desire.
I lack consolation,
O, my great Saviour!

Te solum volo, care Jesu
Te solum quaero sponse dulcis, sponse
dilectissime
Sponse care, sponse dilectissime

I wish for your foundation, beloved Jesus,
I desire your foundation, o sweet and esteemed
groom!
Beloved and esteemed groom.

I attempt from love's sickness to fly
text: Sir Robert Howard

Verse:

I attempt from Love's sickness to fly in vain,
Since I am myself my own fever and pain.

No more now, fond heart, with pride with thou swell,
Thou canst not raise forces enough to rebel

Verse:

I attempt from Love's sickness to fly in vain,
Since I am myself my own fever and pain.

For love has more power and less mercy than fate,
To make a sick ruin and love those that hate

Verse:

I attempt from Love's sickness to fly in vain,
Since I am myself my own fever and pain.

With sick and famish'd eyes
text: George Herbert

With sick and famished eyes,
With doubling knees, and weary bones,
To thee my cries,
To thee my groans,
to thee my sighs, my tears ascend:
No end?

My throat, my soul is hoarse;
My heart is wither'd like a ground
Which thou dost curse;
My thoughts turn round
And make me giddy: Lord, I fall,
Yet call.

Bowels of pity hear!
Lord of my soul, love of my mind,
Bow down thine ear!
Let not the wind
Scatter my words, and in the same
Thy name!

Look on my sorrows round;
Mark well my furnace!
O what flames,
What heats abound!
What griefs, what shames!
Consider, Lord; Lord, bow thine ear,
And hear!

Lord Jesu, thou didst bow
Thy dying head upon the tree;
O be not now
More dead to me!
Lord, hear! Shall he that made the ear
Not hear?

Behold! Thy dust doth stir,
It moves, it creeps to thee;
Do not defer
To succour me,
Thy pile of dust wherein each crumb
Says "Come".

My love, my sweetness, hear!
By these thy feet, at which my heart
Lies all the year,
Pluck out thy dart,
And heal my troubled breast, which cries, which dies.

Der Doppelgänger
text: Heinrich Heine

Still ist die Nacht, es ruhen die Gassen,
In diesem Hause wohnte mein Schatz;
Sie hat schon längst die Stadt verlassen,
Doch steht noch das Haus auf demselben Platz.

Da steht auch ein Mensch und starrt in die Höhe,
Und ringt die Hände, vor Schmerzengewalt;
Mir graust es, wenn ich sein Antlitz sehe, -
Der Mond zeigt mir meine eigne Gestalt.

Du Doppelgänger! du bleicher Geselle!
Was äffst du nach mein Liebesleid,
Das mich gequält auf dieser Stelle,
So manche Nacht, in alter Zeit?

The night is quiet, the streets are calm,
In this house my beloved once lived:
She has long since left the town,
But the house still stands, here in the same place.

A man stands there also and looks to the sky,
And wrings his hands, overwhelmed by pain:
I am terrified – when I see his face,
The moon shows me my own form!

O you Doppelgänger! you pale comrade!
Why do you ape the pain of my love
Which tormented me upon this spot
So many a night, so long ago?

Death, be not proud
text: John Donne

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally
And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.