



Presents

Departure

A Master Voice Recital

Sounak “Raj” Das, *Tenor*

Mariah Boucher, *Collaborative Pianist*

Weihnachts-Oratorium, BWV 248 (1734)

60. Und Gott befahl ihnen im Traum

61. So geht! Genug, mein Schatz geht nicht von hier

62. Nun mögt ihr stolzen Feinde schrecken

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685–1750)

Ariette Vive from *Platée* (1745)

Jean-Philippe Rameau
(1683–1764)

O del mio amato ben

Stefano Donaudy
(1892–1925)

Ganymed, D. 544 (1817)

Franz Peter Schubert
(1797–1828)

Der Musensohn, D. 764 (1834)

Schubert

From *On This Island*, Op. 11 (1937)

III. Seascape

IV. Nocturne

V. As it is, plenty

Benjamin Britten
(1913–1976)

“Not While I’m Around” from *Sweeny Todd* (1980)

Stephen Sondheim
(1930–2021)

“Stars and the Moon” from *Songs for a New World* (1995)

Jason Robert Brown
(b. 1970)

Labar Performance Hall
Wednesday, March 30th, 8:00 PM

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.*

Sounak “Raj” Das is a student of Dr. Stephen Lancaster

Texts and Translations

Und Gott befahl ihnen im Traum

Und Gott befahl ihnen im Traum,
daß sie sich nicht sollten wieder zu Herodes
lenken;
und zogen durch einen andern Weg
wieder in ihr Land.
—Matthew 2:12

And God commanded them in a dream
That they should not return again to
Herod
And they took a new path
Back to their land

So geht! Genug, mein Schatz geht nicht von hier

So geht! Genug, mein Schatz geht nicht von
hier,
Er bleibet da bei mir,
Ich will ihn auch nicht von mir lassen.
Sein Arm wird mich aus Lieb
Mit sanftmutsvollem Trieb
Und größter Zärtlichkeit umfassen;
Er soll mein Bräutigam verbleiben,
Ich will ihm Brust und Herz verschreiben.
Ich weiss gewiss, er liebet mich,
Mein Herz liebt ihn auch inniglich
Und wird ihn ewig ehren.
Was könnte mich für einen Feind
Bei solchem Glück versehren!
Du, Jesu, bist und bleibst mein Freund;
Und werd ich ängstlich zu dir flehn:
Herr, hilf!, so lass mich Hülfe sehn!

So go! Enough, my treasure does not go from
here,
He stays with me;
I do not wish that he leaves me.
His arm will, out of love
With gentle desire
And great gentleness, embrace me;
He will remain my Bridegroom,
I will commit to him with my whole heart.
I know for sure that he loves me,
My heart also loves him dearly
And will always honor him.
What kind of enemy
Can injure me through such fortune!
You, Jesus, are and remain my friend.
And when I flee to you, afraid,
Lord, Help! So let me see your aid.

Nun mögt ihr stolzen Feinde schrecken

Nun mögt ihr stolzen Feinde schrecken,
Was könnt ihr mir für Furcht erwecken?
Mein Schatz, mein Hort ist hier bei mir!

Now, proud enemies seek to frighten me,
What fear can you inspire in me?
My treasure, my shelter is here by me.

Ihr mögt euch noch so grimmig stellen,
Droht nur mich ganz und gar zu fällen,
Doch seht! Mein Heiland wohnt hier.

You wish to present yourself as ferocious,
Threaten to fell me entirely.
But see! My Savior dwells here.

Ariette Vive

Quittez, Nymphes, quittez,
Quittez vos demeures profondes,
Un torrent des célestes ondes,
Est prêt d'inonder ces climats.

Et vous, Junon, pleurez,
augmentez mes états.
—Adrien-Joseph Le Valois

Fifth Arietta

Leave, nymph, leave;
Leave your dwelling deep.
A torrent of celestial waves
Is ready to flood these climates.

And you, Juno, cry;
Increase my states

O del mio amato ben

O del mio amato ben perduto incanto!
Lungi è dagli occhi miei
chi m'era gloria e vanto!
Or per le mute stanze
sempre lo cerco e chiamo
con pieno il cor di speranze?
Ma cerco invan, chiamo invan!
E il pianger m'è sì caro,
che di pianto sol nutro il cor.

Mi sembra, senza lui, triste ogni loco.
Notte mi sembra il giorno;
mi sembra gelo il foco.
Se pur talvolta spero
di darmi ad altra cura,
sol mi tormenta un pensiero:
Ma, senza lui, che farò?
Mi par così la vita vana cosa
senza il mio ben.
—Alberto Donaudy

Oh, my beloved lost treasure!

Oh, my beloved lost treasure!
Far from my eyes is
The one who was my glory and pride.
Or is he in the silent rooms,
I always search and call
With a heart full of hope?
But I look in vain, I call in vain!
And my weeping is so dear
That I nourish my heart alone on tears.

Without him, every place seems sad.
The day seems as night,
The fire as frost.
Even if I sometimes hope
That I will have some remedy
Only one thought torments me:
Without him, what will I do?
Life seems so vain to me
Without my beloved.

Ganymed

Wie im Morgenglanze
Du rings mich anglühst,
Frühling, Geliebter!
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne
Sich an mein Herz drängt
Deiner ewigen Wärme
Heilig Gefühl,
Unendliche Schöne!
Dass ich dich fassen möcht'
In diesen Arm!

Ach, an deinem Busen
Lieg' ich, schmachte,
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras
Drängen sich an mein Herz.
Du kühlst den brennenden
Durst meines Busens,
Lieblicher Morgenwind!
Ruft drein die Nachtigall
Liebend mach mir aus dem Nebeltal.
Ich komm', ich komme!
Wohin? Ach wohin?

Hinauf! Hinauf strebt's.
Es schweben die Wolken
Abwärts, die Wolken
Neigen sich der sehnenen Liebe.
Mir! Mir!
In euerm Schosse
Aufwärts!
Umfangend umfassen!
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,
Allliebender Vater!
—Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Ganymede

How your glow envelops me
in the morning radiance,
spring, my beloved!
With love's thousandfold joy
the hallowed sensation
of your eternal warmth
floods my heart,
infinite beauty!
O that I might clasp you
in my arms!

Ah, on your breast
I lie languishing,
and your flowers, your grass
press close to my heart.
You cool the burning
thirst within my breast,
sweet morning breeze,
as the nightingale calls
tenderly to me from the misty valley.
I come, I come!
But whither? Ah, whither?

Upwards! Strive upwards!
The clouds drift
down, yielding
to yearning love,
to me, to me!
In your lap,
upwards,
embracing and embraced!
Upwards to your bosom,
all-loving Father!

Translation © Richard Wigmore, author of *Schubert: The Complete Song Texts*, published by Schirmer Books, provided courtesy of Oxford Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)

Der Musensohn

Durch Feld und Wald zu schweifen,
Mein Liedchen weg zu pfeifen,
So geht's von Ort zu Ort!
Und nach dem Takte reget,
Und nach dem Mass beweget
Sich alles an mir fort.

Ich kann sie kaum erwarten,
Die erste Blum' im Garten,
Die erste Blüt' am Baum.
Sie grüssen meine Lieder,
Und kommt der Winter wieder,
Sing' ich noch jenen Traum.

Ich sing' ihn in der Weite,
Auf Eises Läng' und Breite,
Da blüht der Winter schön!
Auch diese Blüte schwindet,
Und neue Freude findet
Sich auf bebauten Höhn.

Denn wie ich bei der Linde
Das junge Völkchen finde,
Sogleich erreg' ich sie.
Der stumpfe Bursche bläht sich,
Das steife Mädchen dreht sich
Nach meiner Melodie.

Ihr gebt den Sohlen Flügel
Und treibt, durch Tal und Hügel,
Den Liebling weit von Haus.
Ihr lieben, holden Musen,
Wann ruh' ich ihr am Busen
Auch endlich wieder aus?
—Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Son of the Muses

Roaming through field and wood,
whistling my song,
thus I go from place to place!
And all keep time with me,
and all move
in measure with me.

I can scarcely wait for them,
the first flower in the garden,
the first blossom on the tree.
They greet my songs,
and when winter returns
I am still singing my dream of them.

I sing it far and wide,
the length and breadth of the ice.
Then winter blooms in beauty!
This blossom, too, vanishes,
and new joys are found
on the cultivated hillsides.

For when, by the linden tree,
I come upon young folk,
I at once stir them.
The dull lad puffs himself up,
the demure girl whirls
in time to my tune.

You give my feet wings,
and drive your favourite over hill and dale,
far from home.
Dear, gracious Muses,
when shall I at last find rest again
on her bosom?

Translation © Richard Wigmore, author of *Schubert: The Complete Song Texts*, published by Schirmer Books, provided courtesy of Oxford Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)

III. Seascape

Look, stranger, at this island now
The leaping light for your delight discovers,
Stand stable here
And silent be,
That through the channels of the ear
May wander like a river
The swaying sound of the sea.

Here at the small field's ending pause
Where the chalk wall falls to the foam, and its
tall ledges
Oppose the pluck
And knock of the tide,
And the shingle scrambles after the sucking
surf,
and the gull lodges
A moment on its sheer side.

Far off like floating seeds the ships
Diverge on urgent voluntary errands;
And the full view
Indeed may enter
And move in memory as now these clouds do,
That pass the harbour mirror
And all the summer through the water saunter.
—William Auden

IV. Nocturne

Now through night's caressing grip
Earth and all her oceans slip,
Capes of China slide away
From her fingers into day
And th'Americas incline
Coasts towards her shadow line.

Now the ragged vagrants creep
Into crooked holes to sleep:
Just and unjust, worst and best,
Change their places as they rest:
Awkward lovers like in fields
Where disdainful beauty yields:

While the splendid and the proud
Naked stand before the crowd
And the losing gambler gains
And the beggar entertains:
May sleep's healing power extend
Through these hours to our friend.
Unpursued by hostile force,
Traction engine, bull or horse
Or revolting succubus;
Calmly till the morning break
Let him lie, then gently wake.
—William Auden

V. As it is, plenty

As it is, plenty;
As it's admitted
The children happy
And the car, the car
That goes so far
And the wife devoted:
To this as it is,
To the work and the banks
Let his thinning hair
And his hauteur
Give thanks, give thanks.

All that was thought
As like as not, is not
When nothing was enough
But love, but love
And the rough future
Of an intransigent nature
And the betraying smile,
Betraying, but a smile:
That that is not, is not;
Forget, forget.

Let him not cease to praise
Then his spacious days;
Yes, and the success
Let him bless, let him bless:
Let him see in this
The profits larger
And the sins venal,
Lest he see as it is
The loss as major
And final, final.
—William Auden

Not While I'm Around

Nothing's gonna harm you
Not while I'm around
Nothing's gonna harm you
No, sir, not while I'm around
Demons are prowling everywhere
Nowadays
I'll send them howling
I don't care
I got ways

No one's gonna hurt you
No one's gonna dare
Others can desert you
Not to worry, whistle I'll be there
Demons'll charm you with a smile
For a while
But in time
Nothing can harm you
Not while I'm around

Not to worry
Not to worry
I may not be smart
But I ain't dumb
I can do it
Put me to it
Show me something I can overcome
Not to worry, Mum
Being close and being clever
Ain't like being true
I don't need to
I would never
Hide a thing from you
Like some

No one's gonna hurt you
No one's gonna dare
Others can desert you
Not to worry, whistle I'll be there
Demons'll charm you with a smile
For a while
But in time
Nothing's gonna harm you
Not while I'm around

Stars and the Moon

I met a man without a dollar to his name
Who had no traits of any value but his smile
I met a man who had no yearn or claim to fame
Who was content to let life pass him for a while
And I was sure that all I ever wanted
Was a life like the movie stars led
And he kissed me right here, and he said,
"I'll give you stars and the moon and a soul to
guide you
And a promise I'll never go
I'll give you hope to bring out all the life inside
you
And the strength that will help you grow.
I'll give you truth and a future that's twenty
times better
Than any Hollywood plot."
And I thought, "You know, I'd rather have a
yacht."

I met a man who lived his life out on the road
Who left a wife and kids in Portland on a whim
I met a man whose fire and passion always
showed
Who asked if I could spare a week to ride with
him
But I was sure that all I ever wanted
Was a life that was scripted and planned
And he said, "But you don't understand '
"I'll give you stars and the moon and the open
highway
And a river beneath your feet
I'll give you day full of dreams if you travel my
way
And a summer you can't repeat.
I'll give you nights full of passion and days of
adventure,
No strings, just warm summer rain."
And I thought, "You know, I'd rather have
champagne."

I met a man who had a fortune in the bank
Who had retired at age thirty, set for life.
I met a man and didn't know which stars to
thank,
And then he asked one day if I would be his
wife.
And I looked up, and all I could think of
Was the life I had dreamt I would live
And I said to him, "What will you give?"
"I'll give you cars and a townhouse in Turtle
Bay
And a fur and a diamond ring
And we'll be married in Spain on my yacht
today
And we'll honeymoon in Beijing.
And you'll meet stars at the parties I throw at
my villas
In Nice and Paris in June."

And I thought, "Okay."
And I took a breath
And I got my yacht
And the years went by
And it never changed
And it never grew
And I never dreamed
And I woke one day
And I looked around
And I thought, "My God...
I'll never have the moon."



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