



FINGER LAKES OPERA

Gerard Floriano, Artistic Director

presents

**KEARSTIN PIPER BROWN  
& CHIAO-WEN CHENG**

in virtual recital \* February 25, 2021  
filmed at Lyric Theatre of Rochester

**PROGRAM**

“Mes filles, voilà que s'achève”  
from *Dialogue of the Carmelites*

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

*Moments in Sonder\**  
(text by Maya Angelou)

B.E. Boykin (1989 – present)

Tears  
A Conceit  
Reverses  
In A Time  
Grey Day  
Passing Time  
How Can I Lie to You  
The Lesson  
When You Come to Me  
Sounds Like Pearls  
Remembering  
On Diverse Deviations

*A Sleepin' Bee*  
From House of Flowers

Harold Arlen (1905-1986)

# TRANSLATIONS

## FRENCH

“Mes filles, voilà que s'achève”

Mes filles, voilà que s'achève  
notre première nuit de prison.  
C'était la plus difficile. Nous en  
sommes venues à bout quand même.

La prochaine nous trouvera tout  
à fait familiarisées avec notre  
nouvelle condition qui d'ailleurs  
n'est pas nouvelle pour nous.

il n'est en somme, de change  
que le décor. Nul ne saurait,  
nous ravir une liberté dont nous  
nous sommes dépouillées depuis  
longtemps.

Mes filles, c'est en mon absence  
que avez prononcé ce vœu du  
martyre. Mais qu'il fut ou mon  
opportun, Dieu ne saurait per  
mettre qu'un acte si généreux ne  
serve maintenant que troubler  
vos consciences.

Hé bien, j'assume ce vœu, j'en  
suis désormais responsable, je  
suis et serai, quoi qu'il arrive,  
seule juge de son accomplissement.

Oui! j'en prends la charge et  
vous en laisse le mérite, puisque  
je ne l'ai pas prononcé moi-même.

Ne vous faites donc plus là-dessus  
aucun souci, mes filles.  
J'ai toujours répondu de vous en  
ce monde et je ne suis pas  
aujourd'hui d'humeur à me tenir  
moi-même, quitte de quoi que  
ce soit. Soyez tranquilles!

Au jardin des Oliviers, le Christ  
n'était plus maître de rien.  
Il a eu peur de la mort.

Mes filles, j'ai désiré de tout mon cœur vous sauver.  
Oui, j'aurais voulu que ce calice s'éloignât de vous,  
car je vous ai aimées des le premier jour  
comme une mère selon la nature,  
et quelle me fait de bon gré,  
fût-ce à Sa Majesté elle-même,  
le sacrifice de ses enfant?  
Si j'ai mal fait, Dieu y pourvoira.  
Telle que je suis, vous êtes mon bien,  
et je ne suis pas de celles qui jettent leur bien par la fenêtre.  
Mes filles, je vous mets solennellement dans l'obéissance  
une dernière fois et une fois pour toutes,  
avec ma maternelle bénédiction.

## ENGLISH

“My daughters, here it is”

My daughters, we have almost come  
to the end of our first night in prison.  
Believe me, by far the hardest. And yet,  
we've reached the end in spite of it all.

By tomorrow morning we will all be  
familiar with our new surroundings  
and quite accustomed to the discipline which,  
I must admit, is not new to us.

As it is really nothing more than a change  
of scene. No one could ever deprive us  
of liberty that we so long ago surrendered  
of our own free will.

My daughters, while I was in Paris  
you all decided to take the vow of  
Martyrdom. But, whether this was wise or not,  
God surely will not suffer that such an  
heroic deed should now return to trouble  
you and plague your conscience.

So will I join in the vow. From this moment  
on we're together and I shall remain,  
whatever happens the sole judge of now  
this vow is fulfilled.

Ah, I take the burden and  
I leave you all the merit,  
since I didn't acknowledge the vow myself.

So you surely have no more cause to  
be disturbed, my daughters.  
I have always been ready to answer for  
all of you, but I've not the slightest desire,  
as far as it involves myself, of avoiding  
whatever may come.  
You need not fear!

Standing on the Mount of Olives, Christ,  
himself was no longer the Master.  
He knew the fear of death.

My daughters, I wanted with will all my heart to save you  
Yes. I would have liked this chalice to move away from you,  
because I loved you from the first day  
like a mother according to nature  
and what a willing mother  
even to her Majesty herself  
the sacrifice of her children?  
If I did wrong, God will provide.  
As I am, you are my property, and I am not  
one of those who throw their property out of the window.  
My daughters, I solemnly put you in obedience  
one last time and once and for all,  
with my maternal blessing.

The movements from *Moments in Sonder* are all based on poetry of Maya Angelou. At this printing, Finger Lakes Opera does not have permission to print Ms. Angelou's works, but you can look up each of the poems below to follow Kearstin's cycle.

TEARS  
CONCEIT  
REVERSES  
IN A TIME  
GREY DAY  
PASSING TIME  
HOW CAN I LIE TO YOU  
THE LESSON  
WHEN YOU COME TO ME  
SOUNDS LIKE PEARLS  
REMEMBERING  
ON DIVERSE DEVIATIONS

*A SLEEPIN' BEE*

When you're in love  
And you are wondering  
If he really is the one  
There's an ancient sign sure to tell you  
If your search is over and done

Catch a bee  
And if he don't sting you  
You're in a spell that's just begun  
It's a guarantee till the end of time  
Your true love you have won, have won

When a bee lies sleeping  
In the palm of your hand  
You're bewitched  
And deep in love's long looked after land

Where you'll see a sun up sky  
With a morning new  
And where the days go laughing by

With a morning new  
And where the days go laughing by  
As loves comes a-calling on you

Sleep on bee don't waken  
Can't believe what just passed  
He's mind for the taking  
I am happy at last

Maybe I dreams, but he seems  
Sweet golden as a crown

A sleeping bee done told me  
I will walk with my feet off the ground  
When my one true  
love I has found