

THE BUTLER UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF MUSIC
presents

The
DUCKWALL
ARTIST *Series*



Maîtrese du chant
An Evening with Pauline Viardot (1821-1910)

Sarah Luebke, *soprano*
Katherine Pracht Phares, *mezzo-soprano*
Kevin J. Bylsma, *piano*

Tuesday, April 14, 2026
7:30 P.M.
Eidson-Duckwall Recital Hall

PROGRAM

Lament & Longing

Plainte d'amour
Séparation
Fleur desséchée

Playful & Pastoral Scenes

Les deux roses
Aime-moi
Havanaise

Intermission

Dreams & Reflections

Lamento
Rêverie
Gentilles hirondelles
Haï luli

Passion & Fire

Évocation
Morirò
Les Bohémiens

TRANSLATIONS

Plainte d'amour

*Chère âme, sans toi j'expire,
Pourquoi taire ma douleur ?
Mes lèvres veulent sourire
Mes yeux disent mon malheur.*

Love's Complaint

Dear soul, without you I die,
Why silence my sorrow?
My lips want to smile
My eyes speak my misfortune.

*Hélas ! Loin de toi j'expire,
Que ma cruelle peine,
De ton âme hautaine
Désarme la rigueur.*

*Cette nuit dans un rêve,
Je croyais te voir ;
Ah, soudain la nuit s'achève,
Et s'enfuit l'espoir.*

*Je veux sourire.
Hélas ! La mort est
Dans mon cœur.*

Séparation

*Pars, et nous oublie ;
Ne suis point mes pas.
Reste, ô mon amie,
Ou je suivrai tes pas.*

*Fortune ennemie
M'arrache de tes bras,
Mon cœur, ma vie
S'en vont quand tu t'en vas.*

*En vain m'implore
Celui qui j'adore ;
Celui qui m'adore
J'avais su le charmer.*

*Les Dieux qui, pour charmer,
T'ont fait naître si belle
Ne veulent pas, cruelle,
Que ton cœur sache aimer.*

Fleur desséchée

*Dans ce vieux livre l'on t'oublie,
Fleur sans parfum et sans couleur,
Mais une étrange rêverie,
Quand je te vois, emplit mon cœur.*

*Quel jour, quel lieu te virent naître?
Quel fut ton sort? qui t'arracha?
Qui sait? Je les connus peut-être,
Ceux dont l'amour te conserva!
Rappelais-tu, rose flétrie,
La première heure ou les adieux?
Les entretiens dans la prairie*

Alas! Far from you I die.
May my cruel pain,
Disarm the hardness
Of your haughty soul.

Tonight in a dream,
I believed I saw you;
Ah, suddenly the night is over,
And hope flies away.

I want to smile
Alas! death is
in my heart.

Separation

Depart and forget us,
Do not follow my steps.
Remain, O my love,
Or I shall follow you.

Hostile fate
Wrenches me from your arms,
My heart, my life
Vanish when you leave.

The one I adore
Beseeches me in vain;
The one I adore –
I knew how to beguile him.

The gods who, to beguile,
Have made you so fair
Do not wish your heart,
O cruel one, to love.

Dried Flower

In this old book forgotten,
Flower without perfume and color,
But a strange dream
When I look at you, fills my heart.

Which day, in what place did you blossom?
What made your fate? Who plucked you?
Who knows? I knew them perhaps,
Of whose love has kept you?
Do you recall, withered flower,
The first hour or the last goodbye?
The wandering in the fields

Ou dans le bois silencieux?

*Vit-il encor? existe-t-elle?
À quels rameaux flottent leurs nids!
Ou comme toi, qui fus si belle,
Leurs fronts charmants sont-ils flétris?*

Les deux roses

*Lève-toi, voici l'aurore,
Vois ces roses dans ma main.
Toutes deux viennent d'éclore
Sous les larmes du matin.*

*Le printemps partout s'éveille,
L'air est doux, plein de senteurs,
A tes pieds la fleur vermeille
Lentement répand ses pleurs.*

*Voici l'heure! amant timide,
J'accourus avant le jour,
Et pour toi, dans l'herbe humide,
J'ai cueilli ces fleurs d'amour.*

*Viens près de celui qui t'aime
T'enivrer de leur senteur!
Viens, je veux poser moi-même
Ces deux roses sur ton coeur.*

Aime-moi

*Tu commandes qu'on t'oublie,
J'ai grand peine à t'obéir;
Mais ainsi le veut ma mie,
Son désir est mon désir.
Vraiment, mon désir,
Lorsque joyeux je m'élançai,
Tu rougis et veux me fuir;
Mon amour est une offense,
Pourquoi donc t'en souvenir?
Mais quoi! des pleurs, ma belle;
Ecoute, apaise-toi;
Plus de folle querelle,
Je t'adore, aime-moi.
Tu commandes qu'on t'oublie [etc.]
Mais quoi! tu pleures ma belle
Sois clémente, apaise-toi,
Plus d'inutile querelle,
Je t'adore; Sois à moi!*

Or in the silent woods?

Does he live still? Does she exist?
And where do they live now?
Or like you, who was so beautiful,
Their charming faces are now withered?

Arise, it is dawn;
See the roses in my hand.
Both of them are opening
Under the tears of the morning.

Spring everywhere awakens,
The air is sweet, full of scents;
At your feet the rose flower
Slowly sheds its tears.

This is the hour! Timid lover,
I ran up before day,
And for you, in the wet grass,
I have gathered these flowers of love.

Come near to the one who loves you
To become drunk with their scent!
Come, I want to place, with my own hands,
These two roses on your heart.

You command one to forget you,
I take great pains in obeying you;
But thus my ladylove wants it,
Her wish is my wish.
Truly, my desire,
While, happy, I rush forward,
You blush and want to flee me
My love is an offense,
Why then do you remember it?
But what! Tears, my beauty;
Listen, calm down;
No more crazy quarrelling,
I adore you, love me.
You command one to forget you...
But what! You weep, my beauty,
Be merciful, calm down,
No more useless quarrelling,
I adore you, be mine!

Havanaise

*Sur la rive le flot d'argent
En chantant brise mollement,
Et des eaux avec le ciel pur
Au lointain se confond l'azur.*

*Quel doux hymne la mer soupire!
Viens c'est nous que sa voix attire,
Sois, ô belle! moins rebelle,
Ah! A ses chants laisse-toi charmer!
Viens, c'est là que l'on sait aimer.
O ma belle, la mer t'appelle.
A ses chants laisse-toi charmer,
C'est en mer que l'on sait aimer!*

Lamento

*Ma belle amie est morte :
Je pleurerai toujours ;
Dans la tombe elle emporte
Mon âme et mes amours.
Dans le ciel, sans m'attendre,
Elle s'en retourna ;
L'ange qui l'emmena
Ne voulut pas me prendre.
Que mon sort est amer !
Ah ! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer !*

*Sur moi la mer immense
S'étend comme un linceul ;
Je chante ma romance
Que le ciel entend seul.
Ah ! comme elle était belle,
Et comme je l'aimais !
Je n'aimerai jamais
Une femme autant qu'elle.
Que mon sort est amer !
Ah ! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer !*

Rêverie

*Autour du ciel brumeux, aux horizons navrants,
Aux rapides couchants, aux aurores pâlies,
Je regarde couler, avec l'eau du torrent,
Tes jours faits de mélancolie.*

*Sur l'aile des regrets mes esprits emportés,
– Comme s'il se pouvait que notre âge renaisse!*

Habanera

*On the shore, the silver wave
While singing breaks gently,
And the waters with the pure sky
In the distance, merge in the azure.*

*What a sweet hymn the sea sighs!
Come, it is we whom its voice attracts,
Be, O beautiful one! less rebellious,
Ah! Let yourself be charmed by its songs!
Come, it is there that one knows how to love.
O my beauty, the sea calls you.
Let yourself be charmed by its songs,
It is at sea that one knows how to love!*

*My dearest love is dead:
I shall weep for evermore;
To the tomb she takes with her
My soul and all my love.
Without waiting for me
She has returned to Heaven;
The angel who took her away
Did not wish to take me.
How bitter is my fate!
Alas! to set sail loveless across the sea!*

*The immense night above me
Is spread like a shroud;
I sing my song
Which heaven alone can hear.
Ah! how beautiful she was,
And how I loved her!
I shall never love a woman
As I loved her.
How bitter is my fate!
Alas! to set sail loveless across the sea!*

Reverie

*Around the misty skies and heart-breaking horizons,
Of swift sunsets and pale dawns,
I watch flow by, like torrential water,
Your days imbued with melancholy.*

*My thoughts, borne away on the wings of regret,
– As though our time could come round again!*

*Parcourent, en rêvant, les coteaux enchantés
Où jadis sourit ma jeunesse.*

*Je sens, au clair soleil du souvenir vainqueur
Refleurir en bouquet les roses déliées
Et monter à mes yeux des larmes, qu'en mon cœur,
Mes vingt ans avaient oubliées!*

Gentilles hirondelles

*Oiseaux légers, gentilles hirondelles,
Si comme vous mon cœur avait des ailes,
Au ciel de pourpre et d'or
Comme il prendrait l'essor
Et volerait vers les tourelles
Où s'est enfui mon doux trésor.*

*Et là, caché parmi les fleurs de sa fenêtre,
Je lui dirais, en sons mélodieux,
L'amour qu'en mon cœur a fait naître
Le doux et chaste éclat de ses beaux yeux !
Oiseaux charmants, plaintives tourterelles,
Si comme vous mon âme avait des ailes,
Dès que tout alentour
Poindraient les feux du jour,
Je volerais vers les tourelles
Où s'est enfui mon doux amour.*

*Et là, caché parmi les fleurs de sa fenêtre,
Je me plaindrais en sons mélodieux
Des feux qu'en mon cœur a fait naître
Le doux et chaste éclat de ses beaux yeux !
eyes!*

Haï luli

*Je suis triste, je m'inquiète,
je ne sais plus que devenir.
Mon bon ami devait venir,
et je l'attends ici seulette.
Haï luli! Haï luli!
Où donc peut être mon ami?*

*Je m'assieds pour filer ma laine,
le fil se casse dans ma main ...
Allons, je filerai demain;
aujourd'hui je suis trop en peine!
Haï luli! Haï luli!
Qu'il fait triste sans son ami!*

Roam in reverie the enchanted hills,
Where long ago my youth once smiled.

In the bright sun of triumphant memory
I feel untied roses reflower in bouquets,
And tears rise to my eyes, which in my heart
At twenty had been forgotten!

Sweet Swallows

Light birds, nice swallows
If as you my heart had wings
in the sky of purple and gold
as it would take the rise
and would fly towards the turrets
where my sweet treasure fled

And there, hidden among the flowers of his window
I would say, in melodious sounds
The love in my heart that has been born
The sweet and chaste radiance of his beautiful eyes!
Charming birds, plaintive turtle doves,
If as you my soul had wings
As soon as everything surrounded
Would show the fire of the day,
I would fly towards the turrets
Where my sweet love fled

And there, hidden among the flowers of his window
I would complain in melodious sounds
Of the fire that my heart has borne
The sweet and chaste radiance of his beautiful

I am sad, I am anxious,
I no longer know what's to become of me.
My lover was to have come,
And I wait for him here alone.
Haï luli, haï luli,
Where then could my lover be?

I sit down to spin my wool,
The thread snaps in my hand:
Well then! I shall spin tomorrow,
Today I am too upset.
Haï luli, haï luli,
How sad it is without my lover!

Ah! Jamais il devient volage,
s'il doit un jour m'abandonner,
le village n'a qu'à brûler,
et moi-même avec le village!
Haï luli! Haï luli!
A quoi bon vivre sans ami?

Évocation

Oh! si jamais, pendant la nuit,
Lorsque la paix règne sur terre,
Lorsque la lune au ciel pâlit
Et des tombeaux blanchit la pierre,
Si du cercueil, rompant la loi,
Les morts désertent leur demeure,
Entends ma voix toi que je pleure
Et de la mort reviens à moi.

Reviens, ainsi que le trépas t'a faite
En un jour de vengeance,
Quand pâle et froide entre mes bras
Tu succombas à ta souffrance.
Reviens, étoile, feu du soir,
Accord plaintif, vapeur légère,
Spectre drapé dans un suaire,
Qu'importe à moi? je veux te voir!
Je ne prétends, par ton secours,
Ni dévoiler l'horrible crime
Qui me ravit mes seuls amours,
Ni de la mort sonder l'abîme,
Ni dans mon coeur au désespoir
Tuer le doute, non je t'aime
Entends ce cri, toujours le même,
Surtout reviens, je veux te voir.

Morirò

Morirò, morirò, sarai contenta.
Più non la sentirai, l'afflitta voce!
Quattro campane sentirai suonare,
'Na piccola campana a bassa voce.
Quando la sentirai l'morto passare,
Fatti di fuori che quello son io!

Les Bohémiens

Plus vagabondes que les chèvres,

Et le refrains Joyeux aux lèvres,
Du fond de la bohème nous venons,

Ah! If ever he becomes unfaithful,
And would one day abandon me,
Then let the village burn
And myself along with the village!
Hai luli, hai luli,
What point is there in living without a lover?

Oh, if ever, during the night,
while peace reigns on earth,
while the moon shines pale in the sky,
and whitens the stone of tombs,
If from the coffin, breaking the law,
The dead desert their home,
Hear my voice, you for whom I weep
And from death return to me.

Return, despite the fact that death
took vengeance on you one day,
When pale and cold within my arms
You gave in to your suffering.
Return, star, fire of the evening,
Plaintive chord, light vapor,
Spector draped in a shroud,
What does it matter to me? I want to see you!
I do not pretend, by your help,
To unveil the horrible crime
That abducted from me my only loves,
Nor to fathom the abyss of death,
Nor within my heart, into despair
To kill doubt, no I love you,
Hear this cry, always the same,
Above all return, I want to see you.

I will die

I will die, I will die, and you will be happy.
No more will you hear my afflicted voice!
You will hear four church bells ring,
And a little bell with a deep voice.
When you hear this as the corpse passes by,
Go and look, for that is me!

More vagabond than goats,

And with the refrain Joyful on our lips,
From the depths of Bohemia we come,

Jetant au vent l'écho de nos chansons.

Throwing the echo of our songs to the wind.

*Vives et prestes, souples et lestes,
Tendant le pied cambant les hanches.
Sur la bruyère, dans la poussière,
Nous dansons à l'ombre des branches,
Nous dansons au son du tambourin!*

Lively and nimble, supple and agile,
Stretching out our feet, arching our hips.
On the heather, in the dust,
We dance in the shade of the branches,
We dance to the sound of the tambourine!

*Ai je faim? J'ai longé la main
Pour cueillir les fruits du chemin;*

Am I hungry? I reach out
To gather the fruits of the path;

*Ai je soif, j'ai pour ressource
L'onde fraîche de la sources.*

Am I thirsty, I have as a resource
The fresh water of the springs.

*Et le soir, dans les roseux
Je fait mon nid ainsi que les oiseaux.*

And in the evening, in the reeds
I make my nest like the birds.

*Je sai lire dans les cieux,
Dans la flamme de l'étoile,
Dans les astres à nos yeux,
L'avenir se dévoile.*

I know how to read the heavens,
In the flame of the star,
In the stars before our eyes,
The future is revealed.

*Jeunes belles et jeunes gens,
Voulez- vous savoir qui vous aime?
Apportez vos ecus sonnants,
Chez la fille de la Bohème.*

Young beauties and young men,
Do you want to know who loves you?
Bring your hard cash
to the Bohemian girl's house.

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

KEVIN J. BYLSMA

With more than two decades of experience as a vocal coach, collaborative pianist, choral conductor, and organist, Kevin J. Bylsma is a musician of impressive depth and versatility, widely recognized for his work in opera, art song, and oratorio. A longtime member of the Toledo Opera staff, Mr. Bylsma currently serves as Head of Music Preparation and Chorus Master, and was recently named Co-Artistic Director. He previously served as Music Director of the Department of Community Programs for Michigan Opera Theatre, and as vocal coach, accompanist, and chorus master for OPERA! Lenawee.

In recitals and master classes, he has collaborated with renowned American singers including Samuel Ramey, Diane Soviero, Marilyn Horne, Dawn Upshaw, Michelle De Young, Irina Mishura, Katherine Lewek, and Jennifer Rowley. He is Co-Founder and Artistic Director of the Ann Arbor Festival of Song, and has served for twenty-eight years as Associate Organist and Choirmaster at the historic Mariners' Church of Detroit.

Dedicated to the training of the next generation of operatic artists, Mr. Bylsma is Coordinator of Opera and Répétiteur at Bowling Green State University's College of Musical Arts, where he coaches and collaborates with a large body of young singers. He has also served on the artistic staff of OperaWorks in Los Angeles.

A native of Grand Rapids, Michigan, Mr. Bylsma studied at Calvin College, Bowling Green State University, and the University of Michigan, where he was awarded the Robert Glasgow Organ Scholarship. He resides in Toledo's Old West End with his cats, Rex and Dickens.

DR. KATHERINE PRACT PHARES

Katherine Pracht Phares, mezzo-soprano, has been hailed by the Chicago Tribune as “a mezzo of size and quality, and confident dramatic presence.” She is a versatile performer and champion of contemporary opera.

Recent roles include Madeleine in Heggie’s *Three Decembers*, Cornelia in *Giulio Cesare*, Mary Johnson in *Fellow Travelers*, Helen in Kaminsky’s *February, Elizabeth Cree*, Miss Jessel in *The Turn of the Screw*, Ottavia in *L’incoronazione di Poppea*, Kate Julian in Britten’s *Owen Wingrave*, Horatio in Joseph Summer’s *Hamlet*, and Meg in *Little Women*.

Dr. Phares debuted at Carnegie Hall as Alto Soloist in Verdi’s *Requiem*, and performed with leading companies, including Opera Philadelphia, Central City Opera, and Chicago Opera Theater.

She has performed roles in new works: Florence Williams in Kander’s *The News From Poems*, Eve in Wachner and Jacobs’ *Rev 23*, Sharon Falconer in *Elmer Gantry*, and Ariel in Summer’s *The Tempest*.

Dr. Phares is Assistant Professor of Voice at Bowling Green State University.

DR. SARAH LUEBKE

A versatile soprano recognized for her artistry as both a performer and pedagogue, Dr. Sarah Luebke maintains an active career in concert, opera, and vocal pedagogy. She was the 2025 national second-place winner of the American Prize in Vocal Performance, Friedrich and Virginia Schorr Memorial Award, and made her Carnegie Hall debut in 2023 with Vivaldi’s *Magnificat*.

Dr. Luebke has appeared in major works including Handel’s *Messiah*, Brahms’ *Ein deutsches Requiem*, Poulenc’s *Gloria*, Rossini’s *Stabat Mater*, Bach’s *St. Matthew Passion*, Sibelius’ *The Tempest*, and James Whitbourn’s *Annelies*. A trailblazing interpreter of 21st-century vocal repertoire, she has collaborated with and performed works by Chen Yi, Missy Mazzoli, Benjamin Moore, and James Whitbourn. Her operatic repertoire includes roles in works by Mozart, Massenet, Menotti, Pergolesi, Gilbert and Sullivan, and contemporary composers. She was a young artist with the Twin Cities Opera Guild and the Janiec Opera Company of the Brevard Music Festival.

Dr. Luebke was selected for the 2022 NATS Intern Program and awarded the 2022 NATS Mario Martinez Intern Prize. She has served as a national adjudicator for the NATS Artist Awards (NATSAA). Her students have been named winners and finalists in national competitions and accepted into conservatories across the United States. Dr. Luebke received the DMA in Vocal Performance from the Eastman School of Music, and is Assistant Professor of Voice at Bowling Green State University.

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JCA LAND ACKNOWLEDGEMENT STATEMENT

We gather here at Butler University on the traditional homelands of Indigenous peoples who were forcibly removed from this place. These peoples include the Myaamiaki (Miami), Lenape (Delaware), Bodewadmi (Potawatomi), Saawanwa (Shawnee), Kiikaapoi (Kickapoo), and Peouaroua (Peoria) peoples. We honor with gratitude the land itself and the indigenous peoples past and present who have stewarded it throughout the generations. This acknowledgement calls us to commit to hearing and engaging Indigenous voices and perspectives and to being better stewards of the land we inhabit. It also calls us to action. Learn more by scanning the QR code for additional information.



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