

Music

AT EASTERN

The EWU Department of Music presents

Kristina Vakulich Senior Voice Recital

Assisted by Margarita Huber, piano

**Friday, June 8th 2018
7:00 p.m.
Music Building Recital Hall**

Presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for
Bachelor's in Music performance, Voice

Studio of Dr. Abbigail Coté

Program

Karitas Habundat

Hildegard von Bingen
1098-1179

Let the Bright Seraphim
Myself I shall adore

George Frideric Handel
1685-1759

Come Scoglio
Ah Guarda Sorella

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
1756-1791

Melissa Gren, mezzo-soprano

Intermission

Notre Amour
Les Roses D'Ispahan

Gabriel Faure
1845-1942

Ave Maria
Die Junge Nonne

Franz Schubert
1797-1828

Je veux vivre

Charles Gounod
1818-1893

To the Field

Mikhail Glinka
1804-1857

Program Notes

My goal with picking women as a theme is to show all the different archetypes of women. Choosing a theme for my senior recital came naturally considering all that is going on politically in the world right now, one of the biggest movements worldwide is women. Women's equality and rights movements have sparked controversy in attempt to bring various issues such as harassment and equal pay, to light. The musical timeline shows that women have been facing the same issues for centuries and how, regardless of race, culture or religious views, we can help build each other up and grow together.

Hildegard was a German Benedictine Abbess, writer, composer, philosopher and visionary. Being a woman did not stand in the way of her achievements, in fact she used her femininity to propel and strengthen her political voice, writing songs for other nuns to sing at devotion, and many works that spoke of social injustice and the issue of freeing the downtrodden. *Karitas Habundat* piece talks about God who descends and gives the king the kiss of peace. Hildegard portrays God as a female instead of the typical male portrayal which flipped the stereotype God being a male on its head.

A German born composer, George Frederic Handel produced large volumes in various genres of music in late Baroque era, eventually working in England where he put several operas and oratorios to English text, such as these two arias. *Let the bright seraphim* is the aria sung at the end of *Samson and Delilah* when Manoah calls the Israelites to stop grieving the death of Samson and praise their God instead. This is followed by *Myself I Shall adore* from *Semele*, and Semele standing in front of a mirror admiring how beautiful she is.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, one of the most well-known composers of his time, was a prolific and influential composer of the Classical era. He was born a child prodigy having written his first composition at the age of five and wrote in every major genre, including sonatas, concertos, operas and more. Although he was considered a genius, Mozart was also described as tactless, arrogant and having an obscene sense of humor. This humor is evident in *Così fan Tutte* which Mozart wrote to mock serious opera and spread the Enlightenment ideas which consisted of using logic instead of emotions to make decisions.

Franz Schubert was a composer from Austria who began composing at the beginning of the Romantic era, writing 600 vocal compositions all before his death at the age of 31. Schubert's ability to create original accompaniments with his subtle harmonic and melodic approaches made him one of the most frequently performed composers in the 19th century. Although *Ave Maria* is frequently associated with the Latin prayer, Schubert originally wrote the music for the set of poems "Lady of the Lake" which tells the story of banished Scottish royalty. *Ave Maria* is followed by *Die Junge Nonne* which depicts a young nun praying to God for her past and at the end, finding peace with him in forgiveness.

Gabriel Faure was a French composer, organist, pianist, and teacher who experimented with harmonic progressions, influencing many of the 20th century composers such as Arnold Schoenberg. Faure set his colleagues poems to music which set him apart as music was popularly set to poems written thirty years prior. An example of style are the two pieces in my program. *Notre amour* talks about a love that is unchanging and eternal which is then contrasted by *Les Roses D'Ispahan* depicting an exotic woman who is incredibly desirable and mystic.

A French composer in the 19th century who is best known for his operas, Charles Gounod, composer of *Faust* and *Romeo and Juliette*, was very skilled at writing beautiful melodies. Although the melodies were considered oversimplified by his contemporaries, it made character's motives and personalities in his operas very transparent and relatable. An example of this compositional style is in the aria, *Je veux vivre*, where Gounod uses the basic melodic line and slowly expands with coloratura and high notes it to show Juliette's excitement.

Mikhail Glinka was the “Fountainhead of Russian Classical Music”. Glinka’s incorporation of Slavic folk music heavily influenced future Russian composers, especially The Five or otherwise known as The Mighty Handful; Modest Mussorgsky, Mily Balakriev, Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov, Alexander Borodin and César Cui. Although Glinka was not internationally known during his time, his works were later recognized for their colorful orchestration and lyrical melodies. Glinka’s best-known works are *Life of the Tsar* and *Ruslan and Lyudmila*. The aria I’ll be performing is from the *Life of the Tsar*. In this scene, a woman is waiting for her lover to come home from war.

This recital is opera heavy and I chose this music to prepare with my future as an opera singer. I wanted to choose music that would reflect this goal and help build my vocal technique to be able to sing the repertoire and build endurance for future roles. In order to be able to do so, I worked on my vocal endurance which consisted of working on breath management and the displacement of tension to create even and relaxed sound. Thank you to everyone who made this possible, my voice instructors Susan Windham and Abigail Cote, Department chair, Dr. Jonathan Middleton, Department secretary, Colleen Hegney, the Dean of the School of Arts, Letters and Education, Roy Sonnema and my recital committee member Dr. Jane Ellsworth. A final thanks to my collaborative pianist, Maragarite Heuber, this recital would not have happened without you!

Translations

Karitas Habundat

Karitas Habundat in Omnia	Love tenderness abounds for all
De Imis excellentissima	From the darkest
Super Sidera,	To the most eminent one beyond the stars,
Atque amantissima in Omnia	Exquisitely loving all
Quia summo Regi	She bequeaths the kiss of peace
Osculum pacis dedit	Upon the ultimate King

Come Scoglio

Come scoglio immoto resta	As the rock stands steadfast
Contra i venti e la tempesta,	Against the winds, and the storm,
Così ognor quest’alma è forte	Thus, always this soul is strong
Nella fede e nell’amor.	In faith, and in love.
Con noi nacque quella face	With us that torch was born
Che ci piace, e ci consola,	Which pleases us, and consoles us,
E potrà la morte sola	And only death alone
Far che cangi affetto il cor.	Will change the heart's affection.
Rispettate, anime ingrante,	Respect, ungrateful souls,
Questo esempio di costanza,	This example of tenacity,
È una barbara speranza	And may a barbarous hope
Non-vi renda audaci ancor!	Not render you bold again!

Ah Guarda Sorella

FIORDILIGI	FIORDILIGI
Ah, guarda, sorella,	Ah tell me sister,
Se bocca più bella,	If one could ever find
Se petto più nobile	A nobler face,
Si può ritrovar.	A sweeter mouth.

DORABELLA	DORABELLA
Osserva tu un poco,	Just look,
Che fuoco ha ne' sguardi!	See what fire is in his eye,
Se fiamma, se dardi	If flames and darts
Non sembran scoccar.	Do not seem to flash forth!

FIORDILIGI	FIORDILIGI
Si vede un sembiante	This is the face
Guerriero ed amante.	Of a soldier and a lover.

DORABELLA	DORABELLA
Si vede una faccia	This is a face
Che alletta e minaccia.	Both charming and alarming.

FIORDILIGI E DORABELLA	FIORDILIGI AND DORABELLA
Io sono felice, felice son io.	How happy I am!
Se questo mio core	If ever my heart
Mai cangia desio,	Changes its affection,

Ave Maria

Ave Maria! Jungfrau mild,
Erhöre einer Jungfrau Flehen,
Aus diesem Felsen starr und wild
Soll mein Gebet zu dir hinwehen.
Wir schlafen sicher bis zum Morgen,
Ob Menschen noch so grausam sind.
O Jungfrau, sieh der Jungfrau Sorgen,
O Mutter, hör ein bittend Kind!
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Unbefleckt!
Wenn wir auf diesen Fels hinsinken
Zum Schlaf, und uns dein Schutz bedeckt
Wird weich der harte Fels uns dünken.
Du lächelst, Rosendüfte wehen
In dieser dumpfen Felsenkluft,
O Mutter, höre Kindes Flehen,
O Jungfrau, eine Jungfrau ruft!
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Reine Magd!
Der Erde und der Luft Dämonen,
Von deines Auges Huld verjagt,
Sie können hier nicht bei uns wohnen,
Wir woll'n uns still dem Schicksal beugen,
Da uns dein heil'ger Trost anweht;
Der Jungfrau wolle hold dich neigen,
Dem Kind, das für den Vater fleht.
Ave Maria!

Hail, Mary! Meek maiden.
Heed the supplications of a maiden.
From this bare, savage rocks
my prayers will drift towards you.
We sleep safely until morning
though men are yet so barbaric.
Oh Maiden, see the strife of a maiden!
Oh mother, hear a pleading child!
Hail, Mary!

Hail, Mary! Untarnished!
When from this crag we drift away
towards sleep, and your mantle protects us
the hard rocks will seem soft to us.
You laugh, and a scent of roses floats
over this airless abyss.
Oh mother, hear your children imploring you!
Oh Maiden, call in another maiden!
Hail Mary!

Hail Mary! Pristine servant!
The demons of the air and earth
are haunted by the glory in your eyes.
They cannot live here with us.
Yet, we still seek to turn fate
and turn your holy solace against you.
The Maiden will intercede in favor
of the child that implores to his Father.
Hail, Mary!

Die Junge Nonne

Wie braust durch die Wipfel der heulende Sturm
Es klirren die Balken - es zittert das Haus!
Es rollet der Donner - es leuchtet der Blitz!
Und finster die Nacht, wie das Grab!
Immerhin, immerhin!
So tobt' es [noch jüngst auch]¹ in mir!
Es brauste das Leben, wie jetzo der Sturm!
Es bebten die Glieder, wie jetzo das Haus!
Es flammte die Liebe, wie jetzo der Blitz!
Und finster die Brust, wie das Grab!

How loudly the howling wind roars through the tree-tops
The rafters rattle, the house shudders!
Thunder rolls, lighting flashes,
And the night is as dark as the grave!
All the same, ever all the same,
so, it raged in me not long ago as well:
My life roared like the storm now,
My limbs trembled like the house now,
Love burst into flame, like the lightning now,
And my heart was as dark as the grave.

Nun tobe du wilder, [gewaltiger]² Sturm!
Im Herzen ist Friede, im Herzen ist Ruh! -
Des Bräutigams harret die liebende Braut,
Gereinigt in prüfender Glut -
Der ewigen Liebe getraut. -

Now rage, you wild, powerful storm,
In my heart there is peace; in my heart there is calm.
The groom is awaited by the loving bride,
Cleansed by the purifying flames,
To eternal Love betrothed.

Ich harre, mein Heiland, mit sehndem Blick;
Komm, himmlischer Bräutigam! hole die Braut!
Erlöse die Seele von irdischer Haft!
Horch! friedlich ertönet das Glöcklein Thurm;
Es lockt mich das süße Getön
Allmächtig zu ewigen Höhn -
»Alleluja! «

I await you, my Saviour, with a yearning gaze!
Come, my heavenly bridegroom, take your bride,
Rescue her soul from earthly imprisonment.
Listen: the bell rings peacefully from the tower!
That sweet tone invites me
overpoweringly to eternal heights.
Halleluja!

Notre Amour

Notre amour est chose légère
Comme les parfums que le vent
Prend aux cimes de la fougère
Pour qu'on les respire en rêvant.
Notre amour est chose légère!

Our love is something light
like the perfumes which the breeze
brings from the tips of ferns
for us to inhale as we dream.
Our love is something light.

Notre amour est chose charmante,
Comme les chansons du matin
Où nul regret ne se lamente,
Où vibre un espoir incertain.
Notre amour est chose charmante!

Our love is something enchanting
like the morning's songs
in which regrets are not heard
but uncertain hopes vibrate.
Our love is something charming.

Notre amour est chose sacrée
Comme les mystères des bois
Où tressaille une âme ignorée,
Où les silences ont des voix.
Notre amour est chose sacrée!

Our love is something sacred
like the forests' mysteries
in which an unknown soul quivers
and silences have voices.
Our love is something sacred!

Notre amour est chose infinie,
Comme les chemins des couchants
Où la mer, aux cieux réunie,
S'endort sous les soleils penchants.

Our love is something infinite
like the paths of the evening,
where the ocean, joined with the sky,
falls asleep under slanting suns.

Notre amour est chose éternelle
Comme tout ce qu'un dieu vainqueur
A touché du feu de son aile,
Comme tout ce qui vient du coeur,
Notre amour est chose éternelle!

Our love is something eternal
like all that has been touched
by the fiery wing of a victorious god,
like all that comes from the heart.
Our love is something eternal!

Les Roses D'Ispahan

Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur gaine de mousse,
Les jasmins de Mossoul, les fleurs de l'oranger,
Ont un parfum moins frais, ont une odeur moins douce,
Ô blanche Léïlah! que ton souffle léger.

The roses of Ispahan in their sheath of moss,
the jasmines of Mosul, the orange blossoms,
have a fragrance less fresh, an aroma less sweet,
O pale Leila, than your light breath!

Ta lèvre est de corail et ton rire léger
Sonne mieux que l'eau vive et d'une voix plus douce.
Mieux que le vent joyeux qui berce l'oranger,
Mieux que l'oiseau qui chante au bord d'un nid de mousse.

Your lips are coral and your light laughter
has a softer and lovelier sound than rippling water,
lovelier than the joyous breeze that rocks the orange-tree,
lovelier than the bird that sings near its nest of moss.

Mais le subtile odeur des roses dans leur mousse,
La brise qui se joue autour de l'oranger
Et l'eau vive qui flue avec sa plainte douce
Ont un charme plus sûr que ton amour léger!

But the subtle fragrance of the roses in their moss,
the breeze that plays around the orange-tree
and the spring-water flowing with its plaintive murmur
have a more certain charm than your fickle love!

Ô Leïlah! depuis que de leur vol léger
Tous les baisers ont fui de ta lèvre si douce
Il n'est plus de parfum dans le pâle oranger,
Ni de céleste arôme aux roses dans leur mousse.

O Leila, ever since in their airy flight
all the kisses have fled from your lips so sweet,
there is no longer any fragrance from the pale orange-tree,
no heavenly aroma from the roses in the moss.

L'oiseau, sur le duvet humide et sur la mousse,
Ne chante plus parmi la rose et l'oranger;
L'eau vive des jardins n'a plus de chanson douce,
L'aube ne dore plus le ciel pur et léger.

The bird, in its nest of moist feathers or moss,
sings no more among the roses and orange-trees;
the springs in the gardens have lost their soft song;
and dawn no longer gilds the pure and weightless sky.

Oh! que ton jeune amour, ce papillon léger,
Revienne vers mon cœur d'une aile prompte et douce.
Et qu'il parfume encor les fleurs de l'oranger,
Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur gaine de mousse.

Oh, if only your youthful love, that light butterfly,
would return to my heart on swift and gentle wings,
and perfume once more the orange blossom
and the roses of Ispahan in their sheath of moss.

Je Veux Vivre

Je veux vivre	I want to live
Dans le rêve qui m'enivre;	in this intoxicating dream!
Ce jour encor,	This day still,
Douce flamme,	gentle flame,
Je te garde dans mon âme	I keep you in my heart
Comme un trésor!	like a treasure!

Cette ivresse	This intoxication
De jeunesse	of youth
Ne dure, hélas qu'un jour!	alas! lasts but a day!
Puis vient l'heure	Then comes the time
Où l'on pleure,	when one weeps,
Le cœur cède à l'amour	the heart surrenders to love
Et le bonheur fuit sans retour.	and happiness flies off forever!

Ah! Je veux vivre,	Ah! I want to live
Dans le rêve qui m'enivre;	in this intoxicating dream!
Ce jour encor,	This day still,
Douce flamme,	gentle flame,
Je te garde dans mon âme	I keep you in my heart
Comme un trésor!	like a treasure!

Loin de l'hiver morose	Far from sullen winter
Laisse-moi sommeiller	let me slumber
Et respirer la rose,	and breathe the rose,
Respirer la rose	breathe the rose
Avant de l'effeuiller.	before despoiling it.

Ah! Ah! Ah!	Ah! Ah! Ah!
Douce flamme,	Gentle flame,
Reste dans mon âme	stay in my heart
Comme un doux trésor	like a sweet treasure
Longtemps encor!	for a long while yet.
Ah! Comme un trésor	Ah! – like a treasure
Longtemps encor!	for a long while yet!

To the Field

В поле, в поле чистое гляжу,
В даль по реке родной
Очи держу.
Волны к нам идут, идут,
Льдины грозные, льдины плывут.
Долго, долго лодки не видать!
Долго ли ждать? Мой свет,
Все тебя нет!

Во слободке, за рекою
Ждут голубчика домой.
Здрав и радостен из бою
Витязь молодой!
Скоро ль будешь, сокол мой?
Мой мил - надежа будет!
Нам весть о нём пришла!
Будет в этот день
Он в родную сень,
Будет, и ко мне он, и ко мне!

Мой суженый придет,
Возговорит: "Здорово!"
Со мною поведёт
Ласкательное слово.
Молодецкой красотой,
Словно ярою свечой,
Засветлеет той порой
Терем мой!

С поля битвы под Москвою
Наши молодцы домой!
В битву новую с Литвой
Грянул сокол мой.
Как не ждать его домой;
Мой мил - надежа будет,
Мой ясный сокол жив!
Будет в этот день
Он в родную сень!
Будет, и ко мне он, и ко мне!

In the field, in the clear field I look,
In the distance along the native river
I'm holding my eyes.
Waves come to us,
The ice sheets are rampant, the ice is floating.
Have not seen the boats!
How long to wait? My light,
You are still not here!

In the village, behind the river
We wait for the darling to go home.
Healthy and joyful from battle
The knight is young!
Will you be ready soon, my falcon?
My dear - it will be!
We heard news of him!
Will be on this day
He under the canopy,
Will come, and to me, to me!

My betrothed will come,
Say: "Wow!"
With me still start
A kind conversation.
Good girl and beauty,
Like a fervent candle,
Illuminates sometimes
My tower!

From the battlefield near Moscow
Our fellows go home!
In battle, a new one with Lithuania
My falcon shook.
How can I not wait for him to go home;
My dear - it will be,
My clear falcon is alive!
Will be on this day
He's in his own shadow!
Will come, and to me, to me!

Я ли красная девица,
Ярко вспыхну, как зарница!
Я ли другу тихо молвлю слово:
Добрый молодец, здорово!"

Сколько принесёшь
Радости с собой
Ты, душа моя!

Во слободке, за рекою
Хата весело глядит!
Хата новая с резьбою,
Три окна на вид!
Хата к нам сюда глядит.
В той хате мне с тобою,
Мой ясный сокол жить!
В этот красный день
Будет в нашу сень!

Скоро белый парус заблестит,
Скоро ясный сокол прилетит!
Ряженая ждёт!
Праздник у ворот!
Ждёт венец, и пир веселый ждёт!

Am I a red girl,
Brightly flare up like a lightning!
Do I quietly say a word to a friend?
Good fellow, great!
How much will you bring
Joy with you
You are my soul!

In the village, behind the river
The house cheerfully looks!
The hut is new with thread,
Three windows for a view!
Hut is looking at us.
In that hut to me with you,
My clear falcon live!
On this red day
Will be our canopy!

Soon the white sail will glisten,
Soon a clear falcon will fly!
The rank-and-file waits!
Celebration at the gate!
A crown awaits, and a cheerful feast awaits!