The University of Nevada, Las Vegas
College of Fine Arts
Department of Music

Presents

A Senior Recital

Lohól Gonzales
soprano

with

Kanako Yamazaki, piano
Mika Brunson, oboe

Saturday, 1 December 2007
4:30 P.M.
Doc Rando Recital Hall
Beam Music Center
Program

“Seufzer, Tränen, Kummer, Not.”
from *Ich hatte viel Bekümmernis*. BWV 21

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Mika Brunson, Oboe

An die Musik, Op. 88, No. 4
Lied der Mignon, Op. 62, No. 4
Gretchen am Spinnrade, Op. 2
Er ist’s

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Clair de lune, Op. 46, No. 2
Après un rêve, Op. 7, No. 1
Notre amour, Op. 23, No. 2

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Intermission

Four Songs, Op. 13
A Nun Takes the Veil
The Secrets of the Old
Sure on this shining night
Nocturne

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Mexican Folk Songs
Encantadora María
El galán incógnito
Noche serena
La calle de la paloma

Arranged by
Edward Kilenyi
(1884-1968)

Lohol Gonzales is a student of Dr. Alfonse Anderson.
This performance is offered in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Arts in Music Degree.
Program notes and translations

J.S. Bach

"Seufzer, Tränen, Kummer, Not."

The cantata *Ich hatte viel Bekummernis* is a church choral cantata. Commonly known in this country as "My Spirit was in Heaviness," this duet was written sometime around 1714 and considered an early cantata from Bach's pre-Leipzig years. This period is characterized by a musical richness and innovative splendor in his music. Listen to the play between the vocal and oboe as they echo one another's sorrowful exclamation of grief and despair.

Seufzer, Tränen, Kummer, Not.

Seufzer, Tränen, Kummer, Not,
Angstlich's Sehnen, Furcht und Tod
Nagen mein beklemmtes Herz,
Ich empfinde Jammer, Schmerz.

*English translation by Z. Philip Ambrose

Franz Schubert

An die Musik

Schubert lived to write music. He was about fourteen when his earliest known work was written. Schubert's gift for elevating and transforming the simple to the sublime is evident in "An Die Musik." A hymn and tribute to the art of music, Schubert emphasizes the divine quality music has to lift and transport us.

An die Musik

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb entzunden,
Hast mich in eine bessere Welt entrückt!

Oft hat ein seufzer, deiner Harf* entflossen,
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir
Den Himmel bessrer Zeiten mir erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!

*English translation by Walter Meyer

Lied der Mignon

Throughout the course of his life, Schubert would set Goethe's texts seventy-three times. This is true of this selection from his novel *Wilhelm Meister,* which is one of four songs set for the tragic character of Mignon. In this piece, Mignon expresses her solitude and painful longing.

Lied der Mignon

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiβ, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt von aller Freude,
Seh ich ans Firmament nach jener Seite.

Ach! der mich liebt und kennt,
Ist in der Weite.
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiβ, was ich leide!

*English translation by Lawrence Snyder
Gretchen am Spinnrade

At age sixteen, Schubert composed this, his first masterpiece. Melancholic and passionate, “Gretchen am Spinnrade,” is also set to the poetry of Goethe and comes from Part I of Faust. In this dramatic lied Gretchen spins at her wheel with only her obsessive memories of Faust to drive her to the brink of insanity.

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Gretchen am Spinnrade

Meine Ruh’ ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer,  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab  
Ist mir das Grab,  
Die ganze welt  
Ist mir vergält.

Mein armer Kopf  
Ist mir verrückt,  
Mein armer Sinn  
Ist mir zerstückt.

Nach ihm nur schau ich  
Zum Fenster hinaus,  
Nach ihm nur geh ich  
Aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang,  
Sein’ edle Gestalt,  
Seine Mundes Lächeln,  
Seiner Augen Gewalt,

Und seiner rede  
Zauberfluß,  
Sein Händedruck,  
Und ach, sein Kuß!

Meine Ruh’ ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer,  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.

Mein Busen drängt sich  
Nach ihm hin.  
Ach dürft ich fassen  
Und halten ihn,

Und küssen ihn,  
So wie ich wollt,  
An seinen Küssen  
Vegehen sollt!

*English translation by Lynn Thompson

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Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel

My peace is gone,  
My heart is heavy,  
I will find it never  
and never more.

Where I do not have him,  
That is the grave,  
The whole world  
Is bitter to me.

My poor head  
Is crazy to me,  
My poor mind  
Is torn apart.

For him only, I look  
Out the window  
Only for him do I go  
Out of the house.

His tall walk,  
His noble figure,  
His mouth’s smile,  
His eyes’ power,

And his mouth’s  
Magic flow,  
His handclasp,  
and ah! his kiss!

My peace is gone,  
My heart is heavy,  
I will find it never  
and never more.

My bosom urges itself  
toward him.  
Ah, might I grasp  
And hold him!

And kiss him,  
As I would wish,  
At his kisses  
I should die!
Hugo Wolf

Er ist's

Despite his having been self-taught, Wolf's body of work is the apex of German refinement in song. Wolf's music is as poetic as the verses that he set to music. The following piece is a jubilant and exultant salutation to the sights and sounds of Spring. Written in 1888, it is one of two hundred songs that he wrote in a brief two-year period.

Er ist's

Frühling läßt sein blaues Band
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte,
Stüfte, wohlbekannte Düfte
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.
Veilchen träumen schon,
Wollen bald kommen.
Horch, von fern ein leiser Harfenton!
Frühling, ja du bist's!
Dich hab ich vernommen, ja du bist's!

*English translation by Waldo Lyman

It is spring

Spring lets its blue ribbon
Flutter once again in the breeze;
Sweet, well-remembered scents
Pervade the land with promise.
Violets are already budding,
They will soon appear.
Hear in the distance the soft sound of a harp!
Spring, indeed it is you!
I have sensed you!

Gabriel Fauré

Clair de lune

One of the great composers of French song, Fauré composed with precision. His works are tender, yet aristocratic. Taken from Verlaine's Fêtes galantes, this work captures the refined atmosphere of elegantly dressed socialites entertained by strolling players. Note the subtle harmonic touches and texture that exemplify Fauré's mature style.

Clair de lune

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmants masques et bergamasques,
Jouant du luth et dansant, et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques!

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune.
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur
bonheur,
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,

Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver, les oiseaux dans les arbres,
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.

*English translation by Peter Low

Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape
charmed by masquers and revellers
playing the lute and dancing and almost
sad beneath their fanciful disguises!

Even while singing, in a minor key,
of victorious love and fortunate living
they do not seem to believe in their
happiness,
and their song mingles with the moonlight,

the calm moonlight, sad and beautiful,
which sets the birds in the trees dreaming,
and makes the fountains sob with ecstasy,
the tall slender fountains among the marble
statues!
Après un rêve

Heartbroken after Marianne Viardot broke their engagement, Faure composed this song. Based on an Italian poem of unknown origin, this song “After a Dream” relates the sadness of a lost vision of love.

Après un rêve
Dans un sommeil
que charmait ton image
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage,
Tes yeux étaient plus doux,
Ta voix pure et sonore,
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par l’aurore;
Tu m’appelais et je quittais la terre
pour m’enfuir avec toi vers la lumière,
Les cieux pour nous entr’ouvraient leurs nues,
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines entrevues,
Hélas! Hélas! triste réveil des songes
Je t’appelle, ô nuit, rends moi tes mensonges,
Reviens, reviens radieuse,
Reviens ô nuit mystérieuse!

*English translation by David K. Smythe

After a dream
In a slumber
which held your image spellbound
I dreamt of happiness, passionate mirage,
Your eyes were softer,
Your voice pure and sonorous,
You shone like a sky lit up by the dawn;
You called me and I left the earth
To run away with you towards the light,
The skies opened their clouds for us,
Unknown splendors, divine flashes glimpsed
Alas! Alas! sad awakening from dreams
I call you, O night, give me back your lies,
Return, return radiant,
Return, O mysterious night.

Notre amour

A celebration of love at its finest, “Notre amour” holds dear love that is free from pain and sadness. The brightness of Faure’s melody emotes hopeful security in an enduring and fulfilling companionship.

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!

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!

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!

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

Notre amour est chose éternelle
Comme tout ce qu’un dieu vainqueur
A touché du feu de son aile,

Our love
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.

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.

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

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

Our love is something eternal
like all that has been touched
by the fiery wing of a victorious god,
Comme tout ce qui vient du coeur,
Notre amour est chose éternelle!

*English translation by Peter Low

Samuel Barber
Four Songs, Opus 13

Twenty-first-century American composer Samuel Barber enjoyed success and amaranthine acclaim throughout his life. Barber tended to compose to romantic poetry and in doing so insisted on the natural rhythms of a poem. He strove for clarity in understanding of the lyric. This is evident in the four selections that make up Opus 13. While each song is unique in theme and point-of-view, the music supports and enhances the figurative language and diverse metaphors found in the text.

A Nun Takes the Veil

I have desired to go
Where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail
And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be
Where no storms come,
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea.

The Secrets of the Old

I have old women’s secrets now
That had those of the young;
Madge tells me what I dared not think
When my blood was strong,
And what had drowned a lover once
Sounds like an old song.
Though Marg’ry is stricken dumb
If thrown in Madge’s way,
We three make up a solitude;

For none alive today
Can know the stories that we’ know
Or say the things we say:
How such a man pleased women most
Of all that are gone,
How such a pair loved many years
And such a pair but one,
Stories of the bed of straw
Or the bed of down.

Sure on this shining night

Sure on this shining night
Of star-made shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me
This side the ground.
The late year lies down the north.
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth.
Hearts all whole.
Sure on this shining night
I weep for wonder wand’ring far alone
Of shadows on the stars.

Nocturne

Close my darling both your eyes,
Let your arms lie still at last.
Calm the lake of falsehood lies
And the wind of lust has passed,
Waves across these hopeless sands
Fill my heart and end my day,
Underneath your moving hands
All my aching flows away.

Even the human pyramids
Blaze with such a longing now:
Close, my love, your trembling lids,
Let the midnight heal your brow.
Northward flames Orion’s horn,
Westward th’Egyptian light.
None to watch us, none to warn
But the blind eternal night.

Edward Kilenyi
Mexican Folk Songs

Kilenyi was a Hungarian composer and pedagogue who emigrated to the U.S. in 1908. Collected in Mexico, these song arrangements date from 1914. While the oral tradition of these songs goes back centuries, because of the unfamiliarity of the treasury of Spanish-language songs, these songs are seldom performed in a formal setting. Reaching back to her Hispanic origins, Miss Gonzales appreciates the rhythms and folk-like qualities in these songs that permeate Mexican music to this day.

Encantadora María

Encantadora María,
Yo te amo con ilusión,
¿A quién le daré
las quejas negras de mi corazón?
¡Ay!
Qué triste para él que ama,
¡No tener siquiera ninguna esperanza!
¡Ay! no me haga sufrir así,
Que muriendo estoy de amor, sólo por ti.

El galán incógnito

En noche lóbrega galán incógnito,
Las calles céntricas atravesó,
Y al pie la clásica ventana dórica,
Posó su citera, y así cantó:
“Oyeme, silfide, la luna pálida
Su fulgor niegame, que no se ve.
Y están las bóvedas vertiendo lágrimas,
Y hasta los tuétanos, me calaré.”
Pero la silfide, que oyó este cántico,
Entre las sábanas se refugió,
Y dijo: “Cáscara, que son murciélagos,
Canto romántico, no te abro yo.
Pero es lóbrega, la noche hablaré,
Se van las sílfides a costipar."
"Y están las bóvedas vertiendo lágrimas,
Y hasta los tuétanos, me calaré."

Noche serena

Noche serena de primavera,
Blanca paloma del alba luz,
Noche serena de primavera,
Blanca azucena esa eres tú.
Y al haber yo llegado aquí,
Todo lleno de embeleso,
Recibe ese tierno beso,
Que te mando, para ti.
Campo en invierno,
Flor marchitada,
Noche sin luna,
Negro, turbión.
Flor sin aroma,
Marchitada,
Arbol trocado,
Eso soy yo.

La calle de la paloma

Como nací en la calle de la paloma,
¡Ay! ¡Ay!
Este nombre me dieron de niña en broma;
¡Ay! ¡Ay!
Y como salto alegre
de calle en calle,
¡Ay! ¡Ay!
Y como arrullo paloma soy,
Que brinco y canto por dónde voy,
Con mi nombre de paloma siempre;
Busco un palomo, busco un palomo,
Busco un palomo, ¿Quién será él?

Romantic singer, I’ll not open for you.
But it is gloomy, the night I will say
They go, the sylphs, to bed."
“And the heavens are shedding tears
And to my bones I will be drenched.”

Serene night

Serene night of spring,
White dove of dawn’s light,
Serene night of spring,
White lily, that you are.
And upon my arrival here,
Completely full of delight
Receive this tender kiss
That I send you, for you.
Field in winter,
Withered flower,
Night without moonlight,
Dark, turbulent.
Flower without aroma,
Withered,
Tree fallen,
That am I.

Dove street

Since I was born on Dove Street,
Oh! Oh!
This name they gave me as a girl in jest,
Oh! Oh!
And since I jump happily
from street to street,
Oh! Oh!
And because I coo I am a dove,
That hops and sings wherever I go,
With the name Dove always;
I search for a mate, I search for a mate,
I search for a mate, who could he be?

*English translations by James T. Abraham & Mark Bates