UNLV
UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA LAS VEGAS
College of Fine Arts ~ Department of Music

Presents

Mahina Johnson
Soprano

Master of Music Recital

with

Michelle Lee, piano
Josie Robinson, cello
Lenka Hajkova, violin

Sunday, October 18, 2009
2:00pm
Doc Rando Recital Hall
Beam Music Center
PROGRAM

Sommi dei from Radamisto
Josie Robinson, cello

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Oh, vieni al mare!
Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)

L’abbandonata
Saverio Mercadante (1795-1870)

La zingara
Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

L’Invitation au Voyage
Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Le Manoir de Rosamonde

Lamento

Chanson Triste

INTERMISSION

What If...
Insomnia
Jabberwocky

Lee Hoiby (b. 1926)

Hör ich Cymbalklänge
Emmerich Kálmán (1882-1953)

Spiel auf deiner Geige
Robert Stolz (1880-1975)

Hör ich Cymbalklänge
Franz Lehár (1870-1948)

Lenka Hajkova, violin
Violin transcriptions by Dennis Deovides A. Reyes III

Macht nichts! Hol’s der Teufel!
Macht nichts! Ohne Zweifel
Kann der Mensch nicht immer traurig sein!
Liebt mein Schatz mich nimmer,
Find’t man und he immer,
Schad um jede trüne, die ich wein’!
Will nicht ohne Küsse leben, nein, nein!
Keine Stunde ohne Liebsten sein!
Jaj, Jaj, hal’s der Teufel! Jaj, Jaj!
Ohne Zweifel immer kann der Mensch nicht
Traurig sein! Jaj, Jaj, Jaj!

Hör ich Cymbalklänge
Wird ums Herz mir enge,
Süßes Land der Muttersprache, Heimatland!
Seulz’ nach deinen Wäldern,
Nach den golden Feldern,
Sehne mich nach dir mein süsues Ungarland!
Zieht du weit hinaus,
Gehst die Welt du aus,
Überall ist’s schön,
Und doch am schönsten ist’s zuhau!
Hör ich Cymbalklänge,
Wird ums Herz mir enge,
Süßes Land der Muttersprache, Heimatland!

Lenka Hajkova, violin
Violin transcriptions by Dennis Deovides A. Reyes III

Text: Alfred Grünwald and Ludwig Herzer

Play on Your Violin
Play on your violin
The song of pain and passion,
Take with your violin
The heart from my breast,
Play on your violin, Gypsy!
Nobody knows
My soul’s yearning like you.

Play me the dark song
Of love and wins,
Play the song of kisses,
Of fortune and happiness.

Play me the words of once,
For me the Csadars, you betray!
Nobody can play the gypsy music like you!

Far away in beautiful Poland,
There where my cradle stood,
The girls dance the Mazurka
Full of passion and fire.

Here on the shores of the blue Danube,
Here in beautiful Hungary,
One sings different songs with Tokaj!

Text: Alfred Grünwald and Ludwig Herzer

When I Hear the Cymbals Clang
When I hear the cymbals clang,
It pulls at my heart,
Sweet land of my mothertongue, Homeland!

Sighing for your forests,
For the golden fields,
I long for you, my sweet Hungary!
When you travel far away,
Out into the world,
Everywhere is beautiful,
And yet it is most beautiful at home.

When I hear the cymbals clang,
It pulls at my heart,
Sweet land of my mothertongue, Homeland!

Doesn’t matter! Devil take it!
Doesn’t matter! Without a doubt,
People cannot always be sad!
If my darling no longer loves me,
I’ll always find another,
Pity for every tear that I cry.
I will not live without kisses, no, no!

Not an hour without a lover!
Yes, yes, devil take it! Yes, yes!
Without a doubt, people cannot always
Be sad! Yes! Yes! Yes!
Höre ich Zigeunergeigen
Höre ich Zigeunergeigen,
Bei des Cymbals wildem Lauf,
Wird es mir um's Herz so eigen,
Wachen alle Wünsche auf.

Klingt ein heißer Csárdástraum
Sims betörend durch den Raum,
Klingt ein toller, sehnsuchtsvoller,
Heißer, wilder Csárdástraum!

Winkt im Glässe der Tokajer,
Rot wie Blut und heiß wie Feuer,
Komm' und mach' die Seele freier,
Spiel' dazu, Zigeuner!

Willst du toll der Freude leben,
Soll das Herz vor Lust erbeben,
Jauchzend sich zum Himmel heben,
Spiel' dazu, Zigeuner!

Willst du wild die Nacht durchzehen,
Wollen wir von Liebe sprechen,
Will das arme Herz auch brechen,
Spiel' dazu, Zigeuner!

Spiel! Spiel! Spiel! Spiele mit Gefühl!
Alles kannst du mit uns machen,
Weinen müssen wir und lachen,
Wie es deine Geige will!

Wo wohnt die Liebe, wer kann's mir sagen,
Wo wohnt die Liebe, wen soll ich fragen?
Einmal das Herz in toter Lust verschenken
Küssen, küssen und nicht denken!
Einmal nur glücklich sein!

Wo wohnt die Liebe, wer kann's ergründen,
Wo wohnt die Liebe, wer kann sie finden?
Nur einmal küssen bis der Liebe Flammen
Schlagen über mir zusammen,
Einmal nur glücklich sein!

Text: Julius Brammer and Alfred Grünwald

When I Hear the Gypsy Violins
When I hear the Gypsy violins
And the wild sounds of the cymbals,
Something strange in my heart
Awakens my desires.

There sounds the fiery Csárdas dream
Bewitching senses through the room;
There sounds a burning, yearning,
Hot and wild Csárdas dream!

The Tokay ripples in the glass
Red as blood and hot as fire,
Come and make the soul even more free,
Play on, Gypsy!

Will you live the good life,
Should your heart tremble with desire,
Shout to the highest heaven,
Play on, Gypsy!

Will you wildly drink all night,
Will we speak of love,
Will you break my poor heart,
Play on, Gypsy!

Play, play, play! Play with feeling!
Do anything you want,
We must cry and laugh
Just as your violin wishes!

Where love lives, who can say,
Where love lives, who should I ask?
Once I give my heart with abandon,
Kissing, kissing without thinking,
Only to be happy!

Where love lives, who can tell me,
Where love lives, who can find it?
Only to kiss until love's flames
Engulf me,
Only to be happy!

German Translations: Mahina Johnson

When George Frideric Handel arrived in England in 1710, he was the first composer to bring newly-written Italian operas to London. Radamisto was first performed on 27 April 1720 for the opening season of the Royal Academy founded by King George I, to whom the opera was later dedicated. This dedication was very unusual as it came from Handel himself instead of the librettist, as was the custom. Somm Dei opens the opera as a plea from Polissena, the wife of Tiridate, King of Armenia. He is lasting after her sister-in-law, and Polissena asks the gods for comfort.

Somm Dei
Somm Dei,
Che scorgete i mali miei,
Proteggete un mesto cor!

Translation: Anthony Hicks

Italian opera dominated vocal music in the 19th century, but opera composers also wrote songs for voice and piano called romanze da camera. These songs were very similar to opera arias but with folk rhythms and dance forms usually using text from familiar folk songs.

Well-known for his operas, Gaetano Donizetti composed over 170 songs. Oh, vieni al mare! is a romanza from a volume entitled Mattinée musicale published in 1841. It invokes a typical Neapolitan folk song and paints a harbor scene with its flowing melody and waltzing accompaniment, which imitates the sound of an accordion.

Saverio Mercadante wrote his first opera in 1819 and quickly began his international career. His musical style was influenced by Rossini and Bellini, but he also paved the way for other composers like Verdi. L'abbandonata was published in 1869 in an Album per canto and is dedicated to Giuseppina Verdi, Verdi's second wife. The melodic line is melancholic and Neapolitan with long phrases. Although a very sorrowful song of love lost, it ends in major as the abandoned woman longs for Heaven.

Giuseppe Verdi was a prolific opera composer by the time he wrote his second set of 6 Romanze in 1845. La zingara is the second song from this collection and his ability to match text with music intensifies the drama. This song depicts the life of a gypsy as carefree and spirited with declamatory passages and ornamentation. The accompaniment changes with every mood of the text and seems to dance with the melody.
Oh, vieni al mare!
Vieni, il barco è pronto,
Lieve un’aureetta sprira,
Tutto d’amor osopira,
Il mar, la terra, il ciel.

Vedi, l’argentea luna
Splende agli amanti amica,
E sembra che ti dica:
"Corri alla tua fedel!"

Deh! vien, garzon gentile,
Chi’o nel tuo sen m’infonda,
E rassomigli all’onda
Che bacia il cielo e muor.

Deh! quanti flutti hai il mare,
Io tanti baci avessi;
Vorrei lasciar con essi
Sulle tue labbra il cor.

Text: Neapolitan Folk Song

L’abbandonata
Lungi da te, ben mio,
Per me non v’ha che pianto.
Muto è il mio labbro al canto,
Ogni pianter mori.
Ah! Che di nuova fiamma
Furse tu avvampi in core,
E pel novello amore
Scordi la tua fedel.

Delle mie pene atroci
Quale raccolsi frutto?
Sol di quest’alma il lutto,
La morte del mio cor.
Non voglio Iddio punirti,
Dei mei sofferiti affanni;
Perdoni a te in ganni,
E me richiami in Ciel!

Text: unnamed

Oh, Come to the Sea!
Come, the boat is ready,
A little breeze is blowing.
Everything whispers of love,
The sea, the earth, the sky!

Look how the silvery moon
Shines with pleasure on the lovers,
And seems to tell you:
Hurry to your beloved!

Come to me, oh my sweet one,
Let me lay my head on your breast,
And be like the wave
That kisses the sky and then dies.

I’d like to have as many kisses
As the sea has floodtides.
Oh that I could leave, like them,
The impression of my lips on your heart!

Translation: Patricia Adkins Chiti

Jabberwocky
’Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
The mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my Son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jumbly bird,
And shun the frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in utter thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One! two! One, two!
And through and through
The vorpal blade went snickersnack!
Snickersnack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?"
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay?"
He chortled in his joy.

Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
The mome raths outgrabe.

Text: Lewis Carroll

Emmerich Kálmán, Hungarian born, also intended to be a concert pianist, but an early onset of arthritis turned him to composition. He began composing operetta in 1908 in Budapest, but soon found himself in Vienna composing alongside Franz Lehár. His compositional style combined Viennese waltz and the Hungarian czardas as in Hör ich Zigeunergeigen from Gräfin Mariza, which premiered in Vienna on 28 February 1924. This gypsy song sung by the Countess herself has a wide range for the soprano and also varied tempi, which is typical of gypsy music.

Robert Stolz was born in Graz to a musical family. He worked in Vienna until 1910 and then served in the Austrian Army in WWI. His compositions are widely known throughout Austria and often excerpted and concertized. A famous tune from Venus im Seide is Spiel auf deiner Geige. It is about a gypsy reminiscing about her life as a vagabond, constantly on the move unable to call anywhere her home. She speaks of love and wine in a sultry fashion with low tones slipping around in stepwise motion and then leaping up passionately.

Franz Lehár, also a Hungarian composer, is best known for his operettas such as Die Lustige Witwe (1905) and Land des Lächelns (1929). Zigeunerliebe (1910) is a romantic operetta about gypsy magic. Hör ich Cymbalkänge is found right before the finale of the operetta as the disenchantment crumbles and we are left with the gypsy saying, “If my darling no longer loves me, I’ll always find another.” The score is marked “Lied und Csardas,” but the lied is full of rubato making it more of a recitative and then a fiery csardas.
Lee Hoiby began his career as a pianist, but found his love in composing sonatas, concertos, chamber works, oratorios and operas; although, he is best known for his songs. His first composition teacher was Gian Carlo Menotti, and he also worked with Darius Milhaud and Samuel Barber. The songs chosen for this recital have whimsical texts allowing for a freer compositional style. The melodies are “singable,” for the most part, but are enveloped by a complex harmonic structure; Hoiby always wrote a challenging part for the pianist.

The first song, **What If...**, is a dreamlike sequence that begins and ends with a question. The flowing accompaniment keeps the listener in that dreamlike state through the entire piece. **Insomnia** from *Three Stages of Woman* was written for a mezzo-soprano, but the poem grabbed me and the slow blues melody locked me in. This is the third piece of the song cycle that speaks of a woman in her later years scorned by love who personifies herself in the moon. **Jabberwocky**, a poem from the stories of Alice, has always been a favorite of mine. The singer narrates the epic battle between a young man and the beast. The accompaniment acts as the second narrator depicting the battle and the beast’s death. The piece ends with an eerie sense that nothing has really changed.

**What If...**

What if you slept?
And what if in your sleep you dreamed?
And what if in your dream
You went to heaven
And there plucked
A strange and beautiful flower?

And what if when you awoke,
You had the flower in your hand?
Ah! What then?

**Insomnia**

The moon in the bureau mirror
Looks out a million miles
(and perhaps with pride, at herself,
but she never, never smiles)
far and away beyond sleep,
or perhaps she’s a daytime sleeper.
By the Universe deserted,
She’d tell it to go to hell,
And she’d find a body of water,
Or a mirror, on which to dwell.

So wrap up care in a cobweb
And drop it down the well
Into that world inverted
Where left is always right,
Where the shadows are really the body,
Where we stay awake all night,
Where the heavens are shallow
As the sea is now deep,
And you love me.

**La zingara**

Chi padre mi fosse,
Qual patria mia sia,
Invano la gente chiamando mi va;
Del primo mai seppi ed è patria mia
La terra che un fiore, che un frutto mi dà.
Dovunque il destino m'addita un sentiero,
Io trovo un sorriso, io trovo un amor;
Perché del passato daronmi pensiero,
Se l'ora presente è lieta al mio cor?
Puo, è vero, il domani un torrido velo
Dell'aurora serena l'aspetto turbar;
Ma s'aggiungi risplende azzurro il mio cielo,
Perché rattristarmi
D'un dubbio avvenire?
Io sono una pianta
Che ghiaccio non spoglia,
Che tutto disidia del verno il rigor;
Se fronda qui cade, Là un'altra germoglia,
In ogni stagione son carca di fior.

Text: S. Manfredo Maggioni

**The Gypsy Woman**

Who would be my father,
What country be mine,
Those who ask me do so in vain;
Nothing know I of the first, and my country
Is the ground that yields me a flower, a fruit.
Wherever destiny directs my path,
I find reason to smile, to love;
Why turn to thoughts of the past
If the present brings my heart happiness?
True, tomorrow a veil of gloom may trouble
The countenance of this golden serenity.
But if today my sky shines a splendid blue,
Why must I be saddened
By a doubtful day to come?
I am a plant that surrenders,
Nothing to the icy cold.
That resists every winter hardship:
If here a branch falls, there another takes root.
In every season I am laden with bloom.

Translation: unknown

**Henri Duparc** composed only sixteen mélodies between the years of 1868 and 1885, but his small contribution to vocal music leaves us wanting more. His songs are full of beautiful melodies and complex harmonies directly influenced by the poet’s texts.

**L'Invitation au Voyage** is a vision of a happy life in an exotic country full of luxuriousness, calm, and sensuous delight. The voice and piano work together to depict the hazy skies, sleeping ships, and a glorious sunset (‘Dans une chaude lumière!’).

**Le manoir de Rosamonde** is a fiery tale of lovesickness and death. The voice is declamatory and the accompaniment agitated with a driving energy until the tempo slows down. As the lover dies, he is remorseful of time wasted with an echo of the struggle to the goal that was never reached.

**Lamento** is a somber song recalling the plaintive coo of a dove found in the cemetery. The melody moves in stepwise motion with a recurring 4-note theme played first by the piano and echoed in the voice. One can hear the sadness in the singer’s subdued tones, and then as the accompaniment becomes agitated, the melody explodes in desperation and we know that their loved one is buried there.

**Chanson triste** is Duparc’s first mélodie. It speaks of love and hope. Duparc artfully weaves the melody from the vocal line into the accompaniment to echo the text in two key places. Near the end of the song, we modulate to the major key. This signifies the hope that in our loved one we may find the key to our happiness.
L’Invitation au Voyage
Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D’aller là-bas vivre ensemble,
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble.
Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traits yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Là, tout n’est qu’ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.

Vois sur ces canaux
Dormez les vaisseaux
Dont l’humeur est vagabonde;
C’est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu’ils viennent du bout du monde.
Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D’hyacinthe et d’or;
Le monde s’endort
Dans une chaude lumière!

Là, tout n’est qu’ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.

Text: Charles Baudelaire

Le manoir de Rosamonde
De sa dent soudaine et vorace,
Comme un chien l’amour m’a mordu...
En suivant mon sang répandu,
Va, tu pourras suivre ma trace...
Prends un cheval de bonne race,
Pars, et suis mon chemin ardu,
Fondrière ou sentier perdu,
Si la course ne te harasse!

En passant par où j’ai passé,
Tu verras que seul et blessé
J’ai parcouru ce triste monde.
Et qu’ainsi je m’en fus mourir
Bien loin, bien loin, sans découvrir
Le bleu manoir de Rosamonde.

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Text: Robert de Bonnieres

Invitation to the voyage
My child, my sister,
Dream of the sweetness
Of going yonder to live together!
To love at leisure,
To love and to die
In a country that resembles you!
The humid suns
Of these lazy skies,
Have for my spirit the charm
So mysterious
Of your betraying eyes
Shining through their tears.

There, all is order and beauty,
Luxurious, calm and sensuous delight.

See on these canals
These sleeping ships
Whose nature is to roam;
It is to fulfill
Your least desire
That they come from the ends of the earth.
The setting suns
Invest the fields,
The canals, the whole town,
With hyacinth and gold;
The world falls asleep
In a warm light!

There, all is order and beauty,
Luxurious, calm and sensuous delight.

French Translations: Pierre Bernac

The Manor of Rosamund
With its sudden and voracious fang,
Like a dog, love has bitten me.
By following the blood I have shed,
Go! You will be able to follow my trail.

Take a thoroughbred horse,
Set out, and follow my arduous way,
Bog or hidden path,
If the ride does not exhaust you!

In passing where I have passed,
You will see that alone and wounded,
I have ranged this sad world,
And that thus I went to die
Far away, far away, without discovering
The blue manor of Rosamund.

Lament
Connaissez-vous la blanche tombe,
Où flotte avec un son plaintif
L’ombre d’un if?
Sur l’if une plume colombre,
Triste et seule au soleil couchant,
Chante son chant.

On dirait que l’âme éveillée
Pleure sous terre à l’unisson
De la chanson,
Et du malheur d’être oubliée
Se plaint dans un roucoulement
Bien doucement.

Ah! jamais plus près de la tombe,
Je n’irai, quand descend le soir
Au manteau noir,
Écouter la plume colombre
Chanter, sur la branche de l’if,
Son chant plaintif !

Text: Pierre-Jules-Théophile Gautier

Chanson triste
Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d’été,
Et pour fuir la vie importante,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

J’oubliai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
Mon triste coeur et mes pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras!

Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh! quelquefois, sur tes genoux,
Et tu diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous;

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesse,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses
Que peut-être je guérirai...

Text: Jean Labor

Lament
Do you know the white tomb
Where sways with a plaintive sound
The shadow of a yew tree?
On the yew a pale dove,
Sad and alone in the setting sun,
Sings its song.

One would say that the awakened soul
Weeps under the earth in unison
With the song,
And the distress of being forgotten
Laments in a cooing
Very softly.

Ah! Nevermore near to the tomb
Shall I go, when evening descends
In its dark cloak,
To listen to the pale dove
Singing on the branch of the yew tree
Its plaintive song!

Sorrowful Song
In your heart moonlight sleeps,
Gente summer moonlight,
And to escape from the stress of life
I will drown myself in your radiance.

I will forget past sorrows,
My love, when you cradle
My sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving peacefulness of your arms.

You will take my aching head
Oh! Sometimes upon your knee,
And will relate a ballad
That seems to speak of ourselves.

And in your eyes full of sorrows,
In your eyes then I will drink
So deeply of kisses and of tenderness
That, perhaps, I shall be healed...