



University
of Victoria
School of
Music

Degree Recital

Irina Kim, Soprano

Erin Zipper, Piano

Program:

“A Short Story”

March 4th, 2019 @ 8pm

Phillip T. Young Recital Hall, MacLaurin Building

Free Admission

Please turn off all cell phones.

And please refrain from applause until after each chapter.

Thank you!

Program:
“A Short Story”

Chapter 1: *In Youth*

La Pastorella delle Alpi

G. Rossini (1792-1868)

Chapter 2: *Captured*

Anklänge Op. 7 no. 3

J. Brahms (1833-1897)

The Bride’s Lament

P. I. Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)

Intermezzo: *Elsewhere*

Piccolo Serenata

L. Bernstein (1918-1990)

Silhouette

L. Bernstein

Chapter 3: *Captured II*

Canary

P. I. Tchaikovsky

Volklied

J. Brahms

Chapter 4: *Soliloquy*

I go on

L. Bernstein

— INTERMISSION —

Chapter 5: *Shapes of Hope*

Un Cygne

S. Barber (1910-1981)

Solitary Hotel

S. Barber

Intermezzo: *Open Air*

Pastorale

I. Stravinsky (1882-1971)

A Green Lowland of Pianos

S. Barber

Chapter 6: *A Bud*

Mai

G. Fauré (1845-1924)

Dans les Ruines d'une Abbaye

G. Fauré

Der Frühling

J. Brahms

Chapter 7: *In Bloom*

Von ewiger Liebe

J. Brahms

Sombre forêt

G. Rossini

Epilogue

Mondnacht

J. Brahms

– TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS –

La Pastorella delle Alpi

(The Shepherdess of the Alps)

Carlo Pepoli, Conte

G. Rossini

*Son bella pastorella,
che scende ogni mattino
ed offre un cestellino
di fresche frutta e fior.*

I'm the pretty sheperdess
That comes down every morning
And offers a little basket
Of fresh fruit and flowers.

*Chi viene al primo albore
avrà vezzose rose
E poma rugiadose,
venite al moi giardin.*

Whoever comes at dawn
Will have pretty roses
And dew sprinkled apples,
Come to my garden.

*Chi del notturno orrore
Smarì la buona via,
alla capanna mia
ritroverà il cammin.*

Whoever in night's frightness
Loses his way,
At my little hut
Will find his path again.

*Venite, o passeggero,
La pastorella è qua,
Ma il fior del suo pensiero
Ad uno solo darà!*

Come, o traveller,
The shepherdess is here,
But her tenderest thoughts
Address to one alone!

Anklänge

(Reminiscences)

Josef Karl Benedickt von Eichendorff

J. Brahms

<i>Hoch über stillen Höhen</i>	High above the silent heights
<i>Stand in dem Wald ein Haus;</i>	A house stood in the forest;
<i>So einsam war's zu sehen,</i>	So lonely was it to behold,
<i>Dort überm Wald hinaus.</i>	There, over the forest.

<i>Ein Mädchen saß darinnen</i>	A maiden sat there inside
<i>Bei stiller Abendzeit,</i>	in the silent evening time,
<i>Tät seidne Fäden spinnen</i>	Spinning silk threads
<i>Zu ihrem Hochzeitskleid.</i>	For her wedding dress.

Я ли в поле да не травушка была

(Bride's Lament)

I. Z. Surikov

P. I. Tchaikovsky

Translated by: Emily Ezust (lieder.net)

*Я ли в поле не зелёная росла;
Взяли меня, травушку, скосили,
На солнышке в поле иссушили.
Ох, ты, горе мое, горюшко!
Знать такая моя долюшка!*

Was I not growing beautifully green?
They cut me down and
Dried me under the sun.
Oh, my misfortune!
Oh, my miserable fate!

*Я ли в поле не калинушка была,
Я ли в поле да не красная росла;
Взяли калинушку, сломали,
Да в жгутики меня посвязали!
Ох, ты, горе мое, горюшко!
Знать такая моя долюшка!*

Was I not like a berry in the field?
Was I not growing beautifully red?
They broke my branches and
Tied them into bundles.
Oh, my misfortune!
Oh, my miserable fate?

*Я ль у батюшки не доченька была,
У родимой не цветочек я росла;
Неволей меня, бедную, взяли,
Да с немилым, седым
повенчали!
Ох, ты, горе мое, горюшко!
Знать такая моя долюшка!*

Was I not my father's daughter?
Was I not my mother's little flower?
They took me against my will and
wedded me with a grey-haired, cruel
man.
Oh, my misfortune!
Oh, my miserable fate!

Silhouette

Leonard Bernstein, incorporating an Arabic folksong

L. Bernstein

A last little bird on a palm feather riding,
Black and clean in the afterglow.
A long little girl in the olive grove hiding,
Crooning soft as the sun sinks low.

Oo, oo
Hu! 'rrfah!

An old little jeep through the mountains crawling,
Tough and tiny against the sun.
A young Arab shepherd upon his knees falling,
Allah, Allah, the day is done.

Ee, ee
Hee! 'rrfah!

The boys in the dark olive groves assemble,
Hand in hand in a dancing ring.
Their eyes to the sun and their lips atremble,
Drunk with love and the chant they sing:

Walad ela 'Una, Norkod taht el zetuna!

Ah! Ha! 'rrfah!

Канарейка

(Canary)

Lev Aleksandrovich Mey

P. I. Tchaikovsky

*Говорит султанша канарейке:
«Птичка! лучше в тереме
высоком*

*Шебетать и песни петь Зюлейке,
Чем порхать на Западе далеко?
Спой же, спой же мне про за-море,
певичка,
Спой же, спой же мне про Запад,
непоседка!*

*Есть ли там такое небо, птичка,
Есть ли там такой гарем и клетка?
У кого там столько роз бывало?
У кого из шахов есть Зюлейка -
И поднять ли так ей покрывало?»*

*Ей в ответ щебечет канарейка:
«Не проси с меня заморских
песен,
Не буди тоски моей без нужды:
Твой гарем но нашим песням
тесен,
И слова их одалискам
чужды...*

*Ты в ленивой дрёме расцветала,
Как и вся кругом тебя природа,
И не знаешь – даже не
слыхала,
Что у песни есть сестра – свобода.»*

The Sultan's wife says to the canary:
"Little Bird! Is it better to be in a tall
tower

Chirping and singing songs to Zuleika,
Than to flit away in the far West?
Sing, sing to me of lands beyond
the sea, little bird,
Sing, sing to me about the West, little
glider,

Is there such a sky as this, little bird,
Are there the same harems and cages?
Who there has so many roses as I?
Who among the Shahs has a Zuleika -
And if so, would dare to raise her veil?"

In reply, the canary chirps:
"Don't ask me to sing songs of lands
beyond the sea,
Don't wake my anguish needlessly:
Your harem is too cramped for our
songs,
And our lyrics are foreign to the
odalisques...

You blossomed in a lazy slumber,
Like the rest of all nature around you,
And you don't know — you haven't
even heard,
That songs have a sister – freedom."

Volkslied

(Folksong)

Friedrich Silcher

J. Brahms

Translated by: Emily Ezust (lieder.net)

Edited by: Irina Kim

Weit an en andre Ort; Far to another place;
Und i sitz do in Traurigkeit, And I sit here in sadness -
Es isch a böse, schwere Zeit. It is a bad, difficult time.

Könnt i no fort durch d'Welt, If only I could go forth into the world,
Weil mir's hie gar net, gar net g'fällt! for I don't like it here at all!
O Schwälble, komm, i bitt, i bitt! O little swallow, come, I beg you!
Zeig mir de Weg und nimm mi mit! Show me the way and take me with you!

I Go On

Stephen Schwartz and Leonard Bernstein

L. Bernstein

When the thunder rumbles
Now the age of God is dead.
And the dreams we've clung to,
dying to stay young have left us
parched and old instead.
When my courage crumbles,
When I feel confused and frail.
When my spirit falters, on decaying alters.
And my illusions fade.
I go on right then.
I go on again.
I go on to say I will celebrate another day.
I go on.
If tomorrow tumbles,
and everything I love is gone,
I will face regret,
all my days and yet I will still go on.
Lauda...

Un Cygne

(A Swan)

Rainer Maria Rilke, "Poèmes Français"

S. Barber

*Un cygne avance sur l'eau
tout entouré de lui-même,
comme un glissant tableau;*

A swan moves over the water
surrounded by itself,
like a painting that glides;

*ainsi à certains instants
un être que l'on aime
est tout un espace mouvant.*

Thus at times,
a being one loves
is a whole moving space.

*Il se rapproche, doublé,
comme ce cygne qui nage,
sur notre âme troublée...*

And draws near, doubled
like the moving swan
on our troubled soul...

*qui à cet être ajoute
la tremblante image
de bonheur et de doute.*

Which to that being adds
the trembling image
of happiness and doubt.

Solitary Hotel

James Joyce, "Ulysses"

S. Barber

Solitary hotel in mountain pass.
Autumn. Twilight. Fire lit.
In dark corner young man seated.
Young woman enters.
Restless. Solitary. She sits.
She goes to window. She stands.
She sits. Twilight. She thinks.
On solitary hotel-paper she writes.
She thinks. She writes. She sighs.
Wheels and hoofs. She hurries out.
He comes from his dark corner.
He seizes solitary paper.
He holds it towards fire.
Twilight. He reads. Solitary.
What? In sloping, upright and backhands.
Queen's hotel, Queen's hotel, Queen's ho-...

A Green Lowland of Pianos

Czelsaw Miłosz (From the Polish of Jerzy Harosymowicz)

S. Barber

In the evening
as far as the eye can see
herds
of black pianos –

Up to their knees
in the mire
they listen to the frogs.

They gurgle in water
with chords of rapture

They are entranced
by froggish, moonish spontaneity

After the vacation
they cause scandals
in a concert hall
during the artistic milking

Suddenly they lie down
like cows
looking with indifference
at the white flowers
of the audience

at the gesticulating
of the ushers

Mai

(May)

Victor Hugo

G. Fauré

*Puis-que Mai tout en fleurs
dans les prés nous réclame.
Viens, ne te lasse pas de mêler
à ton âme*

*La campagne, les bois, l'
es ombrages charmants,
Les larges clairs de lune
au bord des flots dormants :
Le sentier qui finit où le chemin
commence.*

*Et l'air, et le printemps
et l'horizon immense.*

*L'horizon que ce monde
attache humble et joyeux,
Comme une lèvre au bas
de la robe des cieux.*

*Viens, et que le regard des pudiques
étoiles,*

*Qui tombe sur la terre
à travers tant de voiles.*

*Que l'arbre pénétré de parfum
et de chants.*

*Que le souffle embrasé de midi
dans les champs;*

*Et l'ombre et le soleil,
et l'onde, et la verdure,*

Et le rayonnement de toute la nature.

*Fassent épanouir, comme une
double fleur,*

*La beauté sur ton front
et l'amour dans ton cœur!*

As May, all in flower,
calls us to the meadows,
Come, do not cease to bring close
to your heart

The countryside, the woods,
the charming shades,
The vast reflection of the moon over the
shores of sleepy rivers,
The path that ends where
the road begins,

And the air, the Spring
and the immense horizon

The horizon, modest and cheerful,
which the world places
As a lip at the bottom
of the gown of the skies

Come, and let the gaze of the
chaste stars,

Falling on earth
through so many veils,

The tree, imbued with perfumes
and songs,

The warm wind of the South
in the fields,

And the shadow, and the Sun
and the tide and the greenery,

And the radiance of all nature.

Let them brighten like a
twofold flower,

The beauty of your face
and the love in your heart!

Dans les Ruines d'une Abbaye

(In the Ruines of an Abbey)

Victor Hugo

G. Fauré

*Seuls, tous deux, ravis, chantants,
Comme on s'aime;
Comme on cueille le printemps
Que Dieu sème.*

Alone, those two, charmed, singing,
How they love each other,
How they gather the Spring
That God sows.

*Quels rires étincelants
Dans ces ombres,
Jadis pleines de fronts blancs,
De coeurs sombres.*

What sparkling laughter
In these shadows,
Once crowded with pale faces,
With sad hearts.

*On est tout frais mariés,
On s'envoie,
Les charmants cris variés de la joie!*

They are quite newly wed,
They call to each other,
The charming varying cries!

*Frais échos mêlés
Au vent qui frissonne,
Gaîté que le noir couvent
Assaisonne.*

Joy's fresh echoes, mingling with
the wind that trembles,
Turn the dark convent
Into a friendly place.

*On effeuille des jasmins
Sur la pierre.
Où l'abbesse joint les mains,
En prière.*

They strip the jasmine
Of its petals on the tombstone.
Where the abbess joins her hands
In prayer.

*On se cherche, on se poursuit,
On sent croître ton aube,
Amour, dans la nuit
Du vieux cloître.*

They seek each other, pursue each other,
they see your dawn come up,
Love, in the night
Of the old cloister.

*On s'en va se becquetant,
On s'adôre,
On s'embrasse à chaque instant,
Puis encore,*

They go away, billing,
They adore each other,
They kiss at every moment,
And then once more.

*Sous les piliers, les arceaux,
Et les marbres...
C'est l'histoire
Des oiseaux dans les arbres.*

Under the pillars, the arches,
And the marbles...
This is the story
Of the birds in the trees.

Der Frühling

(The Spring)

Johann Baptist Rousseau

J. Brahms

<i>Es lockt und säuselt um den Baum: Wach auf aus deinem Schlaf und Traum; Der Winter ist zerronnen. Da schlägt er frisch den Blick empor, Die Augen sehen hell hervor Ans goldne Licht der Sonnen.</i>	It teases and murmurs around the tree: Wake up from your sleep and dream; The winter has thawed. Then it turns its glance briskly upwards; Its eyes look brightly forth Toward the golden light of the sun.
<i>Es zieht ein Wehen sanft und lau, Geschaukelt in dem Wolkenbau Wie Himmelsduft hernieder. Da werden alle Blumen wach, Da tönt der Vögel schmelzend Ach, Da kehrt der Frühling wieder.</i>	A gentle and mild breeze, Rocked in the cloud formation, Wafts downward like heavenly fragrance. Then all the flowers awaken, Then resounds the birds' mellow cry, Then returns the spring.
<i>Es weht der Wind den Blütenstaub Von Kelch zu Kelch, von Laub zu Laub, Durch Tage und durch Nächte. Flieg auch, mein Herz, und flattere fort, Such hier ein Herz und such es dort, Du triffst vielleicht das Rechte.</i>	The wind blows the pollen From calyx to calyx, from leaf to leaf, Throughout days and throughout nights. Take flight, my heart, and flutter onward; Seek a heart here and seek one there, You will meet, perhaps, the right one.

Von Ewige Liebe

(Of Eternal Love)

Joseph Wenzig

J. Brahms

*Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald und in Feld!
Abend schon ist es, nun schweiget die Welt.*

Dark, how dark in forest and field!
Evening already: the world is silent.

*Nirgend noch Licht und nirgend noch
Rauch –
Ja, und die Lerche sie schweiget nun auch.*

Nowhere a light, and nowhere [chimney]
smoke –
Yes, even the lark is silent now.

*Kommt aus dem Dorfe der Bursche heraus,
Gibt das Geleit der Geliebten nach Haus,*

Our of the village there comes a lad;
Escorting his sweetheart home.

*Führt sie am Weidengebüsche vorbei,
Redet so viel und so mancherlei:*

He leads her by the willow grove;
Talking so much and of so many things:

*"Leidest du Schmach und betrübest du dich,
Leidest du Schmach von andern um mich,*

"If you suffer from sorrow and shame,
Shame for what others think of me,

*Werde die Liebe getrennt so geschwind,
Schnell, wie wir früher vereinigt sind.*

Let our love be severed as swiftly,
As swiftly, as we were once united.

*Scheide mit Regen und scheide mit Wind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind."*

May it depart with the rain and wind,
As quickly as we were once united."

*Spricht das Mägdelein, Mägdelein spricht:
"Unsere Liebe sie trennet sich nicht!*

Say the girl – the girl speaks:
"Our love – it cannot be severed!

*Fest ist der Stahl und das Eisen gar sehr,
Unsere Liebe ist fester noch mehr.*

Steel is strong, and iron even more so:
Our love is stronger yet.

*Eisen und Stahl, man schmiedet sie um,
Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt sie um?*

Iron and steel – one can re-forge them;
Our love – who can change it?

*Eisen und Stahl, sie können zergehn,
Unsere Liebe muß ewig bestehn!"*

Iron and steel – they can be melted;
Our love must endure forever!"

Sombre Forêt

(Dark Forest)

Étienne de Jouy and Hippolyte Bis

G. Rossini

Johannes Brahms, 75 Songs (The Vocal Library)

Edited by: Irina Kim

Sombre forêt, désert triste et sauvage, Dark forest, wilderness sad and wild,
Je vous préfère aux splendeurs des palais: I prefer you to the splendours of the palace:
C'est sur les monts, au séjour de l'orage, It is on the mountains, the place of the storm,
Que mon cœur peut renaître à la paix; that my heart can regain peace;

Mais l'écho seulement And only the echo
Apprendra mes secrets. Will learn my secrets.

Toi, du berger astre doux et timide, You, the sweet and shy star of the shepherd,
Qui, sur mes pas, viens semant tes reflets, Whose light illuminates my footsteps,
Ah! sois aussi mon étoile et mon guide! Ah! be also my star and my guide!
Comme lui tes rayons sont discrets, Like him, your rays are discrete,

Et l'écho seulement And only the echo
Redira mes secrets. Will repeat my secrets.

Mondnacht

(Moonlit Night)

Joseph Karl Benedickt von Eichendorff

J. Brahms

Translation from: *Wikipedia*

<i>Es war, als hätte der Himmel,</i>	It was as though heaven
<i>Die Erde still geküßt,</i>	Had quietly kissed the earth
<i>Daß sie im Blütenschimmer</i>	So that it, in blossoming lustre,
<i>Von ihm nur träumen müßt.</i>	Must dream only heavenly dreams.

<i>Die Luft ging durch die Felder,</i>	The breeze blew through the fields;
<i>Die Ähren wogten sacht,</i>	The corn stalks swayed gently;
<i>Es rauschten leis die Wälder,</i>	The forests rustle softly,
<i>So sternklar war die Nacht.</i>	So starbright was the night.

<i>Und meine Seele spannte</i>	And my soul spread
<i>Weit ihre Flügel aus,</i>	Wide its wings, and
<i>Flog durch die stillen Räume,</i>	Took flight through the quiet expanses
<i>Als flöge sie nach Haus.</i>	As though it were flying home.

Translation from: *Johannes Brahms, 75 Songs* (The Vocal Library)

Irina Kim is from the class of Professor Susan Young

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the Bachelor of Music
Performance program.

Special thanks to Braden O'Neill
for program and poster design.

Reception to follow in the lounge.

