

University of
Lethbridge



Faculty of Fine Arts
Department of Music

Presents

Sophia Makela, Soprano

In a

Graduation Recital

Assisted by

John-Paul Ksiazek, piano

From the Studio of

Dr. Janet Youngdahl

1:00pm

April 1st, 2023

Recital Hall

~~PROGRAM~~

“V’adoro pupille” from Giulio Cesare George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Three Mélodies Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)
Romance
Les cloches
Nuit d’étoiles

Five Lieders Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)
An den Mond
Heiss mich nicht reden from 4 Gesänge aus “Wilhelm Meister”
So lasst mich scheinen from 4 Gesänge aus “Wilhelm Meister”
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt from 4 Gesänge aus “Wilhelm Meister”
Frühlingsglaube

~ INTERMISSION ~

Four Art Songs Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)
Ben Moore (b. 1960)
Lee Hoiby (1926-2011)
Music for a While
I Hate Music!
On Music
Where The Music Comes From

Three Finnish Songs Oskar Merikanto
(1868-1924)
Kullan murunen
Pai, pai, paitaressu
Kuin hiipuva hiillos tummentuu

“Meine Lippen, sie küssen so heiss” from *Giuditta* Franz Lehár
(1870-1948)

~ *TRANSLATIONS* ~

V'adoro pupille

Sweet eyes, darts of love,
I adore you.
Your sparks are welcome guests
in my breast.
My sorrowful heart desires you
to be merciful,
for its beloved calls out
unceasingly for you.

Romance

The vanishing and suffering soul,
The sweet soul, the fragrant soul
Of divine lilies that I have picked
In the garden of your thoughts,
Where, then, have the winds chased it,
This charming soul of the lilies?
Is there no longer a perfume that
remains
Of the celestial sweetness
Of the days when you enveloped me
In a supernatural haze,
Made of hope, of faithful love,
Of bliss and of peace?

Les cloches

The leaves opened on the edge of the
branches,
delicately.
The bells tolled, light and free,
in the clear sky.

Rhythmically and fervently, like an
antiphon,
this far-away call
reminded me of the Christian whiteness
of altar flowers.

These bells spoke of happy years,
and in the large forest
they seemed to revive the withered
leaves
of days gone by.

Nuit d'etoiles

Night of stars, beneath your veils,
Beneath your breezes and your scents,
A sad lyre that sighs,
I dream of dead loves.

The serene melancholy comes bursting
In the depth of my heart,
And I hear the soul of my love
Tremble in the dreaming woods.

In the leafy shadows,
When I sigh very quietly,
You return, poor awakened soul,
All white in your shroud.

I see again at our fountain
Your gaze, blue as the sky;
This rose, it is your breath,
And these stars are your eyes.

An den Mond

Beloved moon, shed your silver
radiance
through these green beeches,
where fancies and dreamlike images
forever flit before me.

Unveil yourself, that I may find the
place
where my beloved often sat,
and often forgot, in the swaying
branches of the beech and lime and,
she forgot the gilded town.

Unveil yourself, that I may delight in
the whispering bushes that cooled her,
and lay a wreath on that meadow
where she listened to the brook.

Then, beloved moon, take your veil
once more, and mourn your friend,
and weep down through the hazy
clouds
as the one abandoned weeps!

Heiss mich nicht reden

Don't ask me to speak - ask me to be silent,
for my secret is a [solemn] duty to me.
I wish I could bare my soul to you,
but Fate does not will it.
At the right time, the sun's course will dispel the dark night, and it must be illuminated.
The hard rock will open its bosom; and ungrudgingly, the earth will release deep hidden springs.

Others may seek calm in the arms of a friend;
there one can pour out one's heart in lament.
But for me alone, a vow locks my lips,
And only a god has the power to open them.

So lasst mich scheinen

So let me seem, until I become so;
don't take the white dress away from me!
From the beautiful earth I hasten down into that solid house.
There I will repose a moment in peace,
until I open my eyes afresh;
then I will leave behind the spotless garment,
the girdle and the wreath.
And those spirits of heaven do not ask whether one is 'man' or 'woman',
and no clothes, no robes will cover my transfigured body.
Although I have lived without trouble and toil,
I have still felt deep pain.
Through sorrow I have aged too soon;
Make me forever young again!

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt

Only one who knows longing
Knows what I suffer!
Alone and cut off
From all joy,
I look into the firmament
In that direction.
Ah! he who loves and knows me
Is far away.
I am reeling,
My entrails are burning.
Only one who knows longing
Knows what I suffer!

Frühlingsglaube

Balmy breezes are awakened,
They whisper and move day and night,
And everywhere creative.
O fresh scent, o new sound!
Now, poor heart, don't be afraid.
Now all, all must change.
With each day the world grows fairer,
One cannot know what is still to come,
The flowering refuses to cease.
Even the deepest, most distant valley is in flower.
Now, poor heart, forget your torment.
Now all, all must change.

Kullan murunen

Thou art a nugget of gold,
Of the purest gold.
I am a but of copper,
When I am melted into gold,
I shall never be rusty again.
Thou art a nugget of gold,
Of the purest gold.

Pai, pai, paitaressu

Bye bye my sweet swaddled baby
huddled in the cradle,
rocking in the basket!
I shall rock thee dearly,
in my arms I shall cradle thee:
not for the wolves' glory,
nor the enjoyment of the lynx,
or the play of the bear.
I shall rock thee for Finland's glory,
for mine own enjoyment,
for the fame of my country.
Bye bye my sweet swaddled baby
rocking in the basket!

Kuin hiipuva hillos tummentuu

Like the dying embers grow dark
when the fire consumes it into dust,
like the vanishing sound of the evening
bell
when it strikes for the last time.
Thus, perhaps, the struggles will fade
which fierily consumed emotion,
and the heart too passionately aflame
and beating
will silently subside as well.

Meine Lippen, sie küssen so heiss

I don't understand myself,
why they keep talking of love,
if they come near me,
if they look into my eyes and kiss my
hand.
I don't understand myself,
Why they talk of magic,
you fight in vain, if you see me
If you pass me by.
But if the red light is on
In the middle of the night
And everybody listens to my song,
Then it is plain to see:
My lips, they give so fiery a kiss,
My limbs, they are supple and white,

It is written for me in the stars:
Thou shalt kiss! Thou shalt love!
My feet, they glide and float,
My eyes, they lure and glow,
And I dance as if entranced, 'cause I
know!
My lips give so fiery a kiss!
In my veins
runs a dancer's blood,
Because my beautiful mother
Was the Queen of dance in the gilded
Alcazar!
She was so very beautiful,
I often saw her in my dreams,
If she beat the tambourine, to her
beguiling dance
All eyes were glowing admiringly!
She reawakened in me,
mine is the same lot.
I dance like her at midnight
And from deep within I feel:
My lips, they give so fiery a kiss!
My limbs, they are supple and white,
It is written for me in the stars:
Thou shalt kiss! Thou shalt love!
My feet, they glide and float,
My eyes, they lure and glow,
And I dance as if entranced, 'cause I
know!
My lips give so fiery a kiss!