



FACULTY OF  
**FINE ARTS**

**Presents**

**Noelle Kuntz, soprano**

**In a**

**Graduation Recital**

**Assisted by**

**Isaac Risling, piano**

**Miranda Juergensen, mezzo soprano**

**Colleen Klassen, harpsichord**

**U of L Singers Tenors and Basses**

**From the Studio of  
Dr. Janet Youngdahl**

**1:00pm**

**March 17, 2024**

**Recital Hall**

~~ PROGRAM ~~

*O kühler Wald*, Op. 72, No 3  
*Lerchengesang*, Op. 70, No. 2  
*Dein blaues Auge*, Op. 59, No. 8

Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

*Serenade*

John Beckwith  
(1927-2022)

*Green Rain*

Violet Archer  
(1913-2000)

*Long Ago*

Jean Coulthard  
(1908-2000)

*Echo*

Thomas Schudel  
(b. 1937)

*And Love Says*

Leslie Uyeda  
(b. 1967)

*Noelle Kuntz, soprano*  
*Isaac Risling, piano*

~~ INTERMISSION ~~

*Extase*  
*Lamento*  
*La vie antérieure*

Henri Duparc  
(1848-1933)

*Zpíváno do dalky*, Op. 22  
i. *Píseň tvé nepřítomnosti*  
ii. *Polohlasem*  
iii. *Jarní*

Vítězslava Kaprálová  
(1915-1940)

Stabat Mater

Giovanni Battista Pergolesi  
(1710-1736)

*i. Grave: Stabat Mater Dolorosa*

*Noelle Kuntz, soprano*  
*Miranda Juergensen, mezzo soprano*  
*Isaac Risling, piano*

*Lamento della ninfa, SV 163*

Claudio Monteverdi  
(1567-1643)

*Noelle Kuntz, soprano*  
*Colleen Klassen, harpsichord*

*In collaboration with U of L Singers tenors Cordell Collett, Jalen Olsen, Seth Villamil, baritones Augustus Connery-Boyer, Carson Froelich, Gabe Heywood, Sam Parker, Isaac Risling, and basses Justin Cleland and Max Kortbeek.*

***Translations of song texts can be found on the next page of the program.***

## ~~ TRANSLATIONS ~~

### O kühler Wald (O Cool Forest)

O cool forest,  
In which my beloved walks,  
Where are you murmuring?  
O echo,  
Where are you listening,  
Who love to understand my song?

Deep in the heart  
Is where the forest murmurs,  
In which my beloved walks,  
The echo  
Fell asleep in sorrow,  
The songs have blown away.

### Lerchengesang (Lark's Song)

Ethereal distant voices,  
Heavenly greetings of the larks,  
How sweetly you stir  
My breast, you delightful voices!

Gently I close my eyes,  
And memories pass by  
In soft twilights,  
Pervaded by the breath of spring.

### Dein blaues Auge (Your Blue Eyes)

Your blue eyes stay so still,  
I look into their depths.  
You ask me what I seek to see?  
Myself restored to health.

A pair of ardent eyes have burnt me,  
The pain of it still throbs:  
Your eyes are limpid as a lake,  
And like a lake as cool.

### Extase (Rapture)

On a pale lily my heart sleeps  
A sleep sweet as death...

Exquisite death, death perfumed  
By the breath of the beloved...

On your pale breast my heart sleeps  
A sleep sweet as death...

### Lamento (Lament)

Do you know the white tomb,  
Where the shadow of a yew  
Waves plaintively?  
On that yew a pale dove,  
Sad and solitary at sundown  
Sings its song;

As if the awakened soul  
Weeps from the grave, together  
With the song,  
And at the sorrow of being forgotten  
Murmurs its complaint  
Most meltingly.

Ah! nevermore shall I approach that tomb,  
When evening descends  
In its black cloak.  
To listen to the pale dove  
On the branch of the yew  
Sings its plaintive song!

### **La vie antérieure (A Previous Life)**

For long I lived beneath vast colonnades  
Tinged with a thousand fires by ocean suns,  
Whose giant pillars, straight and majestic,  
Made them look, at evening, like basalt caves.

The sea-swells, mingling the mirrored skies,  
Solemnly and mystically interwove  
The mighty chords of their mellow music  
With the colours of sunset reflected in my eyes.

It is there that I have lived in sensuous repose,  
With blue sky about me and brightness and waves  
And naked slaves all drenched in perfume.

Who fanned my brow with fronds of palm,  
And whose only care was to fathom  
The secret grief which made me languish.

### **Zpíváno do dalky (Sung Into The Distance)**

#### **Píseň tvé nepřítomnosti (Song of your absence)**

The sea for me is not the sea without you, my love.

You are to me, however, always you, near or distant.

You are above me like a white cloud,  
Like the eternal seagull on the water  
In the meantime, in the tremolo of rains,  
The shadows rub against one another in the fair sand.

You are above me like radiance.

The sea for me is not the sea without you, my love.

You are to me, however, always you, near or distant.

### **Polohlasem (Under one's breath)**

The wind is blowing,  
The light of the lamp is shaking.  
It is guarded  
By two loving hands.

On the lamp, which shiveringly glows,  
Through chinks in the door,  
Through crevices in the windows  
The wind is blowing.

Not before morning the lamp will die  
And we will remain alone.  
Your heart is sounding, a musical clock.  
Having inhaled eternity, we will embody it  
Into a long, lone kiss.

### **Jarní (Spring)**

The day with butterflies, with sun and flowers,  
With the rejoicings of children's play  
Flashed to us from spiderwebs, from spiderwebs.

Birds in the heights drew to the north.  
Soon, however, they turned into drops of silver.

Which fell in silence to the earth,  
—Tears of your fading love.

The day with butterflies, with sun and flowers,  
With rejoicings of children's play  
Flashed to us from spiderwebs, from spiderwebs.

### **Stabat Mater Dolorosa**

There stood the Mother grieving,  
Beside the cross weeping.  
While on it hung her son.

**Lamento della ninfa (The nymph's  
lament)**

The god Phoebus had still to light  
The great fires of the dawn  
When the nymph left her dwelling.

Her face a pale temple in its ruins of grief;  
Her cries – a heart, rending.

Hither and thither she went,  
Stumbling through flowers,  
Grieving the love she had lost.

Hear me, O Love, she begged the heavens,  
–stock still now, rooted to the spot–  
What happened to that traitor's vow,  
“Togetherness and trust?”

I just want him back,  
But as he was before.  
If you cannot – then kill me;  
I cannot bear this agony.

No more will I listen to his sighs,  
Unless we are separated by a thousand seas  
No! No longer will I martyr myself for this.

I am destroying myself because of him,  
And the worse it is, the more gorged,  
The more satisfied he seems.  
If I were to flee from him,  
Perhaps then he might come begging?

That woman's eyebrows  
May be arched more perfectly than mine,  
But sealed within my breast, O Love,  
Lives a faithfulness still fairer.

And that woman's mouth will never open  
To give such kisses as I can give!  
Hush! Say nothing – you know only too well!

With these cries she cast  
Her anguish to the heavens.  
And so it is that in the heart of every lover  
Burns, side-by-side, love's flame and ice.