

GRADUATE RECITAL

by

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Department of School of Music

The University of British Columbia
Vancouver, Canada

Date April 23, 1998

Mireille Rijavec

mezzo-soprano

Sonia Kim

piano

APRIL 20th, 1998
UBC School of Music Recital Hall

PROGRAMME

Arias from *Magnificat*

1. Esurientes implevit bonis - J.S. Bach
2. Suscepit Israel - C.P.E. Bach
Sonia Kim - organ

Frauenliebe und Leben - R. Schumann

1. Seit ich ihn gesehen
2. Er, der Herrlichste von Allen
3. Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben
4. Der Ring
5. Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
6. Süßer Freund, du blickest
7. An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust
8. Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz gethan

Intermission

Two Polish Folk Songs - F. Chopin

1. Hulanka
2. Narieczony

For my Father on his Birthday - April 20th, 1936

Four Slovenian Art Songs - M. Lipošek

1. Prišel čas je krog Božica
2. Melanholija
3. Prva pomlad
4. Pesem Ajše

Autumn - Patrick Cardy

1. Alba
2. Aspects of Rain
3. Twilight

This recital is in partial fulfillment of the Master's of Music (Voice) degree.

Arias from *Magnificat*

1. Esurientes implevit bonis - J.S. Bach
He hath filled the hungry with good things,
and the rich hath sent empty away.

2. Suscepit Israel - C.P.E. Bach

He hath helped his servant Israel. Forget not then His mercy. This promise He gave us, spoken to our fathers, to Abraham and to his seed.

Frauenliebe und Leben - R. Schumann

1. Seit ich ihn gesehen

Since first I saw him
I have seemed to be blind;
Wherever I look
I see only him;
As in a waking dream
His image hovers before me,
Emerging from deepest darkness
Ever more brightly.

Everything else is dark and colorless

All around me,

My sisters; games

I no longer wish to share,

But would rather weep quietly in my little chamber;

Since first I saw him

I have seemed to be blind.

2. Er, der Herrlichste von Allen

He, the most magnificent of all men,
How gentle he is, how good!
Tender lips, bright eyes,
A clear mind and firm courage.

Just as there in the deep blue distance
Bright and magnificent yonder star.
So does he shine in my sky.
Bright and magnificent, distant and sublime.

Go, go your way.
Only let me gaze at your radiance.
Gaze at it in humility,
To be but blissful and sad.

Do not listen to my silent,
Devoted to your happiness alone;
You shall never know me, a lowly maid.
You noble star of glory.

Only the worthiest one of all
Shall exalt your choice.
And I will bless this sublime woman
Many a thousand times.

Then I shall rejoice and weep.
Blissful, blissful I will be.
Even if my heart should break-
Break, oh heart, what does it matter?

3. **Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben**
I can't grasp it, can't believe it,
A dream has beguiled me;
How could he, from amongst all the others,
Have exalted and blessed poor me?

It seemed to me as if he had said:
"I am forever yours."
It seemed to me as if I were still dreaming.
After all, it can never be so.

O let me die in my dream,
Cradled on his breast,
Let me sip the bliss of death,
Amidst tears of infinite joy.

4. **Der Ring**

You ring on my finger,
My golden little ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
To my heart.

My dream had come to its end,
The peaceful, lovely dream of childhood,
I found myself alone, lost
In bleak, infinite space.

You ring on my finger,
Only then you taught me,
Opened my eyes
To life's infinite, deep value.

I want to serve him, live for him,
Belong to him completely,
Give myself to him and find
Myself transfigured in his radiance.

5. **Helft mir, ihr Schwestern**

Help me, sisters,
Kindly adorn me,
Serve me today in my joy.
Busily braid
About my forehead
The wreath of blossoming myrtle.

When with contentment
And joy in my heart
I lay embraced by my beloved,
He still called,
With longing heart,
Impatiently for this very day.

Help me, sisters,
Help me banish
A foolish fearfulness;
So that with bright eyes
I may receive him,
Him, the well to all joyousness.

My beloved,
You have entered my life,
Do you give me your radiance, my sun?
Let me in worship
And in humility
Bow before my master.

Scatter flowers, oh sisters,
Scatter flowers before him,
Bring him budding roses.
But you, sisters
I greet with sadness
As I joyfully depart from your midst.

6. Süßer Freund, du blickest

Sweet friend, you look at me in wonder;
You cannot understand how I can weep.
Let the unfamiliar adornment of these moist pearls
Tremble joyfully bright in my eyes.

How fearful my heart is, how blissful.
If only I had the words to say it;
Come and hide your face here upon my breast,
I shall whisper all my joys into your ear.

Do you now understand the tears that I can shed,
Should you not see them, you beloved man?
Stay near to my heart, feel its beat,
So that I may press you ever more closely to me!

Here by my bed there is room for the cradle,
Where it may quietly conceal my lovely dream;
The morning will come when the dream awakens,
And from it your likeness shall smile at me!

7. An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust

On my heart, on my breast,
You my bliss, you my joy!
Happiness is love,
Love is happiness,
I've said it and won't take it back.
I considered myself rapturous
But now I am happier than ever.
Only she who nurses, only she who loves
The child to whom she gives nourishment;
Only a mother knows
What it means to love and to be happy.
Oh how I pity the man
Who will never feel a mother's joy!
You dear, dear angel, you,
You look at me and you smile.
On my heart, on my breast,
You my bliss, you my joy!

8. Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz gethan

Now for the first time you have caused me pain,
But it struck its mark.
You sleep, you hard, pitiless man
The sleep of death.
The forsaken one stares around herself-
The world is empty;
I have loved and I have lived,
I am alive no longer.

I silently withdraw into myself,
The veil is falling;
There I have you and my lost happiness,
You, my world!

Two Polish Folk Songs - F. Chopin

1. Hulanka

Lass! Serving-wench! For God's sake, stop!
While you carelessly laugh, you're pouring mead over my
jerkin!
I'll not forgive - I'll kiss you! Such eyes, such eyebrows!
Such tiny feet, and such white teeth - my blood's on fire!
Hey brother, why are you dreaming? The devil take your
sorrows!

Drink away your misery! Only the devil deserves this
world!

Drunken legs will lead you astray, but would this really
matter?

When you're woken by your wife's screams you'll find
your way home!

Drink, or we'll come to blows. Hurry, girl, come on,
help smooth things over, pour us the mead!

2. Narzeczony

The wind in the bushes whispers 'Too late, too late my
horse!

Too late, dark-bowed boy, you ride over the meadows.

Can you not see, over the forest, that swarm of crows?

How they fly up, and circle and swoop down over the forest
again?'

- 'Where are you, where are you, my lovely girl?

Why aren't you running to meet me?'

- 'How, how could she meet you when she lies in her
grave?'

- 'Oh, let me go! I am overwhelmed, let me see her!

Did her beautiful eyes turn in my direction at the end?

When she hears my call and my lament over her head,

perhaps she will rise from her coffin and return to life.

Four Slovenian Art Songs - M. Lipóšek . Prišel čas je krog Božiča

With Christmas comes a new arrival

Mountains are cloaked in white

The fox approaches the yards

Rabbits make paths on the snow

Fields are frosted over

Cold and twilight arrive on the country

The hills are full of snow

The evening roads are arduous.

The water at the mill has slowed

The brook has been hushed

It hides itself under the ice,

but its jet glows through.

These are wintery, wintery times

North roads are snowed under

Through the window I look at the village

I could almost count the small snowflakes

The entire world is sworn to sadness

Despite its pale bride, I come alive.

2. Melanholija

Here with you, I am silent, without words,

The silence covering my heart like a black raincoat.

I want to capture your gaze.

Why, why, would I give it back?

I want to reach out to you.

Because I am trembling and I want to stay.

I want to express my pain but I cannot,

I cannot let go of your sad face.

3. Prva pomlad

Hey kittens! Now you climb quickly on the outstretched
boughs

When not so long ago,
They were covered with frost.

When, hawthorne, did you gather your blossoms?
Snowflakes imitate intricate white lace.
Is it already time to take off my fur cap?

And girls, what is waking in you?
What inflames your eyes?
What begins to bloom in your breast?
Sh! We cannot tell you!

4. Pesem Ajše

From this dark room I look on wonderful mountains,
You often told me about them,
And you wanted them with me, with me
to once again experience them with me.

I see my longings in the stone walls,
My thoughts are playing with the white peaks.
Break the chains of humanity and
Let us free on the road to the sun!

The inebriating air, the sun's ardor,
And the heavenly peace stuns,
Maybe, maybe,
Everything will be beautiful again.

Twilight covers the earth,
No more mountains, no more luminous dreams,
Only a dark room and a sentient mind
Which call on my thoughts to stop! Stop