

accompanied by 1 cassette In Sp. coll.

GRADUATION RECITAL

By

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B.Mus., The University of British Columbia, 1978

A THESIS SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF
THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF
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(Department of Music)

We accept this thesis as conforming
to the required standard

THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

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Department of Music

The University of British Columbia
1956 Main Mall
Vancouver, Canada
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Date May 28, 1985

THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA
Department of Music

Recital Hall
Friday, April 19, 1985
8:00 p.m.

*GRADUATE RECITAL

Nadine Bohna, *soprano*

assisted by

Marilyn Loewen, *piano*

- "Mio caro bene!"
from Rodelinda G.F. Handel
(1685-1759)
- Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen
Liebhabers verbrannte Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Abendempfindung (1756-1791)
Oiseaux, si tous les ans
- Aufträge Robert Schumann
Kennst du das Land? (1810-1856)
Lust der Sturmnacht
- Liebst du um Schönheit Gustav Mahler
Ich atmet' einen linden Duft (1860-1911)
Um schlimme Kinder artig zu machen
Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?
- "Senza mamma, o bimbo, tu sei morto"
from Suor Angelica Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

- Intermission -

- "Depuis le jour"
from Louise Gustave Charpentier
(1860-1956)
- from Les Animaux et leurs hommes Henri Sauguet
Chat (b. 1901)
Chien
Oiseau
Porc
- Trois poèmes de Jean Cocteau Darius Milhaud
Fumée (1892-1974)
Fête de Bordeaux
Fête de Montmartre
- Three Songs of Venice Michael Head
The Gondolier (1900-1976)
St. Mark's Square
Rain Storm

*In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of
Music Degree with a Major in Voice Performance.

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Mio caro bene!

My beloved!

I no longer know suffering and pain,
I no longer have grief in my heart.
Seeing you happy,
I feel now in my heart,
That only love abides in it.

Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte
(As Luise burned the letters from her faithless Lover)

Begotten of feverish imagining, born of daydreams, return to dust,
children of melancholy! Flames gave you being, and I return you to
the flames, with all the songs he sang, not only to me. You burn,
and soon there will be no trace. But ah! The man who wrote you may
long burn within me.

Abendempfindung

It is evening; the sun has set and the moon shines with silver.
So life's happiest moments fly away, as in a dance. Soon flies
life's bright scene, the curtain falls; the play ends, and a friend's
tears flow on our grave. Soon, perhaps, the thought comes on me like
the west wind that I shall end my pilgrimage, go to the land of rest!
If you should come to my grave, I will appear to you, to beckon you
to heaven. Bestow a tear on me, and drop a violet on my grave; with
your heartfelt gaze, look down gently. Consecrate one tear for me,
and be not ashamed! It will be the fairest pearl in my diadem.

Oiseaux, si tous les ans

Birds, if every year you change with the climates when winter strips
our woods, it is not merely to shun the cold. Your destiny lets you
love only in the season of flowers, and when it ends you go elsewhere,
to love throughout the year.

Aufträge

Not so fast, not so fast! Wait a bit, little wave! I want to give you a
message for my sweetheart. If you float past her, give her a loving greeting
from me! Tell her I would have come along, floating down on you, and would
have boldly asked for a kiss in return for the greeting, but time was too
short and didn't permit it.

Not so hasty! Stop! Just a moment, little light-winged dove! I have a
message for you to give my sweetheart! You are to give her a thousand
greetings, and a hundred on top of that. Tell her I would have flown with
you, passing over mountain and river, and would have boldly asked for a
kiss in return for the greeting, but time was too short and didn't permit it.

Don't wait for me to chase you, you lazy moon! You know what I ordered you
to do for my sweetheart: cautiously peep into her window and give her a
loving greeting from me! Tell her I would have mounted you and flown to
her myself, and would have boldly asked for a kiss in return for the
greeting; tell her the fault is yours, that my impatience was too great for it!

Kennst du das Land?

Do you know the land where the lemon trees blossom, where the golden oranges gleam amid the dark foliage, where a gentle breeze blows from the blue sky, where the myrtle stands quietly and the laurel grows tall? Do you really know it? There! there I would like to go with you, O my lover.

Do you know the house? Its roof rests on columns, its great hall shines, the rooms glisten, and marble statues stand and look at me: "What have they done to you, you poor child?" Do you really know it? There! there I would like to go with you, O my protector.

Do you know the mountain and its path amid the clouds? The mule seeks its way in the mist; the ancient brood of the dragons lives in caves; the cliff falls away and over it the water leaps. Do you really know it? That way lies our path! O Father, let us go!

Lust der Sturmnacht

When rain pours down outside over mountains and valleys, when storms roar, when inn signs and windows clatter loudly and foot travelers go astray in the night, it so pleasantly restful in here. Dissolved into blissful loving, all the golden glow of heaven takes refuge in this quiet room. Richness of life, have pity, hold me tight in lovely arms! Spring flowers force their way upward, light little clouds drift by and birds sing. Never end, wild night of storms! Windows, clatter! Signs, swing! Rear up, forests! Roar waves! I am embraced by heavenly brightness!

Liebst du um Schönheit

If you love for beauty, oh do not love me!
Love the sun, adorned by golden hair!
If you love for youth, oh do not love me!
Love the spring, it is young every year!
If you love for treasures, oh do not love me!
Love the mermaid, she has many shimmering pearls!
If you love for love, oh yes, then love me!
Love me always, I love you forever, forever!

Ich atmet' einen Linden Duft

I breathed a gentle scent,
In the room stood a branch of linden,
A gift from a dear hand.
How lovely was the scent of linden.
How lovely is the scent of linden,
The sprig of linden you gathered gently!
I breathe softly amid the scent of linden
Love's gentle scent.

Um schlimme Kinder artig zu machen

There came a lord to the little castle on a beautiful little horse.
Cu-cu-ckoo, cu-cu-ckoo!
There looks the lady out of the window and says, "My husband is not at home,
And nobody home except my children, and the maidservant is in the wash-house!"
The lord on his little horse says to the lady in the little castle,
Cu-cu-ckoo, cu-cu-ckoo!
"Are they good children, are they bad children? Oh, dear lady, oh tell me quickly."
Cu-cu-ckoo, cu-cu-ckoo!
"In my bag for obedient children, I have many gifts," Cu-cu-ckoo, cu-cu-ckoo!
The lady says, "Very bad children! They don't obey their mother quickly,
They are bad, they are bad!"
So the lord says, "Then I will ride home, for such children I have no use!"
And he rides on his little horse far, far away from the little castle!
Cu-cu-ckoo, cu-cu-ckoo!

Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?

Up there on the mountain in the high house! In the house!
 There looks out a fine dear little maiden! She is not at home there!
 She is the innkeeper's little daughter. She lives on the green heath.

My heart is sore! Come, sweetheart, make it well!
 Your dark brown eyes have wounded me; your rosy mouth makes my heart hale,
 Makes the young wise, makes the dead come alive, makes the sick recover.

Who, then, has thought up this fine little song?
 Three geese brought it over the water. Two gray and a white!
 And whoever can't sing the little song, they will whistle it for me!

Senza mamma, o bimbo, tu sei morto!

My dearest child, you have died without knowing your mother's love.
 Your lips grow cold without my kisses. Your little hands lie crossed on
 your bosom, unable to caress me. You have died without knowing how much
 you mother loved and adored you.
 Now you are an angel and look down from heaven on your loving mother. I
 long to feel your kisses and caresses. When shall I find release from my
 sorrows in sweet death? When will I be able to come to you in heaven?
 Speak to me, speak to me, my loved one!

Depuis le jour

Since the day I gave myself to you, my pathways are radiant with flowers.
 My soul is still intoxicated with the joy of your first kiss.
 All of nature rejoices with me - I see only laughter, light, and joy.
 I tremble with exquisite delight when I recall our first day of love!

(from Les animaux et leurs hommes)Chat

To only put one's finger on it...
 The cat is far too large an animal
 His tail overtakes his head,
 He turns in a circle and responds to caresses.
 But at night, one sees his eyes
 Of which the paleness is the only gift.
 They are too large for what they hide
 And too ponderous for the lost wind of dreams.
 When the cat dances, it is to isolate his prison
 And when he thinks, it is only as far as the wall of his eyes.

Chien

Warm dog, in voice and movements entirely like your master
 Take life like the wind, with your nose.
 Rest peacefully.

Oiseau

Charming... Oh! poor girl!
 The birds confuse the dazzling sun of the roof,
 The birds pretend to replace the sun, lighter than the oil
 Which flows between us.

Porc

With sun on the back,
 With sun on the belly,
 The head, large and immobile, like a canon,
 The pig works.

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Trois poèmes de Jean Cocteau

Fumée

You may smoke - but beware!
the horseback rider of Médrano,
when you smoke your cigar,
jumps through the smoke rings.

Fête de Bordeaux

The merry-go-round gazes
At the endless journey of the steamship "Touraine".
It would give all the gold of its fairground glory
To trade its round-about journey for sailing the high seas.

Fête de Montmartre

Don't swing so high
the sky belongs to everyone
Barge sailor
the dark night laughs
at your gold anchors
and drinks standing in silence
like an ink blotter
the aroma of your
blue back which strongly scents
the boulevard.