



University of Northern Iowa™

School of Music

presents

Eileen Gavin, Soprano

Graduate Recital

assisted by:

Korey Barrett, piano

Aygul Garryeva, mezzo-soprano

In partial fulfillment of the requirement
for the MM Performance degree in Voice

From the Studio of Mr. Jeffrey Brich

Duet of Olga and Tatyana
from *Eugene Onegin*

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky
(1840-1893)

La promessa
Il rimprovero
La partenza
L'orgia
La danza
from *Serate musicali*

Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Drei Lieder der Ophelia
Erstes Lied der Ophelia
Zweites Lied der Ophelia
Drittes Lied der Ophelia

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Intermission

Tel jour, telle nuit
Bonne journée
Une ruine coquille vide
Le front comme un drapeau perdu
Une roulotte couverte en tuiles
À toutes brides
Une herbe pauvre
Je n'ai envie que de t'aimer
Figure de force brûlante et farouche
Nous avons fait la nuit

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

A Set of Three Dunbar Poems
Compensation
Theology
Dawn

Betty Jackson King
(1928-1994)

Duet of Olga and Tatyana

Slykhali l' vy za roshchei glas nochnoi Pevtsa lyubvi, pevtsa svoei pechali?

Kogda polya v chas utrenii molchali,
Svireli zvuk unylyi i prostoi, Slykhali l' vy?
Togda svireli zvuk unylyi i prostoi.

Slykhali l' vy?

Vzdokhnuli l' vy, Vnimaya tikhii glas

Pevtsa lyubvi, Pevtsa svoei pechali?

Kogda v lesakh Vy yunoshu vidali
Vstrechaya vtor ego Potukhshikh glaz...
Vzdokhnuli l' vy? Vzdokhnuli l' vy?

Serate musicali

La promessa

Ch'io mai vi possa

Lasciar d'amare,

No, nol credete,

Pupille care;

Nè men per gioco

V'ingannerò.

Voi sole siete

Le mie faville,

E voi sarete,

Care pupille,

Il mio bel foco

Sin ch'io vivro, ah!

Il rimprovero

Mi lagnerò tacendo

Della mia sorte amara, ah!

Ma ch'io non t'ami, o cara

Non lo sperar da me

Crudel, perche fin' ora

Farmi penar cosi?

Crudel! Non lo sperar da me

La partenza

Ecco quel fiero istante:

Nice, mia Nice, addio.

Come vivrò ben mio,

Così lontan da te?

Io vivrò sempre in pene,

Io non avrò più bene:

E tu, chi sa se mai

Ti sovverrai di me!

Sempre nel tuo cammino,

m' avrai vicino;

E tu, chi sa se mai

Ti sovverrai di me!

L'orgia

Amiamo, cantiamo le donne e i liquor,
gradita è la vita fra Bacco ed Amor.

Se Amore ho nel core, ho il vin nella testa,

Duet of Olga and Tatyana

Have you not heard, from beyond the grove at night, the voice that sings of love and sings of sorrow?

When, at the morning hour, the fields lay silent, the music of the pipe, simple and sad, have you not heard?

Then the music of the pipe, simple and sad.

Have you not heard?

Have you not sighed on hearing that sweet voice

sing of love and of its sorrows?

When in the forest you saw a youth and met the gaze of his sunken eyes...

Did you not sigh? Did you not sigh?

Serate musicali

The promise

That I will ever be able

to stop loving you

No, don't believe it,

dear eyes!

Not even to joke

would I deceive you about this.

You alone

are my sparks,

and you will be,

dear eyes,

my beautiful fire

as long as I live, ah!

The reproach

In silence I will complain

About my bitter fate

But not to love you, dear,

do not hope to obtain that from me.

Cruel one, why do you still

Let me suffer like this?

You are cruel! do not wish it upon me.

The departure

Now comes the painful instant

Nice, my Nice, goodbye,

How can I live, my love

So far away from you!

My life will be a burden

Without any happiness

And you, who knows if ever

You will remember me.

On your way I shall always

Be close to you

But you, who knows, if ever

You will remember me

The orgy

Let's love and sing of woman and wine

Live is a joy between Bacchus and Amor

I've got love in my heart and wine in my head

che gioia che festa, che amabile ardor.

Amando, scherzando, trincando liquor,
m'avvampo, mi scampo da noie e dolor.
Cantiam, gradita è la vita
fra Bacco ed Amor !
Danziamo, cantiamo, alziamo il bicchier,
ridiam, sfidiam i tristi pensier !

Regina divina, la madre d'amor,
guiliva ravviva rinuova ogni cor.
Balzante, spumante con vivo bollor,
e il vino divino del mondo signor.
Già ballo traballo che odor, che vapor
si beva ribeva con sacro furor.

La danza

Già la Luna è in mezzo al mare,
Mamma mia si salterà:
L'ora è bella per danzare;
Chi è in amor non mancherà !
Presto in danza a tondo a tondo...
Donne mie venite quà:
Un garzon bello e giocondo
A ciascuna toccherà.

Finchè in ciel brilla una stella,
E la luna splenderà;
Il più bel con la più bella
Tutta notte danzerà.
Mamma mia, mamma mia,
già la luna è in mezzo al mare,
mamma mia, mamma mia,
mamma mia si salterà.
Frinche frinche frinche frinche
mamma mia, si salterà,
La la ra la ra...

Salta, salta, gira, gira,
Ogni coppia a cerchio va,
Già s'avvanza, si ritira,
E all' assalto tornerà.
Serra, serra colla bionda,
Colla bruna va quà e là,
Colla rossa va a seconda,
Colla smorta fermo sta.
Viva il Ballo a tondo, a tondo
Sono un Rè, sono un Bascià,
È il più bel piacer del mondo,
La più cara voluttà!

Mamma mia, mamma mia,
già la luna è in mezzo al mare,
mamma mia, mamma mia,
mamma mia si salterà.
Frinche frinche frinche frinche
mamma mia, si salterà,
La la ra la ra...

What a pleasure, what a feast, what a lovely passion.

Loving and joking drinking some wine
animates me and calms my sorrow and pain.
Let's dance and sing
Life is a joy between Bacchus and Amor
Let's dance and sing let's raise the glass
Let's laugh and forget our sorrow and pain.

O divine queen, mother of love
with joy renew every heart!
Leaping, sparkling, foaming over with life
Is the wine divine Ruler of the world.
Already I dance, I stagger, what smell, what steam!
So drink, over and over again in a holy frenzy.

The dance

The moon is already in the middle of the sea,
Oh my, we will jump:
The hour is perfect for dancing;
Who is in love will not miss out!
Quickly, let's dance round and round...
My ladies, come here:
A handsome and cheerful young man
Will come to each of you.

As long as a star shines in the sky,
And the moon is glowing;
The most handsome with the most beautiful
Will dance all night.
Oh my, oh my,
The moon is already in the middle of the sea,
Oh my, oh my,
Oh my, we will jump.
Faster faster faster faster
Oh my, we will jump,
La la ra la ra...

Jump, jump, turn, turn,
Every couple goes in a circle,
Now advancing, now retreating,
And then back to the charge.
Hold tight with the blonde,
With the brunette, go here and there,
With the redhead, go second,
With the pale one, stand still.
Long live the round dance, round and round
I am a King, I am a Pasha,
It is the greatest pleasure in the world,
The most cherished delight!

Oh my, oh my,
The moon is already in the middle of the sea,
Oh my, oh my,
Oh my, we will jump.
Faster faster faster faster
Oh my, we will jump,
La la ra la ra...

Drei Lieder der Ophelia

Erstes Lied der Ophelia

Wie erkenn' ich mein Treulieb
Vor andern nun?
An dem Muschelhut und Stab
Und den Sandalschuh'n.

Er ist tot und lange hin,
Tot und hin, Fräulein.
Ihm zu Häupten grünes Gras,
Ihm zu Fuß ein Stein. O, ho!

Auf seinem Bahrtuch, weiß wie Schnee,
Viel liebe Blumen trauern:
Sie gehn zu Grabe naß, o weh,
Vor Liebesschauern.

Zweites Lied der Ophelia

Guten Morgen, 's ist Sankt Valentinstag,
So früh vor Sonnenschein
Ich junge Maid am Fensterschlag
Will euer Valentin sein.

Der junge Mann tut Hosen an,
Tät auf die Kammertür
Ließ ein die Maid, die als Maid
Ging nimmermehr herfür.

Bei Sankt Niklas und Charitas,
Ein unverschämt Geschlecht!
Ein junger Mann tut's wenn er kann,
Fürwahr, das ist nicht recht.

Sie sprach: Eh' ihr gescherzt mit mir,
Verspracht ihr mich zu frei'n.
Ich bräch's auch nicht, bei'm Sonnenlicht!
Wär'st du nicht kommen herein.

Drittes Lied der Ophelia

Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß,
Leider ach leider den Liebsten!
Manche Träne fiel in des Grabes Schoß:
Fahr' wohl, meine Taube!

Mein junger frischer Hansel ist's der mir gefällt,
Und kommt er nimmermehr?
Er ist tot, o weh!
In dein Todbett geh,
Er kommt dir nimmermehr.

Sein Bart war weiß wie Schnee,
Sein Haupt wie Flachs dazu:
Er ist hin, er ist hin,
Kein Trauern bringt Gewinn:
Mit seiner Seele Ruh!

Und mit allen Christenseelen! darum bet' ich!—
Gott sei mit euch.

First song of Ophelia

How shall I know my true love
From others now?
By his cockle hat and staff
And his sandal shoes.

He is dead and long gone,
Dead and gone, lady!
At his head green grass,
At his feet a stone. O, ho!

On his shroud white as snow
Many sweet flowers mourn.
They'll go wet to the grave, alas,
Wet with love's showers.

Second song of Ophelia

Good morning, it's St Valentine's Day,
So early before sunrise.
I, young maid at the window,
Shall be your Valentine.

The young man put trousers on,
Opened up the chamber door,
Let in the maid who as a maid
Departed nevermore.

By St Nicholas and Charity,
What a shameless breed!
A young man does it when he can,
Which is, forsooth, not right.

She said: before you trifled with me,
You promised to marry me.
I'd not, by sunlight! have broken my word,
If you had not come in.

Third song of Ophelia

They carried him naked on the bier,
Alas, alas, the dear one!
Many a tear dropped in the grave—
Farewell, farewell, my dove!

My young fresh Johnnie it is
I love—and will he come never more?
He is dead, ah woe!
To your deathbed go,
He will come to you never more.

His beard was white as snow,
His head was like flax.
He is gone, he is gone,
Nothing comes of mourning:
May his soul rest in peace

With all Christian souls! That is my prayer!
God be with you!

Tel jour telle nuit

Bonne journée j'ai revu qui je n'oublie pas
Qui je n'oublierai jamais
Et des femmes fugaces dont les yeux
Me faisaient une haie d'honneur
Elles s'envelopèrent dans leurs sourires

Bonne journée j'ai vu mes amis sans soucis
Les hommes ne pesaient pas lourd
Un qui passait
Son ombre changée en souris
Fuyait dans le ruisseau
J'ai vu le ciel très grand
Le beau regard des gens privés de tout
Plage distant où personne n'aborde

Bonne journée qui commença mélancolique
Noire sous les arbres verts
Mais qui soudain trempée d'aurore
M'entra dans le cœur par surprise.

Une ruine coquille vide

Pleure dans son tablier
Les enfants qui jouent autour d'elle
Font moins de bruit que des mouches
La ruine s'en va à tâtons
Chercher ses vaches dans un pré
J'ai vu le jour vois cela
Sans en avoir honte

Il est minuit comme un flèche
Dans un cœur à la portée
Des folâtres lueurs nocturnes
Qui contredisent le sommeil.

Le front comme un drapeau perdu

Je te traîne quand je suis seul
Dans des rues froides
Des chambres noires
En criant misère
Je ne veux pas les lâcher
Tes mains claires et compliquées
Nées dans le miroir clos des miennes
Tout le reste est parfait
Tout le reste est encore plus inutile
Que la vie
Creuse la terre sous ton ombre
Une nappe d'eau près des seins
Où se noyer
Comme une pierre.

Une roulotte couverte en tuiles

Le cheval mort un enfant maître
Pensant le front bleu de haine
A deux seins s'abattant sur lui
Comme deux poings
Ce mélodrame nous arrache
La raison du cœur.

Good day I saw again whom I do not forget
whom I shall never forget
and fugacious women whose eyes
formed a hedge of honour for me
they wrapped themselves in their smiles

good day I saw my friends without a care
the men were not heavy
one who was passing by
his shadow turned into a mouse
was fleeing in the stream
I saw the sky very big
the beautiful gaze of those people deprived of everything
distant beach on which nobody lands

good day which started melancholy
black beneath the green trees
but which suddenly drenched in dawn
came into my heart by surprise.

A ruin an empty shell

weeps into its apron
the children who play around it
make less noise than flies
groping the ruin leaves
to fetch its cows in a meadow
I saw the day I see it
without being ashamed

it is midnight like an arrow
in a heart within reach
of the flitting nocturnal glimmerings
which counter sleep.

With the forehead like a lost flag

I drag you when I am alone
in cold streets
dark rooms
screaming misery
I do not want to let them go
your clear and complicated hands
born in the closed mirror of my own
all the rest is perfect
all the rest is even more useless
than life
dig out the earth beneath your shadow
a water table near the breasts
in which to drown
like a stone.

A gypsy wagon roofed with tiles

a dead horse a child master
thinking his brow blue with hatred
of two breasts beating upon him
like two fists
this melodrama tears our
heart's reason from us.

À toutes brides toi dont le fantôme
Piaffe la nuit sur un violon
Viens régner dans les bois
Les verges de l'ouragan
Cherchent leur chemin par chez toi
Tu n'est pas de celles
Dont on invente les désirs
Viens boire un baiser par ici
Cède au feu qui te désespère.

Une herbe pauvre
Sauvage
Apparut dans la neige
C'était la santé
Ma bouche fut émerveillée
Du goût d'air pur qu'elle avait
Elle était fanée.

Je n'ai envie que de t'aimer
Un orage emplît la vallée
Un poisson la rivière
Je t'ai faite à la taille de ma solitude
Le monde entier pour se cacher
Des jours des nuits pour se comprendre
Pour ne plus rien voir dans tes yeux
Que ce que je pense de toi
Et d'un monde à ton image
Et des jours et des nuits réglés par tes paupières.

Figure de force brûlante et farouche
Cheveux noirs où l'or coule vers le sud
Aux nuit corrompues
Or englouti étoile impure
Dans un lit jamais partagé

Aux veines des tempes
Comme au bout des seins
La vie se refuse
Les yeux nuls peut les crever
Boire leur éclat ni leurs larmes
Le sang au-dessus d'eux triomphe pour lui seul

Intraitable démesurée
Inutile
Cette santé bâtit une prison.

Nous avons fait la nuit je tiens ta main je veille
Je te soutiens de toutes mes forces
Je grave sur un roc l'étoile de tes forces
Sillons profonds où la bonté de ton corps germera
Je me répète ta voix cachée ta voix publique
Je ris encore de l'orgueilleuse
Que tu traite comme une mendicante
Des fous que tu respectes des simples où tu te baignes
Et dans ma tête qui se met doucement d'accord avec la tienne
avec la nuit
Je m'émerveille de l'inconnue que tu deviens
Une inconnue semblable à tout ce que j'aime
Qui est toujours nouveau.

At full tilt you whose phantom
paws upon a violin at night
come to reign in the woods
the lashings of the hurricane
search for their path around you
you are not of those
whose desires one invents
come and drink a kiss over here
surrender to the fire which drives you to despair.

A grass, meager
Wild
appeared in the snow
it was health
my mouth was in wonder
at the taste it had of pure air
it was withered.

I only want to love you
a storm fills the valley
a fish the river
I made you to match my loneliness
the whole world in which to hide
days nights during which to understand one another
to see nothing more in your eyes
but that which I think of you
and of a world made to your image
and of the days and nights governed by your eyelids.

Face of wild and burning strength
black hair wherein the gold flows to the south
on corrupted nights
engulfed gold impure star
in a never-shared bed

to the veins of the temples
as at the end of the breasts
life rejects itself
none can crush the eyes
nor drink of their brilliance or their tears
above them blood triumphs for itself alone

intractable inordinate
useless
this health is building a prison.

We have turned off the light I hold your hand I keep watch
I support you with all my strength
I engrave the star of your strengths on a rock
deep furrows in the goodness of your body will germinate
I repeat your hidden voice your public voice
I laugh still of the haughty woman
whom you treat like a beggar
of fools you respect of simple folk in who you immerse
and in my head which harmonizes gently with yours with the
night
I marvel at the strange woman that you are becoming
a strange woman resembling all that I love
who is always new.