

*Love*  
The 5 Stages of ~~Grief~~

SENIOR STUDENT RECITAL

**Chantel Goodwin**, soprano

Jonathan Barrus, piano

Dec 9, 2023 3:00PM  
BYUI Recital Hall

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor of Music in Vocal Performance.*

## PROGRAM

The Singing Lesson

*Featuring Dr. David Olsen, baritone*

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From *Dichterliebe*, op. 48

1. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
2. Aus meinen Thränen spriessen
3. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

Claud Ferring

Robert Schumann

(1810–1856)

Geheimnis

from *Fünf Gesänge*

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Johannes Brahms

(1833–1897)

Ach, ich fühl's

from *Die Zauberflöte*

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Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

(1756–1791)

*Four Songs*

1. A Nun Takes the Veil
2. Secrets of the Old
3. Sure on this shining night
4. Nocturne

Samuel Barber

(1910–1981)

**Intermission**

## PROGRAM

Nacht  
from *7 Frühe Lieder*

Alban Berg  
(1885–1935)

Die Nacht

Richard Strauss  
(1864–1949)

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Oh! quand je dors

Franz Liszt  
(1811–1886)

Après un rêve

Gabriel Fauré  
(1845–1924)

Morgen!  
from *4 Lieder*

Richard Strauss  
(1864–1949)

Le jour

Oley Speaks  
(1874–1948)

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Quando me'n vo'  
from *La Bohème*

Giacomo Puccini  
(1858–1924)

## The 5 Stages of Love Program Notes

This program of songs follows the progression of a broken heart. Take a journey through music as the singer passes through tribulation in the matters of love and searches in the darkness to eventually find herself in the light.

### The Singing Lesson

Text by Claud Ferring

This fun duet showcases what it is sometimes like to be in a private vocal lesson. While some of the techniques in this song may appear exaggerated, one might be surprised to find out these methods are not so inaccurate to the way students are really taught.

However outlandish these methods may look, they work! This duet features Baritone Dr. David Olsen, who has been Chantel's private vocal instructor for the majority of her time at BYU-Idaho.

Just take a breath and hold a note like this: Ah  
I take a breath and hold a note like this: Ah  
Now imitate my patterning, and give your voice a  
joyful ring.  
And vocalise with open throat.  
While on the breath the voice will float.  
La la la, Pa pa pa, Ma ma ma Ta  
Me re me ray doh te doh te lah. Ah

Breathe deep, with shoulders kept down  
Voice clear, with ring in the tone:  
Bring out the words of the song.  
Consonants mark, the vowels prolong.  
Don't frown or wrinkle your brow.  
Don't strain and don't over blow.  
Come now, with voice full of joy.  
Singing the music you love

That's very good: Now follow me carefully  
So: Menemenemoh:  
Hung O, Bung O  
Tafa Tefe Taa  
.  
Now to rehearse our musical terms  
Affrentando, allargando,  
Lusingando, rallentando,  
Animato, agitato,  
Stromenstato,passionato:  
Andamento, concertante  
Poco lento, largamente:  
Grazioso, grandioso, giocososo.  
  
Allegro moderato, non troppo pizzicato  
Cantabile con moto, con spirito:  
A cappella, campanella, canzonetta, cabaletta,  
Cavatina, concertina arpeggio  
Buffa, buffa, presto, presto  
Questa, questa, vivo, vivo, Brio, brio, bravo, bravo  
Bravissimo!

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Chantel has had the privilege to work with several different voice faculty members at Brigham Young University – Idaho who have each played different and important roles in her education and growth as a person while obtaining her degree. She would like to thank all her music teachers and mentors, especially David Hinck, Dr. Eda Ashby, Dr. Randall Kempton, and Dr. David Olsen for teaching by the spirit and offering loving guidance.

Quando me'n vo' from *La bohème* Text by Luigi Illica (1857–1919) and Giuseppe Giacosa (1847–1861)

Puccini operas portray the knitty gritty of human life, the lowest and harshest of circumstances. *La bohème* is a story about a group of artists and friends struggling to make a proper living. Marcello is one such artist, involved in an on again-off again relationship with Musetta, the performer. Musetta's Waltz is her attempt to grab Marcello's attentions and have him running back to her, which is not a difficult feat, considering Musetta is extremely beautiful and she knows it.

Quando me'n vo' soletta per la via,  
la gente sosta e mira, e la bellezza mia  
tutta ricercar in me, da capo a pie'.

Ed assaporò allor la bramosia sottile,  
che da gli occhi traspira  
e dai palesi vezzi intender sa  
alle occulte beltà.  
Così l'effluvio del desio tutta m'aggira  
felice mi fa!

E tu che sai, che memori e ti struggi  
da me tanto rifuggi?  
So ben: le angoscie tue non le vuoi dir,  
Ma ti senti morir!

When I go walking alone along the street,  
the people stop and stare, and all search for the  
beauty in me, from head to feet.

I savor then the subtle desire  
that emanates from their eyes  
and can understand the hidden beauties of my  
obvious charms.  
Thus the scent of desire all surrounds me,  
makes me happy!

And you who know, who remember, and you who  
suffer from me totally flee?  
I know well that you do not want to admit your  
torment, but you feel as if you're dying.

*Translation by Bard Suverkrop  
Adapted by Chantel Goodwin*

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai from *Dichterliebe* Text by Heinrich Heine (1797–1856)

Robert Schumann is a renowned German composer of the Romantic era. A brilliant pianist himself, Schumann's art songs are known not only for their beautiful vocal melodies, but for the complexity and depth held within each of the piano accompaniments. Before Schumann's marriage to his wife Clara, his works were primarily piano-based due to his sentiment that vocal music is inferior to instrumental. This sentiment was turned around and the power of the voice proven in the 138 vocal songs Schumann wrote within one year of marriage.

Written during this Year of Song, Schumann's famous song cycle, *Dichterliebe*, or *Poet's Love*, tells the story of a lover who must experience the complex feelings of a broken-heart. The story begins as love blossoms along with the Spring. The lover is hopeful and uncertain, hesitation and even foreshadowing displayed in the unstable tonality of the soloistic piano prelude and interludes.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,  
Als alle Knospen sprangen,  
Da ist in meinem Herzen  
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,  
Als alle Vögel sangen,  
Da hab' ich ihm<sup>1</sup> gestanden  
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

In the wonderfully beautiful month of May  
When all the buds are bursting open,  
There, from my own heart,  
Bursts forth my own love.

In the wonderfully beautiful month of May  
When all the birds are singing,  
So have I confessed to him<sup>1</sup>  
My yearning and my longing.

*Translation by Paul Hindemith*

Aus meinen Thränen spriessen from *Dichterliebe* Text by Heinrich Heine (1797–1856)

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen  
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,  
Und meine Seufzer werden  
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,  
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',  
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen  
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

From my tears sprout forth  
Many blooming flowers,  
And my sighing become joined with  
The chorus of the nightingales.

And if you love me, dear child,  
I will send you so many flowers;  
And before your window should sound  
The song of the nightingale.

*Translation by Paul Hindemith*

1. ihr, which means her, in the original text

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne from *Dichterliebe*   Text by Heinrich Heine (1797–1856)

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,  
Die liebt' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.  
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine  
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;

Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,  
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.  
Ich liebe alleine die Kleine,  
Die Feine, die Reine, die Eine, die Eine!

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,  
I loved them all once in love's bliss.  
I love them no more, I love only  
The Small, the Fine, the Pure the One;

He himself<sup>2</sup>--the source of all love--  
IS the rose, lily, dove, and sun  
I love only that which is small,  
Fine, pure--the one, the ONE!

*Translation by Paul Hindemith*

Geheimnis from *Fünf Gesänge*

Text by Karl August Candidus (1817–1872)

Johannes Brahms, like Schumann, was a German Romantic composer. Brahms, however, was known to marry classical structures with Romantic melodies and gestures, uniting past classical form with harmonic Romantic innovation. It was also Brahms who became a dear friend to the Schumanns and supported Clara Schumann her greatly after the passing of Robert. Brahms was often criticized for using the text of lesser-known poets, but this did not create a lack of quality, as seen in the setting of Candidus's words in "Geheimnis."

O Frühlingsabenddämmerung!  
O laues, lindes Weh'n,  
Ihr Blütenbäume, sprecht, was tut  
ihr so zusammensteh'n?

Vertraut ihr das Geheimnis euch  
Von uns'rer Liebe süß?  
Was flüstert ihr ein ander zu  
Von uns'rer Liebe süß?

O spring's evening twilight!  
O mild, gently breezes,  
You blossoming trees, speak – what are you doing,  
standing so close together?

Do you confide to one another  
the secret of our sweet love?  
What do you whisper to one another  
about our sweet love?

*Translation by Emily Ezust*

Le jour (Morning)

Original English Text by Frank L Stanton (1857–1927)

While not quite as famous as Oley Speaks's "On the Road to Mandalay" recorded by Frank Sinatra, "Morning" also sold more than one million copies. Frank Lebby Stanton wrote the original English words of "Morning" as a poem in a column in the newspaper the Atlanta Constitution. "Morning" has been translated to "the day" in the French version of the piece. A new day, the breaking of dawn at morning, is filled with hope. Here the singer finds such hope as this in the eyes of their beloved.

Pas détoile au firmament,  
Seule vent va mugissant.  
Les fleurettes dorment encore,  
Danc la brume tout est mort.

Mais l'aurore étend ses feux  
Et la terre rend grâce à Dieu,  
Le jour vient, le jour luit, le beau jour!

Le soleil de ses rayons  
Dore les pres verst, les moissons!  
C'est le jour du beau ciel bleu,  
Le jour dans tes jolis yeux,

Dans tes yeux, tes yeux que j'aime,  
Où Dieu mit la joie suprême,  
C'est le jour! Oui, c'est le jour, le jour d'amour!

Not a star is in the firmament,  
Only the wind is howling.  
The flowers are still sleeping,  
In the mist everything is dead.

But the dawn spreads its fire  
And the Earth gives thanks to God,  
The day comes, the day shines, the beautiful day!

The sun with its rays  
Gild the green meadows, the harvests!  
It's the day of the beautiful blue sky,  
The day in your pretty eyes,

In your eyes, your eyes that I love,  
Where God placed supreme joy,  
It's the day! Yes, it's the day, the day of love!

*Translation by Chantel Goodwin*

### Morgen! from 4 Lieder

Text by John Henry Mackay (1864–1933)

This song was a part of a set, Opus 27, which Strauss gifted to his wife Pauline on their wedding day. The three songs preceding this piece in the Opus talk of finding rest in the soul, carrying a lover with one always, and making a pledge to a beloved one. The final piece speaks of the hope that there will always be tomorrow to reunite loved ones. The push and pull of tempo is another characteristic of German Lieder which lends itself to portraying strong human emotions.

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen,  
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,  
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen  
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde . . .

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,  
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,  
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,  
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes  
Schweigen . . .

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,  
and on the path I will take,  
it will unite us again, we happy ones,  
upon this sun-breathing earth...

And to the shore, the wide shore with blue waves,  
we will descend quietly and slowly;  
we will look mutely into each other's eyes  
and the silence of happiness will settle upon us.

*Translation by Emily Ezust*

### Ach, ich fühl's from from Die Zauberflöte

Text by Emanuel Schikaneder (1751–1812)

*Die Zauberflöte*, or *The Magic Flute*, is one of Mozart's most loved works in the operatic literature. The leading ingénue of the story is Pamina, daughter of the Queen of the Night. She has been kidnapped by the supposedly wicked Sarastro and the Prince Tamino has been sent to rescue her. Pamina's mother has ordered her to either kill Sarastro or become disowned. Now having fallen in love with the Prince, Pamina is confused and heart-broken when the Prince refuses to speak with her as part of a test he must pass in order to secure her hand in marriage, unbeknownst to Pamina herself.

Ach, ich fühl's, es ist verschwunden,  
ewig hin der Liebe Glück!  
Nimmer kommt ihr, Wonnestunde,  
meinem Herzen mehr zurück!

Sieh', Tamino, diese Tränen  
fließen, Trauter, dir allein!  
Fühlst du nicht der Liebe Sehnen,  
so wird Ruh' im Tode sein!

Ah, I feel it, it has disappeared,  
love's happiness is forever gone!  
Never come you back, hours of bliss,  
to my heart evermore!

See, Tamino, these tears  
flowing, beloved, for you alone!  
If you do not feel love's longing  
then my peace will be only in death!

*Translation by Bard Suverkrop  
Adapted by Chantel Goodwin*

### A Nun Takes the Veil from Four Songs

Text by Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844–1889)

Samuel Barber was a modern American composer. His music was very Romantic in sentiment and sometimes atonal. Having composed 106, he is known as one of the greatest composers of art song. Because Barber's priority was to keep the coherency of the text, his music often challenges the singer with abnormal meters and assymetrical, unexpected rhythms.

I have desired to go  
Where springs not fail,  
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail  
And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be  
Where no storms come,  
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,  
And out of the swing of the sea.

### The Secrets of the Old from *Four Songs*

Life's experiences bring not only knowledge, but wisdom. Each new experience adds up until one can look back on life and understand that some things really do happen for a reason.

I have old women's secrets now  
That had those of the young;  
Madge tells me what I dared not think  
When my blood was strong,  
And what had drowned a lover once  
Sounds like an old song.

Though Marg'ry is stricken dumb  
If thrown in Madge's way,  
We three make up a solitude;

### Sure on this shining night from *Four Songs*

The melody in this song is carried back and forth between the weaving textures of the voice and piano. Staring up to the stars one can imagine family members on the other side of the veil looking down on them. "Kindness," or kin must wait for them to complete their work on the Earth.

Sure on this shining night  
Of star-made shadows round,  
Kindness must watch for me  
This side the ground

The late year lies down the North  
All is healed, all is health  
High summer holds the Earth  
Hearts all whole

### William Butler Yeats (1865–1939)

For none alive today  
Can know the stories that we know  
Or say the things we say:  
  
How such a man pleased women most  
Of all that are gone,  
How such a pair loved many years  
And such a pair but one,  
Stories of the bed of straw  
Or the bed of down.

### Text by James Agee (1909–1955)

Sure on this Shining night  
I weep for wonder  
Wandering far alone  
Of shadows on the stars

### Après un rêve Text by Romain Bussine, After an anonymous Tuscan poet (1830–1899)

Gabriel Fauré was a French composer whose three different stylistic periods helped bridge Romantic music with modern music. *Après un rêve* reflects Fauré's first compositional period with a flowing melody and rich chromatic harmonies bearing the mark of early French mélodie. The art song of Fauré's second compositional period contained greater musical complexity, utilizing modality and achieving an even greater depth of expression. In his later years Fauré began to lose his hearing. The vocal lines he wrote towards the end of his life reflected his malady in that he stuck primarily to the mid-range of the voice and his compositions became more introspective and complex rather than charming.

Dans un sommeil que charmait ton image  
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage,  
Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix pure et sonore,  
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par l'aurore ;

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre  
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière,  
Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvriraient leurs nues,  
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines entrevues.

Hélas! Hélas! triste réveil des songes  
Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends-moi tes mensonges,  
Reviens, reviens radieuse,  
Reviens ô nuit mystérieuse !

In a sleep charmed by your image,  
I dreamed of happiness, burning mirage.  
Your eyes were milder, your voice pure and  
ringing,  
You shone like a sky lit by the aurora;

You called to me and I left the earth  
To flee with you toward the light.  
The heavens opened their clouds for us,  
Unknown splendors, divine glimmers met us,

Alas! Alas! Sad awakening from dreams...  
I demand of you, night, give back to me your lies,  
  
Return, return in radiance,  
Return, mysterious night!

*Translation by Shawn Thuris*

## Oh! quand je dors

Text by Victor Hugo (1802–1885)

Franz Liszt was a Hungarian born piano virtuoso and composer. "Oh! quand je dors" is known as Liszt's masterpiece amongst the fourteen French art songs he composed. Liszt's French art songs often carry more characteristics of German Lieder than French mélodie. The drama angst of German Lieder prevail here as a lover awaits someone who will never return. Just as the ancient poet Petrarch wrote of seeing his departed lover Laura, the singer waits and hopes for their beloved to appear to them in dreams.

Oh! quand je dors, viens auprès de ma couche,  
comme à Pétrarque apparaissait Laura,  
Et qu'en passant ton haleine me touche...  
Soudain ma bouche  
S'entrouvrira!

Sur mon front morne où peut-être s'achève  
Un songe noir qui trop longtemps dura,  
Que ton regard comme un astre se lève...  
Soudain mon rêve  
Rayonnera!

Puis sur ma lèvre où voltige une flamme,  
Éclair d'amour que Dieu même épura,  
Pose un baiser, et d'ange deviens femme...  
Soudain mon âme  
S'éveillera!

Oh viens! comme à Pétrarque apparaissait Laura!

Oh, when I sleep, approach my bed,  
as Laura appeared to Petrach;  
and as you pass, touch me with your breath...  
at once my lips  
will part!

On my glum face, where perhaps  
a dark dream has rested for too long a time,  
let your gaze lift it like a star...  
at once my dream  
will be radiant!

Then on my lips, where there flits a brilliance,  
a flash of love that God has kept pure,  
place a kiss, and transform from angel into  
woman...  
at once my soul  
will awaken!  
Oh come! as Laura appeared to Petrarch!

*Translation by Emily Ezust*

## Nocturne from *Four Songs*

Text by Frederic Prokosh (1908–1989)

Nocturne is based on Prokosh's love poem and displays a unique synthesis of tonal and atonal harmonies. Where atonality gives way to tonality, the horrors of the night give way to unexpected beauties.

Close my darling both your eyes,  
Let your arms lie still at last.  
Calm the lake of falsehood lies  
And the wind of lust has passed,

Waves across these hopeless sands  
Fill my heart and end my day,  
Underneath your moving hands  
All my aching flows away.

Even the human pyramids  
Blaze with such a longing now:  
Close, my love, your trembling lids,  
Let the midnight heal your brow.

Northward flames Orion's horn,  
Westward the Egyptian's light.  
None to watch us,  
None to warn  
But the blind, Eternal Night

### Nacht from 7 *Frühe Lieder*

Text by Karl August Candidus (1817–1872)

Alban Berg was among the group of composers known as the Second Viennese School. The Second Viennese School believed music's next step in expressing the world as they knew it was atonality, music without a key or traditional harmonic structure. They composed in the style of Serialism, or 12-Tone Music. Serialism follows a strict set of rules, manipulating a single row of 12 unique pitches to form the entirety of a song. Berg was the most Romantic of these Serialists, placing expression and emotion over the rules of this system, drama over the letter of the law.

Dämmern Wolken über Nacht und Thal,  
Nebel schweben. Wasser rauschen sacht.  
Nun entschleiert sich's mit einem Mal:  
O gieb acht! gieb acht!

Weites Wunderland ist aufgethan,  
Silbern ragen Berge traumhaft gross,  
Stille Pfade silberlicht thalan  
Aus verborg'nem Schoss.

Und die hehre Welt so traumhaft rein.  
Stummer Buchenbaum am Wege steht  
Schattenschwarz -- ein Hauch vom fernen Hain  
Einsam leise weht.

Und aus tiefen Grundes Düsterheit  
Blinken Lichter auf in stummer Nacht.  
Trinke Seele! trinke Einsamkeit!  
O gieb acht! gieb acht!

The clouds embrown the night and valley;  
the mists float above, the water rushing gently.  
Now all at once they unveil themselves:  
o listen! pay heed!

A broad land of wonder has opened up.  
Silver mountains rise up, fantastically huge,  
quiet paths lit with silver lead toward the valley  
from some hidden place;

and the noble world is so dreamily pure.  
A mute beech stands by the path,  
black with shadows; a breeze from a distant,  
lonely grove wafts gently by.

And from the deep darkness of the valley  
flash lights in the silent night.  
Drink, my soul! Drink in this solitude!  
O listen! pay heed!

*Translation by Emily Ezust*

### Die Nacht

Text by Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg (1812–1864)

Richard Strauss was a German Romantic composer known mainly for his operatic works and colorful orchestrations. In fact, many of the art songs Strauss wrote for piano and voice were later written again with an orchestral accompaniment. Along with love and death, German art song, known as German Lieder, often dealt with the Romantic fascination with the macabre and supernatural. The night, which holds many mysteries and can represent strong human emotion, is a common topic in Lieder. Here the night slowly inches up on the vocalist throughout the piano accompaniment as heard by a single repeated note.

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,  
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,  
Schaut sich um im weitem Kreise,  
Nun gib Acht!

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,  
Alle Blumen, alle Farben  
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben  
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,  
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms  
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms  
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch:  
Rücke näher, Seel' an Seele,  
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle  
Dich mir auch.

Night steps from the woods,  
Slips softly from the trees,  
Gazes about her in a wide ar,  
Now beware!

All the lights of this world,  
All the flowers, all the colours  
She extinguishes and steals the sheaves  
From the field.

She takes all that is fair,  
Takes the silver from the stream,  
Takes from the cathedral's copper roof  
The gold.

The blush stands plundered:  
Draw closer, soul to soul,  
Ah the night, I fear, will steal  
You too from me.

*Translation by Richard Stokes*