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Graduate Recital: Rachel Kuntz, Mezzo-Soprano; April 20, 2005

Rachel Kuntz Mezzo-Soprano
Illinois State University

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Illinois State University

School of Music

Graduate Recital

Rachel Kuntz, *Mezzo Soprano*

Patricia Foltz, *Piano*

This recital is in partial fulfillment of the graduation requirements for the degree Masters of Music in Performance.

Kemp Recital Hall

April 20, 2005

Wednesday Evening

7:30 p.m.

This is the one hundred and fifty-fifth program of the 2004-2005 season.

Program

Please turn off cell phones and beepers for the duration of the concert. Thank you.

Hermit Songs, Op. 29
At Saint Patrick's Purgatory
Church Bell at Night
St. Ita's Vision
The Heavenly Banquet
The Crucifixion
Sea-Snatch
Promiscuity
The Monk and his Cat
The Praises of God
The Desire for Hermitage

Samuel Barber
(1910 – 1981)

Fêtes galantes, serie I
En sourdine
Fantoche
Clair de lune

Claude Debussy
(1862 – 1918)

~ Intermission ~

Frauenliebe und leben, Op. 42
Seit ich ihn gesehen
Er, der Herrlichste von Allen
Ich kann's nicht fassen
Du Ring an meinem Finger
Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
Süsser Freund
An meinem Herzen
Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Robert Schumann
(1810 – 1856)

from *Il barbiere di Siviglia*
Una voce poco fa

Gioacchino Rossini
(1792 – 1868)

Fêtes galantes

1. *En sourdine*

Muted

Peaceful in the half-light that the high branches cast,
let us imbue our love with this deep silence.

Let us fuse our souls, our hearts and our enraptured senses, amidst the vague languors of the pines and the arbutus.

Half close your eyes, fold your arms on your breast,
and from your sleeping heart banish all purpose for ever.

Let us be enticed by the gentle rocking breath
which comes to your feet, to ripple the waves of russet grass.

And when, solemn, the evening falls from the black oaks, voice of our despair, the nightingale will sing.

2. *Fantoche*

String Puppets

Scaramouche and Pulcinella, whom some evil design brought together, gesticulate, black under the moon.

Meanwhile the excellent doctor from Bologna sluggishly gathers medicinal herbs amid the brown grass.

Then his daughter, pretty minx, clandestinely slips, half-naked, under the hedge, in quest of her handsome Spanish pirate, for whom an amorous nightingale is calling the distress at the top of its voice.

3. *Clair de lune*

Moonlight

Your soul is a choice landscape where charming masks and bergamasks pass by, playing the lute and dancing quasi-sad beneath their fantastical disguises.

All sing in the minor mode of victorious love and timely life, they do not seem to believe their good fortune and their song mingles with the moonlight, with the calm moonlight, sad and beautiful, which makes the birds in the trees dream and makes the water fountains sob with ecstasy, the tall slender water fountains amidst the marble statues.

Frauenliebe und Leben

1. Seit ich ihn gesehen

Since I saw him

Since I saw him I believe myself to be blind.
Where I but cast my gaze, I see him alone.
As in waking dreams his image floats before me,
dipped from deepest darkness, brighter in ascent.

All else dark and colourless everywhere around me.
For the games of my sisters I no longer yearn;
I would rather weep silently in my little chamber.
Since I saw him I believe myself to be blind.

2. Er, der Herrlichste von Allen

He, the most glorious of all

He, the most glorious of all, Oh how mild, so good!
Lovely lips, clear eyes, bright mind and steadfast courage.

Just as yonder in the blue depths, bright and glorious, that star, so he is in my
heavens, bright and glorious, lofty and distant.

Wander, wander thy paths, but to observe thy gleam,
but to observe in meekness, but to be blissful and sad!

Hear not my silent prayer, consecrated only to thy happiness, thou may not know
me, lowly maid, lofty star of glory!

Only the worthiest of all may make happy thy choice,
and I will bless her, the lofty one, many thousand times.

I will rejoice then and weep, blissful, blissful I'll be then; if my heart should also
break, break, oh heart, what of it?

3. Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben

I can't grasp it, nor believe it

I can't grasp it, nor believe it, a dream has bewitched me. How should he, among all
the others,
lift up and make happy poor me?

It seemed to me, as if he spoke, "I am thine eternally." It seemed – I dream on and
on,
it could never be so.

O let me die in this dream, cradled on his breast.
Let the most blessed death drink me up in tears of infinite bliss.

4. Du Ring an meinem Finger

Thou ring on my finger

Thou ring on my finger, my little golden ring.
I press thee piously upon my lips, piously upon my heart.

I had dreamt it, the tranquil, lovely dream of childhood, I found myself alone and
lost in barren, infinite space.

Thou ring on my finger, thou hast taught me for the first time, hast opened my gaze
unto the endless, deep value of life.

I want to serve him, live for him, belong to him entire, give myself and find myself
transfigured in his radiance.

Thou ring on my finger, my little golden ring,
I press thee piously upon my lips, piously upon my heart.

5. Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

Help me, ye sisters

Help me, ye sisters, friendly, adorn me. Serve me, today's fortunate one. Busily
wind about my brow the adornment of blooming myrtle.

Otherwise, gratified, of joyful heart, I would have lain in the arms of the beloved.
So he called ever out, yearning in his heart, impatient for the present day.

Help me, ye sisters, help me to banish a foolish anxiety, so that I may with clear
eyes receive him, him, the source of joyfulness.

Dost, my beloved, thou appear to me, givest thou, sun, thy shine to me? Let me with
devotion, let me in meekness, let me curtsy before my Lord.

Strew him, sisters, strew him with flowers, bring him budding roses, but ye, sisters, I
greet with melancholy, joyfully departing from your midst.

6. Süßer Freund, du blickest

Sweet friend, thou gazest

Sweet friend, thou gazest upon me in wonderment. Thou cannot not grasp it, why I
can weep; let the moist pearls' unaccustomed adornment tremble, joyful-bright, in
my eyes.

How anxious my bosom, how rapturous! If I only knew, with words, how I should
say it;
come and bury thy visage here in my breast, I want to whisper in thy ear all my
happiness.

Knowest thou the tears, that I can weep? Shouldst thou not see them, thou beloved
man?

Stay by my heart, feel its beat, that I may, fast and faster, hold thee.

Here, at my bed, the cradle shall have room, where it silently conceals my lovely dream; the morning will come where the dream awakes, and from there thy image shall smile at me. *Thy image!*

7. *An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust*

At my heart, at my breast

At my heart, at my breast, thou my rapture, my happiness!

The joy is the love, the love is the joy, I have said it, and won't take it back.

I've thought myself rapturous, but now I'm happy beyond that.

Only she that suckles, only she that loves the child, to whom she gives nourishment; only a mother knows alone what it is to love and be happy.

O how I pity then the man who cannot feel a mother's joy! Thou dear, dear angel thou,
thou look at me and smile!

8. *Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan*

Now thou hast given me, for the first time, pain

Now thou hast given me, for the first time, pain, how it struck me. Thou sleepest, thou hard, merciless man, the sleep of death.

The abandoned one gazes straight ahead, the world is void. I have loved and lived, I am no longer living.

I withdraw silently into myself--the veil falls--there I have thee and my lost happiness, thou my world!

Una voce poco fa

A voice a short time ago resounded here in my heart. My heart is already wounded, and it was Lindoro who plagued it.

Yes, Lindoro shall be mine; I swore it, I shall win!

The tutor will reject me, I shall sharpen my mind.
At the end he will resign himself and I'll be happy.

Yes, Lindoro shall be mine; I swore it, I shall overcome.

I am docile, I'm respectful; I'm obedient, sweet, loving. I let people rule me, guide me.

But if they touch me where my weak point is I will be a viper and hundred traps I will set before I surrender!