

Illinois State University

ISU ReD: Research and eData

---

School of Music Programs

Music

---

10-12-2019

## Program Notes, October 12, 2019

Ivana Popovic Voice

Grace Eom Piano

Follow this and additional works at: <https://ir.library.illinoisstate.edu/somp>



Part of the [Music Performance Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Popovic, Ivana Voice and Eom, Grace Piano, "Program Notes, October 12, 2019" (2019). *School of Music Programs*. 4298.

<https://ir.library.illinoisstate.edu/somp/4298>

This Performance Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Music at ISU ReD: Research and eData. It has been accepted for inclusion in School of Music Programs by an authorized administrator of ISU ReD: Research and eData. For more information, please contact [ISUReD@ilstu.edu](mailto:ISUReD@ilstu.edu).

Illinois State University  
Wonsook Kim College of Fine Arts  
School of Music

---

# Program Notes

Ivana Popovic, *Voice*  
Grace Eom, *Piano*

1:30PM October 12, 2019  
Kemp Recital Hall

---

## *Domine Deus* | Antonio Vivaldi

Antonio Vivaldi was an Italian Baroque composer. Vivaldi is best known for his substantial chamber and vocal repertoire. Perhaps Vivaldi's most famous choral piece, *Gloria in D* sets the traditional Gloria from the Latin Mass in twelve varied sections. *Domine Deus* is the fifth movement. It includes a duet between the singer and the oboist in a beautiful contrast of timbre. The oboe sound along with the movement's rhythm, in siciliana style, adds to the pastoral mood of the movement (Pysh, ACDA Choral Journal, 2011). The text, "Domine Deus, Rex coelestis, Deus Pater omnipotens," translates to "Lord God, King of heaven, God Father Almighty,".

## *Trois Mélodies* | Claude Debussy

Claude Debussy was a French composer of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. He was greatly known for his contribution to impressionist music, though he did not consider himself an impressionist composer. Written sometime between 1880 and 1893, *Trois Mélodies* is the musical setting of poetry by Paul Bourget. The first text, *La Belle au Bois dormant*, tells the story of Sleeping Beauty. *Voici que le printemps* focuses on the excitement of spring time, and *Paysage Sentimental* acknowledges romance to be the only survivor as all of nature withers to winter. The voice and piano delightfully intertwine throughout the cycle to represent spring-time, romance, and fairytales.

### I. *La Belle au Bois dormant*

Des trous à son pourpoint vermeil,  
Un chevalier va par la brune,  
Les cheveux tout pleins de soleil,  
Sous un casque couleur de lune.  
Dormez toujours, dormez au bois,  
L'anneau, la Belle, à votre doigt.

Dans la poussière des batailles,  
Il a tué loyal et droit,  
En frappant d'estoc et da taille,  
Ainsi que frapperait un roi.  
Dormez au bois, où la verveine,  
Fleurit avec la marjolaine.

Et par les monts et par la plaine,  
Monté sur son grand destrier,  
Il court, il court à perdre haleine,  
Et tout droit sur ses étriers.  
Dormez la Belle au Bois, rêvez  
Q'un prince vous épouserez.

Dans la forêt des lilas blancs,  
Sous l'éperon d'or qui l'excite,  
Son destrier perle de sang  
Les lilas blancs, et va plus vite.  
Dormez au bois, dormez la Belle  
Sous vos courtines de dentelle.

Mais il a pris l'anneau vermeil,  
Le chevalier qui par la brune,  
A des cheveux pleins de soleil,  
Sous un casque couleur de lune.  
Ne dormez plus, La Belle au Bois,  
L'anneau n'est plus à votre doigt.

### *Sleeping Beauty in the Wood*

Holes in his ruby doublet,  
A knight passes by the dark,  
His hair full of sunshine  
Under a helmet the color of the moon,  
Sleep always, sleep in the wood,  
The ring, Beauty, on your finger.

In the dust of battles,  
He has killed loyally and justly,  
Striking with cut and with point,  
As a king would strike.  
Sleep in the wood, where the verbena  
Flowers with the marjoram.

And over the mountains and over the plains,  
Mounted on his large charger,  
He races, he races breathlessly,  
Completely straight in his stirrups,  
Sleep, Sleeping Beauty, dream  
That you will wed a prince.

In the forest of white lilacs  
Under the golden spur which agitates him  
His charger beads with blood  
The white lilacs, and on he goes, still more quickly  
Sleep in the wood, sleep on, oh Beauty  
Behind your curtains of lace.

But he has taken the ruby ring,  
The knight, who, by dark  
Has hair full of sunshine,  
Under a helmet the color of the moon.  
Sleep no more, Sleeping Beauty,  
The ring is no longer on your finger.

## II. *Voici que le printemps*

Voici que le printemps, ce fils léger d'Avril,  
Beau page en pourpoint vert brodé de roses blanches.  
Paraît leste, fringant et les poings sur les hanches,  
Comme un prince acclamé revient d'un long exil.

Les branches des buissons verdissent rendent étroite  
La route qu'il poursuit en dansant comme un fol;  
Sur son épaule gauche il porte un rossignol,  
Un merle s'est posé sur son épaule droite.

Et les fleurs qui dormaient sous les mousses des bois  
Ouvrent leurs yeux où flotte une ombre vague et tendre  
Et sur leurs petits pieds se dressent pour entendre  
Les deux oiseaux siffler et chanter à la fois.

Car le merle siffle et le rossignol chante;  
Le merle siffle ceux qui ne sont pas aimés,  
Et pour les amoureux languissants et charmés,  
Le rossignol prolonge une chanson touchante.

## III. *Paysage Sentimental*

Le ciel d'hiver, si doux, si triste, si dormant,  
Où le soleil était parmi des vapeurs blanches,  
Était pareil au doux, au profond sentiment  
Qui nous rendait heureux mélancoliquement  
Par cet après midi de baisers sous les branches,

Branches mortes qu'aucun souffle ne remuait,  
Branches noires avec quelque feuille fanée,  
Ah! Que ta bouche s'est à ma bouche donnée  
Plus tendrement encore dans ce grand bois muet  
Et dans cette langueur de la mort de l'année!

La mort de tout, sinon de toi que j'aime tant,  
Et sinon du bonheur dont mon âme est comblée,  
Bonheur qui dort au fond de cette âme isolée  
Mystérieux, paisible et frais comme l'étang  
Qui pâlisait au fond de la pâle vallée.

## *Across the hilltops comes the spring*

Behold, how Spring, the nimble son of April,  
Handsome page in a green vest embroidered with white roses  
Appears light, dashing, with hands on hips,  
Like an acclaimed prince returned from long exile.

The branches of green bushes make narrow  
The road that he follows, dancing like a clown;  
On his left shoulder is a nightingale,  
And a blackbird on his right.

And flowers that slept under the forest moss  
Open their vaguely, tenderly shadowed eyes,  
And they stand on their little feet to hear  
The two birds whistle and sing at once

Because the blackbird pipes and the nightingale sings;  
The blackbird whistles at those who are not lovers,  
And for the lovers, languishing and enchanted,  
The nightingale draws out a touching song.

©2010 Translation by John Glen Paton Reprinted  
with permission from LiederNet Archive

## *Sentimental Landscape*

The winter sky, so sweet, so sad, so slumberous,  
Where the sun wandered among pale mists,  
Was like the sweet, deep feeling  
That made us happy in a melancholy way  
On that afternoon of kisses under the branches,

Dead branches not stirred by any breeze,  
Black branches with a few withered leaves.  
Ah, how your lips were given to my lips  
More tenderly still in this great, mute woods  
And in this languor of the year's death,

The death of everything except that I love you,  
And except for the happiness filling my soul,  
Happiness that rests deep in this isolated soul,  
Mysterious, peaceful and cool, like the pond  
That grew pale at the bottom of the pale valley.

©2010 Translation by John Glen Paton Reprinted  
with permission from LiederNet Archive

## ***Three Early Songs* | George Crumb**

George Henry Crumb is an American composer of modern classical and avant-garde music. He is known for his highly exploratory music and odd system of notations. His *Three Early Songs* are some of his most tonal, as they were written when he was a teenager, prior to his exploration of atonality. Though Crumb discourages the performances of his earlier music, *Three Early Songs* is one exception (Crumb, Volume Three BRIDGE 9095, 2001). This song set features poetry by Robert Southey and Sarah Teasdale. The piano part in these pieces is crucial to the emotions and ideas of the text. The elements of nature give a reminiscent feeling of losing someone.

### *I. Night*

How beautiful is night!  
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;  
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain  
Breaks the serene of heaven:  
In full-orb'd glory yonder Moon divine  
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.

Beneath her steady ray  
The desert-circle spreads,  
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.  
How Beautiful is night!

- Robert Southey

### *II. Let it Be Forgotten*

Let it be forgotten, as a flower is forgotten,  
Forgotten as a fire that once was singing gold,  
Let it be forgotten for ever and ever,  
Time is a kind friend, he will make us old.

If anyone asks, say it was forgotten  
Long and long ago,  
As a flower, as a fire, as a hushed footfall  
In a long forgotten snow.

- Sara Teasdale

### *III. Wind Elegy*

Only the wind knows he is gone,  
Only the wind grieves,  
The sun shines, the fields are sown,  
Sparrows mate in the eaves;

But I heard the wind in the pines he planted  
And the hemlocks overhead,  
"His acres wake, for the year turns,  
But he is asleep," it said.

- Sarah Teasdale

## *Frauenliebe und Leben* | Robert Schumann

Robert Schumann was a German composer of the Romantic period. Prior to composing, he studied law, but quickly left his studies to pursue a career as a pianist. After a severe hand injury, he turned his full focus to composition. One of Schumann's most performed works, *Frauenliebe und Leben* is a song cycle intended to be a gift to his wife, Clara, on their wedding day (Guralnick, Music & Letters, 2006). The text of this cycle comes from poems written by Adelbert von Chamisso, which follow a woman's life as she meets and marries the man of her dreams. The first song, *Seit ich ihn gesehen*, portrays the character's feeling of love at first sight. The accompaniment gives a sense of off-balanced rhythm to represent a fluttering heart. This is followed by a declaration of admiration for the man of her dreams in *Er, derr Herrlichste von Allen*, when the character expresses that this man deserves only the worthiest of women. The character is in utter disbelief in *Ich Kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben*, when she realizes the man of her dreams has chosen her. The tempo fluctuations and little pauses in the melody of this song strengthen the feeling of disbelief and breathlessness. This is followed by *Du Ring an meinem Finger*, as the woman decides to dedicate her life to the man. Subsequently, she pleads with her sisters to help prepare for the wedding in *Helft imr, ihr Schwestern*. The listener should be able to imagine the craziness of a wedding day from the quick, building excitement in the music. In *Süsser Freund, du blickest*, the woman longs for a child with her love. This longing becomes reality in *An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust*, when she feels the joy and delight of becoming a mother. The cycle comes to a brutal end in *Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz gethan*, when she loses her love to death. Schumann carefully crafted the piano and vocal lines of each song to represent the developing feelings of the text. There is a feeling of completion when the opening melody is brought back in the finale, almost as if the character is reminiscing after her loved one's death.

### I.

Seit ich ihn gesehen,  
Glaub' ich blind zu sein.  
Wo ich hin nur blicke,  
Seh' ich ihn allein.  
Wie im wachen Traume  
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,  
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel  
Heller nur empor.

Since first seeing him  
I think I am blind,  
Wherever I look,  
I see only him.  
As in a waking dream  
His image hovers before me,  
Rising out of deepest darkness  
Ever more brightly.

Sonst ist licht- und farblos  
Alles um mich her,  
Nach der Schwestern Spiele  
Nicht begehrt' ich mehr,  
Möchte lieber weinen,  
Still im Kämmerlein.  
Seit ich ihn gesehen,  
Glaub' ich blind zu sein.

All else is dark and pale  
Around me,  
My sister's games  
I no more long to share,  
I would rather weep,  
Quietly in my room,  
Since first seeing him,  
I think I am blind.

## II.

Er, der Herrlichste von allen,  
Wie so milde, wie so gut!  
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,  
Heller Sinn und fester Mut.

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,  
Hell und herrlich jener Stern,  
Also Er an meinem Himmel  
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern!

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen;  
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,  
Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,  
Selig nur und traurig sein.

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,  
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht,  
Darfst mich nied're Magd nicht kennen,  
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit.

Nur die Würdigste von allen  
Darf beglücken deine Wahl,  
Und ich will die Hohe segnen,  
Viele tausendmal.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,  
Selig, selig bin ich dann,  
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,  
Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?

## III.

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,  
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt,  
Wie hätt' er doc' hunter allen  
Mich Arme erhöht und beglügt?

Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:  
"Ich bin auf ewig dein,"  
Mir war's, ich träume noch immer,  
Es kann ja nimmer so sein!

O lass im Traume mich sterben,  
Gewieget an seiner Brust,  
Den seligen Tod mich schlürfen  
In Tränen unendlicher Lust.

He, the most wonderful of all,  
How gentle and loving he is!  
Sweet lips, bright eyes,  
A clear mind and firm resolve.

Just as there in the deep-blue distance,  
That star gleams bright and brilliant,  
So does he shine in my sky  
Bright and brilliant, distant and sublime!

Wander, wander on your way,  
Just to gaze on your radiance,  
Just to gaze on in humility,  
To be but blissful and sad.

Do not hear my silent prayer,  
Uttered for your happiness alone,  
You shall never know my lowly self,  
You noble star of splendor.

Only the worthiest woman of all  
May your choice bless,  
And I shall bless that exalted one  
Many thousands of times.

I shall then rejoice and weep,  
Blissful, blissful I shall be,  
Even if my heart should break,  
Break, O heart, what does it matter?

I cannot grasp it, believe it,  
A dream has beguiled me,  
How, from all women, could he  
Have exalted and favored poor me?

He said, I thought,  
"I am yours forever,"  
I was, I thought, still dreaming,  
After all, it can never be!

O let me, dreaming, die,  
Cradled on his breast;  
Let me savour blissful death  
In tears of endless joy.

IV.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,  
Mein goldenes Ringlein,  
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,  
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

Ich hatt' ihn ausgeträumet,  
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,  
Ich fand allein mich, verloren  
Im öden unendlichen Raum.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,  
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,  
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen  
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.

Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,  
Ihm angehören ganz,  
Hin selber mich geben und finden  
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz!

Du Ring an meinem Finger,  
Mein goldenes Ringlein,  
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,  
Dich fromm an das Herze mein!

V.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,  
Freundlich mich schmücken,  
Dient der Glücklichen heute mir,  
Windet geschäftig  
Mir um die Stirne  
Noch der blüenden Myrte Zier.

Als ich befriedigt  
Freudigen Herzens  
Sonst dem Geliebten im Arme lag,  
Immer noch rief er,  
Sehnsucht im Herzen,  
Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,  
Helft mir verscheuchen  
Eine törichte Bangigkeit,  
Dass ich mit klarem  
Aug' ihn empfange,  
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

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

I had finished dreaming  
Childhood's peaceful dream,  
I found myself alone, forlorn  
In boundless desolation.

You ring on my finger,  
You first taught me,  
Opened my eyes  
To life's deep eternal worth.

I shall serve him, live for him,  
Belong to him wholly,  
Yield to him and find  
Myself transfigured in his light!

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

Help me, my sisters,  
With my bridal attire,  
Serve me today in my joy,  
Busily braid  
About my brow  
The wreath of blossoming myrtle.

When with contentment  
And joy in my heart  
I lay in my beloved's arms,  
He still called,  
With longing heart,  
Impatiently for this day.

Help me, my sisters,  
Help me banish  
A foolish fearfulness;  
So that I with bright eyes  
May receive him,  
The source of my joy.



Bist, mein Geliebter,  
Du mir erschienen,  
Gibst du mir, Sonne deinen Schein,  
Lass mich in Andacht,  
Lass mich in Demut,  
Lass mich verneigen dem Herren mein.

Streuet ihm, Schwestern,  
Streuet ihm Blumen,  
Bringet ihm knospende Rosen dar.  
Aber euch Schwestern  
Grüß' ich mit Wehmut,  
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schar.

VI.

Süßer Freund, du blickest  
Mich verwundert an,  
Kannst es nicht begreifen,  
Wie ich weinen kann;  
Lass der feuchten Perlen  
Ungewohnte Zier  
Freudig hell erzittern in dem Auge mir!

Wie so bang mein Busen,  
Wie so wonnevoll,  
Wüsst' ich nur mit Worten,  
Wie ich's sagen soll,  
Komm und birg dein Antlitz  
Hier an meiner Brust,  
Will in's Ohr dir flüstern alle meine Lust.

Weißt du nun die Tränen,  
Die ich weinen kann,  
Sollst du nicht sie sehen,  
Du geliebter Mann!  
Bleib' an meinem Herzen,  
Fühle dessen Schlag,  
Dass ich fest und fester  
Nur dich drücken mag.

Hier an meinem Bette  
Hat die Wiege Raum,  
Wo sie still verberge  
Meinem holden Traum;  
Kommen wird der Morgen,  
Wo der Traum erwacht  
Und daraus dein Bildnis  
Mir entgegen lacht

Have you, my love,  
Really entered my life,  
Do you, O sun, give me your glow,  
Let me in reverence,  
Let me in humility  
Bow before my lord.

Scatter flowers, O sisters,  
Scatter flowers before him,  
Bring him budding roses.  
But you, sisters,  
I greet with sadness,  
As I joyfully take leave of you.

Sweet friend, you look  
At me in wonder,  
You cannot understand  
How I can weep;  
Let the unfamiliar beauty  
Of these moist pearls  
Tremble joyfully bright in my eyes!

How anxious my heart is,  
How full of bliss,  
If only I knew  
How to say it in words,  
Come and hide your face  
Here against my breast,  
For me to whisper you all my joy.

Do you now understand the tears  
That I can weep,  
Should you not see them,  
Beloved husband!  
Stay by my heart,  
Feel how it beats,  
That I may press you  
Closer and closer.

Here by my bed  
There is room for the cradle,  
Silently hiding  
My blissful dream;  
The morning shall come  
When the dream awakens,  
And your likeness  
Laughs up at me.

VII.

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,  
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust.

Das Glück ist die Liebe, die Lieb' ist das Glück,  
Ich hab's gesagt und nehm's nicht zurück.

Hab' überschwenglich mich geschätzt,  
Bin überglücklich aber jetzt;

Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt  
Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung gibt,

Nur eine Mutter weiß allein,  
Was lieben heißt und glücklich sein;

O wie bedaur' ich doch den Mann,  
Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann.

Du lieber, lieber Engel du,  
Du schauest mich an und lächelst dazu!

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,  
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!

VIII.

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan,  
Der aber traf,  
Du schläfst, du harter unbarmherz'ger Mann,  
Den Todesschlaf.

Es blicket die Verlassne vor sich hin,  
Die Welt ist leer,  
Geliebet hab' ich und gelebt, ich bin  
Nicht lebend mehr.

Ich zieh' mich in mein Inn'res still zurück,  
Der Schleier fällt,  
Da hab' ich dich und mein verlorne Glück,  
Du meine Welt!

On my heart, at my breast,  
You my delight, my joy;

Happiness is love, love is happiness,  
I've always said and say so still.

I thought myself rapturous,  
But now am delirious with joy;

Only she who suckles, only she who loves  
The child that she nourishes,

Only a mother knows  
What it means to love and be happy;

Ah, how I pity the man  
Who cannot feel a mother's bliss.

You dear, dear angel, you,  
You look at me and you smile!

On my heart, at my breast,  
You my delight, my joy!

Now you have caused me my first pain,  
But it struck hard.  
You sleep, you harsh and pitiless man,  
The sleep of death.

The deserted one stares ahead,  
The world is void.  
I have loved and I have lived,  
And now my life is done.

Silently, I withdraw into myself,  
The veil falls,  
There I have you and my lost happiness,  
You, my world!

*Translation by Richard Stokes*

## Serbian Works by Petar Konjović

Petar Konjović was a Serbian composer of the 1900s whose musical works include elements of late-romanticism, impressionism, and expressionism. He is considered the most significant Serbian composer of classical music. Konjović is known for incorporating Balkan folk melodies and history into art songs. He wrote text out of his own experiences and comprehensions of Balkan folk music as a natural source of his artistic speech. This makes the text of Konjović's music almost impossible to translate. One product of Konjović's "music travelogue" is *Ruse kose, cura, ima*. The music in this piece is typical of Balkan folklore and the text comes from cultural poetic dialog. The word *ruse* literally means red, but also has ties to an old fairy *rusalka* from Balkan mythology. The powerful *rusalka* fairies had beautiful, long hair. In the Balkans at that time, girls were required to have their hair tied back. Etymologically, that means that the girl in this song is kind of unusual, and very beautiful. Some may be more familiar with the *rusalka* as the basis of *The Little Mermaid*.

*Stameno, mori, Stameno* comes from Konjović's opera, *Koštana*, which tells the story of tragic love. It shows an old fashioned, traditional life with strong rules and strict treatment of women. The aria metaphorically show the passion and love that the character, Stojan, feels for Koštana (not his sister). The aria explains that every girl's destiny is the same, no matter if it is Stojan's sister or Koštana. The woman's role during this time period was to obey unconditionally. The musical aspects give a clear picture of luxurious Balkan mentality – passionate, a little wild, but deeply emotional.

This information and translation comes from the performer's aunt, Milena Popovic Srdic, music professor at the Novi Sad Academy of Arts in Serbia.

### *Ruse kose cura ima*

Ruse kose cura ima,  
žališ li ih ti?

What lovely hair you have, girl,  
Do you care?

Oh, da ih žalim,  
Ne bi ti gi dala da gi mrsiš ti.

Even if I cared,  
I wouldn't let you touch it.

Belo lice cura ima,  
Žališ li ga ti?

What a lovely face you have, girl,  
Do you care?

Oh da ga žalim  
Ne bi ti ga dala da ga ljubiš ti.

Even if I cared,  
I wouldn't let you kiss it.

Crne oči cura ima,  
Žališ li gi ti?

What lovely eyes you have, girl,  
Do you care?

Oh, da ih žalim,  
Ne bi ti gi dala da ih gledaš ti.

Even if I cared,  
I wouldn't let you look in them.

*Stameno, mori, Stameno*

Stameno, mori, Stameno  
Stameno, cveće prolećno  
Pogiboh mori za tebe

Stojane, mori, Stojane  
ne li sme pusta rodbina.  
Gde se je čulo razbralo  
Brat sestru mori da zema

Stameno, kito, prolećna  
Stameno, zrno, bisera  
široka gora hod nema  
duboka voda brod nema  
Ubava moma rod nema

[Stameno], dear, [Stameno]  
[Stameno], the spring flower,  
I would die for you.

Stojane, dear, Stojane,  
aren't we cousins?  
Where did you see that  
a brother can take a sister?

[Stameno], you spring bunch  
[Stameno], you peace of pearl.  
The mountain is high; there is no route.  
The water is deep; there is no boat.  
The gorgeous girl has no brother.