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4-16-2022

## Senior Recital: Zachary Bodnar, Voice; Somlee Lee, Piano; April 16, 2022

Zachary Bodnar Voice

Somlee Lee Piano

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Senior Recital  
**Zachary Bodnar, *Voice***  
Somlee Lee, *Piano*

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This recital is in partial fulfillment of the  
graduation requirements for the degree,  
Bachelor of Music Education.

Center for the Performing Arts  
April 16, 2022  
Saturday Afternoon  
3:00 p.m.

This is the one hundred and sixty-fourth program of the 2021-2022 season.

## Program

Please silence all electronics for the duration of the concert. Thank you.

### French Serenades

from <i>Sept mélodies</i> , Op. 2	Ernest Chausson
v. Sérénade italienne	(1855-1899)
from <i>Deux mélodies</i> , Op. 3	Gabriel Fauré
ii. Sérénade toscane	(1845-1924)

### Italian Selections

from <i>Tre Ariette</i>	Vincenzo Bellini
ii. Dolente immagine di Fille mia	(1801-1835)
from <i>Sei Ariette</i>	
i. Malinconia, Ninfa gentile	
ii. Vanne, o rosa fortunata	
La Serenata	Paolo Tosti
	(1846-1916)

### Auf Deutsch

from <i>Liebeslieder Waltzer</i> , Op. 52	Johannes Brahms
x. O wie sanft die Quelle	(1833-1897)
xi. Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen	

Mackenzie J. Ahlman, *soprano*  
Mikayla Mindiola, *alto*  
Matthew Davis, *bass*  
Dr. Karyl K. Carlson, *piano*

from <i>Schwanengesang</i> , D 957	Franz Schubert
i. Liebesbotschaft	(1797-1828)
ix. Ihr Bild	
xii. Am Meer	

### Various Folk Songs

O Waly, Waly	Arr. Benjamin Britten
	(1913-1976)
The Lake Isle of Innisfree	Ben Moore
	(born 1960)

Love Call Me Home	Peggy Seeger
	(born 1935)

Anthony Bodnar Jr, *guitar*  
Barbora Dirmontaite, *ukulele*

Senior Recital  
**Zachary A. Bodnar, *Tenor***  
Somlee Lee, *Piano*  
**Texts and Translations**

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**Zachary A. Bodnar** is expected to graduate in the Spring of 2023 with a Bachelor's degree in Music Education with an emphasis in choral music. Throughout his time at Illinois State University, Zach has been fortunate to have performed as a soloist and chorister in the university's top choral ensembles, Concert Choir and Madrigal Singers. Most notably, he performed as a tenor soloist in Franz Schubert's *Mass in G Major*, soloist in Ralph Vaughan Williams' *Serenade to Music*, and soloist in Ariel Ramirez's *Misa Criolla* with ISU's Concert Choir. In 2021, Zach performed for the Lincoln Academy of Illinois' 56th and 57th Annual Laureate Convocations at the Chicago History Museum in Chicago, Illinois. In 2020, he sang for a masterclass given by Professor Kelley Hijleh, exploring vocal acoustics using a software called VoceVista. Zach also performed the role of Capital 2 in ISU's Opera Practicum performance of Virgil Tomson's *Capital Capitals* in 2019.

Post-graduation, Zach plans to teach music and build a choral program in a school district with limited musical opportunities. He also plans on pursuing a Master's degree in Choral Conducting after establishing more experience working with choral ensembles. Zach would eventually like to teach choral music at the collegiate level.

*I wanted to express a special thanks to some of the wonderful people that I have been fortunate enough to have crossed paths with throughout my undergraduate career. Firstly, I want to thank Somlee Lee for her incredible talent and passion, along with Dr. Elizabeth Thompson, for teaching me how to use my instrument efficiently and for exposing me to the vocal pedagogy world. I especially would like to thank Dr. Karyl K. Carlson, for her immeasurable generosity, wisdom, and dedication to my success. Words cannot express how grateful I am for everything you have done for me.*

*Thank you all for coming out today. I hope you enjoy the performance.*

*Cheers!*

## Texts and Translations

### **Sérénade italienne** from *Sept mélodies*, Op. 2, Ernest Chausson (1855 - 1899)

Text by Paul Bourget, English translation by Bard Suverkrop

Partons en barque sur la mer  
Pour passer la nuit aux étoiles.  
Vois, il souffle juste assez d'air  
Pour enfler la toile des voiles.

Depart we in a boat upon the sea  
For to pass the night beneath the stars.  
Look, the wind is blowing just enough  
To swell the canvas of the sails.

Le vieux pêcheur italien  
Et ses deux fils, qui nous conduisent,  
Écotent mais n'entendent rien  
Aux mots que nos bouches se disent.

The Italian fisherman  
And his two sons, who take us out,  
They hear but do not understand  
The words that come from our mouths.

Sur la mer calme et sombre. Vois,  
Nous pouvons échanger nos âmes,  
Et nul ne comprendra nos voix,  
Que la nuit, le ciel et les lames.

On the sea, calm and dark. Look,  
We can exchange our souls,  
And no one will understand our words  
except the night, the sky, and the waves.

### **Sérénade toscane** from *Deux mélodies*, Op. 3, Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Text by Romaine Bussine, English translation by Bard Suverkrop

Ô toi que berce un rêve enchanteur,  
Tu dors tranquille en ton lit solitaire,  
Éveille-toi, regarde le chanteur,  
Esclave de tes yeux, dans la nuit claire!

Oh you, lulled by an enchanting dream,  
Sleeping peacefully in your bed alone,  
Awake, look at the singer,  
Slave to your eyes, in the night clear!

Éveille-toi, mon âme, ma pensée,  
Entends ma voix par la brise emportée:  
Entends ma voix chanter!  
Entends ma voix pleurer, dans la rosée!

Awake my soul, my thought,  
Hear my voice carried by the breeze:  
Hear my voice sing!  
Listen to my voice weep, in the dew!

Sous ta fenêtre en vain ma voix expire.  
Et chaque nuit je redis mon martyre,  
Sans autre abri que la voûte étoilée.  
Le vent brise ma voix et la nuit est glacée:

Below your window in vain my voice expires  
And every night I repeat my suffering,  
With no shelter other than the starry sky.  
The wind breaks my voice and the night is icy.

Mon chant s'éteint en un accent suprême,  
Ma lèvre tremble en murmurant je t'aime.  
Je ne peux plus chanter!  
Ah! daigne te montrer! daigne apparaître!

My song dies out in an accent supreme,  
My lips tremble while murmuring, I love you.  
I can no longer sing!  
Ah! Deign to show yourself, deign to appear.

Si j'étais sûr que tu ne veux paraître  
Je m'en irais, pour t'oublier, demander au sommeil

If I were sure that you not wanted to appear,  
I myself would leave, in order you to forget, to ask of sleep!

De me bercer jusqu'au matin vermeil,  
De me bercer jusqu'à ne plus t'aimer!

To rock me until the crimson morning,  
To rock me until I no longer love you!

**Dolente immagine di Fille mia** from *Tre Ariette*, Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)

Text by an anonymous author, English translation by Bard Suverkrop

Dolente immagine di Fille mia,  
perché sì squallida mi siedì accanto?  
Che più desideri? Dirotto pianto  
io sul tuo cenere versai finor.

Sad image of my Phyllis,  
Why do you sit next to me in such misery?  
What more do you desire? Uncontrollable tears  
I have poured upon your ashes up to now.

Temì che immemore de' sacri giurì  
io possa accendermi ad altra face?  
Ombra di Fillide, riposa in pace;  
è inestinguibile l'antico ardor.

Do you fear that, forgetting my sacred vows,  
I could become enflamed for another?  
Spirit of Phyllis, rest in peace;  
My ardor of old is inextinguishable.

**Malinconia, Ninfa gentile** from *Sei Ariette*

Text by Ippolito Pindemonte, English translation by Bard Suverkrop

Malinconia, Ninfa gentile,  
la vita mia consacro a te;  
i tuoi piaceri chi tiene a vile,  
ai piacer veri nato non è.

Melancholy, gentile nymph,  
I dedicate my life to you;  
He who holds your pleasures as worthless,  
Can never know what true pleasure is.

Fonti e colline chiesi agli Dei;  
m'udiro alfine, pago io vivrò,  
né mai quel fonte co' desir miei,  
né mai quel monte trapasserò.

I will ask of the gods for fountains and hills,  
They have heard me at last, I will live a satisfied life.  
And I, with my desires, neither to that fountain,  
Nor to that mountain ever go.

**Vanne, o rosa fortunata**

Text by Pietro Antonio Domenico Bonaventura Trapassi, English translation by Bard Suverkrop.

Vanne, o rosa fortunata,  
a posar di Nice in petto  
ed ognun sarà costretto  
la tua sorte invidiar.

Go, oh fortunate rose,  
To rest upon Nice's breast  
And everyone will be compelled  
To envy your fate.

Oh, se in te potessi anch'io  
transformarmi un sol momento;  
non avria più bel contento  
questo core a sospirar.

Oh, if I could also for a single moment  
Transform myself into you;  
No greater joy would have  
My heart but to languish there.

Ma tu inchini dispettosa,  
bella rosa impallidita,  
la tua fronte scolorita  
dallo sdegno e dal dolor.

But you bow in scorn,  
Beautiful, faded rose,  
Your face made pale  
By anger and sorrow.

Bella rosa, è destinata  
ad entrambi un'ugual sorte;  
là trovar dobbiam la morte,  
tu d'invidia ed io d'amor.

Beautiful rose, it is destined  
To both an equal fate;  
We both must find death (on Nice's breast),  
You of envy and I of love.

**La Serenata**, Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)

Text by Giovanni Alfredo Caesareo, English translation by Bard Suverkrop

Vola, o serenata:  
La mia diletta è sola,  
e, con la bella testa abbandonata,  
posa tra le lenzuola:  
O serenata, vola.

Fly, oh serenade:  
My beloved is alone,  
And with her lovely head lying back,  
Is resting between her sheets:  
Oh serenade, fly to her.

Splende Pura la luna,  
l'ale il silenzio stende,  
e dietro i veni dell'alcova  
bruna la lampada s'accende.  
Pure la luna splende.

The moon shines purely,  
Silence spreads its wings,  
And behind the veils of the dark alcove  
The lamp is lit.  
Purely the moon shines

Vola, o serenata,  
Vola, o serenata, vola.  
Ah! là. Ah! là.

Fly, oh serenade, fly.

Vola, o serenata:  
La mia diletta è sola,  
ma sorridendo ancor mezzo assonnata,  
torna fra le lenzuola:  
O serenata, vola.  
O serenata, vola.

Fly, oh serenade:  
My beloved is alone,  
But smiling and still half-asleep,  
She returns between her sheets:  
Oh serenade, fly to her.

L'onda sogna su 'l lido,  
e 'l vento su la fronda;  
e a' baci miei ricusa ancora un nido  
la mia signora bionda.  
Sogna su 'l lido l'onda.

The wave dreams on the shore,  
And the wind in the branches;  
And still declines to shelter my kisses  
My blonde lady.  
The wave dreams on the shore.

Vola, o serenata,  
Vola, o serenata, vola.  
Ah! là. Ah! là.

Fly, oh serenade, fly.

*Liebeslieder Waltzer*, Op. 52, Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)  
Texts by Daumer, English translations by Basil Swift

### O wie sanft die Quelle

O wie sanft die Quelle sich Durch die Wiese windet!	Oh, how calm the river flows Through the meadows winding!
--	--

O wie schön, wenn Liebe sich, Zu der Liebe findet!	Oh, how sweet, when lovers do Know so much tender binding!
---	---

### Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen

Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen Mit den Leuten; Alles wissen so giftig Auszudeuten.	No, I will not listen To their chiding; All one does, they talk about it, Criticizing.
---	---

Bin ich heiter, hegen soll ich Lose Triebe; Bin ich still, so heißt, ich ware Irr, aus Liebe.	If I am cheerful, they say I am Evil minded; If I am sad, that means by foolish Love, I'm blinded.
--	---

### Schlosser auf, und mache Schlösser

Schloßer auf, und mache Schlösser, Schlösser ohne Zahl!	Locksmith, go and bring me many padlocks, Padlocks large and small!
--	--

Denn die bösen Mäuler will ich Schließen allzumal.	Then the spiteful gossip I will silence, Silence once for all.
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from *Schwanengesang*, D 957, Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Texts by various authors (listed below), English translations by Gerard Mackworth-Young

### Liebesbotschaft

Text by Ludwig Rellstab

Rauschendes Bächlein, so silbern und hell, Eilst zur Geliebten so munter und schnell? Ach, trautes Bächlein, mein Bote sei du; Bringe die Grüße des Fernen ihr zu.	Murmuring brooklet, so silvery and bright, Do you hurry to my love, so gaily and swiftly? Ah, faithful brooklet, be my messenger: Carry to her the absent one's greetings.
---	---

All' ihre Blumen im Garten gepflegt, Die sie so lieblich am Busen trägt, Und ihre Rosen in purpurner Glut, Bächlein, erquicke mit kühlender Flut.	All the flowers that she tends in her garden, And wears so charmingly on her bosom, And her roses of glowing crimson, Brooklet, refresh them with your cooling stream.
--	---

Wenn sie am Ufer, in Träume versenkt, Meiner gedenkend, das Köpfchen hängt; Tröste die Süße mit freundlichem Blick, Denn der Geliebte kehrt bald zurück.	When on your bank, deep in reverie, And thinking of me, she lets fall her head; Comfort the sweet one with friendly glances, For her lover will soon come back to her.
---	---



Neigt sich die Sonne mit rötlichem Schein,  
Wiege das Liebchen in Schlummer ein.  
Rausche sie murmelnd in süße Ruh,  
Flüstre ihr Träume der Liebe zu.

When the sun sinks with rosy gleam,  
Cradle the darling to sleep;  
Murmur her to sweet repose with your eddying  
Whisper dreams of love to her.

### **Ihr Bild**

Text by Heinrich Heine

Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen,  
Und starrt' ihr Bildnis an,  
Und das geliebte Antlitz  
Heimlich zu leben begann.

I stood in somber reverie  
Staring at her portrait  
And that loved countenance  
Gently became life.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich  
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,  
Und wie von Wehmutstränen  
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

Her lips were clothed  
With a wondrous smile,  
And, as though with tears of sorrow,  
Her two eyes shone

Auch meine Tränen flossen  
Mir von den Wangen herab –  
Und ach, ich kann es nicht glauben,  
Dass ich dich verloren hab!

My tears, too, flowed  
Down my cheeks  
And oh, I cannot believe it,  
That I have lost you!

### **Am Meer**

Text by Heinrich Heine

Das Meer erglänzte weit hinaus  
Im letzten Abendscheine;  
Wir saßen am einsamen Fischerhaus,  
Wir saßen stumm und alleine.

The sea shone far out into the distance  
In the last evening light;  
We sat by the fisherman's lonely house  
We sat silent and alone.

Der Nebel stieg, das Wasser schwoll,  
Die Möwe flog hin und wieder;  
Aus deinen Augen liebevoll  
Fielen die Tränen nieder.

The mists rose, the waters swelled,  
The seagulls flew here and there;  
From your eyes, full of love,  
The tears were falling.

Ich sah sie fallen auf deine Hand,  
Und bin aufs Knie gesunken;  
Ich hab' von deiner weißen Hand  
Die Tränen fort getrunken.

I saw them fall onto your hand,  
And sank upon my knees;  
From your white hand  
I drank the tears.

Seit jener Stunde verzehrt sich mein Leib,  
Die Seele stirbt vor Sehnen; –  
Mich hat das unglückselige Weib  
Vergiftet mit ihren Tränen.

Since that hour my body is consumed,  
My soul is dying of passion; –  
That hapless woman has  
Poisoned me with her tears.

**O Waly, Waly**, arranged by Benjamin Britten  
Traditional English Folksong

The water is wide I cannot get o'er,  
And neither have I wings to fly  
Give me a boat that will carry two,  
And so shall row my love and I.

O, down in the meadows the other day,  
A gathering flowers both fine and gay.  
A gathering flowers both red and blue,  
I know not if I sink or swim.

O, love is handsome and love is fine,  
And love's a jewel while it is new,  
But when it is old, it growth cold,  
And fades away like morning dew.

**The Lake Isle of Innisfree**, by Ben Moore (b. 1960)  
Text by WB Yeats

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
And a small cabin build there,  
Of clay, and waters made:

Nine bean rows will I have there,  
A hive for the honeybee,  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there,  
For peace comes dropping slow,  
Dropping from the veils of the morning  
To where the cricket sings;

There midnight's all a glimmer,  
And noon a purple glow  
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day.  
I hear lake water lapping, with low sounds by the shore.  
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey.

I hear it in the deep heart's core.  
The deep heart's core.

**Love Call Me Home** by Peggy Seeger (b. 1935)  
Text by Peggy Seeger

When the waters are deep,  
Friends carry me over  
When I cry in my sleep  
Love call me home.

CHORUS:  
Time, ferry me down the river,  
Friends carry me safely over  
Life, tend me on my journey  
Love call me home.

When the waters are cold  
Friends carry me over  
When I'm losing my hold  
Love call me home. (chorus)

When I'm weary and cannot swim  
Friends carry me over  
Open your arms and take me in  
Love call me home. (chorus)

Take the gift I bring  
Friends carry me over  
Deep within me life is singing me  
Love call me home. (chorus)

Life offers a chance  
For friends to carry us over  
Time can stop or dance forever  
Love call me home. (chorus)