



Presents

Through the Phases

A First Year Master's Voice Recital

Uche Aghulor, *soprano*

Hyo Won Chun, *tenor*

Mona Coalter, *piano*

Se Luigi Denza
(1846–1922)

Una Lacrima Gaetano Donizetti
(1797–1848)

Hyo-Won Chun, *tenor*

I'm a person too Leonard Bernstein
(1918–1990)

Citadel William Grant Still
(1895–1978)

Uche Aghulor, *soprano*

Jota Manuel de Falla
(1876–1946)

Intima Tata Nacho
(1894–1968)

Hyo-Won Chun, *tenor*

Pastorale Georges Bizet
(1838–1875)

Gretchen am Spinnrade Franz Schubert
(1797–1828)

Uche Aghulor, *soprano*

LaBar Recital Hall

Sunday, April 21, 2024, 5:00 pm

Uche Aghulor is a student of Anne Slovin * Hyo Won Chun is a student of Stephen Lancaster

This is a degree recital for the Master of Sacred Music.

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Please silence all electronic devices.

INTERMISSION

“Deh! Tu bell'anima” from *I Capuleti e i Montecchi*

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801–1835)

Hyo-Won Chun, *tenor*

“Prendi, per me sei libero” from *L'Elisir d'Amore*

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797–1848)

Uche Aghulor, *soprano*

저 구름 흘러가는 곳(Where the clouds drift away)

Kim Dong Jin
(1913–2009)

내 마음 그 깊은 곳에(In the deepest depths of my heart)

Lee An Sam
(1943–2021)

Hyo-Won Chun, *tenor*

“Summertime” from *Porgy and Bess*

George Gershwin
(1898–1937)

Omo ta ba bawi

Gabriel Adedeji
(b. 1990)

Uche Aghulor, *soprano*

Texts and Translations

Se

Se un tuo pietoso accento
dovrò per sempre desiare in van...
Se m'è negato imprimerti
ardente un bacio sulla bianca man...

Deh! Non fuggirmi,
deh! non fuggirmi almeno...
E de'tuoi sguardi al magico poter
sorrisi, amplessi ed estasi
mi finga inebbriato il mio pensier.

Deh! Non fuggir.... nè mai
a te non parlerò de'miei desir.
Reprimerò i miei palpiti,
T'asconderò le lagrime, i sospir.

Ma un dì se in cor ti leggo
quel'amor ch'ognor speme a me rapi,
Morrò quel giorno, ah! credilo,
sarà l'estremo de'miei tristi dì.

Una Lacrima

Dio, dio, che col cenno moderi
l'ira d'un mar che freme
Dio! Che col cenno agli uomini
porgi costanza e speme,
stendi la man benefica, sul lungo mio dolor.
Non chieggo a te la tenera gioja del cor felice
non la speranza provvida d'affanno incantatrice,
ti chieggo sol la lagrima,
che scioglie il gelo al cor.

Jota

Dicen que no nos queremos
Porque no nos ven hablar;
A tu corazón y al mío
Se lo pueden preguntar.

If

If I must always yearn in vain
for your soft words of pity...
If I must ever be denied
an ardent kiss upon your hand...

Oh! Do not flee from me
oh, at least don't run away from me ...
And then your looks of magical power
your smile, embrace and ecstasy
will be conjured up in my intoxicated thoughts.

Oh! Do not fleefor never
will I speak to you of my desire.
I'll never let you hear my throbbing heart,
I'll always hide my tears and sighs from you.

But if one day I read that in your heart
a love like mine has robbed me of all hope,
I'll die that day, ah yes, believe it,
for that will be the saddest day of my life.

A Tear

God, God, who with the slightest nod
inspires trembling!
Who with a nod to men
gives faith and hope,
Stretch your benevolent hand to my long pain.
I do not cry to you
with the tender joy of a happy heart,
Not the ardent hope of enchanting affection,
I only cry to you with a tear,
which melts the frost of the heart.

Jota

They say we don't love each other
because they never see us talking
But they only have to ask
both your heart and mine.

Ya me despido de tí,
De tu casa y tu ventana,
Y aunque no quiera tu madre,
Adiós, niña, hasta mañana.
Aunque no quiera tu madre...

Intima

¡Tuyo, muy tuyo
como la perla es del mar:
dentro de ti soy amor
y ansiedad de vivir!
¡Tuyo, muy tuyo,
de nadie más!
¡Mía, muy mía,
como del sol es la luz,
dentro de mí eres flor
y rumor de canción!
¡Mía, muy mía,
de nadie más!

Pastorale

Un jour de printemps,
Tout le long d'un verger
Colin va chantant,
Pour ses maux soulager :
Ma bergère, ma bergère,
tra la la la la la la la
Ma bergère, laisse-moi
Prendre un tendre baiser !

La belle, à l'instant
Répond à son berger:
»Tu veux, en chantant
Un baiser dérober?...
Non Colin, non Colin,
Tra la la la la la la la
Tu voudrais, en chantant
Prendre un tendre baiser
Non, Colin, ne le prends pas,
Je vais te le donner.

Now I bid you farewell,
to your house and your window
And even though your mother may not want it,
Farewell, my sweetheart until tomorrow.
Even though your mother may not want it.

Intima

Yours, truly yours,
as the pearl belongs to the sea:
within you, I am love
and a longing to live!
Yours, truly yours,
no one else's!
Mine, truly mine,
as the light belongs to the sun,
within me, you are a flower
and the whisper of a song!
Mine, truly mine,
no one else's!

One day in the Springtime
as they walked in the valley,
Colin sang a song
to express his desire:
Shepherdess, oh shepherdess,
Oh tra la la (bis)
Please allow, grant me this,
may I now steal a kiss?

She then in reply
answered him in this way:
You wish, says your song,
to take something of mine.
No, Colin. No, Colin,
tra la la (bis)
Would you dare steal a kiss?
Could I be so remiss?
No, Colin. You will not steal it.
For I'll give it away to you!

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Meine Ruh ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.
Wo ich ihn nicht hab,
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt,
Mein aremer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.
Nach ihm nur schau ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh ich
Aus dem Haus.
Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt,
Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluss,
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach, sein Kuss.

Mein Busen drängt
Sich nach ihm hin.
Auch dürf ich fassen
Und halten ihn,
Und küssen ihn,
So wie ich wollt,
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt!

—Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.
Where I do not have him,
That is the grave,
The whole world
Is bitter to me.

My poor head
Is crazy to me,
My poor mind
Is torn apart.
For him only, I look
Out the window
Only for him do I go
Out of the house.
His tall walk,
His noble figure,
His mouth's smile,
His eyes' power,
And his mouth's
Magic flow,
His handclasp,
and ah! his kiss!

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.

My bosom urges itself
toward him.
Ah, might I grasp
And hold him!
And kiss him,
As I would wish,
At his kisses
I should die!

Deh! Tu Bell'Anima

Ecco la tomba...
Giulietta! o mia Giulietta!
Sei tu... ti veggo, io ti ritrovo ancora...
morta non sei... dormi soltanto,
e aspetti che ti desti il tuo Romeo.
Sorgi, mio ben, al suon de' miei sospiri:
Ti chiama il tuo Romeo, sorgi, mio bene.
Tu sola, o mia Giulietta, m'odi tu sola.
Ah! vana speme! Deserto in terra,
abbandonato io sono!

Deh! tu, bell'anima,
che al ciel ascendi,
a me rivolgiti, con te mi prendi:
così scordarmi, così lasciarmi,
non puoi, bell'anima, nel mio dolor,
non puoi scordarmi.

Prendi, per me sei libero

Prendi, per me sei libero
Resta nel suol natio
Non v'ha destin si rio
Che non si cangi un di. Resta!
Qui dove tutti t'amano
Saggio, amoroso, onesto
Sempre scontento e mesto
No, non sarai così.
—Felice Romani (1788–1865)

Ah! You, Beautiful Soul

Behold the tomb...
Juliet! Oh, my Juliet!
Is it you... I see you, I find you once more...
you are not dead... you merely sleep,
and wait for your Romeo to awaken you.
Arise, my love, at the sound of my sighs:
your Romeo calls you, arise, my dear.
You alone, oh my Juliet, you alone hear me.
Ah! Vain hope! Deserted on earth,
I am forsaken!

Ah! You, beautiful soul,
ascending to heaven,
turn to me, take me with you:
thus to forget me, thus to leave me,
you cannot, beautiful soul, in my grief,
you cannot forget me.

Take it, because of me you are free
Stay on your native soil
There is not destiny for you so bitter
That will not change one day. Stay!
Here where everyone loves you
Wise, loving, honest
Always unhappy and miserable
No, you will not always be that way.

저 구름 흘러가는 곳

저 구름 흘러가는 곳
아득한 먼 그 곳
그리움도 흘러가라
파란 싹이 트고
꽃들은 곱게 피어
날 오라 부르네
행복이 깃든 그곳에
그리움도 흘러가라.

저 구름 흘러가는 곳
이 가슴 깊이 불타는
영원한 나의 사랑
전할 곳 길은 멀어도
즐거움이 넘치는 나라
산을 넘고 바다를 건너
저 구름 흘러가는 곳
내 마음도 따라가라
그대를 만날 때까지
내 사랑도 흘러가라

내 마음 그 깊은 곳에

내 마음 그 깊은 곳에
그리움만 남기고 떠나버린 그대여

내 마음 먹구름 되어
내 마음 비구름 되어
작은 가슴 적시며 흘러내리네
아아, 오늘도 그 날처럼 비는 내리고
내 눈물 빗물 되어 강물 되어 흐르네

Where the clouds drift away

Where the clouds drift away
To that distant, far-off place
Let my longing drift away too
Where green sprouts grow
And flowers bloom in beauty
Calling me to come
To that place where happiness dwells
Let my longing drift away.

Where the clouds drift away
Deep in my heart burns
My eternal love
Though the path to convey it is long
In a land brimming with joy
Over mountains and across seas
Where the clouds drift away
Let my heart follow too
Until I meet you
Let my love drift away.

In the deepest depths of my heart

In the deepest depths of my heart
You left, leaving only longing behind

My heart turns into dark clouds
My heart becomes rain clouds
Wetting this small chest as it pours down
Ah, like that day, today too the rain falls
And my tears become rainwater, flowing into
the river.

Omo ta ba bawi

Yoruba:

omọ ta ba bawi to warunki
omọ ta ba bawi to warunki
omọ ta ba bawi to warunki
a pa run
omọ ta ba bawi to warunki
omọ ta ba bawi to warunki
a parun ojiji la parun

Lagbaja kọ ẹẹ ko kọ tan o l'owo loṣe koko
owo! owo! kọṣe tan k'oto wowo
lagbaja o gba, o k'agidi b'ori, k'agidi bori ẹ
gbogbo amọran tan fun o yari o loun o ẹ
titi t'o fi te a figba t'ote, a f'igba to f'ate te'dii

omọ ta ba bawi to warunki
omọ ta ba bawi to warunki
omọ ta ba bawi to warunki
a pa run
omọ ta ba bawi to warunki
omọ ta ba bawi to warunki
a parun ojiji la parun

won ni ki Tamedo ko re'le iwe k'ojọ ola le dara
o ni pe rara ẹkọ o d'ola l'aye
Tamedo o gba o k'agidi bori, o k'agidi bori ẹ
gbogbo ẹkọ tan fun o ya'ri o loun o ẹ
titi t'o fi gbo, ti ko riṣe ẹ ebi ẹ yi l'ori

omọ ta ba bawi to warunki
omọ ta ba bawi to warunki
omọ ta ba bawi to warunki
a pa run
omọ ta ba bawi to warunki
omọ ta ba bawi to warunki
a parun ojiji la parun

English translation

The child that hardens his neck when reproved
The child that hardens his neck when reproved
The child that hardens his neck when reproved
will perish
The child that hardens his neck when reproved
The child that hardens his neck when reproved
Suddenly, he will perish

Lagbaja trained but he gave up. He said
money's all that matters
Money, Money, train before you seek money
Lagbaja refused, he was so adamant
He was stubborn indeed
All the advice he got, he said he doesn't need
them till he got ashamed
Yes! He got ashamed,
Oh yes! He was shamed so badly

The child that hardens his neck when reproved
The child that hardens his neck when reproved
The child that hardens his neck when reproved
will perish
The child that hardens his neck when reproved
The child that hardens his neck when reproved
Suddenly, he will perish

They told Tamedo to go to school for a better
future
He said no, schooling won't make him wealthy
Tamedo wouldn't need, he was so adamant
He was stubborn indeed
All the lessons he got, he said he didn't need
them
till he grew so old and could not function
Hunger did choke his neck

The child that hardens his neck when reproved
The child that hardens his neck when reproved
The child that hardens his neck when reproved
will perish
The child that hardens his neck when reproved
The child that hardens his neck when reproved
Suddenly, he will perish

Èni a wi fun, ọba jẹ o gbọ
Èni a s'ọrọ fun ọba jẹ o gba
Tẹ' ti ki o gbọ ọrọ awọn agba ọrọ awọn agba ta
m'ori ẹ pe
tẹti ki o gbọ ọrọ awọn agba ọrọ awọn agba la ye
ẹ
Abọrọ lọ nsọ f'ọmọluabi, bo de nu rẹ a
d'odidi,bo de nu rẹ a d'odidi
—Gabriel Adedeji (b. 1990)

He who has been warned, let him take heed
He who has been advised, let him be receptive
Listen and take to the words of the elders
The words of the elders that restores sanity
Listen and take to the words of the elders
The words of the elders in your life
A word is enough for a child of wisdom
When received, it is more than just a word.

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