



Presents

First Year Graduate Voice Studio Recital

Blessing Agu, *soprano*

Loren Masánqué, *countertenor*

Maxwell Trochlil, *tenor*

Raphael Fernandez, *bass-baritone*

with

Mona Coalter, *collaborative pianist*

Program

Mache dich, *Matthäus-Passion*, BWV 244 (1727)

J. S. Bach
(1685–1750)

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt, Op. 98a, No. 3 (1795)
Schöne Fremde, *Liederkreis*, Op. 39, No. 6 (1840)

Robert Schumann
(1810–1856)

The Negro Speaks of Rivers (1950)

Howard Swanson
(1907–1978)

Deep River (2000)

Spiritual, Arr. Moses Hogan
(1957–2003)

Raphael Fernandez, *bass-baritone*

Ich will den Herren loben Allezeit, SWV 306

Heinrich Schütz
(1615–1672)

Dans un bois solitaire, K. 308 (1778)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)

Song of Black Max, *Cabaret Songs*
Toothbrush Time, *Cabaret Songs*

William Bolcom
(b. 1938)

Loren Masánqué, *countertenor*

LaBar Performance Hall, O'Neill Hall of Music and Sacred Music
Sunday, February 20, 4:00PM

This is a degree recital for the Master of Sacred Music

Please hold your applause until the conclusion of each singer's performance.

Sacred Music at Notre Dame prohibits the unauthorized recording, publication, and streaming of live performances.

Please silence all electronic devices.

Allerseelen, Op. 10 No. 8

Richard Strauss
(1864–1949)

Weep you no more, sad fountains, Op. 12, No. 1
Love's Philosophy, Op. 3, No. 1

Roger Quilter
(1877–1953)

Onye Nwe Egwu

Joe Onyekwelu
(b. 1948)

Blessing Agu, *soprano*

Jeg elsker dig!, *Hjertets Melodier*, Op. 5 (1864)
Våren, Op. 22, No. 2 (1873)
En Svane, Op. 25, No. 2 (1876)
Ein Traum, *Sechs Lieder*, Op. 48, No. 6 (1884)

Edvard Grieg
(1843–1907)

Maxwell Trochlil, *tenor*

Raphael Fernandez and Loren Masánqué are students of Stephen Lancaster.
Blessing Agu and Maxwell Trochlil are students of Kiera Duffy.

Texts and Translations

Mache dich, mein Herze, rein

Mache dich, mein Herze, rein
Ich will Jesum selbst begraben
Denn er soll nunmehr in mir,
Für und für
Seine süße Ruhe haben.
Welt, geh aus, laß Jesum ein!
—Christian Frederich Henrici (1727)

Make thee clean, my heart, from sin

Make thee clean, my heart, from sin;
I would my Lord inter,
May he find rest in me,
Ever in eternity,
His sweet repose be here.
World, depart, let Jesus in!
—Tr. Pietro Lingola

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiss, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude,
Seh' ich an's Firmament
Nach jener Seite.
Ach! Der mich liebt und kennt
Ist in der Weite.
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiss, was ich leide!
—Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1795)

Only he who knows longing

Only he who knows longing
knows what I suffer!
Alone, cut off
From all joy,
I gaze at the Firmament
in that direction.
Ah, he who loves and knows me
is far away.
I feel giddy,
My vitals are aflame.
Only he who knows longing
knows what I suffer.
—Richard Wigmora © 2022

Schöne Fremde

Es rauschen die Wipfel und schauern,
Als machten zu dieser Stund
Um die halbversunkenen Mauern
Die alten Götter die Rund.

Beautiful Foreign Land

The tree-tops murmur and shiver,
as though at this hour
the half-sunken walls
were paced by gods of old.

Hier hinter den Myrtenbäumen
In heimlich dämmernder Pracht,
Was sprichst du wirr wie in Träumen
Zu mir, phantastische Nacht?

Here, beyond the myrtles,
in secretly darkening splendor,
what do you murmur, as in a dream,
to me, fantastic night?

Es funkeln auf mich alle Sterne
Mit glühendem Liebesblick,
Es redet trunken die Ferne
Wie vom künftigen, großem Glück.
—Joseph von Eichendorff

The stars all sparkle upon me
with glowing and loving gaze,
rapturous the distance speaks
as of great happiness to come.

The Negro Speaks of Rivers

I've known rivers:

I've known rivers ancient as the world and older than the
flow of human blood in human veins.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

I bathed in the Euphrates when dawns were young.

I built my hut near the Congo and it lulled me to sleep.

I looked upon the Nile and raised the pyramids above it.

I heard the singing of the Mississippi when Abe Lincoln
went down to New Orleans, and I've seen its muddy
bosom turn all golden in the sunset.

I've known rivers:

Ancient, dusky rivers.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

—Langston Hughes (1902–1967)

Deep River

Deep river,

My home is over Jordan.

Deep river, Lord.

I want to cross over into campground.

Oh, don't you want to go,

To that gospel feast;

That promised land,

Where all is peace?

Oh, deep river, Lord,

I want to cross over into campground.

—African American Spiritual

Ich will den Herren loben Allezeit

Ich will den Herren loben allezeit,
sein Lob soll immerdar
in meinem Munde sein, Alleluja.
Meine Seele soll sich rühmen des Herren,
daß es die Elenden hören und sich freuen,
Alleluja.

Preiset mit mir den Herren,
und laßt uns miteinander
seinen Namen erhöhen, Alleluja.
Da ich den Herren suchte, antwortet er mir,

I will praise the Lord at all times

I will bless the Lord at all times
His praise shall continually
be in my mouth, Hallelujah.
My soul makes its boast in the Lord;
let the afflicted hear and be glad,
Hallelujah.
O magnify the Lord with me,
and let us exalt
His name together, Hallelujah.
I sought the Lord, and He answered me

und errettet mich aus aller meiner Furcht,
Alleluja, und half mir
aus allen meinen Nöten,
Alleluja.
—Psalm 34

Dans un bois solitaire

Dans un bois solitaire et sombre
Je me promenais l'autr' jour,
Un enfant y dormait à l'ombre,
C'était le redoutable Amour.

J'approche, sa beauté me flatte,
Mais je devais m'en défier ;
Il avait les traits d'une ingrante,
Que j'avais juré d'oublier.

Il avait la bouche vermeille,
Le teint aussi frais que le sien,
Un soupir m'échappe, il s'éveille ;
L'Amour se réveille de rien.

Aussitôt déployant ses aîles
Et saisissant son arc vengeur,
L'une de ses flèches, cruelles
En partant, il me blesse au cœur.

Va ! va, dit-il, aux pieds de Sylvie,
De nouveau languir et brûler !
Tu l'aimeras toute la vie,
Pour avoir osé m'éveiller.
—Antoine Houdar de La Motte (1672–1731)

Song of Black Max

He was always dressed in black
Long black jacket, broad black hat
Sometimes a cape
And as thin, and as thin as rubber tape:
Black Max

He would raise that big black hat
To the big shots of the town
Who raised their hats right back
Never knew they were bowing to

and delivered me from all my fears,
Hallelujah, and saved me
from all my troubles,
Hallelujah.

In a Forest

In a lonely and sombre forest
I walked the other day;
A child slept in the shade,
It was a veritable Cupid.

I approach; his beauty fascinates me.
But I must be careful:
He has the traits of the faithless maiden
Whom I had sworn to forget.

He had lips of ruby,
His complexion was also fresh like hers.
A sigh escapes me and he awakes;
Cupid wakes at nothing.

Immediately opening his wings and seizing
His vengeful bow
And one of his cruel arrows as he parts,
He wounds me to the heart.

"Go!" he says, "Go! At Sylvie's feet
Will you languish anew!
You shall love her all your life,
For having dared awaken me."

Black Max

I'm talking about night in Rotterdam
When the right night people of all the town
Would find what they could
In the night neighborhood of
Black Max

There were women in the windows
With bodies for sale
Dressed in curls like little girls
In little dollhouse jails
When the women walked the street
With the beds upon their backs
Who was lifting up his brim to them?
Black Max!

And there were looks for sale
The art of the smile --
(Only certain people walked that mystery mile:
Artists, charlatans, vaudevillians
Men of mathematics, acrobatics and civilians)
There was knitting-needle music
From a lady organ-grinder
With all her sons behind her
Marco, Vito, Benno
(Was he strong! Though he walked like a woman)
And Carlo, who was five
He must be still alive!

Ah, poor Marco had the syph, and if
You didn't take the terrible cure those days
You went crazy and died and he did
And at the coffin
Before they closed the lid
Who raised his lid?
Black Max!

I was climbing on the train
One day going far away
To the good old U.S.A
When I heard some music
Underneath the tracks
Standing there beneath the bridge
Long black jacket, broad black hat
Playing the harmonica, one hand free

To lift that hat to me:
Black Max
Black Max
Black Max
—Arnold Weinstein

Toothbrush Time

It's toothbrush time,
Ten a.m. again and toothbrush time.
Last night at half past nine it seemed O.K.
But in the light of day not so fine at toothbrush time.
Now he's crashing round my bathroom,
Now he's reading my degree,
Perusing all my pills,
Reviewing all my ills,
And he comes out smelling like me.
Now he advances on my kitchen,
Now he raids every shelf
Till from the pots and pans and puddles and debris
Emerges three eggs all for himself.
Oh, how I'd be ahead if I'd stood out of bed;
I wouldn't sit here grieving
Waiting for the wonderful moment of his leaving
At toothbrush time, toothbrush time,
Ten a.m. again and toothbrush time.
I know it's sad to be alone,
It's so bad to be alone,
Still I should've known
That I'd be glad to be alone.
I should've known, I should've known!
Never should have picked up the phone and called him.
"Hey, uh, listen, uhm ...
Uh, I've got to, uh ...
Oh, you gotta go too?
So glad you understand.
And ..."
By the way, did you say
Nine tonight again?
See you then.
Toothbrush time!
—Arnold Weinstein

Allerseelen

Stell' auf den Tisch die duftende Reseden,
Die letzten rothen Aestern trag' herbei
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden
Wie einst im Mai.

Gieb mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke,
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei;
Gieb mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke
Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und funkelt heut' auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahre ist den Todten frei;
Komm' an mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder
habe, Wie einst im Mai.
—Hermann Von Glim

All Souls' Day

Bring in the mignonettes' fragrant spires,
the last red asters on the table lay,
and let again us speak of love's desires,
like once in May.

Give me your hand in furtive, sweet advances -
if people see it, mind not what they say:
Give me just one of your delighting glances,
like once in May.

Today the graves are full of lights and flowers,
one day a year the dead shall hold their sway:
Spend on my heart again those lovely hours,
Like once in May.

Weep You No More

Weep you no more, sad fountains;
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!
But my sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping
That now lies sleeping
Softly now, softly lies
Sleeping

Sleep is a reconciling
A rest that peace begets;
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at e'en he sets?
Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes!
Melt not in weeping
While she lies sleeping
Softly now, softly lies
Sleeping
—John Dowland (1563–1626)

Love's Philosophy

The fountains mingle with the river and the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of Heav'n mix forever with a sweet motion.
Nothing in the world is single;

All things by a law devine, in one another's beings mingle,
Why not I with thine, not I with thine?

See, the mountains kiss high heav'n,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiv'n if it disdained it's brother.
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea,
What are all these kissings worth, if thou, if thou kiss not me?
—Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822)

Onye Nwe Egwu

Ikolobia nw'e egwu ngo ngolo golo didi iyo

Agbogho bia nw'e egwu ngongolo didi iyo

Igbae'e gwu na'mmuo ngongolo golo didi iyo

Igbakwa gi nata ngonngolo golo didi iyo

Igbacha gi nata ngo ngolo golo didi iyo

Onye g'agb'egwu ubo

Egwu muna gi gbara n'u dala ndabene bene

Nkata muna gi kpara n'am gbad'arobun'agu

Turu m'i yo turu m'I choba nke nwanne o

Nwaneka ony'echezokwana nwanneya

Matakwa na'mbochi onwu na nwanne k'ag'akpo

Matakwa na ihe sike na nwa nne k'agacho

echezokwana nwannege

Obugi bia ya buru gi na

Ekwensu biarigbo g'ekwu'ihofulu

A jo'mmuo bia r'igbo g'e kwu' ih'o fulu

turu za nza turu za nza turu za.

Music Owner

The young men own the dance ngo...
(vocables)

The young women own the dance ngo...
(vocables)

Have danced for the spirits

After dancing come back home

Who will dance to the tune of the zither

The dance you and I did at the village square

The compromise we reached in the presence of
the deity

Tulu mi yo (vocables)

Your relatives are your greatest companions

Do not disregard your relatives

In the time of death, our relatives become
indispensable

Remember in time of difficulties our relatives
are indispensable

Do not forget your relatives

He that brings you to battle will take you back

The devil that has confronted you will be
disappointed by its experience

The evil spirit that has confronted you will be
disappointed

Turu za zan za tu ru za nza (vocables)

Jeg Elsker Dig

Min Tankes Tanke ene du er vorden
Du er mit Hjertes første Kærlighed
Jeg elsker Dig som Ingen her på Jorden
Jeg elsker Dig, I Tid og Evighed!
—Hans Christian Andersen (1833)

Våren

Enno ein Gong fekk eg Vetren at sjå,
for Våren at røma;
Heggen med Tre som der Blomar var på,
eg atter såg bløma.

Enno ein Gong fekk eg Isen at sjå,
frå Landet at fljota,
Snjo en at bråna, og Fossen i Å,
at fyssa og brjota.

Graset det grøne eg enno ein Gong,
fekk skoda med blomar.
Enno eg høyrde at Vårfuglen song,
mot Sol og mot Sumar.

Eingong eg sjølv i den vårlege Eim,
som mettar mit Auga.
Eingong eg der vil meg finna ein Heim,
og symjande lauga.

Alt det som Våren imøte meg bar,
og Blomen eg plukkad'.
Federnes Ånder eg trudde det var,
som dansad' og sukkad'.

Derfor eg fann millom Bjørkar og Bar,
i Våren ei Gåta;
derfor det Ljod i den Fløyta eg skar,
meg tyktest at gråta.
—Aasmund Olavsson Vinje (1859)

En Svane

Min hvide svane
du stumme, du stille,
hverken slag eller trille
lod sangrøst ane.

I Love You

You have become the single thought of my
thoughts,
you are the first love of my heart.
I love you as no one else here on Earth,
I love you for time and eternity!

Spring

Once more I got to behold winter
Fleeing before the spring;
Hackberry with trees covered by blooms,
I once more saw blooming.

Once more I got to behold the ice
Flowing from land,
The snow softening, and waterfall into river
Buzzing and bursting.

The green grass I once again got
To behold with blooms.
Still I heard the spring fowl sing,
To sun and to summer.

Sometime I will in the springtime haze,
Which saturates my eye.
Sometime I there will find me a home,
And swim and bathe.

Everything that the spring greeted me with,
and the bloom I plucked.
I thought It was the spirits of the forefathers,
That danced and sighed.

Therefore I found between birches and bark,
A riddle in spring.
Therefore the sound from the flute I carved,
Seemed to be weeping.

The Swan

My white swan,
you mute, you quiet,
neither warble nor trill
let a singing voice be heard.

Angst beskyttende
alfen, som sover,
altid lyttende
gled du henover.

Men sidste mødet,
da eder og øjne
var lønlige løgne,
ja da, da lød det!

I toners føden
du sluttet din bane.
Du sang i døden;
du var dog en svane!
—Henrik Ibsen (1871)

Ein Traum

Mir träumte einst ein schöner Traum:
Mich liebte eine blonde Maid;
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:

Die Knospe sprang, der Waldbach
schwoll,
Fern aus dem Dorfe scholl Geläut—
Wir waren ganzer Wonne voll,
Versunken ganz in Seligkeit.

Und schöner noch als einst der Traum
Begab es sich in Wirklichkeit—
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:

Der Waldbach schwoll,
die Knospe sprang,
Geläut erscholl vom Dorfe her—
Ich hielt dich fest, ich hielt dich lang
Und lasse dich nun nimmermehr!

O frühlingsgrüner Waldesraum!
Du lebst in mir durch alle Zeit—
Dort ward die Wirklichkeit zum Traum,
Dort ward der Traum zur Wirklichkeit!
—Friedrich Martin von Bodenstedt (1856)

Fearfully protecting
the elf who sleeps,
always listening,
you glided away.

But the last meeting when oaths
and eyes were secret lies,
yes then,
then it sounded!

In music's birth
you ended your life.
You sang in death;
you were still a swan!

A Dream

I once had a beautiful dream:
I was in love with a fair-haired young woman,
we were in a green forest glade,
it was warm spring weather,

the buds were sprouting, the brook was running
strong,
the sounds of the distant village could be heard,
we were full of joy,
immersed in bliss.

And even more beautiful than the dream
was what occurred in reality:
it was in a green forest glade
it was warm spring weather,

the brook was running strong,
the buds were sprouting, the sounds of the
distant village reached our ears—
I held you tight, I held you long,
and now will never again let you go!

Oh the spring-green glade
is alive in me for all time!
That is where reality became a dream
and the dream became reality!

