



*Presents*

***A Master's Degree Voice Recital***

**Margaret Slavinsky, *soprano***  
**Ginikachukwu Ohaji, *soprano***  
with  
**Mona Coalter, *piano***

Nell Op. 18, No. 1  
En sourdine Op. 58, No. 2  
Notre amour Op. 23, No. 2

Gabriel Fauré  
(1845–1924)

Browning Songs  
I. The Year's at the Spring  
II. Ah, Love but a day!  
III. I Send My Heart up to Thee

Amy Beach  
(1867–1944)

An den Mond Op. 57, No. 3  
Goodnight Moon  
Song to the Moon  
From *Rusalka* (1901)

Franz Schubert  
(1797–1828)  
Eric Whitacre  
(b. 1970)  
Antonín Dvořák  
(1841–1904)

**Margaret Slavinsky, *soprano***

A special thanks to our voice professors, Anne Slovin and Stephen Lancaster.

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LaBar Recital Hall  
Sunday, April 21st, 2024, 2:30pm

Margaret Slavinsky is a student of Anne Slovin. Ginikachukwu Ohaji is a student of Stephen Lancaster

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

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From <i>Frauenliebe und Leben</i> (1840)	Robert Schumann (1810–1856)
1. Seit ich ihn gesehen	
2. Er, der Herrlichste von allen	
3. Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben	
4. Du Ring an meinem Finger	
"Allons, il le faut ... Adieu, notre petite table" From <i>Manon</i> (1883)	Jules Massenet (1814–1912)
Greyday From <i>Moments in Sonder</i> (2016)	B. E. Boykins (b. 1989)
Night (1946)	Florence Price (1887–1953)
Sancta Maria Intermezzo from <i>Cavalleria Rusticana</i> (1890)	Pietro Mascagni (1863–1945) (arr. Steven Mercurio)

**Ginikachukwu Ohaji, *soprano***



## Program Notes

### Texts and Translations

#### Nell

Ta rose de pourpre à ton clair soleil,  
O Juin, étincelle enivrée,  
Penche aussi vers moi ta coupe dorée:  
Mon cœur à ta rose est pareil.

Sous le mol abri de la feuille ombreuse  
Monte un soupir de volupté;  
Plus d'un ramier chante au Bois écarté,  
O mon cœur, sa plainte amoureuse.

Que ta perle est douce au ciel enflammé,  
Etoile de la nuit pensive!  
Mais combien plus douce est la clarté vive  
Qui rayonne en mon cœur, en mon cœur  
charmé!

La chantante mer, le long du rivage,  
Taira son murmure éternel,  
Avant qu'en mon cœur, chère amour, ô Nell,  
Ne fleurisse plus ton image!  
—Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle  
(1818–1894)

#### En sourdine

Calmes dans le demi-jour  
Que les branches hautes font,  
Pénétrons bien notre amour  
De ce silence profond,  
Mêlons nos âmes, nos cœurs  
Et nos sens extasiés,  
Parmi Les vagues langueurs  
Des pins et des arbousiers,  
Ferme tes yeux à demi,  
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,  
Et de ton cœur endormi  
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Laissons-nous persuader

#### Nell

Your purple rose in your brilliant sun,  
Oh June, sparkles as if intoxicated,  
Bend toward me, too, your golden cup:  
My heart and your rose are alike.

Under the soft shelter of shady boughs  
Sounds a voluptuous sigh;  
Turtle doves coo in the spreading wood,  
Oh my heart, their amorous lament.

How sweet is your pearl in the flaming sky,  
Star of the pensive night!  
But sweeter still is the vivid light  
Which shines in my heart, my charmed  
heart!

The singing sea, along the shore,  
Will silence it's everlasting murmur,  
'Ere in my heart, dear love, oh Nell,  
Your image will cease to bloom!  
—Tr. Sergius Kagen

#### Softly

Calm in the twilight  
Cast by loft boughs  
Let us steep our love  
In this deep quiet  
Let us mingle our souls, our hearts  
And our enraptured senses,  
With the hazy languor  
Of pine and arbutus,  
Half-close your eyes,  
Fold your arms across your breast,  
And from your weary heart  
Banish forever all intent.

Let us both surrender

Au souffle berceur et doux  
Qui vient, à tes pieds, rider  
Les ondes des gazons roux.  
Et quand, solennel, le soir  
Des chênes noirs tombera,  
Voix de notre désespoir,  
Le rossignol chantera.  
—Paul Verlaine (1844–1896)

### **Notre amour**

Notre amour est chose légère,  
Comme les parfums que le vent  
Prend aux cimes de la fougère,  
Pour qu'on les respire en rêvant.  
Notre amour est chose légère!

Notre amour est chose charmante,  
Comme les chansons du matin,  
Où nul regret ne se lamente,  
Où vibre un espoir incertain...  
Notre amour est chose charmante!

Notre amour est chose sacrée,  
Comme les mystères des bois,  
Où tressaille une âme ignorée,  
Où les silences ont des voix;  
Notre amour est chose sacrée!

Notre amour est chose infinie,  
Comme les chemins des couchants,  
Où la mer, aux cieux réunie,  
S'endort sous Les soleils penchants;

Notre amour est chose éternelle,  
Comme tout ce que dieu vainqueur  
A touché du feu de son aile,  
Comme tout ce qui vient du cœur;  
Notre amour est chose éternelle!  
—Paul Armand Silvestre (1837–1901)

To the gentle and lulling breeze  
That comes, to your feet, to ruffle  
The waves of russet grass.  
And when solemnly the evening  
Falls from the black oaks,  
That voice of our despair,  
Shall sing.  
—Tr. Sergius Kagen

### **Our Love**

Our love is a light thing,  
Like the perfumes which the wind  
Lifts from the top of the fern,  
To be inhaled in dreaming.  
Our love is a light thing!

Our love is a charming thing,  
Like the songs of the morn,  
With no expression of regret,  
That vibrates an uncertain hope...  
Our love is a charming thing!

Our love is a sacred thing,  
Like the mysteries of a forest,  
Where an ignored soul is trembling,  
Where stillness has a voice;  
Our love is a sacred thing!

Our love is an infinite thing,  
Like the paths of sunsets,  
Where the sea, united with the skies,  
Slumbers under declining suns;

Our love is an eternal thing,  
Like all things that the Almighty God  
Has touched with His wing,  
Like all that comes from the heart;  
Our love is an eternal thing!  
—Tr. Sergius Kagen

### **An den Mond**

Geuss, lieber Mond,  
Geuss deine Silver flimmer  
Durch dieses Buchengrün,  
Wo Phantasien und Traumgestalten  
Immer vor mir vorüber flieh'n!

Enthülle dich,  
Das ich die Stätte finde,  
Wo oft mein Mädchen sass,  
Und oft, im Weh'n  
Des Buchbaums und der Linde,  
Der goldnen Stadt vergass!

Enthülle dich,  
Dass ich des Strauchs mich freue,  
Der Kühlung ihr gerauscht,  
Und einen Kranz  
Auf jeden Anger streue,  
Wo sie den Bach belauscht!

Dann, lieber Mond,  
Dann nimm den Schleier wieder,  
Und traur'um deinen Freund,  
Und weine durch den Wolken flor  
Hernieder, wie dein Verlassner weint!  
—Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty  
(1748–1776)

### **Song to the Moon**

Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém,  
světlo tvé daleko vidí,  
po světě bloudíš širokém,  
díváš se v příbytky lidí.

Měsíčku, postůj chvíli,  
řekni mi, řekni, kde je můj milý?

Řekni mu, stříbrný měsíčku,  
mé že jej objímá rámě,  
aby si alespoň chvíličku  
vzpomenul ve snění na mě.

Zasvit' mu do daleka, zasvit' mu,  
řekni mu, řekni, kdo tu naň čeká!

### **To the moon**

Pour, dear moon,  
Pour your silver glitter  
Through this beech-tree's green,  
Where fantasies and dream-shapes  
Always before me are flying by!

Reveal yourself,  
That I may find the place,  
Where my girl often sat,  
And often, in the breeze  
Of the beech trees and the linden,  
The golden city forgot!

Reveal yourself,  
That I might enjoy the whispering  
Bushes which cool her,  
And lay a wreath  
on that meadow,  
Where she listened to the brook!

Then, dear moon,  
Take your veil again,  
And mourn your friend,  
Weep down through the hazy clouds,  
As the one you have forsaken weeps!  
—Tr. Richard Wigmore

### **Song to the Moon**

Moon high and deep in the sky,  
Your light travels far,  
You travel around the wide world,  
And see into people's homes.

Oh moon, stand still a little while,  
And tell me where is my dear?

Tell him silver moon,  
That I am embracing him,  
For at least momentarily  
Let him recall dreaming of me.

Illuminate him from far away,  
And tell him who is waiting for him!

O mně-li duše lidská sní,  
af se tou vzpomínkou vzbudí!  
Měsíčku, nezhasni, nezhasni!

Měsíčku, nezhasni!  
—Jaroslav Kvapil (1868–1950)

If his human soul is really dreaming of me,  
May the memory awaken him!  
Moon, don't disappear, don't disappear!

Moon, don't disappear!  
—Tr. Marc Verzatt

## Frauenliebe und Leben

### Seit ich ihn gesehen

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.

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.

### Er, der Herrlichste von allen

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 niedre Magd nicht kennen, Hoher  
Stern der Herrlichkeit!

### Since first seeing him

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

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

### He, the most wonderful of all

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 heed my silent prayer, uttered for your  
happiness alone.  
You shall never know me, lowly as I am, You  
noble star of splendor!

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?

### **Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben**

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben, Es hat  
ein Traum mich berückt;  
Wie hätt er doch unter allen Mich Arme erhöht  
und beglückt?  
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.

### **Du Ring an meinem Finger**

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.  
—Adelbert von Chamisso (1781-1838)

Only the worthiest woman of all May your  
choice elate,  
And I shall bless that exalted one Many  
thousands of times.  
Then shall I rejoice and weep, blissful, blissful  
shall I be,  
Even if my heart should break, break, O heart,  
what does it matter?

### **I cannot grasp it, believe it**

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 savor blissful death in tears of endless  
joy.

### **You ring on my finger**

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

—Tr. Richard Stokes



### Allons! il le faut! ... Adieu

Allons! Il le faut pour lui-même...  
Mon pauvre chevalier!  
Oui, c'est lui que j'aime!  
Et pourtant, j'hésite aujourd'hui.  
Non, non!... Je ne suis plus digne de lui!  
J'entends cette voix qui m'entraîne  
contre ma volonté:  
Manon, Manon, tu seras reine...  
Reine... par la beauté!  
Je ne suis que faiblesse et que fragilité...  
Ah! malgré moi je sens couler mes larmes...  
Devant ces rêves effacés,  
l'avenir aura-t-il les charmes  
de ces beaux jours déjà passés?

Adieu, notre petite table,  
qui nous réunit si souvent!  
Adieu, adieu, notre petite table,  
si grande pour nous cependant!  
On tient, c'est inimaginable...  
Si peu de place... en se serrant...  
Adieu, notre petite table!  
Un même verre était le nôtre,  
chacun de nous, quand il buvait  
y cherchait les lèvres de l'autre ...  
Ah! pauvre ami, comme il m'aimait!  
Adieu, notre petite table, adieu!  
—Henri Meilhac (1830-1897) and  
Philippe Emile (1831-1901)

### Sancta Maria

Ave Maria, gratia plena,  
Dominus tecum,  
benedicta tu in mulieribus,  
et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Jesus.

Sancta Maria, Mater Dei,  
ora pro nobis peccatoribus,  
nunc et in hora mortis nostrae.  
Amen.

### Let's go! It is necessary ... Goodbye

Let's go...it is necessary!  
My poor knight!  
Oh, yes, it's him that I love!  
And yet, I hesitate today!  
No! No! I am no longer worthy of him!  
I hear that voice that captivates me  
Against my will :  
Manon, you will be queen,  
Queen by your beauty!"  
I am nothing but weakness and fragility!  
Ah! In spite of myself, I feel the flow of my  
tears.  
Before these obliterated dreams!  
Will the future have the charms  
of those beautiful days already passed?

Goodbye, our little table  
At which we met so often!  
Goodbye, our little table  
Yet so large for us!  
One thinks that it's unimaginable,  
So small a space...when we're embracing...  
Goodbye, our little table!  
The same glass was ours,  
Each of us, when it was drunk from,  
There searched one set of lips for the other...  
Ah! Poor friend that loved me!  
Goodbye...our little table.  
—Tr. Robert Glaubitz

### Holy Mary

Ave Maria, Full of Grace,  
The Lord is with thee,  
blessed art thou among women,  
and blessed the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.

Holy Maria, Mother of God,  
Pray for us sinners,  
now and at the hour of our death.  
Amen.



## Acknowledgements

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