



VALPARAISO
UNIVERSITY

THE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC PRESENTS

FACULTY ARTIST
RECITAL

Emily Yiannias
soprano

with
Joseph Bognar
piano

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 6, 2019, 2:00 P.M.
DUESENBERG RECITAL HALL

PROGRAM

Marriage and Music

Frauenliebe und -Leben, Op. 42

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

1. Seit ich ihn gesehen
2. Er, der Herrlichste von allen
3. Ich kann's nicht fassen
4. Du Ring an meinem Finger
5. Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
6. Süßer Freund, du blickest
7. An meinem Herzen
8. Nun hast du mir der ersten Schmerz getan

Lullaby for Brady

Sam Pluta
(b. 1979)

Intermission

Glossolalia

Sky Macklay
(b. 1988)

Sechs Lieder, Op. 13

Clara Wieck Schuman
(1819-1896)

1. Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
2. Sie liebten sich beide
3. Die Liebe sass als Nachtigall
4. Der Mond kommt still gegangen
5. Ich hab' in Deinem Auge
6. Die stille Lotosblume

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Frauenliebe und –Leben

Adalbert von Chamisso (1781–1838)

Translations from “The Ring of Words: An Anthology of Song Texts”
by Philip L. Miller, 1963.

1. 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.

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

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 Demuth 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!

Woman's Love and Life

1. Since I have seen him
I believe myself to be blind;
wherever I look
I see him only.
As in a waking dream
his image hovers before me;
out of the deepest darkness
it rises ever more brightly.

There is no other light or color
in anything around me;
playing with my sisters
no longer delights me;
I would rather weep
quietly in my room.
Since I have seen him
I believe myself to be blind.

2. He, the noblest of all -
how kind, how good!
Fine lips, clear eyes,
bright soul and strong spirit!

As yonder in the deep blue
that bright and glorious star,
so is he in my heaven,
bright and glorious, high and distant.

Go, go your way;
only let me contemplate your brilliance,
only in humility consider it,
only be blest and melancholy!

Do not listen to my quiet prayer,
dedicated only to your to your good
fortune;

take no notice of me, the lowly maid,

O high and splendid star!

Nur die Würdigste von allen
darf beglücken deine Wahl,
Und ich will die Hohe segnen
Segnen viele tausend Mal.

Only the worthiest of all
shall be favored by your choice;
and I will bless that exalted one,
bless her many thousand times

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

I will rejoice, then, and weep,
for then I am happy – happy!
Even though my heart should break –
break, o heart, what can it matter?

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

3. I cannot grasp or believe it;
I am bewitched by a dream.
How could he, from among them all,
have exalted and blessed so lowly a one
as I?

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

It seemed to me – he spoke:
“I am yours forever” –
It seemed to me – I am still dreaming
it cannot ever be so.

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

O let me perish in my dream,
lulled upon his breast!
Let me relish the most blessed death
In the endless happiness of tears.

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

4. O ring upon my finger,
my little golden ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
Devoutly to my heart.

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

I had done with dreaming
the peaceful dream of childhood;
only to find myself lost
in endless desert space.

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

O ring upon my finger,
it was you who first taught me,
revealed to my sight
the infinite and deep value of life.

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

I will serve him, live for him,
belong to him entirely,
give myself and find
myself transfigured in his light.

5. Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
Freundlich mich schmücken
Dient der Glücklichen heute mir.

5. Help me, sisters,
please, to adorn myself,
serve me, today's fortunate one.

Windet geschäftig
Mir um die Stirne
Noch der blühenden 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 klaren Aug'
ihn empfangen,
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

Bist mein Geliebter,
Du mir erschienen,
Giebst du mir, Sonne, deinen Schein?
Lass mich in Andacht,
Lass mich in Demuth
Lass mich verneigen dem Herren mein.

Streuet ihm, Schwestern,
Streuet ihm Blumen,
Bringet ihm knospende Rosen dar.
Aber euch, Schwestern,
Gruss ich mit Wehmut,
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schaar.

6. Susser 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 Thränen

Busily wind
around my forehead
the blossoming myrtle wreath.
As I lay peacefully
happy in heart,
in my beloved's arms,
he was always crying out
with longing in his heart,
impatient for this day.

Help me, sisters,
help me to banish
a foolish anxiety,
so that I may with clear eye
receive him,
him, the source of happiness.

When you, my beloved,
appeared to me,
O sun, did you give me your light?
Let me in devotion,
let me in humility
let me bow before my lord.

Scatter before him, sisters,
scatter flowers,
bring him the budding roses.
But sisters,
I greet you with sweet melancholy,
as I happily take leave of your group.

6. Sweet friend, you look
at me in astonishment.
You don't understand
how I can weep!
Leave the moist pearls –
unwonted ornament –
to glisten, bright with happiness,
On my eyelashes.

How anxious I am,
how full of delight!
If only I had the words
to say it!
Come, and bury your face
here on my breast;
into your ear I will whisper
All my happiness.
Now do you understand the tears

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.

that I can weep?
Ought you not see them?
dearest man?
Rest upon my heart,
feel its beat,
and nearer and nearer
Let me draw you.

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

Here by my bed
is place for the cradle
which shall quietly hide
my lovely dream.
The morning will come
when the dream awakens,
and from it your image
will smile at me.

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

7. Upon my heart, upon my bosom,
Oh my joy, oh my rapture!

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

Happiness is love, love is happiness,
I have said it before and I don't take it
back!
I have thought myself over happy,
but I am over-happy now.

Nur die da saugt, nur die da liebt

Only she who nurses, only she who
loves

Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung giebt,

the child to whom she gives
nourishment,

Nur eine Mutter Weiss allein,
Was lieben heisst und glücklich sein.

only a mother knows
What it is to love and to be fortunate.

O wie bedaur' ich doch den Mann,
Der Mütterglück nicht fühlen kann!

O how I pity the man,
who cannot feel a mother's rapture!

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

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

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

8. Now you have hurt me for the first
time –
Really hurt me.
you sleep, hard pitiless man,
The sleep of death.

Es blicket die Verlass'ne vor sich hin,
Die Welt ist leer.

The forsaken one looks before her –
The world is empty.

Geliebet hab' ich und gelebt,
Ich bin nicht lebend mehr.

I have loved and I have lived –
I am no longer alive.

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

I withdraw silently within myself,
the veil falls,
There I have you and lost my
happiness,
O you, my world!

Glossolalia

Noun

1. incomprehensible speech in an imaginary language, sometimes occurring in a trance state, an episode of religious ecstasy, or schizophrenia.

Text from Gregory Mahrer's Fordham University VoicesUP! Poetry prize-winning collection *A Provisional Map of the Lost Continent*.

Loon tongue
muttertongue
idiom savant.

Beneath this tongue
they say
lies another tongue.

But what of the throat; lingual reed
tender slide of oboe
guttural click –

or torso
flutter of sparrow
shuttle box?

Wrist glyph
Phoneme of hip
ibble of lash...

What is the saying
that in the saying
reveals the underword?

Caress
the indigestible
pronoun

Funnel seed
quill
shuttle and yarn.

Sechs Lieder

1. Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen
Und starrte ihr Bildniß an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben began.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmuthsthränen,

Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

Auch meine Thränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab -
Und ach, ich kann nicht glauben,
Daß ich Dich verloren hab'!

-Heinrich Heine

2. Sie liebten sich beide, doch keiner

wollt' es dem andern gestehn;
sie sahen sich an so feindlich,
und wollten vor Liebe vergehn.

Sie trennten sich endlich und sah'n sich

nur noch zuweilen im Traum;
sie waren längst gestorben
und wußten es selber kaum.

-Heinrich Heine

3. Die Liebe saß als Nachtigall
im Rosenbusch und sang;
es flog der wundersüße Schall
den grünen Wald entlang.

Und wie er klang, da stieg im Kreis
aus tausend Kelchen Duft,
und alle Wipfel rauschten leis',
und leiser ging die Luft;

Six Songs

1. I stood in gloomy daydreams
and gazed at her portrait,
and that well-beloved countenance
began furtively to come to life.

About her lips there seemed to glide,
a wondrous smile,
and, as if they were about to fill with
nostalgic tears,
Her eyes glistened.

And my tears flowed
down my cheeks -
and ah, I cannot believe
that I have lost you!

2. They once loved each other, but
neither
would to the other confess;
they saw each other as hostile,
yet wanted to perish from love.

They finally parted and sometimes
sighted
the other in dreams;
they had been dead so long now
and hardly known it themselves.

3. Now love once like a nightingale
in rosebush perched and sang;
with sweetest wonder flew the sound
along the woodland green.

And as it rang, there rose a scent
from ring of thousand buds,
and all the treetops rustled soft,
and softer blew the air;

Die Bäche schwiegen, die noch kaum
geplätschert von den Höh'n,
die Rehlein standen wie im Traum
und lauschten dem Getön.

Und hell und immer heller floß
der Sonne Glanz herein,
um Blumen, Wald und Schlucht ergoß
sich goldig roter Schein.

Ich aber zog den Weg entlang
und hörte auch den Schall.
Ach! was seit jener Stund' ich sang,
war nur sein Widerhall.
-Emanuel von Geibel

4. Der Mond kommt still gegangen
Mit seinem goldnen Schein,
Da schläft in holdem Prangen
Die müde Erde ein.

Und auf den Lüften schwanken
Aus manchem treuen Sinn
Viel tausend Liebesgedanken
Über die Schläfer hin.

Und drunten im Tale, da funkeln
Die Fenster von Liebchens Haus;
Ich aber blicke im Dunkeln
Still in die Welt hinaus.
-Emanuel von Geibel

5. Ich hab' in deinem Auge den Strahl
Der ewigen Liebe gesehen,
Ich sah auf deinen Wangen einmal
Die Rosen des Himmels stehen.

Und wie der Strahl im Aug' erlischt,
Und wie die Rosen zerstieben,
Ihr Abglanz, ewig neu erfrischt,
Ist mir im Herzen geblieben.

The brooklets silenced scarcely come
by splashing from the heights,
the fawns stood still as if in dream
and listened to the tone.

And bright and ever brighter flowed
the sunbeams down inside,
'round blossoms, wood and gorge it
gushed
with golden red sunshine.

I walked along the path that day
and also heard that sound.
Alas! Whatever since I've sung,
was just its echo faint.

4. The moon so peaceful rises
with all its golden shine,
here sleeps in lovely glitter
the weary earth below.

And on the breezes waft down
from many faithful hearts
true loving thoughts by the thousand
upon the sleeping ones.

And down in the valley, there twinkle
the lights from my lover's house;
but I in darkness still look out -
silent - into the world.

5. I once into your eyes looked
the flash of unfading love I beheld there,
I once upon your cheeks saw
the bloom of roses from heaven fair.

And though the flash of eye may fade,
and though the roses may wither,
their splendor ever new refreshed,
is how my heart will remember.

Und niemals werd' ich die Wangen sehn
Und nie in's Auge dir blicken,
So werden sie mir in Rosen stehn
Und es den Strahl mir schicken.

-Friedrich Rückert

6. Die stille Lotusblume
Steigt aus dem blauen See,
Die Blätter flimmen und blitzten,
Der Kelch ist weiß wie Schnee.

Da gießt der Mond vom Himmel
All' seinen gold'nen Schein,
Gießt alle seine Strahlen
In ihren Schoß hinein

Im Wasser um die Blume
Kreiset ein weißer Schwan
Er singt so süß, so leise
und will im Singen vergehn.

O Blume, weiße Blume,
Kannst du das Lied verstehn?
-Emanuel von Geibel

And never will I behold your cheeks
and in your eyes ne'er be gazing,
without those roses that I saw bloom
And with that flash be blazing.

6. The quiet lotus blossom
sprouts from the pond so blue,
its leaves all glimmer and sparkle,
its bud is white as snow.

The moon pours down from heaven
all of its golden shine,
pours all its golden moonbeams
into her blossom heart.

In water 'round the blossom
circles the whitest swan
it sings so sweet so softly
but would perish in song.

O blossom, whitest blossom,
can you conceive the song?

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

Emily Lyday Yiannias has been a member of the Valparaiso Voice Faculty since 2013. She enjoys an active career as a soloist, chamber musician, and teacher. As a soloist, the soprano has appeared with Chicago's Music of the Baroque, Valparaiso University Bach Institute, Valparaiso University Symphony Orchestra, Whiting Indiana Festival Orchestra, Michigan City Municipal Band, AIMS Festival Orchestra in Graz, Austria, and Northwestern University Chamber Orchestra. On the operatic stage, Ms. Yiannias has appeared with Light Opera Works, Opera for the Young, and Lyric Opera of Chicago. She is a long-time member of the Music of the Baroque Chorus and Grant Park Music Festival Chorus, both in Chicago.

In recital, Ms. Yiannias is particularly committed to performing 21st century music and music of lesser known composers. Recent recital engagements include two faculty artist recitals at Valparaiso University and a guest artist recital and lecture at St. Mary's College in South Bend, IN entitled *Beloved/Beheaded: Art Song of Women Composers*. Ms. Yiannias has also performed George Crumb's song cycle *Apparition*, a work requiring unusual timbres and extended vocal techniques.

Ms. Yiannias is a Metropolitan Opera National Council District Winner and Finalist, a Mu Phi Epsilon Foundation grant recipient, and a member of the National Association of Teachers of Singing. She holds a BM (cum laude) from DePauw University and an MM from Northwestern University and recently joined the voice faculty at the University of Notre Dame. When not singing and teaching, she enjoys taking Barre classes, traveling with her husband and two children, and exploring all the wonderful things Northwest Indiana has to offer!

www.emilyyiannias.com

Joseph Bognar is Associate Professor of Music At Valparaiso University, where he teaches piano, harpsichord, and music theory. He has served on the faculties of the Maud Powell Music Festival, Lutheran Summer Music, and the Stamford International Music Festival. As a member of the Castillon Piano Trio, he has performed in the United Kingdom, receiving acclaim for "his superb technique ... one could only marvel at this talented performer." (Evening Telegraph, U.K.) His performances with the trio have aired on BBC radio. He toured China with Windiana, Northwest Indiana's professional wind ensemble, where he appeared as piano soloist in works of Gershwin and Xian. His most recent campus performances have featured some of the most formidable 20th-century works, including Rzewski's *The People United Will Never Be Defeated!* and Ives's Sonata no. 2: Concord, Mass. He completed undergraduate studies in piano and organ at Valparaiso University, where he graduated *summa cum laude*. Awarded two university fellowships, he studied piano with internationally renowned accompanist John Wustman at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, where he earned his doctor of musical arts.

UPCOMING EVENTS

Monday, October 7, 2019

Faculty Recital

Spencer Martin, Viola

Duesenberg Recital Hall, 7:30 p.m.

Free admission, open to the public

Friday, October 18, 2019

Faculty Recital

Sangeeta Swamy, Violin

Duesenberg Recital Hall, 7:30 p.m.

Free admission, open to the public

Sunday, October 20, 2019

Faculty Recital

Anne Marie Ouverson Bice, Soprano

Duesenberg Recital Hall, 2:00 p.m.

Free admission, open to the public

Programs available online one week prior to the scheduled performance
at valpo.edu/music/performances

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