A graduate abstract submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements
For the degree of Master Music in Performance
By
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ABSTRACT

SONGS

OF LOVE AND LONGING

By

Amanda Kadlubek

Master of Music in Performance

The topic of love and longing is so vast that it is often articulated through a wide variety of musical expressions. For this program many kinds of love, including religious, altruistic and romantic, are set in French mélodie, German Lieder, Baroque and Operatic arias, contemporary American song and Spanish song and include Bach’s *St Matthew’s Passion*, Poulenc’s *Fiancailles pour Rire*, lieder by Joseph Marx, Turina’s *Poema en forma de canciones* and selections from Aaron Copeland’s *Poems of Emily Dickenson*.

One of the most famous examples in history of combined love and longing is that of the suffering of Christ. “Ich will dir mein Herze schenken” from Bach’s *St Matthew Passion* sets the somber scene, yet ends with the promise of love conquering. The tone for the aria then changes to major adding joyful, expectant coloratura. By the return of the A section, a light ambiance has been achieved and more buoyancy is created by trills and other embellishments of the otherwise text driven melody. Word painting occurs in the vocal line with the phrase “sink thyself” as the line descends. This passionate account of the gospel of Matthew is reflected in the accompaniment and melody through operatic and dynamic elements as a touch of the theatrical within a Baroque framework. Longing for Christ’s return is overwhelmed in this piece by the thought of Christ’s love, worth “more than world and heaven”.

In *Fiancailles pour Rire* by Poulenc, there is another example of the push and pull between longing and love. In “La dame d’Andre”, the singer tells the tale of Andre’s love-life with a colorful and expressive accompaniment. During the section where the singer describes the fall of night, the accompaniment creates a kind of trepidation that is resolved rather flippantly with the question,“Will she fade on the blank pages of his album of better days?” to which the accompaniments seems to answer, “Who knows?”.

In *Dans l’herbe* (In the Grass), Poulenc shifts the mood as the singer describes the loss of a lover who died in the war. Post World War 1 disillusionment is embedded in the sparse sections of the accompaniment and slow tempo as the singer laments, “there is nothing more I can say or do for him”. Then, a complete swing of temperament propels the third song “Il vole” (He flies) into flight. This song is
ingrained within the theme of longing for a love who is fleeing, and the drama is expressed through challenging, frantic accompaniment. There is word play used on the word “Il vole”, for her lover is both flying and is a thief and the song’s dynamics and range extend when this cruel irony is exposed: he has stolen her heart, and he has stolen away! A new mood appears in the fourth song, “Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant” (My corpse is as soft as a glove) which expresses a morbid out-of-body experience. There is almost a slow death march feel to this eerie song, and the melody is colored with interesting chromatic choices and more interesting color-filled chords in the accompaniment which fades in the end as if life is also fading. Life surges back as the themes of love and longing are re-introduced in, “Violon” (Violin). The accompaniment creates a sense of the wantonness in a nightclub with the character of the violin player through lines in the right hand which sound like a gypsy violin. The vocal line contains great leaps and chromatic portamentos. In the final song of the cycle, “Fleur” (Flowers), the speaker remembers her love of old. This song’s tall chords move at the pace of the text, supporting the vocal line. This creates a sense of unity, beauty, and closure which completes the cycle.

The lieder of Joseph Marx, known as the Austrian Impressionist, express longing through various chromatic patterns in the accompaniment and soaring vocal lines. In his song, “Selige nacht” (Silent night), he musically paints the wind coming in through the window with a triplet accompaniment pattern. A musical yearning continues after the vocal line ends in the piano. In, “Waldseligkeit” (Into the woods), the accompaniment sets the stage describing musically the grand scene of tall forest. The arc of the piano line describes the “rustling breeze” which is full of life giving energy that ignites love. The melody climbs and increases intensity to the climactic “entirely yours” describing both the height and depth of passion with an octave leap. In the song, “Und gestern hat er mir Rosen gebracht” (And yesterday he brought be roses) the accompaniment gives a rhythmic skipping introduction, and the vocal line is optimistic, joining this same rhythm with exuberant longing. Thus, these leider express a happy kind of longing for optimistic love.

In, Poema en forma de canciones by Joaquin Turina, the opening, “Dedicatoria” (Dedication) sets the stage with Spanish rhythms, texture, and elements of each of the songs in the cycle woven within as if it is an opera overture. In, “Nunca olivida” (Never Forget), the accompaniment sounds at the same time reflective and bittersweet the through use of French chromatic harmony and beautiful lyric line. The song is entirely various “piano” markings, except for the line, “To you whom I have always deeply loved”. The next song,” Cantares”(Songs), begins with passionate flair through use of vocal turns on “ah” and “ay”, suggesting that these emotions expressed are too deep for words. The accompaniment is made up of slower trills accompanied by block chords in the left hand with a flamenco dance feel. The song melody then settles into a 6/4 feel, with a very Spanish, very seductive inflection that reminds one of Carmen. In the B section, longing only increases as the 2/4 tempo shifts the mood of the piece to deeper desire.

In, “Los dos miedos”(The two fears), the challenging accompaniment sounds more dream-like again with rolling chords and chromatic ascending scales. The voice joins and makes complete this story of a woman who was at first afraid of love and then
afraid to be without her love. The shifts in the accompaniment interlude exemplify the dichotomy of love being both near and far, with the return of the A section making it seem strophic. In the final song of this cycle, “Las locas por amor” (The love-crazed), the mood is completely different. There is a bouncy, fervent flair to this stylish ending. This time, the melody is in the left hand of the accompaniment, as if personifying the male of the story, while block chords occupy the right hand in Spanish style. The vocal line enters with a much higher, energetic range than before, and with great confidence and a hint of comedy as the listener discovers that it is actually the “Goddess Venus” who has the upper hand, and not her self-assured lover. She too, longs for love, as long as he is quick and passionate at it and the final V-I of the vocal line completes this cycle with a victorious cadence.

The different perspectives of longing in the cycle Poems of Emily Dickenson by Aaron Copland are seen in “The world feels dusty”. The meager accompaniment suggests humility and the fragility of life and the slow tempo gives the feel of soberness. Passion bursts through as the vocal line crescendos and jumps over an octave at “flags”. After the line, “like the rain”, the accompaniment describes rain in the right hand, as the left continues the through line of longing creating a nostalgic accumulation of chords to end.

“Heart, we will forget him” continues this line of longing through a story of unrequited love, and the longing to forget a past love. The accompaniment flows like an underlying emotion that will not subside throughout. There is a desperation reached by the lines, “That I my thoughts may dim”, this dramatic shift dynamically decrescendoing from double forte to piano and spanning over an octave. “Sleep is supposed to be” has even more dramatic expression of longing for sleep articulated through a vocal line which is resolved, vigorous, and insistent in climactic lines such as “morning has not occurred”. “East of eternity” commands a triple forte from voice and piano, and line passionately descends below the octave. The final sentence explodes with emotional intensity with an unaccompanied chromatically altered vocal line “that is the break of day” on a powerful fermata. “I’ve heard an organ talk sometimes” however, contrasts the previous atmosphere by creating one of piety and reverence where the accompaniment sounds like bells in a cathedral. The interplay between the bells and voice is well structured and as the song climaxes, the accompaniment becomes more powerful and emotional, expressing the joy and love of a heart that longs for God. The bells continue to propel the song with increasing weight, and the song ends with great resolve with the words “In that old hallowed aisle” while the bells of the accompaniment triumphantly recall this emotion in the final chord.

The aria, “Depius le jour”, from the opera Louise by Charpentier, expresses the delight that love once longed for has been, at last, enjoyed. Louise, the seamstress, is happily enraptured by her lover Julien with whom she has run away to Paris, the city of love. The entire piece is highly legato and built around the beauty of rising and falling dynamic and melodic lines. The accompaniment is harp like in sections, and builds in emotional intensity with the ultimate culmination occurring at the lines, “I am happy” at the high, drawn out B in the vocal line. The aria, however, does not stop there, but settles into the bliss created by the moment and delights in the “deliciousness” of love. In this
case, the longing for love is ecstatically fulfilled, leaving the listener delighting in the
spinning vocal line as it decrescendos into a memory.
Thus, oratorio, mélodie, lieder, and Spanish and American Art Song all convey
the theme of love and longing in a great variety of expressions of texts. A wide range of
vocal line and accompaniment patterns, coupled with rhythmic devices, dynamics and
harmonic nuances all combine in this expression. The result is a passionate compilation
that declares the very essence of the human experience, brought together for an aurally
and emotionally satisfying performance experience.
CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, NORTHridge
MIKE CURB COLLEGE OF ARTS, MEDIA, AND COMMUNICATION
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC
PRESENTS

Amanda Katherine Kadlubek
Soprano

A Student of Dr Deana Murray

IN HER

Master of Music Recital

Suzane Recer, Piano

SATERDAY, APRIL 14, 2012
4:30 PM
MUSIC RECITAL HALL

*In partial fulfillment of the Master of Music degree in Vocal Performance*
I.

From Bach's St. Matthew Passion, Johann Sebastian Bach

18. Recitative: Wiewohl mein Herz in Tränen schwimmt
19. Aria: Ich will dir mein Herze schenken

II.

Fiancailles Pour Rire Fiançailles pour Rire Francis Poulenc

La dame d'André
Dans l'herbe
Il vole
Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant
Violon
Fleurs

III.

Im Arm der Liebe schließe wir selig ein Joseph Marx
Waldseligkeit (1882-1964)
Und gestern hat er mir Rosen gebracht

Intermission 15min

VI.

Poema en forma de canciones Joaquín Turina

Dedicatoria
Nunca olvida
Cantares
Los dos miedos
Las locas por amor
V.
12 Poems by Emily Dickenson

Aaron Copland
(1900-1990)

1. The world feels dusty
2. Heart, we will forget him
4. Sleep is supposed to be
5. I've heard an organ talk sometimes

Depuis le jour, from *Louise*

Gustave Charpentier
(1860-1956)
Text and Translations
Johann Sebastian Bach

Bach's St. Matthew Passion
aka. "Picander"

Wiewohl mein Herz in Tränen schwimmt
18. Recitative - Soprano
Although my heart swims in tears
Because Jesus takes leave of us,
Yet his testament makes me glad.
His flesh and blood, o preciousness,
He bequeaths into my hands.
As he, in the world, with his own
Could not think evil,
So he still loves them to the end.

Ich will dir mein Herze schenken
19. Aria - Soprano

I will give my heart as a gift to thee
Sink thyself into it, my Salvation.

I will submerge myself in thee.
And if the world is too small for thee,
Ah, then for me alone shalt thou
Be more than world and heaven.

Fiançailles pour Rire, Light-Hearted Betrothal
Poet, Louise de Vilmorin
(1902-1969)

André's ladyfriend
André does not know the woman
Whose hand he takes today.
Has she a heart for the future,
And for evening has she a soul?
Returning from a country dance,
Did she in her loose-fitting gown
Go and seek in the haystacks
The ring of random betrothal?
Was she afraid, when night fell,
Watched by the ghosts of the past,
In her garden, when winter
Entered by the wide avenue?
He loved her for her complexion,
For her Sunday good humor.
Will she fade on the blank pages
Of his album of better days?

In the grass
I can say nothing more
Do nothing more for him.
He died for his fair one
He died a fair death
Outside
Beneath the tree of Justice
In utter silence
In open country
In the grass.
He died unnoticed
Crying out as he passed away
Calling, Calling me
But since I was far from him
And since his voice no longer carried
He died alone in the woods
Beneath his childhood tree
And I can say nothing more
Do nothing more for him.

Stealing away
The sun as it sets
Is reflected in my polished table –
It is the round cheese of the fable
In the beak of my silver scissors.
But where is the crow? Stealing away.
I'd like to sew but a magnet
Attracts all my needles.
In the square the skittle players
Pass the time playing game after game.
But where's my lover? Stealing away.
I've a stealer for lover,
The crow steals away and my lover steals,
The stealer of my heart breaks his word
And the stealer of cheese is absent.
But where is happiness? Stealing away.
I weep under the weeping willow
I mingle my tears with its leaves
I weep because I want to be wanted
And because my stealer doesn’t care for me.
But where can love be? Stealing away.
Find the sense in my nonsense
And along the country ways
Bring me back to my wayward lover
Who steals hearts and robs me of my senses.
I want my stealer to steal me!

My corpse is as soft as a glove
My corpse is as soft as a glove
Soft as a glove of frozen skin
And my hidden pupils
Make two white pebbles of my eyes.
Two white pebbles in my face
Two mutes in the silence
Still darkened by a secret
Laden with the dead weight of what they’ve seen
My fingers that roved so often
Are joined in a saintly pose
Resting on the hollow of my sorrows
At the centre of my arrested heart.
And my two feet are mountains,
The last two hills that I saw
At the very moment I lost the race
That the years always win.
My memory is resembling–
Children, bear it swiftly away,
Go, go my life is over.
My corpse is a soft as a glove.

Violin
Loving couple of misapprehended sounds
Violin and player please me.
Ah! I love these long wailings
Stretched on the string of disquiet.
To the sound of strung-up chords
At the hour when Justice is silent
The heart shaped like a strawberry
Gives itself to love like an unknown fruit.

Flowers
Promised flowers, flowers held in your arms,
Flowers from a step’s parentheses,
Who brought you these flowers in winter
Sprinkled with the sea’s sand?
Sand of your kisses, flowers of faded loves
Your lovely eyes are ashes and in the hearth
A moan-beribboned heart
Burns with its sacred images.

**Im Arm der Liebe schliefe wir selig ein**
Poet, Otto Erich Hartleben
(1864-1905)

In the arms of love we fell blissfully asleep;
at the open window the summer wind listened
and carried the peacefulness of our breath
out into the bright, moonlit night.
And out of the garden, feeling its way randomly,
the scent of roses came to our bed of love
and gave us wonderful dreams,
dreams of intoxication, rich with yearning.

**Waldseligkeit**
Poet, Richard Fedor
(1863-1920)

The woods begin to rustle
The trees are energized by the approach of night
As if they were listening happily
For the right moment to caress
And under their branches
I am entirely alone!
I am entirely yours!
Entirely yours!

**Und gestern hat er mir Rosen gebracht**
Poet, Thekla Lingen
(1866-1931)

And yesterday he brought me roses
they have smelled all through the night
for him, an advertisement, I think
since I have given him the dreams of the night.
And today, I go about smiling, silently,
carrying his roses around with me
And I wait, and listen, and the door opens
So shakes my heart,
and, oh, he came to me! He came to me!
And kisses the roses that he brought to me,
And we will go and find those dreams of the night!

Poema en forma de canciones (Poems in the form of songs)
Dedicatoria (Piano solo)
Nunca olvida...(Never forget)
Since I am leaving this world,
and before I give my account to the Lord,
I will confess to you,
here, between the two of us.
With all my soul I forgive those
whom I have always hated.
You, whom I have deeply loved,
I will never forgive!

Cantares
Ah!
Flee as I may your embraces,
closer forever I’m caught;
my ev’ry dream, ev’ry thought
your haunting vision retraces.
Speak more to me,
for yesterday, as I was enraptured,
I listened to you without hearing,
I looked at you without seeing.
Ah!

Los dos miedos (The two fears)
With the onset of that night,
she, remote from me, said:
Why do you come so close to me?
I am afraid of you.

And after the night had passed,
she, close to me, said:
Why do you move away from me?
I am afraid without you!

Las locas por amor (The extremes of love)
I will love you, Divine Venus, if you desire
that I love you eternally and with discretion.
The goddess of Cythera replied to me:
I prefer, as all women do,
that you love me for a short time and passionately.
I will love you, Divine Venus, I will love you.

12 Poems by Emily Dickenson

Poet, Emily Dickenson
4. The world feels dusty
The world feels dusty,
When we stop to die...
We want the dew then
Honors taste dry...

Flags vex a dying face
But the least fan
Stirred by a friend's hand
Cools like the rain

Mine be the ministry
When thy thirst comes...
Dews of thyself to fetch
And holy balms.

5. Heart, we will forget him
Heart, we will forget him
You and I, tonight.
You may forget the warmth he gave,
I will forget the light.

When you have done, pray tell me,
That I [my thoughts may dim];
Haste! lest while you're lagging,
I may remember him!

7. Sleep is supposed to be
Sleep is supposed to be,
By souls of sanity,
The shutting of the eye.

Sleep is the station grand
Down which on either hand
The hosts of witness stand!

Morn is supposed to be,
By people of degree,
The breaking of the day.

Morning has not occurred!
That shall aurora be
East of Eternity;
One with the banner gay,
One in the red array,
That is the break of day.

10. I've heard an organ talk sometimes

I've heard an organ talk sometimes
In a cathedral aisle
And understood no word it said
Yet held my breath the while...
And risen up and gone away,
A more Bernardine girl
And know not what was done to me
In that old hallowed aisle

Depuis le jour, from Louise

Since the day I gave myself,
my fate seems all in flower.
I seem to be dreaming beneath a fairy sky,
my soul still enraptured
by that very first kiss!
What a wonderful life!
My dream was not a dream!
Oh! I am so happy!
Love spreads its wings over me!
In the garden of my heart
a new joy sings!
Everything resonates,
everything rejoices in my triumph!
About me all is smiles,
light and happiness!
And I tremble deliciously
at the delightful memory
of the first day
of love!
What a glorious life!
Oh, how happy I am! Too happy!...
And I tremble deliciously
at the delightful memory
of the first day
of love!
YHWH- You are so GOOOOD! I am honored to be a branch you plucked from the fire, and will burn by your love through my songs, poems and dances til my only breath is your Spirit. Thank you for giving me a second chance at life, and continuing to heal me from the inside out.

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