A Survey of Vocal Literature

An abstract submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements
For the degree of Master of Music
in Vocal Performance

By Manami Sugimori Tobenkin

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ABSTRACT

A SURVEY OF VOCAL LITERATURE

By

Manami Sugimori Tobenkin

Master of Music in Vocal Performance

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759) was a baroque period composer. “Come and trip it” is from “L’Allegro.” This song is a graceful minuet for solo voice and is followed by the chorus. “O sleep, why dost thou leave me” is from the opera, “Semele.” This song is quite slow and simple, and includes appropriate ornamentation. Limited vibrato, and the use of straight tone times is appropriate for both these pieces.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791) was a composer of the classic period. “Das Veilchen” is a miniature drama. So when we sing it we need to sing as if we are telling a story. “Als Luise die Briefe, ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte” is a tiny operatic scene, intensely dramatic and full of passion. This song is just 1 minute long, but the singer needs to express the dramatic emotions well. “Deh vieni, non tardar” is an aria from the opera, “Le nozze di Figaro.” Susanna wants to make Figaro jealous by playing a joke on him and pretending that she is waiting for another man. Realistic acting is important in singing this aria of Suzanna’s in order to portray her charm and spite.

Antonio Leopold Dvorak (1841-1904) was a Czech composer. His work “Gypsy songs” consists of 7 songs. He emphasized the love of freedome in these songs. He confronts the sadness, fun, jokes, and melancholy of life. The singer needs to express the extreme emotional changes in each song. The first and last songs are majestic and poetic in quality, and they highlight the freedom of the Gypsy lifestyle. The second, fifth, and sixth songs are spirited, joyous dances that draw heavily on Czech and Hungarian dance rhythms. The fourth song is by now a familiar tune and also the center of the cycle. The vocal part is written in 2/4 and the piano part is written in 6/8. By using these two simple meters, he maintains a nostalgic atmosphere.

Amedee-Ernest Chausson (1855-1899) was a French composer. “Le Colobri” is set in 5/4 meter. The middle section features chromatic passages and rich harmonic textures. Melodic material is shared between voice and piano. “Les Papillons” is a bright miniature song. The vocal line is both fluid and lyric, and under it is a repeated piano figure that represents the fluttering wings of the butterflies. “Le Temps des lilas” is one of
Chausson’s subtlest songs, both graceful and delicate. This song is really dramatic. He unifies the three songs with a short motive in D minor. This motive appears prominently in the piano accompaniment in several places. At return of the melody, there is a change of register and the tonality shifts from major to minor.

Richard Georg Strauss (1863-1949) was a German composer. “Zueignung” was composed when he was 18 years old. Even though he composed it for tenor voice, this song is sung by all voice types. The first two stanzas share identical opening phrases, and the second verse changes only slightly. The third stanza begins with the identical first phrases, then moves to an majestic high note climax supported with thick-texture chords in the piano. “Allerseelen” starts with a piano introduction that quotes the melodic material from the vocal phrase. The piano ends with four measures of shifting harmonies that finally come to rest, but a little inconclusively.

Ottorino Respighi (1879-1936) was an Italian composer. His work “Quattro Liriche Peti Armeni” is not well known. The voice line and the piano line have different melodies in these songs. Because he was a musicologist, he took the baroque style in piano part and combined it with a voice part fashioned in the modern style. In “No, non e mort oil figlio tuo,” the piano part plays the same melody for the entire time. Both the vocal and piano lines are simple, but together they sound really heavy. “La mamma e come il pane caldo” has three verses; the first talks about the narrator’s mother, the second talks about his father, and last talks about the narrator’s brother. There is no big climax, but each section builds in its own way to give the sections some excitement. “Io sono la Madre” also starts with a simple piano part in f# minor that eventually goes to F# major in the middle section. Again it returns to f# minor and finally ends with same phrase of the beginning part. The poet repeats “Io sono la Madre” at the beginning and end of each stanza to emphasize, “I am the Mother.”

Yoshinao Nakada (1923-2000) was a 20th-century Japanese composer. Even though he was a modern composer, most of his works are tonal. Some of his songs are supposed to be sung as if they are children’s songs. “Mukou Mukou” is a short piece written in strophic style. This song should be sung in a fun, easy manner that suggests an adult speaking to kids. “Sakura Yokocho” is not strophic, but Nakada uses the same phrase as a recurrent theme. He also uses a pentatonic scale in order to recall the melodies of traditional Japanese music. “Uta wo kudasai” is more like an aria. There are three similar messages, however Nakada uses three totally different types of melody and theme to express them. The first verse is clear and simply stated, and the second verse is like a desperate person appealing to people’s conscience. So the performer needs to sing gently and courteously. On the other hand, the third verse becomes quite dramatic. The accompaniment part here also features heavy chords while the vocal part has high notes and leaps, which portrays that the character of the poem has become highly agitated. In the ending, Nakada totally changes the theme into a quiet release of emotions.
Manami Sugimori Tobenkin
Soprano

In her Master of Music Recital*

A student of Professor Judith Scott
Accompanied by Carol Robert

Saturday, November 10th, 2012
2:30 p.m.
Music Recital Hall

*In partial fulfillment of Master of Music degree in Vocal Performance
PROGRAM

Come and trip it ................................. George Frideric Handel  (1685-1759)
O sleep, why dost thou leave me

Das Veilchen ..................................... Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreue Liebhabers verbrannte
Deh vieni, non tardar  (From the Opera “Le nozze di Figaro”)

CIGÁNSKÉ MELODI ............................... Antonín Leopold Dvořák (1841-1904)
Má píseň zas mi láskou zní
Struna naladěná
Kdyz mne stará matka
Dejte klec jestrábu

Le Colibri ......................................... Amédée-Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)
Les Papillons
Le temps des lilas
Zueignung .................................................. Richard Georg Strauss (1863-1949)

Nichts

Allerseelen

\textit{QUATTRO LIRICHE – POETI ARMENI}.......................... Ottorino Respighi (1879-1936)

No, non é mort oil figlio tuo

La mamma é come il pane caldo

Io sonos la Madre

Mukou Mukou ......................................................... Yoshinao Nakada (1923-2000)

Sakura Yokocho

Utawo Kudasai
Das Veilchen
(The Violet)

A violet in the meadow stood,
with humble brow, demure and good,
it was the sweetest violet.
There came along a shepherdess
with youthful step and happiness,
who sang, who sang
along the way this song.
Oh! thought the violet, how I pine
for nature's beauty to be mine,
if only for a moment.
for then my love might notice me
and on her bosom fasten me,
I wish, I wish
if but a moment long.
But, cruel fate! The maiden came,
without a glance or care for him,
she trampled down the violet.
He sank and died, but happily:
so I die then let me die
for her, for her,
beneath her darling feet.
Poor little violet! It was the sweetest violet.

Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen
Liebhabers verbrannte
(As Luise Was Burning the Letters of Her Unfaithful Lover)

You borne of such hot phantasy,
In revelry and so much gushing
Brought to the world, o perish
You offspring from melancholy!
The flames which made you into being,
I give you now back to the flames,
And all those songs of revelry,
Alas! he sang not just for me.
You cherish'd letters, there you burn,
And soon there is no trace of you.
Alas! the man who once has penn'd you,
Will possibly burn long in me.

Deh vieni, non tardar
(Come, do not delay)

The moment finally arrives
When I'll enjoy [experience joy] without haste
In the arms of my beloved...
Fearful anxieties, get out of my heart!
Do not come to disturb my delight.
Oh, how it seems that to amorous fires
The comfort of the place,
Earth and heaven respond,
[Oh, it seems that earth, heaven and this place answer my heart's amorous fire.] As the night responds to my ruses.

Oh, come, don't be late, my beautiful joy
Come where love calls you to enjoyment
Until night's torches no longer shine in the sky
As long as the air is still dark
And the world quiet.
Here the river murmurs and the light plays
That restores the heart with sweet ripples
Here, little flowers laugh and the grass is fresh
Here, everything entices one to love's pleasures
Come, my dear, among these hidden plants.
Come, come!
I want to crown you with roses.
**CIGÁNSKÉ MELODIE** (Gypsy Songs)

*Má píseň zas mi láskou zní*  
(My song sounds of love)

My song sounds of love  
when the old day is dying;  
it is sowing its shadows  
and reaping a collections of pearls.

My song resonates with longing  
while my feet roam distant lands.  
My homeland is in the distant wilderness  
- my song stirs with nationalism.

My song loudly resounds of love  
while unplanned storms hasten.  
I'm glad for the freedom that I no longer  
have a part in the dying of a brother.

**Struna naladěna**  
(Set the fiddles scraping)

Set the fiddles scraping,  
Get the lads a leaping!  
Gay today,  
If tomorrow weeping,  
Let be!  
Care will do with keeping!

No come back for dancing  
From the great here after;  
Strike up then,  
Get the lads a leaping!  
Jump and spin!  
Up, and take your places!  
Come and show your paces!

**Když mne stará matka**  
(Songs my mother taught me)

Songs my mother taught me, In the days  
long vanished;  
Seldom from her eyelids were the teardrops banished.  
Now I teach my children, each melodious measure.  
Oft the tears are flowing, oft they flow from my memory's treasure.

**Dejte klec jestrábu**  
(Given a cage to live in made of pure gold)

Given a cage to live in made of pure gold,  
the Gypsy would exchange it  
for the freedom of a nest of thorns.  
Just as a wild horse rushes to the wasteland,  
seldom bridled and reined in,  
so too the gypsy nature has been given  
 eternal freedom.

**Le Colibri**  
(The Humming Bird)

The green humming bird, king of the hills,  
Seeing the dew and the bright sun  
Glitter on his nest, woven of fine grasses,  
Like a light breeze escapes into the air.  
He hurries and flies to the nearby springs,  
Where the reeds make the sound of the sea,  
Where the red hibiscus, with its heavenly scent,  
Unfolds and brings a humid light to the heart.  
Towards the golden flower he descends,  
alights,  
That he dies, not knowing if he could have drained it!  
My soul likewise would have wanted to die  
Of the first kiss, which has perfumed it
Les Papillons  
(The Butterflies)

The snow-white butterflies  
Float in swarms over the sea;  
Lovely white butterflies, when may I  
Take to the blue road of the sky?  
Do you know, beauty of beauties,  
If they would lend me their wings,  
Without taking a single kiss to the roses,  
Across valleys and woods  
I would go to your half-closed lips,  
Flower of my soul, and there I would die.

Le temps des lilas  
(The Time of Lilacs)

The time of lilacs and the time of roses  
Will not come back again this spring;  
The time of lilacs and the time of roses  
Has passed and gone are the carnations too.  
The wind has changed, the skies are somber,  
And we shall never again hasten to gather  
The blooming lilacs and the lovely roses;  
The spring is sad and cannot flourish.  
Oh! Joyful and sweet season of the year.  
Which came, last year, to steep us in its sunlight,  
Our flower of love has so much faded,  
Alas! That your kiss cannot wake it up again!  
No more gay sunshine nor cooling shades;  
The time of lilacs and the time of roses,  
With our love, is dead forever.

Zueignung (Dedication)

Yes, you know it, dearest soul,  
How I suffer far from you,  
Love makes the heart sick,  
Have thanks.

Once I, drinker of freedom,  
Held high the amethyst beaker,  
And you blessed the drink,  
Have thanks.  
And you exorcised the evils in it,  
Until I, as I had never been before,  
Blessed, blessed sank upon your heart,  
Have thanks.

Nichts  
(Nothing)

I should name, you say,  
my queen in the empire of songs?  
Fools, that you are.  
I know her the least of all of you.  
Ask me about the color of her eyes,  
Ask me about the sound of her voice,  
Ask about her walk, her dance, and her bearing.  
Ah, and what do I know about that!  
Is not the sun the source of all life, of all light?  
And what do we know of the same,  
I and you and everyone? Nothing, nothing!

Allerseelen  
(All Soul’s 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.

QUATTRO LIRICHE – POETI ARMENI  
(Four Lyrics by Armenian poet)  
No, non é mort oil figlio tuo  
(No, your son is not dead)

No, your son is not dead;  
Oh, he is not dead, he is not dead.  
He has gone to the garden:
Has picked so many roses;  
He has been adorned with garlands about his forehead;  
And now he sleeps with the sweet smell of laurel,  
The sweet smell of laurel.

_La mamma è come il pane caldo_  
*(Mother is like warm bread)*

Mother is like warm bread:  
Whoever eats feels satisfied.

Father is like strong wine:  
Whoever drinks feels inebriated.

Brother is like the sun:  
He brightens the mountain and valley,

Io sonos la Madre *(I am the Mother)*

I am the Mother...  
Forever, forever is departed my crucified son.  
I am the Mother...  
On the street without end  
Where my Lord passed.  
I am the Heart, sad and weeping,  
The tear of he who is dead.  
I am the Mother, Maria,  
The hour of agony which chills the inside,  
The illuminated hand of my son who is crucified.  
I am the Mother.

_Mukou Mukou_  
*(Way Over There)*

Everybody will think of good things.  
Everybody will think that over there,  
Over the mountains, over the sea, and beyond these windows,  
Something good, something interesting is waiting

Everybody will think of a kind person  
Everybody will think that over there,  
Over the roof, over the clouds, and beyond the sky,  
Somebody very sweet is calling

_Sakura Yokocho_  
*(Cherry Alley)*

The early evening of the spring,  
When the Japanese cherry blooms  
The flower makes the cherry alley.  
I remember the day I loved you.  
I know you are not here any more.  
Ah, always you were my queen of flower.  
I know we will not see each other.  
Even we say, “How is every thing?” “Long time no see.”  
We cannot start over.  
So I will see the cherry blossom.

_Uta wo Kudasai_  
*(Please Give Me a Song)*

Please give me a hopeful song that can change sorrow to courage and agony to comfort.  
Please give me a song  
Please give me a song of peace that can change hatred to prayer and sneers to smiles  
Please give me a song of perfection that can change mistakes to success and setbacks to abundance.  
Please give me a song

While singing, I want to live only one life with great care;  
Then, when time is running out,  
I will leave with great memories and words of thanks
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