“JUST WHEN THE CATERPILLAR THOUGHT THE WORLD WAS OVER... SHE BECAME A BUTTERFLY”

TRANSFORMACIONES
THE MASTER OF MUSIC RECITAL
OF KAYLA MICHELLE BAILEY
Soprano
IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF THE MASTER OF MUSIC DEGREE IN VOCAL PERFORMANCE. RECIPIENT OF THE BUELAH ALLEN VOICE SCHOLARSHIP
A STUDENT OF DR. DEANNA MURRAY
CAROL ROBERTS, PIANO

APRIL 6, 2013 7:30PM
Music Recital Hall

CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, NORTHridge
Mike Curb College Of Arts, Media, And Communication
Department Of Music
ANN AND JUDY: Thank you for pushing me out of my comfort zone and for balancing out my physicality onstage! My vocal performance is now and forever changed for the better thanks to your technique of singing and projecting with motivation and “from your core!”

SUZANNE: Thank you for teaching me how to musically learn a role and for always keeping me on my toes! It has been an amazing experience working with you; thank you for the consistent advice and reminders to be self-disciplined!

MOM AND DAD: Thank you for your unwavering support through everything—and I mean everything! I know it has not been easy living with me: in my hectic schedule going to and from school and work, there have been many instances where I left laundry undone, dishes unwashed, and kitchen counters unscrubbed... thank you for enduring all of that and for being my rocks of support and strength. I hope you know that that kept me going and made today possible. I will forever be grateful for that and for you; I love you both so much!!

MY FAMILY: Thank you for traveling from near and far to support me tonight! It means SO much to have you here sharing in this experience with me! Thank you for your unwavering love and support through my musical journey that led me here tonight; I love you all so much!

MY FRIENDS: Thank you for being here today! I must take this moment to not only thank you but to apologize to you as well: I know I have exhibited ghost-like behavior: scarcely seen, always rehearsing or studying... I cannot adequately express how much your understanding and your consistent support has meant to me. Now that Spring Break is here, we are DEFINITELY hanging out more after tonight!
SPECIAL THANKS

DR. MURRAY: I have been so blessed to have you as my teacher, mentor, guide, and confidante: your unwavering faith in my ability to grow and get the music learned kept me going through difficult weather. Thank you so much for being my pillar of light and strength when I did not have one, and thank you for your invaluable advice and guidance in all things music—and in all things life! I will forever cherish my time spent in your studio.

CAROL: Thank you for your endless patience with me... I very much enjoyed working (and laughing) with you throughout this past year! This recital would not have been possible without your musical insight and consistent encouragement. I have not only grown as a singer from working with you; I have also grown as a musician. I will be forever grateful to you for that!

MAURICE: Thank you for reminding me to tell the story behind the song. Whether it was an aria in an opera or an art song in a recital, thank you for reminding me to be truthful to the character and for helping me discover the character not just in the text but in the music itself. I had so much fun working with you; every rehearsal has been an adventure!

PROFESSOR AKS: Thank you for your unending patience and understanding with me! Having never performed an opera before, I cannot adequately express what that meant to me. Thank you also for helping me see my characters in the smallest musical details: it was such a pleasure working with you—you will be missed!

PROGRAM

I.

EXSULTATE, JUBILATE, K. 165:
Recitativo: Fulget, amica dies...
Larghetto: Tu virginum corona...
Allegro non troppo: Alleluia

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART
1756-1791

II.

O KOMME, HOLDE SOMMERNACHT
GEHEIMNIS
IMMER LEISER WIRD MEIN SCHLUMMER
MEINE LIEBE IST GRÜN

JOHANNES BRAHMS
1833-1897

INTERMISSION

III.

C’EST L’EXTASE LANGOUREUSE
IL PLEURE DANS MON CŒUR
CHEVAUX DE BOIS

CLAUDE DEBUSSY
1862-1918

IV.

I NEVER SAW A MOOR
IF YOU WERE COMING IN THE FALL
WAITING

HENRY MOLLCONE
1946-

V.

QUEL GUARDO, IL CAVALIERE... SO ANCH’IO LA VIRTU MAGICA
(FROM DON PASQUALE)

GAETANO DONIZETTI
1797-1848
translations

fulget amica dies / tu virginum corona / alleluja
the friendly day shines forth / you, o crown of virgins / alleluja

the friendly day shines forth,
both clouds and storms have fled now;
for the righteous there has arisen an unexpected calm.
dark night reigned everywhere
you who feared until now.
and joyful for this lucky dawn
give garlands and lilies with full right hand.

you, o crown of virgins,
grant us peace.
console our feelings,
from which our hearts sigh.

alleluja.

notes

transformation
[træns′fər′meʃən]

-a radical change in form, appearance, nature, or character; metamorphosis
coming from the late middle English word for "change of shape," this word best describes my two years here at csun. i am not the same shape i was when i began my studies here in the fall of 2011; thanks to my professors, coaches, and my experiences here at csun, my voice has developed; my understanding of music has deepened; and my love and passion for music performance has grown. through my pursuit of a deeper musical knowledge and the overwhelming power of music itself, my life has and will forever be evolved, revolutionized—transformed.

o komme, holde sommernacht
oh come, lovely summer-night

oh come, lovely summer-night, discreetly;
love has made you right for conquering!
then break many buds off, secretly;
then it opens its sweet bosom, the violets;
then bows its head in the twilight-light, the rose;
then will my beloved also be mine,
the loose-girl!

-melchior grohe (1829-1906)
**Quel guardo, il cavaliere... So anch’io la virtù magica**

The glance of the knight... know also I the magical virtue

“Her gaze pierced the knight in the middle of his heart; he knelt before her and said: I am your knight. And that glance tasted so of paradise, that the knight Riccardo, completely by love was conquered, he swore that he would never think of another woman.”

Ah!

I also know the magical way of being a woman of a glance at the right time in the right place. I also know how to burn the hearts over a slow fire, of a quick little smile I also know the effect, of a false tear, of a sudden faintness. I know the thousand ways to fool a lover, the easy charms and arts of seducing a heart. I also know the woman’s way to make one love me. I have a different mind, I have a ready vivacity, it pleases me to be brilliant, it pleases me to be playful. If I go up in a rage of calmness remains no sign, but into laughter my anger I can cause quickly to change. I have a different mind, but an excellent heart, ah!

-Giovanni Ruffini (1807-1881)

**GEHEIMNIS**

Secret

Oh spring evening's twilight! Oh mild, gentle breezes! You trees full of blossoms, speak, speak! Why are you standing so closely together? Do you share with one another the secret of our sweet love? What is it that you whisper to one another about our sweet love?

-Karl August Candidus (1817-1872)

**Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer**

Evermore peaceful becomes my slumber

My Slumber Grows Evermore Light only like a veil lies my grief trembling over me. Often in nightmares I hear you, calling outside my door, no one wakes to let you in, I awake and weep bitterly. Yes, I will have to die: another will you kiss when I am pale and cold. Before the May breezes blow, before the thrush sings in the forest: if you want to see me one more time, come, o come soon!

-Hermann von Lingg (1820-1905)
Meine Liebe ist grün
My Love is Green

My love is green like the lilac bush,
And my love is beautiful like the sun,
Which gleams right down on the lilac bush
And fills it with fragrance and with bliss.
My soul has the wings of the nightingale,
And rocks itself in the blossoming lilac,
And rejoices and sings from fragrance intoxicated,
Many love-drunk songs.

-Felix Schumann (1854-1897)

C’est l’extase langoureuse
It is the languorous ecstasy

It is the languorous ecstasy,
It is the amorous fatigue,
It is all the tremors of the forest
Amid the embrace of the breezes,
It is, around the branches grey,
The choir of little voices.
Oh the frail and fresh murmuring,
That twittering and whispering,
That resembles the soft cry
Exhaled by the ruffled grass...
You might say, under the swirling water,
It was the muffled sound of the rolling pebbles.
This soul which moans
In this subdued lament,
It is ours, is it not?
Mine, say, and yours,
Which breathes out the humble anthem
On this warm evening, very softly?

-Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Il pleure dans mon cœur
It weeps in my heart

It weeps in my heart
As it rains on the town.
What is this lethargy
That pervades my heart?
Oh, the soft sound of the rain
On the ground and on the roofs!

-For a heart which grows listless
Oh, the sound of the rain
It weeps without reason
In my heart which sickens
What! No betrayal?
My grief is without reason.
It is truly the worst pain
To not know why,
Without love and without hatred,
My heart feels such pain.

-Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Chevaux de bois
Merry-go-round

Turn, turn, you fine wooden horses,
Turn a hundred times, turn a thousand times,
Turn often and turn forever,
Turn, turn to the sound of the oboes.
The ruddy-faced child and the pale mother,
The boy in black and the girl in pink,
The one down to earth, and the other is showing off
Each himself buys a penny of Sunday fun.
Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,
And while you whirl around
The eye of the sly pickpocket twinkles,
Turn to the sound of the victorious coronet!
It is amazing how drunk this makes you,
To go thus in a silly circle:
With an empty stomach and an aching head,
Lots of discomfort and heaps of fun.
Turn hobbyhorses, there will never be a need
For the use of spurs
To command your gallops around
Turn, turn, without the hope of hay.
And hurry, horses of their souls,
Already the supper bell is ringing
Night falls and drives away the band
Of many drinkers, by their thirst made ravenous.
Turn, turn! The sky of velvet
Is slowly clothed with stars of gold,
The church tolls a mournful knell.
Turn, to the happy sound of drums, turn!

-Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)