

WUSTL *MUSIC*

Saturday, April 2, 2022 - 7:30 P.M.
Recital Hall, 560 Music Center



Rachel Kadlick,
Senior Voice Recital

Sandra Geary, piano

Program

Three Browning Songs (1900)

*The Year's at the Spring
Ah, Love, But a Day
I Send My Heart up to Thee*

Amy Beach
(1867 - 1944)

Fünf Lieder (1910)

*Die stille Stadt
In meines Vaters Garten
Laue Sommernacht
Bei dir ist es traut
Ich wandle unter Blumen*

Alma Mahler
(1879 - 1964)

Sechs Lieder, Op. 13 (1844)

*Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
Sie liebten sich beide
Liebeszauber
Der Mond kommt still gegangen
Ich hab' in deinem Auge
Die stille Lotosblume*

Clara Schumann
(1819 - 1896)

Margaret Songs (1996)

*Bright Rails
So Little There
Beneath the Hawthorne Tree*

Libby Larsen
(b. 1950)

Texts & Translations

The Year's at the Spring

The Year's at the Spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

Ah, Love, But a Day

Ah, Love, But a Day
And the world has changed!
The sun's away,
And the bird estranged;
The wind has dropped,
And the sky's deranged
Summer has stopped.

Look in my eyes!
Wilt thou change too?
Should I fear surprise?
Shall I find aught new
In the old and dear,
In the good and true,
With the changing year?

I Send My Heart up to Thee

I send my heart up to thee, all my heart
In this my singing.
For the stars help me, and the sea bears part;
The very night is clinging
Closer to Venice streets to leave one space
Above me, whence thy face
May light my joyous heart to thee its dwelling place.

Die stille Stadt

Liegt eine Stadt im Tale,
Ein blasser Tag vergeht.
Es wird nicht lange dauern mehr,
Bis weder Mond noch Sterne
Nur Nacht am Himmel steht.
Von allen Bergen drücken
Nebel auf die Stadt,
Es dringt kein Dach, nicht Hof noch Haus,
Kein Laut aus ihrem Rauch heraus,
Kaum Türme noch und Brücken.
Doch als dem Wanderer graute,
Da ging ein Lichtlein auf im Grund
Und durch den Rauch und Nebel
Begann ein leiser Lobgesang
Aus Kindermund.

In meines Vater Garten

In meines Vaters Garten
blühe mein Herz, blüh auf
in meines Vaters Garten
stand ein schattender Apfelbaum
Süßes Traum
stand ein schattender Apfelbaum.

Drei blonde Königstöchter
blühe mein Herz, blüh auf
drei wunderschöne Mädchen
schliefen unter dem Apfelbaum
Süßes Traum
schliefen unter dem Apfelbaum.

Die allerjüngste Feine
blühe mein Herz, blüh auf
die allerjüngste Feine
blinzelte und erwachte kaum
Süßes Traum
blinzelte und erwachte kaum.

Die zweite fuhr sich übers Haar
blühe mein Herz, blüh auf
sah den roten Morgentraum
Süßes Traum

The Silent Town

A town lies in the valley,
a pale day is fading;
it will not be long
before neither moon nor stars
but night alone will deck the skies.
From every mountain
mists weigh on the town;
no roof, no courtyard, no house
no sound can penetrate the smoke,
scarcely towers and bridges even.
But as fear seized the traveler,
a gleam appeared in the valley;
and through the smoke and mist
came a faint song of praise
from a child's lips.

In my Father's Garden

In my father's garden
blossom, O my heart, blossom
In my father's garden
grew a shady apple tree
Sweet dream
grew a shady apple tree.

Three blond princesses
blossom, O my heart, blossom
three wonderfully beautiful girls
slept beneath the apple tree
Sweet dream
slept beneath the apple tree.

The youngest of the three beauties
blossom, O my heart, blossom
the youngest of the three beauties
blinked and hardly awoke
Sweet dream
blinked and hardly awoke.

The second ran her hand through her hair
blossom, O my heart, blossom
Saw the red morning dream
Sweet dream

Sie sprach: Hört ihr die Trommel nicht
blühe mein Herz, blüh auf
Süßer Traum
hell durch den dämmernden Traum?

Mein Liebster zieht in den Kampf
blühe mein Herz, blüh auf
mein Liebster zieht in den Kampf hinaus,
küsst mir als Sieger des Kleides Saum
Süßer Traum
küsst mir des Kleides Saum!

Die dritte sprach und sprach so leis
blühe mein Herz, blüh auf
die dritte sprach und sprach so leis:
Ich küsse dem Liebsten des Kleides Saum
Süßer Traum
ich küsse dem Liebsten des Kleides Saum.

In meines Vaters Garten
blühe mein Herz, blüh auf
in meines Vaters Garten
steht ein sonniger Apfelbaum
Süßer Traum
steht ein sonniger Apfelbaum!

Laue Sommernacht

Laue Sommernacht: am Himmel
Stand kein Stern, im weiten Walde
Suchten wir uns tief im Dunkel,
Und wir fanden uns.

Fanden uns im weiten Walde
In der Nacht, der sternenlosen,
Hielten staunend uns im Arme
In der dunklen Nacht.

War nicht unser ganzes Leben
So ein Tappen, so ein Suchen?
Da: In deine Finsternisse
Liebe, fiel Dein Licht.

She said: 'Don't you hear the drums?
blossom, O my heart, blossom
Sweet dream
Brightly through the dawn?

My beloved is going to war
blossom, O my heart, blossom
My beloved is going to war,
Kisses as victor the hem of my dress
Sweet dream
Kisses the hem of my dress.

The third spoke, and spoke so quietly
blossom, O my heart, blossom
The third spoke and spoke so quietly:
I kiss the hem of my beloved's coat
Sweet dream
I kiss the hem of my beloved's coat.

In my father's garden
blossom, O my heart, blossom
In my father's garden
grew a shady apple tree
Sweet dream
grew a shady apple tree.

Mild Summer Night

Mild summer night: in the sky
Not a star, in the deep forest
We sought each other in the dark
And found one another.

Found one another in the deep wood
In the night, the starless night,
And amazed, we embraced
In the dark night.

Our entire life – was it not
Such a tentative quest?
There: into its darkness,
O Love, fell your light.

Bei dir ist es traut

Bei dir ist es traut:
Zage Uhren schlagen
wie aus weiten Tagen.
Komm mir ein Liebes sagen -
aber nur nicht laut.

Ein Tor geht irgendwo
draussen im Blütentreiben.
Der Abend horcht an den Scheiben.
Lass uns leise bleiben:
Keiner weiss uns so.

Ich wandle unter Blumen

Ich wandle unter Blumen
Und blühe selber mit;
Ich wandle wie im Traume
Und schwanke bei jedem Schritt.
O, halt mich fest, Geliebte!
Vor Liebestrunkenheit
Fall' ich dir sonst zu Füßen,
Und der Garten ist voller Leut'.

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
Und starrte ihr Bildniß an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmuthstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

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

I Feel Warm and Close with You

I feel warm and close with you:
clocks strike hesitantly,
like they did in distant days.
Say something loving to me -
but not aloud.

A gate opens somewhere
out in the burgeoning.
Evening listens at the window-panes.
Let us stay quiet,
no one knows us thus.

I Wander Among Flowers

I wander among flowers
And blossom with them;
I wander as in a dream
And sway with every step.
O, hold me fast, beloved!
Or drunk with love
I'll fall at your feet
And the garden is full of folk.

I Stood Darkly Dreaming

I stood darkly dreaming
And stared at her picture,
And that beloved face
Sprang mysteriously to life.

About her lips
A wondrous smile played,
And as with sad tears,
Her eyes gleamed.

And my tears flowed
Down my cheeks,
And ah, I cannot believe
That I have lost you!

Sie liebten sich beide

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 sahn sich
Nur noch zuweilen im Traum;
Sie waren längst gestorben
Und wußten es selber kaum.

Liebeszauber

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 leise ging die Luft;

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 rother Schein.

Ich aber zog den Weg entlang
Und hörte auch den Schall --
Ach, was seit jener Stund' ich sang,
War nur sein Wiederhall.

They Loved One Another

They loved one another, but neither
Wished to tell the other;
They gave each other such hostile looks,
Yet nearly died of love.

In the end they parted and saw
Each other but rarely in dreams.
They died so long ago
And hardly knew it themselves.

Love's Magic

Love, as a nightingale,
Perched on a rosebush and sang;
The wondrous sound floated
Along the green forest.

And as it sounded, there arose a scent
From a thousand calyxes,
And all the treetops rustled softly,
And the breeze moved softer still;

The brooks fell silent, barely
Having babbled from the heights,
The fawns stood as if in a dream
And listened to the sound.

Brighter, and ever brighter
The sun shone on the scene,
And poured its red glow
Over flowers, forest and glen.

But I made my way along the path
And also heard the sound.
Ah! all that I've sung since that hour
Was merely its echo.

Der Mond kommt still gegangen

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 Thale, da funkeln
Die Fenster von Liebchens Haus;
Ich aber blicke im Dunkeln
Still in die Welt hinaus.

Ich hab' in deinem Auge den Strahl

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

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

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.

The Moon Rises Silently

The moon rises silently
With its golden glow.
The weary earth then falls asleep
In beauty and splendour.

Many thousand loving thoughts
From many faithful minds
Sway on the breezes
Over those who slumber.

And down in the valley
The windows sparkle of my beloved's house;
But I in the darkness gaze
Silently out into the world.

I Saw in Your Eyes

I saw in your eyes
The ray of eternal love,
I saw on your cheeks
The roses of heaven.

And as the ray dies in your eyes,
And as the roses scatter,
Their reflection, forever new,
Has remained in my heart,

And never will I look at your cheeks,
And never will I gaze into your eyes,
And not see the glow of roses,
And the ray of love.

Die stille Lotosblume

Die stille Lotosblume
Steigt aus dem blauen See,
Die Blätter flimmern und blitzen,
Der Kelch ist weiß wie Schnee.

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

Im Wasser um die Blume
Kreiset ein weißer Schwan
Er singt so süß, so leise
Und schaut die Blume an.

Er singt so süß, so leise
Und will im Singen vergehn
O Blume, weiße Blume,
Kannst du das Lied verstehn?

The Silent Lotus Flower

The silent lotus flower
Rises out of the blue lake,
Its leaves glitter and glow,
Its cup is as white as snow.

The moon then pours from heaven
All its golden light,
Pours all its rays
Into the lotus flower's bosom.

In the water, round the flower,
A white swan circles,
It sings so sweetly, so quietly,
And gazes on the flower.

It sings so sweetly, so quietly,
And wishes to die as it sings.
O flower, white flower,
Can you fathom the song?

Bright Rails

How smoothly the train runs beyond the Missouri;
Even in my sleep I know when I have crossed the river.
They run like running water,
like youth running away...
They spin along their bright rails, singing and humming.
They run remembering.
They run rejoicing, as if they too were going home.
How smoothly the train runs beyond the Missouri.

So Little There

I haven't been so happy since we were children together
Discovering the ruins of Troy
And here we are, just like when we were children together
Away from New York City and its endless details
So many small things in the city!

Teas and dances
Invitations
Thank you notes
Gloves and gossip
Small things
Oh it all is so little there!
Minutes filled to the brim with detail

Hours enslaved by fashion
Days, months and years
A calendar of manners. Always manners

The wind has swept all that away
Here at the edge of the world, when I lift my foot
I feel I could step through the sunset into heaven

Artists in the galleries of New York portend to paint the mystery of clouds
Writers and poets have only words to tell us about the light of dawn and dusk
The smell of May
The sound of summer
The silence of snow
Actors and singers play the stage
They make believe that love finds itself in words
I used to think it natural that two minds could love
Even if the hearts do not

When everything else is so small
Why should I expect love to be great!

Beneath the Hawthorne Tree

Across the shimmering meadows
Ah, when he came to me!
In the springtime
In the nighttime
In the starlight
Beneath the hawthorn tree
Up from the misty marshland
Ah, when he climbed to me!
To my white bower
To my sweet rest
To my warm breast
Beneath the hawthorn tree
Ask of me what the birds sang
High in the hawthorn tree;
What the breeze tells
What the rose smells
What the stars shine
Not what he said to me!

All German translations by Richard Stokes:

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of: *The Book of Lieder* (Faber); *The Complete Songs of Hugo Wolf* (Faber); *A French Song Companion* (Oxford University Press); *The Spanish Song Companion* (Scarecrow Press); *The Penguin Book of English Song* (Penguin Classics); and *J.S. Bach: The Complete Cantatas* (Scarecrow Press).
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Biographies



Rachel Kadlick is a senior in the College of Arts and Sciences. Originally from Norwalk, CT, Rachel began her music career as a musical theater actress. In addition to participation in many musicals, she began studying classical voice under Stephanie Gregory. During her senior year of high school, she was the first member of her school selected to perform in the Connecticut Western Regional and All-State choirs.

At Washington University, Rachel is the president of Cast n' Crew, a student theater group, and a member of Psi Chi, the psychology honors society. She performed with the

Washington University concert and chamber choirs under the direction of Dr. Nicole Aldrich. Rachel has also received the Antoinette Dames scholarship award for her contributions to the music department. After graduating with a B.A in Music this May, she hopes to pursue a career in the music industry and continue to study voice.



Sandra Geary, pianist, is a native of County Cork, Ireland and has received piano performance diplomas from the Royal Schools of Music, Trinity College, London; the Cork School of Music, Ireland; and a Bachelor of Music degree from the St. Louis Conservatory of Music.

On the piano faculty of Washington University, she also accompanies the WashU choir. She has been the Bach Society of St. Louis' accompanist for the past 29 years and also is the accompanist for Webster University Opera studio. Ms. Geary is

a vocal coach for the OTSL Artist-in-Training program and has been a vocal coach for Union Avenue Opera Crescendo Young Artist program. She has collaborated in voice master classes given by Nathan Gunn, Stanford Olsen, Kevin Short, Erie Mills, Mary Ann McCormack, and Jennifer Johnson Cano.

Sandra regularly accompanies recitals, auditions, and competitions in the St. Louis area.

Thank You

Firstly, I would like to thank Nathan Ruggles for teaching me over these past four years. I greatly appreciate your guidance throughout this process, and your instruction has helped me become more confident in my abilities as a vocalist. I would also like to thank Sandra Geary for being an incredible accompanist, not only for this recital but also for all the juries and masterclasses I've performed at WashU. To my music theory and history professors: Dr. Steinbeck, Dr. Snarrenberg, Dr. Stefaniak, Dr. Arten, and Dr. Pesce, thank you for providing me with the foundation of musical knowledge needed to complete this capstone. Thank you again to Nathan Ruggles, Dr. Stefaniak, and Dr. Arten for serving on my honors committee and aiding me with my capstone's written and performance components. Thank you to all my friends who have been there for me throughout this long process. Lastly, I would like to thank my mom, dad, and sister Sarah (who is *quite* the duet partner). You have always supported me and encouraged me to be the best musician (and person) I can be, and it means the world to me!

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