

Thank you

...to Mom and Dad: You are the most supportive, incredibly loving parents a girl could ever hope for. I am so inspired by everything that you are, and I am so grateful for everything that you do for me on a daily basis. Thank you for allowing me to follow my dreams, and for reminding me to enjoy every minute. I am certain I would not have made it this far without you alongside me.

...to Rick: Thank you for always appreciating and understanding my love of music—even when I make you listen to opera! I can always count on you to make me laugh when I need it the most. You are my best friend, and, without a doubt, the greatest duet partner I will ever have. ☺

...to my wonderful family: You have been my “groupies” from day one, and I can't tell you how much that means to me. I am so thankful to have such a close relationship with each and every one of you, and am honored to have you here tonight. I sing, tonight and always, for you.

...to Ms. Zorn: Can you believe it has been almost seven years since our very first lesson?! You have been my biggest advocate from day one, and I never would have made it through this crazy place—twice!—without you. Thank you for introducing me to the transformative powers of yoga, for coaxing me “out of the box,” and for making me fall in love with music in ways I never could have imagined possible. I am thankful every day for your love and support, and am so looking forward to our adventures yet to come.

...to Graeme: I feel so fortunate to have worked with you for the past two years. There is no one I would rather share the stage with tonight. I am so inspired by the limitless passion behind your beautiful playing. Thank you for helping me to find my “inner diva,” and for always reminding me to find the joy in music-making.

...to my Studio “Sisters”: I am so honored to have you all as colleagues and friends, and am constantly inspired by your talents. It has been amazing to watch you all blossom. Thank you for making the stage a not-so-scary place for me.

...to Alyssa: Thank you for the absolutely beautiful programs and posters, and for being such a good friend, even from thousands of miles away!

...to my Westminster family (past and present): Not a day goes by where I don't think about how incredibly fortunate I am to be immersed in this wonderful place. I feel so lucky to have you all as colleagues and teachers.

...to everyone here tonight: Thank you for taking time out of your busy schedules to be with me on my special day. I am honored to know each of you, and to perform for you tonight.

This recital is dedicated in loving memory to Katherine Calvin, my grandmother.

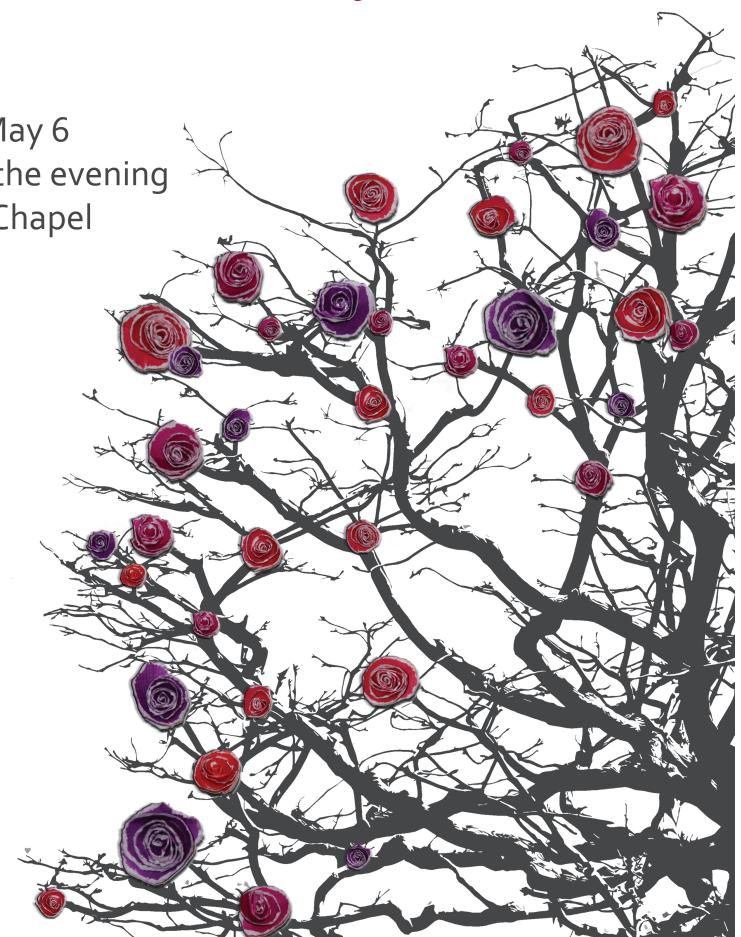
*She is a very large part of the woman I've become,
and I have carried her in my heart through every step of this journey.
She will continue to be a constant inspiration for my art.*

The Graduate Voice Recital of

kristen kozub
Soprano

with Graeme Burgan, Piano

Sunday, May 6
at 8:30 in the evening
in Bristol Chapel



Kristen is a candidate for the
Master of Music in Voice Pedagogy and Performance degree
and a student of Amy Zorn.

There will be a reception following the recital in Thayer Lounge.

Entretient doucement l'extase
Où ce soir
m'a plongé l'amour.

La gerbe d'eau qui berce
Ses mille fleurs,
Que la lune traverse
De ses pâleur,
Tombe comme une averse
De larges pleurs.
Ainsi ton âme qu'incendie
L'éclair brûlant des voluptés
S'élance, rapide et hardie,
Vers les vastes cieux enchantés.

Puis, elle s'épanche, mourante,
En un flot de triste langueur,
Qui par une invisible pente
Descend jusqu'au fond de mon cœur.
Ô toi,
que la nuit rend si belle,
Qu'il m'est doux,
penché vers tes seins,
D'écouter la plainte éternelle
Qui sanglote dans les bassins!
Lune, eau sonore, nuit bénie,
Arbres qui frissonnez autour,
Votre pure mélancolie
Est le miroir de mon amour.

Prolongs sweetly the ecstasy
Into which love
has plunged me this evening.

The spray of water that soothes
Its thousand flowers,
Through which the moon traverses
With its pallour,
Falls like a shower
Of large tears.
Thus your soul, set aflame
By the burning flash of pleasures,
Soars, quickly and boldly,
Toward the vast enchanted heavens.

Then it, overflows, dying,
In a wave of sad languor,
Which, by an invisible slope,
Descends to the bottom of my heart.
O you,
whom the night renders so beautiful,
How sweet it is to me,
leaning against your breast,
To listen to the eternal plaint
That sobs in the basins!
Moon, sonorous water, blessed night,
Trees that shiver around,
Your pure melancholy
Is the mirror of my love.

Harmonie du Soir

Voici venir les temps où
vibrant sur sa tige
Chaque fleur s'évapore ainsi qu'un encensoir;
Les sons et les parfums tournent
dans l'air du soir;
Valse mélancolique et langoureux vertige!

Chaque fleur s'évapore ainsi qu'un encensoir;
Le violon frémît comme un cœur qu'on afflige;
Valse mélancolique et langoureux vertige!
Le ciel est triste et beau
comme un grand reposoir.

Le violon frémît comme un cœur qu'on afflige;
Un cœur tendre,
qui hait le néant vaste et noir!
Le ciel est triste et beau
comme un grand reposoir;
Le soleil s'est noyé dans son sang
qui se fige.

Un cœur tendre,
qui hait le néant vaste et noir,
Du passé lumineux recueille tout vestige!
Le soleil s'est noyé dans son
sang qui se fige...
Ton souvenir en moi luit
comme un ostensorial

Harmony of the Evening

Here comes the time when,
vibrating on its stem,
Each flower exhales like a censer;
The sounds and the perfumes turn
in the air of the evening;
Melancholy waltz and languorous dizziness!

Each flower exhales like a censer,
The violin trembles like an afflicted heart;
Melancholy waltz and languorous dizziness!
The sky is sad and beautiful
like a grand altar.

The violin trembles like an afflicted heart,
A tender heart,
that hates the vast and black void!
The sky is sad and beautiful,
like a grand altar;
The sun has drowned in its blood
that is congealing.

A tender heart,
that hates the vast and black void,
Recalls every vestige of the luminous past!
The sun has drowned in its
blood that is congealing---
Your memory within me shines
like an ostensory.

Le Jet d'eau

Tes beaux yeux sont las, pauvre amante!
Reste longtemps,
sans les rouvrir,
Dans cette pose nonchalante
Où t'a surprise le plaisir.
Dans la cour
le jet d'eau qui jase
Et ne se tait ni nuit ni jour,

The Fountain

Your beautiful eyes are tired, poor lover!
Remain a long time
without reopening them,
In this nonchalant pose
Where you have been surprised by pleasure.
In the courtyard,
the fountain which chatters
And is silent neither night nor day,

In Solitaria Stanza

Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)
text by Jacopo Vitorelli (1749-1835)



Frauenliebe und -Leben, Op 42

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
text by Adelbert von Chamisso (1781-1838)

- I. Seit Ich Ihn Gesehen
- II. Er, Der Herrlichste von Allen
- III. Ich Kann's Nicht Fassen
- IV. Du Ring an Meinem Finger
- V. Helft Mir, Ihr Schwestern
- VI. Sußer Freund
- VII. An Meinem Herzen
- VIII. Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz Getan

intermission

from Cinq Poèmes de Charles Baudelaire

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
text by Charles Baudelaire (1821-1867)

- I. Le Balcon
- II. Harmonie du Soir
- III. Le Jet d'eau



from Miss Manners On Music

Dominick Argento (b. 1927)
text by Judith Martin, "Miss Manners" (b. 1938)

- II. Manners at a Concert
- V. Manners at a Church Recital

In Solitaria Stanza

In solitaria stanza
Langue per doglia atroce;
Il labbro è senza voce,
Senza respiro il sen.

Come in deserta aiuola,
Che di rugiade è priva,
Sotto alla vampa estiva
Molle narciso svien.

Io, dall'affanno oppresso,
Corro per vie remote
E grido in suon che puote
Le rupi intenerir

Salvate, o Dei pietosi
Quella beltà celeste;
Voi forse non sapreste
Un'altra Irene ordir.

In a solitary room
She languishes with atrocious torment;
The lips are without voice,
Without breath the bosom.

As if in a deserted flowerbed,
Which is deprived of the dew,
Underneath the burning heat of summer
The weak narcissus faints.

I, by breathlessness oppressed,
Run through the remote streets
And shout with sounds that can
Turn the mountain cliffs soft

Save, O merciful gods,
This celestial beauty.
You perhaps would not know how
To create another Irene.

Seit Ich Ihn Gesehen

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 begehr' ich mehr,
Möchte lieber weinen,
Still im Kämmerlein;
Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub' ich blind zu sein.

Since I have seen him,
I believe I am blind.
Wherever I look,
I see him alone.
As if in a waking dream
His image floats before me
Rising from deepest darkness,
Only to become brighter and brighter.

Everything is light and colorless
All around me here,
The foolish games of my sisters
Don't concern me any longer.
I would rather weep,
Silently in my little chamber,
Since I have seen him,
I believe I am blind.

He, the most glorious of all,
How kind he is, how good.

Les soirs illuminés par l'ardeur du charbon, Evenings illuminated by the burning of coal.
Et les soirs au balcon,
voilés de vapeurs roses.
Que ton sein m'était doux!
Que ton coeur m'était bon!
Nous avons dit souvent
d'impérissables choses
Les soirs illuminés par l'ardeur du charbon. In the evenings illuminated by the burning of coal.

Que les soleils sont beaux
dans les chaudes soirées!
Que l'espace est profond!
Que le coeur est puissant!
En me penchant vers toi, reine des adorées,
Je croyais respirer le parfum
de ton sang.
Que les soleils sont beaux
dans les chaudes soirées!

La nuit s'épaississait ainsi qu'une cloison,
Et mes yeux dans le noir
devinaient tes prunelles,
Et je buvais ton soufflé.
Ô douceur! ô poison!
Et tes pieds s'endormaient
dans mes mains fraternelles.
La nuit s'épaississait ainsi qu'une cloison.

Je sais l'art d'évoquer les minutes heureuses,
Et revis mon passé blotti dans tes genoux.
Car à quoi bon chercher
tes beautés langoureuses
Ailleurs qu'en ton cher corps
et qu'en ton coeur si doux?
Je sais l'art d'évoquer les minutes heureuses.

Ces serments, ces parfums,
ces baisers infinis,
Renâîtront-ils d'un gouffre interdit
à nos sondes,
Comme montent au ciel les soleils rajeunis
Après s'être lavés au fond
des mers profondes?
— Ô serments! ô parfums! ô baisers infinis! ---O vows! O perfumes! O infinite kisses!

An Meinem Herzen

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

Das Glück ist die Liebe, die Lieb ist das Glück,
Ich hab's gesagt und nehm's nicht zurück!

Hab überschwenglich mich geschätz't
Bin überglücklich aber jetzt.

Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt,
Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung giebt;

Nur eine Mutter weiß allein
Was lieben heißt und glücklich sein.

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

Du lieber, lieber Engel, du!
Du schauest mich an und lächelst dazu.

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

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

Es blicket die Verlaßne vor sich hin,
Die Welt ist leer.
Geliebet hab ich und gelebt,
Ich bin Nicht lebend mehr.

Ich zieh mich in mein Innres still zurück,
Der Schleier fällt,
Da hab ich dich und mein verlorne Glück,
Du meine Welt!

On my heart, on my breast,
You my delight, you my joy!

Happiness is love, love is happiness,
I have said it and I won't take it back!

Before, I thought I was overjoyed
But I am happy only now.

Only she who nurses, only she who loves,
The child, to whom she gives nourishment;

Only a mother can know
What it means to love and be happy.

O, how I pity the man
Who cannot feel the mother's bliss!

You dear, dear angel, you!
You look up at me and smile also.

Now you have caused me the first pain,
That really struck.
You sleep, you hard and cruel man,
The sleep of death.

The abandoned one looks at her future.
The world is empty.
I have loved and I have lived,
I am not living any longer.

I retreat into my inner self,
The veil fall,
Then have I our lost happiness,
You, my world!

Le Balcon

Mère des souvenirs, maîtresse des maîtresses,
Ô toi, tous mes plaisirs! ô toi, tous mes devoirs!
Tu te rappelleras la beauté des caresses,
La douceur du foyer
et le charme des soirs,
Mère des souvenirs, maîtresse des maîtresses!

The Balcony

Mother of memories, mistress of mistresses,
O you, all my pleasure! O you, all my duty!
You may recall the beauty of our caresses
The gentleness of the home
and the charm of the evenings,
Mother of memories, mistress of mistresses!

Holde Lippen, klares Auge,
Heller Sinn und fester Mut.

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 Demut 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!

Nur die Würdigste von allen
Darf beglücken deine Wahl,
Und ich will die Hohe segnen,
Viele tausendmal.

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

Ich Kann's Nicht Fassen

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

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

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

Gentle lips, clear eyes,
Clear mind and firm courage.

Even as in the blue depths,
Bright and glorious, that star,
Likewise he is in my heaven,
Bright and glorious, lofty and distant.

Go, go your way
Only to observe your radiance,
Only to look at it humbly,
Only to be blissful and sad!

Do not hear my silent prayer,
Offered for your happiness;
You must not know me, dear maiden,
Noble star of glory!

Only the worthiest of them all
May you make happy with your choice,
And I will bless the exalted one,
Many thousand times.

I shall rejoice and I shall weep,
Blessed, blessed am I then;
Even though my heart should break,
Break, O Heart, what does it matter?

I cannot grasp, nor believe it,
A dream must have me enchanted;
How could he among all others
Have raised me up to be happy?

It seemed to me that he had spoken:
"I am forever yours."
It seemed to me that I am still dreaming,
For it can never be thus!

O let me die in my dream,
Cradled in his breast,
Let me drink the blissful death
In tears of endless bliss!

Du Ring an Meinem Finger

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

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

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

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

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

Helft Mir, Ihr Schwestern

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Freundlich mich schmücken,
Dient der Glücklichen heute mir.
Windet geschäftig mir um die Stirne
Noch der blühenden Myrte Zier.

Als ich befriedigt, freudigen Herzens,
Sonnst 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 klarem
Aug ihn empfange,
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

You, ring on my finger,
My little golden ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
Press you to my heart.

My dream had come to an end,
The childhood, peaceful, lovely dream,
I found myself alone and lost,
In a barren, unending place.

You, ring on my finger,
You have now taught me,
You have opened my eyes
To life's unending, deep value.

I will serve him, live for him,
I will belong to him,
I will give myself up and find myself
Transfigured in his radiance!.

You, ring on my finger,
My little golden ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
Press you to my heart.

Help me, my sisters,
Kindly adorn me,
Serve me, the happy one, today.
Wind busily about my forehead
The lovely wreath of a myrtle in bloom.

When I, contented, with a joyful heart,
Formerly lay in my beloved's arms,
He always invoked,
His heart filled with longing,
Impatient for this very day.

Help me, my sisters,
Help me cast out
A foolish anxiety,
That I, with clear
Eyes may receive him,
He, the source of my happiness.

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

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

Süßer Freund

Süßer 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.

Weiße nun die Tränen,
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.

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.

Have you, my beloved,
Come to me,
Do you, sun, give me your light?
Let me in devotion,
Let me in humility,
Let me bow to my lord.

Strew, sisters,
Strew flowers before him,
Bring him budding roses here,
But I, sisters,
Greet you with sadness
Joy departing from your ranks.

Sweet friend, you look
surprised at me.
You cannot understand why I can cry;
Let the moist pearls
Unusual adornment
With joyous light tremble in my eyes.

How so concerned, my bosom,
How so blissful!
If only I knew the words,
To tell it to you.
Come and hide your face
Here on my breast,
Let me whisper in your ear all my delight.

Now you know the tears
That I can cry,
Should you not see them,
You beloved man?
Stay on my heart, feel its beating,
So that I may more firmly
Clasp only you.

Here by my bed
is the cradle space,
where it silently conceals my dream;
Come will the morning,
Where the dream awakens,
And your portrait will look up at me
And smile.