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Aleska Barkoviak, Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Aleska Barkoviak

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**THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC AND WORSHIP**

PRESENTS THE

**SENIOR VOICE RECITAL
OF
ALESKA BARKOVIK
SOPRANO**

**DANIELLE HUTCHISON
PIANO**

**SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 2016
3 P.M.**

**RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER**

PROGRAM

I

LAUTER WONNE, LAUTER FREUDE, Harmonischer

Gottesdienst, TWV 1:1040 Georg Philipp Telemann

Aria: Lauter Wonne, lauter Freude (1681–1767)

Recitative: Dort labet sich ein Kind der Eitelkeit

Aria: Ein stetes Zagen, ein ewig's Nagen

Assisted by Lori Akins, flute, and Joshua Dissmore, cello

II

VIER DUETTE, Op. 78 Robert Schumann

III. *Ich denke dein* (1810–1856)

IV. *Wiegenlied am Lager eines kranken Kindes*

Assisted by Caleb Peterson, tenor

III

Come scoglio, from COSÌ FAN TUTTE Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

(1756–1791)

INTERMISSION

IV

E Susanna non vien?...Dove sono i bei momenti,

from LE NOZZE DI FIGARO Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

V

Selections from FIANÇAILLES POUR RIRE Francis Poulenc

I. *La dame d'André* (1899–1963)

IV. *Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant*

V. *Violon*

VI. *Fleurs*

VI

Joy Ricky Ian Gordon

My Sister's New Red Hat (b. 1956)

Janet Underneath the Roses

A Horse With Wings

Aleska is a student of Beth Cram Porter
and has studied with Mark Spencer.

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment
of the Bachelor of Arts in music degree.

*No flash photography, please
Please turn off all cell phones.*

TRANSLATIONS

Lauter wonne

Pure bliss, pure joy, stir in my turbulent breast. Yet the heart full of flames, is now unaware of any sinful jesting coming from vain ardor: for God only is its desire.

Dort labet

Yonder feasteth a child of vanity, on all the lust of this time; a second is inflamed by wealth and possessions and his joy thrives with his treasures; the third wishes only delight that derives from high honor, the fourth indulges deeply, in seeking revenge of his enemies. For others yet from other things the reproach of their desires must arise. Yet, how bad is this joy, whose foundations so easily, and often so suddenly recede! How full of harm is the meadow, that appears to bear pleasant flowers, and yet nurtures poison in all the leaves! Oh, those who do not rejoice in Christ, will rejoice solely in suffering. In God only is to be found such desire, that is united with continuity and salvation.

Eine stestes Zagen

Constant hesitation, eternal nagging, aimless mourning, will conclude the jubilation of the laughing world. Yet to whom joy is God alone, embraces both, delight on earth and eternal pleasure.

Translation: Julia Whybrow found at girolamo.de/single/g11011E.html

Dove sono

And Susanna hasn't come! I'm anxious to know how the Count took the proposition. The plan seems to me a little rash, and against such a quick and jealous husband! But what harm is there in it? To change my clothes with Susanna's, and hers with mine Under cover of night. Oh, Heaven! What a fatal comedown I'm reduced to by a cruel husband! Who, after he had me, [gave me] an unheard-of mixture of infidelity, jealousy and rage! First loved, then insulted, and at last betrayed, you force me to seek help from one of my maids!

Where are the lovely moments of sweetness and pleasure? Where have the

promises gone that came from those lying lips? Why, if all is changed for me into tears and pain, has the memory of that goodness not vanished from my breast? Ah! if only, at least, my faithfulness, which still loves amidst its suffering, could bring me the hope of changing that ungrateful heart!

Translation: Jane Bishop,
bishopj@citadel.edu
aria-database.com

Come scoglio

Like a rock, we stand immobile against the wind and storm, and are always strong in trust and love. From us is born the light that gives us pleasure and comfort, and the power of death alone can change the affections of our hearts.

Respect, ungrateful spirit. We are examples of loyalty against your primitive hopes, and do not make you bold.

Translation: Natalie Miller
gnacoli@mindspring.com
aria-database.com

Ich denke dein

I think of you when the sunlight shimmers, beaming from the sea; I think of you when the moon's gleam paints the streams.

I see you when, on distant roads, the dust rises up; in deep night, when on the narrow bridge a traveler quivers.

I hear you when there, with a muffled roar, the waves rise. In the still grove I go often to listen, when everything is silent.

I am with you, even if you are so far away. You are near me! The sun sinks, and soon the stars will shine for me. O, if only you were here!

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Wiegenlied

Sleep, little child, sleep! As you sleep, you are so good.

Outside red in the midday sun there glows one of the finest cherries. When you awaken, we shall go, and my finger will pluck it for you.

Sleep, little child, sleep! As you sleep, you
are so good.

Ever sweeter the sun ripens your cherry,
for your delight; sleep, then little child,
lightly covered, until you awake with an
appetite for it.

Sleep, little child, sleep! As you sleep, you
are so good.

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La Dame d'Andre

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?

Mon cadavre

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 center 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 as soft
as a glove.

Violon

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.

Fleurs

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.

A French Song Companion
Graham Johnson & Richard Stokes