

**Illinois State University
Wonsook Kim College of Fine Arts
School of Music**

Senior Recital
Laila Powers, *voice*

John Klimczak, *trumpet*
Spencer Armistead, *piano*

**Kemp Recital Hall
November 15, 2025
Saturday Afternoon
4:30 p.m.**

This is the fifty-ninth program of the 2025-2026 season.

Program

Please silence all electronics for the duration of the concert. Thank you.

Orpheus with his lute	Arthur S. Sullivan (1842-1900)
from <i>Don Giovanni</i> Vedrai, carino	W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)
Die Lorelei	Clara Schumann (1819-1896)
Te Quiero Dijiste	Maria Grever (1885 -1951)
Youkali	Kurt Weill (1900-1950)
Psyché	Émile Paladilhe (1844-1926)
from <i>The Baker's Wife</i> Meadowlark	Stephen Schwartz (born 1948)

Program Notes

Orpheus with his lute - Arthur S. Sullivan

English source: William Shakespeare (Appears in 'Henry VIII')

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:

To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.

In sweet music is such art:
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Vedrai Carino –from *Don Giovanni* – W. A. Mozart

translated by: Deacon

Vedrai, carino,
se sei buonino,
Che bel rimedio
ti voglio dar!

You'll see, you cute thing
If you'll be good
What a nice cure
I want to give you!

È naturale,
non dà disgusto,
E lo speciale
non lo sa far.

It's natural
It doesn't cause aversion
And the apothecary
can't do it.

È un certo balsamo
Ch'io porto addosso,
Dare tel posso,
Se il vuoi provar.
Saper vorresti
dove mi sta?

It's a certain balm
I have with me,
I can give it to you
If you want to try it.
Would you like to know
Where it is?

Sentilo battere,
toccami qua!

Listen to its beat
Touch me here!

Die Lorelei – Clara Schumann

German Source: Heinrich Heine

translated by: Richard Stokes

Ich weiß nicht, was soll es
bedeuten,
Daß ich so traurig bin;
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Im Abendsonnenschein.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
Dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet,
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei,
Das hat eine wundersame,
Gewalt'ge Melodei.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei getan.

I do not know what it means
That I should feel so sad;
There is a tale from olden times
I cannot get out of my mind.

The air is cool, and twilight falls,
And the Rhine flows quietly by;
The summit of the mountains glitters
In the evening sun.

The fairest maiden is sitting
In wondrous beauty up there,
Her golden jewels are sparkling,
She combs her golden hair.

She combs it with a golden comb
And sings a song the while;
It has an awe-inspiring,
Powerful melody.

It seizes the boatman in his skiff
With wildly aching pain;
He does not see the rocky reefs,
He only looks up to the heights.

I think at last the waves swallow
The boatman and his boat;
And that, with her singing,
The Loreley has done.

Te Quiero Dijiste - Maria Grever

translated by: Alfredo Kraus

"Te quiero" dijiste,
tomando mis manos
entre tus manitas
de blanco marfil.
Y sentí en mi pecho
un fuerte latido,
después un suspiro,
y luego el chasquido
de un beso febril.

Muñequita linda,
de cabellos de oro
de dientes de perlas,
labios de rubí.
Dime si me quieres,
como yo te adoro;
si de mí te acuerdas,
como yo de ti.

Y a veces escucho
un eco divino
que envuelto en la brisa
parece decir:
"Sí, te quiero mucho,
mucho, mucho, mucho,
tanto como entonces,
siempre hasta morir."

"I love you", you said,
taking my hands
into your little,
white ivory, ones;
and I felt in my heart,
a very strong beat,
afterwards a sigh,
and then the snap
of a feverish kiss.

Beautiful little doll,
with golden hair
pearly teeth and
ruby lips,
tell me if you love me,
the way I adore you,
if you remember me,
as I remember you.

And at times I hear
a divine echo
that wrapped up in the breeze
feels as if it said:
"Yes, I love you so,
so much so much so much,
as much as in those days,
forever until death."

Youkali – Kurt Weill

text by: Roger Fernay

translated by: Elli Paspala

C'est presque au bout du monde,
ma barque vagabonde,
errant au gré de l'onde,
m'y conduisit un jour.

L'île est toute petite,
mais la fée qui l'habite
gentiment nous invite
à en faire le tour.

It's almost at the end of the world
My vagabond boat,
Drifting at the whim of the waves,
Brought me there one day.

The island is tiny,
But the Fairy who lives there
Gently invites us
To go around a trip.

Youkali,
c'est le pays de nos désirs,
Youkali,
c'est le bonheur,
c'est le plaisir.

Youkali,
It is the land of our desires,
Youkali,
It is happiness,
It is pleasure.

Youkali,
c'est la terre où l'on
quitte tous les soucis,
c'est dans notre nuit,
comme une éclaircie.
l'étoile qu'on suit,
c'est Youkali!

Youkali,
It is the land where
You quit all your troubles,
It is, in our night,
Like a clearing.
The star we follow,
it's Youkali !

Youkali,
c'est le respect
de tous les vœux échangés.
Youkali,
c'est le pays
des beaux amours partagés.

Youkali,
It is respect
Of all the exchanged wishes.
Youkali,
It is the country
Of the beautiful shared loves.

C'est l'espérance
qui est au cœur de tous les humains,
la délivrance
que nous attendons tous pour demain.

It is hope
At the heart of all the humans,
The relief
We all await for tomorrow

Youkali,
c'est le pays de nos désirs,
Youkali,
c'est le bonheur
c'est le plaisir,
mais c'est un rêve, une folie,
il n'y a pas de Youkali!
mais c'est un rêve, une folie,
il n'y a pas de Youkali!

Youkali
It is the land of our desires,
Youkali,
It is happiness
It is pleasure,
But this is a dream, a folly,
There is no Youkali !
But this is a dream, a folly,
There is no Youkali !

Et la vie nous entraîne,
lassante, quotidienne,
mais la pauvre âme humaine,
cherchant partout l'oubli,
a pour quitter la terre,
su trouver le mystère
où nos rêves se terrent
en quelque Youkali...

And life leads us,
Tedious routine,
But the poor human soul,
Seeking forgetfulness everywhere,
In order to quit earth,
resolved the mystery
Where our dreams hide
In some Youkali...

Youkali,
c'est le pays de nos désirs,
Youkali,
c'est le bonheur,
c'est le plaisir.

Youkali
It is the land of our desires,
Youkali,
It is happiness
It is pleasure.

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l'étoile qu'on suit,
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Youkali,
It is happiness
It is pleasure.

Mais c'est un rêve, une folie,
il n'y a pas de Youkali!
Mais c'est un rêve, une folie,
il n'y a pas de Youkali!

But this is a dream, a folly,
There is no Youkali !
But this is a dream, a folly,
There is no Youkali !

Psyché - Émile Paladilhe

text by: Pierre Corneille

translated by: Christopher Goldsack

Je suis jaloux, Psyché, de toute la
nature!
Les rayons du soleil vous baisent trop
souvent,
Vos cheveux souffrent trop les caresses
du vent,
Quand il les flatte, j'en murmure!

L'air même que vous respirez
Avec trop de plaisir passe sur votre
bouche.
Votre habit de trop près vous touche!

Et sitôt que vous soupirez
Je ne sais quoi qui m'effarouche
Craint, parmi vos soupirs, des soupirs
égarés!

I am jealous, Psyche, of all nature!
The sun's rays kiss you too often,
your hair suffers too much from the
wind's caresses.
As it strokes them, I grumble!

Even the air that you breathe
passes over your mouth with too much
pleasure.
Your dress touches you too closely!

And as soon as you sigh
I know not what it is that startles me so
and fears, amidst your sighs, some
sighs for another!

Meadowlark – from *The Baker's Wife* – Stephen Schwartz

When I was a girl I had a favorite story
Of the meadowlark who lived where the rivers wind
Her voice could match the angels' in its glory
But she was blind, the lark was blind
An old king came and took her to his palace
Where the walls were burnished bronze and golden braid
And he fed her fruit and nuts from an ivory chalice
And he prayed:

"Sing for me, my meadowlark,
Sing for me of the silver morning,
Set me free, my meadowlark,
And I'll buy you a priceless jewel
And cloth of brocade and crewel
And i'll love you for life,
If you will sing for me."

Then one day as the lark sang by the water
The god of the sun heard her in his flight
And her singing moved him so
He came and brought her the gift of sight
He gave her sight
And she opened her eyes to the shimmer and the splendor
Of this beautiful, young god, so proud and strong
And he called to the lark in a voice both rough and tender
"Come along.
Fly with me, my meadowlark,
Fly with me on the silver morning,
Past the sea where the dolphins bark
We will dance on the coral beaches,
Make a feast of the plums and peaches
Just as far as your vision reaches
Fly with me."

But the meadowlark said no
For the old king loved her so
She couldn't bear to wound his pride
So the sun god flew away
And when the king came down that day
He found his meadowlark had died
Every time I heard that part I cried ...

And now I stand here starry-eyed and stormy
Oh, just when I thought my heart was finally numb
A beautiful, young man appears before me,
Singing "come, oh, won't you come?"
And what can I do if finally for the first time
The one I'm burning for returns the glow?
If love has come at last it's picked the worst time
Still I know
I've got to go!

Fly away, meadowlark
Fly away in the silver morning,
If I stay, I'll grow to curse the dark
So it's off where the days won't bind me
I know I leave wounds behind me
But I won't let tomorrow find me
Back this way
Before my past once again can blind me
Fly away ...
And we won't wait
To say good-bye
My beautiful young man
And I.

Upcoming Events

Saturday, November 15, 5:30 pm
Senior Recital: Alison Richards,
euphonium
Kemp Recital Hall

Saturday, November 15, 6:30 pm
Senior Recital: Miguel Vazquez-
Barragn, voice
Kemp Recital Hall

Saturday, November 15, 7:30 pm
Senior Recital: Emma Garcia,
voice
Kemp Recital Hall

Saturday, November 15, 8:30 pm
Senior Recital: Chelsea Davis,
flute
Kemp Recital Hall

Sunday, November 16, Noon
Senior Recital: Joanie Hitt,
trombone
Kemp Recital Hall

Sunday, November 16, 1:30 pm
Senior Recital: Sam Fortuna,
horn
Kemp Recital Hall

Sunday, November 16, 3:00 pm
Charles W. Bolen Faculty
Recital: Faculty Brass Quintet
Center for the Performing Arts

Sunday, November 16, 3:00 pm
Senior Recital: Zeph Mussman,
piano
Kemp Recital Hall

Sunday, November 16, 6:00 pm
Senior Recital: Connor Franke,
trombone
Kemp Recital Hall

Sunday, November 16, 7:00 pm
Saxophone Studio and Ensemble
Recital
Center for the Performing Arts

Sunday, November 16, 7:30 pm
Senior Recital: Carly Gussman,
horn
Kemp Recital Hall

Sunday, November 16, 9:00 pm
Graduate Recital: Xinyi Li, piano
Kemp Recital Hall