



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

Songs of Love and Longing: A Senior Recital

Kaylyn Davis, soprano
Elijah Ong, piano

October 25, 2026

5:30 PM

PepsiCo Recital Hall

Program

Selections from *Magnificat in D major, BWV 243*

J.S. Bach
(1685-1750)

II. Et exultavit spiritus meus
III. Quia respexit humilitatem

Lauren Hanifan, oboe

Selections from *40 Mélodies*

C.M. Widor
(1844-1937)

La captive
S'il est un charmant gazon
L'aurore
Invocation

Brief Pause

Selige Nacht
Zigeuner

Joseph Marx
(1882-1964)

Bleak Weather
The Heart of the Wood
A Lament
An Interlude

Adela Maddison
(1862-1929)

Vanilla Ice Cream
from *She Loves Me*

Jerry Bock
(1928-2010)

*This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Bachelor of Music Education.
Ms. Davis is a student of Professor Twyla Robinson.
The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited. Please silence all electronic devices including
watches, pagers, and phones.*

Program Notes

Selections from *Magnificat*

Johann Sebastian Bach

Johann Sebastian Bach was a late Baroque composer from Germany who is now widely considered one of the greatest composers in Western music history. He was born into an incredibly musical family and quickly developed an interest in the organ and, later, composition. His music is bolder than that of his predecessors, often exploring modulations and dissonant chords, which were previously avoided by other composers.

Magnificat is the first large choral work that Bach composed after being appointed Director of Music at St. Thomas in Leipzig in 1723. He came out with a revised version in D Major ten years later, which is the arrangement more commonly sung today.¹

“Et exultavit” is the second movement of Bach’s *Magnificat*. The joyfulness of the first movement, “Magnificat”, continues into the aria, although with more restraint.² In the original 1723 work, this aria is followed by the hymn, “Vom Himmel hoch da komm ich her”, initially written by Martin Luther, head of the Protestant Reformation.

Et exultávit spíritus méus in Déo salutári méo and my spirit has exulted in God my saviour.

Text: Luke 1:47

Translation: Bard Suverkrop

“Quía respéxit humilitatem” is the third movement of *Magnificat* (which continues into the fourth - “Omnes generationes”). It is the only movement where Bach left a tempo marking - “Adagio.” The oboe and soprano voices begin in an exchange of the melody but progress into a simultaneous duet with the second portion of the text (“ecce enim ex hoc...”).³ The simplicity of the musical texture illustrates the purity of the Virgin Mary.

Quía respéxit humilitatem ancíllæ súæ.
Écce énim ex hoc beátam me dicent
ómnes generatiónes.

For he has considered the low estate of his handmaiden.
Behold, indeed from now on, all generations
shall call me blessed.

Text: Luke 1:48

Translation: Bard Suverkrop

La Captive

Charles-Marie Widor

Charles-Marie Widor was a French organist, composer, and teacher best known for his ten organ symphonies, particularly his Toccata from *Symphony No. 5 (Op. 42)*. He followed in the footsteps of his father and grandfather, who built organs, and began his studies at age eleven.

¹ Bach, Johann Sebastian. “Magnificat in D Major, BWV 243.” Nederlandse Bachvereniging. Accessed October 13, 2026. <https://www.bachvereniging.nl/en/bwv/bwv-243>

² Spitta, Philipp. *Johann Sebastian Bach: His Work and Influence on the Music of Germany, 1685–1750*. Vol. 2. Translated by Clara Bell and J. A. Fuller-Maitland. Accessed October 13, 2026. Internet Archive edition

³ Steinberg, Michael. *Choral Masterworks: A Listener’s Guide*. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2005.

After being appointed as organist at two churches in France, he succeeded César Franck as professor of organ at the Paris Conservatory. A few of his students became well-known composers, such as Arthur Honegger and Darius Milhaud, who studied composition under Widor.⁴

“La captive” features the first stanza of a poem by Victor Hugo, and is the first song in Widor’s 6 *Mélodies*, Op. 47. The subject is a woman being held captive in “the East”; she expresses the suppressed love she feels for her country considering her situation.⁵

La Captive

Si je n'étais captive,
J'aimerais ce pays,
Et cette mer plaintive,
Et ces champs de maïs,
Et ces astres sans nombre,
Si le long du mur sombre
N'étincelait dans l'ombre
Le sabre des spahis.

Text: Victor Hugo

The captive girl

If I were not a captive,
I should love this country,
And this plaintive sea,
And these fields of maize,
And these stars without number,
If in the wall's dark shadow
There did not glint
The spahis' scimitar.

Translation: Richard Stokes

S'il est un charmant gazon

“S'il est un charmant gazon” is the second piece in Widor’s 6 *Mélodies*, Op. 47 and features poetry by Victor Hugo, like other pieces in the cycle. It illustrates a quaint spring field where the speaker has set a place for their loved one to reside.

Charles-Marie Widor

S'il est un charmant gazon
Que le ciel arrose,
Où brille en toute saison
Quelque fleur éclore,
Où l'on cueille à pleine main
Lys, chèvrefeuille et jasmin,
J'en veux faire le chemin
Où ton pied se pose!

S'il est un rêve d'amour,
Parfumé de rose,
Où l'on trouve chaque jour
Quelque douce chose,

If there be a lovely lawn
Watered by the sky,
Where each new season
Blossoming flowers spring up,
Where lily, woodbine, and jasmine
Can be gathered liberally,
I would strew the way with them
For your feet to tread!

If there be a dream of love
With the scent of roses,
Where each day may be found
Some sweet new delight,

⁴ “Charles-Marie Widor.” *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Accessed October 13, 2026.
<https://www.britannica.com/biography/Charles-Marie-Widor>.

⁵ Roberts, Adam. “Victor Hugo’s ‘La Captive’ (1829).” *Adam Roberts*.
<https://profadamroberts.substack.com/p/victor-hugos-la-captive-1829>.

Un rêve que Dieu bénit,
Où l'âme à l'âme s'unit,
Oh! j'en veux faire le nid
Où ton cœur se pose!

Text: Victor Hugo

A dream blessed by the Lord
Where soul unites with soul,
Oh! I shall make of it the nest
Where your heart will rest!

Translation: Richard Stokes

L'aurore

Charles-Marie Widor

The short poem used by Widor in "L'aurore" (from *6 Mélodies, Op. 42*) also comes from Hugo. It is a short work that describes a vivid sunrise; as morning arrives, the world wakes and life on the Earth comes alive. For many, a sunrise symbolizes rebirth, new beginnings, and hopefulness.

L'aurore s'allume;
L'ombre épaisse fuit;
Le rêve et la brume
Vont où va la nuit;

Aurora catches fire,
the dense shadows vanish;
the dream and the fumes
go where the night goes;

Paupières et roses
S'ouvrent demi-closes;
Du réveil des choses
On entend le bruit

Eyelids and roses
Open just a bit;
You awaken to things,
You notice sounds.

Tout chante et murmure
Tout parle à la fois
Fumée et verdure
Les nids et les toits;
Le vent parle aux chênes
L'eau parle aux fontaines;
Toutes les haleines
Deviennent des voix !

All is singing and murmur,
All are simultaneously talking,
Smoke and foliage,
Nests and rooftops;
The wind whispers to the oaks,
The water to the fountains;
Gasps for breath
Become voices!

Ô terre ! ô merveilles
Dont l'éclat joyeux
Emplit nos oreilles
Eblouit nos yeux!
Bords où meurt la vague
Bois qu'un souffle élague
De l'horizon vague
Plis mystérieux !

O world! O all its wonders
Whose vivacious radiance
Makes our ears ring,
Dazzles our eyes!
Shores where the waves come to rest,
Forest cut down by a breath of wind,
Of a blurry horizon
Mysteriously folded!

Saint livre où la voile
Qui flotte en tous lieux
Saint livre où l'étoile
Qui rayonne aux yeux

Holy book where the veil
Who drifts everywhere,
Holy book where the star
Who dazzles your eyes

Ne trace, ô mystère !
Qu'un nom solitaire
Qu'un nom sur la terre
Qu'un nom dans les cieux !

Text: Victor Hugo

Leaves no trace, o mystery!
But a single name,
But a name on the earth,
But a name in the heavens.

Translation: Linda Godry

Invocation

Charles-Marie Widor

“Invocation” is the second of Widor’s *3 Mélodies, Op.28*, and is a lesser-known work compared to his other vocal compositions. The poetry comes from Hugo’s “Les Contemplations”, and the speaker in this poem addresses a female muse using a variety of metaphors. The recurring stanza (“Sors du nuage...”) beckons the figure to reveal herself and be a beacon of light in a dark world.⁶

Tu me parles du fond d’un rêve
Comme une âme parle aux vivants.
Comme l’écume de la grève,
Ta robe flotte dans les vents.

You speak to me from the depths of a dream,
Like a soul speaking to the living.
Like the foam upon the shore,
Your dress flutters in the wind.

Sors du nuage, ombre charmante.
O fantôme, laisse-toi voir !
Sois un phare dans ma tourmente,
Sois un regard dans mon ciel noir !

Step out of the cloud, enchanting shadow.
O phantom, let yourself be seen!
Be a beacon in my turmoil,
Be a gaze in my dark sky!

Tu me dis de loin que tu m’aimes,
Et que, la nuit, à l’horizon,
Tu viens voir sur les grèves blêmes
Le spectre blanc de ma maison.

You tell me from afar that you love me,
And that, at night, upon the horizon,
You come to see, on the pale shores,
The white specter of my house.

Sors du nuage...

Step out of the cloud...

Je suis l’algue des flots sans nombre,
Le captif du destin vainqueur ;
Je suis celui que toute l’ombre
Couvre sans éteindre son cœur.

I am the seaweed of countless waves,
The captive of conquering fate;
I am he whom all-enveloping shadow
Covers, yet cannot quench his heart.

Sois l’aile qui passe et se mêle
Aux grandes vagues en courroux.
Oh, viens ! tu dois être bien belle,
Car ton chant lointain est bien doux ;

Be the wing that passes and mingles
With the great, raging waves.
Oh, come! You must be truly beautiful,
For your distant song is so sweet;

⁶ Hugo, Victor. “À celle qui est voilée.” *Poetica*. Accessed October 13, 2026. <https://www.poetica.fr/poeme-1377/victor-hugo-a-celle-qui-est-voilee/>.

Cherche-moi parmi les mouettes !
Dresse un rayon sur mon récif,
Et, dans mes profondeurs muettes,
La blancheur de l'ange pensif !

Sors du nuage...

Text: Victor Hugo

Seek me out among the seagulls!
Cast a beam upon my reef,
And, within my silent depths,
The whiteness of the pensive angel!

Step out of the cloud...

Translation: Kaylyn Davis

Selige Nacht

Joseph Marx

Joseph Marx was an Austrian composer who wrote many pieces of all kinds during the late Romantic period. He was a self-taught musician who also became a teacher, with many of his students becoming well-known composers and musicians themselves, including Johann Nepomuk David and Clara Wildschut. Marx composed works of many genres of music, ranging from symphonies to choral works.⁷

“Selige Nacht” depicts two lovers who fall asleep amid a peaceful night longing for one another, even in dreams.

Selige Nacht

Blissful night

Im Arm der Liebe schliefen wir selig ein.
Am offenen Fenster lauschte der Sommerwind,
und unsrer Atemzüge Frieden
trug er hinaus in die helle Mondnacht. –

In love's arms we fell blissfully asleep.
The summer wind listened at the open window,
and carried the peace of our breathing
out into the moon-bright night.

Und aus dem Garten tastete zagend sich Ein
Rosenduft an unserer Liebe Bett
Und gab uns wundervolle Träume,
Träume des Rausches – so reich an Sehnsucht!

And from the garden a scent of roses
came timidly to our bed of love
and gave us wonderful dreams,
ecstatic dreams – so rich in longing!

Text: Otto Erich Hartleben

Translation: Richard Stokes

Zigeuner

Joseph Marx

“Zigeuner” is a humorous work scored for piano and voice that follows the story of a couple living in the countryside. The narrator jokes about having the animals in the barn do the farmwork, while their bride obtains a gown in preparation for their wedding, which is to take place that same day in the fields.

⁷ Universal Edition. “Joseph Marx.” Accessed October 13, 2026.
<https://www.universaledition.com/en/Contacts/Joseph-Marx/>.

Zigeuner

Mein brauner Liebster, sage mir:
Wann halt' ich im Walde Hochzeit mit dir?
"Wer schneid't den Häksel?" Wenn ich Dich hätt',
dann hätt' ich ein goldenes Stroh im Bett.

Die Mäuse unter uns beiden,
die müssen den Häksel schneiden.
"Wer harkt das Feld und wer sät das Korn?"
Die Hühner des Bauern, die harken im Dorn;
den Wind bestell' ich zum Säen,
das braune Rößlein muß mähen.

"Und hast Du auch Dein Hochzeitskleid?"
Ein Kleid aus wunderweicher Seid';
der September webt's in die Erlen,
und die Nacht behängt es mit Perlen.

"Mein Mädel, wie bist Du so wild und fein!
Heut' soll im Wald unsre Hochzeit sein!"

Text: Max Geissler

Romani

My swarthy lover, pray tell me:
in the forest – when shall I wed with thee?
'Who'll cut the chaff?' If thee I had, then
would I have golden straw in bed

The mice beneath where we're lying,
must cut the straw in the drying.
'Who'll rake the field and who'll sow the corn?'
The hens of the farmer, they rake it at morn',
the wind I'll order to sow it,
the nut-brown pony must mow it.

'And hast thou now thy wedding gown?'
A gown of silk as soft as down,
for September 'mong tree tops weaves it
and the night from stars jewels gives it.

'My maiden, how art thou so fair and free!
Today afield shall our wedding be!

Translation: Addie Funk

Bleak Weather

Adela Maddison

Katharine Mary Adela Maddison, better known as Adela Maddison, was a British composer and concert producer in the late 18th-early 19th centuries. Most of her works are operas, ballets, and solo pieces for instruments and voice.⁸ Before World War I began, she also lived in Paris and Berlin for some time, studying with French composer Gabriel Faure.⁹

"Bleak Weather" is part of a collection of *Twelve Songs (Op. 9-10)*, and is the first song to appear in the set. This selection, like much of the set, contains themes of reflection, longing, and melancholy. In "Bleak Weather," the subject recalls time spent observing nature with their loved one, with a tone that indicates a desire to relive those past moments.

Dear love, where the red lillies blossomed and grew,
The white snows are falling;
And all through the woods, where I wandered with you,
The loud winds are calling;

⁸ "Adela Maddison." *British Music Collection*. 2025. Accessed October 13, 2026.
<https://britishmusiccollection.org.uk/composer/adela-maddison>.

⁹ KA Webb. "Maddison, Adela." *KVAST*, May 10, 2012. Accessed October 13, 2026.
<https://eng.kvast.org/maddison-adela/>.

And the robin that piped to us tune upon tune,
Neath the woods—you remember?
[O'er] tree-top and mountain has followed the June,
And left us—December.

[He has gone], like a friend [who] is true in the sun,
And false in the shadows.
He [will find] new delights, in the land where he's gone,
Greener [fields] and [fresh] meadows.

Let him go! What care we? Let the snow shroud the lea,
Let it drift on the heather!

[What matters] it all; I have you—you have me,
And we'll laugh at the weather, [together]!

Text: Ella Wheeler Wilcox

The Heart of the Wood

Adela Maddison

This short piece is a standalone work with translated text by Irish dramatist Isabella Augusta Persse, better known as Lady Gregory. The run-on sentence encapsulates a lively forest, teeming with wildlife, that serves as a defense against death. Gregory most likely intended to preserve the folklore and magic of Irish nature, especially considering her close relationship with Coole Park.¹⁰

My hope and my love,
we will go for a while into the wood,
scattering the dew,
where we will see the trout,
we will see the blackbird on its nest;
the deer and the buck calling,
the little bird that is sweetest
singing on the branches;
the cuckoo on the top of the fresh green;
and death will never come near us
for ever in the sweet wood.

Text: Lady Gregory

¹⁰ Coole Park. "Lady Gregory of Coole." Accessed October 13, 2026. <https://www.coolepark.ie/history/lady-gregory-of-coole/>.

A Lament

Adela Maddison

The text from this piece comes from Percy Shelley, husband of *Frankenstein's* Mary Shelley. "A Lament" is a stark contrast to many of Maddison's other vocal works, with a more somber tone and a sense of finality. Much of the language emphasizes the stillness of the atmosphere, a stark contrast to the flowing, lively melodies seen in the other works of this set.¹¹

That time is dead for ever, child!
Drowned, frozen, dead for ever!
We look on the past
And stare aghast
At the spectres wailing, pale and ghast,
Of hopes which thou and I beguiled
To death on life's dark river.

The stream we gazed on then rolled by;
Its waves are unreturning;
But we yet stand
In a lone land,
Like tombs to mark the memory
Of hopes and fears, which fade and flee
In the light of life's dim morning.

Text: Percy Bysshe Shelley

An Interlude

Adela Maddison

"An Interlude" also comes from Adela Maddison's *Twelve Songs*, yet this poem has a theme of forgetfulness, particularly about memories with a loved one. The speaker claims that, although it is painful in the moment, sometimes it is better to end things and move on, even if it means forgetting the experiences you had together.

In the greenest growth of the Maytime,
I rode where the woods were wet,
Between the dawn and the daytime;
The spring was glad that we met.

There was something [in] season wanted,
Though the woods and the ways smelt sweet;
The breath at your lips that panted,
The pulse of the grass at your feet.

¹¹ Shelley, Percy Bysshe. "Lines: 'That Time Is Dead for Ever, Child!'" *All Poetry*. Accessed October 13, 2026. <https://allpoetry.com/Lines:-That-time-is-dead-for-ever,-child!>

You came, and the sun came after,
And the green grew golden above;
And the flag-flowers lightened with laughter,
And the meadow-sweet shook with love.

And a bird [to the right] sang "Follow",
And a bird to the [left] sang "Here";
And the arch of the leaves was hollow,
And the meaning of May was clear.

I remember the way we parted,
The day and the way we met;

You hoped we were both broken-hearted,
[But] knew we should both forget.

And the best and the worst of this is
That neither was most to blame
If you have forgotten my kisses
And I have forgotten your name.

Text: Algernon Charles Swinburne

Vanilla Ice Cream from *She Loves Me*

Jerry Bock

Jerry Bock grew up in Queens, New York City, picking up piano at age nine and studying music at the University of Wisconsin. His main musical talent was improvisation and composition, which resulted in *Big as Life*, a musical he wrote in college. In the end, he wrote music for Broadway for fifty-five years, producing music for major Tony-winning productions including *Fiddler on the Roof*, *She Loves Me*, and *The Rothschild*.¹²

"Vanilla Ice Cream" is sung by Amalia in *She Loves Me* as she tries to write an apology letter to her romantic pen pal after a bad first date. However, she keeps getting distracted by how much she likes Georg, her coworker at the perfume store.¹³

Dear Friend:

I am so sorry about last night
It was a nightmare in every way
But together you and I
Will laugh at last night someday....

¹² "Jerry Bock." *Masterworks Broadway*. Accessed October 13, 2026. <https://masterworksbroadway.com/artist/jerry-bock/>.

¹³ Music Theatre International. "Full Synopsis." Accessed October 13, 2026. <https://www.mtishows.com/full-synopsis/913>.

Ice cream. He brought me ice cream!
Vanilla ice cream, imagine that!
Ice cream!
And for the first time
We were together without a spat!

Friendly
He was so friendly
That isn't like him
I'm simply stunned
Will wonders never cease? Will wonders never cease?
It's been a most peculiar day!
Will wonders never cease? Will wonders never cease?

Oh, where was I?

I sat there waiting in that cafe
And never guessing that you were fat-oh!
That you were near...
You were outside looking bald-oh no!

Dear Friend
I am so sorry about last night

Last night I was so nasty!
Well, he deserved it but even so
That Georg is not like this Georg
This is a new Georg that I don't know

Somehow it all reminds me
Of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
When right before my eyes
A man that I despise
Has turned into a man I like!
It's almost like a dream
As strange as it may seem
He came to offer me vanilla ice cream!

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