



School of

Music

College of Arts and Sciences

WASHINGTON STATE UNIVERSITY

presents

Graduate Voice Recital

MaKenna Wagnon, soprano

Elena Panchenko, piano

March 10, 2026

7:30 p.m.

Bryan Hall Theater

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Step Out

Program

Ah! Où va la jeune Indoue (Bell Song) from Lakmé *Léo Delibes (1836-1891)*

The Faces of Love

Jake Heggie (1961)

1. *I shall not live in vain*
2. *As well as Jesus?*
4. *It makes no difference abroad*
5. *At last, to be identified!*

Waldseligkeit

Joseph Marx (1882-1964)

Morgen!

Ruhe, meine Seele!

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Le couteau

Nadia Boulanger (1887-1979)

Reflets

Lili Boulanger (1893-1918)

Ombra cara, amorosa from Antigone

Tommaso Traetta (1727-1779)

Ebben? N'andrò lontana from La Wally

Alfredo Catalani (1854-1893)

A New Life from Jekyll and Hyde

Frank Wildhorn (1958)

... and become Engaged in the Arts at WSU!

MaKenna Wagnon

Graduate Recital

Program Notes

Ah! OÙ va la jeune Indoue – Léo Delibes (1836-1891)

This aria is one of the best-known songs from Léo Delibes' opera *Lakmé*. In it, the princess sings to her people. She tells the story of a princess who goes into the nearby woods and lures a prince from another land with a magical bell wand. She sings the story twice, first as a fable, then as the true account of how she met her lover in the woods. Her father makes her sing the song so she can once again lure her prince from the woods. When the song ends, her father reveals his true intention to kill the prince, leaving Lakmé heartbroken.

Où va la jeune Indoue,

Filles des Parias,
Quand la lune se joue,
Dans le grand mimosas?
Elle court sur la mousse
Et ne se souvient pas
Que partout on repousse
L'enfant des parias;
Le long des lauriers roses,
Revant de douce choses, Ah!
Elle passe sans bruit
Et riant a la nuit.
Labas dans la foret plus sombre,
Quel est ce voyageur perdu?
Autour de lui
Des yeux brillent dans l'ombre,
Il marche encore au hasard, e perdu!
Les fauves rugissent de joie,
Ils vont se jeter sur leur proie,

Bell Song

Where will the young Indian girl,
daughter of the paraiahs,
go when the moon dances
In the large mimosas trees?
She runs on the moss
And does not remember
That she is pushed around
The child of outcasts;
Along the oleanders,
Dreaming of sweet things, Ah!
She goes without noise
And laughs a night.
There in the dark forest
Who is the lost traveler?
Around him
Eyes shining in the darkness,
He wonders randomly, aimless and lost!
The wild beasts roar of joy,
They will pounce on their prey,

Le jeune fille accourt
Et brave leur fureurs:
Elle a dans sa main la baguette
ou tinte la clochette des charmeurs!
L'etranger la regarde,
Elle reste eblouie.
Il est plus beau que les Rajahs!
Il rougira, s'il sait qu'il doit
La vie a la fille des Parias.
Mais lui, l'endormant dans un reve,
Jusque dans le ciel il l'enleve,
En lui disant: 'ta place et la!'
C'etait Vishnu, fils de Brahma!
Depuis ce jour au fond de bois,
Le voyageur entend parfois
Le bruit leger de la baguette
Ou tinte la clochette des charmeurs!

The girl runs to him
And braves their fury
She has in her hand the baton
with tinkle bell charms!
The stranger looks at her,
and remains dazzled.
She is more beautiful than the
Rajahs!
He will blush if he knows he must
owe
his life to the daughter of the
pariahs.
But they fall asleep and drift into a
dream,
Up in the sky, they are transported,
The traveler tells her: 'your place is
here!'
It was Vishnu, son of Brahma!
From that day on, in the depths of
the dark forest,
a traveler may sometimes hear
the slight noise of the baton
with the tinkle bell charms!

The Faces of Love by Jake Heggie (1961)

This song cycle celebrates Heggie's love of Emily Dickinson's poetry. The first song, "I shall not live in vain," examines how even the most minute things can mean the world to someone else. "As well as Jesus?" describes the feelings of being in love and compares them with how Jesus loves all. "It makes no difference abroad" is about nature's indifference to human nature. "At last, to be identified!" is about discovering one's identity.

I shall not live in vain

If I can stop one Heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain
If I can ease one Life the Aching
Or cool one Pain

Or help one fainting Robin
Unto his Nest again,
I shall not live in Vain.

As well as Jesus?

So well that I can live without?
I love thee.
Then how well is that?
As well as Jesus?
Prove it me,
That he loved men!
As I love thee

It makes no difference abroad

It makes no difference abroad
The Seasons fit the same
The Mornings blossom into Noons

And split their Pods of Flame

Wild flowers kindle in the Woods
The Brooks slam all the Day
No Black bird bates his Banjo
For passing Calvary

Auto da Fe and Judgment
Are nothing to the Bee
His separation from His Rose
To Him sums Misery

At last, to be identified!

At last, to be identified!
At last, the lamps upon thy side
The rest of Life to see!

Past Midnight! Past the Morning Star!
Past Sunrise!
Ah, What leagues there were
Between our feet, and Day!

Waldseligkeit by Joseph Marx (1882-1964)

This German art song is a beautiful example of music from the late Romantic and early twentieth century. In this song, Marx uses Richard Dehmel's poetry to create a scene of serenity. The rolling triplets in the piano create a sense of magic, while the vocal line sings lyrics that describe the beauty of nature and the feeling of being alone yet loved.

Waldseligkeit

Der Wald beginnt zu rauschen,
den Bäumen naht die Nacht,
als ob sie selig lauschen,
berühren sie sich sacht.

Und unter ihren Zweigen,
da bin ich ganz allein,
da bin ich ganz mein eigen :
ganz nur Dein!

Woodland rapture

The wood begins to stir,
night draws near the trees;
as if blissfully listening,
they gently touch each other.

And beneath their branches
I am utterly alone,
utterly my own;
utterly and only yours!

Morgen! By Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Both “Morgen!” and “Ruhe Meine Seele!” were written by Strauss for his wife, Pauline de Ahna, and presented to her on their wedding day. “Morgen!,” with lyrics by John Henry Mckay, tells the story of a lover so lost in thought that they are rendered speechless. “Morgen!” is the last of Strauss’ Four Last Songs. However, it is placed before “Ruhe...” in this program for thematic effect.

Morgen!

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde ...

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes Schweigen..

Tomorrow!

And tomorrow the sun will shine again
And on the path that I shall take,
It will unite us, happy ones, again,
Amid this same sun-breathing earth ...
And to the shore, broad, blue-waved,

We shall quietly and slowly descend,
Speechless we shall gaze into each others
eyes,

And the speechless silence of bliss shall fall
on us...

Ruhe, meine Seele!

“Ruhe” is the first of Strauss’s Four Last Songs. The poetry was written by Karl Henckell. The song’s lyrics depict gentle scenes in nature while also conveying a sense of peace and longing. This song is placed after “Morgen!” to convey a sense of rest and tranquility after the sense of longing and speechlessness that is evident in “Morgen!”

Ruhe, meine Seele!

Nicht ein Lüftchen,
Regt sich leise,
Sanft entschlummert
Ruht der Hain;
Durch der Blätter
Dunkle Hülle
Stiehlt sich lichter
Sonnenschein.
Ruhe, ruhe,
Meine Seele,
Deine Stürme
Gingen wild,
Hast getobt und
Hast gezittert,
Wie die Brandung,
Wenn sie schwillt!
Diese Zeiten
Sind gewaltig,
Bringen Herz und
Hirn in Not—
Ruhe, ruhe,
Meine Seele,
Und vergiß,
Was dich bedroht!

Rest, my soul!

Not even
A soft breeze stirs,
In gentle sleep
The wood rests;
Through the leaves’
Dark veil
Bright sunshine
Steals.
Rest, rest,
My soul,
Your storms
Were wild,
You raged and
You quivered,
Like the breakers,
When they surge!
These times
Are violent,
Cause heart and
Mind distress—
Rest, rest,
My soul,
And forget
What threatens you!

Le couteau by Nadia Boulanger (1887-1979)

This song is one of the very few that Nadia wrote after her sister, Lili, passed away. The lyrics describe heartbreak and compare it to a knife being driven through one's heart. Nadia likely chose this text to convey the intense grief she felt at the time. After her sister's death, Nadia went on to become one of, if not the most influential, teachers of the twentieth century. She taught Philip Glass, Aaron Copland, and Virgil Thomson, among others.

Le couteau

J'ai un couteau dans l' cœur
Une belle, une belle l'a planté
J'ai un couteau dans l' cœur
Et ne peux pas l'ôter.

C' couteau, c'est l'amour d'elle
Une belle, une belle l'a planté
Tout mon cœur sortirait
Avec tout mon regret.

Il y faut un baiser.
Une belle, une belle l'a planté
Un baiser sur le cœur
Mais ell' ne veut l' donner.

Couteau, reste en mon cœur
Si la plus belle t'y a planté!
J' veux bien me mourir d'elle,
Mais j' veux pas l'oublier!

The knife

I have a knife in my heart -
Planted by her fair hand -
I have a knife in my heart
And cannot extract it.

This knife is her love -
Planted by her fair hand -
My whole heart would fain escape
With all my sorrow.

A kiss is needed.
Her fair mouth planted it -
A kiss on my heart
But she will not give it.

Knife - remain in my heart,
Since the fairest hand planted it there!
I wish so much to die of her
But do not wish to forget her!

Reflets by Lili Boulanger (1893-1918)

Nadia's sister, Lili, was a remarkable composer who discovered music at a very young age. She won many awards and composed over 50 works in her short life. The text of "Reflets" comes from the poet Maurice Maeterlinck. This poetry describes both the comfort and the isolation and confusion of being alone.

Reflets

Sous l'eau du songe qui s'élève
Mon âme a peur, mon âme a peur.
Et la lune luit dans mon coeur
Plongé dans les sources du rêve !

Sous l'ennui morne des roseaux.
Seul les reflets profonds des choses,
Des lys, des palmes et des roses
Pleurent encore au fond des eaux.

Les fleurs s'effeuillent une à une
Sur le reflet du firmament.
Pour descendre, éternellement
Sous l'eau du songe et dans la lune.

Reflections

Beneath the water of the dream that rises,
My soul is afraid, my soul is afraid.
And the moon shines into my heart
That is bathed in the dream's source!

Beneath the sad tedium of the reeds,
Only the deep reflection of things,
Of lilies, palms and roses,
Still weep on the water's bed.

One by one the flowers shed their leaves
Upon the firmament's reflection
To descend, eternally,
Beneath the dream's water and into the
moon.

Ombra cara, amorosa by Tommaso Traetta (1727-1779)

This aria comes from Tommaso Traetta's opera, *Antigone*. In this, the character is singing about how her lover has died and how she might as well die too. The title translates to "gentle spirit, my love."

Ombra cara, amorosa,

Ah! perché mai
Tu corri al tuo riposo,
Ed io qui resto?

Io resto sempre a piangere
Dove mi guida ognor,
D'un in un altro orror
La cruda sorte.
E a terminar le lagrime,
Pietosa al mio dolor,
Ahi! che non giunge ancor
Per me la morte.

Gentle Spirit, well beloved,

Ah, where fore leave me
To fall on sleep unbroken,
While I am forsaken.
Here must I ever go sorrowing,
Led by relentless fate.
Where in a world of hate,
Horrors surround me.
Nor aught my anguish allay,
Till dawns the welcome day
When death has found me.

Ebben? N'andrò lontana by Alfredo Catalani (1854-1893)

This aria comes from the Opera *La Wally*, by Alfredo Catalani. At this point in the opera, Wally is debating whether she should stay with her family and marry a man she does not love or abandon all she has ever known to be with the man she does love.

“Ebben! Ne andrò lontana

Come va l'eco pia campana,
Là fra la neve bianca;
Là fra le nubi d'ôr;
Laddóve la speranza, la speranza
È rimpianto, è rimpianto, è dolor!

O della madre mia casa gioconda
La Wally ne andrà da te, da te!
Lontana assai, e forse a te,
E forse a te, non farà mai più ritorno,
Nè più la rivedrai!
Mai più, mai più!

Ne andrò sola e lontana,
Là, fra la neve bianca, n'andrò,
N'andrò sola e lontana
E fra le nubi d'ôr!

Well then! I shall go far away

As the echo of the pious church-bell goes away,
There somewhere in the white snow;
There amongst the clouds of gold,
There where hope, hope
Is regret, is regret, is sorrow!

O from my mother's cheerful house
La Wally is about to go away from you, from you!
Quite far away, and perhaps to you,
And perhaps to you, will never more return,
Nor ever more see you again!
Never again, never again!

I will go away alone and far,
There, somewhere in the white snow, I shall go,
I will go away alone and far
And amongst the clouds of gold!

A New Life by Frank Wildhorn (1958)

This piece is special to me in many ways. I chose this specifically as a closer to this concert because, after I graduate, I will be starting a new life outside of academia. In *Jekyll and Hyde*, Lucy sings this as a final goodbye to Jekyll. I am singing this as a final goodbye to WSU before I go off to start my new life as a teacher.

A New Life

A new life!

What I wouldn't give to have a new life!

One thing I have learned as I go through life:

Nothing is for free along the way!

A new start!

That's the thing I need, to give me new heart!-

Half a chance in life to find a new part

Just a simple role

That I can play!

A new hope!

Something to convince me to renew hope

A new day, bright enough

To help me find my way!

A new chance!

One that maybe has a touch of romance...

Where can it be, the chance for me?

A new dream!

I have one I know that very few dream!

I would like to see that overdue dream...

Even though it never may come true!

A new love...

Though I know there's no such thing as true love...

Even so, although I never knew love
Still I feel that one dream is my due!

A new world!

This one thing I want to ask of you, world:
Once! - Before it's time to say adieu, world!
One sweet chance to prove the cynics wrong!

A new life!

More and more, I'm sure, as I go through life
Just to play the game, and to pursue life-
Just to share its pleasures and belong!
That's what I've been here for, all along!
Each day's a brand new life!