



Second Graduate Diploma Recital

Monday, April 20, 2026

12:30pm, Kulas Hall

Calysta Tamara Jacobs, soprano Ellen Boll, piano

Three Price Songs
The Moon Bridge
Love-in-a-mist
Sunset
Florence Price
(1887–1953)

Rautendelein, Op. 3
I. I don't know where I come from - Weiss nicht woher ich kommen bin
Julia Weissberg Rimsky-Korsakov
(1878–1942)

5 Lieder
II. The Storm - Der Sturm
Marie Jaëll
(1846–1925)

~ INTERMISSION ~

Op. 21
V. Lilacs - Сирень
Sergei Rachmaninoff
(1873–1943)

Op. 1
I. A Maiden's Song - Ой, пошла б я жить на воле
II. Alone I start my journey - Выхожу один я на дорогу
III. Life is yet ahead of me - Жизнь ещё передо мною
Julia Weissberg Rimsky-Korsakov

"To this we've come" from *The Consul*
Gian Carlo Menotti
(1911–2007)

Calysta Jacobs is a student of Dina Kuznetsova.

*Ms. Kuznetsova, thank you for your teaching and guidance over these past two years,
I am so grateful for all you have done for my voice! Ellen, thank you for all of
our collaborations, I will hold these memories with me forever!*

3 songs by Florence Price:

Florence Beatrice Smith Price (1887-1953) was born in Little Rock Arkansas and was the first Black Female Composer to have a composition performed by a major American orchestra; *Symphony in E Minor*, performed by the Chicago Symphony of Orchestra in 1933. Price studied at New England Conservatory where she double majored in organ and piano performance. She is known mainly for her orchestral work and instructional piano writing, but wrote many art songs like the ones I have chosen to perform. The first two songs are of poems by Mary Rolofson Gamble "The Moon Bridge" and "Love-in-a-mist." They tell fantastical stories of fairies, elves, and love lost and found. "Sunset" is a poem by Odessa P. Elder of the hope for a new life in the golden west.

The Moon Bridge, text by Mary Rolofson Gamble:

The moon like a big, round ball of flame
Rose out of the silver bay,
And built a bridge of golden beams,
Where the fairies came to play.

I saw them dancing in jewel'd robes
On the wavelet's rhythmic flow,
And I long'd to stand on the magic bridge,
In the moonlight's mystic glow.

But over the sky a veil of mist
Thin, soft as a web of lace,
Was drawn, then parted, then came again,
With easy, coquettish grace.

And the moon put on a somber mask,
And frowned on the rippling wave,
And the beautiful bridge went under the sea,
Nor a beam could the fairies save!

I wonder'd if this would end their play,
And if, as the bridge went down,
They would lose their jewels so frail and fair,
And their queen her diamond crown!

But they glided away in merry mood,
To their home in the rosetree's bowers,
And there they danced on the dewy grass,
Till the "wee sma" morning hours.

“Love-in-a-mist,” text by Mary Rolofson Gamble:

Love in a mist of doubt was lost;
The wildwood paths were all crisscross'd,
This way or that? O, where was she?
And which path led to the trysting tree?

A green elf whispered right in her ear:
"Are you sure your lover is quite sincere?"
Lovers are seldom what they seem
And love itself is a haunting dream.

But a little blind god lived in the wood.
Unseen, unheard in the path he stood.
A feather dropp'd from an angels wing
With speed he placed in his magic sling!

Straight into the heart of the maid it flew!
Faith livd. Ah! Doubt vanish'd, the world was new.
Heav'n's glory mark'd the path to her trust.
And never again was love in a mist.

“Sunset,” text by Odessa P. Elder

When the golden west reflects her beauty,
Comes to me a happy duty;
And I must write of that golden town
That beckons me when the sun goes down.

"Tis a story from the golden sky
As the clouds go sailing by.
I sit and watch for that golden town
That beckons me when the sun goes down.

I'll seek this home in the golden west
That lures me on in my joyful quest,
And find new life in that golden town
That beckons me when the sun goes down.

Rautendelein, Op. 3 by Julia Weissberg Rimsky-Korsakov:

Yuliya Lazarevna Veysberg, Yuliya Rimskaya-Korsakova, or Julia Weissberg (1880-1942) was a Russian pianist and composer. Weissberg studied composition under Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov

and married his son Andrey Rimsky-Korsakov. Weissberg has multiple opuses for voice, I have chosen to perform Op. 1 and Op. 3 which can be performed either in German or Russian. “Weiss nicht woher ich kommen bin” is the first song in Weissberg’s Op. 1. This piece is of a poem by Gerhart Hauptmann but has similar themes to Weissberg’s opera *Русалочка* or *The Little Mermaid* which has a libretto by Russian poet Sophia Yakovlevna Parnok. The plot of Weissberg’s *Русалочка* follows closely to the Hans Christian Andersen *Little Mermaid* story that modern listeners know and love. The theme of both works being that of a mysterious sea nymph or forest fairy straddling the line of human or mythical being, unsure of where they belong in the world.

I. “Weiss nicht woher ich kommen bin,” text by Gerhart Hauptmann:

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| Weiß nicht, woher ich kommen bin; | I know not whence I came; |
| Weiß nicht, wohin ich geh: | I know not whither I go: |
| ob ich ein Waldvöglein bin | whether I am a little forest bird |
| oder eine Fee. | or a fairy. |
| Die Blumen, die da quillen, | The flowers that spring forth, |
| den Wald mit Ruch erfüllen— | filling the forest with their scent— |
| hat einer je vernommen, | has anyone ever learned |
| woher die sind gekommen? | whence they came? |
| Aber manchmal fühl' ich ein Brennen: | But sometimes I feel a burning ache: |
| Möchte so gerne Vater und Mutter kennen. | How I long to know my father and mother. |
| Kann es nicht sein, | If it cannot be, |
| füg' ich mich drein. | I resign myself to it. |
| Bin doch ein schönes, goldhaariges | For I am, after all, a beautiful, |
| Waldfräulein. | golden-haired forest maiden. |
| | Translation by Calysta Jacobs |

5 Lieder by Marie Jaëll:

Marie Jaëll (1846-1925) was a French pianist, composer, and pedagogue. Jaëll was unique from other French composers of the time in that she did not grow up in Paris, she was raised in rural Steinseltz in Alsace, France, began touring as a child in Germany and Switzerland, and came to study at the Paris conservatory in her teens. Jaëll was a force of nature, studying, writing, and composing obsessively until her death in 1925. Jaëll’s early career was aided by her marriage to Alfred Jaëll, a close friend of Franz Liszt who Marie admired and would go on to perform many of his works. Alfred was 15 years Marie’s senior and a successful touring pianist; the duo toured together until his death in 1882, when Marie was 35. In my research of Jaëll I found some of her letters to friends extremely fascinating, showing that the female human experience is far more similar across decades than I had ever imagined. Jaëll writes “From a woman, gifted or not, man takes away everything, little by little, and robs her of her creative forces; he takes her life from

her. How often I have seen my dreams shattered by this single fact.” and in her early 20’s “To feel small in relation to what one wants to be, and to feel too great in relation to what one has achieved, to be torn between these two alternatives, without finding a solution, without finding the means to put an end to this state of struggle, to see always the task unfinished, to feel the soul burn with a fire that consumes it and to find it always unquenched, and to realize the human inability to abate this inner glow, this simmering volcano...” Jaëll continued to compose and perform until the late 1890s when she began to focus solely on creating her own piano pedagogical method called “The Touch” or “The Jaëll Method.” “Der Sturm” is the second song in Jaëll’s *Fünf Lieder*; from what I can find it is of a poem which she wrote. I’ve interpreted it to be a story of a storm, both in the real physical sense of the word, but also a storm of emotion one feels inside themselves.

II. “Der Sturm,” text by Marie Jaëll:

Mir sagt der Sturm du musst sie lassen!
ich eilt davon, nicht konnt' ich's fassen.
Das Stürmen tobend mit mir eilt
wie eine Meute um mich heult!

The storm tells me: "You must let her go!"
I rushed away, unable to grasp it.
The raging tempest rushes along with me,
howling around me like a pack of hounds!

Mir ward' so bang, ich wollt entfliehn
des Sturmes Worte mit mir ziehn:
Horch auf: schon morgen ist sie fern;
im wildes Sturm entsagen lern'

I grew so fearful, I sought to flee—
yet the storm's words followed me still:
"Listen well: by tomorrow she will be far away;
learn, amidst the wild storm, to renounce."

Blick zu mir her, mir gleicht dein Herz
Fühl mein Erbeben, se ist dein Schmerz
So wie ich tobe, tobt's in dir;
dich selbts siehst dy verwüstet hier.

"Look upon me—your heart is like mine;
feel my trembling, for it is your pain.
Just as I rage, so does it rage within you;
here, in this desolation, you see yourself."

Mit stillem Schauder streift mein Blick
zur Blütenflur, zum wald zurück;
vernichtet ist des Lenzes Pracht
die Schönheit die mir einst gelacht!

With silent shudder, my gaze wanders back
to the fields of blossoms, to the woods;
vanquished is the splendor of spring—
the beauty that once smiled upon me!

Nun komm' icht eilend zu dir, mein Kind;
O sag' mir schnell, spricht wahr der Wind?
Muss ich dich lassen, entfliehst du mir?
ist ewig nicht das Glück bei dir?

Now I come hastening to you, my child;
Oh, tell me quickly: does the wind speak true?
Must I leave you? Do you flee from me?
Is happiness not eternal by your side?

Nicht hört' ich mehr das Sturmes Macht.
Der Wind was schon zur Ruh' gebracht
Mir blickt mein Lieb' in's Angesicht

No longer did I hear the storm's might;
the wind had already been lulled to rest.
My beloved gazes into my face—

enwichen war der Bösewicht

the villain had fled.

Translation by Calysta Jacobs

Op. 21 by Sergei Rachmaninoff

Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943) was a composer, conductor, and virtuosic pianist - Rachmaninoff is known as one of the last great Russian Classical Romantic composers. The majority of Rachmaninoff's compositional work are solo piano works, he also composed operas, songs, symphonies, and choral works. His compositional style encompasses the late Romantic era, with sweeping lyricism, use of rubato, and intense climaxes. In "Сирень" I hear a softer Rachmaninoff in the simplicity and beauty of both the piano and vocal line. "Сирень" or "Lilacs" is a poem by Ekaterina Andreyena Beketova (1855-1892) who was a Russian poet. Beketova is known for her poetry and children's literature.

V. "Сирень," text by Ekaterina Andreyena Beketova:

По утру, на заре,
По росистой траве,
Я пойду свежим утром дышать;
И в душистую тень,
Где теснится сирень,
Я пойду своё счастье искать...

At the red of the dawn,
O'er the dewspangled lawn,
Where I meet the new day like a kiss,
In the sweet, fragrant shade
By the lilactrees made,
There I wander in search of my bliss...

В жизни счастье одно
Мне найти суждено,
И то счастье в сирени живёт;
На зелёных ветвях,
На душистых кистях
Моё бедное счастье цветёт...

For one joy, one alone,
Fate has giv'n as mine own,
And it dwells in yon fair lilac bow'r;
In its bright branches green,
In its thick, perfumed screen
There my one poor lost joy breaks in flow'r.
Translation by Rosa Harriet Jeaffreson Newmarch

Op. 1 by Julia Weissberg Rimsky-Korsakov:

In Weissberg's Op. 1, I hear similarities to the great male Russian Romantic composers, and an incredible modern uniqueness. Weissberg has all of the lush, wave of sound tonalities that I expect from Russian Romantic era music, but there is an added unique tonal language, specifically in number 2 "Выхожу один я на дорогу," that shows her genius. Weissberg uses sudden harmonic changes and signature moments of mid-song recitative that make the poetry sound grounded and spoken while also floating and magical. She has set text both by female poet Maria Konopnicka, and a famous poem by Mikhail Yur'yevich Lermontov to create a song cycle that centers on the theme of adventure, the start of new life, and the aches and growing pains of leaving behind one's safe, known life, for the hope of a bright future.

I. "Ой, пошла б я жить на воле," based on polish text by Maria Konopnicka:

Ой, пошла б я жить на воле,
Словно вихрь, что свищет в поле,
Свищет в поле, вьётся птицей,
Гонит тучи вереницей
В роковую даль: -
Только сердцу жаль
 Той нивы,
Где над речкой плачут ивы,
Где родные кости тлеют
И колосья мирно зреют,
 Только сердцу жаль.

Oh, would that I might go and live in freedom,
Like a whirlwind whistling across the fields—
Whistling across the fields, swirling like a bird,
Driving the clouds in a long procession
Toward a fateful distance...
Yet my heart aches
 For that field,
Where willows weep above the stream,
Where the bones of my kin lie moldering,
And the grain ripens in peace—
 Yet my heart aches.

Ой, пошла б я в путь далёкий,
Как идут весной потоки,
Как плывут речные воды -
И сплетают хороводы
И блестят, как сталь.
Только сердцу жаль
 Той хаты,
Где разросся дуб косматый,
Где сверкает сад росой,
Где луга звенят косою,
 Только сердцу жаль!

Oh, I would set out on a distant path,
As spring torrents flow,
As river waters glide—
Weaving themselves in dancing rings,
Gleaming bright as steel.
But my heart aches
 For that cottage,
Where a shaggy oak has spread its boughs,
Where the garden sparkles with dew,
Where the meadows ring with the scythe's swing—
 Oh, how my heart aches!

Ой, пошла б я хоть за море
Разогнать немое горе,
В сумрак ночи беспросветной
Понесла бы клад заветный,
Понесла печаль.
Только сердцу жаль
 Орлёнка,
Что в степи клокочет звонко,
Что над лесом птицу гонит,
Молодые перья ронит, -
 Только сердцу жаль...

Oh, I would journey even across the sea
To scatter this silent grief,
Into the gloom of the starless night
I would carry my cherished treasure,
I would bear my sorrow away.
But my heart aches
 For the eaglet,
Who calls out shrilly in the steppe,
Who chases birds above the woods,
Shedding his young feathers—
 Oh, how my heart aches...

Translation by Calysta Jacobs

II. "Выхожу один я на дорогу," text by Mikhail Yur'yevich Lermontov

Выхожу один я на дорогу;

Alone I set out on the road;

Сквозь туман кремнистый путь
блестит;
Ночь тиха. Пустыня внемлет богу,
И звезда с звездою говорит.

The flinty path is sparkling in the mist;
The night is still. The desert harks to God,
And star with star converses.

В небесах торжественно и чудно!
Спит земля в сиянье голубом...
Что же мне так больно и так трудно?
Жду ль чего? Жалею ли о чём?

The vault is overwhelmed with solemn wonder
The earth in cobalt aura sleeps. . .
Why do I feel so pained and troubled?
What do I harbor: hope, regrets?

Уж не жду от жизни ничего я,
И не жаль мне прошлого ничуть;
Я ищу свободы и покоя!
Я б хотел забыться и заснуть!

I see no hope in years to come,
Have no regrets for things gone by.
All that I seek is peace and freedom!
To lose myself and sleep!

Но не тем холодным сном могилы,
Я б желал навеки так заснуть,
Чтоб в груди дремали жизни силы,
Чтоб, дыша, вздымалась тихо грудь;

But not the frozen slumber of the grave...
I'd like eternal sleep to leave
My life force dozing in my breast
Gently with my breath to rise and fall;

Чтоб всю ночь, весь день,
мой слух лелея,
Про любовь мне сладкий голос пел,
Надо мной чтоб, вечно зеленея,
Тёмный дуб склонялся и шумел.

By night and day, my hearing would be soothed
By voices sweet, singing to me of love.
And over me, forever green,
A dark oak tree would bend and rustle.

Translation by Yevgeny Bonver

III. "Жизнь ещё передо мною," text by Apollon Nikolayevich Maykov:

Жизнь ещё передо мною
вся в видениях и звуках,
Точно город дальний утром,
полный звона, полный блеска.

Life still lies before me,
Wholly visions and sounds—
Like a distant city at dawn,
Filled with ringing, filled with brilliance.

Все минувшие страданья
вспоминаю я с восторгом,
Как ступени, по которым
восходил я к светлой цели.

All my past sufferings
I recall with rapture,
Like the steps by which
I ascended toward a radiant goal.

Translation by Calysta Jacobs

"To this we've come" from *The Consul* by Gian Carlo Menotti:

Gian Carlo Menotti (1911-2007) was an Italian composer, librettist, and director, Menotti is known for his output of 25 operas, librettos, choral work, chamber and orchestral music, and

the creation of the Spoleto festival. In "To this we've come" we find Magda Sorel in the second of three acts in the opera *The Consul*. Madga has tried numerous times to meet with the Consulate in order to be granted access across the border to be reunited with her husband who fled the secret police and crossed illegally in Act 1. The Secretary has denied Madga's, and every other character's attempt to provide the correct documentation needed for citizenship in this safe, unknown country guarded by bureaucracy. "To this we've come" is Madga's mad scene in which she attempts to reason with the Secretary in a final plea for refuge.

To this we've come:
That men withhold the world from men.
No ship nor shore for him who drowns at sea.
No home nor grave for him who dies on land.

To this we've come:
That man be born a stranger upon God's earth,
That he be chosen without a chance for choice,
That he be hunted without the hope of refuge.

To this we've come, to this we've come.
And you, you, too, shall weep.
If to men, not to God, we now must pray,
Tell me, secretary, tell me, who are these men?

If to them, not to God, we now must pray,
Tell me, Secretary, tell me.
Who are these dark archangels?
Will they be conquered?
Will they be doomed?

Is there one, anyone behind those doors
To whom the heart can still be explained?
Is there one, anyone, who still may care?
Tell me, secretary, tell me.

Have you ever seen the Consul?
Does he speak, does he breathe?
Have you spoken to him?

Papers! Papers! Papers!
But don't you understand?
What shall I tell you to make you understand?

My child is dead.

John's mother is dying...
My own life is in danger.
I ask you for help,
And all you give me is...papers!

What is your name? Magda Sorel.
Age? Thirty-three.
Color of eyes?
Color of hair?
Single or married?
Religion and race?
Place of birth, Father's name, Mother's name?
Papers! Papers! Papers!

Papers, papers, papers, papers, papers, papers!

Look at my eyes,
They are afraid to sleep.
Look at my hands,
At these old woman's hands.
Why don't you say something?
Aren't you secretaries human beings like us?

What is your name? Magda Sorel.
Age? Thirty-three.
What will your papers do?
They cannot stop the clock.
They are too thin an armor against a bullet!

What is your name? Magda Sorel.
Age? Thirty-three.
What does that matter?
All that matters is that the time is late,
That I'm afraid and I need your help.

What is your name? What is your name? What is your
name?

This is my answer:
My name
Is woman.
Age:
Still young.

Color of hair:

Gray.

Color of eyes:

The color of tears.

Occupation:

Waiting.

Waiting.

Waiting.

Waiting,

Waiting,

Waiting, waiting.

Oh, the day will come I know,

When our hearts aflame will burn your paper chains!

Warn the Consul, Secretary, warn him!

That day neither ink nor seal shall cage our souls.

That day will come, that day will come!