

Graduate Voice Recital – 2020-2021 Series

**Tâmila Freitas, Mezzo-soprano
& Ross Dryer, Piano
Alexandre Negrão, Violin**

November 14th, 2020 – 2:00pm – Sinquefield Music Center Choral Hall

Program

Erbarme dich, mein Gott
from *Matthäus-Passion*

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Selections by Joseph Marx
Nachtgebet
Selige Nacht
Nocturne

Joseph Marx
(1882-1964)

Selections by Samuel Barber
The Monk and His Cat
O Boundless, Boundless Evening
The Crucifixion

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

~ *Intermission* ~

Una voce poco fa
from *Il barbiere di Siviglia*

Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Trois Poèmes de Stéphane Mallarmé
1. Soupir
2. Placet futile
3. Sourgi de la croupe et du bonde

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Selections by Heitor Villa-Lobos
Canção do Carreiro
Abril
Redondilha

Heitor Villa-Lobos
(1887-1959)

*This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Music degree in Voice Performance.
Tâmila is a student of Christine Seitz.*

Texts and Translations

Erbarme dich, mein Gott

Libretto by Christian Friedrich Henrici (Picander)

Erbarme dich, mein Gott,
Um meiner Zähren Willen!
Schaue hier, Herz und Auge
Weint vor dir bitterlich.
Erbarme dich, erbarme dich!

Have mercy, my God,
for the sake of my tears!
Look here, heart and eyes
weep bitterly before You.
Have mercy, have mercy!

Translation by Stephan Balkan

Nachtgebet

Ernst Heinz Hess

O sähst du mich jetzt beten
zu deinen Augen,
die fragend zu mir flehten
wie nach Liebe,
du schlössest deine tiefen Augen,
daß ich nicht drein
wie in Liebe.
O sähst du, wie ich bete
zu deiner kinderfrohen Seele,
es schwiege deine Kinderseele,
daß sie nicht untergehe
in meiner Liebe.

Night Prayer

Oh, if you could see me worship now
your sacred deep eyes,
who beseechingly question me
as if for love;
you would close your deep eyes,
so that I wouldn't drown
in your love.
Oh, if you could see me worship now
your innocent soul,
your innocent soul would remain silent
so that it wouldn't drown
In my love.

Selige Nacht

Otto Erich Hartleben

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.
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!

Blissful Night

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. –
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!

Nocturne

Otto Erich Hartleben

Süß duftende Lindenblüthe
in quellender Juninacht.
Eine Wonne aus meinem Gemüthe
ist mir in Sinnen erwacht.
Als klänge vor meinen Ohren
leise das Lied vom Glück,
als töne, die lange verloren,
die Jugend leise zurück.
Süß duftende Lindenblüthe

Nocturne

Sweet fragrance of linden blossom
In halcyon summer night,
That awakeneth now in my bosom
Mem'ry of bygone delight.
As though on my ears there sounded
Softly of joy the song,
As though once again I had found it,
My youth, Ah! that is lost so long.
Sweet fragrance of linden blossom

in quellender Juninacht.
Eine Wonne aus meinem Gemüthe
ist mir zu Schmerzen erwacht.

In halcyon summer night,
That awakeneth now in my bosom
Sadness of bygone delight.

Translations by Richard Stokes
The Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005)

The Monk and His Cat

Text from the 8th or 9th century

Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are
Alone together, Scholar and cat.
Each has his own work to do daily;
For you it is hunting, for me, study.
Your shining eye watches the wall;
My feeble eye is fixed on a book.
You rejoice when your claws entrap a mouse;
I rejoice when my mind fathoms a problem.
Pleased with his own art
Neither hinders the other;
Thus we live ever
Without tedium and envy.
Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are,
Alone together, Scholar and cat.

O boundless, boundless evening

Christopher Middleton (from the German of George Heym)

O boundless, boundless evening. Soon the glow
Of long hills on the skyline will be gone,
Like clear dream country now, rich-hued by sun.
O boundless evening where the cornfields throw
The scattered daylight back in an aureole.
Swallows high up are singing, very small.
On every meadow glitters their swift flight,
In woods of rushes and where tall masts stand
In brilliant bays. Yet in ravines beyond
Between the hills already nests the night.

The Crucifixion

From *The Speckled Book*, 12th century

At the cry of the first bird
They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!
Never shall lament cease because of that.
It was like the parting of day from night.
Ah, sore was the suffering borne
By the body of Mary's Son,
But sorer still to Him was the grief
Which for His sake
Came upon His Mother.

Una voce poco fa

Libretto by Cesare Sterbini

Una voce poco fa
qui nel cor mi risuonò;
il mio cor ferito è già,
e Lindoro fu che il piagò.
Sì, Lindoro mio sarà;
lo giurai, la vincerò. (bis)
Il tutor ricuserà,
io l'ingegno aguzzerò.
Alla fin s'accheterà
e contenta io resterò.
Sì, Lindoro mio sarà;
lo giurai, la vincerò.
Sì, Lindoro mio sarà;
lo giurai, sì.
Io sono docile, son rispettosa,
sono obbediente, dolce, amorosa;
mi lascio reggere, mi fo guidar.
Ma, se mi toccano dov'è il mio debole
sarò una vipera, sarò
e cento trappole prima di cedere farò giocar.

A voice a while back
echoes here in my heart;
already my heart has been pierced
and Lindoro inflicted the wound.
Yes, Lindoro shall be mine;
I swear it, I will win. (bis)
My guardian will refuse me;
I shall sharpen all my wits.
In the end he will be calmed
and I shall rest content...
Yes, Lindoro shall be mine;
I swear it, I will win.
Yes, Lindoro shall be mine;
I swear it, yes.
I am docile, I'm respectful,
I'm obedient, gentle, loving;
I let myself be ruled, I let myself be guided.
But if they touch me on my weak spot,
I'll be a viper, I will!
and a hundred tricks I'll play before I yield.

Translation by Gabriel Huaroc

Trois Poèmes de Stéphane Mallarmé

1. Soupir

Mon âme vers ton front
où rêve, ô calme sœur,
Un automne jonché de taches de rousseur,
Et vers le ciel errant de ton œil angelique
Monte, comme dans un jardin mélancolique,
Fidèle, un blanc jet d'eau soupire vers l'Azur !
-- Vers l'azur attendri d'octobre pâle et pur

Qui mire aux grands bassins sa langueur infinie
Et laisse, sur l'eau morte où la fauve agonie
Des feuilles erre au vent et creuse un froid sillon,
Se trainer le soleil jaune d'un long rayon.

2. Placet futile

Princesse ! à jalouser le destin d'une Hébé
Qui poind sur cette tasse au baiser de vos lèvres,
J'use mes feux mais n'ai rang discret que d'abbé

Et ne figurerai même nu sur le Sèvres.
Comme je ne suis pas ton bichon embarbé,
Ni la pastille ni du rouge, ni Jeux mièvres
Et que sur moi je sais ton regard clos tombé,

Three Poems by Stéphane Mallarmé

1. Sigh

My soul rises towards your brow
where there lies dreaming o calm sister,
An autumn strewn with russet freckles,
And towards the restless sky of your angelic eye,
As in a melancholy garden,
A white fountain faithfully sighs towards the Azure!
Towards the compassionate azure
of pale and pure October,
Which mirrors its infinite languor in the great pools
And, on the stagnant water where the tawny agony
Of the leaves stirs in the wind and digs a cold furrow,
Lets the yellow sun drag itself out in a long ray.

2. Futile Petition

Princess! in envying the fate of a Hebe,
Who appears on this cup at the kiss of your lips,
I use up my ardor, but my modest station
is only that of abbé
And I won't even appear nude on the Sèvres porcelain.
Since I am not your bewhiskered lapdog,
Nor lozenge, nor rouge, nor affected games,
And since I know that you look on me

Blonde dont les coiffeurs divins sont des orfèvres!
Nommez-nous... toi de qui tant de ris framboisés
Se joignent en troupeau d'agneaux apprivoisés
Chez tous broutant les vœux et bêlant aux délires,
Nommez-nous... pour qu'Amour ailé d'un éventail
M'y peigne flûte aux doigts endormant ce bercail,
Princesse, nommez-nous berger de vos sourires.

3. Surgi de la croupe et du bond

Surgi de la croupe et du bond
D'une verrerie éphémère
Sans fleurir la veillée amère
Le col ignoré s'interrompt.
Je crois bien que deux bouches n'ont
Bu, ni son amant ni ma mère,
Jamais à la même chimère,
Moi, sylphe de ce froid plafond!
Le pur vase d'aucun breuvage
Que l'inexhaustible veuvage
Agonise mais ne consent,
Naïf baiser des plus funèbres!
À rien expirer annonçant
Une rose dans les ténèbres.

Canção do Carreiro

(Sobre themes salvages dos
boiadeiros e carreros, entre
os indios e mamelucos
do Brazil.)

Vem de longe, dois carreiros
a mágoa sentimental
da canção dos boiadeiros
que doçura nos carreiros
ocultos no matagal!

Num recôncavo da praia,
soturno, soluça o mar.
Soluça...
A tarde desmaia
e o mar no lenço da praia
limpa os olhos a chorar...

Abril

Ribeiro Couto

Depois da chuvarada súbita
Que inundou os campos e os morros
O ceu azul
Chovem nuvens

with indifferent eyes
Blonde whose divine hairdressers are goldsmiths!
Appoint me ... you whose many raspberried laughs
Are gathered into flocks of docile lambs,
Nibbling at all vows and bleating deliriously,
Appoint me ... in order that Love, with a fan as his wings,
May paint me fingering a flute and lulling this sheepfold,
Princess, appoint me shepherd of your smiles.

3. Rising up from its bulge and stem

Rising up from its bulge and stem
of fragile glassware
- with no flowers to crown its bitter vigil -
the vase's neglected neck stops short.
I do believe the mouths
of my mother and her lover
never drank from the same love-cup
(I, sylph of this cold ceiling).
The vase untouched by any drink
except eternal widowhood
is dying yet never consents
- oh naïve funereal kiss! -
to breathe out anything that might herald
a rose in the darkness.

Translations by Nicolas Gounin

Song of the Carreiro

(About wild themes of Cowboys and carters,
in between the Indians and Mamelukes
from Brazil).

Come from afar, two paths
the sentimental hurt
of the song of the cowboys
what sweetness in the paths
hidden in the undergrowth!

In a hollow of the beach,
sullen, sob the sea.
Hiccup ...
Afternoon faints
and the sea on the beach scarf
wipe your eyes crying ...

April

After the sudden rain
That flooded the fields and the hills
The blue sky
Rain clouds

Vem das verdes matas molhadas
Uma frescura acariciante
A frescura das bocas húmidas

Comes from the green wet woods
A caressing freshness
The freshness of moist mouths

E docemente sobre a vila
A tarde cai em tons de rosa
Como um anúncio de bom tempo

And sweetly about the village
The afternoon falls in shades of pink
Like a good time announcement

Redondilha

Dante Milano

A vida fingida me chama,
Me beija, me foge, me engana
Eu amo, eu sofro,
Eu fujo, eu volto,
Eu choro depois me revolt
Eu penso, eu ando,
Eu bebo, eu esqueço.

Pretended life calls me,
Kiss me, run away, fool me
I love, I suffer,
I run away, I come back,
I cry then I revolt
I think, I walk,
I drink, I forget.

Translations by Tâmila Freitas

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