

University of Missouri School of Music

Graduate Voice Recital • 2020-2021 Series

Isabel Quintela, Voice

Ross Dryer, piano

Friday, March 5, 2021 • 7:00 p.m. • SMC 132

Program

“Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen“

From *Jauchzett Gott in allen Landen*, BWV 51

J.S Bach

(1685 - 1750)

Ich schwebe

Nichts

Morgen

Richard Strauss

(1864 - 1949)

Métamorphoses

I. Reine des mouettes

II. C'est ainsi que tu es

III. Paganini

Francis Poulenc

(1899 - 1963)

“E strano!... Ah, fors’e lui... Sempre libera...”

From *La traviata*

Giuseppe Verdi

(1813 - 1901)

~ *Intermission* ~

“Je Marche... Obeissons”

From *Manon*

Jules Massenet

(1842 - 1912)

Armida’s Garden

Hubert Parry

(1848 - 1918)

The seal man

Rebecca Clarke

(1886 - 1979)

Melodia Sentimental from *Quatro Canções da Floresta do Amazonas*

Dança (Martelo) from *Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5*

Heitor Villa-Lobos

(1887 - 1959)

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

Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen – J.S Bach

Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen!
Was der Himmel und die Welt
An Geschöpfen in sich hält,
Müssen dessen Ruhm erhöhen,
Und wir wollen unserm Gott
Gleichfalls itzt ein Opfer bringen,
Daß er uns in Kreuz und Not
Allezeit hat beigestanden.

Exult in God in every land!
Whatever creatures are contained
by heaven and earth
must raise up this praise,
and now we shall likewise
bring an offering to our God,
since He has stood with us
at all times in the cross and in necessity.

Ich schwebe – Richard Strauss

Ich schwebe (Karl Friedrich Henckell)

I float (English Translation © Richard Stokes 2011)

Ich schwebe wie auf Engelschwingen,
Die Erde kaum berührt mein Fuß,
In meinen Ohren hör' ich's klingen
Wie der Geliebten Scheidegruß.
Das tönt so lieblich, mild und leise,
Das spricht so zage, zart und rein,
Leicht lullt die nachgeklung'ne Weise
In wonneschweren Traum mich ein.
Mein schimmernd Aug' -- indeß mich füllen
Die süßesten der Melodien, --
Sieht ohne Falten, ohne Hüllen
Mein lächelnd Lieb' vorüberziehn.

I float as if on angels' wings,
My foot hardly touches the earth,
In my ears I hear a sound
Like my love's farewell greeting.
It sounds so sweetly, gently, softly,
It speaks such tender, timid, pure words,
The tune still sounds and lulls me gently
Into bliss-laden dreams.
My glistening eyes—while I'm filled
By the sweetest of melodies—
See my love, without clothes or veil,
Pass smiling by.

Nichts – Richard Strauss

Nichts (Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg)

Nothing

Nennen soll ich, sagt ihr, meine
Königin im Liederreich!
Toren, die ihr seid, ich kenne
Sie am wenigsten von euch.
Fragt mich nach der Augen Farbe,
Fragt mich nach der Stimme Ton,
Fragt nach Gang und Tanz und Haltung,
Ach, und was weiß ich davon.
Ist die Sonne nicht die Quelle
Alles Lebens, alles Licht's
Und was wissen von derselben
Ich, und ihr, und alle?—nichts.

You say I should name
My queen in the realm of song!
Fools that you are, I know
Her least of all of you.
Ask me the colour of her eyes,
Ask me about the sound of her voice,
Ask me about her walk, her dancing, her bearing,
Ah! what do I know of all that.
Is not the sun the source
Of all life, of all light,
And what do we know about it,
I and you and everyone?—nothing.

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

Morgen – Richard Strauss

Morgen! (John Henry Mackay)

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 other's eyes,
And the speechless silence of bliss shall fall on us
...

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

***Métamorphoses* – Francis Poulenc**

Reine des mouettes (Louise de Vilmorin)

Reine des mouettes, mon orpheline
Je t'ai vue rose, je m'en souviens
Sous les brumes mousselines
De ton deuil ancien.
Rose d'aimer le baiser qui chagrine
Tu te laissais accorder à mes mains
Sous les brumes mousselines
Voiles de nos liens.
Rougis, rougis mon baiser te devine
Mouette prise aux noeuds des grands chemins.
Reine des mouettes, mon orpheline
Tu étais rose,
accordée à mes mains
Rose sous les mousselines
Et je m'en souviens.

Queen of seagulls

Queen of seagulls, my little orphan,
I recall you blushing pink,
Beneath the muslin mists
Of your ancient sorrow.
Blushing pink at the kiss which provokes you,
You surrendered to my hands
Beneath the muslin mists,
Veils of bond between us.
Blush, blush, my kiss finds you out,
Seagull caught where great highways meet.
Queen of seagulls, my little orphan,
You blushed pink, surrendered to my hands,
Pink beneath the muslin
And I recall the moment.

Translation © Richard Stokes, from *A French Song Companion* (Oxford, 2000)

C'est ainsi que tu es (Louise de Vilmorin)

Ta chair d'âme mêlée
Chevelure emmêlée,
Ton pied courant le temps,
Ton ombre qui s'étend
Et murmure à ma tempe.
Voilà, c'est ton portrait,
C'est ainsi que tu es
Et je veux te l'écrire
Pour que la nuit venue
Tu puisses croire et dire
Que je t'ai bien connue.

That is how you are

Your flesh, mingled with soul,
Your tangled hair,
Your feet pursuing time,
Your shadow which stretches
And whispers close to my temple.
There, that is your portrait,
That is how you are,
And I shall write it down for you
So that when night comes,
You may believe and say
That I knew you well.

Translation © Richard Stokes, from *A French Song Companion* (Oxford, 2000)

Paganini (Louise de Vilmorin)

Violon hippocampe et sirène
Berceau des cœurs cœur et berceau
Larmes de Marie-Madeleine
Soupir d'une Reine
Écho

Violon orgueil des mains légères
Départ à cheval sur les eaux
Amour chevauchant le mystère
Voleur en prière
Oiseau

Violon femme morganatique
Chat botté courant la forêt
Puits des vérités lunatiques
Confession publique
Corset

Violon alcool de l'âme en peine
Préférence. Muscle du soir
Épaule des saisons soudaines
Feuille de chêne
Miroir

Violon chevalier du silence
Jouet évadé du bonheur
Poitrine des mille présences
Bateau de plaisance
Chasseur

Paganini

Violin sea-horse and siren,
Cradle of hearts heart and cradle
Tears of Mary Magdalene
A queen's sigh
Echo

Violin pride of delicate hands
Departure on horseback over the waters
Love astride mystery
Theif at prayer
Bird

Violin morganatic wife
Puss-in-Boots ranging the forest
Well of capricious truths
Public confession
Corset

Violin alcohol of the troubled soul
Preference muscle of the evening
Shoulders of sudden seasons
Oak-leaf
Mirror

Violin knight of silence
Toy escaped from happiness,
Breast of a thousand presences
Pleasure-boat
Hunter.

Translation © Richard Stokes, from A French Song Companion (Oxford, 2000)

“E strano!... Ah, fors’è lui... Sempre libera...” – Giuseppe Verdi

SYNOPSIS: Alfredo is in Violetta’s salon. He confesses to her that he has loved her secretly for some time. Violetta, the Parisian courtesan and lady of society feels attracted to Alfredo and for the first time in her life feels a need for love, but also knows about her serious illness. In this passage she is torn between a budding love (Ah fors’è lui) and an unbound life (Sempre libera).

È strano! è strano! in core
Scolpiti ho quegli accenti!
Saria per me sventura un serio amore?
Che risolvi, o turbata anima mia?
Null'uomo ancora t'accendeva O gioia
Ch'io non conobbi, essere amata amando!
E sdegnarla poss'io
Per l'aride follie del viver mio?

Ah, fors'è lui che l'anima
Solinga ne' tumulti
Godea sovente pingere
De' suoi colori occulti!

Lui che modesto e vigile
All'egre soglie ascese,
E nuova febbre accese,
Destandomi all'amor.

A quell'amor ch'è palpito
Dell'universo intero,
Misterioso, altero,
Croce e delizia al cor.

Follie! follie delirio vano è questo!
Povera donna, sola
Abbandonata in questo popoloso deserto
Che appellano Parigi,
Che spero or più?
Che far degg'io!
Gioire,
Di voluttà nei vortici perire.

Sempre libera degg'io
Folleggiar di gioia in gioia,
Vo' che scorra il viver mio
Pei sentieri del piacer,
Nasca il giorno, o il giorno muoia,
Sempre lieta ne' ritrovi
A dilette sempre nuovi
Dee volare il mio pensier.

How strange it is ... how strange!
Those words are carved upon my heart!
Would a true love bring me misfortune?
What do you think, o my troubled spirit?
No man before kindled a flame like this.
Oh, joy ... I never knew ... To love and to be loved!
Can I disdain this
For a life of sterile pleasure?

Was this the man my heart,
Alone in the crowd,
Delighted many times to paint
In vague, mysterious colors?

This man, so watchful yet retiring,
Who haunted my sickbed?
And turned my fever
Into the burning flame of love!

That love,
The pulse of the whole world,
Mysterious, unattainable,
The torment and delight of my heart.

It's madness! It's empty delirium!
A poor, lonely woman
Abandoned in this teeming desert
They call Paris!
What can I hope?
What should I do?
Enjoy myself! Plunge into the vortex
Of pleasure and drown there!

Free and aimless I must
Flutter from pleasure to pleasure,
Skimming the surface
Of life's primrose path.
As each day dawns, As each day dies,
Gaily I turn
to the new delights
That make my spirit soar.

“Je Marche... Obeissons” – Jules Massenet

SYNOPSIS: Manon has yielded to the temptation of living a luxurious life with a wealthy “protector” and is the toast of Parisian society. In this scene, set in Cours-la-Reine before a large crowd, she boasts of her pleasure at the adulation she now receives and the joys of being beautiful, rich, and young—urging her listeners to enjoy their youth before it vanishes.

MANON

Est-ce vrai? Grand merci! Is that true?
Je consens vu que je suis bonne,
à laisser admirer ma charmante personne!

Je marche sur tous les chemins
aussi bien qu'une souveraine.
On s'incline, on baise ma main,
car par la beauté je suis reine!
Je suis reine!

Mes chevaux courent à grands pas
devant ma vie aventureuse.
Les grands s'avancent chapeau bas...
Je suis belle, je suis heureuse!
Je suis belle!

Autour de moi tout doit fleurir!
Je vais à tout ce qui m'attire!
Et, si Manon devait jamais mourir,
ce serait, mes amis, dans un éclat de rire!
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

Obéissons quand leur voix appelle
aux tendres amours, aux tendres amours.
Toujours, toujours, toujours,
tant que vous êtes belle,
usez sans les compter vos jours,
tous vos jours!

Profitons bien de la jeunesse,
des jours qu'amène le printemps;
aimons, rions, chantons sans cesse,
Nous n'avons encor que vingt ans!

Le cœur, hélas! le plus fidèle,
oublie en un jour l'amour, l'amour,
et la jeunesse ouvrant son aile
a disparu sans retour, sans retour.

Profitons bien de la jeunesse,
bien courte, hélas ! est le printemps!
Aimons, chantons, rions sans cesse,
nous n'aurons pas toujours vingt ans!

Profitons bien de la jeunesse!
Aimons, chantons, rions sans cesse,
profitons bien de nos vingt ans! Ah! Ah!

Thank you very much!
I'll consent, seeing that I'm so good,
to let you gaze upon my charming person!

I go wherever I please
as if I were truly a queen.
Men bow to me and kiss my hand
for my beauty I am a Queen!
I am a Queen!

My fine horses gallop along
as I live my free-wheeling life.
Great men come near and bow low,
for I'm lovely, and I'm happy!
Yes, I'm lovely!

Around me, everything must bloom.
I only do the things I like.
And if one day Manon must die,
It will be, my friends, with a laugh, not a sigh!
Ah! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Let's obey them when their voices call us
to tender love. to tender love.
Always, always, always,
as long as you're a beauty,
don't keep track of passing days,
of passing days!

Take advantage of your youthful beauty,
of the time when spring is all around.
love and laugh and always try to smile.
We'll still be twenty for a while.

The heart, alas, that seems most faithful
forgets its love in just a day,
while youthful charm has taken wing
and evermore has flown away.

Take advantage of your youthful beauty
all too quickly, spring will disappear!
We must love and sing and laugh with pleasure
before our twenties slip away.

Take advantage of our youthful beauty!
We must love and sing and laugh with joy.
Let's make the most of being young! Ah! Ah!

Armida's Garden – Hubert Parry

(Mary Coleridge)

I have been there before thee, O my love!
Each winding way I know and all the flowers,
The shadowy cypress trees, the twilight grove,
Where rest, in fragrant sleep, the enchanted hours.

I have been there before thee. At the end
There stands a gate through which thou too must pass.
When thou shalt reach it, God in mercy send
Thou say no bitterer word, love, than "Alas!"

The seal man – Rebecca Clarke

(John Masefield)

And he came by her cabin to the west of the road, calling.
There was a strong love came up in her at that,
and she put down her sewing on the table, and "Mother," she says,
"There's no lock, and no key, and no bolt, and no door.
There's no iron, nor no stone, nor anything at all
will keep me this night from the man I love."

And she went out into the moonlight to him,
there by the bush where the flow'rs is pretty, beyond the river.
And he says to her: "You are all of the beauty of the world,
will you come where I go, over the waves of the sea?"
And she says to him: "My treasure and my strength," she says,
"I would follow you on the frozen hills, my feet bleeding."

Then they went down into the sea together,
and the moon made a track on the sea, and they walked down it;
it was like a flame before them. There was no fear at all on her;
only a great love like the love of the Old Ones,
that was stronger than the touch of the fool.

She had a little white throat, and little cheeks like flowers,
and she went down into the sea with her man,
who wasn't a man at all.
She was drowned, of course.
It's like he never thought that she wouldn't bear the sea like himself.
She was drowned, drowned.

Melodia Sentimental – Heitor Villa-Lobos

Melodia Sentimental (Dora Vasconcellos)

Acorda, vem ver a lua
que dorme na noite escura,
que fulge tão bela e branca
derramando doçura.
Clara chama silente
ardendo o meu sonhar.

As asas da noite que surgem
e correm no espaço profundo.
Ó doce amada, desperta!
Vem dar teu calor ao luar.

Quisera saber-te minha
na hora serena e calma.
A sombra confia ao vento
o limite da espera,
quando, dentro da noite,
reclama o teu amor.

Acorda, vem olhar a lua,
que brilha na noite escura.
Querida, és linda e meiga!
Sentir meu amor é sonhar.

Sentimental Melody

Wake up, come to see the moon
which sleeps over the dark night,
which twinkles so beautiful and white
shedding sweetness.
Silent bright flame
warming my dreaming.

The night wings appear
and run over the deep space.
Oh sweet beloved, wake up!
Give your heat to the moonlight.

Wanted to know you were mine
on the quiet and calm hour.
The shadow relies on the wind
the waiting limit,
when, over the night,
claim your love.

Wake up, come to see the moon
which shines over the dark night
Darling, you're beautiful and gentle!
To feel my love is to dream.

Dança (Martelo) – Heitor Villa-Lobos

(Manuel Bandeira)

Lyrics in Portuguese, The musical form is 'embolada', a rapid poem/song of the Brazilian Northeast. It is a poem of nostalgia (saudade) for the birds of the Cariri Mountains, in the state of Ceará. The lyrics contain a list of species of birds with their popular names: bem-te-vi, sabiá, juriti, irerê, patativa, cambaxirra, Maria-acorda-que-é-dia. The music imitates bird song in many moments of the melody.

Irerê, meu passarinho do Sertão do Cariri,
Irerê, meu companheiro, Cadê viola?
Cadê meu bem? Cadê Maria?
Ai triste sorte a do violeiro cantadô!
Ah! Sem a viola em que cantava o seu amô,
Ah! Seu assobio é tua flauta de irerê:
Que tua flauta do Sertão quando assobia,
Ah! A gente sofre sem querê!
Ah! Teu canto chega lá do fundo do sertão,
ah! Como ãa brisa amolecendo o coração,
ah! ah! Irerê, Solta teu canto!
Canta mais! Canta mais!
Pra alembra o Cariri!

Canta, cambaxirra! Canta, juriti!
Canta Irerê! Canta, canta sofre
Patativa! Bem-te-vi! Maria acorda que é dia!
Cantem todos vocês
Passarinhos do sertão!
Bem-te-vi! Êh! Sabiá!
Lá! liá! liá! liá! liá! liá!
Eh! Sabia da mata cantadô!
Liá! liá! liá! liá!
Lá! liá! liá! liá! liá! liá!
Eh! Sabiá da mata sofredô!
O vosso canto vem do fundo do sertão
Como uma brisa amolecendo o coração.

Irerê, meu passarinho do Sertão do Cariri,
Irerê, meu companheiro, Cadê viola?
Cadê meu bem? Cadê Maria?
ai triste sorte a do violeiro cantadô!
Ah! Sem a viola em que cantava o seu amo,
Ah! Seu assobio e tua flauta de irerê:
Que tua flauta do Sertão quando assobia,
Ah! A gente sofre sem querê!
Ah! Teu canto chega lá do fundo do Sertão,
ah! Como ãa brisa amolecendo o coração,
ah! ah! Irerê, Solta teu canto!
Canta mais! Canta mais!
Prá alembra o Cariri! ai!

Irerê, my little nestling from the wilds of Cariri,
Irerê, my loved companion, where goes my lute?
Where goes my dear? Where goes Maria?
Ah, sorry is the lot of him who fain would sing!
Ah! without his lute in which he sang his love,
Ah! his whistle shrill must be his flute for Irerê:
Your flute that once in forest wilds was sounding,
Ah! with its message of grief and woe.
Ah! your song came from the depths of forest wilds,
Ah, like a breeze that melts every heart,
Ah, Ah! Irerê, Release your Song!
Sing once more, sing once more!
Bring me songs of Cariri!

Sing, cambaxirra! Sing, Juriti!
Sing my Irerê! sing of pain and sorrow,
Patativa! Bem-te-vi! Maria-acorda-que-é-dia!
Sing, all of you,
Birds of the wild,
Bem-te-vi! ye Sabiá!
La! lia! lia! lia! lia! lia!
Ye Singing Sabiá of the forest wilds.
Lia! lia! lia! lia!
La! lia! lia! lia! lia! lia!
Ye Suffering Sabiá from the forest!
Your song comes from the depths of the wild
like a breeze that melts every heart.

Irerê, my little nestling from the wilds of Cariri,
Irerê, my loved companion, where goes my lute?
Where goes my dear? Where goes Maria?
Ah, sorry is the lot of him who fain would sing!
Ah! without his lute in which he sang his love,
Ah! his whistle shrill must be his flute for Irerê:
Your flute that once in forest wilds was sounding,
Ah! with its message of grief and woe.
Ah! your song came from the depths of forest wilds,
Ah, like a breeze that melts every heart,
Ah, Ah! Irerê, Release your Song!
Sing once more, sing once more!
Bring me songs of Cariri! ai!

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