

Capstone Recital
Nichole Weibel, mezzo-soprano
Bomi Kim, piano

Friday, April 30, 2021, 8:30 PM
Choral Hall, Sinquefield Music Center

PROGRAM

Au bord de l'eau
Les berceaux
Mandoline
Gabriel Fauré
(1849-1924)

Gebet
Auf ein altes Bild
Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Silent Noon
Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)

Sure on this shining night
Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Goodnight, my Someone
From *The Music Man*
Meredith Wilson
(1902-1984)

She used to be mine
From *Waitress*
Sarah Bareilles
(b. 1979)

Thank you for the music
From *Mamma Mia!*
Benny Andersson
(b. 1946)

The house that built me
Miranda Lambert
(b. 1983)

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Arts degree (Voice). Nichole is a student of Dr. Steven B. Jepson.

Welcome to my senior capstone recital, I'm so glad you are able to join me as I share with you a small sample of my past 5 semesters worth of work studying voice here at Mizzou's School of Music under the instruction of Dr. Jepson. The pieces that I will be singing tonight are all tied in some way or another to the common theme of home, and how my definition of home has been altered and expanded within the past few years. Home, in its deepest sense, has become about a lot more than the roofs and walls that provide me shelter. To my somewhat recent realization, home encompasses the memories I create in these spaces, and more importantly the people I make them with. People can feel like home just as much as places can, and that's something I will carry with me beyond college as I continue on my journey. I feel incredibly lucky to have been blessed with a love for music and even more so that I get to study and constantly be surrounded by it in college. I firmly believe that music is meant to be shared and being able to share it with you all makes it mean significantly more to me. I hope you enjoy.

The first three songs in my set are French pieces, all by Gabriel Fauré, a French composer whose compositions linked the end of the Romantic era and the beginning of the Modern era during the 20th century. This first piece, **Au bord de l'eau**, is a light and flowing piece that uses text from a poem by Sully Prudhomme to describe serene scenes of one's surroundings which make it impossible to pay attention to any of the problems of the world while in the company of their love, and completely surrounded by beauty.

This piece transports me directly to any of my favorite spots of escape in nature— whether it be the still lakes of the Boundary Waters, the blissful mountains of Colorado, or enchanting views from the end of the dock at my family cabin in northern Minnesota— these are the places where I feel an almost indescribable sense of serenity which cannot be disturbed by any problems of the outside world. This piece felt like a good starting point for my recital because I hope that, like it does for me, you are transported to a similar place of complete serenity and leave any stressors of the crazy world around us behind for at least a bit.

Au bord de l'eau

S'asseoir tous deux au bord d'un flot qui passe;
Le voir passer;
Tous deux, s'il glisse un nuage en l'espace,
Le voir glisser;
A l'horizon, s'il fume un toit de chaume,
Le voir fumer;
Aux alentours si quelque fleur embaume,
S'en embaumer;
Entendre au pied du saule où l'eau murmure
L'eau murmure;
Ne pas sentir, tant que ce rêve dure,
Le temps durer;
Mais n'apportant de passion profonde
Qu'à s'adorer,
Sans nul souci des querelles du monde,
Les ignorer;
Et seuls, tous deux devant tout ce qui lasse,
Sans se lasser,
Sentir l'amour, devant tout ce qui passe,
Ne point passer!

At the Water's Edge

To sit together on the bank of a flowing stream,
To watch it flow;
Together, if a cloud glides by,
To watch it glide;
On the horizon, if smoke rises from thatch,
To watch it rise;
If nearby a flower smells sweet,
To savor its sweetness;
To listen at the foot of the willow,
Where water murmurs,
To the murmuring water;
Not to feel, while this dream passes,
The passing of time;
But feeling no deep passion,
Except to adore each other,
With no cares for the quarrels of the world,
To know nothing of them;
And alone together, seeing all that tires,
Not to tire of each other,
To feel that love, in the face of all that passes,
Shall never pass!

-Translation by Sergius Kagen

Les Berceaux is another piece by Fauré. This lullaby sounding piece has a double meaning attached to its words, as it is talking about the rocking of the babies' cradles, while simultaneously referring to the rocking of the boats of the waves of the sea as men went off to war or for work, leaving their wives behind, worried that they may never return.

I connect this piece to my life growing up in more ways than one. It is, in some sense, representative of my parents and their parents before them, making sacrifices to ensure that my sisters and I had a fulfilling, worry-free childhood in a loving home. As I've grown and begun facing a fraction of the challenges they have faced, I have a more profound gratitude for the sacrifices they've made for me to help get me to where I am now.

Les Berceaux

Le long du quai, les grands vaisseaux,
Que la houle incline en silence,
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux
Que la main des femmes pleurent,
Et que les hommes curieux
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent !
Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,
Fuyant le port qui diminue,
Sentent leurs masse retenue
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

The Cradles

Along the quays, the large ships,
Rocked silently by the surge
Do not heed the cradles
Which the hands of the women rock,
But the day of farewells will come,
For The women are bound to weep,
And the inquisitive men
Must dare the horizons that lure them!
And on that day the large ships,
Fleeing from the vanishing port,
Feel their bulk held back
By the soul of the far away cradles.

- *Translation by Sergius Kagen*

Mandoline is easily one of my favorite pieces that I have sung in my time here. The melody is somehow simultaneously both bouncy and smooth, and it incorporates a lot of chromaticism which enables us to hear the sound of the mandolin that is described to be playing throughout the piece. To me, this piece is an embodiment of the definition of home, less as a place, but more as it pertains to people and life experiences. I imagine myself here leisurely walking through a busy town square, observing the happy friends, families and lovers enjoying each other's company and the conversations that they're having.

Mandoline

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Echangent des propos fades,
Sous les ramures chanteuses.
C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fit maint vers tendres.
Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues
Tourbillonnet dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise

Mandolin

The serenading swains
And their lovely listeners
Exchange insipid remarks
Under the singing boughs.
There is Tircis and there is Aminta,
And the eternal Clitander,
And there is Damis, who for many cruel ladies
Fashions many tender verses.
Their short silken vests,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their gaiety
And their soft blue shadows
Whirl madly in the ecstasy
Of a moon rose and gray,
And the mandolin chatters
Amid she trembling of the breeze.

- *Translation by Sergius Kagen*

Hugo Wolf, a well-known Romantic era composer of German *lieder*, is the composer of my next piece, **Gebet**, which translates to “Prayer” in English. The translation of the lyrics of this piece caught my attention because they reside with me in a way that makes them mean more than just lyrics to a German art song.

My faith as a Christian has always meant a great deal to me, but it became of an entire new importance to me when I began college and was able to decide for myself what I wanted to prioritize and decide why I believed what I did. The words of this prayer are similar to ones that I have found myself confiding in throughout my life; “Lord, send what you will, you know what’s best and I will trust You in that plan, whatever it may be.” This is me, trusting that I will find a home in whatever lies ahead for me in the next chapter of my life.

Gebet

Herr! schicke, was du willst,
Ein Liebes oder Leides;
Ich bin vergnügt, dass beides
Aus deinen Händen quilt.

Wollest mit Freuden
Und wollest mit Leiden
Mich nicht überschütten!
Doch in der Mitten
Liegt holdes Bescheiden.

Prayer

Lord, send what Thou wilt,
Pleasure or pain;
I am content that both
Flow from Thy hands.

Do not, I beseech Thee,
Overwhelm me
With joy or suffering!
But midway between
Lies blessed moderation.

-Translation by Richard Stokes

Another piece by Hugo Wolf, **Auf Ein Altes Bild** translates in English to **To an old Picture**. The painting being referred to is one of Jesus as a young kid playing outside in the grass at his mother's feet on a beautiful day. The lyrics describe the serenity of the scene in the forefront of the photo, and then brings attention to a young tree growing in the background. This wood of this tree is what will eventually be used to create the cross that Jesus will be crucified on once he is grown.

This piece is short and bittersweet, but the words of the poem captivated my attention. Every day, I wear a necklace with a medallion of Mary on it to remind me that whatever I face throughout my days, I will not be facing it alone. The story told by the painting described in this song is one that makes me feel solitude and reminds me of what the core of my faith that I hold of such importance in my life is based on.

Auf ein altes Bild

In gruner Landschaft Sommerflor,
Bei kuhlem Wasser, Schilf, und Rohr,
Schau, wie das Knablein Sundelos
Frei spielet auf der Jungfrau Schoß!
Und dort im Walde wonnesam
Ach, grunet schon des Kreuzes Stamm!

To an old Picture

Here where the reeds and rushes grow,
And limpid waters gently flow,
See, how the child, from sin quite free,
Is playing on the virgin's knee.
And close by in the woods so green,
Now, there the growing cross is seen.

- *Translation by Richard Stokes*

The lyrics for **Silent Noon** come from the poetry collection *The House of Life* by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, with music by Ralph Vaughan Williams, a 20th century English composer. During the fourth semester of studying voice, every student must complete what is called a barrier jury, which requires each student to choose a piece and work on it by themselves using skills they've learned. This is the piece I chose to work on independently last semester, and I was proud of how I was able to approach learning and performing the piece independently. When I sing this piece, I think less about the words that I'm singing and more about the mood it puts me in. The feeling that this piece feels young and innocent, and it reminds me a lot of one of my favorite books/movies growing up, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. When I sing this piece, I see scenes that look a lot like what Alice is singing about in the opening of the original Disney movie.

Silent Noon

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass,
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms:
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and
glooms
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.

All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
Are golden kingcup fields with silver edge
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn
hedge
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour glass.

Deep in the sunsearched growths the dragon-fly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky:
So this winged hour is drop't to us from above.
Oh! Clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,
This close-companioned inarticulate hour
When twofold silence was the song of love.

Sure on this Shining Night, by American composer Samuel Barber, was written in response to WWI and the immense destruction that lay in the aftermath of the gruesome war. I learned this piece during the fall semester of my junior year and loved it right away because I found the duet between the vocal line and the piano part so lovely. The words, taken from a poem by James Agee, describe the regrowth and rebirth that occurs in nature after man-made destruction. This same idea has a place in our current world, as we figure out how to move forward from the pandemic and all of the societal turmoil that has occurred this past year. If we are able to take what we've learned in this time to rebuild our homes and communities, we can continue to make strides towards progress and hope for the future.

Sure on this shining night

Sure on this shining night
Of starmade shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me
This side the ground.

The late year lies down the north.
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth.
Hearts a whole.

Sure on this shining night
I weep for wonder
Wandering far alone
Of shadows on the stars.

Goodnight my Someone by Meredith Wilson from the well-known musical *The Music Man* is the same piece that I sang for my audition into the Mizzou School of Music in the fall of 2018. My first ever time singing in front of people on a stage was when I was in 6th grade and I decided to go out for the middle school musical, which was to be *The Music Man*. However, that audition lasted about 25 seconds before I stopped singing and said “Um, can I be done?” Look how far I’ve come; I will try my hardest not to do the same tonight. Bringing this piece back for my recital felt like a nice full-circle moment, and it’s been fun to realize how much my voice has grown and changed since that audition two-and-a-half years ago.

Goodnight My Someone

Goodnight, my someone

Goodnight, my love

Sleep tight, my someone

Sleep tight, my love

Our star is shining, it’s brightest light

For goodnight, my love, for goodnight

Sweet dreams be yours, dear, if dreams
there be

Sweet dreams to carry you close to me

I wish they may and I wish they might

Now goodnight, my someone,
goodnight

True love can be whispered from heart
to heart

When lovers are parted, they say

But I must depend on a wish and a star

As long as my heart doesn’t know who
you are

Sweet dreams be yours, dear, if dreams
there be

Sweet dreams to carry you close to me

I wish they may and I wish they might

Now goodnight, my someone,
goodnight

Goodnight

Goodnight

My next piece is **She Used to Be Mine** by Sara Bareilles from *Waitress*, which tells the story of a woman in an abusive relationship with her husband. This song has powerful lyrics, both in the context of the show and taken out of that context. My take on this song is something that I think a lot of others will find they can relate to. There are times throughout my life where I've become so caught up with material things that don't matter—appearance, status, accomplishments, talents, trying to achieve perfection, the list goes on and on—that I lose sight of the many things that I have to be grateful for. When we get so obsessed with these things that we have no control over, we often feel that we are always falling short of society's unrealistic expectations that have been set up. The line “to fight just a little, to bring back the fire in her eyes, that's been gone, but used to be mine” represents well what I often feel I need to do to push negativity away and make room to remember my worth.

She Used to be Mine

It's not simple to say
Most days I don't recognize me
These shoes and this apron
That place and its patrons
Have taken more than I have 'em
It's not easy to know
I'm not anything like I used to be
Although it's true
I was never attention sweet center
I still remember that girl

She's imperfect but she tries
She is good but she lies
She is hard on herself
She is broken and won't ask for help
She is messy but she's kind
She is lonely most of the time
She is all of this mixed up
And baked in a beautiful pie

She is gone but she used to be mine

It's not what I asked for
Sometimes life just slips in through a back door
And carves out a person

And makes you believe it's all true
And now I've got you

And you're not what I asked for
If I'm honest I know I would give it all back
For a chance to start over
And rewrite and ending or two
For the girl that I knew

Who was reckless just enough
Who gets hurt
But who learns how to toughen up when she's bruised
And gets used by a man who can't love
And then she'll get stuck
And be scared of the life that's inside her
Getting stronger each day
'Til it finally reminds her
To fight just a little
To bring back the fire in her eyes
That's been gone but used to be mine
Oh, used to be mine

She is messy, but she's kind
She is lonely most of the time
She is all of this mixed up and baked in a beautiful pie
She is gone, but she used to be mine

Thank You for the Music by ABBA, as heard in the musical *Mamma Mia!*, is my all-time favorite musical. As I don't have much of any prior experience in musical theater—singing or acting—(other than my 6th grade debut in the back row of the dance ensemble in South View Middle School's *The Music Man*) this piece has worked well for me in the way that it doesn't take much for me to embody the character of Sophie as she sings this piece. This piece reminds me just how much music has been an outlet for me to cope with change, whatever that change may be, music has been a constant through it all that I can always have with me. The message here is straight forward and something I always feel the need to express to anyone who has been in anyway a part of my musical life. To my family, friends, roommates, and teachers who have allowed me to invest so much time into this thing that I love so much, thank you!

Thank You for the Music

I'm nothing special, in fact I'm a bit of a
bore
When I tell a joke, you've probably heard it
before
But I have a talent, a wonderful thing
'Cause everyone listens when I start to sing
I'm so grateful and proud
All I want is to sing it out loud

So I say thank you for the music, the songs
I'm singing
Thanks for all the joy they're bringing
Who can live without it? I ask in all honesty
What would life be?

Mother says I was a dancer before I could
walk
She says I began to sing long before I could
talk
And I've often wondered, how did it all
start?
Who found out nothing can capture a heart
Like a melody can?
Well, whoever it was, I'm a fan

So I say thank you for the music, the songs
I'm singing
Thanks for all the joy they're bringing
Who can live without it? I ask in all honesty
What would life be?
Without a song or a dance, what are we?
So I say thank you for the music, for giving
it to me

My final piece for tonight is Miranda Lambert's **The House that Built Me**. This felt like a perfect conclusion to my recital, as not only is it a song that I've always loved, but the lyrics resonate strongly with me. My childhood home will always be a place that I feel grateful to be able to go back to. It's where my parents watched my sisters and cousins and I play and grow, where my best friends sat and talked in the kitchen for hours, where my past and current dogs have their spots worn out on the wood floor. I am excited and nervous as I am about to start the next chapter of my life, but I have comfort in knowing that I always have a home to go to when I feel like I get off track, and to me that is what this song is all about. The people, the memories, the home, that built me.

The House that Built Me

I know they say you can't go home again
I just had to come back one last time
Ma'am, I know you don't know me from Adam
But these hand prints on the front steps are mine

Up those stairs in that little back bedroom
Is where I did my homework and I learned to play guitar
And I bet you didn't know under that live oak
My favorite dog is buried in the yard

I thought if I could touch this place or feel it
The brokenness inside me might start healing
Out here it's like I'm someone else
I thought that maybe I could find myself

If I could just come in, I swear I'll leave
Won't take nothin' but a memory
From the house that built me

Momma cut out pictures of houses for years
From "Better Homes and Garden" magazine
Plans were drawn and concrete poured and nail
by nail and board by board
Daddy gave life to momma's dream

I thought if I could touch this place or feel it
This brokenness inside me might start healing
Out here it's like I'm someone else
I thought that maybe I could find myself

If I could just come in I swear I'll leave
Won't take nothin' but a memory
From the house that built me

You leave home, you move on
And you do the best you can
I got lost in this 'ole world
And forgot who I am

I thought if I could touch this place or feel it
This brokenness inside me might start healing
Out here it's like I'm someone else
I thought that maybe I could find myself

If I could just come in I swear I'll leave
Won't take nothin' but a memory
From the house that built me