

Junior Recital – 2020-2021 Series

**Mariah Dale, Soprano  
& Kendra Franks, Piano**  
Assisted by Andrew Wiele, Clarinet

December 10, 2020 – 7:00pm – Siquel Music Center Choral Hall

**Program**

**Der Hirt auf dem Felsen**

**Franz Schubert**  
(1797-1828)

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**Ma vie a son secret**  
**Guitare**  
**L'esprit saint**

**Georges Bizet**  
(1838-1875)

~ *Intermission* ~

Selections from **Chanting to Paradise**  
Bind Me – I Still Can Sing  
In This Short Life  
By A Departing Light

**Libby Larsen**  
(born 1950)

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**Quattro rispetti**  
Quando ti vidi a quell canto apparire  
O guarda, guarda quell nobile augello  
Angiolo delicato fresco e bello  
Sia benedetto chi fece lo mondo

**Ermanno Wolf Ferrari**  
(1876-1948)

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**In uomini! In soldati**  
from *Così fan tutte*

**W.A. Mozart**  
(1756-1791)

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

## Texts and Translations

### Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh',  
In's tiefe Tal hernieder seh',  
Und singe,

Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Tal  
Schwingt sich empor der Widerhall  
Der Klüfte.

Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,  
Je heller sie mir wieder klingt  
Von unten.

Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir,  
Drum sehn' ich mich so heiß nach ihr  
Hinüber.

In tiefem Gram verzehr ich mich,  
Mir ist die Freude hin,  
Auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich,  
Ich hier so einsam bin.

So sehnend klang im Wald das Lied,  
So sehnend klang es durch die Nacht,  
Die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht  
Mit wunderbarer Macht.

Der Frühling will kommen,  
Der Frühling, meine Freud',  
Nun mach' ich mich fertig  
Zum Wandern bereit.

By Wilhelm Müller

### Ma vie a son secret

Ma vie a son secret, mon âme a son mystère:  
Un amour éternel en un moment conçu:  
Le mal est sans remède, aussi j'ai dû le taire,  
Et celle qui l'a fait n'en a jamais rien su.

Ainsi j'aurai passé près d'elle inaperçu,  
Toujours à ses côtés et toujours solitaire,  
Et j'aurai jusqu'au bout, fait mon temps sur la terre,  
N'osant rien demander et n'ayant rien reçu.

Pour elle, que le ciel a faite douce et tendre,  
Elle suit son chemin, distraite et sans entendre  
La murmure d'amour élevé sur ses pas.

À l'austère devoir pieusement fidèle,  
Elle dira, lisant ces vers tout remplis d'elle;  
"Quelle est donc cette femme?" et ne comprendra pas!

Based on text by Félix Arvers

### The Shepherd on the Rock

When I stand on the highest rock,  
Look down into the deep valley,  
And sing,

From far away in the deep dark valley  
The echo from the ravines  
Rises up.

The further my voice carries,  
The clearer it echoes back to me  
From below.

My sweetheart lives so far from me,  
Therefore I long so to be with her  
Over there.

Deep grief consumes me,  
My joy has fled,  
All earthly hope has vanished,  
I am so lonely here.

The song rang out so longingly through the woods,  
Rang out so longingly through the night,  
That it draws hearts to heaven  
With wondrous power.

Spring is coming,  
Spring, my joy,  
I shall now make ready  
To travel.

### My life has its secret

My life has its secret, my soul has its mystery:  
An eternal love conceived in one moment:  
The illness is without remedy, so I had to silence it,  
And she who caused it never knew anything about it.

Thus I will have passed near her unperceived,  
Ever at her side – and ever solitary,  
And up to the end of my time on the earth,  
I will never have dared to ask anything and will have  
received nothing.

As for her, whom Heaven has made sweet and tender,  
She follows her path, preoccupied and without hearing  
The murmur of love arising from her footsteps.

To her austere duty piously faithful,  
She will say, reading these verses full of her:  
"Who is this woman then?" – and will not understand.

Translation by Emily Ezust

### **Guitare**

Comment, disaient-ils,  
Avec nos nacelles,  
Fuir les alguazils?  
– Ramez, disaient-elles.

Comment, disaient-ils,  
Oublier querelles,  
Misère et périls?  
– Dormez, disaient-elles.

Comment, disaient-ils,  
Enchanter les belles  
Sans philtres subtils?  
– Aimez, disaient-elles.

By Victor Hugo

### **L'esprit saint**

Quel feu s'allume dans mon coeur!  
Quel Dieu vient habiter mon âme!  
A son aspect consolateur,  
Et je m'éclaire et je m'enflamme!  
Ah! viens-je t'adore!  
Esprit créateur!  
Un jour plus pur luit à mes yeux,  
Dieu de clarté, je t'en rends grâce!  
Un jour plus pur luit à mes yeux!  
Je vois fuir l'esprit ténébreux;  
La foi dans mon coeur prend sa place:  
Tous mes désirs sont pour les cieux!

Je vois mille ennemis divers  
Conjurer ma perte éternelle;  
J'entends tous leurs complots pervers:  
Dieu, romps leur trame criminelle;  
Qu'ils retombent dans les enfers!  
Règne à jamais, O Dieu d'amour!  
Sur ce coeur qui devient ton temple!  
Oui, sur mon coeur, règne à jamais!  
Que je t'honore dès ce jour:  
Que mon oeil charmé te contemple  
Dans l'éclat du divin séjour!

Anonymous text

### Selections from **Chanting to Paradise**

#### **Bind Me- I Still Can Sing**

Bind me – I still can sing –  
Banish – my mandolin  
Strikes true within –

Slay – and my Soul shall rise  
Chanting to Paradise –  
Still thine.

By Emily Dickinson

### **Guitar**

How, said the men,  
with our small craft,  
can we flee the alguazils?  
– Row, said the women.

How said the men,  
can we forget feuds,  
poverty and peril?  
– Sleep, said the women.

How, said the men,  
can we bewitch the fair  
without rare potions?  
– Love said the women.

Translation by Richard Stokes

### **The Holy Spirit**

What a fire is kindling in my heart!  
What God comes to inhabit my soul!  
To His consoling aspect,  
And I light up and I am inflamed!  
Ah! come, I adore you!  
Creative Spirit!  
A day more pure shines in my eyes,  
God of clarity, I thank you!  
A day more pure shines in my eyes,  
I see the dark spirit fleeing;  
Faith takes its place in my heart:  
All my desires are for heaven!

I see a thousand different enemies  
Conjuring my eternal loss;  
I hear all their perverted plots;  
God, break their criminal web;  
Let them fall back into hell!  
Reign forever, O God of love!  
On this heart which becomes your temple!  
Yes, over my heart, reign forever!  
May I honor you from this day:  
May my charmed eye contemplate you  
In the radiance of divine existence!

Translation by Mariah Dale

**In This Short Life**

In this short Life  
That only lasts an hour  
How much – how little – is  
Within our power

By Emily Dickinson

**By a Departing Light**

By a departing light  
We see acuter, quite,  
Than by a wick that stays.  
There's something in the flight  
That clarifies the sight  
And decks the rays.

By Emily Dickinson

**Quattro Rispetti****Quando ti vidi a quell canto apparire**

Quando ti vidi a quel canto apparire  
Ti assomigliai alla sfera del sole.  
Abbassai gli occhi e non seppi che dire:  
Allora incominciava il nostro amore.  
Ora che il nostro amor è cominciato  
Vogliami un po' di ben giovin garbato.

**O guarda, guarda quell nobile augelo**

O guarda, guarda quel nobile augello  
Che va per l'aria e lo ricopre il sole!  
E così fate voi giovane bello  
Quando di casa vostra escite fuore,  
Quando di casa vostra fuori andate  
L'aria e la terra di fior seminate.  
Quando di casa vostra fuora uscite  
L'aria e la terra di bei fior coprite!

**Angiolo delicato fresco e bello**

Angiolo delicato fresco e bello  
Quanto vi seppe vostra mamma fare!  
Nascesse mille voi siete il più bello,  
Fiorisce l'erba do' avete a passare.  
Dove avete a passar fiorisce il grano.  
Bello, nascesti colle rose in mano.  
Dove avete a passar fiorisce il giglio.  
Bello, nascesti colle rose in collo.  
Dove avete a passar fiorisce il lino.  
Bello, nascesti con un gelsomino.

**Sia Benedetto chi fece lo mondo**

Sia benedetto chi fece lo mondo!  
Lo seppe tanto bene accomodare!  
Fece lo mare e non vi fece fondo,  
Fece le navi per poter passare.  
Fece le navi e fece il paradiso  
E fece le bellezze al vostro viso.

**When I saw you appear at that song**

When I saw you appear at that song  
You seemed like a ray of sun.  
I lowered my gaze and didn't know what to say;  
There our love began.  
Now that our love has begun,  
Wish me a little bit of good, polite boy.

**O look, look at that noble bird**

O look, look at that noble bird  
Who flies in the air and covers the sun!  
And so do you, young handsome man  
When you go out of your house,  
When you go out of your house  
The air and the land are strewn with flowers.  
When you go out of your house,  
The air and the land are covered with beautiful flowers!

**As delicate as an angel, fresh and beautiful**

As delicate as an angel, fresh and beautiful  
That's how your mother made you!  
Of a thousand born, you are the most beautiful,  
Even the grass blooms when you walk by  
Where you pass by the grain blossoms.  
Beautiful, you were born with roses in your hand.  
Where you pass by the lilies blossom,  
Beautiful, you were born with roses around your neck  
Where you pass by the flax flourishes,  
Beautiful, you were born with a jasmine.

**Blessed is he who made the world**

Blessed is he who made the world!  
He knew so well how to create it!  
He made the sea and didn't make its bottom,  
He made the ships to be able to pass through,  
He made the boats and made paradise  
And he made all the beauty of your face.

Folksong texts

**In uomini! In soldati**

In uomini! In soldati,  
sperare fedeltà?  
Non vi fate sentir, per carità!  
Di pasta simile son tutti quanti:  
le fronde mobile, l'aure incostanti  
han più degli uomini stabilità.  
Mentite lagrime, fallaci sguardi,  
voci ingannevoli, vezzi bugiardi  
son le primarie lor qualità.  
In noi non amano che il lor diletto,  
poi ci dispregiano, ne ganci affetto,  
né val da' barbari chieder pietà.  
Paghiam, o femmine, d'ugual moneta  
questa malefica razza indiscrete;  
amiam per commodo, per vanità.

Libretto by Lorenzo da Ponte

In men! In soldiers  
you look for fidelity?  
Don't let anyone hear you, for pity's sake!  
They're all made the same;  
the leaves, the breezes  
are more stable than men are.  
Lying tears, duplicitous looks,  
deceitful voices, fake caresses;  
These are their tools of the trade.  
They love us only for their own pleasure,  
then they despise us for falling for them;  
it's no use to beg mercy from such barbarians.  
Let's pay them back in the same coin,  
this evil, indiscreet race;  
Let's love for our own pleasure, for our own vanity.

Translation by Christine Seitz

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