

Junior Recital – 2020-2021 Series

**Madison Myers, Soprano
& Ross Dryer, Piano**

December 11, 2020 – 7:00pm – Sinquefield Music Center Choral Hall

Program

Se tutti i mali miei **W.A. Mozart**
(1756-1791)

An die Nachtigall **Franz Schubert**
Rastlose Liebe (1797-1828)

Aurore **Gabriel Fauré**
En prière (1845-1924)
Le secret
Prison

Chacun le sait **Gaetano Donizetti**
*from **Le Fille du Regiment*** (1797-1848)

~ *Intermission* ~

Frühlingsstimmen **Johann Strauss II**
(1825-1899)

Selections from *Eve-Song* **Jake Heggie**
My Name (b. 1961)
Snake
Woe to Man

Poor Wand'ring One **W. S. Gilbert & Arthur Sullivan**
*from **The Pirates of Penzance*** (1836-1911) (1842-1900)

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

Texts and Translations

Se tutti i mali miei

Pietro Metastasio

Se tutti i mali miei
Io ti potessi dir,
Divider ti farei
Per tenerezza il cor.
In questo amaro passo
Si giusto è il mio martir
Che, se tu fossi un sasso,
Ne piangeresti ancor.

If all my ills
I could tell you,
They would tear apart
Your tender heart.
In this bitter moment
My suffering is so just
That, if you were a stone,
You would cry again.

Translation by Madison Myers and Christine Seitz

An die Nachtigall

Johann Heinrich Voss

Er liegt und schläft an meinem Herzen,
Mein guter Schutzgeist sang ihn ein;
Und ich kann fröhlich sein und scherzen,
Kann jeder Blum' und jedes Blatts mich freun.
Nachtigall, ach! Nachtigall, ach!
Sing mir den Amor nicht wach!

He lies sleeping upon my heart;
my kind tutelary spirit sang him to sleep.
And I can be merry and jest,
delight in every flower and leaf.
Nightingale, ah, nightingale,
do not awaken my love with your singing!

English Translation by Richard Wigmore

Rastlose Liebe

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Dem Schnee, dem Regen,
Dem Wind entgegen,
Im Dampf der Klüfte,
Durch Nebeldüfte,
Immer zu! Immer zu!
Ohne Rast und Ruh!

Into the snow, the rain,
and the wind,
through steamy ravines,
through mists,
onwards, ever onwards!
Without respite!

Lieber durch Leiden
Wollt' ich mich schlagen,
Als so viel Freuden
Des Lebens ertragen.
Alle das Neigen
Von Herzen zu Herzen,
Ach, wie so eigen
Schaffet es Schmerzen!

I would sooner fight my way
through suffering
than endure so much
of life's joy.
This affection
of one heart for another,
ah, how strangely
it creates pain!

Wie soll ich flieh'n?
Wälderwärts zieh'n?
Alles vergebens!
Krone des Lebens,
Glück ohne Ruh,
Liebe, bist du!

How shall I flee?
Into the forest?
It is all in vain!
Crown of life,
happiness without peace –
this, O love, is you!

English Translation by Richard Wigmore

Aurore

Armand Silvestre

Des jardins de la nuit s'envolent les étoiles,
Abeilles d'or qu'attire un invisible miel,
Et l'aube, au loin tendant la candeur de ses toiles,
Trame de fils d'argent le manteau bleu du ciel.

Du jardin de mon coeur qu'un rêve lent enivre
S'envolent mes désirs sur les pas du matin,
Comme un essaim léger qu'à l'horizon de cuivre,
Appelle un chant plaintif, éternel et lointain.

Ils volent à tes pieds, astres chassés des nues,
Exilés du ciel d'or où fleurit ta beauté
Et, cherchant jusqu'à toi des routes inconnues,
Mêlent au jour naissant leur mourante clarté.

En prière

Stéphan Bordèse

Si la voix d'un enfant peut monter jusqu'à Vous,
Ô mon Père,
Écoutez de Jésus, devant Vous à genoux,
La prière!
Si Vous m'avez choisi pour enseigner vos lois
Sur la terre,
Je saurai Vous servir, auguste Roi des rois,
Ô Lumière!
Sur mes lèvres, Seigneur, mettez la vérité
Salutaire,
Pour que celui qui doute, avec humilité
Vous révère!
Ne m'abandonnez pas, donnez-moi la douceur
Nécessaire,
Pour apaiser les maux, soulager la douleur,
the misery!
Révélez Vous à moi, Seigneur en qui je crois
Et j'espère:
Pour Vous je veux souffrir et mourir sur la croix,
Au calvaire!

Le secret

Armand Silvestre

Je veux que le matin l'ignore
Le nom que j'ai dit à la nuit,
Et qu'au vent de l'aube, sans bruit,
Comme une larme il s'évapore.

Je veux que le jour le proclame
L'amour qu'au matin j'ai caché,
Et, sur mon cœur ouvert penché,
Comme un grain d'encens il l'enflamme.

Je veux que le couchant l'oublie

Dawn

The stars fly away from the gardens of night
like golden bees attracted by invisible honey;
and dawn in the distance, stretching her clear canvas,
weaves with silver threads the blue cloak of the sky.

My desires fly off at morning's approach
out of the dream-drunk garden of my heart
like a wafting swarm summoned to the red-tinged horizon
by a chant that is plaintive, eternal and far.

They fly to your feet, stars expelled from on high,
exiled from the golden sky in which your beauty blossoms;
and, seeking uncharted roads to travel to where you are,
they mingle their dying light with the awakening day.

English Translation from Peter Low

In prayer

If the voice of a child can reach You,
O my Father,
Listen to the prayer of Jesus, on his knees before You,
The prayer!
If You have chosen me to teach your laws
on earth,
I will know how to serve You, noble King of kings,
O Light!
On my lips, Lord, place the salutary
truth,
In order that he who doubts should with humility
revere You!
Do not abandon me, give me
the necessary gentleness,
To ease suffering, to relieve sorrow,
La misère!
Reveal Yourself to me, Lord, in whom I believe
and hope:
For You I wish to suffer and to die on the cross,
at Calvary!

English Translation by David K. Smythe

The secret

Would that the morn were unaware
Of the name I told to the night,
And that in the dawn breeze, silently,
It would vanish like a tear.

Would that the day might proclaim it,
The love I hid from the morn,
And poised above my open heart,
Like a grain of incense kindle it.

Would that the sunset might forget,

Le secret que j'ai dit au jour
Et l'emporte, avec mon amour,
Aux plis de sa robe pâlie!

The secret I told to the day,
And would carry it and my love away
In the folds of its faded robe!

English Translation by Richard Stokes

Prison

Paul Verlaine

Prison

Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit,
Si bleu, si calme!
Un arbre, par-dessus le toit,
Berce sa palme.

The sky above the roof –
So blue, so calm!
A tree, above the roof,
Waves its crown.

La cloche, dans le ciel qu'on voit,
Doucement tinte.
Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on voit
Chante sa plainte.

The bell, in the sky that you see,
Gently rings.
A bird, on the tree that you see,
Plaintively sings.

Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, la vie est là,
Simple et tranquille.
Cette paisible rumeur-là
Vient de la ville.

My God, my God, life is there,
Simple and serene.
That peaceful murmur there
Comes from the town.

Qu'as-tu fait, ô toi que voilà
Pleurant sans cesse,
Dis, qu'as-tu fait, toi que voilà,
De ta jeunesse?

O you, what have you done,
Weeping without end,
Say, what have you done
With your young life?

English Translation by Richard Stokes

Chacun Le Sait

Libretto by Jules-Henri Vernoy de Saint-Georges and Jean-François Bayard

Chacun le sait, chacun le dit,
Le régiment par excellence
Le seul à qui l'on fass' crédit
Dans tous les cabarets de France...
Le régiment, en tous pays,
L'effroi des amants des maris...
Mais de la beauté bien suprême!
Il est là ,il est là ,il est là ,morbleu!
Le voilà , le voilà , le voilà , corbleu!
Il est là , il est là , le voilà ,
Le beau Vingt-et-unième!

Everyone knows it, everyone says it,
The regiment above all
The only one to which everyone gives credit to
In all the taverns of France...
The regiment, in all countries,
The terror of lovers of husbands...
But definitely superior to those of beauty!
It is there, it is there, it is there, the devil!
Over there, over there, over there, by Jove!
It is there, it is there, it is there,
The handsome Twenty-first!

Il a gagné tant de combats,
Que notre empereur, on le pense,
Fera chacun de ses soldats,
A la paix, maréchal de France!
Car, c'est connu le régiment
Le plus vainqueur, le plus charmant,
Qu'un sexe craint, et que l'autre aime.
Il est là ,il est là ,il est là ,morbleu!
Le voilà , le voilà , le voilà , corbleu!
Il est là , il est là , le voilà ,
Le beau Vingt-et-unième!

It has won so many battles,
That our emperor, one thinks,
Will make every one of our soldiers,
Marshall of France in peace-time!
For, it's known the regiment,
The most victorious, the most charming,
Is feared by one sex and loved by the other.
It is there, it is there, it is there, the devil!
Over there, over there, over there, by Jove!
It is there, it is there, it is there,
The handsome Twenty-first!

English Translation by Robert Glaubitz

Frühlingsstimmen

Richard Genée

Die Lerche in blaue Höh entschwebt,
der Tauwind weht so lau;
sein wonniger milder Hauch belebt
und küßt das Feld, die Au.
Der Frühling in holder Pracht erwacht,
ah alle Pein zu End mag sein,
alles Leid, entflohn ist es weit!
Schmerz wird milder, frohe Bilder,
Glaub an Glück kehrt zurück;
Sonnenschein, ah dringt nun ein,
ah, alles lacht, ach, ach, erwacht!

Da strömt auch der Liederquell,
der zu lang schon schien zu schweigen;
klingen hört dort wieder rein und hell
süße Stimmen aus den Zweigen!
Ah leis' läßt die Nachtigall
schon die ersten Töne hören,
um die Kön'gin nicht zu stören,
schweigt, ihr Sänger all!
Voller schon klingt bald ihr süßer Ton.
Ach ja bald, ah, ah ja bald!
Ah, ah, ah, ah!

O Sang der Nachtigall, holder Klang, ah ja!
Liebe durchglüht, ah, ah, ah,
tönt das Lied, ah und der Laut,
süß und traut, scheint auch Klagen zu tragen,
ah ah wiegt das Herz in süße Träumerein,
ah, ah, ah, ah, leise ein!
Sehnsucht und Lust
ah ah ah wohnt in der Brust,
ah, wenn ihr Sang lockt so bang,
funkelnd ferne wie Sterne,
ah ah zauberschimmernd wie des Mondes Strahl,
ah ah ah ah wallt durchs Tal!
Kaum will entschwinden die Nacht,
Lerchensang frisch erwacht,
ah, Licht kommt sie künden,
Schatten entschwinden! Ah!

Ah des Frühlings Stimmen klingen traut,
ah ja, ah ja ah o süßer Laut,
ah ah ah ah ach ja!

Voices of Spring

The lark rises into the blue,
the mellow wind mildly blowing;
his lovely mild breath revives
and kisses the field, the meadow.
Spring in all its splendour rises,
ah all hardship is over,
sorrow becomes milder,
good expectations,
the belief in happiness returns;
sunshine, you warm us,
ah, all is laughing, oh, oh awakes!

A fountain of songs is rising,
who has been silent for too long;
from the brush sounds clear and light
the sweet voice again!
Ah, gently the nightingale lets
stream the first notes,
so as not to disturb the queen;
hush, all you other singers!
More powerful soon chimes her sweet voice.
Oh, soon, oh, oh soon!

Oh, song of the nightingale, sweet sound, ah yes!
Glowing with love, ah, ah, ah,
sounds the song, ah and the sound,
sweet and cosy, seems to carry a plaintive note,
ah, ah rocks the heart to sweet dreams,
ah, ah, ah, ah, most gently!
Longing and desire
ah, ah, ah lives in my breast,
ah, if the song anxiously calls for me,
from afar the stars twinkle,
ah, ah in shimmering magic like the moons beam,
ah, ah, ah, ah wavers through the valley!
As haltingly vanishes the night,
the lark starts to sing,
ah, the light she promises,
shadows recede! Ah!

Ah springs voices sound like home,
Ah yes, ah yes oh sweet sound
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah yes!

Translation by Linda Godry

My Name

Philip Littell

Eve, Eve, must be the sound I made as I was being made.
Eve. Eve. Eve.
Out I came, made up by a couple of men. Old man made me out of Adam's rib... Oh, did he?
God made Adam
God made Adam
God Adam God

Damn it!
My children are going to know who their mother is.
Eve.
Mad bad Eve the amnesiac, Eve,
Eve the nymphomaniac,
ME!
Was young man Adam completely unconscious as I was manufactured?
Did he groan and whimper EVE as I slipped out?
Did God mutter EVE as he slapped me into shape?
Did I scream EVE at the inevitable rape?
Or was EVE the last breath shaped into a sound by my mother's mouth as I came out?
I was too little to save her or remember anything about her... Eve.
What are they trying to tell me with their stories?
I am allowed no clothing.
I am allowed no shame.
I have nothing to wear but my beautiful hair, My body, my face, MY NAME.
Eve.

Snake

Philip Littell

Snake, is it true
About the fruit?
My intuition tells me what you say about this fruit is true.
I'd like to find out, snake.
I'd love to know.
Go ahead in front of me
Where I can see you.
I will follow you.
Oh!
The snake is in the tree.
Where I cannot see him.
He is now the color of Shadows.
Very few things are
As visible as I am
When I'm clean.
When a thing is visible,
It always mean that the thing,
The tree frog, or that fruit,
means to be seen.
Visibility's
A warning
or
An invitation
And it never tells you
Which.
What's visible will either
Feed you,
Mate with you,
Or kill you.
Either way you gain
Experience.
Here goes.
Sweet.
Sour.
Salty.
Bitter.
And the taste of air,
Of rottenness,
Earth,

And water.
Now I know.

Woe to Man
Philip Littell

Woe to man
Woe to man
What can a man expect?
What can a man expect?
Think of all the riches, gifts,
Woman brings in her train,
Oh,
Besides her obvious differences
(Inside out below the waist,
Bigger breasts, smaller brain)...
Can you think of any?
Anything?
Anything?
She is nothing
But trouble
Oh nothing but trouble.
Nothing.
Nothing.
She is no thing.
Ah!
You haven't lived until
A man has said that to you.
Woman
Because she was born of man.
Woe to man
Because he is born of woman.
La da dee da dum.
La da dee da da dum.
La la da deed um da.
Ah.

Poor Wand'ring One
Libretto by W. S. Gilbert

Poor wandering one,
Though thou hast surely strayed,
Take heart of grace, thy steps retrace,
Poor wandering one.
Poor wandering one,
If such poor love as mine
Can help thee find true peace of mind,
Why, take it, it is thine.
Take heart, no danger lowers,
Take any heart but ours.
Take heart, fair days will shine,
Take any heart, take mine.

Requests for accommodations related to disability need to be made to building coordinator, Susan Worstell, 206 Sinefield Music Center, 573-884-1604, at least seven days in advance of the event. Events are subject to change.
For up-to-date information, please visit our web site: www.music.missouri.edu

Please consider visiting our partner organizations:

University Concert Series • www.concertseries.org | Odyssey Chamber Music Series • www.odysseymissouri.org

Columbia Civic Orchestra • cco.missouri.org | We Always Swing Jazz Series • www.wealwaysswing.org

CAAM • www.ChoralArtsAllianceofMissouri.com | KMUC Classical 90.5 FM • www.kmuc.org

University of Missouri School of Music