

In Recital...
Kyle Stegall, tenor
and
Bomi Kim, piano



Bomi Kim

Pianist Bomi Kim has performed internationally as a recitalist, chamber musician, and soloist with orchestras in Germany, Poland, Italy, South Korea, Seattle, North Carolina and New York. Ms. Kim has won many competitions, including the International Competition “Don Vincenzo Vitti” in Italy and Vomblattspielen (Sight Reading) Competition in Germany. Ms. Kim has also appeared frequently as collaborative pianist to vocal, opera and instrumental artists. She has especially dedicated her time and efforts to the Elpis Trio, Pilgrim Mission Choir and Gimhae Municipal Choir.

Ms. Kim holds a Bachelor of Music in Piano Performance and Music Education degree from Kyungpook National University in Daegu, South Korea, and a Master of Music degree in Piano Performance from the University of Music Franz Liszt in Weimar, Germany. Her teachers include Peter Waas, Karl P. Kammerlander, Larrisa Kondratjeva, Eunsook Lee and Hyojin Jung. After her studies in Germany, Ms. Kim taught at the College of Music - Kyoungpook National University and Pohang Arts High School. Ms. Kim currently lives in Columbia, Missouri where she is active as a private teacher and musician.

Kyle Stegall

Kyle's performances around the world have been met with accolades for his "thoughtful, masterful and sweet singing" (classical sonoma), as well as "a pliant tone ideally suited to 'period performance', but with enough tonal depth and variety to take on the most expressively demanding of lieder." (Europadisc).

Dedicated to unearthing baroque masterpieces, Kyle has been involved in modern premieres of works by Marianna Martinez, and Pietro Ziani, and will sing the debut recording of Henri Desmarest's "Circé" with Boston Early Music Festival during the 2022-23 season.

An ardent proponent of new music, he has premiered works by many composers in the mediums of oratorio, recital song, and opera. His next album for Avie Records-London will be dedicated to compositions for tenor and piano by living composers.

Kyle trained at the Universities of Missouri, Michigan, and Yale, and twice as a fellow with the Aldeburgh Music Festival. A passion for communication drives not only his performing career, but also his teaching. Kyle gives multiple masterclasses each season and currently serves as a Visiting Assistant Professor of Voice at the University of Missouri-Columbia.

**“Vivi tu...nel veder la tua costanza” from
Donizetti’s *Anna Bolena***

Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)

Libretto by Felice Romani (1788-1865)

Having returned from political exile, Percy (former lover of King Henry’s current wife) is facing certain death. In the cantabile, Percy pleads with his friend and confidant, Rochefort, to seek asylum as a refugee in a far-off kingdom so that somebody will remain alive to pray for Percy and Anna’s souls.

Rochefort instead swears to die by Percy’s side to maintain his own honor.

Inspired and refreshed by his friend’s pledge, in the cabaletta, Percy expresses his contented resolve to die a noble and true death.

Live, I entreat you,
seek a land less sad
less painful, in which an innocent man (such as yourself)
might have safe asylum;
seek a shore where it is not forbidden that you
pray for us.

Seeing your constancy
reassures my heart.
I feared only your pain
I suffered only for your suffering
The final hour advances,
But we can face it together,
Since we leave no-one here below,
nor fear, nor desire.

Translation: K. Stegall

Selected songs from Hugo Wolf's *Mörrike-Lieder*

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
Eduard Mörike (1804-1875)

Following a series of tragedies (death of a mentor and his father) which deeply shocked and challenged Wolf's spirit, he ceased composing for months. It took the poetry of Eduard Mörike to pull him out of his artistic hibernation in the year 1888.

Mörrike's lyrical poetry was something of a harbinger for symbolism. Using juxtapositions such as fragility and death, birth and loss, and hope and illusion, his works swirl together eloquent yet direct description with ambiguity and inquiry. The searching rhetoric of these poems drove the grieving composer to feverishly complete settings of no fewer than 50 songs in utter isolation.

-K. Stegall

Verborgenheit

Seclusion

OH, WORLD, LET ME BE!
TEMPT ME NOT WITH GIFTS OF LOVE.
LET THIS LONELY HEART FEEL
ITS BLISS, ITS PAIN!
WHAT I MOURN, I DON'T KNOW.
IT IS AN UNKNOWN PAIN;
FOREVER THROUGH TEARS SHALL I SEE
THE SUN'S LOVE-LIGHT.
OFTEN, I AM BARELY CONSCIOUS WHEN A
BRIGHT JOY BREAKS THROUGH THE PAIN,
AND WONDROUSLY LIGHTENS MY BREAST.

Im Frühling

In Spring

HERE I LIE ON THE HILLOCK OF SPRING; THE CLOUDS ARE MY WINGS,
A BIRD FLIES JUST BEFORE ME.
OH, TELL ME, MY ONLY LOVE,
WHERE YOU ARE, THAT I MAY DWELL [WITH YOU!
BUT I KNOW: YOU AND THE BREEZES [HAVE NO HOME.
LIKE THE SUNFLOWER MY SOUL [STANDS OPEN,
LONGING,
REACHING OUT FOR LOVE AND HOPE.
SPRING, TELL ME: WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WHEN SHALL I BE STILLED?
THE CLOUDS PASS, I SEE THEM, AND THE RIVER; THE SUN'S GOLDEN KISS
STRIKES DEEP INTO MY VEINS;
MY EYES, WONDROUSLY ENCHANTED,
ARE AS IF IN SLEEP.
ONLY MY EARS, STILL, CATCH THE BEE'S HUM.
I THINK OF THIS AND THAT,
I YEARN, AND DON'T KNOW WHY, HALF DELIGHT, HALF LAMENT.
TELL ME, OH MY HEART,
WHAT MEMORIES YOU ARE WEAVING
IN THE TWILIGHT SHADE OF THESE GOLDEN-GREEN TREES?
OH, OLD, INDESCRIBABLE DAYS!

Zitronenfalter im April

Brimstone butterfly in April

RUTHLESS SPRING SUN!
YOU AWAKEN ME BEFORE THE TIME
WHEN THE MAY-BLISS OFFERS
ITS MOST PRECIOUS NOURISHMENT.
THERE IS NO LOVING MAIDEN HERE
FROM WHOSE ROSY LIPS I MIGHT
WIN EVEN A DROP OF HONEY.
SO I MUST WOEFULLY DIE AWAY
NEVER TO GRACE THE MONTH OF MAY
WITH MY DELICATE YELLOW DRESS.

Der Knabe und das Immelein

The Boy and the Bee

IN THE VINEYARD ON THE HILLTOP
THERE STANDS A HUT THE WIND MIGHT BLOW AWAY;
IT HAS NEITHER DOOR NOR WINDOW
AND TIME HANGS HEAVY OVER IT.
AND WHEN THE DAY IS SO SULTRY,
WHEN ALL THE LITTLE BIRDS ARE SILENT,
THERE BUZZES AROUND THE SUNFLOWER A SINGLE SOLITARY BEE.
'MY DARLING HAS A GARDEN
WITH A PRETTY BEEHIVE IN IT:
HAVE YOU FLOWN FROM THERE?
DID SHE SEND YOU TO ME?'
'OH NO, YOU FINE LAD,
NO ONE SENT ME AS A MESSENGER;
THAT CHILD KNOWS NOTHING OF LOVE,
SHE HAS SCARCELY EVEN NOTICED YOU YET.
'WHAT CAN LITTLE GIRLS KNOW
WHEN THEY ARE BARELY OUT OF SCHOOL?
YOUR BELOVED SWEETHEART IS STILL HER MOTHER'S BABY.

'I BRING HER WAX AND HONEY; FAREWELL! – I HAVE A WHOLE POUND.
HOW THE LITTLE DARLING WILL LAUGH! HER MOUTH IS WATERING ALREADY.'
'AH, WOULD YOU PLEASE TELL HER
I KNOW OF SOMETHING MUCH SWEETER:
NOTHING IS MORE DELIGHTFUL ON EARTH THAN CUDDLING AND KISSING!'

Lied vom Winde

Song of the Wind

RUSHING WIND, ROARING WIND,
[HERE AND THERE!
RUSHING WIND, ROARING WIND, WHERE'S [YOUR HOMELAND?
"CHILD MINE, FOR EVER WE HASTE, NEVER CEASING,
THROUGH THE WIDE WORLD,
AND WE, TOO, WOULD LIKE TO KNOW, TRACK DOWN THE ANSWER,
IN THE MOUNTAINS, ON THE SEAS,
WITH THE MOST BRILLIANT HOSTS OF HEAVEN,
BUT THEY DON'T KNOW THEMSELVES, THEY DON'T KNOW THEMSELVES!
IF YOU ARE WISER YOURSELF,
PLEASE THEN, TELL US!
OFF, AWAY!
DON'T DELAY US!
SEE, OTHERS FOLLOW :
ASK RATHER OUR BROTHERS."
STOP! STEADY ON!
WAIT JUST A MOMENT!
SAY, WHERE'S THE HOMELAND OF LOVE, ITS BEGINNING, ITS END?

"AH, WHO CAN KNOW? TEASING CHILD,
LOVE IS LIKE THE WIND, SWIFT AND ALIVE,
NEVER AT REST;
IT WILL NEVER DIE
BUT IS NOT ALWAYS CONSTANT.
OFF, AWAY!
DON'T DELAY US!
ON, EVER ON OVER STUBBLE AND WOODS AND MEADOWS.
IF I SEE YOUR LOVER,
I'LL BLOW A KISS.
CHILD MINE, FAREWELL, FAREWELL, FAREWELL!"

Translation: Michel Stockhem

Selection 5/6

Nimmersatte Liebe

Insatiable Love

SUCH IS LOVE! SUCH IS LOVE!
NOT TO BE QUIETED WITH KISSES:
WHAT FOOL WOULD WISH TO FILL A SIEVE
WITH NOTHING ELSE BUT WATER?
AND WERE YOU TO DRAW WATER FOR SOME THOUSAND YEARS,
AND WERE YOU TO KISS FOR EVER AND EVER,
YOU'D NEVER SATISFY LOVE.
LOVE, LOVE, HAS EVERY HOUR
NEW AND STRANGE DESIRES;
WE BIT UNTIL OUR LIPS WERE SORE,
WHEN WE KISSED TODAY.
THE GIRL KEPT NICELY QUIET AND STILL,
LIKE A LAMB BENEATH THE KNIFE;
HER EYES PLEADED: "GO ON, GO ON!
THE MORE IT HURTS THE BETTER!"
SUCH IS LOVE! AND HAS BEEN SO
AS LONG AS LOVE'S EXISTED,
AND WISE OLD SOLOMON HIMSELF
WAS NO DIFFERENTLY IN LOVE.

Interval

Coming up: songs of Adolphus Hailstork and Henri Duparc

Four Romantic Love Songs by Adolphus Hailstork

Adolphus Hailstork (b. 1941)

Poetry: Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872-1906)

Paul Laurence Dunbar passed away 31 years before Adolphus Hailstork was born, and yet, together, this powerful team brings us these poignant and achingly honest songs about love -- that core force which consumes the senses.

Born in Ohio to parents who had been enslaved prior to the American Civil War, Dunbar was taught to read by his mother, who herself learned to read for the express purpose of ensuring that her son could learn from her. Dunbar became one of the most successful American poets in history, known well for his contributions to black folk poetry in transliterated Southern and Midwestern dialects, as well as novels, essays and poems in standard English.

Adolphus Hailstork's studies with the famed composition teacher, Nadia Boulanger, preceded his formal education at the Manhattan School and Michigan State. In a 2020 interview about his oeuvre, Hailstork reflected: "I'm not a big fan of labels. Do I represent a particular school or type? No. I'm just Adolphus Hailstork. I am a cultural hybrid. Half of my training took place in an Anglican cathedral in New York. I didn't know that there was supposed to be some essential cultural difference between what blacks did and what whites did. I just loved music. I said: 'I'll just have to find my own way and try to blend everything I love into my work.' So that's who I am, a stew of music-making who just loves writing music."

In programming this set, Bomi and I embarked on a journey of discovery and communion with these two great artists. As a white American tenor and a Korean pianist, our life experiences have been in many ways divergent, but as musicians and communicators, our experiences have led us to this night, which we now share with you. Just as we cannot speak for or directly represent the lives of Wolf, Romani, Donizetti or Mörike, we can only devote our intentions and spirits to fellowship with the artistic spirits of Hailstork and Dunbar. That is the beauty of this world of music. Tonight, live, we are all sharing in a blending of time-space-spirit, a unique communion of varied life experiences. We hope this contributes to a deeper understanding of our shared humanity and a vital respect for the dignity and love we all possess.

-K. Stegall

Four Romantic Love Songs

1. My Heart to Thy Heart

2. Invitation to Love

3. Longing

4. Good-Night

Melodies of Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Considering the subtle and brilliant nature of Duparc's harmonic and melodic style, his extant oeuvre is shockingly small. Only 16 songs remain, thanks in part to Duparc's relentless self-criticism and perfectionism, as well as a breakdown of mental health mid-life which caused him to suddenly disown music altogether.

He was wholly devoted to the human voice, and took great care to make sure that his songs were a truly loving union between piano and voice. In a letter to a soprano who had visited him in 1914, he explained that the piano line, in his view "should envelop the voice like a garment, making one with it" and that music should "come from the heart and the intelligence." It is thus no surprise that he selected poems of the desperately romantic parnassian persuasion for his settings.

Phidylé
Sérénade
Chanson triste
Le manoir de Rosemonde
Extase

-K. Stegall

Phidylé

Poem: Leconte de Lisle (1818-1894)

The grass is soft for sleeping beneath the cool poplars
On the slopes with the mossy springs
That Arise from a thousand openings in the blossoming meadows,
And disappear into the dark thickets.

Rest, O Phidyle!
Noon beams down on the leaves and beckons you to sleep.
In the clover and the thyme, alone, in the full sunlight
The flighty bees sing;

A warm fragrance flows all around the paths,
The red flower of the grain nods,
And the birds, skimming the hills with their wings,
Seek the shade of the dog-rose bushes.

But when the sun, on the incline of its dazzling arc,
Sees its blaze becalmed,
Let your loveliest smile and your best kiss
Reward me for my wait!

Sérénade

Poem: Gabriel Marc (1840-1901)

If, my beloved, I were
The breeze with perfumed breath,
To graze your laughing mouth
I would come, timorous and charmed.

If I were the flying bee
Or the seductive butterfly,
You would not see me frivolously
Leaving you for another flower.

If I were the charming rose
That your hand places on your heart,
All a-tremble so close to you
I would fade with happiness.

But I seek in vain to please you,
In vain I moan and sigh.
I am a man, and what can I do?-
Love you...tell you so...and weep.

Chanson Triste

Poem: unknown author

In your heart there sleeps moonlight,
A gentle summer moonlight,
And, to flee troublesome life,
I shall drown myself in your brightness.

I shall forget past sorrows, my love,
When you rock my sad heart
And my thoughts
In the loving calm of your arms!

You will place my sick head
Oh! Sometimes on your knees,
And will recite a ballad to it,
Which will seem to speak of us,

And from your eyes full of sadnesses,
From your eyes I shall then drink
So many kisses and tenderesses
That perhaps I shall recover...

Le Manoir de Rosemonde

Poem: Robert de Bonnières (1850-1905)

With its sudden and voracious tooth,
Like a dog, love bit me...
Following the blood I have shed,
Go, you will be able to follow my trail...

Take a horse of good stock,
Depart and follow my difficult road,
Morass or lost path,
If the journey does not exhaust you!

Passing where I have passed,
You will see that, alone and wounded,
I roamed through this sad world

And that I thus went off to die
Very far, very far, without discovering
The blue manor of Rosemonde.

Extase

Poem: Jean Lahor (1840-1909)

On a pale lily my heart sleeps
A sleep as gentle as death...
Exquisite death, death made fragrant
By the breath of my beloved...

On your pale breast my heart sleeps
A sleep as gentle as death...

Thank you for sharing the evening with us.

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