

University of Missouri School of Music
Student Elective Recital • 2021-2022 Series

Greta K. Sonnenberg, mezzo-soprano
Maddie Jenkins, piano

November 7, 2021 • 2:00pm • Sinquefield Music Center Choral Room

Program

“I Have Confidence” from *The Sound of Music*..... Richard Rodgers
(1902-1979)

Me voglio fà ‘na casa [I Want to Build a House].....Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

Von ewiger Liebe [Eternal Love] Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

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“Faites-lui mes aveux” from *Faust* Charles Gounod
(1818-1893)

“Far From the Home I Love” from *Fiddler on the Roof* Jerry Bock
(1928-2010)

INTERMISSION

“Et exultavit” from *Magnificat* Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

“In the Beginning” from *Of Gods and Cats* Jake Heggie
(b. 1961)

La Solitaire Camille Saint-Sæns
(1835-1921)

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“Cruda sorte!...Gia so per pratica” from *L’Italiana in Algeri*.....Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

“The Wizard and I” from *Wicked*.....Stephen Schwartz
(b. 1948)

Greta K. Sonnenberg is a student of Professor Christine Seitz.

Texts and Translations

Me voglio fà 'na casa

*Me voglio fa 'na casa miez"o mare
fravecata de penne de pavune*

*d'oroe d'argiento li scaline fare
e de prete preziuse li barcune.*

*Quanno Nenella mia se va a affacciare
ognuno dice, mo'sponta lu sole!*
Anonymous

I want to build a house surrounded by the sea
made of the feathers of a peacock.

Of gold and silver I will make the stairs,
and of precious stones, the balconies.

When my Nanella leans out,
they will say "Here comes the sun!"
Translated by Laura Prichard

Von ewiger Liebe

*Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald und in Feld!
Abend schon ist es, non schweiget die Welt.*

*Nirgend noch Licht und nirgend noch Rauch,
Ja, und die Lerche sie schweiget nun auch.*

*Kommt aus dem Dorfe der Bursche heraus,
Gibt das Geleit der Geliebten nach Haus,*

*Führt sie am Weidengebüsche vorbei,
Redet so viel und so mancherlei:*

*"Leidest du Schmach und betrübest du dich,
Leidest du Schmach von andern um mich,*

*Werde die Liebe getrennt so geschwind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.*

*Scheide mit Regen und schiede mit Wind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind."*

*Spricht das Mägdelein, Mägdelein spricht:
"Unsere Liebe sie trennet sich nicht!*

*Fest ist der Stahl und das Eisen gar sehr,
Unsere Liebe ist fester noch mehr.*

*Eisen und Stahl, man schmiedet sie um,
Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt sie um?*

*Eisen und Stahl, sie Können zergehn,
Unsere Liebe muß ewig bestehn!"*
August Heinrich Hoffman von Fallersleben

Dark, how dark in forest and field!
Evening already, and the world is silent.

Nowhere a light and nowhere smoke,
and even the lark is silent now too.

Out of the village there comes a lad,
Escorting his sweetheart home,

He leads her past the willow-copse,
Talking so much and of so many things:

"If you suffer sorrow and suffer shame,
Shame for what others think of me,

Then let our love be severed as swiftly,
As swiftly as once we two were plighted.

Let us depart in rain and depart in wind,
As swiftly as once we two were plighted."

The girl speaks, the girl says:
"Our love cannot be severed!

Iron and steel can both be reforged,
But our love is stronger by far!

Iron and steel can both be reforged,
But our love, who shall change it?

Iron and steel can be melted down,
Our love must endure forever!"
Translated by Richard Stokes

Faites-lui mes aveux

*Faites-lui mes aveux;
portez mes vœux!*

Greet her for me;
bear my wishes!

*Fleurs écloses près d'elle
dites-lui qu'elle est belle,
que mon coeur nuit est jour
languit d'amour!
Révélez à son âme,
le secret de ma flamme,
qu'il s'exhale avec vous
parfums plus doux!*

*Fanée! Hélas! ce sorcier,
que Dieu damne,
m'a porté malheur!
Je ne puis, sans qu'elle se fane,
toucher une fleur!
Si je trempais mes doigts
dans l'eau bénite!
C'est là, que chaque soir
vient prier Marguerite!
Voyons maintenant!
Voyons vite!
Elles se fanent?
Non!
Satan, je ris de toi!*

*C'est en vous que j'ai foi;
parlez pour moi!
Qu'elle puisse connaître
l'émoi qu'elle a fait naître,
et don't mon coeur troublé
n'a point parlé!
Si l'amour l'effarouche,
que la fleur sur sa bouche
sache au moins déposer
un doux baiser!
Libretto by Jules Barbier & Michel Carré*

Et exultavit

Et exultavit spiritus meus in Deo salutari meo.

In the Beginning

*In the beginning was the cat and the cat was
without purr,
the ethers stirred and there was milk,
and the cat saw that it was good;
a hand stretched forth across the milk
and scratched behind the cat's ears,
and it felt good;
then the firmament shook and there was
produced a paper bag,
and the cat went forth, into the bag
and seeing that it was good
she fell asleep, purring.*

Flowers in bloom close-by her
tell her that she is beautiful,
that my heart night and day
languishes from love!
Reveal to her soul
the secret of my passion,
that it may that it may give forth, with you,
fragrances more sweet.

Withered! Alas, that sorcerer
who God damns,
has brought me good luck!
I can't, without it withering,
touch a flower!
Let me dip my fingers
in the holy water!
It's there that every evening
Marguerite comes to pray!
Let's see now!
Let's see quickly!
Are they withering?
No!
Satan, I laugh at you!

It's in you that I have faith;
speak for me!
May she know
the emotion she caused to be born,
and of which my troubled heart
has not spoken at all!
If loves startles her,
may the flower upon her mouth
at least be able to place
a sweet kiss!
Translated by Martha Gerhart

And my spirit rejoices in God my savior.

La Solitaire

*Ô fier jeune homme,
ô tueur de gazelles,
cavalier pale au regard de velours,
sur ton cheval dont les pieds ond des ailes
emporte moi vers le ciel des amours.
J'ai bien souvent, la nuit, sur ma terrasse,
versé des pleurs en te tendant les bras.
Stérile effort! C'est l'ombre que j'embrasse,
et mes sanglots, tu ne les entends pas.*

*Pourtant le ciel m'a faite ardente et belle,
ma lèvre douce est comme un fruit vermeil;
j'ai dans la voix des chants de colombe,
sur les cheveux un rayon de soleil.
Mais enfermée et couverte de voiles,
dans un palais, je meurs loin du vrai bien.
Pourquoi des fleurs, et pourquoi des étoiles,
si mon coeur bat et si tu n'en sais rien?*

*Mon bien aimé, terribles sont tes armes,
ton long fusil, ta lance, ton poignard,
et plus que tout, tes yeux aux sombres charmes,
perçant un coeur avec un seul regard.
Ô fier jeune homme,
ô tueur de gazelles,
à leur destin mon sort est semblant.
Sur ton cheval dont les pieds ont des ailes,
joins mon coeur triste à ton butin sanglant.
Armand Renaud*

Cruda sorte!...Già so per pratica

*Cruda sorte! Amor tiranno!
Questo è il premio di mia fe':
non v'è orror, terror,
nè affanno
pari a quell ch'io provo in me.
Per te solo, o mio Lindoro,
io mi trovo in tal periglio;
da chi spero, oh Dio! consiglio?
Chi conforto mi darà?*

*Qua ci vuol disinvoltura;
non più smanie, nè paura:
di coraggio è tempo adesso...
or chi sono si vedrà.*

*Già so per pratica
qual sia l'effeto
d'un sguardo languido,*

Oh proud young man,
oh hunter of gazelles,
pale horseman with a velvety glance,
upon your steed with winged feet,
transport me to a heaven full of love.
I often, at night, on my terrace,
wept tears while reaching toward you.
Vain effort! It's merely a shadow that I embrace,
and my sobs, you can't hear them.

Yet the sky makes me feel passionate and
beautiful, my soft lips are cherry red;
my voice sounds like the cooing of doves,
my hair glows under the rays of the sun.
But imprisoned and veiled,
inside the palace, I die far from my true love.
I ask the flowers why, and why to the stars,
why does my heart still beat – don't you know?

My beloved, terrible are your weapons,
your long rifle, your lance, your dagger,
and worst of all, your dark, enchanting eyes
that can pierce a heart with a single glance.
Oh proud young man,
oh hunter of gazelles,
his destiny and mine are one and the same.
Upon your steed with winged feet,
toss in my sad heart among your bloody lot.
Translated by Laura Prichard

Cruel fate! Tyrannical love!
This is the reward for my faith:
there is neither horror, terror,
nor anguish
equal to that which I feel in me.
For you alone, oh my Lindoro,
I find myself in such peril:
from whom do I hope, oh God, for advice?
Who will give me comfort?

Here deftness is wanted;
no more frenzies or fear.
Now it's time for courage...
now they'll see who I am.

I already know through experience
what may be the effect
of a languid glance,

*d'un sospiretto.
So a domar gli uomini come si fa,
sì, so a domar gli uomini come si fa.
Sien dolci o ruvidi,
sien flemma o foco,
son tutti simili a presso a poco.
Tutti la chiedono,
tutti la bramano
da vaga femmina felicità.
Sì, sì...
Libretto by Angeli Anelli*

of a little sigh.
I know how men are tamed -
yes, I know how men are tamed.
Be they gentle or rough,
be they coolness or fire,
they are all the same, more or less.
They all ask for it,
they all desire it:
happiness from a lovely woman.
Yes, yes...
Translated by Martha Gerhart

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