

MU School of Music presents  
**Anthony Coleman Blatter, bass-baritone**  
**Senior Recital**

with  
Bomi Kim, piano & Jack Snelling, piano  
June 26, 2022, 7:00 pm, Whitmore Recital Hall

**“Aprite un po’ quegli occhi”** ..... **W. A. Mozart (1756-1791)**  
From *Le nozze di Figaro*

**Aprite un po’ quegli occhi**

Tutto è disposto:  
L'ora dovrebbe esser vicina;  
Io sento gente...è dessa!  
Non è alcun;  
Buia è la notte...  
Ed io comincio omai a fare  
Il scimunito mestiere di marito...  
Ingrata!  
Nel memento della mia cerimonia  
Ei godeva leggendo:  
E nel vederlo io rideva  
Di me senza saperlo.  
Oh Susanna! Susanna!  
Quanta pena mi costi!  
Con quell'ingenua faccia,  
Con quegli occhi innocenti,  
Chi creduto l'avria? Ah!  
Che il fidarsi a donna, è ognor follia.

Aprite un po' quegli occhi,  
Uomini incauti e sciocchi,  
Guardate queste femmine,  
Guardate cosa son!  
Queste chiamate dee  
Dagli ingannati sensi,  
A cui tributa incensi  
La debole ragion.  
Son streghe che incantano  
Per farci penar,  
Sirene che cantano  
Per farci affogar,  
Civette che allettano  
Per trarci le piume,  
Comete che brillano  
Per toglierci il lume.  
Son rose spinose  
Son volpi vezzose;  
Son orse benigne,  
Colombe maligne,  
Maestre d'inganni,  
Amiche d'affanni,  
Che fingono, mentono,

**Open your eyes**

Everything is set:  
the hour should be near;  
I can hear people... it is her!  
It's nobody;  
The night is dark...  
and I am just beginning to practice  
the stupid work of being a husband...  
You ungrateful!  
While remembering my ceremony  
he was enjoying in reading:  
And while I was seeing it I was laughing  
at me without knowing it.  
Oh, Susanna! Susanna!  
What a great suffering you cost me!  
With your ingenuous face,  
with your innocent eyes,  
who would imagine it? Ah,  
that it's foul to trust in a woman.

Open your eyes,  
you incautious and stupid men  
Look at these women  
Look what they are!  
These you call goddesses  
with deceived senses,  
to whom the weak reason  
tributes incenses.  
They are witches who enchant  
only to make us pain,  
Sirens who sing  
to draw us,  
Owls who attract  
to take out our feathers  
Comets who shine  
to take our light away,  
they're thorny roses  
they're charming foxes  
they're benign bears,  
malign doves,  
masters in cheating  
friends of worries  
who pretend, lie,

Amore non senton,  
Non senton pietà ,  
No, no, no, no no!  
Il resto no dico,  
Già ognuno lo sa.

don't feel any love,  
don't feel any pity,  
no, no, no, no, no!  
I don't tell all the rest,  
anybody knows that.

*Le nozze di Figaro* is a *commedia per musica* in four acts composed in 1786. The libretto was written by Lorenzo Da Ponte and it premiered at the Burgtheater in Vienna on May 1<sup>st</sup>, 1786. This opera is considered one of the greatest operas written and is a cornerstone of the classical repertoire. *Aprite un po' quegli occhi* is Figaro's final aria in the fourth act. Figaro addresses the audience directly for the first time in the show. He's finally fed up with the women and their shenanigans and lets loose on stage.

Text by: Lorenzo Da Ponte; Translation by: <https://www.opera-arias.com>

**“L’Absence” .....Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)**

From *Les nuits d’été Op. 7*

**L’absence**

Reviens, reviens, me bien-aimée;  
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,  
La fleur de ma vie est fermée  
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!  
Entre nos cœurs quelle distance!  
Tant d’espace entre nos baisers!  
Ô sort amer! ô dure absence!  
Ô grands désirs inapaisés!  
Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée.  
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,  
La fleur de ma vie est fermée  
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!  
D’ici là-bas, que de campagnes,  
Que de villes et de hameaux,  
Que de vallons et de montagnes,  
À lasser le pied des chevaux.  
Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée.  
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,  
La fleur de ma vie est fermée  
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

**Absence**

Return, return, my sweetest love!  
Like a flower far from the sun,  
The flower of my life is closed  
Far from your crimson smile!  
Such a distance between our hearts!  
So great a gulf between our kisses!  
O bitter fate! O harsh absence!  
O great unassuaged desires!  
Return, return, my sweetest love!  
Like a flower far from the sun,  
The flower of my life is closed  
Far from your crimson smile!  
So many intervening plains,  
So many towns and hamlets,  
So many valleys and mountains  
To weary the horses’ hooves.  
Return, return, my sweetest love!  
Like a flower far from the sun,  
The flower of my life is closed  
Far from your crimson smile!

Berlioz composed his song cycle *Les nuits d’été* in 1841. Originally for voice and piano, Berlioz orchestrated the songs two years later, and published them as his opus 7. The rhetorical L’absence” pleads for the return of a beloved partner. This is a beautiful strophic song that always comes back to the main focus of longing. The main character in this poem is always calling for the return of the partner and how incomplete they feel without them.

Text by: Théophile Gautier; Translation by: Richard Stokes

## Sur Les Lagunes

From *Les nuits d'été Op. 7*

### Sur les Lagunes

Ma belle amie est morte:  
Je pleurerai toujours;  
Sous la tombe elle emporte  
Mon âme et mes amours.  
Dans le ciel, sans m'attendre,  
Elle s'en retourna;  
L'ange qui l'emmena  
Ne voulut pas me prendre.  
Que mon sort est amer!  
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!  
Le blanche créature  
Est chouchée au cercueil.  
Comme dans la nature  
Tout me paraît en deuil!  
La colombe oubliée  
Pleure et songe à l'absent;  
Mon âme pleure et sent  
Qu'elle est dépareillée.  
Que mon sort est amer!  
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!  
Sur moi la nuit immense  
S'étend comme un linceul;  
Je chante ma romance  
Que le ciel entend seul.  
Ah! comme elle était belle,  
Et comme je l'aimais!  
Je n'aimerai jamais  
Une femme autant qu'elle.  
Que mon sort est amer!  
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!

### On the lagoons

My dearest love is dead:  
I shall weep for evermore;  
To the tomb she takes with her  
My soul and all my love.  
Without waiting for me  
She has returned to Heaven;  
The angel who took her away  
Did not wish to take me.  
How bitter is my fate!  
Alas! to set sail loveless across the sea!  
The pure white being  
Lies in her coffin.  
How everything in nature  
Seems to mourn!  
The forsaken dove  
Weeps, dreaming of its absent mate;  
My soul weeps and feels  
Itself adrift.  
How bitter is my fate!  
Alas! to set sail loveless across the sea!  
The immense night above me  
Is spread like a shroud;  
I sing my song  
Which heaven alone can hear.  
Ah! how beautiful she was,  
And how I loved her!  
I shall never love a woman  
As I loved her.  
How bitter is my fate!  
Alas! to set sail loveless across the sea!

*Sur les lagunes* with its somber harmonies is diffused with melancholy. The surging accompaniment suggests the movement of waves which, again, touches on the theme of love and being lost at sea. But this is a metaphorical sea. This boatman is sailing through a loveless sea in search for the one true person who can fulfill his broken heart.  
Text by: Théophile Gautier; Translation by: Richard Stokes

## L'île Inconnue

From *Les nuits d'été Op. 7*

### L'île inconnue

Dites, le jeune belle,  
Où voulez-vous aller?  
La voile ouvre son aile,  
La brise va souffler!  
L'aviron est d'ivoire,  
Le pavillon de moire,

### The unknowable isle

Tell me, pretty young maid,  
Where is it you would go?  
The sail is billowing,  
The breeze about to blow!  
The oar is of ivory,  
The pennant of watered silk,

Le gouvernail d'or fin;  
 J'ai pour lest une orange,  
 Pour voile une aile d'ange,  
 Pour mousse un séraphin.  
 Dites, le jeune belle,  
 Où voulez-vous aller?  
 La voile ouvre son aile,  
 La brise va souffler!  
 Est-ce dans la Baltique  
 Dans la mer Pacifique,  
 Dans l'île de Java?  
 Ou bien est-ce en Norvège,  
 Cueillir la fleur de neige  
 Ou la fleur d'Angsoka?  
 Dites, le jeune belle,  
 Où voulez-vous aller?  
 Menez-moi, dit la belle,  
 À la rive fidèle  
 Où l'on aime toujours.  
 – Cette rive, ma chère,  
 On ne la connaît guère  
 Au pays des amours.  
 Où voulez-vous aller?  
 La brise va souffler.

The rudder of finest gold;  
 For ballast I've an orange,  
 For sail an angel's wing,  
 For cabin-boy a seraph.  
 Tell me, pretty young maid,  
 Where is it you would go?  
 The sail is billowing,  
 The breeze about to blow!  
 Perhaps the Baltic,  
 Or the Pacific  
 Or the Isle of Java?  
 Or else to Norway,  
 To pluck the snow flower  
 Or the flower of Angsoka?  
 Tell me, pretty young maid,  
 Where is it you would go?  
 Take me, said the pretty maid,  
 To the shore of faithfulness  
 Where love endures forever.  
 – That shore, my sweet,  
 Is scarce known  
 In the realm of love.  
 Where is it you would go?  
 The breeze is about to blow!

L'île inconnue hints at the unattainable. Again, love is at the center here, but instead of love being lost, it is more about how love can be eternal. This song has a beautiful swing to it towards the middle that I love so much. It hints at the waters surrounding this island of love and how rocky they sometimes can be.  
 Text by: Théophile Gautier; Translation by: Richard Stokes

**“Nicht Wiedersehen.....Gustav Mahler (1860 – 1911)**

From *Lieder und Gesänge aus der Jugendzeit*

**Nicht Wiedersehen**

Und nun ade, mein herzallerliebster Schatz,  
 Jetzt muß ich wohl scheiden von dir,  
 Bis auf den andern Sommer,  
 Dann komm ich wieder zu dir! Ade!

Und als der junge Knab heimkam,  
 Von seiner Liebsten fing er an:  
 „Wo ist meine Herzallerliebste,  
 Die ich verlassen hab?“

Auf dem Kirchhof liegt sie begraben,  
 Heut ists der dritte Tag.  
 Das Trauern und das Weinen  
 Hat sie zum Tod gebracht.“

Jetzt will ich auf den Kirchhof gehen,  
 Will suchen meiner Liebsten Grab,  
 Will ihr all'weile rufen,  
 Bis daß sie mir Antwort gab!

**Never to meet again!**

And now farewell, my dearest love!  
 Now must I be parted from you,  
 Till summer comes again,  
 When I'll return to you! Farewell!

And when the young man came home again,  
 He enquired after his love:  
 ‘Where is my dearest love,  
 She whom I left behind?’

‘In the churchyard she lies buried,  
 Today is the third day!  
 The mourning and the weeping  
 Brought about her death.’

Then I'll go to the churchyard,  
 To look for my beloved's grave,  
 And I'll never cease calling her,  
 Until she answers me!

Ei du mein allerherzliebster Schatz,  
Mach auf dein tiefes Grab!  
Du hörst kein Glöcklein läuten,  
Du hörst kein Vöglein pfeifen,  
Du siehst weder Sonne noch Mond!  
Ade, mein herzallerliebster Schatz! Ade!

O you, my dearest love,  
Open up your deep grave!  
You cannot hear the bells ringing,  
You cannot hear the birds singing,  
You can see neither sun nor moon!  
Farewell, my dearest love! Farewell!

I am in love with this early and relatively unknown song! *Nicht Wiedersehen* flips back and fourth from two perspectives. The first is the narrator who is describing the scenario from a birds-eye view. The second point of view is from the main character of the poem who is grieving over a lost loved one at her grave. The initial farewell at the beginning of the art song is a physical one. The man has to be away from his partner for an extended period of time and simply bids farewell. However, once he has returned from his voyage, he finds that his partner has died and cannot handle the grief of not being with her. He end this poem with a final farewell as he leaves the churchyard.  
Translation by: Richard Stokes

### Um Mitternacht

From *Rückert-Lieder*

#### Um Mitternacht

Um Mitternacht  
Hab' ich gewacht  
Und aufgeblickt zum Himmel;  
Kein Stern vom Sterngewimmel  
Hat mir gelacht  
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht  
Hab' ich gedacht  
Hinaus in dunkle Schranken.  
Es hat kein Lichtgedanken  
Mir Trost gebracht  
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht  
Nahm ich in acht  
Die Schläge meines Herzens;  
Ein einz'ger Puls des Schmerzes  
War angefacht  
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht  
Kämpft' ich die Schlacht,  
O Menschheit, deiner Leiden;  
Nicht konnt' ich sie entscheiden  
Mit meiner Macht  
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht  
Hab' ich die Macht  
In deine Hand gegeben!  
Herr! über Tod und Leben  
Du hältst die Wacht  
Um Mitternacht!

#### At Midnight

At midnight  
I kept watch  
And looked up to heaven;  
Not a star in the galaxy  
Smiled on me  
At midnight.

At midnight  
My thoughts went out  
To the dark reaches of space;  
No shining thought  
Brought me comfort  
At midnight.

At midnight  
I paid heed  
To the beating of my heart;  
A single pulse of pain  
Was set alight  
At midnight.

At midnight  
I fought the battle,  
O Mankind, of your afflictions;  
I could not gain victory  
By my own strength  
At midnight.

At midnight  
I gave my strength  
Into Thy hands!  
Lord over life and death,  
Thou keepest watch  
At midnight.

*Um Mitternacht* has become one of my favorite Gustav Mahler pieces. There is so much pain and angst throughout this six minute song that seems to finally get washed away in the closing minute and a half. This song recounts the poet's battle with darkness in both its literal and figurative sense which is in sharp contrast to the transcendent moment towards the end of the piece where everything seems to come to magnificent fruition.  
Text by: Friedrich Rückert; Translation by: Richard Stokes

### **Lob des hohen Verstandes**

From *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*

#### **Lob des hohen Verstandes**

Einstmals in einem tiefen Tal  
Kukuk und Nachtigall  
Täten ein Wett anschlagen:  
Zu singen um das Meisterstück:  
„Gewinn es Kunst, gewinn es Glück,  
Dank soll er davon tragen.“

Der Kukuk sprach: So dir's gefällt,  
Hab ich den Richter wählt,  
Und tät gleich den Esel ernennen.  
Denn weil er hat zwei Ohren groß,  
So kann er hören desto bos,  
Und was recht ist, kennen.

Sie flogen vor den Richter bald.  
Wie dem die Sache ward erzählt,  
Schuf er, sie sollten singen.

Die Nachtigall sang lieblich aus,  
Der Esel sprach, du machst mir's kraus.  
Du machst mir's kraus! Ija! Ija!  
Ich kanns in Kopf nicht bringen.

Der Kukuk drauf fing an geschwind  
Sein Sang durch Terz und Quart und Quint.  
Dem Esel gfiels, er sprach nur: Wart!  
Dein Urteil will ich sprechen.  
Wohl sungest hast du Nachtigall,  
Aber Kukuk singst gut Choral,  
Und hältst den Takt fein innen;  
Das sprech ich nach mein' hohn Verstand,  
Und kost es gleich ein ganzes Land,  
So laß ichs dich gewinnen.  
Kukuk, Kukuk, Ija!

#### **In Praise of High Intellect**

Once upon a time in a deep valley  
The cuckoo and the nightingale  
Between them made a wager:  
Whoever sang the finer song,  
Whoever won by skill or luck,  
Should carry off the prize.

The cuckoo said: I have, so please you,  
Already chosen the judge.  
And named the donkey straight away,  
Because with his two large ears  
He'll hear much clearer what is bad,  
And also know what's good.

So soon they flew before the judge,  
When he was told how matters stood,  
He commanded them to sing.

The nightingale sang beautifully,  
The donkey said, you're confusing me.  
You're confusing me. Hee-haw! Hee-haw!  
I just can't understand it.

Whereat the cuckoo quickly sang  
His song through thirds and fourths and fifths.  
The donkey liked it, merely said: wait,  
Wait while I give my verdict.  
Nightingale, you sang well,  
But you, cuckoo, sing a fine hymn  
And keep the strictest measure;  
My high intellect pronounces this,  
And though it cost a whole country,  
I declare you now the winner.  
Cuckoo, cuckoo, hee-haw!

I don't think there is a better way to end a German set than with the singing battle of a cuckoo bird and a nightingale being judged by a donkey. *Lob des hohen Verstandes* is just that. The poem involves a narrator describing the battle of two birds singing for a donkey judge. It is a fun patter piece that truly twists the tongue around.  
Translation by: Richard Stokes

INTERMISSION

The second half of this recital is a list of favorites. It is filled with my most favorite genres/styles of singing and songs that I've just fallen in love with over the past couple of years. We are starting back in 1846 towards the end of Felix Mendelssohn's life with an oratorio from the biblical masterpiece *Elijah*, and finishing in 2008 in a swamp with *Who I'd Be* from "Shrek the Musical". I hope you all enjoy!

**"Lord God of Abraham" .....Felix Mendelssohn (1809 – 1847)**

From *Elijah, Op. 70*

*Elijah* is Felix Mendelssohn's oratorio that follows the biblical story and depicts events in the life of the prophet Elijah. *Lord God of Abraham* plants us in the latter half of the first movement as Elijah is calling upon God to show the people that he is lord. It is a beautiful piece that I've grown to love due to its incredible orchestration and legato line.

**"Were you there" .....H.T. Burleigh (1866 – 1949)**

*Were you there* is a spiritual that I've grown up with and it hasn't left my side once. I started my music school journey with this being one of the first songs I ever sang. I've loved H.T. Burleigh ever since. There is no technique with these songs. They are truly from the soul.

**"Ethiopia Saluting the Colors"**

An art song with interesting text that H.T. Burleigh took and truly made his own. Walt Whitman's poem describes the pains of an African slave being taken from their home. This gut-wrenching piece doesn't shy away from the hard truth of our past.

**"Fly me to the moon" .....Bart Howard (1915 – 2004)**

**"Misty".....Errol Garner (1921 – 1977)**

**"Moonlight in Vermont".....Karl Suessdorf (1911 – 1982)**

**"That's Life" .....Dean Kay & Kelly Gordon**

Jazz! How can this recital be complete without some jazz? These four songs are tunes that I've grown up on my entire life. If it was Ella, Nina, Frank, Sarah Vaughan, or Nat King Cole, I always had jazz on at some point in the day. Again, these songs don't require a lot of technical thinking because they're just so fun. I'd like to thank Jack Snelling for making some music with me on this set. Our paths will cross soon enough. <3

**"Funny".....Cy Coleman (1929 – 2004)**

From *City of Angels*

Stine is facing the collapse of his real and fictive worlds and his inner emotions finally come out. A genuinely funny character's wit turns bitter as he boils over into anger.

**"What more can I say".....William Finn (b. 1952)**

From *Falsettos*

Falsettos has become one of my favorite shows because of how musically intricate it is. This song is all about love and how difficult it can be.

**“Who I’d Be”.....Jeanine Tesori (b. 1961)**

From *Shrek the Musical*

Who are we when we take off are masks and unapologetically be ourselves? That is the question that this song wrestles with. I think this concept of a “disguise” is something that we all wrestle with during our time in college. I end my recital with this song to say that it is ok to wear a veil for a little while. From personal experience, its comfortable. BUT, the process of taking off the mask and being yourself is something that needs to be worked towards every day. Be you and no one can stop you

*This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree in Voice Performance. Anthony Coleman Blatter is a student of Professor Steven Tharp.*

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