

University of Missouri School of Music
Bachelor of Arts Capstone Recital • 2022-2023 Series

Tara Boydston, Mezzo-Soprano
Zachary Kierstead, Piano

October 9, 2022 • 2 pm • Sheryl Crow Hall

Program

“He was Despised”

From *Messiah*

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Libretto by Charles Jennens

Handel was a baroque, German-British composer who wrote in several genres, including opera, oratorio, organ concerto, and many more. He received his training in Germany, but the majority of his career was in Britain, so much so that he eventually became a naturalized citizen of the country. He composed for three Italian opera companies for the British nobility that were highly demanding for most of the year but was unable to produce any operas during the time of Lent, so oratorios helped carry him through the early spring months. He's famous for personifying the high-baroque style at the time; combining clever, highly technical, melismatic music with extravagance and drama. *Messiah* was a roaring success at the time it was written, with a distinct, well-written balance between soloist and chorus, and it remains one of the most popular oratorios in Western music to this day.

This oratorio retells the life of Jesus Christ, the Messiah of Christianity. While it's in the traditional Italian opera form, it doesn't have the same dramatic dialogue or character presentation and is meant more as a reflection of the life of Christ. “He was despised” comes from Part II of this work, which is focused on “The Passion”, or the final period of Christ's life when he was crucified. This da capo aria contains the bible verse telling of the suffering and pain he experienced as he was given his punishment from the people of Rome.

He was despised
and rejected of men.
A man of sorrows,
And acquainted with grief.
He gave his back to the smiters.
And his cheeks to them,
That plucked off the hair.
He hid not His face
From shame and spitting.

Debussy is a renowned, late Romantic era composer, known for his highly innovative, impressionistic style. In this song set, the pianist and vocalist are completely separate parts, which together paint a much more complicated and beautiful harmony. The melody follows the pacing of spoken language, emphasizing the text while blending seamlessly into the complexity of the music. The fantastical and intimate nature of the text is paired with a wide variety of unique whole tone and chromatic scales, as well as using different musical modes to pay homage to the poems' ancient Greek origins. This music also includes many of the impressionistic styles that Debussy was pioneering at the time, such as static harmonies, rich, shimmering chords, and melodies with an uncertain motion that paints the mood and imagery of the text.

Debussy dedicated this incredibly romantic set to one of his many mistresses from the series of affairs and marriages he had throughout his life. This song cycle is adapted from poems from *The Songs of Bilitis*, a collection of 143 erotic, Sapphic poems written by a friend of Debussy's, Pierre Louÿs, in 1894. Upon publication, he claimed he had translated these from the ancient Greek texts written on the walls of a tomb, originally as a memoir for a Greek woman known as Bilitis. Later, they were found to be exaggerations of the original translation, and were done so well it fooled some well-studied ancient Greece scholars. Regardless of its fantastical nature, it's still a rich collection of literature with mystical and sensational content. The text of these poems depicts beautiful scenery, sensual interactions, and even some creatures from Greek mythology.

1. La flûte de Pan

Pour le jour des Hyacinthies
Il m'a donné une syrinx faites de roseaux bien taillés,
Unis avec la blanche cire
Qui est douce à mes lèvres comme le miel
Il m'apprend à jouer, assise sur ses genoux;
Mais je suis un peu tremblante.
Il en joue après moi, si doucement
Que je l'entends à peine.
Nous n'avons rien à nous dire,
Tant nous sommes près l'un de l'autre;
Mais nos chansons veulent se répondre,
Et tour à tour nos bouches
S'unissent sur la flûte.
Il est tard;
Voici le chant des grenouilles vertes
Qui commence avec la nuit
Ma mere ne croira jamais

On this day of Hyacinthus
He has given me a pipe made of well-cut reeds,
Joined together with the white wax
That is as sweet as honey on my lips.
He teaches me to play, while I sit on his knees;
But I tremble just a little.
He plays it after me, so softly
That I can hardly hear him.
We have nothing to say,
So close are we to one another;
But our songs want to harmonize,
And gradually our lips
Are united on the flute.
It is late;
Here is the chant of the green frogs
That begins with the night.
My mother will never believe

Que je suis restée si longtemps
À chercher ma ceinture perdue.

That I stayed out so long
In search of my lost belt

2. La chevelure

Il m'a dit: "Cette nuit, j'ai rêvé.
J'avais ta chevelure autour de mon cou.
J'avais tes cheveux comme un collier noir
Autour de ma nuque et sur ma poitrine
Je les caressais, et c'étaient les miens;
Et nous étions liés pour toujours ainsi,
Par la même chevelure,
la bouche sur la bouche,
Ainsi que deux lauriers n'ont souvent qu'une racine
Et peu à peu, il m'a semblé,
Tant nos membres étaient confondus,
Que je devenais toi-même,
Ou que tu entrais en moi comme mon songe."
Quand il eut achevé,
Il mit doucement ses mains sur mes épaules,
Et il me regarda d'un regard si tendre,
Que je baissais les yeux avec un frisson.

He told me: "Last night I dreamed.
I had your tresses around my neck.
I wore your locks like a dark chain
Around my neck and on my breast.
I caressed them and they were my own;
And we were thus forever united,
By the same tresses,
lips upon lips,
As two laurels often have but one root.
And gradually, it seemed to me,
So much were our limbs entwined,
That I became you,
Or that you entered into me, like my dream."
When he had finished,
He gently laid his hands upon my shoulders,
And he looked at me with a glance so tender
That I cast down my eyes and trembled.

3. Le tombeau des Naiïades

Le long du bois couvert de givre, je marchais;
Mes cheveux devant ma bouche
Se fleurissaient de petits glaçons,
Et mes sandales étaient lourdes
De neige fangeuse et tassée.
Il me dit: "Que cherches-tu?"
"Je suis la trace du satyre."
Ses petits pas fourchus alternent
Comme des trous dans un manteau blanc.
Il me dit: "Les satyres sont morts.
Les satyres et les nymphes aussi.
Depuis trente ans,
il n'a pas fait un hiver aussi terrible.
La trace que tu vois est celle d'un bouc.
Mais restons ici, où est leur tombeau."
Et avec le fer de sa houe

I wandered along the frost-covered woods;
My hair, blowing before my mouth,
Was adorned with tiny icicles,
And my sandals were heavy
With soiled clods of snow.
He asked me: "What are you looking for?"
"I follow the trace of the Satyr."
His little hoofprints alternate
Like holes in a white coat.
He told me: "The Satyrs are dead,
The satyrs and also the Nymphs.
In thirty years,
There has been no winter as terrible as this.
The footprint which you see is that of a buck.
But let us stay here, on the site of their tomb."
And with the iron of his hatchet

Il cassa la glace
De la source où jadis riaient les Naiades.
Il prenait de grands morceaux froids,
Et les soulevant vers le ciel pâle,
Il regardait au travers.

He broke through the ice
Of the spring where the Naiads once had laughed.
He took large frozen pieces,
And, holding them toward the pale sky,
He peered through them.

Translated by Edith Braun, Waldo Lyman, and Kathleen Maunsbach

“Amour, viens aider ma faiblesse”

From *Samson et Dalila*

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)

Libretto by Ferdinand Lemaire

Saint-Saëns was a late 19th-century composer, conductor, and pianist, known for his French late Romantic style music. His composing was heavily influenced by Wagner, Schumann, and Liszt, and his students included well-revered, late Romantic era composers such as Gabriel Fauré and Maurice Ravel. This opera is full of the lush, chromatic chord progressions and other dramatic themes common to that era; invoking the powerful feelings of love, despair, vengeance, as well as emotions of sublime and heroism prevalent in much of the storytelling at the time. He originally wanted to make this work into an oratorio, but his librettist convinced him it would do much better as an opera instead.

This opera tells the biblical story of Samson and Delilah. Samson was one of the chosen of God and was gifted the ability of strength and invincibility, a power which he derived from his hair. He had a great hatred for the Philistine rulers who occupied Israel and was, in turn, hated, envied, and feared by them; who were eager to eliminate this great threat. They discovered he had fallen in love with a philistine woman, Delilah, and they offered her a large amount of money to learn the secret of his weakness. Samson gave her many false answers and broke free from many of their traps before he finally divulged his true weakness to her. In this aria, she is pleading to the goddess of love for the strength to perform her duty; seducing Samson so she can cut his hair and take his power.

Samson, recherchant ma présence,
Ce soir doit venir en ces lieux.
Voici l'heure de la vengeance
Qui doit satisfaire nos dieux!

Samson, looking for my presence,
Tonight must come to this place.
Here is the hour of vengeance
Who must satisfy our gods!

Amour, viens aider ma faiblesse!
Verse le poison dans son sein!
Fais que, vaincu par mon adresse,
Samson, soit enchaîné demain!

Love, come and help my weakness!
Pour the poison into my breast!
Make it that, defeated by my address,
Samson shall be enchanted by tomorrow!

Il voudrait en vain de son âme
Pouvoir me chasser, me bannir!

His soul wants in vain
To be able to chase me, banish me!

Pourrait-il éteindre la flamme,
Qu'alimente le souvenir?

Il est à moi! C'est mon esclave!
Mes frères craignent son courroux;
Moi seule, entre tous, je le brave.
Ah! Et le retient à mes genoux!

Amour, viens aider ma faiblesse!
Verse le poison dans son sien!
Fais que, vaincu par mon adresse
Samson soit enchaîné demain!

Contre l'amour, sa force est vaine;
Et lui, le fort parmi les forts,
Lui, qui d'un peuple rompt la chaîne,
Succombera sous mes efforts!

Could he steal the flame,
That feeds the memory?

He is mine! He is my slave!
My brothers fear his wrath;
Me alone, among all, I conquer him.
And I will make him kneel before me!

Love, come and help my weakness!
Pour the poison into my breast!
Make it that, defeated by my address,
Samson shall be enchanted by tomorrow!

Against love, his strength is in vain;
And he, the strong among the strong,
He, who is the breaker of the people's chains,
Will succumb under my efforts!

Translated by Tara Boydston

Ziegeunerlieder

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Poetry by Hugo Conrat

Brahms is a beloved German composer from the late Romantic period, with a traditional but innovative approach to his composing. This song cycle is full of robust character, combining the ideas of traditional classical music with the rich flare of the music from the Romani culture, specifically of the Hungarian Romani, all of which were highly romanticized and even fetishized in Europe at the time. The theme for these songs strongly centers around this romanticized, Eurocentric interpretation of Roma culture, and includes an array of dramatic range, romantic topics, and scenes. The lyrics are adapted from Hungarian folk songs and borrow musical ideas from the rich, flamboyant style of Roma folk traditions; including the famous, lively violin melodies prevalent in much of their music.

The Romani are a diverse, traditionally nomadic, Indic people who originate from the tribes of the Indian Diaspora. Over the past millennia, they have traveled and settled in different regions worldwide, forming unique cultural subgroups across Eurasia and into North America. Due to their nomadic nature and ethnic origins, they continue to be a target of racial oppression and religious persecution to this day. The fetishization of Roma in the 1800s is a part of the vast misunderstandings surrounding their culture, implying they had a tendency to participate in criminal, sinful, or sexually provocative behavior; ideas that still persist in the modern age. These stereotypes are similar to the prejudiced Jewish mysticism ideas. Alongside the Jews, they were the second largest group of people affected in the Holocaust, with an estimated 80% of the Romani population in

Europe at the time being exterminated in concentration camps. The first part of the title for this song set, "Ziegeuner", is the German word for "Gypsy"; a derogatory, racial slur used worldwide for hundreds of years to refer to the Roma, and not appropriate to use today.

I. He, Ziegeuner, greife in die Saiten ein!
Spiel' das Lied vom ungetreuen Mägdelein!
Lass die Saiten weinen, klagen, traurig bange,
Bis die heiße Träne netzte diese Wange.

II. Hochgetürmte Rimaflut
Wie bist du so trüb!
Ah dem Ufer klag' ich laut
Nach die, mein Lieb!
Wellen fliehen, Wellen strömen, rauschen
An den Strand heran zu mir;
An dem Rima Ufer lass mich
Ewig weinen nach ihr!

III. Wisst ihr, wann mein Kindchen
am allerschönsten ist?
Wenn ihr süßes Mündchen
scherzt und lacht und küsst.
Mägdelein, du bist mein,
inniglich küss ich dich,
Dich erschuf der liebe Himmel einzig nur für mich!

Wisst ihr, wann mein Liebster
am besten mir gefällt?
Wenn in seinen Armen
er mich umschlungen hält.
Schätzelein, du bist mein,
inniglich küss' ich dich,
Dich erschuf der liebe Himmel einzig nur für mich!

IV. Lieber Gott, du weisst,
wie oft bereut ich hab',
Dass ich meinem Liebsten einst ein
Küsschen gab.
Herz gebot, dass ich ihn küssen müß,
Denk' solange ich leb' an diesen ersten Kuss.

Lieber Gott, du weisst, wie oft in stiller Nacht,
Ich in Lust und Leid
an meinen Schatz gedacht.

Ho there, Roma, strike the strings!
Play the song of the faithless maiden!
Let the strings weep, lament in sad anxiety,
till the hot tears flow down these cheeks.

High towering Rima Waves
How turbid you are!
By the banks I lament loudly
For you, my sweet!
Waves are fleeing, waves are streaming, rushing
To the shore, to me;
Let me by the Rima Banks
Forever weep for her!

Do you know when my little one
is her loveliest?
When her sweet mouth
teases and laughs and kisses me.
Little Maiden, you are mine,
Fervently I kiss you,
The good lord created you just for me!

Do you know when
I love my lover the best?
When he holds me closely
enfolded in his arms.
Sweetheart, you are mine,
fervently I kiss you!
The good lord created you just for me!

Dear God, you know
how often I regretted,
The kiss I gave but once to
my beloved.
My heart commanded me to kiss him,
I shall think forever of that first kiss

Dear God, you know how in the night,
In joy and in sorrow
I thought of my dearest one.

Lieb' ist süß, wenn bitter auch die Reu',
Armes Herze bleibt ihm ewig, ewig treu!

V. Brauner Bursche führt zum Tanze
Sein blauäugig schönes Kind,
Schlägt die Sporen keck zusammen
Czardas Melodie beginnt.
Küsst und herzt sein süßes Täubchen
Dreht sie, führt sie, jauchzt und springt,
Wirft drei blanke Silbergulden
Auf das Cymbal, dass es klingt!

VI. Röslein dreie in der Reihe blüh'n so rot
Dass der Bursch zum Mäd'el geht, ist kein Verbot!
Lieber Gott, wenn das verboten wär',
Ständ' die schöne, weite Welt schon
längst nicht mehr,
Ledig bleiben Sünde wär!

Schönstes Städtchen in Alföld ist Ketschkemet,
Dort gibt es gar viele Mädchen
schmuck und nett!
Freunde, sucht euch dort ein Bräutchen aus,
Freit um ihre Hand und gründet euer Haus,
Freundebücher leeret aus!

VII. Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn,
Mein süßes Lieb,
Was du einst mit heil'gem Eide mir gelobt?
Täusch' mich nicht, verlass mich nicht,
Du weißt nicht, wie lieb ich dich hab'!
Lieb' du mich wie ich dich,
Dann strömt Gottes Huld auf dich herab!

VIII. Rote Abendwolken zieh'n
Am Firmament,
Sehnsuchtsvoll nach dir, mein Lieb!
Das Herze brennt,
Himmel strahlt in glühender Pracht,
Und ich träum' bei Tag und Nacht,
Nur allein von dem süßen Liebchen mein!

Love is sweet, though bitter be remorse
My poor heart will remain ever, ever true!

The bronzed young man leads to the dance
His lovely, blue-eyed maiden,
Boldly clanking his spurs together,
A Czardas melody begins.
He caresses and kisses his sweet dove,
Whirls her, leads her, shouts and jumps,
Throws three shiny silver guilders
On the cymbal to make it ring!

Roses three in a row bloom so red
There's no law against the lad's visiting his girl!
Oh, good lord, if that too were forbidden,
This beautiful wide world would have
Perished long ago,
To remain single would be a sin!

The loveliest city in Alföld is Ketschkemet,
There abide so many maidens
sweet and nice!
Friends, go there to choose a little bride,
Ask for her marriage and establish your home,
Then empty cups of joy!

Do you sometimes recall,
My sweet love,
What you once vowed to me with solemn oath?
Deceive me not, leave me not,
You know not how dear you are to me!
Love me as I love you,
Then God's grace will descend upon you!

Red clouds of evening move
Across the firmament,
Longing for you, my sweet!
My heart is afire,
The heavens shine in glowing splendor,
And I dreamt day and night,
Only of that sweet love of mine!

Translated by Edith Braun and Waldo Lyman

Of Gods and Cats

Jake Heggie (b. 1961)

Poetry by Gavin Geoffrey Dillard

Jake Heggie is a contemporary American composer and pianist who composes both vocal and instrumental music, and his celebrated music has been commissioned and performed worldwide. He has written many successful operas throughout his career, such as *Moby Dick* and *Dead Man Walking*, as well as other large symphony pieces such as *Lake Tahoe Symphonic Reflections* and *Fantasy Suite 1803*. He also regularly collaborates with many different vocalists and instrumentalists for his works. This song cycle comes from a 3-book collection of 51 songs for solo voice and piano, *The Faces of Love*. Songs in this collection were premiered by a variety of vocalists including Brian Asawa, Zheng Cao, Kristin Clayton, Renée Fleming, Nicolle Foland, Sylvia McNair, Frederica von Stade and Carol Vaness. This particular song-cycle was performed by Mezzo-Soprano Jennifer Larmore and pianist Antoine Palloc in Monte Carlo, May 2000. Heggie is known for lively characters as well as using the musical devices to bring out the drama of the text and the personality of the characters.

These poems take a humorous perspective of the universe, from both feline and divine eyes. These lighthearted, upbeat, character-based songs contain a dramatic range and musical devices that perfectly match the changing moods of the story. There are playful sequences in the piano that mimic the actions of the characters in this piece, such as a cat walking across a keyboard or a child roughly playing with their toy; a delightful collaboration between piano and voice that comes together to immerse the audience in the narrative of the story.

1. 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,
It was good;
La da da da da dee da,
Da da da da
A hand stretched forth
Across the milk
And scratched behind the cats ears
And it felt good; da da da da da
Oh! 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

2. Once Upon a Universe

Once when God was a little boy,
His mother caught him breaking his toys
Then gluing them back together again
With prayers and incantations.
Ba ba ba ba...
“Don’t play with your creation,”
She admonished him. (Amen.)
But he went right on, building temples,
Only to destroy them with vast armies
Of ant like peoples.
Creating new planets,
Then wiping them out with their own ignominious
Waste Products!
(Allelu!)
At the end of eternity
His mother shook her cosmic finger,
And insisted that he cleanup his universe,
Or there’ll be no bliss for you, young God! (Amen.)
He swept the entire mess into the nearest black hole
And fell asleep sucking his devine thumb.
(Allelu, Alleluia! Alleluia!)

“All’afflitto e dolce il pianto”

From *Roberto Devereux*

Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)

Libretto by Salvatore Cammarano

Donizetti was one of the premiere Italian bel canto opera composers of the early Romantic period, known for his dramatic topics and highly technical, advanced musical structure. He combines both romantic and classical ideas, with dramatic cadenzas and melismas showcased in this piece. He took a great interest in the historic folklore of the kingdoms of England and wrote a series of operas around these stories; including his most famous opera, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, set in the Lammermoor court of Scotland. This particular opera was based on the novel *Elisabeth d’Angleterre*, written by François Ancelot in 1829, but the tale of Roberto Devereux was retold in many plays and books written around this era. The orchestration consists of mostly

simple, accompanying arpeggios in the strings with bittersweet harmonies, along with a delicate flute line to introduce the melody of the aria.

This is the opening number of the opera, where the duchess of Nottingham, Sara, tries to hide her heartbroken tears from the English court as she reads them the tragic story of Fair Rosamund. She was the daughter of a Marcher lord who became the mistress and muse of King Henry II, and their ten-year, turbulent relationship ended when she died suddenly before the age of 30. This is a tale Sara relates to, as she pines for her husband's closest friend, Roberto Devereux; a prominent member of the court of Queen Elizabeth I. At the time, Roberto is returning from war in Ireland accused of treason, and she is uncertain how much time she has left with her lover. Beside herself, she tells her friends and servants not to worry for she is happy, but sings this aria as an aside to show her true feelings of grief as she portrays this tale.

All'afflitto è dolce il pianto
È la gioia che gli resta.
Una stella a me funesta,
Anche il pianto mi vietò.
Della tua più cruda, oh quanto,
Rosamonda, è la mia sorte!
Tu peristi d'una morte,
Io vivendo ognor morirò.

Ah! Crying is sweet to the afflicted,
And a joy left to them.
A star, so fatal to me,
Even crying is forbidden.
Like your cruelty, how much,
Rosamund, is my fate!
You have perished to your death,
I, living, each day die.

Translated by Tara Boydston

“Aldonza”

From *Man of La Mancha*

Mitch Leigh (1928-2014)

Story by Dale Wasserman, Lyrics by Joe Darion

This 1965 Broadway musical is a retelling of the world-famous tale of *Don Quixote*, originally written by Miguel de Cervantes in 1605. The plot was adapted from a later, televised rendition of this story, *Teleplay 1, Don Quixote*, written in 1959 by Dale Wasserman, which aired on CBS with the *DuPont Show of the Month* program. After Wasserman failed to have it made into a non-musical Broadway play, director Albert Marre proposed he make it into a musical, and teamed up with composer Mitch Leigh and orchestrator Carlyle W. Hall to make it happen. It won 5 Tony awards in its first production, and is one of the longest-lasting productions on Broadway, having been revived four times. The orchestration in this work is unique for its time, as it had no traditional string instruments other than a double bass and instead substituted them exclusively for flamenco-style guitars; allowing them to incorporate heavier brass and percussion. This recreates the dramatic flares of Spanish flamenco music more authentically, with the lush sound of the strumming of guitars, accompanied by soaring brass and vocal lines, along with lively Spanish rhythms.

This retelling is done as a play within a play. The tale is reenacted by the original author himself, Cervantes, with characters played by his fellow inmates while imprisoned by the Spanish Inquisition. Don Quixote is a fictional persona made by an old man slowly driven mad from injustice and the incessant reading of old, romantic books on chivalry. He becomes obsessed with being a knight-errant with his squire, Sancho Panza. He first encounters Aldonza at an Inn he mistakes for a castle, where he swears she is his "Dulcinea", or the lady to whom he has sworn eternal loyalty. She is flustered and annoyed by his dotting, but as time goes on he begins to grow on her. She is also relentlessly pursued and harassed by the muleteers, who eventually confront and corner her in a courtyard. Quixote comes to her rescue and they win the fight, but she's inspired by his chivalry to help her wounded enemies. Unfortunately, when she returns to the scene after Quixote is gone, they had regained consciousness and retaliated by beating and raping her. This song is her next encounter with Quixote after this traumatic event, and her processing the intense anger and pain of being a lady of the night.

Requests for accommodations related to disability need to be made to building coordinator, Susan Worstell, 206 Sinquefield 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 website: 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