

University of Missouri School of Music
Student Recital • 2022-2023 Series

Miranda Frankenbach, Mezzo-Soprano
McCade Gordon, piano

November 18, 2022 • 8:30 pm • Sinefield Music Center

Program

De' miei scherni **G. F. Handel**
(1685-1759)

From *Rodelinda*

O Rest in the Lord **Felix Mendelssohn**
(1809-1847)

From *Elijah*

Die Mainacht **Johannes Brahms**
(1833-1897)

In stiller Nacht

Vergebliches Ständchen

Voce di donna **Amilcare Ponchielli**
(1834-1886)

From *La Gioconda*

Intermission

L'absent..... **Charles Gounod**
(1818-1893)

Sérénade

Fleur Desséchée **Pauline Viardot**
(1821-1910)

Me and the Sky..... **Irene Sankoff and David Hein**

From *Come From Away*

continued

Funny Honey **John Kander and Fred Ebb**
(b. 1927) (1928-2004)

From *Chicago*

Another Life **Jason Robert Brown**
(b. 1970)

From *The Bridges of Madison County*

She Used to be Mine **Sara Bareilles**
(b. 1979)

From *Waitress*

Miranda is a student of Professor Steven Tharp.

Requests for accommodations related to disability need to be made to building coordinator, Susan Worstel, 206 Sinquefeld Music Center, 573-884-1604, at least seven days in advance of the event.

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De' miei scherni

De' miei scherni per far le vendette
Il mio amore in furor cangero
Ed accesi gli sguardi in saette
Fiero scempio dell'empio faro

To avenge his derision
I shall change my love to fury.
And with his eyes like flaming arrows
I shall wreak destruction on the villain.

Die Mainacht

Wann der silberne Mond durch die Gesträuche
blinkt
Und sein schlummerndes Licht über den Rasen
streut,
Und die Nachtigall flötet,
Wand'lich Traurig von Busch zu Busch.
Überhüllet vom Laub, girret ein Taubenpaar
Sein Entzücken mir vor; Aber ich wende mich,
Suche dunklere Schatten,
Und die einsame Thräne rinnt.

When the silver moon twinkles through the
bushes,
And dusts the grass with its sleepy light,
And the nightingale pipes like a flute,
I wander mournfully from bush to bush.
Surrounded with leaves, a pair of doves coos
Their delight to me, but I turn away,
Seeking darker shadows,
And a solitary tear flows.

Wann o lächeln des Bild, welches wie
Morgenroth
Durch die Seele mir strahlt, find' ich auf Erden
dich?
Und die einsame Thräne
Bebt mir heisser die Wang' herab.

O smiling image that, like the red light of
morning,
Shines through my soul, when will I find you on
Earth?
And the solitary tear
Trembles more warmly on my cheek.

In stiller Nacht

In stiller Nacht, zur ersten Wacht,
Ein Stimm' beginnt zu klagen,
Der nächt'ge Wind hat süß und lind
Zu mir den Klang getragen,
Von herben Leid und Traurigkeit
Ist mir das Herz zerflossen,
Die Blümelein, mit Tränen rein
Hab' ich sie all' begossen.

In silent night, at first watch,
A voice begins to lament.
The night wind has sweetly and gently
Carried the sound to me.
With bitter pain and sorrow
My heart is melted.
With simple tears and flowers
I have watered all of them.

Der schöne Mon will untergon,
Für Leid nicht mehr mag scheinen,
Die Sternelan ihr Glitzen stahn,
Mit mir sie wollen weinen.
Kein Vogelsang noch Freudenkland
Man höret in den Lüften
Die wilden Their traur'n auch mit mir
In Steinen und in Klüften.

Vergebliches Ständchen

Guten abend, mein Schatz
Guten abend, mein kind!
Ich komm' aus Lieb' zu dir,
Ach, mach mir auf die Tür!

Mein' Tür ist verschlossen,
Ich lass' dich nicht ein;
Mutter die rät' mir klug,
Wär'st du herein mit Fug,
Wär'st mit mir vorbei!

So kalt ist die Nacht,
So eisig der Wind,
Dass mir das Herz erfriert;
Mein' Lieb' erlöschen wird;
Öffne mir, mein kind!

Löschet dein Lieb',
Lass sie löschen nur!
Löschet sie immerzu,
Geh' heim zu Bett, zu Ruh'!
Gute Nacht, mein Knab'!

The lovely moon will now set,
For sorrow it doesn't want to shine,
The stars stop their gleaming,
They want to weep with me.
No birdsong nor joyous sounds
Can be heard in the air.
Even the wild beasts grieve with me
In rocks and ravines.

Good evening, my sweetheart,
Good evening, my child!
I come because I love you;
Ah! Open up your door to me, open up your
door!

My door's locked,
I won't let you in;
Mother gave me good advice-
If you were allowed in,
All would be over with me!

The night's so cold,
The wind's so icy,
My heart is freezing,
My love will go out;
Open up, my child!

If your love goes out,
Then let it go out!
If it keeps going out,
Then go home to bed and go to sleep!
Good night, my child!

Voce Di Donna

Voce di donna o d'angelo
Le mie catene ha sciolto;
Mi vietan le mie tenebrae
Di quella santa il volto
Pure da me non partasi
Senza un pietoso don!
A te questo rosario
Che le preghiere aduna;
Io te lo porgo, accettalo,
Ti portera fortuna;
Sulla tua testa vigili
La mia benedizion.

O voice of an angel
That has freed me from my chains;
I'm unable, in my darkness,
To see your holy face,
Surely you won't leave me
Without a compassionate gift!
To you, I give this rosary
That counts prayers
I offer it to you; accept it.
It will bring good fortune;
Upon your head,
My benediction will guard you.

L'absent

O silence des nuits don't la voix seule est douce,
Quand je n'ai plus sa voix,
Mystérieux rayons, qui glissez sur la mousse
Dans l'ombre de ses bois,

Dites-moi sis es yeux, a l'heure ou tout
sommeille
Se rouvrent doucement
Et si ma bien-aimée alors que moi je veille,
Se souvient du l'absent.

Quand la lune est aux cieux, baignant de sa
lumière
Les grands bois et l'azure;
Quand des cloches du soir qui tintent la prière
Vibre l'echo si pur,

Dites-moi si son âme, un instant recueillie
S'élève avec leur chant,
Et si de leurs accords la paisible harmonie
Lui rappelle l'absent!

O silence of the night, whose voice alone is
sweet
When I no longer hear her voice
Mysterious rays, gliding over the moss
In the shade of her woods-
Tell me if her eyes, at the hour when all sleeps
Reopen gently
And then if my beloved, when I am waking,
Remembers the absent one.

When the moon is in heaven, bathing with its
light
The great forests and the sky;
When the evening bells, tolling for prayer
Awaken so pure an echo-

Tell me if her soul, musing for an instant
Raises her voice with their song,
And if the peaceful harmony of their sounds
Reminds her of the absent one!

Sérénade

Quand tu chantes, bercée
Le soir entre mes bras,
Entends-tu ma pensée
Qui te répond tout bas?
Ton doux chant me rappelle
Les plus beaux de mes jours...
Ah! Chantez, chantez, ma belle,
Chantez toujours!

Quand tu ris, sur ta bouche
L'amour s'épanouit
Et soudain le farouche soupçon S'évanoit.
Ah! Le rire fidele
Prouve un cœur sans detour...
Ah! Riez, riez, ma belle,
Riez toujours!

Quand tu dors, calme et pure,
Dans l'ombre, sous mes yeux,
Ton haleine murmure
Des mots harmonieux.
Ton beau corps se revele
Sans voile et sans atours...
Ah! Dormez, dormez, ma belle,
Dormez toujours!

Fleur Desséchée

Dans ce vieux livre l'on t'oublie,
Fleur sans parfum et sans couleur,
Mais une étrange reverie,
Quand je te vois, emplit mon cœur.

Quel jour, quell lieu te virent naître?
Quel fut ton sort? Qui T'arracha?
Qui sait? Je les connus peut-être,
Ceux don l'amor te conserva!

When you sing, cradled
In my arms at evening,
Do you hear my thoughts
Softly answering you?
Your sweet song recalls the loveliest days of my
life...
Ah! Sing, my fair one,
Sing on!

When you laugh, your lips
Blossom with love,
And instantly, wild
Suspicion vanishes.
Ah! That faithful laughter
Shows a sincere heart...
Ah! Laugh, my fair one,
Laugh on!

When you sleep, calm and pure,
In the shade beneath my gaze,
Your breath murmurs melodious words.
Your body is revealed in its beauty
Without veil or finery...
Ah! Sleep, my fair one,
Sleep on!

In this old book you have been forgotten
Flower without scent or color
But a strange reverie
Fills my heart when I see you.

What day, what place witnessed your brith?
What was your destiny? Who picked you?
Who knows? Perhaps I knew
Those whose love preserved you!

Rappelais-tu, rose flétrie,
La première heure ou les adieux?
Les entretiens dans la prairie
Ou dans le bois silencieux?

Vit-il encore? Existe-t-elle?
A quels rameaux flottent leurs nids?
Ou comme toi, qui fus si belle,
Leurs fronts charmants sont-ils flétris?

Faded rose, do you recall
The first hours or the farewells?
The conversations in the meadow
Or in the silent wood?

Is he still living? Does she exist?
On which branches do their nests sway?
Or like you, who were so lovely,
Are their charming looks withered?