

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

## Mariah Dale, Soprano

## Bomi Kim, Piano

December 3, 2022 • 2pm • Whittmore Recital Hall

### Program

“Cujus animam gementem”

From *Stabat Mater*, P.77

Pergolesi (1710-1736)

\*\*\*

Oh! quand je dors

Comment, disaient-ils

S’il est un charmant gazon

Enfant, si j’étais roi

Franz Liszt (1811-1886)

### *Brief Intermission*

“E Susanna non vien!... Dove sono”

1791)

From *Le nozze di Figaro*

W.A. Mozart (1756-

\*\*\*

Nun wandre, Maria

1903)f

Auf ein altes Bild

Morgenstimmung

Hugo Wolf (1860-

\*\*\*

Och jaký žal!... Ten lasky sen

From *Prodaná Nevěsta*

Bedřich Smetana (1824-1884)

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### Program Notes and Translations

#### “Cujus animam gementem”

From *Stabat Mater* (P.77)

#### Giovanni Pergolesi (1710-1736)

text from the Stabat Mater sequence

Giovanni Battista Pergolesi, also known by the name Giovanni Battista Draghi, was an Italian Baroque violinist, organist, and composer. He grew up learning music from a local musician in his childhood before studying in a conservatory in Naples, and spent most of his professional life working for aristocratic families. The text from this aria comes from the second verse of a 13th century hymn to Mary about her suffering during the crucifixion of Jesus Christ, called the Stabat Mater sequence. Pergolesi set the text of the hymn to music in his *Stabat Mater* (P.77) which he composed in the final weeks of his life in 1736, and the composition is now considered one of his best works, and is certainly one of the most well known.

Cuius animam geméntem,  
contristátam et doléntem  
pertransívit gládius.

Through her weeping soul,  
compassionate and grieving,  
a sword passed.

*Translated by Anita van Ommeren*

#### Oh! quand je dors

Comment, disaient-ils

S'il est un charmant gazon

Enfant, si j'étais roi

#### Franz Liszt (1811-1886)

texts by Victor Hugo

Liszt was a Hungarian pianist, teacher, and composer during the Romantic period. He made a reputation for himself in his younger years as a touring performing pianist, and is in many ways considered the first rock star of his time, as well as one of the best pianists in the world. His career spanned over six decades, and resulted in a massive volume of compositions. Liszt is considered one of

the most prolific and influential composers of the Romantic era, and much of his works are still performed regularly in the modern day. The texts for these songs are poems by Victor Hugo, who was also the author of *The Hunchback of Notre-Dame* and works that went on to inspire the musical *Les Misérables* and the opera *Rigoletto*. Hugo lived in France from 1802 to 1885 and also had a career which spanned more than sixty years, as a French Romantic writer and politician. Victor Hugo is considered one of the greatest French writers of all time, and his artistic influence is still often felt across numerous art forms today.

### **Oh! quand je dors**

Oh! quand je dors, viens auprès de ma couche,  
Comme à Pétrarque apparaissait Laura,  
Et qu'en passant ton haleine me touche ...  
Soudain ma bouche s'entrouvrira!

Ah, while I sleep, come close to where I lie,  
As Laura once appeared to Petrarch,  
And let your breath in passing touch me...  
At once my lips will part!

Sur mon front morne où peut-être s'achève  
Un songe noir qui trop longtemps dura,  
Que ton regard comme un astre se lève ...  
Et soudain mon rêve rayonnera!

On my somber brow, where a dismal dream  
That lasted too long now perhaps is ending,  
Let your countenance rise like a star...  
At once my dream will shine!

Puis sur ma lèvre où voltige une flamme,  
Éclair d'amour que Dieu même épura,  
Pose un baiser, et d'ange deviens femme ...  
Soudain mon âme s'éveillera!

Then on my lips, where a flame flickers—  
A flash of love which God himself has purified—  
Place a kiss and be transformed from angel into woman...  
At once my soul will wake!

*Translated by Richard Stokes*

### **Comment, disaient-ils**

Comment, disaient-ils,  
Avec nos nacelles,  
Fuir les alguazils?  
— Ramez, disaient-elles.

How, said the men,  
in our small craft  
can we flee the alguazils?  
— Row, said the women.

Comment, disaient-ils,  
Oublier querelles,  
Misère et périls?  
— Dormez, disaient-elles.

How, said the men,  
can we forget feuds,  
poverty and peril?  
— Sleep, said the women.

Comment, disaient-ils,  
Enchanter les belles  
Sans philtres subtils?

How, said the men,  
can we bewitch the fair  
without rare potions?

– Aimez, disaient-elles.

– Love, said the women.

*Translated by Richard Stokes*

### **S'il est un charmant gazon**

S'il est un charmant gazon  
Que le ciel arrose,  
Où brille en toute saison  
Quelque fleur éclore,  
Où l'on cueille à pleine main  
Lys, chèvrefeuille et jasmin,  
J'en veux faire le chemin  
Où ton pied se pose!  
S'il est un rêve d'amour,  
Parfumé de rose,  
Où l'on trouve chaque jour  
Quelque douce chose,  
Un rêve que Dieu bénit,  
Où l'âme à l'âme s'unit,  
Oh! j'en veux faire le nid  
Où ton cœur se pose!

If there's a lovely grassy plot  
watered by the sky  
where in every season  
some flower blossoms,  
where one can freely gather  
lilies, woodbines and jasmines...  
I wish to make it the path  
on which you place your feet.  
If there is a dream of love  
scented with roses,  
where one finds every day  
something gentle and sweet,  
a dream blessed by God  
where soul is joined to soul...  
oh, I wish to make it the nest  
in which you rest your heart.

*Translated by Peter*

*Lowe*

### **Enfant, si j'étais roi**

Enfant, si j'étais roi, je donnerais l'empire,  
Et mon char, et mon sceptre, et mon peuple à genoux,  
Et ma couronne d'or, et mes baignoires de porphyre,  
Et mes flottes, à qui la mer ne peut suffire,  
Pour un regard de vous!

Si j'étais Dieu, la terre et l'air avec les ondes,  
Les anges, les démons courbés devant ma loi,  
Et le profond chaos aux entrailles fécondes,  
L'éternité, l'espace et les cieux et les mondes,  
Pour un baiser de toi!

Child, if I were king I would give the empire,  
and my chariot, and my scepter, and my kneeling people,  
and my golden crown, and my porphyry baths,  
and my fleets that the sea could not hold,  
for one of your glances!

If I were God, earth and heaven with the waves,  
the angels, the demons bent before my law,  
and the chaos of the fertile deep,  
eternity, space, the heavens and the worlds  
for a kiss from you!

*Translated by Faith J. Cormier*

**“E Susanna non vien!... Dove sono”  
1791)**

**W.A. Mozart (1756-**

From *Le nozze di Figaro*

Libretto by Lorenzo di Ponte

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was perhaps the most influential and prolific composer of the Classical period, composing over 800 works in his short lifetime. His many symphonies, concertos, choral works, and operas are performed all over the world and often used to score films, commercials, and television. This aria comes from the third act of one of his most beloved operas, *Le nozze di Figaro*. In the opera, the marriage between Il Conte Almaviva and La Contessa has been struggling for quite some time due to the Count's constant and unchecked infidelity and cruel behavior. Over the course of the opera the Count attempts to woo his wife's servant, Susanna, and sleep with her, despite the Count's previous friendship with Susanna's fiancé, Figaro, who also happens to be the Count's valet. During this aria La Contessa is deeply tormented by the dramatic and painful situation and sings of how desperately she longs for the happier early days of her relationship with her husband

E Susanna non vien!  
Sono ansiosa di saper  
come il Conte accolse la proposta.  
Alquanto ardito il progetto mi par,  
E ad uno sposo si vivace e geloso!  
Ma che mal c'è?  
Cangiando i miei vestiti con quelli di Susanna,  
E suoi co' miei  
Al favor della notte.

Oh, cielo! a qual umil stato fatale  
Io son ridotta da un consorte crudel!  
Che dopo avermi con un misto inaudito  
D'infedeltà, di gelosia, di sdegno!  
Prima amata, indi offesa, e alfin tradita,  
Fammi or cercar da una mia serva aita!

Dove sono i bei momenti  
Di dolcezza e di piacer?  
Dove andaro i giuramenti  
Di quel labbro menzogner?

Perchè mai, se in pianti e in pene  
Per me tutto si cangiò,  
La memoria di quel bene

Susanna does not come!  
I'm anxious to know  
How the Count received the proposal.  
The scheme appears to be rather daring,  
And behind the back of a husband who is forceful and jealous!  
But what's the harm?  
To change my clothes into those of Susanna,  
And she changes into mine.  
Under the cover of darkness.

Oh, heavens! What a humble and dangerous state  
I am reduced to by a cruel husband!  
Who imparted me with an unheard mixture of  
Infidelity, jealousy, and disdain!  
First, he loved me, then he abused me, and finally betrayed me,  
Now makes me seek help from a servant!

Where are the good times  
Of sweetness and pleasure?  
Where have they gone, the oaths  
From that deceitful tongue?

Why would, despite my tears and pain  
And the complete change in my life,  
The good memories

Dal mio sen non trapassò?

Ah! se almen la mia costanza,  
Nel languire amando ognor,  
Mi portasse una speranza  
Di cangiar l'ingrato cor!

Remain within my breast?

Ah! If only my constancy,  
Which still loves even while languishing,  
Will bring hope  
To change his ungrateful heart!

*Translated by Aaron Green & Mariah Dale*

**Nun wandre, Maria**

**Auf ein altes Bild**

**Morgenstimmung**

**Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)**

Hugo Wolf was an Austrian composer of the Romantic period who is best known today for his art songs. Wolf struggled with his mental health and regularly dealt with bouts of depression and mood swings that interfered with his creative periods. Despite art songs being smaller, shorter pieces of music, this did not stop Wolf from writing about serious subject matters that often aren't approached in Lieder. Although these songs do not belong to a formal musical set that are regularly performed together, I chose them all because of their similar religious themes. Each song has its own distinct story or narrative and often the lyrics paint very clear visualizations for the audience, bringing the listeners into the world of the song.

**Nun wandre, Maria**

Original Spanish text by Ocaña, translated to German by Paul Heyse

Nun wandre, Maria, nun wandre nur fort.  
Schon krähen die Hähne, und nah ist der Ort.

Nun wandre, Geliebte, du Kleinod mein,  
Und balde wir werden in Bethlehem sein.  
Dann ruhest du fein und schlummerst dort.  
Schon krähen die Hähne und nah ist der Ort.

Wohl seh ich, Herrin, die Kraft dir schwinden;  
Kann deine Schmerzen, ach, kaum verwinden.  
Getrost! Wohl finden wir Herberg dort.  
Schon krähen die Hähne und nah ist der Ort.

Wär erst bestanden dein Stündlein, Marie,

Ride onward, sweet Mary, ride onward, keep on,  
the roosters are crowing, we're close to the town.

Ride onward, beloved, where comfort waits;  
we'll soon be arriving at Bethlehem's gates.  
And there you may slumber safe and warm.  
The roosters are crowing, we're nearing the town.

See how you falter, so weak and weary!  
Nor can I ease your pain, dearest Mary.  
Take heart, for shelter awaits us now.  
The cocks are crowing, we're nearing the town.

Oh! that your time had arrived, little dear:

Die gute Botschaft, gut lohnt ich sie.  
Das Eselein hie gäb ich drum fort!  
Schon krähen die Hähne, komm! nah ist der Ort.

good news that I'd give anything to hear.  
This donkey I'd give if it were done. The roosters are  
crowing ... come, near is the town.

*Translation by Allen*

*Shearer*

### **Auf ein altes Bild**

Text by Eduard Mörike

In grüner Landschaft Sommerflor,  
Bei kühlem Wasser, Schilf und Rohr,  
Schau, wie das Knäblein sündelos  
Frei spielet auf der Jungfrau Schoss!  
Und dort im Walde wonnesam,  
Ach, grünnet schon des Kreuzes Stamm!

In the summer haze of a green landscape,  
By cool water, rushes and reeds,  
See how the Child, born without sin,  
Plays freely on the Virgin's lap!  
And ah! growing blissfully there in the wood,  
Already the tree of the cross is turning green!

*Translated by Richard Stokes*

### **Morgenstimmung**

Text by Robert Reinick

Bald ist der Nacht ein End' gemacht,  
Schon fühl' ich Morgenlüfte wehen.  
Der Herr, der spricht: Es werde Licht!  
Da muss, was dunkel ist, vergehen.  
Vom Himmelszelt durch alle Welt  
Die Engel freudejauchzend fliegen;  
Der Sonne Strahl durchflammt das All.  
Herr, lass uns kämpfen, lass uns siegen!

Night will soon be over,  
Already I feel morning breezes stir.  
The Lord says: 'Let there be light!'  
Then all that's dark must vanish.  
Angels flying across the world  
Come down from the skies, singing with joy;  
Sunlight blazes across the universe.  
Lord, let us fight, let us conquer!

*Translated by Richard Stokes*

### **Och jaký žal!... Ten lasky sen**

From *Prodaná Nevěsta*

**Bedřich Smetana (1824-1884)**

Libretto by Karel Sabina

Bedřich Smetana was a 19th century Czech composer who has been hailed as the father of Czech music in his homeland. This honor was bestowed on Smetana because of his incorporation of traditional Czech folk songs, dances, and general celebration of Czech culture in his operas and other works. This aria is from the final act of his opera *Prodaná Nevěsta*, also called *The Bartered Bride*, which today is his most internationally performed opera. Earlier in the opera, Maenka's family and members of the village are attempting to procure a marriage match for her, despite her protests and desires to be paired only with



her true love, Jenik. Just before this aria Marenka is led to believe that Jenik has betrayed her and sold the rights to marry her to another man whom she does not know. She reflects on the perceived betrayal and though she is unsure of what exactly to believe, she mourns the loss of what she thought was her one shot at a life filled with love and happiness with Jenik. What she does not yet know, however, is that Jenik has done nothing less than ensure that the two will indeed be able to marry at the end of the opera and live happily ever after together.

Och, jaký žal! jaky to žal,  
když srdce oklamáno!  
Však přece ještě nevěřím,  
ač stojí tam napsáno.  
Nevěřím, až s ním promluvím.  
Snad ani o tom neví!  
ó, kým se mi v nesnázi té skutečná,  
skutečná pravda zjeví!

Ten lásky sen, jak krásný byl, ten lásky sen  
Jak krásný byl, jak nadějně rozkvítal!  
A nad ubohým srdcem mým co tichá hvězda svítal,  
A nad ubohým srdcem mým co tichá hvězda svítal!  
Jak blahý život s milencem v snu tomto jsem si prádla!  
Tu osud přivál vichřici a růže lásky svadla.  
Ne, není možný taký klam, ne, ne, ne, ne, ne, ne, není  
Není možný taký klam!  
Tent' smutnou by byl ranou,  
A rosplakala by se zem nad láskou pochovanou,  
Nad láskou, láskou pochovanou!

Oh, what grief! What grief  
When heart deceived!  
Yet, I still don't believe it,  
although it stands there in writing.  
I don't believe it until I speak with him!  
Maybe he doesn't even know about it!  
Oh, in my distress let the real,  
the real truth be revealed to me!

This dream of love, how beautiful it was, this dream of love  
How beautiful it was, how hopefully it blossomed!  
And over my wretched heart it was shining like a star,  
And over my wretched heart it was shining like a star!  
How in this dream a blissful life with my beloved I imagined!  
Now fate blew in a tempest, and love's rose has withered.  
No, such deception is not possible, no, no, no, no, no, no, it's not,  
It is not possible such deception!  
It would be a sad wound,  
And the earth would burst into tears over the buried love,  
Over the buried love, love!

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