

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

Kate Wyman, soprano
Dr. Rachel Aubuchon, piano

Assisted by Sam Varnon, Tenor

Friday, February 10, 2023 • 7pm • Sheryl Crow Hall

Program

“Vado, ma dove? O Dei!” **W.A. Mozart**
(1756-1791)
Text by Lorenzo da Ponte

“У моего окна” **Sergei Rachmaninoff**
(1873-1943)
Text by Galina Galina

“Ни слова, о друг мой” **Pyotr Tchaikovsky**
(1840-1893)
Text by Aleksey Plescheyev

“музыка ” **Sergei Taneyev**
(1856-1915)
Text by Lev Kobylinsky

“Widmung” **Robert Schumann**
(1810-1856)
From *Myrthen* Text by Friedrich Rückert

“Frühlingsglaube” **Franz Schubert**
(1797-1828)
Text by Johann Ludwig Uhland

“Briefchen Shrieb ich” **Alexander von Zemlinsky**
(1871-1942)
Text by Ferdinand Gregorovius

Intermission

“Chanson Triste” **Henri Duparc**
(1848-1933)
Text by Jean Lahor

“Aurore” **Gabriel Fauré**
(1845-1924)
Text by Armand Silvestre

“L’heure Exquise” **Reynaldo Hahn**
(1874-1947)
Text by Paul Verlaine

“A Waterbird (Flying into the Sun)” **Gwyneth Walker**
(b. 1947)
From *The Sun is Love* Text by Jelaluddin Rumi

“Go ‘way from my Window” **John Jacob Niles**
(1892-1980)
Text by John Jacob Niles

“Do Not Go, My Love” **Richard Hageman**
(1881-1966)
Text by Rabindranath Tagore

“Joy” **Ricky Ian Gordon**
(b. 1956)
From *Genius Child* Text by Langston Hughes

“Some Things are Meant to Be” **Jason Howland**
(b. 1971)
From *Little Women* Text by Mindi Dickstein
Ft. Sam Varnon, Tenor

*This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Arts degree in Music.
Kate is a student of Kyle Stegall.*

Welcome to my senior capstone recital. I am so grateful to everyone watching (whether in-person or online), and I'm excited to share a small sample of what I've been working on for the past four years with you all. I'd like to thank my friends and family for their continued encouragement and support. I'd like to extend a special thank-you to my parents, grandparents, and Mrs. Boone for always believing in me and fostering my passion for music. Without them, I wouldn't be standing and singing in front of you today. I'd also like to thank the Mizzou music faculty, especially Professor Stegall, who has been the most amazing mentor and teacher I could have ever hoped for during my time at Mizzou. Music has been an integral part of my life for as long as I can remember, and I feel so incredibly blessed that I've been able to continue studying it in college. The pieces I'll be singing tonight are all special to me in one way or another, and I can't wait to share them with you. I hope that you enjoy the program and find some songs that resonate with you, as well. Thank you for listening.

Vado, ma dove?

Vado, ma dove? Oh dei!
Se de' tormenti suoi, se de' sospiri miei,
Non sente il ciel pietà!

Tu che mi parli al core,
Guida i miei passi, amore;
Tu quell'ritegno or togli che dubitar mi fa.

I go, but where?

I go, but where? Oh gods!
If for his torments, if for my sighs,
Heaven feels no pity!

You who speak to my heart
Guide my steps, love;
Remove that restraint which makes me doubt.
-Translation by Daniel Harris & Arthur Schoep

Mozart originally wrote this piece as an audition aria—a solo voice piece used by singers to audition for a performance role—while working on his opera, *Così fan tutte*. The aria was later inserted into the opera *Il barbero di buon cuore* by Vicente Martín y Soler. In this song, the character Lucilla expresses her exasperation and hopelessness after finding herself and her husband in a dire situation. She then calls upon her love to guide the course of her actions. Mozart's expertise shines through in this piece. I love the contrast between the frantic vexation of the A section and the romantic pleading of the B section.

У моего окна

У моего окна черемуха цветет,
Цветет задумчиво под ризой серебристой,
И веткой свежей и душистой
Склонилась и зовёт...

Её трепещущих
воздушных лепестков
Я радостно ловлю веселое дыхание,
Их сладкий аромат туманит мне сознание,
И песни о любви они поют без слов...

Before my Window

Before my window a cherry tree flowers,
blossoming dreamily in white bridal robes,
its fragrant silvery branches gently sway,
and rustling, call to me...

I draw down the quivering blossoms
and lost in rapture breathe in
their sweet fragrance, until their
heady sweetness makes my senses reel,
as they sing a wordless song of love.

-Translation by Anne Evans

I was drawn to this piece because of its entrancing, dreamlike melody. There is a call-and-response happening between the piano and vocal line, which mirrors the image of nature interacting with the narrator of the poem. A tree branch bends and calls to them, enrapturing them with a sweet fragrance and conjuring memories of love.

Ни слова, о друг мой

Ни слова, о друг мой, ни вздоха...
Мы будем с тобой молчаливы
Ведь молча над камнем могильным
Склоняются грустные ивы...

И только, склонившись, читают,
Как я в твоём [взоре]1 усталом,
Что были дни ясного счастья...
Что этого счастья -- не стало.

Not a word, oh my friend

Not a word, oh my friend, not a sigh...
We shall be silent together
just as the sad willows bend
over the gravestone...

And as they bend low, they read
Just as I read in your tired gaze,
That you once knew days of radiant happiness...
And that happiness exists no longer.

-Translation by Phillip Ross Bullock

The text describes the grief of a terrible loss, but I also see it as a song about companionship. The narrator is empathetic to their grieving friend, and the two sit in silence and mourn together.

Tchaikovsky's haunting melody of this song pairs expertly with the bleak poetry. The accompaniment pulls back for a moment towards the end of the song, further exemplifying the raw emotion and sadness of the line, "And that happiness exists no longer."

музыка

Порою музыка мой дух влечёт, как море;
К тебе, к тебе, звезда моя,
В тумане сумрачном, в эфирных волн просторе
В тот час стремлюся я...

И вот крепчает грудь при яростном напоре...
И, парус распустия,
По бешеным хребтам чернеющего моря
Несется вверх ладья.

И снова грудь моя полна безумной страстью,
И снова я лечу над губельною пастью,
Но вдруг затихнет всё, и в глубине пучин,

Сквозь блеск воды зеркальной,
я созерцаю вновь,
Безмолвный и печальный, отчаянье своё.

Music

Music often transports me like a sea;
To you, to you, my pale star
Under a ceiling of mist or vast ether,
I set sail...

My breast billows in the violent surf...
And with sails unfurled,
The boat plunges forth headlong
Through the frenzied crests of the sea.

And once again, my breast is filled with wild passion,
And once again, I fly above the perilous abyss.
But suddenly all falls quiet, and in the depths,

Through the mirror of the luminous sea,
I once again behold
The silent sadness of my despair.

-Translation by Phillip Ross Bullock

Music has a magical quality of transporting us back in time. Certain songs remind us of specific memories or people. They draw us back into the past and can conjure memories of grief, happiness,

passion, and so much more. I interpret this poem as someone hearing a song that reminds them of a lost or forgotten love. When the song ends, they are thrust back into despair, knowing that this love was in the past. For a time, though, they recall the vast multitudes of their love with intense clarity. This is echoed in the music. The song starts out with a strong piano melody and rapid tempo, but the last lines of the song are feature soft dynamics and a slower tempo. To me, the dynamic, flowing sixteenth note motions in the piano accompaniment resemble the movement of the sea that is mentioned throughout the poem.

Widmung

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,
Du meine Wonn', o du mein Schmerz,
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,
O du mein Grab, in das hinab
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab!

Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden,
Du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden.
Dass du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert,
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,
Du hebst mich liebend über mich,
Mein guter Geist, mein bess'eres Ich!

Dedication

You my soul, you my heart,
You my rapture, oh you my pain
You my world in which I live,
My heaven you, to which I aspire
Oh you my grave, into which
My grief forever I've consigned!

You are repose, you are peace,
You are bestowed on me from heaven.
Your love for me gives me my worth,
Your eyes transfigure me in mine,
You raise me lovingly above myself,
My guardian angel, my better self!

-Translation by Richard Stokes

German composer Robert Schumann wrote "Widmung" as part of a series of songs that he dedicated to his wife, Clara Weick, as a wedding gift. The passionate, heartfelt composition and poetry capture his feelings of genuine love for Clara. My favorite part of the song is the "B" section, which becomes peaceful and more stable. It shows that Schumann was not only intensely passionate about Clara, but he also felt peaceful and comforted in her presence.

Frühlingsglaube

Die linden Lüfte sind erwacht,
Sie säuseln und weben Tag und Nacht,
Sie schaffen an allen Enden.
O frischer Duft, o neuer Klang!
Nun, armes Herz, sei nicht bang!
Nun muss sich Alles, Alles wenden.

Die Welt wird schöner mit jedem Tag,
Man weiss nicht, was noch werden mag,
Das Blühen will nicht enden.
Es blüht das fernste, tiefste Tal:
Nun, armes Herz, vergiss der Qual!
Nun muss sich Alles, Alles wenden.

Faith in Spring

Balmy breezes are awakened;
They stir and whisper day and night,
everywhere creative.
Oh fresh scents, oh new sounds!
Now, poor heart, do not be afraid.
Now all must change.

The world grows fairer each day;
we cannot know what is still to come;
the flowering knows no end.
The deepest, most distant valley is in flower.
Now, poor heart, forget your torment.
Now all must change.

-Translation by Richard Wigmore

I chose this song for my recital because I was struck by the beauty and poignancy of the poetry. On the surface, this is a poem about the seasonal transition from winter to spring. However, it is also a poem about entering a new stage or season of life. As a senior, I've often found myself worrying about my future and what is in store for me after college. To me, this poem is a message of reassurance. When one season ends, a new one is just beginning. Everything must change eventually, and though change can be scary, it is also exciting and beautiful.

Briefchen schrieb ich

Briefchen schrieb und warf in den Wind ich,
Sie fielen ins Meer, und sie fielen auf Sand.
Ketten von Schnee und von Eise, die bind' ich,
Die Sonne zerschmilzt sie in meiner Hand.

Maria, Maria, du sollst es dir merken:
Am Ende gewinnt, wer dauert im Streit,
Maria, Maria, das sollst du bedenken:
Es siegt, wer dauert in Ewigkeit.

I Wrote Little Letters

I wrote little letters and threw them into the wind;
They fell into the sea and they fell onto the sand.
Into chains of snow and ice, I wind them,
and the sun melts them in my hands.

Maria, Maria, you must notice:
he who endures the struggle wins in the end;
Maria, Maria, you must understand:
He who endures in eternity is victorious.

This song may be short, but Zemlinsky does not waste a second of musical expression. This is a song about persistence and going to great lengths to express your love. Just like the narrator of the poem, this song is unrelenting and full of fervor, as exhibited by the rapid tempo and the dynamic sixteenth note motion in the accompaniment. I chose to end my German song set with this piece to provide a high-energy conclusion and a stark contrast to the preceding selection.

Chanson Triste

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été,
Et pour fuir la vie importune,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
Mon triste cœur et mes pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.

Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh! quelquefois sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous;

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesses,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses

Song of Sadness

Moonlight slumbers in your heart,
A gentle summer moonlight,
And to escape the cares of life,
I shall drown myself in your light.

I shall forget past sorrows,
My sweet, when you cradle
My sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving calm of your arms.

You will rest my poor head,
Oh! sometimes on your lap,
And recite to it a ballad
That will seem to speak of us;

And from your eyes full of sorrow,
From your eyes I shall then drink
So many kisses and so much love

Que peut-être je guérirai.

That perhaps I shall be healed.

-Translation by Richard Stokes

This French art song by Duparc is tender and passionate, but there is a persistent underlying sense of melancholy. The narrator finds respite from their sorrows in the arms of their lover, seeking to be healed with their presence. The rocking motion and arpeggios in the piano accompaniment create a sort of ethereal, yearning lullaby.

Aurore

Des jardins de la nuit s'envolent les étoiles,
Abeilles d'or qu'attire un invisible miel,
Et l'aube, au loin tendant la candeur de ses toiles,
Trame de fils d'argent le manteau bleu du ciel.

Du jardin de mon coeur qu'un rêve lent enivre
S'envolent mes désirs sur les pas du matin,
Comme un essaim léger qu'à l'horizon de cuivre,
Appelle un chant plaintif, éternel et lointain.

Ils volent à tes pieds, astres chassés des nues,
Exilés du ciel d'or où fleurit ta beauté
Et, cherchant jusqu'à toi des routes inconnues,
Mêlent au jour naissant leur mourante clarté.

Dawn

The stars fly away from the gardens of night
Like golden bees attracted by invisible honey;
and dawn in the distance, stretching her canvas,
Weaves with silver threads the sky's blue cloak.

My desires fly off at morning's approach
out of the dream-drunk garden of my heart
like a swarm summoned to the copper horizon
by a chant that is plaintive, eternal and far.

They fly to our feet, stars expelled from on high,
exiled from the golden sky in which your beauty blossoms;
And, seeking uncharted roads to travel where you are,
They mingle their dying light with the awakening day.

-Translation by Peter Low

Fauré is one of my favorite French composers. His works are tender and emotional, yet refined and precise. The stable accompaniment in this piece paired with the rich vocal line reminds me of rolling waves in an ocean that ebb and flow unendingly. "Aurore" is about watching the sun slowly rise as the stars fade and the narrator's lover takes their leave. The text and music express awe and yearning.

L'heure Exquise

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...
Ô, bien aimée.

L'étang reflète, Profond miroir,
La silhouette du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...
Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Un vaste et tendre apaisement
Semble descendre du firmament
Que l'astre irise...
C'est l'heure exquise.

The Exquisite Hour

The white moon
Gleams in the woods;
From every branch
There comes a voice
Beaneath the boughs...
O, my beloved.

The pool reflects, deep mirror
The silhouette of the black willow
Where the wind is weeping...
Let us dream, it is the hour.

A vast and tender consolation
Seems to fall from the sky
The moon illumines...
It is the exquisite hour.

-Translation by Richard Stokes

This song paints a picture of the dreamy, magical hour of night when all becomes peaceful. I love the gentle melody and delicate vocal line of the song. This song reminds me of the beauty and mystery of being alone in nature, with your thoughts, to roam.

A Waterbird (Flying into the Sun)

What I want is to see your face
In a tree, in the sun coming out, in the air.
What I want is to hear the falcon-drum,
And light again on your forearm.
To see in every palm your elegant silver coin shavings.
To turn with the wheel of the rain,
To fall with the falling bread.
To swim like a huge fish in ocean water,
to be Jacob recognizing Joseph.
To be a desert mountain instead of a city.

I'm tired of cowards.
I want to live with lions, with Moses.
I want to sing like birds sing,
Not worrying who hears, or what they think.
I am a waterbird flying into the sun.

What I want is to see your face.
Beyond wanting, beyond place.
I am a waterbird flying into the sun.

This is a song about craving a pure love, no holds barred. I think this can be interpreted as a love between two people or between an individual and the divine. One thing I love about this piece is how the narrator seems grows in confidence and assurance throughout the course of the song. At the end of the piece, she embraces freedom and prepares to fly "into the sun," arms outstretched.

Go 'way From My Window

Go 'way from my window
Go 'way from my door
Go 'way, way way from my bedside
And bother me no more
And bother me no more

I'll give you back your letters
I'll give you back my ring
But I'll never forget my own true love
As long as songbirds sing
As long as songbirds sing

I'll go tell all my brothers
Tell all my sisters too
That the reason why my heart is broke

Is on account of you
Is on account of you

Go on your way, be happy
Go on your way and rest
But remember dear, that you are the one
I really did love best
I really did love best

Go 'way from my window
Go 'way from my door
Go 'way, way way from my bedside
And bother me no more
And bother me no more

Aptly nicknamed the “Dean of American Balladeers,” John Jacob Niles was an American composer and an important influence on the American folk music revival of the 1950s and 1960s. His songs have been covered by the likes of Peter, Paul and Mary, Joan Baez, and Bob Dylan, among many others. “Go ‘way from my Window,” has been covered by Joan Baez, and it was also quoted in the popular Bob Dylan song, “It Ain’t Me Babe.” I’ve enjoyed studying and performing this traditional folk song that has had a profound influence on so many artists whom I admire.

Do Not Go, My Love

Do not go, my love, without asking my leave.
I have watched all night, and now my eyes are heavy with sleep;
I fear lest I lose you when I am sleeping.
Do not go, my love, without asking my leave.
I start up and stretch my hands to touch you.
I ask myself, “Is it a dream?”
Could I but entangle your feet with my heart,
And hold them fast to my breast!
Do not go, my love, without asking my leave.

The text of this song is drawn from a poem by Bengali poet Rabindranath Tagore. “Do not Go, My Love,” is from a set of poems about a Bengali queen and her gardener who fall in love despite their class differences. In this poem, the queen is begging her lover to stay. She is afraid that he will leave her in the middle of the night without warning. She implores him and pleads with him, and you can feel her exasperation and passion in the eerie melody and dynamic shifts of Hageman’s composition.

Joy

I went to look for Joy,
Slim, dancing Joy,
Gay, laughing Joy,
Bright-eyed Joy–

And I found her
Driving the butcher's cart
In the arms of the butcher boy!
Such company, such company,
As keeps this young nymph, Joy!

I've enjoyed performing this song because it is unlike any other piece I've studied. This modern, optimistic song is set to a poem by Langston Hughes. I interpret the text as finding joy in simple things and humble surroundings. The lighthearted sentiment and upbeat instrumentality of this song never fails to brighten my mood. I hope it brightens yours, as well.

Some Things are Meant to Be

Let's pretend we're riding on a kite
Let's imagine we're flying through the air
We'll ascend until we're out of sight
Light as paper, we'll soar

Let's be wild up high above the sand
Feel the wind, the world at our command
Let's enjoy the view
And never land
Floating far from the shore

Somethings are meant to be
The clouds moving fast and free
The sun on a silver sea
A sky that's bright and blue
And somethings will never end
The thrill of our magic ride
The love that I feel inside for you

We'll climb high beyond the break of day
Sleep on star dust
And dine in bits of moon
You and I will find the milky way
We'll be mad, and explore
We'll recline, aloft upon the breeze
Dart about, dart about
Sail on with windy ease
Pass the days doing only as we please
That's what living is for

Somethings are meant to be
The tide turning endlessly
The way it takes hold of me
No matter what I do
And somethings will never die
The promise of who you are
Your memories when I am far

From you

All my life
I've lived for loving you
Let me go now

This song is from the musical "Little Women," based on the book by Louisa May Alcott. In this scene, Beth is saying goodbye to her older sister, Jo. This duet is special to me because I'm performing it with one of my best friends, Sam Varnon. Sam and I have known each other since the eighth grade, and I am so grateful to be able to perform this song with him. Though I am about to graduate, this song is a reassurance that the memories and friendships I have made here will live on even after I leave Mizzou.

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