

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

Haley Mesz, soprano
Sam Varnon, tenor
Bomi Kim, piano

April 22, 2023 • 7:00 p.m. • Sheryl Crow Hall

Program Notes

“Quanto è bella” **Gaetano Donizetti**
from *L’elisir d’amore* (1797-1848)

Gaetano Donizetti was born in Bergamo, Italy. At a young age, he began studying music at the cathedral of Santa Maria Maggiore. He would go on to become one of the most prominent composers of Italian opera, writing more than 70 operas. Many of Donizetti’s works are no longer performed today, but his comedic opera *L’elisir d’amore* remains a staple in the world’s largest opera houses. “Quanto è bella” is sung by Nemorino, a poor villager who is infatuated with the beautiful farm owner Adina. In this aria, Nemorino admires Adina as she reads to other peasants, but then he hopelessly concludes Adina’s intelligence makes her unattainable to him.

Quanto è bella, quanto è cara!
Più la vedo e più mi piace ...
Ma in quel cor non son capace
Lieve affetto d’inspirar.
Essa legge, studia, impara ...
Non vi ha cosa ad essa ignota ...
Io son sempre un idiota,
Io non so che sospirar.

How beautiful she is, how dear she is!
the more I see her, the more I like her ...
but in that heart I’m not capable
little dearness to inspire.
That one reads, studies, learns ...
I don’t see that she ignores anything ...
I’m always an idiot,
I don’t know but to sigh.
Translation by Gabriel Huaroc

“Ah! Je veux vivre” **Charles Gounod**
from *Roméo et Juliette* (1818-1893)

This aria is from French composer Charles Gounod’s *Roméo et Juliette*, based on the well-known play by William Shakespeare. The five-act opera contains a French libretto written by Jules Barbier and Michel Carré. This aria is sung by young Juliet in the first act of the opera. Juliet is ecstatic about a masked ball taking place that night, which will be her first experience going to an “adult party.”

Je veux vivre
Dans le rêve qui m’enivre
Ce jour encor!
Douce flamme,
Je te garde dans mon âme
Comme un trésor!

I want to live
in the dream that exhilarates me
This day again!
Sweet flame,
I guard you in my soul
like a treasure!

Cette ivresse de jeunesse
Ne dure hélas! qu'un jour,
Puis vient l'heure
Où l'on pleure,
Le coeur cède à l'amour,
Et le bonheur fuit sans retour!

Loin de l'hiver morose,
Laisse moi sommeiller,
Et respirer la rose,
Avant de l'effeuiller.

This rapture of youthfulness
doesn't last, alas! but a day,
Then comes the hour
at which one cries,
the heart surrenders to love
and the happiness flies without returning.

Far from a marose winter,
let me slumber
And breathe in the rose
before it dies.
Translation by Robert Glaubitz

Liederkreis, Op. 39 Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

- I. "In der Fremde"
- III. "Waldesgespräch"
- XII. "Frühlingsnacht"

German Romantic composer Robert Schumann was born in Zwickau, Germany. As a young man, he enrolled in law school at the University of Leipzig, per his departed father's wishes. However, Schumann spent more time studying piano than law, and he soon dropped out of law school to pursue a career as a pianist. He took lessons from Friedrich Wieck, whose daughter (Clara Wieck Schumann) he would eventually marry. Clara was the one who would become a successful concert pianist, while Robert Schumann became known for his compositions, particularly his piano music and lieder. The following works are from his song cycle *Liederkreis*, Op. 39, with texts by Joseph von Eichendorff.

In der Fremde

Aus der Heimat hinter den Blitzen rot
Da kommen die Wolken her,
Aber Vater und Mutter sind lange tot,
Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr.

Wie bald, ach wie bald kommt die stille Zeit,
Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir
Rauscht die schöne Waldeinsamkeit,
Und keiner kennt mich mehr hier.

Waldesgespräch

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Was reit'st du einsam durch den Wald?
Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein,
Du schöne Braut! Ich führ' dich heim!

„Groß ist der Männer Trug und List,
Vor Schmerz mein Herz gebrochen ist,
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her und hin,
O flieh! Du weißt nicht, wer ich bin.“

So reich geschmückt ist Roß und Weib,

In a Foreign Land

From my homeland, beyond the red lightning,
The clouds come drifting in,
But father and mother have long been dead,
Now no one knows me there.

How soon, ah! how soon till that quiet time
When I too shall rest
Beneath the sweet murmur of lonely woods,
Forgotten here as well.

Translation by Richard Stokes

A Forest Dialogue

It is already late, already cold,
Why ride lonely through the forest?
The forest is long, you are alone,
You lovely bride! I'll lead you home!

'Great is the deceit and cunning of men,
My heart is broken with grief,
The hunting horn echoes here and there,
O flee! You do not know who I am.'

So richly adorned are steed and lady,

So wunderschön der junge Leib,
Jetzt kenn' ich dich—Gott steh' mir bei!
Du bist die Hexe Loreley.

„Du kennst mich wohl—von hohem Stein
Schaut still mein Schloß tief in den Rhein.
Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Kommst nimmermehr aus diesem Wald!“

Frühlingsnacht

Über'm Garten durch die Lüfte
Hört' ich Wandervögel zieh'n,
Das bedeutet Frühlingsdüfte,
Unten fängt's schon an zu blüh'n.

Jauchzen möcht' ich, möchte weinen,
Ist mir's doch, als könnt's nicht sein!
Alte Wunder wieder scheinen
Mit dem Mondesglanz herein.

Und der Mond, die Sterne sagen's,
Und im Traume rauscht's der Hain
Und die Nachtigallen schlagen's:
Sie ist deine, sie ist dein!

So wondrous fair her youthful form,
Now I know you—may God protect me!
You are the enchantress Lorelei.

'You know me well—from its towering rock
My castle looks silently into the Rhine.
It is already late, already cold,
You shall never leave this forest again!
Translation by Richard Stokes

Spring Night

Over the garden, through the air
I heard birds of passage fly,
A sign that spring is in the air,
Flowers already bloom below.

I could shout for joy, could weep,
For it seems to me it cannot be!
All the old wonders come flooding back,
Gleaming in the moonlight.

And the moon and stars say it,
And the dreaming forest whispers it,
And the nightingales sing it:
'She is yours, is yours!'
Translation by Richard Stokes

“Zeffiretti lusinghieri” **W. A. Mozart**
from *Idomeneo* (1756-1791)

This aria comes from W. A. Mozart's opera *Idomeneo*, with libretto by Giambattista Varesco, adapted from a French text by Antoine Danchet. “Zeffiretti lusinghieri” is in the third of three acts and is sung by Ilia, the daughter of King Priam of Troy. Ilia has fallen in love with the enemy country's prince, Idamante, son of King Idomeneo. In this aria, she is singing to nature, hoping that the wind will carry her message of love to Idamante.

Solitudini amiche, aure amorse,
piante fiorite, e fiori vaghi, udite
d'una infelice amante i lamenti,
che a voi lassa confido.
Quanto il tacer presso al mio vincitore,
quanto il finger ti costa afflitto core!

Zeffiretti lusinghieri,
Deh volate al mio tesoro:
E gli dite, ch'io l'adoro
Che mi serbi il cor fedel.

E voi piante, e fior sinceri
Che ora inaffia il pianto amaro,
Dite a lui, che amor più raro
Mai vedeste sotto al ciel.

Solitudes friendly, breezes amorous
lovely flowers and blossoming plants listen
the unhappy laments of her lover
Who forsaken confides in you.
How much it costs my afflicted heart
to hide my love afflicts my heart.

Zephyrs gently caressing
Oh fly to my beloved
And tell him that I adore him
and keep his heart faithful.

And you plants, and flowers tender
which my bitter tears water
tell him that a love more rare
never saw beneath the sky.
Translation by Tina Gray

Intermission

French Mélodies **Gabriel Fauré**
(1845-1924)

“Mandoline”
“Après un rêve”

Gabriel Fauré was born in Pamiers, France. Today he is one of the most celebrated composers of French art song. Fauré studied with many famous teachers, including Camille Saint-Saëns, and in turn he taught many students who would become prominent names in music, such as Nadia Boulanger.

In “Mandoline,” the arpeggiation in the piano is meant to sound like a mandolin. The text of the piece comes from a poem by Paul Verlaine, inspired by paintings by Watteau. The singer is essentially narrating a pastoral scene, which includes well-known, eighteenth-century French comedic characters.

Mandoline

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Mandolin

The gallant serenaders
And their fair listeners
Exchange sweet nothings
Beneath singing boughs.

Tircis is there, Aminte is there,
And tedious Clitandre too,
And Damis who for many a cruel maid
Writes many a tender song.

Their short silken doublets,
Their long trailing gowns,
Their elegance, their joy,
And their soft blue shadows

Whirl madly in the rapture
Of a grey and roseate moon,
And the mandolin jangles on
In the shivering breeze.

Translation by Richard Stokes

“Après un rêve” is one Fauré’s most famous works. Written shortly after Fauré’s fiancé broke their engagement, the piece describes awakening from a vivid dream, in which the singer sees his lover. He pleads with the night to return him to this dream of his love.

Après un rêve

Dans un sommeil que charmaient ton image
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage,
Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix pure et
sonore,
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par
l'aurore;

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre

After a dream

In sleep made sweet by a vision of you
I dreamed of happiness, fervent illusion,
Your eyes were softer, your voice pure and
ringing,
You shone like a sky that was lit
by the dawn;

You called me and I departed the earth

Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière,
Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient leurs nues,
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines
entrevues.

Hélas! hélas, triste réveil des songes,
Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends-moi tes
mensonges;
Reviens, reviens, radieuse,
Reviens, ô nuit mystérieuse!

To flee with you toward the light,
The heavens parted their clouds for us,
We glimpsed unknown splendours, celestial
fires.

Alas, alas, sad awakening from dreams!
I summon you, O night, give me back your
delusions;
Return, return in radiance,
Return, O mysterious night!
Translation by Richard Stokes

"Prayer," Op. 8, No. 6 **Sergei Rachmaninoff**
from *6 Romances* (1873-1943)

Sergei Rachmaninoff was a Russian composer and virtuoso pianist. "Prayer," or "Молитва," is the final song of his *6 Romances*. As apparent from the title, this song is a cry to God. The singer believes she is the only who could have saved a man she loved from ending his life. The text describes immense remorse, regret, and guilt, as the singer feels she has greatly sinned.

Молитва

О, Боже мой!
Взгляни на грешную меня;
Я мучусь, я больна душой,
Изрыта скорбью грудь моя.
О, мой Творец, велик мой грех,
Я на земле преступней всех.

Кипела в нём младая кровь,
Была чиста его любовь,
Но он её в груди своей
Таил так свято от людей.
Я знала всё... О Боже мой!
Прости мне, грешной и больной.

Его я муки понял;
Улыбкой, взором лишь одним
Я б исцелить его могла,
Но я не сжалилась над ним.

Томился долго, долго он,
Печалью тяжкой удручён;
И умер, бедный, наконец,
О Боже мой, о мой Творец!
Ты тронься грешинцы мольбой,
Взгляни, как я больна душой.

Prayer

Oh, my God!
Look at sinful me;
I suffer, I am ill in my soul,
sorrow tortures my breast.
Oh, my Creator, great is my sin,
I am the worst criminal on earth.

Young blood boiled in him,
pure was his love,
but he kept it in himself
so holy, from people.
I knew it all... Oh, my God!
Forgive me, sinful and ill.

I understood his sufferings;
With only the sign of a smile
I could have cured him,
But I didn't pity him.

He suffered long, long,
With sadness and heavily depressed
And died, miserable at last,
Oh, my God, Oh, my Creator!
Be touched by my sinful prayer...
Look how I am ill in my soul.
Translation by Aliana de la Guardia

“The Seal Man” **Rebecca Clarke**
(1886-1979)

Anglo-American composer Rebecca Clarke studied at the Royal Academy of Music, where she was one of Sir Charles Villiers Stanford's first female composition students. She also sang in an ensemble directed by Ralph Vaughan Williams. Clarke wrote more than 50 works, including choral works, chamber pieces, and a Viola Sonata. “The Seal Man,” with text by John Masefield, tells the narrative of a woman drawn into the sea to her death by a mysterious creature, which is both seal and human. Clarke uses many dramatic musical elements to portray this mysterious tragedy.

And he came by her cabin to the west of the road, calling.
There was a strong love came up in her at that,
and she put down her sewing on the table, and "Mother," she says,
"There's no lock, and no key, and no bolt, and no door.
There's no iron, nor no stone, nor anything at all
will keep me this night from the man I love."
And she went out into the moonlight to him,
there by the bush where the flow'rs is pretty, beyond the river.
And he says to her: "You are all of the beauty of the world,
will you come where I go, over the waves of the sea?"
And she says to him: "My treasure and my strength," she says,
"I would follow you on the frozen hills, my feet bleeding."
Then they went down into the sea together,
and the moon made a track on the sea, and they walked down it;
it was like a flame before them. There was no fear at all on her;
only a great love like the love of the Old Ones,
that was stronger than the touch of the fool.
She had a little white throat, and little cheeks like flowers,
and she went down into the sea with her man,
who wasn't a man at all.
She was drowned, of course.
It's like he never thought that she wouldn't bear the sea like himself.
She was drowned, drowned.

“Find My Way Home” **Adam Gwon**
from *Artists in Residence* (b. 1980)

American composer and lyricist Adam Gwon is from Baltimore, Maryland. A graduate of NYU Tisch School of the Arts, Gwon currently resides in New York City and was named one of "50 to Watch" by *The Dramatist* magazine. He is best known for his off-Broadway debut *Ordinary Days*. Gwon wrote “Find My Way Home” (music and lyrics) for *Artists in Residence*, a cleverly titled album of songs produced by Broadway artists from their homes in 2020. Sung by Patina Miller, “Find My Way Home” was inspired by the long walks Gwon took during quarantine.

I go out walking and get lost for hours.
Something I never used to do.
I wander off into these quiet places.
Streets I never knew.

I leave the sidewalks lined with cars behind me.

Make way on unfamiliar ground.
There's less and less I recognize the more I look around.
Oh, what if I don't find my way home?

I pass a diner painted bright with neon.
A house with stained-glass on the door.
Tucked away here like some far-off kingdom where I've washed ashore.

A couple passes but their eyes stay distant.
The life I knew becomes a blur.
I walk for miles and wonder how we get back where we were.

Oh, what if I don't find my way home?

Will I turn the corner?
Get back from where I came?
One foot-step, another.
I know the world won't be the same but oh, tell me I will find my way home.

Oh, somehow I will find my way home.

"Jetzt, Schätzchen, jetzt sind wir allein".....Ludwig van Beethoven
from *Fidelio* (1770-1827)

Ludwig van Beethoven was born in Bonn, Germany, and he is one of the most predominant figures in Western music history. Most famous for his symphonies and concertos, Beethoven wrote only one opera, *Fidelio*, with libretto by Joseph Sonnleithner and Friedrich Treitschke. It was largely considered a failure in his lifetime, but today, *Fidelio* is a celebrated work. In fact, it returned to the stage of the Metropolitan Opera this season. This duet between the jailer's assistant Jacquino and the jailer's daughter Marzelline opens the opera. Jacquino wants to marry Marzelline, who is in love with the title character Fidelio. Marzelline pities Jacquino and attempts to politely decline his proposal. However, Jacquino takes her avoidance for acceptance, and even once he is clearly rejected, he hopes to change Marzelline's mind.

Jetzt, Schätzchen, jetzt sind wir allein,
Wir können vertraulich nun plaudern.

Now, Sweetheart, at last we are alone
Let us have now a quiet chat.

*Es wird ja nichts Wichtiges sein,
Ich darf bei der Arbeit nicht zaudern.*

*It cannot be all that important,
I must go on with my work.*

Ein Wörtchen, du Trotzige, du!

One word, you obstinate girl!

So sprich nur, ich höre ja zu.

Go on then, I'm listening to you.

Wenn du mir nicht freundlicher blickest,
So bring ich kein Wörtchen hervor.

If you don't look friendlier at me
I shall not be able to talk.

*Wenn du dich nicht in mich schickest,
Verstopf ich mir vollends das Ohr.*

*Put up with me as I am,
Or else I shan't listen at all.*

Ein Weilchen nur höre mir zu,
Dann lass' ich dich wieder in Ruh.

One minute, please, hear what I say,
Thereafter I'll leave you in peace.

*So hab ich denn nimmermehr Ruh;
So rede, so rede nur zu.*

Ich habe zum Weib dich gewählt,
Verstehst du?

Das ist ja doch klar.

Und, wenn mir dein Jawort nicht fehlet,
Was meinst du?

So sind wir ein Paar.

Wir könnten in wenigen Wochen -

Recht schön, du bestimmst schon die Zeit.

Zum Henker, das ewige Pochen!

So bin ich doch endlich befreit!

Da war ich so herrlich im Gang,
Und immer entwischt mir der Fang.

*Wie macht seine Liebe mir bang,
Wie werden die Stunden mir lang.
Ich weiss, dass der Arme sich quälet,
Es tut mir so leid auch um ihn!
Fidelio hab ich gewählt,
Ihn lieben ist süsser Gewinn.*

Wo war ich? - Sie sieht mich nicht an.

Da ist er - er fängt wieder an.

Wann wirst du das Jawort mir geben?
Es könnte ja heute noch sein.

*O weh! Er verbittert mein Leben.
Jetzt, morgen und immer, nein!*

Du bist doch wahrhaftig von Stein!
Kein Wünschen, kein Bitten geht ein.

*Ich muss ja so hart mit ihm sein,
Er hofft bei dem mindesten Schein.*

So wirst du dich nimmer bekehren?
Was meinst du?

Du könntest nun gehn.

Wie? Dich anzusehn willst du mir wehren?
Auch das noch?

*You never will leave me in peace,
Let hear me what you've got to say.*

I've chosen you for my wife,
You understand?

This is quite clear.

And if you did only consent -
You follow?

We're husband and wife.

We could within very few weeks -

How nicely you've worked it all out.

To Hell with this continuous knocking!

At last he will leave me in peace.

I was getting so nicely along,
Again she has slipped through my net.

*His love, how sad does it make me,
The hours seem never to end.
I know that the poor devil suffers
And I am so sorry for him.
Fidelio's the one I have chosen,
To love him makes happy my life.*

Where was I - she's looking away.

Here he is - he'll start it again.

When will you give me your consent?
It easily could be today.

*Oh dear, he embitters my life.
Once and for ever, no!*

Your heart is as hard as a stone!
Unmoved by my wishes, my prayers.

*I must be so cruel with him,
Not give him a glimmer of hope.*

Is there nothing that would change your mind?
Do tell me!

Please, leave me alone.

To look at you, you can't forbid me,
Or will you?

So bleibe hier stehn!

Du hast mir so oft doch versprochen -

Versprochen? Nein, das geht zu weit!

Zum Henker, das ewige Pochen!

So bin ich doch endlich befreit!

Es ward ihr im Ernste schon bang,
Wer weiss, ob es mir nicht gelang.

*Das ist ein willkommener Klang,
Es wurde zu Tode mir bang.*

Stay here, if you want to!

How often you've given your promise -

My promise? No, this goes too far!

To Hell with this continuous knocking!

At last he will leave me in peace!

She really seemed quite concerned,
Who knows, I might win her at last.

*How welcome this sound is to me,
I almost got frightened to death.*

With special thanks to our families; friends; Lucy Urlacher; David Myers and the recording studio; collaborative pianist extraordinaire Bomi Kim; and our dear teacher, Professor Seitz.

Haley Mesz and Sam Varnon are students of Christine Seitz.

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