

University of Missouri School of Music

Senior Recital • 2022-2023 Series

Ethan Miller, Bass-Baritone

Bomi Kim, Piano

April 23rd • 2:00 pm • Whitmore Recital Hall

Amarilli, mia bella

Richard Pearson Thomas

b. 1957

N'est - ce Pas

Cécile Chaminade

1857-1944

Mandoline

Gabriel Fauré

1845-1924

Aimons - nous

Camille Saint - Saëns

1835-1921

Vier ernste Gesänge

Johannes Brahms

1833-1897

1. Denn es gehet dem Menschen wie dem Vieh
2. Ich wandte mich, und sahe an
3. O Tod, wie bitter bist du
4. Wenn ich mit Menschen- und mit Engelszungen

Intermission

Non più andrai

From *Le nozze Di Figaro*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

1756-1791

Blow, Ye Winds

Celius Dougherty

1902-1986

A Learning Experience Over Coffee

Jake Heggie

From *Thoughts Unspoken*

b. 1961

Evermore

Alan Menken

From *Beauty and the Beast*

b. 1949

Lyrics by Tim Rice

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree in Vocal Performance. Ethan Miller is a student of Christina Ray.

Welcome to my final performance at University of Missouri. I can not express how quickly these past four years have gone by. I have learned more about not only music, but about myself than I ever would have imagined. I have put in effort every day to become a better performer not only for myself but for all of my audiences, in the present and future. I appreciate all the experiences I've had and great friends I have made along the way. Thank you.

Amarilli, mia bella

I first encountered this text my freshman year, from the famous 24 Italian Songs and Arias book. The text is someone asking if they believe in their love. Telling this love to open the singer's chest and see it in their heart. This version of the songs brings out more intense emotions as it gives the performer much freedom. This reimagination by Thomas was a very interesting piece that truly tested my musicality and performance abilities.

Amarilli, mia bella

Amarilli, mia bella,

Non credi, o del mio cor dolce desio,

D'esser tu l'amor mio?

Credilo pur: e se timor t'assale,

[Dubitar non ti vale.]¹

Aprimi il petto e vedrai scritto in core:

Amarilli, Amarilli, Amarilli

è il mio amore

.

Amaryllis, my lovely one

Amaryllis, my lovely one,

do you not believe, o my heart's sweet desire,

That you are my love?

Believe it thus: and if fear assails you,

Doubt not its truth.¹

Open my breast and see written on my heart:

Amaryllis, Amaryllis, Amaryllis,

Is my beloved.

Translation by Lieder.Net

Nest - ce Pas?

This is a somewhat unknown piece as it is hard to find information about it on the internet. This song talks about the unfairness of life and the pain life brings. Cécile showed this off by writing in large leaps and held notes on the “ah” sound, almost like cries of pain. Cécile traveled America performing her pieces so it is quite sad that I could not find more information on this beautiful piece.

N'est - ce Pas?

N'est - ce pas que la vie est triste

Et que les destins sont méchants,

Et qu'hormis la douceur des chants,

Hormis nos beaux rêves d'artiste,

Ici bas rien de bon n'existe?

N'est - ce pas que tout n'est que leurre

Is it Not?

Isn't life sad

And that the fates are wicked,

And that apart from the sweetness of the songs,

Apart from our beautiful dreams as artists,

Down here nothing good exists?

Isn't it all just a decoy

Aux espoirs qui nous ont charmés?
Seuils d'or des paradis fermés
espoirs furtifs qu'emporte l'heure
Et qu'éternel ement l'on pleure!
Si la douceur nous est donnée.
De suivre le même chemin, Ensemble,
la main dans la main Et l'âme à l'âme
abandonnée,
N'accusons pas la destinée.

To the hopes that charmed us?
Golden thresholds of closed paradises
furtive hopes carried away by the hour
And how eternally we cry!
If sweetness is given to us.
To follow the same path, Together,
Hand in hand And soul to abandoned soul,
Don't blame fate

Translations by Ethan Miller

Mandoline

This piece was originally a poem by Paul Varaline, which was inspired by a painting from an 18th century artist. The light and airy tune is deceptively hard. The plucky accompaniment acting as a mandolin needs to be countered with flowy legato voice which is what gives this piece its charm. It is supposed to represent the characters of the painting as they frolic in the meadows.

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]1 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 singers of serenades
Whisper their faded vows
Unto fair listening maids
Under the singing boughs.
Tircis, Aminte, are there,
Clitandre is over-long,
And Damis for many a fair
Tyrant makes many a song.
Their short vests, silken and bright,
Their long pale silken trains,
Their elegance of delight,
Twine soft blue silken chains.
And the mandolines and they,
Faintlier breathing, swoon
Into the rose and grey
Ecstasy of the moon.

Translations by Lieder.Net

Vier ernste Gesänge

Translating quite literally to “Four Serious Songs” Brahms wrote this set near the end of his life, using words from the bible. He completed this cycle after his dear “friend” Clara Schumann suffered from a stroke and died. These pieces deal with the topics of death, love, life, hope, and faith. These are the first Brahms pieces I have ever sung but I have come to enjoy their complexity and deeper meaning.

Denn es gehet dem Menschen

Denn es gehet dem Menschen wie dem
Vieh;
wie dies stirbt, so stirbt er auch;
und haben alle einerlei Odem;
und der Mensch hat nichts mehr denn das
Vieh:
denn es ist alles eitel.
Es fährt alles an einen Ort;
es ist alles von Staub gemacht, und wird
wieder zu Staub.
Wer weiß, ob der Geist des Menschen
aufwärts fahre,
und der Odem des Viehes unterwärts unter
die Erde fahre?
Darum sahe ich, daß nichts bessers ist,
denn daß der Mensch fröhlich sei in seiner
Arbeit,
denn das ist sein Teil.
Denn wer will ihn dahin bringen, daß er
sehe, was nach ihm geschehen wird?

For that which befalleth the sons of men

For that which befalleth the sons of men
befalleth beasts;
as the one dieth, so dieth the other;
yea, they have all one breath;
so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a
beast;
for all is vanity.
All go unto one place;
all are of dust, and all turn to dust again.
Who knoweth the spirit of man [...] goeth
upward
and the spirit of the beast that goeth
downward to the earth?
Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing
better,
than that a man should rejoice in his own
works,
for that is his portion.
For who shall bring him to see what shall
happen after him?

Translations by Oxford Lieder

Ich wandte mich

Ich wandte mich und sahe an alle,
die Unrecht leiden unter der Sonne;
Und siehe, da waren Tränen derer,
Die Unrecht litten und hatten keinen Tröster,
Und die ihnen Unrecht taten, waren zu
mächtig,
Daß sie keinen Tröster haben konnten.
Da lobte ich die Toten, die schon gestorben
waren
Mehr als die Lebendigen, die noch das
Leben hatten;
Und der noch nicht ist, ist besser, als alle
beide,
Und des Bösen nicht inne wird, das unter
der Sonne geschieht

O Tod, wie bitter bist du

O Tod, wie bitter bist du,
Wenn an dich gedenket ein Mensch,
Der gute Tage und genug hat
Und ohne Sorge lebet;
Und dem es wohl geht in allen Dingen
Und noch wohl essen mag!
O Tod, wie wohl tust du dem Dürftigen,
Der da schwach und alt ist,
Der in allen Sorgen steckt,
Und nichts Bessers zu hoffen,
Noch zu erwarten hat!

So I returned

So I returned, and considered all the
oppressions that are done under the sun;
and behold the tears of such as were
oppressed, and they had no comforter;
and on the side of their oppressors there was
power;
but they had no comforter.
Wherefore I praised the dead which are
already dead more than the living which are
yet alive.
Yea, better is he than both they, which hath
not yet been,
who hath not seen the evil work that is done
under the sun.

Translations by Oxford Lieder

O death

O death, how bitter is the remembrance of
thee to a man
that liveth at rest in his possessions,
unto the man that hath nothing to vex him,
and that hath prosperity in all things;
yea, unto him that is yet able to receive meat!
O death, acceptable is thy sentence unto the
needy and unto him whose strength faileth,
that is now in the last age,
and is vexed with all things,
and to him that despaireth,
and hath lost patience!

**Wenn ich mit Menschen und mit
Engelszungen redete**

Wenn ich mit Menschen - und mit
Engelzungen redete,
und hätte der Liebe nicht,
so wär ich ein tönend Erz, oder eine klingende
Schelle.

Und wenn ich weissagen könnte und wüßte
alle Geheimnisse und alle Erkenntnis,
und hätte allen Glauben,
also, daß ich Berge versetzte, und hätte der
Liebe nicht, so wäre ich nichts.

Und wenn ich alle meine Habe den Armen
gäbe,
und ließe meinen Leib brennen
und hätte der Liebe nicht,
so wäre mir's nichts nütze.

Wir sehen jetzt durch einen Spiegel in einem
dunklen Wort,
dann aber von Angesicht zu Angesichte.
Jetzt erkenne ich's stückweise;
dann aber werde ichs erkennen,
gleichwie ich erkannt bin.

Nun aber bleibet Glaube, Hoffnung, Liebe,
diese drei;
aber die Liebe ist die größte unter ihnen

Though I speak with the tongues of men

Though I speak with the tongues of men and
of angels,
and have not love,

I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling
cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and
understand all mysteries,
and all knowledge;
and though I have all faith, so that I could
remove mountains,
and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the
poor,
and though I give my body to be burned,
it profiteth me nothing...

For now we see through glass, darkly;
but then face to face:
now I know in part, but then shall I know even
as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three;
but the greatest of these is love

Translations by Oxford Leider

Non Piu Andrai

An absolute operatic classic. From Mozart's famous *Le nozze di Figaro* which I will have the joy of performing on two separate occasions over the coming months. This lighthearted piece is all about making fun of little Cherubino who is too scared to go off to war. This piece has been sung for many decades and I am sure I will sing it many more times in my future.

Non più andrai

Non più andrai, farfallone amoroso,
Notte e giorno d'intorno girando;
Delle belle turbando il riposo
Narcisetto, Adoncino d'amor.
Non più avrai questi bei pennacchini,
Quel cappello leggero e galante,
Quella chioma, quell'aria brillante,
Quel vermiglio donnesco color.
Tra guerrieri, poffar Bacco!
Gran mustacchi, stretto sacco.
Schioppo in spalla, sciabla al fianco,
Collo dritto, muso franco,
Un gran casco, o un gran turbante,
Molto onor, poco contante!
Ed invece del fandango,
Una marcia per il fango.
Per montagne, per valloni,
Con le nevi e i sollioni.
Al concerto di tromboni,
Di bombarde, di cannoni,
Che le palle in tutti i tuoni
All'orecchio fan fischiar.
Cherubino alla vittoria:
Alla gloria militar!

No more, you

No more, you amorous butterfly,
Will you go fluttering round by night and day,
Disturbing the peace of every maid,
You pocket Narcissus, you Adonis of love.
No more will you have those fine feathers,
That light and dashing cap,
Those curls, those airs and graces,
That roseate womanish colour.
You'll be among warriors, by Bacchus!
Long moustaches, knapsack tightly on,
Musket on your shoulder, sabre at your side,
Head erect and bold of visage,
A great helmet or a headdress,
Lots of honour, little money,
And instead of the fandango,
Marching through the mud.
Over mountains, through valleys,
In snow and days of listless heat,
To the sound of blunderbusses,
Shells and cannons,
Whose shots make your ears sing
On every note.
Cherubino, on to victory,
On to military glory!

Translations by Lyricstranslate.com

Blow, Ye Winds

Sea shanties are one of my guilty vocal pleasures. Knowing this Professor Ray showed me this quick and fun piece. Telling the story of young men becoming whalers and living life at sea, this song is another deceptively hard piece. The quick tempo combined with the flurry of american consonants means you must stay on your toes. This piece however leaves much interpretation to the performer as you can perform this in many different way or tones.

A Learning Experience Over Coffee

This piece has most definitely been a learning experience. Jake Heggie being one of the few composers in my recital still alive means there is a little less room for imagination. This piece is the first piece in a 4 song set. Each piece is based about a man talking about his love, but not directly to them. This piece is all about trying to find the right words to show your love and adoration, but unfortunately never finding those words. This piece has beautifully mixed my classical training and musical theater training which has been a joy and challenge all at the same time.

Evermore

Everyone has seen Beauty and the Beast, and if you say you havent you are a liar. The version of this piece that made me want to sing it though is not from the original animated movie, but from the 2016 live action remake which I did not get around to watching until I was in lockdown during covid. As soon as I heard this in the movie I knew I wanted to perform it somewhere as it is such a great piece for a bass-baritone like myself. It is a piece I can connect with because no matter how much you want someone or love someone it might not work out, but that someone will always stay with you in your heart.

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