

University of Missouri School of Music  
Senior Recital • 2023-2024 Series

**Sam Varnon, tenor**  
**Bomi Kim, piano**

Friday, April 12, 2024 • 7:00 p.m. • Sheryl Crow Hall

**Program**

*Please hold applause until the end of a set.*

***Tre Ariette*.....Vincenzo Bellini**  
(1801—1835)

- I. Il fervido desiderio
- II. Dolente immagine di Fille mia
- III. Vaga luna che inargenti

**from *Die schöne Müllerin*.....Franz Schubert**  
(1797—1828)

- II. Wohin?
- V. Am Feierabend
- XVIII. Trockne Blumen

**Intermission**

***Chansons grises*.....Reynaldo Hahn**  
(1874—1947)

- I. Chanson d'Automne
- II. Tous deux
- III. L'Allée est sans fin
- IV. En Sourdine
- V. L'Heure exquise
- VI. Paysage triste
- VII. La bonne Chanson

***Ride Up in the Chariot*.....Brandon A. Boyd**  
(World Premiere) (b. 1986)

***Prayer*.....Ricky Ian Gordon**  
from *Genius Child* (b. 1956)

***A Horse With Wings*.....Ricky Ian Gordon**

*This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Arts in Music degree.  
Sam Varnon is a student of Christine Seitz.*

**Recital Program Notes**  
**Sam Varnon, tenor**

**Acknowledgements**

This recital has been a true labor of love, which I could not have done alone. To my family: thank you for your endless love and support and for indulging me in many living room performances. To my friends, especially Haley Mesz and Jessica Scarce: thank you for being shoulders to lean on. To Dr. Boyd: thank you for always having your door open to me and for trusting me to sing the premiere of your piece. To Bomi Kim: thank you for blessing me with your beautiful collaboration and friendship for the past three years. Finally, to my teacher, Professor Seitz: what a privilege and joy to be your student. Thank you for being my mentor and role model.

**Vincenzo Bellini (1801—1835)**

Italian composer Vincenzo Bellini is regarded as one of the great composers of the *bel canto* (beautiful singing) style. He is best known for his operas, including *La sonnambula* and *Norma*. Published posthumously in 1838, *Tre Ariette* is highly representative of *bel canto*, with long, legato melodies in the vocal line and mostly scales and arpeggios in the accompaniment. The three songs also share the common theme of the singer having been separated from the one he loves.

**Il fervido desiderio**

Quando verrà quel dì  
che riveder potrò  
quel che l'amante cor tanto desia?

Quando verrà quel dì  
che in sen t'accoglierò,  
bella fiamma d'amor, anima mia?  
*Anonymous Text*

**Dolente immagine di Fille mia**

Dolente immagine di Fille mia,  
perchè sì squallida mi siedì accanto?  
Che più desideri? Dirotto pianto  
io sul tuo cenere versai finor.

Temi che immemore de' sacri giuri  
io possa accendermi ad altra face?  
Ombra di Fillide, riposa in pace;  
è inestinguibile l'antico ardor.  
*Anonymous Text*

**Vaga luna, che inargenti**

Vaga luna, che inargenti  
queste rive e questi fiori  
ed ispiri agli elementi

**The fervent wish**

When will that day come  
when I may see again  
That which the loving heart so desires?

When will that day come  
when I welcome you to my bosom,  
Beautiful flame of love, my own soul?  
*Translation by Camilla Bugge*

**Sorrowful Image**

Sorrowful image of my Phillis,  
Why do you sit so desolate beside me?  
What more do you wish for? Streams of tears  
Have I poured on your ashes.

Do you fear that, forgetful of sacred vows,  
That I might burn by another flame?  
Shade of Phillis, rest peacefully;  
the old flame [of love] cannot be extinguished.  
*Translation by Camilla Bugge*

**Lovely moon, you who shed silver light**

Lovely moon, you who shed silver light  
On these shores and on these flowers  
And breathe the language

il linguaggio dell'amor;  
testimonio or sei tu sola  
del mio fervido desir,  
ed a lei che m'innamora  
conta i palpiti e i sospir.

Dille pur che lontananza  
il mio duol non può lenir,  
che se nutro una speranza  
ella è sol nell'avvenir.  
Dille pur che giorno e sera  
conto l'ore del dolor,  
che una speme lusinghiera  
mi conforta nell'amor.

*Anonymous Text*

Of love to the elements,  
You are now the sole witness  
Of my ardent longing,  
And can recount my throbs and sighs  
To her who fills me with love.

Tell her too that distance  
Cannot assuage my grief,  
That if I cherish a hope,  
It is only for the future.  
Tell her that, day and night,  
I count the hours of sorrow,  
That a flattering hope  
Comforts me in my love.

*Translation by Antonio Giuliano*

### **Franz Schubert (1797—1828)**

Franz Schubert was born near Vienna, Austria, where he lived for most of his short life. In 1823, he wrote *Die schöne Müllerin* (*The Fair Maid of the Mill*), a cycle of 20 songs, using a collection of poems by Wilhelm Müller for the text. Schubert completed some of the cycle while hospitalized with syphilis, which was incurable at the time and ultimately led to his death.

The piano part sets the mood for much of the cycle. In “Wohin?” the unnamed protagonist follows the sound of a brook, evoked by the sixteenth notes in the piano line. He is led to a mill, where he then works and soon falls in love with the miller’s daughter. She does not pay him any special attention, which he laments in “Am Feierabend.” Later in the cycle, she falls in love with a huntsman, much to the narrator’s dismay. In “Trockne Blumen,” he resigns to proving his love to her after he has died. The shift to a major key near the end of the song conveys his delusional happiness at the thought of this. In the next song, he takes his life by jumping into the brook.

#### **Wohin?**

Ich hört' ein Bächlein rauschen  
Wohl aus dem Felsenquell,  
Hinab zum Tale rauschen  
So frisch und wunderhell.

Ich weiss nicht, wie mir wurde,  
Nicht, wer den Rat mir gab,  
Ich musste auch hinunter  
Mit meinem Wanderstab.

Hinunter und immer weiter  
Und immer dem Bache nach,  
Und immer frischer rauschte,  
Und immer heller der Bach.

#### **Where to?**

I heard a little brook babbling  
from its rocky source,  
babbling down to the valley,  
So bright, so wondrously clear.

I know not what came over me,  
nor who prompted me,  
but I too had to go down  
With my wanderer’s staff.

Down and ever onwards,  
always following the brook  
as it babbled ever brighter  
And ever clearer.

Ist das denn meine Strasse?  
O Bächlein, sprich, wohin?  
Du hast mit deinem Rauschen  
Mir ganz berauscht den Sinn.

Was sag' ich denn vom Rauschen?  
Das kann kein Rauschen sein:  
Es singen wohl die Nixen  
Tief unten ihren Reihn.

Lass singen, Gesell, lass rauschen,  
Und wandre fröhlich nach!  
Es gehn ja Mühlenräder  
In jedem klaren Bach.  
*Text by Wilhelm Müller*

### **Am Feierabend**

Hätt' ich tausend  
Arme zu rühren!  
Könnt' ich brausend  
Die Räder führen!  
Könnt' ich wehen  
Durch alle Haine!  
Könnt' ich drehen  
Alle Steine!  
Dass die schöne Müllerin  
Merkte meinen treuen Sinn!

Ach, wie ist mein Arm so schwach!  
Was ich hebe, was ich trage,  
Was ich schneide, was ich schlage,  
Jeder Knappe tut mir's nach.  
Und da sitz' ich in der grossen Runde,  
In der stillen kühlen Feierstunde,  
Und der Meister sagt zu Allen:  
„Euer Werk hat mir gefallen;“  
Und das liebe Mädchen sagt  
Allen eine gute Nacht.  
*Text by Wilhelm Müller*

### **Trockne Blumen**

Ihr Blümlein alle,  
Die sie mir gab,  
Euch soll man legen  
Mit mir ins Grab.

Is this, then, my path?  
O brook, say where it leads.  
With your babbling  
You have quite befuddled my mind.

Why do I speak of babbling?  
That is no babbling.  
It is the water nymphs singing  
As they dance their round far below.

Let them sing, my friend; let the brook babble  
And follow it cheerfully.  
For mill-wheels turn  
In every clear brook.  
*Translation by Richard Wigmore*

### **After Work**

If only I had a thousand  
Arms to wield!  
If only I could drive  
The rushing wheels!  
If only I could blow like the wind  
Through every wood,  
and turn  
Every millstone,  
so that the fair maid of the mill  
Would see my true love.

Ah, how weak my arm is!  
What I lift and carry,  
what I cut and hammer –  
Any apprentice could do the same.  
And there I sit with them, in a circle,  
in the quiet, cool hour after work,  
and the master says to us all:  
'I am pleased with your work.'  
And the sweet maid  
Bids us all goodnight.  
*Translation by Richard Wigmore*

### **Withered flowers**

All you flowers  
that she gave to me,  
you shall be laid  
With me in the grave.

Wie seht ihr alle  
Mich an so weh,  
Als ob ihr wüsstet,  
Wie mir gescheh'?

Ihr Blümlein alle,  
Wie welk, wie blass?  
Ihr Blümlein alle  
Wovon so nass?

Ach, Tränen machen  
Nicht maiengrün,  
Machen tote Liebe  
Nicht wieder blühn.

Und Lenz wird kommen  
Und Winter wird gehen,  
Und Blümlein werden  
Im Grase stehn.

Und Blümlein liegen  
In meinem Grab,  
Die Blümlein alle,  
Die sie mir gab.

Und wenn sie wandelt  
Am Hügel vorbei,  
Und denkt im Herzen:  
„Der meint' es treu!“

Dann Blümlein alle,  
Heraus, heraus!  
Der Mai ist kommen,  
Der Winter ist aus.  
*Text by Wilhelm Müller*

How sorrowfully  
you all look at me,  
as though you knew  
what was happening to me!

All you flowers,  
How faded and pale you are!  
All you flowers,  
Why are you so moist?

Alas, tears will not create  
the green of May,  
nor make dead love  
Bloom anew.

Spring will come,  
and winter will pass,  
and flowers  
Will grow in the grass.

And flowers will lie  
on my grave –  
all the flowers  
That she gave me.

And when she walks  
past that mound  
and ponders in her heart,  
'His love was true.'

Then, all you flowers,  
Come forth, come forth!  
May is here,  
Winter is over!  
*Translation by Richard Wigmore*

## Reynaldo Hahn (1874—1947)

Reynaldo Hahn was born in Caracas, Venezuela, but his family moved to Paris when he was very young. He studied composition under Charles Gounod and Jules Massenet at the Paris Conservatoire, as well as privately with Camille Saint-Saëns. At the age of 16, he composed *Chansons grises* (Gray songs), a set of songs with texts by Paul Verlaine. The songs in *Chansons grises* are not clearly thematically tied, but they share common musical elements, including repeated pitches (“droning”), short melodic phrases, and limited piano accompaniment.

**Chanson d' Automne**  
Les sanglots longs  
Des violons  
De l'automne

**Autumn Song**  
With long sobs  
The violins  
Of autumn

Blessent mon coeur  
D'une langueur  
Monotone.

Tout suffocant  
Et blême, quand  
Sonne l'heure,  
Je me souviens  
Des jours anciens  
Et je pleure;

Et je m'en vais  
Au vent mauvais  
Qui m'emporte  
De ça, de là,  
Pareil à la  
Feuille morte.

*Text by Paul Verlaine*

### **Tous deux**

Donc, ce sera par un clair jour d'été  
Le grand soleil, complice de ma joie,  
Fera, parmi le satin et la soie,  
Plus belle encor votre chère beauté;

Le ciel tout bleu, comme une haute tente,  
Frissonnera somptueux à longs plis  
Sur nos deux fronts heureux qu'auront pâlis  
L'émotion du bonheur et l'attente;

Et quand le soir viendra, l'air sera doux  
Qui se jouera, caressant, dans vos voiles,  
Et les regards paisibles des étoiles  
Bienveillamment souriront aux époux.

*Text by Paul Verlaine*

### **L'Allée est sans fin**

L'allée est sans fin  
Sous le ciel, divin  
D'être pâle ainsi:  
Sais-tu qu'on serait  
Bien sous le secret  
De ces arbres-ci?

Le château, tout blanc

Wound my heart  
With languorous  
Monotony.

All choking  
And pale, when  
The hour sounds,  
I remember  
Departed days  
And I weep;

And I go  
Where ill winds blow,  
Buffeted  
To and fro,  
Like a  
Dead leaf.

*Translation by Richard Stokes*

### **Both of us**

So, on a bright summer day it shall be:  
The great sun, my partner in joy,  
Shall make, amid the satin and the silk,  
Your dear beauty lovelier still;

The sky, all blue, like a tall canopy,  
Shall quiver sumptuously in the long folds  
Above our two happy brows, grown pale  
With pleasure and expectancy;

And when evening comes, the breeze shall be soft  
And play caressingly about your veils,  
And the peaceful stars looking down  
Shall smile benevolently on man and wife.

*Translation by Richard Stokes*

### **The path is endless**

The path is endless  
Beneath the sky, divine  
In being so pale:  
Do you know how at ease  
We could be  
Beneath the secret of these trees?

The castle, all white,

Avec, à son flanc,  
Le soleil couché,  
Les champs à l'entour:  
Oh! Que notre amour  
N'est-il là niché!

*Text by Paul Verlaine*

### **En Sourdine**

Calmes dans le demi-jour  
Que les branches hautes font,  
Pénétrons bien notre amour  
De ce silence profond.

Fondons nos âmes, nos cœurs  
Et nos sens extasiés,  
Parmi les vagues langueurs  
Des pins et des arbusiers.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,  
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,  
Et de ton cœur endormi  
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Laissons-nous persuader  
Au souffle berceur et doux  
Qui vient, à tes pieds, rider  
Les ondes des gazons roux.

Et quand, solennel, le soir  
Des chênes noirs tombera  
Voix de notre désespoir,  
Le rossignol chantera.

*Text by Paul Verlaine*

### **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

Flanked by  
The sun now set,  
Encircled by fields:  
Oh! That our love  
Were hidden there!  
*Translation by Richard Stokes*

### **Muted**

Calm in the twilight  
Cast by lofty boughs,  
Let us steep our love  
In this deep quiet.

Let us mingle our souls, our hearts  
And our enraptured senses  
With the hazy languor  
Of arbutus and pine.

Half-close your eyes,  
Fold your arms across your breast,  
And from your heart now lulled to rest  
Banish forever all intent.

Let us both succumb  
To the gentle and lulling breeze  
That comes to ruffle at your feet  
The waves of russet grass.

And when, solemnly, evening  
Falls from the black oaks,  
That voice of our despair,  
The nightingale shall sing.

*Translation by Richard Stokes*

### **Exquisite hour**

The white moon  
Gleams in the woods;  
From every branch  
There comes a voice  
Beneath the boughs...

O my beloved.

The pool reflects,  
Deep mirror,  
The silhouette  
Of the black willow

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.

*Text by Paul Verlaine*

### **Paysage triste**

L'ombre des arbres dans la rivière embrumée  
Meurt comme de la fumée,  
Tandis qu'en l'air, parmi les ramures réelles,  
Se plaignent les tourterelles.

Combien, ô voyageur, ce paysage blême  
Te mira, blême toi-même...  
Et que tristes pleuraient dans les hautes feuillées  
Tes espérances noyées!

*Text by Paul Verlaine*

### **La bonne Chanson**

La dure épreuve va finir.  
Mon coeur, souris à l'avenir!

Ils sont finis, les jours d'alarmes,  
Où j'étais triste jusqu'aux larmes!

J'ai tu les paroles amères,  
Et banni les sombres chimères!

Mes yeux, exilés de la voir,  
De par un douloureux devoir,

Mon oreille, avide d'entendre  
Les notes d'or de sa voix tendre,

Tout mon être et tout mon amour  
Acclament le bienheureux jour,

Où, seul rêve et seule pensée,  
Me reviendra la fiancée!

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...

Exquisite hour.

*Translation by Richard Stokes*

### **Sad landscape**

The shadow of the trees, in the mist-covered river,  
dies like smoke,  
whereas in the air, among the real branches,  
The doves lament.

How much, o traveller, this pale landscape  
reflected you, pale yourself...

And how sadly, in the high branches,  
Your drowned hopes wept!

*Translation by Christopher Goldsack*

### **The good song**

The hard test will end.  
My heart, smile at what is to come!

They are finished, the days of alarms,  
When I was sad to the point of tears!

I have killed the bitter words,  
And banished the dark fantasies!

My eyes, exiled from the sight of her  
by a painful duty,

My ear, avid to hear  
the golden notes of her tender voice,

all my being and all my love  
hail the happy day

when, my only dream and my only thought,  
My fiancée will return to me!



*Text by Paul Verlaine*

*Translation by Laura (Pranada) Sylvis*

**Brandon A. Boyd (b. 1986)**

Dr. Brandon A. Boyd is Director of Choral Activities and Associate Professor of Choral Music Education at the University of Missouri. He is also an active composer and arranger, and his works are frequently performed both in the U.S. and internationally. Bomi and I are honored to perform the world premiere of his arrangement of the spiritual “Ride Up in the Chariot.”

**Ricky Ian Gordon (b. 1956)**

American composer Ricky Ian Gordon was born in Oceanside, New York. A graduate of Carnegie Mellon University, he has become a prominent composer of opera, art song, and musical theater. In “Prayer,” Gordon ties the repetition of a text by Langston Hughes with a repeated descending melodic figure that modulates. “A Horse With Wings,” part of a songbook by the same name, is a setting of Gordon’s own text. The song expresses the desire to “feel the world around [you]” as well as a hope for a better future.

**Prayer**

I ask you this:

Which way to go?

I ask you this:

Which sin to bear?

Which crown to put

Upon my hair?

I do not know,

Lord God,

I do not know.

*Text by Langston Hughes*

**A Horse With Wings**

I wanna cry.

I wanna feel the world around me whirling by.

I wanna cry for those that live,  
and those that die.

You sing a lullaby.

I wanna cry.

I wanna pray,  
that all my wishes could come true after today,  
and should I put a word for you in,  
should I say  
an extra Kyrie?  
I wanna pray.

I wanna lie.  
I wanna think that things are better  
than they are.  
I wanna think we've gotten further,  
and that far  
is just an inch away.  
I wanna lie.

A horse with wings,  
I wanna think of things like that  
and other things.  
I want two brothers, one who laughs,  
and one who sings.  
I hope the future brings  
a horse with wings.

I wanna know  
the things they told me way back then  
were really so.  
I wanna make a little mark before I go,  
not barely just get by,  
I wanna fly!  
*Text by Ricky Ian Gordon*