

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

Vaysia Knust, Voice
Dr. Rachel Aubuchon, Piano

Sunday, April 21, 2024

2:00 p.m.

Sheryl Crow Hall

Program

An die Sonne
An den Mond
Die Sternennächte

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Frère, voyez!... Du gai soleil
from *Werther*

Jules Massenet
(1842-1912)

Loves philosophy

Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)

Love in the dictionary

Celsius Dougherty
(1902-1986)

Willow Song
from *the Ballad of Baby Doe*

Douglas Moore
(1893-1969)

Intermission

Rève d'amour
Le secret

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Intorno all'idol mio

Antonio Cesti
(1623-1669)

Ich schwebe

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Neghittosi or voi che fate
from *Ariodante*

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

The Girl in 14G

Jeanine Tesori
(1961-present)

No One Else
from *Natasha, Pierre and the Great Comet of 1812*

Dave Malloy
(1976-present)

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree in vocal performance. Vaysia Knust is a student of Professor Christine Seitz.

*Requests for accommodations related to disability need to be made to building coordinator,
Susan Worstell, 206 Sinquefield Music Center, 573-884-1604,
at least seven days in advance of the event.*

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Song translations

An die Sonne

Sinke, liebe, Sonne, sinke!
Ende deinen trüben Lauf,
Und an deine stelle winke.
Bald den Mond herauf.

Herrlicher und schöner dringe
Aber Morgen dann herfür,
Liebe Sonn! Und mit dir bringe
Meinen Lieben mir.
[Text: Gabriele Von Baumberg]

An den Mond

Füllest wieder Busch und Thal
Still mit Nebelglanz,
Lösest endlich auch einmal
meine Seele ganz.
Breitest über mein Gefild
Lindernd deinen Blick,
Wie des Freundes Augemild,
Über mein Geschick.

Jeden Nachklang fühlt mein Herz
Froh und trüber Zeit,
Wandle zwischen Freud and Schmerz
In der Einsamkeit.
Fliesse, fliesse, lieber Fluss!
Nimmer werd ich froh;
So verrauschte Scherz und Kuss,
Und die Treue so.

Wer lebt in unserm Kreise,
Und lebt nicht selig drin?
Genießt die freie Weise
Und treuen Brudersinn!
So bleibt durch alle Zeiten
Herz Herzen zugekehrt;
Von keinen Kleinigkeiten
Wird unser Bund gestört.
[Text: Johan Wolfgang von Goethe]

Die Sternennächte

In Mond erhellten Nächten.
Mit dem Geschick' zu rechten,
Hat diese Brust verlernt.
Der Himmel, reich gesternt,
Umwoget mich mit Frieden.
Da denk' ich: Auch hienieden

To the Sun

Sink, dearest sun, sink!
End your dusky course,
And in your place quickly bid
The moon rise.

but tomorrow come forth.
more glorious and more beautiful
dearest sun! and with you
Bring my love.
[English translation ©Richard Wilgmore]

To the Moon

Once more you silently fill wood and vale.
with your hazy gleam
and at last
set my soul quite free.
You cast your soothing gaze;
over my fields
mild with a friend's gentle eye
you watch over my fate.

My heart feels every echo
of times both glad and gloomy.
hover between joy and sorrow
in my solitude
Flow on, beloved river!
I shall never be happy:
thus have laughter and kisses rippled away,
and with them constancy.
[English translation ©Richard Wilgmore]

who in our circle lives,
And is not happy there
true liberty it gives
And brothers love so fair
thus heart and heart through life
with mutual love are filled.
and by no causeless strife.
Our union ever is chilled.
[English translation © Edgar Alfred Bawring]

The Starry Nights

On moonlit nights
how to argue with fate
my heart forgets
The heavens, rich with stars,
fill me with a sense of peace;
and I think: even here

Gedeihet manche Blume;
Und frischer schaut der stumme,
Sonst trübe Blick hinauf
Zu ew'ger Sterne Lauf.

Auf ihnen bluten Herzen
Auf ihnen quälen Schmerzen
Sie aber strahlen heiter.
So schließ' ich selig weiter:
Auch unsre kleine Erde,
Voll Mißton und Gefährde,
Sich als ein heiter Licht
In's Diadem verflucht.
So werden Sterne
Durch die Ferne!
[Text: Johan Baptist Mayrhofer]

bloom many flowers
and more freshly do I gaze with my silent,
yet troubled look
up to the course of the eternal stars.

On them, hearts do bleed;
on them, pains do torture;
yet they continue to shine cheerfully.
So it happily occurs to me
that our small earth too,
full of discord and danger,
is a cheerful light
interlaced into this diadem.
thus appear the stars.
From a distance!
[English translation ©Emily Ezust]

Frère voyez! ... Du gai soleil!

Frère! voyez! Voyez le beau bouquet!
J'ai mis, pour le Pasteur, le jardin au pillage!
Et puis, l'on va danser!
Pour le premier menuet c'es sur vous que je compte ...
Ah! le sombre visage!
Mais aujourd'hui, monsieur Werther,
Tout le monde est joyeux!
Le bonheur est dans l'air!
Du gai soleil, pleine de flamme,
Dans l'azur resplendissant,
La pure clarté descend de nos fronts jusqu'à notre âme!
Tout le monde est joyeux!
Le bonheur est dans l'air!
Et l'oiseau qui monte aux cieus
dans la brise qui soupire ...
Est revenu pour nous dire
que Dieu permet d'être heureux!
Tout le monde est joyeux!
Le bonheur est dans l'air!
[Text: Charlotte Hoather]

Brother Look! the cheerful sun!

Brother! Look! Look at the beautiful bouquet!
I have pillaged from the garden for the Pastor.
And afterwards, we are going dancing!
For the first minuet it is on you that I count ...
Ah! The sombre face!
but today, Mr Werther,
All the world is joyous!
Happiness is in the air!
From the cheerful sun, full of flame,
In the brilliant azure,
the pure light descends from our forehead to our soul.
All the world is joyous!
Happiness is in the air!
And the bird which climbs into the sky
on the breeze which sighs,
Has come back to tell us
That God permits us to be happy!
All the world is joyous!
Happiness is in the air!
[English Translation ©Lea Frey]

Love's Philosophy

The fountains mingle with the river
and the rivers with the ocean,
the winds of heaven mix forever
with a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle,
Why not I with thine?
See the mountains kiss high Heaven
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother.
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea,

What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?
[Text: Percy Bysshe Shelley]

Love in the dictionary

Love (n.): 1. A strong, complex emotion or feeling of personal attachment, causing one to appreciate, delight in, or crave the presence or possession of the object, and to please and promote the welfare of that object; 2. Devoted affection or attachment, specifically, the feeling between husband and wife, brother and sister, or lover and sweetheart; 3. One who is beloved, a sweetheart; 4. Animal passion; 5. The personification of the love-passion, Cupid; 6. In some games, as tennis, nothing.
[Text: Funk and Wagnall's Students' Standard Dictionary]

Willow song

Willow, where we met together...
Willow, when our love was new...
Willow, if he once should be returning.
pray tell him I am weeping too.
So far from each other
as the days pass in their emptiness away...
O my love, must it be forever...
never once again to meet as on that day...
and never rediscover a way of telling
all our hearts could say.
Gone are the days of pleasure....
gone are the friends I had of yore...
only the recollection fatal of a word that was spoken:
Nevermore...
Willow, where we met together...
Willow, when our love was new...
Willow, if he once should be returning
pray tell him I am weeping too
[Text: John Latouche]

Reve d'amour

S'il est un charmant gazon
Que le ciel arrose,
Où naissse en toute saison
Quelque fleur éclosse,
Où l'on cueille à pleine main
Lys, chèvre-feuille et jasmin,
J'en veux faire le chemin
Où ton pied se pose!

S'il est un sein bien aimant
Dont l'honneur dispose,
Dont le tendre dévouement
N'ait rien de morose,
Si toujours ce noble sein
Bat pour un digne coussin,
J'en veux faire le coussin
Où ton front se pose!

S'il est un rêve d'amour,
Parfumé de rose,
Où l'on trouve chaque jour

Dream of Love

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 loving breast
where honour rules,
where tender devotion
is free from all gloominess,
if this noble breast always
beats for a worthy aim...
I wish to make it the pillow
on which you lay your head.

If there is a dream of love
scented with roses,
where one finds every day

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 coeur se pose!
[Text: victor Hugo]

Le secret

Je veux que le matin l'ignore
Le nom que j'ai dit à la nuit,
Et qu'au vent de l'aube, sans bruit,
Comme une larme il s'évapore.
Je veux que le jour le proclame
L'amour qu'au matin j'ai caché,
Et, sur mon cœur ouvert penché,
Comme un grain d'encens il l'enflamme.
Je veux que le couchant l'oublie
Le secret que j'ai dit au jour
Et l'emporte, avec mon amour,
Aux plis de sa robe pâlie!
[Text: Armand Silvester]

Intorno all'idol mio

Intorno all'idol mio
spirate pur, spirate,
Aure, soavi e grate,
E nelle guancie elette
Baciatelo per me,
Cortesi, aurette!
Al mio ben, che riposa
Sull'ali della quiete,
Grati, sogni assistete
E il mio racchiuso ardore
Svelate gli per me,
O larve d'amore!
[Text: Cicognini]

Ich schwebe

Ich schwebe wie auf Engelsschwingen,
Die Erde kaum berührt mein Fuß,
In meinen Ohren hör' ich's klingen
Wie der Geliebten Scheidegruß.

Das tönt so lieblich, mild und leise,
Das spricht so zage, zart und rein,
Leicht lullt die nachgeklung'ne Weise
In wonneschweren Traum mich ein.
Mein schimmernd Aug' -- indeß mich füllen
Die süßesten der Melodien, --
Sieht ohne Falten, ohne Hüllen
Mein lächelnd Lieb' vorüberziehn.
[Text: Karl Friedrich Henckell]

Neghittosi or voi che fate

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.
[English translation ©dolce classics]

The Secret

Would that the morn were unaware
Of the name I told to the night,
And that in the dawn breeze, silently,
It would vanish like a tear.
Would that the day might proclaim it,
The love I hid from the morn,
And poised above my open heart,
Like a grain of incense kindle it.
Would that the sunset might forget,
The secret I told to the day,
And would carry it and my love away
In the folds of its faded robe!
[English Translation ©Richard Stokes]

Around my idol

Around my idol
Breathe, merely breathe,
Winds sweet and gracious
And on the favored cheeks
Kiss him for me,
courtly breezes!
In my love who rests
On the wings of peace
Pleasant dreams provoke.
And my hidden ardor
Reveal to him for me
O spirits of love.

I float

I float as if on angels' wings,
My foot hardly touches the earth,
In my ears I hear a sound
Like my love's farewell greeting.

It sounds so sweetly, gently, softly,
It speaks such tender, timid, pure words,
The tune still sounds and lulls me gently
Into bliss-laden dreams.
My glistening eyes—while I'm filled
By the sweetest of melodies—
See my love, without clothes or veil,
Pass smiling by.
[English translation ©Richard Stokes]

Neghittosi or voi che fate?
Fulminate,
cieli! omai sul capo all'empio!

Fate scempio dell'ingrato,
del crudel che m'ha tradita;
impunita, empietà, ridera
nel veder poi fulminato
qualche scoglio o qualche tempio.
[Text: anonymous]

Indifferent gods, what are you doing?
throw down lightning
Onto this villains head.

Wreak havoc on that ingrate
on that cruel man who betrayed me.
unpunished wickedness shall laugh
in seeing then struck down
Some rock or some temple.
[English translation ©Nico Castel]