

Emerging Artists Gala 2024
Text and Translations

Wendy Kleintank

Douce Enfant

Douce enfant, ta plainte légère
Comme l'haleine d'une fleur,
Vient de monter jusqu'à mon cœur.
Ta marraine te voit et te protège... espère !
Sylphes, lutins, follets, accourez à ma voix,
De tous les horizons, à travers les espaces...
Suivez exactement mes lois.
Apportez-moi tous vos talents, toutes vos
grâces !
Je veux que cette enfant charmante, que
voici,
Soit aujourd'hui hors de souci
Et que par vous, splendidement parée,
Elle connaisse enfin le bonheur à son tour...
Je veux qu'aux fêtes de la cour
Elle soit la plus belle et la plus admirée.
O Cendrillon' ma fleur d'innocence et
d'amour,
Sur toi je veille!

Sweet child, I hear your cry,
Like a flower's gentle sigh;
Into my heart your dreams are caught.
Your godmother sees you. Despair not!
Sylphs, fairies, and elves, run to my voice!
From ev'ry quarter, near or distant places
And do precisely what I say:
Bring me all your talents, all your graces!
The charming maiden you see there,
For today must know no care;
And gorgeously by you attired-
That happiness she may taste after all-
As she shall reign at the palace ball,
Of all the ladies, the most admired.
Oh Cendrillon, sweet, innocent flower,
I'll watch over you!

An Die Nacht

Heilige Nacht, heilige Nacht! Sterngeschloss'ner Himmelsfriede! Alles, was das Licht geschieden, Ist verbunden, Alle Wunden Bluten süß im Abendrot!	Holy night, holy night! Heavenly peace, encircled in stars! All things divided by light, Are united, All our wounds Bleed sweetly in the sunset!
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Bjelbog's Speer, Bjelbog's Speer Sinkt in's Herz der trunknen Erde, Die mit seliger Geberde Eine Rose In dem Schoße Dunkler Lüste niedertaucht!	Bielbog's spear, Bielbog's spear Plunges into the heart of the drunken earth, Which with a gesture of bliss Immerses a rose In the womb Of darkened desire!
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Heilige Nacht! züchtige Braut, züchtige Braut! Deine süße Schmach verhülle, Wenn des Hochzeitbechers Fülle Sich ergießet. Also fließet In die brünstige Nacht der Tag!	Holy night! chaste bride, chaste bride! Veil your sweet shame, When the wedding- cup Overflows. Thus does day Stream into fervent night!
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Ah Tardai Troppo... O Luce die Quest Anima

Recitative:

Ah! tardai troppo, e al nostro
favorito convegno io non trovai
il mio diletto Carlo; e chi sa mai
quanto egli avrà sofferto!
Ma non al par di me! Pegno d'amore
questi fior mi lasciò! tenero core!
E per quel core io l'amo,
unico di lui bene.
Poveri entrambi siamo,
viviam d'amor, di speme;
pittore ignoto ancora
egli s'innalzerà coi suoi talenti! Sarà mio sposo
allora. Oh noi contenti!

Aria:

O luce di quest'anima,
delizia, amore e vita,
la nostra sorte unita,
in terra, in ciel sarà.
Deh, vieni a me, riposati
su questo cor che t'ama,
che te sospira e brama,
che per te sol vivrà.

Recitative:

Ah I delayed too long,
And at our favourite meeting place
I do not find my beloved Carlo
And who knows ever how much he will have
suffered!
But not on par with me!
Token of love these flowers for me he left!
Tender Heart!
And for that heart I love him, only of him
wealth
Poor both we are, we live on love, on hope.
Painter unknown as yet he will lift himself up
with his talents!
He will be my husband then. Oh we
contented ones!

Aria:

Oh light of this soul, delight, love and life,
Our fate united, on earth, in heaven will be.
Ah, come to me, rest yourself upon this heart
that loves you.
That for you longs and desires,
That for you only will live.

Nathan Le

“See How They Love Me” Ned Rorem (1923-2022)
Words by Howard Moss

See how they love me,
Green leaf, gold grass,
Swearing my blue wrists
Tick and are timeless...

See how it woos me,
Old sea, blue sea,
Curving a half moon
Round to surround me.

See how it wants me,
High sky, blue sky,
Letting the light
be kindled to warm me.

Yet you rebuke me,
O love,
Love I Only pursue.

"L'heure du retour" Albert Roussel (1869-1937)
Words by René Chalupt

Une bise aigre et monotone
Fait grincer les girouettes des maisons;
Des nuages gris s'entassent à l'horizon.
Ton pas froisse des feuilles mortes
Et l'automne a chassé les hirondelles de ton toit.

A sour and monotonous kiss
Makes the weathervanes of the house creak;
The grey clouds pile up on the horizon.
Your footsteps crumple dead leaves
And autumn chases the swallows from your roof.

Voyageur, voyageur,
Ne vois-tu qu'il est l'heure
De rebrousser chemin et de rentrer chez toi?

Traveler, traveler,
Can't you see it's time
To return and go back home?

Ne vois-tu qu'il est l'heure?

Can't you see it's time?

Les écus d'or et les maravédis
Qui, lorsque tu partis, chargeaient ton escarcelle,
Dis-moi dans quel tripot tu les perdis,
Pour les baisers de quelle jeune fille.
Qui t'enseigna et te montra du doigt?

The golden crowns and maravédis
That, when you left, loaded your purse,
Tell me in which gambling den you lost them,
For the kisses of some young maiden.
Who taught you and guided you?

Tes yeux, me semble-t-il, ont besoin de lunettes.
Sur tes tempes voici des cheveux gris.
Ton épouse, que si souvent tu fis cornette,
T'attend sans un soupçon et de loin te sourit.
Et le vin de ta cave honorerait un roi.

Your eyes, it seems to me, need glasses.
On your head there are grey hairs.
Your wife, who you so often leave,
Awaits you without suspicion and smiles from afar.
And the wine in your cellar would befit a king.

“So lasst mich scheinen” from *Goethe-Lieder*Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
Poetry from Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

So lasst mich scheinen, bis ich werde,
Zieht mir das weisse Kleid nicht aus!
Ich eile von der schönen Erde
Hinab in jenes feste Haus.

Let me appear an angel before I become one,
Do not take my innocence from me!
I hasten from this beautiful Earth
Down to that impregnable house.

Dort ruh' ich eine kleine Stille,
Dann öffnet sich der frische Blick;
Ich lasse dann die reine Hülle,
Den Gürtel und den Kranz zurück.

There in brief repose I'll rest,
Then my eyes will open, refreshed;
I will leave my pure raiment,
Leaving my girdle and rosary behind.

Und jene himmlischen Gestalten,
Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib,
Und keine Kleider, keine Falten
Umgeben den verklärten Leib.

And those heavenly beings,
They do not ask if I am man or woman,
And no garments or clothes
Cover the transfigured body.

Zwar lebt' ich ohne Sorg' und Mühe,
Doch fühlt' ich tiefen Schmerz genug.
Vor Kummer altert' ich zu frühe;
Macht mich auf ewig wieder jung!

Though I lived without toil or trouble,
I have felt deep pain enough.
I grew old with grief before my time;
Make me forever young again!

연꽃 만나고 가는 바람같이 Kim Joo-won (b. 1984)

Poetry by Seo Jeong-ju

샵샵하게,
그러나
아주 섭섭지는 말고
좀 섭섭한 듯만 하게

Feeling sad,
But
not too sad
Just a little sad.

이별이게,
그러나
아주 영 이별은 말고
어디 내생에서라도
다시 만나기로 하는 이별이게

A farewell
But
not a permanent farewell
A farewell to meet again
in the next life

연꽃
만나러 가는
바람 아니라
만나고 가는 바람같이

Like the wind
That will meet
The lotus
But will not return

옛그제
만나고 가는 바람 아니라
한두 천 전
만나고 가는 바람같이

A few days ago,
Like the wind that would not return
A few seasons ago,
Like the wind that will return after meeting

Collaborative Pianist Biographies

Prize-winning pianist **Natalia Bolshakova**, who has been on the faculty of the University of Missouri School of Music since 2004, is an indispensable collaborative artist working with faculty, students, and guest artists. A graduate of Moscow's Ippolitov-Ivanov College, the Moscow State Conservatory and the University of North Texas, Dr. Bolshakova's most recent recordings of *Trios for Oboe, Clarinet and Piano* with Dan Willett and Wesley Warnhoff, and *Romantic Music for Trombone* with Timothy Howe have received outstanding reviews.

Pianist **Rachel AuBuchon** collaborates regularly with students and faculty for rehearsals, lessons, and performances at MU School of Music and has served on the faculty of Stephens College, Truman State University, and UMKC. She holds degrees from Truman State University, University of Missouri at Columbia, and University of North Carolina at Greensboro. Her journey in learning and musical artistry includes studying with David McKamie, Janice Wenger, Natalia Bolshakova, R. Paul Crabb, James Douglass, and countless talented musicians with whom she has had the privilege to collaborate.

Bomi Kim is an accomplished pianist who has performed extensively across the globe as a recitalist, chamber musician, and as soloist with orchestras in Germany, Poland, Italy, South Korea, Seattle, North Carolina, and New York. Currently, Ms. Kim is continuing her artistic exploration in choral music at the University of Missouri under the mentorship of Dr. Brandon A. Boyd.