

University of Missouri School of Music
Senior Recital • 2024-2025 Series

Jessica Scarce, Soprano
Dr. Rachel AuBuchon, Piano

Friday, November 22nd, 2024 • 7:00 p.m. • Sheryl Crow Hall

Program

Please hold applause until the end of a set.

Selected Songs **Carlotta Ferrari**
Sull'orme del mio gregge (1837-1907)
Natura tace
Non t'accostare all'urna

Selected Songs **Pytor Ilyich Tchaikovsky**
Nur Wer Die Sehnsucht Kennt (1840-1893)
Tó býla ránneju vesnój, Op. 38, No. 2
Já li fpóle da ne trávuška bylá, Op. 47, No. 7

Nun eilt herbei **Otto Nicolai**
from *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (1810-1849)

Intermission

Selected Songs **Claude Debussy**
Romance (1862-1918)
Beau Soir
De Soir

Selected Songs **George Gershwin**
"The Man I Love" from *Lady, Be Good!* (1898-1937)
"They All Laughed" from *Shall We Dance*
"I Got Rhythm" from *Girl Crazy*
"Summertime" from *Porgy And Bess*

*This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Arts in Music degree.
Jessica Scarce is a former student of Christine Seitz and a current student of Steven Tharp.*



Please Scan the QR Code for Program Notes

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Recital Program Notes

Jessica Scarce, Soprano

Acknowledgements:

Thank you all for coming out tonight. The time you have taken out of your schedules, to show your support, means a lot to me. I wish to acknowledge my family, friends, and professors who have helped me grow as a person and as a singer. To my family, thank you for your unwavering support and encouragement through every step of this journey. To all of my amazing friends, especially Haley and Sam, your friendship has been a constant source of inspiration and motivation for me. I'm incredibly grateful to my current voice professor, Professor Steven Tharp, for his guidance and for helping me prepare for this recital. Working with my accompanist Dr. Rachel AuBuchon this semester has helped me develop so much as a musician, and I am deeply thankful for her insights and support. And to my previous voice professor and mentor, Professor Emerita Christine Seitz, thank you for your guidance, wisdom, patience, and belief in me. Each of you has played an essential role in shaping who I am today, and I am forever thankful for your presence in my life.

Carlotta Ferrari (1837-1907):

Carlotta Ferrari (born 1837 in Lodi, Italy) was a female Italian composer, pianist, and teacher. She studied voice at the Milan Conservatory under Giuseppina Strepponi, Verdi's second wife, and also pursued studies in piano, poetry, and writing. At just 20 years old, she composed, conducted, and funded her opera *Ugo* in Lecco, Italy. Though a lesser-known composer, Ferrari gained recognition primarily as a pianist and educator, contributing significantly to the musical landscape of her time.

Sull'orme del mio gregge

Sull'orme del mio gregge
corro da mane a sera
ed ergo una preghiera
a Lui che tutto regge.

Livor, in vida brama
son per me ignoti affetti
pago di quei diletta
che ingenuo cor sol ama

Se d'improvviso io scerno
leggiadra pastorella
che sulla faccia bella
ha pinto il gaudio interno

In the footsteps of my flock

In the footsteps of my flock
I run from morning till evening,
And I raise a prayer
To Him who holds all things.

Envy, in life, desires,
Are for me swallowed affections
Paid of those delights
That naive heart alone loves.

If, suddenly, I discern
A graceful shepherdess,
Who on her fair face
Has pinned the inner joy,

palpito e d'un desiro
provo soavi pene
e dietro arcano bene
Ahi! muto invan sospioro

Lyrics By: Carlotta Ferrari

Natura tace

Natura tace, l'onda è tranquilla
e in ciel sfavilla l'astro d'amor
Ma non ha pace l'egro mio cor

Ne' miei verd'anni non mi consola
speme o parola sguardo d'amor
solo d'affanni, si pasce il cor

Del mondo vano ho il gaudio a schivo
per te sol vivo, mio dolce amor
ma fia l'arcano sepolto in cor

Lyrics By: Carlotta Ferrari

Non t'accostare all'urna

Non t'accostare all'Urna,
Che il cener mio rinserra,
Questa pietosa terra
È sacra al mio dolor.

Odio gli affanni tuoi;
Ricuso i tuoi giacinti,
Che giovano agli estinti
Due lagrime, due fior?

Empia! Dovevi allora
Porgermi un fil d'aita,
Quando traeva la vita
Nell'ansia e nei sospir.

A che d'inutil pianto
Assordi la foresta?
Rispetta un'Ombra mesta,
E lasciala dormir.

Lyrics By: Jacopo Vittorelli

I tremble, and with desire,
I experience suave pains,
And behind arcane good,
Ah! I sigh in vain, silently.

Translation from DeepL Translator

Nature is silent

Nature is silent, the wave is quiet,
And in heaven shines the star of love.
But has no peace my egregious heart

In my green years does not console me
Nor the gaze of love,
Only of afflictions the heart is fed.

Of the world vain I have the joy to shun
For you alone I live, my sweet love
But be the arcane buried in heart.

Translation from DeepL Translator

Do not approach the urn

Do not draw near to the Urn,
Which my cinder holds,
This pitiful earth
Is sacred to my sorrow.

I hate your afflictions;
I refuse your hyacinths,
Which profit the dead
Two tears, or two flowers?

Wicked one! Have you then
To bring me a thread of help,
When I drew life
In anxiety and in sighs.

To what of useless weeping
Do you assail the forest?
Respect a mournful Shadow,
And let it sleep.

Translation from DeepL Translator

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893):

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (born 1840 in Votkinsk, Russia) is widely regarded as the most popular Russian composer of all time. His works span a variety of genres, including symphonies, operas, ballets, and concertos. Notable compositions such as *Swan Lake*, *The Nutcracker*, and *The 1812 Overture* have earned him global recognition. Tchaikovsky's ability to convey emotional depth and melodic richness has left a lasting impact on the world of music.

Nur Wer Die Sehnsucht Kennt

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiß, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude

Seh ich an's Firmament
Nach jener Seite.
Ach, der mich liebt und kennt,
Ist in der Weite.

Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiß, was ich leide!

Lyrics By: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Tó býla ránneju vesnój

Tó býla ránneju vesnój,
travá jedvá fsxadíla,
ručjí tekli nepáril,
znóji zélen róšš skvazíla;

trubá pastúšja pautrú
ješšo nepéla zvánka,
i vzavitkák ješšo
vbarú býl páparatnik tónkəj;

tó býla ránneju vesnój,
ftení berós tó býla,
kagdá sulýpkəj pɛdamnój
tý óci apustíla...

tó nalubóf majú vatvét
tý apustíla véždy!
o žýzn! o lés! o sónce svét!
o júnast! o nadéždy!
i plákal ja perettabój

Only one who knows longing

Only one who knows longing
Knows what I suffer!
Alone and cut off
From all joy,

I look into the firmament
In that direction.
Ah! He who loves and knows me
Is far away.

I am reeling,
My entrails are burning.
Only one who knows longing
Knows what I suffer!

Translation By: Lawrence Snyder from Lieder.net

It was in early spring

It was in early spring
The grass was barely coming up,
Streams were flowing, it wasn't yet hot outside,
I peeped through the green trees;

Shepherds' morning pipes
Weren't sounding loudly yet,
And still curled up in the forest
Was a delicate fern;

It was in the early spring,
In the shade of the birches it was,
When smiling before me
You lowered your eyes...

It was due to my love, that in turn
You lowered your eyelids!
O life! O forest! O sunlight!
O youth! O hope!
And I wept in front of you,

nalík tvój gláda mílyj
tó býla ránneju vesnój,
ftení berós tó býla,

tó býla útra nášyx lét!
o ššástje! o slózy! o lés!
o žýzn! o sónca svét!
o svéžyj dúγ berózy!

Lyrics By: Aleksei Konstantinovich Tolstoy

Já li fpóle da ne trávuška bylá

já li fpóle da ne trávuška bylá,
ja li fpóe ne zelónaja raslá;
vzáli mená trávušku skasíli,
nasólnyške fpóle issušýli.
óx tý góre majó góruška!
znát znát takája majá dóluška!

já li fpóle ne kalínuška bylá?
já li fpóe da ne krásnaja raslá?
vzáli kalínuška slamáli
da vžgútiki mená pasvazáli
óx tý góre majó góruška!
znát znát takája majá dóluška!

já lubátuški ne dóčenka bylá
uradíməj ne cvetóček ja raslá
nevólej mená bédnuju vzáli
da snemílym sedým pavenčáli
óx tý góre majó góruška!
znát znát takája majá dóluška!

Lyrics By: Ivan Zakharovich Surikov

Looking into your sweet face;
It was early spring,
In the shade of the birches, it was!

It was in the morning of our lives!
O happiness! O tears!
O forest! O life! O sunlight!
O fresh scent of the birch!

Translation By: Laura Prichard from Lieder.net

Was I not like grass in the lea?

Was I not like grass in the lea?
Was I not growing like green grass?
They took me and cut me down.
Dried me away in the sun.
Oh, my misfortune!
Oh, my miserable fate!

Was I not like a guilder-rose in the lea?
Was I not growing beautifully in the lea?
They've broken my branches and
Tied them into bundles.
Oh, my misfortune!
Oh, my miserable fate?

Was I not my father's daughter?
Was I not my mother's little flower?
They took me against my will
And wed me with a gray-haired, unloved man.
Oh, my misfortune!
Oh, my miserable fate!

Translation By: Sofia Psycheva from Lieder.net

Otto Nicolai (1810-1849):

Otto Nicolai (born 1810 in Königsberg, Prussia, now Kaliningrad, Russia) was a German composer and conductor, best known for his opera *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. At 31, he became court conductor in Vienna, and a year later founded the Philharmonic Society. By 36, he was conductor of the Berlin Opera, where he premiered *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. His other works include symphonies, overtures, and chamber music.

Nun eilt herbei

Nun eilt herbei, Witz, heit're Laune,
die tollsten Schwänke, List und Übermut!
Nichts sei zu arg, wenn's dazu diene,
die Männer ohn' Erbarmen zu bestrafen.

Das ist ein Volk, so schlecht sind sie,
dass man sie gar genug nicht quälen kann.
Vor allen jener dicke Schlemmer,
der uns verführen will, ha!

Er soll es büssen! Doch wenn er kommt,
wie werd' ich mich benehmen müssen?
Was werd' ich sagen? Halt, ich weiss es schon!
Verführer!
Warum stellt Ihr so der tugendsamen Gattin nach?

Den Frevel sollt' ich nie verzeih'n, nein, nie,
mein Zorn müsst' Eure Straffe sein.
Jedoch, des Weibes Herz ist schwach!
Ihr klagt so rührend Eure Pein,

Ihr seufzt, mein Herz wird weich,
nicht länger kann ich grausam sein,
und ich gesteh' es, schamrot, Euch ein:
mein Ritter, ach, ich liebe Euch!

Er wird mir glauben,
verstellen kann ich mich fürwahr.
Ein kühnes Wagstück ist es zwar,
allein den Spaß darf man sich schon erlauben.

Frohsinn und Laune würzen das Leben,
und zu vergeben ist wohl ein Scherz;
Drum voll Vertrauen wag' ich die Tat;
lustige Frauen, ja, die wissen sich Rat.
Die wissen schlaunen Rat.

Lyrics By: Salomon Hermann Mosenthal

Now hurry here

Now hurry here, wit, high spirits,
The craziest pranks, cunning and audacity!
Nothing is too harsh, if it serves the purpose,
The men without mercy need to be punished.

Such a race of beings! So wicked are they,
That one can hardly torment them enough!
Above all, that fat gluten,
Who wants to seduce us, ha!

He shall pay for it! But when he comes,
How shall I act?
What will I say? Wait, I know it!
"Seducer!
Why do you chase after a virtuous wife?

I shall never pardon this outrage, no, never,
Your punishment shall be my wrath.
However, a woman's heart is weak!
You complain so movingly of your pain,

You sigh, my heart grows weak,
No longer can I be cruel,
And I confess it, blushing,
My knight, ah, I love you!"

He will believe me!
I am a great actress.
A bold move it is, admittedly,
But one allows it since the joke's so good.

Cheerfulness and humor spice-up life,
And one can surely forgive a joke;
Therefore, I am confident in risking the deed;
Merry wives, yes, they know what is best to do.
They know cunning solutions.

Translation from IPA Source

Claude Debussy (1862-1918):

Claude Debussy (born 1862 in Saint-Germain-en-Laye, France) was a French composer and a leading figure in Impressionist music. Renowned for his innovative approach to harmony, rhythm, and orchestration, Debussy's most famous works include the piano suite *Clair de Lune* and the opera *Pelléas et Mélisande*. His music challenged the conventions of his time, bridging the gap between the late Romantic era and the 20th century, and laying the groundwork for modern music.

Romance

L'âme évaporée et souffrante,
L'âme douce, l'âme odorante
Des lis divins que j'ai cueillis

Dans le jardin de ta pensée,
Où donc les vents l'ont-ils chassée
Cette âme adorable des lis?

N'est-il plus un parfum qui reste
De la suavité céleste,
Des jours où tu m'enveloppais

D'une vapeur surnaturelle,
Faites d'espoir, d'amour fidèle,
De béatitude et de paix?

Lyrics By: Paul Bourget

Beau Soir

Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières sont roses,
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les champs de blé,
Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir des choses
Et monter vers le coeur troublé;

Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au monde,
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le soir est beau,
Car nous nous en allons comme s'en va cette onde:
Elle à la mer, nous au tombeau!

Lyrics By: Paul Bourget

Romance

The vanishing and suffering soul,
The sweet soul, the fragrant soul
Of the divine lilies that I have picked

In the garden of your thoughts,
Where, then, have the winds chased it,
This charming soul of the lilies?

Is there no longer a perfume that remains
Of the celestial sweetness
Of the days when you enveloped me

In a supernatural haze,
Made of hope, of faithful love,
Of beatitude and of peace?

Translation By: Korin Kormick from Lieder.net

Evening Fair

When rivers are pink in the setting sun,
And a slight shiver runs through fields of wheat,
A suggestion to be happy seems to rise up
And ascends toward the troubled heart;

A suggestion to taste the charms of the world
While one is young and the evening is fair,
For we are on our way just as this wave is:
It is going to the sea, and we, to the grave!

Translation By: Emily Ezust from Lieder.net

De Soir

Dimanche sur les villes,
Dimanche dans les coeurs!

Dimanche chez les petites filles,
Chantant d'une voix informée,
Des rondes obstinées,
Ou de bonnes tours
N'en ont plus que pour quelques jours!

Dimanche, les gares sont folles!
Tout le monde appareille
Pour des banlieues d'aventure,
En se disant adieu
Avec des gestes éperdus!

Dimanche les trains vont vite,
Dévorés par d'insatiables tunnels;
Et les bons signaux des routes
Echangent d'un oeil unique,
Des impressions toutes mécaniques.

Dimanche, dans le bleu de mes rêves,
Où mes pensées tristes
De feux d'artifices manqués
Ne veulent plus quitter
Le deuil de vieux Dimanches trépassés.

Et la nuit, à pas de velours,
Vient endormir le beau ciel fatigué,
Et c'est Dimanche dans les avenues d'étoiles;
La Vierge or sur argent
Laisse tomber les fleurs de sommeil!

Vite, les petits anges,
Dépassez les hirondelles
Afin de vous coucher
Forts d'absolution!

Prenez pitié des villes,
Prenez pitié des coeurs,
Vous, la Vierge or sur argent!

Lyrics By: Claude Debussy

Of Evening

Sunday on the city,
Sunday in the hearts!

Sunday at the little girls' homes,
Singing with an informed voice,
Of obstinate round dances,
Or of good tricks
They have only a few days left!

Sunday, the train stations are mad!
Everyone is boarding
For suburban adventures,
Saying farewell to each other
With desperate gestures!

On Sunday, the trains go fast,
Devoured by insatiable tunnels;
And the good signals of the roads
Exchange a single eye,
All impressions are mechanical.

Sunday, in the blue of my dreams,
Where my sad thoughts
Of missed fireworks
No longer wish to leave
The mourning of old, passed Sundays.

And the night, with velvet steps,
Comes to lull the beautiful, tired sky,
And it's Sunday in the avenues of stars;
The Virgin gold on silver
Let fall the flowers of sleep!

Quickly, the little angels,
Surpass the swallows
So that you may lie down
Strong with absolution!

Take pity on the cities,
Take pity on the hearts,
You, the Virgin gold on silver!

Translation By: Faith J. Cormier from Lieder.net

George Gershwin (1898-1937):

George Gershwin (born 1898 in Brooklyn, New York) was an American composer and pianist, renowned for blending classical music with jazz and popular styles. His most iconic works include *Rhapsody in Blue*, the opera *Porgy and Bess*, and numerous Broadway hits like *I Got Rhythm* and *The Man I Love*. Gershwin's innovative approach helped bridge the gap between high art and popular music, and his compositions continue to influence both classical and popular genres.

The Man I Love

When the mellow moon begins to beam
Every night I dream a little dream
And of course Prince Charming is the theme
The he for me

Although I realize as well as you
It is seldom that a dream comes true
To me it's clear
That he'll appear

Someday he'll come along, The man I love
And he'll be big and strong, The man I love
And when he comes my way
I'll do my best to make him stay

He'll look at me and smile, I'll understand
And in a little while, He'll take my hand
And though it seems absurd
I know we both won't say a word

Maybe I shall meet him Sunday
Maybe Monday, maybe not
Still I'm sure to meet him one day
Maybe Tuesday will be my good news day

He'll build a little home
Just meant for two
From which I'll never roam
Who would-would you?

And so all else above
I'm waiting for the man I love

Lyrics By: Ira Gershwin

They All Laughed

The odds were a hundred to one against me.
The world thought the heights were too high to climb.
But people from Missouri never incensed me.
Oh I wasn't a bit concerned
For from history I had learned
How many, many times, the worm had turned.

They all laughed at Christopher Columbus when he said the world was round.
They all laughed when Edison recorded sound.
They all laughed at Wilbur and his brother,
when they said that man could fly.
They told Marconi wireless was a phony;
It's the same old cry

They laughed at me wanting you,
Said I was reaching for the moon;
But oh, you came through
Now they'll have to change their tune.

They all said we never could be happy,
They laughed at us and how!
But Ho, Ho, Ho!
Who's got the last laugh now?

They all laughed at Rockefeller Center now they're fighting to get in.
They all laughed at Whitney and his cotton gin.
They all laughed at Fulton and his steamboat,
Hershey and his chocolate bar.
Ford and his Lizzie kept the laughers busy;
That's how people are.

They laughed at me wanting you,
Said it would be Hello, Goodbye;
But oh, you came through
Now they're eating humble pie.

They all said we'd never get together;
Darling let's take a bow,
For Ho, Ho, Ho!
Who's got the last laugh,

He, He, He!
Let's at the past laugh,

Ha, Ha, Ha!

Who's got the last laugh now?

Lyrics By: Ira Gershwin

I Got Rhythm

Days can be sunny, with never a sigh;

Don't need what money can buy.

Bird in the tree sing, their dayful of song,

Why shouldn't we sing a long?

I'm chipper all the day,

Happy with my lot.

How do I get that way?

Look at what I got.

I got rhythm, I got music

I got my man, who could ask for anything more?

I got daisies, in green pastures

I got my man, who could ask for anything more?

Old man trouble,

I don't mind him,

You won't find him

Round my door.

I got starlight, I got sweet dreams,

I got my man, who could ask for anything more,

Who could ask for anything more?

Who could ask for anything more?

Lyrics By: George and Ira Gershwin

Summertime

Summertime an' the livin is easy,

Fish are jumpin' and the cotton is high.

Oh your daddy's rich, and yo' ma is good lookin'.

So hush, little baby, don' yo' cry.

One of these mornin's you goin' to rise up singin'

Then you'll spread yo' wings and you'll take the sky.

But till that mornin' there's a nothin' can harm you

With daddy an' mammy standin' by.

Lyrics By: Ira Gershwin, DuBose Heyward, and George Gershwin