

University of Missouri School of Music

Non-Degree Recital • 2020-2021 Series

Isabella Conley, mezzo-soprano

Robert Fears, trombone

Christian Martin and Bomi Kim, piano

November 9th, 2021 • 7pm • Squirefield Music Center

Program

Crépuscule..... Jules Massenet
(1842-1912)

*Comme un rideau sous la blancheur
De leurs pétales rapprochées,
Les lys sont enfermés le coeur,
Les coccinelles sont couchées.
Et jusqu'au rayon matinal,
Au coeur même des lys cachées,
Comme en un rêve virginal,
Les coccinelles sont couchées.
Les lys ne dorment qu'un moment;
Veux-tu pas que têtes penchées,
Nous causions amoureusement?
Les coccinelles sont couchées.*

*Like a curtain beneath the whiteness
of their close-wrapped petals,
the lilies have closed in their hearts
and the ladybirds have gone to bed.
Until the morning light,
hidden like a virgin's dream
in the heart of the lilies,
the ladybirds have gone to bed.
The lilies only sleep for a moment.
Shall we not speak of love,
heads bent together?
The ladybirds have gone to bed.*

Auf Dem Meere..... Robert Franz
(1815-1892)

*An die bretterne Schiffswand,
Wo mein träumendes Haupt liegt,
Branden die Wellen, die wilden Wellen;
Sie rauschen und murmeln
Mir heimlich ins Ohr:
"Betörter Geselle!
Dein Arm ist kurz, und der Himmel so
weit
Und die Sterne da droben sind
festgenagelt
Mit goldenen Nägeln -
Vergebliches Sehnen, vergebliches
Seufzen,*

*Das beste wäre, du schliefst ein."
At the other side of the wooden wall of
the ship
where my dreaming head is lying
the waves are surging, the wild waves;
they are roaring and murmuring
secretly into my ear,
"You bewitched lad.
Your arm is short, the sky so wide
and the stars are fastened so securely up
there
with golden nails --
pointless longing, pointless sighing,
it would be best if you fell asleep."*

Llorad, corazón, que tenéis razón..... Enrique Granados
de *Canciones Amatorias* (1867-1916)

*Lloraba la niña
(y tenía razón)
la prolija ausencia
de su ingrato amor.
Dejola tan niña,
que apenas, creo yo
que tenía los años
que ha que la dejó.
Llorando la ausencia
del galán traidor,
la halla la Luna
y la deja el Sol,
añadiendo siempre
pasión a pasión,
memoria a memoria
dolor a dolor.
Llorad, Corazón,
que tenéis razón.*

*The girl was weeping
(and with reason)
over the prolonged absence
of her ungrateful lover.
He left her so young,
that she hardly believed it -
that it's been as many years since then
as her age when he left her.
Weeping over the absence
of her faithless lover,
she is found by the moon
and left by the sun.
Ever adding
suffering upon suffering,
memory upon memory,
anguish upon anguish.
Weep, heart,
for you have a reason.*

Как небеса, твой взор блистает..... Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov
(1844-1908)

*Как небеса, твой взор блистает
Эмалью голубой,
Как поцелуй, звучит и тает
Твой голос молодой;
За звук один волшебной речи,
За твой единый взгляд,
Я рад отдать красавца сечи,
Грузинский мой булат;*

*Your glance is as radiant as the heavens
With its azure enamel;
Your youthful voice like a kiss
Vibrates and melts away.
Just for the sound of your magical
accents,
For your single gaze
I'd gladly give up the hero of the battle -
My Georgian dagger...*

You Have Become a Forest.....Melissa Dunphy
From *Four Poems of Nikita Gill* (b. 1980)

*One day when you wake up, you will find that you have become a Forest.
You have grown roots and found strength in them that no one thought you had.
You have become stronger and more beautiful, full of life giving qualities.
You have learned to take all that negativity around you and turn it into oxygen for easy breathing.
A host of wild creatures lives inside you, and you call them stories.
A variety of beautiful birds rest inside your mind and you call them memories.
You have become an incredible self-sustaining thing of epic proportions.
And you should be so proud of yourself, of how far you have come from the seeds of who you used
to be.*

Isabella Conley is a student of Professor Kyle Stegall. Recital is presented as a non-degree elective recital.

Intermission

**Fantasy (1985)Elizabeth Raum
(b. 1945)**

**Reflective Mood (1964).....Sammy Nestico
(1924-2021)**

**The Gondolier (1912).....Gardell Simons
(1878-1945)**

Robert Fears is a student of Dr. Timothy Howe. Recital is presented as a non-degree elective recital.

**Isabella Conley, mezzo-soprano
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**Frühlingswonne.....Georg Goltermann
(1824-1898)**

*Der Frühling strahlt durch Feld und Au,
die Luft ist so warm und der Himmel so
blau;
die Vöglein singen in Feld und Hain:
o mögt es doch immer so wonnig sein!
Mai-blumen blühen am klaren Quell
und spiegeln sich frei in der silbernen Well,
sie nicken und blacken so freundlich hinein:
O mögt es doch immer so wonnig sein!
Einsam versteckt im grünen Moos,
vom Thau benetzt in der Mutter Schooss,
da duften die Veilchen im Sonnenschein:
O mögt es doch immer so wonnig sein!
Der Käfer schwirret im Sonnenstrahl;
es gleicht die Flur einem lustigen Saal;
drin spielen die Kinder in munteren
Reih'n:
O mögt es doch immer so wonig sein!*

*Fair spring is ringing through the meadows,
The air is so warm and the sky is so blue;
The birds sings loudly in the field and grove.
Oh, rapture of Spring! Could it last but for age!
May flowers blossom by the clear stream
And shine freely in the silver well
They nod and look so friendly inside
Oh, rapture of Spring! Could it last but for age!
Hiding away in mossy green nest,
From dew sprinkle in the earth's kind breast
The violet opens its tiny eye:
Oh rapture of Spring! Could it last but for age!
The beetle buzzes where the sunlight falls;
The bright meadow seems like the grandest of halls;
Where children may merrily play, laughing.
Oh, rapture of Spring! Could it last but for age!*

