

# Graduate Voice Recital

Madison Meeks, Soprano and Terran Homburg, Mezzo-Soprano

with Dr. SongHwa Chae, piano

May 4th, 2022

7:30pm

First United Methodist Church

## PROGRAM

“Stizzo, mio stizzoso” from *La serva padrona*.....Giovanni Battista Pergolesi (1710-1736)

“Non posso disperar” .....Giovanni Bononcini (1670-1747)

*Schlichte Weise*, Opus 21.....Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

I. “All mein Gedanken”

II. “Ach Lieb, ich muss nun scheiden”

*Lieder und Gesänge aus der Jugendzeit* .....Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

I. “Frühlingsmorgen”

*Six Elizabethan Songs* .....Dominick Argento (1927-2019)

I. “Spring”

“A Piper” .....John Duke (1899-1984)

“Dearest Mama” from *The Ballad of Baby Doe* .....Douglas Moore (1893-1969)

Madison Meeks, Soprano

“Pietà, Signore” .....François-Joseph Fétis (1784-1871)

*Drei Lieder*, Opus 12.....Clara Wieck Schumann (1819-1896)

I. “Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen”

II. “Liebst du um Schönheit”

III. “Warum willst du and’re fragen”

*Five Elizabethan Songs* .....Ivor Gurney (1890-1937)

I. “Orpheus”

II. “Tears”

IV. “Sleep”

“Aimons-nous” .....Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)

Terran Homburg, Mezzo-Soprano

**KANSAS STATE**  
UNIVERSITY

School of Music,  
Theatre, and Dance

“**Stizzoso, mio stizzoso**” comes from the intermezzo, *La serva padrona*. This aria begins after Uberto, an elderly bachelor, is angry and impatient with his maidservant, Serpina, because she has not brought him his chocolate today. Serpina has become so arrogant that she thinks she is the mistress of the household. Indeed, when Uberto calls for his hat, wig, and coat, Serpina forbids him from leaving the house, adding that from then on he will have to obey her orders.

Stizzoso, mio stizzoso,  
voi fate il borioso,  
ma no, ma non vi può giovare;  
bisogna al mio divieto  
star cheto cheto,  
e non parlare,  
zit... zit...  
Serpina vuol così...  
zit... zit...  
Serpina vuol così...

Cred' io che m'intendete, sì,  
che m'intendete, sì,  
dacchè mi conoscete  
son molti e molti di.

Irascible, my irascible  
You behave with arrogance.  
But no! It won't help your position.  
You must stay to my prohibitions  
and keep silent,  
and not talk!  
Shut up!...Shut up!...  
These are Serpina's commands.  
Shut up!...Shut up!...  
These are Serpina's commands.

Now, I think you have understood  
Yes, you have captured the message,  
Because it's already been a long time  
that I made acquaintance with you.

“**Non posso disperar**” is from Bononcini’s opera entitled *Eraclea* (1692). This aria is sung by King Romulus of Rome. A legendary history of Rome speaks of how the Romans would sometimes kidnap women from neighboring tribes if there was a shortage of women to be had. Eraclea was of the Sabine tribe and the Roman King Romulus seeks her affections. He expresses his feelings with these words, “the mere hope of enjoying you is for me a sweet suffering, an adorable pain.”

Non posso disperar,  
sei troppo cara al cor:  
il solo sperare  
d’aver a gioire  
m’è un dolce languire,  
m’è un caro dolor.

I cannot despair;  
you are far too dear to my heart.  
The mere hope  
of enjoying you  
is for me a sweet suffering,  
an adorable pain.

**“Schlichte Weisen,”** Opus 21 by **Richard Strauss** from *Five Poems* by Felix Dahn (1834-1912). Strauss composed these songs in 1889/90. He often accompanied his wife, the soprano Pauline Strauss-de Ahna, on the piano and worked with her on interpretations of his piano songs.

I. “All mein Gedanken”

All' mein Gedanken, mein Herz und mein Sinn,  
Da wo die Liebste ist, wandern sie hin.  
Geh'n ihres Weges trotz Mauer und Tor,  
Da hält kein Riegel, kein Graben nicht vor,  
Gehn wie die Vögelein hoch durch die Luft,  
Brauchen kein'Brücken über Wasser und Kluft,  
Finden das Städtlein und finden das Haus,  
Finden ihr Fenster aus allen heraus,  
Und klopfen und rufen: “mach' auf, laß uns ein,  
Wir kommen vom Liebsten und grüßen Dich fein.”

All my thoughts, my heart and my mind,  
Wander to where my beloved is.  
They go on their way despite wall and gate,  
No bolt, no ditch can stop them,  
Go high in the air like little birds,  
Needing no bridge over water or chasm,  
They find the town and they find the house,  
Find her window among all the others,  
And knock and call: ‘Open up, let us in,  
We come from your sweetheart who sends his love.’

II. “Ach Lieb, ich muss nun scheiden”

Ach Lieb, ich muß nun scheiden, gehn über Berg und Thal,  
Die Erlen und die Weiden, die weinen allzumal.  
Sie sahn so oft uns wandern zusammen an Baches Rand,  
Das Eine ohn' den Andern geht über ihren Verstand.  
Die Erlen und die Weiden vor Schmerz in Thränen stehn,  
Nun denket, wie uns beiden erst muß zu Herzen gehn!

Ah, my love, I must now leave, go over hill and dale,  
The alders and willows join together in weeping  
So often they saw us stroll together by the brook,  
To see one without the other passes their understanding.  
The alders and willows weep tears of grief,  
Just think of the heartfelt sorrow we must both suffer.

*Lieder und Gesänge* is a collection of fourteen songs with piano accompaniment by **Gustav Mahler**. The title of the collection is sometimes given with the addendum *aus der Jugendzeit* (from the early days), but this addendum is not by Mahler. It is not even clear whether the subtitle refers to the songs being early works of Gustav Mahler (yet Mahler was aged 20 when he composed the earliest of the songs, not an adolescent), or whether the songs are meant to resemble memories of someone's younger days.

I. “Frühlingsmorgen”

Es klopft an das Fenster der Lindenbaum.  
Mit Zweigen blütenbehangen:  
Steh' auf! Steh' auf!  
Was liegst du im Traum?  
Die Sonn' ist aufgegangen!  
Steh' auf! Steh' auf!

The linden tree taps at the window  
With flower-laden boughs:  
Get up! Get up!  
Why do you lie dreaming?  
The sun has risen!  
Get up! Get up!

Die Lerche ist wach, die Büsche weh'n!  
Die Bienen summen und Käfer!  
Steh' auf! Steh' auf!  
Und dein munteres Lieb' hab ich auch schon geseh'n.  
Steh' auf, Langschläfer!  
Langschläfer, steh' auf!  
Steh' auf! Steh' auf!

The lark is awake, the bushes are stirring!  
The bees hum and beetles too!  
Get up! Get up!  
And I've already seen your cheery lover.  
Get up, sleepy-head!  
Sleepy-head, get up!

**Dominick Argento** (1927-2019) was America's most distinguished contemporary vocal composer. *Six Elizabethan Songs* is his third vocal work. In 1957, Argento was commissioned to compose a song cycle which has six songs for tenor or soprano and piano by a tenor Nicholas Di Virgilio. The lyrics are drawn from five poets of the Elizabethan rich period.

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king.  
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,  
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,  
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,  
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,  
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,  
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!  
Spring! The sweet Spring!

**John Woods Duke** was one of America's foremost composers of art songs, and an accomplished pianist. His compositions enjoyed great popularity in the middle of the 20th century, and at the end of the century they attracted renewed attention. “**A Piper**” was composed in 1946.

A piper in the streets today  
set up, and tuned, and started to play,  
And away, away, away on the tide  
of his music we started; on ev'ry side  
Doors and windows were opened wide,  
And men left down their work and came,  
And women with petticoats coloured like flame.  
And little bare feet that were blue with cold  
went dancing back to the age of gold,  
And all the world went gay, went gay  
For half an hour in the street today.

*The Ballad of Baby Doe* is an opera by **Douglas Moore** written in 1958. This aria follows Baby Doe as she writes a letter to her mother, saying that her marriage to Harvey Doe, the miner, is over. She continues by telling her that she has found her soulmate in Horace Tabor and they both love each other equally. However, Tabor is married and, torn between her love and what is right, she feels that she must leave.

Dearest Mama, I am writing, for I'm lonely and distressed.  
I am staying here in Leadville without Harvey, by myself.  
Everything is over now between us,  
He has left me and it's better that way too,  
I never loved him. We weren't suited.  
When two people feel that way they shouldn't stay together.

Mama dear, you often told me that I was beautiful.  
And that my beauty deserved to find a man someday so rich,  
A man so powerful,  
that he could give me anything and make me like a princess in olden days  
and so I waited, hoping someday he would come.

Dearest Mama, now I've found him and he loves me truly too.  
Ev'ry moment we're together we both know it had to be.  
But dear mam he's not free to marry.  
It is wrong for us to feel the way we do.  
I know he needs me and that I love him,  
But I have to give him up and we must part forever.

“**Pietà, Signore**” was previously misattributed to Alessandro Stradella (1639-1682). However, many believe that **François-Joseph Fétis** (1784-1871) composed the piece. Although Fétis was a skilled composer, he is remembered today as an influential music critic of the Romantic era. Within the aria, the persona asks God for forgiveness. Although we as listeners do not know the precise sin committed, the weighty piano introduction certainly portrays a grave situation.

<p>Pietà, Signore, di me dolente! Signor, pietà, se a te giunge il mio pregar; non mi punisca il tuo rigor, meno severi, clementi ognora, volgi i tuoi sguardi sopra di me,</p> <p>Non fia mai che nell'inferno sia dannato nel fuoco eterno dal tuo rigor.</p>	<p>Have mercy, Lord, on me in my remorse! Lord, have mercy if my prayer rises to you; do not chastise me in your severity, less harshly, always mercifully, look down on me.</p> <p>Never let me be condemned to hell in the eternal fire by your severity.</p>
---	---

**Clara Wieck Schumann** (1819-1896) was a virtuosic pianist and composer. She frequently performed concerts across Europe which received critical acclaim; she was awarded Austria’s most prestigious musical commendation, the *Königliche und Kaiserliche Österreichische Kammer-virtuosin*. In 1840, she married Robert Schumann, who was an influential composer of Lieder. After his death in 1856, Clara only composed one piece in her final forty years of life. In 1878, she starting teaching at the Hoch Conservatory in Frankfurt, where she was heralded as an excellent educator.

Her Opus 12 songs all set texts by Friedrich Rückert. The frenzied accompaniment and impassioned vocal line of the minor A section in “**Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen**” clearly illustrate the emotional nature of the first two stanzas. Here, the persona reflects on the tumultuous beginnings of her relationship. This is starkly contrasted by the calmer character of the B section set in the relative major key, affirming the fidelity of her partner and the longevity of the relationship.

“**Liebst du um Schönheit**” is among the most well-known works penned by Clara. In this strophic setting, the persona outlines their requirements for love— namely, loving for the sake of love itself instead of superficial things like beauty or wealth.

In “**Warum willst du and’re fragen**” we see the persona attempt to dissuade their love of any doubts they may have regarding their relationship’s sincerity. Schumann’s elegant melodic writing clearly illustrates the persona’s sincere love, and we can hear the presence of their partner personified in the countermelodies of the piano line.

Er ist gekommen  
in Sturm und Regen,  
ihm schlug beklommen mein Herz entgegen.  
Wie konnt’ ich ahnen,  
daß seine Bahnen  
sich einen sollten meinen Wegen?

He came  
in storm and rain;  
my anxious heart  
beat against his.  
How could I have known that his path  
should unite itself with mine?

Er ist gekommen  
in Sturm und Regen,  
er hat genommen  
mein Herz verwegen. Nahm er das meine?  
Nahm ich das seine?  
Die beiden kamen sich entgegen.

He came  
in storm and rain; audaciously  
he took my heart.  
Did he take mine?  
Did I take his?  
Both drew near to each other.

Er ist gekommen  
in Sturm und Regen!

He came  
in storm and rain.

Nun ist gekommen  
des Frühlings Segen.  
Der Freund zieht weiter,  
ich seh’ es heiter,  
denn er bleibt mein auf allen Wegen.

Now spring’s blessing  
has come.  
My friend journeys on,  
I watch with good cheer,  
for he shall be mine wherever he goes.

Liebst du um Schönheit,  
O nicht mich liebe!  
Liebe die Sonne,  
Sie trägt ein gold’nes Haar!

If you love for beauty,  
O love not me!  
Love the sun,  
She has golden hair!

Liebst du um Jugend,  
O nicht mich liebe!  
Liebe den Frühling,  
Der jung ist jedes Jahr!

If you love for youth,  
O love not me!  
Love the spring  
Who is young each year!

Liebst du um Schätze,  
O nicht mich liebe!  
Liebe die Meerfrau,  
Sie hat viel Perlen klar!

If you love for riches,  
O love not me!  
Love the mermaid  
Who has many shining pearls!

Liebst du um Liebe,  
O ja, mich liebe!  
Liebe mich immer,  
Dich lieb' ich immerdar!

If you love for love,  
Oh yes, love me!  
Love me always;  
I shall love you forever!

Warum willst du and're fragen,  
Die's nicht meinen treu mit dir?  
Glaube nicht, als was dir sagen  
Diese beiden Augen hier!

Why enquire of others,  
Who are not faithful to you?  
Only believe what these two eyes  
Here tell you!

Glaube nicht den fremden Leuten,  
Glaube nicht dem eignen Wahn;  
Nicht mein Tun auch sollst du deuten,  
Sondern sieh die Augen an!

Do not believe what others say;  
Do not believe strange fancies;  
Nor should you interpret my deeds,  
But instead look at these eyes!

Schweigt die Lippe deinen Fragen,  
Oder zeugt sie gegen mich?  
Was auch meine Lippen sagen,  
Sieh mein Aug', ich liebe dich!

Are my lips silent to your questions  
Or do they testify against me?  
Whatever my lips might say;  
Look at my eyes; I love you!

**Ivor Gurney** (1890-1937) was a prolific British composer and poet who studied at the Royal College of Music under Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, who also taught Ralph Vaughan Williams, Arthur Bliss, John Ireland, and Gustav Holst. Stanford remarked that Gurney was “the biggest of them all. But the least teachable!” Gurney’s compositional studies were disrupted by World War I. The war had a terrible mental impact on him, and upon returning home he spent the rest of his life in psychiatric hospitals. As a result, much of his music was published posthumously by Gerald Finzi. In his song cycle *Five Elizabethan Songs*, Gurney sets texts by William Shakespeare and John Fletcher. While these settings aren’t as famous as those by Ralph Vaughan Williams, John Dowland, and Roger Quilter, Gurney’s compositions have a certain charm that can take a few listens to truly appreciate.



### I. Orpheus

Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain tops that freeze,  
Bow themselves when he did sing:

To his music plants and flowers  
Ever sprung; as sun and showers  
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.

In sweet music is such art,  
Killing care and grief of heart  
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

### IV. Sleep

Come, sleep,  
and with thy sweet deceiving  
Lock me in delight awhile;  
Let some pleasing dream beguile  
All my fancies, that from thence  
I may feel an influence,  
All my powers of care bereaving.

Tho' but a shadow, but a sliding,  
Let me know some little joy.  
We, that suffer long annoy,  
Are contented with a thought  
Thro' an idle fancy wrought:  
O let my joys have some abiding.

### II. Tears

Weep you no more, sad fountains;  
What need you flow so fast?  
Look how the snowy mountains  
Heaven's sun doth gently waste.

But my sun's heavenly eyes  
View not your weeping,  
That now lies sleeping  
Softly, now softly lies  
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,  
A rest that peace begets:  
Doth not the sun rise smiling  
When fair at even he sets?

Rest you then, rest, sad eyes,  
Melt not in weeping,  
While she lies sleeping  
Softly, now softly lies  
Sleeping.

**Camille Saint-Saëns** (1835-1921) was a French composer and piano prodigy well-known for orchestral works such as *Danse macabre*, *The Carnival of the Animals*, and his opera *Samson and Delilah*. “**Aimons-nous**” sets a text by Théodore de Banville. Within, Saint-Saëns’ lush chromatic vocal line and increasingly ornate accompaniment perfectly encapsulate the mood of the text.

Aimons-nous et dormons  
Sans songer au reste du monde!  
Ni le flot de la mer, ni l'ouragan des monts  
Tant que nous nous aimons  
Ne courbera ta tête blonde,  
Car l'amour est plus fort  
Que les dieux et la mort!

Le soleil s'éteindrait  
Pour laisser ta blancheur plus pure,  
Le vent qui jusqu'à terre incline la forêt,  
En passant n'oserait  
Jouer avec ta chevelure,  
Tant que tu cacheras  
Ta tête entre mes bras!

Et lorsque nos deux cœurs  
S'en iront aux sphères heureuses  
Où les célestes lys écloront sous nos pleurs,  
Alors, comme deux fleurs,  
Joignons nos lèvres amoureuses,  
Et tâchons d'épuiser  
La mort dans un baiser!

Let us love and sleep  
Without a care for the rest of the world!  
Neither ocean waves nor mountain storms,  
While we still love each other,  
Can bow your golden head,  
For love is more powerful  
Than gods and death!

The sun would extinguish its rays  
To make your purity more pure,  
The wind which inclines to earth the forest  
Would not in passing dare  
To frolic with your hair,  
While you nestle  
Your head in my arms.

And when our two hearts  
Shall ascend to paradise,  
Where celestial lilies shall open beneath our tears,  
Then, like flowers,  
Let us join our loving lips  
And strive to exhaust  
Death in a kiss!