

SENIOR RECITAL

Melody Simms, voice

Student of Kirsten Gunlogson

with

Bibiana Miškolciová, piano

Eidson-Duckwall Recital Hall

Saturday, April 26, 2025 • 2:00 P.M.

Se parto, se resto
from *Catone in Utica*

Antonio Vivaldi
(1678-1741)

Bibiana Miškolciová, *harpsichord*
Dirui Jiang, *cello*

Laudamus te
from *Gloria*

Caitlyn Everroad, *voice*
Bibiana Miškolciová, *harpsichord*
Dirui Jiang, *cello*

Mandoline

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Mandoline

Regine Poldowski
(1879-1932)

Mandoline

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1934)

from *Frauen-Liebe und Leben*

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

- I. Seit ich ihn gesehen
- II. Er, der Herrlichste von allen
- III. Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben
- IV. Du Ring an meinem Finger

from *A Charm of Lullabies*

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

- A Cradle Song
- A Highland Balou
- A Charm

Somewhere
from *West Side Story*

Leonard Bernstein
(1918-1990)

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the
Bachelor of Music degree in Music Education.*

”Se parto, se resto”

Music by:
Antonio Vivaldi
(1685-1759)

From:
Catone in Utica
(1737)

Text by:
Pietro Metastasio
(1698 - 1782)

Notes: This piece is from an opera -of which only Acts II and III survive- that was written in the 18th century by the Italian virtuoso violinist Vivaldi. During the time of its composition, pianos as we know them did not yet exist. Most pieces in this genre were composed for a combination of stringed instruments and harpsichord.

At this point in the opera, Marzia, Catone’s daughter and Caesar’s secret lover, is torn between love and flight, caught between her father and her lover.

Original:
Se parto, se resto
Confusa mi perdo
L'affanno la pena
M'affligge, mi svena

E misera, o Dio,
Morir non poss'io.
Il fato spietato
Mi lacera il cor.

Turbata la mente
Non vede non sente
Tra sdegno ed amore
Il povero core
Confonde il dolor.

Translation:
To go or to stay?
I know not the way.
Afflicted, oppress'd,
I swoon in distress.

So wretched am I,
yet I cannot die.
I suffer the smart
of Fate's wounds in my heart.

My spirits do reel,
I see not, nor feel.
Of love and disdain
My poor heart
Doth mingle the pain.

“Laudamus Te”

Music by:
Antonio Vivaldi
(1685-1759)

From:
Gloria
(1715)

Latin Translation by:
St. Hilary of Poitiers
(c. 310-c. 367)

Notes: This piece comes from Vivaldi’s third and best known composition of *Gloria*, which sets an integral hymn to the Mass Ordinary to music. *Gloria in excelsis deo* is a Christian hymn that has no known author and contains no text from scripture, but likely originated as part of a common practice in the 2nd and 3rd centuries of writing “private psalms” that imitate the psalms of the Holy Bible. By the 4th century it had become part of morning prayers and was translated from Greek to Latin by a travelling bishop.

It is composed for Soprano I and Soprano II, with harpsichord (no pianos yet!) and cello being used as a *basso continuo* accompaniment most appropriate chamber performances.

Original:

Laudámus te,
 benedicimus te,
 adorámus te,
 glorificámus te,

Translation:

We praise you,
 we bless you,
 we adore you,
 we glorify you,



“Mandoline”

Music by:

Claude Debussy
 (1862-1918)

Three Musical Settings

(1882)

Text by:

Paul Verlaine
 (1844 - 1896)

Regine Poldowski
 (1879-1932)

(1911)

Gabriel Fauré
 (1845-1934)

(1891)

Notes: Being set to music by many composers, the poem *Mandoline* was specifically inspired by paintings by Antoine Watteau and characters from *commedia dell'arte*, which is a form of Italian theatre. From each composers' distinct musical decisions, three vignettes of women at different stages in their life are staged in today's performance:

The first, set by Claude Debussy, is the most literal- implying the excitement of a young partygoer through quick passages of many short notes.

The second setting is by Poldowski- a female composer who set many of Verlaine's works to music. This interpretation takes place in a museum where a more mature curator is describing the details of Antoine Watteau's "*La Perspective*" through Paul Verlaine's text.

The third setting, by Gabriel Fauré, is performed through the lens of an older woman reminiscing about the carefree days of her youth, which she remembers vividly through legato singing and mysterious musical passages.

Original:

Les donneurs de sérénades
 Et les belles écouteuses
 Échangent des propos fades
 Sous les ramures chanteuses.

Translation:

The serenaders
 and the lovely listeners
 exchange sweet nothings
 beneath the singing branches

C'est Tircis |et c'est Aminte,
 Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
 Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
 Cruelle fait maint vers tendre

It is Thyrsis and it is Amyntas
 and it is the eternal Clytander,
 and there is Damis who for many
 cruel women writes many verses tender.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues

Their short jackets of silk,
their long gowns with trains,
their elegance, their joy
and their soft blue shadows

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

whirl in the ecstasy
of a moon pink and grey
and the mandolin chatters
amid the shivers of the breeze



“Seit ich ihn gesehen”

Music by:
Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

From:
Frauen-Liebe und Leben
(1840)

Text by:
Adelbert von Chamisso
(1781-1838)

Notes: Schumann’s *Frauen-Liebe und Leben*, which translates to “A Woman’s Life and Love,” is a song cycle following the lifelong progression of a loving relationship. It is inspired heavily by Schumann’s own engagement to his devoted wife, excellent pianist and composer Clara Schumann. *This performance of the cycle’s first four movements is dedicated to my fiancé.*

The first, more slow movement “Seit ich ihn gesehen,” follows a young protagonist as she struggles to cope with the new and unfamiliar feelings spurred by seeing “him” for the first time. Schumann creates an atmosphere of adoration through a simplistic yet unsteady musical texture with off-balanced rhythms.

Original:
Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein;
Wo ich hin nur blicke,
Seh ich ihn allein;
Wie im wachen Traume
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel,
Heller nur empor.

Translation:
Since first seeing him,
I think I am blind,
Wherever I look,
Him only I see;
As in a waking dream
His image hovers before me,
Rising out of deepest darkness
Ever more brightly.

Sonst ist licht- und farblos
Alles um mich her,
Nach der Schwestern Spiele
Nicht begehrt ich mehr,
Möchte lieber weinen,
Still im Kämmerlein;

All else is dark and pale
Around me,
My sisters’ games
I no more long to share,
I would rather weep
Quietly in my room;

Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein.

Since first seeing him,
I think I am blind.

“Er, der Herrlichste von allen”

Music by:
Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

From:
Frauen-Liebe und Leben
(1840)

Text by:
Adelbert von Chamisso
(1781-1838)

Notes: The second movement has a markedly different and more exuberant tone than the first, with quickly moving chords and embellishing turns in the melody. It follows our protagonist as, “Brimming with ardor, she extols the virtues of her sweetheart and vows that, even though her heart should break if she were not the chosen one, only the finest woman is worthy of his magnificence” (Carol Kimball).

Original:

Er, der Herrlichste von allen,
Wie so milde, wie so gut!
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,
Heller Sinn und fester Mut.

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,
Hell und herrlich, jener Stern,
Also er an meinem Himmel,
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen;
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,
Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,
Selig nur und traurig sein!

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;
Darfst mich niedre Magd nicht kennen,
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Nur die Würdigste von allen
Darf beglücken deine Wahl,
Und ich will die Hohe segnen,
Viele tausendmal.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,
Selig, selig bin ich dann;
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,
Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?

Translation:

He, the most wonderful of all,
How gentle and loving he is!
Sweet lips, bright eyes,
A clear mind and firm resolve.

Just as there in the deep-blue distance
That star gleams bright and brilliant,
So does he shine in my sky,
Bright and brilliant, distant and sublime.

Wander, wander on your way,
Just to gaze on your radiance,
Just to gaze on in humility,
To be but blissful and sad!

Do not heed my silent prayer,
Uttered for your happiness alone,
You shall never know me, lowly as I am,
You noble star of splendour!

Only the worthiest woman of all
May your choice elate,
And I shall bless that exalted one
Many thousands of times.

Then shall I rejoice and weep,
Blissful, blissful shall I be,
Even if my heart should break,
Break, O heart, what does it matter?

“Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben”

Music by:
Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

From:
Frauen-Liebe und Leben
(1840)

Text by:
Adelbert von Chamisso
(1781-1838)

Notes: The movement gives energy and life to the confusion one feels at reciprocated love. Schumann marks the song “with passion,” providing a speech-like and linear melody with a light accompaniment of sparsely placed chords beneath. Our protagonist sings again of the man who was declared by her to deserve only the “worthiest woman,” and has now chosen *her*?

Original:

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt;
Wie hätt er doch unter allen
Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?

Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:
„Ich bin auf ewig dein“—
Mir war's—ich träume noch immer,
Es kann ja nimmer so sein.

O lass im Traume mich sterben,
Gewieget an seiner Brust,
Den seligen Tod mich schlürfen
In Tränen unendlicher Lust.

Translation:

I cannot grasp it, believe it,
A dream has beguiled me;
How, from all women, could he
Have exalted and favoured poor me?

He said, I thought,
'I am yours forever',
I was, I thought, still dreaming,
After all, it can never be.

O let me, dreaming, die,
Cradled on his breast;
Let me savour blissful death
In tears of endless joy.

“Du Ring an meinem Finger”

Music by:
Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

From:
Frauen-Liebe und Leben
(1840)

Text by:
Adelbert von Chamisso
(1781-1838)

Notes: This movement shows a conversation between our protagonist and her new engagement ring. She reflects on her life before having met her betrothed, and wholeheartedly commits herself to him. An interesting aspect of this piece is that Schumann uses a motif throughout the cycle to hide his beloved's name within the music by using the pitches C-B-A-G#-A to represent C-L-A-R-A!

Original:

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringlein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

Ich hatt ihn ausgeträumet,

Translation:

You ring on my finger,
My golden little ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
To my heart.

I had finished dreaming

Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,
Ich fand allein mich, verloren
Im öden, unendlichen Raum.

Childhood's peaceful dream,
I found myself alone, forlorn
In boundless desolation.

Du Ring an meinem Finger
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.

You ring on my finger,
You first taught me,
Opened my eyes
To life's deep eternal worth.

Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,
Ihm angehören ganz,
Hin selber mich geben und finden
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.

I shall serve him, live for him,
Belong to him wholly,
Yield to him and find
Myself transfigured in his light.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
an das Herze mein.

You ring on my finger,
My golden little ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
To my heart.



“A Cradle Song”

Music by:
Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

From:
A Charm of Lullabies
(1947)

Text by:
William Blake
(1757-1827)

Notes: After getting married, some women choose to have children. Taking care of a child is something that any mother, across any era, can relate to. This collection of songs from the first four movements of Britten's *A Charm of Lullabies*, taking texts ranging in origin from the 14th century to the 16th. The first movement depicts a mother singing to her sleeping child. The music features a rocking bass line supporting a simple, lyrical vocal melody. The piano's right hand plays repetitive, exercise-like patterns that create gentle dissonances against the lullaby. The texture remains light and transparent throughout, with a quiet and tranquil character.

Text:
Sleep, sleep, beauty bright,
Dreaming o'er the joys of night;
Sleep, sleep, in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.

O! the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep.
When thy little heart does wake
Then the dreadful lightnings break,

From thy cheek and from thy eye,
O'er the youthful harvests nigh.
Infant wiles and infant smiles
Heaven and Earth of peace beguiles.

“Sephestia’s Lullaby”

Music by:
Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

From:
A Charm of Lullabies
(1947)

Text by:
Robert Greene
(1558–1592)

Notes: This piece uses the oldest text out of this collection, which is a testament to how universal the challenges of parenting can be. This lullaby is the most complex of the five, and the only one with a narrative; the singer of the lullaby tries to quiet a child she did not want, though the father did, at least at first. Then the father left, and she was left with the “wanton”, who she warns “When thou art old, there’s grief enough for thee”.

Text:

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy;
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe;
Fortune changèd made him so,
When he left his pretty boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby leapt;
More he crow'd, more we cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide:
He must go, he must kiss

Child and mother, baby bliss,
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there 's grief enough for thee.

“A Charm”

Music by:
Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

From:
A Charm of Lullabies
(1947)

Text by:
Thomas Randolph
(1605–1635)

Notes: This mom is FED UP. She has spent *all day* being calm and nice, has tried every trick in the book, and nothing is working! She resorts to fantastical threats to scare her child to sleep. Britten enhances this chaos by having the time signature alternate between 4/4 and a fast 7/4, which has an uneven feel.

Text:

Quiet!
Sleep! or I will make
Erinnys whip thee with a snake,
And cruel Rhadaman thus take
Thy body to the boiling lake,
Where fire and brimstones never slake;
Thy heart shall burn, thy head shall ache,
And ev'ry joint about thee quake;
And therefore dare not yet to wake!
Quiet, sleep!
Quiet, sleep!
Quiet!

Quiet!
Sleep! or thou shalt see
The horrid hags of Tartary,
Whose tresses ugly serpents be,
And Cerberus shall bark at thee,
And all the Furies that are three
The worst is called Tisiphone,
Shall lash thee to eternity;
And therefor sleep thou peacefully
Quiet, sleep!
Quiet, sleep!
Quiet!



“Somewhere”

Music by:
Leonard Bernstein
(1918-1990)

From:
West Side Story
(1957)

Text by:
Stephen Sondheim
(1930-2021)

Notes: Some might find this *timeless* piece familiar, as it has been performed by many renowned singers, such as Barbra Streisand and Cynthia Erivo. With music composed by the virtuosic Leonard Bernstein, *West Side Story* also marked Stephen Sondheim’s Broadway debut, as he reluctantly collaborated with the composer as a lyricist only. Since this piece was composed long before the musical was conceptualized, Sondheim faced difficulties setting the opening line to music. He later publicly regretted his decision to place the word “a,” on a stressed high note. “a,” being a word which, to him, was the least significant word and is often sung as something closer to “uh.”

Text:

There's a place for us,
Somewhere a place for us.
Peace and quiet and open air
Wait for us
Somewhere.

There's a time for us,
Someday a time for us,
Time together with time to spare,
Time to learn, time to care,
Someday!

Somewhere.
We'll find a new way of living,
We'll find a way of forgiving
Somewhere . . .

There's a place for us,
A time and place for us.
Hold my hand and we're halfway there.
Hold my hand and I'll take you there
Somehow,
Someday,
Somewhere!