SCHOOL OF MUSIC

The Life I Led

Adrian Martinez, Baritone
Huan Yang, Collaborative Piano

October 25, 2026 | 7:00 PM | PepsiCo Recital Hall

Program

"The Trumpet Shall Sound" from *Handel's Messiah* — George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Dhruv Patel, Trumpet

Selections from *Liederkreis, Op. 39* — Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
- In der Fremde
- Mondnacht
- Im Walde
- Waldesgespräch

Il Trovatore in Caricatura — Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)

Brief Intermission

Selections from *Six Songs from A Shropshire Lad* — George Butterworth (1885-1916)
- Loveliest of trees
- Look not in my eyes
- Is my team ploughing

"Where is the Life that Late I led" from *Kiss me, Kate* — Cole Porter (b.1891-1964)

This Recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the BME in Music Education. Mr. Martinez is a student of Dr. James D. Rodriguez. The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited. Please silence all electronic devices.

Program Notes

The Trumpet Shall Sound from *Handel's Messiah* **George Frideric Handel**

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759), a German born composer, was one of the most influential musicians in the Late Baroque period. Handel is arguably most well-known for English oratorio, a genre he helped make prominent through his works such as *Saul, Israel in Egypt, Samson*, and *Messiah*. *Messiah* was composed extremely quickly, writing a two-and-a-half-hour oratorio in just a couple of weeks. However, this became Handel's most celebrated compositions because of its choruses and expressive solo writing.

"The Trumpet Shall Sound" is written for baritone voice, and it celebrates the resurrection of the dead and the promise of eternal life. The text comes from 1 Corinthians 15, where it describes how the trumpet will announce the resurrection, where mortality transforms into immortality.

The Trumpet Shall Sound

Behold, I tell you a mystery;
We shall not all sleep,
But we shall all be chang'd in a moment,
In the twinkling of an eye,
At the last trumpet.

The trumpet shall sound,
And the dead shall be raised in corruptible
And we shall be chang'd

Handel [Händel, Hendel], George Frideric | grove music. (n.d.). https://www.oxfordmusiconline.com/grovemusic/display/10.1093/gmo/9781561592630.001.0001/omo-9781561592630-e-0000040060

Selections from *Liederkreis, Op. 39* **Robert Schumann**

Robert Schumann (1810-1856) was a highly influential German Romantic composer, whose music was deeply connected to his love towards poetry and the piano. His marriage to the pianist ,Clara Schumann, sparked a musical breakthrough and he composed his most important song collections, including *Dichterliebe, Myrthen, and Liederkreis, Op.39*. These works show his close relationship between the voice, poetry, and the piano, with the piano functioning as its own musical idea that portrays a character's inner emotions. Later in life, Schumann experienced increasing health problems; nevertheless, he left a lasting legacy on German Lied, demonstrating the expressive storytelling possibilities that emerge through the intimate collaboration of voice and piano.

"In der Fremde" ("In a Foreign Land") showcases the speaker's feelings of loneliness, isolation, and the longing to return home. Being in a darkened forest, the narrator imagines that death may finally bring them peace and reunite them to their homeland. The minor-key and the accompaniment allows for there to be an emphasis on the solitude of the poem.

"Mondnacht" ("Moonlit Night") describes a peaceful evening in which earth and the sky become connected beneath the moonlight. The speaker imagines being one with the earth, as their soul takes flight, traveling through a peaceful landscape. The accompaniment flows throughout the piece, which compliments the lyrical vocal line. This captures a dreamlike, intimate atmosphere for the poem.

"Im Walde" ("In the Forest") showcases an energetic gathering in the forest, where the speaker encounters dancing, music, and the joyfulness of nature. However, the speaker begins to experience longing and emotional distance as they continue to observe the celebration around them. This major contrast in the poem is portrayed by the musical passages, as it begins with more energetic melodies to more reflective moments.

"Waldesgespräch" ("Forest Dialogue") tells the tale of a knight who encounters a mysterious woman in the forest. This woman reveals herself as the dangerous figure from German folklore, Lorelei. As the conversation between these two characters develop, the knight realizes that he is in danger, but he cannot escape due to the woman's beauty. The dramatic contrast in the vocal and piano line, allows for a feeling of tension which reflects with the poem's tragic and suspenseful ending.

Schumann, Robert | Grove Music. Accessed September 19, 2026. https://www.oxfordmusiconline.com/grovemusic/view/10.1093/gmo/9781561592630.001.0001/omo-9781561592630-e-0000040704?mediaType=Image.

In der Fremde

Aus der Heimath hinter den Blitzen roth
da kommen die Wolken her,
aber Vater unt Mutter sind lange todt,
es kennt mich dort Keiner mehr.

Wie bald, ach wie bald kommt die stille Zeit,
Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir
Rauscht die schöne Waldeainsamkeit,
Unt Keiner kennt mich mehr hier

From the homeland, behind the lighting's red
There come the clouds here,
But father and mother are long dead;
And knows me there no-one anymore.

How soon, ah, how soon comes the quiet time,
Then rest I also, and over me
Rustles the beautiful forest-solitude
And no-one will know me anymore here

Text Translations: Bard Suverkrop

Mondnacht

Es war, als hätt' der Himmel
Die Erde still geküsst,
Dass sie im Blüthenschimmer
Von ihm nur träumen müsst'.

Die Luft ging durch die Felder,
Die Aehren wogten sacht,
Es rauschten leis' die Wälder,
So sternklar war die Nacht.

Und meine Seele spannte
Weit ihre Flügel aus,
Flog durch die stillen Lande,
Als flöge sie nach Haus.

It was as had the heaven
The earth silently kissed,
That she in the shimmers of blossoms
Of him only dream must.

The breeze went through the fields
The ears waved gently,
It rustled softly the forests,
So star clear was the night.

And my soul spread
Wide its wings out,
Flew through the still lands,
As though flying home.

Text Translations: Bard Suverkrop

Im Walde

Es zog eine Hochzeit den Berg entlang,
Ich hörte die Vögel schlagen,
Da blitzten viel Reiter,
Das Waldhorn klang,
Das war ein lustiges Jagen!

Und eh ich's ge dacht, war alles verhallt,
Die Nacht bedecket die Runde,
Nur von den Bergen noch rauschet der Wald,
Und mich schauert's im Herzensgrunde.

There passed a wedding party the mountain along,
I heard the birds singing,
There blazed past many horsemen
The forest horn sounded,
It was a merry hunt!

And before I could think had all died away,
The night covered the area around,
Only from the mountains still rustles the woods,
And to me shudders it in the hearts depths.

Text Translations: Bard Suverkrop

Waldesgespräch

"Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Was reitst du einsam durch den Wald?
Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein,
Du schöne Braut! ich führ dich heim!"

"Groß ist der Männer Trug und List,
Vor Schmerz mein Herz gebrochen ist,
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her und hin,
O flieh! o flieh! du weißt nicht, wer ich bin."

"So reich geschmückt ist Roß unt Weib,
So wunderschön der junge Leib;
Jetzt kenn ich dich, Gott steh mir bei!
Du bist die Hexe Lorelei."

"Du kennst mich wohl, du kennst mich wohl
Von hohem Stein schaut
Still mein Schloß tief in den Rhein.
Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Kommst nimmer mehr aus diesem Wald!"

"It is already late, it is already cold,
Why ride your alone through the wood?
The wood is large, you are alone,
You beautiful bride I will lead you home."

"Great are the men deceit and cunning
From pain my heart broken is,
There strays the forest horn here and there,
Oh flee, oh flee! You know not who I am."

"So richly adorned is horse and lady,
So wondrously beautiful the young body;
Now know I you God stand with me!
You are the witch Lorelei."

"You know me well you know me well
From the high cliffs gazes
ilently my castle deep into the Rhine
It is already late, it is already cold,
You will come never again out of this forest.

Text Translations: Bard Suverkrop

"Im Walde." IPA Source. Accessed September 20, 2026. https://www.ipasource.com/product/im-walde-5/.
"In Der Fremde – Aus Der Heimat Hinter Dem Blitzen Rot." IPA Source. Accessed September 17, 2026. https://www.ipasource.com/product/in-der-fremde-aus-der-heimat-hinter-dem-blitzen-rot/.
"Mondnacht." IPA Source. Accessed September 21, 2026. https://www.ipasource.com/product/mondnacht-6/.
"Waldesgespräch." IPA Source. Accessed September 19, 2026. https://www.ipasource.com/product/waldesgesprach-5/.

Il Trovatore in Caricatura **Gaetano Donizetti**

Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848) was a leading figure of the Bel Canto tradition. Donizetti was raised in a poor household in Bergamo; however, he received a scholarship to study music with Johann Mayr, who influenced him to pursue a professional career in opera. After establishing himself in Naples, he achieved popularity through his works such as *L'elisir d'amore, Lucia di Lammermoor, and Anna Bolena*. He became one of Europe's most sought-after opera composers because of his elegant melodies, expressive coloratura passages, dramatic characterization, and his deep understanding of tragic and comedic opera styles. Unfortunately, his health declined during the 1840s, when he passed away at the age of 50 in 1848.

"Il trovatore in caricatura" ("The troubadour in caricature") is a comical vocal piece that plays as a parody for the dramatic styles of Italian opera. The singer imitates an overly dramatic opera character, by using extreme emotional expressions, vocal demands, and over the top gestures.

Il Trovatore in Caricatura

Era notte e la campana
Dava un tocco ogni secondo - don, don.
Gracidar s'udia la rana
Del pantano nel prodondo _ crà, crà.
Il chiaror di mesta luna
Riflettea sulla laguna,
Allorché giunse al castello
Il meschino trovator.
Ma trovò chiuso il cancello,
Eran tutti in letto allor.

Osa gli occhi appena estorre
Il figliuol della sciagura;
Vede i merli della torre,
Del veron vede le mura,
Ed ascender su pe' vetri
Vede i lemuri e gli spettri.
Vede un gatto soriano
Che correva su e giù – gnao.
Ed un ombra di lontano
Gli parea d'un tal che fù.

It was night and the bell
Rang once every second - don, don.
The croaking of a frog
Was heard from the depths of the marsh - cra, cra.
The glow of a mournful moon
Reflecting upon the lagoon
Just as the wretched troubadour
Arrived at the castle.
But he found the gate closed,
Everyone was in bed by then.

The child of misfortune
Barely dared to lift his eyes;
He saw the battlements of the tower,
He saw the walls of the balcony,
And saw specters and phantoms
Climbing up the window panes.
He saw a tabby cat
Running up and down - meow.
And the distance a shadow
Seemed to him like someone long dead.

Rifinito dal viaggio
Move i passi lenti, lenti
Alla chiesa del villaggio
In fra i salici piangenti,
E la croce in suo pensiero
Salutò del cimitero.
Ah, sventura! Batte invano,
Chiede in van la carità,
Che rissponde il sagrestano,
"Il curato non ci sta."

Exhausted from his journey
he took slow weary steps,
Toward the village church
Amidst the weeping willows,
And in his thoughts
He greeted the cross in the cemetery.
Ah, misfortune! He knocked in vain,
He begged for charity in vain,
For the sacristan replied,
"The parish priest is not here.

Era notte ed il meschino
Stava in mezzo della via,
E la campana fea don, don.
Senza il becco d'un quartino
Per andare all'osteria,
E la rana fea crà, crà.
Non avea trovato un cane
Che gli desse alloggio o pane,
Onde il misero languente
Dicea preso dal dolor,

It was night and the poor wretch
Stood in the middle of the road.
And the bell went don, don.
Without a single penny
To go to the tavern,
And the frog went crà, crà.
He had not found a soul
To give him lodging or bread
So the misfortune languishing
Men said overcome with grief,

"Se non posso trovar niente,
Perché faccio il trovator?
Là, don, don, don!
Là, non vi sta!
Qui, crà, crà, crà!
Là, gnao, gnao!
"Se non posso trovar niente,
Perché faccio il trovator?"

"If I cannot find anything,
Why am I a troubadour.
The, don, don, don!
The, non vi sta!
There, crà, crà, crà!
The, gnao, gnao!
If I cannot find anything,
Why am I a troubadour."

Text Translations: Adrian Martinez

Donizetti, (Domenico) Gaetano | Grove Music. Accessed September 18, 2026. https://www.oxfordmusiconline.com/grovemusic/display/10.1093/gmo/9781561592630.001.0001/omo-9781561592630-e-0000051832?mediaType=Article.

"Il Trovatore in Caricatura: ERA Notte e La Campana: Liedernet." *Il Trovatore in Caricatura | Era Notte e La Campana | LiederNet.* Accessed September 17, 2026. https://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=2899.

Selections from *Six Songs From a Shropshire Lad* **George Butterworth**

George Butterworth (1885-1916) was educated at Eton and Oxford, where he began to study English folk and traditional dance. When composing his art songs, he was highly influenced by the works of poet A.E. Housman. He set Housman's poetry to his *Six Songs from a Shropshire Lad, Bredon Hill,* and many others. Butterworth's musical style consists of folk inspired melodies with a combination of modal harmony, restrained emotional expression, and pastoral atmosphere. These musical characteristics are portrayed through the collaboration between the voice and the piano, and this can be heard from his works such as "Loveliest of Trees" and "Look Not in my Eyes". His career was tragically cut short when he enlisted in the military during World War I, where he was killed in the Battle of Somme in 1916 at the young age of 31.

"Loveliest of Trees" is a reflection on the beauty of nature and the sacred time humans have to admire it. The speaker realizes that he must make the most of his remaining years on this earth because life is short; therefore, the speaker enjoys watching the beauty of cherry trees in bloom. This art song captures the peaceful and reflective atmosphere through the lyrics and melody, emphasizing the poem's themes of youth, mortality, and nature.

"Look Not in My Eyes" expresses the speaker's tendency to withhold his inner emotions from another person. Throughout the art song, the speaker asks them not to look deep into his eyes because they might discover feelings that he was not ready to share openly. The poem's themes are best portrayed by Butterworth's melancholic setting through the accompaniment and melodic line, emphasizing the speaker's secrecy and unspoken love.

"Is My Team Ploughing" is a conversation between a dead soldier and his living friend, where the soldier is asking about the life he left behind. Throughout the song, the soldier asks about whether his team is still ploughing and if his girlfriend has moved on. Eventually he learns that his girlfriend is now with his living friend. Butterworth distinguishes the living and the dead through his accompaniment and vocal line, showcasing the soldiers longing and isolation, and showing the living friends liveliness and guilt.

Loveliest of trees

Loveliest of tree, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white on Eastertide.

Now, for my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look in things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

Look not in my eyes

Look not in my eyes, for fear
They mirror true the sight I see,
And there you find your face too clear
And love it and be lost like me.

One the long nights through must lie
Spent in stardefeated sighs,
But why should you as well as I Perish?
Gaze not in my eyes.

A Grecian lad as I hear tell
One that many loved in vain,
Looked into a forest well
And never looked away again.

There when the turf in springtime flowers,
With downward eye and gazes sad,
Stands a mid the glancing showers
A jonquil, not a Grecian lad.

Is my team ploughing

“Is my team ploughing, That I was used to drive
And hear the harness jingle When I was man alive?”
Ay, the horses trample, The harness jingles now:
No change though you lie under The land you used to plough.

“Is football playing A long the Rivershore,
With lads to chase the leather, Now I stand up no more?”
Ay, the ball is flying, The lads play heart and soul;
The goal stands up, the keeper Stands up to keep the goal.

“Is my girl happy, That I thought hard to leave,
And has she tired of weeping As she lies down at eve?”
Ay, she lies down lightly, She lies not down to weep:
Your girl is well contented. Be Still my lad, and sleep.

“Is my friend hearty, Now I am thin and pine,
And has he found to sleep in A better bed than mine?”
Yes, lad, I lie easy, I lie as lads would choose;
I cheer a dead man’s sweetheart, Never ask me whose.

Album | Grove Music. Accessed September 19, 2026. https://oxfordmusiconline.com/grovemusic/view/10.1093/gmo/9781561592630.001.0001/omo-9781561592630-e-0000047210.

Where is the Life that Late I Led from *Kiss Me, Kate* **Cole Porter**

Cole Porter (1891-1964) was a highly influential American composer and lyricist in musical theatre. He studied music at Yale University and then attended Harvard Law School before he committed his career to music. He saw major success on Broadway with his works *Kiss Me, Kate, Anything Goes,* and *Can-Can*, where his audience enjoyed his sophisticated melodies and witty lyrics. His music was so popular because he was able to combine romantic themes, elements of popular music and jazz, with comedic lyrics, creating American vocal repertoire staples till this day.

"Where Is the Life That Late I Led" is from the musical *Kiss Me, Kate* where the character Fred reflects on his past romantic relationships. This humorous song compares Fred's current married life with his past lifestyle, joking about how his marriage is restricting him from being an independent person. This song uses clever wordplay and contains a lively musical style to accurately depict a comedic story about Fred's mental struggle with his married life.

Since I reached the charming age of puberty
And began to finger feminine curls
Like a show that's typically Shuberty
I have always had a multitude of girls.
But now that a married man at last am I,
How aware of my dear, departed past am I.

Where is the life that late I led?
Where is it now? Totally dead.
Where is the fun I used to find?
Where has it gone? Gone with a wind.
A married life may all be well,
But raising an heir could never compare
With raising a bit of hell.
So I repeat what first I said,
Where is the life that late I.

In dear Millano, where are you, Momo,
Still selling those pictures of the scriptures in the duomo?
And Carolena, where are you Lena,
Still peddling your pizza in the streets o'Taormina
And in Firenze, where are you Alice,
Still there in your pretty itty bitty Pitti Palace?
And sweet Luoretia so young and gayee
What scandalous doins in the ruins of Pompeii?

Where is the life that late I led?
Where is it now? Totally dead.
Where is the fun I used to find?
Where has it gone? Gone with a wind.
I've oft been told with nuptial bliss,

But what do you do, a quarter to two,
With only a shrew to kiss?
So I repeat what first I said,
Where is the life that late I led?

Partsong (USA) (USA) | Grove Music. Accessed September 23, 2026. https://www.oxfordmusiconline.com/grovemusic/display/10.1093/gmo/9781561592630.001.0001/omo-9781561592630-e-1002252141.