



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

Sea Pictures- A Senior Recital
Mary Grace Abney, mezzo soprano
Ola Czerniecka, piano

April 12th 2026

4:00 PM

Ed Landreth Auditorium

Program

“Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris”

From *Gloria* in D Major

Antonio Vivaldi

(1678-1741)

“Esurientes implevit bonis”

From *Magnificat* in G Minor

“The Seal Man”

Rebecca Clarke

(1886-1979)

Selections from *Sea Pictures* Op.37

1. Sea Slumber Song

2. In Haven (*Capri*)

3. Sabbath Morning at Sea

4. Where Corals Lie

Edward Elgar

(1857-1934)

Intermission

Le Bestiaire, ou Cortège d'Orphée

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

1. Le Dromadaire
2. La Chèvre du Thibet
3. La Sauterelle
4. Le Dauphin
5. L'Écrevisse
6. La Carpe

“Cruda Sorte! Amor tiranno!
From *L'italiana in Algeri*”

Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

“How Deep Is The Ocean”

Irving Berlin
(1888-1989)

“In A Mellow Tone”

Duke Ellington
(1899-1974)

“Summertime”

From *Porgy and Bess*, arranged by Mac Huff

George Gershwin
(1898-1937)

Mr. Joey Carter, piano
Ms. Haley Bruns, drums
Mr. James Tsang, bass
Treble Ensemble

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Bachelor's Degree in Vocal Performance.

Ms. Mary Grace Abney is a student of Dr. James Rodriguez.

Please silence all electronic devices including watches, pagers, and phones.

Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris

Antonio Vivaldi

“Qui Sedes ad dexteram Patris” is a sacred aria from Vivaldi’s *Gloria in D Major RV 589*, presumed to be composed in 1715. The Latin text, translating to “You who sit at the right hand of the Father, have mercy on us,” is derived from the traditional Mass Ordinary. Vivaldi expresses the quiet reverence of the sacred text through a flowing and expressive melodic line, tasteful ornamentation, beautiful lyricism, and supported by a steady orchestral accompaniment.

Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris,
Miserere nobis

You who sit at the right [hand] of the Father,
Have mercy on us

Translation by Michael Marissen and Daniel R. Melamed

Esurientes implevit bonis

Antonio Vivaldi

“Esurientes implevit bonis” is a sacred aria from Vivaldi’s Magnificat in G minor RV 611, composed around 1739. Vivaldi wrote numerous versions of the Magnificat, making alterations to his various settings over the decades while serving as the director of music at the Ospedale della Pietà, a girls’ orphanage. While there are three earlier versions that exist as RV 610, a later version from around 1739 was designated RV 611. Vivaldi’s Magnificat represents devotion to God and humility. The Latin text, which translates to “He has filled the hungry with good and the rich he has sent away empty” is derived from Luke 1:53, in which Mary is acknowledging how God’s mercy in tending to the people in need. Vivaldi’s setting of the text is carefully expressed through a lyrical melody and expressive ornamentation, capturing a sense of warmth and humility within the sacred text.

Esurientes implevit bonis
Et divites dimisit inanes

He has filled the hungry with good [things]
and the rich he has sent away empty

Translation by Michael Marissen and Daniel R. Melamed

The Seal Man

Rebecca Clarke

“The Seal Man” is an English art song written in 1922 by Rebecca Clarke. Clarke was a British composer and violist, recognized as one of the most prominent female composers of the early twentieth century, although her work was often overlooked during her own lifetime. Written by John Masefield and based off of Scottish folklore, the text tells the story of a young woman who is drawn by a mysterious seal man from the sea, luring her away from her home into the ocean, ultimately drowning her. Clarke depicts this eerie tale through a rich and dramatic piano accompaniment, paired with a disjunct but hauntingly beautiful vocal line. Clarke does a

wonderful job at capturing a sense of mystery and longing, adding to the dramatic story-telling aspect of the piece.

And he came by her cabin to the west of the road, calling
There was a strong love came up in her at that
And she put down her sewing on the table, and "Mother," she says
"There's no lock, and no key, and no bolt, and no door
There's no iron, nor no stone, nor anything at all
Will keep me this night from the man I love."

And she went out into the moonlight to him
There by the bush where the flow'rs is pretty, beyond the river
And he says to her: "You are all of the beauty of the world
Will you come where I go, over the waves of the sea?"
And she says to him: "My treasure and my strength," she says
"I would follow you on the frozen hills, my feet bleeding."

Then they went down into the sea together
And the moon made a track on the sea, and they walked down it;
It was like a flame before them. There was no fear at all on her;
Only a great love like the love of the Old Ones
That was stronger than the touch of the fool

She had a little white throat, and little cheeks like flowers
And she went down into the sea with her man
Who wasn't a man at all

She was drowned, of course
It's like he never thought that she wouldn't bear the sea like himself
She was drowned, drowned

Selections from Sea Pictures

Edward Elgar

Sea Pictures is a song cycle written in 1899 by English composer, Edward Elgar. It was composed after his successful work *Enigma Variations*, when Elgar was commissioned by the Norwich Festival to write a work for solo voice and orchestra. *Sea Pictures* ended up being his only song cycle for both voice and orchestra and was written for the celebrated contralto Clara Butt. Elgar was widely praised for his expansive musical language and deep connection to nature, and in *Sea Pictures*, he sets five different poems to song, each telling a unique story of the sea.

The first song, “Sea Slumber Song,” sets a calm and introspective tone for the entire cycle, with a gently rolling accompaniment intending to evoke the stillness of the ocean at rest. The vocal line unfolds slowly and smoothly, creating a sense of quiet suspension, as if time itself is slowing down. The song has a hushed and solemn effect, similar to a dreamy lullaby.

The second piece, “In Haven,” set to a poem by Elgar’s wife, Caroline Alice Elgar, presents a tender and intimate sound with a sparse orchestral texture. The music reflects a feeling of closeness and protection, where love serves as a refuge from the surrounding forces of nature.

“Sabbath Morning at Sea” shifts into a more dramatic and intense soundscape, opening with a lush orchestral opening and gradually building into a powerful awakening that resembles spiritual devotion and reverence.

The fourth selection, “Where Corals Lie,” blends both a playful folk-like sound with a lush and legato vocal line. The flowing melody with its gentle accompaniment creates a hypnotic effect, intending to resemble the entrancing feeling of witnessing both the ocean’s beauty and also the unknown mystery of its depths.

Through its rich harmonic colors, gorgeous vocal writing, and vivid text-painting within the orchestral accompaniment, *Sea Pictures* beautifully depicts the mystery, serenity, and power of the sea.

Sea Slumber Song

Sea birds are asleep,
The world forgets to weep,
Sea murmurs her soft slumber-song
On the shadowy sand
Of this elfin land;
‘I, the Mother mild,
Hush thee, oh my child,
Forget the voices wild!

Isles in elfin light
Dream, the rocks and caves,
Lulled by whispering waves,
Veil their marbles bright.
Foam glimmers faintly white
Upon the shelly sand
Of this elfin land;

Sea-sound, like violins,
To slumber woos and wins,
I murmur my soft slumber-song,
Leave woes, and wails, and sins.

Ocean's shadowy might
Breathes good night,
Good night ...'

Words by Hon. Roden Noel

In Haven

Closely let me hold thy hand,
Storms are sweeping sea and land;
Love alone will stand.

Closely cling, for waves beat fast,
Foam-flakes cloud the hurrying blast;
Love alone will last.

Kiss my lips, and softly say:
'Joy, sea-swept, may fade to-day;
Love alone will stay.'

Words by C.A Elgar

Sabbath Morning at Sea

The ship went on with solemn face;
To meet the darkness on the deep,
The solemn ship went onward.
I bowed down weary in the place;
For parting tears and present sleep
Had weighed mine eyelids downward.

The new sight, the new wondrous sight!
The waters around me, turbulent,
The skies, impassive o'er me,
Calm in a moonless, sunless light,
As glorified by even the intent
Of holding the day glory!

Love me, sweet friends, this sabbath day.
The sea sings round me while ye roll
Afar the hymn, unaltered,
And kneel, where once I knelt to pray,
And bless me deeper in your soul
Because your voice has faltered.

And though this sabbath comes to me
Without the stilled minister,
And chanting congregation,
God's Spirit shall give comfort.
He who brooded soft on waters drear,
Creator on creation.

He shall assist me to look higher,
Where keep the saints, with harp and song,
An endless sabbath morning,
And, on that sea commixed with fire.
Oft drop their eyelids raised too long
To the full Godhead's burning.

Poem by Mrs. Browning

Where Corals Lie

The deeps have music soft and low
When winds awake the airy spry,
It lures me, lures me on to go
And see the land where corals lie.
The land, the land, where corals lie.

By mount and mead, by lawn and rill,
When night is deep, and moon is high,
That music seeks and finds me still,
And tells me where the corals lie.
And tells me where the corals lie.

Yes, press my eyelids close, 'tis well,
Yes, press my eyelids close, 'tis well,
But far the rapid fancies fly
To rolling worlds of wave and shell,
And all the land where corals lie.

Thy lips are like a sunset glow,
Thy smile is like a morning sky,
Yet leave me, leave me, let me go
And see the land where corals lie.
The land, the land, where corals lie.

Words by Richard Garnett

Le Bestiaire, ou Cortège d'Orphée

Francis Poulenc

Composed in 1919, *Le Bestiaire, ou Cortège d'Orphée* offers a glimpse into Poulenc's early musical voice, marked by wit, elegance, and a playful charm. Originally written for low voice and chamber orchestra, the cycle sets short poems by Guillaume Apollinaire, where each song portrays a different animal through vivid and symbolic imagery. Poulenc writes each song in response to Apollinaire's clever poems by using light textures, clear gestures, and subtle shifts in mood to reflect the personality of each animal. Though brief, there are intentional messages in each of the poems. Poulenc captures a unique atmosphere, blending humor with subtle moments of reflection, revealing the imaginative and expressive style that would later define Poulenc's writing.

"Le Dromadaire" opens with a repeated slow, descending, and slurred accompaniment pattern, mimicking the sound of a trudging camel in the desert. "La Chèvre du Thibet" shifts into a more delicate soundscape, with a playful sense of movement that accurately depicts the agility of a goat. "La Sauterelle," as brief as it is, adequately depicts the sounds of a fleeting grasshopper through the use of trills in the accompaniment. "Le Dauphin" serves as the most playful and upbeat tune of the entire cycle, perfectly resembling the personality of a dolphin. "L'Écrevisse" takes on a subtle, mystical, and slightly humorous tone that reflects the crayfish's sideways movement. The final song, "La Carpe," contrasts the rest of the pieces with an introspective quality, creating a quiet resolution to end the cycle.

Francis Poulenc's witty and imaginative writing, paired with Apollinaire's clever poetry captures each animal, while also suggesting deeper meanings through symbolism and subtle metaphors.

Le Bestiaire, ou Cortège d'Orphée (The Book of Beasts, or Procession of Orpheus)

Le Dromadaire

Avec ses quatre dromadaires
Don Pedro d'Alfaroubeira
Courut le monde et l'admira
Il fit ce que je voudrais faire
Si j'avais quatre dromadaires

The Dromedary

With his four dromedaries
Don Pedro d'Alfaroubeira
Roamed the world and admired it
He did what I would like to do
If I had four dromedaries too

La chèvre du Thibet

Les poils de center chèvre et même
Ceux d'or pour qui prit tant de peine
Jason ne valent rien au prix
Des cheveux dont je suis épris

La sauterelle

Voici la fine sauterelle
La nourriture de Saint Jean
Puissent mes vers être comme elle
Le régal des meilleures gens

Le dauphin

Dauphins, vous jouez dans la mer
Mais le flot est toujours amer
Parfois, ma joie éclate-t-elle?
La vie est encore cruelle

L'Écrevisse

Incertitude, ô mes délices
Vous et moi nous nous en allons
Comme s'en vont les écrevisses
À reculons, à reculons

La carpe

Dans vos viviers,
Dans vos étangs,
Carpes, que vous vivez
Longtemps!
Est-ce que la mort vous oublie
Poissons de la mélancolie

The Tibetan goat

The hair of this goat and even
The golden hair that so preoccupied
Jason, cannot match
The head of hair I'm smitten with

The grasshopper

Behold the delicate grasshopper
The food of Saint John
May my verses likewise be
A feast for the elite

The dolphin

Dolphins, you play in the sea,
Though the waves are briny
Does my joy at times erupt?
Life is still cruel

The Crayfish

Uncertainty, O! my delights
You and I we progress
As crayfish progress
Backwards, backwards

The carp

In your pools,
In your ponds,
Carp, how you live
For aeons!
Does death forget you,
Fish of melancholy?

Translation by Richard Stokes, Oxford Lieder
Poems by Guillaume Apollinaire

Cruda sorte! Amor tiranno!

Gioachino Rossini

“Cruda sorte” is an aria from Gioachino Rossini’s opera, *L’italiana in Algeri*, composed in 1813. *L’italiana in Algeri* tells the story of Isabella, a beautiful Italian woman who sets out to find her beloved Lindoro and becomes shipwrecked and captured upon arriving in Algiers. “Cruda sorte” takes place at the moment of Isabella’s arrival and is reacting to the unfortunate circumstance that has disrupted her mission. While she begins singing by expressing frustration for her situation and with love itself, she quickly shifts into a confident and playful manner, revealing her determination to take control of her situation. Rossini’s vocal writing is lively and virtuosic, filled with expressive gestures, quick passages, and an accompaniment that supports the upbeat nature of the piece. Through a blend of a beautiful legato line and tasteful ornamentation, Rossini perfectly captures Isabella’s elegance, resilience, and flirty nature.

Cruda sorte! Amor tiranno!
Questo è il premio di mia fe’?
Non v’è orror, terror nè affanno
Pari a quel ch’io provo in me

Harsh fate! Tyrannical love!
Is this the reward for my faithfulness?
There’s no horror terror nor struggle
Similar to that which I experience in me

Per te solo, oh mio Lindoro
Io mi trovo in tal periglio!
Da chi spero, oh Dio, consiglio?
Chi conforto mi darà?

Only because of you, oh my dear Lindoro
I find myself in so much danger!
From who should I expect, oh Lord, advice?
Who shall comfort me?

Qua ci vuol disinvoltura,
Non più smanie nè paura:
Di coraggio è tempo adesso,
Or chi sono si vedrà!
Già so, per pratica,
Qual sia l’effetto
D’un sguardo languido,
D’un sospiretto...
So a domar gli uomini;
Come si fa!

Here one wants peacefulness,
Neither agitation nor fear anymore:
Now it’s the time for courage,
Now they will see who I am!
I already know due to practice,
What is the effect of an intense stare,
Of a little sigh...
I know how to tame men;
I know how its done!

Sian dolci o ruvidi,
Sian flemma o foco,
Son tutti simili
a presso a poco...
Tutti la chiedono,
Tutti la bramano:
Da vaga femmina

Whether they’re sweet or rough,
Whether they’re phlegmatic or passionate,
They’re all similar,
More or less...
They all ask for it,
They all crave it:
From a mysterious woman

Felicità!

Happiness!

Translation by Lyric Translate

How Deep Is The Ocean

Irving Berlin

“How Deep Is The Ocean” is a popular American jazz ballad written by Irving Berlin in 1932. Berlin was an American songwriter most famously known for “White Christmas,” the infamous “God Bless America,” and his hit musical, “Annie Get Your Gun.” “How Deep is the Ocean” uses imagery of the ocean and the sky to depict the overwhelming love one feels for another.

How much do I love you?
I'll tell you no lie
How deep is the ocean?
How high is the sky?

How many times a day do I think of you?
How many roses are sprinkled with dew?

How far would I travel
To be where you are?
How far is the journey
From here to a star?

And if I ever lost you
How much would I cry?
How deep is the ocean?
How high is the sky?

In a Mellow Tone

Duke Ellington

“In a Mellow Tone,” is an American jazz standard written by Duke Ellington in 1939. Ellington was an American composer, pianist, and bandleader who played a major role in shaping the sound of big band jazz. This popular jazz standard has a relaxed, swinging character, with smooth melodic lines and a laid-back groove that stands as a hallmark for the swinging, “easy living,” jazz in the late 1930s. The lyrics reflect a carefree and easygoing mood, celebrating the simple joy of music and connection.

In a mellow tone
Feeling fancy free
And I'm not alone

I've got company
Everything's o.k.
The live long day
With this mellow song
I can't go wrong
In a mellow tone
That's the way to live
If you mope and groan
Something's gotta give
Just go your way
And laugh and play
There's joy unknown
In a mellow tone

Summertime

George Gershwin

“Summertime,” one of the most well-known jazz standards of all time, was written by George Gershwin in 1934. Gershwin was an American composer known for blending elements of classical music with jazz and other popular styles, creating works that became central to American music. The song was originally written for his opera, *Porgy and Bess*, where it’s sung as a lullaby early in the opera. The melody was intended to evoke the style of African American spirituals and is often associated with the classic spiritual, “Sometimes I feel Like a Motherless Child.” This particular arrangement is an all-treble choral piece by Mac Huff, an American choral arranger, composer, and conductor best known for his vocal arrangements for choirs, especially in pop, musical theatre, and jazz styles. “Summertime’s” text reflects a sense of both melancholy and comfort, painting an image of summer while offering reassurance of better times ahead.

Summertime, and the livin' is easy
Fish are jumpin' and the cotton is high
Oh, your daddy's rich and your ma is good-lookin'
So hush little baby, don't you cry.

One of these mornings, you're goin' to rise up singin'
And you'll spread your wings and you'll take the sky
But 'til that mornin', there's a-nothin' can harm you
With daddy and mommy standin' by.

One of these mornings, you're goin' to rise up singin'
And you'll spread your wings and you'll take the sky
But 'til that mornin', there's a-nothin' can harm you
With daddy and mommy standin' by.

Thank you!

I wanted to thank you all so much for attending my senior recital! Your support means the world to me, and I am so blessed to have had the opportunity to share such wonderful music with you all.

A special thank you to every artist who was willing to collaborate with me on such a fun and rewarding project. You all have made this experience all the more enjoyable, and it's a privilege to be allowed to make music with such amazing artists and human beings.

Thank you so much to my voice professor, Dr. Rodriguez, for your mentorship and support throughout my time at TCU! I am truly blessed to have studied under your expertise. Thank you for not only trusting in me but also pushing me to strive for higher potential. I am so grateful for you.

My accompanist and dear friend, Ola Czerniecka, I have had an amazing time getting to collaborate and make beautiful music with you! Your artistry and musicianship is spectacular, and I will always cherish having the opportunity to perform with not only a wonderful pianist, but also an amazing human being and friend.

Finally, I wouldn't be where I am today without the support of my loving family. I am so grateful for y'all's trust and faith in my future. God truly blessed me and gave me the best support system. No matter what happens, ya'll are my forever fans! I love you guys so much!

With all my love and gratitude,

- *Mary Grace*

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