

How to Say Goodbye

Adrianna Jagodzinski's Senior Recital

Polo* From Siete Canciones Populares Españolas	Manuel de Falla (1876-1946)
Svegliatevi nel core From Giulio Cesare	George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)
Liebst du um Schönheit Die Lorelei*	Clara Schumann (1819-1896)
La Cloche Fêlée** From Quatre poèmes pour voix, alto et piano, Op. 5	Charles Martin Loeffler (1861-1935)
Good Morning Heartache	Irene Higginbotham (1920-2001)
Tigeroo From Childhood Fables for Grownups	Irving Fine (1914-1962)
You Can Always Count On Me* From City of Angels	Gabriel Yared (1949-)
Wishing You Were Somehow Here Again From Phantom of the Opera	Andrew Lloyd Webber (1948-)

*Collaboration piano track made by Mark Metcalf

**Collaboration tracks made by Mark Metcalf (Piano) and Jacob Burk (Viola)

About Program

“How to say goodbye” is a program of dedications and remembrance. Each song or song set is dedicated to someone or a group of people, who have helped me get to where I am now. It ranges from faculty, family and friends who have made my journey of becoming a music educator and a graduate from TCU a success. I decided to name my recital “How to say goodbye” because with all the hurt, grief and stress that I’ve endured the past four years, it has been a hard reality to say goodbye to loved ones and start a new chapter in my life. I do not know how to say goodbye to the memories I have made these years at TCU and so I’m letting my senior recital be my final farewell. For my recital, I plan to give tributes to family I have missed, friends and faculty I’m going to miss at TCU, and to others who have stood by side through my TCU adventure.

When I was planning out my senior recital, I wanted to do songs that I loved singing throughout my voice lessons at TCU, but also sing pieces in styles that I never tried before. Repertoire ranges from opera, jazz, musical theater, flamenco, and many more. My varied repertoire explores different themes of heartbreak, anger, mermaids, love, and saying goodbye. I hope my recital shows that though good things can come to an end, friendship, laughter, and love lives on. I wish everyone the best in every endeavor, and I will remember the time I shared with all of you. Goodbye.

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Polo
From Siete Canciones Populares Españolas

Manuel de Falla
(1876-1946)

To start the program off, I wanted to give tribute to my mom and my family from South America. Part of my heritage is from a landlocked country from South America called Bolivia and at my mother's school, she danced all types of Latin American styles like salsa, samba and flamenco. "Polo" is a flamenco inspired song that represents a woman's heartbreak and vengeance over a cheating lover. While the singer holds on to the 3/8-time signature, the bass accompaniment goes against the grain, stomping on every other eighth note, creating a surge of urgency. Manuel de Falla does a great job adding the flamenco flair by having a palma (handclapping) feeling in the piano while the melody allows ornaments and improvisation to occur.

Polo

Ay!
Guardo una, ¡Ay!
Guardo una, ¡Ay!
¡Guardo una pena en mi pecho
¡Guardo una pena en mi pecho
¡Ay!
Que a nadie se la diré!

Malhaya el amor, malhaya
Malhaya el amor, malhaya
¡Ay!
¡Y quien me lo dió a entender!
¡Ay!

Polo

Ay!
I keep a... (Ay!)
I keep a... (Ay!)
I keep a sorrow in my breast,
I keep a sorrow in my breast
Ay!
that to no one will I tell.

Wretched be love, wretched,
Wretched be love, wretched,
Ay!
And he who gave me to understand it!
Ay!

Translate to English: Claudia Landivar Cody

Dedicated to my mom and my family from Bolivia

Svegliatevi nel core
From Giulio Cesare

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

"Svegliatevi nel core" is a da capo aria from Handel's opera Giulio Cesare. The character, Sesto, wants to avenge his father's death by killing Tolomeo who instructed the Egyptians to kill Pompey to gain trust from Julius Cesar. The aria consists of arpeggiated leaps and dramatic moods changes as the character Sesto speaks of his father compared to his urge to kill Tolomeo. I dedicate this aria to all my friends at TCU who encourage me to build my self-esteem and who role model great musicianship and friendship.

Svegliatevi nel core

Svegliatevi nel core
 furie d'un'alma offesa
 a far d'un traditor
 aspra vendetta!

L'ombra del genitore
 accorre a mia difesa dice: a te il rigor
 Figlio si aspetta.

Furies, awaken ye in my heart

Furies, awaken ye in my heart,
 advocates of an offended soul,
 and unleash your vengeance
 upon the traitor.

To my defense,
 my father's soul hastens,
 and he tells me, "My son,
 now is the time for severity."

Translated English: Andrew Schneider

Dedicated to my friends at TCU

Liebst du um Schönheit

Clara Schumann

Die Lorelei

(1819-1896)

Clara Schumann was a romantic era woman who ended her composer career early. She once said "I once believed that I possessed creative talent, but I have given up this idea; a woman must not desire to compose—there has never yet been one able to do it. Should I expect to be the one?" yet many people including myself look up to her as a wonderful composer. The two pieces I choose are contrasting and it shows the range that Schumann possessed. "Liebst du um Schönheit" speaks of loving for the sake of love, not for wealth or beauty. It is set with beautiful piano accompaniment and is a modified strophic song with chromaticism and legato lines. "Die Lorelei" is one of her more intense compositions, where the singer narrates the tale of a ship sinking because of beautiful but dangerous siren witch. The voice and the piano depict tumultuous waves and the ship balancing along the sea. The piece requires skills of storytelling while navigating big leaps and . This set is dedicated to my awesome dad who is of German and Austrian descent.

Liebst du um Schönheit

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

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

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

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

Poem by Friedrich Rückert

If you love for beauty

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

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

Die Lorelei

Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten
Daß ich so traurig bin;
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Im Abendsonnenschein

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
Dort oben wunderbar
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei;
Das hat eine wundersame
Gewaltige Melodei

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei getan
Poem by Heinrich Heine

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

Ah yes, love me!
Love me always,
I shall love you ever more.
Translated English: Richard Stokes

The Lorelei

I know not if there is a reason
Why I am so sad at heart.
A legend of bygone ages
Haunts me and will not depart.

The air is cool under nightfall.
The calm Rhine courses its way.
The peak of the mountain is sparkling
With evening's final ray.

The fairest of maidens is sitting
So marvelous up there,
Her golden jewels are shining,
She's combing her golden hair.

She combs with a comb also golden,
And sings a song as well
Whose melody binds a wondrous
And overpowering spell.

In his little boat, the boatman
Is seized with a savage woe,
He'd rather look up at the mountain
Than down at the rocks below.

I think that the waves will devour
The boatman and boat as one;
And this by her song's sheer power
Fair Lorelei has done.

Translated English: A.Z.Foreman

Dedicated to my dad

La Cloche Fêlée

From Quatre poèmes pour voix, alto et piano, Op. 5

Charles Martin Loeffler

(1861-1935)

This piece was one of the first pieces that my voice teacher, Twyla Robinson, gave me and it was a big undertaking since this piece was packed with dissonance, jumps and elaborate melodies. Even though Loeffler is considered an American composer his music is influenced by the French impressionist style and in this piece, he used one of poems from French poet, Charles Baudelaire. I never thought I could accomplish a piece like this, but here I am singing it in my recital with the help of a great voice teacher. Twyla, this is dedicated to you.

La Cloche Felee

Il est amer et doux, pendant les nuits d'hiver,
D'écouter, près du feu qui palpite et qui
fume,
Les souvenirs lointains lentement s'élever
Au bruit des carillons qui chantent dans la
brume.
Bienheureuse la cloche au gosier vigoureux
Qui, malgré sa vieillesse, alerte et bien
portante,
Jette fidèlement son cri religieux,
Ainsi qu'un vieux soldat qui veille sous la
tente!
Moi, mon âme est fêlée, et lorsqu'en ses
ennuis
Elle veut de ses chants peupler l'air froid des
nuits,
Il arrive souvent que sa voix affaiblie
Semble le râle épais d'un blessé qu'on oublie
Au bord d'un lac de sang, sous un grand tas
de morts
Et qui meurt, sans bouger, dans d'immenses
efforts.
Poem by Charles Baudelaire

The Flawed Bell

It is bitter and sweet on winter nights,
To listen by the fire that smokes and
palpitates,
To distant souvenirs that rise up slowly
At the sound of the chimes that sing in the
fog.
Happy is the bell which in spite of age
Is vigilant and healthy, and with lusty throat
Faithfully sounds its religious call,
Like an old soldier watching from his tent!
I, my soul is flawed, and when, a prey to
ennui,
She wishes to fill the cold night air with her
songs,
It often happens that her weakened voice
Resembles the death rattle of a wounded
man,
Forgotten beneath a heap of dead, by a lake
of blood,
Who dies without moving, striving
desperately.
Translation English: William Aggeler

Dedicated to Twyla Robinson

Good Morning Heartache

Irene Higginbotham
(1918-1998)

“Good Morning Heartache” is a jazz song composed by, Irene Higginbotham, Ervin Drake and Dan Fisher. It was first recorded by jazz singer Billie Holiday but has been redone by other famous artists like Ella Fitzgerald and Diana Ross. In the style of jazz, I will be adding my own flair into the piece by improvising and emphasizing certain blue notes while referring to the original recording. This is dedicated to one of my siblings who had stood by me through failure and heartbreak.

Good morning, heartache, you ole gloomy sight
Good morning, heartache, thought we'd said goodbye last night
I turned and tossed until it seemed you had gone
But here you are with the dawn

Wish I'd forget you
but you're here to stay
It seems I met you
When my love went away
Now everyday I start by saying to you
Good morning, heartache, what's new?

Stop haunting me now
Can't shake you, no how
Just leave me alone
I've got those Monday blues
Straight through Sunday blues

Good morning, heartache, here we go again
Good morning, heartache, you're the one who knew me when
Might as well get used to you hangin around
Good morning, heartache, sit down

Dedicated to Dewey

Tigeroo

From Childhood Fables for Grownups

Irving Fine
(1914-1962)

Irving Fine's “Childhood Fables for Grownups” comprise of serialism elements and animal storytelling to bring whimsy and joy to his pieces. Tigeroo is specifically about a pompous tiger who is too hungry for meat. When the zookeeper tries to warn him of his actions and threatens to call the doctor, the tiger refuses and threatens back that he will eat the doctor, if he comes in his cage. This song kept me optimistic throughout my voice lessons during the pandemic and my family had the pleasure of hearing it all the time through the house. One of my siblings especially loved this song so I am dedicating this to them, to the person who makes me laugh and that cheers me up through tough times.

There once was a tiger named Tigeroo,
The hungriest tiger in the zoo
All day long, he liked to eat
Not cake, not cookies, but only meat.
The keeper said "Now Tigeroo,
You eat too much; you know you do.
If you eat anymore and you get sick,
I'll call the tiger doctor quick"
"I'll eat all I like," said Tigeroo.
"I'm the hungriest tiger in the zoo.
You tell that doctor I said 'Pooh!'
If he comes in my cage, I'll eat him too!

Dedicated to Louie

You Can Always Count On Me
From City of Angels

Gabriel Yared
(1949-)

One nonnegotiable that I had to do in my recital was musical theater. The City of Angels is a unique musical for it consists of two plots happening simultaneously and two characters can be played by one actress or actor. In this song, characters Oolie and Donna sing about how it never fails they get ridiculed and used by men. "You Can Always Count On Me" is a satirical belting character piece that requires sass, sarcasm and drive throughout the piece. Thank you, TCU faculty, on being so reliable and being able to be someone who I can always count on.

I come from a long line of good girls
Who choose the wrong guy to be sweet on
The girl with a face that says welcome
That men can wipe their feet on
I'm there when he calls me
The trusted girl friday alright
But what good does it do me
Alone on a saturday night

I don't need a map
I nat'rally head for the dead end street
You can always count on me
I'm caught in a trap
When joy is approaching then i retreat
I'm at home with misery

I've been "the other woman" since my puberty began
I crashed the junior prom
And met the only married man
I'm always on tap
For romance or choc'late that's bitter sweet
You can always count on me

A matter of fact,
If you want an ill-fated love affair
You can always count on me
Though I've made a pact
To carry out research before i care
Men don't give a warranty

One joe who swore he's single
Got me sorta crocked, the beast
I woke up only slightly shocked that I'd defrocked a priest
Or else I attract
The guys who are longing to do my hair
You can always count on me

I go for the riff raff
Who's treating me so so
When I can play the second fiddle
I'm a virtuoso
I should be playing for a wedding band
But there're no wedding rings attached
Though you can bet there're strings attached

Though my kind of dame
No doubt will die out like the dinosaurs
You can always count on me
I'm solely to blame
My head gives advice that my heart ignores
I'm my only enemy

I choose the kind who cannot introduce the girl he's with
There're lots of smirking motel clerks who call me,
"Mrs. smith"
But I've made a name
With hotel detectives who break down doors
Guess who they expect to see
You can always count on
Bet a large amount on
You can always count on me

Dedicated to TCU Faculty

Wishing You Were Somehow Here Again
From Phantom of the Opera

Andrew Lloyd Webber
(1948-)

Throughout my years at TCU, the hardest thing I had to overcome was the passing of my grandparents Grandma Nancy and Grandpa Gonzalo during my freshman year. My grandma especially shaped me to be the person I am with her making sure I had a pancake breakfast every day and instilling qualities of kindness, humbleness, and compassion to me. The last song of the night is a tribute to them. "Wishing You Were Somehow Here Again" by Andrew Lloyd Webber (Also the creator of my favorite musical 'Cats') is about the main character Christine's wish to see her father one last time. When she realizes that he will not be coming back, she accepts it and finds her inner strength to let go and say goodbye.

You were once my one companion
You were all that mattered
You were once a friend and father
Then my world was shattered

Wishing you were somehow here again
Wishing you were somehow near
Sometimes it seemed,
if I just dreamed
Somehow you would be here
Wishing I could hear your voice again
Knowing that I never would
Dreaming of you won't help me to do
All that you dreamed I could

Passing bells and sculpted angels
Cold and monumental
Seem for you the wrong companions
You were warm and gentle

Too many years
Fighting back tears
Why can't the past just die?

Wishing you were somehow here again
Knowing we must say goodbye
Try to forgive, teach me to live
Give me the strength to try
No more memories, no more silent tears
No more gazing across the wasted years
Help me say goodbye
Help me say goodbye

Dedicated to my grandma and grandpa