



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

Jesus De Hoyos Jr., tenor
Stephen Carey, collaborative piano

February 23rd, 2021

7:00 PM

PepsiCo Recital Hall

Program

Sechs Lieder, Op. 13

Clara Schumann
(1812 – 1894)

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
Sie liebten sich Beide,
Liebeszauber
Der Mond kommt still gegangen
Ich hab' in Deinem Auge
Die stille Lotosblume

Six Sorrow Songs

Samual Coleridge-Taylor
(1875-1912)

Oh what comes over the Sea
When I am dead, my dearest
Oh, Roses for the flush of youth
She sat and sang alway
Unmindful of the Roses
Too late for love

Intermission

Canciones Argentinas

Carlos Guastavino
(1912 – 2000)

- I. Desde que te conoci
- II. Viniendo de Chilecito
- III. En los surcos del amor
- IV. Mi garganta

Selections from *And He'll Be Mine*

Dennis Tobenski
(b. 1982)

Braw, Braw Lads O' Galla Water
Craigieburn
The Gallant Weaver
John Anderson, My Jo

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for DMA in Voice Performance.

Mr. De Hoyos is a student of Dr. James D. Rodriguez.

The use of recording equipment or flash photography is prohibited.

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

Program Notes: Voices Unheard

The study of western music in the United States has largely centered around the works of white, male composers of European descent, who are viewed as the progenitors of our art form. However, their idolization has often led to the suppression of so many others whose contributions go underperformed, or worse, unacknowledged. Art song and opera alike are often lorded by cisgender themes and folk songs that are rooted in European ancestry, typically written by white males. This recital pays homage to those voices that are underrepresented in standard music literature courses.

Clara Josephine Schumann (1812-1894), maiden name Wieck, was a child prodigy pianist, and became an accomplished composer and piano teacher. Born to a father who was also a teacher and professional pianist, and a mother who was a professional singer, she was a contemporary to virtuosic pianists Franz Liszt, Sigismond Thalberg, and Anton Rubenstein. She began touring Paris and Vienna at the age of 11, playing the works of popular composers of her day. Eventually she would present more balanced programs, performing works by Johann Bach, Domenico Scarlatti, Ludwig Beethoven, Frédéric Chopin, and Felix Mendelssohn. During a time when virtuosic composers performed many of their own works, Schumann offered a refreshingly different approach that focused on the texts and musical elements of the works of others to showcase her skills and talents.

She began composing as early as 11, performing at least one of her own compositions in every recital she performed. Her compositional style matured greatly upon marrying Robert Schumann in 1837, who was nine years her senior, moving away from character-pieces in favor of songs. Her life with Robert was a musical partnership where two composers would study scores together and read poetry to each other for ideas of future possible settings. Although her husband encouraged her to compose, she questioned her own ability to do so. Her reputation as a performer continued, however, her compositions lay forgotten until discographies of her works began to appear in the 1970s.

Poets

Emmanuel Giebel is a pastor's son who was born in 1854 and died in 1884. He initially studied his father's profession but his passion lay with the classical and romantic philology. He was a translator and publisher of Greek tragedies, and also translated famous Spanish and French poetry into German.

Heinrich Heine is a well-known romantic German poet whose poetry has been set by numerous composers. He was born in 1797 to Jewish parents, but primarily took his influence from his rather wealthy uncle who was a banker and businessman. He attended universities in Bonn, Göttingen, and Berlin where he studied law, although he never used it in a prominent fashion. Instead, he devoted much of his time to the independent study of poetry, literature, and history. Although he would consider himself a revolutionist, he would not rush to Paris, remaining in Germany to find employment, moving roughly a year later. He died in 1856, but his poetry is primarily remembered for its lyricism, satire, and radical stances.

Known for his mastery of almost thirty languages, Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866) was a professor of Oriental Languages at the University of Erlangen and is well recognized for his translations of Oriental poetry, as well as creating poetry rooted in Oriental themes. During his early writing period, Germany was at war with Napoleon, and he created works that commented on this conflict. His poetry was set by numerous composers and is considered an icon in German translation of Eastern texts.

Sechs Lieder, Op. 13

1. Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen

Text by Heinrich Heine

Translation by Emily Ezust

*Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
Und starrte ihr Bildniß an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.*

*Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmuthstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.*

I stood in gloomy daydreams
and gazed at her portrait,
and that beloved countenance
furtively began to come to life.

About her lips there seemed to glide
a wondrous smile,
and, as if they were about to fill with nostalgic tears,
her eyes glistened.

*Auch meine Thränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab
Und ach, ich kann es nicht glauben,
Daß ich Dich verloren hab'!*

And my tears flowed
down my cheeks –
and ah, I cannot believe
that I have lost you

2. Sie liebten sich beide, doch keiner

Text by Heinrich Heine

Translation by David Kenneth Smith

*Sie liebten sich beide, doch keiner
Wollt' es dem andern gestehn;
Sie sahen sich an so feindlich,
Und wollten vor Liebe vergehn.*

They once loved each other, but neither
would to the other confess;
they saw each other as hostile,
yet wanted to perish from love.

*Sie trennten sich endlich und sahn sich
Nur noch zuweilen im Traum;
Sie waren [längst]² gestorben
Und wußten es selber kaum.*

They finally parted and sometimes sighted
the other in dreams;
they had been dead so long now
and hardly known it themselves.

3. Liebeszauber

Text by Emanuel von Geibel

Translation by David Kenneth Smith

*Die Liebe saß als Nachtigall
Im Rosenbusch und sang,
Es flog der wunderschöne Schall
Den grünen Wald entlang.*

Now Love once like a nightingale
in rosebush perched and sang;
with sweetest wonder flew the sound
along the woodland green.

*Und wie er klang, da stieg im Kreis
Aus tausend Kelchen Duft,
Und alle Wipfel rauschten leis',
Und [leise]¹ ging die Luft;*

And as it rang, there rose a scent
from ring of thousand buds,
and all the treetops rustled soft, and softer blew the
air;

*Die Bäche schwiegen, die noch kaum
Geplätschert von den Höh'n,
Die Rehlein standen wie im Traum
Und lauschten dem Getön.*

The brooklets silenced, scarcely come
by splashing from the heights,
the fawns stood still as if in dream
and listened to the tone.

*Und hell und immer heller floß
Der Sonne Glanz herein,
Um Blumen, Wald und Schlucht ergoß
Sich goldig rother Schein.*

And bright and ever brighter flowed
the sunbeams down inside,
'round blossoms, wood and gorge it gushed
with golden red sunshine.

*Ich aber zog den Weg entlang
Und hörte auch den Schall –
Ach, was seit jener Stund' ich sang,
War nur sein Wiederhall.*

I walked along the path that day
and also heard that sound.
Alas! what ever since I've sung
was just its echo faint.

4. Der Mond kommt still gegangen

Text by Emanuel von Geibel

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

*Der Mond kommt still gegangen
Mit seinem goldnen Schein,
Da schläft in holdem Prangen
Die müde Erde ein.*

*Im Traum die Wipfel weben,
Die Quellen rauschen sacht;
Singende Engel durchschweben
Die blaue Sternennacht*

*Und auf den Lüften schwanken
Aus manchem treuen Sinn
Viel tausend Liebesgedanken
Über die Schläfer hin.*

*Und drunten im Thale, da funkeln
Die Fenster von Liebchens Haus;
Ich aber blicke im Dunkeln
Still in die Welt hinaus.*

The moon comes quietly up
With its golden shine,
Then falls in a lovely display
The weary earth to sleep.

In the dream the treetops blow,
The brooks rush gently;
A singing angel floats through
The blue starry night.

And upon the breezes drift
From many a faithful feeling
Many thousand thoughts of love
Over the sleepers to.

And below in the valley, there twinkles
The window of the loved one's house;
I but gaze in the darkness
Silently into the world out.

5. Ich hab' in deinem Auge

Text by Friedrich Rückert

Translation by Sharon Krebs

*Ich hab' in deinem Auge den Strahl
Der ewigen Liebe gesehen,
Ich sah auf deinen Wangen einmal
Die Rosen des Himmels stehen.*

*Und wie der Strahl im Aug' erlischt,
Und wie die Rosen zerstieben,
Ihr Abglanz, ewig neu erfrischt,
Ist mir im Herzen geblieben.*

*Und niemals werd' ich die Wangen sehn
Und nie in's Auge dir blicken,
So werden sie mir in Rosen stehn
Und es den Strahl mir schicken.*

In your eyes I have seen
The beam of eternal love,
I once saw upon your cheeks
The roses of heaven.

And as the beam in your eyes fades,
And as the roses scatter,
Their reflection, ever refreshed anew,
Has remained within my heart.

And I shall never see your cheeks
And never look into your eyes,
But that your cheeks will be full of roses for me,
And your eyes will send me the beam of love.

6. Die stille Lotusblume

Text by Emanuel von Geibel

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

*Die stille Lotusblume
steigt aus dem blauen See,
die Blätter flimmern und blitzen,
der Kelch ist weiß wie Schnee.*

*Da geißt der Mond vom Himmel
all' seinem gold'nen Schein,
geißt alle seine Strahlen
in ihren Schoß hinein.*

*Im Wasser um die Blume
kreiset ein weißer Schwan
er singt so süß, so leise
und schaut die Blume an.*

*Er singt so süß, so leise
und will im Singen vergeh'n.
O Blume, weiße Blume,
kannst du das Lied versteh'n?*

The silent lotus flower
rises from the blue lake,
the leaves shimmer and sparkle,
its calyx is white as snow.

Then pours the moon from heaven
all its golden shine,
pours all its beams
in her womb into.

In the water about the flower
circles a white swan
it sings so sweetly, so softly
and gazes the flower at.

It sings so sweetly, so softly
And would in the song pass away,
Oh flower, white flower,
Can you the song understand?

For many singers, exposure to Black composers has come primarily through the avenue of the spiritual. While many Black composers have written spirituals, their contributions to the art song genre should not be relegated to a niche of song rooted in the systemic oppression and enslavement of black people. The omission or absence of these works from the standard canon only promotes a greater sense of divide in highlighting the works of noteworthy composers such as Florence Price, Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, Harry Thacker Burleigh, and many others.

Born to an English mother and a father from Sierra Leone, Samuel Coleridge-Taylor (b. 1875) came from a musical family where his grandfather taught him the violin at an early age. His affinity for music was well recognized by his family and was encouraged to enroll at the Royal College of Music at 15. He changed from performance to composition where he studied under Charles Stanford. Coleridge-Taylor eventually took tours to the US where white New York musicians referred to him as the “Black Mahler,” and was even invited to the White House by Theodore Roosevelt. He was keenly aware of his African descent, and his compositions were greatly influenced by music from Africa. Unfortunately, his life was marred by financial struggles and he died of pneumonia in 1912 in Croydon, England.

Christina Rossetti was born in 1830 in London to an Italian political exile, Gabriel Rossetti and a half-English, half-Italian mother, Francis Polidori. Her family was extraordinarily gifted, with her siblings encompassing poets, authors, artists, and researchers. Christina was a prolific poet who had written more than fifty poems by her sixteenth birthday. Her shift from an Evangelical to an Anglo-Catholic orientation greatly influenced her poetic output. Her works varied in theme and topics, consisting of allegories, eroticism, feminism, slavery, and even animal cruelty. She died in 1894 in London, England due to complications from breast cancer.

This song cycle conveys multiple iterations of sorrow manifesting from isolation, loss, and regret. Rossetti was deeply troubled throughout her life, constantly battling depression, which is reflected in much of her poetic output. Although Coleridge-Taylor chose to combine these poems into a song cycle, some are taken from larger works by Rossetti and others from individually posted poetry. Unfortunately little information is known regarding Coleridge-Taylor's inspiration for this composition.

6 Sorrow Songs

Text by Christina Rossetti

1. Oh what comes over the Sea

Oh what comes over the sea,
Shoals and quick sands past;
And what comes home to me,
Sailing slow, sailing fast?

A wind comes over the sea
With a moan in its blast;
But nothing comes home to me,
Sailing slow, sailing fast.

Let me be, let me be,
For my lot is cast,
Land or sea all's one to me,
And sail it slow or fast.

2. When I am dead, my dearest

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me
With show'rs and dewdrops wet:

And if thou wilt. Remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain:
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise, nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

3. Oh, Roses for the flush of youth

Oh roses for the flush of youth,
And laurel for the perfect prime;
But pluck and ivy branch for me
Grown old before my time.

Oh violets for the grave of youth
And bay for those dead in their prime;
Give me the wither'd leaves I chose
Before in the old time.

4. She sat and sang always

She sat and sang alway
By the green margin of a stream,
Watching the fishes leap and play
Beneath the glad sunbeam.

I sat and wept alway
'Neath the moon's most shadowy beam,
Watching the blossoms of the May weep leaves
The blossoms weep leaves into the stream.

I wept for memory
She sang for hope that is so fair;
My tears were swallowed by the sea,
Her songs died, died on the air.

5. Unmindful of the Roses

Unmindful of the roses,
Unmindful of the thorn,
A reaper tired reposes
Among his gather'd corn:
So might I, till the morn!

Cold as the cold Decembers,
Past as the days that set,
While only one remembers
And all the rest forget,
But one remembers yet.

6. Too late for love

Too late for love, too late for joy,
Too late, too late!
You loitered on the way too long,
You trifled at the gate:
Th'enchanted dove upon her branch
Died without a mate;
Th'enchanted princess in her tower
Slept, died, behind the gate;
Her heart was starving all this while
You made it wait, you made it wait.

Ten years ago, five years ago,
One year ago
E'en then you had arrived in time,
Though somewhat slow;
Then you had known her living face
Which now you cannot know
The frozen fountain would have leaped,
The buds gone on to blow,
The warm south wind would have awaked,
To melt the snow.

You Should have wept her yesterday,
Wasting upon her bed:
But wherefore, should you weep today
That she is dead?
Lo, we who love, weep not today,
But crown her royal head.
Let be these poppies that we strew,
Your roses are too red:
Let be these poppies, not for you
Cut down and spread.

Nicknamed the “Franz Schubert of South America,” Carlos Guastavino (1912 – 2000) is lauded for his robust compositional output. Guastavino is curiously absent from the standard repertoire of art song, even more so within the state of Texas which hosts a substantial Spanish speaking population. Although this lack of inclusion can be attributed to many of his works remaining unpublished in anthologies, this also highlights the needs for a devotion of resources

to the Spanish art song genre. Regardless, the absence of a composer with such a prolific output of song is a testament to the need for re-evaluation of composers deemed necessary for study.

With more than 500 works to his name, Guastavino was born in the Santa Fe Province of Argentina and studied music at the National Conservatory in Buenos Aires. He was heavily influenced by Argentine folk music which used simplistic tunes and an innovative style of capturing the nationalism felt within his works. Guastavino was so successful as a composer and performer that he was able to live off of his royalties and performing rights. His compositions and talents allowed him to tour Europe, China, and the USSR, also garnering recognition from his home country of Argentina where he earned many awards for his compositions and creative activity.

Canciones Argetinas

Translations by Jesus De Hoyos Jr.

1. Desde que te conocí

*Desde que te conocí; Te hiciste dueña de mí.
Yo no te ofrezco grandezas viday?
Solo el amor que te di
El amor cone el amor. El desdén con el desdén.
Y la ingratitude se paga, viday; Con la ingrantitud
tambien.
Cuando nada te debía; Toda el alma merobaste.
Y recuerda que pecaste; Ladrona del alma mia.
Y hasta otro dia.
Qué Consuelo puedo darte. Y al tiempo de mi
partida.
Te dejo mi corazón. Te dejo to da mi vida.
Y hasta otro dia.
También te dejo una palma.
Con un letrero que dice: Adios vidita del alma.
Y hasta otro dia.*

Since I met you; you have owned me
Do I not tease your great life?
Only the love I gave you.
Love with love. Disdain with disdain.
And ingratitude is paid with life; with ingratitude as
well.
When nothing was owed you; You stole my soul.
And remember that you sinned; thief of my soul.
And until another day.
What comfort can I give you. And at the time of my
departure.
I leave you my heart. I leave you my life.
And until another day.
Also I leave you a hand.
With a sign that says: Goodbye vine of my soul.
And until another day.

2. Viniendo de Chilecito, en el camino encontré

*,Viniendo de Chilecito,
en el camino encontré.
Auna riojana linda que ella me
quiso y me enamoré,
Chilecito flor de mi hogar.
Por donde quiera que
vaya de la riojana m'hei de acordar.
Para olvidar las penas
que ya me matan en Tabacal.*

Coming from Chilecito,
on the path I found.
To a grape farm maiden that she love me
and I fell for her.
Chilectio flower of my home.
Where I go
from the maiden I agree.
To forget the pains that I have,
I kill them in Tabacal.

3. En los surcos del amor donde se siembran los celos.

*En los surcos del amor
donde se siembran los celos.
He recogido pesares nacidos de mis desvelos.
En que tribunal has visto mal pagadora.
Condenar a un inocente, bella traidora.
En los surcos del amor
donde se siembran los celos.*

In the furrows of love
where jealousy is sown.
I collected sorrows born from my sleepless.
In which trial have you seen poor payers.
Condemn an innocent beautiful traitor.
In the furrows of love
where jealousy is sown.

4. Mi Garganta

*Mi garganta no es de palo
Ay! Pobre e mi, de mi paloma
Ni hechura de carpintero donde andará
Esa cholita traidora.*

*Y así cantando y bailando
Ay! Pobre demi, demi paloma
Chiquita vengo ganando donde andará
Esa cholita traidora.*

My throat is not a stick
Ah! Poor me, of my dove
Not made by a carpenter where we will walk
That sweet traitor.

And so singing and dancing
Ah! Poor me, of my dove
Little girl I have been winning wherever I go
That sweet traitor

This song cycle by Dennis Tobenski (b. 1982) was originally written to be sung by a male, important to note because of the then homosexual narrative it creates. A vast majority of songs in the standard repertoire are interpreted through a heteronormative lens, even when the poetry is left ambiguous. This practice has pervaded much of the performance practices of pieces and have limited certain groups of individuals from embracing or singing about their own preferences. As a heterosexual male performing these pieces, I hope to dismantle any prejudiced notions associated with performing such repertoire and convey that the ideas of love and loss are humanistic expressions that are shared by all persons.

Known as a strong advocate of new music and for the performance of living composers, Tobenski attended Illinois State University where he earned a Bachelor of Music in Vocal Performance and Music Theory & Composition in 2004. He has been commissioned by the ISU School of Theater to compose music for a number of their mainstage productions. He eventually moved to New York to study composition with David Del Tredici at New York City College,

where he would earn his M.A. in Music Composition in 2009. He now resides in New York with his husband Darrien Schulman and their cat Pistachio.

1. Braw Lads, O' Galla Water

Braw, braw lads on Tarrow-breass,
They rove amang the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws
Can match the lads o' Galla Water.
But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon then a' I loe him better;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonie lad o' Galla Water.

2. Craigieburn Wood

Sweet fa's, the eve on Craigieburn,
And blythe awakes the morrow;
And all the joys of Spring's return
Can yield me nocht but sorrow.
Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet dare na for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.
If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love another,
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.

6. The Gallant Weaver

Where Cart rins rowin' to the sea,
By mony a flower and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant Weaver.
O, I had woers aught or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
And I was fear'd my heart wad tine,
And I gied it to the Weaver.
My daddie sign'd my tocher-band,
To gie the lad that has the land,
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And give it to the Weaver.
While birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
While bees delight in opening flowers,
While corn grows green in summer showers,
I love my gallant Weaver.

7. John Anderson, My Jo

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent;
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.
John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill tegither;
And mony a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep together at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.