



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

Sydney Palomo, mezzo-soprano
Jacob Brown, baritone

Andrew Packard and QuanZhou Yan, collaborative piano

November 13, 2021

8:30pm

PepsiCo Recital Hall

Program

O Thou that tellest good tidings to Zion from *Messiah*

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Ms. Palomo

See the raging flames arise from *Joshua*

George Frideric Handel

Mr. Brown

Selections from *Canciones Clásicas Españolas*

Fernando Obradors
(1897-1945)

II. Al Amor

III. ¿Corazón, porqué pasáis...

IV. El majo celoso

Ms. Palomo

Du bist wie eine Blume

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Du bist wie eine Blume

Charles Ives
(1874-1954)

Du bist wie eine Blume

Franz Liszt
(1811-1886)

Mr. Brown

A Part of That from *The Last Five Years*

Jason Robert Brown
(b.1970)

Ms. Palomo

Selections from *Let Us Garlands Bring*, Op. 18

Gerald Finzi
(1901-1956)

- I. Come away, come away, death
- II. Who is Sylvia?
- IV. O Mistress Mine

Mr. Brown

Va, l'error mio palesa from *Mitridate, Rè di Ponto*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Ms. Palomo

Aimons-nous

Camille Saint-Saëns
(1835-1921)

Clair de Lune

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Mr. Brown

In Between

Patrick Vu
(b. 1998)

Ms. Palomo
Patrick Vu, piano

Four Encore Songs

Florence Beatrice Price
(1887-1953)

- I. Tobacco
- II. A Flea and a Fly
- III. "Come, come," said Tom's Father
- IV. Song of the Open Road

Mr. Brown

Perdido de Amor

Luiz Bonfá
(1922-2001)

Ms. Palomo
Jack Johnson, guitar

What You'd Call a Dream

Craig Carnelia
(b.1949)

Mr. Brown

Crazier Than You from *The Addams Family*

Andrew Lippa
(b.1964)

Ms. Palomo and Mr. Brown

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Bachelor of Music Education with a vocal emphasis. Ms. Palomo is a student of Dr. Corey Trahan.

Mr. Brown is a student of Dr. James Rodriguez.

The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited.

Please silence all electronic devices including watches, d2pagers, and phones.

O thou that tellest good things to Zion from Messiah

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

In the summer of 1741, **George Frideric Handel**'s friend and patron of the arts, Charles Jennens, assembled a libretto that drew on biblical passages from the Books of Isaiah, Matthew, Luke, Zechariah, John, Psalms, and many more. With this, he created a story comprised of narratives and reflections about the life of Jesus Christ. The structure of the libretto follows the liturgical year in which it is split up into three sections: the first relating to the birth of Jesus or "Christmas," the second the passion, and the third to the resurrection of Christ or "Easter." In the year of 1741, Handel was down on his luck. Due to a series of musical failures, he was heavily in debt and believed his career to be over. Later that year, however, Charles Jennens gave the Messiah to Handel, who later managed to obtain funding from Dublin, Ireland, to compose a new work for a benefit performance that would help free prisoners from debtor's prison. Handel began working on the Messiah on August 22, 1741 and finished the final orchestration on September 14, 1741. It took him 24 days. "*O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion*" is within the first part of the Messiah. It depicts the good news of a child to be born that is both a great man to whom gentiles and kings will pay homage and the mighty, everlasting Father, God with us. A hallmark of the Messiah, this uplifting aria features a bouncing 6/8 meter, a dimension of music that is not heard previously within the work.

O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion

O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion,
Get thee up into the high mountain,

O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion,
Get thee up into the high mountain,
Get thee up into the high mountain,

O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem,
Lift up thy voice with strength, lift up, be not afraid,
Say unto the cities of Judah,
Say unto the cities of Judah:
Be hold you God, be hold your God!
Say unto the cities of Judah:
Be hold your God, be hold your God, be hold your God!

O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion,
Arise, shine, for thy light is come,

Arise, arise, arise, shine for thy light come,
And the glory of the Lord,
The glory of the Lord is risen, is risen upon thee, is risen, is risen upon thee,
The glory, the glory, the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

Text by Charles Jennens

See the raging flames arise from *Joshua*

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

One of the most influential composers of Western music, **George Frideric Handel** was a German-British composer of the Baroque era. His music still widely studied and performed after nearly 300 years. As a contemporary of J.S. Bach, Handel composed several opera seria, oratorios such as *Messiah*, and anthems. He began his work in Hamburg, Germany then moved to London in 1712 where he wrote the coronation anthem, *Zadok the Priest*, for George II and has since been performed at every British coronation since. “**See the raging flames arise**” comes from *Joshua*, composed in 1747. This oratorio with text from Thomas Morell’s libretto was composed in only one month. It is based on the biblical story of Joshua, the leader of the Israelites. In this aria, Caleb, the son of Jephunneh and one of Moses’ twelve spies sent into Canaan, is attempting to inspire the soldiers towards the Battle of Jericho.

See the raging flames arise

The walls are levell’d, pour the chosen bands,
With hostile gore imbrue your thirsty hands:
Set palaces and temples in a blaze,
Sap the foundations, and the bulwarks raze.
But oh! remember, in the bloody strife,
To spare the hospitable Rahab’s life.

See the raging flames arise,
Hear, hear the dismal groans and cries,
The fatal day of wrath is come,
Proud Jericho hath met her doom.

Text by Thomas Morell

Fernando Obradors was a conductor and pianist who wrote in various genres, though his vocal music is most well-known. The absolute centerpiece of his vocal repertoire is **Canciones Clásicas Españolas**; settings of seven Spanish poems spanning multiple poets such as Juan Ponce, Cristobal de Castillejo, and others that are anonymous. The accompaniment is deeply influenced by the guitar and is enriched by the intimation of the traditional flamenco dance native to Spain. The accompaniment and the vocal line hardly match up, which produces a beautiful, entrancing wash of sound. Furthermore, the text depicts the different phases of romance from being enamored, flirtatious, and captivated by one's lover to the insecurities and anxiety of losing them to another. This collection of songs is very important to me and has played a large part in my vocal development at TCU. Throughout my undergrad, this collection has caused me to become enthralled by my culture and continuously leaves me reminiscing about my home, its traditions, and its people.

Al Amor

Dame amor, besos sin cuento
Asido de mis cabellos
Y mil y ciento tras ellos
Y tras ellos mil y ciento
Y despues... de muchos millares, tres

Y porque nadie lo sienta
Desbaratamos la cuenta
Y... contemos al revés

Text by Cristobal de Castillejo

¿Corazón, porqué pasáis...?

¿Corazón, porqué pasáis
Las noches de amor despierto
Si vuestro dueño descansa
En los brazos de otro dueño?
¡Ah!

Text by Anonymous

To Love

Give me love, kisses without count
Grabbing my hair
And 1000 and 100 after them
And after them 1000 and 100
And after...of many thousands, three

And why no one feels it
Let's forget the count
And...count backwards.

Translation by Lisette Oropesa

Heart, why do you pass...?

Heart, why do you pass?
The nights of love awake
If your owner rests
In the arms of another?
Ah!

Translation by Lisette Oropesa

El majo celoso

Del majo que me enamora
He aprendido la queja
Que una y mil veces suspire
Noche tras noche en mi reja.
Lindezas, me muero de amor loco y fiero
Quisera olvidarte mas quiero y no puedo!

Le han dicho que en la Pradera
Me han visto con un chispero
Desas de malla de seda
Y chupa de terciopelo
Malezas, te quiero, no creas que muero
De amores perdida por ese chispero

Text by Anonymous

The Jealous Majo

Of the nice guy that make me fall in love
I have learned the complaint
That one and 1000 times sigh
Night after night in my window.
Darling, I am dying of love crazy and wild
I want to forget you but I want to and I
cannot
They have told him that in the meadow
They have seen me with another
One of silk garments
And velvet jackets.
Darling, I love you, you don't know that
I'm dying of love helpless for another.

Translation by Lisette Oropesa

Settings of “Du bist wie eine Blume” (You are like a flower)

Heinrich Heine
(1797-1856)

Heinrich Heine's poetry has been set to music over ten thousand times and continues to be used today. The text of this beautiful poem comes from Heine's *Buch der Lieder* (Book of Songs), published in 1825, and has been set to music, so far, 415 times. The text describes a beautiful contradiction between undying love and satire that adds a sense of Romantic irony. Beginning with arguably the most popular setting by **Robert Schumann**, Heine's poem becomes very intimate and personal. Schumann often uses flowery imagery to describe his wife, Clara. The setting is the penultimate piece in Schumann's *Myrthen*, Op. 25. **Charles Ives** was a modern American composer active at the turn of the twentieth century. He became widely successful in experimental music and polytonality. This work, composed in 1891, is a rather different style than much of his later works. Ives creates a gorgeous melody that resembles the Romantic era then sprinkles in some unexpected modern elements to create a wonderful musical journey. This is my favorite setting because of its stunning and shocking musical characteristics. The final setting is by **Franz Liszt**, a Hungarian composer and piano virtuoso from the Romantic era. Highly recognized for his piano works and playing skills in Europe, Liszt became one of the greatest composers of the New German School, along with his contemporary Richard Wagner. His setting takes on a religious aspect and uses ascending melodic contour to “rise into heaven.”

Du bist wie eine Blume

Du bist wie eine Blume,
So hold und schön und rein;
Ich schau' dich an, und Wehmut
Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.

Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände
Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt',
Betend, dass Gott dich erhalte
So rein und schön und hold.

Text by Heinrich Heine

You are like a flower

You are like a flower,
So sweet and fair and pure;
I look at you, and sadness
Steals into my heart.

I feel as if I should lay
My hands upon your head,
Praying that God preserve you
So pure and fair and sweet.

Translation by Richard Stokes

A Part of That from *The Last Five Years*

Jason Robert Brown
(b.1970)

The Last Five Years is a contemporary musical, written by **Jason Robert Brown**, premiered in 2001. The musical tells of Cathy, a struggling actress, and Jamie, a successful writer, and their young yet tragic love story. Over the course of five years, the two tell the story of their failed marriage from both perspectives. "**A Part of That**" is Cathy's song as she shares her happiness and excitement for Jamie and his newfound fame. She believes the best way to love him is by putting herself and her dreams second to his success.

A Part of That

One day we're just like "Leave it to Beaver"
One day it's just a typical life
And then he's off on
A trip to Jamie-land
Staring catatonic out the window
Barely even breathing all the while

And then he'll smile
His eyes light up and deep within the ground
Without a sound
A moment comes to life
And I'm a part of that
I'm a part of that

Next day it's just like
It never happened
We're making dinners
We're making plans
Then he gets on the
Mule train to Jamie-land
Handful after handful of Doritos
Circling the apartment, logging miles

And then he smiles
His eyes light up
And how can I complain?
Yes, he's insane
But look what he can do

And I'm a part of that
I'm a part of that

And it's true
I tend to follow in his stride
Instead of side by side
I take his cue
True, but there's no question
There's no doubt
I said I'd stick it out
And follow through
And when I do

Then he smiles
And where else can I go?
I didn't know
The rules do not apply
And then he smiles
And nothing else makes sense
While he invents
The world that's passing by
And I'm a part of that
I'm a part of that.
Aren't I?
I'm a part of that.

Text by Jason Robert Brown

Selections from *Let Us Garlands Bring*, Op. 18

Gerald Finzi
(1901-1956)

Gerald Finzi was a British twentieth-century composer. Born in London, he grew an early love for English literature which inspired his musical focus. While not a singer nor pianist himself, his most famous works include his choral compositions and art songs. He was a contemporary to several beloved composers such as Ralph Vaughan Williams and Gustav Holst. *Let Us Garlands Bring* brings text from William Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, *Two Gentleman of Verona*, *Cymbeline*, and *As You Like It*. The cycle was dedicated to Vaughan Williams for his seventieth birthday in 1942. "**Come away, come away, death**" opens the cycle and begins with chime-like piano chords that resemble funeral bells with a haunting text from a character ready for death. The second piece in the cycle is "**Who is Sylvia?**" and has a much different mood than the previous. The text describes a profession of newfound love for the character. "**O Mistress Mine**" is the fourth piece in the cycle and the final of this performance. Finzi describes this piece as a "pleasant, light, troubadourish setting."

Come away, come away, death

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:

A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

Text by William Shakespeare

Who is Silvia?

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia, let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.

Text by William Shakespeare

O Mistress Mine

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Text by William Shakespeare

Va, l'error mio palesa from *Mitridate, Rè di Ponto*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was the son of Leopold Mozart, a successful composer, violinist, and assistant concertmaster at the Salzburg Court. Leopold was a devoted teacher to his son and

daughter and often took them on tours around Europe. Mozart met several accomplished musicians, particularly Johann Sebastian Bach, whom Mozart was largely inspired by. During his first tour of Italy, fourteen-year-old Wolfgang obtained a commission from Count von Firmian and composed *Mitridate, Rè Di Ponto* (1770). Based on Jean Racine's play *Mithridate*, Mozart's opera presents a scandal brimming with duplicity and infidelity. Mitridate, sovereign of the kingdom of Pontus, and his two sons Farnace and Sifare are all in love with Princess Aspasia, Mitridate's fiancé. During a military campaign against the Romans, Mitridate leaves his sons and Princess Aspasia, who is secretly in love with Sifaire. Faking his death, Mitridate plans to put his children's loyalty to the test. To Mitridate's dismay, a rivalry of love and politics breaks out between the two brothers, with Farnace deciding to betray his father and ally himself with the Roman enemy. "**Va L'error Mio Palesa**" is in Act II of the opera and is sung by Farnace as he threatens Ismene, the princess of Parthia, whom Mitridate intended for him so as to seal a new alliance. Farnace is aware that his father despises him; however, he feels no remorse. He threatens Ismene to "go and reveal [his] errors," though her betrayal will have consequences.

Va L'error Mio Palesa

Va', l'error mio palesa,
E la mia pena affreta,
Ma cara la vendetta
Forse ti costerà.

Quando sì lieve offesa
Punita in me vedrai
Te stessa accuserai
Di troppa crudeltà.

Text by Vittorio Amedeo Cigna-Santi

Go! Reveal my error

Go! Reveal my error,
Hasten my sentence,
But vengeance may well
Cost you dearly.

When you see my punished
For such a light offense,
You will soon accuse yourself
Of being excessively cruel

Translation by Andrew Schneider

Aimons-nous (Let us love)

Camille Saint-Saëns
(1835-1921)

A composer, conductor, and organist, **Camille Saint-Saëns** greatly influenced French Romantic music. He studied composition and organ at the Paris Conservatory where he had his first symphony performed in 1855. His major influence was Franz Liszt from whom Saint-Saëns adapted much of his music for French repertoire. Some of his most famous works include the opera *Samson et Dalila*, "Danse macabre", and *The Carnival of the Animals*. "**Aimons-nous**" was composed in 1881 and utilizes text from Théodore de Banville's *Les Exilés, Odelettes*. This piece was dedicated to Paul Vidal, a French composer and music teacher. This piece is my

favorite of the program. The text painting, simplicity of the melody, and lush piano accompaniment make this, in my opinion, one of the most outstanding pieces of music ever written.

Aimons-nous

Aimons-nous et dormons
Sans songer au reste du monde!
Ni le flot de la mer, ni l'ourangan des monts
Tant que nous nous aimons
Ne courbera ta tête blonde,
Car l'amour est plus fort
Que les Dieux et la Mort!

Le soleil s'éteindrait
Pour laisser ta blancheur plus pure,
Le vent qui jusqu'à terre incline la forêt,
En passant n'oserait
Jouer avec ta chevelure,
Tant que tu cacheras
Ta tête entre mes bras!

Et lorsque nos deux cœurs
S'en iront aux sphères heureuses
Où les célestes lys écloront sous nos pleurs,
Alors, comme deux fleurs,
Joignons nos lèvres amoureuses,
Et tâchons d'épuiser
La mort dans un baiser!

Text by Théodore de Banville

Let us love

Let us love and sleep
Without a care for the rest of the world!
Neither ocean waves, nor mountain storms,
While we still love each other,
Can bow your golden head,
For love is more powerful
Than the gods and death!

The sun would extinguish its rays
To make your purity more pure,
The wind which inclines to earth the forest
Would not, in passing, dare
To play with your hair,
While you nestle
Your head in my arms!

And when our two hearts
Shall ascend to paradise,
Where celestial lilies shall open below tears,
Then, like two flowers,
Let us join our loving lips,
And strive to exhaust
Death with a kiss!

Translation by Richard Stokes

Clair de lune (Moonlight)

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Another great composer of French Romantic music, **Gabriel Fauré** was also an organist, teacher, and piano virtuoso. As one of the most prolific French composers, Fauré's influence has spread to numerous twentieth century and current composers. A pupil of Camille Saint-Saëns, he learned piano and was introduced to the writings of Franz Liszt and Richard Wagner. At 18 years old, he had published his first set of piano compositions, *Trois romances sans paroles*. Fauré's

contemporary, Claude Debussy, composed the well-known piano piece, “Clair de lune,” inspired by the same poem. The text comes from Paul Verlaine’s “Gallant Festivals” which were inspired by Jean-Antoine Watteau’s nobility paintings. “**Clair de lune**” reveals the sadness beneath the life of nobility in which the characters in this piece seem to not understand their happiness. He dedicated this piece to his dear friend, Emmanuel Jadin.

Clair de lune

Votre âme est un paysage choisi,
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques
Jouant du luth et dansant, et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques!

Tout en chantant, sur le mode mineur,
L’amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,
Ils n’ont pas l’air de croire à leur bonheur,
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune

Au calme clair de lune, triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres,
Et sangloter d’extase les jets d’eau,
Les grands jets d’eau sveltes parmi les marbres!

Text by Paul Verlaine

Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape
Bewitched by maskers and bergamaskers,
Playing the lute and dancing, and almost
Sad beneath their fanciful disguises.

Singing as they go, in a minor key,
Of conquering love and life’s favours,
They do not seem to believe in their fortune
And their song mingles with the moonlight.

The calm light of the moon, sad and fair,
That sets the birds dreaming in the trees,
And the fountains sobbing in their rapture,
Tall and slim among the marble statues.

Translation by Richard Stokes

In Between

Patrick Vu
(b. 1998)

“**In Between** was a poem I wrote when I was freshly heartbroken. It was in the early hours of the morning that I took to writing to clear my head. After I wrote it, I slept deeply for the first time in weeks without being chased down by dreams. It was as if once the words came out, I was finally able to rest. This poem is not pretty. It’s not academic or artisanally crafted, and frankly I didn’t spend that much time on it. That being said, it is one of my favorite pieces I’ve ever written because it’s real. Its bare-feet-on-cold-floors-insomnia-pacing realness. To clarify, this is not a sad poem. There are people in this life that make an apartment, or a job, or a campus feel like home. To say “I’ll take you home” is not to say “I’ll call you an Uber”. It means that if being here with me is no longer somewhere you want to be, if being with me no longer feels like home, that’s okay. I’ll take you wherever or whoever brings your heart happiness - because sometimes love means letting go. As hard as it was to write those words, it was cathartic. And it set me free.” – *Audrey Burchfield*

I would like to dedicate the performance of this piece to Elida Nassiff, Elena Palomo, Jaime Palomo, Yoli Perez, Neill Kaden, & Lori Ruiz. I pray their newfound home brings them everlasting serenity. May they rest in peace.

In Between

Sleep, this doesn't feel like sleep
When dreams keep rest and peace just out of reach.
Home, just doesn't feel like home
When you hear the floorboards creak from only just two feet.

And Love, doesn't feel like Love.
With this much distance in between.

Rich, this doesn't feel like rich
I'm pocket poor but I still have a lot to give.
Work, this doesn't feel like work
As I sing, I live a life I know I don't deserve.

But as for Love, this song's as close as I get
With this much distance in between.
It's sad I'd rather stay at home and drink until it's unclear
To forget your just fine without me near.
What's the point of a part without you here?
Will I miss every party waiting on you dear?
Because Love, I thought you'd chase after me
Not make more distance in between.

So, if you want to go home now,
I'll take you home.

Text by Audrey Burchfield

Four Encore Songs

Florence Beatrice Price
(1887-1953)

Florence Beatrice Price was an American composer, pianist, organist, and music teacher. Price is most well-known as the first female African-American composer to have a piece performed by

a major symphonic orchestra. Price was born in Little Rock, Arkansas to the only African-American dentist in the city, her father, and a music teacher, her mother. Price learned much of her early musical knowledge from her mother and gave her first piano recital at only four years old. Price has composed an incredible amount of music including four symphonies, four concertos, numerous choral pieces, art songs, and several piano and other orchestral works. I am incredibly inspired and humbled to be performing a cycle by such a profound representation of underrepresented composers. I long for the day that we recognize more of these unsung voices.

Tobacco

Tobacco is a dirty weed: I like it.
It satisfies no normal need: I like it.
It makes you thin, it makes you lean,
It takes the hair right of your bean.
It's the worst stuff I've ever seen; I like it.

Text by Graham Lee Hemminger

"Come, come," said Tom's Father

"Come, come" said Tom's father, "at your
time of life,
There's no longer excuse for thus playing
the rake.
It is time you should think, boy, of taking a
wife."
"Why, so it is, father, whose wife shall I
take?"

Text by Thomas Moore

Perdido de Amor

Brazilian guitarist and composer **Luiz Bonfá** was a key figure in the development of *bossa nova*. Though unfortunately overlooked, it is said that Bonfá predated the bossa nova movement with at least two of his songs, "Manha de Carnaval" and "Samba de Orpheus." Born in Rio de Janeiro, Bonfa's musical skills were apparent at an early age. At age 11, he took up guitar and studied with Uruguayan master Isaias Savio, who immediately recognized his student's talent. Bonfá came to be a delicate, fluent samba player and cultivated a distinct and luscious guitar style.

A Flea and a Fly

A flea and a fly in a flue
Were imprisoned, so what could they do?
Said the fly, "Let us flee,"
Said the flea, "Let us fly,"
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

Text by Ogden Nash

Song of the Open Road

I think that I shall never see
A billboard lovely as a tree.
Indeed unless the billboards fall
I'll never see a tree at all.

Text by Ogden Nash

Luiz Bonfá
(1922-2001)

Critics often compare his polyphonic way of playing with late jazz guitarist Wes Montgomery. In 1959, Luiz Bonfá released "O Violão de Luiz Bonfá," currently known as "Solo in Rio," a staple among his entire catalog. This solo album reveals Bonfá's masterful techniques as he lays down dazzling bass and melody lines. "**Perdido de Amor**" is among the many tracks within this album. A precious love song, this piece captivates audiences through a narrow, stepwise vocal line along with the guitar's accompaniment that is tender and sweet. This piece encapsulates the fresh, gratifying feeling of love and its attributes of compassion, acceptance, and trust.

Perdido de Amor

Perdido de amor
Perdido estou, por você
Amar seu olhar
Seus lábios beijar
È viver

À luz do luar
Eu fico a pensar em você
Um verso que diz
Serei tão feliz, come você

Perdido de amor
Perdido estou, por você
Seu beijo sensual
Carícia ideal
Não posso esquecer
E vivo a sonhar
Seu nome a chamar
Só penso em você
Perdido de amor
Perdido estou, por você

Text by Luiz Bonfá

Lost in Love

Lost in love
I am lost for you
Love your look
Your lips kiss
And live

In the moonlight
I keep thinking about you
A verse that says
I will be so happy with you

Lost in love
I am lost for you
Your sensual kiss
Ideal caress
I cannot forget
And I live to dream
Your name to call
I just think about you
Lost in love
I am lost for you

Translation by Google

What You'd Call a Dream

Craig Carnelia
(b. 1949)

Craig Carnelia is an American musical theatre composer. Carnelia was born in Floral Park, New York where he was in close proximity to the pinnacle of theatre, Broadway. At age

fourteen, Carnelia attended Richard Rodgers' *No Strings* where he realized his passion for musical theatre. He learned guitar at an early age and taught himself piano. Carnelia dropped out of college as a sophomore when he was cast in the off-Broadway production of *The Fantasticks*. "What You'd Call a Dream" comes from a collaboration of several composers on a musical revue titled, *Diamonds*. This song has spoken to me from the moment I first heard it. I chose to close my program with this piece because this college experience, this degree, and these people have all brought immense joy to my life and I could not imagine a better way to describe my time here at TCU. Thank you. All of you.

What You'd Call a Dream

There are two men out,
And it's in the ninth,
And the score is four to three.
There's a man on first,
And a man at bat,
And the man at bat is me.

And I'm sorta scared,
And I'm sorta proud,
And I'm stronger than I seem.
And I take a swing, and my dad is there,
And it's what you'd call a dream.

For the ball flies in the sun,
And it sails off as I run.
The crowd is roaring, cheering as I go.
So are all the guys on the team.

And I run for home,
And we win the game,
And it's what you'd call a dream.

And the sun shines like diamonds.
The summer sun shines like diamonds.
The summer sun, high in a baseball sky,
shines like diamonds.

There are two men out,
And it's in the ninth,
And the score is four to three.
There's a man on first,
And a man at bat,
And the man at bat is me.

And it's what you'd call a dream.

Text by Craig Carnelia

Crazier Than You from *The Addams Family*

Andrew Lippa
(b.1964)

Our final piece comes from American composer and lyricist, **Andrew Lippa**. Born in the United Kingdom, Lippa and his family emigrated to the United States in 1967 and settled down outside of Detroit, Michigan. He attended the University of Michigan where he received a degree in music education. He then moved to New York City and began his short career as educator before being accepted, as a composer, into the Lehman Engel Musical Theatre Workshop in 1988. This

prestigious workshop for composers and librettists has produced several other well-known composers such as EGOT winner Alan Menken, composer of *Little Shop of Horrors*, *Sister Act*, and numerous Walt Disney films and stage productions. Lippa has composed many successful musicals including *The Wild Party*, *Big Fish*, and *The Addams Family* for which he was nominated for the 2010 Tony Award for Best Original Score. “**Crazier Than You**” comes from his hit musical, *The Addams Family*, based on the popular characters created by Charles Addams. This song comes in the second act of the show with characters Wednesday Addams and Lucas Beineke. Lucas, the new “normal” boyfriend of Wednesday, and his parents are invited to dinner with the Addams’ family. After several unfortunate events, dinner becomes a disaster and causes the pair to have their first fight. In this scene, Wednesday is worried that her and Lucas are too different. Lucas then attempts to convince her that he is every bit as “crazy” as her. We are so grateful that you all are here to help us celebrate this accomplishment. Thank you! Seriously, thank you. We wouldn’t have gotten anywhere without all of you. This is for you.

Crazier Than You

Once, I was hopeful,
Thought we were one.
Life, less than perfect
Finally begun.
But, now I wonder
Are we undone?
I wanna treasure you in death as well as life.
I wanna cut you with my love and with my
knife.
But can I live as your tormentor and your
wife when I am crazier than you?

I'm crazier than you
And nothing up 'til now has proved me
wrong.
I'm crazier than you!
That's just the overview.
So, get on board or simply move along.

I'm not impulsive.
(And yet I truly love you.)
I'm not deranged.
(I'd never ask that of you.)
But in this moment

I feel I've changed.
I wanna climb Mount Everest, go to
Mozambique.
I wanna be impulsive, want to be unique.
Can you believe I mean it when you hear me
shriek?

I'm crazier than you!
I'm crazier than you.
And now I'll prove to you exactly how.
I'm crazier than you!
I'll do what you can do.
From here on in I give my solemn vow.

Pluck the arrow from its quiver.
Hold it in your hand be brave.
Pierce the apple not the liver,
Or we're dancing on my grave.
Place it in the bow and steady.
Can't you shoot that thing already!

I wanna demonstrate that fear is my ideal,
(Girl, believe me fear is your appeal.)
'Cuz in the moment that you're frightened,

life is real.
(Then my life must be real real!)
And in a flash when I (you) release and seal
the deal.

I'm crazier than you!
I'm crazier than you!
And nothing hurts me when I hear you say,
I'm crazier than you
Psychotically into!
And that is all I need to face the day.

I'm crazier than you!
I'm crazier than you!
And live or die, I'll let you have control.
I'm crazier than you!
So say you love me too!
From here on in, you're singing to my soul,
My soul!

Text by Andrew Lippa