



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

**Alicia Cruz, Soprano**

**Edward Newman, Piano**

Sunday, April 30th, 2023

5:00 p.m.

Ed Landreth Auditorium

**Program**

**Poema en Forma de Canciones**

**Joaquin Turina**  
**(1881-1966)**

- I. Dedicatoria
- II. Nunca Olvida...
- III. Cantares
- IV. Los dos miedos
- V. Las locas por amor

**Angels, Ever Bright and Fair**  
**from *Theodora***

**George Frideric Handel**  
**(1685-1759)**

**Italien Op. 8, No.3**  
**Sehnsucht Op. 9, No. 7**

**Fanny Hensel**  
**(1805-1847)**

**INTERMISSION**

**Steal me, Sweet Thief**  
from *The Old Maid and the Thief*

**Gian Carlo Menotti**  
(1911-2007)

**The White Swan**

**Ernest Charles**  
(1895-1984)

**The Rich Man**  
**Music I Heard With You**

**Richard Hageman**  
(1881-1966)

**Pulled**  
from *The Addams Family*

**Andrew Lippa**  
(b.1964)

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Bachelor of Music  
in Vocal Performance. Alicia Cruz is a student of Professor Twyla Robinson.

The use of recording equipment is prohibited.

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

## Poema en Forma de Canciones

Joaquin Turina

Joaquin Turina is a Spanish composer born in Seville, Spain in 1882. He was fascinated with music from a very young age and began composing when he was young. In 1905, like many other Spanish composers at the time, he moved to Paris. After studying under mentors like Vincent d'Indy, he moved back to Madrid, Spain where he eventually died in 1949. *Poema en forma de Canciones* is a story about a man that has fallen so deeply and utterly in love with a woman that he starts to go crazy, but she does not return his feelings with the same passion.

*Nunca Olvida* is the beginning of the story with our man in love. He is about to die and while reminiscing on life and asking for forgiveness from God, he says that he will never forgive the woman he loves, for she made him love her too much.

### Nunca Olvida...

Ya que este mundo abandono  
Antes de dar cuenta adios,  
Aqui para entre los dos  
Mi confession te dire.

Con toda el alma perdono  
Hasta a los que siempre he odiado.  
¡A ti que tante te he amado  
Nunca te perdonare!

*Translation by Suzanne Rhodes Draayer*

*Cantares* is based on a classic flamenco dance in Spain. In this piece, the two lovers engage in a dance, and the man continues to fall deeply in love with the woman and begins to go crazy thinking of her.

### Cantares

¡Ay! Más cerca de mí te siento  
Cuando más huyo de tí  
Pues tu imagen es en mí  
Sombra de mi pensamiento.

Vuélvemelo a decir  
Pues embelesado ayer  
Te escuchaba sin oír

### Never Forget...

I now abandon this world  
Before I give an account of my life to God,  
Here between us  
I will give you my confession.

With my entire soul, I can forgive  
All those whom I have always hated.  
But because I have loved you so much  
I will never forgive you!

### Songs

Ah! I feel you closest to me  
When I flee from you  
Then your image is in me  
Shadow of my thoughts.

Return to me to say  
Since delighted yesterday  
I listened to you without hearing

Y te miraba sin ver.

And I looked at you without seeing.

*Translation by Suzanne Rhodes Draayer*

*Los dos Miedos*, is a song of regret, fear, and love. In this song, the couple walks the line of knowing that they are not right for each other, but the comfortability of the relationship makes them not want to leave each other's side.

### **Los dos miedos**

Al comenzar la noche de aquel día  
Ella lejos de mí,  
¿Por qué te acercas tanto? Me decía,  
Tengo miedo de ti.

Y después que la noche hubo pasado  
Dijo, cerca de mí:  
¿Por qué te alejas tanto de mi lado?  
¡Tengo miedo sin ti!

### **The two fears**

That day at dusk,  
She was far from me,  
Why are you so close to me, she said to me  
I am afraid of you.

And after the night had passed  
She said, close to me:  
Why do you move so far away from me?  
I am afraid without you!

*Translation by Suzanne Rhodes Draayer*

*Las locas por amor*, the final song in the cycle is the man admitting that he is drunk on love. He is not afraid to let the world know, and he tells the woman. This song ends the set with exuberance and joyful passion.

### **Las locas por amor**

Te amaré diosa Venus si prefieres  
Que te ame mucho tiempo y con cordura  
Y respondió la diosa de Citeres:  
Prefiero como todas la mujeres  
Que me amen poco tiempo y con locura.  
Te amaré diosa Venus, te amaré!

### **The ones crazy for love**

I will love you, goddess Venus, if you prefer  
For a long time and with great prudence  
And the goddess of Cithera responded:  
I prefer like all the women  
To be loved briefly but madly.  
I will love you goddess Venus, I will love!

*Translation by Suzanne Rhodes Draayer*

### **Angels. Ever Bright and Fair**

**George Frideric Handel**

Handel, born February 23, 1685, was a Baroque composer who was most famous for his operas, oratorios, anthems, and concertos. Throughout the 1720s and 30s, he composed operas but then moved on to compose oratorios which he thought suited his musical ideas better. *Angels, ever bright and fair*, is an aria from Handel's 'Theodora'. This piece is sung by Theodora, who is imprisoned for being a Christian. At this point, the government has just told her that she must either live her days as a courtesan or die because she refused to convert her religion. So she begins praying to the angels to take her before she has to ruin herself in front of God.

O worse than Death indeed! Lead me, ye guards, lead me, or to the rack, or to the flames,  
I'll thank your gracious mercy!

Angels ever bright and fair,  
Take, oh, take me,  
Angels ever bright and fair,  
Take, oh, take me to your care.

Speed to your own courts my flight,  
Clad in robes of virgin white;  
Take me, Angels ever bright and fair,  
Take, oh, take me to your care;  
Take me take, oh, take me,  
Angels ever bright and fair, take, oh, take me to your care.

### **Italien Op. 8, No.3**

**Fanny Hensel**

Fanny Hensel, born November 14, 1805, was the sister of Felix Mendelssohn. She was a German composer and pianist in the Romantic era and was among some of the first women composers to have their work published. Because of her gender, Fanny was not always given the same opportunities that her brother was, in fact, she was not allowed by her family to pursue a musical career. Felix was highly opposed to Fanny composing and even ended up publishing some of her pieces under his name. Despite Felix being very against his elder sister having a musical career, the siblings had a very good relationship. Before her death in 1847, she began to see the changing role of women in a previously male-dominated industry. In recent years, musicologists and publishers have been working to properly credit Fanny for her pieces that were published under her brother's name in his opus 8 and 9.

*Italien* is a poem by Franz Grillpazer that playfully dances around the ideas of fertility, abundance, and the beautiful Italian countryside.

Schöner und schöner schmückt sich der Plan,  
Schmeichelnde Lüfte wehen mich an!  
Fort aus der Prosa Lasten und müh',  
Zieh' ich zum Lande der Poesie.  
Gold'ner die Sonne, blauer die Luft,  
Grüner die Grüne, würz'ger der Duft!

The plain becomes more and more lovely,  
The caressing breezes waft over me;  
Away from burden and effort of Prose,  
And into the land of Poetry.  
More golden the sun, bluer the air,  
Greener the green, more aromatic the air!

Dort an dem Maishalm, schwelend von Saft,  
Sträubt sich der Aloe störrische Kraft!  
Oelbaum, Cypresse, blond du, du braun,  
Nickt ihr wie zierliche grüssende Frau'n?  
Was glänzt im Laube, funkelnd wie Gold?  
Ha, Pomeranze, birgst du dich hold?

There on the cornstalk, swelling with sap  
The aloe bristles with obstinate strength!  
Olive tree, Cypress, one blond, one brown  
Do you nod like dainty women in greeting?  
What shines in there, sparkling like gold?  
Ha! Pomegranate, are you hiding there?

Trotz'ger Poseidon, wärest du dies,  
Der unten scherzt und murmelt so suss?  
Und dies, halb Wiese, halb Aether zu schau'n,  
Es wär des Meeres furcht bares Grau'n?  
Hier will ich wohnen! Göttliche du, bringst du,  
Parthenope, Wogen zur Ruh?  
Nun dann versuch' es, Eden der Lust,  
Eb'ne die Wogen, die Wogen auch dieser Brust!

Defiant Poseidon, was it you,  
Who frolics below and murmurs sweetly?  
And this one, looking like part meadow,  
Was that the dreadful horror of the sea?  
I would live here, Godly one,  
Parthenope, can you bring waves to rest?  
Now try it then Eden of desire  
Calm as well the waves in this breast!

*Translation by Bard Suverkrop*

### **Sehnsucht Op. 9, No. 7**

**Fanny Hensel**

*Sehnsucht* is a poem by Johann Gustav Droysen. Similarly to *Italien*, it is a song of desire and longing, but this time it comes in a more reminiscent way, combining the ideas of place and desire.

Fern und ferner schallt der Reigen.  
Wohl mir! Um mich her ist Schweigen  
Auf der Flur.  
Zu dem vollen Herzen nur  
Will nicht Ruh' sich neigen.

Farther and farther away fades the song  
Oh my! All around me is silence  
In the field.  
Only to my full heart  
Does peace not come.

Horch! Die Nacht schwebt durch die Räume.  
Ihr Gewand durchrauscht die Bäume  
Lispeld leis'.  
Ach, so schweiften liebeheiß

Listen! The night floats through the spaces  
Its cloak rules-through the trees  
Whispering softly.  
Ah likewise, wander passionately

Meine Wunsch' und Träume.

My wishes and dreams roam the world

*Translation by Bard Suverkrop*

**Steal me, Sweet Thief**  
**from *The Old Maid and the Thief***

**Gian Carlo Menotti**

Gian Carlo Menotti was an Italian composer, born on July 7, 1911, and he quickly became the most performed operatic composer of the Contemporary era. He wrote the famous Christmas classic *Amahl and the Night Visitors* as well as a dozen more operas and was even the librettist for all of his operas. This is especially fascinating about Menotti because English was not his first language as he immigrated from Italy.

"Steal me, Sweet Thief" is from Menotti's opera, *The Old Maid and the Thief* written in 1939. *The Old Maid and the Thief* is a story about two women who fall in love with the same man and they try to do everything they can to keep this man around. Miss Todd and Laetitia believe that their guest, Bob, has escaped from prison. So they decide to put out money for him to take and, eventually, they believe he will leave their house or he will be caught taking the money and they will be rid of him. After a week, though, Laetitia declares that he has taken all the money but he hasn't left, and she admits her desire to one day run away with him before she becomes an old woman and her time for love has passed.

What a curse for a woman is a timid man!  
A week has gone by; he had plenty of chances,  
But he made no advances.  
Miss Todd schemes and labors to get him some money.  
She robs friends and neighbors the club and the church.  
He takes all the money with a smile that entrances...  
But still makes no advances.  
The old woman sighs and makes languid eyes.  
All the drawers are wide open,  
All the doors are unlocked...  
He neither seems pleased nor shocked.  
He eats and drinks and sleeps,  
He talks to baseball and boxing...  
But that is all.  
What a curse for a woman is a timid man!

Steal me, Oh, steal me sweet thief,  
For times flight is stealing my youth  
And the cares of life steal fleeting time.  
Steal me thief, for life is brief and full of theft and strife.  
And then with firtive step death comes and steals time and life.  
O sweet thief, I pray make me die  
Before dark death steals her prey.  
Steal my lips before they crumble to dust,  
Steal my heart before death must,  
Steal my cheeks before they're sunk and decayed  
Steal my breath before it will fade.  
Steal my lips, steal my heart, steal my cheeks,  
Steal oh steal my breath, and make me die  
Before death will steal her prey.  
Oh steal me!  
For times flight is stealing my youth.

### **The White Swan**

**Ernest Charles**

Ernest Charles, born November 21, 1895, was an American composer of art songs. His songs became more popular after a famous performance by John Charles Thomas of his song *Clouds* in New York City. Following this performance, he continued to write art songs until about 1950 when he married his wife, a mezzo-soprano, and started a radio program about great moments in music.

*The White Swan* is a song about longing and desire that through the playful use of personification, tells a story of wanting to be able to leave the thought of an old lover behind, but even the smallest thing can remind you of them.

We watched in silence by a shadowed pool  
Drenched with the perfume of the jasmine flower,  
When shattered suddenly the pools dark face  
From out its stable depths a white swan drifts  
And with its magic fills the night.

I dared to dream I had forgotten you  
Yet from the shadows of my darkened heart  
Like a white swan upon an onyx pool  
You drift upon the silence of my dreams  
And fill my soul with longing,  
With longing and desire.



## **The Rich Man**

**Richard Hageman**

Richard Hageman was a conductor, pianist, and composer born July 9, 1881. Hageman was born in the Netherlands and eventually moved to the United States where after only a few years he became the assistant conductor of the Metropolitan Opera. He enjoyed conducting and he even composed a few scores for movies, but he eventually found a great passion for art songs. During his entire musical career, he composed the music for as many as 65 art songs and oratorios.

*The Rich Man* is a playful song about a rich man who goes through life with ease and not a care in the world written in the early 1920s.

The rich man has his motor car,  
His country and his town estate.  
He smokes a fifty cent cigar  
And jeers at Fate.

He frivols through the live long day,  
He knows not Poverty,  
Her pinch.  
His lot seems light, his heart seems gay,  
He has a cinch.  
Yet though my lamp burns low and dim,  
Though I must slave for livelihood...  
Think you that I would change with him?  
You bet I would!

## **Music I Heard with You**

**Richard Hageman**

*Music I heard with you* is a song about grieving a loved one. Remembering the sweet memories with the loved one, but coming to accept the fact that they will always be in your heart and memories.

Music I heard with you was more than music,  
And bread I broke with you was more than bread;  
Now that I am without you, All is desolate;  
All that was once so beautiful is dead.

Your hands once touched this table and this silver,  
And I have seen your fingers hold this glass.  
These things do not remember you beloved,

And yet your touch upon them will not pass.

For it was in my heart you moved among them,  
And blessed them with your hands  
And with your eyes;  
And in my heart they will remember always,  
They knew you once,  
O beautiful and wise.

**Pulled**  
**from *The Addams Family***

**Andrew Lippa**

Andrew Lippa is a composer, lyricist, performer, and producer. He was born in England in 1964 and soon after, his family immigrated to the United States where he grew up in Michigan. He was a teacher for a couple of years until he got accepted into a musical theatre workshop as a composer and eventually pursued a career in musical composition.

“Pulled” comes from *The Addams Family* musical when Wednesday Addams falls in love with a sweet, smart young man. Wednesday’s parents Gomez and Morticia are shocked to find this out and this development turns the Addams’ house upside down when they are forced to host a dinner for the young man and his parents. This song is about Wednesday coming to terms with the fact that she is changing and has fallen in love.

I don't have a sunny disposition.  
I'm not known for being too amused.  
My demeanor's locked in one position.  
See my face? Im enthused.  
Suddenly however I've been puzzled.  
Bunny rabbits make me want to cry.  
All my inhibitions have been muzzled  
And I think I know why.

I'm being pulled in a new direction,  
But I think I like it.  
I think I like it.  
I'm being pulled in a new direction.  
Through my painful pursuit somehow birdies took root.  
All the things I detested impossibly cute.  
GOD! What do I do?

Mother always said "Be kind to strangers."  
But she doesn't know what they destroy.  
I can feel the clear and present dangers when she learns that the boy  
Has got me pulled in a new direction,  
But I think I like it.  
I think I like it.  
I'm being pulled in a new direction.  
And this feeling I know is impossible so,  
I'll confide that I've tried but I can't let it go.  
It's disgustingly true,  
Pulled, pulled, pulled.

Puppy dogs with droopy faces,  
Unicorns with dancing mice.  
Sunrise in wide-open spaces,  
Disney World? I'll go there twice!  
Butterflies at picnic lunches,  
Bunches of chrysanthemums.  
Lollipops and pillow fights  
And Christmas eve? Sugar Plums!  
String quartets and Chia Pets and afternoon banana splits.  
Angels watching as I sleep  
And Liberace's greatest hits!

Have got me pulled in a new direction,  
If they keep insisting,  
I'll stop resisting.  
Just watch me pulled in a new direction!  
I should stay in the dark,  
Not obey ev'ry spark,  
But the boy has a bite better far than his bark.  
And you bet I'll bite too.  
Do what's truly taboo,  
As I'm pulled in a new direction.