



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

**Andres Losada, Bass-Baritone**  
**Andrew Packard, Collaborative Piano**  
**Samantha Ely, Oboe**  
**Santiago Ariza, Violin**  
**Peng Wang, Double Bass**

May 5, 2023

8:30 PM

Van Cliburn Concert Hall at TCU

**Program**

**Mache dich, mein Herzen, rein**

J.S. Bach (1685-1750)

*From St. Matthew Passion (Matthäus-Passion), BWV 244*

Santiago Ariza Rodriguez - Violin

Samantha Ely - Oboe

Peng Wang - Cello

**Per questa bella mano, K. 612**

W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)

Peng Wang - Cello

**Drei Gesänge, D. 902 / Op. 83**

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

1. L'incanto degli occhi
2. Il traditor deluso
3. Il modo di prender moglie

**Intermission**

**Chansons de Don Quichotte**

Jacques Ibert (1890-1962)

1. Chanson du départ
2. Chanson à Dulcinée
3. Chanson du Duc
4. Chanson de la mort

**Tres Canciones Latinoamericanas**

Se equivocó la paloma

Carlos Guastavino (1912-2000)

El clavel del aire blanco

A Ti

Jaime León (1921-2015)

**Là del ciel nell'arcano profondo**

Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

*From La Cenerentola*

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

Mr. Losada 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

“Mache dich, mein Herzen, rein” from *St. Matthew Passion*, BWV 244

J.S. Bach  
(1685-1750)

The *St. Matthew Passion* (*Matthäus-Passion*) also originally known as “Passio Domini Nostri J.C. Secundum Evangelistam Matthaeum” is one of the best-known and performed oratorios in the Baroque repertoire. This is perhaps Bach's most extensive work and one of the most intense pieces in terms of drama, since it represents the trial, pain, and later death of Christ. Within the work, the narration is carried out by the same evangelist Matthew (tenor) along with interventions by Christ, Judas, Peter, Pilate, apostles, priests, etc.

The oratorio's libretto was written by Christian Friedrich Henrici in form of poetry, based on the New Testament Gospel of Saint Matthew. The recitatives are part of texts taken from the Bible while the arias are part of Henrici's poetry. The aria “Mache dich, mein Herzen, rein” is found almost at the end of the cantata, it is part of the second half and together with its previous recitative “Am, abend, da es kühle war” are numbered respectively as pieces 64 and 65 of the cantata. The dramaturgy of this moment in the oratorio is of an intense level, since the one who sings at this moment is Joseph of Arimathea, who according to the gospel of Saint Matthew 27: 60, is the one who picks up Christ to bury him once he has been lowered from the cross.

### **Mache dich, mein Herzen, rein**

Am Abend, da es kühle war,  
ward Adams Fallen offenbar;  
am Abend drücket ihn der Heiland nieder.  
Am Abend kam die Taube wieder  
und trug ein Ölblatt in dem Munde.  
O schöne Zeit! o Abendstunde!  
Der Friedensschluss ist nun mit Gott gemacht,  
denn Jesus hat sein Kreuz vollbracht.  
Sein Leichnam kömmt zur Ruh,  
ach liebe Seele, bitte du,  
geh', lasse dir den toten Jesum schenken,  
O heilsames, o köstlichs Angedenken!

Mache dich, mein Herze, rein,  
Ich will Jesum selbst begraben.  
Denn er soll nunmehr in mir  
Für und für  
Seine süße Ruhe haben.  
Welt, geh aus, laß Jesum ein!

### **Make thee clean, my heart, from sin**

At eventide, when it was cool,  
Was Adam's fall made manifest;  
At eventide the Savior overwhelmed him.  
At eventide the dove returned,  
Its mouth an olive branch now bearing.  
O time so fair! O evening hour!  
The pact of peace is now with God complete,  
For Jesus hath his cross fulfilled.  
His body comes to rest,  
Ah, thou my spirit, hearken thou,  
Go, let them give thee Jesus' lifeless body,  
How healing this, how precious this memorial!

Make thee clean, my heart, from sin;  
I would my Lord inter,  
May He find rest in me,  
Ever in eternity,  
His sweet repose be here.  
World, depart, let Jesus in!

*Translation by Pietro Lignola*

### ***Per questa bella mano*, K. 612**

**W.A. Mozart  
(1756-1791)**

Mozart is one of the best-known composers for his contributions to the opera, symphonies, and chamber works; nevertheless, Mozart also wrote an important number of concert arias that are not that are not commonly known. A concert aria is an aria that could be very similar to an opera aria scene; it is written for a soloist singer with an orchestra accompaniment.

*Per questa bella mano* is one of the works that not all singers know, but many double bass players do, since it is one of the pieces that represents the greatest difficulty and mastery for this instrument; the use of fast and fluid scales in contrast to the ability to play chords at the same time, make it a challenge for any double bassists. The difficulty also extends to the singer, since this work is written in 'extreme' registers, the sudden change from extremely low notes to high notes within the same melodic line represents a technical challenge for the singer. Curiously, this piece was premiered by Franz Xaver Gerl, one of the most versatile basses of the time and who was a specialist in the Mozartian repertoire. The work itself is a declaration of love with a text 'speculatively' copied from the opera *'Le vicende d'amore'* by Giambattista Neri.

### **Per questa bella mano**

Per questa bella mano,  
Per questi vaghi rai,  
Giuro, mio ben, che mai  
Non amerò che te.  
L'aure, le piante, i sassi,  
Che I miei sospir ben sanno,  
A te qual sia diranno,  
La mia costante fé.

Volgi lieti o fieri sguardi,  
Dimmi pur che m'odi o m'ami,  
Sempre acceso ai dolci dardi,  
Sempre tuo vo' che mi chiami,  
Né cangiar può terra o cielo  
Quel desio che vive in me.

### **For this beautiful hand**

For this beautiful hand,  
For these lovely eyes,  
I swear, my dear, that  
I shall love none but you.  
The breeze, the stones, and trees  
That know well my sighs,  
Will tell you all you want,  
That I am undyingly true.

Give me happy or haughty looks,  
Even tell me, you hate or love me,  
Always, you may have ambrosial arrows,  
Always, it is your voice above me.  
Neither earth nor heaven can dim,  
The longing that lives within.

*Translation by Christian Anderson*

*Drei Gesänge* also known as *Drei Italienische Lieder* (*three Italian songs*), make up one of the short and most peculiar set of songs by Franz Schubert; It is interesting to think that Schubert, being a total nationalist and lover of the romantic German poetic movement of the time, would have composed a small cycle of songs in another language. His Op. 83 or D. 902 is the only composer's cycle originally written in Italian with a text by Pietro Metastasio (one of the most important opera librettists of the 18<sup>th</sup> century) and dedicated to the opera singer Luigi Lablache.

This cycle is said to have been composed as a joke by Schubert to mock the Italian style of composition. The first song of the cycle highlights this style, with interesting melodic lines and a slightly rhythmic accompaniment that makes this song feel like a 'folk song' from some region of Italy. The second song is dramatically intense, with great virtuosity in the voice line and with a 'fierce' accompaniment but at the same time highlighting all the drama of what a typical Italian-style romantic opera aria could be. Finally, the third song is perhaps what can be considered '*Schubert's joke*'; since the text is funny and absurd while the melody and harmony are constantly changing, replicating different musical styles typical of classical Italian composition.

### **1. L'incanto degli occhi**

Da voi, cari lumi,  
Dipende il mio stato;  
Voi siete i miei Numi,  
Voi siete il mio fato.  
A vostro talento  
Mi sento cangiar.  
Ardir m'inspirate,  
Se lieti splendete;  
Se torbidi siete,  
Mi fate tremar.

#### **The magic of eyes**

On you, beloved eyes,  
Depends my life;  
You are my gods;  
You are my destiny.  
At your bidding  
My mood changes.  
You inspire me with daring  
If you shine joyfully;  
If you are overcast  
You make me tremble.

## 2. Il traditor deluso

Ahimè, Io tremo, io sento  
Tutto inondarmi il seno  
Di gelido sudor... Fuggasi... Ah quale...  
Qual' è la via! Chi me l'addita? Oh Dio,  
Che ascoltai! Che m'avvenne! Ove son io!

Ah l'aria d'intorno  
Lampeggia, sfavilla,  
Ondeggia, vacilla  
L'infido terren!  
Qual notte profonda  
D'orror mi circonda!  
Che larve funeste,  
Che smanie son queste!  
Che fiero spavento  
Mi sento nel sen!

### The traitor deceived

Alas, I tremble!  
I feel a cold sweat upon my brow!  
I must flee; but whither? Where is the way?  
Who will show it to me? O God, what do I hear?  
What is happening to me? O God, what do I hear?  
Where am I?

The air around me flashes and sparkles;  
The perfidious earth quakes and trembles!  
The deep night surrounds me with horror!  
What baleful creatures, what furies are these?  
What raging terror I feel in my breast!

## 3. Il modo di prender moglie

Or sù! non ci pensiamo,  
Coraggio e concludiamo,  
Al fin s'io prendo moglie,  
Sò ben perchè lo fò.  
Lo fò per pagar i debiti,  
La prendo per contanti,  
Di dirlo, e di ripeterlo,  
Difficoltà non ho.  
Fra tanti modi e tanti

Di prender moglie al mondo,  
Un modo più giocondo  
Del mio trovar non sò.  
Si prende per affetto,  
Si prende per rispetto,  
Si prende per consiglio,  
Si prende per puntiglio,  
Si prende per capriccio.  
È vero, si o nò?  
Ed io per medicina  
Di tutti i mali miei  
Un poco di sposina  
Prendere non potrò?  
Ho detto e' l ridico,  
Lo fò per li contanti,  
Lo fanno tanti e tanti  
Anch' io lo farò.

### **How to choose a wife**

Now then, let's not think about it;  
Courage, let's get it over with.  
If in the end I have to take a wife  
I know very well why I do it.  
I do it to pay my debts.  
I take her for the money.  
I have no compunction telling you,  
And repeating it.  
Of all the ways of choosing a wife  
In the world,  
I know of no happier way  
Than mine.  
One chooses a wife for love,  
Another out of respect,  
Another because he is advised to,  
Another out of propriety,  
Another for a whim.  
Is it true or not?  
And I,  
Why can't I take a little wife  
As remedy  
For all my ills?  
I've said it and I'll say it again:  
I do it for the money.

So many do it,  
I do it too.

*Translation by Richard Wigmore*

### ***Chansons de Don Quichotte***

**Jacques Ibert  
(1890-1962)**

In 1932, the great film director Georg Wilhelm Pabst turned to different French composers of the time to create a cycle of songs that could be used in his new film *Don Quixote* based on the homonymous novel by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra; film that would have as actor and lead singer the famous Russian bass, Feodor Chaliapin.

Among the most prominent composers to whom the work had been commissioned were Maurice Ravel, who due to health complications could not finish the cycle of four songs and three of which survive under the name “*Don Quixotte à Dulcinée*”. On the other hand, the famous Spanish composer Manuel de Falla had also been commissioned to compose for this film, but there was never any record of the progress in his work.

Finally, Pabst decided to take Ibert's work and it was his four-song cycle who was chosen to be sung by Chaliapin in the film, which was a great success and even received a special mention at the 1987 Cannes Film Festival. The text of the first song is taken from a poem by Pierre de Ronsard while the other three songs have text by the French novelist Alexandre Arnoux.

#### **1. Chanson du depart**

Ce château neuf, ce nouvel édifice  
Tout enrichi de marbre et de porphyre,  
Qu'amour bâtit château de son empire,  
Où tout le ciel a mis son artifice,  
Est un rempart, un fort contre vice,  
Où la vertueuse maîtresse se retire,  
Que l'œil regarde, et que l'esprit admire,  
Forçant les cœurs à lui faire service.  
C'est un château, fait de telle sorte  
Que nul ne peut approcher de la porte  
Si des grands Rois il n'a sauvé sa race,  
Victorieux, vaillant et amoureux.  
Nul chevalier, tant soit aventureux,  
Sans être tel ne peut gagner la place.



## **Song of the departure**

This new castle, this new edifice  
all adorned with marble and porphyry,  
this castle, built by love from its empire,  
upon which all of heaven has used its skill,  
is a rampart, a fortress against evil  
where the virtuous mistress retires,  
that the eye observes and the spirit admires,  
bringing hearts to servitude.  
It is a castle, built in such a way  
that none can approach the portal  
if he has not saved his lineage from the great Kings,  
victorious, brave and amorous.  
No knight, however adventurous he may be,  
without being such, can enter the place.

## **2. Chanson à Dulcinée**

Un an me dure la journée  
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.  
Mais, Amour a peint son visage,  
Afin d'adoucir ma langueur,  
Dans la fontaine et le nuage,  
Dans chaque aurore et chaque fleur.  
Un an me dure la journée  
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.  
Toujours proche et toujours lointaine,  
Étoile de mes longs chemins.  
Le vent m'apporte son haleine  
Quand il passe sur les jasmins.

## **Song for Dulcinea**

A day lasts a whole year  
if I do not see my Dulcinea.  
But, so as to sweeten my languor,  
Love has painted her face,  
in the fountain and the sky,  
in each dawn and each flower.  
A day lasts a whole year  
if I do not see my Dulcinea.  
Ever close and ever far,

star of my long paths.  
The wind carries her breath to me  
when it blows across the jasmine.

### **3. Chanson du Duc**

Je veux chanter ici la Dame de mes songes  
Qui m'exalte au dessus de ce siècle de boue  
Son cœur de diamant est vierge de mensonges  
La rose s'obscurcit au regard de sa joue  
Pour Elle, j'ai tenté les hautes aventures  
Mon bras a délivré la princesse en servage  
J'ai vaincu l'Enchanteur, confondu les parjures  
Et ployé l'univers à lui rendre hommage.  
Dame par qui je vais, seul dessus cette terre,  
Qui ne soit prisonnier de la fausse apparence  
Je soutiens contre tout Chevalier téméraire  
Votre éclat non pareil et votre précellence.

#### **Song of the Duke**

I want to sing here of the Lady of my dreams,  
who raises me above this century of mud.  
Her heart of diamond is untarnished by lies.  
The rose pales at the sight of her cheek.  
For Her, I have attempted lofty adventures.  
My arm has delivered the princess in servitude.  
I have conquered the Enchanter, confounded the perjuries  
and bent the universe to offer her homage.  
Lady for whom I, who alone is not a prisoner  
of the false appearance, go over this earth,  
I proclaim, against any rash Knight,  
your unequalled splendor and your excellence.

### **4. Chanson de la mort**

Ne pleure pas Sancho, ne pleure pas, mon bon.  
Ton maître n'est pas mort.  
Il n'est pas loin de toi.  
Il vit dans une île heureuse  
Où tout est pur et sans mensonges.  
Dans l'île enfin trouvée où tu viendras un jour.

Dans l'île désirée, O mon ami Sancho!  
Les livres sont brûlés et font un tas de cendres.  
Si tous les livres m'ont tué  
Il suffit d'un pour que je vie  
Fantôme dans la vie, et réel dans la mort.  
Tel est l'étrange sort du pauvre Don Quichotte.

### **Song of death**

Do not cry Sancho, do not cry, good friend.  
Your master is not dead.  
He is not far from you.  
He lives on a happy isle  
where all is pure and free of lies.  
On the isle at last discovered where you will come one day.  
On the desired isle, o my good friend Sancho!  
The books are burned and make a heap of ash.  
If all the books have killed me  
just one is enough for me to live on,  
a ghost in life and real in death.  
Such is the strange destiny of poor Don Quixote.

*Translation by Christopher Goldsack*

### **Tres Canciones Latinoamericanas**

**Carlos Guastavino / Jaime León  
(1912-2000) / (1921-2015)**

The Latin American 'academic' repertoire is one of the richest repertoires in terms of chamber music, this including, of course, the vocal repertoire. One of the most characteristic factors of this repertoire and that stands out from the European academic repertoire is on the one hand, the ability to play and combine different rhythmic patterns typical of different regions of the same country, and second, the sweet melodies as opposed to modal harmonic structures and not always tonal. On this evening we will listen to three pieces by two of the most renowned composers in Latin America.

The first two pieces correspond to the Argentine composer Carlos Guastavino; respectively '*Se equivocó la paloma*' with a text by Rafael Alberti, has a complex symbolic meaning since it can be interpreted from the love plane to various personal moments. '*El clavel del aire blanco*' with a text by León Benarós, is part of a cycle of songs that describe the different species of flora typical of Argentina. The last piece corresponds to the Colombian composer Jaime León, '*A ti*' with a

poem by the Colombian José Asunción Silva; is a poem dedicated to the 'love' as a feeling and the moment of falling in love with metaphors of nature and with an ambiguous meaning that gives way to the listener's imagination.

▪ **Se equivocó la paloma**

Se equivocó la paloma.  
Se equivocaba.  
Por ir al norte, fue al sur.  
Creyó que el trigo era agua.  
Se equivocaba.  
Creyó que el mar era el cielo;  
que la noche, la mañana.  
Se equivocaba.  
Que las estrellas, rocío;  
que la calor; la nevada.  
Se equivocaba.  
Que tu falda era tu blusa;  
que tu corazón, su casa.  
Se equivocaba.  
(Ella se durmió en la orilla.  
Tú, en la cumbre de una rama.)

**The dove was wrong**

The dove was wrong.  
It was mistaken.  
By heading north, it went south.  
It supposed wheat was water.  
But it was mistaken.  
It thought the sea was the sky,  
and the evening, the morning.  
It was mistaken.  
It thought the stars were dew,  
the heat was snow.  
But it was mistaken.  
That your skirt was your blouse,  
that your heart was a home.  
(And it slept by the seashore,  
while you perched on a branch.)

*Translation by A.S. Kline*

▪ **El clavel del aire blanco**

El clavel del aire blanco  
Es suspiro detenido,  
Que en el aire se hace flor  
Con el perfume más fino.  
Que en el aire se hace flor  
Con el perfume más fino.  
¡Ay, amor! ¡Ay, amor!  
La flor en la niña  
La flor en la niña  
La niña en la flor  
Del clavel del aire blanco  
Nadie ofenda su blancura,  
Porque tiene el parecer  
De la inocencia más pura.  
Porque tiene el parecer  
De la inocencia más pura.  
¡Ay, amor! ¡Ay, amor!  
La flor en la niña  
La flor en la niña  
La niña en la flor

**The carnation from the white air**

The carnation from the white air  
Is a held sigh,  
That in the air becomes a flower  
With the finest perfume.  
That in the air becomes a flower  
With the finest perfume.  
Ah, love! Ah, love!  
The flower on the girl  
The flower on the girl  
The girl in the flower.  
Of the carnation from the white air  
No one must insult its whiteness,  
Because it resembles  
The most pure innocence.  
Because it resembles  
The most pure innocence.  
Ah, love, ah love  
The flower on the girl  
The flower on the girl

The girl in the flower

*Translation by Lorena Paz Nieto*

▪ **A Ti**

Tú no lo sabes, más yo he soñado,  
entre mis sueños color de armiño,  
horas de dicha con tus amores,  
besos ardientes, quedos suspiros.  
Cuando la tarde tiñe de oro  
esos espacios que juntos vimos,  
cuando mi alma su vuelo emprende  
a las regiones de lo infinito.

**To you**

You do not know it, but I have dreamed,  
Among my ermine-colored dreams,  
Hours of joy with your love,  
Burning kisses, gentle sighs.  
When the afternoon tints with gold  
Those spaces (where) we went together,  
When my soul undertakes its flight  
To the regions of the infinite.

*Translation by Garrett Medlock*

***Lá del ciel nell'arcano profondo***

**Gioachino Rossini  
(1792-1868)**

One of Rossini's jewels that remained hidden for a long time but that today is part of one of the most iconic Italian operas of all time: 'La Cenerentola'. The aria '*Lá del ciel nell'arcano profondo*' marks the arrival of Alidoro (in allegory with the arrival of the magical fairy in the original tale) at Cinderella's house to rescue her and take her to the ball at the palace. Curiously, this was not the aria that was originally sung at the first performance of the opera; It is said that for the premiere, the aria '*Vasto teatro è il mondo*', composed by Luca Agolini, was used. Rossini composed the new aria for a later performance in Rome; but this aria only became popular until 1970 with the first critical editions of *La Cenerentola* compiled by manuscripts signed by Rossini himself.

### **Lá del ciel nell'arcano profundo**

Là del ciel nell'arcano profundo,  
Del poter sull'altissimo trono  
Veglia nume signore del mondo  
Al cui piè basso mormora il tuono.  
Tutto sa tutto vede e non lascia  
Nell'ambascia perir la bontà.  
Fra la cenere, il pianto, l'affanno  
Ei ti vede o fanciulla innocente,  
No, no, no, no, non temer.  
Si è cambiata la scena :  
La tua pena cangiando già va.

Un crescente mormorio  
Non ti sembra d'ascoltar.  
Ah sta lieta : il cocchio mio  
Su cui voli a trionfar!  
Tu mi guardi, ti confondi.  
Ehi, ragazza, non rispondi?  
Sconcertata è la tua testa  
E rimbalza qua e là  
Come nave in gran tempesta  
Che di sotto in su sen va.

Ma già il nembo è terminato  
Scintillò serenità.  
Il destino s'è cangiato  
L'innocenza brillerà.

### **There in Heaven's arcane depths**

There in Heaven's arcane depth  
With a power upon His most high throne  
Presides a God, Lord of the world,  
At Whose feet even thunder in its awe rumbles feebly.  
Everything He knows, everything He sees,  
And He won't permit that goodness should die in distress.  
Among the ashes, the tears, need  
He sees you, oh, as a young girl innocent,  
And changing your most painful state  
He unleashes a shining lightning bolt amid the horror of your servile existence.  
No, don't be afraid, the situation is now changed:  
Your suffering is already changing to something else.  
Don't you seem to hear an approaching noise?  
Ah, be happy: it's the coach mine upon which you shall fly to triumph!

You are looking at me? Are you bewildered?  
Hey, young girl, aren't you answering me?  
Bewildered is your head and it sways from here to there,  
Like a storm-tossed ship that plunges into and then out of the waves.  
Yes, but already the storm is over,  
A ray of serenity has shined,  
Innocence shall shine.

*Translation by Nico Castel*