



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

Masters in Voice Recital

David Mejia Jr., tenor
Andrew Packard, piano
Ashton Snyder, violin

Saturday, September 16, 2023

7:00pm

Van Cliburn Concert Hall at TCU

Program

“La Danza”
from *Les soirees musicales*

Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Poema en forma de canciones, Op. 19

Joaquin Turina
(1882-1929)

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

Four Songs from the Weary Blues

Florence B. Price
(1887-1953)

- I. My Dream
- II. Songs to the Dark Virgin
- III. Ardella
- IV. Dreams Ships

“O Wie Ängstlich”
from *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*

W.A. Mozart
(1756 – 1791)

Intermission

Alma Mia

Maria Grever
(1885-1951)

Banalités

- I. Chanson d'Orkenise
- II. Hôtel
- III. Fagnes de Wallonie
- IV. Voyage à Paris
- V. Sanglots

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

**“Vanilla Ice Cream”
from *She Loves Me***

Jerry Bock
(1928-2010)

The recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Master's in Music Degree in Vocal Performance.
Mr. David Mejia is a student of Dr. James Rodriguez. Please silence all electronic devices including watches,
pagers, and phones

La Danza

Giachino Rossini

La Danza is the final song of Rossini's collection of eight musical soirées. The style of the song is known as a tarantella, “the dance of the spider,” which derives from the Italian word tarantola. Franz Liszt originally transcribed it for piano and Frédéric Chopin used the song as inspiration for his ¹. Rossini was influenced by southern Italian folk songs from Calabria, Campania, and Puglia. This piece is a “patter song,” a musical sequence that is set at a relatively fast tempo with short staccato rhythmic patterns.

La Danza

Già la luna è in mezzo al mare, l
mamma mia, si salterà!
L'ora è bella per danzare,
chi è in amor non mancherà.
Presto in danza a tondo, a tondo,
donne mie venite qua,
un garzon bello e giocondo
a ciascuna toccherà,
finché in ciel brilla una stella
e la luna splenderà.
Il più bel con la più bella
tutta notte danzerà.
Mamma mia, in mezzo al mare,
Mamma mia, si salterà.
Frinche, frinche, frinche,
mamma mia, si salterà.
La la ra la ra ...
Salta, salta, gira, gira,
ogni coppia a cerchio va,
già s'avanza, si ritira
e all'assalto tornerà.
Serra, serra, colla bionda,
colla bruna va qua e là
colla rossa va a seconda,
colla smorta fermo sta.
Viva il ballo a tondo, a tondo,
sono un Re, sono un Pascià,
è il più bel piacer del mondo

The Dance

Already the moon is in the middle of the sea,
Mamma mia, oneself will leap;
The hour is beautiful for dancing,
Who is in love not will be lacking.
Quickly in dancing a round, a round,
Ladies mine, come here,
A boy handsome and playful
With everyone will have a turn.
As long as in the sky sparkles a star
And the moon will shine,
The most handsome with the most beautiful.
All the night will dance.
Mamma mia, Already the moon is in the
middle of the sea; Mamma mia, oneself will
leap! Strum, Strum, Strum,
Mamma mia, oneself will leap!
La la ra la ra ...
Jump, jump, turn and turn,
Every couple in a circle goes,
Indeed, advance and retreat
And to the attack return.
Hug tightly, hug tightly with the blonde,
with the brunette go here and there,
with the redhead go to second,
with the pale one, stop she remains.
Hooray for dance around and round,
I'm a king, a pasha too,
It is the most beautiful pleasure in the world,

¹ Dardi, Marcus. “A Tarantella Signed by Rossini - La Danza.” Ciao St. Louis, August 21, 2020.
<https://www.ciaostl.com/a-tarantella-signed-by-rossini-la-danza/>.

la più cara voluttà

the dearest delight!

Text by Carlo Pepoli, Conte

Translations by Bard Suverkrop

Poema en forma de canciones

Joaquin Turina

Turina was a twentieth-century Spanish composer from Seville who composed art songs with musical allusions to Spain, and Andalusia in particular². This song cycle translates to “Poems in the forms of songs,” poems written by Ramón de Campoamor, Turina adapted Campoamor’s love poems into music encapsulating styles of Spanish ballads and boleros. I interpret this song cycle as someone who was or is still in love, haunted by its pain, joy, devotion, betrayal and madness. As someone who is a native Spanish speaker, I wanted to open the recital in a language close to me and dedicate this set to my grandparents.

Dedicatoria

Dedication

-TACETO-

-TACET-

Nunca olvida...

Never forget...

Ya que este mundo abandono,
Ántes de dar cuenta á Dios,
Aquí para entre los dos,
Mi confesion te diré:
-- Con toda el alma perdono
Hasta á los que siempre he odiado;
¡Á tí, que tanto te he amado,
Nunca te perdonaré!

Now that I abandon this world,
before telling account to God,
Here between the two of us
I will speak my confession
I pardon with all my soul
even those people I have always hated.
As for you, whom I have loved so much,
I will never forgive you!

Cantares

You’ll Sing

Ay!
Más cerca de mí te siento
Cuanto más huyo de tí,
Pues tu imágen es en mí
Sombra de mi pensamiento.
Vuélvemelo hoy a decir,

Ah!
The closer to me you are, I feel you
When I run from you,
For your image haunts me
The very shadow of my own thoughts.
Tell me again,

²Amat, Carlos Gómez. "Turina (Pérez), Joaquín." Grove Music Online. 2001; Accessed 29 Mar. 2023. <https://www-oxfordmusiconline-com.ezproxy.tcu.edu/grovemusic/view/10.1093/gmo/9781561592630.001.0001/omo-9781561592630-e-0000028603>.

Pues, embelesado, ayer
Te escuchaba sin oír,
Y te miraba sin ver.
Ay!

Los dos miedos

Al comenzar la noche de aquel día,
ella, lejos de mí,
¿Por qué te acercas tanto?
Me decía;
¡Tengo miedo de tí!
Y después que la noche hubo pasado
dijo, cerca de mí:
¿Por qué te alejas tanto de mi lado?
¡Tengo miedo sin tí!

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 las mujeres,
que me amen poco tiempo y con locura”

Text by Ramón María de las Mercedes de Campoamor

For yesterday I was enthralled:
I heard you without listening
And I looked at you without seeing.
Ay!

The two fears

To commence the night of that day,
She, far away from me,
Why are you moving so close to me?
She told me;
I am afraid of you!
And after the night had passed
She said, close to me:
Why are you going away from my side?
I am afraid without you!

Mad for love

"I shall love you, goddess Venus, if you wish
for me to love you for a long time and with
good sense."
And the goddess of Cythera responded:
"I prefer, as all women do, for you to love me
for a short time and with madness."

Translated by David Mejia

Four Songs from The Weary Blues

Florence Price

Price was an African American female composer, author of more than 300 musical works. Her song cycle consists of four pieces from a collection of eleven poems by Langston Hughes, a black American poet, celebrating the genre of American blues. This song cycle was written by Price to highlight prominent, influential figures during the age of Prohibition and the Harlem Renaissance, which gave birth to black-centric arts in the 1920s.³ Price pays homage to blues, which was a musical genre founded by black artists in an era of adverse oppression. Being

³ Cooper, John Michael. "Four Songs from the Weary Blues: Florence Price." Wise Music Classical, 2023. <https://www.wisemusicclassical.com/work/61463/Four-Songs-from-The-Weary-Blues--Florence-Price/>.

a Latino person, this provides me with an immense source of inspiration to keep following my own dreams and be an advocate for representation.

My Dream

To fling my arms wide in some place in the sun,
To dance and to whirl til' the white day is done,
Then rest, then rest at evening
Beneath a tall tree while night comes on gently,
Dark like me
That is my dream to fling my arms wide in the face of the sun,
Dance! Whirl! Whirl!
Till the quick day is done.
Rest at pale evening, a tall, slim tree.
Night coming tenderly,
Black like me.

Songs to the Dark Virgin

Would that I were a jewel, a shattered jewel
That all my shining brilliants
Might fall at thy feet,
Thou dark one.
Would that I were a garment, a shimmering silken garment, That all my folds
Might wrap about thy body, Absorb thy body,
Hold and hide thy body, Thou dark one.
Would that I were a flame, but one sharp leaping flame,
To annihilate thy body, Thou dark one.

Ardella

I would liken you to a night without stars
were it not for your eyes.
I would liken you to a sleep without dreams
were it not for your songs.

Mis Sueños

Para lanzar mis brazos abiertos en algún lugar bajo el sol,
Para bailar y girar hasta que termine el día blanco,
Luego descansa, luego descansa por la tarde.
Debajo de un árbol alto mientras la noche cae suavemente,
Oscuro como yo
Ese es mi sueño para lanzar mis brazos de par en par en la cara del sol,
¡Bailar! torbellino torbellino
Hasta que termine el día rápido.
Descansa en la tarde pálida, un árbol alto y delgado.
La noche llega tiernamente,
Oscuro como yo.

Canciones a la Virgen Oscura

Ojalá si yo fuera una joya, una joya quebrada
Que todos mis brillantes brillantes
podría caer a tus pies,
Tú oscuro.
Ojalá yo fuera un vestido, un vestido de seda resplandeciente, Que todos mis pliegues
podría envolver tu cuerpo, absorber tu cuerpo,
Sostén y esconde tu cuerpo, tú, oscuro.
Ojalá yo fuera un fuego, sino una llama aguda y saltarina,
Para aniquilar tu cuerpo, tú oscuro.

Ardella

Te compararía con una noche sin estrellas si no fuera por tus ojos.
Te compararía con un sueño sin sueños si no fuera por tus canciones.

Dream Ships

The spring is not so beautiful there—
But dream ships sail away
To where the spring is wondrous rare
And life is gay.
The spring is not so beautiful there—
But lads put out to sea
Who carry beauties in their hearts
And dreams, like me.

Text by Langston Hughes

Naves de Ensueño

La primavera no es tan hermosa allí—
Pero los barcos de ensueño se alejan
A donde la primavera es maravillosa rara
Y la vida es alegre.
La primavera no es tan hermosa allí—
Pero los muchachos se hacen a la mar
Quienes llevan bellezas en sus corazones
Y sueños, como yo.

Translated by David Mejia

O Wie Ängstlich

W.A. Mozart

This aria is from Mozart's first opera *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* (*The Abduction from Seraglio*), which he wrote at 25 years old. This opera birthed the genre of singspiel, which is a style of German opera that includes spoken dialogue in addition to songs.⁴ A hero Belmonte, assisted by his servant Pedrillo, set out to rescue his beloved Konstanze from a band of pirates. In this recitative and aria, Belmonte sings with painful anticipation as he longs to be reunited with Konstanze once again. Mozart lived in the height of the classical period and excelled in multiple musical art forms; Italian opera traditions shaped the harmonic textures, distinguishable melodies, melismatic motifs and the opera's comical elements.

O Wie Ängstlich

Konstanze! dich wieder zu sehen - -
O wie ängstlich, o wie feurig
Klopft mein liebevolles Herz!
Und des Wiedersehens Zähre
Lohnt der Trennung bangen Schmerz.
Schon zitr' ich und wanke,
Schon zag' ich und schwanke,
Es hebt sich die schwellende Brust:
Ist das ihr Lispeln?

Oh, how apprehensive

Constanza, you to see again!
Oh, how apprehensive, oh how passionately
Beats my love-filled heart!
And the reunion tears
Are worth the separations anxious pain
Already tremble, I waver,
Already hesitate, I and waver,
It lifts itself the swelling breast!
Is that her whisper?

⁴ Rushton, Julian. "Entführung aus dem Serail, Die." Grove Music Online. 2002; Accessed 29 Mar. 2023. <https://www-oxfordmusiconline-com.ezproxy.tcu.edu/grovemusic/view/10.1093/gmo/9781561592630.001.0001/omo-9781561592630-e-5000006411>.

Es wird mir so bange;
War das ihr Seufzen?
Es glüht mir die Wange;
Täuscht mich die Liebe, war es ein Traum?

Text by Christoph Friedrich Bretzner

Become in myself so anxious.
Was that her sigh?
They glow my cheeks!
Deceives me love? Was it a dream?

Translations by Camila Argolo Freitas Batista

Alma Mia

María Grever

Grever, the first female Mexican composer to receive international acclaim, studied with Claude Debussy and Franz Lenhard⁵. She has written more than 1,000 vocal solos, all paying homage to Latin American culture and the Spanish art song style. Grever wrote most of the poetry used in her compositions and composed a Christmas carol as her first piece at four years old⁶. As a Mexican American vocalist, I grew up listening to Grever's songs, and her poetry has always spoken to me as they explore feelings of longing and existentialism. *Alma Mia* (My Soul) is a Spanish ballad that tells a story about finding love, purpose, and meaning in another soul like our own.

Alma Mia

Alma mía sola, siempre sola,
sin que nadie comprenda tu sufrimiento,
tu horrible padecer;
fingiendo una existencia siempre llena
de dicha y de placer,
de dicha y de placer...

Si yo encontrara un alma como la mía,
cuantas cosas secretas le contaría,
un alma que al mirarme sin decir nada
me lo dijese todo con su mirada.

Un alma que embriagase con suave aliento,
que al besarme sintiera lo que yo siento,

My Soul

My soul, always alone,
without anyone understanding your suffering,
your horrible suffering;
Contemplating an existence always full
of happiness and pleasure,
of happiness and pleasure...

If I found a soul like mine,
How many secret things would I tell them?
a soul that when looking at me without saying
anything, would tell me with their gaze.

A soul that would intoxicate with softness,
that when kissing me they felt what I feel,

⁵ Viñas, Ricardo Lugo. "La Increíble Vida De María Grever." *Relatos e Historias en México*, July 17, 2018. <https://relatosehistorias.mx/nuestras-historias/la-increible-vida-de-maria-grever>.

⁶ Stevenson, Robert. "Grever, María." *Grove Music Online*. 19 Apr. 2004; Accessed 29 Mar. 2023. <https://www-oxfordmusiconline-com.ezproxy.tcu.edu/grovemusic/view/10.1093/gmo/9781561592630.001.0001/omo-9781561592630-e-0000054032>.

y a veces me pregunto que pasaría
si yo encontrara un alma como la mía.

Text by María Grever

And sometimes I ask what would happen
if I found a soul like mine.

Translated by David Mejia

Banalités

Francis Poulenc

These five French mélodies were originally performed by Pierre Bernac, baritone, and Poulenc himself on the piano. Many of Poulenc's works were dedicated and written for Bernac, over 90 songs composed over 24-years of friendship. *Banalités* translates to small talk in French, but can also be interpreted as banal, which means lacking originality or boring. Poulenc's song cycle manages to create complex harmonic melancholy, time signature shifts, French surrealism, and tonal vignettes which contain different moods in between pieces. Poulenc's sexuality has been debated amongst music scholars, but many acknowledge evidence he was a queer Parisian composer whose identity fueled his creative expression as well as anguish.

Chanson d'Orkenise

Par les portes d'Orkenise
Veut entrer un charretier.
Par les portes d'Orkenise
Veut sortir un va-nu-pieds.
Et les gardes de la ville
Courant sus au va-nu-pieds:
'Qu' emportes-tu de la ville?'
'J'y laisse mon coeur entier.'
Et les gardes de la ville
Courant sus au charretier:
'Qu'apportes-tu dans la ville?'
'Mon coeur pour me marier!'
Que de coeurs, dans Orkenise!
Les gardes riaient, riaient.
Va-nu-pieds la route est grise,
L'amour grise, ô charretier.
Les beaux gardes de la ville
Tricotaient superbement;
Puis les portes de la ville
Se fermèrent lentement.

Hôtel

Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage
Le soleil passe son bras par la fenêtre

Song of Orkenise

Through the gates of Orkenise
A waggoner wants to enter.
Through the gates of Orkenise
A vagabond wants to leave.
And the sentries guarding the town
Rush up to the vagabond:
'What are you taking from the town?'
'I'm leaving my whole heart behind.'
And the sentries guarding the town
Rush up to the waggoner:
'What are you carrying into the town?'
'My heart in order to marry.'
So many hearts in Orkenise!
The sentries laughed and laughed:
Vagabond, the road's not merry,
Love makes you merry, O waggoner!
The handsome sentries guarding the town
Knitted vaingloriously;
The gates of the town then
Slowly closed.

Hotel

My room is shaped like a cage
The sun slips its arm through the window

Mais moi qui veux fumer pour faire des mirages
J'allume au feu du jour ma cigarette
Je ne veux pas travailler je veux fumer

Fagnes de Wallonie

Tant de tristesses
plénières Prirent mon coeur aux fagnes
désolées
Quand las j'ai reposé dans les sapinières
Le poids des kilomètres pendant que râlait
le vent d'ouest
J'avais quitté le joli bois
Les écureuils y sont restés
Ma pipe essayait de faire des nuages
Au ciel
Qui restait pur obstinément
Je n'ai confié aucun secret sinon une chanson
énigmatique
Aux tourbières humides
Les bruyères fleurant le miel
Attiraient les abeilles
Et mes pieds endoloris
Foulaient les myrtilles et les airelles
Tendrement mariée
Nord
Nord
La vie s'y tord
En arbres forts
Et tors
La vie y mord
La mort
À belles dents
Quand bruit le vent

Voyage à Paris

Ah! la charmante chose
Quitter un pays morose
Pour Paris
Paris joli
Qu'un jour

But I who want to smoke to make
mirages
I light my cigarette on daylight's fire
I do not want to work I want to smoke

Walloon moorlands

So much sadness
Took over my heart on the moors
desolate
Rested amongst the fir trees
The weight of kilometers while they moan
Of the wind of the west
I had left the pretty woods
The squirrels stayed there
My pipe tried to make clouds
In the sky
Which remained clear obstinately
I did not confide any secret except an
enigmatic song
To the peatbogs damp
The honey-fragrant heather
Attracted the bees
And my feet aching
Trode the bilberries and huckleberries
Tenderly brought
North
North
There life
In strong trees
And twisted
Life there bites
Death
With strong teeth
When howls the wind

Trip to Paris

Oh! how delightful
To leave a dismal
Place for Paris
Charming Paris
That one day

Dut créer l'Amour

Sanglots

Notre amour est réglé par les calmes étoiles
Or nous savons qu'en nous beaucoup
d'hommes respirent
Qui vinrent de très loin et sont un sous nos
fronts
C'est la chanson des rêveurs
Qui s'étaient arraché le coeur
Et le portaient dans la main droite
Souviens-t'en cher orgueil de tous ces
souvenirs
Des marins qui chantaient comme des
conquérants
Des gouffres de Thulé des tendres cieux
d'Ophir
Des malades maudits de ceux qui fuient leur
ombre
Et du retour joyeux des heureux émigrants
De ce coeur il coulait du sang
Et le rêveur allait pensant
A sa blessure délicate
Tu ne briseras pas la chaîne de ces causes
Et douloureuse et nous disait
Qui sont les effets d'autres causes
Mon pauvre coeur mon coeur brisé
Pareil au coeur de tous les hommes
Voici voici nos mains que la vie fit esclaves
Est mort d'amour ou c'est tout comme
Est mort d'amour et le voici Ainsi vont toutes
choses,
Arrachez donc le vôtre aussi
Et rien ne sera libre jusqu'à la fin des temps
Laissons tout aux morts
Et cachons nos sanglots

Text by Guillaume Apollinaire

Vanilla Ice Cream

Love must have made

Sobs

Our love is governed by the calm stars
Now we know that in us many men have their
being
Who came from afar and are one beneath our
brows
It is the song of the dreamers
Who tore out their hearts
And carried them in their right hands
Remember dear pride all these
memories
The sailors who sang like
conquerors
The chasms of Thule the gentle skies of
Orphir
The accursed sick those who flee their
shadows
And the joyous return of happy emigrants
This heart ran with blood
And the dreamer kept thinking
Of his delicate wound
You shall not break the chain of these causes
Of his painful wound and said to us
Which are the effects of other causes
My poor heart my broken heart
Like the hearts of all men
Here here are our hands that life enslaved
Has died of love or so it seems
Has died of love and here it is Such is the fate
of all things
So, tear out yours too
And nothing will be free till the end of time
Let us leave all to the dead
And conceal our sobs

Translations from Bard Suverkrop

Jerry Bock

She Loves Me is a musical with a book by Joe Masteroff, which is an adaptation of the 1937 play *Parfumerie* by Hungarian playwright Miklós László.⁷ The plot revolves around two shop employees Georg and Amalia, who hate each other and are always at odds. What Amalia doesn't know is that Georg is her secret admirer, and they are each other's secret pen-pals they met through dating ads. She becomes distressed writing in a letter for her pen-pal as she reminisces over Georg buying her vanilla ice cream, which is her favorite flavor. This song is a comedic musical theatre piece that tells the ironic story of how someone can become strangely enamored with someone they despise.

Vanilla Ice Cream

Dear friend
I am so sorry about last night
It was a nightmare in every way
But together you and I will laugh at last night
someday
Ice cream
He brought me ice cream!
Vanilla ice cream!
Imagine that!
Ice cream, and for the first time
We were together without a spat!
Friendly
He was so friendly
That isn't like him
I'm simply stunned
Will wonders never cease?
Will wonders never cease?
It's been a most peculiar day!
Will wonders never cease?
Will wonders never cease?
Oh, where was I?
I am so sorry about last night
It was a nightmare in every way
But together you and I will laugh at last night
someday!
I sat there waiting in that café
And never guessing that you were fat... oh!
That you were near

Nieve de Vainila

Estimado amigo
siento mucho lo de anoche
Fue una pesadilla en todos los sentidos.
Pero juntos tú y yo nos reiremos de anoche
algún día
Helado
¡Me trajo helado!
¡Helado de vainilla!
¡Imagina eso!
Helado, y por primera vez
¡Estábamos juntos sin una disputa!
Amigable
fue tan amable
eso no es propio de el
simplemente estoy aturdido
¿Nunca cesarán las maravillas?
¿Nunca cesarán las maravillas?
¡Ha sido un día de lo más peculiar!
¿Nunca cesarán las maravillas?
¿Nunca cesarán las maravillas?
¿Dónde estaba yo?
siento mucho lo de anoche
Fue una pesadilla en todos los sentidos.
¡Pero juntos tú y yo nos reiremos de lo de
anoche algún día!
Me senté allí esperando en ese café
Y nunca adivinar que estabas gorda... ¡oh!
Que estabas cerca

⁷ Kable, Gregory. "The Soul and the Shine: 'She Loves Me' in Transit." PlayMakers Repertory Company, November 2, 2018. <https://playmakersrep.org/the-soul-and-the-shine-she-loves-me-in-transit/>.

You were outside looking bold... oh, no!
Dear Friend
I am so sorry about last night
Last night I was so nasty!
Well, he deserved it, but even so
That George is not like this George
This is a new George that I don't know
Somehow it all reminds me of Dr. Jekyll and
Mr. Hyde
When right before my eyes
A man that I despise has turned into a man I
like!
It's almost like a dream, as strange as it may
seem
He came to offer me vanilla ice cream!

Text by Sheldon Harnick

Estabas afuera luciendo audaz... ¡oh, no!
Estimado amigo
siento mucho lo de anoche
¡Anoche estuve tan mala!
Bueno, se lo merecía, pero aun así
Ese Jorge no es como este Jorge
Este es un nuevo Jorge que no conozco
De alguna manera todo me recuerda al Dr.
Jekyll y al Sr. Hyde.
Cuando justo delante de mis ojos
¡Un hombre que desprecio se ha convertido
en un hombre que me gusta!
Es casi como un sueño, por extraño que
parezca
¡Vino a ofrecerme helado de vainilla!

Translated by David Mejia