



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

A Joint Senior Recital

Landon Bradley, baritone

Sam Taylor, baritone

Elijah Ong, piano

Hanqiu Xu, piano

Saturday, April 20, 2024

8:30 PM

Van Cliburn Concert Hall at TCU

Program

Bist du bei mir

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Dank sei Dir, Herr

Georg Friedrich Händel
(1685-1759)

Mr. Bradley, baritone
Mr. Haas & Mr. Ong, violin
Mr. Jamie, cello

Fussreise

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Von ewige Liebe

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Mr. Taylor, baritone
Mr. Ong, piano

The Rovin' Gambler

John Jacob Niles
(1892-1980)

Ten Thousand Miles Away

Steven Mark Kohn
(b. 1957)

On The Other Shore

Mr. Bradley, baritone
Ms. Xu, piano

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée, M.84

- I. Chanson romanesque
- II. Chanson épique
- III. Chanson à boire

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Mr. Taylor, baritone
Mr. Ong, piano

“Dunque io son”

from *Il barbiere di Siviglia*

Gioacchino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Ms. Taylor, soprano
Mr. Taylor, baritone
Mr. Ong, piano

Brief Pause

A tí

Jaime Leon
(1921-2015)

Algún día

Mr. Bradley, baritone
Ms. Xu, piano

“Orribile lo scempio”

from *Tito Manlio*

Antonio Vivaldi
(1678-1741)

Old Mother Hubbard

Victor Hely-Hutchinson
(1901-1947)

Mr. Taylor, baritone
Mr. Ong, piano

I’m Allergic to Cats

from *The Theory of Relativity*

Neil Bartram
(b. 1978)

Mr. Bradley, baritone
Ms. Xu, piano

Who I'd be
from *Shrek the Musical*

Jeanine Tesori, arr. Sam Taylor
(b. 2002)

Mr. Taylor, baritone
Mr. Ong, piano

The Man I've Become (world premiere)

Patrick Vu
(b. 1998)

Mr. Bradley, baritone
Mr. Vu, piano

Duetto Buffo Di Due Gatti

Gioacchino Rossini

Mr. Bradley, baritone
Mr. Taylor, baritone
Mr. Ong, piano

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Bachelor of Music Education.
Landon Bradley is a student of Dr. James Rodriguez. Sam Taylor is a student of Professor J. David Brock.

The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited.

Please silence all electronic devices.

Bist du bei mir

Johann Sebastian Bach

Bach is arguably one of the most well-known classical musicians of all time. In his time, during the Baroque era, he was born into a musical family but was sadly orphaned at the age of ten. His oldest remaining brother, Johann Christoph, continued his education. It was through this continuation of education that we still refer to Bach as the “father of music” because of his mastery of counterpoint and dedication to church music composition. While he mainly wrote for the organ, he also had countless pieces for quartets and choirs. This piece speaks about the longing and desire to be with a beloved, until death. This is emphasized by the repetition of the title translating to “Be thou with me.”

Bist du bei mir

Bist du bei mir, geh ich mit Freuden
Zum Sterben und zu meiner Ruh.
Ach, wie vergnügt wär so mein Ende,
Es drückten deine schönen Hände
Mir die getreuen Augen zu.

Text by Gottfried Heinrich Stölzel

Be thou with me

Be thou with me and I'll go gladly
To death and on to my repose.
Ah, how my end would bring contentment,
If, pressing with thy hands so lovely,
Thou wouldst my faithful eyes then close.

Translation by Z. Philip Ambrose

Dank sei Dir, Herr

Georg Friedrich Händel

Händel is a baroque period composer who astonishingly wrote over forty Operes in his lifetime. In addition to this, he also wrote numerous concertos, anthems, and art songs. One of his most famous is the *Messiah*. Tonight's piece however, is thought to be falsely attributed to Handel. The composer and lyricist is thought to be Siegfried Ochs, another German composer. This piece, like many of its time, is a religious piece written for and commissioned by the church.

Dank sei Dir, Herr

Dank sei Dir, Herr,
sei dir, Her,
du hast dein Volk
mit dir geführt,
dein ist nun das Land.

Wenn diese Feinde
uns auch bedroh'n,

Thanks be to Thee

Thanks be to Thee,
Thanks be to Thee, O Lord,
Thou hast led Thy people
With Thee,
Thine is now the land.

Even before these enemies
menaced us,

deine Hand schützt uns,
in deiner Gnade
gabst du uns Heil.
Dank sei dir, Herr,
Dank sei dir,
du hast dein Volk
mit dir geführt
in deiner Gnade
gabst du uns Heil.

Text by Siegfried Ochs

Thy hand protected us,
In Thy grace
Thou gavest us salvation.
Thanks be to Thee, O Lord,
Thanks be to Thee,
Thou hast led Thy people
With Thee,
In Thy grace
Thou gavest us salvation.

Translation by Jean-Pierre Eeftinck
Schattenkerk

Fussreise

Hugo Wolf

Hugo Wolf was a highly-influential Austrian composer who was known for bringing 19th century German lied to the highest point of its development, and his setting of Eduard Mörike's text exemplifies his prowess over composition. Wolf believed that the music one sets a text to must not only be inspired by the poetic idea of the text, but that it also must illustrate and interpret the poem. Within *Fussreise*, Wolf accomplishes this idea by using a jaunty rhythmic ostinato in the piano that helps give the piece its life and helps establish the joy that he received when going on his morning walks.

Fussreise

Am frischgeschnittenen Wanderstab,
Wenn ich in der Frühe
So durch Wälder ziehe,
Hügel auf und ab:
Dann, wie's Vög'lein im Laube
Sinet und sich rührt,
Oder wie die goldne Traube
Wonnegeister spürt
In der ersten Morgensonne:
So fühlt auch mein alter, lieber
Adam Herbst – und Frühlingsfieber,
Gottbeherzte,
Nie verscherzte
Erstlings-Paradieseswonne.

A Journey on Foot

When, with a freshly cut stick,
I set off early like this
Through the woods
And over the hills:
Then, as the bird in the branches
Sings and stirs,
Or as the golden cluster of grapes
Feels the rapture
Of the early morning sun:
So too my dear old Adam
Feels autumn and spring fever,
The God-inspired,
Never forfeited
Primal bliss of Paradise.

Also bist du nicht so schlimm, o alter
Adam, wie die strengen Lehrer sagen;
Liebst und lobst du immer doch,
Singst und preisest immer noch,
Wie an ewig neuen Schöpfungstagen,
Deinen lieben Schöpfer und Erhalter.

Möcht es dieser geben,
Und mein ganzes Leben
Wär im leichten Wanderschweisse
Eine solche Morgenreise!

Text by Eduard Mörike

So you are not as bad, old
Adam, as strict teachers say;
You still love and extol,
Still sing and praise,
As if Creation were forever new,
Your dear Maker and Preserver.

If only He would grant it,
My whole life
Would be, gently perspiring,
Just such a morning journey!

Translation by Richard Stokes

Von ewige Liebe

Johannes Brahms

Johannes Brahms was a highly influential German composer in the height of the Romantic period, and *Von ewige Liebe* shows his compositional maturity within the genre. Brahms' piano writing emphasizes the creation of the atmosphere within the poem; the melody first appears from the low tones of the piano, which sets up a dark timbre and establishes the eeriness of the dark forest in the text. As Brahms moves the listener into the second section, in which the boy shares his anxiousness with his lover, Brahms widens the range of the piano to display the overwhelming anxiety and internal discourse the boy feels. However, this is quickly contrasted by a light, calm mood in which Brahms writes the maid's text; she is calming and reaffirming the boy, saying "Our love cannot be severed!". Through the end of the piece, Brahms slowly builds the strength and warmth of timbre, which culminates in a proclamation by the maid about the strength of the love between her and the boy. Even Hugo Wolf, who despised Brahms' work, marveled at his ability to paint such colorful emotions within this piece.

Von ewige Liebe

Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald und in Feld!
Abend schon ist es, nun schweiget die Welt.

Nirgend noch Licht und nirgend noch Rauch,
Ja, und die Lerche sie schweiget nun auch.

Kommt aus dem Dorfe der Bursche heraus,
Gibt das Geleit der Geliebten nach Haus,

Of Eternal Love

Dark, how dark in forest and field!
Evening already, and the world is silent.

Nowhere a light and nowhere smoke,
And even the lark is silent now too.

Out of the village there comes a lad,
Escorting his sweetheart home,

Führt sie am Weidengebüsche vorbei,
Redet so viel und so mancherlei:

He leads her past the willow-copse,
Talking so much and of so many things:

„Leidest du Schmach und betrübest du dich,
Leidest du Schmach von andern um mich,

‘If you suffer sorrow and suffer shame,
Shame for what others think of me,

Werde die Liebe getrennt so geschwind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.

Then let our love be severed as swiftly,
As swiftly as once we two were plighted.

Scheide mit Regen und scheide mit Wind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.“

Let us depart in rain and depart in wind,
As swiftly as once we two were plighted.’

Spricht das Mägdelein, Mägdelein spricht:
„Unsere Liebe sie trennet sich nicht!

The girl speaks, the girl says:
‘Our love cannot be severed!

Fest ist der Stahl und das Eisen gar sehr,
Unsere Liebe ist fester noch mehr.

Steel is strong, and so is iron,
Our love is even stronger still:

Eisen und Stahl, man schmiedet sie um,
Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt sie um?

Iron and steel can both be reforged,
But our love, who shall change it?

Eisen und Stahl, sie können zergehn,
Unsere Liebe muß ewig bestehn!“

Iron and steel can be melted down,
Our love must endure for ever!’

Text by August Heinrich Hoffmann
von Fallersleben

Translation by Richard Stokes

The Rovin’ Gambler

John Jacob Niles

The Rovin’ Gambler is a part of Niles's *Gambling Song* cycle. He is often referred to as the “Dean of American Balladeers” for his part in reviving American folk music in the 1950s and 1960s. The Rovin’ Gambler follows the story of a traveling man who enters a new town and quickly falls in love. The lover's mother is naturally opposed to her daughter leaving her life to be with a gambler. Against these warnings, the gambler and lover leave together on a ship leaving their destiny up to fate.

The Rovin’ Gambler

I am a rovin' gambler,
I've been in many a town.

Where-e'er I see a pack of cards,
I lay my money down.
With a click clack oh and a high johnny ho,
I lay my money down.

I hadn't been a packet man
Many more weeks that three,
When I fell in love with the St. Louis girl
And she in love with me.
With a click clack oh and a high johnny ho,
And she in love with me.

We went in the back parlor,
She cooled me with her fan,
And she whispered soft in her mother's ear,
"I love my gamblin' man,
With a click clack oh and a high johnny ho,
I love my gamblin' man."

"Oh daughter dear, dear daughter,
How could you do me so,
To leave your dear old mother-er,
And with this gambler go?
With a click clack oh and a high Johnny ho,
And with this gambler go?"

"'Tis true I love you dearly,
'Tis true I love you well,
But the love I have for the gamblin' man
No human tongue can tell.
With a click clack oh and a high Johnny ho,
No human tongue can tell."

She picked up her satchel
And she did leave her home,
And on the steamer "Morning star"
The two of them did roam.
With a click clack oh and a high Johnny ho,
The two of them did roam.

Text from American Folk Song

Ten Thousand Miles Away

Steven Mark Kohn

Steven Mark Kohn is currently the director of electronic music at the Cleveland Institute of Music. He is known for his American song sets, which this piece and “On the Other Shore” are from. This piece tells the story of a sailor in England seeking a crew to help him cross the sea and meet his lover, ten thousand miles away. It starts upbeat but as each reiteration of ten thousand miles away happens, the piece takes a slower and more somber approach. This highlights the ever-growing realization that their future is uncertain and the hopes for meeting their true love are slowly dying.

Ten Thousand Miles Away

Sing I for a brave and a gallant barque, for a stiff and a rattling breeze,
A bully crew and a captain true, to carry me o’er the seas.
To carry me o’er the seas, my boys, to my true love so gay,
Who went on a trip on a government ship, ten thousand miles away.

Oh, blow ye winds, hi oh! A roaming I will go.
I’ll stay no more on England’s shore, so let the music play.
I’ll start by the morning train, to cross the raging main!
For I’m on the road to my own true love, ten thousand miles away.

My true love she was handsome. My true love she was young.
Her eyes were blue as the violet’s hue, and silvery was the sound of her tongue.
And silvery was the sound of her tongue, my boys, and while I sing this lay,
She’s a doing of the grand in a far off land, ten thousand miles away.

Oh, blow ye winds, hi oh! A roaming I will go.
I’ll stay no more on England’s shore, so let the music play.
I’ll start by the morning train, to cross the raging main!
For I’m on the road to my own true love, ten thousand miles away.

Text from old American folk song

On the Other Shore

Steven Mark Kohn

This is Steven Mark Kohn's most famous piece, according to his bio, and led to future commissions and growth in his musical popularity. Its use of repeated text really helps highlight the simple, yet impactful message delivered in the text. With each repetition the piano part and vocal line slightly change. This is most highlighted in the last iteration of "bye and bye, I'll go to meet her," when the piano changes from its usual stable G chord to an unstable Gb diminished chord. This helps highlight the uncertainty with the repeated text, almost leading the reader to question if these words are a statement or a reminder.

On the Other Shore

I have a mother, gone to glory,
I have a mother, gone to glory,
I have a mother, gone to glory,
On the other shore.
Bye and bye, I'll go to meet her,
Bye and bye, I'll go to meet her,
Bye and bye, I'll go to meet her,
On the other shore.
Won't that be a happy meetin',
Won't that be a happy meetin',
Won't that be a happy meetin',
On the other shore.
There we'll see our good old neighbors,
There we'll see our good old neighbors,
There we'll see our good old neighbors,
On the other shore.
There we'll see our blessed Savior,
There we'll see our blessed Savior,
There we'll see our blessed Savior,
On the other shore.

Text from old American folk song

***Don Quichotte à Dulcinée*, M.84**

Maurice Ravel

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée was the last score to ever be completed by Maurice Ravel. It was originally written as an entry into a contest organized by a cinema company, as they wanted music for the character Don Quixote to sing within a film they were creating. Upon submission

of the set of songs, Ravel's work was turned away on the basis of being too high in pitch for the singer; the cinema company wanted Don Quixote to be a bass, so they chose Jacques Ibert's songs instead. However, that did not stop Ravel from publishing his work. Each of the songs in this set is written in the style of a different Spanish dance. The first song in the set, "Chanson romanesque" is made of alternating 6/8 and 3/4 bars, which is characteristic of the Cuban *guajira*. "Guajira" comes from the Antillean Arawak, friendly natives to the Caribbean area, and means lord or powerful man. It is quite fitting that Ravel chose to write in this style, as Don Quixote himself is a Lord and a powerful man. The second song, "Chanson épique", is written in 5/4 time, which was taken from the *zortziko*, a Basque dance rhythm. Finally, the third song, "Chanson à boire", is an Aragonese *jota*, which is a style of music with an associated dance popular in Spain.

Chanson romanesque

Si vous me disiez que la terre
À tant tourner vous offensa,
Je lui dépêcherais Pança:
Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.

Si vous me disiez que l'ennui
Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d'astres,
Déchirant les divins cadastres,
Je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.

Si vous me disiez que l'espace
Ainsi vidé ne vous plaît point,
Chevalier dieu, la lance au poing.
J'étoilerais le vent qui passe.

Mais si vous disiez que mon sang
Est plus à moi qu'à vous, ma Dame,
Je blêmiraiss dessous le blâme
Et je mourrais, vous bénissant.

Ô Dulcinée.

Text by Paul Morand

Chanson épique

Romantic Song

Were you to tell that the earth
Offended you with so much turning,
I'd dispatch Panza to deal with it:
You'd see it still and silenced.

Were you to tell me that you are wearied
By a sky too studded with stars -
Tearing the divine order asunder,
I'd scythe the night with a single blow.

Were you to tell me that space itself,
Thus denuded was not to your taste -
As a god-like knight, with lance in hand,
I'd sow the fleeting wind with stars.

But were you to tell me that my blood
Is more mine, my Lady, than your own,
I'd pale at the admonishment
And, blessing you, would die.

O Dulcinea.

Translation by Richard Stokes

Epic Song

Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir
De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,
Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir
Pour lui complaire et la défendre,
Bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre
Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel
De la Madone au bleu mantel.

D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame
Et son égale en pureté
Et son égale en pureté
Comme en pudeur et chasteté:
Ma Dame.

(Ô grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel)

L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,
Ma douce Dame si pareille
À Vous, Madone au bleu mantel!
Amen.

Text by Paul Morand

Chanson à boire

Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,
Qui pour me perdre à vos doux yeux
Dit que l'amour et le vin vieux
Mettent en deuil mon cœur, mon âme !

Je bois
À la joie !
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit ... lorsque j'ai bu !

Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,

Qui geint, qui pleure et fait serment
D'être toujours ce pâle amant
Qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse !

Good Saint Michael who gives me leave
To behold and hear my Lady,
Good Saint Michael who deigns to elect me
To please her and defend her,
Good Saint Michael, descend, I pray,
With Saint George onto the altar
Of the Madonna robed in blue.

With a heavenly beam bless my blade
And its equal in purity
And its equal in piety
As in modesty and chastity:
My Lady.

(O great Saint George and great Saint
Michael)

Bless the angel watching over my vigil,
My sweet Lady, so like unto Thee,
O Madonna robed in blue!
Amen.

Translation by Richard Stokes

Drinking Song

A pox on the bastard, illustrious Lady,
Who to discredit me in your sweet eyes,
Says that love and old wine
Are saddening my heart and soul!

I drink
To joy!
Joy is the only goal
To which I go straight... when I'm... drunk!

A pox on the jealous wretch, O dusky
mistress,

Who whines and weeps and vows
Always to be this lily-livered lover
Who dilutes his drunkenness!

Je bois
À la joie !
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit ... lorsque j'ai bu !

I drink
To joy!
Joy is the only goal
To which I go straight... when I'm... drunk!

Text by Paul Morand

Translation by Richard Stokes

“Dunque io son”

Gioacchino Rossini

from *Il barbiere di Siviglia*

The *Barber of Seville* is a two act comic opera by the master of opera buffa himself, Gioacchino Rossini. It was originally commissioned in 1815 under the name *Almaviva* before it was later changed to *Il barbiere di Siviglia* in 1816 after a competing Italian composer, Giovanni Paisiello, passed away, since he had written an opera based on the same libretto. The opening night of Rossini's opera, however, was filled with many boos, hisses, mishaps, and pranks, as Rossini's performers were underprepared, and many disrupting supporters of Paisiello were in the audience that night. As the opera was performed more and more, its popularity began to rise, and soon it became one of the most well-known operas of the 17th century. Before this scene, Count Almaviva has fallen in love with Rosina, but he disguises himself as a poor student named “Lindoro” and asks Figaro, the town barber who prides himself on his ability to manage the affairs of the city, to somehow get the Count into the house of Rosina so that he might talk with her and confess his love. The duet showcases Figaro's attempt to remind Rosina of Lindoro's love for her and procure a love note from her.

“Dunque io son”

“Then it is I”

ROSINA
Dunque io son ... tu non m'inganni?
Dunque io son la fortunata! . .
Già me l'ero immaginata:
lo sapevo pria di te.

ROSINA
Then it is I ... You are not mocking me?
Then I am the fortunate girl!
(But I had already guessed it,
I knew it all along.)

FIGARO
Di Lindoro il vago oggetto
siete voi, bella Rosina.
Oh, die volpe sopraffina,
ma l'avrà da far con me.

FIGARO
You are, sweet Rosina,
of Lindoro's love, the object.
(Oh, what a cunning little fox!
But she'll have to deal with me.)

ROSINA

ROSINA

Senti, senti ... ma a Lindoro
per parlar come si fa?

FIGARO

Zitto, zitto, qui Lindoro
per parlarvi or or sarà.

ROSINA

Per parlarmi? ... Bravo! Bravo!
Venga pur, ma con prudenza;
io già moro d'impazienza!
Ma che tarda? ... ma che fa?

FIGARO

Egli attende qualche segno,
poverin, del vostro affetto;
sol due righe di biglietto
gli mandate, e qui verrà.
Che ne dite?

ROSINA

Non vorrei...

FIGARO

Su, coraggio.

ROSINA

Non saprei ...

FIGARO

Sol due righe ...

ROSINA

Mi vergogno...

FIGARO

Ma di che? Ma di che? ... si sa!
Presto, presto; qua un biglietto.

ROSINA

But tell me, to Lindoro
how shall I contrive to speak?

FIGARO

Patience, patience, and Lindoro
soon your presence here will seek.

ROSINA

To speak to me? Bravo! Bravo!
Let him come, but with caution,
meanwhile I am dying of impatience!
Why is he delayed? What is he doing?

FIGARO

He is awaiting some sign,
poor man, of your affection;
send him but two lines
and you will see him here.
What do you say to this?

ROSINA

I shouldn't see him ...

FIGARO

Come, courage.

ROSINA

I don't know ...

FIGARO

Only two lines ...

ROSINA

I am too shy.

FIGARO

But why? But why?
Quickly, quickly, give me a note.

ROSINA

Un biglietto? ... eccolo qua.

FIGARO

Già era scritto? Ve', che bestia!
Il maestro faccio a lei!

ROSINA

Fortunati affetti miei!
Io comincio a respirar.

FIGARO

Ah, che in cattedra costei
di malizia può dettar.

ROSINA

Ah, tu solo, amor, tu sei
che mi devi consolar!

FIGARO

Donne, donne, eterni Dei,
chi vi arriva a indovinar?

ROSINA

Senti, senti ... ma a Lindoro...

FIGARO

Qui verrà. A momenti
per parlar qui sarà.

ROSINA

Venga pur, ma con prudenza;

FIGARO

Zitto, zitto, qui verrà.

Text by Cesare Sterbini

A note? ... Here it is.

FIGARO

(Already written ... What a fool I am!
She could give me a lesson or two!)

ROSINA

Fortune smiles on my love,
I can breathe once more.

FIGARO

(in cunning itself
she could be a professor.)

ROSINA

Oh, you alone, my love,
can console my heart.

FIGARO

(Women, women, eternal gods,
who can fathom their minds?)

ROSINA

Tell me, but Lindoro ...

FIGARO

Is on his way. In a few minutes
he'll be here to speak to you.

ROSINA

Let him come, but with caution,

FIGARO

Patience, patience, he'll be here.

Translation from www.opera-arias.com

Jamie Leon is one of the most influential Colombian composers and is credited for the continuation of musical development and longevity in Colombia. This piece, “A tí”, speaks from the position of a person reflecting on their life and thinking back to a time with their significant other. The musical growth reaches its apex at the phrase “Esos espacios que juntos vimos, Cuando mi alma su vuelo emprende” which translates to “those spaces we went together, when my soul undertakes flight.” This symbolizes those special moments you shared with a soul mate and how those memories last until death.

Tú no lo sabes, más yo he soñado,
entre mis sueños color de armiño,
horas de dicha con tus amores,
besos ardientes, quedos suspiros.

You do not know it, but I have dreamed,
among my ermine-colored dreams,
hours of joy with your love,
burning kisses, gentle sighs.

Cuando la tarde tiñe de oro
esos espacios que juntos vimos,
cuando mi alma su vuelo emprende
a las regiones de lo infinito.

When the afternoon tints with gold
those spaces [where] we went together,
when my soul undertakes its flight
to the regions of the infinite.

Text by José Asunción Silva

Translation from www.lieder.net

Algún día

This piece speaks of love and hope for the future. The repeated line, Un Dia meaning one day, is said throughout the piece with different perspectives. It starts with, one day you will arrive, next it says one day you will love me. Leading up to the climax of the piece, the piano and vocal line imitate each other with a rising chromatic scale symbolizing the building of tension. The last time Un Dia is spoken, the composer highlights the sense of longing by having the piano switch to open block chords, giving the listener a feeling of timelessness until it arrives on “Un dia, Cualquier dia” which translates to one day, any day.

Algún día

Un día llegarás;
el amor no espera.
Y me dirás:
Amada, ya llegó la primavera.

One Day

One day you will arrive;
love does not wait.
And you will tell me:
Beloved, spring has arrived.

Un día me amarás.
Estarás de mi pecho tan cercano,
que no sabré si el fuego que me abrasa
es de tu corazón o del verano.

One day you will love me.
You will be so close to my chest,
I won't know if the fire that burns me
It is from your heart or from the summer.

Un día me tendrás.

One day you will have me.

Escucharemos mudos
latir nuestras arterias
y sollozar los árboles desnudos.

We will listen silently
beat our arteries
and the bare trees sob.

Un día. Cualquier día.
Breve y eterno,
el amor es el mismo en primavera,
en verano, en otoño y en invierno.

One day. Any day.
Brief and eternal,
love is the same in spring,
in summer, in autumn and in winter.

Text by Dora Castellanos

Translation from www.lieder.net

“Orribile lo scempio”
from *Tito Manlio*

Antonio Vivaldi

Known widely for *The Four Seasons*, Antonio Vivaldi was a highly influential composer of the late Baroque era. Writing both vocal and instrumental works, Vivaldi found work in many places, only ever holding one full-time appointment as the director of secular music for Prince Philip of Hesse-Darmstadt, the governor of Mantua, Italy. Though he might have preferred life as a freelance composer, Vivaldi composed many operas, cantatas, and instrumental works while in Mantua. One of these operas was *Tito Manlio*, his eighth completed opera. It was originally written to celebrate Philip's marriage to Princess Eleonora di Guastalla in 1719, but the wedding was called off after Vivaldi had already finished writing the opera. Thankfully, the work was not scrapped and was performed during carnival season later in the same year. Many of the arias seen within *Tito Manlio* follow a Da capo form. This means that there is an A section, a B section, and then a return to the A section to end the piece, which is often embellished with ornaments to show the singer's vocal ability.

“Orribile lo scempio”

Horrible the Slaughter

Orribile lo scempio
nel sangue si vedrà
E all'altrui cor d'eseempio
la strage servirà.

Horrible the slaughter
in the bloodbath will be seen.
And to the hearts of others, as example,
the massacre will serve.

Text by Matteo Noris

Translation by Robert Tucker

Old Mother Hubbard

Victor Hely-Hutchinson

Christian Victor Hely-Hutchinson was a British composer, pianist, orchestrator, and conductor who was quite popular between the mid-1920s and mid-1940s. Hely-Hutchinson was born in England to a family well-suited in raising musicians. His temper was violent as a baby, but it was soon discovered that playing the piano helped to calm him. By the age of 3, his temper had fully disappeared, and by age 5, he was so adept at piano that he could simplify orchestral works and transpose to any key by sight. At the same age, Hely-Hutchinson moved to South Africa to live with his father, Sir Walter, the governor of Cape Town, who fell desperately ill three years after young Hely-Hutchinson arrived. Sir Walter only recovered from his illness after Victor played the piano to him. Being so proud of his son's work, Sir Walter published a book of Victor's compositions when he was only eight years old. Towards the end of his life, he worked as the Director of Music for the BBC, which left him in charge of the famous BBC Proms. Hely-Hutchinson also was very caring for other musicians, for at the end of World War II, he tried to give foreign musicians opportunities in England, including even those who were a part of the Axis Powers.

Old Mother Hubbard

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the Cupboard,
To give the poor Dog a bone;
When she got there,
The Cupboard was bare,
And so the poor Dog had none.

Text by Sarah Catherine Martin

I'm Allergic To Cats

Neil Bartram

This piece is from the musical *The Theory of Relativity*. Written by Bartram, it speaks about the passing of time and how our own experiences shape us into unique people. In many of the seemingly unrelated scenes, different characters face impactful moments in their life. This piece, "I'm Allergic to Cats", is from the perspective of Paul, who invited his girlfriend's father to dinner to get his blessing in marriage. Paul has a rough time explaining his feelings at first but as the piece continues his nerves seem to nullify and he finally gets his message across.

I'm Allergic To Cats

Good evening, Doctor O'Hara,
I'm glad you could make it.
I know it's frustrating getting to midtown
At this time of day.
The uptown N R is a pain.
Not to mention the rain.
But thank you for coming, sir.
I've got something to say.

I'm allergic to cats.
That's part of the reason
I asked to have dinner with you.
I'm allergic to cats.
I know it's hardly a life-threat'ning
Medical hullabaloo.

See, when I was born
They expected me later.
So I spent two months
in an incubator.
Ever since that
I can't be near a cat.

I can tell by your smirk,
you think this is silly
And borderline phobic, perhaps.
But this innocent quirk
Can cause such a violent reaction
My lungs could collapse.

So, bear with me sir.
This is nothing sordid.
Your patience, I promise,
Will be rewarded.
I'm really not bats.
Just allergic to cats.

But Julie, Julie loves cats.
As you know, they're her passion and joy.
She knits them little sweaters
And crochets them hats.
For their birthdays, she sews them
Their own special toy.

There's Meowser,
Miss Mew,
Cookiepuss,
Alexander.
Her couch is a playground
Of pee and dander.

So I cough and I wheeze,
Pop a fistful of Claritin D's,
Try to hide before anyone sees.
I'm allergic to cats.

For over a year,
I've hidden from Julie
Each anaphylactic display.
'Cause she's such a dear,
If she knew cats make me suffer
She'd give them away.

But she is my world,
I live for her. Truly.
Julie loves cats,
And I love Julie.
So she tickles their toes,
And I smile as my throat starts to close,
But I vow that she'll never suppose.
I'm allergic to cats.

Well, Doctor O'Hara,
I fear that I've buried the headline.
The point of this story is murky
I have to concede.
I hope that I've shown you tonight.

I love your daughter with all of my might!
So, humbly I stand,
Asking you for her marital hand.
Wedded life will be blissful and grand.

With Julie,
And Meowser,
Miss Mew,
Cookiepuss,
Alexander,
The dander,
The pee.

And me!

Achoo!

Who I'd be

from *Shrek the Musical*

Jeanine Tesori, arr. Sam Taylor

Jeanine Tesori and David Lindsay-Abaire's *Shrek the Musical* first debuted at the Broadway Theatre on December 14th, 2008 and had a year-long run until January 3rd, 2010. The musical is based on the popular Dreamworks animated movie, *Shrek*. The story follows a burly, green ogre who lives alone in his swamp. Just when life was getting comfortable for him, a large group of fairytale creatures were banished to his swamp, disrupting his peaceful alone time. This sparks an adventure that takes Shrek on a journey, along with his "pal" Donkey, that tasks him with rescuing Princess Fiona for Lord Farquard, a self-centered ruler of the main city, Duloc. Through the adventure, the lonesome ogre finds love, companionship, and starts to appreciate those around him. *Who I'd be* takes place right as Shrek and Donkey are crossing a fiery moat to rescue Princess Fiona from her tower, and opens Shrek's inner self to the audience, showcasing that he, too, has hopes and dreams, but society's view of ogres has stopped him from achieving them.

Who I'd be

SHREK

I guess I'd be a hero, with sword and armor clashing
Looking semi-dashing, a shield within my grip
Or else I'd be a Viking, and live a life of daring

While smelling like a herring, upon a Viking ship
I'd sail away, I'd see the world
I'd reach the farthest reaches
I'd feel the wind, I'd taste the salt and sea
And maybe storm some beaches
That's who I'd be, that's who I'd be

Or I could be a poet and write a different story
One that tells of glory, and wipes away the lies
Into the skies I'd throw it, the stars would do the telling
The moon would help with spelling and night would dot the 'T's
I'd write a verse, recite a joke
With wit and perfect timing
I'd share my heart, confess the things I yearn
And do it all while rhyming
But we all learn, but we all learn

An ogre always hides
An ogre's fate is known
An ogre always stays
In the dark and all alone

So yes, I'd be a hero, and if my wish was granted
Life would be enchanted, or so the stories say
Of course, I'd be a hero, and I would scale a tower
To save a hot-house flower, and carry her away
But standing guard would be a beast, I'd somehow overwhelm it
I'd get the girl, I'd take a breath, and I'd remove my helmet

We'd stand and stare
We'd speak of love
We'd feel the stars ascending
We'd share a kiss
I'd find my destiny
I'd have a hero's ending
A perfect happy ending
That's how it would be

A big, bright, beautiful world
But not for me

FIONA

An ogre always hides
An ogre's fate is known
An ogre always stays in the dark

DONKEY

You're all alone

SHREK & FIONA

All alone!

(All in unison)

SHREK

So yes, I'd be a hero, and if my wish was granted
Life would be enchanted, or so the stories say
Of course, I'd be a hero, and I would scale a tower
To save a hot-house flower, and carry her away

FIONA

And I know he'll appear
'Cause there are rules and there are strictures
I believe the storybooks I read
By candlelight

DONKEY

All alone
You need a pal, my calendar's open
You need me

ALL

A perfect happy ending
That's how it should be!

The Man I've Become

Patrick Vu

This piece by TCU alumnus, Patrick Vu, was written for and commissioned by Landon Bradley. I asked Patrick to write a piece that I could dedicate to my mother and father, and I received the privilege of working with the poet, Alexandra Ameel and Mr. Vu to create this special work. Its

text speaks of the understanding that even when family is gone, the impact they have on you is forever. The line of text, “I’ll still see you when I look in the mirror” comes from the realization that as we age we become more and more like our parents, both in our values and facial features.

The Man I’ve Become

There you are, tucked in the pages
of photo albums. Etched onto the
faces of my siblings. Pieces of my
own reflection.

When I’ve lost my way, your voice
will ring in my ears. I’ll feel your
hand on my shoulder, pointing me
toward the path you made possible.

When you’ve left this earth, when
only your memory remains, I’ll still
see you when I look in the mirror.

There you are. In the man I’ve become.

Duetto Buffo Di Due Gatti

Gioacchino Rossini

While this duet is viewed as a light-hearted play on the interaction of two cats, it uses inspiration from multiple different sources in its three distinct sections. The Adagio section is taken from Danish composer C. E. F. Weyse’s “Katte-Cavatine”. Rossini makes use of the melody and harmony, however he changes the key signature from the original 3/4 to 4/4. The next section, marked Andantino, is adapted from Rossini’s own *Otello*, an opera in three acts. This section takes from a duet between Rodrigo and Jago in the first act of the opera. The final section also comes from *Otello*, being part of the cabaletta to the aria “Ah, come mai non senti”, which Rodrigo sings in act two.

Duetto Buffo Di Due Gatti

Funny Duet of Two Cats

Miau.

Meow.

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