



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

Ruby Warren, mezzo-soprano

Nora Mello, piano

Mike Coldewey, piano

Richard Stefani, percussion

Stephen Gobeli, bass

October 8th, 2024

7:00pm

PepsiCo Recital Hall

Program

Scherza, infida
from *Ariodante*

G.F. Handel (1685-1759)

Sympathy

Night

We Have Tomorrow

Florence Price (1887-1953)

Selections from *Poema en forma de canciones*

Nunca olvida

Cantares

Las locas por amor

Joaquín Turina (1882-1949)

Intermission (10 minutes)

Der Jüngling an der Quelle	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Wandrer's Nachtlid II	
Gretchen am Spinnrade	
Il pleure dans mon coeur	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
Chanson triste	Henri Duparc (1848-1933)
Hôtel	Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
Soon It's Gonna Rain from <i>The Fantasticks</i>	Harvey Schmidt (1929-2018)
Misty	Errol Garner (1921-1977)
The Girl From Ipanema	Antônio Jobim (1927-1994)

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for an Artist Diploma in Voice Performance. Ms. Warren is a student of Dr. Gwendolyn Alfred.
The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited.
Please silence all electronic devices including watches, pagers, and phones.

Scherza, infida

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Ariodante is an opera in three acts composed by G.F. Handel which premiered in 1735 in London. The opera is set to an anonymously adapted libretto originally created by Antonio Salvi (1664-1724) and is one of a few different operas which took inspiration from Ludovico Ariosto's epic, *Orlando Furioso*. *Ariodante* encapsulates the *opera seria* genre that dominated the Italian stage, characterized by serious themes and virtuosic arias. The narrative of *Ariodante* revolves around themes of love, betrayal, and redemption. In emphasizing the intense and cathartic emotional struggles of its characters, the opera invites audiences to reflect on their own experiences, underscoring the universal relevance of its story in terms of the type of human flaws and emotions which it highlights. "Scherza, infida," serves as a critical moment within the narrative, where the titular character grapples with feelings of betrayal and despair after he has been maliciously deceived to think that the woman he will soon marry has been unfaithful to him. In this aria, he works through extreme emotions of disappointment, disbelief, sadness and anger, and he resolves to marry death through suicide instead of his beloved Ginevra, whom he wrongly believes has spurned him. The virtuosic title role in Handel's *Ariodante* was originally written for the voice type of castrato soprano. In modern times, it is usually performed by a mezzo-soprano or countertenor, since this is not a practice which exists anymore, fortunately.

Scherza, infida

E vivo ancora?
E senza il ferro!
O Dei, che farò?
Che mi dite, o affanni miei?

Scherza, infida,
in grembo al drudo.
Io tradito a morte in braccio
per tua colpa ora men vo.

Enjoy yourself, unfaithful one

Do I still live?
And without a sword!
Oh gods! What will I do?
What do you say, oh my troubles?

Enjoy yourself, unfaithful one,
in the lap of your paramour.
Betrayed, into the arms of death
I now go, because of you.

Sympathy

Florence Price
(1887-1953)

From Little Rock, Arkansas, Florence Price was a composer, keyboardist, and teacher, who during her inspiring career published over 300 compositions. Her powerful Symphony No. 1 (which I recommend listening to for those not familiar) was the first symphony written by a Black female composer to be performed by a major American orchestra. In the song "Sympathy," Price uses her expressive versatility to set an evocative strophic poem written by Paul Dunbar. Born in 1872 to formerly enslaved parents, Dunbar's upbringing in Dayton, Ohio, profoundly informed his literary voice, allowing him to capture the complexities of race in America.

The imagery in "Sympathy" poignantly evokes the struggle for freedom and the inherent desire for self-actualization. The poet employs the metaphor of a caged bird to symbolize

the profound constraints placed on African Americans. This bird, confined and longing to soar, represents not only the physical and societal limitations imposed by systemic racism but also the emotional and spiritual imprisonment experienced by those marginalized in any number of contexts. This use of metaphor allows the poem to transcend specific cultural contexts while remaining rooted in the historical plight of African Americans. By juxtaposing the vivid images of vibrant nature with the stark and even violent reality of confinement, Dunbar effectively communicates a deep sense of empathy for the symbolic caged bird whose well-being and true nature is in being free.

Sympathy

I know what the caged bird feels, alas!
 When the sun is bright on the upland slopes;
When the wind stirs soft through the springing grass,
And the river flows like a stream of glass;
 When the first bird sings and the first bud opes,
And the faint perfume from its chalice steals—
I know what the caged bird feels!

I know why the caged bird beats his wing
 Till its blood is red on the cruel bars;
For he must fly back to his perch and cling
When he fain would be on the bough a-swing;
 And a pain still throbs in the old, old scars
And they pulse again with a keener sting—
I know why he beats his wing!

I know why the caged bird sings, ah me,
 When his wing is bruised and his bosom sore,—
When he beats his bars and he would be free;
It is not a carol of joy or glee,
 But a prayer that he sends from his heart's deep core,
But a plea, that upward to Heaven he flings—
I know why the caged bird sings!

Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872-1906)

Night

**Florence Price
(1887-1953)**

Florence Price composed the song "Night" in 1946 based on a poem by Louise C. Wallace. It is not to be confused with another composition of Price's with the title "Night," a choral work based on the poetry of Bessie Mayle. Price was a fan of Wallace, and she used her songwriting to try to further promote Wallace's poetry. Price once wrote a letter to the famed civil rights activist W.E.B. Dubois, thanking him for featuring Wallace's poetry in his publication called *The Crisis*. If one wishes to explore more writing by Louise C. Wallace, her inspired poem "To A Loved One," published in *The Crisis* in 1926, can be found online.

The poem featured here anthropomorphizes the concepts of night and day, portraying night as a beautiful Madonna figure who at evening time graciously relieves the day of its duty in the sky. One interpretation of the deeper meaning of the poem is that it subverts the idea that the darkness of night is an encroachment on the light of day; instead, it equates the beauty and mysticism of the night sky with those same qualities in Black culture.

Night

Night comes,
A Madonna clad in scented blue.
Rose red her mouth and deep her eyes,
She lights her stars
And turns to where,
Beneath her silver lamp, the moon,
Upon a couch of shadow lies
A dreamy child,
The wearied day.

Louise C. Wallace (1902-1973)

We Have Tomorrow

**Florence Price
(1887-1953)**

Emerging as one of the pivotal figures of the Harlem Renaissance, Langston Hughes profoundly impacted American literature through his unique poetic voice and the passionate exploration of African American identity and culture found throughout his creative works. With a text from the Hughes poem originally titled “Youth,” the song “We Have Tomorrow” speaks to the collective yearning for liberation and progress, emphasizing that while the past casts a long shadow, the present holds the potential for change. Through powerful imagery and an evocative and creative use of language, Hughes’ poem underscores the importance of hope and unity in the face of oppression. The poem and the brightness which Price has added to it in this composition combine to illustrate that tomorrow is not merely an abstract concept but a tangible goal that can be shaped through determination and grounded optimism.

Youth

We have tomorrow,
Bright before us
Like a flame.

Yesterday
a night-gone thing,
A sun-down name.

And dawn to-day,
Broad arch above the road we came.

Langston Hughes (1901-1967)

Selections from *Poema en forma de canciones*

**Joaquín Turina
(1882-1949)**

This song cycle comprises five songs in total, beginning with a virtuosic and impassioned piano solo titled “Dedicatoria,” followed by four art songs containing contrasting perspectives on love. The poems which Turina has set to music within this cycle were all written by Ramón de Campoamor y Campoosorio (sometimes shortened to Ramón de Campoamor), a prolific Spanish philosopher and realist poet of the 19th century. The philosophical works of Campoamor continue to inspire dialogue on the ethical and existential dimensions of life, encouraging readers to pursue reasoned deliberation and empathetic understanding. While the texts shared here are poems, not philosophical treatises, the editors of Encyclopaedia Britannica say about Campoamor that “Most of his verse contains little more than sentimental philosophy cloaked in a rhymed prose.” I suppose they are calling him more of a philosopher than a poet, but if that is the case, why do his texts set so well to music? There can be plenty of overlap between poetry and prose.

Within Joaquín Turina’s *Poem in the Form of Songs*, in addition to the overall theme of love, one can also discern thematic undercurrents of a profound exploration of identity and cultural heritage. Frequently, Turina intertwines hints of Spanish folk music with modernist sensibilities, evoking a dialogue between tradition and innovation. This synthesis highlights his personal connection to his Andalusian roots (the southernmost region in Spain) while also reflecting a broader narrative regarding the essential human experience. Each song functions as an emotional vignette, drawing on the rich tapestry of regional rhythms and melodies that pulsate through the fabric of his work. Ultimately, the legacy of *Poem in the Form of Songs* extends beyond its composition, prompting ongoing discourse about the role of music in interpreting and enhancing literature. Turina’s song cycle not only enriches the repertoire of song literature but also strengthens the bond between music and poetry, inviting future generations to further explore these connections.

Nunca olvida

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

Cantares

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

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."

Ramón de Campoamor
(1817-1901)

Never forget

Now that I am leaving this world,
before I give my account to God,
here, between the two of us,
I will tell you my confession.
With all my soul,
I forgive those whom I have always hated.
You, whom I have loved so much,
I will never forgive.

Songs

I feel closer to you
The more I run from you,
For your image haunts
The very shadow of my thoughts.

Tell me again,
For yesterday I was spellbound:
I heard you without listening
And I looked at you without seeing.

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."

[Emily Ezust](#)

Translations by Emily Ezust

Der Jüngling an der Quelle

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

This most beautiful and serene-sounding song is one about nature's wonders, but even more about the heart's yearnings. The piano accompaniment does an effective job of painting the natural scene described: a peacefully flowing brook amid verdant trees that whisper in the breeze. However, within the vocal line, which grows increasingly plaintive into the second verse, we hear the narrator's heartache as it emerges—even after he has tried to quell it by taking a trip to the woods. Alas, every sound and sight, instead of giving him hoped-for peace, reminds him of the one who has captured his heart. The song ends with the narrator gently wailing with longing as he repeats Luise's name, calling for her, or perhaps crying with indignation at her indifference toward him.

The text was authored by the Swiss poet, writer, and politician Johann Gaudenz von Salis-Seewis in 1785. A contemporary of some of the major figures in the German literary and artistic movement known as *Sturm und Drang*, Salis-Seewis also held political and military offices in France, Switzerland, and Germany, and his life and career were shaped by changes caused by the French Revolution. At one point when he was in charge of Helvetican troops in Germany, he garnered the nickname “poet general.” Despite the nearly 250 years that have passed since these words were penned, I find that the sentiments expressed in “Der Jüngling an der Quelle” are quite universal and timeless, at least for as long as we still have forests to try to escape into.

Der Jüngling an der Quelle

Leise, rieselnder Quell!
Ihr wallenden, flispernden Pappeln!
Euer Schlummergeräusch
Wecket die Liebe nur auf.

Linderung sucht' ich bei euch,
Und sie zu vergessen, die Spröde;
Ach, und Blätter und Bach
Seufzen, Luise, dir nach!

Johann Gaudenz von Salis-Seewis
(1762-1834)

The Youth by the Spring

Softly rippling brook,
swaying, whispering poplars,
your slumberous murmur
awakens only love.

I sought consolation in you,
wishing to forget her, she who is so aloof.
But alas, the leaves and the brook
sigh for you, Louise!

Translation by Richard Wigmore

Wandrer's Nachtlied II

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Similarly to the previous piece, this German *Lied* employs the use of nature imagery to convey a deeper story, but in this instance, the beauty of nature serves as a metaphor for the sublime peace which we hear described. For such a tender text in this meditatively slow song setting by Schubert, there is a striking fervency underlying the message. The intense desire here is to fully convey to the listener just how profound a peace awaits them, if they will but wait. The specific meaning of the peace and what it lies in contrast to remains open to our individual interpretation. Is it peace in the afterlife, or after

crossing some threshold of grief or other trial within this life? What is clearly conveyed is only the absoluteness of this serenity and the narrator's certainty that it will come.

Wandrer's Nachtlied II

Über allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh',
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
(1749-1832)

Wanderer's Lullaby II

Over every mountain-top
Lies peace,
In every tree-top
You scarcely feel
A breath of wind;
The little birds are hushed in the wood.
Wait, soon you too
Will be at peace.

Translation by Richard Stokes

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

To close this set, we hear one of Schubert's most dramatic and beloved songs, "Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel." In terms of bringing drama of operatic proportions to the *Lieder* genre, Schubert is surpassed in this song perhaps only by another of his own compositions, the well-known piece, "Erlkönig," which also sets music to a text by the German playwright, Johann von Goethe. Schubert is known for helping bridge the transition from the Classical to the Romantic era in Western classical music, and there is no doubt that his creative contributions inspired and influenced many other composers. In fact, the Britannica encyclopedia credits Schubert with having created the *Lieder* genre altogether. After my time working on these pieces, I, too, now consider him to be a master of German art song. Composed when he was only 17 years old, "Gretchen am Spinnrade" was the 30th song for piano and voice that Schubert wrote, and the following year he would go on to compose 140 more.

Found within Johann von Goethe's play *Faust*, the poem "Gretchen am Spinnrade" emerges as a poignant reflection of our narrator's inner turmoil as she struggles with a destructive and obsessive experience of romantic love. This piece, set against the backdrop of Gretchen's domestic sphere, dramatizes her emotional state as she grapples with the overwhelming feelings of love and despair triggered by her relationship with Faust. In Goethe's play by the same name, the character of Faust is a scholar and an alchemist who makes a pact with Satan himself (known as Mephistopheles in this telling). The spinning wheel serves as a metaphor for Gretchen's entrapment and the dizzying nature of her dilemma. Throughout the song, we can observe how her thoughts oscillate between elation and anxiety verging on insanity. The intensity of both the text and the music of this song combine to communicate the profound impact of Faust's seduction on Gretchen's innocence and wellbeing, foreshadowing the dark events that follow within the plot of the play from which Schubert derived the text and inspiration for this famous *Lied*.

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab'
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.

Nach ihm nur schau' ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh' ich
Aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt.

Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluss.
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach, sein Kuss!

Mein Busen drängt sich
Nach ihm hin.
Ach dürft' ich fassen
Und halten ihn.

Und küssen ihn
So wie ich wollt'
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt'!

Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel

My peace is gone
My heart is heavy;
I shall never
Ever find peace again.

When he's not with me,
Life is like the grave;
The whole world
Is [desolate to me].

My poor head
Is crazed,
My poor mind
Shattered.

It's only for him
I gaze from the window,
It's only for him
I leave the house.

His proud bearing
His noble form,
The smile on his lips,
The power of his eyes,

And the magic flow
Of his words,
The touch of his hand,
And ah, his kiss!

My bosom
Yearns for him.
Ah! if I could clasp
And hold him,

And kiss him
To my heart's content,
[from his kisses,
I should die!]

Il pleure dans mon coeur

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

In exploring the intricate interplay of emotion and nature in Debussy's "It Weeps in My Heart," it becomes evident that the natural world serves as both muse and mirror to the protagonist's inner turmoil. The song is imbued with a rich yet delicate, impressionistic musical language as it tells the story of a heavy rain that pours down synchronously both figuratively within the narrator's soul, and outside in her physical surroundings. It is as if the onslaught of rain outside has forced the narrator to confront her profound inner melancholy, which she realizes is compounded by the fact that she cannot place what is causing it. While there is much suffering conveyed in the song, there is also a valuable cathartic quality which the narrator seems to appreciate about this experience.

The second piece within a larger song cycle called *Ariettes oubliées*, meaning forgotten songs, "Il pleure dans mon coeur" is lesser known compared to Debussy's popular piano and orchestral works such as *Deux arabesques*, *Suite bergamasque* (containing the iconic song "Clair de lune") and *La mer*. However, "Il pleure dans mon coeur" remains an important contribution to the vocal repertoire, particularly because here Debussy has done such a masterful job of text painting, capturing the potent emotional qualities which underlie lyrics penned by the esteemed French poet Paul-Marie Verlaine. Born in 1844 in Metz, France, Verlaine struggled with personal demons, including a tumultuous relationship with fellow poet Arthur Rimbaud, which often mirrored the conflicts and passions manifest in his poetry. Verlaine's poetry is said to provide examples of both the Symbolist movement and the Decadent movement, which oppose themselves to naturalism and realism within poetry, although within this poem we find a combination of symbolism and realism. Symbolist poetry places value in not defining things directly, preferring instead to evoke moods and explore techniques of language, like rhyme and meter.

Il pleure dans mon cœur

Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville;
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur?

Ô bruit doux de la pluie
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie
Ô le bruit de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s'écœure.
Quoi! nulle trahison? ...
Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine
De ne savoir pourquoi
Sans amour et sans haine,
Mon cœur a tant de peine.

Text by Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Tears fall in my heart

Tears fall in my heart
As rain falls on the town;
What is this torpor
Pervading my heart?

Ah, the soft sound of rain
On the ground and roofs!
For a listless heart,
Ah, the sound of the rain!

Tears fall without reason
In this disheartened heart.
What! Was there no treason? ...
This grief's without reason.

And the worst pain of all
Must be not to know why
Without love and without hate
My heart feels such pain.

English translation by Richard Stokes

Chanson triste

Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)

Jean Lahor was a pen name used frequently by Henri Cazalis, the author of this text. Cazalis was a French physician and symbolist poet. As a doctor, he wrote influential treatises on many medical maladies, and as a poet, his works were set to music by several notable French composers. Henri Duparc was a native of Paris, France, and he is primarily known today as an art song composer of the late Romantic period, although some sacred pieces, chamber music, and even a few orchestral works are also attributed to him.

A simply beautiful French song set to a touching love poem, "Chanson triste" was composed by Duparc in 1880. This favorite *mélodie* exemplifies Duparc's skillful way of seamlessly intertwining melody and poetry. Within this poem, the protagonist showers their beloved with praises and gratitude, drawing in on the description of a sweetly intimate moment where sorrow and beauty intertwine. The gently ebbing and flowing quality of the piano part echoes warm emotions felt by someone who is grateful for the special qualities of a love they are experiencing—a love which consoles and brings healing from heartache. This love is calm and restorative, a love that lies in contrast to the ills of life.

Chanson triste

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été,
Et pour fuir la vie importune,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
Mon triste cœur et mes pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.

Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh! quelquefois sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous;

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesses,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses
Que peut-être je guérirai.

Text by Jean Lahor (1840-1909)

Song of sadness

Moonlight slumbers in your heart,
A gentle summer moonlight,
And to escape the cares of life
I shall drown myself in your light.

I shall forget past sorrows,
My sweet, when you cradle
My sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving calm of your arms.

You will rest my poor head,
Ah! sometimes on your lap,
And recite to it a ballad
That will seem to speak of us;

And from your eyes full of sorrow,
From your eyes I shall then drink
So many kisses and so much love
That perhaps I shall be healed.

English translation by Richard Stokes

Hôtel

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

This song is part of a larger work by Poulenc, a song cycle of five *mélodies* titled *Banalités* (1940), which translates into English as banalities or truisms. All the poems are by Guillaume Apollinaire (1880-1918), but they were selected by Poulenc over the course of years from multiple collections of poetry. Why did Poulenc choose to group together the poems in this song cycle which he did? I'll share a quote credited to the composer that speaks to this: "I write of that which sings to me."

An important contributor to 20th century music, Poulenc drew from his own musical sensibilities and the vibrant cultural landscape of Paris, his birthplace. In "Hôtel," he crafted an auditory journey that resonates with the universal desires of listeners. This song stands as another testament to the power of collaboration between text and music, where each element amplifies the other. The careful synthesis of poetic imagery and melodic expression not only showcases Poulenc's mastery and subtle innovation as a composer but also enriches the interpretive possibilities of the poem itself. The song serves to bring more dimension to the character who narrates this text, and in turn her words speak to a part of the human condition which lives within all of us.

In the poem, there is an element of wanting to just "be" and not have to "do." In my interpretation, however, this poem describes not necessarily simple laziness, but to me a desire imbued with mystical origin. The narrator imagines lighting a cigarette on a ray of daylight that passes through her room. She watches its smoke make shapes as it dissolves

into the atmosphere, as she herself wishes to merge with the air and to be as free as light or as light as air, or rather, to be like air's sultry cousin, smoke. We hear these images come to life especially at the end of the song, where Poulenc's use of rising chords and soft dynamics, combined with the natural tendency of the piano's sounds to decay, beautifully paints the scene of ephemeral, magical smoke from an imagined cigarette which can be lit with daylight.

Hôtel

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

Text by Guillaume Apollinaire
(1880-1918)

Hotel

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

English translation by Richard Stokes

Soon It's Gonna Rain from *The Fantasticks*

**Harvey Schmidt
(1929-2018)**

The Fantasticks is a popular musical whose satirical take on romantic comedy has charmed audiences since its conception in 1960. First created for a Barnard College summer festival in New York, the original off-Broadway production ran for an unbelievable 42 years straight. In 1991, *The Fantasticks* received the accolade of Honors for Excellence in Theatre at the Tony Awards. As a show that features a small cast and that works well with minimal orchestra (the original production used two instrumentalists), *The Fantasticks* is well-suited for schools and smaller theater companies. Another of Harvey Schmidt's more well-known works is the musical *110 in the Shade* (1963), from which we see songs excerpted often nowadays. Schmidt was born in Dallas, Texas, and he met librettist Tom Jones while they were both studying at the University of Texas at Austin. Schmidt was there to study visual art, but he was musically gifted, and soon after meeting, Schmidt and Jones began writing musicals together.

In considering the repertoire for this recital, I had the idea come to me that the song "Soon It's Gonna Rain" would lend itself well to a jazz arrangement, but when I started doing research, I found that some folks had beat me to this conclusion, because jazz lead sheets for the tune were readily available. In its original context, this number is a duet between the two romantic leads of the musical *The Fantasticks*, the plot of which centers around a ploy by two fathers to get their children, Matt and Luisa, to fall in love with each other. In the song "Soon It's Gonna Rain," I find that the text speaks of finding that strength and wisdom within which can enable us to weather any storm.

Soon It's Gonna Rain

Hear how the wind begins to
whisper.
See how the leaves go streaming by.
Smell how the velvet rain is falling,
Out where the fields are warm and
dry.
Now is the time to run inside and
stay.
Now is the time to find a hideaway
Where we can stay.

Soon it's gonna rain.
I can see it.
Soon it's gonna rain.
I can tell.
Soon it's gonna rain.
What are we gonna do?

I can tell.
Soon it's gonna rain.
What'll we do with you?

We'll find four limbs of a tree.
We'll build four walls and a floor.
We'll bind it over with leaves,
And run inside to stay.

Then we'll let it rain.
We'll not feel it.
Then we'll let it rain,
Rain pell-mell.

And we'll not complain
If it never stops at all.
We'll live and love
Within our own four walls.

Text by Tom Jones (1928-2023)

Misty

Errol Garner
(1921-1977)

Emerging from a vibrant musical landscape, Errol Garner left an indelible mark on the world of jazz with his unique approach to piano playing and composition. Born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania in 1923, Garner developed a distinctive style characterized by his ability to blend intricate melodies with rhythmic complexity. His talent shone through early in his career as he captivated audiences with his signature technique—often playing in a spontaneous and highly emotive manner that emphasized improvisation. Garner's most well-known composition, "Misty," exemplifies his significance in the jazz genre, combining lush harmonies with a heartfelt lyrical quality that resonates with people still today. Composed by Garner in 1954, "Misty" became an instant classic and remains a staple in the jazz repertoire, solidifying Garner's legacy as a pioneer in modern jazz composition and performance practice.

The backstory of how "Misty" came to be the jazz standard we know today is an interesting example of artistic collaboration between people of complementing talents. The song in fact originated as an instrumental piece with no words. The story goes that the composer was on a long airplane ride when inspiration for the song struck, so he memorized it then and there before he could get back to his recording device, as this was his method for preserving musical ideas. The following year, an award-winning lyricist named Johnny Burke was enlisted to add words to the piece, which was already finding good success on its own without the lyrics. For this reason, Burke felt he had to stay true to Garner's original concept, and fortunately he was able to come up with the text we know today without changing a note. Since that time, "Misty" has been recorded by many

well-known vocalists such as the inimitable greats, Ella Fitzgerald and Sarah Vaughan, as well as modern-day jazz artists including Laufey Jónsdóttir and Samara Joy.

Misty

Look at me.
I'm as helpless as a kitten up a tree,
And I feel like I'm clinging to a cloud.
I can't understand...
I get misty, just holding your hand.

Walk my way,
And a thousand violins begin to play,
Or it might be the sound of your hello,
That music I hear...
I get misty the moment you're near.

You can say that you're leading me on,
But it's just what I want you to do.
Don't you notice how hopelessly I'm lost?
That's why I'm following you.

On my own,
Would I wander through this wonderland alone,
Never knowing my right foot from my left,
My hat from my glove...
I'm too misty, and too much in love.

Text by Johnny Burke (1908-1964)

The Girl from Ipanema

**Antônio Jobim
(1927-1994)**

This iconic piece was composed in 1962 by Brazilian musicians Antônio Carlos Jobim and Vinicius de Moraes (1913-1980), capturing the essence of a vibrant beachside lifestyle in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. The song was inspired by a beautiful young woman named Helô Pinheiro, who would pass by the café where the composer of the song, Jobim, and its lyricist, de Moraes, frequently dined. Her effortless grace and charm captivated their imaginations, leading to the creation of a song that evokes longing and admiration, while playfully capturing the romantic charm of beach culture in Ipanema.

Synergistically blending samba rhythms with jazz influences, “The Girl From Ipanema” is a perfect example of Brazilian bossa nova, a genre that emerged in Brazil during the late 1950s. With an original text in Portuguese that differs somewhat in places from the English version of the lyrics that has become popular, this song’s relatable narrative transcends language barriers, allowing listeners to connect with its emotional depth, regardless of their cultural backgrounds. Over the decades, it has been covered by

countless artists, from Frank Sinatra to Ariana Grande, showcasing its versatility and enduring appeal.

The Girl from Ipanema

Tall, and tan, and young and lovely,
The girl from Ipanema goes walking,
And when she passes,
Each one she passes goes, “Ah.”

When she walks, she’s like a samba,
That swing so cool and sway so gentle,
That when she passes,
Each one she passes goes, “Ah.”

Oh, but he watches so sadly.
How can he tell her he loves her?
Yes, he would give his heart gladly,
But each day when she walks to the sea,
She looks straight ahead, not at he.

Tall, and tan, and young and lovely,
The girl from Ipanema goes walking,
And when she passes,
He smiles, but she doesn’t see.

English translation of the original Portuguese by Norman Gimbel (1927-2018)