



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

Alicia Cruz, Soprano

Edward Newman, Piano

Sunday, November 10, 2024

5 P.M.

PepsiCo Recital Hall

Program

“Domine Deus”

From *Gloria in D major, RV 589*

Antonio Vivaldi

(1678-1741)

“Ruhe sanft, mein holdes Leben”

from *Zaide K.344*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

(1756-1791)

**All Night Under the Moon
Down by the Salley Gardens**

**Ivor Gurney
(1890-1937)**

Birdsongs

I. The Woodpigeon

II. The Yellow Hammer

**Liza Lehmann
(1862-1918)**

Evensong

Brief Intermission

“Who Needs Love?”

from *Ever After*

Zina Goldrich

(b.1964)

Extase
Phidylé
L'invitation au voyage

Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)

“Escúchame”
from *Florencia en el Amazonas*

Daniel Catán
(1949-2011)

END OF PROGRAM

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

The use of recording equipment is prohibited.

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

“Domine Deus”

Antonio Vivaldi

From *Gloria in D major, RV 589*

Vivaldi, an Italian composer and violinist, is one of the most prolific and well-known composers of Baroque music along with Bach and Handel. During his lifetime, Vivaldi was ordained as a priest at 25 years old, but eventually resigned due to health issues. The bulk of Vivaldi's works were created and performed at Ospedale della Pietà in Venice. This was an orphanage for children where he was appointed the Master of Violin. He taught music to several children and wrote many of his pieces for them to perform.

“Domine Deus” is a movement in Vivaldi's *Gloria in D major RV 589*, which is one of at least three Glorias that he composed as part of an ordinary mass. His Gloria 588 is lesser known and the third mass he wrote is virtually lost. Although there is not an exact known composition date for this Gloria, it is likely around 1715.

Domine Deus, Rex celestis,
Deus Pater, Deus Pater omnipotens

Lord God, Heavenly King
God Almighty Father

“Ruhe sanft, mein holdes Leben”

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

From *Zaide K.344*

W. A. Mozart, born in Austria in 1756 is one of the most well-known prolific composers of the Classical period. Although his life was short-lived, he ended up composing over 600 different works which are still frequently performed today. Mozart composed everything under the sun including symphonies, sonatas, masses, chamber music, concertos, and operas. He began his musical career by performing and writing for patrons but eventually grew tired and decided to launch his solo composition career, this is when his career truly blossomed.

“Ruhe Sanft” is actually from one of Mozart's unfinished operas *Zaide*. He began to compose this opera around 1779 but eventually moved on to a different project that he was commissioned to write. In 1880 after his death, the opera was found by librettist Johann Schachtner and was beginning to prepare for performance. *Zaide* is the story of Turkish pirates stealing from Christian slaves. “Ruhe Sanft” is performed in Act 1 of the opera by Zaide, a Christian slave and the female lead. She finds another slave, Gomatz, sleeping under a tree, falls in love with him, and leaves him gifts to find when he awakens in hopes of reciprocation.

Ruhe sanft mein holdes Leben,
Schlafe, bis dein Glück erwacht;
da, mein Bild will ich dir geben,
schau, wie freundlich es dir lacht:

Rest peacefully my beloved
sleep, until happiness dawns.
My portrait I give you,
see how kindly it smiles upon you.

Ihr süßen Träume, wiegt ihn ein,
und lasset seinem Wunsch am Ende
Die ahnungsvollen Gegenstände
zu reifer Wirklichkeit gedeihn.

Sweet dreams rock him to sleep,
and grant his wish at last
that the things of which he dreams
May ripen into reality.

All Night Under the Moon

Ivor Gurney

Ivor Gurney, born in England in 1890, was a composer and poet widely known for being active during World War I. He studied at the Royal College of Music until his time was interrupted by the war. He then decided to enlist in the war and served in France until he was injured by gas and was sent home in 1917. After returning from the war, Gurney was suffering from “shell-shock”, which is now known as PTSD. Members of his family said that Gurney struggled with mental health issues prior to the war, but things got dramatically worse after. He was placed on suicide watch several times and was later diagnosed with severe manic depression and spent almost the entirety of the final decade of his life in mental institutions. Eventually, his mental health became so severe that he was no longer able to compose music by himself.

“All Night Under the Moon”, or “For G” as it is alternatively titled, is a poem written by Wilfred Gibson who was, similarly to Gurney, an English poet during the War. While many of his poems are focused on the lives and stories of the working class in England, this poem focuses on Plovers, small stocky birds known for living on beaches and lakeshores, flying over beautiful meadows. In the second stanza, the poet becomes the Plover flying with a lover.

All night under the moon
Plovers are flying
Over the dreaming meadows of silvery light,
Over the meadows of June
Calling and crying,
Wandering voices of love in the hush of the night.

All night under the moon
Love, though we are lying
Quietly under the thatch, in the dreaming light
Over the meadows of June
Together we are flying,
Wandering voices of love in the hush of the night.

Down by the Salley Gardens

Ivor Gurney

This poem was written by William Butler Yeats, an Irish poet born in Dublin in 1865. Yeats was an extremely influential poet and playwright during the first half of the 20th century. The beginning of his career was mostly dramatic productions, and after being awarded a Nobel Prize in 1923, he began to focus more on his poetry. Yeats was also appointed a senator for the Irish Free State in 1922 and was very vocal about his nationalist beliefs during the Irish Civil War. With this poem, Yeats is actually attempting to reconstruct an old Irish tune that he remembers from his childhood. “Salley” refers to the Irish word “Saileach” meaning a Willow tree. Yeats writes about being young and in love. In this poem, he is young and foolish and eventually ends up losing his love.

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take life easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

Bird Songs

Liza Lehmann

“The Woodpigeon” and “The Yellowhammer” are part of a set titled *Bird Songs*. Lehmann wrote these pieces in 1907, the set contains five songs, each named after a bird, and explores the birds in their natural habitats. Within each song, Lehmann uses English words to imitate the sounds of a bird. She was one of the first composers to try this in her music, making the *Bird Songs* even more popular.

The Woodpigeon

When the harvest all was gathered
In the sunny autumn weather,
To the greenwood, blithe and merry,
We went nutting all together;

And as the woods we wander'd
So dim and dark and green,

We heard a sweet voice calling
Though no one could be seen:

"Two sticks across,
And a little bit of moss;
It'll do, it'll do it'll do, Coo, coo, coo".

The wild things of the woodlands
Scarce seemed of us afraid;
The Blue Jay flash'd before us,
And the squirrel near us played.

We ate our nuts and rested
On a fallen tree, moss-grown,
And still a voice kept calling
In the softest, tend'rest tone:

"Two sticks across,
And a little bit of moss;
It'll do, it'll do it'll do, Coo, coo, coo".

The Yellowhammer

On a sultry summer morning
Down the dusty road we stray'd,
And plucked the wayside flowers
And ran and laughed and played!

There was not the slightest breeze,
And we wearied of our play,
And then we heard the yellowhammer say:
"A little bit of bread and no cheese!"

Once again we roamed the woodland
When the years had fled by
And, poor as mice, we pledged our vows,
My love and I.

We had kissed beneath the trees,
And then we heard again
The yellowhammer say, quite plain
"A little bit of bread and no cheese!"

Evensong

Liza Lehmann

Liza Lehmann is an English composer and singer born in 1862. She made her debut as a singer in 1885 and performed regularly for about 10 years. Later she decided to focus on her compositions. She was raised in an upper-middle-class family and because of this, she was able to travel extensively. She ended up meeting Liszt and Verdi on one of her trips and was able to study with composer Clara Schumann, leading to her own compositions in a German Lied style. After settling into her style as a composer, she discovered a love and passion for English art songs, and this became her signature style.

Evensong is a poem written by Constance Morgan, very little is known about this poet other than the fact that Lehmann set several of her poems to music. Lehmann published this song in 1916. This song is likely in response to the death of her son, which happened in March of 1916. In this poem, the speaker asks angels to fold their wings around her, pleading for comfort as she tries to fall asleep.

Fold your white wings, dear Angels,
Fold your white wings;
Dew falls and the nightingale softly now sings.

Across the lawn lie shadows, so still, so deep,
Dear loving Angels, pass not by,
Hush me to sleep.

Night falls, and whisp'ring goes the wind
Along the sea;
Fold your white wings, dear Angels,
Fold them, dear Angels,
Fold them round me.

“Who Needs Love?”

Zina Goldrich

From *Ever After*

Zina Goldrich is an American composer who is most well known for her contributions and compositions for musical theatre. Goldrich has spent a lot of her career working with librettist, Marcy Heisler. The pair has collaborated on several shows together including Goldrich’s most popular musical, *Ever After*, an adaptation of the 1998 movie.

In this adaptation of the movie, Danielle de Barbarac plays the ‘Cinderella’ character. Danielle is an orphaned farmer’s daughter who has been forced to live with her stepmother and stepsisters. She is pretending to be of nobility in order to save one of her friends. In doing so, she gets the attention of the Prince of France who starts to fall in love with her. When Danielle sings “Who Needs Love?” she is feeling frustrated and disappointed with her romantic interactions, which leads to her wanting to maintain her independence and leave behind the idea that love brings happiness.

Who needs love?
Love is just distraction
Love is just a reason for forgetting all your cares
I ask you: who needs love?
Love brings satisfaction?
Loves another word for being bored in pairs
Who needs love?
Really when you think,
I’ve got pigs to feed and there are dishes in the sink
And I’ve got bread to bake, and horse manure to shove
Really when you think about it, who needs love?

Who needs love?
Love’s for other people
All the other people who have nothing else to do
So they go two by two underneath the steeple
I would think about that twice if I were you
Why let go?
Why surrender trust?
A knight in shining armor is just one more thing to dust
And I’ve got lots of dust,
that needs disposing of
Really when you think about it
Who needs love?

Love and its raging fire,
and its wild desire,
and its drunken haze
Love and its sweet embrace,
and its joy and yearning
You can keep your joy and yearning,
I've got porridge and it's burning

Who needs love?
Who needs someone handsome?
Handsome, funny, brave and smart,
intelligent and kind and brave and smart
And kind...
Did I mention handsome?
Fine, if he were handsome then I wouldn't mind!
And if he should come knocking at my door,
Take me in his arms and make me learn what life is for,
And have the kind of soul that fits me like a glove...
Tell him thanks a lot but really,
Tell him thanks a lot but really,
Tell him thanks a lot but really
Who needs love?

I suppose there are times when lying in a meadow
Swimming in the river,
thoughts might cross my mind
Or maybe once in a while, when I'm simmering the stew
Or sewing up a curtain, or watching you

Who needs love?
Love that lasts forever,
Love that's real and meant to be, and passionate...and tall
I ask you: who needs love?
Me? Not now. Now ever
There are some, you know, who don't need love at all
Why spend time staring at the moon?
Dreaming of a person who might change your life, and soon
And if at times I wish on stars that shine above
Really when you think about it
Really when you think about it

Really when you think about it
Who needs love?

Extase

Henri Duparc

Henri Duparc was a French composer active in the late Romantic period. He wrote beautifully lush and sensuous music, filled with passion and love accompanied by long flowing legato lines. While Duparc was a very active composer during his time, when he was in his late 30s he was overcome with a mental illness that caused him to stop composing and he ended up destroying almost all of his music. Today, only about 40 of his works exist and can be performed. It feels like a jewel when we get to hear Duparc's music performed.

"Extase" is a piece that Duparc wrote in 1874. This piece contains a beautiful piano accompaniment that makes the piano just as important, if not more so than the voice. The piano contains an almost lulling melodic line throughout the song that feels like rocking to sleep. The title of the song, meaning "ecstasy" can be interpreted in many ways, such as falling into beautiful sleep or the ecstasy of love with someone.

Sur un lys pâle mon cœur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort ...
Mort exquisite, mort parfumée
Du souffle de la bien-aimée ...

On a pale lily my heart is sleeping
A sleep as sweet as death:
Exquisite death, death perfumed
By the breath of the beloved:

Sur ton sein pâle mon cœur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort ...

On your pale breast my heart is sleeping
A sleep as sweet as death.

Translation: Richard Stokes

Phidylé

Henri Duparc

Phidylé is a poem written by Charles Marie Leconte de Lisle, a French Parnassian poet. Parnassianism refers to a group of poets during the 19th century who rejected the previous Romantic idea of emotionalism and strived instead for technical perfection. Duparc originally dedicated this melody to his fellow composer and friend, Ernest Chausson. This poem speaks of a lover watching Phidylé who is sleeping under some trees. The lover waits for Phidylé to awaken to receive a kiss.

L'herbe est molle au sommeil
sous les frais peupliers,
Aux pentes des sources moussues,

The grass is soft for sleep
Beneath the cool poplars
On the banks of the mossy springs

Qui, dans les prés en fleur germant
par mille issues,
Se perdent sous les noirs halliers.

Repose, ô Phidylé!
Midi sur les feuillages Rayonne,
et t'invite au sommeil.
Par le trèfle et le thym,
seules, en plein soleil,
Chantent les abeilles volages.

Un chaud parfum circule au
détour des sentiers,
La rouge fleur des blés s'incline,
Et les oiseaux,
rasant de l'aile la colline,
Cherchent l'ombre des églantiers.

Mais, quand l'Astre,
incliné sur sa courbe éclatante,
Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,
Que ton plus beau sourire
et ton meilleur baiser
Me récompensent de l'attente!

Translation: Richard Stokes

that flow in flowering meadows
from a thousand sources,
And vanish beneath the dark thickets.

Rest, O Phidylé!
Noon on the leaves is gleaming,
And inviting you to sleep.
By the clover and thyme,
alone, in the bright sunlight
The fickle bees are humming.

Warm fragrance floats about
the winding paths
The red flowers of the grain droop,
and the birds,
skimming the hillside,
Seek the shade of the eglantine.

But when the sun,
low on its dazzling curve,
Sees it's brilliance wane,
let your loveliest smile
and your finest kiss
Reward me too for my waiting!

L'invitation au voyage

Henri Duparc

Duparc composed this piece in 1870, on a poem written by Charles Baudelaire where he describes his love for the countryside in Holland. The poem was the first part of a group of poetry called *Fleurs du Mal*- meaning the Flowers of Evil. The poems caused an uproar in society due to "obscenity, and lesbian themes". The poems were later published again but in different groups. "L'invitation au Voyage" was part of the first group of published poems titled, *Spleen et Ideal*, which contained poems about sensuality and love.

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!

My child, my sister,
Think how sweet
To journey there and live together!

Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble!
Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté!

Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.
-Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté!

Translation: Richard Stokes

To love as we please,
To love and die
In the land that is like you!
The watery suns
Of those hazy skies
Hold for my spirit
The same mysterious charms
As your treacherous eyes
Shining through their tears.

There, nothing but order and beauty dwell
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.

See on those canals
Those vessels sleeping
vessels with restless soul;
To satisfy
The slightest desire
They come from the ends of the earth.
The setting suns
Clothe the fields
Canals and all the town
With hyacinth and gold;
The world falls asleep
In a warm light.

There nothing but order and beauty dwell,
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.

“Escúchame”

From *Florencia en el Amazonas*

Daniel Catán, born in 1949, was a Mexican composer, writer, and professor who became well-known for his operas and integrating more Spanish language music into the repertoire. Catán wrote his second opera *La Hija de Rappaccini* in 1989 and it became the first Mexican opera to be performed in the United States. The second opera he wrote was *Florencia en el Amazonas* in 1996, this opera was the first Spanish language opera to be commissioned by a

Daniel Catán

professional opera company in the United States. Catán's music can be described as very romantic with luscious melodies and harmonies. Although Catán is well known for his operas, he also composed chamber music, choral and orchestral pieces, and several works for movies and television.

Florencia en el Amazonas tells the story of Florencia, a very famous opera singer traveling to a gig on a steamboat along the Amazon River. She is hoping to reunite with her past love, Cristóbal, who she eventually discovers has gone missing in the rainforest. "Escúchame" is the final aria Florencia sings in the opera, she calls out for Cristóbal as she sings her soaring song.

¿Dónde estás, Cristóbal?
¿Vine hasta aquí para perderte de nuevo?
¿Te arrebató otra vez la selva voraz?
¿Por qué te siento cerca?
Cristóbal, Cristóbal, te siento cerca
Escúchame. Escúchame.
Mi voz vuela hacia ti como un ave
y se cierne sobre el amor del mundo
De ti nació mi canto
De entre tus manos
que en sueños y despiertas
veneran mariposas.

Sé que estás escuchando me
Porque vuela mi canto
Si tú no la escucharas mi voz no volaría
De ti nació mi canto
por ti puede cruzar
el río tumultuoso de los días
o el río sereno de la noches
y allá en la otra ribera,
detenerse a escuchar
su propio rumor de agua enamorada
Sé que me escuchas
en la vida o en la muerte.
Si no lo escucharas
no sonaría mi canto.
Te siento palpar
en las alas de cada mariposa,

Where are you Cristóbal?
Did I come here just to lose you again?
Has the voracious jungle ripped you away again?
Why do I feel you near?
Cristóbal, Cristóbal. I feel you near.
Hear me. Hear me.
My voice soars toward you like a bird
and it spreads its wings over the world's love.
From you, my song was born,
from within your hands,
which asleep and awake,
will bring butterflies.

I know you are hearing me
Because my song flies
If you did not hear it, my voice would not fly.
From you my song was born,
because of you, I was able to cross
the tumultuous river of the days
or the serene river of the nights.
And there, on the other bank,
stop to listen
to its own loving murmur.
I know you can hear me
in life or in death.
If you were not listening,
my song would not resound.
I feel your heart beat
in the wings of every butterfly,

en cada brilloverde
el viento, el agua,
en el fondo de la selva,
en la vida o la muerte, te siento palpitar!
en el vuelo de mi canto,
el el aire suave
Te siento en el aire

Cristóbal! Cristóbal!
Te siento palpitar
'nel aire suave de mi canción!
Te siento en el aire
Te siento Cristóbal
Te siento aquí
Aquí en mi canto.

Translation: Alicia Cruz

in every green sparkle,
in the wind, the water,
in the depths of the jungle,
in life or in death, I feel your heart beat!
in the flight of my song,
in the gentle air,
I feel you in the air

Cristóbal! Cristóbal!
I feel your heart beat!
In the gentle air of my song!
I feel you in the air,
I feel you Cristóbal!
I feel you here, here,
here in my song.