



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

**“Night’s Embrace: The Wound of Love”
A Senior Recital**

**Eduardo Guerrero, baritone
Aleksandra Czerniecka, piano**

Saturday, November 16, 2024,

8:30 p.m.

PepsiCo Recital Hall

Program

Gratias

From Mass in G Minor

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685 – 1750)

*Elijah Ong & Joey Tullis, violin
Holly Lemoine, viola
Grady O’ Gara, cello*

Botschaft

Johannes Brahms
(1833 – 1897)

Es schauen die Blumen

Die Mainacht

Selections from *Nightsongs: Six Afro-American Songs*

1. Prayer
2. Drums of Tragedy
4. Night Song
6. Creole Girl

H. Leslie Adams
(1932 – 2024)

Keep It Away From Me (The Wound of Love)

From Considering Matthew Shepard

Craig Hella Johnson
(b. 1962)

*Morgan Drummond, Anna Borges,
& Catherine DiGrazia, soprano
Olivia Garza, cajón*

Canción del Naranja Seco

Salvador Moreno
(1916 – 1999)

Canción tonta

Jicarita

Blas Galindo
(1910 – 1993)

Pueblito, mi pueblo...

Carlos Guastavino
(1912 – 2000)

Olivia Garza, soprano

The Kite

From You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown

Clark Gesner
(1938 – 2002)

Ain't-a That Good News!

Uzee Brown Jr.
(b. 1950)

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Bachelor of Music Education.

Eduardo Guerrero is a student of Dr. James Rodriguez.

The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited.

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

Gratias

Johann Sebastian Bach

Born in Eisenach, Germany, in 1685 Johann Sebastian Bach was one of the most prolific composers of the Baroque era. He is celebrated for his countless compositions, which established foundational principles of Baroque music, particularly in the use of counterpoint. Bach composed works for a wide array of instruments for orchestra, keyboard, organ, and choral works. “Gratias” comes from *Mass in G Minor*, one of his Lutheran masses, using music from his earlier cantatas. Bach creates a varying dynamic mood of gratitude by giving melodies from the orchestra and giving them to the bass soloist, creating a motif for giving thanks and praise. This motif flows between the soloist and the orchestra, creating an atmosphere of thanksgiving.

Gratias agimus tibi
propter magnam gloriam tuam.
Domine Deus, Rex coelestis,
Deus Pater omnipotens.

We give you thanks
for your great glory.
Lord God, King of Heaven,
God the Father Almighty.

Translation by Pamela Dellal

Selections by Johannes Brahms

Johannes Brahms

Johannes Brahms, a German composer and pianist, was a leading composer during the Romantic era. He was well-known for composing his symphonies, chamber music, piano works and numerous lied. “Botschaft” is set to the poetry of Georg Daumer, a 19th century German poet. In this poem, the male narrator asks the wind to carry a message to his lover—a request Brahms captures by letting the piano embody the wind’s movement, shifting textures to convey its spontaneous and ever-changing nature. “Es schauen die Blumen” is set to the text of Hinrich Heine. In this poem, the narrator’s longing is mirrored in nature, as flowers and rivers reach toward their sources, symbolizing their yearning for a distant beloved. This emotion builds musically, with the piano’s triple-against-duple rhythm and the voice intensifying to a passionate cry of “*Zu meinem leuchtenden Lieb.*” Set to poetry by Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty, “Die Mainacht” opens with a gentle walking motif in the piano, evoking a peaceful moonlit stroll. The mood shifts with an unexpected key change as the narrator recalls their beloved, symbolized by doves, intensifying the feeling of longing. At the climax, tears fall as the narrator expresses their yearning to the night sky.

Botschaft

A Message

Wehe, Lüftchen, lind und lieblich
Um die Wange der Geliebten,
Spiele zart in ihrer Locke,
Eile nicht, hinwegzufliehn!

Blow breeze, gently and sweetly
About the cheek of my beloved,
Play softly with her tresses,
Make no haste to fly away!

Tut sie dann vielleicht die Frage,
Wie es um mich Armen stehe,
Sprich: „Unendlich war sein Wehe,
Höchst bedenklich seine Lage;

Then if she should chance to ask
How things are with wretched me,
Say: ‘His sorrow’s been unending,
His condition most grave;

Aber jetzo kann er hoffen
Wieder herrlich aufzuleben,
Denn du, Holde,
denkst an ihn.“

Translation by Richard Stokes

Es schauen die Blumen

Es schauen die Blumen alle
Zur leuchtenden Sonne hinauf;
Es nehmen die Ströme alle
Zum leuchtenden Meere den Lauf.

Es flattern die Lieder alle
Zu meinem leuchtenden Lieb;
Nehmt mit meine Tränen und Seufzer,
Ihr Lieder wehmütig und trüb!

Translation by Richard Stokes

Die Mainacht

Wann der silberne Mond durch die
Gesträuche blinkt,
Und sein schlummerndes Licht über den
Rasen streut,
Und die Nachtigall flötet,
Wandl' ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.

Überhüllet vom Laub, girret ein Taubenpaar
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wende mich,
Suche dunklere Schatten,
Und die einsame Träne rinnt.

Wann, o lächelndes Bild, welches wie
Morgenrot
Durch die Seele mir strahlt, find' ich auf
Erden dich?
Und die einsame Träne
Bebt mir heißer die Wang' herab.

Translation by Richard Stokes

But now he can hope
To revel in life once more,
For you, fair one,
think of him.'

The flowers all turn their faces

The flowers all turn their faces
Up to the radiant sun,
The rivers all run their course
Down to the radiant sea.

My songs all flutter their way
To my radiant love;
Take with you my tears and sighs,
O wistful and gloomy songs!

May Night

When the silvery moon gleams through
the bushes,
And sheds its slumbering light on the
grass,
And the nightingale is fluting,
I wander sadly from bush to bush.

Covered by leaves, a pair of doves
Coo to me their ecstasy; but I turn away,
Seek darker shadows,
And the lonely tear flows down.

When, O smiling vision, that shines
through my soul
Like the red of dawn, shall I find you
here on earth?
And the lonely tear
Quivers more ardently down my cheek.

Selections from *Nightsongs: Six Afro-American Songs*

H. Leslie Adams

Harrison Leslie Adams was born in 1932 in Cleaveland, Ohio. He is a prominent African American composer known for his chamber works, symphonies, song cycles and his opera *BLAKE*. Starting his musical journey as a ballet accompanist he later went on to receive degrees from the Oberlin Conservatory, the University of Ohio, and the University of Kansas.

“Prayer” comes from a poem written by Langston Hughes, a poet and writer during the Harlem Renaissance. The song starts with a simple introduction in the piano, setting a solemn tone. The vocal line maintains a simple, reflective quality, with the melody posing questions like, 'Which way to go? Which sin to bear?' The perspective shifts as the narrator cries out, 'Lord God, I do not know,' moving from inner questioning to seeking answers from God, ultimately leaving the narrator without resolution.

Prayer

I ask you this:
Which way to go?
I ask you this:
Which sin to bear?

Which crown to put
Upon my hair?
I do not know,
Lord God,

I do not know.

Taken from Hughes' *Fantasy in Purple*, the next selection borrows text from it. The underlying tone of the poem reflects the Black experience during racial segregation. Adams translates this into articulate melodies that symbolize the struggles endured by African Americans.

Drums of Tragedy

Beat the drums of tragedy for me.
Beat the drums of tragedy and death.
And let the choir sing a stormy song
To drown out the rattle of my dying breath.

Beat the drums of tragedy for me.
And let the white violins whirl thin and slow,
But blow one blaring trumpet note of sun
To go with me to the darkness where I go.

Clarissa Scott Delany's poetry sets the story for our next song selection. The story focuses on personal struggles and the weight of hidden emotions felt by African Americans during racial segregation. The mood is set by the blues like style in the

beginning of the piece. Towards the end of the poem there is a shift towards resilience and looking towards a better tomorrow, this is emphasizing with the only repeated line of text in this piece “And not afraid to dare.”

Night Song

The night was made for rest and sleep,
For winds that softly sigh;
It was not made for grief and tears;
So then why do I cry?

The wind that blows through leafy trees
Is soft and warm and sweet;
For me the night is a gracious cloak
To hide my soul’s defeat.

Just one dark hour of shaken depths,
Of bitter black despair-
Another day will find me brave,
And not afraid to dare.

Leslie Morgan Collins, a longtime professor at Fisk University, wrote “Creole Girl” to empower people of Creole descent, tracing roots to Spain, France, America, and Africa. The rhythmic piano suggests a dance, later shifting to a folk-like melody that emphasizes the blending of cultures. The repeated phrase 'Creole Girl?' conveys a longing for identity.

Creole Girl

When you dance, do you think of Spain,
Purple skirts and clipping castanets,
Creole Girl?
When you laugh, do you think of France,
Golden wine and mincing minuets,
Creole Girl?
When you sing, do you think of young America,
Grey guns and battling bayonets?
When you cry, do you think of Africa,
Blue nights and casual canzonets?
When you dance, do you think of Spain,
Purple skirts and clipping castanets,
Creole Girl?

Keep it Away from Me

Craig Hella Johnson

Considering Matthew Shepard is a three-part fusion oratorio that tells the story of Matthew Shepard, a gay college student who was murdered as a result of a hate crime at the hands of Aaron McKinney and Russell Henderson. Johnson calls this work a fusion oratorio as it incorporates chant, folk, blues, hymns, and gospel music. “Keep it Away

from Me” is expressing one of the perspectives people had about the story of Shepard, choosing to ignore the painful story they viewed on the news. This piece uses the blues style of jazz to further help convert the almost melancholy view of the story.

Keep It Away From Me (The Wound of Love)

don't wanna look on this
never get near
flames too raw for me
grief too deep
keep it away from me
stay out of my heart
stay out of my hope

some son, somebody's pain
some child gone
child never mine
born to this trouble
don't wanna be born to this world
world where sometimes yes
world where mostly no
the wound of love^

smoke round my throat
rain down my soul
no heaven lies
keep them gone
keep them never
grief too deep, flames too raw
keep them away from me
stay out of my heart
stay out of my hope

don't try
any old story on me
no wing no song
no cry no comfort ye
no wound ever mine
close up the gates of night
the wound of love
keep this all away from me
the wound of love
you take away
the wounds of the world
keep it away from me

*Text by Michael Dennis Browne
and Craig Hella Johnson*

Canción del Naranja Seco

Salvador Moreno

Salvador Moreno Manzano was a 20th century Mexican composer and artist. One of Moreno's more notable works is his Aztec art song cycles in the native language Nahuatl. "Canción del Naranja Seco" uses text from Federico García Lorca's poem *Leñador*. Lorca was a 20th century Spanish poet publishing hundreds of poems that have element of Spanish folklore and themes of love and tragedy. This poem talks about a tree who has withered away and is being chopped down by a woodcutter, begging him to put him out of his misery.

Canción del Naranja Seco

Leñador.
Córtame la sombra.
Líbrame del suplicio
de verme sin toronjas.

¿Por qué nací entre espejos?
El día me da vueltas.
Y la noche me copia
en todas sus estrellas.

Quiero vivir sin verme.
Y hormigas y vilanos,
soñaré que son mis
hojas y mis pájaros.

Leñador.
Córtame la sombra.
Líbrame del suplicio
de verme sin toronjas.

Translation by Martin Sorrell

Canción Tonta

"Canción Tonta" also uses poetry also from Lorca form his work, *Canciones para Niños*, or *Songs for Children*. This piece is a dialogue between a son and his mother. The son is making silly statements like "I want to be made of silver" with the mother responding "Son, you'll be very cold!" They meet to a consensus where the mother will embroider, her son onto a pillow. With the silly nature of the song, it earns its title "Silly Song."

Canción Tonta

Mamá, yo quiero ser de plata.
Hijo, tendrás mucho frío.

Mamá. Yo quiero ser de agua.
Hijo, tendrás mucho frío.

Song of the Dry Orange Tree

Woodsman,
chop down my shadow.
Free me from the torture
of not bearing fruit.

Why was I born among mirrors?
Around me day dances
and night copies me
onto her stars.

I want to live blind to myself.
And I'll dream
that ants and burrs
are my leaves and my birds.

Woodsman,
chop down my shadow.
Free me from the torture
of not bearing fruit.

Silly Song

Mamma, I want to be made of silver.
Son, you'll be very cold.

Mamma, I want to be made of water.
Son, you'll be very cold.

Mamá.
Bórdarme en tu almohada.

Mamma.
Embroider me in your pillow.

¡Eso sí!
¡Ahora mismo!

Of course!
Right away!

Translation by Jennifer Capaldo

Jicarita

Blas Galindo

Born in Jalisco, Mexico, Blas Galindo Dimas was a 20th century Mexican composer. He studied at the National Conservatory of Music in Mexico with Mexican composer, Carlos Chávez. Galindo eventually became professor of composition and director of the conservatory continuing to compose for piano, voice, and orchestra. “Jicarita” is the first song of his song cycle “*Tres Canciones*,” with text by Alfonso Del Río. The song is a cheery song where the narrator is talking to a *jicarita*, a small drinking cup made of a dried gourd, about how they will share water with this cup with their loved one.

Jicarita

Jicarita

Jicarita de Michoacan
Si me encuentro mis amores,
agua clara de ti beberan!

Jicarita de Michoacan
If I find my love,
they will drink clear water from you!

Jicarita cuando te hicieron
que no te dieron un secreto
si lo sabes Jicarita,
has que sea mi amor feliz!

Jicarita when you were made
they didn't give you a secret
if you know, Jicarita,
make it so my love is happy!

Translation by Eduardo Guerrero

Pueblito, mi pueblo...

Carlos Guastavino

Carlos Guastavino was one of the more well-known Argentinian composers of the 20th century. The poem used in this piece comes from Argentinian poet Francisco Silva. This piece portrays a sense of nostalgia, longing to go back to one's home. The piano starts with a slow introduction setting a somber tone, resembling a guitar. The melody shifts between voices, creating a sense of unrest and fueling a yearning for home. We arrive to the end of the piece with the two voices in unison saying to our home “I cannot forget you.”

Pueblito, mi pueblo

Little village, my village

Pueblito, mi pueblo.
Extraño tus tardes.
Querido pueblito
no puedo olvidarte.

Little village, my village
I miss your afternoons.
My beloved little village
I cannot forget you.

¡Cuánta nostalgia ceñida
tengo en el alma esta tarde!
¡Ay! si pudiera otra vez,
bajo tus sauces soñar,
viendo las nubes que pasan.

¡Ah! y cuando el sol ya se va,
sentir la brisa al pasar
fragante por los azahares.

Pueblito, mi pueblo.
Extraño tus tardes.
Querido pueblito
no puedo olvidarte.

How much strained nostalgia
I have in my soul this afternoon!
Ah! If I could once more
Under your willow trees dream,
Seeing the clouds that pass.

Ah! And when the sun is leaving,
To feel the breeze passing
Fragrant from the orange blossoms.

Little village, my village
I miss your afternoons.
My beloved little village
I cannot forget you.

Translation by Lorena Paz Nieto

The Kite

Clark Gesner

Clark Gesner is best known for writing the words and music for *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown*, a musical based on Charles Schulz's Peanuts comic strip. "The Kite" captures Charlie Brown's humorous struggle to fly a kite, with music that mirrors his determination, frustration, and brief triumph as the kite soars—only to crash back down. The piano and voice illustrate each stage of the battle, reflecting Charlie Brown's hope, setbacks, and ultimate disappointment.

The Kite

Little more speed, little more rope,
Little more wind, little more hope,
Gotta get this stupid kite to fly.
Gotta make sure it doesn't snag
Doesn't droop, doesn't drag
Gotta watch out for ev'ry little- whoops!

Little less speed, little more tack,
Little less rise, little more slack,
Gotta keep my wits about me now.
Gotta make sure it doesn't get the nest of me
Till I get it in the air somehow.

Millions of little kids do it ev'ry day
They make a kite and-"poof"- it's in the sky.
Leave it to me to have the one fool kite
Who likes to see a little kid cry.

Little less talk, little more skill,
Little less luck, little more will,
Gotta face this fella eye to eye.

Now that I've seen you chasing moles,
Climbing trees, digging holes,
Catching your string on everything passing by
Why not fly?

Wait a minute,
What's it doing?
It isn't on the ground.
It isn't in a tree.
It's in the air!
Look at that.
It's caught the breeze now,
It's past the trees now
With room to spare...

Oh-
What a beautiful sight.
And I'm not such a clumsy guy.
If I really try
I can really
Fly a kite!

Ain't-a That Good News!

Uzee Brown Jr.

Uzee Brown Jr., an African American composer, singer, and professor, is celebrated for his research and contributions to African American vocal music. His piece "Ain't-a That Good News!" is part of his *O Redeemed* collection of spirituals and features a lesser-known text, 'I've got news to tell you, I got good news!' The piece's jubilant, energetic rhythms capture the spirit of celebration and joy.

Ain't-a That Good News!

I got a crown up in-a that kingdom,
Ain't-a that good news!
I got a crown up in-a that kingdom,
Ain't-a that good news!
I'm-a gonna lay down this worl'
gonna shoulder up-a my cross.
Gonna take it home-a to my Jesus,
Ain't-a that good news!

I got a robe up in-a that kingdom,
Ain't-a that good news!
I got a robe up in-a that kingdom,
Ain't-a that good news!
I'm-a gonna lay down this worl',
gonna shoulder up-a my cross.
Gonna take it home-a to my Jesus,
Ain't-a that good news!

I got news to tell you,
I got good news!
I got news to tell you,
I got good news!
Yes, He woke me up this mornin'
an' He started me on a my way.
I got news to tell you,
I got good news!

I got a Savior in-a that kingdom,
Ain't-a that good news!
I got a Savior in-a that kingdom,
Ain't-a that good news!
O I'm-a gonna lay down this worl',
gonna shoulder up-a my cross.
Gonna take it home-a to my Jesus,
Ain't-a that good news!

Good news, my Lord, a-ain't a that good news!