



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

The Love Within Myself

Catherine DiGrazia, Soprano
Edward Newman, piano
Maya Huffman, horn

Saturday April 12th, 2025

7:00pm

PepsiCo Recital Hall

Program

“Rejoice greatly”
from *Messiah*

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

“Lungi da te, mio bene”
from *Mitridate, re di Ponto*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Maya Huffman, horn

Nuit d’etolies

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Beau Soir

Sommerabend, Op. 85, No. 1

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Mondenschein, Op. 85, No. 2

Allerseelen, Op. 10, No. 8

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Ständchen, Op. 17, No. 2

Intermission

Modinhas e canções

Evocação, Álbum 1, no. 7
Lundú da Marquez de Santos, Álbum 1, no. 2

Heitor Villa-Lobos
(1887-1959)

Canções da floresta do Amazonas

Melodia Sentimental, no. 2

“Souvenir”
from *A Horse With Wings, no. 8*

Ricky Ian Gordon
(b. 1956)

Music I heard with you

Richard Hageman
(1881-1966)

“What Good Would The Moon Be”
from *Street Scene*

Kurt Weill
(1900-1950)

“Hold Fast to Dreams”
from *Five Art Song, no. 1*

Florence B. Price
(1887-1953)

“The Melody Within”
from *Rigoletto*

Kurt Bestor
(b. 1958)

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the BM of Music in Vocal Performance. Ms. DiGrazia is a student of Professor Twyla Robinson. The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited. Please silence all electronic devices including watches, pagers, and phones.

Program Notes

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759) is a German-born composer who was acclaimed for his operas, oratorios, and instrumental compositions. His most famous work, *Messiah*, is one of the most performed oratorios of today, especially during the Christmas season. "Rejoice greatly" is an aria that appears in Part 1 of *Messiah* which focuses on the the prophecies of the Messiah's coming. The text is drawn from the Book of Zechariah and beautifully captures celebration and anticipation. The music is filled with exuberant fast rhythms and showcases ornamentation.

Rejoice greatly

Text from the Book of Zechariah

Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice greatly
Rejoice o daughter of Zion
O daughter of Zion
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice

O daughter of Zion
Rejoice greatly
Shout, o daughter of Jerusalem
Behold, thy King cometh unto thee
Behold, thy King cometh unto thee
Cometh unto thee

He is the righteous Saviour
And He shall speak
Peace unto the heathen
He shall speak peace
He shall speak peace
Peace
He shall speak peace
Unto the heathen

He is the righteous Saviour
And He shall speak
He shall speak peace
Peace
He shall speak peace
Unto the heathen

Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice greatly
Rejoice greatly
O daughter of Zion
Shout, o daughter of Jerusalem

Behold, thy King cometh unto thee
Rejoice, rejoice
And shout, shout, shout, shout
Rejoice
Rejoice greatly

Rejoice greatly
O daughter of Zion
Shout, o daughter of Jerusalem
Behold, thy King
Cometh unto thee
Behold, thy King
Cometh unto thee

Viennese composer Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791) was a renowned Classical composer born in Salzburg, Austria. He was a musically gifted violinist and composer from a young age. He toured Europe with his family, performing for royalty and aristocrats. His compositions include operas, concertos, symphonies, and chamber music. Today, they are recognized as some of the most profound compositions, praised for their beauty, charm, and technical mastery.

Mozart composed *Mitridate, re di Ponto* when he was only fourteen. The story is about the ancient King Mithridates VI of Pontus and his two sons, Farnace and Sifare, who have both fallen in love with his fiancé, Aspasia. The aria, “Lungi da te mio bene” is sung by Sifare after he has won the heart of Aspasia but must leave to go to war. At this moment he is conflicted by his undying love for her and his duty to his homeland.

Lungi da te, mio bene

Text by Vittorio Amedeo Cigna-Santi (1728-1795)

Lungi da te mio bene
Se vuoi, ch'io porti il piede,
Non rammentar le pene
Che provi, o cara, in te.

Parto, mia bella, addio,
che se con te più resto
Ogni dovere obbligo
Mi scordo ancor di me.

Far from you, my love

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

If you wish me to wander
far from you, my beloved,
do not remember the sufferings
that you experience, my darling.

I am leaving, my beauty; farewell,
For if I stay any longer with you
I shall forget all of my duty,
I shall even forget myself.

Translation: *vmii.org*

French composer, Claude Debussy (1862-1918) was born in Saint-Saint-Germain-en-Laye, France. At the age of ten, he began his studies at Conservatoire de Paris. There, he studied composition and piano. Because he was unsatisfied with tradition classical training, he sought a different approach to composition. He drew inspiration from artists like Monet, who strived to evoke moods and sensations rather than concrete narratives. His painting technique uses loose brushstrokes and vibrant, unmixed colors. Some of Debussy's most notable works include, “Clair de Lune” (1905) and “Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune” (1894). His works often evoke a sense of mystery and sensuality. Although he did not receive recognition in his lifetime, passing away at age 55 in 1918, his works inspired the next generation of twentieth century composers and continue to be performed today. Some of those composers include; Maurice Ravel, Igor Stravinsky, and Benjamin Britten.

The first *mélodie* in this program, “Nuit d'étoiles” has text written by French poet and writer, Théodor de Banville. The second *mélodie*, “Beau Soir” which translates to beautiful evening, was composed in 1903 with text by Paul Bourget. Bourget was a French novelist, essayist and critic. Like Debussy, they both

engaged in modernity, change and the exploration of human emotions and perceptions. His poem depicts a serene and tranquil evening by the seashore. The piano accompaniment containing ascending triplets, evokes a feeling of peace and ascension as the poetry speaks of fading light and soft breezes. Interestingly, the poems overarching message is about the fleeting nature of life, as the river flows to the sea, we live and die to the tomb.

Nuit d'étoiles

Text by Théodore de Banville (1823-1891)

Nuit d'étoiles,
Sous tes voiles,
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre
Qui soupire,
Je rêve aux amours défunts.

La sereine mélancolie
Vient éclore au fond de mon cœur,
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.

Nuit d'étoiles ...

Je revois à notre fontaine
Tes regards bleus comme les cieux;
Cette rose, c'est ton haleine,
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

Nuit d'étoiles...

Beau Soir

Text by Paul Bourget (1852-1935)

Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières sont
roses,
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les champs de
blé,
Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir des
choses
Et monter vers le cœur troublé;

Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au monde
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le soir est
beau,
Car nous nous en allons, comme s'en va cette
onde:Elle à la mer—nous au tombeau!

Night of Stars

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Night of stars,
Beneath your veils,
beneath your breeze and fragrance,
Sad lyre
That sighs,
I dream of bygone loves.

Serene melancholy
Now blooms deep in my heart,
And I hear the soul of my love
Quiver in the dreaming woods.

Night of stars...

Once more at our fountain I see
Your eyes as blue as the sky;
This rose is your breath
And these stars are your eyes.

Night of stars...

Translation: *Richard Stokes*

Beautiful Evening

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

When at sunset the rivers are
pink
And a warm breeze ripples the fields of
wheat,
All things seem to advise
content -
And rise toward the troubled heart;

Advise us to savour the gift of life,
While we are young and the evening
fair,
For our life slips by, as that river does:
It to the sea - we to the tomb.

Translation: *Richard Stokes*

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897) was a German composer and pianist of the Romantic Era. He was born in Hamburg to a humble family and learned piano from his father. His life changed when he met violinist Joseph Joachim (1831-1907) and composer Robert Schumann (1810-1856), who supported and recognized his musical genius, destined to continue Beethoven's legacy. He excelled in writing symphonies, concertos, chamber music, piano pieces, and choral compositions. Unfortunately, he did not compose operas; however, he did write song collections of *Lieder*. A Lied is a German song for voice and piano. Their themes mainly focused on nature, love, longing, and introspective reflection.

In his song collection, *Sechs Lieder Op. 85*, he sets texts from the famous German poet Heinrich Heine. His compositions are regarded as beautiful, intricate, and emotion-provoking.

Sommerabend

Text by Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Dämmernd liegt der Sommerabend
Über Wald und grünen Wiesen;
Goldner Mond, im blauen Himmel
Strahlt herunter, duftig labend.

An dem Bache zirpt die Grille,
Und es regt sich in dem Wasser,
Und der Wanderer hört ein Plätschern
Und ein Athmen in der Stille.

Dorten, an dem Bach alleine,
Badet sich die schöne Elfe;
Arm und Nacken, weiß und lieblich,
Schimmern in dem Mondenscheine.

Mondenschein

Text by Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Nacht liegt auf den fremden Wegen,
Krankes Herz und müde Glieder, -
Ach, da fließt, wie stiller Segen,
Süßer Mond, dein Licht hernieder;

Süßer Mond, mit deinen Strahlen
Scheuchest du das nächtge Grauen;
Es zerrinnen meine Qualen,
Und die Augen übertauen.

Summer evening

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Summer evening twilight lies
Over forest and green meadows;
A golden moon in the blue sky
Shines down in a soothing haze.

By the brook the cricket chirps
And the waters stir,
And the traveller hears a splashing
And a breathing in the stillness.

Over there by the brook, alone,
A lovely water-nymph is bathing;
Arms and neck, white and comely,
Shimmer in the moonlight.

Translation: *Richard Stokes*

Moonlight

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Night lies over unknown pathways,
Sick heart and tired limbs, -
Then, sweet moon, like a silent blessing,
Your radiance streams down;

With your beams, sweet moon,
You dispel nocturnal terrors;
All my torments melt away
And my eyes brim over.

Translation: *Richard Stokes*

Richard Strauss (1864-1949) was a German Romantic composer of the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Born in Munich, Germany, his father was a horn player for Munich Court Orchestra and his mother derived from a prominent brewing family. Although his father detested Richard Wagner (1813-1883), a popular German dramatic composer of the time, Strauss held a secret admiration for his dense orchestration and use of chromaticism and dissonance. In Meiningen he met Alexander Ritter (1833-1896) who nudged him to compose works outside of traditional forms and in the medium of symphonic tone poem. Thus, after a successful premiere of Strauss' tone poem, *Don Juan* (1889) he was named heir to Richard Wagner and launched his composing career. Some of his most influential works include the opera *Salome* (1905) and his *Four Last Songs*, written for soprano and orchestra when he was eighty four years old.

Allerseelen

Text by Herman von Gilm (1812-1864)

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten A stern trag herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke,
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

All Souls' Day

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Set on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring in the last red asters,
And let us talk of love again
As once in May.

Give me your hand to press in secret,
And if people see, I do not care,
Give me but one of your sweet glances
As once in May.

Each grave today has flowers and is fragrant,
One day each year is devoted to the dead;
Come to my heart and so be mine again,
As once in May.

Translation: *Richard Stokes*

Ständchen

Text by Adolf Friedrich von Schack (1815-1894)

Mach auf, mach auf! doch leise, mein Kind,
Um Keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken!
Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum zittert im Wind
Ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken;
Drum leise, mein Mädchen, daß nichts sich regt,
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt!

Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht,
Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen,
Flieg leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht,
Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen!
Rings schlummern die Blüten am rieselnden
Bach
Und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.

Sitz nieder! Hier dämmert's geheimnisvoll
Unter den Lindenbäumen.
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll
Von unseren Küssen träumen
Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht,
Hoch glühn von den Wonnenschauern der Nacht.

Serenade

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Open up, open up! but softly, my child,
So that no one's roused from slumber!
The brook hardly murmurs, the breeze hardly
moves
A leaf on the bushes and hedges;
Gently, my love, so nothing shall stir,
Gently with your hand as you lift the latch!

With steps as light as the steps of elves,
As they hop their way over flowers,
Flit out into the moonlit night,
Slip out to me in the garden!
The flowers are fragrant in sleep
By the rippling brook, only love is awake.

Sit down! Dusk falls mysteriously here
Beneath the linden trees.
The nightingale above us
Shall dream of our kisses
And the rose, when it wakes at dawn,
Shall glow from our night's rapture.

Translation: *Richard Stokes*

Brazilian composer, Heitor Villa-Lobos (1887-1959) is regarded as the most significant creative figure in 20th century Brazilian art music. Born in Rio de Janeiro, he did not undergo classical training. Instead, he learned about music at the top of the stairs of his house by observing his father's musical evenings. He learned how to play cello, clarinet, and guitar. In 1905 he set out on a journey to explore and discover Brazil's musical culture. After his expedition, he forewent the idea of classical training and embraced Brazil's indigenous cultures, which were based upon Portuguese, African, and American Indian influences. His music is lively, heart-wrenching, and rhythmic. Later in his life, he was invited by the government of Rio San Janerio to put together a school of music where he organized a choir made of people from all social classes.

Evocação

Text by Sylvio Salema (1901-1976)

Numa noite estrelada de Maio
Sua boca beijei a sonhar
E o perfume do seu quente seio
Pouco a pouco me fez delirar.
Eu senti neste doce momento!
Que a vida p'ra mim era o amor de você.

Nos seus belos cabelos de ouro
Onde o sol se reflete a brilhar
Eu quizera poder meu tesouro,
Entre eles viver ou morrer,
Mas o sonho tão lindo findou-se!
E eu vivo a chorar meu amor por você.

No horizonte azul deste céu
Vivo a recordar meu amor.
Sempre tão distante
Do meu triste olhar
Como a ilusão deste amor,
Ah! Da recordação viverei.
E serei feliz em sonha
Dentro do amor da ilusão...
Assim viver, por você. Ah!

Evocation

Heitor Villa-Lobos (1887-1959)

On a starry night in May
I kissed your lips while dreaming,
And the scent of your warm breast
Little by little made me delirious.
I felt in that sweet moment!
That life, to me, was your love.

In your beautiful golden hair,
Where the sun reflects and shines,
I wished I could live or die,
Among them, my treasure,
But the dream so lovely came to an end!
And I live crying for my love for you.

On the blue horizon of this sky,
I live recalling my love.
Always so distant,
From my sad gaze,
Like the illusion of this love,
Ah! I will live from the memory.
And I will be happy in dreaming,
Inside the love of illusion...
Thus, I will live, for you. Ah!

Translation: *lieder.net*

Lundú da Marquiza de Santos

Text by Viriato Correia (1884-1967)

Minha flôr idolatrada
Tudo em mim é negro e triste
Vive minh'alma arrasada Ó Titilia
Desde o dia em que partiste
Este castigo tremendo
já minh'alma não resiste, Ah!
Eu vou morrendo, morrendo
Desde o dia em que partiste

Tudo em mim é negro e triste
Vive minh'alma arrasada, Ó Titilia!
Desde o dia em que partiste
Tudo em mim é negro e triste
Este castigo tremendo, tremendo.
Ó titilia

Minha flôr idolatrada
Tudo em mim é negro e triste
Vive minh'alma arrasada Ó Titilia
Desde o dia em que partiste
Este castigo tremendo
já minh'alma não resiste, Ah!
Eu vou morrendo, morrendo
Desde o dia em que partiste.

Lundú for the Marquis of Santos

Heitor Villa- Lobos (1887-1959)

My idolised flower
Everything inside me is dark and sad
My soul lives destroyed, O Titilia
Since the day you parted
This punishment is so great
That my soul can no longer cope, Ah!
I am dying, dying
Since the day you parted

Everything inside me is dark and sad
My soul lives destroyed, O Titilia
Since the day you parted
Everything inside me is dark and sad
This punishment is so great, so great
O Titilia

My idolised flower
Everything inside me is dark and sad
My soul lives destroyed, O Titilia
Since the day you parted
This punishment is so great
That my soul can no longer cope, Ah!
I am dying, dying
Since the day you parted.

Translation: *Lorena Paz Nieto*

Melodia Sentimental

Text by Dora Vasconcellos (1910-1973)

Acorda, vem ver a lua
que dorme na noite escura,
que fulge tão bela e branca
derramando doçura.
Clara chama silente
ardendo o meu sonhar.
As asas da noite que surgem
e correm no espaço profundo.
Ó doce amada, desperta!
Vem dar teu calor ao luar.
Quisera saber-te minha
na hora serena e calma.
A sombra confia ao vento
o limite da espera,
quando, dentro da noite,
reclama o teu amor.
Acorda, vem olhar a lua,
que brilha na noite escura.
Querida, és linda e meiga!
Sentir meu amor é sonhar.

Sentimental Melody

Heitor Villa- Lobos (1887-1959)

Wake up, come to see the moon
which sleeps over the dark night,
which twinkles so beautiful and white
shedding sweetness.
Silent bright flame
warming my dreaming.
The night wings appear
and run over the deep space.
Oh sweet beloved, wake up!
Give your heat to the moonlight.
Wanted to know you were mine
on the quiet and calm hour.
The shadow relies on the wind
the waiting limit,
when, over the night,
claim your love.
Wake up, come to see the moon
which shines over the dark night
Darling, you're beautiful and gentle!
To feel my love is to dream.

Translation: *Mirna Rubim*

American composer, Ricky Ian Gordon was born in 1956 in Oceanside, New York. He studied at Carnegie Mellon University before emerging as a significant voice in contemporary opera, musical theater, and art song. His other notable works include, the operas *The Grapes of Wrath* (2007) and *Intimate Apparel* (2022). He composed “Souvenir” as a deeply personal reflection on love, memory and the loss of his partner to AIDS. The lyrics tell the story of a lover holding on to both good and bad memories as a way to keep their lost partner’s memory and love alive.

Souvenir

Text by Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-1950)

Just a rainy day or two
In a windy tower,
That was all I had of you-
Saving half an hour.
Marred by greeting passing groups
In a cinder walk,
Near some naked blackberry hoops
Dim with purple chalk.
I remember three or four
Things you said in spite,
And an ugly coat you wore,
Plaided black and white.

Just a rainy day or two
And a bitter word.
Why do I remember you
As a singing bird?

Dutch-American composer, Richard Hageman (1881-1966) was born in Leeuwarden, Netherlands. Initially he gained notoriety as a concert pianist and conductor before emigrating to the United States in 1906, where he became a naturalized citizen in 1925. Between 1908 and 1922 he was a conductor and pianist for the Metropolitan Opera and an opera coach for the Curtis Institute from 1925 through 1930. Another well-known Hageman art song among classical singers is “Do Not Go, My Love”. The song, “Music I heard with you” tells the story of someone looking back on their lover who is now gone and recalling their presence through objects they touched.

Music I heard with you

Text by Conrad Aiken (1889-1973)

Music I heard with you was more than music
And bread I broke with you was more than bread;
Now that I am without you, all is desolate;
All that was once so beautiful is dead

Your hands once touched this table and this silver
And I have seen your fingers hold this glass
These things do not remember you, beloved
And yet your touch upon them will not pass

For it was in my heart that you moved among them

And blessed them with your hands and with your eyes;
And in my heart they will remember always, -
They knew you once, O beautiful and wise.

Kurt Weill (1900-1950) was a German-American composer born in Dessau, Germany. He studied composition at the Berlin Hochschule für Musik and later with Ferruccio Busoni (1866-1924). In 1933 he fled Nazi Germany to the United States because he became a target for hate crimes due to his Jewish identity. In New York he found success on Broadway with musicals like *Lady in the Dark* and *Street Scene*. The song, "What Good Would the Moon Be?" is from the musical *Street Scene* and is sung by Rose Maurant, a young woman who dreams of escaping her harsh life and finding true love. The song expresses her belief that beauty and riches are meaningless without genuine love and connection. In doing so, she rejects superficial charm opting for a relationship that is long lasting and real.

What Good Would the Moon Be?

Text by Langston Hughes (1901-1967)

I've looked in the windows at diamonds
They're beautiful but they're cold
I've seen Broadway stars in fur coats
That cost a fortune so I'm told
I guess I'd look nice in diamonds
And sables might add to my charms
But if someone I don't care for should buy them
I'd rather have two loving arms!

What good would the moon be
Unless the right one shared its beams?
What good would dreams-come-true be
If love wasn't in those dreams?
And a primrose path
What would be the fun
Of walking down a path like that
Without the right one?
What good would the night be
Unless the right lips whisper low
Kiss me, oh darling, kiss me
While evening stars still glow?

Florence B. Price (1887-1953) was a pioneering African American composer whose compositions broke barriers in classical music, particularly for women of color. Born in Little Rock, Arkansas in 1887, she became the first African American woman to have a symphony performed by Chicago Symphony Orchestra with her Symphony no. 1 in E minor debuting in 1932. Her compositions combined elements of African American culture with classical music. Although well regarded during her lifetime, she was not recognized as part of Classical music canon until after her death. Her song, "Hold Fast to Dreams" with poetry by Langston Hughes reminds us to keep our dreams alive for a fulfilling and hopeful life.

Hold Fast to Dreams

Text by Langston Hughes (1901-1967)

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die

Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.

Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.
Music boxes have within,
melodies they carry with them
once they're open music fills the air.

American composer, Kurt Bestor is currently sixty-seven years old. He specializes in film scores, jazz, and new-age orchestral arrangements. He has composed over forty film scores and numerous commercial jingles. In 1988 he won an Emmy for his music in ABC's coverage of 1988 Winter Olympics. The 1993 film, *Rigoletto* retells the folk tale of Verdi's classic opera. The song, "The Melody Within" is sung by Bonnie Nelson, the young heroine of the film who works as a maid for Ari Ribaldi in hopes of saving her home. Throughout the film, Bonnie struggles with believing in herself and her singing voice. However, under Ribaldi's teaching, she discovers her talent. As the song progresses, her voice grows stronger and more confident. My father loves to hear me sing this song as it reminds him of the shy young girl I used to be and the woman I am today.

The Melody Within

Text by Kurt Bestor (b. 1958)

Every person you have known,
has a song of their own,
once they open up you'll
hear what's there.

It's not easy you must listen
with your heart for what lies hidden.

There was a melody, locked deep
inside of me but now it's free,
It found a place embraced
by harmony, sweet harmony,

Love more than anything,
Teaches our hearts to sing,
Only love, could break the shell,
now I know, very well,
the love within myself.