



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

Debbie Seitter, Mezzo-Soprano
Catalina Arteaga, Collaborative Piano
Dr. Kristen Queen, Flute
Sarah Squires, Soprano
JJ Ruiz, Tenor

April 4, 2025

8:30 PM

PepsiCo Recital Hall

Program

Selections from *Gloria* (RV 589)

1. *Laudamus te*

Sarah Squires, Soprano

2. *Qui sedes ad dextaram Patris*

Antonio Vivaldi
(1678-1741)

Et Misericordia, from *Magnificat*

JJ Ruiz, Tenor

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Mandoline, Op. 58, No. 1

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Mandoline, L. 29

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Selections from *Siete Canciones Populares Españolas*

1. *Asturiana*

2. *El Paño moruno*

3. *Nana*

Manuel de Falla
(1876-1946)

Intermission

Three Irish Folksong Settings

1. *The Salley Gardens*
2. *The Foggy Dew*
3. *She Moved Through the Fair*

Dr. Kristen Queen, Flute

John Corigliano
(b. 1938)

Selections from *Sechs Lieder*, Op. 13 (Nos. 1-4)

1. *Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen*
2. *Sie liebten sich beide*
3. *Liebeszauber*
4. *Der Mond kommt still gegangen*

Clara Schumann
(1819-1896)

No One Else, from *Natasha, Pierre and the Great Comet of 1812*

Dave Malloy
(b. 1976)

The Alto's Lament

Zina Goldrich
(b. 1964)

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Doctor of Musical Arts degree.

Ms. Seitter is a student of Dr. James D. Rodriguez.

The use of recording equipment or flash photography is prohibited.

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

Program Notes

Selections from *Gloria* (RV 589)

Vivaldi

Laudamus te

Qui sedes ad dextaram Patris

Antonio Vivaldi's *Gloria* (RV 589) is one of the Baroque era's most popular sacred works. Likely composed for the Ospedale della Pietà treble musicians in Venice, this standalone setting unfolds in twelve contrasting movements, each illuminating the Latin hymn's text.

Two particularly striking sections highlight Vivaldi's compositional brilliance. *Laudamus te*, a radiant soprano duet, features imitation and dance-like elegance. In contrast, *Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris* offers a moment of introspection, with its flowing alto solo and rhythmic pulse evoking a heartfelt plea for mercy.

Latin text	English translation
Laudamus te, benedicimus te, adoramus te, glorificamus te.	<i>We praise you, we bless you,</i>
Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris, miserere nobis.	<i>Who sits at the right hand of Father, have mercy on us.</i>

Translated by: Aaron Green

Et *Misericordia*, from *Magnificat*

JS Bach

Johann Sebastian Bach's *Magnificat* in D major, BWV 243 was composed for Vespers in Leipzig. This setting of the Magnificat text, Mary's hymn of praise from the Gospel of Luke, displays Bach's ability to blend theological depth with musical beauty. Structured in twelve distinct movements, the work is richly orchestrated, featuring a five-part choir, vocal soloists, and an ensemble of trumpets, oboes, flutes, strings, and continuo.

The duet *Et misericordia* is among the most tender and introspective moments of the *Magnificat*. Scored for alto and tenor soloists, it unfolds in a flowing 12/8 meter. The movement's restrained elegance and heartfelt expression serve as a powerful contrast to the more jubilant sections of the *Magnificat*.

Latin text	English translation
Et misericordia a progenie in progenies timentibus eum.	<i>And [his] mercy [is] on those who fear him, from generation to generations.</i>

Translated by: Michael Marissen and Daniel R. Melamed

Mandoline, Op. 58, No. 1

Fauré

Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924) composed *Mandoline* in 1891 as the opening piece of his song cycle *Cinq mélodies de Venise*, Op. 58, which sets poetry by Paul Verlaine. Inspired by the *fêtes galantes*, elegant gatherings of 18th-century nobility, Verlaine’s poem paints a scene of gallant serenaders and their refined listeners exchanging sweet nothings under moonlit trees. Fauré’s setting mirrors this refined yet playful atmosphere, with a piano accompaniment that sparkles like a mandolin’s delicate strumming. The vocal line glides effortlessly over the accompaniment, capturing the charm of the scene.

French source: Paul Verlaine	English translation
Les donneurs de sérénades Et les belles écouteuses Échangent des propos fades Sous les ramures chanteuses. C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte, Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre, Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte Cruelle fait maint vers tendre. Leurs courtes vestes de soie, Leurs longues robes à queues, Leur élégance, leur joie Et leurs molles ombres bleues, Tourbillonnent dans l'extase D'une lune rose et grise, Et la mandoline jase Parmi les frissons de brise.	<i>The gallant serenaders And their fair listeners Exchange sweet nothings Beneath singing boughs. Tirsis is there, Aminte is there, And tedious Clitandre too, And Damis who for many a cruel maid Writes many a tender song. Their short silken doublets, Their long trailing gowns, Their elegance, their joy, And their soft blue shadows Whirl madly in the rapture Of a grey and roseate moon, And the mandolin jangles on In the shivering breeze.</i>

Translated by: Tamara Matthews

Mandoline, L. 29

Debussy

Composed around 1883, Claude Debussy’s (1862–1918) *Mandoline* offers a whimsical interpretation of Verlaine’s poem. Written during his early years, possibly for Marie Vasnier, this song displays the young composer’s gift for vivid text painting. Debussy departs from the more structured approach of earlier French *mélodies*, favoring an impressionistic and fluid style that captures the fleeting energy of the scene. The accompaniment mimics a mandolin’s quick, percussive plucking, weaving a lively, interlocking texture with the vocal line. Harmonically, Debussy plays with unexpected shifts, using open sonorities that recall the resonance of a mandolin’s lowest strings.

Selections from *Siete Canciones Populares Española*

De Falla

Nana

Asturiana

El Paño moruno

Manuel de Falla (1876–1946) is one of Spain’s most celebrated composers, known for his ability to capture the essence of Spanish folk music while elevating it with sophisticated harmonies and expressive nuance. His *Siete Canciones Populares Españolas* (Seven Spanish Folk Songs), composed in 1914, are a testament to his deep appreciation for traditional melodies from various regions of Spain. Written while De Falla was living in Paris, the set was his artistic response to growing international interest in Spanish music, as seen in the works of composers like Debussy and Ravel.

“Asturiana” originates from the northern region of Asturias and is a sorrowful lament. The simple, haunting melody is set against a hypnotic, almost impressionistic accompaniment, evoking a sense of quiet grief. The poetic imagery of a weeping tree mirroring the singer’s sorrow creates a striking metaphor for loss and longing.

“El paño moruno” is a lively and biting commentary on moral judgment drawn from the Murcia region. The text likens a stained piece of fine cloth to a person whose reputation has been tainted, and the brisk, dance-like rhythms of the accompaniment reflect the song’s sharp, almost cynical tone.

“Nana” is a lullaby from Andalusia. The modal inflections in the melody hint at Andalusia’s Moorish musical heritage, creating a gentle yet mysterious atmosphere. Falla’s mother reportedly sang this tune to him as a child, adding a personal connection to this tender and timeless melody.

<i>Asturiana</i> - Spanish source: Anon.	<i>Asturiana</i> song
Por ver si me consolaba, arrimeme a un pino verde, Por verme llorar, lloraba. Y el pino como era verde, por verme llorar, lloraba!	<i>To see if it might console me I drew near a green pine. To see me weep, it wept. And the pine, since it was green, wept to see me weeping!</i>

Translated by: Jacqueline Cockburn

<i>El paño moruno</i> - Spanish source: Gregorio Martínez Sierra	<i>The Moorish cloth</i>
Al paño fino, en la tienda, una mancha le cayó.	<i>On the delicate fabric in the shop there fell a stain.</i>

Por menos precio se vende, porque perdió su valor. ¡Ay!	<i>It sells for less for it has lost its value Ay!</i>
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Translated by: Jacqueline Cockburn

<i>Nana - Spanish source: Anon.</i>	<i>Lullaby</i>
Duérmete, niño, duerme, duerme, mi alma, duérmete, lucerito, de la mañana. Naninta, nana. duérmete, lucerito de la mañana.	<i>Sleep, little one, sleep, sleep, my darling, sleep, my little morning star. Lullay, lullay, sleep, my little morning star.</i>

Translated by: Jacqueline Cockburn

Three Irish Folksong Settings

Corigliano

The Salley Gardens

The Foggy Dew

She Moved Through the Fair

John Corigliano's *Three Irish Folksong Settings* (1988) is a delicate yet powerful exploration of Irish folk melodies, interwoven with the expressive possibilities of the flute and voice. These settings—"The Salley Gardens," "The Foggy Dew," and "She Moved Through the Fair"—retain the purity of the original melodies while allowing the flute to create an intricate, lyrical counterpoint. Corigliano, known for his innovative and deeply emotional compositions, described these pieces as an attempt to explore the "poetic side of Irish flute music." The result is a work that beautifully balances simplicity and sophistication, where the flute supports and enhances the vocal line, adding depth and nuance to each song's timeless storytelling.

The selections in this set each tell a story of love and loss, heightened by Corigliano's sensitive treatment of the text. Yeats' poetry is set to a tender, flowing melody in *The Salley Gardens* that evokes youthful innocence and regret. *The Foggy Dew* unfolds with a playful yet wistful charm as a maiden awaits her beloved in the morning mist. Finally, *She Moved Through the Fair* carries an air of haunting beauty, its dreamlike melody and sparse flute accompaniment reinforcing the ghostly, almost supernatural quality of the lyrics.

I. The Salley Garden

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;

She pass'd the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.

Down by the salley gardens 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.

— William Butler Yeats

II. The Foggy Dew

A-down the hill I went at morn, a lovely maid I spied.
Her hair was bright as the dew that wets sweet Anner's verdant side.
"Now where go ye, sweet maid?" said I. She raised her eyes of blue
And smiled and said, "The boy I'll wed I'm to meet in the foggy dew!"

Go hide your bloom, ye roses red and droop ye lilies rare,
For you must pale for very shame before a maid so fair!
Says I, "Dear maid, will ye be my bride?" Beneath her eyes of blue
She smiled and said, "The boy I'll wed I'm to meet in the foggy dew!"

A-down the hill I went at mom, a-singing I did go.
A-down the hill I went at mom, she answered soft and low.
"Yes, I will be your own dear bride and I know that you'll be true."
Then sighed in my arms, and all her charms, they were hidden in the foggy dew.

— Anonymous

III. She Moved Through The Fair

My young love said to me, "My mother won't mind,
And my father won't slight you for your lack of kine."
And she stepped away from me and this she did say,
"It will not be long love, 'till our wedding day:"

She stepp'd away from me and she went thro' the fair,
And fondly I watched her move here and move there,
And then she went homeward with one star awake,

As the swan in the evening moves over the lake.

Last night she came to me, she came softly in.
So softly she came that her feet made no din,
And she laid her hand on me and this she did say,
"It will not be long love, 'til our wedding day."

— Padraic Colum

Selections from *Sechs Lieder*, Op. 13 (Nos. 1-4)

Schumann

Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen

Sie liebten sich beide

Liebeszauber

Der Mond kommt still gegangen

Clara Schumann (1819–1896) was a celebrated virtuoso pianist, composer, and pedagogue whose contributions to 19th-century music extend far beyond her reputation as Robert Schumann's wife. While her piano compositions often take center stage in discussions of her legacy, her Lieder reveals a composer deeply attuned to the expressive possibilities of text and music. Published in 1844 and dedicated to Queen Caroline Amalie of Denmark, *Sechs Lieder*, Op. 13, showcases Schumann's ability to blend lyrical vocal writing with intricate, pianistic textures, reflecting both her poetic sensibilities and her intimate understanding of the keyboard.

In the 19th century, Lieder often existed in deeply personal spaces—sung in salons, exchanged as gifts, or performed in private homes. However, Clara Schumann also used them as a means of artistic self-expression in public concerts, often programming her songs alongside works by her husband and other contemporaries. Her Lieder offered audiences not just beautifully crafted songs but a glimpse into her unique compositional voice.

<i>Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen -</i> German source: Heinrich Heine	<i>I Stood Darkly Dreaming</i>
Ich stand in dunklen Träumen Und starrte ihr Bildnis an, Und das geliebte Antlitz Heimlich zu leben begann.	<i>I stood darkly dreaming And stared at her picture, And that beloved face Sprang mysteriously to life.</i>
Um ihre Lippen zog sich Ein Lächeln wunderbar, Und wie von Wehmutstränen Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.	<i>About her lips A wondrous smile played, And as with sad tears, Her eyes gleamed.</i>

Auch meine Tränen flossen Mir von den Wangen herab – Und ach, ich kann's nicht glauben, Dass ich dich verloren hab!	<i>And my tears flowed Down my cheeks, And ah, I cannot believe That I have lost you!</i>
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Translated by: Richard Stokes

<i>Sie liebten sich beide</i> - German source: Heinrich Heine	<i>They Loved One Another</i>
Sie liebten sich beide, doch keiner Wollt' es dem andern gestehn; Sie sahen sich an so feindlich, Und wollten vor Liebe vergehn.	<i>They loved one another, but neither Wished to tell the other; They gave each other such hostile looks, Yet nearly died of love.</i>
Sie trennten sich endlich und sah'n sich Nur noch zuweilen im Traum; Sie waren längst gestorben Und wussten es selber kaum.	<i>In the end they parted and saw Each other but rarely in dreams. They died so long ago And hardly knew it themselves.</i>

Translated by: Richard Stokes

<i>Liebeszauber</i> - German source: Emanuel Geibel	<i>Love's magic</i>
Die Liebe saß als Nachtigall Im Rosenbusch und sang; Es flog der wundersüße Schall Den grünen Wald entlang.	<i>Love, as a nightingale, Perched on a rosebush and sang; The wondrous sound floated Along the green forest.</i>
Und wie er klang, - da stieg im Kreis Aus tausend Kelchen Duft, Und alle Wipfel rauschten leis', Und leiser ging die Luft;	<i>And as it sounded, there arose a scent From a thousand calyxes, And all the treetops rustled softly, And the breeze moved softer still;</i>
Die Bäche schwiegen, die noch kaum Geplätschert von den Höh'n, Die Rehlein standen wie im Traum Und lauschten dem Getön.	<i>The brooks fell silent, barely Having babbled from the heights, The fawns stood as if in a dream And listened to the sound.</i>
Und hell und immer heller floß Der Sonne Glanz herein,	<i>Brighter, and ever brighter The sun shone on the scene,</i>

Um Blumen, Wald und Schlucht ergoß Sich goldig roter Schein.	<i>And poured its red glow Over flowers, forest and glen.</i>
Ich aber zog den Wald entlang Und hörte auch den Schall. Ach! was seit jener Stund' ich sang, War nur sein Widerhall.	<i>But I made my way along the path And also heard the sound. Ah! all that I've sung since that hour Was merely its echo.</i>

Translated by: Richard Stokes

<i>Der Mond kommt still gegangen -</i> German source: Emanuel Geibel	<i>The moon rises silently</i>
Der Mond kommt still gegangen Mit seinem gold'nen Schein. Da schläft in holdem Prangen Die müde Erde ein.	<i>The moon rises silently With its golden glow. The weary earth then falls asleep In beauty and splendour.</i>
Und auf den Lüften schwanken Aus manchem treuen Sinn Viel tausend Liebesgedanken Über die Schläfer hin.	<i>Many thousand loving thoughts From many faithful minds Sway on the breezes Over those who slumber.</i>
Und drunten im Tale, da funkeln Die Fenster von Liebchens Haus; Ich aber blicke im Dunklen Still in die Welt hinaus.	<i>And down in the valley The windows sparkle of my beloved's house; But I in the darkness gaze Silently out into the world.</i>

Translated by: Richard Stokes

No One Else, from *Natasha, Pierre and the Great Comet of 1812*

Malloy

From the very first notes of *No One Else*, Natasha's longing and passion unfold in a breathtaking Broadway ballad. This song captures Natasha's deep yearning for her fiancé, Andrey, as she recalls their first meeting and dreams of his return. Dave Malloy's lush, evocative score intertwines with Tolstoy's narrative, painting Natasha as a young woman brimming with love, hope, and impatience for the life she envisions.

No One Else by Dave Malloy

The moon—

First time I heard your voice

Moonlight burst into the room

And I saw your eyes
And I saw your smile
And the world opened wide
And the world was inside of me
And I catch my breath
And I laugh and blush
And I hear guitars
You are so good for me
I love you I love you I love you I love you I love you
Oh the moon
Oh the snow in the moonlight
And your childlike eyes
And your distant smile
I'll never be this happy again
You and I
And no one else
We've done this all before
We were angels once
Don't you remember?
Joy and life
Inside our souls
And nobody knows
Just you and me
It's our secret
This winter sky
How can anyone sleep?
There was never such a night before!
I feel like putting my arms round my knees
And squeezing tight as possible
And flying away
Like this...
Oh the moon
Oh the snow in the moonlight
And your childlike eyes
And your distant smile
I'll never be this happy again
You and I
You and I
You and I
And no one else

Maybe he'll come today
Maybe he came already
And he's sitting in the drawing room
And I simply forgot

The Alto's Lament

Goldrich

A comedic anthem for every harmony-singing, melody-craving vocalist, *The Alto's Lament* hilariously captures the plight of the often-overlooked alto. Written by Marcy Heisler and Zina Goldrich, this witty cabaret piece parodies the experience of always being stuck in the background, harmonizing while others take center stage. Through a series of tongue-in-cheek musical references—where the singer is relegated to the supporting “oohs” and “ahhs” instead of the soaring lead—this song playfully gives voice to every singer who has ever longed to break free from the harmony line. With its clever lyrics, rapid-fire musical quotes, and undeniable charm, *The Alto's Lament* is a humorous celebration and a loving tribute to the unsung heroes of vocal ensembles everywhere.

Alto's Lament by Zina Goldrich

I've had much good luck as a performer
I've been cast in almost every show
From Carousel to Hair, and Broadway, I as there
But you'll never, never know
Perhaps you picked me out last year in Phantom
Or underneath my dirt in Miserable
But if you tried to pick me out of all the voices in the crowd
I am certain that you must have had a problem
My plight is quite familiar
To those who tread the boards
At the Neberlander, Schubert, or Rialto
And though I've got a great high C
The reaction seems to be
"Well, that's great, dear
But we need you singing alto"
Please, give me a chance to sing melody
Give me a crack at the tune
I'm filled with chagrin every time I begin
By the light of the silvery moon
Just one little shot at the melody
Give me a moment to shine
I'm sick of, can't help

Loving that man of mine
Just look at Oklahoma for example
That rousing title number of the show
While everyone is singing Oklahoma
I get sky, yo-ho!
And now a medley of my finer roles
The hills are alive with the sound of music
Three little maids from school are we
Pert as a school girl, well can be
Filled to the brim with girlish glee
Three little maids from school
Touch me, it's so easy to leave me
What mirror, where?
Which? What? Where? Who? Who? Who?
Such a pretty me
Such a pretty me
Please pull a few strings for the melody
Don't care if the solo is teeny
It would be Nirvana
From Heaven, such manna
To sing something other than sweeny
I'm down on my knees for a melody
I'm begging with all of my might
Just half a bar, and let this girl be a star, be a star
Tonight

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