

JUNIOR RECITAL

Saturday, March 25, 2023
Recital Hall
5:30 p.m.

TEANDRA JACKSON, SOPRANO
CHANG MIAO, PIANO

PROGRAM

Ici-Bas!, op.8 no.3	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Beau Soir, L.84	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
An Chloë, K.524	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Resignation	Florence Price (1887-1953)
Sometimes I Feel Like A Motherless Child	Arr. Henry Thacker Burleigh (1886-1949)
Se tu m'ami	Alessandro Parisotti (1853-1913)
Già il sole dal Gange From <i>L'honestà negli amori</i>	Alessandro Scarlatti (1660-1725)
Wiegenlied, op.49 no.4 Wie Melodien, op.105 no.1	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Selections from <i>Genius Child</i> Troubled Woman My People Will There Really Be A Morning From <i>A Horse With Wings</i>	Ricky Ian Gordon (b.1956)

126th Program of the 2022 - 2023 season

JUNIOR RECITAL

LIFE, LOVE, LOSS

TEANDRA JACKSON, SOPRANO

PROGRAM NOTES, TEXT, & TRANSLATIONS

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924) was a French composer, organist, pianist, and teacher. He was one of the many influential French composers of his generation. His musical style contributed to the stylistic choices of many 20th-century composers. Some notable works are *Après un rêve*, *Clair de lune*, and *Requiem Pavane*. **Ici-Bas!** is a poem written by **René François SullyPrudhomme (1839-1907)**. Fauré chose poets who wrote about symbolism, that freed poetry from its precise meanings. Fauré preferred to break the compositional conventions of his time. This poem is melancholy, metaphorically showing how life can seem short and fleeting, and expressing the wish that beauty could last forever.

Ici-bas!

Text by: René-François Sully-Prudhomme

Ici-bas tous les lilas meurent,
Tous les chants des oiseaux sont courts,
Je rêve aux étés qui demeurent
Toujours...
Ici-bas les lèvres effleurent
Sans rien laisser de leur velours,
Je rêve aux baisers qui demeurent
Toujours...
Ici-bas, tous les hommes pleurent
Leurs amitiés ou leurs amours;
Je rêve aux couples qui demeurent
Toujours...

In this world

Translation by: Richard Stokes

In this world all the lilies die,
All the songs of birds are short;
I dream of the summers that abide
Forever...
In this world lips brush but lightly,
And nothing of their velvet remains;
I dream of the kisses that abide
Forever...
In this world every man is mourning
His friendships or his loves;
I dream of the couples who abide
Forever...

Claude Debussy (1862-1918) was a French composer. His compositional style utilized aspects of many artistic styles, including jazz and impressionism, as well as the symbolist Art and Literary movement. **Beau Soir** written by **Paul Bourget (1852- 1935)** is one of Debussy's earlier works. Debussy relies on mode mixture in this piece to convey colorful descriptions of the text. The piece is about the beautiful setting of the sun with a hint of sadness represented by the beauty of the evening sun eventually fading and leaving the darkness of night.

Beau Soir

Text by: Paul Bourget

Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières
sont roses,
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les
champs de blé,

Beautiful evening

Translation by: Richard Stokes

When at sunset the rivers are pink
And a warm breeze ripples the fields of
wheat,

Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir
des choses

All things seem to advise content -

Et monter vers le cœur troublé;

And rise toward the troubled heart;

Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être
au monde
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le
soir est beau,

Advise us to savour the gift of life,
While we are young and the evening
fair,

Car nous nous en allons, comme s'en
va cette onde:
Elle à la mer—nous au tombeau!

For our life slips by, as that river does:
It to the sea - we to the tomb.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791) was a prolific and influential composer of the Classical period. He was a child prodigy writing his first composition at age five. Mozart is widely regarded as among the greatest composers in the history of Western music. He composed in all major art music forms of his day, including choral, chamber, solo instrument, and symphonic works. Some of his best-known vocal works are the operas *Don Giovanni*, *The Marriage of Figaro*, and *The Magic Flute*. **An Chloë** is set to a poem written by **Johann Georg Jacobi (1740-1814)**. Mozart only used the pleasant and amusing part of the poem which is the first four stanzas. The stanzas not used tell how the lover's happiness was cut short by betrayal and death.

An Chloë

Text by: Johann Jacobi

Wenn die Lieb' aus deinen blauen,
Hellen, offenen Augen sieht,
Und vor Lust, hineinzuschauen,
Mir's im Herzen klopft und glüht;
Und ich halte dich und küsse
Deine Rosenwangen warm,
Liebes Mädchen, und ich schließe
Zitternd dich in meinem Arm,

Mädchen, Mädchen, und ich drücke
Dich an meinen Busen fest,
Der im letzten Augenblicke
Sterbend nur dich von sich läßt;
Den berauschten Blick umschattet
Eine düst're Wolke mir;
Und ich sitze dann ermattet,
Aber selig neben dir.

To Chloë

Translation by: Richard Stokes

When love looks out of your blue,
Bright and open eyes,
And the joy of gazing into them
Causes my heart to throb and glow;
And I hold you and kiss
Your rosy cheeks warm,
Sweet girl and clasp
You trembling in my arms,

Sweet girl, sweet girl, and press
You firmly to my breast,
Where until my dying moment
I shall hold you tight –
My ecstatic gaze is blurred
By a sombre cloud;
And I sit then exhausted,
But blissful, by your side.

Florence Price (1887-1953) was an African American classical composer, pianist, organist, and music teacher. Price's musical style was infused with European and African American musical and cultural elements. Price had little choice but to negotiate the dissonances of race and gender. Her mother enrolled her in schools indicating Mexican heritage in an attempt to minimize the prejudice she would face. These negotiations are inherent in her compositional outlook. **Resignation** takes the perspective of a young slave who is weary of their predicament, ready to give up and go on to a better life, even if that life is not on Earth.

Resignation

Text by: Florence Price

My life is a pathway of sorrow;
I've struggled and toiled in the sun
with hope that the dawn of tomorrow
would break on a work that is done.

My Master has pointed the way,
he taught me in prayer to say:
"Lord, give us this day and our daily
bread."

I hunger, yet I shall be fed.

My feet, they are wounded and
dragging;
My body is tortured with pain;
My heart, it is shattered and flagging,
What matter, if, Heaven I gain.

Of happiness once I have tasted;
'Twas only an instant it paused
tho' brief was the hour that I wasted
Forever the woe that it caused.

I'm tired and want to go home.
My mother and sister are there;
They're waiting for me to come
Where mansions are bright and fair.

Henry Thacker Burleigh (1886-1949) was an American classical composer, arranger, and professional singer known for his baritone voice. He was among the first African American composers who were instrumental in developing characteristically American art music. Burleigh made black music available to classically trained artists both by introducing them to spirituals and by arranging spirituals in a classical format. One of the traditional American Negro Spirituals **Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child** is an expression of pain and despair as the singer compares their hopelessness to that of a child who has been torn from their parents. Under one interpretation, the repetition of the word "sometimes" offers a measure of hope, as it suggests that at least "sometimes" the singer *does not* feel like a motherless child.

Sometimes I Feel Like A Motherless Child

Arr. H. T. Burleigh

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child,
A long ways from home a long ways from home.
Sometimes I feel like I'm almos' gone
A long ways from home a long ways from home.

Alessandro Parisotti (1853-1913) was an Italian music scholar, editor and composer who wrote primarily in solo vocal and choral music genres. He was Secretary of the Accademia di Santa Cecilia, an important hub of music research and education. Parisotti often found forgotten scores and arranged their arias (or duets) for solo singer and piano accompaniment. He is known for editing and compiling the collection of songs known as *Arie antiche* which has been truncated to the modern *24 Italian Songs and Arias*, in which this piece is found. **Se tu m'ami** with text by librettist **Paolo Rolli (1687-1765)** although attributed to Giovanni Pergolesi, was in fact set to music by Parisotti in the late 19th century. It is possible that Parisotti credited Pergolesi with the composition because it lended more credibility and reflected the time period.

Se tu m'ami

Text by: Paolo Rolli

Se tu m'ami , se tu sospiri
sol per me, gentil pastor,
ho dolor de tuoi martiri,
ho diletto del tuo amor.
Ma se pensi che soletto
io ti debba riamar,
pastorello, sei soggetto
facilmente a t'ingannar.

Bella rosa porporina
oggi Silvia sceglierà,
con la scusa della spina
doman poi la sprezzerà.
Ma degli uomini il consiglio
io per me non seguirò.
Non perchè mi piace il giglio
gli altri fiori sprezzerrò.

If You Love Me

Translation by: Teandra Jackson

If you love me, if you sigh
only for me, gentle shepherd
I am pained by your suffering
I delight in your love
But if you think that
I should love you in return
Dear shepherd, you are easily
Subject to deceiving yourself

Beautiful red rose
Today Silvia will choose
With the excuse of its thorn
Tomorrow she will scorn it
But of the advice from men
I will not follow
Not because of the lily pleases me
Will I scorn the other flowers

Alessandro Scarlatti (1660-1725) was an Italian composer known for his operas and chamber cantatas. He is considered the most important representative of the Neapolitan school of opera. The words to the canzonetta **Già il sole dal Gange** text by librettist **Felice Parnasso** celebrate the dethroning of the night by the glory of the sun, sparkling on the river Ganges. The opera from which this piece is derived is set in Algeria, North Africa. Professor John Glenn Paton, Baroque and Classical Italian music researcher, observes that *dal Gange* is merely a figure of speech meaning the east. This is one of Scarlatti's best known and most performed arias. Its strongly rhythmic, spirited melody is set in two strophes, which are tiny ABA forms.

Già il sole dal Gange

Text by: Felice Parnasso

Già il sole dal Gange
Più chiaro sfavilla,
E terge ogni stilla
Dell'alba che piange.

Col raggio dorato
Ingemma ogni stelo,
E gli astri del cielo
Dipinge nel prato.

Already, from over the Ganges, the sun

Translation by: Teandra Jackson

Already, from over the Ganges, the sun
Sparkles more brightly
And dries every drop
of the dawn, which weeps.

With the gilded ray
It adorns each blade of grass;
And the stars of the sky
It paints in the field.

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897) was a German composer, pianist, and conductor of the mid-Romantic period. Brahms composed for symphony orchestra, chamber ensembles, piano, organ, violin, voice, and chorus. A virtuoso pianist, he premiered many of his own works. **Wiegenlied** (The cradle song) with text by **Klaus Groth (1819-1899)** is a lullaby that was dedicated to Brahms' friend, Bertha Faber, on the occasion of the birth of her second son. *Wie Melodien* is a poem by **Klaus Groth (1819-1899)**. This piece is about the beauty of words and poetry. Brahms' composition focuses on text painting of the vocal and accompaniment line. An example in this piece is how the melodic lines both in the vocal and the accompaniment use descending patterns, hemiolas, syncopation and suspensions, conveying metaphorically an image of falling tears and a suspended melody.

Wiegenlied

Text by: Georg Scherer

Guten Abend, gut' Nacht,
Mit Rosen bedacht,
Mit Näglein besteckt
Schlupf' unter die Deck'.
Morgen früh, wenn Gott will,
Wirst du wieder geweckt.

Guten Abend, gut' Nacht,
Von Englein bewacht!
Die zeigen im Traum
Dir Christkindleins Baum:
Schlaf' nun selig und süß,
Schau im Traum's Paradies.

Lullaby

Translation by: Richard Stokes

Good evening, good night,
Canopied with roses,
Bedecked with carnations,
Slip beneath the coverlet.
Tomorrow morning, if God wills,
You shall be woken again.

Good evening, good night,
Watched over by angels!
In your dreams they'll show you
The Christmas Tree:
Sleep sweetly now and blissfully,
Behold Paradise in your dreams.

Wie Melodien

Text by: Klaus Groth

Wie Melodien zieht es
Mir leise durch den Sinn,
Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es
Und schwebt wie Duft dahin.

Doch kommt das Wort und faßt es
Und führt es vor das Aug',
Wie Nebelgrau erblaßt es
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.

Und dennoch ruht im Reime
Verborgен wohl ein Duft,
Den mild aus stillem Keime
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

Like Melodies

Translation by: Richard Stokes

Thoughts, like melodies,
Steal softly through my mind,
Like spring flowers they blossom
And drift away like fragrance.

Yet when words come and capture them
And bring them before my eyes,
They turn pale like grey mist
And vanish like a breath.

Yet surely in rhyme
A fragrance lies hidden,
Summoned by moist eyes
From the silent seed.

Ricky Ian Gordon (b.1956) is an American composer of art song, opera, and musical theatre. Gordon's songwriting is steeped in the traditions of cabaret and musical theater. **Troubled Woman** and **My People** are both songs from Ricky Ian Gordon's *Genius Child* song cycle, with text by **Langston Hughes (1901-1967)**. Gordon chooses musical idioms that matches Hughes' distinctive bitter-sweet tone. For example, in both pieces, in the moments of sadness, rather than the expected descending line or diminished harmony he pairs it with the opposite showing the mixture of emotions. **Will There Really be a Morning** is from another song cycle *A Horse With Wings*. With text by **Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)**.

Troubled Woman

Text by: Langston Hughes

She stands, in the quiet darkness
This troubled woman
Bowed by weariness and pain
Like an Autumn flower in the frozen
rain
Like a wind-blown autumn flower
That never lifts its head again

My People

Text by: Langston Hughes

The night is beautiful
So the faces of my people
Of my people

The stars are beautiful
So the eyes of my people
Of my people
Beautiful, also, is the sun
Beautiful, also, are the souls of my
people

Will There Really Be A Morning

Text by: Emily Dickinson

Will there really be a “Morning”?
Is there such a thing as “Day”?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like Water lilies?
Has it feathers like a Bird?
Is it brought from famous places
Of which I have never heard?

Oh some Scholar! Oh some Sailor!
Oh some Wise Men from the skies!
Please to tell a little Pilgrim
Where the place called “Morning” lies!

UPCOMING EVENTS

University Choirs Spring Concert I

Thursday, March 23
7:30 p.m., Concert Hall

Spring Faculty Composition Recital

Saturday, April 1
7:30 p.m., Recital Hall

2'o'clock Jazz Concert

Tuesday, April 4
7:30 p.m., Concert Hall

Trombone Choir and Wind Ensemble Concert

Thursday, April 6
7:30 p.m., Concert Hall

Jazz Ensemble Concert

Tuesday, April 11
7:30 p.m., Concert Hall

Concert and University Bands Concert

Thursday, April 13
7:30 p.m., Concert Hall

Tuba Ensemble Spring Concert

Friday, April 14
7:30 p.m., Concert Hall

Symphonic Band Concert

Monday, April 17
7:30 p.m., Concert Hall

Trumpet Ensemble Concert

Tuesday, April 18
7:30 p.m., Concert Hall

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