



Rudi E. Scheidt
School of Music

IA WHITE VOICE RECITAL

Amy Nguyen, piano

APRIL 27 | 3:00 PM

ST. MARY'S EPISCOPAL CATHEDRAL
700 POPLAR AVE

Rudi E. Scheidt School of Music
Albert Nguyen, Interim Director
College of Communication and Fine Arts
Debra Burns, Dean

PROGRAM

Lieder und Gesänger, Op. 32

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

VI. Du sprichst, dass ich mich täuschte

VII. Bitteres zu sagen denkst du

IX. Wie bist du, meine Königin

Vingt Melodies, Op. 21

Georges Bizet (1818-1893)

X. La chanson du fou

XII. Sérénade

Ouvre ton coeur

Georges Bizet (1818-1893)

An April Day

Florence Price (1887-1953)

from ***Three Lyrics***

Forever

Florence Price (1887-1953)

from ***Four Negro Songs***

Song to the Dark Virgin

Florence Price (1887-1953)

from ***Four Songs***

La seduzione

Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

Non t'accostar all'urna

Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

from ***Sette Romanze I***

Brindisi

Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

from ***Sette Romanze II***

PROGRAM NOTES

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897) was a German composer and pianist, considered one of the leading figures of Romantic music. Born in Hamburg, he began studying music at an early age and showed prodigious talent as a pianist. Brahms' early life was marked by financial hardship, with his father working as a musician and his family living in poverty. He gained early recognition after performing for the renowned violinist Joseph Joachim, which helped launch his career.

Brahms' music blends classical forms with the emotional intensity of the Romantic era. His compositions include symphonies, concertos, chamber works, choral music, and lieder. His Symphony No. 1, Symphony No. 4, and German Requiem are among his most celebrated works. Though his style was influenced by Beethoven, Brahms was known for his complex counterpoint and innovative harmonic structures.

Despite his success, Brahms was a private and introspective man, often reluctant to publish his music. He never married, and many of his works reflect a deep, contemplative quality. Brahms' legacy continues influencing composers, and his music remains central to the classical repertoire. His contributions to Western music are celebrated for their depth, richness, and intellectual rigor.

"Du sprichst, dass ich mich tauschte" is a song by Johannes Brahms, the sixth song of Op. 32, 9 Lieder und gesänge. The song features lyrics by Friedrich Rückert and conveys a sense of longing and emotional turmoil. In the piece, the speaker is addressed by someone who suggests that they could have changed or been different. The singer expresses confusion and pain at the idea of being urged to alter their true self, revealing a deep sense of inner conflict.

"Bitteres zu sagen denkst du" by Brahms, the seventh song of Op. 32, expresses emotional conflict and sorrow. The lyrics, written by Friedrich Rückert, explore the inner turmoil of someone contemplating speaking bitter, painful words but feeling conflicted by the emotional weight of doing so. The song reflects the struggle between holding onto emotions and the need to express uncomfortable truths. Brahms enhances this emotional depth with rich harmonies and expressive melodies, capturing a moment of vulnerability and heartache. The piece conveys the tension between love, pain, and honesty, highlighting Brahms' ability to evoke complex emotions through music.

"Wie bist du meine Königin" by Johannes Brahms, the final song of Op. 32, is a deeply emotional and affectionate song. The lyrics, written by the poet Hermann von Gilm, describe the speaker's admiration and reverence for a woman, whom he addresses as his "queen." The speaker expresses awe and devotion, seeing her as a figure of great beauty and grace. The song conveys a sense of longing and love. It captures the tenderness and admiration in the speaker's feelings, evoking a deep connection to the beloved.

Georges Bizet (1838–1875) was a French composer, best known for his opera **Carmen**, which remains one of the most performed works in the operatic repertoire. Born in Paris, Bizet showed early musical talent and entered the Paris Conservatory at the age of nine. He quickly gained recognition for his skill, winning several prestigious awards, including the coveted Prix de Rome.

Although Bizet composed a variety of works, including operas, symphonic music, and piano pieces, he struggled to achieve major success during his lifetime. His early operas, such as **Les pêcheurs de perles** and **La jolie fille de Perth**, received limited recognition. It was **Carmen**, his most famous work, that earned him posthumous fame. Despite its initial failure at its 1875 premiere, **Carmen** went on to become a monumental success, known for its passionate characters, vibrant rhythms, and groundbreaking use of orchestration.

Bizet's career was tragically short; he died at 36 from a heart attack, shortly after **Carmen**'s premiere. While his life was marked by financial struggle and limited commercial success, his legacy endures as one of the most important figures in French opera. Bizet's innovative contributions to music, particularly in opera, continue to inspire composers and musicians to this day.

"Serenade" from Georges Bizet's Op. 21, *Vingt Melodies* (20 Melodies) is a charming and lyrical piece, typically associated with the romantic style of the 19th century. The song features a gentle, flowing melody and evokes a sense of lightheartedness and love. The lyrics express a lover's desire to serenade their beloved, conveying a feeling of tenderness and devotion. Musically, Bizet uses graceful phrasing and expressive harmonies to create an intimate atmosphere, highlighting the emotions of affection and longing. The piece is often characterized by its smooth, melodic lines and its ability to convey warmth and romance through both text and music.

"La chanson du fou", the twelfth song of Op. 21, is a deeply emotional and expressive song in which the narrator, a madman, sings about his mental anguish and emotional torment. The lyrics convey a sense of confusion, heartbreak, and isolation, as the speaker reflects on his troubled state of mind, torn between despair and fleeting moments of hope. The music, with its shifting harmonies and dramatic intensity, captures the instability and pain of the narrator's emotions. Bizet's use of contrasting melodies and dynamics enhances the theme of madness, creating a poignant and haunting portrayal of inner suffering.

"Ouvre ton cœur" ("Open Your Heart") is a beautiful and passionate song by Georges Bizet. In this piece, the singer urges their beloved to open their heart and embrace love without hesitation. The lyrics convey a sense of longing, vulnerability, and a desire for mutual affection. The speaker expresses a deep emotional plea, asking the beloved to be open to love and to reciprocate the feelings of tenderness and devotion.

Florence Price (1887–1953) was an American composer and pianist, known for being the first African American woman to have a symphony performed by a major U.S. orchestra. Born in Little Rock, Arkansas, she was a child prodigy, showing an early talent for music. She studied at the New England Conservatory of Music, where she earned her degree in composition. Price's career faced significant racial and gender barriers, yet she found ways to integrate African American musical elements, such as spirituals and folk tunes, into classical forms.

In 1933, her **Symphony No. 1 in E minor** was performed by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, a groundbreaking moment in American classical music. Price composed a wide variety of works, including symphonies, chamber music, choral pieces, and piano compositions, blending classical traditions with African American cultural influences. Her music often highlighted themes of racial identity, community, and the rich cultural heritage of African Americans.

Despite facing considerable challenges due to her race and gender, Price's work gained recognition in the 20th century, and she became a prominent figure in the Harlem Renaissance. Price's legacy continues to inspire musicians and composers, as her works are increasingly performed and celebrated for their emotional depth, originality, and cultural significance.

"Song to the Dark Virgin" by Florence Price is a poignant and evocative art song that reflects themes of spirituality, longing, and reverence. Set to a text by African American poet Langston Hughes, the song expresses a deep, meditative plea to the "Dark Virgin" (often interpreted as an image of the Virgin Mary), asking for guidance and solace. The lyrics convey a sense of searching for comfort in times of struggle, seeking peace and strength. The music creates a sense of reverence and quiet introspection, with a gentle yet powerful sense of yearning. The song combines classical elements with subtle African American influences, showcasing Price's ability to merge different musical traditions and express profound emotional states.

"An April Day" by Florence Price is a beautiful and evocative art song that captures the essence of spring, celebrating the renewal and beauty of an April day. The lyrics, written by an unnamed poet, describe the imagery of a peaceful, blooming spring day, with its fresh air and vibrant natural beauty. The song reflects themes of hope, warmth, and the joy of nature's rebirth. The piece creates a sense of calm and contentment, with a gentle and soothing rhythm that mirrors the peaceful imagery in the text. Price's skillful use of dynamics and phrasing enhances the song's sense of renewal, offering a musical depiction of the freshness and optimism that spring brings.

"Forever" by Florence Price is a lyrical and expressive art song that explores themes of eternal love and devotion. The lyrics convey a deep sense of longing and a desire for lasting connection, with the speaker expressing a wish for their love to endure forever. The song evokes a sense of timelessness and emotional depth, using rich imagery to convey the enduring nature of affection. The piece flows gently, with moments of intensity that reflect the depth of the emotions being expressed. Price's composition captures the longing and beauty of eternal love, demonstrating her skill in blending classical styles with expressive, emotional themes.

Giuseppe Verdi (1813–1901) was an Italian composer, widely regarded as one of the greatest operatic composers in history. Born in Le Roncole, Italy, Verdi showed musical talent at an early age and studied at the Milan Conservatory. His early life was marked by personal hardships, including the death of his first wife and children, which profoundly affected his work. However, he persevered, composing a wide range of operas that helped define the Italian operatic tradition.

Verdi's career took off with the success of **Nabucco** in 1842, which garnered him national attention. He became known for his ability to create dramatic, emotionally powerful music with memorable melodies. Some of his most famous operas include **La Traviata**, **Rigoletto**, **Aida**, and **Il Trovatore**. These works, along with his later operas like **Otello** and **Falstaff**, are celebrated for their complex characters, innovative use of the orchestra, and dramatic depth.

Verdi was deeply involved in Italy's political and cultural movements, using his music to reflect the spirit of Italian unification. He was also a public figure, revered in his homeland, where he was awarded numerous honors. Verdi's music remains central to the opera repertoire, with his works still performed worldwide, symbolizing both the emotional and artistic peak of Italian opera.

"La seduzione" by Giuseppe Verdi is a dramatic and expressive song that explores the theme of seduction and the allure of romantic temptation. The lyrics, written by the poet Antonio Ghislanzoni, describe the seductive power of love and the emotions it stirs, with the speaker reflecting on the irresistible attraction and its potential consequences. The piece is characterized by its expressive vocal lines and emotional depth, capturing the complexity of love's seductive nature. Verdi's composition conveys both the beauty and danger of romantic attraction, making it a compelling and powerful work that reflects the emotional highs and lows of the subject.

"Non t'accostare all'urna" is the third song in Giuseppe Verdi's *Sei Romanze* (1840), with lyrics by Nicolò Gatti. The song expresses deep grief and sorrow, urging someone not to approach the urn containing the ashes of a loved one. The urn symbolizes death and mourning, and the speaker asks for the sanctity of the departed's memory to be respected. The lyrics reflect a reverence for the deceased and a desire for peace, highlighting the emotional burden of loss. Verdi's music complements the somber tone, enhancing the themes of death, time, and remembrance. The piece captures the inner turmoil of someone struggling with grief, showcasing the sadness and melancholy of a loved one's passing. Through its reflective mood and haunting melodies, "Non t'accostare all'urna" conveys the emotional weight of mourning.

"Brindisi" from *Sei Romanze* (1845) by Giuseppe Verdi is a lively and spirited drinking song. The piece, often characterized by its exuberant tone, is a joyful celebration of life and the pleasures of drinking. In this song, the speaker invites others to join in a toast, urging them to enjoy the moment and indulge in the joys of companionship and celebration. The piece contrasts with the more serious and emotional works in Verdi's repertoire, offering a light-hearted moment full of energy and optimism. This "Brindisi" reflects Verdi's versatility, showing his ability to write both dramatic and more festive, melodic music.

TRANSLATIONS

Du sprichst, dass ich mich täuschte

| | |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Du sprichst, dass ich mich täuschte, | You tell me I was mistaken, |
| Beschworst es hoch und hehr, | You swore it by all you hold dear, |
| Ich weiß ja doch, du liebtest, | Yet I know you loved me once, |
| Allein du liebst nicht mehr! | But no longer love me now! |

| | |
|------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Dein schönes Auge brannte, | Your beautiful eyes smouldered, |
| Die Küsse brannten sehr, | Your kisses even more, |
| Du liebtest mich, bekenn es, | You loved me once, confess it, |
| Allein du liebst nicht mehr! | But no longer love me now! |

| | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Ich zähle nicht auf neue, | I do not ever expect you |
| Getreue Wiederkehr; | To love me faithfully again; |
| Gesteh nur, daß du liebtest, | Just confess you loved me once |
| Und liebe mich nicht mehr! | And no longer love me now! |

Bitteres zu sagen denkst du

| | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Bitteres zu sagen denkst du; | You mean to say bitter things; |
| Aber nun und nimmer kränkst du, | But neither now nor ever do you hurt |
| Ob du noch so böse bist. | me, |
| Deine herben Redetaten | However angry you may be. |
| Scheitern an korallner Klippe, | Your bitter recriminations |
| Werden all zu reinen Gnaden, | Founder on a coral reef, |
| Denn sie müssen, um zu schaden, | Become pure graciousness, |
| Schiffen über eine Lippe, | For, in order to inflict damage, |
| Die die Süße selber ist. | They must sail over lips |
| | That are sweetness itself. |

Wie bist du, meine Königin

| | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Wie bist du, meine Königin, | How blissful, my queen, you are, |
| Durch sanfte Güte wonnevoll! | By reason of your gentle kindness! |
| Du lächle nur – Lenzdüfte wehn | You merely smile, and springtime |
| Durch mein Gemüte wonnevoll! | fragrance |
| | Wafts through my soul blissfully! |

Frisch aufgeblühter Rosen Glanz
Vergleich ich ihn dem deinigen?
Ach, über alles was da blüht,
Ist deine Blüte, wonnevoll!

Durch tote Wüsten wandle hin,
Und grüne Schatten breiten sich,
Ob fürchterliche Schwüle dort
Ohn Ende brüte, wonnevoll.

Laß mich vergehn in deinem Arm!
Es ist in ihm ja selbst der Tod,
Ob auch die herbste Todesqual
Die Brust durchwüte, wonnevoll.

La chanson du fou

Au soleil couchant,
Toi qui vas cherchant
Fortune,
Prends garde de choir;
La terre, le soir,
Est brune.
L'océan trompeur
Couvre de vapeur
La dune.
Vois, à l'horizon,
Aucune maison
Aucune!

Maint voleur te suit,
La chose est, la nuit,
Commune.
Les dames des bois
Nous gardent parfois
Rancune.
Elles vont errer:
Crains d'en rencontrer
Quelqu'une.

Shall I compare the radiance
Of freshly blown roses to yours?
Ah! more blissful than all that
blooms
Is your blissful bloom!

Roam through desert wastes,
And green shade will spring up –
Though fearful sultriness broods
Endlessly there – blissfully.

Let me perish in your arms!
Death in your embrace will be –
Though bitterest mortal agony rage
Through my breast – blissful.

At sunset,
you who are seeking
your fortune,
watch out you don't stumble;
the earth is brown
in the evening.
The deceptive ocean
covers the dunes
with spray.
Look, on the horizon,
no houses,
not one!

Thieves are following you –
That is common
at night.
The ladies of the woods
sometimes have grudges
against us.
They will be roaming:
be afraid that you might
meet one.

Les lutins de l'air
Vont danser au clair
De lune.

The goblins of the air
will be dancing
in the moonlight.

Sérénade

De mon amie,
Fleur endormie,
Au fond du lac silencieux,
J'ai vu dans l'onde
Claire et profonde
Étinceler le front joyeux
Et les doux yeux!

Of my friend
Sleeping flower
At the bottom of the silent lake
I saw in the water
Clear and deep
The joyful brow
And the sweet eyes!

Ma bien aimée
Est enfermée,
Dans un palais d'or et d'azur!
Je l'entends rire
Et je vois luire,
Sur le cristal du gouffre obscur
Son regard pur!

My beloved
Is locked up
In a palace of gold and azure!
I hear her laugh
And I see her pure gaze shine
On the crystal of the dark abyss!

Ouvre ton cœur

La marguerite a fermé sa corolle,
L'ombre a fermé les yeux du jour.
Belle, me tiendras-tu parole?
Ouvre ton cœur à mon amour.

The daisy has closed its petals,
The shadow has closed its eyes for
the day.
Beauty, will you speak with me?
Open your heart to my love.

Ouvre ton cœur, ô jeune ange, à ma
flamme,
Qu'un rêve charme ton sommeil.
Je veux reprendre mon âme,
Comme une fleur s'ouvre au soleil!

Open your heart, o young angel, to
my flame
So that a dream may enchant your
sleep.
I wish to reclaim my soul,
As a flower turns to the sun!

La seduzione

Era bella com'angiol del cielo,
Innocente degl'anni sul fiore,
Ed il palpito primo d'amore
Un crudele nel cor le destò.

She was as beautiful as an angel in
heaven
and as innocent as a budding flower
When the cruel one aroused
the first stirrings of love in her heart.

Inesperta, fidente ne' giuri,
Sè commise all'amante sleale;
Fu sedotta! e l'anello nuziale,
Poveretta, ma indarno invocò.

All'infamia dannata, allo scherno,
Nove lune gemé la tradita;
Poi, consunta dal duolo la vita,
Pregò venia al crudele e spirò.

Ed il frutto del vil tradimento
Nel sepolcro posogli d'appresso;
Là non sorse una croce, un cipresso,
Non un sasso il suo nome portò.

Non t'accostar all'urna

Non t'accostar all'urna,
Che l'osse mie rinserra,
Questa pietosa terra
E' sacra al mio dolor.

Ricuso i tuoi giacinti
Non voglio i tuoi pianti:
Che giovan agli estinti
Due lagrime, due fior?

Empia! Dovevi allor
Porgermi un fil d'aita,
Quando traeva la vita
In grembo dei sospir.

Ah che d'inutil pianto
Assordi la foresta?
Rispetta un'ombra mesta,
E lasciala dormir.

Inexperienced and trusting,
she was seduced and betrayed
And pleaded in vain
for a wedding ring.

Doomed to shame and scorn,
she groaned for nine months
Then consumed by grief,
she begged pardon for her disloyal
lover and died.

The fruit of the vile betrayal
was laid in the grave soon after
But there no cross or cypress stood,
no stone bearing her name.

Do not approach the urn
which contains my bones;
this compassionate earth
is sacred to my sorrow.

I refuse your flowers,
I do not want your weeping;
what use to the dead
are a few tears and a few flowers?

Cruel one! You should have come
to help me
when my life was ebbing away
in slight and suffering.

With what futile weeping
do you assail the woods?
Respect a sad shade,
and let it sleep.

Brindisi

Mescetemi il vino! Tu solo, o
bicchiere,
Fra gaudi terreni non sei
menzognero,
Tu, vita de' sensi, letizia del cor.
Amai; m'infiammaro due sguardi
fatali;
Credei l'amicizia fanciulla senz'ali,
Follia de' prim'anni, fantasma illusor.

Mescetemi il vino, letizia del cor.

L'amico, l'amante col tempo ne
fugge,
Ma tu non paventi chi tutto distrugge:
L'età non t'offende, t'accresce virtù.
Sfiorito l'aprile, cadute le rose,
Tu sei che n'allegri le cure noiose:
Sei tu che ne torni la gioia che fu.

Mescetemi il vino, letizia del cor.

Chi meglio risana del cor le ferite?
Se te non ci desse la provvida vite,
Sarebbe immortale l'umano dolor.
Mescetemi il vino! Tu sol, o
bicchiere,
Fra gaudi terreni non sei
menzognero,
Tu, vita de' sensi, letizia del cor.

Pour me the wine! You alone, oh
glass,
Among earthly joys you are not a
liar,
You, life of the senses, joy of the
heart.
I loved; I was inflamed by two fatal
glances;
I believed friendship a girl without
wings,

Pour me the wine, joy of the heart.

The friend, the lover flees with time,
But you do not fear he who destroys
everything:
Age does not offend you, it
increases your virtue.
When April has faded, the roses
have fallen,
You are the one who cheers up our
tedious cares:
You are the one who brings back the
joy that was.

Pour me the wine, joy of the heart.

Who better heals the wounds of the
heart?
If the provident vine did not give you
to us,
Human pain would be immortal.
Pour me the wine! You alone, oh
glass,
Among earthly joys you are not a
liar,
You, life of the senses, joy of the
heart.