



Rudi E. Scheidt
School of Music

BRIO'NA JACKSON MEZZO-SOPRANO RECITAL

Natalia Vanegas Escobar, piano

MAY 8 | 3:30 PM

HARRIS CONCERT HALL

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

PROGRAM

**“Per la Gloria d’adorarvi”
from *Griselda* (1701)**

Giovanni Bononcini
1670-1747

**Sento in seno ch’in pioggia di lagrime
from *Il Giustino* (RV 717)**

Antonio Vivaldi
1678-1741

Immer Leiser wird mein Schlummer

Johannes Brahms
1833-1897

Die Nacht

Richard Strauss
1864-1949

Ich Stand in Dunklen Träumen

Clara Schumann
1819-1896

Nuit d’toiles

Claude Debussy
1862-1918

Hébé

Ernest Chausson
1855-1899

Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson (1950)

- I. Nature, the Gentlest Mother
- II. Why do they shut me out of Heaven?
- III. Heart, we will forget Him

Aaron Copland
1900-1990

TRANSLATIONS

***“Per la Gloria d’adorarvi”
from Griselda (1701)***

Per la gloria d’adorarvi
voglio amarvi,
o luci care.
Amando penerò,
ma sempre v’amerò,
sì, sì, nel mio penare,
penerò,
v’amerò,
luci care.

Senza speme di diletto
vanno affetto
è sospirare,
ma i vostri dolci rai
chi vagheggiar può mai
e non, e non v’amare?
Penerò,
v’amerò,
luci care!

***Sento in seno ch’in pioggia di
lagrime from Il Giustino (RV 717)***

Sento in seno che in pioggia di
lagrime
si dilegua l’amante mio cor.
Ma, mio core, tralascia di piangere,
che il tuo pianto non scema il dolor.

For the glory of adoring you

Giovanni Bononcini (1670-1747)
Paolo Antonio Rolli (1687-1765)

For the glory of adoring you
I want to love you,
oh dear eyes.
In love I will suffer,
yet always I will love you,
Yes, in my suffering:
I will suffer,
I will love you,
dear, dear eyes.

Without a hope of pleasure
It is vain affection
to sigh,
Yet your sweet glances:
Who can ever admire them,
No, and not love you?
I will suffer,
I will love you,
dear, dear eyes.

***I feel in my heart a shower of
tears***

Antonio Vivaldi (1678-1741)
Antonio Maria Lucchini (1960-c.1730)

I feel in my heart that in a shower of
tears
washes away my heart’s true love.
But, my heart, forget how to cry,
as your crying does not lessen my
pain.

***Immer Leiser wird mein
Schlummer***

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer,
Nur wie Schleier liegt mein Kummer
Zitternd über mir.

Oft im Traume hör' ich dich
Rufen drauß vor meiner Tür:
Niemand wacht und öffnet dir,
Ich erwach' und weine bitterlich.

Ja, ich werde sterben müssen,
Eine Andre wirst du küssen,
Wenn ich bleich und kalt.
Eh' die Maienlüfte wehn,
Eh' die Drossel singt im Wald:
Willst du mich noch einmal sehn,
Komm, o komme bald!

Die Nacht

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
Nun gib Acht!

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms
Weg das Gold.

My Sleep grows ever quieter

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Hermann Lingg (1820-1905)

My sleep grows ever quieter,
Only my grief, like a veil,
Lies trembling over me.
I often hear you in my dreams
Calling outside my door,
No one keeps watch and lets you in,
I awake and weep bitterly.

Yes, I shall have to die,
You will kiss another
When I am pale and cold.
Before May breezes blow,
Before the thrush sings in the wood;
If you would see me once again,
Come soon, come soon!

The Night

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Hermann von Gilman (1812-1864)

Night steps from the woods,
Slips softly from the trees,
Gazes about her in a wide arc,
Now beware!

All the lights of this world,
All the flowers, all the colors
She extinguishes and steals the
sheaves
From the field.

She takes all that is fair,
Takes the silver from the stream,
Takes from the cathedral's copper
roof
The gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch:
Rücke näher, Seel' an Seele,
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

Ich Stand in Dunklen Träumen

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
Und starrte ihr Bildnis an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmutstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

Auch meine Tränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab –
Und ach, ich kann's nicht glauben,
Dass ich dich verloren hab!

Nuit d'étoiles

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.

The bush stands plundered:
Draw closer, soul to soul,
Ah the night, I fear, will steal
You too from me.

I Stood Darkly Dreaming

Clara Schumann (1819-1896)
Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

I stood darkly dreaming
And stared at her picture,
And that beloved face
Sprang mysteriously to life.

About her lips
A wondrous smile played,
And as with sad tears,
Her eyes gleamed.

And my tears flowed
Down my cheeks,
And ah, I cannot believe
That I have lost you!

Night of Stars

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
Théodore de Banville (1823-1891)

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.

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...

Hébé

Les yeux baissés, rougissante et
candide,
Vers leur banquet quand Hébé
s'avançait,
Les dieux charmés tendaient leur
coupe vide,
Et de nectar l'enfant la remplissait.
Nous tous aussi, quand passe la
jeunesse,
Nous lui tendons notre coupe à
l'envi.
Quel est le vin qu'y verse la
déesse?
Nous l'ignorons, il enivre et ravit.
Ayant souri dans sa grâce
immortelle,
Hébé s'éloigne; on la rappelle en
vain.
Longtemps encor sur la route
éternelle,
Notre œil en pleurs suit l'échanson
divin.

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...

Hebe

Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)
Louise Ackermann (1813-1890)

When Hebe, guileless and with
lowered gaze,
Blushingly drew near
their feast,
The delighted gods proffered
empty goblets
Which the child replenished with
nectar.
And we too, when youth fades,
Vie in proffering her our goblets.
What is the wine she
dispenses?
We do not know; it elates and
enraptures.
Having smiled with her immortal
grace,
Hebe goes on her way—you
summon her in vain.
For a long time still on the
eternal path,
We follow the cupbearer with
weeping eyes.

PROGRAM NOTES

Per la gloria d'adoravi

Italian Baroque composer and cellist Giovanni Bononcini (1670–1747) was a key figure in the late 17th and early 18th century development of vocal music and opera. He was renowned for his exquisite orchestration, passionate arias, and beautiful melodic composition.

In "Per la Gloria d'adorarvi" from *Griselda*, Ernesto, the character who sings this aria, shows his love and loyalty for Almirena, despite the difficulties and suffering that accompany it. The composition, which features a beautiful yet emotionally charged melody line, epitomizes the beauty and expressive depth of Baroque opera.

Sento in seno ch'in pioggia di lagrime

During the Baroque period, Antonio Vivaldi (1678–1741) was one of the most important composers. Vivaldi, a prolific composer, brilliant violinist, and Venetian priest, played a significant role in influencing early eighteenth-century instrumental and vocal music. Although his concertos, especially *Four Seasons*, are his most well-known works, he also wrote more than 50 operas and many religious and secular vocal compositions.

"Sento in seno" ("I feel in my heart") is an aria from Vivaldi's opera *Il Giustino*, first performed in Rome in 1724. The opera tells the story of the rise of the humble ploughman Giustino to imperial power through bravery and divine favor. In this aria, the character expresses deep emotional unrest, feeling the torment of internal conflict or sorrow.

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897) was a pivotal figure in German Lied. He is known for his incredibly emotive and harmonically complex poetry settings. Brahms frequently preferred a more reflective, folk-like simplicity, but with intricate piano accompaniments that offered structural depth and emotional complexity, in contrast to his predecessors like Schubert and Schumann. His mastery of counterpoint, figured bass, and profound comprehension of the connection between text and music are all evident in his Lieder.

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer is among the saddest and most moving of Brahms' compositions, conveying a sense of death and diminishing life. The speaker of the poem, who seems to be a dying woman, talks about how her sleep, which is a metaphor for death, becomes quieter and how she misses a lover who lives far away and might not come back in time. The interplay between voice and piano, along with the song's harmonic depth, makes it one of his most moving contributions. The accompaniment is always subtle and never overpowers the singing.

Die Nacht

Richard Strauss (1864–1949) was renowned for his orchestral-like piano accompaniments and vast, deeply textured vocal singing. His Lieder encompasses the rich harmonic language of late Romanticism, which is frequently distinguished by soaring melodies, complex modulations, and profoundly emotive poetic settings, as well as early Romantic influences.

In *Die Nacht*, the night is portrayed as a silent but menacing force that robs people of their beauty and love, giving it an unsettling, surreal feel. Strauss uses delicate harmonic changes and a subtly flowing accompaniment to heighten this mood. Given its intimate and mysterious character, both singer and pianist shape phrases to enhance the song's emotional depth.

Ich Stand in Dunklen Träumen

Clara Schumann (1819–1896), the wife of the celebrated composer Robert Schumann, was a pioneering pianist, composer, and educator whose contributions to the German Lied tradition are distinguished by their complex piano composition, lyrical grace, and intense emotional expressiveness. She was one of the most well-known musicians of her era and was loved for both her performances and compositions.

Ich Stand in Dunklen Träumen tells the story of a speaker's heartbreaking dream in which a beloved's photograph appears to come to life. The song embodies themes of longing, loss, and the blurred nature of the boundaries between reality and memory.

Nuit d'toiles

Claude Debussy (1862–1918) was a pioneer whose compositions influenced the shift from Romantic to contemporary 20th-century music. Debussy, who is often associated with Impressionism, abandoned conventional harmonic frameworks in favor of concentrating on tone color, mood, and flowing harmonic progressions.

Nuit d'toiles explores love, remembrance, and the ephemeral beauty of a night under the stars. The composition clearly demonstrates Debussy's developing voice: a sensitive atmosphere, evocative harmony, and a profound awareness of poetic mood.

Hébé

French composer Ernest Chausson (1855–1899) created music that crosses the boundaries of early Impressionism and Romanticism. Chausson's music is renowned for its rich harmonic language, emotional depth, and skillfully written lyricism. It was influenced by Wagner, César Franck, and subsequently Debussy.

The Greek goddess of youth, Hébé, who represents both transient time and timeless beauty, is the main subject of the work. The song reflects on the fleetingness of youth and the ethereal charm of legendary idealism, evoking a feeling of mournful nostalgia. Debussy's teacher, César Franck, had a significant impact on his composing approach, notably his use of modal harmony, and this greatly impacted the notion that the piece was in Phrygian mode.

Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson

Aaron Copland (1900–1990) embodied the essence of American classical music by embracing American poetry and folk traditions. Even while his symphonic compositions like *Appalachian Spring* and *Fanfare for the Common Man* have earned him the most recognition, he has made equally important contributions to the English-language vocal repertory.

Emily Dickinson (1830–1886) is one of the most important poets in American and English-language literature. She was well-known for her short yet profound poetry that brilliantly and uniquely addressed themes of nature, love, death, and the afterlife. Her poetry has influenced musicians for years because of its unique punctuation, rhyme scheme, and personal, reflective tone.

One of the most moving and reflective arrangements of Dickinson's poetry in the classical song repertory is Aaron Copland's *Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson* (1949–50). This cycle, written for piano and voice, demonstrates Copland's developed style by fusing wide harmonies, sparse textures, and a keen awareness of Dickinson's verse's organic rhythms.

I. “Nature, the Gentlest Mother”

The piece depicts nature in a calm and caring manner, highlighting its empathy, endurance, and silent wisdom. It begins with a lengthy introduction, setting a pastoral environment. The rapid, high figures in the piano's right hand give the impression of birds chirping. The poem's opening verse is reflected in the voice and piano, which are both soft and lyrical. In the second verse, the melody quickens to depict rushing squirrels and irate birds. Using a noble and maternal air and a soaring, lullaby-like tune, the song returns to a delicate atmosphere for the last stanza.

III. "Why do they Shut me out of Heaven?"

"Why do they Shut me out of Heaven?" explores themes of exclusion, rejection, and the longing for spiritual or social acceptance. It repeats the opening phrase and sets it nearly exactly in the music, but with a different feeling. It begins starts off with curiosity and finishes frantically. The vocalist starts off by singing in a "minor," then switches to begging, and then becomes even more frantic as she repeats, "Don't shut the door!" The poem's final stanza is a reflective one. In the postlude, which comes right after final shout, the piano remains emotionless and detached, as though Heaven was oblivious of the explosion.

V. "Heart, we will forget Him"

"Heart, we will forget Him" reflects on a woman reflecting on a former love. She speaks to her heart in hopes of forgetting "him". This folksong-like sound uses a combination of modal and diatonic harmonies, often with open fourths and fifths. The conversation between the emotional heart and the rational is reinforced by the piano's frequent echoes or contrasts with the vocal line. Slowly resolving dissonances highlight the suffering associated with forgetting. Like Dickinson's poem's unresolved emotions, the song's ending features unresolved harmonies that leave an open-ended, bittersweet sense.