presents

Sophia Salazar, Soprano
“The Rainbow Connection”

with

Dr. Eric Thompson, piano

SATURDAY | NOVEMBER 21, 2020    2PM | RECITAL HALL
SAN MARCOS, TX       PERFORMING ARTS CENTER
Program

“What Will It Be” from Regina
Marc Blitzstein
(1905 - 1964)

Berceuse
Charles Ives
(1874 - 1954)
The World’s Highway

Breit über mein Haupt
Richard Strauß
(1864-1949)

Marienlied
Joseph Marx
(1882-1964)

Intermission

“Deh vieni non tardar” from Le nozze di Figaro
W. A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Rondeau
Claude Debussy
(1862 - 1918)

Les Roses d’Ispahan
Gabriel Fauré
(1845 - 1924)

Je te veux
Erik Satie
(1866 - 1925)

“Moonfall” from The Mystery of Edwin Drood
Rupert Holmes
(b. 1947)

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree.
The Rainbow Connection: Program Notes

“What Will it Be for Me?” from Regina – Marc Blitzstein (1905-1964)

Marc Blitzstein was an American composer, librettist, and lyricist. One of his most well-known operas was Regina, which was composed to his own libretto and was based on the play, The Little Foxes, by Lillian Hellman. The opera tells the story of Regina Giddens, who plots to take money and power from her brothers, Ben and Oscar. When Regina’s husband disapproves of her plans, she confiscates his heart medication and he dies. When her daughter Alexandra learns of her father’s demise, she eventually leaves her mother. After betraying her family, Regina is left wealthy yet alone. In the aria, What Will it Be for Me?, Alexandra begins to wonder about her future after being told that her family is arranging a marriage for her.

Berceuse and The World’s Highway – Charles Ives (1874-1954)

Charles Ives was an American composer who is known for many advances in music that paved the way for musical developments in the 20th century such as bitonality. Ives was introduced to music at an early age by his father who was a bandleader, music teacher and acoustician. While working as an insurance clerk and a part-time organist, Ives was composing and experimenting with concepts such as dissonance, polytonality, and polymetric constructions. Despite his current popularity, Ives wrote most of his pieces before 1945, and many were not published until after his death. His songs The World’s Highway and Berceuse are a part of Ives’s collection 114 Songs, and are listed as the 90th and 93rd respectively.

Breit’ über mein Haupt – Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
Text: Adolph Friedrich von Schack (1815-1894)

Richard Strauss was a German Romantic composer, conductor, pianist and violinist from Munich. Although Strauss has composed work in just about every classical form, he is best known for his symphonic poems in the late 19th century and his operas. Strauss was also known for composing lieder, including Breit’ über mein Haupt. The text by von Schack depicts an intimate moment in which the speaker is visualizing his lover’s dark hair draped over him, and expresses that he does not want anything more than this moment.

Breit über mein Haupt dein schwarzes Haar, 
Spread your black hair over my head,

Neig’ zu mir dein Angesicht, 
bring your face over mine,

Da strömt in die Seele so hell und klar 
then streams into my soul so brightly and clearly

Mir deiner Augen Licht. 
the light of your eyes.

Ich will nicht droben der Sonne Pracht, 
I do not want the sun’s splendor from above,

Noch der Sternen leuchtenden Kranz, 
Nor even the sun’s shining wreath,

Ich will mir deiner Locken Nacht, 
I only want the night of your curls,

Und deiner Blicke Glanz. 
And the radiance of your glance.
Marienlied – Joseph Marx (1882-1964)
Text: Friedrich von Hardenberg

Joseph Marx was an Austrian composer, teacher, and critic from Graz. He pursued several degrees including a doctorate in 1909. In his thesis, which was an expansion on the study of tonality, Marx coined the term “atonality.” Marx began seriously composing in 1908 and wrote about 120 songs in the following few years. Throughout his life he wrote over 150 lieder, including Marienlied. The text by von Hardenberg depicts a scene in which someone feels a profound connection to a particular painting of the Virgin Mary.

Ich sehe dich in tausend Bildern,  I have seen you in a thousand pictures,
Maria, lieblich ausgedrückt. Mary, lovingly captured,
Doch kein’s von allen kann dich schildern, But none of them can portray you,
Wie meine Seele dich erblickt. The way my soul sees you.
Ich weiß nur, dass der Welt Getümmel I only know that the tumult of the world
Seitdem mir wie ein Traum verweht, Has since faded for me like a dream,
Und ein unennbar süßer Himmel And an unbelievably sweet heaven
Mir ewig im Gemüte steht. Lives forever in my soul.

“Deh vieni, non tardar” from Le nozze di Figaro – Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Text: Lorenzo da Ponte (1749-1838)

In this scene, Susanna and the Countess have come up with a ploy to trick the Count, and Susanna is in the garden. She knows that Figaro, her husband to be, is spying on her behind a bush and decides to make him jealous as she pretends to sing a love song to the Count, but by the end she is truly singing to Figaro.

Recitative:
Guinse alfin il momento
che godrò senz’affanno
in braccio all’idol mio.
Timide cure, uscite dal mio petto,
a turbar non venite il mio diletto!
Oh come par che all’amoroso foco
l’amenità del loco,
La terra e il ciel risponda,
Come la notte i furti miei seconda!

Aria:
Deh, vieni, non tardar, oh gioja bella,
Vieni ove amore per goder t’appella,
finché non splende in ciel notturna face,
finché l’aria è ancor bruna e il mondo tace.
Qui mormora il ruscel, qui scherza l’aura,
che col dolce sussurro il cor ristaura,
qui ridono i fioretti e l’erba è fresca,
ai piacer d’amor qui tutto adesca.
Vieni, ben mio, tra queste piante ascose,
Vieni, vieni!
ti vo’ la fronte incoronar di rose.

Recitative:
At last the moment has arrived
that I will enjoy with ease
in the arms of my beloved.
Timid fears, leave my heart,
do not come to disrupt my pleasure!
Oh how it seems that to amorous fires
the comfort of the place,
the earth and the heaven respond,
as the night is perfect for my ruses!

Aria:
Ah, come, don’t be late, my beautiful joy,
come where love calls you to enjoyment,
while night’s torch no longer shines in the sky,
as the air stays dark and the world is quiet.
Here murmurs the stream, here the breeze blows
Which with sweet whispers the heart is restored.
Here the little flowers laugh and the grass is fresh.
Here everything lures you to love’s pleasures.
Come, my dearest, among the sheltering trees.
Come, come!
I want to crown you with roses.
Rondeau – Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
Text: Alfred de Musset (1810-1857)

Claude Debussy was one of the most influential composers of the late 19th and early 20 centuries. Born in France, Debussy attended the Conservatoire de Paris at just 10 years old where he studied piano and innovative composition. His works include orchestral pieces, piano works, “symphonic sketches,” an opera, and vocal repertoire. In Rondeau, the poem depicts a scene in which a man is completely enamored by Manon—of the Manon Lescaut storyline, but he realizes that she is too preoccupied with herself to appreciate him.

Fut-il jamais doucer de cœur pareille
À voir Manon dans mes bras, sonne-meller.
Son front coquet parfume l’oreiller,
Dans son beau sein, j’entends son cœur qui veille.
Un songe passe et s’en vient l’égaayer.
Ainsi s’endort la fleur d’élégantier
Dans son calice enfermant une abeille.
Moi, je la berce, un plus charmant métier, fu-t-il jamais?
Mais le jour vient, e l’aurore vermeille
Effeuille au vent son printemps virginal,
Le peigne en main et la perle à l’oreille
À son miroir, Manon va m’oublier.
Hélas! L’amour sans lendemain ni veille fut-il jamais?

Was there ever such a sweetness for the heart like seeing Manon sleeping in my arms.
Her pretty brow perfumes the pillow
Within her beautiful bosom, I hear her heart is still awake.
A dream passes and she is lively.
Thus the wild rose falls asleep
with a bee held in its chalice.
Me, I rock her, was there ever a more delightful vocation?
But then day comes, and rosy dawn
blows away the virginal springtime,
the comb in her hand and the pearl in her ear
at her mirror, Manon will forget me.
Alas! Was there ever love without tomorrow or yesterday?

Les Roses d’Ispahan – Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Text: Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle (1818-1894)

Gabriel Fauré was a French composer, pianist, organist, and teacher. Fauré was already very musically gifted at a young age and attended the École Niedermeyer music college at the age of nine where he studied to be a church organist and choirmaster. His works include his Requiem, Sicilienne, piano nocturnes, and vocal repertoire. Les Roses d’Ispahan, expresses the singer’s love for Leilah by explaining how she is more beautiful than the splendors of nature.

Les roses d’Ispahan dans leur gaine de mousse,
Les jasmins de Mosoul, les fleur de l’oranger,
Out un parfum moins frais, ont une odeur moins douce,
Ô blanche Leilah! que ton soufflé léger.
Ta lèvre est de corail et ton rire léger
Sonne mieux que l’eau vive et d’une voix plus douce.
Mieux que le vent joyeux qui berce l’oranger,

Mieux que l’oiseau qui chante au bord d’un nid de mousse,
Ô Leilah! depuis que de leur vol léger

The roses of Ispahan in their sheath of moss,
The jasmines of Mosul, the flowers of the orange tree,
Have a fragrance less fresh, have a scent less sweet
oh pale Leilah, than your light breath!
Your coral lips and your gentle laughter,
Sound lovelier and sweeter than running water.
Lovelier than the joyful breeze that rocks the orange trees,
Lovelier than the bird that sings at the edge of its mossy nest.
Oh Leilah! Ever since in their light flight
Tous les baisers ont fui de ta lèvre si douce
Il n’est plus de parfum dans le pale oranger,
Ni de celeste arôme aux roses dans leur mousse.
Oh! que ton jeune amour, ce papillon léger,
Reviens vers mon cœur d’une aile prompte douce,
Et qu’il parfume encor la fleur de l’oranger,
Les roses d’Ispahan dans leur gaine de mousse.

All the kisses have fled from your sweet lips
The fragrance is gone from the pale orange tree
No heavenly aroma from the moss-covered roses
Oh! may your young love, this nimble butterfly
Return to my heart pm a quick and gentle wing
And may it again perfume the flower of the
orange tree
And the roses of Ispahan in their sheath of moss.

Je te veux – Erik Satie (1866 -1925)
Text: Henry Pacory (1873 – unknown)

Erik Satie was a French composer and pianist who was a huge influence for avant-garde in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. When Satie entered the Paris Conservatoire, he was regarded as untalented by his teachers. His compositions pioneered the way for the minimalist movement and genre. Very little is known about Henry Pacory’s life, but it is known that the original text of this song was so explicit that Pacory was asked to revise it.

J’ai compris ta détresse,
Cher amoureux,
Et je cède à tes vœux
Fais de moi ta maîtresse.
Loin de nous la sagesse,
Plus de tristesse,
J’aspire à l’instant précieux
Où nous serons heureux
Je te veux.
Je n’ai pas de regrets
Et je n’ai qu’une envie
Près de toi, là tout près,
Vivre toute ma vie.
Que mon cœur soit le tien
Et ta lèvre la mienne,
Que ton corps soit le mien,
Et que toute ma chair soit tienne.

I have understood your distress,
Dear lover.
And I yield to your desires:
Make me your mistress.
Let us throw away discretion,
No more sadness,
I yearn for the precious moment
When we will be happy:
I want you.
I have no regrets,
And I have but one desire:
To be close to you, there, very close,
To live my whole life.
Let my heart be yours
And your lips mine,
Let your body be mine,
And all my flesh be yours.

Oui je vois dans tes yeux
La divine promesse
Que ton cœur amoureux
Vient chercher ma caresse.
Enlacés pour toujours,
Brûlés des mêmes flammes,
Dans des rêves d’amour
Nous échangerons nos deux âmes

Yes, I see in your eyes
The divine promise
That your loving heart
Is seeking my caress.
Forever in your embrace,
Burned by the same flames,
In the dreams of love,
We will exchange our two souls.
“Moonfall” from *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* – Rupert Holmes

In this scene from *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, the character Rosa is at music lesson. She suspects that her teacher, Jasper, has been in love with her for some time. Rosa’s suspicions ring true when he gives her a new love song for her to sing that he has written. As she is singing, she realizes that the words he has written are about her and that he is in love with her—and she with him.

I decided to name this recital, “The Rainbow Connection,” not only because of my infatuation with the Muppets, but also because of its message. The rainbow connection is the moment when your spiritual purpose, or the little voice inside, has been realized in the physical world. During my time here at Texas State, I feel that I have fulfilled my purpose by studying music and following my dreams. I am extremely grateful for the experiences I have had at this school, the memories, and the friendships I made along the way.