

## SENIOR RECITAL

**Rio Garza, soprano**

*Student of Dana Zenobi*

*with*

*Amanda Hopson, piano*

**Eidson-Duckwall Recital Hall**

**Wednesday, April 23, 2025 • 6:00 P.M.**

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Guista negativa

Barbara Strozzi  
(1619-77)

Pur ti miro

from *L'incoronazione di Poppea*

Claudio Monteverdi  
(1567-1643)

*Vesemir Johnson, soprano*

Ye Faithful Followers...Daughter of Gods

from *Hercules*

G. F. Handel  
(1685-1759)

Nacht und Träume

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

À Trianon

Augusta Holmès  
(1847-1903)

Have Peace, Jo

from *Little Women*

Mark Adamo  
(b. 1962)

### *Intermission*

Give Me Jesus

Moses Hogan  
(1957-2003)

Come Down Angels

Undine Smith Moore  
(1904-1989)

Night Song

H. Leslie Adams  
(1932-2024)

Night

Florence Price  
(1887-1953)

Chants de l'auvergne, Book 1

*La pastoura als camps*

*Bailèro*

Joseph Cantaloube  
(1879-1957)

*Trois bourrées:*

*L'aio de rotso*

*Ound'onoren gorda?*

*Obal, din lou limouzi*

*Anna Shabowski, oboe*

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the  
Bachelor of Music degree in Performance.*

## **Giusta Negativa -Barbara Strozzi**

Barbara Strozzi was an Italian Baroque composer and singer, renowned as one of the most prolific and talented female composers of her time. Born in Venice, she spent most of her life in creative circles due to her father, Giulio Strozzi, being a renowned poet and a member of the prestigious intellectual academy *Accademia degli Incogniti*. Despite having no support from the Church and inconsistent support from the nobility, she published eight collections of songs before her death in 1677, the majority of which were secular compositions. This was uncommon for the time, as she had more secular music in print than any other composer of her era. She is often credited for creating an entire musical genre, that being the cantata.

### **Giusta Negativa**

Non mi dite ch'io canti  
poter d'amor, perché dirò che sete  
de' musici il flagello e degli amanti.  
No no no signor no,  
bocca non aprirò.  
A chi cantar dev'io  
s'il bell'idolo mio  
lungi è da me?  
Venga l'idolo mio  
ch'io canto affé

Non mi dite ch'io suoni,  
forza del ciel, vi manderò là dove  
non mancano altri a voi musici buoni.  
No no no signor no,  
tasto non toccherò.  
A chi sonar dev'io  
s'il bell'idolo mio  
lungi è da me?  
Venga l'idolo mio  
ch'io suono affé

### **Righteous Refusal**

Don't tell me to sing  
by the power of love, because I'll say that  
it's the bane of musicians and lovers.  
No no no sir, no,  
I won't open my mouth.  
To whom should I sing  
if my beautiful idol  
is far away from me?  
Let them come  
and then I'll certainly sing.

Don't tell me to play by the power of  
heaven, or I will send you to where there's  
no shortage of good musicians for you.  
No no no sir, no,  
I won't touch the keyboard.  
To whom should I play  
if my beloved  
is far away from me?  
If they were to come,  
then I would surely play.

### ***L'incoronazione di Poppea*, “Pur ti miro” - Claudio Monteverdi**

Composer of both sacred and secular music, Claudio Monteverdi was a pioneer in the development of opera and was a key figure during the transition between the Renaissance and Baroque periods of music. *L'incoronazione di Poppea* is the last opera he composed, and was first performed in Venice in 1643. The opera follows the historical figures of Roman emperor Nero and his mistress Poppaea, which makes it one of the first operas to use historical events and people as the basis of the story, rather than fictitious or mythological events/persons. This love duet between Nero and Poppaea closes out the whole opera.

#### **Pur ti miro**

Pur ti miro, pur ti godo,  
Pur ti stringo, pur t'annodo;  
Più non peno, più non moro,  
O mia vita, o mio tesoro.  
Io son tua, tuo son io,  
Speme mia, dillo, di.  
Tu sei pur l'idolo mio,  
Sì, mio ben, sì, mio cor, mia vita sì.

#### **I gaze upon you**

I gaze upon you, I desire you,  
I embrace you, I enchain you;  
no more grieving, no more dying,  
Oh my life, oh my beloved.  
I am yours, yours am I,  
my hope, tell it, tell.  
You are truly my idol,  
yes, my love, yes my heart, my life, yes.

### ***Hercules*, “Ye Faithful Followers...Daughter of Gods” - George Frideric Handel**

*Hercules* is a 3 act musical drama that premiered in 1745, which is not to be confused with Handel's 1751 one act opera titled *The Choice of Hercules*. This work was originally performed without stage action as an oratorio, but has since been fully staged as an opera. In the first act, Hercules has been gone for more than a year on a military expedition with no news, which causes his wife Dejanira to presume him dead. However, his son Hyllus refuses to give up hope and vows to search for his father to the ends of the earth. Hercules is later found alive, and has multiple prisoners of war in tow from the conquered Oechalia. This recit and air is sung by the princess Iöle of legendary beauty, who is held captive with her fellow Oechalians. She laments the loss of her freedom, and reminisces on her glory days.

#### **Recit: Ye Faithful Followers**

##### Iöle:

Ye faithful followers of the wretched Iöle,  
your bonds sit heavier on me than my own.  
Unhappy maids! my fate has dragged you down,  
like some vast pile, that crushes with its fall the neighb'ring domes,  
and spreads wide ruin round it.

(1st Oechalian):

You are our mistress still.

Iöle:

Alas! Erastia,

captivity, like the destroyer, Death,

throws all distinctions down, and slaves are equal.

But, if the gods relent, and give us back to our lost liberty,

Ah me! how soon the flatt'rer Hope is ready with his cordial!

Vain expectations!

No! adieu forever,

ye smiling joys and innocent delights of youth and liberty!

O sad Remembrance!

### **Air: Daughter of Gods**

Daughter of Gods, bright Liberty!

With thee a thousand graces reign;

A thousand pleasures crowd thy train,

And hail thee loveliest deity.

But thou, alas! that wing'd thy flight,

The graces that surround thy throne,

And all the pleasures with thee gone,

and all the pleasures remov'd forever from my sight!

### **Nacht und Träume - Franz Schubert**

During his lifetime, Schubert composed over 600 lieder, making him one of the most prolific composers of the late Classical and early Romantic eras. Composed in 1825 on a poem by Matthäus von Collin, this serene, deeply introspective piece reflects the Romantic sensibilities of the time, evoking a quiet, dreamlike tranquility.

#### **Nacht und Träume**

Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;

Nieder wallen auch die Träume,

Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,

Durch der Menschen stille Brust.

Die belauschen sie mit Lust;

Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:

Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht!

Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

#### **Night and Dreams**

Holy night, you sink down;

dreams too float down,

like your moonlight through space,

through the silent hearts of men.

They listen with delight,

crying out when day awakes:

come back, holy night!

Fair dreams, return!

## **À Trianon Augusta Holmès**

Augusta Holmès was a female French composer of Irish and Scottish descent, born and raised in Paris during the latter half of the 1800's. She wrote the texts to the majority of her songs herself, and showed proficiency at the piano early on. Although disallowed from studying at the Paris Conservatoire, she still took lessons privately, and her compositional output consists of hundreds of songs, cantatas, and operas. Due to the heavily restrictive attitudes surrounding gender roles at the time, she sometimes published under the male pseudonym Hermann Zenta, and often received criticism for composing in "masculine" styles, such as symphonies and operas.

### **À Trianon**

Suivez-moi, Marquise,  
Parmi les parfums et la brise,  
Vers le Temple d'Amour  
Qui nous sourit aux derniers rais du jour,

Suivez-moi, Bergère,  
Parmi la mousse et la fougère,  
Et les fleurs s'ouvrant sous vos pas,  
Diront: "d'Amour, la mère  
Est plus sévère,  
Et Flore a moins d'appas!"

Venez sous l'aubépine rose,  
Moins rose que ta lèvre éclore!  
Permettez qu'enfin je repose  
Mon front tout près de votre coeur!

Votre sein bat plus vite...  
en vain votre regard m'évite...  
Ta main si frêle est trop petite  
Pour cacher ta rougeur!

Venez donc, Marquise!  
Goûtons ensemble l'heure exquise  
Car l'Amour vous a conquise  
Et c'est la fin du jour!

### **To Trianon**

Follow me, Marquise  
among the perfumes and the breeze  
to the temple of love  
that smiles to us in the last rays of daylight

Follow me, Shepherdess,  
among the moss and the fern  
And the flowers, opening to your footsteps  
say: "The mother of love  
is more strict  
and Flora has less charms!"

Come under the hawthorn bushes  
less pink than your open lips  
Allow me to finally  
rest my head close to your heart!

Your heart beats faster...  
You avoid my eyes in vain  
Your frail hand is too small  
to hide your blushing!

Come on, Marquise!  
Let's enjoy this exquisite hour  
as love has conquered you  
and it's the end of the day

### ***Little Women*, “Have Peace, Jo” - Mark Adamo**

Mark Adamo is an American composer, librettist, and professor of music composition at New York University. Based on Louisa May Alcott's novel by the same name, *Little Women* is Adamo's first opera, fully composing and writing the libretto for it himself. It was premiered in 1988 to critical acclaim. The following aria occurs during Act 2, Scene 3, in which Beth shares a reluctant farewell with her sister Jo as she lies dying.

Beth:

Have peace, Jo.  
It's best, Jo.  
Release, soon, then rest.  
We'll not weep.  
We'll not fight.  
Just sleep, soon, and then only light.  
Only light.  
Be reconciled, reconciled to my lot.  
You are tomorrow's child,  
I am not.  
Of course, I never had a future planned-  
We'd thought that odd, remember?  
Now we understand-  
We understand!  
It was the hand of God,  
gentle and true,  
guiding me to the blessed meadow...

(Jo:)

You promised you'd be with me all the  
days of my life. I need more days than  
this.

Beth:

Things change, Jo.  
Cherish and promise and dream as we  
may;  
They change.  
Tell the tide not to turn,  
tell the sun not to rise,  
try, forbid the snow from falling from the  
skies?  
No.  
Mother and Father- you're all they've got  
now.  
Promise me you'll take care of them.

(Jo:)

I promise

Beth:

I love you, Jo, so much.  
How poorly I slept last night!  
Just let me close my eyes a minute.

### **The Spiritual**

African American spirituals are sacred folk songs created by enslaved Black people in the United States during the 18th and 19th centuries. Rooted in the brutal experience of slavery, spirituals blend African musical traditions with Christian hymns, serving as expressions of faith, resistance, and communal strength. The spiritual is uniquely and deeply tied to American culture and history, not just for its roots in slavery, but because it serves as a basis for multiple other American genres of music, such as gospel, blues, and jazz.

### **Give Me Jesus - Moses Hogan**

Moses Hogan was an American composer and arranger of choral music, best known for his settings of spirituals. Born in New Orleans, he showed proficiency in music from a young age, and was an accomplished concert pianist. In 1993, he founded the Moses Hogan Chorale, and published his first spiritual arrangement the following year. Over his lifetime, he published over 80 arrangements of spirituals for voice. Although he tragically died early at the age of 45 in 2003 from a brain tumor, his legacy as a leading figure in choral music endures.

#### *Verses:*

In the morning when I rise,  
Give me Jesus.

Dark midnight was my cry,  
Give me Jesus.

Oh when I comes to die,  
Give me Jesus.

#### *Refrain:*

Give me Jesus, give me Jesus,  
You can have all this world, give me  
Jesus.

### **Come Down Angels - Undine Smith Moore**

A female African-American music educator and composer, Moore always thought of herself as an educator first, calling herself “a teacher who composes, rather than a composer who teaches.” However, her compositional contributions should not be ignored, especially her vocal works, as they were her preferred genre. Although she composed more than a hundred pieces, only twenty-six were published during her lifetime, the majority of which were for either choir or solo voice. In general, she was outspoken on the impact of race and the Civil Rights Movement on her music, and she was a staunch advocate for the promotion of black music and art.

#### *Verses:*

I love to shout, I love to sing  
Let God’s saints a come in!  
I love to praise my heavenly king,  
Let God’s saints a come in!

I think I hear the sinner say:  
“Let God’s saints a come in!”  
My Savior taught me how to pray,  
Let God’s saints a come in!

#### *Refrain:*

Oh come down angels,  
trouble the water,  
Come down angels, trouble the water!  
Come down angels, trouble the water,  
Let God’s saints a come in!

### **Nightsongs, “Night Song” - H. Leslie Adams**

Leslie Adams was an African American composer born in Cleveland, Ohio in 1932, and recently died at the age of 91 last year. He is best known for his vocal compositions and art songs, but has written some instrumental pieces as well. This song is the fourth of six songs included in his larger song cycle, entitled Nightsongs (or sometimes Six Afro-American Songs), which has been published in various keys, including a version for medium voice and orchestra. The text is by African-American poet Clarissa Scott Delany, featuring her poem “Interim.”

The night was made for rest and sleep,  
For winds that softly sigh;  
It was not made for grief and tears;  
So then why do I cry?  
The wind that blows through leafy trees  
Is soft and warm and sweet;  
For me the night is a gracious cloak  
To hide my soul's defeat.  
Just one dark hour of shaken depths,  
Of bitter black despair-  
Another day will find me brave,

### **Night - Florence Price**

Florence Price was a female African American composer and pianist, best known for being the first Black woman to have her symphonic work played by a major American orchestra (Symphony in E minor, performed by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra in 1933). Born in Arkansas, Price eventually moved to Chicago to escape Jim Crow era racial tensions in the South, where she then began her career as a composer. She composed over 300 works, of which there is great variety: 4 symphonies, 4 concertos, art songs, chamber music and much more.

Night comes, a Madonna clad in scented blue.  
Rose red her mouth and deep her eyes,  
She lights her stars, and turns to where,  
Beneath her silver lamp the moon,  
Upon a couch of shadow lies  
A dreamy child,  
The wearied Day.

## **Chants d'Auvergne, Book 1 - Joseph Canteloube**

Joseph Canteloube was a French composer and musicologist, who spent considerable effort recording the folksongs of the Auvergne region of France and orchestrating them. He composed 5 separate books containing arrangements of folksongs from the Auvergne region, with the first of them being the most well known and performed. The texts of these songs are in Occitan, which is a severely endangered Romance language spoken in areas of Italy, Southern France, and Spain. In particular, the texts are in the Auvergnat dialect, spoken in the Auvergne region of central/southern France. Occitan is currently an official language of Catalonia, Spain, and Catalan was considered a dialect of Occitan until the end of the 19th century. To this day, Catalan is Occitan's closest linguistic relative. There is no standard written form for this language, and as such, the words in the score are merely approximated transcriptions by Canteloube into French orthography.

### **1. La pastoura als camps**

Quon lo pastouro s'en bo os cams,  
Quon lo pastouro s'en bo os cams,  
Gardo sèi mountounadoï,  
tidera la la la la la loï!  
Gardo sèi mountounadoï!

Guèlo rèscourè, un moussurèt,  
Guèlo rèscourè, un moussurèt;  
Lou moussou l'ogatsavo,  
Tidera la la la la la loï!  
Lou moussou l'ogatsavo!

"Ah! Daïssa mè bous ogasta!  
Ah! Daïssa mè bous ogasta!  
Sès ton poulido filho!  
Tidera la la la la la loï!  
Sès ton poulido filho!"

"Estaco bouostré cabalèt,  
Estaco bouostré cabalèt,  
O lo cambo d'un 'aôbré,  
tidera la la la la la loï!  
O lo cambo d'un 'aôbré!"

È lo perdri, quon lo tènio,  
È lo perdri, quon lo tènio,  
Guèlo s'en ès onado,  
tidera la la la la la loï!  
Guèlo s'en ès onado!

### **The shepherdess in the fields**

When the shepherdess goes to the fields,  
When the shepherdess goes to the fields,  
She tends to her little sheep,  
tidera la la la la la loï!  
She tends her little sheep!

She meets a gentleman,  
She meets a gentleman;  
The gentleman looks at her,  
Tidera la la la la la loï!  
The gentleman looks at her!

"Ah! Let me gaze at you!  
Ah! Let me gaze at you!  
You're such a pretty girl!  
Tidera la la la la la loï!  
You're such a pretty girl!"

"Tie up your horse,  
Tie up your horse,  
To the branch of a tree,  
tidera la la la la la loï!  
To the branch of a tree!"

When he thought he had her,  
When he thought he had her,  
She gave him the slip,  
tidera la la la la la loï!  
She gave him the slip!

## 2. Baïlèro

The Auvergne region of France is an extremely mountainous one, most known for its chains of dormant volcanoes. There are also two major rivers running through this area, one of them being the Loire, which is the largest river in France. This song tells the story of two different people communicating across a large river, which one could imagine is possibly the Loire. In regions that are rural, mountainous, or generally have difficult terrain, it is common to develop a method of communication that easily travels great distances, such as Alpine yodeling. The declamatory delivery of the text with the words “baïlèro lèrô” repeated at the end of each verse imitates this sort of call/yodel within the song. Additionally, the perspectives of each person is clearly denoted by dynamic contrast; when singing from the perspective of the person that’s “across the river,” Canteloube marks it to be sung quietly, with the note “Echo from far away.”

Pastré, dè dèlāi l’aïo,  
a gaïré dé boun tèn,  
dio lou baïlèro!  
È n’aï pa gaïré, è dio, tu,  
baïlèro lèrô.

Shepherd, from across the river  
you’re hardly having a good time  
say the baïlèro!  
Eh, I’m not, and you too, say  
baïlèro lèrô.

Pastré, lou prat faï flour,  
li cal gorda toun troupèl,  
dio lou baïlèro!  
L’erb’ es pu fin’ ol prat d’oïçi,  
baïlèro lèrô.

Shepherd, the pasture is in flower,  
there you ought to tend your flock,  
say the baïlèro!  
The grass is more fine in this pasture,  
baïlèro lèrô.

Pastré, couçi foraï,  
èn obal io lou bèl rîou,  
dio lou baïlèro!  
Espèromè, té baô çirca,  
baïlèro lèrô.

Shepherd, how will I get over there,  
there’s the pretty river,  
say the baïlèro!  
Wait for me, I’m coming to fetch you,  
baïlèro lèrô.

### **Trois bourrées/Three Dances:**

The following three songs are based on traditional dance forms from the region, featuring texts that focus on romance and courtship. In many ways, Canteloube sets these following songs to represent the characteristics of each dance; just to name a couple examples, in 3a, the quick octave jumps at the end of the verses mimics a lively shout, and the rhythm of the final syllables in each verse in 3c match the final emphatic beats of the dance. The solo interludes by the oboe and the clarinet (not included in this performance) that connect the 3 songs can be interpreted to mimic the bagpipes of the region, commonly referred to as cabrettes, which are commonly used in bourrées. However, these solos could also be interpreted as atmospheric, painting a picture of the mountainous landscape of Auvergne and evoking a sense of pastoral warmth and simplicity between the lively dances.

#### **3a. L'aïo de rotso**

L'aïo dè rotso té foro mourir, filhoto!  
Nè té cal pas bèir' oquèl', aïo, quèl' aïo,  
Mès cal prèndr'un couot d'oquèl' aïo dè bi!  
S'uno filhoto sè bouol morida, pitchouno,  
Li cal pas douna d'oquèl' aïo dè rotso,  
Aïmaro miliour oquèl' aïo dè bi!

#### **Water from the spring**

The spring water will kill you, child!  
Don't drink that water, that water,  
But instead of water, drink some wine!  
If a girl marries, my dear,  
She shouldn't have spring water,  
She'll [make] love better after drinking  
wine!

#### **3b. Ound'onoren gorda?**

Ound' onorèn gorda, pitchouno  
drooûlèto?  
Ound' onorèn gorda lou troupèl pèl  
moti?  
Onorèn obal din lo ribèirèto,  
din lou pradèl l'èrb è fresquèto;  
Païssarèn loï fèdoï pèl loï flours,  
al louón dèl tsour nous forèn l'omour!

#### **Where will we tend our flock?**

Where will we tend our flock, my  
beloved?  
Where will we tend our flock in the  
morning?  
We'll go down by the river,  
where the meadow grass is fresh;  
We'll find them grazing the flowers,  
and all day long, we'll make love!

Ogatso louï moutous, pitchouno  
drooûlèto,  
Ogatso louï moutous, lèïs obilhé maï  
nous!  
Ogatso louï fèdoï què païssou l'èrbo,  
è lèïs obilhé què païssou loï flours;  
naôtres, pitchouno, què soun d'aïma,  
pèr viouvr' obon lou plosé d'omour!

Look at the sheep, my beloved  
little girl,  
Look at the sheep, at the bees and at  
us!  
Look at them feeding on the grass,  
and the bees feeding on the flowers;  
but we, little lady, who make love,  
we feed on the pleasures of love!

### **3c. Obal, din lou Limouzi**

Obal din lou Limouzi, pitchoun'  
obal din lou Limouzi,  
Sé l'io dè dzèntoï drolloï, o bé, o bé,  
Sé l'io dè dzèntoï drolloï, oïçi, o bé!

Golon, ton bèlo què siascou lèï drolloï  
dè toun pois,  
Lous nostrès fringaïrès èn Limouzi,  
Saboun miliour counta flourèt' o bé!

Obal, din lou Limouzi, pitchouno,  
sé soun golon,  
Oïçi en Aoubèrgno, d'în moun poïs,  
Lous omès bous aïmoun è soun fidèls!

### **Down below in Limousin**

Down below in Limousin, little lady,  
down below in Limousin,  
There are lots of pretty girls, oh yes,  
There are lots of pretty girls here too!

Gallant lad, however beautiful the girls  
are in your country,  
Our young men in Limousin,  
they're much better at flirting, oh yes!

Down below in Limousin, little lady,  
they are galant,  
But here in Auvergne, in my country,  
The men will love you and are faithful!