

The Saint John's School of Theology and Seminary Presents the  
Graduate Recital of

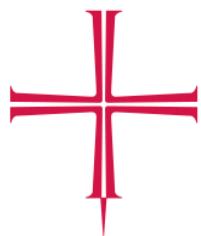
# Katie Jonza, soprano

*student of Dr. Patricia Kent,  
with Jared Miller, piano*

5:00pm

Saturday, March 6, 2021

Stephen B. Humphrey Auditorium, Saint John's University



# Saint John's

SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY  
AND SEMINARY

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C O L L E G E V I L L E , M I N N E S O T A

# Program Order

*The Hermit Songs*

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

- IV. “The Heavenly Banquet”
- V. “The Crucifixion”
- VIII. “The Monk and His Cat”
- X. “Desire for Hermitage”

SET BREAK

“Quia respexit” from *Magnificat*, BWV 243

J. S. Bach (1685-1750)

*with Abbey Dupuy, oboe*

“On Mighty Pens” from *The Creation*

Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)

Tecum principium

Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)

SET BREAK

“Donde lieta uscì” from *La Bohème*

Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

INTERMISSION

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer, Op. 105 No. 2

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Meine Liebe ist grün, Op. 63 No. 5

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Die Mainacht

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

SET BREAK

*Banalités*, FP 107

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

- I. “Chanson d’Orkinese”
- II. “Hôtel”
- IV. “Voyage à Paris”

C, from *Deux Poèmes de Louis Aragon*, FP 122 No. 1

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Aimons-nous

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)

# Program Notes

## The Hermit Songs

Samuel Barber

- IV. "The Heavenly Banquet"
- V. "The Crucifixion"
- VIII. "The Monk and His Cat"
- X. "Desire for Hermitage"

From the composer:

"[The *Hermit Songs*] are settings of anonymous Irish texts of the eighth to thirteenth centuries written by monks and scholars, often on the margins of the manuscripts they were copying or illuminating — perhaps not always meant to be seen by their Father Superiors. They are small poems, thoughts or observations, some very short, and speak in straightforward, droll, and often surprisingly modern terms of the simple life these men led, close to nature, to animals, and to God."

## "Quia respexit" from *Magnificat*, BWV 243

J. S. Bach

*with Abbey Dupuy, oboe*

J. S. Bach's *Magnificat* is scored for soloists, choir, and baroque orchestra. "Quia respexit" is the third movement in the larger work and is one of the arias, or solo pieces for a singer. This movement emphasizes the humility of Mary, accentuating her innocence with its stark setting and high, flowing lines. The interplay between oboe and soprano can be seen as a representation of the partnership between Mary and God to bring God's son to earth.

Quia respexit humilitatem ancillae suae:  
Ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent

*For He has regarded the lowliness of his handmaiden:  
Behold, from henceforth, I will be called blessed*  
*- Translation by Pamela Dellar*

## "On Mighty Pinions" from *The Creation*

Joseph Haydn

Haydn's *Creation* oratorio follows the creation of the world as told in the book of Genesis. This recitative and aria is from the fifth day, where God calls forth creatures of air and water to roam on the earth. This aria focuses on the birds that God calls forth. Notice the many ways that Haydn imitates bird song, from the trills that remind us of the lark and dove to the soaring, majestic lines that hearken to the eagle.

## Tecum principium

Vincenzo Bellini

Typically known for his operas, this early composition of Bellini was written when he was a student. It imitates the classical compositions of the time while still containing some of the drama that would come later in his career. The text is part of the Gradual for Christmas Eve and comes from Psalm 109.

Tecum principium  
in die virtutis tuae  
in splendoribus sanctorum,  
ex utero ante luciferum  
genui te.

*With thee is the principality  
in the day of thy strength  
in the brightness of the saints,  
from the womb before the day star,  
I begot thee.*

- Translation from the Vulgate Bible

## “Donde lieta uscì” from *La Bohème*

Giacomo Puccini

*La Bohème* is one of Puccini's most popular operas, with many of us being familiar to the story thanks to Broadway's “Rent.” In this aria, Mimi, dying from consumption, is grappling with her love for Rudolfo and his insistence that she find a richer man to take care of her. The couple agrees to part amicably despite their love.

Donde lieta uscì  
al tuo grido d'amore,  
torna sola Mimì al solitario nido.  
Ritorna un'altra volta a intesser finti fior!  
Addio, senza rancor.

Ascolta, ascolta.  
Le poche robe aduna che lasciai sparse.  
Nel mio cassetto stan chiusi  
quel cerchietto d'or  
e il libro di preghiere.  
Involgi tutto quanto in un grembiale  
e manderò il portiere...

Bada... sotto il guanciale c'è la cuffietta  
rosa.  
Se vuoi serbarla a ricordo d'amor!  
Addio, senza rancor.

- Libretto by Luigi Illica and Giuseppe  
Giacoso

*From the place she left,  
happy at your declaration of love,  
Mimì returns alone to her solitary nest.  
She goes back once again to make unreal flowers!  
Farewell, without remorse.*

*Wait...  
Gather together the few things that I left scattered around.  
Shut in my drawer are that gold ring and the prayer book.  
Wrap them all up in a smock and I will send the porter...*

*Careful... under the pillow there is the pink bonnet.  
If you wish, keep it in remembrance of love!  
Farewell, without remorse.*

- Translation by Martha Gerhart

## **Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer**, Op. 105 No. 2

Johannes Brahms

The greatest strength of Brahms' compositions is his melodic lines. In this set of music, the melodies soar across the singer's range, truly following the poetry of each piece. In this opening piece, the rhythm of piano creates an unsettled feeling, playing on offbeats and anticipating the start of new phrases. This feeling is matched in the text as the singer pleads desperately for her lover to visit her before she dies.

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer,  
Nur wie Schleier liegt mein Kummer,  
Zitternd über mir.  
Oft im Traume hör ich dich  
Rufen draus von 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 wenn,  
Eh die Drossel singt im Wald:  
Willst du mich noch einmal sehn,  
Komm, o komme bald!  
- Hermann von Lingg

*My sleep grows ever quieter.  
Only my grief, like a veil,  
lies trembling over me.  
Often in my dreams I hear you  
calling outside my door.  
No one keeps watch and lets you in;  
I wake up and weep bitterly.*

*Yes, I shall have to die;  
you will kiss another  
when I am pale and cold.  
Before the May breezes blow,  
before the thrush sings in the wood,  
if you want to see me once again,  
come — o come soon!*  
- Translation by Richard Stokes

## **Meine Liebe ist grün**

Johannes Brahms

While the flurry of notes from the piano may sound troubling due to its minor key, it is actually an indicator of the strong love the singer feels - almost like "butterflies in your stomach." The idea of winged animals fluttering wildly continues when the singer compares her soul to the nightingale's wings.

Meine Liebe ist grün wie der Fliederbusch  
Und mein Lieb ist schön wie die Sonne;  
Die glänzt wohl herab auf den Fliederbusch  
Und füllt ihn mit Duft und mit Wonne.

Meine Seele hat Schwingen der Nachtigall  
Und wiegt sich in blühendem Flieder,  
Und jauchzet und singet vom Duft berauscht  
Viel liebestrunkene Lieder.  
- Felix Schumann

*My love's as green as the lilac bush,  
And my sweetheart's as fair as the sun;  
The sun shines down on the lilac bush,  
Fills it with delight and fragrance.*

*My soul has a nightingale's wings  
And sways in the blossoming lilac,  
And, drunk with fragrance, exults and sings  
Many a love-drunk song.  
- Translation by Richard Stokes*

## Die Mainacht

Johannes Brahms

“Die Mainacht” is the only song in this set to have a true introduction, and this introduction sets the scene as a quiet May night. The singer notices all the beautiful nature around her, only giving away her true sadness on this night at the end of the first section. Brahms’ sweeping vocal lines can really be heard in the B section of this piece where the singer describes her falling tears as she walks. Just like all of Brahms’ music, this song is filled with emotion.

Wann der silberne Mond durch die  
Gesträuche blinkt,  
Und sein schlummerndes Licht über den  
Rasen streut,  
Und die Nachtigall flötet,  
Wandl’ ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.

Überhüllt vom Laub, girret ein Taubenpaar  
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wende mich,  
Suche dunklere Schatten,  
Und die einsame Träne rinnt.

Wann, o lächelndes Bild, welches wie  
Morgenrot  
Durch die Seele mir strahlt, find’ ich auf  
Erden dich?  
Und die einsame Träne  
Bebt mir heißer die Wang herab.  
- Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Höfty

*When the silvery moon gleams through the bushes,  
And sheds its slumbering light on the grass,  
And the nightingale is fluting,  
I wander sadly from bush to bush.*

*Covered by leaves, a pair of doves  
Coo to me their ecstasy; but I turn away,  
Seek darker shadows,  
And the lonely tear flows down.*

*When, O smiling vision, that shines through my  
soul  
Like the red of dawn, shall I find you here on  
earth?  
And the lonely tear  
Quivers more ardently down my cheek.*  
- Translation by Richard Stokes

## Banalités, FP 107

Francis Poulenc

Poulenc’s *Banalités* is a collection of songs about the mundane daily life. They are set in popular styles, evoking the folk styles of his time. In “Chanson d’Orkinese,” the singer acts as narrator, telling the story of the guards who protect the city of Orkinese. People go in, people come out, but ultimately life remains the same in Orkinese. In “Hôtel,” the singer is rather lazy, spending time watching the smoke curl from her cigarette. The style of the piece feels much like a jazz ballad with the complex chords in the piano and stylized singing. In “Voyage à Paris,” the singer is tired of the mundane countryside and ecstatic to visit the bustling city of Paris. Despite having different stories to tell, each song is a glimpse into that specific moment of life.

### **Chanson d'Orkenise**

Par les portes d'Orkenise  
Veut entrer un charretier.  
Par les portes d'Orkenise  
Veut sortir un va-nu-pieds.

Et les gardes de la ville  
Courant sus au va-nu-pieds:  
'Qu' emportes-tu de la ville?'  
J'y laisse mon coeur entier.'

Et les gardes de la ville  
Courant sus au charretier:  
'Qu'apportes-tu dans la ville?'  
'Mon coeur pour me marier.'

Que de coeurs dans Orkenise!  
Les gardes riaient, riaient.  
Va-nu-pieds la route est grise,  
L'amour grise, ô charretier.

Les beaux gardes de la ville  
Tricotaien superbement;  
Puis les portes de la ville  
Se fermèrent lentement.  
- Guillaume Apollinaire

### **Song of Orkenise**

*Through the gates of Orkenise  
a waggoner wants to enter.  
Through the gates of Orkenise  
a vagabond wants to leave.*

*And the sentries guarding the town  
rush up to the vagabond:  
"What are you taking from the town?"  
"I'm leaving my whole heart behind."*

*And the sentries guarding the town  
rush up to the waggoner:  
"What are you carrying into the town?"  
"My heart in order to marry."*

*So many hearts in Orkenise!  
The sentries laughed and laughed:  
Vagabond, the road's not merry,  
Love makes you merry, O Waggoner!*

*The handsome sentries guarding the town  
knitted vaingloriously;  
The gates of the town then  
slowly closed.*  
- Translation by Richard Stokes

### **Hôtel**

Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage  
Le soleil passe son bras par la fenêtre  
Mais moi qui veux fumer pour faire des  
mirages  
J'allume au feu du jour ma cigarette  
Je ne veux pas travailler je veux fumer  
- Guillaume Apollinaire

### **Hotel**

*My room is shaped like a cage  
The sun slips its arm through the window  
But I who want to smoke make mirages*

*I light my cigarette on daylight's fire  
I do not want to work, I want to smoke  
- Translation by Richard Stokes*

### **Voyage à Paris**

Ah! la charmante chose  
Quitter un pays morose pour Paris  
Paris joli  
Qu'un jour du créer l'Amour  
- Guillaume Apollinaire

### **Trip to Paris**

*Oh! how delightful  
to leave a dismal place for Paris  
Charming Paris  
that one day Love must have made  
- Translation by Richard Stokes*

While “C” is part of a song cycle, it stands on its own merit. The poetry from Aragon tells a story spanning many centuries of French history. This poem was published in 1942, during the German occupation of France. Aragon, a soldier for France in both World Wars, reflects on the bridges of Cé, a spot that has seen endless turmoil. The *ponts*, or bridges, that the poem refers to date back to the 9th century when Charles the Bald, Charlemagne’s grandson, built fortified bridges to protect against an incoming invasion. The bridges saw more violence in the Hundred Years war and were key in ending the civil war between Marie de Medici and her son King Louis XIII. This gruesome history of the bridges combined with the ongoing violence in France created a strong mourning for the loss of innocence for Aragon. He has us picture the deserted cars and unarmed guns, the wounded knight on the side of the road, the swans swimming outside the chateau. Finally, notice the poetry’s structure. Each line ends rhyming with the title, with these *ponts-de-Cé*.

Poulenc’s setting of this dramatic poem accentuates the juxtaposition of love and loss that Aragon must have felt. The vocal lines play with tonality, using both C natural and C flat (another play on Cé) to create a strong pull to unrest. The almost constant pulse of eighth notes in the piano represents the moving water of the Loire river as it ebbs and flows. Its final chords leave the listener feeling empty as they too feel for the abandoned France.

J'ai traversé les ponts de Cé  
C'est là que tout a commencé  
Une chanson des temps passés  
Parle d'un chevalier blessé

D'une rose sur la chaussée  
Er d'un corsage délacé  
Du château d'un duc insensé  
Et des cygnes dans les fossés

De la prairie où vient danser  
Une éternelle fiancée  
Er j'ai bu comme un lait glacé  
Le long lai des gloires faussées

La Loire emporte mes pensées  
Avec les voitures versées  
Et les armes désamorcées  
Et les larmes mal effacées

Ô ma France ô ma délaissée  
J'ai traversé les ponts de Cé.  
- Louis Aragon

*I have crossed the bridges of Cé  
It was there that it all began.  
A song of times past  
speaks of a wounded knight,*

*of a rose upon the road,  
and of a bodice unlaced,  
of the castle of an insane duke,  
and of the swans in castle moats,*

*and of the meadow where  
an eternal fiancée comes to dance.  
And like cold milk I drank  
the long lay of false glories.*

*The Loire carries off my thoughts  
along with the overturned cars  
and the defused weapons  
and the tears not rubbed away.*

*Oh my France, oh my abandoned one,  
I have crossed the bridges of Cé.  
- Translation by Shawn Thuris*

## Aimons-nous

Camille Saint-Saëns

Saint-Saëns was primarily known for his instrumental works and many people would recognize his *Carnival of the Animals* for orchestra. Here, Saint-Saëns shows the power of strophic writing, or using the same music for successive stanzas. Despite the same melody, each stanza of text fits perfectly with the music. The variance in the accompaniment and dynamics are what make this piece come alive.

Aimons-nous et dormons  
Sans songer au reste du monde!  
Ni le flot de la mer, ni l'ouragan des monts,  
Tant que nous nous aimons,  
Ne courbera ta tête blonde,  
Car l'amour est plus fort  
Que les dieux et la mort!

Le soleil s'éteindrait  
pour laisser ta blancheur plus pure,  
Le vent qui jusqu'à terre incline la forêt,  
En passant n'oserait  
Jouer avec ta chevelure,  
Tant que tu cacheras ta tête entre mes bras!

Et lorsque nos deux coeurs  
S'en iront aux sphères heureuses,  
Où les célestes lys écloront sous nos pleurs,  
Alors, comme deux fleurs,  
Joignons nos lèvres amoureuses,  
Et tâchons d'épuiser  
La mort dans un baiser!  
- Théodore de Banville

*Let us love and sleep  
without a care for the rest of the world!  
Neither ocean waves nor mountain storms,  
while we still love each other,  
can bow your golden head,  
for love is more powerful  
than gods and death!*

*The sun would extinguish its rays  
to make your purity more pure,  
The wind which inclines to earth the forest  
would not in passing dare  
to frolic with your hair,  
while you nestle your head in my arms.*

*And when our two hearts  
shall ascend to paradise,  
where celestial lilies shall open beneath our tears,  
Then, like flowers,  
let us join our loving lips  
and strive to exhaust  
Death in a kiss!  
- Translation by Richard Stokes*

A note from the performer:

This was not how I planned to give my recital, as I'm sure many could have guessed. But I am so grateful I get the opportunity to share my passion for this music today with the few in the room with me and with those watching from wherever they are.

I am so grateful to my incredible teacher, Dr. Patricia Kent, to my wonderfully talented friends, Jared Miller and Abbey Dupuy, and to the faculty and staff of the School of Theology and Seminary. This experience has been a truly amazing one and I am excited for my next steps.

This recital is in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Arts in Liturgical Music degree. All texts reprinted with permission. Those from Richard Stokes are provided courtesy of [OxfordLieder.co.uk](http://OxfordLieder.co.uk).