

Loyola University New Orleans
School of Music and Theatre Arts
Presents

Graduate Recital
Taylor J. White,
soprano

from the studio of
Professor Dreux Montegut

with
Jesse F. Reeks



Sunday, March 27, 2022, 3:00 p.m.
Louis J. Roussel Performance Hall

Program

I.

“Mein gläubiges Herze”
from *Also hat Gott die Welt geliebt* Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Selections from *Composizioni da camera* Vincenzo Bellini
“Quando verrà quel dì” (1801-1835)
“Per pietà, dell’idol mio”
“Vaga luna che inargenti”

“In uomini, in soldati” Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
from *Così fan tutte* (1756-1791)

II.

Mignon Lieder Hugo Wolf
i. “Heiß mich nicht reden” (1860-1903)
ii. “Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt”
iii. “So lasst mich scheinen”
iv. “Kennst du das Land”

“Volta la terrea” Giuseppe Verdi
from *Un ballo in maschera* (1813-1901)

Intermission

III.

Selections from *Fiançailles pour rire* Francis Poulenc
“Il vole” (1899-1963)
“Violon”
“Fleurs”

IV.

To Meditate in His Temple Dr. Maria Thompson Corley
i. “Psalm 90:1-2” b. 1966
ii. “Psalm 27:1-4”
iii. “Romans 8:28-31”
iv. “Romans 8:16-18”
v. “Philippians 4:6-7”

Notes

Mein gläubiges Herze:

Also hat Gott die Welt Geliebt (1725) is a church cantata composed by Johann Sebastian Bach for the second day of Pentecost. It is one of nine cantatas with text by Christiana Mariana von Ziegler written for Bach during his time in Leipzig, Germany. Thematic scriptures for this particular service derived from John 3:16-21 and Acts 10:42-48 which are quoted throughout the choruses and recitative. Rather than being directly derived from biblical text, the arias are more personal and reflect upon the “good news.” In particular, “Mein gläubiges herze” heralds the coming of Christ with exuberant leaps in the vocal line that capture the joy of being in His presence.

Mein gläubiges Herze, frohlokke, sing, scherze; Dein Jesus ist nah. Weg Jammer, weg Klagen. Ich will euch nur sagen: mein Jesus ist da!	My believing heart, rejoice, sing, joke; Your Jesus is near! Away lamentations, away complaints; I wish you only to say: my Jesus is here!
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Selections from *Composizioni da Camera*:

Vincenzo Bellini was a leading operatic composer of the early 1800s whose expressive melodies, expansive legato lines, and sensitive treatment of text via dynamics exemplify the *bel canto* style of singing. This composition style also found its way into Bellini’s art songs and *ariette*, a shorter form of aria. Such pieces can be found in the *Composizioni da Camera*, a collection compiled and published by Casa Ricordi in 1935 in honor of the 100th anniversary of Bellini’s death. Thought to have been composed in the 1820s, the three *ariette* selected for tonight invite us to revel in longing for lost or distant love and the hope of being reunited once more.

Quando verrà quel dì che riveder potro, quel che l'amante cor' tanto desia? Quando verrà quel dì che in sen t'accoglierò, Ah! Bella fiamma d'amor, anima mia?	When will that day come when I will be able to see you again, that one whom the loving heart so desires? When will that day come when I shall gather you to my breast, Ah! Beautiful flame of love, my soul?
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Per pietà, bell'idol mio, non mi dir ch'io sono ingrato;	For pity, my beautiful idol, do not say to me that I am ungrateful;
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<p>infelice e sventurato abbastanza il Ciel mi fa. Se fedele a te son io, se mi struggo a tuoi bei lumi, sallo amor, lo sanno i Numi, il mio core, il tuo lo sa.</p>	<p>Heaven makes me unhappy and unlucky enough. That I am faithful to you, that I am consumed by your beautiful eyes, Cupid knows, the gods know, my heart knows, and your heart knows.</p>
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<p>Vaga luna che inargenti queste rive e questi fiori ed in spiri agli elementi il linguaggio dell'amor! Testimonio or sei tu sola del mio fervido desir, ed a lei che m'innamora, conta i palpiti e sospir! Dille pur che lontananza il mio duol non può lenire, che se nutro una speranza ella è sol nell' avvenir! Dille pur che giorno e sera conto l'ore del dolor, que una speme lusinghiera mi conforta nell' amor!</p>	<p>Lovely moon, that makes silvery these shores and these flowers and breathes into the elements the language of love! You alone are the witness of my fervent desires, and to her whom I love, count the throbs and the signs! Tell her clearly that distance cannot soothe my grief, that if I nurture hope, it can only be in the future! Tell her clearly that day and night, I count the hours of sorrow, that the one enticing hope of her love comforts me!</p>
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In uomini, in soldati:

Così fan tutte, an *opera buffa* in two acts, was composed by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart with libretto by Lorenzo Da Ponte. It premiered at the Burgtheater in Vienna, Austria in 1790, and its rich orchestration set against scenes of romantic satire established the opera's reputation as a parody set to phenomenal music. More modern analysis has sparked conversations concerning the opera's portrayal of female sexual liberation.

Act I opens in a coffee shop where young soldiers Ferrando and Guglielmo boast on the virtues of their beloved, Dorabella and Fiordiligi. Alfonso, an old philosopher and skeptic, wagers that he can expose the fickleness of the women's affections. Ferrando and Guglielmo agree to disguise themselves and attempt to seduce the other's fiancée. To enact this charade, the soldiers announce to their betrothed that they have been called off to war. The couples lament the separation.

In the confines of their home, Dorabella and Fiordiligi bemoan their loss to their serving girl, Despina, who is disgusted by the melodrama. She declares that men and soldiers are not expected to remain chaste,

and therefore women should take their pleasures where they may find them.

<p>In uomini, in soldati sperare fedeltà? Non vi fate sentir, per carità!</p> <p>Di pasta simile son tutti quanti, le fronde mobili, l'aure incostanti han più degli uomini stabilità! Mentite lagrime, fallaci sguardi, voci ingannevoli, vezzi bugiardi son le primarie lor qualità!</p> <p>In noi non amano che il lor diletto;</p> <p>poi ci dispregiano, neganci affetto, nè val da' barbari chieder pietà!</p> <p>Paghiam, o femmine d'ugual moneta questa malefica razza indiscreta; amiam per comodo, per vanità!</p>	<p>In men, in soldiers, to hope for faithfulness? Do not let anyone hear you for pity's sake!</p> <p>They are all cut from the same cloth, the swaying branches, the fickle breezes have more stability than men! Lying tears, false glances, voices deceiving, charms lying are their primary qualities!</p> <p>They love us only for their pleasure;</p> <p>then they show us no respect, and deny us affection, you might as well ask a barbarian to have pity!</p> <p>Let us, oh women, pay them with the same coin for this evil breed of indiscreet men; let us love at our convenience, for our vanity!</p>
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Mignon Lieder:

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe was one of the most important literary figures of the Romantic period and his texts have been set to music by countless composers. His novel, *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre* (1796), was particularly influential and inspired a plethora of Mignon lieder by the likes of Franz Schubert, Carl Friedrich Zelter, and Ludwig van Beethoven.

Mignon lieder is based on a group of poems within the novel that are sung by the young and waifish adopted daughter of Wilhelm. Taken from her native Italy to Germany, Mignon is forced to join a traveling troupe of performers. Wilhelm comes across the child as she is being beaten by her master and decides to embrace her as his own. Throughout the novel, Mignon performs several poems accompanied by the old Harper whom Wilhelm has also taken under his wing. Many of these poems reflect Mignon's dark history and inner turmoil.

It is no wonder that these poems found great success during the Romantic period when the German *lied* was flourishing. This genre of music enabled composers to explore the expansiveness of nature, human emotion, and introspection in a form that allowed for experimentation but was easily accessible to the public. Though many composers contributed to the evolution of the *lied*, Hugo Wolf was revolutionary in his intricate melding of voice and piano, operatic sense of drama, and emphasis on the text as the ultimate driving force. It is Wolf's ability to embody the richness of the poetry that allows him to illuminate Mignon's story in a way that is as intimate as it is raw and heart wrenching.

<p>Heiß mich nicht reden, heiß mich schweigen, denn mein Geheimnis ist mir Pflicht; ich möchte dir mein ganzes Innre zeigen, allein das Schicksal will es nicht.</p> <p>Zur rechten Zeit vertreibt der Sonne Lauf die finstre Nacht, und sie muss sich erhellen; der harte Fels schließt seinen Busen auf, missgönnt der Erde nicht die tief-verborgnen Quellen.</p> <p>Ein jeder sucht im Arm des Freundes Ruh, dort kann die Brust in Klagen sich ergießen; allein ein Schwur drückt mir die Lippen zu, und nur ein Gott vermag sie aufzuschließen.</p>	<p>Bid me not to speak, bid me to be silent, for my secret is my duty I want to show you my inner self, only fate will not allow it.</p> <p>At the right time the sun's course will drive away the dark night and, and the night will brighten; the hard rock opens its hard bosom, begrudges not the earth's hidden springs.</p> <p>Everyone seeks rest in the arms of a friend, there the heart can pour out its lamentations; only a vow presses my lips closed, and only God may unlock them.</p>
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<p>Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt, weiss, was ich leide! Allein und abgetrennt von aller Freunde, seh ich ans firmament nach jeder Seite. Ach! Der mich liebt und kennt, ist</p>	<p>Only someone who knows longing knows what I suffer! Alone and cut-off from all joy, I gaze into the firmament in that direction. Ah! The one who knows me and loves me is far away.</p>
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<p>in der Weite. Es schwindelt mir, es brennt mein Eingeweide!</p>	<p>It dizzies me, it burns my entrails!</p>
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<p>So lasst mich scheinen, bis ich werde, zieht mir das weisse Kleid nicht aus! Ich eile von der schönen Erde hinab in jenes feste Haus.</p> <p>Dort ruh' ich eine kleine Stille, dann öffnet sich der frische Blick; ich lasse dann die reine Hülle, den Gürtel und den Kranz zurück.</p> <p>Und jene himmlischen Gestalten, sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib, und keine Kleider, keine Falten umgeben den verklärten Leib.</p> <p>Zwar lebt' ich ohne Sorg und Mühe, doch fühlt' ich tiefen Schmerz genug. Vor Kummer altert' ich zu frühe; macht mich auf ewig wieder jung!</p>	<p>So let me appear until I become so, do not take the white dress off of me! I hurry from the beautiful earth down to that solid house.</p> <p>There I rest for a quiet moment, then my gaze will open, refreshed; then I will leave my pure covering, the belt and the wreath behind.</p> <p>And those heavenly beings, they do not ask who is man or woman, and no clothes, no folds, surround the transfigured body.</p> <p>It is true that I have lived without care and toil, yet I have felt enough deep pain. I have aged too early from sorrow; make me forever young again!</p>
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<p>Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühen, im dunklen Laub die Goldorangen glühen, ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht, die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht, Kennst du es wohl? Dahin! Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn!</p> <p>Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach,</p>	<p>Do you know the land where the lemon trees bloom, in the dark foliage the orange trees glow, a gentle wind wafts from the blue sky, the Myrtle is still and the Laurel stands high, Do you know it well? There! I want with you, oh my beloved, to go!</p> <p>Do you know the house? On pillars rests its roof,</p>
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<p>es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach, und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an: Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan? Kennst du es wohl? Dahin! Möchte ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer ziehn!</p> <p>Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg? Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg; in Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut; es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut! Kennst du ihn wohl? Dahin geht unser Weg! O Vater, lass uns ziehn!</p>	<p>the hall glimmers, the the apartment shimmers, and marble statues stand and stare at me: What has one done to you, poor child? Do you know it well? There! I want with you, oh my protector, to go!</p> <p>Do you know the mountain and its cloudy path? The mule seeks his way in the mist; in caves lives the dragon's old brood; the rock falls away and over it the water flows! Do you know it well? There goes our way! Oh father, let us go!</p>
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Volta la terrea:

The opera *Un ballo in maschera* faced many hurdles on its way to the stage. The city-state of Naples, where the production was set to premiere, found the story of a group of lords conspiring to assassinate a king much too controversial. Attempts by the composer, Giuseppe Verdi and librettist, Antonio Somma to appease Naples' complaints failed and the production was transferred to Rome where it faced further protestations. It was eventually decided to have the setting changed to North America and the main character, Riccardo, changed to a lesser noble. In 1859, *Un ballo in maschera* finally premiered at the Teatro Apollo in Rome and has since become one of Verdi's most well-known operas.

In Act I, Riccardo, Conte di Warwick, and his page Oscar review a guest list for the upcoming masked ball. They are approached by a judge who requests that the count have Ulrica, a fortune teller and suspected witch, exiled. Oscar comes to Ulrica's defense in a witty, tongue-in-cheek aria titled "Volta la terrea."

<p>Volta la terrea fronte alle stelle come sfavilla la sua pupilla, quando alle belle il fin predice mesto o felice dei loro amor!</p>	<p>Having turned her earth colored brow to the stars how her eye sparkles, as she predicts to the beauties</p>
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Ah, s'ì! È con Lucifero d'accordo
 ognor!
 Chi la profetica sua gonna afferra,
 o passi'l mare, voli alla guera,
 le sue vicende soavi, amare
 da questa apprende nel dubbio cor,
 ah, s'ì! È con Lucifero d'accordo
 ognor!

whether their loves will end happily or
 sadly!
 Ah, yes! She is always in agreement with
 Lucifer!
 Whoever grasps her prophetic skirt,
 whether he might cross the sea, or
 mightily fly to war,
 if his fortune be sweet, or bitter
 in his doubting heart, he learns it from
 her,
 ah, yes! She is always in agreement with
 Lucifer!

Selections from *Fiançailles pour rire*:

Francis Poulenc is considered one of the last great art song composers and testified to having a select group of poets from which he drew inspiration for his *mélodies*. Amongst this elite group was poet and novelist Louise de Vilmorin whose sensitive and nimble writing style is accentuated by Poulenc's lithe melodies. These attributes are wonderfully demonstrated in the set of songs titled *Fiançailles pour rire* (1939). Together, these artists delve into the female heart as it confronts the many-faced bandit we call love.

“Il vole” reflects the reeling mind of a young woman as she tries to reconcile her love for a “thief of hearts” and his ill treatment of her. The constant ripple of 16th notes beneath sweeping vocal lines suggests a frantically beating heart and the mind's attempt to rationalize the thief's actions with his words.

“Violon” takes place in a smokey Hungarian restaurant in the dim glow of evening. A lone female patron sips languidly at her drink as she admires the exotic violinist. As his performance progresses, the patroness becomes more and more inebriated as the desire to give in to temptation builds.

And finally, the realization of betrayal often calls us to question the validity of love and our place in its landscape. How do we move on knowing that such an intense experience can mean so little, can be so one sided? “Fleurs” explores the ramifications of such heartbreak and one's attempt to heal from it.

Il vole

En allant se coucher le soleil
 se reflète au vernis de ma table:
 c'est le fromage rond de la fable
 au bec de mes ciseaux de vermeil.
 Mais où est le corbeau? Il vole.

He Flies

As the sun sets
 it is reflected in the varnish of my
 table:
 it is the round cheese of the fable
 in the beak of my silver scissors.

<p>Je voudrais coudre mais un aimant attire à lui toutes mes aiguilles. Sur la place les joueurs de quilles de belle en belle passent le temps. Mais où est mon amant? Il vole.</p> <p>C'est un voleur que j'ai pour amant. Le corbeau vole et mon amant vole, voleur de coeur manque à sa parole et voleur de fromage est absent. Mais où est le bonheur? Il vole.</p> <p>Je pleure sous le saule pleureur je mêle mes larmes a ses feuilles je pleure car je veux qu'on me veuille et je ne plais pas à mon voleur. Mais où donc est l'amour? Il vole.</p> <p>Trouvez la rime a ma déraison et par les routes du paysage ramenez moi mon amant volage qui prend les cœurs et perd ma raison. Je veux que mon voleur me vole.</p>	<p>But where is the crow? He flies.</p> <p>I would like to sew but a magnet attracts all of my needles. On the square the skilled players pass the time from beauty to beauty. But where is my lover? He flies.</p> <p>I have a thief for a lover. The crow flies and my lover steals, the thief of hearts breaks his word and the thief of cheese is absent. But where is happiness? It flies.</p> <p>I cry underneath the weeping willow. I mingle my tears with its leaves. I cry because I want to be wanted and I do not please my thief. But where is love? It flies.</p> <p>Find the rhyme to my unreason and by the roads of the landscape bring me my fickle lover who takes hearts and loses my reason. I want my thief to steal me.</p>
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<p>Violon Couple amoureux aux accents méconnus le violon et son joueur me plaisent. Ah! J'aime ces gémissements tendus</p>	<p>Violin A couple in love with accents unknown the violin and its player please me. Ah! I love those tense moans on the rope of discomfort.</p>
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<p>sur la corde des malaises.</p> <p>Aux accords sur les cordes des pendus à l'heure où les Lois se taisent le coeur en forme de fraise s'offre à l'amour comme un fruit inconnu.</p>	<p>To the chords on the ropes of the hanged at the time when the laws are silent the heart in the shape of a strawberry, suffers in love like an unknown fruit.</p>
<p>Fleurs Fleurs promises, fleurs tenues dans tes bras, fleurs sorties des parenthèses d'un pas, qui t'apportait ces fleurs l'hiver saupoudrées du sable des mers? Sable de tes baisers, fleurs des amours fanées les beaux yeux sont de cendre et dans la cheminée un cœur enrubanné de plaintes brûle avec ses images saintes.</p>	<p>Flowers Flowers promised, flowers held in your arms, flowers released from parentheses with one step, who brought you these flowers in winter sprinkled with sand from the sea? Sand of your kisses, flowers of faded love the beautiful eyes are of ash and in the chimney a heart wrapped with pleading burns with holy images.</p>

To Meditate in His Temple:

Maria Thompson Corley (DMA, piano, The Juilliard School) began composing and arranging as a child. Since then, her music has been commissioned and recorded by numerous musicians and entities and her music has been performed, recorded and/or taught internationally. As the only living composer on this afternoon's program, Dr. Corley has provided her own reflections on this deeply expressive and gripping cycle:

"For many reasons, *To Meditate in His Temple* is very close to my heart. I'd already composed songs for friends when Taylor J. White contacted me. However, this cycle was the first one commissioned by someone I'd never met. Moreover, since I composed *To Meditate in His Temple* during the COVID-19 pandemic, the calming, inspiring Biblical texts Taylor had selected were especially meaningful.

After hearing Taylor sing in two very different styles, I decided to write something that would allow her to explore the full range of her vocal and expressive talents. 'Psalm 90:1-2,' is a jubilant opening; 'Psalm

27:1-4' has hints of contemporary gospel; "Romans 8:28-31" evokes more traditional gospel music, complete with riffs; 'Romans 8:16-18' was inspired by both Baroque arias and jazz. While each song felt Divinely inspired, the final piece, 'Philippians 4:6-7,' is perhaps my favorite. The text urges us to 'be anxious for nothing,' which led me to a gently rippling accompaniment and long, legato phrases in the vocal line, in stark contrast to the vocal fireworks in some of the other sections. I chose to end the cycle this way because I wanted to leave the listener with at least a taste of the 'peace of God, which passes all understanding.'"

Acknowledgements

I would like to give a very heartfelt and warm thank you to Mrs. Ellen P. Frohnmayer, Professor Dreux Montegut, Jesse F. Reeks, Dr. Maria Thompson Corley, the faculty of Loyola University, my friends at Xavier University and my amazing family. Your support is the reason why I am able to stand on this stage this afternoon.

In July of 2022 I will be traveling to Kiefersfelden, Germany to study opera at the International Performance Arts Institute. I have been working diligently toward this goal for many years and would truly appreciate any assistance you may be willing to offer. Donations can be made in person or via my Gofundme page at <https://gofund.me/fd623211>. More information on how to give can be found on the sign outside the performance hall. Please do not hesitate to reach out to me with any questions. Thank you again to everyone for your support!