A GRADUATE VOICE RECITAL

By

CLARY ALEXANDRA ROMÁN

SUPERVISORY COMMITTEE:

ELIZABETH GRAHAM, CHAIR
ANTHONY OFFERLE, MEMBER

A PERFORMANCE IN LIEU OF THESIS PRESENTED TO THE COLLEGE OF FINE ARTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF MUSIC

UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA

2014
At 11:00 AM on April 5, 2014, Ms. Román presented a vocal recital as a requirement for the degree of Master of Music in Vocal Performance. The works performed represented several musical time periods and languages. The recital opened with a German language song cycle for bass or alto and piano by Johannes Brahms titled *Vier ernste Gesänge*. Following the German set, the English language songs were introduced by the aria *Must the winter come so soon?* from Samuel Barber’s opera *Vanessa*. It continued with three 20th century English songs, *The Desire for Hermitage*, *Solitary Hotel*, and *A green lowland of Pianos*, by the same composer, which ended the first half of the recital.

The second half of the recital consisted of a combination of Italian, French, and Spanish songs representing a wide variety of vocal techniques from long, flowing phrases, that require proper use of breath control, to fast-paced patter that requires vocal agility. A Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart aria, *Parto, ma tu ben mio* from the opera *La Clemenza di Tito*, commenced the second half of the recital. Followed by the French duet *Sous le dôme épais*, more commonly
known as *The Flower Duet*, from the opera *Lakmé* by Léo Delibes. The duet introduces the French portion of the recital, leading to three more songs in the same language. The duet was followed by three French art songs by Henri Duparc, *Chanson triste*, *Le manoir de Rosemonde*, and *Soupir*. Following the French set was the aria *Stride la vampa*! from the opera *Il Trovatore* by Giuseppe Verdi. The recital is finalized with *Canción de la gitana*, a *romanza* from the zarzuela *La alegría del batallón* by Spanish composer José Serrano. The variety of repertoire on the recital allowed for the demonstration of several aspects of vocal technique, including breath control, language dominance, diction, phrasing, and agility.
Summary of Performance in Lieu of Thesis
Presented to the College of Fine Arts of the University of Florida in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for the Degree of Master of Music

Recital Program
April 5, 2014 at 11:00 AM
Assisted by Katherine Plympton, piano, Melody Baker, clarinet, Caroline Fjeldheim, Soprano and Nestor Santiago, piano

Parto, ma tu, ben mio
from La Clemenza di Tito
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Melody Baker, clarinet

Fier ersnte Gesänge
Denn es gehet dem Menschen
Ich wandte mich und sahe an
O Tod, wie bitter bist du
Wenn ich mit Menschen
Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Must the winter come so soon?
from Vanessa
Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Sous le dôme épais
from Lakmé
Léo Delibes
(1836-1891)

Caroline Fjeldheim, soprano

Intermission

Stride la vampa!
from Il Trovatore
Giuseppe Verdi
(1813-1901)

Chanson Triste
Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)

Le manoir de Rosemonde

Soupir

The Desire for Hermitage
from Hermit Songs
Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Solitary Hotel
from Despite and Still

A green lowland of Pianos
from Three Songs

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Parto, ma tu, ben mio
I go, but you, my dearest
Parto, ma tu, ben mio,
I go, but you, my dearest,
Meco ritorna in pace.
make peace again with me.
Sarò qual più ti piace;
I will be what you would most
Quel che vorrai farò.
have me be, do whatever you wish.
Guardami e tutto oblio,
Look at me, and I will forget all
E a vendicarti io volo,
and fly to avenge you;
A questo sguardo solo
I will think only
Da me si penserà.
of that glance at me.
Ah, qual poter, oh Dei!
Ah, ye gods, what power
Donaste alla belta.
you have given beauty!

Denn es gehet dem Menschen wie dem Vieh
For it happens to man as to the beast
Denn es gehet dem Menschen wie dem Vieh;
For it happens to Man as to the beast,
wie dies stirbt, so stirbt er auch;
as that dies, so Man dies also,
und haben alle einerlei Odem;
they have the same breath.
und der Mensch hat nichts mehr denn das Vieh:
Man has nothing more than the beast has,
denn es ist alles eitel.
for everything is vanity.

Es fährt alles an einem Ort;
Everything moves to one end;
es ist alles von Staub gemacht,
everything is made of dust
und wird wieder zu Staub.
and will become dust again.
Wer weiß, ob der Geist des Menschen
Who knows whether Man's spirit will go
aufwärts fahre,
upward
und der Odem des Viehes unterwärts unter
or that the spirit of the beast
die Erde fahre?
will move down below the earth?

Darum sahe ich, daß nichts bessers ist,
Wherefore, I perceive that there is nothing better,
denn daß der Mensch fröhlich sei in seiner
than that a man should rejoice
Arbeit,
in his own works;
denn das ist sein Teil.
for that is his portion:
Denn wer will ihn dahin bringen,
for who shall bring him
daß er sehe, was nach ihm geschehen wird?
to see what shall be after him?
Ich wandte mich und sahe an
Ich wandte mich und sahe an
Alle, die Unrecht leiden unter der Sonne;
Und siehe, da waren Tränen derer,
Die Unrecht litten und hatten keinen Tröster;
Und die ihnen Unrecht täten, waren zu mächtig,
Daß sie keinen Tröster haben konnten.

Da lobte ich die Toten,
Die schon gestorben waren
Mehr als die Lebendigen,
Die noch das Leben hatten;
Und der noch nicht ist, ist besser, als alle beide,
Und des Bösen nicht inne wird,
Das unter der Sonne geschieht.

O Tod, wir bitter bist du
O Tod, wie bitter bist du,
Wenn an dich gedenket ein Mensch,
Der gute Tage und genug hat
Und ohne Sorge lebet;
Und dem es wohl geht in allen Dingen
Und noch wohl essen mag!
O Tod, wie bitter bist du.

O Tod, wie wohl tust du dem Dürftigen,
Der da schwach und alt ist,
Der in allen Sorgen steckt,
Und nichts Bessers zu hoffen,
Noch zu erwarten hat!
O Tod, wie wohl tust du!

Wenn ich mit Menschen
Wenn ich mit Menschen und mit Engelzungen redete,
und hätte der Liebe nicht,
so wäre ich ein tösend Erz,
oder eine klingende Schelle.
Und wenn ich weissagen könnte,
und wüsste alle Geheimnisse

I turned and looked at all
I turned and looked at all
who suffer injustice under the sun.
And look, there were the tears of those who suffer injustice and had no comforter.
And those who were doing them injustice were too powerful for them to have a comforter.

So, I praised the dead
who had already died
more than the living who still had life.
And he who has not yet been born is better than both,
he does not become aware of the evil that happens under the sun.

O death, how bitter you are
O death, how bitter you are
when a man thinks of you,
one who has good days and enough,
who lives without cares
who is doing well in all things
and who can eat well
O death, how bitter you are.

O death how good you feel to one that is needy,
who is weak and old
and who is full of care
and has nothing better to hope for
or to expect.
O death, how good you feel!

Even if I spoke with the tongues of men
Even if I spoke with the tongues of men
and of angels
and had no love,
so I would be as sounding brass
or a ringing bell.
And if I could prophesize,
and knew all the mysteries,
und alle Erkenntnis, 
und hätte allen Glauben, also
Daß ich Berge versetzte, 
und hätte der Liebe nicht, 
so wäre ich nichts.

Und wenn ich alle meine Habe den Armen gäbe, 
und ließe meinen Leib brennen, 
und hätte der Liebe nicht, 
so wäre mir's nichts nütze.

Wir sehen jetzt durch einen Spiegel
In einem dunklen Worte;
dann aber von Angesicht zu Angesicht. 
Jetzt erkenne ich'sstückweise, 
dann aber weder ich's erkennen, 
gleichwie ich erkennt bin.

Nun aber bleibt Glaube, Hoffnung, Liebe, 
diese drei; 
aber die Liebe ist die größte unter ihnen.

Sous le dome épais
Lakmé
Viens, Mallika, les lianes en fleurs
Jettent déjà leur ombre
Sur le ruisseau sacré qui coule, calme et sombre,
Éveillé par le chant des oiseaux tapageurs!

Mallika
Oh, maîtresse, c’est l’heure où je te vois sourire,
L’heure bénire où je puis lire
Dans le coeur toujours fermé de Lakmé!

Lakmé et Mallika
Sous le dôme épais
Où le blanc jasmin
À la rose s’assemble
Sur la rive en fleurs,
Riant au matin
Viens, descendons ensemble.

and had all knowledge
and had all faith
so that I could move mountains,
but had no love,
I would be nothing.

And if I gave all my goods to the poor
and let my body be burned,
but had no love,
it would do me no good.

For we now see through a mirror
words that are not clear,
but then we shall be face to face.

Now I know in fragments,
but then I will know in the same way as I shall be known.

But now are left Faith, Hope and Love,
these three:
but Love is the greatest of them.

Under the thick dome
Lakmé
Come, Mallika, the lianas are in bloom,
They already cast their shadows
On the sacred river which flows, calmly and serenely.

They have awakened by the song birds!

Mallika
Oh! mistress, this is the time when your face smiles,
The time when I can read
Lakmé’s secrets hidden in her heart!

Lakmé et Mallika
Under the thick dome,
where the white jasmine
Assembles at the rose,
On the river of flowers,
laughing in the morning.

Come, let's descend together.
Doucement glissons de son flot charmant
Suivons le courant fuyant:
Dans l’onde frémissante
D’une main nonchalante,
Viens, gagnons le bord,
Où la source dort
Et l’oiseau, l’oiseau chante.
Sous le dôme épais
sous le blanc jasmin
Ah! descendons ensemble.

Lakmé
Mais, je ne sais quelle crainte subite,
S'empare de moi,
Quand mon père va seul à leur ville maudite;
Je tremble, je tremble d'effroi!

Mallika
Pourquoi le Dieu Ganeça le protège,
Jusqu’à l'étang où s'ébattent joyeux
Les cygnes aux ailes de neige,
Allons cueillir les lotus bleus.

Lakmé
Oui, près des cygnes aux ailes de neige,
Allons cueillir les lotus bleus.

Stride la vampa!
Stride la vampa!
La folla indomita
corre a quel fuoco
lieta in sembianza;
urli di gioia
intorno echeggiano:
cinta di sgherri
donna s'avanza!
Sinistra splende
sui volti orribili
la tetra fiamma
che s'alza al ciel!
Stride la vampa!

Gently, let's slip around its charming flood.
Let's follow the fleeing current
With one careless hand let's reach
for the bank,
Come, let's find the bank
Where the source sleeps.
And the birds, the birds sing.
Under the thick dome,
Under the white jasmine,
Let's descend together.

Lakmé
But, I don't know what sudden fear
enfolds me,
When my father goes alone to their cursed city
I tremble, I tremble from fear.

Mallika
So that the God Ganesha protects him,
Until the pond where swans with snow-white wings
play together joyously.
Let's go pick blue lotuses.

Lakmé
Yes, near swans with snow-white wings,
Let's pick blue lotuses together

The crackling flame fizzes!
The crackling flame fizzes!
The unyielding crowd
Runs to that fire
Happy in countenance;
Merry shouts
Echo all around;
Escorted by guards
A woman makes forth!
Sombre shines
On that terrible faces
The gloomy flame
That reaches up to the sky!
The crackling flame fizzes!
Giunge la vittima
nerovestita,
discinta e scalza!
Grido feroce
di mortr levasi;
l' eco il ripete
di balza in balza!
Sinistra splende
sui volti orribili
la tetra fiamma
che s'alza al ciel!

Chanson triste
Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été,
Et pour fuir la vie importune,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
Mon triste cœur et mes pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.

Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh! quelquefois, sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous;

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesse,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses
Que, peut-être, je guérirai.

Le manoir de Rosemonde
De sa dent soudaine et vorace,
Comme un chien l'amour m'a mordu…
En suivant mon sang répandu,
Va, tu pourras suivre ma trace...

Prends un cheval de bonne race,

The victim arrives,
Clad in black,
Half-dressed, barefoot!
A ferocious cry
Of death rises.
The echo repeats
It all along the cliffs!
Sombre shines
On that terrible faces
The gloomy flame
That reaches up to the sky!

Melancholy Song
Moonlight slumbers in your heart,
A gentle summer moonlight,
And to escape the cares of life
I shall drown myself in your light.

I shall forget past sorrows,
My sweet, when you cradle
My sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving calm of your arms.

You will rest my poor head,
Ah! sometimes on your lap,
And recite to it a ballad
That will seem to speak of us;

And from your eyes full of sorrow,
From your eyes I shall then drink
So many kisses and so much love
That, perhaps, I shall be healed.

Rosemonde’s Manor
Love, like a dog, has bitten me
with its sudden, voracious teeth...
Come, the trail of spilt blood
will enable you to follow my tracks.

Take a horse of good pedigree
Pars, et suis mon chemin ardu,
Fondrière ou sentier perdu,
Si la course ne te harasse!

En passant par où j'ai passé,
Tu verras que seul et blessé
J'ai parcouru ce triste monde.

Et qu'ainsi je m'en fus mourir
Bien loin, bien loin, sans découvrir
Le bleu manoir de Rosemonde.

Soupir
Ne jamais la voir ni l'entendre
Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,
mais, fidèle, toujours l'attendre,
Toujours l'aimer.

Ouvrir les bras, et, las d'attendre,
Sur le neant les refermer,
Mai, encor, toujours les lui tendre,
Toujours l'aimer.

Ah! ne pouvoir que les lui tendre,
Et dans les pleurs se consumer,
Mais ces pleurs toujours les repandre,
Toujours l'aimer.

Ne jamais la voir ni l'entendre
Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,
mais, d'un amour toujours plus tendre,
Toujours l'aimer,
Toujours!

Canción de la gitana
A una gitana preciosa
mú serrana y mú pulía
traspasaíto de acharies
su gitano le desía:
¡Mí nena!
Morena ven tú pá acá.

and set off on the arduous route I took,
through swamps and overgrown paths,
if that's not too exhausting a ride for you!

As you pass where I passed,
you will see that I travelled
alone and wounded through this sad world,

and thus went off to my death
far, far away, without ever finding
Rosemonde's blue manor-house.

Sigh
Never to see her or hear her,
never to speak her name aloud,
but, faithful, always to wait for her,
always to love her.

To open one’s arms, and, weary of waiting,
to close them upon emptiness,
but still, forever to hold them out to her,
always to love her.

Ah, to be able to do nothing but hold them out to her,
and to waste away in weeping,
but always to shed those tears,
always to love her.

Never to see her or hear her,
never to speak her name aloud,
but, with a love always more tender,
always to love her,
Always!

Song of the gypsy
To a gorgeous gypsy
most proud and true,
transported with jealousy
her gypsy lover said to her:
My darling!
My dark beauty, you come here.
Dame er calor de tu cuerpo,
cara de mayo flória,
dame er calor de tu cuerpo,
mía que me muero de frío.
¡Morena! ¡Mi nena, ten caría!
No orvies lo que te dije
que por tus amores
Me estoy gorviendo barlú.

Que lo que tengas conmigo, ramito de flores,
con naide lo tendrás tú,
quiéreme por tu salú.
¡Que gana tengo gitana de que nos bendiga er cura,
pá verte er pelito suerto sobre la esparda desnuda!
¡Mi nena! ¡Morena, cuando sera!

Y al ver al probe gitano rendió por la amargura
se enternesió la chavala
antes de hablar con er cura.
Y con la pena en los ojos
y el corasón dolorio
hoy va la probe gitana
buscando el bien que he perdíó.
¡Ay!

Yield me the warmth of your body,
your face like flowers in May,
yield me the warmth of your body,
you look, I’m dying of cold.
My dark beauty! May darling, take pity!
Don’t forget what I told you,
that for your love
I’m going round the bend.

That which you’ll have with me, little posy,
You’ll never have the same with anyone else.
love me for your own good.
How I long, gypsy, for the priest
to bless us,
to see the hair hang loose
on your naked back!
My darling! My dark beauty, when will it be?

And seeing the poor gypsy boy torn with suffering,
the girl felt pity,
before speaking to the priest.
And with pain in her eyes
and a heavy heart
now the poor gypsy girl
searches for what she has lost.
Ay!

Program Notes

Parto, ma tu, ben mio from W. A. Mozart’s final opera La Clemenza di Tito, exhibits Mozart’s ability to compose a serious opera that could stand to the caliber of his comic operas. The aria is sung by Sesto, Tito’s friend, who is in love with Vitellia, the woman that Tito has slighted by expressing interest in Servillia, Sesto’s sister. Vitellia then enraged with jealousy, urges Sesto, who is madly in love with her, to assassinate Tito. Sesto, reluctant to betray his friend Tito, is finally coerced by Vitellia’s promises of love. As he departs on his mission, he tells Vitellia that he will do whatever it takes to please her.

German composer Johannes Brahms created the song cycle Vier ernste Gesänge after a hiatus of ten years without composing songs. This set is perhaps his most expressive musical settings and a summation of his song style and his personal beliefs. He began composing the songs around the time Clara Schumann, a dear friend, suffered a light stroke, and completed them in the month
of her death. Once completed, he wrote to her daughters stating: “I ask you to regard them as really a funeral offering for your dear mother.” The four songs deal with themes of love, death, and resignation, themes that Brahms had explored before, yet the texts for these songs were adapted from the Bible and are prose and not poetry, giving the music a greater rhythmic freedom. *Denn es gehet dem Menschen* uses verses 19-22 from Ecclesiastes 3, urging man to remember that he came from dust and will return to dust and therefore should be happy in his work. *Ich wandte mich und sahe an also* uses verses from Ecclesiastes, yet in this case verses 1-3 from chapter 4, praising the dead and unborn for they do not experience oppression. The third song, *O Tod, wie bitter bist du*, uses verses 1-2 from chapter 41 of Ecclesiastes, where man is reminded of how death can be bitter or sweet depending on his current situation. Brahms finishes the set with *Wenn ich mit Menschen*, using verses 1-2 and 12-13 from Corinthians I, chapter 3, where love is praised as the most valuable aspect of human life.

Samuel Barber, one of the most celebrated 20th century American composers, enjoyed early fame and enduring acclaim as a composer, and he lived to see virtually all of his music recorded. Although he is mostly known for his solo voice and piano songs, Barber composed two operas: Anthony and Cleopatra, and Vanessa, which many people still consider the American opera. The aria *Must the winter come so soon?* from the opera Vanessa, is sung by Erika, Vanessa’s niece, who is wondering if the carriage sent to bring their visitor, Vanessa’s lover Anatol – who abandoned Vanessa twenty years before – will be able to return from the swirling snows of an early winter storm.

*Sous le dôme épais*, better known as The Flower Duet, from Léo Delibes’s opera *Lakmé* is perhaps one of the most famous duets from the operatic world. The duet takes place in act 1 of the three-act opera, between characters Lakmé, the daughter of a Brahmin priest, and her servant Mallika, as they go to gather flowers by a river.

*Stride la vampa!*, from Giuseppe Verdi’s *Il Trovatore*, is Azucena’s recreation of the story of her mother’s death. The gypsies have been singing a work song as they labor at their anvils by the fire. The atmosphere of contentment is shattered when the old gypsy Azucena dramatically retells the story of her mother’s murder at the stake before a vengeful mob.

French composer Henri Duparc composed only sixteen songs, “but they are among the most beautiful in the French literature, full of melodic and harmonic subtleties.” *Chanson triste* is Duparc’s first mélodie and he marked it “with tender and intimate feeling.” Its overall mood is one of loving consolation and hope. *Le manoir the Rosemonde* is built on an agitated rhythmic figure in the piano, rugged and vigorous, that drives the song forward and accompanies the poet on his desperate search for someone or something unattainable – the “bleu manoir de Rosemonde.” Representing another form of loss is *Soupir*, about a man who laments the loss of his lover. There is an undercurrent of sorrow and frustration in the music throughout, despite its restrained character.
*The Desire for Hermitage* belongs to Barber’s song cycle *Hermit Songs*, representing his love of Irish literature and poetry, and his personal search for solitude. The song embodies a passionate plea for solitude and is a true representation of Barber’s concern for the prosody since there are no metrical signatures throughout the song so that the singer has the opportunity to project the importance of the text. *Solitary Hotel*, was composed between 1968 and 1969, this song belongs to a suite of five songs called *Despite and Still*. The lyrics are taken from *Ulysses*, from a passage where Stephen suggests a "scene" to Bloom in response to one of Bloom's many offbeat ideas. Unfortunately Stephen's impromptu scene unintentionally brings to Bloom's mind his father's suicide. *A green lowland of pianos* represents Barber’s more whimsical side. The text pokes fun at concert hall performances and etiquette, comparing pianos to cows and indulging in text painting with both the piano and vocal lines.

*Canción de la gitana* is a romanza from the zaruela *La alegría del batallón* by Spanish composer José Serrano. “The zarzuela’s plot centers on a soldier who steals a jeweled cross from a statue of the Virgin, a sacrilege from which he is condemned to death. He has committed the crime out of desperation to desert, and rejoin his beloved Dolores. The well-known ‘Song of the Gypsy’ is sung by Dolores herself, later on in the zarzuela when the soldier’s crime has been explained away and forgiven, in a scene which has no direct relevance to the main plot.”
Puerto Rican mezzo-soprano, Clary A. Román, began her musical education as a violist at the age of 8. She was introduced to the world of singing a year later, when she was urged, by her viola instructor, to audition for the choir. This was the beginning of an ever-growing passion for music, which led her to pursue music at the college level. Miss Román auditioned and was accepted as a violist at the University of Florida, yet half-way through her freshman year, she was advised to audition for the voice studio. Once accepted, her vocal career began at the age of 17 and a new passion for classical vocal music sprouted. This new love for vocal music opened doors into the operatic world. Miss Román then began to explore the opera world while sitting in the orchestra pit at the University of Florida. She participated in the orchestra for *The Mikado*, *Sussanah*, and *Tosca*. In 2011, she was presented with the opportunity to learn costuming and staging at a UF production of *The Magic Flute*, which further fueled her love for opera. Finally, in July 2012, her opportunity to be on stage came when Miss Román performed the role of *Third Spirit* in Operafestival di Roma’s production of *The Magic Flute*. In Spring 2013, Miss Román found herself once again on stage, yet this time portraying the *Sorceress* in UF’s production of *Dido and Aeneas*. In Fall 2013, she performed the role of *Maestra di Novizie* in the UF production of *Sour Angelica* and in Spring 2014, Ms. Román had the opportunity to perform as *Empress Tegulen* in the world premier of Stella Sung’s *The Red Silk Thread*.

Miss Román received a Bachelor’s Degree in Music Education from the University of Florida and is currently pursuing a Master’s Degree in Vocal Performance, at the same institution. She is currently studying voice with Dr. Elizabeth Graham.