

CSUSB Music Department Junior Recital: Martin Barboza-Zarate, violin
and Tanisha LaShawn Henry, soprano
November 12, 2009, 8:15 p.m. – Performing Arts Recital Hall

PROGRAM

Praeludium and Allegro (In the style of Pugnani) Fritz Kreisler (1875-1962)

Violin Concerto no. 2 in E major, S. 1042 J.S. Bach (1685-1750)

- I. Allegro
- II. Adagio
- III. Allegro assai

Czardas Vittorio Monti (1868-1922)

Martin Barboza-Zarate, *violin*

Classical Italian

Placido Zeffiretto Vincenzo Righini (1756-1812)

Mi Lagnero Tacendo
O Che il Cielo a Me ti Rende

Post-Romantic French

Elegie Henri Duparc (1848-1933)
Romance de Mignon

Romantic German

Morgen! Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
Breit Uber Mein Haupt
Allerseelen
Zueignung

Opera

Summertime from “Porgy and Bess” George Gershwin (1898-1937)

Tanisha LaShawn Henry, *soprano*

TRANSLATIONS

A. Placido Zeffiretto
Placido Zeffiretto,
Se trovi, il caro oggetto,
Digli che sei sospirio,
Ma non gli dir di chi.
Limpido Ruscchetto,
Se trovi, il caro oggetto,
Dille che pianto sei,
Ma no gli dir qual ciglio
Creceer ti se cosi

B. Mi Lagnero Tacendo

Mi Lagnero Tacendo,
del mio destino amaro,
Ma ch'io non t'ami, o caro
Non lo sperar da me,
No, no lo sperar da me.

A. Gentle Zephyr
Gentle Zephyr,
If you pass her by,
Tell her you're a sigh
But tell her not from whom.
Limpid Streamlet,
If you meet her ever,
Say it, with your best endeavor,
That swells with the tears you come,
But tell her not of whom.

B. I shall mourn in Silence

I shall mornn in silence,
over my harsh destiny,
but that I love you not my dear,
do not expect that of me.
No, no, do not expect that of me.

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Crudele! In che t'offendo,
se resta in questo petto,
il misero diletto,
di sospirar per te?

C. Or che il Cielo a Me ti Rende

Or che il cielo a me ti rende
cara parte del mio cor,
La mio gioja, non comprende
chi non sa che cosa e amor!

Sono all'alma un grato oggetto
le mie barbare vicende,
E nel sen dolce discende
la memoria del dolor.

D. Elegie

Oh! Ne murmurez pas son nom!
Qu'il dorme dans l'ombre,
Ou froide et sans honneur,
Repose sa depouille.
Muettes, Tristes, Glacees,
Tombent nos larmes,
Comme la rose e de la nuit,
Qui sur sa tete humecte le gazon;
Mais la rose e la nuit,
Bien qu'el le pleure,
Qu'el le pleure en silence,
Fera briller la ver dure sur sa couche
Et nos larmes, en secret re pandues,
Conserveront sa me moiré,
Fraiche et verte, dans nos coeurs.

E. Romance de Mignon

Le connais tu, ce radieux pays
Ou brille dans les branches l'or des fruits ?
Un doux zephir embaume l'air
Et le laurier s'u nit au myrte vert.
Le connais tu, le connais tu ?

La bas, la bas, mon bien aime
Cou rons porter nos pas,

Le connais tu, ce mervilleux se jour
Ou tout me par lencor de notre amour ?
Ou chaque objet me dit avec douler:
<Qui t'a ra vi ta joie et ton bon heur?>
Le connais tu, le connais tu?

Cruel one! How do I offend you
If in my breast there remains,
this unfortunate delight
In sighting for you?

C. Now that Heaven has restored you back to me

Now that Heaven has restored you back to me
You cherished part of my heart,
No one can understand my joy,
Who does not know what love is!

To my soul, your barbarous adventures
turn into an object of gratitude,
as from my heart sweetly goes away
The memory of my pain.

D. Elegy

Oh! Breathe not his name!
Let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonour'd
His relics are made.
Sad, Silent, and Dark,
Be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew falls
On the grass o'er his head.
But the night-dew that falls,

Through in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure,
The grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

E. The Mignon's Romance

Do you know it, that radiant land
where golden fruits shines in the branches ?
A gentle breeze lulls in the air
And the laurel is entwined with the green myrtle.
Do you know it, do you know it ?

To the distant land, my beloved,
let us hasten our steps,

do you know it, that wonderful place
where everything still speaks to me of our love?
where every object says to me in sorrow:
<Who has stolen from you, your joy and happiness?>
Do you know it, do you know it ?

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F. Morgen!

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen
Und auf dem wege, den ich gehen werde
Wird uns die Glucklichen, sie wieder einen
Inmitten dieser sonneatmenden Erde...
Und zu dem strand, dem weiten, wogerblauen
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
Stumm warden wir uns in die Augen schauen,
Und auf uns, sinkt des Gluckes stummes Schweiegn

G. Breit Über mein Haupt

Breit' uber mein haupt dein schwarzes Harr,
Neig, zu mir dein Angesicht,
Da stromt in die Seele so hell und klar
Mir deiner Augen Licht.
Ich will nicht droben der Sonner Pracht,
Noch der Sterne leuchtenden Kranz,
Ich will nur deiner Locken Nacht,
Und deiner Blicke Glanz.

H. Allerseelen

Stell' auf den Tisch die duftetenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten Astern trag' herbei,
Und lass uns wieder von der Liebe reden
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die hand, dass ich sie Heimlich drucke,
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei
Gib mir nur einen deiner sussen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.

Es blucht und duftet heut' auf jedem grabe
Ein tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm an mein Herz, dass ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

I. Zueignung

Ja du weisst es, teure Seele,
Dass ich fern von dir mich quale,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die bosen,

F. Tomorrow

And tomorrow the sun will shine again
and on the path, where I shall walk,
it will again unite us, the happy ones
in the midst of this sun-breathing earth...
and to the wide, blue-waved shore,
we will quietly and slowly descend,
mute, we will gaze into each other's eyes,
and on us sinks the muted silence of happiness.

G. Spread out over my Head

Spread over my head your black hair,
draw your face closer to me,
there flows into my soul so bright and clear,
Your eyes' light.
I do not wish for the sun's magnificence above,
nor even the stars shining garland,
I wish only for the night of your locks,
and the light of your eyes.

H. All Souls' Day

Put on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
carry the last red astors here,
and let us again talk of love,
Like once in May.

Give me your hand, that I may secretly press it,
and if anyone sees it, it makes no difference to me,
give me only one of your sweet glances,
Like once in May.

Today it blossoms and smells sweet on each grave.
one day in the year indeed the dead are free,
come to my heart, that I have you again,
Like once in May.

I. Dedication

Yes, you know it, beloved soul,
that I am tormented far from you,
love makes the heart suffer,
Thanks to you.

Once I held, the one who delighted in freedom,
high the amethyst cup,
and you blessed the drink,
Thanks to you.

And exorcised the evil ones therein,

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Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, Heilig, an's Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank.

until I, as I had never been,
Holy, holy onto your heart I sank
Thanks to you

J. Summertime

Summertime, and the livin' is easy,
fish are jumping, and the cotton is high,
Oh, your daddy's rich and your ma is good lookin'
so hush little baby don't you cry.

One of these mornings, you're gonna rise up singing,
then you'll spread your wings and you'll take to the sky,
but til that morning, there's a nothing can harm you,
til daddy and mammy standin' by.

PROGRAM NOTES

Praeludium and Allegro (In the style of Pugnani)

Fritz Kreisler was an Austrian-born violinist and composer; one of the most famous violinists of his day. He is noted for his sweet tone and expressive phrasing. Like many great violinists of his generation, he produced a characteristic sound, which was immediately recognizable as his own.

Praeludium and Allegro is considered one of the great standards of violin music. *The Kreisler Praeludium and Allegro* was one of the many violin pieces the composer attributed to lesser known composers of the 18th Century, even though they were his own works. This particular violin composition was originally attributed to Pugnani, and is often interpreted as a very Romantic homage to a baroque Italian virtuoso.

Praeludium and Allegro is a piece in two sections. The first is a firm declaration, in quarter notes, whose stern manner softens just a little as the section progresses but reasserts itself at the dramatic close. The second is a quick-paced affair in 16th notes, eventually building up to a flash-and-dazzle quasi-cadenza, over a rumbling dominant pedal-point in the bass register of the piano, and a strong-willed, double-stop-ridden final issue of the theme.

Violin Concerto No. 2 in E Major, S. 1042

Johann Sebastian Bach was a German composer and organist whose ecclesiastical and secular works for choir, orchestra, and solo instruments drew together the strands of the Baroque period and brought it to its ultimate maturity. He enriched the prevailing German style with a robust contrapuntal technique, an unrivalled control of harmonic and motivic organization, and the adaptation of rhythms, forms and textures from abroad, particularly Italy and France.

Bach's *Violin Concerto no. 2 in E Major, S. 1042*, is a concerto for violin, strings and continuo in 3 movements in the traditional fast-slow-fast pattern:

- *Allegro*
- *Adagio*
- *Allegro assai*

The first movement of the E major concerto is a monothematic movement written in three main sections and it has a repetitive thematic melody presented in various different keys. The contrasting central *Adagio*, in C-sharp minor, is one of Bach's grand, majestically paced, introspective arias. The third movement has the similar shape like the first movement. It is separated by episodes which allow the soloist to shine in phrase after phrase of florid, exuberant music.

Czardas

Vittorio Monti was an Italian composer, violinist, and conductor. Monti was born in Naples where he studied violin and composition at the Conservatorio di San Pietro a Majella. His most famous work was *Czardas*.

Czardas was written in 1904. It is a concerto and rhapsody. It is a well-known folk piece based on a Hungarian *Czardas*. The piece has seven different sections. Each one of a different tempo and occasionally key. The first half of the piece is in D minor, then changes to D major, back to D minor and then finally in D major. The first section is *Andante Largo*, followed by a large increase in speed with *Allegro Vivo*. This then slows down to *Molto Meno*. Then down a bit more to *Meno, Quasi Lento*. The piece suddenly picks up in pace and is at *Allegro Vivace*. Then slows down to *Allegretto* and finally to *Molto Più Vivo*. The tempo changes make the piece exciting and interesting. Even with all of these tempo changes, it is expected that there should

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be some rubato to add feeling to the piece. During the piece, there are also many dynamic changes, ranging from pianissimo to fortissimo.

In the *Meno, Quasi Lento* section, the violin plays stopped harmonics. This involves the violinist placing their finger down on the note and playing another note, with the finger only just touching the string, 5 semitones above. This gives the effect of the violin sounding two octaves (24 semitones) higher.

ABOUT THE ARTIST AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Martin Barboza-Zarate was born on September 6, 1988 in San Luis Potosi Mexico. He has been playing the violin for fourteen years. Now a senior at California State University, San Bernardino, Martin is striving to achieve his Bachelor's degree in Music Performance. Martin's interest in the violin came from the inspiration of his father Martin Barboza, Sr. His father was his first violin teacher. Martin then studied with Mr. Hipolito Puentes for three years. During his first quarter at the California State University, San Bernardino, Martin studied with Mr. Adrian Dumitrescu. Then in the Winter of 2007, Martin began studying with Mrs. Karen Thurman Palmer.

Martin has developed amazing skills and technique on violin throughout the past years. His love and devotion to music is an essential part while he performs and Martin hopes that someday he will be a member of a symphony.

Tanisha LaShawn Henry would like to thank the following people:

To my mother, my father, my grandmother, my two brothers: Steve Jr., Michael, and the rest of my family, thank you for believing in my talents and my goals. I would not have made it this far if it weren't for you guys. I love you very much.

To my CSUSB music friends, everything that I perform, I perform for you guys. Thank you for being there for me when I needed help, when we would laugh together, and even when we would sing together. Thank you for the friendships that I have made thus far.

To Dr. Stacey Fraser, thank you for always pushing me to be my best. I did not know what I was doing until you came along and helped me gain the musical experience that I have lacked in my life. For that, I thank you sincerely from the bottom of my heart.

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