

2017

## Concert recording 2017-11-20a

Lauren Suchy

Florencia Zuloaga

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UNIVERSITY OF  
ARKANSAS

J. WILLIAM FULBRIGHT  
College of Arts & Sciences

UAMusic

**Senior Voice Recital**  
**Lauren Suchy, *mezzo-soprano***  
**Florencia Zuloaga, *piano***

November 20, 2017 | 7:30pm  
Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall

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**Program**

- Che farò senza Euridice? Christoph Willibald Gluck (1714—1787)  
From *Orfeo ed Euridice*
- 2 Gesänge, Op. 91 Johannes Brahms (1833—1897)  
I. Gestillte Sehnsucht  
II. Geistliches Wiegenlied  
Erin Horner, *viola*
- Ô mon cher amant, je te jure Jacques Offenbach (1819—1880)  
Tu n'es pas beau, tu n'es pas riche  
From *La Périchole*
- La vie en rose Édith Piaf (1915—1963)

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*Lauren is a student of Professor David Malis.  
This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor of Music in Music Education.*

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Christoph Willibald Gluck first received musical instruction when he was a young schoolboy.<sup>1</sup> He played several instruments and enjoyed singing as well. He went to the University of Prague, studying logic and mathematics, as well as participating in operatic performances and worked as an organist at a local church. He then embarked for Vienna, without finishing his degree, and later Milan—which is where his musical career began to truly flourish. He wrote *Orfeo ed Euridice* in 1762 and it was the first of his “three so-called reform operas”<sup>2</sup> that focused more on “noble simplicity” as opposed to complex plot lines and music that was over the top. The opera tells the mythological story of Orfeo and his wife Euridice. Euridice dies and is taken to the Underworld. Orfeo trails her all the way to the gates of Hades, and makes a deal with the devil that he will refrain from looking at her until they have left the Underworld completely. However, he can not resist embracing her, and she is taken from him once again. He sings *Che farò senza Euridice* in mourning of the loss of his love.

Ove trascorsi ohimè  
Dove mi spinse un delirio d'amor!  
Cara sposa! Euridice!  
Mia diletta!  
Ah! Più non m'ode,  
Ella è morta per me!  
Ed io, io fui  
Che morte a lei recava!  
Oh! Legge spietata!  
E qual martir al mio somiglia  
In quest'ora funesta sol di morir con te,  
Lasso! Mi resta!  
Che farò senza Euridice?  
Dove andrò senza il mio ben?  
Euridice! Oh Dio! Rispondi!  
Io son pure il tuo fedele!  
Ah! Non m'avanza più soccorso, più speranza  
Nè dal mondo, nè dal ciel!  
*Text by Ranieri Calzabigi*

Alas! Where have I traversed?  
Where has a delirium of love thrust me?  
Dear bride! Euridice!  
My delight!  
Ah, she lives no more.  
She is dead for me!  
And I, I was  
That death to her taken!  
Oh, ruthless law!  
and what martyrs to my gaze.  
In this hour, it is only a pity to die with you,  
Alas, I remain!  
What will I do without Euridice?  
Where will I go without my wonderful one?  
Euridice, oh God, answer!  
I am entirely your loyal one.  
Ah, it does not give me any help, any hope  
Neither in this world, nor in heaven.  
*English translation by Gabriel Huaroc*

Johannes Brahms was born in Hamburg, Germany in 1833, and it was always part of his parents' plan for him to become a musician. Luckily, music was something that he loved even as a young boy. While he played the flute, horn, violin, viola, cello, and double bass,<sup>3</sup> his most preferred was piano. Brahms' family was poor during his teenage years, however, so he played and learned whichever instrument he needed to in order to land the highest paying performances to help his family and to earn money in order to further his education. Brahms wrote this set of songs for his close friends, Joseph Joachim and Amalie Schneeweiss.<sup>4</sup> The second piece in the set, *Geistliches Wiegenlied*, was actually composed first chronologically. Brahms wrote it for the couple so that Joachim could play the viola as Schneeweiss sang. Later, the couple's marriage became troubled, and Brahms composed *Gestillte Sehnsucht* in hopes to bring them together. While he was ultimately unsuccessful in this effort, the songs live on as a beautiful tribute to love cherished and love lost. In *Gestillte Sehnsucht*, he writes a very melodic viola part, which is later echoed in the voice. This melody seems to symbolize the wind and the birds “whispering the world to sleep”, as spoken of in the poem, which float above the stirring

<sup>1</sup> Brown, Bruce Alan and Rushton, Julian. "Gluck, Christoph Willibald Ritter von." *Grove Music Online. Oxford Music Online.* Oxford University Press. Web. 11 Oct. 2017.

<sup>2</sup> Hayes, Jeremy. "Orfeo ed Euridice (i)." *The New Grove Dictionary of Opera.* Ed. Stanley Sadie. *Grove Music Online. Oxford Music Online.* Oxford University Press. Web. 11 Oct. 2017.

<sup>3</sup> Brahms, Johannes, Styra Avins, and Josef Eisinger. "Part I: Prelude." *Johannes Brahms: Life and Letters.* N.p.: Oxford UP, 2004. 1-6. Print.

<sup>4</sup> Henken, John. "Two Songs for Alto, Viola, and Piano, Op. 91." *Two Songs for Alto, Viola, and Piano, Op. 91.* La Phil, n.d. Web.

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leaves, represented by the piano with its arpeggiated chords. Upon hearing the opening viola line of *Geistliches Wiegenlied*, one may recognize a familiar Christmas tune, "Josef liebe, Josef mein." While the words to this particular carol are never sung in the piece, the birth of Christ remains the subject of the poem. The song has three distinct parts, and alternates between serene, stable refrains and turbulent, minor modal fragments with changing meter, which shows Mary's plea for peace and quiet as she rocks her newborn baby to sleep.

*Gestillte Sehnsucht*

In goldnen Abendschein getaucht  
Wie feierlich die Wälder stehn!  
In leise Stimmen der Vögelein hauchet  
Des Abendwindes leises Wehn.  
Was lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein?  
Sie lispeln die Welt in Schlummer ein.  
Ihr Wünsche, die ihr stets euch reget  
Im Herzen sonder Rast und Ruh!  
Du Sehnen, das die Brust beweget.  
Wann ruhest du, wann schlummerst du?  
Beim Lispeln der Winde, der Vögelein,  
Ihr sehnenen Wünsche, wann schlaft ihr ein?  
Ach, wenn nicht mehr in goldne Fernen  
Mein Geist auf Traumgefieder eilt,  
Nicht mehr an ewig fernen Sternen  
Mit sehnenen Blick mein Auge weit;  
Dann lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein,  
Mit meinem Sehnen mein Leben ein.

*Text by Rückert*

Steeped in the golden light of evening  
How solemnly the forests stand!  
In the soft voices of birds breathes  
The gentle stirring of the evening wind.  
What whisper the wind and the birds?  
They whisper the world to sleep.  
Desires which always arise  
In the heart that is without peace or rest,  
Longings that trouble the soul,  
When will you rest, when will you cease?  
To the sounds of whispering wind and the birds  
You longing desires, when will you be lulled to sleep?  
When no longer into golden distances  
My spirit hastens on wings of dreams  
No longer on the eternal distant stars  
My eyes are fixed with longing gaze;  
Then the winds, the birds shall lull  
My life and my longings.

*English translation by Waldo Lyman*

*Geistliches Wiegenlied*

Die ihr schwebet um diese Palmen  
In Nacht und Wind,  
Ihr heil'gen Engel, stilltet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.  
Ihr Palmen von Bethalem in Windesbrausen  
Wie mögt ihr heute so zornig sausen!  
O rauscht nicht also, schweiget,  
Neiget euch leis und lind,  
Stillet die Wipfel! Es schlummert mein Kind.  
Der Himmelsknabe duldet Beschwerde;  
Ach, wie so müd er ward vom Leid der Erde.  
Ach, nun im Schlaf, ihm, leise gesänftigt,  
Die Qual zerinnt,  
Stillet die Wipfel, es schlummert mein Kind.  
Grimmige Kälte sauset hernieder,  
Womit nur deck ich des Kindleins Glieder!  
O all ihr Engel, die ihr geflügelt  
Wandelt im Wind,  
Stillet die Wipfel, es schlummert mein Kind.

*Text by Lope de Vega*

You who fly above these palm trees  
In the night and the wind,  
You holy angels, silence the treetops!  
My child is asleep.  
You palms of Bethlehem, in the raging wind,  
How can you rustle so angrily today,  
Do not sough thus, be silent,  
Sway softly and gently.  
Silence the treetops! My child is asleep.  
The Child of Heaven suffers pain;  
He was so weary of the sorrows of the earth,  
Now gently soothed in sleep.  
The agony leaves him.  
Silence the treetops, my child is asleep.  
Bitter cold descends,  
With what can I cover my child's limbs!  
All you angels, who on wings  
Hover in the air,  
Silence the treetops, my child is asleep.

*English translation by Waldo Lyman*

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Jacques Offenbach was a German composer.<sup>5</sup> His father was the chorister of the Synagogue of Cologne, Germany, so he grew up surrounded by music, and began his musical studies with his father. From the age of five, he was already well acquainted with both the violin and piano, and he wrote his first song at age six. By the time the young musician was thirteen, he was regarded as a virtuoso and had begun to perform many of his own compositions in public settings. *La Pèrichole* is an opéra-bouffe in 2 acts that tells the story of a young couple who earn their living as street performers. <sup>6</sup>The woman, who is called Pèrichole, is soon noticed and pursued by the Viceroy, who claims he wants to make her an honorary “lady-in-waiting” for his late wife, but really would just like for her to reside with him in his palace. Pèrichole is drawn in by his riches, and in *Ô mon cher amant, je te jure*, she writes a letter to her love and fellow street performer, Piquillo, to explain why she must leave him. After living for a time with the Viceroy, Pèrichole’s heart pulls her back to her beloved Piquillo, though she can not justify it. In *Tu n’es pas beau, tu n’es pas riche*, she is brutally honest with him about his shortcomings, but explains how she loves him all the same.

Ô mon cher amant, je te jure,  
Que je t’aime de tout mon coeur:  
Mais, vrai,  
La misère est trop dure  
Et nous avons trop de malheur.  
Tu dois le comprendre toi-même  
Que cela ne saurait durer  
Et qu’il vaut mieux,  
Dieu que je t’aime!  
Et qu’il vaut mieux nous separer.  
Crois tu qu’on puisse être bien tendre  
Alors que l’on manque de pain?  
À quels transports peut-on s’attendre  
En s’aimant quand on meurt de faim!  
Je suis faible, car je suis femme,  
Et j’aurai rendu quelque jour  
Le dernier soupir, ma chère âme.  
Croyant en pousser un d’amour!  
Ces paroles la sont cruelles.  
Je le sais bien, mais que veux-tu?  
Pour les choses essentielles  
Tu peux compter sur ma vertu.  
Je t’adore, si je suis folle  
C’est de toi, compte là dessus!  
Et je signe: La Pèrichole,  
Qui t’aime,  
Mais qui n’en peut plus!

Tu n’es pas beau, tu n’es pas riche,  
Tu manques tout à fait d’esprit  
T’es gestes sont ceux d’un godiche  
D’un saltimbanque dont on rit  
Le talent c’est une autre affaire  
Tu n’en as guère de talent  
De ce qu’on doit avoir pour plaire

Oh beloved, most dear, I declare  
That I love you with all of my heart:  
But, truthfully,  
The misery is too painful  
And we have too much misfortune.  
You must understand it yourself  
That this cannot endure  
And that it is better--  
God, how I love you!  
And that it is better that we separate.  
Do you believe that one can be well  
While lacking bread?  
What transport can one expect  
By loving when one dies of hunger!  
I am weak, because I am woman,  
And I will have returned someday  
The last sigh, my dear soul.  
Believing in pushing one of love!  
These words are cruel.  
I know it well, but what do you want?  
For the essential things  
You can count on my virtue.  
I adore you, even if I am crazy,  
It is of you, I count the above.  
and I sign: La Pèrichole,  
who loves you,  
But who can not take any more.

You are not handsome, you are not rich  
You are not witty.  
Your gestures are those of a clumsy oaf.  
From an entertainer which one laughs  
The talent is another affair  
You have hardly any talent.  
What it takes to please,

<sup>5</sup> Grovlez, Gabriel. “Jacques Offenbach: A Centennial Sketch.” *The Musical Quarterly*, vol. 5, no. 3, 1919, pp. 329–337. *JSTOR*, JSTOR, www.jstor.org/stable/738195.

<sup>6</sup> Ganzl, K., and A. Lamb. *Ganzl's: Book of the Musical Theatre*. N.p.: Bodley Head, 1988. Print.

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Tu n'as presque rien, et pourtant...  
Je t'adore brigand  
J'ai honte à l'avouer  
Je t'adore et ne puis vivre sans t'adorer  
Je ne hais pas la bonne chère  
On dînait chez ce viceroi  
Tandis que toi, toi pauvre hère  
Je mourais de faim avec toi.  
J'en avais chez lui de la joie  
J'en pouvais prendre tant et tant  
J'avais du velours de la soie  
De l'or des bijoux,  
Et pourtant...

You do not have, and yet...  
I love you, brigand  
I have shame to admit.  
I love you and I can not live without you.  
I do not hate the good things in life  
I dined with the viceroy  
While with you, you poor devil  
I die of hunger with you.  
I had joy when with him  
I could take both,  
I had velvet made of silk,  
jewelry of gold,  
and yet...

Édith Piaf is known as an icon of French popular music today, although she passed away over 50 years ago. Her style is often described as reminiscent of a French chanson, rich in sentiment and emotion, and often consisting of sorrowful material. This is fitting for her, as much of her life was encompassed by misfortune and tragedy.<sup>7</sup> She grew up, uneducated, on the streets of Paris, lost her only child at a young age, and suffered from substance abuse. However, her life tells a romantic rags-to-riches story, and her life and career are seen in that positive light. Although many of her songs were based on melancholy material, *La vie en rose* is a charming piece about love and how the little things that come with falling in love can make the world seem brighter. This sentiment is expressed through the jazzy accompanying chords and romantic falling vocal lines. While the title is directly translated to “life in pink”, it is almost always translated poetically as “seeing the world through rose-colored glasses”.

Des yeux qui font baisser les miens  
Un rire qui se perd sur sa bouche  
Voilà le portrait sans retouches  
De l'homme auquel j'appartiens  
Quand il me prend dans ses bras  
Il me parle l'a tout bas  
Je vois la vie en rose  
Il me dit des mots d'amour  
Des mots de tous les jours  
Et ça m' fait quelque chose  
Il est entré dans mon coeur  
Une part de bonheur  
Dont je connais la cause  
C'est lui pour moi  
Moi pour lui dans la vie  
Il me l'a dit, l'a jure pour la vie  
Et, dès que je l'aperçois  
Alors je sens en moi  
Mon coeur qui bat  
Des nuits d'amour à plus en finir  
Un grand bonheur qui prend sa place  
Les ennuis, les chagrins, s'effacent  
Heureux, heureux à mourir

The eyes that make me lower my own  
A laugh that is lost on his lips—  
That is the unretouched portrait  
Of the man to whom I belong  
When he takes me into his arms  
He speaks to me softly  
I see life through rose-colored glasses  
He speaks words of love to me  
They are everyday words,  
And they do something to me  
He has entered into my heart  
A bit of happiness  
That I know the cause of  
It's only him for me  
And me for him, for life  
He told me, he swore to me, for life  
As soon as I notice him  
I feel inside me  
My heart beats  
Endless nights of love  
bring great happiness  
The pain and bothers fade away  
Happy, so happy I could die.

<sup>7</sup> Huey, Steve. "Édith Piaf | Biography & History." *AllMusic*. Complex Music, n.d. Web.

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**My grandparents- Dave and Shirley**

**Terry Hicks**

**My "squad"- Corey, Alex, and Jordan**

**The members of the Schola Cantorum**

**All of my incredible and endlessly supportive friends**

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