

BEYOND BOUNDARIES

A JOURNEY THROUGH ORATORIO, ART SONG, OPERA & ZARZUELA

LUCIA PANIZZA, SOPRANO
DR. LIBOR DUDAS, PIANO

GUEST ARTISTS:

LAURA ÁVILA, VIOLA | HEMING CAO, TENOR
BRENDA HERRERA, BASSOON | TATEVIK KOCHARYAN, SOPRANO
MAKAYLA LANE, VIOLIN | MÓNICA LÓPEZ, VIOLIN
MARIA MILANO, FLUTE | ITZEL ORELLANA SIERRA, CELLO
ORLANDO SALAZAR, OBOE

MAY 11, 2024 | 3:00 PM

EDWARD M. PICKMAN CONCERT HALL - LONGY SCHOOL OF MUSIC
27 GARDEN STREET, CAMBRIDGE, MA 02138

FREE ADMISSION

A GRADUATE STUDENT RECITAL
CAROL MASTRODOMENICO STUDIO

LONGY
School of Music of Bard College

Exsultate, Jubilate, K.165 (1773)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

- Exsultate, jubilate
- Fulget amica dies
- Tu virginum corona
- Alleluja

Great Mass in C minor, K. 427 (1782-83)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

- Domine (duet for soprani)
- Quoniam (trio for soprani and tenor)
- Et incarnatus est (soprano solo with obbligato flute, oboe, and bassoon)

Intermission

Romanza from El barbero de Sevilla

Gerónimo Giménez (1854-1923)
Manuel Nieto (1844-1915)

Me llaman la primorosa

Selections from On this Island, Op.11 (1937)

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

1. Let the florid music praise!
2. Now the leaves are falling fast
3. Seascape

Selections from L'elisir d'amore

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

Una parola, o Adina
Prendi...Il mio rigor

Lucia Panizza, Soprano
Dr. Libor Dudas, Pianist

Ensemble: Laura Avila, Viola | Heming Cao, Tenor | Brenda Herrera, Bassoon
Tatevik Kocharyan, Soprano | Makayla Lane, Violin | Mónica Iopez, Violin
Maria Milano, Flute | Itzel Orellana Sierra, Cello | Orlando Salazar, Oboe

This recital is in fulfillment of the Master of Music degree.
Lucia Panizza is a student of Carol Mastrodomenico

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Thank you to all the exceptional faculty at Longy, your guidance and mentorship have been key in my development as a musician.

A heartfelt appreciation to the immensely talented artists who shared the stage with me today; your contributions enriched this experience in ways I cannot fully express.

Last but not least, thank you to Longy for granting me such a generous scholarship and providing me with the opportunity to pursue my master's degree. None of this would have been possible without it.

Thank you all for your unwavering support and encouragement.

Exsultate, Jubilate, K.165 (1773)
Selections from Great Mass in C minor, K.427 (1782-83)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791) was not just a genius but a revolutionary. During his childhood and through his father's teachings, Mozart not only absorbed, lived, and breathed music and culture across Europe, but also learned to resent those from the nobility who treated him as a mere servant and did not recognize his musical genius and talent. Due to Leopold Mozart's desperate pursuit for a good position for his child, Wolfgang must have greatly suffered the financial struggle of his family as well as the rejection of the nobility.

Therefore, it is not surprising that having been treated as a second-class citizen by "blue blooded" individuals such as the Grand Duke Leopold of Tuscany, Queen Maria Karolina, Marie Antoinette and Archduke Ferdinand Karl; Mozart ended up relying more on the increasingly important middle-class patrons with whom he must have identified himself more closely.

Being part of the striving middle class, the Freemasons were particularly attractive to Mozart because they were a group of intellectuals such as him that represented a break with the oppressed aristocracy and oligarchy of his time. Furthermore, the Freemasons professed Enlightenment humanistic values such as freedom and dignity that resonated with his own.

Apart from the Magic Flute's clear and obvious inclinations towards Freemasonry, we can see Mozart mocking nobility in "Don Giovanni," and most notably in "Nozze di Figaro". Nozze di Figaro was based on Beaumarchais' controversial play *Le Mariage de Figaro* which depicted the servants as the heroes and casted a light of doubt on the stale authority of aristocrats and Church. These revolutionary ideas resounded so loudly that the play was censored, and Da Ponte had to obtain specific permission from Joseph II.

Mozart was also a man of his time, and as such embraced the upcoming revolution. Austria was introduced to the Enlightenment in 1765 with Maria Theresa's appointment of her son Joseph II as co-regent, who was remarkably more liberal than her.

Both nobility and Church had lost their economic and political power. It was only natural that amid this political upheaval Mozart would embrace Freemasonry and rely on his Masonic Lodge rather than on the decaying Court and Church.

He was one of the most prolific composers that ever lived, and one of the founding fathers of opera as we know it.

Exsultate, Jubilate, K.165

The motet, Exultate Jubilate was composed when Mozart was sixteen. After visiting Milan with his father for Lucio Silla's premier, the young composer was stunned by the performance of the castrato Venanzio Rauzzini who performed as Cecilio in his opera. A month later, Mozart composed the Exultate Jubilate for Rauzzini. The work was premiered in Milan, at the San Antonio Church, on January 16th, 1773.

Exsultate, jubilate,

o vos animae beatae!

Dulcia cantica canendo,

cantui vestro respondendo,

psallant aethera cum me.

Exult, rejoice,

o blessed souls!

Singing sweet songs,

singing your song,

the heavens sing praise with me.

Fulget amica dies,

iam fugere et nubila et procellae;

exortus est justis inexpectata quies.

Undique obscura regnabat nox;

surgite tandem laeti,

qui timuistis adhuc,

et iucundi aurorae fortunatae

frondes dextera plena et lilia date.

A friendly day shines forth,

clouds and thunderstorms have already moved away;

unforeseen peace has come to the righteous.

Darkness was all over the world;

arise joyfully at last you, who were hitherto in fear,

and, well-disposed, to the blissful morning light lavishly present wreaths of leaves and lilies.

Tu, virginum corona,

tu nobis pacem dona.

Tu consolare affectus,

unde suspirat cor.

You, the Virgin's garland,

grant us peace.

Comfort us from the grief,

which makes our heart sigh.

Alleluja.

Halleluja.

Great Mass in C minor, K427

Mozart began the composition of the Great Mass at about the same time he married Constanze Weber, in the summer of 1782. He intended to perform the work in honor of their wedding, and he most likely wrote the “Et incarnatus est” for his fiancée.

Historical proof of the composer's intentions comes from letters between Leopold and Amadeus Mozart, in which Leopold expressed that he did not approve of this son's intentions. Shortly before his marriage to Constanze, Mozart wrote to Nanerl that Constanze loved this composition style: "Baron von Swieten, to whom I go every Sunday, gave me all the works of Handel and Sebastian Bach to take home with me. . . When Constanze heard the fugues, she absolutely fell in love with them. Now she will listen to nothing but fugues, and particularly the works of Handel and Bach."

Around 1782, Mozart had started studying Bach and Handel's pieces and the influence of these composers becomes evident in the Great Mass.

Though Mozart never finished composing this piece, efforts to complete what Mozart may not have had an interest in finishing started in the twentieth century.

Mozart did completely write the Kyrie, and the Gloria (including “Domine” and “Quoniam”), and part of the Credo including the “Et incarnatus est.”

Though unfinished, the mass was performed as a complete liturgical piece during Mozart's lifetime on October 23, 1783, at St. Peter's Church in Salzburg. Therefore, some musicologists speculated that Mozart must have borrowed material from other works.

His wife, Constanze, most likely sang the “Et incarnatus est” at the premier.

Domine Deus, Rex coelestis,

Deus Pater omnipotens.

Domine Fili unigenite, Jesu Christe.

Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris.

God Father Almighty,

Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son.

Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father.

Quoniam tu solus sanctus.

Tu solus Dominus.

Tu solus Altissimus, Jesu Christe.

For You alone are holy.

You alone are the Lord.

You alone, O Jesus Christ, are most high.

Et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto
ex Maria Virgine: Et homo factus est.

And He became flesh by the Holy Spirit
of the Virgin Mary: And was made man.

Selections from On this Island, Op.11 (1937)

Music by Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

Text by Wystan Hugh Auden
(1907 - 1973)

The songs are not so much a cycle as a collection of Auden settings that Britten was working on at the time. Benjamin Britten and W. H. Auden crossed paths in the summer of 1935, commissioned by the General Post Office Film Unit to contribute music and text to their documentaries, when both artists embraced the opportunity to reach a larger audience. Auden, aged twenty-seven and already acclaimed for his poetry, and Britten, aged twenty-one who had left the Royal College of Music, had distinct backgrounds; Britten's musical training leaned towards conservatism, while Auden was more attuned to avant-garde cultural currents. Despite their differences, they found common ground, especially in their shared leftist political inclinations and their homosexuality as open as circumstances permitted at their time. This congenial atmosphere fostered a deep friendship and professional collaboration lasting until 1942, yielding numerous works, including "On this Island."

1. Let the florid music praise!

Let the florid music praise,
The flute and the trumpet,
Beauty's conquest of your face:
In that land of flesh and bone,
Where from citadels on high
Her imperial standards fly,
Let the hot sun
Shine on, shine on.

O but the unlov'd have had power,
The weeping and striking,
Always; time will bring their hour:
Their secretive children walk
Through your vigilance of breath
To unpardonable death,
And my vows break
Before his look.

2. Now the leaves are falling fast

Now the leaves are falling fast,
Nurse's flowers will not last;
Nurses to the graves are gone,
And the prams go rolling on.

Whisp'ring neighbours, left and right,
Pluck us from the real delight;
And the active hands must freeze
Lonely on the sep'rate knees.

Dead in hundreds at the back
Follow wooden in our track,
Arms raised stiffly to reprove
In false attitudes of love.

Starving through the leafless wood
Trolls run scolding for their food;
And the nightingale is dumb,
And the angel will not come.

Cold, impossible, ahead
Lifts the mountain's lovely head
Whose white waterfall could bless
Travellers in their last distress.

3. Seascape

Look, stranger, at this island now
The leaping light for your delight discovers,
Stand stable here
And silent be,
That through the channels of the ear
May wander like a river
The swaying sound of the sea.

Here at the small field's ending pause
Where the chalk wall falls to the foam, and its tall ledges
Oppose the pluck
And knock of the tide,
And the shingle scrambles after the sucking surf,
and the gull lodges
A moment on its sheer side.

Far off like floating seeds the ships
Diverge on urgent voluntary errands;
And the full view
Indeed may enter
And move in memory as now these clouds do,
That pass the harbour mirror
And all the summer through the water saunter.

Selections from L'elisir d'amore (1832)
Una parola, o Adina
Prendi...Il mio rigor

Music by Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)
Libretto by Felice Romani
(1788 – 1865), after Eugene
Scribe's text for Daniel
Auber's *Le philtre* (1831)

L'elisir d'amore (The Elixir of Love) is a comic melodrama in two acts, and one of the most performed and well-known operas of all times. It was the earliest of Donizetti's operas and the most performed during the composer's lifetime.

The plot revolves around a privileged farm owner, Adina, and an illiterate peasant, Nemorino, whose failed attempts to win Adina's love drive him to fall prey to a quack doctor who offers him a magical elixir capable of winning Adina's heart.

Even though Felice Romani's libretto at times is a literal translation of Scribe's text for Auber's "Le philtre," some numbers including the Adina-Nemorino duet "Una parola, o Adina" has no counterpart in the French libretto. The addition was considered essential to Donizetti to satisfy the pathos necessary to achieve the comedic effect of the work as a whole.

Una parola, o Adina

NEMORINO
Una parola, o Adina.

NEMORINO
A word, oh Adina.

ADINA
L'usata seccatura!
I soliti sospir! Faresti meglio
A recarti in città presso tuo zio,
Che si dice malato, e gravemente.

ADINA
So annoying!
The usual sigh! You'd do better
if you go to your uncle's.
They say he is gravely sick.

NEMORINO
Il suo mal non è niente – appresso al mio.
Partirmi non poss'io ...
Mille volte il tentai ...

NEMORINO
His illness is nothing compared to mine.
I cannot leave ...
I tried a thousand times...

ADINA
Ma s'egli more,
E lascia erede un altro? ...

ADINA
But what if he dies,
and leaves his inheritance to someone else? ...

NEMORINO
E che m'importa? ...

NEMORINO
What do I care? ...

ADINA
Morrai di fame, e senza appoggio alcuno ...

ADINA
You will die of hunger, and without support ...

NEMORINO
O di fame o d'amor ... per me è tutt'uno.

NEMORINO
Whether it is hunger or love ... for me it's all the same.

ADINA
Odimi. Tu sei buono, modesto sei, né al par di quel
sergente ti credi certo d'inspirarmi affetto.
Così ti parlo schietto, e ti dico che invano amor tu speri,
che capricciosa io sono, e non v'ha brama
che in me tosto non muoia appena è desta.

ADINA
Listen. You are a good man, you are modest. You
certainly cannot believe that you can arouse love in me
like that sergeant. So I speak to you frankly, and I tell
you that in vain you hope love from me.
I am very capricious, and there isn't a whim of mine
that in me doesn't die as soon as it is aroused.

NEMORINO

Oh! Adina! ... e perché mai? ...

ADINA

Bella richiesta!
Chiedi all'aura lusinghiera
Perché vola senza posa
Or sul giglio, or sulla rosa,
Or sul prato, or sul ruscel;
Ti dirà che è in lei natura
L'esser mobile e infedel.

NEMORINO

Dunque io deggio? ...

ADINA

All'amor mio
Rinunziar, fuggir da me.

NEMORINO

Cara Adina! ... non poss'io.

ADINA

Tu nol puoi? Perché?

NEMORINO

Perché!
Chiedi al rio perché gemente
Dalla balza ov'ebbe vita
Corre al mar che a sè l'invita,
E nel mar sen va a morir:
Ti dirà che lo trascina
Un poter che non sa dir.

ADINA

Dunque vuoi...?

NEMORINO

Morir com'esso,
Ma morir seguendo te.

ADINA

Ama altrove: è a te concesso.

NEMORINO

Ah! possibile non è

ADINA

Per guarir di tal pazzia,
Ch'è pazzia l'amor costante,
Dèi seguir l'usanza mia,
Ogni dì cambiar d'amante.
Come chiedo scaccia chiodo,
Così amor discaccia amor.
In tal guisa io me la godo,
In tal guisa ho sciolto il cor.

NEMORINO

Ah! te sola io vedo, io sento,
Giorno e notte, e in ogni oggetto;
D'obliarti invano io tento.
Il tuo viso ho sculto in petto ...
Col cambiarti qual tu fai,
Può cambiarsi ogn'altro amor,
Ma non può, non può giammai
Il primiero uscir dal cor.

NEMORINO

Oh! Adina! ... and why? ...

ADINA

Lovely question!
Ask the flattering breeze
why it flies without rest
now over the lily, now over the rose,
now over the meadow, now over the brook.
It will tell you that it's in her nature
to be fickle and unfaithful.

NEMORINO

Then I must? ...

ADINA

Renounce my love, ...
flee from me.

NEMORINO

Dearest Adina! ... I cannot.

ADINA

You can't? Why?

NEMORINO

Why!
Ask the river why moaning
from the hill where it received life
runs to die in the inviting sea,
It will tell you that he is drawn by a power
that he can't explain.

ADINA

Then you want to...?

NEMORINO

To die like the river,
but to die following you.

ADINA

Go fall in love somewhere else, you are permitted to do that.

NEMORINO

Ah, that is impossible!

ADINA

To cure such madness,
for constant love is madness
you must do as I do,
fall in love with a different person every day.
Just as one nail drives out another
thus one love drives out another love.
In this way I enjoy myself,
In this way I have freed my heart.

NEMORINO

Ah! you alone I see, I feel,
day and night, and in everything;
in vain I try to forget about you.
Your face is sculpted in my breast ...
With your changeable nature,
you may be able to change any other love,
but the first love
can never leave my heart

Prendi ... Il mio rigor

Prendi...Il mio rigor
Prendi; per me sei libero:
Resta nel suol natio,
Non v'ha destin sì rio,
Che non si cangi un dì.
Resta
Qui, dove tutti t'amano,
Saggio, amoroso, onesto,
Sempre scontento e mesto
No, non sarai così.
Il mio rigor dimentica,
Ti guiro eterno amor.

Take it...Forget my cruelty
Take it; through me you are free:
Stay on your native land;
There is no destiny that is so bitter
That it cannot change one day.
Stay.
Here, where everyone loves you,
Wise, loving, honest man, ah!
Always unhappy and sad
No, you will not be this way, ah no.
Forget my cruelty,
I swear to you eternal love.

Romanza from El barbero de Sevilla
Me llaman la primorosa

Gerónimo Giménez (1854-1923)
Manuel Nieto (1844-1915)

Zarzuela, often viewed as Opera's Hispanic sibling, doesn't always show proper deference to its older Italian counterpart. At times, Zarzuela borders on impudence, showcasing musical parodies and an affectionate mockery of the elder genre.

Such is the case of “El barbero de Sevilla.” This Zarzuela is not about Rossini's storyline but rather revolves around the chaos backstage during a provincial staging of his renowned masterpiece.

Elena desires to pursue a singing career despite her father's moral objections. Seizing the opportunity of his absence, Elena's mother and music teacher throw her into the spotlight as Rosina in a production of the Rossini opera in Burgos. Meanwhile, her father is away from home secretly having an affair with an established diva rehearsing in the same theater.

In a climax reminiscent of Feydeau's farces, tensions escalate in the dressing room until Elena's mother discovers the truth. Despite this, she chooses to postpone her vengeance, allowing Elena to enjoy her moment of triumph as a prima donna, at least temporarily.

The romanza “Me llaman la primorosa,” is Elena's warm-up vocal exercise before going onstage as Rosina in Rossini's Barber of Seville.

Me llaman la primorosa

Me llaman la primorosa,
la niña de los amores,
por mis ojos tentadores y
esta cara tan graciosa,
por mis labios encendidos
como los rojos claveles,
do los hombres buscan mieles
en abejas convertidos
Porque en mi alma hay un tesoro,
ya de risa, ya de llanto,
porque encanto cuando canto
y enamoro cuando lloro
Y me llaman por hermosa,
los hombres engañadores,
la niña de los amores, la primorosa.

They call me the exquisite one

They call me the exquisite one,
the woman of love,
because of my tempting eyes, and this beautiful
face,
because of my fiery lips like red carnations where
men look for honey as they are turned into bees.
Because of my light dark skin, which is the color
of beauty,
and my silhouette which is slender as the stick of
a lily.
Because there is a treasure in my soul,
of laughter and tears,
because I enchant when I sing,
and I enamor when I cry.
And the deceiving men call me beautiful,
the woman of love, the exquisite one.