

Indiana University
Jacobs School of Music



Shenika John Jordan

Graduate Voice Recital Program
Doctor of Music in Voice (V603)



Ford-Crawford Hall
Simon Music Center

April 2, 2024

7:00 pm

Program

Shenika John Jordan, Voice
Dr. Charles Prestinari, Piano
Evelyn Theinert, Harp
Anoushka Diveka, Clarinet
Robert Hurley, Cello

Come Down Angels **Undine Smith Moore (1904-1989)**
In the Springtime (1976) **Betty Jackson King (1928-1994)**
Flying **H. Leslie Adams (born 1932)**

La Lettre du Jardinier **Marcel Tournier (1879-1951)**
Aprile (1882) **Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)**
The Call (1997) **Patrick Hawes (born 1958)**

Evelyn Theinert, Harp

From Werther (1892) **Jules Massenet (1842-1912)**
Frère! voyez!...Du gai soleil

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen for soprano, clarinet, and piano, D.965 (1828) **Franz Schubert (1797-1828)**
Anoushka Divekar, Clarinet
Dr. Charles Prestinari, Piano

Song of the Seasons (for Soprano, Cello and Piano) **Valerie Capers (born 1935)**

I. Spring
II. Summer
III. Autumn
IV. Winter

Robert Hurley, Cello
Dr. Charles Prestinari, Piano

Doctoral Committee

Dr. Brian Gill, Committee Chair
Professor Marietta Simpson
Dr. Allan Armstrong

Undine Smith Moore (1904-1989) is an eminent American composer and music educator. Born in Virginia, Moore was drawn to music from a very early age. She studied at Fisk University and later at Columbia University and the Juilliard School. Moore's compositions are noted for their incorporation of African American spirituals and folk traditions, creating a soundscape that celebrated her cultural heritage while showcasing her technical artistry. She gained national recognition for her works such as "Scenes from the Life of a Martyr," a 16-part choral work honoring Martin Luther King Jr., which was nominated for a Pulitzer Prize. *Come Down Angels* is one of Moore's notable works rooted in the African American Spiritual. The text is a plea of protection and guidance evoking resilience and hope.

Come Down Angels

Come down, Angels, a trouble the water.

Let God's saints come in.

I love to shout I love to sing (Let God's saints come in.)

I love to praise my heavenly King, Let God's saints come in.

I think I hear the Sinner say (Let God's saints come in.)

My Savior taught me how to pray Let God's saints come in.

Betty Jackson King (1928 - 1994) is an accomplished American composer, pianist, and music educator who significantly contributed to the promotion of African American music. Born into a musical family in Chicago, she showed early talent for piano and composition, eventually earning her Master's degree in Music Education from Roosevelt University. King's compositions are known for their incorporation of traditional African-American spirituals and folk tunes into classical forms. Her works span across different genres, including choral pieces, art songs, orchestral works, and educational material for young musicians. Among her most renowned pieces is "In the Spring Time", a beautifully crafted composition that showcases her ability to meld traditional elements with modern sensibilities.

In the Spring Time

In the springtime, the only pretty ring time

When birds do sing, Hey ding a ding ding

Sweet lovers love the spring, Sweet lovers love the spring

H. Leslie Adams (born 1932) is an esteemed American composer known for his wide-ranging body of work which includes operas, symphonies, choral works, and art songs. Born in Cleveland, Ohio, he first pursued piano studies before moving into composition. His most notable compositions include the song cycle *Night Songs* and the opera, *Blake*. The song, 'Flying', is part of a larger set of pieces known as *Songs of Love and Life*. It showcases Adams' skillful treatment of melodic lines and harmonic textures. An exploration of freedom, aspiration, and transcendence, "Flying" invites listeners into a rich sonic landscape, aided by the composer's intricate piano accompaniment seamlessly with the vocal line.

Flying

Angel wing, or eagle wing, any pinioned pulsating thing lifts the spirit free.

Fly in foam where ether is, float among despair, surge ahead and soar above, find your freedom there.

Earthbound, clumsy, stumbling heavy, plodding dull,

Dream of wings and liberty, feel the upward pull,

Gravity's the enemy, fling the mass aside, lifting into space, swoop, and sweep, and glide.

Marcel Tournier (1879-1951) was a notable French harpist, composer, and pedagogue. He studied at the Paris Conservatoire, where he later taught from 1912 to 1948. As a performer, Tournier played as Principal Harp in several major orchestras, including the Concerts Lamoureux and Opera-Comique. His compositions helped to significantly expand harp repertoire and modernize harp technique. Tournier's style is characterized by its fluidity and impressionistic elements, blurring the lines between tonality and atonality. He drew heavily from notable contemporaries like Debussy and Ravel. "La Lettre du Jardinier," or "The Gardener's Letter," reflects this style, with its lush harmonies and intricate melodic lines that seek to evoke imagery of a serene garden through sound.

La Lettre du Jardinier

Je prends la plume pour vous donner des nouvelles Du
jardin. Il est très joli en ce moment.
Si vous venez à Pâques où plus tard qu'au printemps
Vous le verrez. Il s'est levé ce matin
Tout mouillé de votre souvenir.

Il y a tout plein des fleurs que vous m'avez
recommandées:
Le tissu provincial des pensées,
Des pains de roses tout partout,
La cendre effritée des lilas, si pimpante,
Et les glycines au corps mou
Que vous nommez : fleurs flottantes,

Le lys paralysé qui meurt devant ma porte,
Il y a des fleurs et des fleurs de toutes sortes ! Depuis
les mouches bleues qu'on appelle myosotis Jusqu'aux
papillons roses des pêcheurs.

Les iris et les glaïeuls donnent cette année et font Des
fusées et des fuseaux, de-ci de-là, à profusion.

Mais tout cela s'ennuie après mademoiselle,
Et bien qu'il ait fait beau depuis la dernière Noël,
La joie attends que vous veniez, pour y venir.
[D'où la mélancolie qu'ici nous avons tous !
Pour un arbre sans nid, pour le jardin sans vous.
Croyez, Mademoiselle, à tous mes souvenirs.

I'm taking up the pen to give you news
of the garden. It's very pretty right now.
If you come at Easter or later, as in the Spring,
you will see it. It got up this morning
All damp with your memory.

It's full of flowers which you
recommended to me:
The provincial cloth of thoughts
rose breads everywhere
The powdered ash of the lilacs, so graceful
And the wisterias with soft bodies
which you call floating flowers

The paralyzed lily dying before my door.
There are flowers and flowers of all sorts!
From the blue flies which are called forget-me-nots To the
pink butterflies of peach trees.

The irises and gladioli are bearing this year
and give forth rockets and spindles from here, from there, in
profusion.

But all of this is bored and longing for Mademoiselle, And
even though the weather's been good since last Christmas,
Joy is waiting to come until you do.
God, the melancholy which all of us here feel!
For a tree without a nest, for the garden without you.
Mademoiselle, believe in all of my memories.

Translation by David Jonathan Justman

Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846-1916) was an Italian composer and music teacher. He is best known for his songs (or "art songs"), which were very popular in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. His style is characterized by simple, clear melodies and expressive lyrics, often dealing with themes of love and nature. Tosti's most famous songs include "A vucchella," and "Non t'amo più." His music is primarily associated with the parlour song tradition, and recognized for its elegance and emotive power. "Aprile," meaning "April", showcases Tosti's ability to craft memorable romantic melodies. The text celebrates the joys of spring, as the speaker encourages their beloved to smile and enjoy this time of rebirth and renewal.

Aprile

Non senti tu ne l'aria
il profumo che spande Primavera?
Non senti tu ne l'anima
il suon de nova voce lusinghiera?

Do you not smell in the air
the perfume that Spring breathes out?
Do you not hear in your soul
the sound of a new, enticing voice?

È l'April! È la stagion d'amore!
Deh! vieni, o mia gentil su' prati'n fiore!

It's April! It's the season of love!
Come, lovely one, to the flowery meadow!

Il piè trarrai fra mammole,
avrai su'l petto rose e cilestrine,
e le farfalle candide
t'aleggeranno intorno al nero crine.

Your foot will tread among violets,
you will wear roses and bluebells,
And the white butterflies
will flutter around your black hair.

È l'April! È la stagion d'amore!
Deh! vieni, o mia gentil Su' prati'n fiore!

It's April! It's the season of love!
Please come, my lovely one, to the flowery meadow!
Translation by John Glenn Paton

Patrick Hawes (Born 1958) is a contemporary British composer of classical music, known primarily for his choral and orchestral works. Renowned for his melodic and emotionally engaging compositions, Hawes often draws on classical and sacred traditions with the use of lush harmonies and sweeping melodies. "The Call" has been arranged for soprano with instrumentation options including harp, piano, and string quartet. The lyrics, based on George Herbert's poem of the same name, explore themes of faith, divinity, and the human longing for connection with the divine.

The Call

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life;
Such a Way as gives us breath,
Such a Truth as ends all strife,
Such a Life as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength;
Such a Light as shows a Feast,
Such a Feast as mends in length,
Such a Strength as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart;
Such a Joy as none can move,
Such a Love as none can part,
Such a Heart as joys in love.

Jules Massenet (1842-1912) was a prominent French composer of the Romantic era, best known for his operas. His music is characterized by its melodic inventiveness, orchestral color, and understanding of the human voice. Premiered in 1892, Massenet's "Werther" is an opera in four acts based on the German novel "The Sorrows of Young Werther" by Goethe. The opera, moving between themes of love, longing, and despair, focuses on the tragic love story of its two main characters—Werther and Charlotte. In stark contrast to this tragic love story, Sophie the younger sister of Charlotte introduces elements of lightness and hope. Her aria, "Du gai soleil," is a crucial moment that perfectly encapsulates Sophie's unspoiled vivacity and positive outlook on life.

Frère! voyez!...Du gai soleil

Frère! voyez! Voyez le beau bouquet!
J'ai mis, pour le Pasteur, le jardin au pillage!
Et puis, l'on va danser!

Brother! See! See the beautiful bouquet!
I have put the garden for foraging for the pastor!
And then, we will dance!

Pour le premier menuet c'est sur vous je compte...
Ah! le sombre visage!

For the first minuet it's on you I count ...
Ah! the dark face!

Mais aujourd'hui, monsieur Werther, tout le monde est
joyeux! le bonheur est dans l'air!

But today, Mr. Werther, everyone is happy!
Happiness is in the air!

Du gai soleil pleine de flamme dans l'azur resplendissant la
pure clarté descend de nos fronts jusqu'à notre âme!
Tout le monde est joyeux! le bonheur est dans l'air!

Cheerful sun full of flame in the resplendent azure
pure clarity descends from our foreheads to our souls!
Everyone is happy! Happiness is in the air!

Et l'oiseau qui monte aux cieus
dans la brise qui soupire...
Est revenu pour nous dire que Dieu permet d'être heureux!

And the bird rising to the heavens
in the breeze that sighs ...
came back to tell us that God makes us happy!

Tout le monde est joyeux!
Le bonheur est dans l'air!
Tout le monde est heureux!

Everyone is joyous!
Happiness is in the air!
Everyone is happy!

Franz Schubert (1797-1828) was an Austrian composer who is known as one of the most notable figures in early Romantic music. Despite his short life, he left a substantial legacy, authoring more than 600 lieder, nine symphonies, liturgical music, operas, some incidental music, and a large body of piano and chamber music. "Der Hirt auf dem Felsen" (The Shepherd on the Rock), D. 965, is one of the final compositions by Franz Schubert. Written in 1828 for soprano, clarinet, and piano, it is a unique and moving integration of song and instrumental music. The piece is divided into three distinct sections: an opening lament sung by the lonely shepherd yearning for spring, a middle section where the shepherd hears a distant echo voice reflecting his sadness, and a final part filled with hope and anticipation of spring's arrival.

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen (Shepherd on the Rock)

Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh',
 In's tiefe Tal hernieder seh',
 Und singe,

I ZW; eS` Va` fZVZ|YZWf daU|
 >aa] Vai ` [` fa fZWWW hS^W
 3` Ve|` Y

Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Tal
 Schwingt sich empor der Widerhall
 Der Klüfte.

8da_ XdSi Sk|` fZWWW VSc| hS^W
 FZWWWa Xa_ fZVSh|` W
 D[eWgbz

Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
 Je heller sie mir wieder klingt
 Von unten.

FZVgdZW_ k ha|UWSc|W
 FZVUWdW|f WZaWTSU| fa_ W
 8da_ TVai ž

Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir,
 Drum sehn' ich mich so heiß nach ihr
 Hinüber.

? kei WZVSc|` hW ea XdXa_ _ W
 FZVUWdW `a` Yea fa TV| fZ ZW
 AhWfZWW

In tiefem Gram verzehr ich mich,
 Mir ist die Freude hin,
 Auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich,
 Ich hier so einsam bin.

6Wb YdVLa` eg_ W_ W
 ? k`akZSeXW
 3^VdZ`kZabVZSehS` [eZW
 ; S_ ea `a` VkZWW

So sehnd klang im Wald das Lied,
 So sehnd klang es durch die Nacht,
 Die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht
 Mit wunderbarer Macht.

FZVea` YdS` Yagf ea `a` Y|` YkfZdagYZ.fZW aaV
 DS` Yagf ea `a` Y|` YkfZdagYZ.fZW |YZf
 FZSf [eVdSi eZVSc|efa ZVShW
 I [fZi a` Vdagebai Wz

Der Frühling will kommen,
 Der Frühling, meine Freud',
 Nun mach' ich mich fertig zum Wandern bereit.

Ebd|` Y[eLa_ |` Y
 Ebd|` Y_ k`ak
 ; eZS^` ai _ S| WdVSk fa `agd Wz
 7` Y[eZfdS` eSf[a` Ä D|UZSdVefa] W

Valerie Capers (B. 1935) is an influential American musician and composer who notably overcame blindness at a young age to become the first blind graduate of the Juilliard School. Her compositions often incorporate rich melodies, complex harmonies, and sturdy rhythmic structures from jazz traditions. The song cycle, *Song of the Seasons (for soprano, cello, and piano)*, reveals a deep connection to nature. Turning the cyclic beauty of the seasons into a musical narrative, Capers' composition not only reflects the changing landscapes of each season, but also the emotions they evoke with profound connections between music and the world around us.

Spring

The snow has left the mountain side and cherry blossoms are in bloom.
The spring bird from its winter flight returns to sing its joyous song of splendid dreams and things to be.
So sweet this sound drifts down to me.
The trees reflect a silver moon, and dancing to a merry tune.
The brook goes gaily gliding by.
A smiling sun awaits the dawn.
The dark and cold of winter gone.
My heart cries out, my soul doth sing, 'Tis Spring!

Summer

I gazed into your eyes and saw reflected there the summer of my soul.
Two people but a single heart, the season of our youth to start.
Forever young, forever new, forever love, forever you.
We walked together you and I beneath the vast hot summer sky.
The fields were green, the days were warm, the breezes cool, your kisses strong.
And as the trembling trees look on, we loved in sweet fulfillment of our time.
Forever young, forever new, forever love, forever you...
But soon the summer days did fade into the golden autumn shade that whispers of what used to be.
Forever, now just a memory

Autumn

The fields of green now brown and yellow, a silvery white the moon.
The distant mountains clothed in mist and early frost the bloom has kissed.
From ancient trees, their gold and crimson splendor rise to mingle with the azure sky.
All labors now at rest, the harvest stored and set.
For autumn gently autumn is the promise kept.

Winter

Late at night as I peer into the dark and endless winter sky.
I listen to the rain and I recall my youth.
A dream! Was it merely a dream?
This age of innocence, this time of truth of fleeting passion, of worlds anew.
And now, in the winter of my days I sit and contemplate on things to come, and things to be
as seasons end draws near to me.
Heigh ho! The snow has almost gone! No more, I'll sing my winter song.
The time has passed. My heart beats fast. My soul takes wing.
Tomorrow, Spring!