

DEPARTMENT OF  
**MUSIC**  
AT PRINCETON

**PROGRAM IN MUSIC PERFORMANCE | SPRING 2024**

Friday, May 10th, 2024, 4 PM

Taplin Auditorium, Fine Hall

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# Rafael Collado '24

## Voice, Tenor

I Know Why the Computer Science Major Sings

Senior Recital in fulfillment of the Certificate in Vocal Performance

Featuring:

Akiko Hosaki, *piano*

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*The use of photographic, video, or audio equipment is strictly prohibited. Please turn off or mute electronic devices for the duration of the performance.*

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## PROGRAM

### **W.A. MOZART**

(1756 - 1791)

### **O wie ängstlich, o wie feurig**

from *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*  
(5 mins)

### **JOAQUÍN TURINA**

(1882 - 1949)

### **Poema en forma de canciones**

I. Dedicatoria (*Piano solo*)  
II. Nunca olvida...  
III. Cantares  
IV. Los dos miedos  
V. Las locas por amor  
(11 mins: 2 + 2 + 2 + 3 + 2)

### **GABRIEL FAURÉ**

(1845 - 1924)

### **Clair de lune**

(3 mins)

### **CLAUDE DEBUSSY**

(1862 - 1918)

### **Clair de lune**

(3 mins)

### **JOSEF SZULC**

(1875 - 1956)

### **Clair de lune**

(3 mins)

### **BENJAMIN BRITTEN**

(1913 - 1976)

### **Winter Words**

I. At day-close in November  
II. Midnight on the Great Western  
III. Wagtail and Baby  
IV. The little old table  
V. The Choirmaster's Burial  
VI. Proud Songsters  
VII. At the Railway Station, Upway  
VIII. Before Life and After  
(22 mins: 2 + 5 + 2 + 2 + 4 + 1 + 3 + 3)

### **STEPHEN SONDHEIM**

(1930 - 2021)

### **Someone Is Waiting & Being Alive**

from *Company*  
(6 mins: 3 + 3)

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# PROGRAM NOTES

by Rafael Collado '24

If you're currently reading this, you're probably sitting in Taplin Auditorium waiting for me to come out and sing. Or perhaps you're reading this *while* I'm singing. That's totally fine. It's a long program and my voice will probably become boring after a while. Either way, my sincere thanks for being here!

I don't have any particularly sophisticated thoughts or backstories to offer you about this program, but I am required to write something. See below.

**O wie ängstlich, o wie feurig:** In this aria from Mozart's 1782 opera *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, the protagonist Belmonte sings about his betrothed, Konstanze, who has been kidnapped by Pasha Selim, an Ottoman dignitary, and his troops. Belmonte describes how his heart trembles with the thought of reuniting with Konstanze. In many ways, his desperation and anxiety mirror the emotions I am feeling as I open this recital.

**Poema en forma de canciones:** This song cycle was written in 1917 by Joaquín Turina, an important figure in Spanish impressionistic music. As Turina stated, "My music is the expression of the feeling of a true Sevillian who did not know Seville until he left it... yet, it is necessary for the artist to move away to get to know his country, just as it is for the painter who takes some steps backwards to be able to take in the complete picture." This sentiment is definitely reflected in this song cycle, which is best described as "very Spanish," which is to say, highly romantic and excessively dramatic. Definitely *not at all* like me. However, I can relate to Turina's assertion about understanding where you come from only once you have left, especially in the way my relationship to my hometown of Miami, Florida has shifted since I've come to Princeton. I also appreciate the opportunity to sing a piece in my original mother tongue. Pardon me for singing this with my Cuban accent instead of a traditional Spanish one, it's just more natural to me. Or as my professor Lorgia García Peña would say, I'm engaging in decoloniality.

*(continued on next page)*

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**Clair de lune:** No, that's not a typo, and yes, I am singing three pieces with the same exact title and lyrics. Not only do you get to hear three composers' interpretations of the same text, but I also get to memorize fewer words! The original poem "Clair de lune" was written in 1869 by Paul Verlaine, a forefront French poet of the late 19th century. Then, in the span of under 20 years, Fauré, Debussy, and Szulc wrote music for this poem, with Fauré being the earliest in 1888 and Szulc (sort of a one-hit wonder with this piece) being the latest in 1907. All three pieces capture the essence of bittersweetness associated with moonlight to varying degrees of intensity. Did you know that Debussy wrote three different pieces entitled "Clair de lune"? Of course, his solo piano composition is the most well-known, but he also wrote two pieces for solo voice and piano with Verlaine's poem. I'm doing the one that's slightly less vocally demanding.

**Winter Words:** Making up the bulk of my recital is Benjamin Britten's Winter Words. Using eight of Thomas Hardy's "Collected Poems", Britten touches on scattered subject matters in a series of short, yet vivid vignettes, with a general theme of the bleak transformations associated with winter, whether that involves nature or human behavior. The cycle culminates to the poignant "Before Life and After," an existential pondering on the innate morality of the universe. Winter Words was originally written for tenor Peter Pears, who was... *\*checks notes\** ...Britten's lifelong musical partner and, er, roommate? Let's make very clear that these two men were in love with each other. However, being openly gay was strictly criminalized in the UK during most of Britten's lifetime. As such, I'm happy to present a valuable piece of queer art that is not often labelled that way. Period.

**Someone is Waiting & Being Alive:** As a counterpoint to Britten, I will be singing some musical theater songs about being a straight man. Jokes aside, both of these pieces from *Company* are touching excerpts from a musical about struggling to find love, not just externally, but internally as well. I love a crowd-pleasing ending, and Being Alive is a wonderfully universal sort of triumph.

The question remains: "Why *does* the computer science major sing?" Much like Maya Angelou, despite the tribulations that life (*ahem*, Princeton) has put me through, I still find immense joy in art-making. Music has been my outlet for as long as I can remember, and I plan to keep it that way. All I can hope is that comes through in this performance!

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# LYRICS & TRANSLATIONS

## **O wie ängstlich, o wie feurig**

Konstanze, dich wieder zu sehen --

O wie ängstlich, o wie feurig  
Klopft mein liebevolles Herz!  
Und des Wiedersehens Zähre  
Lohnt der Trennung bangen Schmerz.  
Schon zitr' ich und wanke,  
Schon zag' ich und schwanke,  
Es hebt sich die schwellende Brust:

Ist das ihr Lispeln?  
Es wird mir so bange!  
War das ihr Seufzen?  
Es glüht mir die Wange.  
Täuscht mich die Liebe,  
war es ein Traum?

## **Oh how anxiously, oh how fervently**

Konstanze, to see you once more!

Oh how anxiously, oh how fervently  
My lovesick heart is beating!  
But the glad tears of our reunion  
Will erase the bitter pain of separation.  
I tremble, I shake,  
I hesitate, I falter,  
My breast swells to bursting!

Is that her whisper?  
Fearfulness fills me!  
Was that her sigh?  
My cheeks are afire.  
Does love deceive me?  
Was it a dream?

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## **Poema en forma de canciones**

### **I. Dedicatoria**

[tacet, piano solo]

### **II. Nunca olvida...**

Ya que este mundo abandono,  
Antes de dar cuenta á Dios,  
Aquí para entre los dos,  
Mi confesion te diré:  
Con toda el alma perdono  
Hasta á los que siempre he odiado;  
¡Á tí, que tanto te he amado,  
Nunca te perdonaré!

### **II. Cantares**

Más cerca de mí te siento  
Cuando más huyo de tí,  
Pues tu imágen es en mí  
Sombra de mi pensamiento.  
Vuélvemelo a decir,  
Pues, embelesado, ayer  
Te escuchaba sin oír,  
Y te miraba sin ver.

### **IV. Los dos miedos**

Al comenzar la noche de aquel día,  
Ella, lejos de mí,  
-- ¿Por qué te acercas tanto? -- Me decía;  
-- ¡Tengo miedo de tí! --  
Y después que la noche hubo pasado  
dijo, cerca de mí:  
-- ¿Por qué te alejas tanto de mi lado?  
¡Tengo miedo sin tí! --

### **V. Las locas por amor**

-- "Te amaré, diosa Venus, si prefieres  
que te ame mucho tiempo y con cordura."  
Y respondió la diosa de Citeres:  
--"Prefiero, como todas las mujeres,  
que me amen poco tiempo y con locura."

## **Poem in the form of songs**

### **I. Dedication**

[tacet, piano solo]

### **II. Never forget...**

Now that I abandon this world,  
Before telling my account to God,  
Here, between us two,  
I will tell you my confession:  
I forgive with all my soul  
Even the people I have always hated.  
As for you, whom I have loved so much,  
I will never forgive you!

### **III. Songs**

I feel you closer to me  
The more I run from you,  
For your image haunts  
The shadow of my thoughts.  
Tell me again,  
For yesterday, whilst spellbound,  
I heard you without listening,  
And I looked at you without seeing.

### **IV. The two fears**

At the beginning of the night that day,  
She said, far away from me,  
"Why are you moving so close to me?  
I am afraid of you!"  
And after the night had passed  
She said, close to me:  
"Why are you moving away from my side?  
I am afraid without you!"

### **V. Mad for love**

"I shall love you, goddess Venus, if you wish  
for me to love you long and sanely."  
And the goddess of Cythera responded,  
"I prefer, as all women do,  
to be loved for a short time and madly."

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## **Clair de lune**

Votre âme est un paysage choisi  
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques\*  
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi  
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur  
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,  
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur  
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,

Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,  
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres  
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,  
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.

## **Moonlight**

Your soul is a chosen landscape  
Charmed by masqueraders and light-hearted dances\*  
Playing the lute and dancing and almost  
Sad beneath their fanciful disguises.

Even while singing in a minor key  
Of victorious love and fortunate living  
They do not seem to believe in their happiness,  
And their song mingles with the moonlight,

The calm moonlight, sad and beautiful,  
Which makes the birds in the trees dream,  
And makes the fountains sob with ecstasy,  
The slender fountains among the marble statues.

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\**Bergamasques* or “bergamasks” may refer to the rustic country dance (and its associated melody) originating from the town of Bergamo in Italy, or the participants of said dance. It is described as “clumsy” and is often associated with clowns or buffoonery.

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## **Winter Words**

### **I. At day-close in November**

The ten hours' light is abating,  
And a late bird wings across,  
Where the pines, like waltzers waiting,  
Give their black heads a toss.

Beech leaves, that yellow the noontime,  
Float past like specks in the eye;  
I set every tree in my June time,  
And now they obscure the sky.

And the children who ramble through here  
Conceive that there never has been  
A time when no tall trees grew here,  
That none will in time be seen.

### **II. Midnight on the Great Western**

In the third-class seat sat  
The journeying boy.  
And the roof-lamp's oily flame  
Played down on his listless form and face,  
Bewrapt past knowing to what he was going,  
Or whence he came.

In the band of his hat the journeying boy  
Had a ticket stuck; and a string  
Around his neck bore the key of his box,  
That twinkled gleams of the  
Lamp's sad beams  
Like a living thing.

What past can be yours, O journeying boy,  
Towards a world unknown,  
Who calmly, as if incurious quite  
On all at stake, can undertake  
This plunge alone?

Knows your soul a sphere, O journeying boy,  
Our rude realms far above,  
Whence with spacious vision  
You mark and mete  
This region of sin that you find you in,  
But are not of?

### **III. Wagtail and Baby**

A baby watched a ford, whereto  
A wagtail came for drinking;  
A blaring bull went wading through,  
The wagtail showed no shrinking.

A stallion splashed his way across,  
The birdie nearly sinking;  
He gave his plumes a twitch and toss,  
And held his own unblinking.

Next saw the baby round the spot  
A mongrel slowly slinking;  
The wagtail gazed, but faltered not  
In dip and sip and prinking

A perfect gentleman then neared;  
The wagtail, in a winking,  
With terror rose and disappeared;  
The baby fell a-thinking.

### **IV. The little old table**

Creak, little wood thing, creak,  
When I touch you with elbow or knee;  
That is the way you speak  
Of the one who gave you to me!

You, little table, she brought—  
brought me with her own hand,  
As she looked at me with a thought:  
That I did not understand.

—Whoever owns it anon,  
And hears it, will never know  
What a history hangs upon  
This creak from long ago.

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## V. The Choirmaster's Burial

He often would ask us  
That, when he died,  
After playing so many  
To their last rest,  
If out of us any  
Should here abide,  
And it would not task us,  
We would with our lutes  
Play over him  
By his grave-brim  
The psalm he liked best—  
The one whose sense suits  
“Mount Ephraim”  
And perhaps we should seem  
To him, in death's dream,  
Like the seraphim.

As soon as I knew  
That his spirit was gone  
I thought this his due,  
And spoke thereupon.  
“I think” said the vicar,  
“A read service quicker  
That viols out-of-doors  
In these frosts and hoars.  
That old-fashioned was  
Requires a fine day,  
And it seems to me  
It had better not be.”  
Hence, that afternoon,  
Though never knew he  
That his wish could not be,  
To get through it faster  
They buried the master  
Without any tune.

But t'was said that, when  
At the dead of next night  
The vicar looked out,  
There struck on his ken  
Thronged roundabout,  
Where the frost was graying  
The headstoned grass,  
A band all in white  
Like the saints in church-glass,  
Singing and playing  
The ancient stave  
By the choirmaster's grave.

Such the tenor man told  
When he had grown old.

## VI. Proud Songsters

The thrushes sing as the sun is going,  
And the finches whistle in ones and pairs,  
And as it gets dark loud nightingales  
In bushes  
Pipe, as they can when April wears,  
As if all Time were theirs.

These are brand-new birds of twelve months' growing,  
Which a year ago, or less than twain,  
No finches were, nor nightingales,  
Nor thrushes,  
But only particles of grain,  
And earth, and air, and rain.

## VII. At the Railway Station, Upway

'There is not much that I can do,  
For I've no money that's quite my own!  
Spoke up the pitying child—  
A little boy with a violin  
At the station before the train came in—  
'But I can play my fiddle to you,  
And a nice one 'tis, and good in tone!'

The man in the handcuffs smiled;  
The constable looked, and he smiled, too,  
As the fiddle began to twang;  
And the man in the handcuffs  
Suddenly sang  
With grimful glee:  
'This life so free  
Is the thing for me!'

And the constable smiled, and said no word,  
As if unconscious of what he heard;  
And so they went on till the train came in—  
The convict, and boy with the violin.

## VIII. Before Life and After

A time there was—as one may guess  
And as, indeed, earth's testimonies tell—  
before the birth of consciousness,  
When all went well.

None suffered sickness, love, or loss,  
None knew regret, starved hope, or heart-burnings;  
None cared whatever crash or cross  
Brought wrack to things.

If something ceased, no tongue bewailed,  
If something winced and waned, no heart was wrung;  
If brightness dimmed, and dark prevailed.  
No sense was stung.

But the disease of feeling germed,  
And primal rightness took the tinct of wrong:  
Ere nescience shall be reaffirmed  
How long, how long?

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## **Someone is Waiting**

Someone is waiting,  
Cool as Sarah,  
Easy and loving as Susan...  
Jenny...

Someone is waiting,  
Warm as Susan,  
Frantic and touching as Amy...  
Joanne...

Would I know her even if I met her?  
Have I missed her? Did I let her go?

A Susan sort of Sarah,  
A Jennyish Joanne.  
Wait for me, I'm ready now,  
I'll find you if I can!

Someone will hold me,  
Soft as Jenny,  
Skinny and blue-eyed as Amy...  
Susan...

Someone will wake me,  
Sweet as Amy,  
Tender and foolish as Sarah...  
Joanne...

Did I know her? Have I waited too long?  
Maybe so, but maybe so has she.

My blue-eyed Sarah, warm Joanne,  
Sweet Jenny, loving Susan, crazy Amy,  
Wait for me!  
I'll hurry!

## **Being Alive**

Someone to hold me too close.  
Someone to hurt me too deep.  
Someone to sit in my chair,  
To ruin my sleep,  
To make me aware  
Of being alive.

Someone I have to let in,  
Someone whose feelings I spare,  
Someone who, like it or not,  
Will want me to share  
A little, a lot.  
Is being alive.

Somebody need me too much.  
Somebody know me too well.  
Somebody pull me up short,  
And put me through hell,  
And give me support,  
For being alive.

Make me alive.  
Make me confused.  
Mock me with praise.  
Let me be used.  
Vary my days.  
But alone,  
Is alone,  
Not alive.

Somebody crowd me with love.  
Somebody force me to care.  
Somebody let me come through,  
I'll always be there,  
As frightened as you,  
To help us survive,  
Being alive.

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# ABOUT



**RAFAEL COLLADO '24** is a senior from Miami, FL concentrating in Computer Science (BSE) with a certificate in Vocal Performance. He was heavily involved in choir from a young age, being a seven-time Florida All-State Chorus member. He also attended New World School of the Arts to pursue classical voice studies, where he earned an Honorable Mention in solo voice at the Florida Federated Music Clubs Convention and became a semifinalist in the national CS Music Vocal Competition.

Starting studies at Princeton in 2020, he joined Glee Club online before coming to campus as a sophomore. Since then, he began lessons with his current voice teacher of 3 years, Ron Cappon, and has continued to be involved in Glee Club, serving as its Technology Chair in the 2023/2024 season, and being featured as a soloist multiple times, most notably performing *Deposuit* from Bach's *Magnificat* in Austria during the Club's 2023 Balkans Tour. He is also a member of Chamber Choir, having sung in its performance of Poulenc's *Figure Humaine* in Atlanta for the National Collegiate Choral Organization's 2023 Conference.

Throughout his undergraduate career, Rafael has also been involved with many other singing organizations on campus, including Chapel Choir, Decem, Triangle, and PUP; perhaps he is most infamous for making his musical theatre debut as a sophomore in *The Mushening* (2021) and subsequently playing Shrek in *Shrek: the Musical* (2022), Onegin in *Onegin* (2022), and Shakespeare in *Something Rotten!* (2024). He has also performed as Ascanius in *Dido's Ghost* (2022) and as a priest/armored man in *Die Zauberflöte* (2024). Additionally, he has sung at Trinity Church as a substitute tenor, with the Cecilia Chorus of New York at Carnegie Hall, and with the Edinburgh University Singers during his Fall 2023 semester abroad in Scotland.

Upon graduation, Rafael will be interning at Adobe in San Jose this summer as a software engineering intern before starting grad school in the fall. He will be pursuing an MS in Music Technology at the Georgia Institute of Technology as a recipient of the prestigious GEM Fellowship, working to find cutting-edge ways to combine his passions of music and tech.



A native of Osaka, Japan, **Akiko Hosaki** is acclaimed for her sensitive playing, and is one of the most sought-after collaborative pianists and vocal coaches in the New York – New Jersey area. She is currently an adjunct assistant professor and the pianist coordinator of the University Accompanist Program at Westminster Choir College & School of Performing Arts of Rider University, and a staff member at the College of New Jersey and Bard Conservatory. Brought to the US by Dalton Baldwin, legendary collaborative pianist, she was his assistant at Académie internationale d'été de Nice since 2013 until his passing in 2019, and at Mozarteum Sommerakademie in 2017 and 2018.

She has collaborated with opera companies, such as Castleton Festival, New Jersey State Opera, Opera North, Opera New Jersey, Boheme Opera, Princeton Festival Opera, and Opera Magnifico. She also enjoys collaborating with instrumentalists, and frequently performs in chamber music concerts and the keyboard/basso continuo in orchestras. She holds degrees from Musashino Academia Musicae in Japan, Westminster Choir College, and University of Minnesota.

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