



COLLEGE OF MUSIC

University of North Texas
College of Music

Doctoral Recital | Friday, April 4, 2025 | 6:30 p.m. | Recital Hall

Cristian Humberto Garcia Castillo, collaborative piano

Sonata No. 2 in E-flat Major, Op. 120
for clarinet and piano (1894)..... Johannes Brahms
Allegro amabile (1833–1897)
Allegro appassionato
Andante con moto – Allegro

Ashetyn Burger, clarinet

Sonata in B-flat Major, Op. 36 for viola and piano (1862).... Henri Vieuxtemps
Maestoso – Allegro (1820–1881)
"Barcarola", Andante con moto
Finale Scherzando

Leonardo Sobral, viola

Amores de Machistas [Macho Love], Op. 3,
song cycle for soprano and orchestra (1991)..... Miguel René Pinto Campa
De ti no dudo na' (1945–2013)
Cepillao' arr. Miguel René Pinto Campa
Siento que el tiempo
Aquí en este viejo cuarto

Jennifer Watson, soprano

United States Premiere

Program five hundred fifty-one of the 2024–2025 season
Photography and videography are prohibited

Program Notes

Sonata No. 2 in E-flat Major, Op. 120 for clarinet and piano (1894) Johannes Brahms (Hamburg, 1833 – Vienna, 1897)

The Op. 120 clarinet sonatas were composed during the summer of 1894 at Brahms' summer residence in Ischl, Austria. These works, along with the Clarinet Trio, Op. 114, and the Clarinet Quintet, Op. 115, are the result of the composer's deep admiration for the renowned clarinetist Richard Mühlfeld (1856–1907). Mühlfeld's expressive sound so captivated Brahms that it inspired him to resume composing despite having previously announced his retirement. Brahms described Mühlfeld as "the finest wind player he had ever heard" and affectionately referred to him as "the nightingale of the orchestra."

Reflective and deeply personal in nature, the first movement alternates between introspective passages and sudden bursts of passionate expression, as if the composer were reminiscing on a lifetime of musical achievement. The second movement, the most rhythmically driven and intense of the sonata, is written in a minor key and features Ländler-inspired melodies contrasted by an intimate trio section. The sonata concludes with a set of five variations marked *Andante con moto*, culminating in a lively and joyful *Allegro* finale.

Sonata in B-flat Major, Op. 36 for viola and piano (1862) Henri Vieuxtemps (Vervier, Belgium 1820 – Alger, Algeria 1881)

Vieuxtemps was widely regarded as one of the most significant violinists of his time, with Schumann even praising him as the new Paganini. Throughout his life, he toured extensively, performing across Russia, continental Europe, Great Britain, and the United States, showcasing both his own concertos and works by his contemporaries. While his name is closely associated with the violin repertoire, Vieuxtemps was also an exceptional violist, often favoring the viola in chamber music settings.

The Op. 36 Viola Sonata opens with a noble melody on the viola, accompanied by stately chords in the piano, evoking a processional character. Soon after, both instruments engage in a playful dialogue, exploring traditional thematic material within the framework of a sonata-allegro movement. The second movement contrasts two distinct characters: a dark, dramatic barcarolle in a minor key, followed by a gentle *Andante con moto* in a major key. The Finale Scherzando is a delightful rondo, featuring a memorable theme.

Amores de Machistas [Macho Love], Op. 3, song cycle for soprano and orchestra (1991) Miguel René Pinto Campa (Santa Clara, Cuba 1945 – Bogotá D.C., Colombia 2013)

Amores de Machistas (Macho Love) is a song cycle composed by Cuban composer and conductor Miguel René Pinto Campa, dedicated to Cuban soprano Luisa Ortiz, who was the principal soprano of the Cuban Opera Theater during Pinto's tenure as conductor of its orchestra (1980–1988).

The cycle consists of four songs, each conceived as a monologue from the perspective of a different woman, recounting her love story and failed relationship with an abusive man. Each song is structured with distinct episodes and tempo changes, helping the audience grasp the evolving moods, emotions, and thoughts of these women. Musically, the work blends operatic melodic lines with expanded harmonies, including polytonal chords and twelve-tone contrapuntal techniques used as leitmotifs. It also incorporates Cuban rhythms such as *son* and *guguanco*.

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“De ti no dudo na” (I Have No Doubts About You) explores the despair born from insecurity and jealousy. The opening *Allegro furioso* section features incisive rhythms and quartal harmony, reflecting the anger of a jealous wife, while a jazzy, exuberant melody underscores her threats to her unfaithful husband if he does not change his ways. These fiery sections are punctuated by *Lento* solo phrases, offering brief moments of reflection where she pleads for understanding: “*Piensa en tu pobre mujer*” (Think of your poor wife).

In Cuban slang (possibly from Santa Clara), *Cepillao* refers to someone who dresses impeccably. **“Cepillao” (He Has Swag)**, portrays a woman's pride in her husband's appearance, despite his unemployment and carefree lifestyle. She takes great effort to maintain his pristine wardrobe. The song merges Cuban *son* rhythms with polytonal harmonies and twelve-tone counterpoint. A lively section expresses her admiration, but this quickly dissolves into chromatic melodies and atonal counterpoint, exposing her true feelings: “*Candil de la calle, oscuridad de su casa*” (A lamp in the street, darkness at home), revealing how his lifestyle brings her misery. In the *Andante tranquilo* (marked with a tropical character), she tries to rationalize her situation: “*No encuentra trabajo, yo sé comprender, que un hombre achantao' es carna' pa' mujer*” (He can't find a job, but I understand that a defeated man is bait for other women). The song ends with a reprise of the *Cepillao* theme.

“Siento que el tiempo” (I Feel That Time Goes By) is a poem about abandonment and grief, capturing the sorrow of a woman left behind by her ex-husband. This was the first song Pinto composed in the cycle and later became the foundation for the rest of the work. The abandoned wife reminisces about her lost love and the unfulfilled possibilities of their relationship, wondering what could have been: “*Las ilusiones de otrora están vivas y muertas en un quizás*” (The dreams of the past are both alive and dead in a perhaps).

The final song, **“Aquí en este viejo cuarto” (Here in This Old Room)**, is a monologue of a housewife confined to a small space that has become her entire world due to her husband's jealousy and aggression. Though she dreams of leaving, she convinces herself that his jealousy is merely a part of love. Structured in a rondo-like form, the refrain “*Aquí en este viejo cuarto, aquí donde vivo yo*” (Here in this old room, here where I live) recurs throughout, interwoven with descriptions of her neurotic husband and her desperate attempts to maintain her sanity in her forced isolation.

Originally written for soprano and orchestra, these songs were composed in Moscow between 1990 and 1991, except for “*Siento que el tiempo*” which was written in La Havana in 1987. The cycle premiered in Moscow in 1991. Pinto later arranged it for piano, and it has since been performed only in Havana, Cuba, and Bogotá, Colombia. This marks the first performance of the cycle in the United States.

Texts and Translations

Text by Miguel René Pinto Campa

Translations by Cristian Humberto Garcia Castillo

De ti no dudo na'

De ti no dudo na'¹,
De ti no dudo na',
De ti no dudo, ya no dudo,
ya no dudo na',

Y tú me llamas celosa,
Y con lo que yo te aguanto,
De ti no dudo, ya no dudo,
ya no dudo na',

Solo se te puede ver
Bebiendo hasta el amanecer,
Y yo esperándote aquí
Penando y sufriendo por ti,
Eso se te va a acabar.

¡Ay! José, conmigo vas a acabar,
Piensa bien, que yo no
te voy a aguantar
Y te puede pesar.

¡Ay! José, no puedo más
Y te lo juro
Eso se te va a acabar

Piensa en tu pobre mujer
Que espera hasta el amanecer
De ti no dudo, ya no dudo,
ya no dudo na'.

Moscú, 10 - XII - 1991

Cepillao'

Cepilla'o, cepilla'o²,
Mi marido es un negro cepilla'o.
Yo plancho sus camisas y
le limpio sus zapatos
Yo quiero que Torcuato sea
un negro cepilla'o.

Cepilla'o,
Mi marido es un negro cepilla'o.

Candil de la calle
oscuridad de su casa,
En coba y con plata la vida se pasa.

Cocino pa' el, le lavo la ropa,
recojo sus cosas
Yo soy su mujer

I Have No Doubts About You

I have no doubts about you,
I have no doubts about you,
I don't doubt you, I don't doubt you,
I don't doubt anything anymore

And you call me jealous,
With all that I put up with,
I don't doubt you, I don't doubt you,
I don't doubt anything anymore

You can be seen only
Drinking until sunrise,
Meanwhile I'm waiting for you here
Grieving and suffering for you,
This is going to end.

Ay! Jose, you are going to finish me off,
Think carefully, because I won't
put up with you
And it might weigh you down.

Ay! Jose, I can't stand this anymore
And I swear to you
This is going to end.

Think of your poor wife,
Who waits for you until sunrise
I don't doubt you, I don't doubt you,
I don't doubt anything anymore.

Moscow, 10/12/1991

He Has Swag

Swag, swag,
My husband is a black man with swag
I iron his shirts, and
I polish his shoes
I want Torcuato to be
a black man with swag.

Swag,
My husband is a black man with swag
Light lamp on the street,
darkness at home,
His life goes by flirting and spending.

I cook for him, I do the laundry,
I pick up his mess
I am his wife

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Yo sé que me adora,
me lo ha demostra'o
Tanto es que a deja'o de
andar con Isora,
Me adora,
Yo plancho sus camisas y
le limpio sus zapatos
Me adora,
Yo quiero que Torcuato sea
un negro cepilla'o.

Cepilla'o, cepilla'o,
Mi marido es un negro cepilla'o.

Yo soy muy feliz
al ver que lo miran
Pasear por el barrio con su camina'o,
No encuentra trabajo
yo se comprender
¡Que un hombre achanta'o
es carna' pa' mujer!
Que todas los miren
lava'o y plancha'o
Porque mi marido es
un negro cepilla'o

Cepilla'o, cepilla'o,
Mi marido es un negro cepilla'o.

Moscú, 28 - II - 1991

Siento que el tiempo

Siento que el tiempo
y su paso eterno
Con tu recuerdo
se acerca más,
Las ilusiones de otrora están
Vivas y muertas
en un quizás.

Amor eterno que ayer cantó
Amor que ahora llorando está,
Las ilusiones de otrora están
Vivas y muertas
en un quizás.

Tan sola y triste mi alma está
Pensando tanto, amando más
Tan sola y triste mi alma está
Soñando tanto,
queriendo más

¡Libre! Quiero amarte siempre
¡Libre! Para darte mi alma
Con esa pasión que en mi corazón
Guardo plena de ilusión.

I know he adores me,
he has proved it
So much so that
he left Isora
He adores me,
I iron his shirts, and
I polish his shoes
He adores me,
I want Torcuato to be
a black man with swag.

Swag, swag,
My husband is a black man with swag

I feel so happy when
they look at him on the street,
Walking with swag by the neighborhood.
He can't find a job, and
I understand
That a defeated man
is women's bait
(I want) that all (women) look at him
all ironed and clean ("spotless")
Because my husband is
a black man with swag.

Swag, swag,
My husband is a black man with swag.

Moscow, 28/02/1991

I Feel That Time Goes By

I feel that time
and its eternal passage,
It's getting closer with
the memories of you,
The illusions of other times
Are alive and dead (at the same time)
in a "perhaps"

Eternal love that yesterday was singing
(Is the) love that today is weeping,
The illusions of other times
Are alive and dead (at the same time)
in a "perhaps"

My soul is lonely and sad
Thinking so hard, loving more
My soul is lonely and sad
Dreaming so much,
wanting (to love) even more

Free! I want to love you always
Free! To give you my soul
With this passion that I hold in my heart,
full of illusion.

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Y eternamente por la vida
Juntos fuéramos los dos.

Dolor o amor...

La Habana, 21 – VII - 1987

Aquí en este viejo cuarto

Aquí en este viejo cuarto,
Aquí es donde vivo yo
Donde atiendo a mis vecinas
Donde cielo mi café
Aquí en este viejo cuarto
Aquí yo tengo de to'

Yo sé que Manuel pelea,
porque me paro allá afuera
¡No sé! Como si eso fuera algo
que no está bien
Y si alguien le chismosea
que fui a la esquina a comprar
Empieza el negro a pelear,
y grita más de la cuenta
¡Que si miro pa' los hombres,
que si se meten conmigo!
¡No le gusta que salude
ni a sus amigos ya!
Y si alguien le chismosea
que fui a la esquina a comprar
Empieza el negro a pelear,
y pone la cosa fea

Aquí en este viejo cuarto,
Aquí es donde vivo yo
Donde atiendo a mis vecinas
Donde cielo mi café

hablado:

Aquí en este viejo cuarto,
aquí yo tengo de to'

Confieso que muchas veces
me aburro
Y hasta me fuera
¡Mi madre! si usted lo viera

Cuando la ropa me pongo ¡Ay!
Se pone mora' o de rabia q
ue mete miedo
¡Espanto!

(I wish that) we were together,
(eternally) through the end of time.

Pain or love...

Havana, 21/08/1987

Here in This Old Room

Here in this old room
Here is where I live
Where my neighbors come to visit me
Where I brew my coffee
Here in this old room
Here I have everythin'

I know that Manuel fights (gets mad),
because I stand there outside
I don't know! is like this was something
that isn't right
And if someone go tell him (gossip)
that I went to buy something
The black man starts fighting and
screaming more than necessary
if I look to other men,
or if they mess with me!
He doesn't like even that
I greet his friends!
And if someone go tell him (gossip)
that I went to buy something
This black man starts fighting
and things get ugly

Here in this old room
Here is where I live
Where my neighbors come to visit me
Where I brew my coffee

spoken:

Here in this old room,
here I have everythin'

I must confess that I get bored
many times
And I would even leave
Oh mother! If you would see him
(oh mother, as an interjection)
When I dress up, Ay!
He turns purple, so angry
that is scary
Horror!

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Y yo que bien lo conozco,
que se el genio que se manda
Con que se calle me basta,
mejor a coser me pongo

Que si se ha sacrifica'o,
que si to' lo gasta en mi
Yo sé bien es que no quiere
que yo ande por ahí

Aquí en este viejo cuarto,
Aquí es donde vivo yo
Donde atiende a mis vecinas
Donde cuelo mi café
Aquí en este viejo cuarto
Aquí yo tengo de to'

Yo no me puedo quejar pues
él no es un hombre malo
Que le gusta mucho el trago,
pero lo toma aquí
Si vieran como se pone
si alguien le chismosea
Empieza el negro a pelear,
y pone la cosa fea.
No me importa que me cele,
que no me deje vivir,
Pues siempre he oído decir que
el que no ceta no quiere

Aquí en este viejo cuarto,
Aquí es donde vivo yo
Aquí en este viejo cuarto,
Aquí yo tengo de to'.

Moscú, 28 – V – 1991

And I that know him so well,
I know his temperament
Is enough for me that he just shut up,
I better start sewing
(he tells me all the time that)
He has sacrificed so much,
and has spent so much in me
I know well (what he means) is that
he doesn't want me to walk around (in
the streets).

Here in this old room
Here is where I live
Where my neighbors come to visit me
Where I brew my coffee
Here in this old room
Here I have everythin'

I cannot complain because
he is not a bad guy
He likes to drink a lot,
but he drinks here (at home)
If you see him how he turns
when someone starts gossiping
The black man starts fighting,
and thing get ugly (quickly)
I don't care if he is jealous
or that he doesn't let me live my life
Because I've always heard that
the one that is not jealous doesn't
(know how to) love

Here in this old room
Here is where I live
Here in this old room
Here I have everythin'

Moscow, 28/05/1991

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