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Concerts and Events 2020-2021

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Spring 4-11-2021

Poetry Meets Music

Department of Music

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Poetry Meets Music

Voice Area Song Recital

Sunday, April 11, 2021—4:00 p.m.

Howard Performing Arts Center

- Amarilli, mia bella**.....Giovanni Battista Guarini (1538-1612)
Julio Santana, tenor | Gabriel Palacios, piano
- Sebben, crudele**..... Antonio Caldara (1670-1736)
Taznir Smalling, mezzo-soprano | Gabriel Palacios, piano
- Non posso disperar**Giovanni Bononcini (1670-1747)
Raleigh Pettey, baritone | Emily Jurek, piano
- Danza, danza fanciulla**..... Francesco Durante (1684-1755)
Abel Stamubi, tenor | Htee Mu, piano
- Liebst du um Schönheit**..... Clara Schumann (1819-1896)
Nathan Cheng, bass-baritone | Emily Jurek, piano
- Hébé** Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)
Jackson Hayden, baritone | Gabriel Palacios, piano
- Solvejg's Song**..... Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)
Kaija Perry, soprano | Gabriel Palacios, piano
- Nuit d'étoiles**..... Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
Annelise Burghardt, soprano | Emily Jurek, piano
- La vie antérieure**..... Henri Duparc (1848-1933)
Benie Safari Shyirakera Dushime, soprano | Emily Jurek, piano
- Si mes vers avaient des ailes**..... Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)
Beta Siritwattanakamol, mezzo-soprano | Emily Jurek, piano
- Estrelitta** Manuel Ponce (1882-1948)
Vivian Raimundo, soprano | Jeremy Ahn, piano
- Sweet Polly Oliver**arr. Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)
Zoe Shiu, mezzo-soprano | Emily Jurek, piano
- Winter's Approach**..... William Grant Still (1895-1978)
Shane Pierre, tenor | Stephen Zork, piano
- Alma Adorada**..... Francisco Mignone (1897-1986)
Fabio Siniscarchio, tenor | Gabriel Palacios, piano
- Dream With Me**..... Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)
Emily Jurek, soprano | Gabriel Palacios, piano | Jamison Moore, cello
- The Dodger**..... arr. Aaron Copland (1900-1990)
Marcus Carter, tenor | Htee Mu, piano

Please silence all electronic devices and refrain from recording and the use of flash photography for the duration of the performance. Your cooperation is greatly appreciated.

Amarilli, mia bella

Amarilli, beloved: you are my heart's desire. This is my true love. Don't you know I adore you? No, do not fear, do not fear and do not doubt. I am yours forever. Look deep inside me: what is written in my soul: Amarilli my only true love.

Sebben crudele

Although, cruel love, you make me languish, I will always love you true. With the patience of my serving I will be able to tire out your pride.

No posso disperar

I can't give up hope, you're too dear to my heart: the solitary hope I have to rejoice in is a sweet longing, a precious pain.

Danza, danza fanciulla

Dance, dance, young girl to my song; twirl lightly and softly to the sound, to the sound of the waves of the sea. Hear the vague rustle of the playful breeze that speaks to the heart with its languid sound, and invites you to dance without stopping, without stopping that invites you to dance. Dance, dance, gentle young girl to my song.

Alma Adorada

Adored soul, dear soul, my hope and my life. You are the ideal of my dreams that transports my soul to Heaven. I live as sepulcher, where under the flowers they always sleep for my pains. Be the asylum that God sends me! Be my protection and be my guide. How proud is this passion that rightly praises me without a complaint or fear I surrender to you and to your love.

Liebst du um schönheit

If you love for beauty, o love not me! Love the sun, she has golden hair. If you love for youth, o love not me! Love the spring which is young each year.

If you love for riches, o love not me! Love the mermaid who has many shining pearls. If you love for love, ah yes, love me! Love me always, I shall love you ever more.

Hébé

When Hebe, with her eyes lowered, blushing and artless walked towards their banqueting-table, the gods, enchanted, would hold out their empty cups and the girl would fill them with nectar.

We also, all of us, when youth comes past, jostle to hold our goblets out. What wine does the goddess pour? One we don't know, which exalts and enraptures.

Immortally graceful, Hebe smiles and walks away; there's no calling her back. For a long time still, watching the eternal road, we follow with tearful gaze the divine cup-bearer.

Solvejg's Song

The winter may pass and the spring disappear, the summer too will vanish and then the year. But this I know for certain: thou'lt come back again; And e'en as I promised, thou'lt find me waiting then.

God help thee, when wand'ring thy way all alone, God grant thee his strength as thou kneel'st at his throne. If thou now art waiting in heav'n for me, O there we'll meet again love and never parted be!

Nuit d'étoiles

Night of stars, beneath your veils, beneath your breeze and fragrance, sad lyre that sighs, I dream of bygone loves.

Serene melancholy now blooms deep in my heart, and I hear the soul of my love quiver in the dreaming woods. Night of stars...

Once more at our fountain I see your eyes as blue as the sky; this rose is your breath and these stars are your eyes. Night of stars...

La vie antérieure

For long I lived beneath vast colonnades tinged with a thousand fires by ocean suns, Whose giant pillars, straight and majestic, Made them look, at evening, like basalt caves.

The sea-swells, mingling the mirrored skies, Solemnly and mystically interwove the mighty chords of their mellow music with the colours of sunset reflected in my eyes.

It is there that I have lived in sensuous repose, with blue sky about me and brightness and waves and naked slaves all drenched in perfume.

Who fanned my brow with fronds of palm, and whose only care was to fathom the secret grief which made me languish.

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

My verses would flee, sweet and frail, to your garden so fair, if my verses had wings, like a bird.

They would fly, like sparks, to your smiling hearth, if my verses had wings, like the mind.

Pure and faithful, to your side they'd hasten night and day, if my verses had wings, like love!

Estrelitta

Little star who shines so bright in heaven, who knows about my love and sees my broken heart. Come and tell me if my dear one loves me. Life is so sad and desolate when we are apart. Oh loveliest star, my beacon of love, you know that my life will soon ebb and end. Come and tell me if my dear one loves me, little star of silver heaven above. swoon, underneath the moon.