

University of Texas at El Paso

From the Selected Works of Elisa Fraser Wilson

October 17, 2008

Senior Recital: Laura Sambrano

Elisa Fraser Wilson, *University of Texas at El Paso*



Available at: https://works.bepress.com/elisa_fraser_wilson/61/

The University of Texas at El Paso
Department of Music

Presents:

From the Studios of Dr. Elisa Wilson and Dr. Orit Eylon:

A SENIOR VOCAL RECITAL

Featuring

Laura Sambrano

SOPRANO

Patricia Ann Provencio - Piano

3:00 PM Friday, October 17, 2008
Fox Fine Arts Recital Hall

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor of
Music degree in Music Education.

Program

<p>“Oh, had I Jubal’s Lyre” from <i>Joshua</i></p> <hr/> <p>“Das Veilchen”</p> <p>“Non so più cosa son” from <i>Le Nozze di Figaro</i></p> <hr/> <p>“Chanson d’avril”</p> <p>“Il neige”</p> <p>“La Maja de Goya”</p> <hr/> <p>“Quando m’en vo” from <i>La Bohème</i></p> <hr/> <p>“Taylor, the Latte Boy”</p>	<p>Georg Friedrich Handel (1685-1759)</p> <p>W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)</p> <p>W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)</p> <p>Georges Bizet (1838-1875)</p> <p>Henri Bemberg (1861-1944)</p> <p>Enrique Granados (1867-1916)</p> <p>Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)</p> <p>Zina Goldrich & Marcy Heisler</p>
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Reception following the recital. Please join us!

Das Veilchen

Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand,
gebückt in sich und unbekannt;
es war ein herzig’s Veilchen.
Da kam ein’ junge Schäferin
mit leichtem Schritt und muntern Sinn
daher, die Wiese her und sang.
Ach! denkt das Veilchen, wär ich nur
die schönste Blume der Natur,
ach, nur ein kleines Veilchen,
bis mich das Liebchen abgepflückt
und an dem Busen matt gedrückt,
ach nur ein Viertelstündchen lang.
Ach, aber ach! das Mädchen kam
und nicht in Acht das Veilchen nahm,
zertrat das arme Veilchen.
Es sank und starb und freut’ sich noch:
und sterb’ ich denn, so sterb’ ich doch
durch sie, zu ihren Füßen doch.
Das arme Veilchen!
es war ein herzig’s Veilchen.

The Violet

A violet in the meadow grew,
stooped in itself and unknown;
it was a sweet violet.
There came a young shepherdess
with light step and lively spirit
hither, singing through the meadow.
“Ah!” Thinks the violet, “were I only
the most beautiful flower of nature,
ah, only for a little while,
‘til the darling plucked me
and pressed me to her bosom
ah only a quarter-hour long.”
Ah, but ah! the maiden approached
and no attention to the violet paid,
trampled the poor violet!
It sank and died and yet is delighted:
“and die I then, so die I but
through her, to her feet nevertheless.”
The poor violet!
It was a sweet violet.

Non so più cosa son

Set in a country estate outside Seville, late 18th century. The page, Cherubino, sings this song to his fellow servants, describing his infatuation with all women and all of the accompanying emotions he is experiencing.

Non so più cosa son, cosa faccio.

Or di foco, ora sono di ghiaccio.
Ogni donna cangiar di colore,
ogni donna mi fa palpitar.
Solo ai nomi d’amore di diletto,
mi si turba, mi s’altera il petto,
e a parlare mi sforza d’amore,
un desio ch’io non posso spiegar.
Parlo d’amor vegliando,
parlo d’amor sognando,
all’acqua, all’ombra, ai monti,
ai fiori, all’erbe, ai fonti,
all’eco, all’aria, ai venti,
che il suon de’ vani accenti
portano via con se.
E se non ho chi m’oda,
parlo d’amor con me.

I don’t know anymore what I am,
what I do.

Now I am of fire, now I am of ice.
Every woman makes me change color,
every woman makes me palpitate.
Only at the mention of love, of delight,
I am disturbed, my breast is altered,
and I am obliged to speak of love,
a desire that I cannot explain.
I speak of love while waking,
I speak of love while dreaming,
to the water, to the shadow, to the mountains,
to the flowers, to the grass, to the fountains,
to the echo, to the air, to the winds,
which the sounds of the useless words
they carry away with them.
And if I have no one to hear me,
I speak of love with myself.

hanson d'avril

ève-toi! Le printemps vient de naître.
abas sur les vallons,
otte un réseau vermeil,
out frissone au jardin,
ut chante et ta fenêtre,
omme un regard joyeux,
t pleine de soleil.
u côté des lilas aux touffes violettes,
ouches et papillons bruissent à la fois;
le muguet sauvage,
ranlant ses clochettes,
réveillé l'amour endormi dans le bois.

isqu'Avril a semé
marguerites blanches,
isse ta mante lourde et ton
nchon frileux!
jà l'oiseau t'appelle
es soeurs les pervenches
souriront dans l'herbe
voiyant tes yeux bleu.
ens, partons! Au martin,
ource est plus limpide;
ve-toi! Viens, partons!
attendons pas du jour les brûlantes chaleurs;
veux mouiller mes pieds
s la rosée humide,
e parler d'amour
s les poiriers en fleurs!

Arise, you! The spring is born.
Below over the valleys,
floats a gossamer rosy,
everything trembles in the garden,
all sings and your window,
like a joyful glance,
is full of sun.
Beside the lilac in purple clusters,
flys and butterflies hum at the same time;
and the wild lily-of-the-valley,
shaking its little bells,
Have awakened love (Cupid) asleep in the
woods.
Since April has sown
its white daisies,
take off your heavy cloak and your
muff for the cold!
Already the birds are calling you
and your sisters, the periwinkles
will smile at you in the grass
upon seeing your blue eyes.
Come, let's go! In the morning,
the streams are more clear;
Arise, you! Come, let's go!
Let us not wait for the day's burning heat;
I want to wet my feet
in the damp dew,
and speak to you of love
Beneath the blooming pear trees!

Il neige

Il neige, il neige...
De gros flocons
Comme du coton
Qui Tombent sur les toit tout blancs...
Et les petits oiseaux peureux
Se pelotonnent entr'eux
Avec des airs frileux,
En fermant les yeux.
Il neige, il neige,
Comme il fait froid
Par le durs frimas,
Qui glacent nos âmes d'effroi!
Et se sentant très malheureux,
Les jeunes cœurs amoureux
Deux à deux se réchauffent entr'eux.
Il neige, il neige,
Tout passe, tout s'efface sous la neige...

Il neige! Il neige!

La Maja de Goya

Yo no olvidaré en mi vida
De Goya la imagen gallarda y querida.

No hay hembra ni maja o sen'ora
Que a Goya no eche de menos ahora.
Si o hallara quien me amara
Como él me amó,
No envidiara, no, ni anhelara
Màs venturas ni dichas yo.

It Snows

It snows, it snows...
Large flakes
Like cotton
Falling on the roofs, all white...
And the little frightened birds
Are huddled together
Timid and shivering
And closing their eyes.
It snows, it snows,
How cold it is
Amid the hard, cold weather
Which freezes our souls with fear!
And, feeling very unhappy,
The young hearts in love
Are warming each other two by two.
It snows, it snows,
Everything fades, everything
vanishes under the snow...
It snows! It snows!

The Maja of Goya

I will never forget in my life
The distinguished and beloved image of
Goya.
There is not a woman, or maja, or lady
Who does not miss Goya now.
If I found one who would love me
As he loved me,
I should not covet, no, nor desire
Greater fortune or happiness.

Quando m'en vo'

When I walk

Set outside in the Latin Quarter in Paris around 1830. Musetta sings this song to catch the attention of her ex-lover, Marcello.

Quando m'en vo' soletta per la via,
la gente sosta e mira, e la bellezza mia
tutta ricerca in me, da capo a pie'.
Ed assaporo allor la bramosia sottile,
che da gl'occhi traspira;
e dai palesi vezzi intender sa
alle occulte beltà.
Così l'effluvio del desio tutta m'aggira
felice mi fa!
E tu che sai, che memori
e ti struggi da me tanto rifuggi?
So ben: le angoscie tue non le vuoi dir,
Ma ti senti morir!

When I walk alone along the street,
the people stop and stare, and my beauty
everyone admires, from my head to feet.
And I savor that subtle desire,
which from their eyes emanates;
and can understand the hidden beauties
of my obvious charms.
Thus the scent of desire that surrounds me
makes me happy!
And you who knows, who remembers,
and who suffers, you totally shun me?
I know it well: You do not want to admit
your anguish,
but you feel as if you're dying!

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