

Alina Rozanski-

is a senior and a student of Carmen Pelton. She is a Bachelors of Music/ Bachelors of Arts major in Vocal Performance and Music Education.



R69
1998
4-18

Alina
Rozanski
Soprano

Michelle
Smith
Guitar

In Recital

Saturday, April 18th, 1998

Michelle Smith-

is a sophomore and a student of Steven Novacek. She is a Bachelors of Music/Bachelors of Arts major in Guitar Performance.



Featuring Guest Artists:

James Gabriel - piano

Valerie Harris - violin

Michelle Rice - mezzo-soprano

J.P. Shields - guitar

I. **Four Popular Spanish Songs** 8'

Anonymous

Salamanca
Cantar Montañes
El paño moruno
Cubana

Michelle Smith - guitar
J.P. Shields - guitar

II. **Brahms Lieder**

Johannes Brahms (1833 - 1897) 12'

Wie Melodien
Dein Blaues Auge
Ständchen
Die Meere
Die Schwestern

Alina Rozanski - soprano
Michelle Rice - mezzo-soprano
James Gabriel - piano

side A
B

III. **Puerto Rican Canciones**

José Rodríguez Alvira (1975)

Dos Canciones 6'
I. Pictographia
II. Templa

Felix Astol (unknown)

La Borinqueña 3'
Alina Rozanski - soprano
Michelle Smith - guitar

Intermission

IV. **English Suite** 10'
John Duarte (1919 -)

I. Prelude
II. Folk Song
III. Round Dance

Michelle Smith - guitar

V. **American Art Songs**

Stephen Collins Foster (1826 - 1864)
Beautiful Dreamer 5'
If You've Only Got A Mustache 3'

Alina Rozanski - soprano
James Gabriel - piano
Valerie Harris - violin

Charles Edward Ives (1874 - 1954)

Memories 3'
A. Very Pleasant
B. Rather Sad
Circus Band 3'

Alina Rozanski - soprano
James Gabriel - piano

Please join us for a reception in the fishbowl following tonight's performance

Translations

Wie Melodien zieht es -

Like a Melody

Like a quiet Melody it pervades my senses. Like spring flowers it blossoms and its fragrance disappears.

But if the word comes, and grasps it, then leads it before the eyes, it fades as a grey mist, and vanishes as a breath.

And yet in the secret rhyme a secret fragrance is hidden, that gently from its tranquil source brings tears to the eyes. *Klaus Groth*

Dein Blaues Auge -

Your Blue Eyes

Your blue eyes are so still, I look into their very depths. You ask me what I would see in them - I see myself restored.

Two glowing eyes once burned me, the pain is with me still. But your eyes are as a lake so clear, a lake so cool. *Klaus Groth*

Ständchen-

Serenade

The moon shines above the mountains, just right for those in love; a fountain gently plays in the garden - all around it is still.

In the shadows under the wall stand three students, singing and playing away on flute, fiddle and zither.

The sounds steal softly into the dreams off the beautiful beloved, who gazes upon her fair lover, and murmurs softly, "Forget me not!" *Paul Kugler*

Die Meere-

The sea

All the breezes sleep on the mirror of the waves, cool evening shadows cover the weary. Luna hangs a veil over her face, hovering in twilight dreams over the waters.

All, all is calm on the broad sea! Only my heart will never be at rest, tossed by love's waves hither and thither where the storms will not abate until the boat sinks *Anonymous*

Die Schwestern-

The Sisters

We sisters two, we pretty ones, so alike in appearance, no two eggs, no two stars look so alike.

We sisters two we pretty ones, we have light brown hair, and if you weave our hair into one braid, you truly cannot tell it apart.

We sisters two, we pretty ones, we wear identical dresses, strolling in the meadow, and singing hand in hand.

We sisters two, we pretty ones, we spin in rivalry, we sit on one distaff, we sleep in one bed.

Oh sisters two, you pretty ones! How the tables have turned! You both love the same sweetheart - Now ends our little song. *Eduard Möricke*

Dos Canciones -

Two Songs

These poems, written by Juan Antonio Corretjer, represent the *independentista* or nationalistic movements in Puerto Rico. *Pictographia* urges the Puerto Rican to reach for his destiny of freedom and national pride, while *Templa* longs for the simpler times of the *Campesino* (peasant) and calls for the dawning of a new peaceful age.

Pictographia -

Photograph

A sun fell on all Borínquen*, over my forehead bare. I approached in moved silence to that hypnotic star, I know not why. In what ardent foreknowledge shall this morning be read?

Gather up your destiny Borincano, the light has turned! Sun nor rain nor treason nor anything can erase what has been written in stone! Gather up your destiny Borincano!

Templa-

Tune

My peasant dawn sings a sweet round, and with a counterpoint of sorrow my destiny accompanies it. I live! To live is to dream! This way, in soft movement I pass the time in guitar and in stories. I live to awaken!

The machine gun barks in the nocturnal silence. Screams the guard: "Who lives? Who Lives?" I answer: "The beginning! The beginning!"

* *Borínquen* is the Indian word for Puerto Rico.

La Borinqueña

Puerto Rico

The first words sung to the music of this Danza were written to praise the beauty of the Puerto Rican women. Manuel Fernandez yuncos wrote a poem adapted to this melody and this version has been the official Puerto Rican Hymn since 1952.

The Land of Borínquen, where I was born, is a beautiful garden of primordial splendor.

A clear sky always serves as your canopy, and the waves lap pleasantly at your feet.

When Columbus first arrived at your beaches, he exclaimed with admiration: "Oh, this is the land that I have searched for! Borínquen is the daughter of the sea and sun."

