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.

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**
   - *Anonymous*
   - Salamanca
   - Cantar Montañés
   - El paño moruno
   - Cubana

   Michelle Smith - guitar
   J.P. Shields - guitar

II. **Brahms Lieder**
   - *Johannes Brahms (1833 - 1897)*
   - Wie Melodien
   - Dein Blaues Auge
   - Ständchen
   - Die Meere
   - Die Schwestern

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

III. **Puerto Rican Canciones**
   - *José Rodriguez Albizu (1975)*
   - Dos Canciones
     - I. Pictographia
     - II. Templa

   Felix Astol (unknown)
   - La Borinqueña

   Alina Rozanski - soprano
   Michelle Smith - guitar

IV. **English Suite**
   - *John Duart (1919 - ?)*
   - I. Prelude
   - II. Folk Song
   - III. Round Dance

   Michelle Smith - guitar

V. **American Art Songs**
   - *Stephen Collins Foster (1826 - 1864)*
   - Beautiful Dreamer
   - If You’ve Only Got A Mustache

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

   Charles Edward Ives (1874 - 1954)
   - Memories
     - A. Very Pleasant
     - B. Rather Sad
     - Circus Band

   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.

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.

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!"

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.

Die Schwester-
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.

Klaus Groth

Paul Kugler

Anonymous

Eduard Mörike
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 Borinquen*, 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!


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 Borinquen, 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! Borinquen is the daughter of the sea and sun.”

* Borinquen is the Indian word for Puerto Rico.