

Eliana Osorio's Graduate Recital

"The Different faces of the Human"

Karyl Ryczek's Studio

Night

Florence Price

(1887 - 1953)

Louise C. Wallace

(1902 - 1973)

Night comes, a Madonna clad in scented blue.
Rose red her mouth and deep her eyes,
she lights her stars, and turns to where,
beneath her silver lamp, the moon,
upon a couch of shadow lies a dreamy child,
the wearied Day.

Watch and Pray

Undine Smith Moore

(1904-1989)

Mama, is Massa goin' to sell us tomorrow?
Yes, yes, yes.
Oh watch and pray.
Is he a-goin' to sell us down to Georgia?
Yes, yes, yes.
Oh! down to Georgia,
watch and pray.
Oh mama don't you grieve after me.
Oh, watch and pray.

Embroidery Aria

from *Peter Grimes*

Benjamin Britten

(1913-1976)

Montagu Slater

(1902-1956)

Embroidery in childhood
was a luxury of idleness,
a coil of silken thread
giving dreams of a silk and satin life.
Now my broidery affords
the clue whose meaning we avoid!

My hands remembered its old skill
those stitches tell a curious tale.

I remember I was brooding
on the fantasies of children,
and dreamt that only by wishing
I could bring some silk into their lives.
Now my broidery affords
the clue whose meaning we avoid.

Selections from *6 Lieder. Op 13*

Ich Stand in Dunklen Träumen
Der Mond Kommt Still Gegangen
Die Stille Lotosblume

Clara Schumann
(1819 - 1896)

Emanuel Geibel
(1815-1884)

Ich Stand in Dunklen Träumen

Heinrich Heine
(1797-1856)

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
und starrte ihr Bildnis an,
und das geliebte Antlitz,
heimlich zu leben begann.

I stood darkly dreaming
and stared at her picture,
and that beloved face
sprang mysteriously to life.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich,
ein Lächeln wunderbar,
und wie von Wehmutstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

About her lips
a wondrous smile played,
and as with sad tears,
her eyes gleamed.

Auch meine Tränen flossen
mir von den Wangen herab,
und ach, ich kann's nicht glauben,
dass ich dich verloren hab!

And my tears flowed
down my cheeks,
and ah, I cannot believe
that I have lost you!

Der Mond Kommt Still Gegangen

Emanuel Geibel
(1815-1884)

Der Mond kommt still gegangen,
mit seinem gold'nen Schein,
da schläft in holdem Prangen
Die müde Erde ein.

The moon rises silently,
with its golden glow.
The weary earth then falls asleep
in beauty and splendor.

Und auf den Lüften schwanken,
aus manchem treuen sinn
Viel tausend Liebesgedanken,
über die Schläfer hin.

Many thousand loving thoughts
from many faithful minds
sway on the breezes
over those who slumber.

Und drunten im Thale
da funkeln die Fenster von Liebchens Haus;
ich aber blicke im Dunklen
still in die Welt hinaus.

And down in the valley
the windows sparkle of my beloved's house;
but I in the darkness gaze
silently out into the world.

Die Stille Lotosblume

Emanuel Geibel
(1815-1884)

Die stille Lotosblume
steigt aus dem blauen See,
Die Blätter flimmern und blitzen,
der Kelch ist weiß wie Schnee.

The silent lotus flower
rises out of the blue lake,
its leaves glitter and glow,
its cup is as white as snow.

Da gießt der Mond vom Himmel
all seinen gold'nen Schein,
gießt alle seine Strahlen
In ihren Schoß hinein.

The moon then pours from heaven
all its golden light,
pours all its rays
into the lotus flower's bosom.

Im Wasser um die Blume
Kreiset ein weißer Schwan,
er singt so süß, so leise
und schaut die Blume an.

In the water, round the flower,
a white swan circle,
it sings so sweetly, so quietly
and gazes on the flower.

Er singt so süß, so leise
Und will im Singen vergehn.
O Blume, weiße Blume,
Kannst du das Lied verstehn?

It sings so sweetly, so quietly,
and wishes to die as it sings.
Oh flower, white flower,
Can you fathom the song?

Vilja-Lied
from *Die Lustige Witwe*

Franz Lehár
(1870-1948)
Victor Léon/ Leo Stein
(1858-1940)/ (1861-1921)

Es lebt eine Vilja, ein Waldmägdelein,
ein Jäger erschaut sie im Felsengestein!
Dem Burschen,
dem wurde so eigen zu Sinn,
er schaute und schaut
auf das Waldmägdelein hin.
Und ein niegekannter Schauder
fasst den jungen Jägersmann,
Sehnsuchtsvoll fing er still zu seufzen an!
Vilja, o Vilja, Du Waldmägdelein,
fass mich und lass mich
Dein Trautliebster sein!
Vilja, O Vilja, was tust Du mir an?
Bang fleht ein liebkranker Mann!

Once lived a Vilja, a maid of the woods,
and hunter spotted her in rocky outcroppings!
The young boy,
who was affected curiously by her presense,
he looked and looked
at the wood-maiden.
And a shudder the boy had never known
took hold of him,
Longingly he began quietly to sigh!
Vilja, oh Vilja, you maid of the woods,
take me and let me
be your dearest true love!
Vilja, O Vilja what are you doing to me?
Begs a lovesick man!

Das Waldmägdelein streckte
die Hand nach ihm aus
und zog ihn hinein in ihr felsiges Haus;
Dem Burschen die sinne vergangen fast sind,
so liebt und so küsst gar kein irdisches Kind.

The maid of the woods stretched
her hand to him
and pulled him into her rocky home;
the boy nearly lost all his sense,
and she loved and kissed him as no earthly child.

Als sie sich dann satt geküsst
Verschwand sie zu derselben Frist!
Einmal hat noch der Arme sie gegrüsst:
Vilja, o Vilja, Du Waldmägdelein,
fass mich und lass mich
Dein Trautliebster sein!

Vilja, O Vilja, was tust Du mir an?
Bang fleht ein liebkranker Mann

Après un rêve
from *Op. 7 No. 1*

Dans un sommeil que charmait ton image
je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage;
tes yeux étaient plus doux,
ta voix pure et sonore,
tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par l'aurore.

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre,
pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière;
les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient leurs nues,
splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines entrevues;

Helás! Helás, triste réveil des songes,
je t'appelle, ô nuit,
rends-moi tes mensonges;
reviens, reviens, radieuse,
reviens, ô nuit mystérieuse!

Canción al árbol del Olvido

En mis pagos hay un árbol
que del olvido se llama.
al que van a despenarse, vidualitay,
los moribundos del alma.

Para no pensar en vos
bajo el árbol del olvido,
me acosté una nohecita, vidualitay
y me quedé bien dormido.

When she kissed him to his content
she disappeared in an instant!
Just once did the poor lad wave to her:
Vilja, oh Vilja, you maid of the woods,
Take me and let me
be your dearest true love!

Vilja, O Vilja what are you doing to me?
Begs a lovesick man!

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)
Romain Bussine
(1830-1899)

In sleep made sweet by a vision of you
I dreamed of happiness, fervent illusion
your eyes were softer,
your voice pure and ringing,
you shone like a sky that was lit by the dawn.

You called me and I departed the earth
To flee with you toward the light;
the heavens parted their clouds for us,
We glimpsed unknown splendors, celestial fires.

Alas! Alas, sad awakening from dreams,
I summon you, oh night,
give me back your delusions;
return, return in radiance,
return, oh mysterious night!

Alberto Ginastera
(1916-1983)
Fernán Silva Valdés
(1887-1975)

In my town there is a tree
that of oblivion is called.
Where they go to console themselves, vidualitay,
The dying of the soul.

To not think about you
under the tree of oblivion
I slept one little night, vidualitay,
and I stayed deeply asleep.

Al despertar de aquel sueño
pensaba en vos otra vez,
Pues me olvidé de olvidarte, vidalitay
en cuanto me acosté.

Waking up from that dream
I thought of you one more time,
though I forgot to forget you, vidalitay,
as soon as I fell asleep.

Canción de Cuna India

Gilardo Gilardi
(1889-1963)

Ana Serrano Redonnet
(191?-1993)

Arroró guagüita, arroró mi sol,
el huaira del cerro,
la flor del cardón,
velarán tu sueño, viditay,
te darán aliento para andar
porque fue tu cuna la infinita puna.

Arrorro baby, arrorro my sun,
the wind of the hill,
the Cardon flower,
will watch over your sleep, viditay,
will give you breath to walk
because it was your crib the infinite plateau.

Arroró guagüita, arroró mi sol,
cantar de vidala,
de la caja al son.
Para que te duermas, viditay,
un poncho de estrellas, viditay,
porque fue tu cuna la infinita puna.

Arrorro baby, arrorro my sun,
Sing of vidala,
from the box to the sound.
for you to fall asleep, viditay,
a poncho of stars, viditay,
because it was your crib the infinite plateau

Vivan los que ríen
from *La vida breve*

Manuel de Falla
(1876-1946)

Carlos Fernández Shaw
(1865-1911)

Vivan los que ríen, mueran los que lloran,
la vida del pobre, que viven sufriendo
debe ser muy corta.
Hasta las canciones me salen hoy tristes,
Esa seguidilla que era de mi madre,
Sabe lo que dice.

Live those who laugh, die those who cry,
the poor man's way, that live suffering
It must be very short.
Even the songs come out sad today,
That *seguidilla* which was my mother's,
knows what it says.

Flor que nace con el alba,
se muere al morir el día.
Que felices son las flores,
que apenas pueden enterarse
de lo mala que es la vida.

Flower that is born with the dawn,
dies at the death of the day.
How happy are the flowers
that can hardly know
how bad is the life.

Un pájaro solo y triste,
vino a morir en mi huerto.
Cayó y se murió enseguida.
Pa vivir tan triste y solo,
más le vale haberse muerto.

A bird, sad and lonely,
came to die in my orchard.
Fell and died immediately.
To live so sad and lonely,
You better be death.

Él la abandonó por otra,
y ella de angustia murió!
Pa desengaños de amores
no hay nada como la muerte,
que es el consuelo mayor.

Malhaya el hombre, malhaya,
que nace con negro,
sino malhaya quien nace yunque
en vez de nacer martillo.

Vivan los que ríen, mueran los que lloran,
La vida del pobre,
que viven sufriendo,
debe ser muy corta.

Son Pochi Fiori
from *L'amico Fritz*

Son pochi fiori, povere viole,
son l'alito d'aprile
dal profumo gentile;

Ed è per voi
che le ho rapite al sole...
Se avessero parole,
le udreste mormorar:

Noi siamo figlie timide e pudiche
siamo le vostre amiche;
morremo questa sera,
ma morremo felici
di dire voi, che amate gl'infelici:
Il ciel vi possa dar
tutto quel bene che si può sperar.

Ed il mio cor aggiunge una parola modesta,
ma sincera:
Eterna primavera la vostra vita sia,
ch'altri consola.
Deh, vogliate gradir quanto vi
posso offrir!

He left her for another,
and she died of anguish!
For disappointments of love
there is nothing like death
which is the greatest consolation.

Woe to the man, woe to him,
That he is born with black,
but dammed who is born anvil,
Instead of being born hammer.

Live those who laugh, death to those who cry,
the poor man's way
that he lives suffering,
It must be very short.

Pietro Mascagni
(1863 - 1945)
Nicola Daspuro
(1853-1941)

Just a few flowers, poor violets,
is the breath of April,
their tender fragrance;

and it is for you
that I have taken them from the sunlight...
If they could speak,
you would hear them murmur:

"We are the timid and shy daughters of spring,
we are your friends,
and although we will die this evening,
we are happy to say to you,
who loves the less fortunate:
may heaven grant you
all that happiness that one can hope for."

And my heart adds one modest
but sincere word:
shall your life be an eternal spring
which is a consolation to others
Ah, please accept
the little I have to offer you!

Sull'aria
from *Le Nozze di Figaro*

W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)
Lorenzo da Ponte
(1749-1838)

Recitativo

Contessa: Cosa mi narri,
e che ne disse il conte?
Susanna: Gli si leggeva in fronte
Il dispetto e la rabbia.
C: Piano, Che meglio or lo porremo
In gabbia, dov'è l'appuntamento
Che tu gli proponesti?
S: In giardino.
C: Fissiamgli un loco, scrivi
S: ch'io scriva... ma signora
C: Eh, scrivi dico,
E tutto io prendo su me stessa
Canzonetta Sull'aria.

Duetto:

S: Sull'aria
C: Che soave zeffiretto
S: Zeffiretto
C: Questa sera spirerà...
S: Questa sera spirerà..
C: Sotto i pini del boschetto
S: Sotto i pini
C: Sotto i pini del boschetto
S: Sotto i pini del boschetto
C: Ei già il resto capirà
S: Certo, certo il capirà

Soave sia il vento
from *Così fan tutte*

Soave sia il vento
tranquilla sia l'onda
Ed ogni elemento
Benigno risponda
Ai nostri desir

Recitative

Contessa: What are you telling me,
and what did he say about it?
Susanna: One could see on his face
The indignation and the anger.
C: Be quiet, it's easier now,
We'll put him in a trap,
Where is the meeting, that you proposed to him?
S: In the garden
C: Let us fix for him a place, write
S: I should write him... but my lady
C: Hey, write him, I say,
And everything I take on myself.
A little song on the breeze.

Duet:

S: To the zephyr
C: How sweet the breeze
S: The breeze
C: This evening will sigh
S: This evening will sigh
C: Under the pines in the little grove
S: Under the pines
C: Under the pines in the little grove
S: Under the pines in the little grove
C: And the rest he will understand
S: Certainly, certainly he'll understand.

W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)
Lorenzo da Ponte
(1749-1838)

May the wind be gentle
the waves be calm
may every element
benignly answer
to our wishes.

Pueblito viejo

José. A. Morales
(1913-1978)

Luna consentida colgada del cielo
como un farolito que puso mi Dios,
para que alumbrara las noches calladas
de este pueblo viejo de mi corazón.

Spoiled moon hanging in the sky
like a lantern placed by God,
to light up the quiet nights
of this old town of my heart.

Pueblito de mis cuitas de casas pequeñas
por tus calles tranquilas corrió mi juventud,
donde aprendí a querer por la primera vez
y nunca me enseñaste lo que es la ingratitude.

Little town of my sorrows of tiny houses
through your quiet streets my youth ran,
Where I learned to love for the first time
And you never taught me what is ingratitude.

Hoy que vuelvo a tus lares trayendo mis cantares
y con el alma enferma de tanto padecer,
quiero pueblito viejo morir aquí en tu suelo
bajo la luz del cielo que un día me vio nacer.

Today I return to you bringing my songs
and with a sick soul of so much suffering,
I want little old town to die here on your soil
under the light of the sky that once saw me born.