



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

A Joint Junior-Senior Recital

Olivia Garza, soprano
Rachel Heiser, mezzo-soprano
Nora Mello, piano
William Taylor, piano
Alicia Cruz, guitar

Saturday, October 29, 2022

5:00 PM

Pepsico Recital Hall

Program

“Laudamus Te”
from *Gloria in D major, RV 589* (1715)

Antonio Vivaldi
(1678-1741)

Ms. Garza, Ms. Heiser and Ms. Mello

“Cruda Sorte”
from *L’Italiana in Algeri*

Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Ms. Heiser and Ms. Mello

“Nuit d’Étoiles”

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

“Lamento”

Pauline Viardot
(1821-1910)

Ms. Garza and Mr. Taylor

“Cinq Mélodies populaires grecques”

Maurice Ravel

1. Chanson de la mariée (1875-1937)
2. Là-bas, vers l'église
3. Quel galant m'est comparable
4. Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques
5. Tout gai!

Ms. Heiser and Ms. Mello

“There are fairies at the bottom of our garden” Liza Lehmann
(1862-1918)

“Evensong” Liza Lehmann
(1862-1918)

Ms. Garza and Mr. Taylor

“Cancion de la Gitana” Jose Serrano
from *La alegria del batallon* (1873-1941)

“De pena, de susto” Antonio Rodriguez de Hita
from *Las Labradoras de Murcia* (1722-1787)

“El Contrabandista” Manuel Garcia
from *El poeta calculista* (1775-1832)

Ms. Heiser and Ms. Mello

“Nana” Manuel de Falla
from *Siete canciones populares españolas* (1876-1946)

Ms. Garza and Mr. Taylor

“La Vida es Como una Flor” Olivia Garza
(b. 2002)

Ms. Garza and Ms. Cruz

-Pause-

“Alma sintamos”
from *Garrido de luto por la Muerte de Caramba*

Pablo Esteve
(1730-1794)

“La Tarantula”
from *La tempranica*

Geronimo Ginenez
(1854-1923)

Ms. Heiser and Ms. Mello

“Not a Day Goes By”
from *Merrily we roll along*

Stephen Sondheim
(1930-2021)

Ms. Garza and Mr. Taylor

“Don’t Wanna Be Here”
from *Ordinary Days*

Adam Gwon
(b. 1980)

Ms. Heiser and Ms. Mello

“Some Things are Meant To Be”
from *Little Women*

Jason Howland
(b. 1971)

Ms. Garza, Ms. Heiser, and Mr. Taylor

The recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Bachelor’s Degree in Music Education and for a Bachelor’s Degree in Vocal Performance.

Ms. Olivia Garza is a student of Dr. James Rodriguez. Ms. Heiser is a student of Professor Angela Turner-Wilson.
Please silence all electronic devices including watches, pagers, and phones.

Laudamus Te

Antonio Vivaldi

“Laudamus Te” written by Antonio Vivaldi is a movement within his larger work *Gloria in D major, RV 589*. Gloria is an important element of the Ordinary of the Mass. Although he originally wrote three different settings of this hymn, *RV 589* is considered to be the most popular and most performed of these sacred works. There are twelve movements that include an SATB chorus, soloists, or a combination of both. The three types of soloists include: Soprano 1, Soprano 2 and Alto. It is said that Vivaldi wrote this major work to prove that music could add power and expressive meaning to a religious experience.

Laudamus Te
Benedicimus Te
Adoramus Te
Glorificamus Te

We praise you
We bless you
We adore you
We glorify you

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

Cruda Sorte

Gioachino Rossini

“Cruda Sorte” is an Italian aria that displays the wit of a woman from Rossini’s opera called *L’Italiana in Algeri*, or *The Italian Girl in Algiers*. Isabella is captured by pirates while on her pursuit to find and rescue her love, Lindoro. In the recitative section at the beginning, she explains that she is fearful of what will happen to her now that she has been taken captive; she then pleads to God and asks for advice. By the end of the recitative section, she begins to gain confidence in herself and her sharpness. During the aria portion, she realizes that she has strengths that the pirates do not. Though they have physical strength on their side, she has the power to outsmart them. The aria expresses ideas of cleverness, confidence, and femininity in order for Isabella to trick the barbaric men and win over their hearts. I chose this piece because I knew it would challenge me theatrically and musically.

Cruda sorte! Amor tiranno!
Questo è il premio di mia fe’?
Non v’è orror, terror nè affanno
Pari a quell ch’io provo in me.

Harsh fate! Tyrannical love!
Is this the reward for my faithfulness?
There is no horror, terror nor struggle
Similar to what I experience in me.

Per te solo, oh mio Lindoro,
Io mi trovo in tal periglio!
Da chi spero, oh Dio, consiglio?
Chi conforto mi darà?

Only because of you, oh my dear Lindoro
I find myself in so much danger!
From who should I expect, oh Lord, advice?
Who shall comfort me?

Qua ci vuol disinvoltura,
Non più smanie nè paura:
Di coraggio è tempo adesso,
Or chi sono so vedrà!
Gia so, per pratica,
Qual sia l’effetto
D’un sguardo languido,

Here one wants peacefulness,
Neither agitation nor fear, anymore:
Now is the time for courage
Now they will see who I am!
I already know, due to practice,
What is the effect
Of an intense stare,

D'un sospiretto...
So a domar gli uomini;
Come si fa!

Sian dolci o ruvidi,
Sian flemma o foco,
Son tutti simili
A presso a poco...
Tutti la chiedono,
Tutti la bramano:
Da vaga femmina
Felicità!

Of a little sigh...
I know how to tame men;
I know how it's done

Whether they're sweet or rough,
Whether they're phlegmatic or passionate,
They're all similar
More or less...
They all ask for it,
They all crave it:
From a mysterious woman
Happiness!

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

Nuit d'Étoiles

Claude Debussy

Claude Debussy composed "Nuit d'Étoiles" in 1880 at just 18 years old. Although he is best known for his piano and orchestral works, Debussy composed a number of pieces for voice, including *Beau Soir* and *Pierrot*. This song reveals the composer's inclination toward the avant-garde through its thick harmonic texture while remaining conservative in its traditional use of form. Debussy employs rippling arpeggios and a tuneful melody to paint the midnight sky or, the night of stars.

Nuit d'étoiles, sous tes voiles
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste Lyre, qui soupire,
Je rêve aux amours défunts.

La sereine mélancolie
Vient éclore au fond de mon cœur,
Et j'étends l'âme de ma mie
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.

Je revois à notre fontaine
Tes regards bleus comme les cieux;
Cette rose, c'est ton haleine,
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

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.

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.

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

Lamento

Pauline Viardot

As both a prominent composer and singer in her time, Pauline Viardot was one of the few female composers to find success within the restraints of 19th century France. She wrote more than 100 songs throughout her lifetime, *Lamento* falling within the latter half of her life in 1886. Viardot uses a descending scale in the melody and piano parts to represent pain and sadness, a

tool used throughout earlier eras to depict lament. This technique paired with colorful chromaticism helps match the anguish and longing in the text.

Ma belle amie est morte:
Je pleurerai toujours;
Dans la tombe elle emporte
Mas vie et mes amours.
Dans le ciel, sans m'attendre,
Elle s'en retourna;
L'ange qui l'emmena
Ne voulut pas me prendre.
Que mon sort est amer!
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer.

My beautiful love is dead:
I shall weep forevermore;
To the tomb she takes with her
My soul and all my love.
To heaven, without waiting for me
She has returned
The angel who took her away
Did not wish to take me
How bitter is my fate!
Ah! to set sail loveless across the sea

Sur moi la mer immense
S'étend comme un linceul;
Je chante ma romance
Que le ciel entend seul.
Ah! comme elle était belle,
Et comme je l'aimais!
Je n'aimerai jamais
Une femme autant qu'elle.
Que mon sort est amer!
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!

The immense sea around me
Is spread like a shroud
I sing my romance
Which heaven alone can hear
Ah! how beautiful she was,
And how I loved her!
I shall never love
Another woman as I loved her
How bitter is my fate!
Ah! to set sail loveless across the sea

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

Cinq Mélodies populaires grecques

Maurice Ravel

Maurice Ravel was a French composer, conductor, and pianist whose music is often associated with Impressionism. *Ravel's Five Greek Folk Songs* include text written in Greek by Michel Dimitri Calvocoressi. Ravel took this text and translated it to French while keeping the integrity of the meaning. The song cycle begins with *Chanson de la mariée*, (“Song for the bride”) in which a lover sings to their future bride about the joys of their marriage. Next is *Là-bas, vers l'église*, (“Yonder, at the church”) in which the accompaniment replicates church bells ringing as everyone is gathered to pay respects to the brave soldiers and villagers that were buried there. The third song in the cycle, *Quel gallant m'est comparable*, (“What gallant compares with me?”) is a rambunctious song where a soldier boasts about himself to the woman he loves. The penultimate song, *Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques*, (“Song of the lentisk pickers”) has a beautifully haunting Lydian melody where the girls are singing of the one they love dearly. The final song, *Tout Gai!*, (“Everyone is joyous!”) is a light hearted song filled with talk of dancing to close the cycle.

Chanson de la mariée

Song for the bride

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi, perdrix mignonne,
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.

Wake up, wake up, pretty partridge
Spread your wings to the morning

Trois grains de beauté, mon cœur en est brûlé!
Vois le ruban d'or que je t'apporte,
Pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux.
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous marier!
Dans nos deux familles, tous sont allies

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

Là-bas, vers l'église

Là-bas, vers l'église,
Vers l'église Ayio Sidéro,
L'église, ô Vierge sainte,
L'église Ayio Costanndino,
Se sont réunis,
Rassemblés en nombre infini,
Du monde, ô Vierge sainte,
Du monde tous les plus braves!

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

Quel galant m'est comparable

Quel galant m'est comparable,
D'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?
Dis, dame Vassiliki?
Vois, pendus à ma ceinture,
Pistolets et sabre aigu ...
Et c'est toi que j'aime!

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques

Ô joie de mon âme,
Joie de mon cœur,
Trésor qui m'est si cher;
Joie de l'âme et du cœur,
Toi que j'aime ardemment,
Tu es plus beau qu'un ange.
Ô lorsque tu parais,
Ange si doux
Devant nos yeux,
Comme un bel ange blond,
Sous le clair soleil,
Hélas! tous nos pauvres cœurs soupirent!

Three beauty spots – and my heart's ablaze
See the golden ribbon I bring you
To tie around your tresses
If you wish, my beauty, let us marry!
In our two families are all related.

Yonder, at the Church

Yonder, at the church,
By the church of Saint Sideros,
The church, O Holy Virgin,
The church of Saint Constantine,
Are gathered together,
buried in infinite numbers,
The bravest people, O holy Virgin
The bravest people in the world!

What gallant can compare with me?

What gallant can compare with me?
Among those seen passing by?
Tell me. Mistress Vassiliki?
See, hanging at my belt,
Pistols and sharp sword...
And it's you I love!

Song of the lentisk pickers

O joy of my soul,
Joy of my heart,
Treasure so dear to me;
Joy of the soul and of the heart,
You whom I love with passion,
You are more beautiful than an angel.
Oh when you appear,
angel so sweet,
Before our eyes,
Like a lovely, blond angel
Under the bright sun--
Alas, all our poor hearts sigh!

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

Tout gai!

Tout gai! gai, Ha, tout gai!
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse;
Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse,
Tra la la la la ...

Very merrily!

So merry, ah, so merry;
lovely leg, tireli, that dances;
Lovely leg, the crockery that dances
Tra la la la la...

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden

Liza Lehmann

Composed in 1917, “There are fairies at the bottom of our garden” presents the whimsical fantasies of a child’s imagination. Although this piece is a stand-alone song, Liza Lehmann composed several song cycles inspired by children’s stories and fairytales. Lehmann’s style is wistful and humorous, characterized in this song through a free setting of the text. Out of over 350 songs, “There are fairies at the bottom of our garden” is arguably Lehmann’s most well-known. Even the infamous Julie Andrews performed this piece early in her career.

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
It’s not so very, very far away;
You pass the gardener’s shed and you just keep straight ahead
I do so hope they’ve really come to stay.
There’s a little wood with moss in it and beetles,
And a little stream that quietly runs through;
You wouldn’t think they’d dare
To come merrymaking there,
Well, they do! Yes, they do.

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
They often have a dance on summer nights;
The butterflies and bees make a lovely little breeze,
And the rabbits stand about and hold the lights.
Did you know that they could sit upon the moonbeams
And snatch a little star to make a fan,
And dance away up there in the middle of the air?
Well, they can! Yes, they can!

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
You cannot think how beautiful they are;
They all stand up and sing when the fairy queen and king
Come lightly floating down upon their car.
Oh the king is very proud and very handsome;
The queen, now can you guess who that could be?
She’s a little girl all day, but at night she steals away.
Well, it’s me! Yes, it’s me.

Evensong

Liza Lehmann

Another of Lehmann's best-known works, "Evensong" depicts a woman praying for her guardian angels to surround her and allow her to sleep in peace. The text, though alluding to death, highlights the peace and serenity found in rest. Given its publication date in 1916, Evensong was likely connected to the death and tragedy caused by World War I. Lehmann herself developed a complicated relationship with death when her son passed away due to illness. Evensong, with its sweet melody and flowing accompaniment presents death in hope and tranquility.

Fold your white wings dear angels, fold your white wings.
Dew falls and the nightingale softly now sings.

Across the lawn lie shadows, so still so deep.
Dear loving angels pass not by, hush me to sleep.

Night falls and whispering goes the wind along the sea.
Fold your white wings dear angels, fold them dear angels,
Fold them round me.

Canción de la Gitana

Jose Serrano

The title of this aria translates to "Song of the Romani girl" and comes from *La alegría del batallón*, which translates to *The Pride of Battalion*. The piece is centered around a soldier who covets a jeweled cross from a statue of the Virgin, a sacrilege for which he is condemned to death. He has committed the crime out of desperation to desert and rejoin his beloved Dolores. This aria tells the story of a Romani girl Dolores, and her perspective. It is sung after the soldier's crime has been pardoned; specifically, this song has no direct effect or relevance to the plot.

A una gitana presiosa
Mú serrana y mú pulía
Traspasaíto de a chares
Su gitanto le desía: ¡Mi nena!
Morena ven tú pá acá

To a lovely Romani girl
who was very rustic and smart
(her Romani boy) afflicted with jealousy
Said to her "my baby!"
Dark-haired girl, come here

Dame er calor de tu cuerpo
Cara de ma yo floría
Mía que me muero de frío ¡Morena!
¡Mi nena ten caría!

Give me the heart of your body
face like the flowers of May
For I die from cold. Dark-haired girl!
My baby, be affectionate!

No orvies lo que te dije que
Portus amores me estoy gorviendo bar lú
Que lo que tengas conmigo ramito de flores
Co naide lo tendrás tú
Quiéreme por tu salú

Don't forget what I told you that
For your love I am going crazy
what you have with me sprig of flowers
you will have with no one else
love me for your own well-being

Que ga na tengo gitana
De que nos bendiga er cura
Pá verte er pelito suerto
So bre la es parda des nuda ¡Mi nena!
¡Morena cuando será!

I wish Romani girl
that the priest would bless us
to see your lovely hair loose
On your nude back! My baby!
Dark-haired girl when will it be!

Y al ver al probe gitano
Rendió por la amargura
Se enternesió la chavala
antes de hablar con er cura
Y con la pena en los ojos
Y el corason do lorio
Hoy va la probe gitana
Buscando el bien que ha perdío.
¡Ay!

and to see the poor Romani boy
defeated by bitterness
the girl was touched
before she talked with the priest
and with sorrow in her eyes
and a grieving heart
today the poor Romani girl goes
Searching for the happiness she lost.
Ah!

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

De pena, de susto

Antonio Rodriguez de Hita

This piece comes from *Las Labradoras de Murcia*, a zarzuela written in 1769. The plot centers around Don Vicente, a foreman of a silk-worm farm in the region of Murcia, and his daughter, Teresa. Vicente is a refugee from the law, having been falsely accused of a murder. Teresa is in conflict because she is in love with the actual murderer, Narciso. The truth emerges and Narciso is officially exonerated of the murder that he committed, allowing the plot to resolve happily. Meanwhile, Teresa sings this aria in the second act to express her fear as she awaits her lover at a favorite meeting place, in addition to her confidence in the divine grace which will put an end to her sorrows. The aria displays Italianate melodic and expressive qualities within the da capo aria form.

De pena, de susto,
fallece mi vida,
Cercana oprimida,
del último mal.

Full of sorrow, full of fear
my life is perishing,
I am a prisoner,
Of ultimate evil

O Cielo que miras
mi mal riguroso,
Remedia piadoso
mi suerte fatal.

O God you who see
my cruel suffering
in mercy change
My deadly fate.

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

El Contrabandista

Manuel Garcia

Garcia famously performed this piece in Paris and other grand cities in 1809 along with other songs. During his Paris performances, audiences were so overwhelmed that he had to

repeat “*El contrabandista*” while accompanying himself on guitar three times at each performance. Interestingly, this song became the rallying cry of the Romantic movement and Garcia’s daughter, Maria Malibrán, often performed it with just as much passion as her father. In this song, a smuggler boasts about his status saying he fears no one; but, as the night patrol advances towards him while firing at him, he pleads with his horse to get him out of the mess he is in. The smuggler’s cry of “jaleo” is mainly used for two purposes. These were to urge a group of girls to hurry and buy his goods for him so that he could depart, as well as to urge his horse to run more quickly to accelerate this departure.

Yo que soy contrabandista
Y campo por mis respetos
Y a todos los desafío
Pues a nadie tengo miedo

I am a smuggler
I fight for my reputation
I challenge everyone
and I fear no one.

¡Ay ay ay, jaleo, muchachas!
¿Quién me merca algún hilo negro?
Mi caballo está cansado.
Y yo me marchó corriendo. ¡Ay!

Hey girls, hurry up!
Who wants to buy my black thread?
My horse is tired.
I must get going. Ah!

¡Ay ay! Que viene la ronda,
Y se movió el tiroteo
¡ay ay caballito mío,
Caballo mío careto!

Ah ah, the patrol is approaching
and the shooting began
Run my dear horse,
Run my white-faced horse!

¡ay jaleo, que nos cogen!
¡ay sácame de este aprieto!

Run, they are catching up with us!
Get me out of this mess!

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

Nana

Manuel de Falla

Nana is the fifth song in Manuel de Falla’s *Siete canciones populares españolas*. In contrast to the other, more lively songs in the cycle, Nana is a lullaby. The piece features a melismatic vocal line over a steady, gentle accompaniment intended to lull a child to sleep. With its irregular rhythm and unique harmonic content, Nana could be considered unconventional. Its smooth line and calm, steady pace, however, help establish it as a beautiful lullaby.

Duérmete, niño, duerme
Duerme mi alma
Duérmete, lucerito
De la mañana.
Nanita nana

Sleep, child, sleep
Sleep, my soul
Sleep, little ray
Of morning light
Lulla, lullaby

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

La Vida es una Flor

Olivia Garza

This song is dedicated to my grandparents, Mario and Rosa Garza. It is inspired by a few wise words from my grandpa: “La vida es como una flor. Guárdala. Cuídala.” This translates to: “Life is like a flower. Watch over it. Care for it.” Para mis abuelos: Gracias por haber orado por mi y haberme amado toda mi vida. Le doy gracias a Dios por la bendición de ser su nieta. Los quiero mucho.

On one quiet afternoon spent with my abuelito
We sat peacefully and drank a warm cafecito
When he said to me, “Mijita, this life is a gift.”
And he sang to me a canción, it goes something like this.

Abuelito: Grandpa
Cafecito: Coffee
Mijita: term of endearment
Canción: song

Es como una flor, la vida, mi amor,
It’s just like a flower.
And though surely it’s slow,
It grows and it grows
Day by day, hour by hour.

Life is like a flower, my love

It’s just like a flower, mi niña, mijita,
Es como las flores.
Y aunque lluvias vendrán, también pintarán
Los cielos con sus colores.

Mi niña: My daughter
It’s like the flowers.
Though rains will come, they paint
The skies with their colors.

Y estábamos sentado allí en un banquito
Cuando empezó a volar una ave blanquesita
Con la paz de aquella paloma
Volteó a decir
Que los pajarillos y flores
Saben como vivir.

We sat there on a little bench
When a little white bird began to fly
With the peace of that dove
He turned to say
That the birds and flowers
Know how to live.

Es como una flor, mi vida, mi amor
It’s just like a flower.
And though clouds may be grey,
They’ll soon pass away
Bringing blessings in showers.

It’s just like a flower, mi linda querida
Es como una flor.
Y como hay solo una,
Guárdala con cariño y amor.

Mi linda querida: My loved one
And since there is only one,
Watch over it with care and love.

Translation by Olivia Garza

Alma sintamos

Pablo Esteve

Both the music of this song and its text express deep grief in every way imaginable. It is set in a minor mode, employs a slow tempo, and uses grace notes to replicate hiccups when a person cries. These musical ideas, combined with chromatic harmonies and a pulsing bass note, are used to evoke the pain and sorrow that the performer is feeling. The irony is that the woman being mourned is not actually dead, and the members of the audience are eagerly anticipating the star's entrance on stage.

¡Alma, sintamos! ¡Ojos llorad
A mi Caramba que murió ya!
¡Ay, pobrecita! Toda bondad
Que no tenía pecado venial.

Soul, let us grieve! Eyes let us weep!
My loving Caramba ha died!
Ay, poor girl! She was all goodness
And never committed a sin.

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

La Tarantula

Geronimo Ginenez

This speedy and energetic song comes from *La tempranica*, a short and simple zarzuela that covers a surprising amount of dramatic and musical ground. This piece is performed in scene one by Grabie, a Romani youth, who works at the local blacksmiths. He welcomes Don Luis, who is loved by the whole family, into conversation about how devoted he is to Grabie's sister, Maria. Don Luis attempts to get him to change the subject and quickly asks Grabie to sing something for him. He agrees through a cheeky song about the mischievous ways of the tarantula—or perhaps the dangers that are associated with falling in love.

La tarántula é un bicho mú malo;
No se mata con piera ni palo;
Que juye y se mete por tós los rincones
Y son mú malinas sus picazonas.

The tarantula's an evil little critter
You can't kill it with sticks or stones
For it runs off and hides in corners
And its sting is wicked.

¡Ay mare!, no zé que tengo
Que ayé pazé por la era
Y ha principiaito a entrarme
Er má de la temblaera.
Zerá q'a mí me ha picáo
La tarántula dañina
Y estoy toitico enfermáo.
Por su sangre tan endina.
¡Te coman los mengues

Ay mother! I don't know what's up with me
Only yesterday
I went into the threshing barn
And now I'm shaking all over
I must have been stung
By the nasty tarantula
And now I am really ill
Their blood is so bad
May the devils eat one another!

Mardita la araña
Que tié en la barriga
Pintá una guitarra!
Bailando se cura tan jondo doló.
¡Ay! ¡Mal haya la araña que a mí me picó!

To hell with the spider
That on its stomach
Has a painted guitar!
Dancing is the only cure for this terrible pain
Ay! Curse the spider that stung me!

No le temo á los rayos ni balas
Ni le temo á otra cosa más mala
Que me hizo mi pare;
Más guapo que er gayo
Pero á ese bichito lo parta un rayo.

¡Ay mare! yo estoy malito.
Me está entrando unos suores
Que me han dejaito seco
Y comío de picores.
Zerá que á mí me ha picáo
La tarántula dañina,
Por eso me he quedao
Más dergao que una sardina.

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

I am not afraid of thunderbolts or bullets
I am not afraid of the worse things
My dad's done to me;
He's more handsome than a cockerel
But may that critter be struck by a bolt.

Ay mother, I've got it bad.
I am getting into one of those sweats
That dries you up
And gets you all scabby
I must have been stung
By the nasty tarantula
And that's why I am getting
Thinner than a sardine.

Not a Day Goes By

Stephen Sondheim

“Not a Day Goes By” is from the Broadway musical *Merrily We Roll Along*. The character, Beth, has just discovered that her husband cheated on her. She chooses to divorce him but struggles with her lingering feelings. In this song, Beth reveals the regret and shame that accompanies wrong choices, the pain and anguish tied to loss, and the deep fulfillment found in love.

Not a day goes by, not a single day
You're not somewhere a part of my life,
And I need to you to stay.

As the days go by,
I keep thinking when does it end?
That it can't get much better much longer,
But it only gets better and stronger
And deeper and nearer and simpler and freer
And richer and clearer and no
Not a day goes by, not a blessed day
But you somewhere come into my life
And you won't go away.

And I have to say,
If you do, I'll die.
I want day after day after day
Till the days go by.

Don't Wanna Be Here

Adam Gwon

This song is from the musical *Ordinary Days*, which is set in New York City and follows the lives of 4 main characters: Claire, Jason, Warren, and Deb. It explores how the lives of ordinary people can connect in unexpected ways. Deb is a graduate student in New York; all her life, she had grown up in the countryside and found that she felt that her circumstances limited her ambitions. As a result, she moved to New York to start a new life for herself. When TCU organized a production of this musical, I knew instantly that I wanted to perform a song from it. I had never performed a comical musical theater piece, so I felt that this was the perfect opportunity to do so.

I grew up in like, the middle of nowhere
And I swore I would never go back.
My hometown was like the suburb of a suburb
I actually lived on a cul-de-sac.
That's literally a road that goes nowhere.
That's the definition of dead end.
I said, "I can't wait to learn to do a three-point-turn"
Because I don't wanna be here.

In four long years, I finished up with high school.
Graduated top of my class. Thank you!
But in college I discovered that devising my own major
Was a bureaucratic pain in the ass.
I thought I'd recontextualize Sartre
But could only register for first-year French. Ha!
Well, you should've heard my mom when I dropped the bomb
And said, "I don't wanna be here
No, I don't wanna be here."

Now, I am not a negative person
It's just that I've always known that I had places to go
Dreams to fulfill and ideas to discover
They're just never where I am.

So anyway, back at school
I waited five semesters
Till I could snag one of their random degrees
I moved down south, 'cause I heard everyone was hiring
And they were. At the Applebee's.
They fired me, like, three weeks later.
My sublet promptly, whoops, fell through.
As I checked into a hotel, I said, "It's just as well.
Because I don't wanna be here.
No, I don't wanna be here."

And I, I was not a negative person
So I packed up my bags, though I had no place to go

I opened a map and said, "Show me my future.
'Cause it isn't where I am."

I finally got a job at some hum-drum office
Like everyone right out of school does
I sat there at my cubicle every day
Sending faxes, and that's what my life was
Oh, I went back home and said to my parents,
"I know what I've got to do."
And since I am a dork
I moved to New York
And I started grad school.
I really don't wanna be here.

Some Things are Meant to be

Jason Howland

This duet is from the hit Broadway musical *Little Women*. After Beth falls ill with scarlet fever, she and her sister Jo decide to set sail on a make-believe journey filled with roaring waves, beautiful blue skies, and the Milky Way. Together they remind each other that no matter what challenges life brings, their love for each other will never fade.

Let's pretend we're riding on a kite.
Let's imagine we're flying through the air.
We'll ascend until we're out of sight.
Light as paper we'll soar.

Let's be wild up high above the sand,
Feel the wind the world at our command.
Let's enjoy the view and never land.
Floating far from the shore.

Some things are meant to be.
The clouds moving fast and free,
The sun on a silver sea,
A sky that's bright and blue;
And some things will never end.
The thrill of our magic ride,
The love that I feel inside for you.

We'll climb high beyond the break of day,
Sleep on stardust and dine on bits of moon.
You and I will find the Milky Way.
We'll be mad and explore.

We'll recline aloft upon the breeze,
Dart about, sail on with windy ease.
Pass the days doing only as we please.

That's what living is for.

Some things are meant to be.

The tide moving endlessly,

The way it takes hold of me no matter what I do.

But some things will never die.

The promise of who you are.

Your memories when I am far from you.