

Lamont School of Music

Senior Recital

Natacha C3ndor
Mezzo Soprano

Dr. Beth Nielsen
Piano

Sunday, February 22, 2026
7:30 p.m.
Frederic C. Hamilton Family Recital Hall

Program

Sebben, crudele

Antonio Caldara
(1670–1736)

O del mio dolce ardor

Christoph Willibald Gluck
(1714–1787)

Il mio bel foco
(Quella Fiamma)

Francesco Bartolomeo Conti
(1681–1732)

Phidylé (1882)

Henri Duparc
(1848–1933)

Extase (1874)

L'Invitation au voyage (1870)

Oh Yemanjá (Mother's Prayer)
from Scourge of Hyacinths

Tania León
(b. 1943)

Sarah Biberis, cello

INTERMISSION

Please silence your cell phones

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Granada

Agustín Lara

(1897–1970)

¡Cállate, corazón!

from Zarzuela Luisa Fernanda

Joan Marquez, tenor

Federico Moreno Torroba

(1891–1982)

Federico Romero

Guillermo Fernández-Shaw

Aquella tarde

Daniela Guzman, soprano

Ernesto Lecuona

(1895–1963)

Danzante del destino

Gerardo Guevara

(1930–2024)

La Espera

Segundo Córdor

(1957–2015)

María Tejada

Taita Quishpe

Fray Agustín de Azkúnaga

(1885–1957)

Reception to follow in
the Spencer Reception Room

Text and Translations

Sebben, crudele

Sebben, crudele,
Mi fai languir,
sempre fedele
ti voglio amar.

Con la lunghezza
del mio servir
la tua fierezza
saprò stancar.

– Anonymous

Although Cruel Love

Although you are so cruel,
though you make my heart languish,
I shall still
remain forever true in love.

With the length
of my service and my patience,
I will, in time,
tire your pride.

Trans. Natacha Córdor

O del mio dolce ardor

O del mio dolce ardor
Bramato oggetto,
L'aura che tu respiri,
Alfin respiro.
O vunque il guardo io giro,
Le tue vaghe sembianze
Amore in me dipinge:
Il mio pensier si finge
Le più liete speranze;
E nel desio che così
M'empie il petto
Cerco te, chiamo te,
spero e sospiro.

– Raniero de' Calzabigi

O, Of My Sweet Ardor

O object of my sweet ardor,
long-desired one,
the air you breathe
At last is the air I breathe.
Wherever I may turn my gaze,
your gentle features
Love itself paints within me;
my thoughts invent
the happiest of hopes,
and in the longing
that so fills my breast,
I seek you, call you
I hope, and I sigh.

Trans. Natacha Córdor

Il mio bel foco–Quella Fiamma

Il mio bel foco,
O lontano o vicino
Ch'esser poss'io,
Senza cangiar mai tempore
Per voi, care pupille,
Arderà sempre.
Quella fiamma che m'accende
Piace tanto all'anima mia,
Che giammai s'estinguerà.
E se il fato a voi mi rende,

Vaghi rai del mio bel sole,
Altra luce ella non vuole
Nè voler giammai potrà.

– Anonymous

My Beautiful Fire– That Bright Flame

My beautiful fire,
whether I am far or near,
remains unchanged for you,
beloved eyes;

it will burn forever.
That flame which sets me alight
so deeply delights my soul
that it can never be extinguished.
And if fate should lead me back to
you,
lovely rays
of my fair sun,
it desires no other light,
nor ever could.

Trans. Natacha Córdor

Phidylé

L'herbe est molle au sommeil sous
les frais peupliers,
Aux pentes des sources
moussues,
Qui, dans les prés en fleur germant
par mille issues,
Se perdent sous les noirs halliers.
Repose, ô Phidylé! Midi sur les
feuillages
Rayonne, et t'invite au sommeil.
Par le trèfle et le thym, seules, en
plein soleil,
Chantent les abeilles volages.
Un chaud parfum circule au détour
des sentiers,
La rouge fleur des blés s'incline,

Et les oiseaux, rasant de l'aile la
colline,
Cherchent l'ombre des églantiers.
Mais, quand l'Astre, incliné sur sa
courbe éclatante,
Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,
Que ton plus beau sourire et ton
meilleur baiser

Me récompensent de l'attente!

– Charles-Marie-René

Leconte de Lisle

Extase

Sur un lys pâle mon cœur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la
mort:
Mort exquise, mort parfumée
Du souffle de la bien-aimée:
Sur ton sein pâle mon cœur dort...

– Jean Lahor

L'Invitation au voyage

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble!
Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Phidylé

The grass is soft for sleep beneath
the cool poplars
On the banks of the mossy springs

That flow in flowering meadows
from a thousand sources,
And vanish beneath dark thickets.
Rest, O Phidylé! Noon on the
leaves

Is gleaming, inviting you to sleep.
By the clover and thyme, alone, in
the bright sunlight,
The fickle bees are humming.
A warm fragrance floats about the
winding paths,
The red flowers of the cornfield
droop;

And the birds, skimming the
hillside with their wings,
Seek the shade of the eglantine.
But when the sun, low on its
dazzling curve,
Sees its brilliance wane,
Let your loveliest smile and finest
kiss

Reward me to for my waiting!

Trans. Richard Stokes

Ecstasy

On a pale lily my heart sleeps
a sleep as sweet as death:

exquisite death, death perfumed
with the breath of the beloved:
on your pale breast my heart sleeps...

Trans. Christopher Goldsack

The Invitation to the Journey

Think, would it not be
Sweet to live with me
All alone, my child, my love? —
Sleep together, share
All things, in that fair
Country you remind me of?
Charming in the dawn
There, the half-withdrawn
Drenched, mysterious sun appears
In the curdled skies,
Traucherous as your eyes
Shining from behind their tears.

(Continued.)

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.

Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir des vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.
Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le Monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté

–Charles Baudelaire

There, restraint and order bless
Luxury and voluptuousness.

See, their voyage past,
To their moorings fast,
On the still canals asleep,
These big ships; to bring
You some trifling thing
They have braved the furious deep.
Now the sun goes down,
Tinting dyke and town,
Field, canal, all things in sight,
Hyacinth and gold;
All that we behold
Slumbers in its ruddy light.

There, restraint and order bless
Luxury and voluptuousness.

Trans. Edna St. Vincent Millay

Oh Yemanja (Mother's Prayer)

Oh Yemanja, Sister of the clear...
Sister of the once clear waters,
Mover of the undertows,
Your waters are muddied.
Your once clear path,
undertows that suck my household down
to the seabed
I shall not abandon faith...
I await a sign.
Protectress of the innocent,
Let my son be an eel without scales,
that yet survives both heat and cold,
flood and drought.
Let him breast these rapids.
Let him reach the calm sanctuary
of your clear spring waters.
Oh Yemanja,
keep faith with your faithful survivor.
Don't abandon my frail crafts in midstream,
no, not among the fulsome hyacinths.
Oh Yemanja, Protectress, seer of all, Sister...

– Tania León

Granada

Granada, tierra soñada por mí
Mi cantar se vuelve gitano cuando
es para ti
Mi cantar hecho de fantasía
Mi cantar flor de melancolía
Que yo te vengo a dar

Granada

Granada, a land I dream of
My song turns gypsy when it's for
you
My song made of fantasy
My song, a flower of melancholy
That I come to give you

Granada
Tierra ensangrentada
En tardes de toros
Mujer que conserva el embrujo
De los ojos moros
Te sueño rebelde y gitana
Cubierta de flores
Y beso tu boca de grana
Jugosa manzana
Que me habla de amores
Granada manola
Cantada en coplas preciosas
No tengo otra cosa que darte
Que un ramo de rosas
De rosas de suave fragancia
Que le dieran marco a la virgen
morena
Granada
Tu tierra está llena
De lindas mujeres
De sangre y de Sol

– Agustín Lara

¡Cállate, corazón!

Luisa Fernanda:

¡Cállate, corazón, duérmete y calla!

No debe retoñar la hierba mala.

¡Ay, qué tendrá el amor de venenoso,
que cuanto más cruel es, más
sabroso!

Duérmete y calla,
que no retoñe más la hierba mala.

Javier:

¡Dichoso el que en su camino
de duelos y de pesares
escucha una voz amiga
que alegra sus soledades!
Felices los desterrados
que encuentran en su destierro,
para el dolor de una ausencia,
el bálsamo de un recuerdo.

Luisa Fernanda:

Calle, por Dios, Javier, no me
atormentes.
Vete, por caridad; déjame y vete.

Granada
A land stained with blood
On afternoons of bullfights
A woman who keeps the charm
Of those Moorish eyes
I dream of you, rebellious and gypsy
Covered in flowers
And I kiss your crimson lips
Juicy apple
That speaks to me of love
Granada, my darling
Sung in beautiful verses
I have nothing else to give you
But a bouquet of roses
Roses with a sweet fragrance
That frame the dark-haired virgin

Granada

Your land is full
Of lovely women
Of blood and of sun.

Trans. Natacha Córdor

Hush, My Heart!

Luisa Fernanda:

Hush, my heart; sleep and be in
silence.

The cruel weed must never grow
again.

Ah, what a poisonous charm love
must be hiding, that the
crueler it is, the sweeter it tastes.

Sleep now in silence,
let that bitter weed never bloom
again.

Javier:

Blessed is he who, along a road
of sorrow and of grief,
hears a friendly voice
that brightens up his loneliness.
Happiness to the ones in exile
who find, within their banishment,
for the pain of an absence,
the healing balm of memory.

Luisa Fernanda:

For God's sake, Javier, be quiet, do
not torment me.
Go, I beg you; have mercy, leave me
and go.

(Continued.)

Javier:
Vengo a decirte adiós, y es para siempre.

Luisa Fernanda:
Nunca ya te veré. ¡Dios me consuele!

Javier:
Con la esperanza voy de que aún me quieres.

Luisa Fernanda:
Contra mi voluntad te quise siempre:
cuando fuiste ilustre,
cuando no eras nadie,
cuando me quisiste...
¡cuando me olvidaste!

Javier:
Subir, subir y luego caer:
la fortuna alcanzar y volverla a perder.

Luisa Fernanda:
¡Amar, amar sin dejar de creer,
y venir el amor cuando no puede ser!

Javier:
Subir, subir y luego caer...

Luisa Fernanda:
¡Y venir el amor cuando no puede ser!

– Federico Romero and Guillermo
Fernández-Shaw

Aquella tarde..

Yo quiero que tú me quieras,
y eres tan cruel que me desprecias.

Si supieras tú lo mucho que he
llorado
desde aquella tarde en que te vi.
Dime por qué no me quieres,
dime por qué me abandonas,
si tú eres mi vida y mi solo anhelo,

si a ti solo quiero con toda el alma.

Javier:
I have come to say farewell, and it is forever.

Luisa Fernanda:
Never again shall I see you. May God console me!

Javier:
I leave hoping you love me.

Luisa Fernanda:
Against my will, I loved you always:
when you were illustrious,
when you were no one,
when you loved me...
And when you forgot me.

Javier:
To rise, to rise, and then to fall,
to grasp good fortune and lose it
once again.

Luisa Fernanda:
To love, to love without ceasing to
believe,
and have love arrive
when it can never be.

Javier:
To rise, to rise, and then to fall...

Luisa Fernanda:
And to have love arrive
when it can never be.

Trans. Natacha Córdor

That Afternoon...

I long for you to love me,
Yet you are cruel and turn away in
scorn.
If only you could know how much I've
wept
since that afternoon when I saw you.
Tell me, why don't you love me?
Tell me, why are you abandoning me?
when you are my whole life and my
one desire,
the only one my heart can love
completely.

Oye: en noches pasadas soñé que
yo era tu amor,
y al despertar me encontré con la
realidad,
que jamás me querrás.

– Ernesto Lecuona

Danzante del destino

Preguntan de dónde soy
y no sé qué responder
de tanto no tener nada
no tengo de dónde ser.
Un día me iré a quemar
todo el trigo del dolor:
entonces ha de haber Patria
ahora hay tierra del patrón.
Debajo del campo verde
harta sangre hay en el suelo:
yo no sabré a dónde voy
pero sé de dónde vengo.
El indio que cae sabe
cuánta tierra al fin le toca:
pues reconoce el sabor
de otros indios en la boca.

–Jorge Enrique Adoum

La Espera

En horas huecas,
las hojas secas
cuentan tras de la ventana
si ya muy pronto volverás.
Y de tanto esperar
pierdo la calma,
pues en otoño muere el retoño.
Ya ha perdido el buen sentido
la loca, aventurera ilusión
que trae tu llegar.
Y de tanto soñar,
mis cien espejos
son el reflejo
de mi alma en pena.
Mas con la primavera,
mi dulce y cruel espera
se torna liviana y diaria
en mi caminar.
Con cada abril que me llega
crecen las ganas de sentir
tus dulces besos
y tu buen vivir.
Ya no podré negar
mi alma apasionada:
es esta espera
mi gran quimera.

–María Tejada

Listen: in restless nights I dreamed
that I was your beloved,
But waking, I was left alone with the
truth
That your heart will never ever love me.

Trans. Natacha Córdor

Destiny's Dancer

They ask where I'm from,
and I don't know what to answer;
from having nothing for so long,
I have no place to call home.
One day I will go and burn
all the wheat of sorrow:
then there will be a homeland,
now there is only the master's land.
Beneath the green fields
there is plenty of blood in the soil:
I may not know where I'm going,
but I know where I come from.
The fallen Indian knows
how much earth is his at last,
for he can taste, in that soil,
the presence of other Indians.

Trans. Natacha Córdor

The Waiting

In hollow hours,
the dry leaves
count behind the window
whether you will soon return.
And from so much waiting
I lose my calm,
for in autumn the tender shoot dies.
I have already lost all good sense,
the wild, adventurous illusion
that your coming brings.
And from so much dreaming
my hundred mirrors
are but the reflection
of my grieving soul.
But with the spring
my sweet and cruel waiting
grows gentle and light
along my path.
With every April that arrives
the longing grows to feel
your tender kisses
and your bright, full life.
I can no longer deny
my passionate soul;
this waiting
is my great chimera.

Trans. Natacha Córdor

Taita Quishpe

Antes que el alba asome,
va el indio de la sierra
a trabajar la tierra
con incesante afán.
Y al ver la chakra hermosa,
donde crecen los maizales,
se olvida de sus males
y así empieza a cantar:
Chakrita de mi vida,
que das pan a mi choza,
el indio en ti se goza
y canta con amor
El bello sanjuanito

que calma la india pena
y el corazón serena
al son del rondador.

–Traditional text (Ecuadorian
Indigenous/folk origin)

Taita Quishpe

Before the dawn breaks,
the indigenous man of the mountains
goes to work the land
with tireless effort.
And when he sees the lovely little field
where the cornfields grow,
he forgets his troubles
and begins to sing:
“Little field of my life,
that gives bread to my hut,
the Indian rejoices in you
and sings to you with love
the beautiful sanjuanito (an Ecuadorian
rhythm)
that calms his ancient sorrow
and soothes his heart
to the sound of the rondador, an
Andean pan flute.”

Trans. Natacha Cóndor

Program Notes

This recital is dedicated to my little me, who dreamed of being a professional singer, and to everyone who has been part of my musical and personal journey. I have grown as an artist and as a person in community with colleagues, teachers, family, and friends, and this program reflects that shared path. The first set marks my first intimate encounter with the old Italian songbooks, and with a language I began to sing long before I could truly understand it. It traces my earliest steps in classical singing, when I fell in love with foreign languages and with the strange joy of letting unfamiliar words become sound in my own voice. Together, these songs sketch a small journey of the heart: learning to name desire, to bear its cruelty, and to let that flame keep burning, gently, through a voice.

This second set belongs to the middle of my journey. The songs of Duparc, with their distinctive harmonies and suspended lines, mirror the complexity of love, human relationships, and the effort to remain faithful to one's path as a musician. Desire moves from quiet waiting to surrender, to the dream of an ideal place, tracing an inner voyage that has deeply marked me. “Oh Yemanjá (Mother's Prayer)” carries these questions of love, faith, and perseverance into a different cultural sea. Written and composed by Cuban-American composer Tania León, the piece honors Yemanjá, mother of waters in Afro-diasporic tradition, and weaves together classical technique with new rhythmic colors and spiritual imagery. After Duparc's inward, often European dreamscapes, this prayer to the sea opens the horizon toward other voices and histories, reminding me that my path as a singer is also a path of listening to the cultures that shape my musical path.

To open the next set, I can finally sing “Granada”. I have always loved this song by Agustín Lara, which looks toward the Andalusian city as a dreamed-of land of passion, and for me it has become a piece about strength and stance: singing with the whole body, with good posture, the sound thrown forward and full of pride, which makes me feel so me and so happy. The duet “Cállate, corazón”, from one of the first zarzuelas I ever saw—where my older sister Andrea sang the main role of Luisa Fernanda—opened the door to Spanish lyric theater for me; now I could not be happier to share it with my onstage partner-in-adventure, Joan, with his beautiful tenor color, returning to that first sense of wonder but from inside the scene, as if we could step into the story that we once only watched from the audience. “Aquella tarde”, symbolizing the memory of a single afternoon, turns into a heartbeat you keep hearing long after it is gone. I first knew Daniela from a respectful distance, as the voice teacher who taught my other sister, Salomé; only with time did the road of music bring us closer. Singing these two duets feels like the magic of music’s unique ability to link generations, find love or friendship, and gather people around a shared song.

The recital closes with songs that feel like home to me: sounds of my childhood, of my singer sisters Andrea and Salomé, of long musical evenings, of choirs rehearsing in our living room, of my brother Iván learning the guitar, and of my father Segundo composing at the piano. These melodies, rhythms, and lyrics carry family stories and the landscape of Ecuador. “Taita Quishpe” does not really have a direct translation: taita in Kichwa means “father”, but beyond that, it suggests wisdom and strength, and the surname Quishpe is associated with a transparent stone or with freedom; for me, it is a song about finding hope in hardship. “Dancer of Destiny” by Guevara is like a hymn to my hometown, singing of resilience, dignity, and the quiet decision to persevere in the face of adversity—melodies that still evoke the scent of the mountains, the rain, and a deep sense of community. We are made of shared impressions and songs, and many of mine live in these pieces.

Although my father is no longer with me, he left me the legacy of loving what I do, loving music, and trusting the ways it connects us to the world. One of the pieces in this program is his composition, “La Espera” (“The Wait”), a small tribute to the musical passions we shared and to a bond that continues to resonate through his music. Please excuse me if I do not speak much; I prefer to sing what I feel, and I do not want to spoil that by crying. Returning to these songs allows me to bring a part of my inner child home; my home now travels within me and my voice, and with this music I close a circle of learning with deep gratitude—a journey that began with love, music, and resilience in my parents’ house, Nancy and Segundo’s, and has brought me here tonight.

Upcoming Events

Monday, February 23, 7:30 p.m.

Undergraduate recital: Molly Urbon-Bonine, cello

Hamilton Recital Hall

Free admission, no ticket required

Monday, February 23, 9:00 a.m.

Wednesday, February 25, 9:00 a.m.

Masterclass: Stefano de Peppo, bass-baritone

Room 209

Free admission to observe

Tuesday, February 24, 7:30 p.m.

Bow Art Ensemble

Hamilton Recital Hall

Free admission, no ticket required

Thursday, February 26, 7:30 p.m.

The Spirituals Project Choir

Gates Concert Hall

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