

Lamont School of Music

Graduate Recital

Joan Sebastian Márquez Unda
Voice & Composition

Saturday, February 28, 2026
7:30 p.m.
Frederic C. Hamilton Family Recital Hall



Robert & Judi Newman Center
for the Performing Arts

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of a
Master of Music Degree in Vocal Performance

Mr. Márquez Unda is from the studio of Catherine Kasch

Reception to follow in the
Spencer Artist Reception Room

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Program

O sole mio (1898)

Eduardo di Capua

(1865–1917)

Giovanni Capurro

Joan Sebastian Márquez, piano

Chansons Françaises

Chanson de l'adieu (1898)

From Deux chansons

Francesco Paolo Tosti

(1846–1916)

Edmund Haraucourt

Après un rêve (c. 1877–1878)

From Trois mélodies, Op. 7, No. 1

Gabriel Fauré

(1845–1924)

Romain Bussine

Chanson triste (1868/69)

From Cinq melodies, Op. 2

Henri Duparc

(1848–1933)

Jean Lahor

Italian Serenade

Tu lo sai

Giuseppe Torelli

(1658–1709)

Anonymous

Dicitencello vuje (1930)

Rodolfo Falvo

(1874–1936)

Enzo Fusco

Non ti scordar di me (1935)

Ernesto de Curtis

(1875–1937)

Domenico Furnò

Júrame (1926)

María Grever
(1885–1951)

INTERMISSION

Canciones de mi tierra

Vocalise II (2023)

Joan Sebastian Márquez
(b. 1994)

Despedida (1957)

Gerardo Guevara
(1930–2024)

Tú y yo (1933)

Francisco Paredes Herrera
(1891–1952)
Manuel Coello Nóritz

Qué me has hecho

Joan Sebastian Márquez
(b. 1994)

Joan Sebastian Márquez, guitar

Al oído (1931)

Carlos Guerra Paredes
(1896–1992)
Pedro Enrique Rivadeneira

Joan Sebastian Márquez, guitar

Ecuadorian Folk Songs
(Medley)

Arr. Joan Sebastian Márquez
(b. 1994)

Joan Sebastian Márquez, guitar

Text and Translations

O sole mio

Che bella cosa na jurnata 'e
sole,
n'aria serena doppo na tempesta!
Pe' ll'aria fresca pare già
na festa...
Che bella cosa na jurnata 'e
sole.

Ma n'atu sole cchiù bello,
oi ne',
'o sole mio sta nfronte a te!
'o sole, 'o sole mio
sta nfronte a te, sta nfronte
a te!

Quanno fa notte e 'o sole se ne
scenne,
me vene quasi 'na malincunia;
sotto 'a fenesta toia restarria
quanno fa notte e 'o sole se ne
scenne.

Chanson de l'adieu

Partir, c'est mourir un peu,
C'est mourir à ce qu'on aime:
On laisse un peu de soi-même
En toute heure et dans tout lieu.

C'est toujours le deuil d'un vœu,
Le dernier vers d'un poème;
Partir, c'est mourir un peu,
C'est mourir à ce qu'on aime.

Et l'on part, et c'est un jeu,
Et jusqu'à l'adieu suprême
C'est son âme que l'on sème,
Que l'on sème en chaque adieu:
Partir, c'est mourir un peu.

My Sunshine

What a beautiful thing is a sunny
day!
The air is serene after a storm,
The air is so fresh that it already
feels like a celebration.
What a beautiful thing is a sunny
day!

But another sun, even more
beauteous, oh my sweetheart,
My own sun, shines from your face!
This sun, my own sun,
Shines from your face; It shines
from your face!

When night comes and the sun
has gone down,
I almost start feeling melancholy;
I'd stay below your window
When night comes and the sun
has gone down.

Farewell Song

To part, is to die a little,
Dying to the things we love:
We leave a little of ourselves
In each hour and each place.

Always the grieving of a wish
The closing verse of a poem;
To part, is to die a little,
Dying to the things we love.

And in parting, just a game,
Yet until the final goodbye
With our souls, we leave
Our marks at each farewell:
To part, is to die a little.

-Thomas Ang

Après un rêve

Dans un sommeil que charmaient 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.

Hélas! Hélas! triste réveil des
songes
Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends-moi tes
mensonges,
Reviens, reviens radieuse,
Reviens ô nuit mystérieuse!

Chanson triste

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de
lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été,
Et pour fuir la vie importune,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
Mon triste cœur et mes pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.

Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh! quelquefois sur tes genoux
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous;

After a Dream

In a slumber that was-charmed by
your image
I dreamt of happiness, passionate
illusion.
your eyes were more soft, your
voice pure and ringing,
you shone like a sky lit by
the dawn;

You called me and I left the earth
to flee with you toward the
light,
the heavens for us opened-up their
clouds,
splendors unknown, lights divine
we glimpsed.

Alas! alas! sad awakening from
dreams
I call-on-you, oh night, give-back to
me your lies
Return, return radiant,
return, oh night mysterious!

-Bard Suverkrop

Sad Song

Moonlight slumbers in your
heart,
A gentle summer moonlight,
And to escape the cares of life
I shall drown myself in your light.

I shall forget past sorrows,
My sweet, when you cradle
My sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving calm of your arms.

You will rest my poor head,
Ah! sometimes on your lap,
And recite to it a ballad
That will seem to speak of us;

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesses,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses
Que peut-être je guérirai

And from your eyes full of sorrow,
From your eyes I shall then drink
So many kisses and so much love
That perhaps I shall be healed.

-Richard Stokes

Tu lo sai

Tu lo sai quanto t'amai,
Tu lo sai, lo sai crudel!
Io non bramo altra mercè,
Ma ricordati di me,
E poi sprezza un infedel

You know it

You know it, how much I loved you,
You know it, Cruel one!
I don't burn for any other,
just remember me,
And scorn the unfaithful.

-Joan Sebastian Márquez

Dicitencello vuje

Dicitencello 'a 'sta cumpagna vostra
ch'aggio perduto 'o suonno e 'a fantasia
ca' 'a penzo sempe, che 'é tutt' 'a vita mia
'l' nce 'o vulesse dicere, ma nun
'nce 'o saccio di!

Tell him he wants it

Just tell her that her admirer
is lost in dreams and imagination
and thinks of her always, all my life
I've wanted to tell her, but don't
know how to say it!

'A voglio bbene, 'a voglio bbene
assaie,
Dicitencello vuie, ca nun m' 'a scordo maie!
E' 'na passiona, cchiù forte 'e na catena,
ca me turmenta ll'anema, e nun me fa campá.

I want her so much, I want her so very much
Tell her that I'll never forget her!
The passion I feel, is stronger than a chain
that torments my soul, and makes me not want to live.

'Na lacrema lucente v' 'è caduta...
Diciteme 'nu poco a che penzate...
Cu' st' uocchie doce vuie sola me guardate...
Levámmece 'sta maschera, dicimmo 'a veritá.

I see glistening tears falling
Tell me a little of what your thinking...
Your sweet eyes look right through me
So now I must raise this mask, and tell the truth.

Te voglio bbene, te voglio bbene
assaie

I want you so much, I want you so very much

si' ttu chesta catena ca nun se
spezza maie!
Suonno gentile, suspiro mio
carnale
te cerco comm' all' aria, te voglio
pe' campá!

This bond between us will never
break!
Sweet dreams ... My hopes and
desires
look for you in the air and I want
you to live forever!

-Ann Evans

Non ti scordar di me

Partirono le rondini
Dal mio paese freddo e senza sole,
Cercando primavera di
viole,
Nidi d'amore e di felicità.
La mia piccola rondine partì
Senza lasciarmi un bacio,
Senza un addio
partì.

Don't forget me!

The swallows flew away
From my cold land without sun,
In search of spring with violets in
bloom,
Nests of love and happiness.
My little swallow flew away
Without kissing me,
She flew away without saying
goodbye.

Non ti scordar di me:
La vita mia legata è a te.
Io t'amo sempre più,
Nel sogno mio rimani tu.
Non ti scordar di me:
La vita mia legata è a te.
C'è sempre un nido nel mio cuor
per te.
Non ti scordar di me!

Don't forget me:
My life is connected to yours.
I love you more and more each day,
You are still in my dreams.
Don't forget me:
My life is connected to yours.
In my heart there's always a place
for you.
Don't forget me!

Non ti scordar di me:
La vita mia legata è a te.
C'è sempre un nido nel mio cuor
per te.
Non ti scordar di me!

Don't forget me:
My life is connected to yours.
In my heart there's always a place
for you.
Don't forget me!

-Natalie Chernega

Júrame

Todos dicen que es mentira que te
quiero
porque nunca me habían visto
enamorada.

Swear to me

Everyone says it's a lie that I love
you
because they've never seen me in
love before.

Yo te juro que yo mismo no comprendo
el porqué me fascina tu mirada.

I swear to you that I myself do not understand
why your gaze fascinates me.

Cuando estoy cerca de ti y estás contento
No quisiera que de nadie te acordaras.
Tengo celos hasta del pensamiento
que pueda recordarte a otra mujer amada.

When I'm near you and you're happy
I wouldn't want that you remember anyone else.
I am jealous even of the thought
that may remind you of another beloved woman.

Júrame
que aunque pase mucho tiempo
no olvidarás en el momento
en que yo te conocí.

Swear to me
that even if a long time goes by
you will not forget the moment
when I met you..

Mírame,
pues no hay nada más profundo
ni más grande en este mundo
que el cariño que te di.

Look at me,
for there is nothing deeper
nor greater in this world
than the love I gave you.

Bésame
con un beso enamorado,
como nadie me ha besado
desde el día en que nació.

Kiss me
with a kiss in love,
as no one has kissed me
since the day I was born.

Quiéreme,
quíereme hasta la locura
así sabrás la amargura
que estoy sufriendo por ti.

Love me,
love me to the point of madness
so, you'll know the bitterness
I'm suffering for you.

-Brenda Iglesias

Vocalise II

Adiós amor
Adiós querida
te dejo esta canción de amor
y en ella mi vida.

Vocalize II

Good-bye, my love,
good-bye, my darling,
I leave you this love song
and in it, my life.

Mis ojos llorarán
por tus negros ojos
mis labios sufrirán

My eyes will weep
for your dark eyes,
my lips will suffer

la ausencia de tus besos

the absence of your kisses.

Y seguiré viviendo
y viviré soñando
y soñaré en el beso
que vuelva a encontrarnos

And I will go on living,
and I will go on dreaming,
and I will dream of the kiss
that brings us together again.

Adiós mi amor te llevaré
en mi alma perdida
te dejo esta canción de amor
y en ella mi vida.

Good-bye, my love, I'll carry you
in my wandering soul;
I leave you this love song
and in it, my life.

-Joan Sebastian Márquez

Despedida

Adiós amor
Adiós querida
te dejo esta canción de amor
y en ella mi vida.

Farewell

Good-bye, my love,
good-bye, my darling,
I leave you this love song
and in it, my life.

Mis ojos llorarán
por tus negros ojos
mis labios sufrirán
la ausencia de tus besos

My eyes will weep
for your dark eyes,
my lips will suffer
the absence of your kisses.

Y seguiré viviendo
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en mi alma perdida
te dejo esta canción de amor
y en ella mi vida.

Good-bye, my love, I'll carry you
in my wandering soul;
I leave you this love song
and in it, my life.

-Joan Sebastian Márquez

Tú y yo

Brilla tú frente cual lumbre,
la mía es pálida y mustia;
tú eres la paz, yo la
angustia,
yo el abismo, tú la cumbre.

You and I

Your brow glows like a flame,
mine is pale and withered;
you are the peace, I am the
anguish,
I am the abyss, you are the summit.

Eres dulzura hechicera,

You are bewitching sweetness,

y amargo dolor me diste;
eres tú la primavera,
yo el invierno oscuro y triste.

and you gave me bitter pain;
you are the spring,
I am the dark and sad winter.

Son como cielos en calma,
son como soles tus ojos
pero iluminan a mi alma tus
abrojos.

Your eyes are like calm skies,
they are like suns,
but your thorns illuminate my
soul.

Si eres el sol sempiterno de mi
anhelo,
¿por qué no matas el hielo de este
invierno?

If you are the everlasting sun of my
longing,
why don't you kill the ice of this
winter?

Este hondo amor de mi vida,
para un corazón tan yerto,
es como flor que se ha abierto
sobre el dolor de una herida.

This deep love of my life,
for a heart so frozen,
is like a flower that has opened
over the pain of a wound.

A veces pienso olvidarte,
matar esta pasión tierna,
pero, ¿cómo no adorarte?
¿cómo corazón dejarte?
Sin tú amor, ¡ay! noche
eterna.

Sometimes I think of forgetting you,
killing this tender passion,
but how can I not adore you?
How can leave you, heart?
Without your love, alas! eternal
night.

Amor, celeste, ardentía, fuego
santo de ideal,
eres la tortura mía, pero eres tam-
bién fanal;
sin ti, la vida sería mi
arenal.

Love, celestial ardor, sacred fire of
the ideal.
you are my torture, but you are also
the beacon;
Without you, life would be my
desert.

Como el fango de agua oscura
copia del cielo del fulgor,
su amargura, idolatra su
dulzor.

Like the mud of dark water,
a copy of the sky's brilliance,
its bitterness idolizes its sweet-
ness.

En la noche de mi pena,
con la aurora de mí encanto,
mira que te quiero tanto... ¡mí
morena!

In the night of my sorrow,
with the dawn of my enchantment,-
see how much I love you... my
dusky girl!

Si eres el sol sempiterno de mi
anhelo,
¿por qué no matas el hielo de este
invierno?

If you are the everlasting sun of my
longing,
why don't you kill the ice of this
winter?

-Joan Sebastian Márquez

Al oído

Volvamos pues a amarnos, toda
vez que lo esperas,
con el mismo cariño, con la ternura
de antes,
para ver si tenemos, otra vez pri-
maveras;
para ver si retornan esas horas
distantes.

To the ear

Let us return, then, to loving each
other, every time you wait for it,
with the same affection, with the
tenderness of before,
to see if we may have spring times
again;
to see if those distant hours
return.

Pero vuelve a ser buena, como en
esas primeras
horas de nuestro idilio, tan dulces y
fragantes
y verás que seremos, otra vez, los
amantes;
que soñaron antaño, en azules
quimeras.

But be good again, as in those
first
hours of our idyll, so sweet and
fragrant
and you will see that we will be,
once more, the lovers;
that dreamed of yore, in blue chi-
meras.

Volvamos pues a amarnos, ya que
así lo has
deseado;
amor hará el milagro inefable que
esperas;
reviviendo la gloria de su inmenso
pasado;
pero vuelve a ser buena, vuelve a
ser la de antes
y verás que tendremos otra vez
primaveras,
y verás que retoman esas horas
distantes.

Let us then return to loving each
other, since that is what you have
desired;
love will make the ineffable miracle
you await;
reliving the glory of its immense
past;
but be kind again, return to who
you were before
and you will see that we will have
spring again,
and you will see that those distant
hours will return.

-Joan Sebastian Márquez

Program Notes

Vocalise II, *for tenor* by Joan Sebastian Márquez

(2023, Rev. 2025)

Vocalise II is a work for tenor and piano from a collection of vocalises written for different voice types. The melody is designed to train the singing of pure vowels, blending agile passages with expansive and sustained melodies.

This piece is based on two traditional Ecuadorian rhythms: the *danzante*, a mestizo highlands rhythm in 6/8 that emerged from the innovation of ancestral Indigenous festive dances; and the *pasillo*, a 19th-century Creole rhythm in 3/4, which developed during the South American wars of independence and evolved from the European waltz and the Spanish bolero.

The collection draws inspiration from the fusion of Andean rhythms and sonorities, incorporating colors and elements that reflect both modern and contemporary musical language. These vocalises aim to contribute to the continuity and development of the Ecuadorian academic vocal repertoire.

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Sunday, March 1, 4:30 p.m.

Modern Music Ensemble

Hamilton Recital Hall

Free admission, no ticket required

Wednesday, March 4, 7:30 p.m.

Lamont Symphony Orchestra & Choirs

Gates Concert Hall

\$5 reserved parterre seats or FREE general admission

Thursday, March 5, 7:30 p.m.

Wind Chamber Ensembles

Hamilton Recital Hall

Free admission, no ticket required

Friday, March 6, 12:00 p.m.

Masterclass: Nermis Mieses, oboe

Room 209

Free admission to observe

Friday, March 6, 1:00 p.m.

Masterclass: Michael Tetreault, percussion

Room 130

Free admission to observe

Saturday, March 7, 10:00 a.m.

Reed Knife Sharpening Workshop with Tom Blodgett

Room 209

Free admission to observe

Saturday, March 7, 4:30 p.m.

Bluegrass Ensemble

Williams Recital Salon

Free admission, ticket required

Saturday, March 7, 7:30 p.m.

String Chamber Ensembles

Hamilton Recital Hall

Free admission, no ticket required



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