

# Lamont School of Music

## Graduate Recital

### *Para Siempre*

**Sandra Paz-Garcia**

Voice

**Beth Nielsen**

Piano

Monday, May 4, 2026

7:30 p.m.

Frederic C. Hamilton Family Recital Hall



Robert & Judi Newman Center  
for the Performing Arts

# Program

*Para Mi Mamá*

**Wiegenlied, Op. 49, No. 4**

**Johannes Brahms**

(1833–1897)

Traditional Folk & Georg Scherer

**Folk Tone, Op. 73, B. 164, No. 1**

**Antonín Dvořák**

(1841–1904)

Adolf Heyduk (Moravian folk text)

I. Dobrú noc, má Milá

**Five Songs, Op. 43**

**Johannes Brahms**

Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty

II. Die Mainacht

*Para Mí*

**Lost World: Six Songs of Yone Noguchi (2022)**

**Jodi Goble**

(b. 1974)

Yonejirō Noguchi

I. Song in Air

**If There Were Dreams to Sell (1918)**

**John Ireland**

(1879–1962)

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

**Mornings Innocent (1977)**

**Gwyneth Walker**

(b. 1947)

E. E. Cummings

**She Walks in Beauty (2018)**

Lord Byron

Please silence your cell phones

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INTERMISSION

*Para Mi Hermana*

**Obéissons quand leur voix  
appelle, Op. 8 No. 3**

from *Manon* (1884)

**Jules Massenet**

(1845–1924)

Armand Silvestre

**Les Berceaux, Op. 23 No. 1**

**Gabriel Fauré**

Sully Prudhomme

**Madrid** (c. 1875)

**Pauline Viardot**

(1821–1910)

Louis Pomey

*Para Mi Papá*

**Bésame mucho** (1940)

**Consuelo Velázquez**

(1916–2005)

**Cucurrucucú paloma** (1954)

**Tomás Méndez**

(1910–1973)

**La Cigarra** (1964)

**María Elena Walsh**

(1930–2011)

**Los laureles**

**Traditional**

Arr. 20th Century

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

Ms. Paz-Garcia is from the studio of Heidi Melton

Reception to follow in the  
Spencer Artist Reception Room

# Text and Translations

## **Guten Abend, gut' Nacht,**

Guten Abend, gut' Nacht,  
Mit Rosen bedacht,  
Mit Nägelein besteckt  
Schlupf' unter die Deck'.  
Morgen früh, wenn Gott will,  
Wirst du wieder geweckt.  
Guten Abend, gut' Nacht,  
Von Englein bewacht!  
Die zeigen im Traum  
Dir Christkindleins Baum:  
Schlaf' nun selig und süß,  
Schau im Traum's Paradies.

—Georg Scherer

## **Dobrá noc, má Milá**

Dobrá noc, má milá, dobrú noc,

nech ti je Pán Boh sám na pomoc.  
Dobrá noc, dobre spi,  
nech sa ti snívajú milé sny!

Snívaj sa ti sničok, ach snivaj,  
keď vstaneš, sničoku veru daj,  
že fa ja milujem,  
srdiečko svoje ti darujem.

—Adolf Heydulk

## **Die Mainacht**

Wann der silberne Mond durch die  
Gesträuche blinkt,  
Und sein schlummerndes Licht über  
den Rasen streut,  
Und die Nachtigall flötet,  
Wandl' ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.  
Überhüllet vom Laub, girret ein  
Taubenpaar  
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich  
wende mich,  
Suche dunklere Schatten,  
Und die einsame Träne rinnt.  
Wann, o lächelndes Bild, welches wie  
Morgenrot  
Durch die Seele mir strahlt, find' ich  
auf Erden dich?  
Und die einsame Träne  
Bebt mir heißer die Wang' herab.

—Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty

## **Lullaby**

Good evening, good night,  
Canopied with roses,  
Bedecked with carnations,  
Slip beneath the coverlet.  
Tomorrow morning, if God wills,  
You shall be woken again.  
Good evening, good night,  
Watched over by angels!  
In your dreams they'll show you  
The Christmas Tree:  
Sleep sweetly now and blissfully,  
Behold Paradise in your dreams.

Trans. Richard Stokes

## **Good night, my dear**

Good night my darling, good night my  
dear,

may God your protector be near.  
Good night, my dear, sleep tight,  
may you have sweet dreams throughout  
the night.

Dream a sweet dream, go dream  
dream anew, when day breaks,  
believe your dreams are true,  
that I love you, dear one, that my heart  
belongs to you alone.

Trans. Patrick John Corness

## **The May Night**

When the silvery moon gleams through  
the bushes,  
And sheds its slumbering light on the  
grass,  
And the nightingale is fluting,  
I wander sadly from bush to bush.  
Covered by leaves, a pair of doves

Coo to me their ecstasy; but I turn away,

Seek darker shadows,  
And the lonely tear flows down.  
When, O smiling vision, that shines  
through my soul  
Like the red of dawn, shall I find you  
here on earth?

And the lonely tear  
Quivers more ardently down my cheek.

Trans. Richard Stokes

## **Song in Air**

Like a rainbow  
All the color  
All the music  
And all the touch, —

She suddenly rises  
Over the breast of shadow  
How the world turns to a song!  
She is liberation and life  
Hers is a nerve-thrill  
Not a thought or truth  
Mystically she breathes in and out  
Art (let me call it so):  
And when she more suddenly falls What a song-lost world!

-Yonejirō Noguchi

### **If There Were Dreams to Sell**

If there were dreams to sell,  
What would you buy?  
Some cost a passing bell;  
Some a light sigh,  
That shakes from  
Life's fresh crown  
Only a rose-leaf down. If there were dreams to sell,  
Merry and sad to tell,  
And the crier rang the bell,  
What would you buy?  
A cottage lone and still,  
With bowers nigh,  
Shadowy, my woes to still,  
Until I die.  
Such pearl from  
Life's fresh crown  
Fain would I shake me down.  
Were dreams to have at will,  
This best would heal my ill,  
This would I buy.

-Thomas Lovell Beddoes

### **Mornings Innocent**

I wear your smile upon my lips  
Arising on mornings innocent  
Your laughter overflows my throat  
Your skin is a fleece about me  
With your princely walk I salute the sun  
People say I am handsome  
Arising on mornings innocent birds make the sound of kisses  
Leaves flicker dark and light like eyes  
I melt beneath the magnet of your gaze  
Your husky breath embraces my ear  
Alert and fresh as grass  
I wake and rise on mornings innocent.

-E. E. Cummings

### **She Walks in Beauty**

She walks in beauty, like the night,  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;  
She walks in beauty, like the night.  
He walks with courage, as the day,

With certain step and knowing pace,  
 To follow his heart in every way,  
 To show a kindness in his face.  
 Love, love as the day.  
 And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
 A mind at peace with all below,  
 And hearts whose love is innocent.  
 They walk in beauty, oh love.  
 Set me as a seal upon your heart,  
 Set me as a seal upon your arm;  
 For love is strong, love is strong as death.  
 Many waters cannot quench love,  
 Many waters cannot drown love.  
 For faith abides, love;  
 Faith and hope abide,  
 And love shall live forever.

–Lord Byron

### **Obéissons quand leur voix appelle**

Est-ce vrai? Grand merci!  
 Je consens vu que je suis bonne,  
 à laisser admirer ma charmante  
 personne!  
 Je marche sur tous les chemins,  
 aussi bien qu'une souveraine;  
 on s'incline, on baise ma main,  
 car par la beauté je suis reine!  
  
 Je suis reine!  
 Mes chevaux courent à grands pas;  
 devant ma vie aventureuse,  
 les grands s'avancent chapeau bas;  
  
 je suis belle, je suis heureuse!  
 Autour de moi tout doit fleurir!  
 Je vais à tout ce qui m'attire!  
 Et si Manon devait jamais mourir,  
 ce serait, mes amis, dans un éclat de  
 rire!  
 Ah! ah! ah! ah!  
 Obéissons quand leur voix appelle,  
 aux tendres amours,  
 toujours, toujours, toujours,  
 tant que vous êtes belle,  
 usez sans les compter vos jours, tous  
 vos jours!  
 Profitons bien de la jeunesse,  
 des jours qu'amène le printemps;  
 aimons, rions, chantons sans cesse,  
  
 nous n'avons encor que vingt ans!  
 Profitons bien de la jeunesse,  
 aimons, rions, chantons sans cesse,  
  
 nous n'avons encor que vingt ans!  
 Ah! Ah!

### **Let us obey when their voice calls**

Is that true? That you very much!  
 I'll consent, seeing that I'm so good,  
 to let you gaze upon my charming  
 person!  
 I go everywhere, the equal of any  
 sovereign;  
 people bow, they kiss my hand,  
 because I am a queen by my lovely  
 looks!  
 I am queen!  
 My horses race me about;  
 seeing the boldness of my life,  
 highly placed people come forward with  
 their hats off;  
 I am beautiful, I am happy!  
 All around me everything should flower!  
 I go to everything that attracts me!  
 And if ever Manon should die,  
 she would die my friends, in a burst of  
 laughter.  
 Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!  
 Obey when their voices are calling,  
 beckoning us to tender loves,  
 always, always, always;  
 as long as you are beautiful,  
 use up your days without counting  
 them, all of your days!  
 Let's take advantage of youth,  
 days that spring provides;  
 let's love, laugh, and sing without  
 stopping,  
 while we're still only twenty!  
 Let's take full advantage of our youth,  
 let's love, laugh, and sing without  
 stopping  
 while we're still only twenty!  
 Ha! Ha!

Le cœur, hélas! le plus fidèle,  
oublie en un jour l'amour, l'amour,  
et la jeunesse ouvrant son aile a  
disparu  
sans retour, sans retour.

Profitons bien de la jeunesse,  
bien courte, hélas ! est le printemps!

Aimons, chantons, rions sans cesse,  
nous n'aurons pas toujours vingt ans!  
Profitons bien de la jeunesse!  
Aimons, chantons, rions sans cesse,

profitons bien de nos vingt ans!  
Ah! Ah!

–Armand Silvestre

### Les Berceaux

Le long du quai les grands vaisseaux,  
Que la houle incline en silence,  
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux  
Que la main des femmes balance.  
Mais viendra le jour des adieux,  
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,  
Et que les hommes curieux  
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent.  
Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,  
Fuyant le port qui diminue,  
Sentent leur masse retenue  
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

–Sully Prudhomme

### Madrid

Madrid, princesse des Espagnes,  
Il court par tes mille campagnes  
Bien des yeux bleus, bien des yeux  
noirs.

La blanche ville aux sérénades,  
Il passe par tes promenades  
Bien des petits pieds tous les soirs.  
Madrid, quand tes taureaux  
bondissent,

Bien des mains blanches  
applaudissent,  
Bien des écharpes sont en jeux.  
Par tes belles nuits étoilées,  
Bien des señoras long voilées  
Descendent tes escaliers bleus.

Madrid, Madrid, moi, je me raille  
De tes dames à fine taille  
Qui chaussent l'escarpin étroit;  
Car j'en sais une par le monde  
Que jamais ni brune ni blonde  
N'ont valu le bout de son doigt!  
Car c'est ma princesse andalouse,

Even the most faithful heart, alas,  
forgets love in a day, love,  
and youth, spreading its wings to fly  
away,  
disappears, never to return, never to  
return.

Let's take full advantage of our youth,  
the springtime season, alas, is very  
short!

Let's love, sing, and laugh without  
stopping, we won't be twenty forever!  
Let's take full advantage of our youth!  
Let's love, sing, and laugh without  
stopping.

Let's take advantage of being twenty!  
Ha! Ha!

Trans. Opera-arias.com

### The Cradles

Along the quay the great ships,  
Listing silently with the surge,  
Pay no heed to the cradles  
Rocked by women's hands.  
But the day of parting will come,  
For it is decreed that women shall weep,  
And that men with questing spirits  
Shall seek enticing horizons.  
And on that day the great ships,  
Leaving the dwindling harbour behind,  
Shall feel their hulls held back  
By the soul of the distant cradles.

Trans. Richard Stokes

### Madrid

Madrid, Princess of Spanish lands,  
Many blue eyes, many dark eyes  
Can be seen on your thousand fields.

Many dainty feet tread each evening  
Along the walks of your white town,  
Famed for its serenades.  
Madrid, when your bulls rampage,

Many a white hand applauds,

Many scarves are waved.  
On your beautiful starry nights,  
Many a señora with long veils  
Descends your blue stairs.  
Madrid, Madrid, I mock  
Your slim-waisted ladies  
Who wear narrow dancing shoes;  
For there's no brunette or blonde  
In all the world who's worth the finger-tips  
Of a lady I know!  
For she is my Andalusian princess,

Mon amoureuse, ma jalouse !  
 Ma belle veuve au long réseau!  
 C'est un vrai démon, c'est un ange!  
 Elle est jaune, comme une orange,  
 Elle est vive comme l'oiseau!  
 Or, si d'aventure on s'enquête  
 Qui m'a valu telle conquête,  
 C'est l'allure de mon cheval,  
 Un compliment sur sa mantille  
 Puis des bonbons à la vanille  
 Par un beau soir de carnaval.  
 –Alfred de Musset

My lover, my jealous one!  
 My beautiful, well-connected widow!  
 She's a real demon, she's an angel!  
 She's as yellow as an orange,  
 She's as lively as a bird!  
 Now, if by chance people wonder  
 How I achieved such a conquest,  
 I reply: because of my handsome horse,  
 The way I praised her mantilla,  
 The vanilla sweets I gave her  
 On a beautiful carnival evening.  
 Trans. Richard Stokes

### **Bésame mucho**

Bésame, bésame mucho  
 Como si fuera esta noche la última vez  
 Bésame mucho  
 Que tengo miedo perderte, perderte  
 otra vez  
 Quiero tenerte muy cerca  
 Mirarme en tus ojos  
 Verte junto a mi  
 Pienso que tal vez mañana  
 Yo ya estaré lejos  
 Muy lejos de ti  
 Bésame, bésame mucho  
 Como si fuera esta noche la última vez  
 Bésame mucho  
 Que tengo miedo perderte, perderte  
 despues.  
 Dicen que por las noches  
 No mas se le iba en puro llorar  
 Dicen que no dormía  
 No mas se le iba en puro tomar  
 Juran que el mismo cielo  
 Se estremecía al oír su llanto  
 Cómo sufrió por ella  
 Que hasta en su muerte la fue  
 llamando  
 –Consuelo Velázquez

### **Kiss me a lot**

Kiss me, kiss me a lot  
 As if tonight were the last time  
 Kiss me a lot  
 For I'm scared to lose you, lose you  
 again  
 I want to have you close  
 Look at myself in your eyes  
 See you together with me  
 I think that maybe tomorrow  
 I will already be far away  
 Very far away from you  
 Kiss me, kiss me a lot  
 As if tonight were the last time  
 Kiss me a lot  
 For I'm scared to lose you, lose you my  
 love  
 They say that he spent his night  
 only in weeping/crying  
 They say that he didn't sleep,  
 he only drank,  
 They swear that the very sky was  
 Shaken from hearing his crying,  
 How he suffered for/because of her  
 So much than even in his death he kept  
 on calling her.

### **Cucurrucucú**

Ja, ja, ja, ja, reía  
 Ay, ay, ay, ay, lloraba  
 De pasión mortal, moría  
 Que una paloma triste  
 Muy de mañana le va a cantar  
  
 A la casita sola  
 Con sus puertitas de par en par  
 Juran que esa paloma  
 No es otra cosa mas que su alma  
 Que todavía la espera  
 A que regrese la destichada  
 Cucurrucucú, paloma  
 Cucurrucucú no llores!

### **Cucurrucucu, Dove**

From mortal passion, he was dying  
 [They say] that a sad dove  
 very early in the morning goes to sing  
 to him,  
 At the lonely (little) house  
 with its wide-open (little) doors,  
 They swear that this dove  
 is nothing else but his soul,  
 That he still hopes/waits for the  
 wretched one to come back.  
 Cucurrucucú dove,  
 Cucurrucucú don't cry,

Las piedras jamás, paloma  
Qué van a saber de amores  
Cucurrucucú, cucurrucucú  
Cucurrucucú, paloma, no llores!  
-Tomás Méndez

### La Cigarra

Ya no me cantes, cigarra,  
que acabe tu sonsonete  
Que tu canto aquí en el alma,  
como un puñal, se me mete  
Sabiendo que cuando cantas,  
pregonando vas tu muerte

Marinero, marinero:  
Dime si es verdad que sabes  
Porque distinguir no puedo si, en el  
fondo de los mares  
Hay otro color más negro  
que el color de mis pesares  
Ay, la-ra-la Ay, la-ra-la, ay, la-ra-la  
¿Hay otro color más negro  
que el color de mis pesares?  
Un palomito al volar, que llevaba el  
pecho herido  
Ya casi para llorar, me dijo, muy  
afligido  
Ya me canso de buscar un amor  
correspondido  
Bajo la sombra de un árbol, y al  
compás de mi guitarra  
Canto alegre este huapango,  
porque la vida se acaba  
Y quiero morir cantando,  
como muere la cigarra  
Ay, la-ra-la Ay, la-ra-la, ay, la-ra-la  
Y quiero morir cantando, como muere  
la cigarra translation by letras.com  
-María Elena Walsh

### Los laureles

Ay, qué laureles tan verdes  
Qué rosas tan encendidas  
Si piensas abandonarme,  
mejor quitame la vida  
Alza los ojos a verme  
Si no estás comprometido  
Eres mata de algodón  
Que vives en el capullo  
Ay, qué tristeza me da  
Cuando te llenas de orgullo  
De ver a mi corazón  
Enredado con el tuyo  
Eres rosa de Castilla  
Que solo en mayo se ve  
Quisiera hacerte un invite

Stones (n)ever, dove,  
What will they know about love!  
Cucurrucucú, cucurrucucú  
Cucurrucucú dove, don't cry any more.  
Trans. riseupsinging.org

### The Cicada

Don't sing to me anymore cicada,  
finish your song  
because your song is  
like a dagger through my soul,  
knowing that,  
when you are singing you're going  
spreading your mind around  
Sailor, sailor  
tell me if it's true that you know it  
because I can't distinguish  
if in the bottom of the sea  
there is other darkest black color  
than the color of my sorrows  
Haylai, hailarala, haylarala  
there is other darkest black color  
than the color of my sorrows  
A little pigeon with the chest wounded  
he got so upset and crying,  
he told me that he got tired of looking  
for a requited love  
Under the shadow of a tree  
and the rhythm of my guitar  
I'm singing this Huapango  
because life is ending  
and I want to die singing  
like the cicada dies  
Haylai, hailarala, haylarala  
and I want to die singing  
like the cicada dies

Trans. letras.com

### The Laurels

Oh, what green laurels,  
What fiery roses.  
If you think of leaving me,  
You might as well take my life.  
Lift your eyes to see me,  
If you're not tied down.  
You're a cotton plant  
Living in a cocoon.  
Oh, how sad it makes me  
When you get all high and mighty,  
Seeing my heart  
Tangled up with yours.  
You're a rose from Castile,  
Only seen in May.  
I'd love to invite you,

Pero la verdad no sé  
Si tienes quien te lo evite  
Mejor me separaré  
Por ahí va la despedida  
Chinito, por tus querer  
La perdición de los hombres  
Son las benditas mujeres  
Y aquí se acaban cantando  
Los versos de los laureles

But honestly, I don't know  
If you've got someone to stop you;  
I'd better just walk away.  
Here's the goodbye,  
Damn it for my loves.  
The downfall of men,  
The cause is women.  
And here I end up singing  
The verses of the laurels.

# Upcoming Events

Tuesday, May 5, 7:30 p.m.

## **Cello Studio Recital**

Hamilton Recital Hall

FREE admission, no ticket required

Wednesday, May 6, 7:30 p.m.

## **Lamont Wind Ensembles**

Gates Concert Hall

\$5 for reserved parterre seats, or FREE general admission

Wednesday, May 8, 5:00 p.m.

## **Jazz Small Groups**

Williams Recital Salon

FREE admission, no ticket required

Friday, May 8, 7:30 p.m.

## **Faculty Recital Series: Ian Wisekal, oboe & Friends**

Hamilton Recital Hall

\$12, free for students & faculty

Saturday, May 9, 10:30 a.m.

## **Undergraduate recital: Raj Maharjan, clarinet**

Hamilton Recital Hall

Free admission, no ticket required

Saturday, May 9, 1:30 p.m.

## **Undergraduate recital: Gabby Gillespie, oboe**

Hamilton Recital Hall

Free admission, no ticket required

Saturday, May 9, 4:30 p.m.

## **Undergraduate recital: Isabella DeRollo, trumpet**

Hamilton Recital Hall

Free admission, no ticket required

**Full events calendar:** [liberalarts.du.edu/lamont/performances-events/calendar](http://liberalarts.du.edu/lamont/performances-events/calendar)



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**Lamont School of Music**  
UNIVERSITY OF DENVER

