

# Lamont School of Music

## Graduate Recital

**Daniel Basurto Fojaco**

Voice

**Dr. Beth Nielsen**

Piano

Sunday, May 17, 2026

1:30 p.m.

Frederic C. Hamilton Family Recital Hall



Robert & Judi Newman Center  
for the Performing Arts

# Program

## Songs of Travel

**Ralph Vaughan Williams**

(1872–1958)

Robert Louis Stevenson

- I. The Vagabond
- VI. The Infinite Shining Heavens
- VIII. Bright is the Ring of Words

## Vaga luna che inargenti

**Vincenzo Bellini**

(1801–1835)

## Amorosi miei giorni

**Stefano Donaudy**

(1875–1925)

Alberto Donaudy

## Quatre chansons de Don Quichotte

**Jacques Ibert**

(1890–1962)

Pierre de Ronsard

- I. Chanson du départ de Don Quichotte
- II. Chanson à Dulcinée
- III. Chanson du Duc
- IV. Chanson de la mort de Don Quichotte

INTERMISSION

**Please silence your cell phones**

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## **Biblical Songs**

**Antonin Dvořák**

(1841–1904)

- I. Darkness and thunderclouds are round about Him
- II. Lord my shield, my refuge and hope
- III. Slyš, ó Bože, slyš modlitbu mou
- VII. By the shore of the river Babylon

## **12 Canciones Mexicanas**

**Manuel M. Ponce**

(1886–1948)

¡Adios, mi bien!  
Ah, que bonito...  
A la orilla de un palmar  
A tus amigos...  
El olvido

## **Amapola**

**José María Lacalle García**

(1859–1937)

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of a  
Certificate in Performance

Daniel Basurto Fojaco is from the studio of Catherine Kasch

Reception to follow in the  
Spencer Artist Reception Room

# Text and Translations

## The Vagabond

Give to me the life I love,  
Let the lave go by me,  
Give the jolly heaven above,  
And the byway nigh me.  
Bed in the bush with stars to see,  
Bread I dip in the river—  
There's the life for a man like me,  
There's the life for ever.  
Let the blow fall soon or late,  
Let what will be o'er me;  
Give the face of earth around,  
And the road before me.  
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,  
Nor a friend to know me;  
All I seek, the heaven above,  
And the road below me.  
Or let autumn fall on me  
Where afield I linger,  
Silencing the bird on tree,  
Biting the blue finger.  
White as meal the frosty field—  
Warm the fireside haven—  
Not to autumn will I yield,  
Not to winter even!

– Robert Louis Stevenson

## The Infinite Shining Heavens

The infinite shining heavens  
Rose, and I saw in the night  
Uncountable angel stars  
Showering sorrow and light.  
I saw them distant as heaven,  
Dumb and shining and dead,  
And the idle stars of the night  
Were dearer to me than bread.  
Night after night in my sorrow  
The stars looked over the sea,  
Till lo! I looked in the dusk  
And a star had come down to me.

– Robert Louis Stevenson

### **Bright is the Ring of Words**

Bright is the ring of words  
When the right man rings them,  
Fair the fall of songs  
When the singer sings them,  
Still they are carolled and said—  
On wings they are carried—  
After the singer is dead  
And the maker buried.  
Low as the singer lies  
In the field of heather,  
Songs of his fashion bring  
The swains together.  
And when the west is red  
With the sunset embers,  
The lover lingers and sings  
And the maid remembers.

– Robert Louis Stevenson

### **Vaga luna che inargenti**

Vaga luna, che inargenti  
queste rive e questi fiori  
ed ispiri agli elementi  
il linguaggio dell'amor;  
testimonio or sei tu sola  
del mio fervido desir,  
ed a lei che m'innamora  
conta i palpiti e i sospir.

Dille pur che lontananza  
il mio duol non può lenir,  
che se nutro una speranza,  
ella è sol nell'avenir.  
Dille pur che giorno e sera  
conto l'ore del dolor,  
che una speme lusinghiera  
mi conforta nell'amor.

– Anonymous

### **Lovely Moon, You Who Shed Silver Light**

Lovely moon, you who shed silver  
light  
On these shores and on these  
flowers  
And breathe the language  
Of love to the elements,  
You are now the sole witness  
Of my ardent longing,  
And can recount my throbs and  
sighs  
To her who fills me with love.

Tell her too that distance  
Cannot assuage my grief,  
That if I cherish a hope,  
It is only for the future.  
Tell her that, day and night,  
I count the hours of sorrow,  
That a flattering hope  
Comforts me in my love.

Trans. Antonio Giuliano

### **Amorosi miei giorni**

Amorosi miei giorni,  
Chi vi potrà, mai più scordar  
Or che di tutti i beni adorni

Date pace al mio core  
E profumo ai pensieri?  
Poter così, finchè la vita avanza,  
Non temer più gli affanni  
D'una vita d'inganni  
Sol con questa speranza;  
Che un suo sguardo sia tutto il mio  
splendor  
E un suo sorriso sia tutto il mio  
tesoro!

Chi di me più beato.  
Se accanto a sè così non ha  
Un dolce e caro oggetto amato,  
Sì che ancor non può dite  
Di saper cos'è amore?  
Ah, ch'io così, finchè la vita avanza  
Più non tema gli affanni  
D'una vita d'inganni  
Sol con questa speranza:  
Che un suo sguardo sia tutto il mio  
splendor  
E un suo sorriso sia tutto il mio  
tesoro!

– Alberto Donaudy

### **Chanson du départ**

Ce château neuf, ce nouvel édifice  
Tout enrichi de marbre et de  
porphyre,  
Qu'amour bâtit château de son  
empire,  
Où tout le ciel a mis son artifice,  
  
Est un rempart, un fort contre vice,  
Où la vertueuse maîtresse se retire,  
Que l'œil regarde, et que l'esprit  
admire,  
Forçant les cœurs à lui faire service.  
C'est un château, fait de telle sorte  
Que nul ne peut approcher de la  
porte

### **Translated text title**

My amorous days,  
Who could ever forget you,  
Now that, adorned with all the  
blessings,  
You give peace to my heart  
And perfume to my thoughts?  
To be able, so, as life advances,  
To fear no longer the anxieties of a  
life of deceptions,  
With this hope alone:  
That one look of hers may be all the  
splendor  
And one smile of hers may be all my  
treasure!

Who more blessed than I,  
If he does not thus have beside him  
A sweet and dear beloved object,  
So that he cannot yet say  
He knows what love is?  
Ah, may I so, as life advances,  
Fear no, longer the anxieties  
Of a life of deceptions,  
With this hope alone:  
That one look of hers may be all my  
splendor  
And one smile of hers may be all my  
treasure!

Trans. Gretchen Armacost

### **Song of the Departure**

This new castle, this new edifice  
all adorned with marble and  
porphyry,  
this castle, built by love from its  
empire,  
upon which all of heaven has used  
its skill,  
is a rampart, a fortress against evil  
where the virtuous mistress retires,  
that the eye observes and the spirit  
admires,  
bringing hearts to servitude.  
It is a castle, built in such a way  
that none can approach the portal

Si des grands Rois il n'a sauvé sa  
race,  
Victorieux, vaillant et amoureux.  
Nul chevalier, tant soit aventureux,  
  
Sans être tel ne peut gagner la place.

– Pierre de Ronsard

### **Chanson à Dulcinée**

Un an me dure la journée  
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.  
Mais, Amour a peint son visage,  
Afin d'adoucir ma langueur,  
Dans la fontaine et le nuage,  
Dans chaque aurore et chaque fleur.  
Un an me dure la journée  
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.  
Toujours proche et toujours lointaine,  
Étoile de mes longs chemins.  
Le vent m'apporte son haleine  
Quand il passe sur les jasmins.

– Pierre de Ronsard

### **Chanson du Duc**

Je veux chanter ici la Dame de mes  
songes  
Qui m'exalte au dessus de ce siècle  
de boue  
Son cœur de diamant est vierge de  
mensonges  
La rose s'obscurcit au regard de sa  
joue  
Pour Elle, j'ai tenté les hautes  
aventures  
Mon bras a délivré la princesse en  
servage  
J'ai vaincu l'Enchanteur, confondu les  
parjures  
Et ployé l'univers à lui rendre  
homage.  
Dame par qui je vais, seul dessus  
cette terre,  
Qui ne soit prisonnier de la fausse  
apparence  
Je soutiens contre tout Chevalier  
téméraire  
Votre éclat non pareil et votre  
précellence.

– Pierre de Ronsard

if he has not saved his lineage from  
the great Kings,  
victorious, brave and amorous.  
No knight, however adventurous he  
may be,  
without being such, can enter the  
place.

Trans. Christopher Goldsack

### **Song for Dulcinea**

A day lasts a whole year  
if I do not see my Dulcinea.  
But, so as to sweeten my languor,  
Love has painted her face,  
in the fountain and the sky,  
in each dawn and each flower.  
A day lasts a whole year  
if I do not see my Dulcinea.  
Ever close and ever far,  
star of my long paths.  
The wind carries her breath to me  
when it blows across the jasmine.

Trans. Christopher Goldsack

### **Song of the Duke**

I want to sing here of the Lady of my  
dreams,  
who raises me above this century of  
mud.  
Her heart of diamond is untarnished  
by lies.  
The rose pales at the sight of her  
cheek.  
For Her, I have attempted lofty  
adventures.  
My arm has delivered the princess in  
servitude.  
I have conquered the Enchanter,  
confounded the perjuries  
and bent the universe to offer her  
homage.  
Lady for whom I, who alone is not a  
prisoner  
of the false appearance, go over this  
earth,  
I proclaim, against any rash Knight,  
  
your unequalled splendour and your  
excellence.

Trans. Christopher Goldsack

### **Chanson de la mort**

Ne pleure pas Sancho, ne pleure  
pas, mon bon.  
Ton maître n'est pas mort.  
Il n'est pas loin de toi.  
Il vit dans une île heureuse  
Où tout est pur et sans mensonges.  
Dans l'île enfin trouvée où tu  
viendras un jour.  
Dans l'île désirée, O mon ami  
Sancho!  
Les livres sont brûlés et font un tas  
de cendres.  
Si tous les livres m'ont tué  
Il suffit d'un pour que je vie  
Fantôme dans la vie, et réel dans la  
mort.  
Tel est l'étrange sort du pauvre Don  
Quichotte.

– Pierre de Ronsard

### **Darkness and thunderclouds are round about Him**

Oblak a mrákota jest vůkol něho,  
  
Spravedlnost a soud základ trůnu  
jeho.  
Óheň předchází jej a zapaluje  
vůkol nepřátele jeho.  
Zasvěcujít' se po okršku světa  
blýskání jeho;  
To vidouc země děsí se.  
Hory jako vosk rozplývají  
se před obličejem Hospodina,  
Panovníka vší země.  
  
A slávu jeho spatřují všichni  
národové.

– The Bible of Králice

### **Song of Death**

Do not cry Sancho, do not cry, good  
friend.  
Your master is not dead.  
He is not far from you.  
He lives on a happy isle  
where all is pure and free of lies.  
On the isle at last discovered where  
you will come one day.  
On the desired isle, o my good friend  
Sancho!  
The books are burned and make a  
heap of ash.  
If all the books have killed me  
just one is enough for me to live on,  
a ghost in life and real in death.  
  
Such is the strange destiny of poor  
Don Quixote.

Trans. Christopher Goldsack

### **Darkness and thunderclouds are round about Him**

Clouds and darkness are round  
about him:  
righteousness and judgment are the  
habitation of his throne.  
A fire goeth before him, and burneth  
up his enemies round about.  
His lightnings enlightened the world:  
  
the earth saw, and trembled.  
The hills melted like wax at the  
presence of the LORD,  
at the presence of the Lord of the  
whole earth.  
The heavens declare his  
righteousness, and all the people  
see his glory.

Psalms 97:2-6

**Lord my shield, my refuge and hope**

Skrýše má a pavezá má Ty jsi,

Na slovo vzaté očekávám.

Odstupež ode mne, nešlechetníci,  
Abych ostříhal přikázání Boha svého.

Posiluj mne, bych zachován byl,  
A patřil ku stanoveným Tvým  
ustavičně.

Děsí se strachem před Tebou tělo  
mé,

Nebo soudů Tvých bojím se  
náramně.

– The Bible of Králice

**Slyš, ó Bože, slyš modlitbu mou**

Slyš o Bože! slyš modlitbu mou,  
Neskrývej se před prosbou mou.

Pozoruj a vyslyš mne;  
Nebot' naříkám v úpění svém,

A kormoutím se.  
Srdce mé tesklí ve mně,

A strachové smrti přišli na mne,

A hrůza přikvačila mne.  
I řekl jsem: Ó bych měl křídla  
Jako holubice,  
Zaletěl bych a poodpočinul.  
Aj, daleko bych se vzdálil,  
A přebýval bych na poušti.  
Pospíšil bych ujítí větru  
Prudkému a vichřici.

– The Bible of Králice

**Lord my shield, my refuge and hope**

Thou art my hiding place and my  
shield: I hope in thy word.

Depart from me, ye evildoers: for  
I will keep the commandments of  
my God.

Uphold me according unto thy word,  
that I may live: and let me not be  
ashamed of my hope.

Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe:  
and I will have respect unto thy  
statutes continually.

Thou puttest away all the wicked of  
the earth like dross: therefore I love  
thy testimonies.

My flesh trembleth for fear of thee;  
and I am afraid of thy judgments.

Psalm 119:114-117,119,120.

**Give ear to my prayer, O God**

Give ear to my prayer, O God;  
and hide not thyself from my  
supplication.

Attend unto me, and hear me:  
I mourn in my complaint, and make  
a noise;

My heart is sore pained within me:  
and the terrors of death are fallen  
upon me.

Fearfulness and trembling are come  
upon me,

and horror hath overwhelmed me.

And I said, Oh that I had wings like a  
dove!

for then would I fly away, and be at  
rest.

Lo, then would I wander far off,  
and remain in the wilderness. Selah.  
I would hasten my escape from the  
windy storm and tempest.

Psalm 55:1,2,4/5,6,7,8

### **Při řekách babylonských**

Při řekách babylonských,  
Tam jsme sedávali a plakávali,  
Rozpomínajíce se na Sion.

Na vrby v té zemi  
Zavěšovali jsme citary své,  
A když se tam dotazovali nás ti,  
Kteříž nás zajali,  
Na slova písničky říkajíce:  
Zpívejte nám některou píseň  
Sionskou,  
Odpovídali jsme: Kterakž bychom  
mohli zpívati Píseň Hospodinovu  
V zemi cizozemců?  
Jestliže se zapomenu na tebe,  
O Jeruzaléme,  
O, zapomeniž i pravice má umění  
svého.

– The Bible of Králice

### **By the rivers of Babylon**

By the rivers of Babylon,  
there we sat down,  
yea, we wept, when we remembered  
Zion.

We hanged our harps upon the  
willows in the midst thereof.  
For there they that carried us away  
captive required of us a song;  
and they that wasted us required of  
us mirth, saying,  
Sing us one of the songs of Zion.

How shall we sing the LORD's song  
in a strange land?  
If I forget thee,  
O Jerusalem,  
let my right hand forget her cunning.

Psalm 137:1-5

### **¡Adios, mi bien!**

Adiós mi bien, adiós!  
Me voy muy lejos de ti  
Llevo en mi corazón  
La herida de un cruel dolor  
Olvidate de mi  
Olvida mi pasión  
Adios mi última ilusión  
Adios mi bien, Adios  
Ya no fulgura el sol  
En mi sendero sin fin;  
En mi desolación  
No habrá ya rosas de abril

– Manuel M. Ponce

### **Farewell my dear**

Farewell my dear, farewell  
I am going very far from you  
I carry in my heart  
The wound of a cruel pain  
Forget me  
Forget my passion  
Farewell my last illusion  
Farewell my dear, farewell  
The sun will not shine anymore  
On my perpetual path  
In my solitude  
There won't be any April roses

Trans. Daniel Basurto Fojaco

### **Ah, que bonito...**

Ah, que bonito es amar en silencio  
Porque en silencio se goza con  
calma;  
Pero más bonita es la dueña de mi  
alma,  
La quiero mucho y no la puedo  
olvidar.

### **Oh, how beautiful**

Oh, how beautiful is loving quietly,  
For in silence one finds more joy  
  
But even prettier is the queen of my  
soul  
I love her dearly, and I can not forget  
her.

Mujer ingrata no me pagues con  
traiciones  
Mira que el hombre donde quiera es  
libre;  
El olvidarte se me hace imposible

Te quiero mucho y no te puedo  
olvidar.

– Manuel M. Ponce

Ungrateful woman, do not pay me  
with betrayals  
Remember that man is free wherever  
he may go;  
But for me, forgetting you is  
impossible

I love you dearly and I cannot forget  
you.

Trans. Daniel Basurto Fojaco

### **A la orilla de un palmar**

A la orilla de un palmar  
Yo vi de una joven bella  
Su boquita de coral  
Sus ojitos, dos estrellas  
Al pasar le pregunté  
¿Que quién estaba con ella?  
Y me respondió llorando  
Sola vivo en el palmar  
Soy huerfanita ¡Ay!  
No tengo padre ni madre  
Ni un amigo ¡Ay!  
Quien me venga a consolar  
Solita paso la vida  
A la orilla del palmar  
Y solita voy y vengo  
Como las olas del mar

– Anonymous

### **At the edge of a palm grove**

At the edge of a palm grove  
I saw a beautiful young girl  
Her mouth made of coral,  
Her pretty eyes two stars.  
In passing I asked  
Who was with her?  
And she responded to me crying  
I live along in the palm grove.  
I am an orphan, ah!  
I have no father nor mother,  
Nor any friends, ah!  
Who would come to console me  
I pass my life alone  
at the edge of the palm grove  
And alone I come and go  
With the waves of the ocean

Trans. Daniel Basurto Fojaco

### **A tus amigos...**

A tus amigos los has de poner  
de acuerdo que fuiste mía  
y yo dueño de tu amor  
Pero anda, tonta,  
no supiste lo que hiciste  
dejarme a mí que soy hombre  
y nada pierdo

– Folk Song

### **To your friends**

Make sure to tell you friends  
That we were lovers  
And your heart belonged to me  
Go on then, you fool,  
Not realizing what you did  
Leaving a man like me  
Who has nothing to lose

Trans. Daniel Basurto Fojaco

### **El olvido**

Olvida olvida, corazon olvida  
Aquellos tiempos que pasaron ya  
Nuevos encantos te dará la vida,  
Mas lo pasado ya nunca volverá  
Sólo me queda el recordar doliente  
De aquellos tiempos que pasaron ya  
Nuevos encantos te dará la vida  
Mas lo pasado ya nunca volverá  
– Manuel M. Ponce

### **Amapola**

De amor, en los hierros de tu reja  
De amor, escuche la triste queja  
De amor, que sonó en mi corazón  
Diciéndome así con su dulce canción  
Amapola lindisima amapola  
Será siempre mi alma tuya sola  
Yo te quiero amada niña mía  
Igual que ama la flor la luz del día  
Amapola lindisima amapola  
No seas tan ingrata y ámame  
amapola, amapola  
¿Cómo puedes tú vivir tan sola?  
– José María Lacalle García

### **Forget**

Forget, oh forget, my sweetheart forget  
Those moments that have flown by  
Life will offer you new charms,  
But the past will never return  
Only sorrowful memories remain  
Of those moments that have passed  
Life will offer you new charms,  
But the past will never return  
Trans. Daniel Basurto Fojaco

### **Amapola**

Of love, in the bars of your window  
Of love, I heard your sad cry  
Of love, that sang in my heart  
Telling me so with its sweet song  
Amapola, my beautiful poppy  
My soul shall be yours, yours forever  
I love you, my darling girl,  
Just as the flower does the light of day  
Amapola, my beautiful poppy  
Don't be so cruel and love me  
Amapola, Amapola  
How can you live so lonely?  
Trans. Daniel Basurto Fojaco

# Program Notes

## ***Familiar Stories***

I think of the pieces in this recital as anecdotes, stories you would tell someone younger, and shared life experiences. The overarching theme across many of these songs is a sense of familiarity relating to the composer, the character, and the music across the many different stages of life.

## ***English***

### **Songs of Travel**

The first set of stories are set in England, with Ralph Vaughan Williams' "Songs of travel" which were premiered in 1904 in London. These songs were based on Robert Louis Stevenson and were some of Vaughan Williams' first incursions into song writing.

*The Vagabond*, introduces this character and idea of a wanderer which is heard in the chords throughout the entirety of the song and the text. My interpretation is of a person who has been in a state of constant movement and lacks a place to call home. The next piece featured is *The Infinite Shining Heavens* where I like to think Vaughan Williams and Stevenson give us a glimpse of the Vagabond's inner thoughts in a moment of loneliness. Lastly, *Bright is the Ring of Words* feels like a celebration to life, and the Vagabond finding his inner peace.

I have related to the character of "The Vagabond" many times throughout my life, in a way, doubting my identity between traveling, relations, creating and leaving friendships as I travel and move. At different moments of my life, when I have been in someplace that does not feel like home yet. When adapting to a foreign environment, I have asked myself the questions that I think the Vagabond is going through. With my own interpretation of *Bright is the Ring of Words*, being the maturity and growth the Vagabond has had across his journeys and travels.

## ***Italian***

Our next set of stories are from Italy, yet they are stories we have heard from friends, family members, and common about human existence. The text for *Vaga luna che inargenti* comes from an anonymous poet, who writes to the moon about how much he yearns for the love of a person. I feel this story is something everyone can relate to, as everyone has either been in love, or known someone in love.

Stefano Donaudy's *Amorosi miei giorni*, which was written in collaboration with text by his brother Alberto Donaudy, tells the story of an individual reminiscing about the past, wishing to move on and let go.

## ***French***

### **Quatre chansons de Don Quichotte**

This song cycle follows the stories of Don Quichotte, the first song, *Chanson de Depart*, is that of his departure, where there is not much piano accompaniment, almost like a recitative. We hear the ideals Don Quichotte carries as he describes a castle; similar to the Vagabond, this song paints a picture of Don Quichotte's character.

*(continued)*

The second song, *Chanson a Dulcinée*, shows us his undying adoration for his lady Dulcinée, and how much love he has for her. While Dulcinee is not real, the music shows us how wild the emotions are. In the *Chanson de Duc* we hear about the trials and tribulations of Don Quichotte across his journeys. Lastly, we come to the death of Don Quichotte, the last song of the song cycle, *Chanson de la mort de Don Quichotte*, where we get a very vulnerable moment between him and his friend Sancho. This song introduces the idea of how this story transcended time, because as long as there is a book to tell his story, Don Quichotte will not be forgotten. And introduces the question, if he is real in death, is he fiction in life?

I chose this song because of how big of a literary influence the Quichotte is, and how it represents how we each have our own mentality for challenges and trials. There is often the idea of, "everyone is their own Quichotte." I like to think about this often, as we all have our own troubles, giants, damsels to save, and horses to ride.

These songs have been a beautiful challenge, as I feel these songs show a life and passage of time. From the start of a journey, to the death of that journey, be it an idea, belief, relationship, etc.

### **Czech Biblical Songs**

Our next set of stories come from the Czech Republic, but they were written in the United States. Just like Dvorak when he wrote this song cycle, I now find myself in the United States working on my craft and passion. While the reason why he wrote the songs remains a mystery to this date, we do know by the account of people that knew Dvořák that the bible was an essential part of his daily life.

While these songs are based on Biblical psalms and verses, I particularly like how the piano highlights the tone of the song, from the Storm of Darkness and thunderclouds are round about Him, going into a calm and warm embrace on Lord my shield, my refuge and hope.

One overarching theme of these songs is that they have a sense of day-to-day familiarity in the music. Even though they are not in this current program, songs No. 4 & No. 9 have a uniquely calming and beautiful character to me.

Thanks to my time studying in the Czech Republic, I happened to find these songs thanks to my voice teacher at the time, Karolina Verkoba. It was during that time there that I fell in love with opera and decided to pursue it more. I feel a deep connection with these songs, as I have grown alongside them as a musician. They represent a connection to my roots in Mexico, and having to read a few of the psalms at important life events of family members. They also represent a moment of my past where there was only uncertainty and doubt about choosing opera as a career path, and how it became a reality as time went on.

## **Spanish**

### **12 Mexican Songs**

Manuel Maria Ponce was one of the most important composers of Mexican musical identity, as well as nationalism. Many of his songs are common tunes that he re-arranged, or included texts that were from different blocks of life. He was the first composer to write pieces with elements that were considered “genuinely Mexican”.

Many of the songs featured in this set have common topics and ideas about life experiences and mentalities associated with the time period they were written on (Around and soon after the Mexican Revolution). Songs like Adios mi bien, A tus amigos..., and Ah, que bonito... share stories of relationships, falling in love and breaking up, stories we have heard and been a part of. However, the most important songs for me are A la orilla de un palmar, and El olvido.

A la orilla de un palmar is one, if not, Ponce’s most known song, it has been a piece my dad, aunts & uncles, and godparents have sung to me since I was young. And even if it is moving away from popular culture, it is still a testament to the lyricism and beauty in Ponce’s writing.

Meanwhile, the words in El olvido hold a special meaning to me. This recital, not originally by design, is dedicated to my grandfather who passed away when I was 10. Today, May 17th marks the anniversary of his passing. The words in this song remind me of a dream my cousin had soon after he had passed away, while I do not remember verbatim the words, they share the same message of the song, and a lesson my dad thought me when I was young: “The past will never come back”, in other words, understanding and accepting that impermanence is something that we all will experience in life, embracing it and living in the moment.

### **Amapola**

To conclude this recital, I want to feature this work that has in a way been adopted by many people outside of their country of origin: Amapola. When I heard this song for the first time I knew I wanted to do it for a recital, and it is a song my first voice teacher, Luis Carlos Garcia, sang in concert a few times. I can relate to Lacalle with the experience of living abroad in the US and making a name for myself

### **Final Acknowledgements**

I would like to take this section of my program to thank the people who support me on my daily, and who I am thankful to be sharing this time with. I would like to thank Professor Cathy Kasch for all of her support through this Certificate Program. She has helped my voice in so many ways in such a short amount of time as well. Dr. Beth Nielsen for guiding me in bringing my own artistry into the table. I want to thank my family, girlfriend, and friends for pushing me each day to keep working hard, and be the best version of myself.

As I mentioned earlier, this recital is dedicated to my grandfather Alvaro Fojaco Arellano, who I wish could have been there to see me develop into an artist. This recital goes with all the love to my family back home, my culture, and myself.

# Upcoming Events

Wednesday, May 20, 7:30 p.m.

## Wind Chamber Ensembles

Hamilton Recital Hall

Free admission, no ticket required

Wednesday, May 20, 7:30 p.m.

## Viola Studio Recital

Williams Recital Salon

Free admission, no ticket required

Friday, May 22, 7:30 p.m.

## Liederabend

Hamilton Recital Hall

Free admission, no ticket required

Saturday, May 23, 7:30 p.m.

## String Chamber Ensembles

Hamilton Recital Hall

Free admission, no ticket required

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



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