

Lamont School of Music

Graduate Recital

Alejandro Izurieta

Voice

Beth Nielsen

Piano

Wednesday, May 27, 2026

7:30 p.m.

Frederic C. Hamilton Family Recital Hall



Robert & Judi Newman Center
for the Performing Arts

Program

Trois Mélodies, Op. 7, No. 1 (1878)

Gabriel Fauré
(1845–1924)
Romain Bussine

I. Après un rêve

Amarilli, mia bella (1602)

Giulio Caccini
(1551–1618)
Alessandro Guarini

O del mio dolce ardor (1769)

Christoph Willibald Gluck
(1714–1787)
Ranieri de' Calzabigi

O Colombina

from I Pagliacci (1892)

Ruggero Leoncavallo
(1857–1919)

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

Mr. Izurieta is from the studio of Matthew Plenk

Reception to follow in the
Spencer Artist Reception Room

Non ti scordar di me (1935)

Ernesto de Curtis
(1875–1937)
Domenico Furnò

Non t'amo piu (1886)

Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846–1916)
Carmelo Errico

Core N'grato (1911)

Salvatore Cardillo
(1874–1947)
Riccardo Cordiferro

Please silence your cell phones

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INTERMISSION

Cinco canciones populares argentinas (1943)

II. Triste

Alberto Ginastera
(1916–1983)
Anonymous

Canción al árbol del olvido (1938)

Alberto Ginastera
(1916–1983)
Fernán Silva Valdés

La rosa y el sauce (1942)

Carlos Guastavino
(1912–2000)
Fernán Silva Valdés

Granada (1932)

Agustín Lara
(1897–1970)

No puede ser (1936)

from *La tabernera del puerto*

Pablo Sorozábal
(1897–1988)
Federico Romero
Guillermo Fernández-Shaw

Amor, vida de mi vida (1941)

from *Maravilla*

Federico Moreno Torroba
(1891–1982)
Antonio Quintero
Jesús María de Arozamena

O sole mio (1898)

Eduardo di Capua
(1865–1917)
Alfredo Mazzucchi
(1878–1972)
Giovanni Capurro

Text and Translations

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!

Amarilli, mia bella

Amarilli, mia bella,
Non credi,
o del mio cor dolce desio,
D'esser tu l'amor mio?
Credilo pur: e se timor
t'assale,
Dubitar non ti vale.
Aprimi il petto e vedrai scritto in
core:
Amarilli, Amarilli, Amarilli
è il mio amore.

After a dream

In sleep made sweet by a vision of
you,
I dreamed of happiness, fervent
illusion.
Your eyes were softer, your voice
pure and ringing,
You shone like a sky that was lit by
the dawn.

You called me and I departed the
earth,
To flee with you toward the
light.
The heavens parted their clouds
for us,
We glimpsed unknown splendours,
celestial fires.

Alas, alas, sad awakening from
dreams!
I summon you, O night, give me
back your delusions;
Return, return in radiance,
Return, O mysterious night!
Trans. Richard Stokes

Amaryllis, my beautiful one

Amaryllis, my beautiful one,
Do you not believe,
O sweet desire of my heart,
that you are my love?
Believe it then, and if fear assails
you,
doubting does you no good.
Open my breast, and you will see
written in my heart:
Amaryllis, Amaryllis, Amaryllis is
my love.

Trans. Alejandro Izurieta

O del mio dolce ardor

O del mio dolce ardor
Bramato oggetto,
L'aura che tu respiri,
Alfin respiro.

O ovunque 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.
Ah!

O del mio dolce ardor
Bramato oggetto,
L'aura che tu respiri,
Alfin respiro.

O Colombina

O Colombina, il tenero Fido
Arlecchin
È a te vicin!
Di te chiamando, e sospirando,
aspetta il poverin!
La tua faccetta mostrami

ch'io vo' baciare senza tardar la tua
boccuccia
Amor mi cruccia e mi sta a
tormentar!

O Colombina, schiudimi il finestrin,

Che a te vicin,
Di te chiamando e sospirando è il
povero Arlecchin!
A te vicin è Arlecchin!

Oh, of my sweet ardor

Oh, of my sweet ardor
You desired object!
The air which you breathe,
At last I will breathe.

Wherever my glance I turn
Your lovely features
Love for me paint a picture:
My thoughts imagine
The most happy hopes,
And in the longing which
Thus fills my breast
I seek you, I call you, I hope, and I
sigh.
Ah!

Oh, of my sweet ardor
You desired object!
The air which you breathe,
At last I will breathe..

Trans. Alejandro Izurieta

O Colombina

O Colombina, your faithful, loving
Arlecchino
is close at hand.
Calling you and sighing for you, oh
wait for your poor swain.

Show me your sweet face, for I
long to kiss
your little mouth without
delay.
Love plagues me and torments
me.

O Colombina, open your window
to me.

For close at hand,
calling you and sighing for you is
your poor Arlecchino.
Close at hand is Arlecchino.

Trans. Alejandro Izurieta

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.

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!

Non t'amo più

Ricordi ancora
il dí che c'incontrammo?
Le tue promesse le ricordi ancor?

Folle d'amore io ti seguì, ci
amammo,
E accanto a te sognai, folle d'amor.

Sognai felice di carezze e baci

Una cantena dileguante in ciel;
Ma le parole tue furon mendaci
Perché l'anima tua fatta è di gel.

Te ne ricordi ancor, te ne ricordi
ancor?

Or la mia fede, il desiderio
immenso
il mio sogno d'amor non sei più
tu
I tuoi baci non cerco, a te non
penso

Don't Forget Me

The swallows flew away
From my cold, sunless land
In search of springtimes of violets
Nests of love and happiness.

My little swallow left
Without leaving me a kiss
Without a farewell, she left.

Don't forget me,
My life is tied to you.
I love you more and more
In my dreams, you remain.

Don't forget me,
My life is tied to you.
There is always a nest in my heart
for you.
Don't forget me.

Trans. Alejandro Izurieta

I love you no more

Do you still remember
the day we met,
and do you still remember your
promises?
Madly in love I followed you, we
loved each other,
and next to you I dreamed, mad
with love.

Happily I dreamed of a chain of
caresses and kisses
fading into the sky,
but your words were false
because your soul is made of ice.

Do you still remember, do you still
remember?

Now my faith, my immense
desire,
and my dream of love is no longer
you.
I don't long for your kisses, I don't
think of you,

Sogno un altro ideal:
Non t'amo più, non t'amo più!
Nei cari giorni che passamo
insieme, io cosparsi di fiori il tuo
sentier.
Tu fosti del mio cor l'unica
speme,
tu della mente l'unico pensier.

Tu m'hai visto
pregare, impallidire,
piangere tu m'hai visto inanzi a te.

Io, sol per appagare un tuo desire
avrei dato il mio sangue e la
mia fè.

Te ne ricordi ancor, te ne ricordi
ancor?
Or la mia fede, il desiderio
immenso
il mio sogno d'amor non sei più tu

I tuoi baci non cerco, a te non
penso
Sogno un altro ideal:
Non t'amo più, non t'amo più!

Core 'ngrato

Catari, Catari, pecchè , mi dice sti
parole amare;
pecchè me parle e 'o core me
turmiante, Catari?
Nun te scurdà ca t'aggio date 'o
core,
Catari, nun te scurdà!

Catari, Catari, che vene a dicere stu
parlà
ca me dà spaseme?
Tu nun'nce pienze a stu dolore mio,
tu nun'nce pienze, tu nun te ne
cure.

I dream of another ideal,
and I love you no more.
In the dear days that we passed
together, I scattered your path with
flowers.

You were the only hope of my
heart,
and you were the only thought of
my mind.

You have seen me
praying, turning pale,
and you have seen me crying
before you.

Just to gratify your slightest desire,
I would have given my blood and
my faith.

Do you still remember, do you still
remember?
Now my faith, my immense

desire, and my dream of love is no
longer you.

I don't long for your kisses, I don't
think of you,

I dream of another ideal,
and I don't love you anymore.

Trans. Alejandro Izurieta

Ungrateful Heart

Catari, Catari, why do you tell me
these bitter words?
Why do you talk to me this way and
torment my heart?
Don't forget that I have given you
my heart,
Catari, don't forget.

Catari, Catari, what do these words
mean
that cause me spasms of pain?
You don't think of my pain,
you don't think about it, you don't
care about it.

Core, core, 'ngrato,
t'arie pigliato 'a vita mia,
tutt'è passato e nun'nce pienze
cchiù!

Catari, Catari, tu non o saie ca
'nfino int' 'a na chiesa
io so' trasuto e aggio priato a Dio,
Catari
E ll'aggio ditto pure a 'o cunfessore
l' sto' a suffrì pe chella lla'!

Sto a suffrì, sto a suffrì
nun se po credere
sto' a suffrì tutte li strazie.
E 'o cunfessore ch'e' persona santa
m'ha ditto:
figlio mio, lassala sta', lassala sta'!

Core, core, 'ngrato,
t'arie pigliato 'a vita mia,
tutt'è passato e nun'nce pienze
cchiù!

Triste

Ah!

Debajo de un limón verde
Donde el agua no corría
Entregué mi corazón
A quien no lo merecía.

Ah!

Triste es el día sin sol
Triste es la noche sin luna
Pero más triste es querer
Sin esperanza ninguna.

Ah!

Heart, ungrateful heart,
you've taken my life.
It's over, and you don't think about
it anymore.

Catari, Catari, you don't know that I
ended up in a church
and prayed to God.

I have also told the confessor priest
that I am suffering.

I am suffering, I am suffering, you
can't imagine, I am suffering all
forms of torment.
And the priest, who is a holy
person, told me:
My son, let her go, let her go.

Heart, ungrateful heart,
you've taken my life.
It's over, and you don't think about
it anymore.

Trans. Alejandro Izurieta

Sad

Ah!

Beneath a lime tree
where no water flowed
I gave up my heart
to one who did not deserve it.

Ah!

Sad is the sunless day
Sad is the moonless night
But sadder still is to love
with no hope at all.

Ah!

Trans. Jacqueline Cockburn

Canción al árbol del olvido

En mis pagos hay un árbol
Que del olvido se llama,

Al que van a despenarse,

Vidalitay, Vidalitay,
Los moribundos del alma.
Para no pensar en vos
Bajo el árbol del olvido
Me acosté una nocecita,
Vidalitay,
Y me quedé bien dormido.
Al despertar de aquel sueño
Pensaba en vos otra vez,

Vidalitay,
En cuanto me acosté.

La rosa y el sauce

La rosa se iba abriendo
Abrazada al sauce,
El árbol apasionado,
La amaba tanto!

Pero una niña, una niña coqueta
Pero una niña, una niña coqueta
Se la ha robado
Y el sauce desconsolado
La está llorando.
La está llorando.

Granada

Granada,
Tierra soñada por mí:
Mi cantar se vuelve gitano cuando
es para tí.
Mi cantar hecho de fantasía,
Mi cantar, flor de melancolía,
que yo te vengo a dar.

Song to the tree of forgetfulness

In my land there is a tree,
And it's called the tree of
forgetfulness,
To him they go to free themselves
from pain,
my little life,
Those whose souls are dying.
So I wouldn't think of you,
Underneath the forgetfulness tree
I lay down one little night,
my little life,
And I fell into a deep sleep.
When I woke from that sleep
I thought of you again,
Because I forgot to forget you,
my little life,
As soon as I laid down.

Trans. Lorena Paz Nieto

The rose and the willow tree

The rose began to bloom
Embracing the willow tree,
The passionate tree, passionately
It loved the rose so much.

But a little girl, a coquettish girl
But a little girl, a coquettish girl
Has stolen the rose
And the desolate willow tree
Is crying for the rose.
Is crying for the rose.

Trans. Lorena Paz Nieto

Granada

Granada,
land of my dreams
My song becomes gypsy when it is
for you
My song made of fantasy
My song, a flower of melancholy
Which I come to give to 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.

No puede ser

¡No puede ser! Esa mujer es
buena.
¡No puede ser una mujer malvada!
En su mirar, como una luz singular,
he visto que esa mujer es una
desventurada.

No puede ser una vulgar sirena
que envenenó las horas de mi vida.
¡No puede ser!
Porque la vi rezar,
porque la vi querer,
porque la vi llorar.

Los ojos que lloran no saben
mentir;
las malas mujeres no miran así.

Temblando en sus ojos dos
lágrimas vi

Granada
Land stained with blood
On afternoons of bullfights
Woman who retains the
enchantment
Of Moorish eyes;
I dream of you rebellious and gypsy
Covered in flowers
And I kiss your scarlet mouth
Juicy apple
That speaks to me of love.
Granada, manola sung about in
beautiful verses
I have nothing else to give you
But a bouquet of roses
Of roses with a soft fragrance
That would frame the dark-skinned
Virgin
Granada
Your land is full
Of beautiful women
Of blood and sun.

Trans. Alejandro Izurieta

It cannot be!

It cannot be! That woman is
good.
She cannot be a wicked woman.
In her look, like a strange light,
I have seen that this woman is
unhappy.

She cannot be a vulgar siren who
poisoned every moment of my life.
It cannot be,
Because I have seen her pray,
because I have seen her love,
because I have seen her cry.

The eyes that cry do not know how
to lie,
The bad women do not look like
that.
Gleaming in her eyes I saw two
tears,

y a mí me ilusiona que
tiemblen por mí,
que tiemblen por mí.

and my hope is they may
gleam for me.

Viva luz de mi ilusión, sé piadosa
con mi amor,

Vivid light of my illusion, be
merciful with my love.

porque no sé fingir,
porque no sé callar,
porque no sé vivir.

Because I cannot pretend,
because I cannot be silent,
because I cannot live.

Trans. Alejandro Izurieta

Amor, vida de mi vida

Adiós, dijiste:
se va mi vida.
Llorar quisiste
por un amor que hay que olvidar.
Te vas riendo
iy yo me muero!

Love, life of my life

Goodbye, you said.
My life is slipping away.
You wanted to cry
for a love that must be forgotten.
You walk away laughing
and I am dying.

Mi dolor es saber que
no puedes llorar.

My pain is knowing
that you cannot cry.

Amor, vida de mi vida,
¡que triste es decirte adiós!
Te llevas la juventud
de este querer sin redención.

Love, life of my life,
how sad it is to say goodbye.
You take away the youth
of this love without redemption.

Amor que, por el camino,
no puedes volver atrás.
Te ríes cuando sientes deseos
de llorar.

Love, that along the way
cannot turn back.
You laugh when you feel
the urge to cry.

Y pensar que te amé
con alma y vida,
y hoy te quieres
burlar de mi dolor.
Este amor que soñé
no lo puedo callar.
Fueron falsas palabras,
mentiste mil veces
tu amor, mujer.

And to think that I loved you,
with heart and soul,
and today you want
to mock my pain.
This love I dreamed of,
I cannot keep silent.
They were false words;
you lied a thousand times
about your love, woman.

Amor, vida de mi vida...
Qué triste es decir adiós...

Love, life of my life,
how sad it is to say goodbye...

Amor que, por el camino,
no puedes volver atrás.
Te ríes cuando sientes deseos
de llorar.

Love, that along the way
cannot turn back.
You laugh when you feel
the urge to cry.

¡Adiós, mi bien!
¡Ah, adiós!

Goodbye, my beloved.
Ah!, goodbye.

Trans. Alejandro Izurieta

O sole mio

Che bella cosa na jurnata 'e sole,

n'aria serena doppo na tempesta!
Pe' ll'aria fresca pare gia' na festa

Che bella cosa na jurnata 'e
sole.

Ma n'atu sole
cchiu' 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 quase 'na malincunia;
sotto 'a fenesta toia restarria
quanno fa notte e 'o sole ne
scenne.

The sun, my sun

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

But there is another sun,
More beautiful, oh girl!
My sun is upon your face.

The sun, my sun, is upon your face.

When night comes and the sun
goes down,
I start to feel melancholy.
I would stay below your window,
when night comes and the sun
goes down.

Ma n'atu sole
cchiu' bello, oi ne'.
'O sole mio, sta 'nfronte a te!

But there is another sun,
More beautiful, oh girl!
My sun is upon your face.

'O sole, 'o sole mio sta 'nfronte a te,
sta 'nfronte a te!

The sun, my sun, is upon your
face.

Trans. Alejandro Izurieta

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Friday, May 29, 1:00 p.m.

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Room 130

Free admission, no ticket required

Friday, May 29, 7:30 p.m.

Opera Workshop

Hamilton Recital Hall

Free admission, no ticket required

Friday, May 29, 7:30 p.m.

Cello Studio Recital

Room 100

Free admission, no ticket required

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

Modern Music Ensemble

Hamilton Recital Hall

Free admission, no ticket required

Sunday, May 31, 4:30 p.m.

Vocal Jazz Groups: Vocal Collective, The Vocal Syndicate, & Resonance

Williams Recital Salon

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Hamilton Recital Hall

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