

STUDENT RECITAL Rebecca Kural, *soprano*

Student of Dana Zenobi

with

Billy Scharfenberger, *piano*

Eidson-Duckwall Recital Hall

Thursday, April 17, 2025 • 5:00 P.M.

Sin tu amor

Miguel Sandoval
(1902-1953)

Cien donzellas van a la misa

Alberto Hemsí
(1898-1975)

Rachelina

Lazare Saminsky
(1882-1959)

Seni sevdim diye

Muammer Sun
(1932-2021)

Ah, non credea...Ah! Non giunge
from *La sonnambula*

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

brief pause

Fleurs

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?

Gustav Mahler
(1860-1911)

Guess Who I Saw Today

Murray Grand
(1919-2007)
Elisse Boyd
(1910-1979)

Stay with Me
from *Into the Woods*

Stephen Sondheim
(1930-2021)

I'm Here
from *The Color Purple*

Brenda Russell
(b. 1949)
Allee Willis
(1947-2019)
Stephen Bray
(b. 1956)

Sin tu amor – Miguel Sandoval

A lyrical gem of the Latin American art song repertoire, “Sin tu amor” (“Without Your Love”) showcases the Guatemalan-born composer Miguel Sandoval’s gift for romantic, expressive melody. This song dwells in the deep yearning of lost love, capturing a nostalgic emotional landscape that transcends time period.

Spanish:

Amor de mi vida, ven a mi

Sin tu amor

¿Para qué sirve la vida?

Si nunca ver en tus ojo alegrías

Si nunca ver en tus labios la sonrisa

¿Para qué sirve la vida?

No siendo mia,

¿Para qué quiero la vida?

Que otra sea, que se mira en tus ojos?

Que duelo sea, de los besos de tus labios?

¿Para qué quiero la vida?

Pero con tu amor, con tus ojos que me miran;

Con tus labio rojos que me dicen, “Yo te quiero”

Sería feliz, y la vida pasaria

A tus pies, murmurando “Yo te adoro”

English:

Love of my life, come to me

Without your love

What's the point of life?

If I never see joy in your eyes

If I never see the smile on your lips

What's the point of life?

Not being mine,

What do I want life for?
What other life could it be, that looks into your eyes?
What grief could it be, for the kisses on your lips?
What do I want life for?

But with your love, with your eyes that look at me
With your red lips that tell me, "I love you"
I would be happy, and life would pass
At your feet, murmuring "I adore you"

Ah! non credea... Ah! non giunge from *La sonnambula* – Vincenzo Bellini

In these two contrasting arias from Bellini's bel canto opera *La sonnambula*, the character Amina transitions from grief and disbelief to radiant joy. "Ah! non credea mirarti" is a despairing lament in which Amina is enveloped in a sleepwalking haze, the unrealized habit that has led others to believe she was unfaithful to her betrothed. Then, "Ah! non giunge," which follows immediately, bursts into brilliant, joyful coloratura as Amina is awoken and her innocence is revealed.

Italian:

Ah! non credea mirarti

Sì presto estinto, o fiore;
Passasti al par d'amore,
Che un giorno sol durò.
Potria novel vigore
Il pianto mio recarti...
Ma ravnivar l'amore
Il pianto mio non può.

Ah! non giunge uman pensiero

Al contento ond'io son piena;
A miei sensi io credo appena,
Tu m'estinto, o sogno, o no?
Ah! mi abbraccia, e sempre insieme,
Sempre uniti in una speme,
Della terra, in cui viviamo,
Ci formiamo un ciel d'amor.

English:

Ah! I did not believe I'd see you

So soon withered, oh flower;
You have faded like love,
Which lasted only a single day.
My tears might bring you
New life again...
But they cannot revive
The love we once knew.

Ah! no human thought can reach

The joy I now am feeling;
I can scarcely believe it's true,
Are you a dream, or are you real?
Ah! Embrace me, and forever united,
In one hope and love together,
Let us form from this earthly life
A heaven of love.

Cien donzellas – Alberto Hemsí

Alberto Hemsí was a composer and ethnomusicologist devoted to preserving Sephardic musical traditions. Born in Turgutlu, he was a descendant of the many Spanish Jews who immigrated to the Ottoman Empire (modern day Türkiye) following their expulsion under the Alhambra Decree. “Cien donzellas” (“A Hundred Maidens”) is a spirited, narrative song that draws from Ladino (Judeo-Spanish) folk roots. The text portrays Jewish maidens being converted in the Catholic church, from the pained perspective of one woman’s lover.

Ladino:

Cien donzellas van a la misa
Para hazer la oracion
Entre medias está mi dama

Telas de mi corazon
Mas ay del amor
Ay!

Sa yo lleva sovre sa yo
Y un jubon de clave don
Camisa viste de holanda sirma y perla al cave con
Mas ay del amor
Ay!

Suca veca
Una toronja
Sus cavellos briles son
La su frente reluciente
A re lumbre masque el sol
Mas ay del amor

English:

One hundred maidens go to mass
To make a prayer
Among them is my lady
Fabric of my heart
But woe to love
Oh!

You know it weighs over me
Like a jacket
A dress from Holland of silk and pearl
But woe to love
Oh!

The old priest holds
a grapefruit
His shining forehead
By light the sun reflects,
But woe to love

Rachelina – Lazare Saminsky

Lazare Saminsky, a Russian-Jewish composer and member of the Society for Jewish Folk Music, wrote “Rachelina” with a sense of folkloric melancholy. Drawing from Eastern European Jewish

melodies, the song blends modal harmonies and expressive inflections to evoke a deeply personal and cultural atmosphere. The song is a conversation between a girl (Rachelina) and her mother about the impending loss of her young life.

Ladino:

Mama, si yo me muero/
Chazanimo quiero yo

No te mueras, Rachelina
Que me muero porti

Mama, si yo me muero
Chazanimo quiero yo

Si no doce manzebitos,
I adelante el mio amor

English:

Mother, o death has come
Mother I am dying
Still no cantors shall mourn, shall mourn for me

No Rachelina, fair child of mine
No my child, I shall die
Not you but I shall die!

Mother, o death has come
Mother I am dying
Still no cantors shall mourn, shall mourn for me
But twelve youths I want nearby, among them the one I love

Seni sevdim diye – Muammer Sun

A leading figure in 20th-century Turkish music, Muammer Sun blended traditional Turkish modes and rhythms with Western classical forms. “Seni sevdim diye” (“Because I Loved You”) is a contemporary Turkish art song that speaks of love’s sweetness, pain, and consequences. It speaks of a connection that defies the opinions and judgements of others, a timeless theme.

Turkish:

Seni sevdim diye kınarlarsa beni

kılım kıpırdamaz.
Yürek ne, sevgi ne, onlar bilir mi ki?
Bir kavgam bile yok benim onlarla;
dolu tas er kişiye gerek,
yaramaz aşk şerbeti er olmayana.
Seni sevdim diye kınarlarsa beni

English:

If they condemn me because I loved you
I wouldn't move a muscle
Do they know what a heart or love is?
I don't even have a fight with them
A full love is for the real man
Weak love is for the a useless man

Intermission

Fleurs – Francis Poulenc

From *Fiançailles pour rire*, Poulenc's "Fleurs" ("Flowers") is a melancholic yet sensuous art song set to the poetry of Louise de Vilmorin. Its impressionistic harmonies and haunting melodic line reflect the ephemeral nature of beauty and longing. Poulenc's music often blends lightness with vulnerability, and "Fleurs" is a masterclass in restrained emotional intensity.

French:

Fleurs promises, fleurs tenues dans tes bras
Fleurs sorties des parenthèses d'un pas
Qui t'apportait ces fleurs l'hiver
Saupoudrés du sable des mers?
Sable de tes baisers, fleurs des amours fanées
Les beaux yeux sont de cendre et dans la cheminée
Un cœur enrubanné de plaintes Brûle avec ses images saintes.
Fleurs promises, fleurs tenues dans tes bras,

Qui t'apportait ces fleurs l'hiver
Saupoudrés du sable des mers?

English:

Promised flowers, flowers held in your arms,
Flowers from a step's parentheses,
Who brought you these flowers in winter
Sprinkled with the sea's sand?
Sand of your kisses, flowers of faded loves
Your lovely eyes are ashes and in the hearth
A moan-beribboned heart
Burns with its sacred images.

Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht? – Gustav Mahler

This lively song from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* reflects Mahler's love of folk poetry and irony. "Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?" is playful and rhythmic, portraying a young girl who captures the imagination of a passing soldier. The intensity of the second verse is lightened by the return of the narrator, who playfully wonders, "Who could have made up this pretty little song?"

German:

Dort oben in dem hohen Haus,
Da gucket ein fein's, lieb's Mädel heraus,
Es ist nicht dort daheime,
Es ist des Wirts sein Töchterlein,
Es wohnt auf grüner Heide.

Mein Herze ist wund,
Komm, Schätzel, mach's gesund.
Dein schwarzbraune Äuglein,
Die haben mich verwundt.

Dein rosiger Mund
Macht Herzen gesund.
Macht Jugend verständig,
Macht Tote lebendig,
Macht Kranke gesund.

Wer hat denn das schöne Liedlein erdacht?
Es haben's drei Gäns übers Wasser gebracht,
Zwei graue und eine weiße;
Und wer das Liedlein nicht singen kann,
Dem wollen sie es pfeifen. Ja!

English:

High in the mountain stands a house,
From it a sweet pretty maid looks out,
But that is not her home,
She's the innkeeper's young daughter.
She lives on the green moor.

My heart is sick,
Come, my love, and cure it.
Your dark brown eyes
Have wounded me.
Your rosy lips
Can cure sick hearts,
Make young men wise,
Make dead men live,
Can cure the sick.

Who made up this pretty little song?
Three geese brought it across the water.
Two grey ones and a white one;
And for those who can't sing this song,
They will pipe it to them. They will!

Guess Who I Saw Today – Murray Grand & Elisse Boyd

This 1950s jazz standard, made famous by Nancy Wilson, tells a dramatic story of unexpected betrayal. With its conversational phrasing and emotional reveal, “Guess Who I Saw Today” blurs the line between song and monologue. It's a brilliant example of storytelling through music, with subtle cues that build to its quietly devastating conclusion.

Lyrics:

You're so late getting home from the office
Did you miss your train?
Were you caught in the rain?
No, don't bother to explain
Can I fix you a quick martini?
As a matter of fact, I'll have one with you
For to tell you the truth
I've had a quite a day too
Guess who I saw today, my dear?
I went in town to shop around for something new
I thought I'd stop
And grab a bite when I was through
I looked around for someplace new
Then it occurred to me
Where I parked the car
There was a most attractive French cafe and bar
It really wasn't very far
The waiter showed me to a dark secluded corner

And as my eyes became accustomed to the gloom
I saw two people at the bar
Who were so much in love
That even I could spot it clear across the room
Guess who I saw today, my dear?
I'd never been so shocked before
I headed blindly through the door
They didn't see me passing through
Guess who I saw today?
I saw you

Stay with Me from *Into the Woods* – Stephen Sondheim

In this bittersweet piece, the Witch pleads with her daughter Rapunzel not to leave her. Sondheim's intricate lyrics and harmonies reflect the complexity of love tangled with control. "Stay with Me" is a moment of raw vulnerability in *Into the Woods*, conveyed by a maternal character who is both fierce and afraid.

Lyrics:

Don't you know what's out there in the world?
Someone has to shield you from the world.
Stay with me.

Princes wait there in the world, it's true.
Princes, yes, but wolves and humans, too.
Stay at home.
I am home.

Who out there could love you more than I?
What out there that I cannot supply?
Stay with me.

Stay with me,
The world is dark and wild.
Stay a child while you can be a child.
With me.

I'm Here from *The Color Purple* – Brenda Russell, Allee Willis, Stephen Bray

Sung by Celie in *The Color Purple*, “I’m Here” is an anthem of survival and self-worth. Throughout her adolescence and young adulthood, Celie—the protagonist—is used and abused by nearly everyone around her. However, her journey begins to change when she meets Shug—a radiant figure of love, confidence, and autonomy—who helps Celie see her own worth. This song celebrates the resilience of Celie as a black woman in the early 1900s and affirms the power of choosing oneself in the face of generational trauma and abuse. I read the novel last summer and was extremely moved by how its themes are reflected in the musicality of this song.

Lyrics:

I don't need you to love me
I don't need you to love

I've got my sister, I can feel her now-)
She may not be here, but she's still mine
I know
I know she still love me

Got my children, I can't hold them now
They may not be here, but they still mine
I hope
They know I still love them

Got my house, it still keep the cold out
Got my chair when my body can't hold out
Got my hands doing good like they s'posed to
Showing my heart to the folks that I'm close to

Got my eyes though they don't see as far now
They see more 'bout how things really are now

I'm gonna take a deep breath
Gonna hold my head up
Gonna put my shoulders back
And look you straight in the eye

I'm gonna flirt with somebody
When they walk by
I'm gonna sing out

I believe I have inside of me
Everything that I need to live a bountiful life
And all the love alive in me
I'll stand as tall as the tallest tree

And I'm thankful for every day that I'm given
Both the easy and hard ones I'm livin'
But most of all, I'm thankful for
Lovin' who I really am

I'm beautiful
Yes, I'm beautiful
And I'm here