



University of Wisconsin
Whitewater

The Department of Music
presents a Student Recital:

Featuring:
Alexis Nungaray, soprano

Accompanied by:
Dr. Sarah Read Gehrenbeck, piano

November 20, 2021
7:30 pm
Light Recital Hall

PROGRAM

Wie Melodien zieht es mir Johannes Brahms
Die Mainacht (1833-1897)

Er ist's Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Cinco Canciones Populares Argentinas Alberto Ginastera
I. Chararera (1916-1983)
II. Triste
III. Zamba
IV. Arrorro
V. Gato

Chanson triste Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)

Quando me'n vo' Giacomo Puccini
from *La Bohème* (1858-1924)

Ah! Love, but a Day Amy Beach
from *Browning Songs* (1867-1944)

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

waves in spanish Thank you friends and colleagues for your support by coming to watch tonight's recital. I hope you enjoy the beautiful music being shared. Now let's write some thank you's shall we? First, I'd like to thank my studio teacher, Brian Leeper, for developing what was a "shy, quiet, likes to sing everything in her chest voice" freshman musician, to the "resilient, buoyant, sassy (moody)" musician I am today. You have taught me vocal and life lessons, and I now know what it means to own the stage AND my voice. Secondly, I'd like to thank my dearest pianist, Sarah R. Gehrenbeck. Freshman year I was terrified out of my mind and remember the sigh of relief I had when you mentioned me not having to be perfect EVEN for a rehearsal. *phew* I have never met such a comforting, encouraging, nurturing musician like you. You are one of a kind and I am thankful to have had the honor to work with you. Luckily, I still get to keep you for at least one more semester. Third, I'd like to thank all the voice faculty, Dr.Wood, Dr.Gehrenbeck, Dr.VanAlstine, and Dr.Shelton, for being an essential part of my musical growth. Whether it was advising me, providing vocal critique, or taking various courses with you, I would not be the musician I am today without you all.

I'd like to give a special thanks to my mom, step-dad, sister, and brother for always supporting my educational journey and career choice, no matter how many times it may have changed. Ever since I picked up a microphone at the age of 8, you always encouraged me to follow my passion. Thank you for attending many, if not, all of the performances that I've had. I love you! - Thank you to my dad, my madrinas, my uncles, and my nina for always inquiring about my career and musical growth. It hasn't been easy being away but you've all shown tremendous support! Much love. Thank you to Molly, Jacob, and Kike for reminding me what it's like to live a joyful life as a stressed music major. Shout out to my roommate and my best friend Holly for being on this musical journey with me. You've been there for the most beautiful and the ugliest moments. You've challenged me in all of the best ways possible and have been a big part of my musical journey. Thank you for always believing in me, even when I didn't. I love you all! This recital is dedicated to my loving Uncle Jr., who passed away back in June. He was a man of faith and believed there was beauty in singing. - I share this performance in remembrance of him and the light, joy, and laughter he brought the world.

Ms.Nungaray' s recital is in partial fulfillment of the graduation requirements for the degree of Bachelor of Music Performance

UPCOMING EVENTS

Sonict Composers

December 2, 2021 @ 7:30 pm, Light Recital Hall

Sonict Composers: Sonict presents new works from current UW-Whitewater students along with recent alumni. This is a great opportunity to hear some new and original music straight from Whitewater!

Gala Benefit Concert

December 4 @ 7:30 pm, Young Auditorium

An annual tradition, the Department of Music presents the Gala Benefit Concert. The Gala concert features works from every student ensemble in the department, from the Whitewater Symphony Orchestra to the Clarinet Ensemble.

In addition to the concert, you can support the student scholarship fund through the Gala Berres Brothers Coffee Fundraiser. Get your holiday shopping done early! Get gifts of coffee and cappuccino for your friends and family, office mates and more.

For more information, to make a donation or to submit your order visit:

uww.edu/coac/gala-benefit-concert

For more information regarding the music program at UW-Whitewater, please visit the department website at

uww.edu/music

tickets.uww.edu | (262) 472-2222

Wie Melodien zieht es mir

Wie Melodien zieht es
Mir leise durch den Sinn,
Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es
Und schwebt wie Duft dahin.

Doch kommt das Wort und faßt es
Und führt es vor das Aug',
Wie Nebelgrau erblaßt es
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.

Und dennoch ruht im Reime
Verborgen wohl ein Duft,
Den mild aus stillem Keime
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

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.

Like Melodies

Thoughts, like melodies,
Steal softly through my mind,
Like spring flowers they blossom
And drift away like fragrance.

Yet when words come and capture them
And bring them before my eyes,
They turn pale like grey mist
And vanish like a breath.

Yet surely in rhyme
A fragrance lies hidden,
Summoned by moist eyes
From the silent seed.

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.

Er Ist's

Frühling lässt sein blaues Band
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;
Süße, wohlbekannte Düfte
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.

Veilchen träumen schon,
Wollen balde kommen.
Horch, ein Harfenton!
Frühling, ja du bist's!
Dich hab ich vernommen!

Chacarera

A mí me gustan las ñatas
Y una ñata me ha tocado Ñato
será el casamiento Y más ñato
el resultado.

Cuando canto chacareras Me
dan ganas de llorar Porque se
me representa Catamarca y
Tuoumán.

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!

Spring is here

Spring is floating its blue banner
On the breezes again;
Sweet, well-remembered scents
Drift portentously across the land.

Violets, already dreaming,
Will soon begin to bloom.
Listen, the sound of a harp!
Spring, that must be you!
It's you I've heard!

Chacarera

I love girls with little snub noses
and a snub-nose girl is what I've got.
Ours will be a snub-nose wedding
and snub-nosed children will be our lot.

Whenever I sing a chacarera
it makes me want to cry,
because it takes me back to
Catamarca and Tuoumán.

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!

Zamba

Hasta las piedras del cerro
Y las arenas del mar
Me dicen que no te quiera
Y no te puedo olvidar.

Si el corazón me has robado
El tuyo me lo has de dar
El que lleva cosa ajena
Con lo suyo ha de pagar
Ay!

Arrorró
Arrorró mi nene,
Arrorró mi sol,
Arrorró pedazo
De mi corazón.

Este nene lindo
Se quiere dormir
Y el pícaro sueño
No quiere venir.

Gato

El gato de mi casa
Es muy gauchito
Pero cuando lo bailan
Zapateadito.

Guitarrita de pino
Cuerdas de alambre.
Tanto quiero a las chicas,
Digo, como a las grandes.
Esa moza que baila
Mucho la quiero
Pero no para hermana
Que hermana tengo.
Que hermana tengo
Si, pónete al frente
Aunque no sea tu dueño,
Digo, me gusta verte.

Zamba

Even the stones on the hillside
and the sand in the sea
tell me not to love you.
But I cannot forget you.

If you have stolen my heart
then you must give me yours.
He who takes what is not his
must return it in kind.
Ay!

Lullaby
Lullaby my baby;
lullaby my sunshine;
lullaby part
of my heart.

This pretty baby
wants to sleep
and that fickle sleep
won't come.

Cat

The cat of the house
is most mischievous,
but when they dance,
they stamp their feet.

With pine guitars
and wire strings.
I like the small girls
as much as the big ones.
That girl dancing
is the one for me.
Not as a sister
I have one already.
I have a sister.
Yes, come to the front.
I may not be your master
but I like to see you.

Chason 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;

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

Quando me 'n 'vo

Quando m'en vo soletta per la via,
La gente sosta e mira
E la bellezza mia tutta ricerca in me
Da capo a pie'...
Ed assaporo allor la bramosia
Sottile, che da gli occhi traspira
E dai palesi vezzi intender sa
Alle occulte beltà.
Così l'effluvio del desio tutta m'aggira,
Felice mi fa!
E tu che sai, che memori e ti struggi

Da me tanto rifuggi?
So ben le angoscie tue non le vuoi dir,

Ma ti senti morir!

Song of sadness

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;

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.

When I am gone

When I go all by myself through the street,
People stop and look,
and everyone looks at my beauty
from head to foot.
And therefore I savor the subtle desire
which emanates from their eyes,
and from the obvious charms is understood
the hidden beauty.
Like this the flood of desire surround me,
it makes me happy!
And you who know, so that memory is tearing
you up
Why do you fly from me so much again?
I know very well that you don't want to speak
about your agony,
But you feel yourself dying!