

Florida Atlantic University  
Department of Music

Presents a

*Junior Voice Recital*

Featuring

*Edgar M. Abreu, tenor*  
*Sumpun Lertsintupun, piano*

April 23, 2010  
5:15pm  
University Theater

**FAU**

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DOROTHY F. SCHMIDT  
COLLEGE OF ARTS AND LETTERS  
Florida Atlantic University

Program

Panis Angelicus

César Franck  
(1822-1890)

The bread of angels becomes the bread of man,  
Heavenly bread gives an end to earthly forms.  
Oh thing wonderful! Feeds on the Lord.  
The poor one, the slave, and the humble one.

Two songs from *Dichterliebe*

*"Im wunder schönen Monat Mai"*

Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)

In the wondrously-beautiful month of May,  
As all the birds burst-forth,  
Then, in my heart  
Did love rise up.

In the wondrously-beautiful month of May,  
When all the birds sang,  
Then have I to her confessed  
My yearning longing.

*"Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen"*

A boy loves a girl,  
Who has another man chosen,  
This other man loves another girl,  
And had himself with that one wedded.

The girl takes out of spite  
The first man to come along,  
Who happens to cross her path,  
The boy is sick from it.

It is an old story,  
Yet remains it ever new;  
And to-whom it just has happened,  
For him breaks the heart in two.

¿Corazon, porque pasáis...?

Fernando Obradors  
(1897-1945)

Heart, why do you pass  
The nights of love awake  
If your owner rests  
In the arms of another master?  
Ah!

Lydia

Gabriel Fauré  
(1845-1924)

Lydia, on your pink cheeks,  
And on your neck so fresh and white,  
Rolls sparkling  
The liquid gold that you untie.

The day that shines is the best;  
Let us forget the eternal tomb.  
Let your dove like kisses  
Sing on your flowering lips.

A hidden lily unceasingly disperses  
A divine fragrance from within your breast:  
Delights without number  
Emanate from you, young goddess!

I love you and die, oh my love!  
Your kisses have stolen my soul!  
Oh Lydia, give back to me my life,  
That I may die again and again!

"Il Mio Tesoro"

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

(Don Giovanni, Act II, scene 2)

(1756-1791)

At last Don Ottavio is convinced that Don Giovanni is responsible for the murder of Donna Anna's father. He declares his determination to avenge this wrong and to bring comfort to his beloved.

Go, meanwhile,  
To console my beloved;  
And try to dry the tears  
From her beautiful eyes.

Tell her that I am going off  
To avenge her wrongs...  
That I will come back  
Messenger only of ravages  
And deaths—yes!

"Yo no sé qué veo en Ana Mari"

(El caserío)

Jesus Guridi

(1886-1961)

Proud, self-confident playboy José Miguel has always taken his devoted cousin Ana Mari for granted, but as soon as there is a danger she may look elsewhere for a husband, he begins to view her in a new light.

I don't know what I see in Ana Mari  
That I never, never saw before.  
I look at her and feel a happiness  
That I never, never felt before.

Whether it is her birdlike voice  
As sweet and soft as a song,  
Or the light of her glance,  
Joyful awakening of my heart.

Ay, don't know what I see in Ana Mari,  
That is unique, and never seen before!

I will think, since I can't guess,  
Whether it is something unique for me.  
I want to know the cause  
Of this agony that I suffer

Tell me whether Ana Mari,  
Oh my soul, has made you love her.

I do not know what I see in her eyes  
That sparks love into life,  
But I am surely in love  
With that delicate and pretty flower!  
Ay, delicate flower!  
Oh blessed, aching heart!

Amiamo

Gaetano Donizetti  
(1797-1848)

Now that the age to it invites  
Let us seek to be happy  
The moment of pleasure passes and does not return.  
Serious becomes the life  
If not one gathers the flower.

With fresh roses love only it adorns.  
More beautiful you are, more you owe  
To love vows and faith;  
Another beauty naught is but a his tribute.  
Let us love, because the days are brief.  
Is a day without love  
A day of sadness, day lost.

Mattinata

Ruggero Leoncavallo  
(1857-1919)

The dawn, dressed in white,  
Already the door has opened to the large sun,  
And already with the rose colored tips of his fingers  
Caresses with flowers the crowd!

Stirred by a trembling mysterious  
Nature appears stirred by a mysterious trembling,  
And you not yourself arise, and in vain  
I remain here sadly to sing.

Put on also you the dress white  
And open the door to your singer!  
Without you there is no light,  
Where you are love is born!

Tell me whether you love  
My heart, has made you love me

I do not know what love is for you  
That speaks love you me  
But I am sure in love  
With this delicate and gentle flower  
As delicate flower of  
The blessed, smiling heart

Andante

Giuseppe Verdi  
(1797-1893)

Now that the night is quiet  
Let us walk in the night  
The moment of silence, peace, and deepest rest,  
Fascinated eyes, the heart  
If not we gather the flowers

With your eyes look into my eyes  
How beautiful you are, across the eyes  
I love you and faith  
Another beauty, which is not white light  
Let us love, because the heart is  
In a time without love  
A day of sadness

Andante

Giuseppe Verdi  
(1797-1893)

The love, which is  
Effectively, the love of a man  
And a woman, the love of a man  
Comes from the heart

Struck by a loving presence  
The heart is love, the heart is love  
And you will know the heart is love

[Translations and settings from IPA Source.com, G.Schirmer, Inc., and Unión Musical Ediciones S.L.]

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor of Music degree in  
Vocal Performance from the voice studio of  
Dr. Patricia P. Fleitas