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Enrique Barrera, III, Tenor, in a Junior Recital, with Cheryl Lemmons on Piano

Abilene Christian University

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THE ABILENE CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

PRESENTS

Enrique Barrera III,
Tenor

in a

Junior Recital

with

Cheryl Lemmons, Piano



Saturday, January 24th, 2015

7:30pm

WPAC Recital Hall

Program

O come, o come my dearest
The Daisies
By Mendip Side

Thomas Arne
Samuel Barber
Eric Coates

O del mio dolce ardor
Amorosi, miei giorni
Vaga luna, che inargenti
Una furtive lagrima
from *L'elisir d'amore*

Christoph Willibald von Gluck
Stefano Donaudy
Vincenzo Bellini
Gaetano Donizetti

Intermission

From *Die schöne Mullerin*
Das Wandern
Wohin

Franz Schubert

Lydia
Ouvre tes yeux bleu
Vainement, ma bien aimee
From *Le roi d'ys*

Gabriel Faure
Jules Massenet
Eduardo Lalo

Enrique Barrera is a student of Dr. Rick Piersall

Reception to follow

Translations

O del mio dolce ardor

Oh, desired object
Of my sweet ardor,
The air which you breathe,
At last I breathe.

Wherever I turn my glance
Your lovely features
Paint love for me:
My thoughts imagine
The most happy hopes,
And in the longing which
Fills my bosom
I seek you, I call you, I hope, and I sigh.

Amorosi, miei giorni

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 my splendor
And one smile of hers may be all my treasure!

Who more blessed than I,
If she does not thus have beside her
A sweet and dear beloved object,
So that she cannot yet say
She 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!

Vaga luna, che inargenti

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.

Una furtiva lagrima

A single secret tear
from her eye did spring:
as if she envied all the youths
that laughingly passed her by.
What more searching need I do?
What more searching need I do?
She loves me! Yes, she loves me, I see it. I see it.
For just an instant the beating
of her beautiful heart I could feel!
As if my sighs were hers,
and her sighs were mine!
The beating, the beating of her heart I could feel,
to merge my sighs with hers...
Heavens! Yes, I could die!
I could ask for nothing more, nothing more.
Oh, heavens! Yes, I could, I could die!
I could ask for nothing more, nothing more.
Yes, I could die! Yes, I could die of love.

Das Wandern

Wandering is the miller's joy,
Wandering!
He must be a miserable miller,
Who never likes to wander.
Wandering!

We've learned this from the water,
From the water!
It does not rest by day or night,
It's always thinking of its journey,
The water.

We see this also with the wheels,
With the wheels!
They don't like to stand still,
And turn all day without tiring.
With the wheels.

The stones themselves, heavy though they are,
The stones!
They join in the cheerful dance,
And want to go yet faster.
The stones!

Oh, wandering, wandering, my joy,
Oh, wandering!
Oh, Master and Mistress,
Let me continue in peace,
And wander!

Wohin

I hear a brooklet rushing
Right out of the rock's spring,
Down there to the valley it rushes,
So fresh and wondrously bright..

I know not, how I felt this,
Nor did I know who gave me advice;
I must go down
With my wanderer's staff.

Down and always farther,
And always the brook follows after;
And always rushing crisply,
And always bright is the brook.

Is this then my road?
O, brooklet, speak! where to?
You have with your rushing
Entirely intoxicated my senses.

But why do I speak of rushing?
That can't really be rushing:
Perhaps the water-nymphs
are singing rounds down there in the deep.

Let it sing, my friend, let it rush,
And wander joyously after!
Mill-wheels turn

In each clear brook.

Lydia

Lydia, on your rosy cheeks,
And on your neck, so fresh and white,
Flow sparkingly
The fluid golden tresses which you loosen.

This shining day is the best of all;
Let us forget the eternal grave,
Let your kisses, your kisses of a dove,
Sing on your blossoming lips.

A hidden lily spreads unceasingly
A divine fragrance on your breast;
Numberless delights
Emanate from you, young goddess,

I love you and die, oh my love;
Kisses have carried away my soul!
Oh Lydia, give me back life,
That I may die, forever die!

Ouvre tes yeux bleus

He
Open your blue eyes, my darling:
The day has come!
Already the warbling bird sings
A song of love.
The dawn brings forth the rose:
Come with me
To pick the blossoming daisy.
Awake! Awake!
Open your blue eyes, my darling:
The day has come!

She
What good is it to contemplate the earth
And its beauty?
Love is more a sweet mystery
Than a summer day;
It is in myself that the bird is singing
His triumphant song,
And the great, burning sun
Is in my heart!

Vainement, ma bien aimee

Since these jealous retainers will not be softened, ah, let me tell you of my suffering and my emotion!

In vain, my beloved,

do they think they can put me off:

close by your shut door

I am determined to stay!

The stars may fade,

nights replace days,

without blaming you and without

complaining,

I shall stay here for ever!

I know what a sweet soul you are,

and the hour will soon come

when the hand which now pushes me away

will reach out towards mine!

Do not take too long

to allow yourself to melt;

If Rozenn does not appear soon soon,

Alas, I shall die!

Special Thanks

First and foremost, my utmost gratitude goes to the Supreme Being that gives me life and reason to sing. I thank Him for putting me in a great place with such great people where I can learn great things and grow as a person and musician. To Him be the glory forever!

To all my friends and family. I have way to many to even begin putting names down on here but I hope you all know how much it means to me that you all love me and support me. The talent all you people possess is what inspires me to become a better musician.

To the ACU voice faculty: Every single one of you has affected me in a special way and I am extremely thankful for all of you. Thank you for your advice and words of encouragement.

To Rick: I really have no words. You've believed in me when I didn't and you have pushed me to do better. Thank you for all your help, for your dedication and effort to help me become the musician I am today. I continue to look forward to all the things I have yet to learn from you.

To my grandma: Las palabras en nuestro vocabulario no pueden expresar la gratitud que siento para contigo. Me has dado un regalo hermosísimo que ha cambiado mi vida enteramente. Un regalo que le ha dado dirección a mi vida. Gracias por tu apoyo y amor. Espero que estes orgullosa de lo que he hecho con el regalo que has puesto en mi vida. Te quiero mucho Ita.

To my mom: Gracias mama, por ser una mujer de inspiración y de amor. Gracias por tus consejos y por amarme con todo el corazón. Gracias porque haces sacrificios extremos con el fin de que estemos todos contentos. Te amo con todo mi Corazón mama. Dios te bendiga siempre.

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Vocal Performance Degree.

