



COLLEGE OF MUSIC

University of North Texas College of Music

Senior Recital | Saturday, April 5, 2025 | 8:00 p.m. | Paul Voertman Concert Hall

Relentless Wings

Moisés Ybaben-Burciaga, tenor

Momo Yaxuan Li, piano

- from 12 Gesänge, Opus 5 (1846) Robert Franz
1. Aus meinen großen schmerzen (1815–1892)
Poetry by Heinrich Heine
- Still wie die Nacht (1889) Carl Bohm
(1844–1920)
Text author anonymous
- Du bist wie eine Blume, S. 287 (1844) Franz Liszt
(1811–1886)
Text by Heinrich Heine
- from *L'elisir d'amore* (1832) Gaetano Donizetti
Act 2, Scene 8, Una furtiva lagrima (1797–1848)
Libretto by Felice Romani
- from Sept melodies, Op. 2 (1883) Ernest Chausson
2. Le Charme (Text by Armand Silvestre) (1855–1899)
7. Le Colibri (Text by Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle)
3. Les Papillons (Text by Pierre-Jules-Théophile Gautier)
- from 7 Chansons grises (1887–1890) Reynaldo Hahn
5. L'heure exquise (1874–1947)
Text by Paul Verlaine
- from 20 Mélodies (1888) Reynaldo Hahn
1. Si mes vers avaient des ailes Text by Victor Hugo

Program four hundred ninety-four of the 2024–2025 season
Photography and videography are prohibited

-PAUSE-

A tí (n.d.) Jaime León
(1921–2015)
Text by José Asunción Silva

Lejos de ti (1914) Manuel Ponce
(1883–1948)
Poetry by Manuel Ponce

Marchita el alma (1912) Manuel Ponce
Text from Mexican folk poetry

La canción del Plumerito (n.d.) Anonymous
Text author anonymous

When Stars are in the Quiet Skies (1891) Charles Ives
(1874–1954)
Poetry by Edward Lytton

Maria, from West Side Story (1956) Leonard Bernstein
(1918–1990)
Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim

from Three Songs After Heine, Op. 2 (1903) Frank Bridge
2. E'en as a Lovely Flower
(1879–1941)
Poetry by Heinrich Heine,
as translated and set by Kate Freiligrath Kroecker

Souvenir (1983) Ricky Ian Gordon
(b. 1956)
Poetry by Edna St. Vincent Millay

from A Horse with Wings (1990) Ricky Ian Gordon
4. Fewer Words
Poetry by Ricky Ian Gordon

Relentless Wings

When they fly to you;
Your pulse bursts streams of wonder
Awe of possibilities, surreal depth... liberation.
You can't imagine a time without laughter,
your face beaming and songs writing themselves.
Each stem and petal gleaming brighter.
Your blossoming self.

If they stay;
Their flutters passionately twirl into nectar
Emotions reveal worlds and dimensions.
The taste, unlike the sweetest flower
You long for more.
If only you can have wings of your own.

Rarely do butterflies appear.
For such exquisite beauty could never surround us for long,
Their kisses are forever sealed in our dreams.

When they soar away;
No color compares to that of the winged rainbow.
A gloom waters your eyes.
Your body now poisoned by worthless nectar.
Any illusion would be better than this stinging pain!

Until you look to the stars;
And wither no more over what used to be,
But nourish your leaves for what comes next,
The once venomous dew will whirl once more.

When they return;
The ache never fades,
As tenderness unites us while
their relentless wings glide infinitely.
Even when we are buds or weathered,
deep in the sap of our hearts,
Lay our wings of uniqueness and love.

– Moisés Ybaben-Burciaga

Program Notes, Texts and Translations

from 12 Gesänge, Opus 5 (1846) 1. Aus meinen großen Schmerzen Robert Franz (1815–1892) Poetry by Heinrich Heine (1797–1856)

Robert Franz Julius Knauth was born in Halle, Germany in 1815. He is renowned for his emotive merge of the sensitivity of the Romantic era with elements of German folk music. Franz established himself as a prominent figure of 19th-century German art song. His work reflects an appreciation for poetry and melody, conveying the emotional intensity and character of the Romantic spirit. **Christian Johann Heinrich Heine** was born in Düsseldorf, Germany, in 1797. He is well known for his poignant, melancholic poetry and romantic idealism with wit and social critique. A pivotal 19th-century German literature figure, he impacted poetry and music with his lyrical approach. His poetry examines love, nature, and politics, immortalized in Lieder by Schumann and Franz. Robert Franz wrote **“Aus meinen großen Schmerzen”** (“From my great Pain”) in 1846, setting to music a poem by Heinrich Heine. This Lied illustrates the beginnings of love as the poetry guides the listener through the joys, frustrations, and anxieties of expressing the fluttering songs in your heart.

Aus meinen großen Schmerzen

Aus meinen großen Schmerzen
Mach' ich die kleinen Lieder;
Die heben ihr klingend Gefieder
Und flattern nach ihrem Herzen.

Sie fanden den Weg zur Trauten,
Doch kommen sie wieder und klagen,
Und klagen, und wollen nicht sagen,
Was sie im Herzen schauten.

From my great pain

From my great pain
I make little songs;
They lift their sounding feathers
And flutter after her heart.

They found the path to her trust,
But they come again and complain,
And complain, and want to not say,
What in her heart they beheld.

– Translation by Moisés Ybaben-Burciaga

Still wie die Nacht (1889) | Carl Bohm (1844–1920) | Text author anonymous

Carl Bohm was born in Berlin, Germany in 1844. He is recognized for compositions and Romantic lyricism with a song-like essence. A key figure in 19th-century salon music, his works are frequently performed by amateurs and professionals. His pieces exude charm and sentimentality, ensuring lasting popularity in vocal and instrumental repertoires. Carl Bohm wrote **“Still wie die Nacht”** (“Silent as the Night”) in 1889. With an anonymous text, the poem speaks of quiet love and devotion, comparing its gentle constancy to the stillness of the night. The song is a favorite among singers and audiences and is one of Bohm's most renowned pieces.

Still wie die Nacht

Still wie die Nacht
und tief wie das Meer,
soll deine Liebe sein!
Wenn du mich liebst,
so wie ich dich,
will ich dein eigen sein.
Heiß wie der Stahl
und fest wie der Stein
soll deine Liebe sein!

Silent as the night

Silent as the night
And deep as the sea,
Deep your love shall be!
If you love me,
Just as I you,
I want to be your own.
Hot as steel
And firm as stone
Deep your love shall be!

– Translation by Moisés Ybaben-Burciaga

Du bist wie eine Blume, S. 287 (1844) | Franz Liszt (1811–1886) | Text by Heinrich Heine

Franz Liszt was born in Doborján, Hungary, in 1811. He is well known for virtuosity and compositions and Romantic expressiveness with technical brilliance.

continued on following page

A big figure in 19th-century music, Liszt revolutionized piano and symphonic writing. His works explore emotion, identity, and spirituality, inspiring musicians and audiences worldwide. Franz Liszt wrote "**Du bist wie eine Blume**" (You are as is a Flower") in 1844. It's a delicate Lied set to Heinrich Heine's poem, comparing a beloved to a flower, emphasizing purity, beauty, and melancholy.

Du bist wie eine Blume

Du bist wie eine Blume
So hold und schön und rein;
Ich schau' dich an, und Wehmut
Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.

Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände
Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt',
Betend, daß dich Gott erhalte
So rein und schön und hold

You are as is a Flower

You are as is a flower
So meek and beautiful and pure;
I look at you, and melancholy
Sneaks into my heart.

I feel, as if I am holding my hands
On your head,
Praying, that God may preserve you
So pure and beautiful and meek

– Translation by Moisés Ybaben-Burciaga

from *L'elisir d'amore* (1832) Act 2, Scene 8, *Una furtiva lagrima* Gaetano Donizetti (1797–1848) | Libretto by Felice Romani (1788–1865)

Domenico Gaetano Maria Donizetti was born in Bergamo, Italy, in 1797. He is well known for mastering bel canto opera, and lyrical beauty with dramatic intensity. Donizetti defined 19th-century Italian opera alongside Bellini and Rossini. His works explore human emotion, from love to despair, remaining staples of the operatic repertoire. **Giuseppe Felice Romani** was born in Genoa, Italy, in 1788. He is known for eloquent libretti, and poetic elegance with dramatic sensibility. Romani defined 19th-century Italian opera, crafting libretti for Bellini and Donizetti. His texts showcase a deep understanding of character, emotion, and pacing, bringing operatic masterpieces to life. Gaetano Donizetti wrote "**Una furtiva lagrima**" ("One furtive tear"), from Act 2, Scene 8 of *L'elisir d'amore* in 1832. It's a beloved aria where the character Nemorino reflects on Adina's tear, believing it's a sign she reciprocates his love. The aria balances hope and vulnerability with a lyrical melody, conveying Nemorino's growing realization of love, evoking both joy and uncertainty through Romani's words.

Una furtiva lagrima

Una furtiva lagrima
negli occhi suoi spuntò:
Quelle festose giovani
invidiar sembrò.
Che più cercando io vo?
Che più cercando io vo?
M'ama! Sì, m'ama, lo vedo.
Lo vedo.
Un solo instante i palpiti
del suo bel cor sentir!
I miei sospir, confondere
per poco a' suoi sospir!
I palpiti, i palpiti sentir,
confondere i miei coi suoi sospir...
Cielo! Si può morir!
Di più non chiedo, non chiedo.
Ah, cielo! Si può! Sì, può morir!
Di più non chiedo, non chiedo.
Si può morire! Si può morir d'amor.

One furtive tear

One furtive tear
in her eyes dawned:
Those festive young women
she seemed to envy.
What more am I trying to seek?
What more am I trying to seek?
She loves me! Yes, she loves me, I see her.
I see her.
In a single instant the palpitations
of her beautiful heart I hear!
My sighs, confuse
for a little to her sigh!
The palpitations, the palpitations I feel,
mine confused with her sighs...
Heaven! Yes I can die!
Of more I do not wonder, I do not wonder.
Oh, heaven! Yes I can! Yes, I can die!
Of more I do not wonder, I do not wonder.
Yes I can die! Yes, I can die of love.

– Translation by Moisés Ybaben-Burciaga

from *Sept melodies, Op. 2 (1883)* | Ernest Chausson (1855–1899)

2. Le Charme | Text by Armand Silvestre (1837–1901)

Amédée-Ernest Chausson was born in Paris, France, in 1855. He is well known for his lush, emotive compositions and late-Romantic sensibilities with rich harmonies. Chausson is a prominent figure in French music, exploring longing, introspection, and human emotion in his symphonic, chamber, and art song works, celebrated for delicate beauty and expressive depth. **Paul Armand Silvestre** was born in Paris, France, in 1837. He is known for poetry and lyrical beauty, vivid imagery, and emotional depth. Silvestre is a notable 19th-century French literary figure, exploring nature, love, and mystery in his verses, many set to music by composers like Chausson and Duparc. Ernest Chausson wrote "**Le charme**" ("The Charm") in 1883. It is a lush and intimate art song set to Armand Silvestre's poem, describing captivation by someone whose charm inspires admiration and longing, exemplifying French Romanticism's exploration of love, desire, and mystery.

Le Charme

Quand ton sourire me surprit,
Je sentis frémir tout mon être,
Mais ce qui domptait mon esprit,
Je ne pus d'abord le connaître.

Quand ton regard tomba sur moi,
Je sentis mon âme se fondre;
Mais ce que serait cet émoi,
Je ne pus d'abord en répondre.

Ce qui me vainquit à jamais,
Ce fut un plus douloureux charme,
Et je n'ai su que je t'aimais
Qu'en voyant ta première larme!

The Charm

When your smile surprised me,
I felt a shudder in all my being,
But what tamed my spirit,
I could not initially know.

When your gaze fell on me,
I felt my soul itself melt;
But what would be this excitement,
I could not initially answer for it.

What defeated me forever,
Was a more painful charm,
And I did not know that I loved you
Until I saw your first tear!

– Translation by Moisés Ybaben-Burciaga

7. Le Colibri | Text by Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle (1818–1894)

Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle was born in Saint-Paul, Réunion, in 1818. He is known for mastering French poetry and classical influences with exoticism and philosophical reflection. Leconte de Lisle led the Parnassian movement, emphasizing precision and beauty. His poems explore nature, ancient civilizations, and humanity, inspiring composers like Duparc and Chausson. Ernest Chausson wrote "**Le colibri**" ("The Hummingbird") in 1883. It is a vivid art song set to Leconte de Lisle's poem, likening a hummingbird to a fleeting moment, bringing joy and beauty before flying away, symbolizing the depth of love and beauty.

Le Colibri

Le vert colibri, le roi des collines,
Voyant la rosée et le soleil clair,
Luire dans son nid tissé d'herbes fines,
Comme un frais rayon s'échappe dans l'air.
Il se hâte et vole aux sources voisines,
Où les bambous font le bruit de la mer,

The Hummingbird

The green hummingbird, the king of
the hills,
Seeing the dew and the clear sun,
Shining in its nest woven with fine
herbs,
Like one fresh ray escaping in the air.
He hastens and flies to the
neighboring springs,
Where the bamboo makes the noise
from the sea,

continued on following page

Où l'açoka rouge aux odeurs divines
S'ouvre et porte au coeur un humide éclair.

Vers la fleur dorée, il descend, se pose,
Et boit tant d'amour dans la coupe rose,

Qu'il meurt, ne sachant s'il l'a pu tarir!

Sur ta lèvre pure, ô ma bien-aimée,
Telle aussi mon âme eut voulu mourir,

Du premier baiser qui l'a parfumée.

Where the red hibiscus's divine smell
Opens and brings to the heart a moist
lightning.

Towards the golden flower, he
descends, settles himself,
And drinks so much love from the cup
of rose,

That he dies, not knowing if he could
dry it up!

On your pure lip, O my beloved,
Such also my soul would intend to
die,

Of the first fragrant kiss.

– Translation by Moisés Ybaben-Burciaga

3. Les Papillons | Text by Pierre-Jules-Théophile Gautier (1811–1872)

Pierre-Jules-Théophile Gautier was born in Tarbes, France, in 1811. He is known for vivid poetry and Romantic passion with refined aestheticism. Gautier is a central figure in 19th-century French literature, influencing Parnassian and Symbolist movements. His works showcase a fascination with beauty, exoticism, and the supernatural, inspiring composers like Berlioz, Fauré, and Chausson. Ernest Chausson wrote "**Les papillons**" ("The Butterflies") in 1883. It is a light and graceful art song set to a poem by Théophile Gautier. The text paints a delicate image of butterflies fluttering through the air, symbolizing the fleeting and whimsical nature of love. Chausson's setting enhances this imagery with an elegant, flowing melody and shimmering piano accompaniment that evoke the butterflies' delicate flight.

Les Papillons

Les papillons couleur de neige
Volent par essaims sur la mer;
Beaux papillons blancs, quand
pourrai-je
Prendre le bleu chemin de l'air?

Savez-vous, ô belle des belles,
Ma bayadère aux yeux de jais,
S'ils me voulaient prêter leurs ailes,
Dites, savez-vous où j'irais?

Sans prendre un seul baiser aux roses,
À travers vallons et forêts,
J'irais à vos lèvres mi-closes,
Fleur de mon âme, et j'y mourrais.

The Butterflies

Butterflies the color of snow
Fly in swarms over the sea;
Beautiful white butterflies, when will
I be able to
Take the blue path of the air?

Do you know, O beauty of beauties,
My jet-eyed bayadere,
If they would lend me their wings,
Tell me, do you know where I would go?

Without taking a single kiss from the roses,
Fly through valleys and forests,
I would go to your half-closed lips,
Flower of my soul, and I would die there.

– Translation by Moisés Ybaben-Burciaga

from 7 Chansons grises (1887–1890) 5. L'heure exquise | Reynaldo Hahn (1874–1947) Text by Paul Verlaine (1844–1896)

Reynaldo Hahn de Echenagucia was born in Caracas, Venezuela, in 1874. He is known for elegant melodies and French lyricism with delicate harmonies. Hahn is celebrated for capturing subtle emotions and refined poetry in song, conveying nostalgia, charm, and sophistication that continues to enchant audiences and performers.

Paul-Marie Verlaine was born in Metz, France, in 1844. He is known for evocative poetry and delicate imagery with emotional nuance.

continued on following page

Verlaine is a central figure in French Symbolism, influencing literature and music with fluid, melancholic verse that explores love, nature, and introspection, inspiring composers like Fauré, Debussy, and Hahn. Reynaldo Hahn wrote “**L’heure exquise**” (The Exquisite Hour”) between 1887 and 1890. It is a tender art song set to a Paul Verlaine poem. The text captures a serene moment where love and nature merge under a moonlit sky. It embodies Verlaine’s style of intertwining softness and shadow for pure enchantment.

L’heure exquise	The exquisite hour
La lune blanche	The moon white
Luit dans les bois;	Gleams in the woods;
De chaque branche	From every branch
Part une voix	Parts a voice
Sous la ramée ...	Under the boughs...
Ô bien-aimée.	Oh, beloved.
L’étang reflète,	The pond reflects,
Profond miroir,	Deep mirror,
La silhouette	The silhouette
Du saule noir	Of the willow black
Où le vent pleure ...	Where the wind cries...
Rêvons, c’est l’heure.	We dream, it is the hour.
Un vaste et tendre	A vast and tender
Apaisement	Soothing
Semble descendre	Seems to descend
Du firmament	Of the firmament
Que l’astre irise ...	That the star turns iridescent...
C’est l’heure exquise.	It is the exquisite hour.

– Translation by Moisés Ybaben-Burciaga

from 20 Mélodies (1888) 1. Si mes vers avaient des ailes | Reynaldo Hahn
Text by Victor Hugo (1802–1885)

Victor-Marie Hugo was born in Besançon, France, in 1802. He is known for literary works and Romantic idealism with social commentary. Hugo is a leading figure in French literature, celebrated for poetry, novels, and plays exploring justice, love, and humanity, inspiring composers like Liszt, Verdi, and Hahn and cementing his legacy. Reynaldo Hahn wrote “**Si mes vers avaient des ailes**” (“If my verses had some wings”) in 1888. It is a delicate and soaring art song set to a poem by Victor Hugo. The text expresses a longing for poetry to take flight like a bird, carrying messages of love to the beloved.

Si mes vers avaient des ailes	If my verses had some wings
Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frêles,	My verses flee, soft and frail,
Vers votre jardin si beau,	Towards your garden so beautiful,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,	If my verses had some wings,
comme l’oiseau.	Like the birds.
Ils voleraient, éfincelles,	They would fly, sparkle,
Vers votre foyer qui rit,	Towards your foyer who laughs,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,	If my verses had some wings,
comme l’esprit.	Like the spirit.
Près de vous, purs et fidèles,	Near by you, pure and faithful,
Ils accourraient, nuit et jour,	They rush, night and day,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,	If my verses had some wings,
Comme l’amour.	Like the love.

– Translation by Moisés Ybaben-Burciaga

A tí (n.d.) | Jaime León (1921–2015)
Text by José Asunción Silva (1865–1896)

Jaime León was born in Cartagena, Colombia, in 1921. He is known for expressive art songs and lyrical beauty with Colombian folk-inspired harmonies. León is a significant figure in Latin American classical music, celebrated as a composer, conductor, and pianist, giving voice to Colombian poetry with poetic sensitivity and national identity.

José Asunción Silva was born in Bogotá, Colombia, in 1865. He is known for introspective and melancholic poetry and musicality with vivid imagery and emotional depth. Silva is a defining figure in Latin American modernist literature, celebrated for innovative free verse and symbolism, exploring love, solitude, and existential longing. "**A tí**" ("To You") is a deeply emotional art song set to a poem by José Asunción Silva that León devoted to his wife Beatriz. The poem expresses profound longing and the intensity of unspoken love, as the speaker directs his feelings to a beloved, evoking imagery of devotion and heartache.

A tí

Tú no lo sabes, más yo he soñado,
entre mis sueños color de armiño,
horas de dicha con tus amores,
besos ardientes, quedos suspiros.

Cuando la tarde tiñe de oro
esos espacios que juntos vimos,
cuando mi alma su vuelo emprende
a las regiones de lo infinito.

Aunque me olvides,
aunque me odies,
aunque me ames, sueño contigo.

To you

You do not know, but I have dreamed,
among my dreams the colour of ermine,
hours of bliss with your loves,
kisses burning, quiet sighs.

When the afternoon stains of gold
those spaces that we saw together,
when my soul undertakes its flight
to the regions of infinity.

Even if you forget me,
even if you hate me,
even if you love me, I dream with you.

– Translation by Moisés Ybaben-Burciaga

Lejos de ti (1914) | Manuel Ponce (1883–1948) | Poetry by Manuel Ponce

Manuel María Ponce Cuéllar was born in Fresnillo, Mexico in 1882. He was a highly in-demand composer and accomplished pianist who gained recognition for his significant contributions to Mexican classical music. Ponce's compositions, such as *Concierto del Sur* for guitar and orchestra and *Estrellita* for voice and piano, have solidified his position as one of the most influential figures in the history of Mexican music. His works showcase cultural influences, drawing inspiration from both Mexican traditional music and European classical traditions. Manuel Ponce wrote "**Lejos de ti**" ("Far from you") in 1914. It is a poignant art song set to the composer's own poetry. The text expresses the deep sorrow and longing of being far from a loved one, capturing the bittersweet emotions of distance and separation. A deeply evocative piece that resonates with the universal experience of longing and love.

Lejos de ti

Lejos de ti la vida es un
martirio sin alegría sin luz.
Es la existencia cruel loco
delirio por que me faltas tú.

Es triste la mañana sonriente,
la tarde el cielo azul.
Todo está gris y lúgubre
en mi mente por que me faltas tú.

Far from you

Far from you life is a
martyrdom without joy, without light.
It is the cruel existence, mad
delirium because I am without you.

Sad is the smiling morning,
the afternoon, the blue sky.
Everything is gray and gloomy
in my mind because I am without you.

– Translation by Moisés Ybaben-Burciaga

Marchita el alma (1912) | Manuel Ponce | Text from Mexican folk poetry

Manuel Ponce wrote "**Marchita el alma**" ("Withered the soul") in 1912. It is a beautifully haunting art song with roots in Mexican folk traditions. The song's text, drawn from the rich array of Mexican folk poetry, describes the withering of the soul due to the pain of unrequited love.

Marchita el alma

Marchita el alma,
Triste el pensamiento,
Mustia la faz,
Y herido el corazón,
Atravesando la existencia misera
Sin esperanza de alcanzar su amor.

Yo quise hablarle
Y desir le mucho mucho,
Pero al intentarlo
Mi labio enmudecio;
Nada le dije porque nada pude,
Pues era de otro ya su corazón.

Withered the soul

Withered the soul,
Sad the thought,
Gloomy the face,
And wounded the heart,
Through the miserable existence
Without hope of reaching your love.

I wanted to talk to you
And tell you so much so much,
But when I tried
My lip fell silent;
I said nothing because I could do nothing,
For your heart already is of another.

– Translation by Moisés Ybaben-Burciaga

La canción del Plumerito (n.d.) | Anonymous | Text author anonymous

"**La canción del Plumerito**" ("The Little Duster Song") It is a charming and lively Spanish song with Tango and Zarzuela influences. The playful lyrics tell the story of someone using cleaning as a metaphor for escaping love's realities. The melody is catchy, capturing a carefree spirit in everyday tasks.

La canción del Plumerito

Tengo un plumero muy cuco
chiquitito y remonon ¡ay!

Que pa saber manejar lo
cuando llega la ocasión

Se le coge por el mango
Con finura y distinción,
Y se empieza el movimiento
Siendo la dislocación

Toma este plumerito morucho mio
Mira que chiquitito,
Que mono y lindo,
Dale con tus caricias
mucha ilusion ¡ay!
Veras como se alegra mi corazón

Tiene el plumage muy fino
Y da pena estropearlo ¡ay!
Y con el polvo el indino
Siempre tengo que atusarlo

Pero como hace cosquillas
Y tiene mala intención
Tened cuidado chiquillas
que se pone muy guasón

The Little Duster Song

I have a very cute duster
tiny and glamorous ay!

To know how to use it
when the occasion comes

Take hold of it by the handle
With fineness and distinction,
And its movement begins
Doing the dislocation

Take this little duster, my dear
Look how tiny,
How cute and nice,
Execute with your caresses
a lot of enthusiasm ay!
You will see how my heart rejoices

It has very fine feathers
And it gives me sorrow to mess it up ay!
And with the sassy dust
I always have to bother it

But how it tickles
And has a bad intention
Be careful little ones
It becomes a joker

continued on following page

Limpia con mi plumero tus ilusiones	Wipe away with my duster your illusions
No dudes que te quiero,	Do not doubt that I love you,
No me abandones	Do not abandon me
Pues es tal mi cariño vidita mia	For such is my affection, my little life
Que si tu me olvidabas me moriria	That if you forgot me I'd die

– Translation by Moisés Ybaben-Burciaga

When Stars are in the Quiet Skies (1891) | Charles Ives (1874–1954)
Poetry by Edward Lytton (1803–1873)

Charles Edward Ives was born in Danbury, Connecticut, in 1874. He is known for innovative music and American folk with complex harmonies and unconventional structures. Ives is a pioneering figure in 20th-century American music, exploring American culture, history, and individualism in symphonies, songs, and chamber music that challenge traditional norms. **Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer-Lytton** was born in London, England, in 1803. He is known for novels, plays, and poetry and Romantic idealism with dramatic flair, exploring human ambition, morality, and social conflict. Bulwer-Lytton is a prominent figure in 19th-century British literature, celebrated for Gothic and historical novels like *The Last Days of Pompeii*. Charles Ives wrote “**When Stars are in the Quiet Skies**” in 1891. It is a lyrical and reflective art song set to a poem by Edward Lytton. The text speaks of the serene beauty of a night sky, where the stars silently shine, evoking feelings of peace and contemplation.

When Stars are in the Quiet Skies

When stars are in the quiet skies,
 Then most I long for thee;
 O bend on me then thy tender eyes
 As stars look down upon the peaceful sea.
 For thoughts, like waves that glide by night,
 Are stillest when they shine;
 All my love lies hush'd in light
 Beneath the heaven of thine.

There is an hour when holy dreams
 Through slumber fairest glide;
 And in that mystic hour it seems
 Thou shouldst be ever, ever at my side.
 The thoughts of thee too sacred are
 For daylight's common beam:
 I can but know thee as my star,
 My guiding star, my angel and my dream.

Maria, from West Side Story (1956) | Leonard Bernstein (1918–1990)
Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim (1930–2021)

Leonard Bernstein was born in Lawrence, Massachusetts, in 1918. He is known for dynamic contributions in classical, jazz, and Broadway. Bernstein was a leading American composer and conductor, celebrated for works like *West Side Story* and *Candide*. His compositions showcase passion for musical expression, activism, and cultural fusion, inspiring musicians worldwide. **Stephen Joshua Sondheim** was born in New York City in 1930. He is known for groundbreaking musical theater works and complex lyrics, intricate melodies, and innovative storytelling. Sondheim is a leading figure in American musical theater, celebrated for *Sweeney Todd*, *Into the Woods*, and *West Side Story*, exploring human psychology, relationships, and social commentary. Leonard Bernstein wrote “**Maria**” in 1956. With lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, it is one of the most iconic songs from the musical *West Side Story*.

continued on following page

In the song, Tony, the protagonist, sings about his deep and overwhelming love for Maria, the woman who has captured his heart. The lyrics, by Sondheim, express Tony's infatuation and the purity of his feelings, as he repeatedly sings her name with growing intensity and tenderness. *Maria* is a beautiful, heartfelt expression of love at first sight. The song has become a classic, capturing the emotional core of *West Side Story* and the complex themes of love, desire, and the longing for connection.

Maria

The most beautiful sound I ever heard:
Maria, Maria, Maria, Maria
All the beautiful sounds of the world
In a single word:
Maria, Maria, Maria, Maria, Maria!
I've just met a girl named Maria,
And suddenly that name
Will never be the same to me. Maria!
I've just kissed a girl named Maria,
And suddenly I've found
How wonderful a sound can be!
Maria!
Say it loud and there's music playing,
Say it soft and it's almost like praying. Maria,
I'll never stop saying, Maria!
The most beautiful sound I ever heard. Maria.

from Three Songs After Heine, Op. 2 (1903) 2. E'en as a Lovely Flower
Frank Bridge (1879–1941) | Poetry by Heinrich Heine,
as translated and set by Kate Freiligrath Kroeker (1845–1904)

Frank Bridge was born in Brighton, England, in 1879. He is known for compositions and Romanticism with modernist tendencies, featuring intricate harmonies and expressive melodies. Bridge is a significant figure in early 20th-century British music, celebrated for symphonic works, chamber music, and art songs that explore emotion, nature, and human experience. **Kate Freiligrath Kroeker** was born in Switzerland, in 1810. She is known for poetry and Romantic sensibility with emotional expression and a deep connection to nature. Kroeker is a notable figure in 19th-century German literature, with poems set to music by Schubert and Brahms, exploring love, longing, and inner life. Frank Bridge wrote "**E'en as a Lovely Flower**" in 1903. It is a delicate and expressive art song set to a poem by Heinrich Heine, ("Du bist wie eine Blume") translated into English by Kate Freiligrath Kroeker. The poem compares a fading flower to a dying love, capturing the beauty and fragility of both life and emotion.

E'en as a Lovely Flower

E'en as a lovely flower
So fair, so pure tho art
I gaze on thee
And sadness comes stealing
Comes stealing
Comes stealing on my heart

My hands I fain have folded upon thy soft brown hair
Praying that God may keep thee
So Lovely, pure and fair

E'en as a lovely flower
So fair, so pure tho art

Souvenir (1983) | Ricky Ian Gordon (b. 1956)
Poetry by Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892–1950)

Ricky Ian Gordon was born in Oceanside, New York, in 1956. Gordon is well-known in contemporary American classical music for his contributions to art song and contemporary opera. His works, *The Grapes of Wrath* and *Orpheus and Eurydice*, engage lyrically and compel emotionally with themes of love, suffering, and perseverance. **Edna St. Vincent Millay** was born in Rockland, Maine, in 1892. She is known for lyric poetry and emotional expression with wit and social awareness. Millay is a prominent figure in American literature, celebrated for *Renascence* and *The Ballad of the Harp-Weaver*, exploring love, freedom, and the human experience with beauty and intellect. Ricky Ian Gordon wrote "**Souvenir**" in 1983. It is a poignant art song set to a poem by Edna St. Vincent Millay. The poem reflects on the pain of love lost, capturing a deep sense of yearning and the bittersweet nature of memories. The song is marked by a sense of longing, as the narrator remembers a past love, its absence casting a shadow over the present.

Souvenir

Just a rainy day or two
In a windy tower,
That was all I had of you-
Saving half an hour.

Marred by greeting passing groups
In a cinder walk,
Near some naked blackberry hoops
Dim with purple chalk.

I remember three or four
Things you said in spite,
And an ugly coat you wore
Plaided black and white.

Just a rainy day or two
And a bitter word.
Why do I remember you
As a singing bird?

from A Horse with Wings (1990) 4. Fewer Words | Ricky Ian Gordon
Poetry by Ricky Ian Gordon

Ricky Ian Gordon wrote "Fewer Words" in 1990. It is a deeply introspective art song with lyrics by himself. The poem reflects the desire for simplicity and clarity in communication, highlighting how sometimes fewer words can convey more emotion and meaning.

Fewer Words

Fewer words
Strewn like tiny birds
upon a page,
Black explosions dancing
On a whitened stage.

Fewer words, I love you,
I hate you
Or you'll never know
How you hurt me,
Hurt me
Very long ago.
Fewer words

continued on following page

Feeling bad,
Feeling ugly, lazy, sad,
Mediocre, driven mad.

Fewer words, fewer words,
Singing birds upon a page,
Notes of laughter,
Love and death or youth and rage.

Little night birds in the yellow skies,
Bold, emblazoned by their dotted eyes.
Fewer words, forgive me,
I understand goodbye.

Fewer words,
Rivers
From my ocean heart
Where they end,
where they should, and always start,
Tiny hands
That make that swollen red sea part.

Fewer words,
And what it was
That keeps me here,
Little jails,
Prison cells
Like doubt and fear.

Fewer words
Fewer words sounded out
Like thunderous herds,
Black and white madly flapping,
Screaming birds.

Fewer words, fewer words,
Fewer words, fewer words,
Fewer words

Moisés Ybaben-Burciaga is a singer and teacher from Colorado and Texas. His singing styles range from Bel Canto/Opera, to choral, contemporary, and theatrical singing. His teaching philosophy embraces the importance of any student finding not just their artistry, but their heart. In his voice lesson sessions, he allows space for any and all passions and interests to combine with the love of music.

Moisés' performance experience is diverse. From winning his hometown competitive talent show two years in a row to singing in UNT's high-level opera productions and singing the national anthem at UNT sports games. His performance skills were also fostered through singing professionally in combined church choruses and as a tenor section leader at Trinity Presbyterian Church.

As a future music educator, Moisés has taken many opportunities to develop his teaching skills. From teaching private voice lessons and holding singing advising meetings he has prepared many students to develop music literacy.

Moisés has always strived to be a leader. He grew up shy and extremely quiet but has risen to overcome those aspects in a professional setting. Serving as Music Librarian for UNT Concert Choir for four semesters and tenor section leader for one. Other leadership roles include vice president of UNT University singers, UNT UpFront tenor section leader, Undergraduate representative in the UNT Division of Vocal Studies Student Council, and recital attendance monitor for the Division of Vocal Studies.

Since Moisés was a toddler he knew he wanted to be a singer and wanted to spread the love that music gifted him. The challenges of becoming a musician he experienced led to his mission to support future performers to strive for their unique artistry. He concluded that performers feel isolated in musical settings, not all musical ideas are the same despite the fundamentals. Moisés believes that fostering individual musicianship with unique and personal passions is the support that has been missing for future performers. That is why he formed his studio as a safe place for students to form their ideas through music rather than their expressiveness being limited.

Moisés is a current undergraduate student at the University of North Texas with a double major in vocal performance and music education. For questions or interest in voice lessons or partnerships in vocal teaching or performance reach out to the email: moisesybaben@gmail.com.

Acknowledgements

Thank you to...

Profé Nereída García for being the best guide I could have had, you have a special place en mi corazón!

Momo for your incredible artistry, phenomenal talent, and heart, I won't ever forget you!

My family that came here for me!! I am speechless!

Mamma, for making my dreams come true.

Daddy, for your endless strength! That has carried me further than I can know.

My Sister and designer of dreams Ysabel Ybabén Molina-Martínez

Buddy and Zana - For your incredible love, support, and the inspiration you exude to me that I'll always cherish.

Miguel - for always finding a way to show me how love makes us strong and resilient.

Noé - for being my biggest cheerleader and fan and for always taking care of me and all who you encounter.

Auntie Lupé - For being a never-ending light and support for me!

Pebbles - for being my friend and supporting me in this journey.

My never short of phenomenal studio mates Gracie, Reese, Carolyn, Kayla, and Ris!

Special shout out to some of my friends who inspire me Eleanor, Jade, Sara, Genevieve, Jaden, Gavin, and Maddie

My recital committee Dr. Bubeck and Professor Mary Mills!

All who came, I see you and my heart cheers to know you came to my recital!
