

4-7-2013

Graduate Recital: Zohaniris Torres Rosado, mezzo-soprano

Zohaniris Torres Rosado

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Rosado, Zohaniris Torres, "Graduate Recital: Zohaniris Torres Rosado, mezzo-soprano" (2013). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 3170.
https://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/3170

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Concert & Recital Programs at Digital Commons @ IC. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Concert & Recital Programs by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ IC.

Graduate Recital:

Zohaniris Torres Rosado, mezzo-soprano

Celebrando la Vida, el Amor y la Esperanza

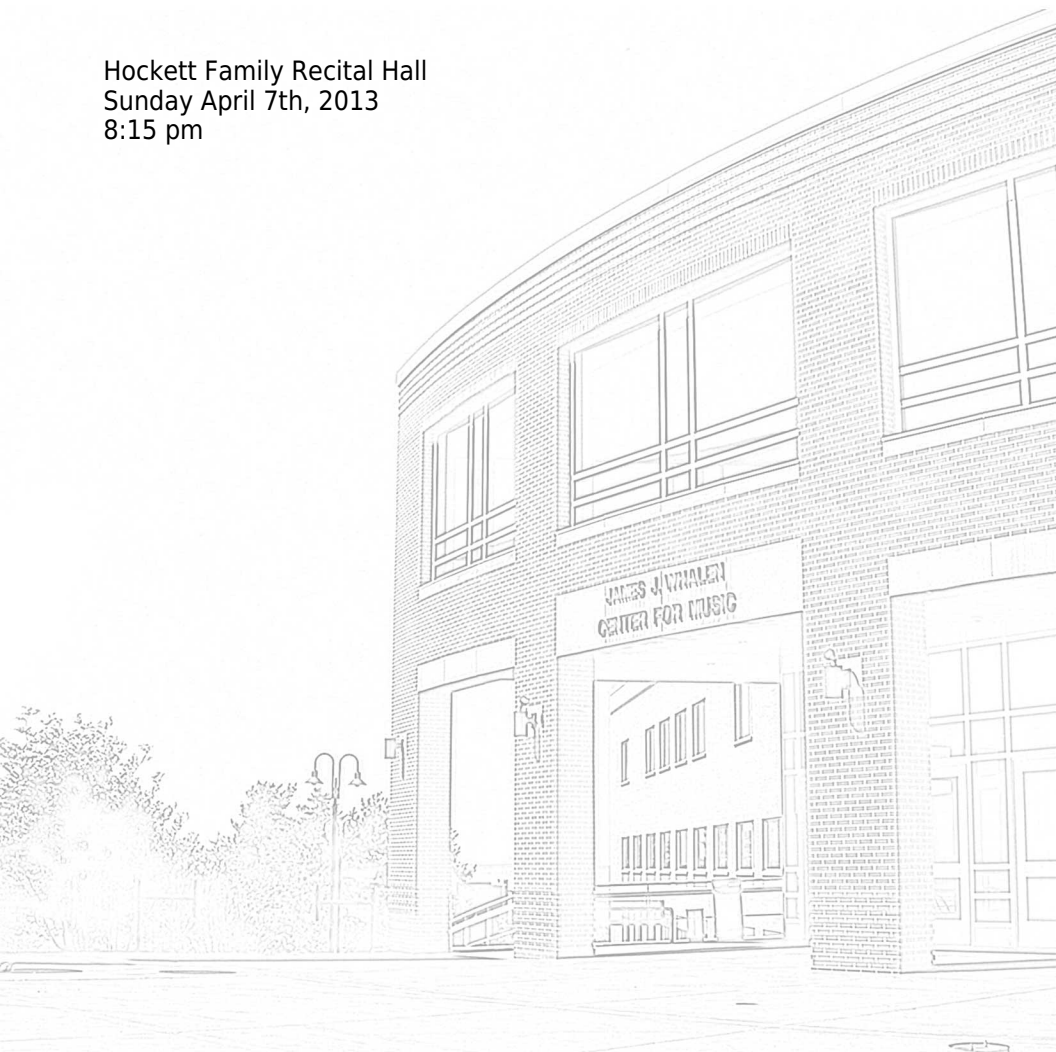
Christopher LaRosa, piano

Jacqueline Compton, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall

Sunday April 7th, 2013

8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Cinco Canciones Negras
Cuba dentro de un Piano
Punto de Habanera
Chévere
Cancion de cuna para dormir a un negrito
Canto Negro

Xavier Montsalvatge
(1912-2002)

Cruda Sorte
from *L'italiana in Algeri*

Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Morgen
Allersellen
Câcilie
Die Nacht

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Intermission

Silent Strings

Star

Do not go my Love

Music I heard with you

Spirit Flower

Granville R Bantock
(1868-1946)
James H Rogers
(1857-1940)
Richard Hageman
(1882-1966)
Richard Hageman
(1882-1966)
Louis Campbell-Tipton
(1977-1921)

Bali Hai

Richard Rodgers
(1902-1979)

Besame Mucho

Consuelo Velázquez
(1916-2005)

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree MM Vocal Performance . Zohaniris Torres Rosado is from the studio of Jennifer Kay .

Translations

Cuba dentro de un piano (Cuba inside a piano)

| | |
|---|---|
| Cuando mi madre llevaba un sorbete | When my mother wore a |
| de fresa por sombrero, | strawberry sorbet for a hat, |
| y el humo de los barcos aún era humo de habanero, | and the smoke of the ships was still smoke from cigars, |
| Mulata vuelta abajera, | from dark Vuelta Abajo leaves, |
| Cádiz se adormecía entre fandangos y habaneras, | Cadiz went to sleep between fandangos and habaneras |
| y un lorito al piano quería hacer de tenor. | and a small parrot at the piano tried to sing tenor. |
| Dime donde está la flor | Tell me where the flower is |
| Que el hombre tanto venera. | that man so intently worships. |
| Mi tío Antonio volvía Con su aire de insurrecto. | My uncle Antonio returned with his insurrectionist air. |
| La Canbaña y el Principe sonaban | The Cabaña and the Principe resounded |
| por los patios del Puerto. | through the patios of the harbor. |
| Ya no brilla la Perla azul del mar de las Antillas. | No more shines the blue pearl of the Antillean sea. |
| Ya se apagó se nos ha muerto. | It has gone out, it has died on us. |
| Me encontré con la bella Trinidad: | I ran into the beautiful Trinidad: |
| Cuba se había perdido; y ahora era verdad, | Cuba had been lost; And now it is true, |
| era verdad; no era mentira. | it is true, it was no lie. |
| Un cañonero huido llegó Cantándolo en guajiras. | A fleeing gunboat came in Singing the tale in guajiras. |
| La Habana ya se perdió. | Havana was already lost. |
| Tuvo la culpa el dinero. Calló, cayó el cañonero. | Money was to blame. It fell, the gunboat fell silent. |
| Pero después, Pero ah después | But later Ah, but later |
| Fue cuando al "Sí" lo hicieron "Yes"! | When they took "Si" and turned it into "Yes"! |

Punto de Habanera (Point of Habanera)

La niña criolla pasa con su miriña
que blanco.
Qué blanco!
Hola, crespón de tu es puma.
Marineros, contempladla!
Va mojadita de lunas que le hacen
su piel mulata.
Niña, no te quejes, tan solo por esta
tarde.
Quisierra mandar al agua.
que no se escape de pronto de la
cárcel de tu falda.
Tu cuerpo encierra esta tarde
rumor de abrir se de dalia.
Niña, no te quejes, Tu cuerpo de
fruta está
dormido en fresco brocade.
Tu cintura vibra fina con la nobleza
de un látigo.
Toda tu piel huele alegre a limonal
y a naranjo.
Los marineros te miran y se te
quedan mirando.
La niña criolla pasa con su miriña
que blanco
que blanco!

The creole girl passes by in her
white crinoline.
How white!
Hey, the crepe of your foam
Sailors, get a look at her!
She walks moist from the droplets
that are on her dark skin.
Little girl, do not complain, just for
being late.
I would like to order the water.
not to escape too soon from the
prison of your skirt
Your body encloses this evening,
the murmur of the dahlia opening.
Little girl, do not fret, Your body is
fruit
asleep in the embroidered breeze.
Your waist quivers finely with the
nobility of a whip.
All your skin smells joyfully of
lemon and orange.
The sailors look at you and they
keep looking at you.
The creole girl goes by with her
white crinoline
how white!

Chévere

Chévere del navajazo
se vuelve él mismo navaja.
Pica tajadas de luna,
más la luna se le acaba;
pica tajadas de sombra
más la sombra se le acaba;
pica tajadas de canto,
más la canto se le acaba,
y entonces, pica que pica
carne de su negra mala

Cavalier of the knife
thrust turns himself into a knife.
He cuts the moon up in slices,
but he runs out of moon;
he cuts shadows in slices,
but he runs out of shadows;
he cuts songs up in slices,
but he runs out of songs,
and then he slashes away at the
flesh of his bad black woman!

Canción de cuna para dormir a un negrito (Lullaby to put a little black boy to sleep)

Ninghe, tan chiquitito el negrito
que no quiere dormir.
Cabeza de coco, grano de café
con lindas motitas, con ojos
grandotes
como dos ventanas que miran al
mar.
Cierra los ojitos, negrito asustado;
el mandinga blanco te puede
comer.
Ya no eres esclavo!
y si duermes mucho
el señor de casa promete comprar
traje con botones para ser un
"groom."
Ninghe, duérmete, negrito,
Cabeza de coco, grano de café.

Ninghe, little tiny one little black
child
who does not want to sleep.
Coconut head, coffee bean
with pretty freckles with big eyes
like two windows overlooking the
sea.
Close your little eyes, frightened
boy;
the white boogey-man is going to
eat you.
You are not a slave anymore!
and if you sleep a lot
the master of the house promises
to buy you
a suit with buttons so you can be a
groom.
Ninghe, sleep little black boy,
Coconut head, coffee bean.

Canto Negro (Black Song)

Yambambó, Yambambé!
Repica el congo solongo,
repica el negro bien negro.
Aoé! Congo solongo del Songo
baila yambó sobre un pié.
Yambambó! Yambambé!
Mamatomba serembé cuserembá,
el negro canta y se ajuma.

Mamatomba serembé cuserembá,
el negro se ajuma y canta.

Mamatomba serembé cuserembá,
el negro canta y se va.
Acuememe serembó aé,
yambambó aé, yambambé aó.
Tamba del negro que tumba,
tamba del negro, caramba,
caramba, que el negro tumba,
Yambá, yambó! Yambambé,
yambambó, yambambé!
Baila yambo sobre un pié!

Yambambó! Yambambé!
The Congo solongo struts by,
the very black man struts by. the
Congo solongo from Songo
dances the yambó on one foot.
Yambambó! Yambambé!
Mamatomba serembé cuserembá,
the black man sings and gets
drunk.
Mamatomba serembé cuserembá,
the black man gets drunk and
sings.
Mamatomba serembé cuserembá,
the black man sings and goes.
Acuememe serembó aé,
yambambó aé, yambambé aó.
Tamba the black man staggers,
the black man staggers, caramba,
caramba, the black man falls,
Yambá, yambó! Yambambé,
yambambó, yambambé!
he dances the yambo on one foot!

Cruda Sorte (Cruel Faith)

Cruda sorte! Amor tiranno!
Questo æ il premio di mia fé:

Non v'è orror, terror, né affanno
Pari a quel ch'io provo in me.

Per te solo, o mio Lindoro,
Io mi trovo in tal periglio.
Da chi spero, oh Dio, consiglio?
Chi confort mi dara?
Qua ci vuol disinvoltura.

Non più smanie, né paura;
Di coraggio è tempo adesso,
Or chi sono si vedrà.
Già so per pratica
Qual sia l'effetto
D'un sguardo languido,
D'un sospiretto... So a domar gli
uomini
Come si fa.
Sien dolci o ruvidi
Sien flemma o foco,
Son tutti simili
A presso a poco...
Tutti la chiedono, Tutti la bramano
Da vada femmina
Felicità.

Cruel fate! Tyrannical Cupid!
Is this the reward for my
constancy?

No horror, terror or anguish exists
compared to that which I now
suffer.

For you alone, my Lindoro,
I find myself in such peril.
Here I wait, oh God, for counsel?
Who will give me comfort?
Keeping cool is what's wanted here,

no more rages or terror:
now is the time for courage;
now they'll see who I am.
From experience I already
know the effect
of a languishing look,
of a slight sigh... I know what to do

to tame men.
Be they gentle or rough,
cool or ardent,
they are all alike.
more or less...
they all seek, they all long for,
for a pretty woman.
happiness

Morgen (Tomorrow)

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder
scheinen,
und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen
werde,
wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie
wieder einen
inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden
Erde...
Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten,
wogenblauen,
werden wir still und langsam
niedersteigen,
stumm werden wir uns in die Augen
schauen,
und auf uns sinkt des Glückes
stummes Schweige...

And tomorrow the sun will shine
again,
And on that path that I will follow,
It shall again unite us, happy ones,
Upon this sun breathing earth...
And to the wide shore, with its blue
waves,
We will quietly and slowly descend,
Speechless, we shall look into each
other's eyes,
And upon us will descend the
muted silence of happiness...

Allerseelen (All Souls' Day)

| | |
|--|---|
| Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden, Die letzten roten Astern trag herbei, | Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes, Bring inside the last red asters, |
| Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden, Wie einst im Mai. Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei, Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke, Wie einst im Mai. Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe, Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei, Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe, Wie einst im Mai. | and let us speak again of love, as once we did in May. Give me your hand, so that I can press it secretly; and if someone sees us, it's all the same to me. Just give me your sweet gaze, as once you did in May. Flowers adorn today each grave, sending off their fragrances; one day in the year are the dead free. Come close to my heart, so that I can have you again, as once I did in May. |

Cacilie

| | |
|--|--|
| Wenn du es wüßtest, Was träumen heißt von brennenden Küssen, Von Wandern und Ruhen mit der Geliebten, Aug in Auge, Und kosend und plaudernd, Wenn du es wüßtest, Du neigtest dein Herz! Wenn du es wüßtest, Was bangen heißt in einsamen Nächten, Umschauert vom Sturm, da niemand tröstet Milden Mundes die kampfmüde Seele, Wenn du es wüßtest, Du kämest zu mir. Wenn du es wüßtest, Was leben heißt, umhaucht von der Gottheit Weltschaffendem Atem, Zu schweben empor, lichtgetragen, Zu seligen Höh'n, Wenn du es wüßtest, Du lebstest mit mir! | If you only knew what it's like to dream of burning kisses, of wandering and resting with one's beloved, eye turned to eye, and cuddling and chatting - if you only knew, you would incline your heart to me! If you only knew what it's like to feel dread on lonely nights, surrounded by a raging storm, while no one comforts with a mild voice your struggle-weary soul - if you only knew, you would come to me. If you only knew what it's like to live, surrounded by God's world-creating breath, to float up, carried by the light, to blessed heights - if you only knew, then you would live with me! |
|--|--|

Die Nacht (The Night)

| | |
|---|---|
| Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht, Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise, | Night steps out of the woods, And sneaks softly out of the trees, |
| Schaut sich um im weitem Kreise, Nun gib acht. Alle Lichter dieser Welt, Alle Blumen, alle Farben Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben Weg vom Feld. | Looks about in a wide circle, Now beware. All the lights of this earth, All flowers, all colors It extinguishes, and steals the sheaves From the field. It takes everything that is dear, Takes the silver from the stream, |
| Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold, Nimmt das Silber weg des Stromes, Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Domes Weg das Gold. Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch, | Takes away, from the cathedral's copper roof, The gold. The shrubs stand plundered, Draw nearer, soul to soul; |
| Rücke näher, Seel an Seele; O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle Dich mir auch. | Oh, I fear the night will also steal You from me. |

Besame Mucho (Kiss me a lot)

| | |
|---|---|
| Bésame, bésame mucho Como si fuera esta noche La última vez | Kiss me, kiss me a lot As if tonight were The last time |
| Bésame, bésame mucho Que tengo miedo a tenerte Y perdiste otra vez | Kiss me, kiss me a lot For I am afraid of having you And losing you all over again. |
| Quiero tenerte muy cerca Mirarme en tus ojos Verte junto a mi Piensa que tal vez mañana Yo ya estaré lejos Muy lejos de ti | I want to have you close to me To see myself in your eyes To see you next to me Think that perhaps tomorrow I will be far So far away from you |
| Bésame, bésame mucho Como si fuera esta noche La última vez | Kiss me, kiss me a lot As if tonight were The last time |
| Bésame, bésame mucho Que tengo miedo a tenerte Y perdiste otra vez | Kiss me, kiss me a lot For I am afraid of having you And losing you all over again. |