

UPCOMING UNM DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC EVENTS

(All events in Keller Hall unless otherwise indicated)

Sunday, October 20, 4:00 p.m. Concerto & Aria Competition. Free admission. Monday, October 21, 7:30 p.m. UNM Wind Symphony Chamber Concert. \$15 general admission, \$10 seniors and UNM employees, \$5 students.

Wednesday, Oct. 23, 6:00 p.m. Piano Studio Recital I. Students of Falko Steinbach. Free admission.

Saturday, Oct. 26, 12:00 p.m. UNM Suzuki String Lab School Noon Recital. Free admission.

Saturday, Oct. 26, 2:00 p.m. Canyon Winds. UNM undergraduate student wind chamber ensemble, coached by Prof. Denise Turner. Free admission.

Saturday, Oct. 26, 4:00 p.m. Enchantment Winds. UNM graduate student chamber wind ensemble, coached by Prof. Denise Turner. Free admission.

Sunday, Oct. 27, 3:00 p.m. Faculty Spotlight Concert. \$15 general admission, \$10 seniors and UNM employees, \$5 students.

Monday, Oct. 28, 7:30 p.m. Jazz Combos. Free admission.

Tuesday, Oct. 29, 7:30 p.m. Jazz Bands. \$15 general admission, \$10 seniors and UNM employees, \$5 students.

Thursday, Oct. 31, 2:00 p.m. Music from the Americas. Free admission.

Monday, Nov. 4, 6:00 p.m. Faculty Recital. C armelo de los Santos. \$15 general admission, \$10 seniors and UNM employees, \$5 students.

Monday, Nov. 4, 8:00 p.m. Guitar Night. Free admission.

Tuesday, Nov. 5, 6:00 p.m. Percussion Studio Recital. Free admission.

Wednesday, Nov. 6, 2:00 p.m., LAII. Musicology Colloquium. Russell C. Rodriguez. Free admission.

Thursday, Nov. 7, 2:00 p.m. Poulenc Celebration Concert. Free admission.

Thursday, Nov. 7, 7:30 p.m. Faculty Jazz Concert. \$15 general admission, \$10 seniors and UNM employees, \$5 students.

Friday, November 8, 8:00 p.m. Faculty Concert. John Marchiando. \$15 general admission, \$10 seniors and UNM employees, \$5 students.

Thursday, November 14, 7:30 p.m., Popejoy Hall. UNM Symphony Orchestra. \$15 general admission, \$10 seniors and UNM employees, \$5 students.

The University of New Mexico
College of Fine Arts
Department of Music

presents

SENIOR RECITAL

"Homeward Unbound"

Kacey Eustis, *soprano*

with

Colleen Sheinberg, *piano*

and

Elena Kunze, *alto*
Ava Cardner, *trumpet*



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online calendar of events

If you would like to
receive our bi-monthly
events email, reach out to
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*The purchase of the Keller Hall Steinway piano was made possible by a
generous gift from the Alice Hanson Family Foundation.*

Saturday, October 19, 2024
Center for the Arts
Keller Hall
4:00 p.m.

La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...

Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise...

C'est l'heure exquise.

Asturiana

Por ver si me consolaba,
arrimeme a un pino verde,
Por verme llorar, lloraba.
Y el pino como era verde,
por verme llorar, lloraba!

Del cabello más sutil

Del cabello más sutil
Que tienes en tu trenzado
He de hacer una cadena
Para traerte a mi lado.

Una alcarraza en tu casa,
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,
Para besarte en la boca,
Cuando fueras a beber.

The silhouette
Of the black willow
Where the wind is weeping...

Let us dream, it is the hour.

A vast and tender
Consolation
Seems to fall
From the sky
The moon illumines...

Exquisite hour.

Asturian Song

To see if it might console me
I drew near a green pine.
To see me weep, it wept.
And the pine, since it was green,
wept to see me weeping!

From the Finest Hair

From the finest hair
in your tresses
I wish to make a chain
to draw you to my side.

In your house, young girl,
I'd fain be a pitcher,
to kiss your lips
whenever you went to drink. Ah!

PROGRAM

For He shall feed his flock, *from* Messiah .. George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)

Elena Kunze, *alto*

Der Nussbaum, *from* Myrthen..... Robert Schumann (1810–1856)

An die Musik Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

Vergebliches Ständchen Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

from 5 Romanzen und Lieder

Spleen Poldowski (Lady Irène Dean Paul) (1879–1932)

L'heure exquise..... Poldowski

Asturiana Manuel de Falla (1876–1946)

from Siete canciones populares españolas

Del cabello más sutil Fernando Obradors (1897–1945)

from Canciones clásicas españolas

Songs on texts from "A Shropshire Lad," by A. E. Housman

With Rue My Heart is Laden..... George Butterworth (1885–1916)

Into My Heart an Air That Kills Beverly Benjamin Cole (b. 1929)

The Heart's Desire John Ireland (1879–1962)

New York Minute..... Don Henley (b. 1947)

Ava Cardner, *trumpet*

Hey Look Ma, I Made It..... Brendon Urie (b. 1987)

A White Sport Coat and a Pink Carnation Marty Robbins (1925–1982)

This final set is very special to me, as it is dedicated to the three people who have loved and supported me the most throughout my college journey and beyond. To my Dad, my Mom, and my Grandma, thank you for helping me in every way. I love you all.



*This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of Bachelor of Music Education.*

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Der Nussbaum

Es grünet ein Nussbaum, vor dem Haus,
Duftig,
Luftig
Breitet er blättrig die Blätter aus.

Viel liebliche Blüten stehen d'ran,
Linde
Winde
Kommen, sie herzlich zu umfahn.

Es flüstern je zwei zu zwei gepaart,
Neigend,
Beugend
Zierlich zum Kusse die Häuptchen zart.

Sie flüstern von einem Mägdlein, das
Dächte
Die Nächte
Und Tagelang, wüsste ach! selber nicht was.

Sie flüstern—wer mag verstehen so gar
Leise
Weis'?
Flüstern von Bräut'gam und nächstem Jahr.

Das Mägdlein horchet, es rauscht im Baum;
Sehnend,
Während
Sinkt es lächelnd in Schlaf und Traum.

An die Musik

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis
umstrickt,
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb
entzunden,
Hast mich in eine bessere Welt entrückt!

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf entflossen,
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir
Den Himmel besserer Zeiten mir
erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!

Vergebliches Ständchen

Er: Guten Abend, mein Schatz,
Guten Abend, mein Kind!
Ich komm' aus Lieb' zu dir,
Ach, mach' mir auf die Tür,

The Walnut Tree

A nut tree blossoms outside the house,
Fragrantly,
Airily,
It spreads its leafy boughs.

May lovely blossoms it bears,
Gentle
Winds
Come to caress them tenderly.

Paired together, they whisper,
Inclining,
Bending
Gracefully their delicate heads to kiss.

They whisper of a maiden who
Dreamed
For nights
And days of, alas, she knew not what.

They whisper—who can understand
So soft
A song?
Whisper of a bridegroom and next year.

The maiden listens, the tree rustles;
Yearning,
Musing
She drifts smiling into sleep and dreams.

To Music

Beloved art, in how many a bleak hour,
when I am enmeshed in life's tumultuous
round,
have you kindled my heart to the warmth of
love,
and borne me away to a better world!

Often a sigh, escaping from your harp,
a sweet, celestial chord
has revealed to me a heaven of happier
times.
Beloved art, for this I thank you!

Vain Serenade

He: Good evening, my sweetheart,
good evening, my child!
I come because I love you;
ah! open up your door to me,

Mach' mir auf die Tür!

Sie: Mein' Tür ist verschlossen,
Ich lass' dich nicht ein;
Mutter, die rät' mir klug,
Wär'st du herein mit Fug,
Wär's mit mir vorbei!

Er: So kalt ist die Nacht,
So eisig der Wind,
Dass mir das Herz erfriert,
Mein' Lieb' erlöschen wird;
Öffne mir, mein Kind!

Sie: Löschet dein' Lieb';
Lass' sie löschen nur!
Löschet sie immerzu,
Geh' heim zu Bett, zur Ruh'!
Gute Nacht, mein Knab'!

Spleen

Les roses étaient toutes rouges
Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.

Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges,
Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.

Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre,
La mer trop verte et l'air trop doux.

Je crains toujours,—ce qu'est d'attendre!—
Quelque fuite atroce de vous.

Du houx à la feuille vernie
Et du luisant buis je suis las,

Et de la campagne infinie
Et de tout, fors de vous, hélas!

L'heure exquise

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...

Ô bien aimée.

L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,

open up your door!

She: My door's locked,
I won't let you in;
mother gave me good advice—
if you were allowed in,
all would be over with me!

He: The night's so cold,
the wind's so icy,
my heart is freezing,
my love will go out;
open up, my child!

She: If your love goes out,
then let it go out!
If it keeps going out
then go home to bed and go to sleep!
Goodnight, my lad!

Spleen

All the roses were red
And the ivy was all black.

Dear, at your slightest move,
All my despair revives.

The sky was too blue, too tender,
The sea too green, the air too mild.

I always fear—oh to wait and wonder!—
One of your agonizing departures.

I am weary of the glossy holly,
Of the gleaming box-tree too,

And the boundless countryside
And everything, alas, but you!

Exquisite Hour

The white moon
Gleams in the woods;
From every branch
There comes a voice
Beneath the boughs...

O my beloved.

The pool reflects,
Deep mirror,