

UTA Music Department Calendar of Events

- 3/22 1:30pm Student Trumpet Recital: Antonio Vina
- 3/22 5:30pm Graduate Flute Recital: Elijah Taylor
- 3/22 7:30pm Student Flute Recital: Leeah Jones
- 3/23 7:30pm Prof. Ling-Tam Studio Recital
- 3/24 7:30pm Clavier Recital
- 3/25 7:30pm Trombone Quartet Recital
- 3/26 7:30pm Student Tuba Recital: Harrison Zerbe
- 3/27 7:30pm UTA Wind Symphony Concert*
- 3/28 1:30pm Graduate Sax Recital: Jonathan Quinones
- 3/28 11:30am Graduate Percussion Recital: Aaron Milam
- 3/28 3:30pm Student Cello Recital: Jack May
- 3/28 7:30pm Student Comp Recital: Oscar Villanueva
- 3/28 by appt Voice Auditions

The above are upcoming Music Department events. Events are added throughout the year, and changes may be made to the events listed.

For a current listing of events, visit our website: www.uta.edu/music.

To confirm an event, please call the UTA Music Office at 817-272-3471.

All events are free, with the exception of our Large Ensemble concerts (indicated with an *). Admission prices for Large Ensemble concerts are \$10 for adults and \$7 for students, alumni, & seniors. Tickets for these events can be purchased online at www.utatickets.com.

Most concerts and recitals are streamed live at www.uta.edu/music/live.php.

Parking for all Music Department concerts and recitals is available in the West Campus Parking Garage at hourly rates. The West Campus Parking Garage is located at the corner of UTA Boulevard and W. Nedderman Drive. ADA parking is available on the meters in front of Texas Hall. More information on ADA parking can be found at www.uta.edu/parking.

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Department of Music

presents

Junior Recital

**Hannah Reeve,
mezzo-soprano**

Tracy Carroll, piano

Saturday March 21, 2026

7:30 PM

Irons Recital Hall

Program

An April Day
The Heart of a Woman

Florence B. Price
(1887-1953)

Hexenlied

Felix Mendelssohn
(1809-1847)

Que Fais-tu, Blanche Tourterelle?
from *Roméo et Juliette*

Charles Gounod
(1885-1951)

Intermission

Te Quiero, Dijiste

Maria Grever
(1885-1951)

Belle nuit ô nuit d'amour
from *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*

Jacques Offenbach
(1819-1880)

Kori Miller, Soprano

Duo des fleurs
from *Lakmé*

Léo Delibes
(1836-1891)

Kimberly Watson, Soprano

Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix
from *Samson et Dalila*

Camille Saint-Saëns
(1835-1921)

An April day

Florence B. Price

On such a day as this I think,
On such a day as this,
When earth and sky and nature's world
Are clad in April's bliss;
And balmy zephyrs gently waft
Upon your cheek a kiss;
Sufficient is it just to live
On such a day as this.

The Heart of a Woman

Florence B. Price

The heart of a woman goes forth with the dawn
As a lone bird, soft winging so restlessly on.
Afar o'er life's turrets and vales does it roam.
In the wake of those echoes, the heart calls home.

The heart of a woman falls back with the night
And enters some alien cage in its plight,
And tries to forget it has dreamed of the stars
While it breaks, breaks on the sheltering bars.

Hexenlied

Felix Mendelssohn

De Schwalbe fliegt, Der Frühling siegt,
Und spendet uns Blumen zum Kranze!
Bald huschen wir, Lies' aus der Tür,
Und fliegen zum prächtigen Tanze!

Ein schwarzer Bock, Ein Besenstock,
Die Ofengabel, der Wocken,
Reißt uns geschwind,
Wie Blitz und Wind,
Durch sausende Lüfte zum Brocken!

Um Beelzebub, Tanzt unser Trupp,
Und küßt ihm die kralligen Hände!
Ein Geisterschwarm, Faßt uns beim Arm,
Und schwinget im Tanzen die Brände!

Swallows are flying, Spring's triumphant,
Dispensing flowers for wreaths!
Soon we'll flit quietly outside,
And fly to the splendid dance!

A black goat, A broomstick,
The furnace rake, the distaff
Whisk us on our way,
Like lightning and wind,
Through whistling gales to the Brocken!

Our coven dances round Beelzebub
And kisses his claw-like hands!
A ghostly throng, Seizes our arms,
Waving firebrands as they dance!

Und Beelzebub, Verheißt dem Trupp,
Der Tanzenden Gaben auf Gaben:
Sie sollen schön, In Seide gehn
Und Töpfe voll Goldes sich graben!

Ein Feuerdrach' Umflieget das Dach
Und bringet uns Butter und Eier:
Die Nachbarn dann sehn,
Die Funken wehn,
Und schlagen ein Kreuz vor dem Feuer.

Die Schwalbe fliegt, Der Frühling siegt,
Die Blumen erblühen zum Kranze.
Bald huschen wir, Leis' aus der Tur,
Juchheisa! zum prächtigen Tanze!

Que Fais-tu, Blanche Tourterelle?

Charles Gounod

Depuis hier je cherche
en vain mon maître!
Est-il encore chez vous?
Mes seigneurs Capulet?
Voyons un peu si vos dignes valets,
A ma voix ce matin
Oseront reparaître.

Que fais-tu blanche tourterelle,
Dans ce nid de vautours?
Quelque jour, déployant ton aile,
Tu suivras les amours!

Aux vautours, il faut la bataille,
Pour frapper d'estoc et de taille
Leurs becs sont aiguisés!
Laisse-là ces oiseaux de proie,
Tourterelle qui fais ta joie
Des amoureux baisers!

Garder bien la belle!
Qui vivra verra!
Votre tourtlerelle vous échappera.

And Beelzebub pledges the throng
Of dancers gift after gift:
They shall be dressed in beautiful silk
And dig themselves pots full of gold!

A fiery dragon flies round the roof
And brings us butter and eggs:
The neighbours catch sight,
Of the flying sparks,
And cross themselves for fear of the fire.

Swallows are flying, Spring's triumphant
Flowers are blooming for wreaths.
Soon we'll flit quietly outside,
Tally-ho to the splendid dance!

Since yesterday I have been searching
in vain for my master!
Is he still at your place?
My lords Capulet?
Let's see if your worthy servants,
this morning will dare
to reappear at my voice.

What are you doing, white dove,
In this nest of vultures?
One day, spreading your wings,
You will follow love!

Against vultures, battle is necessary,
To strike with thrust and cut,
Their beaks are sharp!
Leave these birds of prey,
Dove who finds joy
In lovers' kisses!

Take care of the beauty!
Who lives will see!
Your dove will escape you.

Un ramier, loin du vert bocage,
Par l'amour attiré,
A l'entour de ce nid sauvage
A, je crois, soupiré!

Les vautours sont à la curée,
Leurs chansons, que fuit Cythérée,
Résonne à grand bruit!
Cependant en leur douce ivresse
Les amants content leurs tendresses
Aux astres de la nuit!

Garder bien la belle!
Qui vivra verra!
Votre tourterelle vous échappera.

Te Quiero, Dijiste

Maria Grever

Te quiero, dijiste.
Tomo mis manos entre tus manitas,
De blanco marfil.
Y senti en mi pecho, Un fuerte latido,
Despues un suspiro y luego el chasquido,
De un beso febril.

Muñequita linda, De cabellos de oro,
De dientes de perla, Labios de rubi.
Dime si me quieres, como yo te adoro,
Si de mi, te acuerdas, como yo de ti.

Y a veces escucho un eco divino,
Que envuelto en la brisa, Parece decir.
Si te quiero mucho, mucho, mucho, mucho,
Tanto como entonces, siempre hasta morir.
...siempre hasta morir.

A wood pigeon, far from the green grove,
Attracted by love,
Around this wild nest
I believe, sighed!

The vultures are feasting,
Their songs, which Cytherea flees,
Resound loudly!
Meanwhile, in their sweet intoxication,
Lovers share their tenderness
With the stars of the night!

Take care of the beauty!
Who lives will see!
Your dove will escape you.

You said 'I love you'.
Taking my hands in your little hands,
like ivory.
And I felt in my chest, a strong heartbeat
Then a sigh and the sound
of a feverish kiss.

Beautiful doll, with golden hair,
pearly teeth, and ruby lips.
Tell me if you love me, like I adore you,
if you remember me, like I do of you.

And sometimes I hear a divine echo,
that carried by the wind, seems to say.
That I love you so, so, so much,
as much as ever, always until death.
...always until death.

Belle nuit ô nuit d'amour

Jacques Offenbach

Belle nuit, ô nuit d'amour
Souris à nos ivresses
Nuit plus douce que le jour
Ô, belle nuit d'amour!

Le temps fuit et sans retour
Emporte nos tendresses
Loin de cet heureux séjour
Le temps fuit sans retour
Zéphyr embrasés
Versez-nous vos caresses
Donnez-nous vos baisers!
Vos baisers! Vos baisers! Ah!

Belle nuit, ô, nuit d'amour
Souris à nos ivresses
Nuit plus douce que le jour,
Ô, belle nuit d'amour!
Ah! souris à nos ivresses!
Nuit d'amour, ô, nuit d'amour!

Beautiful night, oh, night of love,
Smile upon our elations
Night sweeter than the day,
Oh, beautiful night of love!

Time flees and never returns,
Carrying away our tenderness
Far from this happy refuge
Time flees and never returns
Blazing zephyrs
Shower us with your caresses
Give us your kisses!
Your kisses! Your kisses! Ah!

Beautiful night, oh, night of love,
Smile upon our elations
Night sweeter than the day
Oh beautiful night of love!
Ah, Smile upon our elations!
Night of love, oh, night of love!

Duo des fleurs

Léo Delibes

Lakmé: Viens, Mallika, les lianes en fleurs
Jettent déjà leur ombre
sur le ruisseau sacré
Qui coule, calme et sombre,
Eveillé par le chant
des oiseaux tapageurs.

Mallika: Oh! Maîtresse,
C'est l'heure où je te vois sourire,
L'heure bénie où je puis lire
Dans le coeur toujours fermé de
fermé de Lakmé!

Together: Sous le dôme épais
Où le blanc jasmin
À la rose s'assemble

Come, Mallika, the flowering vines
Their shadows now are throwing
along the sacred stream,
That calmly here is flowing;
Enlivened by the songs of birds
among the pines.

O mistress, dear!
tis now when I behold you smiling,
In this blest hour, no cares beguiling,
That your oft-closed heart
I may read, Lakmé!

Under the thick dome
where the white jasmine
gathers to the rose

Sur la rive en fleurs
Riant au matin
Viens, descendons ensemble

On the Flowering Bank
Laughing in the morning
Come, lets go down together

Doucement glissons de son flot charmant
Suivons le courant fuyant
Dans l'onde frémissante
D'une main nonchalante
Viens, gagnons le bord
Où la source dort
Et l'oiseau, l'oiseau chante

Gently let us glide upon its charming stream.
Let us follow the fleeting current.
In the shimmering wave
With a nonchalant hand
Come, let's make for the shore.
Where the spring sleeps
And the bird, the bird sings

Sous le dôme épais
Où le blanc jasmin
Ah! Descendons
Ensemble!

Under the thick dome
Where the white jasmine
Ah! Let us descend
Together!

Lakmé: Mais, je ne sais quelle crainte
subite s'empare de moi.
Quand mon père va seul
à leur ville maudite,
Je tremble, je tremble d'effroi!

But I know not what fear...
A sudden sensation seizes me.
When my father goes alone...
to their cursed city,
I am trembling—I am trembling with terror!

Mallika: Pour que le Dieu Ganeça le protège,
Jusqu'à l'étang où s'ébattent joyeux
Les cygnes aux ailes de neige,
Allons cueillir les lotus bleus.

So that the god Ganesha might protect him,
As far as the pond where they frolic joyfully
The swans with wings of snow,
Let's go pick the blue lotuses.

Lakmé: Oui, près des cygnes aux ailes de neige,
Allons cueillir les lotus bleus.

Yes, near the swans with snowy wings,
Let's go pick the blue lotuses.

Together: Sous le dôme épais
Où le blanc jasmin
À la rose s'assemble
Sur la rive en fleurs
Riant au matin
Viens, descendons ensemble
Doucement glissons de son flot charmant
Suivons le courant fuyant

Under the thick dome
where the white jasmine
gathers to the rose
On the Flowering Bank
Laughing in the morning
Come, lets go down together.
Gently let us glide upon its charming stream.
Let us follow the fleeting current.

Dans l'onde frémissante
D'une main nonchalante
Viens, gagnons le bord
Où la source dort
Et l'oiseau, l'oiseau chante

In the shimmering wave
With a nonchalant hand
Come, let's make for the shore.
Where the spring sleeps
And the bird, the bird sings

Sous le dôme épais
Où le blanc jasmin
Ah! Descendons
Ensemble!

Under the thick dome
Where the white jasmine
Ah! Let us descend
Together!

Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix

Camille Saint-Saëns

Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix,
comme s'ouvrent les fleurs
aux baisers de l'aurore!
Mais, ô mon bienaimé,
pour mieux sécher mes pleurs,
que ta voix parle encore!

My heart opens to your voice,
As flowers open
To the kisses of the dawn!
But, O my beloved,
to better dry my tears,
May your voice speak again!

Dis-moi qu'à Dalila
tu reviens pour jamais.
Redis à ma tendresse!
Les serments d'autrefois,
ces serments que j'aimais!
Ah! réponds à ma tendresse!
Verse-moi, verse-moi l'ivresse!

Tell me, that only to Dalila...
You are coming back forever.
Answer my tenderness!
the oaths of yesteryear,
those vows I loved!
Ah! Answer my tenderness!
Fill me, fill me with ecstasy

Ainsi qu'on voit des blés
les épis onduler
sous la brise légère,
ainsi frémit mon cœur,
prêt à se consoler,
à ta voix qui m'est chère!

Like one sees the blades
Of wheat that wave
In the light wind
So trembles my heart,
Ready to be consoled,
By your voice that is so dear to me!

La flèche est moins rapide
à porter le trépas,
que ne l'est ton amante
à voler dans tes bras!
Ah! réponds à ma tendresse!
Verse-moi, verse-moi l'ivresse!

The arrow is less rapid
In bringing death,
Than is your lover
To fly into your arms!
Ah! Answer my tenderness!
Fill me, fill me with ecstasy