



School of Arts and Media
Department of Music
presents

Voice Area Recital

Students of Christine Abraham & Omri Shimron

with

Omri Shimron, piano

Tuesday, April 14, 2026

Recital Hall, MB 1055 | 12:15 p. m.

P R O G R A M

Miraculous Love's Wounding Thomas Morley (1557–1602)

Jimi Requa Ashton Cuevas & Kirsten Bradford

Flow, My Tears John Dowland (1563–1626)

Benjamin Albright

If Music Be the Food of Love (*1st version*) Henry Purcell (1659–1695)

David Mao

If Love's a Sweet Passion Henry Purcell
from *The Fairy Queen*

Le Violette Alessandro Scarlatti (1660–1725)

Jingwei Cai

Povero cor tu palpiti Isabella Colbran (1785–1845)

Benjamin Albright

Sabor a mí Álvaro Carrillo Alarcón (1905–1985)

Damian Larios-Jauregui

Luck Be a Lady Tonight Frank Loesser (1910–1969)
from *Guys and Dolls*

David Mao

Je viens te rendre, from *Cendrillon* Pauline Viardot (1821–1910)

Kirsten Bradford

Botschaft Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

There came a wind like a bugle Aaron Copland (1900–1990)
from *12 Poems of Emily Dickinson*

Jimi Requa Ashton Cuevas

Shy, from *Once Upon a Mattress* Mary Rodgers (1931–2014)

Kirsten Bradford

Le Violette

Odorose
Violette graziose,
Voi vi state
Vergognose,
Mezzo ascose
Fra le foglie,
E sgridate
Le mie voglie,
Che son troppo ambiziose.

Fragrant
graceful violets,
you remain
bashful,
half-hidden
among the leaves,
and you chide
my desires,
for they are far too ambitious.

Povero cor tu palpiti

Povero cor tu palpiti
ne a torto in questo di
tu palpiti così povero core
si tratta o Dio di perdere
per sempre il caro ben
che di sua mano
in sen m'inpresse amore.

My poor heart, you palipate so,
How right you are to tremble.
You throb so, poor heart
For fear of losing forever
Of losing forever that beloved image
That love's hand
Has engraved in my heart.

Sabor a mí

Tanto tiempo disfrutamos de este amor
Nuestras almas se acercaron tanto así
Que yo guardo tu sabor
Pero tú llevas también sabor a mí.
Si negaras mi presencia en tu vivir
Bastaría con abrazarte y conversar
Tanta vida yo te di
Que por fuerza tienes ya sabor a mí.
No pretendo ser tu dueño
No soy nada yo no tengo vanidad
De mi vida doy lo bueno
Soy tan pobre, ¿qué otra cosa puedo dar?
Pasarán más de mil años, muchos más
Yo no sé si tenga amor la eternidad
Pero allá, tal como aquí
En la boca llevarás sabor a mí.

For so long we have enjoyed this love
Our souls have gotten close enough
That I now keep your taste
But you also keep the taste of me
If you were to deny my presence in your life
A hug and a conversation would be enough
I gave you so much life
That by force you now have the taste of me
It is not my intention to be your owner
I am nothing, I have no vanity
Of my life, I only give you the good
I am so poor, what else could I offer to you?
A thousand years will pass, and many more
I don't know if eternity will carry any love
But over there, just like here
In your mouth you will keep the taste of me

Je viens te rendre, from *Cendrillon*

Je viens te rendre à l'espérance:
ton malheur va bientôt finir,
de ta bonté, de ta patience,
tu recevras bientôt.
Tu vas renaître à l'espérance.
L'enfant ailé d'un doux sourire
viendra calmer ton pauvre coeur,
ce petit coeur qui tant soupire
bientôt connaîtra le bonheur.
Ne pleure plus et crois en moi.

I come with hope for you.
Your hardship now is almost through;
your goodness, your patience,
will soon be rewarded.
Hope will be restored for you.
A cherub will come with a smile
to calm your poor heart,
this little heart that greatly sighs
will soon know happiness.
Weep no more and believe in me.

Botschaft

Wehe, Lüftchen, lind und lieblich
Um die Wange der Geliebten,
Spiele zart in ihrer Locke,
Eile nicht, hinwegzufliehn!
Tut sie dann vielleicht die Frage,
Wie es um mich Archten stehe,
Sprich: „Unendlich war sein Wehe,
Höchst bedenklich seine Lage;
Aber jetzo kann er hoffen
Wieder herrlich aufzuleben,
Denn du, Holde, denkst an ihn.“

Blow breeze, gently and sweetly
About the cheek of my beloved,
Play softly with her tresses,
Make no haste to fly away!
Then if she should chance to ask
How things are with wretched me,
Say: 'His sorrow's been unending,
His condition most grave;
But now he can hope
To revel in life once more,
For you, fair one, think of him.'