



Hugh Hodgson School of Music

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

presents an
Undergraduate Recital

Shelby Miller, *mezzo-soprano*; Danielle Vergara, *mezzo-soprano*
Rachel Townes, *piano*

Changed for the Better ***An Undergraduate Recital***

April 3, 2026

6:00 pm, Edge Recital Hall

What Is This Feeling? From *Wicked*

Stephen Schwartz
(b. 1948)

Rachel Townes, *piano*

Poémé d'un jour

- I. Rencontre
- II. Toujours
- III. Adieu

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Rachel Townes, *piano*

Gia la notte s'avvicina

Isabella Colbran-Rossini
(1785-1845)

Povera me!

Pauline Viardot
(1821-1910)

La Serenata

Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846-1916)

Rachel Townes, *piano*

A Winter Twilight

Rosephanye Powell
(b. 1962)

Loveliest of Trees

John Duke
(1899-1984)

Luna D'estate

Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846-1916)

Autumn from *Starting Here, Starting Now*

Richard Maltby Jr. and David Shire
(b. 1937; b. 1937)

Rachel Townes, *piano*

Paruparong Bukid

Felipe de León
(1912-1992)

Ikaw Rin!

Nicanor Abelardo

(1893-1934)

Naku...Kenkoy!

Nicanor Abelardo
(1893-1934)

Rachel Townes, *piano*

Fast Car

Tracy Chapman
(b. 1964)

Shelby Miller, *guitar*

Someday from *The Wedding Singer*

Matthew Sklar
(b. 1973)

Stars and the Moon from *Songs for a New World*

Jason Robert Brown
(b. 1970)

A Change In Me from *Beauty and the Beast*

Alan Menken
(b. 1949)

Rachel Townes, *piano*

She Used to Be Mine from *Waitress*

Sara Bareilles
(b. 1979)

Rachel Townes, *piano*

For Good from *Wicked*

Stephen Schwartz
(b. 1948)

Rachel Townes, *piano*

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the degree Bachelor's in Music (Music Therapy).

Shelby Miller is a student of Dr. Anne Slovin

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Danielle Vergara is a student of Dr. Amy Petrongelli

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Words and Translations

Rencontre

J'étais triste et pensif quand je t'ai rencontrée,
Je sens moins aujourd'hui mon obstiné tourment,
Ô dis-moi, serais-tu la femme inespérée
Et le rêve idéal poursuivi vainement?

Ô passante aux doux yeux, serais-tu donc l'amie
Qui rendrait le bonheur au poète isolé,
Et vas-tu rayonner sur mon âme affermie
Comme le ciel natal sur un cœur d'exilé?

Ta tristesse sauvage, à la mienne pareille,
Aime à voir le soleil décliner sur la mer!
Devant l'immensité ton extase s'éveille
Et le charme des soirs à ta belle âme est cher.

Une mystérieuse et douce sympathie
Déjà m'enchaîne à toi comme un vivant lien,
Et mon âme frémit, par l'amour envahie
Et mon cœur te chérit sans te connaître bien

I was sad and pensive when I met you,
Today I feel less my persistent pain;
O tell me, could you be the long hoped-for woman,
And the ideal dream pursued in vain?

O passer-by with gentle eyes, could you be the friend
To restore the lonely poet's happiness,
And will you shine on my steadfast soul
Like native sky on an exiled heart?

Your timid sadness, like my own,
Loves to watch the sun set on the sea!
Such boundless space awakes your rapture,
And your fair soul prizes the evenings' charm.

A mysterious and gentle sympathy
Already binds me to you like a living bond,
And my soul quivers, overcome by love,
And my heart, without knowing you well, adores you.

Toujours

Vous me demandez de me taire,
De fuir loin de vous pour jamais
Et de m'en aller, solitaire,
Sans me rappeler qui j'aimais!

Demandez plutôt aux étoiles
De tomber dans l'immensité,
À la nuit de perdre ses voiles,
Au jour de perdre sa clarté!

Demandez à la mer immense
De dessécher ses vastes flots
Et quand les vents sont en démente,
D'apaiser ses sombres sanglots!

Mais n'espérez pas que mon âme
S'arrache à ses âpres douleurs

Et se dépouille de sa flamme
Comme le printemps de ses fleurs!

—
You ask me to be silent,
To flee far from you for ever
And to go my way alone,
Forgetting whom I loved!

Rather ask the stars
To fall into infinity,
The night to lose its veils,
The day to lose its light!

Ask the boundless sea
To drain its mighty waves,
And the raging winds
To calm their dismal sobbing!

But do not expect my soul
To tear itself from bitter sorrow,
Nor to shed its passion
As springtime sheds
its flowers!

Adieu

Comme tout meurt vite, la rose décroît,
Et les frais manteaux diaprés des prés;
Les longs soupirs, les bien-aimées, fumées!

On voit dans ce monde léger changer
Plus vite que les flots des grèves, nos rêves,
Plus vite que le givre en fleurs, nos cœurs!

À vous l'on se croyait fidèle, cruelle,
Mais hélas! les plus longs amours sont courts!

Et je dis en quittant vos charmes, sans larmes,
Presqu'au moment de mon aveu, Adieu!

—
How swiftly all things die, the rose in bloom,
And the cool dappled mantle of the meadows;
Long-drawn sighs, loved ones, all smoke!

In this fickle world we see our dreams
Change more swiftly than waves on the shore,
Our hearts change more swiftly than frosted flowers!

To you I thought I would be faithful, cruel one,
But alas! the longest loves are short!

And I say, taking leave of your charms, without tears,
Almost at the moment of my avowal, Farewell!

Già la notte s'avvicina

Già la notte s'avvicina:
Vieni, o Nice, amato bene
Della placida marina
Le fresch' aure a respirar

Non sa dir che sia diletto
Chi non posa in queste arene
Or che un lento zeffiretto
Dolcemente increspa il mar

—
Already night is approaching:
Come o Nice, my beloved,
From the calm seascape
Let us breathe the fresh zephyrs.

No one can say that he is loved
Unless he stands on these sands
Now that a slow little breeze
Gently ripples the sea.

Povera me!

Povera me che non pensavo al fine,
quando di voi mi presi a innamorare,
e non guardai a dir: "son poverina,"
che da' vostri occhi mi lasciai legare!
io mi lasciai legar ed era sciolta,
merito questo e peggio un'altra volta.
Povera me che non pensavo al fine,
quando di voi mi presi a innamorare!

Sento la morte, e la vedo venire,
la vedo che mi prende per mano,
e l'uscio della chiesa vedo aprire,
sento suonar a morte le campane;
Quando m'incontri, fallo il pianto amaro,
Ricordati di me, quando t'amavo.
Quando m'incontri, volgi i passi indietro,
Ricordati di me quand' era teco!

—
Poor me, that I didn't think of the end
when you took me to love you.
And I didn't see, when saying I was your poor sweet love,
That from your eyes, I let myself be bound!
And I gave up,
Deserving this and worse again.
Poor me, that I didn't think of the end
when you took me to love you.

I feel death, and see it coming,
I see it take my hand,
as the door of the church opens.
I hear the bells ring of death;
when facing the bitter tears.
Remember me when I loved you,
when you face me, turn your steps back,
Remember, remember me, when death was with you.

La Serenata

Vola, o serenata:
La mia diletta è sola,
e, con la bella testa abbandonata,
posa tra le lenzuola:
O serenata, vola.
O serenata, vola.

Splende Pura la luna,
l'ale il silenzio stende,
e dietro i veli dell'alcova
bruna la lampada s'accende.
Pura la luna splende.
Pura la luna splende.

Vola, o serenata,
Vola, o serenata, vola.
Ah! là. Ah! là.

Vola, o serenata:
La mia diletta è sola,
ma sorridendo ancor mezzo assonnata,
torna fra le lenzuola:
O serenata, vola.
O serenata, vola.

L'onda sogna su 'l lido,
e 'l vento su la fronda;
e a' baci miei ricusa ancora un nido
la mia signora bionda.
Sogna su 'l lido l'onda.
Sogna su 'l lido l'onda.

Vola, o serenata,
Vola, o serenata, vola.
Ah! là. Ah! là.

—

Fly, o serenade:
My beloved is alone,
with her beautiful head hid
under the sheets:
O serenade, fly.
O serenade, fly.

The moonlight is pure,
wings of silence stretch out,
and behind the veils of the dark alcove
the lamp burns.
The pure moonbeams shine.
The pure moonbeams shine.

Fly, o serenade,
Fly, o serenade, fly.
Ah! là. Ah! là.

Fly, o serenade:
My beloved is alone,
but still smiling [while] half asleep
she has returned beneath the sheets:
O serenade, fly.
O serenade, fly.

The waves dream on the shore,
and the wind [blows] through the branches;
and my kisses don't result in a nest [being offered],
by my blonde lady.

Dreaming on the shore, [are] the waves. Dreaming on
the shore, [are] the waves.

Fly, o serenade.
Fly, o serenade, fly.
Ah! là. Ah! là.

Luna d'estate

Luna d'estate, ho un sogno nel mio cuore
E vo' cantando tutta notte al mare:
Mi son fermato a una finestra in fiore
Perchè l'anima mia febbre ha d'amore.

Mi son fermato a una finestra in fiore
Ove son due pupille affatturate.
E chi le guarda soffre per amore
E sogna per desio, luna d'estate!

Luna d'estate, amore è come il mare
Ed il mio cuore è un'onda seza posa:
Ma solamente lo potran fermare
Le pupille e il labbro suo di rosa.

E vo' cantando tutta notte al mare
Per quelle due pupille addormentate.
Ho il pianto agli occhi e la speranza in cuore
E splendo come te, luna d'estate!

—
Summer moon, I have a dream in my heart
And I go on singing all night by the sea:
I stopped at a flower-decked window
Because my soul has caught the fever of love.

I stopped at a flower-decked window
Where there are two spellbinding eyes.
And whoever sees them suffers from love
And dreams with desire, summer moon!

Summer moon, love is like the sea
And my heart is a constantly moving wave:
But it can only be stopped by
Her eyes and her rosy lips.

And I go on singing all night by the sea
Because of two sleeping eyes.
I have tears in my eyes and hope in my heart
And I shine like you, summer moon!

Paruparong Bukid

Paruparong bukid na lilipad-lipad
Sa gitna ng daan papaga-pagaspas
Isang bara ang tapis
Isang dangkal ang manggas
Ang sayang de kola
Isang piyesa ang sayad

May payneta pa siya — uy!
May suklay pa man din — uy!
Naguas de ohetes ang palalabasin

Haharap sa altar at mananalamin
At saka lalakad nang pakendeng-kendeng.

—
Butterfly from the field flitting and floating by
In the middle of the road, waving its wings
Sari wrapped around her
Sleeves as wide as my palm
Skirt's a trifle oversized
Ends dragging on the ground

Her hair held with a pin — uy!
Her hand twirling a comb — uy!
She displays her embroidered half-slip
She faces the altar then looks in the mirror
Then she walks swaying her hips like a duck

Ikaw Rin!

Irog! masdan mo ang pagtangis
Ng abang pusong api sa pag-ibig!
Tanging lunas na nga lamang di lagmoy masilip
At itataghoy-taghoy ang mga pasakit na tinitiiis

Yaring pag-ibig ko man ay iyong dustain
Madlang pasakit ibunton sa akin
Asahan mo, Irog! Magpahanggang libing
Ikaw rin ang siyang gigiliw-giliwin

Asahan mo, Irog! Magpahanggang libing
Ikaw rin ang siyang gigiliw-giliwin

—
Love! Behold my cries of suffering
Of my battered heart, suffering for love!
The only cure is all but impossible to glimpse
As impossible it is to fully lament this burden that I must endure.

Even for this love of mine that you so disgrace,
Let all of the blows of misery keep me over.
But know this, Love! Until the day I cease
Only you, you alone will I love.

Know this, Love! Until the day I cease
Only you, you alone will I love.

Naku...Kenkoy!

Kahit saan ka naroon
Sa bayan man o nayon
Ang lagi mong kasalubong
Ay ang maharot na Kenkoy

Hayan siya, umuugong
Ang maluwang na pantalon
At hayan parang ulol
Habang daa'y umuungol

Aruy! naku! Kenkoy
Hoy! Hey! shh!

Pati noo'y inahit na
Kilos lakad ay nag-iba

Habang daa'y kumakanta
Ng Ingles na walang letra
(May ukulele pa)

Batiin mo, kumusta ka?
At ang sagot, tingnan mo ba!
"Hey! Tagalog? Mi, no habla"
Ay naku, naku Kenkoy!

—
Wherever you may be
In the city or in the plains
You will always meet
The rowdy Kenkoy

There he is, echoing his coming
His loose, ill-fitting pants
There he is, like a fool
His footsteps loud and droning

Ouch! Oh dear! Kenkoy!
Be silent!

With even his forehead shaved,
Ever-changing, ambling
The roads sing as you walk,
In English, foreign with no real words
(And with a ukulele!)

Greet him! How are you?
And he replies, "Well, see for yourself!
I speak no Tagalog."
Oh dear, oh dear, Kenkoy.

And Kenkoy is known
In all of the feasts
With his ukulele in hand
Amidst your revelry, he sings

There he is dancing
His body a collection of movements
With spit fountaining from his lips
As he ceaselessly groans.

Ouch! Oh dear! Kenkoy!
Be silent!

With even his forehead shaved,
Ever-changing, ambling
The roads sing as you walk,
In English, foreign with no real words
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