Sarah Salazar
Soprano
A student of Diane Ketchie-Sarr

Accompanied by:
Victoria Simonian, piano

Sunday, March 6, 2016, 4:30pm

Cypress Recital Hall

*In partial fulfillment of the Master of Music degree in Vocal Arts

Thank you all for being here today!
With gratitude

Mom: I hope one day I will be able to love the way you do. You have shown me the most beautiful thing in this life, which is unconditional love. I never understood to what extent until I became ill. Thank you for giving up your life and being by my side even when I had no idea you were there. Thank you for being my advocate and thank you for believing I will always pull through, no matter the situation. I am who I am today, because of you.

Dad: Thank you for your laughter, your love, and your support.

Joe: Thank you for everything you have done for me. You will never know how much you have influenced me over the years. Thank you for your guidance.

Heather: Thank you for your love!

My family: I could not have done this without the support and love from you all. With way too many sisters, grandparents, uncles, aunts, and cousins to list….I'll just say this one thing: I have the best family in the world and I wouldn't have it any other way!

Diane Ketchie: Thank you for spending hours upon hours with me. Thank you for sacrificing your precious time and visiting me at my bedside and working so hard to prepare me for today's recital, and Don Giovanni. Thank you for developing my voice and believing in my talent. You are such a great mentor, teacher, and friend.

Dr. Chitayat, Dr. Chandler, Dr. Doan: Your ability to make the best decisions in times of chaos are extraordinary. Because of you, I am alive and able to sing. Thank you for making the necessary decisions that ultimately saved my life.

Freeman: Thank you for always being my biggest fan. Thank you for supporting my dreams and believing in my talent. Also, thank you for today's wardrobe!

Friends: I love you all so very much. Thank you for all of your support! It has been one of my greatest joys to know each one of you.

Stefan Krut: Boy, have we shared such a wonderful friendship over the last few years. Thank you for being the best friend a girl could have. You are such a joy to know. Thank you for being a shoulder to cry on, sharing laughs, and for all of our journeys together.

Dr. Monchick: Thank you for being such a great professor and friend.

To all my professors: I have grown tremendously as a musician during my time at CSUN. Thank you for your guidance, your experience, and your expertise. I am so grateful I chose to become part of the CSUN family.

CSUN Front office staff: I can't imagine working with anyone else. Your friendships have meant so much to me and I am so grateful I had the opportunity to be a part of such a wonderful team.

My Life Group (AKA D.O.R.K. Sisters): I have so enjoyed spending my Monday evenings with you wonderful women. Thank you for helping me keep it together and being such a fantastic and loving group of fearless women. Thank you for being here today!

Jason Stoll: Thank you for helping me prepare for today, you know, #perks. Jokes set aside, thank you for being un-apologetically you, all the time and making me feel as if I am the most special girl in the world.

Recipient of:

Beulah Allen Vocal Scholarship
Village Voices Scholarship
CSUN Arts Council Scholarship

*Audio and Video recording by: on4studios.com
*Photography by: Magaly Barajas
Life is so precious. One never thinks they will brush the heavens at such a young age. I came into this program as a vibrant, young woman who was forever changed by the darkness that consumed her life. I did not allow it to dim my light, instead I allowed it to accentuate and strengthen my flame. But, to keep my flame burning was not something I was able to do by myself. It truly took a village and I am so thankful to have such a strong support system. Laying in my hospital bed, I remember being overwhelmed by the love and support I received from my family, friends, colleagues, professors, and doctors.

The struggle did not end with my discharge from the hospital, recovery was long and seemed like I would never heal. I had to re-learn all the things we take for granted; walking, feeding and dressing myself, and even bathroom breaks. It was like I re-lived infancy to adulthood in 3 very arduous months. More frightening is that my ability to sing was jeopardized. I was told to be prepared for my voice not to be the same. I remember being so discouraged in my first lesson with Professor Ketchie, I went home crying.

Fast forward several months, and here I am singing my masters recital, fully recovered, and then some. Let this be a testament that prayer works and that there is a God. For me, I cannot look back and say God wasn't with me. I should not be standing here today, but my goodness, am I grateful for the second chance I was given at this beautiful thing called life. Thank you for letting me share my heart and soul with you all today.

God is good, all the time.

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**Program**
(please hold your applause for the end of each set)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>3 Canciones Mexicanas</th>
<th>Antonio Salazar</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Por Ti</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>2. Inspiración</td>
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<tr>
<td>3. Sueño en el Puerto</td>
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(Featuring Shaniee Parker, clarinet)

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<tr>
<th>Gretchen am Spinnrade</th>
<th>Franz Schubert</th>
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<tr>
<td>Me in Herz is stumm, me in Herz ist kalt</td>
<td>Richard Strauss</td>
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<td>Nacht</td>
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(Featuring Jason Stoll, piano)

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<tr>
<th>Letter from Sullivan Ballou</th>
<th>John Kander</th>
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**Intermission**

Try Me, Good King
1. Katherine of Aragon
2. Anne Boleyn
3. Jane Seymour
4. Anne of Cleves
5. Katherine Howard

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<tr>
<th>The Mountains Shall Depart</th>
<th>Hank Bebee</th>
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<tr>
<td>Give me Jesus</td>
<td>Arr. by Lucas Fehring</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ride on King Jesus</td>
<td>John Carter</td>
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**Reception to follow in CY 101**
Por Ti
My love is for you,
Because when I saw you
I lost all my reason.
I live only for you
Waiting for your lips
To give me the longed-for “yes.”

Because with your lovely eyes
You give comfort to
My sorrowful life,
Which so sad and lonely
Exists only for you.

When I am near you
I feel like dreaming.
And cheer up my love
With a song.

For my poor heart
Can no longer bear
The strong emotions
It feels when it sees you.

Because with your lovely eyes
You give comfort to
My sorrowful life,
Which so sad and lonely
Exists only for you.

Inspiración
It’s been a while
Since you last invited me.
Since you last cheered me
With your visits.

It’s been a while
Since you’ve lulled me
With your velvet words.
You are my enchantment,
My love, my longing.

You say things so gently
That at the tickle
Of your whispering,
A flower is born, a blossom opens.
You fill my life
With a thousand loves.

You are the one who seduces me
With your image,
Your sweet breath
You bring life to my dreams,
Of which I sing in new songs.

In your journeys and wanderings,
Minstrel of time and of the road,
You give life to my dreams.

Come to me,
Embrace me,
Fill my life with a thousand loves.

Sueño en el Puerto
It was a moonlit night in the harbor
When I saw your silhouette come to me.
Your eyes were big and black
And your mouth sang when you laughed.

I saw him, he saw me,
we fell in love with each other.
And in an instant I lost my heart.
And on that moonlit night we lived
Among stars and fragrant flowers.

How sad to realize I was dreaming
That I kissed your sensuous mouth.
If dawn had not come
I would have enjoyed his unsurpassed love.

Gretchen am Spinnrade
My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.

Where I do not have him,
That is the grave,
The whole world
Is bitter to me.

My poor head
Is crazy to me,
My poor mind
Is torn apart.

For him only, I look
Out the window
Only for him do I go
Out of the house.

His tall walk,
His noble figure,
His mouth’s smile,
His eyes’ power,

And his mouth’s
Magic flow,
His handclasp,
and ah! his kiss!

My bosom urges itself
toward him.
Ah, might I grasp
And hold him!

And kiss him,
As I would wish,
At his kisses
I should die!

My heart is silent, my heart is cold
My heart is silent, my heart is cold,
Numbed by the winter’s ice;
At times, in its depths, it stirs
And trembles and moves softly, softly.

Then it seems as if a mild thaw
Breaks through the layer of ice;
Through the green forests,
The blossoming meadows,
The brooks murmur once again.

And the sound of the horns, from leaf to leaf
Carried by the spring wind,
Up from the valley, faintly touches my ear,
Like a call from the blissful past.

Yet the aging heart will never more be young;
The echo of the dying sound
Grows fainter and fainter,
And again all is benumbed.

My heart is silent, my heart is cold.

The Night
Out of the forest comes the night,
Quietly she moves in from behind the trees;
She oversees all around her,
Beware now!

All the lights of the world,
All the flowers, all the colors, she extinguishes;
She steals the sheaves from the fields;
She takes everything that is lovely,
Steals the silver from the streams,
From the copper dome of the cathedral
She takes away the gold.

The spray of flowers stands plundered,
Draw closer, soul to soul;
Oh, I am afraid the night will steal
You too, from me.