



Westminster Choir College of Rider University
presents

MANTÓN DE MANILA

Senior Voice Recital

Kevin Catalon,
Baritone

Dr. Martin Néron,
Piano

Friday, March 27th, 2026
7:00 pm
Gill Chapel, Rider University

Kevin Catalon is a candidate for the degree
Bachelor of Music in Music Education.

Kevin Catalon is a student of Margaret Cusack.

Program

from *Die Schöne Müllerin* Franz Schubert
Halt! (1797–1828)
Danksagung an den Bach
Am Feierabend
Der Neugierige



Après un rêve Gabriel Fauré
Clair de lune (1845–1924)

Deux Mélodies Francis Poulenc
La souris (1899–1963)
Nuage



Litany (from *Shadow of the Blues*) John Musto
(b. 1954)

April Rain Song Jeremiah Evans
(b. 1978)

I Dream a World I Dream a World
(b. 1962)



Novillero María Teresa Lara
(1904–1984)

Naku... Kenkoy! Nicanor Abelardo
(1893–1934)

Te quiero dijiste María Grever
(1885–1951)

Nahan Ernani Cuenco
(1936–1988)

Bésame mucho Consuelo Velázquez
(1916–2005)

About the Program

The Mantón de Manila is a fringed shawl adorned with elegant embroidery. Thanks to trade routes in Manila, this garment connected China, the Philippines, Mexico, and Spain. In a similar fashion, my identity as a musician and person has been influenced by a tapestry of cultures.

The program begins with selections from Schubert's *Die Schöne Müllerin*. It is a song cycle consisting of 20 songs that tells the tale of a young, wandering miller. Guided by his friend, the brook, he finds work at a mill and seeks to win the love of the fair maiden of the mill. Schubert uses fast, rushing notes to symbolize the babbling brook and switches between major and minor keys to bring Wilhelm Müller's poetry to life. One can almost hear the protagonist plucking petals in "Der Neugierige," asking himself: "Say, brook, does she love me?"

In fact, the maiden does not love him, and what follows is the angst and fantasy of Fauré and Poulenc. "Après un reve" depicts the loss of an idyllic dream—one where "your eyes were softer, your voice pure and ringing." Alas, once awake, reality is much less fantastic. This sentiment echoes in "Clair de lune," which references the commedia dell'arte, and how no amount of outward joy can hide the melancholy behind a mask. Poulenc's impressionistic *Deux Mélodies* comment on the passing of time: the frustration of growing older, and the idea of eternity.

Across the Atlantic, Langston Hughes captured a different reality. A leader of the Harlem Renaissance, Hughes wrote poetry depicting the everyday life, culture, and struggle of Black Americans, and has inspired numerous musical settings. Musto's "Litany" comes from his four-song cycle *Shadow of the Blues*. It is a plea, calling all to love those who are less fortunate. Yet, in times of misfortune, Evans's "April Rain Song" ponders the hardships of life—the rain—and reframes it as comfort. Finally, Powell's "I Dream a World" is a triumphant vision of how the world could look. These three Hughes settings capture his poetry with elegance, incorporating the influence of Blues and demanding us to consider our vision of the world.

The final set starts with Lara's "Novillero," an exciting telling of a bullfight. The pasodoble dance evokes an Andalusian sound and intensifies as the torero nears death, but is always protected by the Virgin Mary and her Mantón de Manila. Abelardo's "Naku... Kenkoy!" depicts the iconic Filipino comic character Kenkoy, a jokester who dresses like an American and speaks in a creole of "Taglish" and "Spanalog," meant to symbolize the growing pains of colonialism. "Te quiero dijiste" by María Grever is a quintessential bolero, featuring an Italiante melody and sweet, romantic lyrics. Though similar, Cuenco's "Nahan" incorporates lush jazz harmony to channel the anguish of unrequited love. The night closes with the classic "Besame mucho" by Consuelo Velázquez, who had never had her first kiss before writing the song.

Texts & Translations

Halt!

Eine Mühle seh' ich blinken
Aus den Erlen heraus,
Durch Rauschen und Singen
Bricht Rädergebraus.

Ei willkommen, ei willkommen,
Süsser Mühlengesang!
Und das Haus, wie so traulich!
Und die Fenster, wie blank!

Und die Sonne, wie helle
Vom Himmel sie scheint!
Ei, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
War es also gemeint?
—Wilhelm Müller (1794–1827)

Danksagung an den Bach

War es also gemeint,
Mein rauschender Freund,
Dein Singen, dein Klingen,
War es also gemeint?

„Zur Müllerin hin!“
So lautet der Sinn.
Gelt, hab' ich's verstanden?
„Zur Müllerin hin!“

Hat sie dich geschickt?
Oder hast mich berückt?
Das möcht' ich noch wissen,
Ob sie dich geschickt.

Nun wie's auch mag sein,
Ich gebe mich drein:
Was ich such', hab' ich funden,
Wie's immer mag sein.

Nach Arbeit ich frug,
Nun hab' ich genug,
Für die Hände, für's Herze
Vollauf genug!
—Wilhelm Müller (1794–1827)

Stop!

I see a mill gleaming
amid the alders;
the roar of mill-wheels
cuts through the babbling and singing.

Welcome, welcome,
sweet song of the mill!
How inviting the house looks,
how sparkling its windows!

And how brightly the sun
shines from the sky.
Now, dear little brook,
is this what you meant?
—tr. © Richard Wigmore

Thanksgiving to the Brook

Is this what you meant,
my babbling friend?
Your singing, your murmuring –
is this what you meant?

‘To the maid of the mill!’
This is your meaning;
have I understood you?
‘To the maid of the mill!’

Did she send you,
or have you entranced me?
I should like to know this, too:
did she send you?

However it may be,
I yield to my fate:
what I sought I have found,
however it may be.

I asked for work;
now I have enough
for hands and heart;
enough, and more besides.
—tr. © Richard Wigmore

Am Feierabend

Hätt' ich tausend
Arme zu rühren!
Könnt' ich brausend
Die Räder führen!
Könnt' ich wehen
Durch alle Haine!
Könnt' ich drehen
Alle Steine!
Dass die schöne Müllerin
Merkte meinen treuen Sinn!

Ach, wie ist mein Arm so schwach!
Was ich hebe, was ich trage,
Was ich schneide, was ich schlage,
Jeder Knappe tut mir's nach.
Und da sitz' ich in der grossen Runde,
In der stillen kühlen Feierstunde,
Und der Meister sagt zu Allen:
„Euer Werk hat mir gefallen;“
Und das liebe Mädchen sagt
Allen eine gute Nacht.
—Wilhelm Müller (1794–1827)

Der Neugierige

Ich frage keine Blume,
Ich frage keinen Stern,
Sie können mir alle nicht sagen,
Was ich erfürh' so gern.

Ich bin ja auch kein Gärtner,
Die Sterne stehn zu hoch;
Mein Bächlein will ich fragen,
Ob mich mein Herz belog.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,
Wie bist du heut' so stumm!
Will ja nur Eines wissen,
Ein Wörtchen um und um.

Ja, heisst das eine Wörtchen,
Das andre heisset Nein,
Die beiden Wörtchen schliessen
Die ganze Welt mir ein.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,
Was bist du wunderlich!
Will's ja nicht weiter sagen,
Sag', Bächlein, liebt sie mich?
—Wilhelm Müller (1794–1827)

After Work

If only I had a thousand
arms to wield!
If only I could drive
the rushing wheels!
If only I could blow like the wind
through every wood,
and turn
every millstone,
so that the fair maid of the mill
would see my true love.

Ah, how weak my arm is!
What I lift and carry,
what I cut and hammer –
any apprentice could do the same.
And there I sit with them, in a circle,
in the quiet, cool hour after work,
and the master says to us all:
'I am pleased with your work.'
And the sweet maid
bids us all goodnight.
—tr. © Richard Wigmore

The Inquisitive One

I ask no flower,
I ask no star;
none of them can tell me
what I would so dearly like to hear.

For I am no gardener,
and the stars are too high;
I will ask my little brook
if my heart has lied to me.

O brook of my love,
how silent you are today!
I wish to know just one thing,
one small word, over and over again.

One word is 'yes',
the other is 'no';
these two words contain for me
the whole world.

O brook of my love,
how strange you are.
I will tell no one else:
say, brook, does she love me?
—tr. © Richard Wigmore

Après un reve

Dans un sommeil que charmait ton image
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage,
Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix pure et sonore,
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par l'aurore;

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière,
Les cieus pour nous entr'ouvraient leurs nues,
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines entrevues.

Hélas! hélas, triste réveil des songes,
Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends-moi tes mensonges;
Reviens, reviens, radieuse,
Reviens, ô nuit mystérieuse!
—Romain Bussine (1830–1899)

Clair de lune

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,

Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.
—Paul Verlaine (1844–1896)

After a Dream

In sleep made sweet by a vision of you
I dreamed of happiness, fervent illusion,
Your eyes were softer, your voice pure and ringing,
You shone like a sky that was lit by the dawn;

You called me and I departed the earth
To flee with you toward the light,
The heavens parted their clouds for us,
We glimpsed unknown splendours, celestial fires.

Alas, alas, sad awakening from dreams!
I summon you, O night, give me back your delusions;
Return, return in radiance,
Return, O mysterious night!
—tr. © Richard Stokes

Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape
Charmed by masquers and bergamasks
Playing lute and dancing, almost
Sad under their whimsical disguises

All the while singing in a minor key
About victorious love and the opportune life
They do not seem to believe in their happiness
And their song blends into the moonlight

The calm moonlight, sad and beautiful
That makes the birds dream in the trees
And the fountains sob in ecstasy
The tall, slender fountains among the marble statues.
—tr. Kevin Catalon

La souris

Belles journées, souris du temps,
Vous rongez peu à peu ma vie.
Dieu! Je vais avoir
vingt-huit ans,
Et mal vécus, à mon envie.
—Guillaume Apollinaire (1880–1918)

Nuage

J'ai vu reluire, en un coin de mes
âges,
un souvenir qui n'était plus à moi
Son père était le temps
sa mère une guitare qui jouait sur des
rêves errants
Leur enfant tomba dans mes mains
et je le posai sur un chêne
Un oiseau en prit soin, maintenant il
chante
Comment retrouver son père voilé de
vent
et comment recueillir les larmes de sa
mère
pour lui donner un nom
dans le passage d'un nuage
nous verrons poindre l'éternité
chassant le temps
En ce point tout est écrit.
—Laurence de Beylié (1893–1968)

Litany

Gather up
In the arms of your pity
The sick, the depraved,
The desperate, the tired,
All the scum
Of our weary city.
Gather up
In the arms of your pity.
Gather up
In the arms of your love—
Those who expect
No love from above.
—Langston Hughes (1901–1967)

The Mouse

Beautiful days, mice of time,
You nibble at my life little by little.
God! I am going to be twenty-eight
years old,
And poorly lived, to my liking.
—tr. Kevin Catalon

Cloud

I saw, glimmering, in the corner of
my past,
a memory that was no longer mine
Its father was time,
its mother, a guitar that played on top
of fleeting dreams
Their child fell into my hands
and I placed it on a tree
A bird nurtured it, and now it
sings
How will it find its father again,
veiled in wind,
and gather the tears of its
mother
so as to give it a name?
In the passing of a cloud
We will see eternity appear
chasing time
At this moment, everything is written.
—tr. Kevin Catalon

April Rain Song

Let the rain kiss you

Let the rain beat upon your head with silver liquid drops

Let the rain sing you a lullaby

The rain makes still pools on the sidewalk

The rain makes running pools in the gutter

The rain plays a little sleep song on our roof at night

And I love the rain.

—Langston Hughes (1901–1967)

I Dream a World

I dream a world where man

No other man will scorn,

Where love will bless the earth

And peace its paths adorn

I dream a world where all

Will know sweet freedom's way,

Where greed no longer saps the soul

Nor avarice blights our day.

A world I dream where black or white,

Whatever race you be,

Will share the bounties of the earth

And every man is free,

Where wretchedness will hang its head

And joy, like a pearl,

Attends the needs of all mankind—

Of such I dream, our world!

—Langston Hughes (1901–1967)

Novillero

Un domingo en la tarde

Se tiró al ruedo

para calmar sus ansias de novillero.

Torero, valiente

despliega el capote sin miedo a la
muerte.

La Virgen te cuida,

te cubre su manto que es santo
mantón de Manila.

Muchacho te arrimas

lo mismo en un quite gallardo
que en las banderillas.

Torero, quién sabe si el precio del
triumfo lo paguen tu vida y tu sangre.

—María Teresa Lara (1904–1984)

Young Bullfighter

One Sunday evening

He throws himself into the ring

To quench his thirst for bullfighting.

The bullfighter, full of bravery
unfolds his cape unafraid of
death.

The Virgin Mary watches over you,
she covers you with her cloak—
a holy Manila shawl.

Young man, you lean just as close
drawing your cape as when you
plant the banderillas

Bullfighter, who knows if the price of
victory will be your life and blood.

—tr. Kevin Catalon

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! Sh!

Pati noo'y inahit na
Kilos lakad ay nag-iba
Habang daa'y kumakanta
Ng Inggles 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.

At si Kenkoy ay popular
Sa lahat ng handaan
Ukelele'y tangan-tangan
Handa mo'y inaawitan

Hayan siya sumasayaw
Katawa'y anong gaslaw
Sumasabog ang laway
Walang tigil ng pag-ungal.

Aruy! Naku! Kenkoy.
Hoy! Hey! Sh!

[Refrain: Pati noo'y...]

Hoy! Kenkoy!
—Romualdo G. Ramos

Oh my... Kenkoy!

No matter where you are
In the city or in the village
You will always meet
The mischievous Kenkoy

There he is, rowdy and roaring
With his loose, baggy pants
And looking like a fool
Rumbling down the street

Ouch! Oh my! Kenkoy.
Hoy! Hey! Sh!

Even his forehead is shaved
Walking strangely
Singing as he goes along
In English, but lacking any real words
(And with a ukulele!)

Greet him, "How are you?"
And he answers, "Look for yourself!"
"Hey! Tagalog? I don't speak it."
Oh my, Kenkoy.

And Kenkoy is also popular
At all of the parties
Holding his ukulele
He sings amidst the celebration

There he is, dancing
His body flailing wildly
And spit flying from his mouth
Endlessly groaning.

Ouch! Oh my! Kenkoy.
Hoy! Hey! Sh!

[Refrain: Even his forehead...]

Hoy! Kenkoy!
—tr. Kevin Catalon

*Dedicated to Gerardo Catalon, who was lovingly known as "Kenkoy."

Te quiero dijiste

Te quiero, dijiste,
tomando mis manos
entre tus manitas
de blanco marfil

Y sentí en mi pecho un fuerte latido,
después un suspiro y luego
el chasquido
de un beso febril

Muñequita linda
de cabellos de oro,
de dientes de perlas,
labios de rubí.

Di me 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:

¡Sí! Te quiero mucho,
mucho, mucho, mucho,
tanto como entonces,
siempre hasta morir.
—María Grever (1885–1951)

“I Love You,” You Said

“I love you,” you said,
taking my hands
into your little hands
of white ivory

And I felt in my heart a strong beat
after a sigh and then
the snap
of a feverish kiss

Beautiful little doll
with golden hair,
pearly teeth,
and ruby lips.

Tell me if you love me
the way I adore you,
if you remember me
the way I remember you.

And sometimes I hear
a divine echo
wrapped in the breeze
that seems to say:

Yes! I love you so much
so, so, so much
just as much as back then,
forever until death.
—tr. Kevin Catalon

Nahan

'Di ba't sabi mo'y kay ganda ng
lahat,
kulay rosas pa ang mga bulaklak.
Tila sa akin ay ayaw kang
magtapat.
'Yan ba ang sabi mong pag-ibig ay
wagas?

Ang iyong ngiti, dati ay kay tamis
'pag ikaw at ako ay nagkakalapit.
Nahan ang yakap mong dati ay
mahigpit
at ang ligaya kong matamis mong
halik?
—Levi Celerio (1910–2002)

Bésame mucho

Bésame, bésame mucho,
Como si fuera esta noche la
última vez.
Bésame, bésame mucho,
Que tengo miedo a perderte, perderte
después.

Quiero tenrte muy cerca,
Mirarme en tus ojos,
verte junto a mí.
Piensa que tal vez mañana
Yo ya estaré lejos, muy lejos de ti.

Bésame, bésame mucho,
Como si fuera esta noche la
última vez.
Bésame, bésame mucho,
Que tengo miedo a perderte, perderte
después.
—Consuelo Velázquez (1916–2005)

Where

Did you not say that everything was
beautiful,
That even the flowers were pink?
It seems that you do not want to tell
me the truth.
Is that the love you said was
so pure?

Your smile used to be so sweet
Whenever you and I were close
Where is your embrace that was so
warm
And the joy of your sweet
kiss?
—tr. Kevin and Maria Elisa Catalon

Kiss Me a Lot

Kiss me, kiss me a lot,
As if tonight were the
last time.
Kiss me, kiss me a lot,
Because I am scared to lose you after
this.

I want to have you so close,
Looking at myself in your eyes,
seeing you close to me.
Thinking of tomorrow, that
I will be far away from you.

Kiss me, kiss me a lot,
As if tonight were the
last time.
Kiss me, kiss me a lot,
Because I am scared to lose you after
this.
—tr. Alexander Galindo Cardozo

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