UNLV
UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA, LAS VEGAS
College of Fine Arts - Department of Music
presents a

Junior Recital

Erickson Franco
tenor

with

Bilyana Tancheva, piano
Gregory Koenig, guitar

Wednesday, April 28, 2010
6:00 pm
Doe Rando Recital Hall
Bearn Music Center
**Program**

from 36 arie di stile antico

*O del mio amato ben*  
*Sento nel core*  
*Spirate pur, spirate*

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Stefano Donaudy  
(1879-1925)

Stefano Donaudy was not well known for his compositions until Enrico Caruso sang *Vaghissima Sembianza* in a 1920 recording. This led to the publication of 36 arie di stile antico and his popularity as a composer. With the help of his brother and librettist, Alberto Donaudy, the compositions revert to simplicity of melody and harmony to create a specific atmosphere and mood for each song.

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from Folksong Arrangements

*Master Kilby*  
*The Soldier and the Sailor*  
*I will give my love an apple*  
*The Shooting of His Dear*

Benjamin Britten  
(1913-1976)

Gregory Koenig, guitar

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Cinq mélodies populaires grecques

*Le réveil de la mariée*  
*La-bas, vers l'église*  
*Quel galant m'est comparable?*  
*Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisque*  
*Tout gai!*

Maurice Ravel  
(1875-1937)

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Text by Alberto Donaudy (1880-1941)

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This performance is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree  
Bachelor of Arts in Music.  
Erickson Franco is a student of Michelle Latour.
Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Benjamin Britten was one of the leading English composers of the twentieth century. He is better known for his larger works like opera than for his folksong arrangements. These arrangements are from his sixth volume of folksongs titled "England," and were premiered by Britten's life partner Peter Pears, tenor, and Julian Bream, guitar. The accompaniments Britten has written capture fascinating moods appropriate to each song. In *I will give my love an apple*, he uses bitonality and shifting meters for the voice and guitar.

**Master Kilby**

In the heat of the day
when the sun shines so freely,
There I met Master Kilby,
so fine and so gay.

Then I pull'd off my hat
and I bowed to the ground
And I said: "Master Kilby,
pray where are you bound?"

"I am bound for the West,
there in hopes to find rest,
And in Nancy's soft bosom
I will build a new nest."

"And if I were the master
of ten thousand pounds,
All in gay gold and silver
or in King William's crowns.

"I would part with it all
with my own heart so freely,
But it's all for the sake
of my charming Nancy.

"She's the fairest of girls,
She's the choice of my own heart,
She is painted like waxwork in every part."

**The Soldier and the Sailor**

As the soldier and the sailor
Was a-walking one day,
Said the soldier to the sailor:
"I've a mind for to pray."
"Pray on then", said the sailor,
"Pray on once again,
And whatever you do pray for,
I will answer 'Amen'.

"Now the first thing I'll pray for,
I'll pray for the Queen,
That she have peace and plenty
All the days of her reign,
And where she got one ship
I wish she had ten;
And never want for an army."
Said the soldier, "Amen."

"Now the next thing I'll pray for,
Is a pot of good beer,
For good liquor were sent us
Our spirits to cheer,
And where we got one pot,
I wish we had ten,
And never want for liquor."
Said the soldier, "Amen."

Text by Cecil Sharp (1859 - 1924)

**I Will Give My Love An Apple**

I will give my love an apple without e'er a core
My head is the apple without e'er a core,
I will give my love a house without e'er a door,
My mind is the house without e'er a door.
I will give my love a palace wherein she may be,
My heart is the palace wherein she may be
But she may unlock it without any key. And she may unlock it without e'er a key.

Text by H.E.D. Hammond and R. Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

**The Shooting of His Dear**

O come all you young fellows that carry a gun,
I'd have you get home by the light of the sun,
For young Jimmy was a fowler and a-fowling alone,
When he shot his own true love in the room of a swan.

Then home went young Jimmy with his dog and his gun,
Saying, "Uncle, dear uncle, have you heard what I've done?"
Cursed be that old gunsmith that made my old gun,
For I've shot my own true love in the room of a swan."

Then out came bold uncle with his locks hanging grey,
Saying, "Jimmy, dear Jimmy, don't you go away,
Don't you leave your own country till the trial come on,
For you never will be hanged for the shooting a swan."

So the trial come on and pretty Polly did appear,
Saying, "Uncle, dear uncle, let Jimmy go clear,
For my apron was bound round me and he took me for a swan,
And his poor heart lay bleeding for Polly his own."

Text and Melody from *Six Folk Songs from Norfolk* by E.J. Moeran (1894 - 1950)

**Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)**

Maurice Ravel grew up in a musical family, and his musical gifts and talents were embraced instead of suppressed. He started studying piano at age 5, and he continued his musical training at the Paris Conservatory at age 14 where he later met his two most influential teachers Gabriel Fauré and André Gedalge.

*Cinq mélodies populaires grecques* is a collection of Greek folksongs commissioned and translated into French by the Greek critic Michel Dimitri Calvocoressi. These songs are not narrated by a single gender. Songs I and III are narrated by males, IV is narrated by a female, and songs II and V are not gender specific. In *Le réveil de la marieée*, the song is sung by the bridegroom to his fiancée on their wedding day. *La basil vers le ciel* speaks about a procession to the graveyard of soldiers. *Quel galant m'est comparée* has a young man boasting how wonderful he is to Vasiliki. Is he really talking about "pistols" and a "sword" that hangs low from his belt? In the fourth song, the title *Chanson des cueilleuses de fantasques* means "the grape pickers of the region."

Text by H.E.D. Hammond and R. Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)
Le réveil de la mariée
Reveille-toi, reveille-toi, perdis-mignon, ah!
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.
Trois graine de beauté, mon cœur en est belle!
Vois le ruban d'or que je t'apporte.
Pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux.
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous marier!
Dans nos deux familles, tous sont alliés!

Quel galant m'est comparable?
Quel galant m'est comparable,
D'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?
Dis, dame Vassiliki?

Vois, pendus à ma ceinture,
pistolets et sabre aigu...
Et c'est toi que j'aime!

Chanson descueilleuses de lentisques
O joie de mon âme,
Joye de mon coeur,
Trésor qui m'est si cher;
Joie de l'âme et du cœur,
Toi que j'aime ardemment,
Tu es plus beau qu'un ange.
O lorsque tu pars,
Angel si doux
Devant nos yeux,
Comme un bel âge blond,
Sous le clair soleil,
Hélas! tous nos pauvres coeurs soupirent!

Song of the Bride
Wake up, wake up, partridge pretty, ah!
Open to the morning your wings.
Three beauty marks, my heart from them is ablaze!
See the ribbon of gold that I bring you,
to use to tie up your hair.
If you wish, my beauty, come we shall marry!
In our two families, all are related by married!

Below, toward the church
Below, toward the church,
Toward the church Saint Sideros,
The church, oh Holy Virgin,
The church Saint Constantine,
They are gathered,
Buried in infinite numbers,
Of the world, oh Holy Virgin,
Of the world all the most brave!

What Gallant to Me Is Comparable?
What gallant can compare with me,
Among those one sees passing by?
Tell, Lady Vassiliki?

See, hanging on my belt,
Pistols and sword curved...
And it is you whom I love!

Song of the Lentisk Gatherers
Oh joy of my soul,
Joy of my heart,
Treasure which to me is so dear;
Joy of the soul and of the heart,
You whom I love passionately,
You are more beautiful than an angel.
Oh when you appear,
Angel so sweet
Before our eyes,
Like a beautiful angel blond,
Beneath the bright sun,
Alas! all our poor hearts sigh!