



College of Fine Arts ~ Department of Music

presents a

Junior Recital

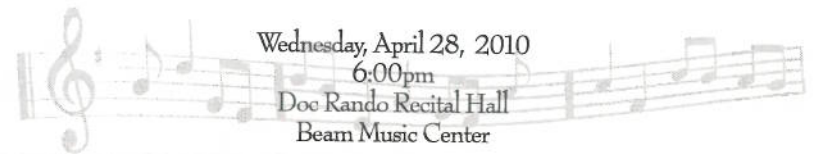
Erickson Franco

tenor

*with*

*Bilyana Tancheva, piano*

*Gregory Koenig, guitar*



# ~ Program ~

## from 36 arie di stile antico

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

Stefano Donaudy  
(1879-1925)

## Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)

Stefano Donaudy was not well known for his compositions until Enrico Caruso sang *Vaghiissima Sembra* 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.

## 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

## Cinq mélodies populaires grecques

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

Maurice Ravel  
(1875-1937)

*O del mio amato ben  
O del mio amato ben perduto incanto!  
Lungi è dagli occhi miei  
Chi m'era gloria e vanto!  
Or per le mute stanze  
Sempre la cerco e chiamo  
Con pieno il cor di speranze?  
Ma cerco invan, chiamo invan!  
E il pianger m'è sì caro,  
Che di pianto sol nutro il cor.*

*Oh of my dear beloved  
Oh, the lost enchantment of my dearly beloved  
Far is she from my eyes  
Who was my glory and pride!  
Now through the silent rooms  
Always her I seek and I call  
With a heart filled with hope.  
But I see in vain, I call in vain!  
And yet my weeping is dear to me,  
Since I nourish my heart with tears alone*

*Mi sembra, senza lei, triste ogni loco.  
Notte mi sembra il giorno;  
Mi sembra gelo il foco.  
Se pur talvolta spero  
Di darmi ad altra cura,  
Sol mi tormenta un pensiero:  
Ma, senza lei, che farò?  
Mi par così la vita vana cosa  
Senza il mio ben.*

*To me it seems, without her, every place is sad  
The day is as night to me;  
Fire seems cold to me.  
But if I would consider  
To find another love,  
Alone me torments one thought:  
But without her, what would I do?  
Life to me seems a vain thing  
Without my beloved.*

Text by Alberto Donaudy (1880-1941)

*Sento nel core  
Sento nel core certo dolore,  
Che la mia pace turbando va.  
Splende una face che l'anima accende,  
Se non è amore, amor sarà.*

*I feel in my heart  
I feel in my heart a certain suffering,  
Which disturbs my peace.  
A torch shines which inflames my soul,  
If it is not yet love, then love it shall be.*

Text by an anonymous poet

*Spirate pur, spirate  
Spirate pur, spirate attorno a lo mio bene,  
aurette, e v'accertate  
s'ella nel cor mi tiene.  
Spirate, spirate pur, aurette!  
Se nel suo cor mi tiene, v'accertate,  
aure beate, aure lievi e beate!*

*Blow then, blow  
Blow then, blow around my beloved,  
Breezes, and ascertain  
If she holds me in her heart.  
Blow, blow then, breezes!  
If in her heart she holds me, ascertain,  
Blessed breezes, breezes light and blessed!*

Text by Alberto Donaudy (1880-1941)

Translations by Bard Suverkrop\*

*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 folk song 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.

### 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 man  
I wish she had ten;  
And never want for an army".  
Said the sailor, "Amen".

Text by Cecil Sharp (1859 - 1924)

"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".

"Now the next 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 a navy".  
Said the sailor, "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 sailor, "Amen".

## 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 hang'd for the shooting a swan".

So the trial came 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 mariée*, the song is sung by the bridegroom to his fiancée on their wedding day. *Là-bas, vers l'église* speaks about a procession to the graveyard of soldiers. *Quel galant m'est comparable* 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 lentisques*



gives the impression of multiple women, but the text speaks of one's joy. The set ends with *Tout gai!*, a wonderful dance song probably sung at a wedding.

#### Le réveil de la mariée

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi, perdrix mignonne, ah!  
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.  
Trois grains de beauté, mon cœur en est brûlé!  
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!

#### 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!

#### Là bas, vers l'église

Là-bas, vers l'église,  
Vers l'église Ayio Sidéro,  
L'église, ô Vierge sainte,  
L'église Ayio Costannidino,  
Se sont réunis,  
Rassemblés en nombre infini,  
Du monde, ô Vierge sainte,  
Du monde tous les plus braves!

#### 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!

#### Quel galant m'est comparable?

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

#### What Gallant to Me Is Comparable?

What gallant can compare with me,  
Among those one sees passing by?  
Tell, Lady Vassiliki?

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

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

#### Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques

O joie de mon âme,  
Joie de mon cœur,  
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 parais,  
Ange si doux  
Devant nos yeux,  
Comme un bel ange blond,  
Sous le clair soleil,  
Hélas! tous nos pauvres cœurs soupirent!

#### 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!

#### Tout gai!

Tout gai! gai, Ha, tout gai!  
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse;  
Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse,  
Tra la la la la...

#### All are happy!

All are happy! happy, ah, all are happy!  
Beautiful legs, trala, which dance;  
Beautiful legs, the dishes are dancing,  
Tra la la la la...

Text by Michel Dimitri Calvocoressi (1877-1944) Translation by Bard Suverkrop \*

\*Translations from <http://www.ipasource.com>