Junior Recital

Erickson Franco

tenor

with

Bilyana Tancheva, piano
Gregory Koenig, guitar

Wednesday, April 28, 2010
6:00pm
Doe Rando Recital Hall
Beck Music Center
from 36 arie di stile antico

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

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 simplicities of melody and harmony to create a specific atmosphere and mood for each song.

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

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

Text by Alberto Donaudy (1880-1941)

from Folksong Arrangements

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

Gregory Koenig, guitar

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Oh of my dear beloved
Oh, the lost enchantment of my dearly beloved
For is she from my eyes
Who was my glory and pride!
Now through the silent rooms
Alway 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

To me it seems, without her, every place is sacred.
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.

Cinq mélodies populaires grecques

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

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

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

Text by an anonymous poet

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.

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

Text by Alberto Donaudy (1880-1941)

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!

Translations by Bard Suverknopf
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.

"And if I were the master of ten thousand pounds All in 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 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."
"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."

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. Song I and II 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. L’âme de ma vie speaks about a procession to the graveyard of soldiers. Quel galet m’est comparé has a young man boasting how wonderful he is to Vasilliki. Is he really talking about "pistols" and a "sword" that hangs low from his belt? In the fourth song, the title Chanson des cieuxs
Le réveil de la mariée
Rêveille-toi, réveille-toi, perdix mignonnette, ah!
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.
Trois graine de beauté, mon coeur en est bélie!
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 beauties mark 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!

La bas, vers l'église
Là-bas, vers l'église,
Vers l'église Ayio Sidéros,
L'église, à Vierge sainte,
L'église Ayio Costamndino,
Se sont réunis,
Rassemblés en nombre infini,
Du monde, à 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 qui 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 aiguisé...
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,
Angé si doux
Devant nos yeux,
Comme un bel ange blond,
Sous le clair soleil,
Hélas! tous nos pauvres coeurs soupiront!

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!