Presents

Franz Faeldo, tenor

In a

Graduation Recital

Assisted by
Gregory Knight, piano

From the Studio of
Dr. Sandra Stringer

4:00pm April 13, 2024 Recital Hall
~~ PROGRAMME ~~

Ciel e terra armi di sdegno (from *Tamerlano*)  
Georg Frideric Handel  
(1685-1759)

From *Schwanengesang*  
Ständchen  
Der Atlas  

Amor mi fa cantare  
Vaghissima sembianza  
Freschi luoghi, prati aulenti  

The Apple Orchard  
Dear Future Roommate  

~~ INTERMISSION ~~

En fermant les yeux (from *Manon*)  
Jules Massenet  
(1842-1912)

Two Filipino Songs  
Bituing Marikit  
Ugoy ng Duyan  

D’une prison  
Mai  
À Chloris  

Gethsemane (from *Jesus Christ Superstar*)  
Andrew Lloyd Webber  
(b. 1948)
Ciel e terra armi di sdegno
(Heaven and earth weapons of indignation)

May heaven and earth be armed with anger,
I will die undefeated, I will be strong. He
who despises both peace and the throne
cannot fear death.

Amor mi fa cantare
(Love makes me sing)

Love makes me sing
To speak the hidden praises
Of two bright eyes
And of two idle lips.
If I think of that look,
The sun seems to me offended
And I blaze and burn completely
If I think of those lips.
If then, as usual,
She looks at me and talks a little,
I am like wax in the sun:
I melt entirely.

Ständchen
(Serenade)

Softly my songs plead
through the night to you;
down into the silent grove,
beloved, come to me!

Slender treetops whisper and rustle
in the moonlight;
my darling, do not fear
that the hostile betrayer will overhear us.

Do you not hear the nightingales call?
Ah, they are imploring you;
with their sweet, plaintive songs
they are imploring for me.

They understand the heart’s yearning,
they know the pain of love;
with their silvery notes
they touch every tender heart.

Let your heart, too, be moved,
beloved, hear me!
Trembling, I await you!
Come, make me happy!

Der Atlas

I, unhappy Atlas, must bear a world,
the whole world of sorrows.
I bear the unbearable, and my heart
would break within my body.

Proud heart, you wished it so!
You wished to be happy, endlessly happy
or endlessly wretched, proud heart!
And now you are wretched!

Vaghissima sembianza
(Very charming image)

Very charming image of a woman formerly
loved, who, then, has portrayed you with so
much similarity that I look, and I speak, and
I believe to have you before me as in the
beautiful days of love?

The dear remembrance which has been
awakened in my heart so ardently has
revived my hopes, so that a kiss, a vow, a
cry of love? More I do not ask of her who is
silent forever.
Freschi luoghi, prati aulenti
(Cool places, fragrant meadows)

Cool places, fragrant meadows,  
Remain always in flower;  
Let not summer sow seed in you,  
Let not autumn carry you away,  
Let not the dead season take away  
So much magical splendor.  
I want one day to ramble with her  
Amidst softness so green,  
When at last my pangs  
She will show herself to understand.

Cool places, fragrant meadows,  
Remain always in flower.  
Let not any season take away  
So much magical splendor.  
And you then, clear streamlets,  
Which already are running to the sea,  
Don't be miserly with your waters  
In the late season of the year,  
Don't you join also the deception  
Of a prosperity so brief.  
I want one day to be reflected with her  
In your clarity,  
When at last my pangs  
She will show herself to understand.

Ugoy ng Duyan
(Lulling Cradle)

Those good old days, I pray won't fade  
When I was young and in Mother's care  
Oh, to hear dear Mother's lullaby again  
The song of love as she rocked my cradle.

In my deep and peaceful slumber  
The stars watch over me in vigil  
Life was like heaven in the arms of Mother  
Now my heart longs for the lulling cradle.

Those good old days, I pray won't fade  
When I was young and in Mother's care  
Oh, to hear dear Mother's lullaby again  
The song of love as she rocked my cradle.

Lull me, Mother, in my dear old cradle  
Oh, Mother.

En fermant les yeux

Recit: It’s true…my mind is raving! But  
happiness is transitory, and heaven has  
made it so fleet that one is always afraid it  
will fly away! To the table! Enchanting  
moment when apprehension is suspended  
when we two are alone! Listen, Manon:  
while walking, I just had a dream.

Aria: Closing my eyes, I see over there a  
humble retreat— a cottage all white in the  
depth of the woods! In its tranquil shade the  
clear and joyful brooks, in which the foliage  
is mirrored, sing with the birds!  
It is paradise! Oh, no! Everything there is  
sad and gloomy. For there is one thing  
missing: It still needs Manon!  
Come there our life will be.  
If you wish it, Oh Manon!

Bituing Marikit
(Beautiful Star)

Beautiful star, in the eve of life  
Your every sparkle brings joy in sight  
Oh may you please guide my destiny  
And your light be shared with me

A love that's planted in my heart  
What I most revered inside my heart  
Your brilliance that I always yearn for  
You are my dream, oh beautiful star

Come near me, oh star, come on  
Let all the feelings, together be joined  
My yearning heart, don't let it dry  
And let your endless love stream by

Come near me, oh star, come on  
Let all the feelings together be joined  
My yearning heart, don't let it dry  
And let your endless love stream by.
D’une Prison
(From a Prison)

The sky, over the roof, is
So blue, so calm!
A tree, over the roof,
Is rocking its fronds.
The bell, in the sky that you see,
Gently rings.
A bird on the tree that you see,
Plaintively sings.
My God, my God, life is there,
Simple, and sound.
That peaceful murmuring there
Comes in from the town.
What have you done, O you,
Now shedding endless tears,
Tell me, what have you done,
O you, With your young years?
The sky, over the roof
Is so blue, so calm!

A Chloris
(To Chloris)

If it be true, Chloris, that you love me,
(And I'm told you love me dearly),
I do not believe that even kings
Can match the happiness I know.
Even death would be powerless
To alter my fortune
With the promise of heavenly bliss!
All that they say of ambrosia
Does not stir my imagination
Like the favour of your eyes!

Mai
(May)

It is a month, dear exile,
Since you vanished from my gaze,
And I have watched the lilacs bloom
With my sorrow unassuaged.
Alone, I avoid these lovely clear skies,
Whose blazing rays disquiet me,
For an exile’s dread increases
With the splendour of nature’s renewal.
In vain the sun has smiled;
I close my door to the spring,
And wish only to be brought
A lilac branch in bloom!
For Love, which fills my heart to
overflowing,
Finds among its sorrows
Your gaze in the midst of those dear
flowers,
And in their fragrance your sweet breath!