



FACULTY OF
FINE ARTS

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

~~ *TRANSLATIONS* ~~

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.

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!

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.

But in vain I have trotted behind her
For almost an entire year;
In vain, changing meter,
I show myself audacious or haughty.
If I direct a word to her,
From laughing she cannot hold herself up...
Do I write her a song?
She reads it and doesn't read it.
If then, as usual,
She looks at me and talks a little,
I am like wax in the sun:
I melt entirely.

Vaghiissima 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.

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.

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!

**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!

**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!

**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!