



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Senior Recital

Robert Titus

Baritone

Michaela Walker

Piano

Assisted by:

Amanda Albright, Soprano

Natalie Brooks, Soprano

Wyatt Sattazahn, Tenor

Larry Fausnight, Baritone

Saturday, October 24, 2020 at 4:00 p.m.

HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

Program

<i>Chansons de Don Quichotte</i>	Jacques Ibert
Chanson du départ de Don Quichotte	(1890-1962)
Chanson à Dulcinée	
Chanson du Duc	
Chanson de la mort de Don Quichotte	
Der Doppelgänger.....	Franz Schubert
Kriegers Ahnung	(1797-1828)
Des Fischers Liebesglück	

Intermission

La Serenata	Francesco Tosti
Ideale	(1846-1916)
Tristezza	
L'ultima canzone	
Now Sleeps The Crimson Petal.....	Roger Quilter
	(1877-1953)
Ae Fond Kiss	Healey Willan
	(1880-1968)
And So It Goes.....	Billy Joel
	(b. 1949)
	Arr. Bob Chilcott
	(b. 1955)

Amanda Albright, Soprano
Natalie Brooks, Soprano
Wyatt Sattazahn, Tenor
Larry Fausnight, Baritone

Robert Titus is a student of Dr. Damian Savarino

*Presented in partial fulfillment
of the requirements of the degree
Bachelor of Science in Music Education*

Translations

Chanson du départ de Don Quichotte

Song of the Departure

This new castle, this new edifice
All adorned with marble and porphyry,
This castle, built by love from its empire,
Upon which all of heaven has used its skill,
Is a rampart, a fortress against evil
Where the virtuous mistress retires,
That the eye observes and the spirit admires,
Bringing hearts to servitude.
It is a castle, built in such a way
That none can approach the portal
If he has not saved his lineage from the great Kings,
Victorious, brave and amorous.
No knight, however adventurous he may be,
Without being such, can enter the place.

Chanson à Dulcinée

Song for Dulcinea

A day lasts a whole year
If I do not see my Dulcinea.

But, so as to sweeten my languor,
Love has painted her face,
In the fountain and the sky,
In each dawn and each flower.

A day lasts a whole year
If I do not see my Dulcinea.

Ever close and ever far,
Star of my long paths.
The wind carries her breath to me
When it blows across the jasmine.

Chanson du Duc

The Song of the Duke

I want to sing here of the Lady of my dreams,
Who raises me above this century of mud.
Her heart of diamond is untarnished by lies.
The rose pales at the sight of her cheek.

For Her, I have attempted lofty adventures.
My arm has delivered the princess in servitude.
I have conquered the Enchanter, confounded the perjurers
And bent the universe to offer her homage.

Lady for whom I, who alone is not a prisoner
Of the false appearance, go over this earth,
I proclaim, against any rash Knight,
Your unequalled splendor and your excellence.

Chanson de la mort de Don Quichotte

Song of the death of Don Quixote

Do not cry Sancho, do not cry, good friend.
Your master is not dead.
He is not far from you.
He lives on a happy isle
Where all is pure and free of lies.
On the isle at last discovered where you will come one day.
On the desired isle, o my good friend Sancho!
The books are burned and make a heap of ash.
If all the books have killed me
Just one is enough for me to live on,
A ghost in life and real in death.
Such is the strange destiny of poor Don Quixote.

Der Doppelgänger

The Wraith

The night is still, the streets are at rest;
In this house lived my sweetheart.
She has long since left the town,
But the house still stands on the selfsame spot.

A man stands there too, staring up,
And wringing his hands in anguish;
I shudder when I see his face –
The moon shows me my own form!

You wraith, pallid companion,
Why do you ape the pain of my love
Which tormented me on this very spot,
So many a night, in days long past?

Kriegers Ahnung

Warrior's Foreboding

In deep repose my comrades in arms
Lie in a circle around me;

My heart is so anxious and heavy,
So ardent with longing.

How often I have dreamt sweetly
Upon her warm breast!
How cheerful the fireside glow seemed
When she lay in my arms.

Here, where the somber glimmer of the flames,
Alas, plays only on weapons,
Here the heart feels utterly alone;
A tear of sadness wells up.

Heart, may comfort not forsake you;
Many a battle still calls.
Soon I shall rest well and sleep deeply.
Beloved, goodnight!

Des Fischers Liebesglück

The Fisherman's Luck in Love

Yonder light gleams through the willows,
And a pale glimmer beckons to me
From the bedroom of my sweetheart.

It flickers like a will-o'-the-wisp,
And its reflection sways gently
In the circle of the undulating lake.

I gaze longingly into the blue of the waves,
And greet the bright reflected beam.

And spring to the oar, and swing the boat
Away on its smooth, crystal course.

My sweetheart slips lovingly
Down from her little room,
And joyfully hastens to me in the boat.

Then the breezes gently blow us
Again out into the lake
From the elder tree on the shore.

The pale evening mists envelop
And veil our silent, innocent dallying
From prying onlookers.

And as we exchange kisses,
The waves lap,
Rising and falling, to foil eavesdroppers.

Only stars in the far distance overhear us,
And bathe deep down
Below the course of the gliding boat.

So we drift on blissfully,
In the midst of darkness,
High above the twinkling stars.

Weeping, smiling,
We think we have soared free of the earth,
And are already up above, on another shore.

La Serenata The Serenade

Fly now,
O thou serenade:
My beloved is all alone,
And, with her lovely head thrown back and disarrayed,
Midst silken sheets she doth repose:
O thou serenade,
Fly now.

Shining
Brightly comes the moon;
Soft silence spreads its wing,
And through a darkening veil from the alcove's gloom
The lamplight yet is glowing:
Brightly comes the moon,
Shining.

Take flight,
O my serenade:
My beloved is yet alone;
She's but half asleep while, by her sly smile betrayed,
She snuggles into the bedclothes:
O my serenade,
Take flight.

Dreaming
Waves kiss the hushed sands,
As branches dance in balmy air;
But into their nest find my kisses no entrance,
Thus refused by my damsel fair!
Waves kiss the hushed sands
And dream.

Ideale

My Ideal

I followed you like a rainbow of peace
Along the paths of heaven;
I followed you like a friendly torch
In the veil of darkness,
And I sensed you in the light, in the air,
In the perfume of flowers,
And the solitary room was full
Of you and of your radiance.

Absorbed by you, I dreamed a long time
Of the sound of your voice,
And earth's every anxiety, every torment
I forgot in that dream.
Come back, dear ideal, for an instant
To smile at me again,
And in your face will shine for me
A new dawn.

Tristezza

Sadness

Look, far, far away
The sun dies in the waves
Flocks of birds in flight
Return to the plain.

I feel a sadness in my heart
And yet I don't know why.
Looking into your eyes my beauty,
Silently I cling to you.

The shadow of a cloak covers
Nature, the sky, the sea,
I feel tears brimming
In my eyes.

The Angelus bell rings and it is sad
And yet I don't know why.
You pray devoutly, my beauty,
I pray with you.

Tender in the evening
Filled with a radiance
From our loving hearts
Goes the prayer.

And the sadness
Makes me think
And yet I don't know why,
That one day, alas,
My life will lose
The dream and you!

L'ultima canzone

The last song

They told me that tomorrow
Nina, you will be a bride.
Yet still I sing my serenade to you!
Up on the barren plateau,
Down in the shady valley,
Oh, how often I have sung it to you!

Rose-petal
O flower of amaranth,
Though you marry,
I shall be always near.

Tomorrow you'll be surrounded
By celebration, smiles and flowers,
And will not spare a thought for our past love;
Yet always, by day and by night,
With passionate moan
My song will sigh to you.

Mint-flower,
O flower of pomegranate,
Nina, remember
The kisses I gave you!

Ah! ... Ah! ...