4-8-1984

Junior Recital: Jeffery McCracken, tenor, and Lilian Speiden, piano

Department of Music, University of Richmond

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Come again! Sweet love doth now invite
Sleep, wayward thoughts
Flow, my tears

Til en, II (To the one, II) Op. 59, No. 4

John Dowland
(1563-1626)

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John Dowland
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Arabeske Op. 18

Etude in c minor Op. 25, No. 12

Next: Guest Artist - Pierre Xuereb, viola

Monday, April 16, 8:15 PM
North Court Recital Hall

Translations

O kühler Wald

O cool forest in which my beloved walks, where do you rustle?
O echo which willingly understands my song, where do you listen?
In the depths of the heart there rustles the forest in which my beloved walks. In sorrows slept the echo. The songs are blown away.

Die beiden Grenadiere

Two soldiers, prisoners from Russia, were making their way back to France. And when they came to the German soil, they hung their heads in sorrow. There they heard the tragic news, that France was lost; the brave army vanquished and routed, and the Emperor, a prisoner. Then the soldiers both wept at this lamentable news. One said: 'I'm in such pain - my old wound, how it burns!' The other said: 'All is lost! And I would die with you, but at home I have a wife and child, and without me they would perish.'

'What do I care for wife and child! Mine is a nobler desire! If they are hungry, let them beg - my Emperor, a prisoner! Grant me, brother, a last wish: if I should die, take my body to France, and bury me in French soil. Lay the Cross of Honor and red ribbon upon my heart; put my musket in my hand, and buckle on my sword. There I will lie in my grave like a sentry, and listen until one day I hear again the roar of cannons, and the gallop of neighing chargers. Then will my Emperor ride over my grave, glittering swords will clash; and I will rise up armed from the grave to defend the Emperor, my Emperor!

Io gia t'amai,

from Rodelinda

When I loved you, you willfully scorned to be my wife; you always said 'no.' Now that I am king I do not want as consort one who spurned me.