Perry Chacon Jr., Tenor  
Neilson Chen, piano

Undergraduate Recital Series  
Recital Hall | April 2, 2016 | 7:30pm
Senior Recital Program

From Songs of Travel  
1. The Vagabond  
2. Let Beauty Awake  
3. The Roadside Fire  
4. Youth and Love

From Eichendorff Lieder  
Der Musikant  
Verschwiegene Liebe  
Das Ständchen  
Nachtzauber  
Seemanns Abschied

Intermission

Chanson Triste  
Serenade Florentine  
Phidylé

"Lonely House" from Street Scene  
"My Ship" from Lady in the Dark  
"Here I’ll Stay" from Love Life

Ladron de Amores (Tipitin)  
Te quiero, Dijiste  
Granada

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)  
Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)  
Henri Duparc (1848-1933)  
Kurt Weill (1900-1950)  
María Grever (1885-1951)  
Agustín Lara (1897-1970)
Der Musikant
The Musician

Wandering is the love of my life,
I live however I can,
If I were to give myself trouble,
It would not suit me at all.

I know lovely old songs,
in the cold without shoes,
outside the strings I pluck,
and do not know where I will rest at night.

Many a beauty will make eyes at me,
will say she would desire me,
if I were to improve myself,
if I were not such a lazy man.

May God give you a man,
with a good house and courtyard!
If we two were together,
maybe my singing would go away.

Verschwiegene Liebe
Secret Love

Over the treetops and fields,
into the splendor-
who may guess them?
Who may catch up with them?

My thoughts float,
the night is silent,
my thoughts are free.

If one alone could guess,
who thought of her
in the rushing groves,
when no one keeps watch,

but the clouds that fly—
my love is silent
and lovely as the night

Das Städtchen
The Serenade

On the roof between pale clouds,
the moon gazes,
a student sings in the streets before his
beloved’s door.

And the fountains murmur
throughout the still loneliness,
as do the woods, from the lower mountains.
It is like the beautiful old times.

So in my youthful days,
I had many summer nights here,
strumming a lute and making funny songs

But from a silent threshold,
they have carried my love to rest,
and you cheerful companion,
sing on, sing on.

Nachtzauber
Night’s Magic

Do you not hear the spring running
between the stones and flowers far
toward the silent forest lake,
where the marble statues stand
in beautiful solitude?

From the mountains,
gently awakening to ancient song, the
wondrous night ascends,
it’s the reason it shines like you see in a
dream.

Do you know the flower that blooms
in the moonlit land,
from whose buds, half-open,
young limbs bloom with
white arms and red mouth?

And the nightingale sings,
and all around, a lament is raised;
alas, wounded fatally by love,
by lovely days now gone forever -
come, o come to the silent land!

Seemans Abschied
Sailor's Farwell

Farewell, my love, you never loved me,
I was not up to your status.
One day you will wander by moonlight
and hear a sweet music.
A mermaid is singing,
the night is without passion,
the quiet clouds are drifting;
then you will think of me.
To the mermaid wed,
and find yourself another lover!
Farewell, you troopers and musketeers,
we travel on a wild stead, that bucks and rears
and turns somersaults before many a towering cliff.
The merman rises up amid lightning flashes
on dark nights,
The shark snaps and the seagulls shriek
This is a merry struggle!

Stretch out your lazy legs
On your bœrskin at home,
God gazes out of his window
And sends his flood again!
Sargent, cavalrmen and musketeers,
All must drown,
While with a fresh wind
We will land in paradise!

Chanson Triste
Sad Song

In your heart sleeps the moonlight,
a sweet, clear summer moonlight,
and to flee a tiresome life,
I will bathe in your brilliance.

I will forget the sorrows of the past, My love,
when you cradle my sad hearts
and my thoughts,
in your loving arms.

You will take my troubled mind,
oh! Sometimes on your knee
and will tell it a ballad
that will seem to speak to us.
And in your eyes full of sorrow,
in your eyes then I will drink so many kisses and
so much tenderness
that perhaps, I will be healed...

Serenade Florentine
Florentine Serenade

Star whose beauty shines
like a diamond in the night;
look at my beloved whose eyelids are closed.
And cause there to fall on her eyes
the blessing of heaven.

She falls asleep,
through the window of her happy chamber
tiptoe:
upon her whiteness, like a kiss,
come, just until dawn, to stay,
And may her thoughts, then,
Dream of a star of love that rises!

Phidylé

The grass is soft for slumbering
Under the cool poplar trees
By the slope of the mossy springs,
Which in the meadows covered with flowers
sprouting everywhere,
Disappear under the dark foliage.

Rest, O Phidylé!
Noonday on the leaves
Invites you to slumber!
Among the clover and the thyme,
Alone in the full sunshine,
The bees hum in their flight;
A warm perfume fills the air
At the turn of the paths;
The red poppy is drooping,
And the birds, grazing the hill with their wings,
Seek the shade of the wild rosebushes.

Rest, O Phidylé!
But, when the celestial orb,
Descending in its brilliant curve
Will cool its smoldering heat.
Let your loveliest smile
And your tender kiss reward me for waiting!

**Ladron de Amores/ Tipitin**
The Thief of Love

The thief of love they call me
For stealing her affection.
Just like a toy that a child
Wants as they walk by.

With her love I stole your kisses
And a lock of your hair,
But I have tangled myself with it,
And I just cannot escape.

Tipitin, Tipitin
Tipiton, Tipiton
Every morning,
under her window I sing this song!

Tipitin, Tipitin
Tipiton, Tipiton
This is the beat
The strong beat of my heart!

With my guitar in one hand,
And in the other with a bouquet of flowers
I sing my love
Throughout the early morning.

And in my song I am singing,
That I will never forget you,
That even if it costs me my life,
I will never stop singing!

**Te quiero ,Dijiste**
I love you, you said

I love you, you said
Taking my hands in to your pearly white hands
And I felt in chest
A strong beat,
Then a sigh, and then a spark from a warm kiss

Pretty little doll,
With golden hair
With pearly white teeth
Lips, red as rubies.

Tell me that you love me,
In the way that I adore you,
And if you remember me,
As I remember you...

Sometimes I hear,
A divine echo,
Enveloped in the breeze
That seems to say...
Yes, I really love you, very very much,
As much as I always have,
Always till I die.

**Granada**

Granada, land I’ve been dreaming about,
When my song’s for you it turns into
A Gypsy-like shout.
It’s my song, made of a dreamer’s folly,
Yes, my song, flower of melancholy,
That I now bring to you.

Granada, your soil is made bloody
By your afternoons of bullfights;
A woman whose Moorish eyes give her
A charm that’s exciting.
I dream you a rebellious Gypsy,
All covered with flowers,
And I kiss your red mouth that’s so gleaming,
A ripe apple,
Seeming to speak love for hours.

Granada, a beautiful woman sung with beautiful rhymes,
Except for a bouquet of roses
I’ve nothing to bring you;
Of roses with fragrance so mild that
They could be a frame for the Holy Virgin Morena.

Granada, your soil is submerged in
A sea of great beauties,
Of blood and of sun!