

SCHOOL of MUSIC

Where PASSION is *heard*

Senior Capstone Recital

Spanish Folk Values:

**Their representation in songs and instrumentation of
Manuel de Falla and Maurice Ravel**

Trevor Walker, *baritone*

Erika Tazawa Jenkins, *piano*

Sunday, November 8, 2020 | 2:30 PM

Presented virtually from Morgan Concert Hall of the Bailey Performance Center

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of requirements for the degree
Bachelor of Arts in Music.

Mr. Walker studies voice with Dr. Nathan Munson.

PROGRAM

I. Spanish Folk Value

A. Chivalry

B. Instrumentation

MANUEL DE FALLA (1876-1946)

Siete Canciones Populares Españolas

El paño moruno

Seguidilla murciana

Asturiana

Jota

Nana

Canción

Polo

C. Traveling Across Borders

MAURICE RAVEL (1875-1937)

Don Quichotte a Dulcinée

Chanson Romanesque

Chanson épique

Chanson á boire



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TRANSLATIONS

i. El paño moruno

Al paño fino, en la tienda,
Al paño fino, en la tienda,
Una mancha le cayó;
Una mancha le cayó;
Por menos precio se vende,
Por menos precio se vende,
Porque perdió su valor.
Porque perdió su valor.
¡Ay!

ii. Seguidilla murciana

Cualquiera que el tejado
Tenga de vidrio,
No debe tirar piedras
Al del vecino
Arrieros semos;
Puede que en el camino,
Puede que en el camino,
¡Nos encontremos!

Por tu mucha inconstancia

Yo te comparo
Yo te comparo
Por tu mucha inconstancia
yo te comparo con peseta que corre
De mano en mano
Que al fin se borra,
y creyéndola falsa
y creyéndola falsa
¡Nadie la toma!
¡Nadie la toma!

ii. Asturiana

Por ver si me consolaba
Arrímeme a un pino verde
Por ver si me consolaba
Por verme llorar, lloraba.
Y el pino como era verde
Por verme llorar, lloraba.

iv. Jota

Dicen que no nos queremos,
Dicen que no nos queremos
porque no nos ven hablar;
A tu corazón y al mío
Se lo pueden preguntar.
Dicen que no nos queremos
porque no nos ven hablar.
Ya me despido de tí,
Ya me despido de tí,
De tu casa y tu Ventana
Y aunque no quiera tu madre,
Adiós, niña, hasta mañana.
Ya me despido de tí
Aunque no quiera tu madre...

i. The Moorish cloth

On the fine cloth, in the store
On the fine cloth, in the store
A stain set in
A stain set in
For a lower price it is sold
For a lower price it is sold
Because it has lost its value
Because it has lost its value
Oh!

ii. Murcian seguidilla

He whose roof
Is made of glass,
Should not throw rocks
At his neighbor's.
Muleteers are we;
Perhaps on the road,
Perhaps on the road,
We shall meet!

Because of your great inconsistency

I compare you,
I compare you,
Because of your great inconsistency
I compare you to a coin that passes
From hand to hand
That at last is worn off,
And believing it false,
And believing it false,
No one will take it!
No one will take it!

iii. Asturina song

To see if it would console me,
Tie me up to a green pine
To see if it would console me
Upon seeing me cry, it cried.
The pine tree, because it was green,
Upon seeing me cry, it cried.

iv. Jota

They say we don't love each other,
They say we don't love each other
Because they don't see us talk,
Your heart and mine,
They can ask them.
They say we don't love each other
Because they don't see us talk.
Now I take my leave of you,
Now I take my leave of you,
Of your house and your window,
And although your mother doesn't approve,
Goodbye, dear, until tomorrow.
Now I take my leave of you,
Although your mother doesn't approve...

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v. Nana

Duérmeme niño, duerme,
duerme mi alma
Duérmeme lucerito,
De la mañana nanita, nana, nanita, nana
Duérmeme lucerito
De la mañana

vi. canción

Por traidores, tus ojos,
Voy a enterrarlos;
Por traidores, tus ojos,
Voy a enterrarlos;
No sabes lo que cuesta,
“Del aire”
Niña, el mirarlos
“Madre, a la orilla”
Niña, el mirarlos
“Madre”
Dicen que no me quieres,
y a me has querido...
Dicen que no me quieres,
y a me has querido...
Váyase lo Ganado
“Del aire”
Por lo perdido.
“Madre a la orilla”
Por lo perdido.
“Madre”

vii. Polo

¡Ay!
Guardo una “¡Ay!”
Guardo una pena en mi pecho
“¡Ay!”
¡Que a nadie se la diré!
¡Malhaya el amor, malhaya,
Y quien me lo dió a entender!
“¡Ay!”

i. Chanson Romanesque

Si vous me disiez que la terre
À tant tourner vous offense,
Je lui dépêcherais Pança:
Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.

Si vous me disiez que l'ennui
Vou vient du ciel trop fleuri d'astres,
Déchirant les divins cadastres,
Je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.

Si vous me disiez que l'espace
Ainsi vidé ne vous plaît point,
Chevalier dieu, la lance au poing
J'étoilerais le vent qui passe.

Mais si vous disiez que mon sang
Est plus à moi qu'à vous, ma Dame,
Je blémirais dessous le blâme
Et je mourrais, vous bénissant.

v. Nursemaid

Go to sleep child, sleep,
Sleep my precious,
Go to sleep little light.
In the morning, nanita, nana nanita, nana,
Go to sleep little light,
In the morning.

vi. Song

Because they are traitors, your eyes,
I'm going to bury them;
Because they are traitors, your eyes,
I'm going to bury them.
You don't know what it cost,
“in the air!”
Dear, to see them,
“Mother, on the edge,”
Dear, to see them,
“Mother,”
Thy say you don't love me,
And me you have loved...
They say you don't love me,
And me you have loved...
Away with what was won,
“In the air”
For what was lost.
“Mother on the edge,”
For what was lost,
“Mother”

vii. Polo

Oh!
I keep an “oh!”
I keep sorrow in my chest,
“Oh!”
No one will I tell, so be it.
A curse on love, a cure,
And who can make me understand it?
“Oh!”

i. Romantic Song

Were you to tell that the earth
Offended you with so much turning,
I'd dispatch Panza to deal with it:
You'd see it still and silenced.

Were you to tell me that you are wearied
By a sky too studded with stars -
Tearing the divine order asunder,
I'd scythe the night with a single blow

Were you to tell me that space itself,
Thus denuded was not to your taste -
As a god-like knight, with lance in hand,
I'd sow the fleeting wind with stars.

But were you to tell me that my blood,
Is more mine, my Lady, than your own,
I'd pale at the admonishment
And, blessing you, would die.

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ii. Chanson épique

Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir
De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,
Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir
Pour lui complaire et la défendre,
Bon Saint Micel veuillez descendre
Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel
De la Madone au bleu mantel.

D'un raon du ciel bénissez ma lame
Et son égale en pureté
Et son égale en piété
Comme en pudeur et chasteté:
Ma Dame.

(Ô grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel)
L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,
Ma couce Dame si pareille
À Vous, Madone au bleu mantel!

iii. Chanson à boire

Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,
Qui pour me perdre à vos doux yeux
Dit que l'amour et le vin vieux
Mettent en deuil mon Coeur, mon âme!

Je bois. À la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit... lorsque j'ai bu!

Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,
Qui geint, qui pleure et fait serment
D'être toujours ce pâle amant
Qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse!

Je bois
À la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit... lorsque j'ai bu!

ii. Epic Song

Good Saint Michael who gives me leave
To behold and hear my Lady,
God Saint Michel who deigns to elect me
To please her and defend her,
Good Saint Michael, descend, I pray,
With Saint George onto the altar
Of the Madonna robed in blue

With a heavenly beam bless my blade
And its equal in purity
And its equal in piety
As in modesty and chastity:
My Lady.

(O great Saint George and great Saint Michael)
Bless the angle watching over my vigil,
My sweet Lady, so like unto Thee,
O Madonna robed in blue!

iii. Drinking Song

A pox on the bastard, illustrious Lady,
Who to discredit me in your sweet eyes,
Says that love and old wine
Are saddening my heart and soul!

I drink. To joy!
Joy is the only goal
To which I go straight...when I'm... drunk!

A pox on the jealous wretch, O dusky mistress
Who whines and weeps and vows
Always to be this lily-livered lover
Who dilutes his drunkenness!

I drink
To joy!
Joy is the only goal
To which I go straight...when I'm drunk!

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