

Riccardo Lucas Hernandez
tenor

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Bachelor of Music degree, 2023
Student of Bradley Williams

with
Rafe Schaberg, piano

Sunday, April 23, 2023
12:00 noon
Burnes Hall

PROGRAM

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)

Misero! O sogno, K. 431

Hugo Wolf
(1860–1903)

from *Mörrike Lieder*

Der Genesene an die Hoffnung
Der Knabe und das Immlein
Der Tambour

Johannes Brahms
(1833–1897)

Botschaft

Benjamin Godard
(1849–1895)

Viens

Léo Delibes
(1836–1891)

Regrets!
Départ

Jules Massenet
(1842–1912)

Élégie

Barna Zsolt Károly, cello

Ben Moore
(b. 1960)

I am in need of music
This heart that flutters
The Lake Isle of Innisfree

Wally

Mesmerism

No No

St. Croix

Equivalent

Feel it Through

Settled

Wally

Teo Hernandez, voice, electric guitar

Alex Blair, guitar, voice

Sam Reiss, bass

Alex Yoo, Kabir Adhiya-Kumar, drums,
percussion

special guests

Kai Burns, electric guitar

Jonathan Paik, piano

Misero! o sogno

Misero! o sogno, o son desto?
Chiuso, è il varco all'uscita!
Io dunque, o stelle!
Solo in questa rinchiuso
Abitato dall'ombra!
Luogo tacito e mesto, ove non s'ode

Nell'orror della notte
Che de' notturni augelli
La lamentabil voce! I giorni miei
Dovrò qui terminar?
Aprite, indegne,
Questa porta infernale!
Spietate, aprite!
Alcun non m'ode! E solo,
Ne' cavi sassi ascoso
Risponde a' mesti accenti
Eco pietoso
E dovrò qui morir?
Ah! negli estremi amari sospiri
Almen potessi, oh Dio!
Dar al caro mio ben l'ultimo addio

Aura che intorno spiri,
Sull'ali a lei che adoro
Deh! porta i miei sospiri,
Di che per essa moro,
Che più non mi vedrà!
Ho mille larve intorno
Di varie voci il suono;
Che orribile soggiorno!
Che nuova crudeltà!
Che barbara sorte!
Che stato dolente!
Mi lagno, sospiro,
Nessuno mi sente,
Nel grave periglio
Nessun non miro,
Non spero consiglio,
Non trovo pietà!

Anonymous

Miserable! Do I dream

Miserable! Do I dream, or am I awake?
The way is closed to escape!
I then, oh stars!
Alone in this place,
Shut up by shadows!
This silent and sad place, where one does not
hear
In the terror of the night
Even the lamenting voice
Of nocturnal birds!
Must my days end?
Open, ignoble ones,
This infernal door!
Cruel ones, open it!
No one hears me! And only
A pitiful echo,
Hidden in the stone caves,
Responds to my miserable words.
And must I die here?
Ah! in my last bitter sighs
At least I could, oh God!
Give to my beloved my final farewell!

Air which I breathe in,
On wings to her whom I adore
Ah! carry my sighs,
Say that for her I die,
That she will see me no longer!
I have the sound of the voices
Of a thousand various spectres inside of me;
What a horrible sojourn!
What new cruelty!
What a barbarous fate!
What a painful state!
I moan, I sigh,
No one hears me,
In my grave danger
I see no one,
I do not hope for council,
I do not seek pity!

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Der Genesene an die Hoffnung

*Tödlich graute mir der morgen:
doch schon lag mein Haupt, wie süß
Hoffnung, dir im Schoss verborgen,
bis der Sieg gewonnen hiess.
Opfer bracht ich allen Göttern,
doch vergessen warest du;
seitwärts von dem ew'gen Rettern
sahest du dem Feste zu.*

*O vergib, du Vielgetreue!
Tritt aus deinem Dämmerlicht,
dass ich dir ins ewigene,
mondhelle Angesicht einmal schaue,
Recht von Herzen,
wie ein Kind und Sonder Harm;
ach, nur Einmal ohne Scherzen
schliesse mich in deinem Arm!*

Der Knabe und das Immelein

*Im Weinberg auf der Höhe
ein Häuslein steht so windebang;
hat weder Tür noch Fenster,
die Viele wird ihm lang.*

*Unt ist der Tag so schwüle,
Sind all' verstummt die Vögelein,
summt an der Sonnenblume
ein Immelein ganz allein.*

*Mein lieb hat einen Garten,
da steht ein hübsches Immenhaus:
kommst du daher geflogen?
schickt sie dich nach mir aus?*

*“Oh nein, du feiner Knabe,
es hiess mich niemand Boten geh'n;
dies Kind weiss nichts von Lieben,
Hat dich noch kaum geseh'n.*

*Was wüssten auch die Mädchen,
wenn sie kaum aus der Schule sind!
Dein herzallerliebstes Schätzchen
ist noch ein Mutterkind.*

He who has recovered addresses Hope

Day dawned deathly grey:
Yet my head lay, how sweetly!
O Hope, hidden in your lap,
Till victory was reckoned won.
I had made sacrifices to all the gods,
But you I had forgotten;
Aside from the eternal saviours
You gazed on at the feast.

Oh forgive, most true one!
Step forth from your twilight
That I, just once, might gaze
From my very heart
At your eternally new and moonbright face,
Like a child and without sorrow;
Ah, just once, without pain,
Enfold me in your arms!

The Boy and the Bee

On the hill-top vineyard
There stands a hut so timidly,
It has neither door nor window
And feels time dragging by.

And when the day's so sultry
And every little bird is silent,
A solitary bee
Buzzes round the sunflower.

My sweetheart has a garden
With a pretty beehive in it:
Is that where you've flown from?
Did she send you to me?

'Oh no, you handsome boy,
No one bade me bear messages;
This child knows nothing of love,
Has scarcely even noticed you.

What can girls know
When hardly out of school!
Your beloved sweetheart
Is still her mother's child.

(The text continues on the following page. Please turn the page quietly.)

*Ich bring' ihm Wachs und Honig; ade!
ich hab' ein ganzes Pfund;
wie wird das Schätzchen lachen,
ihm wässert schon der Mund."*

*"Ach, wolltest du ihr sagen, ich wüsste,
Was viel süsser ist:
nichts lieblicher auf Erden,
als wenn man herzt und küsst!"*

Der Tambour

*Wenn meine mutter hexen könnt',
da müsst' sie mit dem Regiment,
nach Frankreich überall mit hin,
und wär' die Marketenderin.
Im lager, wohl um Mitternacht,
wenn niemand auf ist als die Wacht,
und alles schnarchen, Ross und Mann,
vor meiner Trommel säss' ich dann:
die Trommel müsst' eine Schüssel sein,
ein warmes Sauerkraut darein,
die Schlegel Messer und Gabel,
eine lange Wurst mein Sabel,
mein tschako wär' ein Humpen gut,
den füll'ich mit Burgunderblut.
Und weil es mir an Lichte fehlt,
da scheint der Mond in mein Gezelt;
scheint er auch auf Franzö'sch herein,
mir fällt doch mein Liebste ein:
ach weh! ach weh! ach weh! Weh!
jetzt hat der Spass ein End'!
Wenn meine Mutter hexen könnt!*

Eduard Mörike

Botschaft

*Wehe, Lüftchen, lind und lieblich
Um die Wange der Geliebten,
Spiele zart in ihrer Locke,
Eile nicht, hinwegzufliehn!
Tut sie dann vielleicht die Frage,*

I bring her wax and honey;
Farewell! – I've gathered a whole pound;
How your beloved will laugh!
Her mouth's already watering.'

Ah, if only you would tell her,
I know of something much sweeter:
There's nothing lovelier on earth
Than when one hugs and kisses!

The Drummer Boy

If my mother could work magic
She'd have to go with the regiment
To France and everywhere,
And be the vivandière.
In camp, at midnight,
When no one's up save the guard,
And everybody – man and horse – is snoring,
Then I'd sit by my drum:
My drum would be a bowl,
With warm sauerkraut in it,
The sticks would be a knife and fork,
My sabre – a long sausage;
My shako would be a tankard
Filled with red Burgundy.
And because I lack light,
The moon shines into my tent;
And though it shines in French,
It still reminds me of my beloved:
Oh dear!
There's an end to my fun!
– If only my mother could work magic!

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Complete Songs of Hugo Wolf (Faber),
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A Message

Blow breeze, gently and sweetly
About the cheek of my beloved,
Play softly with her tresses,
Make no haste to fly away!
Then if she should chance to ask

*Wie es um mich Armen stehe,
Sprich: „Unendlich war sein Wehe,
Höchst bedenklich seine Lage;
Aber jetzo kann er hoffen
Wieder herrlich aufzuleben,
Denn du, Holde, denkst an ihn.“*

George Friedrich Daumer

Viens!

*Viens! - une flûte invisible
Soupire dans les vergers. -
La chanson la plus paisible
Est la chanson des bergers.*

*Le vent ride, sous l'yeuse,
Le sombre miroir des eaux. -
La chanson la plus joyeuse
Est la chanson des oiseaux.*

*Que nul soin ne te tourmente.
Aimons-nous! Aimons toujours! -
La chanson la plus charmante
Est la chanson des amours.*

Victor Hugo

How things are with wretched me,
Say: 'His sorrow's been unending,
His condition most grave;
But now he can hope
To revel in life once more,
For you, fair one, think of him.'

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Come

Come! - An unseen flute
Sighs in the orchards.
The most peaceful song
Is the song that shepherds sing.

The wind beneath the ilex
Ruffles the waters' dark mirror.
The most joyous song
Is the song that birds sing.

Let no worry torment you.
Let us love! Let us always love!
The most sweet song
Is the song that lovers sing.

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Regrets!

*Jours passés,
Ô jeunesse envolée,
Vous laissez
L'âme à jamais troublée.*

*Ô printemps sans retour!
Ô fleurs! ô délire,
Quand mes yeux chaque jour
Te voyaient sourire
Ô mon seul, mon cher amour!*

*Bien loin tu t'es enfuie,
Ô toi qui fus ma vie,
Et qui restes mon coeur.
En vain le temps dévore,
Sous mon front luit encore
Ton souvenir vainqueur!*

*Heureux de ma blessure,
Ton nom, je le murmure,
Ô toi, qui fus ma vie
Et qui restes mon coeur!*

Armand Silvestre

Départ

*Je veux oublier que j'aime,
Emportez-moi loin, amis,
Emportez-moi loin d'ici,
En Flandre, en Espagne, à Naples, en Bohême,
Si loin qu'en chemin reste mon souci!
Que restera-t'il en moi, en de moi-même,
Quand à m'en guérir j'aurai réussi?
N'importe, Les longues douleurs ne sont pas mon
lot!*

*Allons par pays courir l'aventure,
Pour nous secourir partons au galop!
Sans te dire adieu chère créature!
Car mon coeur fondrait en sanglot!
Nous reposerons, la course assouvie,
Dans le serpolet, le baume et le thym!*

Days Passed

*Days passed,
Oh fleeting youth,
You leave
The forever troubled soul.*

*Oh Spring without return!
Oh flowers! Oh ecstasy,
When my eyes every day
Saw your smile
Oh my own, my dear love!*

*Far have you flown,
Oh you who was my life,
And who remains my heart.
Vainly time consumes,
Under my brow still shines
Your conquering memory!*

*Happy with my pain,
Your name, I murmur,
Oh you, that was my life
And who remains in my heart!*

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Departure

*I wish to forget that I love,
Bear me far away, my friends,
Bear me far from here,
To Flanders, Spain, Naples, Bohemia,
So far that I lose my worries en route!
What shall remain in me, in my soul,
Once my cure is complete?
Whatever – I wish to close my wound,*

*Come, Let us seek adventure in the country,
Let us seek solace at a gallop!
Without taking leave of you, dear creature!
For my heart would dissolve in sobs!
We shall rest, once the journey's over,
In wild thyme, balsam and thyme!*

*Mais si d'en cueillir il me prend envie
Détournez mes doigts d'un fatal butin,*

*Car ce fut ainsi qu'elle prit ma vie,
Sans en rien savoir par un frais matin!
J'étais à genoux parmi la bruyère.*

*Partons, mes amis, partons! je soif de courir.
Que mon cheval jette un vent sa crinière,
Voyons l'horizon devant nous s'ouvrir.
Ah, partez sans moi! L'âme prisonnière
Aime sa prison - et veut y mourir!*

Émile Augier

Élégie

*Ô, doux printemps d'autre fois, vertes saisons,
Vous avez fui pour toujours!
Je ne vois plus le ciel bleu;
Je n'entends plus les chants joyeux des oiseaux!
En emportant mon bonheur, mon bonheur...
Ô bien-aimé, tu t'en es allé!
Et c'est en vain que revient le printemps revient!
Oui, sans retour,
avec toi, le gai soleil,
Les jours riants sont partis!
Comme en mon cœur tout est sombre et glacé!
Tout est flétri
pour toujours!*

Louis Gallet

But if I decide to pick any,
Turn my fingers away from such fateful
booty,
For it was thus that she took my life,
One fresh morning, without being aware!
I was kneeling in the heather.

Let us depart, my friends! I am eager to fly.
Let my horse shake his mane to the wind,
Let us see the horizon opening up before us.
Ah, leave without me! The imprisoned soul
Love his prison – and wishes to die there!

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Elegy

O sweet springtimes of old verdant seasons
You have fled forever
I no longer see the blue sky
I no longer hear the bird's joyful singing
And, taking my happiness with you
You have gone on your way my love!
In vain Spring returns
Yes, never to return
The bright sun has gone with you
The days of happiness have fled
How gloomy and cold is my heart
All is withered
Forever!

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I am in need of music

I am in need of music that would flow
Over my fretful, feeling fingertips,
Over my bitter-tainted, trembling lips,
With melody, deep, clear, and liquid-slow.
Oh, for the healing swaying, old and low,
Of some song sung to rest the tired dead,
A song to fall like water on my head,
And over quivering limbs, dream flushed to glow!

There is a magic made by melody:
A spell of rest, and quiet breath, and cool
Heart, that sinks through fading colors deep
To the subaqueous stillness of the sea,
And floats forever in a moon-green pool,
Held in the arms of rhythm and of sleep.

Elizabeth Bishop

This heart that flutters

This heart that flutters near my heart
My hope and all my riches is,
Unhappy when we draw apart
And happy between kiss and kiss:
My hope and all my riches — - yes! — -
And all my happiness.

For there, as in some mossy nest
The wrens will divers treasures keep,
I laid those treasures I possessed
Ere that mine eyes had learned to weep.
Shall we not be as wise as they
Though love live but a day?

James Joyce

The Lake Isle of Innisfree

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;

There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

William Butler Yeats

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