

Edward Ferran

tenor

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

with
Su Jin Choi, piano
Elizabeth Kleiber, flute
Erica Smith, clarinet
Isabella Gorman, Emma Boyd, violin
Nathan Emans, viola
Trés Foster, cello
Shaylen Joos, harp

Saturday, April 29, 2023
8:00 p.m.
Williams Hall

PROGRAM

Ottorino Respighi

(1879–1936)

Deità silvane

I fauni

Musica in horto

Egle

Acqua

Crepuscolo

Liza Lehmann

(1862–1918)

Cinq mélodies françaises

Paix du soir

La rose

Le colibri

L'oiseleur

La race

Albert Noelte

(1885–1946)

Drei Lieder, op. 9

Liebesfrühling

Abendlied

Der Einen

Gian Carlo Menotti

(1911–2007)

Five Songs

The Eternal Prisoner

The Idle Gift

The Longest Wait

My Ghost

The Swing

Ernesto Lecuona

(1895–1963)

arr. by Edward Ferran

Por eso te quiero

Elizabeth Kleiber, flute

Erica Smith, clarinet

Isabelle Gorman, Emma Boyd, violin

Nathan Emans, viola

Trés Foser, cello

Shaylen Joos, harp

I want to thank everyone who has gotten me to this milestone!

*To my first voice teacher David Hook,
for inspiring me to pursue my passion no matter the cost and
putting up with my antics at a time where many would have quit on me.
Your guidance made me the person and musician I am today.*

*To my amazing friends,
who have constantly supported and challenged me to improve myself.
Without them I would not be here today.*

*Thank you to my wonderful coach Marie-Elise Boyer,
whose expertise and guidance was instrumental in making this program happen.*

*To my voice teacher Bradley Williams,
who over the past four years has encouraged me, pushed me,
and given me all the tools to a future in this business.
Your never-ending support and reassurance has helped more than you will ever know.*

*Finally thank you to my parents,
who have loved, inspired, helped, and supported me more than I could ever ask for.
I will always be grateful for all that you have done and continue to do for me.*

I fauni

*S'odono al monte i saltellanti rivi
Murmureggiare per le forre astruse,
S'odono al bosco gemer cornamuse*

*Con garrito di pifferi giulivi.
E i fauni in corsa per dumeti e clivi,*

*Erti le corna sulle fronti ottuse,
Bevono per lor nari camuse
Filtri sottili e zeffiri lascivi.
E, mentre in fondo al gran coro alberato
Piange d'amore per la vita bella
La sampogna dell'arcade pastore,
Contenta e paurosa dell'agguato,
Fugge ogni ninfa più che fiera snella,
Ardendo in bocca come ardente fiore.*

Musica in horto

Uno squillo di cròtali clangenti

*Rompe in ritmo il silenzio dei roseti,
Mentre in fondo agli aulenti orti segreti
Gorgheggia un flauto liquidi lamenti.
La melodia, con tintinnio d'argenti,
Par che a vicenda s'attristi e s'allieti,*

*Ora luce di tremiti inquieti,
Or diffondendo lunghe ombre dolenti:
Cròtali arguti e canne variotocche!,*

*Una gioia di cantici inespresi
Per voi par che dai chiusi orti rampolli,
E in sommo dei rosai, che cingon molli*

*Ghirlande al cuor degli intimi recessi,
S'apron le rose come molli bocche!*

The fauns

One hears in the hills the bubbling brooks
Murmuring through the dark ravines,
One hears in the woods the groan of the
bagpipes

With the chirp of merry fifes.
And the fauns racing over hills and through
thickets,

Their horns erect above their broad foreheads,
Drink through their blunt, upturned nostrils
Subtle potions and lascivious winds.
And, while beneath the great choir of trees,
They weep, for love of the beautiful life:
The bagpipes of the arcadian shepherd.
Happy and fearful of the impending ambush,
The nymphs flee, faster than wild gazelles,
Their ardent lips like blazing flowers!

Garden music

A blast of finger-cymbals clashing
rhythmically

Punctuates the silence of the rose gardens,
While at the end of fragrant, secret orchards
A flute pours out its liquid lamentation.
The melody, with silver cymbal-hissing
Shifts between saddening and becoming
joyful;

Now shining with flickering, flaring light,
Now casting long sorrowful shadows:
Ringing finger-cymbals and many-sounding
pipes!

A joy of songs unexpressed
for you gushes forth from the orchards,
And at the top of the rosebushes, that weave
garlands

At the heart of the intimate nooks,
The roses open like soft mouths!

Egle

*Frondeggia il bosco d'uberi verzure,
Volgendo i rii zaffiro e margherita:*

*Per gli archi verdi un'anima romita
Cinge pallidi fuochi a ridde oscure.
E in te ristretta con le mani pure
Come le pure fonti della vita,
Di sole e d'ombre mobili vestita
Tu danzi, Egle, con languide misure.
E a te candida e bionda tra li ninfe,*

*D'ilari ambagi descrivendo il verde,
Sotto i segreti ombracoli del verde,
Ove la più inquieta ombra s'attrista,
Perle squillanti e liquido ametista
Volge la gioia roca delle linfe.*

Acqua

*Acqua, e tu ancora sul tuo flauto lene
Intonami un tuo canto variolungo,
Di cui le note abbian l'odor del fungo,*

*Del musco e dell'esiguo capelvenere,
Sì che per tutte le sottili vene,
Onde irrighi la fresca solitudine,
Il tuo riscintillio rida e subliùdii
Al gemmar delle musiche serene.
Acqua, e, lung'h'essi i calami volubili*

*Movendo in gioco le cerulee dita,
Avvicenda più lunghe ombre alle luci,
Tu che con modi labii deduci
Sulla mia fronte intenta e sulla vita*

Del verde fuggitive ombre di nubi.

Crepuscolo

Nell'orto abbandonato ora l'edace

Muschio contende all'ellere i recessi,

E tra il coro snelletto dei cipressi

Aegle

The forest is heavy with leaves and fruit,
The brooks are shimmering in daisy and
sapphire:

Under the green arches a lonely soul
Circles pale flames in hidden dances.

And with quiet intensity and hands as pure
As the pure fountains of life itself,

Veiled in clothes of sun and shadow

You dance, Aegle, with spiritless steps.

And toward you, white and blonde among
the nymphs,

Merrily dancing like fluttering leaves,

Under the secret shadows of the leaves,

Where the most restless spirit saddens,

In translucent pearl and liquid amethyst

Flows the raw rapture of the amber.

Water

Water, once again your mellow flute

Plays to me your varying song,

Whose notes seem like the smell of
mushrooms,

Of moss and of sleek, silken maiden-hair,

So that along all the tiny streams

That refresh the lonely places,

Your sparkling presence laughs and ripples

With the jewels of serene music.

Water, while along your banks the
whispering reeds

Playfully wiggle their blue fingers,

Flickering longer shadows in the light,

You wind your fleeting way, seeing

On my brooding forehead and on each of the
leaves

The passing shadows of clouds.

Twilight

In the abandoned garden, now the greedy
moss

Fights with the ivy for every nook and
cranny,

And in the sparse cluster of cypresses,

*S'addorme in grembo dell'antica pace
Pan. Sul vasto marmoreo torace,
Che i convolvoli infiorano d'amplessi,
Un tempo forse con canti sommessi
Piegò una ninfa il bel torso procace.
Deità della terra, forza lieta!,
Troppo pensiero è nella tua vecchiezza:
Per sempre inaridita è la tua fonte.
Muore il giorno, e nell'alta ombra inquieta*

*Trema e s'attrista un canto d'allegrezza:
Lunghe ombre azzurre scendono dal monte...*

Antonio Rubino

Paix du soir

*O paix du soir, paix douce et paix consolatrice,
Qui mets un baiser frais sur toute cicatrice,
O paix du Ciel, Qui sur les fatigués descends,
Je te bénis pour tes souffles assoupissants,
Pour ton voile étoilé Qui couvre nos désastres,
Le silence où j'entends veiller les lointains astres,
Pour l'auguste repos du coeur las qui s'endort,
Pour tout ce que tu fais de semblable à la mort,
O paix du soir, Je te bénis!*

Georges Boutelleau

Sleeping in the womb of ancient peace
Lies Pan. On the vast marble statue,
Wrapped with morning-glory flowers,
Perhaps someday with a gentle song
A nymph might bend over her lovely figure.
God of the earth, joyful force!
You have become too serious in your old age:
Your fountain is dry forever.
The day dies, and through the vast restless
shade
A song of happiness trembles and saddens:
Long blue shadows descend from the
mountains.

*Translations from Italian (Italiano) to English
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Evening Peace

O peace of evening, sweet peace and
consoling peace,
That places a cool kiss upon all scars,
O peace of heaven, that descends upon the
weary ones,
I bless you for your soporiferous breezes,
For your starry veil that covers our disasters,
The silence in which I hear the distant stars
keep watch,
For the august repose of the weary heart that
falls asleep,
For all this that you do similar to death,
O peace of evening. I bless you!

La rose

*Cette rose comme pâmée,
Au parfum suave et mortel,
Belle à mettre sur un autel,
Cette rose est ma bien-aimée.
Cette épine, que mon cœur sent,
Sous la douce rose embaumée,
Déchirer sa chair entamée,
Cette épine, teinte de sang,
C'est l'amour de ma bien-aimée.*

Georges Boutelleau

Le colibri

*J'ai vu passer aux pays froids
L'oiseau des îles merveilleuses,
Il allait frôlant les yeuses,
Et les sapins mornes des bois.
Je lui dis: Tes plages sont belles,
Ne pleures-tu pas leur soleil?
Il répondit: Tout m'est vermeil,
Je porte mon ciel sur mes ailes!*

Georges Boutelleau

L'oiseleur

*L'oiseleur Amour se promène,
Lorsque les coteaux sont fleuris,
Fouillant les buissons et la plaine,
Et chaque soir, sa cage est pleine
Des petits oiseaux qu'il a pris.
Il s'embusque au coin d'une haie,
Se couche aux berges des ruisseaux,*

*Glisse en rampant sous la futaie,
De crainte que son pied n'effraie
Les rapides petits oiseaux.
Étourdi, Joyeux et rapide,
Bientôt approche un oiselet,
Il regarde d'un air candide,
S'enhardit, goute aux grain perfide,*

The Rose

This rose nearly swooning,
In its perfume sweet and mortal,
Beautiful to place upon an altar,
This rose is my beloved.
This thorn that my heart feels,
Beneath the sweet scenting rose,
Tearing its lacerated flesh,
This thorn, stained with blood,
This is the love of my beloved.

The Hummingbird

I saw passing to the cold countries,
The bird from the exquisite isles,
He went grazing the ilex trees,
And the gloomy fir trees of the woods.
I said to him: Your beaches are beautiful.
Do you not weep for their sun?
He replied: All is rosy for me,
I carry my heaven upon my wings!

The Bird-catcher

The bird-catcher Love goes walking,
When the slopes are in flower,
Searching the thickets and the plain,
And each evening, his cage is full
Of the little birds that he has captured.
He lurks in the corner of a hedgerow,
He lies down on the steep banks of the
 brooks,
Glides creeping beneath the high forest tree,
For fear that his foot might startle
The swift little birds.
Thoughtless, joyful and fleet,
Soon a small bird approaches,
He looks with a candid air,
He grows bold, delights in the treacherous
 grain,

*Et se prends la patte au filet.
Et l'oiseleur Amour l'emmène
Loin des coteaux frais et fleuris,
Loin des buissons et de la plaine,
Et chaque soir, sa cage est pleine
Des petits oiseaux qu'il a pris.*

Guy de Maupassant

La race

*Ma mère me l'a dit parfois dans mon enfance,
Sa famille en Bretagne arriva de Provence.
C'est pourquoi, né parmi les barbares du nord,
Sous leur ciel gris hanté par le Dieu de la mort,
J'aime de tant d'amour la vie et la lumière,
Et je retiens en moi d'une Souche première,
Une sève inconnue aux lieux où j'ai grandi
La sève qui fermente au soleil du midi.
Je suis resté ton fils, Ô Provence Romaine!
Et le vieux sang Latin bleuit encor ma veine.
Ami, voilà comment je n'ai jamais été
Qu'un poète païen épris de la Beauté,
Comment de longs yeux noirs, une bouche de rose
Ont ému de désir mon âme à peine éclosé,
Et comment je n'ai pu me convaincre seul jour,
Que tout autre bonheur vaille un baiser d'amour.
Ah! Aha!*

Frédéric Plessis

And catches his foot in the snare.
And the bird-catcher Love takes him away
Far from the slopes fresh and flowering,
Far from the thickets and the plain,
And each evening, his cage is full
Of the little birds that he has captured.

The Race

My mother said it to me once in my
childhood,
Her family came to Brittany from Provence.
This is why, born among the barbarians of the
north,
Beneath their grey sky haunted by the God of
death,
I love life and light with so much love,
And I retain in myself from a former Root
A sap unknown in these environs where I
have grown up,
The sap that rises in the noonday sun.
I have remained your son, O Provence
Romaine!
And the ancient Latin blood still makes my
vein blue.
Friend, that is why I have ever been
Only a pagan poet taken with Beauty,
Why long dark eyes, a mouth of rose-color
Have touched with desire my soul scarcely
born,
And why I have not been able to persuade
myself a single day,
That any other happiness might equal a kiss
of love.
Ah! Aha!

Translator unknown

Liebesfrühling

*Er schlug nichts ab in diesen Wintertagen,
er wollte geh'n, wohin man immer schriebe,
nur um ihr Nachts im Wagen dann zu sagen:
wie sehr er sie, wie sehr er sie nur liebe.
Und sie zu küssen in erlöstem Jubel
im dunklen Wagen leis und ohne Ende,
und ihr zu sagen:
wie nach all dem Trubel er nur an ihr,
in ihr Genüge fände.*

Christian Morgenstern

Abendlied

*Die Melodien, die ich von dir empfang,
seit ich dich liebe, sind mir wie die Weise,
die einem Wanderer blüht auf müder Reise,
damit er finde, was er suchen ging.*

*Denn deine Liebe ist mir immer nah...
selbst wenn ich leise deinen Namen spreche,
ist mir, als ob ich weiße Blüten bräche,
wie du sie trugst, da ich zuerst dich sah.*

*Und wenn ich oft voll Sehnsucht nach dir bin,
muß ich es heimlich einem Dinge sagen,
das irgend einmal deine Hand getragen
und streiche träumend, zärtlich drüber hin.*

Friedrich Schreyvogel

Der Einen

*Nun sind am Ziele wir, die lang geirrt,
die Tage sind wie blütenüberhangen
und kommen so durch unser Sein gegangen,
daß es ganz hell von ihrer Sonne wird.
Ein neues Land liegt vor uns, licht und klar,
denn diese tiefe Liebe, die wir leben,
wird einem Reichtum unsern Seelen geben,
von dem kein Tag gewußt, der vor dem war.*

Love's Spring

He refused nothing in these winter days
He wanted to go where wherever you wrote
Only to tell her in the carriage at night:
How much he loves her.
And to kiss her in redeemed jubilation
In the dark carriage quietly and without end,
And to tell her:
How after all the hustle and bustle,
He only finds satisfaction in her.

Night Song

The melodies that I received from you,
(since I love you) I'm like that way
Which blooms for a wanderer on a weary
journey
So that he might find what he was looking
for.

Because your love is always close to me...
Even when I softly speak your name
I feel like breaking white blossoms
how you wore them, since I first saw you.

And if I'm often full of longing for you,
I have to tell someone secretly
that once carried your hand
and dreamingly stroked it tenderly.

The One

Now we reached our goal, that has long
strayed,
The days are like flowers overhanging
And come so through our being,
That it becomes quite bright from their sun.
A new land lies before us, light and clear,
Because this deep love that we live
Will give a richness to our souls,
Of which no day was known before.

*Auf einmal hör ich wieder jeden Klang,
der mir entschwand aus reinem Kinderliede...
Da fühlte ich zutiefst: Du bist der Friede,
den ich gesucht ein ganzes Leben lang.*

Friedrich Schreyvogel

Suddenly I hear every sound again
that vanished from pure children's songs...
I felt it deeply: You are the peace
I've been looking for all my life.

Translations by Edward Ferran

The Eternal Prisoner

How can one age the heart?
What wound, what memory
Will ever teach it wisdom?

Never again,
One says;
Then deliberately unlocks
The torture chamber
And smiles at the executioner.

The Idle Gift

Do not despise the rose
Because its beauty is manifest,
Do not decry the thistle
For its elusive grace.

I love what must be searched
As well as read'ly offered,
If joy or pain accompany the gift.

Your easy words and kisses
Neither burned nor stung.

You left me at dawn
On a dreamless bed.

The Longest Wait

No, it is not love that I desire,
But only an answer to my love;
A kiss of peace that bears no sting.

The final seal to close my days.

Still the silent question burns my lips
And I despair to ever hold the angelic dialogues
that will disclose the yearned for answer.

I stand alone by stormy seas,
Waiting for and fearing
The aimless rescue of the deliv'ring ship.
Behind me the search is halted
In the dark'ning forest.

All calls and cries are silenced.

No, I shall not ever tread again
The tortuous path of my mistakes.
Here I stand scanning the sky
Down to the unmarked horizon.

My Ghost

Oh yes, I too have a ghost in my home;
But mine is a friendly ghost.
It doesn't frighten me;
Not my cat, nor my dog.

I cannot tell what its sex is
For it wears a dirty sheet
As children do on Halloween.

Like all ghosts
It fancies creaky doors
And windy nights.

Sometimes
Behind my bedroom door
It sounds as if it were dragging heavy chains,
Sometimes it sighs.

But once it appears
Inside my room
It stands there

Not knowing quite what to do,
And stares at me
rather embarrassedly.

Once I asked
Why it wandered so aimlessly
Between Heaven and Earth.

Well I remember its melancholic answer;

“Earth bores me
But heaven frightens me.”

A jolly ghost indeed!

However, it never smiles.
After all
Death is a serious thing.

The Swing

Up toward the sky
To a hesitant point of stillness
And down again to earth;

And up again
In ever-fresh delight
To capture short-lived joy
And then again
The anxious plunge
Into the waiting void.

Don't be apprehensive.
The game holds no surprise.

Have you not always known
It must come to an end?

There soon will be no waiting arms
To push you up again.

The ropes are worn;
The iron rings
With rusty screeches mark the
the ever slower and lower swings.

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

Don't fret.
Don't move.
Let it at last come to the final stop.

And turn your face away
From the deceptive sky
As patient earth
Receives your stillness.

Gian Carlo Menotti

Por eso te quiero

*Te quiero por tu cara de rosa
Te quiero por tus ojos divinos
Te quiero porque sé que lloraste
en mis días de ausencia, de triste soledad.*

*Te quiero porque eres más que Santa
Te quiero porque eres mi alegría
Te quiero porque sé que me adoras
Te quiero, te querré hasta morir.*

Ernesto Lecuona

I Love You Because..

I love you for your rosy face,
I love you for your divine eyes,
I love you because I know that you cried
in the days of my absence, of sad solitude.

I love you because you are more than saintly,
I love you because you are my happiness,
I love you because I know that you adore me,
I love you, I will love you until I die.

Translation by Edward Ferran

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Student of Valeria Kuchment

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Megan Dillon, *saxophone* (DMA '24)

Student of Kenneth Radnofsky

Sunday, April 30, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Pierce Hall

Lila Dunn, *soprano* (MM)

Student of Carole Haber

Sunday, April 30, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Burnes Hall

Christopher Ferrari, *jazz saxophone* (BM)

Student of Jerry Leake, Jason Moran, Miguel Zenón, and Joe Morris

Sunday, April 30, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Eben Jordan

Elizabeth Kleiber, *flute* (BM)

Student of Cynthia Meyers

Sunday, April 30, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Xiang Li, *French horn* (MM)

Student of Richard Sebring

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Sunday, April 30, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Eben Jordan

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Student of Laurence Lesser

Sunday, April 30, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Minyi Wang, *double bass* (MM)

Student of Donald Palma

Sunday, April 30, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

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