



University of Northern Iowa  
School of Music

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presents

Marcos Antunez, Baritone  
In a Senior Recital

assisted by:  
*Dr. Korey Barrett, piano*

In partial fulfillment of the requirement  
for the Bachelor of Music degree in Vocal Performance  
From the Studio of Dr. Suzanne Hendrix-Case

*Quatre chansons de Don Quichotte*

Chanson du départ de Don Quichotte  
Chanson à Dulcinée  
Chanson du Duc  
Chanson de la mort de Don Quichotte

Jacques Ibert  
(1890 – 1962)

Jägers Abendlied  
Wandrer's Nachtlid II  
Bergstimme

Nikolai Karlovich Medtner  
(1880 – 1951)

**Intermission**

*Songs of Travel*

The Vagabond  
Let Beauty Awake  
The Roadside Fire  
Youth and Love  
In Dreams  
The Infinite Shining Heavens  
Whither must I Wander?  
Bright is the Ring of Words  
I have trod the upward and the downward slope

Ralph Vaughan Williams  
(1872 – 1958)

Hai già vinta la causa!  
From *Le nozze di Figaro*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756 – 1791)

## Program Notes

Written for Georg Wilhelm Pabst's 1933 film adaptation of Miguel de Cervantes's famous novel, *Quatre chansons de Don Quichotte* highlights notable moments of the titular character's adventures. Jacques Ibert's compositions follow Alonso Quixano, a Spanish countryman obsessed with stories of chivalric romance, as he takes up his knight persona Don Quixote de la Mancha. The hero, with his donkey-riding companion Sancho Panza in tow, explores a mighty castle (an occupied cattle stall), longs for his princess lover (an imaginary character in the novel), proclaims the greatness of his Lady, and suffers death at the sight of his beloved books burned by his mockers.

Russian composer and pianist Nikolai Karlovich Mednter was a prolific composer of his day. A lesser-known contemporary of Rachmaninov, his works include 14 piano sonatas, three violin sonatas, three piano concerti, a piano quintet, two works for two pianos, 108 songs, and many short works for piano. These songs weave a story of a frustrated hunter on his journey to find peace after he is forced to abandon his beloved.

*Songs of Travel* is a song cycle by British composer Ralph Vaughan Williams. Many young singers begin their classical voice training with one of these songs, myself included. "Whither must I Wander?" was the first song I ever sang in this style. Due in part to their prominent use as a voice training tool, these songs are often passed over for performance as a set. The less popular interior movements contain some of the cycle's most complex and beautiful music. "The Vagabond," an enthusiastic young traveler, sets out to explore the world. Asking only "the heaven above, and the road below," the young man experiences love, loss, regret, and acceptance. By the end of the cycle, the Vagabond has grown older and more mature. He celebrates his experiences in life and reminisces on the love he left behind. In his final moments, he reflects on his ability to always move forward as he closes the final door.

Though not a traveler in the traditional sense, Count Almaviva of Beaumarchais's three Figaro plays goes on a journey throughout these stories. In the first, he wins over and marries Rosina with the help of Figaro. In the second play, set to music by Mozart, The Count attempts to use his legal status to prevent his new interest Susanna from marrying Figaro. This explosive aria transpires after The Count overhears her say, "You've won the case already!"

*Texts and Translations*

**Chanson du départ de Don Quichotte**

Text by Pierre de Ronsard

Ce château neuf, ce nouvel édifice  
Tout enrichi de marbre et de porphyre,  
Qu'amour bâtit château de son empire,  
Où tout le ciel a mis son artifice,

Est un rempart, un fort contre le vice,  
Où la vertu maîtresse se retire,  
Que l'œil regarde, et que l'esprit admire,  
Forçant les cœurs à lui faire service.

C'est un château, fait de telle sorte,  
Que nul ne peut approcher de la porte  
Si des grands Rois il n'a sauvé sa race,  
Victorieux, vaillant et amoureux.  
Nul Chevalier tant soit aventureux  
Sans être tel, ne peut gagner la place

**The Song of Don Quixote's Parting**

Translation by Richard Stokes

This new castle, this new edifice,  
Enriched with marble and porphyry  
That Love built to guard his empire,  
To which all Heaven has lent its skill,

Is a rampart, a stronghold against evil,  
Where Mistress Virtue can take refuge,  
Whom the eye observes and the spirit admires,  
Compelling hearts to pay her homage.

This castle is fashioned in such a way  
That no one can approach its gate,  
If he is not descended from great kings,  
Victorious, brave and amorous.  
No knight, however bold,  
Without such merit can enter here.

**Chanson à Dulcinée**

Text by Alexandre Arnoux

Un an me dure la journée  
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.

Mais, amour a peint son visage,  
Afin d'adoucir ma langueur,  
Dans la fontaine et le nuage,  
Dans chaque aurore et chaque fleur.

Un an me dure la journée  
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.

Toujours proche et toujours lointaine,  
Etoile de mes longs chemins.  
Le vent m'apporte son haleine  
Quand il passe sur les jasmins.

Un an me dure la journée  
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.

**Song to Dulcinea**

Translation by Richard Stokes

A day seems like a year  
If I do not see my Dulcinea.

But to sweeten my languishing,  
Love has painted her face  
In fountains and clouds,  
In every dawn and flower.

A day seems like a year  
If I do not see my Dulcinea.

Ever near and ever far,  
Star of my weary journeying,  
Her breath is brought me on the breeze,  
As it passes over jasmine flowers.

A day seems like a year  
If I do not see my Dulcinea.

### **Chanson du Duc**

Text by Pierre Alexandre Arnoux

Je veux chanter ici la Dame de mes songes  
Qui m'exalte au dessus de ce siècle de boue  
Son cœur de diamant est vierge de mensonges  
La rose s'obscurcit au regard de sa joue

Pour Elle, j'ai tenté les hautes aventures  
Mon bras a délivré la Princesse en servage  
J'ai vaincu l'Enchanteur, confondu les parjures  
Et ployé l'univers à lui rendre l'hommage.

Dame par qui je vais, seul dessus cette terre,  
Qui ne soit prisonnier de la fausse apparence  
Je soutiens contre tout Chevalier téméraire  
Votre éclat non pareil et votre précellence.

### **Chanson de la mort de Don Quichotte**

Text by Pierre Alexandre Arnoux

Ne pleure pas Sancho, ne pleure pas, mon bon.  
Ton maître n'est pas mort.  
Il n'est pas loin de toi.  
Il vit dans une île heureuse  
Ou tout est pur et sans mensonges.

Dans l'île enfin trouvée où tu viendras un jour.  
Dans l'île désirée, O mon ami Sancho!

Les livres sont brûlés et font un tas de cendres.  
Si tous les livres m'ont tué  
Il suffit d'un pour que je vive  
Fantôme dans la vie, et réel dans la mort.  
Tel est l'étrange sort du pauvre Don Quichotte.

### **Song to the Duke**

Translation by Christopher Goldsack

I want to sing here the Lady of my dreams,  
who raises me above this century of mud.  
Her heart of diamond is untarnished by lies.  
The rose pales at the sight of her cheek.

For Her, I have attempted lofty adventures.  
My arm has delivered the Princess in servitude.  
I have conquered the Enchanter, confounded the perjuries  
and bent the universe to offer her homage.

Lady for whom I go, alone over this earth,  
Who is not a prisoner of the false appearance.  
I proclaim, against any rash Knight,  
your unequalled splendour and your excellence.

### **Song of the Death of Don Quixote**

Translation by Christopher Goldsack

Do not cry Sancho, do not cry, good friend.  
Your master is not dead.  
He is not far from you.  
He lives on a happy isle  
where all is pure and free of lies.

On the isle at last discovered where you will come one day.  
On the desired isle, o my good friend Sancho!

The books are burned and make a heap of ash.  
If all the books have killed me  
just one is enough for me to live on,  
a ghost in life and real in death.  
Such is the strange destiny of poor Don Quixote.

### **Jägers Abendlied**

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Im Felde schleich ich, still und wild,  
Gespannt mein Feuerrohr,  
Da schwebt so licht dein liebes Bild,  
Dein süßes Bild mir vor.

Du wandelst jetzt wohl still und mild  
Durch Feld und liebes Tal,  
Und ach mein schnell verrauschend Bild,  
Stellt sich dir's nicht einmal?

### **Hunter's Evening Song**

Translation by Malcom Wren from schubertsong.uk

I steal off to the fields, quiet and determined,  
My rifle is cocked.  
Over there so brightly your dear image is floating,  
Your sweet image appearing to me.

You must now be wandering, quietly and gently  
Across fields and the dear valley,  
And oh, my quickly fading image,  
Doesn't it appear before you even once?

Des Menschen, der die Welt durchstreift  
Voll Unmut und Verdruss,  
Nach Osten und nach Westen schweift,  
Weil er dich lassen muss.

It is a picture of a man roaming through the world,  
Grumpy and full of frustration  
Roving from East to West  
Because he must leave you.

Mir ist es, denk ich nur an dich,  
Als in den Mond zu sehn,  
Ein stiller Friede kommt auf mich,  
Weiß nicht, wie mir geschehn.

For me, if I only think of you, it is  
As if I am looking at the moon,  
A calm peacefulness comes over me,  
I do not know how it happens to me.

### **Wandrer's Nachtlid II**

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

### **Wanderer's Evening Song II**

Translation by Richard Stokes

Über allen Gipfeln  
Ist Ruh',  
In allen Wipfeln  
Spürest du  
Kaum einen Hauch;  
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.  
Warte nur, balde  
Ruhest du auch.

Over every mountain-top  
Lies peace,  
In every tree-top  
You scarcely feel  
A breath of wind;  
The little birds are hushed in the wood.  
Wait, soon you too  
Will be at peace.

### **Bergstimme**

Text by Heinrich Heine

### **The Voice of the Mountains**

Translation by Richard Stokes

Ein Reiter durch das Bergtal zieht,  
Im traurig stillen Trab:  
„Ach! zieh ich jetzt wohl in Liebchens Arm,  
Oder zieh ich ins dunkle Grab?“  
Die Bergstimm Antwort gab:  
„Ins dunkle Grab!“

A horseman rides through the mountain valley  
At a sad, silent trot:  
“Ah! do I ride into my beloved's arms,  
Or into the dark grave?”  
The mountain's voice replied:  
“Into the dark grave!”

Und weiter reitet der Reitersmann,  
Und seufzet schwer dazu:  
„So zieh ich denn hin ins Grab so früh –  
Wohlan, im Grab ist Ruh!“  
Die Stimme sprach dazu:  
„Im Grab ist Ruh!“

And onwards still the horseman rides,  
Panting all the while:  
“If i go to the grave so soon-  
So be it, in the grave is peace!”  
To which the voice replied:  
“In the grave is peace!”

Dem Reitersmann eine Träne rollt  
Von der Wange kummervoll:  
„Und ist nur im Grab die Ruhe für mich –  
So ist mir im Grabe wohl.“  
Die Stimme erwidert hohl:  
„Im Grabe wohl!“

A tear rolls down the horseman's cheek,  
Pale and woebegone:  
“If peace can be found but in the grave-  
I shall be happy in the grave.”  
With a hollow sound the voice replied:  
“Happy in the grave!”

### **The Vagabond**

Text by Robert Louis Stevenson

Give to me the life I love,  
Let the lave go by me,  
Give the jolly heaven above,  
And the byway nigh me.  
Bed in the bush with stars to see,  
Bread I dip in the river—  
There's the life for a man like me,  
There's the life forever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,  
Let what will be o'er me;  
Give the face of earth around,  
And the road before me.  
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,  
Nor a friend to know me;  
All I seek, the heaven above,  
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me  
Where afield I linger,  
Silencing the bird on tree,  
Biting the blue finger.  
White as meal the frosty field—  
Warm the fireside haven—  
Not to autumn will I yield,  
Not to winter even!

### **Let Beauty Awake**

Text by Robert Louis Stevenson

Let Beauty awake in the morn from beautiful dreams,  
Beauty awake from rest!  
Let Beauty awake  
For Beauty's sake  
In the hour when the birds awake in the brake  
And the stars are bright in the west!  
Let Beauty awake in the eve from the slumber of day,  
Awake in the crimson eve!  
In the day's dusk end  
When the shades ascend,  
Let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend,  
To render again and receive!

### **The Roadside Fire**

Text by Robert Louis Stevenson

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight  
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night,  
I will make a palace fit for you and me  
Of green days in forests, and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,  
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom;  
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white  
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,  
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!  
That only I remember, that only you admire,  
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

### **Youth and Love**

Text by Robert Louis Stevenson

To the heart of youth the world is a highwayside.  
Passing for ever, he fares; and on either hand,  
Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,  
Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land  
Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.

Thick as stars at night when the moon is down,  
Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate  
Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,  
Cries but a wayside word to her at the garden gate,  
Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.

### **In Dreams**

Text by Robert Louis Stevenson

In dreams unhappy, I behold you stand  
As heretofore:  
The unremember'd tokens in your hand  
Avail no more.  
No more the morning glow, no more the grace,  
Enshrines, endears.  
Cold beats the light of time upon your face  
And shows your tears.  
He came and went. Perchance you wept awhile  
And then forgot.  
Ah me! but he that left you with a smile  
Forgets you not.

### **The Infinite Shining Heavens**

Text by Robert Louis Stevenson

The infinite shining heavens  
Rose, and I saw in the night  
Uncountable angel stars  
Showering sorrow and light.

I saw them distant as heaven,  
Dumb and shining and dead,  
And the idle stars of the night  
Were dearer to me than bread.

Night after night in my sorrow  
The stars looked over the sea,  
Till lo! I looked in the dusk  
And a star had come down to me.

### **Whither must I Wander?**

Text by Robert Louis Stevenson

Home no more home to me, whither must I wander?  
Hunger my driver, I go where I must.  
Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather:  
Thick drives the rain and my roof is in the dust.  
Loved of wise men was the shade of my roof-tree,  
The true word of welcome was spoken in the door—  
Dear days of old with the faces in the firelight,  
Kind folks of old, you come again no more.

Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces,  
Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child.  
Fire and the windows bright glittered on the moorland;  
Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild.  
Now when day dawns on the brow of the moorland,  
Lone stands the house, and the chimney-stone is cold.  
Lone let it stand, now the friends are all departed,  
The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of old.

Spring shall come, come again, calling up the moorfowl,  
Spring shall bring the sun and rain, bring the bees and flowers;  
Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley,  
Soft flow the stream through the even-flowing hours.  
Fair the day shine as it shone on my childhood—  
Fair shine the day on the house with open door;  
Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney—  
But I go for ever and come again no more.

### **Bright is the Ring of Words**

Text by Robert Louis Stevenson

Bright is the ring of words  
When the right man rings them,  
Fair the fall of songs  
When the singer sings them,  
Still they are carolled and said—  
On wings they are carried—  
After the singer is dead  
And the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies  
In the field of heather,  
Songs of his fashion bring  
The swains together.  
And when the west is red  
With the sunset embers,  
The lover lingers and sings  
And the maid remembers.

### **I have trod the upward and the downward slope**

Text by Robert Louis Stevenson

I have trod the upward and the downward slope;  
I have endured and done in days before;  
I have longed for all, and bid farewell to hope;  
And I have lived and loved, and closed the door.

## **Hai già vinta la causa!**

Libretto by Lorenzo da Ponte

Hai già vinta la causa!  
Cosa sento?  
In qual laccio cadea?  
Perfidi! io voglio di tal modo punirvi,  
a piacer mio la sentenza sarà.  
Ma s'ei pagasse la vecchia pretendente?  
Pagarla! In qual maniera?  
E poi v'è Antonio  
Che all'incognito Figaro ricusa  
di dare una nipote in matrimonio.  
Coltivando l'orgoglio di questo mentecatto..  
Tutto giova a un raggiro...  
Il colpo è fatto.

Vedrò mentr'io sospiro,  
felice un servo mio?  
E un ben che invan desio,  
ei posseder dovrà?  
Vedrò per man d'amore,  
unita a un vile oggetto  
chi in me destò un affetto,  
che per me poi non ha?  
Ah no! lasciar in pace  
non vo' questo contento.  
Tu non nascesti, audace,  
per dare a me tormento,  
e forse ancor per ridere,  
di mia infelicità.  
Già la speranza sola  
delle vendette mie  
quest'anima consola,  
e giubilar mi fa.

## **"You've won the case already!"**

Translated by Jane Bishop

"You've won the case already!"  
What do I hear?  
What trap have I fallen into?  
Scoundrels! I'll punish you in this way,  
The decision will be how I want it.  
But if he pays off the old plaintiff?  
Pay her! In what way?  
And then there's Antonio,  
Who won't give his niece in  
marriage to the nobody Figaro.  
To nurture that lamebrain's pride...  
Everything is useful for the plot...  
The deed is done.

Shall I, while I'm sighing,  
see one of my servants happy?  
And the good thing I want in vain,  
Shall he have it?  
Shall I see the woman who woke in me,  
a feeling she doesn't have for me  
United to a vile object  
By the hand of love?  
Ah no! I won't leave  
this happiness in peace.  
You weren't born, rash person,  
to torture me,  
and maybe to laugh,  
at my unhappiness.  
Now only the hope  
of the revenge I'll have  
consoles this soul,  
and makes me rejoice.