

A Father's Legacy

Sunday, May 2nd, 2:40 p.m.

Virtually via Facebook Live

Andrew Cedeño, baritone

Yvonne Wormer, Marilyn Thompson, and Dan Cromeenes, piano

Songs of Nature

“Die Forelle”

Music and Text by Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

“Wir Wandelten”

Music by Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

Text by Georg Friedrich Daumer (1800–1875)

Charmers

“Bella siccome un angelo” from *Don Pasquale*

Music by Gaetano Donizetti (1797–1848)

Text by Giovanni Ruffini (1807–1881)

“Deh, vieni alla finestra” from *Don Giovanni*

Music by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)

Text by Lorenzo da Ponte (1749–1838)

Venezuelan Roots

“Alma Llanera”

Music and Text by Pedro Elias Gutierrez (1870–1954)

“La Luna Tiene Cabellos Blancos”

Music by Modesta Bor (1926–1998)

Text by Fernando Rodríguez

“Besos en mi Sueños”

Music and Text by Augusto Brandt (1892–1942)

A Parent’s Wisdom

“Learnin’ the Blues”

Music and Text by Dolores “Vicki” Silvers (1928–2007)

“Tears of Hercules”

Music and Text by Marc Jordan (b. 1948) and Stephan Moccio (b. 1972)

“Father to Son” from *Falsettos*

Music and Text by William Finn (b. 1952)

“You’ll Be In My Heart” from *Tarzan*

Music and Text by Phil Collins (b. 1951)

This recital is offered in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Bachelor of Music in Vocal Performance. Mr. Cedeño is a student of Dr. Justin Montigne.

Speeches/Texts and Translations

Hello everyone, and welcome to my junior recital! I'm so glad you all are able to be here on this lovely Sunday afternoon. I will be singing songs from four different eras and different languages, including German, Italian, Castilian Spanish, and English. As you might have read, this recital is dedicated to the memory of my father who passed away over 10 years ago. He too had a deep love for music, and that same love lives on within me today.

This first set titled "Songs of Nature" centers around the bondage between a father and a son and the numerous outdoor activities that strengthen that bond.

"Die Forelle"

In einem Bächlein helle, da schoß in froher Eil,
Die launische Forelle vorüber wie ein Pfeil.
Ich stand an dem Gestade und sah in süßer Ruh,
Des muntern Fischleins Bade im klaren Bächlein zu.
Ein Fischer mit der Rute wohl an dem Ufer stand,
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute, wie sich das Fischlein wand.
So lang dem Wasser Helle, so dacht ich, nicht gebricht,
So fängt er die Forelle mit seiner Angel nicht.
Doch endlich ward dem Diebe die Zeit zu lang.
Er macht das Bächlein tückisch trübe,
Und eh ich es gedacht,
So zuckte seine Rute, das Fischlein zappelt dran,
Und ich mit regem Blute sah die Betrogne an.

In a clear brook, there was a quick rush,
The capricious trout passed like an arrow.
I stood on the bank and saw in sweet rest,
The cheery little fish bathe in the clear brook.
A fisherman with his rod was standing on the bank,
And saw with cold blood how the little fish writhed.
As long as the water is clear, I thought, not ruined,
So he doesn't catch the trout with his fishing rod.
But finally the thief waited long enough.
He makes the brook a bit cloudy,
And before I could think it,
He flicked his rod, the fish flopped,
And I watched the betrayed fish with boiling blood.

"Wir Wandelten"

Wir wandelten, wir zwei zusammen,
Ich war so stille und du so stille,
Ich gäbe viel, um zu erfahren,
Was du gedacht in jenem Fall.

We walked, we two together,
I was so quiet and you so quiet,
I would give much in order to learn
What you thought in that moment.

Was ich gedacht, unausgesprochen
Verbleibe das! Nur Eines sag' ich:
So schön was alles, was ich dachte,
So himmlisch heiter war es all'.
In meinem Haupte die Gedanken,
Sie läuteten wie gold'ne Glöckchen;
So wunderschüss, so wunderlieblich
Ist in der Welt kein and'rer Hall.

What I thought shall remain
Unspoken! Only this I will say:
All that I thought was so beautiful,
So heavenly cheerful was it all.
In my head the thoughts,
They rang like golden little bells;
So wonderfully sweet, so wonderfully lovely
Is in the world no other sound.

This next set titled “Charmers” features two mischievous baritones in two different operas. In the first song, Dr. Malatesta is describing the most beautiful woman on Earth to Don Pasquale, who is searching for a wife to produce his own heir. And in the second song, Don Giovanni is serenading a woman who is up on a balcony, hoping to get lucky.

“Bella siccome un angelo”

Bella siccome un angelo in terra pellegrino,
Fresca siccome il giglio che s'apre sul mattino,
Occhio che parla e ride,
Sguardo che i cor conquide,
Ah! Chioma che vince l'ebano, sorriso incantator.
Alma innocente, ingenua, che sè medesima ignora,
Modestia impareggiabile,
Bontà che v'innamora.
Ai miseri pietosa, gentil, dolce, amorosa.
Il ciel l'ha fatta nascere per far beato un cor.

Beautiful as an angel like a pilgrim on Earth,
Fresh as a lily which opens in the morning,
Eyes that speak and laugh,
Looks that can conquer the heart,
Ah! Hair blacker than ebony, enchanting smile.
A soul so innocent, candid, that ignores itself,
Unparalleled modesty,
Sweetness with which one falls in love.
Compassionate to the poor, gentle, sweet, loving.
Heaven gave her birth to make a happy heart.

“Deh, vieni alla finestra”

Deh, vieni alla finestra, o mio tesoro.
Deh, vieni a consolar il pianto mio.
Se neghi a me di dar qualche ristoro,
Davanti agli occhi tuoi morir vogl'io.
Tu ch'hai la bocca dolce più che il miele,

Ah, come to the window, oh my treasure.
Oh, come to console my tears.
If you refuse to me to give some solace,
Before your eyes I will die.
You with lips sweeter than honey,

Tu che il zucchero porti in mezzo al core.
Non esser, gioia mia, con me crudele.
Lasciati almen veder, mio bell'amore.

You who holds sugar in the center of your heart.
Do not, my joy, be cruel with me.
Allow yourself to be seen at least, my beautiful love.

This set titled “Venezuelan Roots” features musical themes that originated from Venezuela, such as the most popular “Joropo,” which you’ll hear in the first song. The instrument you see next to me is known as the “cuatro,” which is one of the most common Venezuelan instruments used to play joropo and Venezuelan folk music. I knew almost nothing about my cultural background until a few years ago when I visited my father’s brother in North Carolina. Since then, I have been truly grateful for all that I learned and continue to learn about myself, my culture, and my father.

“Alma Llanera”

Yo nací en esta ribera del Arauca vibrador,
Soy hermano de la espuma, de las garzas,
Del las rosas, y del sol.
Amo, lloro, canto, sueño
Con claveles de pasión.
Que mi amor ponea las crines
Del potro que monto yo.
Me arrulló la viva Diana
De la brisa en el palmar,
Y por eso tengo el alma, como el alma
Primorosa del cristal.
Para ornar las rubias crines
Del potro de mi amador.

I was born on the shore of the vibrating Arauca River,
I am the brother of foam, herons,
Roses, and the Sun.
I love, I cry, I sing, I dream
Of passion carnations.
That my love for the mane
Of the colt that I ride.
I was lulled by the living reveille
Of the breeze in the palm grove,
And that’s why I have the soul, like the
Precious soul of a crystal.
To adorn the blonde mane
Of my lover’s colt.

“La Luna Tiene Cabellos Blancos”

La luna tiene cabellos blancos como abuelita.
Abuelito bigotes blancos, rayos de sol.
Sueño con ellos cuando me cantan,
Sueño con ellos cuando me duermen.

The moon has white hair like grandma’s.
Grandpa’s white mustache, rays of sun.
I dream of them when they sing to me,
I dream of them when they put me to sleep.

Sueños de luna, sueños de luna,
Sueños de sol.
Canto de gallos cuando despierto.
Caballo blanco, cometa roja.
Ya se voló, rompió los hilos,
Hoy puede verla, está dormida
Cerca del sol.

Dreams of the moon, dreams of the moon,
Dreams of the sun.
I wake up to the crowing of roosters.
White horse, red comet.
She has already flown, she broke the stings,
Today you could see her, she is asleep
Near the sun.

“Besos en mi Sueños”

El día que me besaste, en tu promesa de amor,
Sentí la dicha que le ofrecías, a mi desolación.
Sueño que me besas todavía,
Sueño que me besas como ayer,
Y que la dulzura de tus besos,
Deja en mi ser aroma suave de placer.
Nuestros labios nunca de volver,
A juntarse en éxtasis de amor,
Y bien sé nunca he de, sentir tu corazón,
Junto a mi pecho palpar de amor.

The day that you kissed me, in your promise of love,
I felt the happiness that you offered to my desolation.
I dream that you kiss me still,
I dream that you kissed me like yesterday,
And that the sweetness of your kisses,
Leaves in my being a soft aroma of pleasure.
Our lips will never meet again
In ecstasy of love,
And I know well that I will never feel your heart
Next to my chest throbbing with love.

Sadly, we have now come to the final set of songs. This set titled “A Parent’s Wisdom” describes topics that a parent would usually discuss with their children, such as Love, Heartache, and Courage; things I would’ve loved learning from my dad if he were still with us.

“Learnin’ the Blues”

The tables are empty, the dance floor’s deserted.
You play the same love song, it’s the tenth time you’ve heard it.
That’s the beginning, just one of the clues,
You’ve had your first lesson in learnin’ the blues.
The cigarettes you light, one after another,
Won’t help you forget her and the way that you love her.
You’re only burnin’ a torch you can’t lose.

But you're on the right track for learnin' the blues.
When you're at home alone, the blues will taunt you constantly.
When you're out in a crowd, the blues will haunt your memory.
The nights when you don't sleep, that whole night you're cryin',
But you can't forget her, soon you even stop tryin'.
You'll walk the floor and wear out your shoes.
When you feel your heart break, you're learnin' the blues.

“Tears of Hercules”

So it goes, history shows, deserts must expand.
Camels sail like wooden ships, like women down the Strand.
There's sand on Second Avenue, and the wind blows like a train.
Taxis line up like a string of pearls, around the block again.
I remembered everything, every window pane.
Every word came back to me, the way it used to be.
Then I saw your face across the street through the tears of Hercules.
There's a bus that leaves at eight-fifteen, and another one at ten.
Should I climb aboard, risk everything, and ride it to the end?
Watch the hills like roller coasters up into the sky,
And wish that you were here by me, so close that I could die.
You say love wrecks everything, and none of us survive,
But I got over you last night, and I am still alive.
'Til I saw your face across the street through the tears of Hercules.

“Father to Son”

Kid, be my son, what I've done to you is rotten.
Say I was scared. I kept marching in one place,
Marching in time to a tune, I'd forgotten,
I loved you, I love you. I meant no disgrace.
This here is love when we're talking face to face.
Father to son, I for one would take love slower.

I've made my choice, you can sing a different song.
Watch as you sing, how your voice gets much lower.
You'll be kid, a man kid, whatever the song.
Sing for yourself as we march along.
A man kid, you'll be kid, whatever the song.
Sing for us all as you march along.

Thank you all so much for being here and listening to what I had to share. I would like to thank all of the voice faculty for everything they have taught me and continue to teach me. Thank you to my mom, who was in charge of the piano tracks. And a special thank you to SSU alumni, my former voice teacher, and current boss Christa Durand and her husband Evan for letting me use Music to My Ears as my performance venue and for letting me use one of their huge speakers to play my music. After this last song, I will stick around for a little bit to visit with anyone who's in the chat. Thank you all so much once again, and have a pleasant rest of your afternoon.

“You'll Be In My Heart”

Come stop your cryin', it will be alright.
Just take my hand, hold it tight.
I will protect you from all around you.
I will be here, don't you cry.
For one so small, you seem so strong.
My arms will hold you, keep you safe and warm.
This bond between us can't be broken.
I will be here, don't you cry.
'Cause you'll be in my heart.
Yes you'll be in my heart
From this day on, now and forevermore.
You'll be in my heart
No matter what they say.
You'll be here in my heart always.
Why can't they understand the way we feel?
They just don't trust what they can't explain.
Well, I know we're different but deep inside us,
We're not that different at all.
And you'll be in my heart.

Yes, you'll be in my heart
From this day on, now and forevermore.
Don't listen to them, 'cause what do they know?
We need each other to have, to hold.
They'll see in time, I know.
When destiny calls you, you must be strong.
I may not be with you, but you've got to hold on.
They'll see in time, I know. We'll show them together.
'Cause you'll be in my heart.
Believe me you'll be in my heart.
I'll be there from this day on, now and forevermore.
Oh, you'll be in my heart
No matter what they say.
You'll be here in my heart always.
Always, I'll be with you.
Well, I'll be there for you always, always and always.
Just look over your shoulder.
I'll be there always.