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JOHN ROBERT FULTON, III
baritone

James Bumgardner, piano

Senior Recital

Monday April 24, 2000
7:30 p.m.
Recital Hall, Music Building

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA
GREENSBORO

PROGRAM

Banalités

- 1 Chanson d'Orkenise
- 2 Hôtel
- 3 Fagnes de Wallonie
- 4 Voyage à Paris
- 5 Sanglots

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Lieder eines Fahrenden Gesellen

- 6 Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht
- 7 Ging heut' Morgen über's Feld
- 8 Ich hab' ein glühend Messer
- 9 Die zwei blauen Augen

Gustav Mahler
(1860-1911)

Intermission

Six Songs from A Shropshire Lad

- 10 Loveliest of trees
- 11 When I was one-and-twenty
- 12 Look not in my eyes
- 13 Think no more, lad
- 14 The lads in their hundreds
- 15 Is my team ploughing?

George Butterworth
(1885-1916)

- 1 The Children's Hour
- 2 The Light that is Felt

Charles E. Ives
(1874-1954)

A Valentine to Sherwood Anderson

William Flanagan
(1923-1969)

Her Voice

John Alden Carpenter
(1876-1951)

In partial fulfillment of the degree requirements for the
Bachelor of Music in Performance

The hall is equipped with a listening assistance system.
Patrons needing such assistance should please see
one of the ushers in the lobby.

TRANSLATIONS

Banalités

(Texts by Guillaume Apollinaire)

SONG OF ORKENISE

Through the gates of Orkenise
a carter wants to enter.
Through the gates of Orkenise
a tramp wants to leave.

And the town guards
hasten up to the tramp:
'What are you taking away from the
town?'
'I leave my whole heart there.'

And the town guards
hasten up to the carter:
'What are you bringing into the
town?'
'My heart to be married!'

What a lot of hearts in Orkenise!
The guards laughed, laughed.
Tramp, the road is hazy,
love makes the head hazy, O carter.

The fine-looking town guards
knitted superbly;
then the gates of the town
slowly closed.

HOTEL

My room is shaped like a cage
the sun puts its arm through the
window
but I who would like to smoke
to make smoke pictures
I light at the fire of day my cigarette
I do not want to work
I want to smoke.

WALLOON UPLANDS

Overwhelming sorrow
seized my heart in the desolate
uplands
when tired I rested in the fir
plantation
the weight of the kilometers while
blustered
the west wind
I had left the pretty wood
the squirrels stayed there
my pipe tried to make clouds
in the sky
which remained obstinately clear

I did not confide any secret except
an enigmatic song
to the damp peat bog

the heather fragrant with honey
attracted the bees
and my aching feet
crushed the bilberries and the
blueberries

tenderly united
north
north
life twists itself there
in strong trees
and twisted
life bites there
death
ravenously
when the wind howls

TRIP TO PARIS

Ah! How charming
to leave a dreary place
for Paris
delightful Paris
that once upon a time love must
have
created

SOBS

Our love is ordered by the calm
stars
now we know that in us many men
have their being
who came from very far away
and are one under our brows
it is the song of the dreamers
who tore out their heart
and carried it in the right hand
(remember dear pride all these
memories
of the sailors who sang like
conquerors
of the chasms of Thule of the
gentle skies of Ophir
of the cursed sick people of those
who fled from their shadow
and of the joyous return of
happy emigrants)
this heart ran with blood
and the dreamer went on thinking
of his wound delicate

(You will not break the chain of
these causes)
and the painful said to us
(which are the effects of other
causes)
my poor heart my broken heart
resembling the heart of all men
(here are our hands that
life enslaved)
has died of love or so it seems
has died of love and here it is
such is the way of all things
tear out yours also
(and nothing will be free until
the end of time)
let us leave all to the dead
and hide our sobs

Lieder eines Farhenden Gesellen

(Texts by Gustav Mahler)

When my sweetheart has her wedding

When my sweetheart has her
wedding,
Has her joyful wedding,
I will have my wretched day!
I'll go to my little room,
Gloomy little room!
I'll weep! I'll weep!
For my sweetheart,
For my beloved sweetheart!
Little blue flower!
Wither not!
Sweet little bird!
You sing on the green heath!
Ah! The world is so lovely!
Chirrup! Chirrup!
Sing not! Blossom not!
Spring is truly past!
All singing is now done!
Evenings when I go to bed.
I think on my pain!

I went out this morning over the countryside

I went out this morning over the
countryside,
Dew still hung from the grass;
The merry finch spoke to me:
'Oh, it is you, is it? Good morning!
Is it not a lovely world?
Chirp! Chirp! Pretty and lively!
How the world delights me!'
The bluebells in the meadow also
Rang their morning greeting:
'Is it not a lovely world?
Ring, ring! Pretty thing!
How the world delights me! Ho!
And then in the sunshine

The world at once began to sparkle,
Everything, everything in
Sound and color in the shine!
Flower and bird, the large and the
small!
'Good day! Lovely world!'
Now surely my happiness also
begins?!
No! What I love
Can never bloom for me!

I have a glowing knife

I have a glowing knife, a knife in my
breast,
Alas! Alas!
It cuts so deep into every joy and
every delight,
So deep, so deep!
Ah, what an evil guest it is!
It never keeps still, it never rests,
Neither by day nor by night when I
would sleep!
Alas!
When I look up to heaven,
I see two blue eyes there!
Alas!
When I walk in the yellow field,
I see from afar the blonde hair
Blowing in the wind! Alas!
When I awake from the dream
And hear her silver laughter ringing,
Alas! Alas!
I wish that I were lying on the black
bier,
And could never, never open my eyes!

The two blue eyes

The two blue eyes of my sweetheart
Have sent me into the wide world.
So I had to take leave of the dearest
place!
O eyes, blue! Why did you look at
me?
Now I have eternal pain and sorrow!
I went out in the still night,
Over the gloomy heath.
No one said farewell to me,
Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!
My companion was love and sorrow!
On the highway stood a linden tree,
There for the first time did I rest in
sleep!
Under the linden tree,
Which snowed its blossoms down on
me,
There I knew not how life goes,
Everything was fine again,
Ah, everything was fine again!
Love and pain! And world and dream!