



Hugh Hodgson School of Music

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

presents an
Undergraduate Recital

**JR Banitt, *baritone*; Noah Colwell, *tenor*
Rachel Townes, Tom Connerley, *piano***

**Send Me a Peach
*Thinking of Home***

April 22, 2025

4:30 pm, Edge Recital Hall

Cinq Mélodies “de Venise”, Op. 58
III. Green

Rachel Townes, *piano*

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Madrigal

Tom Connerley, *piano*

Vincent d’Indy
(1851-1931)

Don Giovanni, K. 527, Act II
No. 16: Deh Vieni Alla Finestra

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

La Serenata

Rachel Townes, *piano*

Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846-1916)

My Lady Walks in Loveliness

Ernest Charles
(1895-1984)

Dichterliebe, Op. 48
No. 11. Ein Jüngling Liebt Ein Mädchen

Tom Connerley, *piano*

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Romanzen und Balladen, Op. 49
I. Die Beiden Grenadiere

Rachel Townes, *piano*

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

What’s Up Duloc? from *Shrek the musical*

David Lindsey-Abair

(b. 1969)

Tom Connerley, *piano*

Who Is Sylvia? from Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona*

Matthew Harris
(b. 1956)

The Main Character

JR Banitt
(b. 2005)

Joy McCarthy, *Soprano*
Zaria Doss, *Soprano*
Phoebe Feibus, *Mezzo-Soprano*
Danielle Vergara, *Alto*
Noah Colwell, *Tenor*
Aidan Eclavea, *Tenor*
JR Banitt, *Baritone*
Milo Bauman, *Bass*

Piano Concerto no. 2 in C minor, Op. 18,
II. Adagio Sostenuto

Sergei Rachmaninoff
(1873-1943)

Liam Mueller, *violin*

I Love You

Cole Porter
(1891-1964)

Noah Colwell, *piano*

Nilla Wafer Top Hat Time

JR Banitt, *guitar*

Rhett McLaughlin & Link Neal

Lida Rose

Meredith Wilson
(1902-1984)

Muskrat Ramble

Kid Ory
(1886-1973)
Arr. JR Banitt

Noah Colwell, *tenor*
Aidan Eclavea, *lead*
Thomas Huff, *baritone*
JR Banitt, *bass*

Send Me a Peach (2016) from *Over The Garden Wall*

JR Banitt, *Guitar*

The Blasting Company

Translations

Green (1892)

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds reposée
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encor de vos derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.

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Here are flowers, branches, fruit, and fronds,
And here too is my heart that beats just for you.
Do not tear it with your two white hands
And may the humble gift please your lovely eyes.

I come all covered still with the dew
Frozen to my brow by the morning breeze.
Let my fatigue, finding rest at your feet,
Dream of dear moments that will soothe it.

On your young breast let me cradle my head
Still ringing with your recent kisses;
After love's sweet tumult grant it peace,
And let me sleep a while, since you rest.

Madrigal (1871)

Qui jamais fut de plus charmant visage,
De col plus blanc, de cheveux plus soyeux
Qui jamais fut de plus gentil corsage,
Qui jamais fut que ma Dame aux doux yeux!

Qui jamais eut lèvres plus souriantes,
Qui souriant rendit cœur plus joyeux,
Plus chaste sein sous guimpes transparentes,
Qui jamais eut que ma Dame aux doux yeux!

Qui jamais eut voix d'un plus doux entendre,
Mignonnes dents qui bouche emperlent mieux;
Qui jamais fut de regarder si tendre,
Qui jamais fut que ma Dame aux doux yeux!

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Who ever had a more charming face,
With neck more white, with hair more silken;
Who ever had a more nice bodice,
Who ever had it but my lady with gentle eyes!

Who ever had lips more smiling,
Which smiling rendered the heart more happy,
A more chaste bosom under a blouse filmy,
Who ever had it but my lady with the gentle eyes!

Who ever had a voice the more sweet to-hear,
Little teeth which a mouth adorned like pearls better;
Who ever had looks more lovely,
Who ever had it but my lady with the gentle eyes!

Deh Vieni Alla Finestra (1787)

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

-

Oh, come to the window, my darling
Oh, come to console my tears.
If you refuse me some relief
Before your eyes I want to die!
You've got a mouth sweeter than honey
You, that keep sugar inside your heart!
Don't be cruel to me, my joy!
Show yourself, at least, my dear love!

La Serenata (1888)

Vola, o serenata:
La mia diletta è sola,
e, con la bella testa abbandonata,
posa tra le lenzuola:
O serenata, vola.
O serenata, vola.

Splende Pura la luna,
l'ale il silenzio stende,
e dietro i veli dell'alcova
bruna la lampada s'accende.
Pura la luna splende.
Pura la luna splende.

Vola, o serenata,
Vola, o serenata, vola.

Ah! là. Ah! là.

Vola, o serenata:
La mia diletta è sola,
ma sorridendo ancor mezzo assonnata,
torna fra le lenzuola:
O serenata, vola.
O serenata, vola.

L'onda sogna su 'l lido,
e 'l vento su la fronda;
e a' baci miei ricusa ancora un nido
la mia signora bionda.
Sogna su 'l lido l'onda.
Sogna su 'l lido l'onda.

Vola, o serenata,
Vola, o serenata, vola.
Ah! là. Ah! là.

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Fly, o serenade:
My beloved is alone,
with her beautiful head hid
under the sheets:
O serenade, fly.
O serenade, fly.

The moonlight is pure,
wings of silence stretch out,
and behind the veils of the dark alcove
the lamp burns.
The pure moonbeams shine.
The pure moonbeams shine.

Fly, o serenade,
Fly, o serenade, fly.
Ah! là. Ah! là.

Fly, o serenade:
My beloved is alone,
but still smiling [while] half asleep
she has returned beneath the sheets:
O serenade, fly.
O serenade, fly.

The waves dream on the shore,
and the wind [blows] through the branches;
and my kisses don't result in a nest [being offered],
by my blonde lady.
Dreaming on the shore, [are] the waves. Dreaming on
the shore, [are] the waves.

Fly, o serenade.
Fly, o serenade, fly.
Ah! là. Ah! là.

My Lady Walks In Loveliness (1932)

My lady walks in loveliness,
And shames the moon's cold grace.
A thousand songs dwell in her voice,
Enchantment in her hair

And Love himself lays down his lute,
To mark her passing there,
A lovely lyric lady,
With sunset in her hair

My lady walks in loveliness

Ein Jüngling Liebt Ein Mädchen (1840)

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,
Die hat einen andern erwählt;
Der andre liebt eine andre,
Und hat sich mit dieser vermählt.

Das Mädchen nimmt aus Ärger
Den ersten besten Mann,
Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;
Der Jüngling ist übel dran.

Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
Doch bleibt sie immer neu;
Und wem sie just passiert,
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei

-

A boy loves a girl
Who chooses another;
He in turn loves another
And marries her.

The girl, out of pique,
Takes the very first man
To come her way;
The boy is badly hurt.

It is an old story,
Yet remains ever new;
And he to whom it happens,
It breaks his heart in two

Die Beiden Grenadiere (1840)

Nach Frankreich zogen zwei Grenadier',
Die waren in Russland gefangen.
Und als sie kamen ins deutsche Quartier,
Sie liessen die Köpfe hangen.

Da hörten sie beide die traurige Mär:
Dass Frankreich verloren gegangen,
Besiegt und geschlagen das tapfere Heer—
Und der Kaiser, der Kaiser gefangen.

Da weinten zusammen die Grenadier'
Wohl ob der kläglichen Kunde.
Der eine sprach: „Wie weh wird mir,
Wie brennt meine alte Wunde!“

Der andre sprach: „Das Lied ist aus,
Auch ich möcht mit dir sterben,
Doch hab' ich Weib und Kind zu Haus,
Die ohne mich verderben.“

„Was schert mich Weib, was schert mich Kind,
Ich trage weit bess'res Verlangen;
Lass sie betteln gehn, wenn sie hungrig sind—
Mein Kaiser, mein Kaiser gefangen!

„Gewähr mir, Bruder, eine Bitt':
Wenn ich jetzt sterben werde,
So nimm meine Leiche nach Frankreich mit,
Begrab mich in Frankreichs Erde.

„Das Ehrenkreuz am roten Band
Sollst du aufs Herz mir legen;
Die Flinte gib mir in die Hand,
Und gürt mir um den Degen.

„So will ich liegen und horchen still,
Wie eine Schildwach, im Grabe,
Bis einst ich höre Kanonengebrüll
Und wiehernder Rosse Getrabe.

„Dann reitet mein Kaiser wohl über mein Grab,
Viel Schwerter klirren und blitzen;
Dann steig ich gewaffnet hervor aus dem Grab—
Den Kaiser, den Kaiser zu schützen!“

Two grenadiers were marching back to France
They had been held captive in Russia,
And when they reached German lands
They hung their heads in shame.

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For here they learnt the sorry tale
That France had been conquered in war,
Her valiant army beaten and shattered,
And the Emperor, the Emperor captured.

The grenadiers then wept together,
As they heard of these sad tidings.
The first said: 'Ah, the agony;
How my old wound is burning!'

The second said: 'This is the end;
If only we could die together.
But I've a wife and child at home,
And they would perish without me.'

'To hell with wife, to hell with child,
My aims are for far higher things;
Let them beg, if they've nothing to eat—
My Emperor, my Emperor captured!

'Grant me, brother, one request,
If I am now to die.
Take my corpse with you to France;
Bury me in French soil.

'You shall lay upon my heart
The Cross of Valour with its red ribbon;
And place my musket in my hand
And gird my sword about me.

'So I shall lie and listen
Like a silent sentry in my grave,
Until I hear the cannons' roar
And the horses gallop and neigh.

'That will be my Emperor riding by my grave;
Swords will be clashing and flashing;
And armed, I'll rise up from the grave
To defend the Emperor, my Emperor!'

What's Up Duloc? (2008)

Once upon a time
This place was infested
Freaks on every corner
I had them all arrested
Hey nonny-nonny-nonny-no

If you had a quirk, you didn't pass inspection
We all have our standards
But I will have perfection
And so

Things are looking up here in Duloc
Just take a look
The things I'm cooking up here in Duloc
I like to cook

A model that amazes
A plan with seven phases
Things are looking up here in Duloc
In Duloc

The ladies all look swell
The men are so dashing
Thanks to my new dress code
The fashion's never clashing
Hey nonny-nonny-nonny-no

This castle I had built
Is taller than the clifftops
A city with a postcard
A monorail and gift shops

And so
And so
And so

No one from the gutter in Duloc
I'm takin' aim
Embrace the cookie cutter in Duloc
They're all the same

The upshot is enormous
When they all shout "Conform us!"
Things are looking up
Here in Duloc

Who Is Sylvia? (1989)

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;

The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,

To help him of his blindness;

And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing

Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring

The Main Character (2023)

There's a bridge I go over, every morning when the sun rises.
There's a house I can go to, when my distant home despises.

Off to school, the same road, every day.
You see the whole city.
There's a bridge I go over, every morning when the sun rises, to get to school, and you can see the whole city.
Going home, the same road, every day.

Home, where mother has prepared a meal, of stew and greens, smelling of roasted beef.
Knowing of not a care.
Every day.
Tastes like home.

I Love You (1944)

"I love you" hums the April breeze
"I love you" echo the hills
"I love you" the golden dawn agrees
As once more she sees daffodils

It's spring again
And birds are on the wing again
Start to sing again
The old melody, "I love you"
That's the song of songs
And it all belongs
To you and me

Nilla Wafer Top Hat Time (2018)

There's a time of which none speak
A secret time lost in the briny deep

You know all about
Half time, big time, break time, lunch time, dinner dinner time
Tea time, free time, me time, the time
You'd undo it if you could travel in time
Space-time, Facetime, hard time, Hammertime

In the meantime, miller time, daytime, snack time, nap time, nighttime
Bath time, bed time, business time

But don't forget about
Nilla Wafer top hat time
It's the time you wear a hat made of Nilla Wafers
Nilla Wafer top hat time
It's the best time in the history of mankind

One day (knock knock)
There was a knock at my door
A mysterious drifter was on the other side
In his hands was a box
And on his lips were the words
"Listen closely, I don't have much time."

Then he reached in the box
And pulled out a Nilla Wafer top hat from inside
He said, "Wear it when it's time."
And I said, "What time?"
And then he died

Later I realized he was talking about
Nilla Wafer top hat time
It's the time you wear a hat made out of Nilla Wafers
Nilla Wafer top hat time
It's the best time in the history of mankind

Nilla Wafer top hat time

Lida Rose (1957)

Now here is my love song,
Not fancy or fine;
Lida Rose, oh, won't you be mine,
Be mine!

Lida Rose, I'm home again Rose,
To get the sun back in my sky.
Lida Rose, I'm home again Rose,
About a thousand kisses shy.

Ding, dong, ding!
I can hear the chapel bell chime.
Ding, dong, ding!
At the least suggestion I'll pop the question.

Lida Rose, I'm home again Rose,
Without a sweetheart to my name.

Lida Rose, now everyone knows,
That I am hoping you're the same

So here is my love song,
Not fancy or fine.
Lida Rose, oh,
Won't you be mine

Muskrat Ramble (2024)

Look at them shufflin-shufflin' down
Ramblin' scramlin' a-headed for town
Hustlin' bustlin' an' buzzin' around
Happily a-waitin' at the station

Look at the train, the number seven o-nine,
Huffin' and puffin' and arrivin' on time.
Who do you think's about to 'rive?
The band they call The Dixieland Five.

They're gonna play that Muskrat Ramble tune,
You've never heard it played.
Join in the big parade.

All together now,
One and two, join the happy throng.
Feel the beat of that ramblin' scramblin' Muskrat song,
Come on and ramble along

Send Me a Peach (2016)

I never dreamed that there'd come a day
When I'd find myself far from your arms
Now that I am, I can hardly stand
Not to be near your sweet southern charms

Send me a peach from ol' Georgia
Down where the Savannah flows
If I could have one bite of Georgia
I would feel right here at home

I miss the shady old lanes there
Walkin' with you by my side
Just send me one peach from Georgia
Just so I know you'll be mine

I hope that you won't forget me
Before my road leads back to you
Though the winter may bring the whole world to its knees

The spring shall return with its fruit

The wind here is ready for winter

It seems to turn everything blue

So just send me (Send me) send me one little peach

Just a sweet, sunny piece of you

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the degree Bachelor's in Music Education.

JR Banitt is a student of Dr. Elizabeth Knight.

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the degree Bachelor's in Music Therapy.

Noah Colwell is a student of Dr. Gregory Broughton.

*** Out of respect for the performer, please silence all electronic devices throughout the performance. Thank you for your cooperation*

*** For information on upcoming concerts, please see our website: music.uga.edu/events/calendar-view*