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# Junior Recital: Stephen Tzianabos, tenor

Stephen Tzianabos

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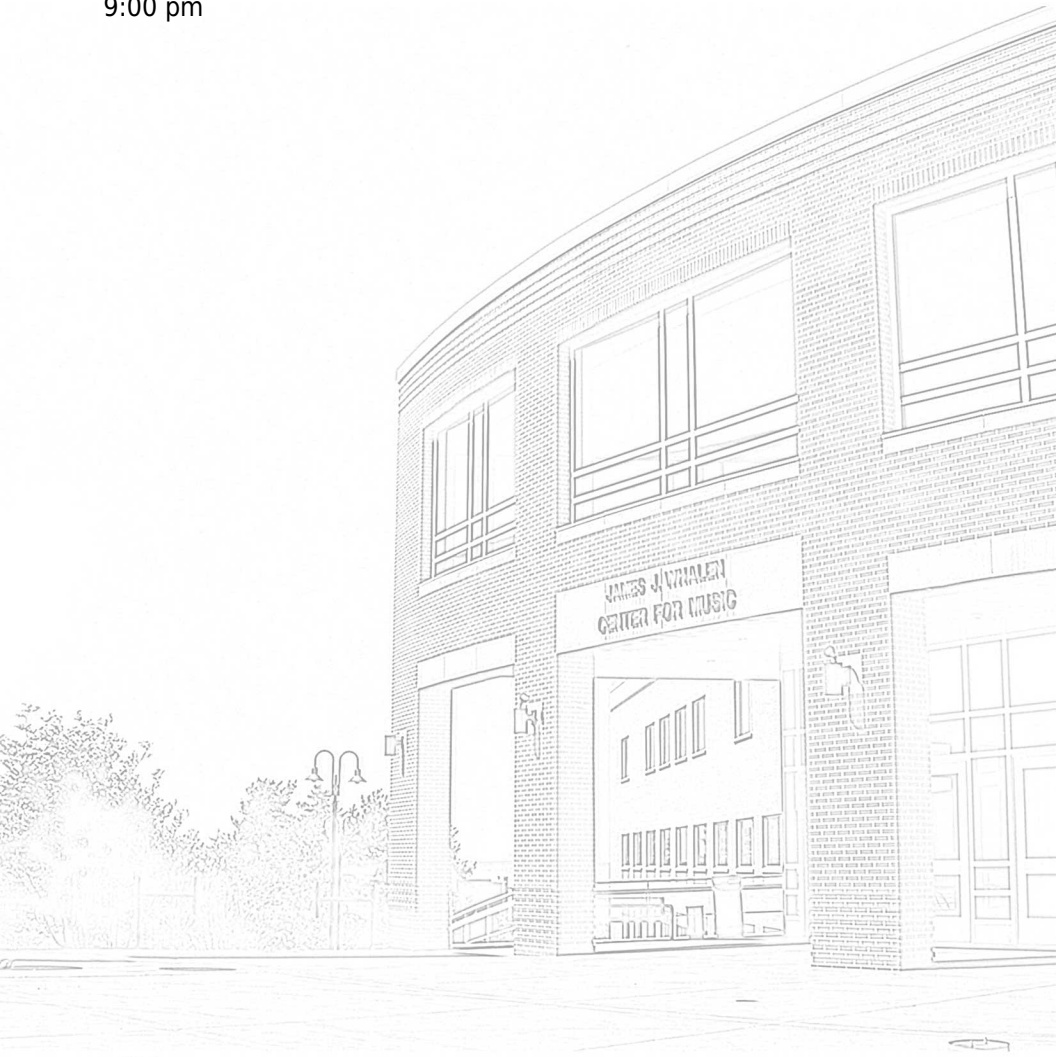
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**Junior Recital:**  
Stephen Tzianabos, Tenor

Blaise Bryski, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Sunday, April 12th, 2015  
9:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

## Program

An Chloë	W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)
Der Jüngling an der Quelle	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Adelaide	Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

### **Poème d'un jour, Op. 21**

1. Rencontre
2. Toujours
3. Adieu

Gabriel Fauré  
(1845-1924)

"Questa o quella" from *Rigoletto*

Giuseppi Verdi  
(1813-1901)

## Intermission

Invano  
Non t'amo più  
O del mio amato ben

F. Paolo Tosti  
(1846-1916)  
Stefano Donaudy  
(1879-1925)

O Mistress Mine  
Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal  
Go, Lovely Rose  
Love's Philosophy

Roger Quilter  
(1877-1953)

## Translations

### An Chloë

Wenn die Lieb' aus deinen blauen, Hellen, offenen Augen sieht, Und vor Lust hinein zu schauen Mir's im Herzen klopft und glüht;	When love shines from your blue, bright, open eyes, and with the pleasure of gazing into them my heart pounds and glows;
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Und ich halte dich und küße Deine Rosenwangen warm, Liebes Mädchen, und ich schließe Zitternd dich in meinem Arm,	and I hold you and kiss your rosy, warm cheeks, lovely maiden, and I clasp you trembling in my arms,
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Mädchen, Mädchen, und ich drücke Dich an meinen Busen fest, Der im letzten Augenblicke Sterbend nur dich von sich läßt;	maiden, maiden, and I press you firmly to my breast, which at the last moment, only at death, will let you go;
--	---

Den berauschten Blick umschattet Eine düstre Wolke mir, Und ich sitze dann ermattet, Aber selig neben dir.	then my intoxicated gaze is shadowed by a gloomy cloud, and I sit then, exhausted, but blissful, next to you.
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### Der Jüngling an der Quelle

Leise rieselnder Quell! Ihr wallenden flispernden Pappeln! Euer Schlummergeräusch Wecket die Liebe nur auf. Linderung sucht' ich bei euch	Softly, trickling spring! Ye churning, rustling poplars! The sounds of slumber you make Will only awaken my love. Balm was I seeking from you
--	--

Und sie zu vergessen, die  
Spröde.  
Ach, und Blätter und Bach  
Seufzen, Luise, mir zu!

And to forget her  
indifference.  
Ah, the brook and each tree  
Sigh for my loved one, for  
thee.

### **Adelaide**

Einsam wandelt dein Freund  
im Frühlingsgarten,

Alone does your friend  
wander in the Spring  
garden,

Mild vom lieblichen  
Zauberlicht umflossen,

Mildly encircled by magic  
light

Das durch wankende  
Blütenzweige zittert,

That quivers through  
swaying, blossoming  
boughs,

Adelaide!

Adelaide!

In der spiegelnden Flut, im  
Schnee der Alpen,

In the mirroring stream, in  
the snow of the Alps,

In des sinkenden Tages  
Goldgewölken,

In the dying day's golden  
clouds,

Im Gefilde der Sterne strahlt  
dein Bildnis,

In the fields of stars, your  
image shines,

Adelaide!

Adelaide!

Abendlüfte im zarten Laube  
flüstern,

Evening breezes whisper in  
the tender leaves,

Silberglöckchen des Mais im  
Grase säuseln,

Silvery lilies-of-the-valley  
rustle in the grass,

Wellen rauschen und  
Nachtigallen flöten:

Waves murmur and  
nightingales pipe:

Adelaide!

Adelaide!

Einst, o Wunder! entblüht auf  
meinem Grabe

One day, o wonder! upon my  
grave will bloom

Eine Blume der Asche  
meines Herzens;

A flower from the ashes of  
my heart;

Deutlich schimmert auf  
jedem Purpurblättchen:

And clearly on every purple  
leaf will gleam:

Adelaide!

Adelaide!

### **Rencontre**

J'étais triste et pensif quand  
je t'ai rencontrée,  
Je sens moins aujourd'hui  
mon obstiné tourment;  
Ô dis-moi, serais-tu la femme  
inespérée,  
Et le rêve idéal poursuivi  
vainement?  
Ô, passante aux doux yeux,  
serais-tu donc l'amie  
Qui rendrait le bonheur au  
poète isolé,  
Et vas-tu rayonner sur mon  
âme affermie,  
Comme le ciel natal sur un  
coeur d'exilé?  
Ta tristesse sauvage, à la  
mienne pareille,  
Aime à voir le soleil décliner  
sur la mer!  
Devant l'immensité ton  
extase s'éveille,  
Et le charme des soirs à ta  
belle âme est cher;  
  
Une mystérieuse et douce  
sympathie  
Déjà m'enchaîne à toi  
comme un vivant lien,  
Et mon âme frémit, par  
l'amour envahie,  
Et mon coeur te chérit sans  
te connaître bien!

I was sad and pensive when I  
met you,  
I sense less to-day my  
persistent torment;  
Tell me, were you the girl I  
met by chance  
the ideal dream I have vainly  
sought?  
A passer-by with gentle eyes,  
were you the friend  
who brought happiness to a  
lonely poet,  
And did you shine upon my  
vacant heart  
like the native sky on an  
exiled spirit?  
Your shy sadness, so like my  
own,  
loves to watch the sun set  
over the sea!  
Your delight is awakened  
before its immensity,  
and the evenings spent with  
your lovely soul are dear  
to me.  
A mysterious and gentle  
sympathy  
already binds me to you like  
a living bond;  
My soul trembles with  
overpowering love,  
And my heart cherishes you,  
knowing you hardly at  
all..

### **Toujours**

Vous me demandez de ma  
taire,  
De fuir loin de vous pour  
jamais,  
Et de m'en aller, solitaire,  
Sans me rappeler qui  
j'aimais!

You ask me to be quiet,  
to flee from you forever to a  
distant place,  
and to depart alone  
without thinking of the one  
whom I love!

Demandez plutôt aux étoiles  
De tomber dans l'immensité,  
À la nuit de perdre ses voiles,  
Au jour de perdre sa clarté,

You might more easily ask  
the stars  
to fall from the sky,  
or the night to lift its veils,  
or the day to rid itself of its  
brightness!

Demandez à la mer immense  
De dessécher ses vastes  
flots,  
Et, quand les vents sont en  
démence,  
D'apaiser ses sombres  
sanglots!

Ask the immense ocean  
to dry up its vast waters,  
and, when the winds are  
raging dementedly,  
ask them to calm their  
dismal sobbing!

Mais n'espérez pas que mon  
âme  
S'arrache à ses âpres  
douleurs  
Et se dépouille de sa flamme  
Comme le printemps de ses  
fleurs!

But do not hope that my soul  
can uproot its sorrow  
and douse its flame  
as the spring-time can shed  
its flowers!

### Adieu

Comme tout meurt vite, la  
rose  
Déclose,  
Et les frais manteaux diaprés  
Des prés;  
Les longs soupirs, les  
bienaimées,  
Fumées!

Like everything that dies  
quickly,  
the blown rose,  
the fresh multi-colored  
cloaks [of flowers]  
on the meadows.  
Long sighs, those we love,  
gone like smoke.

On voit dans ce monde léger  
Changer,  
Plus vite que les flots des  
grèves,  
Nos rêves,

One sees in this frivolous  
world,  
Change.  
Quicker than the waves on  
the beach,  
Our dreams,

Plus vite que le givre en  
fleurs,  
Nos coeurs!

Quicker than frost on the  
flowers,  
Our hearts.

À vous l'on se croyait fidèle,  
Cruelle,  
Mais hélas! les plus longs  
amours  
Sont courts!  
Et je dis en quittant vos  
charmes,  
Sans larmes,  
Presqu'au moment de mon  
aveu,  
Adieu!

One believes oneself faithful  
to you,  
Cruel,  
But alas! the longest of love  
affairs  
Are short!  
And I say on quitting your  
charms,  
Without tears,  
Close to the moment of my  
avowal,  
Adieu!

### Questa o quella

Questa o quella per me pari  
sono  
a quant' altre d'intorno mi  
vedo;  
del mio core l'impero non  
cedo  
meglio ad una che ad altra  
beltà.

This girl or that girl for me  
are the same  
as all the others around me  
that I see;  
I will not give up control of  
my heart  
more to one beauty than  
another.

La costoro avvenenza è qual  
dono  
di che il fato ne infiora la vita  
s'oggi questa mi torna  
gradita  
forse un'altra doman lo sarà.

Their charm is that gift  
with which fate adorns life.  
If today this one to me  
becomes pleasing  
perhaps another one  
tomorrow will be.

La costanza, tiranna del  
core,  
detestiamo qual morbo  
cru dele.  
Sol chi vuole si serbi fedele:  
non v'ha amor se non v'è

The faithfulness, tyrant of  
the heart  
we hate like a cruel disease.  
only who wish it upon  
themselves keep faithful  
there is no love if there is no



libertà.

liberty.

De' mariti il geloso furore,  
degli amanti le smanie  
derido:  
anco d'Argo i cent' occhi  
disfido  
se mi punge una qualche  
beltà.

Of husbands the jealous  
rage,  
of the lovers the longing I  
deride:  
even of Argus the hundred  
eyes I defy  
if I were tempted by another  
beauty.

### Invano

La serenata ch'io ti cantava  
era una lenta nenia d'amor;  
nei tristi accordi, io ti narrava  
tutto lo spasimo del mio  
dolor!

The serenade that I was  
singing to you  
was a slow dirge of love;  
the sad agreements, I  
narrated  
all of the spasms of my pain.

Ma invan, tremando, la mia  
canzone  
come un lamento saliva al  
ciel;  
tra' verdi rami del tuo  
balcone,  
tu sorridevi, bella e crudel!

But in vain, trembling, my  
song  
like a lament rising to the  
heavens;  
between green branches of  
your balcony  
you smiled, beautiful and  
cruel!

Or la romanza che ti ripeto  
con altri accenti vola dal cor;  
vibra nel ritmo fremente e  
lieto  
una gioconda storia d'amor!

And the romance that I  
repeat to you  
With different accents flying  
from my heart;  
vibrates a rhythm quivering  
and happy,  
a joyous story of love!

Ma invano echeggia la mia  
canzone  
nel novo metro gaia e fedel:

But in vain echoes my song  
new in meters gay and

tra vezzi rami del tuo  
balcone  
tu non sorridi, bella e crudel!

faithful:  
among withered branches of  
your balcony  
you do not smile, beautiful  
and cruel!

### **Non t'amo più**

Ricordi ancora il dì che  
c'incontrammo,  
Le tue promesse le ricordi  
ancor?  
Folle d'amore io ti segui ci  
amammo,  
E accanto a te sognai, folle  
d'amor.

Do you still remember the  
day we met,  
Do you still remember the  
promises you made?  
Love-insane I followed you.  
We loved each other  
And next to you I dreamt,  
love-insane.

Sognai felice, di carezze a  
baci  
Una catena dileguante in  
ciel;  
Ma le parole tue, furon  
mendaci  
Perchè l'anima tua è fatta di  
gel.

I dreamt of a lustful chain of  
caresses  
And kisses fading into the  
sky;  
But your words weren't  
truthful  
Because your heart is as cold  
as ice.

Te ne ricordi ancor?  
Te ne ricordi ancor?

Do you still remember that?  
Do you still remember that?

Or la mia fede, il desiderio  
immenso  
Il mio sogno d'amor...non sei  
più tu:  
I tuoi baci non cerco, a te  
non penso...

Now you aren't my only faith  
any more,  
My immense desire nor my  
dream of love:  
I don't long for your kisses,  
and don't think about you  
anymore:

Sogno un altro ideal;  
Non t'amo più.

I dream another dream:  
I don't love you anymore.

Nei cari giorni che passamo  
insieme  
Io cosparsi di fiori il tuo  
sentier  
Tu fosti del mio cor l'unica  
speme  
Tu della mente l'unico  
pensier

In dear days that we spent  
together  
I sprinkled flowers across  
your path  
You were the only hope of  
my heart  
you were the only thought of  
my mind.

Tu m'hai visto pregare,  
impallidire,  
Piangere tu m'hai visto  
innanzi a te  
Io sol per appagare un tuo  
desire  
Avrei dato il mio sangue è la  
mia fè,

You have seen me praying,  
pale,  
you have seen me cry before  
to you:  
I, only to satisfy your to  
desire,  
I would have given my blood  
and my faith.

Te ne ricordi ancor?

Do you still remember that?

Or la mia fede, il desiderio  
immenso  
Il mio sogno d'amor...non sei  
più tu:  
I tuoi baci non cerco, a te  
non penso...

Now you aren't my only faith  
any more,  
My immense desire nor my  
dream of love:  
I don't long for your kisses,  
and don't think about you  
anymore:

Sogno un altro ideal;  
Non t'amo più.

I dream another dream:  
I don't love you anymore.

### **O del mio amato ben**

O del mio amato ben perduto  
incanto!

Oh, lost enchantment of my  
dearly beloved!

Lungi è dagli occhi miei  
chi m'era gloria e vanto!

Far from my eyes is she  
who was, to me, glory and  
pride!

Or per le mute stanze

Now through the empty  
rooms

sempre la cerco e chiamo  
con pieno il cor di speranze?  
Ma cerco invan, chiamo  
invan!

I always seek her and call her  
with a heart full of hopes?  
But I seek in vain, I call in  
vain!

E il pianger m'è sì caro,  
che di pianto sol nutro il cor.

And the weeping is so dear  
to me,  
that with weeping alone I  
nourish my heart.

Mi sembra, senza lei, triste  
ogni loco.

It seems to me, without her,  
sad everywhere.

Notte mi sembra il giorno;

The day seems like night to  
me;

mi sembra gelo il foco.

the fire seems cold to me.

Se pur talvolta spero

If, however, I sometimes  
hope

di darmi ad altra cura,

to give myself to another  
cure,

sol mi tormenta un pensiero:

one thought alone torments  
me:

Ma, senza lei, che farò?

But without her, what shall I  
do?

Mi par così la vita vana cosa

To me, life seems a vain  
thing

senza il mio ben.

without my beloved.