

Ithaca College Digital Commons @ IC

All Concert & Recital Programs

Concert & Recital Programs

2-21-2016

Senior Recital: Samantha Kwan, mezzo-soprano

Samantha Kwan

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

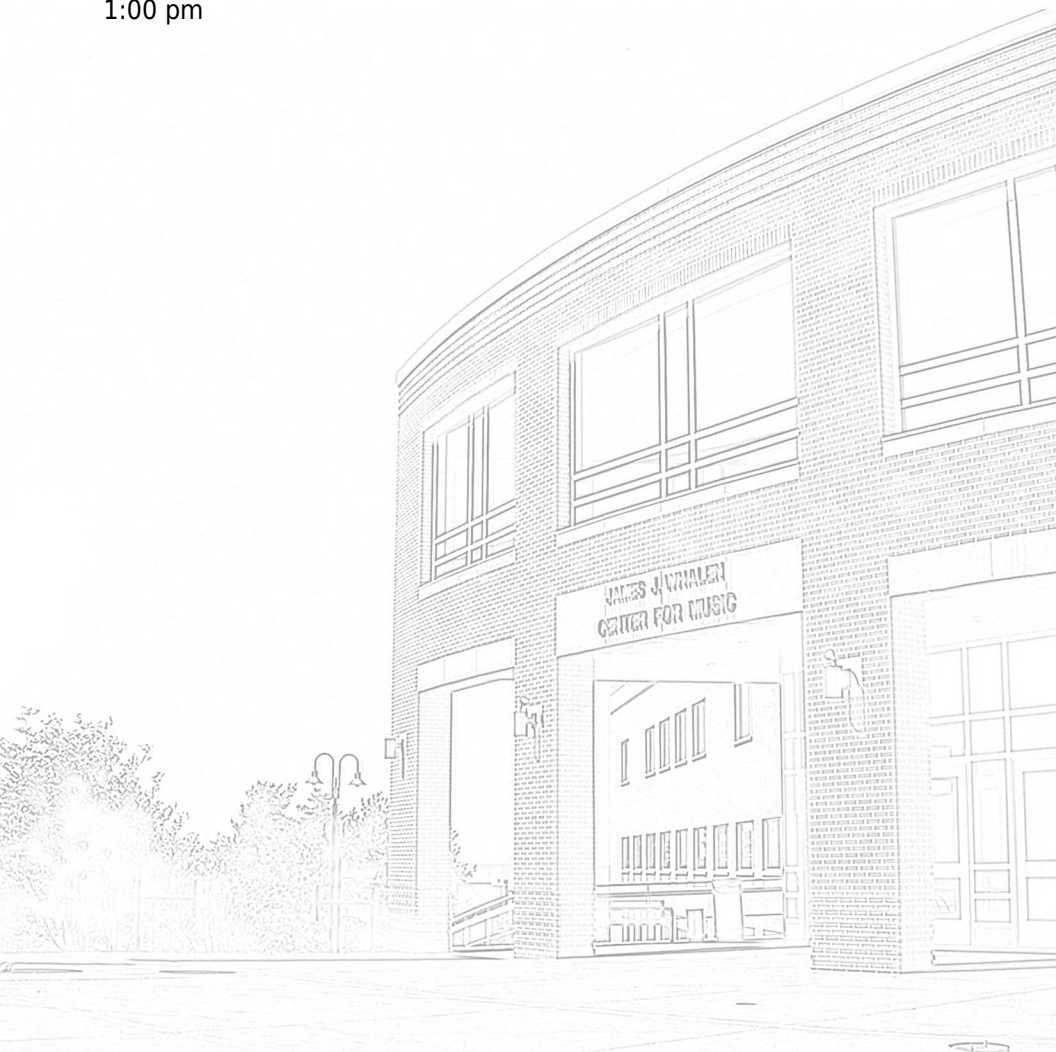
Kwan, Samantha, "Senior Recital: Samantha Kwan, mezzo-soprano" (2016). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 1538.
http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/1538

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Concert & Recital Programs at Digital Commons @ IC. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Concert & Recital Programs by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ IC.

Senior Recital:
Samantha Kwan, mezzo-soprano

Richard Montgomery, piano

Ford Hall
Sunday, February 21st, 2016
1:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Poèmes de Ronsard

- I. Attributs
- II. Le tombeau
- III. Ballet
- IV. Je n'ai plus que les os
- V. À son page

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Feldeinsamkeit
Von ewiger Liebe
Botschaft
Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Intermission

"Parto! Ma tu ben mio"
from *La clemenza di Tito*

W. A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

A Charm of Lullabies, op. 41
I. A Cradle Song
II. The Highland Balou
III. Sephestia's Lullaby
IV. A Charm
V. The Nurse's Song

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

Alto's Lament

Zina Goldrich and Marcy Heisler

Translations

I. Attributs

Les épis sont à Cérès,
Aux Dieux bouquins les forêts,
À Chlore l'herbe nouvelle,
À Phoebus le vert laurier,
À Minerve l'olivier,
Et le beau pin à Cybèle ;
Au Zéphires le doux bruit,
À Pomone le doux fruit,
L'onde aux Nymphes est sacrée,
À Flore les belles fleurs ;
Mais les soucis et les pleurs
Sont sacrés à Cythérée.

II. Le tombeau

Quand le ciel et mon heure
jugeront que je meure,
ravi du beau séjour du commun
jour,
je défends qu'on ne rompe
le marbre pour la pompe
de vouloir mon tombeau bâtir plus
beau,
mais bien je veux qu'un arbre
m'ombrage en lieu d'un marbre,
arbre qui soit couvert toujours de
vert.
De moi puisse la terre
engendrer un lierre
m'embrassant en maint tour tout à
l'entour;
et la vigne tortisse
mon sépulcre embellisse,
Faisant de toutes parts un ombre
épars.

III. Ballet

Le soir qu'Amour vous fit en la salle
descendre
Pour danser d'artifice un beau
ballet d'amour,
Vos yeux, bien qu'il fût nuit,
ramenèrent le jour,

I. Attributes

Ears of corn are sacred to Ceres,
forests to the Fauns,
new grass to Chloris,
green laurels to Phoebus,
olive-trees to Minerva,
handsome pines to Cybele,
gentle rustlings to the Zephyrs,
sweet fruit to Pomona,
waters to the Nymphs,
and beautiful flowers to Flora;
but heart-ache and tears
are sacred to Aphrodite.

II. The tomb

When Heaven and my appointed
time
decide that I should die
and be carried off from the fair
abode of common daylight,
I forbid that marble
be cut for the pompous purpose
of having my tomb built more
beautiful.
I wish rather that a tree
might shade me instead of marble -
a tree that would be
always covered in green foliage.
From my body may the earth
bring forth an ivy-plant
embracing me all round with many
turns;
and may the twisty vine
embellish my burial-place,
creating in all directions extended
shade.

III. Ballet

The night that Eros in the Ballet
Room
had you perform an artful dance of
love,
your eyes seemed to bring back the
sun above,

Tant ils surent d'éclairs par la place
répandre.

so well did their bright rays dispel
all gloom.

Le ballet fut divin, qui se soulait
repandre,
Se rompre, se refaire et, tour
dessus retour,
Se mêler, s'écarter, se tourner à
l'entour,
Contre-imitant le cours du fleuve de
Méandre.

It was divine: I watched the dance
resume
and break off and re-form and turn
upon turn
diverge and then remerge and wind
in curves
in imitation of Meander's stream.

Ores il était rond, ores long, or'
étroit,
Or en pointe, en triangle, en la
façon qu'on voit
L'escadron de la grue évitant la
froidure.

Now it was long, now narrow,
sometimes round
and sometimes pointed in the V
formation
of cranes in flight escaping Winter's
coldness.

Je faux, tu ne dansais, mais ton
pied voletait
Sur le haut de la terre; aussi ton
corps s'était
Transformé pour ce soir en divine
nature.

I'm wrong, you did not dance:
above the ground
your body flew - for once mortal
creation
attained the airy nature of a
goddess.

IV. Je n'ai plus que les os

IV. All I have now is bones

Je n'ai plus que les os, un squelette
je semble,
décharné, dénérvé, démusclé,
dépoulté,
que le trait de la mort sans pardon
a frappé.
Je n'ose voir mes bras que de peur
je ne tremble.

All I have now is bones, I look like a
skeleton,
de-fleshed, de-nerved, de-muscled,
deprived of pulp,
struck down by the unforgiving
arrow of death.
I dare not look at my arms lest I
shake with fear.

Apollon et son fils, deux grands
maîtres, ensemble
ne me sauraient guérir; leur métier
m'a trompé.
Adieu plaisant soleil; mon oeil est
étoupé,
mon corps s'en va descendre où
tout se désassemble.

Apollo and Asclepius, two
master-physicians combined,
could not cure me now; their
profession has let me down.
Farewell, pleasant sun; my eyes are
blocked up.
My body is descending to where all
comes apart.

Quel ami me voyant en ce point
dépoulté
ne remporte au logis un oeil triste
et moulté,
me consolant au lit et me baisant la
face,

What friend who sees me stripped
to this extent
does not head home with sad and
tearful eyes,
after consoling me in bed, kissing
my face,

en essuyant mes yeux par la mort
endormis?

Adieu, chers compagnons, adieu
mes chers amis,
je m'en vais le premier vous
préparer la place.

V. À son page

Fais rafraîchir mon vin de sorte
qu'il passe en froideur un glaçon;
fais venir Jeanne, qu'elle apporte
son luth pour dire une chanson;
nous ballerons tous trois au son,

et dis à Barbe qu'elle vienne,
les cheveux tors à la façon
d'une folâtre Italienne.

Ne vois-tu que le jour se passe?
Je ne vis point au lendemain;
Page, reverse dans ma tasse,
que ce grand verre soit tout plein.
Maudit soit qui languit en vain!

Ces vieux médecins je n'approuve;
mon cerveau n'est jamais bien sain
si beaucoup de vin ne l'abreuve.

Parto, ma tu ben mio,

Meco ritorna in pace;
Saro qual piu ti piace;
Quel che vorrai faro.

Guardami, e tutto oblio,
E a vendicarti io volo;
A questo sguardo solo
Da me si pensera.
Ah qual poter, oh Dei!
Donaste alla belta.

Feldeinsamkeit

Ich ruhe still im hohen grünen Gras
Und sende lange meinen Blick nach
oben,
Von Grillen rings umschwirrt ohn'

and wiping my eyes which death
has put to sleep?

Farewell, dear companions,
farewell, dear friends;
I'm setting off first to prepare a
place for you.

V. To his page

Go and chill my wine so well
that it's colder than an icicle!
Fetch Jeanne and have her bring
her lute to give me a song:
all three of us will dance to the
sound.

And tell Barbe to come
with her hair in ringlets
like a frolicsome Italian woman!

Can't you see that time is passing?
I refuse to live in the tomorrow.
Page, come pour for me again
so that this big glass is brimming!
Cursed be those who engage in
futile pining!

I don't agree with those old doctors;
my brain is never in good health
unless it's irrigated with plenty of
wine!

I go, but, my dearest,

make peace again with me.
I will be what you would most
have me be, do whatever you wish.

Look at me, and I will forget all
and fly to avenge you;
I will think only
of that glance at me.
Ah, ye gods, what power
you have given beauty!

Solitude in a field

I rest quietly in the tall green grass
And for a long time send my gaze
aloft,
Surrounded by the unceasing whirr

Unterlaß,
Von Himmelsbläue wundersam
umwoben.

Die schönen, weißen Wolken ziehn
dahin
Durch's tiefe Blau, wie schöne stille
Träume;
Mir ist, als ob ich längst gestorben
bin
Und ziehe selig mit durch ew'ge
Räume.

Von ewiger Liebe

Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald und in
Feld!
Abend schon ist es, nun schweiget
die Welt.

Nirgend noch Licht und nirgend
noch Rauch,
Ja, und die Lerche sie schweiget
nun auch.

Kommt aus dem Dorfe der Bursche
heraus,
Gibt das Geleit der Geliebten nach
Haus,

Führt sie am Weidengebüsche
vorbei,
Redet so viel und so mancherlei:

"Leidest du Schmach und betrübest
du dich,
Leidest du Schmach von andern um
mich,

Werde die Liebe getrennt so
geschwind,
Schnell, wie wir früher vereinigt
sind.

Scheide mit Regen und scheide mit
Wind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt
sind."

of crickets,
Enfolded wondrously by blue sky.

The lovely white clouds drift by
Through the deep blue, like
beautiful, silent dreams;
I feel as though I am long dead
And drift blissfully along through
eternal space.

Of eternal love

Dark, how dark it is in the forest
and field!
Night has fallen; the world now is
silent.

Nowhere a light and nowhere
smoke.
Yes, now even the lark is silent.

From yonder village there comes
the young lad,
Taking his beloved home.

He leads her past the willow
bushes,
Talking so much, and of so many
things:

"If you suffer shame and if you
grieve,
If you suffer disgrace before others
because of me,

Then our love shall be ended ever
so fast
As fast as we once came together;

It shall go with the rain and go with
the wind,
As fast as we once came together."

Spricht das Mägdelein, Mägdelein
spricht:
"Unsere Liebe sie trennet sich
nicht!

Fest ist der Stahl und das Eisen gar
sehr,
Unsere Liebe ist fester noch mehr.

Eisen und Stahl, man schmiedet sie
um,
Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt sie um?

Eisen und Stahl, sie können
zergehn,
Unsere Liebe muß ewig bestehn!"

Botschaft

Wehe, Lüftchen, lind und lieblich
Um die Wange der Geliebten,
Spiele zart in ihrer Locke,
Eile nicht hinwegzufliehn!
Tut sie dann vielleicht die Frage,
Wie es um mich Armen stehe;

Sprich: "Unendlich war sein Wehe,
Höchst bedenklich seine Lage;
Aber jetzo kann er hoffen,
Wieder herrlich aufzuleben,
Denn du, Holde, denkst an ihn."

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer,
Nur wie Schleier liegt mein Kummer
Zitternd über mir.
Oft im Traume hör' ich dich
Rufen drauß vor meiner Tür:
Niemand wacht und öffnet dir,
Ich erwach' und weine bitterlich.

Ja, ich werde sterben müssen,
Eine Andre wirst du küssen,
Wenn ich bleich und kalt.
Eh' die Maienlüfte weh'n,

Then says the maiden, the maiden
says:
"Our love shall never end!

Steel is firm and iron is firm,
Yet our love is firmer still.

Iron and steel can be recast by the
smith
But who would transform our love?

Iron and steel can melt;
Our love, our love will have to last
forever!"

Message

Blow, breeze, gently and lovingly
about the cheeks of my beloved;
play tenderly in her locks,
do not hasten to flee far away!
If perhaps she is then to ask,
how it stands with poor wretched
me,
tell her: "Unending was his woe,
highly dubious was his condition;
However, now he can hope
magnificently to come to life again.
For you, lovely one, are thinking of
him!"

Ever more peaceful grows my slumber

My slumber grows ever more
peaceful;
and only like a thin veil now does
my anxiety
lie trembling upon me.
Often in my dreams I hear you
calling outside my door;
no one is awake to let you in,
and I wake up and weep bitterly.

Yes, I will have to die;
another will you kiss,
when I am pale and cold.
Before the May breezes blow,

Eh' die Drossel singt im Wald:

Willst du mich noch einmal seh'n,
Komm', o komme bald!

II. The Highland Balou

Hee Balou, my sweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanronald!
Brawlie kens our wanton Chief

What gat my young Highland thief.

(Hee Balou!)

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie!
And thou live, thou'll steal a naigie,
Travel the country thro' and thro' ,
and bring hame a Carlisle cow!

Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border,
Weel, my babie, may thou furdur!
Herry the louns o' the laigh
Countrie,
Synne to the Highlands hame to me!

before the thrush sings in the
forest:

if you wish to see me once more,
come, o come soon!

II. The Highland Lullaby

O hush! My sweet little Donald
Image of the great Clan Ronald!
Excellently teaches our wanton
Chief

That fathered my young Highland
thief.

(O hush!)

Dear to me is thy pretty neck!
If thou live, thou'll steal a horse,
Travel the country through and
through,
and bring home a Carlisle cow!

Through the Lowlands, over the
Border,
Well, my baby, may thou thrive!
Harry the lads of the low Country,
Afterwards to the Highlands home
to me!