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Stephen Tzianabos, tenor

Stephen Tzianabos

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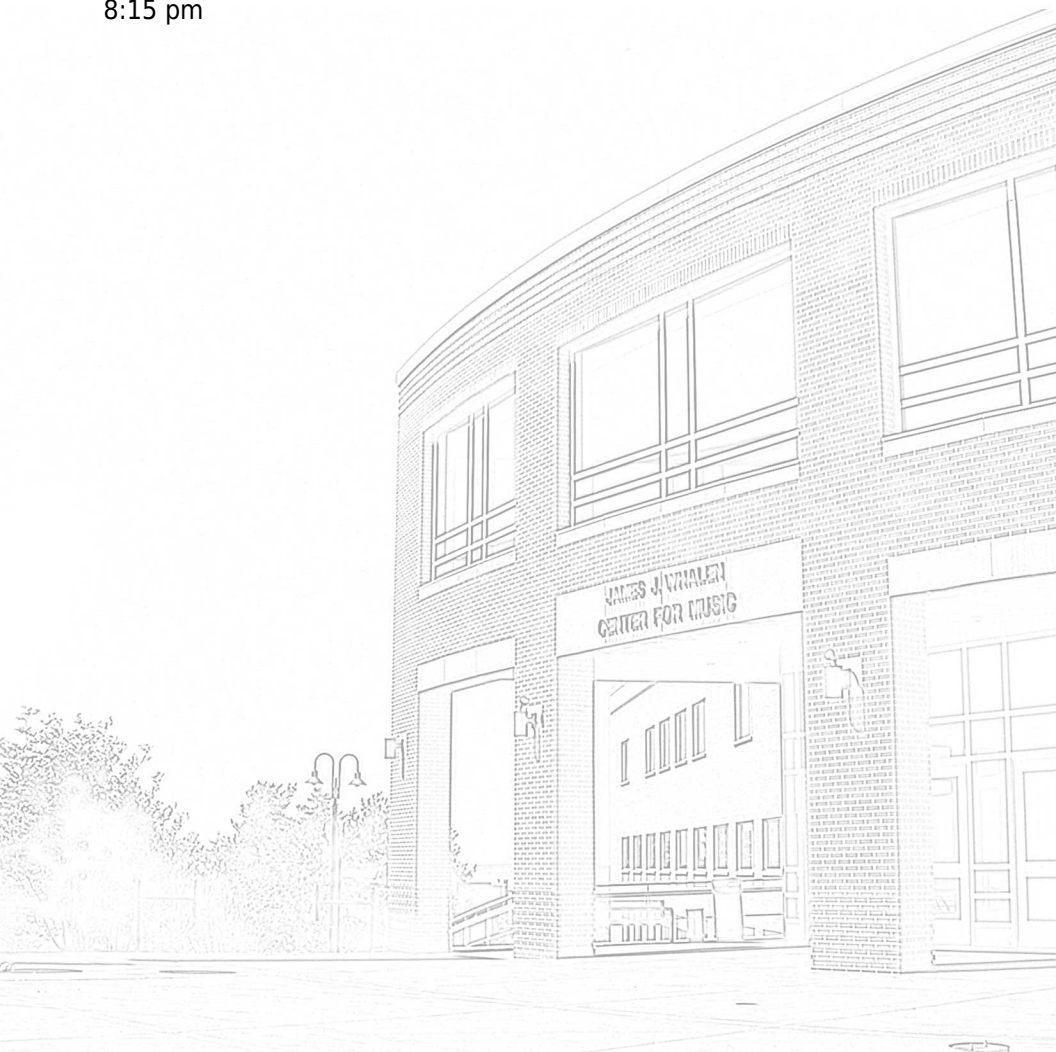
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Senior Recital:
Stephen Tzianabos, tenor

Blaise Bryski, piano

Ford Hall
Sunday, March 6th, 2016
8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

An die ferne Geliebte

- I. Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend
- II. Wo die Berge so blau
- III. Leichte Segler in den Höhen
- IV. Diese Wolken in den Höhen
- V. Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au
- VI. Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder

Ludwig von Beethoven
(1770-1827)

Till Earth Outwears

- I. Let me enjoy the Earth
- II. In years defaced
- V. It never looks like summer
- IV. I look into my glass
- III. The Market Girl

Gerald Finzi
(1901-1956)

Intermission

Cinq mélodies populaires grecques

- I. Chanson de la mariée
- II. Là-bas, vers l'église
- III. Quel Galant m'est comparable
- IV. Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques
- V. Tout gai!

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Spirate pur, spirate

Stefano Donaudy
(1879-1925)

Deh, pietoso, oh Addolorata

Giuseppe Verdi
(1813-1901)

Brindisi

Giuseppe Verdi
(1813-1901)

Being Alive

Stephen Sondheim
(b.1930)

Corner of the Sky

Stephen Schwartz
(b. 1948)

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance. Stephen Tzianabos is from the studio of David Parks.

Translations
An die ferne Geliebte
(To the distant Beloved)

I.

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich
spähend
In das blaue Nebelland,
Nach den fernen Triften sehend,

Wo ich dich, Geliebte, fand.

Weit bin ich von dir geschieden,

Trennend liegen Berg und Tal
Zwischen uns und unserm
Frieden,
Unserm Glück und unsrer Qual.

Ach, den Blick kannst du nicht
sehen,
Der zu dir so glühend eilt,

Und die Seufzer, sie verwehen
In dem Raume, der uns teilt.

Will denn nichts mehr zu dir
dringen,
Nichts der Liebe Bote sein?

Singen will ich, Lieder singen,
Die dir klagen meine Pein!

Denn vor Liebesklang
entweicht
Jeder Raum und jede Zeit,

Und ein liebend Herz erreicht
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!

II.

Wo die Berge so blau
Aus dem nebligen Grau
Schauen herein, wo die Sonne

I.

I sit on the hill, gazing

Into the blue expanse of sky,
Searching the far-off mists to
see,

Where I can find you, my
beloved.

Far from you have I been
parted,
Mountain and vale separate us,
Dividing us and our peace,

Our happiness and our pain.

Ah, you cannot see my gaze,

That hastens so passionately to
you.

Nor the sighs I squander
On the void that parts us now.

Is there nothing more that can
reach you,
Nothing to bear my love's
message to you?

I want to sing, to sing songs,
Which remind you of my pain!

Because before love's lament

Every mile and every hour
vanishes,
And a loving heart attains
What a loving heart has
consecrated.

II.

Where the blue mountains
Rise from the lowering skies
Peering at where the sunsets,

verglüht,
Wo die Wolke umzieht,
Möchte ich sein! möchte ich
sein!

Dort im ruhigen Tal
Schweigen Schmerzen und
Qual.
Wo im Gestein still die Primel
dort sinnt,
Weht so leise der Wind,
Möchte ich sein! möchte ich
sein!

Hin zum sinnigen Wald
Drängt mich Liebesgewalt,
Innere Pein, innere Pein.
Ach, mich zög's nicht von hier,
Könnt ich, Traute, bei dir
Ewiglich sein! ewiglich sein!

III.
Leichte Segler in den Höhen,
Und du, Bächlein klein und
schmal,
Könnt mein Liebchen ihr
erspähen,
Grüßt sie mir viel tausendmal.

Seht ihr, Wolken, Sie dann
gehen
sinnend in dem stillen Tal,
Laßt mein Bild vor ihr entstehen
In dem luft'gen Himmels Saal.

Wird sie an den Büschen
stehen,
Die nun herbstlich falb und kahl.
Klagt ihr, wie mir ist geschehen,
Klagt ihr, Vöglein, meine Qual.

Where the clouds spread,
There would I like to be! there
would I like to be!

There in that quiet vale
Which silences pain and woe.

Where in rocky spaces softly
sleep the primroses,
And sweeps so gently the wind,
There would I like to be! there
would I like to be!

My love's longing
Draws me to the shadowy wood!
Inner pain, inner pain.
Ah, nothing would ever tempt
me from here,
If I could faithfully stay by your
side
Forever with you! Forever with
you!

III.
Graceful sailor of the heights,
And you, tiny, narrow brook,
Should my little love spy you
Greet her for me a thousand
times.

Look, you clouds, at her, as she
goes
Wandering through the quiet
vale,
Let my image greet her
In your airy, heavenly place.

Should she linger near the
bushes,
Which now are yellow and bare,
Tell her what has befallen me,
Tell her, little bird, of my

suffering!

Stille Weste, bring im Wehen
Hin zu meiner Herzenswahl
Meine Seufzer, die vergehen
Wie der Sonne letzter Strahl.

Silent breezes, flutter
To my heart's beloved,
My sighs which sink
Like the sun's last ray.

Flüstr' ihr zu mein Liebesflehen,
Laß sie, Bächlein klein und
schmal,
Treu in deinen Wogen sehen
Meine Tränen ohne Zahl! ohne
Zahl!

Whisper to her my love's
entreaty,
Let her, tiny, narrow brooklet,
See clearly in your ripples,
My numberless tears, my
numberless tears!

IV.

Diese Wolken in den Höhen,
Dieser Vöglein munt'rer Zug,
Werden dich, o Huldin, sehen.
Nehmt mich mit im leichten
Flug!

IV.

These clouds on the heights,
These birds in merry passage
Will see you, my beauty.
Take me with you in your flight!

Diese Weste werden spielen
Scherzend dir um Wang' und
Brust,
In den seid'nen Locken wühlen.
Teilt' ich mit euch diese Lust!

These breezes will playfully
caress
Your cheek and breast,
Toying with your silken locks.
If I could but share this
pleasure!

Hinzu dir von jenen Hügeln
Emsig dieses Bächlein eilt.
Wird ihr Bild sich in dir spiegeln,
Fließ zurück dann unverweilt!

Toward you, my love, every
little hill
Every little brook busily hastens.
When your face is mirrored
there,
Then flow back without delay.

Fließ zurück dann unverweilt, ja
unverweilt!

Flow back without delay, yes,
without delay!

V.

Es kehret der Maien, es
blühet die Au',
Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde,
so lau,

V.

Maytime returns, the
meadows are in bloom
The breezes waft so gently and
so mildly.

Geschwätzig die Bäche nun
rinnen.

The murmuring brooks flow by.

Die Schwalbe, die kehret zum
wirtlichen Dach,
Sie baut sich so emsig ihr
bräutlich Gemach,
Die Liebe soll wohnen da
drinnen, die Liebe soll
wohnen da drinnen.

The swallow who returns to her
home in the eaves,
She builds her bridal bower
industriously,
So love may dwell there, so love
may dwell there.

Sie bringt sich geschäftig von
Kreuz und von Quer
Manch' weicheres Stück zu dem
Brautbett hieher,
Manch' wärmendes Stück für die
Kleinen.

Flitting from here to there,
She busily brings soft lining to
her bridal bed,
Much warm material for the
little ones.

Nun wohnen die Gatten
beisammen so treu,
Was Winter geschieden,
verband nun der Mai,
Was liebet, das weiß er zu
einen, was liebet, das weiss
er zu einen.

Now the couple lives together
faithfully,
What winter has divided, now
May rejoins,
Lovers he knows to reunite, to
reunite.

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet
die Au',
Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so
lau,
Nur kann ich nicht ziehen von
hinnen.

Maytime returns, the meadows
are in bloom,
The breezes waft so gently, so
mildly,
But I cannot stray from here.

Wenn alles, was liebet, der
Frühling verewint,
Nur unserer Liebe kein Frühling
erscheint,
Und Tränen sind all ihr
Gewinnen, und Tränen sind
all ihr Gewinnen.

Though everywhere all who are
in love, are joined by
spring,
Only our love knows no
springtime
And tears are our only reward,
our only reward.

VI.

Nimm sie hin denn, diese
Lieder,
Die ich dir, Geliebte, sang,
Singe die dann abends wieder

VI.

Take my songs,
The songs I sang you, my love,
And sing them nightly on the

Zu der Laute süßem Klang.	lute With sweetest tone!
Wenn das Dämm'rungsrot dann zieht Nach dem stillen, blauen See, Und sein letzter Strahl verglühet Hinter jener Bergeshöh.	When the twilight wanes On the still blue lake, And the last sun's rays sink Beyond the mountain tops,
Und du singst, und du singst, Was ich gesungen, was mir aus der vollen Brust Ohne Kunst gepräng' erklingen, Nur der Sehnsucht sich bewußt.	And you sing, you sing, What I have sung from deep within What has sprung artlessly from me, Only conscious of longing, only conscious of longing.
Dan, dann vor diesen Liedern weicht, Was geschieden uns so weit, Und ein liebend Herz erreicht, Was ein liebend Herz geweiht.	Then before these songs fades, What has divided us so long and far, And a loving heart attains What a loving heart has earned.

Cinq mélodies populaires grecques

I. Chanson de la mariée

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi, perdrix
mignonne,

Ouvre au matin tes ailes.

Trois grains de beauté,
mon cœur en est brûlé!

Vois le ruban d'or que je
t'apporte,

Pour le nouer autour de tes
cheveux.

Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous
marier!

Dans nos deux familles, tous
sont alliés!

I. Song to the bride

Awake, awake, pretty partridge,

Open to the morning your
wings.

Three marks of beauty,
my heart is on fire!

See the ribbon of gold that I
bring you,

To tie round your hair.

If you wish, my beauty, we shall
marry!

In our two families, all are
related!

II. Là-bas, vers l'église

Là-bas, vers l'église,
Vers l'église Ayio Sidéro,
L'église, ô Vierge sainte,
L'église Ayio Costandino,

Se sont réunis,
Rassemblés en nombre infini,
Du monde, ô Vierge sainte,
Du monde tous les plus braves!

III. Quel Galant m'est comparable

Quel galant m'est comparable,
D'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?

Dis, dame Vassiliki?

Vois, pendus à ma ceinture,
pistolets et sabre aigu...
Et c'est toi que j'aime!

IV. Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques

Ô joie de mon âme,
Joie de mon cœur,
Trésor qui m'est si cher;

Joie de l'âme et du cœur,
Toi que j'aime ardemment,
Tu es plus beau qu'un ange.

Ô lorsque tu parais,
Ange si doux
Devant nos yeux,

Comme un bel ange blond,
Sous le clair soleil,
Hélas! tous nos pauvres cœurs
souponnent!

II. There, by the church

There, by the church,
By the church of Aiyo Sidéro,
The church, oh virgin blessed,
The church of Aiyo Costandino

They are gathered,
Assembled in infinite number,
The world's, oh virgin blessed,
All the world's most blessed
folk!

III. What gallant compares with me

What gallant compares with me,
Among those one sees passing
by?

Tell me, lady Vassiliki?

See hanging on my belt,
Pistols and a curved sword...
And it's you whom I love!

IV. The song of the girls collecting mastic

Oh, joy of my soul,
Joy of my heart,
Treasure that I hold dear;

Joy of the soul and heart,
You that I love ardently,
You are more beautiful than an
angel.

Oh when you appear,
Angel so sweet,
Before our eyes,

Like a beautiful blonde angel,
Under the bright sun,
Alas! all our poor hearts sigh!

V. Tout gai!

Tout gai! Gai, ha tout gai!
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse!
Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse!

Tra la la la!

Spirate pur, spirate

Spirate pur, spirate attorno a lo
mio bene,
aurette, e v'accertate
s'ella nel cor mi tiene.
Spirate, spirate pur, aurette!

Se nel suo cor mi tiene,
v'accertate,
aure beate, aure lievi e beate!

Deh, pietoso, oh Addolorata

Deh, pietoso, oh Addolorata,
China il guardo al mio dolore;
Tu, una spada fitta in core,
Volgi gl'occhi desolata
Al morente tuo figliuol.

Quelle occhiate, i sospir vanno
Lassù al padre e son preghiera
Che il suo tempri ed il tuo
affanno.

Come a me squarcin le viscere
Gl'insoffribili miei guai
E dell'ansio petto i palpiti
Chi comprendere può mai?

V. All joyous!

All are joyous! Joyous!
Beautiful legs, tireli, that dance!
Beautiful legs, even the dishes
dance!

Tra la la la!

Breathe, still breathe

Breathe, still breathe around my
beloved,
Little breezes, and find out
If she holds me in her heart,
Breathe, still breathe, little
breezes!

If she holds me in her heart, find
out,
blessed breezes, breezes light
and blessed.

Oh with mercy, oh Woman of Griefs

Oh, with mercy, Oh Woman of
Griefs
Lower your glance towards my
pains
Thou, heart-crossed by a sword
Address your desolate eyes
To the death of your son.

All those glances, all that
sighing
Turn to God and become
prayers
That will temper his and your
pity.

Why do my unbearable troubles
Keep on breaking my bowels
And who will be able to
understand
The anxieties of my breast?

Di che trema il cor? Che vuol?

Ah! tu sola il sai, tu sol!

Sempre, ovunque il passo io
giro,

Qual martiro, qual martiro

Qui nel sen porto con me!

Solitaria appena, oh, quanto
Verso allora, oh, quanto pianto

E di dentro scoppia il cor.

Sul vassel del finestrino

La mia la crima scendea
Quando all'alba del mattino
Questi fior per te cogliea,

Chè del sole il primo raggio

La mia stanza rischiarava
E dal letto mi cacciaa

Agitandomi il dolor.

Ah, per te dal disonore,

Dalla morte io sia salvata.

Deh, pietoso al mio dololre

China il guardo, oh Addolorata!

Brindisi

Mescetemi il vino! Tu solo, o
bicchiero,

Fra gaudi terreni non sei
menzognero,

What is shaking my heart?
What's going on?

Ah! You alone know it , you
alone!

Always , wherever I walk or go,

So huge a torment and
martyrdom

I bear here in my breast !

Alone then, Oh , how long
I keep on crying , Oh , so many
tears

And inside my heart is just like
bursting.

On the vase there near the
window

My sole tear began to fall
When inside the morning dawn
I just picked for you there
flowers,

When the first new morning sun
ray

Lit up my room clearly,
And out of bed it always threw
me

Whispering all my pains.

Ah, with your graceful
intervention

May I be save from dishonor
and death

Oh with mercy towards my
pains

Lower your glance , Oh Woman
of Griefs.

A toast

Pour me some wine! Only you,
o glass,

of all the earthly pleasures, are
not a liar.

Tu, vita de' sensi, letizia del cor.

Amai; m'infiammaro due
sguardi fatali;

Credei l'amicizia fanciulla
senz'ali,

Follia de' prim'anni, fantasma
illusor.

Mescetemi il vino, letizia del
cor.

L'amico, l'amante col tempo ne
fugge,

Ma tu non paventi chi tutto
distrugge:

L'età non t'offende, t'accresce
virtù.

Sfiorito l'aprile, cadute le rose,

Tu sei che n'allegri le cure
noiose:

Sei tu che ne torni la gioia che
fu.

Mescetemi il vino, letizia del
cor.

Chi meglio risana del cor le
ferite?

Se te non ci desse la provvida
vite,

Sarebbe immortale l'umano
dolor.

Mescetemi il vino! Tu sol, o
bicchiero,

Fra gaudi terreni non sei
menzognero,

Tu, vita de' sensi, letizia del cor.

You, life of the senses, joy of the
heart.

I have loved; two fatal glances
inflamed me;

I believed the friendship of the
girl without wings,

foolishness of youth, illusory
imaginings.

Pour me some wine, joy of the
heart.

A friend, a lover will leave after
a while,

but you have no fear of that
which destroys all:

Age doesn't offend you, it
increases your virtue.

April has faded, the roses have
fallen,

You are the one that lightens
troubling worries,

It is you that brings back the joy
that once was.

Pour me some wine, joy of the
heart.

Who better than you can heal
the heart of its wounds?

If you had not given us your
provident vine,

human pain would be immortal.

Pour me some wine! Only you, o
glass,

of all the earthly pleasures, are
not a liar.

You, life of the senses, joy of the
heart.