

2-8-2014

## Junior Recital: Samantha Kwan, mezzo-soprano

Samantha Kwan

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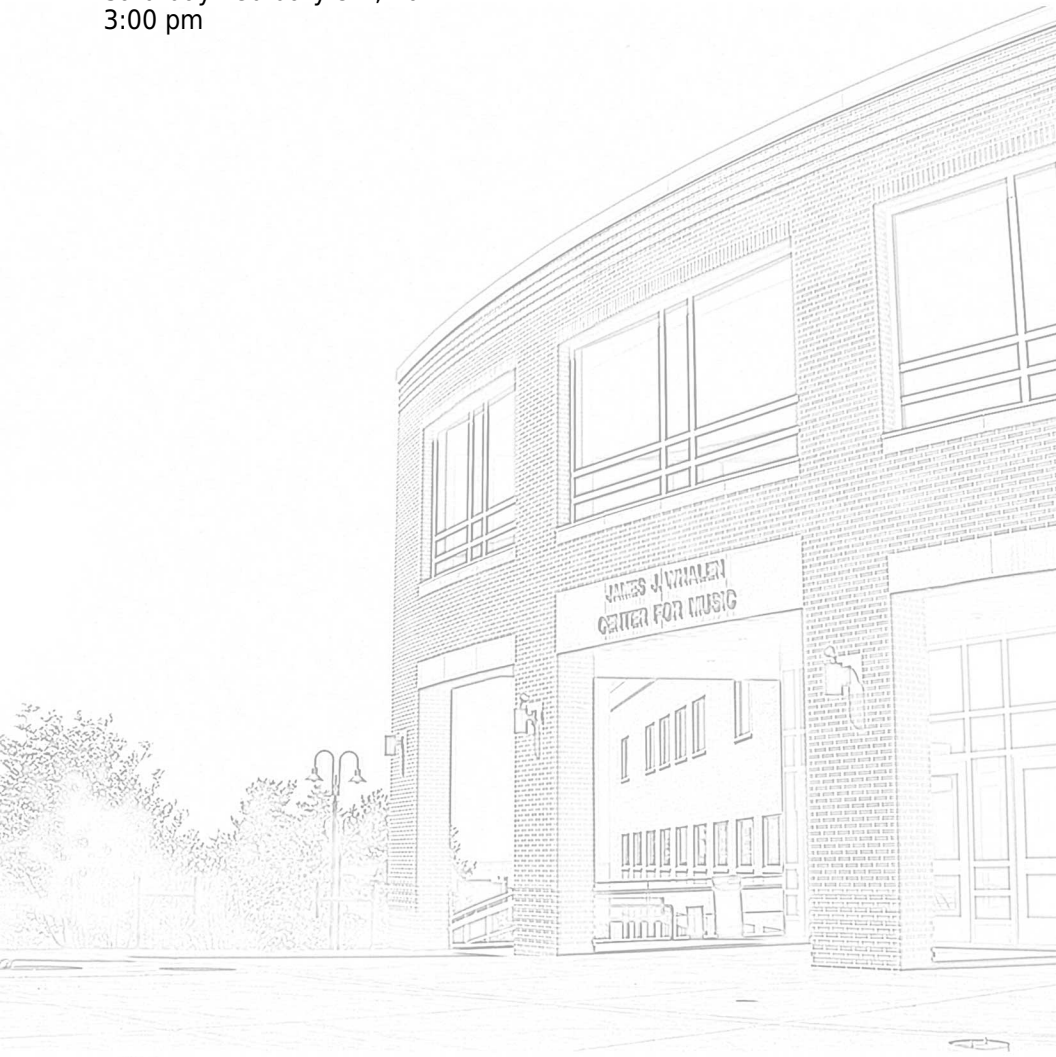
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**Junior Recital:**  
Samantha Kwan, mezzo-soprano

Amy Brinkman-Davis, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Saturday February 8th, 2014  
3:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music



# Program

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)

Zueignung  
Morgen!  
Allerseelen

Richard Strauss  
(1864-1949)

## Intermission

Il mio bel foco

Benedetto Marcello  
(1686-1739)

Che fiero costume

Giovanni Legrenzi  
(1626-1690)

Lascia ch'io pianga

George Frideric Handel  
(1685-1759)

Hermit Songs

- IV. The Heavenly Banquet
- III. St. Ita's Vision
- VII. Promiscuity
- VIII. The Monk and His Cat
- X. The Desire for Hermitage

Samuel Barber  
(1910-1981)

## Translations

### *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 coeur  
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!

### *Five popular Greek melodies*

#### *I. The Song of the Bride*

Awake, awake, my darling  
partridge,  
Open to the morning your wings.  
Three beauty marks; my heart is on  
fire!  
See the ribbon of gold that I bring  
To tie round your hair.  
If you want, my beauty, we shall  
marry!  
In our two families, everyone is  
related!

II. Lá-bas, vers l'église,  
Vers l'église Ayio Sidéro,  
L'église, ô Vierge sainte,  
L'église Ayio Costannino,  
Se sont réunis,  
Rassemblés en nombre infini,  
Du monde, ô Vierge sainte,  
Du monde tous les plus braves!

II. Yonder, by the church,  
By the church of Saint Sidero,  
The church, o blessed Virgin,  
The church of Saint Constantine,  
There are gathered,  
Assembled in numbers infinite,  
The world's, o blessed Virgin,  
All the world's most brave!

III. Quel gallant 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!

III. What gallant compares with  
me,  
Among those one sees passing  
by?  
Tell me, lady Vassiliki!  
See, hanging on my belt,  
My pistols and my curved sword.  
And it is you whom I love!

IV. Chanson des cueilleuses de  
lentisques  
O joie de mon âme,  
Joie de mon coeur,  
Trésor qui m'est si cher;  
Joie de l'âme et du coeur,  
Toi que j'aime ardemment,  
Tu es plus beau qu'un ange.  
O lorsque tu parais,  
Ange si doux  
Devant nos yeux,  
Comme un bel ange blond,  
Sous le clair soleil,  
Hélas! tous nos pauvres coeurs  
souponnent!

V. Tout gai!  
Gai, Ha, tout gai!  
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse;  
Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse,  
Tra la la la la...

### *Zuiegnung*

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,  
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,  
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,  
Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit  
Zecher,  
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,  
Und du segnetest den Trank,  
Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,  
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,  
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,  
Habe Dank.

IV. Song of the mastic gatherers  
O joy of my soul,  
joy of my heart,  
treasure which is so dear to me,  
joy of my soul and heart,  
you whom I love ardently,  
you are more handsome than an  
angel.  
O when you appear,  
angel so sweet,  
Before our eyes,  
Like a fine, blond angel,  
under the bright sun,  
Alas! all of our poor hearts sigh!

V. All are joyous!  
Joyous, Ha, all are joyous!  
Beautiful legs, tralala, which  
dance;  
Beautiful legs, even the dishes  
are dancing,  
Tra la la la la...

### *Dedication*

Yes, you know it, dearest soul,  
How I suffer far from you,  
Love makes the heart sick,  
Have thanks.

Once I, drinker of freedom,  
Held high the amethyst beaker,  
And you blessed the drink,  
Have thanks.

And you exorcised the evils in it,  
Until I, as I had never been  
before,  
Blessed, blessed sank upon your  
heart,  
Have thanks.

*Morgen!*

Und morgen wird die Sonne  
wieder scheinen,  
und auf dem Wege, den ich  
gehen werde,  
wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie  
wieder einen  
inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden  
Erde...

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten,  
wogenblauen,  
werden wir still und langsam  
niedersteigen,  
stumm werden wir uns in die  
Augen schauen,  
und auf uns sinkt des Glückes  
stummes Schweigen...

*Allerseelen*

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden  
Reseden,  
Die letzten roten Aestern trag  
herbei,  
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe  
reden,  
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie  
heimlich drücke  
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es  
einerlei,  
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen  
Blicke,  
Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und duftet heut' auf  
jedem Grabe,  
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten  
frei,  
Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich  
wieder habe,  
Wie einst im Mai.

*Tomorrow!*

And tomorrow the sun will shine  
again,  
and on the path I will take,  
it will unite us again, the happy  
ones,  
upon this sun-breathing earth...

And to the wide, blue-waved  
shore,  
we will quietly and slowly  
descend;  
mute, we will gaze into each  
other's eyes  
and the silence of happiness will  
settle upon us.

*All-Souls' Day*

Place on the table the fragrant  
mignonettes,  
Bring here the last red asters,  
and let us speak again of love,  
as long ago in May.

Give me your hand, so that I may  
clasp it secretly;  
and if someone sees us, it's all  
the same to me.  
Give me just one of your sweet  
gazes,  
as long ago in May.

It is flowering and fragrant today  
on every grave;  
one day in the year are the dead  
free.  
Come to my heart, so that I may  
again have you  
as long ago in May.

*Il mio bel foco,  
O lontano o vicino  
Ch'esser poss'io,  
Senza cangiar mai tempre  
Per voi, care pupille,  
Arderà sempre.*

Quella fiamma che m'accende  
Piace tanto all'alma mia,  
Che giammai s'estinguerà.

E se il fato a voi mi rende,  
Vaghi rai del mio bel sole,  
Altra luce ella non vuole  
Nè voler giammai potrà.

*Che fiero costume  
D'aligero nume,  
Che a forza di pene si faccia  
adorar!  
E pur nell' ardore  
Il dio traditore  
Un vago sembiante mi fe'  
idoltrar.*

Che crudo destino  
Che un cieco bambino  
Con bocca di latte si faccia  
stimar!  
Ma questo tiranno  
Con barbaro inganno,  
Entrando per gli occhi, mi fe'  
sospirar!

*Lascia ch'io pianga  
Armida, dispietata! Colla forza  
d'abisso  
Rapimmi al caro ciel di miei  
contenti,  
e qui con duolo eterno  
viva mi tiene in tormentoso  
inferno.  
Signor! Ah! Per pietà lasciami  
piangere.*

Lascia ch'io pianga mia cruda  
sorte,  
e che sospiri la liberta.  
Il duolo infranga queste ritorte  
de' miei martiri, sol per pietà.

*My fire of love,  
however far  
or near I might be,  
never changing,  
For you, dear eyes,  
will always be burning.*

That flame which kindled me  
is so pleased with my soul  
that it never dies.

And if fate entrusts me to you,  
lovely rays of my beloved sun,  
my soul will never be able  
to long for any other light.

*How cruel are the customs  
of that pitiless god,  
to make us worship him by  
making us suffer!  
The treacherous deity  
compels me in my passion  
to idolize a pleasing appearance.*

O evil fate,  
that a sightless infant,  
his mouth still full of milk, can  
command my respect.  
Yet this false  
and barbarous tyrant  
has entered through my eyes to  
bring me grief.

*Let me weep  
Cruel Armida! With a hellish  
force  
You capture me from the dear  
heaven of my happiness  
And hold me here in eternal  
sadness  
and infernal torment  
Lord! Ah! For mercy let me weep.*

Let me weep my cruel fate,  
and let me sigh for liberty.  
May sorrow break these chains  
Of my sufferings, for pity's sake.