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Junior Recital: Stephen Tzianabos, tenor

Stephen Tzianabos

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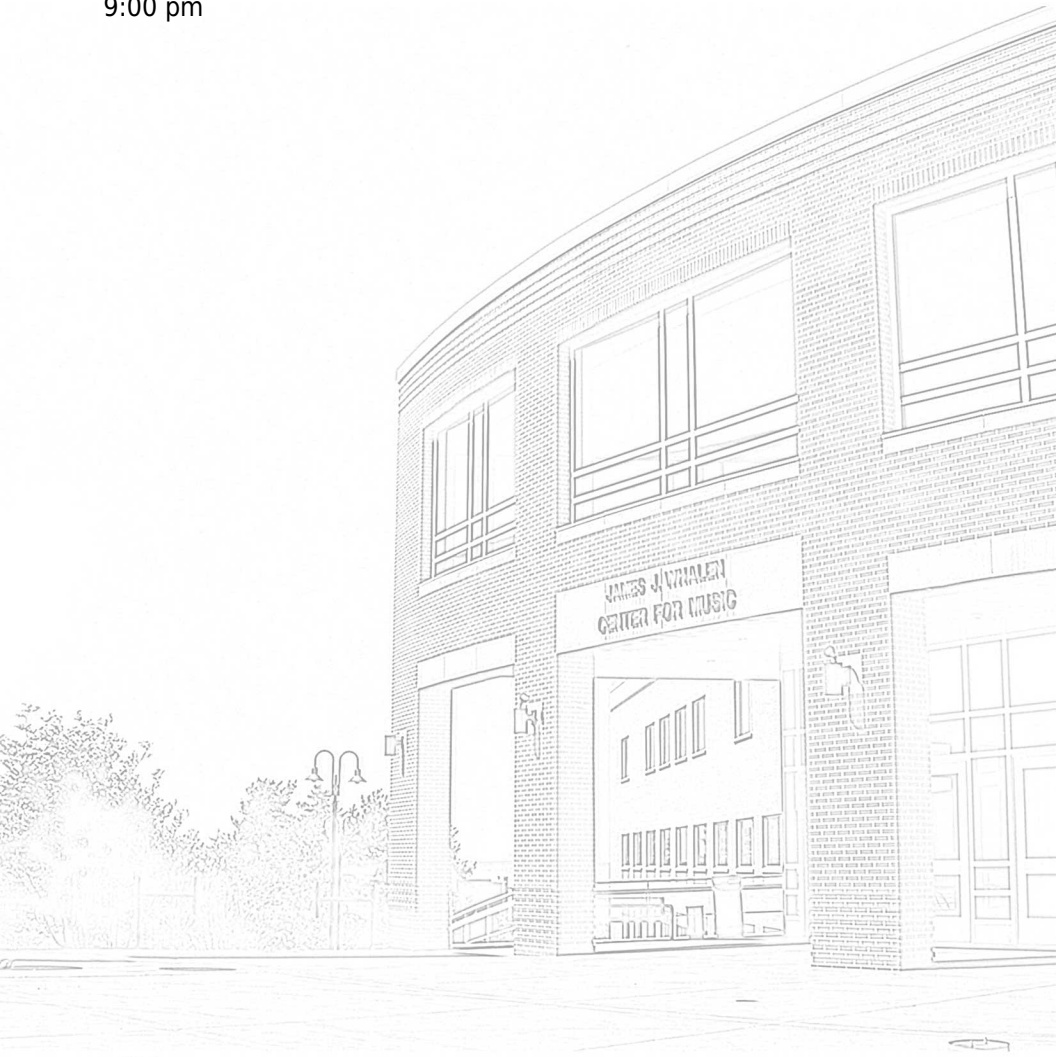
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Junior Recital:
Stephen Tzianabos, Tenor

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;
---	---

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,
---	---

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.
--	---

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
crucele.
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.