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Graduate Recital: LiAn Chen, soprano

LiAn Chen

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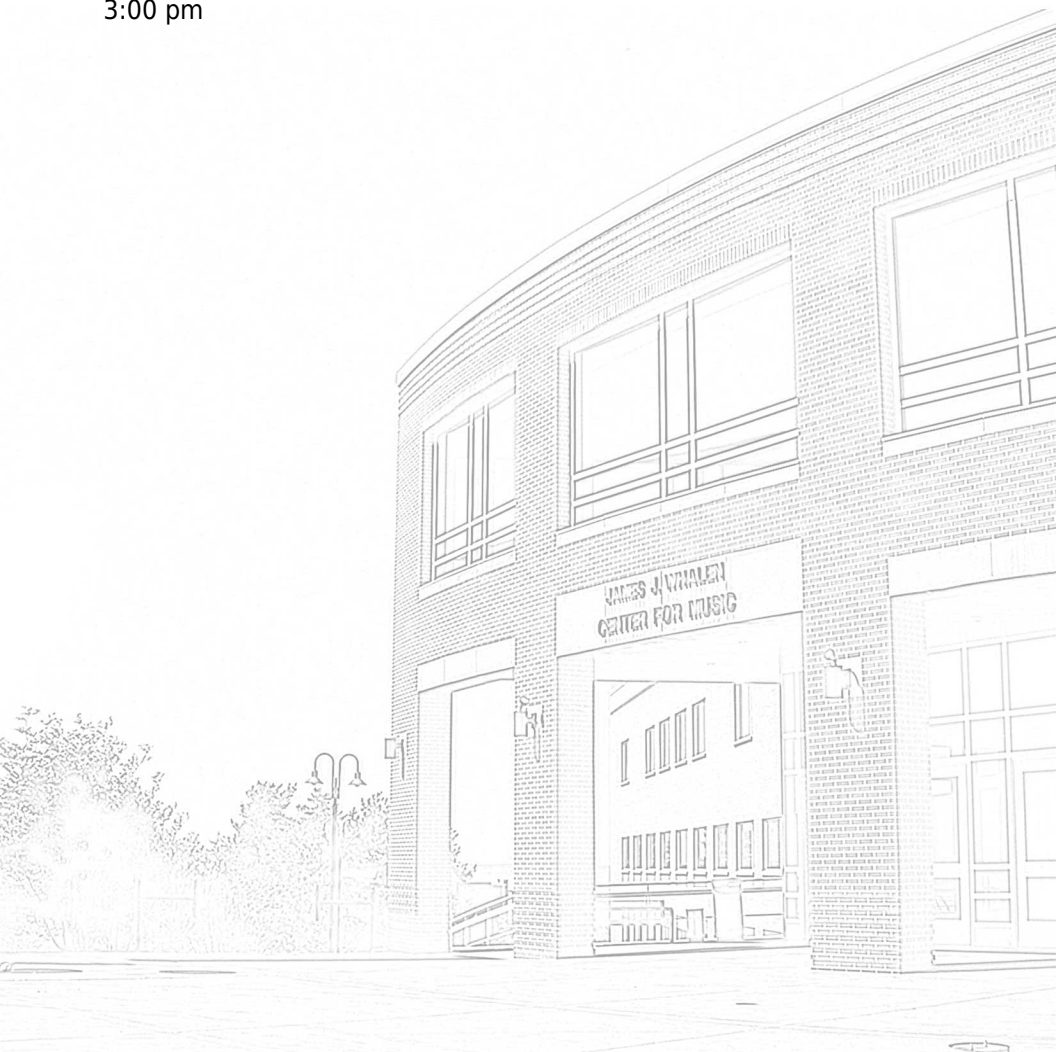
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Graduate Recital:
LiAn Chen, Soprano

Blaise Bryski, Piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday, April 19th, 2015
3:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

La fioraia fiorentina

Gioachino Rossini
1792-1868

Vaghissima sembianza

Stefano Donaudy
1879-1925

Il Bacio

Luigi Arditi
1822-1903

Nichts

Richard Strauss
1864-1949

Schlagende Herzen

Ich Schweben

Ständchen

Intermission

Song & Sonnets to Ophelia

Jake Heggie
b.1961

Ophelia's Song

Women have loved before

Not in a Silver Casket

Spring

Quatre chansons de jeunesse

Claude Debussy
1862-1918

Pantomime

Clair de lune

Pierrot

Apparition

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Master of Music in Vocal Performance. LiAn Chen is from the studio of Patrice Pastore.

Translations

La fioraia fiorentina

I più bei fior comprate,
fanciulle amanti e spose:
son fresche le mie rose,
non spiran che l'amor. No!
Ahimé! Soccorso implora
mia madre, poveretta
e da me sola aspetta,
del pan e non dell'or. Ahimé! Ah!

Vaghissima sembianza

Vaghissima sembianza d'antica
donna amata,
chi, dunque, v'ha ritratta
contanta simiglianza
ch'io guardo, e parlo, e credo
d'avervi a me
davanti come ai bei di d'amor?

La cara rimembranza che in cor
mi s'è destata
si ardent v'ha già fatta rinascere
la speranza,
che un bacio, un voto, un grido
d'amore
più non chiedo che a lei che muta
è ognor.

Il Bacio

Sulle labbra se potessi,
dolce un bacio ti darei.
Tutte ti direi le dolcezze dell'amor.

Sempre assisa te d'appresso,
mille gaudii ti dire.
Ed i palpiti udirei
che rispondono al mio cor.
gemme e perle non desio,
non son vaga d'altro affetto;
Un tuo sguardo è il mio diletto,
Un tuo bacio è il mio tesoro.
Vieni ah! Vien! più non tardare,
Vieni d'appresso ah! vieni a me!

The florentine flower girl

Buy the most beautiful flowers,
amorous young men and spouses:
my roses are fresh,
and will not die like love. No!
Alas! begs for help
my mother, the poor woman,
and from me she expects only
bread but not gold. Alas! Ah!

Very charming image

Very charming image of a woman
formerly loved,
who, then, has portrayed you
with so much similarity
that I look, and I speak, and I
believe to have you
before me as in the beautiful days
of love?

The dear remembrance which
has been awakened
in my heart so ardently has
revived my hope,
so that a kiss, a vow, a cry of love?

more I do not ask of her who is
silent forever.

A Kiss

If I could only give you
A kiss on your lips,
I would tell you all the delights of
love,

Always seated near to you
A thousand joys to tell you!
and I would hear the heartbeats
that responded to my heart.
I do not desire gems or pearls,
nor do I seek others' affections.
Your look is my delight,
Your kiss is my treasure.
Ah! Come! Do not delay!
Come near ah! Come to me!

Ah! vien, nell'ebbrezza d'un
amplesso
ch'io viva sol d'amor!

Nichts

Nennen soll ich, sagt ihr,
meine Königin im Liederreich?
Toren, die ihr seid,
ich kenne sie am wenigsten von
euch!
Fragt mich nach der Augen Farbe,
fragt mich nach der Stimme Ton,
fragt nach Gang und Tanz' und
Haltung,
ach, und was weiss ich davon!
Ist die Sonne nicht di Quelle
alles Lebens, alles Lichts?
Und was wissen von der selben,
ich und ihr und alle? Nichts! nichts!

Schlagende Herzen

Über Wiesen und Felder ein Knabe
ging,
Kling klang, schlug ihm das Herz;
Es glänzt ihm am Finger von Golde
ein Ring.
Kling klang, schlug ihm das Herz.
Oh Wiesen, oh Felder, wie seid ihr
schön!
Oh Berge, oh Täler, wie schön!
Wie bist du gut, wie bist du schön,
du gold'ne Sonne in Himmelshöhn!
Kling klang, kling klang, schlug ihm
das Herz.
Schnell eilte der Knabe mir
fröhlichem Schritt,
Kling klang, schlug ihm das Herz.
Nahm manche lachende Blume mit,
Kling klang, schlug ihm das Herz.
Über Wiesen und Felder weht
Frühlingswind,
über Berge und Wälder weht
Frühlingswind

Ah! come, in the full embrace
Let me live by love along!

Nothing

You say I should name her,
my queen of the realm of song?
What fools you are,
I know her less than you!
you ask me about the color of her
eyes,
you ask me about the sound of her
voice,
you ask about her walking, dancing,
carriage,
Ah, what do I know of that!
Is not the sun the source
Of all life, of all light?
And what do we know of it,
I and you and everyone? Nothing,
nothing!

Throbbing Hearts

A youth was going through
meadows and fields,
Kling klang, his heart did beat;
on his finger shone a golden ring.
Kling klang, his heart did beat.
Oh, meadows, on fields, how
beautiful you are!
Oh, hills, Oh, forests, how
beautiful!
How good and beautiful you are,
Golden sun in the skies you appear
Kling klang, kling klang, his heart
did beat;
The youth hurried with lively step,
Kling klang, his heart did beat.
He took with him many a laughing
flower,
Kling klang, his heart did beat.
Over the meadows and fields blows
the wind of Spring,
over hills and forests blows the
wind of Spring,

im Herzen mir innen weht
Frühlingswind
der treibt zu dir mich leise, lind,

Kling klang, schlug ihm das Herz,
Zwischen Wiesen und Feldern ein
Mädel stand,
Kling klang, schlug ihr das Herz.
hielt über die Augen zum Schauen
die Hand,
Über Wiesen und Felder,
über Berge und Wälder,
zu mir, zu mir, schnell kommt er
her,
o wenn er bei mir nur, bei mir schon
wär!
Kling klang, kling klang, schlug ihr
das Herz.

Ich Schwebe

Ich schwebe wie auf
Engelsschwingen,
die Erde kaum berührt mein Fuss,
in meinen Ohren hör' ich's klingen
wie der Geliebten Scheidegruss.

Das tönt so lieblich, mild und leise,
das spricht so zage, zart und rein,
leicht lullt die nachgeklung'ne
Weise
in wonneschweren Traum mich ein.

Mein schimmernd' Aug', indess
mich füllen
die süssesten der Melodien,
sieht ohne Falten, ohne Hüllen,
mein lächelnd Lieb' vorüberziehn

Ständchen

Mach' auf, mach' auf, doch leise ,
mein Kind,
um Keinen vom Schlummer zu
wecken.
Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum
zittert im Wind
ein Blatt an den Büschen und

deep in my heart blows the wind of
Spring
That drives me towards you, gently,
softly.

Kling klang, his heart did beat.
Midst meadows and fields a maiden
stood,

Kling klang, her heart did beat.
She shielded her eyes with her
hand, to look afar

Over the meadows and fields,
over hills and forests
to me, to me, he is hastening,

oh, if he only were already with me!

Kling klang, kling klang, her heart
did beat.

I float

I float as if on angel's wings,
my feet barely touch the ground,
I hear a sound in my ears
like the farewell of my beloved.

It sounds so sweet, so soft and
gentle,
It speaks so shy, tender and clear,
The echo of its melody lulls me

To sleep in an enraptured dream.

My gleaming eye, (while I am filled
with the sweetest of melodies)
Sees, without disguise of robes and
veils,
My smiling love pass by.

Serenade

Open very quietly, my child,
Awake no one from his slumber.

The brook hardly murmurs; there
scarcely flutters in the wind
A leaf, in the bushes or hedges.

Hecken.

D'rum leise, mein Mädchen, dass
nichts sich regt,
nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke
gelegt.
Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so
sacht,
um über die Blumen zu hüpfen,
flieg' leicht hinaus in die
Mondscheinnacht,
zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen.
Rings schlummern die Blüten am
rieselnden Bach
und duften im schlaf, nur die Liebe
ist wach.
Sitz' nieder, hier dämmert's
geheimnisvoll
unter den Lindenbäumen,
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll
von uns'ren Küssen träumen,
Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen
erwacht,
hoch glühn von den
Wonneschauern ser nacht.

Quietly, therefore, my sweet, so
that nothing is stirred,
Quietly, lay your hand on the door
knob
with steps as gentle as those of
elves
About to hop over the flowers,
Slip out quietly into the moonlit
night,
And fly to me in the garden.
the flowers slumber about the
rippling brook
And exhale fragrances in their
sleep; only love is awake.
sit down, here the shadows grow
mysteriously dark
under the linden trees;
the nightingale above our heads
Shall dream of our kisses,
And the rose, upon awakening in
the morning,
Shall glow with the rapture of the
night.

Ophelia's songs

The hills are green, my dear one,
and blossoms are filling the air.
The spring is arisen and I am a prisoner there.

In this flowery field I 'll lay me
and dream of the open air.
The spring is arisen and I am a prisoner there.

Taste of the honey. Sip of the wine.
Pine for a chalice of gold.
I have a dear one and he is mine.
Thicker than water. water so cold.

Women have loved before

Ah! Ah!
Women have loved before as I love now;
At least, in lively chronicles of the past—
Of Irish waters by a Cornish prow.
Or Trojan waters by a Spartan mast
Much to their cost, invaded—here and there,
Hunting the amorous line, Skimming the rest,
I find some woman bearing as I bear
love, Like a burning city in the breast.

I think however that of all alive
I only in such utter ancient way
Do suffer love; in me alone survive
The unregenerate passions of a day
When treacherous queens, with death upon the tread,
Heedless and willful, took their knights to bed.

Not in a silver casket

Not in a silver casket cool with pearls
Or rich with red corundum or with blue,
locked, and the key withheld, as other girls
have given their loves, I give my love to you;
Not in a lovers'knot, not in a ring
worked in such fashion, and the legend plain—
Semper fidelis, where a secret spring
Kennels a drop of mischief for the brain:
Love in the open hand, no thing but that,
Ungemmed, unhidden, wishing not to hurt,
As one should bring you cowslips in a hat
Swung from the hand, or apples in her skirt,
I bring you, calling out as children do:
“Look, look what I have! And these are all for you.”

Spring

To what purpose, April, do you return again?
Beauty is not enough,
You can no longer quiet me with the redness
of little leaves opening stickily.
I know what I know.
The sun is hot on my neck as I observe
the spikes of the crocus.
The smell of the earth is good.
It is apparent that there is no death.
But what does that signify?
Not only underground are the brains of men
Eaten by maggots.
Life in itself
Is nothing,
An empty cup, a flight of uncarpeted stairs.
It is not enough that yearly, down this hill,
April comes, like an idiot, babbling and strewing flowers. Ah-

Pantomime

Pierrot qui n'a rien d'un Clitandre
Vide un flacon sans plus attendre
Et, pratique, entame un pâté

Pantomime

Pierrot, who cares nothing about
Clitandre
Empties a flask without delay,
and , practical, cuts into a pâté

Pierrot qui n'a rien d'un Clitangre
Vide un flacon sans plus attendre

Cassandre, au fond de l'avenue,
Verse une larme méconnue
Sur son neveu déshérité

Ce faquin d'Arlequin combine
L'enlèvement de Colombine
Et pirouette quatre fois

Colombine rêve, surprise
De sentir un coeur dans la brise
Et d'entendre en son coeur des voix

Clair de lune

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et
bergamasques
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi

Tristes sous leurs déguisement
fantasques

Tout en chantant sur le mode
mineur
L'amour vainqueur et le vie
opportune
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur
bonheur
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de
lune

Au calme clair de lune triste et
beau
Qui Fait rêver les oiseaux dans les
arbres
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes
Parmi les marbres.
Ah-
Au calme clair de lune triste et
beau.

Pierrot who has nothing of Clitandre
about him
Empties a flask without delay,

Cassandre, at the end of the
avenue,
Sheds a solitary tear
For her disinherited nephew.

Harlequin, that scoundrel, plots
the abduction of Columbine
and pirouettes four times,

Columbine dreams, surprised
to feel a heart in the breeze
And to hear voices in her heart,

Moonlight

your soul is a chosen landscape
Charmed by masquers and
bergamasques,
playing the lute and dancing and
half
sad beneath their fantastic
disguises.

Even while they sing in the minor
mode
of love triumphant and life
opportune,
They do not seem to believe in their
felicity
and their songs blend with the
moonlight,

with the calm moonlight, sad and
beautiful,
That makes the bird dream in the
trees
and sob with ecstasy the fountains,
the tall slender fountains among
the marbles
Ah-
In the calm moonlight, sad and
beautiful.

Pierrot

Le bon pierrot que la foule
contemple
Ayant fini les noces d'Arlequin

Suit en songeant le boulevard du
temple
Une fillette au souple casaquin
En vain l'agace de son oeil coquin

Et cependant mystérieuse et lisse

Faisant de lui sa plus chère délice
La blanche lune aux cornes de
taureau
Jette un regard de son oeil en
coulisse
A son ami Jean Gaspard Debureau.

Ah. Ah.

Apparition

La lune s'attristait. Des séraphins
en pleurs
Rêvant, l'archet aux doigts, dans le
calme des fleurs
Vaporeuses, tiraient de mourantes
violes
De blancs sanglots glissant sur
L'azur des corolles.
C'était le jour béni de ton premier
baiser
Ma songerie aimant à me
martyriser
S'enivrait savamment du parfum de
tristesse
Que même sans regret et sans
déboire laisse
La cueillaison d'un Rêve au coeur
qui l'a cueilli
J'errais donc, l'oeil rivé sur le pavé
vielli

Quand avec du soleil aux cheveux,
dans la rue
Et dans le soir, Tu m'es en riant
apparue
Et j'ai cru voir la fée au chapeau de
clarté

Pierrot

Good Pierrot, gazed at by the
crowd,
Being done with Harlequin's
wedding,
Walks dreamily along the Boulevard
du temple.
A young girl in a soft blouse
Vainly teases him with her roguish
eye;
and meanwhile, mysterious and
calm,
Taking in him greatest delight,
the white moon with horns like a
bull
Casts a sidelong glance

At her friend Jean Gaspard
Debureau
Ah. Ah.

Apparition

The moon was sad. Seraphim in
tears
Dreaming, bow in hand, in the calm
of vaporous flowers
Were drawing from dying violets

White sobs that glided over the
blue corollas
It was the blessed day of your first
kiss.
My fantasy that loves to torment
me
Knowingly reveled in the scent of
sadness
Which, even without regret and
disappointment,
The gathering of a Dream leaves in
the heart that has gathered it.
Thus I wandered, my eyes fixed on
the worn pavement,

When with sun in your hair, in the
street
And in the evening, laughing, you
appeared to me
And I thought I saw the fairy with
her luminous cap

Qui jadis sur mes beaux sommeils
d'enfant gâté
Passait, laissant toujours de ses
mains mal fermées.
Neiger de blancs bouquets détoiles
parfumées.

Who once through the lovely sleeps
of my spoilt childhood
Would pass, always allowing her
half-closed hands
to snow white bouquets of
perfumed stars.