

11-13-2015

Senior Recital: Chan Wei En, countertenor

Chan Wei En

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Senior Recital:

Chan Wei En, countertenor

Amy Brinkman-Davis, Harpsichord/Organ

Kevin Covney, Guitar

Amy Chryst, Baroque Violin

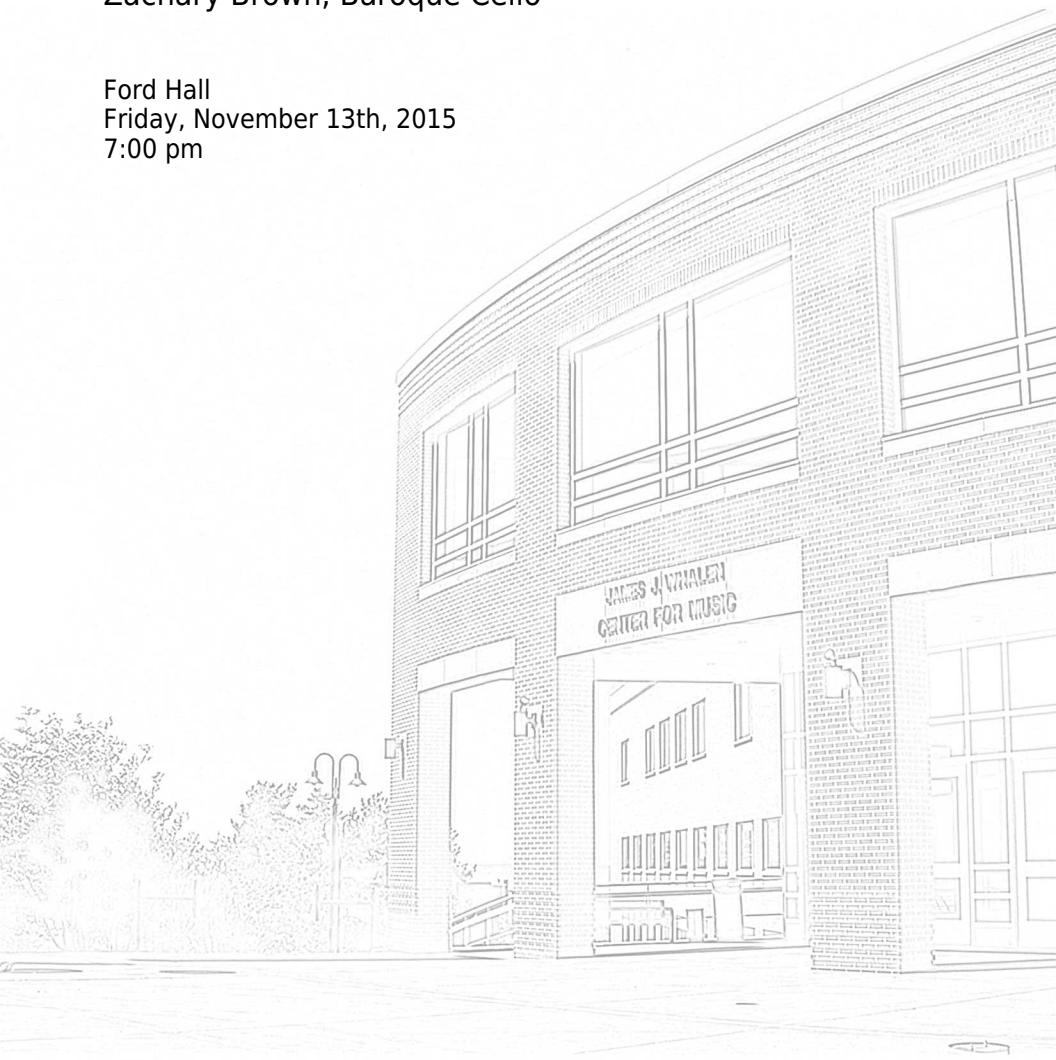
Reuben Foley, Baroque Violin

Zachary Brown, Baroque Cello

Ford Hall

Friday, November 13th, 2015

7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

- If my complaints John Dowland
(1563-1626)
- I care not for these ladies Thomas Campion
(1567-1620)
- Tobacco is like love Tobias Hume
(1579-1645)
- Despair no more shall wound me George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)
-
- 3 songs from Kleine Geistliche Konzerte I & II Heinrich Schütz
(1585-1672)
Eile mich, Gott
O süßer, o freundlicher
Ich will den Herren loben allezeit
-
- "Jesus soll mein erstes Wort"
from *Gott, wie dein Name, so ist auch
dein Ruhm*, BWV 171 Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Intermission

- Le Berger Fidèle Jean-Philippe Rameau
(1683-1764)
Récitatif - Prêt à voir immoler l'objet de sa
tendresse,
Air plaintif - Diane, apaise ton courroux!
Récitatif - Mais c'est trop me livrer à ma
douleur mortelle
Air gai - L'amour qui règne dans votre
âme,
Récitatif - Cependant à l'autel
Air vif et gracieux - Charmant Amour, sous
ta puissance,
-
- "Inumano fratel...Stille Amare" from George Frideric Handel
Tolomeo (1685-1759)
-
- 3 songs from Le nuove musiche & Nuove musiche Giulio Caccini
e nuova maniera di scriverle (1551-1618)
Dolcissimo Sospiro
Dalla porta d'Oriente
Amarilli mia bella

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Voice Performance.
Chan Wei En is from the studio of Carol McAmis.

Translations

Eile mich, Gott

Eile mich, Gott, zu erretten,
Herr, mir zu helfen!
Es müssen sich schämen und zu
Schanden werden, die nach
meiner Seelen stehen.
Sie muessen zurückkehren
und gehöhnet werden, die mir übel
wünschen,
daß sie müssen wiederum zu
Schanden werden,
die da über mich schreien: Da, da;
freuen und fröhlich müssen sein in
dir,
die nach dir fragen und dein Heil
lieben,
immer sagen: Hoch gelobt sei Gott.

Ich aber bin elend und arm;
Gott, eile, eile zu mir, denn du bist
mein Helfer und Erretter;
mein Gott, verzeuch nicht.

O süßer, o freundlicher

O süßer, O freundlicher,
O gütiger Herr Jesu Christe,
wie hoch hast du uns
elende Menschen geliebet,
wie teuer hast du uns erlöstet,
wie lieblich hast du uns getröstet,
wie herrlich hast du uns gemacht,
wie gewaltig hast du uns erhoben,
mein Heiland, wie erfreuet sich
mein Herz,
wenn ich daran gedenke,
denn je mehr ich daran gedenke,
je freundlicher du bist,
je lieber ich dich habe.
Mein Erlöser,
wie herrlich sind deine Wohltaten,
die du uns erzeiget hast,
wie groß ist die Herrlichkeit,
die du uns bereitet hast.
O wie verlanget meiner Seelen
nach dir,
wie sehne ich mich mit aller Macht
aus diesem Elende

Make haste, O God, to save me,
Lord, to help me!
They must be shamed and
confounded who stand against
my soul.
They must be turned back
and humiliated who desire evil
against me;
so that they again be brought to
shame
who cry over me: there, there!
Yet joyful and happy must they be
in You,
who seek You and love your
salvation,
always saying: May God be greatly
praised.
Yet I am poor and wretched;
God, make haste to me, for you are
my Helper and Deliverer;
my God, do not delay.

O sweet, O kind,
O gentle Lord Jesus Christ
how highly have You loved us
in our wretchedness,
how dearly have You redeemed us,
how lovingly have You consoled us,
how gloriously have You made us,
how mightily have You exalted us,
my Savior, how my heart rejoices

when I think of You,
for the more I think of You,
the more kind you are,
and the more I love you.
My Redeemer,
how wonderful Your gifts are,
which You have created for us,
how great is Your majesty,
which You have given us.
O, how my soul longs for You,

how I yearn with all my strength
to leave this wretchedness

nach dem himmlischen Vaterland.
Mein Helfer, du hast mir mein Herz

genommen mit deiner Liebe,
daß ich mich ohn Unterlaß nach dir
sehne,
daß ich bald zu dir kommen
und deine Herrlichkeit schauen
sollte.

Ich will den Herren loben allezeit

Ich will den Herren loben allezeit,
sein Lob soll immerdar
in meinem Munde sein, Alleluja.
Meine Seele soll sich rühmen des
Herren,
daß es die Elenden hören und sich
freuen,
Alleluja.
Preiset mit mir den Herren,
und laßt uns miteinander seinen
Namen erhören, Alleluja.
Da ich den Herren suchte,
antwortet er mir,
und errettet mich aus aller meiner
Furcht,
Alleluja, und half mir
aus allen meinen Nöten,
Alleluja.

Jesus soll mein erstes Wort

Jesus soll mein erstes Wort
In dem neuen Jahre heißen.
Fort und fort
Lacht sein Nam in meinem Munde,
Und in meiner letzten Stunde
Ist Jesus auch mein letztes Wort.

for the heavenly land.
My helper, You have captured my
heart
with Your love,
and I yearn unceasingly for You,
that I might soon be with You
and gaze upon Your majesty.

I will bless the Lord at all times
His praise shall continually
be in my mouth, Hallelujah.
My soul makes its boast in the Lord;
let the afflicted hear and be glad,
Hallelujah.
O magnify the Lord with me,
and let us exalt His name together,
Hallelujah.
I sought the Lord, and He answered
me
and delivered me from all my fears,
Hallelujah, and saved me
from all my troubles,
Hallelujah.

Jesus shall be my first word
uttered in the new year.
Again and again
His name laughs in my mouth,
and in my last hour
Jesus will also be my last utterance.

Le Berger Fidèle

RECITATIF
Prêt à voir immoler l'objet de sa
tendresse,
Le fidèle Myrtille déplore ses
malheurs,
Il soupire, il gémit sans cesse,

RECITATIVE
Ready to see the object of his
tenderness sacrificed,
the faithful Myrtil laments his woes.
He sighs, he grieves unceasingly

Et sa voix aux Échos dit ainsi ses
douleurs.

AIR

Faut-il qu'Amarillis périsse?
Diane, apaise ton courroux,
Par un horrible sacrifice,
Peux-tu briser des nœuds si doux ?
Ah! si la timide innocence
Sur vos autels doit expirer,
Dieux! quelle est donc la
récompense
Que la vertu doit espérer ?

RECITATIF

Mais c'est trop me livrer à ma
douleur mortelle,
Un autre doit mourir pour elle,
Hâtons-nous de la secourir,
Pour sauver ce qu'il aime un amant
doit périr.

AIR

L'Amour qui règne dans votre âme,
Berger, a de quoi nous charmer,
Par votre généreuse flamme
Vous montrez comme il faut aimer.
L'amant léger brise ses chaînes,

Quand le sort trahit ses désirs,
Sans vouloir partager les peines
Il veut avoir part aux plaisirs.

RECITATIF

Cependant à l'autel, le Berger se
présente,
Son front est déjà ceint du funeste
bandeau.
Arrêtez ! Diane est contente
D'un amour si rare et si beau.

Myrtil obtient la fin des maux de
l'Arcadie,
Et lorsqu'il croit perdre la vie

L'Hymen pour cet amant allume
son flambeau.

AIR

Charmant Amour, sous ta puissance
Tôt ou tard on sent tes faveurs.

Souvent dans les plus grands

And his voice to the goddesses tells
his pain thusly.

AIR

Must Amaryllis perish?
Diana... Still your wrath,
By this horrible sacrifice,
Can you break ties so sweet ?
Ah, if your timid innocence
Of your altars should expire,
Lord! What is then the reward
That virtue can hope for ?

RECITATIVE

But it is too much to deliver me
from mortal pain,
Should I not die in her place?
Let us hasten to save her,
To save that which he loves, a lover
must die.

AIR

Love, which reigns in your soul,
Shepherd, verily charms us,
By your ample ardor,
You show how one should love.
The winsome lover breaks his
chains,
When Destiny betrays his dreams,
Without wanting to share the pains
He wants part of the pleasures.

RECITATIVE

While the shepherd presents
himself to the altar,
His brow is already bound with a
fatal headband.
Stop! Diana is content
With a lover so rare and so
beautiful.

Myrtil obtains the end of the
Arcadian luck
And while he believes he will lose
his life
Hymen lights his torch for the lover.

AIR

Charming lover, under your power,
Sooner or later one is aware of your
favors.

Often in the most unhappy times,

malheurs,
Elles passent notre espérance.
Tu ne fais sentir tes rigueurs
Que pour éprouver la constance.
Tu veux que la persévérance
Puisse mériter tes douceurs.

Inumano fratel...Stille Amare

Inumano fratel, barbara madre,
ingiusto Araspe, dispietata Elisa,
Numi, o furie del Ciel,
Cielo Nemico, implacabile destin,
tiranna sorte, tutti, tutti, v'invito
a gustare il piacer della mia morte.
Ma tu, consorte amata, non pianger
no,
mentre che lieto spiro;
basta che ad incontrar l'anima mia,
quando uscirà dal sen,
mandi un sospiro.

Stille amare, già vi sento
Tutte in seno, la morte chiamar;
già vi sento smorzare il tormento
già vi sento tornarmi a bear,

Dolcissimo sospiro

Dolcissimo sospiro
ch'esci da quella bocca
ove d'amor ogni dolcezza fiocca;
Deh, vieni a raddolcire
l'amaro mio dolore.
Ecco, ch'io t'apro il core
ma, folle, a chi ridico il mio martire?
Ad'un sospiro errante
Che forse vole in sen ad altro
amante.

Dalla porta d'oriente

Dalla porta d'oriente
Lampeggiando in ciel usciva
E le nubi coloriva

They surpass our hopes.
You only show your harshness
To prove your consistency.
You want that perseverance
can only merit your favors.

Inhumane brother, barbaric mother,
injust Araspe, pitiless Elisa,
Numi, o furies of the Sky,
Enemy sky, unrelenting destiny,
tyrannical fate, all, all, I'll invite you
to taste the hapiness of my death.
But you, consort lover, don't cry no,
while the contented die;
It is enough that at meeting my
soul,
when it gets out of my breast,
you utter a sigh.

Bitter drops, I feel you already
All in my breast, calling for death;
I already feel you dampening the
torture
I already feel you returning me to
happiness

Sweetest sigh
That comes from the mouth
out of which all love's sweetness
falls;
Oh, come to soften
my bitter pain.
Here, I open to you my heart
but, fool, to whom do I explain my
grief?
To a wandering sigh
That perhaps flies to the breast of
another lover.

From the gateway to the East
Emitting flashes in the sky
And colouring the clouds

L'alba candida e lucente,
E per l'aure rugiadosa
Aprì gigli e spargea rose, e
spargea rose.

Ch'a sgombrar l'oscuro velo
Più soave e vezzosetta,
Una vaga giovinetta
Accendea le rose in cielo,
E di fiamme porporine
Feria l'aure matutine, l'aure
matutine.

Da le labbra innamorate,
Muov' Amor con novi strali,
E di perle orientali
Se ne gian l'alme fregiate,
Et ardeva i cor meschini
Dolce foco di rubini, di rubini.

L'alba in ciel s'adira e vede
Che le toglie il suo splendore
Questa nova alba d'amore,
E già volge in dietro il piede,
E stillar d'amaro pianto
Già comincia il roseo manto, il
roseo manto.

Amarilli, mia bella

Amarilli, mia bella
Non credi, o del mio cor dolce
desio,
D'esser tu l'amor mio?
Credilo pur, e se timor t'assale,
Prendi questo mio strale,
Aprimi il petto e vedrai scritto in
core:
Amarilli, Amarilli, Amarilli è il mio
amore.

The dawn white and bright,
Which in the dewy air
Opens lilies and scatters roses, and
scatters roses.

How to clear the dark veil
More gracious and charming,
A nebulous young girl
Lights roses in the sky,
And with purple flames,
Day, the morning air, the morning
air

From the lover's lips,
Moves Love with nine arrows,
And with oriental pearls
Combines the ornamented bounty,
And burns the gentle heart
Sweet fire of rubies, of rubies.

The dawn in the sky grows angry
and sees
To remove its splendour
This new dawn of love,
And already turns back,
And instilling of bitter tears
Already begins the rosy mantle, the
rosy mantle.

Amarilli, my beautiful one
Believe you not, oh my heart's
sweet desire,
that you are my love?
Believe it, yes, and if you still fear
Take this arrow,
Open my chest, and there you'll see
written on my heart:
Amarilli, Amarilli, Amarilli is my
love