

3-6-2016

## Stephen Tzianabos, tenor

Stephen Tzianabos

Follow this and additional works at: [http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music\\_programs](http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs)



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

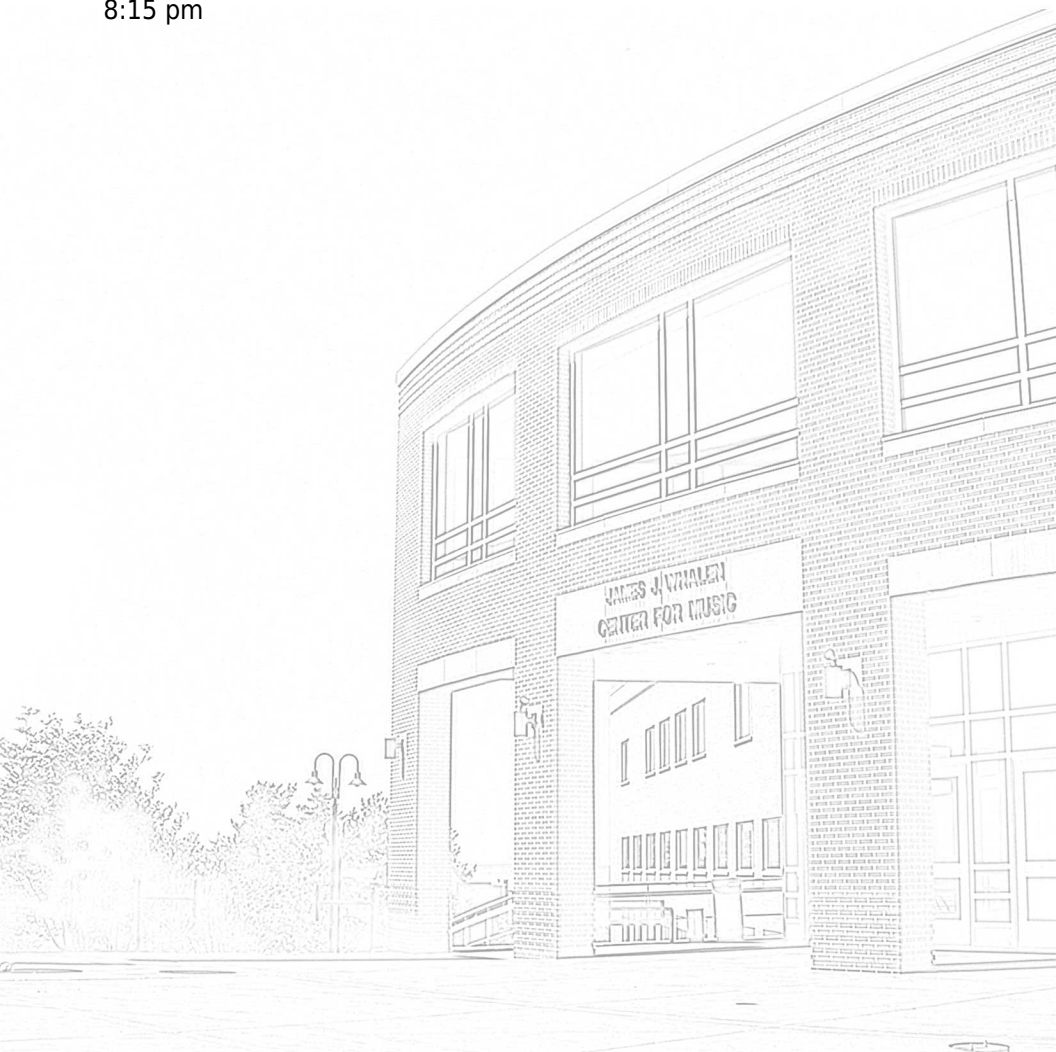
Tzianabos, Stephen, "Stephen Tzianabos, tenor" (2016). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 1691.  
[http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music\\_programs/1691](http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/1691)

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Concert & Recital Programs at Digital Commons @ IC. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Concert & Recital Programs by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ IC.

**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 Costannidino,

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 Aiyō Sidéro,  
The church, oh virgin blessed,  
The church of Aiyō Costannidino

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.