

5-14-2016

Senior Recital: Annina Hsieh, soprano

Annina Hsieh

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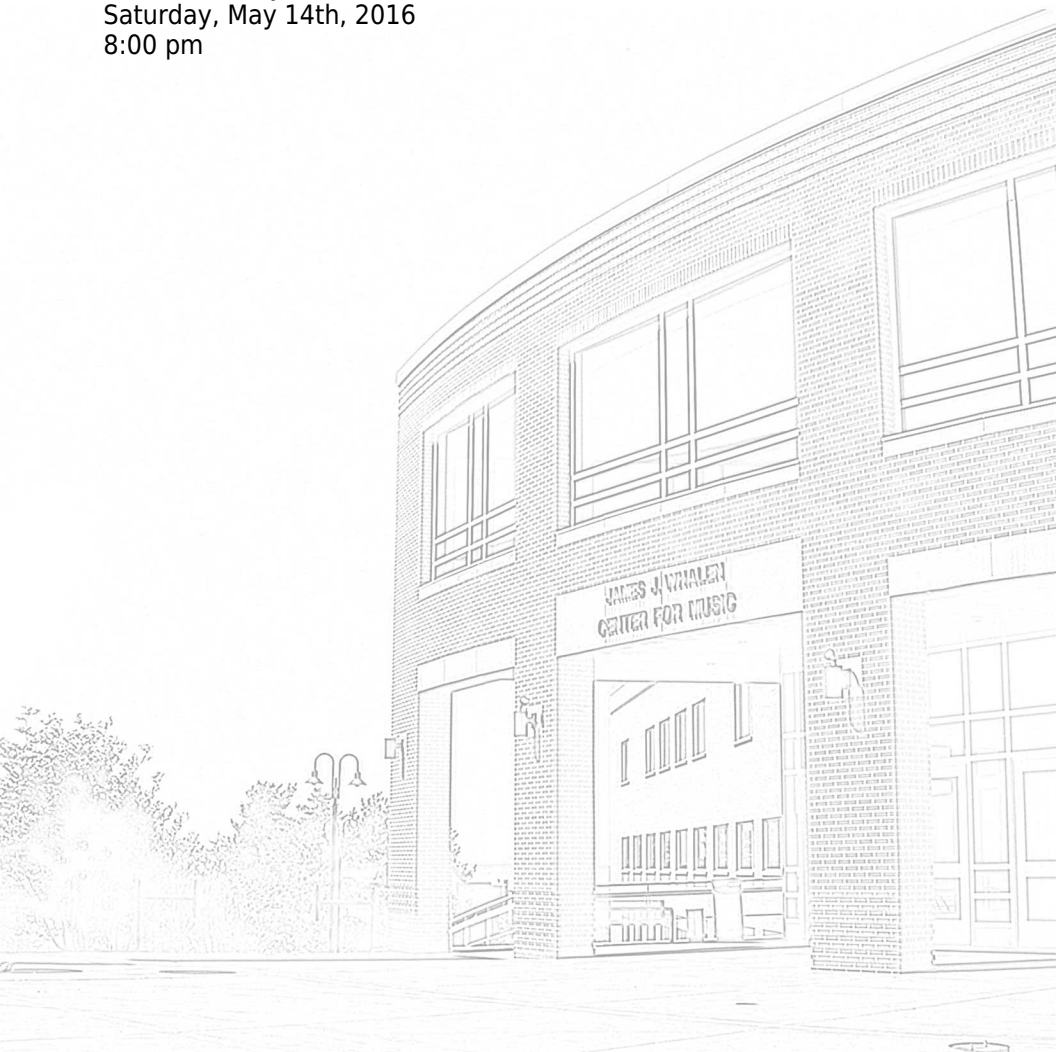
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Senior Recital:
Annina Hsieh, soprano

Amy Brinkman-Davis, piano
Emilie Benigno, violin

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Saturday, May 14th, 2016
8:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

from *Neun deutsche Arien*

Die ihr aus dunklen Grüften HWV 208

Süße Stille, sanfte Quelle HWV 205

Emilie Benigno, violin

George Frideric Handel

(1685-1759)

from *Fiançailles pour rire* (Louise de Vilmorin)

La dame d'André

Dans l'herbe

Il vole

Fleurs

Francis Poulenc

(1899-1963)

Intermission

La farfalletta

Dolente immagine di Fille mia

Per pietà, bell'idol mio

Vincenzo Bellini

(1801-1835)

from *Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson*

Nature, the gentlest mother

The world feels dusty

Heart, we will forget him

I felt a funeral in my brain

Going to Heaven!

The Chariot

Aaron Copland

(1900-1990)

Translations

Die ihr aus dunklen Grüften

Die ihr aus dunklen Grüften
Den eiteln Mammon grabt,

Seht, was ihr hier in Lüften
Für reiche Schätze habt.

Sprecht nicht: es ist nur Farb
und Schein,
Man zählt und schließt es nicht
im Kasten ein.

Süße Stille, sanfte Quelle

Süße Stille, sanfte Quelle
Ruhiger Gelassenheit!

Selbst die Seele wird erfreut,
Wenn ich mir nach dieser Zeit
Arbeitsamer Eitelkeit
Jene Ruh vor Augen stelle,
Die uns ewig ist bereit.

La dame d'André

André ne connaît pas la dame
Qu'il prend aujourd'hui par la
main.
A-t-elle un coeur à lendemains,
Et pour le soir a-t-elle une âme?

Au retour d'un bal campagnard
S'en allait-elle en robe vague
Chercher dans le meules la
bague
Des fiançailles du hasard?

A-t-elle eu peur, la nuit venue,

You who from dark caves

You who from dark caves
dig up the vain treasure of
mammon,
see what you, here in the air,
have for rich treasures.

Do not say: it is only color and
light.
One does not count and shut it
in chests.

Sweet silence, gentle source

Sweet silence, gentle source
of peaceful serenity!

My soul itself will be joyful,
when I, after this time
of busy vanity,
have before my eyes that peace
that is prepared for us in
eternity.

André's ladyfriend

André does not know the
woman
whom he took by the hand
today.
Has she a heart of tomorrows,
and for the evening has she a
soul?

On returning from a country ball
did she go in her flowing dress
to seek in the haystacks the
ring
for the random betrothal?

Was she afraid, when night fell,

Guettée par les ombres d'hier,
Dans son jardin lorsque l'hiver
Entraît par la grande avenue?

Il l'a aimée pour sa couleur
Pour sa bonne humeur de
Dimanche.
Pâlera-t-elle aux feuilles
blanches
De son album des temps
meilleurs?

Dans l'herbe

Je ne peux plus rien dire
Ni rien faire pour lui.
Il est mort de sa belle
Il est mort de sa mort belle
Dehors
Sous l'arbre de la Loi
En plein silence
En plein paysage
Dans l'herbe.

Il est mort inaperçu
En criant son passage
En appelant, en m'appelant
Mais comme j'étais loin de lui
Et que sa voix ne portait plus

Il est mort seul dans les bois
Sous son arbre d'enfance
Et je ne peux plus rien dire
Ni rien faire pour lui.

Il vole

En allant se coucher le soleil
Se reflète au vernis de ma
table:
C'est le fromage rond de la
fable
Au bec de mes ciseaux

haunted by the ghosts of the
past,
in her garden, when winter
entered by the wide avenue?

He loved her for her color,
for her Sunday good humor.

Will she fade on the white
leaves
of his album of better days?

In the grass

I can say nothing more
Nor do anything for him.
He died for his beautiful one
he died a fair death
outside
beneath the tree of Justice
in deep silence
in open countryside
in the grass.

He died unnoticed
crying out as he passed away
calling, calling me
But since I was far from him
and since his voice no longer
carried

he died alone in the woods
beneath his childhood tree
And I can say nothing more
nor do anything for him.

He flies

As the sun is setting
it is reflected in the veneer of
my table:
it is the round cheese of the
fable
in the beak of my silver scissors.

de vermeil.

Mais où est le corbeau? Il vole.

But where is the crow? It flies.

Je voudrais coudre mais un
amant
Attire à lui toutes mes aiguilles.
Sur la place les joueurs de
quilles
De belle en belle passent le
temps.

I would like to sew but a magnet
attracts all my needles.
On the square the skittle
players
pass the time with game after
game.

Mais où est mon amant? Il vole.

But where is my lover? He flies.

C'est un voleur que j'ai pour
amant,
Le corbeau vole et mon amant
vole,
Voleur de coeur manque à sa
parole
Et voleur de fromage est
absent.

I have a thief for a lover,
the crow flies and my lover
steals,
the thief of my heart breaks his
word
and the thief of cheese is
absent.

Mais où est le bonheur? Il vole.

But where is happiness? It flies.

Je pleure sous le saule pleureur
Je mêle mes larmes à ses
feuilles
Je pleure car je veux qu'on me
veille
Et je ne plais pas à mon voleur.

I weep under the weeping
willow
I mingle my tears with its leaves
I weep because I want to be
wanted
And I am not pleasing to my
thief.

Mais où donc est l'amour? Il
vole.

But where then is love? It flies.

Trouvez la rime à ma déraison
Et par les routes du paysage
Ramenez-moi mon amant
volage
Qui prend les coeurs et perd ma
raison.

Find the rhyme in my insanity
and by the roads of the
countryside
bring back my flighty lover
who steals hearts and robs me
of my senses.

Je veux que mon voleur me
vole.

I want my thief to steal me.

Fleurs

Fleurs promises, fleurs tenues
dans tes bras,
Fleurs sorties des parenthèses
d'un pas,
Qui t'apportait ces fleurs l'hiver

Saupoudrées du sable des
mers?
Sable de tes baisers, fleurs des
amours fanées
Les beaux yeux sont de cendre
et dans la cheminée
Un cœur enrubanné de plaintes
Brûle avec ses images saintes.

Flowers

Promised flowers, flowers held
in your arms,
Flowers sprung from the
parentheses of a step,
Who brought you these flowers
in winter
Powdered with the sand of the
seas?
Sand of your kisses, flowers of
faded loves
The beautiful eyes are ashes
and in the fireplace
A beribboned heart with sighs
Burns with its treasured images.

La farfalletta

Farfalletta, aspetta aspetta;
non volar con tanta fretta.
Far del mal non ti vogl'io;
ferma appaga il desir mio.

Vo' baciarti e il cibo darti,
da' perigli preservarti.
Di cristallo stanza avrai
e tranquilla ognor vivrai.

L'ali aurate, screziate,
so che Aprile t'ha ingemmate,
che sei vaga, vispa e snella,
fra tue eguali la più bella.

Ma crin d'oro ha il mio tesoro,
il fanciullo ch'amo e adoro;
E a te pari vispo e snello,
fra i suo'eguali egli è il più bello.

The little butterfly

Little butterfly, wait, wait;
don't fly away so quickly.
I don't want to harm you;
stop and satisfy my wish.

I want to kiss you and feed you,
Protect you from danger.
You shall have a crystal room
and will always live in peace.

I know that April has bejeweled,
your resplendent, multi-colored
wings,
You are pretty, lively and
graceful,
considered among the most
beautiful.

But my beloved has golden hair,
the boy I love and adore.
And as you, he is lively and
graceful,
considered among the most

Vo' carpirti, ad esso offrirti;
più che rose, gigli e mirti
ti fia caro il mio fanciullo,
ed a lui sarai trastullo.

Nell'aspetto e terso petto
rose e gigli ha il mio diletto.
Vieni, scampa da' perigli,
non cercar più rose e gigli.

Dolente immagine di Fille mia,

Dolente immagine di Fille mia,
perché s'è squallida mi siedi
accanto?
Che più desideri? Dirotto pianto
io sul tuo cenere versai finor.

Temì che immemore de' sacri
giuri
io possa accendermi ad altra
face?
Ombra di Fillide, riposa in pace;
è inestinguibile l'antico ardor.

Per pietà, bell'idol mio

Per pietà, bell'idol mio,
non mi dir ch'io sono ingrato;
infelice e sventurato
abbastanza il Ciel mi fa.

Se fedele a te son io,
se mi struggo ai tuoi bei lumi,
sallo amor, lo sanno i Numi

handsome.

I want to capture you and give
you to him;
dearer than roses, lilies and
myrtles,
you will be to my boy and to
him,
you will be his plaything.

In his looks, and pure heart,
my beloved has roses and lilies.
Come, escape from danger,
search no more among the
roses and lilies.

Sorrowful image of my Phillis,

Sorrowful image of my Phillis,
why do you sit next to me in
such misery?
What more do desire? I have
poured my tears
continuously upon your ashes.

Do you fear that, forgetting my
sacred vows,
I could be enflamed by passion
for another?
Shade of Phillis, rest in peace;
my love of old is
inextinguishable.

Have mercy, my beloved

Have mercy, my beloved,
do not tell me that I am
ungrateful;
unhappy and unfortunate
enough has Heaven made me.

That I am faithful to you,
that I burn under the gaze of
your beautiful eyes,
knows Cupids, the gods,

il mio core, il tuo lo sa.

my heart, and your heart.