5-14-2016

Senior Recital: Annina Hsieh, soprano

Annina Hsieh

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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
Program

from *Neun deutsche Arien*  
George Frideric Handel  
(1685-1759)

Die ihr aus dunklen Grüften HWV 208  
Süße Stille, sanfte Quelle HWV 205  
*Emilie Benigno, violin*

from *Fiançailles pour rire* (Louise de Vilmorin)  
Francis Poulenc  
(1899-1963)

La dame d'André  
Dans l'herbe  
Il vole  
Fleurs

Intermission

La farfalletta  
Dolente immagine di Fille mia  
Per pietà, bell'idol mio  
*Vincenzo Bellini*  
(1801-1835)

from *Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson*  
Aaron Copland  
(1900-1990)

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

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree B.M. in Voice Performance. Annina Hsieh is from the studio of Dawn Pierce.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Translations</th>
<th>Die ihr aus dunklen Grüften</th>
<th>You who from dark caves</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>You who from dark caves</td>
<td>You who from dark caves</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Den eiteln Mammon grabt,</td>
<td>dig up the vain treasure of</td>
<td>mammon,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seht, was ihr hier in Lüften</td>
<td>see what you, here in the air,</td>
<td>have for rich treasures.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Für reiche Schätze habt.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sprecht nicht: es ist nur Farb und Schein,</td>
<td>Do not say: it is only color and light,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Man zählt und schließt es nicht im Kasten ein.</td>
<td>One does not count and shut it in chests.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Translations</th>
<th>Süße Stille, sanfte Quelle</th>
<th>Sweet silence, gentle source</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sweet silence, gentle source</td>
<td>Süße Stille, sanfte Quelle</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ruhiger Gelassenheit!</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Selbst die Seele wird erfreut,</td>
<td>My soul itself will be joyful,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wenn ich mir nach dieser Zeit</td>
<td>when I, after this time</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arbeitsamer Eitelkeit</td>
<td>of busy vanity,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jene Ruh vor Augen stelle,</td>
<td>have before my eyes that peace</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Die uns ewig ist bereit.</td>
<td>that is prepared for us in</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>eternity.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Translations</th>
<th>La dame d’André</th>
<th>André's ladyfriend</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>André does not know the</td>
<td>André ne connaît pas la dame</td>
<td>woman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>woman</td>
<td></td>
<td>whom he took by the hand</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>whom he took by the hand</td>
<td>Qu’il prend aujourd’hui par la main.</td>
<td>today.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>today.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Has she a heart of tomorrows,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>has she a heart of tomorrows,</td>
<td>A-t-elle un coeur à lendemains,</td>
<td>and for the evening has she a</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>and for the evening has she a</td>
<td>Et pour le soir a-t-elle une âme?</td>
<td>soul?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>soul?</td>
<td></td>
<td>On returning from a country ball</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On returning from a country ball</td>
<td>Au retour d’un bal campagnard</td>
<td>did she go in her flowing dress</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>did she go in her flowing dress</td>
<td>S’en allait-elle en robe vague</td>
<td>to seek in the haystacks the</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>to seek in the haystacks the</td>
<td>Chercher dans le meules la bague</td>
<td>ring</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ring</td>
<td>Des fiançailles du hasard?</td>
<td>for the random betrothal?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>for the random betrothal?</td>
<td></td>
<td>Was she afraid, when night fell,</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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?

Dans l’herbe

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.

Il vole

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 aimant
Attire à lui toutes mes aiguilles.
Sur la place les joueurs de quilles
De belle en belle passent le temps.


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.


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

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.

But where is my lover? He flies.

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.

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.

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.

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 coeur 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 vogli’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,

**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;  
piu 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 piu rose e gigli.

Dolente immagine di Fille mia,  
Dolente immagine di Fille mia,  
perche si squallida mi siedi accanto?  
Che piu desideri? Diritto pianto  
io sul tuo cenere versai finor.

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

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.