

11-6-2012

Graduate Recital: Wenhui Xu, soprano

Wenhui Xu

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Graduate Recital: Wenhui Xu, soprano

Judy Park, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Tuesday November 6th, 2012
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Clair de Lune
Chanson d' amore
Oh! Quand je dors

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)
Franz Liszt
(1811-1886)

Allerseelen
Die Nachtigall
Auch kleine Dinge

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)
Alban Berg
(1885-1935)
Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Norina's aria
from *Don Pasquale*

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

Intermission

With Rue my Heart is Laden
Sure on this Shining Night
Rain has Fallen

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Partita of Mayila

Tingjiang Hu
(b. 1982)

Translations

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 déguisements
fantasques.

Tout en chantant sur le mode
mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la 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.

Chanson d' amore

J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton front, Ô
ma rebelle, ô ma farouche,

J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ta bouche
Où mes baisers s'épuiseront.

J'aime ta voix, j'aime l'étrange
Grâce de tout ce que tu dis,

Ô ma rebelle, ô mon cher ange,
Mon enfer et mon paradis!

J'aime tout ce qui te fait belle,
De tes pieds jusqu'à tes cheveux,
Ô toi vers qui montent mes vœux,

Ô ma farouche, ô ma rebelle!

Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape
Where charming masqueraders and
bergamasques go
Playing the lute and dancing and
almost
Sad beneath their fantastic
disguises.

They all sing in a minor key
About triumphant love and
fortunate life,
They do not seem to believe in their
fortune
And their song blends with the light
of the moon,

In the calm moonlight, sad and
beautiful,
Which has the birds dreaming in
the trees
And the fountains sobbing in
ecstasy,
The tall fountains, slender amid
marble statues.

The Song of Love

I love your eyes, I love your
forehead, oh my rebellious and
fierce one.

I love your eyes, I love your mouth
on which my kisses will tire
themselves out.

I love your voice, I love the strange
gracefulness of everything you
say,

Oh my rebellious one, my dear
angel, my hell and my
paradise!

I love all that makes you beautiful,
From your feet to your hair,
You to whom my hopeful pleas
ascend,

Oh my fierce and rebellious one!

Oh! Quand je dors

Oh! quand je dors, viens auprès de
ma couche,
comme à Pétrarque apparaissait
Laura.
Et qu'en passant ton haleine me
touche.
Soudain ma bouche S'ouvrira.
Sur mon front morne où peut être
s'achève
Un songe noir qui trop longtemps
dura
Que ton regard comme un astre se
lève,
soudain mon rêve rayonnera!
Puis sur ma lèvre où voltige une
flamme,
éclair d'amour que Dieu même
épura.
Pose un baiser, et d'ange deviens
femme.
Soudain mon âme s'éveillera!
Oh, viens! Comme à Pétrarque
apparaissait Laura.

Allerseelen

Stell' auf den Tisch die duftenden
Reseden,
Die letzten roten Aestern trag'
herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe
reden,
Wie einst im Mai.
Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie
heimlich drücke
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es
einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen
Blicke, Wie einst im Mai.
Es blüht und funkelt heut auf jedem
Grabe,

Ein Tag im Jahre ist den Toten frei,

Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich
wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

Oh! When I Sleep

Oh, when I sleep, approach my bed,
as Laura appeared to Petrarch.
And as you pass, touch me with
your breath,
at once my lips will part!
On my glum face,

where perhaps a dark dream has
rested for too long a time,
let your gaze lift it like a star,

at once my dream will be radiant!
Then on my lips, where there flits a
brilliance,
a flash of love that God has kept
pure, place a kiss,
and transform from angel into
woman,
at once my soul will awaken!
Oh! As Laura appeared to Petrarch.

All Souls' Day

Place on the table the fragrant
mignonettes,
Bring inside the last red asters,

And let us speak again of love,

As once we did in May.
Give me your hand, so that I can
press it secretly;
And if someone sees us, it's all the
same to me.
Just give me your sweet gaze, as
once you did in May.
Flowers adorn today each
grave, sending off their
fragrances;
One day in the year are the dead
free.
Come close to my heart, so that I
can have you again,
As once I did in May.

Die Nachtigall

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall die
ganze Nacht gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall Die
Rosen aufgesprungen.
Sie war doch sonst ein wildes Kind,
Nun geht sie tief in Sinnen,
Trägt in der Hand den Sommerhut
Und duldet still der Sonne Glut
Und weiß nicht, was beginnen.

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall die
ganze Nacht gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall Die
Rosen aufgesprungen.

Auch kleine Dinge

Auch kleine Dinge können uns
entzücken,
Auch kleine Dinge können teuer
sein.
Bedenkt, wie gern wir uns mit
Perlen schmücken;
Sie werden schwer bezahlt und sind
nur klein.
Bedenkt, wie klein ist die
Olivenfrucht,
Und wird um ihre Güte doch
gesucht.
Denkt an die Rose nur, wie klein sie
ist,
Und duftet doch so lieblich, wie ihr
wißt.

The Nightingale

It is because the nightingale Sang
all night long;
From her sweet noise,
In echo and re-echo, The roses
have sprung up.
She was such a tomboy before,
Now she goes in deep thought,
Carries in her hand her summer hat
And bears silently the sun's
glow And doesn't know what to
do.

It is because the nightingale Sang
all night long;
From her sweet noise,
In echo and re-echo, The roses
have sprung up.

Even Little Things

Even little things can delight
us,
Even little things can be precious.
Think how we gladly adorn
ourselves with pearls;
They are heavily paid for, and yet
are small.
Think how small is the olive's fruit,
And is nevertheless sought for its
virtue.
Think only on the rose, how small
she is,
And yet, smells so sweet, as you
know.

Norina's aria

Quel guardo il cavaliere, in mezzo
al cor trafisse,
piego'il ginocchio e disse, "Son
vostro cavaliere!"
E tanto era in quel guardo sapor di
paradiso,
che'il cavalier Ricardo, tutto
d'amor conquiso,
giuro, che'ad altra mai non
volgerria'il pensier. Ha! Ha!
So anch'io la virtù magica d'un
guardo tempo e loco,

So anch'io come si bruciano i cori'a
lento foco,
D'un breve sorrisetto conosco
anch'io l'effetto
D'un menzognero lagrima d'un
subito languor.
Conosco e mille modi, dell'amoroso
frodì
i vezzi l'arti facili per adescare un
cor.
D'un breve sorrisetto conosco
anch'io l'effetto,
Conosco, conosco, d'un subito
languor.
So anch'io la virtù magica per
inspirare amor,
conosco l'effetto, Ah! Ah, si!
Per ispirare amor.
Ho testa bizzarra son pronta vivace
Brillare mi piace, mi piace scherzar.
Se monto in furore di rado sto'al
segno.
Ma in riso lo sdegno fo presto
cangiar.
Ho testa bizzarra, ma cor eccel'ente.

That glance it pierced the knight's
heart,
He bent on his knees and said: "I
am your cavalier!"
And there was in that look such a
taste of paradise.
That knight Riccardo, being
conquered by love,
Swore he would not think to any
other woman. Ha! Ha!
I also know the magic virtue of a
glance at the right time in
the right place,

I also know how hearts burn on the
slow fire, of a short smile.
I also know the effect of a deceitful
tear, of an instant languor.
I know the thousand
means love-frauds use,
the charms and the easy arts used
to seduce a heart.
I have an odd mind, I have a ready
wit,
I like being witty, joking,

If I get angry, I rarely can remain
calm.
But I can soon change indignation
in laugh,
I have an odd mind,
But an excellent heart!

With Rue my Heart is Laden

With rue my heart is laden,
For golden friends I had,
For many a rose-lipt maiden,
And many a lightfoot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping,
The lightfoot boys are laid.
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping,
In fields where roses fade.

Sure on this Shining Night

Sure on this shining night,
Of star made shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me,
This side the ground.
The late year lies down the north,
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth,
Hearts all whole
Sure on this shining night I weep for wonder wand'ring far alone
Of shadows on the stars.

Rain has Fallen

Rain has fallen all the day,
O come among the laden trees.
The leaves lie thick upon the way,
Of memories.

Staying a little by the way,
Of memories shall we depart.
Come, my beloved,
Where I may speak to your heart.

Upcoming Events

November

- 7** - Hockett - 6:00pm - "On the Edge" Masterclass with Jean Kopperud
- 8** - Ford - 12:00pm - Veterans Day Celebration
- 8** - Hockett - 8:15pm - Alan Huckleberry, piano masterclass
- 9** - Hockett - 3:00pm - Alan Huckleberry, piano pedagogy lecture
- 10** - Ford - 7:00pm - Choral Composition Festival
- 11** - Hockett - 4:00pm - Susan Waterbury, violin Charis Dimaras, piano
- 12** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Composition Premieres
- 13** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Flute Choir
- 13** - Iger - 8:15pm - David Rakowski, Husa Visiting Professor, lecture
- 14** - Hockett - 8:15pm - Contemporary Chamber Ensemble
- 17** - Ford - 8:00pm - CCO
- 26** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Faculty Jazz Quintet
- 28** - Ford - 7:00pm - Sinfonietta
- 28** - Hockett - 8:15pm - Opera Workshop