

First- and Second-Year Vocal Performance Class Recital

Jonathan Beyer, Instructor

Alexandra Marcora-Naumenko, piano

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 2023 | 5 PM
GORDON K. AND HARRIET GREENFIELD HALL

First- and Second-Year Vocal Performance Class Recital

Jonathan Beyer, Instructor
Alexandra Marcora-Naumenko, piano

PROGRAM

GEORGES BIZET
(1838–1875)

Ouvre ton cœur
(Text by Louis Delâtre)

Lynn Kang, soprano
Student of Ruth Golden

STEFANO DONAUDY
(1879–1925)

Perché dolce, caro bene
Katie McDermott, soprano
Student of Catherine Malfitano

GIOVANNI LEGRENZI
(1626–1690)

Che fiero costume
Jonas Liu, baritone
Student of Joan Patenaude Yarnell

GABRIELE SIBELLA
(b. 1919)

Bacio Morto
(Text by Ada Negri)
Danni Fu, soprano
Student of Christòpheren Nomura

JOHANNES BRAHMS
(1833–1897)

Die Mainacht
(Text by Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty)
Tieyin Li, baritone
Student of Christòpheren Nomura

W. A. MOZART
(1756–1791)

“Batti, batti, o bel Masetto” from *Don Giovanni*
(Text by Lorenzo da Ponte)
Dylan Wilson, soprano
Student of Catherine Malfitano

FERNANDO OBRADORS
(1897–1945)

Chiquitita la novia
(Text by Curro Dulce)

Leila Zavala, soprano
Student of Ruth Golden

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI
(1567–1643)

“Rosa del ciel” from *L’Orfeo*
(Text by Alessandro Striggio)

Francisco Gomez, tenor
Student of Dimitri Pittas

AMY BEACH
(1867–1944)

I Send My Heart up to Thee, Op. 44, no. 3
(Text by Robert Browning)

Haojun Sun, mezzo-soprano
Student of Sidney Outlaw

LUIGI ARDITI
(1822–1903)

Il bacio
(Text by Text by Gottardo Aldighieri)

Brianna Almonte, soprano
Student of Cynthia Hoffmann

CHARLES GRIFFES
(1884–1920)

The Lament of Ian the Proud
(Text by William Sharp, writing as Fiona Macleod)

Adaiah Ogletree, soprano
Student of Ashley Putnam
Shiyu Tan, piano

CARL LOEWE
(1796–1869)

Erlkönig, Op. 1, no. 3
(Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)

Luis Vega-Torres, baritone
Student of James Morris

ARMEN TIGRANYAN
(1879–1950)

“Asum en urin” from *Anoush*
(Text by Hovhannes Tumanyan)

Stephanie Keledjian, soprano
Student of Ashley Putnam

LEONARD BERNSTEIN
(1918–1990)

So Pretty
(Text by Betty Comdon and Adolph Green)

Evelyn Lehmann, soprano
Student of Christòpheren Nomura

TRANSLATIONS

***Ouvre ton cœur* by Georges Bizet Text by Louis Delâtre**

Open your heart.
The Daisy has closed it's petals,
Darkness has closed the eyes of day.
My love, will you be true to your word?

Open your heart my love, young angel,
that a dream may charm your sleep.
I wish to recover my soul,
like the flower unfolds to the sun!

–*Translation by Lynn Kang*

***Perché dolce, caro bene* by Alberto Donaudy Text by Alberto Donaudy**

Why, sweet dear beloved,
are you annoyed with me?
You know the cruel pains
you cause me to suffer in my heart.
Bite me! Kiss me! Strike me! Embrace me.
Have pity and take me in bondage or give me freedom.
I speak to you but you do not listen.
I look at you but you look down.
If I don't look then you turn,
if I don't speak then you speak

–*Translation from IPA Source*

***Che fiero costume* by Giovanni Legrenzi Text by anonymous**

What a cruel practice, that Cupid, the winged god,
of making himself adored by causing pain.
And yet in my passion,
the traitorous god
makes me worship a lovely face.

What a cruel fate,
that blindfolded child,
not yet weaned, should make himself so important.

This tyrant, with barbarous deception,
enters through my eyes and makes me sigh with desire.

–*Translation from IPA Source*

***Bacio Morto* by Gabriele Sibella**
Text by Ada Negri

From the grass in the sad spring,
An early dandelion bloomed.
The air was cold and even before it could live,
The delicate flower died.
Upon my lips on a sad evening,
A kiss from my heart bloomed for you.
You turned away.
Even before it could live, my kiss died.

–*Translation by Danni Fu*

***Die Mainacht* by Johannes Brahms**
Text by Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty

When the silvery moon gleams through the bushes
And sheds its slumbering light on the grass,
A nightingale is singing
As I wander sadly through the bushes.

Covered by leaves,
A pair of doves coo in ecstasy.
I turn away to find darker places
To let my lonely tears flow.

When, O smiling vision that shines through my soul
Like the red of dawn, will I find you on earth.
The lonely tears know
Flow more ardently down my cheek.

–*Translation by Tiejun Li*

“Batti, Batti, o bel Masetto”
from *Don Giovanni* by W. A. Mozart
Text by Lorenzo da Ponte

Masetto, hit your poor Zerlina
and I will stay still like a lamb
to receive your beating.

Pull my hair,
Pluck my eyes.
I'll allow you to do it
and contently kiss you afterward.

I see you don't have the heart to do it.
Peace, my dear,
Let's pass the night
and day in happiness instead.

–*Translation by from IPA Source*

***Chiquitita la Novia* by Fernando Obradors**
Text by Curro Dulce

Tiny is the bride,
Tiny is the groom,
Tiny is the living room,
Tiny is the bedroom.
That is what I want
And why I will have
a tiny bed with
a mosquito net.

–*Translation by from IPA Source*

***Rosa del Ciel* from *L'Orfeo* by Claudio Monteverdi**
Text by Alessandro Striggio

Rose of heaven, light of the world, and worthy
offspring of him who holds the universe in thrall,
O Sun, who dost encircle and see all
from thy celestial orbits,
tell me, hast thou ever seen
a lover more joyful and fortunate than I?
Happy indeed was the day,
my dearest, when first I saw you,
and happier still the hour
when I sighed for you,
since you too sighed at my sighing;
happiest of all the moment
when you gave me your white hand
as a pledge of pure faith.

Had I as many hearts
as eternal heaven has eyes,
Or these pleasant hills and verdant May have leaves,
all would be full to overflowing
with that joy which today delights me.

–Translation from Opera-arias.com

***Il Bacio* by Luigi Arditi**
Text by Gottardo Aldighieri

If I could only give you
a kiss on your lips
it would tell you all the delights of love.
Abiding to speak
a thousand joys to you.
It would speak to you
along with my heart's palpitations.
I do not desire gems or pearls,
nor do I seek others' affections.
Your look is my delight
and your kiss is my treasure.
Come, do not delay!
Let us enjoy love's life-giving intoxication!

–Translation by Stan Eby and Grant Lewis

***Erlkönig* by Carl Loewe**
Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Who's riding so late, in the night and wind?
It is the father with his child.
He grasps the boy in his arm.
He holds him securely; he keeps him warm.

My son, why do you hide your face so fearfully?
"Father, don't you see the Erl-King there?
The Erl-King with his crown and train?"
My son, it's a streak of mist.

'You delightful child, come with me!
I'll play wonderful games with you.
Colorful flowers grow on the shore.
My mother has many fine things.'

“My father, my father, don’t you hear
What the Erl-King said to me?”
Be calm, stay calm, my son;
The wind is stirring the dry leaves.

‘Fine boy, will you come with me?
My daughters will wait on you nicely.
My daughters will lead the evening dancing
And rock and dance and sing to you.’

“My father, my father, don’t you see
The Erl-King’s daughters in that gloomy place?”
My son, my son, I see it indeed;
The old willow gleaming so gray.

‘I love you, I delight in your beautiful shape;
And if you are not willing, I shall use force.’

“My father, my father, he has seized me!
Erl-King is injuring me!”

The father blanched; he rode swiftly.
He held the moaning child in his arms.
With great trouble, he reached the courtyard.
In his arms, the child was dead.

–*Translation by Betsy Schwarm*

“Asum en urin” from *Anoush* by Armen Tigranyan Text by Hovhannes Tumanyan

Oh come, come back home, Return to your love! Must I always sigh?
Reply, sweet my love. The sheep in the fields-Leave them, set them free.
By night run away. Come home, come to me. Oh run, run away.
Come home, come to me. Upon the green, steep mountainside,
Who is that boy laying still? A long black cloak is drawn o’er him.
Is he perhaps sleeping still? It’s my sweetheart, my only love.
Drunk with mountains’ fragrant flowers, He slumbers there beside the spring,
Lie low, lie low, my Saro. Arise, my brave one. Wake up, shepherd boy.
Bring the sheep back home; The day is now gone.
Oh, come! How I yearn And crave your return, My love to restore.
Torture me no more!

–*Translation from ArmenianDrama.weebly.com*