

Williams College Department of Music



Voice Studio Recital **Students of Kerry Ryer-Parke**

Giovanni Bononcini (1670 – 1747) “Per la gloria d'adorarvi,” from the opera *Griselda*

Erin Kennedy '19, soprano; William Cao '17, piano

John Jacob Niles (1892 – 1980) *Go 'Way From My Window*

Jackson Barber '18, voice; Connor Swan '18, piano

Henry Purcell (1659 – 1695) *Thy Hand, Belinda/When I am Laid In Earth* (1688)

Diane Kim '16, voice; Stephen Ai '18, harpsichord; Claudia Reyes '18, cello

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872 – 1958) *Five Mystical Songs*

I. *The Call*

Quenton Hurst, baritone; '19; Aglaia Ho '17, piano

Gabriel Faure (1845-1924) *Melodies pour une Voix*, op. 39 (1884)

I. *Aurore*, poem by Armand Silvestre (1837 – 1901)

Christine Pash, '18 voice; Kelly Chen '17, piano

Robert Schumann (1810-1856) *Myrthen*, op. 25 (1840)

I. *Widmung*, poem by Friedrich Rückert (1788 – 1866)

Christine Pash, '18 voice; Kelly Chen '17, piano

Monday, December 14, 2015

4:00 p.m.

Chapin Hall

Williamstown, Massachusetts

Please turn off cell phones.

No photography or recording is permitted.

Translations

Per la gloria d'adorarvi

For the glory of adoring you
I want to love you, o eyes dear
Loving, I will suffer, but always you I will love
I will suffer but you I will love, dear light

Without hope of pleasure
Vain affection it is to sigh
But your sweet glances
Who can ever admire you and not love you?
I will suffer but you I will love, dear light

Aurore- Dawn

The stars fly away from the gardens of the night,
Like golden bees that attract an invisible honey
And the dawn, far away, spreading the purity of its canvas,
Weaves with silver threads the sky's blue cloak

From the garden of my heart that a slow dream inebriates
My desires fly away on the footsteps of the morning
Like a weightless swarm, that on the copper horizon
calls a plaintive song, eternal and far away.

They fly at your feet, stars chased by clouds,
Exiled from the golden sky where your beauty flowers
And, looking towards you for unknown roads,
Mix with the newborn day their dying clearness.

Dedication- Widmung

You my soul, you my heart
You my joy, O you my pain
You the world in which I live
My Heaven, you, in which I float
O You my grave, in which
My grief is buried.

You are rest, you are peace
You are from heaven bestowed to me
That you love me makes me worthy of you
Your gaze transfigures me;
You make me love beyond myself
My good ghost/spirit, my better self!