

Williams College Department of Music



Tiffany Sun '18, mezzo-soprano Angela Yeo '18, soprano Senior Recital

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756 – 1791) “Voi che sapete,” from *Le nozze di Figaro*

Robin Kibler, piano; Tiffany Sun '18, mezzo-soprano

Samuel Barber (1910 – 1981)

O Boundless, Boundless Evening

Stephen Ai '18, piano; Seunghyun Angela Yeo '18, soprano

J.S. Bach (1685 – 1750)

“Erbarme dich, mein Gott,” from *Matthäuspassion*

Tiffany Sun '18, mezzo-soprano; Ben Mygatt '20, violin; Robin Kibler, piano

Franz Schubert (1797 – 1828)

Auf dem Strom D. 943

Seunghyun Angela Yeo '18, soprano; Stephen Ai '18, piano; Colin Williams '18, French horn

Benjamin Britten (1913 – 1976)

Canticle II: Abraham and Isaac

Zachary Wadsworth, tenor; Tiffany Sun '18, mezzo-soprano

Léo Delibes (1815 – 1910)

Duetto from *Lakmé*

Seunghyun Angela Yeo '18, soprano; Tiffany Sun '18, mezzo-soprano

Saturday, May 12, 2018

3:00 p.m.

*Brooks-Rogers Recital Hall
Williamstown, Massachusetts*

*Please turn off cell phones.
No photography or recording is permitted*

Tiffany Sun '18

Tiffany began taking lessons with Keith Kibler during fall of 2015. While she originally had a penchant for singing as a hobby and at karaoke contests, she wanted to pursue it more seriously, and decided to audition for voice lessons during her sophomore year. Since then, she has collaborated with many incredible musicians, and under Keith's guidance, has made much progress as a mezzo-soprano. She is also active in the music department as a flutist and member of Berkshire Symphony.

Seunghyun Angela Yeo '18

Seunghyun Angela Yeo is a senior at Williams College and is a Philosophy, Classics, and WGSS (Women, Gender, Sexuality Studies) triple major. She has studied with Erin Nafziger since sophomore year of college and is very thankful to the music department for being so welcoming and nurturing to non-music majors.

Voi che sapete

Lyrics: (Italian)

Voi che sapete che cosa e amor,
Donne, vedete, s'io l'ho nel cor,
Donne, vedete, s'io l'ho nel cor.
Quello ch'io provo, vi ridiro,
E per me nuovo capir nol so.
Sento un affetto pien di desir,
Ch'ora e diletto, ch'ora e martir.
Gelo e poi sento l'alma avvampar,
E in un momento torno a gelar.
Ricerco un bene fuori di me,
Non so chi il tiene, non so cos' e.
Sospiro e gemo senza voler,
Palpito e tremo senza saper,
Non trovo pace notte ne di,
Ma pur mi piace languir cosi.
Voi, che sapete che cosa e amor
Donne, vedete, s'io l'ho nel cor,
Donne, vedete, s'io l'ho nel cor,
Donne, vedete, s'io l'ho nel cor.

(English):

You who know what love is,
Women, see whether it's in my heart,
Women, see whether it's in my heart.
What I am experiencing I will tell you,
It is new to me and I do not understand it.
I have a feeling full of desire,
That now, is both pleasure and suffering.
At first frost, then I feel the soul burning,
And in a moment I'm freezing again.
Seek a blessing outside myself,
I do not know how to hold it, I do not know what it is.
I sigh and moan without meaning to,
Throb and tremble without knowing,
I find no peace both night or day,
But even still, I like to languish.
You who know what love is,
Women, see whether it's in my heart,
Women, see whether it's in my heart,
Women, see whether it's in my heart.

“Voi che sapete” is sung by Cherubino in the second act of *The Marriage of Figaro*. While Cherubino is male, he is typically played by a woman with a mezzo-soprano voice. Here, he laments over his amorous tendencies and performs this song that he wrote for the Countess.

O boundless, boundless evening

O boundless, boundless evening. Soon the glow
Of long hills on the skyline will be gone,
Like clear dream country now, rich-hued by sun.
O boundless evening where the cornfields throw
The scattered daylight back in an aureole.
Swallows high up are singing, very small.
On every meadow glitters their swift flight,
In woods of rushes and where tall masts stand
In brilliant bays. Yet in ravines beyond
Between the hills already nests the night.

Erbarme Dich

Lyrics (German):

Erbarme dich, mein Gott,
um meiner Zähren willen!
Schaue hier, Herz und Auge
weint vor dir bitterlich.
Erbarme dich, mein Gott.

(English):

Have mercy, my God,
for the sake of my tears!
See here, before you
heart and eyes weep bitterly.
Have mercy, my God.

Though he previously swears not to do so, Peter denies knowing Jesus three times in *St Matthew Passion*, thus fulfilling part of the prophecy that will lead the crucifixion of Jesus and betraying his leader. A member of the chorus at this moment sings a lamenting aria, repeating the above pleas over and over to represent Peter's suffering

Auf dem Strom

Lyrics (German):

Nimm die letzten Abschiedsküsse,
Und die wehenden, die Grüße,
Die ich noch ans Ufer sende
Eh' Dein Fuß sich scheidend wende!
Schon wird von des Stromes Wogen
Rasch der Nachen fortgezogen,
Doch den thränendunklen Blick
Zieht die Sehnsucht stets zurück!

Lyrics (English):

Take the last parting kiss,
and the wavy greeting
that I'm still sending ashore
before you turn your feet and leave!
Already the waves of the stream
are pulling briskly at my boat,
yet my tear-dimmed gaze
keeps being tugged back by longing!

Und so trägt mich denn die Welle
Fort mit unerflehter Schnelle.
Ach, schon ist die Flur verschwunden
Wo ich selig Sie gefunden!
Ewig hin, ihr Wonnetage!
Hoffnungsleer verhallt die Klage
Um das schöne Heimathland,
Wo ich ihre Liebe fand.

And so the waves bear me forward
with unsympathetic speed.
Ah, the fields have already disappeared
where I once discovered her!
Blissful days, you are eternally past!
Hopelessly my lament echoes
around my fair homeland,
where I found her love.

Sieh, wie flieht der Strand vorüber,
Und wie drängt es mich hinüber,
Zieht mit unnennbaren Banden,
An der Hütte dort zu landen,
In der Laube dort zu weilen;
Doch des Stromes Wellen eilen
Weiter, ohne Rast und Ruh,
Führen mich dem Weltmeer zu!

See how the shore dashes past;
yet how drawn I am to cross:
I'm pulled by unnameable bonds
to land there by that little hut
and to linger there beneath the foliage;
but the waves of the river
hurry me onward without rest,
leading me out to the sea!

Ach, vor jener dunklen Wüste,
Fern von jeder heitern Küste,
Wo kein Eiland zu erschauen,
O, wie faßt mich zitternd Grauen!
Wehmuthsthränen sanft zu bringen,
Kann kein Lied vom Ufer dringen;
Nur der Sturm weht kalt daher
Durch das grau gehob'ne Meer!

Ah, before that dark wasteland
far from every smiling coast,
where no island can be seen -
oh how I'm gripped with trembling horror!
Gently bringing tears of grief,
songs from the shore can no longer reach me;
only a storm, blowing coldly from there,
can cross the grey, heaving sea!

Kann des Auges sehndend Schweifen
Keine Ufer mehr ergreifen,
Nun so schau'ich zu den Sternen
Auf in jenen heil'gen Fernen!
Ach bei ihrem milden Scheine
Nannt' ich sie zuerst die Meine;
Dort vielleicht, o tröstend Glück!
Dort beegn' ich ihrem Blick.

If my longing eyes, surveying the shore,
can no longer glimpse it,
then I will gaze upward to the stars
into that sacred distance!
Ah, beneath their placid light
I once called her mine;
there perhaps, o comforting future!
there perhaps I shall meet her gaze.

Abraham and Isaac:

This English piece artfully utilizes both voices in an evocative way--when both singers are singing in unison, it represents God, delivering a message. The piece details the story of Abraham and his most beloved son, Isaac, who God orders to him to kill to prove his devotion.

Duetto:

LAKME

Viens, Mallika, les lianes en fleurs	Come, Mallika, the creepers are in flower
Jettent déjà leur ombre	They already cast their shadows
Sur le ruisseau sacré qui coule,	On the sacred river which flows,
calme et sombre,	calmly and serenely,
Eveillé par le chant des oiseaux tapageurs!	They have awakened by the song birds!

MALLIKA

Oh! maîtresse,	Oh! mistress,
C'est l'heure où je te vois sourire,	This is the time when your face smiles,
L'heure bénie où je puis lire	The time when I can read
dans le coeur toujours fermé de Lakmé!	Lakmé secrets hidden in her heart!

LAKME

Dôme épais le jasmin,	Dome made of jasmine,
A la rose s'assemble,	Entwined with the rose together,
Rive en fleurs frais matin,	Both in flower, a fresh morning,
Nous appellent ensemble.	Call us together.
Ah! glissons en suivant	Ah! let us float along
Le courant fuyant:	On the river's current:
Dans l'on de frémissante,	On the shining waves,
D'une main nonchalante,	Our hands reach out to
Gagnons le bord,	The flowering bank,
Où l'oiseau chante,	Where the birds sing,
l'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.	o the lovely birds sing.
Dôme épais, blanc jasmin,	Dome of white jasmine,
Nous appellent ensemble!	Calling us together!

MALLIKA

Sous le dôme épais, où le blanc jasmin	Under the dome of white jasmine,
A la rose s'assemble,	Entwined with the rose together,
Sur la rive en fleurs riant au matin,	On the bank covered with flowers,
	Laughing through the morning,
Viens, descendons ensemble.	Let us descend together.
Doucement glissons	Gently floating
De son flot charmant	on its charming swells
Suivons le courant fuyant:	On the river's current:
Dans l'onde frémissante,	On the shining waves
D'une main nonchalante,	One hand reaches out to,
Viens, gagnons le bord,	Reaching for the bank,
Où la source dort	Where spring sleeps
Et l'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.	And the birds, the birds sing.
Sous le dôme épais,	Under the dome of jasmine,
Sous le blanc jasmin,	Under the white jasmine,
Ah! descendons ensemble!	Ah! calling us together!

LAKME

Mais, je ne sais quelle crainte subite,	But, I do not know subtle fear,
S'empare de moi,	Enfolds me,
Quand mon père va seul	When my father goes alone
à leur ville maudite;	to that cursed town;
Je tremble, je tremble d'effroi!	I tremble, I tremble in fear!

MALLIKA

Pourquoi le Dieu Ganeça le protège,
Jusqu'à l'étang où s'ébattent joyeux
Les cygnes aux ailes de neige,
Allons cueillir les lotus bleus.

For the god Ganessa protects him,
Let us venture to the joyous pool
The swans with wings of white are happy,
Let us go there and gather the blue lotus.

LAKME

Oui, près des cygnes
aux ailes de neige,
Allons cueillir les lotus bleus.

Yes, near the swans ,
with wings of white
Let us go there and gather the blue lotus.

LAKME

Dôme épais le jasmin,
A la rose s'assemble,
Rive en fleurs frais matin,
Nous appellent ensemble.
Ah! glissons en suivant
Le courant fuyant:
Dans l'on de frémissante,
D'une main nonchalante,
Gagnons le bord,
Où l'oiseau chante,
l'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.
Dôme épais, blanc jasmin,
Nous appellent ensemble!

Dome made of jasmine,
Entwined with the rose together,
Both in flower, a fresh morning,
Call us together.
Ah! let us float along
On the river's current:
On the shining waves,
Our hands reach out to
The flowering bank,
Where the birds sing,
o the lovely birds sing.
Dome of white jasmine,
Calling us together!

MALLIKA

Sous le dôme épais, où le blanc jasmin
A la rose s'assemble,
Sur la rive en fleurs riant au matin,

Under the dome of white jasmine,
Entwined with the rose together,
On the bank covered with flowers,
Laughing through the morning,

Viens, descendons ensemble.
Doucement glissons
De son flot charmant
Suivons le courant fuyant:
Dans l'onde frémissante,
D'une main nonchalante,
Viens, gagnons le bord,
Où la source dort
Et l'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.
Sous le dôme épais,
Sous le blanc jasmin,
Ah! descendons ensemble!

Let us descend together.
Gently floating
on its charming swells
On the river's current:
On the shining waves
One hand reaches out to,
Reaching for the bank,
Where spring sleeps
And the birds, the birds sing.
Under the dome of jasmine,
Under the white jasmine,
Ah! calling us together!

LAKME & MALLIKA

Ah! ah! ah!
Ah! ah! ah!

Lakmé, daughter of the Brahmin priest, and her servant, Mallika gather flowers together in order to prepare for a river bath.
Here, they sing of the beauty of the flowers among the banks.O boundless, boundless evening: Samuel Barber
Text by Christopher Middleton after the German of Georg Heym.