

Williams College Department of Music



Christine Pash '18, soprano Senior Recital

J.S. Bach (1685 – 1750) “Ich folge dir gleichfalls,” from *Saint John Passion*

Tiffany Sun '18, flute, Natalie Newton '20, piano

J. Brahms (1833 – 1897) *Meine liebe ist grün*, op. 63, No. 5

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer, op. 105, No. 2

Wie Melodien zieht es mir, op. 105, No. 1

Edwin Lawrence, piano

W.A. Mozart (1756 – 1791) “Giunse Alfin Il Momento...Deh Vieni, Non Tardar,”
from *Le Nozze di Figaro*

Natalie Newton '20, piano

Claire de Lune

Gabriel Faure (1845 – 1924), op. 46, No. 2
Claude Debussy (1862 – 1918), L 32

Erin Kennedy '19, piano

Mandoline

Gabriel Faure, op. 58, No. 1

Erin Kennedy '19, piano

Claude Debussy, L 29

Edwin Lawrence, piano

S. Barber (1910 – 1981) 3 songs, op. 45

1. *Now have I fed and eaten up the rose*
2. *A green lowland of pianos*
3. *O boundless, boundless evening*

Stephen Ai '18, piano

**Saturday, May 12, 2018
1:00 p.m.**

*Brooks-Rogers Recital Hall
Williamstown, Massachusetts*

Please turn off cell phones.

No photography or recording is permitted



Christine Pash '18 is a senior and a music major who studies voice with Erin Nafziger. At Williams College, you may have seen her in the 2016-2018 Opera Workshops, the 2017 and 2018 I/O Festivals, the Concert and Chamber Choirs, and Theatre Department productions. Most recently she played Flipote in the Theatre Department's production of *Tartuffe*, by Molière. Christine's opera roles include Third Spirit in *Die Zauberflöte* (Bethesda Summer Music Festival) and Miss Paige in Dan Shore's *An Embarrassing Position* (Miami Music Festival). In the Fall of 2016, Christine had the opportunity to study music in Milan, Italy, where she sang Verdi's *Requiem* with the La Verdi Choir.

Texts and English Translations

J.S. Bach (1685-1750)

Ich folge dir gleichfalls from *Saint John Passion*

Ich folge dir gleichfalls mit freudigen Schritten
Und lasse dich nicht, mein Leben, mein Licht.
Befördreden Lauf und höre nicht auf,
Selbst an mir zu ziehen, zu schieben, zu bitten
[repeat first two lines]

I follow thee also with joy-lightened footsteps
and never leave thee, my life and my light.
O speed Thou my way, and cease not
to draw me, to push me, to call me.
[repeat first two lines]

J. Brahms (1833-1897)

Meine Liebe ist grün, op. 63, No. 5

Text by Felix Schumann (1854-1879)

Meine Leibe ist grün wie der Fliederbusch,
Und mein Lieb' ist schön wie die Sonne;
Die glänzt wohl herab auf den Fliederbusch
Und fühlt ihn mit Duft und mit Wonne

Meine Seele hat Schwingen der Nachtigall
Und wiegt sich in blühendem Flieder
Und jauchzet und singet vom Duft berauscht
Viel liebestrukene Lieder.

My love is verdant like the lilac bush,
and my loved one is beautiful like the sun
that shines down on the lilac bush
and fills it with fragrance and rapture

My soul has the wings of the nightingale;
and it sways gently in blossoming lilac
and rejoices and sings—drunk from fragrance-
Many love-intoxicated songs.

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer, op. 105, No. 2

Text by Hermann von Lingg (1820-1905)

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer
Nur wie Schleier liegt mein Kummer
Zitternd über mir.
Oft im Traume hör ich dich
Rufen draus vor meiner Tür,
Niemand wacht und öffnet dir
Ich erwach und weine bitterlich.

Ja, ich werde sterben müssen,
Eine andre wirst du küssen,
Wenn ich bleich und kalt.
Eh die Maienlüfte wehn,
Eh die Drossel singt im Wald:
Willst du mich noch einmal sehn
Komm, o komme bald!

Ever lighter becomes my slumber
like a veil lies my sorrow
Trembling over me.
Often in my dreams I hear you
calling outside my door.
No one wakes and opens for you;
I wake up and weep bitterly

Yes, I shall have to die;
You will kiss another
When I am pale and cold.
Before the May breezes blow,
Before the thrush sings in wood,
if you want to see me once more,
Come—o come soon!

Wie Melodien zieht es mir, op. 105, No. 1

Text by Klaus Johann Groth (1819-1899)

Wie Melodien zieht es
Mir leise durch den Sinn.
Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es
Und schwebt es Duft dahin.

Doch kommt das Wort und faßt es
Und führt es vor das Aug,
Wie Nebelgrau erblaßt es
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch

Und dennoch ruhe im Reime
Verborgen wohl ein Duft,
Den mild aus stillem Keime
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

Like melodies it pervades
my senses softly.
Like spring flowers it blooms
and drifts along like fragrance.

But when a word comes and grasps it
and brings it before the eye,
like gray mist it fades
and vanishes like a breath

And yet there remains in the rhyme
a certain hidden fragrance,
which gently, from the dormant bud,
a tearful eye evokes.

W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)

Giunse Alfin Il Momento...Deh Vieni, Non Tardar from *Le Nozze di Figaro*

Recitativo

Giunse alfin il momento
Che godrò senza affanno
in braccio all'idol mio.
Timide cure uscite dal mio petto
A turbar non venite il mio diletto.
Oh come par che all'amoroso foco
L'amenità del loco, la terra
e il ciel risponda.
Come la notte i furti miei seconda.

Finally I've reached the moment
when I will delight without hesitation
in my beloved's arms.
Timid feelings get off my chest
Do not disturb my delight.
O how it seems to the inamored heart
the attractiveness of the place, the earth
and the sky respond.
How the night favors my clever plans.

Aria

Deh vieni, non tardar, o gioia bella.
Vieni ove amore per goder t'appella
Finché non splende in ciel notturna face
Finché l'aria è ancor bruna e il mondo tace
Qui mormora il ruscel, qui scherza l'aura
Che col dolce susurro il cor ristaura
Qui ridono i fioretti e l'erba è fresca
Ai piaceri d'amor qui tutto adescà
Vieni, ben mio, tra queste piante ascose,
Vieni, vieni!
Ti vo' la fronte incoronar di rose.

Come, don't delay, o beautiful joy
Come where love calls you to delight
Until the nocturnal lights no longer shine
Until the air is still dark and the world is silent
Here the creek murmurs, here the air plays
that with a sweet whisper restores the heart
Here the flowers laugh and the air is fresh
Everything entices one to love's pleasures
Come, my love, among these hidden plants
Come, come!
I want to crown your forehead with roses.

Clair de Lune

Gabriel Faure (1845-1924), Op. 46, no. 2

Claude Debussy (1862-1918), L 32

Text by Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.

Your soul is a chosen country
Where charming maskers and revelers go
Playing the lute and dancing and almost
Sad beneath their fantastic costumes.

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,

All singing in the minor mode
of victorious love and fortunate living,
they don't believe their happiness
and their song mingles with the moonlight

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.

To the calm, sad and beautiful moonlight
that makes the birds in the trees dream
and the fountains sob with ecstasy
Those slender fountains among the marble.

Translation based on Peter Low's translation (Lieder.net)

Mandoline

Gabriel Faure (1845-1924), Op. 58, no. 1

Claude Debussy (1862-1918), L 29

Text by Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

The serenaders
And their beautiful listeners
Exchange silly remarks
Under the songful branches

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle [fait]¹ maint vers tendre.

There's Tircis and there's Aminte,
and there's the eternal Clitandre,
And there's Damis who for cruel women
Writes many tender verses.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,

Their short silk vests
Their long-trained dresses
Their elegance and their joy
And their long, soft, blue shadows

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Whirl in the ecstasy
Of a pink and gray moon
And the mandoline prattles a tune
Among the shivers of the breeze

Translation based on those by Leonard Lehrman (Lieder.net) and Barbara Meister (*Nineteenth Century French Song...*, Indiana U. P., 1980).

Tircis, Aminte, Clitandre and Damis are all French literary or Commedia dell'Arte characters, according to Barbara Meister (*Nineteenth Century French Song...*, 81).

S. Barber (1910-1981)

Three Songs, op. 45

1. Now have I fed and eaten up the rose

Text by James Joyce (1882-1941), after the German of Gottfried Keller (1819-1890)

Now have I fed and eaten up the rose
Which then she laid within my stiffcold hand.
That I should ever feed upon a rose
I never had believed in liveman's land.

Only I wonder was it white or red
The flower that in the [darkness]* my food has been.
Give us, and if Thou give, thy daily bread,
Deliver us from evil, Lord, Amen.

2. *A green lowland of pianos*

Text by Czesław Miłosz (1911-2004), after the Polish of Jerzy Harasymowicz (1933-1999)

in the evening
as far as the eye can see
herds
of black pianos

up to their knees
in the mire
they listen to the frogs

they gurgle in water
with chords of rapture

they are entranced
by froggish, moonish spontaneity

after the vacation
they cause scandals
in a concert hall
during the artistic milking
suddenly they lie down
like cows

looking with indifference
at the white flowers
of the audience

at the gesticulating
of the ushers

3. *O boundless, boundless evening*

Text by Christopher Middleton (1926-2015), after the German of Georg Heym (1887-1912).

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.