

CAL STATE EAST BAY

Department of Music
presents
in Senior Recital
Andrew Kessler, baritone
And In Junior Recital
Seth Mijares, tenor
And
Suyeon Shin, soprano
with
Dr. Jeffrey Sykes, piano

Sunday, April 28th, 2024 | 2:30pm
Recital Hall, MB 1055

PROGRAM

Here Amid the Shady Woods From <i>Alexander Balus</i> , HWV 65	George Frideric Handel (b. 1685-1759)
The People That Walked In Darkness from <i>Messiah</i> , HWV 56	George Frederic Handel (b. 1685 - 1759)
Deposuit Potentes From <i>Magnificat</i> , BWV. 243	Johann Sebastian Bach) (b. 1685 - 1750)
Dies Bildnis ist bezaubernd schön from <i>Die Zauberflöte</i> , K. 620	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (b. 1756 - 1791)
Rivolgete a lui lo sguardo From <i>Cosi Fan Tutte</i> , K 588	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (b. 1756 - 1791)

Ich schleiche bang' und still herum
From *Der häusliche Krieg: Die Verschworenen* Franz Schubert
(b. 1797 - 1828)

with
Kyle Wright, Clarinet
Me Chuen Wan, Piano

Ich Wandte Mich
from *Vier Ernste Gesänge*, Op. 121 Johannes Brahms
(b. 1833 - 1897)

Von Ewiger Liebe
From *Vier Gesänge*, Op. 42 Johannes Brahms
(b. 1833 - 1897)

Meine Liebe ist grün
From *Junge Lieder*, Op. 63 Johannes Brahms
(b. 1833 - 1897)

Warm as the Autumn Light
From *The Ballad of Baby Doe* Douglas Moore
(1893 - 1969)

Vainement, ma bien-aimée
from *Le Rois D'ys* Édouard Lalo
(b. 1823 - 1892)

Quel guardo, il cavaliere... So anch'io la virtù magica
From *Don Pasquale* Gaetano Donizetti
(b. 1797-1848)

-Intermission-

Ten Thousand Miles Away
From *American Folk Set* Steven Mark Kohn
(b. 1957)

Orpheus and His Lute William Schuman
(b. 1910-1992)

L'amour Captif Cécile Chaminade
(b. 1857-1944)

Nuit d'étoiles	Claude Debussy (b. 1862-1918)
꽃 피는 날 (A Blooming day)	Hwan-Ho Jung
Corner of the Sky from <i>Pippin</i>	Stephen Schwartz (b. 1948)
Soliloquy from <i>Carousel</i>	Richard Rogers (b. 1902 - 1979)
Duetto Buffo di due Gatti	Gioachino Rossini (b. 1792 - 1868)

With
Paco Wong, tenor

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the degree
Bachelor of Arts in Music

Mr. Kessler, Mr. Mijares, and Ms. Shin study with Christine Abraham and Jeffrey Sykes

Ich wandte mich
Poem by Martin Luther

Ich wandte mich und sahe an alle,
die Unrecht leiden unter der Sonne;
Und siehe, da waren Tränen derer,
Die Unrecht litten und hatten keinen Tröster,
Und die ihnen Unrecht taten, waren zu mächtig,
Daß sie keinen Tröster haben konnten.

Da lobte ich die Toten, die schon gestorben waren
Mehr als die Lebendigen, die noch das Leben hatten;
Und der noch nicht ist, ist besser, als alle beide,
Und des Bösen nicht inne wird, das unter der Sonne
geschieht.

L'amour captif
Poem by Thérèse Maquet

Mignonne, à l'amour j'ai lié les ailes;
Il ne pourra plus prendre son essor
Ni quitter jamais nos deux coeurs fidèles.
D'un noeud souple et fin de vos cheveux d'or,
Mignonne, à l'amour j'ai lié les ailes!

Chère, de l'amour si capricieux
J'ai dompté pourtant le désir volage:
Il suit toute loi que dictent vos yeux,
Et j'ai mis enfin l'amour en servage,
Ô chère! l'amour, si capricieux!

Ma mie, à l'amour j'ai lié les ailes.
Laissez par pitié ses lèvres en feu
Effleurer parfois vos lèvres rebelles,
A ce doux captif souriez un peu;
Ma mie, à l'amour j'ai lié les ailes!

I returned, and saw all
all the injustice under the sun;
and I saw the tears of those
who were oppressed, and they had no comforter,
and those oppressors had so much power;
they could have no comfort.

So I praised the dead, who had already died
more than the living, who are still alive.
And he who is neither, is better than both,
who has not seen the evil that, under the sun, is done.

*Translation copyright © by Laura Prichard
from The LiederNet Archive, <https://lieder.net>*

My love, I have tied the wings of love;
It will not now be able to soar
Nor ever leave our two faithful hearts.
I have tied the wings of love, beloved,
With a fine and supple knot of your golden hair.

Beloved, I have tamed the fickle desire
Of such capricious love:
Love now follows each law your eyes dictate,
And I have finally enthralled love,
O beloved, such capricious love.

My darling, I have tied the wings of love.
Have mercy and let its ardent lips
Sometimes brush against your rebellious lips,
Smile a little at this meek prisoner;
My darling, I have tied the wings of love.

*Translation copyright © by Richard Stokes
from Oxford International Song Festival, <https://oxfordsongs.org>*

Rivolgete a lui lo sguardo
Text by Lorenzo da Ponte

GUGLIELMO:

Rivolgete a lui lo sguardo
E vedrete come sta:
Tutto dice, io gelo, io ardo
Idol mio, pietà, pietà,
Io ardo, io gelo, io ardo
Idol mio, pietà, pietà,

E voi cara un sol momento
Il bel ciglio a me volgete
E nel mio ritroverete
Quel che il labbro dir non sa.

Un Orlando innamorato
Non è niente in mio confronto;
Un Medoro il sen piagato
Verso lui per nulla io conto:

Son di foco i miei sospiri
Son di bronzo i suoi desiri,
Se si parla poi di merto
Certo io sono e egli è certo
Che gli uguali non si trovano
Da Vienna al Canadà,

Siam due Cresi per ricchezza,
Due Narcisi per bellezza
In amor i Marcantoni
Verso noi sarian buffoni
Siam più forti d'un ciclopo,
Letterati al par di Esopo.

Se balliamo un Pich ne cede
Sì gentil e snello è il piede,
Se cantiam col trillo solo
Facciam torto all'usignuolo,
E qualch'altro capitale
Abbiam poi che alcun non sa.

Bella, bella, tengon sodo:
Se ne vanno ed io ne godo!
Eroine di costanza,

Look at him
And you will see how it is:
Everything he says, I freeze, I burn
My idol, mercy, mercy,
I burn, I freeze, I burn
My idol, mercy

And you darling, for just one moment
Turn your beautiful eyes to me
And in mine you will find
What the others do not know.

An Orlando in love
It's nothing compared to me;
Medoro the wounded knight
His fame cannot compete.

My sighs are of fire
His desires are of bronze,
If we talk about abilities
Then no equals
To us may be found
From Vienna to Canada.

The two of us are rich as Croesus,
We are two daffodils of beauty
The Marc Anthonys compared
To us are buffoons

We are stronger than Cyclops,
More knowledgeable than Aesop.

If we dance, Le Picq bows to
our refined narrow feet,
If we sing with a simple trill
It outshines the nightingale,
Our physical bodies
Are beyond compare.

Beautiful, beautiful fiances,
You will hold firm:

specchi son di fedeltà

Our heroines of constancy,
Our mirrors of fidelity.

*Translation copyright © by Christian Anderson
from the LiederNet Archive, <https://lieder.net>*

Duetto Buffo di due Gatti (Comic Duet for Two Cats)
Text by an Italian cat

Miau

Meow

Translation copyright © by an English cat

Ich schleiche bang' und still herum
By Franz Schubert

Ich schleiche bang' und still herum,
das Herz pocht mir so schwer,
das Leben däucht mich öd und stumm
und Flur und Burg so leer!
Und jede Freude spricht mir Hohn,
Und jeder Ton ist Klage-ton, ja Klage-ton,
ist der Geliebte fern,
Trübt sich der Augenstern!
Ach! Was die Liebe einmal band,
soll nie sich trennen mehr;
was suchst Du in dem fremden Land
und weit dort über'm Meer?
Wenn dort aduch bunt're Blumen blüh'n,
kein Herz wird Heisser für Dich glüh'n,
ja keines!
O bleib' nicht länger fern,
Du meines Lebens Stern!

I wander in fear and silence,
my heart beats so heaavily;
life seems desolate and mute to me
and meadow and castle so empty!
All happiness is offensive to me,
and every sound is a lament,
if my beloved is far away,
my eyes become cloudy!
Ah! That which love once joined,
Should not be separated again;
what are you seeking in an foreign land
far across the sea?
Even though colorful flowers may bloom there,
No heart will burn more passionately for you,
no none!
Oh, do not remain away any longer,
You who are my life's star!

*Literal translation and IPA transcription 2021 by Bard
Suverkrop—IPA Source, LLC*

Von Ewiger Liebe
By Johannes Brahms

Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald und in Feld!
Abend schon ist es, nun schweiget die Welt.
Nirgend noch Licht und nirgend noch Rauch,
Ja, und die Lerche sie schweiget nun auch.
Kommt aus dem Dorfe der Bursche heraus,
Gibt das Geleit der Geliebten nach Haus,
Führt sie am Weidengebüsche vorbei,
Redet so viel und so mancherlei:
"Leidest du Schmach und betrübest du dich,
Leidest du Schmach von andern um mich,
Werde die Liebe getrennt so geschwind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.
Scheide mit Regen und scheide mit Wind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind."
Spricht das Mägdelein, Mägdelein spricht:
"Unsere Liebe sie trennet sich nicht!
Fest ist der Stahl und das Eisen gar sehr,
Unsere Liebe ist fester noch mehr.
Eisen und Stahl, man schmiedet sie um,
Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt sie um?
Eisen und Stahl, sie können zergehn,
Unsere Liebe muß ewig bestehn!"

Dark, how dark in forest and field!
Evening already, and the world is silent.
Nowhere a light and nowhere smoke,
And even the lark is silent now too.
Out of the village there comes a lad,
Escorting his sweetheart home,
He leads her past the willow-copse,
Talking so much and of so many things:
'If you suffer sorrow and suffer shame,
Shame for what others think of me,
Then let our love be severed as swiftly,
As swiftly as once we two were plighted.
Let us depart in rain and depart in wind,
As swiftly as once we two were plighted.'
The girl speaks, the girl says:
"Our love cannot be severed!
Steel is strong, and so is iron,
Our love is even stronger still:
Iron and steel can both be reforged,
But our love, who shall change it?
Iron and steel can be melted down,
Our love must endure for ever!"

*Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The Book of Lieder
(Faber, 2005)*

Nuit d'étoiles
By Claude Debussy

Nuit d'étoiles, Sous tes voiles,
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre
Qui soupire,
Je rêve aux amours défunts.
La sereine mélancolie
Vient éclore au fond de mon cœur,
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.
**Nuit d'étoiles...
Je revois à notre fontaine

*Night of stars, Beneath your veils,
beneath your breeze and fragrance,
Sad lyre
That sighs,
I dream of bygone loves.
Serene melancholy
Now blooms deep in my heart,
And I hear the soul of my love
Quiver in the dreaming woods.
**(Repeat) Night of stars...
Once more at our fountain I see

Tes regards bleus comme les cieux;
Cette rose, c'est ton haleine,
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.
***Nuit d'étoiles...

Your eyes as blue as the sky;
This rose is your breath
And these stars are your eyes.
***(Repeat) Night of stars...

*Translation © Richard Stokes, from A French Song Companion
(Oxford, 2000)*

꽃 피는 날 (A Blooming day)

By Hwan-Ho Jung

홀로 있는 밤 시린 공기가
모퉁이 구석진 곳 차갑게 스밀 때
흔적도 없는 빛 바랜 그곳에
잠시 기대어 생각을 해본다
난 가끔씩 그려보았네
그리움을 뱉어낸 뒤에 꿈꾸는 날들
난 가끔씩 꿈꿔보았네
차가운 가슴 뛰게 하는 바랬던 날들
지쳐있던 나를 일으켜
차갑고 깊은 바다 먼 곳에서
거센 파도와 차가운 바람과 시린 한숨들이
입가에 맺힐 때
난 가끔씩 꿈꿔보았네
차가운 가슴 뛰게 하는 바랬던 날들
지쳐있던 나를 일으켜
차갑고 깊은 바다 먼 곳에서
거센 파도와 차가운 바람과 시린 한숨들이
입가에 맺힐 때
내 마음에 위로가 되어
잊혀진 기억 초라한 그 곳에
작고 하얗게 피어난 꽃처럼
아름다운 날
숨쉬는 오늘이
아름답게, 아름답게 피어나

On a night alone when the cold air
Passes through every corner
I lean against the faded light
and think for a while
I've sometimes drawn it
the days after spitting out my longing
I've sometimes dreamed about it
the days I wished for made my cold heartbeat
faster
Raised me from exhaustion
in cold and deep sea
With strong waves, cold wind, and cold sighs
When these things form on my lips
I've sometimes dreamed about it
the days I wished for made my cold heartbeat
faster
Raised me from exhaustion
in cold and deep sea
With strong waves, cold wind, and cold sighs
When these things form on my lips
Comforted my heart
Forgotten memories shabby surroundings
Like tiny white flower
Beautiful day
Today is the day of breathing
Beautifully, beautifully bloom it

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Quel guardo, il cavaliere... So anch'io la virtù
magica
By Gaetano Donizetti

Quel guardo,
il cavaliere in mezzo al cor trafisse,
Piegò i ginocchio e disse:
Son vostro cavalier.
E tanto era in quel guardo
Sapor di paradiso,
Che il cavalier Riccardo,
Tutto d'amor conquiso,
Giurò che ad altra mai,
Non volgeria il pensier."
Ah, ah!
So anch'io la virtù magica
D'un guardo a tempo e loco,
So anch'io come si bruciano
I cori a lento foco,
D'un breve sorrisetto
Conosco anch'io l'effetto,
Di menzognera lagrima,
D'un subito languor,
Conosco i mille modi
Dell'amorose frodi,
I vezzi e l'arti facili
Per adescare un cor.
Ho testa bizzarra,
son pronta vivace,
Brillare mi piace scherzar:
Se monto in furore
Di rado sto al segno,
Ma in riso lo sdegno fo presto a cangiar,
Ho testa bizzarra,
Ma core eccellente, ah!

That look,
pierced the knight in the middle of the heart,
He folded his body, bent at his knees and said
I am your knight.
And so it was in that look
a taste of paradise,
That the knight Richard,
Conquered by love,
Swore that never to another,
Woman would he ever think about."
Ah, ah!
I too know the magical power
of a look at the right time and place,
I know how the heart burns
in slow fires,
of a brief smile
I know the effect,
Of lying tears,
On a sudden languor,
I know a thousand ways
love can fraud,
The charms and arts are easy
To fool the heart.
I have a bizarre mind
I possess a ready wit,
I like joking:
If I get furious
I'm rarely able to remain calm,
But my disdain can soon turn to laughter,
I have a bizarre mind
But an excellent heart, ah!

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Deposuit by Johann Bach

Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles

He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and
exalted them of low degree

Vainement Me Bien Aimee
by Edouard Lalo

Vainement, ma bien-aimee,
On croit me desesperer :
Pres de ta porte fermee.
Je veux encor demeurer !
Les soleils pourront s'eteindre,
Les nuits remplacer les jours,
Sans t'accuser at sans me plaindre,
La je resterai toujours !
Je le sais, ton ame est douce,
Et l'heure bientot viendra,
Ou la main qui me repousse.
Vers la mienne se tendra!
Ne sois pas trop tardive
A te laisser attendrir !
Si Rozenn bientot n'arrive,
Je vais, helas ! mourir !

In vain, my beloved,
do I seem to despair:
next to your closed door
I am determined to stay!
Suns may be extinguished,
nights replace days,
but without blaming you and without
complaining,
I shall stay here forever!
I know that you have a kind heart,
and the hour will soon come
when the hand which now pushes me away
will reach out towards mine!
Do not delay too long
in allowing yourself to be won over by your tender
feelings;
If Rozenn does not appear soon soon,
I, alas, shall die!

Dies Bildnis Ist Bezaubernd Schön
by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Dies Bildnis ist bezaubernd schön,
wie noch kein Auge je gesehn!
Ich fühl' es, wie dies Götterbild,
mein Herz mit neuer Regung füllt.

This image is enchantingly lovely,
Like no eye has ever beheld!
I feel it as this divine picture,
Fills my heart with new emotion.

Dies Etwas kann ich zwar nicht nennen,
doch fühl' ich's hier wie Feuer brennen,
soll die Empfindung Liebe sein?
Ja, ja, die Liebe ist's allein.

I cannot name my feeling,
Though I feel it burn like fire within me,
Could this feeling be love?
Yes! Yes! It is love alone.

O wenn ich sie nur finden könnte,
O wenn sie doch schon vor mir stände,
ich würde, würde, warm und rein!
Was würde ich?

Oh, if only I could find her,
Oh, if only she were already standing in front of me,
I'd become, become, warm and pure.
What would I do?

Ich würde sie voll Entzücken
an diesen heißen Busen drücken,
und ewig wäre sie dann mein.

Upon this heart, Full of rapture,
I would press her to this glowing bosom,
And then she would be mine forever!

Meine Liebe Ist Grün
by Johannes Brahms

Meine Liebe ist grün wie der Fliederbusch
Und mein Lieb ist schön wie die Sonne;
Die glänzt wohl herab auf den Fliederbusch
Und füllt ihn mit Duft und mit Wonne.

My love's as green as the lilac bush,
And my sweetheart's as fair as the sun;
The sun shines down on the lilac bush,
Fills it with delight and fragrance.

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

My soul has a nightingale's wings
And sways in the blossoming lilac,
And, drunk with fragrance, exults and sings
Many a love-drunk song.