

Amanda Phan, Mezzo-Soprano

with

Yiqian Song, Piano

Senior Undergraduate Recital
Recital Hall | 9 Nov 2015 | 7:30PM

Program

Non lo dirò col labbro (from *Tolomeo*)
Cangia, cangia tue voglie
Der Jüngling an der Quelle
Die Rose

George Frideric Handel (1726–1728)
Giovanni Battista Fasolo (1598–1664)
Franz Schubert (1797–1828)
Franz Schubert

Seven Elizabethan Songs, Op. 12
Weep You No More, No. 1
By a Fountainside, No. 6
To the Sky

Roger Quilter (1877–1953)

Carl Strommen (1940–)

Everything a Girl Wants (from *Third Time's a Charm*)

Tim Rosser (1952–)

Charlie Sohne (1952–)

A Little Bit in Love (from *Wonderful Town*)

Leonard Bernstein (1918–1990)

I am Yours (from *Forward*)

Jonathan Reid Gealt

*Please hold applause until the conclusion of each set

I would like to thank my family and friends for their endless support and constant love; my accompanist, Yiqian, for being such a lovely person and for all her flexibility in putting this recital together; my professor, Anne Kopta, for all the help she's given me. I am forever grateful to you all.



School of Music

Non lo diro col labbro

(I will not say it with my lips)

I will not say it with my lips
which have not that courage;
Perhaps the sparks of my burning eyes,
Revealing my passion,
My glance will speak.

Cangia, cangia tue voglie

(Change, change your wishes)

Change, change your wishes, o my heart,
that would
Be faithful to a cruel woman.
Don't you realize, wretched one, that you are
wounded?
Leave off, leave off loving one who has
betrayed you.

Leave off, leave off loving one who has
fooled you with laughter,
With showing you a pleasant face.
Don't you realize, wretched one, that you are
wounded?
Leave off, leave off loving one who has
betrayed you.

Der Jüngling an der Quelle

(The Youth by the Spring)

Softly, trickling spring!
Ye churning, rustling poplars!
The sounds of slumber you make
Will only awaken my love.

Balm was I seeking from you
And to forget her indifference.
Ah, the brook and each tree
Sigh for my loved one, for thee.

Die Rose (The Rose)

Warmth, beguiling, lured me
to dare to risk the light,
where heat's fire burned so fiercely
I'm forced to grieve forever.
My bloom could have been long-lasting
had the days been bright and clear.
Now I quickly must wither,
life too soon forgone.

At the break of dawn
I relinquished all my shyness
and opened up the bud
where all my charms lay hidden.
Benignly I could scent
the air, and lift my crown . . .
The sun there grew too hot,
for which I must indict it.

What good is the mild evening?
I now must sadly ask;
it can no longer save me
or chase away my pain.
The sunset glow has vanished,
I'll soon be nipped by cold.
Dying, I still wished to tell
the tale of my brief young life.