

Saeyeon Amanda Kim
Voice-Soprano
Amanda Sherrill
Piano

DMA Recital
Organ Hall
Thursday, February 28, 2019 • 7:30 p.m.

ASU Herberger Institute
FOR DESIGN AND THE ARTS
ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY
School of Music

Program

Malinconia ninfa gentile
Ma rendi pur content
La ricordanza

Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)

Vaghissima Sembianza
Quelle labra non son rose
O del mio amato ben

Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)

From Puccini's Early Aria Collection Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

Se come voi from opera *Le Villi*
O fior del giorno from opera *Edgar*
Addio, mio dolce amor! from opera *Edgar*

Intermission

From Seven Elizabethan Lyrics, Op 12 Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

1. Weep you no more
2. My Life' Delight
3. DaMask Roses
4. The Faithless Shepherdess
5. Brown is my Love
6. By a Fountainside
7. Fair House of Joy

Come Ready and See Me
Waterbird
Will There Really Be a Morning?

Richard Hundley (1931-2018)

Out of respect for the performers and those audience members around you,
please turn all beepers, cell phones and watches to their silent mode.

Thank you.

Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)

Melancholy, gentle nymph

I devote my life to you.
One who despises your pleasures
Is not born to true pleasures.

I asked the gods for fountains and hills;
They heard me at last; I will live satisfied
Even though, with my desires, I never
Go beyond that fountain and that mountain.

Only make her happy

The heart of my beautiful lady,
And I will pardon you, love
If my own heart is not glad.

Her troubles I fear
More than my own troubles,
Because I live more in her
than I live in myself.

Recollection

It was night, and beside Her
Who alone reached my heart and there remains alone,
With those tears that impede words
I pleaded for pity on my anguish.

When She, lowering her lovely eyes,
Said (the mere memory of it makes my head whirl):
"Place your hand on my heart, and be consoled:
You should know that I love you and you alone",

This said from love, pale and trembling,
In the sweetest of acts she leaned
Her lovely face on my left shoulder.

Even if, after this bliss, grief was far more bitter,
Even if; for me, no moment matched this,
Ah! how dear was dying in that hour!

Very Charming Image

Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)

Very charming image of a woman formerly loved,
who, then, has portrayed you with so much similarity
that I look, and I speak, and I believe to have you
before me as in the beautiful days of love?

The dear remembrance which has been awakened
in my heart so ardently has revived my hopes,
so that a kiss, a vow, a cry of love?
more I do not ask of her who is silent forever.

Those lips, my lady

Those lips, my lady,
Are not roses of May;
(I used always to tell you then.)
Are there roses without thorns?
But I have kissed them just now and I have thought:
They are not a pair of roses,
But they are a great rose-tree!
So that I have even made bloody my heart on it.
No, they are not a pair of roses, my lady,
but a rose-tree!

Oh, lost enchantment of my dearly beloved!

Oh, lost enchantment of my dearly beloved!
Far from my eyes is he
who was, to me, glory and pride!
Now through the empty rooms
I always seek him and call him
with a heart full of hopes?
But I seek in vain, I call in vain!
And the weeping is so dear to me,
that with weeping alone I nourish my heart.

It seems to me, without him, sad everywhere.
The day seems like night to me;
the fire seems cold to me.
If, however, I sometimes hope
to give myself to another cure,
one thought alone torments me:
But without him, what shall I do?
To me, life seems a vain thing
without my beloved.

Se come voi from Act I opera *Le villi*

Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

Anna, daughter of Guglielmo, who engaged to Roberto. Anna puts her bouquet from her engagement celebration in Roberto's luggage. He is about to leave to go to Mainz where he has been left a fortune. She hopes that he will think of her when he looks at the flowers.

If I were tiny like you

If I were tiny like you, oh pretty flowers,
I could always be close to my love.
Then I would like to say to him. "I think always of you!"
I could be able to repeat to him. "Don't forget about me!"
You, who are better-off than me, will follow him, or flowers,
in the vales and on the hills, you will follow my love,
Oh, if the name you have is true, then repeat to my sweetheart,
"Don't forget about me!"

O fior del giorno from Act I opera *Edgar*

Fidelia, a young woman in love with Edgar, sister of Frank and daughter of Gualtiero.
Fidelia walks through the square of the village looking upon the flowers on the tree.
Their perfume brings hope to her.

Oh blossom of the day,
Hail, fair dawn!
Hope and exultation,
Gentle hymn of the blossoming day!
The air is full of heavenly fragrance.
Oh blossom of the year,
Hail, dawn of April!

Addio, mio dolce amor! from Act III opera *Edgar*

Fidelia, a young woman in love with Edgar, sister of Frank and daughter of Gualtiero.
Fidelia believes that Edgar has died as a great hero in battle. At his funeral, she sings
Farewell to her one true love, asking him to wait for her in Heaven.

Farewell, my sweet love!
Into the solemn, infinite shade
Where you are descending
I will come to... Wait for me!
Where you prevail, sorrow,
Youth blossoms no more!
Where you alone prevail, sorrow,
Youth blossoms no more!
Farewell, again, oh Edgar;
Your memory will be my only thought!
In paradise, in your glory,
Wait for me, Edgar!
Ah, Edgar, wait for me,
Oh Edgar, my only thought!
Wait for me in paradise, Edgar!

From Seven Elizabethan Lyrics, Op 12.

Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

1. Weep you no more

Weep you no more, sad fountains;
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!
But my sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping,
Softly now, softly lies
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets;
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at even he sets?
Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes!
Melt not in weeping
While she lies sleeping
Softly now, softly lies Sleeping.

2. My life's Delight

Come, O come, my life's delight!
Let me not in languor pine:
Love loves no delay, thy sight
The more enjoyed, the more divine.
O come, and take from me
The pain of being deprived of thee.

Thou all sweetness dost enclose,
Beauty guards thy looks: the rose
In them pure and eternal is.
Come then! and make thy flight
As swift to me as heavenly light!

3. DaMask Roses

Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting,
Which clad in damask mantles deck the arbours,
And then behold your lips where sweet love harbours,
My eyes present me with a double doubting;
For, viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes
Whether the roses be your lips or your lips the roses.

4. The Faithless Shepherdess

While that the sun with his beams hot	So long as I was in your sight
Scorchèd the fruits in vale and mountain,	I was your heart, your soul, and treasure;
Philon, the shepherd, late forgot,	And evermore you sobb'd and sigh'd
Sitting beside a crystal fountain,	Burning in flames beyond all measure:
In shadow of a green oak tree,	Three days endured your love to me
Upon his pipe this song play'd he:	And it was lost in other three!
Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love,	Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love,
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love!	Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love!
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.	Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

5. Brown is my Love

Brown is my Love, but graceful,
And each renownèd whitenss,
Matched with her lovely brown, loseth its brightness.

Fair is my Love, but scornful,
Yet have I seen despisèd
Dainty white lilies, and sad flowers well prizèd.

6. By a Fountainside

Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears:
Yet slower, yet; O faintly, gentle springs:
List to the heavy part the music bears,
Woe weeps out her division when she sings.
Droop herbs and flowers,
Fall grief in showers,
Our beauties are not ours;
O, I could still,
Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,
Drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since nature's pride is, now, a withered daffodil.

7. Fair House of Joy

Fain would I change that note
To which fond Love hath charm'd me
Long, long to sing by rote,
Fancying that that harm'd me:

Yet when this thought doth come
'Love is the perfect sum
Of all delight!'
I have no other choice
Either for pen or voice
To sing or write.

O Love! they wrong thee much
That say thy fruit is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.

Fair house of joy and bliss,
Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee:
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee.

Come ready and See me

Come ready and see me,
No matter how late
Come before the years run out,
I'm waiting with a candle
No wind will blow out,
But you must haste
By foot or by sky
For no one can wait forever
Under the bluest sky
I can't wait forever
For the years are running out.

from *Mr. Evening, And Nine Poems* by James Purdy.

Waterbird

Waterbird, waterbird
gently afloat,
know you my yearning
for places remote?

Water bird, water bird
under the sea,
keep you a kingdom
for sleepers like me?

from *An Oyster is a Wealthy Beast* by James Purdy.

Will There Really Be a Morning?

Will there really be a "Morning"?	Has it feet like Water lilies?
Is there such a thing as "Day"?	Has it feathers like a Bird?
Could I see it from the mountains	Is it brought from famous countries
If I were as tall as they?	Of which I have never heard?

Oh some Scholar! Oh some Sailor!
Oh some Wise Men from the skies!
Please to tell a little Pilgrim
Where the place called "Morning" lies!

from Emily Dickinson