

SAMUEL STEFANSKI

JUNIOR RECITAL

RECITAL HALL

MONDAY, OCTOBER 5TH, 2015 • 7:30 PM

 **Herberger Institute**
FOR DESIGN AND THE ARTS

ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

School of Music

Program

Please hold your applause until the end of each language set

Nina
Spirate pur spirate Anonymous
Stefano Donaudy
(1879-1925)

Fussreise
Anakreons Grab Hugo Wolf
Der Gärtner (1860-1903)

La Pluie Alexandre Georges
(1850-1938)
J'ai pleuré en rêve Georges Hüe
(1858-1948)

There will be a 10-minute intermission

Je crois entendre encore Georges Bizet
Les pêcheurs de perles (The Pearl Fishers) (1838-1875)

Fear no more the heat of the sun Roger Quilter
Under the greenwood tree (1877-1953)
It was a lover and his lass
Take, o take those lips away
Hey, ho, the wind and the rain

Early in the Morning Ned Rorem
(b.1923)

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.

*Special thanks to my teacher, David Britton, my
wonderful and incredibly talented accompanist,
Zhou Jiang, and my family and friends.*

#ittakesavillage

Nina

For three Nina has been in bed
Fifes, drums, cymbals,
Awaken my dear Nina,
So that she will sleep no longer.

Spirate pur, spirate

Breathe, still breathe around my
beloved,
Little breezes, and find out
If she holds me in her heart,
If she holds me in her heart.
Find out, blessed breezes,
Breezes light and blessed.

Der Gartner (The Gardener)

On her own little horse
That's as white as snow,
The fairest Princess
Comes riding along the avenue.
On the road where the horse
Prances so smartly,
The sand which I sprinkled,
Sparkles like gold!
Rose-coloured bonnet
Bobbing up and down...
Oh, toss a feather
Discreetly this way!
And should you wish
A flower for me in exchange,
Take a thousand for one...
Take them all just for one!

Anakreons Grab (Anacreon's Grave)

Here where the rose is blooming,
Where the vines twine themselves
around the laurel,
Where the dove coos,
Where the grasshopper rejoices,
What is this grave here, that all the
gods
With living plants have so
adorned?

It is Anacreon's resting place.
Spring, summer, and autumn
Were enjoyed by the happy poet;
And from the winter he was
shielded by
the hill.

Fussreise (A Walk)

When with a freshly-cut walking
staff,
In the early morning hours,
I walk through the woods,
Uphill and down;
And a little bird in the branches
Sings and bestirs itself,
Or the golden grape
Is rejoicing
In the first rays of the sun:
Then the old dear Adam in me
feels also
The spring and autumn fever,
Cherished by the Lord,
Never to be wasted,
The first joys of Paradise.
After all, you are not as bad,
Old Adam,
As the stern teachers say;
You still love and cherish,
Still sing and praise,
As on an ever new day of
creation,
Your beloved Creator and
Protector.
I wish it were so,
That my whole life were spent
In the easy sweat of wandering,
As on this morning walk!

La Pluie (The Rain)

The rain, the rain with green
fingers
Plays on the skin of the dead
leaves
Its joyful tune of the
tambourine,
The rain, the rain with blue feet

Dances its whirling dance,
Making circles in the dust.
The rain, the rain with its fresh
lips
Kisses the earth upon its
parched lip,
Causing the stays of the grain to
crack.

J'ai pleuré en rêve

I wept in my dream;
I dreamed that you were dead...
I awoke and the tears were
flowing down my cheeks.
I wept in my dream;
I dreamed that you left me...
I awoke and I wept bitterly for a
long time.
I wept in my dream:
I dreamed that you loved me
still...
I awoke, I awoke
And the torrent of my tears
flows endlessly.

Je crois entendre encore

I still believe I hear hidden
beneath the palm trees her voice,
tender and deep like the song of a
dove oh enchanting night divine
rapture delightful memory mad
intoxication, sweet dream. In the
clear starlight I still believe I see
her half drawing her long veil to
the warm night breeze. Oh
enchanting night divine rapture
delightful memory mad
intoxication, sweet dream.
Charming memory