

OLIVIA GARDNER
SOPRANO

HAEJU CHOI
COLLABORATIVE PIANIST

RECITAL SERIES
ORGAN HALL
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 2016 • 7:30 PM

ASU Herberger Institute
FOR DESIGN AND THE ARTS

ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

School of Music

Program

Weichet nur, betrübte Schatten Johann Sebastian Bach

1. Weichet nur, betrübte Schatten
2. Die Welt wird wieder neu
3. Phoebus eilt mit schnellen Pferden
4. Drum sucht auch Amor sein Vergnügen
5. Wenn die Frühlingslüfte streichen
6. Und dieses ist das Glücke
7. Sich üben im Lieben, in Scherzen sich herzen
8. So sei das Band der keuschen Liebe
9. Sehet in Zufriedenheit tausend helle Wohlfahrtstage

Sarah Bates-Kennard, Oboe
Gillian Kuroiwa, Cello
Haeju Choi, Harpsichord

There will be a 10-minute intermission

Come l'allodoletta Stefano Donaudy

Vaghissima sembianza Stefano Donaudy

O del mio amato ben Stefano Donaudy

Romance Claude Debussy

Clair de Lune Claude Debussy

Nuit d'Etoiles Claude Debussy

Goodnight My Someone Meredith Willson

Something Good Richard Rodgers

I Have Confidence Richard Rodgers

Please join us for a reception in the lobby following the program.

TRANSLATIONS

Bach Cantata No. 202, Wedding Cantata

1. Aria: Weichet nur, betrübte Schatten

Dissipate, you troublesome shadows,
frost and winds, go to your rest!
Flora's pleasures
the heart will
never exchange as joyful delight,
since she brings flowers with her.

2. Recitative: Die Welt wird wieder neu

The world becomes new again,
on the mountains and in the valleys
the loveliness clings with doubled beauty,
the day is free from any chill.

3. Aria: Phoebus eilt mit schnellen Pferden

Phoebus hastes with rapid horses
through the newly-born world,
indeed, since it pleases him,
he himself will become a lover.

4. Recitative: Drum sucht auch Amor sein Vergnügen

Therefore Love himself seeks his pleasure,
when crimson laughs in the fields,
when Flora's magnificence glories,
and when in his kingdom,
just like the beautiful blossoms,
hearts make a fiery triumph as well.

5. Aria: Wenn die Frühlingslüfte streichen

When the springtime breezes caress
and waft through colorful meadows,
Love will often slip abroad
to seek after his treasure,

which, it is believed, is this:
that one heart kisses another.

6. Recitative: Und dieses ist das Glücke

And this is happiness,
that through highly favorable fortune
two souls achieve such a treasure,
around which much worth and blessing shines.

7. Aria: Sich üben in Lieben

To be accustomed, in love,
to cuddle in playful tenderness
is better than Flora's fading delights.

Here the waves swell,
here on lip and breast
the triumphal palms smile and wave.

8. Recitative: So sei das Band der keuschen Liebe

So may the bond of chaste love,
committed pair,
be free from the inconstancy of change!
May no sudden fall
or thunder crack
disturb your amorous desires!

9. Aria: Sehnet in Zufriedenheit

May you behold in contentment
a thousand bright happy days,
so that soon in the coming time
your love may bear fruit!

Come l'allodoletta

Like the little skylark through the meadows,
So flee peace and happiness
From a gentle heart in which love rules alone!

Every joy, every sweetness passes
From a gentle heart in which love rules alone;
And the soul which feels the weight of it

Dies of cold like a flower!

Vaghissima sembianza

Very charming image of one 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 him who is silent forever.

O del mio amato ben

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.

Romance

The spent and suffering soul,
the gentle soul, the fragrant soul
of the divine lilies which I gathered
in the garden of your thought,
where then have winds driven it,
that adorable soul of the lilies?

Is there no perfume left
of the celestial sweetness
of the days when you enveloped me
in a transcendent vapour,
of hope, of faithful love,
of beatitude and of peace?

Clair de Lune

Your soul is a chosen landscape
charmed by masquers and revellers
playing the lute and dancing and almost
sad beneath their fanciful disguises!

Even while singing, in a minor key,
of victorious love and fortunate living
they do not seem to believe in their happiness,
and their song mingles with the moonlight,

the calm moonlight, sad and beautiful,
which sets the birds in the trees dreaming,
and makes the fountains sob with ecstasy,
the tall slender fountains among the marble statues!

Nuit d'Etoiles

Night of stars,
beneath your veils,
beneath your breeze and your perfumes,
sad lyre
which is sighing,
I dream of bygone loves.

Serene Melancholy

comes to blooms in the depths of my heart,
and I hear the soul of my beloved
quiver in the dreaming wood.

At our fountain I see again
your gazes, blue as the heavens;
this rose is your breath,
and these stars are your eyes.