

Logan Ferguson, Tenor

Haeju Choi, Piano

Junior Voice Recital
Recital Hall

Thursday, November 9, 2017 • 7:30 p.m.

ASU Herberger Institute
FOR DESIGN AND THE ARTS

ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

School of Music

Program

If My Complaints Could Passions Move
Come Again: Sweet Love
Weep you no more, sad fountains
Fine Knacks for Ladies

Ideale
La Serenata
Sogno

Trois Mélodies

1. La Belle au Bois Dormant
2. Voici que le Printemps
3. Paysage Sentimental

“Vainement, ma bien-aimée,” *Le roi d’Ys*

Ideale

I followed you like a rainbow of peace
along the paths of heaven;
I followed you like a friendly torch
in the veil of darkness,
and I sensed you in the light, in the air,
in the perfume of flowers,
and the solitary room was full
of you and of your radiance.

Absorbed by you, I dreamed a long time
of the sound of your voice,
and earth's every anxiety, every torment
I forgot in that dream.
Come back, dear ideal, for an instant
to smile at me again,
and in your face will shine for me
a new dawn.

La Serenata

Fly, o serenade:
My beloved is alone,
with her beautiful head hidden
under the sheets:
O serenade, fly.
O serenade, fly.

The moonlight is pure,
wings of silence stretch out,
and behind the veils of the dark alcove
the lamp burns.
The pure moonbeams shine.
The pure moonbeams shine.

Fly, o serenade,
Fly, o serenade, fly.

John Dowland
(1563-1626)

F. Paolo Tosti
(1846-1914)

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Édouard Lalo
(1823-1892)

La Serenata (cont.)

Fly, o serenade:
My beloved is alone,
but still smiling while half asleep,
she has returned beneath the sheets:
O serenade, fly.
O serenade, fly.

The waves dream on the shore,
and the wind blows through the
branches;
and my kisses don't result in a nest
being offered,
by my blonde lady.
Dreaming on the shore, are the waves.
Dreaming on the shore, are the waves.

Fly, o serenade.
Fly, o serenade, fly.

Sogno

I dreamt that you were on your knees
Like a saint praying to the Lord.
You were looking deep into my eyes,
With a glowing look of love.

You were speaking quietly,
Asking me sweetly for forgiveness.
That she be allowed just one glance,
You begged, curled at my feet.

I stayed silent and, with a strong will,
Fought the irresistible desire.
I had faced martyrdom and death;
Still, I forced myself to say no.

But then your lips touched my face,
And my heart betrayed me.
I closed my eyes, reached out to you;
But I had been dreaming, and that
beautiful dream vanished.

La Belle au Bois Dormant

Holes in his ruby doublet,
A knight passes by the dark,
His hair full of sunshine
Under a helmet the color of the moon,
Sleep always, sleep in the wood,
The ring, Beauty, on your finger.

In the dust of battles,
He has killed loyally and justly,
Striking with cut and with point,
as a king would strike.
Sleep in the wood, where the verbena
flowers with the marjoram.

And over the mountains and over the
plains,
mounted on his large charger,
He races, he races breathlessly,
Completely straight in his stirrups,
Sleep, Sleeping Beauty, dream
that you will wed a prince.

In the forest of white lilacs
Under the golden spur which agitates
him
his charger beads with blood
The white lilacs, and on he goes, still
more quickly
Sleep in the wood, sleep on, o Beauty
behind your curtains of lace.

But he has taken the ruby ring,
The knight, who, by dark
has hair full of sunshine,
under a helmet the color of the moon.
Sleep no more, Sleeping Beauty,
The ring is no longer on your finger.

Voici que le Printemps

Across the hilltops comes the spring,
blithe April's son!
In doublet, brodered green, White roses
sewn between!
He laughs lightly! With hand on hip
advances brightly!
Comes to his own like a monarch, his
long weary exile done!

The leafy branches crowd along the
narrow byways,
Where comes the lusty lad, He dances
there like mad!
He bears a nightingale high on one
shoulder hale,
The other bears a blackbird, piping
boldly skyways.

And the flow'rs who were sleeping 'mid
the mossy wood
Unveil their eyes where shadows are
vague and tender,
See them standing on tiptoe straight,
there eager ears surrender,
List'ning the two birds singing together
the while!

For the blackbird doth pipe And the
nightingale chanteth,
The blackbird, whistling, jeers at the
lovelorn youth,
And for those in Love's paradise, of
smiling lips and eyes,
Nightingale all the wood with melody
enchanteth!

Paysage Sentimental

The winter sky, so sweet, so sad, so
slumbrous, where the sun wandered
among pale mists, was like the sweet,
deep feeling that made us happy in a
melancholy way on that afternoon of
kisses under the branches,
Dead branches not stirred by any
breeze, black branches with a few
withered leaves. Ah, how your lips were
given to my lips more tenderly still in
this great, mute woods and in this
languor of the year's death,
The death of everything except that I
love you, and except for the happiness
filling my soul, happiness that rests
deep in this isolated soul, mysterious,
peaceful and cool, like the pond that
grew pale at the bottom of the pale
valley.

Vainement, ma bien-aimée

Since these jealous guardians will not
be moved to mercy, ah, let me tell you
of my anguish and my torment!
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 complaint, 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, I, alas,
shall die!