

Music Education Senior Recital

Kevin Hougham

Liz Ames

Organ Hall

Concert/Recital Series

Wednesday, February 22, 2012

7:30pm

O del mio amato ben
Amorosi miei giorni

Stefano Donaudy
(1879-1925)

Chanson Triste
Soupir

Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)

Let Us Garlands Bring
Come away, come away death
Who is Silvia?
O Mistress Mine
It was a Lover and his Lass

Gerald Finzi
(1901-1956)

Bring Him Home
From *Les Misérables*

Claude Michel-Schönberg
(1944-)

Lilly's Eyes
From *The Secret Garden*

Lucy Simon
(1943-)

With Mark Trapasso

ASU Herberger Institute
FOR DESIGN AND THE ARTS
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Translations

O del mio amato ben

Oh, lost enchantment of my dearly beloved!
Far from my eyes is she who was, to me,
glory and pride!
Now through the empty rooms I always seek
her and call her 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 her, sadness is
everywhere.
The day seems like night to me;
fire seems cold to me.
If, however, I sometimes hope to give
myself to another cure,
one thought alone torments me:
Without her, what shall I do?
To me, life seems a vain thing
without my beloved.

Amorosi miei giorni

My amorous days,
Who could ever forget you,
Now that, adorned with all the blessings,
You give peace to my heart
And perfume to my thoughts?
To be able, so, as life advances,
To fear no longer the anxieties of a life of deceptions,
With this hope alone:
That one look of hers may be all my splendor
And one smile of hers may be all my treasure!
Who more blessed than I,
If she does not have beside her
A sweet and dear beloved object,
So that she cannot yet say
She knows what love is?
Ah, may I so, as life advances,
Fear no longer the anxieties
Of a life of deceptions,
With this hope alone:
That one look of hers may be all my splendor
And one smile of hers may be all my treasure!

Chanson Triste

In your heart moonlight sleeps,
a soft summer moonlight
and to escape the tiresome life,
I will drown myself in your light.
I forget my past sufferings, my love, when
you rock my sad heart and my thoughts
in the loving calm of your arms.
You will take my sick head sometimes on
your lap,
and you will tell it a ballad that seems to
speak of us;
and in your eyes full of sadness,
in your eyes I will drink, so many kisses and
tenderness that perhaps I will heal.

Soupir

To never see nor hear her
Nor ever name her out loud
But, loyal, always waiting for her
Always loving her!
Opening my arms, and tired of waiting,
Close them again on nothingness!
But, still, always stretching them to her,
always loving her.
If only I could hand them to her and in tears
be consumed,
but these tears I always spread them,
Always loving her
To never see nor hear her
Nor ever name her out loud
But, loyal, always waiting for her
Always loving her!

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