

Senior Voice Recital

Tues. May 9th, 2000

5:00 p.m.

Chia Li Lin

accompanied by

Gregory Berg, piano

*Siebert Chapel
Carthage College
Kenosha, Wi*

Carthage College
Music Events

Wednesday, May 10
Carthage Jazz Ensemble
4:30 p.m.
Recital Hall

Friday, May 12
†Shauna Olson
Senior Performance
7:30 p.m.

Saturday, May 13
†Kristina Caputo & Peter Elling
Junior Voice/Guitar Recital
7:30 p.m.

Sunday, May 14
Spring Honors Recital
4:00 p.m.

All events, except the Carthage Chamber Series,
Racine Symphony & Kenosha Symphony
are without charge

Ushers for Music Events are provided by:
Lambda Kappa Music Fraternity
†Lambda Kappa Member

Program

Exsultate Jubilate, *Motet K165*.....W. A Mozart
(1756 - 1791)

Cuatro Madrigales Amatorio.....Joaquin Rodrigo
I. ¿Con qué la lavaré? (1901 - ?)
II. Vos me matástels
III. ¿De Dónde venis, amore?
IV. De los álamos vengo

Ah! Je veux vivre, "*Roméo and Juliette*"
.....Charles Gounod
(1818 - 1893)

Intermission

Geheimes, *Op. 14, No.2*.....Franz Schubert
Frühlingsglaube, Op. 20, No. 2
An die Musik, Op. 88, No.4
(1797 - 1828)

Air ChantésFrancis Poulenc
I. Air romantique (1899 - 1974)
II. Air champêtre
III. Air grave
IV. Air vif

思 鄉
輕 笑
白 雲 故 鄉

黃 自 曲, 韋 瀚 章 詞
黃 友 棣 曲, 徐 訥 詞
李 中 和 曲, 林 聲 翁 詞

Exsultate, Jubilate

Exsultate, Jubilate,
O vos anime beatae,
Dulcia can tica canendo
Cantui vestro respondendo,
Psallant aethera cum me.

Fulget amica dies,
Jam fugere et nubile et procellae;
Exortus est justis inexpectata quies.
Undique obscura regnabat nox,

Surgite tandem Laeti,
Qui timuistis adhuc,
Et jucundi aurorae fortunatae
Frondes dextera plena et lilia date.

Tu virginum corona,
Tu nobis pacem dona,
Tu consolare affectus,
Unde suspirat cor,
Alleluja.

¿Con qué la lavaré?

¿Con qué la lavaré?
La tez de la mi cara?
¿Con qué la la varé?
Que vivo mal penada.

Lávanse las casadas
Con a gua de lmones,
Lavome yo cuitada,
Con penas y dolores.

Vos me matástels

Vos me matástels,
niña en cabello,
Vos me habéis muerto

Riberas de un río,
vi moza virgen,
Niña en cabello.
Vos me matástels,
niña en cabello,
Vos me habéis muerto.

¿De dónde venis, amore?

¿De dónde venis, amore?
Bien sé yo de donde.
¿De dónde venis, amigo?
Fuere yo testigo.
Ah,
Bien sé yo de donde.

De los álamos vengo, madre

De los álamos vengo, madre,
De ver como los menea el aire

De los álamos de sevilla,
De ver a mi linda amiga.
De los álamos vengo madre,
De ver como los menea el aire
De los álamos de sevilla,
De ver a mi linda amoga.

Exult, rejoice

Exult, Rejoice,
O happy souls,
And with sweet music
Let the heavens resound,
Making answer, with me, to your song.

The lovely day glows bright,
Now clouds and storms have fled,
And a sudden calm has arisen for the just.
Everywhere dark night held sway before.

But now, at last, rise up and rejoice,
Ye who are not feared,
And happy in the blessed dawn
With full hand make offering of garlands and lilies.

And Thou, O Crown of virgins,
Grant us peace,
And assuage the passions
That touch our hearts.
Alleluia.

With what then may I hate

With what then may I hate
The bloom upon my beauty?
With what then may I hate?
Who life has made so twisted?

The wives and mothers wash them
With water fresh from lemons
I'll wash my marks of anguish,
With tears wrung from my sorrow.

You have destroyed me

You have destroyed me
Child of the long tresses
With love have killed me.

On the banks by a river,
I saw a virgin
Child of the long tresses.
You have destroyed me
Child of the long tresses
With love have killed me.

From when have you come beloved?

From when have you come beloved?
I know full well where you've been
From where have you come, my lover
I have been a witness,
Ah,
I know where you've been.

I have been by the poplars, mother

I have been by the poplars, mother
I've seen how their branches swayed in the breezes.

By the poplar trees of Sevilla,
I have seen my beautiful lover,
I have been by the poplars, mother
I've seen how their branches swayed in the breezes.
By the poplar trees of Sevilla,
I have seen my beautiful lover.

Ah! Je veux vivre

Ah! Je veux vivre dans le rêve
Qui m'enivre ce jour encor!
Douce flamme, je te garde
Dans mon âme comme un trésor!

Cette ivresse de jeunesse
Ne dure, hélas! Qu'un jour.
Puis vient l'heure où l'on pleure:
Le cœur cède à l'amour,
Et le bonheur fuit sans retour!

Ah! Je veux vivre dans le rêve
Qui m'enivre longtemps encor!
Loin de l'hiver morose
Laissemoi sommeiller
Et respirer la rose
Avant de l'effeuiller.

Ah! Douce flamme,
reste dans mon âme
comme un doux trésor
longtemps encor!

Gedelmes

Über meines liebchens Äugein
Stehn verwundert alle Leute;
Ich, der Wissende, dagegen,
Weiß recht gut, was das bedeute.

Denn es heißt: Ich liebe diesen,
Und nicht etwa den und jenen.
Lasset nur, ihr guten Leute,
Euer Wundern, euer Sehnen!

Ja, mit ungeheuren Mächten
Blicket sie wohl in die Runde;
Doch sie sucht nur zu verkünden
Ihm die nächste süße Stunde.

Frühlingsglaube

Die linden Lüte sind erwacht,
Sie säuseln und wehen Tag und Nacht,
Sie schaffen an allen Enden.
O frischer Duft, o neuer Klang!
Nun, armes Herze, sei nicht bang!
Nun muß sich alles wenden.
Die Welt wird schöner mit jedem Tag,
Man weiß nicht, was noch werden mag,
Das Blühen will nicht enden;
Es blüht das fernste, tiefste Tal,
Nun, arms herz, vergiß der Quall
Nun muß sich alles wenden.

An die Musik

Du holde kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb entzunden
Hast mich in eine beßer Welt entrückt!

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf entflossen,
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir
Den Himmel beßer Zelten mir erschlossen,
Du holde kunst, ich danke dir dafür!

Air romantique

J'allais dans la campagne avec le vent d'orage.
Sous le pâle matin, sous les nuages bas;
Un corbeau ténébreux escortait mon voyage,
Et dans les flaques d'eau retentissent mes pas.

Ah! I want to live

Ah! I want to live in the dream
Which still intoxicates me on this day
Gentle flame, I keep you
In my soul as a treasure

This rapture of youth
Only lasts, alas, for a day
After that comes the hour when one weeps:
The heart gives way to love,
And happiness flies away, never to return!

Ah! I want to live in the dream,
Which intoxicates me, for a long time still!
For from gloomy winter
Let me slumber
And inhale the rose
Before shedding it of its petals.

Ah! Gentle flame,
Stay in my soul
As a sweet treasure
For a long time still!

The secret

At my darling's questing gaze
Everyone stands wondering;
I however, who am in the secret,
Know very well what that betokens.

For it means: "I love this one;
And not perhaps that one or that one;
Pray cease, good people,
Your wondering, your expectancy!"

Yes, with prodigious effect
She casts her eye around the assembly;
But she only seeks to appraise
"Him" of the next sweet tryst.

Faith in Spring

The mild breezes are awake,
They rustle and stir by day and night,
They are at work everywhere;
O fresh scent, o new sound!
Now, poor heart, be not afraid,
Now, everything must change.
The world grows lovelier everyday,
One cannot tell what yet may happen;
The flowering will not end;
The farthest, deepest valley blooms,
Now, poor heart, forget your pain!
Now everything must change.

To music

O gracious art, in how many grey hours
When life's fierce orbit encompassed me,
Hast thou kindled my heart to warm love,
Hast charmed me into a better world!

Oft has a sigh, issuing from thy harp,
A sweet, blest chord of thine,
Thrown open the heaven of better times;
O gracious art, for that I thank thee!

Romantic air

I walked in the countryside with the storm wind.
Beneath the pallid morning, under the low clouds
A sinister raven followed me on my way
And my steps splashed in the puddles.

La lumière à l'horizon faisait courir sa flamme
Et le vent du nord doublait ses longs gémissements:
Mais la tempête était trop faible pour mon âme.
Qui couvrait le tonnerre avec ses battements.

De la dépouille d'or du frêne et de l'érable
L'Automne composait son éclatant butin.
Et le corbeau toujours, d'un vol inexorable,
M'accompagnait sans rien changer à mon destin.

Air Champêtre

Belle source, je veux me rappeler sans cesse,
Qu'un jour, guidé par l'amitié
Ravi, j'ai contemplé ton visage, ô déesse,
Perdu sous lamousse à moitié.

Que n'est il demeuré, cet ami que je pleure,
O nymphe, a ton culte attaché
Pour se mêler encore au souffle qui t'effleure
Et répondre a ton flot caché.

Belle source, belle souce.
Je veux me rappeler sans cesse
Qu'un jour guidé par l'amitié.
J'ai contemple ton visage, ô déesse.

Air grave

Ah! fuyez à présent, malheureuses pensées!
Oh! colère, O! remords! Souvenirs qui m'avez
Les deux temples pressés, de l'etrenite des morts

Sentiers de mousse pleins, vaporeuses fontaines,
Grottes profondes, voix des oiseaux et du vent.
Lumières incertaines des sauvages sous-bois.
Insects, animaux, beauté future.
Ne me repousse pas on divine nature.
Je suis ton suppliant.
Ah! fuyez a présent, colerè, remords

Air Vif

Le trésor du verger et le jardin en fête.
Les fleurs des champs,
des bois éclatent de plaisir.
Hélas, hélas, hélas, hélas!
Et sur leur tête le vent enfle sa voix.

Mais toi noble océan que l'assaut des tourmentes
Ne saurait ravager
Certes plus dignement lorsque tu te lamentes,
Tu te prends à songer.
Le trésor du verger...

輕笑

你擱了滿室花香
撥了一地輕笑
於是你匆匆外出
留下了門帘輕搖

我乃遇拾遺笑
構成樂韻歌節
選把你半慈全歌
算作福面曲調

等到晨曦升神
我將它送到桃梢
他日朝花再香
鄰人那稱花嬌

但往來唯有買蛋
學唱花頂歌橋
引來遠近來春
齊說蛋歌美妙

可是其中幽情
到底無人知曉
唯我痴心共記
歌中是你輕笑

如你他日歸來
已失當年舊橋
恥取買蛋舞中
是你哪處輕笑

The lighting on the horizon forked its flame
And the North wind redoubled its long wailing;
But the tempest was too weak for my soul,
Which drowned the thunder with its throbbing.

From the golden spoils of the ash and the maple
Autumn amassed her brilliant booty,
And the raven still, with inexorable flight,
Bore me company changing nothing towards my fate.

Pastoral air

Lovely spring, I will never cease to remember
That on a day, guided by friendship
Entranced I gazed upon your face, o goddess,
Half hidden beneath the moss.

Had he but remained, this friend for whom I weep, O
Nymph, a devotee of your cult.
To mingle once again with the breeze that caresses you
and to respond to your hidden waters.

Lovely spring, lovely spring
I will never cease to remember
That on a day guided by friendship
I gazed upon your face, O goddess

Grave air

Ah! begone now, unhappy thoughts!
O anger, O, remorse! Memories that beset
My two temples with the grip of the dead

Moss-grown paths, vaporious fountains,
Deep grottoes, voices of birds and of the wind,
Fitful lights of the wild undergrowth,
Insects, animals, Beauty to come.
Do not repulse me o divine nature
I am your suppliant
Ah! begone now, anger, remorse!

Lively air

The riches of the orchard and the festive garden
The flowers of the field of the wood
Burst forth with delight,
Alas, alas, alas, alas!
And above their head the wind's voice is rising.

But you, noble ocean whom the assault of
tempests. Cannot ravage.
Most certainly with more dignity when you
lament. You lose yourself in dreams.
The riches of the orchard....

Thinking of Home

Th willow trees are starting to turn green,
Tomb sweeping day has just passed,
I am alone,
Silently leaning against the railing,
Trying hard to resist the cuckoo's call,
From just outside the wall
Every call says, "You should return".

Igniting thousands of feeling,
Saddened with leaving

I wonder if falling flowers,
Floating over the waves,
Would go south together?
I am willing to go along
for home!

思 卿

柳絲繫綠
清明纔過了
獨自箇 憑欄無語
更那堪 牆外鶯啼
一聲聲道 不如歸去

惹起了萬種閒情
滿懷別緒
問落花 隨渺渺微波
是否向南流
我願與他同去

白 雲 故 鄉

海風翻起白浪
浪花灑灑衣襟
寂寞的沙灘
只有我在凝望

群山浮在海上
白雲躲在山旁
層雲的後面
便是我的故鄉

海水茫茫 山色蒼蒼
白雲依戀在群山的懷裡
我卻望不見故鄉

血沸胸膛
仇恨難忘
把堅決的信念築成壁壘
莫讓人侵占故鄉

Light Laughter

Fragrance fills the room,
Laughter covers the floor.
You hurriedly depart,
Leaving the door swaying.

I pick up your laughter,
And weave it into a beautiful song.
Along with your feigned anger and charms,
Captured in its verses.

Dawn comes, I hang the song
on the highest branches of a peach tree.
When the peach tree blooms again,
Everyone admired the beautiful flowers

Orioles fly back and forth through the tree
Singing the song hung over the high branches.
The beautiful singing attracts admirers
from near and far.

But no one understands its origin or subtle
messages.

Only I remember that, in the song,
Are your lighters.
If you return later,
When youth beauty is lost,
Just remember that, in the oriole's song,
Is you feigned anger and laughter.

Homeland among White Clouds

The winds turn over the waves.
The waves splash my clothes,
On this lonely sand beach,
I stand alone, and stars into the distance.

The mountain float over the ocean,
White clouds lie near the mountains.
Behind those layers of clouds is my homeland.

Misty ocean foggy mountains,
White clouds embraced by mountains,
I could not see my homeland.

Blood boiling, hatreds not forgotten,
Build all the strong beliefs into a castle
To protect the homeland.
Don't let the enemy conquer our homeland!
Don't let the enemy conquer our homeland!

Here is a special thanks for those people who contributed their time to make this recital possible. First, I want to thank my parents and my aunt's family the Lindens; next, accompanist Greg Berg, his assistant Katie Nagao and my voice teachers, Amy Haines and Tina Torlone. I also wish to thank Heidi Blanton, Andrea Luttenberger, Jane Duchac and the members of Lambda Kappa. Also special thanks to Dr. Winkle who canceled band rehearsal to support this recital. Thank you all who have come today, thank you so much.

Chia Li