Sepehr Davalloukhoungar

collaborative piano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Graduate Diploma, 2024
Student of Cameron Stowe

with
Josie Larsen, soprano
Larisa Bainton, soprano
Mara Riley, soprano
Shiyu Zhuo, soprano

Friday, February 23, 2024
8:30 p.m.
Williams Hall

PROGRAM

Richard Strauss
(1864–1949)

***8 Gedichte aus "Letze Blätter"*, op. 10**

Zueignung
Geduld
Josie Larsen, soprano

Nichts!
Die Nacht
Shiyu Zhuo, soprano

Die Georgine
Die Verschwiegenen
Die Zeitlose
Allerseelen
Larisa Bainton, soprano

Samuel Barber
(1910–1981)

***Hermit Songs*, op. 29**

At St. Patrick's Purgatory
Church Bell at Night
St. Ita's Vision
The Heavenly Banquet
The Crucifixion
Sea Snatch
Promiscuity
The Monk and his Cat
The Praises of God
The Desire for Hermitage

Mara Riley, soprano

Mojgan Misaghi
(b. 1991)

Being *for solo piano*

Pleasant *for solo piano*

Ocean of Earth

Shiyu Zhuo, soprano

Arefeh Hekmatpanah
(b. 1997)

Siyahi

Shiyu Zhuo, soprano

Special thanks to Cameron Stowe, Joel Ayau, Tanya Blaich, JJ Penna,
my wonderful friends and colleagues and all my mentors and teachers at NEC
who have changed who I am, how I look at arts and have encouraged me daily
to express myself more boldly and look deeply into all that I do.
I am forever thankful.

Zueignung

Ja du weißt es, teure Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank,

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten -Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank,

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank!

Dedication

Yes you know it, dear soul,
That far from you I am in torment,
Love makes the heart sick,
I have gratitude,

Once, basking in freedom,
I held the amethyst cup high,
And you blessed that potion,
Be thanked,

And you banished from it the evil spirits,
Until I, as never before,
Holy, sank holy upon your heart,
Be thanked.

Geduld

Geduld, sagst du, und zeigst mit weißem Finger

Auf meiner Zukunft festgeschloß'ne Thür;
Ist die Minute, die da lebt, geringer
Als jene ungebornen? Sage mir;
Kannst mit der Liebe du den Lenz vershieben,
Dann borg' ich dir für eine Ewigkeit,
Doch mit dem Frühling endet auch das Lieben,
Und keine Herzens-Schulden zahlt die Zeit.

Geduld, sagst du, und senkst die schwarze Locke,
Und stündlich fallen Blumenblätter ab,
Und stündlich fordert eine Totenglocke
Der Thräne letztes Fahrgeld für das Grab.
Sieh' nur die Tage schnell vorüberrinnen,
Horch, wie sie mahnend klopfen an die Brust:
Mach' auf, mach' auf, was wir nicht heut' gewinnen,
Ist morgen unersetzlicher verlust.

Geduld, sagst du, und senkst die Augenlider,
Verneint ist meine Frage an das Glück,
So lebe wohl, ich seh' dich nimmer wieder,
So will's mein unerbittliches Geschick.
Du hast geglaubt, weil and're warten müssen
Und warten können, kann und muß ich's auch,
Ich aber hab' zum Lieben und zum Küssen

Patience

"Patience" you say, and point with your white finger
At my future's firmly locked door;
Is the present moment any less
Than those unborn ones? Tell me;
If you can postpone spring with love,
I shall borrow from you an eternity,
But with spring also ends loving,
And time pays no debt to the heart.

"Patience" you say, and lower the black locks,
And hourly flower petals fall,
And hourly demands death bell
The final fare of tears to the grave.
Just see the speedy passing of days,
Hear, how warningly they knock at the heart;
Open up, open up: what today we do not achieve
Will be lost irreparably tomorrow.

"Patience" you say, and lower your eyelids,
My demand of happiness is lost,
So goodbye, I will never see you again,
That is how my unpitiful fate made it.
You believed, because other must wait
And can wait, I too, can and must wait,
I, however have, in order to live and in order to kiss

Nur einen Frühling, wie der Rosenstrauch.

Only one spring, just like the rose bush.

Nichts!

Nennen soll ich, sagt ihr,
Meine Königin im Liederreich!
Toren, die ihr seid, ich kenne
Sie am wenigsten von euch.

Fragt mich nach der Augen Farbe,
Fragt mich nach der Stimme Ton,
Fragt nach Gang und Tanz und Haltung,

Ach, und was weiß ich davon.

Ist die Sonne nicht die Quelle
Alles Lebens, alles Licht's
Und was wissen von derselben
Ich, und ihr, und alle? – nichts.

Nothing!

Name I should, you say,
My queen of songwriting!
Fools you are, I know
Her the least of all of you.

Ask me the color of her eyes,
Ask me about the sound of her voice,
Ask me about her walk, her dancing, her attitude.
Ah! What do I know of all of that.

Isn't the sun the source
Of all life and all light?
And what do we know about it?
I and you and everyone? Nothing.

Die Nacht

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus dem Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
Nun gib Acht!

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, Alle Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch:
Rücke näher, Seel'an Seele,
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

Night

From the woods steps in the night,
From the trees it sneaks quietly,
Gaze at her in a wide arc,
Now beware!

All the light of this world,
All the flowers, all the colors
She takes away and steals the sheaves
From the field.

She takes everything, what you now hold,
Takes the silver from the streams,
Takes from the cathedral's copper roof
The gold.

The bush stands plundered:
Move closer, soul to soul,
Ah the night, I fear, will steal
You too from me.

Die Georgine

Warum so spät erst, Georgine?
Das Rosenmärchen ist erzählt,
Und honigsatt hat sich die Biene
Ihr Bett zum Schlummer ausgewählt.

Sind nicht zu kalt dir diese Nächte?
Wie lebst du diese Tage hin?
Wenn ich dir jetzt den Frühling brächte,
Du feuergelbe Träumerin.

Wenn ich mit Maitau dich benetzte,
Begöße dich mit Junilicht,
Doch ach! Dann wärst du nicht die Letzte,
Die stolze Einzige auch nicht.

Wie, Träumerin, lock' ich vergebens?
So reich' mir schwesterlich die Hand,
Ich hab' den Maitag dieses Lebens
Wie du den Frühling nicht gekannt;

Und spät wie dir, du feuergelbe,
Stahl sich die Liebe mir ins Herz;
Ob spät, ob früh, es ist dasselbe
Entzücken und derselbe Schmerz.

The Dahlia

Why appear so late, Dahlia?
The rose fairy tales have been told,
And the honey satiated bee
Has chosen where to sleep.

Are these nights not too cold for you?
How do you survive these days?
What if I brought you springtime now,
You fiery yellow dreamer?

What if I watered you with May dew,
Drenched you in the light of June,
But ah! You would not be then the last,
Nor proud to be unique.

Why, O dreamer, do I tempt you in vain?
The give me your sisterly hand,
I have not known May-time in this life,
Just as you have not known spring,

And late like you, fiery yellow flower,
Love stole late into my heart,
Late or early, it is the same
Enchantment and the same pain

Die Verschwiegenen

Ich habe wohl, es sei hier laut
Vor aller Welt verkündigt,
Gar vielen heimlich anvertraut,
Was du an mir gesündigt.

Ich sagt's dem ganzen Blumenheer,
Dem Veilchen sagt' ich's stille,
Der Rose laut, und lauter der
Großaugigen Kamille.

Doch hat's dabei noch keine Not,
Bleib munter nur und heiter;
Die es gewußt, sind alle tot
Und sagen's nicht mehr weiter.

The discreet ones

I have very well, let it be here loudly,
For all the world proclaimed,
To very many secretly confided,
What wrongs you have done me.

I said it to all the flowers,
To the violet I said it quietly,
Loudly to the rose, and even louder to
The wide-eyed camelia.

But there is nothing to worry about,
Just stay cheerful and bright,
Those who know it are all dead
And will never pass it on further.

Die Zeitlose

Auf frisch gemähtem Weideplatz
Steht einsam die Zeitlose,
Den Leib von einer Lilie,
Die Farb' von einer Rose.

Doch es ist Gift, was aus dem Kelch,
Dem reinen, blinkt so rötlich –
Die letzte Blum', die letzte Lieb'
Sind beide schön, doch tödlich.

The meadow saffron

On a freshly mown meadow
Stands the meadow saffron alone,
The body of a lily,
The color of a rose.

But it is poison, that is flashing
So rosily from the pure chalice.
The last flower, the last love
Are both beautiful, but deadly.

Allerseelen

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten Astern trag herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke,
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht un duftet heut' auf jedem Grabe,

Ein Tag im Jahr, ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm am mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,

Wie einst im Mai.

Hermann von Gilm

All Soul's Day

Put on the table, the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring here the last red Asters,
And let us speak of love again,
Like once in May.

Give me your hand so I can secretly press,
And if someone sees, I do not care,
Give me but one of your sweet glances,
Like once in May.

Flowers bloom and smell today on every grave,
One day every year is for the dead,
Come to my heart, so that I can have you again,
Like once in May.

Translations based on those © by Richard Stokes, author of The Book of Lieder (*Faber), provided via Oxford International Song Festival (www.oxfordsong.org)*

At Saint Patrick's Purgatory

Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg!
O king of the churches and the bells
Bewailing your sores and your wounds
But not a tear can I squeeze from my eyes!
Not moisten an eye after so much sin!
Pity me, O king!
What shall I do with a heart that seeks only its own ease?
O only begotten Son by whom all men were made,
Who shunned not the death by three wounds,
Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg
And I with a heart not softer than a stone!

Translated by Seán Ó Faoláin

Church Bell at Night

Sweet little bell, struck on a windy night,
I would liefer keep tryst with thee
Than be with a light and foolish woman.

Translated by Howard Mumford Jones

St. Ita's Vision

"I will take nothing from my Lord", said she,
"Unless He gives me his son from Heaven
In the form of a baby that I may nurse him."
So that Christ came down to her
In the form of a baby and then she said:
"Infant Jesus, at my breast,
Nothing in this world is true
Save, O tiny nursling, You.
Infant Jesus at my breast,
But my heart every night,
You I nurse are not a churl
But were begot on Mary the Jewess
By heaven's light.
Infant Jesus at my breast,
What King is there but You who could
Give everlasting good?
Wherefore I give my food.
Sing to him, maidens, sing your best!
There is none that has such right
To your songs as Heaven's King
Who every night

Is infant Jesus at my breast."

Translated by Chester Kallman

The Heavenly Banquet

I would like to have the men of heaven in my own house;
With Vats of good cheer laid out for them.
I would like to have the three Mary's.
Their fame is so great.
I would like people from every corner of Heaven.
I would like them to be cheerful in their drinking.
I would like to have Jesus sitting here among them.
I would like a great lake of beer for the King of Kings.
I would like to be watching Heaven's family drinking it through all eternity.

Translated by Seán Ó Faoláin

The Crucifixion

At the cry of the first bird
They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!
Never shall lament cease because of that.
It was like the parting of day from night.
Ah, sore was the suffering borne
By the body of Mary's Son,
But sorer still to Him was the grief
Which for His sake
Came upon His Mother.

Translated by Howard Mumford Jones

Sea Snatch

It has broken us, it has crushed us, it has drowned us,
O King of the starbright Kingdom of Heaven!
The wind has consumed us, swallowed us,
As timber is devoured by crimson fire from Heaven.
It has broken us, it has crushed us, it has drowned us,
O King of the starbright Kingdom of Heaven!

Translated by Kenneth H. Jackson

Promiscuity

I do not know with whom Edan will sleep,
But I do know that fair Edan will not sleep alone.

Translated by Kenneth H. Jackson

The Monk and his Cat

Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are
Alone together, scholar and cat.
Each has his own work to do daily;
For you it is hunting, for mee, study.
Your shining eye watches the wall;
My feeble eye is fixed on a book.
You rejoice when your claws entrap a mouse;
I rejoice when my mind fathoms a problem.
Pleased with his own art
Neither hinders the other;
Thus we live ever
Without tedium and envy.
Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are,
Alone together, scholar and cat.

Translated by W.H. Auden

The Praises of God

How foolish the man who does not raise
His voice and praise with joyful words,
As he alone can, Heaven's High King.
To whom the light birds with no soul but air,
All day, everywhere laudations sing.

Translated by W.H. Auden

The Desire for Hermitage

Ah! To be all alone in a little cell with nobody near me;
Beloved that pilgrimage before the last pilgrimage to Death.
Singing the passing hours to cloudy Heaven;
Feeding upon dry bread and water from the cold spring.
That will be an end to evil when I am alone

In a lovely little corner among tombs

Far from the houses of the great.
Ah! To be all alone in a little cell, to be alone,
All alone:
Alone I came into the world,
Alone I shall go from it.

Translated by Seán Ó Faoláin

Ocean of Earth

I have built a house in the middle of the ocean
Its windows are the rivers flowing from my eyes
Octopi are crawling all over where the walls are
Hear their triple hearts beat and their beaks peck
Against the windowpanes

House of dampness
House of burning
Season's fastness
Season singing
The airplanes are laying eggs
Watch out for the dropping of the anchor

Watch out for the shooting black ichor
It would be good if you were to come from the sky
The sky's honeysuckle is climbing
The earthly octopi are throbbing
And so very many of us have become our own
Gravediggers
Pale octopi of the chalky waves O octopi with pale beaks
Around the house is this ocean that you know well
And is never still.

Guillaume Apollinaire, translated by Ron Padgett

Hekmatpanah ***Siyahi***

A mother feels the need to sing for her baby, hidden in the darkness of the night. She has the urge to sing, to calm herself down; and so she makes her baby cry…

Siyahi (سیآهی-Darkness), is a piece based on a Persian folklore lullaby, a poem by Forough Farrokhzad and a small text by the composer. This piece portrays the complexity of the role of a lullaby; how sometimes they're not subjected to an external listener, but more to the singer themselves, allowing them to soothe, express and make friends with their inner darkness while singing to the dark of the night.

– Arefeh Hekmatpanah

I speak of the deep of the night
CRY!
I speak of the deep of the night

Darling! If you're coming to visit me, then, bring me a torch,
And put up for me a little window..
I will then, watch - the noisy crowd of the happy..

Night, lalight, lelane
Siyahi,

Akh Azizakam (Ah! Darling)
watch the happy

Blackness they say in the end it's just whiteness
Whiteness they say in the end.

Forough Farrokhzad and Arefeh Hekmatpanah

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