

Sianna Monti
mezzo-soprano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Bachelor of Music degree, 2024
Student of Jane Eaglen and Carole Haber

with
Gayoung Park, harpsichord, piano
Helen Poodle Yu, Tara Hagle, violin
John Harry Clark, viola
Stephanie Yang, cello

Sunday, December 8, 2024
4:00 p.m.
Brown Hall

PROGRAM

George Frideric Handel
(1685–1759)

“Dopo notte, atra e funesta” (Act III, scene 8)
“Se l’inganno sortisce felice” (Act II, scene 5)
from *Ariodante*, HWV 33

Gayoung Park, harpsichord
Helen Poodle Yu, Tara Hagle, violin
John Harry lark, viola
Stephanie Yang, cello

Claude Debussy
(1862–1918)

Trois chansons de Bilitis
La flûte de Pan
La chevelure
Le tombeau des Naïdes

Intermission

Benjamin Britten
(1913–1976)

A Charm of Lullabies, op. 41

A Cradle Song
A Highland Balou
Sephestia's Lullaby
A Charm
The Nurse's Song

Johannes Brahms
(1833–1897)

Zwei Gesänge

Gestillte Sehnsucht
Geistliches Wiegenlied

Gayoung Park, piano
John Harry Clark, viola

*I would like to thank my family, friends
and every wonderful mentor I've had
throughout my undergraduate career.*

*Sianna Monti is the recipient of a scholarship made possible by the
Gladys Miller Voice Scholarship Fund.*

Dopo notte

*Dopo notte, atra e funesta,
splende in Ciel più vago il sole,
e di gioja empie la terra;*

*Mentre in orrida tempesta
il mio legno è quasi assorto,
giunge in porto, e' llido afferra*

Anonymous

Se l'inganno sortisce felice

*Se l'inganno sortisce felice
io detesto per sempre virtù.*

*Chi non vuoi se non quello che lice,
vive sempre infelice quaggiù.*

Anonymous

La flûte de Pan

*Pour le jour des Hyacinthies, il m'a donné une
syrinx faite de roseaux bien taillés, unis avec la
blanche cire qui est douce à mes lèvres comme le
miel.*

*Il m'apprend à jouer, assise sur ses genoux; mais je
suis un peu tremblante. Il en joue après moi, si
doucement que je l'entends à peine.*

*Nous n'avons rien à nous dire, tant nous sommes
près l'un de l'autre; mais nos chansons veulent se
répondre, et tour à tour nos bouches s'unissent sur
la flûte.*

*Il est tard; voici le chant des grenouilles vertes qui
commence avec la nuit. Ma mère ne croira jamais
que je suis restée si longtemps à chercher ma
ceinture perdue.*

After night

After a night so bleak and foreboding,
the sun shines forth in the heavens,
all the dearer, as the earth fills with joy.

For in the midst of a horrid storm,
my boat has been almost submerged,
but it grasps at the shore as it returns to port.

I shall detest virtue forever

I shall detest virtue forever
if this scheme comes off well.

Whosoever desires nothing but which is
legitimate
will always be unhappy in this world.

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The flute of Pan

For Hyacinthus day he gave me a syrinx
made of carefully cut reeds, bonded with
white wax which tastes sweet to my lips like
honey.

He teaches me to play, as I sit on his lap; but I
am a little fearful. He plays it after me, so
gently that I scarcely hear him.

We have nothing to say, so close are we one
to another, but our songs try to answer each
other, and our mouths join in turn on the
flute.

It is late; here is the song of the green frogs
that begins with the night. My mother will
never believe I stayed out so long to look for
my lost sash.

La chevelure

Il m'a dit: «Cette nuit, j'ai rêvé. J'avais ta chevelure autour de mon cou. J'avais tes cheveux comme un collier noir autour de ma nuque et sur ma poitrine.

«Je les caressais, et c'étaient les miens; et nous étions liés pour toujours ainsi, par la même chevelure la bouche sur la bouche, ainsi que deux lauriers n'ont souvent qu'une racine.

«Et peu à peu, il m'a semblé, tant nos membres étaient confondus, que je devenais toi-même ou que tu entraais en moi comme mon songe.»

Quand il eut achevé, il mit doucement ses mains sur mes épaules, et il me regarda d'un regard si tendre, que je baissai les yeux avec un frisson.

Le tombeau des Naiades

Le long du bois couvert de givre, je marchais; mes cheveux devant ma bouche se fleurissaient de petits glaçons, et mes sandales étaient lourdes de neige fangeuse et tassée.

Il me dit: «Que cherches-tu?» — «Je suis la trace du satyre. Ses petits pas fourchus alternent comme des trous dans un manteau blanc.» Il me dit: «Les satyres sont morts.

«Les satyres et les nymphes aussi. Depuis trente ans il n'a pas fait un hiver aussi terrible. La trace que tu vois est celle d'un bouc. Mais restons ici, où est leur tombeau.»

The hair

He said to me: 'Last night I dreamed. I had your tresses around my neck. I had your hair like a black necklace all round my nape and over my breast.

'I caressed it and it was mine; and we were united thus forever by the same tresses, mouth on mouth, just as two laurels often share one root.

'And gradually it seemed to me, so intertwined were our limbs, that I was becoming you, or you were entering into me like a dream.'

When he had finished, he gently set his hands on my shoulders and gazed at me so tenderly that I lowered my eyes with a shiver.

The tomb of the Naiads

Along the frost-bound wood I walked; my hair across my mouth, blossomed with tiny icicles, and my sandals were heavy with muddy, packed snow.

He said to me: 'What do you seek?' 'I follow the satyr's track. His little cloven hoof-marks alternate like holes in a white cloak.' He said to me: 'The satyrs are dead.

'The satyrs and the nymphs too. For thirty years there has not been so harsh a winter. The tracks you see are those of a goat. But let us stay here, where their tomb is.'

Et avec le fer de sa houe il cassa la glace de la source où jadis riaient les naïades. Il prenait de grands morceaux froids, et les soulevant vers le ciel pâle, il regardait au travers.

Pierre Louÿs

And with the iron head of his hoe he broke the ice of the spring, where the naiads used to laugh. He picked up some huge cold fragments, and, raising them to the pale sky, gazed through them.

Translations © Richard Stokes, author of A French Song Companion (Oxford University Press) provided courtesy of Oxford International Song Festival (www.oxfordsong.org)

A Cradle Song

Sleep, sleep, beauty bright,
Dreaming o'er the joys of night;
Sleep, sleep, in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.

O! the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep.
When thy little heart does wake
Then the dreadful lightnings break,

From thy cheek and from thy eye,
O'er the youthful harvests nigh.
Infant wiles and infant smiles
Heaven and Earth of peace beguiles.

William Blake (1757–1827)

A Highland Balou

Hee Balou, my sweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanronald!
Brawlie kens our wanton Chief
What gat my young Highland thief.

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie!
And thou live, thou'll steal a naigie,
Travel the country thro' and thro' ,
and bring hame a Carlisle cow!

Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border,
Weel, my babie, may thou furder!
Herry the louns o' the laigh Countrie,
Syne to the Highlands hame to me!

Robert Burns (1759–1796)

Sephestia's Lullaby

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy;
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by [him]1 and me,
He was glad, I was woe;
Fortune changèd made him so,
When he left his pretty boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby leapt;
More he crow'd, more we cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide:
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bliss,
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

Robert Greene (b. 1959)

A Charm

Quiet!
Sleep! or I will make
Erinnys whip thee with a snake,
And cruel Rhadamanthus take
Thy body to the boiling lake,
Where fire and brimstones never slake;
Thy heart shall burn, thy head shall ache,
And ev'ry joint about thee quake;
And therefor dare not yet to wake!
Quiet, sleep!
Quiet, sleep!
Quiet!

Quiet!
Sleep! or thou shalt see
The horrid hags of Tartary,
Whose tresses ugly serpants be,
And Cerberus shall bark at thee,
And all the Furies that are three
The worst is called Tisiphone,
Shall lash thee to eternity;
And therefor sleep thou peacefully
Quiet, sleep!
Quiet, sleep!
Quiet!

Thomas Randolph (1605–1635)

The Nurse's Song

Lullaby baby,
Lullaby baby,
Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may be.
Lullaby baby!

Be still, my sweett sweeting, no longer do cry;
Sing lullaby baby, lullaby baby.
Let dolours be fleeting, I fancy thee, I ...
To rock and to lull thee I will not delay me.

Lullaby baby,
Lullabylabylaby baby,
Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may be
Lullabylabylaby baby

The gods be thy shield and comfort in need!
The gods be thy shield and comfort in need!
Sing Lullaby baby,
Lullabylaby baby

They give thee good fortune and well for to speed,
And this to desire ... I will not delay me.
This to desire ... I will not delay me.

Lullaby lullaby
Lullaby baby,
Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may be.
Lullabylabylabylaby baby.

John Phillip (1817–1867)

Gestillte Sehnsucht

*In goldnen Abendschein getaucht,
Wie feierlich die Wälder stehn!
In leise Stimmen der Vöglein hauchet
Des Abendwindes leises Wehn.
Was lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein?
Sie lispeln die Welt in Schlummer ein.*

*Ihr Wünsche, die ihr stets euch reget
Im Herzen sonder Rast und Ruh!
Du Sehnen, das die Brust beweget,
Wann ruhest du, wann schlummerst du?
Beim Lispeln der Winde, der Vögelein,
Ihr sehnenenden Wünsche, wann schlaft ihr ein?*

*Ach, wenn nicht mehr in goldne Fernen
Mein Geist auf Traumgefieder eilt,
Nicht mehr an ewig fernen Sternen
Mit sehndem Blick mein Auge weilt;
Dann lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein
Mit meinem Sehnen mein Leben ein.*

Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

Assuaged longing

Bathed in golden evening light,
How solemnly the forests stand!
The evening winds mingle softly
With the soft voices of the birds.
What do the winds, the birds whisper?
They whisper the world to sleep.

But you, my desires, ever stirring
In my heart without respite!
You, my longing, that agitates my breast –
When will you rest, when will you sleep?
The winds and the birds whisper,
But when will you, yearning desires,
slumber?

Ah! when my spirit no longer hastens
On wings of dreams into golden distances,
When my eyes no longer dwell yearningly
On eternally remote stars;
Then shall the winds, the birds whisper
My life – and my longing – to sleep.

Geistliches Wiegenlied

*Die ihr schwebet
Um diese Palmen
In Nacht und Wind,
Ihr heil'gen Engel,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.*

*Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem
Im Windesbrausen,
Wie mögt ihr heute
So zornig sausen!
O rauscht nicht also!
Schweiget, neiget
Euch leis' und lind;
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.*

*Der Himmelsknabe
Duldet Beschwerde,
Ach, wie so müd' er ward
Vom Leid der Erde.
Ach nun im Schlaf ihm
Leise gesänftigt
Die Qual zerrinnt,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.*

*Grimmige Kälte
Sauset hernieder,
Womit nur deck' ich
Des Kindleins Glieder!
O all ihr Engel,
Die ihr geflügelt
Wandelt im Wind,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.*

Emanuel Geibel (1815-1884)

A sacred cradle-song

You who hover
Around these palms
In night and wind,
You holy angels,
Silence the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.

You palms of Bethlehem
In the raging wind,
Why do you bluster
So angrily today!
O roar not so!
Be still, lean
Calmly and gently over us;
Silence the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.

The heavenly babe
Suffers distress,
Oh, how weary He has grown
With the sorrows of this world.
Ah, now that in sleep
His pains
Are gently eased,
Silence the treetops!
My child is sleeping.

Fierce cold
Blows down on us,
With what shall I cover
My little child's limbs?
O all you angels,
Who wing your way
On the winds,
Silence the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.

*Translations © Richard Stokes, author of The
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Student of Nicholas Cords

Saturday, December 14, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Abigail Hope-Hull Michaels, *oboe* (MM)

Student of John Ferrillo

Saturday, December 14, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

KeXin Tian, *piano* (BM '24)

Student of Randall Hodgkinson

Saturday, December 14, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Lily Stern, *cello* (BM)

Student of Yeesun Kim

Sunday, December 15, 2024 at 12:00 noon, Pierce Hall

Daniel Slatch, *double bass* (BM '24)

Student of Donald Palma

Sunday, December 15, 2024 at 4:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Felicia He, *piano* (MM)

Student of Wha Kyung Byun and Alessio Bax

Sunday, December 15, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Luther Warren, *viola* (DMA)

Student of Kim Kashkashian

Sunday, December 15, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Sepehr Davalloukhounghar, *collaborative piano*, EM grant project

"Persian Vocal Music"

Tuesday, December 17, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

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