



Rudi E. Scheidt
School of Music

BENJAMIN NGUYEN BASS RECITAL

Lisa Machen, pianist

MARCH 27 | 5:30 PM

HARRIS CONCERT HALL

Rudi E. Scheidt School of Music
Albert Nguyen, Interim Director
College of Communication and Fine Arts
Debra Burns, Dean

PROGRAM

Voli colla sua tromba from *Ariodante* George F. Händel (1685-1759)

Winterreise Franz Schubert (1797-1826)

IX. *Irrlicht*

X. *Rast*

XI. *Frühlingstraum*

Si la rigueur Jacques F. Halévy (1799-1862)
from *La Juive*

Clairières dans le ciel Lili Boulanger (1893-1918)

VII. *Nous nous aimerons tant*

I Was There - Five Poems of Walt Whitman Lee Hoiby (1926-2011)

I. *Beginning My Studies*

II. *I Was There*

III. *A Clear Midnight*

Samba de Uma Nota Só Antônio C. Jobim (1927-1994)

Nơi Con Thuộc Về Lê Anh Đông (b. 1977)

Tuba mirum Wolfgang A. Mozart (1756-1791)
from *Requiem in D minor*

Edlyn Jarquin, soprano

Isabella Palmer, alto

Brody Melton, tenor

Benjamin Nguyen, bass

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Voli colla sua tromba from Ariodante

George F. Händel (1685-1759)

Voli colla sua tromba
la fama in tutto il mondo
le gioie a publicar!

Fly with your trumpet
to announce to all the world
the glory and joys!

Il ciel lieto rimbomba,
che giorno più giocondo
sorte non può mandar.

The jubilant heavens resound,
that a gladder day
fate could not deliver.

Winterreise IX. Irrlicht

Franz Schubert (1797-1826)
Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827)

In die tiefsten Felsengründe
Lockte mich ein Irrlicht hin:
Wie ich einen Ausgang finde
Liegt nicht schwer mir in dem Sinn.

A will-o'-the-wisp enticed me
into the deepest rocky chasms;
how I shall find a way out
does not trouble my mind

Bin gewohnt das Irregehen,
'S führt ja jeder Weg zum Ziel:
Unsre Freuden, unsre Leiden,
Alles eines Irrlichts Spiel!

I am used to straying;
every path leads to one goal.
Our joys, our sorrows –
all are a will-o'-the-wisp's game.

Durch des Bergstroms trockne
Rinnen
Wind' ich ruhig mich hinab –
Jeder Strom wird's Meer gewinnen,
Jedes Leiden auch sein Grab.

Down the dry gullies of the mountain
stream
I calmly wend my way;
every river will reach the sea;
every sorrow, too, will reach its grave.

X. Rast

Nun merk' ich erst, wie müd' ich
bin,
Da ich zur Ruh' mich lege;
Das Wandern hielt mich munter hin
Auf unwirtbarem Wege.

Only now, as I lie down to rest,
do I notice how tired I am.
Walking kept me cheerful
on the inhospitable road.

Die Füße frugen nicht nach Rast,
Es war zu kalt zum Stehen,
Der Rücken fühlte keine Last,
Der Sturm half fort mich wehen.

In eines Köhlers engem Haus
Hab' Obdach ich gefunden;
Doch meine Glieder ruhn nicht aus:
So brennen ihre Wunden.

Auch du, mein Herz, in Kampf und
Sturm
So wild und so verwegen,
Fühlst in der Still' erst deinen Wurm
Mit heissem Stich sich regen!

XI. Frühlingstraum

Ich träumte von bunten Blumen,
So wie sie wohl blühen im Mai,
Ich träumte von grünen Wiesen,
Von lustigem Vogelgeschrei.

Und als die Hähne krächten,
Da ward mein Auge wach;
Da war es kalt und finster,
Es schrieen die Raben vom Dach.

Doch an den Fensterscheiben
Wer malte die Blätter da?
Ihr lacht wohl über den Träumer,
Der Blumen im Winter sah?

Ich träumte von Lieb' um Liebe,
Von einer schönen Maid,
Von Herzen und von Küssen,
Von Wonne und Seligkeit.

My feet did not seek rest;
it was too cold to stand still.
My back felt no burden;
the storm helped to blow me
onwards.

In a charcoal-burner's cramped
cottage
I found shelter.
But my limbs cannot rest,
their wounds burn so.

You too, my heart, so wild and daring
in battle and tempest;
in this calm you now feel the stirring
of your
serpent, with its fierce sting.

I dreamt of bright flowers
that blossom in May;
I dreamt of green meadows
and merry bird-calls.

And when the cocks crowed
my eyes awoke:
it was cold and dark,
ravens cawed from the roof.

But there, on the window panes,
who had painted the leaves?
Are you laughing at the dreamer
who saw flowers in winter?

I dreamt of mutual love,
of a lovely maiden,
of embracing and kissing,
of joy and rapture.

Und als die Hähne krähten,
Da ward mein Herze wach;
Nun sitz' ich hier alleine
Und denke dem Traume nach.

And when the cocks crowed
my heart awoke;
now I sit here alone
and reflect upon my dream.

Die Augen schliess' ich wieder,
Noch schlägt das Herz so warm.
Wann grünt ihr Blätter am Fenster?
Wann halt' ich mein Liebchen im
Arm?

I close my eyes again,
my heart still beats so warmly.
Leaves on my window, when will you
turn green?
When shall I hold my love in my
arms?

Si la rigueur from La Juive

Jacques F. Halévy (1799-1862)
Eugène Scribe (1791-1861)

Si la rigueur ou la vengeance
Leur font hair ta sainte loi
Que le pardon, que la clémence,
mon Dieu, les ramène en ce jour
vers toi.
Rappelons nous son précepte sacré
Ouvrons nos bras a l'enfant égaré.

Should rigor or vengeance
make them hate Thy sacred word
May Thy forgiveness, Thy loving
kindness,
my God, bring them back to Thee this
day.
Let us remember His sacred precept,
Let us open our arms to the lost
children.

Clairières dans le ciel

VII. Nous nous aimerons tant

Lili Boulanger (1893-1918)
Francis Jammes (1868-1938)

Nous nous aimerons tant que nous
taurons nos mots,

en nous tendant la main, quand nous
nous reverrons.

Vous serez ombragée par d'anciens
rameaux

sur le banc que je sais où nous nous
assoierons.

Donc nous nous assoierons sur ce
banc

tous deux seuls...

We shall love each other so, that we
shall be

silent

as we hold our hands when we next
meet.

You will be shaded by old branches
on the bench where I know we shall
both sit down.

And so we shall sit down on this
bench,
we two alone...

D'un long moment, ô mon amie,
vous n'oserez...

Que vous me serez douce et que
je tremblerai...

For a long while, my friend, you will
not dare...

How gentle you will be with me and
how I shall tremble...

I Was There

Five Poems of Walt Whitman

I. Beginning My Studies

Lee Hoiby (1926-2011)

Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

Beginning my studies, the first step pleas'd me so much,
The mere fact, consciousness – these forms – the power of motion,
The least insect or animal – the senses – eyesight – love;
The first step, I say, aw'd me and pleas'd me so much,
I have hardly gone, and hardly wish'd to go, any farther,
But stop and loiter all the time, to sing it in extatic songs.

II. I Was There

I understand the large hearts of heroes,
The courage of present times and all times;
How the skipper saw the crowded and rudderless wreck of the
steam-ship, and Death chasing it up and down the storm,
How he knuckled tight, and gave not back an inch,
and was faithful of days and faithful of nights,
And chalk'd in large letters, on a board,
Be of good cheer, we will not desert you:
How he follow'd with them, and tack'd with them three days
and would not give it up;
How he saved the drifting company at last:
How the lank loose-gown'd women look'd when
boated from the side of their prepared graves;
How the silent old-faced infants, and the lifted sick,
and the sharp-lipp'd unshaved men:
All this I swallow, it tastes good, I like it well, it becomes mine,
I am the man, I suffer'd, I was there.

III. *A Clear Midnight*

This is thy hour, O Soul, thy free flight into the wordless,
Away from books, away from art, the day erased, the lesson done,
Thee fully forth emerging, silent, gazing, pondering the themes thou lovest
best,
Night, sleep, death, and the stars.

Samba de Uma Nota Só

Antônio C. Jobim (1927-1994)

Jon Hendricks (1921-2017)

This is just a little samba, built upon a single note
Other notes are bound to follow, but the root is still that note
Now this new one is the consequence of the one we've just been through
As I'm bound to be the unavoidable consequence of you

There's so many people who can talk, and talk, and talk
And just say nothing or nearly nothing
I have used up all the scale I know
And at the end I've come to nothing or nearly nothing

So I come back to my first note, as I must come back to you
I will pour into that one note, all the love I feel for you
Anyone who wants the whole show, re-mi-fa-so-la-ti-do
He will find himself with no show, better play the note you know.

Nơi Con Thuộc Về

Lê Anh Đông (b. 1977)

Chuyến xe cuộc đời, vùn vụt lẫn bánh	Life is a train with stops unknown,
sẽ đưa ta về đâu,	Moments fleeting, seeds we've sown.
Đến những trạm dừng, đôi khi hạnh	Some bring joy, a gentle song,
phúc, có lắm khi lệ tuôn,	Some bring pain that lingers along.

và rồi ta vẫn cứ bước cứ bước, và rồi	We chase the trends, we run, we
ta lao theo bao đam mê,	strive,
đến khi cùng lực, giật mình tỉnh	Caught in the motion, barely alive.
ra, mới hay hồ nghi,	Dreams like shadows, slip and fade,
thế gian là gì mà ai cũng phải, sống	Lost in struggles we ourselves have
cho xong cuộc đua,	made.
thắng thua cũng chỉ là, như cơn	But time slows down, the tracks
	rewind,

mộng ảo,sẽ qua đi mà thôi,
và rồi ta vẫn, cứ sống cứ
sống,chẳng hề biết đâu, mai sau ra
sao,

hãy mau dừng lại,Chậm lại một giây,
để quay về nơi bắt đầu,

về bên GIÊ-XU nhìn lên Thập Giá,
lòng con vỡ òa vì con gặp CHA,và
con biết rằng tội con được tha, bằng
chính huyết vô tội,
từ nay con sống đời sống đổi mới,
và quăng hết đi, buồn lo đời con,nhìn
xem chính NGÀI, niềm tin của con lời
CHA thấp sáng, dẫn bước con trở về

We pause, look back, and seek to find
– A path once lost, yet always near, A
whisper calls, so soft, so clear.

We lift our eyes, the Cross we see,
Love poured out to set us free.
Through Jesus' blood, the stains
erase, A gift of mercy, boundless
grace.

From this day forth, the path is bright,
His Word, my lamp, my guiding light,
No longer lost, no longer blind,
Through faith in Him, my home I find.

Tuba mirum
from Requiem in D minor

Wolfgang A. Mozart (1756-1791)

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
per sepulcra regionum
coget omnes ante thronum.

The trumpet, scattering a wonderful
note through the tombs of every land,
will compel all to come before the
throne.

Mors stupebit et natura
cum resurget creatura
judicanti responsura.

Death will be astonished, and nature
too, when creation shall rise again
in response to his judgement.

Liber scriptus proferetur
in quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

The book of scripture will be carried
forth, in which everything is contained
and by which the world will be judged.

Judex ergo cum sedebit
quidquid latet apparebit,
nil inultum remanebit.

When therefore the judge takes his
seat whatever is hidden will be made
plain and nothing will remain
unpunished.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
quem patronum rogaturus,
cum vix justus sit securus?

What shall I say then, wretch that I
am? What advocate am I to call upon,
when a just man is hardly safe?