

ESSIA
UNIVERSITY.

Daniel Micsion

Program

Feldeinsamkeit Johannes Brahms
Sapphische Ode (1833-1894)
Wie Melodien zieht es

Charlie Rutlage Charles Ives
The Cage (1874-1954)
The Circus Band

Vi ravviso (*La Sonnambula*) Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

Intermission

Samson George Frideric Handel
I. Honour and Arms (1685-1759)
II. How Willing my Paternal Love

Let us Garlands Bring Gerald Finzi
I. Come away, come away Death (1901-1956)
II. Who is Silvia?
III. Fear no more the heat o' the sun
V. It was a lover and his lass

Daniel Micsion is a student of Dr. Damian Savarino

Translations

Feldeinsamkeit

Alone in Fields

I rest at peace in tall green grass
And gaze steadily aloft,
Surrounded by unceasing crickets,
Wondrously interwoven with blue sky.

The lovely white clouds go drifting by
Through the deep blue, like lovely silent dreams;
I feel as if I have long been dead,
Drifting happily with them through eternal space.

Sapphische Ode

Lavender Ode

Roses that I plucked in the midnight garden
Smelt more sweet than in any daylight hour;
But there fell down from the moving branches
Dew, as a gentle shower.

So the kiss I plucked in the darkness boldly
Out-perfumed the sweetest blooms I knew.
And so moved were you that I felt on my shoulder
teardrops like a gentle dew.

Wie Melodien zieht es

Thoughts, like melodies

Thoughts, like melodies,
Steal softly through my mind,
Like spring flowers they blossom
And drift away like fragrance.

Yet when words come and capture them
And bring them before my eyes,
They turn pale like grey mist
And vanish like a breath.

Yet surely in rhyme
A fragrance lies hidden,
Summoned by moist eyes
From the silent seed.

Vi ravviso

I see you

The mill... the stream... the woods... and the farm nearby...

O lovely scenes, again I see you,

Where in serenity I spent

The calm and happy days

Of my earliest youth.

Beloved places, I have found you,

But those days I'll never find.

But, unless I am mistaken,

Today is some holiday for you.

And that girl is the bride?

She is lovely, very charming.

Let me see you. Oh, sweet face?

You can't know how those dear eyes

Gently touch my heart,

What adorable beauty

Is recalled to my thoughts.

She was then as you are now:

In the morning of her years.