4-7-2011

Faculty Recital: Ivy Walz, mezzo-soprano

Ivy Walz

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Faculty Recital:
Ivy Walz, mezzo soprano
Adam Butalewicz, clarinet
Pej Reitz, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Thursday, April 7, 2011
8:15 p.m.
Program

_Ciganské melodie_  
_Aj! Kterak trojhranec muj_  
_A les je tichy kolem kol_  
_Kdyz mne stará matka zpívat, zpívat ucivala_  
_Struna naladena, hochu, toc se v kole Struna naladěna, hochu, toc se v kole_  
_Dejte klec jestrábu ze zlata ryzego_  

_Antonín Dvorák_  
_(1841-1904)_

_Six German Songs, Op. 103_  
_Zwiegesang_  
_Wiegenlied_  
_Das Heimliche Lied_  
_Wach auf_  

_Louis Spohr_  
_(1784-1859)_

_Adam Butalewicz, clarinet_

Intermission

_Trois Chansons de Bilitis_  
_La Flûte de Pan_  
_La Chevelure_  
_Le Tombeau de Naiades_  

_Claude Debussy_  
_(1862-1918)_

_Two Little Flowers_  
_Down East_  
_Songs My Mother Taught Me_  

_Charles Ives_  
_(1874-1954)_

_Canciones Españolas Antiguas_  
_Las tres hojas_  
_Las morillas de Jaén_  
_Nana de Sevilla_  
_Sevillanas del siglo XVII_  

_Federico García Lorca_  
_(1898-1936)_
Biographies

Adam Butalewicz

Adam Butalewicz, a native of Richmond VA, is a high-energy and passionately driven clarinetist. He is Currently working on his doctorate in clarinet performance and pedagogy at University of Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music. Adam maintains a busy schedule of performing and teaching both nationally and internationally and winner of numerous concerto and chamber music competitions. A strong advocate of music education, he is continually searching for new ways to inspire and enlighten students to the joy of music. Adam holds a bachelors degree in clarinet performance from Virginia Commonwealth University and a Masters from Ithaca College. Principle teachers include Ixi Chen, Michael Galvan, and Charles West; additional studies with Richie Hawley, David Neithamer and Sandra Rivers.
Notes
Antonín Dvořák was the first composer to consistently write songs set to Czech texts and is considered the Father of Czech song. He was able to do so as a result of the Czech nationalist movement which brought about the re-emergence of the Czech language after it had been reduced to minimal use under Austrian rule. The set of songs on this program are from his widely popular Ciganské melodie. The original texts were written in Czech by Adolf Heyduk but were composed for the German tenor Gustav Walter. Because it was custom to perform songs in the language of the audience, Heyduk created a German equivalent for his Czech poems. Translations by Professor David Adams, College Conservatory of Music.

Aj! Kterak trojhranec můj pětěrozkojně znovu, jak cigánská pěseň, když se k smrti klouzavě!
Když se k smrti klouzavě, trojhran mu vyzváně.
Konec pěsni, tanci, lásky, bědování.

Ah! How my triangle delightfully sings,
Like a gypsy's song when he draws near to death!
When he draws near to death the triangle sounds to him.
It is the end of song, of dance, of love, and of lamenting.

A les je tichý kolem kola,
jen srdece můj ten ručí,
A Černá riviře šumí v dolině,
Měsíc slunce v lících svítí.
Vážnější jeným se zvířím,
necht' v jiné tváře břemí.
Kdo v smutku může zpívat,
ten nezahnul, ten žije, ten žije!

The forest is quiet all around,
Only my heart disturbs this peace,
And the black smoke which rushes into the dale
dries the tears on my cheeks.
However it need not dry them,
Let it beat on other faces.
He who is able to sing in grief,
He did not die he lives.

Když mne stará matka zpívat, zpívat užvala,
podívno, Ašte mě, Ašte slzně.
A ted' taká pláčem snědá lítěmu,
když vigáštní směřuje hrášť a zpívat užvala.

When my old mother taught me to sing,
It was peculiar that often she wept.
And now likewise I torment my swarthy face with weeping.
When I teach gypsy children to play and sing!

Strings tuned, lad, dance in the circle,
Today, perhaps you are quite high in spirit,
Tomorrow you may be down again.
At the most holy table, by the Nile;
The strings are already tuned, lad, dance about.

Give a cage of pure gold to a hawk;
He would not exchange his nest of thorns for it.
To an unruly horse, which races through the plain,
Will you seldom attach a bridle and stirrup.
And likewise nature has given something to the gypsy:
It has bound him by an eternal bond to freedom!

Louis Spohr’s style represents diverse elements and various influences including Cherubini, Mozart and the Viotti School. Being a violinist, he likely heard and probably played in some of the great Mozart operas, including Die Zauberflöte and Don Giovanni. By the age of 30 his unique style came to fruition and through it he influenced many younger composers. However his style ceased to evolve from this point, which unfortunately led to accusations of self-repetition and constricted expressive range. He was very well known in the 19th and early 20th century, but now is sometimes called the “forgotten master.”

Zwiegesang
Im Fliederbusch ein Vöglein saß
In der stillen, schönen Maiennacht,
Darunter ein Mägdlein im hohen Gras
In der stillen, schönen Maiennacht.
Sang Mägdlein, hielt das Vöglein Ruh',
Sang Vöglein, hört' das Mägdlein zu,
Und weithin klang Der Zwiegesang
Das mondgeb langte
Thal entlang. Was sang das Vöglein im Gezweig Durch die stille, schüne Maiennacht? Was sang doch wohl das Mägdlein gleich Durch die stille, schüne Maiennacht? Von Frühlingsonne das Vögelein, Von Liebeswonne das Mägdlein. Wie der Gesang Zum Herzen drang, Vergess ich nimmer mein Lebelang!

Two Songs in One
In a lilac bush sat a little bird in the quiet, lovely May night, below in the high grass sat a girl in the quiet, lovely May night. The girl sang: if only the bird would be quiet, the bird sang: if only the girl would listen, and far and away rang their duet the length of the moonlit valley. What was the bird singing in the branches throughout that quiet, lovely May night? And what, too, was the young girl singing throughout that quiet, lovely May night? Of spring sunshine sang the little bird, of love's delight sang the young girl How that song pierced my heart I shall never forget my whole life long.

Wiegenlied
Alles still in süßer Ruh, Drum mein Kind, so schlaf auch du. Draußen säuselt nur der Wind, Su, su, su, schlaf ein mein Kind! SchlieÂß du deine Augen, LaÂß sie wie zwei Knospen sein. Morgen wenn die Sonnen' erglühnt, Sind sie wie die Blumen erblüht. Und die Blüten schau ich an, Und die Augen kâ¼ÂŸ ich dann, Und der Mutter Herz vergiÂßt, DaÂß es draußen Frühlingszeit ist.

Cradle Song
All is still in sweet rest, Therefore, my child, you, too, must sleep. Outside is but the rustle of the wind, Sh, sh, sh, go to sleep, my child. Close your little eyes, Let them be two little buds. Tomorrow when the sun shines, They will blossom like flowers. And I gaze at the little flowers, And I kiss the little eyes, And a mother's heart forgets That it is spring outside.

Das Heimliche Lied
Es gibt geheime Schmerzen, Sie klaget nie der Mund, Getragen tief im Herzen Sind sie der Welt nicht kund. Es gibt ein heimlich Sehnen, Das scheuet stets das Licht, Es gibt verborgne Tränen, Der Fremde sieht sie nicht. Es gibt ein still Versinken In eine innre Welt, Wo Friedensauen winken, Von Sternenglanz erhellt, Wo auf gefallnen Schranken Die Seele Himmel baut, Und jubelnd den Gedanken Den Lippen anvertraut. Es gibt ein still Vergehen In stummen, öden Schmerz, Und Niemand darf es sehen, Das schwergepreßte Herz. Es sagt nicht was ihm fehlet, Und wenn's im Grame bricht, Verblutend und zerquollen, Der Fremde sieht sie nicht. Es gibt einen sanften Schlummer, Wo sâ¼ÂŸer Frieden weilt, Wo stille Ruh' den Kummer Der mÂ¼den Seele heilt. Doch gibt's ein schöner Hoffen, Das Welten Â¼berfliegt, Da wo am Herzen offen Das Herz voll Liebe liegt.
The Secret Song
There are secret pains whose lament is never tongued;
Borne deep in the heart they are unknown to the world.
There is a secret longing that always shies from the light;
There are hidden tears a stranger does not see.
There is a quiet sinking into an inner world
Where peaceful meadows beckon, lit by the gleam of stars,
Where, all boundaries fallen, the soul raises Heaven
And with jubilation
Confides its thoughts to the lips.
There is a quiet passing into silent, desolate pain,
And no one is allowed to see that heavy-pressed heart.
It does not say what it needs, and though it breaks with grief,
Tortured to death and bleeding, the stranger does not see it.
There is a gentle slumber where sweet peace abides,
Where quiet rest heals the cares of the weary soul.
There is yet a lovely hoping that soars above all worlds,
Where, open to another heart, the heart lies filled with love.

Wach Auf
Was stehst du bang’ Und sinnest nach?
Ach! schon so lange Ist Liebe wach.
Hört du das Klingen Allüberall?
Die Vöglein singen Mit süssem Schall.
Aus Starrem spricht Baummitten weich,
Das Leben fließt Um Ast und Zweig.
Das Tränpflein schlüpft Aus Waldesschacht,
Das Bächlein hüpfet Mit Wallungsmacht.
Der Himmel neigt In’s Wellenklar,
Die Blaue zeigt Sich wunderbar.
Ein heit'res Schmiegen Zu Form und Klang,
Ein ew'ges Färben Im ew'gen Drang!
Was stehst du bang’ Und sinnest nach?
Ach! schon so lange Ist Liebe wach.

Awakening
Why do you stand there brooding with fear?
Ah, already long is love stay awake!
Do you hear the ringing all around?
The birds are singing with such sweet sounds.
Soft leaves are sprouting from the rigid branches,
Life is flowing through bough and twig.
Little drops are gliding from the forest hollows,
The brook leaps with abundant strength.
The heavens bow towards the clear waves,
The blueiness is wondrously revealed,
A bright flourish of shape and sound,
An endless yielding to endless impulse.
Why do you stand there brooding with fear?
Ah, already long is love awake!
Trois chansons de Bilitis, written in 1897 are settings of what was supposedly Pierre LouÂ„sâ€™s translation of Greek poems by the poetess Bilitis from the sixth century B.C. LouÂ„s, who was Debussyâ€™s close friend, actually wrote the poems. Though the texts were "Greek" in origin, Debussy's French musical idiom and French sensibilities were superimposed on this "oriental" subject.

La Flâ»te Pan
Pour le jour des Hyacinthies, il m'a donnÃ© une syrinx faite de roseaux bien taillÃ©s, unis avec la blanche cire qui est douce Ã  mes lÂ¨vres comme le miel. Il m'apprend Ã  jouer, assise sur ses genoux, mais je suis un peu tremblante.
Il en joue aprÃ¨s moi, si doucement que je l'entends Ã  peine.
Nous n'avons rien Ã  nous dire, tant nous sommes prÃ¨s l'un de l'autre; mais nos chansons veulent se rÃ©pondre, et tour Ã  tour nos bouches s'unissent sur la flÂ»te.
Il est tard; voici le chant des grenouilles vertes qui commence avec la nuit. Ma mÃ¨re ne croira jamais que je suis restÃ©e si longtemps Ã  chercher ma ceinture perdue.

The Flute of Pan
For Hyacinthus day he has given me a pipe made of well-cut reeds, bound with white wax that is sweet to my lips like honey.
He teaches me to play, sitting on his knee; but I tremble a little. He plays it after me so softly that I can barely hear it.
We have nothing to say, so close we are to each other; but our songs and from time to time our mouths join upon the flute.
It is late; here is the song of the green frogs that begins at nightfall.
My mother will never believe that I have spent so much time searching for my lost girdle.

La Chevelure
Il m'a dit: â€œCette nuit, j'ai rÃªvÃ©. 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'Ã©taient les miens;
et nous Ã©tions liÃ©s pour toujours ainsi, par la mÃªme chevelure, la bouche sur la bouche, ainsi que deux lauriers n'ont souvent qu'une racine. Et peu Ã  peu, il m'a semblé, tant nos membres Ã©taient confondus, que je devenais toi-mÃªme,
ou que tu entrais en moi comme mon songeâ€•.
Quand il eut achevÃ©, il mit doucement ses mains sur mes Ã©paules, et il me regarda d'un regard si tendre, que je baissai les yeux avec un frisson.

Tresses of Hair
He said to me: â€œThis night I dreamed, I had the tresses of your hair around my neck. I had your hair like a black necklace around my neck and on my chest. I caressed it, and it was my own;
and we were united forever this way, by the same tresses, mouth upon mouth, like two laurels that often have the same root.
And little by little, it seemed to me, so intermingled were our limbs,
that I became part of you, or you entered into me like my dream.â€•
When he had finished, he put his hands sweetly on my shoulders, and he
looked at me so tenderly, that I lowered my eyes with a shiver.

Le Tombeau de Naiades
Le long du bois couvert de givre, je marchais;
Mes cheveux devant ma bouche se fleurissaient
de petits glaçons, et mes sandales â€”taient lourdes de neige fangeuse et
tassées.
Il me dit: "Que cherches-tu?" Je suis la trace du satyre. Ses petits pas fourchus
alternant 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, oâ'i est leur tombeau."
Et avec le fer de sa houe il cassa la glace de la source ou jadis riaient les
naâ€”ades. Il prenait de grands morceaux froids, Et les soulevant vers le ciel
pâble, Il regardait au travers.

The Tomb of the Water Nymphs
Along the wood covered with frost, I was walking;
My hair hanging in front of my mouth bloomed with tiny icicles, and my
sandals were heavy with muddy packed snow.
He said to me: â€œWhat are you looking for?â€• I am following the trail of the
satyr. His little cloven footprints alternate like holes in a white coat. He said to
me: â€œThe satyrs are dead. The satyrs and the nymphs too. For thirty years
there has not been so terrible a winter. The track you see is that of the buck.
But let us rest here where is their tomb.â€• And with iron of his hoe he broke
the ice of the spring where the water nymphs laughed. He picked up some big,
cold pieces, and raising them toward the pale sky he looked through them.

The American composer Charles Ives was inspired by the sounds of his native
land. He wove both hymn tunes and American popular songs into his works
in the classical tradition creating innovations in rhythm, harmony and form,
and an unparalleled ability to evoke the sounds and feelings of American life.
He was a composer ahead of his time in that he was experimental and
innovative and enjoyed mixing the complex with the simple. He is now
regarded as the leading American composer of art music of the 20th century.

Two Little Flowers (1921) was a collaborative effort between Ives and his
wife, Harmony. Ives paints the scene with delicate arpeggios in the piano that
gracefully illustrate his daughter Edith and her playmate at play in the garden.

On sunny days in our back yard, two little flowers are seen, One dressed, at
times in brightest pink and one in green. The marigold is radiant, the rose
passing fair; the violet is ever dear, the orchid ever rare; Thereâ€™s loveliness
in wild flowers of field or wide savannah, But fairest, rarest of them all are
Edith and Susanna.
Down East (1919) An example of Ives enjoying the mixture of complex and simple. The lilting second melody is a prime example of Ivesâ€™s devotion to the type of tunes which are the experience of every American who has gone to church, been at a ball game, or heard a band concert.

Songs! Visions of my homeland, come from strains of childhood, Come from tunes we sang in school days and with songs from motherâ€™s heart; Way down East in a village by the sea, stands an old, red farmhouse that watches oâ€™er the lea; All that is best in me, lying deep in memory, draws my heart that I would be, nearer to thee- Evâ€™ry Sunday morning, when the chores were almost done, from that little parlor sounds the old melodeon, Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee; With those strains a stronger hope comes nearer to me.

Songs my Mother Taught Me (1895) is Ivesâ€™s setting of an English adaptation of the poem by Heyduk, which is the subject of the earlier song heard this afternoon from Dvořákâ€™s Ciganská© melodie.

Songs my mother taught me in the days long vanished, Seldom from her eyelids were the teardrops banished. Now I teach my children each melodious measure often tears are flowing from my memoryâ€™s treasure.

Federico Garcia Lorca is widely known as a Spanish poet and dramatist. He was fascinated with Spanish folklore and Gypsy flamenco music. His folksongs are based on Renaissance and modern folk material. He refused to write down his arrangements of the songs, but he made a recording of some with the performer La Argentinita for which he accompanied on the piano. These pieces were subsequently transcribed anonymously and published by the Hispanic Institute in New York. Lorca was an early casualty of the Spanish Civil War. Franco and his followers considered intellectuals to be a dangerous threat and on August 19, 1936, along with a schoolmaster and two bullfighters, Lorca was murdered and thrown into an unmarked grave.

Las tres hojas
Debajo de la hoja de la verbena,
tengo a mi amante malo:
Â¡Jesús!, que pena!
Debajo de la hojade la lechuga,
tengo a mi amante malo con calentura.
Debajo de la hoja del perejil
tengo a mi amante malo y no puedo ir.

The Three Leaves
Underneath the leaf of the verbena,
I have my bad lover:
Ah, what pain!
Underneath the lettuce leaf,
I have my bad lover who gives me a fever.
Underneath the parsley leaf,
I have my bad lover and I cannot leave.

Las morillas de Jaén
Tres morillas me enamoran en Jaén:
AxayFâtima y Marién.
Tres morillas tan garridas iban a coger olivas,
y hallâibanlas cogidas en Jaén:
Y hallâiban las cogidas y tornaban desmaâ-das
y las colores perdidas en Jaén: Axay Fâtima y Marién.
Tres morillas tan lozanas iban a coger manzanas
en Jaén: Axay Fâtima y Marién.
Dâ-jeles: À¡¿Quién soís, seâ±oras, de mi vida robadoras?
Cristianas que À©ramos moras en Jaén.

The Moorish Girls of Jaén
Three Moorish girls excite me in Jaén:
Axay Fâtima y Marien:
Three Moorish girls so graceful went to gather olives, and they found them already gathered in Jaen: And they found them already gathered and they returned faint of heart and their color was lost in Jaén: Axay Fâtima y Marién.
Three Moorish girls so robust went to gather apples in Jaén: Axay and Fâtima and Marién.
I say to them: Who are you ladies, who have robbed my life?
Christian girls who were Moorish girls of Jaén:

Nana de Seville
Este galapaguito no tiene mare;
No tiene mare, sâ-, no tiene no. No tiene mare.
Lo pariâ³ una gitana, lo echâ³ a la calle.
lo echâ³ a la calle, si lo echâ³ a la calle, no. Lo echâ³ a la calle.
Este niâ±o chiquito no tiene cuna;
no tiene cuna, si, no tiene cuna, no. No tiene cuna.
Su padre es carpintero y le harâ¡ una.
y le harâ¡ una, si, y le hara una, no. Y le harâ¡ una.

Lullaby of Seville
This little turtle has no mother;
He does not have a mother, yes, he does not have a mother,
He does not have a mother.
A gypsy bore him, he was left in the street.
He was left in the street, yes, he was left in the street, no.
He was left in the street.
This little boy has no cradle;
he has no cradle, yes, he has no cradle, no.
He has no cradle.
His father is a carpenter and he will make him one.
he will make him one, yes, he will make him one, no.
He will make him one.

Sevillanas del siglo XVIII
Â¡Viva Sevilla! Llevan las sevillanas en la mantilla un letrero que dice:Â¡Viva Sevilla!
Â¡Viva Triana! Â¡Vivan los trianeros, los de Triana!
Â¡Vivan los sevillanos y sevillanas!
Lo traigo andado: la Macarena y todo, Lo traigo andado: cara como la tuya No la he encontrado.
Â¡Que bien pareces! Ay rio de Sevilla, Â¡que bien pareces!
Â¡Que bien pareces lleno de velas blancas y ramas verdes. Â¡Viva Sevilla!

Sevillians of the 18th Century
Viva Seville! The lady Sevillians in their mantilla, they have a sign that says: Long live Seville!
Long live Triana! Long live those from Triana!
Long live men and women of Seville!
I carry it wherever I go: the Macarena and everything, I carry it with me: a face equal to yours, I never have met.
How beautiful you are! Ah, river of Seville, how beautiful you are!
How beautiful you are full of white sails and green branches.
Viva Seville!