

10-15-2011

Senior Recital: Madeline Harts, soprano

Madelin Harts

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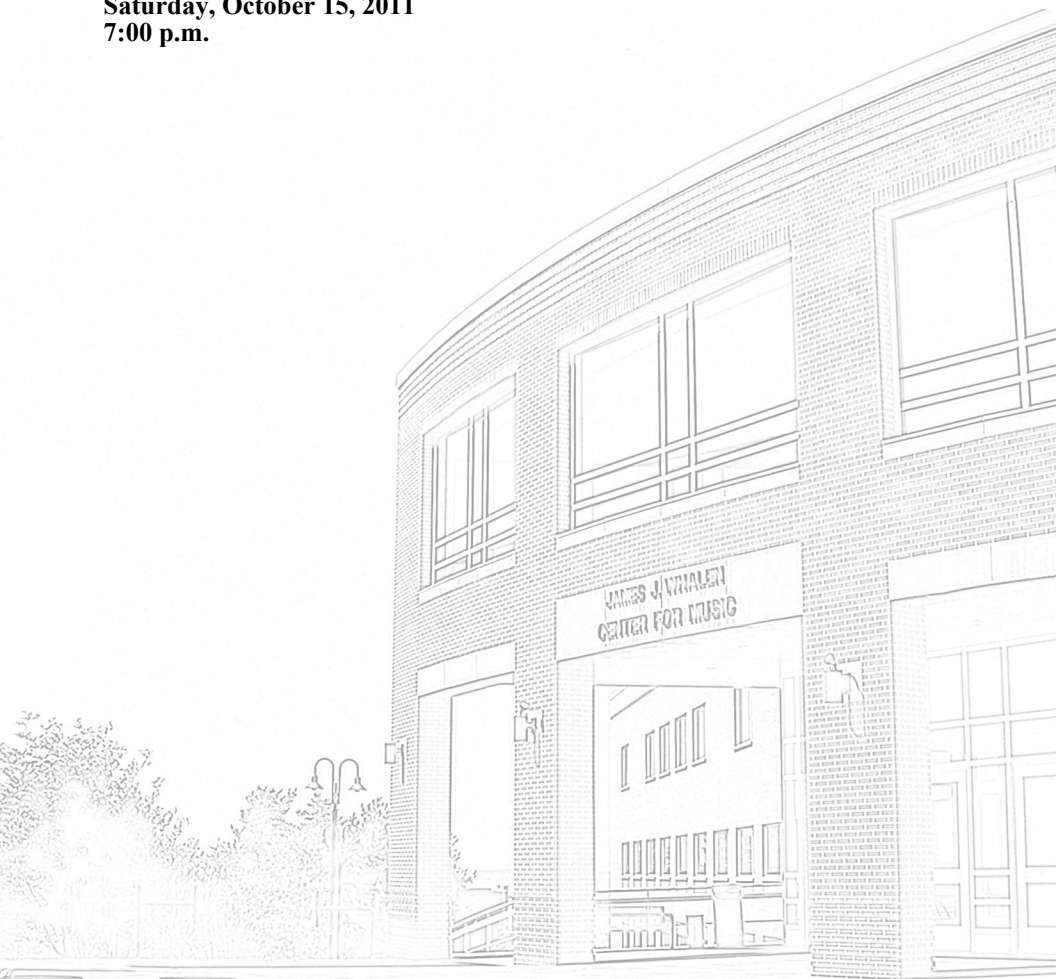
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Senior Recital: Madeline Harts, soprano

Kathy Hanson, piano
Steve Humes, baritone

Ford Hall
Saturday, October 15, 2011
7:00 p.m.



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

- Durch das dunkel... Herrlich lohnet
Davidde Penitente W. A. Mozart
(1756-1791)
- La Composizioni da Camera Gaetano Donizetti
La zingara (1797-1848)
Il sospiro
- Quatre chanson de jeunesse Claude Debussy
Pantomime (1862-1918)
Clair de lune
Pierrot
Apparition

Intermission

An Interlude into Madness

- Soffriva nel pianto... Se tradirmi tu potrai Gaetano Donizetti
Lucia di Lammermoor (1797-1848)
Steven Humes, baritone
- Songs and Sonnets to Ophelia Jake Heggie
Ophelia's song (b. 1961)
Women have loved before
Not in a silver casket
Spring
- É poss'io dubitar... Ch'io vi baci Alfredo Catalani
Edmea (1854-1893)
-
- Think of Me Andrew Lloyd Webber
Phantom of the Opera (b. 1948)

This Senior Recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree Music Performance and Education. Madeline Harts is from the studio of Dr. Randie Blooding.

Translations

Durch das dunkel

Durch das dunkel
das uns umnachtet
helle Sterne glänzen von oben
mörge[n] Wetter brausend toben
der Gerechte nicht verzagt

Herrlich lohnet
Gott seine Treuen
nach des unglücks
bange[n] leiden leuchten
ihnen diesel'gen
Freuden, und ein
ew'ger Morgen tagt!

Through the dark

Through the dark
to us benighted
bright stars shine from above
tomorrow's weather raging roars
The righteous do not lose heart

Glorious repayment
to God's faithful
after the accident struck
it lightened the
suffering and blissful
joys, of an eternal
morning meeting!

La zingara

Fra l'erbe cosparse
di rorido gelo,
coverta del solo
gran manto del cielo,
mia madre esultando
la vita mi dié.

Fancuilla, sui greppi
le capre e mulai;
per ville e citta di,
cresciuta, danzai,
le dame lor palme
distesero a me.

Io loro predissi
le cose non note,
ne feci dolenti,
ne feci beate,
segreti conobbi
di sdegno, d'amour.

Un giorno la mano
mi porse un donzello;
mai visto non fummi

The gypsy girl

Within grasses
and iced hoarfrost
covering only the
large mantle of the sky
my mother, exulting
brought life to me.

Still a girl, I lived
with goats and imitated them
through towns and cities
I grew and danced
ladies offered their palms
for me to read.

I told their future,
the predictions noted
Sometimes made them sad,
sometimes happy
I learned secrets,
some of disdain, others love.

One day a hand
of a youth was offered;
I never had seen

garzone piu bello;
oh! s'ei nella
destra leggesse
mi il cor.

Il sospiro

Donna infelice
stanca d'amore,
l'eterno sonno
chiedi al l'avel?
Deh! non rammenti,
che qui v'é un core che,
te perduta,
perduto ha il ciel.

L'eden ridente
quaggiu la speme rinno
vellata ci puó donar
Se implori morte,
moriame insieme,
angiol mio caro,
non mi lasciar.

Ma se ricusi
ch'or tecco stretto
nel riso eterno debba salir,
onde la vita
mi resti in petto,
dammi l'estremo
caldo sospir.

Pantomime

Pierrot qui n'a
rien d'un Clitandre
Vide un flacon
sans plus attendre
Et, partique, entame un pâté
Cassandre, au fond
de l'avenue,
Verse une larme méconnue
Sur son neveu déshérité
Ce faquin d'Arlequin combine
L'enlèvement de Colombine
Et pirouette quatre fois

a boy more handsome;
If he was a gypsy too
he would read love
in my heart.

The sigh

Woman miserable
tired of love,
Eternal sleep
you want in the grave?
Ah! do you not recall
that here is a heart that,
without you is lost,
Lost without your heaven.

Eden is smiling
here the hope renewed
is offered to us
Implore to death,
We die together unseparated
Angel of my heart,
do not leave me.

But if you refuse
now, close to you
I may rise in eternally
while there is still life
resting in my breast,
give me the last
warm sigh.

Pantomime

Pierrot who knows
nothing of Clitandre
Empties a flask
without waiting
And, practical, cuts a pate
Cassandre, at the
end of the avenue
Sheds a tear solitary
For his nephew disinherited
This scoundrel of Harlequin plots
The abduction of Colombine
And pirouettes four times

Colombine rêve,
surprise de sentir
un cœur dans la brise
Et d'entendre en son cœur des voix

Clair de lune

Votre âme est
un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant
masques et bergamasque
Jouant du luth et dansant
et quasi tristes
Sous leurs déguisements fantasques.
Tout en chantant
sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur
et la vie opportune
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire
À leur Bonheur
Et leur chanson se
mêle au clair de lune
Au calme clair de lune
triste et beau
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux
dans les arbres
Et sangloter d'etase
les jets d'eau
Les grand jets d'eau
svelte parmi les marbres.
Au calme clair de lune
triste et beau

Pierrot

Le bon Pierrot
que la foule contemple
Ayant fini
les noces d'Arlequin
Suit en songeant
le boulevard du temple
Une filette au souple casaquin
En vain l'agace
de son oeil conquin.
Et cependant
mystérieuse et lisse

Colombine dreams,
Surprised to feel
a heart in the breeze
And to hear in her heart these voices

Light of the moon

Your soul is
a landscape chosen
Which go charming
masquers and bergamasquers
Playing the lute and dancing
and almost sad
Beneath their fantastic disguises.
While in singing
in the minor mode
the love victorious
and the life opportune
They do not seem to believe
In their happiness
And their song
mingles with the moonlight
With calm moonlight
sad and beautiful
Who makes dreaming the birds
in the trees
And alone with ecstasy
the jets of water
The tall jets of water
slender among the marble
With calm moonlight
sad and beautiful.

Pierrot

The good Pierrot
whom the crowd gazes at
Having finished
the wedding of Harlequin
follows while dreaming
of the boulevard temple
A girl in a soft blouse.
In vain he provokes her
with a roguish eye.
And meanwhile
mysterious and calm

Faisant de lui sa
plus chère délice
La blanche lune aux
cornes de taureau
Jette un regard de
son œil en coulisse
A son ami
Jean Gaspard Debureau

Apparition

La lune s'attriste
Des séraphins en pleurs
Rêvant, l'archet aux doigts,
Dans le calme des
fleurs Vaporeuses,
Tiraient de mourantes violes
De blanc sanglots glissants
sur l'azur des corolles
C'était le jour béni
de ton premier baiser.
Ma songerie,
aimant à me martyriser
S'enivrait savamment
du parfum de tristesse
Que même sans regret
et sans déboire laisse
La cueillaison d'un Rêve
au coeur qui l'a cueilli
J'errais doc,
l'oeil rivé sur le pave vielli
Quand avec du soleil aux cheveux
Dans la rue et dans le soir
Tu m'es en riant apparue

Et j'ai cru voir la fée
au chapeau de clarté
Qui jadis sur mes
beaux sommeils
d'enfant gâté
Passait, laissant toujours de
ses mains mal fermées.
Neiger de blancs bouquets
d'étoiles parfumées.

Making of him her
most dear delight
The white moon with
horns of the bull
Cast a glance with
her eye side long
To her friend
Jean Gaspard Debureau.

Apparition

The moon was saddening
Some reaphims in tears
Dreaming, the bow in the fingers
In the calm of the
flowers vaporous,
Drew from the dying violets
Some white sobs glisten
over corollas azure
It was the blessed day
of your first kiss
My dreaming,
fond of tormenting me
Became knowingly drunk
on the perfumed sadness
Which even without regret
and without disappointment leaves
A gathering dream
of the heart it gathered.
I wandered thus,
eyes fixed on the old pavement
When with the sun of your hair
In the street and in the night
You were to me a laughing
apparition
And I have to see the fairy
in a hat of light
Who once passed across the
beautiful sleep of
my spoil childhood
Who allowed, always from
her half closed hands.
Some white bouquets of
stars perfumed to snow.

An Interlude of Madness

What is it about madness that seems to attract audiences? For generations, people have loved their heroines that just cannot seem to escape their tragic fate. Tonight we explore three 'mad divas,' each of whom has their own unique foray into insanity.

In order to explore this, madness itself is split into three parts.

Catalysis: an event so jarring that it plants insanity

Progression: from the slightest hint of "something not quite right" to the unraveling of the heroine

Insanity to Redemption: Complete spiraling of madness... to a quick jar of reality; the heroine regains her love and sense of self.

A Catalysis

Lucia di Lammermoor is an opera by Gaetano Donizetti, based upon the novel "The Bride of Lammermoor" by Sir Walter Scott. *Lucia* is the prime example of madness in opera, and also houses the most famous mad scene ever written. In this scene, Lucia's brother, Enrico, has just presented Lucia with a letter. The letter has been sent from her lover Edgardo, and renounces the love that he had for her. What Lucia does not know is that the letter is a fake, forged by Enrico so that he can force his sister to marry for the family's political gain.

As Lucia laments the loss of her love, Enrico is treacherous in his "sympathy" moving from a comforting brother to a demanding tyrant. During the second half of the scene, the audience can see Lucia start to become undone, madness starting to lurk as she drowns on a high D at the end of the piece.

**Soffriva nel pianto...Se
tradirmi, tu potai**

Soffriva nel pianto
languia nel dolore,
la speme, la vita
ri posi in un cor,
l'istante di morte
e guinto per me!
Quel core infedele
ad altra si die!

*Un folle t'accese,
un perfido amore,*

**I suffered in weeping...If you
betray me**

I suffered in weeping,
I languished in pain,
My hope, my life
I let rest in one man's heart
The moment of death
has come for me!
That heart unfaithful
Given to another woman!

*A mad, perfidious heart
has set you afire,*

*tradisti il tuo sangue
per vil seduttore,
ma degna del cielo
ne avesti merce:
quel core infedele
ad altra si die.*

-

Che fia?

*Suonar di giubilo
senti la riva.*

Ebbene?

Giunge il tuo sposo.

Un brivido mi corse per le vene!

A te s'appresta il talamo.

La tomba a me s'appresta!

Ora fatale e questa!

Ho suglochi un vel!

*Modi! Spento e guglielmo...
Ascendere vedrem mo il trono
Maria...*

*Prostrata e nella polvere la parte
ch'io seguia...*

Ah! Io tremo!

*Dal precipizio Arturo puo
sottrarmi; sol egli...*

Ed io?

Salvar me devi.

Enrico!

*You've betrayed your blood
for a vile seducer,
But heaven still holds
you worthy of mercy:
That heart unfaithful
Give to another woman!*

-

What is it?

*The sound of rejoicing
on the riverbank.*

Well?

Your bridegroom is arriving.

A shiver has run through my veins!

The marriage is prepared.

The grave is being prepared for me!

This is a fateful hour!

A veil hangs before my eyes!

*Listen! William has perished...
soon Mary will ascend to the
throne...*

*The party I have followed lies
prostrate in the dust...*

Ah! I tremble!

*From the abyss Arturo can save
me; only he...*

And I?

Save me, you must!

Enrico!

Vieni allo sposo.

Come to your bridegroom.

Ad altri giurai.

To another I am sworn.

Devi salvarmi.

You must save me.

Ma...

But...

Il devi!

You must!

Oh ciel!

Oh heaven!

*Se tradirmi tu potrai,
la mia sorte e già compita;
tu m'involi onore e vita,
tu la scure appresti a me.
Ne tuoi sogni mi vedrai,
ombra irata e minacciosa!
Quella scure sanguinosa
stará sempre innanzia te!*

*If you betray me,
my fate is already sealed;
You rob me of honor and life,
you make the axe ready for me.
In your dreams you will see me,
an irate threatening ghost!
That executioner's axe bloodied
will be always before you!*

Tu che vedi il pianto mio,
tu che leggi in questo core,
se respinto il mio dolore,
come in terra, in ciel non é,
tu mi togli eterno iddio,
questa vita disperata,
io son tanto sventurata,
che la morte é un ben per me.

You who see my tears,
you who read in this heart,
If Heaven like earth
does not reject my grief,
Take my life of despair
from me, eternal God,
I am so unfortunate
that death is a blessing for me.

Progression

The character of Ophelia has long been herald as the pinnacle of mad heroines in literature. Created by William Shakespeare in "Hamlet," she is the scorned by her love and succumbs to madness, and as many 'mad heroines' do, she dies in the end, drowning herself.

"Songs and Sonnets to Ophelia" is a set songs by Jake Heggie. The set contains four songs, "Ophelia's Song," "Women have loved," "Not in a silver casket," and "Spring." Starting with the first song, Ophelia is already

feeling happily trapped by her surroundings with the love of Hamlet to sustain her. With each passing song, our heroine becomes more and more unhinged as Hamlet rejects her until it reaches a climax in the final song, before slowly slipping away, just like her failing mind. Notice the motive of water that is present throughout the set, alluding to her watery grave.

Madness... to Redemption

Edmea is a rarely performed opera by Alfredo Catalani, and it houses one of the few heroines that regains her sanity in opera.

In this scene, Edmea is still in the shadow of insanity, remarking on how beautiful the flowers are that her love brings to her, actually serenading them. Suddenly, she seems to realize what she is doing and is terrified at what she has become. A glimpse then of her lover returned gives Edmea strength to pull herself out of madness and into the light.

The redemption of the heroine and her re-emergence into sanity is the rarest, yet most sought after happy ending for a character that has travelled through the shadows of madness.

È possio dubitar... Ch'io vi baci

È possio dubitar?
Ecco le ajoule...
dove al maggio
io veniva ogni mattina
a raccogliè viole.

Ch'io vi baci, ch'io vi sugga
il profumo cari fior
Su voi l'anima si strugga
nel lieto d'amor.

Ah! dunque il mio presente,
il mio passato...
L'amor, il sovvenir
e tuto e folia?!

O bel sogno
d'amor di speranza infinita
raggio del la mia vita,
paradiso del cor
Doppo tanto soffrir,

Is it possible to doubt... Let me kiss you

Is it possible to doubt?
There are the flowerbeds...
where in May
I went every morning
and picked the violets.

I will kiss, I will embrace
the perfume dear flowers
Upon you the soul yearns
in the long for love.

Ah! So my present,
and my past...
Love, provided for...
Everything is madness?!

O sweet dream
of love of endless hope,
ray of my life,
paradise of my heart
after so much suffering,

doppo tanto desio
se tu avessi svanir...
io morrei di dolor

after so much desire,
if you were to vanish...
I would die of grief

Nel mio bujo pensier...
La speranza era morta...

My thoughts were in darkness...
The hope was dead...

Ed e luce e risorta
ed e luce di ciel;
Me intorno spirar
sento l'aura di Dio,
se tu avi presso a me
sente amante fedel!

Now the light is resurrected
and the lights is of heaven;
All around around me blows
the surrounding aura of God,
He is here with me
Always faithful love!

Now in its second century, the Ithaca College School of Music affirms its fundamental belief that music and the arts are essential components of the human experience. The School of Music prepares students to be world-class professionals and the music leaders of tomorrow - ready to transform individuals and communities by advancing the art of music.

Upcoming Events

October

- 16** - Ford - 4:00 p.m. - **Symphony Orchestra**, Jeffery Meyer, conductor; Alex Shuhan, horn.
- 17** - Ford - 7:00 p.m. - **African Drumming and Dance**.
- 17** - Hockett - 8:15 p.m. - **Faculty Recital**: Aaron Tindall, tuba.
- 18** - Ford - 8:15 p.m. - **Wind Ensemble**, Stephen Peterson, conductor.
- 24** - Hockett - 7:00 p.m. - **Composition Premieres I**.
- 25** - Hockett - 8:15 p.m. - **Ithaca Bach Ensemble**. Deborah Montgomery, soprano; David Parks, tenor; Wendy Mehne, flute; Paige Morgan, oboe; Nicholas DiEugenio, violin; Elizabeth Simkin, violincello; Jean Radice, organ and harpsichord.
- 27** - Hockett - 8:15 p.m. - **Ithaca Jazz Quintet**.
- 28** - Hockett - 7:00 p.m. - **Liszt Festival Lecture**. *Liszt the Collaborator: Instrumental and Vocal Chamber Music*. Frank Cooper, guest lecturer, University of Miami.
- 28** - Hockett - 8:15 p.m. - **Liszt Festival Concert**. *Liszt the Collaborator: Instrumental and Vocal Chamber Music*. Charis Dimaras and Jenniver Hayghe, piano; Brad Hougham, baritone; Deborah Montgomery-Cove, soprano; and the Sheherazade Trio: Sysan Waterbury, violin and Elizabeth Simkin, cello.
- 30** - Hockett - 4:00 p.m. - **Faculty Recital**: Steve Mauk, saxophone. With Diane Birr, piano; Mike Titlebaum, saxophone; Pablo Cohen, guitar; and Nicholas Walker, bass.
- 31** - Hockett - 7:00 p.m. - **Octubafest**.
- 31** - Ford - 8:15 p.m. - **Guest Recital**: Sqwonk.
- 31** - Nabenhauer - 9:00 p.m. - Gordon Stout and the Bob Becker Ensemble.