

10-30-2011

## Senior Recital: Emma Ladouceur, mezzo soprano

Emma Ladouceur

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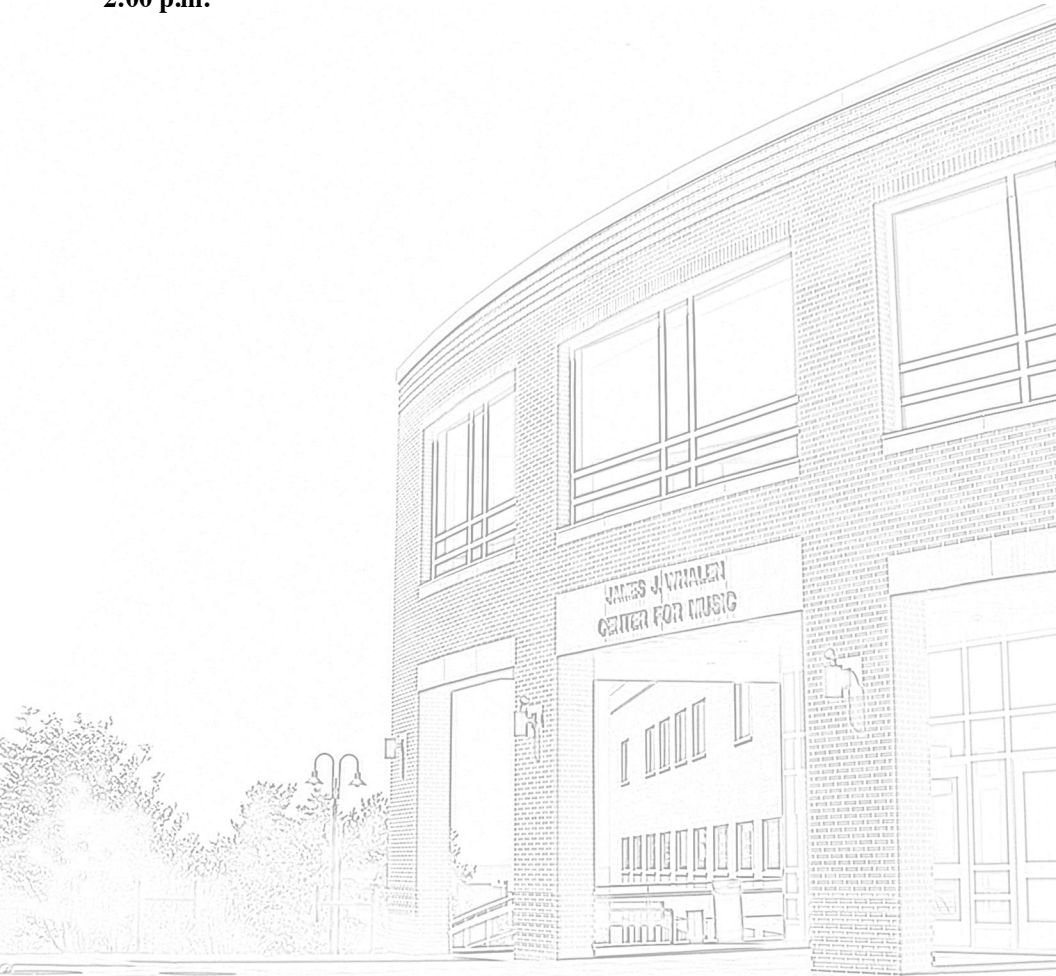
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**Senior Recital:  
Emma Ladouceur, mezzo-soprano  
Mike Gaertner, piano**

**Ford Hall  
Sunday, October 30, 2011  
2:00 p.m.**



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music



## Program

Siete Canciones Populares Españolas

El paño moruno  
Seguidilla Murciana  
Asturiana  
Jota  
Nana  
Canción  
Polo

Manuel de Falla  
(1876-1946)

Nicht wiedersehen!  
Scheiden und Meiden  
Der Tambours' sell

Gustav Mahler  
(1860-1911)

## Intermission

Werther! Qui m'aurait dit la place...  
from *Werther*

Jules Massenet  
(1842-1912)

Sometimes With One I Love  
Little Elegy  
The Lordly Hudson

Ned Rorem  
(b. 1923)

Still Hurting  
from *The Last Five Years*

Jason Robert Brown  
(b. 1970)

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This Senior Recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree in Vocal Performance and Music Education. Emma Ladouceur is from the studio of Brad Hougham.

## Notes

### Siete Canciones Populares Españolas by Manuel de Falla

Manuel De Falla was a Spanish Andalusian composer of classical music. Known as one of Spain's most important composers of the early 20th century, his "Siete Canciones Populares Españolas," demonstrate his considerable ability. The "Seven Spanish Folksongs" represent different regions of Spain, and all contain authentic folk material in their text.

#### El Paño Moruno

Al paño fino, en la tienda,  
una mancha le cayó;  
Por menos precio se vende,  
Porque perdió su valor.  
¡Ay!

#### Seguidilla Murciana

Cualquiera que el tejado  
Tenga de vidrio,  
No debe tirar piedras  
Al del vecino.  
Arrieros semos;  
¡Puede que en el camino  
Nos encontremos!

Por tu mucha inconstancia  
Yo te comparo  
Con peseta que corre  
De mano en mano;  
Que al fin se borra,  
Y créyendola falsa  
¡Nadie la toma!

#### Asturiana

Por ver si me consolaba,  
Arrime a un pino verde,  
Por ver si me consolaba.

Por verme llorar, lloraba.  
Y el pino como era verde,  
Por verme llorar, lloraba.

#### The Moorish Cloth

On the fine cloth in the store  
a stain has fallen;  
It sells at a lesser price,  
because it has lost its value.  
Alas!

#### Seguidilla Murciana

Who has a roof  
of glass  
should not throw stones  
to their neighbor's (roof).  
Let us be muleteers;  
It could be that on the road  
we will meet!

For your great inconstancy  
I compare you  
to a [coin] that runs  
from hand to hand;  
which finally blurs,  
and, believing it false,  
no one accepts!

#### Asturiana

To see whether it would console me,  
I drew near a green pine,  
To see whether it would console  
me.

Seeing me weep, it wept;  
And the pine, being green,  
seeing me weep, wept.

### **Jota**

Dicen que no nos queremos  
Porque no nos ven hablar;  
A tu corazón y al mio  
Se lo pueden preguntar.

Ya me despido de tí,  
De tu casa y tu ventana,  
Y aunque no quiera tu madre,  
Adiós, niña, hasta mañana.  
Aunque no quiera tu madre...

### **Nana**

Duérmete, niño, duerme,  
Duerme, mi alma,  
Duérmete, lucerito  
De la mañana.  
Naninta, nana,  
Naninta, nana.  
Duérmete, lucerito  
De la mañana.

### **Canción**

Por traidores, tus ojos,  
voy a enterrarlos;  
No sabes lo que cuesta,  
»Del aire«  
Niña, el mirarlos.  
»Madre a la orilla  
Madre«

Dicen que no me quieres,  
Y a me has querido...  
Váyase lo ganado,  
»Del aire«  
Por lo perdido,  
»Madre a la orilla  
Madre«

### **Jota**

They say we don't love each other  
because they never see us talking  
But they only have to ask  
both your heart and mine.

Now I bid you farewell  
your house and your window too  
and even ... your mother  
Farewell, my sweetheart  
until tomorrow.

### **Nana**

Go to sleep, Child, sleep,  
Sleep, my soul,  
Go to sleep, little star  
Of the morning.  
Lulla-lullaby,  
Lulla-lullaby,  
Sleep, little star  
of the morning.

### **Song**

Because your eyes are traitors  
I will hide from them  
You don't know how painful  
it is to look at them.  
"Mother I feel worthless,  
Mother"

They say they don't love me  
and yet once  
they did love me  
"Love has been lost  
in the air  
Mother all is lost  
It is lost Mother"

**Polo**

¡Ay!  
 Guardo una, ¡Ay!  
 Guardo una, ¡Ay!  
 ¡Guardo una pena en mi pecho,  
 ¡Guardo una pena en mi pecho,  
 ¡Ay!  
 Que a nadie se la diré!

Malhaya el amor, malhaya,  
 Malhaya el amor, malhaya,  
 ¡Ay!  
 ¡Y quien me lo dió a entender!  
 ¡Ay!

**Polo**

Ay!  
 I keep a... (Ay!)  
 I keep a... (Ay!)  
 I keep a sorrow in my breast,  
 I keep a sorrow in my breast  
 Ay!  
 that to no one will I tell.

Wretched be love, wretched,  
 Wretched be love, wretched,  
 Ay!  
 And he who gave me to understand  
 it!  
 Ay!

**Selections from Des Knaben Wunderhorn by Gustav Mahler**

Des Knaben Wunderhorn is a collection of German folk poems, published in Heidelberg between 1805 and 1808. Gustav Mahler was particularly fond of these poems, and spent much of his compositional career setting them to music. Between 1887 and 1899 he published dozens of settings in two volumes. These particular songs represent some of the darker poems in the collection, often referring to loss or death.

**Nicht Wiedersehen**

Und nun ade, mein herzallerliebster  
 Schatz,  
 Jetzt muß ich wohl scheiden von dir,  
 Bis auf den andern Sommer,  
 Dann komm ich wieder zu dir.  
 Und als der junge Knab heimkam,  
 Von seiner Liebsten fing er an:  
 “Wo ist meine Herzallerliebste,  
 Die ich verlassen hab?”  
 “Auf dem Kirchhof liegt sie  
 begraben,  
 Heut ist’s der dritte Tag.  
 Das Trauern und das Weinen  
 Hat sie zum Tod gebracht.”  
 “Jetzt will ich auf den Kirchhof  
 gehen,  
 Will suchen meiner Liebsten Grab,  
 Will ihr allweil rufen,  
 Bis daß sie mir Antwort gibt.

**We Will Not See Each Other Again**

And now, farewell, my darling  
 treasure,  
 now I must leave you,  
 until next summer,  
 when I shall return to you.  
 And as the youth returned home,  
 he thought of his beloved:  
 “Where is my love,  
 whom I have left?”  
 “She is buried in the churchyard,  
 today is the third day.  
 Her mourning and crying  
 has killed her.”  
 “Now I shall go to the churchyard,  
 to look for my beloved’s grave,  
 and will call out for her  
 until she answers.

Ei, du mein herzallerliebster Schatz,  
Mach auf dein tiefes Grab,  
Du hörst kein Glöcklein läuten,  
Du hörst kein Vöglein pfeifen,  
Du siehst weder Sonne noch Mond!”

### **Scheiden und Meiden**

Es ritten drei Reiter zum Thore  
hinaus!  
Ade! Ade!  
Fein's Liebchen, das schaute zum  
Fenster hinaus!  
Ade! Ade! Ade!

Und wenn es denn soll geschieden  
sein,  
so reich mir dein goldenes  
Ringelein!  
Ade! Ade!

Ja, Scheiden und Meiden tut weh, tut  
weh!  
Ja, Scheiden und Meiden tut weh, tut  
weh!  
Ade! Ade! Ade!

Es scheidet das Kind schon in der  
Wieg'!  
Ade! Ade!  
Wann werd' ich mein Schätzel wohl  
kriegen?!

Ade! Ade!  
Und ist es nicht morgen, ach, wär' es  
doch heut'!  
Es machte uns Beiden wohl große  
Freud'!  
Ade! Ade! Ade! Ade! Ade! Ade!

Ja, Scheiden und Meiden tut weh, tut  
weh!  
Ja, Scheiden und Meiden tut weh, tut  
weh!  
Ade!

O, my darling treasure,  
open up your grave,  
you cannot hear the bells tolling,  
you cannot hear the birds singing,  
you can see neither sun nor moon!”

### **Parting and Separation**

Three horsemen ride out through the  
gate!  
Farewell! Farewell!  
A beloved looks out of the window!

Farewell! Farewell!  
Ans if we must be parted,  
Then give me your little golden  
ring!  
Farewell! Farewell!

Yes, parting and separation bring  
woe, bring woe!  
Yes, parting and separation bring  
woe, bring woe!  
Farewell! Farewell!

The child is left in the cradle!  
Farewell! Farewell!

When will my beloved be mine?  
Farewell! Farewell!

And if it were not tomorrow, that it  
would be today!  
It would bring us both such great  
joy!  
Farewell! Farewell!

Yes, parting and separation bring  
woe, bring woe!  
Yes, parting and separation bring  
woe, bring woe!  
Farewell! Farewell!



## Der Tambourg'sell

Ich armer Tambourg'sell!  
Man führt mich aus dem G'wölb!

Wär ich ein Tambour geblieben,  
dürft ich nicht gefangen liegen!

O Galgen, du hohes Haus,  
du siehst so furchtbar aus!  
Ich schau dich nicht mehr an!  
Weil i weiß, daß i g'hör d'ran!

Wenn Soldaten vorbeimarschier'n,  
bei mir nit einquartier'n,  
wenn sie fragen, wer i g'wesen bin:  
Tambour von der Leibkompanie!

Gute Nacht, ihr Marmelstein!  
Ihr Berg' und Hügelein!  
Gute Nacht, ihr Offizier,  
Korporal und Musketier!  
Gute Nacht!  
Ihr Offizier, Korporal und  
Grenadier!

Ich schrei' mit heller Stimm':  
Von Euch ich Urlaub nimm!  
Gute Nacht!

## The Drummer Boy

I, poor drummer boy!  
They are leading me out of the  
dungeon!  
If I'd remained a drummer,  
I would not lie imprisoned!

Oh, gallows, you tall house,  
you look so frightening!  
I don't look at you any more!  
Because I know that's where I  
belong!

When soldiers march past,  
that are not billeted with me,  
when they ask who I was:  
Drummer of the first company!

Good night, you marble rocks!  
You mountains and hills!  
Good night, you officers,  
corporals and musketeers!  
Good night!  
You officers, corporals and  
grenadiers!

I cry out with a clear voice:  
I take leave of you!  
Good night!

## Werther! Qui m'aurait dit la place...from "Werther" by Jules Massenet

Massenet, a French composer known for his operas, composed "Werther" in 1884. One of his most famous operas, "Werther" tells a sad story of an impossible love, resulting in, as so many dramatic operas do, death. In this aria, Charlotte, a married woman plagued by a love for another man (Werther) re-reads his letters, and faces the truth that though she too loves him, they might never be reunited.

**Werther! Qui m'aurait dit la place...**

Werther! Werther! Qui m'aurait dit  
la place  
que dans mon coeur il occupe  
aujourd'hui?

Depuis qu'il est parti, malgré moi  
tout me lasse, et mon âme est pleine  
de lui !

Ces lettres! Ces lettres!  
Ah, je les relit sans cesse...  
avec quel charme, mais aussi quelle  
tristesse!

Je devrais les détruire...je ne puis!  
"Je vous écrit de ma petite chambre.

un ciel gris et lourd de décembre  
pese sur moi comme un linceu,  
et je suis seule, toujours seul!"  
Ah! Personne auprès de lui !  
Pas un seul temoignage  
de tendress ou même du pitié!  
Dieu! Comment m'est venu ce triste  
courage  
D' ordonner cet exil et cet  
isolement!

"Des cris joyeux d'enfants montent  
sous ma fenêtre, des cris d'enfants!

Et je pense à ce temps si doux où  
tous vos chers petits jouaient autour  
de nous.  
Ils m'oublieront peut-être?"

Non, Werther, dans leur souvenir,  
votre image reste vivante.  
Et quand vous reviendrez...  
mais doit-il revenir?  
Ah! Ce dernier billet me glace  
et m'épouvante!...  
"Tu m'as dit : 'à Noël'  
et j'ai crié-'Jamais!' "...  
On va bientôt connaître

**Werther! Who would have told me the place**

Werther! Werther! Who would have  
told me the place  
Which in my heart he holds today?

Since he has left, in spite of myself,  
Everything wearies me, and my soul  
is filled with him!

His letters! His letters!  
Ah, I reread them constantly..  
With what charm, but also what  
sadness!

I ought to destroy them... I can't!  
"I am writing you from my little  
room.

A grey and heavy sky of December  
Weighs on me like a shroud  
And I am alone, always alone!"  
Ah! Nobody with him!  
Not a single bit of evidence  
of tenderness or even of pity!  
God! How did I come upon this sad  
courage  
To order this exile and this  
isolation?

Joyful cries of children rise  
from beneath my window, cries of  
children!

And I think of the time so sweet  
when  
All your dear little ones were playing  
around us.  
They will forget me, perhaps?"

No Werther, in their memory,  
Your image remains alive.  
And when you return...  
but will he come back?  
Ah! This last note freezes me  
and terrifies me!...  
"You said to me, 'Until Christmas,'  
& I said, 'Never!' "  
One will soon know

Qui de nous disait vrai,...  
Mais si je dois reparaître,  
au jour fixé devant toi  
Ne m'accuse pas, pleure - moi!  
Ne m'accuse pas, pleure - moi!  
Oui, de ses yeux si pleins de  
charme,  
Ces lignes, tu les relira,  
  
tu les mouilleras de tes larmes,  
  
O Charlotte! Et tu frémiras,  
tu frémiras, Tu frémiras!

Which of us was speaking truth,  
But if I should reappear  
On the fixed day in front of you  
Do not accuse me, weep for me!  
Do not accuse me, weep for me!  
Yes, with those eyes so full of  
charm,  
These lines, you will read them  
again,  
And you will dampen them from  
your tears,  
O Charlotte, and you will tremble,  
You will tremble, you will tremble!

### Selections by Ned Rorem

Ned Rorem is a prolific composer, most known and praised for his song settings. During his lifetime Rorem also composed many operas, symphonies, Orchestral, and Chamber works. These particular songs represent a mix of nostalgia and contentment, each with its own message.

#### **"Still Hurting" from "The Last Five Years" by Jason Robert Brown**

Jason Robert Brown is an American musical theatre composer, playwright, and lyricist. "The Last Five Years," represents one of Brown's earlier shows, debuted in 2001. It tells the story of a relationship told from two sides. The woman, Cathy, experiences the five years in reverse chronological order, beginning at the end of the 5 year relationship and moving towards the beginning. Jamie, in contrast, starts the show at the beginning and moves through in chronological order. Cathy sings "Still Hurting," at the very beginning of the show, once their relationship has ended.

I would just like to take a moment and thank all the people that helped me reach this moment. Thanks to my voice teacher, Brad Hougham, as well as all my other professors at IC for being great sources of knowledge and inspiration. Thanks as well to my friends, and especially my family, for providing constant support for me throughout my college career. I'm truly grateful to be able to share this recital with all of you.

## **Ithaca College School of Music**

Ever since its founding in 1892 as a Conservatory of Music, Ithaca College has remained dedicated to attracting the most talented young musicians, and then immersing these students in an advanced culture of musical learning that positions them to be leading professionals in music. As the conservatory evolved into a comprehensive college with expanded academic offerings, the School of Music has continued to earn its reputation as one of the best in the nation.

Through a blend of world-class faculty, state-of-the-art facilities, professional performance opportunities, access to liberal arts classes, and a beautiful campus setting, students grow in a challenging yet supportive community.

Not only do students have access to our broad music curriculum, but they can also take classes in any of the College's other schools and divisions. As a result, graduates are well prepared for a host of careers and work in almost every music field imaginable. School of Music alumni include symphony, opera, and Broadway performers; faculty members and deans at prestigious universities and colleges; teachers in school systems through the country; music therapists, composers; publicists; audio engineers in professional studios; and managers in the music industry. The School of Music boasts a consistent 100% job placement for music education graduates actively seeking employment, and 98% placement for other graduates into jobs or graduate schools.

Since 1941, the Ithaca College School of Music has been accredited by the National Association of Schools of Music.

For more information regarding the Ithaca College School of Music, please visit us on the web at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music>

## Upcoming Events

### October

30 - Ford - 4:30pm - Community Band

31 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Octubafest

31 - Ford - 8:15pm - Sqwonk

31 - Nabenhauer - 9:00pm - **Faculty and Guest Recital:** Gordon Stout and Bob Becker Ensemble

### November

1 - Ford - 8:15pm - Guest Concert: New Jersey Youth Symphony Percussion Ensemble

3 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Flute Ensemble

4 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Faculty Recital: Nathan Hess, piano

4 - Ford - 8:15pm - Concert Band and Jazz Vocal Ensemble (Family Weekend)

5 - Ford - 8:15pm - Symphonic Band/Jazz Ensemble (Family Weekend)

6 - Ford - 1:30pm - Choral Concert (Family Weekend)

7 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Ithaca Brass

7 - Ford - 9:00pm - **Faculty & Guest Recital:** Gordon Stout and Adam Blackstock, marimba

8 - Hockett - 7:00pm - **Faculty Showcase Recital**

10 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Susan Waterbury, Nicholas DiEugenio, & students, violin

11 - Hockett - 2:00pm - **Rachel S. Thaler Concert Pianist Series Masterclass:** Christopher O'Riley, piano

11 - Ford - 8:15pm - **Rachel S. Thaler Concert Pianist Series:** Christopher O'Riley, piano

12 - Ford - 7:00pm - Choral Composition Festival Closing Concert

14 - Hockett - 7:00pm - **Composition Premieres II**

14 - Hockett - 9:00pm - **Faculty Recital:** Jeff Gray, bass trombone and Harold Reynolds, tenor trombone

15 - Ford - 8:15pm - Trombone Troupe and Brass Choir

16 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Opera Workshop

17 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Ithaca Wind Quintet