

2-4-2012

## Elective Recital: Haley Rowland, mezzo-soprano

Haley Rowland

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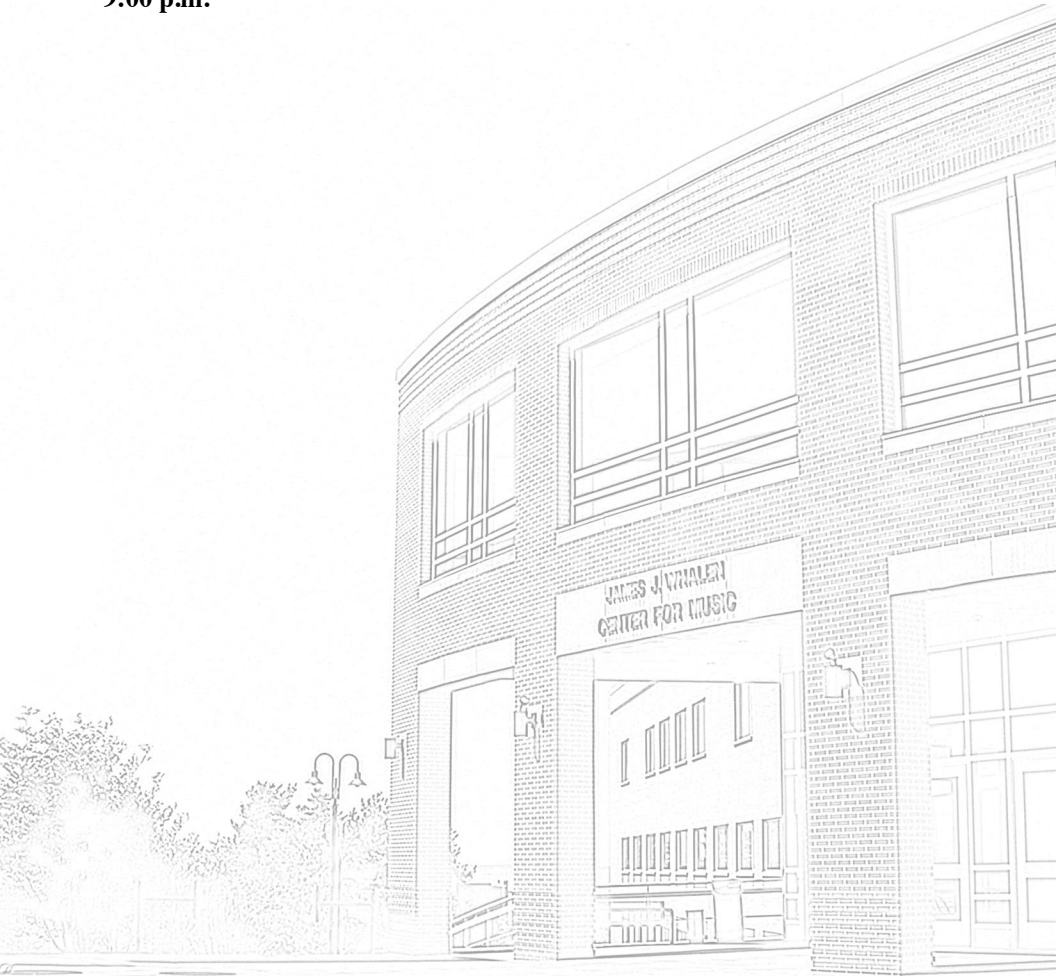
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**Elective Recital:  
Haley Rowland, mezzo-soprano  
Christopher LaRosa, piano**

**Nabenhauer Recital Room  
Saturday, February 4, 2012  
9:00 p.m.**



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

## Program

Ouvre ton coeur	Georges Bizet (1838-1875)
Plaisir d'amour	Johann-Paul Martini (1741-1816)
Aubade	Charles Gounod (1818-1893)
Villanelle from <i>Les Nuits D'Été</i>	Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)

Vergebliches Ständchen	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Liebestreu	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Gretchen am Spinnrade	

Eight Epitaphs	Theodore Chanler (1902-1961)
Alice Rodd	
Susannah Fry	
Three Sisters	
Thomas Logge	
A Midget	
No Voice To Scold	
Ann Poverty	
Be Very Quiet Now	

Voi, che sapete	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Non so più	

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This Elective Recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree Sound Recording Technology. Haley Rowland is from the studio of Jennifer Kay.

## Translations

### Ouvre ton coeur

La marguerite a fermé sa corolle,  
L'ombre a fermé les yeux du jour.  
Belle, me tiendras-tu parole?  
Ouvre ton coeur à mon amour.

Ouvre ton coeur, ô jeune ange, à ma flamme,  
Qu'en rêve charme ton sommeil.  
Je veux reprendre mon âme,  
Comme une fleur, s'ouvre au soleil!

### Plaisir d'amour

Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment,  
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie.  
J'ai tout quitté pour l'ingrate Sylvie,

Elle me quitte et prend un autre amant.  
Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment,  
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie.

Tant que cette eau coulera doucement  
Vers ce ruisseau qui borde la prairie,  
Je t'aimerai, me répétait Sylvie.  
L'eau coule encaor, elle a changé pourtant.  
Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment,  
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie.

### Aubade

L'aube naît, et ta porte est close!  
Ma belle, pourquoi sommeiller?  
A l'heure où s'éveille la rose  
Ne vas-tu pas te réveiller?

Ô ma charmante,  
Écoute ici  
L'amant qui chante  
Et pleure aussi!

Toute frappe à ta porte bénie.  
L'aurore dit: Je suis le jour!  
L'oiseau dit: Je suis l'harmonie!  
Et moi je dit: Je suis l'amour!

Ô ma charmante,  
Écoute ici  
L'amant qui chante  
Et pleure aussi!

### Open your heart

The daisy closed its flowery crown,  
Twilight has closed the eyes of day,  
My lovely beauty, will you keep your word?  
Open your heart to my love.

Open your heart to my desire, young angel,  
May a dream charm your slumber.  
I want to take back my soul  
As a flower opens to the sun!

### The pleasures of love

The pleasures of love last but a moment  
The sorrows of love last all life through.  
I have given up everything for the ungrateful  
Sylvia

She left me and took another lover.  
The pleasures of love last but a moment  
The sorrows of love last all life through.

As long as this water runs gently  
Towards the brook that borders the meadow,  
I shall love you, Sylvia told me.  
The stream still flows, but she has changed.  
The pleasures of love last but a moment  
The sorrows of love last all life through.

### Dawn serenade

The dawn is born, and your door is shut!  
My dear, why do you sleep?  
At the hour when the rose wakes  
Are you not going to get up?

O, my charming one,  
Listen here,  
The lover who sings  
And weeps as well!

All things knock at your blessed door  
The dawn says: I am the day!  
The bird says: I am harmony!  
And I say: I am love!

O, my charming one,  
Listen here,  
The lover who sings  
And weeps as well!

### **Villanelle, from Les Nuits D'Été**

Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,  
Quand auront disparu les froids,  
Tous les deux, nous irons, ma belle,  
Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois;  
Sous nos pieds égrénant les perles  
Que l'on voit, au matin trembler,  
Nous irons écouter les merles Siffler.

Le printemps est venu, ma belle;  
C'est le mois des amants béni;  
Et l'oiseau, satinant son aile,  
Dit ses vers au rebord du nid.  
Oh! Viens donc sur ce banc de mousse  
Pour parler de nos beaux amours,  
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce toujours.

Loin, bien loin égarant nos courses,  
Faisons fuir le lapin caché,  
Et le daim au miroir des sources  
Admirant son grand bois penché;  
Puis chez nous tout hereux, tout aises,  
En paniers, enlaçant nos doigts,  
Revenons rapportant des fraises des bois.

### **Vergebliches Ständchen**

Er:  
Guten Abend, mein Schatz,  
guten Abend, mein Kind!  
Ich komm' aus Lieb' zu dir,  
Ach, mach' mir auf die Tür,  
mach' mir auf die Tür!

Sie:  
Meine Tür ist verschlossen,  
Ich laß dich nicht ein;  
Mutter, die rät' mir klug,  
Wär'st du herein mit Fug,  
Wär's mit mir vorbei!

Er:  
So kalt ist die Nacht,  
so eisig der Wind,  
Daß mir das Herz erfriert,  
Mein' Lieb' erlöschen wird;  
Öffne mir, mein Kind!

Sie:  
Löschet dein' Lieb';  
lass' sie löschen nur!  
Löschet sie immerzu,  
Geh' heim zu Bett, zur Ruh'!

### **Villanelle, from The Summer Nights**

When the springtime comes,  
When the frosts have disappeared,  
The two of us shall go, my dear one,  
To pick lily of the valley from of the woods,  
Beneath our feet we will pluck pearls  
That tremble in the morning sun,  
And we shall go listen to the blackbirds sing.

The springtime has come, my love;  
'Tis the month for making love,  
And the birds smoothing out their wings  
Say their verse on the edge of their nest.  
O, so come to this bank of moss  
And we'll talk of our glorious love,  
And say to me, in your sweet voice,  
"Always."

Far away, wandering from our pathway,  
Hidden rabbits flee,  
And the buck, mirrored in the spring,  
Admires his great, bent antlers;  
Homeward we will go, so happy,  
With a basket our fingers entwine,  
Returning with strawberries from the woods.

### **Futile Serenade**

He:  
Good evening, my treasure,  
good evening, my child!  
I come out of love for you,  
Ah, open the door,  
open the door for me!

She:  
My door is locked,  
and I won't let you in:  
My mother has advised me well!  
If you came in,  
It would all be over for me!

He:  
The night is so cold,  
and the wind so icy  
that my heart will freeze,  
and my love will be extinguished!  
Open for me, my child!

She:  
Extinguish your love;  
Let it be extinguished!  
Extinguish it forever,  
Go home to bed and rest!

Gute Nacht, mein Knab'!

### **Liebestreu**

"O versenk', o versenk' dein Leid,  
mein Kind, in die See, in die tiefe See!"  
Ein Stein wohl bleibt auf des Meeres Grund,  
mein Leid kommt stets in die Höh'.

"Und die Lieb', die du im Herzen trägst,  
brich sie ab, brich sie ab, mein Kind!"  
Ob die Blum' auch stirbt, wenn man sie  
bricht,  
treue Lieb' nicht so geschwind.

"Und die Treu', und die Treu',  
's war nur ein Wort, in den Wind damit  
hinaus."  
O Mutter und splittert der Fels auch im Wind,  
Meine Treue, die hält ihn aus.

### **Gretchen am Spinnrade**

Meine Ruh' ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer,  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab  
Ist mir das Grab,  
Die ganze Welt  
Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf  
Ist mir verrückt,  
Mein armer Sinn  
Ist mir zerstückt.

Nach ihm nur schau ich  
Zum Fenster hinaus,  
Nach ihm nur geh ich  
Aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang,  
Sein' edle Gestalt,  
Seine Mundes Lächeln,  
Seiner Augen Gewalt,

Und seiner Rede  
Zauberfluß,  
Sein Händedruck,  
Und ach, sein Kuß!

Mein Busen drängt sich

Good night, my boy!

### **Loyal Love**

"Oh sink, sink your sorrow,  
My child, in the sea, in the deep sea!"  
A stone rests well at the bottom of the ocean;  
My sorrow always comes to the surface.

"And the love that you carry in your heart,  
Destroy it, destroy it, my child!"  
If the flower also dies when one breaks it off,  
True Love is not so swift.

"And your loyalty, your loyalty,  
It is only a word; into the wind with it!"

Oh Mother, even if the rock splinters in the  
wind,  
My loyalty withstands it.

### **Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel**

My peace is gone,  
My heart is heavy,  
I will find peace never  
and never more.

Where I do not have him,  
That is the grave to me,  
The whole world  
Is bitter to me.

My poor head  
Is crazy to me,  
My poor mind  
Is torn apart.

For him only do I look  
Out the window,  
Only for him do I go  
Out of the house.

His tall walk,  
His noble figure,  
His mouth's smile,  
His eyes' power,

And his mouth's  
Magic flow,  
His handshake,  
and ah! His kiss!

My bosom urges itself

Nach ihm hin.  
Ach dürft ich fassen  
Und halten ihn,

Und küssen ihn,  
So wie ich wollt,  
An seinen Küssen  
Vergehen sollt!

**Voi, che sapete**

Voi, che sapete che cosa e amor,  
Donne, vedete, s'io l'ho nel cor,  
Quello ch'io provo, vi ridirò;  
È per me nuovo, capir nol so.

Sento un affetto pien di desir,  
Ch'ora è diletto, ch'ora è martir.  
Gelo, e poi sento l'alma avvampar,  
E in un momento torno a gelar.

Ricerco un bene fuori di me  
Non so chi il tiene, non so cos'è.  
Sospiro e gemo senza voler;  
Palpito e tremo senza saper.  
Non trovo pace notte nè dì,  
Ma pur mi piace languir così.

Voi, che sapete che cosa e amor,  
Donne, vedete, s'io l'ho nel cor.

**Non so più**

Non so più cosa son, cosa faccio:  
Or di foco, ora sono di ghiaccio,  
Ogni donna cangiar di colore,  
Ogni donna mi fa palpitar,  
Solo ai nomi d'amor, di diletto,  
Mi si turba, mi s'altera il petto,  
E a parlare mi sforza d'amore  
Un desio ch'io non posso spiegar.

Parlo d'amor vegliando,  
Parlo d'amor sognando,  
A l'acqua, a l'ombra, ai monti,  
Ai fiori, a l'erbe, ai fonti,  
A l'eco, a l'aria, ai venti,  
Che il suon de vani accenti  
Portano via con sè.

E se non ho chi m'oda,  
Parlo d'amor con me.

toward him.  
Ah, might I grasp  
And hold him!

And kiss him,  
As I wish,  
At his kisses  
I should die!

**You, who know**

You who know what love is,  
Ladies, see if I have it in my heart,  
I will repeat to you that which I am feeling;  
It is new for me, I don't understand.

I feel an affection, full of desire,  
Now it is pleasure, now torture.  
I freeze, and then I feel my soul aflame,  
And in a moment I turn to ice.

I am seeking a treasure outside of me  
I don't know who has it or what it is.  
I sigh and moan without wanting to;  
I quiver and tremble without knowing why.  
I cannot find peace night or day,  
But I like languishing this way.

You, who know what love is,  
Ladies, see if I have it in my heart.

**I no longer know**

I no longer know what I am, what I'm doing:  
Now I'm fire, now I'm ice,  
Every woman changes my mood,  
Every woman makes my heart pound,  
Just the name of love, of delight,  
Upsets me, alters my breathing,  
And it forces me to speak of love,  
A desire I can't explain.

I speak of love awake,  
I speak of love dreaming,  
To the water, the shadows, the mountains,  
To the forests, the grass, the springs,  
To the echo, the air, and the winds,  
Which the sound of vain words  
Carry away with them.

And if I have no one to hear me,  
I speak of love to myself.

## **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**

### **February**

- 5** - Hockett - 2:00pm - Ivy Walz, mezzo soprano/Diane Birr, piano
- 7** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Faculty Showcase
- 10** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Kelly Covert, flute
- 11** - Ford - 4:00pm - Ithaca College Concerts: Cantus masterclass
- 11** - Ford - 8:15pm - Ithaca College Concerts: Cantus
- 12** - Ford - 3:00pm - Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra
- 21** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Eufonix Quartet
- 24** - Ford - 8:15pm - Black History Month Concert
- 27** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Composition Premieres III
- 28** - Ford - 8:15pm - Symphonic Band
- 29** - Ford - 8:15pm - Concert Band

### **March**

- 2** - Hockett - 3:00pm - Mary Hayes North Competition for Senior Piano Majors
- 2** - Ford - 8:15pm - Percussion Ensembles
- 4** - Ford - 4:00pm - Symphony Orchestra
- 4** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Patrice Pastore, soprano; Diane Birr, piano
- 5** - Ford - 8:15pm - Jazz Ensemble
- 6** - Nabenhauer - 4:00pm - Masterclass: Joe Alessi, trombone
- 6** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Louis K. Thaler Concert Violinist Series: Brian Lewis, masterclass
- 6** - Ford - 8:15pm - Brass Choir/Women's Chorale
- 7** - Ford - 8:15pm - Louis K. Thaler Concert Violinist Series: Brian Lewis, violin
- 8** - Ford - 8:15pm - Wind Ensemble
- 10** - Ford - 8:00pm - Cayuga Chamber Orchestra