

11-16-2014

Faculty Recital: Marc Webster, bass

Marc Webster

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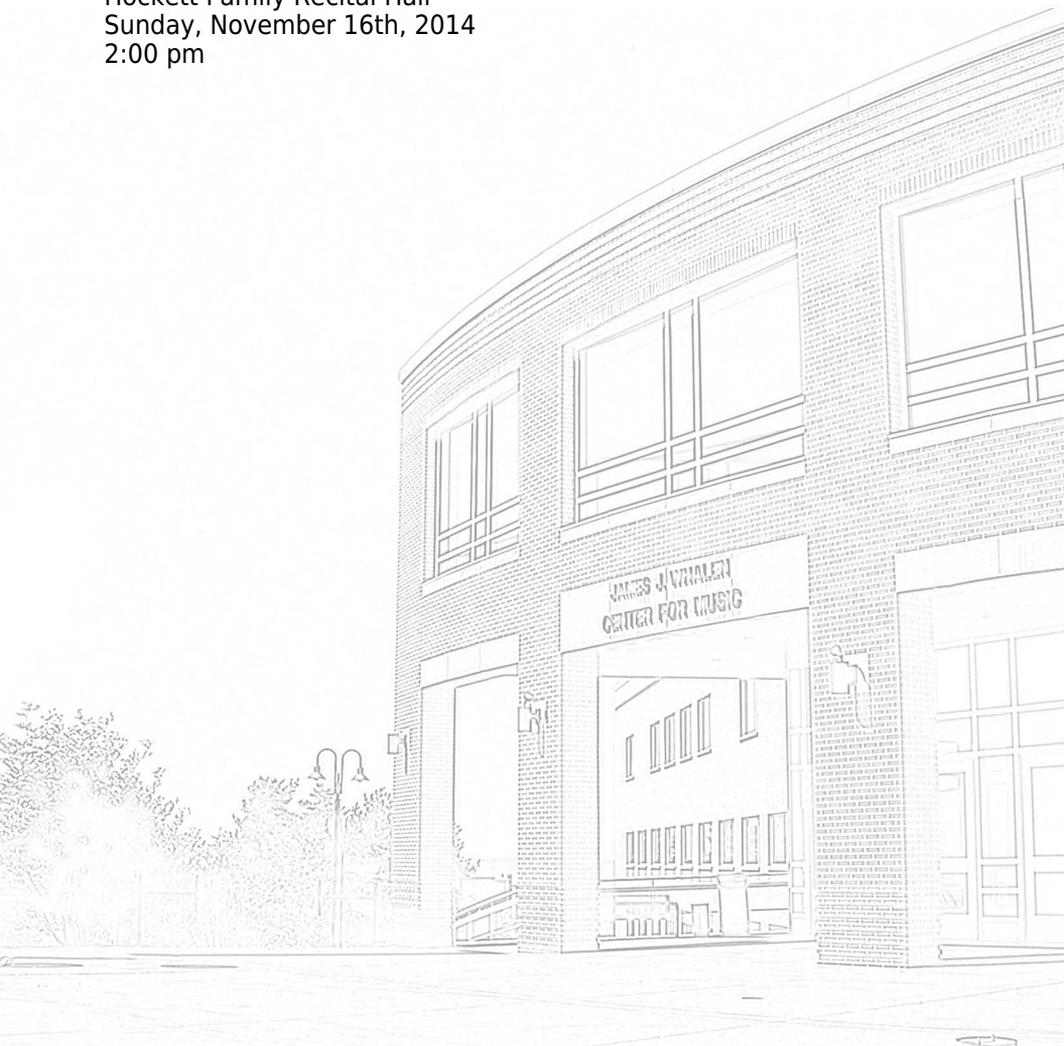
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Faculty Recital:
Marc Webster, bass
Kerry Mizrahi, piano

Give to me the life I love.

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday, November 16th, 2014
2:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

A New Yearning

Concert Aria K.512 (1787)	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Alcandro, lo confesso (Recitativo)	8'
Non so Donde Viene (Aria)	

A New Ideal

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée, M.84 (1932)	Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)
Chanson romanesque. <i>Moderato</i>	8'
Chanson épique. <i>Molto moderato</i>	
Chanson à boire. <i>Allegro</i>	

Chansons de Don Quichotte (1932)	Jacques François Antoine Ibert (1890-1962)
Chanson du départ de Quichotte	11'
Chanson à Dulcinée	
Chanson du Duc	
Chanson de la mort de Don Quichotte	

Intermission

A New World

Songs of Travel	Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)
The Vagabond	25'
Let Beauty Awake	
The Roadside Fire	
Youth and Love	
In Dreams	
The Infinite Shining Heavens	
Whither Must I Wander	
Bright is the Ring of Words	
I Have Trod the Upward and the Downward Slope	

Texts and Translations

Alcandro, lo confesso K.512 by Mozart

Text: Pietro Metastasio (1698-1782)

Alcandro, lo confesso, stupisco di me
stesso.
Il volto, il ciglio, la voce di costui

nel cor mi desta un palpito improvviso,
Che le risente in ogni fibra il sangue.
Fra tutti i miei pensieri La cagion ne
ricerco,
e non la trovo.
Che sarà, giusti Dei, questo ch'io provo?

Non so d'onde viene quel tenero affetto,

Quel moto che ignoto mi nasce nel
petto,
Quel giel, che le vene scorrendo mi va.
Non so d'onde viene...
Nel seno destarmi sì fieri contrasti

Non parmi che basti la sola pietà....

Alcandro, I confess, I am astonished at
myself.
The face, the eyes, the voice of that
person
Arouse in my heart a sudden throbbing.
Which is felt in every fiber of my blood.
In all my thoughts I search for its cause,

And do not find it.
What could it be, righteous Gods, that I
feel?

I do not know whence comes this
tender affection,
This unknown impulse, which is born in
my breast,
This chill which flows through my veins.
I do not know whence comes...
In my bosom are aroused such violent
conflicts
Which cannot be stilled by pity alone...

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée by Ravel

Text: Paul Morand (1888-1976)

Chanson Romanesque

Si vous me disiez que la terre

À tant tourner vous offensa,
Je lui dépêcherais Pança:
Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.

Si vous me disiez que l'ennui
Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d'astres,
Déchirant les divins cadastres,
Je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.

Si vous me disiez que l'espace
Ainsi vidé ne vous plaît point,
Chevalier dieu, la lance au poing.
J'étoilerais le vent qui passe.

Mais si vous disiez que mon sang
Est plus à moi qu'à vous, ma Dame,

Je blémirais dessous le blâme
Et je mourrais, vous bénissant.

Romanesque Song

If you told me the eternal turning
Of the world, offended you.
I would send Panza:
you would see it motionless and silent.

If you told me you were bored
by the number of stars in the sky.
I would tear the heavens apart,
Erase the night in one swipe.

If you told me that the now-empty
space doesn't please you,
Chevalierdieu, with a lance at hand
I would fill the wind with stars.

But, my Lady, if you told me that
my blood is more mine than
yours.
That reprimand would turn me pale
And, blessing you, I would die.

Ô Dulcinée.

Chanson épique

Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir
De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,

Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir
Pour lui complaire et la défendre,
Bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre

Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel
De la Madone au bleu mantel.

D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame
Et son égale en pureté
Et son égale en piété
Comme en pudeur et chasteté:
Ma Dame,

Ô grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel
L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,
Ma douce Dame si pareille
À Vous, Madone au bleu mantel!
Amen

Chanson à boire

Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,
Qui pour me perdre à vos doux yeux
Dit que l'amour et le vin vieux
Mettent en deuil mon coeur, mon âme!

Ah! Je bois à la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit...
Lorsque j'ai ... lorsque j'ai bu!

Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,
Qui geint, qui pleure et fait serment
D'être toujours ce pâle amant
Qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse!

Ah! Je bois à la joie!...

Chansons De Don Quichotte by Ibert Text: Pierre de Ronsard and Alexandre Arnoux

Chanson du dé part de Don Quichotte

Ce château neuf, ce nouvel édifice
Tout enrichi de marbre et de porphyre

Oh, Dulcinée.

Epic Song

Good Saint Michael, who gives me
the chance to see my Lady and to hear
her.

Good Saint Michael who chooses
me to please and defend her.
Good Saint Michael will you descend
With Saint George to the altar
Of the Virgin in the blue mantle.

With a beam from heaven, bless my
sword
And his equal in purity
And his equal in piety
As in modesty and chastity:
My Lady.

O Great Saint George and Saint Michael
The angel who guards my watch
My sweet Lady, so much like you
Virgin in the blue mantle.
Amen.

Drinking Song

Fig for the bastard, illustrious Lady
Who, for losing me in your sweet eyes
Tells me that love and old wine
Put my heart and soul in mourning.

I drink to pleasure!
Pleasure is the only goal,
To which I go straight...
When I've drunk!

Fig for the jealous, dark-haired mistress
who moans, who cries and swears
Always being the pallid lover,
Watering down his his intoxication

I drink to pleasure! ...

The Song of Don Quixote's parting

This new castle, this new building,
enriched with marble and porphyry,

Qu'amour bâtit château de son empire
où tout le ciel a mis son artifice,
Est un rempart, un fort contre le vice,
Où la vertueuse maîtresse se retire,

Que l'oeil regarde et que l'esprit admire

Forçant les coeurs à lui faire service.
C'est un château, fait de telle sorte
Que nul ne peut approcher de la porte
Si des grands rois il n'a sauvé sa race

Victorieux, vaillant et amoureux.
Nul chevalier tant soit aventureux
Sans être tel ne peut gagner la place.

Chanson à Dulcinée

Un an me dure la journée
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.

Mais, amour a peint son visage,
Afin d'adoucir ma langueur,
Dans la fontaine et le nuage,
Dans chaque aurore et chaque fleur.

Un an me dure la journée
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.

Toujours proche et toujours lointaine,
Étoile de mes long chemins,
Le vent m'apporte son haleine
Quand il passé sur les jasmynes.

Un an me dure la journée
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.

Chanson du duc

Je veux chanter ici la dame de mes
songes
Qui m'exalte au-dessus de ce siècle de
boue.
Son Coeur de diamant est vierge de
mensonges,
La rose s'obscurcit au regard de sa joue.

Pour elle j'ai tanté les hautes aventures:

Mon bras a délivéré la princesse au
servage,
J'ai vaincu l'enchanteur, confondu les
perjures,
Et ployé l'univers à lui rendre

where love built a castle for his empire
and all of heaven added their skills,
It is a rampart, a fortress against vice,
whose virtuous mistress hides herself
away,

whom the eye beholds and the spirit
admires,

forcing hearts to her service.
It is a castle, made in such a way
that none may approach its door
unless he has saved his people from
Great Kings,

victorious, valiant and loving.
No knight, no matter how adventurous,
can enter without being such a person.

Song to Dulcinea

A day seems like a year
If I do not see my Dulcinea.

But to sweeten my languishing,
Love has painted her face
In fountains and clouds,
In every dawn and every flower.

A day seems like a year
If I do not see my Dulcinea.

Ever near and ever far,
Star of my weary journeying,
Her breath is brought to me on the
breeze,
As it passes over jasmine flowers.

A day seems like a year
If I do not see my Dulcinea.

The Duke's Song

I wish now to praise the Lady of my
dreams,
Who lifts me above this squalid age.

Her diamond heart is devoid of deceit,
The rose grows dim beside her cheeks.

For her I've embarked on great
adventures:

Princesses in thrall I've freed with my
arm,
I've vanquished sorcerers, confounded
perjurers,
And compelled the universe to pay her

l'hommage.

homage.

Dame par qui je vais, seul dessus cette terre,

Lady, for whom I travel this earth alone,

Qui ne soit prisonnier de la fausse apparence,

Who is not deceived by false pretences,

Je soutiens contre tout chevalier téméraire

Against any rash knight I shall uphold

Votre éclat non pareil et votre précellence.

Your peerless beauty and perfection.

Chanson de la mort de Don Quichotte

Song of Don Quixote's death

Ne pleure pas, Sancho,

Ne pleure pas, mon bon,
Ton maître n'est pas mort,
Il n'est pas loin de toi,
Il vit dans une île heureuse
Où tout est pur et sans mensonge,
Dans l'île enfin trouvée
Où tu viendras un jour,
Dans l'île désirée,
Ô mon ami Sancho.

Weep not, Sancho,
Weep not, good fellow,
Your master is not dead,
He is not far from you,
He lives on a happy isle,
Where all is pure and truthful,
On this isle that he has finally found,
Where you shall also come one day,
On this longed-for isle,
O Sancho, my friend.

Les livres sont brûlés
Et font un tas de cendres,
Si tous les livres m'ont tué,

Books have been burnt
To a heap of ashes.
If all those books have caused my death,

Il suffit d'un pour que je vive;
Fantome dans la vie
Et réel dans la mort-
Tel est l'étrange sort
Du pauvre Don Quichotte, Ah!

It will take but one to make me live;
A phantom in life
And real in death.
Such is the strange fate
Of poor Don Quixote. Ah!

Songs of Travel by Vaughan Williams Text: Robert Louis Stevenson

The Vagabond

Give to me the life I love, Let the lave go by me, Give the jolly heaven above, And the byway nigh me. Bed in the bush with stars to see, Bread I dip in the river – There's the life for a man like me, There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late, Let what will be o'er me; Give the face of earth around, And the road before me. Wealth I seek not, hope nor love, Nor a friend to know me; All I seek, the heaven above, And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me Where afield I linger, Silencing the bird on tree, Biting the blue finger. White as meal the frosty field – Warm the fireside haven – Not to autumn will I yield, Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late, Let what will be o'er me; Give the face of earth around, And the road before me. Wealth I ask not, hope nor love, Nor a friend to know me; All I

ask, the heaven above, And the road below me.

Let Beauty Awake

Let Beauty awake in the morn from beautiful dreams, Beauty awake from rest! Let Beauty awake For Beauty's sake In the hour when the birds awake in the brake And the stars are bright in the west!

Let Beauty awake in the eve from the slumber of day, Awake in the crimson eve! In the day's dusk end When the shades ascend, Let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend To render again and receive!

The Roadside Fire

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night, I will make a palace fit for you and me Of green days in forests, and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room, Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom; And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near, The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear! That only I remember, that only you admire, Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

Youth and Love

To the heart of youth the world is a highwayside. Passing for ever, he fares; and on either hand, Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide, Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.

Thick as the stars at night when the moon is down, Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on, Cries but a wayside word to her at the garden gate, Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.

In Dreams

In dreams unhappy, I behold you stand As heretofore: The unremember'd tokens in your hand Avail no more.

No more the morning glow, no more the grace, Enshrines, endears. Cold beats the light of time upon your face And shows your tears.

He came and went. Perchance you wept awhile And then forgot. Ah me! but he that left you with a smile Forgets you not.

The infinite shining heavens

The infinite shining heavens Rose, and I saw in the night Uncountable angel stars Showering sorrow and light.

I saw them distant as heaven, Dumb and shining and dead, And the idle stars of the night Were dearer to me than bread.

Night after night in my sorrow The stars stood over the sea, Till lo! I looked in the dusk And a star had come down to me.

Whither must I wander?

Home no more home to me, whither must I wander? Hunger my driver, I go where I must. Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather; Thick drives the rain, and my roof is in the dust. Loved of wise men was the shade of my roof-tree. The true word of welcome was spoken in the door - Dear days of old, with the faces in the firelight, Kind folks of old, you come again no more.

Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces, Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child. Fire and the windows bright glittered on the moorland; Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild. Now, when day dawns on the brow of the moorland, Lone stands the house, and the chimney-stone is cold. Lone let it stand, now the friends are all departed, The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of old.

Spring shall come, come again, calling up the moorfowl, Spring shall bring the sun and rain, bring the bees and flowers; Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley, Soft flow the stream through the even-flowing hours; Fair the day shine as it shone on my childhood - Fair shine the day on the house with open door; Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney - But I go for ever and come again no more.

Bright is the Ring of Words

Bright is the ring of words When the right man rings them, Fair the fall of songs When the singer sings them. Still they are carolled and said - On wings they are carried - After the singer is dead And the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies In the field of heather, Songs of his fashion bring The swains together. And when the west is red With the sunset embers, The lover lingers and sings And the maid remembers

I have trod the upward and the downward slope

I have trod the upward and the downward slope; I have endured and done in days before; I have longed for all, and bid farewell to hope; And I have lived and loved, and closed the door.

Biographies

Bass, **Marc Webster**, Assistant Professor of Voice, has been a faculty member in The School of Music at Ithaca College since 2008 where he is a studio teacher to incredibly gifted and dedicated Voice and Musical Theatre Majors. Upcoming performances will include *Messiah* with Cayuga Chamber Orchestra, the role of Don Basilio in *Il Barbieri di Siviglia* with Syracuse Opera, and the role of Sarastro in *Die Zauberflöte* with Erie Chamber Opera. Last season, he performed as a soloist in *The Creation* with the CCO, *The Creation* with the Eastman Symphony Orchestra, was a featured soloist with the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, and the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra, and was a soloist in Verdi's *Requiem*, and *Messiah* with Symphony Syracuse. Active as a recitalist, he has performed recently with Stephen Blier's *New York Festival of Song* and the Marilyn Horne Foundation's *The Song Continues* series at Weill Recital Hall. Mr. Webster holds a Master of Music degree in Voice Performance and Literature from Eastman School of Music and is nearing completion of a Doctorate of Musical Arts degree also from Eastman. He holds and Artist Diploma from The Juilliard Opera Center at the Juilliard School and performed actively as an Apprentice Artist with San Francisco Opera Merola Studio, Wolf Trap Opera Filene Artists Studio, Seattle Opera Studio, and Florida Grand Opera Studio.