3-22-2017

Faculty Recital: Nicole Asel, Marc Webster, Christopher Zemliauskas

Marc Webster
Nicole Asel
Christopher Zemliauskas

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Faculty and Alumni Recital:
Nicole Asel, mezzo-soprano ('01)
Marc Webster, bass ('02)
Christopher Zemliauskas, piano ('97)

Ford Hall
Wednesday, March 22nd, 2017
8:15 pm
Program

Sound the Trumpet  Henry Purcell  
(1659-1695)

Pastorale  Camille Saint-Saens  
(1835-1921)
Pleurs d'or  Gabriel Fauré  
(1845-1924)

Selections from Des Knaben Wunderhorn  Gustav Mahler  
(1860-1911)
  Der Schildwache Nachtlied
  Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen
  Verlor'ne Müh
  Der Schildwache Nachtlied

Intermission

I Canti Della Sera  Francesco Santoliquido  
(1883-1971)
  L'assiolo canta
  Alba di luna sul bosco
  Tristezza crepuscolare
  L'incontro

Late Afternoon  Ricky Ian Gordon  
(b. 1956)
  Otherwise
  Willi, Home
  X
  Just Now
  It Might have been Otherwise
  Let Evening Come

Flight  Craig Carnelia  
(b. 1949)
Translations

**Pastorale**

Ici les tendres oiseaux
Goûtent cent douceurs secrètes,
Et l'on entend ces côteaux
Retentir des chansonnettes
Qu'ils apprennent aux échos.

Sur ce gazon les ruisseaux,
Murmurent leurs amourettes,
Et l'on voit jusqu'aux ormeaux,
Pour embrasser les fleurettes,
Pencher leurs jeunes rameaux.

**Pleurs d’or**

Larmes aux fleurs suspendues,
Larmes de sources perdues
Aux mousses des rochers creux;

Larmes d'automne épandues,
Larmes de cors entendues
Dans les grands bois douloureux;

Larmes des cloches latines,
Carmélites, Feuillantines...
Voix des beffrois en ferveur;

Larmes, chansons argentines
Dans les vasques florentines
Au fond du jardin rêveur;

Larmes des nuits étoilées,
Larmes de flûtes voilées
Au bleu du parc endormi;

Larmes aux longs cils perlées,
Larmes d'amante coulées
Jusqu'a l'âme de l'ami;

**Pastorale**

Here tender birds savor
a hundred secret sweets,
and you can hear these hills
resound with the little tunes
they teach to the echoes.

In this meadow the brooks
murmur out their loves,
and you see the very elm trees
bend their young branches
to embrace the flowers.

**Tears of gold**

Tears hanging from the flowers,
Tears of springs lost
In the mossy hollows of the rocks;

Autumnal tears spread,
Painful tears of horns heard
In the great woods.

Tears of Latin bells,
Carmelites, Feuillantines...
Voices of belfries in fervour;

Tears, silvery songs
In the Florentine bowls
At the bottom of the dreamy garden;

Tears of starry nights,
Tears of veiled flutes
In the blue of the sleepy park;

Beaded tears of long eyelashes,
Tears of a mistress flowing
As far as the soul of the lover;
Gouttes d'extase, éploration délicieux,  
Tombez des nuits! Tombez des fleurs!  
Tombez des yeux!  

Drops of ecstasy, deliciously grief-stricken,  
Let nights fall! Let flowers fall!  
Let eyes fall!

**Der Schildwache Nachtlied**

"Ich kann und mag nicht fröhlich sein;  
Wenn alle Leute schlafen,  
So muß ich wachen,  
Muß traurig sein."

"Ach Knabe, du sollst nicht traurig sein,  
Will deiner warten,  
Im Rosengarten,  
Im grünen Klee."

"Zum grünen Klee, da komm ich nicht,  
zum Waffengarten  
Voll Helleparten  
Bin ich gestellt."

"Stehst du im Feld, so helf dir Gott,  
An Gottes Segen  
Ist alles gelegen,  
Wer's glauben tut."

"Wer's glauben tut, ist weit davon,  
Er ist ein König,  
Er ist ein Kaiser,  
Er führt den Krieg."

Halt! Wer da? Rund! Bleib' mir vom Leib!  
Wer sang es hier? Wer sang zur Stund'?  
Verlorene Feldwacht Sang es

**The Sentinel’s nightsong**

"I cannot and may not be merry;  
when everyone is asleep,  
I must keep watch,  
and be mournful."

"Ah, lad, you shouldn't be sad,  
for I will wait for you  
in the rosegarden,  
in the green clover."

"To the green clover, I do not come;  
to the weapons garden,  
full of halberds,  
I have been posted."

"If you are in the battlefield,  
may God help!  
On God's blessing  
is everything dependent,  
he who believes it."

"He who believes it is far away.  
He is a king,  
he is an emperor,  
and he makes war."

Halt! Who's there? Turn around!  
Stand back!  
Who sang here? Who was singing this hour?  
A solitary field sentinel was
um Mitternacht.  
Mitternacht! Feldwacht!  
singing at midnight.  
Midnight! Field sentinel!

Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen  
Where the beautiful trumpets blow

Wer ist denn draußen und wer klopfet an,  
Who is then outside, and who is knocking,  
Der mich so leise, so leise wecken kann?  
Who can so softly, softly waken me?  
Das ist der Herzallerliebste dein,  
It is your darling,

Steh auf und laß mich zu dir ein!  
Arise and let me come in to you!

Was soll ich hier nun länger stehn?  
Why should I stand here any longer?  
Ich seh die Morgenröt aufgehn,  
I see the dawn arrive,  
Die Morgenröt, zwei helle Stern,  
The dawn, two bright stars,

Bei meinem Schatz, da wär ich gern,  
With my darling would I gladly be,  
bei meiner Herzallerliebsten.  
With my heart's most beloved!

Das Mädchen stand auf und ließ ihn ein;  
The maiden arose and let him in;  
Sie heißt ihn auch wilkommen sein.  
She welcomed him as well:  
Willkommen, lieber Knabe mein,  
Welcome, my beloved boy,

So lang hast du gestanden!  
You have stood outside so long!

Sie reicht ihm auch die schneeweiße Hand.  
She reached to him her snow-white hand.  
Von ferne sang die Nachtigall  
From afar a nightingale sang;  
Das Mädchen fing zu weinen an.  
The maiden began to weep.

Ach weine nicht, du Liebste mein,  
Oh, do not cry, my darling,  
Aufs Jahr sollst du mein eigen sein.  
Next year you shall be my own!  
Mein Eigen sollst du werden gewiß,  
My own shall you certainly be,  
Wie's keine sonst auf Erden ist.  
As no one else on earth is.
O Lieb auf grüner Erden.
Ich zieh in Krieg auf grüner Heid,
Die grüne Heide, die ist so weit.
Allwo dort die schönen Trompeten blasen,
Da ist mein Haus, von grünem Rasen.

O Love on the green earth!
I go to war on the green heath,
The green heath that is so broad!
It is there where the beautiful trumpets blow,
There is my house of green grass!

Verlor'ne Müh

Sie
Bübbe, wir wollen außre gehe!
Wollen wir? Unsere Lämmer besehe?
Komm', lieb's Büberle, komm', ich bitt'!

Lost Effort

She
Laddie, let's go out!
Shall we? To look at our lambs?

He
Silly lassie,
I won't go with you!

Sie
Willst vielleicht à bissel nasche?
Hol' dir was aus meiner Tasch'!

She
You want maybe a bit to nibble?

He
Silly lassie,
I don't want to nibble anything!
Nothing!

Sie
Gelt, ich soll mein Herz dir schenke!?
Immer willst an mich gedenke!?

She
Ah, shall I give you my heart?
so you'll always think of me?

Nimm's! Lieb's Büberle!
Nimm's, ich bitt'!

She
Take it! Dear laddie,
Take it, I beg you!
Er
Närrisches Dinterle,
ich mag es holt nit!

He
Silly lassie,
I don't want it!

**Die Gedanken Sind Frei**

Die Gedanken sind frei,
erkann sie erraten,
sie fliegen vorbei
wie nächtliche Schatten.
Kein Mensch kann sie wissen,
kein Jäger erschießen
mit Pulver und Blei:
Die Gedanken sind frei!

Ich denke was ich will
und was mich beglücket,
doeh alles in der Still',
und wie es sich schicket.
Mein Wunsch, mein Begehren
kann niemand verwehren,
es bleibet dabei:
Die Gedanken sind frei!

Und sperrt man mich ein
im finsteren Kerker,
das alles sind rein
vergebliche Werke.
Denn meine Gedanken
zerreißen die Schranken
und Mauern entzwei,
die Gedanken sind frei!

Drum will ich auf immer
den Sorgen entsagen
und will mich auch nimmer
mit Grillen mehr plagen.
Man kann ja im Herzen
stets lachen und scherzen
und denken dabei:
Die Gedanken sind frei!

**Thoughts are free**

The thoughts travel free,
no-one can detect them,
like shadows they flee
through night to protect them.
The cops cannot grill them
and hunters can't kill them:
their guns cannot see
a thought running free.

I think as I choose,
my luck's open-ended,
but all without clues,
so no-one's offended.
My want and desire
shall find no denier
when they find the key:
That thoughts must be free!

And if they'll be locking
me up in their dungeon
they shall not be blocking
me or my conscience,
for thoughts take no orders
and will break through borders
and walls with esprit:
The thoughts, they are free!

And thus, from tomorrow,
good riddance to sorrow!
No more feeling cranky,
just more hanky-panky!
My heart shan't be hurting,
just laughing and flirting,
and all shall agree
that thoughts must be free!
**L’assiolo canta**

Vieni! Sul bosco splende serena
la notte dell'estate e l'assiolo
canta.
Vieni, ti volgio dir quel
che non dissi mai.
E sul sentiero fioriscono le
stelle,
magici fiori.
Inoltriamoci insieme
e là nel folto ti dirò
perché piansi una triste sera
che non c'eri.
Inoltriamoci insieme.
Un mistero c'invita,
Odi: l'assiolo canta.

**The Horned Owl Sings**

O come! The summer night
shines so serene
Above the woods and the
horned owl sings.
So come, I wish to tell you
what I’ve never said before
Above our path the stars bloom
like magic flowers.
We’ll enter together
and there in the thicket I’ll tell
you.
Why I cried one sad twilight
when you were gone.
So let’s enter together.
A mystery invites us –
O hear: the horned owl sings.

**Alba di luna sul bosco**

Guarda, la luna nasce tutta
rossa
come una fiamma congelata nel
cielo,
Lo stagno la riflette
e l'acqua mossa dal vento
par rabbividire al gelo.
Che pace inmensa! il bosco
adormentato,
si riflette nello stagno.
Quanto silenzio intorno!

Dimmi:
È un tramonto o un'alba per
l'amor?

**Moonrise over the woods**

Look, the moon appears all red
Like a frozen flame in the
heavens,
Reflected on the pond
where the water shimmers in
the wind,
as if shivering from the cold.
Such immense peace! The
sleeping wood,
Itself reflected in the pool.
Such great silence surrounds
us!
Tell me:
Is this the twilight or the
dawning of love?

**Tristezza crepuscolare**

È la sera.
Dalla terra bagnata sale l'odore
delle foglie morte.

**Twilight Gloom**

It’s the evening.
Out of the damp earth rises the
smell
Of dead leaves,
È l'ora delle campane, It’s the hour of pealing bells,
è l'ora in cui respiro It’s a time to breathe
il vano profumo d'un amore The faded perfume of a bygone
passato. love.
E sogno e piango. And I dream and I weep.
È la sera. It’s the evening.
È la sera, An evening full of bells,
una sera piena di campane, An evening full of perfumes,
una sera piena di profumi, An evening full of memories,
una sera piena di ricordi And death’s own sadness.
e di tristezze morte. Weep, O weep you bells of the
della sera, evening,
Empite tutto il cielo di Fill the vastness of heaven with
malinconia. melancholy.
Ah! Piangete ancor... Ah! Weep again...
Questa e l’ora dei ricordi, This is the hour of
E l’ora in cui l’antica flamma rememberance,
s’accende It’s the time when the old flame
Nel cuore disperatamente e lo engulfs
crucia. My desperate heart and ignites
Campane. it.
Odore di foglie morte. Pealing bells.
Tristezze dissepoltte! The smell of dead leaves.

L’incontro

Non mi ricordo più quando noi I no longer remember when it
“incontrammo” was that we met,
la prima volta ma fu certo una But surely the first time was a
lontana sera bygone dusk
tutta soffusa di pallide tristezze Perfused with faded sadness
lungo un benigno mar! Along a friendly sea!
A noi giungevano di lontano The sounds from afar came
suoni di campane e di greggi Of bells and birds
ed una pace strana ci veniva dal And a strange peace washed
mare. over us from sea.
Questo rammento! I do remember that!
Cosa dicemmo quel giorno, Lo Do you remember what I said
rammentate? that day?
Io non ricordo più. I no longer recall.
Ma che importa? But who cares?
Oggi mi fiorisce in cuore Today my heart blooms
la dolcezza appassita di With sweet passion from that

The Encounter

I no longer remember when it
was that we met,
But surely the first time was a
bygone dusk
Perfused with faded sadness
Along a friendly sea!
The sounds from afar came
Of bells and birds
And a strange peace washed
over us from sea.
I do remember that!
Do you remember what I said
that day?
I no longer recall.
But who cares?
Today my heart blooms
With sweet passion from that
quell'ora lontana.  
E m'è dolce stringere nella mia la vostra mano bianca 
e parlarvi d'amor, 
anch'oggi vengono di lontano suoni di campane e di greggi 
e anch'oggi il mar come allora ci sorride lontano.
Ma oggi forse m'amate un poco, 
non sorridete più. 
Ah! La vostra mano trema. 
Se oggi le belle labbra voi mi daréte 
non scorderemo più questa dolce ora d'amor!

It’s so sweet for me to clasp 
Your white hand in mine 
And speak to you of love, 
For today, just as then, there comes from afar 
The sounds of bells and birds 
With the sea, just as then, smiling at us in the distance.
But maybe today you love me a little – 
You’re not smiling now... 
Ah! Your hand trembles. 
If you’ll give me your beautiful lips today 
We will never forget this sweet moment of love!
Biographies
Nicole Asel, Mezzo-Soprano

Mezzo-soprano, Nicole Asel, serves as an Assistant Professor of Voice at Sam Houston State University and as a voice teacher for the Houston Grand Opera High-School Studio. She holds a D.M.A. in Voice Performance and Pedagogy from The University of Colorado at Boulder, an M.M. from the University of North Carolina at Greensboro, and a B.M. from Ithaca College where she was a student of Dr. David Parks. A finalist in the 2010 Rocky Mountain Regional Metropolitan Opera Council Auditions, she is a devoted operatic performer and recitalist.

Dr. Asel has a passion for new American Opera and song. She has collaborated with some of today’s most accomplished living composers including Mark Adamo, Kirke Meachem, Robert Livingston Aldridge, Herschel Garfein, Daniel Kellogg and Robert Spillman. After working with Mark Adamo, she was selected by the composerto represent his opera, “Little Women” in the G. Schirmer New Opera Sampler CD in the role of Jo March. Active in creating and promoting new works, she has workshopped the role of Elizabeth Bennett in Kirke Mechem’s new opera “Pride and Prejudice,” and the role of Carrie Madenda in Grammy Award winning composer/librettist team Robert Aldridge and Hershel Garfein’s opera “Sister Carrie.” She has sung with Opera Carolina, Central City Opera, Opera San Antonio, Opera Fort Collins, Greensboro Opera, Long Leaf Opera, The Martina Arroyo Foundation and Colorado Light Opera Company.

Scholarship includes the history and tradition of Cabaret Song in the early Twentieth Century and the Music of Living American Song Composers Ricky Ian Gordon and Rufus Wainwright. An advocate of body wellness in the voice studio, Dr. Asel is passionate about bringing her experience with yoga, body mapping and the Alexander Technique as well as scholarship in voice pedagogy into the voice studio. Dr. Asel currently teaches applied voice and diction.

Marc Webster, Bass

Most recently Bass, Marc Webster has sung Messiah with Cayuga Chamber Orchestra, Appoline in the American premiere of Eumelio with Actus Tragicus, excerpts from Partan in Skara by Lamb and Mahler’s Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen with Ithaca College Symphony Orchestra, Don Basilio in Il Barbiere di Siviglia with Syracuse Opera, Sarastro in Die Zauberflöte with Erie Chamber Orchestra, Haydn’s Die Schöpfung and Handel’s Messiah with Cayuga Chamber Orchestra, Haydn’s
Creation with Eastman Symphony, and Messiah excerpts with Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra. Upcoming engagements within our region include Alidoro in La Cenerentola with Ithaca Opera.

Other Recent performances include Verdi Requiem with Symphony Syracuse, Cesare Angelotti in Tosca, Dottore Grenvil in La Traviata with Syracuse Opera, The Bonze in Madama Butterfly with Syracuse Opera, and Vaughan Williams Serenade to Music with Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra. Other performances include Pistola in Falstaff with Seattle Opera Studio, Don Alfonso in Così fan tutte with Florida Grand Opera Studio, Sarastro in Die Zauberflöte as a Filene Artist with Wolf Trap Opera, Dr. Gibbs in Our Town with Juilliard Opera Center, Gouverneur in Le Comte Ory with Juilliard Opera Center, Mars in Orphee aux Enfers with Juilliard Opera Center, Sir Giorgio in scenes from I Puritani with Merola Opera Program at San Francisco Opera, and recital work with New York Festival of Song with Stephen Blier, and the Marilyn Horne Foundation The Song Continues series in Weill Hall.

Webster was a finalist with the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions and holds First Place Awards from the Jessie Kneisel Lieder Competition, Eastman Concerto Competition, and The Eastman Opera Competition. Marc Webster has been on the Voice Faculty at Ithaca College since 2010 and is nearing completion of a Doctor of Musical Arts Degree from Eastman School of Music. He also holds an Artist Diploma in Opera Performance from The Juilliard Opera Center at The Juilliard School, a Master of Music degree in Performance and Literature from Eastman School of Music and a Bachelors Degree in Voice Performance and Music Education from Ithaca College where he was student of Dr. David Parks.

Christopher Zemliauskas, Piano

Christopher Zemliauskas is a pianist, vocal coach, and conductor, and joins the Ithaca College faculty after having served as Music Associate Professor at NYU Steinhardt for two years. There he led the Vocal Performance program's productions of Cendrillon and The Impressario/The Medium, in addition to teaching graduate diction and opera workshop. Prior to this appointment he was Assistant Music Director of
Opera at CU Boulder for nine years, where his duties included preparing singers for recital work and opera roles, collaborating with faculty and students in recital, teaching diction classes, and serving as Chorus Master for the opera productions. At CU he has also conducted productions of *Our Town, Albert Herring, Little Women*, and *Orfeo ed Euridice*.

In his decade long association with Central City Opera, Mr. Zemliauskas has served as conductor, associate conductor, recitalist, coach, and chorus master. There he has conducted performances of *Our Town, Carmen, Amadigi di Gaula, A Little Night Music, West Side Story, Susannah, Curlew River* and *The Prodigal Son* (Britten), *The Ballad of Baby Doe, Don Giovanni, La Traviata*, and *Cendrillon*. He was recently invited to Northwestern University where he conducted their production of *Albert Herring*. As a co-artistic director of FusionChamber, a new music ensemble in Boulder, he has conducted performances of *Pierrot Lunaire* by Schoenberg, and *Eight Songs for a Mad King* and *Miss Donnithorne's Magcott* by P.M. Davies.

He is also an active chamber musician, has played with the Colorado Symphony Orchestra, the Extasis Tango Quartet, and has been Symphony Conductor for the Boulder Youth Symphony. In Colorado Springs, Mr. Zemliauskas has recently conducted productions of *La Traviata, Die Fledermaus, and Lakme* for the Opera Theatre of the Rockies with the Colorado Springs Symphony. As a resident artist coach and conductor for the Minnesota Opera he conducted several mainstage works including *Madama Butterfly, Carmen, and The Magic Flute*, as well as resident artist productions of *The Rape of Lucretia* and *Der Kaiser von Atlantis*.

Other companies he has been on the music staff for include San Francisco Opera, Opera Colorado, Des Moines Metro Opera, and Indianapolis Opera. Christopher holds degrees in Piano (IC '97) and Accompanying and Coaching (University of Minnesota '01), and has studied with such esteemed collaborators as Margo Garrett, Warren Jones, Karl Paulnack, and Martin Katz. Other credits and festivals include the Music Academy of the West, Merola Opera Program, College Light Opera, Musical Theatre Berlin am Potsdamer Platz, and Music Director and Composer in Residence for the Hangar Theatre.