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Faculty Recital: Faculty Showcase

School of Music Faculty

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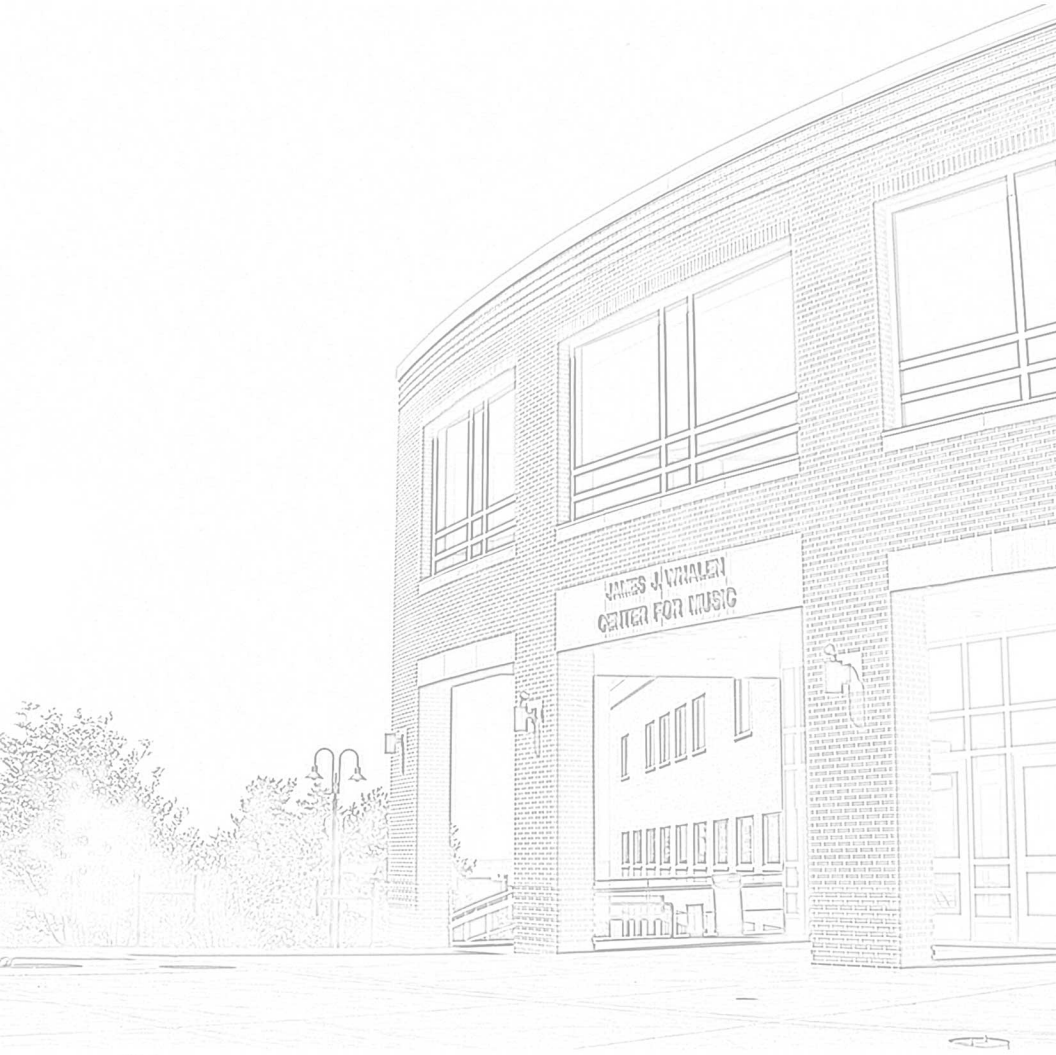
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Faculty Showcase

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Monday April 1st, 2013
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

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.

Program

Quondam Reflections (2010)

Gordon Stout

G. Stout

Chanson Perpetuelle, op. 37

*Deborah Montgomery-Cove, soprano
Susan Waterbury, violin
Nicholas DiEugenio, violin
Maxwell Aleman, viola
Heidi Hoffman, cello,
Diane Birr, piano*

Ernest Chausson
(1855-1899)

Intermission

Concerto for violin and oboe in C Minor, BWV 1060

*Susan Waterbury, violin
Paige Morgan, oboe
Elizabeth Simkin, continuo
Carolyn Grossman, continuo*

J.S.Bach
(1685-1750)

Chansons Madecasses (1925-26)

*Ivy Walz, mezzo-soprano
Wendy Mehne, flute
Elizabeth Simkin, cello
Nathan Hess, piano*

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Translations

CHANSON PERPÉUELLE (SONG WITHOUT END)

Bois frissonnants, ciel étoilé
Mon bien-aimé s'en est allé,
Emportant mon cœur désolé.
Vents, que vos plaintives rumeurs,
Que vos chants, rossignols charmeurs,
Aillent lui dire que je meurs!

Le premier soir qu'il vint ici,
Mon âme fut à sa merci,
De fierté je n'eus plus souci.
Mes regards étaient pleins d'aveux,
Il me prit dans ses bras nerveux,
Et me baisa près des cheveux.

J'en eus un grand frémissement.
Et puis, je ne sais plus comment,
Il est devenu mon amant.
Je lui disais: Tu m'aimeras
Aussi longtemps que tu pourras.
Je ne dormais bien qu'en ses bras.

Mais lui, sentant son cœur éteint.
S'en est allé l'autre matin,
Sans moi, dans un pays lointain.
Puisque je n'ai plus mon ami,
Je mourrai dans l'étang, parmi
Les fleurs, sous le flot endormi.

Sur le bord arrêtee, au vent,
Je dirai son nom en rêvant

Que là je l'attendis souvent.
Et comme en un linceul doré,
Dans mes cheveux défaits au gré
Du vent je m'abandonnerai.

Les bonheurs passés verseront
Leur douce lueur sur mon front;
Et les joncs verts m'enlaceront,
Et mon sein croira, frémissant
Sous l'enlacement caressant,
Subir l'étreinte de l'absent!

Quivering woods, starry sky,
my beloved has gone,
Bearing away my despairing heart.
Winds, let your plaintive sounds,
let your songs, enchanting nightingales,
tell him that I am dying.

Since the first evening of his coming
my heart was at his mercy,
I cared no more for pride.
My gaze confessed my love,
he took me in his strong arms,
and kissed me near my hair.

I was seized by a great trembling
and then, I knew no longer how,
he became my lover.
I said to him: You will love me
as long as you can.
My only restful sleep was in his arms.

But he, feeling his heart grown cold,
went away one morning
without me, into a distant land.
Since I no longer have my lover,
I will die in the pool, among
the flowers, beneath the sleeping
waters.

When I reach the bank, to the winds
I will speak his name, in a reverie of
remembrance
for there I waited for him often.
And as if in a golden shroud,
my flowing hair around me, to the will
of the wind I will abandon myself.

Past joys will shed
their gentle glimmer upon my brow,
and the green rushes will entwine
and my breast will believe, trembling
beneath the caressing entanglement,
that I submit to the embrace of the
absent one!

Nahandove

Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!
L'oiseau nocturne a commencé ses cris,
la pleine lune brille sur ma tête,
et la rosée naissante humecte mes
cheveux.

Voici l'heure: qui peut t'arrêter,
Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!

Le lit de feuilles est préparé;
je l'ai parsemé de fleurs et d'herbes
odoriférantes;
il est digne de tes charmes.
Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!

Elle vient. J'ai reconnu la respiration
précipitée que donne une marche
rapide;
j'entends le froissement de la pagne qui
l'enveloppe;
c'est elle, c'est Nahandove, la belle
Nahandove!

Reprends haleine, ma jeune amie;
repose-toi sur mes genoux.
Que ton regard est enchanteur!
Que le mouvement de ton sein est vif et
délicieux
sous la main qui le presse!
Tu souris, Nahandove, ô belle
Nahandove!

Tes baisers pénètrent jusqu'à l'âme;
tes caresses brûlent tous mes sens;
arrête, ou je vais mourir.
Meurt-on de volupté,
Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove?

Le plaisir passe comme un éclair.
Ta douce haleine s'affaiblit,
tes yeux humides se referment,
ta tête se penche mollement,
et tes transports s'éteignent dans la
languueur.

Jamais tu ne fus si belle,

Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!

Tu pars, et je vais languir dans les
regrets et les désirs.
Je languirai jusqu'au soir.
Tu reviendras ce soir,
Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!

Nahandove, O lovely Nahandove!
The nocturnal bird has begun its cries,
the full moon shines overhead,
and the new-born day moistens my hair;

who can be delaying you,
Nahandove, o lovely Nahandove!

The bed of leaves is prepared;
I have strewn it with flowers sweet
smelling herbs;
it is worthy of your charms,
Nahandove, o lovely Nahandove!

She comes. I recognize her breathing,
quickenened by her rapid walk;

I hear the rustle of the loincloth
wrapped around her;
it is she, it is Nahandove, lovely
Nahandove!

Take breath, my little love;
rest on my lap.
How bewitching your gaze is!
How quick and delightful is the motion
of your
breast beneath a caressing hand!
You smile, Nahandove, O lovely
Nahandove!

Your kisses reach right into my soul;
your caresses set all my senses ablaze:
stop, or I shall die.
Can one die of delight,
Nahandove, O lovely Nahandove?

Pleasure passes like lightening.
Your sweet breath falters,
your moist eyes close,
your head falls gently forwards,
and your ecstasy dies,

giving way to languor. Never were you
so lovely

Nahandove, O lovely Nahandove!

You leave, and I shall languish in sorrow
and desire.

I shall languish until evening.
You will return tonight,
Nahanove, O lovely Nahandove!

Aoua!

Méfiez-vous des blancs,
habitants du rivage.
Du temps de nos pères,
des blancs descendirent dans cette
île;
on leur dit: Voilà des terres,
que vos femmes les cultivent.
Soyez justes, soyez bons,
et devenez nos frères.

Les blancs promirent, et cependant
ils faisaient des retranchements.

Un fort menaçant s'éleva ;
le tonnerre fut renfermé
dans des bouches d'airain ;
leurs prêtres voulurent nous donner

un Dieu que nous ne connaissons
pas;
ils parlèrent enfin
d'obéissance et d'esclavage:
Plutôt la mort !
Le carnage fut long et terrible ;
mais, malgré la foudre qu'ils
vomissaient,
et qui écrasait des armées entières,

ils furent tous exterminés.
Méfiez-vous des blancs!

Nous avons vu de nouveaux tyrans,

plus forts et plus nombreux,
planter leur pavillon sur le rivage:
le ciel a combattu pour nous;
il a fait tomber sur eux les pluies,
les tempêtes et les vents
empoisonnés.

Ils ne sont plus, et nous vivons
libres.

Méfiez-vous des blancs,
habitants du rivage.

Aoua! Aoua! Beware of white men,
dwellers of the shore.

In our fathers' time,
white men landed on this island;

they were told: here is land,
let your women work it;
be just, be kind,
and become our brothers.

The white men made promises,
and yet they made entrenchments
too.

A menacing fort was built;
thunder was stored
in muzzles of cannon;
their priests pressed on us

a God we did not know;

they spoke finally
of obedience and slavery.
Sooner death!

The carnage was long and terrible;
but despite the thunder they
spewed and which
crushed whole armies,

they were all wiped out.
Aoua! Aoua! Beware of white men.

We have seen now tyrants,

stronger and more numerous,
setting their tents on the shore:
heaven has fought on our behalf;
has hurled rains upon them,
storms and poisoned winds.

They are no more, and we live, and
live in freedom.

Aoua! Aoua! Beware of white men,
dwellers of the shore.

Il est doux

Il est doux de se coucher, durant la
chaleur, sous un arbre touffu,
et d'attendre que le vent du soir
amène la fraîcheur.

Femmes, approchez. Tandis que je
me repose ici sous
un arbre touffu, occupez mon
oreille par vos accents
prolongés.

Répétez la chanson de la jeune fille,
lorsque ses doigts
tressent la natte ou lorsqu'assise
auprès du riz,
elle chasse les oiseaux avides.

Le chant plaît à mon âme.
La danse est pour moi presque
aussi douce qu'un baiser. Que
vos pas soient lents;
qu'ils imitent les attitudes du plaisir
et l'abandon
de la volupté.

Le vent du soir se lève;
la lune commence à briller au
travers des arbres
de la montagne.

Allez, et préparez le repas.

It is sweet to lie in the heat beneath
a leafy tree,
and wait for the coolness of the
evening wind.

Women, draw near! While I rest
here beneath a
leafy tree, fill my ear with your
long-drawn tones.

Sing the song of the young girl, who
when her fingers
braid her plaits, or when she sits
beside the rice,
chasing the greedy birds away.

Song pleases my soul;
dance is for me almost as sweet as
a kiss.

Let your steps be slow;
let them mime the gestures of
pleasure and the abandon
of passion.

The evening breeze begins to stir;
the moon begins to gleam through
trees on the mountainside.
Go, prepare the meal.

Upcoming Events

April

- 2 - Hockett - 8:15pm - FLEFF concert
- 3 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Faculty Recital: Heidi Hoffman, cello
- 3 - Ford - 8:15pm - Wind Ensemble
- 4 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Guest Recital: Anton Machleder, guitar
- 5 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Ithaca Brass
- 10 - Ford - 8:15pm - African American Music week: Opera Noire
- 11 - Hockett - 8:15pm - African American Music Week: Student Showcase
- 12 - Hockett - 3:00pm - Russell Miller, guest voice masterclass
- 13 - Ford - 8:15pm - Gospel Festival (*This concert will be broadcasted on ICTV and web streamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live>)*
- 14 - Ford - 4:00pm - Lincoln Center Preview Concert (*This concert will be web streamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live>)*
- 15 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Contemporary Chamber Ensemble
- 16 - Ford - 8:15pm - Symphonic Band (*This concert will be web streamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live>)*
- 17 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Opera Workshop
- 17 - Ford - 8:15pm - Concert Band (*This concert will be web streamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live>)*
- 18 - Hockett - 9:00pm - Piano Ensemble
- 22 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Woodwind Chamber Ensemble
- 22 - Ford - 8:15pm - Jazz Lab; Will Tiberio, director
- 23 - Ford - 7:00pm - Sinfonietta (*This concert will be web streamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live>)*
- 23 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Flute Choir
- 24 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Faculty Recital: Nathan Hess, piano
- 25 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Piano/String Ensembles
- 25 - Nabenhauer - 9:00pm - Improv Ensemble
- 26 - Ford - 8:15pm - Women's Chorale (*This concert will be web streamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live>)*
- 26 - Nabenhauer - 9:00pm - Guitar Ensembles
- 27 - Ford - 1:00pm - Campus Band and Campus Jazz Ensemble (*This concert will be web streamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live>)*
- 27 - Ford - 8:15pm - Choir and Madrigals
- 28 - Ford - 4:00pm - Chamber Orchestra/Chorus
- 29 - Ford - 8:15pm - Jazz Lab; Greg Evans, director
- 30 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Piano/Vocal Duos
- 30 - Ford - 8:15pm - Percussion Ensemble