

11-29-2012

## Senior Recital: Jessica Bennett, mezzo-soprano

Jessica Bennett

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**Senior Recital:**  
Jessica Bennett, mezzo-soprano

Jennifer Kivisild, piano

Ford Hall  
Thursday November 29th, 2012  
7:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

Elfenlied  
Das Köhlerweib ist Trunken  
Du Denkst Mit Einem Fädchen mich zu fangen  
Wie lange schon war immer mein  
Verlangen  
Begegnung

Hugo Wolf  
(1860-1903)

Six Chansons de Théâtre  
I. La villanelle la main ma pris  
II. Un petit pas  
I. Je suis dans le filet  
II. Chacun son tour  
I. Mes amis le cygnes  
II. Blanc sont les jours d'été

Darius Milhaud  
(1892-1974)

Va pure ad altri in braccio  
from *La Finta Giardiniera*

W.A. Mozart  
(1756-1791)

# Intermission

The Haughty Snail-King  
Jabberwocky

Jake Heggie  
(b.1961)  
Lee Hoiby  
(1926-2011)

**Men with Small Heads**  
1. Men With Small Heads  
4. Snake Lake  
3. Small Tin Parrot Pin  
2. Refrigerator, 1957

Lori Laitman  
(b.1955)

## Translations

### Elfenlied

Bei Nacht in Dorf der Wächter  
rief: Elfe!

Ein ganz kleines Eflchen im  
Walde schließ—  
Wohl um die Elfe!

Und meint, es rief ihm aus dem  
Tal

Bei seinem Namen die  
Nachtigall,  
Oder Silpelit hätt ihm gefruhen.

Reibt sich der Elf' die Augen  
aus,  
Begibt sich vor sein  
Schneckenhaus  
And ist als wie ein trunken  
Mann,  
Sein Schläflein war nicht voll  
getan,  
Und humpelt also, tippe, tapp,  
Durch's Haselholz in's Tal hinab,

Schlupft an der Mauer hin so  
dicht,  
da sitzt der Glüwurm Licht an  
Licht.

“Was sind das helle Fensterlein?

Da drin wird eine Hochzeit sein:  
Die Kleinen sitzen bei'm Mahle,

Und treiben's in dem Saale.

Da guck' ich wohl ein wenig  
'nein!”

Pfui, stößt den Kopf an harten  
Stein!

Elfe, gelt, du hast genug?  
Gukuk! Gukuk!

### Elf Song

At night in the village the  
watchman cried: “Eleven!”

A very little elf in the wood  
slept—  
Just at the eleventh hour!

And thinks, that the Nightingale

Called his name from the valley,

Or Silpelit may have called to  
him\*

The elf rubs his eyes open,

Comes out of his snail-house,

And is like a drunken man,

His nap was not fully done,

And hobbles then, tipsy, tap,  
Through the hazel-wood into the  
valley below,

Slips by the wall up very close;

There sits the glow-worm light  
by light.

“What are those bright little  
windows?

There must be a wedding inside,  
The little ones are sitting at the  
meal,

And doing something in the hall.

Then peek I just a little in!”

Ouch! He hits the head on the  
hard stone!

Elf, well, have you had enough?  
Cuckoo!

\*Silpelit-high chief in elf  
kingdom

**Du denkst mit einem  
Fädchen mich zu fangen**

Du denkst mit einem Fädchen  
mich zu fangen

Mit einem Blick schon ich  
verliebt zu machen?

Ich fing schon andre, die sich  
höher schwangen;

Du darfst mir ja nicht trau'n,  
siehst du mich lachen.

Schon andre fing ich, glaub' es  
sicherlich.

Ich bin verliebt, doch eben nicht  
in dich.

**You think you'll catch me  
with a little thread**

You think you'll catch me with a  
little thread?

With one glance to make me fall  
in love already?

I have already caught others,  
who were higher-flying;

You may not trust me when you  
see me laughing

I have already caught others,  
believe it certainly,

I am in love, but just not with  
you!

**Das Köhlerweib ist Trunken**

Das Köhlerweib ist Trunken

Und singt in Wald,  
Hört, wie die Stimme gellend  
Im Grünen hallt!

Sie war die schönste Blume,  
Berümt im Land;  
Es warben Reich' und Arme  
Um ihre Hand.

Sie trat in Gürtelketten  
So stolz einer;  
Den Bräutigam zu wählen,

Fiel ihr zu schwer.  
Da hat sie überlistet  
Der rote Wein—  
Wie müssen alle Dinge  
Vergänglich sein!  
Das Köhlerweib ist trunken

Und singt im Wald;  
Wie durch die Dämmerung gellend

Ihr Lied erschallt!

**The charcoal-burner's-wife  
is drunk**

The charcoal-burner's-wife is  
drunk

And sings in the woods,  
Hear, how the voice shrilly  
Echoes in the green  
countryside!

She was the loveliest flower,  
Famous in the land;  
There courted rich and poor  
For her hand.

She walked in a chatelaines  
So proudly with;

The task of choosing a  
bridegroom,

Was too difficult for her.

Then she was outwitted

By the red wine—  
How must all things  
Transient be!

The charcoal-burner's wife is  
drunk

And sings in the wood  
How through the twilight shrilly

Her song rings-out!

### **Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen**

Wie lange schon war immer  
mein Verlangen;  
Ach, ware doch ein Musikus mir  
gut!  
Nun ließ der Herr mich meinen  
Wunsch Erlangen  
Und schickt mir einen, ganz wie  
milch und Blut.  
Da kommt er eben her mit sanfter  
Miene,  
Und senkt den Kopf—und spielt die  
Violine.

### **Begegnung**

Was doch heut Nacht ein Sturm  
gewesen,  
Bis erst der Morgen sich geregt!  
Wie hat der ungebetne Besen  
Kamin und Gassen ausgefegt!  
  
Da kommt ein Mädchen schon die  
Straßen,  
Das halb verschüchtert um sich  
sieht;  
Wie Rosen, die der Wind zerblasen,  
So unset ihr Gesichtchen glüht.  
Ein schöner Bursch tritt ihr  
entgegen,  
Er will ihr voll Entzücken nahn:  
  
Wie sehn sich freudig und verlegen  
Die ungewohnten Schelme an!  
Er scheint zu fragen, ob das  
Liebchen  
Die Zöpfe schon zurecht gemacht,  
Die heute Nacht im offenen  
Stübchen  
Ein Sturm in Unordnung gebracht.  
Der Bursche träumt noch von den  
Küßen,  
Die ihm das süße Kind getauscht,  
  
Er steht, von Anmut hingerissen,  
Derweil sie um die Ecke rauscht.

### **How long already was always my desire**

How long already was always  
my desire;  
Ah, were but a musician to love me!  
  
Now the Lord allows my wish be  
granted  
And sends me one, whole, like milk  
and blood.  
There comes he just here with a  
gentle expression  
And sinks his head and plays the  
violin.

### **Meeting**

What a storm it was last night,  
  
raging until the morning!  
How that unprayed-for broom  
swept clean the chimneys and the  
streets!  
There comes a maiden along the  
street  
who, half-scared, glances around  
her;  
like roses that the wind blows wild,  
so her face's glow fluctuates.  
A handsome boy steps up toward  
her:  
he wants to approach her, full of  
delight:  
how joyful and embarrassed  
seems this unaccustomed rogue!  
He appears to ask, whether his  
sweetheart  
has put to right her braids,  
which last night in her open  
chamber  
a storm brought into disorder.  
The lad still dreams of the kisses  
  
which that sweet girl exchanged  
with him;  
and he stands, overcome by her  
charm,  
while away she rushes, around the  
corner.

## Six Chansons de Theatre

I.  
La Bohéienne la main m'a pris:  
La vielle tzigane le sort m'a dit;  
Elle m'a prédit: Ah, regarde,  
Enfant, prends garde!

C'est un méchant garçon,  
C'est un méchant, un très  
méchant,  
C'est un mauvais garçon,  
C'est un mauvais, un très  
mauvais,  
Un très mauvais, méchant  
garçon.

II.  
Un petit pas, deux petits pas,  
Le petit chien au trot sen va  
Sur la route bein longue qui  
s'ouvre.  
Le petit chien s'en vat a  
Douvres.  
Un petit pas, deux petits pas,  
Le petit chien au trot s'en va.  
Sur la route trouve un ruisseau;  
Fait oh, oh---puis un grand  
saut-oh!  
Un petit pas, deux petits pas,  
Le petit chien au trot s'en va,  
Sur la route trouve la Nuit,  
Fait oh, oh et puis Do do.

I.  
Je suis dans le filet  
Sans aucune espérance,  
Le ciel devient immense  
Mais, c'est pour m'étouffer.  
Qu'ai je fait à la nuit  
Qui de son poids m'opresse,  
N'estu plus rien, Jeunesse,  
Qu'on te bafoue ainsi?  
Étoiles, au secours

## Six Theatre Songs

I.  
The gypsy woman read my  
palm:  
The old gypsy woman the fate  
gave to me;  
She predicted of me, Ah, look  
out,  
Child, take guard!  
  
He's a naughty boy,  
He's a naughty, a very naughty,  
  
He's a bad boy,  
He's a bad, a very bad,  
  
A very bad, naughty boy.

II.  
One little step, two little steps,  
The little dog goes off on a trot  
On the route very long that  
spreads out before him,  
The little dog is off to Dover.  
  
One little step, two little steps,  
The little dog goes off on a trot.  
On the route there is a rivulet,  
He goes "oh, oh," next a big  
jump.  
One little step, two little steps,  
The little dog goes off on a trot,  
On the night travelled by Night,  
He goes "oh, oh," and next, "do,  
do

I.  
I am caught in the net  
without hope,  
The sky seems immense  
but it is suffocating for me.  
What I make to the night  
whose weight oppresses me,  
Youth is nothing anymore,  
How you ridiculed me so?  
Stars, to aid

De mon secret amour,  
Lune, ouvre moi la porte,  
Ou je suis une morte.

II.  
Chacun son tour, les animaux.  
J'apporte remède à vos maux.  
Et pendant que vous mangerez,  
Vous croirez être délivrés!  
Vache, c'est pour ton pis,  
Cheval, pour mieux henir,  
Lion, pour ta crinière  
Et serpent, pour ton bien,

Éléphant, pour ta trompe,  
Pour tes ailes, oiseau,  
Bête de fantaisie, c'est pour ta  
poésie!  
Et pendant que vous mangerez,  
Vous croirez être délivrés!

I.  
Mes amis les cygnes,  
Prisonniers de la glace,  
Délivres-vous,  
Délivres-vous de  
l'enchantement.

II.  
Blancs sont les jours d'été,  
Où ira t il l'oiseau sans ailes?  
  
Blanche est la nuit d'été,  
Que fera t il l'oiseau sans ailes?  
  
Apprendra, oubliera, parlera,  
pleurera,  
Cueillera les fleurs pales sur le  
sol désolé.  
Blancs sont les jours d'été,  
Où ira t il l'oiseau sans ailes?  
  
Blanche est la nuit d'été,  
Que fera t il l'oiseau sans ailes?

Of my secret love.  
Moon, open for me the door  
Where I am a dead person.

II.  
Take your turns, animals,  
I bring a cure to your ills,  
And while you eat,  
You will believe to be delivered!  
Cows, it is for your udder,  
Horse, for your best whinny,  
Lion, for your mane,  
And serpent, for your  
well-being.  
Elephant, for your trumpet,  
For your wings, birds,  
Beasts of fantasy, it is is for  
poetry!  
And while you eat,  
You will believe to be delivered!

I.  
My friends the swans,  
Prisoners of the ice,  
Deliver us,  
Deliver us from the  
enchantment.

II.  
White are the days of summer,  
Where will the bird without  
wings go?  
White is the night of summer,  
What will the bird without wings  
do?  
It will learn, it will forget, it will  
speak, it will cry,  
It will pick the pale flowers  
under the desolate sun,  
White are the days of summer,  
Where will the bird without  
wings go?  
White is the night of summer,  
What will the bird without wings  
do?



### **Va pure ad altri in braccio**

Va pure ad altri in braccio,  
perfida donna ingrata,  
Furia crudel spietata,  
sempre per te sarò!  
Già misero mi vuoi,  
lontan da gl'occhi tuo;  
Misero morirò.  
Va pure...

### **Go then, into the arms of another**

Go then, into the arms of  
another,  
deceitful, ingrateful woman,  
Cruel disgraceful Fury,  
always for you I will be!  
Indeed, miserable you wish me,  
far from those eyes of yours,  
I will die in misery.  
Go then...

### **The Haughty Snail King**

Twelve snails went walking after night.  
Twelve snails went walking after night.  
They'd creep an inch or so,  
Then stop and bug their eyes  
And blow.  
Some folks...are...deadly...slow.  
Twelve snails went walking yester-eve,  
Led by their fat old king.  
They were so dull their princeling had  
No scepter, robe or ring—  
Only a paper cap to wear  
When nightly journeying. Shhhh!  
This king snail said:  
"I feel a thought  
Within...It blossoms soon...  
O little courtiers of mine,...  
I crave a pretty boon...Oh, yes..."  
(High thoughts with effort come,  
And well-bred snails are *almost* dumb.)  
"I wish I had a yellow crown  
As glist'ring as the moon."  
Shhhh!

## **Jabberwocky**

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outrabe.  
"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
Beware the Jub-jub bird, and shun  
The frumious Bandersnatch!"  
He took his vorpal sword in hand;  
Long time the manxome foe he sought  
So rested he by the Tum-tum tree,  
And stood a-while in thought.  
And, as in uffish thought he stood,  
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,  
And burlled as it came!  
One, two! One, two!  
And through and through the vorpal

blade went snicker-snack! Snicker snack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
He went galumphing back.  
"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
Oh frabjous day!  
Callooh! Callay!"  
He chortled in his joy.  
'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outrabe.

blade went snicker-snack! Snicker snack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
He went galumphing back.  
"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
Oh frabjous day!  
Callooh! Callay!"  
He chortled in his joy.  
'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outrabe.

## Men With Small Heads

### 1. Men with Small Heads

and women with small heads  
were everywhere  
in my hometown when I was  
six.

Two men standing on the  
corner: small heads.  
Small head: a woman leans to  
look in her mailbox.

Then there'd be some normal  
bodies, normal heads.

Not everyone, in other words,  
in my hometown

Had small heads

But many did, enough

That I'd say to my mother,

father: *why*

*Does that man have a small  
head?*

I was glad my parents'

Heads were normal-size.

They were glad I (mostly)  
didn't ask

Why a person with a small  
head

Had a small head

Within earshot of that person.

Apparently

These small heads

Did not appear so small to  
them.

They had my eyes checked  
first,

They took some x-rays of my  
skull.

Did I have migraines?

Did I have pinhead fears,  
dreams?

Perhaps it was the angle  
through the windshield glass?

The local Dr. leaning over me

With his penlight probing

My retina—his head was huge  
And the hairs on the back of

his hand were crossed like  
swords.

Nothing wrong With my eyes  
or my brain

that he could tell

but the heads I swore swere  
small

were not, they were just your  
average heads,

circa 1953,

just your average heads,  
in America.

### 2. Refrigerator, 1957

more like a vault—you pull  
the handle out

and on the shelves: not a lot,  
and what there is (a boiled

potato

in a bad, a chicken carcass

*under foil*) *looking dispirited,*  
*drained, mugged. This is not*

*a place to go in hope or*  
hunger.

But, just to the right of the  
middle

Of the middle door shelf, on

fire, a lit-from-within red,

Heart red, sexual red, wet

neon red,

Shining red in their liquid,  
exotic

Aloof, slumming

In such company: a jar

Of maraschino cherries.

Three-quarters

Full, fiery globes, like

strippers

At a church social. Maraschino

cherries, maraschino,

The only foreign word I knew.

Not once

Did I see these cherries  
employed: not

In a drink, nor on top

Of a glob of ice cream,

Or just pop one in your  
mouth. Not once.

The same jar there through an  
entire

### 3. Small Tin Parrot Pin

Next to the tiny bladeless  
windmill  
of a salt shaker  
on the black tablecloth  
is my small tin parrot pin,  
bought from a bin,  
75 cents, cheap, not pure  
tin—an alloy,  
some plastic toy tin?  
The actual pin, the pin that  
pins the pin,  
Will fall off soon  
And thus the parrot,  
If I wear it, which I will,  
On my lapel. I'll look down  
And it'll be gone.  
Let it be found by a child,  
or someone sad, eyes  
on the sidewalk, or what a  
prize  
it would be for a pack rat's  
nest.  
My parrot's paint  
Is vivid: his head's red, bright  
*yellow of breast*  
And bell, a strip of green,  
Then purple, a soft  
Creamy purple, then  
bright—you know  
The color—parrot green  
Wing feathers. Tomorrow I  
think  
I'll wear it on my blue coat.  
Tonight, someone whom I  
love  
Sleeps in the next room,  
The room next to the room  
with the black tablecloth,  
The salt shaker, the parrot  
pin.  
She was very sleepy  
And less impressed than I  
With my parrot  
With whom, with which I  
Am very pleased.

### 4. Snake Lake

My friends, I hope you will not  
swim here:  
This lake isn't named for what  
it lacks.  
This is *not* just another  
vacant scare.  
They're in there—knotted,  
cruel, and thick

With poison, some of them.  
Others bite  
You just for fun—they love  
that curve  
Along the white soft side of  
your foot,  
Or your lower calf, or to pierce  
the nerves

With their needles behind  
your knees.  
Just born, the babies bite you  
all the same.  
They don't care how big you  
are—*please*

Do not swim here. There is  
no shame

In avoiding what will kill you:  
cool pleasure  
Of this water. Do not even dip  
your toes  
In because they'll hurt you, or  
worse,  
Carry you away on their  
backs—no,

Not in homage, but to bite  
you as you sink.  
Do not, my friends, swim  
here: I like you  
Living: this is what I believe,  
what I think.  
Do not swim here—lest the  
many turn to few.

## Upcoming Events

### November

**30** - Rochester - 8:45pm - Choir at NYSSMA

### December

**1** - Ford - 12:00pm - Campus Band (*webstreamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>*)

**2** - Ford - 4:00pm - Symphony Orchestra (*webstreamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>*)

**3** - Ford - 7:00pm - Horn Studio/Horn Choir

**3** - Hockett - 8:15pm - Jazz Vocal Ensemble

**4** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Woodwind Chamber Ensemble

**4** - Ford - 8:15pm - Percussion Ensemble

**5** - Ford - 8:15pm - Wind Ensemble (*webstreamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>*)

**6** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Piano/String Chamber Music

**6** - Ford - 8:15pm - Concert and Symphonic Bands (*webstreamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>*)

**7** - Ford - 8:15pm - Jazz Ensemble (*webstreamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>*)

**8** - Ford - 8:15pm - Chamber Orchestra (*webstreamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>*)

**9** - Ford - 3:00pm - Winter Choral Concert (*webstreamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>*)

**9** - Ford - 8:15pm - Percussion Ensemble

**10** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Intergenerational Choir

**10** - Ford - 8:15pm - Jazz Lab

**11** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Piano/Instrumental Duos I

**11** - Ford - 8:15pm - Jazz Lab

**12** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Piano/Instrumental Duos II

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

**12** - Nabenhauer - 9:00pm - Guitar Ensembles

**13** - Nabenhauer - 12:00pm - Early Music Class Concert

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

**13** - Ford - 8:15pm - Campus Choral Ensemble (*webstreamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>*)