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Junior Recital: Jessica Bennett, mezzo-soprano

Jessica Bennett

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Junior Recital:
Jessica Bennett, mezzo-soprano
Jennifer Kivisild, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Thursday, April 26, 2012
9:00 p.m.
Program

Verdi prati
Furibondo spira il vento

G.F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Der Musensohn
Ständchen
Die Mainacht
Ständchen

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)
Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

E amore un ladroncello
from Così fan tutte

W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Intermission

Les hiboux
Les Cigales
Villanelle des petits canards

Déodat de Séverac
(1872-1924)
Emmanuel Chabrier
(1841-1894)

Moonlight’s Watermelon
Evening Hours
Seashore Girls

Richard Hundley
(b. 1931)

This Junior Recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree Music Education and Voice Performance. Jessica Bennett is from the studio of Patrice Pastore.
Notes

George Frederic Handel (1685-1759)
Handel’s opera Partenope is a bit of a turn from the German composer’s other operas, which were mostly historical and serious in theme. Partenope is more of a romantic comedy. Arsace, a handsome prince and one of several suitors, sings this aria to the queen Partenope. Arsace had left his bride, another princess, Rosmira, at the altar and is now wooing Partenope in another land. Unbeknownst to him, Rosmira has pursued him, dressed as a man, “Eurimine”. Arsace recognizes “him” immediately, but she makes him take an oath that she will not reveal her true identity. Events transpire that test Arsace’s oath, but he does not betray her. To help the queen make up her mind between three suitors, “Eurimine” reveals that Arsace left his bride at the altar, which causes Partenope to rebuke him and turn to her other suitor, who loves her in earnest. Eurimine had turned down Arsace’s offer of love in the previous act and now challenges him to a duel in the honor of the jilted princess. Arsace is feeling pretty turbulent at this point, which inspires him to sing this.

Furibando spiro il vento
Furibando spiro il vento
I sconvolge il cielo i el suol.
Tal adesso l’alma
io sento agitato del mio duol

Verdi Prati
Verdi prati, selve amene,
Perderete la belta
Vaghi fior correnti rivi,
La vaghezza, la bellezza
Presto in voi si cangerà.
E cangiato il vago oggetto
All ‘orror del primo aspetto
Tutto in voi ritornerà

The vagueness, the beauty,
Will change soon.
And changed is the vague object
To the horror of the first appearance
Everything in you will return.

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

In spite of his tragically short lifespan, Schubert was an incredibly prolific composer and left his mark on German lieder, symphonies, and string quartets. Schubert is known for his skill in text painting and catchy melodies. ‘Der Musensohn’ is a poem by Johan Wolfgang von Goethe, Germany’s premier poet, philosopher, author, and all-around great guy. Schubert was one of many Romantic era composers to set texts by Goethe. Schubert’s Standchen text is by German poet and music critic Ludwig Rellstab.

Der Musensohn
Durch Feld und Wald zu schweifen,
Mein Liedchen wegzupfeifen,
So geht’s von Ort zu Ort!
Und nach dem Takte reget
Und nach dem Maß beweget
Sich alles an mir Fort.

The son of the muses
Through field and wood I roam,
My little songs piping,
So go I from place to place!
And to my beat
And to my measure
Everything moves with me.

Ich kann sie kaum erwarten,
Die erste Blum’ im Garten,
Die erste Blüt am Baum.
Sie grüßen meine Lieder,
Unt kommt der Winter wieder,
Sing ich noch jenen Traum.

I can hardly wait for them,
The first bloom in the garden,
The first blossom on the tree.
My songs greet them
And comes winter again,
Sing I still of that dream.

Ich sing ihn in der Weite,
Auf Eises Läng und Breite,
Da blüt der Winter schön!
Auch diese Blüte schwindet,
Und neue Freude findet
Sich auf bebauten Höhn.

I sing them far and wide,
Through the realm of ice
Then winter blossoms beautifully!
That bloom also disappears
And new joy is found
In the hill-towns.

Denn wie ich bei der Linde
Das junge Völkchen finde,
Sogleich erreg ich sie.
Der stumpfe Bursche blät sich,
Das steife Mädchen dreht sich
Nach meiner Melodie.

For when I, beside the linden,
Encounter the young folks,
I rouse them at once.
The swaggering youth puffs up,
The naive maiden twirls
To my melody.
Ihr gebt den Sohlen Flügel
Und treibt durch Tal und Hügel
Den Libeling, weit von Haus.
Ihr lieben, holden Musen,
Wann ruh ich ihr am Busen
Auch endlich wieder aus?

Ständchen
Leise flehen meine Lieder
Durch die Nacht zu dir;
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm zu mir!

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen
In des Mondes Licht;
Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.

Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?
Ach! Sie flehen dich,
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen
Flehen sie für mich.

Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,
Kennen Liebesschmerz,
Rühren mit den Silbertönen
Jedes weiche Herz.

Laß auch dir die Brust bewegen,
Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend harr’ ich dir entgegen!
Komm, beglücke mich!

You give my feet wings,
And drive through vale and hill.
Your favorite, far from home.
You dear, kind muses,
When on her bosom
Will I finally again find rest?

Serenade
Softly beckon my songs
through the night to you;
in the quiet grove below,
Beloved, come to me!

The rustle of slender leaf tips
whispers
in the moon's light
(of) the betrayer's evil spying
Fear not, my dear.

Do you hear the nightingales' call?
Ah! They beckon to you,
With their sweet tones
They beckon to you for me.

They understand the heart's longing,
They know the pain of love,
They calm with their silver tones
Each tender heart.

Let them also stir within your breast,
Beloved, hear me!
Trembling, I wait for you,
Come, please me!
Johannes Brahms (1883-1897)
Brahms is the quintessential Romantic composer. He was also a virtuoso pianist and performed many of his own works. Though he was a conservative in many regards, Brahms’ compositional style was innovative and he has left his mark with works like his four symphonies, choral works, numerous lieder for voice and piano, two piano concertos, and several Variations, including the famous Variations on a theme by Haydn. Rumor has it that he was in love with his best friend’s wife, Clara Schumann for most of his adult life and took care of her after her husband’s death. He never married, and the destruction of his and Clara’s personal letters may evince that they were lovers at some point.

Die Mainacht
Wann der silberne Mond
durch die Gestaucht blinkt,
Und sein schlummerndes Licht
Uber den Rasen streut,
Und die Nachtigall flotet,
Wand‘ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.

Uberhullet von Laub
girret ein Taubenpaar
Sein Entzücken mir vor;
Aber ich wende mich
Suche dunklere Schatte,
Und die einsame Thrane rinnt.

Wann, o lachelndes Bild,
Welches wir Morgenrot
Durch die Seele mir strahlt,
Find‘ ich auf Erden dich>
Und die einsame Thrane
Bebt mir heiber die Wang’ herab!

Standchen
Der Mond steht Uber dem Berge,
So recht für verliebte Leut’:
In Garten rieselt ein Brunnen,
Sonst Stille weir und breit.

Neben der Mauer im Schatten,
Da stehn der Studenten drei,
Mit Flot‘ und Geig‘ und Zither,
Und singen und spielen dabei.

The May- Night
When the silvery moon
beams through th shrubs
and the slumbering light
it scatters over the lawn
And the nightingale sings,
Walk I sadly from bust to bush.

Shrouded by foliage,
A pair of doves
Coo their delight to me
But I turn away,
seeking darker shadows,
And a solitary tear flows.

When, O smiling image,
Which like the morning-red
Shines through my soul,
Will I find you on Earth?
And the solitary tear
Trembles, durning down my cheek!

Serenade
The moon hangs per the mountain,
So fitting for love-struck people
In the garden trickles a fountain;
Otherwise, it is still far and wide.

Near the wall, in shadows
there stand the students three,
with flute and fiddle and zither,
And sing and play there.
Die Kange schleichen der Schönsten
Sacht in den Traum hinein,
Sie schaut den blonden Gelibten
Und lispelt: "Vergib night mein!"

The sounds waft up to the loveliest of women,
gently entering the dreams there,
She gazes on her blond beloved
And whispers: "forget me not!"

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
A child prodigy born in Salzburg, Austria, Mozart was composing from the age of 5, performed for European royalty, and toured Europe with his father, Leopold, who was a violin teacher, and sister, Nanerl. He was extremely prolific in his relatively short life and wrote symphonies, string quartets, and some of the world’s most beloved operas, including Le Nozze di Figaro, Don Giovanni, die Zauberflöte, and Cosi fan tutte, from which this aria is taken.

Cosi revolves around two sisters, Dorabella and Fiordiligi and their boyfriends, Guglielmo and Ferrando. The boyfriends make a bet with an old philosopher that their women will be faithful, no matter what. They tell their girls that they are going to war and go away, then return dressed as foreigners from Albania, and woo each other’s lovers. Both girls eventually give into each other’s boyfriend. Dorabella, the more impulsive and fiery sister, sings this aria to her more sensible sister after she has spent some alone time with her “Albanian” lover.

E amore un ladroncello
E amore un ladroncello,
Un serpentello e amor,
Ei toglie e da la pace,
Come gli piace ai cor.

Love is a little thief
Love is a little thief,
A little serpent is love,
He takes and gives the peace,
As he pleases to the heart.

Per gli al seno appena,
Un varco aprire si fa,
Che l'anima incatena,
E toglie liberta.

From the eyes to the breast
A path he makes there
That the soul is enchained
And freedom taken.

Porta dolcezza e gusto,
Se tu lo lasci far,
Ma t'empie di disgusto,
Si tenti dipugnar.

He brings sweetness and pleasure,
If you let him do,
But fills you with disgust
If you attempt to fight him back.

Se nel tuo petto ei siede,
Segli ti becca qui,
Fa tutto quel ch'ei chiede
Che anch'io faro cosi.

If in your breast he settles,
If he pecks at you here
Do everything that he commands,
As also I will do thusly.
Emmanuel Chabrier (1841-1894)

Chabrier was a French Romantic composer and pianist who influenced many composers in the Impressionist era. In his early life, music was always a secondary interest, as he attended law school and later worked for the French Ministry of the Interior. Upon hearing Wagner’s opera Tristan und Isolde, Chabrier was inspired to turn his focus to composing, and he quit his job at the ministry. Chabrier befriended many avant-garde artists in Paris, including Gabriel Fauré, Ernest Chausson and painter Edgar Degas and writer Stéphane Mallarmé. He was also good friends with painters Claude Monet and Édouard Manet, among other famous writers and painters of the time. Chabrier is known for his two orchestral works, some operas, as well as songs and piano music. These two songs are from his 1890 song cycle 6 Melodies, a set which also includes settings of Rosemonde Gérard’s poems The Pastorale of the Pink Pigs and the Ballad of the Large Turkeys. Chabrier’s sense of humor shines through all of these pieces.

Les Cigales
Le soleil est droit sur la sente, The sun is directly above the path,
L’ombre bleuit sous les figuiers; The shadow turns blue beneath the
fig trees;

Ces cris au loin multiplies, The cries in the distance multiply,
C’est midi, c’est midi qui chante. It is Midi, It is Midi that sings.

Sous l’astre qui conduit le chœr, Under the star that conducts the
choir,
Les chanteuses dissimulées The concealed singers
Jettent leurs rauques ululées Throw their raucous hooting
De quell infatigable Coeur. From such an untiring heart.

Les cigales, ces bestioles, The cicadas, those bugs,
One plus d’âme que les violes; Have more soul than viols,
Les cigales, les cigalons, The cicadas, the little cicadas,
Chantent mieux que les violons! Sing better than violins!

S’en donnent-elles, les cigales, They give up themselves, these
cicadas,
Sur les tas de poussière gris, Atop the heaps of grey dirt,
Sous les oliviers rabougris Beneath the scraggly olive trees
Étoilés de fleurettes pales. Starres with little pale flowers.
Et grises de chanter ainsi, And tipsy from singing so,
Elles font leur musique folle; They make their crazed music;
Et toujours leur chanson s’envole And always their song flies out
Des touffes du gazon roussi! From tufts fo scorched grass!

Les cigales… The cicadas…
Aux rustres épars dans le chaume,
Le grand aster torrential,
À larges flots, du haut du ciel,
Verse le sommeil et son baume.
Tout est mort, rien ne bruit plus
Qu’elles toujours, les forcenées,
Entre les notes égrénées
De quelque lointain angélus!

Les cigales...

Villanelle des petits canards
Ils vont, les petits canards,
Tout au bord de la rivière,
Comme de bons campagnards!

Barboteurs et frétillards,
Heureux de troubler l’eau claire,

Ils vont, les petits canards.

Ils semblent un peu jobards,
Mais ils sont à leur affaire,
Comme de bons campagnards.

Dans l’eau pleine de têtards,
Où tremble une herbe légère,
Ils vont, les petits canards,
Marchant par groupes épars,
D’une allure régulière
Comme de bons campagnards!

Dans le beau vert d’épinards
De l’humide cressonnière,
Ils vont, les petits canards,
Et quoi qu’un peu goguenards,
Ils sont d’humeur débonnaire
Comme de bons campagnards!

Over the rustics, scattered among the thatching
The great torrential star,
In wide streams, from high in the sky
Pours slumber and its balm.
All is dead, nothing sounds any more
but them, the frenzied ones,
Filling in the spaces between the trolls
Of some faraway Angelus!

The cicadas...

Villanelle of little ducks
They go, the little ducks,
all along the bank of the river,
Like fine country folk!
paddlers and wrigglers,
happy from muddying the clear water,
They go, the little ducks.

They seem a little gullible,
but they go about their business
Like fine country folk!

In the tadpole- filled water,
where trembles a flimsy weed,
They go, the little ducks,
Marching in scattered groups,
At a steady pace
Like fine country folk!

In the pretty spinach green
In the damp of the watercress bed,
They go, the little ducks.
And though a bit snarky,
They are of a nature good-humored
Like fine country folk!
Faisant, en cercles bavards,
Un vrai bruit de pétaudière,
Ils vont, les petits canards,

Dodus, lustrés et gaillards,
Ils sont gais à leur manière,
Comme de bons campagnards!

Amoureux et nasillards,
Chacun avec sa commère,
Ils vont, les petits canards,
Comme de bons campagnards!

Marie-Joseph-Alexandre Déodat de Séverac
Déodat de Séverac, in addition to having the longest name of any of the composers in this recital, was a French composer from an aristocratic background with a fondness for setting texts in Catalan, the language of the North of Spain, and Provençal, the historical language of his native French province, Languedoc. Les hiboux is a great example of his skill in text painting. The bare, haunting piano introduction paints the hollow calls of owls in Charles Baudelaire’s eerie poem.

Les hiboux
Sous les ifs noirs qui les abritent,
Les hiboux se tiennent ranges,
Ainsi que des dieux étrangers,
Dardant leur oeil rouge. Ils méditent.

Sans remuer ils se tiendront
Jusqu’à l’heure mélancolique
Où, poussant le soleil oblique,
Les ténèbres s’établiront.
Leur attitude au sage enseigne
Qu’il faut en ce monde qu’il craigne
Le tumulte et le mouvement;

Owls
Beheath the shelter of the dark yews
The owls stand arrayes
Like alien gods,
Their red eyes blaze. They dream.

Without motion they will remain
Until the melancholy hour
When, pushing aside the slanting sun,

Darkness takes over.
Their stance teaches the wise man
That in this world one should fear

Tumult and movement;
Richard Hundley (b. 1931)
Richard Hundley is an American pianist and composer from Cincinnati, Ohio. He took piano lessons at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music at eleven years old, and soloed with the Cincinnati Symphony at age 13. He briefly attended the Manhattan School of Music and later sang with the Metropolitan Opera Chorus. People began singing his songs on stage when he shared them with some of the singers at the Met. Mr. Hundley primarily writes art songs for voice and piano.

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