

10-8-2012

Faculty Recital: Dawn Pierce, mezzo-soprano, Emily Newton, soprano, Charis Dimaras, pianist, Cass Barbour, technical artist

Dawn Pierce

Emily Newton

Charis Dimaras

Cass Barbour

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Faculty Recital:

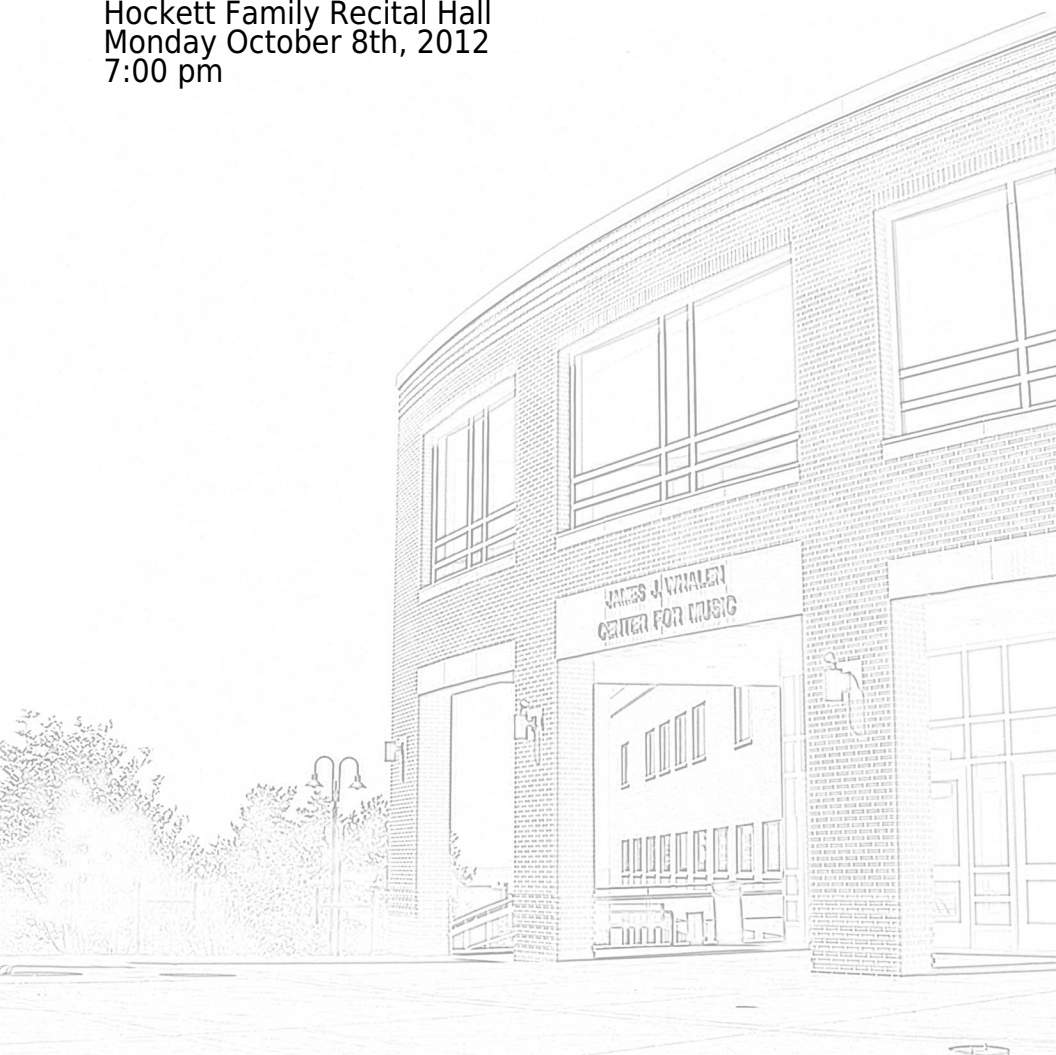
dawn pierce, mezzo soprano

Emily Newton, soprano

Charis Dimaras, pianist

Cass Barbour, technical artist

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Monday October 8th, 2012
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

SPECIAL THANK YOUS TO:

Benjamin Costello for his beautiful art, inspiration and constant help. Diana Dunbar for a beautiful reception. Alice Dawson for inspiration and thinking out of the box. Benjamin Costello; DeAnne Stewart, Joseph DePietro, and Company; Emily Newton and Ken Mattice; John Berwick, Susan Davies, Deborah Rifkin, Beth and Malikhi Daley; Hannah and Isaac Pierce; Caitlin Walton and company; Ryan MacConnell, Lynn and Blythe Craver, Marc Webster, Michael Lewis and Rachel Mikol; Alexandra Adeyemi, Telma Ikande, Toyosi Olawande, Henry Isibor, and Elizabeth Spangler for your video submissions. Benjamin Costello, Carol Andrews Jensen, C. Robin Janning, Hazel Bartram-Birchenough, Jennifer Thomas, Nancy Denmark, and Sherry Lynn Byrd for granting us permission to use their beautiful artwork. Our audience for participating!

Interact!

To interact with the first half of the concert, please grab your internet-enabled device and visit www.dawnpierce.com/written/

You will be able to interact until 7:00 PM.

Letters

O mio Fernando <i>La favorita</i>	Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)
Vieni t'affretta <i>Macbeth</i> with David Koldowski	Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)
Letter aria <i>Werther</i>	Jules Massenet (1842-1912)
Letter scene <i>Eugene Onegin</i>	Pytor Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)
Flower duet <i>Madama Butterfly</i>	Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

Intermission

Petitions

Children's Prayer <i>Hansel and Gretel</i>	Engelbert Humperdink (1854-1921)
Ave Maria <i>Otello</i>	Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)
Oh, dischiuso è il firmamento! <i>Nabucco</i>	Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)
Il est doux, il est bon <i>Hérodiade</i>	Jules Massenet (1842-1912)
Stella del marinar <i>La Gioconda</i>	Amilcare Ponchielli (1834-1886)
L'amo come il fulgor <i>La Gioconda</i>	Amilcare Ponchielli (1834-1886)

This program is performed in loving memory of Josephine Dunbar,
who embodied the value of the written word and sincere prayer.

O mio Fernando

Lenora is the mistress of the king but loves and is loved by Fernando, a soldier. He seeks her hand from the king and the king finds it convenient to grant it. Lenora will sacrifice anything for his happiness and decides to send him a letter telling him the truth.

Oh my Fernando!

I would have given anything to possess the throne of the country with you;

But my love, while pure, is as doomed as your pardon -

Oh miserable me!

To my desperate horror, you must know the truth;

I fear your contempt

Shall give me the greatest pain I have ever known!

If you can somehow find a way to forgive,

May God send me my justified punishment and strike me down!

Vieni t'affretta

Lady Macbeth reads a letter aloud from Macbeth saying that he has been appointed Thane of Cawdor and, right before he was appointed Thane, a group of witches prophesied that he would be both Thane and King soon. Lady Macbeth is excited about this prospect and sings of this excitement that her husband will soon be King of Scotland.

"I met them on the day of victory...

I was rapt in wonder at what I heard,

when the messenger of the king hailed me Thane of Cawdor;

this was prophesied by the same seers

Who predicted a crown upon my head.

Lock this secret in your heart. Addio."

Macbeth, you are an ambitious man.

You want to be great, but will you be wicked?

The path to the power is full of crimes,

and plague on him that sets his foot upon it

Doubting and then goes back.

Come on! Hurry up! I will fire your cold heart!

I will make you able to accomplish the bold undertaking. The

witches promise you the Scottish throne...

What are you waiting for?

Accept this gift! Ascend it and reign!

Werther Letter Aria

Charlotte reads Werther's letters to her which tell her of his sorrow and of his happiness when they will be together. His emotions make her realize that she still loves him.

*Werther! Werther! Who would have guessed the place
the place he would hold in my heart?
Since he has left, in spite of myself,
Everything wearies me, and my soul is filled with him!*

*His letters! His letters. Ah, I reread them constantly...
With what charm, but they also make me sad!
I ought to destroy them... I cannot!
"I am writing you from my little room.
A grey and heavy sky of December weighs on me like a shroud
And I am alone, always alone!"
Ah! Nobody with him!
Not a single bit of evidence of tenderness or even of pity!
God! How could I order this exile and this isolation?*

*"Joyful cries of children rise from beneath my window,
Cries of children!
And I think of the time so sweet
All your dear little ones were playing around us
They will forget me, perhaps?"
No Werther, in their memory, your image remains alive.
And when you return...
...but will he come back?*

*Ah! This last note freezes me and terrifies me!...
"You said to me, 'Until Christmas, and I said, 'Never!'
One will soon know which of us was speaking truth, ...
But if I should reappear, on the fixed day, before you,
Do not accuse me; weep for me!
Yes, with those eyes so full of charm,
These lines, you will read them again
And you will dampen them from your tears, O Charlotte!
O Charlotte, and you will tremble!"*

Eugene Onegin Letter Scene

Tatiana decides that the only way to express her love for Onegin is to write him a letter in which she explains her feelings towards him. As she writes, she discovers more and more about the depth and strength of her love for him.

*May I perish,
but first I will call upon some mysterious bliss
in the hope that I shall know all life's joys!
I drink the magic poison of desire,
I am pursued by dreams:
Everywhere my fatal tempter appears before me,
always, always he is before me!*

*No, that's not it! I'll start over again...
Ah, what's wrong? I'm on fire!
I don't know how to begin...*

*"I write to you - what else can I say?
What more can I explain?
I know you have the power to punish me with your scorn.
But you will not desert me, and you will find a little pity
for me in my unhappiness!
At first I wanted to remain silent.
Believe me: my shame would have remained
Unknown to you forever, forever!"
Oh yes, I had sworn to keep my ardent passion a secret
locked within my heart.
But I can no longer subdue my heart!
Let fate take its course.
I'll confess to him! Courage! Let him know everything!*

*"Why, oh why did you visit us?
In this remote country district I should never have met you,
I'd never have known these heartaches.
Time would have soothed
The emotions of the inexperienced heart
and (who knows) I might have met someone to my liking,
have become a faithful wife and virtuous mothers..."*

*Another? - No, I could not give up my heart to anyone else!
This has been decreed from above,
Heaven has willed it: I am yours!
My whole life has been pledged to this true meeting with you!*

*I know that God has sent you to me,
you are my guardian 'til the grave!
I saw you in my dreams, and yet unknown, I love you!
I pined for your wonderful glance!
My soul has listened to your voice for years...
No, this was no dream!
The moment you entered, I knew you.
I swooned, I took fire,
and I said to myself: It is he! It is he!*

*Was it not your voice that I heard
When you spoke to me in silence,
when I helped the poor, or soothed my soul with prayers?
And at this moment was it not the dear vision of you
that flashed quietly through the transparent gloom,
quietly nestling up to my bedside,
and with love and happiness whispered word of hope to me?*

*"Who are you, my guardian angel or an evil tempter?
Disperse my doubts.
Perhaps this is all a vain dream,
the deception of an innocent heart,
and mine is to be a different fate?"*

*Then so be it! My fate I confide into your hands,
and in tears before you I plead for your protection,
I beg you for it!
Imagine: I am alone here!
No one understands me!
I'm too exhausted to think and I must perish in silence!
I wait for you, I wait for you!
With one word you can revive my hopes,
or shatter this dream with well-merited scorn!*

*I must end... I dare not read it through...
I could die for shame and fear...
but your honor is my safeguard,
and fearlessly I put my trust in it!*

Flower Duet

Three years have passed, and Cio-Cio-San awaits her husband's return. Sharpless appears with a letter from Pinkerton, he attempts to read Pinkerton's letter and suggests that perhaps Butterfly should reconsider marrying someone else. Butterfly tells the consul of her small child and he is too upset to tell her more of the letter's contents. He leaves, promising to tell Pinkerton of the child. A cannon shot is heard in the harbor announcing the arrival of a ship. Butterfly and Suzuki take a telescope to the terrace and read the name of Pinkerton's ship. Overjoyed, Butterfly joins Suzuki in strewing the house with flower petals from the garden.

Cio-Cio-San: *Shake that cherry tree till every flower
White as snow, flutters down,
His noble brow, in a sweet-scented shower I would smother.*

Suzuki: *Madame, calm down, you are weeping—*

Butterfly: *No, laughing, laughing! When may we expect him
up here? What do you think? In an hour?*

Suzuki: *Longer.*

Butterfly: *Two hours more likely. Everything, everything will be
as full of flowers as the night is of sparks. Go to get the flowers.*

Suzuki: *Every flower?*

Butterfly: *All of them: peach blossoms, violets and jasmine,
blossoms from each bush, grass or flowering tree.*

Suzuki: *The garden will appear as desolate as in winter.*

Butterfly: *I want it to smell like all of springtime here.*

Suzuki: *The garden will appear as desolate as in winter. For
you, madame.*

Butterfly: *Go get some more.*

Suzuki: *How often at this window you've stood and wept and
waited,
Gazing and gazing, into the wide, wide world beyond.*

Butterfly: *No more need I pray for, since the kind sea has brought him.
Tears to the earth I have given and it returns me flowers!*

Suzuki: *The garden is empty..*

Butterfly: *Empty? Come and help me.*

Together: *Roses shall adorn the threshold. The balmy breath of spring shall shed her sweetness here. Let us sow fair April here, In handfuls let us scatter violets and white roses, and sprays of sweet verberna, petals of every flower!*

Intermission

To interact with the second half of the concert, please grab your internet-enabled device and visit www.dawnpierce.com/written/

You will be able to interact until just before the second half begins.

Children's Prayer

*When at night I go to sleep,
Fourteen angels watch do keep;
Two my head are guarding,
Two my feet are guiding,
Two are at my right hand,
Two are at my left hand,
Two who warmly cover,
Two who o'er me hover,
Two to whom is given to guide my steps to heaven.*

Ave Maria

Desdemona is preparing for bed. Feeling uneasy and concerned about her husband's new suspicion of her, Desdemona prays (*Ave Maria*) and then falls asleep.

*Hail Mary, full of grace,
Chosen among wives and maidens art thou,
blessed be the fruit, o blessed one, of thy womb, Jesus.
Pray for the one who kneels in prayer before you,
pray for the sinner, for the one who is innocent,
and for the weak and oppressed, and for the mighty,
also wretched, show thy mercy.
Pray for the one who bows his head
Under injustice and under misfortune;
for us, pray thou for us, pray in the hour of our death.
Hail...Amen!*

Oh, dischiuso è il firmamento!

The High Priest of Baal is standing by a sacrificial altar. Fenena and other Hebrews condemned to die are brought in to the lugubrious strains of a funeral march.

*Oh, the firmament is opened up!
My soul longs for the Lord ...
He smiles upon me and reveals to me
Hundred upon hundred of joys everlasting!
Oh, splendor of the stars, farewell!
God floods me with His holy light!
From this mortal body that, heavy as lead, detains us here,
my soul escapes already and wings its way to heaven!*

Il est doux, il est bon

The subject for *Hérodiade* was taken from a story by Flaubert. As opposed to Oscar Wilde's and Richard Strauss's vicious Salome, Massenet's character is an innocent young girl in love with John the Baptist. Salomé is looking for her mother. She was abandoned at birth and does not know that she is actually the daughter of the King's wife, Hérodiade. She tells Phanuel of her determination to find her mother and then continues, telling him that the only one who understands her is the prophet Jean (John the Baptist).

It's him whose words erase all sorrow, the prophet is here!

It is truly to him that I go!

He is sweet, he is good, his words are serene:

When he speaks everything is hushed,

lighter than sighs the attentive air passes without noise;

He speaks!

When will I see him?

When can I hear him?

I suffer, I was alone and my heart was calmed

in listening to his melodious and tender voice.

Beloved prophet, can I live with out you?

It is there in the desert

where the astonished crowd followed his steps,

He welcomed me that day, a child abandoned,

and he opened his arms to me!

He is sweet, he is good, his words are serene:

When he speaks everything is hushed,

lighter than sighs the attentive air passes without noise;

He speaks!

When will I see him?

When can I hear him?

I suffer, I was alone and my heart was calmed

in listening to his melodious and tender voice.

Beloved prophet, can I live with out you?

Stella del marinar

Laura, wife of a Venetian official, comes by night to a lagoon. There her lover's ship is moored. She awaits him on the dock.

My heart is full of tears.

What is that light! Ah, a Madonna! Star of the mariner!

Blessed Virgin! Protect me in this supreme hour.

You see what passion and what faith drew me to such a daring step!

Under your veil that covers the wretched,

Shelter me as I pray and tremble.

With this fervid prayer, Mother of Pardon, may a blessing descend on my head...

L'amo come il fulgor

La Gioconda arrives and discovers Laura at the dock. Both women are in love with the same man, Enzo Grimaldo. It is a less than cordial encounter.

G: *And a curse!*

L: *Ah! Who are you?*

G: *Who I am do you ask? I am a shadow that waits for you! My name is Revenge. I love the man whom you love.*

L: *Heavens!*

G: *Yonder I waited and bided my time like a beast in its lair.
The superhuman strength of fury invades my blood!
You want to flee? Does love consume you?
You want to flee, happy rival?
Yes, the mast and the rudder are ready. Very well; go, flee!*

L: *You horrible fury!*

G: *Ah! You're afraid! And dare you love with true love that hero?*

L: *I challenge your heart, o rival!*

G: *You blaspheme!*

L: *You lie! I love him as the light of Creation,
like the air that enlivens the breath,
like the heavenly and blessed dream from which came my first sigh.*

G: *I love him as the lion loves blood, and the whirlwind its flight,
and lightning the peaks, and halcyons the whirlpools,
and the eagle the sun!*

L: *For his sweet kiss I defy the pale horror of death!*

G: *For his sweet kiss I will kill you. I am stronger; stronger is my love.*