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Junior Recital: Hilary Bucell, soprano

Hilary Bucell

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ITHACA COLLEGE
SCHOOL OF MUSIC

JUNIOR RECITAL

Hilary Bucell, soprano
Nicholas Place, piano & harpsichord

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Saturday, March 29, 2008
1:00 p.m.
PROGRAM

Tornami a vagheggiar from Alcina (1735) George Frederic Handel
Fairest Isle from King Arthur, Z. 628 (1691)
When First Amintas Sued for a Kiss, Z. 430 (1687) Henry Purcell
S’il est un charmant gazon, S. 284 (1859) Franz Liszt
Comment, disaient-ils, S. 276 (1859) Johannes Brahms
Enfant, si j’étais roi, S. 283 (1859)
Das Mädchen spricht, Op. 107, No. 3 (1886) Johann Strauss II
Botschaft, Op. 47, No. 1 (1868)
In den Beeren, Op. 84, No. 3 (1881)

INTERMISSION

Quel guardo, il cavaliere...So anch’io la virtù magica
from Don Pasquale (1843) Gaetano Donizetti

Early Snow (2003) Lori Laitman
I. Last Night the Rain Spoke to Me (b. 1955)
II. Blue Iris
III. Early Snow

Too Late Now from Royal Wedding (1951) Burton Lane

Junior Recital presented in partial fulfillment of the degree Bachelor of Music in Performance

Hilary Bucell is from the studio of Patrice Pastore.
NOTES

**Tornami a vaghgiar** from *Alcina*
George Frederic Handel

*Alcina* is one of Handel's most accomplished operas. It was composed for Handel's first season at the Covent Garden Theatre in London. It premiered on April 16, 1735. The background of the opera comes from the poem *Orlando Furioso* by Ludovico Ariosto.

*Alcina* tells the tale of sorceress Alcina and her sister Morgana. The beautiful Alcina seduces every knight that lands on her isle, but soon tires of her lovers and changes them into stones, animals, plants, or anything that strikes her fancy. As the opera begins the knight Ruggiero travels to Alcina's island and soon falls under her spell. Trying to save him Ruggiero's fiancée, Bradamante, follows him disguised as a man going by the name of Ricciardo.

"Tornami a vaghgiar" takes place at the end of Act I. Morgana, who has fallen for Ricciardo, tells 'him' to leave the island in order to save himself. Ricciardo says he'd rather stay, as he loves another. Morgana believes that this other person is herself, and the act ends with her triumphant aria.

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**Fairest Isle from King Arthur, Z. 628**
Henry Purcell

*King Arthur*, subtitled "The British Worthy," is an opera in five acts, with a libretto by John Dryden and music by Henry Purcell. The opera was first performed at the Queen's Theatre, Dorset Garden, London, in late May or early June of 1691. The plot is based on the battles between King Arthur's Britons and the Saxons, rather than the legends of Camelot (although Merlin does make an appearance). The tale centers on Arthur's endeavors to recover his fiancée, the blind Cornish Princess Emmeline, who has been abducted by his arch-enemy, the Saxon King Oswald of Kent. The play ends with a nationalistic masque, including "Fairest Isle."

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**When First Amintas Sued for a Kiss, Z. 430**
Henry Purcell

"When First Amintas Sued for a Kiss" is one of Henry Purcell's less known vocal pieces. It was originally written for violin and went by the name "Mr. Purcell's Jig." Later, in 1687, it was given a somewhat "racy" text by Thomas D'Urfey.
Throughout his life Liszt enjoyed reading poetry, and in fact knew several of his favorite poets personally, inviting them on outings and to his concerts. Liszt’s close associations with these poets is evident in his large amount of works based on literature, and in a span of over forty-five years he wrote more than eighty songs, many based on poetry.

Although Liszt’s native language was German, he was more comfortable with French. Strangely though, he only wrote thirteen French songs; all of which were based on poems. “S’il est un charmant gazon,” “Comment disaient-ils,” and “Enfant, si j’étais roi” all are based on poems by Victor Hugo, one of Liszt’s closest friends. These three poems are among the few of Liszt’s vocal works that are frequently performed and recorded today.

“Das Mädchen spricht” was written in 1886 by Johannes Brahms, and tells the story of a newly wed bird. Such words as “alter Mann,” (last year’s mate, literally old man) and “flüstert” (whispering) are designed to evoke human marriage and newly-wed pillow talk. In the prelude, the light wings rustle and snuggle together.

“Botschaft” is the first song in Brahms’ Op. 47, written in 1868. The piece is set to a translation by Georg Friedrich Daumer of the text by the fourteenth-century Persian Sufi poet Hafiz of Shiraz. “Botschaft” quickly became one of Brahms’ most popular songs and many observers remark on his deft use of the tension between duple and triple meter and the effectiveness of the codetta of the song.

Brahms’ Op. 84 was written in two phases, and the first three pieces, including “In den Beeren” were written in 1881, and set to poems by Hans Schmidt. All five texts of Op. 84 are dialogues: the Schmidt texts are dialogues between a mother and daughter. The title of the opus, “Five Romances and Lieder for One or Two Voices,” indicates that these songs could be performed by more than one, implying that two voices could be used for the respective protagonists of each piece.
NOTES

Quel guardo, il cavaliere...So anch'io la virtù magica from Don Pasquale
Gaetano Donizetti

Don Pasquale is an opera buffa, or comic opera, in three acts written by Gaetano Donizetti in 1843. The composer Giovanni Ruffini wrote the Italian libretto after Angelo Anelli’s libretto for Stefano Pavesi’s Ser Marcantonio (1810). Don Pasquale was the sixty-fourth, out of sixty-six operas, that Donizetti wrote throughout his career. Today it is not only one of his most commonly performed works, but it is one of the most performed works at opera houses throughout the world.

Don Pasquale tells the tale of young Ernesto who is in love with the beautiful Norina. Ernesto’s uncle, Don Pasquale, refuses to let him marry her though because of her low social standing. As the opera progresses, the audience finds themselves watching Ernesto, Norina, and their friend, Dr. Malatesta, develop a plan that will make Don Pasquale rethink his unfair ways.

“Quel guardo, il cavaliere...So anch’io la virtù magica,” also known as “Norina’s aria,” takes place at the beginning of Act I, and introduces the audience to her character. As the curtain rises, Norina is reading a sentimental novel. She quickly tosses it aside to reveal her flirtatious and sprightly nature.

Early Snow
Lori Laitman

In the preface to this song cycle, Laitman states “The three poems chosen are reflections of nature, and set the poetry of Pulitzer Prize winner Mary Oliver. My goal in any setting is the primacy of the text. To this end, meters shift constantly to follow the natural rhythms of the poem, melodies are structured to emphasize the most important words in a phrase, tempos are flexible and harmonies shift to color the emotional content. In this way, every word in every poem is bound inextricably to the music.

“Last Night the Rain Spoke to Me” starts out with a flowing melody and accompaniment. The piece comes to a clearing in the middle, as the rhythm slows and the pedal sounds clear (“the sky cleared.”) Grace notes in the piano under the words “stars in the sky” create a twinkling effect; likewise the simple repetition of the accompaniment suggest “soft rain.”

“Blue Iris” allows the singer to play different roles—an author, the fly, and the wind. Different musical themes alternate until near the end when “the wind” sings “Doesn’t it...” The piano arpeggios under “distillation of blue iris” depict the flower’s dispersement in the wind. Thoughtful slower section ends the piece, which an echo of the arpeggios in the final measures.

Melodic elements repeat throughout “Early Snow.” The high piano accompaniment underneath the opening moves down in range as the snow falls and starts to cover the ground; this theme returns each time the snow falls. Other repeated elements also tie different sections of the poem together. The piano accompaniment at the end is a variation of the opening; and the singer brings the piece to a dramatic close on a high Bb, illustrating the word ‘sublime.’"
NOTES

Too Late Now from Royal Wedding
Burton Lane

Royal Wedding (MGM) is a 1951 Hollywood musical comedy film set in London in 1947 at the time of the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and Prince Phillip, and stars Fred Astaire, Jane Powell, Peter Lawford, Sarah Churchill and Keenan Wynn, with music by Burton Lane and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner. The film was directed by Stanley Donen.

Tom and Ellen Bowen (Astaire and Powell) are a brother and sister dance act whose show closes in New York. Their agent books them in London for the same period as the Royal Wedding. They travel by cruise ship where Ellen meets and becomes involved with Lord John Brindale (Lawford).

“Too Late Now” takes place as Ellen is walking down the street, singing an open declaration of love to Lord Brindale.
TRANSLATIONS

Tornami a vagheggiar from *Alcina*
George Frederic Handel

Tornami a vagheggiar,
te solo vuol' amar
quest' anima fedel,
caro, mio bene, caro!

Già ti donai il mio cor:
fido sarà il mio amor;
mai ti sarò crudel,
cara mia spene.

Return to me to long for,
Only you it wants to love
this faithful soul,
My dear, my good one, my darling!

Already I gave you my heart:
I trust you will be my loyal love;
but you have been too cruel,
my dear hope.

Fairest Isle from *King Arthur*, Z. 628
Henry Purcell

Fairest Isle, all isles excelling.
Seat of pleasure and of love,
Venus here will choose her dwelling,
And forsake her Cyprian grove.
Cupid from his fav'rite nation,
Care and envy will remove;
Jealousy that poisons passion,
And despair, that dies for love.

Gentle murmers, sweet complaining,
Sighs that blow the fire of love,
Soft repulses, kind distaining,
Shall be all the pains you prove.
Ev'ry swain shall pay his duty,
Grateful ev'ry nymph shall prove;
And as these excel in beauty,
Those shall be renowned for love.

When First Amintas Sued for a Kiss, Z. 430
Henry Purcell

When first Amintas sued for a kiss,
My innocent heart was tender,
That though I push'd him away from the bliss,
My eyes declar'd my heart was won.
I fain an artful coyness would use,
Before I the fort did surrender,
But love would suffer no more such abuse
And soon, alas! my cheat was known.
He'd sit all day, and laugh and play,
A thousand pretty things would say;
My hand he squeeze, and press my knees,
'Till further on he got by degrees.

My heart, just like a vessel at sea,
Would toss when Amintas came near me,
But ah! so cunning a pilot was he,
Through doubts and fears he'd still sail on.
I thought in him no danger could be,
So wisely he knew how to steer me,
And soon, alas! was brought to agree
To taste of joys before unknown.
Well might he boast his pain not lost,
For soon he found the golden coast,
Enjoyed the ore, and touched the shore
Where never merchant went before.
TRANSLATIONS

S’il est un charmant gazon, S. 284
Franz Liszt

S’il est un charmant gazon
Que le ciel arrose,
Où brille en toute saison
Quelque fleur éclose,
Où l’on cueille à pleine main
Lys, chèvre-feuille et jasmin,
J’en veux faire le chemin
Où ton pied se pose!

If there is a charming lawn
That the sky waters,
Where glitters in every season
Some flower blossoms,
Where one gathers in full hands
Lily, honeysuckle, and jasmine,
I want to make it the path,
Where you place your feet!

Comment, disaient-ils, S. 276
Franz Liszt

Comment, disaient-ils,
Avec nos nacelles,
Fuir les algauzils?
Ramez! Ramez! disaient-elles.

Comment, disaient-ils,
Oublier querelles,
Misère et péris?
Dormez! Dormez! disaient-elles.

Comment, disaient-ils,
Enchanter les belles
Sans piétries subtils?
Aimez! Aimez! disaient-elles.

Ramez! Dormez! Aimez! disaient-elles.

How, the men said,
With our skiff,
To flee from the algauzils?
Row! Row! the woman said.

How, the men said,
To forget quarrels,
Misery, and danger?
Sleep! Sleep! the woman said.

How, the men said,
To delight the women
Without artful potions?
Love! Love! the woman said.

Row! Sleep! Love! the woman said.

* Soldiers of the Parisian army during the French Revolution ca. 1790s.
TRANSLATIONS

Enfant, si j’étais roi, S. 283
Franz Liszt

Enfant, si j’étais roi,
je donnerais l’empire,
Et mon char, et mon sceptre,
et mon peuple à genoux,
Et ma couronne d’or,
et mes bains de porphyré,
Et mes flottes à qui la mer
ne peut suffire,
Pour un regard de vous!

Si j’étais Dieu,
la terre et l’air avec les ondes,
Les anges, les démons
courbés devant ma loi,
Et le profond chaos
aux entrailles fécondes,
L’éternité, l’espace,
et les cieux et les mondes
Pour un baiser de toi!

Child, if I were king,
I would give the empire,
And my chariot, and my septre,
and my kneeling people,
And my crown of gold,
and my bath of porphyré,
And my fleets that the sea
cannot contain,
For one look at you!

If I were God,
the earth and the air with the seas,
The angels, the demons
bowed before my rule,
And the profound chaos
of the fertile deep,
Eternity, space,
and the skies and the universe
For one kiss from you!

Das Mädchen spricht, Op. 107, No. 3
Johannes Brahms

Schwalbe, sag’ mir an,
Ist’s dein alter Mann,
Mit dem du’s Nest gebaut?
Oder hast du jüngst erst
dich ihm vertraut?

Sag’, was zwitschert ihr,
sag’, was flüstert ihr
des Morgens so vertraut?
Gelt, du bist wohl
auch noch nicht lange Braut?

Swallow, tell me,
was it your old husband,
with whom you built your nest”
Or have you just recently
entrusted yourself to him?

Tell me, what do you twitter about,
tell me, what do you whisper about
in the mornings, so confidently?
Eh? You haven’t been
a bride for very long, have you?
Botschaft, Op. 47, No. 1
Johannes Brahms

Wehe, Läufchen, lind und lieblich
Um die Wange der Geliebten,
Spiele zart in ihrer Locke,
Ehe nicht hinwegzufliehn!

Tut sie dann vielleicht die Frage,
Wie es um mich Armen stehe;
Sprich: «Unendlich war sein Wehe,
Höchst bedenklich seine Lage;
Aber jetzo kann er hoffen
Wieder herrlich aufzuleben.
Denn du, Holde,
Denkst an ihn.»

Blow, Breeze, gently and lovingly
about the cheeks of my beloved,
play tenderly in her locks,
do not hasten to flee far away!

If perhaps she is then to ask,
how it stands with poor wretched me;
tell her: "Unending was his woe,
highly dubious was his condition;
However, now he can hope
magnificently to come to life again.
For you, lovely one,
are thinking of him!"

In den Beeren, Op. 84, No. 3
Johannes Brahms

Die Mutter:
Singe, Mädchen, hell und klar,
Sing' aus voller Kehle,
Daß uns nicht die Spatzenschar
Alle Beeren stehle!

Die Tochter:
Mutter, mag auch weit der Spatz
Flehn vor meinem Singen,
Fürcht' ich doch, es wird den Schatz
Um so näher bringen.

Die Mutter:
Freilich, für so dreisten Gauch
Braucht es einer Scheuche;
Warte nur, ich komme auch
In die Beerensträucher!

Die Tochter:
Mutter, nein... das hat nicht Not:
Beeren, schau, sind teuer,
Doch der Kuss, reif und rot,
Gibt es viele heuer!

Die Mutter:
The Mother:
Sing, my girl, brightly and clearly,
sing with a full throat,
so that the flock of sparrows doesn’t
steal all our berries!

The Daughter:
The Daughter:
Mother, even if the sparrow
flies from my singing,
I’m afraid it might
Bring my sweetheart nearer.

The Mother:
The Mother:
Of course, for such a brazen cuckoo,
we need a scarecrow;
Just wait, I'll join you
in the berry bushes.

The Daughter:
The Daughter:
Mother, no... there is no need:
Look, berries are rare,
But kisses, ripe and red,
are plentiful this year!

Note: The indications of who is speaking are not in the original text.
Quel guardo, il cavaliere... So anch'io la virtù magica from Don Pasquale
Gaetano Donizetti

Quel guardo il cavaliere
in mezzo al cor trafisse;
piegò il ginocchio e disse:
«Son vostro cavalier.»
E tanto era in quel guardo
sapor di paradiso
che il cavalier Riccardo,
tutto d'amor conquiso,
giurò che ad altra mai
non volgervi il pensier.
Ah ah! Ah ah!

So anch'io la virtù magica
d'un guardo a tempo e loco;
so anch'io come si bruciano
i cori a lento foco.
D'un breve sorrissto
conosco anch'io l'effetto,
di menzognera lagrima,
d'un subito languor.
Conosco i mille modi
dell'amorose frodi,
i vezzi e l'arti facili
per adescare un cor.
So anch'io la virtù magica
per inspirare amor;
conosco l'effetto, ah sì,
per inspirare amor.

Ho testa bizzarra,
son pronta, vivace,
brillare mi piace,
mi piace scherzar.
Se monto in furore,
di rado sto al segno,
ma in riso lo sdegno
fo presto a cangiard.

Her glace pierced the knight
to the depths of his heart;
he fell on bended knee and said:
“I am your knight.”
And there was in that glance such a
taste of paradise
that the knight Riccardo,
totally conquered by love,
swore that to another woman never
would he turn his thoughts.
Ha ha! Ha ha!

I too know the magic power
of a glance at the right time and place;
I too know how hearts can smoulder
at a slow burn.
Of a fleeting little smile
I also know the effect,
of a furtive tear,
of a sudden languor.
I know the thousand ways
of amorous tricks,
the charms and easy skills
for enticing a heart.
I too know the magic power
for inspiring love;
I know the effect, ah yes,
of inspiring love.

I have an eccentric mind,
I’m quick-witted, high-spirited;
I like to sparke,
I like to have fun.
If I fly into a rage,
rarely do I hit the target;
rather, I make the anger
quickly change to laughter.
Last night
the rain
spoke to me
slowly, saying,
what joy
to come falling
out of a brisk cloud,
to be happy again
in a new way
on the earth!
That’s what it said
as it dropped,
smelling of iron,
and vanished
like a dream of the ocean
into the branches
and the grass below.
Then it was over.
the sky cleared.
I was standing
under a tree
The tree was a tree
with happy leaves,
and I was myself,
and there were stars in the sky
that were also themselves
at the moment,
at which moment
my right hand
was holding my left hand
which was holding a tree
which was filled with starts
and the soft rain——
imagine! imagine!
the long and wondrous journeys
still to be ours.

Early Snow
Lori Laitman

I. Last Night the Rain Spoke to Me

II. Blue Iris

Now that I’m free to be myself, who am I?
Can’t fly, can’t run, and see how slowly I walk.
Well, I think, I can read books.

“What’s that you’re doing?”
the green-headed fly shouts as it buzzes past.

I close the book.
Well, I can write down words, like these, softly.

“What’s that you’re doing?” whispers the wind, pausing
in a heap just outside the window.

Give me a little time, I say back to its staring, sliver face.
It doesn’t happen all of a sudden, you know.

“Doesn’t it?” says the wind, and breaks open, releasing
distillation of blue iris.

And my heart panics not to be, as I long to be,
the empty, waiting, pure, speechless receptacle.
III. Early Snow

Amazed I looked
out of the window and saw
the early snow coming down casually,
almost drifting, over

the gardens, then the garden began
to vanish as each white, six-pointed
snowflake lay down without a sound with all
the others. I thought, how incredible

were their numbers. I thought of dried
leaves drifting spate after spate
out of the forests,
the fallen sparrows, the hairs of all our heads,
as, still, the snowflakes went on pouring softly through
what had become dusk, or anyway flung
a veil over the sun. And the though
how not one looks like another

though each is exquisite, fanciful, and
falls without argument. It was now nearly
evening. Some crows landed and tried
to walk around then flew off. They were perhaps

laughing in crow talk or anyway so it seemed
and I might have joined in, there was something
that wonderful and refreshing
about what was by then a confident, white blanket

carrying out its
cheerful work, covering ruts, softening
the earth’s trials, but at the same time
there was some kind of almost sorrow that fell

over me. It was
the loneliness again. After all
what is Nature, it isn’t
kindness, it isn’t unkindness. And I turned

and opened the door, and still the snow poured down
smelling of iron and the pale, vast eternal, and
there it was, whether I was read or not:
the silence; the blank, white, glittering sublime.
TRANSLATIONS

Too Late Now from *Royal Wedding*
Burton Lane

Too late now to forget your smile  
The way we clung when we danced awhile  
Too late now to forget and go on to someone new

Too late now to forget your voice  
The way one word makes my heart rejoice  
Too late now to imagine myself away from you

All the things we've done together  
I relive when we're apart  
All the tender fun together  
Stays on in my heart

How could I ever close the door  
And be the same as I was before?  
Darling, no, no I can't anymore  
It's too late now
THANK YOUS

To my loving family; *Mom, Dad, and Mallory:* Thank you for always encouraging me to follow my dreams, no matter how far-fetched they may seem. Thank you for always believing in me, even when I have not been so sure of myself, and for teaching me the power of forgiveness; to take each day as it comes. I am so blessed to have you in my life, and your love has been the greatest gift of all.

To my vocal “Super Hero” *Patrice:* Thank you. It is hard to believe that I just began my studies with you a little over a year ago... it seems as though it has been forever! Thank you for taking me in with such open and loving arms, it has meant the world. I am so grateful for your unending patience (especially during this whole “crazy” semester, and well, recital process). You truly are my vocal “Super Hero,” and without your talents and knowledge, I am not sure where I would be today. Thank you for always pushing me to be my best, and most importantly, for believing in me. I feel so blessed that you were brought into my life. Your talent, wisdom, and guidance are gifts that I will always take with me, no matter where my life may lead.

To my “# I”: Thank you for being the best friend I could have ever asked for. Thank you for helping me find the beauty in myself, and for showing me that love can defy all odds.

To my amazing accompanist, *Nick:* Thank you for blessing me with the gift of your wonderful talents! Thank you for putting up with my sometimes “neurotic” vocalist behaviors, and “spaz” attacks. It has been so wonderful to learn and grow with you as a musician throughout this year. I cannot wait for our future endeavors together, and am so glad that I could share this amazing experience with you.

To my dear *friends:* Thank you for sharing this journey with me each and every day. You have each taught me so much, not only about life, but about who I am, and who I want to become. Thank you for the hugs, the laughs, and the smiles.
In loving memory of
George Thomas Legin
November 17, 1924–January 20, 2006

“This little bird will always sing for you.”