Elective Recital: Haley Rowland, mezzo-soprano

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Haley Rowland, mezzo-soprano
Christopher LaRosa, piano

Nabenhauer Recital Room
Saturday, February 4, 2012
9:00 p.m.
Program

Ouvre ton coeur
Georges Bizet
(1838-1875)

Plaisir d'amour
Johann-Paul Martini
(1741-1816)

Aubade
Charles Gounod
(1818-1893)

Villanelle
from Les Nuits D'Été
Hector Berlioz
(1803-1869)

Vergebliches Ständchen
Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Liebestreu

Gretchen am Spinnrade
Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Eight Epitaphs
Theodore Chanler
(1902-1961)

Alice Rodd
Susannah Fry
Three Sisters
Thomas Logge
A Midget
No Voice To Scold
Ann Poverty
Be Very Quiet Now

Voi, che sapete
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Non so più

This Elective Recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree Sound Recording Technology. Haley Rowland is from the studio of Jennifer Kay.
Translations

Ouvre ton coeur
La marguerite a fermé sa corolle,
L'ombre a fermé les yeux du jour.
Belle, me tiendras-tu parole?
Ouvre ton coeur à mon amour.

Ouvre ton coeur, ô jeune ange, à ma flamme,
Qu'en rêve charme ton sommeil.
Je veux reprendre mon âme,
Comme une fleur, s'ouvre au soleil!

Plaisir d'amour
Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment,
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie.
J'ai tout quitté pour l'ingrate Sylvie,
Elle me quitte et prend un autre amant.
Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment,
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie.

Tant que cette eau coulera doucement
Vers ce ruisseau qui borde la prairie,
Je t'aimerai, me répétait Sylvie.
L'eau coule encaor, elle a changé pourtant.
Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment,
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie.

Aubade
L'aube naît, et ta porte est close!
Ma belle, pourquoi sommeiller?
A l'heure où s'éveille la rose
Ne vas-tu pas te réveiller?

Ô ma charmante,
Écoute ici
L'amant qui chante
Et pleure aussi!

Toute frappe à ta porte bénie.
L'aurore dit: Je suis le jour!
L'oiseau dit: Je suis l'harmonie!
Et moi je dit: Je suis l'amour!

Ô ma charmante,
Écoute ici
L'amant qui chante
Et pleure aussi!

Open your heart
The daisy closed its flowery crown,
Twilight has closed the eyes of day.
My lovely beauty, will you keep your word?
Open your heart to my love.

Open your heart to my desire, young angel,
May a dream charm your slumber.
I want to take back my soul
As a flower opens to the sun!

The pleasures of love
The pleasures of love last but a moment
The sorrows of love last all life through.
I have given up everything for the ungrateful Sylvia
She left me and took another lover.
The pleasures of love last but a moment
The sorrows of love last all life through.

Dawn serenade
The dawn is born, and your door is shut!
My dear, why do you sleep?
At the hour when the rose wakes
Are you not going to get up?

O, my charming one,
Listen here,
The lover who sings
And weeps as well!

All things knock at your blessed door
The dawn says: I am the day!
The bird says: I am harmony!
And I say: I am love!

O, my charming one,
Listen here,
The lover who sings
And weeps as well!
Villanelle, from Les Nuits D'Été
Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,
Quand auront disparu les froids,
Tous les deux, nous irons, ma belle,
Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois;
Sous nos pieds égrénant les perles
Que l'on voit, au matin trembler,
Nous irons écouter les merles Siffler.

Le printemps est venu, ma belle;
C'est le mois des amants béni;
Et l'oiseau, satinant son aile,
Dar ses vers au rebord du nid.
Oh! Viens donc sur ce banc de mousse
Pour parler de nos beaux amours,
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce toujours.

Vergebliches Ständchen
Er:
Guten Abend, mein Schatz,
guten Abend, mein Kind!
Ich komm' aus Lieb' zu dir,
Ach, mach' mir auf die Tür,
mach' mir auf die Tür!

Sie:
Meine Tür ist verschlossen,
Ich laß dich nicht ein;
Mutter, die rät' mir klug,
Wär'st du herein mit Fug,
Wär's mit mir vorbei!

Er:
So kalt ist die Nacht,
so eisig der Wind,
Daß mir das Herz erfriert,
Mein' Lieb' erlöschen wird;
Öffne mir, mein Kind!

Sie:
Löschet dein' Lieb';
lass' sie löschen nur!
Löschet sie immerzu,
Geh' heim zu Bett, zur Ruh'!

Villanelle, from The Summer Nights
When the springtime comes,
When the frosts have disappeared,
The two of us shall go, my dear one,
To pick lily of the valley from of the woods,
Beneath our feet we will pluck pearls
That tremble in the morning sun,
And we shall go listen to the blackbirds sing.

The springtime has come, my love;
'Tis the month for making love,
And the birds smoothing out their wings
Say their verse on the edge of their nest.
O, so come to this bank of moss
And we'll talk of our glorious love,
And say to me, in your sweet voice,
"Always."

Far away, wandering from our pathway,
Hidden rabbits flee,
And the buck, mirrored in the spring,
Admires his great, bent antlers;
Homeward we will go, so happy,
With a basket our fingers entwine,
Returning with strawberries from the woods.

Futile Serenade
He:
Good evening, my treasure,
good evening, my child!
I come out of love for you,
Ah, open the door,
open the door for me!

She:
My door is locked,
and I won't let you in:
My mother has advised me well!
If you came in,
It would all be over for me!

He:
The night is so cold,
and the wind so icy
that my heart will freeze,
and my love will be extinguished!
Open for me, my child!

She:
Extinguish your love;
Let it be extinguished!
Extinguish it forever,
Go home to bed and rest!
Gute Nacht, mein Knab'!

**Liebestreu**

"O versenk', o versenk' dein Leid, mein Kind, in die See, in die tiefe See!"
Ein Stein wohl bleibt auf des Meeres Grund, mein Leid kommt stets in die Höh'.

"Und die Lieb', die du im Herzen trägst, brich sie ab, brich sie ab, mein Kind!"
Ob die Blum' auch stirbt, wenn man sie bricht, treue Lieb' nicht so geschwind.

"Und die Treu', und die Treu', 's war nur ein Wort, in den Wind damit hinaus."
O Mutter und splittert der Fels auch im Wind,
Meine Treue, die hält ihn aus.

**Gretchen am Spinnrade**

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.

Nach ihm nur schau ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh ich
Aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seine Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt,

Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluß,
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach, sein Kuß!

Mein Busen drängt sich

Good night, my boy!

**Loyal Love**

"Oh sink, sink your sorrow, My child, in the sea, in the deep sea!"
A stone rests well at the bottom of the ocean; My sorrow always comes to the surface.

"And the love that you carry in your heart, Destroy it, destroy it, my child!"
If the flower also dies when one breaks it off, True Love is not so swift.

"And your loyalty, your loyalty, It is only a word; into the wind with it!"
Oh Mother, even if the rock splinters in the wind, My loyalty withstands it.

**Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel**

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find peace never and never more.

Where I do not have him,
That is the grave to me,
The whole world
Is bitter to me.

My poor head
Is crazy to me,
My poor mind
Is torn apart.

For him only do I look
Out the window,
Only for him do I go
Out of the house.

His tall walk,
His noble figure,
His mouth's smile,
His eyes' power,

And his mouth's
Magic flow,
His handshake,
and ah! His kiss!

My bosom urges itself
Nach ihm hin.
Ach dürft ich fassen
Und halten ihn,
Und küssen ihn,
So wie ich wollt,
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt!

**Voi, che sapete**

Voi, che sapete che cosa e amor,
Donne, vedete, s'io l'ho nel cor,
Quello ch'io provo, vi ridorò;
È per me nuovo, capir nol so.

Sento un affetto pien di desir,
Ch'ora è diletto, ch'ora è martir.
Gelo, e poi sento l'alma avvampar,
E in un momento torno a gelar.

Ricercò un bene fuori di me
Non so chi il tiene, non so cos'è.
Sospirò e gemo senza voler;
Palpitò e tremo senza saper.
Non trovo pace notte né di,
Ma pur mi piace languir così.

Voi, che sapete che cosa e amor,
Donne, vedete, s'io l'ho nel cor.

**Non so più**

Non so più cosa son, cosa faccio:
Or di foco, ora sono di ghiaccio,
Ogni donna cangiard di colore,
Ogni donna mi fa palpitar,
Solo ai nomi d'amor, di diletto,
Mi si turbia, mi s'altera il petto,
E a parlare mi sforza d'amore
Un desio ch'io non posso spiegar.

Parlo d'amor vegliando,
Parlo d'amor sognando,
A l'acqua, a l'ombra, ai monti,
Ai fiori, a l'erbe, ai fonti,
A l'eco, a l'aria, ai venti,
Che il suon de vani accenti
Portano via con sè.

E se non ho chi m'oda,
Parlo d'amor con me.

toward him.
Ah, might I grasp
And hold him!

And kiss him,
As I wish,
At his kisses
I should die!

You, who know

You who know what love is,
Ladies, see if I have it in my heart.
I will repeat to you that which I am feeling;
It is new for me, I don't understand.

I feel an affection, full of desire,
Now it is pleasure, now torture.
I freeze, and then I feel my soul aflame,
And in a moment I turn to ice.

I am seeking a treasure outside of me
I don't know who has it or what it is.
I sigh and moan without wanting to;
I quiver and tremble without knowing why.
I cannot find peace night or day,
But I like languishing this way.

You, who know what love is,
Ladies, see if I have it in my heart.

I no longer know

I no longer know what I am, what I'm doing:
Now I'm fire, now I'm ice,
Every woman changes my mood,
Every woman makes my heart pound,
Just the name of love, of delight,
Upsets me, alters my breathing,
And it forces me to speak of love,
A desire I can't explain.

I speak of love awake,
I speak of love dreaming,
To the water, the shadows, the mountains,
To the forests, the grass, the springs,
To the echo, the air, and the winds,
Which the sound of vain words
Carry away with them.

And if I have no one to hear me,
I speak of love to myself.
Ithaca College School of Music

Ever since its founding in 1892 as a Conservatory of Music, Ithaca College has remained dedicated to attracting the most talented young musicians, and then immersing these students in an advanced culture of musical learning that positions them to be leading professionals in music. As the conservatory evolved into a comprehensive college with expanded academic offerings, the School of Music has continued to earn its reputation as one of the best in the nation.

Through a blend of world-class faculty, state-of-the-art facilities, professional performance opportunities, access to liberal arts classes, and a beautiful campus setting, students grow in a challenging yet supportive community.

Not only do students have access to our broad music curriculum, but they can also take classes in any of the College’s other schools and divisions. As a result, graduates are well prepared for a host of careers and work in almost every music field imaginable. School of Music alumni include symphony, opera, and Broadway performers; faculty members and deans at prestigious universities and colleges; teachers in school systems through the country; music therapists, composers; publicists; audio engineers in professional studios; and managers in the music industry. The School of Music boasts a consistent 100% job placement for music education graduates actively seeking employment, and 98% placement for other graduates into jobs or graduate schools.

Since 1941, the Ithaca College School of Music has been accredited by the National Association of Schools of Music.

For more information regarding the Ithaca College School of Music, please visit us on the web at http://www.ithaca.edu/music
Upcoming Events

**February**

5 - Hockett - 2:00pm - Ivy Walz, mezzo soprano/Diane Birr, piano
7 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Faculty Showcase
10 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Kelly Covert, flute
11 - Ford - 4:00pm - Ithaca College Concerts: Cantus masterclass
11 - Ford - 8:15pm - Ithaca College Concerts: Cantus
12 - Ford - 3:00pm - Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra
21 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Eufonix Quartet
24 - Ford - 8:15pm - Black History Month Concert
27 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Composition Premieres III
28 - Ford - 8:15pm - Symphonic Band
29 - Ford - 8:15pm - Concert Band

**March**

2 - Hockett - 3:00pm - Mary Hayes North Competition for Senior Piano Majors
2 - Ford - 8:15pm - Percussion Ensembles
4 - Ford - 4:00pm - Symphony Orchestra
4 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Patrice Pastore, soprano; Diane Birr, piano
5 - Ford - 8:15pm - Jazz Ensemble
6 - Nabenhauer - 4:00pm - Masterclass: Joe Alessi, trombone
6 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Louis K. Thaler Concert Violinist Series: Brian Lewis, masterclass
6 - Ford - 8:15pm - Brass Choir/Women’s Chorale
7 - Ford - 8:15pm - Louis K. Thaler Concert Violinist Series: Brian Lewis, violin
8 - Ford - 8:15pm - Wind Ensemble
10 - Ford - 8:00pm - Cayuga Chamber Orchestra