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Faculty Recital: Ivy Walz, mezzo-soprano

Ivy Walz

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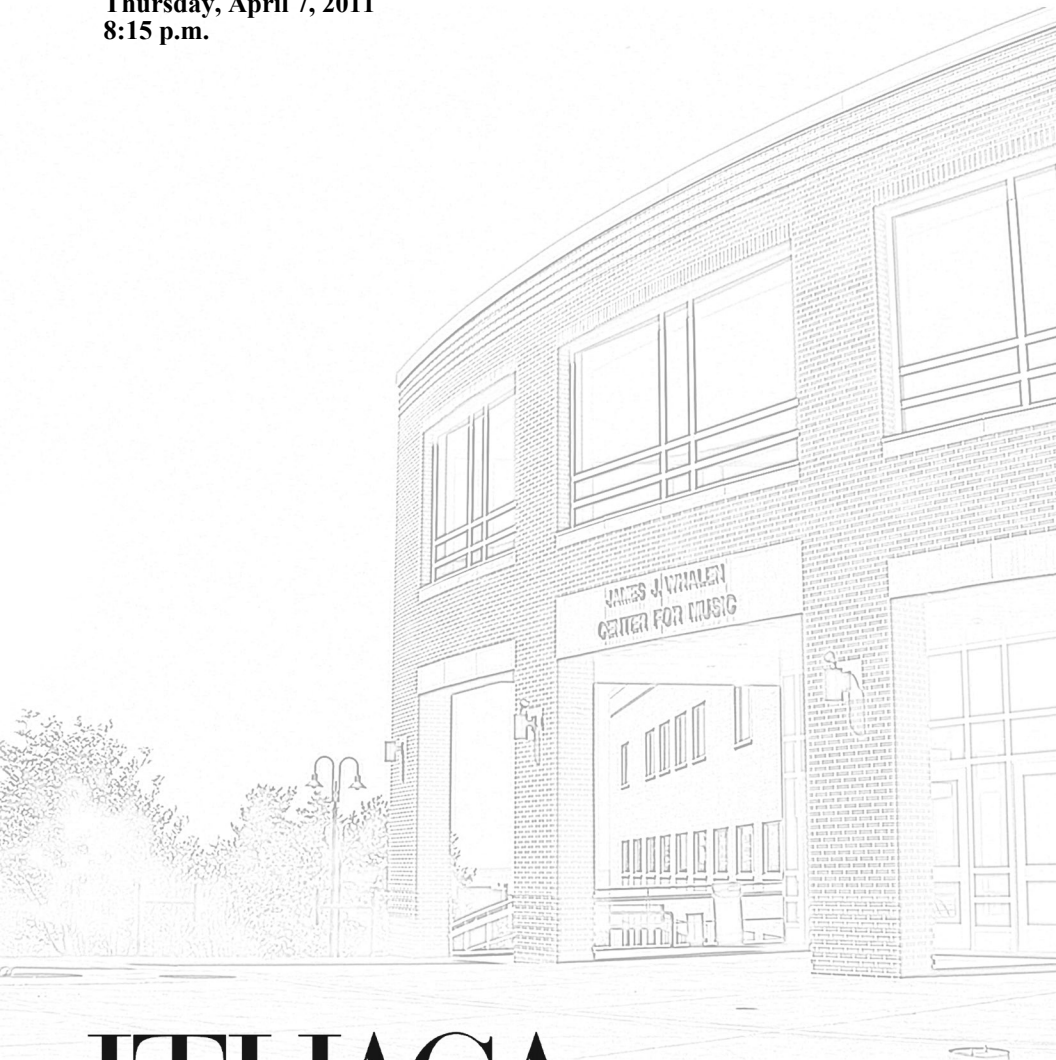
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**Faculty Recital:
Ivy Walz, mezzo soprano**

**Adam Butalewicz, clarinet
Pej Reitz, piano**

**Hockett Family Recital Hall
Thursday, April 7, 2011
8:15 p.m.**



ITHACA
SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Program

Ciganské melodie Antonín Dvořák
(1841-1904)
Aj! Kterak trojhranec muj
A les je tichy kolem kol
Kdyz mne stará matka zpívát, zpívát ucivala
Struna naladena, hochu, toc se v kole
Struna naladĀna, hochu, toĀ se v kole
Dejte klec jestrábu ze zlata ryzeho

Six German Songs, Op. 103 Louis Spohr
(1784-1859)
Zwiegesang
Wiegenlied
Das Heimliche Lied
Wach auf

Adam Butalewicz, clarinet

Intermission

Trois Chansons de Bilitis Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)
La Flûte de Pan
La Chevelure
Le Tombeau de Naiades

Two Little Flowers Charles Ives
(1874-1954)
Down East
Songs My Mother Taught Me

Canciones Españolas Antiguas Federico Garcia Lorca
(1898-1936)
Las tres hojas
Las morillas de Jaén
Nana de Sevilla
Sevillanas del siglo XVII

Biographies

Adam Butalewicz

Adam Butalewicz, a native of Richmond VA, is a high-energy and passionately driven clarinetist. He is Currently working on his doctorate in clarinet performance and pedagogy at University of Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music. Adam maintains a busy schedule of performing and teaching both nationally and internationally and winner of numerous concerto and chamber music competitions. A strong advocate of music education, he is continually searching for new ways to inspire and enlighten students to the joy of music. Adam holds a bachelors degree in clarinet performance from Virginia Commonwealth University and a Masters from Ithaca College. Principle teachers include Ixi Chen, Michael Galvan, and Charles West; additional studies with Richie Hawley, David Neithamer and Sandra Rivers.

Notes

Antonín Dvořák was the first composer to consistently write songs set to Czech texts and is considered the Father of Czech song. He was able to do so as a result of the Czech nationalist movement which brought about the re-emergence of the Czech language after it had been reduced to minimal use under Austrian rule. The set of songs on this program are from his widely popular Ciganská melodie. The original texts were written in Czech by Adolf Heyduk but were composed for the German tenor Gustav Walter. Because it was custom to perform songs in the language of the audience, Heyduk created a German equivalent for his Czech poems. Translations by Professor David Adams, College Conservatory of Music.

Aj! Kterak trojhranec má j p merozkojn zvoně-,
jak cigán na p se, kdy se k smrti kloně-!
Kdy se k smrti kloně-, trojhran mu vyzvíně-.
Konec p-sni, tanci, l sce, b dovíně-.

Ah! How my triangle delightfully sings,
Like a gypsy's song when e draws near to death!
When he draws near to death the triangle sounds to him.
It is the end of song, of dance, of love, and of lamenting.

A les je tich ½ kolem kol,
jen srdce má-r ten ru jě-,
a ern ½ kou m, jen ¼ sp ch j v dol,
m slze v l c ch, m slze su jě-.
V jak nemus jich usu j it,
necht' v jin tv j e bije.
Kdo v smutku má e z zap vat,
ten nezhyrul, ten e ije, ten e ije!

The forest is quiet all around,
Only my heart disturbs this peace,
And the black smoke which rushes into the dale
dries the tears on my cheeks.
However it need not dry them,
Let it beat on other faces.
He who is able to sing in grief,
He did not die he lives.

Kdy mne star j matka zap vat, zap vat u e vala,
podivno, e a sto, a sto slz vala.
A ted' tak pl j em sn d l ce mu im,
kdy ¼ vig j nsk d ti hr j t a zap vat u im!

When my old mother taught me to sing,
It was peculiar that often she wept.
And now likewise I torment my swarthy face with weeping

When I teach gypsy children to play and sing!

Struna naladĎna, hochu, toĎ se v kole,
dnes, snad dnes pĎmĕvysoko,
zejtra, zejtra, zejtra zase dole!
PozejtĎ- u Nilu
za posvĎtnĕm stolem;
struna jiĎ, struna naladĎna,
hochu, toĎ, hochu, toĎ se kolem!

Strings tuned, lad, dance in the circle,
Today, perhaps you are quite high in spirit,
Tomorrow you may be down again.
The day after tomorrow you may be
At the most holy table, by the Nile;
The strings are already tuned,
lad, dance about.

Dejte klec jestĎbu ze zlata ryzĎho;
nezmĎnĎ- on za ni hnĎzda trnĎho.
Komonu bujnĎmu, jenĎ se pustou Ďene,
zĎdka kdy pĎipnete uzdy a tĎemene.
A tak i cigĎnu pĎ-roda cos dala:
k volnosti ho vĎnĕm poutem, k volnosti ho upoutala.

Give a cage of pure gold to a hawk;
He would not exchange his nest of thorns for it.
To an unruly horse, which races through the plain,
Will you seldom attach a bridle and stirrup.
And likewise nature has given something to the gypsy:
It has bound him by an eternal bond to freedom!

Louis Spohr's style represents diverse elements and various influences including Cherubini, Mozart and the Viotti School. Being a violinist, he likely heard and probably played in some of the great Mozart operas, including *Die Zauberflöte* and *Don Giovanni*. By the age of 30 his unique style came to fruition and through it he influenced many younger composers. However his style ceased to evolve from this point, which unfortunately led to accusations of self-repetition and constricted expressive range. He was very well known in the 19th and early 20th century, but now is sometimes called the "forgotten master".

Zwiegesang

Im Fliederbusch ein Vĕglein saĎ In der stillen, schĕnen Maiennacht,
Darunter ein Mĕgdlein im hohen Gras In der stillen, schĕnen Maiennacht.
Sang Mĕgdlein, hielt das Vĕglein Ruh', Sang Vĕglein, hĕrt' das
Mĕgdlein zu, Und weithin klang Der Zwiegesang Das mondbeglĕnzte

Thal entlang. Was sang das VÄ¶glein im Gezweig Durch die stille, schÄ¶ne
Maiennacht? Was sang doch wohl das MÄ¶gdlein gleich Durch die stille,
schÄ¶ne Maiennacht? Von FrÄ¶hlingssonne das VÄ¶glein, Von
Liebeswonne das MÄ¶gdlein. Wie der Gesang Zum Herzen drang,
Vergess ich nimmer mein Lebelang!

Two Songs in One

In a lilac bush sat a little bird in the quiet, lovely May night, below in the high
grass sat a girl in the quiet, lovely May night. The girl sang: if only the bird
would be quiet, the bird sang: if only the girl would listen, and far and away
rang their duet the length of the moonlit valley. What was the bird singing in
the branches throughout that quiet, lovely May night? And what, too, was the
young girl singing throughout that quiet, lovely May night? Of spring sunshine
sang the little bird, of love's delight sang the young girl How that song pierced
my heart I shall never forget my whole life long.

Wiegenlied

Alles still in sÄ¶er Ruh, Drum mein Kind, so schlaf auch du. DrauÄ¶en
sÄ¶uselt nur der Wind, Su, su, su, schlaf ein mein Kind! SchlieÄ¶ du deine
Ä¶ugelein, LaÄ¶ sie wie zwei Knospen sein. Morgen wenn die Sonn'
erglÄ¶ht, Sind sie wie die Blum' erblÄ¶ht. Und die BlÄ¶mlein schau ich an,
Und die Ä¶uglein kÄ¶ ich dann, Und der Mutter Herz vergiÄ¶t, DaÄ¶ es
drauÄ¶en FrÄ¶hling ist.

Cradle Song

All is still in sweet rest, Therefore, my child, you, too, must sleep. Outside is
but the rustle of the wind, Sh, sh, sh, go to sleep, my child. Close your little
eyes, Let them be two little buds. Tomorrow when the sun shines, They will
blossom like flowers.
And I gaze at the little flowers, And I kiss the little eyes, And a mother's heart
forgets That it is spring outside.

Das Heimliche Lied

Es gibt geheime Schmerzen, Sie klaget nie der Mund,
Getragen tief im Herzen Sind sie der Welt nicht kund.
Es gibt ein heimlich Sehnen, Das scheuet stets das Licht,
Es gibt verborgne TrÄ¶nen, Der Fremde sieht sie nicht.
Es gibt ein still Versinken In eine innre Welt, Wo Friedensauen winken, Von
Sternenglanz erhellt, Wo auf gefallen Schranken
Die Seele Himmel baut, Und jubelnd den Gedanken Den Lippen anvertraut.
Es gibt ein still Vergehen In stummen, Ä¶den Schmerz,
Und Niemand darf es sehen, Das schwergepreÄ¶te Herz.
Es sagt nicht was ihm fehlt, Und wenn's im Grame bricht, Verblutend und
zerquÄ¶let, Der Fremde sieht sie nicht.
Es gibt einen sanften Schlummer, Wo sÄ¶er Frieden weilt,
Wo stille Ruh' den Kummer Der mÄ¶den Seele heilt.
Doch gibt's ein schÄ¶ner Hoffen, Das Welten Ä¶berfliegt,
Da wo am Herzen offen Das Herz voll Liebe liegt.

The Secret Song

There are secret pains whose lament is never tongued;
Borne deep in the heart they are unknown to the world.
There is a secret longing that always shies from the light;
There are hidden tears a stranger does not see.
There is a quiet sinking into an inner world
Where peaceful meadows beckon, lit by the gleam of stars,
Where, all boundaries fallen, the soul raises Heaven And with jubilation
Confides its thoughts to the lips.
There is a quiet passing into silent, desolate pain,
And no one is allowed to see that heavy-pressed heart.
It does not say what it needs, and though it breaks with grief, Tortured to death
and bleeding, the stranger does not see it.
There is a gentle slumber where sweet peace abides,
Where quiet rest heals the cares of the weary soul.
There is yet a lovely hoping that soars above all worlds,
Where, open to another heart, the heart lies filled with love.

Wach Auf

Was stehst du bange Und sinnest nach?
Ach! schon so lange Ist Liebe wach.
Hörst du das Klingen Allüberall?
Die Vögellein singen Mit süßem Schall.
Aus Starrem sprihet Baumblättlein weich,
Das Leben fliehet Um Ast und Zweig.
Das Tröpflein schlüpfet Aus Waldesschacht,
Das Bächlein hüpfet Mit Wallungsmacht.
Der Himmel neiget In's Wellenklar,
Die Bläue zeigt Sich wunderbar.
Ein heit'res Schmiegen Zu Form und Klang, Ein ew'ges Fügen Im ew'gen
Drang!
Was stehst du bange Und sinnest nach?
Ach! schon so lange Ist Liebe wach.

Awakening

Why do you stand there brooding with fear?
Ah, already long is love stay awake!
Do you hear the ringing all around?
The birds are singing with such sweet sounds.
Soft leaves are sprouting from the rigid branches,
Life is flowing through bough and twig.
Little drops are gliding from the forest hollows,
The brook leaps with abundant strength.
The heavens bow towards the clear waves,
The blueness is wondrously revealed,
A bright flourish of shape and sound,
An endless yielding to endless impulse.
Why do you stand there brooding with fear?
Ah, already long is love awake!

Trois chansons de Bilitis, written in 1897 are settings of what was supposedly Pierre Louÿs's translation of Greek poems by the poetess Bilitis from the sixth century B.C. Louÿs, who was Debussy's close friend, actually wrote the poems. Though the texts were "Greek" in origin, Debussy's French musical idiom and French sensibilities were superimposed on this "oriental" subject.

La Flûte Pan

Pour le jour des Hyacinthies, il m'a donné une syrinx faite de roseaux bien taillés, unis avec la blanche cire qui est douce à mes lèvres comme le miel. Il m'apprend à jouer, assise sur ses genoux, mais je suis un peu tremblante.

Il en joue auprès de moi, si doucement que je l'entends à peine.

Nous n'avons rien à nous dire, tant nous sommes près l'un de l'autre; mais nos chansons veulent se rapprocher, et tour à tour nos bouches s'unissent sur la flûte.

Il est tard; voici le chant des grenouilles vertes

qui commence avec la nuit. Ma mère ne croira jamais que je suis restée si longtemps à chercher ma ceinture perdue.

The Flute of Pan

For Hyacinthus day he has given me a pipe made of well-cut reeds, bound with white wax that is sweet to my lips like honey.

He teaches me to play, sitting on his knee; but I tremble a little. He plays it after me so softly that I can barely hear it.

We have nothing to say, so close we are to each other; but our songs and from time to time our mouths join upon the flute.

It is late; here is the song of the green frogs that begins at nightfall.

My mother will never believe that I have spent so much time searching for my lost girdle.

La Chevelure

Il m'a dit: Cette nuit, j'ai rêvé. J'avais ta chevelure autour de mon cou.

J'avais tes cheveux comme un collier noir autour de ma nuque et sur ma poitrine. Je les caressais, et c'étaient les miens;

et nous étions liés pour toujours ainsi, par la même chevelure, la bouche sur la bouche, ainsi que deux lauriers n'ont souvent qu'une racine. Et peu à peu, il m'a semblé, tant nos membres étaient confondus, que je devenais toi-même,

ou que tu entras en moi comme mon songe.

Quand il eut achevé, il mit doucement ses mains sur mes épaules, et il me regarda d'un regard si tendre, que je baissai les yeux avec un frisson.

Tresses of Hair

He said to me: This night I dreamed, I had the tresses of your hair around my neck. I had your hair like a black necklace around my neck and on my chest. I caressed it, and it was my own;

and we were united forever this way, by the same tresses, mouth upon mouth, like two laurels that often have the same root.

And little by little, it seemed to me, so intermingled were our limbs,
that I became part of you, or you entered into me like my dream.â€•
When he had finished, he put his hands sweetly on my shoulders, and he
looked at me so tenderly, that I lowered my eyes with a shiver.

Le Tombeau de Naiades

Le long du bois couvert de givre, je marchais;
Mes cheveux devant ma bouche se fleurissaient
de petits glaçons, et mes sandales étaient lourdes de neige fangeuse et
tassée.

Il me dit: "Que cherches-tu?" Je suis la trace du satyre. Ses petits pas fourchus
alternant comme des trous dans un manteau blanc.

Il me dit: "Les satyres sont morts. Les satyres et les nymphes aussi. Depuis
trente ans, il n'a pas fait un hiver aussi terrible. La trace que tu vois est celle
d'un bouc. Mais restons ici, où est leur tombeau."

Et avec le fer de sa houe il cassa la glace de la source où jadis riaient les
naiades. Il prenait de grands morceaux froids, Et les soulevant vers le ciel
pâle, Il regardait au travers.

The Tomb of the Water Nymphs

Along the wood covered with frost, I was walking;
My hair hanging in front of my mouth bloomed with tiny icicles, and my
sandals were heavy with muddy packed snow.

He said to me: "What are you looking for?" I am following the trail of the
satyr. His little cloven footprints alternate like holes in a white coat. He said to
me: "The satyrs are dead. The satyrs and the nymphs too. For thirty years
there has not been so terrible a winter. The track you see is that of the buck.
But let us rest here where is their tomb." And with iron of his hoe he broke
the ice of the spring where the water nymphs laughed. He picked up some big,
cold pieces, and raising them toward the pale sky he looked through them.

The American composer Charles Ives was inspired by the sounds of his native
land. He weaved both hymn tunes and American popular songs into his works
in the classical tradition creating innovations in rhythm, harmony and form,
and an unparalleled ability to evoke the sounds and feelings of American life.
He was a composer ahead of his time in that he was experimental and
innovative and enjoyed mixing the complex with the simple. He is now
regarded as the leading American composer of art music of the 20th century.

Two Little Flowers (1921) was a collaborative effort between Ives and his
wife, Harmony. Ives paints the scene with delicate arpeggios in the piano that
gracefully illustrate his daughter Edith and her playmate at play in the garden.

On sunny days in our back yard, two little flowers are seen, One dressed, at
times in brightest pink and one in green. The marigold is radiant, the rose
passing fair; the violet is ever dear, the orchid ever rare; There's™s loveliness
in wild flowers of field or wide savannah, But fairest, rarest of them all are

Edith and Susanna.

Down East (1919) An example of Ives enjoying the mixture of complex and simple. The lilting second melody is a prime example of Ives's devotion to the type of tunes which are the experience of every American who has gone to church, been at a ball game, or heard a band concert.

Songs! Visions of my homeland, come from strains of childhood, Come from tunes we sang in school days and with songs from mother's heart; Way down East in a village by the sea, stands an old, red farmhouse that watches over the lea; All that is best in me, lying deep in memory, draws my heart that I would be, nearer to thee- Every Sunday morning, when the chores were almost done, from that little parlor sounds the old melodeon, "Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee;" With those strains a stronger hope comes nearer to me.

Songs my Mother Taught Me (1895) is Ives's setting of an English adaptation of the poem by Heyduk, which is the subject of the earlier song heard this afternoon from Dvořák's Cigankář melodie.

Songs my mother taught me in the days long vanished, Seldom from her eyelids were the teardrops banished. Now I teach my children each melodious measure often tears are flowing from my memory's treasure.

Federico Garcia Lorca is widely known as a Spanish poet and dramatist. He was fascinated with Spanish folklore and Gypsy flamenco music. His folksongs are based on Renaissance and modern folk material. He refused to write down his arrangements of the songs, but he made a recording of some with the performer La Argentinita for which he accompanied on the piano. These pieces were subsequently transcribed anonymously and published by the Hispanic Institute in New York. Lorca was an early casualty of the Spanish Civil War. Franco and his followers considered intellectuals to be a dangerous threat and on August 19, 1936, along with a schoolmaster and two bullfighters, Lorca was murdered and thrown into an unmarked grave.

Las tres hojas

Debajo de la hoja de la verbena,

tengo a mi amante malo:

¡Jesús, que pena!

Debajo de la hoja de la lechuga,

tengo a mi amante malo con calentura.

Debajo de la hoja del perejil

tengo a mi amante malo y no puedo ir.

The Three Leaves

Underneath the leaf of the verbena,

I have my bad lover:

Ah, what pain!

Underneath the lettuce leaf,
I have my bad lover who gives me a fever.
Underneath the parsley leaf,
I have my bad lover and I cannot leave.

Las morillas de Ja'ān

Tres morillas me enamoran en Ja'ān:

Axa y Fā'tima y Mari'ān.

Tres morillas tan garridas iban a coger olivas,

y hallābanlas cogidas en Ja'ān:

Y hallāban las cogidas y tornaban desma'das

y las colores perdidas en Ja'ān: Axa y Fā'tima y Mari'ān.

Tres morillas tan lozanas iban a coger manzanas

en Ja'ān: Axa y Fā'tima y Mari'ān.

Dā-jeles: Ā'Qui'ān sois, se'oras, de mi vida robadoras?

Cristianas que ācramos moras en Ja'ān.

The Moorish Girls of Ja'ān

Three Moorish girls excite me in Ja'ān:

Axa y Fā'tima y Marien:

Three Moorish girls so graceful went to gather olives, and they found them

already gathered in Ja'ān: And they found them already gathered and they

returned faint of heart and their color was lost in Ja'ān: Axa y Fā'tima y

Mari'ān.

Three Moorish girls so robust went to gather apples in Ja'ān: Axa and

Fā'tima and Mari'ān.

I say to them: Who are you ladies, who have robbed my life?

Christian girls who were Moorish girls of Ja'ān:

Nana de Seville

Este galapaguito no tiene mare;

No tiene mare, s'ā-, no tiene no. No tiene mare.

Lo pari'ā³ una gitana, lo ech'ā³ a la calle.

lo ech'ā³ a la calle, si lo ech'ā³ a la calle, no. Lo ech'ā³ a la calle.

Este ni'ā±o chiquito no tiene cuna;

no tiene cuna, si, no tiene cuna, no. No tiene cuna.

Su padre es carpintero y le har'ā³ una.

y le har'ā³ una, si, y le hara una, no. Y le har'ā³ una.

Lullabye of Seville

This little turtle has no mother;

He does not have a mother, yes, he does not have a mother,

He does not have a mother.

A gypsy bore him, he was left in the street.

He was left in the street, yes, he was left in the street, no.

He was left in the street.

This little boy has no cradle;

he has no cradle, yes, he has no cradle, no.
He has no cradle.
His father is a carpenter and he will make him one.
he will make him one, yes, he will make him one, no.
He will make him one.

Sevillanas del siglo XVIII

Â¡Viva Sevilla! Llevan las sevillanas en la mantilla un letrero que dice:Â¡Viva Sevilla!

Â¡Viva Triana! Â¡Vivan los trianeros, los de Triana!

Â¡Vivan los sevillanos y sevillanas!

Lo traigo andado: la Macarena y todo, Lo traigo andado: cara como la tuya No la he encontrado.

Â¡Que bien pareces! Ay rio de Sevilla, Â¡que bien pareces!

Â¡Que bien pareces lleno de velas blancas
y ramas verdes. Â¡Viva Sevilla!

Sevillians of the 18th Century

Viva Seville! The lady Sevillians in their mantilla,
they have a sign that says: Long live Seville!

Long live Triana! Long live those from Triana!

Long live men and women of Seville!

I carry it wherever I go: the Macarena and everything,

I carry it with me: a face equal to yours, I never have met.

How beautiful you are! Ah, river of Seville, how beautiful you are!

How beautiful you are full of white sails and green branches.

Viva Seville!