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Junior Recital: Alexandra Haines, soprano

Alexandra Haines

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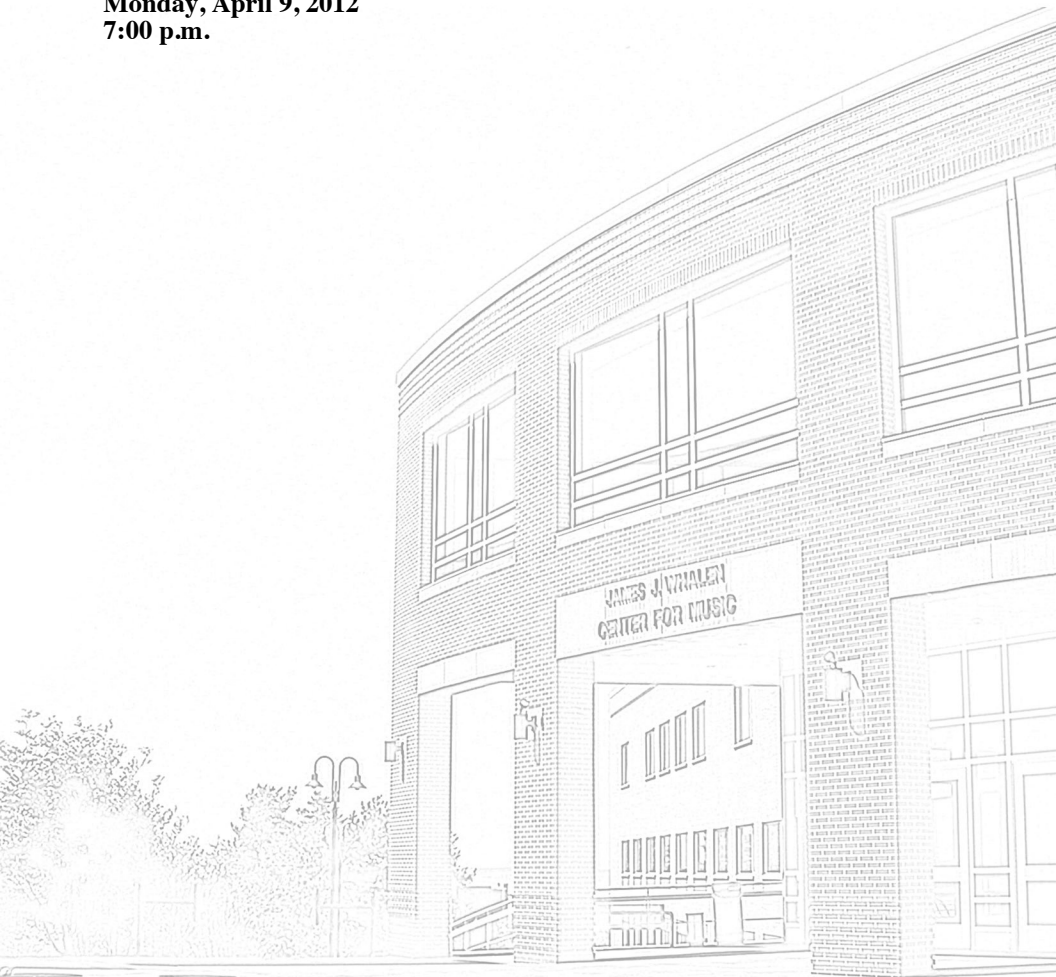
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**Junior Recital:
Alexandra Haines, soprano**

**Sean Cotty, piano
Thillman Benham, cello**

**Hockett Family Recital Hall
Monday, April 9, 2012
7:00 p.m.**



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Now in its second century, the Ithaca College School of Music affirms its fundamental belief that music and the arts are essential components of the human experience. The School of Music prepares students to be world-class professionals and the music leaders of tomorrow - ready to transform individuals and communities by advancing the art of music.

Program

Sei Mia Gioia

G. F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Qual Farfalletta

Thillman Benham, cello

Air Chantés

Air Romantique
Air Champêtre
Air Grave
Air Vif

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Mein Herr Marquis
from Die Fledermaus

Johann Strauss II
(1825-1899)

Intermission

I Hate Music!

I. My Name is Barbara
II. Jupiter Has Seven Moons
III. I Hate Music
IV. A Big Indian and a Little Indian
V. I'm a Person Too

Leonard Bernstein
(1918-1990)

Tonadillas al estilo antiguo

El Majo Discreto
El tra la la y el punteado
El Mirar de la Maja
Amor y Odio
La Maja de Goya

Enrique Granados
(1867-1916)

This Junior Recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance.
Alexandra Haines is from the studio of Ivy Walz.

Notes

The opera "Partenope" was composed by George Frideric Handel and written by librettist Silvio Stampiglia. It conveys the story of Queen Partenope of Naples, and her pursuit of a faithful, loving king. Partenope loves Arsace, who in turn, loves Rosmira (but to pursue Partenope, he left her at the altar on their wedding day). Rosmira dresses up as a man and "pursues" Partenope (while she is actually using her disguise to investigate Arsace's credibility)... In the end, Partenope discovers Rosmira and Arsace's love, and thereby chooses Armindo, one of Partenope's many courtiers, who has been faithful all along in his devotion to Partenope. These following arias are sung to the ever-confused Arsace.

Sei Mia Gioia

Sei mia gioia, ei mio bene,
Sei mia pace e mia speranza.
Del mio core la costanza
Sarà sempre la tua spene.

Qual Farfalletta

Qual farfalletta giro a quel lume
E'l mio Cupido le belle piume
ardendo va.
Quel brio m'alletta; perchè m'è fido,
La mia costanza ogn'altra avanza,
cangiar non sa.

You are My Joy

You are my joy, you are my asset,
You are my peace and my hope.
My heart's constancy
Will always be your hope.

Like a Butterfly

Like a butterfly, I flutter around that
fire
And my Cupid's beautiful feathers
set on fire.
This flame attracts me, because he is
faithful,
And my constancy advances beyond
all else, and will not change.

Air Chantés

Francis Poulenc was known to set compositions with poems that depicted very realistic scenes. His cycle "Air Chantés" is different, as it is set to the poetry of Symbolist writer Jean Moréas. Poulenc's originally wanted, in "Air Chantés" to deride Moréas's poetry. Poulenc believed that his intricate and rich harmonies would be enough to sharply contrast and belittle the "shallow" text of Moréas. Poulenc's efforts proved fruitless, however. Moréas' career was quite unaffected, and Poulenc's harmonies actually added, rather than took away, color and profundity to Moréas' poetry.

Air Romantique

J'allais dans la campagne avec le
vent d'orage,
Sous le pâle matin, sous les nuages
bas;
Un corbeau ténébreux escortait mon
voyage,
Et dans les flaques d'eau
retentissaient mes pas.

La foudre à l'horizon faisait courir sa
flamme
Et l'Aquilon doublait ses longs
gémisséments;
Mais la tempête était trop faible pour
mon âme,
Qui couvrait le tonnerre avec ses
battements.

De la dépouille d'or du frêne et de
l'érable
L'Automne composait son éclatant
butin,
Et le corbeau toujours, d'un vol
inexorable,
M'accompagnait sans rien changer à
mon destin.

Air Champêtre

Belle source, belle source,
Je veux me rappeler sans cesse,
Qu'un jour, guidé par l'amitié
Ravi, j'ai contemplé ton visage, ô
déesse,

Romantic Air

I went through the countryside in the
stormy wind,
Under the pale morning, under the
low clouds;
A gloomy raven escorted my
journey,
And my steps echoed in the puddles.

The lightning at the horizon made its
flame run
And the North Wind doubled its
extensive howling;
But the storm was too weak for my
soul,
Which sounded above the thunder
with its beating.

Of gold garments of the ash and the
maple,
Autumn arranged its glistening
spoils,
And evermore the raven, in
unrelenting flight,
Accompanied me without changing
my fate.

Pastoral Air

Beautiful spring, beautiful spring,
I want to remember forever
That one day, guided by friendship
Delighted, I gazed at your face, o
goddess,

Perdu sous la mou, sous la mousse à
moitié.

Que n'est-il demeuré, cet ami que je
pleure,
O nymphe, à ton culte attaché,

Pour se mêler encore au souffle qui
t'effleure,
Et répondre à ton flot caché.

Air Grave

Ah! fuyez à présent,
Malheureuses pensées!
O! colère, o! remords!
Souvenirs qui m'avez
Les deux tempes pressées,
De l'étreinte des morts.
Sentiers de mousse pleins,
Vaporeuses fontaines,
Grottes profondes, voix
Des oiseaux et du vent
Lumières incertaines
Des sauvages sous-bois,
Insectes animaux,
Beauté future,
Ne me repousse pas,
Ô divine nature
Je suis ton suppliant.
Ah! fuyez à présent,
Colère, remords!

Air Vif

Le trésor du verger et le jardin en
fête,
Les fleurs des champs, des bois,
éclatent de plaisir,
Hélas! hélas! Et sur leur tête le vent
enfle sa voix.

Mais toi noble océan que l'assaut des
tourmentes
Ne saurait ravager

Half concealed under the moss.

Had he remained, this friend for
whom I mourn,
O nymph, I would adhere to your
cult,
To mix again with the breeze that
touches you
And to respond to your hidden
torrents.

Serious Air

Ah! Flee now
Unhappy thoughts!
Oh! Anger! Oh remorse!
Memories that have
Pressed both my temples
With the grip of the dead.
Paths of thick moss,
Vaporous fountains,
Deep caves, voices
Of birds and of the wind
Blurred lights
Of wild undergrowth,
Insects, animals,
Beauty becoming,
Do not turn me away,
Oh divine nature
I am your suppliant.
Ah! Flee now,
Anger, remorse!

Lively Air

The treasure of the orchard and the
festive garden,
The flowers of the fields and the
woodlands burst with pleasure,
Alas! Alas! And over their heads
the wind raises his voice.

But you noble ocean that the attack
of storms
Has not ravaged

Certes plus dignement, lorsque tu te
lamentes,
Tu te prends à songer.

Certainly more dignified, once you
lament,
You lose yourself in dreams.

"Die Fledermaus" (The Bat) is an operetta composed by Johann Strauss II, to a libretto by Karl Haffner and Richard Genée. Its plot centers around deception and mischievous, witty schemes, which in turn create comical effect. Adele, the chambermaid of Lord Eisenstein, sings this aria upon being caught by Eisenstein at a party (when she is supposed to be working!). She effectively convinces the "Lord Marquis" that she cannot be his chambermaid, as she is far too refined. She then breaks into a well-acted laughter.

Mein Herr Marquis

Mein Herr Marquis, ein Mann wie
Sie
sollt' besser das versteh'n!
Darum rate ich,
ja genauer sich die Leute anzuseh'n!
Die Hand ist doch wohl gar zo fein,
ah,
dies Füßchen so zierlich und klein,
ah.
Die Sprache, die ich führe
die Taille, die Tournüre,
dergleichen finden Sie bei einer Zofe
nie!
Gestehen müssen Sie fürwahr:
sehr komisch dieser Irrtum war.

Ja, sehr komisch, ha ha ha,
ist die Sache, ha ha ha!
Drum verzeih'n Sie, ha ha ha,
Wenn ich lache, ha ha ha...!
Ach, sehr komisch, Herr Marquis,
sind Sie!

Mit dem Profil im griech'schen Stil
beschenkte mich Natur.
Wenn nicht dies Gesicht
schon genügend spricht,
so seh'n Sie die Figur!
Schau'n durch die Lorgnette Sie
dann, ah,
sich diese Toilette nur an, ah.

My Lord Marquis

My Lord Marquis, a man like you
should understand better!
Therefore I advise you
to look at people more closely!
My hands are far too delicate, ah,
my feet are too dainty and small, ah.
The language that I speak,
the waistline, my shape,
are the likes of which you will never
find in a chambermaid!
You must truly admit:
this mistake is quite funny.

Yes, very funny, ha ha ha,
is the thing, ha ha ha!
Therefore excuse me, ha ha ha,
When I laugh, ha ha ha...!
Oh my, how funny, lord marquis, are
you!

With a profile in the Grecian style
nature has endowed me.
If this face doesn't
already say enough,
Then observe my figure!
Look through your lorgnette then,
ah,
only at this party dress, ah.

Mir scheint wohl, die Liebe
macht Ihre Augen trübe;
Der schönen Zofe Bild
hat ganz Ihr Herz erfüllt!
Nun sehen Sie sie überall;
Sehr komisch ist fürwahr der Fall.

It certainly seems that love
makes your eyes blurry;
the image of a pretty chambermaid
has completely filled your heart!
Now you see her everywhere;
This situation is indeed very funny.

Ja, sehr komisch...

Yes, very funny...

I Hate Music

As a footnote to his song cycle "I Hate Music," Leonard Bernstein wrote: "In the performance of these songs, coyness is to be assiduously avoided. The natural, unforced sweetness of child expressions can never be successfully gilded; rather it will come through the music in proportion to the dignity and sophisticated understanding of the singer." Barbara, the speaker in this set, therefore emerges as a strong little ten-year old, with an extraordinary inquisitiveness about the world that is around her.

Tonadillas al estilo antiguo

The paintings of Francisco de Goya were very much an inspiration to Enrique Granados y Campiña, one of the premiere Spanish composers of the early 20th Century. Many of Granados' compositions were written to represent scenes in the lives of Spanish majos and majas, which Goya had depicted in a number of his paintings. Granados wrote "Goyescas," a suite for piano, and an opera also named "Goyescas." He also set a list of poetry by Fernando Periquet, which brought stories of the majos and majas to life, and entitled the set "Tonadillas al estilo antiguo." The majos flourished in Spain from the late eighteenth century to the early nineteenth century. They were the Bohemian, lower class of Spain, and they were known for the exaggerations of traditional Spanish dress that they wore, to contrast the French influenced style of the upper classes. They were known for their saucy attitudes and for their vivacious freedom.

El Majo Discreto

Dicen que mi majo es feo;

Es posible que sí que lo sea,
Que amor es deseo que ciega y
marea.
Ha tiempo que sé que quien ama no
ve.

Mas si no es mi majo un hombre
Que por lindo descuelle y asombre,

The Discreet Majo

There are those who say that my
majo is ugly;
It is possible that if he is,
That love is desire that blinds and
dizzies.
For a time I have known that there
are things love doesn't see.

But even if my majo is not a man
That by looks is outstanding,

En cambio es discreto y guarda un
secreto
Que yo posé en el sabiendo que es
fiel.

¿Cuál es el secreto que el majo
guardó?

Sería indiscreto contarlo yo.
No poco trabajo costara saber

Secretos de un majo con una mujer.
Nació en Lavapies.

¡Eh! ¡Eh! Es un majo, un majo es.

El tra la la y el punteado

Es en balde, majo mio,
Que sigas hablando,
Porque hay cosas que contesto

Yo siempre cantando.

Tra la la...

Por mas que preguntes tanto,

Tra la la...

En mi no causas quebranto,

Ni yo he de salir de mi canto

La la la...

El Mirar de la Maja

¿Por qué es en mis ojos tan hondo el
mirar?

Que a fin de cortar desdenes y enojos
los suelo entornar.

Qué fuego dentro llevarán

Que si acaso con calor los clavo en
mi amor,

Sonrojo me dan.

Por eso el chispero a quien mi alma
dí,

Al verse ante mí me tira el sombrero

At least he is discreet, and he guards
a secret

That I confided in him, knowing that
he is trustworthy.

What is the secret that the majo
keeps?

It would be indiscreet for me to tell.
No small amount of effort will be
enough to know

The secrets of a majo and a woman,
He was born in Lavapies.

Eh! Eh! He's a majo, a majo he is.

The tra la la and the guitar-strum

It is in vain, my majo,

For you to persist,

Because there are some things which

I answer

Only in a song.

Tra la la!

No matter how much you ask,

Tra la la;

You cannot distress me,

And I will not end my song

La la la.

The Gaze of the Maja

Why do my eyes have such a dark
look?

So as to mask scorn and anger, I look
to the ground.

Such fire they carry,

That if by chance, with pain, I fix
them on my love,

I blush.

For this, the Chispero to whom I
gave my soul,

When meeting me, threw down his
hat

Y dícame así: Mi maja! No me
mires más,
Que tus ojos rayos son,
Y ardiendo en pasión, la muerte me
dan.

Amor y Odio

Pensé que yo sabría ocultar la pena
mía,
Que por star en lo profundo,
No alcanzara a ver el mundo

Este amor callado que un majo
malvado
En mi alma encendió.

Y no fue así, porque el vislumbró
El pesar oculto en mi.
Pero fue en vano que vislumbrara,
Pues el villano mostrose ajeno de
que le amara,
Y esta es la pena que sufro ahora:

Sentir mi alma llena
De amor por quien me olvida,
Sin que una luz alentadora
Surja en las sombras de mi vida.

La Maja de Goya

Yo no olvidaré en mi vida
De Goya la imagen gallarda y
querida.
No hay hembra ni maja o señora
Que a Goya no eche de menos
ahora.
Si yo hallara quien me amára
Como él me amó,
No envidiara, no, ni anhelara
Más venturas ni dichas yo.

And said this: My maja! Do not look
at me anymore,
Because your eyes are like lightning,
And they are so ardent in passion,
that they kill me.

Love and Hate

I thought that I would know how to
hide my sorrow,
To hide it so well
That the world would not be able to
see
This silent love that a wicked majo
Fired in my soul.

But it was not enough, because he
perceived
My secret suffering.
But it was in vain that he perceived
it,
For the villain proved indifferent to
my loving him,
And this is the pain that I suffer now:

To feel my soul full
Of love for one who forgets me,
Without one hopeful light
To brighten the shadows of my life.

Goya's Maja

I will never forget in my life
The striking and beloved image of
Goya.
There is not a woman, or maja, or
lady
Who does not miss Goya now.
If I found one who could love me
Like he loved me,
I would not desire, or long for
Greater fortune or happiness.

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

April

- 10 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Contemporary Chamber Ensemble
- 12 - Nabenhauer - 7:00pm - Improv Ensemble
- 13 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Talea
- 16 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Frank Campos, trumpet/Nicholas Walker, bass
- 17 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Flute Ensemble
- 18 - Hockett - 10:00am - Honors Convocation
- 18 - Ford - 8:15pm - Sinfonietta - *Webstreamed at*
<http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>
- 19 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Opera Workshop
- 19 - Nabenhauer - 9:00pm - Sophomore Percussion Students
- 20 - Hockett - 3:00pm - Vocal Masterclass: Nedda Casei
- 21 - Hockett - 4:00pm - Yusheng Li and the New Continent Saxophone Quartet
- 21 - Ford - 8:15pm - Chamber Orchestra - *Webstreamed at*
<http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>
- 22 - Ford - 3:00pm - Chorus - *Webstreamed at*
<http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>
- 22 - Ford - 8:15pm - Percussion Ensemble (GS)
- 23 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Woodwind Chamber Ensemble
- 23 - Ford - 8:15pm - Jazz Lab
- 24 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Faculty Recital: Ivy Walz/Brad Hougham/Jean Radice
- 24 - Ford - 8:15pm - Percussion Ensemble (CA)
- 25 - Ford - 8:15pm - Concert Band - *Webstreamed at*
<http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>
- 25 - Hockett - 9:00pm - Piano Ensemble