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Faculty Recital: Nicole Asel, Marc Webster, Christopher Zemliauskas

Marc Webster

Nicole Asel

Christopher Zemliauskas

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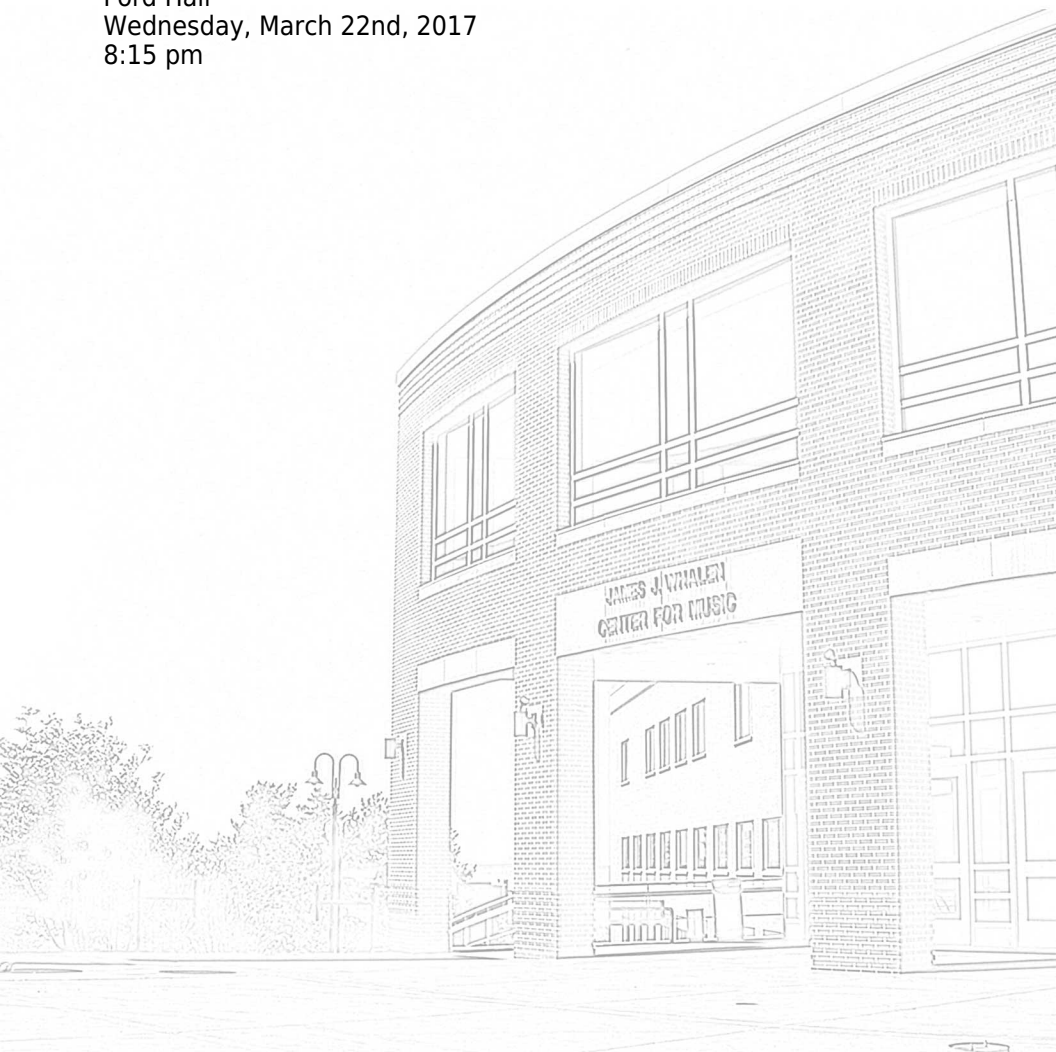
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Faculty and Alumni Recital:
Nicole Asel, mezzo-soprano ('01)
Marc Webster, bass ('02)
Christopher Zemliauskas, piano ('97)

Ford Hall
Wednesday, March 22nd, 2017
8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Sound the Trumpet

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

Pastorale

Camille Saint-Saens
(1835-1921)

Pleurs d'or

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Selections from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*

Der Schildwache Nachtlid
Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen
Verlor'ne Müh
Der Schildwache Nachtlid

Gustav Mahler
(1860-1911)

Intermission

I Canti Della Sera

L'assiolò canta
Alba di luna sul bosco
Tristezza crepuscolare
L'incontro

Francesco Santoliquido
(1883-1971)

Late Afternoon

Otherwise
Willi, Home
X
Just Now
It Might have been Otherwise
Let Evening Come

Ricky Ian Gordon
(b. 1956)

Flight

Craig Carnelia
(b. 1949)

Translations

Pastorale

Ici les tendres oiseaux
Goûtent cent douceurs secrètes,
Et l'on entend ces coteaux
Retentir des chansonnettes
Qu'ils apprennent aux échos.

Sur ce gazon les ruisseaux,
Murmurent leurs amourettes,
Et l'on voit jusqu'aux ormeaux,
Pour embrasser les fleurettes,
Pencher leurs jeunes rameaux.

Pleurs d'or

Larmes aux fleurs suspendues,
Larmes de sources perdues
Aux mousses des rochers
creux;

Larmes d'automne épandues,
Larmes de cors entendues
Dans les grands bois
douloureux;

Larmes des cloches latines,
Carmélites, Feuillantines...
Voix des beffrois en ferveur;

Larmes, chansons argentines
Dans les vasques florentines
Au fond du jardin rêveur;

Larmes des nuits étoilées,
Larmes de flûtes voilées
Au bleu du parc endormi;

Larmes aux longs cils perlées,
Larmes d'amante coulées
Jusqu'a l'âme de l'ami;

Pastorale

Here tender birds savor
a hundred secret sweets,
and you can hear these hills
resound with the little tunes
they teach to the echoes.

In this meadow the brooks
murmur out their loves,
and you see the very elm trees
bend their young branches
to embrace the flowers.

Tears of gold

Tears hanging from the flowers,
Tears of springs lost
In the mossy hollows of the
rocks;

Autumnal tears spread,
Painful tears of horns heard
In the great woods.

Tears of Latin bells,
Carmelites, Feuillantines...
Voices of belfries in fervour;

Tears, silvery songs
In the Florentine bowls
At the bottom of the dreamy
garden;

Tears of starry nights,
Tears of veiled flutes
In the blue of the sleepy park;

Beaded tears of long eyelashes,
Tears of a mistress flowing
As far as the soul of the lover;

Gouttes d'extase, éplètement
délicieux,
Tombez des nuits! Tombez des
fleurs!
Tombez des yeux!

Drops of ecstasy, deliciously
grief-stricken,
Let nights fall! Let flowers fall!
Let eyes fall!

Der Schildwache Nachtlied

"Ich kann und mag nicht fröhlich
sein;
Wenn alle Leute schlafen,
So muß ich wachen,
Muß traurig sein."

"Ach Knabe, du sollst nicht
traurig sein,
Will deiner warten,
Im Rosengarten,
Im grünen Klee."

"Zum grünen Klee, da komm ich
nicht,
zum Waffengarten
Voll Helleparten
Bin ich gestellt."

"Stehst du im Feld, so helf dir
Gott,
An Gottes Segen
Ist alles gelegen,
Wer's glauben tut."

"Wer's glauben tut, ist weit
davon,
Er ist ein König,
Er ist ein Kaiser,
Er führt den Krieg."

Halt! Wer da? Rund! Bleib' mir
vom Leib!
Wer sang es hier? Wer sang zur
Stund'?
Verlorne Feldwacht Sang es

The Sentinel's nightsong

"I cannot and may not be
merry;
when everyone is asleep,
I must keep watch,
and be mournful."

"Ah, lad, you shouldn't be sad,
for I will wait for you
in the rosegarden,
in the green clover."

"To the green clover, I do not
come;
to the weapons garden,
full of halberds,
I have been posted."

"If you are in the battlefield,
may God help!
On God's blessing
is everything dependent,
he who believes it."

"He who believes it is far away.
He is a king,
he is an emperor,
and he makes war."

Halt! Who's there? Turn around!
Stand back!
Who sang here? Who was
singing this hour?
A solitary field sentinel was

um Mitternacht.
Mitternacht! Feldwacht!

singing at midnight.
Midnight! Field sentinel!

**Wo die schönen Trompeten
blasen**

**Where the beautiful
trumpets blow**

Wer ist denn draußen und wer
klopfet an,
Der mich so leise, so leise
wecken kann?
Das ist der Herzallerliebste dein,

Who is then outside, and who is
knocking,
Who can so softly, softly waken
me?
It is your darling,

Steh auf und laß mich zu dir
ein!

Arise and let me come in to
you!

Was soll ich hier nun länger
stehn?
Ich seh die Morgenröt aufgehn,
Die Morgenröt, zwei helle Stern,

Why should I stand here any
longer?
I see the dawn arrive,
The dawn, two bright stars,

Bei meinem Schatz, da wär ich
gern,
bei meiner Herzallerliebsten.

With my darling would I gladly
be,
With my heart's most beloved!

Das Mädchen stand auf und ließ
ihn ein;
Sie heißt ihn auch willkommen
sein.
Willkommen, lieber Knabe mein,

The maiden arose and let him
in;
She welcomed him as well:
Welcome, my beloved boy,

So lang hast du gestanden!

You have stood outside so long!

Sie reicht ihm auch die
schneeweiße Hand.
Von ferne sang die Nachtigall
Das Mädchen fing zu weinen
an.

She reached to him her
snow-white hand.
From afar a nightingale sang;
The maiden began to weep.

Ach weine nicht, du Liebste
mein,
Aufs Jahr sollst du mein eigen
sein.
Mein Eigen sollst du werden
gewiß,
Wie's keine sonst auf Erden ist.

Oh, do not cry, my darling,
Next year you shall be my own!
My own shall you certainly be,
As no one else on earth is.

O Lieb auf grüner Erden.

Ich zieh in Krieg auf grüner
Heid,
Die grüne Heide, die ist so weit.

Allwo dort die schönen
Trompeten blasen,
Da ist mein Haus, von grünem
Rasen.

Verlor'ne Müh

Sie

Büble, wir wollen außre gehe!
Wollen wir? Unsere Lämmer
besehe?
Komm', lieb's Büberle,
komm', ich bitt'!

Er

Närrisches Dinterle,
ich geh dir holt nit!

Sie

Willst vielleicht ä bissel
nasche?
Hol' dir was aus meiner Tasch'!

Hol', lieb's Büberle,
hol', ich bitt'!

Er

Närrisches Dinterle,
ich nasch' dir holt nit!

Sie

Gelt, ich soll mein Herz dir
schenke!?
Immer willst an mich gedenke!?

Nimm's! Lieb's Büberle!
Nimm's, ich bitt'!

O Love on the green earth!

I go to war on the green heath,
The green heath that is so
broad!
It is there where the beautiful
trumpets blow,
There is my house of green
grass!

Lost Effort

She

Laddie, let's go out!
Shall we? To look at our lambs?

Come, dear laddie!
Come, I beg you!

He

Silly lassie,
I won't go with you!

She

You want maybe a bit to
nibble?
Fetch yourself something out of
my pocket!
Fetch it, dear laddie!
Fetch it, I bet you!

He

Silly lassie,
I don't want to nibble anything!
Nothing!

She

Ah, shall I give you my heart?
so you'll always think of me?

Take it! Dear laddie,
Take it, I beg you!

Er

Närrisches Dinterle,
ich mag es holt nit!

Die Gedanken Sind Frei

Die Gedanken sind frei,
wer kann sie erraten,
sie fliegen vorbei
wie nächtliche Schatten.
Kein Mensch kann sie wissen,
kein Jäger erschießen
mit Pulver und Blei:
Die Gedanken sind frei!

Ich denke was ich will
und was mich beglückt,
doch alles in der Still',
und wie es sich schicket.
Mein Wunsch, mein Begehren
kann niemand verwehren,
es bleibt dabei:
Die Gedanken sind frei!

Und sperrt man mich ein
im finsternen Kerker,
das alles sind rein
vergebliche Werke.
Denn meine Gedanken
zerreißen die Schranken
und Mauern entzwei,
die Gedanken sind frei!

Drum will ich auf immer
den Sorgen entsagen
und will mich auch nimmer
mit Grillen mehr plagen.
Man kann ja im Herzen
stets lachen und scherzen
und denken dabei:
Die Gedanken sind frei!

He

Silly lassie,
I don't want it!

Thoughts are free

The thoughts travel free,
no-one can detect them,
like shadows they flee
through night to protect them.
The cops cannot grill them
and hunters can't kill them:
their guns cannot see
a thought running free.

I think as I choose,
my luck's open-ended,
but all without clues,
so no-one's offended.
My want and desire
shall find no denier
when they find the key:
That thoughts must be free!

And if they'll be locking
me up in their dungeon
they shall not be blocking
me or my conscience,
for thoughts take no orders
and will break through borders
and walls with esprit:
The thoughts, they are free!

And thus, from tomorrow,
good riddance to sorrow!
No more feeling cranky,
just more hanky-panky!
My heart shan't be hurting,
just laughing and flirting,
and all shall agree
that thoughts must be free!

L'assiolo canta

Vieni! Sul bosco splende serena
la notte dell'estate e l'assiolo
canta.
Vieni, ti volgio dir quel
che non dissi mai.
E sul sentiero fioriscono le
stelle,
magici fiori.
Inoltriamoci insieme
e là nel folto ti dirò

perchè piansi una triste sera
che non c'eri.
Inoltriamoci insieme.
Un mistero c'invita,
Odi: l'assiolo canta.

Alba di luna sul bosco

Guarda, la luna nasce tutta
rossa
come una fiamma congelata nel
cielo,
Lo stagno la riflette
e l'acqua mossa dal vento

par rabbrivire al gelo.
Che pace immensa! il bosco
addormentato,
si riflette nello stagno.
Quanto silenzio intorno!

Dimmi:
È un tramonto o un'alba per
l'amor?

Tristezza crepuscolare

È la sera.
Dalla terra bagnata sale l'odore
delle foglie morte.

The Horned Owl Sings

O come! The summer night
shines so serene
Above the woods and the
horned owl sings.
So come, I wish to tell you
what I've never said before
Above our path the stars bloom
like magic flowers.
We'll enter together
and there in the thicket I'll tell
you.
Why I cried one sad twilight
when you were gone.
So let's enter together.
A mystery invites us -
O hear: the horned owl sings.

Moonrise over the woods

Look, the moon appears all red
Like a frozen flame in the
heavens,
Reflected on the pond
where the water shimmers in
the wind,
as if shivering from the cold.
Such immense peace! The
sleeping wood,
Itself reflected in the pool.
Such great silence surrounds
us!
Tell me:
Is this the twilight or the
dawning of love?

Twilight Gloom

It's the evening.
Out of the damp earth rises the
smell
Of dead leaves,

È l'ora delle campane,
è l'ora in cui respiro
il vano profumo d'un amore
passato.

E sogno e piango.

È la sera.

È la sera,

una sera piena di campane,
una sera piena di profumi,
una sera piena di ricordi
e di tristezze morte.

Piangete, piangete campane
della sera,

Empite tutto il cielo di
malinconia.

Ah! Piangete ancor...

Questa è l'ora dei ricordi,

E l'ora in cui l'antica flamma
s'accende

Nel cuore disperatamente e lo
crucia.

Campane.

Odore di foglie morte.

Tristezze dissepolti!

L'incontro

Non mi ricordo più quando noi
c'incontrammo

la prima volta ma fu certo una
lontana sera

tutta soffusa di pallide tristezze
lungo un benigno mar!

A noi giungevano di lontano
suoni

di campane e di greggi

ed una pace strana ci veniva dal
mare.

Questo rammento!

Cosa dicemmo quel giorno, Lo
rammentate?

Io non ricordo più.

Ma che importa?

Oggi mi fiorisce in cuore
la dolcezza appassita di

It's the hour of pealing bells,
It's a time to breathe
The faded perfume of a bygone
love.

And I dream and I weep.

It's the evening.

It's the evening,

An evening full of bells,

An evening full of perfumes,

An evening full of memories,

And death's own sadness.

Weep, O weep you bells of the
evening,

Fill the vastness of heaven with
melancholy.

Ah! Weep again...

This is the hour of
rememberance,

It's the time when the old flame
engulfs

My desperate heart and ignites
it.

Pealing bells.

The smell of dead leaves.

Sorrows unearthed.

The Encounter

I no longer remember when it
was that we met,

But surely the first time was a
bygone dusk

Perfused with faded sadness

Along a friendly sea!

The sounds from afar came

Of bells and birds

And a strange peace washed
over us from sea.

I do remember that!

Do you remember what I said
that day?

I no longer recall.

But who cares?

Today my heart blooms

With sweet passion from that

quell'ora lontana.
E m'è dolce stringere nella mia
la vostra mano bianca
e parlarvi d'amor,
anch'oggi vengono di lontano

suoni di campane e di greggi
e anch'oggi il mar come allora
ci sorride lontano.

Ma oggi forse m'amate un
poco,
non sorridete più.

Ah! La vostra mano trema.
Se oggi le belle labbra voi mi
darete

non scorderemo più
questa dolce ora d'amor!

time long past.
It's so sweet for me to clasp
Your white hand in mine
And speak to you of love,
For today, just as then, there
comes from afar
The sounds of bells and birds
With the sea, just as then,
smiling at us in the distance.
But maybe today you love me a
little -
You're not smiling now...
Ah! Your hand trembles.
If you'll give me your beautiful
lips today
We weill never forget
this sweet moment of love!

Biographies

Nicole Asel, Mezzo-Soprano

Mezzo-soprano, Nicole Asel, serves as an Assistant Professor of Voice at Sam Houston State University and as a voice teacher for the Houston Grand Opera High-School Studio. She holds a D.M.A. in Voice Performance and Pedagogy from The University of Colorado at Boulder, an M.M. from the University of North Carolina at Greensboro, and a B.M. from Ithaca College where she was a student of Dr. David Parks. A finalist in the 2010 Rocky Mountain Regional Metropolitan Opera Council Auditions, she is a devoted operatic performer and recitalist.

Dr. Asel has a passion for new American Opera and song. She has collaborated with some of today's most accomplished living composers including Mark Adamo, Kirke Meachem, Robert Livingston Aldridge, Herschel Garfein, Daniel Kellogg and Robert Spillman. After working with Mark Adamo, she was selected by the composer to represent his opera, "Little Women" in the G. Schirmer New Opera Sampler CD in the role of Jo March. Active in creating and promoting new works, she has workshopped the role of Elizabeth Bennett in Kirke Mechem's new opera "Pride and Prejudice," and the role of Carrie Madenda in Grammy Award winning composer/librettist team Robert Aldridge and Hershel Garfein's opera "Sister Carrie." She has sung with Opera Carolina, Central City Opera, Opera San Antonio, Opera Fort Collins, Greensboro Opera, Long Leaf Opera, The Martina Arroyo Foundation and Colorado Light Opera Company.

Scholarship includes the history and tradition of Cabaret Song in the early Twentieth Century and the Music of Living American Song Composers Ricky Ian Gordon and Rufus Wainwright. An advocate of body wellness in the voice studio, Dr. Asel is passionate about bringing her experience with yoga, body mapping and the Alexander Technique as well as scholarship in voice pedagogy into the voice studio. Dr. Asel currently teaches applied voice and diction.

Marc Webster, Bass

Most recently Bass, Marc Webster has sung *Messiah* with Cayuga Chamber Orchestra, Appoline in the American premiere of *Eumelio* with Actus Tragicus, excerpts from Partan in *Skara* by Lamb and Mahler's *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* with Ithaca College Symphony Orchestra, Don Basilio in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* with Syracuse Opera, Sarastro in *Die Zauberflöte* with Erie Chamber Orchestra, Haydn's *Die Schöpfung* and Handel's *Messiah* with Cayuga Chamber Orchestra, Haydn's

Creation with Eastman Symphony, and *Messiah* excerpts with Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra. Upcoming engagements within our region include Alidoro in *La Cenerentola* with Ithaca Opera.

Other Recent performances include *Verdi Requiem* with Symphony Syracuse, Cesare Angelotti in *Tosca*, Dottore Grenvil in *La Traviata* with Syracuse Opera, The Bonze in *Madama Butterfly* with Syracuse Opera, and Vaughan Williams *Serenade to Music* with Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra. Other performances include Pistola in *Falstaff* with Seattle Opera Studio, Don Alfonso in *Così fan tutte* with Florida Grand Opera Studio, Sarastro in *Die Zauberflöte* as a Filene Artist with Wolf Trap Opera, Dr. Gibbs in *Our Town* with Juilliard Opera Center, Gouverneur in *Le Comte Ory* with Juilliard Opera Center, Mars in *Orphee aux Enfers* with Juilliard Opera Center, Sir Giorgio in scenes from *I Puritani* with Merola Opera Program at San Francisco Opera, and recital work with New York Festival of Song with Stephen Blier, and the Marilyn Horne Foundation *The Song Continues* series in Weill Hall.

Webster was a finalist with the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions and holds First Place Awards from the Jessie Kneisel Lieder Competition, Eastman Concerto Competition, and The Eastman Opera Competition. Marc Webster has been on the Voice Faculty at Ithaca College since 2010 and is nearing completion of a Doctor of Musical Arts Degree from Eastman School of Music. He also holds an Artist Diploma in Opera Performance from The Juilliard Opera Center at The Juilliard School, a Master of Music degree in Performance and Literature from Eastman School of Music and a Bachelors Degree in Voice Performance and Music Education from Ithaca College where he was student of Dr. David Parks.

Christopher Zemliauskas, Piano

Christopher Zemliauskas is a pianist, vocal coach, and conductor, and joins the Ithaca College faculty after having served as Music Associate Professor at NYU Steinhardt for two years. There he led the Vocal Performance program's productions of *Cendrillon* and *The Impresario/The Medium*, in addition to teaching graduate diction and opera workshop. Prior to this appointment he was Assistant Music Director of

Opera at CU Boulder for nine years, where his duties included preparing singers for recital work and opera roles, collaborating with faculty and students in recital, teaching diction classes, and serving as Chorus Master for the opera productions. At CU he has also conducted productions of *Our Town*, *Albert Herring*, *Little Women*, and *Orfeo ed Euridice*.

In his decade long association with Central City Opera, Mr. Zemliauskas has served as conductor, associate conductor, recitalist, coach, and chorus master. There he has conducted performances of *Our Town*, *Carmen*, *Amadigi di Gaula*, *A Little Night Music*, *West Side Story*, *Susannah*, *Curlew River* and *The Prodigal Son (Britten)*, *The Ballad of Baby Doe*, *Don Giovanni*, *La Traviata*, and *Cendrillon*. He was recently invited to Northwestern University where he conducted their production of *Albert Herring*. As a co-artistic director of FusionChamber, a new music ensemble in Boulder, he has conducted performances of *Pierrot Lunaire* by Schoenberg, and *Eight Songs for a Mad King* and *Miss Donnithorne's Maggott* by P.M. Davies.

He is also an active chamber musician, has played with the Colorado Symphony Orchestra, the Extasis Tango Quartet, and has been Symphony Conductor for the Boulder Youth Symphony. In Colorado Springs, Mr. Zemliauskas has recently conducted productions of *La Traviata*, *Die Fledermaus*, and *Lakme* for the Opera Theatre of the Rockies with the Colorado Springs Symphony. As a resident artist coach and conductor for the Minnesota Opera he conducted several mainstage works including *Madama Butterfly*, *Carmen*, and *The Magic Flute*, as well as resident artist productions of *The Rape of Lucretia* and *Der Kaiser von Atlantis*.

Other companies he has been on the music staff for include San Francisco Opera, Opera Colorado, Des Moines Metro Opera, and Indianapolis Opera. Christopher holds degrees in Piano (IC '97) and Accompanying and Coaching (University of Minnesota '01), and has studied with such esteemed collaborators as Margo Garrett, Warren Jones, Karl Paulnack, and Martin Katz. Other credits and festivals include the Music Academy of the West, Merola Opera Program, College Light Opera, Musical Theatre Berlin am Potsdamer Platz, and Music Director and Composer in Residence for the Hangar Theatre.