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Alexandra Bond

Kristine Mezines

Shannon Horner

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*The University of Arkansas
J. William Fulbright College of
Arts and Sciences
Department of Music Presents*

*Alexandra Bond's Senior Voice Recital
With Kristine Mezines on Piano*

*Vedrai, carino from "Don Giovanni"
Se Florindo è fedele*

*W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)
Alessandro Scarlatti (1660-1725)*

*Heidenröslein
In dem Schatten meiner Locken*

*Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)*

*Aimons-nous
Mandoline*

*Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)
Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)*

*Elle a fui, la tourterelle! from
"Le Contes d'Hoffmann"*

Jacques Offenbach (1819-1880)

*The Crucifixion from "The Hermit Songs"
Sure on this Shining Night*

*Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
Samuel Barber (1910-1981)*

Dream With Me

*Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)
Shannon Horner, Cello*

*Alexandra Bond is a student of Professor David Malis
Presented in partial fulfillment of the degree Bachelor of Music in Vocal Music Education*



Vedrai, carino

- W. A. Mozart -

Vedrai, Carino, se sei buonino,
Che bel rimedio ti voglio dar.
E naturale, non dà disgusto,
E lo speciale, no lo sa far no.
E un certo balsamo, che porto addosso,
Dare te'l posso, se'l voi provar.
Saper vorresti, dove mi stà?
Sentilo batter, toccami quà.

You shall see, my dear, if you are good
What a fine medicine I wish to give you.
It is a natural one, it does not taste unpleasant.
And no pharmacist knows how to make it.
It is a certain balm that I carry with me.
I can give it to you, if you wish to try it.
Would you like to know, where I keep it?
Hear it beating, touch me here.

Se Florindo è fedele

- Alessandro Scarlatti -

Se Florindo è fedele, io m'innamorerò.
Portrà ben l'arco tendere il faretrato arcier,
Ch'io mi saprò difendere
Da un guardo lusinghier.
Preghi, pianti, e querelle io non ascolterò.
Ma se sarà fedele, io m'innamorerò.

If Florindo is faithful, I will fall in love.
The archer with the quiver may draw his bow,
For I know how to defend myself
From a flattering glance.
I will be deaf to pleas, tears, and complaints.
But if he will be faithful, I will fall in love.

Heidenröslein

- Franz Schubert -

Sah ein Knab' ein Röslein Steh'n
Röslein auf der heiden
War so jung und morgenschön,
Lief er schnell, es nah' zu seh'n,
Sah's mit vielen freuden.
Röslein, röslein, röslein roth,
Röslein auf der heiden.
Knabe sprach: "ich breche dich."
Röslein sprach: "ich steche dich,
Dass du ewig denkst an mich,
Und ich will's nicht leiden."
Und der wilde knabe brach's
Röslein auf der heiden
Röslein wehrte sich und stach
Half ihr doch kein weh und ach,
Musst'es eben leiden.

A boy saw a little rose standing,
A little rose on the heath.
It was so young and beautiful,
He ran quickly to see it closely.
He looked upon it with great joy.
Little rose, little rose, little rose, red
Little rose on the heath.
The boy said, "I will pick you."
The little rose said, "I will stick you,
So that you will forever think of me,
For I will not tolerate it."
And the wild boy picked it,
The little rose on the heath;
The little rose defended itself and stuck him.
The boy's cries and woes helped him not,
He had to endure it.



In dem Schatten meiner Locken

- Hugo Wolf -

*In dem schatten meiner locken
Schließ mir mein geliebter ein
Weck ich ihn nun auf? Ach nein!
Sorglich strahlt ich meine krausen
Locken täglich in der frühe,
Doch umsonst ist meine mühe,
Weil die winde sie zersausen.
Lockenschatten, windesausen,
Schlieferten den liebsten ein.
Hören muß ich wie ihn grame,
Daß er schmachtet schon so lange,
Daß ihm leben geb und nehme diese meine braune wange.
Diese meine braune wange.
Und er nennt mich seine schlagne,
Und doch schlief er bei mir ein.*

*In the shadow of my tresses
My beloved has fallen asleep.
Shall I wake him now? Ah, no!
Carefully I comb my ruffled locks
Early in each day.
Yet for nothing is my trouble,
For the wind makes them disheveled again.
The shadow of my tresses, the whispering of wind
Have lulled my darling to sleep.
I must listen to him complain
That he pines for me so long,
That life is given and taken from him.
By this, my brown cheek,
And he calls me a snake,
Yet he fell asleep beside me.*

Aimons-nous

- Camille Saint-Saens -

*Aimons-nous et dormons
Sans songer qu reste du monde!
Ni le flot de la mer,
Ni l'ourangan des monts,
Tant que nous nous aimons
Ne courbera ta tête blonde,
Car l'amour est plus fort, que les dieux et la mort!
Le soleil s'eteindrait
Pour laisser ta blancheur plus pure.
Le vent qui jusqu'à terre incline la forêt,
En passant n'oserait jouer avec ta cheve lure.
Tant que tu cacheras, ta tête entre mes bras!
Et lorsque no deux coeurs
S'en iront aux spheres heureuses.
Ou les celestes lys ecloront sous no pleurs,
Alors, comme deux fleur,
Joignons nos levres amoureuses.
Et tâchons d'épuiser la mort dans un baiser!*

*Let us love and sleep
Without dreaming of the rest of the world!
Neither of the flow of the sea,
Nor the storms of the mountains
For as long as we share our love,
Nothing will trouble your golden head.
For love is stronger than the gods and death.
The sun would cease to burn
To make your purity more pure,
Even the wind that blows the forest to the ground,
Would not dare in passing, to play with your tresses
So long as you hide your head in my arms.
And when our two hearts
Shall soar in blissful realms,
Where heavenly lilies open beneath our tears,
Then, like two flowers,
Let us join our loving lips,
And try to outlast death with a kiss.*



Mandoline
- Gabriel Faure -

*Les donneurs de sérénades et les belles écouteuses,
Echangent de propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.
C'es Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'eternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte cruelle
Fait maint vers tendre.
Leurs courtes veste de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur elegance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,
Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.*

*The serenaders, and their lovely listeners,
Exchange sweet nothings
Under the singing branches.
There is Thyris and Amyntas,
And there is the eternal Clytander,
And there is Damis, who for many a heartless woman,
Wrote many tender verses.
Their short silk coats,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their joy,
And their soft blue shadows:
Whirl around in the ecstasy
Of a pink and grey moon.
And the mandolin rattles
Among the wings of the breeze.*

Elle a fui, la tourterelle!
- Jacques Offenbach -

*Elle a fui, la tourterelle!
Ah! Souvenir trop doux! Image trop cruelle!
Helas! à mes genoux, je l'entends, je le vois!
Elle a fui loin de toi;
Mais elle est toujours fidèle
Et te garde sa foi.
Mon bien-aimé ma voix t'appelle.
Oui, tout mon coeur est à toi.
Chère fleur qui viens d'éclore,
par pitié, réponds-moi.
Toi qui sais s'il m'aime encore,
S'il me garde sa foi!
Mon bien-aimé, ma voix t'implore.
Ah! que ton coeur vienne à moi.*

*She has fled, the turtledove!
Ah! Memory too sweet, images too cruel
Alas, on my knees, I hear, I see him
She has flown, the turtledove, so far from you.
But always faithful, she will be,
as she keeps her vow to you.
My beloved, my voice calls out to you,
Yes, all my heart is yours.
Dear flower, newly blossomed,
Have pity, answer me.
You who know if he still lives
Also if he keeps his vow.
My beloved, my voice begs of you,
Ah! Let your heart come near me.*

Thank You!

To the men of Phi Mu Alpha and the beautiful ladies of Sigma Alpha Iota for ushering the recital.

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