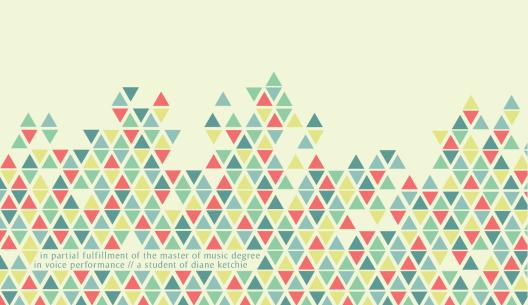


the graduate voice recital of alyssa brode, soprano

twentysomething

an evening of music by composers in their 20s

landon baumgard, piano I wednesday, may 8 at 7:30 pm I cypress recital hall



Kindly hold applause until the end of each set.

Please refrain from using flash photography.

Alyssa is a recipient of the 2012-2013 Rachel Ketchie Memorial Scholarship.

And if i sing you are my voice,



program

Starke Einbildungskraft Gustav Mahler Ablösung im Sommer (1860-1911)Erinnerung Hans und Grethe Airs chantés Francis Poulenc Air romantique (1899-1963)Air champêtre Air grave Air vif The Silver Swan Ned Rorem (b. 1923) Aaron Copland **Pastorale** (1900-1990) So Many People Stephen Sondheim from Saturday Night (b. 1930) Steal Me, Sweet Thief Gian Carlo Menotti from The Old Maid and the Thief (1911-2007)intermission Quatre chansons de jeunesse Claude Debussy Pantomime (1862-1918)Clair de lune Pierrot Apparition Vincenzo Bellini Eccomi in lieta vesta... O quante volte from I Capuleti e i Montecchi (1801-1835)Welch ein geschick... O qual der seele! Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

(1756-1791)

from Die Entführung aus dem Serail

with Steve Nolen, tenor

Starke Einbildungskraft

text by anonymous (from Des Knaben Wunderhorn)

Mädchen:

Hast gesagt, du willst mich nehmen, sobald der Sommer kommt! Der Sommer ist gekommen, ja kommen, du hast mich nicht genommen, ja nommen! Geh', Büble, geh'! Geh', nehm' mich! Come on, boy! Take me!

Gelt ja, du nimmst mich noch?

Büble:

Wie soll ich dich denn nehmen, dieweil ich dich schon hab'? Und wenn ich halt an dich gedenk', so mein' ich alleweile: ich wär' schon bei dir!

Ablösung im Sommer text by anonymous (from Des Knaben Wunderhorn)

Kuckuck hat sich zu Tode gefallen an einer grünen Weiden, Kuckuck ist tot! Kuckuck ist tot! Wer soll uns jetzt den Sommer lang Die Zeit und Weil vertreiben?

Ei, das soll tun Frau Nachtigall, Die sitzt auf grünem Zweige; [Die kleine, feine Nachtigall, die liebe, süße Nachtigall!] Sie singt und springt, ist allzeit froh, wenn andre Vögel schweigen.

[Wir warten auf Frau Nachtigall die wohnt im grünen Hage, und wenn der Kukuk zu Ende ist, dann fängt sie an zu schlagen!]

Erinnerung text by Richard Leander

Es wecket meine Liebe die Lieder immer wieder! Es wecken meine Lieder die Liebe immer wieder!

Strong Imagination

Girl:

You said that you wanted to take me as soon as summer came! The summer has come. yes come, But you have not taken me, not yet! Won't you take me yet?

Boy:

How can I take you when I already have you? And when I think of you, it seems to me that all the while, I was already with you!

Change in Summer

The cuckoo has fallen to its death on a green willow, The cuckoo is dead! The cuckoo is dead! Who will then, for the long summer, Help us pass the time?

Oh, that should be Mrs. Nightingale! Sitting on a green branch! [The small, fine nightingale, the lovely, sweet nightingale!] She sings and leaps, is always joyous, when other birds are silent!

[We await Mrs. Nightingale who lives in a green grove, and when the cuckoo meets its end, then she begins to sing!]

Memory

Again and again my love awakens my songs! Again and again my songs awaken my love!

Die Lippen, die da träumen von deinen heißen Küssen, in Sang und Liedesweisen von dir sie tönen müssen!

Und wollen die Gedanken der Liebe sich entschlagen, so kommen meine Lieder zu mir mit Liebesklagen!

So halten mich in Banden die Beiden immer wieder! Es weckt das Lied die Liebe! Die Liebe weckt die Lieder! These lips, that dream of your ardent kisses, in song and drama they drown!

And if these thoughts of love were banished, then my songs would come to me with love's lament!

Thus I am held captive by both evermore! The song awakens my love! Love awakens my songs!

Hans und Grethe

text by Gustav Mahler

Ringel, ringel Reih'n!
Wer fröhlich ist,
der schlinge sich ein!
Wer sorgen hat,
der lass' sie daheim!
Wer ein liebes Liebchen küßt,
Wie glücklich der ist!
Ei, Hänschen, du hast ja kein's!
So suche dir ein's!
Ein liebes Liebchen,
das ist was Fein's.
Juch-he!

Ringel, ringel Reih'n!
Ei, Gretchen,
was stehst denn so allein,
Guckst doch hinüber zum Hänselein?
Und ist doch der Mai so grün?
Und die Lüfte, sie zieh'n!
Ei, seht doch den dummen Hans
wie er rennet zum Tanz!
Er suchte eine Liebchen, Juch-he!
Er fand's! Juch-he!
Ringel, ringel Reih'n!

Ring-around-a-rosy!
He who is merry,
let him join in!
He who has cares,
let him leave them at home!
Whoever kisses a dear sweetheart,
how happy is he!
Oh, little Hansel, you have no one!
Then look for someone!
A dear sweetheart
is something special!
High-ho!

Ring-around-a-rosy!
Oh, little Gretel,
why do you stand so alone,
Staring over at dear Hansel?
And isn't May so green?
And the breezes, they dart around!
Oh, look there at stupid Hans
as he runs to the dance!
He searched for a sweetheart, high-ho!
He found her! High-ho!
Ring-around-a-rosy!



AIRS CHANTÉS

text by Jean Moréas

Air romantique

J'allais dans la campagne avec le vent d'orage, sous le pâle matin, sous les nuages bas. in the pale morning, under low clouds. 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 gémissements; 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 champetre

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, 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!

SUNG SONGS

Romantic Song

I wandered through the countryside with the stormy wind, A gloomy raven escorted me on my journey, and in the puddles my footsteps echoed.

The lightning on the horizon was chasing the flames and Aquilon doubled his persistent whining; but the tempest was too weak for my soul, which sounded above the thunder with its pounding.

From the golden ash and maple, Autumn comprised its dazzling loot, and forever the raven, with an inexorable flight, accompanied me without changing my destiny.

Country Song

Beautiful spring, beautiful spring, I want to remember forever that one day, guided by friendship, enchanted, I saw your face, oh goddess, half concealed underneath the moss. What is it that has remained, this friend I mourn, oh nymph, following your cult, to mingle again with the breeze that touches you and to respond to your hidden streams?

Serious Song

Ah! Flee now miserable thoughts!

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, misty fountains, deep grottos, 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.

Oh! anger, oh! remorse! Memories of mine pressed both my temples in the grip of the dead. Trails thick with moss, voices of birds and of the wind, uncertain lights of wild undergrowth, insects, animals, future beauty, do not turn me away, oh divine nature, I am your supplicant. Ah! fuyez à présent! Colère, remords! Ah! Flee now! Anger, remose!

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, certes plus dignement, lorsque tu te lamentes, tu te prends à songer.

Lively Song

The treasure of the orchard and the festive garden, the wildflowers, the trees, burst with pleasure, Alas, alas! And above their heads the wind raises his voice.

But you, noble ocean that the assault of storms could not ravage, certainly more dignified, once you lament, you lose yourself in dreams.



The Silver Swan

text by anonymous

Pastorale

text translated from Kafiristan by E. Powys Mathers

So Many People

text by Stephen Sondheim



Steal Me, Sweet Thief

libretto by Gian Carlo Menotti



QUATRE CHANSONS DE JEUNESSE

Pantomime

text by Paul Verlaine

Pierrot, qui n'a rien d'un Clitandre, vide un flacon sans plus attendre, et, pratique, entame un pâté.

Cassandre, au fond de l'avenue, verse une larme méconnue sur son neveu déshérité.

Ce faquin d'Arlequin combine l'enlèvement de Colombine et pirouette quatre fois.

Colombine rêve, surprise de sentir un cœur dans la brise et d'entendre en son cœur des voix.

Clair de lune

text by Paul Verlaine

Votre âme est un paysage choisi que vont charmant masques et bergamasques, jouant du luth et dansant, et quasi tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques! Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur l'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune. Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur, Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,

Au calme clair de lune, triste et beau, qui fait rêver, les oiseaux dans les arbres, et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau, les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres!

FOUR SONGS OF YOUTH

Pierrot, who is nothing like Clitandre, empties a bottle without concern, and, ever practical, cuts into a pâté.

Cassandre, at the end of the avenue, sheds an concealed tear for his disinherited nephew.

That impertinent Harlequin schemes the adbuction of Columbine and whirls around four times.

Columbine dreams, surprised to feel a heart in the breeze and to hear voices in her heart.

Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape with charming scenes and rustic dances, playing the lute and dancing, and somewhat sad beneath their fanciful disguises! All of them singing in a minor key of victorious love and fortunate life. They do not seem to believe in their happiness, and their song mingles with the moonlight,

The calm moonlight, sad and beautiful, which sets the birds in the trees dreaming, and makes the fountains sob with ecstasy, great fountains of water among the marble statues!

Pierrot

text by Théodore Faullin de Banville

Le bon Pierrot, que la foule contemple, ayant fini les noces d'Arlequin, suit en songeant le boulevard du Temple. Une fillette au souple casaquin en vain l'agace de son oeil coquin;

Et cependant, mystérieuse et lisse, faisant de lui sa plus chère délice, la blanche lune, aux cornes de taureau jette un regard de son oeil en coulisse throws a hidden glance á son ami Jean Gaspard Deburau.

Good old Pierrot. at whom the crowd gapes, after the end of Harlequin's wedding, wanders deep in though on the Boulevard du Temple. A girl in a soft garment in vain tosses him a mischievous look;

And meanwhile, mysterious and smooth, taking her sweetest delight in him, the white moon, with the horns of a bull, at her friend Jean Gaspard Deburau.

Apparition text by Stéphane Mallarmé

La lune s'attristait. Des séraphins en pleurs rêvant, l'archet aux doigts, dans le calme des fleurs vaporeuses. tiraient de mourantes violes de blancs sanglots glissant sur l'azur des corolles. ma songerie aimant à me martyriser, s'enivrait savamment du parfum de tristesse que même sans regret et sans déboire laisse la cueillaison d'un rêve au coeur qui l'a cueilli. J'errais donc, l'oeil rivé sur le pavé vieilli, quand, avec du soleil aux cheveux, dans la rue et dans le soir, tu m'es en riant apparue et j'ai cru voir la fée au chapeau de clarté qui jadis sur mes beaux sommeils d'enfant gâté passait, laissant toujours de ses mains mal fermées neiger de blancs bouquets d'étoiles parfumées.

The moon was saddened. Seraphims in tears, dreaming, bows at their fingers, in the calm of misty flowers, drawing from dying violas of white sobs gliding over the blue flower petals. C'était le jour béni de ton premier baiser; It was the blessed day of your first kiss; my loving reverie to martyr myself, cleverly imbibed itself on perfume of sadness that even without regret and without disappointment leaves the bountiful gathering of a dream in the heart that gathered it. I wandered then, my eye fixed on the old pavement, when, with the sun in your hair, in the street and in the night, you appeared to me laughing and I thought I had seen the fairy with a hat of light who once passed through my sweet dreams as a spoiled child, all the while spilling from her open hands snow-white bouquets of perfumed stars.



Eccomi in lieta vesta... O quante volte

libretto by Felice Romani

Eccomi in lieta vesta... Eccomi adorna come vittima all'ara. O! Almen potessi qual vittima cader dell'ara al piede! O nuziali tede, abborrite così fatali, siate per me faci ferali.

Ardo... una vampa, una foco tutta mi strugge. Ove sei tu, Romeo? In qual terra t'aggiri? Dove, inviarti, dove i miei sospiri?

O quante volte, o quante ti chiedo al ciel piangendo! Con quale ardor t'attendo, e inganno il mio desir!

Raggio del tuo sembiante ah! parmi il brillar del giorno: ah! l'aura che spira intorno mi sembra un tuo sospir.

Here I am in festive clothing... Here I am adorned like a victim at the altar. Oh! If only I could like a true victim fall at the foot of the altar! Oh wedding torches, so hated and fateful, you will be for me the flames of death.

I burn... a flame, a fire consumes me. Un refrigerio ai venti io chiedo invano. For comfort from the winds I call in vain. Where are you, Romeo? In what lands do you wander? Where shall I send to you my sighs?

> Oh how many times, oh how many I've called for you to the heavens in tears! With what passion I wait for you, and deception my desire!

The light from your visage ah! to me is the brightness of day: ah! the air that spins around me to me is your sigh.



Welch ein Geschick! O Qual der Seele!

libretto by Christoph Friedrich Bretzner

Belmonte:

Belmonte:

Welch ein Geschick! O Qual der Seele! What a fate! Oh torment of the soul! Hat sich denn alles wider mich verschworen! Has everything conspired against me? Ach, Konstanze! Durch mich bist du verloren! Oh, Konstanze! Because of me you are lost! Welch eine Pein! What pain!

Konstanze:

Laß, ach Geliebter,

laß dich das nicht guälen.

Und dann, an deiner Seite,

ist er Vorgefühl der Seligkeit.

Belmonte:

Engelseele! Welch holde Güte! du linderst mir den Todesschmerz und ach, ich reiße dich ins Grab.

Meinetwegen willst du sterben! Ach, Konstanze! Darf ich's wagen, noch die Augen aufzuschlagen? Ich bereute dir den Tod!

Konstanze:

Belmonte, du stirbst meinetwegen! Ich nur zog dih ins Verderben, und ich soll nicht mit dir sterben? Wonne ist mir dies Gebot!

Beide:

Edle seele, dir zu leben ist mein Wunsch und all mein Streben; is my wish and my pursuit; Ohne dich ist mir's nur Pein länger auf der Welt zu sein.

Belmonte:

Ich will alles gerne leiden,

Konstanze:

Ruhig sterb' ich dann mit Freuden,

Beide:

Weil ich dir zu Seite bin um dich Geliebte(r)! Gäb' ich gern mein Leben hin! O welche Seligkeit! Mit dem (der) Geliebten sterben ist seliges Entzücken. Mit wonnevollen Blicken verläßt man da die Welt.

Konstanze:

No, beloved,

don't let it torment you.

Was ist der Tod? Ein Übergang zur Ruh! What is death? The path to rest! And then, at your side, is the anticipation of eternal bliss.

Belmonte:

Angel's soul! What a lovely end! Du flößest Trost in mein erschüttert Herz, You bring comfort to my shattered heart and alleviate the pain of death, and ah, I pull you to the grave!

> Because of me you are to die! Oh, Konstanze! May I dare yet look upon you? I am leading you to death!

Konstanze:

Belmonte, you die because of me! It is I who lured you to your death, and shall I not die with you? Grant me this wish!

Both:

Noble soul, to live for you Without you, for me, it's just pain to continue on in this world.

Belmonte:

I will gladly suffer all,

Konstanze:

Quietly I will die with joy,

Both:

Because I am at the side of my beloved! I gladly give my life! Oh, what bliss! To die with your beloved is blissful delight. With radiant glances we will depart from this world.



for pushing me forward and being a positive force (technically and mentally)
in my music-making

steve

for being my singing partner tonight and my life partner always!

acknowledgements

my family

for the support you've always given. i know you're here in spirit.

landon

for taking some difficult repertoire, turning it into music and helping me to do the same.

my friends and classmates

for being here tonight to show me your support and for making me feel at home here at csun.

csun professors

for the knowledge and opportunities you've given me in class, in operas and beyond.

