

Thank you

...to my parents,
for the love and support through so many years.

...to Steve,
for sharing your talents tonight and helping me
stay confident in mine.

...to Tyler,
for your friendship and support of all things
you've known were important to me.

...to my grandmothers,
aunts, uncles and
cousins,
for being so devoted to seeing
me perform for so long, no
matter what language it is!

...to Ms. Cusack,
for knowing my potential and always
pushing me towards it.

...to Martin,
for quickly stepping in as a collaborator, offering so
much insight in putting together this recital.

...to Brenda,
for giving me a solid basis from which to move
forward and for showing me where I was meant to be.

...to friends and family
from home,
for being influences and sources of strength
in my life for so long and for making it a
priority to share tonight with me.

...to my friends from Westminster,
for sharing with me some of the most inspiring
moments of my life. This place is such a roller
coaster, but there is no place in the world
quite like it. I am so honored and humbled to
have grown as a musician with all of you.

And
if i sing you
are my voice,

an evening of love songs

The senior voice recital of
Alyssa Brode, soprano
with Martin Neron, piano

Friday, February 27 at 7 pm
Williamson Hall

hate blows a bubble of despair into
hugeness world system universe and bang
-fear buries a tomorrow under woe
and up comes yesterday most green and young

pleasure and pain are merely surfaces
(one itself showing, itself hiding one)
life's only and true value neither is
love makes the little thickness of the coin

comes here a man would have from madame death
nevertheless now and without winter spring?
she'll spin that spirit her own fingers with
and give him nothing (if he should not sing)

how much more than enough for both of us
darling. And if i sing you are my voice,
— e.e. Cummings

It's been four years since I discovered this poem, having been struck immediately by its power. Its beauty, in my opinion, is captured in its last line. As a singer I found it especially meaningful, but the sentiment is universal. It's the idea that love—from a significant other, from family, from friends—is a force so strong that it cannot be contained; it must be expressed and shared. None of us could do those things about which we are passionate, whatever they may be, without the love given to us by others.

Art needs inspiration, and I believe that there is no stronger or truer inspiration than love. It is for this reason that I chose to present this recital entirely based on this concept, offering looks at many stages and forms of love: first love to lost love, fickle love to undying love. All of it, though, uses text and music as mediums for expressing these strong and complex emotions.

I am fortunate enough to have a great deal of love in my life, giving me the strength that has taken me this far and the joy to spread it to others through song. Tonight, and every time I sing, those who provide me with this love are my voice. Thank you for joining me tonight. Thank you for being my voice.

Mi struggo e mi tormento!
O Dio, vorrei morir!
Babbo, pietà, pietà!

This torment tears me apart!
Oh God, I want to die!
Daddy, have mercy, have mercy!



Mister Snow from *Carousel*
lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II

A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square
lyrics by Eric Maschwitz

With so little to be sure of from *Anyone Can Whistle*
lyrics by Stephen Sondheim



Come ready and see me
text by James Purdy

Heart, we will forget him
text by Emily Dickinson

Joy beyond measure, Mother! from *Little Women*
libretto by Mark Adamo



Ah! non credea... Ah! non giunge from *La Sonnambula*
libretto by Felice Romani

Amina has been accused of infidelity to her fiancée, Elviro, after having sleepwalked into another man's bedroom. Elviro shortly resumes his engagement to a former love after canceling his wedding with Amina. In this final aria, a sleepwalking Amina laments her lost love, convincing Elviro of her innocence and prompting him to place his ring back on her finger. Waking, she realizes joyfully that her beloved has returned to her.

Ah, non credea mirarti
sì presto estinto, o fiore;
passasti al par d'amore,
che un giorno solo duro.

Potria novel vigore
il pianto mio recarti,
ma ravvivar l'amore
il pianto mio, ah no, non puo.

Ah, non giunge uman pensiero
al contento ond'io son piena:
a miei sensi io credo appena;
tu m'affida, o mio tesor!

Ah, mi abbraccia, e sempre insieme,
sempre uniti in una speme;
della terra, in cui viviamo
ci formiamo un ciel d'amor.

Ah, I did not think I would see you
so soon withered, oh flowers;
you faded just like love,
which for one day only endured.

Perhaps my tears might
restore your strength,
but to revive love
my tears cannot.

Ah, human thought cannot attain
the happiness with which I'm filled:
I can hardly believe my senses;
you assure me, oh my treasure!

Ah, embrace me, and always together,
always united in one hope;
on the earth where we live
we will create a heaven of love.

En sourdine

text by Paul Verlaine

Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond.

Fondons nos âmes, nos coeurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbousiers.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton coeur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Laissons-nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et doux
Qui vient, à tes pieds, rider
Les ondes de gazon roux.

Et quand, solennel, le soir
Des chênes noirs tombera
Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.

Plume d'eau claire

text by Paul Éluard

Plume d'eau claire, pluie fragile,
fraîcheur voilée de caresses,
De regards et de paroles—
amour qui voile ce que j'aime.

Ce doux petit visage

text by Paul Éluard

Rien que ce doux petit visage
Rien que ce doux petit oiseau
Sur la jetée lointaine où les enfants faiblissent
A la sortie de l'hiver
quand les nuages commencent à bruler
comme toujours quand l'air frais se colore
Rien que cette jeunesse qui fuit devant la vie
Rien que cette jeunesse qui fuit devant la vie



O mio babbino caro from Gianni Schicchi

libretto by Giovacchino Forzano

Gianni Schicchi has been called upon to help settle the terms of Buoso Donati's will. Unfortunately, this means that the deal that had been made allowing the marriage of Lauretta and Rinuccio has been broken. Here, Lauretta begs her father to take pity on her and allow her to marry nonetheless.

O mio babbino caro
Mi piace è bello, bello
Vo' andare in Porta Rossa a comperar l'anello!
Sì, sì, ci voglio andare!
E se l'amassi indarno,
andrei sul Ponte Vecchio,
ma per buttarmi in Arno!

Muted

Calm in the half-day
cast by lofty boughs,
let us steep our love
in this profound silence.

Let us mingle our souls, our hearts
and our enraptured senses
with the hazy languor
of the pines and the bushes.

Close your eyes halfway,
fold your arms across your breast,
and from your heart now lulled to rest
forever banish all desire.

Let us both succumb
to the breeze, gentle and lulling,
that comes at your feet to ruffle
the waves of auburn grass.

And when, solemnly, evening
falls from the black oaks,
the voice of our despair,
the nightingale shall sing.

A plume of clear water, a fragile rain,
freshness veiled by caresses,
by gazes and by words—
love that veils she whom I love.

Nothing but this soft small face
Nothing but this soft small bird
On the distant pier where the children fade away
At the exit of the winter
when the clouds begin to burn
as always when the fresh air is colored
Only this youth which flees in front of the life
Only this youth which flees in front of the life

And if i sing you are my voice,

Alyssa Brode, soprano

Martin Neron, piano

Friday, February 27th • Williamson Hall • Westminster Choir College

Nähe des Geliebten

Franz Peter Schubert

Romanze aus *Rosamunde*

Die erste Liebe

Ich hab in Penna

Hugo Wolf

Er und Sie

Robert Schumann

with Steve Nolen, tenor



Aimons-nous et dormons

Claude Debussy

En Sourdine

Je n'ai envie que de t'aimer

Francis Poulenc

Plume d'eau claire

Ce doux petit visage



O mio babbino caro

Giacomo Puccini

from *Gianni Schicchi*



Mister Snow

Richard Rodgers

from *Carousel*

A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square

Manning Sherwin

With so little to be sure of

Stephen Sondheim

from *Anyone Can Whistle*



Come ready and see me

Richard Hundley

Heart, we will forget him

Aaron Copland

Joy beyond measure, Mother!

Mark Adamo

from *Little Women*



Ah! non credea... Ah! non giunge

Vincenzo Bellini

from *La Sonnambula*

Nähe des Geliebten

text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Ich denke dein, wenn mir der Sonne Schimmer
Vom Meere strahlt;
Ich denke dein, wenn sich des Mondes Flimmer
In Quellen malt.

Ich sehe dich, wenn auf dem fernen Wege
Der Staub sich hebt;
In tiefer Nacht, wenn auf dem schmalen Stege
Der Wanderer bebt.

Ich höre dich, wenn dort mit dumpfem Rauschen
Die Welle steigt.
Im stillen Hain da geh ich oft zu lauschen,
Wenn alles schweigt.

Ich bin bei dir, du seist auch noch so ferne.
Du bist mir nah!
Die Sonne sinkt, bald leuchten mir die Sterne.
O wärest du da!

I think of you when the sunlight shimmers,
beaming from the sea;
I think of you when the moon's gleam
paints the streams.

I see you when, on distant roads,
the dust rises up;
in the deep night, when on the narrow bridge
a traveler quivers.

I hear you when there, with a muffled roar,
the waves rise.
In the still grove I go often to listen,
when everything is silent.

I am with you, even if you are so far away.
You are near me!
The sun sinks, and soon the stars will shine for me.
Oh, if only you were here!

Romanze aus Rosamunde

text by Wilhemina Christiane von Chézy

Der Vollmond strahlt auf Bergeshöhn -
Wie hab ich dich vermißt!
Du süßes Herz! es ist so schön,
Wenn treu die Treue küßt.

Was frommt des Maien holde Zier?
Du warst mein Frühlingsstrahl!
Licht meiner Nacht, O lächle mir
Im Tode noch einmal!

Sie trat hinein beim Vollmondschein,
Sie blickte himmelwärts;
"Im Leben fern; im Tode dein!"
Und sanft brach Herz an Herz.

The full moon shines on mountaintops -
How badly I missed you!
Oh heart, so sweet! How lovely it is
When faithfulness kisses truly.

What good is May's sweet loveliness?
You were my beam of eternal sun!
Light of my night, come, smile at me
in death just one more time.

She entered in the full moon's light,
she then looked heavenwards;
"While living, far; in death I'm yours!"
And peacefully two hearts broke.

Die erste Liebe

text by Johann Georg Fellingner

Die erste Liebe füllt das Herz mit Sehnen
Nach einem unbekannten Geisterlande;
Die Seele gaukelt an dem Lebensrande,
Und süße Wehmut letzet sich in Tränen.

Da wacht es auf, das Vorgefühl des Schönen,
Du schaust die Göttin in dem Lichtgewande.
Geschlungen sind des Glaubens leise Bande,
Und Tage rieseln hin auf Liebestönen.

Du siehst nur sie allein im Widerscheine,
Die Holde, der du ganz dich hingegeben;
Nur sie durchschwebt deines Daseins Räume.

Sie lächelt dir herab vom Goldgesäume,
Wenn stille Lichter an den Himmel schweben,
Der Erde jubelst du: Sie ist die Meine!

The first love fills one's heart with yearning
for an unknown and imaginary land;
the soul hallucinates at the edge of life,
and sweet nostalgia progresses to tears.

There awakens a manifestation of beauty,
and you observe the goddess in bright robes.
The gentle bonds of your beliefs hold fast,
and the days trickle by on notes of love.

You see only her in your reflection,
the lovely one to whom you have given yourself utterly;
only she floats through the space of your existence.

She smiles down on you from golden places
when the tranquil lights are hovering in the sky,
and you jubilantly tell the earth, "She is mine!"

Ich hab in Penna

German text by Paul Heyse from the original Italian folk poetry

Ich hab in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen,
in der Maremmeneb'ne einen andern;
einen im schönen Hafen von Ancona,
zum vierten muß ich nach Viterbo wandern;
ein andrer wohnt in Casentino dort,
der nächste lebt mit mir am selben Ort;
und wieder einen hab ich in Magione,
vier in La Fratta, zehn in Castiglione.

Er und Sie

text by Justinus Kerner

Er:
Seh' ich in das stille Tal,
Wo im Sonnenscheine
Blumen prangen ohne Zahl,
Blick' ich nur auf eine.

Ach! es blickt ihr Auge blau
Jetzt auch auf die Auen;
Im Vergißmeinnicht voll Tau
Kann ich es erschauen.

Sie:
Tret' ich an mein Fensterlein,
Wann die Sterne scheinen,
Mögen alle schöner sein,
Blick' ich nur auf einen;

Dort gen Abend blickt er mild
Wohl nach Himmelshöhen,
Denn dort ist ein liebes Bild
In dem Stern zu sehen.

I have a lover living in Penna,
another one in the Maremma plain;
one in the lovely harbor of Ancona,
and for the fourth I must travel to Viterbo;
another one lives in Casentino,
the next lives in the same place as I;
yet another one have I in Magione,
four in La Fratta, ten in Castiglione!

He:
I look into the still valley,
where in the sunshine
flowers are emblazoned without number;
I look only at one.

Ah! her blue eyes are looking
now also at the meadow;
in forget-me-nots full of dew
I can see them.

She:
I come to my little window,
when the stars shine;
though they may all be beautiful,
I look only at one.

There as evening falls he looks gently
and happily towards heaven,
for there is his dear image
in the star to be seen.



Aimons-nous et dormons

text by Théodore Faullin de Banville

Aimons-nous et dormons
Sans songer au reste du monde!
Ni le flot de la mer, ni l'ouragan 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'éteindrait
Pour laisser ta blancheur plus pure.
Le vent qui jusqu'à terre incline la forêt
En passant n'oserait
Jouer avec ta chevelure,
Tant que tu cacheras
Ta tête entre mes bras!

Et lorsque nos deux cœurs
S'en iront aux sphères heureuses
Où les célestes lys écloront sous nos pleurs,
Alors, comme deux fleurs,
Joignons nos lèvres amoureuses,
Et tâchons d'épuiser
La mort dans un baiser!

Let us love and sleep
without a care for the rest of the world!
Neither ocean waves nor mountain storms,
while we still love each other,
can bow your golden head,
for love is more powerful
than Gods and death!

The sun would extinguish itself
to make your purity more pure.
The wind which inclines the forest to the ground
while passing would not dare
to play with your hair
while you nestle
your head in my arms.

And when our two hearts
shall ascend to paradise,
where celestial lilies shall open beneath our tears,
then, like flowers,
let us join our loving lips
and strive to exhaust
death in a kiss!