

Alex Alpert, Voice Robin Padilla, Piano



Setnor School of Music Student Recital Series

Setnor Auditorium April 29, 2015 6:00 PM Si, tra I Ceppi (Salvi) From *Berenice*

An Die Musik (Schober)

Du bist die Ruh (Rückert)

Ständchen (Ludwig Rellstab) From Schwanengesang

En sourdine, Op. 38 (Verlaine)

Lydia, Op. 4 (Lisle)

O du, mein holder Abendstern From *Tannhauser*

At the River (Lowry) From Old American Songs G.F. Handel (1685-1759)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

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> Gabriel Faure (1845-1924)

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Richard Wagner (1813-1883)

Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the degree Bachelor of Music in Performance. Mr. Alpert is a student of Eric Johnson.

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Setnor Auditorium Upcoming Events

| April 30th | Michaela Peterson's Voice Recital |
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| May 1st | Julia Tucker's Piano Recital |
| May 2nd | Anouk Lenormand's Cello Recital |

Reminder:

Please turn off/silence all electronic devices, and refrain from making extraneous noise, talking, taking flash photographs, or moving about the auditorium during the performance. Please be courteous to the performers as they have worked hard to give you a rich listening experience. It is important for performers and audience members to have the best possible concert-going experience in Setnor Auditorium. Thank you.

> For more information, visit us on the web at http://vpa.syr.edu/music

Si, tra i ceppi from *Berenice*

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759) was a German-born, British baroque composer who composed operas, oratorios, anthems and organ concertos. "Si tra I Ceppi" is from Handel's three-act opera *Berenice*, written in 1709. First performed in 1737 in London, *Berenice* is based upon the life of Cleopatra Berenice, daughter of Ptolemy IX and is set around 81 BC. "Si tra I Ceppi" is sung by Demetrio in Act II as he his being thrown into the dungeon by Queen Berenice.

Si tra I ceppi

Yes, even in chains and bonds my faith will be resplendent, No, not even death itself will put out my fire.

An die Musik (To Music) from Op. 88 No. 4 Du bist die Ruh (You are the Repose) from Op. 59, No. 3 Ständchen (Serenade) from Schwanengesang

Franz Schubert (1797-1828) was an Austrian composer of lieder, symphonies, sacred music, and operas. Today, Schubert is ranked among the greatest composers of the late Classical era and early Romantic era and is one of the most frequently performed composers of the early nineteenth century. "An die Musik", composed in 1817 and was published as part of Schubert's 1827 "Opus 88, No. 4). It's text comes from a poem written by a friend of Schubert's, Franz von Schober (1796-1882). A hymn to the art of music, it remains one of Schubert's most popular pieces today. "Du bist die Ruh", composed in 1823, was published in 1826 as part of Schubert's "Opus 59, No. 3". "Standchen" is from the first set of songs in Schubert's posthumous collection entitled *Schwanengesang*, composed in 1828. Schubert died the same year, making this cycle one of the last pieces composed by him.

An die Musik (To Music)

You noble art, in how many grey hours, when life's wild sphere ensnared me, you have warmed my heart with love, you have transferred me into a better world.

Often has a sigh flowed from your harp, a sweet, holy chord from you opened up for me the heaven of better times. you noble art, I thank you for that!

Du bist die Ruh (You are the Repose)

You are the repose, the gentle peace, the longing you, and what it quiets. I dedicate to you full of joy and pain as dwelling here my eye and heart.

Stay here with me and behind you quietly close tight the doors.

Drive other pain from this bosom! Full be this heart of your joy. This eye, by your glow alone illuminated, Oh fill it entirely!

Ständchen (Serenade)

Softly implore my songs through the night to you; to the quiet grove below, darling, descend to me! Whispering slender tree-tops rustle in the moon's light, the traitor's hostile eavesdropping fear not, gentle one.

Do you hear the nightingales sing? Ah! they implore you, with the tones sweet lament implore they for me. They understand the bosom's longing, they know love's sorrow, stir with the silvertones each tender heart. Let also your bosom be moved darling, hear me! Trembling I wait to meet you! come, make me happy!

En sourdine (Muted)

From Op. 58, 5 Melodies Lydia From Op. 4, 2 Songs

Gabriel Faure (1845-1924) was a French composer, organist, pianist and teacher. He was one of the was one of the foremost French composers of his generation, and his musical style influenced many 20th century composers. Faure's music has been described as linking the end romanticism with the modernism of the second quarter of the 20th century. "En Sourdine", composed in 1891, is from Faure's "Opus 58, 5 Melodies". The lyrics come from French Poet Paul Verlaine (1844-1896), who is considered by many to be one of the greatest French poets

associated with the Symbolist movement. "Lydia", composed in 1870, is from Faure's "Opus 4, 2 songs". The lyrics are derived from a poem by Leconte de Lisle (1818-1894), a French poet of the Parnassian movement.

En sourdine (Muted)

Calm in the half light made by the tall branches, let our love be imbued with this deep silence. Let us merge our souls, our hearts and our ecstatic senses with the vague languors of the pines and the arbutus.

Half close your eyes, fold your arms across your breast, and from your sleeping heart for ever drive away all purpose.

Let us surrender to the soothing, gentle zephyr that comes to ruffle at your feet the waves of russet grass.

And when, solemnly, evening falls from the dark oak trees, voice of our despair, the nightingale will sing.

Lydia

Lydia on your pink cheeks and on your neck cool and so white, Falls glittering the fluid gold that you loosen The day that shines is the best, Let us forget the eternal tomb; Let your kisses, your dove-like kisses Sing on your blossoming lips

A hidden lily emits unceasingly A heavenly fragrance in your breast Pleasures in swarms exhale from you young goddess I you love and die, oh my loves, My soul is carried off in kisses Oh Lydia return to me the life, That I may die forever Oh Lydia give back my life, That I may forever die!

O du, mein holder Abendstern

from Tannhauser

Richard Wagner (1813-1883) was a German composer, theater director, polemicist and conductor know mostly for his operas. Wagner wrote both libretto and music for all his operas. His compositions are known for their lush textures, harmonies and orchestrations. "O du, mein holder Abenstern" is from one of Wagner's most respected and well-known operas, *Tannhauser*, composed between 1843 and 1845. The three-act opera is based on two German legends: the German Minnesinger and poet for whom the opera is named, and the song contest at Wartburg. "O du, mein holder Abenstern" is sung by the character Wolfram who is in love with Tannhauser's lover. In the aria he sings to the stars to keep her safe.

O du, mein holder Abendstern

Like presentiment of death, twilight covers the lands, it shrouds the valley with blackish raiment; the soul that yearns for these heights is fearful of its flight through horror and night!

O loveliest star, there thou shinest, Thy tender light the distance thou sendest. The nightly twilight gets split by thy kind ray, and friendly thou point the way out of the valley.

O thou, my evening star so sweet, I always greeted thee gladly indeed; with the heart that never betrayed it greet it as it passes by thee, as it soars away from the earthly valley to yonder be an angel blessed!

At the River

from Old American Songs

Aaron Copland (1900- 1990) was one of the most important figures in American music during the second quarter of the 20th century both as composer and a spokesman who was concerned about taking Americans aware of the importance of American music. "At the River", composed in 1952, was arranged by Copland as a part of his set of songs entitled *Old American Songs*. It is derived from a traditional Christian hymn titled "Hanson Place", written by American poet and gospel composer Robert Lowry (1826-1899).

At the River

Shall we gather by the river, Where bright angels' feet have trod, With its crystal tide forever Flowing by the throne of God. Yes, we'll gather by the river, The beautiful, the beautiful river,

Gather with the saints by the river That flows by the throne of God. Soon we'll reach the shining river, Soon our pilgrimage will cease, Soon our happy hearts will quiver