

THE BOB COLE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC AT
CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, LONG BEACH AND THE COLLEGE OF THE ARTS PROUDLY PRESENT:



CSULB ALUMNI RECITAL

TYLER ALESSI, BARITONE
BRIAN FARRELL, PIANO

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 2013 3:00PM

GERALD R. DANIEL RECITAL HALL
PLEASE SILENCE ALL ELECTRONIC MOBILE DEVICES.

PROGRAM

<i>Italienisches Liederbuch</i>	Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
Was für ein Lied soll dir gesungen werden	
Ihr seid die Allerschönste	
Gesegnet sei, durch den die Welt entstand	
Und willst du deinen Liebsten sterben sehen	
Wohl kenn' ich Euern Stand	
<i>Voices from World War II</i>	Gene Scheer (b. 1958)
Holding Each Other	
German U-Boat Captain	
At Howard Hawk's House	
Omaha Beach	
Morrison Shelter	

INTERMISSION

<i>Nocturne</i>	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
<i>Prison</i>	
<i>Dans la forêt</i>	
<i>Where is the Life that Late I Lead?</i>	Cole Porter (1891-1964)
from <i>Kiss Me Kate</i>	
<i>If I Loved You</i>	Rodgers and Hammerstein (1902-1979) and (1895-1960)
from <i>Carousel</i>	
<i>The Impossible Dream</i>	Joe Darion and Mitch Leigh (1917-2001) and (b. 1928)
from <i>Man of La Mancha</i>	

PROGRAM NOTES

ITALIENISCHES LIEDERBUCH “The *Italienisches Liederbuch* contains forty-six songs, translations from the Italian by Paul Heyse. Wolf composed the Italian songs in two books. Five years separated the composition of the two series... *The Italian Songbook* contains the most skillfully crafted of all of Wolf’s songs, and clearly exhibits his mastery in compressing musical and poetic materials. Each brief song is a highly distilled microcosm of emotion, with texts touching on all aspects of love and relationships. Piano and voice parts operate independently of one another, yet always maintain dialogue with overlapping motives and material. Tiny postludes often add a postscript to the text just heard.”

—note by Carol Kimball

Was für ein Lied soll dir gesungen werden

*Was für ein Lied soll dir gesungen werden,
das deiner würdig sei? Wo find' ich's nur?
Am liebsten grüb' ich es tief aus der Erden,
Gesungen noch von keener Kreatur.
Ein Lied, das wieder Mann noch Weib' bis heute
Hört' oder sang, selbst nicht die ält'sten Leute.*

What song should I sing, that would
Be worthy of you? Where would I find it?
I'd like best to dig it deep out of the Earth,
Still unsung by any creature
A song, that no man or woman until today
Has heard or sung, not even the oldest person.

Ihr seid die Allerschönste.

*Ihr seid die Allerschönste weit und breit,
Viel schöner als im Mai der Blumenflor.
Orvietos Dom steigt so voll Herrlichkeit,
Viterbos größter Brunnen nicht empor.
So hoher Reiz und Zauber ist dein eigen,
Der Dom von Siena muß sich vor dir neigen.
Ach, du bist so an Reiz und Anmut reich,
Der Dom von Siena selbst ist dir nicht gleich.*

You are the fairest far and wide,
Much fairer than flowers in May.
Orvieto's cathedral does not rise so glorious,
Nor Viterbo's grandest fountain.
Such lofty charm and magic are your own,
Siena cathedral must bow before you.
Oh, you are so rich in charm and grace,
Even Siena cathedral is not your peer.

Gesegnet sei, durch den die Welt entstand

*Gesegnet sei, durch den die Welt entstand;
Wie trefflich schuf er sie nach allen Seiten!
Er schuf das Meer mit endlos tiefem Grund,
Er schuf die Schiffe, die hinübergleiten,
Er schuf das Paradies mit ew'gem Licht,
Er schuf die Schönheit und dein Angesicht.*

Blessed be He through whom the world arose;
How excellently he created it in every way!
He created the sea with its infinite depths,
He created the ships that glide over it,
He created Paradise with eternal light,
He created beauty and your face.

Und willst du deinen Liebsten sterben sehen

*Und willst du deinen Liebsten sterben sehen,
So trage nicht dein Haar gelockt, du Holde.
Laß von den Schultern frei sie niederwehen;
Wie Fäden sehn sie aus von purem Golde.
Wie goldne Fäden, die der Wind bewegt -
Schön sind die Haare, schön ist, die sie trägt!
Goldfäden, Seidenfäden ungezählt!
Schön sind die Haare, schön ist, die sie strahlt!*

And if you see your lover die,
Don't wear your hair in curls, darling.
Let it tumble free from you shoulders;
Like golden threads it looks like pure gold.
Like golden threads, stirred by the wind
Beautiful is the hair, beautiful is she who bears it!
Golden threads, silken threads innumerable!
Beautiful is the hair, beautiful is she who combs it!

Wohl kenn' ich Euern Stand

*Wohl kenn' ich Euern Stand, der nicht gering.
Ihr brauchtet nicht so tief herabzusteigen,
Zu lieben solch ein arm und niedrig Ding,
Da sich vor Euch die Allerschönsten neigen.
Die schönsten Männer leicht besiegtet Ihr,
Drum weiß ich wohl, Ihr treibt nur Spiel mit mir.
Ihr spottet mein, man hat mich warnen wollen,
Doch ach, Ihr seid so schön! Wer kann Euch grollen?*

I know your station well, which is not a humble one.
You did not need to lower yourself so deeply,
to love such a poor and lowly thing,
Since the fairest of them all bow down before you.
You easily conquer the most handsome men,
Therefore I know you only make fun of me.
You mock me, as they have tried to warn me,
But ah- you're so beautiful! Who can resent you?

VOICES FROM WORLD WAR II

“The texts for *Voices from World War II* are based on published personal accounts of diverse experiences during the Second World War. I have tried my best to convey the spirit of the recollections of William Dolan, Paul Austin, Ben Mysak, Earl Macholl and Jim Prunale. I started work on these songs after listening for hours to the stories of veterans during the 50th anniversary of D-Day. My hope is, Ernie Pyle wrote on 12 June 1944, that ‘we might know and appreciate and forever be grateful to those both dead and alive who fought for us.’”

—note by Gene Scheer

Holding Each Other

I was a child when war was declared.
I remember people with gray hair
Standing in the middle of the street that night,
Holding each other in the pale moonlight.
I stared out my window and watched them embrace
And memorized each somber face.
Some silent secret they all seemed to share
Transformed the street to a church in prayer.
When I recall that painful time
that picture often comes to mind
People standing in the street that night
Holding each other in the pale moon light.
Since that time war has taken friends
And each loss makes me think again
Of a bitter grief too deep to be spoken
When I was eight and first saw hearts broken.
When I recall that painful time
That picture often comes to mind
People standing in the street that night
Holding each other in the pale moonlight.

The German U-Boat Captain

The bullhorn off the starboard bow
Woke me up that morning.
I heard a German U-Boat captain
Calling out a warning!
"My orders are to sink your ship.
You see that she's outgunned.
But sailors, I am tired of war.
I'm sick of all we've done!
I'll give you twenty minutes
For you to safely flee."
So we lowered down our lifeboats
Into the white-capped sea!
After twenty minutes had gone by
I heard our ship go down
And thought of all the sailors
Who in the war had drown.
But I watched the sun come up that day
From the safety of the shore
And since that time I have been blessed
To witness many more.
And ev'ry time I see a child
laugh or play a game,
I pray that German captain
Today can do the same.

At Howard Hawks' House

My buddy and I were on liberty in Hollywood
Searching for twenty four hours of thrills.
When we were invited for some drinks at Howard Hawks'
On Carroll drive in Beverly Hills.
Howard was engaged to a movie star.
The beautiful Miss Evelyn Keyes.
The phone rang, I answered it
And heard her lovely voice and said:
Oh, woh, woh, woh please!
Your voice has enraptured me.
You really are a wonder.
You really are a wonder, my dear.
You must come and be our mascot
And lead us into battle
And we will have nothing, nothing to fear.
She said, "Who is speaking? This is not the Howie,
This is not the Howie I adore."
I said, "I am sergeant Mysak
Of the U.S Marine corps!
Howard grabbed the phone and said,
"It's too late to come over!
The sun'll be up in just a little while."
He said, "Don't worry, listen sarge,
Tomorrow night's a party!
You've got my word and promise that I'll,
Personally introduce you to a major motion movie
Major motion movie star!
Tomorrow night Mysak, you'll be sipping cocktails
With no less than Hedy, Hedy Lamar!"
But we were due at the base the next morning
And could not spend another night.
We were called to the Pacific
To a war we had to fight!
And that's exactly how I came to lose the chance
The chance to win Hedy's heart!
Who says war's not frustrating
And doesn't tear you apart?!

My buddy and I were on liberty in Hollywood
Searching for twenty four hours of thrills
When we were invited for some drinks at Howard Hawks'
On Carroll drive in Beverly Hills!

Omaha Beach

I stood next to thirty five friends
On the Higgins boat.
Some wept, others were sick,
No one spoke.
Five inch guns were blasting over our heads.
Limbs floated by of the dead.
I caught my friend Harry's eye.
He tried to make me smile,
Opened his fatigues and showed me
A polka dot tie.
Young blood in the holy water.
Off the sides of the boat we heard the shrill bullets sound
Suddenly we took a shell and the boat went down.
Over the side, one hundred yards from shore.
I look back, half my friends I'd see no more.
Young blood in the holy water.
Finally I crawled to the sanguine shore.
Bodies and bullets and blood drenched sand.
Hour by hour, just a few yards more.
Inch by inch we took our stand.
Just then a moment of calm
I ran and dove over an embankment
And landed on a corpse none could identify
But I saw the polka dot tie.
Young blood in the holy water.

Morrison Shelter

I was a soldier far from home.
A gentle woman came and spoke to me.
Sensing my utter weariness,
She invited me to tea.
The kitchen was small,
Four chairs and a Morrison table,
Steel top and bottom
Four sturdy iron legs,
Surrounded on three sides by wire mesh.
She placed the tea pot on the table top.
Two fine Spode china cups and a tin of biscuits.
With the blinds drawn
and the tea and conversation
I almost forgot I was in London
In the middle of the war.
She stood and poured a second cup of tea
When we were jolted by the air raid siren sound.
She calmly set the tea pot down
And quickly went into the next room.
Within a moment she returned
With two sleepy children wrapped in white quilts.
She placed the children 'neath the table-top
And kissed them both tenderly,
Kissed them tenderly
and carefully she tucked the bedding around their chins.
She asked about my California home,
About my friends and family.
We talked until we heard the all clear signal
And said, good-bye.
I still see that woman pouring tea
With terror in her eyes as she spoke to me.
Her children nestled and secure,
Embraced by the Morrison shelter
And their mother's courage to endure.

NOCTURNE / PRISON / DANS LA FORÊT

On Gabriel Fauré: "No other composer's output traverses the years in which the *mélodie* was at its height with a succession of masterpieces, ranging from tuneful salon trifles in the 1860s to the late cycles, unique in twentieth-century music, which seem as modern and sometimes as unfathomable as anything written by the 1920s avant-garde. The progression from one end of his career to the other is sure-footed and steady, the hard work astonishingly regular, the pace of development and self-renewal never forced, yet ineluctable."

—note by *Graham Johnson*

Nocturne

La nuit sur le grand mystère
Entr'ouvre ses écrans bleus;
Autant de fleurs sur la terre
Que d'étoiles dans les cieux.

On voit ses ombres dormantes
S'éclairer à tous moments
Autant par les fleurs charmantes
Que par les astres charmants.

Moi, ma nuit au somber voile
N'a pour charme et pour clarté
Qu'une fleur et qu'une étoile,
Mon amour et ta beauté!

Prison

Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit,
Si bleu, si calme!
Un arbre, par-dessus le toit,
Berce sa palme.

La cloche, dans le ciel qu'on voit,
Doucement tinte.
Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on voit
Chante sa plainte.

Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, la vie est là,
Simple et tranquille.
Cette paisible rumeur-là
Vient de la ville.

--Qu'as-tu fait, ô toi que voilà
Pleurant sans cesse,
Dis, qu'as-tu fait, toi que voilà,
De ta jeunesse?

Dans la forêt de septembre

Ramure aux rumeurs amollies,
Tronc sonores que l'âge creuse,
L'antique forêt douloureuse
S'accorde à nos mélancolies.

Ô sapins agriffés au gouffre,
Nids desert aux branches brisées,
Hallier brûlés, fleurs sans rosées,
Vous savez bien comme l'on souffre!

Nocturne

Onto a landscape of great mystery
Night half-opens its blue caskets;
As many flowers on earth
As stars in the sky.

Its sleeping shadows are seen
Brightening every moment
As much by charming flowers
As by charming stars.

My own darkly veiled night
Has for charm and light
But one flower and one stat—
My love and your beauty!

Prison

The sky above the roof—
So blue, so calm!
A tree, above the roof,
Waves its crown.

The bell, in the sky that you see,
Gently rings.
A bird, on the tree that you see,
Plaintively sings.

My God, my God, life is there,
Simple and serene.
That peaceful murmur there
Comes from the town.

O you, what have you done,
Weeping without end,
Say, what have you done
With your life?

In the September forest

Foliage of deadened sound,
Resonant trunks hollowed by age,
The ancient mournful forest
Blends with our melancholy.

O fir-trees, clinging to chasms,
Abandoned nests in broken branches,
Burnt-out thickets, flowers without dew,
You well know our suffering!

Et lorsque l'homme, passant blême,
Pleure dans le bois solitaire,
Des plaintes d'ombre et de mystère
L'accueillent en pleurant, de meme.

Bonne forêt! promesse ouverte
De l'exil que la vie implore,
Je viens d'un pas alerte encore
Dans ta profondeur encore verte.

Mais d'un fin bouleau de la sente
Une feuille, un peu rousse, frôle
Ma tête et tremble à mon épaule;
C'est que la forêt vieillissante,

Sachant l'hiver où tout avorte,
Déjà proche en moi comme en elle,
Me fait l'aumône fraternelle
De sa première feuille morte!

And when man, that pale wanderer,
Weeps in the lonely wood,
Shadowy, mysterious laments
Greet him, likewise weeping.

Good forest! Open promise
Of exile that life implores,
I come with a step still brisk
Into your still green depths.

But from a slender birch by the path,
A reddish leaf brushes
My head and quivers on my shoulder—
For the ageing forest,

Knowing that winter, when all withers,
Is already close for me as for her,
Bestows on me the fraternal gift
Of its first dead leaf!

ABOUT TYLER ALESSI

Tyler Alessi is a second year Doctoral student studying Voice Performance at the University of Cincinnati College Conservatory of Music. While attending CCM, Tyler has performed as The Jailor in Poulenc's *Dialogues of the Carmelites*, as well as Escamillo in Bizet's *Le Tragédie de Carmen* and Aaron in Ricky Ian Gordon's *Morning Star*. He recently performed the role of Spencer Coyle in Benjamin Britten's *Owen Wingrave*. Outside of CCM, Tyler has performed many small roles for Cincinnati Opera including; Guccio in Puccini's *Gianni Schicchi*, 2nd Priest in Mozart's *The Magic Flute*, The Captain in Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin* and Marullo in Verdi's *Rigoletto* as well as being a member of Cincinnati Opera's 2010-2011 Young Artist Program. Most recently Tyler played the role of Bo Decker in New Edgecliff Theatre's production of William Inge's *Bus Stop*. Tyler was awarded his bachelors in Vocal Performance from California State University of Long Beach and his Masters of Music from the University Of Cincinnati College Conservatory Of Music.

ABOUT BRIAN FARRELL

Brian Farrell currently holds the position of Music Director and Conductor of Repertory Opera Company of Los Angeles which produces four operas per season. He is also on the music faculty of the Bob Cole Conservatory of Music at California State University, Long Beach. In 2000 he held the position of Assistant Conductor with Los Angeles Opera where he worked with Placido Domingo, Carol Vaness, and Rodney Gilfry among many others. Praised for his "powerful and moving" solo performances and "imaginative and sensitive" accompaniment, Mr. Farrell has performed with such artists as violinist Chao-Liang Lin, cellists Fred Sherry and James Kreger, and pianist Samuel Sanders. He has also collaborated in extensive recital performances with tenor, Robert White.

Mr. Farrell studied vocal technique intensively for six years with Fred Carama during which time he also earned a Pre-Medical degree specializing in organic chemistry, physics, anatomy, and physiology. He has been teaching and coaching a full studio of opera singers in Los Angeles since 1999 and in New York City for the five years before that.

Mr. Farrell is a native of Pennsylvania and holds both Bachelor's and Master's Degrees from The Juilliard School where he studied piano with Jerome Lowenthal, opera with Diane Richardson, vocal technique with Beverly Johnson and Edward Zambara, and vocal accompanying with the late Samuel Sanders.

BOB COLE
CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY,
LONG BEACH

For more information and tickets please call 562.985.7000 or visit:

WWW.CSULB.EDU/MUSIC

This concert is funded in part by the INSTRUCTIONALLY RELATED ACTIVITIES FUNDS (IRA) provided by California State University, Long Beach.