THE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC
VASSAR COLLEGE

Senior Recital:

Sydney Amspacher '21, soprano

David Alpher, piano

with Dana McRae '22, baritone

Sunday, 2 May 2021
2:30 PM
Martel Recital Hall
Skinner Hall of Music
Program

Asleep on the Edge of a Town
Ellen Mandel
from Prunella (n.d.)

Lean Away
Gene Scheer (b. 1958)

Nell
Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Fleurs
Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

In uomini, in soldati
Wolfgang Amadè Mozart (1756-1791)
from Così fan tutte

Papagena–Papageno
Mozart
from The Magic Flute

Dana McRae ‘22, baritone
INTERMISSION

A Little Bit in Love
Leonard Bernstein
from *Wonderful Town* (1918-1990)

September in the Rain
Harry Warren
from *Melody for Two* (1893-1981)

Serenade in Blue
Warren
from *Orchestra Wives*

Five and a Half Minutes
Kait Kerrigan
(b. 1981)
Brian Lowdermilk
(b. 1982)

Skinner Recital Hall is equipped with a LOOP Hearing System. The loop will offer improved clarity for persons with hearing loss who wear telecoil—or T-coil—equipped hearing aids.

Please silence all cell phones or other personal electronic devices and refrain from texting. Use of these instruments will disturb other audience members and cause interference with in-house recording and webcasting.
Acknowledgements

This recital would not have come together if it weren’t for the kindness, help, and support of numerous people, all of whom deserve my utmost thanks and gratitude. First, to my accompanist, David Alpher, who has been both a mentor and friend, always ready with a bit of musical philosophy or a laugh. Next, to my teacher Robert Osborne, who took me in without hesitation my freshman year, and has been a transformative presence in my life ever since. To Kim Andresen and Jane Podell, for your support and all the logistics of making today happen. To my advisors Susan Zlotnick and Susan Hiner, who have been endless sources of encouragement for my studies, providing clear sense and direction when I have been unable to do so myself. To my first voice teacher, Nick Mynyk, who gave me the confidence to sing, and who continues to inspire me with his joyful energy and passion. To my lifelong friends and housemates, Talia Sheinkopf and Lisette Fischer, who know me better than anyone and put up with me anyway with the utmost love and understanding. To my dear friends Susanna Monroe, Max Eliot, Priya Jaya, and Kerri Czekner, who make me believe in the magic of this world through the simple gift of their friendship and love, and who always have more faith in me than I have in myself. To my mom and dad, who have always supported me in all my endeavors, musical and not, and who have given me more than I will ever be able to put into words. To all my home family, who love me unconditionally and without restraint. And to all my other friends, teachers, and chosen family, I cannot thank you all enough. It means so much that you are here today, both virtually and in person, and I look forward to sharing this program with you.
Nell
Ta rose de pourpre
à ton clair soleil,
Ô Juin, étincelle enivrée,
Penche aussi vers moi
ta coupe dorée:
Mon cœur à ta rose est pareil.

Sous le mol abri
de la feuille ombreuse
Monte un soupir de volupté :
Plus d'un ramier
chante au bois écarté.
Ô mon cœur, sa plainte amoureuse.

Que ta perle est douce
au ciel enflammé
Étoile de la nuit pensive !
Mais combien plus douce
est la clarté vive
Qui rayonne en mon cœur,
en mon cœur charmé !

La chantante mer. Le long du rivage,
Taira son murmure éternel,
Avant qu'en mon cœur, chère amour.
Ô Nell, ne fleurisse plus ton image !

Fleurs
Fleurs promises,
fleurs tenues dans tes bras,
Fleurs sorties des parenthèses
d’un pas,
Qui t’apportait ces fleurs l’hiver
Saupoudrées du sable des mers?

Nell
Under your bright sun, oh summer,
your red, red rose
sparkles ecstatically.
Lean over me too
with your golden cup -
my heart resembles your rose.

Under the shady, sheltering leaves
there rises a sigh of delight.
In the grove there are doves cooing,
singing their love-songs
(oh my heart!).

How sweet in the flame-red sky
is the pearl,
the star of pensive night!
But how much sweeter
is the vivid glow
that shines in my enchanted heart!

The singing sea all along its shores
will end its eternal murmuring
before your image, oh Nell my love,
causes to bloom in my heart.

Flowers
Promised flowers,
flowers held in your arms,
Flowers from a step’s parentheses,
Who brought you these flowers
in winter
Sprinkled with the sea’s sand?
Sable de tes baisers,
fleurs des amours fanées
Les beaux yeux sont de cendre
et dans la cheminée
Un cœur enrubanné de plaintes
Brûle avec ses images saintes.

In uomini, in soldati
In uomini, in soldati, sperare fedelta?
Non vi fate sentir, per carità!
Di pasta simile son tutti quanti,
Le fronde mobili, l'aure incostanti
Han piu degli uomini stabilita!
Mentite lagrime, fallaci sguardi
Voci ingannevoli, vezzi bugiardi
Son le primarie lor qualita!
In noi non amano che il lor diletto,
Poi ci disprezzano, neganci affetto,
Ne val da barbari chieder pieta!
Paghiam o femmine, d'ugual moneta
Questa malefica razza indiscreta.
Amiam per comodo, per vanità!

Five and a Half Minutes
Every 5 1/2 minutes,
the universe expands 4 miles.
And every time I blink,
another child enters the world.
The world has 6 1/2 billion people
this year,
and there are 8 million people

Sand of your kisses,
flowers of faded loves
Your lovely eyes are ashes
and in the hearth
A moan-beribboned heart
Burns with its sacred images.

Translation by Richard Stokes
in this city on this island,
but right here, right now
somehow you're sitting here.

I may not ever catch my breath
no matter how I try.
And I may never understand
how every single day
we breathe 23 thousand times.
Because watching your chest
rise and fall,
the numbers don't add up
when all we are's 100 trillion cells,
206 bones, 5 quarts of blood,
45 miles of nerves nerves nerves
and 100 thousand hairs
and too many organs
and 60 thousand miles of arteries.

We must have been made by a man
'Cause a woman would have made us
more economically.
I don't know what that means -
All I know is that I've seen this scene
some years ago
and I would swear
I'm watching from the stands.
and I would swear I know
A second before you reach
for her hand.
Feels like it's some old movie,
but the script's no good
and the girl's no beauty.
There's the evidence –
more facts –
but there won't ever be a science of
the way you find or keep
or measure love.
How do you find or keep
or measure love?
Skinner Hall of Music
Spring 2021 Virtual Webcast Series
~ Senior Recital Schedule ~

Please note, Skinner Hall of Music and the VC Chapel currently remain closed to the general public.

Live webcasts* and digital program notes can be viewed at:
music.vassar.edu/concerts/webcast

4/18 Sunday • 1:30 pm ~ Susannah Karron, soprano
4/18 Sunday • 3:30 pm ~ Nicholas Christenson, double bass
4/24 Saturday • 1pm ~ Emma Stovicek, soprano
4/24 Saturday • 3 pm ~ Rachel Salvador, soprano
5/02 Postponed Date TBD ~ Susanna Monroe, violin
5/02 Sunday • 2:30 pm ~ Sydney Amspacher, soprano
5/15 Saturday • 12 pm ~ Abigail Hart Goldman, soprano
5/15 Saturday • 2 pm ~ Charlotte Waldman, flute
5/15 Saturday • 4 pm ~ Emma Bauchner, piano
5/16 Sunday • 12 pm ~ Bryan Smith, baritone
5/16 Sunday • 2 pm ~ Claire Furtwangler, cello
5/16 Sunday • 3:30 pm ~ Helen Johnson, mezzo-soprano
5/22 Saturday • 10 am ~ Christopher Triggs, jazz saxophone & flute
5/22 Saturday • 12 pm ~ Rachel Walker, mezzo-soprano
5/23 Sunday • 12 pm ~ Drew Canning, soprano
5/23 Sunday • 2 pm ~ Michelle Kang, organ, VC Chapel
5/23 Sunday • 3:30 pm ~ Prashit Parikh, percussion & jazz drums

*Start times are approximate - please be patient.
If for any reason the webcast is disrupted a recording will be provided at a later time.

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