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Senior Recital: Brendan Kimball, tenor

Brendan Kimball

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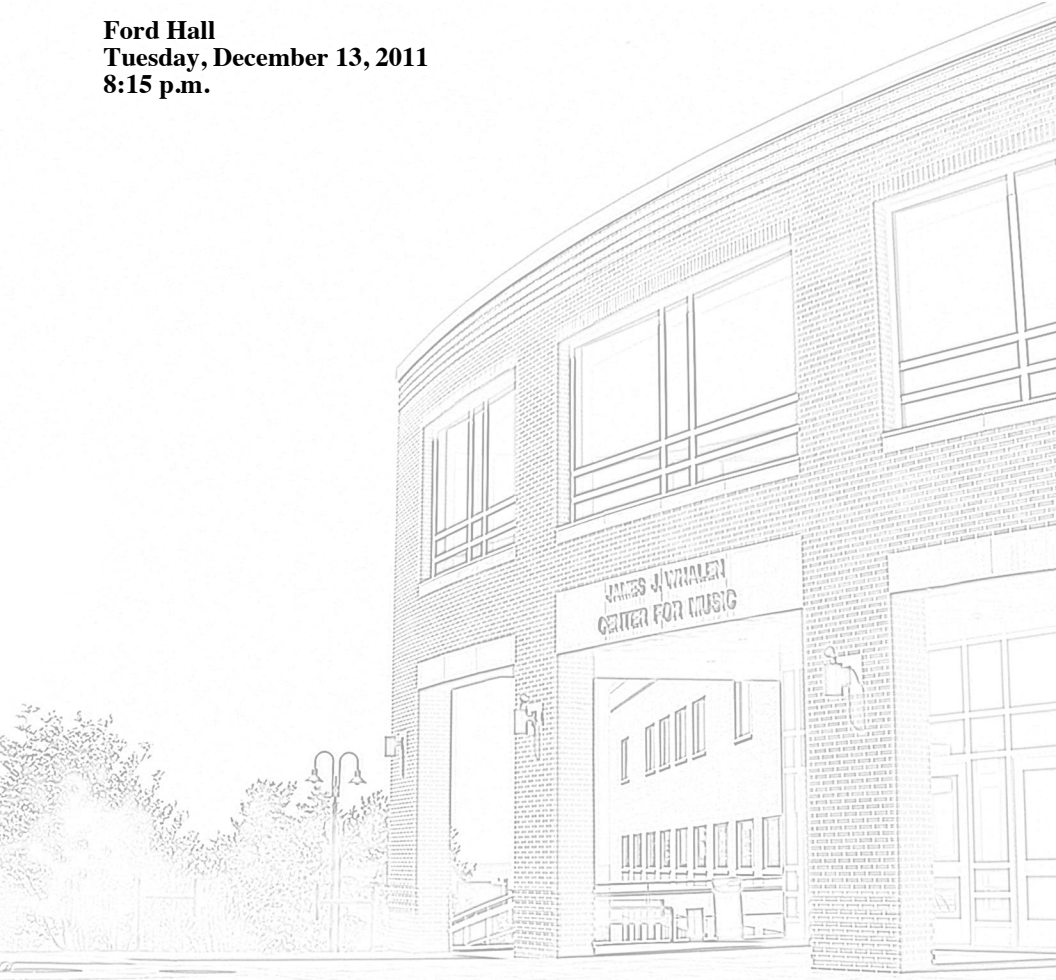
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**Senior Recital:
Brendan Kimball, tenor**

**Blaise Bryski, piano
Michael Capone, viola
Jacqueline Georgis, cello
Marco Schirripa, percussion**

**Ford Hall
Tuesday, December 13, 2011
8:15 p.m.**



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Der Squarcialupi Codex
Donna'l tuo partimento
Lasso! di donna
Questa Fanciull', Amor

Francesco Landini
(1325-1397)

Michael Capone, Viola
Jacqueline Georgis, Cello
Marco Schirripa, Percussion

An Die Ferne Geliebte
I. Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend
II. Wo die Berge so blau
III. Leichte Segler in den Höhen
IV. Diese Wolken in den Höhen
V. Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au
VI. Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder

Ludwig van Beethoven
(1770-1827)

Intermission

"They Said"; A Song-Sickle to cut through Time
W. C. Fields
Phyllis Diller
Anonymous #1
Abraham Lincoln
General Ulysses S. Grant
Radcliffe Hall
Gordon Myers #1
Unknown #3
Ernest Haskins

Gordon Myers
(1919-2006)

Prison
Mandoline
Le parfum impérissable
Notre Amour

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Thomas Moore's Irish Melodies
Sail on, sail on
Oft in the stilly night
The Minstrel Boy
O the sight entrancing

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

This Senior Recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree Bachelor of Music in
Vocal Performance. Brendan Kimball is from the studio of David Parks.

Translations

Donna'l tuo partimento

Donna'l tuo partimento
lascia tanto smarrita
L'anima, che piu vita
Non porge al corpo per grave tormento.

Occhi, piu non potrete
Dar alla mente di mirar riposo,
Po'che non vedrete
El bel viso lucente e gratioso

Lasso o me doloroso!
dunque omai vi chiudete
poich' el piacer perdete,
Che consolava ogn' altro sentimento.

Donna'l tuo partimento
lascia tanto smarrita
L'anima, che piu vita
Non porge al corpo per grave tormento.

Lasso! di donna

Lasso di donna vana innamorato
Son che pur mi lusinga con inganno.
Dammi speranza, non mi togli' affanno,
Perch'e fallace'l suo ben disiato.

I' mi dolgo, che tanto su'amor fello
Seguit'o gia che, mutato'l capello,
Mi veggio facto per bianchezza vile:

Piacer non che mai potessi averlo
Ma le promesse dolci e'l viso bello

Fa lei senza ragion, mi fanno umile.

Bench' i' conosca el suo malvagio stile,
Ancor la mento stolta non si sagia
Fa mi si incontro, non prendo la gratia,

Altri che'l vero amante fa beato.

Lasso di donna vana innamorato

The woman who leaves

The woman who leaves
Leaves behind bewilderment
The soul, still living
Does not save the body from severe
pain.

Eyes, that can never
Give the mind rest from gazing,
Then you will not see
the beautiful face so bright and grateful

Time or my pain!
Henceforth you will end
Since pleasure is lost,
Consoled with other feelings.

The woman who leaves
Leaves behind bewilderment
The soul, still living
Does not save the body from severe
pain.

Time! the woman

Time spent in love with a woman in vain
Even I am flattered with guile.
Give me hope, none take my burden,
Because, I mistakenly longed deeply.

I regret her love so foul
I already see that changing of my hair,
I see a sneaking whiteness;

Pleasure could I never have
Yet those promises sweet and that
beautiful face
She without reason, humbles me.

Although her wicked way is known,
Still the mind was foolish and not wise
When she met me, I do not get the
thanks,
Others as a true lover by her are blessed.

Time spent in love with a woman in vain

Son che pur mi lusinga con inganno.
Dammi speranza, non mi togli' affanno,
Perch'è fallace'l suo ben disiato.

Questa Fanciull', Amor

Questa fanciull'Amor fallami pia,
Che m'a ferito 'l cor nella tuo via.

Tu m'a, fanciulla, si d'amor percoso.
Che solo in te pensando trovo poso;

E'l cor di me da me tu ai rimoso.
Cogli occhi belli e la faccia gioiosa.

Pero al servo tuo, dehl sie pietosa.
Merce ti chieggo alla gran pena mia.

Questa fanciull'Amor fallami pia,
Che m'a ferito 'l cor nella tuo via

An Die Ferne Geliebte

I.
Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend
In das blaue Nebelland,
Nach den fernen Triften sehend,
Wo ich dich, Geliebte, fand.

Weit bin ich von dir geschieden,
Trennend liegen Berg und Tal
Zwischen uns und unserm Frieden,
Unserm Glück und unsrer Qual.

Ach, den Blick kannst du nicht sehen,
Der zu dir so glühend eilt,
Und die Seufzer, sie verwehen
In dem Raume, der uns teilt.

Will denn nichts mehr zu dir dringen,

Nichts der Liebe Bote sein?
Singen will ich, Lieder singen,
Die dir klagen meine Pein!

Denn vor Liebesklang entweicht
Jeder Raum und jede Zeit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!

Even I am flattered with guile.
Give me hope, none take my burden,
Because, I mistakenly longed deeply.

The maiden, Love

The maiden, Love, Pious untruth
My heart hurts in your way.

You to me, girl, you love being smitten
I find that only in you do I think:

And in my heart "me to you" is rhyming.
Your eyes beautiful and joyous face.

But to Thy servant, thou art Merciful.
Mercy I must beg, to my great sorrow.

The maiden, Love, Pious untruth
My heart hurts in your way.

To the distant Beloved

I.
On the hill sit I, peering
Into the blue, hazy land,
Toward the far away pastures
Where I you, beloved, found.

Far am I, from you, parted,
Separating us are hill and valley
Between us and our peace,
Our happiness and our sorrow.

Ah! The look can you not see,
That to you so ardently rushes,
And the sighs, they blow away
In the space that separates us.

Will then nothing more be able to reach
you,

Nothing be messenger of love?
I will sing, sing songs,
That to you speak of my pain!

For before the sound of love escapes
every space and every time,
And a loving heart reaches,
What a loving heart has consecrated!

II.

Wo die Berge so blau
Aus dem nebligen Grau
Schauen herein,
Wo die Sonne verglüht,
Wo die Wolke umzieht,
Möchte ich sein!

Dort im ruhigen Tal
Schweigen Schmerzen und Qual.
Wo im Gestein
Still die Primel dort sinnt,
Weht so leise der Wind,
Möchte ich sein!

Hin zum sinnigen Wald
Drängt mich Liebesgewalt,
Innere Pein.
Ach, mich zög's nicht von hier,
Könnt ich, Traute, bei dir
Ewiglich sein!

III.

Leichte Segler in den Höhen,
Und du, Bächlein klein und schmal,
Könnt mein Liebchen ihr erspähen,
Grüßt sie mir viel tausendmal.

Seht ihr, Wolken, sie dann gehen
Sinnend in dem stillen Tal,
Laßt mein Bild vor ihr entstehen
In dem luft'gen Himmelssaal.

Wird sie an den Büschen stehen,
Die nun herbstlich falb und kahl.
Klagt ihr, wie mir ist geschehen,
Klagt ihr, Vöglein, meine Qual.

Stille Weste, bringt im Wehen
Hin zu meiner Herzenswahl
Meine Seufzer, die vergehen
Wie der Sonne letzter Strahl.

Flüstr' ihr zu mein Liebesflehen,
Laß sie, Bächlein klein und schmal,
Treu in deinen Wogen sehen
Meine Tränen ohne Zahl!

II.

Where the mountains so blue
Out of the foggy gray
Look down,
Where the sun dies,
Where the cloud encircles,
I wish I were there!

There is the restful valley
Stilled are suffering and sorrow
Where in the rock
Quietly the primrose meditates,
Blows so lightly the wind,
I wish I were there!

There to the thoughtful wood
The power of love pushes me,
Inward sorrow,
Ah! This moves me not from here,
Could I, dear, by you
Eternally be!

III.

Light veils in the heights,
And you, little brook, small and narrow,
Should my love spot you,
Greet her, from me, many thousand
times.

See you, clouds, her go then,
Meditating in the quiet valley,
Let my image stand before her
In the airy heavenly hall.

If she near the bushes stands,
Now that autumn is faded and leafless,
Lament to her, what has happened to me,
Lament to her, little birds, my suffering!

Quiet west, bring in the wind
To my heart's chosen one
My sighs, that pass
As the last ray of the sun.

Whisper to her of my love's imploring,
Let her, little brook, small and narrow,
Truly, in your waves see
My tears without number!

IV.

Diese Wolken in den Höhen,
Dieser Vöglein munterer Zug,
Werden dich, o Huldin, sehen.
Nehmt mich mit im leichten Flug!

Diese Weste werden spielen
Scherzend dir um Wang' und Brust,

In den seidnen Locken wühlen.
Teilt ich mit euch diese Lust!

Hin zu dir von jenen Hügeln
Emsig dieses Bächlein eilt.
Wird ihr Bild sich in dir spiegeln,
Fließ zurück dann unverweilt!

V.

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au,
Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so lau,

Geschwätzig die Bäche nun rinnen.

Die Schwalbe, die kehret zum wirtlichen
Dach,
Sie baut sich so emsig ihr bräutlich
Gemach,
Die Liebe soll wohnen da drinnen.

Sie bringt sich geschäftig von kreuz und
von quer
Manch weicherer Stück zu dem Brautbett
hieher,
Manch wärmendes Stück für die
Kleinen.

Nun wohnen die Gatten beisammen so
treu,
Was Winter geschieden, verband nun der
Mai,
Was liebet, das weiß er zu einen.

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au.
Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so lau.

Nur ich kann nicht ziehen von hinnen.

Wenn alles, was liebet, der Frühling

IV.

These clouds in the heights,
These birds gaily passing,
Will see you, my beloved.
Take me with you on your light flight!

These west winds will play
Joking with you about your cheek and
breast,

In the silky curls will dig.
I share with you this pleasure!

There to you from this hill
Busily, the little brook hurries.
If your image is reflected in it,
Flow back without delay!

V.

May returns, the meadow blooms,
The breezes they blow so softly, so
mildly,

Chattering, the brooks now run.

The swallow, that returns to her
hospitable roof,
She builds, so busily, her bridal
chamber,
Love must dwell there.

She brings, so busily, from all
directions,
Many soft pieces for the bridal bed,
Many warm pieces for the little ones.

Now live the couple together so
faithfully,
What winter has separated is united by
May,
What loves, that he knows how to unite.

May returns, the meadow blooms,
The breezes they blow so softly, so
mildly,

Only I cannot go away from here.

When all that loves, the spring unites,

vereint,
Nur unserer Liebe kein Frühling
erscheint,
Und Tränen sind all ihr Gewinnen.

VI.

Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder,
Die ich dir, Geliebte, sang,
Singe sie dann abends wieder
Zu der Laute süßem Klang.

Wenn das Dämmerungsrot dann zieht
Nach dem stillen blauen See,
Und sein letzter Strahl verglühet
Hinter jener Bergeshöh;

Und du singst, was ich gesungen,
Was mir aus der vollen Brust
ohne Kunstgepräg erklungen,
Nur der Sehnsucht sich bewußt:

Dann vor diesen Liedern weicht
Was geschieden uns so weit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht.

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?

Only to our love no spring appears,
And tears are our only consolation.

VI.

Take, then, these songs,
That I to you, beloved, sang,
Sing them again in the evenings
To the sweet sounds of the lute!

When the red twilight then moves
toward the calm, blue lake,
And the last ray dies
behind that hilltop;

And you sing, what I have sung,
What I, from my full heart,
Artlessly have sounded,
Only aware of its longings.

For before these songs yields,
What separates us so far,
And a loving heart reaches
For what a loving heart has consecrated.

Prison

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

The bell, in the sky I watch,
Gently rings.
A bird, on the tree I watch,
Plaintively sings.

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

O you, O you, what have you done,
Weeping without end,
Say, O say, what have you done
With all your youth?

Mandoline

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Le parfum impérissable

Quand la fleur du soleil, la rose de
Lahor,
De son âme odorante a rempli goutte à
goutte,
La fiole d'argile ou de cristal ou d'or,
Sur le sable qui brûle on peut l'épandre
toute.

Les fleuves et la mer inonderaient en
vain
Ce sanctuaire étroit qui la tint enfermée,

Il garde en se brisant son arôme divin

Et sa poussière heureuse en reste
parfumée.

Puisque par la blessure ouverte de mon
coeur
Tu t'écoules de même, ô céleste liqueur,
Inexprimable amour qui m'enflammait
pour elle!
Qu'il lui soit pardonné que mon mal soit
béné!
Par de là l'heure humaine et le temps

Mandolin

The givers of serenades
And the lovely women who listen
Exchange insipid words
Under the singing branches.

There is Thyrsis and Amyntas
And there's the eternal Clytander,
And there's Damis who, for many a
Heartless woman, wrote many a tender
verse.

Their short silk coats,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their joy
And their soft blue shadows,

Whirl around in the ecstasy
Of a pink and grey moon,
And the mandolin prattles
Among the shivers from the breeze.

The imperishable fragrance

When the Indian Rose, flower of a
sun-filled land,
has dripped the fragrant essence of its
soul
into the phial of crystal, clay or gold,
it can be all poured out on the burning
sand.

And then however much that narrow
cell
which held it safe is washed by tide or
rain
or smashed to fragments, still there will
remain
amid the dust its sweet celestial smell.

Since through the open lesion in my
breast
an essence no less precious and sublime
- the love I bear for her - is spilt and
spent,
may she be pardoned! May my pain be
blessed!
Beyond today and into endless time

infini

Mon coeur est embaumé d'une odeur
immortelle!

Notre Amour

Notre amour est chose légère
Comme les parfums que le vent
Prend aux cimes de la fougère
Pour qu'on les respire en rêvant.
Notre amour est chose légère!

Notre amour est chose charmante,
Comme les chansons du matin
Où nul regret ne se lamente,
Où vibre un espoir incertain.
Notre amour est chose charmante!

Notre amour est chose sacrée
Comme les mystères des bois
Où tressaille une âme ignorée,
Où les silences ont des voix.
Notre amour est chose sacrée!

Notre amour est chose infinie,
Comme les chemins des couchants
Où la mer, aux cieux réunie,
S'endort sous les soleils penchants.

Notre amour est chose éternelle
Comme tout ce qu'un dieu vainqueur
A touché du feu de son aile,
Comme tout ce qui vient du coeur,
Notre amour est chose éternelle!

my heart is perfumed by an immortal
scent.

Our Love

Our love is something light
like the perfumes which the breeze
brings from the tips of ferns
for us to inhale as we dream.
Our love is something light.

Our love is something enchanting
like the morning's songs
in which regrets are not heard
but uncertain hopes vibrate.
Our love is something charming.

Our love is something sacred
like the forests' mysteries
in which an unknown soul quivers
and silences have voices.
Our love is something sacred!

Our love is something infinite
like the paths of the evening,
where the ocean, joined with the sky,
falls asleep under slanting suns.

Our love is something eternal
like all that has been touched
by the fiery wing of a victorious god,
like all that comes from the heart.
Our love is something eternal!

Now in its second century, the Ithaca College School of Music affirms its fundamental belief that music and the arts are essential components of the human experience. The School of Music prepares students to be world-class professionals and the music leaders of tomorrow - ready to transform individuals and communities by advancing the art of music.

Ithaca College School of Music

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