

2-18-2012

Junior Recital: Anna Kimble, mezzo-soprano

Anna Kimble

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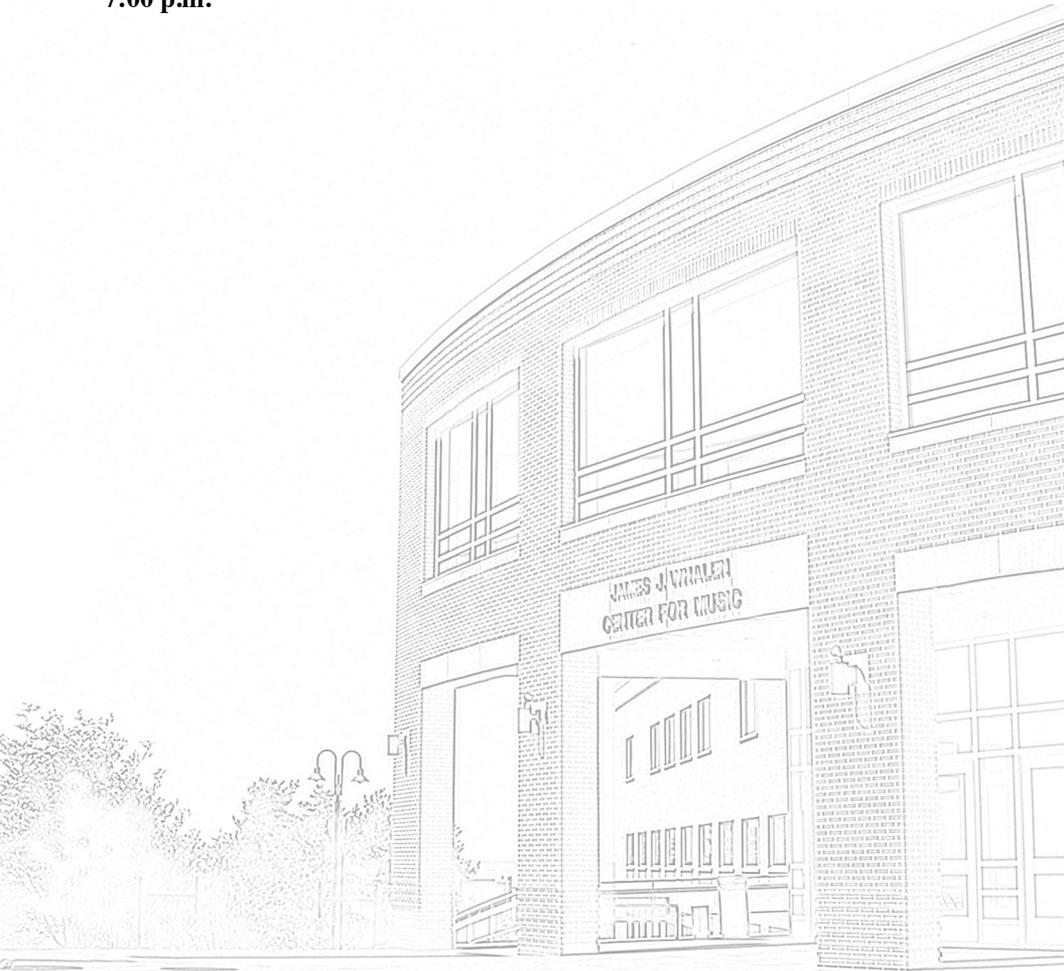
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**Junior Recital:
Anna Kimble, mezzo-soprano**

Nathan Breton, piano

**Hockett Family Recital Hall
Saturday, February 18, 2012
7:00 p.m.**



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Frondi tenere e belle ... Ombra mai fu
Crude Furie

George Frederic Händel
(1685-1759)

Clair de Lune

Clair de Lune

Clair de Lune

Camille Saint-Saëns
(1835-1921)

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Non so piu, cosa son
Voi, che sapete

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Break

Wie Melodien zieht es mir
Von Ewiger Liebe
Die Schwestern

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Rachel Mikol, soprano

Eight Epitaphs

Alice Rodd

Susannah Fry

Three Sisters

Thomas Logge

A Midget

No Voice to Scold

Ann Poverty

Be Very Quiet Now

Theodore Chanler
1902-1961

This Junior Recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree B.M. Voice Performance. Anna Rebecca Kimble is from the studio of Dawn Pierce.

Notes

Frondi Tenere e Belle ... Ombra mai fu Crude Furie From "Serse"

George Frederic Händel premiered the opera, *Serse*, in 1738 at the King's Theatre in London. The libretto is loosely derived from a historical account of the Greco-Persian wars, although the actual plot is mostly fictional. The title role represents the Persian king, Serse, who ruled from 485–65 BC. The majority of the plot involves intense drama and intrigue in Serse's court including a rivalry between Serse and his brother Arsamene for the love of Romilda, and the rivalry of Romilda and her mischievous sister Atalanta for the love of Arsamene. The aria "Ombra mai fu" opens the opera, as Serse declares his love for the shade and beauty of a tree. "Crude furie" is featured towards the end of the opera, as Serse's plans to marry Romilda are thwarted by a letter sent by Amastre, his fiancée whom he abandoned.

Frondi tenere e belle ... Ombra mai fu

Frondi tenere e belle
Del mio Platano amato,
Per voi risplenda il fato.
Tuoni, lampi, e procelle
Non vi oltraggino mai la cara pace,
Ne giunga profanarvi Austro rapace!

Tender and beautiful branches
of my plane-tree beloved,
For you shines destiny.
May thunder, lightning and storms
Never outrage your dear peace,
Nor may blowing winds ever damage
you!

Ombra mai fu
Di Vegetabile,
Care ed amabile
Soave piu.

Never was made
a plant,
more dear and loving
than yours.

Crude Furie

Crude furie degl'orridi abissi,
aspergetmi d'atro veleno!
Crolli il mondo,
e'l sole s'eclissi,
a quest'ira che spira il mio seno.

Crude fury of the horrid abysses,
pour on to me your black poison!
Let the world cave in,
And the sun be eclipsed,
by this anger that breathes forth from
my breast!

Clair de Lune
Text by Catulle Mendès

Camille Saint-Saëns was born in 1835 in Paris and was considered one of the key players in the revival of French music in the 19th century. He contributed to almost every genre of music, incorporating the Viennese style, 17th century French music, and the musical richness of his day to create a conservative, but distinct style. Saint-Saëns said of himself, "I am an eclectic spirit. It may be a great defect, but I cannot change it: one cannot make over one's personality." The text he uses for his "Clair de Lune" was actually based on a poem by the German poet Heinrich Heine (1797-1856) which was then interpreted by the French poet Catulle Mendès. Both the text and the music possess a dream-like quality and clearly invoke the image of moonlight.

Dans la forêt que crée un rêve,
Je vais le soir dans la forêt;
Ta frêle image m'apparaît
Et chemine avec moi sans trêve.

In the forest which creates a dream,
I go the night in the forest;
Your frail image appears to me
And walk on with me without truce.

N'est-ce pas là ton voile fin,
Brouillard léger dans la nuit brune?
Ou n'est-ce que le clair de lune
A travers l'ombre du sapin?

Is it not the end of your veil,
Fog light in the dark night?
Or is it the moonlight
through the shade of the tree?

Et ces larmes, sont ce les miennes
Que j'entends couler doucement?
Ou se peut-il réellement
Qu'à mes côtés en pleurs, tu
viennes?

And tears, that are mine
Which I hear gently flowing?
Or can they really be
by my side in tears, you come?

Clair de Lune
Gabriel Fauré

The poetry comes from Paul Verlaine, whom Fauré often chose to set for his symbolist writing style and vivid imagery. This piece, inspired by the paintings of Jean-Antoine Watteau, evokes an 18th century fantasy wherein revelers float through a sort of masquerade. Fauré writes this piece as though it were a minuet. The most striking feature of this piece is the significance of the piano part. The piece opens with a gorgeous piano prelude that seems to suggest that this is indeed a solo piano work. The voice enters in a very discreet manner and really does not become the main focus of the work until the last verse. Even then, the piano takes off again as the voice dies away, restating the opening melody.

Clair de Lune **Claude Debussy**

Claude Debussy is seen as one of the most influential and important composers of all time, especially with regards to his groundbreaking use of harmony and tonality and his eclectic influences. Debussy drew not only from popular music of his home country of France, but also from the innovative work of Richard Wagner and the exotic sound of Indonesian gamelan music. Debussy also drew heavily from art and literature of his day, such as the impressionist and symbolist movements based in France. Almost no other French composer placed as much emphasis on the synthesis of poetry and music as Debussy. Evidence of this can be found in Debussy's second setting of Verlaine's text, "Clair de Lune." The entire piece evokes the calm moonlight but also maintains a strange mixture of melancholy and beauty.

Clair de Lune Text by Paul Verlaine

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et
bergamasques,
Jouant du luth et dansant, et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements
fantasques!

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie
opportune.
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur
bonheur,
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de
lune,

Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les
arbres,
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi
les marbres.

Your soul is a refined landscape
Which charms maskers and
revellers,
playing the lute and dancing, and
almost sad beneath their fantastical
disguises!

Even while singing, in a minor key,
about love victorious and the
opportune life.
They do not seem to believe in their
happiness,
And their song mingles with the
moonlight.

With the calm moonlight sad and
beautiful,
Which causes the birds in the trees to
dream,
And the fountains to sob with
ecstasy,
The tall slender fountains among the
marble statues.

**Non so piu, cosa son
Voi, che sapete
From "Le Nozze di Figaro"**

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, born in 1756 in Salzburg, is unmistakably one of the most popular composers of the classical era. His talent as a child prodigy threw him into the spotlight at an early age and allowed him to develop his own distinct style that, today, is considered the epitome of the mature Classical Period. Mozart composed over 600 works, including over 50 symphonies, 25 piano concertos, 15 masses, and 21 stage and opera works, one of which includes *Le Nozze di Figaro*. Premiered in 1786, the comic opera was based on a satire of the aristocracy and therefore did not receive a warm welcome in Vienna. However, it has become one of the most well known operas of Mozart's to date. The two arias "Non so piu cosa son" and "Voi, che sapete" are sung by Cherubino, the love-sick teenage page boy who has fallen in love with the Count's wife. In the first aria, Cherubino confides in Susanna (another servant) his sudden desire for all women. In the second, the Count's wife and Susanna find a song Cherubino has written about his new desires for love and ask him to perform for them.

Non so piu, cosa son

Non so piu cosa son, cosa faccio

I no longer know who I am or what I am doing,

Or di foco ora sono di ghiaccio
Ogni donna cangia di colore
Ogni donna mi fa palpitar.

Now I am on fire, now I am of ice,
Every woman makes me blush,
Every woman makes me tremble.

Solo ai nomi d'amor di diletto
Mi si turba, mi s'altera il petto
E a parlare mi sforza d'amore
Un desio ch'io non posso spiegar.

At the words love alone, with delight
I am disturbed, and my chest pounds,
And I am forced to speak of love
by a desire that I cannot explain.

Parlo d'amor vegliando,
Parlo d'amor sognando,
All'acqua, all'ombra, ai monti,

I speak of love while awake
I speak of love while dreaming
to the water, to the shade, to the
mountains,

Ai fiori, all'erbe, ai fonti,

to the flowers, to the grass, to the
fountains,

All'eco, all'aria, ai venti,
Che il suon de' vani accenti
Portano via con se.

to the echo, to the air, to the winds
which carry away with them
the sound of my futile words.

E se non ho chi m'oda,
Parlo d'amor con me!

And if no one listens,
I'll speak of love to myself!

Voi, che sapete

Voi, che sapete che cosa e amor,
Donne, vedete s'io l'ho nel cor
Quello ch'io provo vi ridiro
E per me nuovo, capir nol so.
Sento un affetto pien di desi,
Ch'ora e diletto, ch'ora e martir.
Gelo e poi sento l'alma avvampar.

E in un momento torno a gelar.
Ricerco un bene fuori di me
Non so ch'il tiene, non so cos'e.
Sospiro e gemo senza voler,
Palpito e tremo senza saper,

Non trovo pace notte ne di,
Ma pur mi piace languir cosi.

You, that know what love is,
Ladies, see if I have it in my heart.
I'll try to tell you what I'm feeling
It's new for me, I understand it not.
I feel an affection full of desire,
That now is delight, and then suffering.
I freeze and then I feel my soul burst in
flame.
And in a moment I turn back to ice.
I search for a blessing outside of myself
I don't know who holds it, nor what it is.
I sigh and moan without wanting to,
I palpitate and tremble without knowing
why,
I find peace neither night nor day,
But still I rather enjoy languishing this
way...

Wie Melodien zieht es mir Text by Klaus Groth

Johannes Brahms is often seen as one of the foremost composers of the Romantic period. His ability to both look to the past for inspiration and to the future for innovation cements his place in history as one of the great masters of this era in music. Brahms' lieder is characterized by musical symmetry, intense emotion and climactic expression. The poetry for this particular piece, written by Klaus Groth, describes the ability of words and music to move people to tears.

Wie Melodien zieht es
Mir leise durch den Sinn,
Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es,
Und schwebt wie Duft dahin.

Doch kommt das Wort und faßt es
Und führt es vor das Aug',
Wie Nebelgrau erblaßt es
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.

Und dennoch ruht im Reime
Verborgen wohl ein Duft,
Den mild aus stillem Keime
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

It moves like a melody,
Gently through the mind;
It blossoms like spring flowers
And wafts away like fragrance.

But when it is captured in words,
And placed before the eyes,
It fades like a gray mist
And disappears like a breath.

And yet, remaining in the rhyme
There hides still a fragrance,
Which mildly from the quiet bud
A moist eyes call forth.

Von Ewiger Liebe
Text by Josef Wenzig

This piece, one of the most famous of Brahms' over 380 songs, epitomizes Brahms' style and flair for emotional intensity. The song features three speakers: a narrator, a boy, and his lover. One of the most striking features of this piece is the distinction Brahms makes musically between the three perspectives. The opening scene is set by the narrator in a fairly slow, minor mode, evoking the dark and eerie walk the lovers have set out on. The boy's interjection is characterized by an increasingly frantic accompaniment with running triplet figures throughout, characterizing his dramatic and frantic proposal to leave his love if she so wishes. The girl replies with more lyric and lilting rhythm in a major mode, foreshadowing her calm and assured response that their love will be everlasting.

Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald und in Feld!

Dark, how dark it is in the forest and field!

Abend schon ist es, nun schweigt die Welt.

Night has fallen; the world now is silent.

Nirgend noch Licht und nirgend noch Rauch,

Nowhere a light and nowhere smoke.

Ja, und die Lerche sie schweigt nun auch.

Yes, now even the lark is silent.

Kommt aus dem Dorfe der Bursche heraus,

From the village comes the young lad,

Gibt das Geleit der Geliebten nach Haus,
Führt sie am Weidengebüsche vorbei,
Redet so viel und so mancherlei:

To escort his beloved home.
He guides her past the willow bushes,
Talking so much, and of so many things:

"Leidest du Schmach und betrübest du dich,

"If you suffer shame and if you grieve,

Leidest du Schmach von andern um mich,

If you suffer disgrace in front of others because of me,

Werde die Liebe getrennt so geschwind,
schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.

Then our love shall be dissolved as fast,
as fast as we once came together;

Scheide mit Regen und scheid mit Wind,

It shall go with the rain and go with the wind,

Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind."

As fast as we once came together."

Spricht das Mägdelein, Mägdelein spricht:

Speaks the maiden, the maiden speaks:

"Unsere Liebe sie trennet sich nicht!
Fest ist der Stahl und das Eisen gar sehr,
Unsere Liebe ist fester noch mehr.
Eisen und Stahl, man schmiedet sie um,

"Our love it shall not dissolve!
Firm is the steel and the iron as well,
Yet our love is firmer still.
Iron and steel, one forges them to make other things,

Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt sie um?
Eisen und Stahl, sie können zergehn,
Unsere Liebe muß ewig bestehn!"

But our love, who could transform it?
Iron and steel, can rust and decay;
Our love, our love will have to last forever!"

Die Schwestern **Text by Eduard Mörike**

Composed in 1874, Brahms Opus 61 consists of four duets for alto and soprano of which “Die Schwestern” is the first. The poetry was written by Eduard Mörike whom Brahms frequently set because of the musicality within it. The poetry describes two sisters who do everything together, but the minor mode suggests there may be some underlying tension between the two. The last verse, recited by a third party, reveals the punch line, stating that the two sisters have fallen in love with the same man. Therefore their lifestyle, their relationship and their song must end! Brahms sets this last verse in a major key and emphasizes dissonances between the two sisters in an ironic twist to their story and an appropriate end to their song.

Wir Schwestern zwei, wir schönen,
So gleich von Angesicht,
So gleich kein Ei dem andern,
Kein Stern dem andern nicht.

We two sisters, we beauties
Our faces so similar,
Identical as two eggs,
Identical as two stars.

Wir Schwestern zwei, wir schönen,
Wir haben nußbraun Haar;
Und flichtst du sie in einem Zopf,
Man kennt sie nicht fürwahr.

We two sisters, we beauties,
We have nut brown tresses,
If you plat them together,
You can't tell them apart.

Wir Schwestern zwei, wir schönen,
Wir tragen gleich Gewand,
Spazieren auf dem Wiesenplan
Und singen Hand in Hand.

We two sisters, we beauties
We dress the same,
Walking in the meadow,
And singing hand in hand.

Wir Schwestern zwei, wir schönen,
Wir spinnen in die Wett,
Wir sitzen an einer Kunkel,
Und schlafen in einem Bett.

We two sisters, we beauties,
We race each other at spinning,
We sit together in an alcove,
And sleep in the same bed.

O Schwestern zwei, ihr schönen,
Wie hat sich das Blättchen gewandt!
Ihr liebet einerlei Liebchen;
Jetzt hat das Liedel ein End!

O sisters two, you beauties
How the tables have turned,
You love the same sweetheart;
And now the song is over!

Eight Epitaphs
Text by Walter de la Mare

Theodore Chanler was an American composer born in 1902. He studied at the Cleveland Institute, Oxford University, and eventually studied with the famous Nadia Boulanger, who taught some of the most influential composers of the 20th century. Chanler is renowned mainly for his vocal compositions, although he also composed solo piano music, works for chamber ensembles, and even an opera in 1955. This set is comprised of eight short pieces based on epitaphs from Walter de la Mare's short story "Ding Dong Bell." Each epitaph evokes a completely different character and mood ranging from an innocent child to a scoundrel of a man. Chanler's masterful interplay between piano and voice in this set creates incredible settings for each miniature piece. He provides an entire life story in just a short amount of time, just like an epitaph.

Ithaca College School of Music

Ever since its founding in 1892 as a Conservatory of Music, Ithaca College has remained dedicated to attracting the most talented young musicians, and then immersing these students in an advanced culture of musical learning that positions them to be leading professionals in music. As the conservatory evolved into a comprehensive college with expanded academic offerings, the School of Music has continued to earn its reputation as one of the best in the nation.

Through a blend of world-class faculty, state-of-the-art facilities, professional performance opportunities, access to liberal arts classes, and a beautiful campus setting, students grow in a challenging yet supportive community.

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For more information regarding the Ithaca College School of Music, please visit us on the web at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music>

Upcoming Events

February

- 21 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Eufonix Quartet
- 23 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Mia Hynes, piano
- 24 - Hockett - 3:00pm - Mia Hynes, piano masterclass
- 24 - Ford - 8:15pm - Black History Month Concert
- 27 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Composition Premieres III
- 28 - Ford - 8:15pm - Symphonic Band
- 29 - Ford - 8:15pm - Concert Band

March

- 2 - Hockett - 3:00pm - Mary Hayes North Competition for Senior Piano Majors
- 2 - Ford - 8:15pm - Percussion Ensembles
- 4 - Ford - 4:00pm - Symphony Orchestra
- 4 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Patrice Pastore, soprano; Diane Birr, piano
- 5 - Ford - 8:15pm - Jazz Ensemble
- 6 - Nabenhauer - 4:00pm - Masterclass: Joe Alessi, trombone
- 6 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Louis K. Thaler Concert Violinist Series: Brian Lewis, masterclass
- 6 - Ford - 8:15pm - Brass Choir/Women's Chorale
- 7 - Ford - 8:15pm - Louis K. Thaler Concert Violinist Series: Brian Lewis, violin
- 8 - Ford - 8:15pm - Wind Ensemble
- 10 - Ford - 8:00pm - Cayuga Chamber Orchestra
- 19 - Ford - 8:15pm - Frank Campos and Djug Django
- 20 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Ithaca Bach Ensemble
- 21 - Ford - 5:00pm - Susan Milan, flute masterclass
- 21 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Ithaca Jazz Quartet
- 22 - Ford - 7:00pm - Community Band