

11-8-2013

Senior Recital: Kimberly Hawley, soprano

Kimberly Hawley

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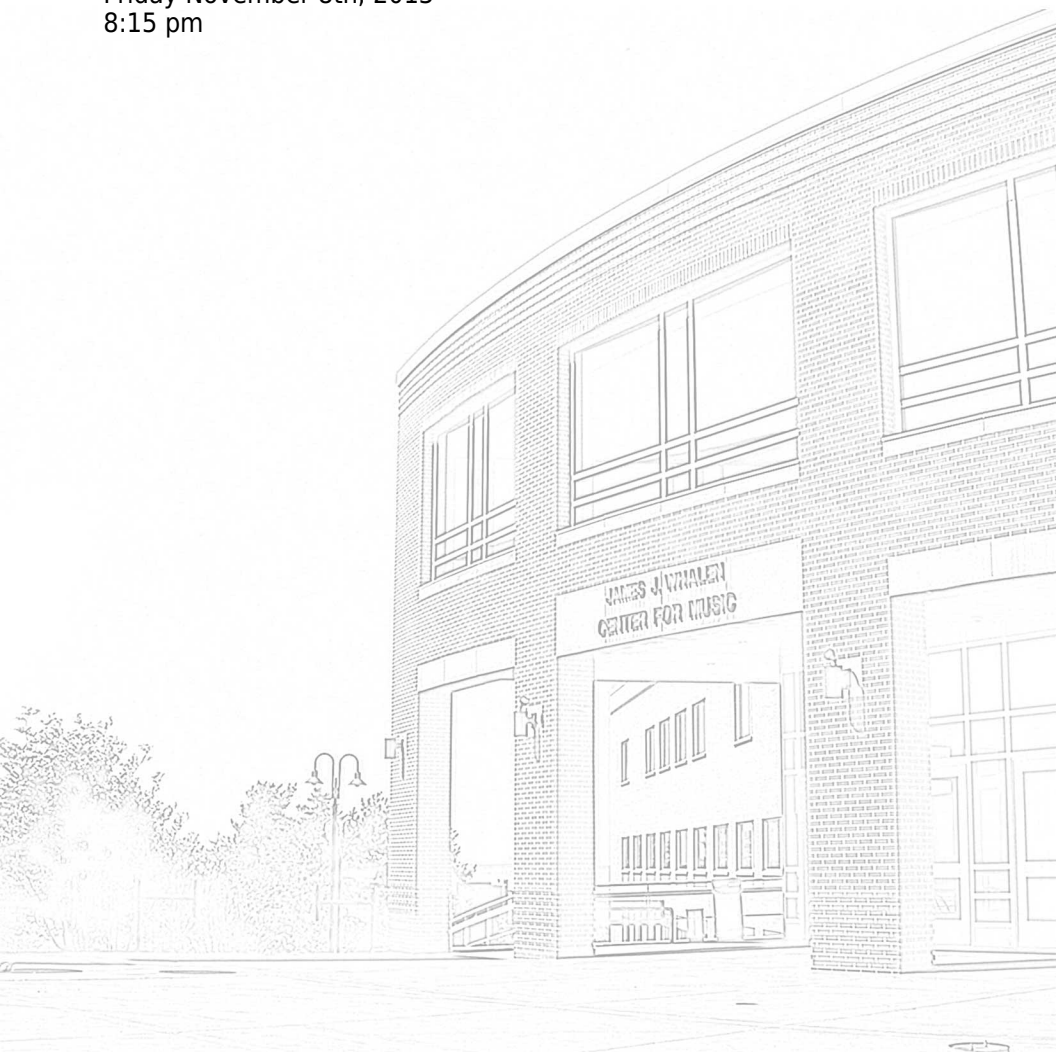
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Senior Recital:
Kimberly Hawley, soprano

Blaise Bryski, piano

Ford Hall
Friday November 8th, 2013
8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Moore's Irish Folk Melodies
III. How Sweet the Answer
VIII. The Last Rose of Summer

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

Opus 10
Zueignung
Die Nacht
Allerseelen
Opus 48
Winterliebe
Winterweihe

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

The Jewel Song
from *Faust*

Charles Gounod
(1818-1893)

Intermission

Les nuits d'été
II. Le spectre de la rose
VI. L'île inconnue

Hector Berlioz
(1803-1869)

Opus 38
At Night in my Garden
To Her
Daisies
The Pied Piper
A Dream
A-oo

Sergei Rachmaninoff
(1873-1943)

Translations

Benjamin Britten: Moore's Irish Folk Melodies

How sweet the answer

Echo makes To Music at night
When, rous'd by lute
or horn, she wakes,
And far away,
o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light!

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet,
Than e'er beneath
the moonlight's star,
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh,
in youth sincere,
And only then,
The sigh that's breath'd
for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breath'd back again.

'Tis the last rose of summer,

Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flow'r of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them;

Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie senseless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!

When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

Richard Strauss: Op. 10

Zueignung

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an's
Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank.

Dedication

Yes, you know it, dearest soul,
How I suffer far from you,
Love makes the heart sick,
Have thanks.

Once I, drinker of freedom,
Held high the amethyst beaker,
And you blessed the drink,
Have thanks.

And you exorcised the evils in it,
Until I, as I had never been before,
Blessed, blessed sank
upon your heart,
Have thanks.

Die Nacht

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen
schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
Nun gib acht.

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löscht sie aus
und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.
Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms,
Nimmt vom
Kupferdach des Doms
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch,
Rücke näher, Seel an Seele;
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

Allerseelen

Stell auf den Tisch
die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten A stern trag herbei,
Und laß uns wieder
von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand,
daß ich sie heimlich drücke
Und wenn man's sieht,
mir ist es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen
deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und duftet heut
auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahr
ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm an mein Herz,
daß ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

The Night

Night steps out of the woods,
And sneaks softly
out of the trees,
Looks about in a wide circle,
Now beware.

All the lights of this earth,
All flowers, all colors
It extinguishes,
and steals the sheaves
From the field.
It takes everything that is dear,
Takes the silver from the stream,
Takes away,
from the cathedral's copper roof,
The gold.

The shrubs stand plundered,
Draw nearer, soul to soul;
Oh, I fear the night will also steal
You from me.

All Souls Day

Place on the table
the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring inside the last red asters,
and let us speak
again of love,
as once we did in May.

Give me your hand,
so that I can press it secretly;
and if someone sees us,
it's all the same to me.
Just give me
your sweet gaze,
as once you did in May.

Flowers adorn today each grave,
sending off their fragrances;
one day in the year
the dead are free.
Come close to my heart,
so that I can have you again,
as once I did in May

Op. 48

Winterweihe

In diesen Wintertagen,
Nun sich das Licht verhüllt,
Laß uns im Herzen tragen,
Einander traulich sagen,
Was uns mit innerm
Licht erfüllt.

Was milde Glut entzündet,
Soll brennen fort und fort,
Was Seelen zart verbündet,
Und Geisterbrücken gründet,
Sei unser leises Losungswort.

Das Rad der Zeit mag rollen,
Wir greifen kaum hinein,
Dem Schein der Welt verschollen,
Auf unserm Eiland wollen
Wir Tag und Nacht
der sel'gen Liebe weih'n.

Winterliebe

Der Sonne entgegen
In Liebesgluten
Wandr' ich...
o Wonne,
Wer mätze dein Maß!

Mit Reif bepudert
Prangen die Wälder,
Die Berge grüßen
Das blendende Licht.
Vor Eiseskälte
Knirschen die Schritte,
Der Hauch des Mundes
Ballt sich zu Dampf...
Ich trage Feuer
In meinem Herzen,
Mich brennt die Liebe,
Das schlimme Kind.
Sie schürt die Flamme
Mit hastigen Händen,
Die Kohlen knistern,
Der Wohlduft quillt,

Der Sonne entgegen
Im Liebesgluten
Wandr' ich...
o Wonne,
Wer mätze dein Maß!

Winter Bliss

In these winter days,
now the light disguises itself,
let us bear in our hearts
and say confidentially
to one another
what fills ourselves with inner light.

That which inflames mild ardor,
should burn on and on;
that which tenderly binds souls
and builds ghostly bridges
should be our soft password.

The wheel of time may roll,
but we hardly grasp it,
forgotten in the glow of the world.
On our island we would
dedicate day and night
to blissful Love.

Winter Love

Facing the sun,
Aglow with love,
I wander. . .
O joy
Beyond measure!

A sheen of frost
Dresses the woods,
The mountains greet
The dazzling light.
In the cold,
Footsteps crunch,
From my mouth,
the breath
Condenses into mist . . .
I carry fire In my heart,
Within me burns Love,
The naughty child.
He fuels the flames
With busy hands,
The coals crackle
Spreading their scent. . .

Facing the sun,
Aglow with love,
I wander . . .
O joy
Beyond measure!

The Jewel Song

O Dieu! que de bijoux!
Est-ce un rêve charmat
qui m'éblouit,
Ou si je veille?
Mes yeux n'ont jamais vu
De richesse pareille!
Si j'oasis seulement
Me parer un moment
De ces pendants d'oreilles!...
Ah! Voici justement,
Au fond de la cassette,
Un miroir!
Comment n'être pas coquette?...

Ah! je ris de me voir
si belle en ce miroir,
Ah! je ris de me voir
si belle en ce miroir,
Est-ce toi, Marguerite,
est-ce toi?
Réponds-moi, réponds-moi,
Réponds, réponds, réponds vite!
Non! Non! ce n'est plus toi!
Non...non,
ce n'est plus ton visage;
C'est la fille d'un roi;
c'est la fille d'un roi!
Ce n'est plus toi,
ce n'est plus toi,
C'est la fille d'un roi;
Qu'on salut
au passage!
Ah s'il était ici!
S'il me voyait ainsi!
Comme une demoiselle
Il me trouverait belle, Ah!
Comme une demoiselle,
il me trouverait belle,
Comme une demoiselle,
il me trouverait belle!
Marguerite, Ce n'est plus toi!
Ce n'est plus ton visage;
La, ce n'est plus ton visage;
Qu'on salut
au passage!

Oh god! What jewels!
Is this a dream
that dazzles me,
or am I awake?
My eyes have never seen
such beautiful jewels!
If I only dared
just for a moment
to try on these earrings!...
Ah, here
at the bottom of the box,
A mirror!
Ah, how could I not be coquettish?

Ah, I laugh to see myself
so beautiful in this mirror,
Ah, I laugh to see myself
so beautiful in this mirror,
Is it you, Marguerite,
it is you?
Answer me, answer me,
Respond, respond, respond quickly!
No No! it's no longer you!
No...no,
it's no longer your face;
It's the daughter of a king,
It's the daughter of a king!
It's no longer you,
It's no longer you,
It's the daughter of a king,
One must bow to her
as she passes!
Ah if only he were here!
If he should see me thus
Like a lady
He would find me so beautiful, Ah!
Like a lady,
he would find me beautiful,
Like a lady,
he would find me beautiful!
Marguerite, It's no longer you!
it's no longer your face;
Yes, it's no longer your face;
One must bow to her
as she passes!

Hector Berlioz: Les nuits d'été

II. Le spectre de la rose

Soulève ta paupière close
Qu'effleure un
songe virginal;
Je suis le spectre d'une rose
Que tu portais
hier au bal.
Tu me pris
encore emperlée
Des pleurs d'argent
de l'arrosoir,
Et, parmi
la fête étoilée,
Tu me promenas
tout le soir.

Ô toi qui de ma
mort fus cause,
Sans que tu puisses
le chasser,
Toutes les nuits
mon spectre rose
À ton chevet
viendra danser.
Mais ne crains rien,
je ne réclame
Ni messe ni
De Profundis;
Ce léger parfum
est mon âme,
Et j'arrive
du paradis.

Mon destin fut
digne d'envie,
Et pour avoir un sort si beau,
Plus d'un aurait
donné sa vie,
Car sur ton sein
j'ai mon tombeau,
Et sur l'albâtre
où je repose
Un poète avec un baiser
Écrivit:
"Ci-gît une rose
Que tous les rois
vont jalouser."

II. The specter of the rose

Open your closed eyelid
Which is gently
brushed by a dream!
I am the ghost of the rose
That you wore
last night at the ball.
You took me when I was
still sprinkled with pearls
Of silvery tears
from the watering-can,
And, among
the sparkling festivities,
You carried me
the entire night.

O you, who
caused my death:
Without the power
to chase it away,
You will be visited
every night by my ghost,
Which will dance
at your bedside.
But fear nothing;
I demand
Neither Mass nor
De Profundis;
This mild perfume
is my soul,
And I've come
from Paradise.

My destiny is
worthy of envy;
And to have a fate so fine,
More than one
would give his life
For on your breast
I have my tomb,
And on the alabaster
where I rest,
A poet with a kiss
Wrote:
"Here lies a rose,
Of which all kings
may be jealous."

VI. L'île inconnue

Dites, la jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?
La voile ouvre son aile,
La brise va souffler!

L'aviron est d'ivoire,
Le pavillon de moire,
Le gouvernail d'or fin;
J'ai pour lest une orange,

Pour voile
une aile d'ange,
Pour mousse un séraphin.

Dites, la jeune belle!
Où voulez-vous aller?
La voile ouvre son aile,
La brise va souffler!

Est-ce dans la Baltique,
Sur la mer Pacifique,
Dans l'île de Java?
Ou bien dans la Norwége,

Cueillir la fleur
de neige,
Ou la fleur d'Angsoka?

Dites, la jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?
La voile ouvre son aile,
La brise va souffler!

Menez-moi, dit la belle,
À la rive fidèle
Où l'on aime toujours.

Cette rive, ma chère,
On ne la connaît guère
Au pays des amours.

VI. The Unknown Island

Say, young beauty,
Where do you wish to go?
The sail swells,
The breeze will blow.

The oar is made of ivory,
The flag is of silk,
The helm is of fine gold;
I have for ballast an orange,

For a sail,
the wing of an angel,
For a deck boy, a seraph.

Say, young beauty,
Where do you wish to go?
The sail swells,
The breeze will blow.

Is it to the Baltic?
To the Pacific Ocean?
To the island of Java?
Or is it well to Norway,

To gather the flower
of the snow,
Or the flower of Angsoka?

Say, young beauty,
Where do you wish to go?
The sail swells,
The breeze will blow.

Lead me, says the beauty,
To the faithful shore
Where one loves always!

This shore, my darling,
We hardly know at all
In the land of Love.

Rachmaninoff: Op 38

Ночью в саду у меня

Ночью в саду у меня
Плачет плакучая ива,
И безутешна
она Ивушка,
Грустная ива.
Раннее утро блеснет,
Нежная девушка
Зорька Ивушке,
плачущей горько,
Слёзы кудрями
сотрет.

К ней

Травы одеты перлами.
Где-то приветы
Грустные слышу,
Приветы милые...
Милая, где ты,
Милая!

Вечера светы ясные,
Вечера светы красные
Руки воздеты:
Жду тебя, Милая, где ты,
Милая?

Руки воздеты:
Жду тебя,
В струях Леты смытую
Бледными Леты струями...
Милая, где ты,
Милая!

Маргаритки

О, посмотри,
как много маргариток
И там, и тут,
Они цветут,
их много,
их избыток.

Они цветут.
Их лепестки трехгранные,
как крылья,

In the night in my garden

In the night in my garden
A weeping willow weeps,
And she is inconsolable,
the Willow,
The sorrowful willow.
The young morning will flash,
A tender girl named Dawn
Will wipe away
with her curly hair
The tears of the
bitterly weeping willow.

To Her

The grasses are dressed in pearls,
From somewhere
I hear sorrowful greetings,
Sweet greetings...
Dearest one, where are you?
Dearest!

The evening lights are clear,
The evening lights are red,
Arms raised: I await you,
Dearest, where are you?
Dearest?

Arms raised: I await you,
In the streams,
The Lethe washes away,
Pale Lethe, In streams,
Dearest, where are you?
Dearest!

Daisies

Oh, look,
how many daisies
Are here and there,
They blossom,
they are many,
they are in plenty.

They blossom.
Their triangle petals
Are like wings,

Как белый шелк.
В них лета мощ!

В них радость
изобилья
В них слетлый полк.
Готовь, земля,
цветам из рос напитков,
Дай сок стеблю...
О, девушки,
О, звезды маргариток,
Я вас люблю!

Крысолов

Я на дудочке играю,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
И на дудочке играю,
Чьи-то души
веселя.

Я иду вдоль
тихой речки,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
Дремлют тихия овечки,
Кротко зыблются
поля.

Спите, овцы и барашки,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
За лугами
красной кашки
стройно встали тополя.

Малый домик там таится,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
Милой девушке
приснится,
Что ей душу отдал я.

И на нежный
зов свирели,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
Выйдет словно
к светлой цели,
через сад, через поля.

И в лесу под
дубом тёмным,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
Будет ждать
в бреду истомном,

Like white silk.
They display the summer's power!

They display the joy
of abundance,
They display the bright regiment.
Make a drink of dew,
Earth, for the flowers,
Give sap to a stem...
O, girls,
O, daisy starlets,
I love you!

The Pied Piper

I play a reed-pipe,
tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
I play a reed-pipe,
cheering up
someone's soul.

I walk along a
quiet river,
tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
Timid sheep are asleep,
the fields are
gently rocking.

Sleep, sheep and lambs,
tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
Beyond the fields
of red clover
stand slender poplars.

A little house is hidden there,
tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
A pretty maiden
will have a dream,
That I gave her my soul.

And to the tender call of the reed-pipe,
tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
She will come,
as if towards a bright dream,
Through the garden,
through the fields.

And in the forest
under the dark oak,
tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
She will wait in
a languorous fever

В час, когда уснёт
земля.

Встречу гостью дорогую,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
Вплоть до
утра зацелую,
Сердце лаской
утоля.

И,
сменившись
с ней колечком,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
Отпущу её к овечкам,
В сад, где стройны тополя.

Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля!

Сон

В мире нет ничего
Дожденнее сна,
Чары есть у него,
У него тишина,

У него на устах
Ни печаль и ни смех,
И в бездонных очах
Много тайных утех.

У него широки,
Широки два крыла,
И легки, так лёгки,
Как полночная мгла.

Не понять, как несёт,
И куда и на чем
Он крылом не взмахнет
И не двинет плечом.

For the hour when the earth
falls asleep.

I will greet the dear guest,
tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
And will kiss her
away till dawn,
Satisfying my heart
with tenderness.

And, after we've
exchanged rings,
tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
I'll let her go to the sheep,
Into the garden,
where slender poplars stand!

Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la!

A Dream

There is nothing
more desirable
In the world
than the dream.

It has magic stillness.
It has on its lips
No sadness,
no laughter

And bottomless eyes,
and many hidden pleasures.
It has two immense wings,
as light as the shadow of midnight.

It's unfathomable how it carries them,
and where and on what;
It will not beat its wings,
And it will not move its shoulder.

Ау

Твой нежный
смех был
сказкою
изменчивою,
Он звал как

в сон зовёт
свирельный звон.

И вот венком,
стихом тебя увенчиваю.
Уйдём, бежим вдвоем
на горный склон.

Но где же ты?
Лишь звон вершин позванивает
Цветку цветок средь
дня зажег свечу.

И чей-то смех все
в глубь меня заманивает.
Пою, ищу,
Ау! Ау! кричу.

A-oo

Your tender laughter
was a fickle fairytale,
It calls me out
of the dream
on pipe chimes.

Now my garland
of poetry crowns you.

Let's go,
let's run,
both of us,
to the mountainside!

But where are you?
Only the pipes from the top chime...
One flower to another flower
light the candle of midday.

And someone's laughter calls
to me from the depths.
I sing, I search,
"A-oo!" "A-oo!" I cry.