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Senior Recital: Anna Kimble, mezzo-soprano

Anna Kimble

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Senior Recital:
Anna Kimble, mezzo-soprano

Michael Lewis, piano

Ford Hall
Tuesday April 2nd, 2013
7:00 pm

ITHACA COLLEGE
School of Music
Program

BWV 170 - "Vergnügte ruh, beliebte Seelenlust"  
Johann Sebastian Bach  
(1685-1750)

I. Aria: Vergnügte ruh, beliebte Seelenlust

Mélodies Passagères  
Samuel Barber  
(1910-1981)

1. Mélodies Passagères  
2. Un Cygne  
3. Tombeau dans un parc  
4. Le Clocher Chante  
5. Départ

Parto, parto  
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

La Clemenza di Tito

Break

Deux Mélodies Hébraïques  
Maurice Ravel  
(1875-1937)

1. Kaddisch  
2. L’énigme éternelle

Aquel sombrero de monte  
Fernando J. Obradors  
(1897-1945)

Del cabello mas sutil  
El Vito

A Charm of Lullabies  
Benjamin Britten  
(1913-1976)

1. A Cradle Song  
2. The Highland Balou  
3. Sephestia's Lullaby  
4. A Charm  
5. The Nurse's Lullaby

Sexy Lady  
Benjamin Moore  
(b. 1960)

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree B.M. Voice Performance. Anna Kimble is from the studio of Dawn Pierce.
Translations

Vergnügte ruh, beliebte Seelenlust
Johann Sebastian Bach

Vergnügte ruh, beliebte Seelenlust,
Contented rest, beloved Soul’s pleasure,
Dich kann man nicht bei Höllensünden,
you cannot be found among Hell's sins,
Wohl aber Himmelseintracht finden;
but rather in heavenly concord;
Du stärkst allein die schwache Brust.
You alone make the weak breast strong.
Drum sollen lauter Tugendgabem
Therefore the pure gifts of virtue
In meinem Herzen Wohnung haben.
in my heart shall have their dwelling.

Mélodies Passagères
Samuel Barber

1. Puisque tout passe

Puisque tout passe,
Since all things pass,
faisons la mélodie passagère;
let us make a passing melody;
Celle qui nous désaltère,
the one that quenches our thirst,
aura de nous raison.
will be the one to win us.

Chantons ce qui nous quitte
Let us sing what leaves us
avec amour et art;
with love and art;
soyons plus vite
Let us be more quick
que le rapide départ.
than its swift departure.

2. Un Cygne

Un cygne avance sur l'eau
A swan moves forward over the water
tout entouré de lui-même,
completely surrounded by itself,
comme un glissant tableau;
like a gliding painting;
ainsi à certains instants
Thus, at certain instants,
un être que l'on aime
a being that one loves
est tout un espace mouvant.
is a whole moving space.

Il se rapproche, doublé,
It draws near, doubled,
comme ce cygne qui nage,
likes a swan which swims,
sur notre âme troublée ...
over our troubled soul...
qui à cet être ajoute
Adding to that being
la tremblante image
the trembling image
de bonheur et de doute.
of happiness and of doubt.
3. Tombeau dans un parc
Dors au fond de l'allée, tendre enfant, sous la dalle, on fera le chant de l'été autour de ton intervalle.
Si une blanche colombe passait au vol là-haut, je n'offrirais a ton tombeau que son ombre qui tombe.

4. Le Clocher Chante
Mieux qu'une tour profane, je me chauffe pour mûrir mon carillon. Qu'il soit doux, qu'il soit bon aux Valaisannes.
Chaque dimanche, ton par ton, je leur jette ma manne; qu'il soit bon, mon carillon, aux Valaisannes.
Qu'il soit doux, qu'il soit bon; samedi soir dans les channes, tombe en gouttes mon carillon aux Valaisans des Valaisannes.

5. Départ
Mon amie, il faut que je parte. Voulez-vous voir l'endroit sur la carte? C'est un point noir. En moi, si la chose bien me réussit, ce sera un point rose dans un vert pays.

3. A Grave in a Park
Sleep, at the end of the promenade, dear child, under the stone, around your space we shall sing the song of summer.
Should a white dove pass overhead, as sole offering for your tomb, I will present its falling shadow.

4. The Bell Tower Sings
Better warmed than a secular tower, am I to ripen my carillon. May it be sweet, may it be good for the girls of the Valais.
Every Sunday, tone for tone, I cast to them my manna; May it be good, my carillon, for the girls of the Valais.
May it be sweet, may it be good; into their beers on Saturday night, my carillon falls, drop by drop, for the boys of the girls of the Valais.

5. Depart
My love, I must leave. Would you like to see the place on the map? It is a black point. In me, if the thing works out, it will be a pink point in a green land.
Parto, parto
W. A. Mozart

Parto, ma tu ben mio,  
meco ritorna in pace;  
Sarò qual piu ti piace;  
Quel che vorrai farò.

Guardami, e tutto oblio,  
E a vendicarti io volo;  
Di quello sguardo solo lo mi ricorderò.  
Ah, qual poter, oh Dei!  
Donaste alla beltà.

I leave, my love,  
but make peace with me again;  
I will be whatever you wish,  
I will do what you desire.

Look at me, and I will forget everything,  
and to avenge you I will fly;  
I will remember only your glance.  
Ah, what power, oh Gods!  
You gave to beauty.

Deux Mélodies Hébraïques
Maurice Ravel

1. Kaddisch

Yithgaddal weyithkaddash scheméh rabba  
be'olmà 'khire' outhé  
veyamli'kl mal'khouté'  
behayyé'khon, ouveyome'khôn  
ouve'hayyé de'khol beth yisraël  
ba'agalà ouvizman qariw  
weimrou, Amen.

Yithbara'kh Weyishtaba'h weyith paër  
weyithromam weyithnassé  
weyithhaddar weyith'allé weyithhallal  
scheméh dequoudschâ beri'kh hou,  
l'êla min kol bri'khathà  
touschbehata wene'hamathà daamirân ah!  
Be' olma ah!  
Ah! Ah! We imrou. Amen.

Magnified and sanctified be the name of God  
throughout the world which He has created  
according to His will.  
May He establish His kingdom  
during the days of our life  
and the life of all speedily and soon  
and let us say Amen.

Exalted and glorified, lauded and praised, acclaimed and honored be  
the name of the Holy One blessed be He, praised beyond all blessings and hymns,  
beyond all tributes that mortals can express  
and let us say Amen.

2. L'énigme éternelle

Frägt die welt die alte Cashe  
Tra la la la  
Enfernt men  
Tra la la la  
Un as men will kenne sagen  
Tra la la la  
Frägt die Velt die alte Cashe  
Tra la la la ...

If the world asks the question:  
Tra la la la  
one answers:  
Tra la la la  
And if one will, one can also say:  
Tra la la la  
If the world asks the question:  
Tra la la la...
Aquel sombrero de monte
That mountain hat
hecho con hojas de palma, made of palm leaves,
Ay! que me le lleva el río, ah! the river snatched it from me,
ay! que me le lleva el agua.
I grieve for the colored band
I put upon it.
ah! the river snatched it from me,
ah! the water snatched it from me.
Lo siento por una cinta
que le puse colorada.
Ay! que me le lleva el río,
ay! que me le lleva el agua.
No longer must I keep my field
by the river bank.
ah! the river snatched it from me,
ah! the water snatched it from me.
No he de tener más mi huerta
a la ribera cercana.
Ay! que me le lleva el río,
ay! que me le lleva el agua.
Little by little, it was going,
and now no more is left me.
ah! the river snatched it from me,
ah! the water snatched it from me.
Se va yendo poco a poco
y ya nome queda nada.
Ay! que me le lleva el río,
ay! que me le lleva el agua.
Ay! the river snatched it from me,
ay! the water snatched it from me.

Del Cabello más sutil
Of the hair most delicate
que tienes en tu trenzado
that you have in your braid
he de hacer una cadena
so that I may bring you to my side.
Una alcarranza en tu casa,
a jug in your house,
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,
darling, I would like to be
para besarte en la boca,
so that I may kiss you on the mouth
cuando fueras a beber.
cuando you took a drink.

El Vito
The Vito*
Una vieja vale un real
An old woman is worth a real**
y una muchacha dos cuartos,
and a young woman is worth two
pero como soy tan pobre
but as I am so poor
me voy a lo más barato.
I go for the cheapest.

Con el vito, vito, vito,
On with the vito,
con el vito, vito, va.
with the vito, olé!
No me jaga 'usté' cosquillas,
Stop your teasing sir
que me pongo 'colorá'.
or else I'll blush! ay!

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*vito - a lively Spanish dance
**real - a silver coin
***cuarto - silver coin
1. A Cradle Song

Sleep! sleep! beauty bright,
Dreaming o'er the joys of night;
Sleep! sleep! in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet Babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.

O! the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep.
When thy little heart does wake
Then the dreadful lightnings break,

From thy cheek and from thy eye,
O'er the youthful harvests nigh.
Infant wiles and infant smiles
Heaven and Earth of peace beguiles.

2. The Highland Balou

Hee Balou, my sweet wee
Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanronald!
Brawlie kens our wanton Chief
What gat my young Highland thief.

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie!
And thou live, thou'll steal a naigie,
Travel the country thro' and thro',
and bring hame a Carlisle cow!

Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border,
Weel, my babie, may thou furder!

Herry the louns o' the laigh Countrie,
Syne to the Highlands hame to me!

3. Sephestia's Lullaby

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee:
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe:
Fortune changed made him so,
When he left his pretty boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee:
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
The wanton smiled, father wept;
Mother cried, baby leapt;
More he crowed, more we cried;
Nature could not sorrow hide.
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bliss;
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.
4. A Charm

Quiet! Sleep! or I will make
Erinnys whip thee with a snake,
And cruel Rhadamanthus take
Thy body to the boiling lake,
Where fire and brimstones never
slake;
Thy heart shall burn, thy head
shall ache,
And ev'ry joint about thee
quake;
And therefore dare not yet to
wake!
Quiet, sleep!

Quiet, sleep! or thou shalt see
The horrid hags of Tartary,
Whose tresses ugly serpents be,
And Cerberus shall bark at thee,
And all the Furies that are three
The worst is called Tisiphone,
Shall lash thee to eternity;
And therefore sleep thou
peacefully
Quiet, sleep!

5. The Nurse's Song

Lullaby baby, Lullaby baby,
Thy nurse will tend thee as duly
as may be.
Lullaby baby!

Be still, my sweet sweeting,
no longer do cry;
Sing lullaby baby, lullaby baby.

Let dolours be fleeting, I fancy
thee, I...
To rock and to lull thee I will not
delay me.
Lullaby baby, Lullabylabylaby
baby,

Thy nurse will tend thee as duly
as may be
Lullabylabylaby baby...

The gods be thy shield and
comfort in need!
Sing Lullaby baby, Lullabylaby
baby
They give thee good fortune and
well for to speed,
And this to desire... I will not
delay me.