

9-15-2012

Junior Recital: Kimberly Hawley, soprano

Kimberly Hawley

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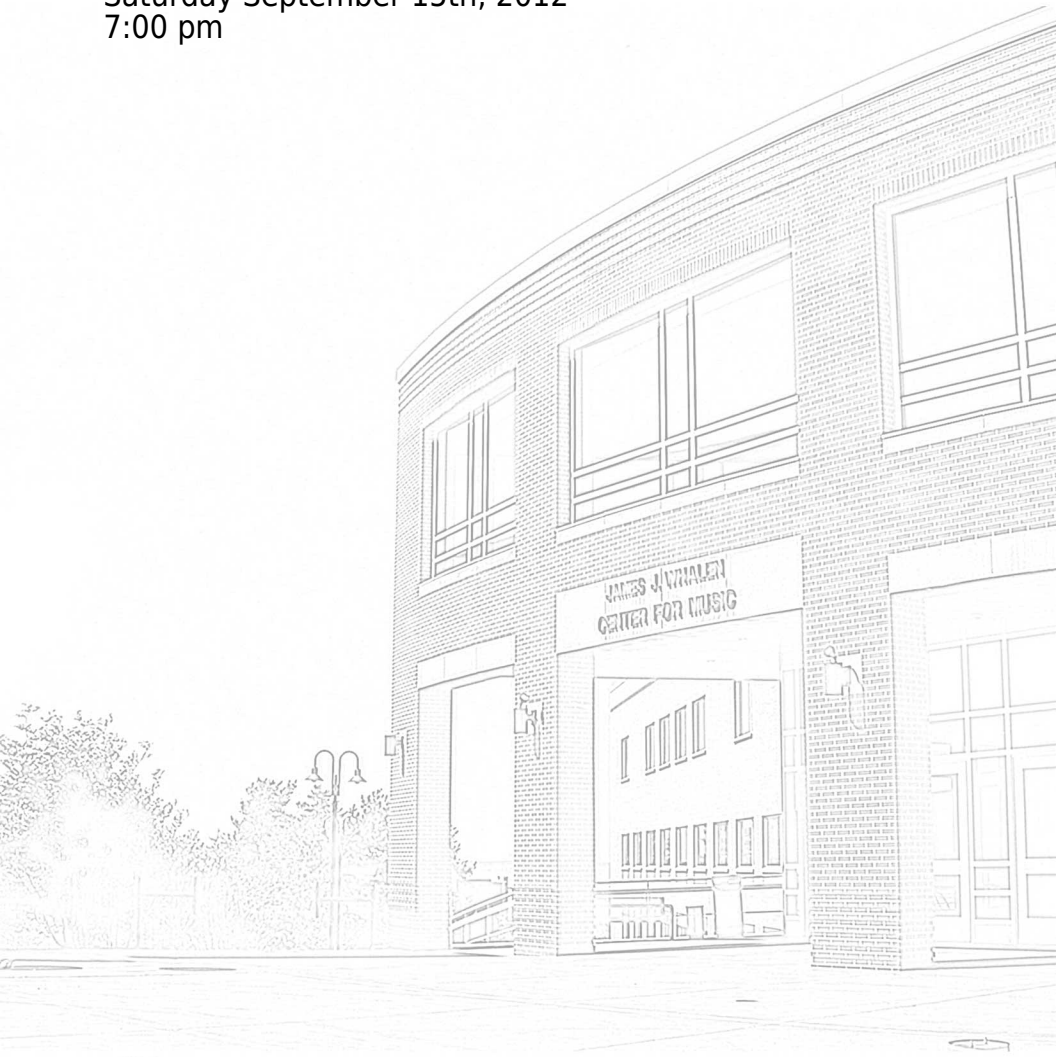
Hawley, Kimberly, "Junior Recital: Kimberly Hawley, soprano" (2012). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 3883.
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Junior Recital:
Kimberly Hawley, soprano

Michael Lewis, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Saturday September 15th, 2012
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Die junge Nonne
Ganymed
Gretchen am Spinnrade

Franz Schubert
(1727-1828)

Sole E Amore
Morire?
Canto d'Anime

Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

Senza Mamma
from: Suor Angelica

Giacomo Puccini

Intermission

Nell
Soir
Fleur Jeteé

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Three Browning Songs
The Year's at the Spring
Ah Love, But a Day!
I Send My Heart up to Thee!

Amy Beach
(1867-1944)

This recital is in partial fulfillment of the
degree Vocal Performance and Music Education.
Kimberly Hawley is from the studio of Patrice Pastore.

Translations

Die junge Nonne

Wie braust durch die Wipfel
der heulende Sturm!
Es klirren die Balken,
es zittert das Haus!
Es rollet der Donner,
es leuchtet der Blitz,
Und finster die Nacht,
wie das Grab!
Immerhin, immerhin,
so tobt' es auch jüngst noch in mir!
Es brauste das Leben,
wie jetzo der Sturm,
Es bebten die Glieder,
wie jetzo das Haus,
Es flammte die Liebe,
wie jetzo der Blitz,
Und finster die Brust,
wie das Grab.
Nun tobe, du wilder gewalt'ger Sturm,
Im Herzen ist Friede,
im Herzen ist Ruh,
Des Bräutigams harret
die liebende Braut,
Gereinigt in prüfender Glut,
Der ewigen Liebe getraut.
Ich harre, mein Heiland!
mit sehndem Blick!
Komm, himmlischer Bräutigam,
hole die Braut,
Erlöse die Seele
von irdischer Haft.
Horch, friedlich ertönt
das Glöcklein vom Turm!
Es lockt mich das süße Getön
Allmächtig zu ewigen Höhn.
Alleluja!

Ganymed

Wie im Morgenglanze
Du rings mich anglühst,
Frühling, Geliebter!
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne
Sich an mein Herz drängt
Deiner ewigen Wärme
Heilig Gefühl,
Unendliche Schöne!
Das ich dich fassen möcht'
In diesen Arm!
Ach, an deinem Busen

The Young Nun

How the howling wind
raos through the tree-tops!
The rafters rattle,
the house shudders!
Thunder rolls,
lightning flashes,
And the night is as dark
as the grave!
All the same, ever all the same,
so it raged in me not long ago as well:
My life roared
like the storm now,
My limbs trembled
like the house now,
Love burst into flame,
like the lightning now,
And my heart was as dark
as the grave.
Now rage, you wild, powerful storm,
In my heart there is peace;
in my heart there is calm.
The groom is awaited
by the loving bride,
Cleansed by the purifying flames,
To eternal Love betrothed.
I await you, my Saviour,
with a yearning gaze!
Come, my heavenly bridegroom,
take your bride,
Rescue her soul
from earthly imprisonment.
Listen: the bell rings
peacefully from the tower!
That sweet tone invites me
overpoweringly to eternal heights.
Halleluja!

Ganymede

How in the morning light
you glow around me,
beloved Spring!
With love's thousand-fold bliss,
to my heart presses
the eternal warmth
of sacred feelings
and endless beauty!
Would that I could clasp you
in these arms!
Ah, at your breast

Lieg' ich, schmachte,
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras
Drängen sich an mein Herz.
Du kühlst den brennenden
Durst meines Busens,
Lieblicher Morgenwind!
Ruft drein die Nachtigall
Liebend nach mir aus dem Nebeltal.
Ich komm', ich komme!
Wohin? Ach, wohin?
Hinauf! Hinauf strebt's.
Es schweben die Wolken
Abwärts, die Wolken
Neigen sich der sehnenen Liebe.
Mir! Mir!
In eurem Schosse
Aufwärts!
Umfangend umfängen!
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,
All liebender Vater!

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.
Wo ich ihn nicht hab
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.
Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.
Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.
Nach ihm nur schau ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh ich
Aus dem Haus.
Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seine Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt,
Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluss,
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach, sein Kuss!
Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,

I lie and languish,
and your flowers and your grass
press themselves to my heart.
You cool the burning
thirst of my breast,
lovely morning wind!
The nightingale calls
lovingly to me from the misty vale.
I am coming, I am coming!
but whither? To where?
Upwards I strive, upwards!
The clouds float
downwards, the clouds
bow down to yearning love.
To me! To me!
In your lap
upwards!
Embracing, embraced!
Upwards to your bosom,
All-loving Father!

Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.
Where I do not have him,
That is the grave,
The whole world
Is bitter to me.
My poor head
Is crazy to me,
My poor mind
Is torn apart.
My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.
For him only,
I look out the window
only for him do I go
Out of the house.
His tall walk,
His noble figure,
His mouth's smile,
His eyes' power,
And his mouth's
Magic flow,
His handclasp,
and ah! His kiss!
My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,

Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.
Mein Busen drängt sich
Nach ihm hin.
Ach dürft ich fassen
Und halten ihn,
Und küssen ihn,
So wie ich wollt,
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt!
O könnt ich ihn küssen,
So wie ich wollt,
An seinen küssen
Vergehen sollt!

Sole e Amore

Il sole allegramente
Batte ai tuoi vetri.
Amor Pian pian batte al tuo cuore,
E l'uno e l'altro chiama.
Il sole dice O dormente,
Mostrati che sei bella.
Dice l'amor: Sorella,
Col tuo primo pensier
pensa a chi t'ama!
A Paganini, G. Puccini

Morire?

Morire? e chi la sa
qual'è la vita?
Questa che s'apre
luminosa e schietta,
ai fascini, agli amori, alle speranze,
o quella che in rinunce
s'è assopita?
È la semplicità timida e queta
che si tramanda come ammonimento,
come un segreto di virtù segreta
perché ognuno raggiunga
la sua meta,
o non piuttosto il vivo balenare
di sogni nuovi sovra sogni stanchi,
e la pace travolta
e l'inesausta
fede d'avere
per desiderare?
Ecco io non lo so. Ma voi che siete
all'altra sponda sulla riva immensa
ove fiorisce il fiore della vita,
son certo lo saprete.

I will find it never
and never more.
My bosom urges itself
toward him.
Ah, might I grasp
and hold him!
And kiss him,
As I would wish,
At his kisses
I should die!
Oh I could kiss him,
as much as I want,
from his kisses,
I would die!

Sun and Love

The sun joyfully
taps at your windows;
Love very softly taps at your heart,
And they are both calling you.
The sun says Oh sleeper,
show yourself for you are beautiful!
Love says Sister,
with your first thought
Think of the one who loves you!
To Paganini, Puccini

To Die?

To die? And who knows
what is life?
Is it this one that opens,
shining and pure,
to the charms, the loves, the hopes,
or is it the one that in renunciations
has dozed off?
Is the bashful and calm simplicity
that is handed down as a warning,
like a secret of a secret life
so that everyone can
reach his goal,
or rather the lively flash
of new dreams over jaded dreams,
and the overwhelmed peace
and the inexhaustible
faith you need to have
in order to desire?
There, I don't know. But you who are
on the other side, on the vast shore
where the flower of life blossoms
I am sure you know.

Canto d'Anime

Fuggon gli anni
gli inganni e le chimere
Cadon recisi i fiori e le speranze
In vane e tormentose disianze
Svaniscono le mie brevi primavere.
Ma vive e canta ancora forte e solo
Nelle notti del cuore un ideale
Siccome in alta notte siderale
Inneggia solitario l'usignolo.
Canta, canta ideal tu solo forte
E dalle brume audace
eleva il vol lassù,
A sfidar l'oblio l'odio la morte
Dove non son tenebre
e tutto è sol!
Tutto è sol! Tutto è sol!

Senza Mamma

Senza mamma, o bimbo,
tu sei morto!
Le tue labbra, senza i baci miei,
scoloriron, fredde, fredde!
E chiudesti, o bimbo,
gli occhi belli!
Non potendo carezzarmi,
le manine
componesti in croce!
E tu sei morto senza sapere
quanto t'amava
questa tua mamma!
Ora che sei un angelo del cielo,
ora tu puoi vederla la tua mamma,
Tu puoi scendere
giù pel firmamento
ed aleggiare intorno a me ti sento.
Se qui, mi baci
e m'accarezzi.
Ah! Dimmi, quando
in ciel potrò vederti?
Quando potrò baciarti?
Oh! dolce fine d'ogni mio dolore
quando in cielo
con te potrò salire?
Quando potrò morire?
Dillo alla mamma,
creatura bella,
con un leggero scintillar di stella.
Parlami, amore, amor!

Song of the Souls

The years, the deceptions,
and the illusions flee
flowers and hopes fall, cut down
in vain and tormented desires
my brief springs vanish.
But strong and alone still lives and sings
one ideal in the dark nights of my heart
like in the deep, stary night.
a solitary nightingale sings praises
Sing, sing you solitary, strong ideal
and from the mist, boldly
take flight upward,
to challenge oblivion, hatred, death
where there are no shadows
and all is light
All is light! All is light!

Without a mother

Without a mother, oh child,
you died!
Your lips, without my kisses,
they paled, turned cold!
And you closed, oh child,
your beautiful eyes!
Not being able to caress me,
your little hands
you have laid in a cross!
And you died without knowing
how much I loved you
this your mother!
Now that you are an angel in heaven,
now you can see her, your mother,
you can descend downward
through the firmament
and hovering around me, I feel you.
You are here, me you kiss,
and me you caress.
Ah! Tell me, when
in heaven will I be able to see you?
When will I be able to kiss you?
Oh sweet end to all my sorrows,
when will I be able to
ascend to heaven with you?
When will I be able to die?
Tell it to your mother,
beautiful creature,
with the light sparkle of a star.
Speak to me, my love!

Nell

Ta rose de pourpre à ton clair soleil,
O Juin, étincelle enivree,
Penche aussi vers moi ta coupe dorée:
Mon coeur 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.
O mon coeur, 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 coeur,
en mon coeur charmé!
La chantante mer. Le long du rivage,
Taira son murmure éternel,
Avant qu'en mon coeur, chère amour.
Ô Nell, ne fleurisse plus ton image!

Soir

Voici que les jardins de la nuit
vont fleurir.
Les lignes, les couleurs,
les sons deviennent vagues;
Vois! le dernier rayon
agonise à tes bagues,
Ma soeur, entends-tu pas
quelque chose mourir?
Mets sur mon front tes mains fraîches
comme une eau pure,
Mets sur mes yeux tes mains douces
comme des fleurs,
Et que mon âme où vit
le goût secret des pleurs.
Soit comme un lys fidèle et pâle
à ta ceinture!
C'est la pitié
qui pose ainsi son doigt sur nous,
Et tout ce que la terre
a de soupirs qui montent,
Il semble, qu'à mon coeur enivré,
le racontent Tes yeux levés au ciel,
si tristes et si doux.

Nell

Your purple rose in your bright sun
Oh June, is sparking as if intoxicated;
Lean over me too with your golden cup
my heart resembles your rose.
Under the soft shelter of a shady bough
A sigh of pleasure rises up
More than one ring-pigeon
sings in the woods
oh my heart! It's amorous lament.
How sweet your pearl is,
in the flame red sky
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 in my heart, dear love,
Oh Nell, your image will stop
blossoming!

Soir

It is here that the gardens of the night
come to blossom.
The lines, the colours,
the sounds become vague;
See, the last ray
drags its sleeves,
My sister, do you not hear
something dying?
Place your fresh hands on my face
like pure water,
Place your gentle hands like flowers
over my eyes,
And that my soul, where lives
a secret taste for tears,
may hang, like a pale and faithful lily,
at your waist.
It is pity
that thus places his finger upon us,
and all that earth
has of mounting sighs,
it seems, to my intoxicated soul,
your eyes raised to the sky
so sad, and so gentle.

Fleur Jetée

Emporte ma folie
Au gré du vent,
Fleur en chantant cueillie
Et jetée en revant,
Emporte ma folie
Au gré du vent
Comme la fleur fauchée
Périt l'amour
La main qui t'a touchée
Fuit ma main sans retour.
Comme la fleur fauchée
Périt l'amour.
Que le vent qui te sèche
O pauvre fleur,
Tout à l'heure si fraîche
Et demain sans couleur,
Que le vent qui te sèche,
Sèche mon cœur!

Castoff Flower

Carry away my madness,
At the pleasure of the wind,
Flower gathered while singing
And thrown away while dreaming.
Carry away my madness
At the pleasure of the wind!
Like the mown flower,
Love perishes,
The hand that touched you
Shuns my hand forever.
Like the mown flower
Love perishes!
May the wind that dries you out,
O poor flower,
So fresh a little while ago,
And tomorrow with no color,
May the wind that dries you out,
Dry out my heart!

The Year's at the Spring

The year's at the spring, And day's at the morn; Morning's at seven; The hill-side's
dew-pearl'd; The lark's on the wing; The snail's on the thorn; God's in
His heaven-- All's right with the world!

Ah, Love, but a day!

Ah, Love, but a day, And the world has changed! The sun's away, And the bird
estranged; The wind has dropped, And the sky's deranged; Summer has
stopped. Look in my eyes! Wilt thou change too? Should I fear
surprise? Shall I find aught new In the old and dear, In the good and
true, With the changing year

I Send My Heart Up to Thee!

I send my heart up to thee, all my heart In this my singing, For the stars help me,
and the sea, and the sea bears part; The very night is clinging Closer
to Venice' streets to leave on space Above me, whence thy face May
light my joyous heart to thee, to thee its dwelling place,