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Junior Recital: Anna Kimble, mezzo-soprano

Anna Kimble

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Program

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

George Frederic Händel
(1685-1759)

Clair de Lune

Camille Saint-Saëns
(1835-1921)

Clair de Lune
Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Clair de Lune
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!

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

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

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!

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

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 frèle image m'apparait  
Et chemine avec moi sans trève.

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

Et ces larmes, sont ce les miennes  
Que j'entends couler doucement?  
Qu'à mes côtés en pleurs, tu viennes?

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.

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?

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

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

Parlo d’amor vegliando,
Parlo d’amor sognando,
All’acqua, all’ombra, ai monti,
Ai fiori, all’erbe, ai fonti,
All’eco, all’aria, ai venti,
Che il suon de’ vani accenti
Portano via con se.

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

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
Now I am on fire, no I am of ice,
Ogni donna cangia di colore
Every woman makes me blush,
Ogni donna mi fa palpitar.
Every woman makes me tremble.

Solo ai nomi d’amor di diletto
At the words love alone, with delight
Mi si turbà, mi s’altera il petto
I am disturbed, and my chest pounds,
E a parlare mi s’forza d’amore
And I am forced to speak of love
Un desio ch’io non posso spiegar.
by a desire that I cannot explain.

Parlo d’amor vegliando,
I speak of love while awake
Parlo d’amor sognando,
I speak of love while dreaming
to the water, to the shade, to the mountains,
All’acqua, all’ombra, ai monti,
to the flowers, to the grass, to the fountains,
Ai fiori, all’erbe, ai fonti,
to the echo, to the air, to the winds
All’eco, all’aria, ai venti,
which carry away with them
Che il suon de’ vani accenti
the sound of my futile words
Portano via con se.

E se non ho chi m’oda,
And if no one listens,
Parlo d’amor con me!
I’ll speak of love to myself!
Voi, che sapete
Voi, che sapete che cosa è 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,r
Ch’ora e diletto, ch’ora e martir.
Gelo e poi sento l’alma avvampar.
E in un momento torno a gelar.
Rricerco 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 così.

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.
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 schweiget die Nacht. 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 schweiget 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, To escort his beloved home,
Führt sie am Weidengebüsche vorbei, He guides her past the willow bushes,
Redet so viel und so mancherlei: 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, As fast as we once came together;
Scheidet mit Regen und scheidet 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: "Our love it shall not dissolve!
"Unsere Liebe sie trennt sich nicht!" Firm is the steel and the iron as well,
Fest ist der Stahl und das Eisen gar sehr, Yet our love is firmer still.
Unsere Liebe ist fester noch mehr. Iron and steel, one forges them to make other things,
Eisen und Stahl, man schmiedet sie um, But our love, who could transform it?
Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt sie um? Iron and steel, can rust and decay;
Eisen und Stahl, sie können zergehn, Our love, our love will have to last forever!
Unsere Liebe muß ewig bestehn!"
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

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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