



The University of Nevada Las Vegas  
College of Fine Arts  
Department of Music

Presents

# A FESTSCHRIFT RECITAL

Celebrating Dr. Carol Kimball's  
36 years at  
The University of Nevada, Las Vegas  
1972-2008  
and  
to honor her retirement  
from the Department of Music.

Saturday, 29 March 2008  
7:00 P.M.  
Doc Rando Recital Hall  
Beam Music Center

## Tonight's Artists and Distinguished Guests

The program tonight features members of the UNLV vocal faculty, colleagues, and students and former students of Carol Kimball.

### The UNLV Vocal Faculty:

Dr. Tod Fitzpatrick, baritone  
Dr. Alfonse Anderson, tenor  
Professor Christine Seitz, soprano  
Professor David Weiller,  
Director of Choral Studies

Juline Barol-Gilmore, mezzo-soprano  
D.M.A. program, UNLV  
Serdar Ilban, baritone  
D.M.A. program, UNLV  
Michael Cochran, tenor  
Arsenia Soto, soprano

Veera Khare Asher, soprano

D.M.A. program, UNLV

Polya Bankova, pianist

Nevada School of the Arts; M.M., UNLV.

Dr. Wanda Brister, mezzo-soprano

Voice faculty, Florida State University; D.M.A. UNLV

Jennifer Bryant, soprano

M.M., UNLV; post-graduate studies in voice

Dr. Judith Cloud, mezzo-soprano, composer

Voice faculty, Coordinator of Vocal Studies; Northern Arizona University,  
Artist-in-residence

Jeanette Fontaine, mezzo-soprano

B.M., M.M., UNLV; D.M.A. program, University of South Carolina

Debra Greschner, soprano

Vocal faculty Lamar University; M.M., UNLV; book reviewer *The Journal of Singing*

Dr. Jennifer Grim, flute

Music faculty, UNLV; Director, flute program

Carolyn Villavicencio Grossmann, pianist

M.M., piano, UNLV. Adjunct piano faculty, UNLV.

Amy Hunsaker, soprano

D.M.A. program, UNLV

Lori Laitman, distinguished American composer, Artist-in-residence

Dr. Robert Mills, pianist

Artist-in-Residence; Music faculty, Arizona State University - Lyric Opera coach/accompanist.

Valeria Ore, mezzo-soprano

B. M., piano; M.M., piano/voice, UNLV

Debra Siebert, mezzo-soprano

D.M.A. program, UNLV

Roza Tulyaganova, soprano

B.M., UNLV; M.M. Manhattan School of Music; D.M.A. program,  
Manhattan School of Music

Eric Whitacre, composer

B.M., UNLV; M.M. The Juilliard School; UNLV Outstanding Alumni Award;  
Grammy Award nominee

Garold Whisler, pianist. UNLV Outstanding Alumni Award

Formerly with New Orleans Opera Company, Virginia Opera

- PROGRAM -

Sonnet

Chris DeBlasio  
(1959-1993)

Judith Cloud, mezzo-soprano  
Robert Mills, piano

- REMARKS – Dr. Kenneth Hanlon, Professor of Music -

Les roses d'Ispahan

Fantoches (from *Fêtes galantes I*)

Gabriel Fauré  
(1845-1924)

Debra Greschner, soprano  
Robert Mills, piano

Seien wir wieder gut (from *Ariadne auf Naxos*)

Richard Strauss  
(1864-1949)

Wanda Brister, mezzo-soprano  
Robert Mills, piano

Rivolgete a lui lo sguardo (from *Così fan tutte*)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

Serdar Ilban, baritone  
Robert Mills, piano

Apparition

Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

Jennifer Bryant, soprano  
Robert Mills, piano

C (from *Fêtes galantes*)

Voyage à Paris (from *Banalités*)

Francis Poulenc  
(1899-1963)

Arsenia Soto, soprano  
Carolyn Villavicencio Grossmann, piano

Fylgia  
I skogen

Wilhelm Stenhammar  
(1871-1927)

Debra Siebert, mezzo-soprano  
Robert Mills, piano

Svegliatevi nel core (from *Giulio Cesare*)

George Frideric Handel  
(1675-1759)

Jeanette Fontaine, mezzo-soprano  
Robert Mills, piano

\* *Quatre mélodies de Ronsard*

Quand je te vois, seule....  
Bonjour, mon cœur  
À sa guitare  
Je suis homme, né pour mourir

Judith Cloud  
(b. 1954)

Tod Fitzpatrick, baritone  
Robert Mills, piano

\*Written for and dedicated to Carol Kimball. First performance

**Sure on This Shining Night**

Samuel Barber  
(1910-1981)

Christine Seitz, soprano  
Carolyn Villavicencio Grossmann, piano

- INTERMISSION -

- REMARKS: Jonathan Good, Department of Music Chair -

**Last Night the Rain Spoke to Me** (from *Early Snow*)

Lori Laitman  
(b. 1955)

Veera Khare Asher, soprano  
Carolyn Villavicencio Grossmann, piano

\* **The Silver Swan**

Lori Laitman

Juline Barol-Gilmore, mezzo-soprao  
Jennifer Grim, flute  
Lori Laitman, piano

\* Written for and dedicated to Carol Kimball. First performance

\* **Dreaming**

Lori Laitman

Veera Khare Asher, soprano; Juline Barol-Gilmore, mezzo-soprano,  
Alfonse Anderson, tenor; Serdar Ilban, baritone  
Lori Laitman, piano

\*First performance of the quartet version of this song

- REMARKS: Professor Virko Baley, Distinguished Professor of Music -

La rosa y el sauce

Carlos Guastavino  
(1912-2000)

Amy Hunsaker, soprano  
Polya Bankova, piano

To bylo ranyeyu vesnoy

Piotr Tchaikovsky  
(1840-1893)

Michael Cochran, tenor  
Carolyn Villavicencio Grossmann, piano

Ne poy. krasavitsa, pri mne  
Zdes' khorosho

Sergey Rakhmaninov  
(1873-1943)

Roza Tulyaganova, soprano  
Garold Whisler, piano

Zabyt' tak skoro

Piotr Tchaikovsky

Valeria Ore, mezzo-soprano  
Garold Whisler, piano

Nessun dorma (from *Turandot*)

Giacomo Puccini  
(1858-1924)

Alfonse Anderson, tenor  
Garold Whisler, piano

Five Hebrew Love Songs

Eric Whitacre  
(b. 1970)

Temuná  
Kalá kallá  
Lárov  
Éyze shéleg!  
Rakút

The UNLV Chamber Chorale:

Kailee Ann Albitz, Stephen D. Bachicha, Michael Elliot, Grant Davis, April Rose Drohn, Rachel Espil, Edina Flaathen, Alanna E. Gallo, Daniel Joly, Andy Kim, Cecilia López, Tim Mellon, Amanda J. Mura, Maureen Seymour, Brandon Teal, Christina Williams, Michael P. Woxland

David Weiller, conductor  
Valeria Ore, piano

- Texts and Translations -

Sonnet

I am in need of music that would flow  
Over my fretful, feeling finger-tips,  
Over my bitter-tainted, trembling lips,  
With melody, deep, clear, and liquid-slow.  
Oh, for the healing swaying, old and low,  
Of some song sung to rest the tired dead,  
A song to fall like water on my head,  
And over quivering limbs, dream flushed to glow!

There is a magic made by melody:  
A spell of rest, and quiet breath, and cool  
Heart, that sinks through fading colors deep  
To the subaqueous stillness of the sea,  
And floats forever in a moon-green pool,  
Held in the arms of rhythm and of sleep.

- Elizabeth Bishop

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Les roses d'Ispahan

Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur gaine de mousse,  
Les jasmines de Mossoul, les fleurs de l'oranger  
Ont un parfum moins frais, ont une odeur moins douce,  
O blanche Leïlah, que ton soufflé léger.

Ta lèvre est de corail, et ton rire léger  
Sonne mieux que l'eau vive et d'une voix plus douce,  
Mieux que le vent joyeux qui berce l'oranger,  
Mieux que l'oiseau qui chante au bord d'un nid  
de mousse....

O Leïlah! Depuis que de leur vol léger  
Tous les baisers ont fui de ta lèvre si douce,  
Il n'est plus de parfum dans le pale oranger,  
Ni de céleste arôme aux roses dans leur mousse...

Oh! que ton jeune amour, ce papillon léger,  
Reviennne vers mon cœur d'une aile prompte et douce,  
Et qu'il parfume encor les fleurs de l'oranger,  
Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur gaine de mousse!

- Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle

The Roses of Isfahan

The roses of Isfahan in their mossy sheaths  
The jasmines of Mosul, the orange blossom  
Have a fragrances less fresh and a scent less sweet,  
O pale Leilah, than your soft breath!

Your lips of coral and your light laughter  
Rings brighter and sweeter than running water,  
Than the blithe wind rocking the orange-tree boughs,  
Than the singing bird by its mossy nest...

O Leilah, ever since on light wings  
All kisses have flown from your sweet lips,  
The pale orange-tree fragrance is spent,  
And the heavenly scent of moss-clad roses.

Oh! may your young love, that airy butterfly,  
Wing swiftly and gently to my heart once more,  
To scent again the orange blossom,  
The roses of Isfahan in their mossy sheaths!

### Fantoches

Scaramouche et Pulcinella  
Qu'un mauvais dessein rassembla  
Gesticulent, noirs sous la lune.

Cependant l'excellent docteur  
Bolonais cueille avec lenteur  
Des simples parmi l'herbe brune.

Lors sa fille, piquant minois,  
Sous la charmille, en tapinois,  
Se glisse, demi-nue, en quête  
De son beau pirate espagnol,  
Dont un amoureux rossignol  
Clame la détresse à tue-tête.

- Paul Verlaine

### Marionettes

Scaramouche and Pulcinella,  
Drawn together by some evil scheme,  
Gesticulate, black beneath the moon.

Meanwhile the excellent doctor  
From Bologna is leisurely picking  
Medicinal herbs in the brown grass.

Then his daughter, pertly pretty,,  
Beneath the arbor, stealthily,  
Glides, half-naked, in quest  
Of her handsome Spanish pirate,  
Whose grief a lovelorn nightingale  
Proclaims as loudly as he can.

-Translations above by Richard Stokes

In: Johnson, *The French Song Companion*

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### Seien wir wieder gut. The Composer's aria from *Ariadne auf Naxos*

#### *Der Komponist:*

Seien wir wieder gut.  
Ich sehe jetzt alles mit anderen Augen!  
Die Tiefen des Daseins sind unermesslich!  
Mein lieber Freund!  
Es gibt manches auf der Welt,  
Das läßt sich nicht sagen.  
Die Dichter unterlegen ja recht gute Worte,  
Jedoch—Mut ist in mir, Mut, Freund!  
Die Welt ist lieblich  
Und nicht fürchterlich dem Mutigen.  
Was ist denn Musik?  
Musik ist eine heilige Kunst, zu versammeln  
alle Arten von Mut wie Cherubim  
um einen strahlenden Thron,  
und darum ist sie die heilige unter dem Künsten!  
Die heilige Musik!

- Hugo von Hofmannsthal

#### *The Composer:*

Let's make up!  
I see everything differently now!  
Who can understand the depths of existence?  
My dear friend,  
There is not much in the world  
That cannot be put into words.  
Poets set down excellent words, yes, excellent  
And yet—I am filled with courage, my friend  
The world is delightful  
And not fearful to the bold man.  
What is music, then?  
Music is a sacred art,  
that brings together all men of courage,  
like cherubim around a shining throne,  
and for this reason it is the most holy of the arts!  
Holy music!

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### Rivolgete a lui lo sguardo. Guglielmo's aria from *Così fan tutte*

#### *Guglielmo:*

(a Fiordiligi)

Rivolgete a lui lo sguardo  
e vedrete come sta :  
tutto dice: "Io gelo, io ardo  
idol mio, pietà, pieta."

(a Dorabella)

E voi, cara, un sol momento  
il bel ciglio a me volgete,  
e nel mio ritroverete  
quel che labbro dir non sa.

#### *Guglielmo:*

(to Fiordiligi)

Turn your gaze on him  
and you will see how he is;  
everything says: "I freeze, I burn,  
my idol, have pity, have pity."

(to Dorabella)

And you, dear, for only a moment  
turn your lovely eyes to me,  
and in mine you will discover  
what these lips cannot say.

Un Orlando innamorato  
non è niente mio confronto;  
un Medoro il sen piagato  
verso lui per nulla io conto.  
Son di foco i miei sospiri  
Son di bronzo i suoi desiri.  
Se si parla poi di metro  
certo io sono, ed egli è certo  
che gli uguali non si trovano  
da Vienna al Canadà.

Siam due Cresi per ricchezza,  
due Narcisi per bellezza;  
in Amor i Marcantoni  
verso noi sarian buffoni.  
Siam più forti d'un Ciclopo,  
letterati al par di Esopo  
Se balliamo, un Pich ne cede,  
sì gentil e snello è il piede.

Se cantiam col trillo solo  
Facciam torto all'usignolo,  
e qualch'altro capitale  
abbiam poi che alcun non sa.

*(Le ragazze partajo con collera.  
Guglielmo, con sommo giubilo)*  
Bella, bella, tengon sodo,  
se ne vanno ed io ne godo!  
Eroine di costanza,  
Specchi son di fedeltà

-Libretto by Lorenzo da Ponte

### Apparition

La lune s'attristait. Des séraphins en pleurs  
Rêvant, l'archet aux doigts, dans le calme des fleurs  
Vaporeuses, tiraient de mourantes violes  
De blancs sanglots glissant sur l'azur des corolles.  
—C'était le jour béni de ton premier baiser.  
Ma songerie aimant à me martyriser  
S'enivrait savamment du parfum de tristesse  
Que même sans regret et sans déboire laisse  
La cueillaison d'un Rêve au cœur qui l'a cueilli.

J'errais donc, l'œil rivé sur le pavé vieilli.  
Quand avec du soleil aux cheveux, dans la rue  
Et dans le soir, tu m'es en riant apparue  
Et j'ai cru voir la fée au chapeau de clarté  
Qui jadis sur mes beaux sommeils d'enfant gate  
Passait, laissant toujours de ses mains mal fermées  
Neiger de blancs bouquets d'étoiles parfumées.

- Stéphane Mallarmé

An impassioned Orlando  
is nothing compared to me'  
A Medoro with wounded heart  
Against him, I count as nothing.  
My sighs are flames,  
His desire is of bronze.  
If we were speaking of merits  
I am certain, and he is certain  
that no equals can be found  
from Vienna to Canada.

For riches we are both Croesus  
for beauty both Narcissus;  
in love, Mark Anthony  
compared to us would look foolish.  
We are stronger than a Cyclops,  
in writing, Aesop's equals.  
If we dance, Pick yields to us  
so gentle and nimble are our steps.

If we sing, with one single trill  
we'd put the nightingale to shame;  
and we have other assets  
that are known to no one.

*(The Ladies leave angrily.  
Guglielmo, with great joy)*  
Good, good, they hold firm,  
They are gone and I am joyful!  
Heroines of constancy,  
Images of faithfulness.

- Trans. by Serdar Ilban

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### Apparition

The moon was saddened. Seraphim in tears  
dreaming, bows at their fingers, in the calm of filmy flowers  
Threw dying violas of white sobs  
sliding over the blue of corollas.  
It was the blessed day of your first kiss;  
My reverie, loving to torture me,  
wisely imbibed its perfume of sadness  
That even without regret and without setback  
leaves the gathering of a dream within the heart that  
gathered it.

I wandered then, my eye riveted on the aged cobblestones  
When, with light in your hair, in the street  
and in the evening you appeared to me smiling  
and I thought I had seen the fairy with a hat of light  
who passed in my sweet dreams as a spoiled child  
always dropping from her carelessly closed hand  
a snow of white bouquets of perfumed stars.

- Trans. by Laura Claycomb



C \*

J'ai traversé les ponts de Cé  
C'est là, que tout a commencé  
Une chanson des temps passés  
Parle d'un chevalier blessé

D'une rose sur la chaussée  
Et d'un corsage délacé  
Du château d'un duc insensé  
Et des cygnes dans les fossés

De la prairie où vient danser  
Une éternelle fiancée  
Et j'ai bu comme un lait glacé  
Le long lai des gloires faussées

La Loire emporte mes pensées  
Avec les voitures versées  
Et les armes désamorçées  
Et les larmes mal effacés  
O ma France ô ma délaissée  
J'ai traversé les ponts de Cé.

- Louis Aragon

\*Les Ponts-de-Cé, near Angers, have been the scene of repeated conflicts from the Roman period on. In May 1940 thousands of French men and women fled over the bridge to escape the advancing Germans. (from: Johnson, *The French Song Companion*)

Voyage à Paris

Ah! la charmante chose  
Quitter un pays morose  
Pour Paris  
Paris joli  
Qu'un jour  
Dut créer l'Amour  
- Guillaume Apollinaire

Fylgia

Fylgia, Fylgia, fly mig ej,  
när jag drags av det låga mot dyn,  
du skygga, förnäma, sky mig ej,  
när med lumpna tankar jag skimmer din veka gestalt,  
som svävar i skönhet och stjärnglans  
och drömmar av ljus för min syn  
så nära mig, men så fjärran dock  
som den fjärran, fjärran skyn  
du eftertrådda, du oåtkomliga,  
du flicka av skönhetslängtan,  
du väsen i dräkt av livets skiraste silverskir  
med lyckliga drag och kärlekens skäraste  
törnrosskimmer i hyn.  
Fylgia, Fylgia, fly mig ej,  
du skygga, förnäma, sky mig ej,

C.

I have crossed the bridges of Cé  
it is there that it all began  
a song of bygone days  
tells of a wounded knight

of a rose on the carriage-way  
and an unlaced bodice  
of the castle of a mad duke  
and swans on the moats

of the meadow where comes dancing  
an eternal betrothed  
and I drank like iced milk  
the long lay of false glories

The Loire carries my thoughts away  
with the overturned cars  
and the unprimed weapons  
and the ill-dried tears  
O my France o my forsaken France  
I have crossed the bridges of Cé.

Trip to Paris

Ah! how charming  
To leave a dreary place  
for Paris  
delightful Paris  
that once upon a time  
Love must have created  
- Translations above by Winifred Radford  
In: Bernac: *The Interpretation of French Song*

Guiding spirit

O guiding spirit, fleet me not,  
when I am drawn to darkness,  
o noble shadow, leave me not,  
when my lowly thoughts blot out your purity,  
floating in beauty and starlight  
and with dreams of light before my eyes  
so near me, but yet so far away  
like the distant, distant sky,  
so sought after, so inaccessible,  
o maiden, aching and yearning for beauty,  
o being, wrapped in life's finest shimmering silver cloth  
with happy features and with skin like  
shimmering roses.  
O guiding spirit, flee me not,  
o noble shadow, leave me not,

du skygga, förnäma, sky mig ej,  
du min skönhetslängtan  
du som mot dagens sorger  
är min skyddande tröst i nattens syn!  
-Gustaf Fröding

### I skogen

Kärt är att råka dig, nattviol,  
där blek du star ibland gräsen  
och suckar ut efter sjunken sol  
din doft, ditt innersta väsen.

Ljuvt är att höra din sang, du trast,  
där högst I granen på spaning  
da jublar ut under kvällens rast  
om morgonrodnad din aning.

Men lär mig, nattviol, blid som din,  
en sorg, när fröjd har gått under!  
Trast, lär mig tolka så glad som din,  
min tro på ljusare stunder!

- Albert Theodor Gellerstedt

### Svegliatevi nel core. Sesto's aria from *Giulio Cesare*

Svegliatevi nel core.  
furie d'un alma offesa  
a far d'un traditor  
aspra vendetta!  
L'ombra del genitore  
accorre a mia difesa,  
e dice: "a te il rigor,  
Figlio si aspetta."

### Quatre mélodies de Ronsard

I.

Quand je te vois, seule, assise, à par toi,  
Toute amusée avecque ta pensée,  
La tête un peu encontre bas baissée  
Te retirant du vulgaire et de moi,

Je veux souvent, pour romper ton émoi,  
Te saluer, mais ma voix offensée  
de trop de peur se retient amassée  
Dedans ma bouche et me laisse tout coi.

Souffrir ne puis les rayons de ta vue,  
Craintive au corps mon âme tremble émue,  
Langue ni voix ne font leur action.

Seuls mes soupirs, seul mon triste visage  
Parlent pour moi, et telle passion  
De mon amour donne assez témoignage.

you, my aching yearning for beauty,  
who in my sorrow-filled day  
Are my comforting protection against the darkness  
of night.

- Trans. by Susan Mackervoy

### In the Forest

O wild, white orchid, how lovely to meet you,  
standing in the grass  
sighing forth your perfume,  
your innermost being, at sunset.

O thrush, how wonderful to hear your song  
as you sit in a high fir tree, looking around  
in the evening, shouting out with joy  
At the dawn that you feel coming.

Teach me, wild white orchid, to embrace sorrow  
patiently as you when all joy has ended!  
Thrush, teach me to sing as happily as you  
Of my faith in happier times!

Trans. by Jerome Lester

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Awaken in my heart  
the wrath of an offended soul,  
so I may wreak upon a traitor  
My bitter vengeance!  
The ghost of my father  
hastens to my defense,  
saying: "From you,  
my son, strength is expected."

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### Four songs of Ronsard

I.

When I see you sitting all by yourself,  
engrossed in your thoughts,  
with your head somewhat lowered,  
withdrawn from the crowd and from me,

then I often want to greet you, to interrupt  
your moodiness; but my weakened voice,  
excessively fearful, stays back  
in my mouth, leaving me mute.

I cannot stand the brilliance of your appearance;  
my soul quivers timorously in my body;  
my tongue and voice do not function.

Only my sighs, only my sad face  
speak for me; and such passion  
gives sufficient evidence of my love.

- Trans. by Peter Low

## II.

Bonjour mon cœur,  
 Bonjour ma douce vie,  
 Bonjour mon œil  
 Bonjour ma chère amie!

Hé! bonjour, ma toute belle,  
 Ma mignardise,  
 Bonjour, mes délices,  
 Mon amour,  
 Mon doux printemps,  
 Ma douce fleur nouvelle,  
 Mon doux plaisir,  
 Ma douce colombelle,  
 Mon passereau, ma gente tourterelle!  
 Bonjour ma douce rebelle.

## III.

Ma guitare, je te chante,  
 Par qui seule je déçois,  
 Je déçois, je romps, j'enchanté  
 Les amours que je reçois.

Au son de ton harmonie  
 Je rafraîchis ma chaleur,  
 Ma chaleur, flamme infinie,  
 Naissante d'un beau malheur.

## IV.

Je suis homme, né pour mourir  
 Je suis bien sûr que du trépas  
 Je ne me saurais secourir  
 Que poudre je n'aille là-bas.  
 Je connais bien les ans que j'ai;  
 Mais ceux qui me doivent venir,  
 Bons ou mauvais, je ne les sais,  
 Ni quand mon âge doit finir.

Pour ce fuyez-vous-en, émoi,  
 Qui rongez mon cœur à tous coups,  
 Fuyez-vous-en bien loin de moi,  
 Je n'ai que faire avecque vous.  
 Au moins avant que trépasser,  
 Que je puisse à mon aise un jour  
 Jouer, sauter, rire et danser  
 Avecque Bacchus et Amour.

## II.

Good day, my heart;  
 Good day, my charming maiden!  
 Good day, my own!  
 Good day, my flower, love laden!

Ah, good day, my gentle sweetheart,  
 My nymph enchanting, good day,  
 Mine eyes' delight, my dear love.  
 My tender bud, my fresh and gentle spring  
 flower,  
 My singing bird, my turtle dove in rose  
 bower,  
 My winsome maid, my heart's delight and  
 longing.  
 Good day, my sweet, my tyrant love.

- Trans. by Miriam Chase

## III.

My guitar, I sing to you  
 Whom alone I disappoint  
 I disappoint, I break, I enchant  
 The loves that I receive.

At the sound of your harmony  
 I refresh my warmth  
 My warmth, an infinite flame  
 Born of a beautiful unhappiness.

- Trans. by Victoria de Menil

## IV.

I am a man born to die.  
 I am certain that  
 I cannot save myself from death,  
 from descending into death.  
 Well I know the years I have had,  
 but those that are to come,  
 good or bad, I do not know,  
 nor when my age shall end.

Flee, confusion  
 that gnaws at my heart at all costs.  
 Flee far from me.  
 I have nothing to do with you,  
 unless, before I die,  
 some day I may  
 play and jump, laugh and dance,  
 with Bacchus and Love.

- Trans. by Faith Cormier

### Sure On This Shining Night

Sure on this shining night of star-made shadows 'round  
Kindness must watch for me this side the ground.  
The late year lies down the North  
All is healed, all is health.  
High summer holds the earth  
Hearts all whole.  
Sure on this shining night I weep for wonder  
Wand'ring far alone, of shadows on the stars.

- James Agee

### *- INTERMISSION -*

#### Last Night the Rain Spoke to Me

Last night  
the rain  
spoke to me  
slowly, saying,

what joy  
to come falling  
out of the brisk cloud,  
to be happy again

in a new way  
on the earth!  
That's what it said  
as it dropped,

smelling of iron,  
and vanished  
like a dream of the ocean  
into the branches

and the grass below.  
Then it was over.  
the sky cleared.  
I was standing

under a tree.  
The tree was a tree,  
with happy leaves,  
and I was myself,

and there were stars in the sky  
that were also themselves  
at the moment,  
at which moment

my right hand  
was holding my left hand  
which was holding the tree  
which was filled with stars

and the soft rain—  
imagine! Imagine  
the long and wondrous journeys  
still to be ours.

- Mary Oliver

### The Silver Swan

The silver swan, who living had no note,  
When death approach'd, unlock'd her silent throat;  
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,  
Thus sung her first and last, and sung no more.  
Farewell, all joys, O Death, come close mine eyes;  
More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.

- Orlando Gibbons

**Composer's note:** When I first began composing for voice, my friend and colleague, Lauren Wagner, encouraged me to write a funny encore song. The result was *Dreaming*. This is one of the few songs for which I wrote my own lyrics. — Lori Laitman

Dreaming

Some prefer coffee  
Some prefer tea  
Some prefer chocolate  
But not me

The one thing that we truly savor  
Doesn't come in any flavor.

The item that we really crave  
Starts with "R" and ends with "ave"  
So much fun to clip and save  
We're dreaming of a great review!

Big fat titles, dark and bold  
Surely worth my weight in gold,  
So sweet to hug and hold,  
We're dreaming of a great review!

Ooh, it gives me such a thrill to read that  
I possess a voice so captivating and rare,  
And to learn of all that I can do  
Sends chills right up and down my derriere!

Doesn't matter if it's true,  
Think of all that it can do,  
If it stinks, we'll down a few,  
'Cause we're dreaming of a great, first-rate review!

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La rosa y el sauce

La rosa se iba abriendo  
Abrazada al sauce,  
El arbol apasionado  
La amaba tanto!

Pero una niña una niña conquista  
Sela ha robado,  
Y el sauce desconsolado  
La está llorando.

-Francisco Silva

The rose and the willow

The rose was blooming  
near the willow  
The willow, passionately  
Loved her so much!

But a coquettish little girl  
has plucked and stolen the rose  
And the willow, devastated  
Is grieving for the rose.

To bylo ranyeyu vesnoy

To bylo ranyeyu vesnoy  
Trava edva vskhodila  
ruchi tyekli, nye paril znoi,  
i zelen roshch skvozila,  
truba pstushya po utru  
yeschyu nye pela zvonko,  
i v zavitkakh yeshchyu boru  
bil paporotnik tonki;  
to bylo ranyeyu vesnoy  
v teni beryoz to bilo,  
kogda sulibkoi predo mnoi  
ti ochi opustila...

It was in the early spring

It was in the early spring,  
the grass was barely showing,  
the stream was flowing, the air mild;  
the trees were turning green;  
In the early morning  
the shepherd's pipe as yet was silent,  
ferns were still tightly furled  
in the pinewoods.  
It was in the early spring,  
and in the shade of the birch trees  
when, with a smile,  
you lowered your eyes before me...

○ zhizn! ○ les! ○ solntsa svet!  
○ yunosta! ○ nadezhdi!  
I plakal ya pered toboi,  
na lik tvoi glyadya mili.  
To bylo ranyeyu vesnoy  
v teni beryoz to bilo!  
To bilo v utro nashikh let!  
○ schastye! ○ slyozi!  
○ lyes! ○ zhizn!  
○ solntsa svyet!  
○ svyezhi dukh beryozi!  
-Alexei Tolstoy

Ne poy, krasavitsa, pri mne  
Ne poy, krasavitsa, pri mne  
ti pesen Gruzii pechal'noy;  
napominayut mne one  
druguyju zhizn i bereg dal'nīy.

Uvī! napominayut mne  
tvoi zhestokiye napevī  
i step', i noch—i pri lune  
chertī dalyokoy, bednoy devī!

Ya prizrak milīy, rokovoy,  
tebya uvidev, zabīvayu;  
no ti poyosh—i predo mnoyj  
yevo yta vnov voobrazhayu.

Ne poy, krasavitsa, pri mne  
ti pesen Gruzii pechal'noy;  
napominayut mne one  
druguyju zhizn i bereg dal'nīy.  
- A. Pushkin

Zdes' khorosho  
Zdes' khorosho-  
Vzglani, vdali  
ognyom gorit reka;  
cvetnīm kovrom kga legli,  
beleyut oblaka.

Zdes' net lydudey..  
Zdes' tisina...  
zdes' tol'ko Bog da ya.  
Cvetī, da staraya sosna,  
da tī, mecta moya!  
-G. Galina

○ life! ○ woods! ○ sunlight!  
○ youth! ○ hopes!  
I wept before you,  
looking into your sweet face.  
It was in the early spring,  
and in the shade of the birch trees!  
It was the morning of our life!  
○ happiness! ○ tears!  
○ woods! ○ life!  
○ sunlight!  
○ fresh scent of birch trees!

\*\*\*

Oh, do not sing to me  
Oh, do not sing to me, fair maiden,  
those songs from sorrowful Georgia:  
they recall to me  
another life and distant shores.

Alas! your cruel singing  
stirs up all my memories  
of the steppes, of night, of moonlight  
shining on a poor, distant girl.

Seeing you, I can forget  
that sweet and fateful vision;  
but when you sing  
she rises up again before me.

Oh, do not sing to me, fair maiden,  
those songs from sorrowful Georgia:  
they recall to me  
another life and distant shores.  
-Trans. © Decca

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It is beautiful here  
It is beautiful here...  
Look, in the distance  
the river gleams like fire;  
the meadows are like a colorful carpet,  
white clouds sail above.

There is no-one here...  
here silence reigns...  
here I am alone with God.  
The flowers and the ancient pine,  
and you, my dream!  
-Trans. © Decca

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Zabyt' tyak skoro

Zabyt' tak skoro, bozhe moy,  
Vayo schast'e zhizni prozhitoy!  
Vse nashi vstrechi, razgovory,  
Zabyt' tak skoro, zabyt' tak skoro!

Zabyt' volnen'ya pervykh dnei,  
Svidan'ya chas v teni vetvey!  
Ochey nemye razgovory,  
Zabyt' tak skoro, zabyt' tak skoro!

Zabyt' kak polnaya luna  
Na nas glyadela iz okna,  
Kak kolykhalas' tikho shtora...  
Zabyt' tak skoro, zabyt' tak skoro, tak skoro!

Zabyt' lyubov', zabyt' mechty,  
Zabut te klyatvy pomnish' ty, pomish' ty, pomish' te?  
V nochnuyu pasmurnuyu poru,  
Zabyt' tak skoro, zaabyt' tak skoro!  
Bozhe moy!

- Aleksey Apukhtin

To forget so soon

To forget so soon, dear God,  
all the happiness of our past life!  
All our encounters, our conversations!  
To forget so soon, to forget so soon!

To forget the excitement of the first days,  
of our meetings under shady branches!  
The wordless exchange of our glances,  
To forget so soon, to forget so soon!

To forget how the full moon  
gazed at us through the window,  
how the curtain softly swayed....  
To forget so soon, to forget so soon, so soon!

To forget love, forget the dreams  
forget your vows—do you remember, do you remember?  
taken in the somber hours of night!  
To forget so soon, to forget so soon!  
Dear God!

-Anon. translator

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Nessun dorma. Calaf's aria from *Turandot*

Nessun dorma, Nessun dorma!  
Tu pure, o Principessa,  
nella tua fredda stanza,  
guardi le stelle  
che tremano d'amore e di speranza.  
Ma il mio mistero e chiuso in me,  
il nome mio nessun saprà!  
No, no, sulla tua bocca lo dirò  
quando la luce splenderà!  
Ed il mio bacio scioglierà il silenzio  
che ti fa mia!  
Dilegua, o notte!  
Tramontate, stelle!  
All'alba vincero'!

No one sleeps! No one sleeps!  
You too, O Princess!  
in your chaste room  
are watching the stars  
that tremble with love and hope!  
But my secret lies hidden within me,  
no one shall discover my name!  
Oh no, I will reveal it only on your lips,  
when daylight shines forth  
and my kiss shall break  
the silence which makes you mine!  
Depart, oh night!  
Fade away, you stars!  
At dawn I shall win!

-Trans. by Jason Siegal

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*Five Hebrew Songs*

Temuná

A picture is engraved in my heart;  
Moving between light and darkness:  
A sort of silence envelops your body,  
And your hair falls upon your face just so.

Kalá kallá

Light bride  
She is all mine,  
And lightly  
She will kiss me!

Lárov

"Mostly," said the roof to the sky,  
"the distance between you and I is endlessness;  
But a while ago two came up here,  
and only one centimeter was left between us."

Éyze shéleg!

What snow!  
Like little dreams  
Falling from the sky.

Rakút

He was full of tenderness;  
She was very hard,  
And as much as she tried to stay thus,  
Simply, and with no good reason,  
He took her into himself,  
And set her down  
In the softest, softest place.

- Hila Plitmann