University of Nevada, Las Vegas
Music Department
Faculty Recital

CAROL ANN KIMBALL
Mezzo-Soprano
with
Virko Baley, Pianist

Assisting Artists:
Serrine Corinby, viola
Loyd McDonald, cello
Mikka Beka, flute

Sunday, December 3, 1972
2 P.M.
Humanities Building
DOWLAND

Come again, sweet love doth now invite

CAMPIAN

If thou long'st so much

CAMPION

Off have I sighed

PURCELL

Music for awhile

Man is for the woman made

BRAHMS

Two Songs with Viola, Opus 91

Gestillte Sehnsucht

The forest stand steeped in evening’s golden light,
The wind gently stirs in the soft voices of the birds,
The wind and the birds whisper the world to sleep,
Desires which arise in a troubled heart,
Longing which trouble the soul,
When will you rest, when will you cease?
When my spirit no longer hastens on dreaming wings into the golden distance,
When my longing eyes are no longer fixed on the distant eternal stars.
Then the wind and the birds shall lull
My life and my longings.

Geistliches Wiegenlied

You who fly above these palm trees in the night and wind
You holy angels, silence the trees tops.
My child is asleep.
You palms of Bethlem, in the raging wind,
Do not rustle angrily, be silent.
Away softly. Silence the treetops.
My child is asleep.
The Child of Heaven suffers pain
He is weary of earth’s sorrows
Now soothed in gentle sleep, the agony leaves
Bitter cold descends.
All you angels who hover around us.
Silence the treetops, my child is asleep.

POULENC

Selections from Le Travail du Peintre (1956)

Georges Braque
A bird flies away. He rejects the clouds like a useless veil.
He has never feared the light. Enclosed in his flight he has never had a shadow.
Husks of harvest broken by the sun.
All the leaves in the wood say yes. All they can say is yes.
Any question... any answer. And the dew flows in the depth of this yes.
A man with light eyes describes the sky of love.
He gathers its marvels like leaves in a wood, like birds in their wings, and men in sleep.

Marc Chagall
Ass or cow, cock or horse, down to the skin of a violin...
singing man, a single bird, agile dancer with his wife,
Couple drenched in their springtime. The gold of the grass...
the lead of the sky... separated by blue flames of health and dew.
The blood becomes iridescent, the heart rings.
A couple... the first reflection... And in a tunnel of snow the opulent vine outlines a face with moon-like lips which has never slept at night.
III (Continued)

Juan Gris
In daylight thanks... at night beware
Of gentleness, half of the world
The other displayed blind harshness
In the veins was read a thankless present.
In the beauties of contours, limited space
Welded all the links of familiar objects
Table, guitar, and empty glass
On an acre of ground, full of white canvas,
Of nocturnal air.
Table should support itself
Lamp should remain, the seed of the shadow
Newspaper abandoning half of itself
Twice by day and twice by night
From two objects, a double object
A single whole forever and ever.

Paul Klee
On the fatal slope the traveler avails himself
Of the daylight's favor... steel and no pebbles
And his eyes blue with love discover his season
Which carries to all fingers rings of large stars.
On the beach the sea has left its ears
And the hollowed sand, the site of a beautiful crime. The torture is more severe for the executioner than for the victims.
The knives are symbols, and bullets tears.

Joan Miró
Sun of prey, prisoner of my head
Take away the hill, take away the forest
The sky is more beautiful than ever
The dragonflies of the grapes
Give it precise shapes
Which I dispel with a gesture
Clouds of the first day
Insensate clouds which nothing justifies
Their seeds burn in the straw fire of my looks
At the end, to cover itself with dawn
The sky must be as pure as the night.

Jacques Villon
Irremediable life
Life ever to be cherished
In spite of scourges and moral baseness
In spite of false stars and invading ashes.
In spite of grinding fevers, crimes waist-high
Dried up breasts, idiot brows
In spite of moral sons, in spite of dead gods
In spite of lies...
Dawn, horizon, water, bird, man, love.
Man, carefree and good, making gentle the earth
Brightening the woods, illuminating stone.
And the nocturnal rose, and the blood of the crowd.

INTERMISSION
IV
FRANK MARTIN
Quatre Sonnets à Cassandre (1921)
(from Amours de Ronsard)

I

Wherever shall desire to see how we do suppress me,
Wherever shall desire to see myself.

He flatters himself, and is so proud,
He flatters himself with my shame.

Whoever shall desire to see a youth ready
To follow in vain the object of his desire,
May he come to read me, who will see my suffering.
Of which my goddess and my god are not aware.

He will know that love is folly,
It is a daily loss.

A skin hope which comes to nourish us with wind.
And he will know that man deceives himself.

When sorely needed he accepts a blind man.
As his guide, a child as his master.

II

When Nature embalmed the lady who was to win the favor of the most
rebellious through her great kindness.
It bestowed upon her the most beautiful of features.
That for a thousand years it had kept avaricious secret.

All that Love had handed that was beautiful, chaste and honorable
Wished she might magnify.

Lo, she moved the gods with her lovely eyes,
That from heaven had shed on her so abundantly.

When I saw her, when my unslaved soul
Was all overcome by her,

Proud Destiny enrobed her upon my soul
So that, dead or alive, never shall I allow to be inscribed
Upon my heart the portrait of another lady.

III

Before your time your temples will be flecked with grey,

In a few days your end will be curtained,
And before your evening will darken your day.

Betrayed by hope, your thoughts will plunge into despair,
Without rousing you, your wounds will all
Know as the end your death.

Your spirit will be incensed by the will of love,
Your spirit will be incensed by the will of love,

And legend will turn you into the most clemency of men.
And legend will turn you into the most clemency of men.

You shall be bound upon the uncertainty of sand.
And in vain will you point to the horizon.

(Thus spake the nymph who has resolved me
To resolve myself to my word.
Made a sign to my eyes with a demurely thunderbolt.)

IV

When I see you, close, rapidly, removed,

As in a glance of your thought.

Your glance, you have turned, and I stand to one side.

Remarking from the commandment and from me,
I dream want to interrupt your love.

To greet you, but my attenuated voice.

Stricken with fear, contains itself.

To this, you have turned, and I stand to one side.

And in vain your voice will be a sigh;

In vain you will suffer the fury of your glance;

In vain you will suffer the fury of your glance;

Neither tongue nor voice execute their function.

Only my sighs, only my sad face
Speak for me, and such passion.

Of my love given ample proof.
(Translations by Thomas Graul)

V

CHARLES IVEs
The Things Our Fathers Loved
At the River
The Greatest Man
Walking

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