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Faculty Recital

Carol Ann Kimball
University of Nevada, Las Vegas

Virko Baley
University of Nevada, Las Vegas

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**University of Nevada, Las Vegas
Department of Music**

**presents
in faculty recital**

Carol Kimball
mezzo-soprano

**with
Virko Baley
pianist**

**2p.m. Sunday, October 19, 1975
Humanities Building Auditorium**

Carol Kimball, mezzo-soprano

Virko Baley, pianist

PROGRAM

I

FRANZ SCHUBERT
(1797-1828)

Im Fruhling
Die junge Nonne
Die Forelle
Der Musensohn

II

JULES MASSENET
(1842-1912)

Letter Scene from "Werther"

ERIK SATIE
(1866-1925)

Trois Melodies
La Statue de Bronze
Dapheneo
Le Chapelier

III

CHARLES IVES
(1874-1954)

The Things Our Fathers Loved
Tom Sails Away
They Are There
Richard Soule, piccolo

INTERMISSION

IV

FRANCIS POULENC
(1899-1963)

Banalites
Chanson d'Orkenise
Hotel
Voyage a Paris

V

JOHANNES BRAHMS
(1833-1897)

Zigeunerlieder, Op. 103

Song Translations and Program Notes

I

Im Fruhling (In Spring)

I sit quietly by the side of the hill and look down into the green valley where once I was so happy and in love. Now all is changed and there remains only love's pain. Would that I were a little bird in the tree there and could spend my days singing of the happiness that I once knew. (Schulz)

Die junge Nonne (The Young Nun)

Loud is the tempest and wild the night. The thunder and lightning rock the convent walls. Rage, thou storm, as once it raged in my heart. But now all is calm for there is peace at last. My bridegroom comes, the heavenly Saviour. Softly the Angelus tolls, calling like a voice from on high, to Heaven, my home. Alleluia. (Craigher)

Die Forelle (The Trout)

In a bright, clear brook the playful trout darted past, fast as an arrow, in joyful haste. I stood on shore in sweet peacefulness watching the happy little fish swimming in the clear stream. A fisherman with his rod stood on shore and coldly watched the little fish's turning and flashing. As long as the water does not lose its brightness, I thought, he will not catch the trout. But finally the thief becomes impatient, maliciously muddies the water and, before I know it, has the little fish struggling on his hook. The sight of the cheated one fills me with rage. (Schubart)

Der Musensohn (The Son of the Muses)

Rambling through the fields and woods, piping my song, here and there I go. To the lilt of the measure swaying forth, my soul overflows. Wherever I find young folk, I stir them up with my tune. Ye muses, winging my steps— Oh, when shall I ever rest again on my beloved's breast? (Goethe)

II

Letter Scene from the opera "Werther"

Charlotte at her mother's death-bed had promised to marry a family friend. She has done so and dismissed the poetic Werther who was in love with her, and she half in love with him. He still writes to her and she cannot resist poring over his letters.

Werther! Who ever could have thought he would hold such a place in my heart? Yet ever since he left, life is dreary and empty and my thoughts are always of him. His letters . . . why so often do I read them! And why so charming when they make me so unhappy! I know I should burn them, but I cannot. "I write to you here at my attic window with the cold grey of December weighing me down. I am alone! So alone!" Ah . . . he does not know a soul . . . no one to remind him of home and affection. God! How could I mistake my cruelty for courage when I sent him away! "Now merry children's cries rise to my lonely window. They make me think of days gone by when all your little throng were playing round our feet. Perhaps they have forgotten me!" No, Werther! All of them remember how fond they were of you and when you will come again. Ah! His final letter chills my heart! "Not till Christmas, you said. I cried No . . . Goodbye! And now we must make certain who was right, you or I! And if I am not to return, you must not condemn, only weep, Your gentle eyes will read this again and again and will overflow with tears of pity. And you, Charlotte, will shudder with pain!"

La Statue de Bronze (The Bronze Statue)

The frog of the game of 'tonneau' is bored at evening under the arbour; she has had enough of being a statue who prepares to utter an important word, the Word . . . she would rather be with the others who are blowing music bubbles with the soap of the moon, by the edge of the reddish-brown washhouse that can be seen yonder shining through the branches. All day they ceaselessly throw fodder of metal disks that pass through her fruitlessly and rattle down into the compartments of her numbered pedestal. And at night the insects go to bed in her mouth. (Leon-Paul Fargue)

Dapheneo*

Tell me, Dapheneo, what is that tree which has for fruit birds who weep? That tree, Chrysaline, is a bird-tree. Ah! I thought that hazel trees had hazel nuts, Dapheneo. Yes, Chrysaline, the hazel trees have hazel nuts, but the bird-trees have birds who weep. (M. God)

*This crazy little dialogue is based on the play on words produced by the liaison 'un oisetier' which makes 'oisetier' (a word which does not really exist and would mean 'bird-tree') sound like 'noisetier', which means 'hazel tree.'

Le Chapelier (The Mad Hatter)

The hatter is astonished to find that his watch is going three days slow, although he has always taken care to grease it with butter of the best quality. But he has allowed some breadcrumbs to fall into the works, and even if he tries dipping his watch in the tea, it will not make it go any faster. (Rene Chalupt)

IV

Banalites (Guillaume Apollinaire)

Chason d'Orkenise (Song of Orkenise)

Through the gates of Orkenise a carter wants to enter. Through the gates of Orkenise a tramp wants to leave.

And the town guards hasten up to the tramp:

'What are you taking away from the town?'

'I leave my whole heart there.'

And the town guards hasten up to the carter:

'What are you bringing into the town?'

'My heart to be married!'

What a lot of hearts in Orkenise! The guards laughed, laughed.

Tramp, the road is hazy, love makes the head hazy, O carter.

The fine-looking town guards knitted superbly; then the gates of the town slowly closed.

Hotel (Hotel)

My room is shaped like a cage
the sun puts its arm through the window
but I who would like to smoke
to make smoke pictures
I light at the fire of day my cigarette
I do not want to work
I want to smoke.

Voyage a Paris (Trip to Paris)

Ah! how charming
to leave a dreary place
for Paris
delightful Paris
that once upon a time love must have created.

V

Zigeunerlieder (Gypsy Songs)

1.

Ho there, Gypsy, strike the strings, play the song of the faithless maiden!
Let the strings weep, lament in sad anxiety, till the hot tears flow down these cheeks.

2.

High towering Rima waves, how turbid you are! By these banks I cry for you, my sweet! Waves are streaming and rushing to the shore, to me. Let me by the Rima banks forever weep for her!

3.

Do you know when my little one is her loveliest? When her sweet mouth teases and laughs and kisses me. Little maiden, you are mine. The good Lord created you just for me! Do you know when I like my lover best of all! When he holds me closely enfolded in his arms. Sweetheart, you are mine. The good Lord created you just for me alone!

4.

Dear God, you know how often I regretted the kiss I gave but once to my beloved. My heart commanded me to kiss him. I shall forever think of that first kiss. Dear God, you know how often at night I think of my dearest one in joy and in sorrow. Love is sweet, though bitter be remorse. My poor heart will remain ever, ever true!

5.

The bronzed young fellow leads to the dance his lovely blue-eyed maiden, boldly clanking his spurs together. A Czardas melody begins. He caresses and kisses his sweet dove, whirls her, leads her, shouts and springs about; throws three shiny silver guilders on the cymbal to make it ring!

6.

Roses three in a row bloom so red. There's no law against the lad's visiting his girl! O good Lord, if that too were forbidden, this beautiful wide world would have perished long ago. To remain single would be a sin! The loveliest city in Alfold is Ketschkemet; where abide many sweet maidens. Friends, go there to choose a little bride. Ask for her in marriage and then establish your home; then empty cups of joy!

7.

Do you sometimes recall, my sweet love, what you once vowed to me? Deceive me not, leave me not. You know not how dear you are to me! Do love me as I love you, then God's grace will descend upon you.

8.

Red clouds of evening move across the firmament. Longing for you, my sweet, my heart is afire. The heavens shine in glowing splendour, and I dreamt only of that sweet love of mine.

Carol Kimball, mezzo-soprano, has appeared as soloist with numerous chamber and recital groups throughout the Southwest. She has performed with the Las Vegas Symphony Orchestra, the UNLV Chamber Symphony and the UNLV Contemporary Music Festival. A specialist in French melodie, Mrs. Kimball has sung in many recitals and master classes of French song, including those of the noted baritone Pierre Bernac. An assistant professor of music, she teaches voice, foreign language diction for singers, vocal pedagogy and is director of the UNLV Opera Theatre. In November she will perform with the Las Vegas Chamber Players as soloist.



Virko Baley was born in Radechiv, Ukraine, U.S.S.R. A talented pianist, he has performed in recitals and as soloist throughout the United States and Europe. He originated and served as director and program chairman for the Annual Contemporary Music Festivals at UNLV. A composer and author, Baley is working on a book on Soviet Ukrainian music. His "Tropes" for piano and violoncello is a highly acclaimed work that was elected as one of three pieces to be performed in Benefit Concert during the 1972 Stratton Arts Festival in Vermont.