



University of Nevada, Las Vegas
Department of Music
presents
in faculty recital

Carol Kimball
mezzo-soprano
with
Virko Baley
pianist

2p.m. Sunday, October 20, 1974
Humanities Building Auditorium

Song Translations & Program Notes

I

Per la gloria d'adorarvi (For the love my heart doth prize)

For the love my heart doth prize, your charming eyes I adore. Love for me is pain, yet I kneel before you. It is hopeless to look for kindness or to entreat you with sighs, but who could be near you and not adore you?

O di tua man mi svena (From the touch of your hand)

From the touch of your hand I faint; with a glance from you even death becomes sweeter. Could a soul hope to go unpunished for such a sweet reward?

Le Violette (Violets)

Dewy, graceful violets. You stand timidly half hidden amid the leaves and put to shame my desires which are too presumptuous!

Illustratevi, o cieli (Shine brightly, o heavens!)

Penelope: Shine brightly, o heavens! Blossom forth, oh meadows! Little singing birds and murmuring brooks, be merry again! Verdant grasses and rippling waters, be consoled. Now, from Trojan ashes, my Phoenix is risen.

II

The Venetian songs, because of the variety of mood they reflect, constitute a genuine cycle. *En Sourdine*, in which the nightingales echo the despair of the lovers, is hushed and passionate, while *C'est l'extase* reaches a similar pitch of intensity. *Green* — which Debussy set so unforgettably — is characterized more by freshness and avoids the voluptuous *sous-bois* atmosphere of the others. *A Clymene* gives Faure an opportunity to make use of his favorite barcarolle rhythm. Of the complete set, *Mandoline* offers the highest degree of sophistication.

Mandoline (Mandolin)

The serenaders and their lovely listeners exchange sweet nothings beneath the singing branches. It is Tircis and Aminte, and the eternal Clitander, and Damis who for many a fair cruel one has written many a tender verse. Their short silken doublets, their long trailing dresses, their elegance, their joy, and their soft blue shadows whirl in the ecstasy of a pink and grey moon. And the mandolin chatters amid the quivering of the breeze.

En Sourdine (Muted)

In the silent twilight under the languorous branches, let us calmly mingle our souls, our hearts and our enraptured senses in complete repose and trust. Once night has fallen, we will listen to the song of the nightingale.

Green

Here are fruits, flowers, leaves and branches, and here too is my heart that beats only for you. Do not destroy it with your two white hands, and to your lovely eyes may the humble gift seem sweet. I come still covered with dew that the morning breeze has chilled on my brow. Let my weariness, resting at your feet dream of dear moments which will bring repose. On your young breast let me rest my head still ringing with your last kisses; let it be appeased after the good tempest, that I may sleep a little as you rest.

A Clymene (To Clymene)

Strange barcarolles, songs without words! Dearest, since your skyblue eyes and your strange voice come as a vision to cloud the horizon of good sense; and the noble candour of your swan whiteness and fragrance, your whole being indeed, come with the power of music, of the haloes of antique angels, of phrases and perfumes, to invade my subtle heart with soothing cadences — so be it.

C'est l'extase (It is ecstasy)

It is languorous ecstasy, loving lassitude, the tremors of the breeze in the wood, the whispering of ruffled grass, the muted rolling of pebbles. It is our souls which in a lament softly exhale a humble anthem in the warm evening.

III

'Die ihr schwebet...' (Ye who hover...)

Angels hovering over the palm trees in the night wind — will you not hush the swaying of the tree tops? For my Child is asleep.

Palm trees of Bethlehem in the raging wind — why must you thresh so angrily tonight? Be still, lean calm and gentle over us. My Child is asleep.

How tired He was: weary with all the sorrow of the world. But now His pains are eased in peaceful sleep; hush, you trees, for my Child is asleep.

The winds blow grim and chill; and I have no covering for my Child. Oh all you winged angels thronging the wind, quieten the tree tops. For my Child is asleep.

'Herr, was tragt der Boden hier...' (Lord, what does the soil bear?)

Lord, what will grow in this ground, watered with Thy bitter tears?

'Thorns, dear heart, for me; for thee, flowers.'

Then can a garden thrive where such dread streams flow?

'Yea, and know this — in it are many wreaths for the weaving.'

Lord, Lord; for whose head are those wreaths woven?

'Those of thorns are for me; those of flowers I hand to thee.'

'In dem Schatten meiner Locken...' (In the shadow of my tresses...)

In the shade of my long tresses my sweetheart has gone to sleep. Shall I wake him? Ah, no. Early each morning I comb out my flowing hair; in vain, for the wind blows it about.

Shadowing tresses, sighing breezes, have sent my sweetheart to sleep. Shall I wake him? Ah, no. I shall be told how I have tormented him by refusing him for so long, and how his whole life depends on the touch of my sunbrown cheek.

He calls me his tormentor, and yet he has gone to sleep by my side. Shall I wake him? Ah, no.

'Mogen alle bosen Zungen...' (Let all evil tongues...)

All those wicked tongues can go on saying what they please; I love him who loves me, I love and am loved. Those tongues whisper wicked slanders; but I know they are only out for innocent blood. So I'll never care, say what they like; I love him who loves me, I love and am loved. Those who enjoy slander are the disappointed ones, that no one wants. I am proud to be wanted; I love him who loves me, I love and am loved. If I were made of stone, then I could be deaf to a lover's pleading. But my heart is soft, as God made it; I love him who loves me, I love and am loved.

IV

The *Chansons madecasses* for voice, flute, cello and piano occupied Ravel during 1925 and 1926. He chose texts by Evariste Parry, a Creole poet. Ravel wrote of his settings: "These songs contain, I think, a new element, dramatic and erotic, arising from the very subject. They are a kind of quartet in which the voice plays the principal part." The songs have extraordinarily telling instrumental effects — the first, sensuously poetic like the third, has a cello counterpoint to which the flute and piano add contrasting touches; in the second, the low notes of the flute and the resonances of the piano have the combined effect of a tam-tam; and the third has its own exotic timbres.

Nahandove

"O lovely Nahandove". I have prepared a bed of leaves and flowers — she is coming, she is here. O unparalleled delight! And now I languish until she comes again. "You will return tonight, Nahandove!"

Aoua! Aoua!

Aoua! do not trust white men. We welcomed them, and said: "Be our brothers." Then they betrayed us with their engines of thunder; they would have given us an alien God and reduced us to slavish obedience. But we overcame them. Heaven fought for us, and now they are no more — we are free!

Il est doux (It is pleasant)

It is pleasant to lie in the shade and await the cool of the evening. "Sing and dance for me. Let your steps be slow and voluptuous. . . it is like a kiss." The evening breeze rises, the moon begins to shine through the mountain trees. "Go and prepare supper now."

V

El pano moruno (The Moorish cloth)

The finest cloth, once stained, loses its value. Ay!

Seguidilla murciana

People who live in glass houses should not throw stones. Because you are so fickle, I compare you to a coin which passes from hand to hand until it is so worn that no one will accept it, believing it to be false.

Asturiana

Seeking consolation, I sat down beneath a green pine tree. Seeing me weep, it wept too, so green it was!

Jota

They say we don't love each other, because we are not seen speaking; but they should ask our hearts. I must leave you now. Farewell, darling — until tomorrow (although your mother may not like it).

Nana (Lullaby)

Sleep my dear one, my angel, little star of the morning.

Cancion

Your traitorous eyes, no one knows what it costs me to watch them (Madre!) They say you do not love me as you once did, yet the gains are worth the losses. (Madre!)

Polo

I have in my breast a cry of pain which will never be uttered. Cursed be love . . . cursed be the one who caused me to love. Ay!

Carol Kimball, mezzo-soprano

Virko Baley, pianist

PROGRAM

I

BUONONCINI
VIVALDI
SCARLATTI
MONTEVERDI

Pér la gloria d'adorarvi
O di tua man mi svena
Le Violette
Illustratevi, o cieli

II

FAURE

Cinq Melodies de Venise, Op. 58
Mandoline
En Sourdine
Green
A Clymene
C'est l'extase

III

WOLF

Songs from the *Spanisches Liederbuch*
Die ihr schwebet
Herr, was traugt der Boden hier
In dem Schatten meiner Locken
Mogen alle bosen Zungen

INTERMISSION

IV

RAVEL

Chansons Madecasses
Nahandove
Aoua! aoua!
Il est doux

Zamir Tarmu, cello
Richard Soule, flute

V

FALLA

Siete Canciones populares espanolas
El pano moruno
Seguidilla murciana
Asturiana
Jota
Nana
Cancion
Polo



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 Ukranian 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.

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