

University of Nevada, Las Vegas
Music Department
Faculty Recital

CAROL ANN KIMBALL

Mezzo-Soprano

with

Virko Baley, Pianist

Assisting Artists:

Bertine Corimby, viola
Loya McDonald, cello
Mikka Boka, flute

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

I

DOWLAND
CAMPIAN

Come again, sweet love doth now invite
If thou long'st so much
Oft have I sighed
Music for awhile
Man is for the woman made

PURCELL

II

BRAHMS

Two Songs with Viola, Opus 91

Gestillte Sehnsucht

The forests 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 treetops.
My child is asleep.
You palms of Bethlehem, in the raging wind,
Do not rustle angrily, be silent.
Sway 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.

III

POULENC

Selections from Le Travail du Peintre (1956)

Georges Bracque

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 . . . sleet 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 Miro

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
Insensitive 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 mortal suns, 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 Whoever shall desire to see how a god dominates me,
How he assaults me, how he becomes victorious,
How he enflames and then chills my heart,
How he flatters himself with my shame,
Whoever shall desire to see a youth ready
To follow in vain the object of his misery,
May he come to read me here: he will see my suffering
Of which my goddess and my god are not aware.
He will know that love is folly,
A gentle abuse, a beautiful prison,
A vain hope which comes to nourish us with wind.
And he will know that man deceives himself
When sorely misled he accepts a blind man
As his guide, a child as his master.
- II When Nature embellished the lady who was to win the favor of the most
 rebellious through her gentleness
It bestowed upon her the most beautiful of beauties
That for a thousand years it had kept stowed away.
All that Love had hoarded that was beautiful, chaste and honorable
 under her wings —
Emmiella, the immortal graces,
Who so moved the gods with her lovely eyes,
That from heaven had she but descended
When I saw her, when my enslaved soul
Was all overtaken by her.
And with a well-aimed arrow
Proud Destiny engraved 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,
By but a few days will your end be curtailed,
And before your evening will darken your day.
Betrayed by hope, your thoughts will perish,
Without attaining me, your writings will wither
And in your downfall will be accomplished my destiny.
Your death will finally be achieved through love of me.
Your nephews will make light of your sighs
And legend will turn you into the most common of men.
You shall build upon the uncertainty of sand
And in vain will you paint in the heavens —
(Thus spoke the nymph who has crazed me
When the sky, as if witness to her word,
Made a sign to my eyes with a dexterous thunderbolt.)
- IV When I see you, alone, seated, removed,
All taken up with your thought,
Your head a bit lowered and tilted to one side,
Retreating from the commonplace and from me,
I often want to interrupt your awe,
To greet you, but my offended voice,
Stricken with fear, contains itself
And is remained in my mouth and leaves me helpless.
I can no longer suffer the rays of your glance;
My deeply moved soul trembles with fear in my body.
Neither tongue nor voice execute their function.
Only my sighs, only my sad face
Speak for me, and such passion
Of my love gives ample proof.

(Translations by Thomas Grubb)

V

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

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