



Rudi E. Scheidt
School of Music

KYLEE KEE, MEZZO-SOPRANO

JUNIOR RECITAL

Grace Gasperich, pianist
Langston Suggs, violinist

APRIL 13 | 5:30 PM

HARRIS CONCERT HALL

Rudi E. Scheidt School of Music
Albert Nguyen, Interim Director
College of Communication and Fine Arts
Debra Burns, Dean

PROGRAM

Myrthen Op. 25

Robert Schumann

VII. Die Lotusblume

1810-1856

XVII. Leis rudern hier!

I. Widmung

24 Italian Songs and Arias for 21st Century Singers Judith Cloud

III. Come raggio di sol

b.1954

XIII. Star vicino

Four Songs for Voice and Violin Op.35

Gustav Holst

I. Jesu Sweet

1874-1934

II. My Soul Has Nought but Fire and Ice

III. I Sing of a Maiden

IV. My Leman Is so True

Poème D'un Jour Op.21

Gabriel Fauré

I. Recontre

1845-1924

II. Toujours

III. Adieu

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Myrthen Op. 25

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

I. Die Lotusblume

I. The Lotus-Flower

Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Die Lotosblume ängstigt
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht,
Und mit gesenktem Haupte
Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht.

The lotus-flower fears
The sun's splendour,
And with bowed head,
Dreaming, awaits the night.

Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle
Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,
Und ihm entschleierte sie freundlich
Ihr frommes Blumengesicht.

The moon is her lover,
And wakes her with his light,
And to him she tenderly unveils
Her innocent flower-like face.

Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet
Und starret stumm in die Höh';
Sie duftet und weinet und zittert
Vor Liebe und Liebesweh.

She blooms and glows and gleams,
And gazes silently aloft—
Fragrant and weeping and trembling
With love and the pain of love.

II. Leis rudern hier!

II. Row Gently Here

Ferdinand Freiligrath (1810-1876)

Leis' rudern hier, mein Gondolier!
die Flut vom Ruder sprüh'n
So leise lass, dass sie uns nur
vernimmt, zu der wir zieh'n!
O könnte, wie er schauen kann, der
Himmel reden traun,
Er spräche Vieles wohl von dem,
was Nachts die Sterne schau'n!

Row gently here, my gondolier, ply the
water gently,
So that only she, to whom we glide,
shall hear us coming!
Oh, if only heaven could speak as it
can see,
It would tell much about what the stars
discern at night!

Nun rasten hier, mein Gondolier.
Ins Boot die Ruder! Sacht!
Auf zum Balkone schwing' ich mich,
doch du hältst unten Wacht.
O wollten halb so eifrig nur dem
Himmel wir uns weih'n,
Als schöner Weiber Diensten traun
– wir könnten Engel sein!

Now stay here, my gondolier, gently
into the boat with your oar!
While I climb the balcony, you keep
watch beneath.
Oh, if we devoted ourselves to heaven
half as eagerly
As we seek favours of fair women, we
could be angels!

III. Widmung

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,
Du meine Wonn', o du mein
Schmerz,
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,

O du mein Grab, in das hinab
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab!
Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden,
Du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden.

Dass du mich liebst, macht mich mir
wert,
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,
Du hebst mich liebend über mich,
Mein guter Geist, mein bess'res Ich!

24 Italian Songs and Arias for 21st Century Singers

III. Come raggio di sol

Come raggio di sol mite e sereno,
Sovre placidi flutti si riposa,
Mentre del mare nel profondo seno
Sta la tempesta ascosa:

Così riso talor gaio e pacato
Di contento, di gioia un labbro infiora,
Mentre nel suo segreto il cor piagato
S'angoscia e si martora.

III. Dedication

Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

You my soul, you my heart,
You my rapture, O you my pain,
You my world in which I live,
My heaven you, to which I aspire,

O you my grave, into which
My grief forever I've consigned!
You are repose, you are peace,
You are bestowed on me from
heaven.

Your love for me gives me my worth,
Your eyes transfigure me in mine,
You raise me lovingly above myself,
My guardian angel, my better self!

Judith Cloud (b. 1954)

Text by- Anonymous

III. Like a sunbeam

Like a sunbeam, mild and serene,
upon placid waves seeks repose,
whilst within the sea's deep clutches
a tempest lies hidden:

So a blithe and calm smile
sometimes
lets one's lips exude contentment,
midst the hidden sufferings of a
wounded heart.

XIII. Star Vicino

Star vicino al bell'idol che s'ama,
È il più dolce diletto d'amor,
È un incanto, un'ebbrezza, una
brama,
Che due cori congiunge in un cor.

Fortunato chi intende gli accenti
Di un affetto sincero e fedel!
Egli prova vivendo i contenti
Sol concessi ai beato nel ciel!

A che giova l'estate fiorita?
Ogni bene che il cielo ne diè
Non si conti fra i giorni di vita
Quel che scorso in amando non è.

Four Songs for Voice and Violin
Op.35

XIII. To stay near

To stay near the beautiful idol that is
loved,
Is the sweetest delight of love.
It is an enchantment, an intoxication,
a longing,
That joins two hearts into one heart.

Fortunate is he who understands the
accents
Of a sincere and faithful affection!
He experiences while he lives the
satisfactions
Only granted to those blessed in
heaven!

What use is the flowering summer?
Every good that heaven bestows
Not among the days of one's life
Should be counted that day not spent
in loving.

Gustav Holst (1874-1934)
Text by: Anonymous

I. Jesu Sweet

Jesu Sweet, now will I sing
To Thee a song of love longing;
Do in my heart a quick well spring
Thee to love above all thing.

Jesu Sweet, my dim heart's gleam
Brighter than the sunnèbeam!
As thou wert born in Bethlehem
Make in me thy lovèdream.

Jesu Sweet, my dark heart's light
Thou art day withouten night;
Give me strength and eke might
For to loven Thee aright.

II. My Soul Has Nought but Fire
and Ice

My soul has nought but fire and ice
And my body earth and wood:
Pray we all the Most High King
Who is the Lord of our last doom,
That He should give us just one thing
That we may do His will.

III. I Sing of a Maiden

I sing of a maiden
That matchless is.
King of all Kings
Was her Son iwis.

He came all so still,
Where His mother was
As dew in April
That falleth on the grass:

He came all so still,
To His mother's bower
As dew in April
That falleth on flower.

He came all so still,
Where His mother lay
As dew in April
That formeth on spray.

Mother and maiden
Was ne'er none but she:
Well may such a lady
God's mother be.

IV. My Leman Is so True

My Leman is so true
Of love and full steadfast
Yet seemeth ever new
His love is on us cast.

I would that all Him knew
And loved Him firm and fast,
They never would it rue
But happy be at last.

He lovingly abides
Although I stay full long
He will me never chide
Although I choose the wrong.

He says "Behold, my side
And why on Rood I hung;"
For my love leave thy pride
And I thee underfong.

I'll dwell with Thee believe,
Leman, under Thy tree.
May no pain e'er me grieve
Nor make me from Thee flee.

I will in at Thy sleeve
All in Thine heart to be;
Mine heart shall burst and cleave
Ere untrue Thou me see.

Poème D'un Jour Op.21

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Text by: Charles Grandmougin

I. Rencontre

I. Meeting

J'étais triste et pensif quand je t'ai
rencontrée,
Je sens moins aujourd'hui mon
obstiné tourment,
Ô dis-moi, serais-tu la femme
inespérée
Et le rêve idéal poursuivi vainement?

Ô passante aux doux yeux, serais-tu
donc l'amie
Qui rendrait le bonheur au poète
isolé,
Et vas-tu rayonner sur mon âme
affermie
Comme le ciel natal sur un cœur
d'exilé?

Ta tristesse sauvage, à la mienne
pareille,
Aime à voir le soleil décliner sur la
mer!
Devant l'immensité ton extase
s'éveille

Et le charme des soirs à ta belle âme
est cher.

Une mystérieuse et douce sympathie
Déjà m'enchaîne à toi comme un
vivant lien,
Et mon âme frémit, par l'amour
envahie
*Et mon cœur te chérit sans te
connaître bien.*

I was sad and pensive when I met
you,
Today I feel less my persistent pain;
O tell me, could you be the long
hoped-for woman,
And the ideal dream pursued in vain?

O passer-by with gentle eyes, could
you be the friend
To restore the lonely poet's
happiness,
And will you shine on my steadfast
soul
Like native sky on an exiled heart?

Your timid sadness, like my own,
Loves to watch the sun set on the
sea!
Such boundless space awakes your
rapture,
And your fair soul prizes the
evenings' charm.

A mysterious and gentle sympathy
Already binds me to you like a living
bond,
And my soul quivers, overcome by
love,
And my heart, without knowing you
well, adores you.

II. Toujours

Vous me demandez de me taire,
De fuir loin de vous pour jamais
Et de m'en aller, solitaire,
Sans me rappeler qui j'aimais!

Demandez plutôt aux étoiles
De tomber dans l'immensité,
À la nuit de perdre ses voiles,
Au jour de perdre sa clarté!

Demandez à la mer immense
De dessécher ses vastes flots
Et quand les vents sont en démente,
D'apaiser ses sombres sanglots!

Mais n'espérez pas que mon âme
S'arrache à ses âpres douleurs
Et se dépouille de sa flamme
Comme le printemps de ses fleurs!

III. Adieu

Comme tout meurt vite, la rose
déclose,
Et les frais manteaux diaprés des
prés;
Les longs soupirs, les bien-aimées,
fumées!

On voit dans ce monde léger
changer
Plus vite que les flots des grèves,
nos rêves,
Plus vite que le givre en fleurs, nos
cœurs!

II. Forever

You ask me to be silent,
To flee far from you for ever
And to go my way alone,
Forgetting whom I loved!

Rather ask the stars
To fall into infinity,
The night to lose its veils,
The day to lose its light!

Ask the boundless sea
To drain its mighty waves,
And the raging winds
To calm their dismal sobbing!

But do not expect my soul
To tear itself from bitter sorrow,
Nor to shed its passion
As springtime sheds its flowers!

III. Farewell

How swiftly all things die, the rose in
bloom,
And the cool dappled mantle of the
meadows;
Long-drawn sighs, loved ones, all
smoke!

In this fickle world we see our dreams
Change more swiftly than waves on
the shore,
Our hearts change more swiftly than
frosted flowers!

À vous l'on se croyait fidèle, cruelle,
Mais hélas! les plus longs amours
sont courts!

To you I thought I would be faithful,
cruel one,
But alas! the longest loves are short!

Et je dis en quittant vos charmes,
sans larmes,
Presqu'au moment de mon aveu,
Adieu!

And I say, taking leave of your
charms, without tears,
Almost at the moment of my avowal,
Farewell!