



Rudi E. Scheidt  
School of Music

# KYLEE KEE, MEZZO-SOPRANO

## JUNIOR RECITAL

Grace Gasperich, pianist  
Langston Suggs, violinist

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APRIL 13 | 5:30 PM

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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. Rencontre

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 vago diletto d'amor.

Star lontano dal ben che si brama  
E' d'amore il più vivo dolore

XIII. To stay near

To be near the fair idol that one loves  
is the sweetest delight of love

To be far from the beloved whom one  
desires  
is of love the most vital sorrow.

***Four Songs for Voice and Violin***  
***Op.35***

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?

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?

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?

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?

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.*

## 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!

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. 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. 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!

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

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

### 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!

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

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