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Kaleigh Sutula, Mezzo Soprano, in a Senior Recital, with Cheryl Lemmons on Piano

Abilene Christian University

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THE ABILENE CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

PRESENTS

Kaleigh Sutula
Mezzo Soprano

in a

Senior Recital

with

Cheryl Lemmons, Piano



April 25, 2015

4:00PM

WPAC Recital Hall

Program

Ombra mai fu
from *Serse*
Ch'io mai vi possa
from *Siroe, re de Persia*
Lascia ch'io pianga
from *Rinaldo*
George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen
I. Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht
II. Ging heut morgen übers Feld
III. Ich hab' ein glühend Messer
IV. Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz
Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Intermission

Secret Words
Orchids
Come Ready and See Me
Once Upon a Time
Paul Bowles (1910-1999)
Ned Rorem (1923)
Richard Hundley (1931-)
Charles Strouse (1928-)

Dieu! Que viens-je d'entendre...
Il m'en souvient
from *Béatrice et Bénédicte*
Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)

Ma pauvre enfant chérie!...
Seule, je partirai
from *Cendrillon*
Jules Massenet (1842-1912)

Featuring:

Rick Piersall, Baritone

Kaleigh is a student of Dr. Rick Piersall
Reception to follow

Translations

Ombra mai fu

Frondi tenere e belle
del mio platano amato,
per voi risplenda il Fato
Tuoni, Lampi,
e Procelle
Non voltraggino mai la cara pace,
Ne giunga a profanarvi austro
rapace.

Ombra mai fu
di vegetabile,
cara ed amabile,
soave più.

Ch'io mai vi possa

Ch'io mai vi possa
lasciar d'amare,
Non lo credete, pupille care,
Ne men per gioco
v'ingannerò.

Voi foste e siete le mie faville,
E voi sarete, care pupille,
Il mio bel foco finch'io vivrò.

Lascia ch'io pianga

Lascia ch'io pianga la cruda sorte,
E che sospiri la libertà!
Il duol infranga
queste ritorte
de' miei martiri sol per pietà.

I. Wenn mein Schatz

Hochzeit macht

Wenn mein Schatz

Hochzeit macht,
Fröhliche Hochzeit macht,
Hab' ich meinen traurigen Tag!
Geh' ich in mein Kämmerlein,
Dunkles Kämmerlein,

Never was made

Tender and beautiful fronds
of my beloved plane tree,
Let Fate smile upon you .
May thunder, lightning,
and storms
never bother your dear peace,
Nor may you by blowing winds be
profaned.

Never was made
A plant
more dear and loving
or gentle.

That I will ever be able

That I will ever be able
to stop loving you
No, don't believe it, dear eyes!
Not even to joke would I deceive you
about this.

You alone are my sparks,
and you will be, dear eyes,
my beautiful fire as long as I live, ah!

Let me weep

Let me weep my cruel fate,
And how I long for freedom.
The grief infringes
within these twisted places,
in my sufferings, I pray for mercy.

I. When my darling has her wedding-day

When my darling
has her wedding-day,
her joyous wedding-day,
I will have my day of mourning!
I will go to my little room,
my dark little room,

Weine, wein'
um meinen Schatz,

Um meinen lieben Schatz!

Blümlein blau! Verdorre nicht!
Vöglein süß!
Du singst auf grüner Heide.
Ach, wie ist die Welt so schön!
Ziküth! Ziküth!
Singet nicht! Blühet nicht!
Lenz ist ja vorbei!
Alles Singen ist nun aus.
Des Abends,
wenn ich schlafen geh',
Denk' ich an mein Leide.
An mein Leide!

II. Ging heut morgen übers Feld

Ging heut morgen übers Feld,
Tau noch auf den Gräsern hing;
Sprach zu mir der lust'ge Fink:
"Ei du! Gelt? Guten Morgen! Ei gelt?
Du! Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Zink! Zink! Schön und flink!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt!"

Auch die Glockenblum' am Feld
Hat mir lustig, guter Ding',
Mit den Glöckchen, klinge, kling,
Ihren Morgengruß geschellt:
"Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Kling, kling! Schönes Ding!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt! Heia!"

Und da fing im Sonnenschein
Gleich die Welt zu funkeln an;
Alles Ton und Farbe gewann
Im Sonnenschein!
Blum' und Vogel, groß und klein!
"Guten Tag,
ist's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Ei du, gelt? Schöne Welt?"

and weep, weep
for my darling,

for my dear darling!

Blue flower! Do not wither!
Sweet little bird –
you sing on the green heath!
Alas, how can the world be so fair?
Chirp! Chirp!
Do not sing; do not bloom!
Spring is over.
All singing must now be done.
At night
when I go to sleep,
I think of my sorrow,
of my sorrow!

II. I walked across the fields this morning

I walked across the fields this morning;
dew still hung on every blade of grass.
The merry finch spoke to me:
"Hey! Isn't it? Good morning! Isn't it?
You! Isn't it becoming a fine world?
Chirp! Chirp! Fair and sharp!
How the world delights me!"

Also, the bluebells in the field
merrily with good spirits
told out to me with bells (ding,
ding)
their morning greeting:
"Isn't it becoming a fine world?
Ding, ding! Fair thing!
How the world delights me!"

And then, in the sunshine,
the world suddenly began to glitter;
everything gained sound and color
in the sunshine!
Flower and bird, great and small!
"Good day,
is it not a fine world?
Hey, isn't it? A fair world?"

Nun fängt auch mein Glück wohl an?
Nein, nein, das ich mein',
Mir nimmer blühen kann!

III. Ich hab' ein glühend Messer

Ich hab' ein glühend Messer,
Ein Messer in meiner Brust,
O weh! Das schneid't so tief
In jede Freud' und jede Lust.
Ach, was ist das für ein böser Gast!
Nimmer hält er Ruh',
nimmer hält er Rast,
Nicht bei Tag, noch bei Nacht, wenn ich
schliefe.
O Weh!

Wenn ich in dem Himmel seh',
Seh' ich zwei blaue Augen stehn.
O Weh! Wenn ich im gelben Felde geh',
Seh' ich von fern das blonde Haar
Im Winde wehn.
O Weh!

Wenn ich aus dem Traum auffahr'
Und höre klingen ihr silbern' Lachen,
O Weh!
Ich wollt', ich läg auf der schwarzen
Bahr',
Könnt' nimmer die Augen aufmachen!

IV. Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz

Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem
Schatz,
Die haben mich in die weite Welt
geschickt.
Da muß ich Abschied nehmen vom
allerliebsten Platz!
O Augen blau, warum habt ihr mich
angeblickt?
Nun hab' ich ewig Leid und Grämen.

Now will my happiness also begin?
No, no - the happiness I want

can never bloom!

III. I have a red-hot knife

I have a red-hot knife,
a knife in my breast.

O woe! It cuts so deeply
into every joy and delight.
Alas, what an evil guest it is!
Never does it rest
Never does it relax,
not by day or by night, when I
should sleep.
O woe!

When I gaze up into the sky
I see two blue eyes there.
O woe! When I walk in the yellow
field,

I see from afar her blond hair
waving in the wind.
O woe!

When I start from a dream
and hear the tinkle of her silvery
laugh,

O woe!
Would that I lay on my black bier -
Would that I could never again open
my eyes!

IV. The two blue eyes of my darling

The two blue eyes of my darling -
they have sent me into the wide
world.

I had to take my leave of this well-
beloved place!
O blue eyes, why did you gaze on
me?
Now I will have eternal sorrow and
grief.

Ich bin ausgegangen in stiller Nacht
Wohl über die dunkle Heide.
Hat mir niemand Ade gesagt.
Ade! Mein Gesell' war Lieb' und Leide!

Auf der Straße steht ein Lindenbaum,
Da hab' ich zum ersten Mal im Schlaf
geruht!
Unter dem Lindenbaum,
Der hat seine Blüten über mich
geschneit,
Da wußt' ich nicht, wie das Leben tut,
War alles, alles wieder gut!
Alles! Alles, Lieb und Leid
Und Welt und Traum!

Dieu! que viens-je d'entendre?... Il m'en souvient

Dieu! que viens-je d'entendre?
Je sens un feu secret,
Dans mon sein, se répandre,
Bénédict...se peut-il?
Bénédict m'aimerait?

Il m'en souvient, il m'en souvient,
le jour du départ de l'armée,
Je ne pus m'expliquer
L'étranger sentiment,
l'étranger sentiment
de tristesse alarmée
Qui de mon cœur vint s'emparer.
Il part disais-je, il part, je reste!
Est-ce la gloire, est-ce mort
Que réserve le sort
A ce railleur que je déteste?
Des plus noires terreurs
La nuit suivante fut remplie...
Les Mores triomphaient, j'entendais
leurs clameurs,
Des flots du sang chrétien la terre était
rougie.
En rêve je voyais Bénédict haletant.

I went out into the quiet night
well across the dark heath.

To me no one bade farewell.
Farewell! My companions are love
and sorrow!

On the road there stands a linden
tree,

and there for the first time I found
rest in sleep!
Under the linden tree
that snowed its blossoms onto me -

I did not know how life went on,

and all was well again!
All! All, love and sorrow
and world and dream!

God! What have I heard?...

I remember

God! What have I heard?
I feel a secret fire
in my breast, spreading.
Benedict, is that you?
Benedict whom I love?

I remember, I remember,
the day of departure of the army,
I couldn't explain
the strange feeling,
the strange feeling of
alarming sadness
that took possession of my heart.
He left, I said. He left, I stayed!
Is in the fame? Is it the death?
What is the fate
of this mocking that I hate?
The darkest terrors
filled the next night...
the Mores triumphant, I heard their
cries,
the streams of Christian blood, the
ground was reddened.
In a dream I saw Benedict
breathless,

Sous un monceau de morts,
sans secours, expirant.
Je m'agitais sur ma brûlante couche.
Des cris d'effroi s'échappaient de ma
bouche.
En m'éveillant, enfin, je ris de mon émoi.
Je ris de Bénédicte, de moi,
De mes sottises alarmées...
Hélas! hélas ce rire était baigné de
larmes.
Il m'en souvient, il m'en souvient,
le jour du départ l'armée,
Je ne pus m'expliquer
L'étrange sentiment,
l'étrange sentiment
de tristesse alarmée
Qui, de mon cœur, vint s'emparer.
Il m'en souvient, il m'en souvient.
Je l'aime donc? Je l'aime donc?
oui, Bénédicte, je t'aime! je t'aime
Je ne m'appartiens plus,
je ne suis plus moi-même...
je ne suis plus moi-même.
Sois mon vainqueur,
Dompte mon cœur!
Viens, viens,
déjà ce cœur sauvage vole,
vole au-devant de l'esclavage!
Oui Bénédicte! Je t'aime!
je t'aime, je t'aime, je t'aime.
Je ne m'appartiens plus!
Je ne suis plus moi-même.
Viens! viens!
déjà ce cœur sauvage
Vole au-devant de l'esclavage!
Vole, ce cœur sauvage,
ce cœur sauvage
vole, vole au-devant de l'esclavage!
adieu, ma frivole gaîté!
adieu, ma liberté,
Adieu dédains, adieu folies,
Adieu, mordantes railleries!
Béatrice, à son tour,
Tombe victime de l'amour!

Under a pile of dead,

helpless, dying.

I waved my burning coat.
The cries of fright escaped my
mouth.

I awoke, finally, and laughed at my
emotion.

I laughed at Benedict, at myself,
at my foolish alarm...
alas! Alas that laugh was bathed in
tears.

I remember, I remember,
the day of departure of the army,
I couldn't explain
the strange feeling,
the strange feeling
of alarming sadness
that took possession of my heart.

I remember, I remember...
I love him? I love him?
Yes, Benedict, I love you!
I no longer belong to myself,
I'm not myself...
I'm not myself.
Be my conqueror,
capture my heart!
Come, come,
already this wild heart flies,
flies in the face of slavery!
Yes, Benedict, I love you!
I love you! I love you! I love you!
I no longer belong to myself,
I'm not myself...

Come, come,
already this wild heart flies,
flies, flies in the face of slavery!
Flies, this wild heart,
This wild heart,
Flies in the face of slavery!
Farewell, my frivolous gaiety,
farewell, my freedom,
Farewell disdain, farewell follies,
Farewell, biting mockery!
Beatrice, in turn,
falls victim to love!

Ma pauvre enfant chérie!...

Seule, je partirai!

Pandolfe

Ma pauvre enfant chérie!
Ah! tu souffres donc bien...
Va! Repose ton cœur douloureux sur le
mien

Et laisse toi bercer dans mes bras,
ma petite! Je t'ai sacrifiée
en venant à la Cour,
Mais tu pardonneras

quand nous rirons un jour
De mon ambition maudite
Viens! Nous quitterons cette ville

Où j'ai vu s'envoler
ta gaieté d'autrefois,
Et nous retournerons
au fond de nos grands bois
Dans notre ferme si tranquille

Là! Nous serons heureux,
Bien heureux!
Tous les deux!

Le matin nous irons
comme deux amoureux
Cueillir le blanc muguet

Cendrillon

Et les liserons bleu,
Tous les deux!
Dès que les cloches argentines
S'éveilleront

Pandolfe

Sonnant matines!

Cendrillon

Matines!

Le soir nous entendrons
du Rossignol,
Des nuits le chant si doux et frais...

Au profond des forêts

Pandolfe

Bien!

Ensemble

Nous quitterons cette ville
Où j'ai vu s'envoler
ma gaieté d'autrefois
Là! La! Nous serons heureux
Bien heureux

My poor dear child...

I shall go alone!

Pandolfe

My poor dear child
Now don't be so distressed
There! Rest your suffering heart
upon my breast
And let me hold you so in my arms
For I sacrificed you
when I came to the court,
But you'll forgive me dear,
the day when we make sport
Of my accursed vain ambition
Come and we will leave this city
Where I've seen fade away all the
joys that were yours
And we'll go back once more
to those great deep woods of ours
Back to our farm, so calm, so
pretty...

There we'll live happily!

So happily!

You and I!

And at noon we shall go
as two lovers might do
And gather white daisies

Cinderella

And blue periwinkles!

You and I!

Soon as the silvery church bells fling
Their notes abroad

Pandolfe

And matins ring!

Cinderella

Matins!

At evening we shall hear
the nightingale
that sings in sweetest mood
in the depths of the wood.

Pandolfe

Yes!

Both

Yes, we'll leave this city
Where we've seen fade away
all the joys that were ours,
There we'll live happily at home!

So happily!

Tous les deux!

Cendrillon

Maintenant je suis mieux
et je me sens renaître
Tu peux me laisser seule

Pandolfe

Oui si tu veux promettre
De ne plus être triste
et de ne plus pleurer;
Pour nous sauver d'ici
je vais tout préparer!
Oui...nous quitterons cette ville...

Ensemble

Là! Nous serons heureux,
Bien heureux!

Tous les deux!

Cendrillon

Seule je partirai mon père
Le poids de mon chagrin
serait trop lourd pour toi
Je ne veux pas te voir souffrir
de ma misère
Mais... je ne peux plus vivre
Il a douté de moi,
Lui! mon doux maître
et mon seul roi
Lui que j adore,
Il me renie et me repousse
Pourtant, sa voix était bien douce
Pourtant, ses yeux étaient bien doux
O mes rêves d amour!
Hélas, envolés vous!

Adieu, mes souvenirs de joie...

et de souffrance

Qui, malgré tout me parlez d'espérance

Té moins et compagnons

de mon si court destin!

Adieu, adieu, mes tourterelles

Pour qui chaque matin

J'allais par les venelles

Cueillir le vert plantin

Je ne vous verrai plus

You and I!

Cinderella

Now, I feel well,
and 'tis you who revived me...
I think you now may leave me

Pandolfe

Yes, if you'll give me your word
that you will not be mournful,
and that you will not cry,
for we'll fly away from here
I'll make it so!

Yes, we'll leave this city...

Both

There we'll live happily at home!
So happily!
You and I!

Cinderella

I shall go alone, dear father,
The load of all my griefs
would be too much for thee
I do not wish this grief of mine
to make thee suffer
But...my life is over,
for he mistrusted me,
He, my dear master
and my king
He, whom I love,
has disowned and denied me.
And yet, his voice was so soft,
And yet, his eyes were very sweet.
Oh, my dreams of love!
Alas, have flown away!

Goodbye, ye memories of joy
And of sorrow
Who, nevertheless, promised hope
for the 'morrow
Companions and friends
my little life has seen,
Farewell! Farewell, my turtle doves
For whom each day at morn
I've sought the lanes and groves
To gather plantain green
I'll never see you again...

Ni toi ma place familière
Que je t'embrasse encor
tout séché, tout jauni
Relique d un beau jour,
humble rameau béni
Ah! Comme on aime ce que l'on quitte!

Et toi, le grand fauteuil,
Où quand j'étais petite
Je courais me blottir bien vite

Frileusement... Sur les genoux de ma
maman
De maman... si bonne et si jolie!
Qui fredonnait en me berçant:
"C'est l'Angelus,
Dors mon petit ange...
Dors comme Jésus
Dormait dans la grange..."
Ah puis que tout bonheur me fuit!
Montant par les roches sacrées
Sans crainte j'irai dans la nuit,
Malgré les revenants et le follet qui
luit...
J'irai mourir sous le chêne des Fées!

Nor you my own familiar place
Let me kiss once more
all withered and yellow,
like the rest days that now are over,
Poor little branch once blessed.
Ah! How we cherish what we relinquish!

And you, the great armchair,
When I was little,
I would run there and would cower with
fear
All tremblingly, upon my own dear
mother's knee
My Mamma... so beautiful and gentle!
Who sang the while she held me:

“The Angelus,
Sleep little angel...
Sleep as Jesus
Slept with in the manger...”
Ah since all joys have taken flight!
I’ll climb over the rocks, goblin
haunted

Undaunted, I’ll walk through the night
Despite the ghosts and spirits...

I’ll die underneath the enchanted oak
tree!

Acknowledgements

To Mom and Dad, thank you. Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you. There are not enough words I could use to express my gratitude for the two of you and everything you have ever done for me. I may not have gotten my musical talents from you two (haha), but you have given me many other things: my passion, my drive, my work ethic and my commitment to success. Thank you for supporting me, for encouraging me. Thank you for giving me a million reasons to be thankful. I will try my hardest to be comfy and cockident for you today, Mom. I LOVE YOU!

To Meganne and Garrett, thank you for giving me the great pleasure of growing up in the same household as you. You two have been great role models to me, and have inspired my tastes, personality and humor. Thank you for loving me and being here for me on this day and always.

To my extended family, thank you for taking the time to make this trip to see me. Thank you for supporting me as my long collegiate journey comes to a close. Your presence and encouragement means the world to me. I love you all very much.

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To Cheryl, thank you for all the time you have spent with me putting together some beautiful pieces. Your musicianship, sensitivity and dedication to your craft is unspeakably inspiring. Thank you for all the times you have covered for me and here's to hoping we don't have many of those tonight!

To Rick, thank you for pushing me and shaping me into the musician I am today. Thank you for never backing down even on those days I'm sure you knew I would end up crying. Thank you for dealing with my stubborn divaness. Thank you for making me realize that I am not an accurate judge of myself. Thank you for showing me how much I can do. Thank you for your words of wisdom and your praise. Thank you for putting up with me for 4 (seemingly short) years!

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for
the Bachelor of Arts in Vocal Performance and Music Education
degree.

