

4-25-2015

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

Abilene Christian University

Follow this and additional works at: [http://digitalcommons.acu.edu/recital\\_pro](http://digitalcommons.acu.edu/recital_pro)

---

### Recommended Citation

Abilene Christian University, "Kaleigh Sutula, Mezzo Soprano, in a Senior Recital, with Cheryl Lemmons on Piano" (2015). *Recital Programs*. Paper 13.  
[http://digitalcommons.acu.edu/recital\\_pro/13](http://digitalcommons.acu.edu/recital_pro/13)

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Music Department at Digital Commons @ ACU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Recital Programs by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ ACU. For more information, please contact [dc@acu.edu](mailto:dc@acu.edu).

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.

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

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

### **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',  
Könn't 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'étranger 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.

To my friends, new and old, thank you for all of your help. I could not have made it this far without any of you. You all have inspired me, taught me, cheered me on, consoled me, given me advice, and loved me to no end. You give me a reason to get up for my morning classes. :] Each of you has shown me what meaningful friendships are. I will miss you all terribly.

To my wonderful professors, your knowledge and experience has taught me more than I can even fathom. I have grown and matured musically, intellectually and personally thanks to your guidance. Thank you for valuing education enough to do what you do for all of us.

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.

