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A Recital Without Theme

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A Recital Without Theme

Accompanied by Dallas Heaton

Kaylee Ann Simmons
Mezzo Soprano

Benjamin Krutsch
Tenor

Featuring Amanda Marshall, Josiah Cordes, and Allysa Packard
A Recital Without Theme
Accompanied by Dallas Heaton

KAYLEE
Können Tränen meiner Wangen  J.S. Bach (1685-1750)
from St. Matthew Passion
featuring Amanda Marshall, violin, and Josiah Cordes, cello

BENJAMIN
En fermant les yeux (Le Rêve)  J. Massenet (1842-1912)
from Manon

KAYLEE
Op. 8 No. 5 Сон  S. Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)
Op. 21, No. 7 Здесь хорошо
Op. 14, No. 4 Я был у ней

BENJAMIN
36 Arie di Stile Antico  S. Donaudy (1879-1925)
No. 10 Spirate pur, spirate
No. 31 Amor mi tiene in pugno
No. 27 Amorosi miei giorni

INTERMISSION

KAYLEE
Chanson de Bilitis  C. Debussy (1862-1918)
1. La flûte de Pan
2. La Chevelure
3. Le Tombeau des naïades
Translations

Können Tränen meiner Wangen
If the Tears on my Cheeks

If the tears on my cheeks are of no avail,
So then, take my heart!
But let it by the floods,
Of the gently bleeding wounds,
Also be the sacrificial bowl.

J.S Bach

En fermant les yeux (Le Rêve)
Closing my eyes (The Dream)

Closing my eyes,
I see over there a humble retreat,
A little house all white
In the depth of the woods!
Beneath its tranquil shade
The clear and joyful brooks,
In which the foliage is mirrored,
Sing with the birds!

J. Massenet

It is paradise! Oh, no!
Everything there is sad and gloomy,
For there is one thing missing:
It still needs Manon!
Come! There our life will be,
If you want it, oh Manon!
Op. 8 No. 5 Сон          S. Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)
Dream

And I used to have a homeland,
A beautiful one,
But that was a dream.

A family of friends was alive then,
From everywhere I heard words of love,
But that was a dream.

Op. 21, No. 7 Здесь хорошо
How Fair this Spot

Here it is good...
Look, in the distance,
It is as if the river burns with fire;
The fields spread out like a flowery carpet,
The clouds shine white.
There are no people here...
Everything is silent...
Here, there is only God and I,
The flowers, an old pine,
And you, my dream!

Op. 14, No. 4 Я был у ней
I Came to Her

I came to her,
She said “I love you, my darling friend!”
But this was a secret from her friends to keep,
To me sternly bequeathed.
I came to her,
Even for beauty of gold
I vowed not to exchange;
I would give her a passionate flame,
I love her like a brother.

I came to her,
I will forever be intertwined with her soul!
Let her not betray me,
And I will not betray her!

No. 10 Spirate pur, spirate
Breathe, still breathe
S. Donaudy

Breathe, still breathe around my beloved,
Little breezes, and find out
If she holds me in her heart,
If she holds me in her heart.
Find out, blessed breezes,
Breezes light and blessed.

No. 31 Amor mi tiene in pugno
Love holds me in his fist

Love holds me in his fist,
Spins me, turns me about,
Smells me and then sighs...
Ah me, what a troubled sign!
Am I really, perhaps, unfit to enter into his kingdom
And to stay there again to stroll about?
And yet if now I am so lowly,
Emaciated, misshapen, only good to weep,
It is through these sighs and the long torments
To which without refuge Love has compelled me...  
But when I try for a little  
To return to what I was...  
You will see by the hundreds the young girls  
Falling around me!

Such is the custom of Love, truly dreadful,  
That one may live dying,  
And that one may die alive,  
Already deprived of everything,  
Even when there is still much here to savor...  
Because of which, if now I am so lowly,  
Emaciated, misshapen, only good to weep  
It is through these sighs and the long torments  
To which without refuge Love has compelled me...  
But when I try for a little  
To return to what I was...  
You will see by the hundreds the young girls  
Falling around me!

No. 27 Amorosi miei giorni  
My amorous days

My amorous days,  
Who could ever forget you,  
Now that, adorned with all the blessings,  
You give peace to my heart  
And perfume to my thoughts?  
To be able, so, as life advances,  
To fear no longer the anxieties  
Of a life of deceptions,  
With this hope alone:
That one look of hers may be all my splendor
And one smile of hers may be all my treasure!

Who more blessed than I,
If she does not thus have beside her
A sweet and dear beloved object,
So that she cannot yet say
She knows what love is?
Ah, may I so, as life advances,
Fear no longer the anxieties
Of a life of deceptions,
With this hope alone:
That one look of hers may be all my splendor
And one smile of hers may be all my treasure!

1. *La flûte de Pan*  
   The Panpipe

For the day of Hyacinthus,
He has given me a set of pipes
Made from reeds carefully cut,
Joined with the white wax
Which is sweet to my lips like honey.

He teaches me to play, seated on his lap;
But I am a little shaky.
He plays after me, so softly
That I can scarcely hear it.

We have nothing to say to each other
So close are we to one another;  
Our songs trying to answer the other,  
And each in turn our mouths  
Are joined on the flute.

It is late.  
We hear the song of the green frogs  
Which begins at night.

My mother will never believe  
I stayed out so long  
Looking for my lost sash!

2. La Chevelure  
The Hair

He said to me: “Last night I dreamed  
I had your hair around my neck.  
I had your hair like a black necklace  
Around the nape of my neck and over my chest.  
I caressed them and they were mine;  
And we were bound forever thus  
By the same hair, mouth on mouth,  
Just as two laurels often share one root.  
And little by little it seemed to me,  
So entwined where our limbs,  
That I was becoming you,  
Or that you were entering into me like my dream.”

When he had finished,  
He placed his hands gently on my shoulders,
And he gazed at me with a look so tender,  
That I lowered my eyes with a shiver.

3. Le Tombeau des naiades  
The Tomb of the Water-Nymphs

I walked through the wood covered with frost;  
My hair, across my mouth,  
Blossomed with tiny icicles,  
And my sandals were heavy  
With snow, muddy and packed.

He said to me: “What are you looking for?”  
“I am following the tracks of the satyr.  
His little hoof-prints alternate  
Like holes in a white cloak.”

He said to me: “The satyrs are dead.  
The satyrs and the nymphs too.  
For thirty years, there has not been a winter so terrible.  
The track that you see is that of a he-goat.  
But let us remain here, where their tomb is.”

And with the iron of his hoe, he broke the ice  
Of the spring where once laughed the water-nymphs.  
He picked up some large, cold fragments,  
And lifting them up to the pale sky,  
He gazed through them.
BENJAMIN
Evening Hours
I Do
Come Ready and See Me

KAYLEE
A Winter Come
1. When Frost Moves Fast
2. As Birds Come Nearer
3. The Racing Waterfall
4. A Child Lay Down
5. Who Reads by Starlight
6. And What of Love

The Token Musical Theatre Section

KAYLEE
Times Like This
from Lucky Stiff
dedicated to Chucky Dewey

BENJAMIN
Me
from Disney's Beauty and the Beast
featuring Allysa Packard

R. Hundley (b. 1931)
M. Lauridsen (b. 1943)
S. Flaherty (b. 1960)
A. Menken (b. 1949)
Acknowledgments

KAYLEE

Thank you everybody who came out to today—especially those who drove considerable distances! I’d like to give a special thanks to my parents for supporting me throughout my collegiate years; I could not have done this without them. In addition, I’d like to thank Venicia Wilson, my current voice teacher, for being my emotional support and helping me make the progress I did this year. I’d also like to thank Cindy Dewey for her infinite kindness and wisdom, and Laurie Hart for her instruction my freshman-junior years. Finally, I would be incredibly ungrateful if I did not recognize Dallas Heaton for the significant investment he has made in my education—in addition to the resilience I have developed enduring his incessant torture, and for the hair-spiration exhibited by his luscious, golden locks as they blow in the wind.

BENJAMIN

I would like express my gratitude to all who came to this recital today. I especially desire to recognize Dallas Heaton for always putting up with my crap and helping me to achieve a higher level of artistry. Also to Dr. Cindy Dewey for helping me to fix the bad habits in my singing, and for being kind and understanding when those bad habits are persistent. And last, but not least, to my parents, who for some reason still let me study music.