

11-23-2013

Kaily Grapes, Mezzo Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Kaily Grapes
Cedarville University

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL
OF
KAILEY GRAPES
MEZZO-SOPRANO

RACHEL LOWRANCE
PIANO

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 2013
4:30 P.M.

RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

PROGRAM

I

- If Music Be the Food of Love* Henry Purcell
Strip of Their Green (1659-1695)
Meredith Lawrence, cello

II

- Spiagge amate*, from PARIDE ED ELENA Christoph Willibald von Gluck
(1714-1787)
Près des remparts de Séville, from CARMEN Georges Bizet
(1838-1875)
Lullaby, from THE CONSUL Gian Carlo Menotti
(1911-2007)

III

- Mit einer wasserlilie* Edvard Grieg
En svane (1843-1907)
En fuglevis
L'absent, Op. 5, No. 3 Gabriel Fauré
Rêve d'amour, Op. 5, No. 2 (1845-1924)
Beau soir Claude Debussy
Nuit d'étoiles (1862-1918)

IV

- I Strolled Across an Open Field* Ned Rorem
Ferry Me Across the Water (b. 1923)
A Journey
Love

V

- A Word on My Ear* Michael Henry Flanders and Donald Ibrahim Swann
(1922-1975) (1923-1994)

Kailey is a student of Mark Spencer.

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment
of the Bachelor of Music Education degree.

No flash photography, please.

Please turn off all cell phones.

TRANSLATIONS

Spiagge amate

At the water's edge, I sometimes see my heart's beloved, freely moving, brooklets flowing, sweetly reflecting all the red if morning's glow. Clear bright fountains, sparkling waters, misting all the grass and the flowers, now in mercy tell my longing heart, tell oh tell me why my love waits, tell me, tell oh tell me why waits my love.

Clear, bright fountains, sparkling waters misting all the grass and the flowers now in mercy tell my heart tell oh tell, tell oh tell me why my love waits there.

Près des remparts de Séville

Near the ramparts of Seville, at my friend Lillas Pastia's I will go to dance the seguidilla, and to drink manzanilla. I will go to my friend Lillas Pastia's. Yes – but all alone one is bored, and true pleasures are with another person; so, to keep me company, I'll take along my lover! My lover...he belongs to the devil! I threw him out yesterday! My poor heart, very consolable, is free as the breeze! I have suitors by the dozen, but they are not to my liking. Here is the end of the week: who wishes to love me? I will love him! Who wants my soul? It is to be had! You come at the right moment! I haven't the time to wait, for with by new lover near the ramparts of Seville we will dance the seguidilla and we we'll drink manzanilla: Tra la la!...

Mit einer Wasserlilie

See Maria, what I'm bringing! Lilies white in sunshine swinging, on the quiet streamlet riding in the dreamy spring time gliding.

Hold the flow'rs in holy consecration, press them Maria in exaltation, there on the leaflets hiding, rock they dreamily confiding.

Watch thee child so near the stream. Danger, danger there to dream, water sprites but feign to sleep, lilies play above the deep. Watch thee child so near the stream, danger, danger there to dream, lilies play above the deep, water sprites but feign to sleep,

See Maria, what I'm bringing! Lilies white in sunshine swinging. On the quiet streamlet

riding in the dreamy springtime gliding.

En svane

My swan, my silent one, with white plumage, your delightful songs, no trill betrayed.

Fearfully mindful of the elves in the dell, you glided, listening, always in circles.

And yet you forced our final parting with false promises. Yes, there, there you sang!

Singing, you closed your earthly course. You died, faded away. You were a swan nevertheless!

En fuglevis

One lovely spring day we were wandering here and there in an alley; this place was not attractive as an enigma.

And the west wind blowing gently and the sky was so blue. In a lime tree there was a little bird singing to her little one.

I painted poetic pictures with a fun color; two brown eyes shone and laughed and listened.

Above we could hear whispering and laughing; but we, we took kindly leave, and were not seen again.

And when I'm lonely driving up and down the avenue, the little feathered people leave me neither rest nor peace.

Mrs. Sparrow has sat and listened, while we innocently went, and made for us a show and put it into music.

It is in birds' mouths; because under the roofs' sheets each billed singer hums on bright cushions on a spring day.

L'absent

You paths of swaying grass, valleys, hills and leafy woods, why are you grieving and silent? The man who can no longer comes.

House, why is no one at your window?
And why has your garden not any
flowers? Say, where is your master? I
don't know, somewhere else. Dog, guard
the dwelling! – what's the point? The
building is empty now. For whom are you
weeping, child? – for my father. And you,
woman? – for the absent one.

Where has he gone? – into the shadow.
And you, waves groaning on the rocks,
where have you come from? – the dark
penal colony. And what are you carrying?
– a coffin!

Rêve d'amour

If there is a charming lawn that heaven
waters, where shines in every season
some flower in bloom, where one can
gather by handfuls lilies, honeysuckles,
and jasmins, I want to make it the path
for your foot to rest on!

If there is a truly loving bosom that is
ruled by honor, and whose firm
dedication has nothing morose in it,
if this noble bosom always beats for a
worthy cause, I want to make the pillow
for your forehead to rest on!

If there is a dream of love, perfumed with
roses, in which one can find everyday
some sweet thing, a dream blessed by
God, where the soul unites with the soul,
Oh! I want to make it the nest for your
heart to rest in!

Beau soir

When streams turn pink in the setting
sun, and a slight shudder rushes through

the wheat fields, a plea for happiness
seems to rise out of all things and it
climbs up towards the troubled heart.

A plea to relish the charm of life while
there is youth and the evening is fair, for
we pass away, as the wave passes: the
wave to the sea, we to the grave.

Nuit d'étoiles

Lovely night of stars, with your veiling
light, and your soft breeze like a lyre,
wistful sighting, love undying, I dream of
those now gone, I dream of those now
gone.

In the spell of gentle night comes to me a
mystical hour, listening long, I feel the
soul of my love trembling here in
dreaming bow'r.

Lovely night of stars, with your veiling
light, and your soft breeze like a lyre,
wistful sighting, love undying, I dream of
those now gone, I dream of those now
gone.

Once again I may behold in your eyes the
blue of the skies, and the rose
breathes your soul, and the stars are love
in your eyes.

Lovely night of stars, with your veiling
light, and your soft breeze like a lyre,
wistful sighting, love undying, I dream of
those now gone, I dream of those now
gone.



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