

2-8-2009

# Kaydrie Clymer, Mezzo-Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Kaydrie Clymer  
*Cedarville University*

Follow this and additional works at: [http://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/  
junior\\_and\\_senior\\_recitals](http://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/junior_and_senior_recitals)



Part of the [Music Performance Commons](#)

---

## Recommended Citation

Clymer, Kaydrie, "Kaydrie Clymer, Mezzo-Soprano, Senior Voice Recital" (2009). *Junior and Senior Recitals*. 136.  
[http://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/junior\\_and\\_senior\\_recitals/136](http://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/junior_and_senior_recitals/136)

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@Cedarville, a service of the Centennial Library. It has been accepted for inclusion in Junior and Senior Recitals by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@Cedarville. For more information, please contact [digitalcommons@cedarville.edu](mailto:digitalcommons@cedarville.edu).

THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY  
DEPARTMENT OF  
MUSIC, ART, & WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL  
OF

KAYDRIE CLYMER  
MEZZO-SOPRANO

AMANDA ROEBUCK  
PIANO

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 2009  
4:00 P.M.

RECITAL HALL  
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC  
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

# Program

## I

*He was despised*, from MESSIAH ..... George Frederick Handel  
(1685-1759)

## II

*Auf dem Wasser zu singen* ..... Franz Schubert  
*Litanei auf das Fest aller Seelen* (1797-1828)  
*Ständchen*

## III

*Per pieta, bell'idol mio* ..... Vincenzo Bellini  
*Il fervido desiderio* (1801-1835)  
*Vaga luna, che inargenti*

# Intermission

## IV

*Au bord de l'eau* ..... Gabriel Fauré  
*Automne* (1845-1924)  
*Chanson d'Amour*

## V

*I Could Have Danced All Night*, from MY FAIR LADY  
..... Alan Jay Lerner & Frederick Loewe  
(1918-1986) (1901-1988)

*Getting to Know You*, from THE KING AND I  
..... Richard Rogers & Oscar Hammerstein II  
(1902-1979) (1895-1960)

*Goodnight My Someone*, from THE MUSIC MAN ..... Meredith Willson  
(1902-1984)

Kaydrie is a student of Taylor Ferranti.

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

*No flash photography, please.  
Please turn off all cell phones.*

## Translations

### *Auf dem Wasser zu singen*

In the midst of the shimmer of the reflecting waves the swaying boat glides like a swan; ah, on the softly shimmering waves of joy the soul glides along like the boat; for from heaven down onto the waves the red glow of sunset dances all around the boat. Over the treetops of the western grove the reddish gleam beckons to us in a friendly way; under the branches of the eastern grove the reeds murmur in the reddish light; the soul breathes the joy of heaven and the peace of the grove in the reddening light. Ah, for me on the rocking waves time flies away on dewy wings. May time vanish again tomorrow on shimmering wings as it has vanished yesterday and today, until I myself on higher radiant wings vanish to changing time.

### *Litanei auf das Fest aller Seelen*

May all souls rest in peace, those who have finished a fearful torment, those who have ended a sweet dream, whether weary of life, or barely born, departed from this world to the other: may all souls rest in peace! The souls of loving girls whose tears are too many to be counted, whom a false friend deserted, and the blind world rejected: may all who have departed from this world, may all souls rest in peace! And those who never smiled at the sun, who were sleepless under the moon on a bed of thorns, one day to see God face to face in the pure light of heaven... may all who have departed from this world, may all souls rest in peace!

### *Ständchen*

My songs are softly pleading through the night for you; come down to me, sweetheart, into the quiet grove!

Slender treetops are whispering, as they rustle in the moonlight; do not be afraid that some hostile eavesdropper will betray us, lovely one. Do you hear the nightingales singing? Ah, they are entreating you, they are pleading for me with the sweet lamenting of their tones. They understand the yearning of the heart, they know love's pain, with their silvery tones they touch every soft heart. Let your breast, too, be moved: sweetheart, hear me! Trembling, I am waiting here for you! Come, make me happy!

### *Per pietà, bell'idol mio*

Have pity, my beautiful idol, do not say that I am ungrateful; heaven makes me unhappy and unlucky enough. If I am faithful to you, if I consume myself with you beautiful eyes, you know it, love, the gods know it, my heart knows it, your heart knows it.

### *Il fervido desiderio*

When will that day come when I will be able to see you again, that which my loving heart desires so much? When will that day come that I will receive you in my breast, ah, beautiful flame of love, my soul?

### *Vaga luna, che inargenti*

Pretty moon, who makes these shores and flowers silvery and inspires the language of love to the elements; of my fervid desire, now I tell only you, and to you that I am falling in love. Count the heart beats and the sighs. Then tell her that distance cannot assuage my sorrow, that I feed upon a hope, she is the only one, yes, she is the only one in my future. Also tell her that day and night I count the

hours of grief, that the enticing  
hope of her love comforts me.

*Au bord de l'eau*

To sit together on the bank of the  
passing water, to see it passing;  
together, if a cloud glides by in  
space, to see it gliding; on the  
horizon if a thatch roof is smoking,  
to see it smoking: all around, if  
some flower is scented: to drink of  
its fragrance; to listen, at the foot of  
the willow where the water  
murmurs, to the murmuring water,  
not to feel, while this dream lasts,  
time passing; but, bringing only  
the deep passion of adoring each  
other, without care of the world's  
strife, ignoring them; and alone,  
together facing all that wearies  
without wearying, feeling love,  
before all that passes; to never  
pass!

*Automne*

Autumn of foggy sky, of  
distressing horizons, of rapid  
sunsets, of pale dawns; I watch

flowing like torrential waters, your  
melancholy days. My thoughts  
carried away on the wing of  
regrets, as if our past age could be  
reborn! Wander, dreaming on the  
enchanted hillsides, where once my  
youth smiled! I feel, in the clear  
sun of victorious memory, flowing  
roses, reflowering in bouquets, and  
tears welling-up in my eyes, which  
in my heart my twenty years had  
forgotten!

*Chanson d'Amour*

I love your eyes, I love your face,  
O my rebellious one, O my fierce  
one. I love your eyes, I love your  
mouth where my kisses will  
exhaust themselves. I love your  
voice, I love the strange grace of all  
that you say, O my rebellious one,  
O my dear angel, my hell and my  
paradise! I love all that makes you  
beautiful, from your feet to your  
hair, O you toward whom my vows  
ascend, O my fierce one, O my  
rebellious one.