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Kaleigh Kenney, Mezzo-Soprano, Junior Voice Recital

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
MUSIC AND WORSHIP DEPARTMENT
PRESENTS THE
JUNIOR VOICE RECITAL
OF

KALEIGH KENNEY, MEZZO-SOPRANO
HANNAH RINEHART, PIANO

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 2016, 7 P.M.

Amour! Viens aider ma faiblesse!,

from SAMSON ET DALILA Camille Saint-Saëns
(1835-1921)

Selections from *Wesendonck Lieder* Richard Wagner
II. Stehe still (1813-1883)
III. Im Treibhaus
IV. Schmerzen

A Part of That, from THE LAST FIVE YEARS Jason Robert Brown
(b. 1970)

Kaleigh is a student of Mark Spencer.

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

TRANSLATIONS

Amour! Viens aider ma faiblesse!

Love, come to aid my weakness!
Pour the poison into his bosom!
Make Samson, vanquished by my skill,
Be bound in chains tomorrow!
In vain should he wish to be able to
drive me out, banish me, from his soul!
Could he be able to quench the flame
Which memory feeds?
He is mine! He is my slave!
My brethren fear his wrath;
I alone, among all- I defy him,
And restrain him at my knees!
Against love, his strength is in vain;
And he, the strongest among the strong-
He, who breaks a people's chains,
Will yield under my endeavors!

Stehe still

Rushing, roaring wheel of time,
You that measure eternity;
shining spheres in the vast universe,
you that encircle our earthly sphere-
pause, eternal creation;
enough of becoming, let me be!
Hold yourselves back, you generative
powers,
Primal Thought that must ever create!
Stop all breath, silence every urge,
Let there be peace for but one moment!
Swelling pulses, restrain your beating-
End, eternal day of the Will!
Then, in sweet forgetfulness
I may taste the full measure of my joy.
When eye blissfully gazes into eye,
Soul drowns in soul;
When being finds itself in being
And all hopes are near their goal;
When lips are mute in silent amazement
and the soul wishes for nothing more-
then man sees Eternity's footprints
and solves your riddle, divine Nature!

Im Treibhaus

You high-arching leafy crowns,
You emerald canopies,
You children of distant climes-
Why do you lament?
Silently you incline your branches
And make signs in the air,
And a sweet scent rises
As mute witness to your sorrows
Longingly
You spread wide your wings,
And embrace, deluded,
A horrid emptiness
I know your grief, poor plant,
For our fate is alike;
Though the light shines brightly
around,
This is not our home.
And just as the sun is glad to leave
The empty brightness of day,
So true suffering
Assumes the dark mantle of silence.
It grows quiet, an anxious sighing
Fills the dark room:
I see heavy drops hanging
From the green-edged leaves

Schmerzen

Every evening, Sun, you redden
Your lovely eyes with weeping,
When, bathing in the sea,
You are surprised by an early death
But you rise again in your old splendor,
And halo the dark world
When you wake in the morning
As a conquering hero.
Why should I then complain,
Why should my heart be heavy-
If the sun itself must lose heart,
If the sun itself must go down?
And if only death gives birth to life,
If only agony brings bliss-
Then I thank Nature
For giving me such agony!