

3-19-2017

Kaleigh Kenney, Senior Voice Recital

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL
OF
KALEIGH KENNEY
MEZZO-SOPRANO

HANNAH RINEHART
PIANO

SUNDAY, MARCH 19, 2017
3 P.M.

RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

PROGRAM

I

Art Thou Troubled. George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)

When I Am Laid in Earth from DIDO AND AENEAS
..... Henry Purcell (1659–1695)

II

Smania implacabili from COSI FAN TUTTE
..... Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)

Stride la vampa! from IL TROVATORE Giuseppe Verdi (1813–1901)

Près des remparts de Séville (Seguidilla) from CARMEN
..... Georges Bizet (1838–1875)

III

Auch kleine Dinge. Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)

Mörrike-Lieder. Hugo Wolf

12. *Verborgtheit*

Chanson perpétuelle, Op. 37 Ernest Chausson (1855–1899)

IV

Journey to the Past from ANASTASIA Stephen Flaherty (b. 1960)

She Used to Be Mine from WAITRESS Sara Bareilles (b. 1979)

I Know It's Today from SHREK THE MUSICAL. Jeanine Tesori (b. 1961)

Assisted by Michaela Wade, mezzo-soprano;

Kirsten Saur, mezzo-soprano

Kaleigh is a student of Mark Spencer.

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

No flash photography, please.

Please turn off all cell phones.

Translations

Smanie implacabili

Ah leave me! Flee the dread effect of a distracted love! Close those windows; I hate the light, I hate the air I breathe, I hate myself. Who mocks at my grief? Who consoles me? Ah fly; leave me alone, for pity's sake! Implacable pangs which torment me, do not subside within my being until my anguish brings me death. If I remain alive I will furnish the Furies with a wretched example of tragic love with the dreadful sound of my sighs.

Stride la vampa!

The blaze crackles! The unrestrained crowd runs to that fire happy in appearance; shouts of joy echo all around: Surrounded by henchmen a woman approaches! Menacingly shines on those horrible faces that gloomy flame that reaches to the heavens! The blaze crackles! Here comes the victim, dressed in black, dishevelled and barefoot! A fierce shout of death arises. The echo repeats from cliff to cliff! Menacingly shines on those horrible faces that gloomy flame that reaches to the heavens!

Près des remparts de Séville (Seguidilla)

Near the walls of Seville, at my friend place, Lillas Pastia I will dance the Séguedille and drink Manzanilla. I will go to the home of my friend Lillas Pastia. Yes, all alone one can get bored, and real pleasures are for two; So, to keep me company, I'll take my lover! My love, he is the devil, I did away with him yesterday! My poor heart is very consolable my heart is free as a bird! I have a dozen suitors, But they are not to my liking. This is the end of the week who will love me? I will love him! Who wants my soul? It is for you to take. You arrive at the right time! I have little time to wait, because with my new lover, near the walls of Seville, I will go to my friend, Lillas Pastia!

Auch kleine Dinge

Even little things can delight us, even little things can be precious. Think how we gladly adorn ourselves with pearls; they are heavily paid for, and yet are small. Think how small is the olive's fruit, and is nevertheless sought for its virtue. Think only on the rose, how small she is, and yet, smells so sweet, as you know.

Continued on back

Verborgenheit

Oh, world, let me be! Entice me not
with gifts of love. Let this heart in
solitude have your bliss, your pain!
What I mourn, I know not. It is an
unknown pain; forever through tears
shall I see the sun's love-light. Often, I
am scarcely conscious and the bright
joys break through the pain, thus
pressing delightfully into my breast.
Oh, world, let me be! Entice me not
with gifts of love. Let this heart in
solitude have your bliss, your pain!

Chanson perpétuelle

Quivering woods, starry sky, my
beloved has gone away taking with
him my desolate heart! Winds, may
your plaintive noises, charming
nightingales, may your songs go to tell
him I'm dying! From the first evening
he came here my soul was at his
mercy. I no longer cared about pride.
My eyes kept telling him my thoughts.
He took me in his nervous arms and
kissed my head close to my hair. That
caused me a great trembling; and
then, I no longer know how, he
became my lover. I kept saying: "You
will love me for as long as you are
able!" I would sleep well only in his
arms. But he, feeling his heart grown
cold, departed some mornings ago,
without me, for a distant land. Since I
have my lover no longer I will die in
the pond, among the flowers, under
the sleeping water. Pausing on the
edge, I will speak his name to the
wind, while dreaming that I often
awaited him there. And as if in a
golden shroud, with my hair undone, I
will let myself go wherever the
[current] takes me. The happy times I
have known will shed their gentle light
on my forehead; and the green reeds
will entwine me. And my breast will
believe, as it trembles caressed and
entwined, that the absent one is
embracing me.



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