

KELLIE EGGING
MEZZO-SOPRANO

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MM RECITAL
ASU RECITAL HALL
FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 2014 • 7:30PM

ASU Herberger Institute
FOR DESIGN AND THE ARTS

ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

School of Music

Program

Erbarne dich, mein Gott J. S. Bach
 from *St. Matthew Passion* (1685-1750)
 Alexandra Birch, violin

Svegliatevi nel core G. F. Händel
 Sesto, from *Giulio Cesare* (1685-1759)

Fünf Lieder, op. 38 Nr.1 E. W. Korngold
 1. Glückwunsch (1897-1957)
 2. Der Kranke
 3. Alt-spanisch
 4. Alt-englisch
 5. Kein Sonnenglanz

There will be a 10-minute intermission

Cinco Canciones Populares Argentinas Alberto Ginastera
 1. Chacarera (1916-1983)
 2. Triste
 3. Zamba
 4. Arrorró
 5. Gato

Poems of Love and the Rain Ned Rorem
 Selections from the Song Cycle (1923 -)
 1. PROLOGUE: from *The Rain*
 2. Stop All The Clocks, Cut Off The Telephone
 3. The Air Is The Only
 4. Love's Stricken "Why"
 5. The Apparition
 6. Do I Love You
 9. Interlude
 13. The Apparition
 14. Love's Stricken "Why"
 15. The Air Is The Only
 17. EPILOGUE: from *The Rain*

Erbarne dich, mein Gott

Erbarne dich, mein Gott
 um meiner Zähren willen.
 Schau hier, Herz und Auge
 weint vor dir bitterlich.

Have mercy, my God

Have mercy, my God,
 for the sake of my tears.
 Look here, heart and eye
 weep before you bitterly.

Svegliatevi nel core

Background: Sesto, the young son of a Roman general, has just witnessed the death of his father at the hands of Tolomeo, who rules Egypt with his sister Cleopatra. In this aria, Sesto vows his vengeance on Tolomeo. Sesto's motives are solidified when he sees his father's ghost and hears him speak.

RECIT:

Vani sono i lamenti;
 è tempo, o Sesto, omai
 di vendicare il padre;
 si svegli alla vendetta
 l'anima neghittosa,
 che offesa da un tiranno
 invan riposa

Vain are the laments
 and the time, oh Sesto, is now
 to avenge the father
 awaken to revenge
 the indolent soul
 that, offended by the tyrant,
 rests in vain.

ARIA:

Svegliatevi nel core
 furie d'un alma offesa
 a far d'un traditor
 aspra vendetta!

Awaken in my heart
 the wrath of an offended soul
 so I may wreak upon the traitor
 bitter vengeance!

L'ombra del genitore
 accorre a mia difesa,
 e dice: a te il rigor,
 figlio, si aspetta

The ghost of my father
 hastens to my defense,
 and says: from you, my son,
 ferocity is expected

Fünf Lieder

Five Songs

1. Glückwunsch

Poem by Dehmel:

Ich wünsche dir Glück
Ich bring dir die Sonne
in meinem Blick
Ich fühle dein Herz
in meiner Brust;
es wünscht dir mehr
als eitel Lust.

Es fühlt und wünscht:
die Sonne scheint,
auch wenn dein Blick
zu brechen meint

Es wünscht dir Blicke
so sehnsuchtslos,
als trügest du die Welt
im Schoß

Es wünscht dir Blicke
so voll Begehren,
als sei die Erde neu
zu gebären

Es wünscht dir Blicke
voll der Kraft
die aus Winter
sich Fröling schafft

Und täglich leuchte
durch dein Haus
aller Liebe Blumenstrauß

I Wish you Happiness

I wish you happiness
I bring you the sun
in my gaze
I feel your heart
in my breast;
it wishes you even more
than pure joy

It feels and wishes:
that the sun shines,
even when your gaze
you may break

It wishes you gazes
so free of longing,
as though you held the world
in your lap

It wishes you gazes
so full of desire,
as if the Earth were born anew.

It wishes you gazes
full of strength
turning the Winter,
into Spring

And daily shining
through your house
the bouquet of all love.

2. Der Kranke

Poem by Eichendorff:

Soll ich dich den nun verlassen,
Erde, heit' res Vaterhaus?
Herzlich Lieben, mutig Hassen,
ist den alles, alles aus?

Vor dem Fenster
durch die Linden
spielt es wie ein linder Gruß.
Lüfte, wollt ihr mir verkünden,
daß ich bald hinuntermuß?

Liebe ferne blaue Hügel,
stiller Fluß im Talesgrün,
ach, wie oft wünscht ich
mir Flügel,
über euch hinweg zu zieh'n!

Da sich jetzt die Flügel dehnen,
schaur'ich in michselbst zurück
und ein unbeschreiblich Sehnen
zieht mich zu der Welt zurück.

3. Alt-spanisch

Poem by Koch:

Steht ein Mädchen
an dem Fenster,
in die Ferne schweift ihr Blick.
Blaß die Wangen,
schwer ihr Herze,
singt sie
von entschwund'nem Glück:
"Mein Lieb kehrt nicht zurück!"

Der Abend dämmt sacht,
ein Stern ersehnt die Nacht.
Und im Winde klinget leise
eine bange Traummusik.
Wie ein Echo tönt die Weise:
"Mein Lieb kehrt nicht zurück!"

The Sick Man

Should I now leave you,
Earth, cheerful familial home?
Heartfelt love, bold hate,
is it all, all gone?

Outside the window
through the Linden tree
plays a soothing greeting.
Breezes, do you tell me,
that I soon must journey down?

Beloved distant blue hills,
Silent river in the green valley,
oh, how often I've wished
for wings,
over you, away I would go!

Since now the wings stretch,
I look back on myself
and an indescribable longing
draws me back to the world.

Old Spanish Song

Stands a maiden
at her window,
into the distance wanders her gaze.
Pale her cheeks,
heavy her heart,
she sings
of vanishing happiness:
"My love does not return!"

The evening twilight comes gently,
a star longs for the night.
and in the wind plays softly
an anxious dream-music.
Like an echo sounds the refrain:
"My love does not return!"

4. Alt-englisch

Anonymous:

Nun hört mich, ihr Leute,
ich sing' euch ein Lied
von Lord Essex, dem Schlächter,
in der Schlacht bei Cadix!

Wie schlug er die Spanier,
wie jagt' er sie hin,
zu Ehren von England
und Englands Königin!

Kanonen die pfeffern
in den Hafen ihr Schrot.
Das Meer ist voll Leichen
und Spanien ist tot!

Drum singet und tanzet,
ob dick oder dünn,
zu Ehren von England
und Englands Königin!

Old English Song

Now hear me, you people,
I'll sing you a song
of Lord Essex, the Butcher,
in the battle of Cadiz!

He defeated the Spanish,
he hunted them down,
in honor of England
and England's Queen!

With cannons he peppered
the shots into the harbor
The sea is full of corpses
and Spain is dead!

Well we sing and dance,
whether thick or thin,
in honor of England
and England's Queen!

5. Kein Sonnenglanz

Poem by Shakespeare

Kein Sonnenglanz
im Auge meiner Frau;
Korallenrot ist röter
als ihr Mund.

Wenn weiß der Schnee,
dann ist ihr Busen grau,
wenn Haar wie Flachs,
wallt Flachs ihr bis zum Grund.

Wohl sah ich Rosen,
weiß unt rot erblüht,
doch keine, die ihr Angesicht
verklärt;

und manch Parfum
erfreuet das Gemüt
mit holder'm Duft
als ihrem Mund entfährt.

No Sun Shines (My mistress' eyes)

My mistress' eyes
are nothing like the sun
coral is far more red
than her lips.

If snow be white,
why then her breasts are dun;
if hairs be wires,
black wires grow on her head.

I have seen roses
damask'd, red and white,
but no such roses see I
in her cheeks;

and in some perfumes
is there more delight
then in the breath
that from my mistress reeks.

Ich hör' sie reden gern,
doch muß gestehn,
Musik hat einen
angenehmer'n Klang.

Noch keine Göttin
hab'ich schreiten seh'n
die Liebste mein
hat einen Erdengang.

Und doch, und doch,
scheint zie mir so
an Reizen reich,

sie scheint mir so
an Reizen reich,
wie die, die nur gewinnt
durch Trugvergleich.

I love to hear her speak,
yet well I know
that music hath
a far more pleasing sound;

I grant I never
saw a goddess go,
my mistress when she walks,
treads on the ground.

and yet, by haeven,
I think my love
as rare,

I think my love,
my love as rare,
as any belied
with false compare.

Cinco Canciones Populares Argentinas Five Argentine Popular Songs

1. Chacarera

A mi me gustan las ñatas
y una ñata me ha tocado
Ñato será el casamiento
y más ñato el resultado

I like the girls with turned-up noses
and one of these girls I will have
Snub-nosed will be the marriage,
and then we will have snub-nosed babies

Cuando canto chacareras
me dan ganas de llorar
porque se me representa
Catamarca y Tuoumán

When I sing the chacareras
I want to cry
because it reminds me of
Catamarca and Tuoumán

2. Triste

Sad

Ah! Debajo de un limón verde
donde el agua non corría
entregué mi corazón
a quien no lo merecía

Ah! Below a lime tree
where the water doesn't flow
I handed my heart
to someone who didn't deserve it

Ah! Triste es el día sin sol
triste es la noche sin luna
per más triste es querer
sin esperanza ninguna.

Ah! Sad is the day without sun
sad is the night without the moon
but sadder still is loving
without any hope.

3. Zamba

Samba

Hasta las piedras del cerro
y las arenas del mar
me dicen que no te quiera
y no te puedo olvidar.

Even the stones of the mountains
and the sands of the sea
tell me not to love you
but I can't forget you.

Si el corazón me has robado
el tuyo me lo has dedar
el quel lleva cosa ajena
con lo suyo ha de pagar.
Ay!

If you have stolen my heart
then you have given me yours
he that takes things from others
must then pay with his own.

4. Arrorró

Lullaby

Arrorró mi nene,
Arrorró mi sol
Arrorró pedazo de mi corazón

Lullaby my baby,
Lullaby my sun,
Lullaby little piece of my heart

Este nene lindo
se quiere dormir
y el pícaro sueño
no quiere venir.

This beautiful baby
wants to sleep,
but the fickle dream
doesn't want to come.

5. Gato

Cat

El gato de mi casa
es muy gauchito
pero cuando lo bailan
zapateadito

The cat in my house
is very handsome
but when he dances,
we all stamp our feet

Guitarrita de pino
cuerdas de alambre
Tanto quiero a las chicas, digo,
como a las grandes.

Little pine wood guitar
with wire strings
I like the girls, I'll tell you,
I like the big ones.

Esa moza que baila
mucho la quiero
pero no para hermana
que hermana tengo.

That girl dancing over there,
I like her alot
but not as a sister
I already have a sister.

Que herman tengo, sí,
ponete al frente
Aunque no sea
tu dueño, digo,
me gusta verte!

I have a sister, yes,
come to the front
Although I know I'll never be
your master, let me say,
I like to watch you!

Selections from *Poems of Love and the Rain*

1. PROLOGUE: from *The Rain*

Poem by Donald Windham

Everywhere, the impossible is happening:
two things, the rain and the landscape,
are occupying the same place at the same time.

2. Stop All The Clocks

Poem by W. H. Auden

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
Scribbling on the sky the message
He is Dead,
Put crêpe bows round the white necks of the public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,
My working week and my Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought that love would last forever:
I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now; put out every one:
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun;
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the woods:
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

3. The Air Is The Only

Poem by Howard Moss

The air is the only
Lonely bearer
Of the one breath
Of Love's wayfarer.

The sea's too wet
To forgive.
Forget Its salty ranges:
Change changes.

But sing flesh,
Sinew and bone,
And mostly blood,

The fine wood
In which we hive
The dead and alive

The hollow vein
And love's rain.

4. Love's Stricken "Why"

Poem by Emily Dickinson

Love's stricken "why"
Is all that love can speak
Built of but just a syllable
The hugest hearts that break.

5. The Apparition

Poem by Theodore Roethke

My pillow won't tell me
Where he is gone,
The soft-footed one
Who passed by alone.

Who took my heart, whole,
With a tilt of his eye,
And with it my soul,
And it like to die.

I twist, and I turn,
My breath but a sigh.
Dare I grieve? Dare I mourn?
He walks by, he walks by.

6. Do I Love You

Poem by Jack Larson

Do I love you more than a day?
Days used to be faint hours to endure.
Now, through our love,
I feel each hour on this spinned world about the sun.

Embodied time,
I live creation.
Through you.
And I love you more than a day.

9. Interlude

Poem by Theodore Roethke

The element of air was out of hand.
The rush of wind ripped off the tender leaves
And flung them in confusion on the land.
We waited for the first rain in the eaves.

The chaos grew as hour by hour the light
Decreased beneath an undivided sky.
Our pupils widened with unnatural night,
But still the road and dusty field kept dry.

The rain stayed in its cloud; full dark came near;
The wind lay motionless in the long grass.
The veins within our hands betrayed our fear.
What we had hoped for had not come to pass.

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Out of respect for the performers and those audience members around you, please turn all beepers, cell phones and watches to their silent mode. Thank you.