
2-19-2022

Lydia Kee, Mezzo-Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Lydia C. Kee

Cedarville University, lkee@cedarville.edu

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/junior_and_senior_recitals



Part of the [Music Performance Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Kee, Lydia C., "Lydia Kee, Mezzo-Soprano, Senior Voice Recital" (2022). *Junior and Senior Recitals*. 326.
https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/junior_and_senior_recitals/326

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.

THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL

OF

LYDIA KEE
MEZZO-SOPRANO

ABIGAIL LILITE
PIANO

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 2022
11 A.M.

RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

PROGRAM

I

Lagrima mie Barbara Strozzi (1619–1677)
Assisted by Abigail Lilite, harpsichord;
Christopher Staufer, cello

II

Quia respexit from MAGNIFICAT IN D MAJOR, BWV 243 J. S. Bach (1685–1750)
Assisted by Lydia Jefson, oboe
Adieu, notre petite table from MANON Jules Massenet (1842–1912)
Una voce poco fa from IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA.... Gioachino Rossini (1792–1868)

INTERMISSION

III

Die Forelle, Op. 32, D. 550 Franz Schubert (1797–1828)
Heimliches Lieben, D. 922
Gretchen am Spinnrade, Op. 2, D. 118
Erlkönig, Op. 1, D. 328

IV

Selections from *Cycle of Holy Songs*..... Ned Rorem (b. 1923)
Psalm 148
Psalm 142
Psalm 150

V

Annabel Lee..... Lydia Kee (b. 1999)
Assisted by Evan Ellis, narrator;
Autumn Kuntz and Elise Camillone, violins; Ethan Tanner, viola;
Sylvia Rice, cello; Abigail Hall, flute; Thomas Bonifield, clarinet;
Jason de Mets, bass clarinet; Maryssa Duncan, glockenspiel;
Noah Ramirez, vibraphone; Emma Burrows, harp

VI

Eternal Life Olive Dungan (1903–1997)

Lydia 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

Lagrima mie (My tears)

My tears, why do you hold back?
Why do you not let burst forth the fierce pain
that takes my breath and oppresses my heart?

Because she looked on me with a favorable glance,
Lidia, whom I so much adore,
is imprisoned by her stern father.

Between two walls
the beautiful innocent one is enclosed,
where the sun's rays can't reach her;
and what grieves me most
and adds torment and pain to my suffering,
is that my love
suffers on my account.

And you, grieving eyes, you don't weep?
My tears, why do you hold back?

Alas, I miss Lidia,
the idol that I so much adore;
she's enclosed in hard marble,
the one for whom I sigh and yet do not die.

Because I welcome death,
now that I'm deprived of hope,
Ah, take away my life,
I implore you, my harsh pain.

But I well realize that to torment me
all the more fate denies me even death.

Thus since it's true, oh God,
that wicked destiny
thirsts only for my weeping,
tears, why do you hold back?

Source: <https://barbarastrozzi.com/piece/lamento-2/>

Quia respexit (For He Has Regarded)

For He has regarded the lowliness of His
handmaiden.
Behold, from henceforth, I will be called blessed.
Source: <https://www.vml.org/bwv-243-magnificat-in-d-major/3-quia-respexit>

Adieu, notre petite table (Goodbye, Our Little Table)

Come now, I must do it, for his sake...
My poor Chevalier!
Yes, he's the one I love!
And yet today I'm still hesitating.
No, no!... I'm no longer worthy of him!
I keep hearing this voice that
attracts me against my will:
Manon, Manon, you will be queen...
A queen... by your beauty!
I am nothing but weakness and frailty...
Ah! in spite of myself I feel my tears flowing.
After these dreams have been erased,
will the future have the charms
of these beautiful days that have already passed?

Manon approaches the table, laid for supper.
Farewell, our little table,
which brought us together so often!
Farewell, farewell, our little table,
which for just us two seemed so large!
It's unbelievable, but we take up so little space...
especially when we're embracing.
Farewell, our little table!
We used the same glass,
the two of us, and when each of us drank,
we tried to find the other's lips.
My poor friend, how he loved me!
Farewell, our little table, farewell!
Source: <https://www.opera-arias.com/massenet/manon/adeu-notre-petite-table/>

Una voce poco fa (The voice I heard just now)

The voice I heard just now
has thrilled my very heart.
My heart already is pierced
and it was Lindoro who hurled the dart.
Yes, Lindoro shall be mine,
I've sworn it, I'll succeed.
My guardian won't consent,
but I will sharpen my wits,
and at last, he will relent,
And I shall be content.
Yes, Lindoro shall be mine,
I've sworn it, I'll succeed.

I am docile, I am respectful,
I am obedient, sweet and loving.
I can be ruled, I can be guided.
But if crossed in love,
I can be a viper,
and a hundred tricks
I shall play
before they have their way.
Source: <https://www.opera-arias.com/rossini/il-barbiere-di-siviglia/una-voce-poco-fa/>

Die Forelle (The Trout)

In a limpid brook
the capricious trout
in joyous haste
darted by like an arrow.

I stood on the bank
in blissful peace, watching
the lively fish swim
in the clear brook.

An angler with his rod
stood on the bank
cold-bloodedly watching
the fish's contortions.

As long as the water is clear, I thought,
he won't catch the trout with his rod.

Continued on back

But at length the thief
grew impatient. Cunningly
he made the brook cloudy,
and in an instant
his rod quivered,
and the fish struggled on it.
And I, my blood boiling,
looked on at the cheated creature.
Source: <https://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk/song/2371>

Heimliches Lieben (Secret Love)

When your lips touch me,
desire all but bears away my soul;
I feel a nameless trembling
deep within my breast.

My eyes flame, a glow tinges my cheeks;
my heart beats with a strange longing;
my mind, lost in the stammering
of my drunken lips, can scarcely compose itself.

At such a time my life hangs
on your sweet lips, soft as roses,
and, in your beloved embrace,
life almost deserts me.

Oh that my life cannot escape from itself,
with my soul aflame in yours!
Oh that lips ardent with longing
must part!

Oh that my being may not dissolve in kisses
when my lips are pressed so tightly to yours,
and to your heart, which may never dare
to beat aloud for me!

Source: <https://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk/song/1381>

Gretchen am Spinnrade (Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel)

My peace is gone, my heart is heavy;
I shall never ever find peace again.

When he's not with me, life's like the grave;
The whole world is turned to gall.
My poor head is crazed,
My poor mind shattered.
It's only for him I gaze from the window,
It's only for him I leave the house.

His proud bearing his noble form,
The smile on his lips, the power of his eyes,
And the magic flow of his words,
The touch of his hand, and ah, his kiss!

My bosom yearns for him.
Ah! if I could clasp and hold him,
And kiss him to my heart's content,
And in his kisses perish!
Source: <https://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk/song/199>

Erlkönig (The Erlking)

Who rides so late through the night and
wind?

It is the father with his child.
He has the boy in his arms;
he holds him safely, he keeps him warm.

"My son, why do you hide your face in fear?"
"Father, can you not see the Erlking?
The Erlking with his crown and tail?"
"My son, it is a streak of mist."

"Sweet child, come with me.
I'll play wonderful games with you.
Many a pretty flower grows on the shore;
my mother has many a golden robe."

"Father, father, do you not hear
what the Erlking softly promises me?"
"Calm, be calm, my child:
the wind is rustling in the withered leaves."

"Won't you come with me, my fine lad?
My daughters shall wait upon you;
my daughters lead the nightly dance,
and will rock you, and dance, and sing you to
sleep."

"Father, father, can you not see
Erlking's daughters there in the darkness?"
"My son, my son, I can see clearly:
it is the old grey willows gleaming."

"I love you, your fair form allures me,
and if you don't come willingly, I'll use force."

"Father, father, now he's seizing me!
The Erlking has hurt me!"

The father shudders, he rides swiftly,
he holds the moaning child in his arms;
with one last effort he reaches home;
the child lay dead in his arms.

Source: <https://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk/song/1420>