

Kimberly Rose Martinez
mezzo-soprano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Master of Music degree, 2023
Student of MaryAnn McCormick

with
Sujin Choi, piano
Maegan Hoogerhyde, soprano

Saturday, February 25, 2023
8:00 p.m.
Williams Hall

PROGRAM

Marianna von Martines

(1744–1812)

from *Dixit Dominus*

II. Virgam virtutis tuae

Maegan Hoogerhyde, soprano

III. Tecum principium

Hector Berlioz

(1803–1869)

from *Les nuits d'été*, op. 7

I. Villanelle

II. Le spectre de la rose

III. Sur les lagunes

Johannes Brahms

(1833–1897)

Die Mainacht, op. 43 no. 2

O kühler Wald, op. 72 no. 3

Verzagen, op. 72 no. 4

Edward Elgar

(1857–1934)

from *Sea Pictures*, op. 37

I. Sea Slumber Song

II. In Haven

IV. Where Corals Lie

Irma Urteaga

(1929–2022)

Cánticos para sonar

Canción de cuna para mi corazón solitario

Canto di nodriza

Vocalise

Capullito

*Kimberly Rose Martinez is the recipient of a scholarship made possible by
the Elizabeth Louise Walker Voice Scholarship Fund.*

*Thank you to my wonderful teacher,
MaryAnn McCormick,
for always pushing me when I thought I couldn't do it.
Your support over the past year and a half has been greatly appreciated,
and I hope I've made you proud.*

*Thank you to my wonderful accompanist,
Sujin Choi,
for your inspiring artistry and dedication.
It is always a joy to collaborate with you.*

*Last but certainly not least,
thank you to all of my friends and family for your consistent love and support.
I would not be where I am today without all of you.*

Virgam virtutis tuae

*Virgam virtutis tuae emittet Dominus ex Sion:
dominare in medio. inimicorum tuorum.*

Tecum principium

*Tecum principium in die virtutis tuae in
splendoribus sanctorum: ex utero, ante luciferum,
genui te.*

Villanelle

*Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,
Quand auront disparu les froids,
Tous les deux nous irons, ma belle,
Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois;
Sous nos pieds égrenant les perles
Que l'on voit au matin trembler,
Nous irons écouter les merles
Siffler!*

*Le printemps est venu, ma belle;
C'est le mois des amants béni,
Et l'oiseau, satinant son aile,
Dit ses vers au rebord du nid.
Oh! viens donc sur ce banc de mousse,
Pour parler de nos beaux amours,
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce:
Toujours!*

*Loin, bien loin, égarant nos courses,
Faisons fuir le lapin caché,
Et le daim au miroir des sources
Admirant son grand bois penché;
Puis, chez nous, tout heureux, tout aises,
En paniers enlaçant nos doigts,
Revenons rapportant des fraises
Des bois!*

The Lord shall send the rod of thy power out
of Sion: be thou ruler, even in the midst
among thine enemies.

In the day of thy power shall the people offer
thee free-will offerings with an holy worship:
the dew of thy birth is of the womb of the
morning

Book of Common Prayer

Villanelle

When the new season comes,
When the cold has gone,
We two will go, my sweet,
To gather lilies-of-the-valley in the woods;
Scattering as we tread the pearls of dew
We see quivering each morn,
We'll go and hear the blackbirds
Sing!

Spring has come, my sweet;
It is the season lovers bless,
And the birds, preening their wings,
Sing songs from the edge of their nests.
Ah! Come, then, to this mossy bank
To talk of our beautiful love,
And tell me in your gentle voice:
Forever!

Far, far away we'll stray from our path,
Startling the rabbit from his hiding-place
And the deer reflected in the spring,
Admiring his great lowered antlers;
Then home we'll go, serene and at ease,
And entwining our fingers basket-like,
We'll bring back home wild
Strawberries!

Le spectre de la rose

*Soulève ta paupière close
Qu'effleure un songe virginal;
Je suis le spectre d'une rose
Que tu portais hier au bal.
Tu me pris encore emperlée
Des pleurs d'argent de l'arrosoir,
Et parmi le fête étoilée
Tu me promenas tout le soir.*

*Ô toi, qui de ma mort fus cause,
Sans que tu puisses le chasser,
Toutes les nuits mon spectre rose
À ton chevet viendra danser.
Mais ne crains rien, je ne réclame
Ni messe ni De profundis;
Ce léger parfum est mon âme,
Et j'arrive du paradis.*

*Mon destin fut digne d'envie:
Et pour avoir un sort si beau,
Plus d'un aurait donné sa vie,
Car sur ton sein j'ai mon tombeau,
Et sur l'albâtre où je repose
Un poète avec un baiser
Écrivit: Ci-gît une rose
Que tous les rois vont jalouser*

Sur les lagunes

*Ma belle amie est morte:
Je pleurerai toujours;
Sous la tombe elle emporte
Mon âme et mes amours.
Dans le ciel, sans m'attendre,
Elle s'en retourna;
L'ange qui l'emmena
Ne voulut pas me prendre.
Que mon sort est amer!
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!*

The spectre of the rose

Open your eyelids,
Brushed by a virginal dream;
I am the spectre of a rose
That yesterday you wore at the dance.
You plucked me still sprinkled
With silver tears of dew,
And amid the glittering feast
You wore me all evening long.

O you who brought about my death,
You shall be powerless to banish me:
The rosy spectre which every night
Will come to dance at your bedside.
But be not afraid – I demand
Neither Mass nor De Profundis;
This faint perfume is my soul,
And I come from Paradise.

My destiny was worthy of envy;
And for such a beautiful fate,
Many would have given their lives –
For my tomb is on your breast,
And on the alabaster where I lie,
A poet with a kiss
Has written: Here lies a rose
Which every king will envy

On the lagoons

My dearest love is dead:
I shall weep for evermore;
To the tomb she takes with her
My soul and all my love.
Without waiting for me
She has returned to Heaven;
The angel who took her away
Did not wish to take me.
How bitter is my fate!
Alas! to set sail loveless across the sea!

(The text continues on the following page. Please turn the page quietly.)

*Le blanche créature
Est chouchée au cercueil.
Comme dans la nature
Tout me paraît en deuil!
La colombe oubliée
Pleure et songe à l'absent;
Mon âme pleure et sent
Qu'elle est dépareillée.
Que mon sort est amer!
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!*

*Sur moi la nuit immense
S'étend comme un linceul;
Je chante ma romance
Que le ciel entend seul.
Ah! comme elle était belle,
Et comme je l'aimais!
Je n'aimerai jamais
Une femme autant qu'elle.
Que mon sort est amer!
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!*

Théophile Gautier

Die Mainacht

*Wann der silberne Mond durch die Gesträuche
blinkt,
Und sein schlummerndes Licht über den Rasen
streut,
Und die Nachtigall flötet,
Wandl' ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.*

*Überhüllet vom Laub, girret ein Taubenpaar
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wende mich,
Suche dunklere Schatten,
Und die einsame Träne rinnt.*

*Wann, o lächelndes Bild, welches wie Morgenrot
Durch die Seele mir strahlt, find' ich auf Erden
dich?
Und die einsame Träne*

The pure white being
Lies in her coffin.
How everything in nature
Seems to mourn!
The forsaken dove
Weeps, dreaming of its absent mate;
My soul weeps and feels
Itself adrift.
How bitter is my fate!
Alas! to set sail loveless across the sea!

The immense night above me
Is spread like a shroud;
I sing my song
Which heaven alone can hear.
Ah! how beautiful she was,
And how I loved her!
I shall never love a woman
As I loved her.
How bitter is my fate!
Alas! to set sail loveless across the sea!

*Translation © Richard Stokes, author of A French
Song Companion (Oxford University Press);
Provided via Oxford Lieder, www.oxfordlieder.co.uk*

May Night

When the silvery moon gleams through the
bushes,
And sheds its slumbering light on the grass,
And the nightingale is fluting,
I wander sadly from bush to bush.

Covered by leaves, a pair of doves
Coo to me their ecstasy; but I turn away,
Seek darker shadows,
And the lonely tear flows down.

When, O smiling vision, that shines through
my soul
Like the red of dawn, shall I find you here on
earth?
And the lonely tear

Bebt mir heißer die Wang' herab.

Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty

O kühler Wald

*O kühler Wald,
Wo rauschest du,
In dem mein Liebchen geht?
O Widerhall,
Wo lauschest du,
Der gern mein Lied versteht?*

*Im Herzen tief,
Da rauscht der Wald,
In dem mein Liebchen geht,
In Schmerzen schlief
Der Widerhall,
Die Lieder sind verweht.*

Clemens Brentano

Verzagen

*Ich sitz' am Strande der rauschenden See
Und suche dort nach Ruh',
Ich schaue dem Treiben der Wogen
Mit dumpfer Ergebung zu.*

*Die Wogen rauschen zum Strande hin,
Sie schäumen und vergeh'n,
Die Wolken, die Winde darüber,
Die kommen und verweh'n.*

*Du ungestümes Herz, sei still
Und gib dich doch zur Ruh';
Du sollst mit Winden und Wogen
Dich trösten, — was weinst du?*

Karl Lemcke

Quivers more ardently down my cheek.

O cool forest

*O cool forest,
In which my beloved walks,
Where are you murmuring?
O echo,
Where are you listening,
Who love to understand my song?*

*Deep in the heart
Is where the forest murmurs,
In which my beloved walks,
The echo
Fell asleep in sorrow,
The songs have blown away*

Despair

*I sit by the shore of the raging sea
Searching there for rest,
I gaze at the waves' motion
In numb resignation.*

*The waves crash on the shore,
They foam and vanish,
The clouds, the winds above,
They come and go.*

*You, unruly heart, be silent
And surrender yourself to rest;
You should find comfort
In winds and waves — why are you
weeping?*

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of: The Book of Lieder (Faber); The Complete Songs of Hugo Wolf (Faber), Provided via Oxford Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)

Sea Slumber Song

Sea birds are asleep,
The world forgets to weep,
Sea murmurs her soft slumber-song
On the shadowy sand
Of this elfin land;
'I, the Mother mild,
Hush thee, oh my child,
Forget the voices wild!

Isles in elfin light
Dream, the rocks and caves,
Lulled by whispering waves,
Veil their marbles bright.
Foam glimmers faintly white
Upon the shelly sand
Of this elfin land;

Sea-sound, like violins,
To slumber woos and wins,
I murmur my soft slumber-song,
Leave woes, and wails, and sins.

Ocean's shadowy might
Breathes good night,
Good night ...'

Roden Noel

In Haven

Closely let me hold thy hand,
Storms are sweeping sea and land;
Love alone will stand.

Closely cling, for waves beat fast,
Foam-flakes cloud the hurrying blast;
Love alone will last.

Kiss my lips, and softly say:
'Joy, sea-swept, may fade to-day;
Love alone will stay.'

Caroline Alice Elgar

Where Corals Lie

The deeps have music soft and low
When winds awake the airy spry,
It lures me, lures me on to go
And see the land where corals lie.
The land, the land, where corals lie.

By mount and mead, by lawn and rill,
When night is deep, and moon is high,
That music seeks and finds me still,
And tells me where the corals lie.
And tells me where the corals lie.

Yes, press my eyelids close, 'tis well,
Yes, press my eyelids close, 'tis well,
But far the rapid fancies fly
To rolling worlds of wave and shell,
And all the land where corals lie.

Thy lips are like a sunset glow,
Thy smile is like a morning sky,
Yet leave me, leave me, let me go
And see the land where corals lie.
The land, the land, where corals lie.

Richard Garnett

Canción de cuna para mi corazón solitario

*Duerme corazón mío, aunque no tengas brazos
para mecerte.
Duerme corazón mío, aunque no tengas canto para
arrullarte.
Duerme corazón mío aunque no tengas labios para
besarte.
Duerme corazón mío, pronto la luna te ha de
mimar.
Duerme con tus latidos de amor, que el cielo te ha
de cuidar.*

Eve Manera

Song for my lonely heart

Sleep my heart, although there are no arms to
cradle you.
Sleep my heart, although there are no
lullabies for you.
Sleep my heart, although there are no lips to
kiss you.
Sleep my heart, soon the moon will coddle
you.
Sleep with your heartbeats of love, heaven
will care for you.

Canto de nodriza

*Oye mi suave canto de nodriza,
cálido espacio azul que leve asoma.
Me abro de terciopelo para darte este fluir de ríos y
de aromas.*

*Refleja tus pupilas en las mías mientras bebes del
cáliz de mi pecho.
Reconoce mi piel entre las pieles en la suave fatiga
de tu sueño.*

Buscame con las manos y la boca.

*Buscame en la raíz de tu semilla.
Soy la savia del brote que alimenta, la rosa
bermillón de tu mejilla.*

Eva Frías

Capullito

*Duerme entre mis brazos capullito
mío mira que el ocaso está por llegar.*

*Duerme entre mis brazos que pasito a paso
llegando la noche mecerá el cantar.*

*Duerme entre mis brazos capullito mía mira
que la lluvia la tierra acaricia.*

*Y empapada en llanto capullito mio florece tu vida
en la paz del canto.*

Eva Manera

Nursing song

Listen to my soft singing of a nursing mother,
a warm blue place that shows slightly.
I reveal myself as velvet to give you these
flowing rivers and aromas.

Reflect your pupils in mine while you drink
from the chalice of my breast.
Perceive my skin among others in the soft
fatigue of your dream.

Look for me with your hands and your
mouth.

Look for me in the root of your seed.
I am the sap of the bud that feeds the
vermillion rose of your cheek.

Little Bud

Sleep in my arms my little bud,
Look out at the sunset that is about to
happen.

Sleep in my arms that step by step when the
night comes in, the chanting will swing.

Sleep in my arms my little bud, look out as
the rain caresses the earth.

And soaked in tears, my little bud, your life
flourishes the peace of chanting.

Translations by Fabiana Palmili

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

all programs subject to change

Visit necmusic.edu for complete and updated concert information

Ryan Devlin, *jazz saxophone* (MM)

Student of Jerry Bergonzi

Sunday, February 26, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Zhiheng Guo, *piano* (DMA '25)

Student of Bruce Brubaker

Sunday, February 26, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Sophia Szokolay, *violin* (DMA '24)

Student of Donald Weilerstein

Sunday, February 26, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Aleksis Martin, *clarinet* (MM)

Student of Thomas Martin

Monday, February 27, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Emma Ujifusa, *soprano* (MM)

Student of Carole Haber

Monday, February 27, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Felicitas Schiffner, *violin* (MM)

Student of Donald Weilerstein

Tuesday, February 28, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Dorson Chang, *violin* (BM)

Student of Paul Biss

Wednesday, March 1, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Mitsuru Yonezaki, *violin* (GD '24)

Student of Donald Weilerstein

Thursday, March 2, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Leland Ko, *cello* (AD '24)

Student of Yeesun Kim and Donald Weilerstein

Friday, March 3, 2023 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

Ga-Young Park, *collaborative piano* (DMA '25)

Student of Cameron Stowe and Jonathan Feldman

Friday, March 3, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Food and drink are not allowed in the concert hall,
and photography and audio or video recording are prohibited.
Assistive listening devices are available for all Jordan Hall concerts;
contact the head usher or house manager on duty or inquire at the Coat Room.
Latecomers will be seated at the discretion of management.

Stay Connected      



necmusic.edu/tonight