



OLD DOMINION
UNIVERSITY

F. Ludwig Diehn School of Music

Student Recital

Rachel Bradley, mezzo-soprano

Bobbie Kesler-Corleto, piano

Diehn Center for the Performing Arts
Chandler Recital Hall

Sunday, October 20, 2019

3:00 pm

Program

Se bramate d'amar chi vi sdegna

George Frideric Handel

Bobbie Kesler-Corleto, Harpsichord
Jordan Goodmurphy, Violin
Emily Pollard, Violin
Joshua Clarke, Viola
Michael Russo, Cello

Fünf Ophelia Lieder, WoO 22

Johannes Brahms

I. Wie erkenn ich dein Treulich

(1833-1897)

II. Sein Leichenhemd weiss

trans. Aribert Reimann

III. Auf morgen ist Sankt

Valentins Tag

IV. Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloss

V. Und kommt er nicht mehr

zurückt?

Jordan Goodmurphy, Violin
Emily Pollard, Violin
Joshua Clarke, Viola
Michael Russo, Cello

Nel giardin del bello

Giuseppe Verdi

From *Don Carlos*

(1813-1901)

Cailin Crane, Soprano
Cristina Loyola, Soprano
Brooke Ward, Mezzo-Soprano
Victoria Magnusson, Alto

Laudamus te

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

From *Great Mass in C minor, K. 427*

(1756-1791)

Extase

Henri Duparc

La Vague et la cloche

(1848-1933)

Rachel Bradley is a student of Dr. Brian Nedvin. This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Music, Music Education degree.

Program

Song of Black Max Waitin'

William Bolcom
(b. 1931)

Give Me Jesus

Traditional Spiritual
arr. Mark Hayes

First Burn

Lin-Manuel Miranda
(b. 1980)
trans. Rachel Bradley

Cailin Crane, Soprano
Cristina Loyola, Soprano
Victoria Magnusson, Alto
Brooke Ward, Alto
Tina Bow, Acoustic Guitar
Jeffery Russo, Electric Guitar
David Newman, Bass

From This Valley

Joy Williams & John Paul
White (b. 1982, b. 1972)
trans. Rachel Bradley

Matthew Bradley, Tenor
Tina Bow, Acoustic Guitar
Jeffery Russo, Electric Guitar
David Newman, Bass
Thomas Ullom, Drums
Rees Ward, Violin
Michael Russo, Cello

You Matter to Me From *Waitress*

Sara Bareilles
(b. 1979)
trans. Rachel Bradley

Matthew Bradley, Tenor
Brooke Ward, Piano
Tina Bow, Acoustic Guitar
Jeffery Russo, Electric Guitar
David Newman, Bass
Thomas Ullom, Drums
Rees Ward, Violin
Michael Russo, Cello

Se bramate d'amar chi vi sdegna

Se bramate d'amar chi vi sdegna
vuò sdegnarvi, ma come, non sò.
La vostra ira crudel me l'insegna
tento farlo, e quest'alma non può.

If you desire to love one who disdains
you,
I want to deny you, but how, I do not
know.
Your cruel anger teaches me,
I try to do it, and this soul cannot.

5 Ophelia Lieder, from William Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, Act IV

Translated by Rachel Bradley

1. Wie erkenn' ich dein Treulieb

Wie erkenn' ich dein Treulieb
Vor den andern nun?
An dem Muschel hut und Stab
Und den Sandalschuh'n.
Er ist lange tot und hin,
Tot und hin, Fräulein!
Ihm zu Häupten ein Rasen grün,
Ihm zu Fuß ein Stein.

How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cocklehat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.
He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

2. Sein Leihenhemd Weiss

Sein Leichenhemd weiß
Wie Schnee zu sehn,
Geziert mit Blumen seggen,
Das unbetränt zum Grab muß gehn
Von Liebesregen.

White his shroud
As the mountain snow,
Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true love showers.

3. Auf morgen ist Sankt Valentins Tag

Auf morgen ist Sankt Valentins Tag,
Wohl an der Zeit noch früh,
Und ich, 'ne Maid, am Fennsterschlag
Will sein eu'r Valentin.
Er war bereit, tät an sein Kleid,
Tät auf die Kammertür
Ließ ein die Maid, die als 'ne Maid
Ging nimmermehr herfür.

Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning time,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

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Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning time,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

4. Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloss

Sie trugen auf der Bahre bloß,
Leider, ach leider!
Und manche Trän' fiel in Grabes
Schoß.
Ihr müsst singe: „ 'nunter!
Und ruft ihr ihn 'nunter.“
Denn trautlieb Fränzel ist
All' meine Lust.

They bore him barefac'd on the bier,
Hey non nonny;
And in his grave rain'd many a tear.
You must sing 'A-down a-down,
And you call him a-down-a.'
For bonny sweet Robin is
All my joy.

5. Und kommt er nicht mehr zuruck?

Und kommt er nicht mehr zurück?
Und kommt er nicht mehr zurück?
Er ist tot, o weh!
In dein Todesbett geh,
Er kommt ja nimmer zurück.
Sein Bart war so weiß wie Schnee,
Sein Haupt dem Flachse gleich:
Er ist hin, ist hin,
Und kein Leid bringt Gewinn;
Gott helf' ihm ins Himmelreich!

And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead;
Go to thy deathbed,
He never will come again.
His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan;
God ha' mercy on his soul.

Nel giardin del bello

PRINCESS EBOLI
Nel giardin del Bello Saracin ostello,
All'olezzo, al rezzo
Degli allòr, dei fior
Una bella almèa tutta chiusa in vel,
Contempar pareo una stella in ciel

Mohammed, re moro,
Al giardin sen va;
Dice a lei: "T'adaro, O gentil beltà!
Vien', a sé t'invita per regnar il re.
La regina ambita
Non è più da me."

CHORUS
Tessete i veli, vaghe donzelle,
Mentr'è nei cieli l'astro maggior.
Sono i veli, al brillar delle stelle,
Sono i veli più cari all'amor!

PRINCESS EBOLI
"Ma discern appena, (chiaro il ciel non è)
I capelli belli, la man breve, il piè.
Deh! Solleva il velo che t'asconde a me;
Esser come il cielo
Senza vel tu de' !

"Se il tuo cor vorrai a me dar in don,
Il mio trono avrai, ché sovrano io son!
Tu lo vuoi? T'inchina, appagar ti vo'.
Allah! La regina!" Mohammed scamò.

In the Garden of Delights, Dwelling of the Sara-
cen,
With the pleasurable scents, under the shade
Of the laurel oaks, of the many flowers
A beautiful dancer all covered in veils
Seems to be watching a star up in heaven

Mohammed, king of the Moors,
Is going to the garden;
He tells her: "I adore you, Oh gentle beauty!
Come, for the king is inviting you to rule with him;
That long-desired queen
Is no longer missing for me."

Weave the veils oh graceful damsels
While, remains up in the heavens the Great Star.
For veils are, under starlight,
Far dearer to love!

"Yet I can barely see (For the skies are not clear)
The beautiful mane, the delicate hand, the foot.
Come on! Lift that veil that is hiding you from me;
For, without that veil,
You must be like Heaven itself.

"If you shall want to give me the gift of your heart,
You will have my throne, for I am king!
Do you want it? Bow down for I want to please
you.
Allah! The Queen!" Mohammed exclaimed.

Extase

Sur un lys pâle mon coeur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort...
Mort exquise, mort parfumée
Du souffle de la bienaimée...
Sur ton sein mon coeur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort...

La vague et la cloche

Une fois, terrassé par un puissant breuvage,
J'ai rêvé que parmi les vagues et le bruit de la mer
Je voguais sans fanal dans la nuit,
Morne rameur, n'ayant plus l'espoir du rivage.
L'Océan me crachait ses baves sur le front,
Et le vent me glaçait d'horreur jusqu'aux entrailles
Les vagues s'écroulaient ainsi que des murailles
Avec ce rythme lent qu'un silence interrompt...
Puis, tout changea...
La mer et sa noire mêlée sombrèrent...
Sous mes pieds s'effondra
Le plancher de la barque...
Et j'étais seul dans un vieux clocher,
Chevauchant avec rage une cloche ébranlée
J'étreignais la criarde opiniâtrement.
Convulsif et fermant dans l'effort mes paupières,
Le grondement faisait trembler les vieilles pierres,
Tant j'activais sans fin le lourd balancement.
Pourquoi n'as-tu pas dit, O rêve,
Où Dieu nous mène?
Pourquoi n'as-tu pas dit s'ils ne finiraient pas
L'inutile travail et l'éternel fracas
dont est faite la vie, hélas, la vie humaine!

Ecstasy

On a pale lily my heart sleeps
A sleep sweet like death...
Exquisite death, death perfumed
By the breath of the beloved...
On your breast my heart sleeps
A sleep sweet like death...

Translated by Rachel Bradley

The wave and the bell

Once, overwhelmed by a powerful beverage,
I dreamt that among the waves and noise of the sea
I sailed without a lantern at night,
A dismal rower, no longer having hope of the shore.
The ocean spat its dribble on my forehead
And the wind chilled me with horror to my entrails
The waves were crumbling as well as the walls
With this slow rhythm that a silence interrupted.
Then, everything changed.
The sea and her black struggle sank.
Under my feet collapsed
The floor of the boat.
And I was alone in an old steeple,
Furiously riding a shaking bell.
I hugged the squalling thing obstinately,
Convulsive and closing my eyelids in the effort,
The roar made the old stones tremble,
As I was endlessly sustaining the heavy swing.
Why did you not say, O dream,
Where God leads us?
Why did you not say that if they would ever end,
The pointless work and eternal collisions
Of which is made life, alas, human life?

Translated by Rachel Bradley