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'amor 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 (1833-1897)
trans. Aribert Reimann
I. Wie erkenn ich dein Treulib
II. Sein Leichenhemd weiss
III. Auf morgen ist Sankt
Valentins Tag
IV. Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloss
V. Und kommt er nicht mehr zurück?

Nel giardin del bello
Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)
From Don Carlos
Cailin Crane, Soprano
Cristina Loyola, Soprano
Brooke Ward, Mezzo-Soprano
Victoria Magnusson, Alto

Laudamus te
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
From Great Mass in C minor, K. 427

Extase
Henri Duparc (1848-1933)
La Vague et la cloche

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’  
Give Me Jesus  
First Burn

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

**You Matter to Me**  
From Waitress

**Se bramate d’amari chi vi sdegna**

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.

Translated by Rachel Bradley

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

1. **Wie erkenn’ ich dein Treulieb**

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 Leichenhemd Weiss**

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**

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 donned his clothes,
And dupped the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.
3. Auf morgen ist Sankt Valentins Tag

Auf morgen ist Sankt Valentins Tag, 
Wohl an der Zeit noch früh, 
Und ich, 'ne Maid, am Fennster-
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.

4. Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß

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 zurück?

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; 
Gott ha’ mercy on his soul.

In the Garden of Delights, Dwelling of the Saracen,
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.
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

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 glaciait 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!

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,
Furioulsy 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