Faculty Recital

Dr. Brian Nedvin, tenor
Dr. Stephen Coxe, piano

Diehn Center for the Performing Arts
Chandler Recital Hall
Program

“Avete torto” (1918)  Giacomo Puccini
from Gianni Schicchi (Giovacchino Forzano)

“Amar ti vieta” (1898)  Umberto Giordano
from Fedora *Arturo Colautti)

“Che gelida manina” (1895)  Giacomo Puccini
from La bohème (Illica & Giacosa)

Dichterliebe, Op. 48 (1940)  Robert Schumann
(Heinrich Heine)
1. Im wundershönen Monat Mai
2. Aus meinen Thränen spriessen
3. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
4. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh’
5. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
6. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

Chansons villageoises, FP117 (1942)  Francis Poulenc
(Maurice Fombeure)
1. Chanson du clair tamis
2. Les gars qui vont à la fête
3. C'est le joli printemps
4. Le mendiant
5. Chanson de la fille frivole
6. Le retour du Sergent

Pause

Three Hebrew Songs (2015)  Stephen Coxe
(b.1966)
1. I Came Early to the House
   (Avraham ibn Ezra 1089-1167)
2. Do you not see
   (Shlomo ibn Gabirol ca.1021-1058)
3. The Stars of the Zodiac
   (Avraham ibn Ezra 1089-1167)

Songs (1902-1916)  Sergei Rachmaninoff
(1873-1943)
Lilacs (E. Beketova)
Again I am alone (I. Bunin)
Before my window (G. Galma)
It cannot be (A. Markov)
Daisies (I. Severyanin )
The Pied-Piper (V. Bryusov)

Avete torto!
Avete torto!
È fine! astuto…
Ogni malizia di leggi e codici
conosce e sa.
Motteggiatore!…
Befeggiatore!…
C’è da fare una beffa nuova e rara?
È Gianni Schicchi che la prepara!
Gli occhi furbi gli illuminan di riso
lo strano viso,
ombreggiato da quel suo gran naso
che pare un torrachione per così!
Vien dal contado?
Ebbene? Che vuol dire?
Basta con queste ubbie…
grette e piccine!
Firenze è come un albero fiorito
che in piazza dei Signori
ha tronco e fronde,
ma le radici forze nuove apportano
dalle convalli limpide e feconde!
E Firenze gemmiglia ed alle stelle
salgon palagi saldi e torri snelle!
L’Arno, prima di correre alla foce,
canta baciando piazza Santa Croce,
e il suo canto è sì dolce e sì sonoro
che a lui son scesi i ruscelletti in coro!
Così scendanvi dotti in arti e scienze
a far più ricca e splendida Firenze!
E di val d’Elsa giù dalle castella
ben venga Arnolfo a far la torre bella!
E venga Giotto dal Mugel selvoso,
e il Medici mercante coraggioso!
Basta con gli odi gretti e coi ripicchi!
Viva la gente nova
e Gianni Schicchi!

You are wrong!
You’re wrong!
He’s refined! astute…
Every trick of laws and codices
he knows and knows intimately.
A joker!
A prankster!
Is there a new and rare joke to be played?
It’s Gianni Schicchi who prepares it!
His cunning eyes light up with laughter
his strange face,
shaded by that great nose of his which
seems like a huge, isolated tower — like this!
He comes from the countryside?
Well? What does that mean?
Enough of these narrow-minded and petty
prejudices!
Florence is like a blossoming tree
which has its trunk and branches in the
Piazza dei Signori;
but the roots bring forth new vitalities
from the limpid and fertile valleys!
And Florence grows; and staunch palaces
and slender towers rise up to all the stars!
The Arno, before running to its mouth,
sings, kissing the Piazza Santa Croce;
and its song is so sweet and so sonorous
that the little brooks have run down to it
in chorus!
Likewise, may experts in arts and sciences
descend here
To make Florence rich and splendid!
And from the castles of the Val d’Elsa
may Arnolfo be welcomed here to make
the beautiful tower!
And Giotto from the wooded Mugello,
and Medici the courageous merchant!
Away with narrow-minded hatreds and
with grudges!
Long live the newcomers
and Gianni Schicchi!
-translated by Ian Sidden
Amor ti vieta

Amor ti vieta di non amar
La man tua lieve che mi respinge
cerca la stretta della mia man.
La tua pupilla esprime "t'ammo"
se il labro dice "non t'amero".

Che gelida manina

Che gelida manina,
se la lasci riscaldar.
Cercar che giova?
Al buio non si trova.
Ma per fortuna
é una notte di luna,
e qui la luna
labbiamo vicina.
Aspetti, signorina,
le dirò con due parole
chi son, e che faccio,
come vivo. Vuole?
Chi son? Sono un poeta.
Che cosa faccio? Scrivo.
E come vivo? Vivo.
In povertà mia lieta
scialo da gran signore
rime ed inni damore.
Per sogni e per chimere
e per castelli in aria,
lanima ho milionaria.
Talor dal mio forziere
ruban tutti i gioelli
due ladri, gli occhi belli.
Ventrar con voi pur ora,
ed i miei sogni usati
per sogni e per chimere
ripeterò e ripeterò,
per immaginare e creare
l'amore in ogni Ango.

Love forbids you

.Love forbids you to reject love.
Your soft hand which rejects me
Seeks the tight grip of my hand.
Your eyes expresses "I love you"
Even if your lip says "I do not love you".

What a frozen little hand

What a frozen little hand,
let me warm it for you.
What's the use of looking?
We won't find it in the dark.
But luckily
it's a moonlit night,
and the moon
is near us here.
Wait, mademoiselle,
I will tell you in two words,
who I am, what I do,
and how I live. May I?
Who am I? I am a poet.
What do I do? I write.
And how do I live? I live.
In my carefree poverty
I squander rhymes
and love songs like a lord.
When it comes to dreams and visions
and castles in the air,
I've the soul of a millionaire.
From time to time two thieves
steal all the jewels
out of my safe, two pretty eyes.
They came in with you just now,
and my customary dreams
my lovely dreams,
melted at once into thin air!
Bu the theft doesn't anger me,
for their place has been
taken by hope!
Now that you know all about me,
you tell me who you are.
Please do!
-translated by Peter J. Nasou

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.
Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.
Und wenn du mich lieb hast,
Kindchen,
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
Und vor dein Fenster soll
klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

Die Rose, die Lilie

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube,
die Sonne, Die liebt' ich einst alle in
Liebeswonne. Ich lieb' sie nicht
mehr, ich liebe alleine Die Kleine,
die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;
Sie selber, aller Liebe womme,
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und
Sonne. Ich liebe alleine die Kleine,
die Feine, die Reine, die Eine.

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
So schwindet all' mein Leid und
Weh;
Doch wenn ich külle deinen
Mund, So wer'd ich ganz und gar
gesund. Wenn ich mich lehn' an
deine Brust, Kommst'über mich
wie Himmelslust; Doch wenn du
sprichst: ich liebe dich! So müß ich
weinen bitterlich.

In the beautiful month of May

In the beautiful month of May
When all the buds are bursting open,
There, from my own heart,
Bursts forth my own love.
In the beautiful month of May
When all the birds are singing,
So have I confessed to her
My yearning and my longing.

From my tears sprout forth

From my tears sprout forth
Many blooming flowers,
And my sighing become joined with
The chorus of the nightingales .
And if you love me,
dear child,
I will send you so many flowers;
And before your window should
sound
The song of the nightingale.

The rose, the lily

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,
I loved them all once in love's bliss.
I love them no more, I love only
The Small, the Fine, the Pure the One;
I love only them. She herself--the source
of all love--IS the rose, lily, dove, and sun
I love only that which is small,
Fine, pure--the one, the ONE!

When I gaze into your eyes,

When I gaze into your eyes,
All my pain and woe vanishes;
Yet when I kiss your lips,
I am made wholly and entirely healthy.
When I lay against your breast
It comes over me like longing for heaven;
Yet when you say, "I love you!"
I must cry so bitterly.
Ich will meine Seele tauchen
Ich will meine Seele tauchen
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein; Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.
Das Lied soll schauern und beben,
Wie der Kuss von ihrem Mund,
Den sie mir einst gegeben
In wunderbar Süsser Stund.'

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well
Mit seinen grossen Dome,
Das grosse heilige Cöln.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf goldenem Leder gemalt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis
It has sent its friendly radiance.

Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein,
Float around our Blessed Virgin;
Her eyes, her lips, her sweet cheeks,
Resemble my sweetheart's
Exactly.

Ich grolle nicht
Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz
auch bricht, Ewig verlor'n Lieb!
Ich grolle nicht. Wie du auch
strahlst in Diamantenpracht, Es
fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens
Nachtm, Das Weiss ich längst. Ich
grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz
auch bricht. Ich sah dich ja im
Traume, und sah die Nacht in
dienes Herzens Raume, Und sah
did Schlang', die dir am herzen
frisst, Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr
du elend bist. Ich grolle nicht, ich
grolle nicht.

I want to plunge my soul
I want to plunge my soul
Into the cup of the Lily; The lily shall breathe resoundingly
A song of my beloved,
The song shall shiver and tremble,
Like the kiss from her lips,
That she has given me once
In a wonderfully sweet hour.

In the Rhine, the holy stream
In the Rhine, the holy stream,
There is mirrored in the waves,
With its great Cathedral,
The great, holy Cologne.
In the Cathedral there is a picture,
Painted on golden leather;
Into my life's wilderness
It has sent its friendly radiance.

Flowers and little angels
Float around our Blessed Virgin;
Her eyes, her lips, her sweet cheeks,
Resemble my sweetheart's
Exactly.

I bear no grudge
I bear no grudge, even though my heart
may break, Eternally lost love! I bear no
grudge. Though you are shining in your
diamonds' splendor, No ray falls into the
darkness of your heart, I've known it well
for a long time. I bear no grudge, even
though my heart may break. For I saw
you in my dream. And I saw the darkness
in your heart, And saw the snake that
feeds upon your heart, I saw, my love,
how utterly wretched you are. I bear no
grudge, I bear no grudge.
Les gars qui vont à la fête
Ont mis la fleur au chapeau
Sont rasés à la cuiller
Sont raclés dessous la peau
Ont passé la blouse neuve
Le faux-
- col en cellulo
Les gars qui vont à la fête
Ont mis la fleur au chapeau
Y faire danser les filles
Chez Julien le violoneur
Des polkas et des quadrilles
Et le pas des patineurs
Le piston la clarinette
Attendriscent les costauds
Les gars qui vont à la fête
Ont mis la fleur au chapeau
Quand ils ont bu, se disputent
Et se cognent sur la peau
Puis vont culbuter les filles
Au fossé sous les ormeaux
Les gars qui vont à la fête
Ont mis la fleur au chapeau
Reboivent puis se rebattent
Jusqu’au chant du premier jô
Le lendemain on en trouve
Sont couchés dans le ruisseau
Les gars qui vont à la fête
Ont mis la fleur au chapeau.

C’est le joli printemps
Qui fait sortir les filles
C’est le joli printemps
Qui fait briller le temps
J’y vais à la fontaine
C’est le joli printemps
Trouver celle qui m’aime
Celle que j’aime tant
C’est dans le mois d’avril
Qu’on promet pour longtemps
C’est le joli printemps
Qui fait sortir les filles
La fille et le galant
Pour danser le quadrille
C’est le joli printemps
Qui fait briller le temps
Aussi profitez-en
Jeunes gens, jeunes filles
C’est le joli printemps
Que d’une aiguille
Car le joli printemps
Ne dure pas longtemps.

Le Mendiant
Jean Martin prit sa besace
Vive le passant qui passe
Jean Martin prit sa besace
Son bâton de cornouiller
S’en fut au moutier mendier
Vive le passant qui passe
V’a tint dit le père moine
N’aimons pas les va-nu-pieds
S’en fut en ville mendier
Vive le passant qui passe
Epiciers et taverniers
Qui mangez la soupe grasse

It is pretty Springtime
It is pretty springtime
It is pretty springtime
It is pretty springtime
I am going to the fountain
It is pretty springtime
It is pretty springtime
It is pretty springtime
It is pretty springtime

The Beggar
Jean Martin prit sa besace
Long live the passer-by
Jean Martin prit sa besace
and his dogwood staff
Went off to the monastery to beg
Long live the passer-by
Went off to the town to beg
Long live the passer-by
Et qui vous chauffez les pieds
Puis couchez près de vos femmes
Au clair feu de la veillée
Jean Martin l’aviez chassé
Vive le passant qui passe
On l’a trouvé sur la glace
Jean Martin a trépassé
Tremblez les gros et les moines
Vive le passant qui passe
Tremblez ah! maudite race
Qui n’avez point de pitié
Un jour prenez garde ô race
Les Jean Martin seront en masse
Aux bâtons de cornouiller
Il vous cré’ront la paillasse
Puis ils violeront vos garces
Et chausseront vos souliers
Jean Martin prends ta besace
Ton bâton de cornouiller.

Chanson de la fille frivole

Ah dit la fille frivole
Que le vent y vire y vole
Mes canards vont sur l’étang
Belle lune de printemps

Ah dit la fille frivole
Que le vent y vire y vole
Sous la lune de printemps

Le retour du sergent

Le sergent s’en revient de guerre
Les pieds gonflés sifflant du nez
Entre les buissons étonnés
A gagné la croix de Saint-Georges
Les pieds gonflés sifflant du nez
Bourre sa pipe en terre rouge

Ah dit la fille frivole
Que le vent y vire y vole
Aujourd’hui guérissez-m’en
Belle lune de printemps

Sous la lune de printemps

Song of the flighty girl

Ah! said the flighty girl
let the wind blow where it listeth
my ducks are swimming on the pond
lovely moon of springtime

Ah! said the flighty girl
let the wind blow where it listeth
under the full blown orchards
lovely moon of springtime

Ah! said the flighty girl
let the wind blow where it listeth
in the singing bushes
lovely moon of springtime

Ah! said the flighty girl
let the wind blow where it listeth
I am going to find my lovers
under the springtime moon

Ah! said the flighty girl
let the wind blow where it listeth
old age comes all too quick
under the springtime moon

Ah! said the flighty girl
let the wind blow where it listeth
today preserve me from them
lovely moon of springtime

Ah! said the flighty girl
let the wind blow where it listeth
kiss me very tenderly
under the springtime moon.

The return of the sergeant

The sergeant is returning from the war
swollen feet sniffling nose
the sergeant is returning from the war
between the astonished thorn bushes

He has won the St George Cross
swollen feet sniffling nose
has his gratuity under his cap

Fills his red clay pipe
swollen feet sniffling nose
fills his red clay pipe
then suddenly begins to weep

He sees again all his dead chums
swollen feet sniffling nose
he sees again all his dead chums
who have rotted in the fields

They will see their village no more
swollen feet sniffling nose
they will see their village no more
nor the calm blue of smoking chimneys
Les fiancées va marche ou crève
Les pieds gonflés sifflant du nez
Envolées comme dans un rêve
Les copains s’les sont envoyées
Et le sergent verse une larme
Les pieds gonflés sifflant du nez
Et le sergent verse une larme
Le long des buissons étonnés.

Ashkim leveit hasar
Ashkim leveit hasar omrim:
Kvar rakhav!
Avo leeit erev omrim:
Kvar shakhav!
O yaaleh markav,
O yaaleh mishkav
Oyah leish ani,
nolah bli khokhav!

I Came Early to the House
To the lord’s house I came early,
and they said: He’s out riding.
I came back in the evening, they said:
He’s in bed.

O either in his carriage,
Or into his bed,
Woe to the poor man
born with no star over his head.

Lilacs
In the morning, at daybreak,
Over the dewy grass,
I will go to breathe in the crisp dawn;
And in the fragrant shades,
Where the lilacs crowd,
I will go to seek my happiness…

Their sweethearts go on or die
swollen feet sniffing nose
scattered as in a dream
the chums have ravished them
And the sergeant sheds a tear
swollen feet sniffing nose
and the sergeant sheds a tear
along by the astonished thorn bushes.

The Stars of the Zodiac
The stars of the zodiac
were out of place
As they wheeled over
the place of my birth.
If my trade were in candles, then until I
I strive to succeed, and yet, always fail.
If I were a buyer
of funeral shrouds,
No one would ever die!

Сирень
По утру, на заре,
По росистой траве,
Я пойду свежим утром дышать;
И в душистую тень,
Где теснится сирень
Я пойду свое счастье искать...
В жизни счастье одно
Мне найти суждено,
И то счастье в сирени живёт;
На зелёных ветвях
На душестых кистях
Моё бедное счастье цветёт...

The Stars of the Zodiac
The stars of the zodiac
were out of place
As they wheeled over
the place of my birth.
If my trade were in candles, then until I
do not see,
dear friend?
The skies as a bed of a garden -
The host of stars -
The crescent moon as a goblet?

How bright and pretty the spring is!
Look in my eyes, like you used to.
And tell me why you are so sad,
Why you’ve become so affectionate.

Ashkim leveit hasar omrim:
Kvar rakhav!
Avo leeit erev omrim:
Kvar shakhav!
O yaaleh markav,
O yaaleh mishkav
Oyah leish ani,
nolah bli khokhav!

Oyaaleh markav,
Oyaaleh mishkav
Oyah leish ani,
nolah bli khokhav!

Holo tiroh meyudai?
Holo tiroh meyudai?
Shehakim kaarugat gan
vekhokhavim
veheshar kemo agan?

I came back in the evening, they said:
He’s in bed.

Do you not see?
Do you not see, dear friend?
The skies as a bed of a garden -
The host of stars -
The crescent moon as a goblet?

Do you not see, dear friend?
The skies as a bed of a garden -
The host of stars -
The crescent moon as a goblet?

Again, I am alone
How bright and pretty the spring is!
Look in my eyes, like you used to.
And tell me why you are so sad,
Why you’ve become so affectionate.

You are silent, weak as a flower.
Oh, be silent, then!
I don’t need your confession
I recognize this affection of farewell.
Again, I am alone.

Before my window
A cherry tree blooms under my window
It blooms there deep in thought,
Under its silvery gown
It lowers a fresh, sweet-smelling branch
And calls out to me...
Joyfully I drink in the delightful breath
Of it trembling, airy petals.
Their sweet aroma clouds my senses
clouds my senses
and they sing me
Wordless songs of love...
-translated by Richard D. Sylvester
It cannot be!
It cannot be! It cannot be!
She is alive!... she will awake any moment
Just look, she’s about to speak,
She will open her eyes and smile.
Catching sight of me, she will at once
Understand the meaning of my heart-broken sighs.
And she will smile and whisper:
“But I’m alive! Why is he crying?”
But no! She just lies there, quiet, mute, Immobile.
-translated by Ivan Ustāžanin

The pied Piper
On my flute, when ev’ning darkens, tra la la la la, I play
For I know my fair one hearkens, when I pass along the way.
Where the gentle brook is streaming runs my path, tra la la lay.
Flocks of lambkins slumber dreaming while the meadows gently sway.
Sleep ye, rams and lambkins tender, tra la la la la lay.
Under poplars looming slender, midst the covers bright array.
Hidden there between the hedges, stands a house, tra la la lay,
There a maiden dreams of pledges
I may give to her one day, hmm….
And attracted by the calling of my flute, tra la la lay
Thro’ the fields, when night is falling, she draws near, for love and play.
To the glade on tip-toes sliding comes the maiden tra la lay
‘Neath the oak-trees shadow hiding in the dusk of purple gray.
There to meet, o bliss of blisses! Tra la la la la la lay
And to take our fill of kisses, till the morn calls us away.
Then a ring of gold I bring her, O merry month of May
And she wears it on her finger while around the lambkins play.
Tra la la lay.
-translated by Kurt Schindler

Daisies
Oh, look how many daisies there are
   Both here and there...
They are blooming in huge numbers,
   In great abundance.
Their three-edged petals are like wings,
   like snow-white silk
All the power of summer is in them!
In their bright regiments can be found the joy of plenty.
Mother Earth, prepare a dew-drink
For the flowers, give juice to their stems.
Oh, lovely girls,
Oh, daisy-starts,
I love you.
-translated by Elizabeth Wiles

The mission of the Old Dominion University Department of Music is to prepare a richly diverse and talented student body to enter the professional world as outstanding leaders in music education, performance, composition, sound recording, and research. We promote excellence through our recognized, highly dedicated and supportive teaching and performing faculty, along with exceptional lectures, performances, and master classes by internationally known guest artists and scholars. As an urban center for musical resources, ODU serves to bridge the student body to the greater community through public performances, workshops, practicum and continued collaboration with schools and local organizations. Students will continue to be inspired to participate as leaders actively engaged within the arts community and beyond, while learning to express, cultivate and share their musicianship.

The Department of Music embraces the General Education Curriculum offered at ODU, knowing it broadens and enhances our students' training for future musical pursuits.