

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Student Recital

Cailin Crane, soprano

Bobbie Kesler-Corleto, piano



OLD DOMINION
UNIVERSITY

Diehn Center for the Performing Arts
Chandler Recital Hall

Sunday, March 25, 2018

3:00PM

Program

Lagime mie Barbara Strozzi
(1619-1677)

Le Passage de la Mer Rogue Elizabeth-Claude Jacquet de la Guerre
(1665-1729)

- I. Overture
- II. Récitatif
- III. Air
- IV. Récitatif
- V. Air
- VI. Buit de guerre
- VII. Récitatif
- VIII. Air

Bobbie Kesler-Corleto, harpsichord
Rees Ward, violin

Warnung W. A. Mozart
(1756-1791)
An Chloë
Als Luise die Briefe

Nimmersate Liebe Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Les nuits d'été Hector Berlioz
(1803-1869)

- I. Villanelle
- II. L'île inconnue

A Cycle of Five Kid Songs

Leonard Bernstein
(1918-1990)

- I. My Name is Barbara
- II. Jupiter Has Seven Moons
- III. I Hate Music!
- IV. A Big Indian and a Little Indian
- V. I'm a Person Too

A Change in Me

from *Beauty and the Beast*

Alan Menken (b. 1944)
Tim Rice (b. 1949)

The Beauty Is

from *Light in the Piazza*

Adam Guettel
(b. 1964)

Bobbie Kesler-Corleto, piano

The Parting Glass

James Aird
(c. late 1700s)

Beth Baker, alto
Lee Smith, soprano
Brooke Sweeney, soprano

Lagrima mie

Lagrima mie, à che vi trattenete,
Perché non isfogate il dolore,
Chi me toglie'l respiro e opprime il core?

Tears of mine, what holds you back.
Why don't you give vent to the fierce pain
That takes away my breath and weighs on my heart?

Lidia, che tant' adoro,
Perché un guardo pietoso,
ahimè, mi donò,
Il paterno rigor l'imprigionò.
Tra due mura rinchiusa
Stà la bella innocente,
Dove guinger non può raggio di sole,
E quel che più mi duole
Ed accresc' il mio mal, tormenti e pene,
È che per mia cagione
Prova male il mio bene.
E voi lumi dolenti, non piangete!
Lagrima mie, à che vi trattenete.

Lidia, whom I adore so much.
Because of a pitying glance,
alas, that she gave me,
Paternal severity has imprisoned her.
Locked up between two walls,
Remains innocent beauty,
Where no ray of sun can reach,
And what most pains me and increases my
discomfort, torments, and anguish,
Is that because of me
My beloved suffers.
And you, pained eyes, do not weep!
Tears of mine, what holds you back?

Lidia, ahimè, veggio mancarmi.
L'idol mio, che tanto adoro,
Stà colei tra duri marmi
Per cui spiro e pur non moro.

Lidia, alas, I feel myself failing.
My idol, whom I adore so much
Remains between hard marble walls,
Her for whom I sigh and yet I don't die.

Se la morte m'è gradita,
Or che son privo di spene,
Dhè, toglietemi la vita
(Ve ne prego) aspre mie pene.

If death suits me,
Now that I am deprived of hope,
Oh, take away my life -
I beg you - my bitter sufferings.

Ma ben m'accorgo, che per tormentarmi
Maggiormente, la sorte
Mi niega anco la morte.
Se dunqu'è vero, o Dio,
Che sol del pianto,
Il rio destino ha sete,
[Lagrima mie, à che vi trattenete?]

Still I realize that to torment me the more,
destiny
Even denies me death.
If it is true then, O God,
That only for my tears
Does cruel fate thirst,
[Tears of mine, what holds you back?]

Le Passage de la Mer Rouge

Récitatif
Israël dont le Ciel voulait
briser les fers
Fuyait loin du Tiran la triste servitude ;
Mais il sent à l'aspect des mers
Renaître son incertitude.
Moïse, entend déjà ces
murmures nouveaux ;

Israel for whom Heaven (God wanted to
break the bondage
Fled far from the sad servitude of the tyrant
But upon looking at the sea he (Moses) feels
His uncertainty revive.
Moses already hears some
new murmurings;

Devais-tu nous conduire à
ces affreux abîmes ?
Et l'Égypte pour ses victimes
Eût-elle manqué de tombeaux ?

Did you have to lead us to t
hese frightful depths?
And Egypt for her victims
Had she lacked tombs?

Cailin Crane is a student of Agnes Fuller. This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music Performance degree.

Air
Ingrats, que vos plaintes finissent,
Reprenez un plus doux espoir ;
Il est un souverain pouvoir
A qui les Ondes obéissent.
Il s'arme pour votre secours,
Les flots ouverts vont vous apprendre
Que la main qui régla leur cours
A le pouvoir de les suspendre.

Récitatif

Moïse donne l'ordre à ces flots en courroux :
Ils se calment ; ils se séparent,
Pour Israël surpris ils s'ouvrent et préparent
Un immense cercueil à ses Tirans jaloux.
Ciel ! Ciel ! quel prodige !
quel spectacle !
On voit au sein des Mers
flotter ses étendards,
L'Onde qu'il croyait un obstacle
Se partage, s'élève,
et lui sert de ramparts.
Que fera le Tiran
témoin de ce miracle ?

Air

Le trouble et l'horreur
Règne(nt) dans son âme,
L'aveugle fureur
L'irrite, et l'enflame,
Il ose tenter
Le même passage,
Mais en vain sa rage
Cherche à se flatter :
Peut-il éviter
Le cruel naufrage
Qui va l'arrêter ?

Récitatif

La Mer, pour engloutir
son armée insensée,
A réuni ses flots vengeurs,
Et la montrant au loin
flottante, dispensée,
Du débris des vaincus
assouvit les vainqueurs.

Air

Peuple, chantez la main puissante,
Qui pour vous enchaîne les mers ;
Que de la Trompette éclatante
Le bruit se mêle à vos concerns,

Ungrateful ones, if only your complaints would
cease,
Take again a sweeter hope;
There is a supreme power
whom the waves obey.
He arms himself for your aid,
The parting waters are going to teach you
That the hand that ruled their course
has the power to stop them (the waves).

Moses gives the order to the angry waters:
They calm themselves, they separate
To Israel's surprise they open and prepare
an immense coffin for the jealous tyrants.
Heaven! What a wonder!
What a spectacle!
One saw in the heart of the sea
the floating banners,
The waves which he thought an obstacle
Part themselves, raise up
and serve as ramparts.
What will the tyrant so as a witness
itness of this miracle?

The trouble and the horror
reign in the soul,
The blind fury
irritates it (the soul) and inflames it,
He dares to attempt
the same path
but in vain his rage
tries to flatter itself:
Can he avoid
the cruel shipwreck
that is going to stop him?

The sea, in order to engulf
his senseless army,
has brought together the avenging waters,
and showing it (the army)
floating in the distance, scattered,
(The sea) satisfied the conquerors
with the debris of the defeated.

People, sing of the powerful hand,
that for you controls
with the blasting trumpet
may the noise mingle with your own interests

Et faites retentir les airs
De votre fuite triomphante.

and let the songs resound
of your triumphant flight.

**Als Luise die Briefe hires untgetreuen
Liebhabers verbrante**

Erzeugt von heißer Phantasie,
In einer schwärmerischen Stunde
Zur Welt gebrachte, geht zu Grunde,
Ihr Kinder der Melancholie!

Generated by ardent fantasy;
in a rapturous hour
brought into this world - Perish,
you children of melancholy!

Ihr danket Flammen euer Sein,
Ich geb' euch nun den Flammen wieder,
Und all' die schwärmerischen Lieder,
Denn ach! er sang nicht mir allein.

You owe the flames your existence,
so I restore you now to the fire,
with all your rapturous songs.
For alas! he sang them not to me alone.

Ihr brennet nun, und bald, ihr Lieben,
Ist keine Spur von euch mehr hier.
Doch ach! der Mann,
der euch geschrieben,
Brennt lange noch vielleicht in mir.

I burn you now, and soon, you love-letters,
there will be no trace of you here.
Yet alas! the man himself,
who wrote you,
may still perhaps burn long in me.

Translations from lieder.net

An Chloë

Wenn die Lieb' aus deinen blauen,
Hellen, offenen Augen sieht,
Und vor Lust hinein zu schauen
Mir's im Herzen klopft und glüht;

When love shines from your blue,
bright, open eyes,
and with the pleasure of gazing into them
my heart pounds and glows;

Und ich halte dich und küße
Deine Rosenwangen warm,
Liebes Mädchen, und ich schließe
Zitternd dich in meinem Arm,

and I hold you and kiss
your rosy, warm cheeks,
lovely maiden,
and I clasp
you trembling in my arms,
maiden, maiden, and I press
you firmly to my breast,
which at the last moment,
only at death, will let you go;

Mädchen, Mädchen, und ich drücke
Dich an meinen Busen fest,
Der im letzten Augenblicke
Sterbend nur dich von sich läßt;

then my intoxicated gaze is shadowed
by a gloomy cloud,
and I sit then, exhausted,
but blissful, next to you.

Translations from lieder.net

Warnung

Männer suchen
stets zu naschen,
Läßt man sie allein,
Leicht sind Mädchen zu erhaschen,
[Weiß]1 man sie zu überraschen;
Soll das [zu verwundern]2 sein?
[Mädchen]3 haben frisches Blut,

Men are always searching
for something to nibble;
if one leaves them alone
they'll easily find a maiden to snatch,
for they know how to surprise them;
and should it be any wonder?
maidens are fresh-blooded,

Und das Naschen schmeckt so gut.	and these snacks taste so good.	[Oh !]2 viens donc sur [le]3 banc de mousse Pour parler de nos beaux amours, Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce: Toujours!	Come with me on the mossy bank, Where we'll talk of nothing else but love, And whisper with thy voice so tender: Always!
Doch das Naschen vor dem Essen Nimmt den Appetit. Manche kam, die das vergessen, Um den Schatz, den sie besessen, Und um ihren Liebsten mit. Väter, läßt's euch Warnung sein: [Sperrt die Zuckerplätzchen ein! Sperrt die jungen Mädchen ein!] ⁴	But a snack before the meal can ruin one's appetite. Many who forget this lose both the treasure they possess and their beloved with it. Fathers, let this be a warning to you: lock up your sugarcandies! Lock up your young girls!	<i>Translations from lieder.net</i>	<i>Translations from lieder.net</i>
Nimmersatte Liebe So ist die Lieb'! So ist die Lieb' Mit Küßen nicht zu stillen : Wer ist der Tor und will ein Sieb Mit eitel Wasser füllen?	Thus is love! Thus is love! It cannot be satiated with kisses: Who is such a fool as to try to fill A sieve with nothing but water?	L'ille inconnue Dites, la jeune belle, Où voulez-vous aller ? La voile [ouvre]1 son aile, La brise va souffler !	Say, young beauty, Where do you wish to go? The sail swells, The breeze will blow.
Und schöpfst du an die tausend Jahr;	And if you scooped water for a thousand years;	L'aviron est d'ivoire, Le pavillon de moire, Le gouvernail d'or fin ; J'ai pour lest une orange, Pour voile une aile d'ange, Pour mousse un séraphin.	The oar is made of ivory, The flag is of silk, The helm is of fine gold; I have for ballast an orange, For a sail, the wing of an angel, For a deck boy, a seraph.
Und küßest ewig, ewig gar, Du tust ihr nie zu Willen.	And kissed for ever and ever, You would never manage to satisfy love.	Dites, la jeune belle ! Où voulez-vous aller? La voile [ouvre]1 son aile, La brise va souffler !	Say, young beauty, Where do you wish to go? The sail swells, The breeze will blow.
Die Lieb', die Lieb' hat alle Stund' Neu wunderbarlich Gelüsten; Wir bißen uns die Lippen wund, Da wir uns heute küßten.	Love, love has strange new yearnings Every hour of the day; We wounded our lips with bites When we kissed each other today.	Est-ce dans la Baltique, [Sur]2 la mer Pacifique, Dans l'île de Java ? Ou bien [dans la]3 Norwége, Cueillir la fleur de neige, Ou la fleur d'Angsoka ?	Is it to the Baltic? To the Pacific Ocean? To the island of Java? Or else to Norway, To gather the flower of the snow, Or the flower of Angsoka?
Das Mädchen hielt in guter Ruh', Wie's Lämmlein unter'm Messer; Ihr Auge bat: nur immer zu, Je weher, desto beßer!	The maiden held perfectly still, Like a little lamb under the knife; Her eyes pleaded: just continue, The more it hurts, the better!	Dites, la jeune belle, Où voulez-vous aller? [La voile ouvre son aile, La brise va souffler!] ⁴	Say, young beauty, Where do you wish to go? The sail swells, The breeze will blow.
So ist die Lieb', und war auch so, Wie lang es Liebe giebt, Und anders war Herr Salomo, Der Weise, nicht verliebt.	Thus is love, and has been thus As long as there has been love, And Solomon, the wise one, was Not in love any differently.	~ Menez-moi, dit la belle, À la rive fidèle Où l'on aime toujours. ~ Cette rive, ma chère, On ne la connaît guère Au pays des amours.	~ Lead me, says the beauty, To the faithful shore Where one loves always! ~ This shore, my darling, We hardly know at all In the land of Love.
Quand viendra la saison nouvelle Quand viendra la saison nouvelle, Quand auront disparu les froids, Tous les deux, nous irons, ma belle, Pour cueillir le muguet au bois; Sous nos pieds égrénant les perles Que l'on voit, au matin trembler, Nous irons écouter les merles Siffler.	When verdant spring again approaches, When winter's chills have disappeared, Through the woods we shall stroll, my darling, The fair primrose to cull at will. The trembling bright pearls that are shining, Each morning we shall brush aside; We shall go to hear the gay thrushes Singing.		
Le printemps est venu, ma belle; C'est le mois des amants béni; Et l'oiseau, satinant son aile, Dit [des]1 vers au rebord du nid.	The flowers are bloom, my darling, Of happy lovers 'tis the month; And the bird his soft wing englossing, Sings [carols sweet]1 within his nest.		