

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Student Recital

Kelli Bly, mezzo-soprano

Bobbie Kesler-Corleto, piano



OLD DOMINION
UNIVERSITY

Diehn Center for the Performing Arts
Chandler Recital Hall

Wednesday, March 28, 2018

7:30PM

Program

Ombra mai Fu
from *Serse*

George Frideric Händel
(1685-1759)

Abendstern
Verklärung

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Phidylé
D'une prison

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)
Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

Ah! Guarda, sorella
from *Così fan tutte*

W. A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Olivia Rominiyi, soprano

Sea Pictures, Op 37

Sir Edward Elgar
(1857-1934)

- I. Sea Slumber Song
- II. In Haven
- III. Sabbath Morning at Sea
- IV. Where Corals Lie
- V. The Swimmer

Re dell'abisso affrettati
from *Un ballo in maschera*

Giuseppe Verdi
(1813-1901)

Ombra mai fu
Frondi tenere e belle
Del mio Platano amato,
Per voi risplenda il Fato
Tuoni, Lampi, e Procelle
Non vi oltraggino mai la cara pace,
Ne giunga a profanarvi Austro rapace.

Tender and beautiful fronds
of my beloved plane tree,
Let Fate smile upon you .
May thunder, lightning, and storms
never bother your dear peace,
Nor may you by blowing winds be profaned.

Ombra mai fu
Di Vegetabile,
Care ed amabile
Soave piu.

Never was made
A vegetable (a plant)
more dear and loving
or gentle.

Translation by Robert Glaubitz

Abendstern
Was weilst du einsam an dem Himmel,
O schöner Stern? und bist so mild;
Warum entfernt das
funkelnde Gewimmel
Der Brüder sich von deinem Bild?
"Ich bin der Liebe treuer Stern,
Sie halten sich von Liebe fern."
Bist du der Liebe,
zaud're nicht!
So solltest du zu ihnen gehen,
Wer möchte denn dir widerstehen?
Du süßes eigensinnig Licht.
„Ich säe, schaue keinen Keim,
Und bleibe trauernd still daheim.“

Why do you linger all alone in the sky,
fair star? For you are so gentle;
why does the host of
sparkling brothers
shun your sight?
"I am the faithful star of love;
they keep far away from love."
If you are love,
you should go to
them without delay!
For who could resist you,
sweet, wayward light?
"I see no seed, I see no shoot,
and remain here, silent and mournful."

Translation by Richard Wigmore

Verklärung
Lebensfunke, vom Himmel entglüht,
Der sich loszuwinden müht!
Zitternd-kühn, vor Sehnen leidend,
Gern und doch
mit Schmerzen scheidend
End', o end' den Kampf, Natur!
Sanft ins Leben
Aufwärts schweben
Sanft hinschwinden lass mich nur.

Spark of life, kindled by heaven,
which toils to wrench itself loose,
quivering, brave, suffering from longing,
gladly, and yet
with pain, departing!
End, oh end the struggle, Nature!
Gently into life
upwards soaring
gently let me but pass away!

Horch! mir lispeln Geister zu:
"Schwester-Seele, komm zur Ruh!"

Listen, spirits whisper to me:
"Sister-soul come to rest!"

Zieh'et was mich sanft von innen?
Was ist's, was mir meine Sinnen
Mir den Hauch zu rauben droht?
Seele, sprich, ist das der Tod?

Is something drawing me gently hence?
What is it, that which my senses,
my breath, threatens to steal?
Soul, speak! Is that death?

Die Welt entweicht! sie ist nicht mehr!
Engel-Einklang um mich her!
Ich schweb' im Morgenrot! -

The world vanishes; it is no more
Angel harmony all around me!
I float in the sunrise.

Leiht, o leiht mir eure Schwingen:
Ihr Bruder-Geister, helft mir singen:
„O Grab, wo ist dein Sieg?
Wo ist dein Pfeil, o Tod?“

Lend, oh lend me your wings;
you brothers, spirits help me sing:
Where is your arrow, oh death?”
“Oh grave, where is your victory?”

Poem by Alexander Pope

D'une prison

Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit,
Si bleu, si calme.
Un arbre, par-dessus le toit,
Berce sa palme.

The sky, above the roof
is so blue, so calm.
A tree, above the roof
Rocks its bough.

La cloche, dans le ciel qu'on voit,
Doucement tinte
Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on voit,
Chante sa plainte.

The bell, in the sky that one sees,
tolls quietly.
A bird on the tree that one sees
sings it lament.

Mon Dieu, mon Dieu. La vie est là,
Simple et tranquille.
Cette paisible rumeur-là
Vient de la ville.

My god, my god. There is life
simple and quiet.
That restful murmuring there
comes from the town.

Qu'as-tu fait, ô toi que voilà
Pleurant sans cesse,
Dis, qu'as-tu fait, toi que voilà,
De ta jeunesse?

What have you done, oh you there
weeping unceasingly.
Tell me, what have you done, you there
with your youth?

Translated by Christopher Goldsack

Phidylé

L'herbe est molle au sommeil
sous les frais peupliers,
Qui, dans les prés en fleurs
germant par mille issues,
Se perdent sous les noir hallier
Repose, ô Phidylé. Midi sur les feuillages
Rayonne, et t'invite au sommeil.
Par le trèfle et le thym, seules,
en plein soleil,
Chantent les abeilles volages.

The grass is soft for sleeping
beneath the cool poplars,
which, gushing from a thousand
springs it the flowering
fields, are lost beneath the dark thickets.
Rest, o Phiydyle. Midday is beaming
on the foliage, and its invites you to sleep.
Through the clover and thyme,
alone, in the full sun,
the flying bees are singing.

Un chaud parfum circule
aux détours des sentiers,
La rouge fleur des blés s'incline,
Et les oiseaux, rasant
de l'aile la colline,
Cherchent l'ombre des églantiers.

A warm fragrance circulates at the
bends of the paths,
and the red field-poppy bows down,
and the birds, skimming the
hillside with their wing,
search for the shade of the sweet briar.

Mais quand l'Astre, incliné
sur sa courbe éclatante,
Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,
Que ton plus beau sourire
et ton meilleur baiser
Me récompensent de l'attente!

But when, sinking on its
resplendent arc, the sun
sees its flames die down
let your beautiful smile
and your sweetest kiss
Reward me for waiting!

Translated by Christopher Goldsack

Ah! Guarda, sorella

FIORDILIGI
Ah, guarda, sorella
Se bocca più bella,
Se petto più nobile
Si può ritrovar.

FIORDILIGI
Ah, look, sister,
If one could ever find,
a nobler face,
a sweeter mouth.

DORABELLA
Osserva tu un poco,
Che fuoco ha ne' sguardi!
Se fiamma, se dardi
Non sembran scoccar.

DORABELLA
Just look,
see what fire
is in his eye, if flames and darts
do not seem to flash forth!

FIORDILIGI
Si vede un semblante
Guerriero ed amante.

FIORDILIGI
This is the face
of a soldier and lover.

DORABELLA
Si vede una faccia
Che alletta e minaccia.

DORABELLA
This is a face
both charming alarming.

FIORDILIGI
Io sono felice.

FIORDILIGI
How happy I am.

DORABELLA
Felice son io.

DORABELLA
How happy am I.

FIORDILIGI E DORABELLA
Se questo mio core
Mai cangia desio
Amore mi faccia
Vivendo penar.

FIORDILIGI E DORABELLA
If ever my heart
changes its affection,
may love make me
live in pain!

Re dell'abisso, affrettati

Re dell'abisso, affrettati,
Precipita per l'etra
Senza librar la folgore
Il tetto mio penètra.
Omai tre volte l'upupa
Dall'alto sospirò;
La salamandra ignivora
Tre volte sibilò . . .
E delle tombe il gemito
Tre volte a me parlò

King of the abyss, make haste
plunge down through the skies
without soaring the lightning
penetrates my roof.
Three times the owl
from on high has called;
the fire-eating lizard
thrice has hissed,
and from the tombs moaning whisper
three times has spoken.

È lui, è lui! ne' palpiti
Come risento adesso
La voluttà riardere
Del suo tremendo amplesso!
La face del futuro
Nella sinistra egli ha.
M'arrise al mio scongiuro,

It is he! In my trembling
how I now feel
the sensesounous burst aflame
from his tremendous embrace!
The torch of the furture
he holds in his left hand.
He smiled upon my entreaty

Rifolgorar la fa:
Nulla, più nulla ascondersi
Al guardo mio potrà!

Silenzio!

and relights it:
Nothing, nothing more can hide
from my gaze!

Silence!

Translation from Anthology of Italian Opera