

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Student Recital

Lauren Craddock, soprano

Bobbie Kesler-Corleto, piano



OLD DOMINION
UNIVERSITY

Diehn Center for the Performing Arts
Chandler Recital Hall

Monday, March 26, 2018

3:45PM

Program

Ma rendi pur content
Dolente imagine di Fille mia
La Farfalletta

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

O rest in the Lord
from *Elijah*

Felix Mendelssohn
(1809-1847)

À Chloris
Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Reynaldo Hahn
(1874-1947)

Must the Winter come so soon
from *Vanessa*

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Von den Stricken meiner Sünden
from *The Passion according to St. John*

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Shy
from *Once upon a Mattress*

Mary Rodgers
(1931-2014)

Lauren Craddock is a student of Brian Nedvin. This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music, Music Education degree.

Ma rendi pur content

Ma rendi pur contento
della mia bella il core,
e ti perdono, amore,
se lieto il mio non è.

Gli affanni suoi pavento
più degli affanni miei,
perché più vivo in lei
di quel ch'io vivo in me.

Dolente immagine di Fille mia

Dolente immagine di Fille mia,
perché sì squallida mi siedi accanto?
Che più desideri? Dirotto pianto
io sul tuo cenere versai finor

Temi che immemore de' sacri giuri
io possa accendermi ad altra face?
Ombra di Fillide, riposa in pace;
è inestinguibile l'antico ardor.

La Farfalletta

Farfalletta, aspetta aspetta;
non volar con tanta fretta.
Far del mal non ti vogl'io;
ferma appaga il desir mio.

Vo' baciarti e il cibo darti,
da' perigli preservarti.
Di cristallo stanza avrai
e tranquilla ognor avrai.

L'ali aurate, screziante,
so che Aprile t'ha ingemmate,
che sei vaga, vispa e snella,
fra tue eguali la più bella.

Ma crin d'oro ha il mio tesoro,
il fanciullo ch'amo e adoro;
E a te pari vispo e snello,
fra i suo'eguali egli è il più bello.

Vo' carpirti, ad esso offrirti;
più che rose, gigli e mirti
ti fia caro il mio fanciullo,
ed a lui sarai trastullo.

Nell'aspetto e terso petto
rose e gigli ha il mio diletto.

But please do make contented
my beautiful one's heart,
and I will forgive you, love
If mine is not happy.

I dread her anxieties
more than my anxieties,
because I live more through her
than I live for myself.

translated by 15 composizioni da camera

Sad image of my Fille,
Why are you so miserable beside me?
What more do you desire? Copious tears
I have poured upon your ashes up to now.

Do you fear that, forgetful of the sacred vow
I could be ignited by another flame?
Spirit of Fillide, rest in peace;
The old passion is inextinguishable.

translated by 15 composizioni da camera

Little butterfly wait – wait!;
Don't fly around in such a hurry
I don't want to do you any harm
Stop – satisfy my wishes

I want to kiss you and to give you food
To protect you from dangers.
you will have a room of crystal,
And you will always be comfortable

I know that April has ornamented so
your golden, speckled wings,
that you are pretty, lively and agile,
The most beautiful among your kind.

But my darling has hair of gold –
the boy that I love and adore.
And equally lively and agile as you
Among his kind he is the most handsome.

I want to capture you, offer you to him;
more than roses, lilies, and myrtle
may my young man be dear to you,
And you will be plaything for him.

In his appearance and smooth breast
My dear one is like roses and lilies.

Vieni, scampa da' perigli,
non cercar più rose e gigli.

À Chloris

S'il est vrai, Chloris, que tu m'aimes,
Mais j'entends, que tu m'aimes bien,
Je ne crois point que les rois mêmes
Aient un bonheur pareil au mien.

Que la mort serait importune
De venir changer ma fortune
A la félicité des cieux!

Tout ce qu'on dit de l'ambrosie
Ne touche point ma fantaisie
Au prix des grâces de tes yeux.

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frères,
Vers votre jardin si beau,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Des ailes comme l'oiseau.

Ils voleraient, étincelles,
Vers votre foyer qui rit,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Des ailes comme l'esprit.

Près de vous, purs et fidèles,
Ils accourraient, nuit et jour,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Des ailes comme l'amour !

Von den Stricken meiner Sünden

Von den Stricken meiner Sünden
Mich zu entbinden,
Wird mein Heil gebunden.
Mich von allen Lasterbeulen
Völlig zu heilen,
Läßt er sich verwunden.

come, escape from dangers;
Search no more for roses and lilies.

translated by www.oxfordlieder.co.uk

If it be true, Chloris, that you love me,
And I know that you love me well,
I do not believe that even kings
Can match the happiness I know.

Even death would be powerless
To alter my fortune
With the promise of heavenly bliss

All that they say of ambrosia
Does not stir my imagination
Like the favour of your eyes.

translated by www.oxfordlieder.co.uk

If my verses had wings

My verses would flee, sweet and fragile,
To your garden so beautiful,
If my verses had wings,
Wings like a bird.

They would fly, these sparks,
To your laughing home,
If my verses had wings,
Wings like the spirit.

Close to you, pure and faithful,
They would hurry, night and day,
If my verses had wings,
Wings like Love!

translated by www.lieder.net

From the bonds of my sins
to set me free,
My savior is bound.
From all infections of vice
to heal me completely,
He gives Himself to be wounded

translated by www.bach-cantatas.com