

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Student Recital

Logan Kenison, baritone

Bobbie Kesler-Corleto, piano



OLD DOMINION
UNIVERSITY

Diehn Center for the Performing Arts
Chandler Recital Hall

Sunday, April 29, 2018

7:00PM

Program

Großer Herr, o starker König
from *Weihnachtsoratorium* J. S. Bach
(1685-1750)

Am Abend da es kuhle war
from *Matthaus-Passion*

Mache, dich, mein Herze, rein

Guarda un poco Tomaso Albinoni
from *Pimpinone* (1671-1750)

Ruscelletto limpidetto

Non piu andrai W.A. Mozart
from *Le Nozze di Figaro* (1756-1791)

Toujours ce rêve! ... Ô misère des Rois Hector Berlioz
from *L'enfance du Christ* (1803-1869)

Lamento Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)

Songs of Travel Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)

- I. The Vagabond
- II. Let Beauty Awake
- III. The Roadside Fire
- IV. Youth and Love

Love, unrequited...When you're lying awake
from *lolanthe*

Arthur Sullivan
(1842-1900)

Haben sie gehört das Deutsche Band

Mel Brooks
(b. 1926)

What do you do with a BA in English

Robert Lopez (b. 1975)
Jeff Marx (b. 1970)

Großer Herr, o starker König

Grosser Herr, und starker König,
Liebster Heiland, o wie wenig
Achtest du der Erden Pracht!

Great Lord, o powerful King,
dearest Savior, o how little
you care about the glories of the earth!

Der die ganze Welt erhält,
Ihre Pracht und Zier erschaffen,
Muss in harten Krippen schlafen.

He who sustains the entire world,
who created its magnificence and beauty,
must sleep in a harsh manger.

Translations by Paula Dellal

Am Abend da es kühle war

Am Abend, da es kühle war, ward
Adams Fallen offenbar; am Abend
drückt ihn der Heiland nieder.
Am Abend kam die Taube wieder und
trug ein Ölblatt in dem Munde.
O schöne Zeit! O Abendstunde!
Der Friedensschluß ist nun mit Gott
gemacht, denn Jesus
hat sein Kreuz vollbracht.
Sein Leichnam kömmt zu Ruh, ach!
liebe Seele, bitte du, geh, lasse dir den
toten Jesum schenken, O heilsames,
O köstlichs Angedenken!

In the evening, when it was cool, Adam's fall
was made known; in the evening the
Saviour brings an end.
In the evening the dove returned
and carried an olive leaf in its mouth.
Oh beautiful time! Oh evening hour!
Peace has now been made with God,
for Jesus has
endured his crucifixion.
His body finds peace, Oh, dear soul, please go,
take the gift of dead Jesus,
Oh healing,
O precious memory!

Translations by Peter Parfitt

Mache, dich, mein Herze, rein

Mach dich, mein Herze, rein, ich will
Jesum selbst begraben.
Denn er soll nunmehr in mir für und
für seine süße Ruhe haben.
Welt, geh aus, laß Jesum ein!

Make yourself pure, my heart,
I will bury Jesus myself.
For he shall have his sweet peace
for ever in me.
World, go away, let Jesus in!

Translations by Peter Parfitt

Guarda un poco

Guarda un poco in quest'occhi di foco
Ed in loro vedrai, mio tesoro,
Che sei di Pimpinon la Pimpinina.
Ti vergogni? Che pensi?
Che Fai?
Guarda, guarda, guardando saprai
Che il mio presente amor è Vespettina

Look into these ardent eyes a little,
And you will see in them, my treasure
That you are Pimpinone's Pimpinina
Are you ashamed? What do you think?
What are you doing?
Look, and looking, you will know
That my present love is little Vespetta

Translations by Michael Talbot

Ruscelletto limpidetto

Ruscelletto limpidetto,
quando Irene a te sen' viene,
non la far così vezzosa.
Se conosce i pregi suoi con gli'amanti
ella fia poi più ritrosa.

Clear little brook,
When Irene comes to you,
It is not such a charming thing.
She knows your influence upon lovers
And it has made her shy.

Non piu andrai

Non più andrai, farfallone amoroso,
Notte e giorno d'intorno girando,
Delle belle turbando il riposo,
Narcisetto, Adoncino d'amor.

You won't go, amorous butterfly
Fluttering about inside night and day,
Disturbing the repose of the ladies,
Little Narcissus, Little Adonis of Love.

Logan Kenison is a student of Brian Nedvin. This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music Performance degree.

Non piu avrai questi bei penacchini,
Quel cappello leggiere e galante,
Quella chioma, quell'aria brillante,
Quel vermiglio donnesco color!

Fra guerrieri, poffar Bacco!
Gran mustacchi, stretto sacco,
Schioppo in spalla, sciabla al fianco,
Collo dritto, muso franco,
Un gran casco, o un gran turbante,
Molto onor, poco contante.
Ed in vece del fandango
Una marcia per il fango.
Per montagne, per valloni,
Con le nevi, e i solioni,
Al concerto di tromboni,
Di bombarde, di cannoni,
Che le palle in tutti i tuoni,
All'orecchio fan fischiar.
Cherubino, alla vittoria!
Alla gloria militar!

Toujours ce rêve! ... Ô misère des Rois

Toujours ce rêve!
Encore cet enfant,
qui doit me détrôner,
Et ne savoir que croire
de ce présage menaçant
pour ma vie et ma gloire!
Ô misère des rois!
Régner et ne pas vivre,
à tous donner des lois,
et désirer de suivre
le chevrier au fond des bois!
Ô nuit profonde qui tient le monde
dans le repos plongé,
à mon sein ravagé
donne la paix une heure,
et que ton voile effleure
mon front d'ennuis chargé...
Effort stérile!
Le sommeil fuit;
et ma inutile plainte
ne hâte point ton cours,
interminable nuit.

Lamento

Connaissez-vous la blanche tombe,
Où flotte avec un son plaintif
L'ombre d'un if?
Sur l'if une pâle colombe,
Triste et seule au soleil couchant,

That womanly reddish color!
You won't have these fine feathers anymore,
That hat, light and gallant,
That haircut, that brilliant air,

Among soldiers, by Bacchus!
A huge moustache, a little knapsack,
Gun on your shoulder, saber at your side
Neck straight, face frank,
A big helmet, or a big turban,
Much honor, little pay.
An instead of the fandango,
A march through the mud.
Through the mountains, through the valleys
With the snow and heat stroke,
To the music of trumpets,
Of bombards, and of cannons,
Which, at every boom,
Will make bullets whistle past your ear.
Cherubino, go to victory!
To military glory!

Translations by Jane Bishop

Always this dream!
Still this infant,
Who must dethrone me,
And I know not what to believe
of this menacing presage
for my life and my glory!
O misery of kings!
to reign and yet not to live!
to ordain laws for all men,
And yet long to follow
the goat-herd to the heart of the woods!
o darkest night that holds the world
In the grasp of sleep,
to my ravaged breast
Grant one hour's peace,
May your veil caress
My careworn brow
Useless effort!
Sleep evades me,
And my useless plaint
Never hastens thy course,
interminable night.

Translations by Kern Holoman

Do you know the white tomb
Where floats with plaintive sound,
The shadow of a yew?
On the yew a pale dove,
Sad and alone under the setting sun,

Chante son chant:
On dirait que l'âme éveillée
Pleure sous terre à l'unisson

De la chanson,
Et du malheur d'être oubliée
Se plaint dans un roucoulement
Bien doucement.

Oh! jamais plus, près de la tombe,
Je n'irai, quand descend le soir
Au manteau noir,
Écouter la pâle colombe
Chanter sur la branche de l'if
Son chant plaintif!

Sings its song:
One would say that an awakened soul
Is weeping under the earth in unison

With this song,
And from the misfortune of being forgotten,
Moans its sorrow in a cooing
Quite soft.

Oh! never again near the tomb
Shall I go, when night lets fall
Its black mantle,
To hear the pale dove
Sing on the limb of the yew
Its plaintive song!

Translations by Emily Ezust

