OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY
Department of Music

Student Recital

Logan Kenison, baritone
Bobbie Kesler-Corleto, piano

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
from Pimpinone
Tomaso Albinoni  (1671-1750)

Ruscelletto limpidetto

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

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

Lamento
Henri Duparc  (1848-1933)

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Songs of Travel
Ralph Vaughan Williams  (1872-1958)

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

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)

Great Lord, o powerful King,
who sustains the entire world,
who created its magnificence and beauty,
must sleep in a harsh manger.

Translations by Paula Dellal

Great Lord, o starker König
Grosser Herr, und starker König,
dearest Savior, o how little
you care about the glories of the earth!

Translations by Peter Parfitt

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

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 Vespertina

Translations by Michael Talbot

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 shyer.

Translations by Michael Talbot

You won’t go, amorous butterfly
Fluttering about inside night and day,
Disturbing the repose of the ladies,
Little Narcissus, Little Adonis of Love.
Non piu avrai questi bei penacchini,
Quel cappello leggiero 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’enfin 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 bombardes, and of cannons,
Which, at every boom,
Will make bullets whistle past your ear.
Cherubino, go to victory!
To military glory!

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.

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,