

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

## Student Recital

Tony Lu, tenor

Bobbie Kesler-Corleto, piano



**OLD DOMINION  
UNIVERSITY**

Diehn Center for the Performing Arts  
Chandler Recital Hall

Wednesday, April 25, 2018

7:30PM

### Program

<b>Che fiero costume</b> from <i>Echi di riverenza</i>	Giovanni Legrenzi (1626-1690)
<b>Pastorello d'un povero armento</b> from <i>Rodelinda</i>	George Friedrich Handel (1685-1759)
<b>Dies Bildnis ist bezaubernd schon</b> from <i>The Magic Flute</i>	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
<b>Mit einem gemalten Band</b> from <i>Three Songs, Op. 83</i> Adelaide	Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)
<b>En fermant les yeux</b> from <i>Manon</i>	Jules Massenet (1842-1912)
<b>Sur les Lagunes</b> <b>Au cimetièrre</b> from <i>Les nuits d'ete</i>	Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)
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<b>Firenze e come un albero fiorito</b> from <i>Gianni Schicchi</i>	Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)
<b>Genius Child</b> from <i>Mortal Storm</i>	Robert Owens (1925-2017)
<b>Soliloquy</b>	John W. Work III (1901-1967)
<b>Ah! Mes Amis</b> from <i>La fille du regiment</i>	Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)

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

**Che fiero costume**

<p>Che fiero costume D'aligero nume, Che a forza di pene si faccia adorar! E pur nell' ardore Il dio traditore Un vago sembiante mi fe' idolatrar.</p>	<p>What fierce power Has this winged god Who by force of punishments, should make himself adored! And nevertheless in my ardor The traitorous god Made me idolize a lovely face.</p>
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<p>Che crudo destino Che un cieco bambino Con bocca di latte si faccia stimar! Ma questo tiranno Con barbaro inganno, Entrando per gli occhi, mi fe' sospirar!</p>	<p>What a cruel destiny, That a blind child With a mouth of milk, should make himself esteemed! But this tyrant With barbarous deception, Entering through my eyes, made me sigh!</p>
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*Translation by Laura Prichard*

**Pastorello d'un povero armento**

<p>Recit Fatto inferno è il mio petto Di più flagelli armate ho dentro il core tre furie: gelosia, sdegno, ed amore; e da più gole io sento, quasi mastin crudele, il rimorso latrar per mio tormento chiamandomi infedele, spergiuro, usurpator, empio e tiranno.</p>	<p>Recit My breast is an inferno with several scourges armed, I have in my heart three furies: jealousy, anger, and love. And from many a throat I hear that cruel Cerebus tormenting me with its howling calling me disloyal, perjurer usurper, wretch, and tyrant.</p>
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<p>Ma pur voi lusingate le stanche mie pupille ad un breve riposo, aure tranquille. Sì, dormi, Grimoaldo, e se ritrovi pace tra i fonti e l'erbe, delle regie superbe le mal sicure soglie in abbandono lascia; che prezioso è dell'alma il riposo al par del trono.</p>	<p>But you lure my tired eyes to a brief rest, gentle breezes Yes, sleep, Grimoaldo and if you find again peace among the fountains and grasses. abandon any thoughts of the haughty palaces and their uncertain thrones for rest is more precious for the soul than any throne</p>
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<p>Aria Pastorello d'un povero armento pur dorme contento,</p>	<p>Aria The shepherd of a poor flock sleeps contentedly</p>
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sotto l'ombra d'un faggio od alloro.  
Io, d'un regno monarca fastoso  
non trovo riposo, sotto l'ombra  
di porpora e d'oro

under the shade of a beech or laurel.  
And I, the lavish monarch of a kingdom,  
cannot find rest under the weight of  
my purple and gold mantles

*Translation by Nico Castel*

**Dies Bildnis ist bezaubernd schön,**

<p>Dies Bildnis ist bezaubernd schön, wie noch kein Auge je gesehn. Ich fühl' es, wie dies Götterbild</p>	<p>This portrait is enchantingly beautiful, as no eye has ever before beheld! I feel it-how this godlike image</p>
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<p>mein Herz mit neuer Regung füllt. Dies Etwas kann ich zwar nicht nennen, doch fühl' ich's hier wie Feuer brennen; soll die Empfindung Liebe sein? Ja, ja, die Liebe ist's allein.</p>	<p>fills my heart with new emotion. I cannot really name this thing; yet I feel it here, burning like fire. Could this sensation be love? Yes, yes! It is love alone.</p>
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<p>O wenn ich sie nur finden könnte! O wenn sie doch schon vor mir stünde! ich würde, würde, warm und rein – Was würde ich? Ich würde sie voll Entzücken an diesen heißen Busen drücken, und ewig wäre sie dann mein.</p>	<p>Oh, if only I could find her! Oh, if only she were already here before me! I would....warmly and chastely– what would I? I would, full of delight, press her to this burning breast; and then she would be forever mine.</p>
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*Translation by Irene Spiegelman*

**Mit einem gemalten Band**

<p>Kleine Blumen, kleine Blätter Streuen mir mit leichter Hand Gute, junge Frühlings-Götter Tändelnd auf ein luftig Band.</p>	<p>Small flowers, small leaves are strewn for me with a light hand by good, young gods of Spring toying with an airy ribbon.</p>
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<p>Zephyr, nimm's auf deine Flügel, Schling's um meiner Liebsten Kleid; Und so tritt sie vor den Spiegel All in ihrer Munterkeit.</p>	<p>Zephyr, put it on your wing, loop it around my sweetheart's dress; and so she'll step in front of the mirror in all her merriment.</p>
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<p>Sieht mit Rosen sich umgeben, Selbst wie eine Rose jung. Einen Blick, geliebtes Leben! Und ich bin belohnt genug.</p>	<p>She will see herself surrounded by roses, herself like a young rose; one glance, beloved life! and I will have reward enough.</p>
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<p>Fühle, was dies Herz empfindet, Reiche frei mir deine Hand, Und das Band, das uns verbindet, Sei kein schwaches Rosenband!</p>	<p>Feel what this heart feels! freely reach me your hand, and let this ribbon that binds us be no weak ribbon of roses.</p>
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*Translation by Emily Ezust*

**Adelaide**

<p>Einsam wandelt dein Freund im Frühlingsgarten, Mild vom lieblichen</p>	<p>Alone does your friend wander in the Spring garden, Mildly encircled by</p>
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Zauberlicht umflossen,  
Das durch wankende  
Blüthenzweige zittert,  
Adelaide!

magic light  
That quivers through swaying,  
blossoming boughs,  
Adelaide!

In der spiegelnden Fluth,  
im Schnee der Alpen,  
In des sinkenden Tages Goldgewölke,  
Im Gefilde der Sterne strahlt  
dein Bildniß,  
Adelaide!

In the mirroring stream,  
in the snow of the Alps,  
In the dying day's golden clouds,  
In the fields of stars,  
your image shines,  
Adelaide!

Abendlüftchen im zarten Laube flüstern,  
Silberglöckchen des Mais im  
Grase säuseln,  
Wellen rauschen und  
Nachtigallen flöten:  
Adelaide!

Evening breezes whisper in the tender leaves,  
Silvery lilies-of-the-valley  
rustle in the grass,  
Waves murmur and  
nightingales pipe:  
Adelaide!

Einst, o Wunder! entblüht,  
auf meinem Grabe,  
Eine Blume der Asche meines Herzens;  
Deutlich schimmert auf  
jedem Purpurblättchen:  
Adelaide!

One day, o wonder! upon  
my grave will bloom  
A flower from the ashes of my heart;  
And clearly on every purple  
leaf will gleam:  
Adelaide!

*Translation by Emily Ezust*

#### **En fermant les yeux**

Recit  
C'est vrai...ma tête est folle!  
Mais le bonheur est passager,  
et le ciel l'a fait si léger  
qu'on a toujours peur qu'il s'envole  
A table!  
Instant charmant  
où la crainte fait trêve  
où nous sommes deux seulement!  
Tien. Manon: en marchant,  
Je vien de faire un rêve.

Recit  
It's true...my mind is raving!  
But happiness is transitory,  
and heaven has made it so fleet  
that one is always afraid it will fly away!  
To the table!  
Enchanting moment  
when apprehension is suspended  
when we two are alone!  
Listen, Manon: while walking,  
I just had a dream

Aria  
En fermant les yeux, je vois  
Là-bas... une humble retraite,  
Une maisonnette toute blanche  
au fond des bois!  
Sous ses tranquilles ombrages  
Les clairs et joyeux ruisseaux,  
Où se mirent les feuillages,  
Chantent avec les oiseaux!

Aria  
Closing my eyes, I see over there a humble  
retreat—  
a cottage all white  
in the depth of the woods!  
In its tranquil shade  
the clear and joyful brooks,  
in which the foliage is mirrored,  
sing with the birds!

C'est le paradis!... Oh non!  
Tout est là triste et morose,  
Car il y manque une chose,

It is paradise! Oh, no!  
Everything there is sad and gloomy.  
for there is one thing missing:

Il y faut encore Manon!  
Viens! Là sera notre vie,  
si tu le veux, ô Manon!

It still needs Manon!  
Come! There our life will be.  
if you wish it, oh Manon!

*Translation by Martha Gerhart*

#### **Sur les lagunes**

Ma belle amie est morte:  
Je pleurerai toujours;  
Sous la tombe elle emporte  
Mon âme et mes amours.  
Dans le ciel, sans m'attendre,  
Elle s'en retourna;

My beautiful love is dead,  
I shall weep always;  
Into the tomb, she has taken  
My soul and my love.  
Without waiting for me,  
She has returned to heaven.

L'ange qui l'emmena  
Ne voulut pas me prendre.  
Que mon sort est amer!  
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!

The angel which took her there  
Did not want to take me.  
How bitter is my fate!  
Ah! without love, to go to sea!

La blanche créature  
Est couchée au cercueil.  
Comme dans la nature  
Tout me paraît en deuil!  
La colombe oubliée  
Pleure et songe à l'absent;  
Mon âme pleure et sent  
Qu'elle est dépareillée.  
Que mon sort est amer!  
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!

The white creature  
Is lying in the coffin;  
How all in Nature  
Seems bereaved to me!  
The forgotten dove  
Weeps and dreams of the one who is absent;  
My soul cries and feels  
That it has been abandoned.  
How bitter is my fate,  
Ah! without love, to go to sea!

Sur moi la nuit immense  
S'étend comme un linceul;  
Je chante ma romance  
Que le ciel entend seul.  
Ah! comme elle était belle,  
Et comme je l'aimais!  
Je n'aimerai jamais  
Une femme autant qu'elle.  
Que mon sort est amer!  
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller  
sur la mer!

Above me the immense night  
Spreads itself like a shroud;  
I sing my romanza  
That heaven alone hears.  
Ah! how beautiful she was,  
And how I loved her!  
I will never love  
Another woman as much as I loved her;  
How bitter is my fate!  
ah! without love, to go to sea!  
To go to sea!

*Translation by Emily Ezust*

#### **Au cimetière**

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,  
Chante son chant :

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,  
Sings its song:

Un air maladivement tendre,  
À la fois charmant et fatal,  
Qui vous fait mal,  
Et qu'on voudrait toujours entendre ;

An air sickly tender,  
At the same time charming and ominous,  
Which makes you feel agony  
Yet which you wish to hear always;

Un air, comme en soupire aux cieus  
L'ange amoureux.

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.

Sur les ailes de la musique  
On sent lentement revenir  
Un souvenir;  
Une ombre une forme angélique,  
Passe dans un rayon tremblant,  
En voile blanc.

Les belles-de-  
nuit demi-closes,  
Jettent leur parfum faible et doux  
Autour de vous,  
Et le fantôme aux molles poses  
Murmure en vous tendant les bras:  
Tu reviendras?

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

#### **Firenze è come un albero fiorito**

Avete torto!  
È fine!... astuto...  
Ogni malizia di leggi e codici  
conosce e sa.  
Motteggiatore! Beffeggiatore!  
C'è da fare una beffa nuova e rara!  
È Gianni Schicchi che la prepara!  
Gli occhi furbi gli illuminan di riso  
lo strano viso,  
ombreggiato da quel suo gran nasone  
che pare un  
torrachione per così!  
Vien dal contado?  
Ebbene? Che vuol dire?  
Basta con queste ubbie  
grette e piccine!

An air like a sigh from the heavens  
of a love-lorn angel.

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.

On the wings of the music  
One feels the slow return  
Of a memory.  
A shadow, a form angelic,  
Passes in a trembling ray of light,  
In a white veil.

The beautiful flowers of the  
night, half-closed,  
Send their perfume, faint and sweet,  
Around you,  
And the phantom of soft form  
Murmurs, reaching to you her arms:  
You will return!

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!

*Translation by Emily Ezust*

You're wrong!  
He's refined! astute...  
Every trick of laws and codices  
he knows and knows intimately.  
A jokester! A prankster!  
Is there a new and rare joke to be played?  
It's Gianni Schicchi who prepares it!  
His cunning eyes light up with laughter  
his strange face,  
shaded by that great nose of his  
which seems like a huge,  
isolated tower like this!  
He comes from the countryside?  
Well? What does that mean?  
Enough of these narrow-minded  
and petty prejudices!

Firenze è come un albero fiorito  
che in piazza dei Signori  
ha tronco e fronde,  
ma le radici forze nuove apportano  
dalle convalli limpide e feconde!

E Firenze germoglia  
ed alle stelle salgon  
palagi saldi e torri snelle!

L'Arno, prima di correre alla foce,  
canta baciando piazza Santa Croce,  
e il suo canto è sì dolce e sì sonoro  
che a lui son scesi i  
ruscelletti in coro!  
Così scendanvi dotti in arti  
e scienze a far più  
ricca e  
splendida Firenze!  
E di val d'Elsa giù dalle castella  
ben venga  
Arnolfo a far la  
torre bella!  
E venga Giotto dal  
Mugel selvoso,  
e il Medici mercante coraggioso!  
Basta con gli odi  
gretti e coi ripicchi!  
Viva la gente nova  
e Gianni Schicchi!

#### **Ah! Mes Amis**

Ah! mes amis, quel jour de fête!  
Je vais marcher sous vos drapeaux.  
L'amour, qui m'a tourné la tête.  
Désormais me rend un héros,  
Ah! quel bonheur, oui, mes amis,  
Je vais marcher sous vos drapeaux!

Qui, celle pour qui je respire,  
A mes vœux a daigné sourire  
Et ce doux espoir de bonheur  
Trouble ma raison et mon cœur! Ah!

Pour mon âme, Quel destin!  
J'ai sa flamme, Et j'ai sa main!  
Jour prospère! Me voici  
Militaire et mari!

Florence is like a blossoming tree  
which has its trunk and branches in the Piazza  
dei Signori;  
but the roots bring forth new vitalities  
from the limpid and fertile valleys!

And Florence grows;  
and staunch palaces and  
slender towers rise up to all the stars!

The Arno, before running to its mouth,  
sings, kissing the Piazza Santa Croce;  
and its song is so sweet and so sonorous  
that the little brooks have run  
down to it in chorus!  
Likewise, may the experts in arts  
and sciences descend here  
to make Florence more rich  
and splendid!  
And down from the castles  
of the Val d'Elsa  
May Arnolfo be welcomed here  
to make the beautiful tower!  
And may Giotto come from  
the wooded Mugello,  
and Medici, the courageous merchant!  
Away with the narrow-minded  
hatreds and with grudges!  
Long live the newcomers  
and Gianni Schicchi!

*Translation by Martha Gerhart*

Ah! My friends, what a day of excitement!  
I am going to march under your flag.  
The love that has  
turned my head,  
from now on makes me a hero.  
Ah, what happiness!

Yes, she who is my entire life.  
and smiled when I declared my love for her.  
and that sweet hope of happiness  
puts in turmoil my reason and my heart.

For my soul, what a destiny!  
I have her flame and I have her hand  
Happy day, here I am  
A soldier and husband

*Translation by Nico Castel*