Student Recital

Alyssa Harney, soprano
Bobbie Kesler-Corleto, piano

Program

Quia Respexit
from Magnificat in D Major
J. S. Bach (1680-1750)

On Mighty Pens
from Creation
Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)

Les oiseaux dans la charmille
from The Tales of Hoffman
Jaques Offenbach (1819-1880)

Nacht und Träume
Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Gretchen am Spinnrade
Die Forelle

O luce di questanima
from Linda di Chamounix
Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)

Ah guarda, sorella
from Cosi Fan Tutte
W. A. Mozart (1756-1791)

O Do Not Love Too Long
Sometimes with One I Love
Little Elegy
The Nightingale
Do I love you more than a day
Ned Rorem (b. 1923)

In My Dreams
from Anastasia
Stephen Flaherty (b. 1960)

The Understudy
Bobby Cornin (n.d.)

You’ll Never Walk Alone
from Carousel
Richard Rodgers (1902-1979)

Alyssa Harney is a student of Brian Nedvin. This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music, Music Performance degree.
QUIA RESPEXIT – TRANSLATED BY FRANCIS BROWNE

Quia respexit humilitatem ancillae suae. For He has regarded the lowliness of His
Ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent handmaiden.
Behold, from henceforth, I will be called
blessed

DOLLARIA – TRANSLATED BY AARON GREEN

Les oiseaux dans la charmille The birds in the arbor,
Dans les cieux l'astre du jour, The sky's daytime star,
Tout parle à la jeune fille d'amour! Ah! Everything speaks to a young girl of love
Voilà la chanson gentille Ah! This is the gentle song,
La chanson d'Olympia! Ah! Tout ce The song of Olympia! Ah!
qui chante et résonne Everything that sings and resonates
Et soupire, tout à tour, And sighs, in turn,
Emeute son coeur qui frissonne d'amour! Ah! Moves his heart, which shudders of love!
Voilà la chanson mignonne Ah! This is the lovely song,
La chanson d'Olympia! Ah! The song of Olympia! Ah!

DIE FORELLE – TRANSLATED BY HANSI LAUER

In einem Bächlein helle, In a bright little brook
Da schoß in froher Eil, there shot in merry haste
Die launische Forelle a capricious trout:
Vorüber wie ein Pfeil past it shot like an arrow.
Ich stand an dem Gestade I stood upon the bank
Und sah in süßer Ruh and watched in sweet peace
Des muntern Fischleins Bade the cheery fish's bath
Im klaren Bächlein zu. in the clear little brook.

Ein Fischer mit der Rute A fisherman with his rod
Wohl an dem Ufer stand, stood at the water-side,
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute, and watched with cold blood
Wie sich das Fischlein wand. as the fish swam about.

So lang dem Wasser Helle, So long as the clearness of the water
So dacht ich, nicht gebracht, remained intact, I thought,
So fing er die Forelle he would not be able to catch the trout
Mit seiner Angel nicht. with his fishing rod.

Doch endlich ward dem Diebe But finally the thief grew weary
Die Zeit zu lang. Er macht of waiting. He stirred up
Das Bächlein tückisch trübe, the brook and made it muddy,
Und eh ich es gedacht, and before I guessed it,
So zuckte seine Rute, his fishing rod was twitching:
Das Fischlein zappelt daran the fish was squirming there, and with raging blood
Und ich mit regem Blute I gazed at the betrayed fish.

GRETCHEN AM SPINNRADE – TRANSLATED BY AARON GREEN

Meine Ruh ist hin, My peace is gone,
Mein Herz ist schwer, My heart is heavy,
Ich finde sie nimmer I will find it never
Und nimmermehr. and never more

Wo ich ihn nicht hab, Where I do not have him,
Ist mir das Grab, That is the grave,
Die ganze Welt The whole world
Ist mir vergift. Is bitter to me.

Mein armer Kopf My poor head Is crazy to me,
Ist mir verrückt, My poor mind Is torn apart.
Mein armer Sinn For him only, I look
Ist mir zerstückt. Out the window

Nach ihm nur schau ich Only for him do I go
Zum Fenster hinaus, Out of the house.
Nach ihm nur geh ich His tall walk, his noble figure,
Aus dem Haus. His mouth's smile, his eyes' power,

Sein hoher Gang, And his mouth's
Sein' edle Gestalt, Magic flow,
Seines Mundes Lächeln, His handsclasp,
Seiner Augen Gewalt, and ah! His kiss!

Und seiner Rede My peace is gone,
Zauberfluss, My heart is heavy,
Sein Händedruck, I will find it never more.
Und ach, sein Kuss.

Mein Busen drängt My bosom urges itself
Sich nach ihm hin. toward him.
Auch dürf ich fassen Ah, might I grasp
Und halten ihn, And hold him!

Und küsset ihn, And kiss him,
So wie ich wollt, As I would wish,
An seinen Küssen At his kisses
Vergehen sollt!
NACHT UND TRAUME – TRANSLATED BY AARON GREEN

Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;
Nieder wallen auch die Träume
Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume
Durch der Menschen stille Brust
Die belauschen sie mit Lust
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht
Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht!
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

Holy night, you float down;
Dreams too drift down
Like you moonlight through space
Through the silent hearts of men
They listen to them with delight
Cry out when day awakes
Come back, holy night
Sweet dreams, come back again!

O LUCE DI QUEST’ANIMA – TRANSLATED BY BEVERLY SILLS

Ah! tardai troppo, e al nostro
favorito convegno
io non trovai il mio diletto Carlo;
e chi sa mai
quanto egli avrà sofferto!
Ma non al par di me!
Pegno d’amore
questi fior mi lasciò!
Tenero core!
E per quel core io l’amò,
unico di lui bene.
Poveri entrambi siamo,
viviam d’amor, di speme;
pittore ignoto ancora
egli s’inalzerà coi suoi i talenti!
Sarà mio sposo allora.
Oh noi contenti!

Ah! Too long I have waited;
And yet I have not found
at our favorite place my dear Carlo.
And who can tell
What he has suffered!
But not as much as I have!
As a symbol of his love
He left me these posies!
What a tender heart!
And for that heart I do adore him
It is the greatest treasure he has!
We are both but poor;
Living only on thoughts of love
If he be an unknown painter,
He will shine with his genius!
And I will be his wife.
Oh, what contentment!

AH GUARDA SORELLA – TRANSLATED ANONYMOUSLY

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

Ah tell me sister,
If one could ever find
A nobler face,
A sweeter mouth.

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

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 sembiante
Guerriero ed amante.

DORABELLA
This is the face
Of a soldier and a lover.

FIORDILIGI
Si vede una faccia
Che alletta e minaccia.

DORABELLA
This is a face
Both charming and alarming.

FIORDILIGI
Io sono felice.

DORABELLA
How happy I am!

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

FIORDILIGI AND DORABELLA
If ever my heart
Changes its affection,
May love make me
Live in pain.