

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Student Recital

Alyssa Harney, soprano

Bobbie Kesler-Corleto, piano



Diehn Fine and Performing Arts

Chandler Recital Hall

Wednesday, December 5, 2018

7:30PM

Program

- Quia Respexit** J. S. Bach (1680-1750)
from Magnificat in D Major
Tyler Harney, Saxophone
- On Mighty Pens** Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)
from Creation
- Les oiseaux dans la charmille** Jaques Offenbach (1819-1880)
from The Tales of Hoffman
- Nacht und Träume** Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Gretchen am Spinnrade
Die Forelle
- O luce di questanima** Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)
from Linda di Chamounix
- Break**
- Ah guarda, sorella** W. A. Mozart (1756-1791)
from Cosi Fan Tutte
Holly Romanelli, soprano
- O Do Not Love Too Long** Ned Rorem (b. 1923)
Sometimes with One I Love
Little Elegy
The Nightingale
Do I love you more than a day
- In My Dreams** Stephen Flaherty (b. 1960)
from Anastasia
- The Understudy** Bobby Cornin (n.d.)
- You'll Never Walk Alone** Richard Rodgers (1902-1979)
from Carousel

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.
Ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent

For He has regarded the lowliness of His
handmaiden.
Behold, from henceforth, I will be called
blessed

**DOLLARIA - TRANSLATED BY AARON
GREEN**

Les oiseaux dans la charmille
Dans les cieux l'astre du jour,
Tout parle à la jeune fille d'amour! Ah!
Voilà la chanson gentille
La chanson d'Olympia! Ah! Tout ce
qui chante et résonne
Et soupire, tour à tour,
Emeut son coeur qui frissonne d'amour! Ah!
Voilà la chanson mignonne
La chanson d'Olympia! Ah!

The birds in the arbor,
The sky's daytime star,
Everything speaks to a young girl of love
Ah! This is the gentle song,
The song of Olympia! Ah!
Everything that sings and resonates
And sighs, in turn,
Moves his heart, which shudders of love!
Ah! This is the lovely song,
The song of Olympia! Ah!

**DIE FORELLE - TRANSLATED BY HANSI
LAUER**

In einem Bächlein helle,
Da schoß in froher Eil.
Die launische Forelle

In a bright little brook
there shot in merry haste
a capricious trout:

Vorüber wie ein Pfeil
Ich stand an dem Gestade
Und sah in süßer Ruh
Des muntern Fischleins Bade
Im klaren Bächlein zu.

past it shot like an arrow.
I stood upon the bank
and watched in sweet peace
the cheery fish's bath
in the clear little brook.

Ein Fischer mit der Rute
Wohl an dem Ufer stand,
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute,
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.
So lang dem Wasser Helle,
So dacht ich, nicht gebricht,
So fängt er die Forelle
Mit seiner Angel nicht.

A fisherman with his rod
stood at the water-side,
and watched with cold blood
as the fish swam about.
So long as the clearness of the water
remained intact, I thought,
he would not be able to catch the trout
with his fishing rod.

Doch endlich ward dem Diebe
Die Zeit zu lang. Er macht
Das Bächlein tückisch trübe,
Und eh ich es gedacht,
So zuckte seine Rute,
Das Fischlein zappelt dran
Und ich mit regem Blute

But finally the thief grew weary
of waiting. He stirred up
the brook and made it muddy,
and before I guessed it,
his fishing rod was twitching:
the fish was squirming there, and with raging blood
I gazed at the betrayed fish.

**GRETCHEN AM SPINNRADE - TRANS-
LATED BY AARON GREEN**

Meine Ruh ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more

Wo ich ihn nicht hab,
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.

Where I do not have him,
That is the grave,
The whole world
Is bitter to me.

Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.

My poor head Is crazy to me,
My poor mind Is torn apart.

Nach ihm nur schau ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh ich
Aus dem Haus.

For him only, I look
Out the window
Only for him do I go
Out of the house.

Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt,

His tall walk, his noble figure,
His mouth's smile, his eyes' power,

Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluss,
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach, sein Kuss.

And his mouth's
Magic flow,
His handclasp,
and ah! His kiss!

Mein Busen drängt
Sich nach ihm hin.
Auch dürf ich fassen
Und halten ihn,

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never more.

My bosom urges itself
toward him.
Ah, might I grasp
And hold him!

Und küssen ihn,
So wie ich wollt,
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt!

And kiss him,
As I would wish,
At his kisses

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!

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!
Ttenero core!
E per quel core io l'amo,
unico di lui bene.
Poveri entrambi siamo,
viviam d'amor, di speme;
pittore ignoto ancora
egli s'innalzerà coi suo i talenti!
Sarà mio sposo allora.
Oh noi contenti!

O luce di quest'anima,
delizia, amore e vita,
la nostra sorte unita,
in terra, in ciel sarà.
Deh, vieni a me, riposati
su questo cor che t'ama,
che te sospira e brama,
che per te sol vivrà.

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!

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!

Oh, you are the radiance of my soul,
Delightful life and love;
On earth and in heaven,
We will be united.
Come, my dear
And find calm in my yearning heart
That sighs for your love,
Of which mine is for you alone.

AH GUARDA SORELLA – TRANSLATED ANONYMOUSLY

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.

FIORDILIGI
Si vede un sembiante
Guerriero ed amante.

DORABELLA
Si vede una faccia
Che alletta e minaccia.

FIORDILIGI
Io sono felice.

DORABELLA
Felice son io.

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

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

DORABELLA
Just look,
See what fire is in his eye,
If flames and darts
Do not seem to flash forth!

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

DORABELLA
This is a face
Both charming and alarming.

FIORDILIGI
How happy I am!

DORABELLA
How happy I am!

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