

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Student Recital

Brandon Lewis, baritone

Joe Ritchie, piano



Diehn Fine and Performing Arts

Chandler Recital Hall

Monday, December 3, 2018

4:30PM

Program

- Aria: *Is not His word like a fire?* Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)
from Elijah
- Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht? Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)
from Des Knaben Wunderhorn
- Ach, wir armen Leute! Engelbert Humperdinck (1854-1921)
from Hänsel und Gretel
- Neue Liebe Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)
from Sechs Gesänge, Op. 19a No. 4
- Questo amor, vergogna mia Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)
from Edgar
- Le bestiaire Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
I. Le dromadaire
II. Le chèvre du Thibet
III. La sauterelle
- Les hiboux Déodat de Séverac (1872-1921)
- Madrigal Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
from Shylock, Op. 57, No. 3
- Lonely Room Richard Rodgers (1902-1979)
from Oklahoma!
- Me Alan Menken (b. 1949)
from Beauty and the Beast The Musical

Brandon Lewis is a student of Dr. Montgomery.
This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor
of Music, Music Education degree.

Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?

Dort oben am Berg in dem hohen Haus!
 Da gucket ein fein's lieb's Mädel heraus!
 Es ist nicht dort daheime!
 Es ist des Wirts sein Töchterlein!
 Es wohnt auf grüner Haide!

Mein Herzle ist wund!
 Komm', Schätzle, mach's g'sund!
 Dein' schwarzbraune Äuglein,
 die hab'n mich verwund't!

Dein rosiger Mund macht Herzen gesund,
 macht Jugend verständig,
 macht Tote lebendig,
 macht Kranke gesund.

Wer hat denn das schöne Liedlein erdacht?
 Es haben's drei Gäns' über's Wasser gebracht!
 Zwei graue und eine weiße!
 Und wer das Liedlein nicht singen kann,
 dem wollen sie es pfeifen!
 Ja!

Ach, wir armen Leute

Ach, wir armen Leute-
 alle Tage so wie heute:
 in dem Beutel ein großes Loch,
 und im Magen ein größ'res noch.

Rallalala, rallalala!
 Hunger ist der beste Koch!

Ja, ihr Reichen könnt euch laben;
 wir, die nichts zu essen haben
 nagen, ach, die ganze Woch',
 sieben Tag an einem Knoch'!

Ach, wir sind ja gern zufrieden,
 denn das Glück ist so verschieden!
 Aber, aber, wahr ist's doch,
 Armut is ein schweres Joch!

Ja ja, der Hunger kocht schon gut,
 sofern er kommandieren tut;
 allein was nützt der Kommandör,
 fehlt euch im Topf die Zubehör?

Kümmel ist mein Leiblikör

Who thought up this little song?

Up there on the mountain, in a high-up house,
 a lovely, darling girl looks out of the window.
 She does not live there:
 she is the daughter of the innkeeper,
 and she lives on the green meadow.

My heart is sore!
 Come, my treasure, make it well again!
 Your dark brown eyes
 have wounded me.

Your rosy mouth makes hearts healthy.
 It makes youth wise,
 brings the dead to life,
 gives health to the ill.

Who has thought up this pretty little song then?
 It was brought over the water by three geese -
 two grey and one white -
 and if you cannot sing the little song,
 they will whistle it for you!
 Yes!

Oh, we poor people

Oh, for you and me, poor mother-
 everyday is like the other:
 with a big hole in the purse,
 and in the stomach an even worse.

Rallalala, rallalala!
 Hunger is the poor man's curse!

Yes, the rich enjoys his dinner;
 while the poor grows daily thinner
 strives to eat as well he may,
 somewhat less than yesterday!

'Tisn't much that we require,
 just a little food and fire!
 But, alas, it's true enough,
 life on some of us is rough!

Yes yes, hunger's all very well to feel,
 if you can get a good square meal;
 but when there's not what can you do,
 supposing the purse be empty too?

Caring is my liquor!

Neue Liebe

In dem Mondenschein im Walde
 sah ich jüngst die Elfen reiten,
 ihre Hörner hört ich klingen,
 ihre Glöcklein hört ich läuten.

Ihre weißen Rösslein trugen
 goldnes Hirschgewein' und flogen
 rasch dahin, wie wilde Schwäne
 kam es durch die Luft gezogen.

Lächelnd nickte mir die Kön'gin,
 lächelnd, im Vorüberreiten.
 Galt das meiner neuen Liebe?
 Oder soll es Tod bedeuten?

Questo amor, vergogna mia

Questo amor, vergogna mia,
 io spezzar, scordar vorrei;
 ma d'un' orrida malia
 sono schiavi i sensi miei.

Mille volte al ciel giurai
 di fuggirla, e a lei tornai!

Ella ride del mio pianto,
 ed io, vil, col cuore infranto,
 ai suoi piedi mi prosterno.

Ella ride del mio pianto;
 del mio sdegno si fa scherno.
 Ed io, vil, col cuore infranto,
 ai suoi piedi mi prosterno.

E lei sola io sogno, bramo!
 Ah sventura! Io l'amo!

New love

In the moonlit forest
 I watched the elves a-riding,
 I heard their horns sound,
 I heard their bells ring.

Their white horses bore
 golden stags' antlers and flew
 quickly away, like white swans
 travelling through the air.

The queen nodded at me and smiled,
 smiled, as she rode overhead.
 Was it because of my new love?
 Or does it mean death?

This shameful love of mine

This shameful love of mine,
 I wish to forget;
 But by a horrible spell
 My emotions are enslaved.

A thousand times to heaven I swore to flee from her,
 and to her I returned!

She laughs at my tears,
 and I, a coward, with a crushed heart,
 at her feet I lay prostrate

She laughs at my tears;
 Of my indignation she sneers
 and I, a coward, with a crushed heart,
 at her feet I lay prostrate.

And of her alone I dream, I desire!
 Ah misfortune! I love her!

Le dromadaire

Avec ses quatre dromadaires
Don Pedro d'Alfaroubeira
Courut le monde et l'admira.
Il fit ce que je voudrais faire
Si j'avais quatre dromadaires.

La chèvre du Thibet

Les poils de cette chèvre et même
Ceux d'or pour qui prit tant de peine
Jason, ne valent rien au prix
Des cheveux dont je suis épris.

La sauterelle

Voici la fine sauterelle,
La nourriture de Saint Jean,
Puissent mes vers être comme elle
Le régal des meilleures gens.

Les hiboux

Sous les ifs noirs qui les abritent,
Les hiboux se tiennent rangés,
Ainsi que des Dieux étrangers;
Dardant leur oeil rouge ils méditent.

Sans remuer ils se tiendront
Jusqu'à l'heure mélancolique
Où, poussant le soleil oblique
Les ténèbres s'établiront.

Leur attitude au sage enseigne
Qu'il faut en ce monde qu'il craigne
Le tumulte et le mouvement;

L'homme ivre d'une ombre qui passe
Porte toujours le châtiment
d'avoir voulu changer de place!

The Dromedary

With his four dromedaries
Don Pedro d' Alfaroubeira
Traveled the world over and admired it.
He did what I would like to do
If I had four dromedaries.

The Tibetan goat

The hair of this goat and even
The golden hair for which such pains were taken
By Jason are worthless compared
To the hair of the one I love.

The Grasshopper

Here is the delicate grasshopper,
The nourishment of Saint John,
May my verses likewise be
A feast for superior people.

The owls

Beneath the shelter of the dark yews,
The owls stand arrayed,
like alien gods;
Red eyes blazing they dream.

Motionless they will remain
until the melancholy hour
when, pushing aside the slanting sun
darkness takes over.

Their stance teaches the wise man
that in this world one should fear
tumult and movement;

Intoxicated by a passing shadow
man forever bears the penalty
for having wanted to leave his place!

Madrigal

Celle que j'aime a de beauté
Plus que Flore et plus que Pomone,
Et je sais, pour l'avoir chanté,
Que sa bouche est le soir d'automne,
Et son regard la nuit d'été.

Pour marraine elle eut Astarté,
Pour patronne elle a la Madone,
Car elle est belle autant que bonne
Celle que j'aime.

Elle écoute, rit et pardonne,
N'écoutant que par charité:
Elle écoute, mais sa fierté
N'écoute ni moi ni personne,
Et rien encore n'a tenté
Celle que j'aime.

Madrigal

She whom I love is fairer
than Flora or Pomona,
and I know, for I have sung so,
that her mouth is an autumn evening,
and her glance a summer night.

Her godmother was Astarte,
her patron saint the Madonna,
for she is as fair as she is good
she whom I love.

She listens, laughs and pardons,
only listening out of charity:
she listens, but her pride
listens, not to me or to any other,
and nothing yet has tempted
the one I love.