

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Student Recital

Eric Baskerville, tenor

Bobbie Kesler-Corleto, piano



Diehn Fine and Performing Arts

Chandler Recital Hall

Friday, November 30, 2018

4PM

Program

- Quanto è bella Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)
Una furtive lagrima
from *L'elisir d'amore*
- Du meines Herzens Krönelein Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
Nacht
Allerseelen
- With Rue My Heart is Laden George Walker (1922-2018)
Lament
Leaving
- Greek Songs, Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)
I. Chanson de la Mariée
II. Là-bas, vers l'église
III. Quel galant m'est comparable
IV. Chanson de cueilleuses de lentisques
V. Tout gai!
- Something To Believe In Alan Menken (b. 1949)
from *Disney's Newsies The Musical*
Brooke Ward, Soprano
- Sincerely, Me Benj Pasek (b. 1985) & Justin Paul (b.1985)
Brooke Ward, Soprano & Jaron Stevenso, Baritone
- Words Fail
from *Dear Evan Hansen*
- Someone Like You Arr. Jamey Ray (n.d)
from *Jekyll and Hyde*
Soprano: Keaton Whitehurst, Olivia Rominyi & Brooke Ward
Alto: Emily Hines & Kelli Bly
Tenor: Michael Peck & Hunter Elliot
Bass: Jaron Stevenson & Kain Pierce

Eric Baskerville is a student of Agnes Fuller. This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music, Music Education degree with performance emphasis.

Quanto è bella

Quanto è bella, quanto è cara!
Più la vedo, e più mi piace...
ma in quel cor non son capace
lieve affetto ad inspirar.
Essa legge, studia, impara...
non vi ha cosa ad essa ignota...
Io son sempre un idiota,
io non so che sospirar.

Una furtive lagrima

Una furtiva lagrima
Negl'occhi suoi spuntò...
Quelle festose giovani
Invidiar sembro.
Che piu cercando io vo?
M'ama, si m'ama, lo vedo, lo vedo.

Un solo instante I palpiti
Del suo bel cor sentir!
I miei sospir, confondere
Per poco a' suoi sospir!

Cielo, si puo morir;
Di piu non chiedo, non chiedo.

Du meines Herzens Krönelein

Du meines Herzens Krönelein,
du bist von lautrem Golde,
wenn andere daneben sein,
dann bist du noch viel holde.

Die andern tun so gern gescheit,
du bist gar sanft und stille,
daß jedes Herz sich dein erfreut,
dein Glück ist's, nicht dein Wille.

Die andern suchen Lieb und Gunst
mit tausend falschen Worten,
du ohne Mund- und Augenkunst
bist wert an allen Orten.

Du bist als wie die Ros' im Wald,
sie weiß nichts von ihrer Blüte,
doch jedem, der vorüberwallt,
erfreut sie das Gemüte.

She is beautiful and dear!
The more I see her, I fall even more in love
But I am incapable of loving her
I don't have much to offer.
She reads, studies, learns...
There's nothing that she cannot do!
I am just an idiot
All I can do is sigh.

A furtive tear
appeared in her eye...
Those happy girls
she seemed to envy them
What more searching do I need?
She loves me, I see it.

A single moment
Feeling her beautiful heartbeat!
My sighs blending
a little with the air she breathes!

Heaven, one could die;
I could not ask for more!

You, my heart's little crown
You are of pure gold,
When others are beside you,
You are still more lovely.

The others would act so gladly clever,
You are so gentle and quiet
That every heart in you rejoices,
It's your charm, not your will

The others seek love and favor
With a thousand false words
You, without saying a word,
Are esteemed in every place.

You are like the rose in the forest:
It knows nothing of its bloom,
But everyone, who passes by
It makes happy.

Nacht

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um im weitem Kreise,
Nun gib acht.

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms,
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch,
Rücke näher, Seel an Seele;
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

Allerseelen

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten A stern trag herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahre ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

Greek Songs

I. Chanson de la mariée

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi, perdrix mignonne,
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.
Trois grains de beauté,
mon cœur en est brûlé!

Vois le ruban d'or que je t'apporte,
Pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux.
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous marier!
Dans nos deux familles, tous sont alliés!

Out of the woods steps the night,
out of the trees it steals softly,
it looks around in a circle
Now give heed.

All the lights of this earth,
all flowers, all colors
it puts out and steals the sheaves
Away from the field

It takes all that is lovely,
takes the silver away from the stream
takes from the copper roof of the cathedral,
takes away the gold

Plundered stands the shrub
draw nearer, soul to soul;
oh the night, I fear, it will steal
You from me too.

Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes
the last red asters bring in
and let us again speak of love
As once in May.

Give me your hand, that I may secretly hold it.
and if others see, I will not mind,
give me just one of your sweet glances
As once in May.

It is blooming and fragrant today on every grave
one day in the year the dead are indeed free
come to my heart, that I may have you again,
As once in May.

Wake up, wake up pretty partridge
Open your wings to the morning,
Three beauty spots,
My heart on it's fire

See the ribbons of gold that I bring you
To tie around your hair.
If you wish, my beauty, come we shall marry!
In our two families all are related by marriage!

II. Là-bas, vers l'église

Là-bas, vers l'église,
Vers l'église Ayio Sidéro,
L'église, ô Vierge sainte,
L'église Ayio Costandino,
Se sont réunis,
Rassemblés en nombre infini,
Du monde, ô Vierge sainte,
Du monde tous les plus braves!

Over there, toward the church,
Toward the church Saint Sideros
The church oh virgin saint,
The church Saint Constantine,
They are gathered,
Brought together, in infinite numbers
Of the world oh virgin saint,
Of the world most Brave

III. Quel galant m'est comparable

Quel galant m'est comparable,
D'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?
Dis, dame Vassiliki?

What man can compare with me
among those one sees passing by?
Tell, Lady Vassiliki?

Vois, pendus à ma ceinture,
pistolets et sabre aigu...
Et c'est toi que j'aime!

See, hanging on my belt
pistols and curved sword
And it is you whom I love

IV. Chanson de cueilleuses de lentisques

Ô joie de mon âme,
Joie de mon cœur,
Trésor qui m'est si cher

Oh joy of my soul,
Joy of my heart,
Treasure which to me is so dear

Joie de l'âme et du cœur,
Toi que j'aime ardemment,
Tu es plus beau qu'un ange.

Joy of the soul and of thy heart
You whom I love passionately,
You are more beautiful than an angel

Ô lorsque tu parais,
Ange si doux
Devant nos yeux,

Ah, when you appear,
Angel so sweet,
Before our eyes,

Comme un bel ange blonde,
Sous le clair soleil,
Hélas ! tous nos pauvres cœurs soupirent!

Like a beautiful blonde angel,
Beneath the beautiful sun,
Alas! All our poor hearts sigh

V. Trout gai!

Tout gai! gai, Ha, tout gai!
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse;
Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse,
Tra la la la la...

All are happy! Happy, ah, all are happy!
Beautiful leg, which dance;
Beautiful leg, the dishes are dancing!
Tra la la la la