

Program

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Student Recital

Kelsey Holden, soprano

Bobbie Kesler-Corleto, piano

Dennis Holden—Northerner, Percussion



Diehn Fine and Performing Arts

Chandler Recital Hall

Monday, December 3, 2018

3:45PM

Mein gläubiges Herze, frohlocke	J. S. Bach (1685-1750)
Ridente la calma <i>from Creation</i>	W. A. Mozart (1761-1791)
Le charme Les papillons <i>From Op. 2, Seven Melodies</i>	Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)
Flow my tears	John Downland (1563-1626)
Bright Star	Ricardo A. Coelho de Souza (b. 1974)
Pulled <i>from The Addams Family</i>	Andrew Lipka (b. 1964)

Kelsey Holden is a student of Katherine Lakoski. This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music, Music Education degree with a vocal concentration.

Mein gläubiges Herze, frohlocke

Francis Browne

Mein gläubiges Herze
frohlocke, sing' sherze,
dein Jesus ist nah
Weg Jammer, weg Klagen
ich will euch nur sagen
mein Jesus ist da

My faithful heart,
delight, sing, play
Your Jesus is near
Away with sorrow, away with lamenting
I will say only to you
My Jesus is here

Ridente la calma

Richard Walter

Ridente la calma nell'alma si desti
Ne resti un segno di sdegno e timor
Tu vieni frattanto a stringer, mio bene,
Le dolci catene si grate al mio cor.

May a happy calm awaken in my soul
And may neither a sign of anger nor fear remain
You come meanwhile to tighten, my dear,
The sweet chains that are so pleasing to my heart.

Le charme

Jonathan Retzlaff

Quand ton sourire me surprit,
Je sentis frémir tout mon être,
Mais ce qui domptais mon esprit,
Je ne pus d'abord le connaitre.
Quand ton regard tomba sur moi,
Je sentis mon âme se fondre,
Mais ce que serait cet émoi,
Je ne pus d'abord en répondre.
Ce qui me vainquit à jamais,
Ce fut un plus douloureux charme,
Et je n'ai su que je t'aimais,
Qu'en voyant ta première larme.

When your smile surprised me,
I felt trembling through all my being,
but that which overcame my spirit,
I did not at first know it.
When your glance fell on me,
I felt my soul melt,
but what this emotion would be,
I could not at first understand.
What vanquished me forever,
was a more painful charm;
And I did not know that I loved you,
until I saw your first tear.

Les papillons

Jonathan Retzlaff

Les papillons couleur de neige
Volent par essaims sur la mer;
Beaux papillons blancs, quand pourrai-je
Prendre le bleu chemin de l'air?
Savex-vous, o belle des belles,
Ma bayadère aux yeux de jais,
S'ils me voulaient prêter leurs ailes,
Dites, savez-vous, où j'irais?
Sans prendre un seul baiser aux roses,
À travers vallons et forêts,
J'irais à vos lèvres mi-closes
Fleur de mon âme, et j'y mourrais

The butterflies are the color of snow
They fly in swarms over the sea;
Beautiful white butterflies, when can I
take the blue path of the air?
Do you know, O beauty of beauties,
my dancing girl with the eyes of jade,
if they were willing to lend me their wings,
tell me, do you know where I would go?
Without taking a single kiss from the roses,
throughout valleys and forests,
I would go to your half-closed lips,
Flower of my soul, and there I would die.

Bright Star- Ricardo A. Coelho de Souza

Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour, hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountain and the moors—
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel forever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender taken breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.