

## Program

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

# Student Recital

Eric Baskerville, tenor

Bobbie Kesler-Corleto, piano



**OLD DOMINION  
UNIVERSITY**

**I D E A F U S I O N**

Diehn Fine and Performing Arts

Chandler Recital Hall

Monday, November 27, 2017

3:45PM

Ahi, troppo è duro

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

Trans. Pietro Florida

Comfort Ye My People  
Every Valley Shall be Exalted  
from *Messiah*

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Verborgenheit, Mörike Songs, No. 12  
Fussreise, Mörike Songs, No. 10

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Soir, Op. 83, No. 2  
Mandoline, Op. 58, No. 1

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Not While I'm Around  
from *Sweeney Todd*

Stephen Sondheim (b. 1930)

*Kelli Bly, alto*

I'm Alive  
from *Next to Normal*

Tom Kitt (b. 1974)

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.

**Ahi Troppo é Duro**

Ahi, troppo é duro, crudel sentenza  
E viepiu cruda pena:  
Tornare a lagrimar  
Nell'antro oscuro!

Alas, all to harsh and ruthless, this cruel sentence!  
Severely I am punished:  
That I return to weep,  
In realms of darkness.

Aer sereno e puro,  
Addio per sempre!  
O cielo, o sole, addio, lucide stelle!  
Apprendete pietà! donne e donzelle!

Sweet air, serene and cloudless,  
Farewell forever!  
Oh heaven, Oh sunlight! Farewell, shining stars!  
Learn to pity! Ladies and Maidens!

**Verborgenheit, Mörike Songs, No 12**

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!  
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,  
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben  
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Let, o world, o let me be!  
Lure me not with what love giveth,  
Make this heart of mine content with  
Its own pleasure, its own grief!

Was ich traure, weiss ich nicht,  
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;  
Immerdar durch Traenen sehe  
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.

What grieves me, I know it not,  
It is some unheard of thorn;  
Yet through my tears I will see  
The warming sunlight come the morn.

Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst,  
Und die helle Freude zuecket  
Durch die Schwere, so mich druecket  
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.

Oft when I forget myself  
A savory pleasure lifts my gloom,  
'tis then I feel from deep within  
My infirm spirit soon renewed.

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!  
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,  
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben  
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Let, o world, o let me be!  
Lure me not with what love giveth,  
Make this heart of mine content with  
Its own pleasure, its own grief!

**Fussreise, Mörike Songs, No. 10**

Am frischgeschnittenen Wanderstab,  
Wenn ich in der Frühe  
So durch Wälder ziehe,  
Hügel auf und ab:

With my fresh cut walking staff  
Early in the morning  
I go through the woods,  
Over the hills, and away.

Dann, wie's Vöglein im Laube  
Singer und sich rührt,  
Oder wie die gold'ne Traube  
Wonnegeister spürt  
In der ersten Morgensonne:

Then, like the birds in the arbor  
That sing and stir,  
Or like the golden grapes  
That trace their blissful spirits  
In the first morning light

So fühlt auch mein alter, lieber  
Adam Herbst und Frühlingfieber,  
Gottbeherzte,  
Nie verscherzte  
Erstlings Paradieswonne.

I feel in my age, too, beloved  
Adam's spring and autumn fever  
God fearing,  
But not discarded:  
The first delights of Paradise.

Also bist du nicht so schlimm,  
O alter Adam,  
Wie die strengen Lehrer sagen;  
Liebst und lobst du immer doch,  
Singst und preisest immer noch,  
Wie an ewig neuen Schöpfungstagen,  
Deinen lieben Schöpfer und Erhalter.

You are not so bad,  
Oh old Adam,  
As the strict teachers say;  
You love and rejoice,  
Sing and praise  
As it is eternally the first day of creation  
Your beloved Creator and Preserver.

Möcht' es dieser geben  
Und mein ganzes Leben  
Wär' im leichten Wanderschweife  
Eine solche Morgenreise!

I would like to be given to this  
And my whole life  
Would be in simple wandering wonder  
Of one such morning stroll.

**Soir, Op.83, No.2**

Voici que les jardins de  
La nuit vont fleurir.  
Les lignes, les couleurs,  
Les sons deviennent vagues; Vois!  
Le dernier rayon agonise à tes bagues,  
Ma soeur, entendstu pas  
Quelque chose mourir?

Now see, all of the gardens of  
The night soon will flow'r.  
The lines, the blending colors,  
The sounds become indistinct. Look!  
The last expiring ray is aflame in your jewels.  
My sister, do you not hears something  
Dies in this hour?

Mets sur mon front tes mains fraîches  
Comme une eau pure,  
Mets sur mes yeux tes mains douces comme  
De fleurs,  
Et que mon âme où vit le goût  
Secret des pleurs,  
Soit comme un lys fidèle et  
Pale à ta ceinture!

Place on my eyes your frail hands as  
Soft as the blossoms,  
Place on my brow your dear hands  
As cool as the dew,  
And may my soul, where lives the  
Secret taste of tears,  
Rest lily-like against your heart,  
Pallid and true!

C'est la pitié qui pose ainsi  
Son doigt sur nous,  
Et tout ce que la terre a de  
Soupirs qui montent,  
Il semble, qu'à mon coeur  
Enivré le racontent  
Tes yeux levés au ciel, si tristes  
Et si doux!

Thus to our lives compassion  
Comes with grace replete,  
And everything the earth  
Sighs for in prayer uprising,  
Is mirrored, so it seems in your eyes,  
My beloved,  
Your eyes raised up to heaven so mournful  
And so sweet.

**Mandoline, Op.58, No.1**

Les donneurs de sérénades.  
Et les belles écouteuses  
Echangent des propos fades,  
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

Galants fondly serenading  
And their ladies all at ease  
Exchange romantic patter,  
Beneath the singing trees.

C'est Tircis er c'est Aminte,  
Et c'est léternel Clitandre,  
Et c'est Damis qui, pour mainte  
Cruelle, fit maint vers tender,

Here Tircis and here , Aminte,  
And eternal Clitandra,  
And there, Damis who repeats  
The cruel poetic sweets.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,  
Leur longues robes à queues,  
Leur élégance, leur joie  
Et leur molles ombres bleues  
Tourbillonnent dans l'extase  
D'une lunne rose et grise,  
Et la mandoline jase  
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Short vests of silken brocade,  
Long gowns that trail in the dew,  
Joy and their elegance rare  
And their shadows soft and blue  
Whirling in the mood enraptured  
Of a rosy moon and grey,  
And the Mandolins, a-chatter,  
On the trembling breezes play.

Les donneurs de sérénades.  
Et les belles écouteuses  
Echangent des propos fades,  
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

Galants fondly serenading  
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Exchange romantic patter,  
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