

Program

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Student Recital

Eric Baskerville, tenor

Bobbie Kesler-Corleto, piano



**OLD DOMINION
UNIVERSITY**

I D E A FUSION

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, entends-tu 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 hear 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
And their ladies all at ease
Exchange romantic patter,
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