

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Student Recital

Monique Amit, soprano

Joe Ritchie, piano



**OLD DOMINION
UNIVERSITY**

I D E A FUSION

Diehn Center for the Performing Arts

Chandler Recital Hall

Friday, April 21, 2017

7:30pm

Program

Laudate Dominum **Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart**
from *Vesperae solennes de confessore* (1756-1791)

Cailin Gwaltney, soprano; Jennifer Woods, soprano;
India Dale, alto; Ashley Nolan, alto;
Tracy James, tenor; Tony Lu, tenor;
Eric Baskerville, baritone; Jaron Stevenson, baritone

Deh vieni, non tardar **Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart**
from *Le Nozze di Figaro* (1756-1791)

An die Musik **Franz Schubert**
An den Mond (1797-1828)

Malinconia, Ninfa gentile **Vincenzo Bellini**
Ma rendi pur content (1801-1835)
Per pietà, bell'idol mio

Stizzoso mio stizzoso **Giovanni Pergolesi**
from *La Serva Padrona* (1710-1736)

Mister Snow **Richard Rodgers (1902-1979)**
from *Carousel* **Oscar Hammerstein II (1895-1960)**

You Don't Know This Man **Jason Robert Brown**
from *Parade* (b. 1970)

To a Young Girl
Look Down Fair Moon
Catullus: on the Burial of His Brother

Ned Rorem
(b. 1923)

Cinq mélodies populaires grecques

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

1. Chanson de la Mariée
2. Là-bas, vers l'église
3. Quel gallant m'est comparable
4. Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques
5. Tout gai!

Donde lieta uscì
from *La Bohème*

Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

Laudate Dominum

Laudate Dominum omnes gentes
Laudate eum, omnes populi.
Quoniam confirmata est
Super nos misericordia eius,
Et veritas Domini manet in aeternum.
Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancti,
Sicut erat in principio,
Et nunc, et semper.
Et in saecula saeculorum.
Amen

Praise the Lord

Praise the Lord, all ye nations;
Praise him, all ye people.
For He has bestowed
His mercy upon us,
And the truth of the Lord endures forever.
Glory be to the Father
And to the Son and to the Holy Spirit,
As it was in the beginning, is now, and forever,
And for all ages.
Amen.

Deh vieni, non tardar

Giunse alfin il momento
Che godrò senz'affanno
In braccio al idol mio
Timide cure uscite dal mio petto!
A turbar non venite il mio diletto
O come par che all'amoroso foco
L'amenità del loco,
La terra e il ciel risponda.
Come la notte i furti miei seconda.

Oh come, don't be late

The moment finally arrives
When I'll enjoy without haste
In the arms of my beloved.
Fearful anxieties get out of my heart!
Do not come to disturb my delight.
Oh, how it seems that to amorous fires
The comfort of the place,
Earth and heaven respond,
As the night responds to my ruses.

Deh vieni, non tardar, o gioia bella
Vieni ove amore per goder t'appella
Finche non splende in
Ciel notturna face
Finche l'aria e ancor bruna,
E il mondo tace.
Qui mormora il ruscel,
Qui scherza l'aura
Che col dolce susurro il cor ristaura
Qui ridono i fioretti e l'erba e fresca
Ai piaceri d'amor qui tutto adesca.
Vieni, ben mio, tra queste piante ascose.
Vieni, vieni!
Ti vo' la fronte incoronar di rose.

Oh come, don't be late, my beautiful joy
Come where love calls you to enjoyment
Until night's torches no longer
Shine in the sky
As long as the air is still dark
And the world quiet.
Here the river murmurs
And the light plays
That restores the heart with sweet ripples
Here, little flowers laugh and the grass is fresh
Here, everything entices one to love's pleasures
Come, my dear, among these hidden plants.
Come, come!
I want to crown you with roses.

An die Musik

Du holde Kunst, in
Wieviel grauen Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder
Kreis umstrickt,
Hast du mein Herz zu
Warmer Lieb entzunden,
Hast mich in eine beßre Welt entrückt!

To Music

You fine art, in
How many grey hours
When life's fierce orbit
Encompassed me,
Have you kindled my heart
To warm love,
Have you charmed me into a better world!

Oft hat ein Seufzer,
Deiner Harf' entflossen,
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir

Often a sigh,
Issuing from thy harp,
A sweet, blest chord of thine,

Monique Amit is a student of Dr. Kelly Montgomery.

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor
of Music Performance degree.

Den Himmel beßrer Zeiten
Mir erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!

An den Mond

Geuß, lieber Mond,
Geuß deine Silberflimmer
Durch dieses Buchengrün,
Wo Phantasien und
Traumgestalten immer
Vor mir vorüberfliehn!

Enthülle dich, daß ich die Stätte finde,
Wo oft mein Mädchen saß,
Und oft, im Wehn des
Buchbaums und der Linde,
Der goldnen Stadt vergaß!

Enthülle dich, daß ich
Des Strauchs mich freue,
Der Kühlung ihr gerauscht,
Und einen Kranz auf
Jeden Anger streue,
Wo sie den Bach belauscht!

Dann, lieber Mond,
Dann nimm den Schleier wieder,
Und traur' um deinen Freund,
Und weine durch den
Wolkenflor hernieder,
Wie dein Verlaßner weint!

Malinconia, Ninfa gentile

Malinconia, Ninfa gentile,
La vita mia consacro a te;
I tuoi piaceri chi tiene a vile,
Ai piacer veri nato non è.

Fonti e colline chiesi agli Dei;
M'udiro alfine, pago io vivrò,
Né mai quel fonte co' desir miei,
Né mai quel monte trapasserò.

Ma rendi pur contento

Ma rendi pur contento
Della mia bella il core,
E ti perdono, amore,
Se lieto il mio non è.

Gli affanni suoi pavento
Più degli affanni miei,

Thrown open the heaven
Of better times;
You fine art, for that I thank thee!

To the Moon

Pour, dear moon,
Pour your silver glitter
Down through the greenery of beeches,
Where phantasms and
Dream-shapes are always
Floating before me!

Reveal yourself, that I may find the place
Where my darling often sat,
And often forgot, in the
Wind of beech and linden trees,
The golden city.

Reveal yourself, that I
May enjoy the bushes
Which swept coolness to her,
And that I may lay a
Wreath upon that pasture
Where she listened to the brook.

Then, dear moon, then
Take up your veil again,
And mourn your friend,
And weep through
The clouds
As one abandoned weeps!

Melancholy, gentle nymph

Melancholy, gentle nymph,
I consecrate my life to you.
One who despises your pleasures
Is not born to true pleasures.

I asked the gods for fountains and hills;
They heard me at last; I will live satisfied
Even though, with my desires, I never
Go beyond that fountain and that mountain.

But only make happy

But only make happy
The heart of my beautiful [lady],
And I will pardon you, love
If my own [heart] is not glad.

Her troubles I fear
More than my own troubles,

Perché più vivo in lei
Di quel ch'io vivo in me.

Per pietà, bell'idol mio,

Per pietà, bell'idol mio,
Non mi dir ch'io sono ingrato;
Infelice e sventurato
Abbastanza il Ciel mi fa.

Se fedele a te son io,
Se mi struggo ai tuoi bei lumi,
Sallo amor, lo sanno i Numi
Il mio core, il tuo lo sa.

Stizzoso, mio stizzoso

Stizzoso, mio stizzoso,
Voi fate il borioso,
Ma nò, ma non vi può giovare;
Bisogna al mio divieto
Star cheto, cheto,
E non parlare,
Zitt!... Zitt!...
Serpina vuol così.
Zitt!... Zitt!...
Serpina vuol così.
Cred'io che m'intendete, si,
Che m'intendete, si,
Dacchè mi conoscete
Son moltie
Molti di.

Chanson de la mariée

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi,
Perdrix minonne.
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.
Trois grains de beauté mon
Cœur en est Brûlé!
Vois le ruban, le ruban
D'or que je t'ap Porte
Pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux.
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous marier!
Dans nos deux familles tous sont alliés!

Là-bas, vers l'église...

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

Because I live more in her
Than I live in myself.

For pity's sake, my beautiful idol

For pity's sake, my beautiful idol
Do not tell me that I am ungrateful;
Unhappy and unfortunate enough
Has heaven made me.

That I am faithful to you,
That I languish under your bright gaze,
Love knows, the gods know,
My heart [knows], and yours knows.

Stizzoso mio stizzoso

Irascible, my irascible,
You behave with arrogance,
But no! it won't help your position.
You must keep to my prohibitions
And keep silent,
And not talk,
Shut up! ... shut up! ...
These are Serpina's commands.
Shut up! ... shut up! ...
These are Serpina's commands.
Now I think you have understood,
Yes, you have captured the message,
Because already a long time has passed
From when you first
Made acquaintance with me.

Song of the bride

Wake up, wake up,
Sweet little partridge.
Open up your wings to the morning.
By three beauty spots
My heart is burnt!
See the ribbon, the
Golden ribbon which I Bring you
To tie around your hair.
If you like, my fairest, come let us be married!
In our two families all are united!

Over there, by the church

Over there, by the church,
By the church Ayio Sidero,
The church, o holy Virgin,
The church Ayio Costanndino,
Have assembled,
Gathered together in countless numbers,
People, o holy Virgin,
All the very bravest people!

Quel galant m'est comparable

Quel galant m'est comparable
D'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?
Dis dame Vassiliki?
Vois, pendus à ma ceinture,
Pistolets et sabre aigu...
Et c'est toi que j'aime!

What gallant compares with me

What gallant compares with me
Among those one sees passing by?
Tell me, Mistress Vassiliki?
See, hung from my belt,
Pistols and sharp sword...
And it is you whom I love!

Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques

O joie de mon âme,
Joie de mon cœur,
Trésor qui m'est si cher;
Joie de l'âme et du cœur,
Toi j'aime ardemment,
Tu es plus beau qu'un ange.
O lorsque tu parais,
Ange si doux devant nos yeux,
Comme un bel ange blond,
Sous un clair soleil,
Hélas! tous nos pauvres
Cœurs soupirent!

Song of the lentisk pickers

O joy of my soul,
Joy of my heart,
Treasure who are so dear to me;
Joy of the soul and the heart,
You whom I love fervently,
You are more handsome than an angel.
O when you appear,
Angel so sweet before our eyes,
Like a handsome blond angel,
Beneath a bright sun,
Alas, all our
Poor hearts sigh!

Tout gai!

Tout gai, gai, ha, tout gai!
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse;
Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse,
Tra-la-la-la-la!

All gay!

All gay, gay, ha, all gay!
Pretty leg, tireli, which dances;
Pretty leg, the dishes dance,
Tra-la-la-la-la!

Donde lieta usci

Donde lieta usci
Al tuo grido d'amore,
Torna sola Mimi
Al solitario nido.
Ritorna un'altra volta
A intesser finti fior.
Addio, senza rancor.

Whence happy leaving

Whence happy leaving
To your cry of love,
Returns alone Mimi
To solitary nest.
Returns another time
To weave together false flowers.
Goodbye, without resentment.

Ascolta, ascolta.

Le poche robe aduna
Che lasciai sparse.
Nel mio cassetto stan chiusi
Quel cerchietto d'or
E il libro di preghiere.
Involgi tutto quanto in un grembiale
E manderò il portiere...

Listen, listen.

The little things gather
That I have left scattered about
In my drawer
Are enclosed that gold band
And a book of prayers.
Wrap everything much in a smock
And I will send the concierge...

Bada, sotto il guanciaie
C'è la cuffietta rosa.
Se vuoi-se vuoi,
Serbarla a ricordo d'amor!
Addio-addio, senza rancor

Pay attention, on the pillow
There is a pink bonnet
If you want,
Keep a memory of love!
Goodbye, without resentment.