

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Student Recital

Cailin Gwaltney, soprano

Bobbie Kesler-Corleto, piano



**OLD DOMINION
UNIVERSITY**

I D E A FUSION

Diehn Center for the Performing Arts

Chandler Recital Hall

Monday, November 28, 2016

4:30pm

Program

Bel piacere
from *Agrippina* George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

If music be the food of love Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)
Timothy Martin, clarinet

Trois Autres Mélodies Érik Satie
(1866-1925)
I. Chanson
II. Chanson médiévale
III. Les fleurs

Simple Song Leonard Bernstein
from *Mass* (1918-1990)
Tristan Morris-Mann, flute

Cailin Gwaltney is a student of Agnes Fuller-Mobley-Wynne.
This recital is in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the
Bachelor of Music Performance degree.

Bel piacere

A beautiful pleasure, faithful love is!
It pleases the heart.
Splendor is not measured by beauty
If it does not come from a faithful heart

Translated by Cailin Gwaltney

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

When I was on the mountaintop, I faintly
heard singing... singing...
Far from the cool dark valley, called to echo
this lovely voice in the cleft, and it echoed
through the crags.

Each time my voice penetrated further, and
each time her voice cam from below... from
below...

My "sweetheart" lives so far away! I, pining
for her, call, "Come to me!" Come to me!"
Each time my voice penetrated further, and
each time her bright voice came from be-
low... from below...

When I was on the mountaintop, I faintly
heard singing... singing...
Far from the cool dark valley, called to echo
this lovely voice in the cleft, and it echoed
though the crags.

I am now consumed with loneliness, sounds
in the forest through the night watches.
My heart longs for heaven with wonderful
power... my heart longs for heaven with
wonderful power.

But spring will come! The spring is my joy! I
can feel the warm winds floating in...
It shall complete my happiness. I am ready
to fly from the mountain.
Spring will come! The spring is my joy! I am
ready to fly from the mountain.

Taken from www.lieder.net

Trois autres mélodies

Chanson

Short bliss sadly is hope and short bliss is
also a pleasure. And they never last as long
as we should desire.

Short and sweet is youth, and also short,
the times of love. The promises of a sweet-
heart do not last longer than a day.

In these mortal things one places joy, the
mere hope of beauty lifts the spirit. BUT
even on intense worry can trample this and
snatch away life's prizes.

Chanson médiévale

As I returned to the fountain
with my servant, a knight, with his squire,
passed by on the road.

I could not say if the squire agitated my
servant, but the knight stopped to look at
me for pleasure.

And he looked at me of one like a man
with his eyes full of passion.

Les fleurs

What I love to you see, lovely flowers, to
the dawn between your petals.

When Iris, your vine buds bleed of trans-
parent halos,

Know alone in hearts
evoke a delicate image.

Also messengers of love:

I question you with sadness why, the fate of
one single day, you tear
away our tenderness.

(Translated by Cailin Gwaltney)