

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Student Recital

Erin DuBose, soprano

Bobbie Kesler-Corleto, piano



**OLD DOMINION
UNIVERSITY**

IDEA FUSION

Diehn Fine and Performing Arts

Chandler Recital Hall

Sunday, April 3, 2016

5:00pm

Program

Five Greek Folk Songs

Chanson de la Mariée
Là-bas, vers l'église
Quel gallant m'est comparable
Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques
Tout gai!

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Kindertotenlieder

Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgeh'n
Nun seh' ich woll, warum so dunkle Flammen

Gustav Mahler
(1860-1911)

L'esule

Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Don Giovanni

La ci darem la mano
Christian Harward, baritone
Batti, batti, o bel Masetto

W. A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Song to the Moon

from *Rusalka*

Antonín Dvořák
(1841-1904)

Program cont.

The Sky Above the Roof
Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)

Unexpected Song
from *Song and Dance*
Andrew Lloyd Webber
(b. 1948)

The Mystery of Edwin Drood
Moonfall
Perfect Strangers
Christian Harward, baritone
Rupert Holmes
(b. 1947)

Taylor the Latte Boy
Zina Goldrich
(b. 1964)

Chanson de la mariée

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi, perdrix mignonne,
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.
Trois grains de beauté,
mon cœur en est brûlé!

Awake, little partridge
Greet the morning with open pinions.
The three beauty spots
Put my heart on fire.

Vois le ruban dor que je t'apporte,
Pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux.
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous marier!
Dans nos deux familles, tous sont alliés!

Look at the golden ribbon which I bring you
To tie round your hair.
Let us get married, my love, if you will!
In our two families all are related.

Là-bas, vers l'église

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

Yonder, at the church,
At the church of Ayio Sidero,
The church, oh Blessed Virgin,
The church of Ayio Costammino,
Have come together,
Have assembled in great numbers
People, oh Blessed Virgin,
All of the bravest people!

Quel galant m'est comparable

Quel galant m'est comparable,
D'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?
Dis, dame Vassiliki?

What dandy can compare with me,
Of all those passing by?
Won't you tell me Vassiliki?

Vois, pendus à ma ceinture,
pistolets et sabre aigu...
Et c'est toi que j'aime

Look at pistols and a sharp saber
Hanging on my belt...
And tis you I love!

Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques

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

Oh joy of my soul,
joy of my heart,
Treasure so precious to me;
Joy of soul and heart
Thou, whom I love ardently,
Thou, more handsome than an angel.
When thou appearest,
angel so sweet,
Before our eyes,
Like a beautiful blonde angel
In the bright sunlight,
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...

Kindertotenlieder

Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgeh'n

Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgehn,
Als sei kein Unglück die Nacht geschehn!
Das Unglück geschah nur mir allein!
Die Sonne, sie scheint allgemein!
Du mußt nicht die Nacht in dir verschränken,

Mußt sie ins ew'ge Licht versenken!
Ein Lämplein verlosch in meinem
Zelt!
Heil sei dem Freudenlicht der Welt!

Nun seh' ich wohl, warum so dunkle Flammen

Nun seh' ich wohl, warum so dunkle Flammen
Ihr sprühtet mir in manchem Augenblicke.
O Augen, gleichsam, um voll in einem Blicke
Zu drängen eure ganze Macht zusammen.

Dort ahnt' ich nicht,
weil Nebel mich umschwammen,
Gewoben vom verblendenden Geschicke,
Daß sich der Strahl bereits zur Heimkehr schicke,
Dorthin, von wannen alle Strahlen stammen.

Ihr wolltet mir mit eurem Leuchten sagen:
Wir möchten nah dir bleiben gerne!
Doch ist uns das vom Schicksal abgeschlagen.

Sieh' uns nur an, denn bald sind wir dir ferne!
Was dir Augen sind in diesen Tagen:
In künftigen Nächten sind es dir nur Sterne.

Very merrily, Ah, very merrily,
Beautiful legs, tireli, dancing,
Beautiful legs, even the dishes dancing
Tra la-lada-la

Songs on the Death of Children

Now the sun will rise as brightly

Now the sun will rise as brightly,
as if no misfortune had occurred in the night.
The misfortune has fallen on me alone.
The sun - it shines for everyone.
You must not confine the night within your-
self;
you must immerse it in the eternal light!
A little light has been extinguished in my
home!
Praised be the joyous light of the world!

Now I see well, why with such dark flames

Now I see well, why with such dark flames
you sparkled at me in many moments.
Oh, eyes, it was as if in one full glance
you could concentrate your entire power.

But I did not suspect -
enveloped as I was
by the mist of deceptive fate,
that this beam was already was ready to be sent
to that place from whence all beams come.

You would have told me with your brilliance:
We would gladly have stayed near you!
But that is denied us by fate.

Look at us, for soon we will be far from you!
What to you are only eyes in these days
in future nights shall be stars to us.

L'estule

Qui sempre ride il cielo,
qui verde ognor la fronda,
qui del ruscello l'onda
dolce mi scorre al piè;
ma questo suol non è
la Patria mia.

Qui nell'azzurro flutto
sempre si specchia il sole;
i gigli e le viole
crescono intorno a me;
ma questo suol non è
la Patria mia

Le vergini son vaghe
come le fresche rose
che al loro crin compose
amor pegno di fe';
ma questo suol non è
la Patria mia.

Nell'Itale contrade
è una città Regina;
la Ligure marina
sempre le bagna il piè'.
La ravvisate, ell'è
la Patria mia.

La ci darem la mano

(Don Giovanni)
Là ci darem la mano,
Là mi dirai di sì:
Vedi, non è lontano,
Partiam, ben mio, da qui.

(Zerlina)
Vorrei e non vorrei,
Mi trema un poco il cor,
Felice, è ver, sarei,
Ma può burlarmi ancor!

(Don Giovanni)
Vieni, mio bel diletto!

(Zerlina)
Mi fa pietà Masetto.

(Don Giovanni)
Io cangierò tua sorte.

Here always laughs the sky,
Here the branch is ever green,
Here the wave of the streamlet
Sweetly runs over my feet;
But this soil is not
my homeland.

Here in the blue billow,
Always is mirrored the sun,
The lilies and the violets
Grow around me;
But this soil is not
my homeland.

The maidens are as pretty
As the fresh roses
With which love dresses their hair,
In token of fidelity.
But this land is
not my homeland.

In the land of Italy
Is a queenly city,
The Ligurian seashore
Ever bathes its feet;
Do you know her?
She is my homeland.
My homeland she is.

(Don Giovanni)
There I'll give you my hand,
There you'll say yes:
See, it is not far,
my love, let's leave from here.

(Zerlina)
Should I or shouldn't I,
my heart trembles at the thought,
it's true, I would be happy,
I can still have fun!

(Don Giovanni)
Come, my beloved beautiful!

(Zerlina)
It makes me pity Masetto.

(Don Giovanni)
I will change your fate.

(Zerlina)

Presto... non son più forte.

(Don Giovanni)

Andiam!

(Zerlina)

Andiam!

(Duet)

Andiam, andiam, mio bene,
a ristorar le pene
D'un innocente amor.

Batti, batti, o bel Masetto

Batti, batti, o bel Masetto,
La tua povera Zerlina;
Start qui come agnellina
Le tue botte ad aspettar.
Lasciert straziarmi il crine,
Lasciert cavarmi gli occhi,
E le care tue manine
Lieta poi saprt bacciar.
Ah, lo vedo, non hai core!
Pace, pace, o vita mia,
In contento ed allegria
Notte e di vogliam passar,
Si, notte e di vogliam passar.

Song to the Moon

Mesiku na nebi hlubokem
Svetlo tve daleko vidi,
Po svete bloudis širokem,
Divas se v pribytyky lidi.
Mesicku, postuj chvilí
reckni mi, kde je muj mily

Rekni mu, sribmy mesicku,
me ze jej objima rame,
aby si alespon chvilicku
vzpomenul ve sneni na mne.
Zasvet mu do daleka,
rekni mu, rekni m kdo tu nan cekal

O mneli duse lidska sni,
at'se tou vzpominkou vzbudi!
Mesicku, nezhasni, nezhasni!

(Zerlina)

Soon I am no longer strong enough to resist.

(Don Giovanni)

Let us go!

(Zerlina)

Let us go!

(Duet)

Come, come, my darling,
to restore our pleasure
of an innocent love.

Beat, beat, oh handsome Masetto,
Your poor Zerlina;
I'll stay here, as a little sheep,
To wait for your blows.
I'll let (you) lacerate my hair,
I'll let (you) take out my eyes,
And your dear little hands
I'll be then be happily able to kiss.
Ah, I see that, you have no heart!
Peace, peace, oh my life,
In happiness and in gaiety
Night and day - we want to spend,
Yes, night and day - we want to spend.

Moon, high and deep in the sky^{1}_{SEP}
Your light sees far,
You travel around the wide world^{1}_{SEP}
and see into people's homes^{1}_{SEP}
Moon, stand still a while^{1}_{SEP}
and tell me where is my dear^{1}_{SEP}

Tell him, silvery moon^{1}_{SEP}
that I am embracing him^{1}_{SEP}
For at least momentarily^{1}_{SEP}
let him recall of dreaming of me.
Illuminate him far away^{1}_{SEP}
and tell him, tell him who is waiting for him!

If his human soul is in fact dreaming of me may
the memory awaken him^{1}_{SEP}
Moonlight, don't disappear, disappear!