

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Student Recital

India Dale, soprano

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

Saturday, April 30, 2016

5:00pm

Program

Winter
Dirge From *Six Elizabethan Songs* Dominick Argento
(b. 1927)

Nichts
Mein Herz ist stumm Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Liebster Jesu, mein Verlangen J.S. Bach
from *Cantata BWV 32* (1685-1759)

Andrew Leiboldt, oboe

**** pause ****

Romance de Mignon Henri Duparc
Au pays où se fait la guerre (1848-1933)

Depuis le jour Gustave Charpentier
(1860-1956)

Il poveretto Giuseppe Verdi
L'esule (1813-1901)

Ev'ry Time I feel de Spirit arr. Hall Johnson
(1888-1970)

The Saga of Jenny Kurt Weill
from *Lady in the Dark* (1900-1950)

India Dale is a student of Dr. Brian Nedvin. This recital is in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music Performance degree.

Nichts

Nennen soll lich, sagt ihr, meine
Königin, im Liederreich?
Toren, die ihr seid, cj kenne
Sie am wenigsten von euch.

Fragt mich nach der Augen Farbe,
Fragt mich nach der Stimme Ton,
Fragt nach Gang und Tanz
und Haltung,
Ach, und was weiß ich Davon!

Ist die Sonne nicht die Quelle
Alles Lebens, alles Lichts?
Und was wissen von derselben
Ich, und ihr, und alle? Nichts.

Mein Herz ist stumm

Mein Herz ist stumm, mein Herz ist kalt
Erstarrt in des Winters Eise;
Bisweilen in seiner Tiefe nur wallt
Und zittert und regt sich's leise

Dann ist's, als ob ein mildes Tau'n
Die Decke des Frostes breche;
Durch grünende Wälder,
blühende Au'n
Murmeln von neuem die Bäche.

Und Hörnerklang,
von Blatt zu Blatt
[Im] Frühlingswinde getragen,
Dringt aus den Schluchten
ans Ohr mir matt
Wie ein Ruf aus seligen Tagen.

Doch das alternde Herz wird
jung nicht mehr,
Das Echo sterbenden Schalles
Tönt ferner, immer ferner her,
Und wieder erstarrt liegt alles

Liebster Jesu, mein Verlangen

Liebster Jesu, mein Verlangen,
Sage mir, wo find ich dich?
Soll ich dich so bald verlieren
Und nicht ferner bei mir spüren?
Ach! mein Hort, erfreue mich,
Laß dich höchst vergnügt umfangen.

Nothing

I should name, you say, my
Queen in the realm of love?
You are fools, for I know
Her less than you do

Ask me about the color of her eyes;
ask me about the sound of her voice;
ask me about her gait and posture
and how she dances;
Ah, what do I know about it?

Is not the sun the source
of all life and all light?
And about this, what do
I and you and everyone know? Nothing.

-Translated by Emily Ezust

My heart is silent

My heart is silent, my heart is cold
frozen in the winter's ice;
sometimes, but only in its depths, it seethes,
Trembles, and stirs quietly

Then it is as if a gentle dew
has melted through the cover of frost;
through green woods and
blooming meadows
The brook murmurs anew.

And the sound of horns, carried
from leaf to leaf
by the spring wind,
echoes from the gulches faintly
in my ears,
Like a shout from happier days.

Yet the aging heart will grow
young no more;
the echo of a dying sound
fades into the distance
and once again everything lies frozen

-Translated by Emily Ezust

Dearest Jesus, my desire

Dearest Jesus, my desire,
tell me, where can I find you?
shall I lose you so soon
and no longer sense you near me?
Ah! My treasure, bring me joy,
let me embrace You with greatest delight.

-Translated by Pamela Dellal

Romance de Mignon

Le connais-tu, ce radieux pays
Où brille dans les
branches d'or des fruits?
Un doux zéphir embaume l'air
Et le laurier s'unit au
myrte vert.
Le connais-tu, le connais-tu?
Là-bas, là-bas, mon bien-aimé,
Courons porter nos pas.

Le connais-tu, ce merveilleux séjour
Où tout me parle encore
de notre amour?
Où chaque objet me dit avec douleur:
Qui t'a ravi ta joie
et ton bonheur?
Le connais-tu, le connais-tu?
Là-bas, là-bas, mon bien-aimé,
Courons porter nos pas.

Depuis le jour

Depuis le jour où je me suis donnée
Toute fleurie semble ma destinée.
Je crois rêver sous un
ciel de féerie,
l'âme encore grisée
de ton premier baiser!
Quelle belle vie!
Mon rêve n'était pas un rêve!
Ah! Je suis heureuse!
L'amour étend sur moi ses ailes!
Au jardin de mon coeur
chante une joie nouvelle!
Toute vibre,
Tout se réjouit de mon triomphe!
Autour de moi tout est sourire,
lumière et joie!
Et je tremble délicieusement
Au souvenir charmant
Du premier jour
D'amour!
Quelle belle vie!
Ah! je suis heureuse! trop heureuse...
Et je tremble délicieusement
Au souvenir charmant
Du premier jour
D'amour!

Mignon's Song

Do you know that radiant land
where fruit glints among
branches of gold?
a soft breeze perfumes the air,
And the laurel and green
myrtle grow as one.
Do you know it, do you know it?
To that place, my beloved
Let us run, let us go.

Do you know that marvelous place
Where everything still speaks to me
of our love?
Where every object asks me with sadness:
Who has stolen away your
joy and happiness?
Do you know it, do you know it?
To that place, my beloved,
Let us run, let us go.

-Translation by Emily Ezust

Since the Day

Since the day I gave myself,
My fate seems all in flower.
I seem to be dreaming beneath
a fairy sky,
my soul still enraptured
by that very first kiss!
What a wonderful life!
My dream was not a dream!
Oh! I am so happy!
Love spreads its wings over me!
In the garden of my heart
A new joy sings!
Everything resonates,
Everything rejoices in my triumph!
About me all is smiles,
light and happiness!
And I tremble deliciously
at the delightful memory
of the first day
of love!
What a glorious life!
Oh, how happy I am! Too happy!...
And I tremble deliciously
at the delightful memory
of the first day
of love!

-Translation by Stacey Martin

Au pays où se fait la guerre

Au pays où se fait la guerre
Mon bel ami s'en est allé ;
Il semble à mon cœur désolé
Qu'il ne reste que moi sur terre !
En partant, au baiser d'adieu,
Il m'a pris mon âme à ma bouche.
Qui le tient si longtemps, mon Dieu ?
Voilà le soleil qui se couche,
Et moi, toute seule en ma tour,
J'attends encore son retour.

Les pigeons sur le toit roucoulent,
Roucoulent amoureuxment ;
Avec un son triste et charmant
Les eaux sous les grands saules coulent.
Je me sens tout près de pleurer ;
Mon cœur comme un lis plein s'épanche,
Et je n'ose plus espérer.
Voici briller la lune blanche,
Et moi, toute seule en ma tour,
J'attends encore son retour.

Quelqu'un monte à grands pas la rampe :
Serait-ce lui, mon doux amant ?
Ce n'est pas lui, mais seulement
Mon petit page avec ma lampe
Vents du soir, volez, dites-lui
Qu'il est ma pensée et mon rêve,
Toute ma joie et mon ennui.
Voici que l'aurore se lève,
Et moi, toute seule en ma tour,
J'attends encore son retour.

Il poveretto

Passegger, che al dolce aspetto
Par che serbi un gentil cor,
Porgi un soldo al poveretto
Che da man digiuno è ancor.

Fin da quando era figliuolo
Sono stato militar
E pugnando pel mio suolo
Ho trascorso e terra e mar;

Ma or che il tempo su me pesa,
Or che forza più non ho,
Fin la terra che ho difesa,
La mia patria m'obliò.

To the country where war is waged

To the country where war is waged
My beautiful love departed.
It seems to my desolate heart
That I alone remain on earth.
When leaving, at our kiss goodbye,
He took my soul from my mouth...
Who is holding him back so long, O God?
There is the sun setting
And I, all alone in my tower,
I still await his return

The pigeons on the roof are cooing,
Cooing lovingly
With a sad and charming sound;
The waters under the large willows flow...
I feel ready to cry;
My heart, like a full lily, overflows
And I no longer dare to hope.
Here gleams the white moon.
And I, all alone in my tower,
I still await his return.

Someone is dimbing the ramp rapidly.
Could it be him, my sweet love?
It isn't him, but only
My little page with my lamp.
Evening winds, veiled, tell him
That he is my thoughts and my dream,
All my joy and my longing.
Here is the dawn rising.
And I, all alone in my tower,
I still await his return

Translation by Victoria de Menil

The poor man

Passerby that has a gentle look
And seems to have a good heart,
Give this poor man a penny
Because today he hasn't had a thing to eat.

From my childhood on
I was a soldier;
Fighting for my country
I have crossed land and sea

But now that I'm burdened by years
Now that my strength is gone
Even the land that I have defended,
My homeland, has forgotten me.

Translation by Fenna Ograjsek

L'esule

Vedi! la bianca luna
Splende sui colli;
La notturna brezza
Scorre leggera ad incresparsi il vago
Grembo del quieto lago.
Perché, perché sol io
Nell'ora più tranquilla e più soave
Muto e pensoso mi starò? Qui tutto
È gioia; il ciel, la terra
Di natura sorridente all'incanto.
L'esule solo è condannato al pianto

Ed io pure fra l'aure native
Palpitava d'ignoto piacer.
Oh, del tempo felice ancor vive
La memoria nel caldo pensier.
Corsi lande, deserti, foreste,
Vidi luoghi olezzanti di fior;
M'aggirai fra le
danze e le feste,
Ma compagno ebbi sempre il dolor.

Or che mi resta?...
togliere alla vita
Quella forza che misero mi fa.
Deh, vieni, vieni, o morte, a chi t'invita
E l'alma ai primi gaudi tornerà.

Oh, che allor le patrie sponde
Non saranno a me vietate;
Fra quell'aure, su quell'onde
Nudo spirito volerò;
Bacerò le guance amate
Della cara genitrice
Ed il pianto all'infelice
Non veduto tergerò.

The exile

Look! The white moon
shines on the hills
The night breeze
flows lightly to ruffle
The charming womb of the peaceful lake.
Why, why in this hour
So tranquil and sweet
Am I alone mute and thoughtful? Here all
is joy; The sky, the earth
All nature smiles at the enchantment.
Only the exile is condemned to weep.

And within my native air I also
Throbbled with hidden joy.
Oh, the memory of those happy times
Lives again in my ardent thoughts.
I race through grasslands, deserts, forests,
I observe scenes fragrant with flowers;
I wander through the
dances and the festivals,
But pain was always my companion.

Now, what is left for me?
Take away from life
This force that makes me suffer.
Oh come, come death, I invite you
And my soul will return to its original delight

Oh, then my native shore
will not be barred to me!
In that air, on those waves
my bared soul will fly;
I will kiss the beloved cheek
of my dear parents
And my sad tears
Will be wiped away.

Translated by Melissa Malde

