

Program

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Student Recital

Jennifer Woods, soprano

Rebecca Raydo, piano



**OLD DOMINION
UNIVERSITY**

I D E A FUSION

Diehn Center for the Performing Arts

Chandler Recital Hall

Tuesday, November 8, 2016

7:30pm

Rejoice Greatly, O Daughter of Zion
from *Messiah* (1741)

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Allerseelen
Zueignung
Morgen!

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Vocalise-étude

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

La serenata
Sogno
Il pescatore canta

Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846-1916)

Airs chantés

Air romantique
Air champêtre
Air grave
Air vif

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Pisen Rusalky O Mesiku
from *Rusalka* (1900)

Antonín Dvořák
(1841-1904)

Program

Hermit Songs

- II. Church Bell at Night
- V. The Crucifixion
- VII. Promiscuity
- VIII. The Monk and His Cat
- IX. The Praises of God
- X. The Desire for Hermitige

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Gorgeous

from *The Apple Tree*

Sheldon Harnick
(b. 1924)
Jerry Bock
(1928-2010)

Pure Imagination

from *Willy Wonka and
the Chocolate Factory*

Leslie Bricusse
(b. 1931)
Anthony Newley
(1931-1999)

Allerseelen

Stell' auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten Asten trag' herbei,
Und lass uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.
Gib mir die Hand, dass ich sie heimlich drücke,
Und wenn man's sieht,
mir ist es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.
Es blüht und duftet heut'
auf jedem Grabe
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm an mein Herz, dass ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

-Hermann von Gilm

Zueignung

Ja, du weisst es, teure Seele,
Dass ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
Habe dank.

-Hermann von Gilm

Morgen!

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde...
Und ze dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,
Und auf uns sinkt des
Gluckes stummes Schweigen...

-John Henry Mackay

All Souls' Day

Put on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
carry the last red astors here,
and let us again talk of love
like once in May.
Give me your hand, that I may secretly press it,
and if anyone sees it,
it makes no difference to me,
give me only one of your sweet glances
like once in May.
Today it blossoms and
smells sweet on each grave
one day in the year indeed the dead are free,
come to my heart, that I have you again,
like once in May.

-translation by Laura Ward and Richard Walters

Dedication

Yes, you know it, beloved soul,
that I am tormented far from you,
love makes the heart suffer,
thanks to you.

Once I held, the one who delighted in freedom,
high the amethyst cup
and you blessed the drink,
thanks to you.

And exorcised the evil ones therein,
until I, as I had never been,
holy, holy onto your heart I sank,
thanks to you.

-translation by Laura Ward and Richard Walters

Tomorrow

And tomorrow the sun will shine again
and on the path, where I shall walk,
it will again unite us, the happy ones
in the midst of this sun-breathing earth...
and to the wide, blue-waved shore,
we will quietly and slowly descend,
mute, we will gaze into each other's eyes,
and on us sinks the
muted silence of happiness...

-translation by Laura Ward and Richard Walters

Jennifer Woods is a student of Dr. Kelly Montgomery.
This recital is in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the
Bachelor of Music Performance degree.

La serenata

Vola,
O serenata:
La mia diletta è sola,
E, con la bella testa abbandonata,
Posa tra le lenzuola:
O serenata,
Vola.

Splende
Pura la luna;
L'ale il silenzio stende,
E dietro i veli dell'alcova bruna
La lampada s'accende:
Pura la luna
Splende.

Vola,
O serenata:
La mia delecta è sola;
Ma, sorridendo ancor mezzo assonnata,
Torna fra le lenzuola:
O serenata,
Vola.

L'onda
Sogna sul lido,
E'l vento su la fronda;
E a' baci miei ricusa ancora un nido
La mia signora bionda!
Sogna sul lido
L'onda.

-Giovanni Alfredo Cesareo

Sogno

Ho sognato che stavi a ginocchi
Come un santo che prega il Signor,
Mi guardavi nel fondo degl'occhi,
Sfavillava il tuo sguardo d'amor.

Tu parlavi e la voce sommessa
Mi chiedea dolcemente mercè.
Solo un guardo che fosse promessa
Imploravi curavato al mio piè.

Io taceva, e coll'anima forte
Il desio tentatore lottò.
Ho provato il martirio e la morte,
Pur mi vinsi e ti dissi di no.

Serenade

Fly,
o serenade:
my beloved is alone,
and with her lovely head lying back,
is resting between her sheets:
o serenade,
fly.

Shining white
is the moon;
silence spreads its wings,
and behind the veils in the dark alcove
a lamp is lit:
the moon
is shining white.

Fly,
o serenade:
my beloved is alone;
but, smiling, still half asleep,
has returned between her sheets:
o serenade,
fly.

The waves
dream on the shore,
the wind is amid the branches;
my fair lady
still refuses to shelter my kisses!
On the shore
the waves dream.

-translation by Caza Ricordi

Dream

I dreamed you were kneeling
like a saint praying to the Lord.
You looked deep into my eyes;
your glance shone with love.

You spoke, and your quiet voice
softly asked me for mercy.
Only a look which might be a promise
you begged for, as you knelt at my feet.

I kept silent, and keeping my spirit strong
I battled with the tempting desire.
I felt martyrdom and death,
but I conquered myself and said no.

Ma il tuo labbro sfiorò la mia faccia
E la forza del cor mi tradì.
Chiusi gli occhi, ti stesi le braccia,
Ma sognavo,
e il bel sogno svanì!

-Lorenzo Stecchetti

Il pescatore canta

Hai le pupille così grandi e chiare
che dentro a quelle si rispecchia amore:
O bella, che cammini lungo il mare,
sopra la spiaggia canta un pescatore!
Un pescatore canta e se ne muore
e tu cammini e non ti vuoi fermare:
Sorge la luna bianca come un fiore
e il pescatore canta e dorme il mare!

O bella, il cuore mio tutto era d'oro
e l'ho smarrito in una dolce sera;
v'erano tutte le sirene in coro
ma chi la ritrovò, bella, non c'era!
E il pescatore canta: Amore, Amore,
m'hai preso il cuore e non ti vuoi fermare!
Sorge la luna bianca come un fiore
e il pescatore canta e dorme il mare!

-Riccardo Mazzola

Air romantique

J'allais dans la campagne
avec le vent d'orage,
Sous le pale matin,
sous les nuages bas;
Un corbeau ténébreux escortait mon voyage,
Et dans les flaques d'eau
retentissaient mes pas.

La foudre à l'horizon faisait
courir sa flamme
Et l'Aquilon doublait
ses longs gémissements;
Mais la tempête était trop faible pour mon âme,
Qui couvrait le tonnerre avec ses battements.

De la dépouille d'or du
frêne et de l'érable
L'Automne composait son éclatant butin,
Et le corbeau toujours, d'un vol inexorable,
M'accompagnait sans rien
changer à mon destin.

-Jean Moréas

But your lips touched my face
and the strength of my heart failed me.
I closed my eyes, stretched out my arms to you,
but I was dreaming,
and the lovely dream vanished!

-translation by Caza Ricordi

The fisherman sings

Your eyes are so large and clear
that love is reflected within them:
o my love, as you walk by the sea,
a fisherman sings on the shore!
A fisherman sings, his song dies away
and you walk on, not wishing to stop:
the moon rises, pale as a flower,
and the fisherman sings and the sea slumbers!

O my love, I lost my precious heart
one sweet evening;
all the sirens were there together,
but my love was not there to find it!
And the fisherman sings: Love, love,
you have taken my heart, and will not stop!
The moon rises, pale as a flower,
and the fisherman sings and the sea slumbers!

-translation by Caza Ricordi

Romantic song

I walked the countryside
under the oncoming storm,
In the pale morning light,
under low hanging clouds;
A sinister raven was my only company,
And my feet splashed through
the puddles of water.

At the horizon the lightning
arrows its fire downward
And the north wind doubled
his drawn-out groaning;
But the storm was too weak for my soul,
Who drowns out the thunder with its beats.

The golden glowing foliage of
the ash and the acorn
is relished pretty to the autumn,
And still the raven, with unrelenting persistence
keeps me company without
changing my destiny.

-translation by Linda Godry

Air champêtre

Belle source, belle source,
 Je veux me rappeler sans cesse,
 Qu'un jour, guide par l'amitié
 Ravi, j'ai contemplant ton visage, ô déesse,
 Perdu sous la mou, sous la mousse à moitié.

Que n'est-il demeuré, cet ami que je pleure,
 O nymphe, à ton culte attaché,
 Pour se mêler encore au soffle qui t'effleure,
 Et répondre à ton flot cache?

-Jean Moréas

Air grave

Ah! fuyez à present,
 Malheureuses pensées!
 O! colère, o! remords!
 Souvenirs qui m'avez
 Les deux tempes presses,
 De l'étreinte des morts.

Sentier de mousse pleins,
 Vaporeuses fontaines,
 Grottes profondes, voix
 Des oiseaux et du vent
 Lumières incertaines
 Des sauvages sous-bois,
 Insectes animaux,
 Beauté future,
 Ne me repousse pas,
 Ô divine nature
 Je suis ton suppliant.

Ah! fuyez à present,
 Colère, remords!

-Jean Moréas

Air vif

Le trésor du verger
 et le jardin en fête,
 Les fleurs des champs,
 des bois, éclatent de Plaisir,
 Hélas! hélas! Et sur leur tête
 le vent enfle sa voix.
 Mais toi noble ocean que
 l'assaut des tormentes
 Ne saurait ravager
 Certes plus dignement,
 lorsque tu te lamentes,
 Tu te prends à songer.

-Jean Moréas

Country song

Beautiful spring, beautiful spring,
 I will never forget how I,
 led by friendship,
 Was enthralled by your face, oh goddess,
 Lost in sultriness, half hidden under moss.

Where is he now, the friend I mourn,
 Oh nymph, attached to your cult,
 I join the breeze that caresses you,
 And answer your secret brook?

-translation by Linda Godry

Somber song

Ah! Away with you,
 you morose thoughts!
 Oh! Rage, oh! remorse!
 Memories that have
 Made my head ache
 With the full force of the dead.

Paths covered with moss,
 Frothy fountains,
 Deep caves, the voices
 Of the birds and the wind.
 Gloomy twilight
 In the wild underbrush,
 Insects, animals,
 Future beauty,
 Don't reject me,
 Oh, heavenly nature,
 I worship you.

Ah! Away with you,
 Rage, remorse!

-translation by Linda Godry

Lively song

What splendor, the blossoming fruit trees
 and the garden are in a festive mood,
 The wild flowers,
 the woods, rejoice.
 Beware! Beware! The wind's
 voice is already rising above their heads.
 But you noble ocean, who by the
 onslaught of the gales
 will hardly be touched
 Certainly with more dignity,
 even if complaining,
 You will withdraw in contemplation.

-translation by Linda Godry

Pisen Rusalky O Mesiku

Mesiku na nebi hlubokem
 Svetlo tvé daleko vidi,
 Po svete bloudis širokém,
 Divas se v pribytky lidi.

Mesicku, postuj chvíli
 reckni mi, kde je muj mily

Rekni mu, sribmy mesicku,
 me ze jej objima rame,
 aby si alespon chvilicku
 vzpomenu ve sneni na mne.

Zasvet mu do daleka,
 rekni mu, rekni kdo tu nan ceka!

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

-Jaroslav Kvapil

Song to the Moon

O moon high up in the deep, deep sky,
 Your light sees far away regions,
 You travel round the wide,
 Wide world peering into human dwellings

O moon, stand still for a moment,
 Tell me, ah, tell me where is my lover!

Tell him, please, silvery moon in the sky
 That I am hugging him firmly,
 That he should for at least a while
 Remember his dreams!

Light up his far away place,
 Tell him, ah, tell him who is here waiting!

If he is dreaming about me,
 May this remembrance waken him!
 O moon, don't disappear, disappear!

-translation by Jules Brunelle