

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Student Recital

Bret Thom, baritone

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

Monday, November 30, 2015

7:00pm

Program

36 Arie di Stile Antico

- I. Ah, che odor di buono
- II. O del mio amato ben
- III. Spirate pur, spirate

Pro Peccatis

from *Stabat Mater*

Songs of Travel

- I. The Vagabond
- II. Let Beauty Awake
- III. The Roadside Fire
- IV. Bright is the Ring of Words

Das Wandern, from *Die schöne Müllerin*

An die Musik

Der Musikant

Tace il labbro

from *The Merry Widow*

Ashley Nolan*, soprano

Intermission

*from the studio of Professor Agnes Fuller-Wynne

Program Cont.

Come Paride vezzoso

from *L'Elisir d'amore*

Chanson d'amour

Automne

Lydia

Wouldn't you like to be on Broadway

from *Street Scene*

Gaetano Donizetti

(1797-1848)

Gabriel Fauré

(1845-1924)

Kurt Weill

(1900-1950)

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

Translations

Ah, che odor di buono

Ah, che odor di buono quando voi passate,
doviziosa più che una fiorente estate!
Voi credete allora che uno sguardo
basti per chi s'innamora
a calmar sue brame?
Ed invece con che fame
alle spalle io vi cammino!
Ma, più vengo a voi vicino,
più il mio stomaco s'allunga...
Se sapeste come pungo il desio che voi destate,
certo avreste più pietate!

Madonna, perdonate l'importuno;
ma, per adorarvi,
sto così a digiuno!

O del mio amato ben

O del mio amato ben perduto incanto!
Lungi è dagli occhi miei
chi m'era gloria e vanto!
Or per le mute stanze
sempre la cerco e chiamo
con pieno il cor di speranze...
Ma cerco invan, chiamo invan!
E il pianger m'è sì caro,
che di pianto sol nutro il cor.

Mi sembra, senza lei, triste ogni loco.
Notte mi sembra il giorno;
mi sembra geb il foco.
Se pur talvolta spero
di darmi ad altra cura,
sol mi tormenta un pensiero:
Ma, senza lei, che farò?
Mi par così la vita vana cosa
senza il mio ben.

Sirate, pur spirate...

Sirate pur, spirate attorno a lo mio bene,
aurette, e v'accettate
s'ella nel cor mi tiene.
Sirate, spirate pur, aurette!

Se nel suo cor mi tiene, v'accettate,
aure beate, aure lievi e beate!

Pro peccatis

Pro peccatis suae gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis
Et flagellis subditum.
Vidit suum dulcem natum
Morientem desolatam,
Dum emisit spiritum.

Ah, what an odor of goodness

Ah, what an odor of goodness when you pass by,
More plentiful than a flowering summer!
You believe then that one look suffices for someone
who is in love
To calm his longings?
On the contrary, with what hunger
I walk behind you!
But, the more I come near to you,
The more my stomach stretches itself...
If you knew how the desire which you awake stings,
Certainly you would have more pity!

Lady, pardon the trouble,
But in order to adore you,
I remain thus fasting!

Translation by Martha Gerhart

Oh, lost enchantment

Oh, lost enchantment of my dearly beloved!
Far from my sight is
The one who was for me glory and pride!
Now throughout the silent rooms
I always seek her and call out
with my heart full of hopes...
But I seek in vain, I call out in vain!
And weeping is to me so dear,
that with weeping only do I nourish my heart.

Without her, every place seems sad to me.
The day seems like night to me;
fire seems ice cold to me.
Even though at times I hope
to devote myself to another concern,
a single thought torments me:
But without her, what will I do?
Life thus seems to me a futile thing
without my beloved.

Translation by Martha Gerhart

Waft, waft around...

Waft, waft around my beloved one,
little breezes, and ascertain
if she holds me in her heart.
Waft, waft, little breezes!

If in her heart she holds me, ascertain it,
blessed breezes, breezes gentle and blessed!

Translation by Martha Gerhart

For the sins

For the sins of His people
she saw Jesus in torment
and subjected to the whip.
She saw her sweet Son
dying, forsaken,
as He gave up the spirit.

Translation by David Pinkerton

Das Wandern

Das Wandern ist des Müllers Lust, das Wandern!
Das muss ein schlechter Müller sein, dem
niemals fiel das Wandern ein, das Wandern.

Vom Wasser haben wir's gelernt, vom Wasser!
Das hat nicht Rast bei Tag und Nacht, ist
stets auf Wanderschaft bedacht, das Wasser.

Das seh'n wir auch den Rädern ab, den Rädern,
die gar nicht gerne stille steh'n, die sich
mein Tag nicht müde dreh'n, die Räder.

Die Steine selbst, so schwer sie sind, die Steine, sie
tanzen mit den muntem Reih'n und
wollen gar noch schneller sein, die Steine.

O Wandern, Wandern meine Lust, o Wandern!
Herr Meister und Frau Meisterin, last mich
in Frieden weiterzieh'n und wandern, und wandern.

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!

Oft hat ein Seufzèr, deiner Harf' entflossen,
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir
Den Himmelbeßer Zeiten mir erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!

Der Musikant

Wandern lieb' ich für mein Leben, lebe
eben, wie ich kann,
wollt' ich mir auch Mühe geben, passt es
mir doch gar nicht an.

Schöne alte Lieder Weiss ich, in der Kälte,
ohne Schuh',
draussen in die Saiten reiss' ich, weiss nicht, wo ich
abendruh'!
Manche Schöne macht wohl Augen, meiner, ich gefiel'
ihr sehr,
wenn ich nur was wollte taugen, so ein armer Lump
nicht wär.
Mag dir Gott ein'n Mann bescheren, wohl mit Haus und
Hof verseh'n!
Wenn wir zwei zusammen wären, möcht'
mein Singen mir vergeh'n.

The Wanderer

Wandering is the miller's joy, the wandering!
A man isn't much of a miller, if he doesn't
think of wandering.

We learned it from the stream, the stream!
It does not rest by day or night, and on
thinks of wandering, the stream.

We also see it in the mill wheels, the mill wheels.
They'd rather not stand still at all and don't
tire of turning all day, the mill wheels.

Even the millstones, as heavy as they are, the millstones.
They take part in the merry dance and would
go faster if they could, the millstones.

Oh wandering, wandering my passion, oh wandering!
My master and mistress miller, give me your
leave to go in peace and wander, and wander.

Translation by Emily Ezust

To Music

O, wondrous art, in countless gray and
darkened hours,
When life's most bitter taste of loneliness was mine
Have you transported my heart To warm and happy
meadows,
And so, you've offered me joy and fierce endurance,
Your magic beauty, your love, and peace .

Sometimes your harp - pours forth a sigh of passion,
So sweet a blessed chord in melodies of old, Then
heaven's doors with hours of love does open.
Oh, gracious art, for these I thank you so!
Oh, gracious music, I thank you so!

Translation by Shula Keller

The Musician

I love the wandering life.

If I were to trouble myself about anything it
would not suit me at all.

I know lovely old songs. I pluck my strings
out in the cold without shoes.
I don't know where I'll sleep in the evening.

Many lovely ladies make eyes at me as if to
say they would like me well
if I were not such a poor beggar.

May God provide you with a husband,
house, and yard.
If we two were together my singing would
fade away.

Translation by Emily Ezust

Tace il Labbro

Danilo:
Tace il labbro, t'amo dice il violin
le sue note dicono cio che sente il cuor
della man la stretta
chiaro a me parlo
si è ver tu m'ami,
si, tu m'ami è ver.

Hanna:
Nel valzer dell'ardor
Or batte il picciol cor
E col suo palpar ei dice a me mi devia mar

Tace il labbro si è ver
Ma chiaro pur il tuo pnsieri dice t'amo
ancor, lo t'amo ancor

Come Paride vezzoso

Come Paride vezzoso porse il pomo all più
bella,
mia illetta villanelle, io ti porgo questi
fior.

Ma di lui più glorioso,
piùdi lui felice io sono,
poichè in premio del mio dono ne riporto il
tuo bel cor.

Veggio chiaro in quell visio
ch'io fo breccia nel tuo petto.
Non è cosa sorprendente;
son galante, e son sargente.

Non vha bell'ache resista alla vista d'un
cimiero;
cede a Marte, Dio guerriero,
fin la madre dell'Amor.

Chanson d'amour

J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton front,
Ô ma rebelle, ô ma farouche,
J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ta bouche
Où mes baisers s'épuiseront.

J'aime ta voix, j'aime l'étrange
Grâce de tout ce que tu dis,
Ô ma rebelle, ô mon cher ange,
Mon enfer et mon paradis!

J'aime tout ce qui te fait belle,
De tes pieds jusqu'à tes cheveux,
Ô toi vers qui montent mes vœux,
Ô ma farouche, ô ma rebelle!

Lips are silent

Daniel:
Lips are silent "I love you," says the violin
Her notes say what the heart feels
From the hand's grasp
to me clearly speaks
"Yes, it's true, I love.
I love you, yes, it's true."

Hanna:
In the waltz of love
the little heart beats
And with its beats says, "Be mine! Be mine!"

Lips are silent yes it's true
but clearly your thoughts say,
"I love too."

Charming Paris

As handsome Paris gave an apple to the
most beautiful,
my lovely village maid, I bring you these
flowers.

But I am more glorious than him,
happier than him,
since as reward for my gift I will obtain your
beautiful heart.

I can see clearly in that little face
that I have breached through your breast.
It isn't something surprising;
I am a gallant and I am a sergeant.

There isn't a beauty who can resist the sight
of a helmet;
even the mother of love
yields to Mars, God of war.

Transation by Nico Castel

Song of Love

I love your eyes, I love your face,
oh my rebellious and fierce one.
I love your eyes, I love your mouth
on which my kisses will tire themselves out.

I love your voice, I love the strange
gracefulness of everything you say,
oh my rebellious one, my dear angel,
my hell and my paradise!

I love all that makes you beautiful,
from your feet to your hair,
you to whom my hopeful pleas ascend,
oh my fierce and rebellious one!

Translation by Perry Gethner

Automne

Automne au ciel brumeux, aux horizons
navrants.
Aux rapides couchants, aux aurores pâlies,
Je regarde couler, comme l'eau du torrent,
Tes jours faits de mélancolie.

Sur l'aile des regrets mes esprits emportés,
Comme s'il se pouvait que notre âge
renaissè!
Parcourent, en rêvant, les coteaux enchantés,
Où jadis sourit ma jeunesse!

Je sens, au clair soleil du souvenir
vainqueur,
Refluir en bouquet les roses déliées,
Et monter à mes yeux des larmes, qu'en mon
cœur,
Mes vingt ans avaient oubliées!

Lydia

Lydia sur tes roses joues
Et sur ton col frais et si blanc,
roule étincelant
L'or fluide que tu dénoues.

Le jour qui luit est le meilleur,
Oublions l'éternelle tombe.
Laisse tes baisers de colombe
Chanter sur ta lèvre en fleur.

Un lys caché répand sans cesse
Une odeur divine en ton sein;
Les délices comme un essaim
Sortent de toi, jeune déesse.

Je t'aime et meurs, ô mes amours.
Mon âme en baisers m'est ravie!
O Lydia, rends-moi la vie,
Que je puisse mourir toujours!

Autumn

Autumn, time of misty skies and heart-
breaking horizons,
of rapid sunsets and pale dawns,
I watch your melancholy days
flow past like a torrent.

My thoughts bome off on the wings of
regret
as if our time could ever be relived!
dreamingly wander the enchanted slopes
where my youth once used to smile.

In the bright sunlight of triumphant memory
I feel the scattered roses reblooming in
bouquets;
and tears well up in my eyes, tears which my
heart
at twenty had already forgotten!

Translation by Perry Gethner

Lydia

Lydia, on your rosy cheeks,
And on your neck, so fresh and white,
Flow sparklingly
The fluid golden tresses which you loosen.

This shining day is the best of all;
Let us forget the eternal grave,
Let your kisses, your kisses of a dove,
Sing on your blossoming lips.

A hidden lily spreads unceasingly
A divine fragrance on your breast;
Numberless delights
Emanate from you, young goddess,

I love you and die, oh my love;
Kisses have carried away my soul!
Oh Lydia, give me back life,
That I may die, forever die!

Translation by Perry Gethner