

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Student Recital

Amy Kaus, Soprano
Christine McFadden, Piano



**OLD DOMINION
UNIVERSITY**

I D E A FUSION

Diehn Fine and Performing Arts
Chandler Recital Hall

Friday, April 10, 2015

3:00 PM

PROGRAM

Where'er You Walk	George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)
Phantasie	Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)
Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?	
Villanelle	Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)
Mi lagnerò tacendo	Gioacchino Rossini (1792-1868)
Duetto buffo di due gatti	
	<i>Kaitlyn Barrowcliff, soprano</i>
Das Veilchen	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Warnung	
The Parting Glass	Traditional Irish folk song (1700s)

Amy Kaus is a student of Agnes Fuller-Wynne. This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor of Music Education degree .

TRANSLATIONS

Das Veilchen

*Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand,
Gebückt in sich und unbekannt;
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen.
[Da]¹ kam [eine]² junge Schäferin
Mit leichtem [Schritt]³ und [muntrem]⁴ Sinn
Daher, daher,
Die Wiese her, und sang.*

Ach! denkt das Veilchen, wär ich nur
Die schönste Blume der Natur,
Ach, nur ein kleines Veilchen,
Bis mich das Liebchen abgepflückt
Und an dem Busen matt gedrückt!
Ach nur, ach nur
Ein Viertelstündchen lang!

Ach! aber ach! das Mädchen kam
Und nicht in Acht das Veilchen nahm,
Ertrat das arme Veilchen.
Es sank und starb und freut' sich noch:
Und sterb' ich denn, so sterb' ich doch
Durch sie, durch sie,
Zu ihren Füßen doch.
Das arme Veilchen! Es war ein herzigs Veilchen

Warnung

*Männer suchen stets zu naschen,
Läßt man sie allein,
Leicht sind Mädchen zu erhaschen,
Weiß man sie zu überraschen;
Soll das zu verwundern sein?*

*Mädchen haben frisches Blut,
Und das Naschen schmeckt so gut.*

*Doch das Naschen vor dem Essen
Nimmt den Appetit.
Manche kam, die das vergessen,
Um den Schatz, den sie besessen,
Und um ihren Liebsten mit.*

*Väter, läßt's euch Warnung sein:
Sperrt die Zuckerplätzchen ein!
Sperrt die jungen Mädchen ein!*

The Violet

A violet stood upon the lea,
Hunched o'er in anonymity;
So amiable a violet!
Along there came a young shepherdess
Light paced, full of contentedness
Along, along,
The lea, and sang her song.

Ah!" thinks the violet, "were I just
The fairest flower in the dust
For just a little while yet,
Until that darling seizes me
And to her bosom squeezes me!
For just, for just
A quarter hour long!"

Ah! And alas! There came the maid
And no heed to the violet paid,
Crushed the poor little violet.
It sank and died, yet filled with pride:
And though I die, I shall have died
Through her, through her,
And at her feet have died."
The poor violet, it was a dear sweet violet

Warning

*Men are always searching for something to
nibble; if one leaves them alone
they'll easily find a maiden to snatch,
for they know how to surprise them;
and should it be any wonder?*

*maidens are fresh-blooded,
and these snacks taste so good.*

*But a snack before the meal
can ruin one's appetite.
Many who forget this
lose both the treasure they possess
and their beloved with it.*

*Fathers, let this be a warning to you:
lock up your sugarcandies!
Lock up your young girls!*

TRANSLATIONS

Villanelle

*Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,
Quand auront disparu les froids,
Tous les deux, nous irons, ma belle,
Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois;
Sous nos pieds égrenant les perles
Que l'on voit, au matin trembler,
Nous irons écouter les merles
Siffler.*

*Le printemps est venu, ma belle;
C'est le mois des amants béni;
Et l'oiseau, satinant son aile,
Dit des vers au rebord du nid.
Oh ! viens donc sur le banc de mousse
Pour parler de nos beaux amours,
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce:
«Toujours !»*

*Loin, bien loin égarant nos courses,
Faisons fuir le lapin caché,
Et le daim au miroir des sources
Admirant son grand bois penché ;
Puis chez nous tout joyeux, tout aises,
En paniers, enlaçant nos doigts,
Revenons rapportant des fraises
Des bois*

Mi Lagnerò Tacendo

*Mi lagnerò tacendo
della mia sorte amara, ah!
Ma ch'io non t'ami,
o cara, non lo sperar da me.
Crudel, farmi penar così, crude!!
Ah! Mi lagnerò tacendo
della mia sorte amara,
Ma ch'io non t'ami,
o cara, non lo sperar da me*

Villanelle

When verdant spring again approaches,
When winter's chills have disappeared,
Through the woods we shall stroll, my darling,
The fair primrose to cull at will.
The trembling bright pearls that are shining,
Each morning we shall brush aside;
We shall go to hear the gay thrushes
Singing

The flowers are abloom, my darling
Of happy lovers 'tis the month;
And the bird his soft wing englossing,
Sings carols sweet within his nest.
Come with me on the mossy bank,
Where we'll talk of nothing else but love,
And whisper with thy voice so tender:
Always!
Far, far off let our footsteps wander,
Frightening the hiding hare away,
While the deer at the spring is gazing,
Admiring his reflected horns.
Then back home, with our hearts rejoicing,
And fondly our fingers entwined,
Let's return, let's return bringing fresh wild
berries
Wood grown.

My Lament Silence

I will lament in silence
my bitter fate, ah!
But that I should cease to love you,
my heart's desire, is too much to expect.
Cruel! You have offended me, but why?
Ah! I will lament in silence
my bitter fate,
but that I should cease to love you,
my heart's desire, is too much to expect -

TRANSLATIONS

Phantasie

*Das Mägdlein trat aus dem Fischerhaus,
Die Netze warf sie in's Meer hinaus,
In's Meer hinaus!
Und wenn kein Fisch in das Netz ihr ging,
Die Fischerin doch die Herzen fing,
Die Herzen, die Herzen!
Die Winde streifen so kühl umher,
Erzählen leis' eine alte Mär',
Eine alte Mär'!
Die See erglühet im Abendroth,
Die Fischerin fühlt nicht Liebesnot
Im Herzen, im Herzen!*

Wer Hat dies Liedlein erdacht?

*Dort oben in dem hohen Haus,
Da guckt ein fein's lieb's Mädel heraus,
Es ist nicht dort daheime,
Es ist des Wirts sein Töchterlein,
Es wohnt auf grüner Heide.*

*"Mein Herze ist wund,
komm Schätzel mach's gesund!
Dein schwarzbraune Äuglein,
Die haben mich vertwundet!*

*Dein rosiger Mund
Macht Herzen gesund.
Macht Jugend verständig,
Macht Tote lebendig,
Macht Kranke gesund."*

*Wer hat denn das schöne Liedlein erdacht?
Es haben's drei Gäns übers Wasser gebracht,
Zwei graue und eine weiße;
Und wer das Liedlein nicht singen kann,
Dem wollen sie es pfeifen.*

Fantasy

The maiden came out of the fisher's house,
The nets she cast into the sea,
Into the sea!
And when no fish in her net was caught,
The fishermaid did catch hearts,
The hearts, the hearts!
The winds blow so freshly all around,
They softly tell an old fairy tale,
An old fairytale!
The sea glows red in the evening light,
The fishermaid feels not love's torment
In her heart, in her heart!

Who thought up this little song?

Up there on the mountain, in a high-up house,
a lovely, darling girl looks out of the window.
She does not live there:
she is the daughter of the innkeeper,
and she lives on the green meadow.

"My heart is sore!
Come, my treasure, make it well again!
Your dark brown eyes
have wounded me.

Your rosy mouth
makes hearts healthy.
It makes youth wise,
brings the dead to life,
gives health to the ill."

Who has thought up this pretty little song
then?
It was brought over the water by three geese
two grey and one white -
and if you cannot sing the little song,
they will whistle it for you!

TRANSLATIONS

Villanelle

*Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,
Quand auront disparu les froids,
Tous les deux, nous irons, ma belle,
Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois;
Sous nos pieds égrenant les perles
Que l'on voit, au matin trembler,
Nous irons écouter les merles
Siffler.*

*Le printemps est venu, ma belle;
C'est le mois des amants béni;
Et l'oiseau, satinant son aile,
Dit des vers au rebord du nid.
Oh ! viens donc sur le banc de mousse
Pour parler de nos beaux amours,
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce:
«Toujours !»*

*Loin, bien loin égarant nos courses,
Faisons fuir le lapin caché,
Et le daim au miroir des sources
Admirant son grand bois penché ;
Puis chez nous tout joyeux, tout aises,
En paniers, enlaçant nos doigts,
Revenons rapportant des fraises
Des bois*

Mi Lagnerò Tacendo

*Mi lagnerò tacendo
della mia sorte amara, ah!
Ma ch'io non t'ami,
o cara, non lo sperar da me.
Crudel, farmi penar così, crudel!
Ah! Mi lagnerò tacendo
della mia sorte amara,
Ma ch'io non t'ami,
o cara, non lo sperar da me*

Villnelle

When verdant spring again approaches,
When winter's chills have disappeared,
Through the woods we shall stroll, my darling,
The fair primrose to cull at will.
The trembling bright pearls that are shining,
Each morning we shall brush aside;
We shall go to hear the gay thrushes
Singing

The flowers are abloom, my darling
Of happy lovers 'tis the month;
And the bird his soft wing englossing,
Sings carols sweet within his nest.
Come with me on the mossy bank,
Where we'll talk of nothing else but love,
And whisper with thy voice so tender:
Always!

Far, far off let our footsteps wander,
Frightening the hiding hare away,
While the deer at the spring is gazing,
Admiring his reflected horns.
Then back home, with our hearts rejoicing,
And fondly our fingers entwined,
Let's return, let's return bringing fresh wild
berries
Wood grown.

My Lament Silence

I will lament in silence
my bitter fate, ah!
But that I should cease to love you,
my heart's desire, is too much to expect.
Cruel! You have offended me, but why?
Ah! I will lament in silence
my bitter fate,
but that I should cease to love you,
my heart's desire, is too much to expect -

TRANSLATIONS

Phantasie

*Das Mägdlein trat aus dem Fischerhaus,
Die Netze warf sie in's Meer hinaus,
In's Meer hinaus!
Und wenn kein Fisch in das Netz ihr ging,
Die Fischerin doch die Herzen fing,
Die Herzen, die Herzen!
Die Winde streifen so kühl umher,
Erzählen leis' eine alte Mär',
Eine alte Mär'!
Die See erglühet im Abendroth,
Die Fischerin fühlt nicht Liebesnot
Im Herzen, im Herzen!*

Wer Hat dies Liedlein erdacht?

*Dort oben in dem hohen Haus,
Da guckt ein fein's lieb's Mäd'el heraus,
Es ist nicht dort daheim,
Es ist des Wirts sein Töchterlein,
Es wohnt auf grüner Heide.*

*"Mein Herze ist wund,
komm Schätzel mach's gesund!
Dein schwarzbraune Äuglein,
Die haben mich vertwundet!*

*Dein rosiger Mund
Macht Herzen gesund.
Macht Jugend verständig,
Macht Tote lebendig,
Macht Kranke gesund."*

*Wer hat denn das schöne Liedlein erdacht?
Es haben's drei Gäns übers Wasser gebracht,
Zwei graue und eine weiße;
Und wer das Liedlein nicht singen kann,
Dem wollen sie es pfeifen.*

Fantasy

The maiden came out of the fisher's house,
The nets she cast into the sea,
Into the sea!
And when no fish in her net was caught,
The fishermaid did catch hearts,
The hearts, the hearts!
The winds blow so freshly all around,
They softly tell an old fairy tale,
An old fairytale!
The sea glows red in the evening light,
The fishermaid feels not love's torment
In her heart, in her heart!

Who thought up this little song?

Up there on the mountain, in a high-up house,
a lovely, darling girl looks out of the window.
She does not live there:
she is the daughter of the innkeeper,
and she lives on the green meadow.

"My heart is sore!
Come, my treasure, make it well again!
Your dark brown eyes
have wounded me.

Your rosy mouth
makes hearts healthy.
It makes youth wise,
brings the dead to life,
gives health to the ill."

Who has thought up this pretty little song
then?
It was brought over the water by three geese
two grey and one white -
and if you cannot sing the little song,
they will whistle it for you!