

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Student Recital

Christopher Stadler, Bass-Baritone
Joe Ritchie, Piano



**OLD DOMINION
UNIVERSITY**

I D E A FUSION

Diehn Fine and Performing Arts
Chandler Recital Hall

Friday, April 17, 2015

4:00 PM

PROGRAM

Arm, arm ye brave! from <i>Judas Maccabeus</i>	George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)
The Sea	Edward Macdowell (1911-1974)
Mattinata	Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)
Se Vuol Ballare from <i>Le Nozze di Figaro</i>	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
El trobador	Edward Kilenyi (1884-1968)
Erlkönig	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
La lune blanche luit dans le bois Ici-bas	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Everybody Says Don't from <i>Anyone Can Whistle</i>	Stephen Sondheim (b. 1930)
The Impossible Dream from <i>Man of La Mancha</i>	Mitch Leigh (1928-2014)

TRANSLATIONS

<i>La lune blanche luit dans les bois</i>	<i>The white moon shines in the woods</i>
<i>La lune blanche Luit dans les bois; De chaque branche Part une voix Sous la ramée Ô bien aimée. L'étang reflète, Profond miroir, La silhouette Du saule noir Où le vent pleure Rêvons, c'est l'heure. Un vaste et tender Apaisement Semble descendre Du firmament Que l'astre irise C'est l'heure exquise!</i>	The moon white shines in the woods; from each branch comes a voice beneath the boughs Oh well loved one. The pool reflects, deeply mirrored, the silhouette of the black willow where the wind weeps Let us dream, it is the hour. A vast and tender appeasement seems to descend from the sky That the star iridescent. It is the hour exquisite! Translated by Bard Suverkrop
<i>Ici-bas</i>	<i>Down Here</i>
<i>Ici-bas tous les lilas meurent, Tous les chants des oiseaux sont courts, Je rêve aux étés qui demeurent Toujours! Ici-bas les lèvres effleurent Sans rien laisser de leur velours, Je rêve aux baisers qui demeurent</i>	In this world all the flowers wither, the sweet songs of the bird are sweet, I dream of summers that will last. Always! In this world the lips touch, but lightly and no taste of sweetness remains; I dream of a kiss that will last.
<i>Toujours! Ici-bas, tous les hommes pleurent Leurs amitiés ou leurs amours; Je rêve aux couples qui demeurent Toujours!</i>	Always! In this world every man is mourning, his lost friendship or his lost love. I dream of fond lovers abiding. Always! Translation by Samuel Byrne

Christopher Stadler is a student of Katherine Lakoski.
This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor Degree
in Music Education .

TRANSLATIONS

No hay piedad de un triste trovador.

Erlkönig

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?

*Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
Er faßt ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.
"Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein
Gesicht?"
"Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?
Den Erenkönig mit Kron und Schweif?"
"Mein Sohn, est ist Ein Nebelstreif."
"Du liebes Kind, Komm geh mit mir!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel ich mit dir;
Manch bunte Blumen sing an dem Strandt,
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand."
"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,
Was Erenkönig mir leise verspricht?"
"Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind:
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind."
"Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein."
"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht
dort
Erlkönigs Töchter am düstem Ort?"
"Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh es genau:
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau."
"Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich Gewalt."
"Mein Vater, Mein Vater, jetzt faßt er mich an!
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!"
Dem Vater grauset's, er reitet geschwind,
Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Müh und Not:
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.*

There is no pity for a sad troubadour;
Exiled I, in a strange land.
There is no pity for a sad troubadour.
Translated by Suzanne Rhodes Draayer

Erlking

Who rides so late through the night and wind?
It is the father with his child;
he holds the boy tight in his arm,
He clasps him tightly, he holds him warm
"My son, why hide your face in such fear?"
"Father, don't you see the Erl-King?
The Erl-king with crown and train?"
"My son, it is a streak of mist."
"You sweet child, come, go with me!
Very lovely games I'll play with you;
many colorful flowers are on the shore,
my mother has many golden robes."
"My father, my father, and hear you not
What the Erl-king softly promises me?"
"Be quiet, remain quiet, my child;
The dry leaves rustle in the wind."
"Will you, fine boy, go with me?
My daughters shall wait upon you beautifully;
my daughters lead the nightly dance
and rock and dance and sing for you."
"My father, my father, and see you not there
The Erl-king's daughters in the dark place?"
"My son, my son, I see them clearly:
It's only the gleaming old willow so gray."
"I love you, your beautiful form tempts me;
and if you are not willing, so shall I use force."
My father, my father, now he seizes me!
The Erl-king has done me harm!
The father shudders, he rides fast,
he holds in his arms the moaning child,
he arrives at the courtyard with trouble and
distress:
in his arms the child was dead.
Translated by Jonathan Retzlax

TRANSLATIONS

Mattinata

*Mary, tremando l'ultima stella
Nel vasto azzuro
Tra poco vanirà;
'E presso a sorgere l'alba novella,
Con un susurro
L'aura l'annunzia già.
Io non ti dico, vieni al verone;
Mary in quest'ore
Più dolce è riposar;
Mormoro basso la mia canzone,
Che il tuo sopore
Non giunga ad abbreviar
Solo domando, solo desio
Che il canto mio
Lambendo il tuo guancial,
Versi, o fanciulla nella tuo mente
L'onde lucent
D'un sogno celestia!*

Se vuol ballare

*Se vuol ballare, signor Contino,
il chitarrino le suonerò.
il chitarrino le suonerò, si
Se vuol venire nella mia scuola,
La capriola le insegnerò.
Saprò ma piano, meglio ogni arcano
dissimulando scoprir potrò.
L'arte schermando, l'arte adoprando,
di quà pungendo, di là scherzando
tutte le machine rovescierò.*

El trovador

*Yo trovador, yo pobre sin fortuna,
Si te admiro, las gracias que tu tienes;
Yo no te veo, más bella que la luna,
Si te adoro, me perdonas otra vez.
Proscrito yo, en extranjero suelo,
No hay piedad, de un triste trovador;
Proscrito yo, en extranjero suelo,*

Morning

Mary, the last star is flickering
in the vast blue
and will soon fade;
the new day is about to dawn,
with a whisper
the breeze heralds it already.
I will not ask you to come to the balcony;
Mary, in these hours
it is more sweet to rest;
I will murmur softly my song,
so that your sleep
it does not shorten
I only ask, I only desire
that my song
caressing your pillow,
may pour, oh child into your mind
the shining wave
of a heavenly dream
Translated by Bard Suverkrop

If You Want to Dance

If you want to dance, my sir Count,
I'll play the little guitar
I'll play the guitar, yes.
If you want to come to my school,
I'll teach you the cabriole
I'll find out, but quietly; or better, by
pretending
I'll discover every mystery.
The art of fencing, the art of adapting.
Here fighting, there fooling,
I'll overturn all of the mystery
Translation by Jane Bishop

The Troubadour

I am a troubadour, I am poor with your
treasures.
If I admire you, the graces you have,
I don't see you, more beautiful than the
moon.
If I adore you, you will forgive me again.
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