OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY
Department of Music

Student Recital

Christopher Stadler, Bass-Baritone
Joe Ritchie, Piano

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY
IDEA FUSION

Diehn Fine and Performing Arts
Chandler Recital Hall

Friday, April 17, 2015 4:00 PM
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 trobador.**
There is no pity for a sad troubadour;
Exiled I, in a strange land.
There is no pity for a sad troubadour.

**Erlkönig**

**Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?**

*Translated by Suzanne Rhodes Draayer*

In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.
Erreicht den Hof mit Mühe und Not:
Dem Vater grauset's, er reitet geschwind,
"Mein Vater, Mein Vater, jetzt faßt er mich an!
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich Gewalt."

**Erlkönig**

**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 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;
your children lead the nightly dance
and rock and dance and sing for you."
"My father, my father, and see you not
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!

**Erlkönig**

**Dem Vater grausets, er reitet geschwind,**

Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Mühe und Not:
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

**El trovador**

*Translated by Jane Bishop*

Yo trobarid, 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,

**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

**Se vuol ballare**

*Translated by Bard Suverkrop*

Se vuol ballare, signor Contino,
il chitarino le suonerò.
Se vuol venire nella mia scuola,
La capriola le insegnèrò.
Saprò da piano, meglio ogni arcano
Sospirato scopir potrò.
L’arte schermendo, l’arte adoprando,
di quà pungendo, di là scherzando
tutte le machine rovescièrò.

**Mattinata**

*Translated by Jane Bishop*

Mary, tremando l’ultima stella
Nel vasto azzurro
Tra poco varirà;
‘E pressa 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 abbriviar.
Solo domando, solo desio
Che il canto mio
Lambendo il tuo guancial,
Versi, o fanciulla nella tuo mente
L’onde lucent
D’un sogno celestial!

**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

**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.
Exiled I, in a strange land.
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

Erreicht den Hof mit Müh und Not:
Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,
Dem Vater grauset's, er reitet geschwind,
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!

"Mein Vater, Mein Vater, jetzt faßt er mich an!
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich Gewalt." 

"Ich liebe dich, deine schöne Gestalt;
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau.

"Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh es genau:
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?"

"Werde ich dir genügen, und hast du dich nicht dorthin gehet?
Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?"

"Die Seele eine rocken und tanzen und singen dich ein."
"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand."

"Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind." 

"Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau." 

"Du liebes Kind, Komm geh mit mir!
Manch bunte Blumen sing an dem Strandt,
Gar schöne Spiele spiel ich mit dir;" 

"Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind." 

"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht
Und wiegen und tanzen und" 

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"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand."

"I love you, your beautiful form tempts me;
It's only the gleaming old willow so gray." 

"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." 

"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 see you not
The Erl-king with crown and train?"

"My son, it is a streak of mist."
"You sweet child, come, go with me!
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What the Erl-king softly promises me?"

"Be quiet, remain quiet, my child;
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"Will you, fine boy, go with me?
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

No hay piedad de un triste trobador.

El trobador

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Mattinata

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Nel vasto azzuro
Tra poco vanirà;
'E presso a sorregere 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
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Solo domando, solo desio
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