

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

*Department of Music*

---

## Student Recital

Karen Lee, Soprano  
Rebecca Raydo, Piano



**OLD DOMINION  
UNIVERSITY**

**I D E A FUSION**

Diehn Fine and Performing Arts  
Chandler Recital Hall

April 27, 2015

3:00 PM

PROGRAM

**Exultate Jubilate** **Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart**  
(1756-1791)

**Nuits D'Été** **Hector Berlioz**  
1. Villanelle (1803-1869)  
2. L'Absence  
3. L'île Inconnue

**Mignon** **Ludwig van Beethoven**  
(1770-1827)

**Steal Away** **H.T. Burleigh**  
**Heav'n Heav'n** (1866-1949)

-INTERMISSION-

**Siete Canciones populares Españolas** **Manuel de Falla**  
El Paño Moruno (1876-1946)  
Seguidilla Murciana  
Asturiana  
Jota  
Nana  
Canción

**Giulio Cesare** **George Frideric Handel**  
Da Tempeste (1685-1789)

**Karen Lee is a student of Agnes Fuller-Wynne.**  
**This recital is in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor Degree in**  
**Music Performance .**

TRANSLATIONS

**Nana**  
*Duérmete, niño, duerme,*  
*Duerme, mi alma,*  
*Duérmete, lucerito*  
*De la mañana.*  
*Nanita, nana,*  
*Nanita, nana.*  
*Duérmete, lucerito*  
*De la mañana.*

Nana  
Go to sleep, Child, sleep,  
Sleep, my soul,  
Go to sleep, little star  
Of the morning.  
Lulla-lullaby,  
Lulla-lullaby,  
Sleep, little star  
of the morning.

**Translation by: Claudia Landivar Cody**

**Canción**  
*Por traidores, tus ojos,*  
*voy a enterrarlos;*  
*No sabes lo que cuesta,*  
*Del aire*  
*Niña, el mirarlos.*  
*Madre a la orilla*  
*Madre.*

**Song**  
Because your eyes are traitors  
I will hide from them  
You don't know how painful  
it is to look at them.  
Mother, I feel worthless,  
Mother.

*Dicen que no me quieres,*  
*Ya me has querido...*  
*Váyase lo ganado,*  
*Del aire*  
*Por lo perdido,*  
*Madre a la orilla Madre.*

They say they don't love me  
and yet once  
they did love me  
Love has been lost  
in the air.  
Mother, all is lost  
It is lost, Mother.

**Translation by: Anne Evans**

**Da Tempeste**  
*Da tempeste il legno infranto,*  
*se poi salvo giunge in porto,*  
*non sa più che desiar.*  
*Così il cor tra pene e pianto,*  
*or che trova il suo conforto,*  
*torna l'anima a bear.*

**The Tempest**  
When, broken by the storms,  
the ship comes safe to port.  
The sailor has no other desire.  
So the heart, torn with suffering and  
tears,  
When at last it is comforted,  
Brings ecstasy anew to the soul.

**Translation by: Robert Glaubitz**

## TRANSLATIONS

### **El Paño Moruno**

*Al paño fino, en la tienda,  
una mancha le cayó;  
Por menos precio se vende,  
Porque perdió su valor.  
¡Ay!*

### **Seguidilla Murciana**

*Cualquiera que el tejado  
Tenga de vidrio,  
No debe tirar piedras  
Al del vecino.  
Arrieros semos;  
¡Puede que en el camino  
Nos encontremos!*

*Por tu mucha inconstancia  
Yo te comparo  
Con peseta que corre  
De mano en mano;  
Que al fin se borra,  
Y creyéndola falsa  
¡Nadie la toma!*

### **Asturiana**

*Por ver si me consolaba,  
Arrime a un pino verde,  
Por ver si me consolaba.*

*Por verme llorar, lloraba.  
Y el pino como era verde,  
Por verme llorar, lloraba.*

### **Jota**

*Dicen que no nos queremos  
Porque no nos ven hablar;  
A tu corazón y al mío  
Se lo pueden preguntar.*

*Ya me despido de tí,  
De tu casa y tu ventana,  
Y aunque no quiera tu madre  
Adiós, niña, hasta mañana.  
Aunque no quiera tu madre*

### **The Moorish Cloth**

On the fine cloth in the store  
a stain has fallen;  
It sells at a lesser price,  
because it has lost its value.  
Alas!

**Translation by: Claudia Landivar Cody**

### **Seguidilla Murciana**

Who has a roof  
of glass  
should not throw stones  
to their neighbor's (roof).  
Let us be muleteers;  
It could be that on the road  
we will meet!

For your great inconstancy  
I compare you  
to a [coin] that runs  
from hand to hand;  
which finally blurs,  
and, believing it false,  
no one accepts!

**Translation by: Claudia Landivar Cody**

### **Asturiana**

To see whether it would console me,  
I drew near a green pine,  
To see whether it would console me.

Seeing me weep, it wept;  
And the pine, being green,  
seeing me weep, wept.

**Translation by: Claudia Landivar Cody**  
**Jota**

They say we don't love each other  
because they never see us talking  
But they only have to ask  
both your heart and mine.

Now I bid you farewell  
your house and your window too  
and even ... your mother  
Farewell, my sweetheart  
until tomorrow.

## TRANSLATIONS

### **Exultate Jubilate**

*Exultate, jubilate,  
O vos animae beatae  
exultate, jubilate,  
dulcia cantica canendo;  
cantui vestro respondendo  
psallant aethera cum me.*

*Fulget amica dies,  
jam fugere et nubila et procellae;  
exortus est justis inexpectata quies.  
Undique obscura regnabat nox,  
surgite tandem laeti qui timuistis adhuc,  
et jucundi aurorae fortunatae.  
frondes dextera plena et lilia date.  
Tu Virginum Corona  
*Tu virginum corona,  
tu nobis pacem dona,  
tu consolare affectus,  
unde suspirat cor.  
Alleluja.**

### **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 égrénant 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 ses vers au rebord du nid.  
O! viens donc sur banc de mousse  
Pour parler de nos beaux amours,  
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce  
Toujours!*

### **Rejoice, Be Glad**

Rejoice, be glad,  
O you blessed souls,  
Rejoice, be glad,  
Singing sweet songs;  
In response to your singing  
Let the heavens sing forth with me.

The friendly day shines forth,  
both clouds and storms have fled now;  
for the righteous there has arisen an  
unexpected calm.  
Dark night reigned everywhere [before];  
you who feared till now,  
and joyful for this lucky dawn  
give garlands and lilies with full right hand.  
You, o crown of virgins,  
grant us peace,  
console our feelings,  
from which our hearts sigh.  
Alleluja.

**Translation by: Elizabeth Parcels**

### **Villanesque**

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!

## TRANSLATIONS

*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.*

Far, far off let our footsteps wander,  
Fright'ning 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,  
Lets return, let's return bringing fresh berries  
Wood-grown.

**Translation by: Emily Ezust**

### L'Absence

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée!  
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,  
La fleur de ma vie est fermée,  
Loin de ton sourire vermeil.

### **Absence**

Come back, come back, my dearest love!  
Like a flower far from the sun,  
The flower of my life has drooped,  
removed from the charm of your smile.

Entre nos coeurs quel le distance!  
Tant d'espace entre nos baisers!  
Ô sort amer! ô dure absence!  
Ô grands désirs inapaisés!

Between our hearts how long a distance!  
What a wide space our kisses divide!  
O bitter fate! O cruel absence!  
O longing vain, unsatisfied!

D'ici là-bas que de campagnes,  
Que de villes et de hameaux,  
Que de vallons et de montagnes,  
À laisser le pied des chevaux!

From thee to me how wide the country,  
Town and hamlets in long array,  
What winding valleys, rugged mountains,  
What tir'd horses along the way!

**Translation by: Samuel Byrne**

### **L'île Inconnue**

Dites, la jeune belle,  
Où voulez-vous aller?  
La voile enfle son aile,  
La brise va souffler!

### **The Unknown Island**

Say, young beauty,  
Where do you wish to go?  
The sail swells,  
The breeze will blow.

L'aviron est d'ivoire,  
Le pavillon de moire,  
Le gouvernail d'or fin  
J'ai pour lest une orange,  
Pour voile une aile d'ange,  
Pour mousse un séraphin.

The oar is made of ivory,  
The flag is of silk,  
The helm is of fine gold;  
I have for ballast an orange,  
For a sail, the wing of an angel,  
For a deck boy, a seraph.

Dites, la jeune belle!  
Où voulez-vous aller?  
La voile enfle son aile,  
La brise va souffler!

Say, young beauty,  
Where do you wish to go?  
The sail swells,  
The breeze will blow.

## TRANSLATIONS

*Est-ce dans la Baltique,  
Dans la mer Pacifique,  
Dans l'île de Java?  
Ou bien est-ce en Norvège,  
Cueillir la fleur de neige,  
Ou la fleur d'Angsoka?*

Is it to the Baltic?  
To the Pacific Ocean?  
To the island of Java?  
Or is it well to Norway,  
To gather the flower of the snow,  
Or the flower of Angsoka?

*Dites, la jeune belle,  
Où voulez-vous aller?*

Say, young beauty,  
Where do you wish to go?

*Menez-moi, dit la belle,  
À la rive fidèle  
Où l'on aime toujours.  
Cette rive, ma chère,  
On ne la connaît guère  
Au pays des amours.*

Lead me, says the beauty,  
To the faithful shore  
Where one loves always!  
This shore, my darling,  
We hardly know at all  
In the land of Love.

**Translation by: Emily Ezust**

### **Mignon**

*Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühen,  
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühen,  
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,  
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht?  
Kennst du es wohl?  
Dahin! dahin  
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.*

### **Sweet**

Knowest thou where the lemon blossom  
grows,  
In foliage dark the orange golden glows,  
A gentle breeze blows from the azure sky,  
Still stands the myrtle, and the laurel, high?  
Dost know it well?

*Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach.  
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,  
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:  
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan?  
Kennst du es wohl?  
Dahin! dahin  
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer, ziehn.*

'Tis there! 'Tis there  
Would I with thee, oh my beloved, fare.  
Knowest the house, its roof on columns fine?  
Its hall glows brightly and its chambers shine,  
And marble figures stand and gaze at me:  
What have they done, oh wretched child, to  
thee?

*Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg?  
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg;  
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut;  
Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut!  
Kennst du ihn wohl?  
Dahin! dahin  
Geht unser Weg! O Vater, laß uns ziehn!  
Da sitzt mein Lieber,  
Doch geh'ich vorüber,  
Die Bälge dann sausen,  
Die Flammen aufbrausen  
Und lodern um ihn.*

Dost know it well?  
'Tis there! 'Tis there  
Would I with thee, oh my protector, fare.  
Knowest the mountain with the misty shrouds?  
The mule is seeking passage through the  
clouds;  
In caverns dwells the dragons' ancient brood;  
The cliff rocks plunge under the rushing flood!  
Dost know it well?  
'Tis there! 'Tis there  
Leads our path! Oh father, let us fare.

**Translation by: Walter Meyer**