

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**
(1803-1869)
1. Villanelle
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**
(1876-1946)
El Paño Moruno
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.*

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.

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

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!

L'île Inconnue

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

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.

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

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

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.

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

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

The Unknown Island

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

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.

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?*

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

*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.*

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.*

*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.*

*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.*

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?

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

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

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?
'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?
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

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