

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Student Recital

Laura Doyon, Soprano
Bobbie Kesler-Corleto, Piano



**OLD DOMINION
UNIVERSITY**

I D E A FUSION

Diehn Fine and Performing Arts
Chandler Recital Hall

Friday, April 10, 2015

7:00 PM

PROGRAM

Un moto di gioja from <i>Le Nozze di Figaro</i>	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
La Zingara Chacun le sait from <i>Le Fille du Régiment</i>	Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)
Les oiseaux dans la charmille From <i>Les Contes d'Hoffman</i>	Jacques Offenbach (1819-1890)
Das Verlassene Mägdlein	Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
Die Nacht	Richard Strauss
Der Hölle Rache from <i>Die Zauberflöte</i>	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
La Diva de l' Empire Les Fleurs Je te veux	Erik Satie (1866-1925)
Do not go, my love	Richard Hageman (1881-1966)
Glitter and Be Gay From <i>Candide</i>	Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)
A Stud and a Babe from <i>I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change</i>	Jimmy Roberts (b. 1957)
<i>Allan Gervacio, Tenor</i>	
From <i>The Enchantress</i>	Victor Herbert (1859-1924)

Laura Doyon is a student of Agnes Fuller-Wynne.
This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor Degree in Music Performance.

TRANSLATIONS

Les fleurs

*Que j'aime à vous voir, belles fleurs
A l'aube entr'ouvrir vos corolles
Quand Iris vous fait de ses pleurs
De transparentes auréoles
Vous savez seules dans nos cœurs
Évoquer une tender image
Et par vos suaves couleurs
Vous nous parlez un doux langage
Aussi messagères d'amour
Je vous demande avec tristesse
Pourquoi le sort en un seul jour
Vous arrache à notre tendresse.*

Je te veux

*J'ai compris ta détresse,
Cher amoureux et je cède à tes vœux,
Fais de moi ta maîtresse.
Loin de nous la sagesse,
Plus de tristesse,
J'aspire à l'instant précieux
Où nous serons heureux
Je te veux*

*Je n'ai pas de regrets
Et je n'ai qu'un envie:
Près de toi, là, tout près,
Vivre toute ma vie,
Que mon cœur soit le tien
Et ta lèvre la mienne,
Que ton corps soit le mien,
Et que toute ma chair soit tienne.*

*Oui, je vois dans tes yeux
La divine promesse.
Que ton cœur amoureux
Vient chercher ma caresse.
Enlacés pour toujours,
Brûlés des memes flammes,
Dans des rêves d'amours
Nous échangerons nos deux âmes*

The flowers

I love to see you, beautiful flowers
At dawn ajar your petals
When iris is down with her tears
Of transparent halos
Only you know in our hearts
Invoke a tender picture
And your sweet colors
You tell us a sweet language
As messengers of love
I ask you with sadness
Why the fate in one day
Uproot our affections.
Translation: Robert Hess

I want you

You must know how I love you,
Lover divine, and I swear you'll be mine,
I'll place no one above you.
All the past now forgetting
No more regretting,
For this is the moment sublime
When I'll hear one more time
You are mine

I have few thing to say
There's but one thought I treasure,
Next to you, I shall stay
Tasting joy without measure,
With my heart ever near
Tho' your lips never told me.
I'll have no more to fear,
If your two loving arms enfold me.

Yes, I see in your eyes
That dear promise you made me.
No more tears or goodbyes
Love shall no more evade me.
There shall burn in your heart,
Like a warm, glowing ember,
One sweet dream set apart
Which we two ever shall remember.
Translation: Robert Hess

TRANSLATIONS

Der Hölle Rache

*Der Hölle Rache kocht in meinem Herzen,
Tod und Verzweiflung,
Tod und Verzweiflung flammet um mich
her!
Fühlt nicht durch dich Sarastro Todes
schmerzen,
So bist du meine Tochter nimmermehr,*

*Verstoßen sei auf ewig,
Verlassen sei auf ewig,
Zertrümmert sei'n auf ewig alle Bande der
Natur,
Wenn nicht durch dich
Sarastro wird erblassen!
Hört, hört, hört!
Rachegötter! Hört der Mutter Schwur!*

La diva de l'empire

*Sous le grand chapeau Greenaway,
Metant l'éclat d'un sourire.
D'un rire charmant et frais
De baby etonné qui soupire,
Little girl aux yeux veloutés,
C'est la Diva de "l'Empire".
C'est la rein' don't s'éprenn'nt les
gentlemen
Et tous les dandys de Piccadilly.
Dans un seul yes elle mettant de douceur
Que tous les snobs en gilet à cœur.
L'accueillant de hourras frénétiques,
Sur la scène lançent des gerbes de fleurs,
Sans remarquer le rire narquois
De son joli minois.*

*Elle danse presque automatiquement,
Et soulève, aah!
Tres piordiquement,
Ses jolis dessous de fanfreluches:
De ses jambes montrant le frétilllement.
C'est à la fois très très innocent
Et très très excitant.*

Translation: Robert Hess

The Rage of Hell

The rage of hell seethes in my heart
Death and despair
Death and despair flame around me!
If Sarastro does not feel, through you the
pain of death
Then you will be my daughter nevermore!

May you be rejected forever
May you be forsaken forever
Shattered be forever all the bonds of
nature
If not through you
Sarastro will die!
Hear, hear, hear!
Hear a mother's vow!
Translation: Nico Castel

The Diva of the Empire

Underneath her Greenaway hat,
Her flashing glances are flying.
Have you heard a laugh like that?
It is just like a baby who's sighing,
Little girl with eyes like a cat,
The Diva of the "Empire".
She's the queen who has smitten the
dandys And fellows who love Piccadilly
life.
One single "yes" this all her charms can
suggest
Stuns each snob who wears a fancy vest.
Hear them all shouting their frantic
bravos!
They throw bouquets up to the one they
love best,
They never notice her mocking smile
On her lips all the while.
She dances on so automatically,
Lifts her skirt
Aristocratically,
Showing what's beneath all her ruffles:
Two pretty legs wiggling with greatest
allure.
Tho' she is saucy she is demure,
Wicked yet very pure.

TRANSLATIONS

Un moto di gioja

*Un moto di gioja mi sento nel petto,
che annunzia di letto in mezzo il timor!
Speriam che in contento finisca l'affanno,
Non sempre è tiranno il fato ed amor.*

La Zingara

*Fra l'erbe cospase di rorido gelo,
Coverta dal solo gran manto del cielo,
Mia madre esultando la vita mi diè.*

*Fanciulla sui greppi le capre emulai,
Per ville e cittadi cresciuta danzai,
Le dame lor palme distesero ame.
La zingara, la zingara!*

*Io loro predissi le cose non nate,
Ne feci dolente, ne feci beate.
Segresti conobbi di sdegno e d'amor,*

*Un giorno la mano mi porse un donzello,
Mai visto non fummir garzone, più bello,
Oh s'ei nella destra leggessemi il cor!*

An emotion of joy

An emotion of joy I feel in my heart,
That says joy is coming in lieu of my fears.
Let us hope that the worry end
contentment,
Fate and love are not always tyrants.
Translation: Ruth and Thomas Martin

The Gypsy Girl

Where chill dews of morning on grasses
were gleaming,
For cover and shelter the sky brightly
beaming,
'Twas there that my mother my life gave
to me.

As child, on the mountain I fearlessly
reveled,
As maiden, I danced in the towns while
we traveled.
To ladies their fortune I told for a fee.
The gypsy maid, the gypsy maid!

All things I revealed that should come on
the morrow,
Foretelling of gladness, foretelling of
sorrow.
And secrets of hatred and love, too, I told.

One day came a youth that his fat I shall
tell him,
So gallant, so kindly, that none might
excel him;
Ah, read he my heart in the hand he did
hold!
Translation: Theodore Baker

As a charming sex nor fears
And the other likes.
Translation: Nico Castel

TRANSLATIONS

Chacun le sait

*Chacun le sait, chacun le dit:
Le regiment par excellence,
Le seul à qui l'on fass'crédit
Dans tous les cabarets de France.
Le regiment: en tous pays l'effroi des
amates,
Des maris, mais de la beauté bien
suprême!*

*Il est là, il est là, morbleu!
Le voilà, le voilà, le voilà, corbleu!
Le beau vingt et unième!*

*Il a gagné tant de combats
Que notre empereur, on le pense,
Fera chacun de ses soldats,
À la paix, maréchal de France!
Car c'est connu le regiment le plus vain-
queur,
Le plus charmant, qu'un sexe craint,
Et que l'autre aime.*

Les oiseaux dans la charmille

*Les oiseaux dans la charmille
Dans les cieux l'astre du jour,
Tout parle à la jeune fille,
D'amour!*

*Voilà la chanson genille,
La chanson d'Olympia!*

*Tout ce qui chante et résonne
Et soupire tour à tour,
Émeut son cœur,
Qui frissonne d'amour!*

*Voilà la chanson mignonne,
La chanson d'Olympia*

Everyone Knows

Everyone knows, everyone says:
The regiment is excellence,
The one to whom we give credit
In all the cabarets of France.
The regiment in all countries fright lovers,
The husbands, but the supreme beauty.

It is, it is!
Behold, behold!
The beautiful twenty-first!

He won so many battles
That our emperor, we think,
Will make everyone his soldiers,
To the Marshal of France!
Because it is known the regiment as vain
As a charming sex nor fears
And the other likes.

Translation: Nico Castel

The birds in the arbor

The birds in the arbor
In the skies the sun,
Everything that sings and resounds,
Of love!

That's the pretty song,
Olympia's song!

Everything that sings and resounds
And sighs in turn,
Arouses her heart,
Which quivers with love!

That's the sweet song,
Olympia's song!

Translation: Nico Castel

TRANSLATIONS

Das Verlassene Mägdlein

Früh, wann die Hähne krähn,
Eh' die Sternlein schwinden,
Muss ich am Herde stehn,
Muss Feuer zünden.
Schön ist der Flammen Schein,
Es springen die Funken;
Ich schaue so darein,
In Leid versunken.
Plötzlich, da kommt es mir,
Treuloser Knabe,
Dass ich die Nacht von dir geträumet
habe.
Träne auf Träne dann stürzet hernieder;
So kommt der Tag heran,
O ging' er wieder!

Die Nacht

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen scheleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um in weintem Kreise,
Nun gib Acht.
Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben löscht sie aus
Und stiehlt die Garben weg vom Feld.
Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms,
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms
Weg das Gold.
Ausegeplündert steht der Strauch,
Rücke näher, Seel' an Seele
O die Nacht, mire bangt,
Sie Stehle dich mir auch.

The Forsaken Maiden

Early the day awakes
And the stars are fading,
Now by the hearth I stand,
Kindling the warm fire.
Bright is the flaming light,
The sparks are flying;
I gaze continually,
Engulfed in sorrow.
Ah, then, it comes to me,
Ah, faithless lover,
That I have dreamed of you, the dream is
over.
Tears after tears now fall, blinding my
tired eyes.
So comes the day along,
O, please be ended!

Translation: Joan Boytim

Night

Cometh now from forest old
Sombre Night in silence creeping,
Wider darkness round her sweeping,
Now behold!
All the brightness of the day,
All the flowers, all the night conceals,
And as her duty bears away.
'Neath her veil doth night enfold
Even the streamlet's silvery light,
And from dome and window bright
Steals the gold.
Plunder'd now the bushes stand.
Come thou near, I fear when nearest
That the night may steal thee,
Dearest, from my hand.

Translation: Isabella G. Parker