

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

*Department of Music*

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## Student Recital

Leigh Clevenger, Mezzo-Soprano  
Rebecca Raydo, Piano



**OLD DOMINION  
UNIVERSITY**

**I D E A FUSION**

Diehn Fine and Performing Arts  
Chandler Recital Hall

Friday, April 17, 2015

3:30 PM

PROGRAM

Che farò senza Euridice from <i>Orfeo</i>	Christoph Willibald von Gluck (1714-1787)
Der Gang zum Liebchen Immer leiser	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Connais-tu le pays from <i>Mignon</i>	Ambroise Thomas (1811-1896)
Are you the new person?	Ned Rorem (b. 1923)
How can I keep from singing	American Folk Song Arr. Richard Watters
	<i>Erin DuBose, Soprano</i>
Alto's Lament	Music by Zina Goldrich (b. 1964) Lyrics by Marcy Heisler (b. 1967)

TRANSLATIONS

*Connais-tu Le Pays*

*Connais-tu le pays  
où fleurit l'oranger,  
le pays des fruits d'or  
et des roses vermeilles ...  
où la brise est plus douce  
et l'oiseau plus léger,*

*Où dans toute saison butinent les abeilles,  
Où rayonne et sourit,  
comme un bienfait de Dieu,  
Un éternel printemps  
sous un ciel toujours bleu!  
Hélas! Que ne puis-je te suivre  
Vers ce rivage heureux  
d'où le sort m'exila!  
C'est là! c'est là que je voudrais vivre,  
Aimer, aimer et mourir!  
Connais-tu la maison  
où l'on m'attend là-bas?  
La salle aux lambris d'or,  
où des hommes de marbre  
M'appellent dans la nuit  
en me tendant les bras?  
Et la cour où l'on danse  
à l'ombre d'un grand arbre?  
Et le lac transparent  
où glissent sur les eaux  
Mille bateaux légers pariels à des oiseaux!  
Hélas! Que ne puis-je te suivre  
Vers ce pays lointain  
d'où le sort m'exila!  
C'est là! c'est là que je voudrais vivre,  
Aimer, aimer et mourir!*

**Do you know the Country?**

Do you know the country where  
the orange flowers bloom?  
The land of the golden fruit  
and crimson roses,  
Where the breeze is fresh  
And the birds fly in the light,  
  
Where in any season bees are seen  
foraging  
Where radiant smiles  
are a blessing from God,  
An eternal spring  
under a deep blue sky!  
Alas! Why can I not follow you  
to this happy shore,  
here the fates have exiled me!  
There it is! This is where I want to live,  
Love, love and die!  
Do you know the house  
is there waiting for me?  
The room with gold paneling,  
where men of marble  
Call me at night,  
holding my arms?  
And the courtyard where they dance  
in the shade of a large tree?  
And the transparent  
lake where on the water slide  
thousands of birds like weightless boats!  
Alas! Why can I not follow you  
To this happy shore,  
here the fates have exiled me!  
There it is! This is where I want to live,  
Love, love and die!

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

## TRANSLATIONS

*Ihr Täubchen, o girret,  
Ihr Lüftchen, o schwirret,  
Daß keiner mein Liebchen,  
Mein Liebchen entführt!*

### **Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer**

*Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer,  
Nur wie Schleier liegt mein Kummer  
Zitternd über mir.  
Oft im Traume hör' ich dich  
Rufen drauß vor meiner Tür  
Niemand wacht und öffnet dir,  
Ich erwach' und weine bitterlich.  
Ja, ich werde sterben müssen,  
Eine Andre wirst du küssen,  
Wenn ich bleich und kalt.  
Eh' die Maienlüfte wehen  
Eh' die Drossel singt im Wald:  
Willst du einmal noch mich sehen,  
Komm, o komme bald!*

O coo, you doves!  
O whir, you breezes!  
- So that nobody  
Shall steal my love away!

### **My Slumber Grows Evermore Peaceful**

My slumber grows ever more peaceful;  
and only like a thin veil now does my  
anxiety lie trembling upon me.  
Often in my dreams I hear you  
calling outside my door;  
no one is awake to let you in,  
and I wake up and weep bitterly.  
Yes, I will have to die  
another will you kiss,  
when I am pale and cold.  
Before the May breezes blow,  
before the thrush sings in the forest:  
if you wish to see me once more,  
come, o come soon!

## TRANSLATIONS

### **Che farò senza Euridice Recitative**

*Ahimé!, dove trascorso?  
Dove mi spinse un delirio d'amor?  
Sposa! Euridice! Consorte!  
Ah, piu non vive! La chiamo in van Misero  
me, la perdo  
E di nuovo e per sempre!  
Oh legge! Oh morte!  
Oh ricordo crudel!  
Non ho soccorso,  
Non m'avanza consiglio!  
Io veggo solo, oh fiera vista  
Il luttoso aspetto  
Dell'orrido mio stato  
Saziati, sorte rea  
Son disperato*

### **Che farò senza Euridice Aria**

*Che farò senza Euridice?  
Dove Andrò senza il mio ben?  
Che farò? Dove Andrò?  
Che farò senza il mio ben?  
Dove Andrò senza il mio ben?  
Euridice! Oh Dio! Rispondi...  
Io son pure il tuo fedele,  
Io son pure il tuo fedel!  
Ah non m'avanza piu soccorso,  
Piu speranza ne dal mondo ne dal ciel!*

### **Der Gang zum Liebchen**

*Es glänzt der Mond nieder,  
Ich sollte doch wieder  
Zu meinem Liebchen,  
Wie mag es ihr geh'n?  
Ach weh', sie verzaget  
Und klaget, und klaget,  
Daß sie mich nimmer  
Im Leben wird seh'n!  
Es ging der Mond unter,  
Ich eilte doch munter,  
Und eilte daß keiner  
Mein Liebchen entführt.*

### **What Will I do without my Euridice?**

Alas! Where have I traversed?  
Where has a delirium of love thrust me?  
Bride! Euridice! Wife!  
Ah, she lives no more I call her name in  
vain.  
Wretched me—I lose her  
Once again and forever!  
Oh law! Oh death!  
Oh cruel memory!  
I do not have help:  
Consel does not come fourth for me!  
I see only oh savage sight!  
The sad aspect  
of my horrible state.  
Be satisfied, wicked fate:  
I am without hope!

### **What Shall I do without My Euridice**

What will I do without Euridice?  
Where will I go without my Euridice?  
What will I do? Where will I go?  
What will I do without my beloved?  
Where will I do without my beloved?  
Euridice! Oh God! Answer!  
I am still your faithful one.  
Ah, no more help, no more hope For me  
comes fourth  
From earth, nor from heaven!

### **The Way to His Sweetheart**

The moon gleams down,  
I should yet again  
Go to my darling,  
How does she fare?  
Alas, she's despondent  
And laments and laments,  
That I will never see her  
Again in her life!  
The moon sinks,  
I hurry off briskly -  
Hurrying so that nobody  
Shall steal my love away.

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