

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

*Department of Music*

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## Student Recital

Elizabeth Stanworth, Soprano  
Oksana Lutsyshyn, Piano



**OLD DOMINION  
UNIVERSITY**

**I D E A FUSION**

Diehn Fine and Performing Arts  
Chandler Recital Hall

May 4, 2015

7:00 PM

PROGRAM

**Quando m'en vo**

**Giacomo Puccini**  
(1858 – 1924)

**Chanson de Bilitis**

- I. La Flûte de Pan
- II. La chevelure
- III. Le tombeau des Naïades

**Claude Debussy**  
(1862 – 1918)

**Il est doux, il est bon**

**Jules Massenet**  
(1842-1912)

**Kommt ein schlanker Bursch  
gegangen**

**Carl Maria von Weber**  
(1786-1826)

**Vier letzte Lieder**

- I. Frühling
- II. September
- III. Beim Schlafengehen
- IV. Im Abendrot

**Richard Strauss**  
(1864 – 1949)

**When I am Laid in Earth**

**Henry Purcell**  
(1659 – 1695)

**Psalm 23**

**Antonín Dvořák**  
(1841-1904)

**Liz Stanworth is a student of Agnes Fuller-Wynne.  
This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor of Music  
degree in Performance .**

TRANSLATIONS

**Beim Schlafengehen**

*Nun der Tag mich müd gemacht,  
soll mein sehnliches Verlangen  
freundlich die gestirnte Nacht  
wie ein müdes Kind empfangen.*

*Hände, laßt von allem Tun,  
Stirn, vergiß du alles Denken,  
alle meine Sinne nun  
wollen sich in Schlummer senken.*

*Und die Seele unbewacht  
will in freien Flügen schweben,*

**Im Abendrot**

*Wir sind durch Not und Freude  
Gegangen Hand in Hand,  
Vom Wandern ruhen wir beide  
Nun überm stillen Land.*

*Rings sich die Täler neigen,  
Es dunkelt schon die Luft,  
Zwei Lerchen nur noch steigen  
Nachträumend in den Duft.*

*Tritt her, und laß sie schwirren  
Bald ist es Schlafenszeit,  
Daß wir uns nicht verirren  
In dieser Einsamkeit.*

*O weiter, stiller Friede!  
So tief im Abendrot,  
Wie sind wir wandermüde --  
Ist das etwa der Tod? –*

**4: Psalms 23:1-4**

*Hospodin jest můj pastýř, nebudu míti  
nedostatku.  
Na pastvách zelených pase mne, k vodám  
tichým mne přivodí.  
Duši mou občerstvuje, vodí mne po stezkách  
spravedlnosti pro jméno své.  
Byť mi se dostalo jíti přes údolí stínu smrti,  
nebuduť se báti zlého, nebo Tyse mnou jsi; a  
prut Tvůj a hůl Tvá, toť mne potěšuje.*

**When Falling Asleep**

Now the day has made me tired,  
my ardent longings shall  
be accepted by night's friendly stars  
like a weary child.

Hands, let go of your activity,  
Forehead, you forget all thoughts,  
all my senses now  
want to sink into slumber.

And the unguarded soul  
wants to soar free in flight

**At Sunset**

to the magic circle of night  
and live deeply thousandfold  
Through adversity and joy  
we have gone hand in hand,  
from wandering we both rest  
now above the silent land.

The valleys ring around us,  
it darkens the air,  
only two larks rise  
as though in a dream into the scented air.

Come here, and let them fly  
soon it is time for sleep,  
we do not want to be lost  
in this solitude.

O continue, silent peace!  
so deep in dusk,  
How tired we are of wandering...  
Is this perhaps death?

**4: Psalms 23:1-4**

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not need.  
I am lead beside green lands, and along still  
waters.

He refreshes my soul; he leads me along paths  
of righteousness for his name.  
Even though I walk through the valley of the  
shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for You are  
with me; and your rod and your staff comfort  
me

## TRANSLATIONS

*Sollten ja sich Blicke finden,  
Nun, was hat das auch für Not?*

*Man wird drum nicht gleich erblinden,  
Wird man auch ein wenig rot.*

*Blickchen hin und Blick herüber,  
Bis der Mund sich auch was traut!*

*Er seufzt: Schönste!  
Sie spricht: Lieber!*

*Bald heißt's Bräutigam und Braut.  
Immer näher, liebe Leuchten!  
Wollt ihr mich im Kranze sehn?*

*Gelt, das ist ein nettes Bräutchen,  
Und der Bursch nicht minder Schön?*

### Frühling

*In dämmerigen Grüften  
träumte ich lang  
von deinen Bäumen und blauen Lüften,  
von deinem Duft und Vogelsang.  
Nun liegst du erschlossen  
in Gleiß und Zier,  
von Licht übergossen  
wie ein Wunder vor mir.  
Du kennst mich wieder,  
du lockst mich zart,  
es zittert durch all meine Glieder  
deine selige Gegenwart!*

### September

*Der Garten trauert,  
kühl sinkt in die Blumen der Regen.  
Der Sommer schauert  
still seinem Ende entgegen.  
Golden tropft Blatt um Blatt  
nieder vom hohen Akazienbaum.  
Sommer lächelt erstaunt und matt  
in den sterbenden Gartentraum.  
Lange noch bei den Rosen  
bleibt er stehen, sehnt sich nach Ruh.  
Langsam tut er die großen  
müdgewordenen Augen zu.*

*So what if you meet his eyes,  
now, is that cause for distress?*

*One will not go blind,  
But one might blush a bit.*

*A little look here, and a look there,  
Until the mouth also dares!*

*He says, "Dearest!"  
She says, "Lover!"*

*Soon they are Bride and Groom.  
Always nearer, shining love!  
Will you see me in the wreath?*

*Gosh, that is the nice little bride,  
And the groom is no less handsome!*

### Spring

*In dusky vaults  
I dreamed long  
Of your trees and blue air  
of your scent and bird song  
Now you lie revealed  
In shining ornaments  
Bathed in light  
Like a miracle to me  
You know me again,  
You lure me tenderly,  
All my limbs tremble in  
Your blessed presence.*

### September

*The garden mourns,  
cool drops of rain in the flowers.  
The summer shudders  
quietly awaiting its end.  
Golden leaf after leaf falls  
down from the tall acacia tree.  
Summer smiles, astonished and feeble,  
in the dying garden dream.  
Slowly, still in the roses,  
he stops, yearning for repose.  
Slowly, he closes his great  
weary eyes.*

## TRANSLATIONS

### Quando m'en vo

*Quando m'en vo  
soletta per la via  
la gente sosta e mira  
E la bellezza mia tutta ricerca in me  
Da capo a pie'...  
Ed assaporo allor la bramosia  
Sottile, che da gli occhi traspira  
E dai palesi vezzi intender sa  
Alle occulte beltà.  
Così l'effluvio del desio tutta m'aggira,  
Felice mi fa!  
E tu che sai, che memori e ti struggi  
Da me tanto rifuggi?  
So ben:  
le angoscie tue non le vuoi dir,  
Ma ti senti morir!*

### Chanson de Bilitis

#### La Flûte de Pan

*Pour le jour des Hyacinthies,  
il m'a donné une syrinx faite  
de roseaux bien taillés,  
unis avec la blanche cire  
qui est douce à mes lèvres comme le miel.*

*Il m'apprend à jouer, assise sur ses genoux  
;  
mais je suis un peu tremblante.  
il en joue après moi,  
si doucement que je l'entends à peine.*

*Nous n'avons rien à nous dire,  
tant nous sommes près l'un de l'autre;  
mais nos chansons veulent se répondre,  
et tour à tour nos bouches s'unissent sur  
la flûte.  
Il est tard, voici le chant des grenouilles  
vertes qui commence avec la nuit.*

*Ma mère ne croira jamais que je suis  
restée si longtemps à chercher ma  
ceinture perdue.*

### When I go out

*When I go out  
all alone on the street  
the men stop and stare,  
and they search my all of my beauty  
from head to foot...  
And then I taste the subtle craving  
that exudes from their eyes  
And he knows my obvious charm  
He knows my hidden beauty.  
So the scent of desire is all around me,  
it makes me happy.  
And you who know, who remember and  
yearn...  
You shrink from me?  
I know well:  
the anguish you do not want to say,  
but you feel like dying.*

### The Songs of Bilitis

#### Pan's Flute

*For the day of Hyacinthus,  
he gave to me a flute made  
of well-trimmed rose wood,  
held together with white wax  
that is as sweet as honey on my lips.*

*He asks me to play, seated upon his  
knees;  
but I am trembling.  
He plays after me,  
so softly that I can hardly hear.*

*We have nothing to say to each other,  
we are so close to one another;  
but our songs yearn for a reply,  
and our lips turn towards one another  
and unite on the flute.  
It is late, here are the songs of the little  
green frogs that come with the night.*

*My mother will never believe that I have  
spent such a long time searching for my  
lost belt.*

## TRANSLATIONS

### **La chevelure**

*Il m'a dit: « Cette nuit, j'ai rêvé.  
J'avais ta chevelure autour de mon cou.  
J'avais tes cheveux comme un collier noir  
autour de ma nuque et sur ma poitrine.*

*« Je les caressais, et c'étaient les miens;  
et nous étions liés pour toujours ainsi,  
par la même chevelure, la bouche sur la  
bouche,  
ainsi que deux lauriers n'ont souvent  
qu'une racine.*

*« Et peu à peu, il m'a semblé,  
tant nos membres étaient confondus,  
que je devenais toi-même,  
ou que tu entras en moi comme mon  
songe. »*

*Quand il eut achevé,  
il mit doucement ses mains sur mes  
épaules,  
et il me regarda d'un regard si tendre,  
que je baissai les yeux avec un frisson.*

### **Le tombeau des Naiades**

Le long du bois couvert de givre, je  
marchais;  
Mes cheveux devant ma bouche  
Se fleurissaient de petits glaçons,  
Et mes sandales étaient lourdes  
De neige fangeuse et tassée.

Il me dit: "Que cherches-tu?"  
Je suis la trace du satyre.  
Ses petits pas fourchus alternant  
Comme des trous dans un manteau blanc.

Il me dit: "Les satyres sont morts.  
"Les satyres et les nymphes aussi.  
Depuis trente ans, il n'a pas fait un hiver  
aussi terrible.

### **The Tresses**

He said to me, "Last night, I dreamed  
I had your hair around my neck.  
I had your hair like a dark collar  
around my neck and on my chest.

I caressed it, and it was mine;  
and we were bound forever so,  
the same hair, lips on lips,  
as two laurels that share the same root.

And little by little, it seemed,  
our limbs became so entangled,  
that I became you,  
or you became me, and entered my  
dream."

When he had finished,  
he placed his hands upon my shoulders,  
and he looked at me with a look so  
tender,  
that I turned away with a little shudder.

### **The Tomb of the Naiades**

Along the frost covered woods, I walked;  
My hair in front of my mouth  
is blooming with frost,  
And my sandals were heavy  
packed with mud and snow.

He says to me: "What are you looking  
for?"  
I track the satyr.  
His cloven footprints alternate  
as holes in a white coat.

He says to me: "The satyrs are dead.  
The satyrs, and the nymphs also.  
For thirty years, there has not been a  
winter as terrible as this.

## TRANSLATIONS

*La trace que tu vois est celle d'un bouc.  
Mais restons ici, où est leur tombeau."  
Et avec le fer de sa houe il cassa la glace  
De la source où jadis riaient les naïades.*

*Il prenait de grands morceaux froids,  
Et les soulevant vers le ciel pâle,  
Il regardait au travers.*

### **Il est doux, il est bon**

*Celui dont la parole efface toutes peines,  
Le Prophète est ici! c'est vers lui que je  
vais!*

*Il est doux, il est bon, sa parole est  
serène:*

*Il parle... tout se tait...*

*Plus léger sur la plaine*

*L'air attentif passe sans bruit...*

*Il parle...*

*Ah! quand reviendra-t-il? quand pourrai-je  
l'entendre?*

*Je souffrais... j'étais seule et mon cœur  
s'est calmé*

*En écoutant sa voix mélodieuse et tendre,  
Mon cœur s'est calmé!*

*Prophète bien aimé, puis-je vivre sans toi!  
C'est là! dans ce désert où la foule  
étonnée*

*Avait suivi ses pas,*

*Qu'il m'accueillit un jour, enfant  
abandonnée!*

*Et qu'il m'ouvrit ses bras!*

### **Kommt ein schlanker Bursch gegangen,**

*Blond von Locken oder braun,  
Hell von Aug' und rot von Wangen,  
Ei, nach dem kann man wohl schauen.*

*Zwar schlägt man das Aug' aufs Mieder  
Nach verschämter Mädchen Art;  
Doch verstohlen hebt man's wieder,  
Wenn's das Bürschchen nicht gewahrt.*

That trail you see if that of a goat.  
But let us rest here, at their tomb."  
And with an iron hoe he broke the ice  
of the source of the once laughing  
nymphs.  
He took a large cold slab  
and held it up to the pale sky,  
and peered through it.

### **He is sweet, he is good**

He whose words erase all pain,  
the Prophet is here! I will go to him!  
He is soft, he is good, his words are  
serene:

He speaks, all is silent...

The lightest attentive air on the plain  
passes without breath...

He speaks

Ah! When will he return? When can I hear  
him?

I suffered... I was alone and my heart was  
calmed  
by listening to his voice, melodious and  
tender,  
My heart was calmed.

Prophet, good friend, how can I live  
without you?

That's it! In the desert where the  
astonished crowd  
had followed his footsteps,  
he greeted me one day, the abandoned  
child,  
and he opened his arms to me!

### **When a slim youth walks by**

If a slender lad comes by,  
With blonde or brown locks,  
Bright eyes and red cheeks,  
why, you probably should look.

Keep your eyes on your bodice  
In the fashion of bashful girls;  
Then secretly raise them again  
When the boy is not looking.

