

Old Dominion University Department of Music

The Old Dominion University department of Music is an accredited institutional member of the National Association of Schools of Music, and offers undergraduate and graduate degrees in the following areas of study:

- Bachelor of Music (all degrees require an audition)
 - **Music Education (Grades K-12)**
 - Concentrations in:
 - Voice
 - Musical Instruments
 - **Performance**
 - Concentrations in:
 - Voice
 - Piano
 - Organ
 - Orchestral Instruments
 - Guitar
 - **Music Technology**
 - **Composition**
- Bachelor of Arts (no audition required)
 - **Music**

At Old Dominion University, music students have the resources of a large university from which to draw in order to enhance the close, supportive relationships built within the Department of Music.

Visit us at: <http://www.odu.edu/musicdept>

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY *Department of Music*

Katherine Lape,
soprano
Bobbie Kesler-Corleto,
piano



**OLD DOMINION
UNIVERSITY
IDEA FUSION**

Sunday, January 18, 2015 @ 3:00pm

E. Ludwig Diehn Center for the Performing Arts
Chandler Recital Hall

Air grave

Ah! fuyez à présent, Malheureuses pensées!
 O! colère, o! remords! Souvenirs qui m'avez
 Les deux tempes pressées, De l'étreinte des
 morts.

Sentiers de mousse pleins, Vaporeuses
 fontaines,
 Grottes profondes, voix Des oiseaux et du vent
 Lumières incertaines Des sauvages sous-bois,
 Insectes animaux, Beauté future,
 Ne me repousse pas,
 Ô divine nature Je suis ton suppliant.

Ah! fuyez à présent, Malheureuses pensées!
 O! colère, o! remords!

Serious airs

Ah! Flee now miserable thoughts!
 Oh! Rage, oh! Scruples! Memories which have
 pressed
 Both my temples in the grip of the dead.

Paths of thick moss, vaporous fountains,
 Deep grottos, voices of birds and the wind,
 Uncertain lights of wild primeval forests,
 Insects, animals, future beauty,
 Do not turn me away,
 O divine nature, I am your suppliant.

Ah! Flee now miserable thoughts!
 Oh! Rage, oh! Scruples!

Translation: Bertram Kottmann

Air vif

Le trésor du verger et le jardin en fête,
 Les fleurs des champs, des bois, plaisir,
 éclatent de
 Hélas! hélas! Et sur leur tête le vent enflé sa
 voix.

Mais toi noble océan que l'assaut des
 tourmentes
 Ne saurait ravager Certes plus dignement,
 lorsque tu te lamentes, Tu te prends à songer.

Lively airs

The treasure of the orchard and the festive garden,
 The flowers of the fields and woodlands burst
 with pleasure,
 Alas! Alas! And above them the wind raises his voice.

But you, noble Ocean that the assault
 of storms could not ravage with more dignity,
 once you lament, you lose yourself in dreams.

Translation: Bertram Kottmann

Air romantique

Romantic airs

J'allais dans la campagne
avec le vent d'orage,
Sous le pâle matin, sous les nuages bas;
Un corbeau ténébreux escortait mon voyage,
Et dans les flaques d'eau retentissaient mes pas.

La foudre à l'horizon faisait courir sa flamme
Et l'Aquilon doublait ses longs gémissements;
Mais la tempête était trop faible pour mon âme,
Qui couvrait le tonnerre avec ses battements.

De la dépouille d'or du frêne et de l'érable
L'Automne composait son éclatant butin,
Et le corbeau toujours, d'un vol inexorable,
M'accompagnait sans rien changer à mon destin.

Air Champêtre

Belle source, belle source,
Je veux me rappeler sans cesse,
Qu'un jour, guidé par l'amitié
Ravi, j'ai contemplé ton visage,
ô déesse, Perdu sous la mou,
sous la mousse à moitié.

Que n'est-il demeuré,
cet ami que je pleure,
O nymphe, à ton culte attaché,
Pour se mêler encore au souffle
qui t'effleure,
Et répondre à ton flot caché?

I wandered through the countryside
With the thunderstorm's wind,
In the pale morning, under low clouds.
A gloomy raven escorted me on my journey,
And my steps echoed in the puddles.

The lightning on the horizon made its flame
Run and Boreas redoubled his persistent howling;
Yet the tempest was too flaccid for my soul
Which sounded above the thunder with its pounding.

From the ash's and maple's golden garment
Autumn gathered its glistening harvest,
And evermore the raven, with an inexorable flight,
Followed me without changing my destiny.

Translation: Bertram Kottmann

Country airs

Beautiful spring, beautiful spring,
I wish to remember forever that one day,
Guided by affection, enchanted,
I looked at your face,
O Goddess, half concealed
Underneath the moss.

Has he but remained,
This friend for whom I mourn,
O nymph, adhering to your cult,
To mingle at least with the breeze
That touches you
And to respond to your hidden waters?

Translation: Bertram Kottmann

Laudamus te

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Zueignung
Heimkehr
Ich wollt' ein Sträusslein binden

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Saper voreste
from Un ballo in Maschera

Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

Airs chantés
Air romantique
Air champêtre
Air grave
Air vif

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Monica's Waltz

Gian Carlo Menotti (1911-2007)

I hate music!

Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)

My name is Barbara
Jupiter has seven moons
I hate music
A big Indian and a little Indian
I'm a person too

Steal me, sweet Thief

From The Old Maid and the Thief

Gian Carlo Menotti (1911-2007)

Should I be sweet?

From Take a Chance

Nacio Herb Brown (1894-1954)

Vincent Youmans (1898-1946)

Be my friend

Benji Pasek (b.1985)

Justin Paul (b.1985)

India Dale, soprano
Allan Gervacio, tenor
Christian Harward, baritone

Still Hurting

Jason Robert Brown (b.1970)

A Summer in Ohio

from The Last Five Years

Katherine Lape is a student of Dr. Brian Nedvin

This recital is in partial fulfillment of a Master of Music Education degree.

Laudamus te

Laudamus te. Benedicimus te.
Adoramus te. Glorificamus te.

Zneigung

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Däß ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank.

Heimkehr

Leiser schwanken die Äste,
Der Kahn fliegt uferwärts,
Heim kehrt die Taube zum Neste,
Zu dir kehrt heim mein Herz.

Genug am schimmernden Tage,
Wenn rings das Leben lärmst,
Mit irem Flügelschlage
Ist es in Weite geschwärmt.

Doch nun die Sonne geschieden
Und Stille sich senkt auf den Hain,
Fült es: bei dir ist der Frieden,
Die Ruh' bei dir allein.

We praise you

We praise you. We bless you.
We adore you. We glorify you.

Dedication

Indeed, thou knowest, dearest soul,
How I suffer far removed from thee,
Love can make the sore heart break,
Have my thanks.

Once I grasped of freedom's chalice,
I held high that amethyst cup,
And thou didst bless that which I drank,
Have my thanks.

And the evil therein was purged,
Till I became as I'd never been,
Blest-into thy heart thus blest I sank,
Have my thanks.

Translation: Edward Lein

Returning home

More softly sway the branches,
The boat flies shorewards,
Home returns the dove to the nest,
To you returns home my heart.

Enough in the shimmering day,
When all around the life makes noise,
With mad wing stroke
Is it into the distance strayed.

But not the sun departed
And stillness itself flowers onto the grove,
Feels it: with you is the peace,
The peace is with you alone.

Translation: Beaumont Glass

Ich wollt' ein Sträusslein binden

Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden,
Da kam die dunkle Nacht,
Kein Blümlein war zu finden,
Sonst hätt ich dir's gebracht.

Da flossen von den Wangen Mir
Tränen in den Klee,
Ein Blümlein aufgegangen
Ich nun im Garten seh.
Das wollte ich dir brechen
Wohl in dem dunklen Klee,
Doch fing es an zu sprechen:
"Ach, tue mir nicht weh!
Sei freundlich im Herzen,
Betracht dein eigen Leid,
Und lasse mich in Schmerzen
Nicht sterben vor der Zeit!"

Und hätt's nicht so gesprochen,
Im Garten ganz allein,
So hätt ich dir's gebrochen,
Nun aber darf's nicht sein.

Mein Schatz ist ausgeblieben,
Ich bin so ganz allein.
Im Lieben wohnt Betrüben,
Und kann nicht anders sein.

Saper Vorreste

Saper vorreste di che si veste,
Quando l'è cosa ch' ei vuol nascosa.
Oscar lo sa, ma nol dirà.

Pieno d'amor mi balza il cor,
Ma pur discrete serba il segreto.
Nol rapirà grado o beltà.

I wanted a little bouquet to bind,

I wanted a little bouquet to bind,
Then came the dark night;
No little flower was to be found,
Otherwise I would have brought it to you.

Then tears flowed from my
cheeks into the clover.
Next I see in the garden
A little flower that has just opened;
I wanted to pick it for you
right then and there in the dark clover;
but then it began to speak:
"Ah, do not hurt me!
Be friendly in your heart,
Consider your own sorrow,
And do not let me die in pain
Before my time."

And if it had not spoken like that
In the garden all alone,
Then I would have plucked it for you,
But now that cannot be.

My sweetheart has strayed away,
I am so all alone,
Grieving goes along with loving,
And it has to be like that.

Translation: Beaumont Glass

You would like to know

You would like to know what he's wearing,
When it's the very thing that he wants
concealed.
Oscar knows, but he won't tell.

Full of love my heart throbs,
But still discreet it keeps the secret.
Neither rank nor beauty will seize it.

Translation: Nico Castel

