

Translations

Verdi Prati

Verdi prati, selve amene,
Perderete la beltà.
Vaghi fior, correnti rivi,
La vaghezza, la bellezza,
Presto in voi si cangerà.
E cangiato il vago oggetto,
All' orror del primo aspetto
Tutto in voi ritornerà.

Non lo diro col Labbro

Non lo diro col Labbro
Che tanto ardir non ha;
Forse con le faville
Dell' avide pupille,
Per dir come tutt' ardo,
Lo sguardo Parlera

Zueignung

Ja, du weisst es, teure Seele,
Dass ich fern von dir mich quale,
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, ans Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank!

Morgen

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder
scheinen,
und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen
werde,
wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder
einen
inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde...
Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten,
wogenblauen,
werden wir still und langsam
niedersteigen,
stumm werden wir uns in die Augen
schauen,
und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes
Schweigen...

Green Meadows

Green meadows, lovely woods,
You will lose your beauty,
Pretty flowers, rapid brooks,
Your charm and beauty
Will soon change.
The beautiful object has changed,
To the dismay of the first glance,
Then everything will return in you.

I will not say it with my lips

I will not say it with my lips
Which have not the courage;
Perhaps the sparks
Of the burning eyes,
Revealing my passion,
My glance will speak.

Devotion

Ah, you know it, dear soul,
That far from you, I languish,
Love causes hearts to ache,
To you my thanks!
Once, drinking to my freedom,
I raised the amethyst cup,
And you blessed the drink,
To you my thanks!
You exorcised the evil spirits in it,
So that I, as never before,
Cleansed and freed, sank upon your breast,
To you my thanks!

Morning

And tomorrow the sun will shine again
And on the path that I will follow,
It shall again unite us, happy ones,
Upon this sun-breathing earth
And to the wide shore, with its blue
waves,
We will quietly and slowly descend,
Speechless, we shall look into each
other's eyes,
And upon us will descend the muted
silence of happiness

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Student Recital

Erin Dubose, soprano
Bobbie Kesler-Corleto, piano



**OLD DOMINION
UNIVERSITY**

I D E A FUSION

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

November 24, 2014

4:00 PM

Program

Music for awhile

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

L'Invitation au Voyage
Chanson Triste

Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)

Verdi prati
Non lo diro col labbro

G.F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Zueignung
Morgen

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Quicksilver

Robert Beaser
(b. 1954)

Translations

L'invitation au voyage

Mon enfant, ma soeur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble!
Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.
Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.
Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.
Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière.
Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté

Chanson triste

Dans ton coeur dort un clair de lune
Un doux clair de lune d'été.
Et pour fuir la vie importune
Je me noierai dans ta claret.
J'oublierai les douleurs passées, mon amour,
Quand tu berceras mon triste coeur et mes
pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras!
Tu prendras ma tête malade
Oh! Quelquefois sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous,
Et dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses
Que, peut-être, je quêrirai

Invitation to a journey

My child, my sister,
Think how sweet it would be
To go down there, to live together,
To love free from care,
To love and to die
In the land that resembles you!
The moist suns
Of these misty skies
To my mind have the charm,
So mysterious,
Of your treacherous eyes,
Sparkling through their tears.
There, everything is order and beauty,
Luxury, calm and pleasure!
See on these canals
The sleeping boats
That capriciously like to roam;
'Tis to satisfy
Your slight wish
They have come from the ends of the
world.
The setting suns
Again clothe the fields,
The canals, the whole town
With hyacinth and gold;
The world falls asleep
In a warm light!
There everything is order and beauty.
Luxury, calm and pleasure!

Sad Song

In your heart there sleeps a moonlight,
A soft moonlight of summer.
And to escape this troublesome life
I shall drown myself in your light.
I shall forget the past sorrows, my love,
When you will cradle my sad heart and
my thoughts
In the loving stillness of your arms!
You will let my wounded head,
Oh! Sometimes rest on your knees,
And you will recite a ballad
That will seem to speak of us,
And in your eyes filled with sadness,
In your eye then I shall drink
So many kisses and tender caresses
That perhaps I shall recover.

Erin Dubose is a student of Professor Agnes Fuller.

This recital is in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor's Degree in Music Education.