

## 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

Invitation to a journey

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

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!

Chanson triste

Sad Song

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

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.