

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Student Recital

Jennifer Moore Woods, Soprano
Rebecca Raydo, Piano



**OLD DOMINION
UNIVERSITY**

I D E A FUSION

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

Friday, November 21, 2014

4:00 PM

PROGRAM

An die Musik
Lachen und Weinen

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Après un rêve
Chanson d'amour
Clair de Lune

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Take, O Take Those Lips Away

Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)

O Mistress Mine

Mary Howe
(1882-1964)

Quando men vo
from La Bohème (1896)

Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

Wishing You Were Somehow Here Again
from Phantom of the Opera (1986)

Andrew Lloyd Webber
(b. 1948)

Gimme Gimme
from Thoroughly Modern Mille (2002)

Jeanine Tesori
(b. 1961)

Jennifer Moore Woods is a student of Dr. Kelly Montgomery.
This recital is in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor Degree in Music
Performance .

TRANSLATIONS

—trans. by Carol Kimball & Richard Walters

An die Musik

To Music

*Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb entzunden,
Hast mich in eine bessere Welt entrückt!*

*O gracious Art, in how many grey hours
When life's fierce orbit encompassed me,
Hast thou kindled my heart to warm love,
Hast charmed me into a better world!*

*Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf entfloßen,
Ein süßes, heiliger Akkord von dir
Den Himmel besserer Zeiten mir erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!*

*Oft has a sigh, issuing from thy harp,
A sweet, blest chord of thine,
Thrown open the heaven of better times;
O gracious Art, for that I thank thee!*

—Franz von Schober (1796-1882)

—trans. by Gerard Mackworth-Young

Lachen und Weinen

Laughter and Tears

*Lachen und Weinen
Zu jeglicher Stunde
Ruht bei der Lieb
Auf so mancherlei Grunde.
Morgens lacht' ich vor Lust,
Und warum ich nun weine
Bei des Abendes Scheine,
Ist mir selbst nicht bewusst.*

*Laughter and tears
At all hours
Can have so many causes
When one is in love.
In the morning I laughed with pleasure,
And why I now weep
In the evening light,
I myself do not know.*

*Weinen und Lachen
Zu jeglicher Stunde
Ruht bei der Lieb
Auf so mancherlei Grunde.
Abends weint' ich vor Schmerz;
Und warum du erwachen
Kannst am Morgen mit Lachen,
Muss ich dich fragen, O Herz.*

*Tears and laughter
At all hours
Can have so many causes
When one is in love.
In the evening I was weeping with grief;
And how can you wake
In the morning with laughter,
I must ask you, my heart!*

—Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

—trans. by Gerard Mackworth-Young

Après un rêve

After a dream

*Dans un sommeil que charmaient ton image
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage;
Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix pure et
sonore,
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par
l'aurore.*

*In a sleep charmed by your image
I dreamed of happiness, ardent mirage;
Your eyes were soft, your voice pure and rich,
You were radiant as a sky lit by the dawn.*

*Tu m'appelas et je quittais la terre
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière;
Les cieux pour nous, entr'ouvraient leurs nues,
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines entrevues.*

*You called me, and I left the earth
To flee with you towards the light.
The heavens parted their clouds for us
Unknown splendors, glimpses of divine light.*

*Hélas, hélas, triste réveil des songes!
Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends-moi tes mensonges;
Reviens, reviens radieuse,
Reviens, ô nuit mystérieuse!*

*Alas, alas, sad awakening from dreams!
I call to you, o night, give me back your
illusions;
Return, return in radiance,
Return, o mysterious night!*

—Romain Bussine (1830-1899)

TRANSLATIONS

Chanson d'amour

*J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton front,
O ma rebelle, ô ma farouche,
J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ta bouche
Où mes baisers s'épuiseront.*

*J'aime ta voix, j'ame l'étrange
Grâce de tout ce que tu dis,
O ma rebelle, ô mon cher ange,
Mon enfer et mon paradis!*

*J'aime tout ce qui te fait belle,
De tes pieds jusqu'à tes cheveux,
O toi vers qui montent mes vœux,
O ma farouche, ô ma rebelle!*

—Armand Silvestre (1838-
1901)

Clair de lune

*Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.*

*Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur Bonheur
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune.*

*Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres,
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.*

—Paul Verlaine (1844-
1896)

Quando men vo

*Quando men vo soletta per la via
la gente sosta e mira...e la bellezza mia tutta
ricerca in me da capo a piè.
Ed assaporo allor la bramosia sottile
che da gl'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; so ben,
ma ti senti morir!*

Love song

*I love your eyes, I love your forehead,
O my rebel, o my wild one,
I love your eyes, I love your mouth
Where my kisses will exhaust themselves.*

*I love your voice, I love the strange
Grace of all you say,
O my rebel, o my darling angel,
My hell and my paradise!*

*I love everything that makes you beautiful,
From your feet to your hair,
O you towards whom all my desires fly,
O my wild one, o my rebel!*

—trans. by Carol Kimball & Richard Walters

Moonlight

*Your soul is a rare landscape
Charmed by masks and bergamasks
Playing the lute and dancing, and almost
Sad beneath their fantastic disguises.*

*While singing in the minor key
Of victorious love and the good life,
They do not seem to believe in their happiness,
And their song blends with the moonlight.*

*With the calm moonlight, sad and beautiful,
That makes the birds dream in the trees,
And the fountains sob with rapture,
The tall slender fountains among the marble
statues.*

—trans. by Carol Kimball & Richard Walters

When I Go Out

*When I go out alone in the street, people stop
and stare...and they all study in me my beauty
from head to foot. And then I savor the subtle
longing that comes from their eyes; they know
how to appreciate, beneath obvious charms, all
the hidden beauty. Thus the flow of desire
completely surrounds me; it makes me happy!
And you who know, who remember and are
melting with passion—you avoid me so? I know
well: your sufferings—you don't want to tell
them; I know well, but you feel like you're
dying!*

—Luigi Illica (1857-1919) & Giuseppe
Giacosa

Gerhart

—trans. by Martha