

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

*Department of Music*

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## 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 süßere, 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 lach' 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'aime 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