

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

Kathryn Simmons, soprano
Bobbie Kesler-Corleto, piano



Sunday, November 23, 2014 @ 3:00pm

Chandler Recital Hall
Diehn Fine and Performing Arts

Il me parle tout bas
Je vois la vie en rose

Il me dit des mots d'amour
Des mots de tous les jours
Et ça me fait quelque chose

Il est entré dans mon cœur
Une part de bonheur
Dont je connais la cause

C'est toi pour moi, moi pour lui dans la vie
Il me l'a dit, l'a juré pour la vie

Et dès que je l'aperçois
Alors je sens en moi
Mon cœur qui bat

Non, je ne regrette rien

Non, rien de rien
Non, je ne regrette rien
Ni le bien qu'on m'a fait
Ni le mal; tout ça m'est bien égal !

Non, rien de rien
Non, je ne regrette rien
C'est payé, balayé, oublié
Je me fous du passé !

Avec mes souvenirs
J'ai allumé le feu
Mes chagrins, mes plaisirs
Je n'ai plus besoin d'eux !

Balayées les amours
Et tous leurs tremolos
Balayés pour toujours
Je repars à zéro

He speaks to me in a very low voice,
I see life as if it were rose-tinted.

He whispers words to declare to me his love
Words of the everyday
And that does something to me.

He has entered into my heart
A piece of happiness
the cause of which I recognise.

It's him for me, me for him in life
He said that to me, swore to me forever.

And as soon as I see him
So do I feel in me
My heart which beats

translation by Marius Woodward

No, I don't regret anything

No, nothing at all,
No! I don't regret anything
Not the good people have done for me
Not the bad, it's all the same to me.

No, nothing at all,
No! I don't regret anything
It's paid for, swept away, forgotten,
I couldn't care less about the past

With my memories, I lit up a fire
My troubles, my pleasures, I don't need them
anymore
Swept away my love stories, and all their drama
Swept away for always, I start again from zero

Swept loves
And all their tremolos
Swept away forever
I leave with nothing

translation by Annick Kanter

Des nuits d'amour à plus finir
Un grand bonheur qui prend sa place
Les ennuis, les chagrins s'effacent
Heureux, heureux à en mourir

Quand il me prend dans ses bras

May the nights on which we make love never end,
A great joy which takes its place
The trouble, the grief are removed
Content, content to die of it

When he takes me in his arms

Die Nachtigall

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall

The Nightingale

It happened because the nightingale

Die ganze Nacht gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

Sie war doch sonst ein wildes Kind,
Nun geht sie tief in Sinnen,
Trägt in der Hand den Sommerhut
Und duldet still der Sonne Glut
Und weiß nicht, was beginnen.

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

La vie en rose

Des yeux qui font baisser les miens
Un rire qui se perd sur sa bouche
Voilà le portrait sans retouche
De l'homme auquel j'appartiens

Quand il me prend dans ses bras
Il me parle tout bas
Je vois la vie en rose

Il me dit des mots d'amour
Des mots de tous les jours
Et ça me fait quelque chose

Il est entré dans mon cœur
Une part de bonheur
Dont je connais la cause

C'est lui pour moi, moi pour lui dans la vie
Il me l'a dit, l'a juré pour la vie

Et dès que je l'aperçois
Alors je sens en moi
Mon cœur qui bat

sang the whole night long;
from her sweet call,
from the echo and re-echo,
roses have sprung up.

She was but recently a wild blossom,
and now she walks, deep in thought;
she carries her summer hat in her hand,
enduring quietly the heat of the sun,
knowing not what to begin.

It happened because the nightingale
sang the whole night long;
from her sweet call,
from the echo and re-echo,
roses have sprung up.
translation by Emily Ezust

Life in Rosy Hues

With eyes which make mine lower,
A smile which is lost on his lips,
That's the unembellished portrait
Of the man to whom I belong.

When he takes me in his arms
He speaks to me in a low voice,
I see life as if it were rose-tinted.

He whispers words to declare to me his love
Words of the everyday
And that does something to me.

He has entered into my heart
A piece of happiness
the cause of which I know full well.

It's him for me, me for him in life
He said that to me, swore to me "forever".

And as soon as I see him
So I feel in me
My heart which beats

Non t'amo più

Lorelei
Storchenbotschaft
Gretchen am Spinnrade
from Faust
Mein Stern

Clara Schumann (1819-1896)
Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

Una voce poco fa
from Il Barbiere di Siviglia

Gioacchino Rossini (1792-1868)

Les Papillons
Amour d'Antan

Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)

Die Nachtigall

Alban Berg (1885-1935)

La vie en rose
Non, je ne regrette rien

Louiguy (1916-1991)
Charles Dumont (b. 1929)

The Lordly Hudson
Orchids
O Do Not Love Too Long
Early in the Morning

Ned Rorem (b. 1923)

Stars and the Moon
from Songs for a New World

Jason Robert Brown (b. 1970)

**Kathryn Simmons is a student of Dr. Brian Nedvin.
This recital is in partial fulfillment of a Master of Music Education degree.**

PROGRAM

La serenata

Francisco Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)

La Serenata

Vola, o serenata:
La mia diletta è sola,
E, con la bella testa abbandonata,
Posa tra le lenzuola:
O serenata, vola.

Splende pura la luna;
L'ale silenzio stende,
E dietro i veli dell'alcova bruna
La lampada s'accende:
Pura la luna splende.

Vola, o serenata:
La mia diletta è sola;
Ma, sorridendo ancor mezzo assonnata,
Torna fra le lenzuola:
O serenata, vola.

L'onda sogna su 'l lido,
E 'l vento su la fronda;
E a' baci miei ricusa ancora un nido
La mia signora bionda!
Sogna su 'l lido l'onda.

Non t'amo più

Ricordi ancora il dì che c'incontrammo?
Le tue promesse le ricordi ancor?
Folle d'amore io ti seguìi,
Ci amammo,
E accanto a te sognai, folle d'amor.
Sognai felice di carezze a baci
Una catena dileguante in ciel;
Ma le parole tue furon mendaci
Perché l'anima tua fatta è di gel.

Te ne ricordi ancor?
Or la mia fede, il desiderio immenso
Il mio sogno d'amor non sei più tu
I tuoi baci non cerco, a te non penso
Sogno un altro ideal: Non t'amo più.

The Serenade

Fly now, o thou serenade:
My beloved is all alone,
And, with her lovely head thrown back,
Midst silken sheets she doth repose:
O thou serenade, fly now.

Shining brightly comes the moon;
Soft silence spreads its wing,
And through a darkening veil
The lamplight yet is glowing:
Brightly comes the moon, shining.

Take flight, o my serenade:
My beloved is yet alone;
She's half asleep while, by her smile betrayed,
She snuggles into the bedclothes:
O my serenade, take flight.

Dreaming waves kiss the hushed sands,
As branches dance in balmy air;
But into their nest find my kisses no entrance,
Thus refused by my damsel fair!
Waves kiss the hushed sands and dream.
translation by Edward Lein

I love you no more

Do you still remember the day we met?
Do you still remember your promises?
Madly in love I followed you,
We loved each other,
And next to you I dreamed, mad with love.
Happily I dreamed of a chain of caresses
And kisses fading into the sky;
But your words were false
Because your soul is made of ice.

Do you still remember?
Now my faith, my immense desire
My dream of love is no longer you
I don't long for your kisses, I don't think of you
I dream of another ideal: I love you no more.

Les Papillons

Les papillons couleur de neige
Volent par essaims sur la mer;
Beaux papillons blancs, quand pourrai-je
Prendre le bleu chemin de l'air?

Savez-vous, ô belle des belles,
Ma bayadère aux yeux de jais,
S'ils me pouvaient prêter leurs ailes,
Dites, savez-vous où j'irais?

Sans prendre un seul baiser aux roses,
À travers vallons et forêts,
J'irais à vos lèvres mi-closes,
Fleur de mon âme, et j'y mourrais.

Amour d'antan

Mon amour d'antan, vous souvenez-vous?
Nos cœurs ont fleuri tout comme deux roses
Au vent printanier des baisers si doux.
Vous souvenez-vous de ces vieilles choses?

Voyez-vous toujours en vos songes d'or
Les horizons bleus, la mer soleilleuse
Qui baisant vos pieds, lentement s'endort?
En vos songes d'or peut-être oublieuse?

Au rayon pâli des avrils passés
Sentez-vous s'ouvrir la fleur de vos rêves,
Bouquet d'odorants et de frais pensers?
Beaux avrils passés là-bas, sur les grèves!

Mein Stern

The Butterflies

The snow-white butterflies
fly in swarms over the sea.
Beautiful white butterflies, when can I
travel the blue path of the air?

Tell me, oh fairest of the fair,
my dancing-girl with the jet-black eyes -
if they were to lend me their wings,
do you know where I would fly?

Not taking one kiss from the roses,
I'd fly across valleys and forests
to alight on your half-closed lips (oh my soul's
chosen flower!) - and there I'd die.
translation by Peter Low

Love of Former Days

Do you, my former love, remember?
Our hearts blossomed like two roses
in the springtime wind of kisses so sweet.
Do you remember those bygone things?

Do you still see in your golden dreams
the blue horizons, and the sunlit sea
slowly falling asleep as it kissed your feet?
Perhaps forgetfully, in your golden dreams?

In the pale rays of Aprils past,
do you feel the flower of your dreams opening
as a bouquet of fragrant fresh thoughts?
Beautiful Aprils spent there on the beaches!
translation by Peter Low

My Star

O du mein Stern, schau dich so gern,
Wenn still im Meere die Sonne sinket,
Dein goldnes Auge so tröstend winket
In meiner Nacht!

O du mein Stern, aus weiter Fern,
Bist du ein Bote mit Liebesgrüßen,
Laß deine Strahlen mich durstig küssen
In banger Nacht!

O du mein Stern, verweile gern,
Und lächelnd führ' auf des Lichts Gefieder
Der Träume Engel dem Freunde wieder
In seiner Nacht.

Una voce poco fa

Una voce poco fa
qui nel cor mi risuonò;
il mio cor ferito è già,
e Lindor fu che il piagò.
Sì, Lindoro mio sarà;
lo giurai, la vincerò.
Il tutor ricuserà,
io l'ingegno aguzzerò.
Alla fin s'accheterà
e contenta io resterò.
Sì, Lindoro mio sarà;
lo giurai, la vincerò.
Sì, Lindoro mio sarà;
lo giurai, la vincerò.

Io sono docile, son rispettosa,
sono obbediente, dolce, amorosa;
mi lascio reggere, mi lascio reggere,
mi fo guidar, mi fo guidar.
Ma,
ma se mi toccano
dov'è il mio debole
sarò una vipera, sarò
e cento trappole
prima di cedere
farò giocare, giocare.

Nei cari giorni che passamo insieme,
Io cosparsi di fiori il tuo sentier.

O star of mine, I gladly watch,
When still in ocean the sun is sinking,
Your golden eye winks with faithful comfort
In my dark night!

O star of mine, from distance far,
You are a herald of loving greetings,
O let your beams give me thirsty kisses
In yearning night!

O star of mine, do tarry long,
And smiling travel on starlight's feathers,
In dreams appear as my friend's bright angel
In his dark night.

translation by David Kenneth Smith

A voice a while back

A voice a while back
echoes here in my heart;
already my heart has been pierced
and Lindoro inflicted the wound.
Yes, Lindoro shall be mine;
I swear it, I will win.
My guardian will refuse me;
I shall sharpen all my wits.
In the end he will be calmed
and I shall rest content...
Yes, Lindoro shall be mine;
I swear it, I will win.
Yes, Lindoro shall be mine;
I swear it, yes.

I am docile, I'm respectful,
I'm obedient, gentle, loving;
I let myself be ruled, I let myself be ruled,
I let myself be guided, I let myself be guided.
But,
but if they touch me
on my weak spot,
I'll be a viper
and a hundred tricks
And a hundred tricks
I'll play before I yield.

translation by Beverly Sills

In the dear days that we passed together,
I scattered your path with flowers.

Tu fosti del mio cor l'unica speme,
Tu della mente l'unica pensier.
Tu m'hai visto pregare, impallidire,
Piangere tu m'hai visto inanzi a te.
Io, sol per appagare un tuo desire
Avrei dato il mio sangue e la mia fe.

Te ne ricordi ancor?
Or la mia fede, il desiderio immenso
Il mio sogno d'amor non sei più tu
I tuoi baci non cerco, a te non penso
Sogno un altro ideal: Non t'amo più,

Lorelei

Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten
daß ich so traurig bin;
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten
das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

Die Luf ist kühl und es dunkelt,
und ruhig fließt der Rhein;
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
im Abendsonnenschein.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr gold'nes Geschmeide blitzet
sie kämmt ihr gold'nes Haar.

Sie kämmt es mit gold'nem Kamme
und singt ein Lied dabei;
Das hat eine wundersame gewaltige Melodei.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
ergreift es mit wildem Weh,
er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh.

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei getan.

Storchenbotschaft

You were the only hope of my heart,
You the only thought of my mind.
You have seen me praying, turning pale,
You have seen me crying before you.
Just to gratify your slightest desire
I would have given my blood and my faith.

Do you still remember ?
Now my faith, my immense desire
My dream of love is no longer you
I don't long for your kisses, I don't think of you
I dream of another ideal: I love you no more!
translation by Carmelo Errico

Lorelei

I know not, what it is portending
that I am so depressed;
a legend from olden days past
will not leave my mind alone.

The breeze is cool and it darkens,
and peaceful flows the Rhine;
the peak of the mountain sparkles
with evening's setting sun.

The fairest maiden sits perched
right up there wondrously,
her golden jewelry flashes
she combs her golden hair.

She combs with a comb all golden
and thus she sings a song;
that has a mysteriously tyrannical melody.

The sailor in tiny vessel
is seized with a savage woe,
he sees not the rocky reef edge,
he looks only up toward the height.

I think that the waves have devoured
at last the sailor and boat;
and that's the deed, by her singing
the Lorelei has done.

translation by David Kenneth Smith

The Stork's Message

Des Schäfers sein Haus und das steht auf zwei Rad,
steht hoch auf der Heiden, so frühe, wie spat;
und wenn nur ein Mancher so'n Nachtquartier hätt'!
Ein Schäfer tauscht nicht mit dem König sein Bett.

Und käm' ihm zur Nacht auch was Seltsames vor,
er betet sein Sprüchel und legt sich aufs Ohr;
ein Geistlein, ein Hexlein, so luftige Wicht',
sie klopfen ihm wohl, doch er antwortet nicht.

Einmal doch, da ward es ihm wirklich zu bunt:
es knopert am Laden, es winselt der Hund;
nun ziehet mein Schäfer den Riegel - ei schau!
da stehen zwei Störche, der Mann und die Frau.

Das Pärchen, es machet ein schön Kompliment,
es möchte gern reden, ach, wenn es nur könnt'!
Was will mir das Ziefer? ist so was erhört?
Doch ist mir wohl fröhliche Botschaft beschert.

Ihr seid wohl dahinten zu Hause am Rhein?
Ihr habt wohl mein Mädlein gebissen in's Bein?
nun weinet das Kind und die Mutter noch mehr,
sie wünschet den Herzallerliebsten sich her.

Und wünsche daneben die Tauf' bestellt:
ein Lämmlein, ein Würstlein, ein Beutelein Geld?
so sagt nur, ich käm' in zwei Tag oder drei,
und grüßt mir mein Bübel und rührt ihm den Brei!

Doch halt! warum stellt ihr zu Zweien euch ein?
es werden doch, hoff ich, nicht Zwillinge sein?
Da klappern die Störche im lustigsten Ton,
sie nicken und knixen und fliegen davon.

The shepherd's house stands on two wheels -
stands high on the heath, from morning to night;
if only more people had such night lodgings!
A shepherd would not exchange his bed with a king.

And if something strange came about by night,
he would make a little prayer and lay down on his
ear;
a spirit, a witch, and other such airy creatures
may knock on his door, but he will not answer.

But once it became just too much:
the banging on the shutter, the whining of the dog;
so my shepherd draws back the bolts - and behold!
there stand two storks, a male and a female.

The couple makes a nice bow
and wish to speak, alas, if only they could!
What do they want of me? Has anyone heard of
such a thing? Yet they bear me a joyful message.

You live in that house back there by the Rhine?
You have bitten my maiden in the leg?
now the child is weeping and the mother as well:
she wishes for her beloved to come home.

And she wishes also to arrange a baptism:
a lamb, a sausage and a purse of money?
well, tell her I'll come in two or three days,
and greet my boy and stir his porridge for me!

But wait! why have you both come?
but it won't, I hope, mean twins?
The storks give a great rattle with a merry sound;
they nod and bow, and fly away.

translation by Emily Ezust

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Nach ihm nur schau ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh ich
Aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seine Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt,

Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluß,
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach, sein Kuß!

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Mein Busen drängt sich
Nach ihm hin.
Ach dürft ich fassen
Und halten ihn,

Und küssen ihn,
So wie ich wollt,
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt!

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.

Where I do not have him,
That is the grave,
The whole world
Is bitter to me.

My poor head
Is crazy to me,
My poor mind
Is torn apart.

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.

For him only, I look
Out the window
Only for him do I go
Out of the house.

His tall walk,
His noble figure,
His mouth's smile,
His eyes' power,

And his mouth's
Magic flow,
His handclasp,
and ah! his kiss!

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.

My bosom urges itself
toward him.
Ah, might I grasp
And hold him!

And kiss him,
As I would wish,
At his kisses
I should die!

translation by Lynn Thompson