

## 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

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Allan Gervacio, tenor  
Bobbie Kesler-Corleto, piano



**OLD DOMINION**  
**UNIVERSITY**

**I D E A FUSION**

Sunday, November 23, 2014 @ 5:00pm

Chandler Recital Hall  
Diehn Fine and Performing Arts

**Ecco ridente in cielo**

Ecco, ridente in cielo  
spunta la bella aurora,  
e tu non sorgi ancora  
e puoi dormir così'?

**Here laughing in heaven**

Here, laughing in heaven,  
emerges the beautiful dawn,  
and you are not awake yet  
you can sleep like this?

Sorgi, mia dolce speme,  
 vieni, bell'idol mio;  
 rendi men crudo, oh Dio,  
 lo stral che mi feri'.  
 Oh sorte! gia' veggo  
 quel caro semblante;  
 quest'anima amante  
 ottenne pieta'.  
 Oh istante d'amore!  
 Oh dolce contento!  
 Soave momento  
 che eguale non ha!

Arise, my sweet hope,  
 come, my dear idol;  
 Render less painful, oh God,  
 The arrow that wounds me.  
 Oh destiny! I see now  
 that dear countenance;  
 this loving soul  
 has obtained mercy.  
 Oh moments of love!  
 Oh sweet contentedness!  
 Precious moment  
 It has no equal!  
 translated by Martha Gerhart

Si mes vers avaient de ailes  
 Dieu, que ma voix tremblante  
 from *La Juive* (1835)  
 Chanson Triste

Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)  
 Fromental Halévy (1799-1862)

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

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Fra gli amplessi  
 from *Così fan tutte*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Laura Doyon, soprano

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Lonely House  
 From *Street Scene* (1947)

Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

#### Brief Intermission

Dies Bildnis ist bezaubernd schön  
 from *Die Zauberflöte*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

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In solitaria stanza  
 Il povereto

Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

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*Mörke-Lieder* (1888)  
 Verborgenheit  
 Storchenbotschaft

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

\*\*\*\*\*

The Greatest Man  
 In the Alley  
 At the River

Charles Ives (1874-1954)

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Ecco ridente in cielo  
 From *Il barbiere di Siviglia*

Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

**Allan Gervacio is a student of Dr. Brian Nedvin**

**This recital is in partial fulfillment of a Bachelor of Music, performance degree.**

**Si mes vers avient de ailes**

**Si mes vers avient de ailes**

Mes vers fuiraient,  
 doux et frêles,  
 Vers votre jardin si beau,  
 Si mes vers avaient des ailes,  
 Des ailes comme l'oiseau.

My verses would flee,  
 sweet and frail,  
 To your garden so fair,  
 If my verses had wings,  
 Like a bird.

#### PROGRAM

Comfort Ye/Every Valley

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

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Ils voleraient, étincelles,  
Vers votre foyer qui rit,  
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,  
Des ailes comme l'esprit.  
Près de vous, purs et fidèles,  
Ils accourraient, nuit et jour,  
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,  
Des ailes comme l'amour!

#### **Dieu, que ma voix tremblante**

s'élève jusqu'aux cieus,  
étends ta main puissante  
sur tes fils malheureux!  
tout ton peuple succombe  
et Sion dans la tombe,  
implorant ta bonté  
vers toi se lève e crise  
et demande la vie à son père irrité!

#### **Chanson Triste**

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,  
Un doux clair de lune d'été,  
Et pour fuir la vie importune,  
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

J'oublierai les douleurs passées,  
Mon amour, quand tu berceras  
Mon triste cœur 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 pleins de tristesse,  
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai  
Tant de baisers et de tendresses  
Que peut-être je guérirai.

#### **Storchenbotschaft**

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.

They would fly, like sparks,  
To your smiling hearth,  
If my verses had wings,  
Like the mind.  
Pure and faithful, to your side  
They'd hasten night and day,  
If my verses had wings,  
Like love!

translated by Richard Stokes

#### **Dieu, que ma voix tremblante**

God, my voice trembling rises to the heavens.  
Stretch forth thy mighty hand  
On your unhappy son.  
All your people succumbs  
And Sion in the grave, Imploring thy mercy  
To you gets up and shouts  
And application life  
In his angry father!

#### **Chanson Triste**

Moonlight slumbers in your heart,  
A gentle summer moonlight,  
And to escape the cares of life  
I shall drown myself in your light.

I shall forget past sorrows,  
My sweet, when you cradle  
My sad heart and my thoughts  
In the loving calm of your arms.

You will rest my poor head,  
Ah! sometimes on your lap,  
And recite to it a ballad  
That will seem to speak of us;

And from your eyes full of sorrow,  
From your eyes I shall then drink  
So many kisses and so much love  
That perhaps I shall be healed.

translated by Richard Stokes

#### **The Stork's Message**

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.

Und käm' ihm zur Nacht auch was Seltsames vor,  
er betet sein Sprüchlein 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 Taufe 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.

#### **Verborgenheit**

Laß, o Welt, o laß mich sein!  
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,  
Laßt dies Herz alleine haben  
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

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

#### **Concealment**

Oh, world, let me be!  
Entice me not with gifts of love.  
Let this heart in solitude have  
Your bliss, your pain!

Was ich traure, weiß ich nicht,  
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;  
Immerdar durch Tränen sehe  
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.

Off bin ich mir kaum bewußt,  
Und die helle Freude zücket  
Durch die Schwere, so mich drücket,  
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.

Laß, o Welt, o laß mich sein!  
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,  
Laßt dies Herz alleine haben  
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

**Fra gli amplessi in pochi istanti**

FIORDILIGI

Fra gli amplessi in pochi istanti  
Giungerò del fido sposo,  
Sconosciuta a lui davanti

What I mourn, I know not.  
It is an unknown pain;  
Forever through tears shall I see  
The sun's love-light.

Often, I am scarcely conscious  
And the bright joys break  
Through the pain, thus pressing  
Delightfully into my breast.

Oh, world, let me be!  
Entice me not with gifts of love.  
Let this heart in solitude have  
Your bliss, your pain!

translated by Paul Hindemith

**Very soon now I'll be enfolded**

FIORDILIGI

Very soon now I'll be enfolded  
In the embraces of my true love;  
Unrecognised in these garments

In quest'abito verrò.  
Oh, che gioia il suo bel core  
Proverà nel ravvisarmi!

FERRANDO  
Ed intanto di dolore  
Meschinello io mi morirò.

FIORDILIGI  
Cosa veggio! Son tradita.  
Deh, partite!

FERRANDO  
Ah no, mia vita!  
Con quel ferro di tua mano  
Questo cor tu ferirai,  
E se forza oddio non hai  
Io la man ti reggerò.

FIORDILIGI  
Sorgi, sorgi...

FERRANDO  
Invan lo credi.

FIORDILIGI  
Per pietà, da me che chiedi?

FERRANDO  
Il tuo cor, o la mia morte.

FIORDILIGI  
Ah, non son, non son più forte...

FERRANDO  
Cedi, cara!

FIORDILIGI  
Dei, consiglio!

FERRANDO  
Volgi a me pietoso il ciglio:  
In me sol trovar tu puoi  
Sposo, amante, e più se vuoi.  
Idol mio, più non tardar.

FIORDILIGI  
Giusto ciel!... Crudel... hai vinto,

I will come before him.  
Oh, what joy will fill his heart  
When he sees me again!

FERRANDO  
And meanwhile I, left wretched,  
Shall die of grief.

FIORDILIGI  
What do I see? I am betrayed!  
Oh leave me!

FERRANDO  
Ah no, dear heart!  
With this sword in your hand  
Strike me to the heart,  
And if you lack the strength,  
By Heaven, I'll guide your hand myself.

FIORDILIGI  
Get up, I beg!

FERRANDO  
It cannot be.

FIORDILIGI  
In pity's name, what do you ask of me?

FERRANDO  
Your heart or my death.

FIORDILIGI  
My strength is giving out!

FERRANDO  
Yield, my dearest!

FIORDILIGI  
Heaven, direct me!

FERRANDO  
Turn a merciful eye on me.  
In me alone you'll find  
Husband, lover and more, if you wish.  
Delay no longer, my adored one.

FIORDILIGI  
Merciful heaven! Cruel man, you've won!

Fa' di me quel che ti par.

**FERRANDO E FIORDILIGI**

Abbracciamci, o caro bene,  
E un conforto a tante pene  
Sia languir di dolce affetto,  
Di diletto sospirar!

**Dies Bildnis ist bezauberd schön**

Dies Bildnis ist bezaubernd schön,  
wie noch kein Auge je gesehn.  
Ich fühl' es, wie dies Götterbild  
mein Herz mit neuer Regung füllt.  
Dies Etwas kann ich zwar nicht nennen,  
doch fühl' ich's hier wie Feuer brennen;  
soll die Empfindung Liebe sein?  
Ja, ja, die Liebe ist's allein.  
O wenn ich sie nur finden könnte!  
O wenn sie doch schon vor mir stünde!  
ich würde warm und rein –  
was würde ich? Ich würde sie voll Entzücken  
an diesen heißen Busen drücken,  
und ewig wäre sie dann mein.

**In solitaria stanza**

In solitaria stanza  
Langue per doglia atroce;  
Il labbro è senza voce,  
Senza respiro il sen,

Do with me what you will.

**FERRANDO AND FIORDILIGI**

Embrace me, my dearest,  
And may the consolation for our sorrows  
Be to spend our time in sweet affection,  
And sigh for joy!

translated by Arjen van Spronsen

**This image is enchantingly lovely,**

Like no eye has ever beheld!  
I feel it as this divine picture,  
Fills my heart with new emotion.  
I cannot name my feeling,  
Though I feel it burn like fire within me,  
Could this feeling be love?  
Yes! Yes! It is love alone!  
Oh, if only I could find her,  
If only she were standing before me,  
I would, I would,  
with warmth and honor ...  
What would I do? Full of rapture,  
I would press her to this glowing bosom,  
And then she would be mine forever!

translated by Martha Gerhart

**In a lonely room**

In a lonely room  
She languishes in terrible pain;  
The lips without voice,  
Without breath her breast,

Come in deserta aiuola,  
Che di rugiade è priva,  
Sotto alla vampa estiva  
Molle narcisso svien.

Io, dall'affanno oppresso,  
Corro per vie remote  
E grido in suon che potete  
Le rupi intenerir

Salvate, o Dei pietosi,  
Quella beltà celeste;  
Voi forse non sapreste  
Un'altra Irene ordir.

**Il poveretto**

Passegger, che al dolce aspetto  
Par che serbi un gentil cor,  
Porgi un soldo al poveretto  
Che da man digiuno è ancor.

Fin da quando era figliuolo  
Sono stato militar  
E pugnando pel mio suolo  
Ho trascorso e terra e mar;

Ma or che il tempo su me pesa,  
Or che forza più non ho,  
Fin la terra che ho difesa,  
La mia patria m'obliò.

As in a deserted flower bed,  
By dew abandoned,  
Beneath the summer's blaze  
A weak narcissus fades.

I, from anxiety oppressed,  
Race through remote paths  
And scream with cries that could  
Stir the cliffs

Save, O merciful gods,  
This celestial beauty;  
Perhaps you would not know  
How to create another Irene.

translated by Brian Pettey

**The poor one**

Passerby that has a gentle look  
And seems to have a good heart,  
Give this poor man a penny  
Because today he hasn't had a thing to eat.

From my childhood on  
I was a soldier;  
Fighting for my country  
I have crossed land and sea

But now that I'm burdened by years  
Now that my strength is gone  
Even the land that I have defended,  
My homeland, has forgotten me.

translated by Fenna Ograjensek