

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

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)

Fra gli amplessi
 from *Così fan tutte*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Laura Doyon, soprano

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)

In solitaria stanza
 Il povereto

Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

Mörke-Lieder (1888)
 Verborgenheit
 Storchenbotschaft

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

The Greatest Man
 In the Alley
 At the River

Charles Ives (1874-1954)

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)

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 cieux,
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 häät'!
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