

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

*Department of Music*

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## Student Recital

Dana Culpepper, soprano  
Bobbie Kesler-Corleto, piano



**OLD DOMINION  
UNIVERSITY**

**I D E A FUSION**

Diehn Fine and Performing Arts  
Chandler Recital Hall

April 29, 2014

7:30 PM

PROGRAM

Let it be forgotten  
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Paul J. Rudoj

Les Cloches  
Romance  
À Chlois  
\*\*\* \*\*

Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)  
Reynaldo Hahn  
(1874-1947)

Ach! Ich fühls  
from *Die Zauberflöte*  
\*\*\* \*\*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

Spesso per entro al petto  
Aria (Cantilena)  
\*\*\* \*\*

Barbara Strozzi  
(c. 1619-1664)  
Heitor Villa-Lobos  
(1887-1959)

Les oiseaux dans la charmille  
from *Les Contes d'Hoffman*

Jacques Offenbach  
(1819-1880)

*SHORTPAUSE*

*Two Songs*, 1903  
A Secret, no.2  
Come Back!, no.1  
June, 1905  
\*\*\* \*\*

Roger Quilter  
(1877-1953)

Ständchen, Op.17, no.2  
Nacht, Op.10, no.3  
\*\*\* \*\*

Richard Strauss  
(1864-1949)

Piangerò la sorte mia  
from *Giulio Cesare*  
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Georg Frideric Handel  
(1685-1759)

A Word on my Ear  
Victor Herbert  
(1859-1924)

Dana Culpepper is a student of Dr. Brian Nedvin.  
This recital is in partial fulfillment of the Masters Degree in Music Education.

**Nacht** [Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg]

*Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,  
aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,  
schaut sich um im weitem Kreise,  
nun gib acht.*

*Alle Lichter dieser Welt,  
alle Blumen, alle Farben  
löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben  
weg vom Feld.*

*Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,  
nimmt das Silber weg des Stromes,  
nimmt vom Kupferdach des Domes  
weg das Gold.*

*Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch,  
rücke näher, Seel an Seele;  
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle  
dich mir auch*

**Piangerò la sorte mia** [Nicola Haym]

*Piangerò la sorte mia,  
si crudele e tanto ria,  
finché vita in petto avrò.  
Ma poi morta d'ogn'intorno  
il tiranno e notte e giorno  
fatta spettrò agiterò.*

**Night**

Night steps out of the woods,  
and sneaks softly out of the trees,  
looks about in a wide circle,  
now beware.

All the lights of this earth,  
all flowers, all colors  
it extinguishes, and steals the sheaves  
from the field.

It takes everything that is dear,  
takes the silver from the stream,  
takes away, from the cathedral's copper  
roof, the gold.

The shrubs stand plundered,  
draw nearer, soul to soul;  
Oh, I fear the night will also steal  
you from me.  
Translation by Laurence Snyder

**I Shall Lament My Fate**

I shall lament my fate,  
so cruel and so pitiless,  
as long as I have breath in my breast.  
But when I am dead, wherever he goes,  
tyranny, night and day,  
everywhere I will agitate.

Translation by Carol Kimball

**Les Cloches** [Paul Bourget]

*Les feuilles s'ouvraient sur le bord des  
branches délicatement.  
Les cloches tintaient, légères et franches,  
dans le ciel clément.*

*Rythmique et fervent comme une  
antienne, ce lointain appel  
Me remémorait la blancheur chrétienne  
des fleurs de l'autel.*

*Ces cloches parlaient d'heureuses  
années,  
et, dans le grand bois,  
Semblaient reverdir les feuilles fanées,  
des jours d'autrefois.*

**Romance** [Paul Bourget]

*L'âme évaporée et souffrante,  
l'âme douce, l'âme odorante  
des lys divins que j'ai cueillis  
dans le jardin de ta pensée,  
Où donc les vents l'ont-ils chassée,  
cette âme adorable des lys?*

*N'est-il plus un parfum qui reste  
de la suavité céleste  
des jours où tu m'enveloppais  
d'une vapeur surnaturelle,  
faite d'espoir, d'amour fidèle,  
de béatitude et de paix?..*

**À Chloris** [Théophile de Viau]

*S'il est vrai, Chloris, que tu m'aimes,  
mais j'entends, que tu m'aimes bien,  
je ne crois point que les rois mêmes  
aient un bonheur pareil au mien.  
Que la mort serait importune  
de venir changer ma fortune  
à la félicité des cieux!  
Tout ce qu'on dit de l'ambrosie  
ne touche point ma fantaisie  
au prix des grâces de tes yeux.*

**The Bells**

The leaves opened on the edge of the  
branches delicately.  
The bells tolled, light and free,  
in the clear sky.

Rhythmically and fervently, like an  
antiphon, this far-away call  
reminded me of the Christian whiteness  
of altar flowers.

These bells spoke of happy years,  
and, in the large forest  
They seemed to revive the withered leaves  
of days gone by.

Translation by Grant A.

Lewis

**Romance**

The vanishing and suffering soul,  
the sweet soul, the fragrant soul  
of divine lilies that I have picked  
in the garden of your thoughts,  
where, then, have the winds chased it,  
this charming soul of the lilies?

Is there no longer a perfume that remains  
of the celestial sweetness  
of the days when you enveloped me  
in a supernatural haze,  
made of hope, of faithful love,  
of bliss and of peace?..

Translation by Korin

Kormick

**To Chloris**

If it be true, Chloris, that you love me,  
and I understand that you love me well,  
I do not believe that even kings  
could know such happiness as mine.  
How unwelcome death would be,  
if it came to exchange my fortune  
with the joy of heaven!  
All that they say of ambrosia  
does not fire my imagination  
like the favor of your eyes.

Translation by Richard

Stokes

**Ach! Ich fühls** [Emanuel Schikaneder]  
*Ach, ich fühl's, es ist verschwunden,  
ewig hin der Liebe Glück!  
Nimmer kommt ihr Wonnestunde  
meinem Herzen mehr zurück!*

*Sieh', Tamino, diese Tränen,  
fließen, Trauter, dir allein!  
Fühlst du nicht der Liebe Sehnen,  
so wird Ruh'im Tode sein!*

**Spesso per entro al petto** [Cicognini]  
*Spesso per entro al petto  
mi pass un non so che,  
e non so dire, s'egli è o martire  
o diletto.  
Tal'hor mi sento uccidere  
da incognito rigor.  
Sarebbe pur da ridere,  
che fosse il mal d'amor.*

*Qual hor mi s'appresenta  
di Clori il bel seren  
mi nasce un foco in sen, che piace  
e in un tormenta.  
Mi sento il cor divider tra il gielo  
e tra l'ardor  
Sarebbe pur da ridere,*

**Ah! I Feel It**  
Ah, I feel it, it has disappeared  
forever gone love's happiness!  
Nevermore will come the hour of bliss  
back to my heart!

See, Tamino, these tears,  
flowing, beloved, for you alone!  
If you don't feel the longing of love  
then there will be peace in death!  
Translation by Lea F. Frey

**Oftentimes a little something**  
Often a little something  
passes into my heart  
and I cannot say if it is pain  
or delight.  
I feel like I am dying  
from an unknown force.  
How laughable it would be  
if this were the sickness of love.

When the beautiful siren Clori  
presents herself to me,  
a fire grows within my breast which both  
delights and torments me.  
I feel my heart divided  
between ice and fire.  
How laughable it would be

*che fosse il mal d'amor.*

*I più solinghi orrori  
frequent volontier,  
ma sento un mio pensier, che dice  
e dove è Clori?  
Or chi mi sa decider, che sia  
questo furor?  
Sarebbe pur da ridere,  
che fosse il mal d'amor.*

**Les oiseaux dans la charmille** [Jules Barbier]  
*Les oiseaux dans la charmille  
dans les cieux l'astre du jour,  
tout parle à la jeune fille d'amour!  
Ah! Voilà la chanson gentille  
la chanson d'Olympia! Ah!*

*Tout ce qui chante et résonne  
et soupire, tour à tour,  
emeut son coeur qui frissonne d'amour!  
Ah! Voilà la chanson mignonne  
la chanson d'Olympia! Ah!*

**Ständchen**  
*Mach auf, mach auf, doch leise mein Kind,  
um keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken.  
Kaum murmelt der Bach,  
kaum zittert im Wind  
ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken.  
Drum leise, mein Mädchen,  
daß nichts sich regt,  
nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt.*

*Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht,  
um über die Blumen zu hüpfen, flieg leicht  
hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht, zu mir in  
den Garten zu schlüpfen. Rings schlummern  
die Blüten am rieselnden Bach,  
Und duften im Schlaf,*

if this were the sickness of love.

I willingly would search out  
the most terrible horrors,  
but I hear my thoughts saying  
where is Clori?  
Who can say exactly what  
this madness means?  
How laughable it would be  
if this were the sickness of love.

Translation by Carol Kimball

**The Birds in the Arbor**  
The birds in the arbor,  
the sky's daytime star,  
everything speaks to a young girl of love!  
Ah! This is the gentile song,  
the song of Olympia! Ah!

Everything that sings and resonates  
and sighs, in turn,  
moves his heart, which shudders of love!  
Ah! This is the lovely song,  
the song of Olympia! Ah!

Translation by Larsen & Gerhart

**Serenade**  
Open up, open, but softly my dear,  
So as to wake no one from sleep.  
The brook hardly murmurs,  
the wind hardly shakes  
A leaf on bush or hedge.  
So, softly, my maiden,  
so that nothing stirs,  
Just lay your hand softly on the doorlatch.

With steps as soft as the footsteps of elves,  
soft enough to hop over the flowers,  
fly lightly out into the moonlit night,  
to steal to me in the garden.  
The flowers are sleeping  
along the rippling brook,

*nur die Liebe ist wach.*

*Sitz nieder, hier dämmert's geheimnisvoll  
unter den Lindenbäumen,  
die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll  
Von unseren Küssen träumen,  
und die Rose,  
wenn sie am Morgen erwacht,  
Hoch glühn von den  
Wonnenschauern der Nacht.*

fragrant in sleep, only love is awake.

Sit, here it darkens mysteriously  
beneath the lindens,  
the nightingale over our heads  
shall dream of our kisses,  
and the rose,  
when it wakes in the morning,  
shall glow from  
the wondrous passions of the night.

Translation by Laurence Snyder