

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

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
*** **

Paul J. Rudoj

Les Cloches
Romance
À Chloris
*** **

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*
*** **

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 spettro 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