

Translations

Intorno all'idol mio

Intorno all'idol mio spirate pur, spirate,
Aure, Aure soavi e grate,
E nelle guancie elette
Baciatelo per me,
Cortesi, cortesi aurette!

Al mio ben, che riposa
Su l'ali della quiete,
Grati, grati sogni assistete
E il mio racchiuso ardore
Svelategli per me,
O larve, o larve d'amore!
-Giacinto Andrea Cicognini

Around My Idol

Around my idol
Breathe, merely breathe,
Winds sweet and gracious
And on the favored cheeks
Kiss him for me, courtly breezes!

In my love who rests
On the wings of peace
Pleasant dreams provoke.
And my hidden ardor
Reveal to him for me
O spirits of love.

- Adapted by Katherine McGuire

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Student Recital

Christian Harward, Baritone
Rebecca Raydo, Piano



**OLD DOMINION
UNIVERSITY**

I D E A FUSION

Diehn Fine and Performing Arts
Chandler Recital Hall

November 11, 2013

4:00 PM

Program

Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal from <i>Three Songs, Op. 3</i>	Roger Quilter (1877-1953)
My Lagan Love	Hamilton Harty (1879-1953)
Lydia	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Automne	
Frühlingsglaube	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Mut! from <i>Winterreise</i>	
Die Krähe from <i>Winterreise</i>	
L'ora e tarda	Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)
Intorno all'idol mio	Antonio Cesti (1623-1669)
The Way You Look Tonight from <i>Swing Time</i>	Jerome Kern (1885-1945)
I Hear Music from <i>Dancing on a Dime</i>	Burton Lane (1912-1997)

Translations

Die Krähe	The Crow
Eine Krähe war mit mir Aus der Stadt gezogen, Ist bis heute für und für Um mein Haupt geflogen.	A crow was with me From out of the town, Even up to this moment It circles above my head.
Krähe, wunderliches Tier, Willst mich nicht verlassen? Meinst wohl, bald als Beute hier Meinen Leib zu fassen?	Crow, strange creature, Will you not forsake me? Do you intend, very soon, To take my corpse as food?
Nun, es wird nicht weit mehr gehn An dem Wanderstabe. Krähe, laß mich endlich sehn, Treue bis zum Grabe!	Well, it is not much farther That I wander with my staff in hand. Crow, let me see at last A fidelity that lasts to the grave!
-Wilhelm Müller	Adapted by Arthur Rishi
L'ora è tarda	The Hour is Late
L'ora è tarda; deserto il mar si frange, e il gregge a 'l pian calò: una tristezza grave in cor mi piange, e sovra il lito io sto.	The hour is late; deserted is the agitated sea, And the flock rests on the plain: Great sadness eats at my heart, And I feel petrified.
Io mi struggo d'amore e di desío, ma tu non pensi a me: tu sei partito senza dirmi addio: perché, dimmi, perché?	I perish from love and desire, While you don't waste a thought about me... You went away without a farewell: Why, tell me why?
-Gabriele D'Annunzio	-Adapted by Linda Godry

**Christian Harward is a student of Dr. Kelly Montgomery.
This recital is in partial fulfillment of a Bachelor's Degree in Music
Performance.**

Translations

Lydia

Lydia sur tes roses joues,
Et sur ton col frais et si blanc,
[Que le lait,] roule étincelant
L'or fluide que tu dénoues;

Le jour qui luit est le meilleur;
Oublions l'éternelle tombe.
Laisse tes baisers, tes baisers de colombe
Chanter sur ta lèvre en fleur.

Un lys caché répand sans cesse
Une odeur divine en ton sein:
Les délices comme un essaim
Sortent de toi, jeune Déesse.

Je t'aime et meurs, ô mes amours!
Mon âme en baisers m'est ravie.
O Lydia, rends-moi la vie,
Que je puisse mourir toujours!

-Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle

Lydia

Lydia, upon your pink cheeks,
And upon your neck, so cool and so white
There rolls down, glittering,
The fluid golden hair that you untie.

This day that is shining is the best;
Let us forget the eternal grave,
Let your dovelike kisses
Sing on your blossoming lips.

A hidden lily unceasingly spreads
A divine scent in your bosom:
Delights, like swarm
Emanate from you, young goddess!

I love you and die, o my love!
My soul is ravished in kisses.
Oh Lydia, restore my life to me,
That I may die, die forever!

-Adapted by Perry Gethner

Automne

Automne au ciel brumeux,
aux horizons navrants,
Aux rapides couchants, aux aurores
pâlies,
Je regarde couler,
comme l'eau du torrent,
Tes jours faits de mélancolie.

Sur l'aile des regrets mes esprits
emportés,
Comme s'il se pouvait que notre âge
renaisse!
Parcourent en rêvant les
coteaux enchantés

Où, jadis, sourit ma jeunesse!

Je sens, au clair soleil du
souvenir vainqueur,
Refleurer en bouquet les roses déliées,
Et monter à mes yeux des larmes, qu'en
mon coeur

Autumn

Autumn with a misty sky,
with heart-breaking horizons,
With rapid sunsets, with pale dawns,
I watch the flow,
like the water of a torrent,
Of your days made of melancholy.

My thoughts, carried off on wings of
regret, As if it were possible for our life to
start over,
Travel while dreaming through the
enchanted slopes
Where in former days my youth smiled!

In feel in the bright sunlight of
victorious memory
The slender roses blooming in a bouquet
And I feel rising to my eyes tears that in
my heart

I at age twenty had forgotten!

Mes vingt ans avaient oubliées!

-Adapted by Perry Gethner

-Armand Silvestre

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Translations

Frühlingsglaube

Faith in Spring

Die linden Lüfte sind erwacht,
Sie säuseln und wehen Tag und Nacht,
Sie schaffen an allen Enden.
O frischer Duft, o neuer Klang!
Nun, armes Herze, sei nicht bang!
Nun muß sich alles, alles wenden.

The balmy breezes are awakened,
They whisper and blow day and night,
They create everywhere.
O fresh scent, o new sound!
Now, poor heart, don't be afraid.
Now all, all must change.

Die Welt wird schöner mit jedem Tag,
Man weiß nicht, was noch werden mag,
Das Blühen will nicht enden;
Es blüht das fernste, tiefste Thal:
Nun, armes Herz, vergiß der Qual!
Nun muß sich alles, alles wenden.

With each day the world grows fairer,
One cannot know what is still to come,
The flowering refuses to cease.
Even the deepest, most distant valley is
in flower.
Now, poor heart, forget your torment.
Now all, all must change.

-Johann Ludwig Uhland

-Adapted by David Gordon

Mut!

Courage

Fliegt der Schnee mir ins Gesicht,
Schüttl' ich ihn herunter.
Wenn mein Herz im Busen spricht,
Sing' ich hell und munter.

The snow flies in my face,
I shake it off.
When my heart cries out in my breast,
I sing brightly and cheerfully.

Höre nicht, was es mir sagt,
Habe keine Ohren;
Fühle nicht, was es mir klagt,
Klagen ist für Toren.

I do not hear what it says,
I have no ears,
I do not feel what it laments,
Lamenting is for fools.

Lustig in die Welt hinein
Gegen Wind und Wetter!
Will kein Gott auf Erden sein,
Sind wir selber Götter!

Merrily stride into the world
Against all wind and weather!
If there is no God on earth,
We are gods ourselves!

-Wilhelm Müller

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