

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Student Recital

Brent Hartigan, Baritone
Bobbie Kesler-Corleto, Piano



**OLD DOMINION
UNIVERSITY**

I D E A FUSION

Diehn Fine and Performing Arts
Chandler Recital Hall

November 26, 2012

4:00 PM

Program

Madamina! Il catalogo è questo from <i>Don Giovanni</i>	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Die Forelle	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Das Fischermädchen	
Rastlose Liebe	
Beau soir	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
Bois épais from <i>Amadis</i>	Jean Baptiste Lully (1632-1687)
Les papillons	Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)
The Jolly Roger	Robert Ritchie Robertson (1870-1939)
The Vagabond	Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)
I hear an army	Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

Translations

Madamina, il catalogo è questo from <i>Don Giovanni</i> Madamina, il catalogo è questo Delle belle che amò il padron mio; un catalogo egli è che ho fatto io; Osservate, leggete con me.	My dear lady, this is a list Of the beauties my master has loved, A list which I have compiled. Observe, read along with me.
In Italia sei cento e quaranta; In Almagna due cento e trent' una; Cento in Francia, in Turchia novant' una; Ma in Ispagna son già mille e tre.	In Italy, six hundred and forty; In Germany, two hundred and thirty-one; A hundred in France; in Turkey, ninety-one; But in Spain already one thousand and three.
V'han fra queste contadine, cameriere, cittadine, V'han contesse, baronesse, marchesane, principesse. E v'han donne d'ogni grado, D'ogni forma, d'ogni età.	Among these are peasant girls, maidservants, city girls, Countesses, baronesses, marchionesses, princesses, Women of every rank, Every shape, every age.
Nella bionda egli ha l'usanza di lodar la gentilezza, Nella bruna la costanza, nella bianca la dolcezza.	With blondes it is his habit to praise their kindness; In brunettes, their faithfulness; In the white-haired, their sweetness.
Vuol d'inverno la grassotta, vuol d'estate la magrotta; È la grande maestosa, La piccina è ognor vezzosa.	In winter he likes fat ones. In summer he likes thin ones. He calls the tall ones majestic. The little ones are always charming.
Delle vecchie fa conquista Pel piacer di porle in lista; Sua passion predominante È la giovin principiante.	He seduces the old ones For the pleasure of adding to the list. His greatest favorite is the young beginner.
Non si picca – se sia ricca, Se sia brutta, se sia bella; Purchè porti la gonnella, Voi sapete quel che fa.	It doesn't matter if she's rich, Ugly or beautiful; If she wears a skirt, You know what he does.

Brent Hartigan is a student of Adjunct Professor Katherine Lakoski.
This recital is in partial fulfillment of a Bachelor's Degree in Music Performance.

Translations

Die Forelle

In einem Bächlein helle,
Da schoß in froher Eil
Die launische Forelle
Vorüber wie ein Pfeil.
Ich stand an dem Gestade
Und sah in süßer Ruh
Des muntern Fischleins Bade
Im klaren Bächlein zu.

Ein Fischer mit der Rute
Wohl an dem Ufer stand,
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute,
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.
So lang dem Wasser Helle,
So dacht ich, nicht gebriecht,
So fängt er die Forelle
Mit seiner Angel nicht.

Doch endlich ward dem Diebe
Die Zeit zu lang. Er macht
Das Bächlein tückisch trübe,
Und eh ich es gedacht,
So zuckte seine Rute,
Das Fischlein zappelt dran,
Und ich mit regem Blute
Sah die Betrogene an.

Das Fischermädchen

Du schönes Fischermädchen,
Treibe den Kahn ans Land;
Komm zu mir und setze dich nieder,
Wir kosen Hand in Hand.

Leg an mein Herz dein Köpfchen
Und fürchte dich nicht zu sehr;
Vertraust du dich doch sorglos
Täglich dem wilden Meer.

Mein Herz gleicht ganz dem Meere,
Hat Sturm und Ebb' und Flut,
Und manche schöne Perle
In seiner Tiefe ruht.

Across a clear brook gentle,
There shot in eager haste
The trout, so temperamental;
Quite arrow-like it raced.
I on the shore was gazing
And watched the brook disclose
The merry fish's bathing
To me in sweet repose.

An angler's reel unrolled
From where he stood below.
He watched with blood most cold
The fish swim to and fro.
So long no stone or sod
Stirred up the water pure
The trout from line and rod
Would stay, I thought, secure.

At length the thief lost patience
And made the brook obscure
With crafty agitations,
And ere I could be sure
The rod had started curving;
The squirming fish was hooked.
With pounding blood observing,
At the betrayed, I looked.

Beautiful fisher maiden,
Come, steer your boat to land.
Come here and sit down beside me,
We'll dally, hand in hand.

Come, nestle your head on my heart
now,
And don't be afraid of me;
Just think of how bravely, daily
You trust in the savage sea.

My heart is like the water
With storms and waves and tides,
And many a pearl of beauty
Upon its bed resides.

Rastlose Liebe

Dem Schnee, dem Regen,
Dem Wind entgegen,
Im Dampf der Klüfte
Durch Nebeldüfte,
Immer zu! Immer zu!
Ohne Rast und Ruh!

Lieber durch Leiden
wollt ich mich schlagen,
Als so viel Freuden
Des Lebens ertragen.

Alle das Neigen
Von Herzen zu Herzen,
Ach, wie so eigen
Schaffet es Schmerzen!

Wie soll ich fliehn?
Wälderwärts ziehn?
Alles vergebens!
Krone des Lebens,
Glück ohne Ruh,
Liebe, bist du!

Beau soir

Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières
sont roses,
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les
champs de blé,
Un conseil d'être heureux semble
sortir des choses
Et monter vers
le cœur troublé ;

Un conseil de goûter
le charme d'être au monde,
Cependant qu'on est jeune
et que le soir est beau,
Car nous nous en allons comme s'en va
cette onde:
Elle à la mer, nous au tombeau!

To the snow, to the rain
To the wind opposed,
In the mist of the ravines
Through the scent of fog,
Always on! Always on!
Without rest and peace!

I would rather through suffering
Fight myself,
Than so many joys
Of life endure.

All the inclining
Of heart to heart,
Ah, how curiously
that creates pain!

Where shall I flee?
To the forest move?
All in vain!
Crown of life,
Happiness without peace,
Love, are you!

When streams turn pink in the
setting sun,
And a slight shudder rushes through
the wheat fields,
A plea for happiness seems to rise
out of all things
And it climbs up towards
the troubled heart.

A plea to relish
the charm of life
While there is youth
and the evening is fair,
For we pass away, as
the wave passes:
The wave to the sea, we to the grave.

Bois épais

Bois épais, redouble ton ombre;
Tu ne saurais être assez sombre,
Tu ne peux pas trop cacher
Mon malheureux amour.

Je sens un désespoir
Dont l'horreur est extrême,
Je ne dois plus voir ce que j'aime,
Je ne veux plus souffrir
le jour.

Deep woods, increase your shade;
You could not be dark enough,
You could not conceal too well
My unhappy love.

I feel a despair
Whose horror is extreme,
I am to see no longer what I love,
I want no longer to bear the light of
day.

Les papillons

Les papillons couleur de neige
Volent par essaims sur la mer;
Beaux papillons blancs, quand pourrai-
je prendre le bleu chemin de l'air?

Savez-vous, ô belle des belles,
Ma bayadère
aux yeux de jais,
S'ils me voulaient prêter leurs ailes,
Dites, savez-vous où j'irais?

Sans prendre un seul baiser aux roses,
À travers vallons et forêts,
J'irais à vos lèvres mi-closes,
Fleur de mon âme,
et j'y mourrais.

The snow-white butterflies
fly in swarms over the sea.
Beautiful white butterflies, when can I
travel the blue path of the air?

Tell me, oh fairest of the fair,
my dancing-girl with
the jet-black eyes -
if they were to lend me their wings,
do you know where I would fly?

Not taking one kiss from the roses,
I'd fly across valleys and forests
to alight on your half-closed lips
Oh my soul's chosen flower
and there I'd die.