

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Student Recital

Elizabeth Stanworth, Soprano
Dr. Stephen Coxe, Piano



**OLD DOMINION
UNIVERSITY**

I D E A FUSION

Diehn Fine and Performing Arts
Chandler Recital Hall

January 25, 2013

4:00 PM

Program

Morgen! [Piave]	Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
Die Nacht	Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
Ich hab' in Penna	Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
Mandoline	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
Lia's Aria	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
My Spirit was in Heaviness	J.S. Bach (1685-1750)
Judas Maccabeus	George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)
La danza	Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)
Rusalka's Song to the Moon	Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904)

Elizabeth Stanworth is a student of Professor Agnes Fuller.
This recital is in partial fulfillment of a Bachelor's Degree in Music
Performance.

Translations

Morgen!

And tomorrow the sun will shine
again
And light the path which I shall follow
She will again unite us, the lucky
ones,
As all around us the earth breathes in
the sun.
Slowly, silently, we will climb down
To the wide beach and the blue
waves.
In silence, we will look in each other's
eyes
And the mute stillness of happiness
will sink upon us.

Translation by Anonymous

Ich hab' in Penna

I have a lover living in Penna,
Another one in the plains of
Maremma,
One in the beautiful harbor of
Ancona,
And for the fourth I must go to
Viterbo;
Another one lives in Casentino,
The next lives with me,
And yet another one have I in
Magione,
Four in La Fratta, ten in Castiglione!

Die Nacht

From the forest comes the night.
She quietly sneaks out of the trees,
Looking around in a large circle.
Now watch out!
All the lights in the world,
All flowers, all colors
It extinguishes and steals the sheaves
Off the field.
She takes everything I hold dear.
Takes the silver from the stream,
From the copper roof of the
Cathedral
She takes away the gold.
The bushes are lost also.
Draw closer, soul to soul,
O I fear that the night will steal
You from me also.

Adapted by Elizabeth Stanworth

Mandoline

The creator of song
And the lovely ladies who listen

There is Thyrus and Amytas
And there's the eternal Clytander,
And there's Damis who, for many a
Heartless woman, wrote many a
tender verse.

Their short silk coats,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their joy
And their soft blue shadows,

Whirl around in the ecstasy
Of a pink and grey moon,
And the mandolin plays
Among the quivering breezes.

Translations

Lia's Aria

Years vainly follow years,
With each returning season,
Their games and frolics sadden me, despite myself,
They reopen my wound and my grief increases.
I come to seek solace on the beach,
Involuntary pain!
Useless efforts!
Lia weeps continually for the child she no longer has!
Azaël! Azaël! Why have you left me?
In my maternal heart I carry your image.
Azaël! Azaël! Why have you left me?
Yet the evenings were sweet on the plain beneath the trees,
When, laden with the harvest, we would drive the oxen home.
When the task was completed, children, old people, and servants,
farm workers and shepherds, would praise the blessed hand of God.
So day would follow day.
And in the pious families, young men and young girls exchange chaste
vows of love.
Others do not feel the weight of old age, delighting in their children,
They see the years glide past without regret, and without sadness!
How time lingers for the inconsolable heart!
Azaël! Why have you left me?

L'enfant Prodigue is a One Act opera written by Debussy based off of the parable of the Prodigal Son. In the opening act, Lia, the mother, sings her lament for the son that has left.

La Danza

Now the moon is in the midst of the sea,
My goodness, she'll jump right in;
The hour is beautiful for dancing,
Anyone in love cannot fail to join.

Swiftly dancing round and round,
My dear ladies, come to me,
See a handsome young man
Willing to dance with them all.

As long as a star shines in the sky
And the moon glows brightly,
The most handsome and the most beautiful
Will dance the night away.

Jump, jump, turn and turn,
Every couple circling round,
Back and forth and over again
And return where you began.

Hold on tightly to the blonde,
Take the brunette here and there,
Take the redhead for a turn,
The pale one is still there.

Long live dancing round and round,
I'm a king, I am a lord,
This is the greatest pleasure on earth,
And the sweetest pleasure!

Rusalka's Song to the Moon

O Moon high up in the deep, deep sky,
Your light sees far away regions,
You travel round the wide,
Wide world peering into human dwellings.
O, Moon, stay for a moment,
Tell me, ah, tell me where is my love!
Tell him, please, silvery moon in the sky,
That I am embracing him,
That he should for at least a while
Remember his dreams!
Illuminate him far away,
Tell him, ah, tell him who is here waiting!
If he is dreaming about me,
May this memory waken him!
O, moon, do not wane, do not wane!

Adapted by Liz Stanworth

In Slavic mythology, a Rusalka is a ghostly water demon, whose soul is that of a young woman who committed suicide because she was jilted by her lover. The opera is about the first Rusalka. In Rusalka's Song to the Moon, Rusalka (a young water nymph) has fallen in love with a human Prince, and sings to the moon to carry her message of love to him.