

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Student Recital

Martin Moore, Baritone

Marie Bliss, Piano



**OLD DOMINION
UNIVERSITY**

I D E A F U S I O N

Diehn Fine and Performing Arts

Chandler Recital Hall

January 19, 2012

7:30 PM

Program

Erlkönig
Wanders Nachtlied II
Die Forelle

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Le Secret
Lydia

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

O del mio amato ben

Stefano Donaudy
(1879-1925)

La Serenata

Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846-1916)

Gaston

From *Beauty and the Beast*

They Call the Wind "Maria"

From *Paint Your Wagon*

The Impossible Dream

From *Man of La Mancha*

Alan Menken
(b.1949)

Frederick Loewe
(1901-1988)

Mitch Leigh
(b.1928)

Martin Moore is a student of Dr. Kelly Montgomery. This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music Education.

Translations

Erlkönig - Franz Schubert

Wer reitets o spät durch nacht und wind?
Es ist der vater mit seinem kind;
Er hat den knaben wohl in dem arm,
Er faßt ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm,

Mein sohn, was birgst du so bang dein
gesicht?
Siehst, vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?
Den Erlenkönig mit kron und schweif?
Mein sohn, es ist ein nebelstreif.

Du liebes kind, komm, geh mit mir!
Gar schöne spiele spiel' ich mit dir;
Manch bunte blumen sind an dem strand,
Meine mutter hat manch gülden gewand.

Mein vater, mein vater, und hörst du nicht,
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?
Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein kind;
In dürren blättern säuselt der Wind.

Willst, feiner knabe, du mit mir gehn?
Meine töchter sollen dich warten schön;
Meine töchter führen den nächtlichen reihn,
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein.

Mein vater, mein vater, und siehst du nicht
dort
Erlkönigs töchter am düstem ort?
Mein sohn, mein sohn, ich seh es genau:
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau.

Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne
gestalt;
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich gewalt.

Mein vater, mein vater, jetzt faßt er mich an!

Erlkönig hat mir ein leids getan!

Dem vater grauset, er reitet geschwind,
Er hält in armen das ächzende kind,
Erreicht den hof mit müh und Not;

In seinen armen das kind war tot.

The Erlking

Translation by Hyde Flippo

Who rides so late through the night and wind?
It's the father with his child;
He has the boy safe in his arm,
He holds him secure, he holds him warm.

My son, what makes you hide your face in fear?
Father, don't you see the Erlking?
The Erlking with crown and flowing robe?
My son, it's a wisp of fog.

You dear child, come along with me!
Such lovely games I'll play with you;
Many colorful flowers are at the shore,
My mother has many a golden garment.

My father, my father, and do you not hear,
What the Erlking promises me so softly?
Be quiet, stay quiet, my child;
In the dry leaves the wind is rustling.

Won't you come along with me, my fine boy?
My daughters shall attend to you so nicely.
My daughters do their nightly dance,
And they'll rock you and dance you and sing you
to sleep.

My father, my father, and do you not see over
there
Erlking's daughters in that dark place?
My son, my son, I see it most definitely:
It's the willow trees looking so grey.

I love you; I'm charmed by your beautiful form;
And if you're not willing, then I'll use force.

My father, my father, now he's grabbing hold of
me!
Erlking has done me harm!

The father shudders, he rides swiftly,
He holds in (his) arms the moaning child.
He reaches the farmhouse with effort and
urgency.
In his arms the child was dead.

Wandrer's Nachtlid II - Franz Schubert

Über allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh,
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelein schweigen in Walde.
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch.

Die Forelle - Franz Schubert

In einem Bächlein helle, da schoss in froher
Eil
Die launische Forelle vorüber wie ein Pfeil.
Ich stand an dem Gestade und sah in süßser
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 gebricht,

So fängt er die Forelle mit seiner Angel nicht.

Doch endlich ward dem Diebe die Zeit
zulang.
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 Betrog'ne
an.

Le Secret - Gabriel Fauré

*Je veux que le matin l'ignore
Le nom que j'ai dit à la nuit,
Et qu'au vent de l'aube, sans bruit,
Comme un larme il s'évapore.*

*Je veux que le jour le proclame
L'amour qu'au matin j'ai caché,
Et sur mon coeur ouvert penché
Comme un grain d'encens il l'enflamme*

*Je veux que le couchant l'oublie
Le secret que j'ai dit au jour,
Et l'emporte avec mon amour,
Aux plis de sa robe pâlie!*

Wayfarer's Night Song II

Translation by Hyde Flippo

Over all the hilltops
is calm.
In all the treetops
you feel
hardly a breath of air.
The little birds fall silent in the woods.
Just wait... soon
you'll also be at rest.

The Trout

Translation by Adnan Kazazic

In a bright little brook, there shot a merry haste

a capricious trout: past it shot like an arrow.
I stood upon the shore and watched in sweet
peace
the cheery fish's bath in the clear little brook

A fisher with his rod stood at the waterside

and watched with cold blood, as the fish swam
about.
So long as the cleanness of the water remained
intact, I thought

He would not be able to capture the trout with
his fishing rod.
But finally the thief grew weary of waiting.

He stirred up the brook and made it muddy;
and before I realized it, his fishing rod was
twitching,
The fish was squirming there,
and with raging blood I gazed at the betrayed
fish.

Le Secret

Translation by Peter Low

I want the morning not to know
the name that I told to the night.
In the dawn wind, silently,
may it evaporate like a teardrop.

I want the day to proclaim
the love that I hid from the morning,
and bent over my open heart,
to set it aflame, like a grain of
incense.

I want the sunset to forget
the secret I told to the day,
and to carry it away with my love,
in the folds of its pale robe!

Lydia - Gabriel Fauré

Lydia sur tes roses joues
Et sur ton col frais et si blanc
Roule étincelant,
L'or fluide que tu dénoues;

Le jour qui luit est le meilleur,
Oublions l'éternelle tombe.
Laisse 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!

O del mio amato ben - Stefano Donaudy

O del mio amato ben perduto incanto!
Lungi è dagli occhi miei
chi m'era gloria e vanto!
Or per le mute stanze
sempre la cerco e chiamo
con pieno il cor di speranze?
Ma cerco invan, chiamo invan!
E il pianger m'è sì caro,
che di pianto sol nutro il cor.

Mi sembra, senza lei, triste ogni loco.

Notte mi sembra il giorno;
mi sembra gelo il foco.
Se pur talvolta spero
di darmi ad altra cura,
sol mi tormenta un pensiero:
Ma, senza lei, che farò?
Mi par così la vita vana cosa
senza il mio ben.

La Serenata - Francesco Paolo Tosti

Vola, O serenata: La mia diletta è sola,
E, con la bella testa abbandonata,
Posa tra le lenzuola:
O serenata, vola O serenata, vola
Splende pura la luna;
L'ale il silenzio stende,
E dietro I veni dell'alcova
Bruna la lampada s'accende
Pura la luna splende.
Pura la luna splende.
Vola, O serenata,
Vola, O serenata, vola

Lydia

Translation by Radcliffe Brown

Lydia, on your rosy cheeks,
And on your neck, so fresh and white
Flow sparklingly,
The fluid golden which you loosen.

The shining day is best of all;
let us forget the eternal grave.
Let your kisses, your kisses of a dove
Sing on your blossoming lips.

A hidden lily spread unceasingly
A divine fragrance on your breast;
Numberless delights,
Emanate from you, young goddess,

I love you and die, oh my love,
Kisses have carried away my soul!
O Lydia, give me back life,
that I may die, forever die!

Oh of My Dearly Beloved

Translation by Donna Bareket

Oh lost enchantment of my dearly beloved!
Far from my eyes is she
Who was, to me, glory and pride!
Now throughout the empty rooms
I always seek her and call her
With a heart full of hopes?
But I seek in vain, I call in vain!
And the weeping is so dear to me,
That with weeping along I nourish my heart

To me, it seems, without her, everywhere
seems sad to me.
The day seems like night to me;
The fire seems cold to me.
If, however, I sometimes hope
To give myself another cure,
One thought alone torments me:
But without her, what will I do?
To me, life seems a vain thing
without my beloved

The Serenade

Fly O serenade: my delight is alone,
and, with her beautiful abandoned head
Fly between her sheets:
O serenade, fly O serenade, fly.
The moon shines brightly;
Silence extends its wings,
and behind the shadows of the dark
alcove the lamp burns
The moon shines brightly.
The moon shines brightly.
Fly, O serenade,
Fly, O serenade, Fly

Vola, o serenata: La mia diletta è sola
Ma sorridendo ancor mezzo assonnata,
Torna fra le lenzuola:
O serenata, vola. O serenata, vola.
L'onda sogna su'l lido,
E' vento sulla fronda;
E a' baci miei ricusa ancora un nido
La mia signora bionda.
Sogna su'l lido l'onda
Sogna su'l lido l'onda
Vola, o serenata
Vola, o serenata, vola

Fly O serenade: my delight is alone,
but, still smiling half muted,
return between her sheets:
O serenade, fly. o serenade, fly.
The wave dreams on the shore,
and the wind on the branch;
And my blonde lady still denies
a place for my kisses
The wave dreams on the shore.
The wave dreams on the shore.
Fly, O serenade
Fly, O serenade, Fly