

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  
La Serenata

Stefano Donaudy  
(1879-1925)  
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 reitet so 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 spielf ich mit dir;  
Manch bunte blumen sind an dem strand,  
Meine mutter hat manch gülden gewand.

Mein vater, mein vater, und hörest du nicht,  
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?  
Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein kind;  
In dünnen blättern s'äuselt der Wind.

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

Mein vater, mein vater, und siehst du nicht  
dort  
Erlkönigs töchter am düstern 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 vatergrausets, 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.

### Wandrers Nachtlied II - Franz Schubert

### Wayfarer's Night Song II

Translation by Hyde Flippo

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

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.

### Die Forelle - Franz Schubert

### The Trout

Translation by Adnan Kazacic

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 gebracht,

So fängt er die Forelle mit einer 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'n  
an.

### Le Secret - Gabriel Fauré

### Le Secret

Translation by Peter Low

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 cœur 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!

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!

### **Lydia**

*Translation by Radcliffe Brown*

Lydia, on your rosy cheeks,  
And on your neck, so fresh and white  
Flows sparkingly,  
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!

### **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

### **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'l vento su la fronda;  
E a' bacimi ei 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