

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Student Recital

Dana Culpepper, Soprano
Bobbie Kesler-Corleto, Piano



Diehn Fine and Performing Arts
Chandler Recital Hall

December 5, 2011

4:30 PM

Program

Lusinghe più care <i>from</i> Alessandro	George Frederic Handel (1685-1759)
Oiseaux, si tous les ans	W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)
Si mes vers avaient des ailes	Renaldo Hahn (1875-1947)
In dem Schatten meiner Locken Fussreise	Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
Five Greek Songs I: Le réveil de la mariée III: Quel gallant m'est comparable	Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)
Sure on this Shining Night	Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
Diaphenia	Dominick Argento (b. 1927)
Laurie's Song <i>from</i> The Tender Lands	Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

Le réveil de la mariée

Awake, awake, my darling partridge,
Open to the morning your wings.
Three beauty marks; my heart is on fire!
See the ribbon of gold that I bring
To tie round your hair.
If you want, my beauty, we shall marry!
In our two families, everyone is related!

Quel gallant m'est comparable

What gallant compares with me,
Among those one sees passing by?
Tell me, lady Vassiliki!

See, hanging on my belt,
My pistols and my curved sword.
And it is you whom I love!

Dana Culpepper is a student of Professor Agnes Fuller-Wynne. This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelors of Music Education.

Translations

Lusinghe più care

Sweetest flattery,
True sign of love,
You fly about prettily,
There on the lips, in the glances,
And you steal completely
One's freedom.
Jealous suspicions,
Painful delights,
Between joy and sorrow
There are moments of hope,
You are the weapon
Of transient happiness

Oiseaux, si tous les ans

You birds, every year you leave this climate
As soon as sad winter takes the leaves from the trees
But this is not only for a change of leaves or to avoid the frosts.
It is because your destiny only allows you to love in the season of flowers:
When it has passed, you seek it elsewhere, so as to love all year.

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

If my verses had wings
My verses would fly, fragile and gentle
To your beautiful garden,
If my verses had wings
Like a bird!
They would fly like sparks
To your cheery hearth,
If my verses had wings
Like my spirit.
Pure and faithful, to your side
They would hasten night and day
If my verses had wings
Like love.

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In dem Schatten meiner Locken

In the shadow of my tresses
Fast asleep my loved one lies.
Shall I wake my love? Ah, no
With such care I comb my curling tresses
Early in the morning
But in vain is all my trouble
By the wind they're soon entangled!
Tangled tresses, blown by soft winds,
They have lulled my love to sleep.
Shall I wake my love? Ah, no
I must listen, as he chides me,
That his grief is past enduring
That he lives and dies each moment,
Gazing on my charms alluring.
He calls me a snake
But yet he still sleeps beside me.

Fussreise

When with my new cut walking staff
Forth I saunter early over hill and valley
Through woods lies my path:
Then, like birds in their arbor
Sing with secret thrill,
Or as grapes of golden color
Wondrous rapture feel
When the morning sun appears:
I feel my age
Adam autumn and spring fever
God shows the pristine paradise
I am not so bad with my old age
As the strict teachers say
Still does love and sing
And with praise your voice does ring
As in the forever new creation
Your loving Creator and Sustainer
If he would but grant me,
That my whole life might be,
Full of effort gently tiring,
Such a morning ramble.

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