

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Student Recital

Terrell Dean – Baritone
Bobbie Kesler-Corleto, Piano



Diehn Fine and Performing Arts
Chandler Recital Hall

November 28, 2011

4:00 PM

Program

Non più andrai From <i>Le Nozze di Figaro</i> (1786)	W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)
Romance	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
Il pleure dans mon coeur	
Man is For the Woman Made From <i>The Mock Marriage</i> (1696)	Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
Auf dem Kirchhofe From <i>Fünf Lieder, Opus 105, No.4</i> (1888)	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Dein blaues Auge	
Die Mainacht	
Deep River	arr. Harry Burleigh (1866-1949)
When I Die	Roland Carter (b.1942)
Wonderful From <i>Wicked</i> (2003)	Stephen Schwartz (b.1948)

Die Mainacht

This selection is set on a poem by Ludwig Holty. The scene is set in the woods with the silvery moon casting light onto the earth. The protagonist is walking alone, hearing the sounds of nightingales and doves singing their love songs to their mates. It's then when the protagonist starts to wonder if their soul-mate will ever be found.

Wonderful

Wicked, the hit Broadway show in 2003, took New York and the world by storm! This musical is based on the novel *Wicked: the Life and Times of the Wicked Witch of the West*, which tells the story of the Oz characters from the viewpoint of Galinda, "the Good Witch," and Elphaba, "the Wicked Witch of the West". Wonderful is the main song of the character, The Wizard. He tells his story of how he landed in Oz and how he became the "Wonderful Wizard of Oz".

Terrell Dean is a student of Doctor Brian Nedvin. This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music Education.

Program Notes

Non più andrai

Non più andrai is sung at the end of the Act I in *LeNozze di Figaro* (The Marriage Of Figaro). In the aria, Figaro mocks the teenage servant Cherubino, who is being sent to the military by the Count. Cherubino is suffering the effects of puberty and has a tendency to flirt with the Countess, and any other pretty ladies. In the course of this aria, Figaro teases Cherubino about not being the amorous butterfly that he is, and the military life that he is about to enter.

Man Is For the Woman Made

This selection, from *The Mock Marriage* by Henry Purcell is easy to enjoy. Simply allow your mischievous thoughts to reign free, and you will enjoy all the humor and innuendos.

Romance

The poetry that Debussy set for *Romance* was written by his close friend Paul Bourget. This song is a part of a larger collection of works called *Les aveux* (Confessions). Romance is about lost love and how nothing earthly can compare to memory of the one who is now in heaven.

Il pleure dans mon couer

Debussy set many poems by Paul Verlaine, as is the case with *Il pleure dans mon couer*. To enjoy this selection, imagine rain pouring outside and how that rain can translate to the weeping in your heart when you feel hurt and don't know why.

Auf dem Kirchhofe

This song is set on the poetry of Detlev von Liliencron and is part of a larger work titled *Fünf Lieder*. The scene is set in a graveyard where there is a harsh storm raging. From the many storms this graveyard has seen, the names on the headstones are hard to read, and those buried are almost forgotten. However, no matter how bad the storm is above, those who reside in the graveyard say: "we are healed."

Dein blaues Auge

The poetry describes how one set of eyes burned the protagonist, yet another set of eyes – which were calm, cool, blue, and deep like the sea - were able to heal the protagonist.

Non più andrai - No More Will You

You won't go any more, amorous butterfly.
Fluttering around inside night and day
Disturbing the sleep of beauties,
A little Narcissus and Adonis of love.
You won't have those fine feathers any more,
That light and jaunty hat,
That hair. that shining aspect,
That womanish red color [in your face]!
Among soldiers, by Bacchus!
A huge mustache, a little knapsack.
Gun on your back, sword at your side,
Your neck straight, your nose exposed,
A big helmet, or a big turban,
A lot of honor. very little pay.
And in place of the dance
A march through the mud.
Over mountains, through valleys,
With snow, and heat-stroke,
To the music of trumpets,
Of bombards, and of cannons,
Which, at every boom,
Will make bullets whistle past your ear.
Cherubino, go to victory!

To military glory!

translated by Jane Bishop

Romance

The vanishing and suffering soul,
The sweet soul, the fragrant soul
Of divine lilies that I have picked
In the garden of your thoughts,
Where, then, have the winds chased it.
This charming soul of the lilies?
Is there no longer a perfume that remains
Of the celestial sweetness
Of the days when you enveloped me
In a supernatural haze,
Made of hope. of faithful love,
Of bliss and of peace?

translated by Korin Kormik

Il pleure dans mon coeur - It Rains in My Heart

It rains in my heart
As it rains on the town,
What languor so dark
That it soaks to my heart?

Oh sweet sound of the rain
On the earth and the roofs!
For the dull heart again,
Oh the song of the rain!

It rains for no reason
In this heart that lacks heart.
What? And no treason?
It's grief without reason.

By far the worst pain,
Without hatred, or love,
Yet no way to explain
Why my heart feels such pain!

translated by Leslie McEwen

Auf dem Kirchhofe - In the Churchyard

The day was heavy with rain and disturbed by storms;
I was walking among many forgotten graves,
with weathered stones and crosses, the wreaths old,
the names washed away, hardly to be read.

The day was disturbed by storms and heavy with rain;
on every grave froze the words "we were."

The coffins slumbered calmly like the eye of a storm,
and on every grave melted quietly the words: "we were healed."

translated by Emily Ezust

Dein blaues Auge — Your Blue Eyes

Your blue eyes keep so still,
That I can gaze upon their very depths.
You ask me.
What do I want to see?
I see my own well-being.

A glowing pair burned me once;
The scar still hurts, still hurts.
Yet your eyes are like the sea so clear,
And like the sea, so cool and detached.

translated by Emily Ezust

Die Mainacht — The May Night

When the silvery moon beams through the shrubs
And over the lawn scatters its slumbering light,
And the nightingale sings,
I walk sadly through the woods.

I guess you're happy, fluting nightingale,
For your wife lives in one nest with you,
Giving her singing spouse
A thousand faithful kisses.

Shrouded by foliage, a pair of doves
Coo their delight to me;
But I turn away seeking darker shadows,
And a lonely tear flows.

When, o smiling image that like dawn
Shines through my soul, shall I find you on earth?
And the lonely tear flows trembling,
Burning, down my cheek.

translated by Leonard Lehrman