

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Graduate Recital

Kelly Soprano – Mezzo Soprano



Diehn Fine and Performing Arts
Chandler Recital Hall

Kelly Soprano is a student of Brian Nedvin. This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Masters Degree in Music Education.

April 5, 2011

7:30pm

Program

Va! Laisse couler mes larmes from <i>Werther</i>	Jules Massenet (1842-1912)
Ganymed Die Forelle	Franz Schubert (1791-1828)
Wie Melodien Von Ewiger Liebe	Johannes Brahms (1833- 1897)
Mi tradi from <i>Don Giovanni</i>	Wolfgang A. Mozart (1756-1791)
Après un rêve Au bord de l'eau Chanson d'amour	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1923)
Iris, Hence Away	George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)
Pieta, Signore	Alessandro Stradella (1639-1759)
<i>Songs to the Moon</i> Once More to Gloriana Euclid The Haughty Snail King What the Grey-winged Fairy Said	Jake Heggie (b. 1961)

Pietà, Signore

Have mercy, Lord,
on me in my remorse!
Lord, have mercy
if my prayer
rises to you;
Do not chastise
me in your severity.
Less harshly,
always mercifully,

Almighty God, never let me
be condemned to hell
in the eternal fire
by your severity, etc.

Have mercy, Lord,
Lord, have mercy
on me in my remorse,
if my prayer
rises to you, etc.
Less harshly,
always mercifully,
look down, ah! look down on me, Lord, etc.
Have mercy, Lord
on me in my remorse

Bobby Kelser –Corleto, piano (for all pieces)

Au bord de l'eau

To sit together at the edge of the passing wave,
 To see it pass;
Together, if a cloud glides by in space,
 To see it glide;
If a thatched roof sends smoke on the horizon,
 To see it smoke,
If in the vicinity some flower gives off a scent,
 To take in that scent;
To hear, at the foot of the willow where water murmurs,
 The water murmur;
Not to feel, so long as this dream lasts,
 Time last;
But brining no deep passion
 Except to adore each other,
With no concern for the quarrels of the world,
 To know nothing of them;
And alone together, in the face of all that causes weariness,
 Without becoming weary,
To feel love, in the face of all that passes away, Not pass away!

Die Forelle

In a bright little brook
there shot in 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 water-side,
and watched with cold blood
as the fish swam about.

So long as the clearness 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.

Wie Melodien

Like melodies it pervades
My senses softly.
Like spring flowers it blooms
And drifts along like fragrance.

But when a word comes and grasps it
And brings it before the eye,

And vanishes like a breath.

And yet there remains in the rhyme
A certain hidden fragrance,
Which gently, from the dormant bud,
A tearful eye evokes.

Après un rêve

In a slumber charmed by your image
I was dreaming of happiness, that fiery mirage.
Your eyes were gentler, your voice pure and ringing.
You were beaming like a sky lit up by the dawn.

You were calling me, and I was leaving the earth
To flee with you toward the light.
The heavens for us were slightly opening their clouds,
Unknown splendors, divine radiance glimpsed!

Alas, alas! Sad awakening from dreams.
I call you, o night, give me back your lies,
Come back radiantly,
Come back, o mysterious night!

Ganymed

How in the morning light
you glow around me,
beloved Spring!
With love's thousand-fold bliss,
to my heart presses
the eternal warmth
of sacred feelings
and endless beauty!

Would that I could clasp
you in these arms!

Ah, at your breast
I lie and languish,
and your flowers and your grass
press themselves to my heart.
You cool the burning
thirst of my breast,
lovely morning wind!
The nightmare calls
lovingly to me from the misty vale.

I am coming, I am coming!
but whither? To where?

Upwards I strive, upwards!
The clouds float
downwards, the clouds
bow down to yearning love.
To me! To me!
In your lap
upwards!
Embracing, embraced!
Upwards to your bosom,
All-loving Father!

Chanson d'amour

I love your eyes, I love your forehead,
O my rebellious one, o my fierce one,
I love your eyes, I love your mouth
Where my kisses will exhaust themselves.

I love your voice, I love the strange
Grace of everything you say,
O my rebellious one, o my dear angel,
My hell and my paradise!

I love everything that makes you beautiful,
From your feet to your hair,
O you, toward whom all my wishes rise up,
O my fierce one, my rebellious one!

Von ewiger Liebe

Dark, how dark in forest and in field!
It is evening already; now the world is quiet.
Nowhere light anymore, and nowhere (chimney) smoke anymore—
Yes, even the lark is quiet now.
Forth from the village comes the lad;
He is escorting his sweetheart home.
He leads her by the willow grove;
He talks so much and about so many things:

“If you are suffering from shame, and troubled—
Suffering from shame in the face of others because of me,
Let our love be severed as suddenly,
As quickly, as we were once united.
May it depart with the rain and depart with the wind.
As quickly as we were once united.”

Says the girl- the girl speaks:

“Our love – it shall not be severed!
Steel is strong, and iron even more so:
Our love is stronger yet.
Iron and steel- one can re-forged them;
Our love- who can change it?
Iron and steel- they can be melted;
Our love must be forever, ever steadfast!”

Mi tradi quell' alma ingrata

In what excesses, O Heavens,
In what horrible, terrible crimes
The wretch has involved himself!
Ah no! The wrath of Heaven cannot delay,
Justice cannot delay.
I already sense the fatal bolt
Which is falling on his head!
I see the mortal abyss open!...
Unhappy Elvira! what a conflict of feelings
Is born in your breast!
Why these sighs?
And these pains?

That ungrateful soul betrayed me,
O God, how unhappy he made me!
But, though betrayed and abandoned,
I still know pity for him.
When I feel my suffering,
My heart speaks of vengeance;
But when I see the danger he's in,
My heart beats for him.

Translations

Va! Laisse couler mes larmes

Go! Let flow my tears!
they do (me) good, my darling!
The tears which one does not cry
Inside our soul fall again, all of them,
And with their patient drops
Hammer the heart sad and weary.
Its resistance finally exhausts itself;
The heart collapses and weakens;
It is too big; nothing fills it