

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Studio Recital

Studio of
Dr. Brian Nedvin



Diehn Center for the Performing Arts

Chandler Recital Hall

April 4, 2018

12:30pm

Program

Lachen und Weinen	Franz Schubert (1897-1828)
Ici-bas	Gabriel Fauré (1885-1924)
Brandi White, soprano	
Au bord du l'eau	Gabriel Fauré (1885-1924)
Jaron Stevenson, baritone	
Au pays ou se fait la guerre	Henri Duparc (1848-1933)
Cailin Crane, soprano	
Lamento	Henri Duparc (1848-1933)
Non più andrai from <i>Le Nozze di Figaro</i>	W. A. Mozart (1756-1791)
Logan Kenison, bass	
Rejoice Greatly, O Daughter of Zion! from <i>The Messiah</i>	George Frederic Handel (1685-1759)
Keaton Whitehurst, soprano	
Monica's Waltz from <i>The Medium</i>	Gian Carlo Menotti (1911-2007)
Cristina Kalinauskas, soprano	
Beautiful City from <i>Godspell</i> (2011)	Stephen Schwartz (b. 1948)
Michael Peck, tenor	
The Girl in 14G	Jeanine Tesori & Dick Scanlan (b. 1961, b. 1960)
Cailin Crane, soprano	
Give Me Jesus	arr. Mark Hayes (b. 1953)
You Matter To Me from <i>Waitress</i>	Sara Bareilles (b. 1979)
Rachel Bradley, mezzo-soprano feat. Matthew Bradley	

Lachen und Weinen

Lachen und Weinen zu jeglicher Stunde
Ruht bei der Lieb' auf so mancherlei
Grunde. Morgens lacht' ich vor Lust;
Und warum ich nun weine
Bei des Abendes Scheine,
Ist mir selb' nicht bewußt.

Weinen und Lachen zu jeglicher Stunde
Ruht bei der Lieb' auf so mancherlei
Grunde. Abends weint' ich vor
Schmerz; Und warum du erwachen
Kannst am Morgen mit Lachen,
Muß ich dich fragen, o Herz.

Ici-bas

Ici-bas tous les lilas meurent,
Tous les chants des oiseaux sont courts;
Je rêve aux étés qui demeurent
Toujours...

Ici-bas les lèvres effleurent
Sans rien laisser de leurs velours;
Je rêve aux baisers qui demeurent
Toujours...

Ici-bas tous les hommes pleurent
Leurs amitiés ou leurs amours;
Je rêve aux couples qui demeurent
Toujours...

Au bord de l'eau

S'asseoir tous deux au bord du flot qui
passe,
Le voir passer;
Tous deux, s'il glisse un nuage en
l'espace,
Le voir glisser;
A l'horizon, s'il fume un toit de chaume,
Le voir fumer;
Aux alentours si quelque fleur
embaume,
S'en embaumer;
Entendre au pied du saule où l'eau

Laughter and Tears

Laughter and tears at any hour
rest on Love in so many ways.
In the morning I laugh for joy,
and why I now weep
in the evening glow,
is something unknown to me.

Tears and laughter at any hour
rest on Love in so many ways.
In the evening I weep for sorrow;
and why you can awake
in the morning with laughter,
I must ask you, o my heart!

Down Here

Down here all lilacs are dying,
all the songs of the birds are short;
I dream of the summers which last
Forever...

Down here lips touch without
parting with any of their velvet;
I dream of the kisses which last
Forever...

Down here all men weep for
their friendships or their loves;
I dream of the couples who last
Forever...

By the Water's Edge

To sit together by the flowing water,
to watch it pass by;
together, if a cloud floats by in space,
to watch it float by;
if, on the horizon, a thatched roof is
smoking,
to watch it smoke;
if hereby some flower is spreading its
fragrance,
to pick up this fragrance;
to hear, at the foot of the willow
where the water is murmuring,

L'eau murmurer;
Ne pas sentir tant que ce rêve dure,
Le temps durer;
Mais n'apportant de passion profonde
Qu'à s'adorer,
Sans nul souci des querelles du
monde,
Les ignorer;
Et seuls tous deux devant tout ce qui
lasse,
Sans se lasser,
Sentir l'amour, devant tout ce qui
passe,
Ne point passer!

Au pays où se fait la guerre

Au pays où se fait la guerre
Mon bel ami s'en est allé;
Il semble à mon cœur désolé
Qu'il ne reste que moi sur terre!
En partant, au baiser d'adieu,
Il m'a pris mon âme à ma bouche.
Qui le tient si longtemps, mon Dieu?
Voilà le soleil qui se couche,
Et moi, toute seule en ma tour,
J'attends encore son retour.

Les pigeons sur le toit roucoulent,
Roucoulent amoureuxment;
Avec un son triste et charmant
Les eaux sous les grands saules cou-
lent. Je me sens tout près de pleurer;
Mon cœur comme un lis plein
s'épanche, Et je n'ose plus espérer.
Voici briller la lune blanche,
Et moi, toute seule en ma tour,
J'attends encore son retour.

Quelqu'un monte à grands pas la
rampe: Serait-ce lui, mon doux amant?
Ce n'est pas lui, mais seulement
Mon petit page avec ma lampe.
Vents du soir, volez, dites-lui
Qu'il est ma pensée et mon rêve,
Toute ma joie et mon ennui.
Voici que l'aurore se lève,
Et moi, toute seule en ma tour,
J'attends encore son retour.

the water murmuring;
while this dream lasts, not to feel
time lingering;
but only bringing profound passion
to love one another,
without any care for the strifes of the
world,
to know nothing of them;
and alone together before all which
grows weary,
without growing weary ourselves,
to feel love, in the face of all which
ends,
never ending!

To the country where war is waged

To the country where war is waged
My beautiful love departed.
It seems to my desolate heart
That I alone remain on earth.
When leaving, at our kiss goodbye,
He took my soul from my mouth...
Who is holding him back so long, O
God? There is the sun setting.
And I, all alone in my tower,
I still await his return.

The pigeons on the roof are cooing,
Cooing lovingly
With a sad and charming sound;
The waters under the large willows
flow... I feel ready to cry;
My heart, like a full lily, overflows
And I no longer dare to hope.
Here gleams the white moon.
And I, all alone in my tower,
I still await his return.

Someone is climbing the ramp rapidly.
Could it be him, my sweet love?
It isn't him, but only
My little page with my lamp.
Evening winds, veiled, tell him
That he is my thoughts and my dream,
All my joy and my longing.
Here is the dawn rising.
And I, all alone in my tower,
I still await his return.

Lamento

Connaissez-vous la blanche tombe,
Où flotte avec un son plaintif
L'ombre d'un if?
Sur l'if une pâle colombe,
Triste et seule au soleil couchant,
Chante son chant.

On dirait que l'âme éveillée
Pleure sous terre à l'unisson
De la chanson,
Et du malheur d'être oubliée
Se plaint dans un roucoulement
Bien doucement.

Ah! jamais plus près de la tombe,
Je n'irai, quand descend le soir
Au manteau noir,
Écouter la pâle colombe
Chanter sur la branche de l'if
Son chant plaintif.

Non più andrai

Non più andrai, farfallone amoroso,
notte e giorno d'intorno girando;
delle belle turbando il riposo
Narcisetto, Adoncino d'amor.
Non più avrai questi bei pennacchini,
quel cappello leggero e galante,
quella chioma, quell'aria brillante,
quel vermiglio donnesco color.

Tra guerrieri, poffar Bacco!
Gran mustacchi, stretto sacco.
Schioppo in spalla, sciabla al fianco,
collo dritto, muso franco,
un gran casco, o un gran turbante,
molto onor, poco contante!
Ed invece del fandango,
una marcia per il fango.
Per montagne, per valloni,
con le nevi e i sollioni.
Al concerto di tromboni,
di bombarde, di cannoni,
che le palle in tutti i tuoni
all'orecchio fan fischiare.

Cherubino alla vittoria:
alla gloria militar.

Lament

Do you know the white tomb
Where floats with plaintive sound,
The shadow of a yew?
On the yew a pale dove,
Sad and alone under the setting sun,
Sings its song:

One would say that an awakened soul
Is weeping under the earth in unison
With this song, And from the
misfortune of being forgotten,
Moans its sorrow in a cooing
Quite soft.

Oh! never again near the tomb
Shall I go, when night lets fall
Its black mantle,
To hear the pale dove
Sing on the limb of the yew
Its plaintive song!

No more you'll go

No more, you amorous butterfly,
Will you go fluttering round by night&day
Disturbing the peace of every maid,
You pocket Narcissus, you Adonis of love
No more will you have those fine feathers,
That light and dashing cap,
Those curls, those airs and graces,
That roseate womanish colour.

You'll be among warriors, by Bacchus!
Long moustaches, knapsack tightly on,
Musket on your shoulder, sabre at your
side,
Head erect and bold of visage,
A great helmet or a head?dress,
Lots of honour, little money,
And instead of the fandango,
Marching through the mud.
Over mountains, through valleys,
In snow and days of listless heat,
To the sound of blunderbusses,
Shells and cannons. Whose shots make
your ears sing On every note.

Cherubino, on to victory,
On to military glory!