

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 amoureusement;  
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!