

Signore, ascolta!
Lord, listen!

Signore, ascolta!
Ah, signore, ascolta!
Liù non regge più!
Si spezza il cuor!
Ahimè, quanto cammino
Col tuo nome nell'anima,
Col nome tuo sulle labbra!
Ma se il tuo destino,
Doman, sarà deciso,
Noi morrem sulla strada dell'esilio!
Ei perderà suo figlio...
Io l'ombra d'un sorriso!
Liù non regge più!
Ah, pietà!

Lord, listen!
Ah, Lord, listen!
Liù cannot hold it anymore!
The heart breaks!
Alas, how much I walk
With your name in my soul,
With your name on my lips!
But if your fate
Tomorrow is decided,
We will die on the road to exile!
He will lose his son...
I, the shadow of a smile!
Liù cannot hold it anymore!
Ah, have mercy!



OLD DOMINION
UNIVERSITY

F. Ludwig Diehn School of Music

Graduate Recital

Cristina Loyola, soprano

Bobbie Kesler-Corleto, piano

Diehn Center for the Performing Arts
Chandler Recital Hall

Wednesday, March 1, 2023

7:30 pm

Program

Vocalise From 14 Romances, Op. 34, No. 14	Sergei Rachmaninov (1873 -1943)
Drei Gesänge, Op. 83 I. Wonne der Wehmuth III. Mit einem gemalten Band	Ludwig van Beethoven (1770 -1827)
Vaga luna che inargenti	Vincenzo Bellini (1801 -1835)
Rejoice Greatly From Messiah	George Frederic Handel (1685-1759)
Nocturne	Gian Carlo Menotti (1911-2007)
Intermission	
L'Invitation au Voyage	Henri Euparc (1848-1943)
Le Manoir de Rosamonde	Henri Duparc (1848-1943)
Steal Me, Sweet Thief From The Old Maid and the Thief	Gian Carlo Menotti (1911-2007)
Signore, ascolta! From Turandot	Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)
I'll be There From Ordinary Days	Adam Gwon (b. 20th century)
The Girl in 14-G	D. Scanlan (b. 1960), J. Tesori (b. 1961)

Translations

Dormir ces vaisseaux Dont l'humeur est vagabonde; C'est pour assouvir Ton moindre désir Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde. Les soleils couchants Revêtent les champs, Les canaux, la ville entière, D'hyacinthe et d'or; Le monde s'endort Dans une chaude lumière! Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté, Luxe, calme, et volupté	Sleeping those vessels Whose mood is wandering It is to satisfy Your slightest desire They come from the ends of the earth The setting suns Clothe the fields The canals, the entire town, With hyacinthe and gold; The world falls asleep With a warm light! There, nothing but order and beauty, Luxury, calm, and voluptuousness.
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Le Manoir de Rosamonde Rosamond's Mansion

De sa dent soudain et vorace En suivant mon sang répandu, Va, tu pourras suivre ma trace... Prends un cheval de bonne race, Pars, et suis mon chemin ardu, Fondrière ou sentier perdu, Si la course ne te harasse! En passant par où j'ai passé, Tu verras que seul et blessé J'ai parcouru ce triste monde, Et qu'ainsi je m'en fus mourir Bien loin, sans découvrir Le bleu manoir de Rosamonde.	Of his tooth, sudden and voracious Like a dog, love bit me... Following my spilled blood, Go, you can follow my trail... Take a horse of good breeding, Leave, and follow my arduous path, By quagmire or hidden path, If the course does not harass you! Passing by where I have been, You will see that alone and hurt I have traveled this sad world And so I went to die, Far away, without discovering The blue mansion of Rosamond.
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Cristina Loyola is a student of Dr. Brian Nedvin. This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Masters of Music, Vocal Performance degree.

Translations

Vaga luna che inargenti Dreamy moon that silvers

Vaga luna che inargenti
Queste rive e questi fiori
Ed ispiri agli elementi
Il linguaggio dell'amor
Testimonio or sei tu sola
Del mio fervido desir
Ed a lei che m'innamora
Conta i palpiti e i sospir
Dille pur che lontananza
Il mio duol non può lenir
Che se nutro una speranza
Ella è sol, sì, nell'avvenir
Dille pur che giorno e sera
Conto l'ore del dolor
Che una speme lusinghiera
Mi conforta nell'amor

Dreamy moon that silvers
This river and these flowers
And inspires the elements
In the language of love
You are the sole witness
Of my fervent desire
And to her that falls in love
Counts the palpitations and sighs
Tell her that even if it's far away
My grief cannot soothe
That if I nurture a hope
It is only for the future
Tell her that day and night
I cannot count the hours of sadness
That a flattering hope
Comforts me in my love

L'Invitation au Voyage An Invitation to Travel

Mon enfant, ma soeur,
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble,
Aimer à loisir, aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble!
Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leur larme.
Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme, et volupté
Vois sur ces canaux

My baby, my sister,
Dream of how sweet it would be
To go there and live together,
To love at our leisure, to love and to die
In the country that is like you!
The suns, watery
The heavens, blurred
For my spirit have the charms
That are mysterious
As your traitorous eyes
Shining through their tears
There, nothing but order and beauty,
Luxury, calm, and voluptuousness.
See on those canals

Translations

Wonne der Wehmuth Bliss of Melancholy

Trocknet nicht,
Thränen der ewigen Liebe!
Trocknet nicht!
Ach nur dem halbgetrockneten auge
wie öde, wie todt die Welt ihm erscheint!
Trocknet nicht,
Thränen unglücklicher Liebe!

They do not dry,
The tears of eternal love!
They do not dry!
Ah, only the half-dried eye
How dull, how dead the world seems to him!
They do not dry,
The tears of unhappy love!

Mit einem gemalten Band

Kleine Blumen, kleine Blätter
streuen mir mit leichter Hand
gute junge Frühlings Götter
tänzelnd auf ein luftig Band.
Zephyr, nimm's auf deine Flügel,
schling's um meiner Liebsten Kleid;
und so tritt sie vorden Spiegel all in ihrer
Munterkeit.
Sieht mit Rosen sich umgeben,
selbst wie eine Rose jung.
Einen Blick, geliebtes Leben!
Und ich bin belohnt genug.
Fühle was diess Herz empfindet,
reiche frei mir deine Hand,
und das Band, das uns verbindet,
sei kein schwaches Rosenband!

Little flowers, little leaves
Strewn on me with lighter hand
Good young Spring Gods
Toying on a rosy band
Zephyr, take it on your wings,
Loop it on my beloved's dress;
And so step in front of the mirror all in
her cheerfulness.
Sees herself surrounded with roses,
She seems like a young rose.
One glance, give me my love!
And I am rewarded enough.
Feel what this heart will find,
Lend me freely your hand
And the band that will bind us -
Do not be a weak rosy band!