



**OLD DOMINION**  
UNIVERSITY

F. Ludwig Diehn School of Music

**Senior Recital**  
Karen Laws, mezzo-  
soprano  
Joe Ritchie, piano

Diehn Center for the Performing Arts  
Chandler Recital Hall

**Friday, December 2, 2022**

**4:00 pm**

# Program

O Thou That Tellest Good Tidings to Zion from <i>Messiah</i>	George Handel (1685-1759)
Ridente la Calma Ideale	Wolfgang A. Mozart (1756-1791) Paulo Tosti (1846-1916)
Die Mainacht Ständchen	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Prima Verba	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Pres des Remparts de Seville from <i>Carmen</i>	Georges Bizet (1838-1875)
Requiem from <i>Dear Evan Hansen</i>	Benj Pasek (b. 1985) Justin Paul (b. 1985)

**Karen Laws is a proud student of Katherine Lakoski. This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music, Music Education degree.**

## Translations

### Ridente la Calma

Ridente la calma nell'alma si  
desti  
Né resti più segno di sdegno e  
timor.

Tu vieni, frattanto, a stringer mio  
bene,  
Le dolce catene sí grate al mio  
cor.

Ridente la calma nell'alma si  
desti  
Né resti un segno di sdegno e  
timor.

May a happy calm arise in my  
soul  
and may neither anger nor fear  
survive in it.

In the meantime you are  
coming, my  
beloved, to grasp those sweet  
chains that make my heart so  
grateful.

May a happy calm arise in my  
soul  
and may neither anger nor fear  
survive in it.

*Trans. by Mario Giuseppe Genesi*

### Ideale

Io ti seguii  
Com'iride di pace  
Lungo le vie del cielo  
Io ti seguii  
Come un'amica face  
Della notte nel velo

E ti sentii nella luce, nell'aria  
Nel profumo dei fiori  
E fu piena la stanza solitaria  
Di te, dei tuoi splendori  
In te rapito

Al suon della tua voce  
Lungamente sognai  
E della terra ogni affanno  
Ogni croce  
In quel giorno scordai  
Torna, caro ideal  
Torna un istante  
A sorridermi ancora  
E in me risplenderà nel tuo

I followed you like a rainbow of  
peace  
along the paths of heaven;  
I followed you like a friendly  
torch  
in the veil of darkness

and I sensed you in the light, in  
the air,  
in the perfume of flowers,  
and the solitary room was full  
of you and of your radiance.

Absorbed by you, I dreamed a  
long time  
of the sound of your voice,  
and earth's every anxiety, every  
torment  
I forgot in that dream.  
Come back, dear ideal, for an  
instant  
to smile at me again

## Die Mainacht

Wann der silberne Mond durch  
die Gesträuche blinkt,  
Und sein schlummerndes Licht  
über den Rasen streut,  
Und die Nachtigall flötet,  
Wandl' ich traurig von Busch zu  
Busch.

Überhüllet vom Laub, girret ein  
Taubenpaar  
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich  
wende mich,  
Suche dunklere Schatten,  
Und die einsame Träne rinnt.

Wann, o lächelndes Bild, welches  
wie Morgenrot  
Durch die Seele mir strahlt, find'  
ich auf Erden dich?  
Und die einsame Träne  
Bebt mir heißer die Wang' herab.

## Ständchen

Der Mond steht über dem Berge,  
So recht für verliebte Leut;  
Im Garten rieselt ein Brunnen,  
Sonst Stille weit und breit.

Neben der Mauer, im Schatten,  
Da stehn der Studenten drei  
Mit Flöt' und Geig' und Zither,  
Und singen und spielen dabei.

Die Klänge schleichen der  
Schönsten  
Sacht in den Traum hinein,  
Sie schaut den blonden  
Geliebten  
Und lispelt: „Vergiß nicht mein!“

When the silvery moon gleams  
through the bushes,  
And sheds its slumbering light  
on the grass,  
And the nightingale is fluting,  
I wander sadly from bush to  
bush.

Covered by leaves, a pair of  
doves  
Coo to me their ecstasy; but I  
turn away,  
Seek darker shadows,  
And the lonely tear flows down.

When, O smiling vision, that  
shines through my soul  
Like the red of dawn, shall I find  
you here on earth?  
And the lonely tear  
Quivers more ardently down my  
cheek.

*Trans. by Richard Stokes*

The moon shines over the  
mountain,  
Just right for the people in love;  
A fountain purls in the garden –  
Otherwise silence far and wide.

By the wall in the shadows,  
Three students stand  
With flute and fiddle and zither,  
And sing and play.

The sound steals softly into the  
dreams  
Of the loveliest of girls,  
She sees her fair-headed lover  
And whispers "Remember me."

## Prima Verba

Comme elle chante  
Dans ma voix,  
L'âme longtemps murmurante  
Des fontaines et des bois!

Air limpide du paradis,  
Avec tes grappes de rubis,  
Avec tes gerbes de lumière,  
Avec tes roses et tes fruits;

Quelle merveille en nous à cette  
heure!

Des paroles depuis des âges  
endormies  
En des sons, en des fleurs,  
Sur mes lèvres enfin prennent vie.  
Depuis que mon souffle a dit leur  
chanson,  
Depuis que ma voix les a créées,  
Quel silence heureux et profond  
Naît de leurs âmes allégées!

## Pres des Remparts

Pres des remparts de Seville,  
Chez mon ami, Lillas Pastia  
J'irai danser la Seguedille  
Et boire du Manzanilla.  
J'irai chez mon ami Lillas Pastia.

Oui, mais toute seule on s'ennuie,  
Et les vrais plaisirs sont a deux;  
Donc, pour me tenir compagnie,  
J'emmènerai mon amoureux!  
Mon amoureux, il est au diable,  
Je l'ai mis a la porte hier!

Mon pauvre coeur tres consolable,  
Mon coeur est libre comme l'air!  
J'ai les galants a la douzaine,  
Mais ils ne sont pas a mon gre.  
Voici la fin de la semaine;  
Qui veut m'aimer? Je l'aimerai!  
Qui veut mon ame? Elle est a

How it sings  
In my voice,  
The constantly murmuring  
soul  
Of the springs and woods!

Clear air of paradise  
With your ruby grape-clusters,  
With your sheafs of light,  
With your roses and your  
fruits;

How we marvel at such a  
moment!  
Words that had slumbered for  
aeons  
Finally come to life on my lips  
As sounds, as flowers.  
Since my breath uttered their  
song,  
Since my voice created them,  
What deep and blissful silence  
Is born from their unburdened  
souls!

*Trans. by Richard Stokes*

Near the walls of Seville,  
At my friend place, Lillas Pastia  
I will dance the Seguedille  
And drink Manzanilla.  
I will go to the home of my  
friend Lillas Pastia.

Yes, all alone one can get  
bored,  
And real pleasures are for two;  
So, to keep me company,  
I'll take my lover!  
My love, he is the devil,  
I did away with him yesterday!

My poor heart is very  
consolable  
My heart is free as a bird!