



OLD DOMINION
UNIVERSITY

F. Ludwig Diehn School of Music

Junior Recital

Ava Stevenson, Voice
Bobbie Kesler-Corleto,
piano

Diehn Center for the Performing Arts
Chandler Recital Hall

Monday, November 21, 2022

4:00 pm

Program

Una donna a quindici anni from <i>Così Fan Tutte</i>	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756—1791)
Oh! Quand je dors	Franz Liszt (1811-1886)
The Secrets of the Old Sure on this Shining Night	Samuel Barber (1910 -1981)
Vieni, corri, volami in braccio from <i>L' Antiope</i>	Carlo Pallavicino (1630—1688)
Botschaft Von ewiger Liebe	Johannes Brahms (1833— 1897)
Nothing Short of Wonderful from <i>Dogfight</i>	Benj Pasek (b. 1985) Justin Paul (b. 1985)
The Song That Goes Like This from <i>Spamalot</i>	Eric Idle (b. 1943) John Du Perez (b. 1946)

Jaron Stevenson, baritone

John Toomey, piano

John Toomey, piano

**Ava Stevenson is a student of Dr. Brian Nedvin.
This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the Bachelor of Music, Vocal
Performance degree.**

Translations

Una donna a quindici anni

Una donna a quindici anni
De'e saper ogni gran moda
Dove il diavolo ha la coda
Cosa e bene, e mal cos'e.
De'e saper le maliziette
Che innamorano gli amanti
Finger riso, finger pianti
Inventar i bei perche.
De'e in un momento dar retta a
cento

Colle pupille parlar con mille
Dar speme a tutti, sien belli o
brutti,
Saper nascondersi senza
confondersi,

Senz'arrossire saper mentire.
E qual regina dall'alto soglio
Col posso e voglio farsi ubbidir.

(Par ch'abbian gusto di tal
dottrina,
Viva Despina che sa servir!)

A woman of 15 years
Must know all the good
methods,
Where the devil keeps his tail,
What's good and what's bad.
She must know the little malices
That enamour lovers:
To feign laughter, to feign tears,
And invent good reasons.
She must pay attention to a
hundred at a time
Speak through her eyes with a
thousand
Give hope to all, be they
handsome or ugly,
Know how to obfuscate without
getting
confused
And know how to lie without
blushing.
And this queen from her high
throne
Can make them obey with, "I
can," and "I
want."
(It seems they like this doctrine,
Long live Despina, who knows
how to serve!)

Naomi Gurt Lin

Oh! Quand je dors

Oh! quand je dors, viens auprès de
ma couche,
Comme à Pétrarque apparaissait
Laura,
Et qu'en passant ton haleine me
touche
Soudain ma bouche
S'entr'ouvrira!
Sur mon front morne où peut-être
s'achève

Un songe noir qui trop longtemps
dura,

Que ton regard comme un astre se
lève
Et soudain mon rêve
Rayonnera!
Puis sur ma lèvre où voltige une
flamme,
Éclair d'amour que Dieu même
épura,

Pose un baiser, et d'ange deviens
femme

Soudain mon âme
S'éveillera!

Vieni, corri, volami in braccio

Vieni, corri, volami in braccio
Che mercede donar ti vò
Farò hen io che nel diletto

Ah, while I sleep, come close
to where I lie,
As Laura once appeared to
Petrarch,
And let your breath in passing
touch me
At once my lips
Will part!
On my sombre brow, where a
dismal dream
That lasted too long now
perhaps is ending,
Let your countenance rise like
a star
At once my dream
Will shine!
Then on my lips, where a
flame flickers—
A flash of love which God
himself purified
Place a kiss and be
transformed from angel into
woman
At once my soul
Will wake!

Richard Stokes

Come, hasten, fly to my
embrace,
I wish to grant you mercy.
I shall see to it that pleasures
Shall delight that heart
Which the blind god wounded
for me

Guilherme Alves

Botschaft

Wehe, Lüftchen, lind und lieblich
Um die Wange der Geliebten,
Spiele zart in ihrer Locke,
Eile nicht, hinwegzufliehn!
Tut sie dann vielleicht die Frage,
Wie es um mich Armen stehe,
Sprich: 'Unendlich war sein Wehe,
Höchst bedenklich seine Lage;
Aber jetzo kann er hoffen
Wieder herrlich aufzuleben,
Denn du, Holde, denkst an ihn'

Blow, Breeze, gently and
lovingly
about the cheeks of my
beloved;
play tenderly in her locks,
do not hasten to flee far away!
If perhaps she is then to ask,
how it stands with poor
wretched me,
tell her: 'Unending was his
woe,
highly dubious was his
condition;
However, now he can hope
magnificently to come to life
again.
For you, lovely one, are
thinking of him!'

Von ewiger liebe

Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald und in
Feld!
Abend schon ist es, nun schweiget
die Welt.
Nirgend noch Licht und nirgend
noch Rauch,
Ja, und die Lerche sie schweiget
nun auch.
Kommt aus dem Dorfe der Bursche
heraus,
Gibt das Geleit der Geliebten nach
Haus,
Führt sie am Weidengebüsche
vorbei,
Redet so viel und so mancherlei:
'Leidest du Schmach und
betrübest du dich,
Leidest du Schmach von andern
um mich,
Werde die Liebe getrennt so
geschwind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt
sind.
Scheide mit Regen und scheide
mit Wind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt
sind'

Emily Ezust

Dark, how dark in forest and
field!
Evening already, and the world
is silent.
Nowhere a light and nowhere
smoke,
And even the lark is silent now
too.
Out of the village there comes
a lad,
Escorting his sweetheart
home,
He leads her past the willow-
copse,
Talking so much and of so
many things:
'If you suffer sorrow and suffer
shame,
Shame for what others think of
me