

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

## Student Recital

Alyssa Harney, soprano

Bobbie Kesler-Corleto, piano



Diehn Fine and Performing Arts

Chandler Recital Hall

Wednesday, December 5, 2018

7:30PM

### Program

- Quia Respexit** J. S. Bach (1680-1750)  
*from Magnificat in D Major*  
Tyler Harney, Saxophone
- On Mighty Pens** Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)  
*from Creation*
- Les oiseaux dans la charmille** Jaques Offenbach (1819-1880)  
*from The Tales of Hoffman*
- Nacht und Träume** Franz Schubert (1797-1828)  
Gretchen am Spinnrade  
Die Forelle
- O luce di questanima** Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)  
*from Linda di Chamounix*
- Break**
- Ah guarda, sorella** W. A. Mozart (1756-1791)  
*from Cosi Fan Tutte*  
Holly Romanelli, soprano
- O Do Not Love Too Long** Ned Rorem (b. 1923)  
Sometimes with One I Love  
Little Elegy  
The Nightingale  
Do I love you more than a day
- In My Dreams** Stephen Flaherty (b. 1960)  
*from Anastasia*
- The Understudy** Bobby Cornin (n.d.)
- You'll Never Walk Alone** Richard Rodgers (1902-1979)  
*from Carousel*

Alyssa Harney is a student of Brian Nedvin. This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music, Music Performance degree.

**QUIA RESPEXIT - TRANSLATED BY  
FRANCIS BROWNE**

Quia respexit humilitatem ancillae suae.  
Ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent

For He has regarded the lowliness of His  
handmaiden.  
Behold, from henceforth, I will be called  
blessed

**DOLLARIA - TRANSLATED BY AARON  
GREEN**

Les oiseaux dans la charmille  
Dans les cieux l'astre du jour,  
Tout parle à la jeune fille d'amour! Ah!  
Voilà la chanson gentille  
La chanson d'Olympia! Ah! Tout ce  
qui chante et résonne  
Et soupire, tour à tour,  
Emeut son coeur qui frissonne d'amour! Ah!  
Voilà la chanson mignonne  
La chanson d'Olympia! Ah!

The birds in the arbor,  
The sky's daytime star,  
Everything speaks to a young girl of love  
Ah! This is the gentle song,  
The song of Olympia! Ah!  
Everything that sings and resonates  
And sighs, in turn,  
Moves his heart, which shudders of love!  
Ah! This is the lovely song,  
The song of Olympia! Ah!

**DIE FORELLE - TRANSLATED BY HANSI  
LAUER**

In einem Bächlein helle,  
Da schoß in froher Eil.  
Die launische Forelle

In a bright little brook  
there shot in merry haste  
a capricious trout:

Vorüber wie ein Pfeil  
Ich stand an dem Gestade  
Und sah in süßer Ruh  
Des muntern Fischleins Bade  
Im klaren Bächlein zu.

past it shot like an arrow.  
I stood upon the bank  
and watched in sweet peace  
the cheery fish's bath  
in the clear little brook.

Ein Fischer mit der Rute  
Wohl an dem Ufer stand,  
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute,  
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.  
So lang dem Wasser Helle,  
So dacht ich, nicht gebricht,  
So fängt er die Forelle  
Mit seiner Angel nicht.

A fisherman with his rod  
stood at the water-side,  
and watched with cold blood  
as the fish swam about.  
So long as the clearness of the water  
remained intact, I thought,  
he would not be able to catch the trout  
with his fishing rod.

Doch endlich ward dem Diebe  
Die Zeit zu lang. Er macht  
Das Bächlein tückisch trübe,  
Und eh ich es gedacht,  
So zuckte seine Rute,  
Das Fischlein zappelt dran  
Und ich mit regem Blute

But finally the thief grew weary  
of waiting. He stirred up  
the brook and made it muddy,  
and before I guessed it,  
his fishing rod was twitching:  
the fish was squirming there, and with raging blood  
I gazed at the betrayed fish.

**GRETCHEN AM SPINNRADE - TRANS-  
LATED BY AARON GREEN**

Meine Ruh ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer,  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.

My peace is gone,  
My heart is heavy,  
I will find it never  
and never more

Wo ich ihn nicht hab,  
Ist mir das Grab,  
Die ganze Welt  
Ist mir vergällt.

Where I do not have him,  
That is the grave,  
The whole world  
Is bitter to me.

Mein armer Kopf  
Ist mir verrückt,  
Mein armer Sinn  
Ist mir zerstückt.

My poor head Is crazy to me,  
My poor mind Is torn apart.

Nach ihm nur schau ich  
Zum Fenster hinaus,  
Nach ihm nur geh ich  
Aus dem Haus.

For him only, I look  
Out the window  
Only for him do I go  
Out of the house.

Sein hoher Gang,  
Sein' edle Gestalt,  
Seines Mundes Lächeln,  
Seiner Augen Gewalt,

His tall walk, his noble figure,  
His mouth's smile, his eyes' power,

Und seiner Rede  
Zauberfluss,  
Sein Händedruck,  
Und ach, sein Kuss.

And his mouth's  
Magic flow,  
His handclasp,  
and ah! His kiss!

Mein Busen drängt  
Sich nach ihm hin.  
Auch dürf ich fassen  
Und halten ihn,

My peace is gone,  
My heart is heavy,  
I will find it never more.

My bosom urges itself  
toward him.  
Ah, might I grasp  
And hold him!

Und küssen ihn,  
So wie ich wollt,  
An seinen Küssen  
Vergehen sollt!

And kiss him,  
As I would wish,  
At his kisses

**NACHT UND TRAUME - TRANSLATED BY AARON GREEN**

Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;  
Nieder wallen auch die Träume  
Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume  
Durch der Menschen stille Brust  
Die belauschen sie mit Lust  
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht  
Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht!  
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

**O LUCE DI QUEST'ANIMA - TRANSLATED BY BEVERLY SILLS**

Ah! tardai troppo, e al nostro  
favorito convegno  
io non trovai il mio diletto Carlo;  
e chi sa mai  
quanto egli avrà sofferto!  
Ma non al par di me!  
Pegno d'amore  
questi fior mi lasciò!  
Ttenero core!  
E per quel core io l'amo,  
unico di lui bene.  
Poveri entrambi siamo,  
viviam d'amor, di speme;  
pittore ignoto ancora  
egli s'innalzerà coi suo i talenti!  
Sarà mio sposo allora.  
Oh noi contenti!

O luce di quest'anima,  
delizia, amore e vita,  
la nostra sorte unita,  
in terra, in ciel sarà.  
Deh, vieni a me, riposati  
su questo cor che t'ama,  
che te sospira e brama,  
che per te sol vivrà.

Holy night, you float down;  
Dreams too drift down  
Like you moonlight through space  
Through the silent hearts of men  
They listen to them with delight  
Cry out when day awakes  
Come back, holy night  
Sweet dreams, come back again!

Ah! Too long I have waited;  
And yet I have not found  
at our favorite place my dear Carlo.  
And who can tell  
What he has suffered!  
But not as much as I have!  
As a symbol of his love  
He left me these posies!  
What a tender heart!  
And for that heart I do adore him  
It is the greatest treasure he has!  
We are both but poor,  
Living only on thoughts of love  
If he be an unknown painter,  
He will shine with his genius!  
And I will be his wife.  
Oh, what contentment!

Oh, you are the radiance of my soul,  
Delightful life and love;  
On earth and in heaven,  
We will be united.  
Come, my dear  
And find calm in my yearning heart  
That sighs for your love,  
Of which mine is for you alone.

**AH GUARDA SORELLA - TRANSLATED ANONYMOUSLY**

**FIORDILIGI**  
Ah, guarda, sorella,  
Se bocca più bella,  
Se petto più nobile  
Si può ritrovar.

**DORABELLA**  
Osserva tu un poco,  
Che fuoco ha ne' sguardi!  
Se fiamma, se dardi  
Non sembran scoccar.

**FIORDILIGI**  
Si vede un sembiante  
Guerriero ed amante.

**DORABELLA**  
Si vede una faccia  
Che alletta e minaccia.

**FIORDILIGI**  
Io sono felice.

**DORABELLA**  
Felice son io.

**FIORDILIGI & DORABELLA**  
Se questo mio core  
Mai cangia desio,  
Amore mi faccia  
Vivendo penar.

**FIORDILIGI**  
Ah tell me sister,  
If one could ever find  
A nobler face,  
A sweeter mouth.

**DORABELLA**  
Just look,  
See what fire is in his eye,  
If flames and darts  
Do not seem to flash forth!

**FIORDILIGI**  
This is the face  
Of a soldier and a lover.

**DORABELLA**  
This is a face  
Both charming and alarming.

**FIORDILIGI**  
How happy I am!

**DORABELLA**  
How happy I am!

**FIORDILIGI AND DORABELLA**  
If ever my heart  
Changes its affection,  
May love make me  
Live in pain.