

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

## Student Recital

Kaeja Cox, soprano

Rebecca Raydo, piano



**OLD DOMINION  
UNIVERSITY**

**I D E A FUSION**

Diehn Fine and Performing Arts

Choir Room

Thursday, April 20, 2017

5:00PM

## Program

O quam tu pulchra es Alessandro Grandi  
(? - 1630)

Illustratevi, o cieli Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)  
Son ancor pargoletta Francesco Cavalli (1602 -1676)  
Vado ben spesso cangiando loco Salvatore Rosa (1615-1673)

Acht Ziguenerlieder Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

- I. He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten ein!
- II. Hochgetürmte Rimaflut
- III. Wißt ihr, wenn mein Kindchen am allerschönsten ist?
- IV. Lieber Gott, du weißt, wie oft bereut ich hab
- V. Brauner Bursche führt zum Tanze
- VI. Röslein dreie in der Reihe blühn so rot
- VII. Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn, mein süßes Lieb
- VIII. Rote Abendwolken ziehn am Firmament

Je dis que rien ne m'epouvante Georges Bizet  
(1838-1875)

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Bess you is my woman now George Gershwin  
(1898-1937)  
My Mans Gone Now

*Ralph Ashburn, bass-baritone  
Joe Ritchie, piano*

**With You**  
from *Ghost*

**Almost There**  
from *The Princess and the Frog*

**How Blessed We are**  
from *Big River*

**Give Me Jesus**  
**Ride on King Jesus**

**Glen Ballard** (b. 1953)  
**David Allan Stewart** (b. 1952)  
**Bruce Joel Rubin** (b. 1943)  
**Randy Newman** (b. 1943)

**Roger Miller**  
(1936-1992)

**H.T. Burleigh** (1866-1949)  
**Hall Johnson** (1888-1970)

**O Quam tu pulchra es**  
O quam tu pulchra es,  
Amica mea, columba mea,  
Formosa mea  
Oculi tui columbarum  
Capilli tui sicut greges caprarum  
Et dentes tui sicut greges tonsarum.  
Veni de Libano, veni coronaberis.  
Surge propera, surge sponsa mea,  
Surge dilecta mea, immaculata mea,  
Surge, veni, quia amore langueo

**Illustratevi, o cieli**  
Illustratevi, o cieli,  
Rinfioratevi, o prati!  
Aure, gioite!  
Gli augelletti cantando,  
I rivi mormorando,  
Or si rallegrino!  
Quell'erbe verdeggianti,  
Quell'onde sussurranti,  
Or si consolino,  
Gia ch'e sorta felice  
Dal cenere trojan la mia Fenice.

**Son ancor pargoletta**  
Son ancor pargoletta  
E amor non provo,  
Ma, qual tenera pianta  
Fe'la foglia per tutto  
Senza fior, senza frutto.

Cosi Lilla d'amor  
Si ride e canta.

Ov giro le luci  
Amanti io trovo,  
Ma colui che si vanta  
D'avermi vagheggiata  
Non m'ha sinhor provata.

Ove un cenno mi chiama  
Il volo io movo,  
Ma con baldezza tanta  
Mano ancor non mi strise,  
Braccio ancor non mi cinse.

**O how beautiful you are**  
O how beautiful you are,  
My girlfriend, my dove,  
My beautiful one,  
Your eyes are those of doves  
Your hair is like flocks of goats,  
Your teeth are like rows of oars. Come from  
Lebanon, come and you will be crowned.  
Arise quickly, arise my bride  
Arise my precious, my spotless one,  
Arise, come, because I languish in love

**Shine brightly, o heavens**  
Shine brightly, o heavens,  
Blossom forth, o meadows!  
Rejoice, breezes, rejoice!  
Little singing birds,  
Murmuring brooks,  
Be merry again!  
Verdant grasses,  
And those ripping waters,  
Be now consoled,  
Now, from Trojan ashes,  
My Phoenix is risen.

**I am still a little girl**  
I am still a little girl  
And have not yet known love,  
But I am like a young plant,  
I have leaves,  
But no flowers or fruit.

And so, Lily laughs  
At love, and sings.

Wherever I go  
I find amorous glances,  
But whoever boasts  
Of having charmed me  
Has not as yet known my love.

Wherever adventure  
Calls me, I go.  
But no bold hand  
Has yet touched me,  
No arm has yet embraced me.

Kaeja Cox is a student of Dr. Kelly Montgomery.

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor  
of Music Performance degree.

Vado ben spesso cangiando loco  
Vado ben spesso cangiando loco,  
Ma non so mai cangiar desio.  
Sempr l'istesso sara il mio foco,  
E saro sempr l'istesso anch'io.

#### Acht Ziguenerlieder

##### I.

He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten ein!  
Spiel das Lied vom  
ungetreuen Mägdelein!  
Laß die Saiten weinen,  
klagen, traurig bange,  
Bis die heiße Träne  
netzet diese Wange

##### II.

Hochgetürmte Rimaflut,  
Wie bist du so trüb;  
An dem Ufer klag ich  
Laut nach dir, mein Lieb!

Wellen fliehen, Wellen strömen,  
Rauschen an dem Strand heran zu mir.  
An dem Rimaufer laß mich  
Ewig weinen nach ihr!

##### III.

Wißt ihr, wenn mein Kindchen  
am allerschönsten ist?  
Wenn ihr süßes Mündchen scherzt  
und lacht und küßt.  
Mägdelein, du bist mein,  
inniglich küß ich dich,  
Dich erschuf der liebe Himmel  
einzig nur für mich!

Wißt ihr, wenn mein  
Liebster am besten mir gefällt?  
Wenn in seinen Armen  
er mich umschlungen hält.  
Schätzelein, du bist mein,  
inniglich küß ich dich,  
Dich erschuf der liebe  
Himmel einzig nur für mich

##### IV.

Lieber Gott, du weißt,  
wie oft bereut ich hab,  
Daß ich meinem Liebsten  
einst ein Küßchen gab.  
Herz gebot, daß ich ihn küssen muß,  
Denk, solange ich leb,  
an diesen ersten Kuß.

#### I frequently go from place to place

I frequently go from place to place,  
But I can never change my feelings,  
My passion will forever remain constant,  
And I will always be the same.

#### Gypsy Songs

Ho there, Gypsy! Strike resoundingly each  
string! And the song of  
false and faithless maiden sing!  
Let the strings all moan lamenting,  
sorrow weeping,  
'Til the burning tears these  
cheeks so hot are steeping!

High and towering river Rima,  
thou art so drear,  
On thy shore I mourn  
aloud for thee, my dear!

Waves are fleeing, waves are streaming,  
Rolling o'er the shore afar to me;  
On the riverbank of Rima let me  
weep for her eternally!

Know ye, when my loved  
one is fairest of all this?  
If her sweet mouth rosy, jest  
and laugh and kiss.  
Maiden heart, mine thou art.  
Tenderly I kiss thee.  
Thee a loving heaven  
hath created just for me!

Know ye, when my  
lover dearest is to me?  
When in his fond arms,  
he enfolds me lovingly.  
Dear sweetheart, mine thou art.  
Tenderly I kiss thee.  
Thee a loving heaven  
hath created just for me!

Dear God, Thou know'st  
how oft I've rued this:  
That I gave my lover  
once a little kiss.  
Heart's command I kiss him, how dismiss?  
And long as I live I'll think  
of that first kiss.

Lieber Gott, du weißt,  
wie oft in stiller Nacht  
Ich in Lust und Leid an  
meinen Schatz gedacht.  
Lieb ist süß, wenn bitter auch die Reu,  
Armes Herze bleibt ihm ewig, ewig treu.  
V.

Brauner Bursche führt zum Tanze  
Sein blauäugig schönes Kind;  
Schlägt die Sporen keck zusammen,  
Csardasmelodie beginnt.

Küßt und herzt sein süßes Täubchen,  
Dreht sie, führt sie, jauchzt und springt;  
Wirft drei blanke Silbergulden  
Auf das Zimbal, daß es klingt.

##### VI.

Röslein dreie in der Reihe blühn so rot,  
Daß der Bursch zum Mäd'el gehe, ist  
kein Verbot!  
Lieber Gott, wenn das verboten wär,  
Ständ die schöne weite Welt schon  
längst nicht mehr;  
Ledig bleiben Sünde wär!

Schönstes Städtchen in  
Alföld ist Ketschkemet,  
Dort gibt es gar viele  
Mädchen schmuck und nett!  
Freunde, sucht euch  
dort ein Bräutchen aus,  
Freit um ihre Hand  
und gründet euer Haus,  
Freudenbecher leeret aus.

##### VII.

Kommt dir manchmal  
in den Sinn, mein süßes Lieb,  
Was du einst mit heil'gem  
Eide mir gelobt?  
Täusch mich nicht, verlaß mich nicht,  
Du weißt nicht, wie lieb ich dich hab,  
Lieb du mich, wie ich dich,  
Dann strömt Gottes Huld  
auf dich herab!

##### VIII.

Rote Abendwolken ziehn  
am Firmament  
Rote Abendwolken ziehn  
am Firmament,  
Sehnsuchtsvoll nach dir,  
Mein Lieb, das Herze brennt,

Dear God, Thou know'st  
how oft in still of night,  
How in joy and pain on  
him my thoughts delight.  
Love is sweet, though bitter oft to rue;  
My poor heart is his and ever, ever true.

Brown the lad, blue-eyed the lassie  
Led by him to dance is she.  
Clashing spurs he strikes together:  
Start the Czardas melody!

Kisses fondly his sweet dove, and  
spins her, whirls her, shouts and springs!  
Throws three shining silver gulden  
On the cymbal so it rings!

Rosebuds three,  
all on one tree, ye bloom so red,  
That a lad a lassie woo, is not forbade!  
O dear God, if that had been denied,  
Then the whole wide lovely world  
long since had died.  
Single life's a sin, beside!

Fairest village in  
Alfeld is Ketschemete,  
There live many pretty  
lasses trim and neat!  
Friends, go find ye  
there a little bride,  
Sue then for her hand  
and build your house with pride.  
Drain the glass with friendship plied!

Art thou thinking often now,  
sweetheart, my love,  
What thou once with holy v  
ow to me hast sworn?  
Leave me not, deceive me not,  
Thou know'st not how dear thou art to me;  
Love'st thou me as I thee,  
Then God's smile shall  
crown thee graciously.

Rosy evening clouds hang  
in the firmament,  
Rosy evening clouds hang  
in the firmament,  
Longing-filled for thee,  
my love, my heart is rent;

Himmel strahlt in glühnder Pracht,  
Und ich träum bei Tag und Nacht  
Nur allein von dem süßen  
Liebchen mein.

Heaven glows with splendrous light  
And I dream by day and night  
But of thee, of the sweetheart  
dear to me.

**Je dis que rien ne m'épouvante**

Je dis que rien ne m'épouvante,  
je dis, hélas! que je réponds de moi;  
mais j'ai beau faire la vaillante,  
au fond du coeur, je meurs d'effroi!  
Seule en ce lieu sauvage,  
toute seule j'ai peur,  
mais j'ai tort d'avoir peur;  
vous me donnerez du courage,  
vous me protégerez, Seigneur!

I may say that nothing is scaring  
Me, and I'll take care of myself, oh dear!  
But for all my pretense of daring,  
Deep in my heart I'm full of fear!  
In this wild place, so lonely,  
All alone, I'm afraid,  
But I'm wrong being afraid;  
For I'll get courage from you only,  
O Lord, I know you'll give me aid!

Je vais voir de près cette femme  
dont les artifices maudits  
ont fini par faire un infâme  
de celui que j'aimais jadis!  
Elle est dangereuse... elle est belle!...  
Mais je ne veux pas avoir peur!  
Non, non, je ne veux pas avoir peur!...  
Je parlerai haut devant elle... ah!  
Seigneur, vous me protégerez!  
Seigneur, vous me protégerez! ah!

I will see that woman, be close to her...  
Vile tricks that she is mistress of  
Have turned into an evildoer  
The one with whom I was in love!  
She's dangerous and she's a beauty!  
But I don't want to be afraid!  
No, no, I don't want to be afraid!  
To speak before her is my duty... Ah!  
O Lord, I know you'll give me aid!  
O Lord, I know you'll give me aid! Ah!

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je dis, hélas! que je réponds de moi;  
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au fond du coeur, je meurs d'effroi!  
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In this wild place, so lonely,  
All alone, I'm afraid,  
But I'm wrong being afraid;  
For I'll get courage from you only,  
O Lord, I know you'll give me aid!

Protégez-moi! O Seigneur!  
donnez-moi du courage!  
Protégez-moi! O Seigneur!

Give me your aid, O my Lord!  
Give me strength, give me courage!  
Give me your aid, O my Lord!  
Give me your aid, O Lord