

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Student Recital

Christian Harward, baritone

Rebecca Raydo, piano



**OLD DOMINION
UNIVERSITY**

I D E A FUSION

Diehn Fine and Performing Arts

Chandler Recital Hall

Friday, November 6, 2015

7:30pm

Program

- | | |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| Don Quichotte à Dulcinée | Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937) |
| I. Chanson romanesque | |
| II. Chanson épique | |
| III. Chanson à boire | |
| Tutto è disposto...Aprite un po'quegli occhi | W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791) |
| from <i>Le Nozze di Figaro</i> | |
| Kindertotenlieder | Gustav Mahler
(1860-1911) |
| I. Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgehn | |
| II. Nun she' ich woll, warum so dunkle Flammen | |
| III. Wenn dein Mütterlein | |
| IV. Oft denk' ich, sie sind nur ausgegangen | |
| V. In diesem Wetter | |
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| A Little Priest | Stephen Sondheim
(b. 1930) |
| from <i>Sweeney Todd</i> | |
| Karen Lee, <i>soprano</i> | |
| Joey, Joey, Joey | Frank Loesser
(1910-1969) |
| from <i>The Most Happy Fella</i> | |
| Dressing them Up | John Kander
(b. 1927) |
| from <i>Kiss of the Spider Woman</i> | |

Christian Harward is a student of Dr. Kelly Montgomery. This recital is in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music Performance degree.

Translations 1

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée Chanson Romanesque

Si vous me disiez que la terre
À tant tourner vous offensa,
Je lui dépêcherais Pança:
Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.

Si vous me disiez que l'enntui
Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d'astres,
Déchirant les divins cadastres,
Je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.

Si vous me disiez que l'espace
Ainsi vidé ne vous plaît point,
Chevalier dieu, la lance au poing.
J'étoilerais le vent qui passe.

Mais si vous disiez que mon sang
Est plus à moi qu'à vous, ma Dame,
Je blémirais dessous le blâme
Et je mourrais, vous bénissant.

Ô Dulcinée.

Chanson épique

Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir
De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,
Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir
Pour lui complaire et la défendre,
Bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre
Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel
De la Madone au bleu mantel.

D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame
Et son égale en pureté et son égale en piété
Comme en pudeur et chasteté:
Ma Dame,

Ô grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel
L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,
Ma douce Dame si pareille
À Vous, Madone au bleu mantel!
Amen.

Chanson à boire

Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,
Qui pour me perdre à vos doux yeux
Dit que l'amour et le vin vieux
Mettent en deuil mon coeur, mon âme!

Ah! Je bois à la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit...
Lorsque j'ai ... lorsque j'ai bu!

Don Quixote to Dulcinée Romanesque Song

If you told me the eternal turning
of the world, offended you,
I would send Panza:
You would see it motionless and silent.

If you told me you were bored by
the number of stars in the sky,
I would tear the heavens apart,
Erase the night in one swipe.

If you told me that the now empty
space doesn't please you,
Chevalier dieu, with a lance in hand
I would fill the wind with stars.

But, my Lady, if you told me
that if my blood is more mine than yours,
That reprimand would turn me pale
and, blessing you, I would die.

Oh, Dulcinée.

Epic Song

Good Saint Michael, who gives me the chance
to see my Lady and to hear her.
Good Saint Michael who deigns to choose me
to please and defend her.
Good Saint Michael will you descend
with Saint George to the altar
of the Virgin in the blue mantle.

With a beam from heaven, bless my sword
and his equal in purity and his in equal in piety
as in modesty and chastity:
My Lady.

Oh great Saint George and Saint Michael
The angel who guards my watch
My sweet Lady, so much like you
Virgin in the blue mantle!
Amen.

Drinking Song

Fig for the bastard, illustrious Lady,
Who, for losing me in your sweet eyes
Tells me that love and old wine
put my heart and soul in mourning.

I drink to pleasure!
Pleasure is the only goal,
To which I go straight...
When I've drunk!

Translations 2

Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,
Qui geint, qui pleure et fait serment
D'être toujours ce pâle amant
Qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse!
Ah! Je bois à la joie!

Aprite un po'quegli occhi

Tutto è disposto:
L'ora dovrebbe esservicina;
Io sento gente...è d'essa!
Non è alcuno; buia è la notte...
Ed io comincio omai a fare
Il scimunito mestiere di marito...
Ingrata!
Nel memento della mia cerimonia
Ei godeva leggendo:
E nel veder io rideva
Di me senza saperlo.
Oh Susanna! Susanna!
Quanta pena mi costi!
Con quell'ingenua faccia,
Con quegli occhi innocenti,
Chi creduto l'avria? Ah!
Che il fidarse a donna, è ognor follia.

Aprite un po'quegli occhi,
Uomini incauti e sciocchi,
Guardate queste femmine,
Guardate cosa son!
Queste chiamate dee dagli ingannati sensi
A cui tributa incensi la debole ragion.
Son streghe che incantano per farci penar.
Sirene che cantano per farci affogar,
Civette che allettano per trarci le piume,
Comete che brillano per toglierci il lume.
Son rose spinose, son volpi vezzose;
Son orse benigne, colombe maligne,
Maestre d'inganni, amiche d'affanni,
Che fingono, mentono, amore non senton
Non senton pietà, No, no, no, no, no!
Il resto no dico, già ognuno lo sa.

Kindertotenlied

Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgehn

Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgehn,
Als sei kein Unglück die Nacht geschehn!
Das Unglück geschah nur mir allein!
Die Sonne, sie scheint allgemein!
Du mußt nicht die Nacht in dir verschränken,
Mußt sie ins ew'ge Licht versenken!
Ein Lämplein verlosch in meinem Zelt!
Heil sei dem Freudenlicht der Welt!

Fig for the jeabus, dark-haired mistress
who moans, who cries and swears
always being the pallid lover,
watering down his intoxication!
I drink to pleasure!

Open your eyes

Everything is ready:
the hour should be at hand;
I can hear people... it is her!
It's nobody; the night is dark..
and I am just beginning to practice
the stupid work of being a husband...
Ungrateful!
While remembering my ceremony
he was enjoying in reading:
And while I was seeing it I was laughing
at me without knowing it.
Oh, Susanna! Susanna!
What a great suffering you cost me!
With your ingenuous face,
with your innocent eyes,
who would imagine it? Ah,
that it's foul to trust in a woman.

Open your eyes,
you incautious and stupid men
Look at these women
Look what they are!
These you call goddesses with deceived senses.
to whom the weak reason tributes incenses.
They are witches who enchant only to make us pain.
Sirens who sing to draw us in,
owls who attract to take out our feathers,
comets who shine to take our light away.
They're thorny roses, they're charming foxes;
they're benign bears, malign doves,
masters of deceit, friends of distress,
who feign, lie, do not feel any love,
do not feel any pity, No, no, no, no, no!
I won't even say the rest, everyone already knows

Songs on the Death of Children

Now the sun will rise as brightly

Now the sun will rise as brightly,
as if no misfortune had occurred in the night.
The misfortune has fallen on me alone.
The sun - it shines for everyone.
You must not confine the night within yourself;
you must immerse it in the eternal light!
A little light has been extinguished in my home!
Praised be the joyous light of the world!

Translations 3

Nun seh' ich wohl, warum so dunkle Flammen

Nun seh' ich wohl, warum so dunkle Flammen
Ihr sprühtet mir in manchem Augenblicke.
O Augen, gleichsam, um voll in einem Blicke
Zu drängen eure ganze Macht zusammen.

Dort ahnt' ich nicht, weil Nebel mich umschwammen,
Gewoben vom verblendenden Geschicke,
Daß sich der Strahl bereits zur Heimkehr schicke,
Dorthin, von wannen alle Strahlen stammen.

Ihr wolltet mir mit eurem Leuchten sagen:
Wir möchten nah dir bleiben gerne!
Doch ist uns das vom Schicksal abgeschlagen.

Sieh' uns nur an, denn bald sind wir dir ferne!
Was dir Augen sind in diesen Tagen:
In künft'gen Nächten sind es dir nur Sterne.

Wenn dein Mütterlein

Wenn dein Mütterlein tritt zur Tür herein,
Und den Kopf ich drehe, ihr entgegen sehe,
Fällt auf ihr Gesicht erst der Blick mir nicht,
Sondern auf die Stelle, näher nach der Schwelle,
Dort, wo würde dein lieb Gesicht sein,
Wenn du freudenhelle trätet mit herein,
Wie sonst, mein Töchterlein.

Wenn dein Mütterlein tritt zur Tür herein,
Mit der Kerze Schimmer, ist es mir, als immer
Kämst du mit herein, huschtest hintertrein,
Als wie sonst ins Zimmer!
O du, des Vaters Zelle,
Ach, zu schnell, erlosch'ner Freudenschein!

Oft denk' ich, sie sind nur ausgegangen

Oft denk' ich, sie sind nur ausgegangen!
Bald werden sie wieder nach Hause gelangen!
Der Tag ist schön! O sei nicht bang!
Sie machen nur einen weiten Gang.

Jawohl, sie sind nur ausgegangen
Und werden jetzt nach Hause gelangen!
O, sei nicht bang, der Tag is schön!
Sie machen nur den Gang zu jenen Höh'n!

Sie sind uns nur vorausgegangen,
Und werden nicht wieder nach Haus verlangen!
Wir holen sie ein auf jenen Höh'n!
Im Sonnenschein, der Tag ist schön auf jenen Höh'n!

Now I see well, why with such dark flames

Now I see well, why with such dark flames
you sparkled at me in many moments.
Oh, eyes, it was as if in one full glance
you could concentrate your entire power.

But I did not suspect - enveloped as I was
by the mist of deceptive fate,
that this beam was already was ready to be sent
to that place from whence all beams come.

You would have told me with your brilliance:
We would gladly have stayed near you!
But that is denied us by fate.

Look at us, for soon we will be far from you!
What to you are only eyes in these days-
in future nights shall be stars to us.

When your little mother

When your little mother steps into the doorway,
and I turn my head to see her,
my first glance does not fall on her face,
rather on the place nearer to the threshold,
there, where your dear face would be,
when you would step in with bright joy,
as you used to, my little daughter.

When your little mother steps into the doorway,
with the shimmer of a candle, it seems to me as if,
you came in as well, slipping in behind her,
just as you used to come into the room!
Oh you, of father's cells,
ah, too quickly, the extinguished gleam of joy!

Oftentimes I think that they have only gone out

Oftentimes I think, that they have only gone out!
Soon they will be home again!
The day is beautiful! Oh do not be afraid!
They are just taking a long walk.

Yes, they have just gone out
and will be right home!
Oh, do not be afraid, the day is beautiful!
They are only taking a walk to those hills!

They have just gone ahead of us,
they will not wish to return home!
We will catch up to them on those hills!
In the sunshine, the day is beautiful on those hills!

Translations 4

In diesem Wetter

In diesem Wetter, in diesem Braus,
Nie hät' ich gesendet die Kinder hinaus;
Man hat sie getragen hinaus,
Ich durfte nichts dazu sagen!

In diesem Wetter, in diesem Saus,
Nie hät' ich gelassen die Kinder hinaus,
Ich fürchtete sie erkranken;
Das sind nun eitle Gedanken.

In diesem Wetter, in diesem Gaus,
Nie hät' ich gelassen die Kinder hinaus;
Ich sorgte, sie stürben morgen,
Das ist nun nicht zu besorgen.

In diesem Wetter, in diesem Gaus!
Nie hät' ich gesendet die Kinder hinaus!
Man hat sie hinaus getragen,
ich durfte nichts dazu sagen!

In diesem Wetter, in diesem Saus,
In diesem Braus, sie ruh'n als wie
In der Mutter Haus,
Von keinem Sturm erschreckt,
Von Gottes Hand bedeckt

In this weather

In this weather, in this roaring wind,
never would I have sent the children out;
They were carried out,
I could say nothing about it!

In this weather, in this awful storm,
I would never have let the children out,
I was afraid they would fall ill;
These are now idle thoughts.

In this weather, in this horror,
I would never have let the children out;
I was worried, they would die tomorrow,
This is no longer a concern..

In this weather, in this horror!
I would never have sent the children out!
They were carried out,
I could say nothing about it!

In this weather, in this awful storm,
in this roaring wind, they rest as they did
in their mother's house,
frightened by no storm,
covered by God's hand.

