

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

## Student Recital

Logan Kenison, baritone

Bobbie Kesler-Corleto, piano



**OLD DOMINION  
UNIVERSITY**

**I D E A F U S I O N**

Diehn Fine and Performing Arts

Chandler Recital Hall

Monday, November 23, 2015

4:45pm

## Program

"Revenge," Timotheus Cries  
from *Alexander's Feast*

Georg Friedrich Handel  
(1685-1759)

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Lydia

Gabriel Fauré  
(1845-1924)

Adelaide

Ludwig van Beethoven  
(1770-1827)

Ständchen

from *Schwanengesang*

Franz Peter Schubert  
(1797-1828)

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A un dottor della mia sorte

from *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*

Gioachino Antonio Rossini  
(1792-1868)

Logan Kenison is a student of Dr. Brian Nedvin.  
This recital is in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of  
Music Performance degree.

# Translations

## Lydia [Leconte de Lisle]

Lydia surtes roses joues  
Et sur ton col frais et si blanc,  
Roule étincelant  
L'or fluide que tu dénoues;

Le jour qui luit est le meilleur,  
Oublions l'éternelle tombe.  
Laisse tes baisers de cobmbe  
Chanter surta levre en fleur.

Un lys caché répand sans cesse  
Une odeur divine en ton sein;  
Les délices comme un essaim  
Sortent de toi, jeune déesse.

Je t'aime et mœurs, ô mes amours.  
Mon âme en baisers m'est ravie!  
O Lydia, rends-moi la vie,  
Que je puisse mourir toujours!

## Adelaide

Einsam wandelt dein Freund im Frühlinggarten,  
Mild vom lieblichen Zauberlicht umflossen,  
Das durch wankende Blütenzweige zittert,  
Adelaide!

In der spiegelnden Flut, im Schnee der Alpen,  
In des sinkenden Tages Goldgewölken,  
Im Gefilde der Sterne strahlt dein Bildnis,  
Adelaide!

Abendlüfte im zarten Laube flüstem,  
Silberglöckchen des Mais im Grase säuseln,  
Wellen rauschen und Nachtigallen flöten:  
Adelaide!

Einst, o Wunder! entblüht auf meinem Grabe  
Eine Blume der Asche meines Herzens;  
Deutlich schimmert auf jedem Pflanzblättchen:  
Adelaide!

(translations continue on the back page)

## Lydia

Lydia, on your rosy cheeks,  
And on your neck, so fresh and white,  
Flow sparklingly  
The fluid golden tresses which you bosen.

This shining day is the best of all;  
Let us forget the eternal grave,  
Let your kisses, your kisses of a dove,  
Sing on your blossoming lips.

A hidden lily spreads unceasingly  
A divine fragrance on your breast;  
Numberless delights  
Emanate from you, young goddess,

I love you and die, oh my love;  
Kisses have carried away my soul!  
Oh Lydia, give me back life,  
That I may die, forever die!

translated by: Rowcliffe Browne

## Adelaide

Alone does your friend wander in the Spring garden,  
Mildly encircled by magic light  
That quivers through swaying, blossoming boughs,  
Adelaide!

In the mirroring stream, in the snow of the Alps,  
In the dying day's golden clouds,  
In the fields of stars, your image shines,  
Adelaide!

Evening breezes whisper in the tender leaves,  
Silvery lilies-of-the-valley rustle in the grass,  
Waves murmur and nightingales pipe:  
Adelaide!

One day, o wonder! upon my grave will bloom  
A flower from the ashes of my heart;  
And clearly on every purple leaf will gleam:  
Adelaide!

translated by: Emily Ezust

(translations continue on the back page)

## Ständchen [Ludwig Rellstab]

Leise flehen meine Lieder  
Durch die Nacht zu dir;  
In den stillen Hain hernieder,  
Liebchen, komm zu mir!

Flüstemd schlanke Wipfel rauschen  
In des Mondes Licht;  
Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen  
Fürchte, holde, nicht.

Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?  
Ach! sie flehen dich,  
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen  
Flehen sie für mich.

Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,  
Kennen Liebesschmerz,  
Rühren mit den Silberbönen  
Jedes weiche Herz.

Laß auch dir die Brust bewegen,  
Liebchen, höre mich!  
Bebend har' ich dir entgegen!  
Komm, beglücke mich!

## A un dottor della mia sorte

A un dottor della mia sorte  
queste scuse, signorina!  
Vi consiglio, mia carina,  
un po' meglio a impostuar.  
I confetti alla ragazza!  
Il ricamo sul tamburo!  
Vi scottaste: eh via! eh via!  
Ci vuol altro, figlia mia,  
per potemi corbellar.  
Perchè manca là quel foglio?  
Vo' saper cotesto imbroglio.  
Sono inutili le smorfie;  
ferma là, non mi toccate!  
Figlia mia non lo sperate  
ch'io mi lasci infino cchiar.  
Via, carina, confessate;  
son disposto a perdonar.  
Non parlate! Vi ostate!  
So ben io quel che ho da far.  
Signorina, un'altra volta  
quando Bartolo andrà fuori,  
la consegna ai servitori  
a suo modo far saprà.  
Ah, non servono le smorfie,  
faccia pur la gatta morta.  
Cospetton! per quella porta  
nemmen l'aria entrar potrà.  
E Rosina innocentina,  
sconsolata, disperata,  
in sua camera serrata  
fin ch'io voglio stardovrà.

## Serenade

My songs beckon softly  
through the night to you;  
below in the quiet grove,  
Come to me, beloved!

The rustle of slender leaf tips whispers  
in the moonlight;  
Do not fear the evil spying  
of the betrayer, my dear.

Do you hear the nightingales call?  
Ah, they beckon to you,  
With the sweet sound of their singing  
they beckon to you for me.

They understand the heart's longing,  
know the pain of love,  
They calm each tender heart  
with their silver tones.

Let them also stir within your breast,  
beloved, hear me!  
Trembling I wait for you,  
Come, please me!

translation by Michael P. Rosewell

## To a doctor of my station

To a doctor of my class,  
These excuses, miss!  
I advise you, my dear,  
To deceive a little better.  
These girlish sweetings!  
The embroidery on the drum!  
You pricked yourself? Ah! Come now!  
It takes more than that, my daughter,  
To be able to trick me.  
That's that paper there for?  
I want to know the meaning of this!  
Those sad faces are useless;  
Get back! Don't touch me!  
My child, don't hope  
That I may allow myself to be bamboozled.  
Come now, dear, confess;  
I am disposed to pardon.  
You don't speak? You are obstinate?  
I know just that which I will have to do.  
Miss, at another time,  
When Bartolo goes out,  
You will be left in the charge of the servants  
According to my will, thus it shall be.  
Ah, these pathetic faces don't help you,  
A face like a dead cat.  
By the heavens, through that door  
Not even the air shall be able to enter.  
And Rosina, so innocent,  
Disconsolate, and desperate,  
Shall remain in her room, locked away,  
Since I want her to stay there!