

## Translations

Intorno all'idol mio

Intorno all'idol mio spirate pur, spirate,  
Aure, Aure soavi e grate,  
E nelle guancie elette  
Baciatelo per me,  
Cortesi, cortesi aurette!

Al mio ben, che riposa  
Su l'ali della quiete,  
Grati, grati sogni assistete  
E il mio racchiuso ardore  
Svelategli per me,  
O larve, o larve d'amore!  
-Giacinto Andrea Cicognini

Around My Idol

Around my idol  
Breathe, merely breathe,  
Winds sweet and gracious  
And on the favored cheeks  
Kiss him for me, courtly breezes!

In my love who rests  
On the wings of peace  
Pleasant dreams provoke.  
And my hidden ardor  
Reveal to him for me  
O spirits of love.

- Adapted by Katherine McGuire

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

*Department of Music*

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# Student Recital

Christian Harward, Baritone  
Rebecca Raydo, Piano



**OLD DOMINION  
UNIVERSITY**

**I D E A FUSION**

Diehn Fine and Performing Arts  
Chandler Recital Hall

November 11, 2013

4:00 PM

## Program

Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal from <i>Three Songs, Op. 3</i>	Roger Quilter (1877-1953)
My Lagan Love	Hamilton Harty (1879-1953)
Lydia	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Automne	
Frühlingsglaube	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Mut! from <i>Winterreise</i>	
Die Krähe from <i>Winterreise</i>	
L'ora e tarda	Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)
Intorno all'idol mio	Antonio Cesti (1623-1669)
The Way You Look Tonight from <i>Swing Time</i>	Jerome Kern (1885-1945)
I Hear Music from <i>Dancing on a Dime</i>	Burton Lane (1912-1997)

## Translations

Die Krähe	The Crow
Eine Krähe war mit mir Aus der Stadt gezogen, Ist bis heute für und für Um mein Haupt geflogen.	A crow was with me From out of the town, Even up to this moment It circles above my head.
Krähe, wunderliches Tier, Willst mich nicht verlassen? Meinst wohl, bald als Beute hier Meinen Leib zu fassen?	Crow, strange creature, Will you not forsake me? Do you intend, very soon, To take my corpse as food?
Nun, es wird nicht weit mehr gehn An dem Wanderstabe. Krähe, laß mich endlich sehn, Treue bis zum Grabe!	Well, it is not much farther That I wander with my staff in hand. Crow, let me see at last A fidelity that lasts to the grave!
-Wilhelm Müller	Adapted by Arthur Rishi
L'ora è tarda	The Hour is Late
L'ora è tarda; deserto il mar si frange, e il gregge a 'l pian calò: una tristezza grave in cor mi piange, e sovra il lito io sto.	The hour is late; deserted is the agitated sea, And the flock rests on the plain: Great sadness eats at my heart, And I feel petrified.
Io mi struggo d'amore e di desío, ma tu non pensi a me: tu sei partito senza dirmi addio: perché, dimmi, perché?	I perish from love and desire, While you don't waste a thought about me... You went away without a farewell: Why, tell me why?
-Gabriele D'Annunzio	-Adapted by Linda Godry

**Christian Harward is a student of Dr. Kelly Montgomery.  
This recital is in partial fulfillment of a Bachelor's Degree in Music  
Performance.**

## Translations

Lydia

Lydia sur tes roses joues,  
Et sur ton col frais et si blanc,  
[Que le lait,] roule étincelant  
L'or fluide que tu dénoues;

Le jour qui luit est le meilleur;  
Oublions l'éternelle tombe.  
Laisse tes baisers, tes baisers de colombe  
Chanter sur ta lèvre 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 meurs, ô mes amours!  
Mon âme en baisers m'est ravie.  
O Lydia, rends-moi la vie,  
Que je puisse mourir toujours!

-Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle

Lydia

Lydia, upon your pink cheeks,  
And upon your neck, so cool and so white  
There rolls down, glittering,  
The fluid golden hair that you untie.

This day that is shining is the best;  
Let us forget the eternal grave,  
Let your dovelike kisses  
Sing on your blossoming lips.

A hidden lily unceasingly spreads  
A divine scent in your bosom:  
Delights, like swarm  
Emanate from you, young goddess!

I love you and die, o my love!  
My soul is ravished in kisses.  
Oh Lydia, restore my life to me,  
That I may die, die forever!

-Adapted by Perry Gethner

Automne

Automne au ciel brumeux,  
aux horizons navrants,  
Aux rapides couchants, aux aurores  
pâlies,  
Je regarde couler,  
comme l'eau du torrent,  
Tes jours faits de mélancolie.

Sur l'aile des regrets mes esprits  
emportés,  
Comme s'il se pouvait que notre âge  
renaisse!  
Parcourent en rêvant les  
coteaux enchantés

Où, jadis, sourit ma jeunesse!

Je sens, au clair soleil du  
souvenir vainqueur,  
Refleurer en bouquet les roses déliées,  
Et monter à mes yeux des larmes, qu'en  
mon coeur

Autumn

Autumn with a misty sky,  
with heart-breaking horizons,  
With rapid sunsets, with pale dawns,  
I watch the flow,  
like the water of a torrent,  
Of your days made of melancholy.

My thoughts, carried off on wings of  
regret, As if it were possible for our life to  
start over,  
Travel while dreaming through the  
enchanted slopes  
Where in former days my youth smiled!

In feel in the bright sunlight of  
victorious memory  
The slender roses blooming in a bouquet  
And I feel rising to my eyes tears that in  
my heart

I at age twenty had forgotten!

Mes vingt ans avaient oubliées!

-Adapted by Perry Gethner

-Armand Silvestre

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-Armand Silvestre

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### Translations

Frühlingsglaube

Faith in Spring

Die linden Lüfte sind erwacht,  
Sie säuseln und wehen Tag und Nacht,  
Sie schaffen an allen Enden.  
O frischer Duft, o neuer Klang!  
Nun, armes Herze, sei nicht bang!  
Nun muß sich alles, alles wenden.

The balmy breezes are awakened,  
They whisper and blow day and night,  
They create everywhere.  
O fresh scent, o new sound!  
Now, poor heart, don't be afraid.  
Now all, all must change.

Die Welt wird schöner mit jedem Tag,  
Man weiß nicht, was noch werden mag,  
Das Blühen will nicht enden;  
Es blüht das fernste, tiefste Thal:  
Nun, armes Herz, vergiß der Qual!  
Nun muß sich alles, alles wenden.

With each day the world grows fairer,  
One cannot know what is still to come,  
The flowering refuses to cease.  
Even the deepest, most distant valley is  
in flower.  
Now, poor heart, forget your torment.  
Now all, all must change.

-Johann Ludwig Uhland

-Adapted by David Gordon

Mut!

Courage

Fliegt der Schnee mir ins Gesicht,  
Schüttl' ich ihn herunter.  
Wenn mein Herz im Busen spricht,  
Sing' ich hell und munter.

The snow flies in my face,  
I shake it off.  
When my heart cries out in my breast,  
I sing brightly and cheerfully.

Höre nicht, was es mir sagt,  
Habe keine Ohren;  
Fühle nicht, was es mir klagt,  
Klagen ist für Toren.

I do not hear what it says,  
I have no ears,  
I do not feel what it laments,  
Lamenting is for fools.

Lustig in die Welt hinein  
Gegen Wind und Wetter!  
Will kein Gott auf Erden sein,  
Sind wir selber Götter!

Merrily stride into the world  
Against all wind and weather!  
If there is no God on earth,  
We are gods ourselves!

-Wilhelm Müller

-Adapted by Arthur Rishi

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