

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Student Recital

Laura Doyon, soprano
Bobbie Kesler-Corleto, piano



**OLD DOMINION
UNIVERSITY**

I D E A FUSION

Diehn Fine and Performing Arts
Chandler Recital Hall

November 22, 2013

4:00 PM

Program

from the musical, *She Loves Me*

Oh, Vieni al mare!

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

Laura Doyon is a student of Professor Agnes Fuller.
This recital is in partial fulfillment of a Bachelor's Degree in Music Education

Ogni pena più spietata

Giovanni B. Pergolesi
(1710-1736)

Translations

L'Heure Exquise

Reynaldo Hahn
(1875-1947)

Mein Herr Marquis

Mein Herr Marquis ein Mann wie Sie
sollt' besser das versteh'n!
Darum rate ich,
ja genauer sich die lege anzuseh'n!
Die hand ist doch wohl gar zu fein, ah,
dies Füßchen so zierlich undlein, ah,
Die sprache, die ich führe,
die taille, de tournüre,
Dergleichen finden Sie
bei einer Zofe nie!
Gestehen müssen Sie fürwahr:
Sehr komisch dieser Irrtum war.

My Lord

My Lord
a
should
th

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Breit' über mein Haupt

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Ja, sehr komisch, ha ha ha
Is die Sache, ha ha ha!
Drum verzeih'n Sie, ha ha ha,
Wenn ich lache, ha ha ha...!
Ach, sehr omisch, Herr Marquis, sind Sie!

Theref
To look
m
My ha
m
de
This lit
g
tir
The la
I s
My wa
sh
The lik
y
fir
in a ch
You m
ac
This m
ve

Mein Herr Marquis
from the opera, *Die Fledermaus*

By Strauss

George Gershwin
(1898-1937)

Mit dem Profil im griech'schen Stil
Beschenkte mich Natur.
Wenn nicht dies Gesicht
schon genügend spricht,
So she'n Sie die Figur!
Schau'n durch die Lorgnette Sie dann, ah
sich diese Toilette nur an, ah.
Mir scheint wohl, die Liebe
macht Ihre Augen trübe;
Der schönen Zofe Bild
Hat ganz Ihr Herz erfüllt!
Nun sehen Sie sie überall;
Sehr komisch ist fürwahr der Fall.

Yes, v
ha
Is the
ha
Theref
m
If I lau
ha
Oh my
fu

Fair Robin I love
from the opera, *Tartuffe*

Kirke Mechem
(1925-)

Vanilla Ice Cream

Jerry Bock

Marquis, you
are!

With a profile in
the Grecian
style
Nature has
endowed me.
If this face doesn't
Already say
enough,
Then observe my
figure!
Then just gaze
through your
lorgnette, ah-
At this party dress,
ah-
It certainly seems
to me that
love
Is making your
eyes blurry;
The image of a
pretty
chambermaid
Has completely
filled your
heart!
Now you see her
everywhere;

Very funny,
indeed, is the
situation.

*Trans. Richard
Walters*

Oh, Vieni al mare!
Vieni, la barca è pronta,
Lieve un'auretta spira,
Tutto d'amor sospira,
Il mar, la terra, il ciel.
Vedi, l'argentea luna
Splende agli amanti amica,
E sembra che ti dica:
"Corri alla tua fedel!"
Deh! Vien, garzon gentile,
Ch'io nel tuo sen m'infonda,
E rassomigli all'onda
Che bacia il cielo e muor.
Deh! Quanti flutti ha il mare
Io tanti baci avessi;
Vorrei lasciar con essi
Sulle tue labra il cor.

Translations

Oh, Co
S
Come,
re
Lightly
br

Everyt
si
The se
th
See, th
m
shines
lo
fri

and it
to
sa
"Run t
fa
Please
be
So tha
be
m
And m
to
Which
sk
Please
tic
se
I so m
w
I woul
le
th
on you
he

Tr

Ogni Pena Più Spietata.

Ogni pena più spietata,
Soffriria quest'alma afflita
e dezolata,
se godesse una speranza
Di potersi consolar.

Ma, ohimè,
cade ogni speme,
non c'è luogo,
non c'è vita
non c'è modo di sperar.

**All of anguish
most
unsparing.**

All of anguish
most
unsparing,
Fain would bear
this soul
forsaken

And despairing,
If her hope
remain'd
unshaken
To console herself
once more.

But, alas,
How endless my
torment,
There's no vision,
There's no
moment,

There's no ray of
hope in store.

*Trans. Dr. TH
Baker*

Deh! Quanti flutti ha il mare
lo tanti baci avessi;
Vorrei lasciar con essi
Sulle tue labra il cor.

Translations**Oh, Vieni al mare!**

Vieni, la barca è pronta,
Lieve un'auretta spira,
Tutto d'amor sospira,
Il mar, la terra, il ciel.
Vedi, l'agentea luna
Splende agli amanti amica,
E sembra che ti dica:
"Corri alla tua fedel!"
Deh! Vien, garzon gentile,
Ch'io nel tuo sen m'infonda,
E rassomigli all'onda
Che bacia il cielo e muor.

**Oh, Come to the
Sea!**

Come, the boat is
ready,
Lightly a little
breeze blows,

Everything of love
sighs,
The sea, the earth,
the sky.
See, the silvery
moon

Ogni Pena Più Spietata.

Ogni pena più spietata,
Soffriria quest'alma afflita
e dezolata,
se godesse una speranza
Di potersi consolar.

Ma, ohimè,
cade ogni speme,
non c'è luogo,
non c'è vita
non c'è modo di sperar.

shines
lo
fri

and it
to

sa
"Run t
fa

Please
be

So tha
be
m

And m
to
Which

sk
Please

tic
se
I so m
w

I woul
le
th
on you
he

Tr

All of
m
un

All of a
m
un

Fain w
th
fo

And d
If her

re
un

To con
or

Translations

L'Heure Exquise

La lune blanche luit dans les bois,
De chaque branche part une voix
Sous la ramée
O bienaimée?
L'étang reflète, Profond miroir,
La silhouette du saule noir,
Où le vent pleure: Rêvons!
C'est l'heure?
Un vaste et tendre apaisement
Semble descendre du firmament
Qui l'étoile irise:
C'est l'heure exquise!

But, alas,
How endless my
torment,
There's no vision,
There's no
moment,

There's no ray of
hope in store.

*Trans. Dr. TH
Baker*

The Hour of Dreaming

The moonbeams
whiten
boughs all
around,

Where'er they
lighten voices
resound
Dim in the
gloaming:

Love, art thou
coming?

A cloudy mirror,
waters below,
Darkly the pillar in
outline show,
Where winds are
weeping: Oh
love!
Art sleeping?

A deep and tender
calm now lies
O'er all things
under you
arching skies

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frères,
Vers votre jardin si beau,
si mes vers avaient des ailes
Comme l'oiseau!

Ils voleraient, étincelles,
Vers votre foyer qui rit,
si mes vers avaient des ailes
Comme l'esprit.

Près de vous, purs et fidèles,
Ils accourraient nuit et jour
Si mes vers avaient des ailes
Comme l'amour.

Where
gl
Oh, ho
dr

Tra

If my v
w
My ve
fly
ge
To you
ge
If my v
w
Like a

They v
sp
To you
he
If my v
w
Like m

Pure a
to
They v
ha
an
If my v
w
Like lo

7

Breit' über mein Haupt

Breit' über mein Haupt
dein schwarzes Haar,
Neig' zu mir dein Angesicht,
Da strömt in die Seele
so hell und klar
Mir deiner Augen Licht.
Ich will nicht droben
der Sonne Pracht,
Noch der Sterne
leuchtenden Kranz,
Ich will nur
deiner Locken Nacht,
Und deiner Blicke Glanz.

Spread out over my head

Spread over my
face
your black hair.
draw your face
closer to me,
there flows into
my soul
so bright and clear
your eyes' light.
I do not wish
For the sun's
magnificence
above,
Nor even the stars
shining garland,
I wish only
for the night of
your locks,
and the light of
your eyes.

*Trans. Richard
Walters*

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frêles,
Vers votre jardin si beau,
si mes vers avaient des ailes
Comme l'oiseau!

Ils voleraient, étincelles,
Vers votre foyer qui rit,
si mes vers avaient des ailes
Comme l'esprit.

The Hour of Dreaming

The moonbeams
whiten
boughs all
around,

Where'er they
lighten voices
resound

Dim in the
gloaming:

Love, art thou
coming?

A cloudy mirror,
waters below,
Darkly the pillar in
outline show,
Where winds are
weeping: Oh
love!
Art sleeping?

A deep and tender
calm now lies

Près de vous, purs et fidèles,
Ils accourraient nuit et jour
Si mes vers avaient des ailes
Comme l'amour.

Translations

L'Heure Exquise

La lune blanche luit dans les bois,
De chaque branche part une voix
Sous la ramée
O bienaimée?
L'étang reflète, Profond miroir,
La silhouette du saule noir,
Où le vent pleure: Rêvons!
C'est l'heure?
Un vaste et tendre apaisement
Semble des cendres du firmament
Qui l'astre irise:
C'est l'heure exquise!

O'er a
un
an
Where
gl
Oh, ho
dr
Tra

If my v
w
My ve
fly
g
To you
g
If my v
w
Like a

They v
sp
To you
he
If my v
w
Like m

Pure a
to
They v
ha
an
If my v
w
Like lo

Breit' über mein Haupt

Breit' über mein Haupt
dein schwarzes Haar,
Neig' zu mir dein Angesicht,
Da strömt in die Seele
so hell und klar
Mir deiner Augen Licht.
Ich will nicht droben
der Sonne Pracht,
Noch der Sterne
leuchtenden Kranz,
Ich will nur
deiner Locken Nacht,
Und deiner Blicke Glanz.

**Spread out over
my head**

Spread over my
face
your black hair.
draw your face
closer to me,
there flows into
my soul
so bright and clear
your eyes' light.
I do not wish
For the sun's
magnificence
above,
Nor even the stars
shining garland,
I wish only
for the night of
your locks,
and the light of
your eyes.

*Trans. Richard
Walters*