

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY
Department of Music

Undergraduate Student Recital

Kylie Schultheis, Soprano
Dr. Stephen Coxe, Piano



Diehn Fine and Performing Arts
Chandler Recital Hall

November 12, 2012

4:00 PM

Program

Caro mio ben (1782)	Giuseppe Giordani (1751-1798)
La Vendetta (1651)	Barbara Strozzi (1619 – 1677)
Beau Soir (1883) [Bourget] Romance, No. 2 [Bourget] from Deux Romances, L. 79 (1891)	Claude Debussy (1862- 1918)
Schlafendes Jesuskind (1888) Er ist's (1888) [Mörike] from Mörike-Lieder	Hugo Wolf (1860 -1903)
Auf dem Wasser zu singen, Op. 72 (1823)	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Rastlose Liebe, No. 1, D 138 [Goethe] from Fünf Lieder, Op. 5 (1821)	
Letter Aria [Latouche] from "The Ballad of Baby Doe" (1958)	Douglas Moore (1893- 1969)
If I Loved You [Hammerstein] from "Carousel" (1945)	Richard Rogers (1902- 1979)
If You Hadn't But You Did [Comden & Green] from "Two on the Aisle" (1951)	Jule Styne (1905-1994)

Kylie Schultheis is a student of Dr. Kelly Montgomery.

This recital is in partial fulfillment of a Bachelor's Degree in Music
Performance.

Translations

Caro mio ben

Caro mio ben,
credi mi almen,
senza di te
languisce il cor.

Il tuo fedel
sospira ognor.
Cessa, crudel,
tanto rigor!

La Vendetta

La vendetta e dolce affetto
Il dispetto vuol dispetto
Il rifarsi e un gran diletto

Vane son scuse e ragioni
Per placar donna oltraggiata,
Non pensar che ti perdoni!
Donna mai non vendicata
Pace ha in bocca e Guerra in petto.

Non perdonna in vendicarsi
All' amante piu gradito
Che l'adora e vuol rifarsi!
Quand' il fiero insuperbito
Verso lei perde, perd' il rispetto.

Beau soir

Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières sont roses,
et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les champs de blé,
Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir des
choses et monter vers le cœur troublé;

Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au monde,
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le soir est beau,
Car nous nous en allons comme s'en va cette
onde: elle à la mer, nous au tombeau!

My dear beloved

My dear beloved,
Believe me at least,
without you
my heart languishes.

Your faithful one
Always sighs:
Cease, cruel one,
So much punishment!

The Revenge

The vengeance is sweet sentiment
The scorn looks for scorn
The revenge is a great delight

Vain are apologies and reasoning
To placate a woman affronted,
Don't imagine that you she will forgive!
A woman never not avenged
Peace has in her mouth and war in her breast.

She does not forgive in avenging herself
On the lover more welcome
Who her adores and wants to be revenged
When the proud arrogant (man)
For he loses the respect

Beautiful evening

When streams turn pink in the setting sun,
And a slight shudder rushes through the wheat
fields, A plea for happiness seems to rise out of
all things And it climbs up towards the troubled heart;

A plea to relish the charm of life,
While there is youth and the evening is fair,
For we pass away, as the wave passes:
The wave to the sea, we to the grave!

(Trans. Leslie McEwen)

Romance

L'âme évaporée et souffrante,
L'âme douce, l'âme odorante
Des lys divins que j'ai cueillis
Dans le jardin de ta pensée,
Où donc les vents l'ont-ils chassée,
Cette âme adorable des lys?

N'est-il plus un parfum qui reste
De la suavité céleste
Des jours où tu m'enveloppais
D'une vapeur surnaturelle,
Faites d'espoir, d'amour fidèle,
De béatitude et de paix?

Schlafendes Jesuskind

Sohn der Jungfrau, Himmelskind!
Am Boden, auf dem Holz der Schmerzen eingeschlafen,
Das der fromme Meister, sinnvoll spielend,
Deinen leichten Träumen unterlegte;
Blume du, noch in der Knospe dämmernd
Eingehüllt die Herrlichkeit des Vaters!

O wer sehen könnte, welche Bilder
Hinter dieser Stirne, diesen schwarzen
Wimpern, sich in sanftem Wechsel malen!
Sohn der Jungfrau, Himmelskind!

Romance

The vanishing and suffering soul,
The sweet soul, the fragrant soul
Of divine lilies that I have picked
In the garden of your thoughts,
Where, then, have the winds chased it,
This charming soul of the lilies?

Is there no longer a perfume that remains
Of the celestial sweetness
Of the days when you enveloped me
In a supernatural haze,
Made of hope, of faithful love,
Of bliss and of peace?

(Tran. Korin Kormick)

Sleeping Christ-child

Son of the Virgin, child of Heaven!
Lying on the floor, asleep on the wood of suffering
That the pious painter has placed
a meaningful allusion under your light
dreams; You flower, even in the bud, darkling and
sheathed, still the glory of God the Father!

O, who could see,
behind this brow, these dark lashes,
what softly-changing pictures are being painted!
Son of the Virgin, child of Heaven!

(Tran. Eric Sams)

Er ist's

Frühling läßt sein blaues Band
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;
Süße, wohl bekannte Düfte
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.
Veilchen träumen schon,
Wollen balde kommen.
Horch! von fern ein leiser Harfenton!
Frühling, ja du bist's!
Dich hab ich vernommen!

Auf dem Wasser zu singen

Mitten im Schimmer der spiegelnden Wellen
Gleitet, wie Schwäne, der wankende Kahn:
Ach, auf der Freude sanftschimmernden Wellen
gleitet die Seele dahin wie der Kahn;
Denn von dem Himmel herab auf die Wellen
Tanzet das Abendrot rund um den Kahn.

Über den Wipfeln des westlichen Haines
Winket uns freundlich der rötliche Schein;
Unter den Zweigen des östlichen Haines
Säuselt der Kalmus im rötlichen Schein;
Freude des Himmels und Ruhe des Haines
Atmet die Seel im errötenden Schein.

Ach, es entschwindet mit tauigem Flügel
Mir auf den wiegenden Wellen die Zeit;
Morgen entschwinde mit schimmerndem Flügel
Wieder wie gestern und heute die Zeit,
Bis ich, auf höherem strahlendem Flügel,
Selber entschwinde der wechselnden Zeit.

It's spring!

Spring lets its blue ribbon
flutter again in the breeze;
a sweet, familiar scent
sweeps with promise through the land.
Violets are already dreaming,
and will soon arrive.
Hark! In the distance a soft harp tone!
Spring, yes it is you!
It is you that I have heard!

(Tran. Emily Ezust)

To sing on the water

In the middle of the shimmer of the reflecting
waves glides, as swans do, the wavering boat;
Ah, on joy's soft shimmering waves
Glides the soul along like the boat;
Then from Heaven down onto the waves
Dances the sunset all around the boat.

Over the treetops of the western grove
Waves, in a friendly way, the reddish gleam;
Under the branches of the eastern grove
Murmur the reeds in the reddish light;
Joy of Heaven and the peace of the grove
Is breathed by the soul in the reddening light.

Ah, time vanishes on dewy wing
for me on the rocking waves;
Tomorrow time will vanish with shimmering
wings again as yesterday and today,
Until I, on higher more radiant wing,
Myself vanish to the changing time.

(Tran. Lynn Thompson)

Rastlose Liebe

Dem Schnee, dem Regen,
Dem Wind entgegen,
Im Dampf der Klüfte
Durch Nebeldüfte,
Immer zu! Immer zu!
Ohne Rast und Ruh!

Lieber durch Leiden
wollt ich mich schlagen,
Als so viel Freuden
Des Lebens ertragen.

Alle das Neigen
Von Herzen zu Herzen,
Ach, wie so eigen
Schaffet das Schmerzen!

Wie soll ich fliehn?
Wälderwärts ziehn?
Alles vergebens!
Krone des Lebens,
Glück ohne Ruh,
Liebe, bist du!

Restless love

To the snow, to the rain
To the wind opposed,
In the mist of the ravines
Through the scent of fog,
Always on! Always on!
Without rest and peace!

I would rather through suffering
Fight myself,
Than so many joys
Of life endure.

All the inclining
Of heart to heart,
Ah, how curiously
that creates pain!

Where shall I flee?
To the forest move?
All in vain!
Crown of life,
Happiness without peace,
Love, are you!

(Tran. Lynn Thompson)