

## **L'île inconnue**

Say, young beauty,  
Where do you wish to go?  
The sail swells,  
The breeze will blow.

The oar is made of ivory,  
The flag is of silk,  
The helm is of fine gold;  
I have for ballast an orange,  
For a sail, the wing of an angel,  
For a deck boy, a seraph.

Say, young beauty,  
Where do you wish to go?  
The sail swells,  
The breeze will blow.

Is it to the Baltic?  
To the Pacific Ocean?  
To the island of Java?  
Or is it well to Norway,  
To gather the flower of the snow,  
Or the flower of Angsoka?

Say, young beauty,  
Where do you wish to go?  
The sail swells,  
The breeze will blow.

-- Lead me, says the beauty,  
To the faithful shore  
Where one loves always!  
-- This shore, my darling,  
We hardly know at all  
In the land of Love.

*Translations by Emily Ezust*

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

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# **Student Recital**

Ariel Mitchell, Soprano  
Bobbie Kesler-Corleto, Piano



**OLD DOMINION  
UNIVERSITY**

**I D E A FUSION**

Diehn Fine and Performing Arts  
Chandler Recital Hall

December 9, 2011

5:00 PM

## Program

Domine Deus <i>from Gloria in D</i>	Antonio Vivaldi (1687-1741)
Vedrai, Carino <i>from Don Giovanni</i>	W. A. Mozart (1756-1791)
Neun Lieder und Gesänge op. 63 V. Meine Liebe ist grün VIII. O wüsst ich doch den Weg zurück	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Fünf Lieder op. 47 I. Botschaft	
Les Nuits d'Été op. 7 I. Villanelle VI. L'île inconnue	Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)
Balm in Gilead  Give Me Jesus	arr. Harry T. Burleigh (1866-1949)
Ride On King Jesus	

## Villanelle

When verdant spring again approaches,  
When winter's chills have disappeared,  
Through the woods we shall stroll, my darling,  
The fair primrose to cull at will.

The trembling bright pearls that are shining,  
Each morning we shall brush aside;  
We shall go to hear the gay thrushes  
Singing.

The flowers are abloom, my darling,  
Of happy lovers 'tis the month;  
And the bird his soft wing englossing,  
Sings carols sweet within his nest.

Come with me on the mossy bank,  
Where we'll talk of nothing else but love,  
And whisper with thy voice so tender:  
Always!

Far, far off let our footsteps wander,  
Fright'ning the hiding hare away,  
While the deer at the spring is gazing,  
Admiring his reflected horns.

Then back home, with our hearts rejoicing,  
And fondly our fingers entwined,  
Let's return, let's return bringing fresh wild berries  
Wood-grown.

*Translations by Samuel Byrne*

**Ariel Mitchell is a student of Professor Agnes Fuller -  
Wynne. This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of  
the requirements for the Bachelor of Music Education.**

## Translations

### **Domine Deus**

Lord God King of heaven.  
Father God, omnipotent

### **Vedrai, Carino**

You will see, my dear if you'll be good  
the cure I have for you!  
It's natural  
It won't give you disgust  
Though no apothecary  
Can prescribe it.  
It's a certain balm  
I carry within me  
Which I can give you,  
If you'll try it.  
You want to know  
Where I keep it?  
Then feel it beating,  
Put your hand here.

*Translations by Camila Argolo Freitas Batista*

### **Meine Liebe ist grün**

My love is as green as the lilac bush,  
And my love is as fair as the sun,  
Which gleams down on the lilac bush  
And fills it with fragrance and bliss.

My soul has the wings of a nightingale  
And rocks itself in blooming lilac,  
And, intoxicated by the fragrance, cheers and sings  
A good many love-drunk songs.

*Translations by Emily Ezust*

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## **O wüsst ich doch den Weg zurück**

Oh, if I only knew the road back,  
The dear road to childhood's land!  
Oh, why did I search for happiness  
And leave my mother's hand?

Oh, how I long to be at rest,  
Not to be awakened by anything,  
To shut my weary eyes,  
With love gently surrounding!

And nothing to search for, nothing to beware of,  
Only dreams, sweet and mild;  
Not to notice the changes of time,  
To be once more a child!

Oh, do show me the road back,  
The dear road to childhood's land!  
In vain I search for happiness,  
Around me naught but deserted beach and sand!

*Translations by Leonard Lehrman*

### **Botschaft**

Blow, Breeze, gently and lovingly  
About the cheeks of my beloved;  
Play tenderly in her locks,  
Do not hasten to flee far away !

If perhaps she is then to ask,  
How it stands with poor wretched me,  
Tell her: "Unending was his woe,  
Highly dubious was his condition;

However, now he can hope  
Magnificently to come to life again.  
For you, lovely one,  
Are thinking of him!"

*Translations by Emily Ezust*

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