Austin Peay State University
CLARKSVILLE TENNESSEE

Department of Music

presents

Diah Jackson, soprano

in a

Senior Recital

with

Jan Corrothers, collaborative pianist

7:30 p.m.
November 6, 2026

George and Sharon Mabry Concert Hall
Music/Mass Communication Building

—Program—

Domine Deus
from *Gloria,* in D Major, RV 589 — Antonio Vivaldi (1678-1741)

Il mio bel foco — Benedetto Marcello (1686-1739)

Four Early Songs — Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

1. Night
2. A summer vacation
3. My heart is in the east
4. Alone

Selections from *Cinq mélodies "de Venise",* Op. 58 — Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

1. Mandoline
2. En sourdine
3. Green

-Intermission-

Piangerò la sorte mia
from *Giulio Cesare* — George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Selections from *Mörike-Lieder* — Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

1. Verborgenheit
2. Bescheidene Liebe
3. Das verlassene Mägdelein
4. Er ist's

Bituing Marikit — Nicanor Abelardo (1893-1943)

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree with the concentration in Vocal Performance.
Diah Jackson is a student of Dr. Min Sang Kim.
A reception in the lobby will immediately follow the recital

—Translations—

Domine Deus

Domine Deus,	Lord God,
Rex cœlestis,	King heavenly,
Deus Pater	God the Father
Omnípotens	Almighty

Il mio bel foco

Il mio bel foco,	My fire of love,
O lontano o vicino	however far
Ch'esser poss'io,	or near I might be,
Senza cangiar mai tempre	never changing,
Per voi, care pupille,	will always be burning
Arderà sempre.	for you, dear eyes.
Quella fiamma che m'accende	That flame which kindled me
Piace tanto all'alma mia,	is so pleased with my soul
Che giammai s'estinguerà.	that it never dies.
E se il fato a voi mi rende	And if fate entrusts me to you,
Vahgi rai del mio bel sole,	lovely rays of my beloved sun,
Altra luce ella non vuole	my soul will never be able
Nè voler giammai potrà	to long for any other light.

Night

My heart is placid as the lake
Which softly flows 'neath starlit skies
And, as I walk, faint melodies of night
Of things but half awake
Stand soothing to its very deeps
It thrills and starts while mankind sleeps

The gentle murmur of the lake
Is silvered by a fountain's play
A nightbird sings its tuneful lay
Full of the night's vast joy and ache
A low wind sighs through ghostly trees
Which shiver in the dancing breeze

A summer vacation

Days of joy, how have ye fled?
Joy immortal, are ye dead?
Is there nothing that can hold you?
Can my limp arms not enfold you

Days of floating on the stream
Softly lapped as in a dream
With the white clouds swimming slowly
In an ether pure and holy

My heart is in the east

While I in western lands do pine
My heart is in the East!
How can I taste of food and wine?
When thou art sore oppressed?

How can I vows and oaths repay
While Edom Zion holds
While Arab's bond my land doth sway
His chain me tight enfolds?

The abundance of this Spanish land
It is but nought to me
If I midst brimming tears, thy strand
Thy ruined strand could see
Doch ach! der Mann, der euch geschrieben,

Alone

I shall never see your tired sleep
In the bed that you made beautiful,
Nor hardly ever be a dream
That plays by your dark hair.
Yet I think I know your turning sigh
And your trusting arms' abandonment,
For they are the picture of my night,
My night that does not end.

Mandoline

Les donneurs de sérénades	The givers of serenades
Et les belles écouteuses	and the lovely listeners
Échangent des propos fades	exchange the comments insipid
Sous les ramures chanteuses.	Beneath the branches singing
C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,	it is Thyrsis and it is Amyntas
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,	and it is the eternal Clytander
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte	and there is Damis who for many
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.	cruel women writes many verses tender
Leurs courtes vestes de soie,	their short jackets of silk
Leurs longues robes à queues,	their long gowns with trains
Leur élégance, leur joie	their elegance, their joy
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,	and their soft shadows blue
Tourbillonnent dans l'extase	whirl in the ecstasy
D'une lune rose et grise,	of a moon pink and grey
Et la mandoline jase	and the mandolin chatters
Parmi les frissons de brise.	Amid the silvers of the breeze

En sourdine

Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les brances hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond

Calm in the half-light
Made by the high branches
let us fully imbue our love
with this profound silence

Mêlons nos âmes, nos coeurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
De pin et des arbousiers

Let us blend our souls, our hearts
and our enraptured senses,
Amid the vague languor
of the pines and the arbutus

Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croiset es bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton Coeur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein
Laissons-nous persuader

Close your eyes halfway
cross your arms over your breast,
and from your sleeping heart
Chase all-purpose away forever
Let us be persuaded

Au souffle bercuer et doux
Qui vient à tes pieds rider
Les ondes de gazon roux.
Et quand, solennel, le soir des chênes noirs tombera, voix de notre désespoir, le Rossignol chantera

by the rocking, sweet breath
that comes to your feet to wrinkle
the waves of russet grass
And when, solemnly, the evening falls from the dark oak trees, voice of our despair, the nightingale will sing

Green

Voici de fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que por vous
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit doux

Here are fruits, flowers, leaves and branches
and then here is my heart that beats only for you
do not tear it with your two hands
and may the humble present be sweet to your eyes, so lovely

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front
Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds reposée
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront

I arrive still covered all over with dew
which the morning wind comes to chill on my orehead
allow my fatigue, once rested an instant
to dream of the dear instants that will refresh it

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez

On your young bosom let my head roll
still resounding with your last kisses;
Let it calm down from the good storm,
and may I sleep a little since you are resting

Piangerò la sorte mia

E pur così in un giorno
perdo fasti e grandezze? Ahi fato rio!

And so thus in a day
I lose pomp and grandeur? Ah fate unjust

Cesare, il mio bel nume, è forse estinto;

Cesar, my beautiful protecting-God is perhaps dead

Cornelia a sesto inermi son,
né sanno darmi soccorso. O dio!
Non resta alcuna speme al viver mio.

Cornelia and Sesto defenseless are
Not know-they how to give me help. Oh God!
Not remains any hope for this life mine

Piangerò la sorte mia,
Sì crudele e ‘tanto ria,
Finché vita in petto avrò
Ma poi morta! d’ogn’intorno,
Il tiranno e notte e Giorno,
Fatta spettro agiterò

I will weep for the fate mine
so cruel and so unjust
as long as life in my breast I will have
but when dead from all around
the tyrant both day and night
becoming a ghost, I will hunt.

Verborgenheit

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Let, O world, O let me be!
Do not tempt with gifts of love,
Let this heart keep to itself
Its rapture, its pain!

Was ich traure, weiss ich nicht,
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;
Immerdar durch Tränen sehe
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.

I do not know why I grieve,
It is unknown sorrow;
Always through a veil of tears
I see the sun’s beloved light.

Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst,
Und die helle Freude zücket
Durch die Schwere, so mich drücket
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.

Often, I am lost in thought,
And bright joy flashes
Through the oppressive gloom,
Bringing rapture to my breast.

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Let, O world, O let me be!
Do not tempt with gifts of love,
Let this heart keep to itself
Its rapture, its pain!

Bescheidene Liebe

Ich bin wie and're Mädchen nicht,
die, wenn sie lieben, schweigen
und ihr Geheimnis hütend stumm,
das kranke Köpfchen neigen.
Ja, meine Liebe ist nicht stumm,
mein Plaudern geb' ich nicht darum;
ich liebe doch ganz eigen.

I am not like other girls,
Who, when they love, are silent
And guard their secret silently,
Bowing their little lovesick head.
Yes, my love is not silent,
I shall not refrain from chatting;
I love in a most individual way.

Ich bin wie and're Mädchen nicht,
die, wenn sie lieben, hoffen;
ich trage meine Lieb' zur Schau
vor aller Welt ganz offen.
Oft hat mich schon lieb Mütterlein
mit dem Herzallerliebste mein
beim Kosen angetroffen.

I am not like other girls,
Who, when they love, harbour hope;
I wear my love on my sleeve,
Clear for all to see.
My dear mother
Has often caught me
Embracing my dearest love.

Ich bin wie and're Mädchen nicht,
doch glücklich, wie ich glaube,
denn meine Liebe richtet sich
auf Trauring nicht und Haube.
Er bleibt mein trauter Bräutigam,
er girrt so süss, er ist so zahm
mein Lieb ist meine Taube.

I am not like other girls,
But am happy when I believe
That my love is not fixed on
Marriage and wedding ring.
He shall remain my dear fiancé,
He coos so sweetly, he is so tame,
My love is my dove.

Das verlassene Mägdlein

Früh, wann die Hähne krähn,
Eh die Sternlein schwinden,
Muss ich am Herde stehn,
Muss Feuer zünden.

Early, when the cocks crow,
Before the tiny stars recede,
I must be at the hearth,
I must light the fire.

Schön ist der Flammen Schein,
Es springen die Funken;
Ich schaue so darein,
In Leid versunken.

The flames are beautiful,
The sparks fly;
I gaze at them,
Sunk in sorrow.

Plötzlich, da kommt es mir,
Treuloser Knabe,
Dass ich die Nacht von dir
Geträumet habe.

Suddenly I realize,
Faithless boy,
That in the night
I dreamt of you.

Träne auf Träne dann
Stürzet hernieder;
So kommt der Tag heran –
O ging er wieder!

Tear after tear
Then tumbles down;
So the day dawns –
O would it were gone again

Er ist's

Frühling lässt sein blaues Band
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;
Süße, wohlbekannte Düfte
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.

Spring is floating its blue banner
On the breezes again;
Sweet, well-remembered scents
Drift portentously across the land.

Veilchen träumen schon,
Wollen balde kommen.
Horch, von fern ein leiser Harfenton!
Frühling, ja du bist's!
Dich hab ich vernommen!

Violets, already dreaming,
Will soon begin to bloom.
Listen, the sound of a harp!
Spring, that must be you!
It's you I've heard!

Bituing Marikit

Bituing marikit sa gabi ng buhay
Ang bawat kislap mo'y ligaya ang taglay
Yaring aking palad iyong patnubayan
At kahit na sinag ako'y bahaginan

Beautiful Star in this night of life
Your every twinkle brings joy. Guide and control
My fate, give me a ray of your light.

Natanim sa puso ko yaong isang pag-ibig
Na pinakasasamba sa loob ng dibdib
Sa iyong luningning laging nasasabik
Ikaw ang pangarap Bituing marikit

Lapitan mo ako, halina bituin
Ating pag-isahin ang mga damdamin
Ang sabik kong diwa'y huwag mong uhawin
Sa batis ng iyong wagas na pag-giliw

Planted in my heart a love
That I worship the most inside my heart; your shining light I always long for
You are my dream, beautiful Star!
Draw closer, come, Star
Let's make one our feelings
My yearning spirit, do not leave thirsty
In the stream of your perfect affection.

Upcoming Events

Nov. 6	APSU Guitar Studio *in Heydel Hall*	7:30 p.m.
Nov. 8	Young Artist Concert – a CCCA concert Tickets available at Clarksville Community Concert Assoc. APSU students enter free	3 p.m.
Nov. 9	APSU Trombone Choir Recital	7:30 p.m.
Nov. 10	APSU Percussion Ensemble	7:30 p.m.
Nov. 13	Stephen Boyle Sr. Piano Recital Sarah Barry Gr. Voice Recital *in Heydel Hall*	7:30 p.m. 7:30 p.m.
Nov. 14	APSU GOMB Day	
Nov. 15	APSU Latin Ensemble Luke Kanzlemar Sr. Trombone Recital	4 p.m. 7:30 p.m.

Events listed above are held in the George and Sharon Mabry Concert Hall in the Music/Mass Communication Building and are free and open to the public, unless indicated otherwise.

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