



D U K E M U S I C

Senior Recital

Dolce Feenaghty, soprano

Daniel Seyfried, piano

April 11, 2026

2:00pm

Nelson Music Room

Tu La Mia Stella Sei, *Giulio Cesare*

G.F. Handel (1685–1759)

Abendempfindung an Laura
Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte

W.A. Mozart (1756–1791)

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

Jocelyn Reyes, clarinet

~ Brief intermission ~

Quel guardo il cavaliere

Gaetano Donizetti (1797–1848)

Villanelle
Pantomime, *Quatre chansons de jeunesse*
Clair de Lune, *Quatre chansons de jeunesse*

Eva Dell'Acqua (1856–1930)
Claude Debussy (1862–1918)

The Beauty Is, *The Light in the Piazza*

Adam Guettel (b. 1964)

*To give each audience member the opportunity to enjoy the performance fully, please silence all electronic devices.
Flash photography, food, and beverages are not permitted.*

Dolce Feenaghty is a senior from San Diego, California. In her time at Duke, she has pursued a degree in Chemistry along with a minor in Music. Over the last few years, she has greatly enjoyed taking voice lessons and singing with Duke Opera Theater. Outside of her studies, she loves to climb and play board games with her friends.

She is so grateful to be able to share this music with you all today, and she is so thankful for the dedication and musicianship of Daniel Seyfried and Jocelyn Reyes, without whom this performance would not be possible. She is particularly grateful for the support of Clara Rottsoik, Sandra Cotton, and David Heid over her time at Duke for helping her grow into the musician she has become today. Most importantly, she would like to thank her parents and her sister for being her first and best audience.

She hopes you all enjoy the music as much as she enjoys making it.

Texts and Translations

Tu La Mia Stella Sei

Tu la mia stella sei
amabile speranza,
e porgi ai desir miei
un grato, e bel piacer.

Qual sia di questo core
la stabile costanza,
e quanto possa amore
s'ha in breve da veder.

Abendempfindung an Laura

Abend ist's, die Sonne ist verschwunden,
Und der Mond strahlt Silberglanz;
So entfliehn des Lebens schönste Stunden,
Fliehn vorüber wie im Tanz.

Bald entflieht des Lebens bunte Szene,
Und der Vorhang rollt herab;
Aus ist unser Spiel, des Freundes Träne
Fließet schon auf unser Grab.

Bald vielleicht (mir weht, wie Westwind leise,
Eine stille Ahnung zu),
Schließ ich dieses Lebens Pilgerreise,
Fliege in das Land der Ruh.

Werdet ihr dann an meinem Grabe weinen,
Trauernd meine Asche sehn,
Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch erscheinen
Und will Himmel auf euch wehn.

Schenk auch du ein Tränchen mir und pflücke
Mir ein Veilchen auf mein Grab,
Und mit deinem seelenvollen Blicke
Sieh dann sanft auf mich herab.

Weih mir eine Träne, und ach! schäme
dich nur nicht, sie mir zu weihn;
Oh, sie wird in meinem Diademe
Dann die schönste Perle sein!

You are My Star

You are my star,
my lovely hope,
and you greet my desires
with a welcome and beautiful pleasure.

You are to my heart
a stable answer
and what love can do,
you will see very soon.

Evening Sentiments for Laura

It's evening, the sun has vanished,
And the moon beams silver;
Life's most pleasant hour slip away,
Fly past as if they are in a dance.

Soon life's colorful parade will fly away,
And the curtain will roll down;
Our play is over, the tears of a friend
Already flow on our grave.

Soon perhaps (on me, the wind blows,
A quiet foreboding),
I will finish this life's pilgrimage,
And fly in the land of rest.

If you will weep by my grave then,
Gaze mournfully on my ashes,
Then friends, I will appear to you
And waft you towards heaven.

Give a small tear for me,
And pluck a violet for my grave,
And with your soulful gaze
Then look gently on me below.

Consecrate a tear for me, and ah!
Do not feel shame to dedicate it to me;
In my diadem it shall become
The fairest pearl of all.

**Als Luise die Briefe Ihres ungetreuen
liebhabers verbrannte**

Erzeugt von heißer Phantasie,
In einer schwärmerischen Stunde
Zur Welt gebrachte! – geht zu Grunde!
Ihr Kinder der Melancholie!

Ihr danket Flammen euer Sein:
Ich geb' euch nun den Flammen wieder,
Und all' die schwärmerischen Lieder;
Denn ach! Er sang nicht mir allein.

Ihr brennet nun, und bald, ihr Lieben,
Ist keine Spur von euch mehr hier:
Doch ach! der Mann, der euch geschrieben,
Brennt lange noch vielleicht in mir.

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh',
In's tiefe Tal hernieder seh',
Und singe,

Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Tal
Schwingt sich empor der Widerhall
Der Klüfte.

Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
Je heller sie mir wieder klingt
Von unten.

Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir,
Drum sehn' ich mich so heiß nach ihr
Hinüber.

In tiefem Gram verzehr ich mich,
Mir ist die Freude hin,
Auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich,
Ich hier so einsam bin.

So sehnend klang im Wald das Lied,
So sehnend klang es durch die Nacht,
Die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht
Mit wunderbarer Macht.

Der Frühling will kommen,
Der Frühling, meine Freud',
Nun mach' ich mich fertig
Zum Wandern bereit.

**As Lousie burned the letters of her unfaithful
lover**

Created from a passionate fantasy,
In a rapturous hour
You were born—go to the ground!
You children of melancholy!

You owe the flames your existence:
I give you back the fire now,
And all the rapturous songs;
For ah! He didn't sing them to me alone.

You burn now, and soon, you dears,
There will be no trace of you here anymore:
But ah! The man, who you wrote,
Will perhaps burn for a long time in me.

The shepherd on the rock

When upon the highest rock I stand,
I look down into the deep valley.
And sing,

Far out of the deep dark valley
The echo itself soars upward
From the ravines.

The farther my voice penetrates,
The clearer it sounds to me again
From below.

My darling lives so far from me,
And so I long ardently after her
(to be) over there.

I am consumed by a deep grief,
Joy has gone from me,
All hope on Earth retreats from me,
I am so lonely here.

The song sounded so longingly in the woods,
Sounded so longingly into the night,
That hearts are drawn to heaven,
With wondrous power.

The spring will come,
The spring, my friend,
Now I prepare myself
Ready for the journey.

Quel guardo il cavaliere...

Norina, reading

"Quel guardo
il cavaliere in mezzo al cor trafisse,
Piegò i ginocchio e disse:
Son vostro cavalier.
E tanto era in quel guardo
Sapor di paradiso,
Che il cavalier Riccardo,
Tutto d'amor conquiso,
Giurò che ad altra mai,
Non volgeria il pensier."

Ah, ah!

So anch'io la virtù magica
D'un guardo a tempo e loco,
So anch'io come si bruciano
I cori a lento foco;
D'un breve sorrisetto
Conosco anch'io l'effetto,
Di menzognera lagrima,
D'un subito languor.

Conosco i mille modi
Dell'amorose frodi,
I vezzi e l'arti facili
Per adescare un cor.

Ho testa bizzarra,
son pronta vivace,
Brillare mi piace scherzar:
Se monto in furore,
Di rado sto al segno,
Ma in riso lo sdegno fo presto a cangiar.
Ho testa bizzarra,
Ma core eccellente, ah!

Villanelle

J'ai vu passer l'hirondelle
Dans le ciel pur du matin:
Elle allait, à tire-d'aile,
Vers le pays où l'appelle
Le soleil et le jasmin.

J'ai vu passer l'hirondelle!
J'ai longtemps suivi des yeux
Le vol de la voyageuse...

That look (she gave) the knight...

Norina, reading

"That look (she gave)
Pierced the knight in the center of his heart
He bent his knee and said:
I am your knight.
And so much was in that look
A taste of paradise,
That the knight Riccardo,
Completely conquered by love,
He swore that never to another
Would his thoughts turn."

Ah, ah!

I also know the magical ways
Of a look at the right time and place,
I also know how to burn
The hearts over a slow fire;
Of a quick little smile
I also know the effect,
Of false tears,
Of a sudden faintness.

I know a thousand ways
Of amorous frauds,
The easy schemes and arts
Of seducing a heart.

I have a strange mind,
And I am quick to liveliness,
It pleases me to play, to be brilliant:
If I get angry,
Of calmness there remains no sign,
But I quickly change my fury into laughter.
I have a strange mind,
But an excellent heart, ah!

Villanelle

I have seen the swallow pass by
On the sky pure with morning:
She was flying, in a flutter of wings,
Towards the land that called her,
The sun and the jasmine.

I saw the swift swallow pass by!
My eyes followed her for a long time
The flight and the traveller...

Depuis, mon âme rêveuse
L'accompagne par les cieux.

Ah! ah! au pays mystérieux!
Et j'aurais voulu comme elle
Suivre le même chemin...

Clair de lune

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,

Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.

Pantomime

Pierrot, qui n'a rien d'un Clitandre,
Vide un flacon sans plus attendre,
Et, pratique, entame un pâté.

Cassandre, au fond de l'avenue,
Verse une larme méconnue
Sur son neveu déshérité.

Ce faquin d'Arlequin combine
L'enlèvement de Colombine
Et pirouette quatre fois.

Colombine rêve, surprise
De sentir un coeur dans la brise
Et d'entendre en son coeur des voix.

Since then, my dreaming soul
Accompanies her in the heavens.

Ah! Ah! In the mysterious land!
And I would have wanted, like her,
To follow the same path...

Light of the moon

Your soul is a chosen landscape
Which contains enchanting masked dancers
Playing the lute and and dancing and almost
Sad beneath their fantastic disguises.

They all sing in the minor mode,
Of triumphant love and favorable life,
They don't seem to believe in their joy
And their song is mixed with moonlight,

With the calm light of the moon, sad and lovely,
Which causes the birds in the trees to dream
And the fountains of water to sob with ecstasy,
The streams of water slender amidst the marble.

Pantomime

Pierrot, who is no Clitandre,
Empties a flask without waiting,
And, practical, cuts into a pâté.

Cassandre, at the end of the avenue
Neglected, sheds a tear
For his disinherited nephew

The scoundrel Harlequin plots
The kidnapping of Colombine
And pirouettes four times.

Columbine dreams, surprised,
To feel a heart on the breeze
And to hear in her heart some voices.

The Beauty Is

These are very popular, in Italy.
It's the land of naked marble boys.
Something we don't see a lot in Winston-Salem,
That's the land of corduroys.

I'm just a someone in an old museum.
Far away from home as someone can go.
And the beauty is I still meet people I know.
Hello!

This is wanting something, this is reaching for it,
This is wishing that a moment would arrive.
This is taking chances, this is almost touching, what the beauty is.

I don't understand a word they're saying,
I'm as different here as different can be.
But the beauty is I still meet people like me.

Everyone's a mother here, in Italy.
Everyone's a father, or a son.
I think if I had a child, I would take such care of her.
Then I wouldn't feel like one.

I've hardly met a single soul, but I am not alone.
I feel grown.
This is wanting something, this praying for it,
This is holding breath and keeping fingers crossed.
This is counting blessings, this is wondering when I'll see that boy again.
I've got a feeling he's just a someone, too.
And the beauty is, when you realize, when you realize,
Someone could be looking for a someone like you.