

4-2-2014

Junior Recital: Kendra Domotor, soprano

Kendra Domotor

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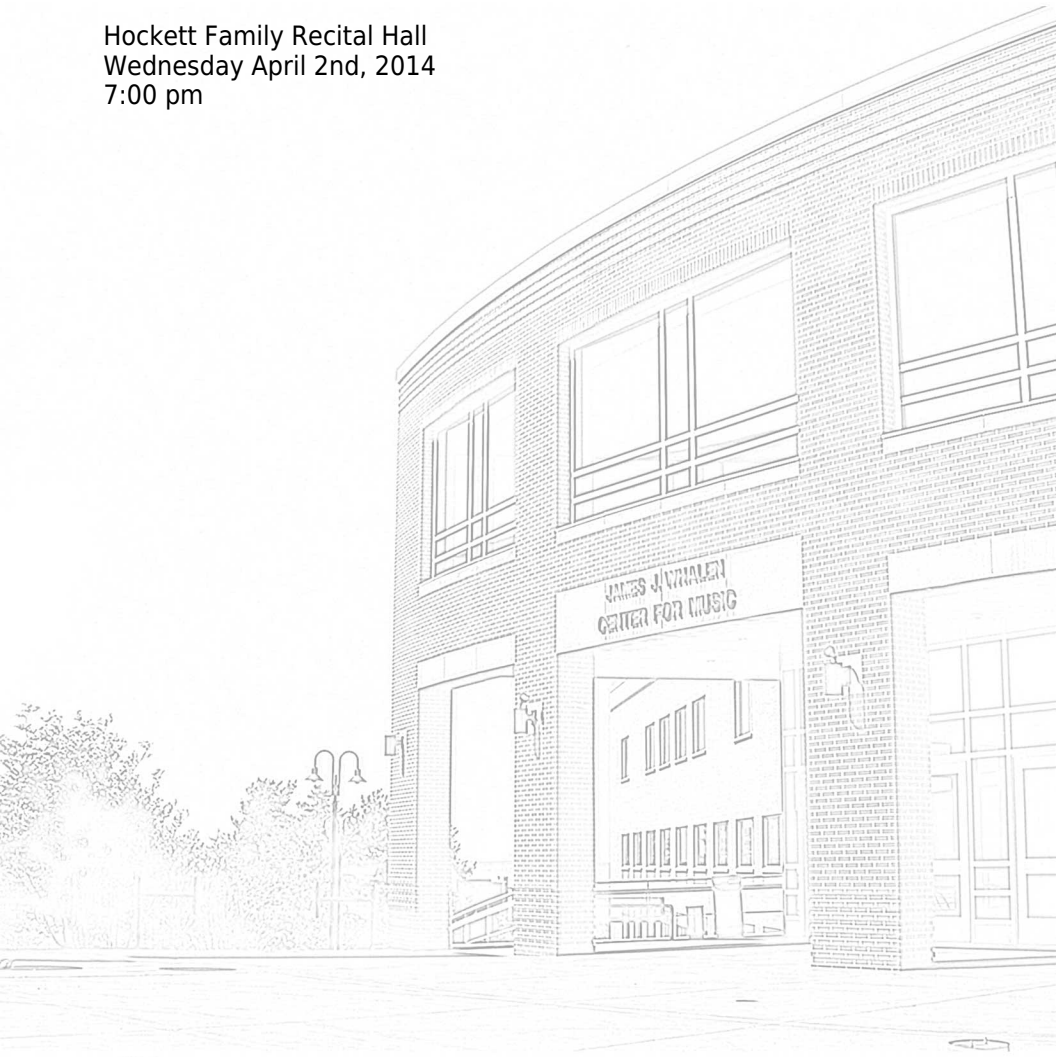
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Junior Recital:
Kendra Domotor, soprano

Samuel Martin, piano
Madeline Docimo, cello
Dave Klodowski, baritone

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Wednesday April 2nd, 2014
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Sweeter than roses
Ah! how sweet it is to love
Hark! the ech'ing air

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

Madeline Docimo, cello

Amiamo
Il barcaiolo

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

Ach, ich fühl's
from *Die Zauberflöte*
Papageno/Papagena duet
from *Die Zauberflöte*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Dave Klodowski, baritone

Intermission

Er ist's
Elfenlied
Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Chansons de Ronsard
À une Fontaine
Tais-toi, babillarde
Dieu vous gard'

Darius Milhaud
(1892-1974)

Spring
who knows if the moon's a balloon
Diaphenia

Dominick Argento
(b. 1927)

Translations

Amiamo

Or che l'età ne invita,
cerchiamo di goder.
L'istante del piacer passa e non torna.

Grave divien la vita
se non si coglie il fior;
di fresche rose amor solo l'adorna.

Piú bella sei, piú devi ad amor voti e fé;

Altra beltà non è che un suo tributo.

Amiam ché i dì son brevi;
é un giorno senza amore
Un giorno di dolor, giorno perduto.

Now that our age invites us,
let us seek to be happy.
The moment of pleasure passes and
does not return.

Life becomes serious
if one does not gather the flowers;
love adorns life only with fresh roses.

The more beautiful you are, the more
you owe to love's vows and
fidelity;

another beauty is nothing but that
which it is due.

Let us love, because the days are brief;
a day without love is
a day of sadness, a lost day.

Il barcaiolo

Voga, voga, il vento tace,
pura è l'onda, il ciel sereno,
solo un alito di pace
par che allegri e cielo e mar:
voga, voga, o marinar.

Or che tutto a noi sorride,
in sì tenero momento,
all'ebbrezza del contento
voglio l'alme abbandonar.
Voga, voga, o marinar.

Voga, voga, il vento tace,
pura è l'onda, il ciel sereno,
ed un'alito di pace
par che allegri e cielo e mar.

Ché se infiera la tempesta,
ambidue ne tragge a morte,
sarà lieta la mia sorte
al tuo fianco vuò spirar, sì,
al tuo fianco io vuò spirar.

Row, row, the wind is silent,
pure are the waves, the sky is clear,
alone a breath of peace
seems to comfort both heaven and sea:
row, row, oh sailor.

Now that everything smiles upon us,
in such a tender moment,
to the intoxication of happiness
I want us to abandon our souls.
Row, row, oh sailor.

Row, row, the wind is silent,
pure are the waves, the sky is clear,
and a lone breath of peace
seems to comfort both heaven and sea.

Although the storm (of life) rages,
and ferries us both to death,
my fate will be happy
for at your side I want to pass away,
yes,
at your side I want to pass away.

Ach, ich fühl's

Ach, ich fühl's,
es ist verschwunden,
ewig hin der Liebe Glück!

Nimmer kommt ihr,
Wonnestunde,
meinem Herzen mehr zurück!

Sieh', Tamino, diese Tränen
fließen, Trauter, dir allein!
Fühlst du nicht der Liebe
Sehnen,
so wird Ruh' im Tode sein!

Ah, I feel it,
it has disappeared,
forever gone is love's
happiness!

Never will you come, hours of
bliss,
back to my heart ever again!

See, Tamino, these tears
flowing, beloved, for you alone!
If you no longer feel love's
longing,
so my peace will be in death!

Papageno/Papagena Duet

Papageno:

Pa-Pa-Pa-Papagena!

Papagena:

Pa-Pa-Pa-Papageno!

Papageno:

Bist du mir nun ganz gegeben?

Papagena:

Nun, bin ich dir ganz gegeben!

Papageno:

Nun, so sei mein liebes
Weibchen!

Papagena:

Nun, so sei mein
Herzenstäubchen!

Both:

Welche Freude wird das sein,
Wenn die Götter uns bedenken,

Unsrer Liebe Kinder schenken,

So liebe, kleine Kinderlein!

Papageno:

Erst einen kleinen Papageno-

Papagena:

Dann eine kleine Papagena-

Papageno:

Pa-Pa-Pa-Papagena!

Papagena:

Pa-Pa-Pa-Papageno!

Papageno:

Have you now been given
completely to me?

Papagena:

Now, I have been given
completely to you!

Papageno:

Now, so be my darling little
wife!

Papagena:

Now, so be my heart's little
dove!

Both:

What joy will that be,
when the gods shower us with
gifts,

and bestow our love with
children,

so dear, small little children!

Papageno:

First a small Papageno-

Papagena:

Then a small Papagena-

Papageno:

Dann wieder einen Papageno-

Papagena:

Dann wieder eine Papagena-

Both:

Es ist das höchste der Gefühle,

Wenn viele, viele Papageno
(Papagena),

Der Eltern Segen werden sein.

Papageno:

Then again a Papageno-

Papagena:

Then again a Papagena-

Both:

It is the loftiest of feelings,

when many, many Papagenos
(Papagenas)

will be the blessing of the
parents.

Er ist's

Frühling lässt sein blaues Band
wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;
süße, wohlbekannte 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!
Ja du bist's!

Spring lets its blue ribbon
again flutter through the breeze;
sweet, well-known scents
sweep portentously the land.

Violets are already dreaming,
they want to arrive soon.
Listen, from far off is a small
harp-tone!

Spring, yes, it is you!
I have heard you coming!
Yes, it is you!

Elfenlied

Bei Nacht im Dorf der Wächter rief: Elfe!	At night in the village the watchman cried: Eleven!
Ein ganz kleines Elfchen im Walde schlieft-- wohl um die Elfe!	A very small elf in the woods slept-- just at the eleventh hour!
Und meint, es rief ihm aus dem Tal bei seinem Namen die Nachtigall, oder Silpelit hätt' ihm gerufen.	And he thinks, who called him from the valley by his name? The nightingale, or Silpelit may have called to him...
Reibt sich der Elf' die Augen aus, begibt sich vor sein Schneckenhaus und ist als wie ein trunken Mann, sein Schläflein war nicht voll getan, und humpelt also, tippe, tapp, durch's Haselholz in's Tal hinab, schlupft an der Mauer hin so dicht, da sitzt der Glühwurm Licht an Licht.	The elf rubs his eyes open, comes out of his snail-house, and is like a drunken man (his nap was not fully done); and then hobbles, tipsy, tap, through the hazelwood into the valley below, slipping away close by the wall; there sits the glowworm light by light.
"Was sind das helle Fensterlein? Da drin wird eine Hochzeit sein: die Kleinen sitzen bei'm Mahle, und treiben's in dem Saale. Da guck' ich wohl ein wenig 'nein!"	"What are those bright little windows? There must be a wedding inside; the little people are sitting at the meal, and doing something in the hall. Then I might peek in just a little!"
Pfui! Stößt den Kopf an harten Stein! Elfe, gelt, du hast genug? Gukuk!	Ouch! He hits his head on the hard stone! Elf, well, have you had enough? Cuckoo!

Ich hab' in Penne einen Liebsten

Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen, in der Maremmeneb'ne einen andern, einen im schönen Hafen von Ancona, zum vierten muss ich nach Viterbo wandern;	I have a lover living in Penna, in the Maremma-plain another, one in the beautiful port of Ancona, for the fourth, I must go to Viterbo;
Ein andrer wohnt in Casentino dort,	Another lives there in Casentino,

der nächste lebt mit mir am selben
Ort,
und wieder einen hab' ich in
Magione,
vier in La Fratta, zehn in
Castiglione!

the next lives with me in my own
town,
and I have yet another in Magione,
four in La Fratta, ten in Castiglione!

À une fontaine

Écoute moi, Fontaine vive,
en qui j'ai rebu si souvent,
couché tout plat dessus ta rive,

oisif à la fraîcheur du vent,
quand l'été ménager moissonne

le sein de Cérès dévêtu,
et l'aire par compas résonne

gémissant sous le blé battu.

Listen to me, living fountain,
from which I have drunk so often,
lying down and overlooking your
bank,

idly in the coolness of the breeze,
while the thrifty summer gathers
the harvest

from the unclad breast of Ceres,
and the air of the threshing floor
resounds
with groans beneath the beaten
grain.

Ainsi toujours puisses-tu être
en religion à tous ceux
qui te boiront ou fairont paître

tes verts rivages à leurs boeufs.

Thus may you always be
a sacred place for all those
who drink from you or lead their
oxen to graze
on your green shores.

Ainsi toujours la lune claire
voie à minuit au fond d'un val

les Nymphes près de ton repaire
À mille bonds mener le bal!

Thus may the moonlight always
glimpse at midnight at the bottom
of the valley,
the nymphs around your refuge
leading the dance with a thousand
leaps!

Tais-toi, babillarde

Ah! Tais-toi, babillarde Arondelle,

ou bien je plumerai ton aile
si je t'empongne, ou d'un couteau
je te couperai la languette,
qui matin sans repos caquette

et m'estourdit tout le cerveau.

Ah! Hush yourself, babbling
swallow,
or else, I will tear off your wing
if I can catch you, or with a knife
I will cut out your tongue,
which chatters without rest in the
morning
and drives me out of my mind.

Ah! Je te preste ma cheminot,
pour chanter toute la journée,
de soir, de nuit, quand tu voudras.

Ah! I will lend you my chimney,
where you can sing all day long,
all evening, all night, if you want.

Mais au matin ne me reveille,
et ne m'oste quand je sommeille
ma Cassandre d'entre mes bras.
Ah!

But in the morning, don't wake me
up,
and, when I am dozing, do not take
from me
my Cassandra from between my
arms. Ah!

Dieu vous gard'

Dieu vous gard', messenger fidèles
du printemps, gentes hirondelles,
huppés, coucous, rossignols,
tourterelles, et vous oiseaux sauvages
qui de cent sortes de ramages
animez les bois verdelets.

God protect you, faithful
messengers
of Spring, gentle swallows,
hoopoes, cuckoos, little
nightingales,
turtledoves, and you wild birds
who, with a hundred kinds of songs,
enliven the green woods.

Dieu vous gard', belles pâquerettes,
belles roses, belles fleurettes,
et vous boutons jadis connus
du sang d'Ajax et de Narcisse,
et vous thym, anis et mélisse,
vous soyez les bien revenus.

God protect you, lovely daisies,
beautiful roses, beautiful little
flowers,
and you buds, that were once
named
for the blood of Ajax and of
Narcissus,
and you thyme, anise and balm,
you all are the welcomed ones.

Dieu vous gard', troupe diaprée
des papillons, qui par la prée
les douces herbes suçotez;
et vous, nouvel essaim d'abeilles,
qui les fleurs jaunes et vermeilles
de votre bouche baisotez.

God protect you, multi-colored
flight
of butterflies, who, across the
meadows,
the sweet grasses drink;
and you, new swarm of bees
who kiss the red and yellow flowers
with your mouths.

Cent mille fois je resalue
votre belle et douce venue.
Ô que j'aime cette saison
et ce doux caquet des rivages,
au prix des vents et des orages
qui m'enfermaient en la maison!

A hundred thousand times I
repeatedly salute
your beautiful and sweet coming.
Oh how I love this season
and the soft clucking on the banks
more than the winds and the
storms
which have shut me in my house!