

3-26-2015

# Elective Recital: Abby Mae Rogers and Laura Douthit, sopranos

Abby Mae Rogers

Laura Douthit

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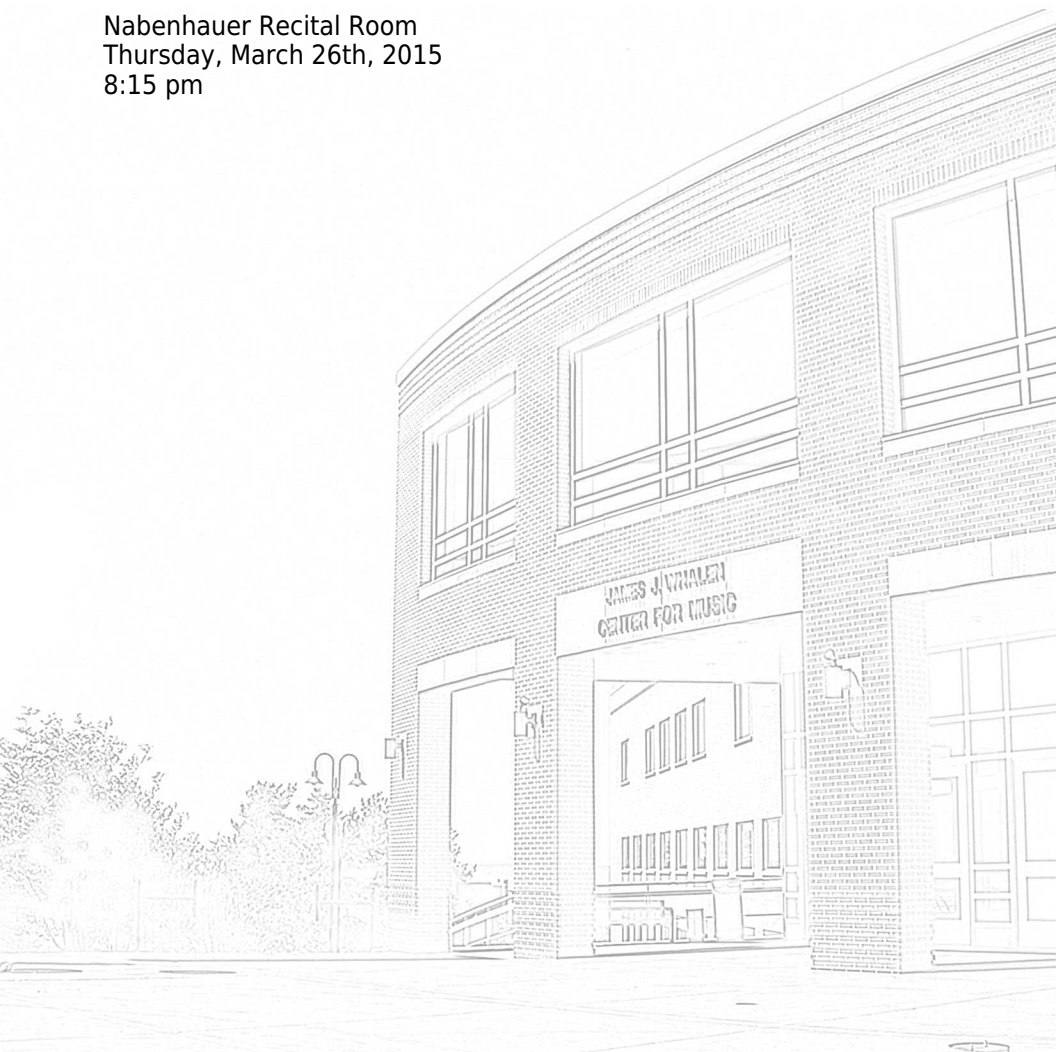
## **Elective Recital:**

Abby Mae Rogers, Soprano

Laura Douthit, Soprano

Accompanied by Zach Latino, Ginny Maddock, and Lex Simakas

Nabenhauer Recital Room  
Thursday, March 26th, 2015  
8:15 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

Se tu m'ami	Giovanni Pergolesi (1710-1736)
Batti, batti <i>From Don Giovanni</i>	W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)
Les Filles de Cadix	Leo Delibes (1836-1891)
All of Me	Music and Lyrics by Gerald Marks and Seymour Simons Published 1931
The Days of Wine and Roses	Music: Henry N. Mancini Lyrics: Johnny Mercer Published 1962
An Leukon	Alban Berg (1885-1935)

## Intermission

I Can't be Talkin' of Love, Dear	John Duke (1899-1984)
I'm Beginning to See the Light	Duke Ellington, Don George, Johnny Hodges, Harry James Published 1944
Lucy's Aria <i>From The Telephone</i>	Gian Carlo Menotti (1911-2007)
Flower Duet <i>From Lakme</i>	Leo Delibes (1836-1891)

## Translations

### Se tu m'ami

Se tu m'ami, se tu sospiri  
sol per me, gentil pastor:  
Ho dolor de' tuoi martiri,

ho diletto del tuo amor:

Ma se pensi che soletto  
io ti debba rïamar,  
Pastorello, sei soggetoo

facilmente a t'ingannar.

If you love me, if you sigh  
only for me gentle shepherd:  
I am saddened by your  
suffering

I am made happy by your  
love:

But if you think that  
I must only love you alone,  
Little shephed, you are  
subject

easily to self deception.

Bella rosa porporina  
oggi Silvia sceglierà.  
Con la scusa della spina  
doman poi la sprezzerà.  
Ma degliuomini il consiglio  
io per me non seguirò,  
Non perché mi piace il giglio  
glialtri fiori sprezzerà.

Beautiful rose red  
today Silvia will choose;  
With the excuse of the thorn  
tomorrow she will despise.  
But the advice of men  
I will not follow,  
Just because lilies please me  
the other flowers I need not  
despise.

### Batti, batti

Batti, batti, o bel Masetto,

La tua povera Zerlina;  
Starò qui come agnellina  
Le tue botte ad aspettar.  
Lascierò straziarmi il crine,  
Lascierò cavarmi gli occhi,  
E le care tue manine  
Lieta poi saprò baciar.  
Ah, lo vedo, non hai core!

Beat me, beat me, oh  
handsome Masetto,

Your poor Zerlina;  
I'll stay here, as a little sheep  
To wait for your blows.  
I'll let you cut off my hair,  
I'll let you cut out my eyes,  
And your dear little hands  
I'll be happy to kiss you.  
Ah, I see that, you don't have  
the heart!

Pace, pace, o vita mia,  
In contento ed allegria

Peace, peace, oh my life,  
In happiness and joy

Notte e dì vogliam passar,  
Si, notte e dì vogliam passar.

Night and day we will spend  
together,  
Yes, night and day we will  
spend together.

### Les Filles de Cadix

Nous venions de voir le  
taureau,  
Trois garçons, trois fillettes,  
Sur la pelouse il faisait beau,  
Et nous dansions un bolèro  
Au son des castagnettes;  
Dites moi, voisin,  
Si j'ai bonne mine,  
Et si ma basquine va bien, ce  
matin?

We just saw a bullfight,  
Three boys, three girls,  
It was sunny and beautiful on  
the lawn,  
And we danced the bolero  
To the sound of castanets;  
Tell me, neighbor,  
Do I have good looks?  
And does my skirt fit me well  
this morning?

Vous me trouvez la taille  
fine?  
Les filles de Cadix aiment  
assez cela!

Do you think my waist is  
slender?  
The girls of Cadix like that  
very much!

Et nous dansions un bolèro,  
Un soir c'était dimanche.  
Vers nous s'en vint un  
hidalgo  
Cousu d'or la plume au  
chapeau,  
Et la poing sur la hanche:

And we were dancing the  
bolero,  
One Sunday evening.  
Then came upon us a  
hidalgo  
Dressed in gold, with a  
feather on his hat,  
And his hand on his hip:

Si tu veux de moi,  
Brune au doux sourire,  
Ty n'as qu'à le dire,  
Cette or est à toi.

If you want it,  
Brunette with the sweet  
smile,  
You don't have to say a  
word,  
This gold is for you.

Passez votre chemin, beau  
sire,

Go on your way, handsome  
sir,

Les filles de Cadix  
n'entendent pas cela!

The girls of Cadix don't listen  
to that!

### **An Leukon**

Rosen pflücke, Rosen blühn,  
morgen ist nicht heut'!  
Keine Stunde laß entfliehn,  
flüchtig ist die Zeit!

Roses are plucked, roses  
bloom,  
Tomorrow is not today!  
Let not even an hour escape  
you,  
Time is volatile!

Trink und küsse:  
sieh', es ist heut'  
Gelegenheit!  
Weißt du, wo du morgen  
bist?  
Flüchtig ist die Zeit.

Drink and kiss:  
Today is your opportunity!  
Do you know where you will  
be tomorrow?  
Time is volatile.

Auf schub einer guten Tat  
hat schon oft gereut.  
Hurtig leben ist mein Rat.  
Flüchtig ist die Zeit!

Procrastination is often  
regretted.  
Quick living is my advice.  
Time is volatile!

### **Flower Duet**

*Lakmé*  
Viens, Mallika, les lianes en  
fleurs  
jettent déjà leur ombre  
sur le ruisseau sacré qui  
coule, calme et sombre,  
éveillé par le chant des  
oiseaux tapageurs!

*Lakmé*  
Come, Mallika, the lianas in  
bloom  
throw already their shadow  
over the stream sacred  
which runs, calm and  
somber  
awakened by the song of the  
birds noisy!

*Mallika*  
Oh, maîtresse, c'est l'heure  
où je te vois sourire,  
l'heure bénie où je puis lire  
dans le cœur toujours fermé

*Mallika*  
Oh, mistress, it is the hour  
when I see you smiling,  
The hour blessed when I can  
read  
in the closed heart of Lakme

de Lakmé!

*Duet*

Sous le dôme épais,  
où le blanc jasmin  
à la rose s'assemble,  
sur la rive en fleurs  
riant au matin,  
viens, descendons ensemble.

Doucement glissons  
de son flot charmant  
suivons le courant fuyant:

dans l'onde frémissante,  
d'une main nonchalante,  
viens, gagnons le bord,  
où la source dort,  
et l'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.  
Sous le dôme épais,  
sous le blanc jasmin  
ah! descendons ensemble

Lakmé

Mais, je ne sais quelle crainte  
subite,  
s'empare de moi,  
quand mon père va seul à  
leur ville maudite;  
je tremble, je tremble  
d'effroi!

Mallika

Pourquoi le Dieu Ganeça le  
protège,  
jusqu'à l'étang où s'ébattent  
joyeux  
les cygnes aux ailes de  
neige,  
allons cueillir les lotus bleus.

*Duet*

Under the thick dome  
where the white jasmine  
with the rose entwines,  
On the river bank in bloom  
laughing in the morning,  
come, let us go down  
together.

Gently we glide  
on its waters charming  
let us follow the current  
fleeing  
on the waves shimmering,  
with a hand uncaring,  
come, let us reach the bank,  
where the spring sleeps  
and the bird, the bird sings.  
Beneath the dome thick  
beneath the white jasmin  
Ah! Let us go down together.

*Lakmé*

But, I not know what sudden  
fear  
takes hold of me,  
as my father goes alone to  
their city accursed;  
I tremble, tremble with fear!

*Mallika*

Why? The god of Ganesha  
protects him,  
to the pond where the frolic  
joyously  
the swans with wings of  
snow,  
let us go gather the lotus

blue.

Lakmé

Oui, près des cygnes aux  
ailes de neige,  
allons cueillir les lotus bleus.

*Lakmé*

Yes, near the swans with  
wings of snow,  
let us go gather the lotus  
blue.