

3-28-2015

Senior Recital: Kendra Domotor, soprano

Kendra Domotor

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

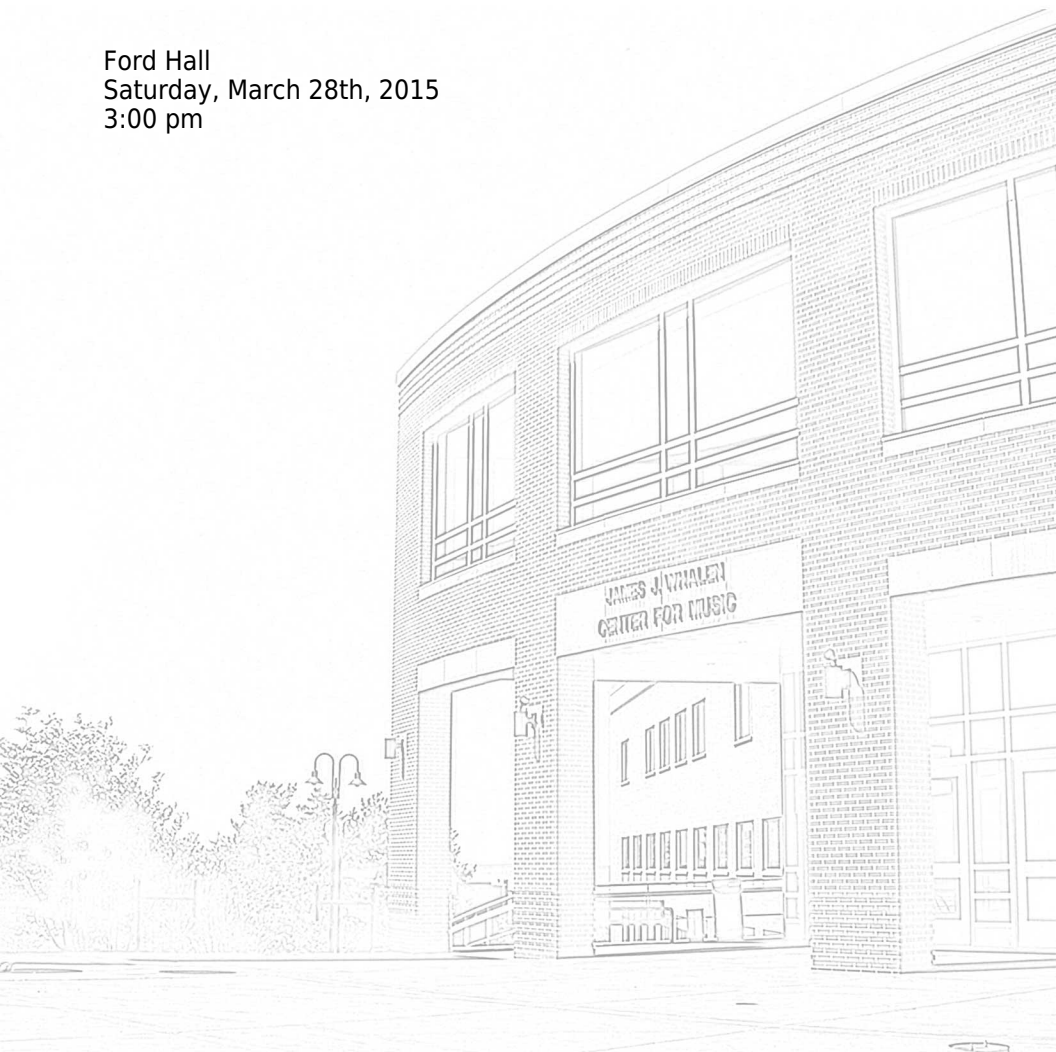
Domotor, Kendra, "Senior Recital: Kendra Domotor, soprano" (2015). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 976.
http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/976

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Concert & Recital Programs at Digital Commons @ IC. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Concert & Recital Programs by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ IC.

Famous Last Words
A Senior Recital by
Kendra Domotor, soprano

Amy Brinkman-Davis, piano
dawn pierce, mezzo-soprano
Joohyun Lee, violin

Ford Hall
Saturday, March 28th, 2015
3:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Infelice! / Ah, ritorna, età dell'oro,
MWV H4 (1834)

- I. Recitative
- II. Cavatina
- III. Cabaletta

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy
(1809-1847)

Editor: John Michael Cooper

Joohyun Lee, violin

An Chloe
Die Grossmüthige Gelassenheit
Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen
Liebhabers verbrannte

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Selections from *Werther*
Frère, voyez!... Du gai soleil
Bonjour, grande soeur!

Jules Massenet
(1842-1912)

dawn pierce, mezzo-soprano

Intermission

Selections from *Sei Ariette*
Malinconia, Ninfa gentile
Almen se non poss'io
Per pietà, bell'idol mio
Ma rendi pur contento

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

Try Me, Good King
I. Katherine of Aragon
II. Anne Boleyn
III. Jane Seymour
IV. Anne of Cleves
V. Katherine Howard

Libby Larsen
(b. 1950)

Translations

Infelice! / Ah, ritorna, età dell'oro

Infelice! già dal mio sguardo si diliguò!

Partì! La mia presenza l'iniquo non
sostenne

Rammenta al fine i falli, i torti suoi.

Risveglia la tua virtù! Scordati l'empio
traditor!

Amante sventurata! E l'amo pure?
Così, fallace amore, le tue promesse
attendi?

Tu non mai rendi la rapita quiete?
Queste son le speranze, e l'ore liete...

Ah, ritorna, età dell'oro alla terra
abbandonata

se non fosti immaginata, nel sognar
felicità!

Fu il mondo allor felice che un tenero
arboscello,
un limpido ruscello le genti alimentò.

Allor che un tenero arboscello,
Allor che un limpido ruscello le genti
alimentò. Sì, sì.

Allora! Ah, ritorna, bell'età!

D'amor nel regno non v'è contento

che del tormento non sia minor.

Si scorge appena felice speme che
nuova pena la turba ancor.

An Chloe

Wenn die Lieb' aus deinen
blauen, hellen, offenen Augen sieht,
und vor Lust hinein zu schauen mir's im
Herzen klopft und glüht;
und ich halte dich und küsse deine
Rosenwangen warm,
liebes Mädchen, und ich schließe
zitternd dich in meinem Arm!

Mädchen, Mädchen, und ich drücke dich
an meinen Busen fest,
der im letzten Augen blicke sterbend
nur dich von sich lässt;
den berauschten Blick umschattet

Unhappy! / Ah, return, golden age

Unhappy! Since he has disappeared
from my sight!

He left! The iniquitous could not bear
my presence!

At last he remembers his fouls and his
sins.

Awaken your virtue! Forget the wicked
traitor!

Wretched lover! And still I love him?
Is this the way that you, fallacious love,
carry out your promises?

Don't you ever give rapt stillness?
These are the hopes, these are the
happy hours...

Ah, return, golden age to the
abandoned earth

if you were not imagined in dreaming of
happiness!

The world was happy back then, when
the tender sapling
and a clear stream fed the people.

So that a tender sapling,
so that a clear stream fed the people.
Yes, yes.

Then! Ah, return, beautiful age!

In the kingdom of love there is no
contentment

that is greater than the torment.

You can see just when you get a
glimpse of some hope of
happiness, new sorrows begin to
trouble it.

To Chloe

When love gazes from your blue, bright,
open eyes,
and from the joy of gazing into them my
heart throbs and glows;
and I hold you and kiss your rosy cheeks
ardently,
dear maiden, and I clasp your trembling
in my arms!

Maiden, maiden, and I press you firmly
to my breast,
in my arms which only at the very last
moment of dying, will release you;
my enraptured gaze will then be

eine düstre Wolke mir,
und ich sitze dann ermattet,
aber selig neben dir.

Die großmütige Gelassenheit

Ich hab' es längst gesagt:
so sehr mich alles plagt,
so wenig füllt mein Mut vor Kummer hin;
die Hoffnung ist mein Schild,
und wenn die Missgunst billt,
so such ich Trost bei mir,
und bleibe, wie ich bin.

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 hir:
Doch ach! Der Mann, der euch
geschrieben,
brennt lange noch villeicht in mir.

Frère, voyez!... Du gai soleil

Frère, voyez! Voyez le beau bouquet!

J'ai mis, pour le Pasteur,
le jardin au pillage!

Et puis, l'on va danser!...
Pour le premier menuet c'est sur vous
que je compte...
Ah! Le sombre visage!...
Mais aujourd'hui, monsieur Werther,
tout le monde est joyeux!

overshadowed
by a dark cloud,
and I will sit, then exhausted,
but blissful, beside you.

The noble composure

It has always been my belief:
just as much as things may trouble me,
just as little is my spirit filled with grief;
hope is my shield,
and when the resentment strikes,
I seek comfort in myself,
and remain as I am.

As Louise burned her faithless lover's letters

Made by burning fantasy,
in a rapturous hour
into the world brought, go back to dust!
You children of melancholy!

You owe the flames your life:
I give you back now to the flames,
and all the rapturous songs,
because ah! He sang them not for me
alone.

You burn now, and soon, you loved
ones,
there will be no more trace of you here.
But alas! The man, who had written
you,
shall perhaps burn a long time within
me.

Brother, look!... From the cheerful sun

Brother, look! Look at the lovely
bouquet!

I did, for the pastor,
pillage it from his garden!

And after, we are going to dance!...
I am counting on you for the first
minuet...
Ah! What a somber face!...
But today, Mr. Werther,
all the world is joyful!

Le bonheur est dans l'air!

Du gai soleil plein de flamme
dans l'azur resplendissant
la pure clarté descend de nos fronts
jusqu'à notre âme!
Tout le monde est joyeux!
Le bonheur est dans l'air!

Et l'oiseau qui monte aux cieux dans la
brise qui soupire...
est revenu pour nous dire
que Dieu permet d'être heureux!
Tout le monde est joyeux!
Le bonheur est dans l'air!
Tout le monde est heureux!

Bonjour grande soeur!

Sophie:
Bonjour grande soeur, je viens aux
nouvelles!
Albert est absent!...on ne te voit plus.

Et le père est très mécontent.

Charlotte:
Enfant!...

Sophie:
Mais souffres-tu?

Charlotte:
Pourquoi cette pensée?

Sophie:
Si, ta main est glacée et tes yeux sont
rougis,
je le vois bien!

Charlotte:
Non, ce n'est rien. Je me sens
quelquefois
un peu triste...isolée!
Mais si d'un vague ennui mon âme était
troublée,
je ne m'en souviens plu
et maintenant, tu vois: je souris...

Sophie:
Ce qu'il faut c'est rire, rire encore
comme autrefois!...

Charlotte:
Autrefois!...

Happiness is in the air!

From the cheerful sun full of flame
shining brightly in the azure sky
its pure clarity descends from our
foreheads to our souls!
All the world is joyful!
Happiness is in the air!

And the bird that soars to the sky in the
breeze that sighs...
It has returned to tell us
that God allows us to be happy!
All the world is joyful!
Happiness is in the air!
All the world is happy!

Good-day, big sister!

Sophie:
Good-day, big sister, I come for the
news!
Albert is absent!...we never see you
anymore.
And our father is very displeased.

Charlotte:
My child!...

Sophie:
But are you suffering?

Charlotte:
Why do you have such thoughts?

Sophie:
Yes, your hand is ice cold and your eyes
are red,
I can see it well!

Charlotte:
No, it's nothing. I feel myself
sometimes
a bit sad...lonely!
But, if by an empty anxiety my soul was
troubled,
I remember it no longer...
and now, you see, I am smiling...

Sophie:
What we need is to laugh, laugh again
like the old times!

Charlotte:
The old times!...

Sophie:

Ah! *Le rire est béni, joyeux, léger,*
sonore!

Il a des ailes, c'est un oiseau...

C'est un oiseau de l'aurore! Ah!

C'est la clarté du coeur qui s'échappe en
rayons!...

Écoute!... Je suis d'âge à savoir la raison
de bien des choses...

Oui!... tous les fronts ici sont devenus
moroses...

depuis que Werther s'est enfui!

Mais pourquoi laisser sans nouvelles
ceux qui lui sont restés fidèles?

Charlotte:

Tout... jusqu'a cet enfant, tout me parle
de lui!

Sophie:

Des larmes? Ah, pardonne, je t'en
prie!...

Oui! J'ai tort de parler de tout cela!...

Charlotte:

Va!... laisse couler mes larmes,
elles font du bien, ma chérie!...

Les larmes qu'on ne pleure pas,
dans notre âme retombent toutes.

Et de leurs patientes gouttes martèlent
le coeur triste e las!...

Sa résistance enfin s'épuise;
le coeur se creuse et s'affaiblit:

il est trop grand, rien ne l'emplit;
et trop fragile, tout le brise!...

Sophie:

Tiens! Charlotte, crois-moi, ne reste pas
ici,

viens chez nous...nous saurons te faire
oublier ton souci.

Le père a fait apprendre à tes enfants
de magnifiques compliments pour la
Noël!

Charlotte:

Noël!... Ah!... cette lettre!...

"Mais si je ne dois reparaitre au jour
fixé, devant toi,

ne m'accuse pas, pleure moi!"

Sophie:

Ah! Laughter is blessed, joyful, light,
sonorous!

It has wings, it is a bird...

It is a bird of the dawn! Ah!

It is the brightness of the heart which
pours out in radiance!...

Listen!... I am old enough to know the
reason for many things...

Yes!... all the brows here have become
morose...

since Werther ran off!...

But why leave without news
to those who stayed faithful to him?

Charlotte:

Everything... even this child, everything
speaks to me of him!

Sophie:

Tears? Ah, forgive me, I beg of you!...

Yes! I am wrong to have talked about
all of that!....

Charlotte:

Go!... Let my tears flow,
they do me good, my dearest!...

The tears that we do not shed
all fall back into our soul.

And their patient drops hammer upon
our heart, sad and tired...

Its resistance is finally exhausted:
the heart is hollowed out and becomes
feeble;

it is too big and nothing can fill it;
it is too fragile, everything shatters it!...

Sophie:

Well! Charlotte, believe me, do not stay
here,

come to us....we will know how to make
you forget your cares.

Father has paid the children
some magnificent compliments for their
carols!

Charlotte:

Christmas!... Ah!... that letter!...

"But if I must not reappear at the
appointed day before you,
do not accuse me, weep for me!"

Sophie:
Alors, c'est convenu, tu viendras?

Charlotte:
Oui, peut-être...

Sophie:
Non! Non! Certainement!

Charlotte:
Certainement!

Sophie:
Bien vrai?

Charlotte:
Oui, j'irai! Je te le promets, Mignonne!...
...Ah! Reviens! Que je t'embrasse
encore!...

Sophie:
Then, it's agreed, you will come?

Charlotte:
Yes, perhaps...

Sophie:
No! No! Certainly!

Charlotte:
Certainly!

Sophie:
Truly?

Charlotte:
Yes, I will go! I promise you, cutie!...
...Ah! Come back! Let me kiss you
once more!

Malinconia, Ninfa gentile

Malinconia, ninfa gentile,
la vita mia consacro a te:
i tuoi piaceri chi tiene a vile,

ai piacer veri nato non è.
Fonti e colline chiesi agli dèi:
m'udiro al fine pago io vivrò;

né mai quel fonte co' desir miei,
né mai quel monte trapasserò.

Almen, se non poss'io

Almen se non poss'io
seguir l'amato bene,
Affetti del cor mio,
seguitelo per me.

Già sempre a lui vicino
raccolti amor vi tiene
e insolito cammino
questo per voi non è.

Melancholy, gentle nymph

Melancholy, gentle nymph
my life I consecrate to you,
whoever your pleasures holds in
contempt

to genuine pleasures is not born.
Rivers and hills I asked of the gods.
They heard me at last; satisfied I shall
live.

Never that river with my desires,
Nor ever that mountain shall I cross.

At least if I am not able

At least if I am not able
to follow my sweetheart,
affections of my heart,
follow him for me.

Love already keeps you forever
gathered close to him,
and unaccustomed path
this is not for you.

Per pietà, bell'idol mio

Per pietà, bell'idol mio,
non mi dir ch'io sono ingrato;
infelice e sventurato
abbastanza il Ciel mi fa.

Se fedele a te son io,
se mi struggo ai tuoi bei lumi,
sallo amor, lo sanno i Numi,
il mio core, il tuo lo sa.

Ma rendi pur contento

Ma rendi pur contento
della mia bella il core
e ti perdono, amore,
se lieto il mio non è.

Gli affanni suoi pavento
più degli affanni miei,
perché più vivo in lei
di quel ch'io vivo in me.

For pity's sake, my beautiful idol

For pity's sake, my beautiful idol,
do not tell me that I am ungrateful;
Heaven is making me sad
and unfortunate enough.

If I am faithful to you,
if I am consumed by your beautiful eyes,
love knows it, the gods know it,
my heart and yours know it.

But please do make glad

But please do make glad
my beautiful one's heart
and I will forgive you, love,
if mine is not happy.

I fear her anxieties
more than my anxieties,
because I live more through her
than I live for myself.