

4-20-2015

Graduate Recital: Abigail Doering, soprano

Abigail Doering

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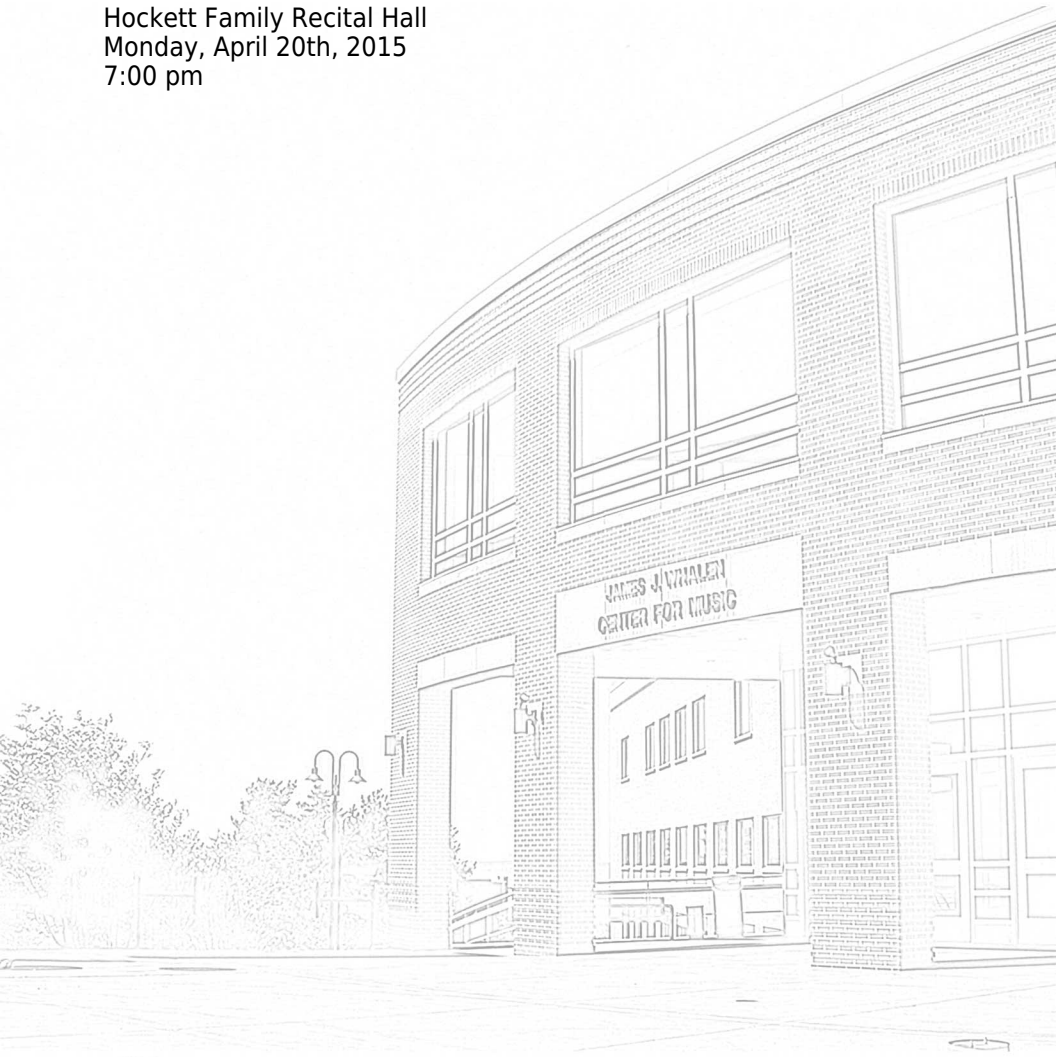
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Graduate Recital:
Abigail Doering, soprano

Richard Montgomery, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Monday, April 20th, 2015
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Freschi luoghi, prati aulenti
O bei nidi d'amore
Vaghiissima sembianza

Stefano Donaudy
1879-1925

Chanson triste
Le manoir de Rosemonde
L'invitation au voyage

Henri Duparc
1848-1933

Glitter and Be Gay

Leonard Bernstein
1918-1990

Intermission

Das Rosenband
Du meines Herzens Krönelein
Ständchen

Richard Strauss
1864-1949

Jabberwocky
The Serpent

Lee Hoiby
1926-2011

Translations

Freschi luoghi, prati aulenti

Freschi luoghi, prati aulenti,
rimanete sempre in fior;
che l'estate non vi sementi,
che l'autunno non vi travolga,

che la morta stagion non tolga
tanto magico splendor.

Voglio un dì vagar con lei
frasi verde soavità,
quando alfin gli affani miei
lei d'intender mostrerà.
Freschi luoghi, prati aulenti,
rimanete sempre in fior;
che nessuna stagion vi tolga
tanto magico splendor.

O bei nidi d'amore...

O bei nidi d'amore,
occhi a me sì cari,
che di vostro favore
non mi foste avari,
or che privo son io
di quel vostro sorriso
di quel mio Paradiso,

senza più alcun desio
vedo i giorni miei fuggire,
e in sì cruda mia sorte
ogni giorno ho più morte
e non posso ancor...
non posso morir!

Non ha raggi più il sole,
stelle il firmamento,
non ha il prato viole,
nè sospiri ha il vento,
or che, a crescer l'ambascia
del perduto mio bene,
che sì affranto mi tiene,
persin quella mi lascia,
onde almen nutro il core,
pietosa speranza

Cool places, meadows fragrent

Cool places, meadows fragrent,
remain always in flower;
Don't let the summer go to seed,
Don't let the autumn overwhelm
you,
Don't let dead season take away
so much magical splendor.

I want to one day walk with her
amid such green softness,
when at last my anguish
she will understand.
Cool places, meadows fragrent,
remain always in flower;
Don't let the season take from you,
so much magical splendor.

O beautiful nests of love

O beautiful nests of love,
eyes to me so dear,
that with your favor
were not miserly to me,
or now that I am deprived
of your smile
of that my paradise,

without longer any desire
I see my days fly by,
and in such cruel fate
every day I die a bit more
and yet I cannot..
I cannot die!

The sun has no more rays,
nor stars in the firament,
the field has no more violets,
nor does the wind sigh,
now to increase the anguish
of my lost blessing,
that holds me so grief stricken,
That even hope leave me,
by which I nourished my heart,
merciful hope

che anche al misero avanza
perchè gli sia men crudo il dolor!

Vaghissima sembianza

Vaghissima sembianza
d'antica donna amata,
chi, dunque, v'ha ritratta
contanta simiglianza
ch'io guardo, e parlo,
e credo d'avervi a me
davanti come ai bei dì d'amore?

La cara rimembranza
che in cor mi s'è destata
sì ardente v'ha già fatta
rinascere la speranza,
che un bacio, un voto,
un grido d'amore
più non chiedo
che a lei che muta è ognor.

Chanson triste

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été,
Et pour fuir la vie importune
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
Mon triste cœur et mes pensées,
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.

Tu prendras ma tête malade
Oh! quelquefois sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous.

Et dans tes yeux pleins de
tristesses,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses

Que, peut-être, je guérirai...

that even comes to the wretched
so that his sorrow will be less
cruel!

Very charming image

Very charming image
of a former woman loved,
who, then, you have portrayed
with such similarity
that I look, and speak,
and believe to have you with me
like the beautiful days of love?

The dear remembrances
in my heart have been awakened
so ardently it has been made
to revive my hope,
that a kiss, a vow,
a cry of love
more than this I do not ask
of her who is silent forever.

Sad song

In your heart sleeps moonlight,
A soft summer moonlight,
And to escape life's worries,
I shall drown myself in your light.

I will forget past sorrows,
My love, when you cradle
My sad heart and my thoughts,
In the loving calm of your arms.

You will take my sick head
Oh! sometimes on your knee
And will tell it a ballad
That will seem to speak of us.

And from your eyes full of sadness
From your eyes I shall drink
So many kisses and so much
tenderness
That, perhaps, I will heal...

Le manoir de Rosemonde

De sa dent soudaine et vorace
Comme un chien l'amour m'a
mordu...
En suivant mon sang répandu.
Va, tu pourras suivre ma trace...

Prends un cheval de bonne race,
Pars, et suis mon chemin ardu,
Fondrière ou sentier perdu,
Si la course ne te harasse!

En passant par où j'ai passé,
Tu verras que seul et blessé
J'ai parcouru ce triste monde,
Et qu'ainsi je m'en fus mourir
Bien loin, sans découvrir
Le bleu manoir de Rosemonde.

L'invitation au voyage

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble.

Aimer à loisir.
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble!

Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit on les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux.
Brillant à travers leurs larme.

Là tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.

Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du
monde.

Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,

The manor of Rosemond

With his tooth sudden and
voracious
Like a dog love has bitten me...
By following my blood shed
Come, you can follow my tracks...

Take a horse of good breeding,
Go and follow my arduous route,
Quagmires or paths hidden
If the chase doesn't exhaust you!

In passing where I have passed,
You will see alone and wounded
I have traveled this sad world.
And thus I went off to die
Far away, without finding
The blue manor of Rosemonde.

The invitation to the voyage

My child, my sister,
Dream of the sweetness
It would be to go and live
together.

To love at leisure.
To love and to die
In a country that you resemble!

The suns watery
of those skies hazy
for my spirit has the charms
as mysterious
as your traitorous eyes
shining through their tears.

There is nothing but order and
beauty
abundance, calm and sensual
delight.

See on those canals
Sleeping those vessels
Whose nature it is to roam;
It is to fulfill
Your slightest desire
They have come from the ends of
the earth.

The sun's setting
Covers the fields

Les cannaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or:
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière!

Das Rosenband

Im Frühlings Schatten fand ich sie,
da band ich sie mit Rosen
bändern:
sie fühlt' es nicht und
schlummerte.

Ich sah sie an; mein Leben hing
mit diesem Blick an ihrem Leben:
ich fühlt' es wohl unt wußt' es
nicht.

Doch lispelt' ich ihr sprachlos zu
und rauschte mit den
Rosenbändern:
da wachte sie vom Schlummer
auf.

Sie sah mich an; ihr Leben hing
mit diesem Blick an meinem
Leben
Und um uns ward's Elysium.

Du meines Herzens Krönelein

Du meines Herzens Krönelein,
Du bist von lautrem Golde,
Wenn andere daneben sein,
Dann bist du noch viel holde.

Die Andern Tun so gern gescheut
Du bist gar sanft und stille,
Dass jedes Herz sich dein erfreut,

Dein Glück ist's, nicht dein Wille.
Die Andern suchen Lieb' und
Gunst
Mit tausend falschen Worten,
Du ohne Mund- und Augenkunst

Bist wert an allen Orten.
Du bist als wie die Ros' im Wald,
Sie weiß nichts von ihrer blüte,
Doch jedem, der vorüberwallt,
Erfreut sie das Gemüte.

The canals, the town entierly,
With hyacinth and with gold:
The world falls to sleep
In a warm light!

The Rose Band

In the spring shade I found her,
I bound her there with rose
ribbons:
She felt it not and slept on.

I looked at her, my life hung
with that gaze on her life
I felt it and could not explain it.

Yet I whispered to her without
words
and rustled with the rose ribbons
then she awoke from her
slumber.

She looked at me, her life hung
with that look on my life
and around us it was paradise.

You My Heart's Little Crown

You my heart's little crown,
You are of pure gold,
When others are close by,
Then you are still more lovely.

The others appear to be clever,
You are very calm and quiet,
That every heart takes pleasure
in you,
It is your fortune, not your will.
The others seek love and favor

With thousands of false words,
You without deceit in word and
look
Are valued in all places.
You are like the rose in the
forest,
She knows nothing of her bloom,
Yet to each, who wanders by,
She delights the heart.

Ständchen

Mach auf, mach auf, doch leise
mein Kind,
Um keinen vom Schlummer zu
wecken.
Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum
zittert im Wind
Ein Blatt an den Büschen und
Hecken.
Drum leise, mein Mädchen, daß
nichts sich regt,
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke
gelegt.

Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so
sacht,
Um über die Blumen hüpfen,
Flieg leicht hinaus in die
Mondscheinnacht,
Zu mir in den Garten zu
schlüpfen.
Rings schlummern die Blüten
am rieselnden Bach
Und duften im Schlaf, nur die
Liebe ist wach.

Sitz nieder, hier dämmert's
geheimnisvoll
Unter den Lindenbäumen,
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten
soll
Von unseren Küssen träumen,
Und die Rose, wenn sie am
Morgen erwacht,
Hoch glühh von den
Wonnenschauern der Nacht.

Jabberwocky

'Twas brillig, and the slighy toves
Did gure and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jub-jub bird, and shun
the frumious Bander-snatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:

Serenade

Come out, come out, but quietly
my child,
So no one from slumber awakens
.
The brook is so still, the wind
barely stirs
a leaf on the bushes and hedges.

So softly my maiden, that
nothing stirs
Just quietly the hand on the door
latch laid.

With steps, like steps of Elves so
gently,
In order to hop over the flowers,
Fly lightly out into the moonlight.

Where I in the garden await you.

The sweet scented flowers
By murmuring streams,
And all are asleep, only love is
awake!

Come near me in the mysterious
twilight,
Under the lime-tree's branches,
The nightengale hovers over us
seeing
With envy our sweet kisses,
And the rosebud, wakes in the
morn's early light,
Glowing with the thrilling
wonders of night.

Long time the manxome foe he sought
So rested he by the Tum-tum tree,
And stood a-while in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!
One! Two! One! Two!
And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head,
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day!
Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.