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Junior Recital: Abby Mae Rogers, soprano

Abby Mae Rogers

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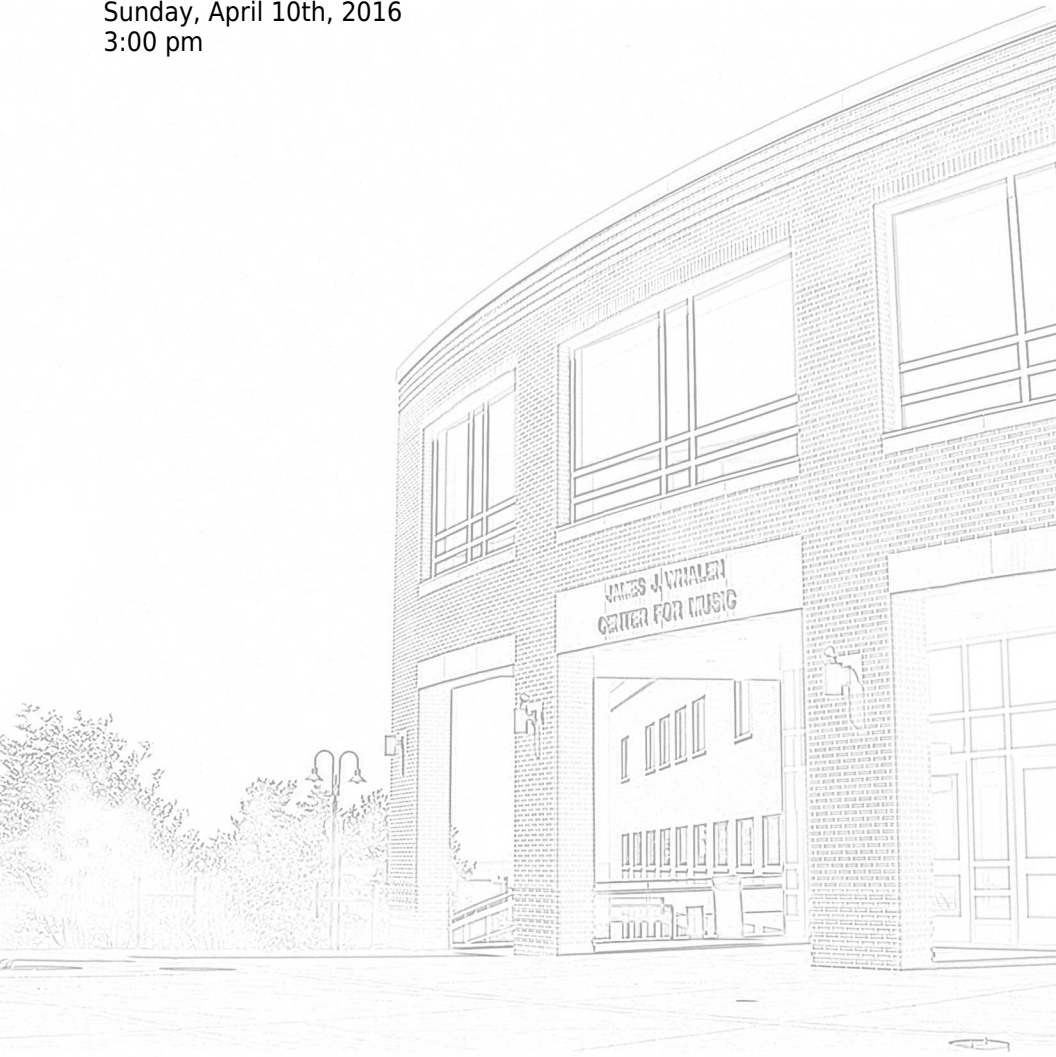
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Junior Recital:
Abby Mae Rogers, soprano

Richard Montgomery, piano
Ray Fuller, trumpet

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday, April 10th, 2016
3:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Rompe Sprezza
Farò la Vendetta

Ray Fuller, trumpet

Alessandro Scarlatti
(1660-1725)

La Pastorella delle Alpi
L'Invito
La Gita in Gondola

Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Écrin
Madrigal
Notre Amour
Le Secret

Cécile Chaminade
(1857-1944)
Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Intermission

"Mein Herr Marquis"
from Die Fledermaus

Johann Strauss II
(1825-1899)

Varen
Lauf der Welt
Gruß
Solvejgs Lied

Edvard Grieg
(1806-1875)

Bucking Bronco
Lift Me Into Heaven Slowly
Billy the Kid

Libby Larsen
(b. 1950)

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance.
Abby Mae Rogers is from the studio of Ivy Walz.

Translations

Rompe Sprezza

Rompe, sprezza
con un sospir
ogni cor benchè di pietra;

essa numi l'alma
inpetra ogni gratia a suoi desir.

She breaks, she scorns
with a sigh
every heart although made of
stone;
from the gods
she obtains every grace of her
desire.

Farò la Vendetta

Farò la vendetta che a mi
s'aspetta
di quel perfido traditor,
che mi ha si vilipesa fammi star
così sospesa
et a dato a altri il cor.

I will have my revenge that I
deserve
of that deceitful traitor,
who has cast me aside for
another
and given his heart to her.

La Pastorella delle Alpi

Son bella pastorella
che scende ogni mattino,
ed offre un cestellino
di fresche frutta e fior.
Chi viene al primo albore
avrà vessoze rose
e poma rugiadose,
venite al mio giardin!

I am the beautiful shepherdess
who descends in the morning,
offering a basket
of fresh fruit and flowers.
Whoever comes at dawn
will get roses
and dew-sprinkled apples,
welcome to my garden!

Chi nel notturno orrore
smarri la buona via,
alla cappana mia ritroverà il
cammin.

Who in the night's terror
loses their way,
will find their way along my path.

Venite o passeggero, la pastorella
è qua,
ma il fior del su pensiero as uno sol
darà.

Come traveler, the shepherdess is
here,
but only one man will receive her
affections

L'Invito

Vieni, o Ruggiero, la tua Eloisa
da te divisa, no, non puo restar.

Alle mie lacrime già rispondevi,
vieni, ricevi il mio pregar!

Vieni, bell'angelo
vien, mio diletto su del mio petto.
Vieni a posar!
Senti se palpita, se amor t'invita.

Vieni, mia vita, vien, vieni fammi
spirar!

Come, Ruggiero, to your Eloisa
from whom you were seperated, no,
I cannot stand it any longer.

All of my tears answer you,
come, receive me!

Come, my angel
come, my delight to my chest
Come to rest!
Feel my heart throb, my love
inviting you.

Come, my life, come, come make
me die!

La Gita in Gondola

Voli l'agile barchetta,
voga, voga, marinar.
Or ch'Elvira mia diletta a me in
braccio,
sfida il mar.

Brilla in calma la laguna,
una vela non appar.
Palidetta in ciel la luna tutto invita
sospirar.

Voga, voga, marinar.

Se ad un bacio amor t'invita,
non temer, mio bel tesor.

Tu saprai che sia la vita sol nel
bacio del amor.

Ma già un zeffiro sereno
dolce ondeggia il mar.
Vieni Elvira, a questo seno,
vieni e apprendi a palpitar.

Voga, voga, marinar.

Fly agile boat,
row, row, boatman.
Now that my delightful Elvira is in
my arms,
let's go out to sea.

The lagoon is sparkling and calm,
not even a sailboat appears.
The pale moon in the sky invites us
to sigh.

Row, row, boatman.

If love invites you to a kiss,
don't be afraid, my beautiful
treasure.

You will learn what life is in the kiss
of love.

A soft breeze
sweetly ripples the sea.
Come Elvira, to my chest,
come and feel it beat.

Row, row, boatman.

Écrin

Tes yeux malicieux
ont la couleur de l'éméraire.
Leurs pur reflets délicieux
egaient l'humeur la plus grimaude.

Your malicious eyes
are the color of emeralds.
They sparkle deliciously
and cheer the lowest mood.

Dans leur filets capricieux
ils ont pris mon coeur,
pris mon coeur en maraude.

They have caught
my heart,
my wandering heart.

Tes lèvres de satin
sont un nid de chaudes caresses,
un fruit savoureux qui se teint
de rayonnement de tendresse.

Your satin lips
are a nest of hot caresses,
a tasty fruit
or a tender ray of sunlight.

E ton baiser, comme un lutin,
verse d'ineffables ivresses...

And your kisses, like an imp,
pour out indescribable
intoxication...

Ton âme ton bijou,
le diamant de ma couronne;
C'est le plus délicat joujou
de mon amour qu'elle enfleurone.
C'est le parfum qui me rend fou,
Le doux charme
qui m'environne.

Your soul is a jewel,
the diamond to my crown;
The most delicate bauble
or a flower that smells of love.
The perfume drives me mad,
the sweet smell
that surrounds me.

Madrigal

Tes doux baisers
sont des oiseaux,
qui voltigent fous
sur mes lèvres.
Ils y versent l'oubli de fièvres.

Your kisses
are like birds,
that flutter madly
on my lips.
They pour out the forgetfulness of
fevers.

Tes doux baisers
sont des oiseaux.
Ausi légers que des roseaux,
foulés par les pieds blancs de
chèvres.

Your kisses
are like birds.
As light as reeds
trodden on by little goats.

Comme de frivoles oiseaux,
aux ailes d'argent,
aux becs mièvres.
Ainsi que sur des arbriseaux
ils viennent chanter
sur mes lèvres.
Comme sculptés par des orfèvres
avec de magiques ciseaux.
Tes baisers, disent doux oiseaux.
Leur chanson d'amour
sur mes lèvres.

Like frivolous birds,
with silver wings,
and dull beaks.
They sing in the bushes
and come to sing
on my lips.
As though sculpted by goldsmiths
with magical chisels.
Your kisses, sweet birds sing.
A song of love
on my lips.

Notre Amour

Notr'amour est chose légère,
comme les parfum que le vent
prend aux cimes de la fougères,
pour qu'on les respir'en rêvant.

Not'ramour est chose charmante,
comme les chansons du matin.
Où nyl regret ne se lamente,
où vibr'un espoir incertain.

Notr'amour est chose sacrée,
comme les mystères des bois
où tresail' un'âm'ingorée,
où les silences ont des voix.

Notr'amour est chos'infinie,
comme les chemins des couchants.
Où la mer, aux cieux réunie
S'endort sous les soleils penchants.

Notr'amour est chos'éternelle,
comme tout ce qu'un dieu vainquer
a touché du feu de son aile,
comme tout ce qui vient du coeur.

Our love is like a light,
like a perfume that the wind
takes from the tips of ferns,
that you breathe in while dreaming.

Our love is charming,
like the songs of the morning.
Where no regret is mourned,
and uncertain hope vibrates.

Our love is sacred,
like the mysteries of the forest
where unknown souls tremble,
and silence has a voice.

Our love is infinite,
like the path of a sunset.
Where the ocean and sky
Fall asleep under the setting sun.

Our love is eternal,
like all that a victorious god
has touched by his wings of fire.
Like everything that comes from
the heart.

Le Secret

Je veux que le matin l'ignore
Le nom que j'ai dit à la nuit.
Et qu'au vent de l'aube sans bruit,
Comm'une larm' il s'évapore.

Je veux que le jour le proclame,
l'amour qu'au matin j'ai caché.

E sur mon coeur ouvert, penché
comm'un grain d'encens il
l'enflamme.

Je veux que le couchant l'oublie
le secret que j'ai dit au jour.
Et l'emport'avec mon amour,

Aux plis de sa robe pâlie!

I wish I could take back in the
morning
the name that I told to the night.
Told in the silence of dawn,
like an evaporating tear.

I wish that I could proclaim it,
the love that I hid from the
morning.

It leans on my heart
like a burning incense.

I wish that the sunset would forget
the secret I told to the day.
And carry it away, along with my
love,
in the folds of his pale robe!

Mein Herr Marquis

Mein Herr Marquis,
ein Mann wie Sie
sollt' besser das verstehn.
Darum rate ich,
ja genauer sich
die Leute anzuseh'n!
Die Hand ist doch wohl gar so fein,
dies Füßchen so zierlich und klein,
die Sprache, die ich führe,
die Taille, die Tournüre...
dergleichen finden Sie
bei einer Zofe, nie!
Gestehen müssen Sie fürwahr,
sehr komisch dieser Irrtum war!

Ja sehr komisch,
ist die Sache,
drum versteihn Sie,
wenn ich lache!
Sehr komisch, Herr Marquis, sind
Sie!

Mit dem Profil
im griech'schen Stil
beschenkte mich Natur:
wenn nicht dies Gesicht
schon genügend spricht,
so sehn Sie die Figur!
Schaun durch die Lorgnette Sie
dann
sich diese Toilette nur an.
Mir scheint wohl, die Liebe
macht Ihre Augen trübe,
der schönen Sofe Bild
hat ganz Ihr Herz erfüllt!
Nun sehen Sie sie überall,
(sehr komisch ist fürwahr der Fall)!

My Herr Marquis,
a man like you
should know better.
Therefore I advise,
that you certainly
should be more observant!
This hand is so fine,
this foot is so dainty and small,
my manners, my speech,
my waist, my hips...
Would you ever find this
on a chambermaid, no!
You must admit,
how hilarious that is!

So funny,
is the fact that,
Oh you must excuse me,
so funny!
How funny, Herr Marquis, are you!

This profile
like a Grecian woman
blessed by nature:
if you cannot see it
from my face,
just look at this body!
I look through the mirror
at this beautiful outfit.
It seems to me that love
is clouding your eyes,
Your heart is full
for a beautiful chambermaid!
Now you see her everywhere,
(the truth in this situation is
hilarious)!

Varen

Ja, noch einmal
konnt den Winter ich sehn,
dem Frühlinge weichen.
Weissdorn erblühte
mit Dolden so schön,
so ganz ohne Gleichen.
Und noch einmal
konnt ich Eisflächen schau'n,
dem Lande entfliehen.

Schnee sah ich schmelzen,
und Ströme voll Graun,
sich wälzen und sprühen.
Matten die grünen
noch einmal ich sah,
mit Blumen voll Wonne;
einmal noch sang
mir die Lerche, so schön
im Sommer voll Sonne.

Einmal mich führt's
nach dem lenzfrischen Tal,
das Sehnsucht mir stilltet.
Dort find voll Sonne
ein heim ich einmal,
wo Lust mich erfüllet.
Das, was der Lenz
mir hienieden gebar,
die Blum die ich pflückte.

Schien mir der seligen
Geister hehre schar,
der Erd' schon entrückte.
Darum ich hörte
auf Schritt und auf Tritt,
ein rätselhaft Singen;
Laute auf Flöten,
die oft ist mir schnitt,
wie Seufzer erklingen.

Yes, once again
the winter wanes,
in the glory of the spring.
White thorns spread
their cluster so free,
their beauty enchanting.
Once again
behold the ice,
disappearing from the earth.

Snow melts,
thundering down the river,
flowing and spraying.
In emerald meadows
once again,
flowers are in full bloom;
again sings
a lark, warbling of
summer and the sun.

Again I'm drawn
to this spring-gladden vale,
that calms my longing.
I find sunlight
and rest again,
and pleasure fulfills me.
The spring
birthed all of this,
every flower I have plucked.

It's like I have become
a ghost and died,
and gone to heaven.
From there I hear
something occurring,
mysterious singing;
lutes and flutes
of old,
like resounding sighs.

Lauf der Welt

An jedem Abend geh' ich aus
hinauf den Wiesensteg.
Sie schaut aus ihrem Gartenhaus,
es stehet hart am Weg.
Wir haben uns noch nie bestellt,
es ist nur so der Lauf der Welt.

Ich weiss nicht
wie es so geschah,
seit lange küsst ich sie.

Ich bitte nicht,
sie sacht nicht ja,
doch sacht sie nein auch nie.
Wenn Lippe gern auf Lippe ruht,
wir hindern's nicht,
uns dünkt es gut!

Das Lüftchen mit der Rose spielt,
es fragt nicht,
'hast mich lieb?'
Das Röschen, sich am Thau kühlt
es sagt nicht lange, 'gib'!
Ich liebe sie,
sie liebet mich,
doch keines sagt,
'ich liebe dich'!

Every evening I go walking
along the meadowpath.
He looks out of his summer house,
by the path.
We've never said hello,
that's just the way things are.

I don't know how
it happened,
but we've been kissing now for
awhile.

I never asked,
he never said yes,
but he never said no.
If our lips rest where they rest,
we won't stop it,
we like it!

The wind plays with the rose,
and never asks,
'do you love me?'
The rose, with dew on her petals
never says, 'give it to me!'
I love him,
and he loves me,
but neither says,
'I love you'!

Gruß

Leise zieht durch mein Gemüth,
liebliches Geläute,
klinge kleines Frühlingslied,
kling' hinaus ins Weite.

Zieh' hinaus bis an das Haus,
wo die Veilchen spriessen.
Wenn du eine Rose schaust,
sag', ich lass' sie grüssen!

Softly moving through my soul,
lovely bells.
Ringing out, a springtime song,
ringing out in the distance.

Ring out up to the house,
where the violets bud.
If you see a rose,
say hello for me!

Solvejgs Lied

Der Winter mag scheiden,
der Frühling vergeh'n.
Der Sommer mag verwelken,
das Jahr verweh'n.
Du kehrest mir zurücke,
gewiss du wirst mein.
Ich hab' es versprochen,
ich harre treulich dein.

Gott helfe dir,
wenn du die Sonne noch ziehst.
Gott segne dich,
wenn du zu Füßen im kniest.
Ich will deiner harren,
bis du mir nah'.
Und harrest du dort oben,
zo treffen wir uns da.

The winter may depart,
the spring pass by.
The summer may fade away,
the years pass away.
But you will come back to me,
certainly you will be mine.
I promise you,
I will faithfully await you.

May God help you,
when you see the sun again.
May God save you,
when you come to kneel at his feet.
I will wait for you,
until you are near.
I will await you from above,
we will meet each other there.