

3-28-2013

Joint Recital: Kendra Domotor, soprano and Hillary Robbins, soprano

Kendra Domotor

Hillary Robbins

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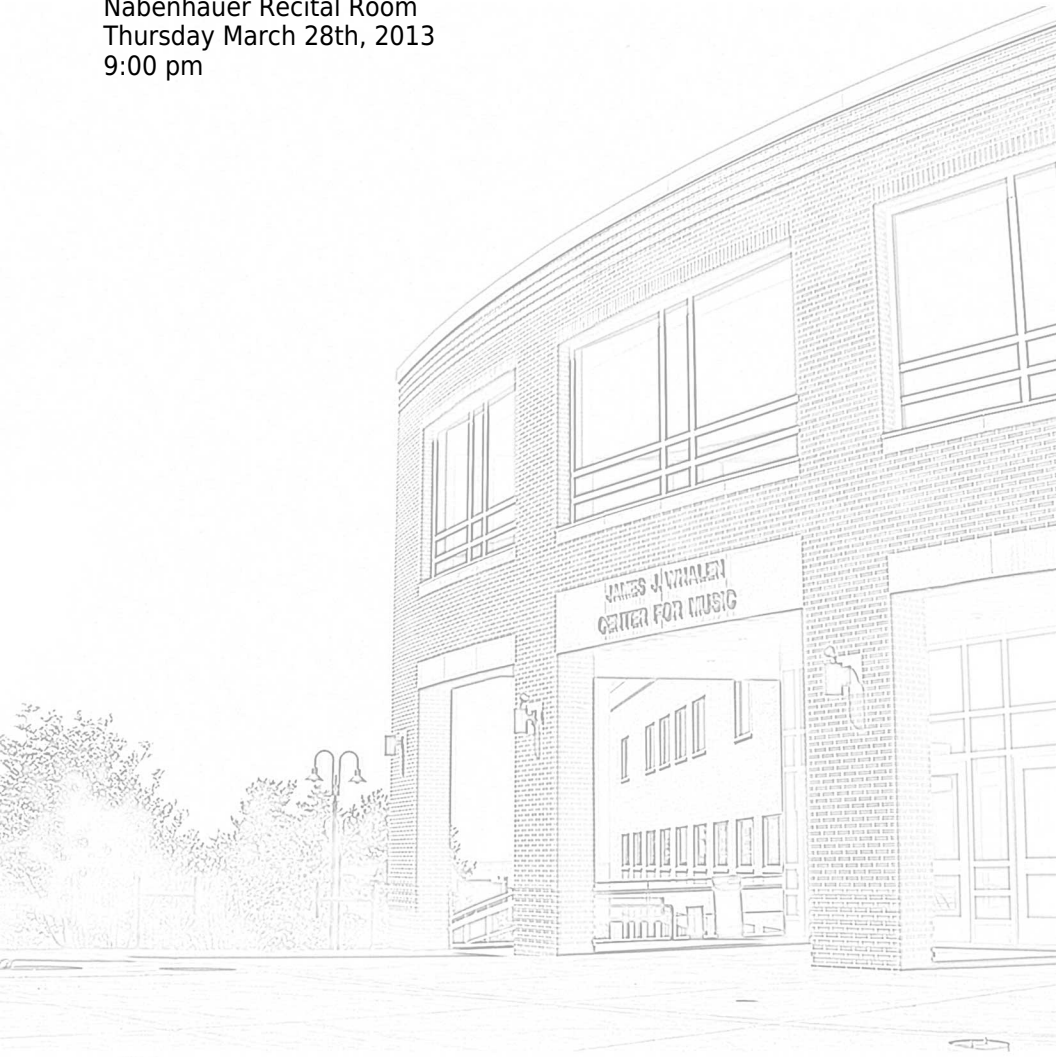
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Joint Recital:
Kendra Domotor and Hillary Robbins,
sopranos

Taylor Aretz, piano

Nabenhauer Recital Room
Thursday March 28th, 2013
9:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Via resti servita
from *Le Nozze di Figaro*
Un Moto Di Gioia
Se Il Padre Perdei

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Rêve d'Amour

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

S'il est un charmant gazon

César Franck
(1822-1890)

S'il est un charmant gazon

Franz Liszt
(1811-1886)

Piccola Serenata

Leonard Bernstein
(1918-1990)

There Will Be Stars
The Bird

John Duke
(1899-1984)

Ridente la calma
Una donna a quindici anni
from *Così fan tutte*
Prenderò quel brunettino
from *Così fan tutte*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Intermission

Mots D'Amour

Cecile Chaminade
(1857-1944)

Daphénéo
la Diva de l'Empire

Erik Satie
(1866-1925)

Ah, mai non cessate
Luoghi sereni e cari
Ognun ripicchia e nicchia

Stefano Donaudy
(1879-1925)

In My Life from *Les Miserable*

Claude-Michel Schönberg
(b. 1944)

A Word On My Ear

Donald Swann
(1923-1994)

Translations

Via resti servita

Marcellina:

Via, resti servita, Madama brillante.

Susanna:

Non sono si ardità, Madama
piccante.

Marcellina:

No, prima a lei tocca.

Susanna:

No, no, tocca a lei.

Susanna & Marcellina:

Io so i dover miei, non fo incivilta.

Marcellina:

La sposa novella!

Susanna:

La dama d'onore!

Marcellina:

Del Conte la bella!

Susanna:

Di Spagna l'amore!

Marcellina:

I meriti!

Susanna:

L'abito!

Marcellina:

Il posto!

Susanna:

L'età!

Marcellina:

Per Bacco, precipito, se ancor resto
qua.

Susanna:

Sibila decrepita, da rider mi fa.

Marcellina:

Do go on, my dazzling lady.

Susanna:

I'd not be so bold, my witty lady.

Marcellina:

No, first it's your turn.

Susanna:

No, no, it's your turn.

Susanna & Marcellina:

I know my duty, I'd not be so rude.

Marcellina:

The dear young bride!

Susanna:

The honorable lady!

Marcellina:

The Count's little beauty!

Susanna:

The love of all Spain!

Marcellina:

Your qualities!

Susanna:

Your clothes!

Marcellina:

Your position!

Susanna:

Your age!

Marcellina:

By Bacchus, I'll explode, if I stay
here any longer.

Susanna:

Decrepit old Sibyl, she makes me
laugh.

Un Moto Di Gioia

Un moto di gioia
mi sento nel petto,
che annunzia diletto
in mezzo il timor.
Speriam che in contento
finisca l'affanno:
non sempre e tiranno
il fato ed amor.

An emotion of joy
I feel in my heart,
that says happiness is coming
in spite of my fears.
Let us hope that the worry
will end in contentment:
Fate and love are
not always tyrants.

Se Il Padre Perdei

Se il padre perdei, La patria, il riposo,
Tu padre mi sei,
Soggiorno amoroso È Creta per me.
Or più non rammento, l'angoscie, gli
affanni,
Or gioia e contento,
Compenso a miei danni Il cielo mi diè.

If I have lost my father, homeland, and
my peace of mind,
you are a father to me,
Crete will be a loving residence for me.
Now no longer will I remember the
anxieties and worries,
Now joy and contentment,
*Heaven has given me as compensation
for my losses.*

Three settings of a French poem: S'il est un charmant gazon

S'il est un charmant gazon
Que le ciel arrose,
Où naisse en toute saison
Quelque fleur éclore,
Où l'on cueille à pleine main
Lys, chèvre-feuille et jasmin,
J'en veux faire le chemin
Où ton pied se pose!

If there is a charming lawn
That the sky waters,
Where is born in each season
A blossoming flower,
Where one can gather handfuls of
Lillies, honeysuckles and jasmine,
I would like to make a path of that lawn
Where your foot might walk!

S'il est un sein bien aimant
Dont l'honneur dispose,
Dont le ferme dévouement
N'ait rien de morose,
Si toujours ce noble sein
Bat pour un digne dessein,
J'en veux faire le coussin
Où ton front se pose!

If there is a loving heart
Wherein honor resides,
Where tender devotion
Is never morose,
If this noble heart always
Beats for a worthy intent,
Of it I would make a pillow
Where you might rest your head!

S'il est un rêve d'amour,
Parfumé de rose,
Où l'on trouve chaque jour
Quelque douce chose,
Un rêve que Dieu bénit,
Où l'âme à l'âme s'unit,
Oh! j'en veux faire le nid
Où ton coeur se pose!

If there is a dream of love,
Scented with roses,
Where each day one finds
Some sweet thing,
A dream blessed by God,
Wherein two souls are united,
Oh! of it I would make a nest
Upon which your heart might rest!

Mots d'amour

Quand je te dis des mots lassés,
C'est leur douleur qui fait leurs charmes!
Ils balbutient, et c'est assez,
Les mots ont des larmes.
Quand je te dis des mots fougueux,
Ils brûlent mon coeur et mes lèvres,
Ton être s'embrace avec eux,
Les mots ont des fièvres.
Mais quels qu'ils soient, les divins mots,
Les seuls mots écoutés des femmes,
Dans leurs soupirs ou leurs sanglots,
Les mots ont des âmes.

When I say the words tired,
It is their pain that makes their charms!
They stammer, and that is enough,
Words have tears.
When I say the words fiery
They burn my heart and my lips,
Your being ablaze with them,
Words have fevers.
But whatever they are, the divine words,
The only words heard women
Their sighs and their tears,
Words have souls.

Ridente la calma

Ridente la calma
Nell'alma si desti;
Né resti più segno
di sdegno e timor.
Tu vieni, frattanto,
A stringer mio bene,
Le dolce catene
Sí grate al mio cor.

Let smiling calm
Be awakened in the soul;
Nor let remain any longer a sign
Of anger and fear.
You come, meanwhile,
To tighten, my beloved,
The sweet chains
So welcome to my heart.

Una donna a quindici anni

Una donna a quindici anni
dee saper ogni gran moda:
dove il diavolo ha la coda,
cosa è bene, e mal cos'è.
Dee saper le maliziette
che innamorano gli amanti,
finger riso, finger pianti,
inventar i bei perché.
Dee in un momento
dar retta a cento,
con le pupille parlar con mille,
dar speme a tutti sien belli o brutti,
saper nascondersi senza confondersi,
senz'arrosire saper mentire,
e qual regina dall'alto soglio
col "posso e voglio" varsi ubbidir.
(Par ch'abbian gusto di tal dottrina;
viva Despina che sa servir.)

A woman of fifteen years
must know all the best fashions:
where the devil has his tail,
what is good, and what is bad.
She must know the little tricks
that enamor the lovers,
how to feign laughter, how to feign
tears,
and invent good reasons why.
She must in the same moment
give attention to a hundred men,
and with the eyes speak with a
thousand,
give hope to all be they handsome or
ugly,
to know how to hide one's feelings
without confusion,
without blushing, know how to lie,
and this queen, from her high throne,
with an "I can and I want" attitude make
herself obeyed.
(It seems they have a taste for such a
doctrine;
long live Despina, who knows how to
serve!)

Prenderò quel brunettino

Dorabella:

Prenderò quel brunettino,
Che più lepido mi par.

Fiordiligi:

Ed intanto io col biondino
Vo' un po' ridere e burlar.

Dorabella:

Scherzosetta ai dolci detti
Io di quel risponderò.

Fiordiligi:

Sospirando i sospiretti
Io dell'altro imiterò.

Dorabella:

Mi dirà: "Ben mio, mi moro."

Fiordiligi:

Mi dirà: "Mio bel tesoro."

Fiordiligi & Dorabella:

Ed intanto che diletto,
Che spassetto io proverò!

Dorabella:

I will take the dark one,
Who seems more witty to me.

Fiordiligi:

And meanwhile, with the blonde one,
I wish to laugh a little and joke.

Dorabella:

Playfully with sweet words
I will respond to him.

Fiordiligi:

Sighing the little sighs
of the other I will imitate.

Dorabella:

To me he will say: "Beloved mine, I
die."

Fiordiligi:

To me he will say: "My beloved
treasure."

Fiordiligi & Dorabella:

And meanwhile what delight,
What amusement we will have!

Daphénéo

Dis-moi, Daphénéo,
quel est donc cet arbre
Dont les fruits sont des oiseaux qui
pleurent?

Cet arbre, Chrysaline,
est un oisetier.

Ah! Je croyais que les noisetiers
Donnaient des noisettes,
Daphénéo.

Oui, Chrysaline, les noisetiers
donnent des noisettes,

Mais les oisetiers donnent des
oiseaux qui pleurent. Ah!...

Tell me, Dapheneo,
what is that tree
The fruit of which is weeping birds?

That tree, Chrysaline,
is a bird-tree.

Ah! I believe that trees
Produce hazelnuts, Dapheneo.

Yes, Chrysaline, trees give
hazelnuts,

But bird-trees give weeping birds.
Ah!...

la Diva de l'Empire

Sous le grand chapeau Greenaway,
Mettant l'éclat d'un sourire,
D'un rire charmant et frais
De baby étonné qui soupire,
Little girl aux yeux veloutés,
C'est la Diva de l'Empire.
C'est la rein' dont s'éprennent

Les gentlemen Et tous les dandys

Under the great hat Greenaway,
Showing the burst of a smile,
Of a laugh charming and fresh
Of a surprised baby who sighs,
Little girl with velvety eyes,
It's the Diva of the Empire.
It's the queen of whom become
enamoured

The gentlemen And all the dandys

De Piccadilly.
 Dans un seul "yes" elle met tant de
 douceur
 Que tous les snobs en gilet à coeur,
 L'accueillant de hurras
 frénétiques,
 Sur la scène lancent des gerbes de
 fleurs,
 Sans remarquer le rire narquois
 De son joli minois.
 Elle danse presque
 automatiquement
 Et soulève, oh très pudiquement,
 Ses jolis dessous de fanfreluches,
 De ses jambes montrant le
 frétillement.
 C'est à la fois très très innocent
 Et très très excitant.

Of Piccadilly.
 In only a "yes" she puts so much
 sweetness
 That all the snobs in waistcoats to
 heart,
 Welcome her with frenetic hurrahs,
 On the stage toss wreaths of
 flowers,
 Without noticing the mocking laugh
 Of her sweet little face.
 She dances almost automatically
 And lifts up, oh very modestly,
 Her underthings of frills and
 furbelows,
 Of her legs showing the quivering.
 It is at the same time very very
 innocent
 And very very exciting.

Ah, mai non cessate

Ah, mai non cessate dal vostro
 parlar,
 o labbra desiate ond'io folle vo'
 col miel delle vostre parole vo' far
 un dolce guanciaie su cui dormirò.
 O sonni beati da niun mai sognati
 che su quel guanciaie dormendo
 farò,
 dormendo e sognando, vicino al tuo
 cor,
 il dolce, desiato mio sogno d'amor.
 Ah! dormendo, sognando,
 sognando d'amor!

Ah, never cease from your talking,
 oh desired lips which I madly want;
 with the honey of your words I want
 to make
 a sweet pillow on which I will sleep.
 Oh blessed dreams that no one
 ever has dreamt,
 that, sleeping on that pillow, I will
 make;
 sleeping and dreaming, close to
 your heart,
 my sweet, desired dream of love.
 Ah! Sleeping, dreaming of love!

Luoghi sereni e cari

Luoghi sereni e cari, io vi ritrovo
 quali ai bei dì lasciai di giovinezza!
 Gli stessi amati aspetti
 ovunque il passo io muovo...
 Sol non mi punge ancor
 che l'amarezza dei mesti giorni

Places serene and dear, I find you
 again
 which I left in the beautiful days of
 my youth!
 Every dear thing looks the same
 wherever I turn my step...
 Only it does not sting me still
 the bitterness of those unhappy
 days

in cui i tormenti d'un triste inganno
insegnato m'hanno pei primi cosa
al mondo è dolor!
Lungi da voi fuggito allor
cercai di trovar pace al mio tradito
core.
Andai fin oltre mare, ed altre donne
amai...
Ma nulla può lenire quel dolore
ch'e piaga viva in ogni core
d'amante
che nell'amore aveva ugal fede
che pregando il Signor!

in which the torments of a sad
deception
had taught me that the first thing
in the world is sorrow!
I fled far from you then
and sought to find peace for my
betrayed heart.
I even went beyond the sea, and
loved other women...
But nothing can soothe that pain
which is an open sore in the heart
of every lover
who had as much faith in love
as in praying to the Lord!

Ognun ripicchia e nicchia

Ognun ripicchia e nicchia ognor
su un caso strano a dir.
Ma perchè, ma cos'è,
che tanto amor dovea così finir?
Or io voglio la mia storia raccontar
tanto buffa ell'è:
Me ne givo un dì con Monna Lapa
insiem,
che s'è cara m'era al cor,
per i campi a raccoglièr fior...

Ma la storia comincia quì.
U'! cos'è quel ch'io veggo là?
Un grillo o un rusignuol?
Più bel ve'!
La mia beltà sedette su un
poggiuol.
Lei sperava di poter così
goder il divin cantor,
ma al trillar del grillo
e al pronto suo balzar
diede un grido, e nel fuggir,
sù ove prima seggea cascò...

E la storia finisce lì.

Everyone insists and then hesitates
to tell the story of a strange event.
But why, but how is it,
that so much love thus has to end?
Now I want to tell my story
which is so funny:
I went walking about one day with
Miss Lapa,
who was so dear to my heart,
through the fields to gather
flowers...
But the story begins here.
Oo! What is it that I see there?
A cricket or a nightengale?
Look, there is a more beautiful one!
My beauty-beloved sat on a little
hill.
She hoped thus to be able
to enjoy the devine singer,
but at the trilling of the cricket
and its quick leaping
she screamed and in feeling,
I fell on the place where she had
been sitting...
And the story ends there.