



FACULTY OF
FINE ARTS

Presents

Madelyn Fischer, soprano
Tayah Mandin, mezzo soprano
Grace Abbott, soprano

In a

Junior Recital

Assisted by

Gregory Knight, piano

From the Studio of

Dr. Sandra Stringer

7:30pm

April 13, 2024

Recital Hall

~~ **PROGRAM** ~~

“Rendi il sereno al ciglio” from *Sosarme* G.F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Madelyn Fischer, soprano

“Verdi prati” from *Alcina* G.F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Tayah Mandin, mezzo soprano

“V’adoro pupille” from *Giulio Cesare* G.F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Grace Abbott, soprano

Ideale Francesco Tosti
(1846-1916)

Erlafsee Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Amour d’antan Ernest Chausson
(1855-1899)

Madelyn Fischer, soprano

Freschi luoghi, prati aulenti Stefano Donaudy
(1879-1925)

Aus den östlichen Rosen Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Rêve d’amour Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Tayah Mandin, mezzo soprano

Nuit d’étoiles Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Mein Stern Clara Schumann
(1819-1896)

La Stella Saverio Mercadante
(1795-1870)

Grace Abbott, soprano

~~*INTERMISSION*~~

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|--|-----------------------------------|
| A Green Cornfield
Sweet Chance, That Led My Steps Abroad
<i>Tayah Mandin, mezzo soprano</i> | Michael Head
(1900-1976) |
| My Life's Delight
Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal
Love's Philosophy
<i>Madelyn Fischer, soprano</i> | Roger Quilter
(1877-1953) |
| Nocturne
Sure On This Shining Night
<i>Grace Abbott, soprano</i> | Samuel Barber
(1910-1981) |
| Lonely Room
Let The Walls Fall Down
<i>Tayah Mandin, mezzo soprano</i> | Ben Moore
(b. 1960) |
| "Laurie's Song" from <i>The Tender Land</i>
<i>Madelyn Fischer, soprano</i> | Aaron Copland
(1900-1990) |
| "A Lucky Child" from <i>At the Statue of Venus</i>
<i>Grace Abbott, soprano</i> | Jake Heggie
(b. 1961) |
| The Parting Glass
<i>Madelyn Fischer, soprano</i>
<i>Grace Abbott, soprano</i>
<i>Tayah Mandin, mezzo soprano</i> | Arranged by
The Wailin' Jennys |

~~TRANSLATIONS~~

Rendil sereno al ciglio

Bring peace to the eyelid,
Mother, don't cry anymore!

Fear any danger,
Today how can you?

Verdi Prati

Verdant meadows, pleasant forests,
you will lose your splendour.
Beautiful flowers, flowing brooks,
the enchantment, the beauty
of you will quickly change.

Verdant meadows, pleasant forests,
you will lose your splendour.
And changing a beautiful thing
to the ugliness of its first form
everything in you will return.

V'adoro Pupille

I adore you, eyes, missiles of love.
Your spark is welcome to my breast.
My sad heart desires you, who inspire
pity.
And whom it always calls its best
beloved.

Ideale

I followed you like a rainbow of peace
along the paths of heaven;
I followed you like a friendly torch
in the veil of darkness
and I sensed you in the light in the air,
in the perfume of flower;
and the solitary room was full
of you and of your radiance.
Absorbed by you, I dreamed a long
time
of the sound of your voice,
and earth's every anxiety, every torment

I forgot in that dream.
Come back, dear ideale, for an instant
to smile at me again,
and in your face will shine for me,
a new dawn.

Erlafsee

I feel so happy, so sad
by the quiet Lake Erlaf.
Hallowed silence
midst firs' branches;
motionless
the blue lap;
only the clouds' shadow flee along
over the dark mirror.
Cool breezes
ruffle gently
the water;
and the sun's
golden crown
glimmers paler.

Amour d'Antan

My love of yester-year, do you
remember?
Our hearts blossomed quite like two
roses
in the wind of spring, of kisses so sweet.
Do you remember these things gone-by?
Do you still see in you golden dreams
the blue horizons, the sunlit sea
which, while kissing you feet, slowly
fall asleep?
In your golden dreams – are you
perhaps forgetful?
In the pale rays of April gone by
do you feel the flower of your dreams
unfolding,
a bouquet of fragrant and new-born
thoughts?
Beautiful Aprils gone by, down there on
the strand

Freschi luoghi prati aulenti

Cool places, fragrant meadows,
Remain always in flower;
Let not summer sow seed in you,
Let not autumn carry you away,
Let not the dead season take away
So much magical splendour.
I want one day to ramble with her

Amidst softness so green,
When at last my pangs
She will show herself to understand.
Cool places, fragrant meadows,
Remain always in flower.
Let not any season take away
So much magical splendour.
And you then, clear streamlets,
Which already are running to the sea,

Don't be miserly with your waters In
the late season of the year,
Don't you join also the deception
Of a prosperity so brief.
I want one day to be reflected with her
In your clarity,
When at last my pangs
She will show herself to understand.

Aus den Östlichen Rosen

I send a greeting like the scent of roses,
I send it to a rose-like face.
I send a greeting like spring's caressing,
I send it to eyes that brim with spring's
light.
From anguished storms that rage
through my heart
I send a breath—may it cause you no
harm!
When you think of me in my sadness,
The sky of my nights will then be made
bright.

Rêve d'amour

If there is a charming lawn
That heaven waters,
Where in every season is born
Some blooming flower,
Where one gathers whole handfuls
Of lily, honeysuckle and jasmine,
I want to make of it the path
Where your foot may step.

If there is a very loving breast
That ruled by honour,
Whose tender devotion
Has nothing morose about it,
If that noble breast always
Beats for a worthy goal,
I want to make of it the cushion
Where your forehead may rest.

If there is dream of love
Scented with rose,
Where every day is found
Some sweet thing,
A dream that God blesses,
In which one soul unties with another,
Oh! I want to make of it the nest
Where your heart may rest.

Nuit d'étoiles

Night of stars,
Beneath your veils,
beneath your breeze and fragrance,
Sad lyre
That sighs,
I dream of bygone loves.
Serene melancholy
Now blooms deep in my heart,
And I hear the soul of my love
Quiver in the dreaming woods.
Night of stars,
Beneath your veils,
beneath your breeze and fragrance,
Sad lyre
That sighs,
I dream of bygone loves.
Once more at our fountain I see
Your eyes as blue as the sky;
This rose is your breath
And these stars are your eyes.
Night of stars,
Beneath your veils,
beneath your breeze and fragrance,
Sad lyre
That sighs,
I dream of bygone loves.

Mein Stern

O you my star,
I love to observe you,
When the sun slips quietly into the sea,
And your golden gaze beckons so
consolingly
In my night!
O you my star,
From afar
You bring me tidings of love,
Let me passionately kiss your rays
In fearful night.
O you my star,
Linger gladly,
And smilingly on the wings of light
Escort once more the angel of dreams
to your friend
In his night.

La Stella

Dark is the sky; only one star is queen
of the vast hemisphere.
Gazing at it says the thought: "Not is it
mine, but it shines for me."
Ah, beautiful star, which pure, moves
around you illuminating the gloomy my
life,
Of your light the joy welcome,
No, not may it be of others, but may it
shine for me!
In your ray, of life may it be sweet to
bear the sorrows secret because that ray
in the heart repeats:
Yes, I am yours and I shine only for
you.