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 ~

A Green Cornfield
Sweet Chance, That Led My Steps Abroad
   Tayah Mandin, mezzo soprano

My Life’s Delight
Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal
Love’s Philosophy
   Madelyn Fischer, soprano

Nocturne
Sure On This Shining Night
   Grace Abbott, soprano

Lonely Room
Let The Walls Fall Down
   Tayah Mandin, mezzo soprano

“Laurie’s Song” from The Tender Land
   Madelyn Fischer, soprano

“A Lucky Child” from At the Statue of Venus
   Grace Abbott, soprano

The Parting Glass
   Arranged by The Wailin’ Jennys
   Madelyn Fischer, soprano
   Grace Abbott, soprano
   Tayah Mandin, mezzo soprano
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

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.

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.

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.
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.

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.

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