



presents

Gabrielle Flannery, Soprano
In a Graduate Recital

assisted by:
Dr. Korey Barrett, piano

In partial fulfillment of the requirement
for the Master of Music degree in Vocal Performance
From the Studios of Dr. Suzanne Hendrix-Case and Dr. Jean McDonald

Abendempfindung
Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte
Nehmt meinen Dank
Wolfgang Mozart
(1756-1791)

Élégie
Doute
Soir d'hiver
Nadia Boulanger
(1887-1979)

His Name is Jan
from *Breaking the Waves*
Missy Mazzoli
(b. 1980)

Intermission

I poemi del sole
Un'ora di sole
Riflessi
Nel giardino
Sole d'autunno
Francesco Santoliquido
(1883-1971)

Je veux vivre
from *Roméo et Juliette*
Charles Gounod
(1818-1893)

Davis Hall, at 6:00 P.M.

Thursday, December 14th, 2023

Translations

Abendempfindung

Abend ist's, die Sonne ist verschwunden,
Und der Mond strahlt Silberglanz;
So entflieh'n des Lebens schönste Stunden,
Flieh'n vorüber wie im Tanz!

Bald entflieht des Lebens bunte Szene,
Und der Vorhang rollt herab.
Aus ist unser Spiel! Des Freundes Träne
Fließet schon auf unser Grab.

Bald vielleicht mir weht,
Wie Westwind leise,
Eine stille Ahnung zu –
Schließ' ich dieses Lebens Pilgerreise,
Fliege in das Land der Ruh'.

Werdet ihr dann an meinem Grabe weinen,
Trauernd meine Asche seh'n,
Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch erscheinen
Und will Himmel auf euch weh'n.

Schenk' auch du ein Tränchen mir
Und pflücke mir
Ein Veilchen auf mein Grab;
Und mit deinem seelenvollen Blicke
Sieh' dann sanft auf mich herab.

Weih mir eine Träne, und ach!
Schäme dich nur nicht, sie mir zu weih'n,
Oh, sie wird in meinem Diademe
Dann die schönste Perle sein.

Evening Thoughts

It is evening, the sun has vanished,
And the moon sheds its silver light;
So life's sweetest hours fly by,
Fly by as in a dance!

Soon life's bright pageant will be over,
And the curtain will fall.
Our play is ended! Tears wept by a friend
Flow already on our grave.

Soon perhaps,
Like a gentle breeze,
A silent idea will reach me,
And I shall end this earthly pilgrimage,
Fly to the land of rest.

If you then weep by my grave
And gaze mourning on my ashes,
Then, dear friends, I shall appear to you
And heaven will breathe blessings on you.

May you too shed a tear for me
And pluck me
A violet for my grave;
And let your soulful gaze
Look down gently on me.

Consecrate a tear to me and ah!
Do not be ashamed to do so;
In my crown it shall become
The fairest pearl of all.

**Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen
Liebhabers verbrannte**

Erzeugt von heißer Phantasie,
In einer schwärmerischen Stunde
Zur Welt gebrachte! – geht zu Grunde!
Ihr Kinder der Melancholie!

Ihr danket Flammen euer Sein:
Ich geb' euch nun den Flammen wieder,
Und all' die schwärmerischen Lieder;
Denn ach! er sang nicht mir allein.

Ihr brennet nun, und bald, ihr Lieben,
Ist keine Spur von euch mehr hier:
Doch ach! der Mann, der euch geschrieben,
Brennt lange noch vielleicht in mir.

Nehmt meinen Dank, K. 383

Nehmt meinen Dank, ihr holden Gönner!
So feurig, als mein Herz ihn spricht,
Euch laut zu sagen, können Männer,
Ich, nur ein Weib, vermag es nicht.
Doch glaubt, ich werd' in meinem Leben
Niemals vergessen eure Huld:
Blieb' ich, so wäre mein Bestreben,
Sie zu verdienen, doch Geduld!

Von Anbeginn was stetes Wandern
Der Musen und der Künstler Los:
Mir geht es so, wie allen andern,
Fort aus des Vaterlandes Schoß
Seh' ich mich von dem Schicksal leiten,
Doch glaubt es mir, in jedem Reich,
Wohin ich geh' zu allen Zeiten
Bleibt immer dar mein Herz bei euch.

**When Louisa burnt her unfaithful lover's
letters**

Created by burning fantasy,
In a passionate hour
You were born! Perish,
You children of melancholy!

You owe your existence to flames,
I return you now to the flames,
And all those passionate songs;
Then ah! he did not sing for me alone.

Now you are burning, and soon, my dears,
Not a trace of you will remain:
But ah! the man who wrote you
May burn in me, perhaps, for a long time.

Accept my thanks, K. 383

Accept my thanks, kind patrons!
With the ardor that my heart wants to speak
Men could speak them aloud to you
But I, who am only a woman, cannot do so.
Yet believe me, never in my life
Shall I forget your gracious favor.
If I stayed, my aim would be
To earn it; but patience!

From the beginning, the muses and artists;
Were always wandering,
I must go too, like all the others;
Away from the bosom of my native land
I see myself led by Fate.
Yet believe me, in whatever country
I may be, for all time
My heart will always remain with you.

Élégie

Une douceur splendide et sombre
Flotte sous le ciel étoilé.
On dirait que, là-haut, dans l'ombre
Un paradis s'est écroulé.

Et c'est comme l'odeur ardente,
L'odeur fiévreuse dans l'air noir,
D'une chevelure d'amante
Dénouée à travers le soir.

Tout l'espace languit de fièvres
Du fond des cœurs mystérieux
S'en viennent mourir sur les lèvres
Des mots qui font fermer les yeux.

Et de ma bouche où s'évapore
Le parfum des bonheurs derniers
Et de mon cœur vibrant encore
S'élèvent de vagues pitiés.

Pour tous ceux-là, qui, sur la terre,
Par un tel soir tendant les bras,
N'ont point dans leur cœur solitaire
Un nom à sangloter tout bas.

Elegy

A sweet and somber sweetness
Floats under the starry sky.
One would say that up there in the shadow
A paradise has collapsed.

And it is like an ardent fragrance,
A fevered fragrance in the black air
Of a lover's hair,
Loosened across the evening.

All space yearns feverously
From the depths of mysterious hearts.
Words come to die on the lips,
And make the eyes close.

And from my mouth,
The perfume of past happiness evaporates,
And from my vibrant heart
Arises a vague pity

For all down here who, on the earth
On such a night stretch their arms,
But do not have in their lonely heart
A name to sob to themselves.

Doute

Il y a si longtemps
Que ton âme est en chemin,
A ce que m'ont dit les anges,
Vers moi qui l'attends
En joignant les mains,

Il y a si longtemps
Que peut-être elle perdit la route
Puisque je ne vois rien
Au lointain des quatre chemins
Qui font croix au carrefour du doute.

Voici venir le souffle froid
Qui chasse oiseaux, soleil et feuilles,
Et ramène brouillard et deuil
Sur mon espoir et sur ma foi :
Faudra-t-il m'en aller
comme un qui n'attend plus
Et s'en retourne, en la nullité de la nuit,
Vers la maison et vers l'ennui ?

Doubt

It has been so long
That your soul has been on its way,
From what the angels tell me,
Towards me who waits
With clasped hands.

So long that
Perhaps you have lost your way,
Since I see nothing
Far away at the four roads
Which meet with the crossroads of doubt.

Here comes the cold breath,
Chasing birds, sun and leaves
And brings back mist and mourning
To my hope and my faith:
Must I depart
like one who no longer waits
And return to the nothingness of night,
To home and to boredom?

Soir d'hiver

Une jeune femme berce son enfant.
Elle est seule, elle pleure, mais elle chante,
Car il faut bien qu'il entende
la chanson douce et tendre
pour qu'il s'endorme.

"Voici Noël, mon petit enfant bleu.
Les cloches sonneront
pour que tu sois joyeux."

Celui qu'elle aime est parti . . .
et la chanson s'arrête!
Elle dit:
"Où est-il à cette heure?
Entend-il ma voix?
et sait-il que je vis?"

Elle pleure si simplement
que le cœur en a mal.
Elle regarde son fils
et cherche s'il ressemble
à celui qu'elle attend inlassablement,
de toute son âme, de toute sa tendresse!

Elle pleure, mais elle espère!
Elle entend de loin la Victoire,
elle devine la lutte sans merci,
mais elle croit à la Justice,
elle sait que toute une vie s'est donnée,
joyeuse et fière, et elle attend,
Auprès de ce berceau si petit,
qui tient le cœur d'un homme.

Winter evening

A young woman rocks her child.
She is alone, she weeps, but she sings,
For he must hear her song,
Sweet and tender,
If he is to fall asleep.

'Christmas is coming, little blue child.
The bells will ring
To fill you with joy.'

The one she loves is gone . . .
And the song stops!
She says:
'Where is he at this time?
Does he hear my voice?
And does he know that I live?'

She weeps so simply
That it hurts the heart.
She looks at her son
Searching for resemblance
To the man she waits for tirelessly
For his soul, for his tenderness!

She weeps, but she hopes!
She hears Victory in the distance,
She imagines the merciless struggle,
But she believes in Justice,
She knows that an entire life was given,
Joyous and proud, and she waits.
By the side of this tiny cradle
That holds the heart of a man.

Un'ora di sole

Oh! bel Sole d'Anacapri,
Dolce e triste
Per i clivi degli ulivi
Campanelle della sera,
Case bianche al par di neve
Io vi porto nel cuore!
E vi penso con triste nostalgia.

O bei clivi, fioriti di rose selvaggie.
Oh! come il vostro fascino molle
E la vostra vaga tristezza m'avvincono!

Oh! bel Sole d'Anacapri, O Sole dolce
O fichi d'India addormentati!
O campanelle della sera!
Rose selvaggie!
O bel mare lontano!

Oggi io ripenso la vostra vaga malinconia.
Oh! bel Sole d'Anacapri,
Io ti porto nel cor!

An hour of sun

Oh! Beautiful Sun of Anacapri,
Sweet and sad
For the slopes of olives
Blue bells of the evening,
Houses as white as snow
I hold you in my heart!
And think of you with sad nostalgia.

Oh beautiful slopes covered with wild roses.
O how you soft charm
And your vague sadness captivate me!

Beautiful Sun of Anacapri, Oh sweet Sun,
O prickly pears!
Oh blue bells of evening!
Wild roses!
Oh beautifully distant sea!

Today I think of your vague melancholie!
Oh! Beautiful Sun of Anacapri,
It is you I carry in my heart!

Riflessi

Oh! bei riflessi di Sole!
O bei riflessi gialli e rossi
Che illuminano il giardino
Come un immenso fuoco artificiale.
Inondate anche me
Di vostre calde fosforescenze d'or.

Io scorgo in voi miriadi di stelle,
Io scorgo in voi miriadi di faville,
Lucciole e perle, rubini e smeraldi!
Ed i miei occhi stanchi
S'accecano ai vostri bagliori.
E la mia anima beve
Ed il mio cor s'ubriaca
Di luce e di colori!

Oh! bei riflessi di sole,
Barbagli rossi di fiamme ardenti Splendete!
Ho bisogno di voi, Splendete!
Inondate il ruscello,
La vasca del giardino,
Le foglie mattutine
D'una pioggia d'or!

Nel giardino

Un'ora dolce passa sul giardino,
Un'ora piena di silenzio e di pace,
Tutta inondata dal profumo dei fiori.
La fontana si tace
Ed i viali son deserti,
Inoltriamo: non c'è che il Sole.

Un sole giallo, che ci guarda e sorride,
E non ripeterà le parole divine,
Che ci sussurreremo inebriati!
Ah! Vien! Sediamoci qui....
Un'ora dolce passa sul giardino.

Reflections

Oh! Beautiful sun reflections!
Oh beautiful reflections, yellow and red,
That illuminate the garden
Like an immense, artificial flame.
Flood me, too,
Of your warm, golden phosphorescence.

I catch sight in you of myriads of stars,
I catch sight in you of myriads of sparks,
Fireflies and pearls, rubies and emeralds!
And my tired eyes
Are blinded by your shimmer,
And my heart becomes intoxicated
From lights and colors!

Oh! Beautiful reflections of the sun,
Dazzles reds of shining flames, Shine!
I need you, Shine!
Flood the brook,
The basin of the garden,
And the morning leaves
with golden rain!

In the Garden

A sweet hour passes over the garden,
An hour full of silence and peace,
Wholly flooded by the perfume of flowers.
The fountain is quiet
And the streets deserted,
Let us go in: there is nothing but sun.

A yellow sun, that looks upon us and smiles,
And which will not repeat the divine words,
That we shall whisper intoxicated!
Ah! Come! Let us sit down here...
A sweet hour overtakes the garden.

Sole d'autunno

Sole d'autunno! re delle tristezze,
Palido nume delle foglie morte,
Voglio cantar di te.

Le tue dolcezze meravigliose
E le tue fiamme
Smorte mi fioriscono in cuore.
Oh! fioriture di gigli rossi tra le felci!
Il folle ardore è in voi
Delle capigliature che ho baciato ne' sogni!

Le corolle nel tuo lume si sfrondano
O sbiancato sole di morte,
Che fai pur fiorire
Nel cuore di chi ha pianto nel passato
Una smania d'amare e di morire.

Sole d'autunno! re delle tristezze,
Tragico nume delle cose morte...
Come un malato nelle tue carezze
Voglio avvivare le mie fiamme smorte!
Voglio accendere i sogni come fari,

Nel sangue dei crepuscoli autunnali.
Sole d'autunno!
Fiori solitari.
Dolci profumi!
Aurore trionfali!

Autumn Sun

Autumn Sun! King of sadness!
Pale god of the dead leaves,
I want to sing of you.

Of your marvelous sweetness
And of your pale flames
Blooming in my heart.
Oh! flowering red lilies between the ferns!
The same wild ardor is in you
As the hair I kissed in my dreams!

The petals bloom in your light
Or fade in the sun of death,
You make flourish
In the heart of he who cried in the past,
An intense desire to love as well as die.

Sun of autumn! King of sadness
Tragic god of the things that once were
Like a sick one with your caresses
I want to bring my dull flame back to life!
I want to light dreams like beacons

In the blood of autumn twilights.
Autumn Sun!
Solitary flowers.
Sweet perfumes!
Triumphant dawn!

Je veux vivre

Ah!
Je veux vivre
Dans ce rêve qui m'enivre;
Ce jour encore,
Douce flamme,
Je te garde dans mon âme
Comme un trésor!

Cette ivresse de jeunesse
Ne dure, hélas! qu'un jour!
Puis vient l'heure
Où l'on pleure,
Le cœur cède à l'amour,
Et le bonheur fuit sans retour.

Loin de l'hiver morose
Laisse-moi sommeiller
Et respirer la rose
Avant de l'effeuiller.
Ah!

Douce flamme,
Reste dans mon âme
Comme un doux trésor
Longtemps encore!

I want to live

Ah!
I want to live
In this dream that intoxicates me;
This day, again,
Sweet flame,
I will keep you in my soul
Like a treasure!

This intoxication of youth
Does not last, alas, but one day!
Then comes the time
Where we cry,
The heart gives way to love,
And happiness leaves without returning.

Away from the gloomy winter
Let me sleep
And breathe the rose
Before stripping it.
Ah!

Sweet flame,
Stay in my soul
Like a sweet treasure
For a long time, still!