

3-24-2019

Kaitlin Kohler, Soprano, and Abraham Portman, Baritone, Junior Voice Recital

Kaitlin Kohler

Cedarville University, kaitlinmkohler@cedarville.edu

Abraham M. Portman

Cedarville University, abrahammportman@cedarville.edu

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/
junior_and_senior_recitals](https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/junior_and_senior_recitals)

Part of the [Music Performance Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Kohler, Kaitlin and Portman, Abraham M., "Kaitlin Kohler, Soprano, and Abraham Portman, Baritone, Junior Voice Recital" (2019).
Junior and Senior Recitals. 261.

https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/junior_and_senior_recitals/261

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@Cedarville, a service of the Centennial Library. It has been accepted for inclusion in Junior and Senior Recitals by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@Cedarville. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@cedarville.edu.

Footer Logo

THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

JUNIOR VOICE RECITAL

OF

KAITLIN KOHLER, SOPRANO
AND
ABRAHAM PORTMAN, BARITONE

LEAH BARTLAM
PIANO

SUNDAY, MARCH 24, 2019
7 P.M.

RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

PROGRAM

Kaitlin

- À Chloris* Reynaldo Hahn (1874–1947)
- Mai* Reynaldo Hahn
- Liebeslauschen*, D. 698 Franz Schubert (1797–1828)
- Air des bijoux* from FAUST Charles Gounod (1818–1893)
- Six Poems by Emily Dickinson* John Duke (1899–1984)
1. Good Morning, Midnight
 2. Heart! We Will Forget Him
 6. Bee! I'm Expecting You!

Abraham

- Vaga luna, che inargenti* Vincenzo Bellini (1801–1835)
- Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen* from DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE
..... Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)
- Der Wanderer*, D. 489 Franz Schubert
- Sérénade italienne* Ernest Chausson (1855–1899)
- Blue Monday* Richard Walters (b. 1956)
- Everybody Says Don't* from ANYONE CAN WHISTLE
Stephen Sondheim (b. 1930)

Kaitlin and Abraham

- Sue Me* from GUYS AND DOLLS Frank Loesser (1910–1969)
- You're the Top* from ANYTHING GOES Cole Porter (1891–1964)

Kaitlyn and Abraham are students of Beth Porter.

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the
Bachelor of Music in performance degree (Kaitlin Kohler).

No flash photography, please.

Please turn off all cell phones.

Translations

À Chloris

If it be true, Chloris, that you love me,
(And I'm told you love me dearly),
I do not believe that even kings
Can match the happiness I know.
Even death would be powerless
To alter my fortune
With the promise of heavenly bliss!
All that they say of ambrosia
Does not stir my imagination
Like the favor of your eyes!

Mai

It is a month, dear exile,
Since you vanished from my gaze,
And I have watched the lilacs bloom
With my sorrow unassuaged.
Alone, I avoid these lovely clear skies,
Whose blazing rays disquiet me,
For an exile's dread increases
With the splendor of nature's renewal.
In vain the sun has smiled;
I close my door to the spring,
And wish only to be brought
A lilac branch in bloom!
For Love, which fills my heart to overflowing,
Finds among its sorrows
Your gaze in the midst of those dear flowers,
And in their fragrance your sweet breath!

Liebeslauschen

Here below stands a knight in the bright
moonlight,
And sings to his zither a song of sweet
torment:
"Breezes, spread the blue wings gently for
my message to take,
Call her with soft sound to the window, out to
the window.

Tell her, that in the leafy shelter sings a
well-known tone (song),
Tell her, that still one is awake, and the night
is cool and friendly.
Tell her, that the moon's waves are on her
window breaking,
Tell her, that the wood, the brook, secretly
and of love speak.

Let it brighten through the trees your image
sweetly shining,
That which firmly in my dream and waking
weaves."
But arrived the tender strain not to the
loved-one's ear,
The singer swung himself lightly to the
windowsill.

And up there pulled the knight a little
wreath from his breast;
That bound he tightly to the railing and
sighed; "Bloom in passion!"
And asks she, who brought you, then
blossom, do you know:
A little voice below laughed: "your knight
beloved!"

Air des bijoux

Ah, I laugh to see myself
so beautiful in this mirror,
Is it you, Marguerite, it is you?
Answer me, answer me,
Respond, respond, respond quickly!
No, no! it's no longer you!
No...no, it's no longer your face;
It's the daughter of a king,
It's no longer you.
One must bow to her as she passes!
Ah if only he were here!
If he should see me thus
Like a lady
He would find me so beautiful, Ah!
Like a lady,
He would find me beautiful!
Let's complete the metamorphosis,
I am late yet in trying on
The bracelet and the necklace!
God! It's like a hand
Which is placed on my arm! Ah, ah!
Ah, I laugh
to see myself so beautiful in this mirror.

Vaga luna

Lovely moon, you who shed silver light
On these shores and on these flowers
And breathe the language
Of love to the elements,
You are now the sole witness
Of my ardent longing,
And can recount my throbs and sighs
To her who fills me with love.
Tell her too that distance
Cannot assuage my grief,
That if I cherish a hope,
It is only for the future.
Tell her that, day and night,
I count the hours of sorrow,
That a flattering hope
Comforts me in my love.

Continued on back

Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen

A girl or a little wife
is what Papageno desires.
Oh, a sweet little dove like that
would be bliss for me!

Then I should drink and eat with relish,
then I could hold my own with princes,
enjoy life in my wisdom,
and be as if in Elysium.

A girl or a little wife
is what Papageno desires.
Oh, a sweet little dove like that
would be bliss for me!

Ah, can't I find one, then, amongst all
the lovely girls, who would like me?
Let just one help me out of my misery,
or I shall truly die of grief.

A girl or a little wife
is what Papageno desires.
Oh, a sweet little dove like that
would be bliss for me!
If no one will offer me love,
then the fire must consume me,
but if a woman's lips kiss me,
I shall be well again straightaway!

Der Wanderer

I come down from the mountains,
The valley dims, the sea roars.
I wander silently and am somewhat unhappy,
And my sighs always ask "Where?"

The sun seems so cold to me here,
The flowers faded, the life old,
And what they say has an empty sound;
I am a stranger everywhere.

Where are you, my dear land?
Sought and brought to mind, yet never known,
That land, so hopefully green,
That land, where my roses bloom,

Where my friends wander
Where my dead ones rise from the dead,
That land where they speak my language,
Oh land, where are you?

I wander silently and am somewhat
unhappy,
And my sighs always ask "Where?"
In a ghostly breath it calls back to me,
"There, where you are not, there is your
happiness."

Sérénade italienne

Let's go out in a boat on the sea
to spend the night under the stars.
Look, it's blowing just enough breeze
to swell the canvas of the sails.

The old Italian fisherman
and his two sons, who sail us out,
hear but understand nothing
of the words we say to each other.

On the calm dark sea, look!
we can exchange our souls,
and our voices will not be understood
except by the night, the sky and the waves

