
Junior and Senior Recitals

Concert and Recital Programs

12-7-2019

Abraham Portman, Baritone, Senior Voice Recital

Abraham M. Portman

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL

OF

ABRAHAM PORTMAN
BARITONE

LEAH BARTLAM
PIANO

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 2019
7 P.M.

RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

PROGRAM

I

- Se l'aura spira* Girolamo Frescobaldi (1583–1643)
O bellissimi capelli Andrea Falconieri (1585–1656)
Ahi troppo è duro from IL BALLETO DELLE INGRATE
..... Claudio Monteverdi (1567–1643)
Invocazione di Orfeo from EURIDICE Jacopo Peri (1561–1633)

II

- Adelaide*, Op.46 Ludwig van Beethoven (1770–1827)

III

- Belle Hermione hélas!* from CADMUS ET HERMIONE
..... Jean-Baptiste Lully (1632–1687)
La vendetta from LE NOZZE DI FIGARO
..... Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)

INTERMISSION

IV

- Selections from EICHENDORFF LIEDER Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)
Der Musikant
Verschwiegene Liebe
Das Ständchen

V

- Small Umbrella in the Rain* from LITTLE WOMEN Jason Howland (b. 1971)
Assisted by Kaitlin Kohler, soprano
A Conversation from MARY POPPINS RETURNS Marc Shaiman (b. 1959)
Dear Theodosia from HAMILTON Lin-Manuel Miranda (b. 1980)
Assisted by Joshua Gore, baritone; Lydia Sarver, violin;
and Austin Doub, cello

VI

- Song of Esau* Jordan Fredericks (b. 1996)
Assisted by Lydia Sarver, violin; Chloë Sodonis, horn;
and Brienna Weigner, piano
Through Heaven's Eyes from THE PRINCE OF EGYPT
..... Stephen Schwartz (b. 1948)
Assisted by Lydia Sarver, violin;
Nicodemus Humphrey and Antonio Muñoz, percussion

Abraham is a student of Beth Cram Porter

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment
of the Bachelor of Music Education degree.

No flash photography, please.

Please turn off all cell phones.

Translations

Se l'aura spira

If the breezes blow ever charming,
The budding roses will show
their laughing faces,
And the shady emerald hedge
Need not fear the summer heat.
To the dance, to the dance, merrily come,
Pleasing nymphs, flower of beauty!

Now the clear mountain streams
Are gone to the sea,
And the birds unfold their sweet verses,
And the bushes are all in flower.
Let the fair of face who come to this forest
Show virtue by having pity on their suitors!
Sing, sing laughing nymphs!
Drive away the winds of cruelty!

O bellissimi capelli

Oh beautiful hair,
My sweetest delight,
Amorous serpentines,
Which twisted into ringlets
Descend among the roses
Of [her] dewy cheeks.

Shaded tresses where hides,
[Ready] to wound, the winged archer
Cede furthermore the blonde manes;
Beautiful tresses, [for] your blackness
Which is playing [with] the nearby face,
You are [the] night and [her] eyes [the] day.

Ahi, troppo è duro

Alas, too severe is the cruel sentence,
And much more cruel is the punishment to
return to weep
In the cave dark!
Air serene and pure, goodbye forever!
Oh heaven, Oh sun, goodbye, bright stars!
Learn (to show) pity, women and maidens!

Invocazione di Orfeo

Rejoice at my singing, leafy woods.
Rejoice, beloved hills,
and from everywhere around
(let the) echo resound from the valleys hidden.
Risen again is my beautiful sun with rays
adorned,
And with beautiful eyes,
With which it makes scorn to Delos,

Redoubles fire to the souls and light to the day
And makes servants of love
The earth and the heaven.

Adelaide

Alone does your friend wander in the spring
garden,
Mildly encircled by magic light
That quivers through swaying, blossoming
boughs,
Adelaide!

In the mirroring stream, in the snow of the Alps,
In the dying day's golden clouds,
In the fields of stars, your image shines,
Adelaide!

Evening breezes whisper in the tender leaves,
Silvery lilies-of-the-valley rustle in the grass,
Waves murmur and nightingales pipe:
Adelaide!

One day, o wonder! upon my grave will bloom
A flower from the ashes of my heart;
And clearly on every purple leaf will gleam:
Adelaide!

Belle Hermione hélas!

Fair Hermione, alas! Can I be happy without you?
What use is the pomp that they are preparing in
this palace?

All hope is lost for us:

The blessing of a love so true and rare
Has excited jealousy, even among the gods
themselves.

Fair Hermione, alas! Can I be happy without you?

We had deluded ourselves

that our barbarous fate
Had exhausted its wrath.

How harsh, to separate

Two hearts ready to be united,
in such sweet bonds?

Fair Hermione, alas! Can I be happy without you?

La vendetta

Vengeance, oh, vengeance
Is a pleasure reserved to the wise.
To forget a shame or an outrage

Continued on back

Is always base and cowardly.
With astuteness, with cleverness,
With judgement, with discernment,
One can do it; the case is serious,
But believe me, it will be done.
If I have to turn over the whole law code,
If I have to read the whole index,
With a quibble, with a substitution,
I'll find some way to mess it up.
All of Seville knows Bartolo;
That rascal Figaro will be beaten.

Der Musikant

I love the wandering life:
I live how I can.
If I were to trouble myself about anything,
it would not suit me at all.

I know lovely old songs;
in the cold, without shoes,
I pluck my strings out there
and do not know where I'll sleep in the evening!

Many a lovely girl makes eyes at me,
as if to say she would like me well
if I only made something of myself
and were not such a poor beggar.

May God provide you with a husband,
and a house and yard!
If we two were together,
my singing would die.

Verschwiegene Liebe

Over treetops and crops
and into the splendor
who may guess them,
who may catch up with them?
Thoughts sway,
the night is mute;
thoughts run free.

If only she would guess
who was thinking of her
by the rustling of the grove,
when no one was watching any longer
except the clouds that flew by
[but] my love is silent
and as fair as the night.

Das Ständchen

Over the roofs between pale
clouds, the moon gazes across;
a student there in the street
is singing at his beloved's door.
And the fountains murmur again
through the still loneliness,
as do the woods, from the mountain down,
just as in the good old times.

So in my young days,
would I often on summer nights
also play my lute here
and invent many merry songs.

But from her silent threshold
they have carried my love away to rest.
And you, happy fellow,
sing, sing ever on!

Translation sources:

Se l'aura spira, O bellissimi capelli, Adelaide, Der Musikant, Verschwiegene Liebe, and Das Ständchen: The LiederNet Archive lieder.net.
Ahi, troppo è duro and Invocazione di Orfeo: Arthur Schoep and Daniel Harris, *Word-by-Word Translations of Songs and Arias Part II*
Belle Hermione hélas! : Benoît Dratwicky, *Complete Operatic Arias. Baritone and Bass*
La vendetta: The Aria Database aria-database.com.